PHOTOPLAY

January 25c

CORINNE GRIFFITH

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For Christmas?
—a Sheaffer Pen and Pencil

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AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE
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Victor Records
Approved by the artists for use on the Victrola

Victor Records by the greatest artists are issued only when the artists who made them are fully satisfied that the records exactly duplicate their performances.

In judging their Victor Records for approval these artists play them on the Victrola—the instrument for which they are specially made.

It is only by using Victor Records in combination with the Victrola that you hear their interpretations exactly as the artists produced them—exactly as they expect to be heard.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid. Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victrola No. 130, $350
Victrola No. 130, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak
You take no chances with Paramount

You fans are the insiders among the millions of motion picture patrons.

In every audience there are you two or three dozen individuals who get much more out of the photoplay than the rest of the folks.

It is you whom we thank for having done an immense amount of word-of-mouth advertising for Paramount Pictures.

You know that when the plot calls for a Fifth Avenue mansion, or a Scottish castle, or the interior of a sumptuous yacht, that Paramount gives the real thing.

You appreciate the absence of skimping, and you know that Paramount can always afford the best, in all the numerous kinds of skill that go to make great photoplays.

It is this feeling of supremacy about Paramount that has gradually widened the circle of fans till it has run into millions and colors the opinion of the whole nation.

If you’re not getting Paramount Pictures at your favorite theatre ask the manager why.

Keep up the good work and Paramount will keep up the great pictures.

Paramount Pictures

If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town
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January, 1922

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The Greatest Moving Picture Magazine Ever Published—Photoplay for February
A line-up you can’t beat—in any magazine in the world. PHOTOPLAY is proud of its
next issue. It believes that the February number is one of the
greatest magazines of any
kind ever issued. There is
something in it to please everybody.

A GREAT NEW CONTEST—FIVE THOUSAND DOL-
LARS IN CASH PRIZES!
The most interesting contest PHOTO-
PLAY has ever sponsored. The de-
tails will appear in a later issue, but
we just want to tell you not to miss it.
It’s unique—it will hold your interest.

The Confessions of a Modern Woman
are as daring and as original as the Modern Woman herself. When the confession is
made by GLORIA SWANSON, you may
expect a surprise and a pinch in every para-
graph. It’s feminine; it’s subtle; it’s just
what its title implies.

The Battle of the Cities
Which shall be the producing center of Amer-
ica—California or New York? The most
famous financiers and prominent producers
have answered according to their own views,
and it is an argument!

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

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

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

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

P. S. Better order your copy now!
Mary Garden! So marvelous is her loveliness that all the world pays her homage. Yet even beauty such as hers must be preserved—enhanced—glorified. If you would bring out the compelling charm of a lovely face, touch it with just a little Mary Garden Rouge—and then impart a rose-petal softness with Mary Garden Face Powder. Both are fragrant with the exquisite Parfum Mary Garden. They will make you beautiful and keep you young.

Send for a Bijou Box of the Face Powder for your handbag

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York, Sole Distributors

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Distributors

Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your
Bijou Box of Mary Garden Face Powder.
R-C PICTURES' PLACE
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST ART

THE motion picture industry is the most spec- 
culately successful business the world has ever seen. 
In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

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

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

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

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

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

R-C PICTURES
New York

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

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

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

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

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

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade."
Strangers' eyes, keen and critical—
can you meet them proudly—confidently—
without fear?

STRANGERS' eyes, watching you
in crowded restaurants—in theatres and ballrooms—can you meet them
without awkwardness or dread?

The possession of a beautiful skin
gives any woman poise and confidence.
It is a charm that any woman can
have if she will. For your skin changes
every day; each day old skin dies and
new takes its place.

By giving this new skin the right
treatment, you can make it flawlessly
clear and soft and smooth—free from
the little defects that spoil so many
complexions.

Are you using the right treatment
for your special type of skin?

Skins differ widely—and each type of
skin should have the treatment that
suits its special needs.

There is a special Woodbury treat-
ment for each different type of skin.

If you have a skin that is exceptionally sensitive and delicate, use the
following treatment every night to keep it in good condition:

DIP a soft washcloth in warm water and
hold it to your face. Then make a warm
water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap
and dip your cloth up and down in it until
the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white
lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over
your skin until the pores are thoroughly
cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then
with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

THIS is only one of the special
treatments for different types of skin,
given in the booklet of treatments
which is wrapped around every cake of
Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this
booklet you will find complete treat-
ments for all the different types of skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at
any drug store or toilet goods counter
and begin tonight the treatment your
skin needs.

The same qualities that give Wood-
bury's its beneficial effect on the skin
make it ideal for general use—for
keeping the skin in good condition.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts
a month or six weeks for general toilet
use, including any of the special
Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the
Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete mini-
ature set of the Woodbury skin preparations,
containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's
Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin
You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 501 Spring
Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in
Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limi-
ted, 501 Sherbrook St., Perth, Ontario.
YOU have seen Gloria Swanson in all the expensive, luxurious gowns of a lady of fashion, in surroundings that accentuate her beauty, in parts that demand genuine acting ability. Youth and brains and beauty win deserved success.
HERE is a new and different pose of the ever-changing personality of Constance Talmadge. It suggests the possibilities of deeper and subtler emotions than the parts she so regularly plays on the screen—something very real and vital.
STAGE and film favorite, short story writer, playwright. Brilliant Madame Petrova, who journeyed to Spain to collect material for her own play in which she appears on the stage this year, is going to write a page for Photoplay each month.
Pauline Frederick is younger and more fascinating every time we see her. One who can wear huge diamond earrings and a real pearl necklace and still look as youthful and naive as she does, is a really great artist!
A FEW years ago a young man disappeared from New York, and that innumerable family of men and women who play small parts well was increased by one. Then opportunity knocked; and Rudolph Valentino achieved instant success
SOMEONE you think you don’t know? Oh, but you do! We are so used to thinking of Mary Miles Minter in a gingham dress with her hair down, that we may forget the social engagements that demand hair up and French Gowns.
SURPRISINGLY enough it is not the ingenue roles you would expect Betty Compson to play which have won for her her greatest success. Her picture tells as little as the daisies, for she is best known for her emotional portrayals.
WHEN the photograph above was taken, the white satin chemise had had sixty washings—the satin and lace petticoat forty-five—the fragile silk openwork hose thirty-six—yet every one of these garments looks as if it would stand as many washings again. All were washed with Ivory Soap Flakes exclusively.

Ivory Flakes works so quickly that it is no trouble at all to rinse out a silk garment right after each wearing. This prompt washing prevents soil and perspiration from drying into the fabric and rotting the silk.

Ivory Flakes purity (it has the same freedom from injurious ingredients that makes Ivory Soap unique) keeps silk from becoming brittle and losing its lustre, no matter how often it is washed.

Ivory Flakes makes such rich suds that it easily soaks garments clean, thereby preventing silk threads from roughening or splitting as they would in just a few washings with ordinary soap.

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

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer
WHEN you see a bad picture—kick. When you see a sex picture foisted on you under the guise of a picture with a moral—kick.

When your exhibitor overadvertises or misrepresents his wares—kick.

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

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

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

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

If you bought a package of raisins from your grocer, and found they were mouldy, you wouldn't murmur your woe to your next door neighbor. You'd go back to the grocer and get your money back. And he would send the raisins to the wholesaler, and the wholesaler would send them to the packer, and everybody would be set right. If you didn't, the packer would go on putting up his raisins in an improper manner.

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

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

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

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

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

By CHARLES CHAPLIN

PARIS!

Yes, I am here again at last after ten years away. When I arrived the newspaper men asked me right off how I liked Paris. I replied that I had never seen so many Frenchmen. I am a bit disappointed. My little cafe is gone. When I used to be at the Folies Bergere, there was this little place around the corner from the theater. Here I would take coffee after the performance. It is like losing an old friend—to come here and find it gone. But there have been compensations.

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

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

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

But I spent some time with my good friend Dudley Field Malone, Waldo Francis and Georges Carpentier. I went to Versailles with Georges and Sir Philip Sassoon. And I was honored by the decoration of the Beaux Arts in Paris. I appeared also at the first public performance in France of my film, "The Kid." Outside of that, I have been resting.

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

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

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

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

The hotel staff seemed a bit astonished when one evening at the bar I called for a glass of Vittel water. While I was talking to the newspaper people, a startled and red-headed young man burst in. I had never seen him before in my life. Evidently he had seen me. He rushed up, grasped both my hands, pumped them, and rattled off in broken English, as if he had memorized it, "My dear Charlot—is it really you? I am so glad to see you. We have been waiting so long for you. Now I do hope you will like Paris. Paris is such a wonderful city, you know. And, dear Charlie, you must visit our shows. But you look so funny, Charlot. Where is your mustache? And where is your hat? And how long are you going to stay in Paris? And where do you go now, my dear Charles? You must be so tired."
The others collapsed. I had difficulty in suppressing my own laughter, until I realized how very well meant was this outburst. It was impossible to be amused by it. Instead, it touched me.

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

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

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

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

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

I was passing out as unceremoniously as I came, when a man from one of the good tables, rushed up to me. It was Al Kaufman, Paramount's European representative. He brought me to his table. There sat Pola Negri and Mrs. Kaufman. She is a delightful person. Young, vivacious, beautiful. She speaks no English—she is Polish, you know, not German, even though she has played in the German pictures, "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood"—and we became good friends. I dined with the same party every one of the three nights I spent in Berlin. Negri is coming to America in January to make pictures in California. She will be a revelation.

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

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

I am going back to America as hastily as I left it. Somehow I do things that way. I made up my mind in Hollywood that I was going around the world. I left twenty-four hours after I made my decision. I fully intended to visit other countries besides England and France. But I've got to get back to work. I'm happiest when I am working, even though it seems to me mine is the hardest work in the world. All the while I was traveling, I was thinking (continued on page 195)...
Two Great Italian Pictures

AND now—Italy.

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

"Theodora" is now running on Broadway. The picture to the left shows Jolivet, whom you may remember in Famous Players pictures some years ago, in a scene from this photodrama. The picture below is one of the many interesting things from "The Ship." This latter film will soon be released. They are both well worth seeing.
The future was very promising for Albert Henry Robinson. Albert Henry was a nice, reliable young man. He had appeared in Woodland six years before to assume the duties of telegraph operator and today held forth proudly as station agent. And while the position of station agent at Woodland was not the most important job in the world, he was yet the biggest frog in a tiny puddle.

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

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

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

Albert Henry's fiancée was the single unwelcome fly in the ointment of passive, unquestioning contentment. It wasn't that she fell short of being a nice girl. Certainly no one could say that of Phyllis. And Albert Henry didn't know that his instinctive aversion to matrimonial contemplation was due perhaps to the fact that she was too nice. Phyllis was distinctly of the type born to be a good wife and mother. She was ample in height and figure, neutral of complexion, several years too late in style and teetotally lacking a sense of humor—which explains how Albert Henry happened to become engaged to her.

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

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

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

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

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

It never occurred to him to break off the engagement. He was entirely too steady-going and reliable for any such proce-
woodland itself was dozing. Albert Henry was alone at the station—the stopping of Number 119 being an unusual and unscheduled occurrence. He noticed, with vague wistfulness, that among the passengers who alighted for a brief constitutional were many young women whose cheeks were abnormally red and whose skirts were delectably short. Albert Henry was healthily interested. He would have been more interested had he then known that these young ladies were the chorus girls in the burlesque troupe known as "The Broadway Beauties," en route to the industrial metropolis of Ironton for a week's engagement.

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

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

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

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

He emerged from the waiting room and moved hesitatingly toward the alarmingly frank young lady. She paid no particular heed until he was upon her, and then her eye lighted upon the black sleeve protectors, the green eyeshade and the sheaf of yellow papers which bespeak the railroad official. The sight did not cause her any great enthusiasm, for she favored him with a glance in which anger struggled with superlative contempt.

"Well," she said finally—and he noticed that her voice was very sweet despite its angry timbre, "what sort of a bum railroad is this you work for?"
That was all. But returning to the picnic grove
she and Albert Henry were engaged.

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

There was but one thing for Albert Henry to do under
the circumstances, and he did it. Nor did Albert Henry ponder
upon the local effect of his invitation—
"Why not take lunch with me up to the hotel?"
She met his eyes hopefully. "You mean: Honest?"
"Sure. If you will." And his manner indicated clearly
that the pleasure was one hundred percent his.
"If I will! Ow! And me so empty my belt buckle is
jammed against my spine! Lead me to it, Kid—lead me
to it!"

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

He yanked the telegrapher to the station and was rewarded
by an expression of dumbfounded amazement as that young
gentleman visioned the frank friendliness with which Albert
Henry and the other residents of Elm Avenue, wearing eyeshades
and sleeve protectors and donned coat and hat. The
telegrapher had never suspected this of Albert Henry, but
certainly his superior lost no prestige thereby. He did not
hear the dialog as they started slowly up Elm Avenue.
"My name," he hesitated, "is Albert Henry Robinson."
"Mmm! I might've suspected that."
"What's yours?"
A dimple appeared at the corner of her
mouth, "Myrtillene Farnsworth."
"Gosh! That's a pretty name."
"Uh-huh! That's what I thought when I made it up."

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

THE Night Owl Drug Store was the corner
of Woodland. Daily, from nine in the
morning until three in the afternoon, the chairs
were removed from the vicinity. Albert
Henry filled the marble-topped tables before the soda fountain
and lined up behind the plate glass windows where
their occupants could—and did—command a
view of the town's chief thoroughfare. And
although he heard none of the startled
comment as he passed, he knew that it had to
do with him.
"Lookit Albert Henry!"
"Who's he with?"
"Aint she sumthin'?"
"Gosh mighty! Them skirts. Might's
well not have on none a tall."

"Pretty legs. Wonder where she come
from an' how she got here an' how long she's been
with him?"
"Painted up—that's what she is. All painted up."

"Reg'lar hussy! I seen some like her in
Chicago. A heap of 'em."
"Awful pretty gal, though. Wonder if
Phyllis Garrison's ol' man knows about her?"
"Durned! But I never would've thought
it of Albert Henry—of all people."

Myrtillene glanced curiously at her suddenly
silent companion. "What's eatin' you now, buldy?"
"Nothin'."
"Aint sore, are you?"
"Sore? Mm-mm! Couldn't get sore at
you."
"Little ol' kidder, ain't you? Say—how long
is this street? When do we eat?"

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

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

Not for one single instant did it occur to Albert
Henry that he was doing anything wrong. Nor did he take
into consideration the fact that the too-good townsfolk
knew not whither or why came Myrtillene. So far as Woodland
was concerned Myrtillene was the guest of Albert Henry—
his guest with malice aforethought. And Albert Henry had
thus slapped the intensely decorous little municipality in the face. Fortunately, Albert Henry did not know that.

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

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

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

“My Gawd! What?”

“An idea.”

“No? ‘Taint possible.”

“Honest. I can get you into Ironton in time for the show tonight. It’s only sixty—bout three an’ a half hours drivin’ over the new roads we’ve got in this here county, an’—”

She gazed upon him with renewed interest. “You don’t mean it!”

“I do—really.”

“You got a car?”

“No-o. But I can borrow one.”

Relief shone from her face. Impulsively she reached across the table and squeezed his hand—neither hearing the chorused gasp of outraged propriety which arose spontaneously from the table. As for Albert Henry, the firm pressure of that warm, ardent hand set his heart to beating like a trip-hammer and flooded his face with delicious crimson. Phyllis never grasped his hand like that... holding hands with Phyllis was more closely akin to fingering the stock of a fish market. Albert Henry was all excited. So was Myrtillene. They walked to the veranda together with the young lady hanging appreciatively on his arm. The town quivered. So did Albert Henry. He excused himself to the girl and a half hour later drove up to the door in a glistening little roadster. Myrtillene climbed in beside him and they headed for the Ironton pike. A chorus of indignation broke loose on the porch of the Grand Hotel.

The gall of him: borrowing the car of his future Pa-in-law to take that hussy riding!”

“You sure that’s Ol’ Man Garrison’s car?”

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

“An’ I bet Phyllis aint heard nothin’ yet.”

“Of all the nerve. . .”

(Continued on page 116)
THE Editor couldn't resist this Christmas greeting. An old fashioned fireplace, a holly wreath, and a girl like Constance Binney—when such a combination wish you the joy of the season you know that it's the real thing! Incidentally, PHOTOCPLAY and all its staff, from the Editor to the Answer Man, second the motion.
HOLD that the actress does well to marry out of her profession. Whether her aim in marriage be to attain happiness or to further her success, or a combination of both, I believe she is more likely to achieve it in marriage with what we of the screen and stage term an “outsider.”

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

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

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

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

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

My Husband
As Related by ELSIE FERGUSON
To Ada Patterson

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

I

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

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

B

But Mr. Clarke had heard the suggestion. He did not hear my whispered “No, no. I don’t want to meet him.” And presently I found myself looking up into a face that was minus the eyeglasses and not at all forbidding. He said he understood I was going on a tour. I answered, “Yes, in a play I expect to fail. I am not at all happy about it.” He said, “If you will come back in ‘Such a Little Queen’ I will arrange for a mileage ticket.” I looked up in surprise. “Did you like it?” I asked. “So much,” he answered, “that I saw it nineteen times.” I looked at him in amazement. This man with the deep lines about the mouth and the banker’s look through glasses had liked that delicate little play, whose appeal I supposed had been particularly to women. That argued great delicacy and fineness of perception. I looked up gratefully at him and saw a new being in him. I thought, though I did not say, “You angel man!”

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

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

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

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

And yet I have freedom. I feel as free as before I was married. That is because I must be free to do my work. I must travel when my health need or mental stimulus demand it. Mr. Clarke, being active in the bank, seldom takes a long vacation. He was unable to go with me to the Orient. My secretary went in his stead. But we did have a delightful visit to Europe together last summer.

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

DOUBTLESS I puzzle him. People of the stage and screen are big children. They are necessarily so else they wouldn't be interpretative artists. Children are mimics. Acting is the mimetic art. Therefore I can understand my husband's occasional remark: "I feel like a hen standing on the bank watching my one duckling and wondering what she will do next." We interpreters of life are emotional. Over-emotional, indeed, for our emotions, being in a way the instruments of our art, are overtrained. The keen, sane, tolerant, view of the man of business is invaluable to the actress. A businessman-husband is a balance wheel. He helps her to handle her business. He is helpful even in her profession, for he sits in the seat of the beholder. He helps her to see a play as the spectator in a twelfth row aisle seat would see it.

I believe in the layman husband because through him his actress wife escapes the continuous life of the theater or studio. Through him she moves far back from it and acquires through with the stage and all public life, I shall sing my swan song. It will be an appreciation of the best, the noblest, the most brilliant and the most modest man on earth. The man whom it is my great happiness to have and to hold as my husband.

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

The possibility of friction in the home is eliminated by marriage with an outsider. I hold a brief for the layman husband. Summarily, he furnishes perspective and a balance wheel and preserves the normality of his actress wife.

Speaking personally, I have an exceptional husband. Some day, when I am...
Algiers—
Long
Island

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

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

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

By MARY MORGAN

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

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

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

Again, why?

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

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

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

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

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

It was wonderful to be on the stage; wonder-

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

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

She was one of a group of girls who presented the ideals of famous illustrators in the “Follies of 1908.” Charles Dana Gibson’s dreams of beauty were reproduced. So were those of Harrison Fisher, the bachelor lover of beauty. And Howard Chandler Christy’s. The fair little Virginian was enamored of a newer illustrator, Julian Mitchell became aware that a small, determined hand was plucking at his sleeve. A childlike voice pierced his not acute ear.

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

“Don’t bother me, child; I’m busy with this number.”

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

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

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

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

The great stage manager was preoccupied. He was unconvinced. She repeated her speech the next day, and the next and the next. Each day she brought the wig with (Continued on page 112)
The home of Casson Ferguson, in the Hollywood hills, is not California, not 1921. You feel that you have strayed into Italy, of the nineties. He sailed the seas and visited many lands as an actor and a singer, and has embodied his ideas and ideals in his house.

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

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

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

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

Smilin' Through

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

By ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No place here for the rejected suitor!"

Moonyeen's face was white as she saw the man coming in her direction. But there was only sweetness in her voice as she spoke his name. It was John who stepped angrily forward—who spoke harshly.
How could he know that it was the anger and hate in his soul that had changed things—that the spirit of his sweetheart was still at the garden gate, waiting to come smilin' through
"What do you mean," he questioned, "by coming here to create a disturbance?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was in a rather unusual way that she met him. It was when her horse refused to cross a ford that he came to her aid. The first meeting might have been laid to fate, but it was Kathleen herself who arranged the second one. She was invited Kenneth to a bazaar at the town hall, whither she was bound. And it was there that Kenneth interrupted one of Willie Ainey's proposals, there that they laid the foundation of a friendship that was to last so long.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the partings that are made necessary by war—has precipitated many a love scene. Playfully—but deeply earnest, withal—Kenneth told Kathleen that she didn't believe he knew how to propose to a girl. And still playfully she began to give him instruction. It was while the lesson was in progress that John came into the garden. And it was there, with all the dignity his anger had left to him, that he sent Kenneth away. Even Kathleen's plea that her lover was going to the front did not move the irate old man. He would not even let her say goodbye. And he utterly ignored Kenneth's statement that: "I'm coming back—war or no war. And Kathleen and I are going to be married—with your consent or without it!"

It was that evening that John told Kathleen—in Dr. Owen's presence—of her aunt's death and of Jeremiah Wayne's part in it. He told it brokenly—but he spared no detail, though it was like turning a sword in an old man's heart. And Kathleen listened—with incredulity and horror. He told it to the very end, to Moonyeen's assurance that she would come back. And then, after a moment of hesitation, he went on: "At first I thought that I couldn't bear it," he said, "and then one night as I sat with this toy of hers"—he held up the clattery little marionette, "the moonlight struck the shadow of it on the gate, and she came back to me."

For a moment after he had finished Kathleen and Dr. Owen were silent. And then Kathleen spoke. "If you can love like that (Continued on page 111)"
WHO is this? Bebe Daniels? No—but we don’t blame you for thinking so. It is Betty Compson, who here presents another portrait to be added to her gallery of them. It illustrates the fact that her “still” camera personality is never the same as her moving picture camera self, and these two are also different from the real Betty. She shares this versatility with most of the other stars. You may wonder why PHOTOPLAY’S covers do not always resemble your preconceptions of the subjects. You’ll have to ask Old Man Camera.
The Girl on the Cover

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

By DELIGHT EVANS

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

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

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

She seems to have a Southern indolence. I cannot imagine her being surprised at anything. When she was discovered at a Mardi Gras, I can see her smiling faintly and almost languidly promising to come and be camera-tested.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Corinne Griffith, no matter what you may have believed about her from Vitagraph’s billboards and her popularity, is not really a star. The reason I know she isn’t a star is that she has no camp-chair at the studio with her name on the back. She sits in any old chair. And when I watched her one day doing the Salome sequence for the first reels of “The Single
visualize it all through those mysterious, unearthly eyes of hers. And she will be right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her film stories have not always been worthy of her. And when I say that I don’t know what I mean. She is not a great actress, so it is not required that she be cast as Camille in every picture. She is not a great comedianne, so that is no sacrilege to put her in drama. But it is things like “The Broadway Bubble” that make her a favorite in the gelatinites. She had a chance to be every one of her several selves in it.

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

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

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

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

Alexis Kosloff is her dancing teacher, and told some one who told me that if she could keep up her dancing to the exclusion of (Continued on page 103)
You don't hear about her in the papers. You have never seen a picture of her before. As far as publicity is concerned, she has let Bill have all the close-ups. But Olive White Farnum has been her husband's manager through most of his distinguished career. Here she is and here he is, about to leave the ship that brought them home after a year's vacation in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum visited England, France, and Italy. The Fox star spent much time in the ruins of ancient Rome, where he had been before—as Julius Caesar and others.
The Sorrows of Mrs. Carter

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

By EILEEN O'CONNER

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

CHOES along the Rialto an oft recurrent maxim of art. "Make your sorrows profitable." Can you? Can't you? It depends upon the inner strength of the man or woman who must bear the cancerous emanations of the stage. Broadway is fitting the proverb to Mrs. Leslie Carter. For while one friend of former days meeting her on the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street, said gaily, "My only misgiving is whether you are not too young to play Lady Kitty in The Circle," another who passed on the other side observed: "There is a woman of sorrows. Her smiles are rainbow ones. There are always tears behind them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The tall woman with hair of flame who had dominated Broadway, whom the critics have (Continued on page 70)
Frank Bacon—and "Mother." This is the favorite portrait of Mr. Bacon, because it is such a good likeness of "Lightnin' Bill Jones'" wife. "Lightnin'" has amused and moved the audiences of Manhattan for three years, and now he is entertaining the theater-goers all over the country.
MAN’S success is the lengthened shadow of some woman. Frank Bacon believes. That lovable actor, successor of Joseph Jefferson in the hearts of the American playgoers, says that but for his wife there would have been no “Lightnin’,” the play in which he starred in New York for three years and will go on starring in Chicago and on tour three years longer. “I would never have got by with my part in ‘Lightnin’’ and in life but for her. But for her there would have been no ‘Lightnin’’” so he assures all who congratulate him on the unique success that has arrived in the early evening of his life, and lent to that evening the rich glow of a magnificent sunset.

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

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

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

“All right, Father,” she answered with a laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

"There would never have been any 'Lightnin' ' but for her," he said, with the drawl that is an indivisible part of Bill Jones, and of Frank Bacon. "I had played Bill Jones in one form or another for thirty years. Whenever a play or a part needed plumping up I would draw the good-humored, irresponsible old fellow off the shelf and put him to work. People always liked him. I worked him into three or four vaudeville sketches that Mother, Bessie and I played. One day she said, 'I think you ought to expand this into a play.' (Continued on page 110)"
We watched Bebe Daniels grow up. We have seen her in just about every picture she ever made: the two-reelers when she wore a bathing suit, the later comedies with Harold Lloyd; the Cecil deMille marriage-dramas—and now, as the star of her own comedies. And Bebe is the same Bebe—except that she is prettier, if possible. Here she is in a Juliet gown especially designed for her.
Ask Dad

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

By JOAN JORDAN

MILDRED DAVIS plays the motion picture game with reverse English. In fact, she comes mighty near being a paradox. First place, she went from comedy into comedy, instead of following the recognized order and using the laugh-makers as a spring board into oceans of tragedy. She was born with a fuzz of black hair, that gradually turned gold and more golden, and has never been assisted in its struggle by anything stronger than lemon juice.

She went from the screen into boarding school—and back again. And she is the first motion picture actress I have ever met with a father. Undoubtedly sometime, somewhere, all girls—even those that later went into pictures—had fathers. Movie girls may be different in some ways from the ordinary female of the species, but there is nothing to warrant the assumption that they sprang like Venus from the sea.

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

Mrs. Fickford, Mrs. Talmadge, Mrs. Gish, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Mary Miles Minter Shelby, are almost as well known as their famous offspring. All these ladies are widows with the exception of Mrs. Talmadge. Still, we see Ethel Clayton and her mother, May Allison and her, Mildred Harris and Mrs. Harris, Dorothy Davenport Reid and her mother, Lila Lee and hers.

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

It isn’t being done. Even if they have ’em, they never mention them to me. (I suppose I will now be deluged with information concerning male relatives. But the fact remains.) Mildred Davis is the first one to boast openly of her “Daddy.”

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

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

Father didn’t want Mildred to go into pictures. She told me all about it, sitting in her pretty wicker and cretonne bedroom in her Hollywood flat—that surprisingly enough has “H. B. Davis” on the doorplate, instead of Mildred Davis.

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

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

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

When she came back to California, she immediately signed to replace Bebe Daniels with Harold Lloyd, and she has been with him for three years. Rumor now has it that she may make feature pictures of her own (Continued on page 106)
A screen "society queen" and a real one—both appearing in the same picture! You see Norma Talmadge's version at the left. At the right, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, as herself. She is one of America's most beautiful women, and has a distinguished position in New York society. She is noted as an actress in smart amateur theatricals, and went in for it in earnest in Norma's new photoplay, "The Wonderful Thing." We hope to see Julia Hoyt in other films. She brings to the screen a rare delicacy, and good taste.
How I Keep in Condition

By MARION DAVIES

ANOTHER contribution to PHOTOPLAY'S series of articles by famous screen stars on keeping fit. This month, Marion Davies, long noted for her beauty, and generally recognized as one of the loveliest of stars, tells you how she manages to work and keep well. Next month, Lillian Gish.

How do I look so well—how do I keep so well—how do I feel so well? These are the questions asked me by the score in every day's mail. The writers in most cases, are women and they seem to think that there is a particular charm in motion picture actresses that keeps them immune from age and sickness.

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

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

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

Good health is the bulwark of life and in our present civilization, so fraught with nerve-racking, head-splitting, vigor-reducing conditions, with everyone on the qui vive all the time, more care than ever must be taken if we are to conquer the artificialities around us and preserve our well being so that we may carry out the work assigned to us.

And unless one is born with inherited weaknesses which actually cannot be overcome there is no reason for a decline in bodily health. One of the great reassuring developments of the present decade is the child welfare activities and the noble fight made by the government and other agencies against tuberculosis. Vast numbers of persons are becoming aware for the first time in their lives of the paramount importance of their health, and the health of their children, and the health of their neighbors, and the health of the immigrants.

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

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

Today it is as natural to me as eating and as pleasurable to consider regularized exercise a part and parcel of the day. No matter how early I have to be at the studio nor how late I must work, I begin each day either with a ride on horseback or with a walk on the river drive. My hot bath of morning and evening is followed by a cold shower and a rub down. I eat my meals at regular hours and eat only those things that have long since proved beneficial to me. I sleep seven hours every night. (Continued on page 406)

One of the few stars who possesses neither the temperament nor the grand air of a prima donna, Marion Davies is surprisingly enough thoughtful of others.
There is no set style, no "accepted mode"

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

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

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

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

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

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

This winter that is upon us brings us the most unusual and interesting fashions we have ever had. There is no set style, no "accepted mode," this season. There are daring originalities, and amazing conceptions; and long sleeves and flowing sleeves and high necks and round necks—there is everything, for every type of woman, for every taste. I hope you will find inspiration for your winter wardrobe among them. I wish to recall to your particular attention the newest gloves from Paris. They are delightful.

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

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

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

Hope Hampson and Russeck offer a compromise between a fur and a duvetyne tailleur, with sleeves and skirts of black duvetyne and the rest of the suit of American broadtail.
A Few Impressions
By DEIGHT EVANS

West is East

BILL HART was in Town—

Three Times.

You Know, he was Staying

At the Waldorf, and then he was

At the Rivoli Twice,

In “Three Word Brand.”

I Hadn’t Seen Bill

For Three Years, and he Looked

Pretty Good to Me.

He’s the Same Old Bill

Except that he Wasn’t Wearing

His Cowboy Clothes.

You’d Know him Anywhere.

He is Writing

A Big Story about

Revolutionary Days, with himself

As Patrick Henry.

He Played that Part

On the Stage.

He writes a Lot, you know:

Stories for Boys that

Other People Read.

He had Some New Photographs, and

He Asked me

Which Ones he Should Take.

This is One of them.

If you Don’t Like it, you can

Blame me.

He Made

A Few Personal Appearances

And

Visited his Farm

In Westport, Connecticut; and

Then he Went Home.

I Like Bill.

He Never

Disappoints You

He is Just the Same

As he Is on the Screen.

Western, but Not Rough.

THEN Elliott Dexter

Called Me Up

He Wanted me

To Go to Lunch

With him.

Imagine.

Well, I Went. And

We Went to

The Gotham, and

That’s a Very Grand Hotel, and

There are Lots of Ladies—

Dowagers, you Know—

And they all Looked at Elliott

And they All Recognized him.

He’s High-brow,

But

He’s Nice.

He doesn’t Look Like

An Actor, or Talk

Like One.

I Told You, Once

Before About him:

That

He Wouldn’t Talk

About himself?

But he was Going to Europe

To be Gone a Long Time, so

He Finally Told me

What he was Going to Do.

“I’m Going

To Visit

All the Countries

Over There.

It Makes it Exciting for Me:

I have Sailed

On Every boat

In the Last Two Weeks—

In the Newspapers,

I’ve been Booked,

And Mary and Doug

Wanted me to Go Over

When they Went;

True: but Now

I’ve Never Been Abroad

Before. I Know—

Everybody Thinks

I Have, because

I’m Supposed to Be

An English Actor.

They Say

I have an Accent.

Well

I’m Going to Find Out

What Kind of an Accent

I Have.

I’m Taking a Camera—so

I’ll Send you

Some Pictures of me—”

“What?” Could this be

Elliott Dexter?

“In the London Fog,”

He Finished.

I Hope he Won’t

Stay Away Too Long.

If there is One Actor

I’d Rather See

Than Another, it’s

Elliott Dexter.

There—

The Secret’s Out.

I WENT with

Dorothy Gish

To See

Her Husband’s Play,

“Pot Luck.”

It’s a Peach of a Play,

And James Rennie

Is Great in it.

A Woman

Next to Dorothy

Kept Saying,

“That Leading Man

Is Dorothy Gish’s Husband.

Dorothy Gish

Is in the Audience

Somewhere.”

And she looked Right at Dorothy—

And Didn’t Recognize her.

Dorothy Looks like

A Debutante, and she’s Prettier Even

Than she Looks on the Screen; but

She sits Way Down

In her Second-row Seat

Every Evening.

And Nobody Knows she is There

Just two Nights after I went with her,

The Leading Woman Was Ill, and

Dorothy Got up on the Stage—

She knows

The Play,

Backward and Forward—

And Played the Part.

The Last Line in

The Play is

“My Wife—God Bless her”—and

The Audience Went Wild.

Maybe Dorothy is

Going on the Stage

As her Own Star Soon.

If she Does—

Don’t Miss Her.

William S. Hart

I’m Really going,

To Live

At the Big Hotels.

I’m Going

To Put Up

At the Small Interesting

Places so that I can

Study the Country, and

The languages, and

The People.
MEN and women who do not like dogs have a strange twist somewhere in their natures. But Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are not numbered among these. And not least in their affections is their prize dog, "Dynamite"
Picture Stars You’ve Never Seen

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

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

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

May we introduce:

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

SEÑORITA Christina Pereda, who has appeared with Cody and Farrer in American pictures, is also noted for her dancing.

SEÑORITA María Tubau in characteristic costume. Earrings, hat and hair are all typical. One of Mexico's favorites.
It is rumored that Senorita Conesa may come to the United States to appear both on the stage and in pictures.

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

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

SENIORITA ELVIRA ORTEZ is the dramatic artist of Mexican pictures. She is famous for her vampire roles.
ANY people have furniture made especially for them, but it is not often that it suits them as well as Jackie Coogan's suits him. That contagious, mischievous smile has won friends for him the world over. You see "the kid" making up
NEW faces come along whether we want them or not. They appear in the audiences, and must be reflected on the screen. New faces mean new souls, new needs, new ideals. The same old human soul is still doing business at the old stand but dressing the window differently; changing its ideas somewhat as fashions come and go, and altering its ideals slightly. Humanity does not change so much as we pretend, but languages, costumes, knowledge, sympathies, passions, are in constant flux, since the dramatic art is devoted to holding a more or less cracked mirror up to nature.

The dramatic arts must reflect the changing faces and the changing souls, and dramatic art is a business of translating manuscripts into human flesh. Authors must speak through actors. New authors cannot be satisfied with or expressed by old artists. The women of '60s were neither better nor worse than our own, but their bodily and mental clothes were different. The wicked ones were more demure in their behavior than our wildest ones now. A woman of then would have been stoned off the street for wearing what our most conservative grandmothers wear now in public. And the graduates of our most learned women's colleges wear costumes and give public performances in athletics, in dancing, or in dramatic roles that would have sent a woman to jail twenty years ago.

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

When Mr. Goldwyn calls for "new faces" on the screen he has many reasons for his demand. The young girl of yesterday is not the young girl of today. Not only does the cruel progress of time change the face of most actresses, but the acting itself is likely to harden most of our players into set methods, set expressions, set gestures. A few great geniuses keep not only their beauty but also their souls progressive. Yet complete elasticity is not given to many. A few artists build up such loving followers that they would rather see their favorite of thirty play a girl of eighteen than see the same part played by a stranger of eighteen. But neither geniuses nor loyalty can be relied on for the bulk of the dramatic or cinematic output, and even those authors who most amiable steal each others' plots over and over again must freshen them with little touches here and there and fit them to newer impersonators.

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

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

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

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

By

RUPERT HUGHES

You read Samuel Goldwyn's article in the December PHOTOPLAY. Here Rupert Hughes gives his ideas on the absorbing question of new talent for the films.
films, let us rejoice that so much wonderful work has been turned out in so short a time. The authors, the directors, the producers are all groping. They make new mistakes incessantly, but even their mistakes are comparatively new and they are turning up new riches every day like pioneers in a gold rush. In the frenzy of pioneering, new blood is required and people of adaptable natures with new smiles, new heartaches, new opinions and personalities.

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

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

But audiences tire of the same food in the same dish, whether it be fried eggs or caviar. New authors push the old ones into the background and make fun of them, only to be made fun of themselves a little later. Fresh young actors and actresses laugh at the old stagers and by and by are amazed to find themselves dubbed stagey. For such authors as are pleased to build plots without reference to reality, the conventionalized actors serve well enough. If your story is based upon the same old lay figures (Continued on page 121)
The difference between the German picture, "Dr. Caligari," and some of our American films, says Will Rogers, is that the former is frankly about the ravings of two maniacs while the latter is the result of the ravings of a director and a star.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But then, perhaps, we are prejudiced.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A British motion picture concern named The Lionel Phillips Co. has some very original ideas of advertising. Here is the text of one of their efforts: "'I have given up going to the pictures,' says Max Pemberton, 'because I object to the shoddy American dramas, and the preposterous Yankee sentiment. There is a magnificent field for any man who will exploit British ideas and scenes.' Do you think the same? Then don't stop picture-going altogether, but visit the theaters which show British films."

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

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

By
MARY WINSHIP

SOME beautiful women have made one thing famous—some another. For instance, there are: Mary Pickford’s curls, Kitty Gordon’s back, Gloria Swanson’s nose, Bebe Daniels’ mouth, Mabel Normand’s eyes, Pavlova’s toes, Phyllis Haver’s ankles, and Betty Blythe’s figure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Had she lived a few thousand years ago, her adorers would have written sonnets to her chin. You know the kind I mean. If you will think for a moment about Miss Novak, you will recall that chin. When it quivers delicately, uncontrollably, you experience a rush of warm sympathy for which any leading woman should be grateful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I myself feel her charm.

But I cannot quite understand it.

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

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

And yet—and yet—

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

“How long have you been in pictures?” I asked her, as we admired Alice Lake’s chic new gray frock across the aisle. (Continued on page 107)
When the newspapers are shy a picture of a pretty woman Monday mornings they run one of Jane Novak above the rumor that she and Bill Hart are to be married soon.
YOU knew Mae Marsh was an artist, but you didn’t know she was as expert at scene-painting as at acting and sculpting. Here she is, working on one of the cycloramic drops for her new stage play, “Brittie.” As PHOTOPLAY was first to announce, she has temporarily deserted the silent for the spoken drama.
THERE are as many fine, sincere, artistic and enduring achievements among American motion pictures as there are among American novels, musical compositions, paintings, or plays.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Such a condition in no wise reflects upon the motion pictures as an art, or upon our achievements in that medium. It merely indicates that Europe leads America in art creation.

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

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

Moreover—and here is the point which the screen's apologists have apparently overlooked—you will find among the hundred motion pictures just as many fine, sincere, artistic and enduring achievements as among any of the other random art groups of a hundred.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The moment you are introduced to a film character whose name sprawls out over the screen like that of an old English syndicate of marmalade makers, you know at once that you are basking in the dazzling presence of the haut monde and are about to hobnob with the elite.

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

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

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

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

By

Willard Huntington Wright

Decorations by Ralph Barton
Life in the Films

The individual dress creations of the film's socially elect need not detain us; but the general styles are worthy of note, due to their extraordinary divergency from the current modes. For example, the evening clothes of the male aristocrat are adorned with miles of tape, an inch or more in width. Not only does the trimming cover the outside cuffs seams, but it encircles the coat cuffs and terminates in a large fleur-de-lis figure extending nearly to the elbow. This tape likewise follows the line of the coat-collar, and plays a conspicuous decorative part in the configuration of the lapels, doing snappy figures-of-eight about the marble-shaped satin-covered buttons beneath.

In short, wherever tape is usable it is used.

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

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

As for the ladies of film society—it would appear that their sartorial motto is: "Life is short— why not skirts?" For when it comes to public anatomic exposure, they leave little to the imagination. If one were to judge the dress of society women by the dramas of the screen, the inevitable conclusion would be that the feminine aristocrat—the woman of blue blood and distinction—goes about in the evenings practically in a state of nudity. There is something downright clinical about her attire. Her gown is little more than a diaphanous drapery, a mere concession, as it were, to the Occidental custom of physical decoration.

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

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

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

And we find this same arrogant and glacial condescension (Continued on page 115)
JANE EYRE—Ballin-Hodkinson

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

Actors behave so that you never know whether they are acting or not. His wife, the lovely Mabel Ballin of the liquid eyes and expressive brow, plays Jane delightfully. Norman Trevor, as Mr. Fairfax Rochester, is perfect. Others are competent. Mr. Ballin deserves much credit and well-filled theaters for this delightful family film.

WOMAN'S PLACE—First National

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

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

THEODORA—Goldwyn

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

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

JANE EYRE
WOMAN'S PLACE
THEODORA
THE SIN FLOOD
DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD
THE SHEIK

THE SIN FLOOD—Goldwyn

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

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

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

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

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

DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD—Goldwyn

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

THE SHEIK—Paramount

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

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

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

ALFS BUTTON—Hepworth—First National

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

HIS NIBS—Exceptional

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

TWO MINUTES TO GO—First National

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

THE CASE OF BECKY—Realtart

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

THE WONDERFUL THING—First National

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

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

NOCODY'S FOOL—Universal

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

THE SINGLE TRACK—Vitagraph

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

LADYFINGERS—Metro

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

BAR NOTHIN—Fox

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

MY LADY FRIENDS—First National

Bringing some of the best of the stage comedies to the realm of the flickering Kleig lights, is the favorite pastime of Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, and who in cameraland can do it better than they? Here's a jolly mix-up, consisting of one virtuous husband, one suspicious wife and three businesslike vampires. Guess who wins out, and then guess again. (Cont'd on page 120)
George H. Cobb is one of the most newly appointed censors in America. Only lately, and at Governor Miller's appointment, has he taken his place in a New York City office. We hope that his bland expression is a good omen.

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

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

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

This is Dr. Willbur F. Crafts. He is the godfather of every movement that is both violently, and unpleasantly, religious.

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

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

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

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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

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

You all remember Merkle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come home, Freddy, all is forgiven."

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

But what I'm driving at is this—think of the thing it took for Merkle to come back. Think of the stamina, the grit, the cheerfulness and sheer courage it required to march out on that diamond day after day, with nothing between him and the rabid multitude but a few cubic feet of ether. Think of the chance of pulling another boot. Think of going to bat in a pinch under those circumstances. I tell you that will break the heart and soul of ninety-nine men in a hundred. It is worse than any physical danger. It requires more than physical courage. It demands moral courage of the highest order.

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

My pet name for her is "Mrs. Merkle." (By the way, if there happens to be a legal one, I offer her due apologies. It is purely a descriptive title.) I have told you all this long tale about the baseball hero, only because in no other way can I illustrate to you the thing that Lila Lee has done.

She is the Merkle of the movies. Let me show you why, and then you will understand why Lila Lee occupies a very real place in my heart as well as in my head. (Continued on page 109)

Declared a failure as a star, Lila Lee did not quit. She stuck it out, gamely she did bits, ugly ones sometimes, until eventually, through sheer grit, she made good
FERDINAND EARLE, director and artist, has intensely interested all Hollywood in an idea of his—something entirely new in motion picture making.

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

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

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

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

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

Magic Carpets of Cardboard!
The hands of Mary Nash, celebrated for their beauty, are an example of how proper treatment enhances natural charm. Miss Nash uses only Cutex in the care of her nails. She says, "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so well. I regard Cutex as a real toilet necessity."

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

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

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The Unrecognized Drew

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

By MARY MORGAN

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

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

She has the full, Drew eyes and employs them according to the Drew methods, the methods, in the main, of comedy. Too there is a hint of the Drew characteristic that still inheres in her cousin Ethel of dragging speech. Yet she delivers her speeches with all the proposulsive power of her cousin Louise Drew, and the significant pauses of her "Uncle Jack." John Drew, schooled of Augustin Daly, had learned perforce, as all that eminent manager's eminent actors learned, the emphasis and the suspensive value of the pause.

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

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

"My mother was on the stage, but only for a few minutes. She had evinced comedy gifts. But she married when she was seventeen and she had three children. They kept her busy in a constant rehearsal of life. And she died while we were very young."

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

At two Louise Drew Mendum's daughter evinced a trait to which we will give the name firmness of will or tenacity of purpose. Noting her father bestowed upon her an after christening title. "Let us call her Budge because she won't," he said, a suggestion that has been adopted by the Drew family unto the last ramifications.

At four she displayed the spirit of comedy which after a decade or more was to register in the appreciative consciousness of Joseph Jefferson. For after her debut in the usual maid's part, with Annie Russell in "Catherine," a debut which was followed by small parts in her Uncle Jack's company in "Richard Carvel" and "The Tyranny of Tears," Joseph Jefferson selected her as his leading woman in a company made up largely of members of his own family. She was Dot in the "Cricket on the Hearth" and Lydia Languish in "The Rivals."

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

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

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

She went on a road tour in "The Secret Dispatch" and with "Would You for Five Millions?" She rejoined her uncle in "The Mummy and The Humming Bird" and was with Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate." As Tessie Kode in "Glad of It," she made a strong impression upon both public and author, Clyde Fitch declared he would write a part for her that would establish her for all time, or approximately that period. The author died untimely and Miss Mendum was one of those players whose ambitions were nipped by his premature passing. She was one of Clyde Fitch's dramatic widows. (Cont. on page 72.)
Today—

women who for years had streaked, faded or unbecoming hair are frankly telling their friends the secret of their IMPROVED APPEARANCE.

False notions and old-fashioned methods of hair dyeing have passed away, thanks to the discovery of the new art of Hair Tinting by Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Today, women of refinement consider Inecto Rapid with the same frank acknowledgment that they do other articles on their toilet table. There is no more prejudice against Tinting with Inecto Rapid than there is against the use of face powder or cosmetics.

Women praise INECTO RAPID instead of being secretive about it—because hair tinting with Inecto Rapid is truly a scientific and fashionable success.

INECTO RAPID is sold under the following specific guarantees:

1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
2. Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or growth.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head any color in 15 minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, shampooing, Russian or Turkish Baths.
9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.
10. To produce delicate ash shades heretofore impossible.

Inecto Rapid applications are made at the leading hairdressing salons throughout the world. In New York, you will find it used in the Plaza, Commodore, Biltmore, Waldorf-Astoria, Pennsylvania, etc.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill out coupon and mail today. We will send you full details of INECTO RAPID and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" to enable you to find the most harmonious and becoming shade for your hair.

INECTO, Inc., Laboratories 818 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK Laboratories—PARIS, LONDON, BRUSSELS, MILAN, MADRID

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Billboards of Berlin

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

Upper right-hand corner—the famous chopping scene from Madam DuBarry, the film that we called Passion. Above at the left—a difficult step in The Dance of Death. Center—Lubitsch's Sumurun, with Pola Negri in the hauptrolle. Above—The Island of Happiness, population 2; flora, daisies, pine-apples and cabbage; boat runs every hour. Left—the hymn and her of "Hate."
What do they think when they leave your parties?

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

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

Play cards for wholesome recreation

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

Send for these books:

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

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. U-3, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)
Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution.
What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unsatisfactory, 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 author, producer, and director.

Lessons In—Well, Not Love
K. E. H. HARLAN, Connie’s leading man in “Lessons in Love,” places his hand—gently on another man’s face and pushes him. Of course he falls—but backwards. Yet, when he gets up, he has a most beautiful “shiner” and a lip that would do credit to a prize fighter.

It Was A Great Picture, Anyway
I. N. the beginning of Charlie Chaplin’s latest, “The Idle Class,” a title reads: “The summer season, etc.” Yet you see the beautiful Edna Purviance getting off a train, wrapped in a huge sealskin coat. At the hotel you see the girls in light dresses. ADELE ROLLAND, New York City.

Censored, Perhaps
I. N. “Whizz Bang,” yes, a comedy—the heroine falls into a deep puddle of muddy water; the villain follows. In the next scene, they are both clean and dry. Why didn’t they emerge good and dirty as you or I would do?

SCHYLER SANFORD, Hollywood, Cal.

I’d Hate To Think That
W. H. Marguerite Clark jumps off the train in “Easy to Get,” she carries only a small week-end bag, and is wearing one—one—count em—small hat. She takes refuge in the Professor’s cottage. When she leaves next morning, lo and behold she has changed her hat. Did the Prof. keep a supply of hats for unexpected visitors?

M. E. M., Boston, Mass.

We Have Always With Us—The Papers
I. N. “The Golden Snare,” Bung rescues the baby from the burning boat, and nothing but the baby. When Cecelia—the same baby—has grown up, she is shown treasuring a chest of clothes and some Papers. I can understand her acquiring the clothes, but the Papers! How? When? Where?

NORMA ENDER, Wyoming.

Coiffures De Cinema
MAY ALLISON, in “The Cheat,” is first seen with her bobbed hair beautifully curled. Later she is wearing a sweet little bun, neatly twisted.

In “The Man from Nowhere,” Elaine Hammerstein returns from a masquerade with her hair powdered as white as snow. When she is seen a second later, her hair is perfectly dark, and arranged differently.

LUCILE HARRISON, New York, City, N. Y.

Premonition
I. N. Lionel Barrymore’s “Jim the Penman,” Enoch Branson and Jim Rolston leave the Bronx home on Christmas day to go to Bronson’s office. The calendar in the office is dated September 25th.

G. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

Evidently
I. N. “Three Musketeers,” Douglas Fairbanks’s cocking picture, when he returned the diamond buckle to Anne of Austria his shirtdrakes tattered and torn from his strenuous activities. But when the Cardinal’s guards captured him and brought him before Richelieu, the sleeves were whole again. Did he change his shirt on the way?

BEN BLISS, Cleveland, Ohio.

Pat small posing Dix) country first waiter have few NOTICED close-up lip Charlie chest seen can HIS James work, quite Life, An Swimmin’ It had I Mommers work, eh? Miss H., Cowden, Ill.

It Happens—In The Movies
WILLIAM S. HART, in “O’Malley of the Mounted,” enters the presence of his superior officer, and salutes. The salute starts with a real military snap but ends with a graceful wave of the hands.

M. C. M., Chicago, Ill.

That Was The Miracle
I. N. Episode Number 1 of the serial, “The Miracle of the Jungle,” just before the hero recover from his fight with the lion, he is seen with long scratches in his face and shoulder; but a few moments later when he is looking into the Pool of Life, there are no traces of the injuries.

Q. B. Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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

EDNA WOLD, San Diego, Cal.

Leave It To ‘Gene
I. N. Eugene O’Brien’s picture, “Gilded Lies,” the two men in the cabin are able to see through a snowed-up window, and at a distance through a blinding blizzard the form of a man quite a way off.

Before the men inside can get into their coats, a matter of a few seconds, O’Brien opens the door and enters. Snappy work, eh?


They Undoubtedly Do
CONWAY TEARLE, in “Society Snobs,” is a waiter at the Ritz. He is posing as a duke. Pays his own expenses and everything, and later is installed in a wonderful suite of rooms. Why don't waiters at the Ritz own pleasure yachts?

MISS H., Cowden, Ill.

An Artist To His Finger Tips?
CHARLIE RAY plays the part of a country boy in the picturization of James Whitcomb Riley’s poem, “Ole Swimmin’ Hole.” He keeps a diary of his own and in his own style, yet when a close-up of him writing is shown, his fingernails are as nicely manicured as any nobleman’s you ever saw.

C. B. A., Greenville, Texas.

Old Stuff
I. N. “The Fighter,” a girl and a young man are supposed to have fallen from a canoe, into the water. Conway Tearle, the hero, had left the scene, but was called back immediately. Upon his arrival the girl’s hair was perfectly dry, and the young man had on the same clothes, and was comfortably dry. A doctor was on the scene at once, even though the camp was out in the wilds.

MRS. B. F. C., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It Were Well
I. N. NOTICED this in that splendid picture, “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

As Julio Desnoyers, Rudolph Valentino wore the same tweed suit at the reading of Madaroa’s will in Argentina that he had on in a scene in Paris five or six years later.

K. S. R., Wilmington, Delaware.
Keep That Wedding Day Complexion

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

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

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

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

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

You can’t depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

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

How it acts

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

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

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

Don’t keep it only for your face

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

Not too expensive

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

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

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

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality
for

10c
ENCHANTMENT—that exquisite photo-comedy, in which Miss Davies graduated into the galaxy of stars—her admirers are delighted with the strides this brilliant young player has made in her art. In "The Bride's Play," soon to be released, she reveals a versatility and a development in dramatic ability that is a complete fulfillment of the promise the lovely little lady showed in earlier productions wherein she was featured. Watch for these pictures at your favorite theatre.

They are Paramount Pictures. Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions. Presented by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.
Alice in Movieland

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

By WILLIAM WARREN

Illustrated by Norman Anthony

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

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

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

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

The next minute Alice was pattering up the road. She got to the top of the hill and there, on the other side, she came upon the hero and the heroine sitting by the road eating lunch out of a tin box.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alice could not think of anything to say to this, and she did not want to hurt their feelings by refusing to eat the food they had offered her so she pretended to nibble at the sandwich while watching them closely. (Continued on page 103)
HERE is an opportunity for you to get a handsome Christmas Present for yourself. It is not a fanciful dream but a straight out and out opportunity for you to win $1500.00. In the picture here, you will find a number of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter “C.” Pick out objects like cat, risen, chest, etc. Nothing is hidden. You do not even need to turn the picture upside down.

Everybody Join In
It Costs Nothing to Try
Sit down right now and see how many “C” words you can find. The object of this picture puzzle game is to get more people acquainted with the Minnesota Fountain Pen. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one or more pens for yourself and another one to use as a gift. A Minnesota Fountain Pen makes a handsome Christmas present, and it will solve the problem of deciding “what shall I give for Xmas?”

Fun for All the Family
Start in now and see how many “C” words you can find. All can join in from the old folks down to the little youngsters. You’ll have loads of fun, and if your answer is correct the picture puzzle is awarded, 1st prize, by the Judges you will win $300.00. However, if you are chasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen you will be eligible for the big cash prizes.

How Many Objects Beginning with “C” Can You Find in Picture?

Observe These Rules
1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee, of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It must be postmarked by December 24, 1921.
2. All answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page.
3. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use abbreviations or compound words. Use either the singular or plural, but not both.
4. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be counted only once.
5. Any entry not submitted by December 24, 1921 will be discarded. All entries must be postmarked by December 24, 1921.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct number of words, which has been submitted before the closing date, will be declared the winner. If two or more answers have the same number of words, the decision will be made by the Judges.
7. In the event of tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each tying contestant. The Judges and the Minnesota Pen Co. will not be disturbed by any tie.
8. There is no entry fee. The Minnesota Pen Co. will not be disturbed by any tie.
9. The Minnesota Pen Co. reserves the right to refuse to accept any entry.
10. All entries must be original. If entries are submitted which are not original, the Judges will have the right to disqualify them.
11. Any entry containing more than 100 words will be discarded. The Judges will have the right to disqualify any entry.
12. All entries will be judged by the Minnesota Pen Co. and the Judges of this unique competition.

THE PRIZES

All entries will be judged by the Minnesota Pen Co. and the Judges of this unique competition.

Win $1500.00 For Xmas

Larger Picture Puzzles Free

How to Win $1,500.00

The purchase of one of our 55 Minnesota Fountain Pens makes you answer to the picture eligible for the $500.00 prize, as shown in the second column of prize list. However, as we want more people to know our pens, and as a special advertising feature, we are making this Special Christmas Offer.

Special Christmas Offer

As a special Christmas offer, we are offering the grand prize of $1,500.00 to the one who sends in the best answer to the above picture puzzle. Provided he has purchased two of our $5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens at our special Holiday Prize of only $9.00. Two Five Dollar Prizes for $9.00 is all. Or if you would prefer, three $3.00 Minnesota Pens at $9.00 will also make you eligible for the $1,500.00 Prize. Answer the puzzle and send your order now.

State Style of Pen Wanted

The Minnesota Fountain Pen comes in two styles, ladies’ and gentlemen’s, in both the $3.00 and $5.00 sizes. The pens pictured here are our five dollar ladies’ and gentlemen’s pens. They are purchased as an order of 100 sets of 2 pens each, for $1.00 each. The Minnesota Fountain Pen is perfect for any style of writing, from the ordinary to the most refined.

Money-Back Guarantee

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

MINNESOTA PEN CO.

Saint Paul Dept. 666 Minnesota

Minnesota

The Easy-Writing Fountain Pen

“You will find the Minnesota one of the finest pens you ever used. The ink flows smoothly, and you can't resist the way it writes. Unless our pens were the very best that money can buy, we would not afford to advertise them the way we do. Thousands of them are now in use. Their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. If you need a good pen, or if you would like to make a useful and handsome gift to someone, the Minnesota is just what you have been looking for. The pen speaks for itself. We cannot tell you in words, what five minutes’ use of the Minnesota will tell you.

Satisfied Users Everywhere

In New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco, and in fact in almost every town and city a firm words you find "Minnesota Fountain Pen. The ink flows in the Minnesota is perfect. It does not leak or mock the fingers. Writing becomes a real pleasure when you use the Minnesota."
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 are too long, or that are on the same subject as those already answered 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 testicles will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MRS. BEAVAN.—The (Mr.) Answer Man is only too glad to answer your questions (Miss) Beavan. One of your names is a character actor. His's a fine chap, and is now appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Slinin' Through." There is also Harrison Ford and Wyndham Standing in the real-all-star cast. Francis was Matt Sils in "The Man Who Had Everything." Come again, (Miss) Beavan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SANDY.—Why, the best book I know is William Butler Yeats' "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales." It is most comprehensive. I don't blame you a bit for studying the lore of the little good people. It's fascinating; and good to know something about the beliefs of every race. It's a nifty that America is too young to have much folk lore. The Pickfords, the Gishes, and Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh are Irish, although non: was born over there. All the Moore are Irish, and born in County Cork.

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

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

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

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

Bert Lytell Admirer.—So you want pictures and stories about Virginia Valli, your admirer's (careful there, printer) leading lady. Virginia is a beautiful brunette, twenty-two years old, and married to George Lamson. Address her Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Lytell is married to Estelle Vannin. Ruth Roland is not married. But she has been. (Continued on page 54)
Lena.—From Palestine? Charmed, I’m sure. I’ve heard of you before. How people do love gossip! No, I am not Delight Evans or anybody else but me. I’m sure I don’t know why you should think I am a woman. Perhaps because I am so vehement in my denials of it.

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

Crystal May.—And then again—Why, Bessie Barrescale is appearing on the stage in “Skirts.” Yes—that’s the name of the play! She was born in 1885, and is married to Howard Hickman, and is the mother of a son. Natalie is the middle Talmadge, older than Constance and younger than Norma.

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


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

(Continued on page 83)

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 83)

Style Invading the Mennonites
Are the “Movies” Responsible?

By FREDERICK E. LYTLE

Down around Lancaster, Pa., travelers ten years ago used to hang out of train windows in order to see the Mennonites in their quaint costumes. They still do—but in a lesser degree, because the great god of change has been at work and today the costume has been largely replaced by ordinary clothes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reducing Reduced to a Science

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

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

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

GET thin to music, and Nature will make your bodily proportions normal, and keep them so. For this remarkable reduction course on phonograph records—set to music—brings instant and permanent results. As the knowledge of it grows, the number of women who carry a burden of excessive flesh will grow visibly less. Distance is no obstacle, for the lessons are sent everywhere. One's own phonograph is all the equipment needed. No incentive to keep at the course is required—it is all too novel and interesting to be a task. The course is full of surprises, and results come very quickly.

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

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

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

(Miss or Mrs.)

(Address)

(Advertisement)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
MARYON AVE, vaudeville star, has just signed the first movie contract with a "morality clause" in it. This young actress put her name to something that reads like this: "Said party of the second part will at all times conduct herself in public in such a manner as not to subject herself to any great amount of publicity or criticism of said conduct."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HERE'S Barbara La Mar, whom you saw and admired as Milady in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Three Musketeers." Miss La Mar has not always been a film queen.

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't believe it," shouted the pastor, "don't believe he was ever in my church. Don't believe he was there last Sunday night. If he was, let him tell what I preached about. Tell me my text." Bill twisted his hat, hung his head. "Well, brother, you got me there. I can't do it. I can't tell you what you preached about. But you bet next time I go to your church, I'll stay awake and hear what you say."

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

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

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

"Will Shakespeare," said that enlightened young man.

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

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

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

YOU just never can tell about these blond ingenues. Now when our little Bebe of the sparkling black eyes and the wicked Spanish walk and the pouted mouth was arrested for speeding, we felt bad, but not wholly surprised.

But Mary Miles Minter—she of the blonde curls and the round blue eyes—and four times in one day. Well, as my grandmother (Continued on page 88)
Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
a cleansing cream at night

Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil

Rough, chapped skin. To make up for the drying effect of dust and wind you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil. Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once and leaves the skin delightfully soft and satiny.

Shiny skin. This almost universal annoyance is due to powdering without providing a base for the powder. Try powdering this way—

First rub the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

Dull, tired skin. When you are tired apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream to your face. It instantly relieves the strained look about the eyes and mouth and gives the whole face a fresh youthfulness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

Start using these two creams today

The regular use of these two creams helps your skin to become continually lovelier.

They will not clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. In both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. At any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

Flaws prevented by nightly cleansing with an oil cream

Blackheads. Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then work Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. As this rich oil cream penetrates the skin, loosens all the dirt which has lodged deep in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean.

Wrinkles. For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond's Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as a tonic, stimulating the blood, rousing the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.

POND'S Cold Cream

Generous tubes—Mail coupon today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
130 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.

Street.

City State.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job
—and paved the way for a better one!

It was written to him by the International Correspondence Schools.

It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

But Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are trying, although it is not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Will you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. Do it now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position set in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

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BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
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GOOD ENGLISH
Col. School Subj.
CIVIL SERVICE
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Railway Mail Clerk
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Navigation
Agriculture
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Banking
Spanish
French

RESINOL
Soothing and Healing
Household Ointment
for
Cuts, Burns, Scalds, etc.
Every home needs it

Photographing a foot! It belongs to Allan Hale, who is registering emotion aided by a good stout Norweigan calfskin oxford. The generous gentleman is Will Rogers; the lowly ones are the poor cameramen, who have to go through fire, water, and gymnastics to get their pictures

RUPERT HUGHES was watching some artistic dancers floating about with little on but soap bubbles the other evening amidst the new Lon Chaney production. "Those young ladies are so well developed I know it wasn't done in our laboratory," remarked the chief Eminent Author.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN stopped over in Chicago for two days on his return from his European trip. He was a very busy man, of course, sought after by interviewers and people with all sorts of propositions.

Yet the way he spent his last evening was typical of Chaplin. He put everything aside and went to dinner at the home of Paul Frank, 5478 Greenwood Ave., whose eight-year old son had broken his leg, was in constant pain, and in his suffering had only one wish and that was to see Charlie again. The boy had met the great comedian in Los Angeles and they became great friends.

It was just like Chaplin to make life more pleasant for the little sufferer for a few hours.

THE King of Comedy has been offered $15,000 a week to go in vaudeville as a single act. But Charles Spencer Chaplin, on his return from Europe, refused the offer.

IF anybody but Tommie Meighan had told me this I wouldn't believe it—but you know how Tommie is. You just believe anything he tells you.

Anyway, he went north to make some scenes for his new pictures— to a small town in the country Brett Harte made famous—a little town that is almost like one of the "ghost cities of the west." Haven't built a building in ten years.

"Day I got there, they were having an election," of Tommie— in connection with the new Lon Chaney production.

"What kind of an election?" I asked.

"To see if the town'd go wet or dry," said Tommie. "And the drys won by two votes. But the wets were still hopeful because they had the town marshal on their side. He owned the saloon.

(Continued on page 90)
A Beauty Secret that Has Been Kept Too Long

To the Women of America:

There are few complexions which cannot be made absolutely perfect in three weeks. This is not an advertisement for a book, nor for any cream, lotion, powder or soap.

There is one beauty truth all women should know, and we are determined to tell it. We are a women's organization, now 22,000 strong.

How to FORCE a Beautiful Complexion

In England, they do not have bad complexions. Skins are satiny, cheeks abloom. For they know over there how to 'force' good complexions.

Many of our actresses—notably those in the movies—know and apply this principle. It's simple enough, once learned, but amazing in its results. The whole secret is just this:

The skin is an organ; just as responsive as heart, lungs or liver. Normally, it is of fine texture, glowing and pink. But one skin in a thousand is normal! To bring the skin texture to perfection, you have only to restore it to normal action.

The 'Inside-Out' Method

Human skin has three layers. Skin action is outward. So any beauty treatment from the top is only temporary. Nothing can be applied to the innermost skin layer—but you can take something away! Chemistry of the body is the force that will clear any skin, make any skin smooth—and this wonderful, natural action can be brought about almost instantaneously! Blackheads, for instance, will begin to disappear in 48 hours. Blemishes of years' standing start yielding to this treatment within a week. Even a thickly-pimpled skin turns smooth. Prominent pores contract to rightful size. All without drugs or doping, or any drastic measures.

It Requires Only Three Weeks

The beautiful part of it all is the ease and the speed with which women positively transform the skin by this method. Not merely a slight improvement that you must look closely to see, but a beautiful, velvety skin, with surges of natural color. In other words, a complexion requiring no make-up of any kind. This result is attainable in three weeks' time!

Any type—blondes or brunette—skins too dry or skins too oily—no matter how sallow or yellow, or deathly white—a rich, natural color comes speedily through this method.

Here is the letter that inspired me, together with other Olympian associates, to put this course in the compact and handy form now offered to you:

Hollywood, Calif., July 9, 1921.

Dear Miss Roberts—

The information I got from you has done unbelievable things for me. I never dreamed of having such color—of my own! My skin is such as now defies the 'close-ups' which only a month ago were such a nightmare! Why can't a way be found to tell every woman in the land of this marvelous way to build beauty? Ever gratefully.

I Will Reveal This Plan to Any Girl or Woman on One Condition:

Olympian Society made it possible to offer these scientific beauty building principles in wonderfully practical form, with plainest directions for each day of the three weeks. Everything in one compact box; there are many features I cannot mention here. I know you'll be delighted with it all.

If you fill out the blank below, I'll send you the full course—please do not send any money. Your course will be mailed in its turn, and you can pay the postman. The total cost is just $4.50. No further payments—nothing more to buy—the $4.50 covers everything.

The condition I make is this: When you have gained the marvelous results desired, tell other women of the course, and where to get it.

Alice Roberts
Chief of Olympian Society
Calumet at 2197 St., Chicago, Ill. (102)

Send me in plain package, complete course revealing the natural means of securing an absolutely perfect complexion in three weeks' time. I will pay postman $5.00 on delivery, in full payment of everything.

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________
City __________________________ State ___

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Plays and Players
(Continued from page 88)

Norma Talmadge "Smiling Through"—the lights, and the clicking cameras, and the scurrying property boys, and the studio sun! Here is the big set at the Talmadge studios in New York, where Norma made her latest and largest picture. This is an exterior scene, with the "sun," just as realistic as the original, the grass even greener, and the flowers blooming brightly. They couldn't "go out on location" for this scene, because they couldn't find a manor house in the vicinity of New York to suit their purpose.

ORM HAWLEY is back—again.
The erstwhile Lubin luminary, after a long absence from the screens, spent at her home in Winona, Minn., the past year's holidays; is now back again, and his new product, "A New Perfume," is a big hit. The theme is a struggle to get a sample of a perfume that sells at $5.00 an ounce and worth it. As usual, the "Sue's Flower Drop"—made without alcohol, made direct from the essence of the famous American flowers. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicious odor last a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $5.00 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers
Direct from source at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing one drop, a supply for 90 days.
Rieger's Perfume for Ladies—1 oz. $1.00.
Other perfumes make a nice prize.

$1.25 for

Silk Velvet Tam
Silk lined trimmed with ribbon and bow. Fits any size head. Made in Black, Blue, Brown, Red. Same style in all wool felt, silk-china $1.50 made in all colors.

Wonderful Values
We pay postage. C.O.D. 10c extra. Write to Dept. P.

CRITERION CAP CO. 157 W. 21st St., N.Y.

(Continued from page 91)
Russian something a For these is For here. little series Tarrytown all a arrived The natural He unusual problem

We EX Mildred Harris was suddenly released from the cast of “Miss Lulu Bette,” film circles wondered just what she had done—or what she was going to do. Guesses were wild and plentiful, but Mildred said nothing—only smiled her sad, sweet smile. And now we know why she was smiling, although we cannot understand the sadness of it. For Famous Players-Lasky have announced that she will play opposite Thomas Meighan in his next picture.

HERE is something that should be not only interesting, but very lovely. Florence Walton, the dancer, has promised to pose—in a series of dance—before a slow motion camera. The machine will register every movement in exact time, and every detail of her consummate grace will be shown minutely.

SOMETHING new landed in this country: a few days ago—that same being a vest pocket movie camera. It arrived on the Cunarder Bulgaria in the possession of one C. D. Wellington, who hails from Australia. He bought the little thing in Paris where he paid about one hundred dollars for it. Its capacity is twenty-five feet of regular film, and it operates by a spring instead of the time honored crank method.

We imagine that this camera will be much in Vogue with the society folk who prefer a self-starting method.

ME. OLGA PETROVA has successfully opened in a new stage production, “The White Peacock.” The program states it was written by a Polish woman who has lived in America ten years. We may suspect that Mme. Petrova is the author. The critic of the Indianapolis News, among other nice things says: “In the first place, the dialogue is unusual in that it is natural speech, and not theatrical. This is a Russian trait. Tolstoy, the greatest of all Russian writers, was always striving to have his characters say what would obviously be said under the circumstances. He hated artificiality. So it is here. There is scarcely a speech in the whole play that seems forced. The leading role is, of course, emotional, but the star does not “act all over the place,” as the saying is. For the most part her acting is restrained. She has a problem to contend with and she faces it as any intelligent woman would.”

(Continued on page 92)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)

Alice Joyce is the mother of another little daughter: born in October at the home of the James Regan Junior’s.

The beautiful Vitagraph star retired from the screen six months ago. You remember her marriage to the son of the former owner of the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York. Miss Joyce was one of the most charming of all film romances. Miss Joyce has a little girl named Mary Joyce Moore, whose father is Tom Moore the film star.

Now the tiny Joyce Regan has come to keep her company.

At last—the Legend of Sleepy Hollow is to be immortalized. Allan Dwan, one of the screen’s greatest directors, is to film it. He is going to take a company to Tarrytown and put into pictures Ichabod Crane and the others Washington Irving wrote about.

America is filled with charming folk lore. It is a great field for the more artistic producers.

Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today. Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent. Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadaptable.

See what the new way does. Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

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

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for your teeth.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 713

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 387, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble. Keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf. Recommended often by nurses and doctors, it comes in 30c. and 65c sizes, hospital size, $1.50.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

GLORIA SWANSON seems to have more than her share of troubles just now—and troubles that really don't belong to her, either.

A suit has been filed in the Los Angeles courts against Gloria and her mother, Mrs. James Burns, which has all the earmarks of being very silly but which still may do harm to the reputation of one of the foremost women of the industry unless the other side of the affair is brought to the public.

The suit is an attempt to break the will of the late James Burns, Gloria's stepfather, who left his widow an estate valued at $100,000. It is filed by Mr. Burns' sister and other relatives and alleges that Gloria and her mother used undue influence upon Mr. Burns, first, to make him marry Mrs. Swanson and then to leave her all his properties.

It is alleged that Mr. Burns was never, in love with the mother but with Gloria, and that—as Gloria was married at the time—he was persuaded to marry the older woman upon the promise that he should see Gloria every day, be with her constantly and live under the same roof with her.

ALL of which is most vigorously denied by Miss Swanson and her mother. Miss Swanson was not then and never has been in need of money. Mrs. Burns is herself a young and attractive woman, and during Mr. Burns' lifetime they were happy and devoted, according to their friends. Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Burns never did live under the same roof with Gloria, except for one day.

And while the old man was proud of his famous stepdaughter, there seems to be no proof of any kind that it was anything but a fatherly affection.

"Oh, it's wrong," said Gloria, her wonderful eyes full of tears, "that's because I'm known—and because they want to get some of the money. It's a lie—every word of it. He adored mama. We didn't want his old money. Why, I earn more than that in six months."

THEY say that the Famous Players studio in Long Island City, the largest in the east and one of the best equipped in the world, is going to open soon.

This will pep things up some in Manhattan and film environs. There hasn't been much doing, now that D. W. Griffith has finished actual shooting on "The Two Orphans," and the talisman sisters have gone to the coast, and Selznick is 'way over in Fort Lee, and Fox has moved most of his companies to the coast.

NO, the Duke of Manchester has not made a picture yet, Annabelle. But he may any day, so you had better keep your eyes open.

A real live Duke would be a bit of a novelty, what? Even though we have had plenty of close-ups of princes and premiers and presidents and ladies, a duke is something else again.

The Duke of Manchester has, like so many movie actors, had an offer, an American film concern has begged the Duke to be photographed in a fiction film. But he says himself nothing has been definitely decided. Have patience.

A PARISIAN doctor has discovered a new disease called screeitis. "Screeitis," said Micky Neilan, "is the disease screen actors and actresses get when they see the fatal old camera beginning to show the least bit of sign of slipping in their looks. That's all. But it really is—a nervous collapse."

BARBARA BEDFORD has been made a star, by Fox and for them.

Outside of "The Last of the Mohicans" and a few other films, Miss Bedford has had...
Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

little screen experience. There were those who, when her stardom was announced, doubted that she was stellar material. Her first Fox release is by no means a masterpiece, but it proves that little Barbara, with her eccentric coltire, and her piquant and decidedly not pretty little face, and her uncanny eyes, had a definite place on the silver sheet.

That doesn’t mean that she will rival Mary and Lillian and Norma right away. It does mean that she is a new and vivid personality, and as such she is interesting.

FOUR times married, once kidnapped, finally exiled, Miss Watson had a lively career. First she was abducted, according to the story current at the time, from her father’s house in El Centro. Then she was married to a caveman who held her prisoner for several months. Later, her husband died. Another marriage, this one annulled. Then came her cruel exile. After her fourth marriage, she attracted the attention of Fred Niblo, the director, who cast her in an important part in “The Three Musketeers.” She has made good. The face that caused all the trouble has now brought her fame and fortune.

WELL, the ladies are going to have to stay up late nights for a while, but it’s in a good cause.

However, in passing, I should like to mention what they seem to have passed over, and which it might have been tactful and right to have noted—that there are in Hollywood many people connected with the motion pictures who are as eminently respectable, as cultured, as high-principled as the clubwomen themselves. And that while there are no doubt people in Hollywood who would be better for a little vigilance-keeping, some millions and some not, there are also many people claiming connection with the industry who do not actually belong to it.

NO one desires to see the “morals of the movies” held to a high level as much as the people themselves—for everything of that kind reflects on their standing.

For instance, the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nazel, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison), King and Florence W德尔, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathleen Williams), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt and their three kiddies, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills and little Miss Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scardon (Betty Blythe), Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Cameron (Anita Stewart), Miss Constance Binney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. William deMille, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald (Doris May), Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn and their two sons, Miss Ethel Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers and the thousand youngsters, Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney and their son, Miss Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Miss Katherine Macdonald, “Mother” Sylvia Ashton, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Mr. William and Miss Mary Hart, Miss Gladys George, Miss Mildred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood—

OH, I could go on endlessly, really I could.

And all the people I have named have charming, respectable, cultured homes in Hollywood, most of which they own, and spend their time as decently, as quietly and as morally as any vigilante committee could wish.

(Continued on page 94)
Making a poor girl climb up a house—just to shoot her! Just before the jump that provided the biggest thrill before the "Continued Next Tuesday" slide in Universal's serial, "Terror Trail." Eileen Sedgwick remains calm and unruffled through it all.

So, as I say, it might have been at least polite for the 1200 clubwomen who passed that resolution, to mention this fact in passing.

IRVING BERLIN'S beautiful new theater, "The Music Box," has been fitted to capacity at every performance since the opening in the early fall. Mr. Berlin, who you may remember was once engaged to Connie Talmadge, and is one of America's most popular song writers, appears in the show himself.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, have a large financial interest in "The Music Box Revue," the theater, and the expensive ground it's built on.

Saw Norma before she shut up her East Forty-eighth Street studio. She was glad and sorry to be leaving. Sorry to forsake her studio, and glad to go to California to see her sister Natalie, who has been Mrs. Buster Keaton for some months now.

ELMER HARRIS sought Charles Eyton, general manager of the Lasky studio and the next day Mr. Eyton, who has the reputation of being one of the best poker players in California, sent for the pretty star.

Miss Binney came and brought her contract.

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Eyton, calmly, "this is too bad. Because out west here we always work until 5 o'clock and sometimes we work Saturday afternoons."

"But it's in my contract," said Miss Binney.

"I know it. So that if we asked you to work until five and even on Saturday afternoons, it would break your contract, wouldn't it? And this is a bad time to have a broken contract isn't it?"

Miss Binney has acquired the 5 o'clock and Saturday afternoon habit, now. Quite western. But it really wasn't quite fair. Because poker is a western game—and little Miss Binney came from Boston.
Eric Von Stroheim was guest of honor at a dinner given the other evening by the press agents of Hollywood—though how they find a place big enough to meet in I don’t know—there are more press agents in Hollywood than anything else except puttees and palm trees.

He related one very interesting item.

Paul Christian was engaged to play the lead in the monstrous von Stroheim-Universal spectacular.

When he went on salary, von Stroheim wasn’t ready to shoot and an entertaining young actress named Lucille, president of Universal, went to him and made a picture with Christian first. Said he’d complete it in twenty-one days.

He did. But when he’d finished it, it was too terrible for even Universal to release.

When Mr. Christian died toward the end of the $1,000,000 production Mr. von Stroheim was frantic. He doubled Bob Edson in for the long stuff, but he was floored to the close-ups.

It was then that he remembered the other picture which was too bad to release. He went back and found that emotional close-ups of all the stuff he needed.

And it all came of having faith in the working out of a thing, too,” he said.

A PRETTY little wedding took place in Hollywood the other evening—one of those real love affairs that make everybody remember their own courtship.

Bill Boyd, a young juvenile of promise now working at the Lazy studio, and Ruth Miller, the pretty girl whom you’ve seen many a time in ornamental maid in Cecil DeMille productions, were quietly married at the home of “Mother” Sylvia Ashlon.

Wallace Reid gave the bride away, while Mrs. Wally served Miss Miller as attendant.

I HAVE to look young and beautiful and everything in this picture,” said Colleen Moore to the cameraman, after she had read the script of the new Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes production in which she is to play the lead. “It’s not my style—no acting. Just looking. Very innocent.”

“I’ll do my best, Miss Moore,” said the cameraman, “and if I make you look better’n Mary Pickford there’s a new suit down in—”

“Hold on,” said the blonde.

By the way, Colleen and John McCormack—western head of First National—are seen continually and constantly together lately. Don’t know whether it’s serious, but they make a nice looking couple.

The national anthem of Hollywood is not going to be “The curfew shall ring tonight.”

And when it rings everybody has to go to bed and be good, or if they don’t the vigilantes’ll get ‘em if they don’t watch out.

No man should be going to be naughty or immoral or noisy any more.

All “wild parties” are off.

The Hollywood Women’s Clubs got together and decided all about it. It’s very simple.

They passed a resolution which stated that Hollywood should become a strictly moral residential that everybody must go to bed at a respectable hour. That they will aid the police by reporting all unseemly activities and conduct of the kind which we desire to suppress.

And that the stain attached to Hollywood by reason of the alleged immorality of the picture people must and shall be wiped out.

And that the City Council should give them some policemen.

(Continued from page 94)
“Danderine”

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks’ use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

FRANCES MARION, the scenario writer, left Manhattan for California, in company with Norma Talmadge. Frances, after a summer up in the Maine woods, looks and feels better than ever. Since she left the Mary Pickford company the public has not seen much of her work, since the beautiful little picture that she directed herself—"Just Around the Corner," has not yet been released. But now she is going to do the continuity for Constance Talmadge’s new film, an original by Edgar Selwyn.

Miss Marion and her husband, Fred Thompson, have always been lovers of dogs. They have always kept kennels of 'em—all kinds and colors. One day a sick canine rushed up on Frances and seriously bit her, and her husband, coming to the rescue, was also hurt. They were laid up for several months.

But just before she left for the Coast, she said to me: "I'm busy today—running out to Long Island to look at my dogs before I go!"

Speaking of the Talmadges: I hear that Natalie is very happy in her Hollywood home, that she loves to cook and keep house for Buster, and that—there may be a new little Talmadge added to the family before very long.

Norma and Constance may be aunts. They hope so.

VERA STEADMAN, whose pretty face and other things you have seen so much in Christie Comedies, is the mother of twin girls. One of them is named after Marie Prevost and the other is named Frances. Miss Steadman is married to a good-looking young chap who leads the orchestra at the famous Ship Cafe.

And oh, by the way, don't expect to see Naomi Childers—now Mrs. Luther Reed—on the screen for some time to come. Mrs. Reed is likewise to be otherwise occupied.

THERE was an "old timer’s party" at Cecil deMille’s home the other evening—a party which included such veterans as Buster Keaton, the first Lasky star, William deMille, Cecil, his father-in-law, Judge Adams and Mr. and Mrs. James Neill (Edythe Chapman). Those who remember 20 years ago when Neill and Chapman were great stars of the day will appreciate the directions Mr. Neill gave for determining whether or not you are an old timer.

"Twenty-five years ago when I was a handsome young leading man," said Jim Neill, "when I passed a pretty girl and looked back, she was always looking back too. Now—she isn’t. That’s all."

By the way, it developed that evening, too, that Dusty could have bought a quarter interest in Lasky-Famous Players then for $8000. Imagine! (Continued on page 97)
Plays and Players
(Continued from page 96)

M A U D E A D A M S is still in Schenectady, New York, where she is co-operating with the officials of the General Electric Company in the further development of new ideas in motion pictures. Miss Adams has been working on a picture and many outdoor scenes have already been taken. The General Electric Company has set up a studio for Miss Adams.

Some scenes in this film are laid in the General Electric Plant—new lighting effects are being tried out—and that is all that anybody knows. For Miss Adams' silence is not yet broken, and the General Electric Company is not exactly chatty!

R ALPH GRAVES has reached the West Coast. We print this because some of our fair readers have made innumerable inquiries as to the whereabouts of this Griffith player—despite the fact that he is but recently married. He has gone to Hollywood to play in a R. A. Walsh production, "Kindred of the Dust," which was taken from a Peter Kyne story.

A SENSE of dignity is a curious thing. And a difficult thing to carry about with you. A sense of dignity is quite likely to interfere with a sense of humor. As was proved in New Jersey a few days ago. Right out in public one of the New Jersey police force spoke up and said that he disapproved thoroughly of the comedy cops that are put into the movies for the edification of the T. B. M. and his equally tidy wife. And so, the first cop being backed by all other Jersey policemen, a story was drawn up asking that all comedy minors-of-the-law be clipped from all films—feature and otherwise. And the police force believe—and are we to doubt them—that their resolution will be taken seriously.

We have been thinking lately that New Jersey was getting too much in the line of amusement—what with Governor Edwards, and Sandy Clemens, and the Dempsey—Carpenter fight and everything. But we're about decided that the law of compensation is beginning to work.

B E N TURPIN tells this one on himself:

He hunted up a restaurant to buy himself some near-beer in New York. And, as he sat drinking it, he heard two men arguing at a table close by.

"Say, I hate that stuff, Joe," said one.

"Well, near-beer is all you can get," answered the other, "what you gonna do about it?"

"I can stop drinkin' it," retorted the other man, "it ain't even got the shadow of a kick!"

"Oh, I dunno," replied his friend, "I saw Ben Turpin drinkin' it, and he seems to find a kick in it—they say he hasn't been able to see straight since he drank the first glass!"

W I L L I A M F A R N U M says that his trip abroad was his first vacation in twenty-five years.

All through Europe—leaving out the censored bits—went Mr. Farnum. And at last he reached Rome, where he says, he was handed the greatest thrill of his not-very quiet life.

"I can't begin to tell you how big a thing that was," he says, when asked by an interviewer. "You know I have played every role from a page boy up to Julius Caesar. Well, I went to the Forum one morning—that is, what was left of it. All those Shakespearean characters—Cesar Brutos, Cassius, Marc Antony—seemed to come up around me. Honestly, I wanted to get into action."

(Continued on page 98)
Buster Keaton and Company. The only Keaton who isn't represented here is Natalie, who was a Talmadge not so long ago. They all look alike, don't they. Here they are: sister Louise, mother, brother Harry, Buster, and Dad, his father.

Bill deMille—I like to call him that because it's so incongruous—came to Manhattan to confer with Clara Beranger about the original scenario she is writing for deMille's next picture. The two have finished "Miss Lulu Bett," which is said to be William's best photoplay.

Here seems to be a frightful dearth of young leading men who can act around the Hollywood studios.

Have you noticed it? Anyway, when Rex Ingram came to cast the leading role of the "Prisoner of Zenda"—that wonderful dual role of the dashing, handsome, wonderful young Englishman and the brilliant King Rudolf—he certainly had his troubles.

Only two men seemed to really fill the bill—John Barrymore, who of course fills every bill—and Wallace Reid, who isn't available apparently for anything but stupid comedies of late.

Of the new leading men, only Richard Dix, of Goldwyn, and Conrad Nagel, of Lasky's, were even possibilities.

No doubt Lewis S. Stone, finally selected for the role, who is one of the best actors in America today and whom many years ago I saw in a splendid stage portrayal of Rudolf, will give an excellent, thrilling performance. His art, his magnetism, his distinguished good looks, will bring much to the part.

But Mr. Stone isn't a young leading man by any manner of means. Where are the youths of the screen who ought to be ready and on fire to play one of the two greatest romantic heroes of modern fiction?
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 98)

MAYO was already married when Dagenham
Dagmar came into the picture. Mrs. Mayo did something
and mentioned her and then Miss Godowsky was or did something,
too, and it was quite hectic for a time.

Finally Mrs. Mayo's husband, it being quite general knowledge that his
friendship with the beautiful Dagenham was at least a contributing factor. Perhaps Frank
is too much devoted to Mayo and Frye; but no one on the
grounds of desertion and get it, and in order
that he might not have to wait for his bride the year required by the California
law, Floyd took the trip to Mexico and became man and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, after a brief honeymoon,
will reside with the Godowskys in Hollywood
until their own home is completed.

EVER since Harold Lloyd bought that
beautiful new home, the Hollywood
Boulevardians have been speculating as
whether that meant Harold had been snif
the orange blossoms and hanging for the
sound of Mr. Wagner's most popular

Now that all hope of Bebe becoming Mrs.
Lloyd seems to have vanished and Harold
has at last recovered from her decision,
then his mind is beginning to make
a look that indicates he may follow in the
footsteps of his rival, Buster Keaton.

However, he seems to have difficulty in
making a selection. There are, it appears,
four charming little girls, upon whose
showerers impartial attention. For instance,
if he takes Maggie to Sunset Inn on a
Wednesday night, he will take Mamie to the
theater on Friday, and Mill–excuse me,–and Lizzie to the Cucocanut Grove on
Saturday evening and Sally for a motor drive
on Sunday.

The betting is that the one that he
will be with when the matrimonial
 term gerr stirs its head and causes him to
blurt out the fatal question, will be Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

ALL Los Angeles mourned the death of
Harry Dufield, beloved veteran actor, who passed away at the age of 71.
Harry Dufield was 71 years old and had been on
the stage and screen 50 years–having appeared
in support of some of the world’s greatest
actors. A social general was at the Elks Hall and hundreds turned out, while over 300 people stood
baredheaded in the street during the process of

MARRIAGE is like that. Anyway, Har-
old and Tony Moreno now seem the
most eligible bachelors in pictures.–Mr.
Chaplin not being in that list;–but Tony
is showing a decided preference for the names
that come in the Social Register. We hear
he has just wound up a romance with
Mae Busch–but everyone in Hollywood
has an attack of Mae Busch’s sooner or later.–Mae Busch’s affection were evidenced, he returned to the de-
butantes, golfers, and handsome young
divorces of the Los Angeles 400.

But he nearly ruined his reputation for
being such a “dear, nice boy,” when Elinor
Glyn said that she had read some of his
psyched readings of the guests at a dinner
party–told him he had been Irish a few
good years ago.

“No, by Jove,” yelled Tony, “by gosh, I
guess not. I’m Spanish, so is my mother
and father and my grandmother and grand-
father back 700 years–I’m no

Every damn relative I got is Spanish, you
bet. I like be Irish–but I never been, I
know that, by gosh.”

This is the astonishing statement made
by the world’s greatest motion picture
man who made “Birth of a Nation,” “Way
Down East,” “Broken Blossoms,” “In
tolerance.” Is his surprising statement
true? Can it be that there is
some “great moving picture” in the life of
every man and every woman—in YOURS?

“Every man or woman has known, has
seen, or has lived part of a great story,”
says Mr. Griffith. “There is material for
the life of the dullest person
you meet on the street today. Your neigh-
bors are living stories that
are naturally and
spiritedly, would touch and
thrill the world.

Why don’t YOU get the
ambitious plan? Hurry, Don’t
Wait? Don’t say you can’t
because you don’t think
English speaking man
you can! Thousands of
people, who thought they
DIDN’T COULD, and now make big
money in it. Try and live comfortably and
happily, envi
ered, admired by all
their friends.

Maybe YOU could write
stories and plays and
don’t know under the sun? There are simple,
extreme principles to

You may not suspect this but
it may be true just the

Mae Busch papers and
suddenly discovered they
could write when they
thought they couldn’t.

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that
you had to have a special knack in order to
write. People had said it was an art, and imagined you had to
have an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange
ways, and so to try unless you’d
been touched by the Magie Wound of the
Muse. They disdained and often scoffed at attempts of
ambitious amateurs to

Yet only recently a great English literary
authority writes: “People are
only now begin to
write! It’s a craving for self-expression, char-
acteristic of the present
country.”

So to a new idea. A great New Truth
that will gladden the hearts of
all the English
speaking race who want to write!”
Astonishing new psychological science has revealed that
the “average person” may learn to
write. Yes, write
stories and plays. This is human, life-like
filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn if you
will simply learn anything else
under the sun. There are simple, extreme
principles to

The Kind of Proof You Like to See

You are not interested in
merely seeing the proof
of your debt, but
in an original idea, or even of

Mr. Pope will

It requires no literary
expertise to

The Wonder Book of Writers

“THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS” tells how
stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold
and read. It tells how many suddenly realize they can write, and how
they

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“WHEN YOU WRITE TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES
A PERFECT COMPLEXION

MADGE, COLUMBUS, OHIO—Soren's blue is a good color and a pretty color, and I am sure it will become you. Don't be afraid to try a new shade occasionally. You are too young to wear the sombre blues and browns all the time.

CLAIRA—Imagine thinking yourself too old at twenty-five for Milday! It is true that the coiffure Irene Castle made famous is not so smart now as it used to be; but I think it is always charming for any young person. Provided it is at all becoming, and it usually is except for a very round face. If your mother doesn't approve of your cutting your tresses I am sure I don't wish to encourage you. But tell your mother that it is very good for the hair—if you think that will do any good!

MAREE—Another Bobbed-Hair! Do not curl your hair with an iron—it is decidedly not good, and it doesn't look well either. Put your hair up in papers or use one of the patent curlers on the market. Stick to the cream you have been using. Pond's.

MISS BILLIE—I am glad you took my advice and wore a simple frock to the dance —and that you had a perfectly splendid time. I knew you would—and I know too, that you will go right on having good times, because you are a sweet and sensible girl. Bobbed-hair and charming in manner means more than elaborate gowns and an accent; and augur well for a successful social career. Pope said: "Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

ANNA—Skirts are longer. Some are slim and some are full. The street skirt is usually rather wide, but the evening frocks are many of them, made with bountiful skirts. Skirts of the balconnet type dressing things from Paris all have extremely long skirts, but many American women, like you, do not care to go back to the ankle-length and so have lengthened their skirts only a little. It is simply a matter of taste.

MURIEL—Dear child, don't cut those beautiful black curls. I am sure curls are most becoming to you; and you should be very thankful your hair is not straight and wavy.

M. M. PASADENA—You want me to tell you how to dress and act so that you will look like the May Miler Minter. If you would tell me, I wouldn't. Miss Minter is a charming young lady, and dresses expertly, and behaves becomingly; but if I were you I should not try to imitate her. Don't imitate anyone—be yourself. Each of us is individual; develop your individuality. I wish I could impress upon you the great importance of personality. Your own. The most beautiful and most famous fashion celebrities have developed their own because they have concentrated on personality. If one has beautiful eyes, she learns to make the most of them. Mary Pickford's curls; silent Gibson's eyes; Corinne Griffith's mouth —they are the real stars. Send me your picture and I'll be glad to tell you what you should wear.

MISS ARNOLD—Puffs are antiques, my dear. The simpler the coiffure today, the smarter. Thank heaven, women are beginning to realize the importance of simplicity in dress as in thought and action. Do not bob your hair. A round face demands a straight-line cutting. Avoid truncating the forehead from its roundness. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelop I will gladly send you a little booklet of interesting coiffures from Simonson, the Fifth Avenue hair-dresser.

ALICE, SPOKANE.—Black is, again, in favor with the Parisiennes. In fact, it has never been out of fashion. A bit of rouge is certainly to be preferred to a dull cheek. Lip rouge is not necessary, as a rule, to a very young lady. Powder is to you wished to recommend a good cleansing soap. I know of no better one than Palmolive. Its slogan, "Keep that school-girl complexion" is a good one. Woodbury's is splendid, too. Good soap is as important as anything else in retaining a smooth, white complexion.

JACQUELINE.—Why not silver slippers and stockings with your pink evening gown? The silver brocades are very pretty. The only fear is that they will get so far have been made of baby caracul in black or gray, or both colors combined. If you like green, wear ear-rings and a pendant of jade, and a jade hatpin as the finishing touch. I would have your furrier make your fur suit.

RUTH G., NEW YORK.—The very latest are the leather slippers. Made in vivid colors: red and green, or pink and black—these shoes are charming for a formal costume. They are not very practical, it is true, but sometimes one has to make an exception not! The smartest Manhattan shops are showing them, as you have doubtless noted by now. Write to me again and often; I enjoy your letters.

D. D., STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.—The set of various toilet articles you want may be obtained from A. Bourjois and Company, 34th Street, New York City. I thought that they would interest you. What is more delightful than a collection of cosmetics? The children used to play with 'Beauty Boxes,' in which were samples of all the favorite soaps, perfumes, creams, etc. It's something like playing with dolls. A "gold lip stick" is no better than the ordinary lip-stick, except that it is encased in gold. The contents are the same.

JEANETTE.—Wear small piquant hats. You are the sub-deb type, not the willowy statuesque "vamp," as you call it. Don't too much and fluffy, but don't dress in long clinging things, because they will not become you.

HARRY S.—If I were you, I should present your case to the hair-check, instead of attempting to buy her frocks and hats. Your taste may not be hers, and I am sure she will appreciate the gift more if she selects it. I know that it isn't so sentimental but it is infinitely more satisfying. Give her a bag of your own selection.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Unrecognized Drew

(Continued from page 74)

New York saw her as the scenographic in "Via Wireless" and she endeared herself to Chicago as the nurse in "The Time, The Place and The Girl," and as the waitress in "The Girl Question." Chicago was the first to recognize her as a proficient player of her parts. That city dub her "Our Own Georgie Mendum" and she glows happily while she talks of "Dear Chicago."

Miss Mendum ought to play plump parts. Yet she is playing an exceedingly thin one in "Lightnin'." No one, not even Miss Mendum, knows why her roles have been comparatively few and unprofitable, and the recent years have been lean ones.

Miss Mendum was born within a few months, so practically under the same planet as her unusually fortunate cousin, Ethel Barrymore.

For several months she has been appearing in print in verse form. The serious lines, she says, express her outlook. The light ones she classed as "mere jestings."

The Joy Killers

"What is this?" we cry in horror,
We the movie fans so gay,
"No more goblets, no more ladies
Prancing o'er the screen each day!"
No more lights or specs or murders,
No more vamps with little on;
No more thrillers, no more close-ups
(Hear the moanings) All are gone!
Now we'll stand for flannel nighties,
Very long and much too thick;
Quiet scenes of rainy weather
That would make a parson sick,
Little chizzlies in a farmyard—

Not a pistol, axe, or knife:—
Donkeys frisking in the clover—
Oh, my dear, ain't this the life!
"Maiden's Prayer"—Chopin's March on sweet guitar,

Not a drink within the planet:
We are happy—Yes, we ARE!
Ah! The joy of simply living!
If they'd let us, but they won't.
Many folks will line the rivers,
Diving quickly—TIRED OF "DON'T."

At the Train

A pause, a thrill. My heart beats loud.
My loved one's voice amid the crowd!
A face, a form, so dear and fine,
My loved one's hand is clasping mine!
A look, a smile, and vis-a-vis,
My loved one's lips are kissing me!

Shades of Diogenes

Liquor gone, tobacco's going,
Soon they'll quench electric light.
Then some day, without our knowing,
They'll decide no speech at night.

Rents are up, good food is upper,
Leastwise for our slender purse.
Eat one pruine, she says to supper.
Silent be. Act like a bear.

Soon there'll be no place to live in,
Get a tent and sit in a tree,
Be a Cynic, never give in.
To sad luck and you'll be great.

Take a little lantern, be a Diogenesian fan,
Hoping ever, that you'll see a

Really true honest man.
The Unrecognized Drew
(Continued from page 101)

“Really Truly Me”

In everyone born in this world,
A “really truly me” is found,
Some call it Spirit, Karma, Soul,
By human body it is bound.

When in childhood’s wondering years,
It laughs and plays, is good and true,
Frank-eyed and merry—undisturbed,
So willing to be known by you.

But when the years creep slowly on,
The “truly me” is hidden deep.
Is smothered, crushed and pushed aside,
Convention’s laws we all must keep

Don’t ever show just what you feel,
Smile brightly when you’d rather cry,
Meet people you don’t care to see,
Condemn, when “Me” would pacify.

Poor “Little Really Truly Me,”
Is all boxed in and wrapped up
With Pride and Selfishness and greed.
It feels it never will get out.

Then in a flash! A glance! A tone.
And one by one “Me” breaks the bonds,
Across the centuries! A friend!
And “Truly Me” are shaking hands.

An Appeal

Mr. Edison, please stop asking!
I am going insane—stark;
Once I was a peaceful female,
Now I am a question mark.

Who invented frying onions?
How did cooties e’er evolve?
Why do people wear red flannel?
Are galoshes hard to solve?

Who said carrots made the hair grow?
Why leave traffic cops alive?
Who invented things like subways?
Why do bees live in a hive?

Why do actors stand on corners?
Why do Chinamen wear queues?
Who concocted chocolate sundaes?
Why are managers most all Jews?

Who invented near relations?
Why do people wear a skin?
Who thought first of early rising?
Tommy Edison, I give in.

How Careless!

A man passed by and bowed to me.
I bowed to him. “Oh! who is he?”
I murmured low. “Now let me see!
I place him not. Who CAN he be?”

“Perhaps the waiter at the Ritz;
The manager who gave me fits
For being late? No. I feel it’s
Not. Good gracious! That face! It fits!

“Who is there like him on the list
Of folks I’ve known? A pianist
He is I’m sure—or humorist
Maybe—or corner oculist?

“That face! Is it of friend or foe?
My brain is like a tomato
Of ancient lineage. I KNOW!
A man I married years ago!”

Conscience

Remorse cuts like a sharp edged knife
Into one’s soul. And life
Seems drear. But knife can’t reach
The utter guilt of unkind speech.

Make a Community Center of Your Church

Motion Picture Equipment Easily Obtained Through Photoplay’s Plan

All clergymen recognize the need of maintaining the church’s rightful position of leadership in community life.

The motion picture with its unlimited capacity for providing clean recreation and visual instruction is the most potent ally of this movement.

Photoplay unqualifiedly endorses such a forward step and will gladly submit to any church or religious organization a practical plan for installing the necessary equipment in return for a small amount of work. Write today.

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Photoplay Magazine
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Movie Hero, she thought, was terribly good-looking. She liked the Movie Heroine at first sight, too. “Let’s go back to town and show Alice what kind of people we live in,” said the Heroine to the Hero. 

The Movie Hero helped the Movie Heroine onto her horse. Then he mounted his and took Alice on the saddle in front of him. “Don’t be afraid, Alice,” he said. “The horse won’t run away. No horse ever runs away in Movie Land. He is the hero and the scenario writer had fixed it up for the hero to save her life.”

They came to a bend in the road, and Alice was staring at the great plain with an immense building of châteaux close at hand. There were French châteaux, Moorish palaces, English castles, country places, tenement houses, bank buildings, churches, town halls, saloons, railroad stations, factories, town houses, sawmills and every other kind of building you could think of.

“You see, it’s Movie City,” said the Movie Heroine.

By this time they had reached the main street of Movieland.

The Movie Hero gently let Alice slip to the ground, and he and the Movie Heroine dismounted. “Here’s a little girl. Come over and talk to me,” trilled a silvery voice. Alice turned around and saw a lovely lady lying on a divan. The lady had on a dress cut very low and her white loveliness was exposed about them that made her ever so alluring. Alice started to go to her. “Stop, Alice!” called out the Movie Heroine. “You’re not in there. That lady is a vampire.”

“Why shouldn’t I?” inquired Alice. “She isn’t a nice lady, dear,” said the Movie Heroine. “She has broken up dozens of happy homes, and scores of bank cashiers and company treasurers have gone to prison for stealing money to buy her jewels. When they find out she has tricked them and curse her she just laughs and lies back on the sofa and lights another cigarette. She never gets found out until the last hundred feet of film. Why, she almost stole the scenes from Henry Lang.”

“Oh, do look!” called out Alice as the cutest little white rabbit ran up and sat on her hind legs in front of her.
Every Movie Fan Should Have This Book

"Positively true to life." The twenty big-star cards that tell all say that Intimate Talks with Movie Stars is the only book ever published that shows the human, personal life of the screen favorites in a true light.

20 Talks

In this remarkable book, excellently printed and bound, written by Edward Weitzel, Associate Editor of the Moving Picture World, a man who comes into daily personal contact with the stars, you will find twenty intensely interesting talks by the stars themselves, telling all about their daily lives off the screen.

20 Portraits

With each talk is included a reproduction from a beautiful, full-cabinet portrait showing the stars just as they look in real life.

20 Autographs

And each picture bears an autograph.

All Yours

Now, for the first time, you can have, for the price of this book, the inside story, the portrait and the autograph of all your favorite stars in one binding.

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The first edition of this beautifully bound and profusely illustrated book is exhausted. If you wish a copy at this special time, send only $1.00 in cash, money order or check and receive the book by return mail. Send $1.50 today. Address Dept. "A."

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This splendid small size ladies' bracelet watch, fine guaranteed 15-jewel lever movement, excellent time-keeper, sterling silver case, silver buckle, is the finest Wrist Watch any woman could desire. You can also have this watch in 20-year guaranteed gold filled at $12.95. Send no money. Just mail your name and address and pay the advertised price when you get the watch. If you are not entirely pleased after examination, return your watch and we will refund your money. You do not risk a cent. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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NU-ART positively destroys superfluous hair and roots. Once used the hair will never grow again. All that grows will be uniformly white. No electricity or irritating chemicals. Absolutely harmless and efficient. A marvelous discovery. GUARANTEED. Write today for large package only $1.00. Enclose check, order of Nu-Art for a limited period will be sent a generous package of Nu-Art Ointment, guaranteed not to stimulate hair growth. Don't miss this offer.

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Clear Your Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write Today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being efficiency for 16 years. $1,000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. S. GIEVERS, 139 Chemical Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Movie Studio on Wheels

T has remained for Louis Mercanton, the French motion picture producer, to find a new use for the army motor lorry.

Mercanton is attracting the attention of the whole cinema world these days by his unique method of traveling all over Europe, via the motor lorry route, seeking the ideal locations for his pictures.

Does a certain scene require the interior of a chateau? Mercanton loads his entire equipment into five of the big, camions, gives his troupe marching orders and away he goes.

After several hours’ traveling they find a beautiful chateau somewhere in the southern part of France. After a little negotiation the owner of the chateau is persuaded to rent it for two months for a sum approximating two thousand dollars in American money.

Mercanton and his entire company move in and live in luxurious style during the two months required for the taking of the picture. Before renting the chateau the producer has made sure that the proper exteriors are also close at hand.

In his picture “Phroso,” an adaptation of Anthony Hope’s novel of the same name, soon to be released by the R-C Pictures Corporation, Mercanton has achieved the seemingly impossible.

For the first time in motion picture history, scenes have been taken in an actual cave four hundred feet underground.

It wasn’t enough for Mercanton that a papier maché cave should be built on some studio lot. He must have the real thing. He found it in the south of France, a grotto filled with stalactites in fantastic chalk formation.

The cave had been discovered by a peasant when his plow struck against a rock. He dynamited the rock—and discovered the grotto underneath. To go down into it the members of the company, which included Miss Malvina Longfellow, Reginald Owens and men and women embracing many different nationalities, had to crawl through an aperture no bigger than a coal hole on their hands and knees. Owing to the lack of air it was impossible to stay in the grotto longer than an hour at a time.

Most of the scenes for “Phroso” were taken on St. Margaret’s Island, just off the coast of France, made famous by reason of the fact that “The Man with the Iron Mask” was confined in the fortress prison there for seventeen years.

The same old fortress was used in many of the most thrilling scenes in “Phroso.” Mercanton rented the entire island for two thousand dollars for the time necessary to take the scenes.

To see this moving studio trundling its way through Europe is to witness a new step in the making of pictures. Mercanton predicts that within five years there will be no built-up sets for interiors, real homes being used instead. Whether or not American producers will be able to emulate the sturdy Frenchman is a question. In a day and a night Mercanton and his traveling studio can jump from the northern to the southern part of France or over into Italy. It would be quite a journey from Los Angeles to a quiet main street lined with maple trees in the middle west.

At any rate his innovation is worth pondering over. Certainly he has achieved some remarkable effects. Then, too, he is able to make pictures at about half the cost of those made in America under the ordinary methods of costly built-up sets.

Recently, in California, one company is reputed to have spent twenty thousand dollars on a cathedral set which is only shown in the actual film for a space of about ten minutes.

When Mercanton wanted a cathedral for one of his recent pictures he paid the sexton a small sum, concealed his cameras in the gallery and at a certain point in the religious ceremony turned on the lights and flooded the place with such a golden radiance that (Continued on page 105)
Movie Studio on Wheels
(Continued from page 104)

the peasants fell on their knees, thinking a miracle had happened. And Mercanton got some very good church interiors at a
trilling cost.
He generally uses five of the big motor lorries. These are capable of making thirty miles an hour. By a simple device he is
able to switch the driving power of the motor onto his lights.
Seventy or eighty small lamps furnishing an electric current of seven hundred amperes furnish ample lighting.
The noise of the motors which might otherwise disturb the actors is obviated by the use of a seven-hundred-foot cable which places the noisy motor at a respectful
distance.
“Get your stories. Kill your stars. Stars are anti-artistic,” is Mercanton’s motto. His search for ideal locations is duplicated in
his search for ideal types.
He does not care about an actor’s years of experience. But he insists that he look and act like the character portrayed in the
story.
It was in this way he engaged Ivor Novello, the young musical composer who wrote “Keep the Home Fires Burning.” The
producer saw the young man’s picture and at once decided he was just the romantic type for a part he had in mind.
The fact that he was not an actor made no difference. Mercanton felt sure that he had dramatic talent.
He had, and has been with the French producer ever since portraying leading roles.
Mercanton was formerly associated with Sarah Bernhardt and with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. His headquarters are in
Paris.

Charlie Abroad
(Continued from page 21)

about my next pictures. Besides, the trip has been a rather strenuous one, and I don’t want to see all the world at once.
I want to save some of it for another time.

There is a call from you, my audiences, always in my ears. Sometimes I do not hear it so plainly. But it is always there.
The joy in me is a restless spirit; almost a melancholy one. After all, I am only a servant of the public. I owe you much.
And now it is up to me to make some of the best pictures I have ever made, so that I may hear your applause.

The Girl on the Cover
(Continued from page 39)
everything else, in a few years she would be the best dancer on Broadway.
If he had said that if she kept up her dancing she would be another Pavlova, I would not doubt him.
There are pretty women and there are beautiful women and there are witty women. And then there is Corinne Griffith.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Give Your Skin Every Chance

You would not venture into the cool
wintry outdoors with hands ungloved;
then surely your face deserves equal pro-
tection from the harsh winds and snappy
frissons of winter. The soft texture of a fine
skin must be guarded to be retained. Use
D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and you will
know that your skin is getting the best of
care to keep it at its best.
D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will insure
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The charm of a really good skin never
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requisite keeps your skin fine and soft.
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PERFECT COLD CREAM
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Chicago’s Wonderful New Hotel

As one of the great hotels of two continents, The Drake is naturally a popular
stopping place for celebrities of the film world. If you appreciate perfection of
service among beautiful surroundings, you will delight in the wonderful accommo-
dations of The Drake.

For charm of location The Drake is without a rival here or abroad. It is on the
shore of Lake Michigan, within easy reach of shops and theatres yet out of the
noise and confusion of the loop. Rates are unusually moderate—single rooms as
low as $4, double rooms $6. Table d’Hote meals at popular prices.

Booklet sent upon request.

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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.

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How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 47)

I know I am no paragon of perfection in these matters but the times I have disregarded these precautions the result has always made me snap back to my trusted program.

When I feel a headache coming on or a slight flush indicative of a possible fever I immediately give way to it and cure it instantly by recognizing it instead of coolly ignoring it.

Of course though health is the bulwark, it is not the object of life and this is the point I wish to make. Only through health, the best health, can the best things in art or business be accomplished.

A real and enduring poise of mind is possible only through a poise of body which means that everything is functioning properly.

And poise of mind is what makes for progress among individuals, nations and races.

A GREAT many women make the mistake of shamming illness or magnifying a slight indisposition to bring them into the limelight.

Sometimes they are really ill—and then their family and friends, tired of hearing their complaints, refuse to take them seriously.

Often, when your work is discouraging, you imagine illness to excuse yourself for a mental ailment. Be sure you're sick—then go to bed!

I have heard strangers say, after their first visit to a motion picture studio, "I don't see how you can stand the waiting and the lights." It is wearing. Just as you are about to make a scene something happens to the lights, and you have to wait a while.

This doesn't make me nervous because I always occupy the time reading a good book, talking the story over with the continuity writer, discussing the scene with the director, or designing new costumes.

After all, there's no excuse for having nothing to do and complaining about it.

Ask Dad

(Continued from page 45)

under the same management, when her three-year contract is up January 1st.

Harold Lloyd told me an interesting little tale about her—and one that he declares is entirely characteristic of her.

He was working—pictorially—on board the U.S. battleship Frederick, and Mildred, who was not in that sequence, came down to watch him.

THIS is what she did: made friends with the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet, who was visiting, so that he insisted on her having lunch with him; sat in the captain's own special chair in his office and visited with him and had him laughing his head off; captured one of the lieutenants, who was supposed to be a confirmed lady-hater, so that he ate out of her hand and was kidded by the whole ship in consequence.

"But though he was a lady-hater he was a fast worker, because when Mildred reached home there was a box of roses there from him waiting for her; saw the ship's trial for the day and pleaded for the prisoners so that most of them got off scot free; was sent home in the Admiral's private yacht.

"That's the way Mildred is," said Mr. Lloyd, "she just gets around everybody." I can understand it perfectly.
Alice in Movieland

(Continued from page 103)

That Chin

(Continued from page 59)

Constance Talmadge has just completed her latest picture

“Good for Nothing”

She's the screen's most winsome comedienne soon will appear in one of her most sprightly comedies, “Good for Nothing.” It is the kind of a picture that will give you one of the most pleasing of entertainments. It is the kind that First National takes pride in announcing—the work of an independent artist of the screen.

First National pictures are made by independent stars and directors who are free to carry out their own high ideals in the production of pictures and who are unhampered by any other thought than to please the public with artistic and fascinating pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who are banded together to foster the production of finer potplays and to strive for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

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Don't send me one c-cent...just let me prove it to you! I have done for over 100,000 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunion ever made and I want you to try me and you'll be cured! Our guarantee is this: you will be cured or your money back. Send 25 c-cents for our guide book. Write today.

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You can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards, quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

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Quickly learned by mail at home. Arrange the time to suit your convenience and then write. Free booklet. Write today.

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Can't-quit home. Learn at home from the world's undefeated champion and his famous trainer.

Frank Gotch & Farmer Burns
Quickly learned by mail at home. Arrange the time to suit your convenience and then write. Free booklet. Write today.
acclaimed as The American Bernhardt, signed a contract to appear under Charles Frohman's direction. But the contract collapsed because Mr. Dillingham was unable to find a play to the taste of both star and manager.

"My own country is young and impulsive and often sometimes unjust," she said. "You wrote a story once. It was fiction. The title was 'The Dust of the Road.' I was very, very sorry.

"You told of a girl who gave up a part to help another girl whose mother was dying. The manager was angry. He said she was unemployable. The other managers agreed with him.

"It showed how one can be tagged with a reputation she doesn't deserve. I have the reputation of being unmanageable.

"It isn't true. I remained with one management for seventeen years. I could not have done that if I were hard to get on with."
A Game Girl
(Continued from page 77)

When she was a little less than fourteen (over three years ago) the Famous-Players Lasky organization took Lila Lee from the vaudeville stage and made her a motion picture star. Before that she had been the protege of Gus Edwards and his wife, and a child-favorite under the perfectly sitting name of "Cuddles." You may also remember that the Edwardses took her from her mother when she was a little thing, in some poverty and distress, and that her mother eventually won her back about a year ago only through long legal procedure.

Anyway, the film company didn't even make a test of her. They fell, as many have done before and since, for Cuddles.

They watched her delivery and signed her for the big leagues. They made her a star. Figuratively speaking, Lila forgot to touch second.

It wasn't altogether her fault—the coach slipped on the signals. But explanations are difficult things and the fact only remained that she had been knocked out of the box. The public and press said Frankly, "We can't see Lila Lee as a star."

So she was de-starred.

Consider for a moment what it means to be plucked from the stellar firmament and chucked back into the ranks.

Fortunately for Lila, during her brief grandeur she had remained sweet, unaffected and kind. Therefore the "lot" didn't kid her—much.

From being a star, she became a leading woman even an ingenue, sometimes a character ingenue. There were times when she played bits, ugly ones, at that.

She had flopped. And everybody said then, "She won't have the nerve to stick on that lot where she was a star."

Quietly, with that soft, big-eyed smile, and that happy, soft way of hers, Lila did stick. Inch by inch, never looking at any thing, never afraid, never nasty, or bitter, always hard-working, she fought her way back up the ladder.

When she came her way, she did well—her best. She studied, learned, grew wise in camera ways. She made "Tweeny" in "Male and Female" stand out like a lily in a bed of roses. She played one of the wives in "Midsummer Madness" with dramatic appeal and fervor.

I don't know whether he wanted to be quoted, but Cecil deMille said the other day, "If she doesn't lose her figure and get fat like her mother, Lila Lee will be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen. No, I'll take that back. I believe that in ten years, barring earthquakes, Lila Lee will be the greatest dramatic actress in the world."

Since then, I have seen her work in William deMille's "After the Show." As usual I am bound to acknowledge C. B.'s infallibility.

It's at least a possibility. Duse must have been like that at seventeen.

"Thank God it happened as it did," Lila Lee said to me the other evening, "If I'd been successful, I'd probably have been contented, and stagnated until it was too late to do anything real. Now at least I have a fighting chance for big things. I'm learning—I'm ready. If I succeed now, I will try to do a few things that are too late to do anything real. Now at least I have a fighting chance for big things. I'm learning—I'm ready. If I succeed now, I will try to do a few things that are too late to do anything real."

Seventeen—a sweet, soft, beautiful little creature, absolutely brimming with emotion, feeling, drama. Always acting, always speaking, cutting cartoons, imitating grand opera and doing "Canaries,"—humorously—to amuse her friends.

But funny as it may sound I can pay her no higher tribute nor ask you to accept none higher than my pet name—"Mrs. Merkle."
Making Good at 60

(Continued from page 43)

And Mother never complained. We were always interested in the theater and always looking for ideas to bring to our local town. I remember when Edwin Booth came to town. We both longed to see him. But the seats cost four dollars apiece. I came home and said, "Don’t you think we can manage to save up for it?" Mother said, "I have never known what she did or did without to piece the twelve dollars a week over eight dollars for theater tickets and still keep me in style. That eight-dollar investment was the best we ever made. We saw Edwin Booth play "Hamlet."

"My salary was raised to fifteen dollars a week, but that didn’t satisfy me. I wanted to own a newspaper. I managed to get one. It is about twenty-three miles from San Jose. Mother didn’t want to leave the town. She likes people about. But she soon liked the farm and named it "Baconia. There’s a great deal of sentiment and country life about it. We had three grandchildren who were born there and learned to talk and call us "Gram" and "Gramp."

"We’ve had our debates but no ambulance has been necessary. Only once did I do something against her advice. That was when I bought the ten-acre farm at Mountain View. It was about five miles from San Jose. Mother didn’t want to leave the town. She likes people about. But she soon liked the farm and named it "Baconia. There’s a great deal of sentiment and country life about it. We had three grandchildren who were born there and learned to talk and call us "Gram" and "Gramp."

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Making Good at 60

(Continued from page 110)

"I could never have got along without Mother. When my son married I said, 'You haven't enough to start a cart.' He answered me, 'How much did you have when you married?' I reminded him that he wasn't marrying Mother.'

The March Bacon into whom the Jennie Weidman had descended sat on the wide porch of the new Baconia at Bayside, Long Island, and laughed at what I repeated of her husband's appreciation.

"I remember when I saw him first, the evening he called with Mr. Leiber. I noticed how much hair he had. He's never lost it. I thought he had kind eyes. He hasn't lost them."

"He doesn't believe in husband worship, but I do in husband comradeship. When Father played a part badly I told him so. He resented the criticism, but my aim was achieved—improved in his part."

"A couple can get along by talking things over, exchanging views. Common sense is a great solvent of family troubles. And a sense of humor. A husband and wife will get on if they laugh much together."

When We Went to School

WHEN we went to school we acquired our learning by what almost amounted to brute force. It was pounded into us. It was beaten upon our consciousness by an endless repetition of wounds. It was enforced by hand shippings, and other such methods. When we failed in a memory test we were "kept in" or made to sit crowned with indigo in the cloak room.

If the lessons given us had been more interesting—but they weren't! The books we studied from were often stereotyped and dull. We wonder that our mind wasn't carried away into a land of romance and adventure—a land that lay infinitely far beyond the walls of the school house.

Of course we loved hard—we who belonged to the schools of yesterday. But the children of this generation will—if plans do not miscarry—never have to share our lot. For the motion picture machine has at last taken its place in the classroom.

Experiments have been made—with rather amazing results. In New York City, five hundred pupils of grade, divided into three groups, were tested. One set was given a prescribed lesson orally, the others through the medium of the camera and teacher. The latter set received marks averaging 23 per cent higher than those orally instructed. In Detroit two groups of scholars were selected for comparison. A certain film was shown twice, with the explanation from the teacher, to the first group—the time occupying thirteen minutes. The instructor of the other group gave them a fifty-five minute talk on the same subject. Then identical lists of questions were given to both groups to answer and the first group averaged far higher marks than the second.

Of course such objects cannot be taught by motion pictures. But in most cases the camera will—in time—triumph over the spoken word. The child's eye is more alert than the child's ear, and who knows but it may happen to be talking over certain taboo matters!

It is interesting to note that such an educator as H. G. Wells champions the use of the motion picture in schools. Those among us who are thoroughly commercialized cannot help feeling that he is secondly of the scenario possibilities of his thinking first of the future generations and "Outline of History."

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Secrets of Mae Murray's Success

(Concluded from page 31)

her. Each day she donned it and showed her. Mr. Mitchell how like she was to the Brinkley girl. At last he said: "Oh, well, try it." When the "Follies of 1908" opened in New York, the Nell Brinkley girl "led all the rest. The critics praised her. The artist who worked on the Follies story is reported as saying: "She is the essence and embodiment of my girl. She has gotten the idea exactly. She is very intelligent." The day after the opening of the "Follies" a blonde girl whose smile was a soft radiance that nothing could dispel, arrived at the hairdresser's. She paid a two-dollar bill on the counter. She then went in and installed on the wig, Mr. Hepner, she said. The cost of the wig was twenty-five dollars. She was paying for it by installments, two dollars a week. She had gambled on the wig, but it had gotten for her what she wanted.

Which is one reason for her success. She has initiative.

The dance craze was sweeping across the country with the swiftness and intensity of a prairie fire. Mae Murray heard that in Paris they were dancing the perpetuo, the maxixe and the rumba.

Her capital was five hundred dollars and high hope. She calculated closely, to her last dollar-

"That pays my passage back and forth and my expenses for twelve days in Paris," she said. "I won't need to take any lessons. I can learn by watching." She executed her innumerable in the hour. Twelve evenings and days in the cafes and cabarets of Paris and she had learned the desirable dances. She sailed back to New York, acquainted the managers with her acquisition, and produced her "Little Hightness." The play was an almost instant failure. But she had been seen in the new dances. Offers followed.

The second reason for her success: She studied the times and tastes and gave the public what it wanted.

Came a bid for restaurants conducted by dancing celebrities. The Castles had Castle House and a restaurant in the Metropole. Mae Murray had her San Souci and her Follies in New York. The managers for the Castles came to San Souci: "Mr. Dillingham wants to see you in his office."

She hurried to his office. "It is hurred by Mrs. Castle?" she asked.

"Yes. Are you afraid to try to follow her?"

"No," she answered. "Can you give me an hour's rehearsal with Mr. Castle?"

Her appearance was very successful.

"Weren't you really afraid?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "A great happiness crowning a change of life, I was at being chosen as the substitute for the world's greatest dancer that there was no room for fear."

Another reason for her success is she is never afraid to try.

A small motion picture was a feature of one of the "Follies." She was a figure so outstanding in it that the walk do happens from the principal screen managers. She would go into pictures? Certainly. America's dance madness would not last always. There's another one's back upon the old and step into new fields.

No clinging to former things! No looking backward. She thinks Lot's wife de-

her. But I said: "So do I." She gave a smile. "Yes, it's all over." But I read and tried too. The other night I read a novel that had nothing wrong in it but this sentence 'He kept on keeping at it.' "Keep on keeping it." There we have Mae Murray's chief rule of success. The rest are subsidiary.
in all their dealings with veriform humanity. Even when addressing servants, their manner is one of heaven-kissing superiority.

Among their own exalted kind, however, they loosen up and thaw out. Free from the danger of contamination with the vulgar and the lowly, they become downright affec-
tionate. The ladies fondle and caress one another genteelly; and the gentlemen put their arms about each other and clutch each other on the back till their teeth rattle.

The chief occupation of the screen's blue-
stockings is, of course, social entertaining.
Their lives are just one round of teas,
entertainments, receptions, musicals and balls. And here we are confronted by one of the strangest customs of fashionable society in the silent drama. At all these "functions" there are practically as many servants as there are guests.

AND the uniforms and costumes of the various butlers, servants, footmen, lack-
eys, fearases, and other servants who roam

lighting up and out about the numerous reception halls and drawing rooms, would make Solomon himself spin jealously in his grave. A group of these gorgeously caparisoned dummies resembles a full-dress conclave of Oriental potentates and Balkan generals.

This populous army of gaudily uniformed menials is not wholly for the purpose of ostentation, for, from all indications, film aristocrats are inordinately helpless. Without numerous servants at hand they would inevitably fall in a heap and starve to death.

One wonders how they learn to ring the bell for assistance; for many of the tasks for which they summon butlers are quite as simple as the operation of ringing a telephone. If they desire a decanter from the sideboard, or wish to light a cigarette, or want their chair moved a bit, a detachment of musical-comedy drum-majors in full regalia is immediately summoned.

There are numerous other peculiarities to be noted in the social life of the screen. For instance, all ladies of the ultra-fashion-
able set have breakfast in bed. From every indication, the average director of these "high-life" dramas labors under the delusion that only the upper-classes and the proletariat ever rise before eating, and that to do so is to brand oneself as common and democratic.

Then there is the peculiarity attaching to the status of society bachelors. These un-
attached gentlemen, without exception, use great quantities of hair grease, wax their moustaches, carry long jeweled cigarette holders, and are devoid of all honor. Inc-
vitably one finds, these putative male celebates of the aristocracy either making suave and courtly love to some virtuous lady, or else endeavoring to Compromise some trusting debutante by en-
voicing her to his apartment on the promise that other blue-bloods are to be there. And while on the subject of debutantes—longresses, it might be mentioned that the nearly always fall in love with one of God's noblemen—a flannel-shirted, forward-looking, God-fearing, right-thinking plicewan who believes that one bath a week on Saturday night is enough, that all rich men are scoundrels, and all laboring-men are honest and unscholarly, and that any woman who smokes a cigarette is a hussy.

Of course, the delicate, young orchid of society is at first shocked and repulsed by this Rough Diamond; but in the end, after meeting his octogenarian mother (who never saw a lancette and peels her own potatoes), this pampered darling of the Four Hundred awakes to the true worth and inner beauty of honest sweat, and forthwith turns her back upon the hollow sham of afternoon teas and fancy-dress balls.

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she said softly, "how can you be so hard about my story?"

Forgetting his tenderness John leaped to his feet.

"Because you're of the stock of Moon-yeen," he told her, "and because his is the blood of Wayne. You don't belong to-gether!"

A latent anger that lay under Kathleen's sweetness came to the surface.

"I love Kenneth," she said, "and I'm going to say goodbye to him."

John was angry too.

"I forbid it!" he exclaimed.

Kathleen faced him—looked squarely into his eyes.

"If it wasn't that I don't believe she ever comes to you, except in dreams, I'd wish she'd never told me of him, and then she ran away out of the gaden gate.

John and Dr. Owen, left alone, began to quarrel. It was a desperate situation for John. His beloved Kathleen had run away from him, and now his old friend was sid-ing with her. In utter fury he told Owen that their fifty year long association was at an end.

In the meantime, Kathleen, who knew where Kenneth's regiment was starting from, went hurrying down the country road. A little way from "George and Dragon Tavern" was the starting place of the train.

By hurrying frantically she was able to reach the place just as the motor lorries were about to start. There was only time for a kiss. She came in the carriages, and then Kenneth was on his way and Kathleen was left alone—as many women, all over the land, were being left—with a breaking heart.

Curiously enough, after his quarrel with Kathleen, John Carteret was never again the same. A victim of Shell Shock, he had lost interest in Kathleen.

True, he could make the shadow with the little marionette—but it was not the same. It was only a shadow—the spirit that had glorified it would not reappear. Kenneth could know that it was the anger and hate in his soul that had changed things—how could he know that the spirit of his sweethearth came in the way gate, wait-ing to come smilin' through?"

Four years passed. And, though the poppies bloomed again in Flanders there was no peace in John Carteret's little English garden. And the reason belonging to Owen, Kathleen, and the house had been locked fast ever since their quarrel, and the moonlight played no more magic, and the postman had ceased to bring letters without seeing her, had she not guessed that the broken path was a living thing—indeed, a living thing. John fell asleep.

And then when it all came out. It was his deformity—his wounded leg—that had made Kenneth turn away from her sweethearth. Urged on to what he thought his duty he had turned away from the open gate of happiness. It was his sacrifice—but it was a sacrifice that Kathleen, for purely selfish reasons, would not accept.

And so, leaving the lovers together, the two old men stole out of the house. And there in the garden they started to play dominoes. And Kenneth was the one, that the game, and John fell suddenly asleep. And Owen, smiling softly, tiptoed away, back to his own garden. And John was left alone in the moonlight. Alone in the moonlight . . . But, no,—not alone! For as he slept there a dainty figure, radiant in bridal gown and veil, smilled through the garden gate. And something in the sleeping figure seemed suddenly to wake, and John—younger by fifty years—stepped forth to welcome his sweethearth. And his voice—a voice vibrant with the joy of springtime—spoke aloud.

"Oh, my dear," it said, in thrilling tones "thank God that you have come back to me!"

And the bride answered, sweetly: (Continued on page 115)
"Two Ideal Gifts"

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As a matter of fact Mr. Garrison did not know which law he had borrowed his automobile. He knew that it was for a rush trip to Ironton, but Albert Henry had innocently neglected to inform him that he was not to be alone. It simply went to Albert Henry that explanation was necessary. He would have been surprised indeed had he comprehended the gossip storm which he had insured in Ironton. Incidentally, of course, that he was excited by the bizarre occurrence—without understanding how excited he was—but of the fact that others were interested in his acquaintance with Myrtille he was unaware.

Albert Henry was a good driver and Myrtille an expert and experienced passenger. Directly the little car reached the turnpike and swung westward on the Ironton pike, lately and greatly improved by a road gang. Albert Henry stepped on the accelerator and the little car responded nobly. Myrtille lay back in the seat and closed her eyes.

They passed an occasional car, Woodland-bound. Fortunately, Albert Henry did not hear the buzz of vicious speculation among the joy-riding which arose after each passing. And Myrtille, rousing herself from the soothing delight of the swift driving in the gentle spring, turned her beneficent eyes from the corners of her heavily lidded eyes.

Albert Henry was nothing to be ashamed of. Trues, his barber-shop was located in the rural districts, but he was above medium height and blessed with considerably more than medium breadth. He had a fine, clean-cut face and clear, straightforward eyes.

All in all, he was a distinctly new type to Myrtille, and Myrtille was no rank snob. To be sure, he was of a stronger sex. It had been said of her that she knew more than was strictly proper: but at least that was the verdict of bitter tongue-waggers and had never been substantiated. Certainly, however, she was not awe-inspiring.

She puzzled her brain as to why and wheresoever. The answer simply was not Myrtille. She found herself hoping that she would not be disappointed in Albert Henry. She wanted to keep on thinking that it was what he appeared to be.

She moved herself to the seat, snuggling cozily against him. Albert Henry shivered deliciously. And then Myrtille asked a pertinent question—

"Can you drive this bus with one hand?"

"Sure." For a quarter mile silence prevailed, and then Albert Henry awakened to the fact that the conversation on this particular subject was incomplete.

"Why?" asked Albert Henry.

She smiled to herself. "Why don't you?"

He was put to the point of being pointed—yet he knew instinctively that such was not the case. He speculated intensively on the matter. And finally a great light came to him. She meant that he couldn't. It was deliciously impossible.

And yet it must be that. Nervously, awkwardly, he removed his right hand from the wheel. With eyes glued to the white ribbon of road ahead he slapped his hand timidly along the seat. It touched hers—grasped tentatively.

Then for the first time, and particularly as her fingers contracted warmly about his. And when the superb contact had endured for a half minute he made a remark which was not entirely inane—

"That's awful nice," said Albert Henry.

He didn't even notice that they passed a car which was traveling toward Woodland but that contained three cousins of Phyllis. He wouldn't have cared had he noticed. Albert Henry was gripped by a new sort of excitement. He didn't care what happened.

And as they sped toward Ironton, they talked, and their intimacy ripened with even greater speed than the car traveled. He listened to her story of herself: learned that she was a tiny dancer... he was vaguely curious and put his curiosity into words:

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"A tiny dancer?"

"It's well, that is—it's—Oh! just a sort of a thing."

"What sort?"

She darted a quick, speculative glance toward him. His face was guileless. It was plain that he had heard of the dance but was unfamiliar with its minuence. "Just a sort of a crazy dance. It ain't so awful awful. I'm a regular raggedy-robe choice were dyed a deep pink. For the first time in a burlesque career she felt no pride in her position as one of the best in the city. She told him of life with a burlesque troupe, marvelling at the literalness of his belief: told him—delicately enough, yet not so delicately that he failed to blushing—the stories of her many men. For Albert Henry was a man of immense daintiness. His own life—"I ain't nothin' but a telegraph operator. Station agent at Woodland, but it don't mean nothin'—that never would be telegraph operator!"

"Gosh! I never could make no sense outa them little dots 'n' dashes."

"Taint hard when you know 'em."

And then she said, the new idea came to him. "You know, sometimes I wish I could get away from Woodland and go to the city. They say good operators can get jobs away from town."

"You bet they can. An' listen, Al—you ought to shake loose from that kick bug. My Gawd! It's awful! You ought to cut loose—you sure are stuck. And then, for no particular reason—she sighed.

During the final hour of their drive, there was little conversation. Dusk was setting over the landscape: soft and gentle and alluring. And far ahead lay the smoke and soot and dinginess of Ironton. The giant smokestacks of the factories, smoking thick and drawn, were laboring for several minutes. She returned the notebook to her pocket:

"I've written out the route for the Broadway Deluxe—where we're going to be every week for the next three months. Thought maybe you might want me to write a card post card in a while."

"In a deed? Honest?"

"Say, Al."

"Choked. You'd better: that's all I say."

They reached Ironton at seven o'clock. They ate dinner at the dilapidated hotel where they had room and board. They then hurriedly—Irtonon had a quick infusion. He held her hand tightly in his—and spoke with eyes that more than stoned the mutterings of Lin. Yet his mind was not entirely filled. (Continued on page 117)
 Wise and Otherwise  
(Continued from page 116)  

with the girl before him. Within it there was a disturbing vision of the maddeningly phlegmatic Phyllis—Phyllis of Woodland—Phyllis, his fiancée.  

"G'bye, Miss Myrtillene."  

"S'long, Al," A pause—"Wish we was gonna see each other again."  

"Wish so... gee! I do."  

And then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, she threw two plump, warm arms about his neck and women gazed at him disapprovingly and bowed furiously, as though fearful of being caught in the act of recognition. Albert Henry sensed that there was something wrong—but could not understand.  

The previous night was a glorious memory.  

But upon crossing the Woodland city limits, Albert Henry ceased to be the cavalier and became himself again. The habits of six years overcame him: once more he was the man, reliable young man whose future was very promising. And being reliable, he first visited the station to receive the assistant's report. Then he turned away—but, as he was leaving, the pool-playing young telegrapher jovially nudged his superior in the ribs and remarked—cryptically enough—"Oh! you Kiddo!"  

Considerably bewildered, Albert Henry mounted to the driver's seat of Old Man Garrison's car and started backw ard. He didn't know why he had been Oh-you Kiddo'd nor did he understand why the expression was not unpleading to him. His thoughts were still occupied with that matter when he entered the bank and was frostily informed by a prospective aunt-in-law who was aggressively a maiden lady and employed as business deterrent at the bank—that Mr. Garrison wished to see Albert Henry in his office.  

Albert Henry entered.  

"Shortly thereafter Mrs. Garrison did the same thing. From an ante-room came the sound of violent sobs, and Albert Henry had more than a half-suspicion that the sobs belonged to Phyllis. He was glad that he could not see Phyllis sobbing. It was bad enough to hear her. Somehow, emotion of any sort seemed ill-fitted to that amiable and unimagi- 

And then the storm broke. It never gathered: it was there all the time—and it broke. Words—millions of them—vitriolic words—seethed about him. He learned that he had disgraced himself, Phyllis, the Garr 

son family, the municipality of Woodland, the county in which that town was situated, the sovereign state and the country as a whole. He was made aware of the fact that he was a scarlet-dyed deceiver, a wrecker of innocent lives...  

Albert Henry staggered under the impact. In one wild, unexpected sweep, all the basis of 15 years' meticulous building had been swept from under. He was not now a nice reliable young man: no longer a desirable citizen. He had outraged community virtue.  

(Continued on page 118)
wise and otherwise

(continued from page 117)

there was no misunderstanding the gist of this particular bit of vituperation.

mr. garrison was informing albert henry that his engagement to phyllis was ended. albert henry heard nothing more. that was enough. he knew now that he had always desired liberation from those particular shackles. and so—

he inquired of the acridulous maiden lady his exact bank balance. thereupon he withdrew from the bank four thousand three hundred and eighteen dollars and seven cents: in cash—which virtually paralyzed the institution. and he traversed the distance to the station at a dog-trot: a broad smile—which he himself did not yet entirely understand—decorating his lips.

he bustled himself at his desk for a few minutes. and then he handed an official yellow slip to his assistant.

"wire that," he ordered. "it's my resignation—effective immediately."

the assistant gasped. "good gosh... where you goin'?"

albert henry shrugged: "oh! everywhere!"

"b—but s'pose some mail comes in...?"

albert henry rescued from his notebook the route which myrtillene had scrawled. "forward any mail that comes for me by that routing. address me care miss myrtillene farnsworth, shimmy dancer, the broadway beauties burlesque company!"

whistling gaily, albert henry headed for a garage where he intended hiring a car to carry him to iron ton.

he was no longer a nice, reliable young man.

but the future was very promising for albert henry robinson!

slamming new york

we are tired of seeing motion pictures that take a slam at new york. we are tired of watching the great white dyed scarlet through six reels of sin—we are bored with the foolish virgins and the too wise demi-mondes who go romping through central park west and riverside drive. we are beginning to tire of subtitles that have to do with the city's coldness and bitterness and callousness.

as a matter of fact new york is neither cold nor bitter nor callous. it—is—scenario—writers to the contrary—the kindest and most sympathetic town in the world. it holds out a welcoming hand to strangers, it gives talent a chance to find itself, it is forever making dreams come true. it is whole-heartedly appreciative of all success, and it is tender with life's failures.

o. henry—who, more than any other writer, has painted new york in true colors—calls the city "bagdad on the hudson." and he has named it well. for new york has princesses and calliphs, romances and lassies, and more than its quota of aladdin lamps and magic carpets.

of course there are women who have gone wrong in new york. and men who have betrayed them—and been betrayed. there are false friends, and unscrupulous strangers. envy and hate and passion rub elbows on every street with innocence and trust and hope. but that is not typical of new york any— it is typical of any city—and of life. women have gone astray in kalamazoo and oshkosh; men have been betrayers in st. louis, mo., and montclair, new jersey.

we would like to see a motion picture that would give new york for once, at least, its due.
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and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why, it's a cinch, if you know how.

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 60)

UNDER THE LASH—Paramount

UNDER THE LASH gives Gloria Swanson her first opportunity to wear simple clothes since the day when she stopped being a Mack Sennett bathing girl, and became a Cecil B. De Mille bathing girl. Not once, in this picture, is Gloria permitted to recline in the lap of luxury. She is thrown entirely on her own merits, and she comes out well in the test. Nevertheless, "Under the Lash" is rather depressing.

HOMEKEEPING HEARTS—Pathé

This is suitable only for a child’s program. It concerns mostly, a nice child of ten who goes about in Little Elsie manner, scattering sunshine. Other little girls would undoubtedly see that no reward awaits her effort. The cast is composed of unknown players, many of them amateurs with the exception of Louella Carr, who is a star. But don’t snub this "Over the Hill," who is a sweet and believable ingenuous. Sweet and simple. Oh, sugar.

THE POVERTY OF RICHES—Goldwyn

GOLDWIN, which has done so remarkably well this month, comes a crummy in this sad, sad tale. It concerns a tearful young wife who desires children but whose husband has ambitions along other lines. Also, of course, there is the happy, shabby couple whose children do cute tricks for the camera. The subject, carefully handled, does not give offense, but that is one of the very few good things that can be said for it.

HER SOCIAL VALUE—First National

THE frostily beautiful Katherine MacDonald is so sinned against here, that we don’t blame her for conjugating. Imagine a nice girl—don’t she thought beyond her glove counter, suddenly finding herself the bride of a millionaire, just to be snubbed by all his playmates (excepting the villain) and finally but that’s the story. The star poses nicely in every scene, sharing a few of them with Roy Stewart.

THE IDLE RICH—Metro

THE SatEvePost story "Junk" pleasantly projects with Peter Lyle as the young financier who rebuilds his fortune through the junk business. Metro saw fit to change the title that no pity might be made concerning it. It’s deep, amusing stuff, handled quite in the Lytlen manner. Delightful Virginia Valli. May we see her often.

SURE FIRE—Universal

THIS isn’t sure-fire, though it hits the mark. Greta Garbo hasn’t the sort of face that goes with self-sacrifice. According to this story, he accepts the blame for everything that happens, including murder. And yet it can be called a woman’s sake. He is so honorable it is painful to witness his sufferings. The late "Breezy" Eason, Jr., is appealing in a child rôle. "Breezy" was an actor!

FIGHTIN’ MAD—Metro

OUR "westerns" are moving southward, and lining up along the Mexican border, where almost anything is likely to happen. Here is Bill Desmond in his first independent production. He’s a cowboy adventurer with ten bandits to each bullet and a lovely leading lady high and dry on the wrong bank of the Rio Grande. Bill fights the whole Mexican Army, and swims for it. Peppery as a tamale—if you like them that way.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER—Hampton-Hodkinson

THE Great West, as a subject for novelist and scenarist, is becoming a barren waste. Zane Grey himself, can find no new situations lurking amongst sheep and cottonwood. Everything that could be done, has been done! In this trite plot, several of the old problems are worked out in the good old way. All assistance possible is rendered by Robert McKim, Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort.

CINDERELLA OF THE HILLS—Fox

A new unusual story, well presented, introducing Barbara Bedell as a star. She possesses individuality and shows an intelligent understanding of characterization. A touch of mystery running through the story, keeps interest up, and no hint is given beforehand of the surprising climax. From a story of the Ozark mountains by John Breckenridge Ellis.

GO STRAIGHT—Universal

FRANK MAYO just can’t look like a parson. He tries to here. Fighting parson, you know, surrounded by an angry mob of parishioners and some really vicious enemies. He’d have saved himself a lot of trouble if he had resigned in the first reel. We know all the time the church would burn and someone be locked in the belfry. Some one always is. Frank hasn’t time. The rope breaks. If this sounds good, see it yourself.

THE BUNCH—Metro

GARETH HUGHES grows more frivolous with each production. Here we have him as a luckless stock broker who becomes entangled in a maze of impossible events, including imprisonment for his own murder. Fortunately, Goldwyn’s Merriment waxes high, so if you enjoy Gareth, and his quaint antics, you’ll find this quite satisfactory. It’s clean fun, all the way through.

HIGH HEELS—Universal

WHEN we saw the opening scene, of this picture, with palm trees growing along Fifth Avenue, N. Y., we felt that something was wrong. By the time it faded out, we had decided that everything was wrong. Gladys Walton couldn’t save it. No one else. Stiff comedy. Stiff comedy. Anything, with stiff butlers, amazing drawing rooms and unlikely people. A most futile effort.

THE BLACKSMITH—First National

IT’S a sad day when one of our comedians fails us. Buster Keaton is guilty this month. There is hardly a smile in his latest picture. It is a complete failure. The situations are forced and his work laborious. His scenario writer should consult Webster and discover that the words silly and funny are not synonymous.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN—Hampton-Hodkinson

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE’s story has been filmed in forcible and dignified manner, bringing home its lesson severely.

(Continued on page 121)
"Looking more fascinating than ever, a famous prima-donna re-appears on stage — and from abroad with bobbed hair." — From a New York news item.

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(Continued from page 56)

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New Faces for Old

(Continued from page 56)

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**RED COURAGE—Universal**

Hoot Gibson has been given an excellent Peter B. Kyne story here, and his admirers will find it quite the equal of his first five-reeler. Not the usual type of "western." Hoot buys a newspaper, uses it as an influence for good in the wild and woolly town, turns a political campaign, etc., etc., but see it yourself. Molly Malone is pleasing.
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MISCELLANEOUS


IN THE WORLD OF BEAUTY

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 84)

GEOFR R. GLENBROOK, NEVADA.—Rudolph Valentino does spell his name Rudolpho, but everybody seems to prefer Rudolpho. So that's in the book... "Once to Every Woman"— "Futurism"—"Stolen Moments," and "Uncharted Seas" are other Valentino releases besides "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." Which Woman is the Universal picture in which Priscilla Dean and Elly Hall co-starred? Miss Hall has retired from the screen. She replaced Wanda Hawley as "Jane." She is leading woman in "Under the Top." You're living in the past, man. Ever hear of Douglas Fairbanks? He's a promising young feller.

NELL CRAIG.—Not the Nell Craig! Of the "Queen of Sheba," and the older Esamaya! But no—she is in California, and your letter is from New Smyrna, Florida. I won't say I'm disappointed at its not being the Nell Craig, because that wouldn't be polite—and I am nothing if not polite. (Chorus: He's nothing.) But I did hope—New mind; one day too, you may be the Nell Craig; but it would be wrong to consider Shirley is in private life Mrs. Bernard Dunn, and Viola is the widow of John Collins. Address Shirley, Fox studios; Viola, Metro.

DORBES M. B.—You think I am a nut. Well, I always have thought that men make better nuts than women. I have no information concerning Messrs. Esther Rolle I don't know her cousin Hester Poley, either. Sorry.

G. L. M.—So you were Charlie Ray's vaudeville partner and say that Mr. Ray was not on the stage four and a half years—not nearly that long. Well, all the more power to Charlie Ray, and he has made good with so little dramatic experience.

MRS. C. C. ATHENS.—A Goddess of Grace I appreciate your kind letter. Mightly nice of you to take the trouble to write to me just to express your appreciation and not ask me any questions. Lady, you never sent me anything but handkerchiefs or knitted ties or homemade fudge; but, lady, I like you. Please drop in at the office here, whenever you're in New York on Forty-fifth Street between Fifth Avenue and Sixth, I'll be glad to see you.

W. E. H. WILDWOOD, N. J.—You wish to know where Mr. Ziegfeld's institution is and what it accomplishes for you. Wildwood is the place for you.

BERNARD GOODMAN.—Johnny Dooley has made some two-reel comedies, but I believe they have not been shown yet. Johnny is one of the famous comic family, which includes Roses, Ray, and the Ziegfeld Follies and is very funny too. Willie Dooley, the acrobat, died from a fall from a taxi not so long ago.

VIOLA H., CLINTON, IOWA.—Well, Mary, Miles Minter was nineteen the last I heard, but she then was almost a year ago, so she must be eighteen now. She is not married. Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

(Continued on page 123)
I Can Teach You Piano In Half Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me. I have far more students than we ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page booklet, "How to Play Piano or Organ."

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E. F., New York.—Your was a leading question. It led me to use impolite language to my stenographer—who is now, I am glad to say, dead again. She has decided that henna is as henna does—and has used another six bottles. And to mal-treat my typewriter, and to decide that life is not worth living any longer if you will not read the rules. You know we cannot answer questions concerning religion, so why do you ask them? I'm mad.

George L. Bronzville.—There aren't many film theaters in Manhattan—only about nine hundred and ninety-nine. In a word, that, while waiting to buy their tickets and the expensive candy cart drawn up outside and the mobs inside, you begin to realize how insignificant the movies really are.

(Continued on page 125)
Don’t Overlook Any Diamonds

KIMBERLEY was going back. The farmers were disgruntled. They said they couldn’t eke a living from the rocky soil.

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Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 123)

ANXIOUS.—About Louise Huff? I don't blame you. Louise is charming—who would ever think she was the mother of two children? Not because she is so charming; but because she is so young. In the words of George Arliss' leading woman in "Disraeli," and is performing in the same capacity for Richard Barthelmess in his second starring picture, written and directed by Lawrence Stallings. Dick has certainly cornered the good authors; his first was written by Joseph Hergesheimer, and both Joseph and Porter worked right with the young star all through the picture. I love to call them Joe and Port. It's as if I knew them.

FLUFFY OF MELBOURNE.—You are really quite staid and sedate; that's why you chose that nom de plume. Thanks so much for the Views. I love Views. Particularly views of the Weir, and the Pool. They remind me of Sir Walter Scott, though goodness knows why they should. I should love to come to Melbourne. In the meantime, Creighton Hale is married, and Herbert Rawlinson's address is Universal City, Calif. I haven't seen any more of those pictures. Off again on again—he used to be a star for them, then he was deserted, and now he's staying there. Roberta Arnold is his wife.

THE BAT.—I agree with you that Lois Wilson is a much wiser choice for the role of Miss Mary Allen Terry Mildred is such a frail, fragrant little whimsey on the screen; Lois is more dependable, human, and sympathetic. Miss Wilson is one of the screen's finest actresses. Bill deMille says she is the greatest actress as Lulu; he directs it, you know.

H. SUPERIOR, Wis.—Rea Ingram is engaged to marry Allen Terry Mildred. Mildred is such a frail, fragrant little whimsey on the screen; Lois is more dependable, human, and sympathetic. Miss Wilson is one of the screen's finest actresses. Bill deMille says she is the greatest actress as Lulu; he directs it, you know.

ARMELLA, PENNSYLVANIA.—Related to the Armadillos, are you? I trust so. They are a very old family. You say Tom Mix was not born in Texas, but in Du Bois, Pennsylvania. All I know is that Tom is a fine actor, a fine actor, a charming gentleman. And that's enough for me. You should be proud of him in Pa. And he says he was born in Texas. So there, Ammy! Harold Goodwin is a great "Sweet Lavin," with Mary Miles Minter. Harold was starred by Fox for a film or two; one being "Oliver Twist, Jr." Fox can star and unstar players faster than anybody I ever saw.

M. L. ASPINWALL.—You sure do like Jimmie Fidler. But I know he's a pretty good fellow. You gal, you picked one of the greatest actors and the most interesting men in the film industry. Kirkwood is at present with Para- mount's British companies. He is playing in a picture now. There is no one like him there; there is none better suited to the rôle. As Henry James would say. Or was it William Dean Howells?

M. T., LONDON, ENGLAND.—I do not mind telling you, M. T., that you are one of my favorite correspondents; that when the B.B.C. wireless comes on the air, I shall be listening. I am, from a letter addressed in your charming handwriting. I wish we could see more British films. "All's Button is most amusing. Have you seen it? Your Cecil Hepworth and Alma Taylor are here at present. You say—when we say "snappy" it is complimentary and when you say it, it means more. On the other hand, homely here means plain and ugly; there, comfortable, home-like. That's true. Please write to me often and soon. Your little comment is worth more to me than many persons' compliments.

COUNT DE H.—How quaint you must think us! And you can't think us quite so quaint as we think you. "The Wonderful Thing" is Norma Talmadge's latest picture.

ADELA.—So you think I am a classic. Does that mean I should be on the shelf? Many of them are. My most recent pictures since "Thais" and "The Splendid Sinner" for Goldwyn. The marvelous Mary is much, much more fascinating on the operatic stage than on the screen. That is one opera in particular that I should like to see filmed: "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." The last time I went to see and hear it, John Emerson and Alma Loos sat next to me, and their enthusiasm was as great as mine.

E. M., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—You ask many questions, but you won't get much of an answer. I only know that you are too pretty and too petty. Hoot Gibson is starring for Universal. So are Priscilla Dean, Harry Carey, Marie Prevost, Gladys Walton, Eileen Sedgwick, Miss Du Pont, and Eddie Polo.

S. S., BELLEVUE, OHIO.—If May McAvoy refuses to tell her age will it make you love her less? As to her looks; she is over sixteen and under twenty-one, I'll wager. Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are married. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are telling an engaging story. Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo are married. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay are married. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are married. Tom Moore and his three wives are married. Then—I think I have anticipated all the questions you intend asking me from time to time. Now you can just sit back and rest for five months. Then you can write and inquire if Wallace Reid is married.

J. ELLIOTT.—My pink-haired stenoo is assures me she will leave tomorrow if I do not give you some answers whether or not she is married answering you. Your drawing: I have seen worse, and I have seen better. In other words, I'm always neutral on objects of art. For one thing, I don't know an object of art when I see one; for another, I wouldn't know how to appreciate it if I did. So there you are. Delight Evans has a page every month in PHOTOPLAY. Ada Rogers St. Johns is also a member of the editorial staff.

DOROTHY.—Dear, dear, Dorothy. After all these years! At least, two. So you are at last, in New York to see Norma Talmadge At Work. What a pity tis that Norma is in "What a pity!" She probably is. "What a pity!" And that is where she is, isn't it? She and Connie have gone to visit Natalie Talmadge Keaton in Hollywood and to make a picture each. No, I don't know Harry McLaughlin. Never met Harry. But I know he appears in "West of the Rio Grande." He is a most uncommunicative person, meaning that he has not told this department where he is married. Better luck next time, dear, dear Dorothy.

(Continued on page 125)

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Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

B. R., Toronto.—There is a rumor that a man named Douglas Fairbanks has been considering the screen in unimportant parts in a production or two, but if I were you I wouldn't pay much attention to these wild reports. Mary Pickford is twenty-seven years old. You're a bright young fellow, to know that Mary played "Tess of the Storm Country." Yes sir, a bright, up-to-date

FOOLISH FLORENCE.—I never, never con- tradict a lady. Ward Crane is not married. I don't know how old he is, but he looks a university, and I have no doubt that the screen version of "In the Heart of a Fool." Careful there, printer. His latest picture is "The Broadway Bride" with Irene Castle. Crane lives in New York at present.

MARY M., SIoux FALLS.—You change your name de plume, but never your habitat. I can't understand you. Crane Wilbur was in the C. scoop stage in a sketch co-star ring with Martha Mansfield the last I heard of him. He was the leading man in "The Heart of Maryland." Mr. Wilbur has been married in the past, but I know no important parts in a married, or married yet, or again, or what.

THELMA.—Will I write you a long de- scription of myself? Eileen Percy's impressions Sarah Bernhardt said, but not when she was asked for a long description of herself. Eileen Percy's sister is called Thelma, even as you. Miss Eileen is married; Miss Thelma is not. Eileen is still starring for Fox. Betty Blythe was "The Queen of Sheba." She is married to the director Paul Scardon. These Queens!!

JERRY.—Of course, I hate to commit my- self, but I do say right out in public that I think Charles Chaplin is the funniest man in the world. Yap. And one of the best. He came up here to Photoplay to see the Editor and the others and I met him, I shook hands with him. And the same hand that I shook in a picture standing that Chaplin is the answer to the typewriter. Mr. Chaplin went abroad and wrote impressions of Eng- land and France for this Magazine. He came back to make more pictures.

MISS NEW ZEALAND.—You like Anita Stewart because her birthday is the same date as yours, and you are thinking seriously of sending her a present. Now, now N. Z., you mustn't think too much. So you were in a movie once in New Zealand because you walked in front of a camera while a picture was being taken. But when you went to see it on the screen it was cut out. I should think it would be you! Didn't expect them to write in a special poem for you, did you? Fanny Ward had black hair and eyes. Constance was born April 9th, 1900. She is the youngest of the three Talinder sisters.

MARGARET C., Indianapolis.—Why did Universal change Margaret Armstrong's name to Miss Du Pont? Don't ask foolish questions. Dorothy Terry is a sister of Alice, the exquisite heroine of the Rex Ingram pictures. Dorothy is or was also with Metro. Fannie Ward has retired from the screen and the stage. She told her California home some time ago, and will live in Paris and London hereafter. Joan Morgan, who is Bryant Washburn's leading lady in "The Road to London," which Bryant made abroad, may be addressed care Screenplays Productions, Inc., New York. V. C. Wash- burn is now making "Hungry Hearts," a Goldwyn film.

DOLORES H.—The Gish girls are still with Griffith, making "The Two Orphans." Lilian is not married. Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. Lilian is on this cover, and there is a story about her by Delight Evans. It is the story of Lilian, who is she one of the finest girls in the profession. You see I'm beginning to call it "the profession"—just like a vaudeville actor! Ever yours. V. C. Washburn, FoX.—She is a sister-in- law of William Fox and often plays opposite him for Fox.
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[Mrs.] Mildred M. Sykes,
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**What Every Woman Wants to Know!**

EVERY woman’s wish will come true—in the next, the March, issue of Photoplay.

Is there a woman in the world who doesn’t want to be well-dressed and who wouldn’t like to know the best, easiest and cheapest way to go about it?

Photoplay has a solution to the dress problem. Through its Fashion Editor, Carolyn Van Wyck, this Magazine is enabled to offer its women readers an opportunity to have a delightful gown—of the latest mode, the most conservative yet exquisite taste.

**A Bon Ton Pattern—**

*For You!*

A Pattern for a gown specially designed for and worn by your favorite screen star—one of the famous shadow celebrities noted for her good taste in dress—will be offered to you. We can’t tell you all about it now. Wait until next month.

Every woman should take advantage of this offer.

Every woman will!

So you had better order your March Photoplay NOW!

**A Temperamental Delay**

Unlike screen stars, editors are not used to having their photographs taken. It’s too much like a visit to the dentist’s. So Photoplay is unable to present the pictures of the folks who make up the book this month. They’ll be in next month’s issue, sure.
What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's not easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

I T is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn—by depend on entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to know that one is well-poised or not; it is equally important to know that one is well-poised in company, that one is well-poised in public. To know one's mannerisms—do they divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be, or do they divide the ill-bred and the well-bred? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the answers to these questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should they pick up any of the papers that divide the cultured from the uncultured? They should make the papers available to other members of the audience, who may have forgotten them. Should they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man? There is no right or wrong in such matters, but it is customary for the man to follow the woman.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? How should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions? How should a woman accept a dance and how and should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? There are no considered correct in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith, or Mr. Smith meet Miss Brown? Which of these two forms is correct: Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby? When introducing a married woman and a single woman who should say, Mrs. Brown, allow to present Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? Ask yourself how exactly what is correct; that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those whom one comes in contact with.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, these must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When it is permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised? People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain situations of social life, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

A book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease among even the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

The Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social drama, and the most delicate details of etiquette are covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.
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Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.
Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.
ALWAYS dainty and exquisite—always the patrician from the tips of her slim fingers to the pointed toes of her just-as-slim slippers—that is Estelle Taylor, who has climbed to honors on Fox screens. She is one of our very best ingenues
THE average young man, cast as a hero, leaves much to be desired. But Glenn Hunter is not an average young man. Poised, unusually attractive, and a good actor, he satisfies the most exacting. His latest picture is with Norma in "Smilin' Through"
The wistfulness in the eyes of Alma Rubens is contradicted by her curving lips. She is the enchanted princess of every fairy tale. She was the feminine attraction in "Humoresque", which won PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE first Medal of Honor.
TEDDY SAMPSON'S middle name should be "demure." But her demureness is of the most provocative sort. Wide appealing eyes, lips just slightly pouted and—didn't we once read a poem about a nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower?"
LONG a Broadway favorite and one of the ablest comedians upon the legitimate stage, Raymond Hitchcock is now working on a film version of "The Beauty Shop." He had an unfortunate experience when Sennett went out after stage stars
NO MATTER what part he plays, Will Rogers is always loveable and endearing. He has a great gift—the ability to make people cry and, in the next minute, laugh away the tears. We hope that his reported return to the stage is not true.
To play opposite Thomas Meighan, to be young, appealing and beautiful—what more could any girl desire? We cannot help feeling that Jacqueline Logan is well content with her role in life! She is now one of the ornaments of Goldwyn pictures.
The Confessions of a Modern

Once when I happened to be in Egypt, I met the mummy of a Princess of the Nile.

It was an intriguing-looking mummy, and as I listened to the guide's indiscretions concerning her former reputation, I wished ardently that the lady might open her sorrow-mummified lips and tell me exotic secrets of the wit, wisdom and wickedness of the men and women of her ancient day.

In Paris, I stood one spring afternoon in the Louvre, spellbound before the most famous of all feminine smiles—the strange, subtle, pale lure of Mona Lisa. And as it stole over my senses like the scent of waterlilies under passionate moonlight, I prayed fantastically that La Giaconda might part those wise, persuasive lips and picture me romantic days in Florence when men and women laughed and lied and loved and Leonardo painted her deathless smile.

But Mona Lisa knew that to speak she must cease smiling! Still, life held in store for me something as fascinating—and almost as miraculous.

For one foggy, pallid morning, I sat on a long, velvet divan written and thought.

But she is a silent creature—unsilvering, enigmatic, with a disconcerting perfection of poise that always makes me positive my hat is on crooked, my nose shiny and my hands hopelessly large and destructive.

So that when she spoke and presented to me suddenly the results of her long and careful study of the present evolution of the female, it startled me. The Egyptian mummy had spoken—Mona Lisa had whispered me her secrets—Gloria Swanson had voluntarily broken that weird silence of hers that has been the despair of and the red flag to interviewers for many moons, and through the shattered wall I saw an intelligence I had always doubted she possessed, a warmth I had barely suspected and a real ability to think in a straight line.

We were discussing her present production, "The Husband's Trademark."

"That's an odd title," I said, "yet I suppose it's true."

"True," said Gloria Swanson. "Of course it's true. It

And heard Gloria Swanson, the mystery woman of the screen, really talk for the first time in all the years I have known her, and with a vivid tongue and ruthless hand unveil for me the hidden meanings of the Modern Woman, the twentieth century beauty, the ultra-advanced American female, of whom she is the screen's greatest exponent.

I have known Gloria Swanson since she was an extra girl—a sullen, opaque creature, as unknowable, as awkward, as enkindled as a young lioness.

I have seen her now and then ever since, during the years that she has climbed so relentlessly, so doggedly, ahead. I have viewed her dramatic characterizations of the Cecil deMille women—her cold, selfish, entirely awakened wife in "Anatol," her entirely modern women in "Why Change Your Wife" and farther back in "Don't Change Your Husband." And she stands to me today as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and
Woman — as Told by Gloria Swanson

has come to the place where most men are glad to get a woman who can serve them as a good trademark—glad to get so much from the woman of today. And women reach out to place on their bare shoulders the emblems only of a man's financial success and eminence.

"I have studied the modern woman—she is my business. I have read and watched and listened and have tried to strip from her every vestige and pretense and tradition. I've had to.

"It is not myself personally that speaks—my own experiences are a mere drop in the ocean of feminism that I must navigate if I am to portray her correctly—this bodily-beautiful, selfish, emancipated, restless, intolerant, unhappy woman who makes up so large a percentage of womanhood in this country today. And it is as the actress, the student of human character and emotions, that I speak—and not as myself."

She kicked back almost viciously the gold and green silken train of her negligee that had wrapped itself around her exquisite, tiny feet and her perfect ankles. One tiny strong hand—her hands look strong enough to stop the rush of a tiger, yet they are soft—shoved back the thick mass of her mahogany hair, that falls in short, thick curls to her shoulders. The scent of some heady perfume that was like a black narcissus came from her golden skin.

And yet her eyes had a look that amazed me—like the eyes of a young art student before the canvasses of Agnolo. "No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master. No woman is happy without a master. No woman can love a man who is not her master."

"There you have the whole thing—the bitter, deep, spreading, hidden cancer of the unrest of the modern woman. "He may be her slave—her adorer; but at the same time he must be the superior being and that she must be big enough to enjoy a delicious—though small—joy over such simple things as a beautiful day, a service rendered, a child or a dog. Where is the woman who studies with the highest degree of success and how to get it?"

"Woman's emancipation and equality have led her down to man's level instead of bringing him up to hers."

"The second cause for unhappiness—and it is an offshoot of the first—between men and women, in love and marriage, is the success of woman in her venture into the business and professional worlds."

"If the surest way to get rid of a bore is to lend him money, the surest way to get rid of a husband that is worth keeping, is to earn it."

"I do not believe that marriage—happy, successful marriage in the highest sense of a home, a center, a joint growth and future—is possible if a woman insists on following a career."

"And I stand on that absolutely!"

"Professional women—women who wish to go on working—should not marry. This, understand, is not my personal opinion necessarily. But as a theory; it seems to me more logical, more sane, as a working out of our present difficulties than the present mistakes. We can proceed only by improved beliefs. Balzac said, Marriage is a science."

"What woman today regards it as such? Yet somebody has got to be the scientist of marriage.

and fine enough and loving enough to make him happy—or in a hundred years this country will have gone back to the days of the Amazon and woman will rule by right of might and not, as she now does, by the tyranny of the weak over the strong.

"The American woman of today—the husband's trademark—is hopelessly, horribly unhappy. Look at her face and you will see it. Why? Because she is linked to a mate who does not make her feel his superiority. Because she does not get her own way. Because, like a child, she has been pampered, spoiled, indulged, yielded to, until she doesn't know what she wants or gets any pleasure from anything she gets."

"Where is the woman whose face is alight with the confidence of the woman of yesterday?"

"Where is the woman who is sure of herself?"

"Where is the modern woman who can take her head high and be a human being?

"The woman who can hold her head high is the woman who can stand for her husband, and for her marriage, and for her children."

"She stands as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and written and thought.
of each marriage. It's got to be somebody's business! And since nothing can alter the fact that women bear the children it should be the science of woman—the business of woman, when she goes into it.

"I claim that any woman in the world can make a success of any marriage if she will devote her time to it, study it, sacrifice to it, work at it, as any other scientist does. And that her returns will be a thousandfold.

"How many women do you know who do it?"

"Maria Theresa, who was an empress and a queen and the head of an army and a nation, as well as a beauty, once said to her ministers. 'Ah, gentlemen, the only true happiness for a woman in this world is in a happy marriage.'

"Perhaps she was right. No amount of modern emancipation has given woman more power, pomp, fame and freedom than had the Empress Maria Theresa."

"Perhaps she is wrong. Perhaps since that day we have developed a civilization where woman can find the same happiness in work and art as she can in marriage.

"But both she cannot have.

"Let us establish a business, a professional or an artistic celibacy, as we have established a religious."

"We must find a radical solution, and this is the only one unless man consents to let the wife carry the burden of support and business, and he assumes the marital obligations."

"If a woman's desire for a career, for her art, her business, is stronger than her desire for wifehood and motherhood—well and good. That is fair enough. But she must leave marriage alone. Let her follow the path of her choice and sacrifice marriage. Nor is it logical to say that men in the past have always had both a career and marriage—for then the woman carried her share of the partnership and while the career was his, and she shared its benefits, the marriage was hers, and she took his portion of its joys.

"But if a woman is going to marry, let her devote herself to it. Let her make it a success and let her be taught in her girlhood the responsibilities, the labors, the trials and hardships that are necessary to produce a happy marriage. Let her be disciplined to undertake them.

"The least interesting woman in the world to a man is a so-called 'successful woman. The most obnoxious wife, a famous one. It is not possible for a home to serve two masters—a master and a mistress. Yes, a man renounces deeply every penny his wife earns, and every penny she spends that she earns. Money gives a woman security, confidence, makes her sure of her judgment. It steals away from her the child qualities that all men love in a woman."

"Equality between the sexes, in my opinion, means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equaling each other in the same things."

"Let us consider some of the things a woman should know and have in order to be a successful wife."

"The wise wife must prefer peace of mind and harmony to the vindication of her own opinions, comfort and congeniality to the emphasis of her own dignity, and a contented husband to a personal success."

"How can a woman who every day gives the best of her brain and heart and soul to the impersonal master of a career have the patience, tact and humility to govern a home?"

"Sweetness is a quality that the modern woman has almost forgotten. It has gone out of date. There are many clever women, successful women, smart and talented women, but I see few women nowadays that are sweet and simple and sincere."

"The modern woman, the modern beauty, lacks the one essential of a satisfactory wife or sweetheart, or even a real friend—amiability."

"Practically every woman who has been famous in history for her ability to win and hold love had the quality of pleasing—not only the senses, but primarily the senses, but of being affable, amiable, kindly in manner to the people about her. Even Cleopatra was much beloved by her people, for you know they did not break the head of her statues after her death. Ninn de L'Enclos, Marguerite de Valois, Mary Stuart, Lady Hamilton, Nell Gwynne, Madame de Montespan, Madame Récamier, Ann Boleyn—were all noted for their amiability and their keen wit.

"No, no, the modern woman wants to have her cake and eat it, too. Matrimonially speaking, it's impossible to achieve a happy marriage and to be a free agent at the same time."

(Continued on page 114)
"First, wipe your face thoroughly with cold cream. Now apply the grease-paint stick. Rub in a thick coating."

"Curl back the eyelashes with the mascara brush, first brushing them clean of any trace of face powder."

"Now comes the difficult art of making up the lips. With your little finger dipped in rouge, make a rosebud of your mouth!"

"Next powder profusely. Then brush powder off lightly with a baby-brush, which is soft and fine as possible."

"And when you want to clean your face of all cosmetics, a generous coating of cold cream does the work."

"A Course in Cosmetics"

Colleen Moore, Gives Lessons in Make-up

Photographs by Goldwyn

Hollywood, California
He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to crush this glorious girl to his breast.
Seven Heavens

By FRANK R. ADAMS
Illustrated by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The saxophone has practically replaced the harp as our smart musical instrument," the guide was telling Corbin Banks. "But if you prefer the strings to the wood-winds there are a lot of slightly used solid gold chassis, streamline lyres in the repair shop right now being rewired."

Corbin Banks was not interested. "I have no musical preferences," he said glumly.

The guide repeated Corbin's attitude. "Cheer up, my friend. You're a false note in a realm devoted to gayety. Perhaps you need your morning muleshine. Step with me into this bar which is the haven of departed American spirits. They serve nothing but bonded stout and the price is fifteen cents,—two for a quarter, words which may have a familiar ring to your ears if you are old enough."

"I don't drink," Corbin declined shortly.

"You're a motion picture fan perhaps?" the guide persisted patiently. "The building on your left is the Strand Theater. The feature for today is 'Wine, Woman, and Whiskers.' It may interest you to know that we have no censors here and even stories from the Bible can be shown without cuts or alterations. And our bathing beauties! You'll admit there is nothing like them on earth."

Corbin shook his head. "Not interested."

"Maybe you're an ex-soldier?" hazarded the lecturer. "If so a visit to the War Department Building will lighten your heart. Just step in and get your bonus, land grant, disability allowance, anything you want and without waiting more than a few minutes. It's the only place you ever will get any of those things for nothing."

"I don't want a thing in the way of compensation," Corbin interrupted him.

"I've got to please you in some way," murmured the despairing guide.

"Why 'got to'?" demanded Corbin testily.

"Because I'm a Celestial Boy Scout and I have sworn to do one kind act every day. If I fail they'll take my knee pants and my Pollyanna badge away from me. You're my problem for today. I won you on a raffle just as you came through the crowd. So you see I've got to make good. I have to admit, though, that you're a cast iron egg and I don't know yet how I can make you happy."

"There is only one thing that will make me happy."

"Something to do with the,—ahem! Opposing sex as Mr. Lardner puts it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so? Step on this rug with me and have a look at the Kismet Kozy Korner. It was originally designed as a Mussulman Paradise, but it is so much in demand by New Yorkers who hate to change their habits of life even here that there aren't enough Mohammedans around to be offensive. You may have wondered what becomes of the Ziegfeld girls. They are sent here direct, also the Mack Sennett silent sirens. This girl coming along now wearing a left bracelet is a Sennetter from Illinois."

Corbin interrupted him irritably. "To perdition with these women."
Corbin Banks took a seat in an unoccupied rocker and prepared patiently to wait.

All around him was a hum of conversation.

"The surgeon said he had never seen such an appendage as mine in his life. I heard him exclaiming about it just as I passed out. I could—"

"Wait a minute, dearie, and I'll show you the place where the doctor—"

"No it didn't hurt much.—no more than pulling a tooth—"

"I think the Mayo Brothers are the best—"

"—old family physician. Gave me an overdose of strychnia. Wait until he comes up here."

"—and if I had to die again I'd go right back to that same hospital."

"You've no idea how I suffered. Besides that I hadn't slept a wink for over a year. The nurse said—"

"Hello, Mrs. Balfour. I'm so glad to see you. What did you die of?"

"I can't imagine. The doctor didn't arrive until after I was gone. But Henry, that's Mr. Balfour—"

"Mr. Banks. Corbin Banks," called a page, threading his way through the fleet of rockers. "Mr. Banks."

"Here, boy," Corbin Banks signalled the messenger.

"Step into the private office, Mr. Banks. Right this way!"

There was a long line of discontented looking people waiting to see about getting better accommodations, but his own case seemed to have the right of way and Corbin Banks was ushered immediately into the private office.

The manager regarded him sternly.

"You're the man who wants to see his wife again so badly that you are willing to go through the pain of living and dying once more?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you realize that we can't send you back in your original body. We could, of course, because we can do anything, but it isn't practical because it would disturb so many preconceived notions on earth. We have no desire to work any so-called miracles at this date. Besides it would give you too much notoriety for your own comfort. There is a way, however, by which your return could be accomplished quite naturally. You can be transferred to the shipping department and go out as a child, in fact we can arrange it so that you can be your wife's own baby and thus be with her constantly. How does this strike you?"

Corbin Banks reflected. "The chief difficulty in the way of the solution you mention is the fact that when I left there was absolutely no prospect of anything like that happening. To bring it about would involve another miracle."

"No, not at all. We could arrange it in a natural way."

"Heaven forbid, no! A thousand times no! I'd rather die first."

"Your protest means nothing because you are dead. But we interpret your emotion correctly, however, as jealousy."

"Perhaps you are partly right, although upon a moment's reflection I can assure you that there is no cause. My wife is cold, she is a soul unaltered by passion. Our relations though sincere and indissoluble were practically Platonic. Besides I would be of no use to her as a baby. I want to be her protector, to guard her tenderly from the harsh things of a cruel world. All during her life she has been shielded, first by her father, now dead, and then later by me. Now there is no one."

"Is she beautiful?"

"As a rose dawn."

"Then why worry? Someone will protect her from want anyway."

"But you don't know Hortense. She is proud and besides she loves me. Let me go back to her."

The manager sighed. There was apparently no way to dissuade this headstrong youth. "Very well, back you go."

"As a full grown man?"
Mrs. Hortense Banks, young, lovely and sad, contemplated the long evening ahead of her with extreme melancholy. There was a dance going on at the country club which she, quite naturally, could not attend on account of her recent bereavement. But because of that party there was no likelihood of anyone's dropping in for a sympathetic call. And there was no place where she could with propriety go all by herself.

Therefore she put on a black negligée which did not in the least distract from her fair beauty because of its somber color. It wasn't an unrelieved black anyway, because when she moved little hints of rose color glimmered through,—a silk lining doubtless, although with these lacy peignoirs there is always a delightful uncertainty. Her hair, which was short and wavy (it had been bobbed two seasons before), she left unbound and on her feet she put a pair of extremely comfortable sandals that laced half way up to her calf over exquisitely sheer dull black hose.

The result, as she surveyed it in her pier glass, was eminently satisfactory even though it did cause her a pang of wistful regret. If Corbin were only there to—but no, she mustn't cry. The tear just standing on the brink of the eyelid was wonderfully wistful but she mustn't let it flow over. That wasn't so good.

The doorbell rang. Hortense with childish curiosity went out to the head of the stairs to find out who it was as soon as the maid opened the door.

A young man stepped into the halfway on the maid's invitation and then, to everyone's surprise, started up the stairs two steps at a time.

Screams from both mistress and maid arrested him and he paused confused. He passed a hand across his brow.

"I beg your pardon. For the moment I thought I was in my own house. I wouldn't have frightened you for worlds. Hort—Hort—I mean Mrs. Banks. You forgive me?"

Hortense, peering over the balustrade, recognized him finally. "It's Mr. Rogers, isn't it?"

"Yes, I thought I'd drop in for a little chat with you to help pass the time away. You must be lonely."

Rogers had descended several steps during his remarks so as not to miss a word of them. For some reason or other they were music to her ear.

"Oh I am—fearfully lonely. But I thought dressed to receive callers, Mr. Rogers. If you'll wait a few—"

"Please don't bother to change. I've seen you in your negligée already and you couldn't be any more lovely to look at even if you wore your gold-green Paquin frock."

"Oh how wonderful of you to remember that dress. I only wore it once and men seldom notice."

"I remembered because you wore it. That made it unforgettable."

Rogers raised several steps during his remarks so as not to miss a word of them. For some reason or other they were music to her ear.

"You may as well come all the way. (Continued on page 115)"
The Business of Making Thrills

A man who makes them tells how they're done

By WILLIAM DUNCAN

When the subject was first broached of my dwelling in print upon incidents which occur in the making of serial thrills, it struck me that—well, that I should have some sort of alibi. Naturally I do not wish to be accused of placing too much import upon my participation in the various risks involved.

Upon reflection, however, I decided that it might be interesting for picture-goers to know that the dangerous stunts accomplished in the making of a serial, or chapter-play, are figured out beforehand upon a mathematical basis.

I shall not enter upon a technical explanation of how and why certain achievements are possible, providing everything goes according to schedule; rather shall I endeavor to prove conclusively that those of us most experienced in picture-making seldom can be certain that what we expect will take place, even with the most careful calculations.

My Scottish forefathers were agreed with Bobby Burns that, "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And indeed I have found that Maister Burns must have foreseen the motion picture serial when he penned his notable words. "Gang aft agley" is uncannily right as regards pictures. Ask anyone who has taken part in the making of chapter-plays.

Often a simple stunt will end disastrously, while a comparatively difficult one will meet with success. It might be well at this point to give an example of just how the "big idea" is liable to "gang agley."

Requirements of a serial episode called on me to leap a chasm in an automobile. Fremont Pass, in Southern California, was selected because of its depth. The pass was cut through by General Fremont in the early days to avoid moving his artillery over the mountains. It lies between San Fernando and Newhall, a section familiar to motorists and residents of Southern California.

At the point selected for my automobile leap, the pass is thirty-five feet across and about ninety feet, sheer, to the bottom. Many difficulties were experienced in our preliminary activities. We found that the machine could not be hoisted up the side which was to mark the getaway, so by means of block and tackle and the hand power of some twenty to thirty men, we pulled the car up with ropes and then built a bridge, across which it was taken for the jump.

Then as we gazed across the gap we realized that it would be necessary to dig a cut into which the car could be propelled at the conclusion of the leap. Unless this precaution were taken, as the side of the gap on which the car was to land sloped upward, it meant that though the car might jump safely across, it might also run backward and slip down the chasm.
So a little runway, or landing place, probably six feet longer than the length of the car, was dug. On the opposite side, from where I was to take-off, wooden grooves were built on the incline, down which the car would accumulate speed as it raced for the edge of the gap preparatory to hurling itself across the thirty-five-foot pass.

Explaining the use of these wooden grooves, I will point out that we figured the car, shooting straight from the grooves, would have but one objective point, the little cut in the wall across the gap. I must land in that cut or suffer the consequences.

I may say here that in making an automobile leap over a gap, wedges or approaches are first built. These are long contrivances, lying flat and so built that they make a rising incline. This causes the automobile, gathering speed all the time, to leap upward as it takes off.

"All set, camera, let 'er go!"

My car started down the incline, gaining momentum at every second, straight along the wooden grooves to the edge of the gap. The wedges are covered with grass and dirt so as not to show in the picture. As I leaped off at Frémont Pass, I had my feet on the brakes. I wondered in the few seconds of the leap whether I could jam them on at the exact second of landing to make certain that the car would not rebound from the cut in the wall and drop back into the chasm.

Crashing onto the other side, the impetus threw me hard against the brakes and into the dashboard but the brakes worked perfectly, as the force of my landing had thrown my feet against them at the proper moment. But something else, which had not been figured on at all, occurred. Every tire on the car was split, and I really believe that it was due to this fact, after crashing into the opposing wall, that an unfortunate rebound did not occur, even though my brakes had worked well.

One would imagine that after leaping thirty-five feet over a ninety-foot chasm hurling a woodpile would prove easy. But here is where the "zang aga" phrase enters. The requirements of one serial story called upon myself and four companions to race in an automobile along a dirt road which paralleled a railroad track.

At a certain point, a gang of outlaws had thrown a pile of railroad ties on the road to hinder us. Now in making an automobile leap, you must figure the stunt out to the finest mathematical point, but even then something may occur to spoil matters.

The degree of speed for an auto of a certain weight to safely jump a gap or obstruct, the exact amount of rise necessary at the takeoff, conditions of the road and various other items must be gone over carefully. Unless all these points are taken into account, the chances of an accident are manifold. (Cont'd on page 108)
Long Shot, Medium Shot and Close-Up

You remember, perhaps, when a certain director was ridiculed because he showed only a face or half a figure on the screen. People said then it was the funniest thing they ever heard of. They said that, too, about the first locomotive, the first steamboat, the first telephone. The three pictures on this page show Marshall Neilan making a scene. This is not a reference to Mickey's temperamental disposition, because he hasn't any. He is simply demonstrating the three steps a director has to make in building a scene: the three focus-lengths. The picture is "Penrod," with Wesley Barry.

THE LONG SHOT

The top picture illustrates the "long shot." Neilan, in the director's chair, is directing Wesley Barry and Gordon Griffith, the two principals. Note the cameraman; next to him, the electrical expert; the continuity clerk, and the electricians standing by the overhead and side lights. Behind the black rag hanging from the top center is a Cooper-Hewitt "bank," partly visible.

THE MEDIUM SHOT

The center picture shows the "medium shot," just as you will see it on the screen. The "set" represents the interior of the cave in which Penrod Schofield (Wesley Barry) and his gang hold their secret meetings.

CLOSE-UP

The last picture is the "close-up" of Wesley and Gordon. You will note to the right of Wesley and on the right wall, tin cans hanging from wires and supposedly holding candles. They really hold powerful little arcs throwing light on the actors.
CAROL DEMPSTER is one of the very few modern motion picture actresses whose appeal is entirely cerebral.

She uses her brain in her work as others use their faces and their bodies. She is popular as far as I have been able to discover — only with other cerebrals.

Because of this she is an interesting person. As yet she has done very little on the screen. She has only been in pictures for three years, and in that time has made only two really important pictures: "The Love Flower" and "Dream Street." But she has a surprisingly large following.

I know personally one gentleman who hates films. Perhaps because he sees so few. At any rate, he saw Carol Dempster in "Dream Street" a dozen times, and is now her slave. The gentleman is one of the most brilliant thinkers in America. I asked him why he liked her, "Because she seems to think," he answered. "I don't know whether she really does or not, but she seems to."

You hear very little about her in film circles. She is never seen at the Algonquin, the Claridge, Delmonico's, or any other of the numerous haunts of screen celebrities in Manhattan. Once in a while you glimpse her, slim and simple in a quiet white gown.

She is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled with her glorious hair coiffed as plainly as possible, at a first night. And then you hear people say, "Who is that girl?" or "There's Carol Dempster." She is not a marvelous beauty; she is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled.

I was very curious about her. I had watched her work at the Griffith studios in "Dream Street"—curiously detached, quiet, but with illumined eyes and expressive hands working intelligently in her close-ups, coached by Mr. Griffith. I saw her again, when, as she thought no one was watching, she whirled into a delicate little dance, in a deserted corner of the great studio: a slender, vivacious little creature in her tight-fitting costume, her legs twinkling and a little half-smile on her lips.

Then I was with her for a whole afternoon. And I am still curious. She is not a girl one knows at once. Sweet, and affable, and (Continued on page 116)
By Their Feet Ye
A character analysis of feet and

THE human foot has never gotten its due in America, despite the fact that we are the best-shod nation in the world. We have palmists, and phrenologists, and even experts at reading character by the shape and forms of the ear. But, to us, feet are feet—a kind of necessary anatomical device; and we gauge them by their ability to perform their utilitarian functions.

We make only one aesthetic distinction: a person’s foot is either pretty or ugly. The finer points of variation escape us. In fact, we don’t take our feet seriously, so to speak. We make light of them; and the majority of our nicknames for them are either facetious or opprobrious—such as: dogs, ferry-boats, clod-hoppers, pads, pedals, tootsies, fried pies, hoofs, and dewbeaters.

And yet, the shape and size and proportions of one’s feet and ankles are as much a guide to personality and character as the lines in the hand or the features of the face.

In Europe a person may be accepted or rejected in certain social circles wholly by the contour of their feet. The maitre d’hôtel of one of the most exclusive cafés in Paris once said in an interview in “Figaro” that he judged people entirely by surreptitiously looking at their feet and seated them accordingly.

Balzac tells of a popular musical comedy actress who, because she had very short feet and an exceedingly high instep, compressed her feet, wore low heels, and stuffed cotton in the toes of her slippers to give her feet length, so that her admirers would not see that she was plebeian. Max Beerbohm spends an entire paragraph describing the long, narrow, flat feet (“like calves’ tongues”) of one of his highly patrician characters.

And do you remember Du Maurier’s description of Trilby’s lovely feet, and the influence they wielded? The human foot has even been colloquially named after this little model of the Latin Quarter! Then there is the famous story of Cinderella, based on the beauty of an unknown lady’s foot. Compared with that beauty, nothing else really mattered to the romantic prince who found her slipper.
Shall Know Them
ankles by Hugo H. Smythe, M. A.

Throughout all history and literature you will find that the human foot has played a most important part; and yet how little attention or consideration we give it today!

There are many different and distinct types of feet and ankles; and scientists tell us that each type has its defined psychological significance. Here are a few of the commoner ones and what they denote:

1. The very long, extremely slender foot, tapering to a point, with the low, sweeping, and almost flat instep, and the straight ankle. Denotes: Fine breeding, aristocracy, patriotism.

2. The very short foot, with the broad, extremely high and prominently arched instep, and the slender, shapely ankle. Denotes: Inferior breeding and a sensuous, mercenary, pleasure-loving temperament. (Of late years, and especially in America, this type has been wrongly regarded as patrician and indicative of good breeding.)

3. The slightly large foot, broad and solid through the ball, and pointed at the toes, with a medium-high instep and a sturdy, but not thick, ankle. Denotes: Capability, strength, deep emotion.

4. The short, stocky, square foot, thick through the heel, with a high, fat instep, and a slender, sinewy ankle. Denotes: Aggressiveness, unscrupulousness, conceit, pretentiousness, plebeianism.

5. The long, sharply pointed foot, with a very low, almost flat instep, and a thin, flat ankle. Denotes: Hyper-sensitivity, artistry, over-breeding.

6. The medium-sized foot, neither square nor pointed, with a well-rounded instep, and a neat, shapely ankle. Denotes: Poise, sensitiveness, strength, competence, intelligence.

To which class do your pedal extremities belong? Be honest, now! Sometimes a plebeian foot is almost entirely disguised by a tapering shoe; and sometimes a lady feels that her foot is too large, so she cultivates the short vamp. But it doesn't do much good!
THE great Polish pianist and statesman, Ignace Jan Paderewski, and the little chap whom Chaplin made a star, are great friends. Madame Paderewski is also extremely fond of him and they entertain him often at the great musician's California rancho. One day, after Madame had filled his little tummy up with chicken and ice cream, Paderewski and little Jackie Coogan were missing for several hours. They found the pair in a limousine, the shades drawn, the little fellow sound asleep, and the famous pianist holding him in his arms and softly singing old Polish lullabies.
To be a woman—and homely! To be a heroine, with a face like a comic Valentine... It's hard. It's hard to be a Rolls Royce sort of a person when you've been handed a flivver set of features—it's next to impossible to be a snappy dresser when all the taste you've got is in your mouth. But that's what Idalene Nobbin was up against. How she accomplished the almost incredible—and made the legend of the ugly duckling, who turned into a swan, come true again—is told in this story.

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Idalene Nobbin wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead.

The Wall Flower

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

Idalene Nobbin wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead. Her features were commonplace, her figure was shapeless, her hair—though it had possibilities—was badly arranged. Moreover, she was awkward; she moved with neither grace nor charm. And yet, when she was getting ready for a party, she knew the same dreams, felt the same tender little thrills, that other girls knew and felt. For being a wall flower doesn’t keep a girl from thinking in terms of romance, from wondering about the knight who will some day come a-riding! Idalene pictured her knight as a college boy, an athlete, and a millionaire. But she had never had even the most casual sort of a beau!

Getting ready for a party—who could blame Idalene for being excited? Especially when the party was her friend Prue’s birthday dance—and especially when Prue had written her a letter that was one big thrill in itself:

Dear Idalene: Don’t forget that my annual party is next Wednesday night. Phin Larrabee has promised to bring over Roy Duncan, the football hero from the state college. So we should have a lovely time.

Was it any wonder that Idalene pranced awkwardly about—much to the detriment of the new dress that her mother was fitting on her?

Many careful mothers—by clever planning and dress design—have done a great deal for plain daughters. But Idalene’s mother was not what you’d call careful. Her one idea was to marry off a daughter whom nobody could see with a magnifying glass. Neither she nor Idalene knew anything about the mystery of line, the magic of simplicity. Where the party dress should have fallen into simple folds it was made hideous by panniers and bunches of cheap lace; where it should have been daintily fluffy it was severe in the extreme.

Prue, Idalene’s closest friend, was a very pretty girl. Catty she was, and small enough, in spirit, to jump through the eye of a needle. But—she had beauty. Perhaps that was why she had chosen to make a friend of Idalene. For many an attractive girl, wise in the matter of contrast, has chosen to make a chum of some one who, by comparison, would make her charms seem more pronounced. And it is a curious fact that the homely girl is seldom aware of any ulterior motive. Usually she is pleased by any sort of attention—just as Idalene was delighted at Prue’s invitation.

Idalene Nobbin was an only daughter. She and her mother and her two half-grown brothers lived in a homely house in a homely little town. With no standards of beauty to go by, they were well satisfied as the night of Prue’s party came around—Mrs. Nobbin was like a proud though fussy mother hen, and the boys were frankly bewildered. For Idalene, going Sis Hopkins one better, had added the contents of a large powder box and the mock allure of a wide sash and hair
Idalene Nobbin was a wallflower, and she didn't realize it for a long while. When she got wise to herself—well, she made haste to grow away.

That dance, to Idalene, was like a glimpse into Heaven.
To Roy—quite different

ribbon to her other finery. Prue, greeting her friend as she came into the room, was filled with a sudden merriment. But her excitement over being the leading vamp of the village soon distracted her attention.

Prue's party was a pretentious small-town affair. Hired palms and oleanders, home-made salads and ices, and an orchestra that had never heard of jazz, but was strong on perspiration, made festive the old-fashioned house. Only Prue, and the young men who had come over from the state college, were modern.

Phineas—commonly known as "Phin"—Larrabee was the leader of this state college group. Long an ardent admirer of Prue, he had unwisely brought to the party his chum, Roy Duncan, the football hero. And Prue, like most young ladies, was inclined to be a trifle too interested in football heroes. Phin, struggling for a dance with her, soon realized his mistake and, with deep malice and cunning, singled out Idalene, who had not yet had a chance to dance, and thrust her, with a hasty word of introduction, into Roy Duncan's reluctant arms.

Perhaps it was the hastiness and the confusion of that introduction that laid the foundation for the mistake that later happened. With his mind full of Prue and his feet busily trying to keep out of Idalene's way, it was not at all strange that Roy Duncan stopped thinking coherently. His one ambition to get away from Idalene—his one dream to dance with Prue—it so happened that he confused their names!

Roy danced only a single dance with Idalene—for which we will not judge him too harshly! He was only human, and Prue was bewilderingly pretty, and, after all, none of the other boys had even danced once with the little wallflower. Young men, of the intensely selfish college age, seldom think in terms of self-sacrifice. And it was nothing short of self-sacrifice to dance with a girl who trod on one's feet and clung, heavily, to one's cherished dress coat!

The party, like all parties, was too soon over—for everyone except Idalene Nobbin. To her the evening had been a horrible failure, the only bright spot in it being her own dance with Roy Duncan. It had been like a glimpse into Heaven, that dance. How could she know that it had meant something very different to Roy? She went home, with her mother, to dream radiant dreams which centered about him.

In the meantime Phin Larrabee, still annoyed at his friend, was adding a bit to Roy Duncan's mistake in names. For up in the room where the boys had left their coats and hats there was a picture of Prue. And when Roy, lifting it in affectionate hands, asked suddenly:

"What's her name—Prue?" Phin had answered, craftily.

"Prue? No, indeed, that's not Prue. That's a picture of Idalene Nobbin!"

That was why, several days later, a letter came to Miss Idalene Nobbin, from the state college. It was not a long letter, but it was a bewildering one. For it read like this:

Dear Miss Nobbin:
You may have forgotten me, but I will never forget our dancing together. I should be highly honored if you and your mother would be my guests at the Junior Prom here the 16th of this month. I have engaged rooms for you at the best boarding house. Please don't fail.

Yours as ever,
ROY DUNCAN.

Of course Idalene accepted the invitation. And then began a series of preparations that put those for Prue's party quite into the background. Almost hysterical with joy, the girl and her equally excited mother began to get ready. Idalene was no longer allowed to wash dishes—it might make her hands

"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"
from the wall. If you’re even a little bit like her, take Rupert Hughes’ advice—and see where it gets you!

red. She was no longer allowed to sweep lest she get over-tired. And, final crown of glory, she was taken to the dressmaker, one Mlle. Dooley by name, for a frock. No homemade dress would do for a Junior Prom!

It was in Mlle. Dooley’s shop that Idalene and her mother met Prue, who was also buying a dress for the prom, where she was going as Phin’s guest. And it was there that Idalene told her friend that she was going to take part in the great event. To say that Prue was astonished was to put it mildly—she was flabbergasted! And for the first time she showed Idalene the claws that were hidden under her velvety sweetness. Prue was jealous.

Between them, Idalene, Mrs. Nobbin, and Mlle. Dooley chose a gown so much more terrible than Idalene’s other party frock that it challenged even the most vivid imagination. Gaugin in his worst moments could have committed no more ghastly crime in the name of art! But Idalene and her mother adored it!

* * *

To one cleverer than Idalene, the situation at the Gramlin station, where the state college was located, would have been a revelation. But Idalene was not clever. She was only a very young, deliriously happy girl, off on her first big adventure. She did not notice that Roy Duncan rushed to meet Prue—that he fell back, in bewilderment, when she repulsed him. She did not even catch his utter lack of recognition when she brought herself to his attention and introduced “mommer.” She could never have imagined his depth of horror as he realized his mistake.

It was all tremendously appalling to Roy, who, after all, was the hero of the college. But he made the best of it; he had to! Vowing revenge on Phin, he escorted Idalene and her mother to the boarding house, and there left them. And then, with a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, he began to go about the matter of filling Idalene’s dance card.

It cost a great deal of money to fill that dance card. Most of the boys had seen Idalene. Dollar bills and favorite neckties were sacrificed to the cause. And, after deluging Phin with water and thus gaining his revenge, Roy would lend dry clothes only on condition that five dances went with them. And Phin, looking miserable in the borrowed suit, had to comply with his hard-hearted friend’s request.

When the moment of the dance came, and Roy saw his partner for the first time in Mlle. Dooley’s creation, he was nearly desperate. But remembering the well-filled dance card he took heart. And he hustled the girl and her mother to the hall. And then began an evening of disillusionment and utter bitterness.

By no stretch of imagination could Idalene dance. And the college boys, with the cruelty of youth, stood in corners and made fun of her. But, all unconscious of their mirth, she tried, ever so hard, to get the hang of the so difficult steps.

Idalene was not the only one, however, who danced badly. There was a certain beautiful woman who had a difficult time with her partner, who, tall and good-looking though he was, could not make his feet behave. The woman was Pamela Shel, and the man was Dr. Walter Breen, lately returned from scientific work in a far off and savage country. As the laughter caused by Idalene was reaching its height they were having a little discussion of their own.

“I’ll have to give it up, Pamela,” the man was saying, “I’ve been too long away to know anything about these new dances!” But Pamela looked up into his face and laughed, as she answered him.

“Why, Dr. Breen,” she said, “it’s the first time that I’ve ever known you to play the quitting!”

And so they struggled on until, on the outskirts of the dancing crowd, they
passed Idalene and Phin, who was at that moment her victim. And, as they passed, they noticed that Phin was surreptitiously offering money to the unattached youths who stood along their wall. And they heard the unkind comments of those youths—the blunt refusals. Pamela made a little exclamation of pity, and Dr. Breen stopped short as he spoke:

"That girl has my sympathy," he said; "if those boys don't mend their manners I'll break their heads!" He even started forward, threateningly, but Pamela stayed him with a gentle hand.

"Come on home," she said softly, "there's nobody here but cubs and dubs!"

It was after Pamela and the Doctor left that Idalene met her Waterloo. For one of the boys whom Roy had hired to dance with her, thinking, and rightly, that she looked better in the dark, took her out upon the dimly lighted porch. And there left her. And then Prue and Roy wandered out upon the same porch and began to talk.

"Of course, Miss Prue," Roy said, "it was you that I meant to invite to the dance. I'll kill Phin Larrabee tomorrow for painting Idalene off on me!"

Prue giggled. But Idalene, in the shadows, did not make a sound. For a certain youth, who had danced with her, also came out upon the porch. And when he spoke to Roy she suffered her most awful humiliation.

"Take back your two dollars and your girl," the youth angrily. "I can't dance with her any more. She's made me ridiculous, and I'm through!" He only promised to thoroughly fill his contract when Roy offered to sacrifice his bulldog.

When they went into the hall again, each one of them quite unaware of the little heart-broken listener, Idalene did some rapid thinking. Her soul was in torment, her poor mind was in a whirl. She felt disgraced—a pariah. Suddenly she rose to her feet, stumbled off the porch and into the dark. Crossing the campus, narrowly avoiding Roy and Prue, who were seated closely together upon a bench, she came at last to a road, which she followed blindly. Speeding motor cars threw their pitiless searchlights upon her, and went by. It was the motor cars that gave Idalene a ghastly inspiration. Waiting her chance she cast herself into the path of a car driven by a crowd of hilarious joy riders. When it had passed she lay, a little crumpled heap, in the road. And the occupants of the next car, coming at a moderate speed, saw her and stopped.

Idalene was not a stranger, exactly, to the two people who were driving in the car that stopped. For they had watched her, at the dance. They were Pamela and Dr. Walter Breen. Rapidly they climbed out of the car and, at once all physician, the Doctor bent over the girl and felt of her pulse and her heart. Seeing that she was alive he, with Pamela's aid, got her to the Shiel mansion. As he was making a hasty examination there, Idalene opened her eyes and asked a question:

"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"

Dr. Breen looked up from his examination. "Not yet," he said; "you've got to go through the other place first. Both of your legs are broken."

For a moment the girl did not say anything. Her words were philosophical when at last she spoke. "Well, they weren't much use to me," she said slowly; "they couldn't get me anywhere dancing!"

Idalene's mother, almost frantic, was located and told of her daughter's condition. And, late that night, Idalene's legs were set. The next morning, still in great (Continued on page 112)

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**The Wall Flower**

**NARRATED**, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by E. Mason Hopper with the following cast:

- **Idalene Noblin** ........ Colleen Moore
- **Roy Duncan** ............... Tom Gallery
- **Phin Larrabee** ............. Rush Hughes
- **Dr. Breen** .................. Richard Dix
- **Mrs. Noblin** ............... Fanny Stockbridge
- **Prue** ......................... Laura La Plante
- **Pamela** ..................... Gertrude Astor

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**FILMS THAT TALK AND SING**

NOT the old-fashioned "talking pictures," but a brand-new invention by an Englishman named Grindell-Matthews. He has perfected a machine by which the voices of the actors are synchronized with their filmed actions. The picture above shows the inventor directing a scene for "Round the Town," the first of his singing-and-talking pictures, with the machine recording the voices. Wonder how it will seem to hear our stars? Some of them will surprise you, as their voices are in perfect accord with their screen personalities. The promoters say it will "revolutionize" the motion picture industry, but that is an old familiar threat.

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**CALIFORNIA'S QUAINTEST STUDIO**

OUT in Hollywood, there is a film factory that excites—admirations even from the hardened sight-seers. It is like a glimpse into the Middle Ages, this studio designed by Harold G. Oliver. Fronted by an artificial lake, entrance is gained only by a draw-bridge. The entire structure is covered with odd shingles of many colors.
Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

IT was a shock to see the following paragraph in the column of one of our best loved newspaper writers, Dan Marquis, of the N. Y. Sun.

"Flesh reduction," it said, "is one of the fads of the hour—take it from the popular magazines. For brain reduction go to the movies."

Can he have meant head reduction? Quite a few intellectuals have come out of the studies with a noticeable reduction of the hat band.

IT gave us quite a start the other day when we realized that a well known opera singer was not a typographical error. For when we read in a headline that "Chalapin" had received a great ovation at the Manhattan Opera House it took us some time to realize that the personage referred to was not one Charles Spencer Chaplin.

IF the professional reformers had their way:

Skirts, hours, prayer meetings and men's faces would be longer;

Joys, kisses, movie fade outs, and women's tempers would be shorter;

Salaries would be smaller—but troubles and families would be larger;

Bootleg would poison, and home brew would kill;

Eating, drinking, sleeping and living would be regulated by those who eat "calories," drink water, sleep grudgingly from fear of missing something to reform, and live totally ignorant of the things that make life really worth while;

And—worst of all—

We'd have to think just what the censors wanted us to think:

But, thank God,

They cannot put meters on the minds of men and women, even if curfew and the police hustle them in at eight p. m. every night!

MOTION pictures have been accorded many triumphs in the last few years. They have, despite what the censors say, been praised and elevated in many ways. The legitimate stage has bowed to their authority, the press has gravitated steadily toward them, even the pulpit has been known to speak in their praise. And now they have been elevated to the ranks of the sort of art that is spelled with a capital A. For they have been admitted, this year, to the Paris Salon.

Patrons and participants are delighted—and infinitely encouraged—by such recognitions. For art critics and connoisseurs will attend the showing. Bringing the films into such prominence will expose the cinema to people who can tell a picture from a daub of paint—who know, and appreciate, sound principles of harmony and design.

YOUR real estate magnate is seldom romantic. A house, to him, is only a house. And a building site can only be measured in square feet—and round dollars. The most photographed house in New York is being torn down to make room for a huge, and decidedly unromantic, apartment building.

It stood on Riverside Drive at the northeast corner of Ninetieth Street—a two-story structure of grey stone with a wide veranda. And it has been the scene of many a stirring conflict, of a vast number of elopements, and honeymoons, and kidnappings, and domestic triangles.

When the last brick is being tossed aside the ghosts of four hundred photoplays will stand, weeping, in the shadows.

THE press protested vigorously against the starring of Clara Smith Hahon—acquited murderer—in a feature film. But the protests were of no avail and the picture was recently released.

Doubtless the producers figured that the newspaper notoriety would bring it a great demand for the picture, which was called "Fate." But the public has fooled them. Tired of cheap sensationalism, of threadbare emotions, of dirt thinly veneered, it has reacted to the side of the newspapers—and to the side of all right thinking producers and exhibitors, the country over.

The film was first boycotted in San Francisco. Where record breaking crowds were expected, the picture played to a sparsely filled house. And the film was withdrawn.

That was the first step. It was only when other cities in both the east and the west followed San Francisco's example, that the showing of the film began to take on a nation-wide significance. Detroit, Chicago, Boston and New York—they fell valiantly into line. In most cases the film was not even permitted in the good houses and, when it was exhibited, the audiences were extremely small. Its reception has justified those people who maintain that pictures are daily growing better and cleaner—that the standard of production is far higher than it used to be. And that the public is still clinging to the right sort of ethics and ideas.

IF you don't like the necktie your wife chose for your birthday gift, scrap it and get one to suit yourself. If you don't like the apartment you're living in—or the rent thereof—move to Keokuk, Iowa, or to Jersey City. And there purchase a real house on the installment plan. If you don't like your mother-in-law—but that's old stuff!

The people who lived in Milton-on-the-Hudson didn't like the brand of photoplay that was being shown in the motion picture theater at Newburgh, N. Y.—a nearby town where the Miltonians took their pleasure. The churches, particularly, were wrathful. And so the people, backed by the churches, banded together and purchased a theater of their own. And they operate it through a board of representatives of said churches.

The theater—curiously enough—has been, to date, a financial success. And, if it's been a financial success, it's doubtless been a success in other ways. Only—we can't help wondering whether there are still a few unregenerate souls who run over to Newburgh, of a Saturday night, to get a—dare we breathe it—thrill!
His latest photograph

Mr. Chaplin is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely the instinct for humor.
Chaplin's Great Secret

A remarkable psychological analysis of how one man has come to be regarded as the symbol and the personification of the modern world's humoristic needs and impulses

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT
Author of "The Creative Will," etc.

When one has said that Mr. Charles S. Chaplin is the greatest comedian of modern times, only a part of the truth has been told—and the least important part, at that! The reason that Mr. Chaplin has taken so powerful a hold upon all of us—old and young, illiterate and cultured alike—is not merely because of his pre-eminent capabilities as a buffoon and his inimitable gift of pantomime, but because he embodies—more vividly and more completely than any other living actor—the very spirit of modern humor. Mr. Chaplin, in fact, epitomizes mankind's present need for recreation and relaxation.

Our reverence and respect for Mr. Harding, for instance, is not due to any transcendent political greatness and unique intellectual insight possessed by a certain amiable, golf-loving citizen of Marion, Ohio. Were he but a private individual or even a senator, the nation would not accord him the honor and deference he now commands, although he would be just as wise and, personally, just as great. The applause we give him, whenever his smiling countenance is flashed upon the screen, is really inspired by the high office to which we have elected him—the office of which he is the symbol. He, as an individual, stands for our ideal of government and represents our instinct for political power.

In exactly the same way, the admiration and respect which we shower upon Mr. Chaplin is not due merely to his prehensile feet, his abortive mustache, his agile cane, and his fascinating antics, but also to the fact that he has been, as it were, unofficially elected to an office which is, in many ways, quite as important as the one held by Mr. Harding. He, too, is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely: the instinct for humor.

No one individual, as an individual, could possibly have attained to Mr. Chaplin's present status of almost universal popularity. It is not within the realm of human possibility for one man, however gifted, to have personally insinuated himself so firmly into the affections of the human race. In order to arouse the world's admiration, he must be something more than a mere individual—he must represent some principle, some ideal, some great human impulse—just as Napoleon once stood for the world's ideal of autocratic power, and just as Mr. Harding now stands for this nation's ideal of democratic government.

Mankind is forever seeking personal representatives for its basic impulses and needs. Every religion has had its personal god—an individual who embodied the traits and beliefs of that religion, and upon whom the followers of that religion poured forth their reverence and obeisance. It was not the person himself who inspired the reverence, but the things he was supposed to symbolize.

And, just as with the religious impulse, so it has been with all the other impulses of man.

(Continued on page 104)
Battle

Producers, directors, bankers and stars voice their opinions in the struggle between New York and Los Angeles for picture leadership

Los Angeles sunshine first drew the pictures to the Pacific Coast. That is not so essential now, for the great majority of scenes are artificially lighted, in western as well as eastern studios. With the progress of technical skill and requirements, even the sunshine of Southern California has proved too undependable.

There was a time when Los Angeles and Hollywood folks were antagonistic to the film colony, often with good reason. But now the motion picture is its civic pride. The camera has made Los Angeles famous, and in ten years turned Hollywood from an insignificant suburb and a group of ranches into a thriving and beautiful city.

The old retired Iowa farmer element looked upon the picture colony as intruders, forgetting that they themselves were unwelcome and oftentimes considered unpleasant and penurious invaders.

Sitting on the front porches of their tiny bungalows, they watched with jealous and intolerant eye the coming of the film folks. Now they're all figuring how they can get $5 a day for character parts, and boasting they're in the "movies."

The opinions of many leaders of the motion picture industry and bankers on the relative merits of Los Angeles and New York as producing centers follow:

MOTLEY FLINT—Vice-president, Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

Akron for tires.

Hartford for insurance.

GREAT industry and a new art, the motion picture, is the bone of contention between two great cities.

Los Angeles, and Hollywood, its suburb, are awake to the importance of holding the position they have developed as the production center. They regard it as theirs. Their city officials and business organizations are prepared to fight to hold that position. Its leading bankers offer full cooperation.

New York, as a city, is more complacent. Its mayor has probably no thoughts on the subject. Its business associations ignore it. Manhattan bankers, with few exceptions, have not the slightest idea of the financial problems involved. They are just beginning to wake up. The western bankers have been alert to the opportunities offered, while the easterners have been asleep behind the counter.

Nowhere in the world will you find a landscape like this except in New York. The lower end of Manhattan can boast the biggest and the most beautiful buildings in the world. Representatives of American art and industry, these skyscrapers have no equal—and you can't build a set like this...
Detroit for automobiles.
And Los Angeles for films.
That's all there is to it.
There can be no argument about whether New York or California shall have the production of pictures. Simply because California has, and always will have.
I can make more money for my bank in beans or fruit. But I like the films and its people. I like to do business with them.

GEORGE E. CRYER,
Mayor of Los Angeles:

There are many reasons why Los Angeles is, and should continue to be, the capital of the film industry.
A strong factor of importance is that the labor conditions in Los Angeles are of the best.
Years ago, when the film industry was making its first entry into the commerce world, the business interests of Los Angeles, appreciating the value that the industry would some day be to this community, offered every co-operation and assistance to producers at that time, and have continued in their efforts to promote harmony, and assist this industry in its unbounded growth.

ELSIE FERGUSON:

Naturally, I like New York best, as my home and many of my closest friends are there in the east.

One of the most beautiful film production plants in the world; the studios of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation in Culver City, California. This is a view of the dressing-rooms—left—and the stages—the large glass structures at the right. Almost every kind of a picture may be made without leaving the "lot"

Broadway—Los Angeles. This is the busiest street of the California city, with its tallest buildings. Away down the street you can see the mountains, but not in this view. Quite a contrast to New York's Broadway, isn't it? But many "big city" scenes are "shot" right here.

As to the desirability of New York as a producing center, as opposed to Los Angeles, I am naturally prejudiced for this reason in favor of New York. As a matter of fact, I have made only one picture in Hollywood, "Sacred and Profane Love." "Peter Ibbetson," "Footlights" and all of my other pictures have been made in the east. Whether Los Angeles is a better producing center than New York must be decided, so far as I am concerned at least, on the merits of the pictures themselves. But, quite aside from that, I want to reiterate that my home is in New York, and woman's place, you know, is in the home!
WILLIAM FOX, President Fox Film Corporation:

Neither Los Angeles nor New York, the two leading producing centers of the motion picture industry, will be abandoned. The California city certainly will not abdicate in favor of the eastern metropolis, nor will New York surrender its film charter. There is abundant room at the top for both.

New York and Los Angeles will have rival producing centers in many parts of the world. Wherever on earth there exist in harmonious human combination, dramatic genius and productive inspiration, there we may expect the art of the photoplay to blossom and bloom; from that city or state or country will come motion pictures—and good pictures.

D. W. GRIFFITH:

To me there is no particular rivalry between Los Angeles and New York as centers of motion picture producers.

Los Angeles is the largest city in the semi-tropical zone. New York is the largest city in the temperate zone. The greater part of the nation is in the temperate zone and therefore the majority of its stories involve that zone.

Both have advantages. It is certainly pleasant to produce in California.

But one doesn’t go to a silk market to buy jewels.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, President of Goldwyn Pictures:

As a producing center there is no comparison between California and New York. The conditions of climate on the west coast enable us to maintain all year round in the studios a little facsimile world where we can take whatever local color we require. Street scenes of China, Russia, Italy—the atmosphere of every interesting corner on the globe—are at our disposal in winter and spring, in fall and in summer. The advantages of the east are negligible.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

The open spaces and the nearness of nearly all sorts of scenery as well as the sunshine of California, combine to make Los Angeles well suited for motion picture production.

A bird’s-eye view of the Lasky studios in Hollywood. California was made most of the Paramount productions and many of the Real- the glass stages, and every type of outdoor scene in any corner the earth. This studio}

The atmosphere of certain pictures, however, such as "Footlights," "Experience" and "Peter Ibbetson," demand that they be produced in New York, where exterior settings

The most artistic studio in the world: D. W. Griffith’s in Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, one hour from Manhattan. Mr. Griffith bought a whole peninsula and converted the houses of a one-time show place into a film plant. Here he can have his own ocean, his own villages. It is the most ideal spot in the east for screen work. It combines the scenic advantages of Los Angeles with the cultural advantages of New York.
fornia, one of the first and best equipped in the west. Here are art. They can make westerns on the lot; society dramas inside of the estate. Streets from every city in the world are built; fronts on Sunset Boulevard, once the Main Street of studios suitable to the story can easily be found. Therefore, both Los Angeles and New York are necessarily important producing centers, and we have studios in both places.

JESSE L. LASKY, First Vice-President, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

In the beginning of motion pictures, Los Angeles, with its sunshine, open spaces and proximity of mountains, surpassed all other parts of the country as a suitable place in which to produce pictures. With the perfection of lighting equipment, however, Los Angeles' sunshine is no longer a necessity; indeed many of our pictures produced in Hollywood are made entirely inside the Lasky studio by artificial light. On the other hand, New York, with its resources for the purchase of properties for settings, and its large population of well-known actors, is becoming more and more favored as a production center. Our faith in New York, I think, is pretty well demonstrated by the $2,000,000 studio which we have built on Long Island, which we are soon to reopen.

ALBERT E. SMITH, President of Vitagraph Company:

The east and west both hold much for the making of motion pictures. New York stands for better casting, costuming and property facilities, while Los Angeles offers much more in the way of beautiful locations, sunshine and agreeable climatic conditions.

You won't find anything like this around New York. This is the Grand Canyon in Arizona, but you can find locations almost as good in the Painted (Mohave) Desert; and you have the Yosemite—all accessible from California.

From a financial viewpoint what you pay out in the east you save in the west and vice versa—it is a fifty-fifty break no matter which way you figure things.

CARL LAEMMLE, President of Universal:

'I would change the phrase, 'Los Angeles vs. New York' to Los Angeles for New York,' because the two great cities are equally important capitals of the motion picture industry. Los Angeles has a big lead over any other city in the world as the presiding center of the motion picture industry. New York is not an advantageous place to produce pictures but it is equally important to the film world because of its strategic economic location and the fact that films can best be distributed from there. The two cities are alike in importance to the success of the screen.

LEWIS T. SELZNICK, President of the Selznick Pictures Corporation:

The outstanding point in favor of New York as a producing center, and the reason that I have always preferred the east, is its proximity to the main and executive offices of the organization. New York is the headquarters and distributing source of the Selznick Company. I prefer to have production within close reach. A lot of things can happen three thousand miles away.

THOMAS MEIGHAN:

Physically, Los Angeles may be a great production center for motion pictures. Mentally, it is terrible. I favor New York as a center, the only center, for production if an actor is to be kept at the height of his ability. It is only there that he can keep in touch with the developments of dramatic and literary art of all kinds. It is only there that he can get the necessary mental kick to keep him eager, keen and anxious about his work.

In Los Angeles, and particularly (Cont'd on page 100)
A Prohibition Beauty

Margaret Armstrong, model, now “Miss DuPont.”
Birthplace—Kentucky

By JOAN JORDAN

She was born in old Kentucky—and that’s pretty near as good a start for a woman as it is for a race horse.
Certainly old Kentucky can add another name to her list of beautiful daughters, which is mighty near as long as her war record of colonels.
Of course there’s one, other thing the state’s famous for—but wouldn’t be any use mentioning it now. And it wouldn’t be much good as a descriptive or a comparative, because Miss DuPont is sort of a prohibition beauty anyway—not much kick.
She is more like a pineapple ice cream soda than a mint julep.
Hers is the cool, perfect beauty of the Swiss Alps—the serene loveliness of the Italian lakes—the scentless perfection of a hothouse Bride rose.
But beauty she actually has and it is her complete justification for screen and star existence. For beauty is apparently becoming rarer and rarer. We are going in so much for charm, personality, kick, prettiness, sex appeal, and exotic appeal that we have almost forgotten the days when Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot reigned supreme.
I sat in the hot November sunshine, in a small white-painted arbor outside her dressing room, and looked into her lovely face, and actually failed to miss the conversational orrilliance of a Priscilla Dean, the intellectual stimulus of a Helen Ferguson, or the pervading hypnotism of a Gloria Swanson.

We have had on the screen three definite types of beauty—the Mary Pickford type, under which fall such stars as May Allison, Mary Miles Minter, Marion Davies and Wanda Hawley; the sex type, including Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Betty Compson and a long list of others; and the Katherine MacDonald-Elkie Ferguson school, where we find Betty Blythe, Florence Vidor, Harriet Hammond, and now Miss DuPont.
(Off course that doesn’t pretend to be a complete explanation, but it’s my idea of the different types of physical beauty that have been successful on the screen.)
The last-named classification is the only one founded on the Greek theory of perfection of line, feature and repose.
Miss DuPont has the big, clear, perfectly shaped blue eyes, the finely arched brows, nostrils and mouth, the oval chin line, the pronounced classic nose. Her hair is golden and heavy, and her skin is very fair. As yet she is a trifle heavy and she has not acquired that stateliness of manner and queenly poise which go with her type and which make Betty Blythe, (Continued on page 106)
FACES AND BRAINS

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Screen actors must have personality, but that is just another word for brains of a peculiar order.

There will always be room for new faces in pictures, particularly where those new faces are not merely types, but have intelligence and acting ability behind them.

Certainly the old familiar favorites cannot retain their popularity against our very American desire for something new, without giving us the best that is in them. All successful people who have reached the top of any profession find that it is as hard to remain at the top as to reach it. It is hard to excel a success, or even to equal it.

But the frenzy for novelty may be carried too far. We are a wasteful people. We elect our presidents, use them for their period of service, and when they have learned their hard lesson of statesmanship and have become great national assets we throw them aside, electing new men again, to struggle and to learn.

And this wasteful demand for the new goes into our daily lives. We must have new clothes, new houses, new books, new motion pictures, even sometimes new wives and husbands! We use and discard, and much of that discarding is wasteful. We make public idols and tear them down, to elevate new idols, neither better nor worse than the last, but new.

Old lovers of the theater will tell us that acting is not acting any more. They bewail the days of the fine old stock companies, where a leading man played Romeo one night and Shylock the next; where make-up was an art, and acting was acting. I hold no brief for that system. It was better for the actor, as training, than for a public which must have found it hard sometimes to preserve the illusion which it is the theater's province to provide. But it gave us actors.

Naturally this method is not possible with the screen, which reveals with extreme cruelty the false and the unreal, and which tolerates neither painted wrinkles nor beards held on with spirit gum. We must fit our pictures with men and women approximating in appearance the types demanded by the script. But we have fallen into the error of subordinating acting ability to this fetish of "type" with results frequently disastrous.

However, we must at least approximately "type" our pictures to conform with the characters of the story, and as there is little or no limit of the imaginations of authors, we shall of course continue to see new faces on the screen. But these new faces should come as a response to a legitimate demand, and not merely to satisfy our American hunger for novelty.

There is something to be said for the old faces. Perhaps they do become too much associated in our minds with certain roles. Perhaps they have no more surprises for us. But they have certain very real values, not to be disregarded, which the new screen actor cannot have. They have experience, and if we have known them for a long time, they have a popularity built on solid work and our affection for the familiar.

Popularity, if it has been held, has always been deserved. Equally, the moment it ceases to be deserved, it is lost. The great fault with our star system, both on the stage and in pictures, the thing that has destroyed it, has been a probably unconscious conviction that the only struggle necessary is to reach the top. That having been achieved, the star might take things a bit easy. The belief of managers and head-liners alike was that only the star mattered, and that the public would take that star in anything.

Occasionally that seemed to work out, as when a star's personal popularity put over an indifferent picture indifferently done. Popularity, then, has its value, but also it has its limitations. And also, it may be overworked.
Too much of any one individual on the screen becomes monotonous and boresome. I have sat in a theater, helpless unless I wished to depart, and have watched a young woman on the screen in her various poses until the action and the story died, and my patience died with them.

The demand of the public for new faces has sprung out of this lack of moderation and proportion. Stars should live for great moments in a picture, but they have been given an hour and a half. Those stars and leading men and women who are still popular have given us good stories, good acting, and a restrained use of themselves.

But our old actors have another quality which the new ones cannot have. They have experience. They have learned the technique of acting before the camera, and developed a method.

The amazing conviction is widespread that acting for the movies is easy. One did not really act at all. One stood or walked in front of the camera, and a kindly gentleman with a script in his hand stood off to the side and told one what to do. One did it, and that was all. Perhaps it was all, earlier in the making of pictures. It was sufficiently strange then simply to see movement, any sort of movement, on a screen.

But times have changed. We are dealing now with picture-wise and acting-wise audiences. They are paying more and demanding more. And if they want newness they will not tolerate crudity or rawness with it. Already they know, and we know, that acting before the camera is an art, and a difficult art.

Watch a theatrical company rehearsing, before empty seats, and then see it before an audience. Observe the enormous stimulus that audience gives it. At the rehearsal it is forcing itself, struggling to feed reality in what it is doing. But on the opening night that feeling of unreality goes; the sense of reality returns. These things it is doing are real things. The audience sends over the footlights its own waves of emotion, responding to laughter and to tears. The actors become the play.

Acting before the camera is much like a rehearsal. Such stimulus as comes must come from the actor himself. He must in effect be able to turn on, like turning a tap, the emotions he is called upon to depict. Not until he has seen his rushes can he know if he has succeeded—and mostly he does not see them.

In a word, screen acting not only calls for skill of a high order, but for experience to secure the best results. And it is this experience which our demand for novelty may too easily discard. It is lack of understanding of this which has placed on our silver sheets today so many pretty, vacuous faces, new and young and therefore appealing at first, but as cloying as a milk diet after a time. How can we expect people to depict life who have never lived it?

This is not an argument against new faces for the screen, but an attempt to strike a balance between the two extremes; on the one hand those who uphold the star system and trade only in established names, and on the other, those who lay too much stress on novelty and type without regard to experience or popularity. The theoretical schools of thought are easily recognized among our producers today.

We must of course have new faces in pictures. So we have them in life insurance offices, and at our typewriters, and in politics and in all walks of life. But what about these new faces? They are the grit that comes to the mill. From them, not at once but after perhaps years, will come the few entitled by ability to survive in their chosen line. They may come because they are new, but they stay because they are worth holding on to.

It is the rise from obscurity of vast numbers of new and skillful scene actors which has shown up the falsity of the belief that any place may be held without effort. They have brought competition, and as a result many old familiar faces are vanishing from our pictures. Those that remain have held their places through sheer ability and hard work.

In every business and profession we are looking for new workers. But we do not want them because they are new. We want them because time passes, and as some fall out of the ranks there must be others trained to take their places. We want them because their competition is healthy and stimulating to those already arrived; we want them because they bring new zest, new ideas, freshness of outlook and enthusiasm; we want them because out of the many who start, some few will finish the race and win out.

But we do not, should not, want them only because they are new.

This craze for newness has elements of tragedy in it. The man who knows more of international affairs today than any other man in the world sits in a (Continued on page 107)

**A Quest for New Faces**

"**NEW FACES FOR OLD**" is not merely an empty phrase.

PHOTOPLAY and Samuel Goldwyn are actually looking for them. We want new faces—faces of intelligence and expression that will photograph to best advantage for the screen. The world wants them. And that is the reason for the remarkable search for them which will be inaugurated in the March issue of this Magazine.

It will not be the usual contest. It will find the new faces and test them by actual motion pictures. It will not hold out a false promise of immediate stardom, but it will give dramatically ambitious girls a chance to work for success. In fact, it will be the most unusual and genuine event ever conceived. In fact, it is not a contest at all. It is a quest.

Mr. Goldwyn has proved his sincerity in looking for new screen personalities which will be human, and vital and real. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE desires to aid him in every possible way.

The screen face of the future is not going to be the vividly pretty face. It may not even be pretty, providing it photographs well. But there will be something in that face. The eyes will shine with real purpose, with intelligence. That face will be expressive. But it will not express merely the ingénue or the "vampire."

We are looking for "types."—Yes. But not "types" as you know them. They will not conform to the old cut-and-dried motion picture regulations. They will not look like someone else. They will be new.

For detailed announcements and outlines of this quest, read the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, out February first.
YOU know Claire: the beautiful blonde who came into fame in the Lois Weber productions, and who won additional celebrity by being a reported fiancée of Charles Spencer Chaplin. But you don’t know Bill. Bill is Claire’s permanent leading man. He has never appeared on the screen, and this, above, is the first published picture of her son. Claire Windsor is now a Goldwyn luminary.
SENTIMENTAL Tommy's Grizel has gone the way of all movie flesh. She wearied of Barrie's staid old Scotch village of Thrums, packed her eyebrow pencils and her lip-sticks, and hied her to Hollywood.

In other words, May McAvoy is now a star. If you will look into the eyes above, you will say that it agrees with her. She hasn't had a chance to show the marvelous emotional gifts she displayed in "Sentimental Tommy." But she has made herself increasingly popular.

Realart has heard her called the doll-like star so often, it decided to cast her as a Baby Doll in her newest production.

Formerly of Thrums
A Modest Hero of The Stage

By CHARLES MANOR

After several more or less successful productions, he had a long New York run in "Seven Days" and at last definitely won his spurs as the King in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." His last appearance in America was with Billie Burke in "Jerry." When the war came, Pollock dropped everything and joined his regiment, The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and was soon in the thick of the fighting in France.

During his first big battle his comrades assaulted the German lines and were swept back with heavy casualties. They left their dead and wounded scattered over No-Man's-Land. Among them, conscious and in frightful pain, lay Capt. Pollock, his jaw shot away.

When night came, men from the Ambulance crept out under cover of the darkness to bring the wounded back to the Base Hospital. Working under fire, they darted from one dark figure to another as they were revealed by the light from exploding shells. Two men with a stretcher bent for a moment over Pollock—still conscious but far too weak to lift his hand—and passed him by for dead.

Throughout the night and during the heavy shelling of the next day Pollock was wounded eighteen times, each bit of shrapnel and each rifle bullet torturing him horribly, but never lodging in a vital part of his body. When darkness fell again, twenty-four hours after he had fallen, details were sent out to bury the dead. When they reached Pollock, one of the men, spade in hand, stooped down to roll his body into the shallow pit they had dug for him, and noticed that blood was trickling from his wounds. By that sign they knew that he still lived.

Capt. Pollock spent the next three years in a hospital. The surgeons, bringing all their magic art to play, mended his shattered bones, healed his wounds and made a new jaw for him, leaving scarcely a trace of their skillful work behind them.

Finally, white-haired, looking considerably older than his forty-two years warrant, but feeling the blood of a new life coursing through his veins, Pollock was discharged from the hospital and stepped into the streets of London with three years back pay as a Captain tucked away in his pocket. His first act was to buy fifteen of the finest suits of clothes that could be had in Bond Street. His next move was to go to see Miss Clemente Dane's remarkable play, "A Bill of Divorcement," then a great success in London. It offered him, in the part of

(Continued on page 102)

As the shell-shocked hero in "A Bill of Divorcement"
The Girl in the Black Dress

Proving that, though clothes do not make a woman, they often get her into the movies!

Having made doll clothes from the time that she could hold a needle it was only natural that the girl should begin to make her own dresses. As she made them she dreamed dreams—about a future in which she would wear them before great audiences. For Dorothy Hall wanted to be an actress!

It was when her aunt heard of that ambition that she began to take a belated interest in Dorothy. She told her that folk who went on the stage were socially submerged. And that she would not permit it. And she ended by sending her charge to a school in New York City—to study interior decoration!

Dorothy Hall went to that school—for three months. It didn’t harm her, either. For she got new ideas in color and texture and drapery. At the end of that time somebody told her that she ought to go in pictures. And, as that wasn’t going on the stage, exactly, she was able to salve her conscience!

When she stopped school her small allowance stopped, too. But she was young and full of hope. So she began to haunt the studios—to get an occasional job as extra girl in a mob or a ballroom scene.

"But I would never have ‘arrived’ I’m sure," she told me. "if it hadn’t been for a certain evening frock of mine, a filmy black thing with quite wonderful lines—if I do say it myself! I was waiting, at one side of the room, when a casting director saw me in that gown. And he shouted out—"

"Girl in the black dress—come here!"

"I came. And I got a small part. Not because of my ‘fattish attractions’ or my acting ability—but because of my clothes! And after that part things were easier. I played with Ethel Clayton. And then I got other bits to do. And my last picture was as leading lady opposite Arthur Rankin—he’s Lionel Barrymore’s brother-in-law, you know. And now I’ve just signed up for a series of fifty two-reel comedies."

She’ll never buy a dress—even to wear on the screen—she says. No matter how grand her part may be.

And she wouldn’t act natural anyway—I’m quoting!—in a Paris frock!

Heywood Broun, speaking of salaries in an article published not so long ago in The New York World:

“When an actor tells you how much he receives, you discount his figures by fifty per cent, and arrive at approximate truth. This ratio does not hold with the players from the motion pictures. Time is required to take their figures and work out the answer. Nobody can very well be expected to divide a given sum by eleven and one-half in his head.”
T HE way train from Des Moines whistled for the crossing at the edge of the village of Battlesburg and came to a creaking rheumatic stop at the depot. There was the customary and almost ritualistic gathering of villagers at the station to see the train come in, signaling this bit of daily routine, as a happening of relative importance. Events did not have to loom large to interest Battlesburg. Nothing more exciting had happened in the history of the town and there was small prospect that anything would happen.

But this day the Des Moines local did carry a freight of destiny for Battlesburg. Indeed, Battlesburg has just cause to date its whole history from that pregnant hour of arrival.

Abe Gunther, who drove the hack warily between the station and the Palace Hotel, was all but ready to chuck to his horses and go rattling up Main Street fearless when a sprightly-stepping stranger called up to him.

"What's the best hotel in town?"

Abe held up and regarded the newcomer, a gay blade of a person, dressed niftily and with an acutely cute waxed suggestion of mustache.

"Th' Palace—it's the best, I reckon, seeing it's the only hotel we got, mister."

The stranger smiled his gracious thanks, pointing to his smart luggage on the platform as he sprang aboard.

"Daw is my name—Horace Daw from New York—my trunks will be along later."

Abe was satisfactorily impressed by the smart stranger, and improved his time on the drive to the hotel with remarks which he felt would subtly draw his passenger out.

"Goin' to be here long?"

A story of schemes that were false and loves that were true—an honest swindle

By GENE SHERIDAN

"Can't tell—maybe a month—maybe a year."

"Huh! Then you're not a drummer!"

"No—I don't know enough to be a drummer. Many people at the hotel?"

"Ah, a few, yes, sir—but I reckon you won't find it dull."

Mr. Daw was making a rapid survey of Battlesburg as they trundled up the street. Hicks, Simon pure kicks right out of the hickory, and plenty of them, was his internal observation, a source of hope and satisfaction.

Andrew Dempsey, heralded by the signs on the windows as the proprietor and manager of the Palace, being an exponent of pleasant personalities and cordiality, came out to greet the arriving guest, making him welcome with extended hand. Eddie Lamb, the clerk, looked across the counter with a broad grin as he spun the register, and Fannie Jasper, the stenographer and typist, glanced up with a flash of interest.

Mr. Daw saw all and saw nothing.

For some days Mr. Horace Daw was the favorite subject of mystery and conjecture in Battlesburg. He could tinkle a bit of lively jazz from the hotel piano. He could dance exceedingly well and converse with a snappy metropolitan air. He radiated that emanation of atmosphere the village folks accepted as "class." In a week he was on a high tide of popularity and paying marked attention to Dorothy Welles, the chum of the hotel man's daughter and one of the prettiest girls in the town.

And still no one knew why Mr. Daw was there. He chatted plentifully of anything and everything, but never of the particular thing that brought him to Battlesburg. All Battlesburg wanted to know.

Now and again, most discreetly and in the terms of a personal grief, Mr. Daw lamented the unprogressiveness of the otherwise charming Battlesburg. He carefully avoided the attitude of a foreign critic. There was something in his manner that suggested he took the whole responsibility for the situation on himself. He spoke in reproach of Mr. Daw for the shortcomings of Battlesburg.

It had not taken Daw long to observe that Timothy Battles, the mayor, was the oracle and spokesman of the community and that George Washington Battles, his brother, the richest man in the town, stood back of him in an attitude of hide-bound, cast-iron conservatism. The Battles were rich and satisfied, therefore the status quo in Battlesburg was perfect and satisfactory. Any change, any progress would be dangerous. That settled it.

But Mr. Daw had one convert in Chint Hawkins, the editor and reporter of the Blade, the only newspaper. Hawkins was bold enough to voice in print as his own some of the ideas imparted by the urbane Mr. Daw.

And straightway the heresies of Hawkins, his talk of the town "going to seed, suffering from dry rot" and such insults, climaxed with a plea for a wake-up campaign, became an inflamed subject in the sessions of the board of strategy and debate that gathered daily in the lobby of the Palace.

"I'll bet he got his foot notions from that fellow in there playing the piano," Andy Dempsey decided. And George Washington Battles snorted.

"You must not go like this," said Wallingford. "I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

A story of schemes that were false and loves that were true—an honest swindle

By GENE SHERIDAN

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It was the hour of dreams-come-true, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love.

YOU mean that Daw fellow?" Battles jerked his head toward the hotel parlor.

"Yes," Andy replied. "He's the fellow I mean. What's he here for anyway, spendin' all his time running around with the girls? He may be a hold-up man for all I know."

Whereat Fannie Jasper, the stenographer, snickered in amusement. That drew the fire of hot old G. W. Battles.

"What're you laughing at, Fannie? He's been sending telegrams, and if you know what's going on you've got a right to tell."

"I know enough to keep things to myself, especially when they are confidential," Fannie retorted with a fine air of professional dignity.

Clint Hawkins stepped into the group.

"Well, gents!" Hawkins beamed. "What do you think of my wake 'em up editorial—pretty good, eh?"

"Pretty rotten," Battles snarled back. "We've got a town full of good, sound, conservative men and you're just trying to upset things. My great grandfather, Benjamin Battles, preached against these circus stunts and red-fire methods and my grandfather did and my father did and I am going to live up to their notions. Pretty solid, seems to me."

When G. W. Battles wanted to settle anything he referred the matter back to his great grandfather, the founder of the little Battles fortunes. That was bed rock and datum for G. W., and for Battlesburg, too, so far as he could make it stand.

"Well, then, you don't believe in progress?" Hawkins was on the defensive.

"I believe in saving money," G. W. felt that was a crushing answer.

Andy Dempsey ventured out into a slightly differing position.

"A new hotel wouldn't hurt business any here," he remarked, casting his eye about in measurement of the Palace's realities against his own modest ambitions for the place.

"Good enough," was Battles' verdict. He could not see himself being drawn into any new hotel project.

"And we sure need a trolley, too, between here and Hoytsville," Hawkins put in eagerly.

"Nonsense," Battles ejaculated. "I don't believe in trolleys; there's too many accidents. They go too fast."

Welles, the real estate magnate of the town, came in with a cordial "Howdy" for the group. He turned to the clerk, Eddie Lamb.

"Seen my daughter?"

YES. I seen her, she's in there with that Daw from New York." Eddie nodded toward the parlor.
Miss Welles, accompanied by Gertie Dempsey and sleek Mr. Daw, appeared at the parlor door. The girl ran up and embraced her father.

"Am I on time?" the father asked whimsically. Being on time was not among Miss Welles' specialties.

"Yes—just in time to meet Mr. Daw. This is Mr. Daw, father—the gentleman I've told you about—and he's been just grand to us, too. Hasn't he, Gertie?"

Gertie's assent and smile did not please Eddie Lamb much. Eddie and Gertie were engaged.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Daw." Welles extended a cordial hand.

"My daughter tells me you are thinking of settling here."

"Not personally—I'd hardly say that," Mr. Daw was soft spoken and silky. "I represent a man looking for a wide-awake town for a manufacturing plant."

"Oh, you're after a site, eh?" The real estate dealer's nose scented opportunity.

"If I can find one that just suits," Eddie Lamb, the clerk, drew himself up in the background to listen. Battlesburg was about to find out what Daw was there for.

"Selected any yet?"

"Well, I've looked the ground over and I can't be sure yet. You see it's my cue to keep still and saw wood. The man I represent requires that of me."

"Don't forget I am the leading real estate dealer in Battles County," suggested Mr. Welles.

"That's why I have been anxious to meet you," returned Daw genially.

Andy Dempsey drew up to add himself to the group. Hawkins, the newspaper man, dropped in and grumpy old G. W. Battles himself drew closer.

"I've a dozen sites that would just suit—and I am ready to show them now," Welles was pushing his opening.

"If I were the only one concerned that would be fine, but you see it is only my business to go get a line on things, size up opportunities and report back to the big chief—wire my views to him. He's so busy and has so many interests he can't do all this petty work himself—he's always looking for a chance to invest his surplus income, and he takes this way to do it."

The group about Daw was drawing closer, sharply attentive. He stopped talking as though that was all he had to say.

"Would you mind telling me who this man you represent is?" Welles tried to cover his curiosity and eagerness with a casual smile.

"Wallingford is his name—J. Rufus Wallingford—you don't mean to say you've never heard of him." There was emphasis and challenge in Daw's announcement.

"Can't say that we have," cut in G. W. Battles. Daw moved back a step in an attitude of amazement.

"Let me have a good look at you—you, the man who never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford! Wait till I tell him that and let him laugh. President of the Rio Grande Rubber Company, owner of the San Diego Blood Orange Plantations, Inc., the man who built up and controls the Locos Lead Development Company, one of the biggest employers of labor in this country—the man who has given away millions—and you've never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Likely we have, but the name slipped us at the time," Welles offered apologetically. He wanted to save the name of Battlesburg from this stigma.

"Of course, of course," warmly responded Mr. Daw. "You owe it to Mr. Wallingford that the insurance business is safe and sane, that the mining industry is what it is today, and that Wall Street has been shown where it gets off. Wallingford is a patriot and a good citizen. He loves his country."

"He must be some man," commented Andy Dempsey.

"Some man is right," Daw was going again. "Why, look at Oklahoma City; ten years ago nothing but a water tank—now a great, rich, prosperous community, office buildings, factories, the smoking chimneys of industry and prosperity. And what is the answer? Wallingford was there. That's all."
A great light of pride rose up in Dorothy Welles' eyes. She looked on Daw with a deep satisfaction.

"I'd sure like to meet this Mr. Wallingford," suggested Welles.

"You'll find him the most agreeable man in the world." Daw responded, adding casually, "I am expecting him tomorrow."

"I'll be around to show him a factory site."

"You've done pretty well in real estate haven't you, Mr. Welles?" Daw made it sound more of a comment than a question.

"Oh, so, so—clean up 'bout a hundred thousand."

"Come up to my room and have a drink before dinner." Daw's cordial invitation was not recognized by Welles as having any bearing on the hundred thousand, but it did amuse the latter.

Abe Gunther, the hack driver, came up with a wire for Mr. Daw.

"Excuse me." And with that Daw tore open the telegram and scanned it swiftly, then again turning his attention to Welles, crumpled the message up carelessly and dropped it on the floor. They went out together for the drink.

As they disappeared Eddie Lamb, unabashed, picked up the wrinkled message, straightened it out and read it:

"What's say?" Dempsey demanded. Eddie read it aloud to the group. "Coming to Battlesburg—if it is all you say will not only build factory but also up-to-date hotel, modern opera house, department store and whatever else the town needs to give the right tone to our enterprise. (Signed) J. Rufus Wallingford."

"There, that's enough for me," exclaimed Dempsey, firing up enthusiasm. "He's going to build a new hotel."

"And put you out of business," rejoined the skeptical Eddie. "Not a bit of it. I'll get the lease."

Dempsey jerked his head toward Eddie. "He's a smart young man. He's got eleven thousand salted away in the bank already." Daw's eyes lighted up. He stepped over and patted Eddie on the shoulder.

"You little rascal. Miss Dempsey's been telling me that your wedding day is not far off and I want to congratulate you. You're a lucky man."

Eddie, who had been inwardly hating Daw all the while, felt himself suddenly warmed to him as a new friend.

"I want you all to dine with me," Daw exclaimed in another burst of geniality. "All of you—Miss Dempsey and Miss Welles and Eddie and everybody." (Continued on page 92)
Steps to Stardom

Above—the first step to a successful stage career was, in our hero's case, a Lace Collar. This Collar, Mr. Lytell assures us, is bound to give sang froid, savoir faire, and fortitude—all valuable attributes to the theater. In other words, there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. At two and a half this was not so easy.

The second step, illustrated directly above. Character Study of one who follows the sea, aided by a pasteboard ship, a fish-net, and a sailor-suit. Little Bert, in this role, displayed such marked ability that one of his teachers told him he was bound to go far. Which way, she did not say.

The brave and noble look, the poise, the promise of this picture—to the right! No one with such a tie could fail to make a hit on the stage.

To the right we have an unusual picture. It shows Bert Lytell as he looks today, and Mr. Lytell as he will look a dozen years from today. The clairvoyant camera is responsible.

Above—a picture of William Lytell, Bert's father. We may presume Bert looked like this when he, too, was twenty-one.

Demonstrated by Bert Lytell at all ages.
Tea-Gowns, Dressing-Tables, Batik,

A Surprise!

I HAVE a remarkable feature in store for every woman reader of Photoplay next month. I have made an arrangement with the designers of Bon Ton Patterns to make patterns of moderate-priced gowns specially designed for and worn by famous screen stars.

Next month I intend to introduce this plan to you and permit you to get the pattern of the first gown absolutely without cost.

Bon Ton Patterns are absolutely in the best possible taste, so you can see what a surprise I have in store for you.

If you are tall and stately, like Marjorie Rambeau, you should wear such a gown as this, of black crepe with a curious hem and fascinating sleeves. It was designed for the distinguished actress by Jacques.

Below: Norma Talmadge at her dressing-table. You who would adorn your boudoir in rose silk and lace, note the almost severe simplicity with which the emotional star surrounds herself. The large mirror has a unique woven frame. Miss Talmadge's negligee is smart and simple.

Left—The most adorable tea-gown I have ever seen! Beautiful Mabel Ballin is wearing it, and it was designed by Miss Emilia Benda, the sister of the famous Polish artist, W. T. Benda. It looks like batik; in reality it is entirely hand painted. This is a shimmering thing of soft green, old blue, and coral, with touches of gold and black.

One could wish there was not another thing in the world to do but attend teas, when one sees a tea-gown like Colleen Moore's. It is such a foolish, feminine trifle, this concoction of lace, mole-skin and georgette.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 103.
Bags, Buckles, and Other Things

The gorgeous Gloria Swanson is almost an arbiter of fashion. Here she is—several times. In the circle below, there is an effective arrangement of a Russian bodice of Venetian thread, a girdle of plumes, a black Spanish fan, and jade and pearl bracelets.

There is a patrician quality about Miss Swanson which saves the sartorial day for her. She is so modern save for this delicate and delicious patricianism. In the circle below: her profile, a becoming comb, and ebony ear-rings. In the large picture to the left: still another profile, this time topped by an attractive black hat with graceful streamers.

I have never heard of a woman who did not make the collection of bags one of her pet hobbies! Three new bags, from Paris, and one silver cigarette case, you may see below. The two larger bags are of more silk, one trimmed with tassels, the other with monkey fur.

The smallest bag is the best of all. It is of velvet, with initials in diamonds, and a saucy tassel, true to the most inconsistent traditions of Paris!

Don't Miss This!

You know Bon Ton Patterns. You know their dress patterns. I consider them remarkable, and so very up-to-the-minute!

When I had the wonderful idea of making it possible for you to copy the clothes of famous stars, I selected the Bon Ton designers to assist me. Next month I am going to make it possible for you to get the pattern of the favorite simple gown of one of the best dressed women on the screen. It really seems too wonderful to be true!

—Carolyn Van Wyck

Paris is the most graceful and feminine city in the world! It has a woman's whims and caprices, and the courage to carry them out! It is justly celebrated as fashion's capital.
THERE are simple, trusting folk who harbor the notion that the wild west life of the films is the authentic wild west life of history and saga.

But, alas, for sweet faith! It is not even the semi-accurate wild west life of the popular novel and the Saturday-Evening-Post. It is, in truth, a fabulous, imaginary life—a life evolved from the fertile fires of the directorial brain. Only in its vaguest aspects does it accord with that vanished era of which we read in the tales of Bret Harte, Stewart Edward White and Clarence E. Mulford. But let not this fact cast us down. Compared with the western dramas of the screen, the actual life of the Arizona plains was colorless and trite.

Consider, first, the handsome, dashing cowboy of the films; for he is the without-whom-nothing of the prairie drama—the deus-ex-machina who, when the world looks darkest, mounts his trusty steed and sets everything to rights. At casual glance he does not seem to differ radically from the common type of plainsman; but on close inspection you will discover many amazing points of divergence between him and the cowboy of documentary record.

For instance, cast an eye upon his flapping, heavy "chaps." Never does he take them off and reveal his nether breeches. He wears these leg protectors indoors and out, in sunshine and in rain. He eats and drinks and sleeps in them. He even wears them when he sleeps. Doubtless he imagines that, should he go without them, he would be guilty of immodest decolleté.

Again, the motion-picture cowboy is always at the height of tionsorial elegance. Not only is he exquisitely shaved and faultless, but his hair is artistically trimmed—feathered at the edges, beautifully hollowed out above the ears, and scintillant with brilliantine. Moreover, if you scan the close-ups, you will observe that his finger-nails are always highly polished, and sharpened into miniature cornice steeplings.

In fact, his personal state of gentility Ciceroian loveliness leads us to the unescapable conclusion that in the early western days, whatever other luxuries the cowboy was denied, the hills and plains were at least liberally punctuated with barber-shops, where powder and cosmetics and other refinements of valet service were at all times available.

Furthermore, the screen cowboy's habiliments are always spick and span. His sombrero is new. His blouse is without a blemish. His hairpants appear as if they had just been trimmed, shampooed and carefully combed and brushed. And his riding-boots, with their Cuban heels and perforated leather scrols, are polished into mirrors, and innocent of alkali. Punching cattle in the films is obviously not an occupation iminenal to one's personal cleanliness, or detrimental to one's attire.

There are, of course, some cowboys—the supernumeraries and the "atmosphere"—who do not always keep themselves immaculate. But the mere fact that one or more of their fellows can ride the range and yet appear at all times spotless, is proof that their own unkempt and dusty state is due entirely to carelessness or neglect.

But whatever their outward aspect, the cowboys of the films are white within. Indeed, their perpindicularity of character approaches the preterhuman. They are ever on the side of justice and virtue; and they are willing, at any hour of the day or night, to risk their lives to right a wrong. All the traits of simple nobility are theirs. Their honesty belongs to a higher and better world than ours. They are the true Christian soldiers.

To be sure, they gamble and drink considerably: and they rarely, if ever, pay for their drinks. They order their refreshments, and proceed to throw them off without as much as a
West Life in the Films

grateful nod or a word of thanks to the bartender. But, by way of extenuation, let it be noted that, whatever the extent of their liquorish imbibitions, they never become intoxicated—
their capacity is nothing short of miraculous. Only cattle-
thieves, Indians, chilos, and highwaymen show the effects of
spiritsuous libations. These latter, in fact, become belligerently
repulsive with but a few fingers of the great American febrifuge.

The hyper-moralist may condemn the cowboys for their
drinking, but this constant bibulous indulgence of theirs has one distinct advantage. Were they not at all times either leaning across the bar
or sunning themselves upon the cafe's front piazza, many a desperado would escape just
retribution; for it is to the saloon that the sheriff
first turns for assistance. And he is never dis-
appointed. The cowboys are there, waiting for
the call to arms, their horses close at hand.

When the alarm is given, they vault into their
saddles and are instantly away in a cloud of
dust, knowing not who the criminal may be, nor
the nature of his peccadilloes. The mere fact
that he is an offender against the law and order
of the plains is enough to inspire these modern
Sir Galahads to righteous wrath and action.

And this suggests the un-
usual manner in which film
cowboys ride. Incredibly they
mount their steeds by an
astonishing flying dive, ignoring
the stirrups entirely. And, simultaneoulsy with their
landing astride the saddle, they dig their spurs in the
horse's ribs, causing him to
leap forward as if taking a
five-foot hurdle. They never
permit their mounts to walk or
canter, or even lope. It
matters not their destination,
how casual their errand, or the
amount of time at their dis-
posal: they tear along at
breakneck speed, as if pur-
sued by stampeding buffaloes.
And when they reach their
goal, the reins are jerked in

 sharply, causing the astonished animal to plant his four
feet firmly and slide to a halt. It would appear that the
cowboy of the screen was afflicted with some strange psychic
malady of speed obsession.

This mania is no doubt due to the fact that practically
the entire time of cinema cowboys is given over to pursuing
bandits and stalking Indians. Seldom, if ever, do they labor
at their trade. And when there are no law-breakers to
round up or Indian tribes to tame, they are assisting young
ladies in distress—snatching them from the backs of run-
away horses, rescuing them from bands of kidnappers,
carrying them to terra firma from the middle of streams
where they have been stalled, or performing similar feats
of chivalry and valor. But, on the whole, their waking
hours are fairly well occupied between lounging on the
saloon porch and galloping through the chaparral and up
the side of precipitous hills, in pursuit of desperate out-
laws and bellicose Indians.

A word in passing should be said concerning the manner
in which these Indians of the screen bedeck themselves. If
serious historians are to be relied upon, the
red-man of the early west, when going forth
to slay the pale-faced interloper, was stripped
for action. Not only was he, as a rule, naked
to the waist, but he otherwise divested himself
of unnecessary encumbrances.

The Indians of the silent drama, however, go
into battle weighted down with such a mass of
fancy clothes and gewgaws, that they can scarcely mount
their horses without a groom. They appear actually to be
tufted and upholstered.

Besides their heavy leather pantalons, their lambrequin-like
jackets, and the Navajo blankets wrapped about their shoulders,
they are decorated with yards of bristling feathers, endless
strips of trailing fringe, countless pieces of metal jewelry,
innumerable strings of glass beads, chatelaines of carved bone
ornaments, and numberless other (Continued on page 111)
May says, "My only motto for married life is the good old Biblical quotation, 'Faith, hope, and charity—and the greatest of these is charity.' Marriage doesn't change men and women—it simply unmasks them." It's a brave wife who will interrupt her husband shaving, as Cecil deMille once illustrated.

May Allison and Robert Ellis were married in Greenwich, Conn., over a year ago. But it was one of those best-seller weddings where they separated "at the altar" for various professional and private reasons that would take too long to explain, but that you can find in the eleventh chapter of a number of your favorite romances. Their married life actually began only a few weeks ago—and that honeymoon is shining so brightly it dims the electric lights in which their names appear on three continents. May is an old-fashioned bride—blushing and trusting and radiant. The pictures tell the story!

One thing that probably helps to wreck the matrimonial boat is wifely insistence that friend husband hook her up. He always misses a hook; she always fidgets. Except, of course, in Maison Allison-Ellis.

Mrs. Bob Ellis told us that a wife should hedge her husband about with her love and devotion. Such as, perhaps, smiles and careful coiffures and pretty negligees for breakfast, besides crisp toast and unburnt bacon.
May—Married!

You've known Miss Allison for quite a while.
Now meet Mrs. Bob Ellis

If you think sweet blushing brides are out of date, observe May Ellis. She's one of the girls who kisses her platinum circlet every night and every morning and thinks it is bad luck to take it off!

No man could offer a woman more sincere proof of devotion than to wear the socks she darns! As a sock seamstress May is an accomplished, beautiful and charming film star.

May Allison appeared for the first time in her screen career as a bride in "In for Thirty Days," and Robert Ellis was her handsome leading man. Recently Ellis has played with Katherine MacDonald and Betty Compson on the screen. His last picture was "Ladies Must Live."
STAR DUST—First National

We didn’t expect this to be a very good picture. For one thing, it wouldn’t be Fannie Hurst’s Cosmopolitan Magazine story, for another, we thought Hope Hampton, the star, dramatically inadequate for the exacting rôle of Lily Becker. We were wrong, and we are glad to admit it. Hobart Henley and Hope Hampton have here a picture that is pretty nearly great. It has caught the spirit if not the form of the Hurst story of modern womanhood; it is excellently scenarioized, dramatically directed, and amazingly acted. This is, we think, due to the cooperation of director, star, and cast. Hope Hampton will give you the surprise of your life. She is Lily. She is perfect in the part. She does some real acting, she sacrifices her close-ups to the good of the narrative, and her beauty was never more pronounced. She is a star in reality now. James Rennie’s sense of humor saves a commonplace part; he is as handsome as a leading man is supposed to be, but he is more than that. He makes you want to see him in a stellar rôle.

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD—Cosmopolitan—Paramount

Cheer up! Every now and then, just when you’re most convinced that the motion pictures are going all wrong, along comes a jolly, breezy, one hundred per cent well produced story of this type, and the celluloid sky clears perceptibly. We find here a new type of Wallingford, and by far the most fascinating of all Wallingfords. His real name is Sam Hardy, and it’s a wonder he has not signed a stellar contract long ago. He is the type of masculine hero most popular at the present day, clean-cut, intelligent, talented. The filming of the George M. Cohan play has been accomplished in expert manner. It is a big, briskly moving story directed by Frank Borzage, whose skilled work on “Humoresque” was a decided factor in winning for his company the distinction of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor for 1920. Why can’t we have more productions of this sort?

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

A review of the new pictures

TOL’ABLE DAVID—First National

The combination of author, star, and director has produced another great picture. Richard Barthelmess’ first starring film, by Joseph Hergesheimer and directed by Henry King, is a masterpiece. It is one of the few film tragedies of uncompromising power.

Everyone is glad that Dick’s first individual picture is an artistic success. We hope it will be a financial success—it deserves to be. See if you can’t prove to the doubting magnates that you do appreciate fine things on the screen. Here is something that deserves the highest praise you can give it. You may have read the Hergesheimer story of the Kinemon family of mountaineers. David, the youngest, is “tol’able—just tol’able”—until he proves his right to be called a man by putting up the greatest fight we have seen since “The Spoilers.”

This is no light, frothy little comedy. It is strong meat, but it is so masterfully served it cannot possibly be offensive. It was taken in the actual locale. It is as true to life as fiction can be. Griffith might have directed some of the scenes; certainly he could not have made Barthelmess give a greater performance. This boy is as great an actor as the films have ever had. In this picture he touches tragic heights. If you can see his scenes with his film mother—a fine player, by the way—without feeling a lump in your throat, there’s something wrong with you. Don’t miss this. It is a classic.

Barthelmess forgets he is the idol of every girl in America and portrays the awkward mountain youth with exquisite pathos and whimsicality. Gladys Hulette plays his sweetheart. Ernest Torrance is excellent as the villain.
ENCHANTMENT—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

HERE is a beauty that is peculiarly the screen’s. It is a blending of artistic production with careful lighting and rare photography. Too seldom we see it. But here is a picture that can claim it, an exquisite offering. The story is not particularly strong, but if you want to rest your eyes for an hour, and let your mind forget the black and white every-day realities, see this Marion Davies production. Vignola directed it, and Vignola is an artist. He deserves great credit for this picture.

As for the story, it is a humorous recounting of the frothy experiences of a vain little flapper who believes the world to be her particular oyster. Her father induces an actor friend to become a gentlemanly cave-man, with results that surprise everyone. Introduced into the picture, is the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, and in these scenes the director shows his greatest artistry. Forrest Stanley plays the hero and Miss Davies proves herself one of our most adorable heroines. She has always had unusual beauty, and has steadily progressed until with this picture she more than proves her place among the stars. Besides, she wears exquisite clothes in a charming way, and that in itself is no mean accomplishment. Hats off to Director Robert Vignola and to Miss Davies. The credit is about fifty-fifty for one of the most beautiful films the screen has seen. It is rightly named. Frank K. Adams, who has contributed such delightful tales to Photoplay, is responsible for the original story.

You may take the children to see this. It will delight them. Besides being good clean entertainment, it is a lesson in beauty, for the Urban settings are excellent.

THE ACE OF HEARTS—Goldwyn

THIS is a melodrama, pure and simple (well, not so simple either) and it maintains a high tension throughout, by means of tricks that are as unexpected as they are effective. The story concerns an organization known as The Mystic Council or The Inner Seven or something like that, composed of fanatics who are striving to reform the world by violent means. They single out their victims, and then proceed to blast them into eternity. The three principal characters in this group are played by Lon Chaney, Leatrice Joy and John Bowers, and they fit well into the general scheme of Morris’s story. They provide the acute points of a more or less eternal triangle, all of whom are undergoing a severe struggle between those ancient sparring partners—love and duty. As is usual in such cases, duty comes out a very bad second. But even so conventional a climax is brought about in a highly unconventional way.

MOLLY O—Sennett-First National

HERE is great motion picture entertainment. A comedy-drama, the most popular form of film, supervised by Mack Sennett, who made “Mickey,” its eight reels are packed with humor and charm and a tear or two. Mabel Normand is Molly O—she would be. The screen needs Mabel. She is a tonic. Everybody missed her, because there is nobody on the screen quite like her. Even Pickford and Chaplin have not her peculiar poignancy. The simple story of an Irish girl, who yearns for a fairy prince and finally finds him, but not without considerable difficulty is pure hoakum; but you can’t help loving it. Some of the sequences are masterfully directed. The dining room scene is a camera classic. The acting is unusual fine. We have no hesitation in recommending a film like this. Its villanies are harmless and its humor of the kind to make the world happier. Mabel deserves a medal for coming back with a portrayal like this. You may take the whole family.
THE CALL OF THE NORTH—Paramount

Although strictly orthodox as to title, this film contains many sparks of originality—in conception and in treatment. There are none of the usual ice floes to remind the chilled spectators that they forgot to bank the furnace before leaving home. Moreover, the worthy Jack Holt is given an opportunity to display his fine talent in a sympathetic, heroic rôle. Splendid entertainment.

A SAILOR-MADE MAN—Pathé

What new things can one say of Harold Lloyd, this next-to-Chaplin young man who serenely turns out one comedy hit after another? His latest and most pretentious offering is in four reels. It is a riot of fun, and boasts a first rate story, too. He can ever be depended upon to add fresh material to his laughing-stock. Mildred Davis is, as always, a pleasing foil.

THE FLOWER OF THE NORTH—Vitagraph

Add one more name to Curwood's list of Frozen North dramas. "The Flower of the North" is ordinary stuff, but it is the sort of ordinary stuff that has been weighed in the balance and found wanting (by the public). It is materially aided by the fine work of the dark and tragic Pauline Starke and Henry Walthall in the leading rôles. Walthall's return to the screen is well celebrated.

HAMLET—Asta Films

In this Danish production, the pictorial values are emphasized so strongly that most of the dramatic elements in the story are overlooked. It is a series of beautiful scenes, based on the novel theory that the Melancholy Dane was a girl (evidently they thought that "Dane" was a misprint for "Dame"). Asta Neilsen in the leading rôle is remarkably good.

THE LOTUS-EATERS—First National

A good picture gone wrong. You'd think that Marshall Neilan, with a story like this, with a star like John Barrymore, with a cast that includes Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson, would make a great picture. You're right; he would—if left to himself. But he was handicapped with a producer who knew little about pictures. The result is merely a fairly entertaining film.

A PRINCE THERE WAS—Paramount

The family film of the month. It is a relief to view a photoplay like this and find it devoid of sticky sentimentality. It is cleanly, directly told in a manner that will please you and every member of your family from six to sixty. Thomas Meighan does splendid work in another "Prince Chap" rôle. Little Peaches Jackson appears again as Tom's best girl.
THE FOX—Universal-Jewel

This, they tell us, is a super-western. Really, there is not much to distinguish it from the usual western except that there is more of it. Harry Carey is cast in a likable rôle. There’s a kind-hearted sheriff, honestly, and the most villainous “gang” that ever wore chaps and pistols for the camera. Things start at a gallop, and keep it up until the final hitching post is reached.

BUCKING THE LINE—Fox

Introducing Maurice Flynn as a star. He is a personable chap, possessing a natural pleasing manner, and it is evident that he is to be a scrappy film hero. His first story is a lively tale of railroad building. Villains, wrecks and hairbreadth escapes figure prominently. Those who enjoy a “thriller” will find it here. Also, Molly Malone.

THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING—Hodkinson

Long stretches of drab boredom interspersed with a few moments of exciting action. The light in question is not bright enough to illuminate the plot. The central figure in the story is a woman who has been wronged by the village cut-up (an old man with a black beard) and who has consequently gone mad. Those who have seen the picture can scarcely blame her.

THE SON OF WALLINGFORD—Vitagraph

Had some skilled director taken this Chester story, he could have made a sure-fire success of it, but Mr. Chester is an author, not a director. He furnishes excellent material, but he does not know how to project upon the screen, though he provides one sensation, in the burning of the oil wells. At times thrilling, at times disappointing—at all times, just a motion picture.

LITTLE EVA ASCENDS—Metro

Gareth Hughes as Little Eva, in the best picture under his starring contract. The refreshingly original and amusing story might have been written for him, so perfectly does it suit his unique personality. As the unhappy member of a barnstorming troupe, forced to play Eva against his will, Hughes scores heavily. See it.

(Continued on page 118)
MARRIED AT LAST!

THE feminine world has been wondering who Bill Hart would marry. For two years the rumor went the rounds that he was engaged to Jane Novak. But now Wm. S. is actually married—to Winifred Westover. Mrs. Bill Hart played in several of her husband's pictures several years ago, and they became great friends. Then she came east. He made a trip to New York, and they became engaged. They were married in California. Winifred is a pretty little blonde, of Swedish descent. She came into prominence when she played in Fine Arts pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hart are at home now in Beverly Hills.
Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle—

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

The thin fold of scarf-skin about the base of the nail is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out—just as cloth ravel when the selvage is cut.

You can take off the hard dry edges of dry skin quickly, easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work gently about the nail base with an orange stick dipped in the liquid, rinse, and when drying, push the cuticle gently downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

Get rid of your manicure scissors; you will never need them again. Once you have begun to use Cutex regularly you will have no more hangnails and the entire cuticle will always be firm and even.

Two new polishes — just perfected

Cutex now offers you the very latest and finest development of two highly popular forms of nail polish — Powder Polish and Liquid Polish. Both are the result of years of experiment in the greatest laboratory for manicure preparations in the world. They are put forth now because, at last, they meet every requirement for these two forms of polish. Cutex Powder Polish will give you the highest, most lasting lustre obtainable in the shortest possible time and with the least buffing. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a lustre that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article in the sets, separately at $3.50. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

New Introductory Set — now only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream, the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. 702, 114 West 17th Street,
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Shirley Mason. You don’t hear very much about this marriage, but we can tell you right now it is one of the very happiest in Hollywood! Shirley married Bernie before she had thoughts of stardom. Today they are more in love than ever. The little star recently cut short a personal appearance tour through the south because her husband missed her and wired her to come back home. This is the first photograph ever published of the Durnings together.
Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil
Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly.

This cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.

Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. Blackheads can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin. At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.

POND'S Vanishing Cream

Begin today the regular use of these two creams

These two creams are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores in convenient sizes of both jars and tubes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S Cold Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
131 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name
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MAX IS BACK!

The famous little French comedian is in America again, making new pictures, at the Goldwyn studios. Linder's return to the screen is the more remarkable in view of the fact that he was incapacitated for a long time because of injuries received in the war, and has worked his way back to health and humor. His latest portrait proves his complete recovery.
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Our Shopping Guide is just the thing
To show you what to wear this Spring.
It takes you through the fairy aisles
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This book is filled with bargains rare;
Enjoy it, in your easy chair!
Go shopping through a fairyland
Where Fashion comes at your command
With varied wealth of Spring attire
To more than meet your heart's desire.

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Charming NEYSA McMEIN

Popular Society Leader, Famous Artist and
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Charming Neysa McMein—(everybody knows
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It is truly a work of art.

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The very latest and loveliest Paris models, costing
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A Hot Shot
IN the battle scene of "The Child Thou Gavest Me," with Lewis Stone and Barbara Castleton as the scrappers, he is wearing a mustache. She shoots him—and then we see him sans mustache.
MRS. O. J. K., Butte, Montana.

Can You Blame Her?
Tom Mix and Eva Novak are escaping via the roof in "The Rough Diamond." Before Eva leaves the room for the roof she is wearing French heels. When she runs across the roof she has on flat-heeled oxfords.
M. B. I., New York City.

A Good Imagination
IN "The Beauty Market," Katherine MacDonald, the star, receives a cigarette case containing a large sum of money, and places it on the table. This occurs, you understand, in a gentleman's room. When she is again in her own room she is seen holding the case—the next scene shows the case still on the table in the gentleman's room.
Billie L., Schenectady, N. Y.

Leave It To Lionel
IN "The Devil's Garden," Lionel Barrymore plays the postmaster of a small community. He gets writing paper, pen, and ink to write a complaint to the General Post-office. Very carefully he opens the ink bottle and without dipping his pen in the ink starts to write.
RICHARD M. RICKARD, Seattle, Wash.

Should Have Been Censored
IN "Love Never Dies," with Lloyd Hughes—the hero leaves his wife for eight years and when he returns he meets his son, who looks about three years old.
ADELE R., New York City.

Annette's Only Rival
I NOTICED this in the Universal serial, "Winners of the West": Betty is clinging to a rock in a swirling pool below the falls. Two seconds later when the villain jumps in to save her, she is clinging to a rock on the other side of the pool.
CHARLES E. W., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sartorial Shortcomings
I FOLLOWED the serial "Hurricane Hutch" merely to watch Miss Lucy Fox change her shoes, which she did at most peculiar times. For instance, in one scene she is running to the river's edge in white sports shoes, trimmed in some darker color, with flat heels. When she reaches the water, her shoes are entirely white and the heels are very high. And why on earth did Hutch always wear the same clothes, except to the identical tie?
C. W., Chicago, Ill.

"Camille Was Good Company," Anyway
To QUOTE Fannie Brice in the Follies. But as played by Nazimova, she was the most extraordinary lady I ever saw. Her cough was not, as your review said convincing. In the death-bed scene—that famous, touching tragic scene—I noticed this, in Alla's picture. The maid is shown opening the sliding window above the bed, disclosing snow-flakes falling gently. When the maid returns to the room, the window is closed.
M. MOSS, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Mouth's Most Popular Error
IN "The Sheik," the jealous favorite of the villainous sheik is adorned with a vaccination mark.

Add Wild West Life In Films
IN "The Primale Law," a friend warns Brian (Dustin Farnum) that a raid is about to be made on Brian's ranch. Brian tells the friend to ride to town for the rangers. The friend does so, leaving the hero and heroine to defend the ranch. Yet, a few minutes later, we see the heroine using the ranch telephone to phone her father at the town hotel. Why did not Brian use the phone to summon the rangers?
FLOYD P. HARLOW, Louisville, Kentucky.

"What's The Matter with Charlie?"
CHARLES RAY, IN "Two Minutes to Go," his football picture, makes a dash up the gridiron carrying the ball nearly to the goal line. In his glorious dash he runs apparently in a straight line, although his opponents are coming towards him from all directions in an effort to down him. In the eyes of a football fan, this is not a run—it is a miracle.
C. A. COOK, Erie, Pa.

A New Parlor Pastime
RECENTLY I noticed a mistake in Corinne Griffith's Vitograph picture, "The Single Track." Here it is: Corinne and her leading man, Richard Travers, are seen sitting in the parlor on adjacent chairs. She is in a small chair, while he is occupying an upholstered one. Two scenes later we see the two again—and they have changed chairs.
T. P. ORourke, Galveston, Texas.

In Re The Military
ACCORDING to the press agent Rex Ingram spent something in the neighborhood of a million dollars filming "The Four Horsemen." It was a great picture, but why did Ingram not spend an infinitesimal fraction of that million to engage a French non-com to find out what the French Soldier wears under certain conditions? The uniform and equipment that Julio wears, when he goes to see his father after enlisting, are not correct. As a foreigner Julio must have enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Why did he not wear the insignia of that corps? Why did some of the German soldiers wear dress overcoats with their field uniforms? They were sticklers for dress in that army.

Pity the Poor Bambiboo
IN James Oliver Curwood's "The Golden Snare," a title tells us it is dawn. Bram Johnson, the hunted man, goes for a hunt and is shot by the villain, who then moves upon Bram's house with his gang and steals Bram's adopted daughter, leaving a baby upon the bed kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms. In the fracas the Royal Northwest Policeman is knocked down, gets up and follows the thieves in shirt sleeves and slippers, and is recaptured. In another title we are told that the Policeman would be killed that evening after he had witnessed the marriage of the stolen girl to the villain. After the villain is killed and the hero rescues the heroine and they return to the cabin after twenty-four hours' absence, the baby is on the floor kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms.
C. W. B., Roseburg, Oregon.
"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-ified in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) They come in shades to match your coloring.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swaying gondoliers! The serenading gondoliers! The singing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed on the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 1 1/2 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to $1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send 5x samples named in offer.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.
A Beauty Secret
3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

**Perfected for washing faces**
Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

**The importance of thorough cleansing**
It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

**Don't neglect the body**
Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face.

If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

**Our price secret**
If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are most costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. 25-cent quality is offered for 10 cents.

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY**
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited**
Toronto, Ontario

Makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for 10c

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Palmolive
A Recamier of the Films

Mary Alden is reminiscent of the famous French wit and social genius

By MARY WINSHIP

Of Mary Alden—who has long stood out as one of the foremost character actresses in pictures, and who achieved a personal success as Mother in “The Old Nest”—devotees of pictures know very little, practically nothing save of her work. And yet as a person, as a hostess, and as a testimonial of the freedom of thought and action that women have attained in the past few years, she is equally interesting.

She has always reminded me of the brilliant Madame Recamier, whose social genius, understanding, and power of conversation welded together the wits and genius of Paris.

I suppose every woman who has any social aspirations has desired to establish a salon. I’ve tried it myself. I started with Sunday night suppers where intellectual lights ate my food, drank my drinks, and quarreled about everything from home brew to automobiles and permanent waves. None of which is conducive to a salon.

But Mary Alden has succeeded. She lives on the top floor of a big, old apartment house almost in the center of Los Angeles. Her mode of life is exactly my idea of how a woman who works hard should live. When she comes home from a day of intense emotional work at the studio, providing she is not going out, she goes to bed. She has a big divan bed in her own sitting room, and there, in a velvet dressing gown, surrounded by books, papers and writing materials, she has dinner served by Zabella—her priceless cook. Her cook, by the way, has been with her for eight years, and her maid for nine. While she eats, she reads.

“You see,” she explained, “in that way I am able to relax utterly. I can enjoy using my mind while my body and nerves are getting the rest and restoration they need. It saves me tons of energy and hours for study that I would otherwise have to devote to sleeping to keep up my vitality.”

Mary is an epicure of the highest order. Her dinner is a sacred matter, especially to Zabella, whether she is dining alone or is entertaining a few guests; and the best food I have ever eaten in my life, I have eaten at Mary Alden’s.

Last Sunday when I went about tea time I found her in a smart little Paris frock of black taffeta and white organdy—her taste in smart clothes and velvet lounging robes is distinctive—at the piano. And she plays well; considered even from a professional standard, she has strength and command of tone that is unusual.

In her drawing room were gathered a group composed of a famous novelist and his wife, whose small book of poems created something of a sensation last year; a rising young politician; a famous composer and his wife, a singer of renown and beauty; a young girl who is becoming known for her photographic studies, exhibited in London and Paris; an art director—one of the best listeners I have ever known—and his wife; a magazine writer, and a Russian woman whom I understand belonged to the Czarina’s household.

I sat looking and enjoying as I always do, the artistry of the room, its richness and comfort, its personal warmth. Some good rugs, big, littered tables, several couches overflowing with marvelous pillows, for which Mary has a passion, soft lights, a picture or two, the grand piano. Incidentally the bookcases hold a very fine library; she is known as a collector to all book lovers and dealers, and owns several rare folios and first editions.

And as I sat I thought of all the people who have found inspiration and help of all kinds in that room. Mary Alden’s favorite form of charity, as I know well, is to find some promising young artist, writer or musician who isn’t getting along. She will feed, clothe and take care of them generally, long enough to give them a start and a chance to show what they can do.
Why Film Stars Have Beautiful Hair

How they make their hair improve their looks

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it hasn't been shampooed properly.

Effect of Proper Shampooing

WHEN your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women everywhere, now, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your hair look by the regular use of Mulsified. The method of use is simple.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, freshwater. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two washes are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.
YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to receive answers to your questions in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unholy long answers, such as reviews 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, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

LOYD L., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Yes, Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks has filmed The Three-Musketeers. How did you guess? I admire your modern spirit. Isn't anything goes on you don't hear about, is there, Lloyd?

JOHN JONES.—Brother! I certainly am glad to hear from you. I do not like length of Agnes Ayres' contract with Paramount. But I am sure if you like her they will renew the present contract. Agnes recently obtained a divorce and has no intention of marrying again; at least if she has, I am not in her confidence. And between you and me, that doesn't surprise me in the least. Although she was very nice to me when she was in Manhattan the last time. Said she read my department, and liked it, and liked me. I tottered out of her hotel with a B. P. enthusiastic. I have a hunch that if you write to Agnes, and tell her you are a friend of mine, which you certainly are, she will write to you and maybe send you her photograph. In which case I will surely send you a New Year's greeting. It may be a little late, but it will be there. You know people who send cards don't always write on 'em.

OLGA.—It seems to me, my dear, that you should value a star's portrait sufficiently to be willing to enclose a quarter to cover cost of mailing. Do you know what the photographs they send out cost them every year? Well, it runs into the thousands.

LEO B., BRONX.—We are quite euphonious this month. You volunteer the information that "The Ordell," about which one of my correspondents was anxious, was released five years ago and was a war story. Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal. Tony has never married, to my knowledge.

JOSE.—You start out with a dissertation recalling the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. And then you ask me questions about a book, Francis X. Bishman and Beverly Bayne. It is impossible, and I won't be dishonest and say that I regret it, to give a list of all their productions. Here are a few: "Daring Hearts," "The Poor Rich Man," "A Pair of Cupids," "Social Quickseands," and "Graustark." Seriously, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind phrase. It all helps.

O. T., NEW JERSEY.—You guess for the serial drama, I see. Your nerves must be wonderful. I lived through "The Perils of Pauline" and had a nervous breakdown. "Fighting Fate" was William Duncan's last serial. Read his own story, "The Business of Making Thrills." in this issue of Photoplay Magazine. "The Veiled Mystery" was the last of the Tony Moreno serials. And I don't mean the latest. He is making full length features now. Enzo Linzile in "The Adventures of Tarzan." Why, some people pronounce Tarzan with the accent on the last syllable. Others don't pronounce it at all.

GERRY.—Yes, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the New York society woman, had a part in Norma Talmadge's "The Wonderful Thing." I don't know who was the Wonderful Thing. Norma or Julia. Barbara Castleton is not married to Willard Mack, but there was some talk of it at one time. Several newspapers informed an eager world that they were engaged, but it was evidently the first Willard and Barbara heard about it. She is with R.C. Pictures Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

MARGIE.—Hello. I thought you had forgotten me and Rudolph Valentino. Now I see that you have only forgotten me. The handsome slick-haired Italian was born at Castel Nuovo, on May 6, 1895. He and his wife, Jean Acker, have separated. He is now under a stellar contract with Lasky. His latest pictures are "The Shell" and "Mara of the Mountain." Both shot by Dorothy Dalton. Dorothy has bobbed her hair and is wearing it straight. But you are probably not as much interested in Dorothy's hair cut as I am. Rudie may be reached at Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

M. A.—If you read my department as exhaustively as you claim, you wouldn't say I never mention Ralph Graves. He is married to Marjorie Seaman, is six feet one inch tall and his latest pictures are "Kindred of the Dust" and "Sent for Out." I am not making a mistake in this latter title. That's the way Rupert Hughes wrote it. Colleen Moore is in it, too.

MARY M.—It is very nice of you to write me such a nice letter about yourself. But may I not remind you very gently that this will never buy the baby's shoes? Not that I have any baby to buy shoes for. But this is a department of queries and replies, not flashy and persiflage.

JANET.—Are you and Janice twins? I'm sure you should be. Percilla Dietem is married, if you happen to mean that. Prescott Dean, Wheeler Oakman is the lucky man.

M. W. MITCHELL.—William Farnum has not left the screen, but he went to Europe for a long vacation. He is making a new picture for Fox. Yes,—I like Bill, He's a gentleman and a scholar, besides being a fine actor. He is married, and has a little daughter, who is at present in school in Paris.

GAYLENDOLNY.—The other evening I was sitting in a crowded cabaret watching the dancing, and writing on the table cloth and sketching the people, and all of a sudden I wrote, "Sketches by Booze"—just like that. It's a gift, Gwen. A great many have been imbibing, it seems, but not I. I don't get a chance. Conway Tearle's play, "The Mad Dog," didn't live long. I believe Conway is making films again. He has a wife, Adele Rowland; they are very happy. I understand. I suppose you're sorry to hear it.

K. L., CANTON.—I have heard that Earle Williams' matrimonial bar has come to grief, as they say. His wife is Florence Walk, a New York girl. Cal York has something to say about it this month, and I don't want to infringe on his rights—and I couldn't if I wanted to.

MISS D., BROOKLYN.—That D. might stand for much. Delightful, adorable, dear, darling—or damnable. Mrs. Coogan is in California again now after her New York trip, to see about the presentation of her son's latest picture, "My Boy." Yes, I like little Coogan immensely. I only hope he will not be spoiled. Imagine a boy of six the idol of half the world and of such great and eminent as Charles-Spencer Chaplin and Ignace Jan Paderewski!
AN AQUATIC STAR

A S well as a screen star, Little Richard Headrick, who hates being called "Baby Dick," is the champion juvenile swimmer of the western world. He is only three years old, but he has more medals than most swimmers ten times his age. Richard, between pictures for First National, tries new water stunts, and on one occasion "rescued" a drowning man who weighed over two hundred pounds. The picture at the left shows the young man with his many medals. Richard may have beautiful baby-blue eyes, and marvelous golden curly hair, but he's a regular guy all the same.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

This history of the pictures will be told in the living affairs and movements of the men and women who have made the pictures and who have been made by the pictures.

It will relate their obscure beginnings, their struggles, triumphs, loves and marriages—hundreds of facts which have never before been printed.

It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main—more splendor than a Rome, and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

Seeking the writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, Photoplay has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today; old enough to have had an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development.

Begins in the April Issue of PHOTOPLAY

TERRY RAMSAYE

The Greatest Motion Picture Story Ever Told

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The liveliest, most accurate, and most interesting news and comment about motion picture people

By CAL. YORK

In spite of the disarming conference, there seems to be no cessation in the hostilities surrounding Charlie Chaplin's unwedded state. In fact, if anything, his return to Los Angeles after his European trip was the signal for a lot of verbal gunplay.

Claire Windsor met him at the train. May Collins didn't.

Later Miss Collins declared she didn't meet him because she "wasn't that kind of a girl." She intimated that she couldn't see herself flattering any man to the extent of meeting him at the train, but that she waited at home that evening for Mr. Chaplin to call upon her. Which he did.

She also cooly exhibited a very gorgeous silver fox fur, which he brought her as a present from Paris. And added that just before he went away they had "had a little tiff," but all was well again—and cleverly led one to suspect that it was during this tiff that Mr. Chaplin saw so much of the blonde beauty, Claire Windsor.

WHEREUPON Miss Windsor indignantly replied in effect that she met Mr. Chaplin because he wired her asking her to be at the train. That she hoped she wasn't so silly she couldn't be friends with a man and do a friendly act of common courtesy like that without thinking he might put a wrong construction on it.

Then she allowed to be seen a very new, very expensive wrap of ermine. She didn't say it was her gift from the great comedian, but a blind man could see for himself the Paris label inside.

Then Mr. Chaplin declared he didn't have the slightest intention of marrying, that his unhappy experience with Mildred Harris was too vivid in his mind to allow him to think of matrimony for a long time to come.

"Not Miss Windsor," he was asked.

"Oh, no. She's a wonderful girl—very beautiful. I like her. But I sha'n't marry her. Or Miss Collins?"

"A lovely, brilliant young woman. I respect her. But—no, I sha'n't marry her. So there you are!"

ALMOST every phase of society is represented in the movies, but so far as we know, Queen Mary of Roumania is the first lady ruler to take a hand in the actual business of picture-making. She is in Paris, according to the public's verdict on her first attempt at playwriting.

Her first film, "The Lily of Life," is a romantic allegory. It features a prince and large swarms of butterflies and quite a flock of dancing girls.

RAYMOND HATTON has been getting a lot of credit lately for fine work in pictures. And so it was just necessary for friend wife "to step into the ring." And so she has just finished playing in "The Wall Flower" for Goldwyn and has moved to the Metro lot to take a leading part in a new picture.

THE grand-room of the Hotel Commodore was hardly large enough to hold all of the people who wanted to see Murray's newest picture, "Peacock Alley."

The little star herself occupied a box, with her director-husband, the jovial Bob Leonard. Mae was in a flame-colored, very brief little gown, and she was quite delightful. She had as her guest of honor, Lillian Russell. The famous beauty received almost as much attention as Mae herself.

RUBYE DE REMER writes from the French capital that she is having the time of her life. "Just went to a wonderful party and saw Lottie Pickford and Teddy Sampson there, so it seemed just like Hollywood. Leave for Berlin in the morning" is the way the postcard read. Rubye is a great favorite with the French film fans and they have given her a royal reception. It was Paul Helleu, the great French painter, who called her the most beautiful blonde in America.

EARL WILLIAMS seems to be in trouble again. While he has refused to discuss the situation at all, it is understood that he and his wife, who was a beautiful New York heiress named Florence Walz, have separated and that divorce action will soon be taken.

Mrs. Williams went east some time ago with her mother and has not returned. Mr. Williams has engaged Charles Erstein, the well known Chicago attorney who is in Los Angeles, to represent him, and while Mr. Williams wouldn't talk, Mr. Erstein did—a little.

At least he said that while (Continued on page 85)

Three famous hostesses of the annual Actors' Equity Ball: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, and Elsie Ferguson. Mrs. Carter recently returned to the stage in "The Circle." Miss Ferguson has temporarily deserted the studios to appear in "The Yarning Shore," a new play by Zoe Akins. Lillian Russell is usually the guest of honor at every theatrical event of importance.
The Secret of Loveliness
An interview with dainty Agnes Ayres

AGNES AYRES, who is starring with Rudolph Valentino, in the new Paramount production, "The Sheik," has some very definite ideas about what makes women really lovely.

"If you should go into any gathering," she says, "and pick out the one woman who seems to be the loveliest person there, you would not necessarily be picking out the one with the most beautiful face or figure.

"But you would find her hair simply exquisite—soft, fluffy, silky and full of radiance.

"So few women realize that their hair is the key to loveliness, because they have never learned how to bring out the charm and beauty which lie hidden there."

When Miss Ayres told me this, it was natural that my eyes should travel to her own hair. And I realized that she had learned thoroughly the secret of loveliness. Not only was her hair beautifully soft, radiant, and silky, but it was arranged so attractively that it threw all about her an atmosphere of charm.

You can use this secret of loveliness
It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments
Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P.2, BUFFALO, N. Y.
I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

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She Wanted a Chance to Act in the Movies—

She had been told that the only way to an opportunity in the movies was the easiest way.' Her interview with a great director is dramatic in the extreme and will become famous in film history. You will find it in—

“Souls for Sale”

The fascinating novel by Rupert Hughes that all moving-picture fans are discussing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"I've got to have a chance. I'll do anything," she pleaded.

"Sit down a minute and listen to me," the director answered.

"A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. But suppose it wasn't. Do you know how many women I see a day? A hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. I happen to have a wife and a couple of kids, and I like 'em pretty well, at that. And how long do you suppose my job would last if I gave positions in return for favors? And if you won me over, you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?

"It's none of my business what your character is off the lot—except that your character photographs, and a girl can't last long who plays Pollyanna on the screen and polygamy outside."
there wasn’t anything to say in the Williams case yet, there would be.

Shortly after his marriage to the wealthy New York girl, Williams was sued by Miss Roma Raymond for $50,000 breach of promise, and she was awarded half that amount by the court. Mrs. Williams stuck to her husband throughout that case most loyally, and the news of a split in that direction came as a surprise to all their friends.

THE eastern film world is rejoicing in the fact that Dick Barthelmess’ first stardom is a success.

He is the first Griffith player to leave “the master” and make good on his own. If anybody deserves to get along it’s the Barthelmess boy. He has worked hard and conscientiously; he takes his business seriously, but not too seriously.

POLA NEGRI is coming to America in January.

New York is hoping that she will arrive on this side of the continent, while the Californians are betting she’ll come straight out there.

There has been no film personage in years who has caused such a sensation as Negri. Travelers in Europe’s film lands have brought back news of her. Some say she is a delightful, humorous young lady whose main interest in life is her mother and sisters, whom she supports. Others declare that she is brilliant, beautiful, temperamental, and married to a Polish count.

Still others say she is really named Pauline Schwartz, whence her name Pola Negri, and that she is very German and the wife of a German.

Well, we’ll soon see for ourselves.

ERIC VON STROHEIM gave up the task of cutting down his picture, “Foolish Wives,” after he had reduced it to thirty-four reels. The Universal Company had given up trying to cut down von Stroheim after he had spent over a million dollars. Why not retile it “Foolish Directors” and release it as a serial?

DID you ever hear of a serial, each episode of which was the length of the usual feature film?

That’s what is puzzling Paramount right now. They bought the German picture, “The Mistress of the World,” and now they are faced with the problem of how to release it.

The same company has a new Negri picture, “The Devil’s Pawn.” Almost every boat brings a new batch of European pictures for inspection. They don’t buy all of them, either.

That’s good. (Continued on page 86)

--- TEAR OUT HERE ---

WOMAN’S INSTITUTE

Dept. 17-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you absolutely free, by return mail.

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stands for Prevention,
of all winter ills—
Coughs, sneezes, colds
and the shivery chills.

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by name
For the words "Just as
good as" don't mean
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is for Safety which
means you are sure
That all things in Piso’s
are perfectly pure.

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or the young
Three generations its
praises have sung!

is for Sure and for Safe
and for Sane—
When Piso’s is used, not
a cough can remain.

Piso’s contains no opiate. It
is good for young and old.
Buy it today. 35¢ everywhere.
Piso’s Throat and Chest Salve for external
application is especially prepared for use in
conjunction with the syrup.

PISO’S
SAFE AND SANE
—for Coughs & Colds

Plays and Players
(Continued from page 85)

When you saw this scene on the screen, you thought it was the real thing.
And that’s why Thomas H. Ince had this miniature village made. The girl
is Florence Vidor, who’s working for Mr. Ince now.

THERE are at least two famous motion
picture stars in Hollywood who couldn’t
sign their own checks and get a nickel out
of their own bank accounts. Their wives
handle the exchequer, and they don’t even
know the combination. Hollywood is a
very emancipated place.

SOMEBODY was asking Buck Jones about
his fan mail the other day.
"Do you get much?" asked this friend.
"No," said Buck, "I don’t reckon you’d
call it much. Yu’see, so many of the people
that’d write to me can’ write."
However, Buck’s mail happens to be getting
larger by the minute.

SUZANNE VIDOR, the three-year-old
daughter of lovely Florence Vidor, was
left for an instant by her colored mammy
to watch a pot of coffee on the stove, while
mammy went to answer the telephone.
In an instant Suranne appeared at the
door, wide-eyed, and called, "Mammy, quick,
come here. The coffee pot’s floowed up all
over the stove."

MARIN SAI S, pioneer film actress, and
Jack Hart Hoxie, western star, obtained
a marriage license at Santa Ana the other
day. They were to be married immediately
and leave for a brief honeymoon.

HELEN FERGUSON was standing in the
Goldwyn restaurant the other night
when she caused a near-riot by suddenly
shrieking, "Oh, oh, my goodness, the false
teeth. The false teeth. What shall I do?"
Everybody, including her director, de-
manded an explanation, but Helen had dis-
appeared.
When she came back she explained that a
funny old Yiddish lady working with her
in a scene in "Hungry Hearts" had to take
her false teeth out.
"She didn’t know where to put them, and
the poor old thing looked so bewildered
and hurt I took them and put them in my
make-up case. I forgot them, and it just
occurred to me she couldn’t eat her lunch
without them. So I went to look for her.
But it was all right. She was eating soup."

SAW Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves out
horseback riding in the Hollywood hills
bright and early the other morning. They
have taken a delightful honeymoon cottage
next door to Rowland Lee, the Goldwyn
director, and are almost too "honey moonish"
for ordinary people. Mrs. Graves, who was
Marjorie Seaman, a St. Paul society girl, is
much concerned over the report that Ralph
married a Follies beauty.
"He didn’t. He married me," she says
most emphatically.

NAZIMOVA had an idea. She was going
to make repertoire pictures. That
means she would make "Salome" and "A
Doll’s House" in a few reels each, and re-
lease them as one program offering. Then
she went back to California and began work
and changed her mind. She says "Salome"
has proved so interesting that she is going
to make a full-length feature of it. So you’ll
see more of Salome than was originally in-
tended.
By the way, Madame was asked, while on
her recent visit to Manhattan, what her
favorite literature was. "Medical books,"
she replied.

THE divorce suit of Jean Acker against
her husband, Rudolph Valentino, is
now being heard in the Los Angeles courts.
Miss Acker declares that she married the
handsome actor when he was broke and un-
known, and that as soon as he became rich
and famous, he forgot her, struck her and
quarreled with her furiously.
However, Ruddy’s friends and the Holly-
(Continued on page 87)
Greet Them

With these extra-flavorful oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.
This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.
Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.
Make it with Quaker Oats always.
This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats.
All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.
Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.
Countless people send overseas to get it.
You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.
For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

(Continued on page 89)
A Simple Thing to Know
But It Makes a World of Difference in One's Looks

That well-groomed look you see on the screen is not a gift of God. Thousands of men and women know the secret, and use it— for less than a penny's cost each day.

Your hair, too, would always be well-dressed— sleek—smooth, every lock in place— with that sheen and life-like luster— if you used wonderful Hermo Hair-Lustr. Greaseless, stainless; a clean, invigorating hair help. Dainty women love its look and feel. Careful men are never without its aid to smart appearance.

Dress your hair as it looks best; if the finishing touch is a few drops of Hermo it will stay that way, through work and play. Your hair is bound to excite admiration.

Hermo's
Unusual Offer

Druggists are fast stocking Hermo Hair-Lustr, but until every store has it, we send it prepaid direct. For your own sake, get a bottle and see what a transformation it works! Use it a week, and if you are not simply charmed with its effect— we will buy back what's left, at the full price you paid. Small size last two or three weeks; big dollar size six months' supply. Use coupon now:

GLORIA SWANSON
Her hair is a shining crown of glory. Hermo Hair-Lustr keeps one's hairdress in place.

WALLACE REDD
He has the ordinary man's head of hair; care makes it snap with life and lustre. Hermo Hair-Lustr will keep any man's hair looking its best.

Little Mary had a party while she was making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She invited Bill, Dick, and Thomas Ince, Jr., and George Beban, Jr. Their mothers came, too.

Hermo Co., 512 E. 63rd St., Dept. 75, Chicago

[Box for coupon]

Name
Address

(Reduced from page 87)
Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

The first extra suddenly turned around and asked, "What's your idea of heaven, anyway?"

The second immediately replied, "Making a serial with von Stroheim."

ELSIE Ferguson's play, "The Varying Shore," has had its Manhattan premier.

The general opinion is that the play, which is by Zoe Akins, is too long, but that Miss Ferguson has all her old-time charm.

This famous actress has changed considerably after her long European vacation. She was tired and nervous when she left; after the rest she came back youthful, enthusiastic, and more beautiful than ever.

Just the other day I saw her, an inconspicuous figure in baby lamb and a lace hat—until you saw her face—strolling along Fifth Avenue, rubbing shoulders with the meek and lowly, animatedly watching the crowds.

LYNN REYNOLDS, for years Tom Mix's director, and his pretty wife, Kathleen O'Connor, have a new invention which they declare should be in every home.

"It's the greatest little prevention for divorce in the world," says Lynn. As a matter of fact, it's a trick door that leads into a very wonderful work room, with a big fireplace and bookshelves, arranged in the attic. The door lets down like a ship's ladder and is then drawn up and shut. Once thus arranged, it's as impenetrable as Gibraltar.

"Every husband and wife ought to have a place to go away and shut up if they want to," says Kathleen with a smile. "We both intend to use it—as soon as our honeymoon is over."

It's terrible the number of honeymoon couples we have in Hollywood right now.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, former Folies beauty and now a screen star, holds the month's record for court proceedings.

The exact legal phraseology is too involved, but Jackie has been sued by and in return has sued young Mr. Craney Gartz, millionaire Pasadena clubman, in a slight altercation over the ownership of an expensive and handsome coupe.

Mr. Gartz sent a deputy sheriff out to Jackie's home, and the mean old thing took Jackie's pretty car out of her garage, on a warrant of some kind. Jackie legally then called Mr. Gartz an Indian giver and filed suit to recover the automobile.

Jackie says Mr. Gartz gave her the car as an engagement present, and that she spent considerable money having it all dollyed up in her favorite color.

They quarreled then, or something, and Mr. Gartz stated he had only loaned her the car and actually sent and took it away.

Now both sides are on file in the Los Angeles courts and the judge will have to decide.

Unless he's made of granite, Jacqueline will certainly have an advantage.

Mr. Gartz, by the way, is the same young man who was so attentive at one time to Gloria Swanson. It was reported that she declined his hand and millions in favor of Herbert Somborn. Anyway, he is the son of one of the oldest and richest families in Pasadena.

THE LONDON SKETCH published, in a recent issue, a page of gymnasium photographs of Madame Alla Nazimova, under the caption: "Silent-Stage Star and Dumb-Bell Expert."

(Continued on page 90)
Get Thin to music!

IT'S easy. I'll prove it in five days' time — free. In your own home, with your own phonograph. Read my offer.

Food Does Not Cause Fat
—if it did, we would not see stout men and women who eat less than a child of ten. My method lets you eat, but your system uses all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.

How I Reduce Men and Women

Reducing my way is play! A 20-minute lesson daily — to music! Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing. If you are 50, 60, 75 lbs. overweight I require a little longer. But results are the same. The things I give you to do will change the conditions — the underlying causes — that keep one fat. Nature will then make your figure normal, in surprisingly short time. In over five thousand cases, I have not had a single failure.

Read These Letters

Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who I am. I feel ten years younger.

(Mrs.) Grace Horchler, 605 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months.

(Mrs.) V. W. Shinkle, 514 N. 6th St., Omaha, Neb.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons you can use my letter.

(Mrs.) Esta Arbaugh, Mandan, Ia.

FREE PROOF

I have no books to sell, nor pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I can reduce you, and will send free, prepaid and plainly wrapped, full-sized record to prove it. Use it, and note the results. That's all I ask!

Use coupon below.

WALLACE, 178 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five day trial. This does not oblige me to buy.

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Sr. & No.

P. O. State

(Continued from page 89)

Plays and Players

May Busch moved into a new and fashionable apartment house on the Boulevard the other day.

The first evening, the black-haired vamp strolled into the lobby and dropped into a chair by the plate glass windows to await a suitor. In the next chair sat a lady tourist, with all the earmarks of Hawkins Center. She was friendly and talkative. Mae was amiable.

"Ain't this a swell place to set?" demanded the lady from Hawkins Center. "I set here a lot. I set here most every evening and watch the cars go pro and con." And as Mae rose to depart she remarked, "Now dearie, you come into my apartment and see me. Any time. Don't be formal. Just slip on a dejeuner and run in."

If reports are true, Miss Dorothy Dalton is one of the very luckiest young women in America right this minute.

For the story now being told in awed whispers along the Boulevard is to the effect that she was a mere bystander at a game of chance the other evening—a game played with little white cubes with black dots on them—and that a friend of hers, worth many millions, won something like $77,000. It being a very trifling sum to him, he turned with a smile and said, "I don't want this," and swept the whole sum into Dorothy's lap.

Well, the handsome film star ought to be mighty generous this Christmas. Besides being one of the richest of our screen beauties, Miss Dalton is certainly the most travelled. During the past eight months she has covered over 24,000 miles, besides making two big special feature productions.

But she says she's getting tired and she thinks she'll settle down in Los Angeles.

They may be moving their studios away, but they all com back sooner or later—some for a week, some for six.

Little old New York is having a shower of film celebrities right now, all come to do their Christmas shopping, to replenish their wardrobes, to sign new contracts, and to confer with presidents of companies.

Charles Ray and Mrs. Ray came for a vacation. He was in attendance at the Army-Navy football game, and at many of the theaters.

Shirley Mason was in Manhattan for a few weeks before leaving the Fox convention in Chattanooga, Tenn. Little Miss Mason made herself extremely popular with everybody. It was her first trip east in three years. She was going to stay longer, but her handsome husband, Bernard Durning, is in California and she couldn't see being separated from him for very long.

Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond have been seen about a great deal. The blonde Mary McVor Desmond has attracted much attention because of her beauty and charm. The Desmonds were at the Equity Ball, and also at a dance at Delmonico's given in their honor. They is one of the happiest romances of the screen.

(Continued on page 117)
Get-Rich-Quick
Wallingford
(Continued from page 56)
A swagger person wearing spats and carrying an impressive stick, sauntered across the lobby, accepted the pen and signed the register.
"Make me a promise that you won't sell that signature to an autograph hunter," said the stranger with an affable sternness.
Dempsey turned the register about and without marked difficulty made out the name "J. Rufus Wallingford."
"I want the best suite you've got in the place and all my meals to be served in my room and the same waiter each time. Is Mr. Horace Daw stopping here?"
"Yes, sir!" Dempsey spoke up. "You are Mr. Wallingford."
"Yes," the guest admitted. "You must have seen my pictures in the magazines."
"Shall I tell Mr. Daw you are here?"
"Yes," Wallingford raised a cautious hand. "Tell him quietly; let no one else know."

As Dempsey disappeared into the dining room, Wallingford looked about in apprais al of the community as represented by the Palace. Then his eyes lighted on Fannie, whom he discovered to be very pleasant.
"It isn't possible that you live here," he said to her easily.
"Yes, sir."
"Stenographer?"
Fannie nodded.
"Well, we'll be together a lot," said Wallingford.
Daw came rushing from the dining room, with his hand extended to bid Wallingford welcome to Battlesburg. Daw drew Wallingford aside.
"How's the exchequer?"
"Got just forty-three dollars," Wallingford replied. "How are you fixed?"
"On my last ten spot," Daw answered.
"What's the prospect—looks dead."
"Cheer up—there's lots of money here and they'll grab at a manufacturing plant song and dance," Daw assured him.
Swiftly they began to complete the stage setting on the ground work that Daw had laid in his busy idle days in Battlesburg. In fifteen minutes Wallingford had read out orders for the decoration of his suite with American flags, sent for a map of the city, ordered that the best motor car agent be sent in to sell him a machine, that dinner be served in his room and that a barber be sent to his rooms to shave him.
G. W. Battles, grumpy and annoyed at the fuss stalked across the lobby. Daw saw him and seized upon him.
"I want you to meet Mr. Wallingford. I have told him about you and he is very much interested," Daw was flattering.
"What's all this fuss about?" Battles interrupted, showing his distrust.
"Why, Mr. Wallingford's visit here was largely for the purpose of shaking your hand, Mr. Battles," Daw pleaded. "He is a great admirer of your great grandfather." Battles sniffed and sneered. "Likely—my great grandfather has been dead a hundred years."
"But his achievements and principles live yet—in book form," replied the quick-witted Daw. "Mr. Wallingford has one of three copies."
"Never heard of it," admitted Battles, skeptical but curious. "What is the title?"
"The History of the Life of Benjamin Battles," replied Daw. "It was privately printed. The King of England has one copy. Mr. Wallingford has one and what became of the third is a mystery."
"I'd like to see that book," Battles said.
(Continued on page 92)

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of your teeth—combat the film

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Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.
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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 91)

Daw seized the moment and slipping his arm into Battles led him into the august presence of J. Rufus Wallingford, their withdrew and closed the door.

In the office below Daw remarked to Fannie that "when two men get together they understand each other at once."

Two bottles of Andy Dempsey's best homebrew went aloft to the Wallingford suite and sounds of fast and animated conversation percolated into the hall. Battlesburg's luminaries and hotel lobby statesmen were all interest and excitement over the fact that their leading citizen, George Washington Battles, was "in conference" with Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford.

Clint Hawkins came in, bursting with importance and excitement.

"We're getting out an extra of the Blade about the arrival of Mr. Wallingford and I've framed up the band to come down and play for him and we'll have a parade with a banner, 'Welcome to Wallingford.'"

"Fine," exclaimed Andy Dempsey. "I was just going to suggest that myself."

Presently the conference in Wallingford's suite ended and his guest emerged. It was readily to be seen that George Washington Battles, leading citizen, had traded his stern reserve for a remarkable enthusiasm, verbal and liquid.

"You're all right, Wallingford, and I'd sure like to see that book," Battles gurgled.

"I will wire my secretary at Palm Beach to send it at once," Wallingford replied.

Wallingford's conquest of Battles was sufficient and final for Battlesburg. Wallingford had the goods.

"Tell Miss Jasper, the stenographer," said Wallingford impersonally as possible to Dempsey, "to bring her book and come to my suite for dictation."

"I will not—it isn't proper—if he wants to dictate let him come here just like other people do." Fannie answered Dempsey.

Dempsey flared up.

Fannie quietly got up and got her hat and coat and walked out.

Wallingford rushed into the street after her.

"Come back—Dempsey means all right." Fannie shook her head in refusal.

"You must not go like this—I do not want to be the cause of your losing your place. I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

"I'll think about it," Fannie decided.

When the Battlesburg band in full uniform came down the street blaring "The Conquering Hero Comes," Daw and Wallingford took up a position on the veranda with calm assurance. Their outward bearing betrayed nothing of their inward mirth.

"I am not a man of promises," said Wallingford in response to the welcome, "but I think I can say without exaggeration that I will be responsible for a new era of prosperity in Battlesburg. I am no speechmaker, but I can, I assure you, appreciate the spirit of the occasion."

Main Street was still ringing with cheers when Wallingford signaled Daw and they withdrew to their quarters. There were excellent reasons why they would not. These reasons were Dorothy Welles, who had caught the ardent fancy of Mr. Horace Daw; and Miss Fannie Jasper, stenographer, who had filled the eyes and heart of the wandering Wallingford.

"I meant to put a few notes through (Continued on page 93)
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 92)

Battles' bank and beat it," Wallingford remarked to Daw. "But I've decided we'll have to stay and promote that manufacturing plant. We'll have to be here a number of weeks. I can't bear myself away now." A knock came at the door. Daw opened it and admitted Eddie Lamb, who came with a message to Wallingford.

"Just a moment, Mr. Lamb. Be seated," Wallingford swept him into a chair with a gesture. "I will finish my conference with Mr. Daw and be right with you." Then he wheeled about to Daw.

"As I was saying, I understand, Horace, that you imagine I ought to let the people of Battle's town hear the story.

"I certainly do—I think you ought to let them have a little stock at least."

"I know—I like these people myself," Wallingford went on. "But you know I have always been opposed to the idea of small stockholders, they fuss about details they do not understand. Now, if we do incorporate, it must be a small issue, because I do not want to attract the attention of the Eureka Tack people. I am confident that after we have been going two months we can sell out to them for two million."

"All the more reason you ought to let some of the prominent citizens in," interposed Daw.

"Well," said Wallingford, "you have been here longer than I have and you know these people. I'll do it.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Lamb." Wallingford turned to Eddie.

"Oh, that's all right," Eddie fawned.

"Mr. Dempsey just asked me to tell you he had the orchestra and everything all right for the banquet that you ordered."

"Fine," said Wallingford. "Thanks. We'll have a fine time. And let me congratulate you on the young lady you are going to marry, Miss Dempsey, I believe—and I trust you will work yourself up into a position where you can give her all the little luxuries that a fine girl like that needs and wants. I'd like to put you into a way of making a pot of money. But I must speak frankly. Mr. Lamb," Wallingford continued, "if you don't mind keeping small stockholders, having so much surplus capital myself—you see if I did do you a good turn and let you in, it would just result in a lot of little fellows running after me to put in their money and I would have no peace.

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything about it," Eddie's heart was beating fast.

"Yes, yes," Wallingford waved a hand at him, "but you would give me a check and I would have to put it through the bank here with my name on it and the gossip would leak out, and there I would say—"

"Oh, no—nothing like that," Lamb pleaded. "My money's in cash."

"How much?" Wallingford was curious.

"I have twelve thousand," Eddie answered.

"Well, I wouldn't take all that—better give me ten thousand—and the only condition on which I let you in is absolute secrecy. If I hear a word about it I shall have to hand you back your money."

"I promise," Eddie exclaimed fervidly.

"Barnum was right, but too conservative," Wallingford commented to Daw, when the door had closed behind the clerk.

The next caller was George Washington Battles, bringing his brother Timothy, the mayor, and Henry Quig, the coal and ice magnate of the town. Their call was a signal for the gathering of the clans. Welles, (Continued on page 94)

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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 93)

the real estate man, and Hawkins of the Blade followed soon after.

"I have just the site for your factory—two hundred by two hundred and sixty, near the depot," Welles broke in.

"Convenient for shipping," returned Wallingford in comment. Then with his eyes half closed, as though visualizing the future, he drew a word picture for them. "Ah, gentlemen, I can almost see the smoke belching from the chimneys of the factory, the lights glimmering from the windows, the thousand voices singing from the gates and the day shift leaves and the night shift goes on, the freight cars leaving loaded with my magnificent tacks."

"Tacks? It was a chorus of surprise.

"Yes, gentlemen, tacks. Not the kind of tacks you are thinking of." He beckoned to him and bent over a patch of carpet.

"There, that is it, gentlemen! In those rusty carpet tacks is the secret of our great opportunity—and a greater Battlesburg. You see those ugly tacks, rusty and dirty. Gentlemen, the dream of my life—the covered carpet, covered with material to match the carpet—will revolutionize the industry and make millions."

When the session was ended the Universal Tack Company had been drafted into a preliminary plan and stock subscriptions noted down. The leading lights of Battlesburg were going to participate in Wallingford's soon-to-be-millions of new profits. They had seen samples of the covered tack—made up on the spur of the moment from an old necktie and a bottle of glue. As the session ended, Fannie Jasper came.

"I have come to say that I cannot accept the position as secretary that Mr. Wallingford offered me." Fannie was firm, even though unhappy, as she told Daw. At the door, Wallingford, for once truly sincere, stood before her with deep regret on his face. He fumbled with his sample tacks.

"We have just organized a big company to make these—heavily, don't you think?" Wallingford was puzzling within himself. He was disturbed over his fondness for this girl. Girls and love affairs had long ago been ruled out by Wallingford and Daw—but this, of course, was different.

"It's a wonderful idea." Her eyes lighted with an honest enthusiasm. "It ought to be worth a fortune to you."

Wallingford looked at the tacks in his palm wonderingly. Had he, indeed, unwittingly hit on something with real merit? He had not so intended. He looked at the girl and wished earnestly that he was what he was trying to appear to be.

"I am proud of this invention—by the way, Mr. Daw tells me you won't take that position."

"I've changed my mind." Wallingford looked at her quickly.

"Yes?"

"What will my duties be?"

"Sort of private and confidential secretary. I've just closed for a floor in the Battles building, you can report there at nine in the morning—your salary will be a hundred a month—no objections, now."

"I have a little money saved, $400, that I'd like to invest."

Wallingford raised his hand in caution, "Let me give you a tip, Miss Jasper. You hang on to the money you've saved and don't let it go away from you."

"But really, Mr. Wallingford, I want to invest this money if there's a chance for such big return as you say."

"Little girl, you are making it hard. (Continued on page 96)
I was sixteen when my first poem was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed in the newspapers. I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write that particular story, or how to do what with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was the start of my writing. After more than a year of writing and writing and writing, I sent them out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never a friendly one. Consequently I began to be discouraged. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were accepted by a number of trustworthy periodicals, and I was given work to do. The magazines began to accept my work, and one or two of them paid enough to keep me going. Those were the days of Housekeeping, the Designer, the Ladies' World, the Ladies' Home Journal, and others. But always I had to eat my way through the day. But after I rewrote the story after the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had something to say, but this was the problem, I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, before I learned what I could or could not do. I had found that easy way of writing and writing and writing and writing, and I had now thousands of dollars for what I had in the previous six years. I had earned six dollars at a cobbler's and I had had acceptance letters, but it was a long process. A most astonishing assertion was revealed when I read the truth of writing a story by one of the highest paid authors. I was told by a magazine editor, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it!"

I know from my own experience that almost everybody knows how to write a story or a good article if he knew how. There is a technique to it, and you can always find out how to write it if you can. You can always find out how to manage your time if you can. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to write it. But many people who have written stories are not aware of this. They have never learned how to write a story. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his time. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his money. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his health. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his friends. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his enemies. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his money. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his health. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his friends. Everyone who has written a story or a good article has learned how to manage his enemies.

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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 94)

"Yes, I guess I am," returned Fannie, her voice cold and dry, and "I am going to make it twice as hard. Why, you and your friends are just a pair of confidence men—Mr. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford!"

Wallingford gulped.

"You are not going to rob my friends! One wrong move and I'll put the authorities wise.

"I judge you don't want that position now," Wallingford was thinking fast.

"Yes, I do. I am going to hang right on—and I'll be at your office at nine."

Fannie swept out.

Wallingford looked at Daw.

"Suffering cats! She's got our number!" Horace Daw summarized the situation.

"You've got Eddie's roll. Let's be going."

"No," Wallingford exploded, "I am going to stay and make him feel things from my viewpoint. I will if I have to make love to her and marry her."

"Fine chance you've got," remarked Daw.

"She turned down every man in town."

"Proves she's smart," returned Wallingford. "She's the only smart woman I ever saw."

WALLINGFORD seized his hat and went down the street in pursuit of Fannie. He found her and talked as Wallingford had never talked before. When they parted she shook hands as though she meant it.

The tack company offices duly opened in the Battlesburg building and the town began to catch fire from the promotional radio-activity of Wallingford and Daw. When old G. W. Battles, and his brother Timothy, and two or three other "insiders" of the town went into a thing to the tune of $25,000 each, that idea was sold to Battlesburg. The typical symptoms of the boom began to bud and bloom. Main Street was crowded with people who came to hear about and see this great Wallingford. His offices boiled with activity. Right and left he bought real estate options and sold them again. He branched out swiftly and organized a trolley company to build a line to Hoytsville, and went far enough with his sham to get a franchise.

From week to week he staked with promises that the work would be started on the erection of the tack factory. By way of atmospheric reassurance Eddie Lamb was sent east on a two weeks trip to solicit orders for the famous covered carpet tacks. But that week Wallingford promised himself he would have gathered all that could be plucked from the bank rolls of Battlesburg and be gone—even though it hurt. And Daw had gone to Des Moines to talk with a machine company’s inventor about a machine for making the covered tacks, all for show and the reassurance of Battlesburg.

But delays were dangerous and the stockholders, headed by G. W. Battles, got impatient. They began to compare notes and exchange doubts. The day of storm was coming.

Wallingford sensed it all. He grew more and more devoted to Fannie Jasper, showering her with tokens of violets and sending roses to her mother.

At last the opening doubts boiled up into a crisis, and at the head of his phalanx G. W. Battles marched into the Wallingford offices. Wallingford met them with a smile.

"What is it, boys?"

"As president of the Universal Tack Company I have come to demand an accounting. We elected you treasurer and put up $125,000 and you have used the money to promote a lot of other schemes we are not interested in. You have drawn out $25,000 of the company’s money. Where is it?"

Wallingford’s face blackened.

"It is none of your business, now. At the next regular meeting of the Universal Tack Company you shall have your accounting, and if you are not satisfied then, say so. Until then the money and the matters of the company are in my hands."

Wallingford’s wild dramatics were not in vain.

"We don’t want to lose your friendship," Battles began. When the session ended, a few minutes later, there had been formed to present Wallingford with a loving cup.

Daw came back from Des Moines.

"I saw the construction company about putting up the plant and staked them for another ten days," he half shouted to Wallingford. "And the machine people showed me a model machine that will make the tacks, millions of them an hour."

"Stop," Wallingford interrupted sadly. "Horace, you’re off your trolley. I don’t care if this machine will make a million tacks a minute, who wants them—everybody is using rubber." Daw’s face was a puzzle. Wallingford began discussing the storm of the afternoon and the coming getaway. He read the unhappiness in Daw’s face.

"I know all about it, Horace, and the girl—I’m sorry—but the sooner the less it will hurt. I am pretty well gone myself. We had no business to have anything to do with regular girls. If we were in a legitimate business—but we are not."

"No use hashing that," Daw asserted.

"Anyway, we are a quarter of a million to the good. This thing. Let the boobs count up tomorrow at breakfast."

Dorothy Welles broke into the room.

"I came to ask you to come to Sunday dinner tomorrow. Mother and father want you to come so much, and so do I."

"Dorothy, I’ll be counting the hours till then." Wallingford discreetly withdrew and Daw drew the girl to him.

In the outer office where Wallingford went was Fannie. The emotion was contagious.

Into this medley of a scene came a stranger, who looked too much like a policeman to make Daw long with delight.

"Are you Mr. Wallingford?"

"I am."

"Well, I am M. B. Lott, from Des Moines. I represent the Midland traction people. I want to talk to you about the Battlesburg-Hoytsville trolley project of yours."

"Pleased to meet you."

"We have been thinking of extending our lines and we would like to see if we can get together."

THERE is just one way. We will buy or sell." Wallingford was himself again.

"I will take it for our franchise, half cash, half notes. What is your proposition?"

"That is exactly the offer I was authorized to make to you. You will come to Des Moines tonight I will guarantee to have the matter wound up by ten o’clock tomorrow morning."

"All right, Mr. Lott, we have half an hour to make the train. I will be with you."

When Lott was gone Daw and Wallingford danced about in the office.

"We are a couple of honest men, Jimmie." Daw said boarce with delight.

Then came a greater surprise. Eddie Lamb, days ahead of his schedule:

"I’ve got orders for over a hundred thousand gro’s of tacks—the jobbers are (Continued on page 97)"
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Concluded)

crazy about them—going like wildfire, and a better price than we expected.

The building was never before or after saw such a scene as ensued.

Wallingford let out a whoop, and dashing out to Fannie swept her into his arms and Data close after him gathered up Dorothy. The tacks were sold, the trolley was sold and they were a pair of honest business men.

Anyone on the trail of Jimmie Wallingford and Blackie Daw, confidence men extraordinary, two years later would have known neither them nor Battlesburg. A busy trolley line ran down Main street to the suburb section, where night and day the Universal Tack Company's plant belched smoke and shipped covered carpet tacks by the carload. The town hummed. And up the street was the New Wallingford Hotel, the show place of the county, operated by Andy Dempsey.

Out on the edge of the old Battlesburg, had risen a new residential section filled with fine homes.

Probably the most pretentious of the mansions were those of Horace Daw and Rufus Wallingford.

It was on the second anniversary of their coming to Battlesburg that Daw and Wallingford gave their biggest banquet.

Again came a stranger—a man in blue serge with square-toed boots—Thomas Donahue, from New York.

And it came that out there in the shadows of the porch Blackie Daw and Jimmie Wallingford, the old confidence men, and Tom Donahue, the New York plain-clothes man, talked it over, old times and all.

"Yes, Tom," said Wallingford, "Blackie and I are square with the world."

A baby's soft cry came from within.

"Boy?" asked Donahue, smiling.

"Boy and girl—twins."

When Donahue was gone, Wallingford turned to Daw.

"Did you ever tell Dorothy the truth about us?"

"Yes, I made a clean breast of it long ago."

"And so did I to Fannie," said J. Rufus.

They went to join the wives. Far in the distance shone the lights of the factories of busy Battlesburg, turning out millions of tacks night and day. It was the hour of Dream—Come-True, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love.

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Textbooks are to be filmed by D. Appleton and Co., the publishers of school-books. They will parallel their educational publications with films for visual instruction. School children today have the great benefit of learning their lessons from the screen. Motion pictures are much more absorbing than dry descriptions on the printed page. Lessons will be learned with a degree of rapidity never before achieved. Pictorially has always predicted that it would be long before the films would be the favorite form of instruction. A child usually has a prejudice against ugly and drab things. The old-fashioned geographies and histories and spellers were ugly; almost always bound in a dull green or yellow, they were far from inviting. Geography, of course, will be the first subject to be put into pictures. There are no restrictions in this field—the whole world will reach the children in the schoolrooms.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

Rae.—I am not sure that Miss Elsie Ferguson cares to have her home address made public. Until I am sure, I will only tell you that it is somewhere on Park Avenue— in the three-hundreds. Miss Ferguson is really Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. I have seen them lunching together and they seem quite devoted. When a busy banker and his famous wife have luncheon together it means they must be. There are happy marriages in movieland—look at Dorothy Gish and James Cagney and Lillian and Lilian, too. They are among my favorite players.

Nora.—Beogora, but I'm glad to hear from you again, after all these days! Betty was my pet, bit or this, I believe. She has an Irish wit—that much I know. You can address Miss Blythe at her home, 1242 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. She is married to Dr. Henry Stillman and has two step-daughters. Betty is now in the east playing in the newest Rex Beach picture. You know, I call her Betty because I don't know her very well.

Tessie.—Is that really your name?

Then you're as soulful as spinach and as truthful as a turnip. Constance and Norma are somewhere in their early, middle or later twenties, but that's all I can tell you. Their ages are given officially as twenty-one and twenty-three respectively, but I have an idea they are older than that.

K., New York.—I don't believe in public demonstrations of affection. I keep my sorrows to myself. Pearl White is thirty-two years old; address the William Fox studios, N. Y. C. Elmo Lincoln was born February 6, 1889. His present address is 2710 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Mix was born in Texas, and his home address is 5241 Coldwater, Hollywood, Cal. I think there is to be an addition to the Mix family before long. Mrs. Mix is Victoria Forde, daughter of that excellent character actress, Eugenie Forde.

L. B., Yonkers, N. Y.—Once the home of Hope Hampton. Now Hope lives on Park Avenue. Her latest is "Start the Dust," which is reviewed in this issue of Photo Play. Grace Cunard, why, I haven't heard of her for a long time. She is still heard of in California, I think. She was never married to Francis X. O'Casey. She were co-stars for many serials for some years. Grace was once married to the youngest of the Moore brothers, Joe, about whom you don't hear very much. Owen is now the husband of Kathryn Perry, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty—of course she is still beautiful—while Tom is married to Renee Adoree.

Lilian.—Why not Lilian? Might as well. Glad, however, that you are sensible enough to realize it is foolish to attempt a film career at fifteen. But, of course, there is always the possibility that when you are older you won't want to attempt a film career. Diana Allen is twenty-two. Her latest picture is "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." She is not married. Walter McGrail is thirty-two. Address him Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

Olga.—I'm afraid you are doomed to disappointment. In Hoot Gibson is not Swedish. He was born in Nebraska and looks to me, of Irish descent. However, I look of Russian descent, with all the whiskers I am supposed to have, and as a matter of fact, I, too, am middle-western American.

(Continued on page 90)

"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday." The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of young men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a Job Ahead of YOU

Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound technical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S. Just as nearly 3,000,000 men and women have done in the last 30 years, just as more than 150,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way today:

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how you can qualify for the position so in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

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Electric Lighting & Bx.
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MACHINERY, ENGR.
Mechanical Engineering
Machine Shop Practice
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GIVE ENGINEER
Engineering Practice
Highway Engineer
MINE FORM & ENG.
Mining Engineer
Marine Engineer
SURVEYOR
Contractor and Builder
Architectural draftsman
Concrete Builder
PLOMING & HEAT
Plumber and Metal Worker
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CHEMIST
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Will not irritate the tender skin

Impertinent nose, provacative mouth, verrv checks, all the eyes alone are charming! They need no other features to supplement their beauty—if they are shadowed and accentuated by long, lathy brows. Use LASHILUX. It makes the lashes dark and more distinct and at the same time encourages their growth. It is a permanent paint, harmless and delicately fragrant. Use after powdering to emphasize the flattering lashes of your eyes. Black and Brown. Also Colorless, for use when retiring, 50c at drug and department stores.

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73 Grand Street
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Send for a catalog. We will send you upon request your choice of diamond rings, signet rings, rings for men, rings for women, bracelets, pendants, medallions and an endless variety of jewelry—all at fair, low, reasonable prices. We guarantee the quality of every article we sell and offer a lifetime guarantee on each article sold. Use coupon below for your order. All orders filled immediately, shipped free.

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If desired, we will open a charge-account plan, you may pay for your purchases in any way you desire. For example, you may charge to your National Bank, Commercial Land National Bank, Commercial Land National Bank, Commercial Land National Bank. You are guaranteed & all articles up to $25.00 are insured by us. Your money back if you are not satisfied. Complete list of articles may be obtained by writing us.

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Send for your copy of our new 120-page catalog containing handsome diamond jewelry and the latest designs in every type of jewelry, at our lowest prices. Write to us for your free catalog. Address:

J. M. LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York N. Y.

Masked!

LILIAN—Why not Lilyan? Might as well. Glad, however, that you are sensible enough to realize it is foolish to attempt a film career at fifteen. But, of course, there is always the possibility that when you are older you won't want to attempt a film career. Diana Allen is twenty-two. Her latest picture is "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." She is not married. Walter McGrail is thirty-two. Address him Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

OLGA—I'm afraid you are doomed to disappointment. In Hoot Gibson is not Swedish. He was born in Nebraska and looks to me, of Irish descent. However, I look of Russian descent, with all the whiskers I am supposed to have, and as a matter of fact, I, too, am middle-western American.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 98)

JASMINE.—You're better than I could only believe all you say. I know
and I know the world and its ways, and I
cannot believe that you really think I am
as nice as all that. Because I'm not. The
Gibesh are stars, not Cooper-Hewitts, as you
seem to think. It is an unusual name. I
had never heard it before, either.

ADDIE.—It was awfully nice of you, really,
to send me a birthday card. Of course,
I stopped having birthdays about three
months ago, when I celebrated my last one.
Birthdays are terrible tyrants. May be
able to fool others as to how ancient I am, but
I can't fool myself. So thanks for the
card. Your letter was interesting. Ethel
Clayton is not married. The late Joseph
Kaufman was her husband.

MARTIN ADAMS.—As I have noted else-
where in these columns, Miss Vivian Martin
herself wrote to me to deny the existence
of a little daughter. She said, 'I wish this
were true, but it is not.' Yes, I saw Miss
Martin in 'Just Married,' and while it is
an inconsequential little farce, she is quite
charming in it. She has been married.
Better write to her to ask if she still is.

JOSEPHINE.—Bebe Daniels played The
King's Favorite in the Babylonian episode
of 'Male and Female'—that much-disputed
allegory about the Christian slave. Bebe is
not married, but it isn't because nobody
wants to marry her. It's that she is one of
the most popular young ladies in pictures.

V. S., DALLAS.—So folks say you are too
emotional to be an actress. I never heard
of that standing in anyone's way before.
I don't know what makes Gloria Swanson
so beautiful. If I did I should surely tell
you. We can't have too many Glorias in
this world. Madame Petrova, whom you
admire so fervently, may be reached at
125 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. That is
when she is in town. She is on the road
right now with her new stage play, 'The
White Peacock.'

JACKIE.—I haven't heard from you for
months. You seem to have forgotten I
was on earth, and in this department. Per-
haps you got to know so much about movies
from me, you couldn't think of any more
questions to ask. Welcome back, anyway.
Marguerite Clark in 'Scrambled Wives.'
The adorbale ingenue married, retired, came
back for that one picture, and retired again.
She lives down on her husband's estate in
New Orleans, La. I like Marguerite much.

G. M. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Or, event-
ually why not now? Rudie Valentiono has
played in 'The Shell,' 'The Four Horse-
men of the Applesauce,' 'Camille,' 'The
Conquering Power,' 'Moran of the Lady
Betty.' Pardon the typographical error of
the 'Bailarina de fueor' or 'magnas' year.
I do not know Mr. Valentiono very well, but
I am sure that, being a man, he likes to be
admired, so do not hesitate to tell him you
think he is the finest, slickest-haired actor
in films!

LIZZIE.—Yes, my occupation would make
me out an insufferable egotist. But I am
not. Emory Johnson is twenty-seven years
old, weighs one hundred and eighty-five
pounds, is six feet two inches tall, has brown
hair and eyes, and is married to Ella Hall.
Whew! And—he supported Bebe Daniels
in 'She Couldn't Help It.'
(Continued on page 102)
in Hollywood, the portion of the city where the industry is centered, everyone gets so fed up with motion pictures that they cannot think of anything else. They lose their perspective. They absorb no new ideas—no new lines of thought.

Maurice Tourneur, Director:

From the material standpoint of facilities, costs, climate and the like there is no comparison; Los Angeles is vastly superior. I have always regarded New York's theaters, its music, its air, its size and hustle, its noise and clamor and color, its startling cosmopolitanism, as a most valuable mental stimulant. I honestly consider that bigger things artistically could and would be done there. More largesse centered in New York and more productions made there. New York's intellectual circles preclude any possibility of cerebral staleness. They awaken new ideas and revive lagging ambitions. London, Paris and Vienna are like that.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, Artist and Director:

I think a New Yorker ought to produce films in Los Angeles and a Californian in New York. The To-Tal Argument is to be where you have the fewest friends and can work the hardest. Also, where newness and novelty give you the biggest mental kick.

William D. Taylor, President of the Motion Picture Directors' Association:

I am mighty fond of New York and could not get along without going there at least once a year, for its artistic, dramatic and literary advantages, but as a place to make pictures it certainly cannot compare with Los Angeles. Honest and disinterested thought can produce no other conclusion. It takes twice as long to make a picture in New York and therefore costs much more. And even in an artistic product like pictures, the cost is one of the most essential things to reckon with.

William DeMille, Paramount Director:

There is no question in my mind as to the superiority of California over New York as a picture producing center for the simple reason that I never have, and never will, produce in the East. California has every advantage; Manhattan so few. True, in New York you can hear the best music and lectures, see the finest plays and paintings; but most of us can make the trip from the west whenever we feel it is necessary and if you have anything within yourself, you do not need outside stimuli. California means home and work to me.

Lillian Gish, Griffith Star:

There is so much more in New York than there is in California. New York is the cultural center of the country. Hollywood is a wonderful place to have a home, and make a garden. I missed California when I left it. Now I could not get along without New York. Its plays, its interesting people, its exchange of brilliant ideas, its everlasting exhilaration and Eastern rivalry and California less, but New York more. Someday I may find that my work will take me west again, and I will not object.

Theodore Roberts, Screen Character actor and former New York stage favorite:

Here the motion picture industry is figuratively—a big toad in a little puddle. Industrially and artistically, it is the pet child of a progressive and growing city. In New York it is and always has been, the departed spirit of the city loves the theater. The theater's needs always overshadow the needs of pictures there.

Cecil B. deMille, Paramount's Director-General:

Making motion pictures is hard enough work under the best of circumstances. Made under the handicap of a weather and eastern climatic conditions is more than I care to undertake. California—especially Los Angeles and its environs—is the ideal place to live. And consequently the ideal place to work.

If anyone can point out to me why a mortal should live in the heat and cold of the East and endure the inconveniences of its horrors, when it is a whole lot easier and simpler to make pictures right here in Los Angeles, I should be grateful.

Allan Shore, President of the Hollywood Board of Trade:

Nothing finer has ever been done for the profession of the actor than the establishment of Los Angeles as the capital of the film industry. When you consider that today thousands of actors own their own homes, have been enabled to establish a family life and other a family through this fact that moving pictures are made in Los Angeles. It becomes not an inter-civic, but a national proposition. For it is the principle of Americanism, this firm foundation of the American home.

Los Angeles will do all for the motion picture industry that any other city can offer to do—and she has proved it. She needs any other conditions, any inducements made by other cities.

If there has been some protest in our city against certain elements of film people—we know that the film people themselves desire to see this element controlled.

Abraham Lehr, Vice-president in charge of Goldwyn Production:

New York is the financial and distributing center of the industry. The home offices of nearly all of the big companies, including our own, are located there. It would be an advantage for the studio to be near the general headquarters, New York scores in that respect.

But as long as a friendly attitude is maintained by the city and the industry fostered a protected industry, it will probably be difficult to get the producer to abandon his financial investments and his already perfected and operating plant in Los Angeles.

Sylvestor Weaver, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles:

The motion picture industry is Los Angeles' favorite industry. And Los Angeles would never allow it to be taken away without putting up a good, hearty battle.

We are proud of the motion pictures. They are a part of us, they have always
Battle of Two Cities (Concluded)

been connected with Los Angeles. They have received here at all times the heartiest cooperation.

THOMAS H. INCE, Producer:

My preference for Los Angeles as a production headquarters, and I do prefer it to New York, is based primarily on its marked advantages as to production cost. Having kept closely in touch with conditions in both places, I know that the financial outlay required in making a picture in New York is from thirty to thirty-five percent greater than in Los Angeles. Accordingly, the same amount of money expended in Los Angeles will result in a thirty to thirty-five percent greater picture than might have been made in the East.

We have become identified in every way with its life. I myself have my home, property interests of various kinds, to say nothing of a complete, perfect, and expensive studio plant, constructed by myself to suit my exact needs, which I could never duplicate in New York.

IRVING H. HELLMAN, Vice-president, Hellman Commercial, Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles:

If for no other reason than that it has more capital employed, has a larger annual value of output and employs more persons than any other industry in Los Angeles, the motion picture interests deserve the very best consideration that its citizens—bankers and business men included—can extend. And the industry knows that it will receive this. But, beyond this, there is a sentimental interest that arises from pride—pride in the growth of a lusty industrial child that, even if not born here yet certainly came to Los Angeles in its swaddling clothes.

JOHN EMERSON AND ANITA LOOS, Scenario Writers and Directors:

New York.

Because of its inspiration, its varied interests.

New York has everything in the world. It is a great capital. You cannot grow stale in New York.

We don't know about the actors, but from the standpoint of the writer and the director, there is only one place to make pictures in our opinion. And we have tried both.

A Moving Thought

Always, before every movie I lamp.

There is a foreword—you've read it—

Giving each person, from stage hand to vamp.

Oodles and oodles of credit.

Direct the adapter and camera man, too.

The bird who picked out each weird setting—

Every one gets what he thinks is his due.

To add a twist, awkward, goal-getting.

Names are poured out just like sand through a sieve.

Even to seventy-seven—

So, don't you think that they sometimes might give

Credit to Nature—or Heaven?

—New York Sun.
A Modest Hero of the Stage

(Continued from page 51)

the shell-shocked Hilary Fairfield, an ideal vehicle for his return to the business of his life. He at once put in a bid for the American rights to the piece but the producers named a price that would have discouraged even Pollock had it not been for the fact that he counted on a few good friends who had offered to lend him whatever money he might need.

To the first of these friends he blurted out, "Lend me 2,000 pounds!" "Why not ask me for 2,052 pounds, three shillings and sixpence?" said the friend. "Why the 52 pounds, three and six?" asked Pollock. "Because," replied the friend, "that is all I have."

The money was, nevertheless, finally collected from this source and that, the deal closed and Pollock opened the play in New York, where it seems destined to run indefinitely.

From that time it has been a cumulative sensation and seems destined to run indefinitely.

Pollock, still far from well and still obliged to spend from twelve to fourteen hours a day in bed, comes to the theater each night with as much enthusiasm as if it were the first night. And he is being forgotten as a hero and recognized as an actor—which is to say that his deepest wish is being fulfilled—the reward of all first-class heroes.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 90)

LENA.—Constance Talmadge is separated from her husband, John Pielago. He is a wealthy tobacco merchant, and the separation came as a surprise to many, as all the papers put it. The Queen of Sheba is to take part in a new Rex Pictures picture—she stopped off on her way east to Ohio University, whose favorite actress she is. She was born in 1895, is five feet eight and a half inches tall and weighs 145 lbs.

ISABEL.—Jean Acke is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, or was. They have been divorced, or are. They had no children. Rudle is a Lasky star now.

IRENE M.—Mary Pickford has no children. Douglas Fairbanks had one son by his former marriage to Beth Sully, who is now a Mrs. Evans. Clara Kimball Young and Theda Bara both have black hair. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, not Egypt. I thought that old legend had been forgotten long ago.

MRS. G. B.—Thank you. It's awfully sweet of you to write me such nice things.

If you are sincere, I am very much pleased. But I hate insincere praise. It is worse than nothing. (I do not care a lot of you guilty ones shake in your shoes.) The Realert studio, where Bebe works, is on Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. La Daniels is not married or married. I believe there was an idea at one time that Tommy Meighan was to be a Realert rather than a Paramount star, but he finally joined the stellar ranks of Famous Players-Lasky, where he is called the "Good Luck Star." You bet I like Tom. Is there anyone who doesn't?

(Continued on page 177)
MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 58 and 59.

M. CROSS, LITTLETON, N. H.—I suggest that you wear your hair in the style made popular by Elsie Ferguson. This style is particularly becoming, I think, to a girl with a short nose. If your friend, the brunette with the Roman nose, would adopt a more classic bonnet and wear blue she would be very charming. She should—if she has a high forehead—pull the hair out slightly over her ears and forehead (not in puffs, but in everyday arrangements). A balance of her hair in a loose psyche or a soft knot, low on her neck. Golf stockings and oxfords are exceedingly popular this season. Many of the smartest New York women wear them for the street.

NINA, TEXAS.—The best course to pursue to fill out your neck and arms is to massage them. This will be answered by your weight. Cold showers in the morning are not good for everyone, but you might try them for a while and see.

ALICE D., LOUISVILLE.—I am indeed flattered when a southern girl asks for my opinion. She so seldom needs it! Exercise and careful eating are the only solutions to the overweight problem that you will find practical. If you have no time to walk, do several simple exercises at home: such as touching the toes with the nose, etc., I think brown and black are always "safe" colors. On the other hand, they're not particularly pretty or unusual. Alice and French blue are, to me, delightful.

AGNES.—Mordore, a new shade of reddish-brown, would be charming for a gown for afternoon wear. Another color scheme which would serve either afternoon or evening would be black with spinach, a shade of grayish-green.

Hazel B., ST. LOUIS.—From the snapshot you enclose, I see no reason why you should not be very popular. But of course you must know that there is some truth in that old proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does." Animated features and expressive, vivacious colorings, the Ziegfeld classical beauty nine times out of ten. You wear your hair much as Marie Doro wears hers, and it is equally becoming. In fact, I think you resemble that lovely actress a little. Not much, but a little!

HELEN R., CONEY ISLAND.—The grey wool turban worn by Miss Betty Compson is made on the same design, so I cannot send you a pattern for it. Any good book on knitting—many of the yarn companies publish them, and they can be bought at the embroidery counter of any department store—will give you a foundation to work on. Then you can do some variety of loose stitch and easily get the result you wish.

N. T., TULSA.—A good graceful carriage is a most important thing. Today we are living up to our necessities; instead of our complications and our wardrobes. Many women have won fame simply because they walked well. Have you ever seen a photograph of Nellie Melba, the famous Follies beauty? She is grace itself on the stage even though she does nothing but walk across it!

HELEN, TOPPEK.—Bobbed hair is charming for a girl of fourteen. I suppose you are back in school again, and I hope you enjoy your studies. Some times studies seem a frightful bore, especially at your age; but later you will be very glad you applied yourself. Dash that, then cold water on your eyes and morning. This process will help both the eyes and the lashes.

RUTH G., NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, by all means, but help yourself to it, although I do not always recommend its use for very young girls. A good rouge or powder does your skin good, not harm. I would not advise you to begin having facial massages until you really need them. And then not very often.

BLANCHE R., DETROIT, MICH.—A good treatment for an unhealthy complexion is: wash the face at night, before going to bed, with warm water and a good skin soap. Then apply very hot water, and on top of this very cold water. Finish with ice, if possible. Any good cream, used regularly, will benefit a dry skin. Use a vanishing cream before applying powder, and a grease cream at night. I hope I have helped you a little.

MARIAN.—Don't feel that way about it. Other mothers may be able to give their babies rich fur robes and be-frilled bonnets, but, dear lady, don't mind. You are giving your little girl something much more precious: an instinctive taste and an ideal. Besides, some of the healthiest babies I've ever seen have worn ragged coats and no hats at all. I wish you would write to me again and ask me some questions—I should like to know you better.

L. K., NEWARK, N. J.—Always oxfords! I mean, you may hear that "they are wearing" queer shoes with buckles and straps, and satin slippers and two-strap pumps and things. But if you'll notice, they always come back to oxfords! And you can't possibly be in bad taste if you wear them. Now I suppose you'll go right out and buy a pair of satin shoes with rhinestone buckles, n'est-ce pas?

GERALDINE B., CHICAGO, ILL.—You may have seen my picture in the papers—it has been there. I am not gifted literarily so I cannot describe myself to you. But one thing I can tell you: I am sure you would not know me if you saw me on the street. Because I dress very quietly, and I am afraid you think good taste in clothes means elaborate hats and frilly frocks.

HELEN MACI, HIGHSTOWN, N. J.—Thank you so much for your sweet letter. I appreciate your interest, truly, and am only too glad to help you in any way. I agree with you that a band for the hair, for evening wear, is very pretty. I saw one in a smart shop which can easily be copied. It was of silver ribbon and green leaves, the leaves were made of ribbon and were fastened flat upon the silver band. A narrow band of green net would also be pretty with a cluster of white taffeta flowers on one side, slightly to the front. The flowers should have dull gold or orchid centers.

They say it behind your back

EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is not a pretty sight. The thing is too delicate for conversation even among close friends. Yet all the while, quite innocent, you may be offending your friends and business associates. Halitosis becomes a silent, unmentioned indictment that holds back many a man. And he is the last one to know why.

Why entertain uncomfortable doubts about your breath when there is a simple, scientific precaution that will put you on the safe—and polite—side?

Listerine, the long-popular, liquid antiseptic, will defeat most cases of halitosis. It is a wonderfully effective mouth deodorant that quickly arrests food fermentation.

Of course, if halitosis is a symptom of some more deep-seated, organic disorder you will want to consult your physician or dentist. Naturally you wouldn't expect a mouth antiseptic to cure a bad stomach. But so often halitosis is merely local and temporary. The regular use of this excellent and pleasant antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle will suffice.

Try Listerine this way today. Note the clean, fresh feeling it leaves about your mouth, teeth and throat. At the same time you freshen your breath you are guarding against throat infections that may anticipate other serious ills.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2167 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Chaplin's Great Secret
(Continued from page 41)

Dr. Lawton’s Guaranteed
Fat Reducer
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THERE is the case of Babe Ruth, for example. He is a national hero, not merely because he has hit a ball so high and knocked a ball further than other men, but because he represents the country’s ideal of sport—because, through his achievements, he has come to personify a great popular game. He, too, is the victim of a very powerful national impulse—the impulse to play. He, too, has been unofficially elected to an office—he is even called the “King of Sport.” If Ruth had hit a baseball and knocked out, and had merely given exhibitions of batting, he would not be a public idol, no matter how many home runs he had knocked out.

Then there are the world’s heavy-weight boxing men acting as deacons. We do not ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All we ask is that you use Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer and method as per instructions and you will find reduction taking place in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is the full period, you either keep the Reducer or return it to us complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You merely apply Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer and method as per instructions and you will find reduction taking place in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is the full period, you either keep the Reducer or return it to us complete and I will gladly refund your money.

The cost of Fat Reducer is $5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your Reducer Today. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 10 every day.

Mr. Chaplin, as I have said, is a perfect peronification of the kind of humor that has come to be accepted as the national humor of today; and it is this which accounts for his tremendous popularity and vogue. Furthermore, the essence of his humor never changes. Other comedians please us at one time and leave us cold at another; for they lack that permanent, universal quality which is in all of Mr. Chaplin’s work. His greatness does not lie in his details, in his material, or in his method, his viewpoint—his formula. That is why his poorest pictures have their fascination for us.

What, one asks, is it about Mr. Chaplin’s performances that is the unique and personal embodiment of our humorous impulses, and given him his unprecedented popularity?

The easiest way to answer this question is to glance at the conditions under which we live today.

First of all, we live in an age where there is an almost mathematical precision about life; and we are regulated with orderliness and exactitude. It is only natural, therefore, that in our recreation we should seek to balance this drab and uninteresting condition by the wildest and most extravagant exaggerations. And in Mr. Chaplin’s humor we find such exaggerations—perfectly conceived to meet our needs. For an hour or so each evening we can live with him a senseless, topsy-turvy existence in which everything that normally happens is purposely reversed.

In Chaplin’s humor, ancient and modern scientific, of cut-and-dried formulas, of hide-bound logic—all of which demands, as an outlet, imaginative and original humor—preposterous irrelevancies. And once more Mr. Chaplin supplies us with just these things. They are, indeed, the very basis of his humor.

Take, again, the enforced respectability of modern life—the prudish deccencies, the insincerities and the pretences which are forced upon us in our dealings with our fellow-men. In our humor (which is one of our greatest emotional reactions) should possess the elements of rakishness and healthy vulgarity, of frivolity and bad manners, of disregard of the conventional niceties of conduct. Therefore, when Mr. Chaplin, being presented to a person socially, places his foot vigorously against the seat of that person’s pantaloons, or says something which we participate vicariously in the act, and get a real joy out of it!

What Mr. Chaplin does is exactly what we would like to do nine times out of ten in real life; but, instead, the conventions demand that we shake hands politely with those to whom we are introduced and make small talk, so that we are delighted to make their acquaintance.

Furthermore, we all have the instinct, when invited out to dinner, to grab the kind of food which looks best to us, to throw bricks at a deacon’s high silk hat; or to turn a hose upon “swells” in evening dress; or rest our feet on the center-table when making a formal call, or shove a naughty matron into a trough of bird-line and plaster; or remove our trousers on a hot day; or curse vociferously when things go wrong; or follow and make violent love to a woman who has no intention of meeting; or “pocket” anything which may take our fancy in a store; or do a hundred similar things which constitute Mr. Chaplin’s principal activities on the screen. But we are not permitted to gratify these normal, healthy desires. We are forced to suppress them and to act in a restrained, polite, and unnatural fashion. And so we give vent to our true impulses by watching Mr. Chaplin, and by projecting ourselves into his personality.

Then, again, we of today are the victims of an unnatural fear of the unfashionables, but every day we are repressed by narrow-minded, moralistic laws and ordinances which restrict our spontaneous actions. However, we have to give way to our normal instincts somehow or other: and Mr. Chaplin affords the most satisfactory and satisfying opportunity. No legal restrictions hem him in. He is an apostle of unrestrained, deviltry and illegality. His humor is both the symbol and personal embodiment of our humorous impulses, and given him his unprecedented popularity.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Chaplin's Great Secret

(Concluded)

the dignity of the law's upholders. Consequently, in our relaxations, we glory in any contempt for unpopular authority, or in any disrespect for pompous dignity. It is our only way of getting even. And Mr. Chaplin supplies us with this outlet also. When he plastered a policeman with underdone pies or other humiliating missiles, we ourselves, in our imaginations, are doing exactly the same thing, and having a lot of fun and satisfaction doing it.

In brief, Mr. Chaplin gives us—more capably and divertingly than any other modern comedian—the exact type of reaction which the modern man must have in order to maintain his mental and emotional equilibrium. And that is why his appeal is to the "lower" or "un-brow" alike. He is not a "class" humorist. The bespectacled college professor and the ignorant street urchin can sit side by side and laugh with equal delight at a Chaplin picture—one need only be human and healthy to appreciate it.

And just here we have the explanation of why even the most skillful of Mr. Chaplin's imitators have so far so disappointingly failed. They mimic only his mannerisms and appearance—his mimic only his mannerisms and appearance—they miss the fundamental fact that his influence is due to an inherent quality far beneath the mere surface of his performance.

In fact, Mr. Chaplin's true power—his unassailable greatness—lies in something which he himself, in all probability, is not conscious of, and over which he has no control—namely: in the fact that he is the personification of our modern humorous needs and impulses.

Indian Logic

THOMAS H. INCE was telling Douglas MacLean, one of his stars, some experiences of the pioneer days of pictures—among them the following:

He was making the famous old Indian and western pictures that were so successful in those days. In them, he was using almost an entire tribe of Indians as extras. One day, the red-skin chief came to the producer's office and demanded a raise of 75 cents a day. Mr. Ince, after consulting with some time with other officials, called in this redskin and told him he was sorry, but that if they had to pay the Indians 75c more a day, they wouldn't make any money at all, on the pictures, so they really couldn't consider it.

The Indian chief went back, consulted for some time with his tribe, and returned, with a message from his people. This was it: "Big white chief, you know we think you very great man. Big man—very big white chief. You great leader, great man to lead other men. Any hard anything look dangerous, you do him first. Give us no fear. Anything strange, you help us know how to do. You work very hard. Night time, we go home, sleep. You stay here. We work all day, all time. You act, you write, you get business, too. You heap big man. We think so. We love you heap.

"But we think if with all you do and all you work and chances you take, if you can not make more money so that 75 cents a day to us Indians break you, you better go get some other job. You no good in this one."

Needless to say, they got the raise.
A Prohibition Beauty

(Continued from page 45)

for instance, such a constant joy to the eye.

But she can acquire all that if she cares to, and I rather think she does.

For aside from her beauty, there is another thing very much in favor of this newest Universal luminary.

She is quite simple and unaffected and timid about herself and her work. She has a little trick of looking straight at you and turning her palms outward and upward almost supplicatingly, as though she sweetly asked your lenience and your affection. If she can get that on over the screen, it should add the one touch necessary to her beauty to make her a real star, which after all only the public can do.

She seems to say, "Here I am—making my first bow to you all. I'm going to do my best. Please like me."

"Please, please don't say I was made overnight," she said to me, and her voice is pleasantly soft and sweet. "It seems to me I've been at it forever."

So I won't say that she was made overnight, but her sudden rise to stardom has actually been one of the quickest cases on record and one of the very few of its kind of recent years.

WHEN I first met her I kept trying to remember where I'd seen her. It wasn't until just before I left that I succeeded. A couple of years ago I went into an exclusive and expensive shop in Los Angeles to look at dinner frocks. A tall, beautiful blonde girl modeled them and tried to make me believe I'd look like she did in them.

That mannequin was Margaret Armstrong, whom Universal has rechristened "Miss DuPont."

She has been advised, I believe, to keep silent about that chapter in her life. I don't know why. She was a very good model. The most interesting thing about her to me is her climb to fame, and the one thing that makes me think she will climb higher.

She gave up modeling and did small bits in pictures. Then Eric von Stroheim was told about her by another director for whom she had worked, Sam de Grasse. Von Stroheim was looking for just the right woman to play the lead in his expensive spectacle, "Foolish Wives." And Miss Davenport proved to be just the right woman. He used her—and was so satisfied with the results that when he showed them to Universal, they decided to star her.

So she was very fortunate in her opportunity.

She lives with her mother and brother, and everyone who knows her and works with her declares that she is a nice, quiet, sweet-tempered kid. Which is saying a good deal.

She has made a couple of starring vehicles since "Foolish Wives," but she is impatiently waiting for the public to see her in it.

"I worked over a year on it—and I want people to see it, because then maybe they'll remember me," she says. "I shouldn't be at all surprised. It will be difficult to forget the real beauty of that face.

READ the remarkable fashion announcement on Pages 58 and 59. It is of paramount interest to every woman. A Bon Ton Pattern—absolutely without cost!
house in Washington, while in that very city other men discuss disarmament without him. In business young men rise and sometimes, with only sheer independence as their asset, stake their character on its accumulated experience. We train and educate, only to cast aside like old shoes.

And the economic waste is fearful.

New faces, yes, if they have something behind them. And even then, their wearers not pushed to the top of the ladder before they have climbed there. Let them look the part if they can, but act the part they may. The novelty is only apparent; it is wonderful to see what life has done to some countenances, the lines it has drawn, of tears or laughter, of hope or wretchedness. For a moment before us, carry all the lessons of living, preach us sermons, show us God.

But their function on the screen is just that, no more. They are a part of its atmosphere and color. They come, bid us look, and are gone. Their novelty is their value. They teach their lesson only once. In this era of innumerable new faces, but only in this sense.

Always those who make pictures are attempting to discover what the public wants to see. And the public is stamped with humor; once it was wicked allurement; now it is home and mother; once it was production; now it is story. But always they have perhaps over-emphasized the value of novelty. Forgetting, for all our liking for novelty, the things we love on stage or screen are the old familiar things.

No art thrives on immaturity and newness. Artists ripen as they gain experience. Only in our mimic arts do we set undue emphasis on the new. In painting, in sculpture, and in writing we reverence and esteem achieve- ment only. The artist is forgotten in his work.

Give us all the new actors necessary, then, but give us ability with them. The picture audience today wants not only to look at pictures, but to think about them. And it wants the illusion of reality, which can only be preserved by fine acting.

It is not unlikely that the studio of the future is serious in its search for a school, where it will take its new actors and not only teach them before the camera, but will show them the results as the camera sees them. Its pupils will then graduate into the picture world, to be free from the shackles of the past. Never will the training of the stars be less expensive than by the present methods. In no other art do we ask patrons to buy from novices, yet this is precisely what we do in pictures. We take new actors and teach them in commercial pictures, and ask the public to pay for their training. When their work, due to the expenditure of time and money, turns out to be dull, the public has reason to protest. And in no other line of endeavor today, the competition is keen, and the honest work of an honest day’s work has at least reached the audience.

London Fog Overcome

The atmospheric problem which has seriously handicapped production ever since the opening of the Islington studio of Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, Ltd., has at last been solved. A system of air purification, evolved by one of the foremost English engineering companies and now in successful use at the studio, has brought the desired relief and is expected to pay for itself through the saving of time on a single production.

It was just a year ago during the filming of Donald Crisp’s production, “Appearances,” that the studio management first realized fully what havoc London climate could play in the making of a motion picture. At that time there was a period of foggy weather. The fog permeated the studio to such an extent that production was held up for days at a time and the loss which it entailed was conservatively estimated at more than $50,000.
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Don’t doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be the saddled one. It may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. A car gives you a composition, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My state-of-the-art treatment will do you good.

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Hair Drops

Business of Making Thrills

(Continued from page 29)

A light, high-powered car will, of course, jump considerably farther and higher than a heavy one. The velocity at the moment of the takeoff is also one of the most important factors of calculation to be considered. But after all these plans and figures, if the tire may blow out after it is too late to stop, which would blow up the car and drop it into a gap; the float in the carburetor might stick, which would make a drop of dirt or drop of water in the needle valve might cause trouble.

But to return to our dirt road and the race along the railroad tracks. I had planned to do the stunt before sundown, but on arriving on location, I was not satisfied with the provisions made for our safety. The approach point where we should have given a lift was made of wedges not more than five feet long, when they should have been as long as the wheelbase of the car. But twenty minutes remained before the sun would retire, so we decided to try it.

GETTING off from a curve in the road I drove toward the ties. The last time I looked at the speedometer we were making over fifty-five miles. Realizing that a shock of some sort might jar me against the windshield, which I had placed an overcoat in front of my chest. But my pet scheme was to drop down under the dash in the event that the car might be turned over or be hurled off to one side in its flight.

But note what did happen! The front wheels ascended the wedge which was to give us our lift, but as I had feared the takeoff was too abrupt. The front wheel struck so sharply that the rear end of the car was sent straight up. I was lucky to be able to hang onto the steering gear let alone scramble down under the dash. Would she turn over completely or come down frontward? I lived a lifetime of suspense in those few seconds.

The shock which occurred when the front wheels struck sent one of the members of the party flying clear of the car, a distance of seventy-five feet. He was unhurt. Finally the front of the car nose downward; the car was on its side; with one wheel broken off to the hub bunted along in a jolly fashion, to a desirable place before the camera. The film effect was splendid but that abrupt takeoff came pretty close to being our earthly undoing. Therefore you can realize that where leaping a great chasm may be done exactly as per schedule and calculation, the jumping of a small wood pile can prove disastrous.

Those who help to make the serial form of picture are always learning something new. Very often it has been my stunt to be jolted up and down while being dragged at full length over the hills or desert at the end of a rope attached to a saddle horn. I found, however, that it was almost impossible to secure good close-ups when being dragged behind a horse, as it was extremely difficult to place the camera in an advantageous position. If you attempt to secure close-ups by following the camera with an auto, the horse is as liable as not to become excited and run in such direction as to twist the rope about the auto or otherwise spoil the procedure.

So we devised the scheme of having an arm extending from an automobile and the rope attached to the arm. Then the camera man was put in the car and I was dragged along behind in perfect range of the camera. Of course our long shots were taken with the horse doing the dragging.

But I soon discovered that instead of (Continued on page 109)

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Business of Making Thrills
(Continued from page 108)

being bumped up and down as I dragged along the ground, the natural result was, that the horse was exhausted, and the even pull causing friction nearly set my clothes on fire. Personally I decided that I preferred to be dragged by a horse at lightning speed rather than to be dragged by an automobile for fifty yards. We might assume when it comes to diving that an ordinarily good diver would seldom meet with a mishap. But you can never tell. The occasion called me the attention of my co-star, Miss Edith Johnson, and myself, to use a liman's motor car while crossing a lift bridge.

Therazip through we were being chased by outlaws in an engine. When we were part way across the bridge, the end of the structure was to start upward so that a boat might pass underneath. I was to document this occurrence by dropping Miss Johnson through the bottom of the bridge and then dive off myself.

Everything went as schedule! The bridge started to lift; we jumped off the motor car and I dropped Miss Johnson through as planned so that the bandits could not reach her. Then it came my turn. I found the rudder on the bridge end was well up and I had climbed up to the jumping point. I was wearing a beaver hat which had been used in scenes previously taken and it was also to be worn in other scenes, immediate follow-up of the diving incident.

In pictures the scenes are not always taken in the same order, so part of a picture is taken last and vice versa. In any event I valued this hat. It was worth about $35. It was necessary to jump quickly and danger. I figured I could not hold it in my hands as I wished them to be free in breaking the force of the fall into the water. If I threw the hat into the water it might be whirled down stream and possibly cause confusion with the scenes that already had been taken and incidentally require that additional scenes be made showing recovery of the hat. So I decided to wear it.

EVERYTHING would have worked out well, but when I hit the water, a distant, a few feet, my head was driven completely through the hat. About all there was left proved to be a necklace in the way of a rim and a few tattered ends. Once again calculations had gone wrong and incidentally it was necessary to send for another hat.

I have always had great success in using Mexicans in my pictures. Their Latin blood seems to make them natural-born actors. When you wish a band of Mexicans to yell in a picture, they yell; they do more than to simply wave their arms and make motions with their bodies. They are great American extra people do. Whatever your Mexican does he does as though life itself depended upon it. But I do not always tell the Mexicans just what object of their activities are. Sometimes will get better results by deceiving them.

In one particular instance it was required that a gang of Mexicans chase me in order to make the damper better. I experimented had taught me that frequently extra people when supposed to roughly handle a leading man in pictures show a trace of timidity. I wished nothing get held onto the strap which was connected with the magazines. But the magazines were all that had remained with the outfit. Fortunately in that I had been told of hard work rescued from the salt deep.

I recall what "Slim" Cole said to Bill (Continued on page 110)

What Every Woman Knows—and So Often Neglects

What woman does not know how becoming and abundant waving hair looks —and how the effect is reversed when the strands are straight! Yet hair waving has often been injurious and always a nuisance. No wonder is so often tempted to slight the curling process.

A most ingenious and satisfactory curler has recently been put on the market—Curlox Perfected Curl. Wind any quantity of hair on Curlox Curlers and be assured that they will not fly open. Yet at the merest pressure of thumb and forefinger, they are immediately fastened or removed.

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Not a single hair can be cut or broken. The Curlox Perfected Curler (exclusive with Curlox) precludes any harm to the hair.

These three striking improvements are protected by patents and may only be found in genuine Curlox Curlers. Yet you pay no more for these features of safety and convenience. Curlox Curlers are obtainable in cards of two at 10 cents, and cards of five, 25 cents. Leading five-and-ten cent stores, drug stores, and specialty shops are stocking Curlox Curlers.

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And be sure to ask for the wonderful Curlor Hair Nets, companion product of Curlox Curlers. They wear so much better than ordinary nets! Made from the finest human hair especially processed to retain the life and elasticity of the hair. (Stretch a hair from a Curlor net and see how elastic it is.) Each net generously oversized, to meet modern requirements. Twice sterilized, hand made, improved and guaranteed. The Curlox process makes them blend invisibly with the hair. Cap and fringe styles, all shades including grey and white. The shades of Curlox Nets are graded exactly. Only one quality—ten cents, 2 for 25 cents. Grey and white and double mesh, 25 cents each. At leading department, drug, variety and notion stores.

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BUSINESS OF MAKING THRILLS  

(Concluded)

McCall when they came up. These two boys were the ones we intended to leave hanging with their toes in the rowboat when the big crash came. "Slim" emerged with the water streaming down his black whiskers and makeup. He took a look at McCall and roared with the voice like a Jersey bull, "Oh, Bill, you sure look sweet." This caused a general laugh, clogged the tension which had existed for a moment, and quick action by the life guards soon restored the members of the company to places of safety. Usually all these problems were relieved by the remarkable work when one considers the roughness of the waters.

There was a humorous incident in this connection which provided everyone with a smile after the anxiety was over. Miss Johnson, my co-star, had spent about all summer knitting me one of those jazz sweaters which at the time were quite the vogue. She had just finished it the morning of our watery experience.

Before starting work under the wharf I was taking off the sweater for fear that I might come back the same. I was quite proud of the beautiful, form-fitting garment, and everyone had congratulated Miss Johnson upon her clever work and myself upon how it looked. But Miss Johnson insisted that I keep it on, as she declared she could darn any little tear, whereas if I tore my coat it would require a tailor.

After the L had broken it had been at least twenty minutes before I emerged from the water. Walking along the wharf I realized that something was impeding my progress. I began to think I could not think of the reason when, upon looking down, I found the beautiful, form-fitting jazz sweater that Miss Johnson had worked so long upon, water-soaked, stretched and sagging in a rather pathetic manner about my knees. It reminded me of a shipwrecked kimono.

Members of our company traveled to the Santa Cruz Island off the coast of California, for the purpose of making scenes, among which was a dive of some eighty feet below a cliff into the ocean. In this particular scene I was supposed to escape the guards. The guards were supposed to shoot at their victim after he had dived and then leave, assuming that they had killed him. Because of the extremely rough water the boat from which we were shooting the picture rocketed so violently that it was impossible to get good close-ups, so we decided to return to the studio and do the close-ups in our tank.

The idea was to show me sinking in the water, apparently struck by a bullet from the guards' guns; and later swimming under water to escape. Now it is almost impossible for a good swimmer to simulate drowning, as the natural buoyancy of the body tends to make him float. So, in order that I preserve a natural appearance, we had to recourse to artificial means.

Arriving at the studio, I had an iron ring attached to the cement bottom of our tank, which, by the way, is ten feet deep. A rope was connected with this ring and the other end adjusted in my belt. At one end of the rope was a big, heavy, iron ring that the rope was attached to the ring and drew me down, so that a natural appearance of sinking in the water would ensue and show upon the film. When I started to use the rule I did not make sufficient splash to be very noticeable upon the screen. So we secured some heavy iron nuts and stationed myself so that they could to my head without hitting me.

Everything was ready. I gave the signal for the camera. This also signified that the men with the iron bolts were to begin their bombardment. When the bullet effect had been attained and a sufficient pepper effect shown in splashes, the men were to start pulling, and in a relaxed condition I was to sink slow enough. Action went according to schedule except for one item, Bing! Right on top of my head, one of those iron nuts struck just as the men started pulling me down.

Downward I went, dragged by the rope attached to the tank bottom. I was not exactly senseless, but for the life of me I could not understand what had happened to me. I was struggling for the loose end of the rope and seemed to get hold of every portion of it save the loose end. When I did get at the slipknot the water had swallowed it and as my head met with a sufficient wrench it seemed though as though my lungs were bursting. At last I managed to free myself and started swimming upward, reaching the top black in the face from the shock.

My band of assistants exclaimed in chorus, "Gee, that guy sure can stay under water a long time." There wasn't one of those chaps but what was absolutely sure that his mother had a swimming condition. I puzzled until I seemed as though my lungs were bursting. At last I managed to free myself and started swimming upward, reaching the top black in the face from the shock.

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Wild West Life in the Films

(Continued from page 61)

knickknacks. Handicapped by such impedimenta, it is small wonder that they are consistently overtaken and defeated.

Which reminds us—must not be forgotten—the amazing pistols which are used in wild-west dramas of the screen. In the first place, they possess an incredibly low mortality. Barraging an occasional, and, from all appearances, accidental fatality, these revolvers are but slightly more dangerous than squid-guns. In a pitched battle between a posse of cowboys and a score of horse-thieves and highwaymen—in which hundreds of shots are fired at close range—the casualty list, after half an hour's fierce combat, is rarely more than two wounded men and a crippled mustang. Indeed, it is a red-letter day when a bullet from one of the guns actually extinguishes life; and then death does not come until the victim has conversed with the sheriff, made a detailed confession, and signed several documents.

Another peculiarity of these western film pistols is their apparently inexhaustible cartridge-chambers. They can be discharged rapidly and continuously for ten minutes without being reloaded. On the other hand, these unique weapons have a serious mechanical drawback—namely: it requires several seconds to snap the hammer on the first shot—sufficient time, in fact, for a man to wrest the gun from an antagonist who has him "covered." Time and again in the wild-west dramas of the screen, an expert gunman will "get the drop" on some honest cowboy-puncher before the latter has had time even to reach his holster; and though the cowboy's hands are high above his head (in obedience to orders), and he is standing at least ten feet from the man with the gun, he is inevitably able—before the latter can pull the trigger—to leap across the intervening space, place his foot on the other's solar plexus, grasp his extended arm in both hands, and twist the gun out of his grasp.

And while on the subject of personal encounters, attention should be called to the incomprehensible actions of the young ladies who are listed among the dramatis personae of wild-west motion pictures. It nearly always happens that at some point during the story the cowboy for whom she harbors a secret passion comes unexpectedly to her rescue just as she is about to receive the unwelcome advances of some villainous bandit; and there inevitably follows a lively catch-as-catch-can bout between the two suitors, in which the bandit draws an ugly blotto and endeavors to translate his virtuous conduct into the spirit world. Un to the last few seconds of this devastating mêlée, it appears that the heroic cowboy is getting worsted, and that his defeat is imminent. Yet the young lady remains motionless on the side lines, awaiting the outcome with a sinking heart!

Apparently, it does not occur to her to step in and save her lover and herself—an so simple under the circumstances, that any half-bright child could manage it. A jardiniere, a fly-pan, a bread-roll, a bottle of ketchup—any handy missile, in fact—brought down with celerity upon the villain's cerebellum, would instantly turn the tide of battle. Even should she leap upon the bandit's back and sink her teeth into his throat—puncture him from the rear with an ordinary pin—it would create a temporary distraction of which the hero could take advantage.

But the life of the films has its own strange and original codes of conduct.

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Mention the subjects you want you wish.


Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 550, Newark, N. J.
The Wall Flower
(Concluded)
and Walter Breen was too excited to note the tremor in her voice, “but she does. And she'll really kill herself, this time, if you don’t find her.”
There isn't much more to tell. Because they did find her, after an all-night search.
For the wall flower was back on the wall.
Idalene, despite their fears, had gone straight home, and slept in a hammock on the porch.
And when, after combing the country-side and even boarding outgoing trains, Walter and Pamela reached the Nobbin home, she was busily dishing up breakfast to the tune of her mother's complaints and bitter sarcasm.
Idalene was dressed in gingham. But she wore her simple frock with a new grace, a delightful assurance. As she came to the door, in answer to their knock, her face was undeniably attractive. And as Walter took her hurriedly into his arms, she was radiantly beautiful. There was a light in her eyes that made Pamela turn away, all at once, as if she had glimpsed something so glorious that it hurt, and at the same time blessed. For Pamela, like Idalene, had learned that self-sacrifice is one luxury that is alike within the reach of the rich and the poor. And she was suddenly conscious of a wasteful content.

Motion Picture Axioms
All plotters, after being shot and captured, live just long enough to make a complete confession.

All mortgages on the homes of widows are overdue.

No two men ever meet on a high piece of scaffolding without having a fight and falling off.

All horse races are won by hundred-to-one shots, which beat out the favorite by a nose at the very finish of the home stretch.

Every ship which meets with an accident at sea goes down within a few hundred yards of an uninhabited island.

Two drinks of liquor will produce a state of utter intoxication.

No one when paying for anything ever receives any change.

Anyone putting one's eye to a keyhole can see perfectly everything that is going on in the room beyond.

All comedians receive tragic news just before they have to go on for their acts, and make their entrances hurriedly wiping their eyes.

All female negro servants are stout, middled-aged, and extremely black, and, at the slightest provocation, burst forth into violent fits of mirth, during which they hold their sides and sway back and forth.

In every theater audience shown on the screen there is always a young woman down front conspicuously chewing gum.

All burglars turn their flash-lights directly into the face of the sleeping person whose room they have come to rob.

All department houses have marble pillars and potted palms in the entrance, and an elevator-boy with three rows of brass buttons on his coat.

Good Looks Your Best Social Aid
In the strenuous round of Winter's social activities, it is your complexion that is liable to suffer most. It needs constant care to protect it from the relentless tax of many dances, suppers and parties. The woman with the clear, girlish skin will ever be admired, for her face is young. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will keep your skin youthful, clear and without sign of fatigue. Before retiring, apply it freely and rub in well. You will find your skin will soon begin to take on that healthy glow which so greatly enhances feminine charm.

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Confessions of a Modern Woman
(Continued from page 22)

"Those who have never suffered together can never love together. The aim of womankind today seems to be to avoid suffering. The old-fashioned woman who asked nothing more than the joy of comforting and being loved by the man she loved through privation, sickness, and woe has disappeared. Yet I have never seen a woman so happy today as those women, who found the supreme joy in the love that spent itself again, in self-forgetting service, and their reward in the love and respect of all about them.

"You hear a lot nowadays about the 'yes men.' A few 'yes wives' wouldn't go amiss."

"Remember that a man always judges a woman by his own experience with her and by nothing else.

"How many women do you know today who still have their husbands in love with them—I don't mean just still married to them, but actually in love with them? I think I know two. Love—it's lost its power. It's become a sort of game. Its higher significance is entirely lost. Woman's highest ambition today is to be the trademark of a successful husband.

"Yet the modern woman assumes the attitude that she is a superior being, that she is doing the man a favor to marry him in the first place, and that his only way to discharge this debt is by remaining in love with her.

"But it isn't done. You aren't superior. You're a flat failure. You can't keep a man's real, splendid, deepening love and admiration for the woman. You can't arouse and maintain the love that brings peace and joy. You claim you don't want that. You can play the game as well as a man. That you're through with all that tommy-rot. But what have you in your modern, restless, dissatisfied scheme of things to take its place? Why do you rush about madly only to adore, to kill time, to feed on new admiration?"

"Your husband doesn't continue to adore you, even though he uses you as a trademark, even though he's too tired, too indifferent, too absorbed in business to make a break.

"But for all your emancipation and your charm, the chain of matrimony has grown so heavy that too often it takes three instead of two to carry it.

"Man is the most unreasonable creature in the world. That's true. He wants a woman to have all the virtues and most of the vices—for private usage. He wants a harren under the present laws of monogamy. And he can't have it, because he isn't master. But the fact remains, that unless a woman can call for some work, he a real 'catch.' Her own happiness lies in loving him and having him love her."

"The theory of indifference has been exploded for years—except as a weapon for the coquette. The man or woman to be won by indifference isn't worth winning. Love is worth while only when it is2 secured by a leisurely, comfortable and pleasant. Only very young girls enjoy the variety that is somewhere between an automobile accident and looping the loop in an airplane."

"Nowadays we are ruled by our passions and our instinct. The modern woman is who is virtuous and simple is mistress of her destiny. The rest of us clutch wildly at everything that drifts by on life's stream—or nine times out of ten grab a handful of nettles that it is as difficult to let go of as to keep."

"One of the greatest curses of the modern girl is her overestimation of beauty. It is my positive belief, founded on years of observation and study, that beauty is one of the least of the elements in exciting love, or holding it. No beautiful woman is ever adored, as is an ugly one, if she is adored at all.

"Do you know what is my greatest difficulty in the part—to decide to which I devote most time and thought? Holding sympathy, I find people admire my characterizations, are often thrilled or startled by them—yet—how often do they love them? Yet I try to give a faithful portrayal of woman today."

"Spend a little less time in the adornment of the body and a little more in the care of mind and heart. Above all things—physical, mental and spiritual. If you put all your eggs in one basket you may find yourself abandoned for a woman who can talk and write better than you.

"You may have the most gorgeous melting eyes, the most seductive lips, the curliest hair in the world, and some girl with a good sound ear-drum will steal your husband just the same. The most brilliant epigram you can make won't endear you to him like the stupidest one you can listen to. The modern woman knows too much or too little.

"A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the marking on cotton goods sounds to him about as pleasing as the alarm clock that goes off at six o'clock."

"But the woman that can't carry on an interesting kissless conversation is nearly as bad.

"The most beautiful woman in the world cannot keep a man's love unless she can be to him a friend, an inspiration and sweet-heart. Men will always love goodness and fineness in woman. And no woman can be happy unless she has these things to offer."

"But unless the man becomes her master and she cares to please him, she will go on just as she is today.

"So in the last analysis, it's up to the man, isn't it?"

EVERY right-thinking person knows that the American public is prone to look down on home-made things—and to over-estimate the importance of imported articles. But it took Will Rogers to administer a much needed, and exceedingly good humored, rebuke. It was in "The Ropin' Fool" that he put a swift one across.

"If you think this picture's no good," he wrote, "I'll put on a beard and say it was made in Germany. And then you'll call it art!"

Will Rogers has flashed a telling sentence across his screen of laughter. Probably you've noticed that Will Rogers' fun is invariably one hundred percent American.
Seven Heavens
(Continued from page 27)

down now," he pleaded. "I'll only stay a few minutes."

"I'll talk to you," she conceded, "if you don't mind sitting out on the veranda. In the moonlight you won't see my dress and to notice the lack of 'do' on my hair."

They sat in a swing seat on the shabby little hedge porch. There were honeysuckle vines somewhere nearby. The sweetness of their blossoms was a little heavy in the air.

Mr. Rogers held her hand sympathetically while he expressed himself in appropriate terms of her bereavement. After he could think of nothing further in the way of condolence he held her hand some more anyway. What could a man do when she didn't take it away?

He had brought a sort of a message from your husband," the young man said. "You know I sometimes exercise a certain gift I have to receive communications from beyond."

"Yes, I have heard. What is the message?"

"He wants you to know that he is near you constantly, that waking or sleeping he will hold over you just as he did when he was alive."

"Do you mean to say that Corbin is here now—watching over me?"

"Yes, of course."

Hortense withdrew her hand hastily. "You need not do that," Melvin Rogers protested, retrieving her fingers. "He does not mean to be a burden and I want you to be the best of friends, eventually to marry."

Hortense gasped and then laughed. "Now I know you're lying about the whole business. I can't imagine Corbin being that young man again if you'd never seriously suggest such a thing. However, I like you better if he isn't around shedding ghostly approval over our friendship. And I certainly thank you for having made me the most original proposal of marriage which any woman ever received."

"Will you accept it?" the young man pressed eagerly.

"Of course not," she returned. "I can't marry anyone for a year or two."

"But we could be together a lot if we had an understanding. Please."

He raised her hand and now kissed it in the hollow under the elbow. She did not resist. "You have nice hair," she mused, bending over his head. Corbin Banks had been a hair child.

He drew away suddenly. "Can't you find something you like about me besides my hair?" he asked almost crossly. "Nature gives a man hair but his disposition is something he has a hand in himself."

"Well, hothead, if you must know you have rather remarkable eyes. I believe that a susceptible young girl could get so lost in them that she wouldn't care if you had the disposition of a fiend."

Melvin Rogers seemed of two minds as she leaned imperceptibly nearer to him—better to study his eyes perhaps. He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to cease this preliminary skirmishing of holding hands and exchanging eye-claps and crush this glorious girl to his breast.

The latter impulse won. It is tradition that it usually does when opposed by most alternatives.

Several hours later Hortense surveyed herself again in her pier glass. Her negligee would have to be given to the wash lady to make over into a lace curtain for the bathroom but her eyes were pools of sparkling clearness and her lips smiled sweetly.

For Hortense had been kissed and had kissed back with a passion which she had never felt before—surely never with her late husband.

(Continued on page 116)
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 102)

JIM.—Glad to get a he-letter once in a while. Don't blame you for liking Gloria. She was born, not on the Nile, but in prosaic Chicago, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. Messing around with Harriet S. Sanborn some time ago. She has a sweet little daughter.

GERALDINE.—The month's most popular name. Lila Lee is a featured player. She was sure and will be a star someday. Didn't you read "A Game Girl," that good story about her, in last month's PHOTOPLAY?

JEALOUS.—I'm sorry I answered Olga before I answered you. It so happened that Olga's missive came in first. Letters are answered in order, no matter how charming they may be. Elliot Dexter was not English—he told me so himself, but he added that every thought he was because he was called the English actor when he was on the stage. He'd a card from Elliott, I'm told from France. Some of his plays were: "The Whispering Chorus, " "We Can't Have Everything, " "The Squaw Man, " "Old Wives for New, " "Don't Tell Everybody, " and "The Affairs of Anatol. " His last picture before sailing for Europe on a long vacation was "Grand Larceny, " for Goldwyn.

C. P., OAKLAND.—Well, I don't get quite as many letters from you Californians as I do from easterners and middle-westerners. It's no particular trait to a non-professional Hollywoodian to pass Gloria or Bill or Bertie on the street. Anita Stewart has lately appeared in "A Question of Honor, " "Her Mad Bargain, " and "Rose O' the Sea. " I think Miss Stewart is a splendid actress but her pictures are not too good. However, I don't think I am the Shadow Stage. Richard Barthes-

meh is the finest work of his worthy career in "Tolable David, " and I don't care how many times I care for the department. The criticism happens to agree with me, so it's almost all right. Every Mary Lake is Mrs. Dick Barthemess. She is not on the stage at present, but dancing and doing in the Folies and "Sally."

OLLA, AUSTRALIA.—Juanita Hansen is still living. So is Theda Bara. Wonder how these two charming little rumors get around, any-

way? Hope Hampton's address is Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C. Buck Jones, 1934 Craven Drive, Los Angeles, Cal. Marie Prevost, 457 South Hampshire, L. A., Cal.

RUBY and JOYCE.—Honored. I am. So nice of you to be so nice to me. Now that we have no complaints, suppose we proceed: Monte Blue is married. His latest appearance is in Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley" and Griffith's "The Two Orphans." He's a good actor, I think.

BETTY.—How demure! What a relief from the ostentatious stationery of the two young ladies directly above. Yours is such a sweet, simple little combination of pale purple and French blue. I have no record of a film called "The Wild Cat." There is a musical comedy by that name running in New York at present. At least, it was the last time I picked up the paper.

(Continued on page 121)
Perfect Your Figure

Don’t envir a friend who has a beautiful figure; perfect your own. You can have as good a figure as any woman you see. You can do this with just a little time and proper effort. A simple dress on a well-proportioned figure looks better than an expensive gown on an average figure. Here are samples of letters from patients:

 nearer your 146, and have cut utilize an ounce — back. It is, surprising how easily I did it. I feel so strong and at least 15 years younger.

I have weight increased 30 pounds. I don’t know what indication is any more, and my services are so reduced I sleep like a baby.

I receive a number of such letters every day. Leading magazines editorially endorse our work... Physicians approve it. Their wives and daughters are their.

Thousands of Women Have Done So—Why Not You? If you are in New York, come see me, sat down and write me now. Don’t waste your time, think it over, and write me, then we’ll take it from there.

Suwonna T. Rees

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FOOT FAD, 207 Millard Ave., Dept. 23 Chicago

The Shadow Stage

Continued from page 97

PEACOCK ALLEY—

Tiffany Productions

M ADDISON BURTON, one of our most unusual and interesting actresses, is worthy of better material than is provided for her in this. It is a weak play—solid, strong—about the little French dancer who married a middle-western American, and how she disguised him, and how he forged a check to support her. There is a story to which she had been accustomed in that dear Paris, etc., etc. The Paris of this play is the village deacon’s idea. Miss Burton brings her character that little, sweet figure, and her accomplished technique. She is entirely delightful as usual and some of her close-ups are marvellously beautiful. Robert Leonard directed, and did some splendid work. But even the Murray-Leonard combination and Monte Blue as a leading man, need a good story.

THE BEGGAR MAID—Triart

A New idea! This company is producing little two-reelers based on famous paintings. This, the first, a Burne-Jones’ "Beggar Maid." It is delightfully directed by Herbert Blaché, and Miss Astor is a beautiful Maid. This little classic should have your applause and praise.

LADIES MUST LIVE—Paramount

I F the late George Loane Tucker could see his name boldly billed as the director of "Ladies Must Live" he would probably write in agony in his grave. It is difficult to believe that the director of 'The Miracle Man' was responsible for this piddling, soppy, as it appeared on the screen. Tucker started it but died before its completion. It is not a fair epitaph. If you can follow it through without saying once to your friends in the next seat, "What’s it all about?" we hereby present you with the solid spaghetti shoe laces.

FIGHTIN’ MAD—Metro

WILLIAM DESMOND attempts to portray an A.D. in "Fighting Man." Most his task in satisfactory fashion. It is actually "The Three Musketeers" in a Rio Grande setting, with three border policemen in the leading roles. One for all and all for one, they have a gang of Mexican desperados and save the beautiful heroine from death—or worse.

WHITE OAK—Paramount

THERE is nothing startling in the announcement that "White Oak," Bill Hart’s latest offering, is a western melodrama, concerning a straight shooting, hard riding hero who shoots down a lot of redskins while they are attacking a defenseless prairie train. There is also nothing startling in the announcement that all this provides excellent entertainment.

THE SILENT CALL—First National

THE featured player in "The Silent Call" is an equal to the "Strong-Hearted," and brings more claim to stellar honors than most of the mere mortals whose names occupy the electric eyes. "The Silent Call" is full of action. It was written by Jane Murfin and directed by, a good combination. The work of the dog star is remarkable.

“JACKIE”—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON being so darn cute and pretty is the hazard. Her story is harmless enough. Take the children—if you’re not very fond of them.

(Continued on page 119)
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 118)

LA TOSCA—Paramount

A R evening of operatic entertainment is crowded into two reels in the screen version of "La Tosca," and there is no doubt that the condensation has been skilfully handled. With Pauline Frederick as Tosca there is a wealth of fine emotional acting.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

"THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND" is a reproduction, in miniature, of the famous sea fight which decided the question of naval supremacy during the great war. There are many real thrills in the film for the average spectator, but it is chiefly designed for the trained observer who is interested in the tactics of naval maneuver.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND—F. B. Warren

THE flavor of Dickens does not photograph well, and consequently "Our Mutual Friend" is not particularly impressive as a picture. Though the production has been carefully handled, and the characterization faithfully carried out, there is a certain atmosphere lacking. The picture was made abroad, and there is consequently more intelligence evident in the costumes and the mise-en-scene than is customary in American productions of this nature. Catherine Reese and Evan Rostrup are capable performers in the leading roles.

DON'T TELL EVERYTHING—Paramount

IT is surprising that so obvious a plot could be made into so entertaining a photoplay. Here's the everlasting triangle. With our gorgeous Gloria Swanson engaged to our Irresistible Wallace Reid, while the Other Woman tries every art at her command to win him away. Elliott Dexter, the philosophical bachelor, stands by and renders first aid.

GRAND LARCENY—Goldwyn

THIS might be called "Much Ado About Nothing," and it is unfortunate that the talent of Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter and Lowell Sherman should be wasted upon it. A series of forced situations lead up to an impossible climax, the woman to all appearances a brainless pawn in the hands of two equally brainless men. Not so good.

RIDING WITH DEATH—Fox

THE usual western. Mortgages will be mortgages, it seems, though locale may change from the Old Homestead to the Old Ranch House. They are to be fought over, won or lost, and there's always a heroine to be sacrificed. But she's not Charles (Buck) Jones sees to that. Bullets, sudden death, and Betty Francisco in hoop-skirts.

THE MILLIONAIRE—Universal

H E R B E R T R A W L I N S O N, he of the curly hair and the iron fist, has a smashing time of it, here, in a movie for those who enjoy exciting impossible stories. Herb is threatened by a gang of murderers, when he inherits a vast fortune. His experiences would make anyone's hair curl. The moral seems to be "Beware of West 46th St., N. Y. C." That's where it all happened.

WHAT DO MEN WANT?—F. B. Warren

L O I S W E B E R S production, "What Do Men Want?" is a box office attraction in name only. However, it is well staged and well acted by Claire Windsor and Frank Glendon.

(Continued on page 120)
The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)

SCHOOL DAYS—Warner Brothers

A STORY that takes you back across the years—with Wesley Barry as the magician. Richard Barthelmess is the little man in the first three reels—and a lot of rather cheap vaudeville hook-end in the sum. Wesley Barry’s parting with his dog is one of the finest bits on the screen today. By all means take the children!

EXIT THE VAMP—Paramount

EVERY now and then someone gives us an unpleasant surprise. Ethel Clayton is not one of them, though she figures as the heroine of the unlovely tale. It’s a senseless, vapid story in which a vamp of the 1912 movie type seeks to wreck the world from the happy Home. Ethel gathers together a few beads and admirers, and there’s that.

FALSE KISSES—Universal

MISS Du Pont’s second release is but little better than her first. We find the luckless lady the wife of a light-tender far out from the mainland. She just hates it and she swows unhappily and unbecomingly. It’s a story of Universal’s little jokes.

THE BOAT—First National

BUSTLE KEATON, out on the sad sea, waves in a trick boat which in itself is a most ingenious contrivance, with mast and smokestacks that obligingly flatten themselves to go under the lowest of bridges. It is a story which will come, evidently, when comedies will rank far above the average program release. Small wonder.

HER MAD BARGAIN—First National

THIS picture is exactly what the title infers, the cheapest sort of melodrama. It is a mystery how Proctor Mayer with all known a star as Anita Stewart, can turn out such trash. The story, what there is of it, is told entirely in the subtitles. They read like a dime novel. A cuss stupidity.

CHEATED HEARTS—Universal

ALTHOUGH the title doesn’t seem to mean anything, there’s a lot of the good old stuff about a strong man and drink—proving that, if the man is strong enough, a rather unnecessary moral these days. The scene leaps from America to Paris and then Morocco. Marjorie Daw’s hair is lovely, as usual. It can’t hurt the children.

THE GOLDEN GIFT—Metro

A GOOD plot for the whole family—it only takes the imagination at times. The story of a diva’s struggle in choosing between two golden gifts—motherhood versus a career. Alice Lake plays the singer rather well, John Bowers is a good leading man, and Harrriet Hammond is as decorative in regular clothes as she was in a bathing suit.

TRAILIN’—Fox

HE looks like a tenderfoot,” they say of Tom Mix, “an’ talks like a tenderfoot, but he ain’t no tenderfoot!” And—judging by the number of men he kills with one revolver and no visible supply of cartridges—they’re right! This should make Tom more popular than ever in the provinces. Eva Novak is pretty. And if the children aren’t nervous, take ’em. It’s clean.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers

Doesn’t hurt a bit! Drop a little “Freezone” on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-gist sells a tiny bottle of “Freezone” for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes—such as Cataract, Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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WRITER’S DIGEST
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Questions and Answers  
(Continued from page 117)

JOHN L., SPEAKONE.—Howdy, old timer! I thought you'd stopped reading this department for a while. Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow played the part of Craig Winchell and Frank Currier the part of John Winchell in "I'll Be Yo Mule." I see you have many of her pictures. LILLIAN MAE.—You want to see pictures and stories about Hoot Gibson? This must be attended to at once. I'll see to it myself. If you write to Universal, at Universal City, Cal., Gibson will surely send you his photograph. If he doesn't, he's an unappreciative cuss. You sure are a Gibson fan. May Allison is now Mrs. Bob Ellis. There are pictures of the newly-weds in this issue of the Magazine.

PAULINE B., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—So this was your first attempt in writing to me. I hope it will not be your last. I liked your letter. Thanks for all you say. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances King. Wallace Reid to Dorothy Davenport, who returned from a Lester Cuneo picture. The Reids have one son, Bill.

H. N. B., BROOKLYN.—Alice Calhoun is a charming girl, and entirely worthy of your admiration. She has very beautiful brown eyes and hair, is not married, and lives with her mother in a Hollywood bungalow while she is making picture for Vitagraph in their western studio.

BARBIE BORE—I don't think anyone who reads and studies Barbie could be a bore. I like the little Scotchman's books, and have read Sentimental Tommy and "Tommy and Griz" many times. Betty Compton plays Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister.

MARY ANN.—You want to know all about the studios? My dear child, we can't get out a special edition even to please you. However—most of the studios in Hollywood, California. Others are in Fort Lee, N. J., Mamarroneck, N. Y., and Pathe, 1900 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. Tom Moore is now the husband of Renée Adore. The former Mrs. Tom, Alice Joyce, is now married to James Regan, Jr., and the mother of another little girl. You can get a complete list of studios from the directory.

BEACHTER.—Mary and Doug have given up their California home and studio, and so I don't know where they will live when they return to this country. By the time you read this, they will probably be back in America. Although they have changed their plans so often I wouldn't count on that. Mrs. Pickford, Lottie, and Jack, and Lottie's little girl went abroad with the Fairbanks party.

HAZEL F., CHICAGO.—I don't know whether or not Eugene O'Brien is as popular as he was a year ago. That's not my business. He's working with Selznick. Ruth Roland may be reached at 645 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Viola Dana, Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal. Josephine Campbell

(Continued on page 122)

I Teach You Piano In Half Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from the book by mail. I have far more students than the one that was taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Of course, students who are capable plan to learn "The Old School." who think that learning piano is a game of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you will find it a much more difficult task as much, because you understand how to play. Within four lessons you enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOR-OTONE, overcomes away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transmission—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With fifth lesson, I introduce another important and exclusive invention, the QUINN-DEX. Quinn-dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from memory—"which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOR-OTONE and QUINN-DEX

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Questions and Answers

Marvella.—Where—did—you—get—that
—name? I hope you did not make it up for
yourself. But imagine naming a baby that—Marvella. My name is
Marlon, and I am divorced from my wife. Betty Hilburn had the title role of "Girl of the Sea."

Ann and Frances.—Of course I like you
kids. I like you better than the grown-up
yelling laddies who write to me. But don't
them I said so. They might think
meant it. I like to dance occasionally but
I don't get much time. Irene Castle is now
dancing at the Kneenbocker Grill in
Manhattan. She is not making a picture right
now. She is the wife of Robert Treman of
Ithaca, N. Y.

Lillian, Oklahoma City.—Thank you for
the bouquets. I bow, I bow. Dorothy Des
Devore is one of the Christie caveliers. She
is not married. Some of the Christie comedies are quite clever, I think. I like a good
laugh. I am one of those objectionable
laughs. I pound my neighbors on the
back and stamp and rore. Charlie, of course, is the funniest person I ever saw. I
wish he would make more pictures, but I
suppose if he did the world would die
laughing.

S. E., Bluffton, Indiana.—Of course if
you say I am clever, I must be. You have
such good taste, my dear. Ann Little is
now working in a new Ben Wilson serial
called "Panette of the North." I haven't
seen Ann since she left the Paramount
people. She was fine in "The Squaw Man."

Bobbie, Ottawa.—You call me Mister
Mystery. Wait until you see the handsome
portrait of me in the next issue among the
contributors to PHOTOPLAY. I won't be a
mystery any longer. I'll be a misfit, more
likely. I should think you would be only
too glad to get an autographed photograph
of Thomas Meighan.

Madge.—I saw Madge Evans the other
day and I think she is a charming child—
unaffected and sweet. Her mother is most
intelligent. Madge has her own company
now.

L. N., Lima, Ohio.—Theda Bara is
married to Charles Brabin. They have no
children. Theda is not making any pictures
now. I don't know when she is coming
back.

Jail.—The Talmadges are not related to the
great evangelist because they have a "d" in
their last name. It is not Talmage, but
Talmadge. It is their real name, and their
father is living. He is employed at the
Talmadge company. Charles Meredith is
married. His wife is, I believe, very
wealthy in her own right. I saw Meredith
in a New York restaurant the other day. I
don't know what he is doing on the screen
at present.

Anne.—The heroine of "The Haunted
Palace" was Carmel Myers, that was one of
the late Harold Lockwood's best pictures.
Carmel is now co-starring with Wallace
MacDonald in a Vitagraph serial.

Joe H., Boston.—Bessie Milton in "The
Man of Honor." I think Bessie is on the
stage now. Jack Mulhall was born in New
York City, October 7, 1891. Mulhall is a
widower. He is the hero of Mabel Normand's "Molly O."
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Photoplay Corporation Searches
For Screen Writers Through
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Critical Shortage of Stories can be met only by discovering new film writers. World's leading photoplay clearing house invites you to take free examination at home.

The motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fourth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it must have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good, original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

But excellent original stories are being written for the screen, and sold to producers at from $500 to $2,000 each, by

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First, there is no way to ensure you with natural ability. Either you have it, or you have not. But if you possess creative talent, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation can, by its novel psychological home test, discover it. Then, if you so elect, the Corporation can train you to think in terms of the studio; to write your story so the director can see its action as he reads.

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Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

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Perhaps you have always longed for a beautiful skin—but felt that your skin was something you could not change.

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Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

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With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer
George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris
"May McAvoy"
"A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production
"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production
Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan
John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop
Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew
A Realart Production
Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in
"A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production
William S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production
Elzie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production
Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger
Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
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"If You Believe It, It's So"
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March, 1922

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Charles Spencer Chaplin, and Carol Dempster.

The Chief Essentials of Beauty

The Birth of the Opportunity Idea
Four Letters Show How It All Began.

Authors Tell Demand for New Faces
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How You May Enter: Personality.

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Next Month!

The April issue of PHOTOPLAY will be released on March 15th instead of March 1st. PHOTOPLAY is a newspaper of the films. The whole editorial equipment is organized to disseminate the news as quickly as possible. In the past it has been all right to issue a magazine dated a whole month ahead, but things are moving so fast in the motion picture industry that no publication can be up-to-date and release at such an early date. PHOTOPLAY is a magazine of service and to fulfill this mission to the best advantage, the publishers have decided on this step.

The April issue will be worth waiting for. It will be the greatest issue of any publication devoted to motion pictures.

Note the Elsie Ferguson fashions this month and you will get an idea of what you can expect when we give you the Mae Murray gowns in April.

For six months PHOTOPLAY investigators have been working on the greatest history of the motion picture ever written and the author has done a remarkable work. It begins in the April issue, and in addition to being a most fascinating story it upsets many of the facts published in former histories and places the credit for the motion picture where it belongs. It is full of surprises.

You will probably hear of the Goldwyn Screen Opportunity contest even before you read this magazine. The newspapers of the country are keenly interested and 7,000 theaters are going to throw slides on their screens telling you about it. It is the first contest of any importance since PHOTOPLAY started the idea of beauty contests four years ago and actually brought eleven girls from all parts of the country to New York and gave them a real chance before real cameras. Of these eleven girls three won places as leading women in big pictures.

You must read the story of intelligence tests made by a famous psychologist among the motion picture artists, actors and actresses of California. It is a remarkable fact that of the six stars who undertook this test all but one came out with high ratings, equal to the rating which is required to achieve the grade of colonel in the Army. And the highest marks were won by a 16 year old girl.

A portrait of Dorothy Gish appears on the cover.

The long delayed photographs of the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY will appear in the next issue.

Don’t Miss the April Issue
On the News Stands March 15th
Be a Master of JAZZ and RAGTIME

Anyone who can remember a tune can easily and quickly learn to play Jazz, Ragtime and Popular Songs by ear, at a very small cost. New Niagara Method makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new system. It is so simple, so easy, and shows you so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece that is running through your mind. Even those who could not learn by the old-fashioned method grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly.

Play By Ear in 90 Days

No need to devote years to study, in order to learn piano nowadays. Neither is special talent necessary. Every lesson is so easy, so interesting and fascinating that you “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Just devote a part of your spare time to it for ninety days and you will be playing and entertaining your friends almost before you realize how this wonderful new accomplishment has been acquired. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi, no tiresome practice and meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to ANY SONG you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and become master of the piano. Experienced and talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara school students and say they cannot understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Yet it has never been used before and is not used by any other teacher or school today.

A Simple Secret to Success

In Piano Playing

You, like thousands of others, have perhaps given up trying to learn to play the piano. You can pick out the tunes to popular songs with the right hand, but you cannot get the bass accompaniment with the left—you fail to produce harmony. That’s been the stumbling block of thousands—yet this course shows you all this very clearly—so you can do it yourself. The Niagara Method does not give you the bass accompaniment as written in the music, but gives you a simple accompaniment which applies to any song you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and your difficulties are over. It is simple, easy and readily developed into ragtime and jazz. It has been the secret behind the Niagara Method.

Be The Popular One In Your Crowd

One who can sit down any time without notes or music, reel off the latest jazz and ragtime song hits that entertain folks—always being the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought and invited everywhere.

As easily as hundreds of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, parties and other entertainments. Decide to begin now. Just spend a little part of your time with my easy, fascinating lessons, and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for my book, “The Niagara Method,” describing this wonderful new method of playing by ear. It is sent to you free.

RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director,
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Suppose This Happened on YOUR Wedding Day!

Everything is ready for the ceremony. All the guests are assembled. Even the clergyman has arrived. You are taking your last hasty glance in the mirror—when a messenger arrives with a card. It is an elaborate gift, one of the costliest you have ever received. And it is tied with satin ribbon.

What would you do? Would you immediately send a telegram of thanks? Would you write a personal letter offering an apology or an excuse? Would you just send an ordinary card of thanks a few days after the wedding? Would you ignore the incident completely?

And Then After the Ceremony—

How would you acknowledge the congratulations of the guests? What would be the first thing to say to your husband, to his mother, his father? Do you know just how to arrange the reception, and the wedding breakfast? And the cards of thanks, the "at home" cards, the announcements—do you know how to word them and when to mail them?

The wedding day is the happiest day of any man's, any woman's life. But one little blunder, one little unexpected mistake—and that happiest day becomes one so humiliating and miserable that it brings a flush of shame to the cheek whenever one thinks of it.

Perhaps you do not realize how many important little things enter into the making and preparing of wedding receptions, wedding ceremonies. There are so many opportunities for mistakes, so many chances to be wrong. One must know absolutely, before venturing upon so important an affair as a wedding, just what is right to do and say and wear.

Were These Embarrassing Moments Ever Yours?

Did you ever overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen? If you did, you know what an embarrassing moment it was. Did you know what to do, what to say? Should you have apologized to the hostess? You have excused yourself to the hostess? Should you have made an apology to all the company? If you knew the right thing to do and say, then there have been no embarrassment, no confusion.

And suppose your engagement were suddenly broken. Would you return the engagement ring? Would you send back any letters? Would you announce the broken engagement to your friends and relatives? If a wedding date has been set and invitations issued, how would you recall them? How would you explain the broken engagement to those who had been invited?

Every day certain unexpected conditions arise, certain awkward and difficult circumstances present themselves. To be able to meet them calmly, without being embarrassed or confused, is to win the admiration and respect of all those with whom you come into contact.

How Do You Introduce People?

If a friend visited you, how would you introduce her to your parents? Would you say, "Miss Jones, I'd like you to meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my mother." If an elderly uncle were present would you say, "Uncle Jones, meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, meet Mr. Jones." And when Bobby comes running in, would you say, "Bobby, this is Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, this is Bobby." Now let us pretend that you are the one being introduced. Do you know the correct way to acknowledge the introduction?

Mistakes Made at the Dance

Very often you make mistakes in the ballroom that couched you as a boot, a person of no culture and breeding. There may be mistakes that you are not conscious of, mistakes that you do not realize you are making—but every error comes with consequences. The woman ballroom perceives them, and labels you immediately as uncouth, ordinary. Let us see what you know about the etiquette of ballrooms. If you were not asked to dance, do you know how to avoid being a wallflower? Do you know how many times etiquette allows you to dance with one partner? Do you know whether or not it is correct, in good society, to wander away from the ballroom with a dance?

Or if you are a gentleman, do you know how to ask a lady to dance, and how to take leave of her when the music ceases? Do you know the right dancing positions? Do you know what to do and say if a young lady refuses a dance?

The ballroom is an ideal place to impress by one's culture and delicacy. It is here that the woman is judged as charming or awkward, and the gentleman is judged as well-grounded or hopelessly uncultured.

The Book of Etiquette in Two-volumes

We all know that it is the first impression that counts. The people who meet us and we meet are every moment forming their opinions of each other, our actions, our manners. They do not wait until they know us before they judge whether we are fine or coarse, cultured or common-place. They judge by her first impressions of us—and first impressions are always lasting.

Then if you want to enter the world of good society, or want to enjoy the company of brilliant men and women, you must make these first impressions perfect. You must be able to do and say and write at all times, under all conditions, the thing that is absolutely correct. You must know how to enter a room and how to leave it. You must know how to offer a seat, and how to accept it. You must know how to make introductions, and how to acknowledge them. You must know how to meet the most perplexing and embarrassing circumstances with quiet dignity, and poise, instead of becoming fluttered and confused.

If you can do these things, if you know the rules of correct conduct—of etiquette—the world will recognize you as a lady, a gentleman, and treat you accordingly.

And that's just what the famous Book of Etiquette does—teaches you the right thing to do and say in every situation, all times! It solves the problems that have been puzzling you, corrects mistakes, dispels doubt, makes you perfect in the art of etiquette. By knowing and understanding its wealth of valuable information, it brings you dignity, poise, refinement—prepares you to meet the highest society and command respect wherever you happen to be.

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Do you know dinner etiquette as well that you can dine with the most cultured people without feeling embarrassed? Do you know the right thing to wear to dances, parties, balls, weddings?

You will find invaluable aid in the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy where you can refer to it again and again. Let us prove it. Let us send you both volumes absolutely free to read, examine and test.

Just the coupon will do. Fill it in with your name and address and send it to us, NOW, at once. No money—just the coupon. The complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Keep the books for 5 days at our expense. Read a page here and there, consider the contents, judge whether they are to your liking. After 5 days you may send us $.50 in full payment or return the books, as you please. There is no obligation. You pay for the books only if you are absolutely delighted with them.

But mail the coupon today. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of examining for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. "Win the coupon and mail it NOW. NELSON DUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 723, Oyster Bay, New York."

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Dept. 723, Oyster Bay, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on your part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books to you full in full payment, or it is understood that I am so pleased with the books if I am not delighted with them. If the coupon is lost, please send another.

Name
Address

[ ] Check this square if you wish these books with the Beautiful Full Leather Binding at five dollars with a days examination privilege.
Is your skin pale and sallow?

—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury’s Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today—begin your treatment tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

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

A trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury’s Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury’s Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

THE marriage of Rex Ingram, the director, and Alice Terry is the culmination of a real-life romance. He is directing "The Prisoner of Zenda" now, and the lovely Alice is once again his star. She is one of our most exquisite heroines.
HELEN FERGUSON’S screen success was not achieved with one picture. She has been working steadily ever since she left a Chicago high-school to be an extra. Now William deMille has made her his leading woman.
JUST when you think he couldn't possibly do finer work, Tommy Meighan comes along with a characterization that makes you fall in love with him all over again—with due apologies to Mrs. Meighan, who was Frances Ring
ONE of the season's surprises: Alice Calhoun. A delightful comedienne in her first picture, she has since displayed an ability that has caused calloused critics to predict for her an extraordinary bright future in the more serious drama
WALLY AND BILL! They look a little lonesome, and there's a reason. Mama Dot is at the studio, leaving them to the tender mercies of the neighbors. Dorothy Davenport Reid has returned to the screen after a long absence.
CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN: His first portrait since his return from Europe. His strenuous receptions in England and France seem to have agreed with him. He is now making his last two-reeler in California.
CAROL DEMPSTER is about to begin work in a new David Wark Griffith photoplay, her first screen appearance since "Dream Street." A dancer of unusual poise, her quiet grace is her chief charm. She wants to try the stage
Actual photograph of hand-made bedspread — unstreaked and unfaded after 15 Ivory Flakes washings.

Spread and statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

—yet the creamy tint of this bedspread, and the pinks and greens of its hand applique and embroidery are as pretty as new—.

THE Illinois woman who sent in the bedspread in the photograph to the manufacturers of Ivory Flakes described the washing in this way:

"In laundering this spread I always used water just warm enough for the hands, and beat the Ivory Flakes to a lather and let the bedspread soak for several minutes, after which I rubbed it lightly between the hands and rinsed it in water the same temperature as the suds."

What Ivory Flakes has done for this spread it will do just as easily for your embroidered linens, cretonnes, hangings, cushion covers, and counterpanes — wash them repeatedly without fading or streaking any color that water alone will not harm.

The beauty about Ivory Flakes is that it enables you to enjoy using your loveliest household linens all the time without fear that they will be ruined in the washtub. The Ivory Flakes way of cleansing them is so easy that you can do it yourself, even if you never have washed anything in your life before.

Ivory Flakes gives you the proven purity and safety of Ivory Soap in instant-working, rubless form. Try it — see how much better you will like it for all your "special" washing, whether it is a georgette blouse that just needs a dipping in the bathroom washbowl, or the colorful cretonne curtains from the sun porch.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
The Biggest, Heaviest, Lowest Priced Package of the Whitest Flakes.
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer
IN this issue we announce the Photoplay-Goldwyn Motion Picture Opportunity—a practical approach to the problem of finding new faces for the screen. Read the pages to follow and avail yourself or your friends of this glorious chance.
The Photoplay-Goldwyn Screen Producer for New Faces and New

The screen needs new faces, different faces, of intelligence and animation and personality

HERE is opportunity!

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and Photoplay Magazine sponsor this demand for new personalities for motion pictures. Mr. Goldwyn, one of the screen's greatest producers, realizes the need of the silversheet for different types, different actresses, different heart-throbs. His is the thought; Photoplay's is the voice. Now it is up to you.

This is not merely a contest—it is a quest. Photoplay some years ago sponsored the Beauty and Brains Contest, the first contest to recruit new screen stars. Today, three of the winners of that contest are leading women on the screen. But no Magazine in the world has ever offered an Opportunity such as this one. No Magazine has ever offered the fortunate winner such a definite chance to succeed on the screen.

The young woman who wins in the quest for new faces will be given a year's contract with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, sent to the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City, California, with expenses paid, and receive a weekly salary that will be sufficient to support herself and her mother in comfortable style. The salary will not be fabulous. The amount will be equal to that paid competent actresses playing in the films today.

If you are among those who possess that spark, that expression, that face, that intelligence for which the search is made, you will be photographed by a motion picture camera; you will have a real camera test. Every girl who wishes may send in her photograph. There will be a winner, assuredly. But the real prize of this quest is the honest Opportunity which is offered to all of you.

Here is the chance for which every girl has been hoping: the Opportunity which means more than promises of immediate stardom and assurances of fabulous salary. Because Samuel Goldwyn and Photoplay Magazine want to give you the Opportunity as much as you want it yourself this search for new faces is amazing. It may be considered in the nature of a contest. But a contest suggests a narrowing down. This screen opportunity implies a broadening—a nation-wide search. It is a call to the obscurest regions of the United States. It is a ready ear to a distant cry that could not be heard until now. But those who listen may hear it sharp and clear.

You may be one of those ambitious girls who feels she has it in her to make a great motion picture actress. You may never have been able to go about the realization of your dream. You may live too far away to make the hazardous and expensive trip to California, the home of the films. The methods for enrolling yourself in the army of aspiring film players have not hitherto been such as to make it easy for the new applicant. But at last your ability, your worthiness for screen honors is to be tested. You are to have the Opportunity for which you have been hoping. Your way is to be made comparatively easy for you. You are to have a hearing before a court: the camera. Your judges will be Samuel Goldwyn, the president of the company which bears his name, and James R. Quirk, the Editor of Photoplay. If you have the talent—the character, determination, animation, intellectuality—you will be given the necessary boost up the ladder of fame.

New faces are wanted—yes. But mere prettiness is not. "Ingenues" and "vampires" are passé. The stilted expressions of emotion are never the methods of the great actress. Do not imitate. Be yourself.

We make no empty inducements—no glittering promises of immediate stardom, and instantaneous fortune, and popularity. We do not offer you stardom at all. When you have proved yourself an actual asset to the screen, then there will be time enough to consider your financial and artistic future. All we offer you, the winner of this quest for new faces, is—an Opportunity to work!

The girls who are really in earnest will survive this quest. Those who are ambitious only to succeed because of personal beauty, without at the same time being desirous to work, and work hard, for success, will have no place. Your photograph will not be the only judge. Your own motion picture will be the final test.

This honest and uncompromising search for new screen material is primarily for the benefit of the screen. It may benefit you. It is a sincere attempt to find what is most needed in pictures today. We have had new authors and new directors and new cameramen, and new music, but we have had no new faces. Samuel Goldwyn, in his first expression of the idea, said, among other pertinent things:

"We all agree that the hope of the screen is to draw closer to a true portrayal of life. Most of our stories cover an extensive period of time, not one or two episodes which is frequently the case with stage plays. The intention is to give a comprehensive view of what happens to the characters during
Opportunity—The Quest of a Great Personalities for Motion Pictures

regular picturegoer becomes as accustomed to certain faces on the screen as in the old stock company days when each picture was made by the same group of players. The element of surprise is important in characterization as it is in story development, and when an audience becomes too familiar with the mannerisms of a player through constant repetition, it is time to give the player a chance to reveal new phases of his art.

“We have the new screen author. But have we 'the new screen actor—and actress? To a large extent we have not; and that is what the screen needs most at the present moment—New Faces!”

These are words of encouragement, of inspiration, to those who have long wished for the chance to play a part in the great unwritten drama. It is the opportunity that comes but once in a lifetime—in the days when ambition is at its height, when determination for success is strong, and when zest for its enjoyment is keenest.

Mr. Goldwyn knows. Photoplay knows. The public knows. And that is the quest's reason for being. And that is why it is destined to give much to the screen. This great Opportunity is yours. Take it. Send in your likeness. July first, 1922, is the closing date of the quest.

Samuel Goldwyn, president of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

months or years. Now men and women are quite likely to manifest a number of varying traits and emotions during any given day, let alone any month or year. The villain, is not always a villain, the heroine is not always gazing at the moon, the hero sometimes forgets to look aggressively masculine, and even the ingénue may realize that life is not all made up of new frocks and smiles. The new artists of the screen, then, must be actors and actresses who are not definitely typed according to studio standards, but whose emotional repertoire is sufficiently versatile to meet the contrasting phases of character encountered in one and the same person.

"Taking recent records as a basis, I should judge that there are approximately one thousand persons in this country who may be called motion picture players. But a small percentage of this number are drawn upon regularly to fill the important roles in our productions. Any

Who will occupy this room? A question mark has been painted on the star's dressing room at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City. It is being reserved for the first choice in the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity

California, the largest and most beautiful in the world
The Chief Essentials of Beauty

By

JAMES R. QUIRK

INTELLIGENCE, womanliness, personality and charm are as necessary as perfection of feature and form.

What is it that makes a woman beautiful?
Throughout all time this question has occupied the attention of the world. The history of mankind is in large measure the history of woman's beauty. Wars have been waged and dynasties have fallen as a result of the delicate curve of a woman's chin, the appealing outline of a woman's brow, the plastic proportions of a woman's lips, the lucent color of a woman's eyes. It was Phryne's beauty which rebuilt the walls of a great city; it was Aspasia's beauty which inspired the works of Pericles; it was Helen's beauty which cast the ancient world into a sea of blood; it was Cleopatra's beauty which altered the course of two great empires.

And, in modern times, one need only mention the names of Katherine of Russia, Ninon de L'Enclos, Mme. Du Barry and La Pompadour to call to men's minds the dominant part which woman's beauty and woman's charm have played in the destinies of nations.

But here is an amazing and significant fact: there has never been an accepted standard of feminine beauty. Though every age has had an ideal of womanhood, and every country has possessed a representative feminine type, the standard of woman's beauty has changed as often as the standard of life itself has changed.

And so it has been with individual taste. Nearly every great writer and great painter has left us a portrait of his personal ideal of woman—an aesthetic vision.

(Continued on page 103)

A COMPOSITE DRAWING OF SCREEN BEAUTY

Rolf Armstrong, the cover illustrator, has painted a score of the most celebrated screen stars. Above is his idea of a combination of all of them
The Birth of the Opportunity Idea

Four Letters That Tell the Whole Story

Golden Pictures Corporation
New York City

Dec. 28th, 1921.

Mr. James R. Quirk,
Editor of Photoplay Magazine,
22 West 4th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Quirk:

Thank you for your prompt reply to my letter suggesting a "Fifth Avenue" contest to be conducted by Photoplay Magazine. The Golden Pictures Company is pleased to announce that you are in such full sympathy with the plan as to inaugurate the idea of a new motion picture contest for the most promising of the contestants as well as to indicate your confidence in the fulfillment of the purpose. This company will agree to have test pictures made of the thirty contestants selected by the judges after all photo work submitted has been completed. There are twenty-two Golden Pictures Company and ten are located in New York and the other are distributed throughout the United States. It is hoped that the tests may be shown in the best conditions and that the judges may visit the screen homes and by invitation exchange their opinion and to visit the best of the contestants and to announce the names of the winners.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

V. Goldwyn

Dec. 25th, 1921.

Mr. James R. Quirk,
Editor of Photoplay Magazine,
22 West 4th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Quirk:

I want to thank you for your prompt reply to my letter suggesting a "Fifth Avenue" contest to be conducted by Photoplay Magazine. The Golden Pictures Company is pleased to announce that you are in such full sympathy with the plan as to inaugurate the idea of a new motion picture contest for the most promising of the contestants as well as to indicate your confidence in the fulfillment of the purpose. This company will agree to have test pictures made of the thirty contestants selected by the judges after all photo work submitted has been completed. There are twenty-two Golden Pictures Company and ten are located in New York and the other are distributed throughout the United States. It is hoped that the tests may be shown in the best conditions and that the judges may visit the screen homes and by invitation exchange their opinion and to visit the best of the contestants and to announce the names of the winners.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

V. Goldwyn

December 30, 1921.

Mr. James R. Quirk,
Editor of Photoplay Magazine,
22 West 4th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Quirk:

Thank you for your prompt reply to my letter suggesting a "Fifth Avenue" contest to be conducted by Photoplay Magazine. The Golden Pictures Company is pleased to announce that you are in such full sympathy with the plan as to inaugurate the idea of a new motion picture contest for the most promising of the contestants as well as to indicate your confidence in the fulfillment of the purpose. This company will agree to have test pictures made of the thirty contestants selected by the judges after all photo work submitted has been completed. There are twenty-two Golden Pictures Company and ten are located in New York and the other are distributed throughout the United States. It is hoped that the tests may be shown in the best conditions and that the judges may visit the screen homes and by invitation exchange their opinion and to visit the best of the contestants and to announce the names of the winners.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

V. Goldwyn
Authors Tell Demand for New Faces

Excerpts from Articles Written by Them in Photoplay

"NEW faces come along whether we want them or not. They appear in the audiences and must be reflected on the screen.

"New faces mean new souls, new needs, new ideals. The same old human soul is still doing business at the old stand but dressing the window differently; changing its ideals somewhat as fashions come and go, and altering its ideals slightly. Humanity does not change as much as we pretend, but languages, costumes, knowledge, sympathies, passions, are in a constant flux since the dramatic art is devoted to holding a more or less cracked mirror up to nature.

"The dramatic arts must reflect the changing faces and the changing souls and dramatic art is a business of translating manuscripts into human flesh. Author must speak through actors. New authors cannot be satisfied with or expressed by old artists.

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

"New blood is required, and people of adaptable natures with new smiles, new heartaches, new opinions and personalities."

"IN every business and profession we are looking for new workers. But we do not want them because they are new. We want them because time passes, and as some fall out of the ranks there must be others trained to take their places.

"We want them because their competition is healthy and stimulating to those already arrived; we want them because they bring new zest, new ideas, freshness of outlook and enthusiasm; we want them because out of the many who start, some few will finish the race and win out.

"We want new faces in life insurance offices, and at our typewriters, and in politics and in all walks of life.

"But what about these new faces? They are the grist that comes to the mill. From them, not at once but after perhaps years, will come the few entitled by ability to survive in their chosen line. They may come because they are new, but they stay because they are worth holding on to.

"It is the rise from obscurity of vast numbers of new and skilful screen actors which has shown up the falsity of the belief that any place may be held without effort.

"They have brought competition, and as a result many old familiar faces are vanishing from our pictures. Those who remain have held their places through sheer ability and hard work. The laws of life prevail here as everywhere else."

Terms of the Contest

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

The first choice of the judges in this contest shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures.

During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in motion pictures at that time.

The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California.

The Goldwyn Company shall have a three years' option on the services of the winner.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn pictures.

Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities.

These tests shall be made at the Goldwyn exchanges, transportation expenses of those chosen to be paid by the company.

Photographs from entrants in the contest will be received from February 1st to July 1st.

All photographs and correspondence in regard to the contest shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay, on the newsstands August 1st.

Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, will act as judges.
They Were Never on the Stage

A few of the many stars who had no stage experience

Norma Talmadge: Entered motion pictures at the age of 14. No previous stage experience

Alice Joyce: Was earning a living as a model when a motion picture director selected her

June Caprice: A school girl without stage training who rose in a very short time to stardom

Mabel Normand: A professional model until friends persuaded her to try motion pictures

Molly Malone: Started in small parts without previous dramatic training of any sort

May McAvoy: Fast advancing in popular favor. Made her screen debut without stage experience

Constance Talmadge: Received first experience at the Vitagraph studio while still a student

Edna Purviance: Owes her success in pictures entirely to native ability and hard work

Marie Prevost: Gained fame as a Mack Sennett bathing girl. Now scoring a success in dramatic roles
"She's a Nut—but I like her"

The star of "Foolish Wives" is one of the most individual of them all

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE people that like Mae Busch are crazy about her. The people that don't like her, detest her. Nobody as outspoken, as honest, as natural as Mae Busch can expect to have it any other way. I admit to being in the first class. She intrigues me. I never get tired of looking at her face. It is not beauty—it is the expressiveness of it, the changeableness that holds.

The other day when Mae Busch happened to pass through a cafe in Hollywood during the lunch hour, I heard a pretty girl at the next table say, "There's Mae Busch. She's a nut—but I like her." It struck me as one of the most descriptive and accurate phrases I had ever heard.

Mae would be the last person in the world to deny that she is a nut. She glories in it. She glories in it chiefly because of the liberty of speech and action it affords her. Of all the independence, sauciness, take-the-starch-right-out-of-you honesty that I have ever encountered, it is in Mae Busch. I have seen more than one fly by night star fall before it. Of all the exuberance of spirit, the joy and pleasure of the moment, the ability to sap the best from every joyous second, Mae Busch possesses it. Of all the downheartedness, the depths, the ready-to-throw-herself-off-the-pier moods—Mae Busch.

I saw her yesterday afternoon dashing up Hollywood Boulevard, her delightful, curly mop of short, black hair tucked into a ravishing tam—her feet shod in tiny sandals—her tan coat drawn about her with that haughty little swagger that is all her own. She looked as mischievous and as self-confident and as attractive as a woman can very well look.

On the corner as she passed stood a pale, slender young woman about thirty. In her arms she held a little baby, a child of about three clung to her skirt, and beside her on the sidewalk was a huge bundle, evidently sewing or washing. She was waiting for the car.

Mae Busch (Continued on page 98)
Through the long night they watched—the mother who was married to another man, and the father who had married another woman

The Cradle

(From the play by Eugene Brieux)

Fictionization by ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

AFTER seven years of undiluted matrimony the lives of Dr. Robert Harvey, and his wife Margaret, had become rather pathetically commonplace. The springtime madness of love had passed by—the summer of boredom was near at hand. The petty details of every day overshadowed each moment; the high cost of living sat, with the proverbial wolf, not far from the door of the Harvey bungalow. And the husband and wife—going on hour after hour in the drab routine of things—scarcely knew what they were missing. Margaret, it is true, had her moments of subdued bitterness. And Bob was almost conscious of the fact that his natural optimism had been replaced by a grim determination to succeed. But that was all.

The one real bond between them, the one radiant spot in their colorless lives, was the child. Little Doris, with her six-year old exuberance; with her small comic tragedies and her merriment, was their only joy. She could distract her father from the constant pressure of his work; she could make her tired mother smile. Even the little worries—to say nothing of the big ones—were lightened by her presence. And the expression on her small face, glorified by the innocence of babyhood, was like a blessing.

There are many rocks upon which the good ship “Marriage” can be wrecked. Perhaps the most subtly dangerous of all are “Monotony,” and “Forced Economy.” It made Margaret restless and discontented to spend her life gravitating between the stove and the sewing basket. It made Bob angry to have her say, when he suggested going to a theater or a concert: “But we can’t afford it, dear!” It suggested, to his over-sensitive and wholly masculine mind, that his lack of success was being criticised.

It was the psychological moment for another woman to appear. And Fate is always curiously ready to help out the psychological moment. It was fate, alone, that sent Lola Forbes—young, bizarrely beautiful, and as spoiled as she was wealthy,—into the young physician’s life. Worn out with too many jazz parties, with too much of the spice and the allure of life, she was threatened with a nervous breakdown. And on the advice of a woman friend she sent for Dr. Harvey.

IT was unfortunate that Dr. Harvey was not an older, less attractive man. For, as Lola herself said, “I detest doctors, unless they are very good looking!” And it was unfortunate that Lola was bored with her string of admirers, that she was searching for a new sensation. The doctor, with his earnest boyish manner, was something different from the dancing men of whom she had tired. During her convalescence she made the most of her every opportunity—bewitching the man with her artful charm, with her curious impressionistic clothing, with her conscious physical appeal. The sensuous furnishings of her apartment were so different from those that he was used to in the bungalow—she lived in an atmosphere of comfort where one never heard any talk of economy or prudence. A stronger man than Bob Harvey might have succumbed to such beauty and flattery—particularly when it was set in such a frame.

A mother-in-law seldom helps to straighten the tangle of a disturbed household. When Margaret’s mother—worried over the details of her late husband’s will—came to visit her daughter it added the last straw to the camel’s back of Bob’s resistance. It made him more dissatisfied than ever with his home and his home life. Under the excuse of working at a near-by hospital he went to Lola’s night after night. And became more and more infatuated with her.

But, though Margaret Harvey no longer interested her husband, there was another man who was decidedly conscious of
her beauty and sweetness. Courtney Webster had loved Margaret for many years and had hoped to win her before she gave her heart to Bob. They had seen each other very seldom in the seven years since Margaret's marriage—they had scarcely talked together until the day when the lonely wife took her mother to consult with him at his office over the legal matters that were so troublesome to her. Seeing Margaret again brought to life a smouldering flame that had never died in Webster's heart. Perhaps little Doris, who was with her mother and grandmother, sensed the fact, for she expressed dislike for the man, although she could not give any reason for her feeling.

Flattery is the sort of bad money to which vanity gives currency. And Bob Harvey, spending evening after evening with Lola Forbes, was even more susceptible to flattery than most men. She said to him, one night: 

"It's so wonderful to be a doctor—everyone is happier when you come. A doctor always—" she smiled bewitchingly, "always understands!" And he believed her!

* * * * *

It was on Bob's birthday that the crisis came. For his little family, never doubting him, prepared a birthday dinner and a series of surprises. The surprises were not very elaborate ones—a new fountain pen, a neck-tie, some silk handkerchiefs, and a birthday cake. But little Doris had prepared the crowning surprise of all—she had learned to play her first real piece upon the piano. It was while she was playing that Margaret almost shyly laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"It's almost like old times, having you home for a whole evening, Bob!" she said softly.

Bob nodded. And then, soberly suddenly, he glanced at his watch. It surprised him to see the time—he had not thought it so late. When his little daughter had finished her "piece" he started up abruptly. With hardly a word of approval or applause, he turned away.

"I'm sorry to break up this party," he said, "but I've just remembered that I have something important to do at the hospital. I'll try to get home early!" And then, with an ill-controlled eagerness, he left the room.

For a moment after he had left neither his wife nor her mother said anything. It was little Doris who spoke, at last.

"Daddy didn't clap!" she sobbed.

Of course Bob had gone to Lola's apartment. Absolutely fascinated, he found it impossible to keep away from her—even on his birthday night. She had her surprise for him, too, a gorgeous platinum wrist watch. And swept off his feet by her thoughtfulness and her nearness, he crushed her in his arms and kissed her. And that was the beginning of the end.

The evening wore on. Bob becoming more and more enthralled—Margaret waiting patiently at home, trying to read.

It was while she sat with a book in her hands that an emergency call came for the doctor. Telephoning in great haste to the hospital where her husband was supposed to be, she was told that he had not been there all evening. She was quite naturally perplexed, then bewildered, and finally suspicious. And her suspicions were confirmed by her husband's attitude when he at last arrived home.

"There was an accident," she told him.

"And I tried to get you at the hospital—" she paused, significantly, waiting.

There was an ugly expression on Bob's face, as she waited. It was at that moment that they both knew the same thing. Then, with scarcely more than a word, he turned and left the room, throwing his coat over a chair as he went. There was a rose in the buttonhole of it and from one pocket, dangled the strap of the wrist watch that Lola had given him. Scarcely meaning to, Margaret pulled it out of the pocket and looked at it, as a thousand mad thoughts raced through her mind.

* * * * *

It was the next day, while she was out shopping, that Margaret happened to meet Courtney Webster. He was driving his own car and suggested to Margaret that he give her a lift. As her arms were full of bundles she gladly accepted. And when he suggested that she should take a little ride "to blow away the cobwebs" she gladly assented. Poor woman—she had more than her share of cobwebs to be blown away!

It was quite by accident—for Webster was seldom underhand in his methods—that they happened to pass Lola's apartment just as she and Bob came down the walk and got into his neat little physician's car. But it might well have been

There are many rocks upon which the good the most subtly dangerous of all are
a bit of clever planning, for Webster was madly in love with Margaret. As Bob and Lola drove off together the disillusioned wife knew well the meaning of heartbreak. She asked the lawyer to drive her home, at once, and as she left him at her door she said:

"When this sort of thing comes to a wife, it means more than unfaithfulness," she said wistfully. "Every wife is her husband's mother, too—and she instinctively blames herself for his wrong-doing!"

Webster shook his head slowly.

"No, Margaret," he answered. "If it wasn't Lola Forbes it would be some other woman. He's simply proven himself unworthy of you and little Doris!"

He paused for a moment, and then:

"These years of seeing you growing quieter and more unhappy have made me want you more—you and little Doris," he said.

** * *

It was very late, that night, when Bob came home. But he found Margaret up, waiting for him. And when he kissed her, from sheer duty, her calm suddenly broke.

"Oh, you coward!" she sobbed, brushing frantically at her cheek, as if to wipe the kiss off.

At first Bob could not meet her gaze. And then his eyes fell.

"That's not very complimentary," he hedged.

Margaret flared up—her anger getting the better of her poise.

"I suppose," she said very coldly and distinctly, "that Lola Forbes does use more flattering names!"

The truth—naked and ugly—stood at last between them. After a long moment Bob spoke.

"Let's have it out, then!" he said.

And so they had it out—the husband and wife. Quarrelling furiously they sought to arrive at some conclusion. They faced each other; two angry, primitive creatures. And as they stood there the door opened and little Doris, her eyes dewy with sleep, pattered in to the room.

She stood there, smiling—her baby face alight. And as she came in the quarrel died away, suddenly, and the man and woman fought, panting, for composure. It was Margaret who was able, first to speak. Drawing the child into her arms she said proudly:

"I'll give you your divorce, but you'll never get Doris—she's mine!"

Bob, beginning at last to realize the enormity of the step they were contemplating, reached out his arms to his child. With a smile she slipped away from her mother and ran into them, burying her head in his neck.

Margaret, almost at the breaking point, watched her. All at once she cried out, hysterically:

"If you love me, Doris," she cried, "come here!"

The child looked from one drawn face to the other. Then she spoke, wondrously.

"But I love daddy, too," she said. "Please, please don't let's fight any more!" With her arm around her father's neck she stretched a plump little hand to her mother. But Mar-

ship "marriage" can be wrecked. Perhaps monotony and forced economy.

The other man

And so the law separated them—a man and wife who had lived together for seven years, sharing life's sorrows and perplexities. And from the wreckage of broken hopes, two new homes were built. Bob sought happiness with Lola, and Margaret, to find forgetfulness, yielded to the shelter and protection of Courtney Webster's name. And little Doris, the small victim of the tragedy, was ordered by the court to spend six months of the year with each parent. Like a wee pendulum she was to swing back and forth—back and forth. . . .

To Webster the child was a torment—a constant reminder of his wife's past. How could he forget that she had belonged to another man when this proof of their love was always near? How could he feel that she was wholly his when the child, with a puzzled look on her small face, watched his every expression of endearment? As for Lola—now Bob's wife—well, she frankly admitted that she was not interested in children. That she even disliked them. To her, little Doris was also a reminder—and she lacked Webster's self control.

It was during the child's first visit to her father that Lola's heartlessness came to the fore. To the selfish, pampered woman, the small girl was something to be tormented, to be goaded. For the first time since his second marriage, Bob saw clearly how little a mistake he (Continued on page 100)

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A Phrenological Study of

ANTONIO MORENO

Antonio Moreno's head is well-rounded and evenly balanced except for the weight and extreme width of jaw; and it therefore falls in the Physical-Emotional category, though with many modifications. For instance, Mr. Moreno takes a keen interest in material things without being particularly responsive or emotional; and he is capable of enjoying gaiety and seeking pleasure, without himself being serious-minded, reveals the fact that its owner lacks the impulse to sacrifice everything toward a single intellectual goal. The desire for greatness is not indicated, but not the ready willingness to pay the price in application and gruelling labor. The vertical forehead, with its high bumps, shows a lack of aggressive mental processes. The oval eyes and slightly "broken" brows reveal a keen instinct for humor and a fine sense of values, which, with the cleft chin and slanting ears, give one a fairly accurate prospective on life. The chin and the straight, firm mouth are frank and opinionated, and indicate a good grasp on general knowledge and a strong self-confidence. The straight, pointed nose, the flat chin and forehead, are characteristic of a nature which is satisfied with life's realistic values.

WALLACE REID

The smooth, regular, balanced, oval-shaped head of Wallace Reid is an almost perfect example of the Poetic-Mental type—which indicates that he has a strongly developed creative instinct and a marked physical and mental sense of tempo and rhythm. His chief emotional reaction is to art and beauty—especially to music in all its rhythmically defined manifestations—and he is highly sensitive to harmony. He could never be a successful executive or business man, nor is he of the plodding student type; he does not possess the patience to master anything requiring long and arduous application. However, he might have been a musician or a writer, though he demands immediate reactions and results, and therefore would excel at poems and short stories rather than novels or sustained literary efforts. His wide eyes and arched brows, with the upward, mobile turn of the corner of his mouth, show that he has a strongly defined instinct for play and unassuming adventure, and needs constant change and variety and novelty in his life. His full lower lip, his straight nose, and his sensitive oval chin extending directly down from the mouth, indicate that he retains authority and binding rules, and must have his own way in order to be happy. His regularity of features, and his long facial structure, are of the romantic cast; he is full of illusions, is generous, kind, extremely affectionate, warm and emotional, and is easily elated and easily downcast. His smooth

Tony Moreno

playing a leading part in them. In fact, he has a detached mind, and is able to dramatize life; therefore he is not spontaneous and personal. His rounded top-head indicates that he possesses co-ordinating and balancing powers and does not go to mental extremes. He might have been an executant on some musical instrument, and he could have accurately interpreted the composer's emotions, for his full lips and projecting chin (with the deep indentation) indicate a warm and pliable nature. The lines about his mouth—which is sensitive and plastic—indicate that he is changeable and non-aggressive, but that he intensely believes, for the time being, in each emotional experience. His deep eyes and his straight full eye-brows are characteristic of a quiet, introspective and reserved nature, and of a temperament which has in it a streak of somberness, if not, indeed, a spirit of actual tragedy. Both his nose and mouth make him a lover of evanescent, decorative beauty, not the deeper, quiet type.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

The long, well-balanced, semi-rugged but unaccentuated head of Eugene O'Brien belongs in the Mental-Physical type. Its narrowness from front to rear shows a somewhat cold and practical nature—one deficient in the love instinct, and lacking in receptivity. It is the head of a man not easily led; although its firmness and harmony of contour indicate a capacity for succeeding at all non-aesthetic pursuits, it lacks the pliability necessary to creative activities. The mouth and chin are those of an analyst and a person interested in knowledge, though this trait is modified by the sharp, proportionately short nose, which, while it is of the kind that often goes with
Some Famous Stars — by H. H. Faulkner

CHARLES RAY

The head of Charles Ray—with its slightly sloping forehead, flat top, full back-head, and breadth above the ears—belong to the Poetical-Physical type, although it is modified by the hyper-sensitivity of the facial features. The bulge in the upper forehead reveals a capacity for scholarship, but the lack of top-head development precludes a purely creative ability in the fine arts, although Mr. Ray could have succeeded at mechanics or engineering. His inhibitions are strongly accentuated, indicating a preference for home and an admiration for the strictly personal things of life. His self-esteem is under-developed, and he is particularly lacking in firmness and in an ability to read and understand human nature by intuition. The frontal projection of his forehead shows a slight tendency toward pessimism, but this is counter-balanced by a spontaneous enthusiasm, as seen in the eyes and mouth. The arched eyebrows are signs of scepticism; but the forms just above his brows, reveal serious-mindedness; and the eyes themselves—full, oval and deep-set—indicate sincerity, earnestness, and straightforwardness. The even, mobile mouth, and the full lower lip, taken in conjunction with the eyes, tell us that he is incapable of trickness. The short upper lip indicates nervousness and excitability. He possesses a somewhat retiring nature, with bashfulness and self-consciousness; though he is also a person who wants his own way and can be obtrusive about it.

BERT LYTELL

The long, top-heavy, almost cubic head of Bert Lytell—with its prominent bumps and its rugged, uneven outline—falls into the Physical-Mental type, and shows a nature positive and active, rather than negative and sedentary. The flat top-head indicates lack of constructiveness and organization; but the pronounced projection at the rear apex of the head, and the curving-in at the neck, are signs of impressionability, although the rugged nature of this projection (taken in conjunction with the square chin and the straight, thin lips) shows that all impressions are at once transformed into somewhat dogged beliefs. The hollow over the eyes and the bumps on the upper forehead further modify this characteristic, and indicate a nature inclined to hold to its own opinion and to regard them as final. Mr. Lytell would have made a good reformer, or preacher, or perhaps a lawyer, for the shape of his head goes with a temperament that is ethical rather than artistic. The eyes reveal economical instincts, and a tendency to be a good trader. Perseverance is indicated in the nose and jaw; and the bump of locality—aversion to constant change—is pronounced. The mouth is self-willed and static, and reveals a strong ego—one not easy to get on with, unless thoroughly understood. The ears and the hollows at the rear of the cheeks indicate conceit as opposed to vanity, together with an ability to withstand pain and adversity. The broad nose, with its rounded tip shows a certain capacity for tenderness and pity; but the firm upper lip and square straight chin are those of one practical and unemotional, patient, frank and self-confident.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

The solid compactness of Thomas Meighan's head, together with the accentuated lone structure of the entire skull, and the breadth of lower head, indicates that he belongs to the Physical-Actional type—though he has an aggressive, virile nature, with a dominating masculinity. His full features and straight back-head also show that he is anti-poetic, and lacking in mental plasticity and impresionability; and his small half-circle ears and flat temples denied him impulsiveness and quick enthusiasms. His high top-head, well-developed forehead, and irregularity of features, show that he is organizational, and that he possesses a capacity for applied scholarship. In war he would have been a strategist rather than a tactician. His deep, somewhat close-set eyes, with their down-brows, reveal sincerity; methodical meditation, slowness in decision, and simple directness, coupled with a dogged determination. His eyes, rounded at the bottom, indicate a kindliness of nature; and his mouth accentuates this trait. He would never injure anyone or hurt another's sentiments. His long upper lip and curved lower lip (with indentation beneath) show him as instinctively tender-hearted and even inclined to sentimentality. His mouth is sympathetic; and his chin, together with his breadth of upper forhead, would make him as loyal and trustworthy, without fickleness, in the larger issues, and non-niceurial. He gives and inspires trust and sympathy.
How Harry Carey, Tammany worker and lawyer, became the part he played in pictures

By JOAN JORDAN

Several years ago, Harry Carey decided to buy a ranch. He hadn't arrived at the place he holds now, either in public esteem or in coin-of-the-realm remuneration. His salary wouldn't have interested the income tax collector much.

So he started hunting around for cheap, but good, land.

He found it.

Thirty miles from Universal City—it takes him an hour to drive in to his work every morning—way

He has a nice little ranch to go to when he retires. But he has just signed a new film contract, so it will be a long while before he can settle down. And everybody except Carey is glad of it

BACK to nature, that's my motto from now on.

The simple, the primitive, the natural, the rustic. Back to the soil! Raise your own cows and pigs and cabbages and onions and tell the whole world to go to blazes.

I have become a Nature Bolshevik. I have planted a row of lettuce in the backyard, and bought a nice old lady hen whom I am sure has outlived her usefulness but who is invaluable as atmosphere. I have subscribed to every known seed catalogue and farming journal.

And all this is the result of a Sunday spent on the Harry Carey Rancho. Thus do small things change the whole course of one's existence!

Let me tell you the story of that rancho. Because I consider it a very great credit to the motion picture industry, the American family and the great movement to do away with the overcrowding of our cities and the increase of the cultivation and productiveness of our great land.

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To a Rancho

up in the hills above Saugus, which is only a switching station for the Newhall grade on the road between San Francisco and Los Angeles, he found 1700 acres of land waiting to be homesteaded. He could live on it fourteen months, make certain improvements and it was his for two dollars an acre.

As I stood on the porch of the pretty white ranch house, looking out over hills dotted with cattle and horses to the well-stocked white barns, the excellent corrals, the many out-buildings, the general production and prosperity, I had difficulty in picturing this land as it was when Harry Carey decided to pioneer it.

Just 1700 acres of untilled soil, miles from any house, miles from a railroad, a telephone, a store, a water system, lights, gas, or any other modern conveniences. A long, hard haul for lumber, stock, supplies. Not even a road built from the branch road nearest it. It would have stumped a lot of people who think they want ranching.

But Harry Carey wanted it bad enough to make the grade. He had eminently practical visions of what time and labor and intelligence could do with that splendid soil. He had a lot of pet theories about stock raising and breeding fermenting in his head and he had what so many professional people have not—a weather eye to the future. When his day in pictures was done, a good, well-run, productive ranch wouldn't be so bad.

He paid fifty dollars down on a twelve-acre piece on the river front and homesteaded the rest. It is now his own. In addition, he has rented an enormous pasturage between his holdings and Elizabeth Lake, so that he has some 70,000 acres more grazing land.

The drive to the ranch, from the time you leave the Universal studio, is very beautiful. After a week of asphalt and street cars, for even Hollywood has over-much civilization, it seemed beautiful as heaven is supposed to be. I steeped myself in the giant oak trees that bordered the road, the gray-blue sky streaked with amber and rose and violet, the smell of damp earth and mountain sage and camp fire smoke.

My mood was receptive when I arrived at the rancho.

That may be why I fell in love with the place and everybody on it. First with Harry Carey himself, such a regular, human, ordinary man, his tanned, lined face filled with the promise of his (Continued on page 105)
The Six Next Sellers

Colleen Moore and herself at eighteen months. Rupert Hughes says: "She is wax to mold, and marble to retain."

The ever-popular topic, "Who shall be greatest?" had come up for discussion.

There were seven of us around a luncheon table which had reached the coffee and cigarette stage in a crowded Hollywood cafe. A well-known woman novelist, a clever young character actress, a very able dramatic critic, one of the biggest directors in the industry, the head of a big publicity department, a scenario writer with a sense of humor and myself.

We had just finished the Six Best Sellers—of literature.

And drifted into speculation on the Six Next Sellers of Motion pictures.

Who will they be? Who will arise to take the places of old favorites who seem to be falling by the wayside? Who will earn real stardom and have a real chance of keeping it by merit, as did Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan and that class of stars?

"You know producers can't make stars," said the dramatic critic contemptuously. "The public makes stars. You can't make a star by writing the name on a lot of advertising. Nobody could have kept Gloria Swanson from being a star, because the public wanted her. Nobody can make stars of nothing."

"How many stars and would-be stars, and trumped up finds do you think you can get a good director to stand up for?" asked the director. "That's the test. If you want to find the six next sellers, go talk to the best directors and take their say-so. Then you can assay your star-dust."

"And," the novelist, "add to that the general opinion of the Hollywood studios. Gather up the belief of the extras, the old-timers, the rank and file of picture people. Oddly enough, I'll make a bet that the two lists will be mighty alike."

"Let's," said the actress, "let's make up a list of our own. We're a rather representative gathering. We've studied pictures and picture conditions for years. Then we can compare our list with the other two."

We did. And I did. That is, I talked with big directors, I gossiped with the rank and file, I questioned electricians, cameramen, props, casting directors and actors who have been in pictures since the beginning.

Here are the names that resulted from all three tests—

Conrad Nagel  Colleen Moore
Rudolph Valentino Madge Bellamy
Cullen Landis Lila Lee

I believe it is the most nearly correct list that can be formed. I am convinced that this is the list of names who ought to be the six next sellers and would best please the public and give them the most for their money. That's all I can say.

Of them all, I found the most honest enthusiasm, the most confident praise and prediction, behind Colleen Moore.

"Ah," said Rupert Hughes, the great novelist, who wrote for her two original screen stories and directed her in that last one, "Sent For Out," "she is unlike any other screen actress. She is wax to mold but is marble to retain."

Rudolph Valentino took her own picture away from Nazimova. He is already the matinee idol of the screen.
A consensus of expert opinion on the coming personalities of the screen

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"Colleen Moore has played the leading role in two pictures of mine and in them she has had to run a long scale of emotions from all sorts of comedy to all sorts of grief and from extreme awkwardness to exceeding beauty. She met every one of these demands with intuition, enthusiasm and perfect technique. It seems impossible for her to be insincere. She has the final art of artlessness. Colleen Moore is and should be a star. May her magnitude increase."

Which is very strong when you know Major Hughes.

Marshall Neilan, who ranks among the first ten directors and who has directed most of the great screen stars as well as discovering a number of them, went into such rapturous and lengthy eulogies of Colleen that I cannot find room to set them all down.

"Blessed with a wonderful personality that is magnified when flashed on the screen, Colleen has developed her nat-

Lila Lee never ceases to study.
"She will be very great—or nothing," says William de Mille

ural histrionic talents with an energy that will never falter. Although hardly more than a child, she has the accomplishments of a veteran of the drama at her fingertips. With it all, she is acquiring a finesse to her work that will command instant attention.

"Within another year this young lady will rank among the very few foremost artists of the silversheet. It is inevitable. Also she has the energy, the stamina, necessary to proceed on a career that at its best is beset with trials, hard work and constant demands. But the rocky road to Dublin couldn't halt a person answering to the name of Colleen Moore and the bumpy lane to stardom hasn't a jolt that can stop the fine strength and real talent of this beautiful daughter of Erin."

I cannot quote directly from John Barrymore, America's greatest actor. But I do know that when Colleen played opposite him in "Hidden Paradise" he expressed views that coincided with those above. In fact, he urged her to leave the screen and go on the stage where a great future awaited her, he said.

I think I was rather pleased to find Thomas H. Ince so enthusiastic about my own first choice—little Madge Bellamy. Mr. Ince is one of our greatest screen astronomers. With D. W. Griffith and C. B. de Mille he shares the title of Star-maker. With his telescope he discovered Charles Ray, Bill Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Douglas MacLean and Doris May and many others.

"I have seen a lot of young actors and actresses at the starting point of their careers," said Mr. Ince, "but never one possessed of so many essentials of a real screen star as Madge Bellamy. I have never worked with anyone whom I thought so deserved that title.

"She has beauty, charm, and great dramatic ability, backed up by a sound mind and a great ambition. She has real artistry, real appeal and charm, of the kind that make Mary Pickford what she is. Above all, she is the embodiment of youth, and since she is but eighteen, everything is before her. She is strong enough so that nothing can sidetrack her upon the sure road to success where she now walks. My confidence in Madge Bellamy's ability and future is probably best indicated in that I featured her with several players of recognized ability in the first of my productions in which she appeared, though it was only her second screen appearance.

"She is now being featured and the future holds great things for her."

(Continued on page 104)

Penrhyn Stanlaws says she is the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. Maurice Tourneur says she has enormous dramatic ability
The Habits of Pauline Frederick

THE Pearl of Park Avenue; the star of Fifth Avenue; the pet of Paris and the favorite "best-dressed woman" of several great cities—has cast aside the finery of former days and taken up her abode on a horse. Pauline Frederick, in other words, has become completely westernized. She rides. She rides in the morning—early. She rides at noon. She comes home from the studio and rides in the moonlight. If there isn't a moon, she rides anyway. No more is she the criterion of fashion—of sables and silk magnificence. No—she has fashion queries from only Idaho young ladies now.

POLLY wears, these days, chiefly Habits. She was encouraged in her equestrienne career by a real western cowboy who gave her lessons in hard riding and fast roping, and told her finally that she was "fit to knock on a horse with any cowboy he knew of." She rode "No Good," a wicked bucking broncho, in one of her new pictures. And so we are showing you the very latest fashion creations in clothes for ladies who ride. La Frederick told us, herself, what they are all about, and we have been trying to keep such names as duvet de laine, which has a pretty sound, fast in our minds.

Above: a brown and white check riding suit with straight box coat, with which Miss Frederick wears yellow chamois gloves, Knox sailor hat of dark brown straw and tan facing; shirt of white silk, tie of vivid yellow, and riding crop of ebony.

Here is a coat of tan duvet de laine, which is worn with striped checked breeches. (Don't ask us how they can be striped and checked at the same time). Polly is fond of orange and yellow, and again she wears a bright yellow tie. There's a tricorn hat, too.
Largely a Matter of Love

This is the first time Dorothy Gish has ever talked about her marriage—for publication. But she was finally prevailed upon to write about her husband, James Rennie.

By DOROTHY GISH (Mrs. James Rennie)

The only people who have ever written convincingly about marriage are bachelors and old maids. Married people as a rule don't write about marriage because they know too much about it. They are always advising others not to marry. It doesn't do any good, of course. It's like advising a small boy not to smoke cigarettes. You know he is going to do it anyway.

You remember Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" wrote marvelous essays on love. He had never been in love; that's why he could write about it.

I don't believe in talking too much about marriage. I don't know enough about it myself to speak with much authority. I can only talk about the present. I am no fortune-teller or oracle; I cannot explain the past and I certainly can't read the future. I have been married exactly one year. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is one of the witticisms of matrimonial platitudes. I married in haste and I've had plenty of leisure, but as far as repenting is concerned, has never entered my head. I married—in fact, it has been the only thing that I eloped—to Greenwich, Conn. I married James Rennie. I married Mr. Rennie before I had time to think. If I had thought—I would have married him anyway.

The whole sum and substance of my views of my own particular marriage may be best expressed by saying: that you never know what—or whom you are marrying. You marry a perfectly marvelous man—at least every one has told you he is—and before six months are up you wish you hadn't. I don't believe in trial marriages, but I can see a ray of light in the idea. No matter what idea you may have formed about your husband before marriage, nine times out of ten you're wrong. For instance:

I didn't know James Rennie was going to be a Model Husband. I didn't expect a paragon. Stage heroes, as you may have heard, are very seldom heroes in real life. But sometimes it happens. I married one—a hero, I mean.

Of course, as he was my leading man in three pictures, I liked him, knew he was a very good actor, always polite, never lost his temper, and was extremely well-read. But I was not in love with him. Perhaps I was—but at least I didn't know it. I didn't fall in love with him when I first saw him on the stage in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." When I said "I want him for my leading man," my interest was purely professional, you understand, although newspapers have tried to make it a Grande Passion from the very first. It just happened.
Although you know and I know that happy marriages don’t “just happen,” neither are they made in heaven. They take a lot of love and tact and common sense. And it takes one wonderful disposition.

In the case of the Gish-Rennie co-starring combination, it belongs to Jim.

At the risk of making him permanently puffed up, I will tell you that he is the most even-tempered man in the world. He is tactful. He is sympathetic. He is unfailingly cheerful. To kid him I sometimes call him Pollyanna. I am just the opposite. I am a pessimist. I have always said that a pessimist is one who lives with an optimist!

My husband has a marvelous enthusiasm. While I am critical, he is always charitable. He sees the ray of light in the most somber tragedy. He has helped me in many a mental drama by his optimistic viewpoint. He has always the right word of encouragement. On the other hand, I think I am a good balance for him. I can’t give him all the credit!

Our marriage began in the right way. When I came home and told my mother that I had been married—and she not having the slightest thought of it—she wasted no time in questions or reproaches. She simply took me in her arms and kissed me. She welcomed Jim into the family. He became at once a son, not a son-in-law. My mother is an angel. With a welcome like that, worth a hundred bridesmaids and sermons, our marriage couldn’t be unsuccessful.

Several months after I was married, mother became seriously ill. She was in a New York hospital for four months. During that time Jim ’d have a day called at the hospital every day to see her. There are few men who are unfailingly kind and cheerful in a trying time. Illness makes many men intolerant. Jim was the greatest help to Lillian and me. He kept our courage up when it would have been ‘way below par. He has infinite patience and tact. Mother is well now, and at home again; and he hasn’t stopped being kind.

He has stood every test nobly. He is the only man in our family—a hard position at best. While mother was ill, we had a friend from home staying with us, and our two cousins, Ruth and Dorothy, who played in “The Two Orphans.” With Lillian and me, he had his hands full. But he kept right on smiling.

In fact, the only fault I have to find with my husband is that he always smiles. When he is angry, he smiles. It is a habit which might get on the nerves of some wives. When most men emit angry sounds, or g rowl when they are put out, Jim smiles. That’s all. So many women live on scenes. Jim simply won’t act around the house. I like it that way.

He puts the play he is in, out of his mind when he leaves the theater. He is always on the lookout for new plays for me and for himself, but he is not interested in the theater the exclusion of everything else. He has helped me immeasurably in my work. He is giving me lessons in enunciation in case I want to go on the stage next year. He is a strict critic; he doesn’t spare my feelings.

I know his knowledge of books and life is more comprehensible to me. He has an exceptional mind. I have never been to college, and I have been too busy to give as much time to study as I would like to. Jim has always time to read. He loves poetry, and many an evening we spend around the fireplace, listening to him reading a poem ab ove pirates, by Tennyson, or something like that. I have become acquainted with more worthwhile literature in my year of married life than I ever have before.

I have never had a dog before. Jim has a wild Boston bull. I guess I think a lot of my husband. I let him chew up all my old slippers.

We like the same things—good books, plays, music. But we never, or hardly ever, agree about anything. This is one of the “secrets” of successful marriage. You are in “perfect accord” with one another, don’t fool yourself. You’ll get tired of the everlastin’ “Yes, dear” and think so too, that you’ll do almost anything to start an argument. I said didn’t like scenes. But I do mind a little verb argument. It is ironic. I wouldn’t disagree with my husband on gene principles, but I know it is a lot more fun to differ with him occasionally. As I am concerned, I suppose he realizes that if you agree with a woman, all the tin you’ll spoil her.

Some married women is that they learn look upon their hands as a cross between a grandmother and a gur. He an Aladdin with an exhausible lamp that turns out sables and sapphires and yachts and trips to Europe with regularity. To expect too much? I very modern, I suppo I believe in woman lift man’s mental ego—if she can be it will out letting the men realize it. I have always been on the stage or screen and wouldn’t know how act if I weren’t work ing at it.

It has never entered Jim’s head or (Continued on page 5
Saying It With Smokes!

BECAUSE—to paraphrase Kipling quite a bit—acting is only acting, but a good cigar's a smoke! Theodore Roberts, one of the greatest character actors in the world, can express more with his than most actors can by chewing the props. And besides, Mr. Roberts gets more fun out of his work.

DOUBT

THE various emotions registered on this page are all achieved with the aid of the Havana. At the upper left, surprise. Note the angle of the cigar. Glycerine tears, twisted handkerchiefs, and quivering lips are not in it as aids to emotion with the Roberts chief prop. Above, interrogation. In the circle: pure contentment.

CONTENTMENT

ANGER

When he chews away at that black cigar, you know he's angry, and about to tell his erring son or daughter never to darken his door again.

SUSPICION

If this isn't suspicion, we don't know what is. The touch of humor Theodore Roberts puts into all his work has made him great.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Two years ago Rudolph Valentino was a professional dancer. Today he is one of the greatest box-office attractions, and even in these days of dismal depression in motion picture production his services are being eagerly sought.
Woman and Love

By RUDOLPH VALENTINO

WHEN you ask me to write for you what I think about woman, I feel that I must produce for you something that would look like the Encyclopedia Britannica. Yet when I should be through with this great work, I shall still have said less than nothing about women.

We cannot know woman because she does not know herself. She is the unsolvable mystery, perhaps because there is no solution. The Sphinx has never spoken—perhaps because she has nothing to say.

But since woman is the legitimate object of man's thoughts, and mine have been somewhat distilled in the alcohol of experience, I may be able to give to you a little draft of truth.

English is not my own tongue as you know. In Italian, French, Spanish, I might express myself better, for there we have such little words that have fire and understanding and delicate shades of meaning to which I know not yet the English translations.

My point of the view on woman is Latin—is continental. The American man I do not understand at all. I have lived much in Paris, in Rome, in New York, and from this traveling, which is of the finest to develop the mind and understanding soul, I have composed my little philosophy about woman.

For there is only one book in which you may read about Woman. That is the Book of Life. And even that is written in cipher.

But those who refuse to read it are generally more deeply wounded than those who digest it thoroughly.

What comes to my mind first as I try to put into some order my ideas on this all-important subject, I will tell you.

It is this. Which of the women I have known, have perhaps loved a little, do I remember instantly, and which have I forgotten, so that I must think and think to recall them at all?

The most difficult thing in the world is to make a man love you when he sees you every day. The next is to make him remember that he has loved you when he no longer sees you at all.

Strangely enough, I remember the women who told me perhaps their little lonelinesses, who spoke in close moments true and sweet and simple heart throbs.

Even the highest peak of emotion is finished. It has flamed, gone out, and told us very little about life. It was to enjoy, to drink deeply. But never is even that treasured in the heart as are those moments of simple, tender confidences, when a gentle, loving sigh opened the treasure house of a woman's heart and she spoke truly of those things within.

A man likes even the bad women he knows to be good.

To a woman who has revealed her soul, who has given a brief glimpse of her heart, no man ever pays the insult to forget; he pays her homage. I remember a little Italian girl I once knew. She was very beautiful—so young. We used to sit in a tiny cafe we knew in Naples, and hold hands quite openly. I do not think I ever kissed her. We talked little, for she was not educated. It was not her magnificent eyes, nor the glory of her hair that was like a blackbird's wing, nor the round white curves of her young body—I remember her because of those little intimate moments when our thoughts were bound together by her simple, tender, gentle words. We were intimates, and the soul is such a lonely thing that it treasures those moments of companionship.

I do not like women who know too much.

The modern woman in America tries to destroy romance. Either it must be marriage or it must be ugly scandal.

No other woman can ever mean to a man what his children's mother means to him.

A love affair with a stupid woman is like a cold cup of coffee.

I would not care to kiss a woman whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting.

One can always be kind to a woman one cares nothing about.

The greatest asset to a woman is dignity.
And this, surrender to confidence, to real intimacy of the soul and heart, speaks a much greater surrender to love, a much deeper capacity to love, than all the passion of a Cleopatra.

There was another woman in France, an older woman, the wife of a painter. I loved her because she was the only grave woman I have known who did not depress. I never saw her smile. But beneath that smooth, imperious beauty, was there not the serpent that Eve was given that apple from the Tree of Knowledge. Just so would I make the Tree of Knowledge of Life today—forebodings to women. If they must eat of it, let them do so in secret and burn the core.

Do not misunderstand this that I say. I do not mean this in regard to intelligence, to education, even to position. The more cultured and accomplished a woman is, the more exquisite she is to love, the more like gold that is soft to touch and handle. With her, all is delicate and attractive, all is beautiful and fine, her mind is attuned to beauty—and beauty is of itself a religious thing.

No, when I speak thus of an inferior—a superior—I mean in experience of life, in power to do, in ways of love. The man may be a digger in the ditch, and the woman a teacher in the school, but he is the master of her if he knows more of the world than she does. It is not becoming that a lady should know the world. It is not proper that a lady should go to places and things where she acquires this knowledge.

If she knows these things, she must be clever enough to conceal her knowledge, like the girl who can swim a mile, yet with much grace and helplessness make someone to teach her swimming.

How completely the modern woman in America tries to destroy romance. How ugly and cut-and-dry it has become—love. She knows so much of marriage or it must be ugly scandal. The brilliant, absorbing, delightful, dangerous, innocent—sometimes—sport of love, how it goes. She knows too much about life and too little about emotion. She knows all of the bad and none of the good about passion. She has seen everything, felt nothing. She arouses in me disgust.

Sometimes a man may feel that he would rather a woman had done many, many bad things—real bad things—and yet been delicate, and quiet and dignified, than to see her common. If the bloom has been rubbed from the peach, let her paint it back on with an artistic hand.

SHOULD I try again to find me a wife, I say, let me find one who wishes to have children and who when she has had them, wishes to take care of them. That is the proper test for the good woman who is to share the side of your life. No other woman can ever mean to a man what his children's mother means to him—if she does not let herself get fat and ugly and old. No man can love a girl if he marriage get fat, and careless and unpleasant. He must then constantly make comparisons of her with the beautiful young girls about. A wife's first duty is to keep her husband from making comparisons.

A man is always intrigued to see a woman with a child. The Sistine Madonna is as famous and as beloved as Mona Lisa.

But—for a sweetheart. Ah, that is different. To me, I have been won always by the woman who has great ability to feel. I have never yet seen a cold woman who interested me. A redundant woman, yes. But redundant only as a flower is redundant to bloom in winter. Place it in the hot-house of proper wooling—and it blossoms. She must have intelligence.

A love affair with a stupid woman no matter how beautiful, is like cold coffee for breakfast. (Continued on page 106)
Lon Chaney’s
Make-up

You have often wondered how the famous character actor could portray such terrifically ugly Chinamen. These pictures tell you. Directly below, he is putting on one of his wigs. The wig is the simplest part of it.

The oriental slant to the eyes is obtained by tape drawn tightly away from the optics. Mr. Chaney is performing this painstaking operation above. You may also glance over his make-up table, which boasts every conceivable kind of wig, eye-brow and eye-lash outfit and teeth.

You have seen him as a Chinaman, an Indian—eastern and western, a Russian Grand Duke, a Bowery crook, a half-breed, and a madman. Sometimes you don’t even recognize him, and wonder where the director got such a realistic type. Lon Chaney has won distinction and the title of master of make-up and a substantial salary and finally stardom through his ability to impersonate every character under the cooper-hewitts.

The hideous effects achieved by Chaney are mostly due to the teeth he wears. These are real teeth which he places over his own and which make him the ugliest man in the movies! (Of course, Lon Chaney really an awfully nice chap and exceedingly popular in the Hollywood film colony. But he says if this is generally known it will ruin his screen reputation.)
Public Appearances

Some Wise Cracks—And a Few Boners

By DOUGLAS McLEAN

MAKING public appearances is one of those things like eating drumsticks with a fork—in time you get used to it, but you never really like it.

The object of public appearances, which are made in motion picture theaters, of course, is to give everybody a brotherly interest in you and your welfare, so that they will henceforth mob the theaters at which your pictures appear, thereby greatly increasing the shekels in the Box Office. This doesn't increase your salary any, but it makes the exhibitors and the exchange men and the producers happy and it's very gratifying to make so many people happy.

I have been publicly appearing for many weeks. I have held up the show in some hundreds of movie palaces. I have made three round trips across the continent in five months and I know every Pullman porter in America by his first name and his favorite dice point.

I hope I am not going to hurt anybody's feelings, either private or civic, by dissertating a bit about my experiences. It's as natural to write about your travels as it is to talk about your troubles. Everybody was very good and kind and patient with me and I enjoyed it all so much as far as they were concerned—it was myself I didn't enjoy.

Inside my own studio I have no objection to registering anything from the emotions of the gallows to receiving a custard pie amidnose. In the Dark Ages, before pictures, I have even endeavored so to disport myself upon the stage that nobody would throw anything larger at me than an egg. But all this in the "persona dramatis."

To stand up before hundreds of dear, good, kind, well-intentioned souls animated only by perfectly natural curiosity...
and the ordinary human septicism and suspicion which declares that no man is perfect and wants to see its theory upheld; to make speeches to enterprising young business men who know more about what I am talking about than I do; to pass through Texas shaking hands with the entire Democratic party and wonder how long it'll be before they find out that I am a Republican and cast my first vote for Grant; to meet all those lovely, local peaches and realize that my stay in Utah must be so brief—indeed, there were moments when I wished I had taken my dear old grandmother's advice and earned an honest living.

As I take my typewriter in my lap, I seem to hear in the distance the raucous and cynical voice of the train announcer singing our schedule—"All aboard for Birmingham, Atlanta, Dallas, Austin, Beaumont, Houston, Fort Worth, San Antonio, El Paso, Kansas City, Hutchinson, Wichita, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Nashville, Ashville, Louisville, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Chicago, Washington Philadelphia and New York."

My wife says I can say it in my sleep. Well, there are worse things a man might say.

Of course when you are making a tour like that you encounter a lot of general phenomena. There were ten thousand people who wanted my autograph which I thought was very nice of them. I hope they won't show it to the children, because it might lead them astray. It's so much better in later life if people can read your handwriting. Not that it would have done me much good. My wife doesn't believe in a joint bank account.

One hundred thousand people wanted autographed photographs. We didn't have to pay nearly as much excess baggage going back.

And ten million wanted to know the best way to get into the movies. Some day a clever young criminal lawyer is going to invent a new insanity defense for murder and call it dementia movia picturibus. I did my best.

Now everytime anybody comes to the studio I run and (Continued on page 108)
THE gorgeous Ferguson is, right now, in Manhattan, captivating audiences in her latest personal triumph. Zoe Akin's "The Varying Shore." It is a beautiful and a fragile play, and to her role Elsie Ferguson brings her peculiar genius for poignant pathos. James Crane, the husband of Alice Brady, who is one of her supporting cast in the play, is shown in support of Miss Ferguson in the portrait.
The Motion Picture Alibi

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
and KATHERINE HILLIKER

If a spark of life remains in a dying picture Miss Hilliker generally puts it on its feet.

I SUPPOSE there are a great many people who unconsciously imagine that the titles of a screen drama are photographed right along with the picture.

Of course they know that when the handsome young hero with the vaseline hair-cut clasps the blonde heroine in his arms and makes an impassioned speech, the following subtitle
"AGNES, BE MINE"
doesn't register automatically upon the silver sheet.

But the public, which is so apt to take the good things for granted, generally assumes that the titles which run through a picture are as simple as the A B C's from which they are constructed.

Their unanalyzed conception of titles is limited to introductory ones, such as
"LITTLE NELL, THE SHERIFF'S ONLY DAUGHTER, WHO HAD JUST RETURNED FROM AN EASTERN BOARDING SCHOOL"
and spoken words like this:
"WITH THE GRASS NOT YET GREEN ON MY POOR SISTER'S GRAVE, I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE."

Or they may even possibly remember explanatory titles of this caliber:
"THE BONDS HAD BEEN PLACED IN THE SAFE TO BE OPENED ON DOROTHY'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, BUT WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN—"

Beyond that, they neither know nor speculate.

The caverns of inconsistency bridged.
The holes of impossibilities filled up.
The charms of indecency avoided.
The abyss of poor acting skirted.
The crags of carelessness leapt.

All these accomplished by the little 10 to 45 word titles, the public does not even suspect.

Many a lady's reputation and many a man's heroism have been saved by a clever subtitle.

Many a censor has been tripped, foiled, utterly routed by a few flickering words that made things that did appear to be not what they seemed.

The title is to the screen production what the alibi is to a criminal lawyer.

When every other defense fails, resort to your old friend the alibi.

When you can't get it by the exhibitors or the censors any other way—fix it up with a title.

Insidiously, quietly, unostenta-

This film doctor is a charming young woman with a sense of humor and an sane mind. Her cheerful philosophy is reflected in her own titles.

NO story you have ever read will give you such a clear insight into the resourcefulness necessary for the making of good photoplays. Sometimes the subtitles tell the story.
is considered one of the best title writers in America. She first won fame by her clever educational titles for the Chester Travel pictures. Since then she has titled everything from "Passion" to sausage comedies.

I fell upon her.

"It is too rainy to play," said I, "and much too damp to work. Come and tell me about some of the artistic crimes you have prevented, some of the really difficult things you have done with titles. Come and explain to me the hardest situation you ever had to camouflage, the most risky thing you ever had to get by the censors."

"They won't sound much to tell," warned Miss Hilliker; "it's like a bridge hand—always looks easy to play after you've done it. I can only give you a few scattered, illustrative examples.

"I just got through titling 'Theodora.' It's an Italian picture and very temperamental. I can give you two instances of what you want from there, if you'll soothe Mr. Goldwyn's feelings by stating that I say, and mean, that it's a really great picture.

"They evidently had forgotten to ship some of the film, because they started a hectic scene in the royal box of the amphitheater, with the Empress Theodora in the center of it, scheming to save her former lover from death by asking the emperor to give him to her that she may torture him properly. About half way through the scene, the Empress is suddenly missing. The rest of the scene proceeds without her."

"So I shot this title as she speaks just before she vanished: "BIND HIS MOUTH AND TAKE HIM TO MY TORTURE CHAMBER. I SHALL GO BEFORE TO PREPARE HIS RECEPTION."

"Miscasting is another thing that has often and often to be covered with titles. I did a picture not long ago in which Alice Brady was starred in the role of a chorus girl. This little footlight queen marries the heir-apparent of one of those exclusive, blue-blooded Knickerbocker families that came over in the Mayflower. (My, that boat must have been crowded.) Anyway, the chorus gal's new mamma-in-law is the last word in aristocracy. She still thinks the population of New York is 400.

"Unfortunately, the actress who was cast to play this grande dame, while she may be an estimable woman and a good thespian, resembled nothing so much in looks, manners, and actions as my red-headed, Irish washlady. Instead of suggesting a Mrs. Van Beekman, she suggested Mrs. O'Flarety.

"So I introduced her like this:

"CAROLINE POGGE VAN BEEKMAN'S ONLY REGRET IN LIFE WAS THAT SHE HADN'T BEEN BORN A VAN BEEKMAN, HAVING ACHIEVED, WITH THE AID OF HER FATHER'S MILLIONS, AN AMBITIOUS MARRIAGE, SHE HAD SPENT HER DAYS IN TRYING TO FORGET THAT SHE HAD EVER BEEN A POGGE.

"Naturally, her son's marriage to a chorus girl didn't sit well on this lady's social digestion. It was more delicate than that of a real Vere de Vere.

"But even her humble birth wouldn't have excused the way that old hen behaved. Of course her new relative-in-law had been in the chorus, but according to the scenario she had remained virtuous and ignorant nevertheless. Notwithstanding which, said Mrs. Van Beekman conspires to trap her, and endeavors to throw her into the clutches of an unspeakable cad of her own set.

"So, early in the story, when the poor mother first hears of her son's mésalliance, I had the villain say to her:

"'OF COURSE IT'S TERRIBLY SHOCKING, ESPECIALLY IN VIEW OF HER PAST.'

And strengthened it later by preceding the bride's home-coming with this:

"MRS. VAN BEEKMAN WAS A POOR DISEMBLER, AND THE SCANDALOUS INSINUATIONS TO WHICH SHE HAD LISTENED HAMPERED HER WELCOME."

"But here is pure invention of my own that saved a comedy from complete oblivion. The producer brought it to me with tears in his eyes and wanted to know if I could fix it so he could get it by the censors; otherwise he was going to lose a lot of money.

"I felt so sorry for him, I told him I wasn't mercenary either and I'd take it for half that.

"This story dealt entirely with sausages. Links—miles of them. The young couple were poor and lived in a tiny furnished room where they weren't supposed to cook, but where they got their meals in a tin can over a gas jet. One day the young husband went out to hunt meat for his mate—having only one thin dime as a club. He bought a lot of sausages. Now these sausages were a lot for a dime because they were no longer on speaking terms (Continued on page 98)

THE April issue of Photoplay Magazine will be on sale on the newsstands March fifteenth. You, as a reader of this magazine, will profit by the change, as the editors will be the better able to give you last minute news and comments covering the entire moving picture field. Rapid changes are taking place in the industry that are likely to make 1922 a record breaker. You want this information as rapidly as it develops. The fifteen days gained means closer contact with big events in the film world.

REMEMBER

In the future, Photoplay goes on sale the fifteenth of the month.
Murder and sudden death were in the air—the leading lady stated that nothing could prevent her from shooting the leading man.

Breaking In

A true story of an author's experiences when he went into motion pictures

ANONYMOUS

Illustrated by R. Von Busen

Editor's Note—Every word of this story is true. We knew of the author's experiences, and asked him to write them. He consented on condition that we did not publish his name, a name that would be recognized at once as that of one of the best writers in motion pictures. When you read the story you will appreciate his reason.

THE scene was a delightful golf course in the lee of the glorious High Sierras. Off in the far distance, Old Baldy lounged in the eternal sunshine, with snow on his shoulder, gazing down upon the knickered gentlemen, whilst they tried to lay them up dead. George and I were concluding a tense match, and George accidentally dropped a twelve-footer into the can, thus winning himself six dollars of my sinking fund. We then paid the caddies and proceeded to the clubhouse, George beaming seraphically, wearing a silly grin, as he always does when he defeats me in the joustings. When stricken by defeat himself, George looks like a condemned murderer of small children.

"Well," he said very pleasantly, "in a manner of speaking, and to get away from golf, you're a sort of an author. Of course, you're not what I call a real honest-to-goodness author, though you have the customary hungry and haunted look. How much do you make a year writing these so-called stories of yours?"

"I told him the figures, in a low voice full of emotion. "Why, that's a joke," he grunted. "My second camera-man makes more than that."

George, as may be inferred, is a movie director. He wears the conventional liver-colored spats of his species when on the job, yells ferociously at beautiful ladies in thin negligees, has tea served at four o'clock on the set, and believes that all writers, beginning with Peter B. Chaucer, are just the same as fleas on the dog. George is highly regarded by the corporate body that pays him a huge sum weekly, and he has been roaring through a megaphone for twelve years, so when he speaks, his is the voice of authority, particularly when he is discussing the canned drama.

"In fact," he continued, taking off his shirt in the locker room, "the head carpenter out at our shop earns more than you do, Bill."

"I told him in an offended tone that I saw nothing to be gained by comparing me with carpenters. I was no carpenter. True, there might be a certain amount of wood in what I did, but I was no carpenter."
George had told the entire population not to talk to me. He had them warded off, as though I had a well-defined case of pellagra.

"I have my art," I said feelingly. "It may not pay voluminously, but it is my art. The reward, though not great in forms of legal tender, comes from perusing my little things when they appear in print in the high-class publications, with the illustrations all wrong from having been made by an artist whose mind has gone elsewhere and is never coming back."

"Rubbish," said George, struggling with his socks. "You have frequently impressed me as a man who might have ideas. I don't say out and out that you have them, but you might have. What you need is a steady job. I'll get you a job, and you help me make my next picture."

"Very well, George," I agreed. "You get me a job. I have often yearned to step in and help the picture business, because, speaking strictly as an innocent bystander, the picture business needs help."

"You'll be a nuisance to me at first," he went moodily. "However, I'll be willing to stand it awhile. In time, I may be able to pound some sense into your head. You may be able to learn something about making pictures, though you haven't been able to learn anything about golf in two years."

On the following Monday morning, I began working with George on his next picture. At the moment we began to toil, the picture lay between the covers of a book, which the concern had purchased in the vague expectation that somebody around the lot would be able to make a melodrama of it. It was a very noted book, in its day, by a famous old gentleman of the gin-rickey school, who wrote dozens and dozens of thrilling volumes, and finally passed to his reward from liver trouble, caused by trying to subsist exclusively on liquid nourishment.

"Here it is," George said heartily, that sunny first morning. He came into my luxurious office in the studio and slammed the book down on my palatial desk. The author was Harvey Loomis. "Now begin. We are behind time already."

"What do I do first?" I inquired, naturally, and as anyone would under the circumstances.

"Read the book, of course," George responded, with just the faintest shade of directorial sarcasm. "We can't make a motion picture out of a book, unless somebody on the lot reads it."
"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I've seen such things done. I paid to see 'Lot's Sister,' and the only thing they used out of the book was the title pages."

"Anyhow, you read it carefully. Pick out the high spots."

"All right." I said dubiously. At the moment, I couldn't have distinguished a high spot from a deuce. "Did you read this book?" I demanded.

"I did not. And I am not going to read it. It's no good. I know that much already."

In the months that followed, I began to understand that this observation of George's is a custom of the country, a hereditary legacy among movie directors. No book is any good. "Les Misérables," for example, is a mere piece of cheese to a director. Therefore, if the director succeeds in making a picture of any degree of excellence, the credit is his, all the more. If the picture is a flop, the book was no good, as stated frankly and openly at the outset.

The name of this particular tome was "Willow Farm." It lay between two red or maroonish covers, and as time wore on and I became thinner, those red covers scoured me by day and haunted my fevered nights. It was a stirring romance of life in the mountains of Virginia, and I read it with exceeding care, jumping nothing, not even the long, meaty paragraphs, where the author stepped aside from his narrative to give the complete history of rock formations and the effect of the glacial period upon mankind.

The main character of "Willow Farm" was Henry Jones, who used to fight chickens for his own amusement. He had a wife and a daughter, whom he also used to fight for the same purpose. There was a jolly feud under way and four people had been killed the day the story opened. There was a school-teacher with high-water pants, a haughty landowner who persecuted the negroes; a gang of tough mountain rowdies who lived hard by the blind pig; there was love—adventure—sudden death—court room trials—sweet reconciliation and, in fact, everything I had come to expect from the silver screen when I paid thirty cents at the box office and went in, wondering if they would let me smoke.

At noon, George wandered in to where I sat struggling, and invited me to lunch.

"How goes it?" he inquired.

"Fine," I said. "This book ought to make a motion picture of remarkable excellence."

"Is there any suspense in it?"

"George," I said fervently. "This book is practically all suspense. The author begins suspending you on page two and from there on, you just simply hang."

"How about the thematic value?" George asked me. "Is the thematic value good?"

"About that, I can't say so much," I replied. "There is a good deal of rum in the story and one man stabs another in the post-office. Another thing, George, I couldn't tell a thematic value from an inner tube."

We then went out to lunch, and during lunch George told me explicitly just how you write a motion picture. It didn't sound particularly difficult. You simply sat down in a quiet spot and wrote four hundred scenes and about two hundred subtitles. Later on, they threw away all the scenes, and had a man write new subtitles, and the picture was made. Nothing really intricate to it at all.

I returned to my office eagerly, anxious to be at it, as you might say, quivering with suppressed enthusiasm. I dashed off the first forty scenes, which introduced you to Henry Jones and his family, and in a general way prodded the story into action. George came galloping in at four o'clock, sat down with one leg over a stuffed chair, and read the forty scenes. When he finished, he said simply:

"Holy cripes, Bill; this is terrible."

"What's terrible about it?" I asked in a hurt tone. "It sounds fine to me."

"Why, you haven't got the idea at all. There's no story to this."

Sure, there's a story," I argued. "That's exactly the way old Harvey Loomis wrote it."

"Yes, and that's the way we don't want it," said George. "I don't care what Harvey Loomis did. You can't make a picture this way, Bill."

He looked sadly out of the window, as though regretting having got me the job at all. He seemed to be thinking of that eighteenth hole, where he had won my six dollars, and how in a moment of fleeting enthusiasm his heart had run off with his judgment.

"Now take that first subtitle," I said defensively. "What's the matter with that?"

As a matter of fact, I was proud of the subtitle. I had clawed it out of the empty air and written it down with a little glow of satisfaction. It read:

"Henry Jones, a man among men, in a country of simple and lovable people, most of them in rough garments, but underneath, as romantic a folk as e'er the sun shone on."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked, reading it to him in an eloquent manner.

(Continued on page 110)
You May Have One of These Patterns!

...
Designs by Le Bon Ton. With Patterns For You

the stockings, the gloves, the veil. It is satisfying to know that you have not one jarring note in your sartorial attire.

After all, a costume is everything if it does not express its wearer. Some women I know go to a modiste and say, "I wish to be well-dressed." The result is too often disappointing. I know, because sometime ago I was tired and did not feel equal to designing dresses for myself, which I usually do.

So I went to a certain famous dress-maker and told her to gown me. The lady herself was charming and mature. She made me clothes which were so sedate I immediately felt fifty in them. Suffice to say I never went to her again. I do not feel right in gowns with which I have nothing to do. They do not feel like my own.

I love nice things. I love to shop. But I do not shop indiscriminately. In Paris I saw the most gorgeous evening gown ever concocted. I tried it on. I wanted it. It was so unusual I could not have worn it on many occasions. The price was exorbitant. So I did not buy it. The gown is much more pleasant in my memory than it would have been hanging up in my wardrobe.

I like capes. I have taken a decided fancy to capes! I have a most fascinating one: of black broadcloth with a white lining, and an immense collar of chinchilla. The sleeves are intricately draped so that I can wind them about my arms on cold days. I wore that cape more than I have ever worn a fur coat. Fur coats are bunglesome at best.

I have no rules of fashion. I do not want them. I want to wear things which become me. I like originality. For that reason I design my own costumes for my plays. I took great delight in the gowns for "The Varying Shore." They are of such a charming period; such a romantic, sweet, and feminine time. I studied for months from books; then I submitted my own ideas to a skilled fashion house, and they followed them. These gowns are exceedingly difficult to act in! When I go on the stage for a scene, I try to remember to keep the particularly difficult carriage.

Design 1. Such a simple, such a smart frock! will be wanted by every girl in the country, particularly if her income is modest. She can so easily make it herself, if she has talent in that direction. And right here I wish to say how much I admire such a talent. It is most valuable, this ability to make one's own clothes. It is so much more satisfying than dashing into a shop and snatching the first frock one sees.

Design 2 is utterly charming. It is quaint and yet decidedly à la mode. It is graceful and it is conservative. I approve of it heartily. You will not quickly tire of this frock. It will, I am certain, wear very well. It is soothing rather than sensational, the first essential of a charming costume. A dress for evening should be quiet. It should not be ostentatious. There is nothing to be gained by affecting the freakish in frocks. A momentary attention which is soon turned to something more restful, is the only reward.

Design 3—a dignified and delightful afternoon dress. Unusual in its draping, it has an almost classic simplicity. I hope that you will enjoy these frocks. They have appealed to me greatly.
If this isn't a true story we don't know Mickey Neilan.

He was shooting some street scenes in New York one day. Along came a big policeman. He said:

"Taking th'm moving pitchers, eh? Have yez a permit?"

"Why, no," said Neilan. "Is it necessary?"

"It is so!" said the policeman, getting out his summons book. "And I'll have to give yez a summons. What's your name, me man?"

"My name is Mickey Neilan," was the answer.

The cop wrote it down. "And what company is it you're working for?"

"The Shamrock Pictures Corporation," replied Mickey, noting that his name had carried some weight.

"What picture are you taking?"

"The Life of Robert Emmet," answered Neilan quickly. "You see, I'm from Los Angeles, and I didn't know there was a law against taking pictures here without a permit."

"The Life of Robert Emmet, by the Shamrock Pictures," repeated the policeman. "Who's president of the company?"

"John McCormack," said Mickey, without batting an eyelash.

"The Irish singer?" shouted the cop. "Why didn't ye say so at first?"

He ran out into the street and waved his arms wildly. "Hey, you fellows running thim buses!" he cried. "Go around the other side. Don't you see you're interferin' with the gentleman who's takin' an important pitcher?"

Lottie Pickford and Allan Forrest were married recently at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Hollywood. The Rev. Willsie Martin performed the ceremony. Mary Pickford Fairbanks was bridesmaid, and Jack Pickford gave the bride away.

In the marriage license the bride gave her age as twenty-six, the groom as thirty-two. Both were married before: Lottie Pickford to Albert George Rupp, automobile salesman, whom she later divorced; Forrest to Ann Little. Lottie's little girl has been adopted by her grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is an honest-to-goodness actress now.

She is playing the heroine, Diana, in William Faversham's revival of "The Squaw Man," on the stage.

Critics have been kind to her, praising her grace and dignity.

It is interesting that this famous American play by Edwin Milton Royle needed no revision after all these years. Only one line needed to be altered—one which mentioned the Boer War.

Marilyn Miller issued an indignant denial of the rumor that she was to marry Jack Pickford. "I'm not engaged to marry him or anybody else, and I wish they wouldn't make up things about me," said Sally.

People did say, when Mary and Doug rushed from Europe, that the celebrated couple were returning to be present at the nuptials of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller.

But Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks tarried in Manhattan only a little while before journeying California-ward to spend
Players

columns you will know
they know themselves.

YORK

the holidays in Beverly Hills; and Miss Miller is still dancing to the delight of "Sally" audiences.

Another perfectly good rumor gone wrong.

ALICE BRADY and James Crane, it seems, have come to the well-known parting of the ways.

For a while there, Alice and Jimmy were the most ardently devoted theatrical couple in the east. Then came whispers of discord, which are now borne out by a definite separation. Mr. Crane is now appearing in support of Eloise Ferzun in her new play by Zoe Akins, "The Varying Shore," while Alice is again acting with Robert Warwick in a piece called "Drifting." It had its premiere in New York not long ago.

By the way, the Brady star was injured in an automobile accident near Albany, in which her leading man, Kenneth McKenna, was also hurt and her Japanese chauffeur killed. She suffered a wrenched back, but was in danger at no time.

The first picture of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hart together—their first breakfast in San Francisco. Have they honeymooned?

It seems some officials of Cosmopolitan Productions vetoed her first suggestion to buy "When Knighthood was in Flower," claiming there was no market for costume stuff. Marion was just as determined that the public would love it. She won over the refractory executives, and now—praise be—secured Robert Vignola to direct it and Joseph Urban to design the costumes and devise the historic settings.

AFTER "Penrod," his current picture, is released, Marshall Neilan will have two more productions to make on his present First National contract. (We say this merely to make an excuse company, and, as he has always threatened to do, he is taking a long vacation on his ranch.

Miss Sedgwick and Mr. Polo are two of the biggest drawing-cards in the serial field.

UNIVERSAL is about to release "Foolish Wives" to an eager world. This "World's First Million Dollar Production" has been winking at Broadway from electric for so long now that the premiere itself cannot possibly be much of a sensation. Have you noticed how they are billing Eric von Stroheim? As "The Man That You Love to Hate?"

IT isn't a "press" story. It didn't come from the publicity department of Vitagraph, or a "personal representative" at all. It's simply the story of what spoiled Alice Calhoun's Christmas.

Mr. Calhoun, a splendid woman who, like Mrs. Gish, has helped her daughter to a successful career and at the same time kept her sane and sweet, has always made a lot of Christmas. She has always had a Christmas tree and the stockings hanging from the mantel-piece, and all the good old-fashioned festivities. In spite of the fact that Vitagraph called the Calhouns to California, where Alice made "The Little Minster," they went ahead with all their preparations for a happy holiday. The lights were bought; the tree was trimmed; the holly wreaths hung.

And on Christmas day, the Calhouns' chauffeur had a wire telling him that his mother had been killed by a mail truck in Brooklyn.

There was no more fun in that household. The entire attention of the family were centered in John. He was comforted and cheered; his ticket east was bought; he was sent on his sad journey with the assurance of support both financial and spiritual. Alice and her mother and her uncle saw him off in person; and his job will be waiting for him when he gets back.

OX the night of the opening of Griffith's new picture "Orphans of the Storm" in New York, Ernest Lubitsch, the German Director who made "Passion," "Deception," and other historical features, was in the audience.

"Reminds me of the story of Mischa El-
THEODORE KOSLOFF, the famous Russian dancer now under contract to Cecil de Mille, is also head of a very exclusive dancing school in Hollywood, where the stars go for instruction and reduction and where the society girls of the city also attend.

He has one class of small girls, around five. The other day a lady brought her daughter out to enter in the class, but upon seeing M. Kosloff, the young lady set up such an outcry that they had to take her away. It seemed that she had seen Theodore shoot a man in "Forbidden Fruit," and it seemed so real to her that she couldn’t forgive him.

"So I lose a pupil for that," said Theodore, "and I ask you is it my fault some fool woman take a child like that to see a Cecil de Mille production? Mr. de Mille do not make pictures for babies!"

JIM RENNIE is back in the east, and maybe you think he isn’t glad. He likes California and all that; and he enjoyed participating in "The Dust Flower" with Helene Chadwick for Mr. Goldwyn’s company. But, after all, Dorothy was in Manhattan, and—that was all there was to it. The Gish sisters made a series of personal appearances in conjunction with Griffith’s "The Two Orphans"—beg pardon, "Orphans of the Storm," in which Lillian and Dorothy are, for the first time, featured in the billing. This is a distinction never before achieved by any player in D. W.’s company. With Lillian and Dorothy Gish is on all the placards of the new production, and it’s safe to say that their names mean as much to the public as any others. Read the story of "Orphans of the Storm" in the Shadow Stage in this issue.

WHEN is a star not a star? It was only a few months ago that Lasky announced Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, worthy popularities both, as acquisitions to his stellar ranks. Agnes made one starring picture, "The Lane That Had No Turn," for a few weeks; but several. The newest production plans to emanate from the west coast studio give Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt the co-starring roles in William deMille’s version of "Bought and Paid For.”

BEBE has bobbed her hair. We think we like it, but it’s so hard to tell, when anything is on Bebe, whether you like it or not. It always looks so nice. Incidentally that young lady is wearing a very gorgeous new string of real pearls, since Christmas, and a stunning jade and diamond pendant.

MABEL NORMAND’S health is very bad again and the brilliant little comedienne has not been able to start her scheduled picture for Mack Sennett. Since we saw Mabel again in "Molly-O" we are all awaiting more productions from her. Molly-O was the most telling Mabel Normand, and certainly nobody has arisen to take her place.

Mabel was present at the opening of her film at the Mission Theater in Los Angeles, and sat between Abraham Lehr and Charlie Chaplin.

Since then I have been daily awaiting announcement of her engagement to Charlie, because he never goes out with a young lady without that result. (Continued on page 78)
The Movie Comedians' Union Holds Its Annual Banquet

It was a grand event. The hotel was wrecked. The regular guests who survived were sent to the lunatic asylum. The waiters were annihilated to the last man. Thirteen comedians perished in their emotional efforts to imitate Chaplin and seven died from custard-pie poisoning. The party cost more money than von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." A good time was had by all, particularly the survivors. Tomorrow night, "East Lynne."
MISS LULU BETT—Paramount

FOR the benefit of those who have not read the novel nor seen the play (there may be one or two left in the outlying districts) we may explain that the heroine of "Miss Lulu Bett" is a drab, pathetic spinster who is permitted to live with her married sister. She is also permitted to do all the house work—cooking, dish washing, cleaning and general shock absorbing. She has a pretty thin time of it, until a long forgotten brother-in-law arrives after twenty years of globe trotting, and marries her. Then comes the discovery that he has had another wife, and isn't sure whether she's alive or dead. So Lulu goes back to the kitchen sink.

Mr. DeMille has shown rare skill and intelligence in his handling of the story. What is more, he receives stalwart assistance from Lois Wilson. It is doubtful whether anyone else in the films could have played the part half so well. Others in the generally excellent cast are Theodore Roberts, Clarence Burton and Milton Sills.

BOOMERANG BILL—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

LIONEL BARRYMORE in "Boomerang Bill" gives a remarkably finished performance, and as he is aided by a swift moving story and a good production, he succeeds in providing exceptionally good entertainment.

"Boomerang Bill" is the story of a crook who came to New York and fell in love with a girl who worked at the cash counter in a "one arm" lunch-room. He found that she possessed a delicate mother, but not sufficient funds to take her mother to the country where she could regain her health. So Boomerang Bill resolved to pull one last hold-up—and then reform. But the "last trick" is always fatal—and Bill was caught and sent to jail. While he was serving his term, another man came along and offered Bill's girl the opportunities for herself and her sick mother that Bill himself had tried in vain to provide. The story is a sad one, well told, and punches over a moral.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM—D. W. Griffith

THIS production is so colossal in conception and in execution; its great moments move one so much; its thrills are so stirring, it is difficult to pin it to paper.

Griffith has come back with a bang. After "Dream Street," this great historical masterpiece brings again the Griffith of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," but with an added charm, a new softness, a fresh appeal. He tells an old, old story—the story of "The Two Orphans." He has retitled it and remade it. Against the bloody background of the French Revolution, Griffith has painted a beautiful picture: a tender portrait of devotion and sacrifice. He has recreated history as no other living man has done. And this is his greatest triumph. It is massive, but it is human.

And let us comment on the very curious fact that the French Revolution is perennial. Somehow it takes hold of the human imagination as can no other great social upheaval in human affairs. Compared with events that have followed, the turbulent period of the Reign of Terror is not on a particularly grand scale: e. g., the Napoleonic wars, and our own great Civil conflict, not to mention the recent World war, and the cruel and bloody Russian revolution. But it fascinates. Griffith was wise in his choice of a theme for this production.

It is spectacular, but it has little moments of very personal appeal—tiny, heart-throbbing seconds on the screen during which you hold your breath for fear you will break the charm and the magic picture will vanish. You are Henriette and Louise, or you are the Chevalier de Vaudrey.
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

ORPHANS OF THE STORM
• MISS LULU BETT
• THREE LIVE GHOSTS
• BOOMERANG BILL
• RED HOT ROMANCE
• JUST AROUND THE CORNER

and Danton. You are awaiting the embrace of Madame Guillotine; you are a part of that unforgettable page in the book of the world. No history ever written can begin to compare with this photoplay for genuine instruction. Every child in the world should see it. True, it takes liberties with actual dates and events; but the spirit is there.

There are, we said, moments of surpassing beauty—greater than anything ever put on the screen or the stage. One, the love scene of Henriette and the Chevalier: touching, tender, true. Another, the most dramatic of all celluloid climaxes: the almost-meeting of the two orphans. The thrill comes when the heroine is rescued from the guillotine—and this is not the best part of the drama. But much may be forgiven a director who can reach out from the screen and put a tear in your eye and a lump in your throat.

As for the acting—it is superb. First honors go to Miss Lillian Gish. Each new Gish portrayal is finer than the one before. The actress works. With a rare beauty and personal charm, she is not content. Her Henriette is sublime. Her sister, Dorothy, as Louise, has the second-best rôle, which she performs with exquisite art. Joseph Schildkraut, as the Chevalier, is charming. But Monte Blue, as Danton, the outstanding figure of the Revolution, is the best man in the cast. Of heroic mold, he plays magnificently, and proves himself one of our few fine actors. Honorable mention to Lucille La Verne, Frank Puglia, Sheldon Lewis, Morgan Wallace, Frank Losee, and the gentleman who played Robespierre so splendidly. The musical score is appropriate.

Once more—don’t miss this.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—Paramount

A COMEDY—well acted, convincing and dramatic—is the rarest thing in the world. A jumble of impossible situations, made thrillingly real, can show the greatest sort of artistry. “Three Live Ghosts” scores on both points. The plot of the story is told in London, and the picture was filmed there. That, in itself, is a unique feature. It tells of three war pals who are reported lost—and who, quite miraculously, escape from a German prison camp. They are a ne’er do well, in fear of the law; an aristocratic gentle-man, shell shocked out of his identity and into the habit of stealing; and a man of the slums. Their triple return to life affords material that the whole family may enjoy together. Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry play the leads. And their supporting cast is uniformly good. There are moments when one feels an ecstasy of sheer delight—when Spooky, the aristocrat (done splendidly by one Cyril Chadwick) crosses Picadilly with a stolen sheep and a kidnapped baby.

RED HOT ROMANCE—First National

A SURE fire hit if there ever was one. This remarkable combination of keen edged satire and sure-fire melodrama, which was written and produced by the indefatigable team of John Emerson and Anita Loos, is described by them as “a tale of young love and old hokum.”

The description is about as descriptive as it is possible for any description to be. For “Red Hot Romance” is a remarkably good burlesque of a ham film. So effective is it, that there are moments when even the most cynical and sophisticated observer will be tempted to rise out of his orchestra chair and cheer. The hero (like all heroes) is a young American who is pining for romantic adventure. The heroine (like all heroines) is a high bred American girl, who is yearning for love. The plot’s laid in South America. The leading parts are well handled by Basil Sidney and May Collins, and the entire cast enters into the spirit.
JUST AROUND THE CORNER—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

Just a gentle story, sometimes tragic, always charming, directed and adapted by Frances Marion who once again proves herself an outstanding figure of our films. She puts the woman's point of view on the screen with rare delicacy. Her cast is fine: Lewis Sargent, Margaret Selkirk, Sigrid Holmquist, Fred Thomson.

THE LITTLE MINISTER—Vitagraph

Of the two versions of the Barrie classic, this seems to us the better. It is more sincere, although not nearly so elaborate. It puts the precious characters on the screen as real people; you know Babbie and Gerrie as if you were in Thrums yourself. David Smith's direction is excellent. Alice Calhoun is beautiful as Babbie; with unlimited artistry, James Morrison is delightful.

FOOL'S PARADISE—Paramount

A Cecil deMille picture has got to be wonderful or terrible. This is terrible. It is so well done in parts that it seems sacrilege to have spoiled it so completely in the latter reeds. It is not Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." It is a queer hodge-podge of the deMille of "The Whispering Chorus" and "The Affairs." Dorothy Dalton is the redeeming feature. She is splendid.

HAIL THE WOMAN—Associated First National

A fine picture—not a world-beater, but one you should see. C. Gardner Sullivan has a big theme, and with the exception of the too-flowery titles, it is handled in a big way. Good entertainment always; and you'll stay for the finish. A real all-star cast includes Florence Vidor, the brilliant Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, Theodore Roberts, and an adorable baby named Muriel Dana.
Charles Ray, having exhausted all the favorite forms of athletic sports, now turns his attention to indoor pursuits, and in "R. S. V. P." assumes the role of an art student. The change is not a happy one, and Mr. Ray does not appear to good advantage. The plot is woefully thin and many of the situations ridiculous. Harry Myers renders able support to the star.

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R. S. V. P.—First National

FIFTY CANDLES—Hodkinson

A masterpiece of melodrama. If you want a chill and a thrill, don't miss it. It is not, however, a picture that will last; it is hardly human enough. A weird story, exceedingly well enacted by a cast headed by the charming Marjorie Daw, who has been appearing too seldom to suit us. Then there are Bertram Grassby and Edward Burns.

RENT FREE—Paramount

This, for the name alone, should appeal to house-holders. Fortunately it offers more than a name. Wallace Reid in an artist's smock and Lila Lee with her hair bewilderingly tumbled, do a delightfully impossible house-breaking act—and get away with it. The titles are clever and there is a plot. Take the whole family. Take the neighbors, too.

THE RIGHT THAT FAILED—Metro

Why aren’t there more pictures like this one? A family film with a convincing cast, a good story, and a mighty real prize fight is something decidedly out of the ordinary. Bert Lytell is a charmingly tough prize-fighter, Virginia Valli is worth watching—on the score of looks and acting—and De Witt Jennings is the perfect thing in fathers.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING—Paramount

Agnes Ayres is very pretty, but a bit over-marcelled in her first starring venture. She plays a loyal young wife with a great deal of care, but little fire. Acting honors go easily to Theodore Kosloff, who gave a splendid interpretation of a difficult and unsympathetic rôle. Maylon Hamilton was personable, as usual.

WINNING WITH WITS—Fox

Not so bad, nearly, as the name would lead one to suppose. The story of a good little actress who clears her father's honor—when he is accused of robbery—and generally fixes things for everybody. Barbara Bedford is the Priscilla Deanish heroine. And Wilson Hummel does fine work as the stage manager. It’s worth the price of admission.

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The Golden Gate has closed behind us. I can still see a faint blur that is the outline of the coast of California. But I do not look at it. I do not want to. I want to look ahead, out across the blue Pacific, where lie the islands of the South Sea, whither we are bound. The steamer “Tahiti” sailed from San Francisco at high noon. I am really going to see the rainbow’s end. Ever since I was a little girl I have longed to see the fairyland of the South Seas, the strange lands of the cannibals, the orchids and the coconuts. And I am on my way. I have been in a sort of daze ever since I signed to do this picture.

There is the most interesting looking, dark-skinned foreign woman on board. I wonder who she is. She is dressed very smartly in the most expensive looking tailor suit and she smokes monogrammed cigarettes in a gold holder. I must find out about her. She has a fascinating history I know.

Walked on the Promenade deck with the captain. He swore if I didn’t kiss him, he’d sink the ship.

Saved a thousand lives!

The interesting dark lady of the cigarettes! I knew she was somebody.

No less a personage than the Princess Teriirui o’ Tahiti Pomare V. Only in Tahiti she says they call her Princess Boots. The eldest daughter of the last reigning queen of Tahiti. The last of the royal line, the representative of all that is fine and best in the Tahitian race. She is extremely cultured and intelligent. Fascinating, unique.

She tells me much of Tahiti and its legends. Has beautiful, dark eyes and speaks four languages fluently. Has lived in San Francisco and Paris for years. She is very dignified, yet with a royal simplicity of manner. She is merely going over on business and says she will probably come back on the same boat with us.

Says she has a thousand cousins. The islands are more prolific than I thought.
“the Mystic Islands”

Just crossed the equator. I couldn't see it, but I felt it. It stole through my blood somehow. Now we are coasting down hill.

Oh, the Princess! Now that the tropics have engulfed us, she has changed utterly. Bit by bit, she has reverted to native costume. This morning she came on deck with her long, black hair down her back, sandals on her feet, and a loose silken garment wrapped about her. She

was sitting in the salon, and quite casually rolling leaves of crudely dried, black tobacco in pandanus leaves. When she had finished, she calmly proceeded to light the strong thing and smoke it. She offered me one but I stuck to my American brand.

But what a strong land this must be to which I am going. Already she is claiming her own.

Tonight we stood on deck beneath the blazing splendor of the Southern Cross. A tiny shaving of a moon paled before it. The stars swing low in the heavens, like orange Chinese lanterns hung up against a black velvet curtain to light some fête. It is so decorative, so exaggerated that it makes me light-headed already. I feel the lure of the South Pacific.

Think the ship's doctor is making eyes at me but can't be sure, he looks so much like Ben Turpin.

Millions of beautiful flying fish and a school of whales about the ship but no land.

We have sighted land. Soon, soon, I will be in the wonderland of the whole world. I am too excited to write.

At last—the land of gentle voices and wonderful reality. Oh, it is more, much more than I anticipated. No one could have words to describe it. My head is like a gallery of beautiful pictures.

The island of Tahiti is 150 miles long, and the whole 150 is one profusion of wild fruits, green, waving heights, and masses of brilliant, rich, exotic flowers. The air is the most fragrant, delicious, intoxicating thing that ever was created. Every little breeze that blows through the thick growths wafts a new combination of irresistible perfumes to me.

I will not be responsible under this influence! Everything fades into a sort of confused dream. One finds oneself wondering what it was all about. This—this, with its gorgeous colors, its dreamy scents, its luxuriant growth, its simple, primitive life, is the only reality.

We are living in Papiete, the main village of the island, at the famous Tiare Hotel, where all the famous men who have come to this Paradise have lived. It is a white, one story
building, with the open-work Chinese roof, built on stilts as all the houses are to allow the circulation of air beneath.

It has no bathrooms. I do not think there is a bathroom on the island. There are pools, there is the lagoon, the beach. Everyone bathes all the time, but they bathe in the clear, cool water of these places nature has so generously provided.

I am amazed at the people of Tahiti. How ignorant we are of the other folks that inhabit our globe. How bound by our little duties, our little home spot.

The first thing that impresses me is their immense dignity and kindliness. They have the proudest carriage I have ever seen and I adore the straight, graceful way they hold themselves. They are most beautifully shaped, these children of nature, just as people ought to be, unmarred by any restrictions or civilized ways of living. Their skin is not yellow or black or even brown, but that lovely, lustrous tan shade that you see on fair people in California who have become deeply tanned by the sun. The girls live in the shade as much as they can, to keep as light as possible.

Most of them wear nothing but their pareu (dress) which is a strip of gaily colored cloth caught about them in the most graceful drape. The Princess Boots says that the girls are becoming more and more civilized and one of them wears a corset, but I haven't seen her yet. They never are without this pareu and use it for everything. They bathe in it, and when they put on their good dresses, gowns made either of cheap American or European cloth or of the gauzy native linen, they wear it underneath as we wear our lingerie.

The girls have beautiful legs and feet and the loveliest little hands you ever saw. It is quite amazing. It really makes them very attractive and they are so clean and sweet and fresh. They put coconut oil on their thick black hair and when they come out of the water, where they spend so much of their time, they give their hair a shake and it is all dry. How simple!

I began by wearing my bathing suit, but today I, too, went to my bathing pool with my pareu on. Men and women bathe together with the utmost simplicity and unconcern, so naturally that you would feel prudish to object.

Already I have discovered that the national means of transportation in Tahiti is the bicycle. There are very few cars here, and those are mostly of very expensive French make and belong to the French Government officials or people who live on the Island.

It is impossible to sleep here at night. It is too beautiful, too heavenly. Last night the perfume of the flowers woke me and I went out and sat beside the wonderful lagoon, where the stars were reflected as though in a magic mirror. The stillness is the most exquisite thing that I have ever experienced. It makes you feel as though your body were somewhere else, floating about, and only your spirit was saturated in the wonder of the night.

We are not allowed to swim in the (Continued on page 90)

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**Slang Dictionary of the Studio**

**By WALLACE REID**

"KILL that baby"—Turn off the small spotlight.

"Cut back"—Term used in cutting when director wants to continue a scene which was shown before.

"Knock that nigger down"—Take down black shield used to protect camera from glare of lights.

"Cooking negative"—Overdeveloping.

"Soup"—Developer.

"Fade out"—Gradual dimming out of scene.

"Can't get juice"—No electricity.

"Carbon's froze"—Light has gone dead.

"Hook up"—Connect the lights.

"Footage"—Order of cameraman to his assistant to measure for long shots, closeups, etc.

"Frame"—Order to projection machine operator when scene is not on screen in right position.

"Clear"—Everybody off the set.

"Hold your lights"—Don't turn them off.

"Atmosphere"—Same as supers on stage.

"Persons who just stand around"—"Extras".

"Lens Louse"—Person who is always trying to crawl within camera range.

"Cut"—Word to cameraman to quit turning the crank.

"Shooting a scene"—Taking a scene.

"Patch"—Putting scene together.

"Long shot"—30 to 50 feet from camera.

"Closeups"—5 feet or so from camera.

"Medium"—Half way between long shot and closeup.

"Take 'em away"—Turn out the lights.

"Slap these together"—Film cutter's slang for splicing scenes.

"Duping"—Making a negative from a print.

"Hit 'em"—Turn on the lights.

"Start your action"—Director's order to actors to begin moving for the picture.

"On the set"—"in the set"; "set" being term used to indicate the room, house, cabaret, etc., built in the studio for the picture.

"Turn on the sun"—Want some light, chiefly sunlight arc.

"Klieg eyes"—The rays of the Klieg lights strike an actor's eyes and injure them and he has "Klieg eyes.

"Shoot"—Take the picture.

"Furniture Hawk"—Property man.

"Slap that desk"—One property man tells another to place a piece of furniture in a certain position.

"You've got a hobby"—Holiday means a spot uncovered by paint.

"Rattle your hock"—Hurry up.

"Double exposure"—Trick of camera in making one person appear in the scene at the same time in different action, etc.

"Strike that set"—Tear down a set.

"Set dead"—All of the scenes have been taken and the set can be torn down.

"That's a strike"—The set may be torn down.

"Still"—A plain photograph—stationary objects—as contrasted with a moving picture.

"Tape it"—Cameraman's order to measure distance from players to camera.

"Let's have some stock"—Cameraman uses this when he wants his assistant to get more film.

"Running any Blanks?"—Static is electrical current that exposes film in streaks.

"Location"—"Out on location"—Taking scenes some place other than the studio floor.

"Draw"—a set—Fixing up the details, such as hanging curtains, laying rugs, fixing articles on a table, etc.

"Hit So and So in the face with that mirror"—Turn the mirror so that it will reflect light on the person's face.

"Flood the spot"—Open the spotlight wider. "Flood" them with lights. Put strong lights all over persons in set.

"Hogging the camera"—Some one who always looks in the camera and wants to be prominent in every scene.
"Mr. and Mrs."—

When the handsome hero of "Dream Street" married little Marjorie Seaman, who was an extra girl in the Griffith production, the whole world wanted to know about her. So here she is—in the first pictures published since she became Mrs. Ralph Graves.

Here is a real romance of the films. Married in the Middle-West, where Graves went to claim his bride, they had their honeymoon in a California bungalow. Ralph is making pictures for Goldwyn now. Marjorie seems to have forsaken her screen career, being quite content to preside over the Graves menage in Hollywood. She is petite and charming. Even the more jealous Graves admirers will find it hard to find fault with her!
The principal crime indulged in by the light-fingered denizens of the screen's underworld is the cracking of safes and the removal therefrom of pearl necklaces.

The underworld, as we are made privy to it in the average screen melodrama, is one mass of subterranean labyrinths, cryptic grottoes, and underground catacombs; and nearly every second or third building above ground is an opium joint in which every bung is filled with comatose devotees.

Then there are the secret lodgings of wealthy Chinese criminals, fitted up like Oriental auction-rooms; and the elaborate “trick” dwellings of the “Master Minds” of the underworld, where, by pressing a button, panels slide away, trap doors yawn, bookcases disappear and become stairways, whole sections of floor revolve, arm-chairs collapse, and all manner of similar architectural surprises occur.

Furthermore, the screen's underworld is almost entirely populated with shady gentlemen who pursue lives of crime. Subtract the professional crooks from the motion-picture denizens, and all you would have left would be a handful of policemen, half a dozen blonde cabaret dancers, a few Chinese laundrymen, a score of bartenders, and a couple of pawn-brokers who look like Sir Forbes-Robertson Shylock.

These crooks of the screen fall into two distinct classes. The first is what is known as the “gentleman burglar.” He is a dashingly handsome devil of astounding perspicacity, a rare gift for philosophic utterance, and an irresistible fascination for wealthy society débutantes.

This super-Raffles is at heart an honest and upright youth who has gone in for a nefarious life as the result of altruistic complexes, his object, as a rule, being a more equitable redistribution of the world’s wealth. He robs only predatory Wall Street magnates of the tainted lucre which they, in turn, have looted from indigent widows and orphans.

This young philanthropic “gentleman burglar” may be distinguished by his snappily-cut suit of gaudy, checkered homespun, his fuzzy cap with the veranda-like visor, his light gray spats, and his watch-chain draped diagonally athwart his bosom. He is never without an enormous gold cigarette case and a long ivory holder.

The other type of screen crook is a low fellow. Evil oozes from every pore. The moment you rest eyes on him you know he is a criminal. He simply couldn't be anything else. He needs a shave, and his hair is a mere collection of “cowlicks.” His ears protuberate, and he constantly keeps his eyes half-closed in that shifty, menacing way which crooks have.

He, too, wears a cap, but it is dark and tight-fitting, and he pulls it far down over his eyes. He is always puffing on the stub of a cigarette in the extreme corner of his mouth, with the tip pointing almost straight downward; and he never exhales smoke except through his nostrils. He wears no cravat, though sometimes he ties a soiled bandanna about his mouth; and his sack coat—which is of different material from his trousers—is always too large for him, and minus a button or two.

When at work at his trade, he (unlike the “gentleman burglar”) merely encircles his lower features with a handkerchief. He is known by some such appellations as The Wolf, Once-over Dave, Short-arm Gus, Moll-Buzzer Ben, Hop-head Harry, or Jake the Blood. In fact, all the screen criminals are designated in this descriptive manner. A person named Harold Van Doozer or Percival W. Breckenridge could no more be a “movie” gunman than could an orthodox deacon or a male milliner.

This is another of a series of satiric articles on the different phases of life as portrayed in the motion pictures. Mr. Wright is one of the leading satirists writing in English today, and is the author of “Europe After 8:15,” “Misinforming a Nation,” “The Man of Promise,” and numerous other well-known books.

By
WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON
world Life in the Films

The principal crime indulged in by the light-fingered denizens of the screen's underworld is the cracking of safes and the removal therefrom of pearl necklaces.

And no wonder! Screen burglars are veritable wizards when it comes to cracking safes. Compared with them Houdini is an armless infant. Give any one of them ten seconds and a hair-pin, and the door of any steel vault will fly open like nothing at all. It is positively miraculous. To them a six-inch, chilled-steel, reinforced, double-bolted safe offers no more difficulties than would a shoebox or a lunch-basket.

Moreover, they are capable of performing thisburgling operation in the same room where the owner is peacefully sleeping, without waking him up! But then, the people who keep their valuables in their bedrooms are abnormally sound sleepers; for screen burglars always jimmy open the window of a room and climb inside without arousing the occupants; and, in addition, they invariably turn their spot-light directly into the sleeper's face and inspect it carefully before proceeding to the business in hand.

A certain peculiarity of the motion-picture cracksman should be mentioned here. It is this: he never lays his hands on any jewelry without pausing to admire its beauties. Always before making his getaway, he lingeringly feasts his eyes upon it, as would a connoisseur; he holds it in the light of his lantern and carefully appraises its workmanship, letting the gems run slowly through his fingers, with all the ecstasy and delight of a true artist. And he habitually does this when any second's delay may cost him his life.

One of the most amazing points about screen burglars, is their utter incapability when it comes to binding and gagging their victims. Even the frail young flappers whom they tie up to bed posts always manage to wriggle themselves loose, and to shift their gags, within a few moments of being secured. And, as for binding adult males—screen burglars might just as well fasten them once around with a piece of laundry twine, for they never stay put over thirty seconds.

Another incomprehensible thing about the underworld characters of the screen is that they hatch all their plots in public cafes within easy earshot of the victim's daughter sits at the next table disguised as a gas-man. And when they are not able to call a public conclave, they send each other detailed instructions in copper-plate handwriting, and always cast the note away. when read, on the floor within two feet of the victim's son, disguised as a charwoman. Or, if they don't send notes, they use a public telephone, habitually selecting one with a switchboard in charge of a policeman disguised as a working-girl.

The social life of the cinema burglar is fully as unique as his professional existence. When not engaged in nefarious operations in the boudoirs of the wealthy, he spends most of his time in a basement cafe (never one on the street-level or upstairs), drinking straight whiskies as fast as they can be brought him. He sits leaning far forward, with both elbows on the table, his cap on, and never smiles or moves his head to right or left. He merely rolls his eyes when desiring to look about.

(Continued on page 118)
Here are the four writers who are entitled to the distinction of being the winners in Photoplay's short story contest, the big magazine feature for 1921. East, west, and south—all are represented. The successful contestants are Octavus Roy Cohen, $5,000, for "The End of the Road"; Mrs. Greye La Spina, $2,500, for "A Seat on the Platform"; Adela Rogers St. Johns, $1,000, for "Dog in the Manger"; and Oscar Graeve, $500, for "His Brother."

Adela Rogers St. Johns—her prize winning story was her first

Octavus Roy Cohen, the veteran, carried off the grand prize. $5,000

Mrs. Greye La Spina, who is new to most readers of popular fiction

Yes, old Santa was so eager to bring the glad tidings to the prize winners that he couldn't wait until morning. So he called on the post-office to help him in this emergency. Result: four pre-Christmas jubilees.

How will they spend these checks—a total of $9000?

The deciding board were Fanny Hurst, John Farrar, editor of the Bookman; Professor A. F. Wilson, School of Journalism, New York University; Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, and James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay. A tabulation of the points each story had received was made. A first place was marked four points; second, three; third, two; and fourth, one. When the points for each of the contestants were added up, the ranking of the twenty-four candidates was at once obvious. The four with the highest being, of course, the prize winners.

Oscar Graeve—seasoned both as a writer and as an editor

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What causes hangnails?

You need never again have a raw, ragged cuticle

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits — and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail — but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel s out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even — however rough you may have made them by cutting.

Two new polishes to complete your manicure

Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

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To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at $1.50, and the Boudoir Set at $2.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set — only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 703, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
“Foolish Wives”

A review of a picture that is an insult to every American

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O much publicity has been given this picture, which was released too late to be included among the Shadow Stage reviews, that we feel our readers would like to know what it is all about.

This—the much heralded million-dollar production—has been shown at last, in fourteen reels. It is the most eccentric film ever put together. At times startlingly beautiful, at other times repulsively ugly, it is an amazing hodge-podge.

The American public cannot be expected to pay the million dollars that Universal, and Erich von Stroheim, have wasted, not spent.

An unworthy theme, the ugly amours of a pseudo-count from Russia, it has been produced with consummate care and unceasing imagination.

There is no doubt that Mr. von Stroheim probably spent almost the press-agented million on his sets and other effects; if he had spent as much time on his story—if he had had a tale worth telling—he would have earned the applause of that Broadway fireside audience and every other audience in the world.

As it is, he has made a photoplay that is unfit for the family to see; that is an insult to American ideals and womanhood.

To point a doubtful moral, von Stroheim has adorned a gruesome, morbid, unhealthy tale. That he could give to it his admitted genius for detail and artistic talents is nothing short of incredible.

Portraits such as Griffith himself never dreamed of. Beautiful bits of acting. Monte Carlo, as real as itself. Photography and decoration of unsurpassed appeal. And an insight into continental morals and manners such as only, so far, we have been able to get from certain books and paintings.

All wasted, on a story you could never permit children or even adolescents to see. A story that sickens before you have seen it half told. Your verdict is ready before the end.

Absurdities and atrocious melodrama; astounding subtleties and keen beauty—a beautiful waste.

Von Stroheim wrote the story. It is, as we have said, morbid; more, it is unreal. He has lifted one of his most effective episodes right out of Frank Norris’ masterpiece, “McTeague.” At other times, he is almost original. He never knows when to let a scene alone; he whips it into insensibility before he lets it go. Consequently, every sequence is twice too long.

This picture, which has been advertised, actually, as “a onehundred per cent American” enterprise, is an insult to every American in the audience. Consider: an American, of sufficient prestige and importance to be selected by the President of the United States as a special envoy in charge of a vitaly important mission to the Prince of Monaco, is depicted as a man who does not know how to enter a room or wear formal dress!

His wife is represented as the type of woman who strikes up a terrace flirtation with a Russian count who accepts money from a serving maid! To say nothing of the continual immodesty as to American ideals; the little sly thrusts at our traditions and our sentiments.

The actors are all good. Rudolph Christians is excellent; Miss DuPont pretty and perfumed and exceedingly commonplace as the Foolish Wife—there is only one of them. Mae Busch is sparkling and would have been more if she had had an opportunity; Maude George makes the most of her role; she has it—the talent and the temperament; Dale Fuller is exceedingly good. Von Stroheim, who is a competent actor at all times, projects himself into too many scenes.

He has abused his directorial privileges.

This film may make money. That is a question. It is not a picture that will do you any good. It is not good, wholesome entertainment.

It is not artistically great.
It is really nothing.
WOMEN in every walk of life are learning to give preference to the West Hair Net. The West Beach and Motor Brand is gaining favor for every wear—everywhere. Its durability makes it ideal for sport wear, while its liberal size, its shape and invisibility make it the choice net for social and business wear.

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JEANETTE:
I hope that my telegram, thanking you for your beautiful letter of good wishes for my recovery, reached you with due speed.

Upon my soul, it really takes some untoward happening such as my accident to show one that so many gentle thoughts exist. I was very much intrigued by one sentence in your note, with that genius for contradiction, that seems to be your most characteristic attribute you say, “Do tell me all your sensations when you saw that the accident was going to happen, although, when I come to think of it, you must have been unconscious, poor darling.”

As a matter of fact I was never so clearly conscious in my life. As the street car ripped a huge gash in the side of my beautiful new landaulet, and I saw, through the crescent of my arm—I had put up an elbow to protect my face from the splintering of the glass—its big shiny surface, it occurred to me that I had never before properly appreciated the relative size of a mere human in comparison with a metropolitan tram.

The next thought that came to me was that something had snapped in my back and that I was not occupying my seat with the same dignity of poise that is usually mine, even under the most trying circumstances. However, summoning what was left of my sang froid to my aid, I managed to walk across the street and into the building in which Dr. Stewart has his office. Whereupon my third thought was that if I were going to shuffle off this mortal coil I couldn’t have chosen a more convenient spot in which to perform the operation.

Doctor (John D.) had left for Great Neck—he did not know of my surprise visit to drive him home—but Dr. Post, who has an office on the floor above, came down immediately with his nurse and had a beautiful bandage over my entire diaphragm before the crowd had even dissolved from Fifty-ninth Street.

By the way, Jeanette chérie, have you ever stopped to consider what a number of people there are in the world that always have time to spare from their personal affairs to devote to impersonal matters, that at the best, have but a morbid interest?

However, to resume—Dr. Erdmann (you remember did all that wonderful work on Caruso) and by the way I shall never cease grieving that Caruso left for Italy when he did), came in, in about twenty minutes.

For the second time this year, Dr. Erdmann left his dinner untouched on my account. He confirmed Dr. Post’s diagnosis of fracture of the seventh and eighth ribs, an inch from the spine. What a little space, and yet how important is an inch, particularly in a matter of spines!

I was sitting quite peacefully in a chair by the open window, deep in argument on the labor situation, when Doctor (whenever you see Doctor spelled in its entirety, it means Dr. Stewart) rushed in. He was looking more perturbed than I have seen him in many moons. I insisted on finishing my views on the present economic typhoon before walking the intervening block to the Plaza. Dr. Post and Doctor were both possessed with the idea that I should take a bumpy ambulance to the Post Graduate Hospital. Dr. Erdmann with a wisdom, not often found in man, didn’t attempt to combat my already expressed intention, and merely remarked that the ribs and bruises were mine, and that if I decided that the Plaza was the place to take them to, there was no more to be said.

Arrived in a hastily prepared suite I sat up till eleven o’clock arguing, or rather listening to an argument on the results of radium on superficial cancer. I dined excellently well, on a fine codfish steak fried in butter. Have you ever tried codfish steak fried in butter?

People that I had thought had for ever erased my image from their memory, people that had cherished some real or imaginary grudge against me, either sent messages of sincerity and love, or came to express that love in person. For two days, no queen ever held more royal court than I held then.

As I put down my pencil for a second, the tears dim my eyes. I, that am scarcely sensible to personal suffering, am very sensitive to gentleness of spirit. And as I sit here, at Franklin, Pennsylvania, looking across to the hills that border the Allegheny; hills that pierce the low-hanging mist, I smell again the perfume of that flowery room and I live again the memory of hands clasped deep in understanding. I think that the odor of those memories will be ever sweet in my nostrils, long after those nostrils have been stopped with dust.

On the Friday (the accident as you know, happened on Thursday) after my dear Dr. Erdmann had left—he came at nine o’clock before going to his office—Alan Dale called. He sat with me for more than an hour. We talked of everything under the sun, grim, serious, and gay. Everything, even the most sardonic of subjects held a humorous quirk. Alan Dale had broken some ribs (front ribs) some time before and we had a wonderful time comparing symptoms.

Miss Jacobs came in as Alan Dale left, and after her my poet. You met Adolphe Roberts at the house; you remember? But there—if I start to tell you all the people that came I shall never get to the bull fight at all.

I might mention, however, in passing that we started to cast the “White Peacock” that day and rehearsed the next. In conclusion I might repeat how really glad I am that the whole affair took place, not only on account of the new and tender relationships it established, but also because it strengthened a philosophy in me that needs strengthening.

I never was very materialistic, as you know. I have never given much consideration to “The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,” but I have an even less regard for them now than before. I have found a greater peace than I ever thought possible. As I look again to the hills I realize how little our individual happenings matter in the collective evolution of things.

(Continued on page 86)
AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST just completed by one of America’s great Scientists

Ideal health maintained on diet with Fleischmann’s Yeast

White rats chosen because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man.

Actual feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women—1 out of every 5 you meet—who are eating Fleischmann’s Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann’s Yeast was added to the white rats’ diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann’s Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms now on the market, and also with a different kind of yeast from Fleischmann’s.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and in size.

Findings on white rats hold good for human beings

In scientific research white rats are always chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

Many of the meals that we eat every day lack this necessary vitamin. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance and quickly becomes prey to disease. Indigestion, chronic constipation, lack of energy, are the first and most important symptoms.

Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of diseases that come normally only with old age.

Fresh yeast is a food which supplies the vitamin we must have in order to preserve vigor and health. Fleischmann’s Yeast as a food is doing for people what medicine cannot do naturally or permanently—keeping them vigorous, protecting them from unnecessary disease and premature old age.

Add Fleischmann’s Yeast to your regular diet. Eat 2 or 3 cakes daily before or between meals. Your grocer will deliver Fleischmann’s Yeast fresh daily.


FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST is a food—not a medicine

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I

No respectable member of the fair sex may partake of a cigarette. Smoking is a practice indulged in only by vampires, adventuresses, pleasure-loving ladies of the ensemble, and callous leaders of the haut monde. Any woman who inhales the fumes of tobacco through a holder is a wanton, a Jezebel, a lost soul.

II

It is sinful for a gentleman to confer even a chaste kiss upon a maiden—no matter how intimate or of how long standing their friendship—until it is formally understood between them that they are to be legally married in the immediate future.

III

Under no circumstances may a man save himself from disaster at the expense of a woman’s discomfiture or embarrassment, however unworthy or culpable she may be. For example: even if he is falsely accused of murder and is facing the hangman’s noose, he may not establish an alibi by mentioning the fact that on the evening of the crime he was with a certain lady at a cabaret; for some people might think it was indiscreet and unconventional of her to have gone to the cabaret unchaperoned.

IV

No woman may shoot a man—not even in defense of her life or her virtue. She may draw a gun and hold a burglar or other villain at bay—this, in fact, is very womanly; but rather than pull the trigger and thus become a murderess, she must let her antagonist overcome her and wrest the gun from her hand.

V

No respectable girl may ever pretend affection which she does not feel. That is, she may not permit any man (except her fiancé or her husband) to hold her hand or place his arm about her, even though by thus harmlessly dissembling her affections, she may hoodwink a base villain and thus save her aged parents from the poor house.

VI

It is improper, if not downright indecent, for any wife to inform her husband that he is about to become a father. This indecent domestic secret should be carefully and scrupulously guarded, so that the husband will remain in complete ignorance of it until a few weeks before the actual event, he accidentally discovers her knitting the prospective baby’s chemise.

VII

Any man who dislikes pets is a second-rate—and any woman who uses a lip-stick or face powder is a hussy.

VIII

Any banker or real-estate broker who would foreclose a mortgage—no matter how often he has given warning, how long it is overdue, how much interest may be in arrears, or how little prospect there is of the money ever being paid—is a Shylock without heart or soul, for whom any fate, however dire, is far too good.

IX

A dutiful daughter of poor and well-meaning parents should consent to sacrifice herself to the extent of marrying her parents’ choice of husband. To refuse to wed the designated gentleman, to defy openly her parents’ wishes in this respect, or to run away with the noble and manly lover of her own choosing, would be selfish and sinful. (But solace may be found in the fact that always, ere the wedding bells peal forth, the intended bridegroom is unmasked, and the way left open for the young lady’s true lover.)

X

Under no circumstances may anyone tell a lie or indulge in a deception—not even if by so doing one may save one’s life and the lives of other innocent persons. If, for instance, a woman is bound and helpless, and her assailants give her the choice between the literal truth and torture, she shall stick to the literal truth and put her trust in Heaven.

XI

For a man to fall in love with, and desire to marry, a girl who does not happen to reciprocate his passion, constitutes a crime; and a man thus smitten automatically becomes a villain.

XII

Anyone who gives or attends a party where there are cocktails, Jazz music, confetti-throwing and shimmying, is an apostle of evil headed straight for perdition.

XIII

It is highly immoral for a woman to wear a ring on her index finger. This particular style of personal adornment is an inevitable indication of a Godless existence.

XIV

No poor girl who has married a millionaire may accept so much as a nickel from her husband once he comes home biquored and attempts to kiss her. Nor may she even remain in the same house with him. She must leave her palatial home at once—that very night, in fact—taking nothing of any value with her—not even her jewelry or furs, since her husband has paid for them. And, penniless, she must seek to support herself by her own labor.

XV

No lady who at all prizes her good name ever has breakfast served in bed, for it is a sign of fast living and spiritual indolence.

XVI

It is always right and proper to become party to crimes, provided you are a friend or a lover of the guilty person. Indeed, any young lady who would not hide a culprit, who is being chased by the police, behind the portieres in her boudoir and then pretend to the minstres of the law that she is alone, is not worthy of a good man’s love.
The Happiest Time of Her Life

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman’s life.

To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream.

This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

How soap beautifies

Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

The lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keeps your complexion delightfully soft, fresh and smooth.

Cleopatra’s way

With all classic peoples, bathing was a daily rite never neglected. The ruins of Cleopatra’s sumptuous marble bath are ample proof of her faith in this ancient beauty secret.

Palm and olive oils were the cleansers used—the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive.

A 10-cent luxury

The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers cost.

If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for only 10 cents, a price within the reach of all.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
TORONTO, ONT.
Also makers of a complete line of solid articles

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for only

10c

Copyright 1902—The Palmolive Co.
They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle! Lastly dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant!

(Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Talking mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size, 28 x 7 1/2 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art value 50c to $1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a tale), sent with the Art Panel. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

"Don't Ever Beauty—Use Pompeian" Day Cream (60c) holds the powder.
Beauty Powder (60c) in four shades.
Bloom (60c) a rouge that won't break.
Massage Cream (60c) clears the skin.
Night Cream (30c) improved cold cream.
Pharmacal (30c) talc, exquisite odor.
Vanity Case ($1.00) powder and rouge.
Lip Stick (25c) makes lips beautiful.

GUARANTEE

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

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder.

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

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (6c done preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________

Store ____________________________

NATURELLE shade powder sent unless you write another below.
Will the senseless-ship rules of the future prohibit winking and peashooters?

The reform wave hits a high-water mark with the coming of senseless-ship for the movies. The censor will approach his task with an open mind and an open pair of scissors. Pruning the photoplay shall be his life endeavor.

Senseless-ship should be a boon for the masses. Under its soothing regime, Charlie Chaplin must dress in tight-fitting boots and walk the straight and narrow trail. Charlie. (See anti-hooch clause in senseless-ship rules.) May Doug hit the high spots, howsoever agile he feels, nor Bill Hart twirl automatics on all ten knuckles. None of that rough stuff! Under the blessings of senseless-ship, films must be developed in Grade A mild and baby ribbon run through the perforations. And scenario writers jointly bonded.

The first litter of rules from the senseless-ship board will run more or less like this:

Kisses will be limited to four lips and two feet.
Scenes showing lady having breakfast in bed shall be cut to thirty seconds, Eastern time, and the bed quilt must be two inches thick.
Eggs used in custard pies must be passed by the National Board of Censorship. (Western eggs permitted in Western pictures.)
Crimes of the underworld, such as spitting on the sidewalk, pointing with the finger, walking on the grass and making faces at policemen, are absolutely barred.
Dice must not be thrown on the screen.
Cigarettes are not to be admitted within focus except when accompanied by an adult.
Vampires shall wear corsets and petticoats. Roses and poppies may not be worn, by vamps, but lilies of the valley.

No more hops for by bark, arsenic of lead or other gypsy moth preventatives.

Liquors and other beverages that make one reel are positively barred. Crackled ice may be used for Eliza-escaping-the-bloodhounds scenes, but not as accessories before the fact.

Underwear may be shown for ten feet, except when inhabited. Filmy lingerie must not be filmed. And there is an arbitrary ban on such educational films as "How to Dress a Window Properly," or scenic reels such as "How Modest Mother Nature Covers the Bare Spots."

In amorous scenes, all winking must be done with both eyes simultaneously. Ladies must not drop their handkerchiefs except when suffering from nervousness. Kissing prohibited except when couples are engaged. Husbands kissing their wives will be allowed in comedy films. Hugging permitted only between long lost relatives, lodge members and college students after a football victory, except in co-educational institutions.

Scenes showing the following firearms and weapons are forbidden: Automatic revolvers, six-shooters, seven-shooters, pea shooters, dirks, stillets, swords, rolling pins, hat pins, machine guns, muskets, cannons, battleships, sandbags, vanity cases, brass knuckles, lead pipes, umbrellas, parasols and depth bombs.

Suicides forbidden except on doctor's order.

Real Work for Censors

If the censorial folks really want to do something worthwhile, they should take a lesson from the recent New Haven motion picture theater catastrophe. When the Rialto motion picture theater burned, causing eight deaths and a score of injuries, the city authorities immediately closed the theaters of the city until they complied with the theater building laws and ordinances. There are thousands of theaters in America today in which these laws for the safety and health of audiences are being violated, but nothing happens until somebody dies.

The busy-bodies of the film industry prefer to go about the country reviewing pictures with alarm and snipping their scissors than in doing some real constructive work.

But destructive work, to certain types of mentality, is always more delightful than constructive. It is an impulse of undeveloped minds to undermine, break down, destroy. Ill-mannered boys and untutored savages come within this category. Besides, there is money—unfortunately—in the one, and not in the other. An English essayist of another day made a remark once concerning reformers, that is just as pertinent now as then. In effect he said: that certain pastimes were objected to, not because they were injurious, but because they gave pleasure to the spectators. Possibly he envisioned the censor of our times.
In order to get the accompanying picture it was necessary for Rupert Hughes and his staff to place the camera in the fireplace. In "Remembrance," which he wrote himself, Mr. Hughes, who is directing now, wanted to get over that POP stunts himself for his family, so he photographed the family's feet, showing POP's old boots and the elaborate footwear of the others.

EVERYBODY knows how temperamental actors are supposed to be. Maybe they are.

But for one actor to hold up an entire company all day long, cost the company a large amount of dollars, and a high priced star and director a lot of effort of endeavor, altogether on account of a tooth, seems hardly sporting.

But that's exactly what happened on Tommy Meighan's set the other day.

The actor, having reached the mature age of seven months, was having a difficult time with an impending tooth and he couldn't see anything in the world worth smiling at. They couldn't change him, because he was already in the picture, so they had to wait.

Anybody that won't smile for Tommy Meighan, must be teething.

BETTY COMPSON has the most beautiful new fur coat in Hollywood.

A dark, rich seal, fitted at the waist line with a long rippling skirt and a wide flaring high collar of chinchilla with deep cuffs to match, it sets off Betty's Titian loveliness to the best possible advantage.

THE opening of "Orphans of the Storm" was an event in the film world of the east.

The poor picture people there so seldom get a chance to turn out in honor of one of their luminaries that a Griffith premiere is an occasion.

Of course, everybody was there. Everywhere you turned you saw a celebrity. The demand for seats was so great that many in the Griffith organization stayed at home playing pinochle rather than deprive well-known screen stars of the privilege of witnessing Griffith's newest production. When you hear that Fannie Hurst occupied a seat in the last row you'll know it was packed.

In their box, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, the stars, were the center of attention. Both the girls were visions in white; as simple, as demure, as modest as if Broadway had never acclaimed them with cheers that shook the house. In another box was Mae Marsh, a former Griffith player, whose applause was generous and whole-hearted. Carol Dempster was there, too, with the Greys. When Mae Murray and her husband walked down the aisle everybody nudged everybody else. Jesse Lasky seemed to be enjoying himself. Dick Barthelmess and his mother were together—the younger Mrs. Dick being out of town in a play of her own. Monte Blue, the superb Danton of the picture; Kate Bruce; Joseph Schildkraut, and all of the players were present.

After the performance, which thrilled and moved the audience to a greater degree perhaps than any of the other Griffith masterpieces, the director made a speech—one of his characteristic addresses. Then Lillian Gish answered the applause with a sweet and simple word that made everyone love her more. She was undoubtedly the bright particular star of the evening. You should have seen the celebrities who crowded into her box. Kate Claxton, who wrote the original story of "The Two Orphans," on which the Griffith spectacle is based; Mary Alden and Miriam Cooper, in town from California; Nathan Burken, the famous screen lawyer; and Ernst Lubitsch, the German producer, who later issued a statement praising Mr. Griffith, the Gish sisters, and the whole American film industry, for this picture.

ALLAN DWAN is going to direct Douglas Fairbanks. This is the best news we have heard for a long time.

The Dwan-Fairbanks combination produced some of the greatest pictures the screen has known. Remember, "Manhattan Madness" and "The Mark of Zorro"? Well, the new production is to be the further adventures of Zorro.

Mr. Dwan is in the west now, lining up his actors and doping out his continuity. We'll watch for this one. (Cont'd on p. 92)
Every normal skin needs two creams
One cream to protect it against wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

Flaws that need a protective cream without oil

**Windburn, roughness.** To protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This disappearing oilless cream acts as an invisible shield, prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores, and guards against windburn and chapping.

**Shiny skin.** Pond's Vanishing Cream used as a powder base will save you the embarrassment of a shiny nose or forehead. Dry and greaseless, it leaves a soft velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly for an indefinite period.

**Tired, lifeless skin.** When your skin needs instant freshening smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how the color brightens and the texture of the skin takes on more vigor. This reviving cream is based on an ingredient famous for its soothing qualities.

Before going out into the cold air smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

Flaws that need a cleansing oil cream at night

**Blackheads.** Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash your face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear lovely skin.

**Wrinkles.** At night rub a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.

POND'S Vanishing Cream

Start today the use of these two creams. Both these creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S Cold Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Rigaud’s
Mary Garden

FACE POWDER and ROUGE
Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

A TOUCH of Mary Garden Rouge—a puff of just the shade of Mary Garden Powder that blends with your coloring—and yours is the bloom that vies with the petals of a rosebud.

Both are delicately fragrant with exquisite Parfum Mary Garden—the perfume of youth and beauty.

Send for a Bijou Box of MARY GARDEN FACE POWDER for your handbag

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York, Sole Distributors

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
EMMA K.—I would be very glad to tell you why you could get photographs of all the moving picture actresses. I would be very glad to know myself. Would you be content with, say, three hundred and fifty photographs of motion picture actresses? Personally, I would be charmed to have ten: of Mary and Lilian and Gloria and Bebe and Norma and Elsie, et al.

LEO N., CHICAGO.—I have no formula for success in the films. The only way to do is to apply in person at the casting director's office at a studio. I have never heard of a player being engaged by long distance. You may send your pictures in; they will be filed, that much I know. But I don't think you could get a part on the strength of that. Sorry not to be more encouraging, but I am sure you prefer the truth to a lot of optimistic bunk.

LILLIAN H., JERSEY CITY.—You ask if I am really eighty years old, as it seems too good to be true. I'm sure I don't know why. Constance Talmadge, I believe, instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, John Fileagle; or perhaps it is the other way around. You see, I leave all that sort of thing to Cal York. Norma is happily married to Joseph Schenk, her manager and Constance's and Buster Keaton's. Natalie is the devoted wife of comedian Keaton. I hear that there is to be an addition to the familie soon.

Buck.—Glad to hear from you. Glad my columns make you laugh. Glad—glad—glad—I'm a regular Polyanha today. The western stars have often risen in the east. Bill Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. Harry Carey was born in New York City (read his story, "From City Streets to a Rancho" in this issue of Photoplay). Hoot Gibson's birthplace is Tekama, Nebraska; and Tom Mix's, Texas.

The Kid.—You pronounce Alla's last name Nya-troova. Although I have heard many other plain and fancy pronunciations, I prefer this. I don't know whether Madame does or not, but I do.

PETER, PENNINGTON, N. J.—Mary Miles Minter is, I believe, I am safe in stating, of age. I have her birthday as nineteen, twenty, and thirty-one. I leave it to you—and Mary. I wish Mary would please step forward and recite her age. Anyway, she is beautiful, unmarried, and five feet two inches tall. There was a rumor not so long ago that Mary was engaged, both of which her mother, grandmother, and press representatives promptly denied. Mary is superintending the building of a new home in the Hollywood hills. She has made a fortune in the films.

T. C., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Of course there is a real Barbara Dean. Very much so. She is a gorgeous young lady who was in Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainments and then followed the formula by going into pictures. She was in "Peter Ibbetson" and other films.

JOHN H., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—So you don't believe all you hear about these motion picture actresses? That's noble of you, John—just noble. I am sure you will all be very glad to hear it, too. Charles Bryant is married to Madame Nazimova. He is not appearing in films at present. Rudolph Valentino had the male lead in "Camille." Alla has made a film version of Ibsen's "Doll House," a picture which was released by United Artists, the same company which distributes Mary's and Doug's and Griffith's and Chaplin's pictures.

MARGARET, SHAWMUT, CAL.—The Hollywood pronunciation is Bee-lee, and La Daniels pronounces it that way, herself, so it should be correct. Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter are not divorced. He is in Europe now on vacation. She is starring at present in a play called "Lilies of the Field." While amusing, it is hardly a masterpiece; but Marie is charming in it.

ANNA B., GARFIELD, N. J.—I do not know how you can obtain a photograph of the late Robert Harron, unless you write to the Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck, N. Y., and ask them what to do about it. I do not blame you, or laugh at you for desiring a picture of that great actor and fine man. I am sorry I cannot send you one.

Selkie.—That picture is an old one of Mary Pickford. The Photoplay-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity is not for men. Address John F. Pickford, care United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. This is the former Brunton studio, where now the productions of many of the most famous stars are made.

IRETH.—Tom, Owen, and Matt of Celtic extraction? Shure, and how did you ever guess it? So are Colleen Moore, Mabel Normand, the Gishes, the Pickfords. Tom Moore was born in County Cork. He is married to Renne Adoire and is the former husband of Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce, or Mrs. James Ream, Jr., seems to have definitely retired from the screen. She is no longer with Vitagraph. Bert Lytell is thirty-six; he is the husband of Evelyn Vaughn. They have no children. Yes—I think Lytell is a very good actor.

D. W. H., CAMP KNOX, KENTUCKY.—Glad to help you out. You are right. Thomas Meighan did not appear in "The Last of the Mohicans." Albert Roscoe played the role of Uncas. Wallace Beery was the wicked Magua. The picture was produced under Maurice Tourneur's direction for Associated Producers, which lately merged with Associated First National. I consider "The Last of the Mohicans" one of the classics of the screen, and am pleased that Tourneur is now making "Lorna Doone." (Continued on page 82)
JACKIE.—I missed you. Where have been been? Abroad again? If so, I dislike you intensely. For years and years I have been saving my pennies for a European trip. Just as I get enough saved, I need a new suit, or the Memoirs of Casanova, in rare binding; or a new oil stove. However, I am patient; and I shall I am sure, get there someday. Gloria Swanson’s newest film is “Beyond the Rocks,” another Elinor Glyn story. Gloria made her stellar debut in Glyn’s “The Great Moment.” Bebe Daniels is with Paramount now that Realart has expired.

SHY, PHILADELPHIA.—My dear little girl—I thank you a thousand times for your splendid letter. I appreciate every word you write. Please do not be afraid to write to me very often. I am sure that if you write Conrad Nagel as you wrote to me, he will send you his picture and maybe a personal letter. Pearl White, your other idol, was born in Missouri in 1889, and went on the stage as a child, appearing as Eva in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” She has been an actress ever since, gaining film prominence in the serials, and later branching out into features. Now, however, I hear she has again contracted to star in the chapter play, “The Great Moment.”

BARTHELMESS BOOSTER.—You and others should start a club. Your idol is married. If you write to Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, they will send you a picture of Richard gratis.

Marry K., POTTSVILLE, PA.—I do not need a stenographer. I have a stenographer. She has hair with golden glints. I don’t know the color of her eyes, or if she is long or short or thin or fat; I only know that she has hair with golden glints. I have had stenographers with red hair and tifian hair and yellow hair and brown hair and even hair like a raven’s wing. But give me for efficiency and all-around ability, a stenographer with hair with golden glints. Louise Glum played opposite Charles Ray in “The Wolf Woman.” Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson. James Renne is in his early thirties. June Elvidge’s marriage to Captain Badgley was her second venture in the matrimonial market. Priscilla Dean was born in New York. Yes, Miss Dean certainly has the most mischievous eyes, on occasion. (Continued on page 81)

LAMENTATIONS OF A LADY INTERVIEWER

By GLADYS HALL

It is absurd to inject a person into a padded cell because that person happens to be fundamentally a rationalist. Once, long ago, but I anticipate... . . . I am here, in apprehensive. I took to praying. “Oh, Confucius,” I would bemoan, “don’t let there be a Peke... . dear Confu, whatever ills may befall me on this my mission, don’t let it be a Peke. I don’t want write about a Peke. Con, I don’t WANTER!”

Of no avail. After awhile I got to the chaise-longs. “Ai, ai, Buddha”, I would beseech me. “let there not be on this ONE little interview a chaise-longue wherein the silken limbs of Pelicy Footlyte will be silkenly aspawl. Let her be upright on mission, or Chippendale Buddha... in Nirvana’s name...”

But the gods were silent and heard me not. Then I knew. They were fans.

The Pekes were ever-present. The chaise-longues were omnipresent. The hair, hennad, the eyes mascara—all were there. Always there. Ever there. Eternally there. Unoriginally there. Maddeningly there.

For every star a Peke, a chaise, a Mommer, a lamp. For every star a Chaise, a Peke, a mom, etc., etc., ad infinitum ad nauseam ad padded cell—now me.

But now! Ah, divine! Relief—transcending relief! Solace unspeakable. Environment sublime! Here there are neither chaises. Pekes, henna, lamps nor mascara. Here there are but few mommers. Here, at last, is the Promised Land, denied me by the gods.

Here, where neither chais—nor 1—aghahhh—they’re gggggging me—they say I rave again—the needle, Watson, the needle—ai—ai—ai—ughhhhhhhhhhh!!
Take a Kodak with you

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. The Kodak City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dorothy Dalton isn't the sort of lady who abjectly follows the fashions as exemplified by the Parisian race-track experts. She has, in other words, a mind, and a style, of her own. No matter what has been said about bobbed hair—and a great deal has been said, ever since Irene Castle thought up the Castle coiffure—Miss Dalton likes it; and so the other day she clipped her abundant tresses, with the accompanying results.

She wears it straight, and very short, and banged. She can fix it two ways, both of which are illustrated here: soft and frilly, for evening; or pert and boyish, for daytime. They are equally becoming, and you'll say so too when you see her banged and bobbed in her newest photoplays. Dorothy has originated an absolutely new coiffure here. It isn't like Irene Castle's and it isn't like Anita Loos'. It is unique.

When the news first got about that Dorothy had bobbed her hair, people shook their heads sadly. It would never, never do, they said. Dorothy Dalton was too statuesque and picturesque with her own crown of hair. She wouldn't be La Dalton without it. And yet—here she is, and now that they've seen her, the same people are nodding wisely and saying, "She knew what she was doing! It's awfully becoming!"
How keen is your mind?

Do people like to associate with you? Are they attracted to you or do you have to run after them? It depends upon the alertness of your mind. And that is great or little, depending largely upon the recreation you indulge in. You can refresh yourself and improve yourself at the same time. Simply

Play cards for wholesome recreation

There is nothing like a game of cards for combined relaxation and stimulation. It makes you forget the worries of the day, but at the same time sets to work the mental faculties whose keenness has most to do with that indefinable thing called "charm."

SEND FOR THIS BOOK:
"The Official Rules of Card Games" giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required amount to

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Dept. U-4 Cincinnati, U. S. A. ; Manufacturers of

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)
Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who did know the reason didn’t have the heart to tell her.

People don’t like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn’t a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple? Listerine is for sale at your nearest druggist. He has it for you.

Address Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2180 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A NEW motion picture menace is dis- covered by the Dearborn Independent which now finds that America is being de- structively misrepresented in foreign lands by the American made motion picture. It seems that “a woman in Java gave up a projected trip to the United States because the movies taught her that ‘bandits, hold- ups, murders and risks’ of all sorts made our daily fare.” According to the Literary Digest’s quotation of the journal famous as the property of an authority on ten motor cars. It is also revealed that American films make the world think of American made native races look down on the white man in general and the American in particular.

It is fitting also in this same connection to call attention to a number of other shooting menaces:

American made sausage for export to Mediterranean countries is heavily spiced. Often with garlic. That’s bad for the oriental temperament.

American made gasoline stoves for South American trade are often painted a brilliant carmine.

American newspapers print murder stories on page one.

This is a regrettable phase of all business. Things are made to sell. The influences of the motion picture are not wholly good. Nothing in human expression is absolutely pure. The American Indian got Christianity and run in the same shipload. The same British enterprise which took Anglo-Saxon culture to the Philippines and the Chinese to Hawaii. Good is often interbound with evil. The way of life.

But the world survives, even progresses, despite all this.

Henry Ford’s Independent is merely engaged in that fascinating pastime now so popular, entitled “Picking on the Pictures” with the same brand of intelligence its owner uses in everything he undertakes outside his flivver factory.

There are a good many phases of the picture industry that could be improved. Perhaps they will be in time, the ultimate consumers of pictures permitting this to be done.
Petrova's Page

(Concluded)

In comparing the wild enthusiasm of the actual corrida, the festival of boxing the bulls is almost a solemn procedure.

Voices are hushed among those that exchange remarks on the chances of the following day, or on the respective merits of the toros. But for the most part, only the chirping of the crickets, or the occasional whirr of a nocturnally inclined cicada, makes itself heard. The glow of cigarettes shine feebly in the rays of the moon.

Suddenly there is a movement in the crowd; a restlessness, rather than concerted action. Far away the dull tinkle of the bells of the steers supplies the reason for this phenomenon. Then, a still duller sound of thumping hoofs, and one strain one's eyes, but the moonlight fails yet to show their owners.

Long breathless seconds—and then, dark moving shapes far out on the edge of the campus. Out from their native plains come the magnificent beasts, lured by the stupid steers to the very gate of their damnation—or their glory.

As they come nearer, one hears the heavy breathing of their powerful lungs and smells the odor indissolubly connected with cattle. The shapes of mounted herdsmen are now plainly visible, as they stand, with long, steel-pointed lances, to welcome them inside the enclosure.

There is a sound of a heavy door falling into place. The first bull has preceded his erstwhile friend, the steer, into captivity. He looks around wonderingly for his companion. The inexorable door divides him from his former comrade, for ever and a day.

He stands for a moment, both feet together. Then individually they paw the ground. The smell of bruised grass is very sweet to the humans, but to the bull there is something wrong. He lifts his enormous neck with a bellow of rage that cleaves the soft night. He turns. He runs. He runs the only way he can run—right into the narrow passage. Another door descends. Even the enclosure is cut off.

He bellows again. The odor of the beast is very strong now. He is right beneath one's very nostrils. His pelt gleams with sweat. Froth bubbles at his mouth.

He kicks desperately at the wooden walls of the partition. He tries his luck with his powerful horns; sometimes he may break a tip—that is all. Suddenly he sees a door open invitingly. He rushes through and into his wagon lit.

He loves with fresh energy. He kicks with renewed vigor. One feels that he will certainly smash so frail a thing as wood, as though it were paper, before he will resign himself, with ignominy, to his journey to the bull ring. In the midst of the noise a shout goes up. He is forgotten in the excitement of the second bull.

And so eight are boxed before one makes ready for home again, in the peace of the moonlight, to the accompaniment of singing nightingales, that flit through the branches of the orange trees in the garden of Marie Louise.

Heaven! Still no description of the corrida proper!

Until next month, Jeanette, chérie!

WILL HAYS has quit the Cabinet for the films. He has accepted the offer of, as quoted, $150,000 a year to head a new organization of motion picture producers and distributors.

How Puffed Grains Disappear

The question with a million mothers is—Where do Puffed Grains go?

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts in the hungry afternoons.

For these are food confections. The taste is like toasted nuts. And the flimsy, fluffy texture is to children a delight.

Keep them supplied

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, however used, supply whole-grain nutrition in the ideal form.

The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

They are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the finest grain foods in existence.

Don't regard them as mere tidbits—just some regal breakfast dainties. What greater food can you imagine than Puffed Wheat in milk?

Be glad the foods are tempting. Before they came, most children got too little whole-grain diet. They can never get too much.

For between meals these are ideal foods. Digestion starts before they reach the stomach.

Puffed Rice

For breakfast, Puffed Rice with cream and sugar—the finest cereal dainty.

Puffed Wheat

For supper, Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Easy! You can learn in a few weeks

True-Tone Instruments have helped make famous such well-known professionals as Tom Brown, Art Hickman, Clyde Doerr, Donald Clark, Clay Smith, Guy Holmes, Duanie Sawyer and thousands of others.

Free—3 First Lessons

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivaled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as pleasure.

Try It In Your Own Home

You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument without paying in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Buescher-Grand Cornet

The Buescher-Grand Cornet is exceptionally easy to blow, yet possesses a tone of wonderful quality. If you expect to learn to play a Cornet, you should by all means have a good instrument. With a Buescher-Grand, you own an instrument similar to that with which the greatest cornetists of America made their reputations.

Saxophone Book Free

 Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or Saxophone Band, and how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra. Send for free copy.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2249 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

What's Wrong With the Business?

There is a widespread impression throughout the industry that there is something wrong with the business.

There are still many persons going about the industry who are supremely oblivious of the fact that a new order of things is in existence; that the days of floodtide attendance, regardless of attraction and exploitation, are gone and will not return, and that there is no longer an easy way to success in the film business.

Very generally throughout this industry persons sat back and calmly watched one industry after another come in for the inevitable readjustment. But when the readjustment processes finally touched this industry almost every reason, except the correct ones, has been pounced upon to explain the existing situation.

There is nothing hidden or mysterious about the situation facing this business. It amounts simply to a shrinkage of the public purse and a tightening of the strings around the amount that remains—which presents a problem that is peculiar not merely to the film business but is the same today for practically every other type of business.
We offer you here a ten-day test which will change your ideas about teeth cleaning. The old methods failed to end film. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed. Now dental science has corrected those mistakes, and we urge you to see the result.

**Film—the great enemy**

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great destroyer. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth, then may foster attacks on them. When you leave it, night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many diseases.

**A daily combatant**

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere endorse them.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people have come to employ it. And glistening teeth, half the world over, now show its delightful effects.

**Results quick and amazing**

This ten-day test will surprise you. It will give you a new idea of what clean teeth mean. The benefits to you and yours may be life-long in extent.

Each use will also multiply the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It will multiply the stomach digestant in the saliva, to digest stomach deposits that cling. It will multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

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

This test will be a revelation to you. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

**Pepsodent PAT OFF**

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

**10-Day Tube Free**

**THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,**
Dept. 625, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Diary of the "Mystic Islands"
(Continued from page 94)

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Stains, incrustations and rust marks that make a closet bowl so unsightly, and are hard to get rid of in any other way, are promptly and thoroughly removed by Sani-Flush.

And by thoroughly cleansing every part of the bowl and trap Sani-Flush makes the use of disinfectants or harmful preparations of any kind unnecessary.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid.

( Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Canadian Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

PISO'S
Safe & Sane
For Coughs
and Colds
Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others.
Placid—gives quick relief.
Contains no opium—good for young and old.

35c per bottle everywhere

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
did and supreme. They are pagan, but they are natural, and they are done with such joy in them, such delicious and exquisite grace, that they leave you with a pleasant memory and a desire to see them again. Paki, one of the little native girls who plays a part in our picture, is the queen of all the upcountry dancers. As I sat watch- ing them, I felt the blood begin to sing in my veins and a mad longing took posses- sion of me to dance, too. Afterwards I found we all liked to dance with Waikiki dancers, who at least is old enough to know better.

They dance a great deal with their eyes—sitting still on the ground and only moving their great eyes in time to the music, with such quick, rhythmic skill that it intrigues you at once. Then, as though irresistibly drawn, they begin to move their shoulders, their hands, and finally fling themselves into the full ardor of the dance.

The rum that they make here is very good, but I am surprised to see how little of it they drink. It is never out of time. I cannot believe it. I do not want to go. The perfume has intoxicated me.

I have never been touched as I was last night. The Tahitians who worked extra in our picture had pooled their money to give us a "party" on this last night of our stay in their beautiful land. It was a gorgeous banquet. The rule was the most exquisite thing I have ever seen—it took them two days to arrange the profusion of rare and flaming and delicate flowers upon it. There were two barrels of rum and every known delicacy was upon the table. I was wheated about in orchids and taita Tahiti until I could hardly move.

It was the last time I heard the sense-stirring call of the music of Tahiti. For the last time I saw the mad, sensuous dances, as the girls flung themselves into the joyous motion. The whole dramatic story of the voyage of the canoes I saw told to me in dance and music, for the last time.

It is over. We are homeward bound. My cabin is filled with pearls, strings of beads and delicate shells, wreaths, flowers of all kinds, hats, and paruse, gifts from my dear Tahitian friends. It is over, the brief dream on that enchanted island of bliss and beauty.

They sang us "mauru auvou" as we sailed away from the quay beside the white coral wall of the Papeete beach. A quaint little melody that means "We are happy to have known you—you have our love—and we hope to see you again."

That is all I can write as I sit here in my cabin, for my eyes are almost blinded with tears—"muru auvou" beautiful, enchant- ed land. "Mauuru auvou."

The Princess did not return with us. She says she will never leave Tahiti again. It is their mother land and it has claimed her again.

**FORTUNES GOING BEGGING**

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone, without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A short time ago a Montana house- wife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity, it was forced upon her. She was literally hunted out by a photo- play corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion pic- ture companies. With millions of capital to work with; with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public de- mands better stories—and the number of people who can write stories those are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; every motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direc- tion. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which re- vealed unsuspected talent in this Monta- na housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you suc-ceed.

**Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire**

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplay- writer, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has unco- vered hidden talent in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly Professor of short story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adopting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes amounting to $5,000 were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conduct- ing this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free ques- tionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends it for whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held con- fidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

**Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers**

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Edu- cational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolu- tely de- pendent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing abil- ity and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

**You are invited to try; clip the coupon**

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant address- ing the invitation to you directly. In all sincer- ity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free, and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

**PALMER PHOTOPLOY Corporation, Department of Education, P.3**

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your ques- tionnaire. I will answer the ques- tions in it and return it to you for your own use, if you pass the test, I see to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

121 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
“I’m as Good a Man as Jim!”

“They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He’s the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

“I’ve thought it all out, Grace. I’m as good a man as any of them. All I need is special training—and I’m going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men’s salaries it can raise mine. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I’m going to mail it to Scranton tonight!”

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the I. C. S. prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don’t you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that can give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time.

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last thirty years. More than 200,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day’s delay. Mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6457-B
SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below—

KELLY
ENGINEER
Electric Lighting & Bxs.
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Telephone Engineer
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MECHANICAL ENGR.
MECHANICAL Engineer
Machine Shop Practice
Toolmaker
Gas Engine Operating
CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MINE FARM or ENGR.
STATIONARY ENGR.
Molding Engineer
ARCHITECT
Architect & Builder
Builder—Contractor
Concrete Builder
Industrial Engineer
Pharmacist
PLUMBING & HEAT’G
Sheet Metal Worker
Text. Greaser or Typ.
Pharmacy

Name
Street and No.
City State
Occupation

George Ade looks just as he should look. The great humorist is one author who in private life lives up to his literary reputation. He is at the Lasky studio now, working with his friend, Thomas Meighan, on his own story, “Our Leading Citizen.”

ELINOR GLYN has returned to Hollywood after spending a number of weeks in Europe. She brought back about nine trunks of Paris clothes. And you can put lots of Paris clothes in a trunk.

Soon after her arrival, the employees of the Lasky studio in Hollywood gave a dance. All the stars were invited, also Madame Glyn. The film colony were anxious to meet her.

The young man who issued the invitation to her, knew her fondness for gorgeous headaddresses of golden leaves, emeralds and diamonds mingled with her auburn tresses, so he said, diplomatically, “And Madame, it’s very informal. Please wear something simple. Don’t dress up. Come like the rest of us.”

“I understand perfectly,” said the clairvoyant Madame Glyn, “I shall wear a hat.” And she did, and the party was a great success.

But Madame Glyn is always doing something unusual like that.

In spite of some rumors in the past few months, Jack Gilbert and Beatrice Joy are married and living most happily together in an adorable bungalow on the crest of a Hollywood hill.”

RESINOL
Soothing and Healing
Stops Itching
and
Promptly Relieves Skin Disorders

The Livest Film News Printed
Don’t miss a single paragraph of the Plays and Players Department just because it is run over into the back of the book. Some of the best things come in late and have to be put further back in the book.
Plays and Players

(Continued)

R E X B E A C H is making "personal appearances," Stars have been doing it for years, but what a change now for an author! Mr. Beach is appearing in conjunction with one of his own pictures, too.

My goodness—what next?

I t is had enough to be in any kind of an automobile wreck, but to be out riding with a young man on Sunday afternoon and run into your own limousine, is certainly adding insult to injury.

That's what happened to Colleen Moore the other day.

She had ordered her car for a certain hour, but the chauffeur was late and she had an important appointment. So she asked the young man who happened to be sitting on her front porch to drive her to Hollywood.

As they came to a very busy corner, a big blue limousine shot in front of them, and swung out, so that unable to stop, they hit it full amidships.

The limousine turned over, and Colleen saw to her horror that it was her own car.

Aside from all that, she had a terrible time explaining to the crowd and the officers how it was that if it was her car she wasn't in it, and if she wasn't in it, how she happened to be there.

F RANCES MARION is on the coast, writing continuities for the Talmadge sisters.

She made the adaptation of Norma's newest picture, "The Duchess d'Englais," which is said to afford the beautiful Talmadge her first chance in months to do a really imaginative and elaborate part.

The representative of one of the biggest publishing houses in America who is very well known to all book lovers on the coast and who deals in rare editions, complete and expensive sets of standard authors and fine bindings, was sent by a distinguished woman writer to the home of a motion picture star whose oldest tradition is her extreme youth, and whose sixteenth birthday is one of the industries national holidays.

He showed this young lady some remarkable old book, a birthday edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, a new set of George Meredith, and the last authorized edition of Thomas Hardy. Only to be met with the sweet objection that she thought, "those books were all really a little too old for her."

"Well," said the book man at last, "we've got a very good set of the Dolly books. I'll bring those out to show you. I should think they'd suit you admirably!"

T H E LONELY TRAIL is a new film which stars Fred Bevan.

The mild-mannered man may or may not, played a leading role in one of the most sensational divorce scandals in American newspaper history. Somebody thought it would be nice to make a picture about it, with the Indian guide as the star. But nobody is showing the picture, so it seems as if they are rather out of luck.

P E A R L W H I T E is, they say, going back to serials. If she does, Pathe will probably welcome her back. The Fox-White features were not the artistic or financial successes they might have been. Pearl went abroad not so long ago and from Paris emanated the report that she was to return to the chapter drama which made her internationally known.

(Continued on page 94)
X-BAZIN
The French way to remove hair

MORE than a hundred years ago, Xavier Bazin, the French scientist, invented the depilatory which now bears his name. The women of Paris—always exquisite in their smartness—have found X-Bazin the simplest and most effective preparation for safely removing superfluous hair.

It's Safe!
A flesh-colored powder, delicately rose perfumed, it leaves the skin smooth, white, cool and free from any trace of superfluous hair. It may be used by any woman with perfect confidence. Unlike shaving, it will not encourage the further growth of hair.

At all drug and department stores, 50c. and $1.00.
In the U. S. and Canada, Elsewhere 75c., and $1.00.

Send 10c. for sample and descriptive booklet.
Made by the makers of Photoplay Magazine.

Little Wesley Barry showed his new picture, "Penrod," to some shut-ins the other day. His portable projection machine threw the film on the ceiling of the hospital ward. Maybe you think it wasn't his most appreciative audience.

SUFFERING from what appears to be a form of shell shock, Harriet Hammond, one of the most beautiful girls on the screen, is seriously ill at her mother's home, because of a peculiar accident.

A terrific electrical explosion took place within a few feet of Miss Hammond while she was working on a set at the Fox studio recently. She fainted and the nervous shock was so great that, according to her mother, physicians now state that it may be months before she can work again, and that she must take a complete rest.

Fortunately she was not burned by the accident.

Max Linder, the French comedian, is also laid up—though temporary blindness from strong lights.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
THE Katherine MacDonald Company has had a lot of free publicity lately. Joseph Tumulty, former secretary to former President Wilson, has written a book called "The White House Looking-Glass." In it he comments on Mr. Wilson's fondness for the films and says, "His favorite screen star is Katherine MacDonald, a state-ly and statuesque beauty."

ONLY a lot of presence of mind and ready courage saved Barbara Bedford from a dangerous and unpleasant experience on a lonely road near the Universal studio about midnight a short time ago. Miss Bedford, who was returning home from work, was driving toward Hollywood when a dark grove of trees, a man suddenly sprang on her running board and attacked her. He struck her over the eye and was grabbing her by the throat, while he threatened her with a revolver, when the screen star suddenly stepped on the throttle with all her strength and with both hands gave the thug a violent push. It unbalanced his hold and he fell back into the road.

Miss Bedford arrived for emergency treatment in Hollywood in a hysterics, and with a badly bruised and cut face and eye.

MARY MILES MINTER has just started building a gorgeous new home in Lausmin Park, Hollywood, the exclusive hill-top section of Los Angeles, having his car painted. Like his famous hat, Bill evidently intends to use that roadster until it wears out.

His brother, Cecil, is still touring on the continent. He was scheduled to meet a great many important men during his European sojourn, but he stated quite positively that he was going to see the Pope while he really wanted to meet was the Pope.

THIS little yarn is just too good to keep.

A strapping man connected with motion pictures—what particular line it would not be fair to mention, but whose name is well known to every fan—has a very charming wife who is quite a character in her own right. Recently this husband became friendly with a lady celebrated on stage and screen. And something arising that this lady didn't like, she decided to make trouble for the man by telephoning his wife.

So she rang up the wife and in detailed and exaggerated fashion related the story of her friendship with this man, even we were told the story so far as to read her some of the husband's friendly little notes.

To her amazement, the wife received it all quite calmly, cheerfully and sweetly. She laughed it off, saying, "Indeed, at intervals, and seemed quite pleased to think that so famous a lady had called her up.

Not having heard a word, it was all right with her.

But the stage star who was on the other end of the line is still trying to figure out why the bomb didn't explode. And no one lacks the sense of humor to tell her.

(Continued on page 96)
Sold Direct—No In-Between Profits

The Aladdin Company is the greatest home building institution in the world and it does not sell through dealers. It manufactures the lumber at the edge of the four greatest timber-producing states. It prepares the house complete, ready to be shipped direct to the home builder. You save the dealers’ profits. Your carpenter nails it to cut lumber just like in any other first-class, permanent home. The catalog explains the details fully.

What You Get When You Buy An Aladdin

Aladdin Homes are designed to use standard lengths and sizes of lumber so that there is practically no sawing, measuring and fitting to be done by the carpenter on the job. You receive in one shipment all the timbered frame work, mill-work, the siding, outside finish, porch, shingles, windows, doors, interior woodwork, lath, glass, nails, hardware, lock sets, paints, stains and varnish. Send stumps today for catalog No. 1651.

THE ALADDIN CO.,

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

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Wilmington, North Carolina; Hattiesburg, Mississippi;

Canadian Offices and Mills;

Toronto, Flinders;

Winnipeg, St. John

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 95)

T

he only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes was married in New York recently, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Creel—Mrs. Creel is better known as Blanche Bates, Miss Hughes married John Monk Saunders. Her bridesmaid was Irving Cobb's daughter.

Her distinguished parent has been fitted frequently during his stay in the east. He has been picture-making in California for some months, during which time he has made such masterpieces as "The Old Nest," "The Delicious Flower," and "Rememberance," which latter film he personally directed. He has lectured before various college classes, and has been the honor guest at luncheons which brought together most of the well-known press people in Manhattan.

WHEELER OAKMAN, the husband of Priscilla Dean, and a well-known young actor-about-Hollywood, came to Manhattan on business. He had to spend the Christmas holiday season in the east. Remember: a motion picture actor—"from Hollywood"—in New Year's Eve. That's what everybody thought. But here was the Oakman program for the celebrated holiday:

He went, with his friend Joe King, to the Rialto Theater to see "The Little Minister." Next they stopped at the Claridge Grill for a pineapple soda. Then they went up to Oakman's rooms in the same hotel and watched 1922 being ushered in, from their box seats high above Broadway. At 12:30 they ordered chicken sandwiches and milk sent up, and by 1:30 Mr. Oakman was in bed and asleep.

You can believe this one.

M"ARRY TOURNEUR has turned the first crank on "Lorna Doone." The noted French director is back to work last week on this great literary classic, with a cast headed by Madge Bellamy, as Lorna, and Frank Keenan. John Bowers is to play the hero. A number of really remarkable sets have been constructed in the Hollywood hills, and anyone who has recently read the book, will find the sets full of lanscapes, scenes, drama, and daring escapes, can imagine what sort of a picture it ought to make.

Mr. Tourneur is worried about only one thing in outlining his work. Rain. "It would have been so simple to stop the droughts in Europe last year," he said. "All they would have to do was send for me and let me start to make exteriors for a picture. It would have rained at once."
WHEELER OAKMAN made a flying trip to New York around the first of the year, bringing with him the print of "Slippy McGee," the Oliver Morosco film in which he plays the leading role. Wheeler couldn't stay long because he had to come back in Hollywood, January 2nd. Rather a special date with him—the anniversary of his wedding to Priscilla Dean.

THE entire Universal studio was threatened with destruction from the high flood waters that arose in Los Angeles during the recent heavy rain storm. While employees rushed the animals to safety, the cowboys battled to strengthen the dam that holds the waters in a canyon above Universal City, and which the four days of terrific downpour had threatened to demolish. Every possible precaution was taken to check the torrents if they did break through, but for twenty-four hours it was impossible to tell whether Universal City would exist in another fifteen minutes or not.

The rain stopped just in time to prevent the overflow of the dam, but much damage was done by the cloudbursts, and the mountain torrents that tore through expensive sets on the lot.

Well, Universal seems to be having a lot of bad luck lately. Harry Carey has left them, unable to agree with the methods of some of the new executives. Carey, next to Priscilla Dean, was the biggest money-maker and most popular star on the Universal lot, and it is understood he already has arrangements for his own company.

LUCILLE CARLILE is back at the Vitagraph western studios, working again on the spiritual embellishment of the Larry Semon slap-sticks. Lucille returned to the west coast just about Christmas time. She is now wearing a gorgeous solitaire. Don't know whether it's an engagement ring or a mere Christmas present. But it wouldn't surprise anybody to hear that Lucille will, sooner or later, be Larry's leading lady for life.

ALMA TAYLOR and Cecil Hepworth, the British star and producer, have returned to England. Miss Taylor made a decided hit over here. There was something so frank and so unspoiled about her. I remember seeing her one day at the Algonquin, where she lived while in New York. She appeared at the door of the main dining room, a shy and wholesome little person who shone by comparison with some of the richly dressed and heavily perfumed ladies present. Larry Trimble and Jane Murfin, the producers of "The Silent Call," saw a lot of Alma Taylor. Miss Taylor has known her for years, and says she hasn't changed a bit, except that she is sweeter and shyer, if possible.

AFER showing a decided spurt of great activity, the work of the motion picture industry in Los Angeles has slowed down another terrible slump around the holidays and a number of changes of great importance to the industry seem to be taking place. Rumor has it that Metro is to be absorbed by Famous Player-Lasky. Rex Ingram is the only person now working. Bert Lytell and Viola Dana have been sent on a long tour of personal appearances in the Loew theaters all over the country.

Realart has ceased to exist. Its stars and releases are to be taken over by Paramount and the completion will move over to the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Realart and Famous Players have always been closely associated and the complete consolidation will save time and expense in every way. Realart stars affected by this change are: Bebe Daniels, Constance Binney, Alice Brady, Mary Miles Minter, and Wanda Hawley. Those on the inside seem to think that all these actresses will not become Paramount stars but will be "kept in some capacity." Miss Daniels is leading the program, in fact it is understood that she is leading all the other four stars combined, so of course she is sure of an excellent place under the Paramount banner.

Miss Binney and Miss Minter probably have contracts that are irrevocable, but Miss Brady is in the east and Miss Hawley has never assumed any real proportions as a star. Since there is a great need for good leading women on the Lasky lot, the problem may be solved in that way.

I T happened at the Lasky studio on the set where Alfred Greene was directing Thomas Meighan. There was a parrot who was to take part in the picture. When Mr. Greene was about to direct an important scene, the precious parrot said in perfect imitation of the director: "Ready now, folks—camera!" The cameramen started grinning, the actors started acting—and Mr. Greene shouted in perfect imitation of an angry parrot: "Stop! That wasn't me at all—it was that dumb parrot—take it away!"

THE Hollywood Hotel, which has sheltered beneath its roof at least as many, and maybe more, celebrities at once than any other hotel in the world, caught fire last week, and except for the fact that rain was pouring down in bucketfuls, probably would have been burned to the ground.

The fire started under the ground floor apartments of Mrs. Jack Dillon, as the result of defective wiring.

Bob Ellis and May Allison occupied the suite adjoining Mrs. Dillon. By the time they became aware of the fire, the halls were impassable with thick clouds of smoke and the hall doors were beginning to cave. Mr. Ellis broke the front windows which did not open, and he stood in the hot smoke for half an hour, passing things through the window to his pretty wife, who chucked them into a sedan that happened to be standing there. Everything she had on was ruined, and she was completely drenched, but her trouseau was saved, with the exception of five hats that were spoiled by the rain.

Mrs. Dillon lost some of her wardrobe, and all the rooms in that wing were gutted, before the fire department managed to put out the blaze.

M R. and Mrs. Bill Hart played Santa Claus to little Mary Johanna Desmond, the temporarily orphaned daughter of Bill Desmond.

Bill Hart is Mary Johanna's god-father, and the baby's parents were in the east, leaving Mary under nurses' care in their Beverly Hills home.

So bright and early Bill and Winifred Hart were over to the Desmond place laden with teddy bears and walking dolls and stuffed animals. They trimmed a tree and made Mary so happy she didn't much miss her mother and father.

(Continued on page 114.)

Miss Manhattan
Coats-Suits-Dresses
Youthful New York Styles

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$25 to $75

If your favorite store cannot show you the latest Miss Manhattan creations, write us at once, mentioning the store name, and we will mail you, free, a Miss Manhattan Fashion Book of actual photographs of Fifth Avenue's most popular modes.

496 Seventh Ave.
New York
The Motion Picture Alibi

(Concluded from page 48)

by Dorothy Davenport Reid and Ethel Clayton and Osgood Perkins and Alice Lake and—though I am not famous—even me myself, do admit it.

Her one great claim to beauty is her supremely grace. She came to pictures from musical comedy and vaudeville, where she was famous in New York as a dancer. Contrived to Los Angeles, and was the leading comic on Broadway, she yielded to the persuasions of picture managers and stayed. She was first with Sennett—where so many of our famous stars began—and was a star there and has recently been seen in von Stroheim’s “The Devil’s Passkey,” and latest in “Foolish Wives,” and in support of Lasky stars.

There is a persistent rumor that she is to star for Universal—a very wise choice for Universal to make, wiser than some of their past ones.

She has been married to Francis MacDonald, but it didn’t last.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Largely a Matter of Love

(Continued from page 38)

mine that I should stop acting because I am married. I don't want to and he wouldn't want me. My work is a part of my life and I could never give it up. At least, not for years and years.

The trouble with some married men is that a few months after marriage they begin to look upon their wives as housekeepers or furniture. You may argue with a woman on morals and manners—and win; but you never can cure, and all is over with you. You must treat women as women. I had rather my husband said to me, "I like that dress; did you design it?" or, "You're looking unusually pretty today—aren't those new shoes?" than have him discuss with me the Einstein theory or the Russian situation or Freudian psycho-analysis. Women should think for themselves if in doing so they do not lose their charm. Women's place is just as important as man's. She is trying now to step out of her place. It is not complimentary to a woman to be man's mental equal. She may be—she usually is—but she must carefully keep the knowledge from him. A charming woman can rule the world—providing she doesn't let man know what she is about. Her simple "down" is to be beautiful. Most women would rather be beautiful.

To get back to the only case about which I can speak with some authenticity: I have been present at every performance of my husband's new play, "Pot Luck." One night I was sitting as usual in my aisle seat in the second row, when I noticed in the first act that the leading woman, Miss Clare Moores, must be ill. Sure enough—I was called back-stage when the curtain fell. The manager came to me. He asked me to play the part for the other two acts. I said I wouldn't. Jim asked me. I said I would. I knew the play backwards and forwards; I didn't miss a cue or skip a line. I was frightened at first but after a while I began to have a good time. The audience was wonderfully and encouraged me. The last line of the play is "My wife—God bless her!" and the company drinks her health. I was Jim's wife in the play, and it was a happy moment when the audience seconded the motion. I would like to go on the stage again, with Jim. It doesn't seem likely now, but perhaps some day—who knows?

If you would like to know to just what one thing I attribute the success of my marriage, I would give you a rule. Apparently it is just a simple little thing. Actually, it is the hardest precept in the world to follow. It is: DON'T TRY TO MAKE EACH OTHER OVER.

You are marrying a bad breakfast disposition as well as an afternoon exuberance. You are marrying a girl who talks all the time, or you are marrying a man who never does. Unfortunately, the virtues and vices of the matrimonial candidates cannot be ticketed in advance. Perhaps I should say, fortunately, for if we knew just what we were marrying there might be fewer marriages. Besides, the surprise element is an important one.

But after all is said and done—and after you are married, and there isn't any use for snappy epigrams or painful platitudes. There are only two kinds of men in the world, anyway. The man you are in love with, and the other men. You may moralize; if it won't do you any good. It is—see the title!

A Touch of Friendly Freshness

Just a dainty pit-pat with the FLACONETTE applicator rod, and you complete the charm of your person with the caressing fragrance of your best-loved perfume.

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give you a choice of the 28 most exquisite extracts of France. You get genuine perfumes poured direct from the maker's bottles. You get a dainty vial that prevents leaking, spilling, evaporation or discoloring. You get an adorable, satiny metal container, convenient for your hand-bag. And you can buy FLACONETTES at almost any perfume counter. Or, by mail from us, adding 10c on each for packing and postage.

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FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

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$10 to $20 a Day Profit from New Gum Vender Pays Rent for Store Owner

Install one in your store or any public place and get this extra profit. Requires no attention. Always works. Machine's profits pay the rent. Write for our new machine. Finished like new. In excellent condition. Send small deposit to cover cost in 10 days. Write us in wire bag for full particulars. 15c down payment. Baskier C. O. D. Simple, easy to operate. Silver King Co., 310 W. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Head off that Group with Mustertone

Keep the little white jar of Mustertone handy on your bathroom shelf and you can easily head off croupy colds before they get beyond control. The moment you hear that warning cough, get out the good old Mustertone and rub this soothing ointment gently on the chest and throat. Made from pure oil of mustard and other oil ingredients, Mustertone penetrates right through the skin and breaks up the cold by relieving the congestion. Mustertone does its good work without blistering the skin like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Use it for treating tonsillitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, chilblains, colds and coughs. Sold by all druggists, in tubes and jars, 30c and 60c; hospital size, $1.

The Mustertone Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

$500.00
“EMPTY ARMS” Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, “Empty Arms,” inspired the song “Empty Arms.” A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
“EMPTY ARMS” CONTEST EDITOR
WORLD M. P. CORPORATION
245 W. 47th St., Dept. 698, New York, N. Y.

The Cradle
(Continued from page 29)

Through the long night the closed door of the little nursery locked bitterness into the room. For Doris, guided by a logical explanation as she waited for Bob's return, and Webster was feeling the anguish of jealousy. Two other doctors and a nurse were on duty, but the child was suffering from a shock that was mental as well as physical. It was only at dawn time, several days later, that she opened her eyes and spoke.

"Mother," she called weakly. And then, "Daddy!" And, when they were bending over her little bed, she essayed a flattering smile. "I dreamed," she murmured, "an awful dream! I thought that we were all living in different times—Was it funny?" And then, still smiling, she drifted into a normal sleep.

Margaret and Bob faced each other, above the bed of their child. And then, all at once, realization came to them. And the man reached out and gathered the woman hungrily to his breast.

"My God," he groaned, "You're mine—I knew it now!"

Margaret tried to control herself, tried to tell him that it was too late. But even as she spoke, her lips were meeting his. And then she had turned herself away.

"Please go," she sobbed, her breath coming in gasps. "It's got to be goodbye!" And Bob, understanding, stumbled from the door, and out of the house.

When Bob reached home, he discovered that he had not been missed. For, upon entering the living room he found Lola engaged in having breakfast with the man who had sent her the perfume. First enraged, then disgusted, Bob surveyed them. And then he spoke.

"I ought to shoot you," he said slowly, "but you're not worth it!" And then turning to an anxious servant who lingered near, he added: "Pack all of my things at once—I'm leaving!"

As he went out of the door Lola's light laughter followed him. He had given up everything for her—but, being no longer a novelty—he could not hold her interest. Let it be recorded that he no longer wanted to hold her interest!

It was on Doris' first day up, that Margaret read an item in the newspaper telling that Dr. Harvey and his wife had separated and that Mrs. Harvey was giving over her way to Reno to establish residence. While she was reading it Webster came in and saw the paper in her hand. It was then, his jealousy getting the better of him, that he spoke out what had been on his mind for weeks.

"During those days and nights when you two were alone upstairs," he questioned, "what passed between you?"

Margaret could not give one answer. But she hesitated before she spoke. "Nothing," she said at last, "nothing!"

Webster stared at her, unconvinced. On the brink of a serious quarrel, he cried out, bitterly, that such things "ought to be told.

"I've tried my best," he said, "but I can't love his child! As long as she stays in the house I shall be unhappy!"

Margaret, torn with emotion, faced him. She did not know that little Doris was outside in the great hall, listening. She only knew that the man was telling the truth.

"I guess," she said brokenly, "that you're right.

The little girl, there in the hall, wavered. And then, slowly, she turned and went back (Concluded on page 101)
to her nursery. The nurse was there, putting away wee dainty clothing, and it was of her that Doris asked a vital question.

"Where do little girls go," she asked, "when nobody wants 'em?"

The nurse was busy and pre-occupied.

"They go to the Orphans' Home," she said shortly. And then she left the room on some unimportant errand.

Doris, left alone, fought back the tears. Slowly she went to the closet, got out her hat and coat and a small suit case, which she packed with clothing. And then, a small dreary figure, she went down the stairs and out of the house.

Margaret and Webster were still talking as Doris started to leave the house. But Margaret, glancing up, saw the pathetic little picture going through the hall. And with a yearning mother cry she ran to her baby.

"I'm going to the Orphans' Home," the little one said simply.

Margaret was stricken. And even Webster was hard hit. As he stood looking down, Margaret glanced wanly up and met his eyes.

"Courtney," she said, "the love which this child is ready to sacrifice is the thing that God gave her. The love that you are fighting for was only created by a frail human law. Which is the stronger?"

It was the hardest moment of Webster's life. Margaret, sensing it, took from her daughter's hand a picture that she had been carrying with her—the framed photograph of the father.

"See," she said, "her eyes are his—her lips and hair are mine. She is our bond in flesh and blood." She paused for a moment, went on:

"You would have to kill her," she said, "to really separate us. And—even then—there would be the bond of memories!"

Webster looked at her. And all at once knew that he had lost. But, being a good loser, he smiled sadly.

"The evidence is all against me—you win, Margaret," he said softly. And then, almost in a whisper, he added—"Goodbye, dear!"

And then he went out, leaving the mother and her child together.

For a long moment Margaret, realizing the enormity of his sacrifice, said nothing. But Doris could not keep silent for long. All at once her little voice sounded—a wistful little voice.

"Can we go to daddy—now?" she asked. Margaret nodded slowly.

"Later, baby," she cried.

Her eyes were aglow with happiness as she drew her baby closer into the cradle of her arms.

Harold Is in Town

HAROLD LLOYD is in New York right now; and New York is tickled to death. The metropolis always gives him a glad hand.

There is no more popular personage in pictures than young Mr. Lloyd. Incredible as it seems, he is absolutely unspoiled. He doesn't know that Broadway is crazy about him, and he acts just as if he did when he was the unknown comedian of the one-reel Roach comedies. Consequently he's more than a favorite.

Mildred Davis, Harold's adorable blonde leading lady, with her mother; and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach—Hal produces Harold's comedies—travelled to Manhattan with the famous comedian. They attended every show in town and had the time of their lives.

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Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 104 other cash prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try!
While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you do not have to purchase any to win a prize. Even if you do not order a single package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, if you are awarded First Prize you win $50.00.

Win the $5,000 Prize!
If you order one $1.00 package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you can win $75 as First Prize. If you order two $1.00 packages of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, the First Prize brings you $150. If you order five $1.00 packages, and your list is awarded First Prize, you win $5,000.00. 104 other generous prizes. See the prize list. Of course you will want to qualify for the biggest prizes.

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The world is just waking up to Nature's greatest beauty and health secret, VITAMINES. Contained in most pleasant and convenient form in—
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Embody all three necessary vitamins.
Agree with most delicate stomachs. Taste good. Help to build up vitality, strength, endurance, induce youthful, natural complexion. A food. Has the elements that enable your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000—which do you want?

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A Great Big Puzzle Picture FREE on Request!

105 Prizes
Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

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Observe These Rules:
1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 5th and Spruce Sts. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
2. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1st, 2nd, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right-hand corner. In case you must write more than the number of your list name and number and address.
3. English words only will be accepted unless appear in the English dictionary. Obsolete words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count, whereas one of them may be used.
4. Compounds or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.
5. The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or pairs of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.
6. Two or more people may cooperate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one individual. No prize will be awarded to more than one of any combination of names of the family where a number—two or more—have worked together.
7. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a married name then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group, or any married couple, or any two or more individuals with the same address, only the first list received (stamped) will be processed. The entire list will be disqualified. The name of all lists sent to the address of any one contestant will be disqualified.
8. All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 5th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be postmarked by Post Office closing time, April 30th, 1922.
9. The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with the letter "S." Shown in the picture. No other consideration, such as contest, style or handwriting, will have any bearing in making the decision.
10. The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of a tie.
11. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the entries submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
12. All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefer's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of winners will be sent upon request to any participant who sends an address and postage.

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Every advertisement in PHOToplay magazine is guaranteed.
The Chief Essentials of Beauty

(Concluded from page 22)

alization of his inner dream of beauty; and these portraits range from the pale ethereal girl with golden hair and eyes of summer blue, to the girl with midnight eyes and hair of jet—from the simple, almost illiterate girl with a clinging dependent nature, to the wilful intellectual girl with a nature at once capable and self-sufficient.

The competent, mentalized heroines of Meredith and the sedentary, neutral-minded heroines of Dickens represent almost the extremes of human nature. And compare the massive and matured women of Rubens and the idealized girls and women of modern artists in the canvases of Greuze; or the cold and stately women of Reynolds and Gainsborough with the exotic and mystically passionate women of the Pre-Raphaelites.

But although the world has never agreed on a standard of beauty, the conditions of life in the different countries and in different ages have had much to do with influencing and developing the varying types of ideally beautiful women; for every woman, in order to have a wide appeal, must reflect the color of her environment, and typify the spirit of the age in which she lives.

Therefore, a girl who is truly beautiful from our present standpoint, must not only possess certain eternal and indissoluble qualities of intimate fascination, but she must also embody the ideals and tastes of her modern surroundings. She must not only have beauty and appeal in the abstract sense, but she must also be an American girl of today.

Now, what are the qualities which constitute the true beauty of a modern American girl?

Of course, one can answer this question only in a general way, for beauty is not to be measured by compasses and foot-rules; and, as I have pointed out, the idea of beauty varies with individuals as well as with nations. However, there are certain things which I hold as essential to the genuine beauty of a girl of our own day and age.

First, she must be fundamentally feminine. That is, she must have those qualities of sex which at once distinguish her from men, and which instantly arouse in everyone the compassion and love of her womanliness. She should be free from those masculine poses and attitudes which so many young women of today affect. But I do not mean that she should be helpless and incompetent in the mid-Victorian manner. That, to me, is effeminacy, not femininity. (A woman who, like Alice in the old song, "Ben Bolt," trembles with joy when you give her a smile and weep when you give her arown, is an anachronism.) What I do mean is that she must be sympathetic, warm-hearted, non-aggressive, capable of yielding, impres.

Next, she must be intelligent. She must have brains without being "brainy." Her intelligence, too, must be feminine. To know a great many obscure facts, to be "up on" art and psychology and politics, is not my idea of being intelligent. Such women are generally opinionated and positive and—conceited. Genuine feminine intelligence goes much deeper: it is almost instinctive, for it can see values, adapt itself to all conditions, and meet all emergencies. One may not be able to read or write, and yet be intelligent.

Furthermore, a truly beautiful girl is one with personality—that is, with subtle and indefinable attractiveness of bearing and manner. Personality is one's inner self—a thing which can not be assumed or imitated, because it springs from one's unconscious sincerity. Its effect is to hold people, to focus their attention, and at the same time to fascinate them. That is why I set down personality as essential to feminine beauty.

Another important requisite of beauty in a girl is charm. She should know instinctively what offends and what does not offend, under all conditions; and—more—she should know how and when to do the things which delight people. She must possess those mannerisms which are at once graceful and gracious—never overdoing or underdoing them. This is what I call charm.

Poise is another quality which I deem essential to beauty in a girl, for it embraces maturity, self-control, restraint, adaptability and breeding.

There, in brief, are the chief essentials of the ideally beautiful woman, as I see her. If she possesses these qualities it does not matter so much about her features and coloring. She may be blonde or brunette, slender or well-proportioned; she will still be beautiful, for the traits of her mind and her character will be revealed in her face and in her eyes; and she will possess a beauty far greater than that which depends alone on the perfection of form and feature, and which has nothing beneath it to give it individuality and life.

There are in America literally hundreds of such girls as I have briefly outlined here. I have personally met many of them. And it is this type of girl that motion pictures desire and need. The only problem is how to discover them. That is why we have launched this contest. It is, in effect, a kind of search warrant for the beautiful modern American girl.

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CHANGE IN PUBLICATION DATE

The April issue of Photoplay Magazine will go on sale March the fifteenth. This will the better enable us to serve you. Don't forget the date—March fifteenth.
Penhryn Stanlaws, the famous American artist, once told me that he considered Madge Bellamy the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. After naming Lantelme, the great French actress, and Cornelia Alexandra was of England as the two most beautiful women he had ever seen, added, “And Madge Bellamy is the most beautiful girl.

Everywhere I heard is ‘Have you seen that little Bellamy girl yet? She’s a knockout.’ Her latest release is ‘The Cup of Life’ and she is to be starred by Maurice Tourneur in ‘Lorna Doone.’ Mr. Tourneur declared to me that he had hoped to find a girl who could bring the childish and beautiful Lorna of tradition and literature, and still have the enormous dramatic ability needed for the development of the play. ‘But Miss Bellamy has them,’ he said, ‘I was fortunate.’

William de Mille, who has at last come into his own as one of the foremost intellects of the screen world, told me that after completing ‘Alter the Show’ with Lila Lee in the role of the girl, he had the utmost confidence in her future.

‘Lila has revealed a depth of dramatic feeling which is remarkable in so young a girl,’ he said. ‘Her work gives everyone reason to believe that properly developed, she will ultimately take her place in the very front ranks of the screen art.

‘She has a personality that is all fire and that alternately allure and compels. One of the rarest things on the screen today. She is real in all she does. She has sufficient beauty. Her natural talents combined with a power of expression that is most unusual are bound to give her success. It may take her a little longer to develop than the others, for she will be very great or nothing. But no one can doubt that she will be a very great dramatic actress. And great dramatic actresses are so few and far between that this must be synonymous with screen success.’

Cecil de Mille once told me something the same thing about Lila Lee. While I believe he himself does not find her the type he can best use, at one time said to me, ‘If Miss Lee doesn’t get fat like her mother, she’ll be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen in ten years.’

And in ten years Lila will be only 28.

Of the men, one must first regard the very high praise which the press of Cecil B. de Mille in regard to Conrad Nagel. Mr. de Mille has the seeing eye, when it comes to future stars, and his words carry perhaps more weight than those of any other man in the industry.

‘The day Fate takes a good stiff punch at Conrad Nagel, he will graduate into the rank of superlatively great actors,’ C. B. told me. ‘I have seen him in Europe. “He is a splendid actor. He typifies optimistic youth. When Conrad has seen a little more life of his own, has had a little more experience of the world he will be called upon to portray, he will be one of the greatest actors on the American screen or stage. He appeals to all classes and to all that is best in people. That ought to make him a universal favorite.”

‘Rudolph Valentino very soon will be the greatest matinee idol on the screen,’ said Rex Ingram, who introduced Rudolph to the public as a startling star. ‘“Four Horsemen.” Properly handled and properly cast, he will undoubtedly outstrip all the present day idols and become the leading male attraction of the screen. Mr. Ingram is concerned for him. If he continues to play the romantic, foreign types for which he is so perfectly fitted—nothing can keep him back. Incidentally—he is a splendid actor.’

Sam Wood, one of the best and most consistent directors of the Paramount organization, who is now directing Valentino in Elinor Glyn’s ‘Beyond the Rocks,’ starring Gloria Swanson and Alexander Duff, which is produced by the one cinch bit in pictures today. ‘He can act—he has all the Latin charm and fire. He is the easiest love on the screen today. He has that greatest amount of interest and enthusiasm in his work.’

While Elinor Glyn, certainly a great authority on matters of love and charm, declared, ‘He is the perfect continental type. I fell entirely in love with him looking at him in my picture. He has such great charm and he is such an excellent actor. I am sure he will make all the girls’ hearts beat faster.’

Cullen Landis seemed to be unanimously elected as the coming light-dramatic comedian. Ever since Cullen did ‘The Curly Kid’ he has been regarded by the public as a star, I think. ‘It isn’t any surprise to us that motion picture critics and audiences look upon Cullen Landis as a star,’ said Clayton Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton is head of the Goldwyn Film Department. ‘We were more interested in Mr. Goldwyn in many other matters. ‘The public has learned to admire him as an actor. The fact that he has an irresistible personality is only one of his assets. He is adaptable. He has a shrewd sense of character drawing. He is naturally funny—and naturally pathetic. He could never be a type actor—too convincing with the joy of life and loves his work. He is protected by sincerity and understanding.’

Mary Roberts Rinehart, in whose stories he has appeared on the screen, wrote to me that Cullen Landis is looking picture juvenile at the present moment and has undoubtedly a future, not as a juvenile only, but as an exceptionally skilled actor for the screen. More than that, he has that peculiar quality of screen charm and personality which makes him such a delight to watch in pictures. His work in my own picture ‘This is the Life’ was so outstanding as to be notable.’

Such directors as Reginald Barker and Frank Lloyd have very high possible opinions of Cullen Landis’ work and his future possibilities.

Other names came up, and were rejected only because the ones given had a little more weight one way or another. It was almost a tie between Lila Lee and Lois Wilson, and Lila won because she is so young and has more screen beauty, is easier to fit with stories, and is much younger. Both Fred Niblo and Rex Ingram mentioned Barbara La Mar—the dark haired beauty who appeared as Milday in the ‘Three Musketeers’ and is to play the lead in Ingram’s picture following ‘The Prisoner of Zenda.’

Alice Wells was the choice of the producer of ‘Bluebeard’ for the lead in that film. We may hear more about the year, which she is expected to win at the future prediction. She may retire permanently—Florence Vidor is already a star—as was Gloria Swanson. Buck Jones, conceited by the majority of the Hollywood film and by his western expert to be the coming great western star, the actual successor to Bill Hart, has worked so long at Fox that there isn’t any well known director left to vouch for his ability. He has been off the screen so long making the von Stroheim picture that she has lost ground, but she is considered the best bet for a sort of female Valentino and Universal may star her soon.

But the six given seem to have the best backing and the best chance.

Whether or not the producers will agree, only time can tell.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
From City Streets to a Rancho

(Continued from page 33)

delicous sense of humor, his well-trained mind, is in deep with understanding of human nature. Then, with his red-headed, four-months-old kiddie, one Harry Carey Jr., whom his father and the cowboys address uniformly as 'Dobe,' which I was informed is short for adobe. And finally, with his pretty, practical, humorous young wife, Olive Fuller-Golden Carey.

AFTER dinner we sat in the living room, opening, as it does upon the whole vista of the ranch, before a light wood fire that smelled heavenly, and while young Harry Carey Jr., gurgled fatally in his mother's lap, while twilights and peaceful content fell and enclosed this little, complete world of plenty, Harry Carey told me something of his plans.

"No money in raising beef for meat," he said, puffing at his inevitable pisano cigarette, "somebody's always monkeying with the market. I'm raising special, fancy cattle for other ranches for breeding purposes. I've some mining in Hereford stock now. I've one horse, Repeat 76, that I've been offered $5,000 for.

"Then I'm working out a theory about a cross breed in horses, two in fact. I'm breeding a new type of cataractous mounts — crossing a French draft stallion and a light running mare. I've already a lot of orders for that stuff. Then I'm crossing a cowpony with a thoroughbred running horse for polo stock, I sold one polo pony last week for $4,000, which is a small price for a good polo pony.

"But it's years since I've seen a ranch of the proportions of the Carey rancho, or the future plans that it shows. And for this I am sure that Mrs. Carey is more than half responsible. She even superintended the details of the new blacksmith forge, and argued the price of a load of alfalfa with a neighbor.

"But the kick of the whole thing is in the way Harry Carey happens to be a rancher.

"Most of the cowboy stars now on the screen were originally cowboys. They came from the ranges, they were ranch-bred, outdoor men. But the city sucked them up entirely. Now they spend their money on high-priced motor cars, and their future dreams are of houses with five bathrooms and an electric piano.

"Harry Carey is a born and bred New Yorker and a college graduate, a lawyer admitted to practice before the New York bar. His father was a superior court judge in New York and a well known politician. But the law didn't appeal to him. Pictures came along and did. He joined the old Biograph and because of his horsemanship became one of the very first moving picture cowboys. He donned the big hat, the boots, the chaps, and grew to be the character on the screen we have so loved in "Overland Red" and "Marked Men."

"But oddly enough, it went further than that because the part he played. This child of the pavements went back to the soil as utterly as his brother stars have transferred their love from the ranges to the bright lights. The convert westerner is the worst of the bunch.

"Mr. Carey is no longer bound by contract with Universal. Troubles had developed and he was glad to shake his boots of the dust of the studios.

"And nobody, except Harry Carey is glad of it. But he now has his freedom.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
It is coffee of course—but one would almost rather do without. The ancient Greeks taught the art of love to their damselst. They understood the necessity of doing well and wisely the things that are important to life. Today, every man is seeking the woman who is intelligent about love and who understands instinctively those fine, sensitive cords that make up passion. Love is as delicate as an orchid.

A WOMAN must have curiosity I have been most captivated by the sight in a woman’s eyes of that infinite curiosity about life. Curiosity is not a fault. It is the cocktails of the emotions.

In one she agrees greatly with the American man’s philosophy of love. I believe that the most irresistible woman in the world is the woman who is madly in love with you; I can resist any temptation except the incense of admiration. Nothing is so flattering to a man as a woman’s adoration. More men are attracted and held by a woman’s passion for them than by their looks; but difference in object will not change singleness of passion.

The less experienced man, the man who doesn’t need to seek new sensations, is thrilled by the coquette who plays with him. But he has not yet discovered that the most enthralling thing in the world is an influence over the emotions and actions and heart beats of another—when it is genuine.

The most dangerous woman in the world is a pretty woman who has deep wells of passion in her nature but who has never loved.

Of all the women I have known, the Frenchwomen are the most nearly perfect. No matter what their age or class may be, they have that touch of domesticity, that sweet, feminine charm that lends a delicacy even to the wildness of the senses. They know how to amuse, how to touch the heart, they have the sixth sense of pleasure. And they are so very well dressed. All of them, American women are terribly pretty. Even when they are quite ugly, they are pretty. They are always rather well dressed. And they always behave as though they were beautiful. Which gives them great poise. But they lack softness, they lack feminine charm and sweetness. You cannot imagine them in the kitchen, in the laundry, washing, mending, and what not. They dazzle but they do not warm. They are magnificent when they are dressed up, but I have never seen one who was at ease and delicate in mind may be in the kitchen or the nursery.

They are so restless, too. Nothing interferes with romance like restlessness. It destroys such love because all woman love thinkers that are the very breath of its life.

I do not blame the women for all this. I blame the American man. He cannot hold a woman, dominate and rule her. Naturally things have come to a pretty pass. He is impossible as a lover. He cares nothing for pleasing the woman. He is not master in his own house. He picks up and nags about little things, and then falls down in big ones. He expects to feed a woman on the husks left from business and golf and money, and satisfy her. He has learned nothing about love and he will not allow her everything she should desire.

In his blindness therefore, he despises the young European who comes here. He laughs at his ideas of love and his investigating names. Why? Because this man is versed and trained in all that goes to make everything from the lightest philandering to the deepest amours, exquisite and entertaining and delicate, this man—what is it you say—shows him up? Yes.

A woman will flirt with anybody in the world so long as there are lots of other men looking on. She wants to flirt in private without boredom and without offending her delicate sensibilities, she desires a partner whose experience of these things is greater than her own.

The caveman method I abhor, and I do not believe that it is ever successful with the woman who is worth having. Would you take any money from loving or caressing a woman who did not give in return? The giving of love to me is not half so wonderful as the receiving. It may be more blessed but it is not nearly so exhilarating.

The mental caveman—ah, that is again different. By cleverness, by diplomacy, by superior mental force, by skill—that is the way to win a woman. The man who must be so won, but who after being won can give great ardor to a love affair, who proves attractive.

Even a woman whose passions are never satisfied has a better chance of keeping her illusions than the woman who has a love affair with a man who is brutal and uncouth. I have never known a woman in any love life who was not models, who did not have in her a certain feeling of delicacy and a regard for herself if allowed to express itself.

A man who is brutal and direct and uncouth in his advances to a woman and you would be surprised to learn how many men today push aside all the ordinary conventions when they see a woman who attracts them—looks at that woman and his purpose is written in his eyes. And she is not unattractive and ugly and it offsets her at once, even though the man himself attracts.

The second or the third time he sees her, he has said to himself, "I am going to have a swing. Maybe he tries to kiss her. Then if she is a woman worth having, she slaps his face and says to him, "How dare you?"

QUITE right. I would not care to kiss the woman whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting.

The preliminaries of a love affair are the most enticing part of the game. Let a woman be game, but never encouraging, never exhibiting brazenly her familiarity with life.

Now we come to the skilled lover—the European lover. He seals his purpose. He is always in business, because his is the same thought, the same desire to kiss that woman. He does not let her see it. No, no. He is gentle, he is sweet. He is deferential. He is not so coarse, he is not so much of a man. He tells her that she is beautiful, that she is good, that she is wonderful beyond all woman.

He pets her, caresses her arm to let her dream, the last thing, his touch. He lets her see that he enjoys her company, even when they sit the length of a room apart. He lets her know that he likes to be near her, to speak of books and music and paintings. He reads poetry to her.
Woman and Love

(Concluded)

Then when he kisses her, she gives him back his kiss. No caveman can ever know the sweetness of that returned kiss. What she does, she does for love. So she is happy in it, and makes neither herself nor him miserable with reproaches. Even if he never sees her again, she will cherish a fond memory of him. She has not lost her self-respect. The affair may last a long time, and much happy companionship is possible to them.

A woman loves finesse. In Europe, we are taught to be most polite, to be courteous, to entertain the ladies. When we go into a drawing room, we talk of art, music, books, we tell a witty remark or two. Everyone is happy, and amused. One is never rude but tries to show the greatest attentions and charms he possesses. Then when he goes—the ladies—and maybe one upon whom he has his eyes, says, "What a charming and amusing person."

You see women love with their ears, men with their eyes.

Ah yes, in the small matters one is a slave. But in the big things—he is master. To argue about little things with a woman, to get angry, is one thing that no man versed in the arts of love ever does. After all, it is the woman who decides whether she finds you charming. It is only after you have won her love that you dare be master.

One can always be kind to a woman one cares nothing about—and to a woman by whom one is attracted. But only cruel to a woman one loves or has loved.

There are several kinds of women, several kind of methods of wooing on their part that are irresistible to me.

I love the dainty, little woman, who plays seriously at being domestic. She fascinates me. Everything womanly, distinctly feminine, in a woman, appeals to me. I adore her bird-like ways, her sweet pretenses, her delicious prettiness. I love her almost as one loves a cunning child, and when to this is added the filibe of sex, she becomes perfect. I do not like in her flippant, cold-blooded little tricks, but those soft, lovable ways of a little woman, those melting, helpless little ways of hers—that bring tears to your eyes and fire to your lips.

Then there is the silent, mysterious woman who fencies divinely. Who knows silently and secretly the secrets of the coquette—that last art of woman, in always leaving herself an opportunity to retreat. Who has always at hand that last weapon of woman—surrender.

The greatest asset to a woman is dignity. It is her shield. With it, she may commit indiscretions that a vulgar puritan could never attempt. Dignity in a woman always puzzles a man. He likes it. He admires it. He feels confidence in the woman who displays it. He knows that she will never make a fool of herself or of him.

Nothing so fascinates me as the ability of a woman to get great pleasure from life. It is so short. The tragedy of age is not that one grows old, but that one's heart stays young. Life that develops the soul, slowly disintegrates the body. Therefore, let us make merry while we can. I cannot stand a woman who is afflicted with ennui. My countrywomen possess the generous quality of enjoying life, of loving it, of getting from it all that there is to get, more than all other women. But they are never hoitytoity, nor restless. They have grace and poise and polish.

Love is honey. It is a flower. It may be fierce, as a tiger lily, but it must be beautiful, delicate, gentle too.

Watch for

Norma Talmadge in her latest First National "Smilin' Through"

Norma Talmadge, voted the most popular star on the screen, has just completed her latest picture for First National, "Smilin' Through," the play that made such a wonderful hit on the stage on Broadway.

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hide the way I used to do it in New York in the days when my only callers were bill collectors. I was afraid it is one of those nice, persevering mothers, with whose look everyone knows Mary Pickford has come to keep my promise that if she ever came to California she must look me up and I'd see what I could do. I am not given to rash promises, but you have no idea how difficult it is to escape mothers with daughters who look like Mary Pickford without incriminating yourself. I live in daily dread that one will approach my wife is around and confronting me with a deadly stare declaim "Remember your promise to my daughter" and I shall look and act like the hero in a bedroom farce.

Then news of the banquet and the climate, I had always understood that Los Angeles had a monopoly on climate as a civic proposition. They even kid us about it back here. Well, tell me there isn't a city I visited where they can't sing you a cantata about the climate. I can't understand why so many people move to Southern California.

OFTEN it would be at 104 when I got up to speak. Not but what 104 is a very nice heat if you like heat, and I do. But of course I'd be pitifully nervous because I'm not used to speaking in front of an audience, and sometimes I don't know what to say. But you learn, and if you keep at it. I suppose I've learned a little. But it isn't the same as being a great actor, or a great actress, or whatever you may be.

"I suppose," I'd say, smiling brightly, "I suppose you think I'm warm. But I'm not really. I'm merely a little nervous at appearing before the public and before the audience. Why, your climate here is perfect, wonderful, ideal. And as for heat, don't forget that I came through Yuma on my way east. Nothing would ever seem hot after Yuma."

Even then I had a very poor idea of climate, but it isn't. Why, in Yuma, we saw a dog chasing a cat down the street and they were both walking.

Usually it went well. If it didn't—we all got cooled off.

One thing was very trying to my sensitive spirit. In every city the people were kind enough to welcome me at the station. Sometimes they would be holding hand and send parades automobiles with my name on and everything. Also my business manager, Bogart Rogers, had about as much delicacy as Barnum and Bailey's in letting everybody know that I was in town. As I walked along the street about every other person I passed would say, "There goes that MacLean now." Strange how the use of such a little word as "that" can make you jump. In my case, it makes me leap. Speaking of the heat, in Fort Worth the heat and I clasped for a brief round and I must admit that the heat came off best—that is, I actually came off but it was the heat that was the bigger man. We had the exact character of a breakfast at the hotel—a nice, southern breakfast. For myself, I like a regular breakfast—none of this tea and toast, coffee and fruit stuff in mines. I may be a movie actor, but I've got the labor point of view on breakfast.

Thus I had been long over my meal. When I arose I heard a faint, sad sound almost a give of one part of what I was saying. I was. I had. Looking down, I discovered that I had left upon the chair the seat of my trousers. It was an old and familiar loss of the seat of my trousers so much as the manner of its loss that distressed me. I would gladly have parted with it under more suspicious circumstances.

As it was, there was nothing left to do but wrap a newspaper about the middle portion of my anatomy, and dash from the dining room, my wife and Mr. Rogers forming a sort of rear guard, if I may say so.

At Hutchinson, too, I was barely saved from disaster.

They gave me a banquet at Hutchinson. It was the sort of banquet they probably thought I was used to, after seeing the kind we use in the movies. But I wasn't. The table was arranged in a giant horseshoe, beautifully decorated and artistically arranged. My place was at the head. I was as solitary and conspicuous as a small boy's missing tooth.

Beside me sat the mayor of Hutchinson.

Have you ever eaten, dear readers, when you know that several hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on your Adam's apple? You try to smile and chew at the same time and probably resemble nothing so much as a hyena with a bone.

It was also mighty tough on the mayor.

He had never been a movie star and I had never been a mayor. We couldn't find a point of contact. Just then, in trying to reach for the bread, smile at a pretty lady down the table with a piece of steak, I upset the salt. I thought it was a faux pas. In reality it was an act of providence. The mayor understood me to have expressed an interest in salt. He began to talk. It seems that all the salt in the world comes from Hutchinson, Kansas. That mayor was one of the most interesting, entertaining and well-informed men I've ever talked to. I forgot that I was supposed to be on exhibition and I had the time of my life. And so everybody else forgot it and we all had a good time.

Young Rogers was a great help to me in one instance. He's the sort of man who could be used to be a captain in the British aviation. He moves fast but his methods are effective. I must admit that there were times when I bid fair to destroy the reputation of myself, my art and what is more important, my director general, Thomas H. Ince, I'd peter out completely. My best behavior and my company manners and my personal appearance try to keep me on the give-you-line of action, would seem to desert me completely.

WHEN Rogers saw I was in trouble, saying the wrong things or not saying anything or agreeing to buy Central Park or the city hall, he'd canteer up, pulling up his cuff and the collar of his shirt. He'd burst upon us, holding out his wrist watch and cry, "Mr. MacLean, do you know what time it is?" I'd drag out my Ingersoll and we'd compare them and I'd say breathlessly, "No! It isn't! I can't see it, we've only got ten minutes. Good-by—you'll excuse us—only got ten minutes." and we'd vanish still talking and I'd have a chance to get my breath and my wits and think up a couple of bright things to say.

While we were in Washington, we visited the Monument. Climbed up in the elevator and down on our legs. We wanted to walk down, though the usual exercise. Of course, you may think we got a little scary going up in that elevator. It is a long way to go in an elevator, isn't it? You smile and whistle and remind yourself that thousands of people have done this same thing before and thousands more will do it again and that there aren't many corpses apparent. It's so safe.

Still, we walked down. I was in bed

(Continued on page 45)
Public Appearances

(Concluded)

for three days afterwards because I couldn't walk anywhere else. When I got up, I visited the Treasury and they let me hold \$100,000,000 in cash in my hands. I had to go back again after that. We saw the Capitol with Mrs. De Soto. He told us a lot of things about it we'd never heard. I don't expect anybody else ever had either.

In passing I should like to mention one little incident that happened in Birmingham. A young man ran up to me and said, "Mr. MacLean, this is Mrs. Lee Porter. You may have heard of me. I know you're very busy, but I thought you might be glad to have me a few minutes. Things are a number of things I'd like to talk with you about."

Now a couple of things had happened on this trip that had made me weary and say a few things to myself. In Atlanta, Rogers went ahead to stir up a little popular sentiment. When he got to the hotel an unknown and rather casual sort of bird drifted up and in an absent-minded way inquired, "You Don't Send A Penny!" Rogers admitted he was something like that. "That so?" said the bird, "When's Doug get in?"

I presume I will be pardoned for mentioning that occasionally in every community where you run up against what are commonly termed nuts—also pests. We had been approached by every known variety, from the innocent old lady who wanted us to look up her cousin who lived in California to the smooth young man who wanted us to buy a diamond necklace. The movie is a fair game, you know.

Consequently, in order that we might have some time and attention to give to the worthy and kind admirers who had done so much to make our trip a success, we had to try to discriminate. So Rogers said, "What'd you want to know May? I don't want your name?" The man said, "Yep. My name's Yates. I'm a cousin o' his."

I hadn't mentioned I had any cousins in Atlanta. You know how careless you can be about relations. Rogers gave him a very high grade stare and said, "Mr. MacLean is going to be very busy in Atlanta Good-by."

Then in Kansas City, a fellow called up on the phone so late in the morning it wasn't much more than a moron yet, and his voice sounded like a man in Asheville that wanted me to endorse some new kind of depilatory, so I told him I was Rogers and MacLean wouldn't be in for a couple of days. Then he said, "Well, this is Mr. X. I'm a friend of Mr. Ince's and Mr. Ince wired me to look MacLean up and take him around."

But, worse still, in ten minutes Rogers came dashing in and says, "I just met Mr. X. in the lobby and when I told him who I was he said 'What kind of a damn fool job is this anyway?'"

It took us two days to square that.

Of course there were a few sad moments on that trip. One little old lady in Ashe-ville came to the theater in a wheel chair. She'd be on invalid for years but she said she liked my pictures because they were always nice and clean and she wanted to see if I was a good, clean boy myself. I felt about as big as a fly on Babe Ruth's bat.

I am whole heartedly grateful for all the women who kindled to me. I never before thoroughly appreciated America, Americans, American hospitality and America humor. It can't be beat.
Breaking In
(Continued from page 51)

"That was a nice way to do," he said reassuringly when I met him in the studio a week later, 'everything out on me. What have you got now?"

I showed him two brand new beginnings and he read them unhappily, shaking his head, as one does beside the bier of a departed friend.

"If you know how to begin this contemptible story," I said to him. "Why don't you tell me?"

"You don't know how to begin it," he retorted. "What have we got around here for?"

He sat still for some time and seemed to be thinking. Then it was the first time George had really thought.

"Why don't you start it," he suggested brightly, "with Joe Hocker plowing his corn."

"I did begin it that way," I said. "I began that way the very first time. You said you couldn't shoot it."

"Try it again," he advised, and then he went out and played golf.

A few days later, George began assembling his company, a select aggregation of talented actors and actresses, who were to portray the characters of "Willow Farm." When he finished springing, the forty thespians walking eagerly to and fro under my window. Some were young and some were old, but each one wished to know if the part I was writing for him, or her, was a good part, and worthy of his peculiar talents.

Meantime, I was back with Joe Hocker, plowing his corn again. Joe Hocker and I spent a great deal of time in that corn field, and through there were forty accredited actors milling around the door, as far as I could see, I would never require anyone except Joe Hocker.

"You'll have to hurry this along, Bill," said George, with a worried air, about Friday of that week. "We're supposed to leave on Monday for Pine Summit.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"The whole company. Pine Summit looks as much like Virginia as any place else. You'll have to come along, seeing the script isn't finished."

"I suppose I'm going to spend more time in a hotel room?" I asked faltering.

"You are," he said grimly. "We're going to write this scenario."

Pine Summit is two days from Hollywood on a fast train. It perches high in the mountains, a brown little town with rubber boots in the shop windows.

"Very well, George," I said briskly. "I shall work hard today and tomorrow. We shall have many scenes ready when you start."

On Sunday night, we had two hundred scenes, and to me it seemed the story was moving brightly onward. I finally got Joe Hocker out on the corn field and the plot unfolded beautifully.

"This is great stuff," George said, after having read it. "Now you're on the right track, Bill. Keep going on.

On Monday, the troupe left for Pine Summit in two palace cars, and I was given as nice an upper berth as any of the cameramen or property boys. Writers are always given the lower berths when a movie company goes on location, the theory being that if you give an author a lower berth, he becomes insufferable, and will then probably go to eat with the actors.

With the train moving gaily into the north, George again read the two hundred scenes. He lounged in his elegant state.

(Continued on page 111)
Breaking In
(Continued)

room, with two porters waiting on him, and went carefully through the mass of contemplated action.

"Bill," he said, wrinkling his forehead. "This is all wrong. You can't do it this way, and I always said so."

I thought you said we could do it that way? I ventured.

"If I did, I was crazy. This stuff is the bunk."

And thereupon tore up the hundred scenes, tossed them out upon the right-of-way, and the train sped on into the night.

We arrived in Pine Summit without a single scene to our name. The town consists of sixteen houses and a railway hotel, which adjoins the roundhouse and is made homely by the delightful odor of hot locomotives. Mike Maynard runs the hotel, and in honor of our coming, he ejected all his regular patrons and turned his establishment over to the artists of the silent drama. I was immediately ushered into a small bedroom up near the eaves, from which I could look out upon as pretty a collection of coal cars as I have ever seen. A boy was sent out for a typewriter and ten pounds of paper.

"Now go ahead," said George. "It will take you a day or two to look over the country. Meanwhile, you start it again. And hurry it up, Bill."

THAT was Wednesday. I began sadly once more, going back even beyond the spot where Joe Hocker hitches up the old gray mule to the plow, but a great deal of my freshness had been rubbed off. I no longer leaped at the task, singing a roundelay, so to speak. I approached it with reluctant feet. Wednesday afternoon, George began shooting. I don't mean that he began shooting at me, though he probably thought of it. He began taking atmosphere shots for "Willow Farm." He shot the main street of Pine Summit, to show the customers what sort of town Henry Jones came to on Saturday night for his red-eye.

And in my chaste and humble room, I stuck to the early moments of the romance. At intervals George came in and encouraged me. For a week we continued this with the forty temperamental artists sitting on wooden chairs in the lobby, shooting craps and criticizing me.

"Bill," he said George, "this is getting mighty serious. We've got five thousand a week overhead, and we ought to start this picture."

"That's too bad," I said. "It was the first time in my life anyone ever paid five thousand a week to have me loll around in my bedroom."

"Something's got to be done," he said firmly. "I can't stand this, Bill."

He then summoned the aid of a fat little actor, a moon-faced chap, who was likewise a famous dramatist. No one could ever tell whether he was better as an actor or as a dramatist. George asked the little man to sit in with me and help me get the company to work.

"There's nothing really difficult about it," said the actor. His name was Arthur and he had a mild blue eye and taken to sharply. "After discussing this problem, I shall go to my room and write a beginning for you."

We then discussed the problem. Arthur retired to his room and wrote the start, and during the evening George strolled into the dramatist's room and read it. The language that came over that transom was exactly the sort George uses when he misses a seven.

(Continued on page 112)
George moves the dresser

Comedy with a serious side unless something is done to aay the pain of cuts and bruises.

Be ready for either! Absorbine, Jr., is both a liniment and an antiseptic. Used promptly for bruises or overworked muscles it dispenses the aches that would otherwise continue.

Besides being a preventive of infection, it is cleansing and healing to all open wounds.

And for the children's magic bottle, a trio of good properties recommend it. It is harmless, of a clean odor and non-staining.

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18 Temple St.
Springfield, Mass.

George, a little fat actor-dramatist walked hurriedly out and down the hall, telling those he met that he had never been so humiliated in his life. George had telegraphed. George threw the dramatic effort out upon the main line of the railway and went to bed.

Mike Maynard, who is as kind a hotel man as I ever knew, asked us what the trouble seemed to be, and then offered to do what he could. He wrote these first fifty scenes on some telegraph blanks, and for two days George hesitated. He nearly began “Willow Farm” from telegraph blanks. Then the thing became a game. Everybody pitched in. The leading gentleman, who sings tenor, often does a fine, flowing hand, but the leading lady said that she would like to see anybody make her work with such stuff. She wrote the fifty herself, and when George examined her material he found that the leading man appeared only once and then as a dim figure upon the horizon. The woman who dusted out tried her hand at it, and I found the Pine Summit stage master doing “Willow Farm” for us on the end of an upturned trunk. So it went.

I was, by this time, an object of cold suspicion to the entire troupe. Apparently I was a threat to them out of these jobs, and they asked me, pointedly, why I didn’t do something, so that they could begin acting.

**F**

It’s all very well to sit here in the hotel and be paid for doing nothing,” remarked one of the elderly actors, “but you must realize that this cannot go on. We will all be dismissed, unless you do something.”

“Can I count on that?” I asked, but the misery in my voice was lost on him.

The days that followed will always remain in my mind, fixed and immutable, like the incidents of a dream that I am in the chiroscuro. I do not know, except vaguely, what a chiroscuro is, but it must bear a close resemblance to those endless, sodden, merciless days in the clutch of “Willow Farm.”

George could see through the crowd and come near with five hundred fresh sheets of virgin paper and a word of cheer. Strangers, stepping off the train for a hurried look and a quick breath, would hear of our dilemma and some of them sympathized and tried to dash off fifty scenes for us, whilst cooling their coffee, but nothing seemed to help us out of the dreadful hole.

In a word—contemplation—the second week—George tore his hair anew and decided in my presence, profanely and frantically, not to make “Willow Farm” at all. George’s hair is not particularly suitable for tearing. It can’t be torn with any degree of pleasure, because it doesn’t begin early enough.

“This picture can’t be made,” he stormed to a popular scenario writer to help, I might do it, but not with you, Bill. What a mistake I made!”

“So did I, George. We both made a mistake.”

He then dispatched a telegram to the home office, stating in so many words that he had found “Willow Farm” impossible to picture. The home office was neither impressed nor surprised. George has been telegraphing about one thing or another for ten years. Moreover, the advertising for this production was under way. Next day, the answering wire came into Pine Summit.

“Do Willow Farm,” it said heartlessly. “And speed it up.”

For one hour after George got the wire, I had the rare and interesting opportunity of watching a man pass through the several stages that begin with calm sanity and end with slight frothing. He walked up and down the quiet stage tracks and tore out the rest of his hair.

“Better get him off the tracks,” Maynard advised. “Number Six is due in ten minutes.”

Another thing that saddened my life during those weeks in Pine Summit was the great and disastrous change that came over the entire troupe. The happy actors, due solely to me and my failure.

Ordinarily, a movie outfit on location, with all meals paid for, is a joking, carefree and light-hearted aggregation, and George’s company was no exception. But during the early days of the visit. The men were jolly and the women pleasant-spoken. The first meals were really gay little parties. Coming to food, the thespians pushed Mike’s dining-room tables together, making one big, festive board. There was laughter and the merry quip. Many broke into song. There was the "happy family," said George, beaming in his country way. This was during the first week, which was the only time George could beam. Then the picture changed. When the troupe discovered that I was living on the job—that I was refusing for sinister reasons of my own, to get those first fifty scenes down on paper, the actors began to sour on the visit.

In no time at all, the company was a seething mass of discontent. Men who were noted for their kindly manners, quarreled bitterly with their fellows. Each individual ate his meals in solitary silence, at a table by himself. Everyone growled at everyone else. Murder and sudden death were in the air, and at one time the leading lady actually stated that nothing could prevent her from shooting the leading man. Mike Maynard went about miserably, trying to placate this one and that one.

“You see what you’ve done,” George snapped at me. “You’re demoralizing my company, Bill.”

I could make no reply. I was too far gone.

“I know now,” George continued, “just how big a fool I was in getting you this job. This will ruin my reputation. If you don’t hand me fifty scenes by tomorrow morning, I’m going to send the company back.”

“George,” I said, in a low voice, “if you’ll send me back, I’ll hand you seventy-five scenes tomorrow.”

He regarded me and walked away.

* * * * *

**F**

FINALLY “Willow Farm” got under way. Nothing else nor any miraculous manner, the production actually started, and George began shooting, starting in with old Joe Hooker and the grey mule. Swiftly the story grew under George’s skilful guidance, because he is a capable director. Other troubles, however, stared me in the face.

“You know,” he murmured, one night, after raving as far as three hundred and ten, “you’re getting this all wrong, Bill. You haven’t got any drama in this at all. I suppose you know this is a tragedy, Bill.”

“You’re mistaken,” I replied. “Willow Farm is a comedy.”

“Comedy nothing. This story is a perfect tragedy.”

“Tell me, yes. Intrinsically, it is a comedy. Harvey Loomis never wrote anything but comedy, and was a famous humorist. Be—”

(Continued on page 113)
Breaking In  
(Concluded)

sides, George. I guess I can tell a comedy when I see one."

For two days, we wrangled about whether we were doing a comedy or a tragedy. George very justly asked me if I was making this double-humpbacked picture or was he? Did I know more about motion pictures than he did, or nothing? And who the hell did I think I was, anyhow?

"It's a comedy," I said drearily. "You can't fool me. I'll bet you it's a comedy, and we'll leave it to Harvey Loomis' wit to finish it." We did. "If we do," said he, "it will be the only thing that was left to her. This guy Loomis was a bum. Moreover, he was a punk story-writer. I wish he was here so I could look him in the eye and wish I thought of him."

Meanwhile, I battied on grimly. I wrote what now seems like eighty thousand scenes and one million subtitles. I saw little creeping things on the wall paper, which were not really there, because Mike Maynard runs a good hotel. I began to have spots before the eyes. The entire room would frequently revolve rapidly for five minutes, and strange figures in white robes would appear to walk through the walls. It was a time of phantasmagoric chiaroscuro.

In vain I tried to escape from Pine Summit. One night, I sneaked out and stook down the railway tracks in the dusk, walking softly. They caught me passing the roundhouse and dragged me back. There was talk of chaining me to the bedpost, but nothing came of it.

"If you don't speed up," George said brutally, "you'll never get this done.

"George," I replied, "if you don't let me go home, you'll kill me. Reason is now trotting upon her lofty throne."

"Let you get out of here without finishing this!" George laughed a harsh, metallic laugh.

"There are only two sides to the walls of the home for the unhinged," I continued, "and by next week, I will be on the other side."--

"Nonse," he said briskly. "You're doing all right. Now, for instance, take this scene of yours where Albert says to Clarence: I'll get you some day for this. Clarence, however, you ought to have Albert shoot Clarence."

"What for?" I asked. "He doesn't shoot him in the book."

"Never mind what he does in the book. He ought to shoot him in the picture."

"George," I remonstrated, "he never shoots Clarence. Next time they meet, they're warm friends."

"Bill," he said, shaking his head dizzily, "you're never going to get anywhere in this business. You need a different mind."

"I haven't any mind at all," I admitted.

"When I left home, I had a fair working mentality, but it's gone. This job found a long, rugged intellect and it leaves a gibbering loon."

"Well," he said, in a more kindly tone, "you keep on plugging. Have Albert shoot Clarence and if possible have Lillian suspected of the crime. Put some pep into it, and then think up a good, strong finish."

"I can't think of any finish but my own, George," I returned quietly. "Be a good fellow and let me alone."

"I will not," he declared. "You're paid to stay here and do this finish, and by cripes, you're going to."

I will never forget the conclusion of "Willow Farm." In the early days of the job, I had thought the beginning somewhat difficult, but it was the merest child's play, compared with the finish. We came down to the final hundred scenes and stuck hard and fast. There was no way out. The troupe laid off, began shooting craps again, and renewed the early accusations against me. They said to each other, in my hearing, that they couldn't understand what George meant and what the company meant by sending them out with a scenario writer who deliberately laid down on the job.

I now recall that George wanted to wind up the drama with Albert in the county jail, dying of some dread disease, and have a last minute marriage. This seemed to me a trifle somber, for a comedy. My own notion was that we ought to conclude the entertainment in some more snappy manner. Albert and his bride should be giving a dance at their palatial home, and there should be a lovely fade-out in the moonlight on the veranda. Albert hadn't kissed anyone during the entire picture, and this seemed a good spot for a kiss.

However, he decided against the jail scene and had two "thumping heart-felt finishes to "Willow Farm," all of which George pronounced to be the most execrable stuff he had come across in a long and busy life.

Then, with the hundred scenes undone, and no finish in sight, I suddenly quit. I didn't mean to quit, but the great forces within me simply curled up and died. Night after night, George entered my workroom and asked in vain for raw material.

"There isn't any more," I said to him, looking at him vacantly.

He refused to accept this fact for several days.

"You're going to write a finish for this picture," he announced, "or I'm going to knock your head off."

"You know I can't do it off and I can write just as good a finish as with it on." I answered, and there the matter rested.

George suddenly melted one evening, after a sumptuous meal. He seemed to become nearly human and appreciative. He said:

"Woo. He walked over to where I was looking gloomily out into the rain and slapped me on the back.

"Bill," he said earnestly, "you're doing your best. Of course, it wasn't much, but it was your best. You can go home. I'll finish this thing myself."

I left the spot hurriedly. There was a mail train leaving town the next evening, and I took it, breathing a long, happy sigh. George sat down, wrote the remainder of "Willow Farm," and shot it to the world. Without the slightest feeling of compensation, I can say that he nearly ruined my entire picture. The celluloid result, as afterward shown in our best theaters, is one of the worst motion pictures that can be truly described as good entertainment. But the finish is terrible.

Of course, I don't blame George, because he really tried hard. Months afterwards, when the tribulations of Pine Summit had sunk beyond the horizon, George and I emerged from a theater after watching the effect of the photoplay upon an audience of unusual inclinations."

"That's a pretty fair comedy after all," I remarked, as we stood in the overflowing crowd and listened to the comment. George granted no particular.

"It's the best tragedy that's been released this year," he admitted.

We then moved over to where the light was brighter, so that the people could step up and tell George how good it was.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Bilt Hart, now that he has a life partner to give him courage, has emerged from his silence to tell how the "big hitch" happened.

According to Bill's own story, their courtship began nearly three years ago when Miss Westover played opposite him in a picture called "John Pictoros." Bill had both guns with him at the time, not to mention his favorite white steed Pinto and his trusty rope, but lovely Winifred, he admits, soon had him broken, leggied—caged.

He adored her in silence, and though they were much together, and he did everything possible to show her the feeling he had in his heart, he couldn't get the necessary courage to propose.

At last she accepted an offer to go to Sweden, which is her native land though several generations removed to appear in pictures. Bill never forgot her, he declares, and while his name was being linked with that of other movie stars and an interested public was trying to marry him to the famous Mary Garden, he was true to the little blonde girl of his secret choice.

When she returned to America, after many months, Bill wired her immediately, asking her to come to California to appear with him in pictures. But she had signed a contract, soon after landing, with a New York firm, so the hero of the wild west decided that he get her to explain Bill Hart's recent move to New York.

Bill found his dream-girl even more wonderful than he had remembered her. They spent several quiet, but happy weeks getting re-acquainted, and more in love every day and determined that at last he had really fallen a victim to the little warrior with the bow and arrow.

But Bill is strong and beautiful and my own shortcomings were so many that I just didn't have the courage to ask her," Bill told me shortly after the ceremony, and I went away to far off California again. And I love her and I hope that she will marry me. Thank God, she answered by wire and said she would, and she did.

For years Bill was the subject of constant matrimonial rumors, linking his name with Mary Garden, and recently with that of Jane Novak.

You Cannot Learn Acting By Mail

Here is a new one. A concern in Jackson, Michigan, advertises in Photoplay that for ten cents they will send you a "Twelve-hour talent-tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude." It is billed as a novel, instructive and valuable work. Any publication that is dealing mainly with the acting field and realize they are accepting money to bunco their readers. Motion picture acting cannot be taught by mail and we have yet to learn of any of the many who have been of any benefit commensurate with the amount charged. Can you imagine the laugh a mail order agent would get if he presented his correspondence to a casting director? If you have been stung by any of these fakirs, write to the Editor of Photoplay. They are the bunk. Photoplay is doing a little investigation of these so-called schools. One of the Photoplay staff has just taken a course and the results, when they are published, are going to be a scream. Incidentally, post office officials and district attorneys are cooperating. Now watch them scuttle for the dung-outs!

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
729 Seventh Avenue,
(s) New York City, N. Y.
(b) Maurice Tourneur, Calter City, Cal.
(b) Thos. H. Jack, Calter City, Cal.
(b) C. S. Thompson, Calter City, Cal.
(b) Mack Sennett, Calter City, Cal.
(b) Marshall Nelan, Goldwyn Studios, Calter City, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 68 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America,
113 West 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 455 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(b) Pierre Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
(b) Lasky, Calter City, Cal.
(b) British Paramount (s) Polto St., Islington, London, England.
(b) Relais, 459 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
(b) 411 N. Osceola Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., 6 West 45th St., New York.
(b) R. A. Wallace, 537 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) and Mrs. George De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
(b) Oscar Koster, Comedies, 1032 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
(b) Anita Stewart Co., 380 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(b) Louis B. Mayer Productions, 330 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(b) Allen Holubar, 1510 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) Norms and Constance Talmaide Studio, 918 East Hollywood, Calif.
(b) Katherine MacDougall Productions, George and Girard S. S., Los Angeles, Cal.
(b) David M. Hartford, Prod., 3724 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
(b) Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
(b) Chas. Ray, 1405 Fleming St., Los Angeles, California Boulevard Inspiration Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
(b) FOX FILM CORP., 610 and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) GABSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 AESlado St., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) GOLDWIN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Currier Court, New York.
(b) HAMPTON, JESSIE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) Louis W. STERLING, 4534 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) LACKNER FILM MFG. CO., 1330 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
(b) SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York; (s) 807 East 15th St., New York, and Fort Lee, N. J.
(b) UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 727 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(b) Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 41st St., New York, and Raymond and Gabertes Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
(b) Pathé Exchange, Pathé Bldg., 25 45th St., New York, N. Y.; (s) 600 and Park Ave., New York City.
(b) R-C Productions, 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) Theatre Bldg., 102 West 35th St., New York City.
(b) Ritson, 727 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 424 Broadway, Las Angeles.
(b) 4010 Tenth Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS of photoplays, short stories, poems, new paper articles, send today for FREE, helpful booklet, "Successful Writing." WALTER'S DIGEST, 5-611-D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

FOOL DAYS—Fox

ST. JOHN'S clowning becomes a bit monotonous in this burlesque of "School Days," but his mechanical devices contain many a helpful hint for the housewife (nice alliteration). Napoleon, the monkey, is almost uncannily clever—as usual. He almost makes one lose faith in the supremacy of the w. k. human race.

THE FIRE EATER—Universal

HOOT Gibson—a bit more appealing and boyish than the general run of wild-westers—works, in this picture, through a smoke screen. As a government ranger he is more attractive than efficient. There is an exceedingly realistic forest fire—an oasis of interest in a badly built plot. A family film.

THE ROOF TREE—Fox

MURDER, a pilgrimage from Virginia to Kentucky, a false friend, a charming girl—and William Russell. What more could an ambitious box office dream? Though the story is slight the suspense is well sustained through the first half. For the rest—a decorative family tree, an equally decorative Sylvia Breamer, and titles with a southern accent. Rather strong for children.

FOOTFALLS—Fox

A PRISON drama, with an excellent idea lurking somewhere in the background. This idea, however, has been lost in the chaff of a careless and crude production. and is only visible at odd intervals. The result is a picture that is dreary without being dramatic.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIAR—First National

CATHERINE MacDONALD'S beauty is amazing, at times. But her acting ability is not to be classed with her beauty. She seldom rises above posing—although, in all fairness, this story gives her little chance. A startling likeness, an impersonation, a rich young man—old stuff! Charles Meredith plays the r. y. m. and Joseph J. Dowling makes good as an old Scotch clerk.

A QUESTION OF HONOR—First National

A YOUNG engineer building a dam, a villain saying many of them, Anita Stewart in knickers and a tweed Norfolk, and Sierra scenery. There is much plot, much dynamite, and Walt Whitman as a grizzled old woman-hater. The villain is, of course, put in his place while the engineer (Edward Hearn) and heroine become an affectionate fade-out. Old stuff, but the children may like it.

A BRIDE OF THE GODS—First National

A FINE story by a good author—hacked into a distorted mass of situations that do not ring true. What might have been an interesting drama of India, of love and pride and sacrifice, fails to register. James Morrison has his moments, Marguerite De La Motte is beautiful, and, as the small boy, Frankie Lee is unusually convincing. Don't take the children.

(Continued on page 116)
THE SHADOW STAGE
(Concluded)

NO PARKING—Christie

HERE is an amusing little comedy, dealing
with a pair of newlyweds who find that they cannot get a commission on any
apartment houses because they happen to be
cumbersome with a baby and a dog.
So they invest in a portable house with
various results. The more or less happy pair
are well played by Helen Darling and Neal
Burns, and the supporting cast (consisting of
the baby and the dog) is somewhat more
than adequate.

PARDON MY FRENCH—Goldwyn

The odor of uncurbed ham is prevalent
throughout this time-honored trouser comedy;
but no laughs it that it inspires are of
a decidedly uncomplimentary nature.
The "plot" concerns the activities of a
dramatic troupe with a "novel" rich
Kicks. Vivian Martin does what she can, but
"Pardon My French" remains inexcusably bad.

THREE POLA NEGRI PICTURES

IN the space of one year, Pola Negri has
established herself as a decisive sensation
with American motion pictures. She has
had three startling successes, "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and "One Arabian Night." It was only logical
that in view of this amazing success, a number
of her old admirers should be interested and
unlocked on the American public.

Three such films have lately appeared—
"Vendetta" (Howells), the "Last Payment," and
"The Red Peacock" (company). The first two of these will certainly tend to
injure Miss Negri's popularity. Although
she displays the same emotional intensity,
the same elemental force, that characterized
her work in "Passion," and the rest, the two
productions are so frightfully shoddy that
no amount of effort on Miss Negri's part
can lift them above the level of mediocrity.
The costumed, scenaried (supposedly
"modern") are reminiscent of an "East
Lynne" road company of the vintage of 1888,
and the photography has a decidedly
Cliché-quality, making all ball scenes are
ludicrous beyond words.

In "The Red Peacock," however, Miss
Negri has much more material to work with,
and the result is a strongly dramatic picture.
It is a very slight variation of the old
"Camille" theme, with the usual clumpy climax.
The production itself is only fair, but the
supporting cast is good, and the scenario well
constructed (a quality which is regrettably rare in foreign films).

SHATTERED DREAMS—Universal

When a shell-shocked Apache from the
wiles of Paris and a blonde
slept up together—well, the
children are home. And stay home with them.
Mrs. D. Bunt (has she a first name?)
supplies a laugh or two when she puts
her statue—her big moments fall very
flat.

GLEAM O'DAWN—Fox

JOHN GILBERT, a new star, does splen-
did work in a unique and well directed
drama. Even the interest of the story is well sustained and
there are certain tense moments when knives
fly in the freight. Wilson Hummel is
splendid both as a, crazy fiddler, and Edwin
Tilton is the heavy father. Almost a fam-
ous film.
Photoplay for April
will be out March 15th

BECAUSE of certain readjustments
we have made, we are now able to
change our publication date from the 1st
of the month to the 15th. The gain to
you is in time.

FIRST: We have perfected arrange-
ments that permit still quicker action
between the arrival of news stories in the
torial offices and their issuance from
the press.

SECOND: By printing at a later date
than hitherto, we can hold the forms
open for all the very latest developments
of special interest to you.

Photoplay is essentially a quality maga-
zine, both as to character of contents and
its mechanical appearance. But it is some-
thing more. Its service may fairly be
compared to that of a metropolitan daily.
To still further speed up, to perfect, this
service is the reason for our change in
publication date.

Remember!
From now on, Photoplay will go
on sale the 15th.

Underworld Life in
the Films
(Continued from page 67)

Also, he is much given to dancing; and
here again he has his own individual style.
He puts both arms tightly about the lady,
as if wrestling, makes a mean face, humps
his back, and moves about in the menacing,
lugubrious manner of so-called Apache
dancers in musical-comedy olos.

Speaking of the ladies of the screen's
underworld, it must, in justice, be set down,
that the female burglar, without exception,
is chemically pure. Her working partner,
in fact, has never so much as implanted even
a chaste and fraternal kiss upon her brow.
This state of almost unearthly virtue is no
doubt due to the fact that the lady crook
of the films really detests her career of
crime, and constantly longs for the sweet,
simple domestic life of the bourgeois house-
wife. It is her longing for her man con-
tene and all he represents, which, when he
endeavors to woo her, brings on the emo-
tional climax that turns her into a Pollyanna.
All the submerged good in her nature leaps
to the surface; she Sees the Light, and
makes a dash for liberty and righteousness.

The burglars of the screen are very su-
ceptible to the influence of small children in
canton-flannel night-suits. They simply
can't proceed with their devilish work if
they happen to be robbing a house where
one of these infants appears unexpectedly.

The minute a film burglar is mistaken for
Santa Claus or some other honest and be-
volent individual, he goes all to pieces.
With the cops at the door, breaking in, he
is unable to leave until he has carried the
child to its crib and carefully tucked it in.
And, by thus lining his, he is not infrequently
cought.

His virtue, however, is invariably re-
warded, for the child's father (who is a
millionaire merchant) makes him his private
secretary, and later on gives him his beauti-
ful daughter in marriage, and takes him
into the firm.

In fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred
crooks of the screen's underworld reform
and go in for honest careers, such as plum-
ing or waiting on table. A large number
of them even retire to a cottage in the coun-
try and devote their declining years to
sprouting spuds and battling with the bol-
weevil.

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 89)

Tony J.—Gordon Edwards took a com-
pany to Italy to film "Nero" for Fox. He
has made his picture in Rome. Violet
Mersereau is the only American in the cast.
I understand Edwards directed "The Queen
of Sheba" for Fox; and he was Theda Bara's
guide, philosopher and friend when the
original "vamp" made "Salome" and "Du
Barry." I don't know Mr. Edwards per-
sonally, but I have heard good things of
him, chiefly from Marguerite Clark and her
sister Cora, old friends of his, who are
devoted to him and Mrs. Edwards.

Ruth—I don't like to disappoint you,
but I didn't miss your letters at all. I hope
you had a good time abroad. Of course I
am just jealous because I can't go to Europe
myself. And now you come back and want
to know about one of those French pro-
ducers. Abel Gance is celebrated as a play-
wright and a picture director. His "J'accuse,"
which in English means "I Accuse," was
shown here not long ago. He is young and
unmarried, I believe. (Continued on page 110)
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 118)

PORTIA J, CHICAGO.—You wish the Editor would give me more space in the Magazine? Do you want me to go into a study of the subject? But I don't mean well; if I inspired you as you say, I am even willing to go into a steady decline. Honestly, it makes me happy to have your apparently sincere appreciation. I think it is Tom himself who is responsible for the good performances Tom Moore has been giving. After all, a director can't make you act if it isn't in you. I've always thought Tom a fine actor.

E. P., PATTERTON, N. J.—One of the height hounds. Well, Rod La Rocque and Alan Hale are each six feet tall. Norman Kerry is five feet, nine inches. Charles Meredith one inch shorter than Kerry.

DOROTHY:—Bless your modest little heart! You say, "We can't all be great because then there wouldn't be any applause." Quiet right; but I think with your own viewpoint you stand a very good chance for success. You must follow our Screen Opportunity or Quest for New Faces. Read about it in the April issue. George Fawcett, that great actor and gentleman, may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. I am sure he will answer your letter.

THE BAT—Sorry not to have answered you sooner, but it can't be helped. Mail seems to have tripled in the last month. You are one of my first favorites, however, said the king. Claude Gillingwater—a splendid player. Besides his first screen appearance in "Don Juan" as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he plays the old Captain in Jackie Coogan's newest picture, "My Boy"; and also has a leading role in Rupert Hughes' latest Goldwyn, "Remembrance." Gillingwater was on the stage in "Three Wise Fools.

E. C., ST. PAUL.—Chester Conklin was born in Oskaaloosa, Iowa. Somehow that seems fitting: that Chester Conklin should have been born in Oskaaloosa, Iowa.

JANUARY.—It happens to be March, but that's all right. I can't possibly be a critical department, you know. You'll have to read the Shadow Stage for the reviews. Once in a while I may give my opinion of a picture; but I don't make a habit of it. Lottie Pickford is now Mrs. Allan Forrest. She has definitely retired from the screen, I believe. Her daughter by her former marriage to George Albert Rupp has been adopted by her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and makes her home with the Pickfords at Long Island City. Studio of the Paramount company is still closed. They are concentrating on the production at the west coast studios.

VALERIA C.—Many, many thanks. Bert Sprotte was born in Ussus, Schleswig-Holstein. His name may be an assumed one but we have no record of the fact, nor of his age. Write again. Now—I haven't many Polish correspondents.

W. P. P., JONESBORO, ARK.—Shirley Mason was in "The Little Wanderer." She is the original Pollyanna-girl of the screen—always smiling. Sometimes I wish she wouldn't. Bebe Daniels was the King's Favorite in "Male and Female." Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson were the leading players in that Cecil deMille drama.

HELEN M. K., INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.—Plays for the production of "Faust" have been a success. Censorship is the case. They would never let him get away with "Faust"—that immortal story. But Lillian Gish will, I feel sure, do "Marguerite" some day; and she will be exquisitely. Her portrayal in "Orphan of the Storm" is another achievement. Hope Hampton has done "Star Dust"; it is a good picture. William Lawrence in "Body and Soul." Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayers, and Elliott Dexter in "The Affairs of Anatole." You're rather welcome.

LILLIAN L., CADERBURST, L. I.—I doubt if Talmadge will ever correspond with you. She is a very busy person. You might write to her for her photograph. Florence Lawrence came back to the screen in "The Woman in New York" at present. Leon Gondron in "Scrambled Wives." Address him care First National, 6 West 49th Street, New York City.

ESSIE.—Clarine Seymour died in New York City, following an operation, in May, 1920. She was about twenty-one. Yes, she would have appeared in "Way Down East," in the role assumed by Mary Hay, "The Girl Who Stayed At Home," The Ides, etc. They were all great pictures by the D.W. Griffith. Everybody believed her to have a bright future.

BARTON H., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Whether or not Mr. Conway Tearle's contract with Selnick has expired, it is matter for speculation. I know that Tearle was appearing in a stage play, "The Mad Dog," that died. Now I hear that he is soon to go to California to play opposite Nora Talmadge again. Yes—he is still married to Adele Rowland, the musical comedy and vaudeville star.

OZA.—What a wonderful popular song could be written around your name—Oza! Mary Pickford's first husband was Owen Moore. Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke." Wally is thirty-one. Thomas Meihan is in the west as I write this but as you read this he will be only thirty in the east—he commutes, you know.

ENA, WINDSOR, COLORADO.—Mary Pickford really played the two roles in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." At times she used a double, but all the other scenes were made by the use of double exposure, a camera trick. I can't go into the explanation of how the thrills were obtained in Harold Lloyd's "High and Dizzy" and "Neck Weaken;" but Harold and company took real risks to get them.

BUDDY.—Thanks so much. I really appreciate your kind thoughts. So you flunked ancient history two years in prep school? Congratulations. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Raymond Hatton, and Jimmy Rogers were the stars in that fine film, "Jes' Call Me Jim." Life is much fun for our best actors. I like him, and John Henry, Jr., and Strongheart, as well as anybody.

E. B. ROBERTA.—Monroe Salisbury? Monroe seems not to be working very hard these days. His latest picture was "The Barbarian," released through Pioneer; and that is not very late.

(Continued on page 122)
chapter xxxii

Let's get down to business," said Claymore, the famous director. "You've a—oh—well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and you're now being called before the judge and the jury. You feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge; yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father of the child was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die."

She was all atremble, and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. His impression of Remember Steedon was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

He continued goading her. "Wring your hands! That's it! Now let the tears come!"

She felt a fool, a guilty fool. The music, the lights, the director's voice—all, all was insanity. But it swept her heart-strings with an Eolian thrill, and they sang with a mad despair.

She vaguely knew that the camera crank had ceased to purr, but her suffering went on. She could not stop crying. Continue this great story in the February Red Book Magazine.

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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions should be answered. This department is supplemental to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found on this issue on pages 32 and 53.

L. L., NEW ORLEANS.—A high white dress with huge white girdle, and does hair brushed straight from the forehead. To make your face seem wider, band your hair across your forehead, wearing it low on the neck. You know best what coiffure becomes you. Practice dressing your hair in different styles until you happen upon that which suits you best.

BETTY.—You should wear straight-line clothes. For evening: mauve chiffon, with a wide silver girdle and silver slippers, would be more becoming and more simple than gold color. Surely you should be able to wear gowns without sleeves. If you have pretty arms, not too thin.

MRS. J. K., PELHAM, N. Y.—The combination of taffeta and organdy is very nice for the spring. Embroidered organdy is always charming. I do not tire of the old, reliable colors, such as deep browns and blues and greens. But if you do, why not wear a light-olive—green—mauve orchid? I wish you would look at the three frocks designed by Bon Ton for Elsie Ferguson, in the fashion pages this month in Photoplay Magazine. They are the most delightful designs I have seen—so suitable, fulfilling almost every need.

GLADYS, IOWA.—I am not convinced that you need to use rouge. Powder—yes; of the shade naturelle. You can, with your height and figure, easily wear flipply flouncy stuff, but your coloring is also, is convenient—you can affect the colder colors, and still be able to wear the softer hues. You are extremely fortunate, and with everything in your favor sartorially, it is absolutely up to you to acquire the necessary poise.

GERALDINE F., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—You wish to tell you how to develop personality. There is no formula, my dear child. But you can make yourself well-liked and loved, by meeting interesting people, proving yourself adaptable, kindly, and for bearing, and cultivating the better things of existence: fine plays, books, music and companionship.

JEAN, TOPEKA, KANSAS.—If you make your own clothes, you must, by all means, follow the Bon Ton designs. You are permitted all the amiable patterns, all those which are practical and absolutely the last word in good taste and beauty. The evening gown designed for Miss Elsie Ferguson by Bon Ton, in this issue, is particularly adaptable to your needs. Have you seen that lovely tint known as "ashes of roses"? It would be very pretty for evening.

H. G., BALTIMORE.—Do not wear such a stiff sailor. It is not at all becoming to you. You are not, it is true, the fluffy ingenue type; but neither are you the tailored type. Try to wear hats with irregular brims; and frocks of graceful lines. Don't attempt to gain weight unless you are actually thin, which the kodak picture tells me you are not. I am sorry if this answer seems to be all don'ts; but I am very much interested in you and your problems of dress and want to help you.

B. M. CANTON, OHIO.—If your mother objects—really objects—to bobbed hair, I have nothing to say. If, however, she has simply said she does not like because it is too common, or too untidy, you might attempt to do something with the work on your hair, and tell her you are ready for it. Do not "iriz" it. Wear it straight, with bangs over your forehead.

PEARL, FRESNO, CAL.—Do you read or consider as much? If you do, the strained look and the lines about your eyes are natural. First, consult an oculist. Then, if he says your eyes are in good condition, try a massage every night before retiring with a good cold cream.

MRS. B. C. TARRYTOWN.—All of the College preparations are very good. I have used them myself and can therefore recommend them.

SUSAN F., INDIANAPOLIS.—Despite your demure name, your photograph shows you as the Latin type—vivid, colorful. Then you can wear the striking shades: flame color for evening; deep mulberry or henna for street wear.

ANNA HOTCHKISS, OAKLAND, CAL.—I am very glad indeed to note that women are taking such an interest in late in suitable colors. In this day of haphazard shopping, it is gratifying to know that I have made a few of you stop and think before hastily purchasing some inappropriate frock or hat. Caps are very good right now, for afternoon or sports wear; opening of the season, unless you wish to wear boots. I think hiking costumes of breeches and boots and straight boyled jacket are successful if you have the necessary slim silhouette.

EDNA, NASHVILLE.—I cannot give you the patterns for the dresses worn by the screen stars whose photographs have been published from time to time in Photoplay. But beginning this month, you will be able to get patterns of beautiful frocks, particularly designed for screen celebrities such as Elsie Ferguson. May I offer my congratulations on your employment? I should like to be asked to help with the treatments? May I?

M. J., RUTHERFORD, N. J.—A very simple little frock for a sixteen-year-old would be of rose, or blue, georgette crepe, made with a round neck edged with silver ribbon, very short sleeves, and streamers of the ribbon. Knots of French blue rosebuds would be attractive as a girdle. Make the skirt short and full. V neck little drop, full, and sweet and unsimpled and I would not like to see her continue to curl her hair. Artificiality is never convincing, and it is incongruous with youth. At sixteen, sophistication can in no way be desirable, and it is up to a wise mother to disabuse her daughter's mind of any such ideas. I am sure you can do it without seeming to preach.
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Will show reduction taking place in 11 days, or money refunded. Results are usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your $3 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in the advertisement, is the discoverer of this soft rubber, and writes a few inquirers. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently, for same Reducer worn nightly, morning and noon. By a unique manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disappearates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the pores or by diuresis. Thus not only is the condition improved for years. Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully used and is well thought of. It is EASIER TO USE THAN A DIET, and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicating or exercise. Will generally be effective everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of $3.50 plus $1.00 for the book. Read your Fat Reducer today. Remember, 11 days or your money back.

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp, and your hair will be healthier and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The B. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

This history of the pictures will be told in the living affairs and movements of the men and women who have made the pictures and who have been made by the pictures.

It will relate their obscure beginnings, their struggles, triumphs, loves and marriages—hundreds of facts which have never before been printed.

It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main—more splendor than a Rome, and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

Seeking the writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, Photoplay has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today; old enough to have had an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development.

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Moral

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A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
Pola Negri in "Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in "Thron of Lost Valley"
Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production
John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett
"Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes,
Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers
Gloria Swanson in Elnor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"
Mia May in "My Man"
Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production
Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Milners
From the play by Booth Tarkington and
Harry Leon Wilson
Ages Ayres in "The Odeal"
Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
By George M. Cohen
From the novel by Edward Peple
Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan
Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"Over the Border"
with Betty Compson and Tom Moore
A PenwynStanlaw's Production
"Sisters" By Kathleen Norris
A Cosmopolitan Production
George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
with Dorothy Dalton
Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade
Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"
Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquered"
By Hamilton Smith
Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice
Mia May in "Truth Conquers"
Ages Ayres in "The Days of Us"
By Rachel Croters
"The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing Pollock
and Renald Wolfl
A Cosmopolitan Production
Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Swva"
By Ewart Adamson

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI No. 5

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Remember that Photoplay comes out the 15th of the month.

Do not accept a substitute.

PHOTOPLAY changed its date of publication from the 1st to the 15th of the month because, by issuing two weeks later, it can give its readers all the very latest news of the motion picture world and can publish reviews in the magazine as soon as they are shown in any of the theaters. This is impossible in a magazine that publishes away ahead of the date of its issue.

You will be repaid when you wait until the 15th of the month for PHOTOLAY. No magazine in the motion picture field can compete with it in timeliness.
The GREATER RESPONSIBILITY

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But the manufacturer of products which affect the public health, pharmaceutical products for instance, assumes a far greater responsibility. For if his goods are not absolutely dependable they may do to the unsuspecting user a serious injury.

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.
729 Seventh Ave., N.Y. (s) 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Toretour, Culver City, Calif.
Thos. H. Enye, Culver City, Calif.
J. Parker Read, R. P. Robinson, Culver City, Calif.
Mark Sennett, Edendale, Calif.

Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6647 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Eime Vigor, Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

J. L. Frazhmann, Eisholtz Studios, 5300 Metro Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5341 Metro Ave, Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 57th Seventh Ave., N.Y. C.

FAMOUS-PLAYER-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 445 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.

Lesly, Hollywood, Calif.

Realsart, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 44th St., New York.


Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.


Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Holubar, 1530 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.

David M. Harford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

Chas. Bay, 4521 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Richard Barthesmeh Inspiration Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

TOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 53rd St., New York; (e) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

GABSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Glendale, Calif.

GOLDYNE FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Calif.

HAMILTON, JESSIE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif.

HARTT, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Calif.

LOIS WEISBURG STUDIOS, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N.Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.

NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, INC., 445 Seventh Ave., N.Y. C. (s) 2nd Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.

PACIFIC PRODUCTIONS, INC., 445 Seventh Ave., N.Y. C. (s) 2nd Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 35 W. 14th St., New York; (s) 1416 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

PATHE PRODUCTIONS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 720 Columbus Ave., New York.

B-CIELD PICTURES, 1446 Broadway, New York; (s) 720 Columbus Ave., New York.

PANE PRODUCTIONS, 1416 Lafayette Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

R-CIELD PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Culver Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) 1425 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

ROTHACKER MFG. CO., 1309 Diversary Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind.

SCHILD PRODUCTIONS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N.Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.

UNITED ARTISTS PRODUCTION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

SCHULTZ PRODUCTIONS, INC., 1446 Broadway, New York; (s) 2nd Ave. and 12th St., N. Y. C.

VITAGRAH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 101 Ave., New York; (s) 3rd Ave. and 24th St., and Locust Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1108 Madison Ave., N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM CO., 1940 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Calif.

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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-mannered.
They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious.
They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to say and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer their chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.
It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear, that one can be always at ease in all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain universal rules of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circle do not. They are uncom- fortably and embarrassed.
People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately, for you know that to them these rules are observed, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease, even though they are self-conscious, their timidity. By know- ing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here’s the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little ques- tions of conduct confront us. Do we know what to do to be happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? Must sugar be taken up with the fingers?
There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise and leave the table for the cup of tea? Should he take it or set it down on the table? Should the server offer to fill the cup for the man? Should he say thank you?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do things that are wrong. But etiquette tells us what just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how correct you are. Do you know the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer:

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? What if a man leaves a woman, does she take the cup or the man?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one’s true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be handled on the right or on the left? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of the right hand to be used or only the right fingers?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to each? When he enters the street car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman’s fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman’s arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with well-bred children and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a series of carefully compiled, authoritative guide to- wards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best forms on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend’s private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. It has chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments.

Attractive, beautifully illustrated, charming, and not expensive, the Book of Etiquette is the only book of its kind you can read and be able to remember. It tells you what to do and say in all cases, it will prepare you for any emergency, it will enable you to hold your own with the most cultivated people.

Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?
How to write invitations, announcements, acknowledgments?
How to register at a hotel?
How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment?
How to plan home and church weddings?
How to use table silver in the proper way?
How to do at all times, under all conditions, the cultured, correct thing?

Send No Money

To enable everyone everywhere to examine the fa- mous Book of Etiquette, without obligation, we make this offer special to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at our expense.

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Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

Can your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear or do ugly little blackheads become visible?

Blackheads are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way, to a more stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn sensation will disappear, and you will notice how much firmer and clearer your skin is becoming.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

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A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder; together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

THERE is an old world flavor to Elsie Ferguson's portrayals. To the fragrant memories of a day before ours she adds this portrait: that of the heroine of "The Varying Shore," which celebrates Miss Ferguson's return to the stage.
WE DON'T blame you for believing this to be the newest child actress of the films. She scarcely looks as if she were one of the most brilliant writers of her age. Anita Loos possesses that unusual combination: real beauty and brains.
YOU may scorn them and you may disdain them; you may say there are no real ingenues in the world such as those played by Maryon Aye on the screen. But there is something so believable about Maryon! She is in the shorter comedies
Proof that popularity and prestige mean more than actual stardom: Conrad Nagel, Esq. No matter how harrowingly dramatic his roles may be, Conrad remains ever and always the gentleman. Perhaps that is because he really is one!
GRIZEL—you whimsical, charming child—where have you been? We've seen a little girl who looks like you, performing in pale problem plays; but we still have a hope that some day the real May MeAvoy will come back
No star in celluloid has had the literary trials and tribulations of Norma Talmadge. This admittedly great emotional actress, continually miscast, manages to hold her own, proving that, no matter what happens, real art will out
THEY say that Madge Bellamy has a brain beneath that crop of curls. However that may be, Madge has earned her place among the important princesses of the pictures because of her patrician appeal. She is a Thomas H. Ince protegee.
Are your blouses giving you service like this?

50 washings — no breaks, even in the hand drawn work
— no loss of color, even in the ecru filet

The ecru georgette blouse in the picture — photographed after 50 washings with Ivory Soap Flakes — shows the service you can get from your georgettes and silks, if you give them the right kind of care.

The right kind of care consists of frequent, harmless washings to prevent the acids in soil and perspiration from drying in and rotting the material.

To be harmless, these washings must be rubless because rubbing roughens and splits silken fabrics. The water must only be lukewarm, since hot water dulls the lustre of silk and fades delicate colors. And, of course, the soap must be pure, because free alkali and other harsh chemicals do more harm to silk fibre and delicate colors than perspiration acids, hot water, and rubbing, combined.

To meet all these requirements, it simply is necessary to use Ivory Soap Flakes. Ivory Flakes melts into suds at the touch of warm water — makes the cleansing of a blouse or a piece of lingerie the work of just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl.

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IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer.

For the rubless washing of silks, wools, georgettes, and all fine fabrics.
Just Shadows

We call the silver screen a world of make-believe, a magic land of Far Away, where impossible hopes are broken and improbable dreams come true.

We call the life stories enacted, and the people who enact them, mere shadows.

And yet—what are we, ourselves, but shadows?

Our film of life—it may be a long one, unrolls across the years. Or it may be the shortest of two reelers—destined to a sudden, unexpected close.

Through a series of brave adventures we may go until we meet the Last Brave Adventure of All. Or we may creep quietly along, in the simplest of tragic comedies, to the end.

The Great Scenario Writer—we wonder what He has written into our script? Whether He has given life and laughter to us? Or whether our portion shall be the ashes and the embers and the bitterness?

We wonder whether our story will sparkle and scintillate and glow until it brings light into the darkest of corners—or whether it will be a failure—known only by the few who happened to pause for a moment, and quite lost tomorrow.

We wonder whether we will be cast for a star part or whether the Great Director will give the lead to another player.

We long for the heights of Achievement, and when we cannot reach those heights, we feel the keen anguish of disappointment.

And yet, in the final analysis, even that anguish and disappointment will be filed away with the dusty negatives of a forgotten yesterday. For they, too, are only shadow shapes.

Are our careers any less amazing, after all, than those that we follow in the tense darkness of some crowded motion picture theater? Are our hopes any more impossible, our dreams any less probable?

Do our small bits of success mean any more to us than their shadow strivings mean to them? Are we not knowing, every hour, the varying shades and expressions of a fiction existence?

Does fulfilment come to us with any greater degree of certainty—does failure embrace us with any less of cruel force? We cannot help wondering. . .

Shadows they are, certainly—the personalities that we know upon the silver sheet, and the stories that they live in. But they are none the less real because they are shadows.

For we—as we go on, living our lives each day, are shadows too.

Just shadows, destined to flicker on and on, until the film breaks.
The Romantic

By TERRY RAMSAYE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE herewith begins the publication of the first history of the motion picture. The mechanical evolution of the art has been written often. But this is a story of Men, not Things.

The greater annals, the romance of the development of the screen as an institution, have until now been unrecorded.

It is a curiously woven fabric, iridescent with spectacular ruin and sparkling success. Great hopes have perished, small hopes have flowered. Wars have raged, peace been made and new wars begun. Giant chiefs have risen for their hour of dominance, and vanished.

Honors and wealth have fallen alike on some who desired and many who were lucky. Out of the throng in the gold rush of the first decade of the films scarcely half a dozen names survive in the industry now.

The man who first beckoned the public to the screen was rewarded with failure and poverty. He went out into a living oblivion from which years later he emerged, a relic of ambition, for one bitterly dramatic day, and died. Eleven

Two years before, in 1886, Edward Muybridge, one of many investigators who had attained some promising success with his experimental work in recording motion, had called upon Edison. Muybridge had made some pictures of a running horse, taken with a row of cameras, in California. He had arrived at an instrument for showing these pictures,

"It isn't worth it," Edison decided when his lawyer wanted to make application for patents on the motion picture abroad
History of the Motion Picture

A STORY OF FACTS MORE FASCINATING THAN FICTION

years have passed and his name is forgotten. Through and across it all the motion picture has pursued its destiny with the force of empire, greater than the men who conceived it, greater than the men who made it — as great as the people it serves. Some remarkable discoveries have come in the quest of this tale, uncovering incidents and facts buried in the film’s stampede of progress.

The telling embodies the confidences of many makers of screen history who have never talked before. Here and there some long standing myths and misplaced honors have been exposed. The search has been most exciting, tracing always the thread, often attenuated and tangled, that connects the humble beginnings of then with the proud attainments of now.

producing in a highly limited way a sort of an illusion of motion. He called it the “Zoopraxoscope.” He showed these pictures to Edison.

Nothing seems to have developed out of that meeting in West Orange at the time. Muybridge went back to his laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania and went on with his experiments. Edison was not yet ready to take up any new problems. At this time he was very busy with work on the phonograph.

AND in this story the phonograph will develop as an extraordinary influence. The fact that Edison had it so absorbingly on his mind at this time seems to have extended a coloration over his later work on the motion picture. The talking machine was to set many precedents for the “seeing machine,” in odd, remotely related directions.

As he worked along on the phonograph Edison got to thinking about, as he says it, “a device that should do for the eye what the phonograph did for the ear.”

In 1888 a period of something like relaxation in Edison’s busy career arrived. He had done great things. The phonograph was a definite commercial success, even though not entirely perfected. Also earnings were coming in from his electric light and power enterprises at a considerable rate. There was time to play.

Now when Edison wanted to play he usually went into his laboratory and set about inventing something he considered trivial. His spirit in approaching the problem of making the motion picture was something akin to what one might fancy of Foch playing chess, or Galli-Curci singing the neighbor’s baby to sleep, or Charlie Chaplin cutting up antics in the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

After some preliminary consideration Edison called to him a capable young Englishman who had been on his staff of workers and researchers for several years. W. K. L. Dickson, full name William Kennedy Laurie Dickson. This is a name to recur often and significantly in the first ten years of the motion picture.

Dickson had been variously employed on Edison projects, among them the Edison General Electric plant at Schenectady and the ore milling plant at Edison, New Jersey. Besides being a general experimenter Dickson was an able photographer in the days when they were few. A great deal that survives pictorially of the early history of Edison’s works is from his camera. It was this photographic ability that led Edison to select Dickson for his motion picture researches.

Mysterious Room Five at the Edison laboratories at West Orange. Edison’s favorite spot, was selected as the workshop for the picture experiments. Room Five was under lock and watch day and night. There was a little wicket in the door where materials could be passed in or word given out. Only Dickson and Edison came and went at first. Then presently one or two other workers were called at times to do their little bit and go. No one ventured there unless he were called.

EDISON was inclined to go as far as he might with keeping anything evolved, pertaining to the motion picture, as a trade secret, as long as he could. As an experimenter, Edison had a great deal of patience, and probably because he always used so much of it in the laboratory he had none at all elsewhere. He was decidedly out of patience with the courts on the basis of his patent experiences.

By early autumn in 1888 the work had gone far enough to lead Edison to seek what protection there might be in the patent office by the filing of a caveat. A caveat was a process, now no longer in use, by which an inventor, having conceived an idea, could establish certain rights of priority and protection pending the working out of the project.

“Room Five” at the Edison research laboratories in West Orange housed a mystery that was guarded by lock and key
A young man from Virginia went to the World's Fair at Chicago and saw opportunity in the "living pictures"

In Edison's caveat he set forth rather comprehensively all that the motion picture was to be, even including projection on the theater screen. His words indicated, as read in the light of today, that he foresaw the whole motion picture, even as it is today. But Edison's subsequent activities did not materialize completely all of the enthusiasms of his caveat. It was destiny that he was to go but a part of the way toward the completed attainment. Or, perhaps, it is more accurate to say that he deliberately chose to go only a part of the way.

Other experimenters were busy. Wallace Gould Levison, in Brooklyn, was working with glass photographic plates on a wheel. Dr. E. J. Marey, in Paris, was making progress with a glass disc in a photographic gun. Louis Aime Augustin Le Prince, in Leeds, England, was striving with a many-lensed camera and strips of sensitized paper. In Germany, Anschutz, an optical worker, was experimenting in the same direction.

Edison, who kept himself rather well informed, recognized at once the shortcomings of these materials. He was to go an independent way.

But the impress of the phonograph idea was deep, and it is with no surprise that, now after years we are permitted to survey the secrets of Room Five, we find Edison's first motion picture efforts concerned with trying to make pictures on what was practically a talking machine cylinder.

And just here it is interesting to record that, in applying some years before for patents covering the phonograph, Edison's claims covered both cylinder and disc talking machines. Also, that owing to a minor technicality the patent office held up the disc claims while allowing the cylinder patents. This seemed of little importance to the inventor.

"No matter," said Mr. Edison, when advised to modify the disc applications to conform to the patent office requirements, "the disc will never amount to anything, anyway."

Everyone knows what happened as a result of that slip. It empowered competition that won millions on the Edison idea. Technically the disc machine is probably inferior in a number of respects to the cylinder machine. But there were commercial reasons to arise that outweighed the technical factor in the exploitation of the phonograph. Edison's mistake was not a scientific error, but a commercial one.

All this is important here because in time we shall see the same sort of oversight in relation to the motion picture. Tremendous consequences were involved.

The cylinder motion picture device brought up many problems that often kept Dickson and Edison in Room Five, working hard far into the night.

Edison was sure that it was necessary to make about forty pictures a second in order to get a satisfactory illusion of motion. This meant that he must have a highly sensitive photographic material, also that he should be able to start and stop the revolution of the cylinder forty times in a second and hold it steady at every stop while a picture was being exposed. He attained these difficult things.

The little pictures on the cylinder were hardly so large as the end of a dance program pencil. They were photographed in spirals around the cylinder just like sound wave records of the phonograph. Edison was being controlled by that phonograph idea with extraordinary persistence.

From a little scratch in the wax cylinder he could fill a room with sound. From an almost equal record he was determined to fill it with pictures.

Together Edison and Dickson got this cylinder motion picture machine to work well enough to know that it did not offer an important probability of success.

The labor got tedious and trying. Room Five vaporized of high tension. This playtime job was getting serious.

Edison, the man who builted the mighty giants of the dynamo, who had made machines that crushed five ton boulders into dust like clods in the hands of a gardener, was all but stumped by a silly little device for making pictures that would dance.

For hours Edison would sit in abstraction, scratch pad in hand, puzzling over the picture. He sketched out one notion after another, discarding as rapidly as his thoughts grew. Losing the crumpled drawings away.

There was a lot of nagging nervously at his left eyebrow in that peculiar nervous mannerism of the inventor's moods of concentration.

Presently a better notion would come, a swift moment of rough drawing and then Dickson would get instructions to "try this."

And the rough sketches would be formally pasted into the Edison experiment record books on the motion picture and the work started.

Mr. Edison stuck to his task with grim tenacity.

He was making very little progress. He drew, without stint, upon the reservoirs of his energy, which, though apparently unlimited, seemed prodigious to those who knew his appetite for work.

The cylinder machine would make pictures, but they were exceedingly poor pictures.

Again and again, after each repulse, the attack was renewed with unabated ardor—with undiminished vigor.

The first acting for the motion pictures took place before that absurd little phonograph that was trying to be a camera.

And the first actor was Fred Ott, a mechanic and member of the staff, chosen because he was the jester of the

George Eastman was trying to improve the Kodak when he hit on celluloid film, the thing Edison was seeking
works. There were two Otts on the staff, John F. and Fred. And since Fred was the first of all motion picture actors, it is perhaps an obligation to history to set down how it happened there

A NUMBER of years before, when Edison's labors were concentrated on the third floor of a little frame building in Newark, John F. Ott, a mechanic, wandered into the room where Edison was working over a machine, disheveled and stained of shop dirt. Ott didn't know Edison and it probably would have been of no importance to him if he had.

"What do you want?" Edison asked without looking up.

"Work."

"Can you make this work?" Edison pointed to a heap of junk in a corner.

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"You needn't pay me if I don't."

Ott started in. He did not know what the machine was and he did not ask foolish questions. He tinkered until it was all in one piece. It proved to be a dynamo, the first he had seen. He made it work.

That job brought the Otts into the Edison organization and the historic beginnings of the motion picture. Fred Ott was the merry one. He laughed the loudest at Edison's funny stories and had some of his own.

Mr. Ott, first of all screen stars, has officially told his own story of how he behaved before the camera on those historic occasions. The authenticity of this is guaranteed, under the oath of Ott, sworn as a witness in the case of Thomas A. Edison vs. The American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, in equity No. 8286, before the day of picture press agents.

"I HAD a white cloth wound around me and then a little belt to tie it in around the waist so as not to make it too baggy—look like a balloon—and then tied around the head; and then I made a monkey of myself."

So the motion picture was born in slapstick comedy, staged in that solemn laboratory.

Many a little cylinder full of the gyrations of the monkey-shining Mr. Ott was recorded, and he got to be a fine monkey-shiner. Those were "the follies of 1888."

Edison was meanwhile puzzling considerably over photographic matters. Some place in Germany some one was making microscopic pictures of people and building machines, mounting them in tiny tubes with a speck of a lens to magnify them. They became popular toys. And the little pictures, no bigger than a pin head, were perfect. But never could the researchers find just how they were made.

At last the cylinder motion picture was abandoned. There must be a bigger picture, which meant other methods, Edison decided.

Then mysterious Room Five started to labor with attempts at some sort of film. A crude and flimsy tape of collodion, stuff like the liquid courtplaster that one puts on a cut finger, was made. It was rough and fragile, highly imperfect, but good enough to prove the correctness of the principle to the alert Edison.

There were many more notes for the laboratory records.

At about this time George Eastman, who conducted a business of manufacturing cameras and photomaterials, was putting out kodaks with paper films in them. Because of intricacies of the process the cameras had to be sent into the plant at Rochester to have the films developed and the camera loaded again. Eastman knew that there would never be a big amateur business on that basis. He had to have something better than those complicated paper films. Out of his quest came Eastman's celluloid film, the kodak material of today. Edison, now keeping in touch with things photographic, dispatched Dickson to Rochester for a sample.

Edison examined the film in Room Five.

"That's it—we've got it—now we can work like hell."

AND so it was that film came into the motion picture industry. This was early in 1889, perhaps a year after Edison's beginning on the problem.

With that material in hand, Edison knew that the solution of the picture puzzle was but a matter of details. There were tremendous difficulties ahead, but now the basic quest for material had ended.

Edison began to think more about the phonograph and other things then. He felt relieved.

Edison interested a brood of...
A Misunderstood
She's addressed as Madame Nazimova,

There has always been an aura of mysticism about Nazimova which awes and intoxicates us Yankee moujiks. She came from Holy Russia,—more recently considered the Holy Terror,—a dramatic fantasia of buckets of blood, where one kissed an icon while blessing a bomb.

Thus we accounted for her exotic bizarrerie. She was a foreigner from the most foreign of all countries.

Yet, upon consulting the cast sheets of a Russian stock company with which she played as a girl, we find in the dramatis personae of leads, ingenues, grandes dames, tragiennes and comedienne—

Alas! Nazimova—foreigner.

She was a foreigner even in her own home territory!

Yet one could not precisely say that heaven is her home. On the contrary, there is a dash of diablerie about her.

The director of the Russian company found her to be as effective in comedy as in tragedy; so long as she played—foreigners.

In all her stage career she never played a Russian girl.

Perhaps that was because of the diablerie. The patriotic critics might have damned her as un-Russian. Providing critics got that way in Russia. Thus she is a woman dramatically without a country.

Her director was right; she should always play foreigners. Even her pantomime has an accent. More the imaginative than the realistic artist, she takes no pattern, obeys no tradition. She gives us life, but through the prism of her own varicolored personality. Each of her parts is Nazimovized. Her Camille was not Camille but Nazimova. Who has a better right to say what Camille was than Nazimova? And as Heywood Brown opined, Nazimova is far more interesting than Camille, anyhow.

With Paul Orlenev, a Russian star, and a company of players, Nazimova came to this country eighteen years ago and appeared at a Yiddish theater in New York's Bowery. Soon her flame had attracted the glittering butterflies of higher Manhattan.

From darkest Russia to darkest New York and thence to brilliant Broadway. Such was the course of her star.

Six months after her discovery she had mastered English, carefully preserving an accent, of course, and was presented to American audiences with instant sensation.

People said at the time that she loved Orlenev, the Russian, and that he loved her; but, foreseeing her opulent career, he insisted upon a parting.
Woman but one thinks of her as Naz

By HERBERT HOWE

strangely excited. Thus the suspense started. When he strode into her presence and she saw how magnificently tall he was, every inch the clean, upstanding young Englishman, despite the Three Weeks he'd been through, she bounded upon a chair and held out her hand. From the first she was determined not to be dominated. It was love at first sight.

Nazimova's first great triumph was as a misunderstood woman. Hedda Gabler, and a misunderstood woman she has remained.

"The public fell for Hedda," she mused, "and the worst of it was that I, too—fell for Hedda. I was young, and what is more interesting to one young than a misunderstood woman?"

A quizzical smile wrinkled her eyes. There's a mockery, faintly ironic, ever present in her humor, particularly when directed upon herself. She is continually making faces at that dignified personage, Madame Nazimova. This seems out of character and completely nonpluses those who have fallen for the regal aura—the misunderstood woman. Yet one is not disillusioned, only the more mystified.

When I remarked that I, also, preferred her Hedda to her hoydens, she smiled again, a bantering smile—rugged and challenging. "Ah, you are young," she said. Was she "spoofing" me? I wanted to say, "Jest not at these hoary locks." But instead I accepted the rôle and shyly blushed. I felt extremely faint pervasive fragrance of the Orient that always hovers to the garments of Nazimova.

Madame imposes the seal of censorship except upon occasions, especially designated, when she (Continued on page 119)
Now Let's Stop That Silly Talk About the

This may be a little hard to believe at first.

If you have ever permitted yourself to imagine for an instant any of the calumnies launched against the average intelligence of the motion picture profession, get ready to have your mind changed.

The theory that beauty, not brains, is the only requisite to success on the screen has been finally wiped out. The malicious rumor that most actors are nuts and most actresses on the celluloid are dumb-bells, is effectively done to death.

The movie actors rank in intelligence with colonels and majors of the United States Army.

Richard M. Page, one of the best known psychologists in America, says so. And he ought to know, because that's his business.

After spending a great deal of time and carefully administering to a group of representative film people the army intelligence tests and some of the best-known and most infallible psychological tests, Mr. Page has figures to prove that motion picture people are way above the average shown for most other professions.

The group who stood the tests given by Mr. Page were: Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, Bryant Washburn, Helen Ferguson, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, James Rennie, Jacqueline Logan, and Patsy Ruth Miller, the new Goldwyn "find."

Every one of these players received a grade of A, with one exception, and this player fell only a fraction of a point below, and was graded B.

These marks rendered men eligible, so far as intelligence was concerned, to the rank of colonel or major in the A. E. F. They were also the marks generally received by colonels and majors of the regular army who took the tests.

The investigation was made by Mr. Page in the interests of psychology, and the examinations were given strictly and honestly. Every person taking the examinations was timed with a stop watch, and the most rigid marking was used.

The questionnaire used was the regulation army test.

If you've never been up against a psychology test, you can't imagine how conclusively these screen stars have proved their right to be considered exceedingly bright people.

In the formulas used by the examiner, the first page is purely one of quickness of sight, the second is mathematical and includes twenty questions such as—A U-boat makes 10 miles an hour under water and 20 miles on the surface. How long will it take to cross a 100-mile channel if it has to go three-fifths of the way under water?—the twenty questions to be answered in a very short space of time.

The next is a test of common sense. There are sixteen questions and after each statement made are printed three

The mental caliber of Richard Dix, Bryant Washburn, or James Rennie is equivalent to that of the average colonel or major in the A. E. F.
Motion Picture Folks Having No Brains

answers. In the short space of time given, the examinee must give the best answer to each question, by making a cross before it, as.

We see no stars at noon because
— they have moved around to the other side of the earth,
— they are so much fainter than the sun,
— they are hidden by the sky.

In test 4, there is a list of forty, two words in each question. Following these words, are printed also the words—same—opposite. Draw a line under one of these last two words to show the relations of the first two words to each other—

-anomalous—egotistic—same—opposite,
-ambiguous—equivocal—same—opposite.

Test No. 5 offers you a list of twenty-four mixed sentences, and when the examiner says, "Go," you take the sentences, think what their meaning would be when the words are properly arranged, and then draw a line under either of the two words—true—false—which follow them; as,

Washington canal 1776 Panama in built—true—false.
Friends in us disaster often false desert—true—false.

Again, the test states that in each of the lines below, the first two words are related to each other in some way. What you do in each line is to see what the relation is between the first two words, and underline the capitalized word that is related in the same way to the third word. There are forty of these—

hospital—patient::prison—CELL CRIMINAL BAR JAIL
imitate—copy::invent—STUDY EDISON MACHINE ORIGINATE.

In the forty sentences in the next test, you are given the choice of four words with which to end a sentence. In each sentence, draw a line under the one of these four words that makes the true sense.

The author of the Scarlet Letter is—HAWTHORNE POE KIPLING STEVENSON.
The Delco System is used in PLUMBING FILING IGNITION CATALOGUING.
Dioxygen is a DISINFECTANT FOOD PRODUCT PATENT MEDICINE TOOTH PASTE.

In addition to these printed tests, Mr. Pace also gave a number of sight and general information tests, including a very thorough one on literature, art, music, and history.
The highest grade went to Patsy Ruth Miller, who is just sixteen. You've admired her picture at top of this page?

This battery of beauty—Helene Chadwick, Jacqueline Logan, and Helen Ferguson—has been officially pronounced a battery of brains, as well.
Following the Magic Camera On Locations East and West

These high platforms are frequently used by directors for shooting big scenes. It's the only way a producer can see all of his set at once. An entire street was built at Goldwyn's for "Whims of the Gods." Rowland Lee is pretending his principal player, Winter Blossom, is an Oriental Pearl White.

Bebe Daniels is quite at home in a court-room. The court-room in this case is the Lasky studio, and Maurice Campbell is the cruel judge who's sentencing our Bebe to shed some tears, so the company can call it a day. Incidentally, all those lights would give you a terrific headache, to say nothing of painting you a ghastly green, unless you were "made up" to suit the camera.

Over in New Jersey, George Arliss registered emotion under a cloudless sky. But the white screens and the mirrors helped old Sol out. The camera needs not only sunshine, but sunshine softened or intensified by various mechanical devices. You note Mr. Arliss has no illusions about his "art." He doesn't need a stringed orchestra to make him act.
Also in Jersey, not far from Fort Lee: a pastoral marred somewhat by cameras and electricians—they do need spotlights for outdoor stuff sometimes. They are taking a "medium shot" of Doria Kenyon and Eddie Burns. Seated are the director and the continuity writer.

TRAILING the capricious camera indoors and out is like taking a ride on the Magic Carpet. You see country roads and city mansions; Chinese streets and court-rooms. These pictures give you a glimpse into the difficult business of making the whole world move before your wondering eyes.

Against a Hollywood hill, this Mexican ranch-house was erected, and it, and the specially constructed cactus, gave perfect satisfaction—just as real as life. If you walked around back of the house you would see a skeleton of a dwelling. But the camera shot it only from this angle, so it was all right. The sun was good this particular day, yet note the reflectors at the left to intensify light on the actors.

When you look at this, you aren't to be blamed for thinking a studio life is the life for you. Around the Talmadge studio everyone wears a broad smile. Perhaps it's because Constance's good humor is infectious. Here are John Emerson and Anita Loos directing a group of Follies chorines for "Polly of the Follies." Connie is Miss Fatima; Anita, the French doll.
"Trouble with you is you're just a nice pretty girl. And it's not enough, not in this rhinestone Bohemia, anyway. Everybody's more or less pretty out here and nobody wants you to be nice."
Miss Dumbbell

The first of a series of remarkable stories based on real life characters in motion pictures

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Author of the prize-winning story—
"The Dog in the Manger."

THERE is one tearoom in Hollywood, high above the boulevard, where it is always quiet and cool and strangely alien to the gay and glittering atmosphere of the street below. On a spring morning, Hollywood Boulevard possesses the intriguing and unexplainable personality that cities and places sometimes take unto themselves, a thing difficult to define but positive as the charm of a pretty woman.

Like Paris, New Orleans, San Francisco, the tiny sister of the Latin Quarter, of Greenwich Village, frolicks among her hills like a milkmaid gowned in the rue de la Paix, or a Follies' girl garbed in gingham. There is nothing about the wide paved street, with its rows of beautiful, little one-story shops, to account for it—nothing often in the people who wander up and down. But there it is, and it tingles through your veins like the first sip of an absinthe frappe served in a tearup.

But in this tearoom, the sunshine and the rumble of the big red cars and the swift-tire-scream and engine-purr of expensive motors are filtered through the apricot silk curtains that veil the long French windows, windows opening on tiny iron balconies in true Spanish style. The wicker tables are very white and clean and be-flowered. The air is peaceful and soothing, almost tender. An oasis.

IT is the only place in Hollywood where you can go at noon if you care to talk over your food without being interrupted every moment by the cheers of your friends, or the sight of a new male-and-female combination, or the entrance of a famous personage, or to discuss anything that you do not care to have published broadcast before you get back to the studio. It lacks, perhaps, that characteristic note of the popular places, but at least the tables are far enough apart so that you can gossip without fear of being sued for slander.

It was unusually quiet.

In one corner an art director, with a very pretty girl in the makeup of a 16th century seamstress, had forgotten the world and desired only to be by the world forgot. In the other, an harassed press agent endeavored to convince a grinning newspaper man that his beautiful star had actually been lost in the Hollywood mountains for four days and had turned up without a scratch on her riding boots or a sunburn on her delicate nose. It was a yarn that needed liquid refreshment both in the telling and the listening, and the press agent was sore beset.

At a table midway between, beside an open window, Candace Carr, nibbling the edge of her orange roll unhappily, turned big, wistful eyes upon the back of the pretty girl's head, although the pretty girl was not nearly so pretty as Candace.

The diamond on her finger winked like a tear as she stirred her tea round and round and round.

"Why should I go?" she demanded bitterly. "What's the use? It makes me sick. I never have a good time at parties. I never get anything that way. You know perfectly well, Helene, that I'm just a total loss at a party—and most everywhere, for that matter. I don't know what's the matter with me. Men are all nice to me, but not one of them ever gets crazy about me. Sometimes I think I'd even like to be insulted, just to be sure I wasn't the undertaker's bride. Even the women generally call me Miss Carr."

THE girl opposite ran one nervous hand through the mop of short, dark hair, streaked here and there with gray, that stood up in seven different directions from her high forehead.

"The trouble with you, Candy," she said, and her voice rushed so breathlessly that the words seemed fairly to trip over each other, "is that you haven't got a line." Candace Carr opened her big blue eyes very wide.

"What'd you mean, a line?" she asked crossly. "Don't be clever, Helene. I'm too tired."
Helene regarded her in cool and annoying silence. Her little, dark eyes, as bright as a fox terrier’s, never left Candace’s face, studying, probing, hecticly interested. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled it deeply, letting it sift through her nostrils so that she was rather like some barbaric, ugly idyl before whom incense burned.

All the time, Candace Carr sat there, unhappily self-conscious, the blood sweeping into her cheeks just below the fair delicate skin, in a riot of color.

“I’m not being clever, I mean just what I say,” the girl’s tone was only mildly insulting. “If a guy goes out to sell something, he’s got to have a line to sell and a line to sell it with. Everybody in this business has a line, haven’t they? They’ve all got some stunt, some pose, some type they set up and live by. Don’t tell me.

“TROUBLE with you is, you’re just a nice pretty girl. And it’s not enough, not in this rhinestone Bohemia, anyway. Everybody’s more or less pretty out here and nobody wants you to be nice, so you start with zero. A man might like to spend his life with you, but there are ten million janes in Hollywood he’d rather spend a day with—and nobody in this trick town is looking for a life sentence. You’re a prohibition beauty—no kick. And this gang is used to drinking synthetic gin.”

Candace Carr had lost her lovely color. It always came and went like that. “I—I think I see what you mean,” she said.

“Quick work,” said Helene icily. “Now I’m going to diagram it.

“What are you? You’re a movie star on the small time—the second string—the five-reel-make-em-in twenty-one days program. Why? Because when the camera gets through with you there aren’t many things in this world most people would rather look at. Sometimes you look so good that it makes you cry. But I haven’t been cutting your pictures for two years without knowing that you can’t troope. Your idea of expressing most emotions is to wiggle your nose like a rabbit. As an actress, you photograph and wear clothes. When the director says, ‘Expression number three, Miss Dumbell,’ you are strangely absent.

“But I admit, Candy, that if I looked like you and had my hairpiece, I’d be the first female president or something. If you’re not pretty you’ve got to be smart, and if you aren’t either you’ve got to be good, that’s all.”

She stopped short, as though lassosed by the rope of her own words.

“Well,” she mused, lighting a fresh cigarette from the tip of her old one, “we might team. I’ve got the scenario and you’ve got the scenery, anyway. Here’s what I mean. You don’t register because you’re stacked up against a bunch of females that could have taken Mark Anthony away from Cleopatra the first time they met. Think of the girls that are such riots—the ones that are the life of the party—everybody’s favorite of the harem—the ones that get the men and sometimes keep ‘em, and the specially built town cars and always keep ‘em, and the big contracts that make you feel like you’d overlooked the skull and crossbones on the bottle when you took that last drink. They’ve all got a line.

“You know I don’t want to—” Candace tried to say softly.

“I KNOW you don’t. You’re straight. But let me clear up one little point for you, Candy. So are lots of other girls that I’ve seen. In the case of a way. Some girls can get a contract out of a producer that will make his Wall Street backers chew the tape out of their tickers—and they won’t even give him a lock of hair to put in the back of his watch. They’ve got a fast line. Of course, some of them will—but that’s another story.

“Look at Mimi Thorne. The nerve of an assistant director to begin with, and then she takes on all this Spanish senorita stuff. Her mother was a Spanish dancer from Brooklyn. Now she dances the La Paloma and plays a guitar. Somebody’ll put a guitar in her coat of arms. Look at Lydia Brabrant, if you want somebody to cast for the life of the party. Where does she get it? The same place any respectable parrot gets his line of conversation. Listens and remembers, and her delivery’s swell. I’ve heard her pull some of my own lines so good it took me ten minutes to recognize ‘em. Look at Babs herself with that kid stuff—baby dresses that show her pretty legs and baby bonnets to set off those curls, and underneath it a mind like Du Barry and Catherine de Medici dished together. Look at Billy Sunday and Elinor Glyn and Henry Ford.

“They picked out a good line and then they generated pep enough to put it over. But you—you’re just Candace Carr, pretty as a marshmallow sundae and about as bright. Just a nice girl trying to get along. Everybody likes you. Any woman would trust you alone with her husband. Never heard a word against you. And remember that in this town the only reason they ever accept for a girl not doing things is that she don’t get asked.

“YOU’D be all right running with a lot of selling platers at a county fair, or putting on an eye-exhibition at the horse show, but this is a stake race on a fast track. There isn’t a thing the matter with you, only you remind me of a minnow in a bowl with the goldfish.

“You’re a Mendelssohn song without words—and nobody in Hollywood has got time to write them in. A perfect chassis without a motor.”

Candace Carr sat quietly under the indictment, paling more and more and stroking her silver fox collar with one nervous little hand. “It’s only—I suppose I’m silly, Helene,” she mumbled at last, and her voice was not quite steady, “but I’d like a real man all for myself. I’d like to get married, I think.”

“Well, if you’re really pulling the glycerin because the men don’t mob your limousine, we’ve got to think up a line. Of course there aren’t an awful lot of real men. So many were killed in the war. He ought to have money and a good disposition. A line, that’s what we need, and one that you can put over,” finished the little dark girl, showing the table away so that she could cross her knees in their worn tan knickers and stained puttees.
"You're making fun again," said Candace Carr. "Oh, Helene, don't smoke another cigarette. That's six at lunch. It'll ruin your complexion."

Helene shook her dark hair impatiently.

"Never had one," she said, "and I can't think unless I smoke."

"Maybe if I tried—"

"Nope. You can't lubricate a motor by pouring oil down a sand hole.

"Now listen. You're going to be an aristocrat—not a movie one, there are plenty of them. Play grand dames for ten a day. You aren't much of an actress but you've got a great make-up for this part. The real air—the cool, sweet smile that goes flitting over people's heads like a white butterfly looking for a place good enough to light. Your eyebrows an eighth of an inch higher. The handshake like you were bestowing them with the order of the garter or something. Like you expected to have it kissed. And the walk—that's the hardest, because I don't know how it's done. They don't move their feet. The manner—not the fake one that makes everyone hope your contract is up next week. I mean the real manner—impersonal, kind, not superior, because there ain't any left really worth being superior to.

"YOU haven't got any bad habits to get rid of. You can do anything you like if you're born in the sacred kennels, but if you're trying to get in you've got to be a good dog. You don't smoke nor swear nor row nor get cock-eyed. So you won't be apt to make breaks. And when you don't talk you can't say anything that'll be held against you, so we will now adopt this motto, 'Silence is golden.'

The next best thing to a woman that's really got something to say is the woman that knows when to keep her mouth shut.

"Now what makes me think the whole works is screenable, is that woman that's always been crazy about you—Mrs. Bobby Hitt. She's not only the queen of this society game around here—she's a royal flush."

Candace flushed again. "She has been wonderful to me. But—I never just feel comfortable with her, and you know how you feel."

"I know how you feel, and that's more important. Now a lot of movie stars have been on the edge—you know. The Beverly Hills and Wilshire District and the Adams street exclusives rub elbows once in a while, because they're human and like to say they've met the big guns in our game, too. Or they let Studio and charity fairs and benefit programs. But there isn't anybody has really been in you—except Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Devereaux and they were, before they married, in the movies."

"If you'll listen to me, and play the women—and you're better with them than with the men anyway—you'll have a new line all your own, and you'll meet some men that are at least human, and pretty soon everybody in Hollywood will begin to remember how well they knew you."

She crushed out the tip of her cigarette.

"Maybe you'll get a husband. Some women do. I don't think I'm the self-supporting woman wants to get married for. I don't know. But I suppose life can't be all sunshine. Only don't marry any of these fancy young sports like some stars do—mutter cuts off the prestige and father cuts off the allowance, and all the poor girl has got is an extra mouth to feed."

"I'll take you down town to buy some clothes for the part. I know a girl in the Unique, where all the 300 buy their raiment. I guess she can be made to dig up some of the things they sell to ladies, instead of the trash stuff they keep for the movies. And you call up Mrs. Hitt to-night."

"Helen—n-o."

"No, but you take direction pretty well. Speaking of directors, let's get back to the studio before Chet gets to the raw meat stage."

Candace Carr followed her slowly down the broad, carpeted stairs. She was still pale. But there was just the suggestion of a gleam in her eye.

HELENE had apparently been correct in her assumption that in any other walk of life Candace Carr's beauty, set in the golden circle of her (Continued on page 97)
Leatrice Joy seems such a nice girl—and here she is in the Rogues' Gallery! She spent three days in the Los Angeles County Jail and some people, we suppose, would hold it against her. (We might as well tell you that she went to jail of her own free will, to get local color for her role in C. deMille's "Manslaughter"—that of a cold young heiress who accidentally but carelessly kills a motorcycle cop as he is trying to arrest her for speeding, and is sentenced to jail for from three to seven years.)

Who could be so cruel to such a sweet smile? Miss Joy says she played her part so well because to her it was like sternest reality?

Here is Leatrice being "mugged" in the identification bureau. They placed a number under her chin and photographed her, first full-face and then profile. Cheer up, Leatrice—you're only in for three days, you know.
Some Fortunate Girl Is to Occupy This Star Dressing Room at the Goldwyn Studios

A question mark has been painted on a star's dressing room at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City. It is being reserved for the first choice in the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity.

AFTER looking over the entire motion picture field for material for a big production, a famous producer said the other day, "The most amazing and dangerous thing about the screen business today is that there doesn't seem to be any new blood—any fresh possibilities among the young actresses."

Probably there has never been a time since the very first year of the screen industry when there was such a chance for a girl with possibilities to come to the screen and make good. It's like a new start.

That is why the Goldwyn Company and Photoplay have decided to give the young women of America a chance to find out if they have the sort of thing that the screen is looking for. We believe the screen needs it—and we believe there are thousands of young women who are longing to walk through an open door into future greatness.

The tremendous response that has come to us since we announced our Screen Opportunity Contest convinces us that we are right, that the ambitious welcome the chance.

The preliminary announcements of our plan to make tests of every young woman, not classed as a professional actress, to see if she has the beauty, personality and talent to succeed on the screen, has aroused so much interest that we really wonder why it is that we didn't do it before.

Do not wait—Send your photographs right away to the New Faces Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th St., New York. To make sure they are returned at end of contest, if unsuccessful, send sufficient postage for mailing back at conclusion of contest.

This is YOUR opportunity. We have opened the door. You may have the greatest kind of a screen personality. You may photograph like a million dollars. You may have that thing that directors all over the country are looking for—dramatic instinct and responsiveness. If you have, a wonderful career is yours.

The screen always needs youth. It is a photographic art, and the camera is clamoring for fresh, sweet young American faces.

Lack of experience or dramatic training is not a bar to screen success. You need have neither in order to enter this contest. All you need have is the desire to work hard and—we will find out if you have the other essentials. We will give you a chance to show what you can do.

The great artists of the screen, the (Continued on page 107)

Terms of the Contest

The Goldwyn Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations.

The first choice of the judges in this contest shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures.

During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in motion pictures at that time.

The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California.

The Goldwyn Company shall have a three years' option on the services of the winner.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn pictures.

Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities.

These tests shall be made at the Goldwyn exchanges, transportation expenses of those chosen to be paid by the company.

Photographs from entrants in the contest will be received from February 1st to July 1st.

All photographs and correspondence in regard to the contest shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay, on the newsstands August 15th.

Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, will act as judges.
The Camera Photographs The Soul

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN
President Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

THERE has never been a great actor or actress who has been deficient in imagination or soul. A face is not merely a mask to conceal the inner emotions, it is the external expression of these emotions. An actor must be sensitive, a 'stringed lute on which all winds can play.' In a sense, then, the accomplished actor does not merely interpret and mimic another character. He tries more intensively to be himself, and to act as he would act in the situation that the picture demands.

In our search for new faces, we will not consider as a possibility any woman, regardless of the symmetry of her features, whose facial expression does not possess qualities of understanding, imagination and feeling. We are not unmindful of many criticisms which have been made on the subject of puppet-like, doll-faced ingenues who have been so mistaken for competent actresses as to be given prominent parts in important photoplays. The screen actress of today must be more than an unemotional ornament. We want women who have vivacity, sparkle, personality. If she reveals her soul to the camera, then she is the true actress.

The motion picture camera has an uncanny ability to catch "the light that shines through." The hostility of the camera is merely another way of referring to the lack of expressiveness of the subject. Helmholtz once observed that the eye was an imperfect optical instrument. But the camera is not. It is an impersonal observer which catches the details that are laid before it. It is the one unsympathetic soul searcher.

The camera, moreover, is the friend of the apparently cold, but really intense, personality. Many a player, whose personality has seemed unresponsive and unemotional to the casting director, and whose theatrical performances may have been commonplace, has revealed an unsuspected warmth and depth under the relentless gaze of the camera. The reason for this is that the human eye is unable to catch the subtle fire of a delicately expressed emotion. The camera, alone, can.

FEELING as I do that American girlhood and womanhood are rich in character and beauty, I have no doubts as to the ultimate success of this search that we have undertaken. However, I would like to make it as clear as it is humanly possible to make it, that mere prettiness of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin are not enough. Character, talent, and the ability for hard work are essentials.

Experience has taught picture producers that the actresses who gain favor with the public and maintain their position have much more than the superficial externals of beauty. One may walk along Fifth Avenue any fine afternoon and meet a number of young women who are beautiful. Possibly, through a strict accounting of the correctness of features, they would be found to excel many of our most popular stars. But that does not necessarily mean that they could step into pictures and win a following. In the early days of motion pictures, producers were much more inclined to follow what may be called "the imitative policy." If an actress of a certain type created a stir, there was an immediate rush to find her physical duplicate. There must have been dozens of girls destined to become Mary Pickfords because they possessed pretty blonde hair and the same general cast of countenance; but I don't recall any of them threatening the laurels of this inimitable little actress.

Now it is quite possible that some of the candidates for screen honors were no less physically attractive than Miss Pickford. Also they may have had acting ability; but the all-important point is that they did not reflect the qualities of personality, or soul, if you prefer, that made America's favorite actress what she was and continues to be.

I mention Miss Pickford as the most conspicuous example of an actress who has had many unsuccessful imitators, but the same holds true of others who have risen to prominence. Time and again it has been proven that the qualities which give a player individuality and make her great in the eyes of the public are not superficial.

Ask the average motion picture enthusiast why he or she admires a certain star above others, and the reply will not be an appraisal of perfect features. The attraction will not be attributed to the beauty of a profile, the curve of a mouth, the tilt of a head, or even to the expression of the eyes. Beyond all these physical manifestations, it will be found that the real appeal of the actress lies in an intangible something in her personality that sets her apart and makes it the same quality of personality that draws one to a friend and gives that friend an individuality that cannot be duplicated.

The camera is quick to catch insincerity, a mere pose, an attempt to be like someone else who thinks and feels differently. Any notion that mimicry of certain characteristic mannerisms carries conviction is completely mistaken. The screen does not need imitators, it needs personalities capable of portraying mental as well as physical action in a distinctly individual way.

It has been said that foreign motion picture actresses are superior in dramatic art to ours. The reason given has been that the foreign actress seldom achieves stardom until about the age of thirty, and then after a long struggle up the ladder of her profession. It is not my intention to enter upon this discussion in one way or another. I have seen several foreign actresses who have impressed me with their ability. I can say as much for American actresses. But I will say that I believe that for an actress to reach the heights, it is necessary for her to have worked and suffered. Her soul is the dominating influence of her art.

Do not be frightened by the word soul. There have been many imposing definitions and contrary opinions as to what constitutes the soul, but broadly speaking it may be said that the soul may be gauged by the feelings we experience. It goes without saying that in order to truly express something, it is necessary first to have the capacity to feel it.

Granting that you possess the requisite inner qualities, the technical part of the actor's art may be acquired.

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How a Camera Test Is Made

In selecting the young woman to receive a contract to appear in Goldwyn pictures, the judges of the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity will not be guided solely by photographs of entrants submitted. When the photographs have been carefully considered, the subjects of those deemed the best will be given what is technically known as a screen test. This test is made with a motion picture camera and photographs the subject under conditions similar to those found in a studio.

Successful screen acting depends, in a general way, upon three things: performance, make-up, and lighting. In speaking of them here, it is more logical to consider them in the reverse order. The lighting arrangements vary in different studios; and the newcomer often has to change his or her make-up slightly in order to obtain the best results. Inasmuch as she has no control over this, it may be dismissed as being of no immediate concern to the aspirant for screen honors.

The art of make-up, however, is of great importance. The camera looks without blinking; and if your natural color is high, the camera will see it as black; furthermore, it will transform a rounded, rosy cheek into a dark hollow. This is one of the reasons why all suggestion of the natural complexion is covered over with grease paint and powder. Many experienced photoplayhouses have had their faces studied by an expert in make-up. He examines their coloring, the contours of their faces, their characteristic expressions, and makes suggestions as to how their best screen qualities can be brought out by the camera.

The following instructions on how to put on an ordinary make-up can be followed, by any novice, with excellent results.

Sit down before a triple mirror with plenty of electric light. First cleanse the skin thoroughly with good cold cream, wiping it off with cheese cloth after a few moments, so that only a soft coating, practically absorbed by the skin, is left. Bebe Daniels, whose make-up is one of the most perfect on the screen, always begins her work by applying ice to her face, to close the pores and make the skin smooth.

After the cold cream is gone, take the grease-paint stick and streak your face with it. Then blend this to the smoothest possible coating for your skin. It must be thick enough to cover absolutely your natural coloring, but not too thick, or it will show. Anna Held once said that the secret of all make-up lay in the blending. Some stars use their fingers. Pauline Frederick uses a soft cloth. When this is done, apply the powder.

Cover your face thickly with powder, and then use a soft brush, like a baby's hair brush, to blend it. It ought to take some little time to gently brush the face to a perfectly smooth finish.

As to the color of the grease-paint, a great many people differ. Arguments are frequent as to the differing value of yellow and a certain shade of pale pink. Mary Alden, a real artist and expert in make-up, prefers a light pink. But to start with, a shade of tannish-yellow will probably be the best. Match your grease paint with your powder. Sometimes an actor or actress blends and mixes many different shades of powder to get the right one. Wallace Reid has a powder of exactly his own blend sent him from New York in large cases. Any theatrical make-up house will show you different grades and shades of face powder. Don't try ordinary face powder. It's too light weight.

The make-up of eyes is a long and tricky proposition and you can't take too much pains. A dark stick is used on the upper lid, lightly, but unless it is there the (Continued on page 108)
WHAT is beauty in women?
The old Latin proverb, "De gustibus non est disputandum" ("There can be no disputing about tastes"), would seem almost to have been uttered with this very question in view; for from the beginning of history the standard of feminine beauty has been constantly changing.

Even great painters, who are specialists and experts in beauty, have differed on this subject as radically as the rest of mankind; and the art of painting is like a great portrait gallery in which we may behold the various types of ideal women who have held sway over the hearts and imaginations of those whose occupation it was to give beauty to the world through their art.

Praxiteles and Phidias; Leonardo, Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, and Michelangelo; Rembrandt and Rubens; Gainsborough, Romney and Reynolds; Rossetti, Millais and Holman Hunt; Greuze, Boucher, Watteau, Le Brun, and Fragonard; Murillo and Velasquez—all these representatives of great art eras and schools created types of feminine beauty which represented the extremes of ideal womanhood.

And in more modern times we have still different types. There is the jet-haired, black-eyed coquette of Zuloago, with re-

During the great Flemish and Dutch art era the feminine ideal became frankly physical; and today we even regard the women of Rubens' canvases (such as the famous one shown here) as 'stout' and 'heavy.' Their faces, too, were well filled out, and at times bordered on the sensual. They had an intense womanliness, however, despite their tremendous physical vitality, very near Amazonian

The beautiful woman of the early Greeks was stately and serene, with a broad, low forehead, a straight dominant nose, and a firm, perfectly formed mouth and chin. There was little of the child in the classic woman; she was poised and mature; the suave serenity of her features indicated a high intelligence; and the straight, vigorous lines of her body were somewhat masculine

The great English portrait school of painters—here represented by George Romney's Lady Poulett—produced a type of ideal woman who was fully matured, somewhat cold, dignified and haughty, sternly aristocratic in pose and manner; with finely chiselled features, and a statuesque bearing. Her face, as a rule, was oval and slender—the nostrils patrician, the eyes imperious, and the mouth warm and sensitive, but strong
trousse nose, mouth curved up at the corners, and pointed chin. She represents the dark Latin type, with superficiality, frivolity, cruelty, and passion combined in one nature.

Even in modern America many contrasting types of feminine beauty have been projected by our artists and illustrators. The Gibson girl, for instance, has a sturdy, athletic physique, an almost imperious self-assurance, a turned-up nose, oval chin and widely-set eyes. She is vigorous, masculine and unromantic—the type which, as a rule, appeals to the sentimental, unsexed man.

The Howard Chandler Christy girl, however, comes nearer to the popular American standard than any other type. She embraces those qualities of character and womanliness, and that distinctly feminine physical charm and appeal, which seem to epitomize the ideal American girl of today. And yet, how different she is from the older ideals of beauty!

No, there never has been, and never can be, a fixed standard of feminine beauty. Each age, and each nation, creates a general type to meet its needs and desires; and these types are visualized, more or less, by the artists of the time. What Photoplay is seeking is a girl who most closely reflects the spirit and the life, the ideals and the dreams of the America of today.

With the English Pre-Raphaelites (of which the accompanying picture by Rossetti is characteristic) the ideally beautiful woman became almost Oriental in cast. She had a broad forehead, deep auburn hair, a plastic sensual mouth, and a full curving neck. There was something mystical and mysterious about her; and there lurked a sense of the tragic in her dark, luminous eyes.

The ideal woman of the Italian Renaissance (perfectly exemplified in the "Mona Lisa") possessed a beauty which embodied a deep and subtle spirituality. Motherhood, also, was one of her dominant characteristics, as we find it reflected in the Madonnas of that epoch. Indeed, the Renaissance standard may be said to be primarily one of character and soul and deep maturity—the spirit shining through the earthly mantle.

This painting by the Frenchman, Greuze, represents one of the most famous and distinct types of feminine beauty in modern art. His women are little more than girls, with a piquant and childish femininity. They are essentially innocent—ardent and tender, sweet and appealing—without depth or subtlety, and yet provocative of sympathy—made to be loved and carefully protected.

The Henner ideal of beauty is known the world over. His women—which the accompanying portrait is characteristic—belong to the Magdalen type. Despite their immaturity, they possess sorrowful, tragic faces, whose suggested sensuality is touched with the spirituality of suffering. The auburn of their hair has become almost as famous as that of Titian's women.
Out of Arabian Nights

By MARY WINSHIP

When one looked at her—one saw visions. Arabian Nights princesses. Exquisite ladies from the Decameron. Persian gardens. Barges filled with flowers, and black slaves playing on lutes.

That was my first sight of Marguerite de la Motte.

IT was a terrible shock to me to find that she was born in Duluth, Minnesota.

As a matter of fact, the pretty young Fairbanks leading woman dispels instantly the Arabian Nights illusion. Perhaps she thinks it's immoral.

She reminds you rather of a high school girl with social ambitions. She is very young. I never can remember just how old these girls are. It always seems so ridiculous. But she came of age—eighteen—only a short time ago.

"My greatest ambition in life was—and still is—to be Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady," she said to me, when I dropped into the Fairbanks studio to see her one afternoon.

Well, that's a worthy ambition.

I am a little afraid she carries her acting ambitions into private life. But her pose is very effective—sweet, slow, very lady-like. Only—I wonder what she is really like.

With few exceptions, she has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in my life. I used to think that no one could ever approach those big, soft brown eyes of Mabel Normand's, with the continual, irresistible twinkle behind the long, dark lashes. But Marguerite de la Motte's eyes are so perfect, so dreamy, so full of lights and shadows, that they make you forget her conversation completely—which is perhaps just as well.

"I was the luckiest girl in the (Continued on page 96)"

TONY MORENO and I were sitting out between dances on the big blue divan at the end of Wally Reid's drawing room.

Suddenly Tony abandoned his discourse on Spain and said with a gasp, "I'm dreaming. She belongs in the Arabian Nights."

I looked down the long room.

A girl had just come through the big arched doorway.

She wore a robe of rose and gold brocade. From its gorgousness her white shoulders and slim back gleamed up to the curving line of her red-gold hair. Bands of gold and jewels held its shining splendor close to her head. Her skin was white, like a magnolia, and her lips against it were the scarlet of a pomegranate.

Her eyes were long, topaz-colored, half-closed, with lashes that gleamed from gold to black at the tips.

In her slim hands she held the ends of a gold chain that bound her waist.

Marguerite de la Motte, "with few exceptions, has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen"
The Seventh Day

By
Porter Emerson Browne

Fictionization by
ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

ONE half of the world doesn't know that the other half lives. One half of the world—wrapped around with the cloak of false standards, smothered with hot house flowers and fine raiment and jazz music—doesn't realize that there are simple homes, and green country fields, and folk who live really useful lives. One half of the world dreams—and the other half works that their dreams may come true!

John Alden was one of the workers. His name, his heritage, all of his ideals were of New England. But his heart, untouched by the breath of romance, belonged to the sea. The sea was his sweetheart, his joy. Always changing, never the same—it was his constant adventure.

Of course he had a family. Orphaned he was, but in no way alone. His two rich old uncles were doubly father to him, and his Aunt Abigail—a-wespiring to everybody else—took a mother’s place. But it was his younger sister Betty, who meant the most. For he was a combination of Christopher Columbus, Sir Galahad and Santa Claus to her! And every man likes to be a hero—even to his own sister.

John was very much of the hero as he came home from his first voyage on a fishing schooner. The little Maine town was down to meet the boat—and in the kitchen of his home there were pies and cakes and the traditional beans of New England being made ready. A man’s first home-coming is a dramatic event.

At the exact moment of his arrival, Patricia Vane, who belonged to the other half of the world, was beginning to stir upon her lacy pillows. And to yawn, just a bit petulantly, as she watched her maid lay out the fluffy clothes that she was going to wear. Patricia “toiled not, neither did she spin.” But when she was arrayed in those same fluffy clothes, she got results!

Patricia’s father was a very rich man. He was also one of the most prominent members of New York’s Eighteenth-Amendment-Dodgers. (It’s a fairly new party, but it’s growing!) As for her mother—well, her mother had been taught not to interfere or to bother. And yet every once in so often she received a jolt from her daughter that made bothering almost a necessity. Patricia’s late parties were beginning to worry her—the fact that drinks were served at them was a shock. And yet there was little that she could do or say, for Patricia went to all of the parties with Reggie Van Zandt, the fiancé that her parents had chosen for her.

It was at one of these parties, given by a certain Miss “Billie” Blair, that the climax came. Patricia was there, of course, with Reggie. And there were a half-dozen more of the spoiled and dissipated younger set. At the time that John Alden, back in the New England fishing village, was enjoying his beans and pie with a healthy boyish appetite, they were pouring drinks, from engraved pocket flasks, into glasses filled with White Rock.

And at the time that John Alden was eating his third slice of layer cake, the waiter was telling them that it was against the law to pour out liquor in a café. And Miss Gerard was haughtily informing the waiter that it was her party—and that the law had nothing to do with it! It seemed strange to all of them that the waiter dared to resist; that he should call the captain to their table. And that the law, poor weak thing that it is, should be upheld!

They put away their flasks, in anger—not untiring with consternation. And then a fat youth, named Bob, had an idea.

“Say, folks,” he shouted, “dad’s yacht is in the harbor. Let’s go aboard, sail beyond the three mile limit, and have a real time!”

The crowd agreed—of course. There was a married couple in the party, they would serve as chaperones.

“Let’s go!” laughed Patricia, gaily. And they did!

* * * * *

While John was receiving the government papers that would make him captain of his own ship, the “Betty Alden,” the
JOHN ALDEN and his sister Betty were on the dock when the party landed. It was of John that Reggie patronizingly asked a question.

"Where is the hotel?" he asked.

John, surprised at the tone, answered slowly and courteously.

"We haven't got one," he told them. The members of the group from New York looked at each other gloomily. Patricia, made snippy from seasickness, asked the next question.

"When," she asked, "can we get a train out of here?"

Still courteously John answered:

"There isn't any train," he said.

Reggie's face was a study, as were the other faces.

"Well, for Heaven's sake what is there in this town?" he demanded.

It was Betty, eager to be noticed by the "city folks," and most of all by the handsome, but ill-tempered young man, who answered:

"Nothing," she said simply, "just nothing!"

There was keen reproof in her brother's expression as he glanced at her. But the expression changed to amazement at Patricia's next words.

"Oh, hell," she said sharply, "let's get out of here. Who started this party, anyway!"

John Alden had never before heard a woman swear!

* * * *

It wasn't only fear of seasickness that forced the yachting party to stay anchored off the little Maine village. The rough weather had damaged the yacht, not badly, but enough to make navigation impossible. As there was no way out, it was necessary to make the best of things.

Which they did.

MAKING the best of things, with the present generation of young people, is not a quiet matter. It means wild parties, and too loud laughter. To the village it meant a glimpse of something that they had never imagined possible. To John Alden whose girl friendships had been limited, it was a revelation. And to Betty, who was on the brink of being engaged to a sober, narrow-minded youth, named Donald Peabody, it was like a peep into the Lady of Shalott's mirror. And Regina, Patricia's fiancée, was the knight who came riding!

Perhaps it was to make more interesting an idle moment that Patricia invited John to come aboard the yacht as her guest. Once there, for the first time, he was initiated into the gayer life. There was dancing (curiously enough John could dance) and there were many cocktails. And it was at the unheard of hour of one A. M. that he finally stumbled into his home. And there, in the formal parlor, he waltzed and sang, happily unconscious of everything until the sound brought the two uncles out of their beds. A first cocktail can do wonders—even when it has to battle with the conscience and heredity of New England!

Sunday, in the little village, was a day of rest and of peace. On the deck of the motionless yacht, however, the toddler top was working overtime. But everybody was bored, particularly Patricia and Reggie. When they first heard the church bell ringing they thought it was a fire, and then the call to school. As it kept on clanging they decided to go and investi-

"Do you call it honorable to flirt with my sister?" he asked, while you are engaged to another girl?"

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"Oh, I know a lot about children," said Betty Compson, "you see, I used to be a nursemaid."

It was at a dinner party in Hollywood, and besides such screen celebrities as May Allison, Bebe Daniels, Mae Busch, Bob Ellis, and the Wallace Reid, and such literary lights as Peter B. Kyne and Verne Hardin Porter, editor of the Cosmopolitan, there were a number of society people present.

Betty sat there looking like an artist's dream of an aristocratic beauty, and it literally knocked the company off its feet.

"I liked it," said Betty dreamily. "I was broke and it was the only thing I could think of to do, so I did it. And I wore a cap and apron and everything."

But it was locked on Sunday!" And then, after a moment, he added:

"Won't you come to church with us?"

It was mischief, and mischief alone, that prompted Patricia to accept the invitation. Reggie reneged at the door of the church, but the girl was game. For the first time in perhaps years, she entered a House of God, where people really went to worship Him.

At first the solemnity of the occasion did not strike her. But, after a moment she began to realize the service meant a great deal to John. Glancing around the room she was amazed at the expression of reverence upon each face. And when the hymns were sung she joined in, slightly abashed. For a
moment she was almost convinced that there was something more necessary than jazz, something more important than surface pleasure. When John left her at the yacht, after the service, she was a changed girl, indeed. In fact, she made an appointment to meet him that afternoon for a boat ride.

WHEN she was on deck, though, and her friends were surrounding her and laughing about her latest swain, Patricia experienced a change of feeling—a swift, revulsion against all people and everything. She joined in the laughter, but there was a half-hearted bitterness in her mirth. Nobody enjoys being made fun of, and Patricia was not any exception to the rule!

And so that afternoon, when John came to take her for the promised ride, she was decidedly cool to him. And when he left her at the yacht she offered to pay him for his trouble.

It was, perhaps, the unkindest thing that she could have done. For John was in love, for the first time in his life—and he realized it. As she reached for her purse and said: "How much do I owe you?" it seemed as if the bottom were falling out of all of his dreams.

"Do—you—mean?" he stammered. "I don't understand!"

Neither did Patricia understand, quite. She only knew that this "different" young man interested her in an uncanny way, and that she had been teased about him, and that she wanted to hurt him—as folk sometimes want to hurt people and things that they almost love. So she answered him abruptly.

"I mean," she said, "that I want to pay you for the use of your boat!"

And then, all at once, John Alden saw a great light. All at once the realization came to him that this girl was no wonderful being—that she was only a product of another world.

"Then," he asked, and his voice was very calm, "then you were only making—fun—of—me?"

Patricia did not quite understand his calmness. If he had stormed and raged she would have known how to handle him. But this serious thing meant a depth, indeed! Suddenly she was desperately sorry that she had been cruel.

"I wasn't making fun of you," she said. "Only—I am engaged to Mr. Van Zandt!"

Without a word John turned his head. He knew that the beautiful adventure was finished, and he was sure that his heart had broken into bits. Slowly he pulled his boat around and rowed toward the wharf, where he had made it fast. And then, as he got out, he came face to face with Donald Peabody.

At first he did not notice his sister's suitor. Donald had never meant a great deal in John's life. He would have gone home, hiding his anguish behind a stony countenance, had not the sober youth accosted him.

"I guess," said Donald feebly, "that you've been too busy to notice what that city Smart Alec's been up to!"

Shocked out of his sorrow, John stared up into Donald's distorted face. "What are you talking about," he asked abruptly—"Out with it!"

AND so Donald told. He told how little Betty had spent the afternoon with Reggie—how he had watched them together on a picturesque stretch of beach. And how Reggie's arm had been about the girl's waist.

"They've seen more of each other than you know," he hinted darkly. "He and Betty—" But John silenced him with a look.

It was at that moment that Betty and Reggie appeared at the wharf, and got into the launch that went from there to the yacht. And John, with utter anger in his soul, was not this man engaged to the girl he cared for, even though he would not admit it?—jumped into his boat and followed them.

Reggie's afternoon with Betty had been harmless enough, as a matter of fact. Unlike the villain of the melodrama, he did not mean any wrong. He was genuinely fascinated with the country girl—the first real woman. He told himself, that he had never known. How many Sunday afternoons he had spent with other girls—and in other ways! This child-woman made everything seem different, and better. When he took her to the yacht with him it was only with the idea of giving her a treat, a real pleasure.

They happened on deck when a crap game was in progress. To Betty, who had never seen gambling of any sort, it was fascinating. Before either of them was really conscious of it, both Reggie and Betty were excitedly engaged in the great American pastime. And Betty, with beginner's luck, had pulled two sevens and one eleven out of the fire.

It was so that John, coming on deck, found them. To his mind, poisoned by Donald's insinuations, there was only wickedness in the picture. Going forward he took his sister by the arm and said: "Come home with me, dear." As Reggie started to speak, the anger and hurt that had been growing all through the Sunday afternoon, burst its bonds. And with one well-directed punch, he sent the young man from the city sprawling on the deck.

It was a weeping Betty that John took home with him. A saddened Betty, for he told her that Reggie was engaged to Miss Vane, and that his attentions could mean nothing either.

DOUGLAS McLEAN's father was for many years one of the most famous preachers in Washington, D. C. He has given up active work, but still retains his ministerial ideas.

Doug made his father a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The other day he happened to mention that he was fond of dominoes.

A chap standing near said, "Well, would you like to play a little game, Dr. McLean?" And, as they sat down to a table, "The usual game, I suppose?" Dr. McLean nodded agreement.

At the end of two hours the young chap got up and said, "That's the worst trimming I ever had. Let me see—that's eighteen dollars."

Dr. McLean is still looking for him, to return his ill-gotten wealth.
good or worth while. It was a child who leaned against his arm, a child with the picture-book romance taken away from it. "He kissed me," she sobbed, "and said that he loved me. . . . " Was it any wonder that he could not help thinking the worst?

As a matter of fact, back on the yacht, Patricia and Reggie were being just as serious over the whole affair as were John and Betty. Patricia had always known that she did not cherish any "grande passion" for Reggie—that the engagement was not as important to her as it should have been. It was only since she had met John, however, that she had considered the possibility of loving someone very much indeed. When Reggie—curiously without anger over John's treatment of him—spoke truthfully to her, she was relieved, rather than sorry.

I CAN'T help telling you," he said quietly. "I have to tell you, Patricia! I love that little girl very much. More than anything in the whole world."

For a moment Patricia was stunned. To hear Reggie—man about town and millionaire—talk like this! But her voice was level when she spoke:

"Would you be happier," she questioned, "if our engagement were broken?"

Gladness swept, suddenly, across the face of Reggie Van Zandt.

"Would you?" he demanded, with hopeful eagerness. For a moment Patricia was silent. And then—

"I think we could both be happier," she said slowly. "Our engagement was a mistake from the first. But we will always be good friends, won't we?"

"You bet we will!" agreed Reggie, heartily. And then—

"Do you mind if I leave—right away? I've got to get into town and square myself with that little girl, and her people." And he hurried away, all eagerness.

So Reggie went to the Alden home. And there, like a real man, he told the girl and her brother and her uncles that he really cared for her.

"I know," he said to John, in a straightforward manner, "that you have every reason to believe me a cad. But I have come to assure you that my intentions toward your sister are honorable."

It was rather wonderful to see the light on little Betty's face. But John's voice was very stern as he spoke.

"Do you call it honorable to flirt with my sister," he asked, "while you are engaged to another girl?"

Reggie took a half step forward, and hesitated. But his eyes, glowing with love, met Betty's.

"That," he said, "is what I have come to explain. Miss Vane and I have broken our engagement. We found out, before it was too late, that we didn't really care for each other!"

It was Uncle Jim, standing aside, who shattered the tense silence. "Well, well!" he said. And again, "Well, well!"

THERE was a certain sadness in John's smile as he turned to his sister. But his question was business-like:

"Do you love him?" he questioned. "Are you sure?"

Betty nodded shyly. And went into her lover's waiting arms.

And so it came about that everybody had found happiness but John. And John, wishing to be alone with his sadness, decided to go back to his first sweetheart, the sea. And so he announced that he was ready to sail at once in his boat—that he was going to start for the fishing banks. "I am going to sail tonight," he told his astounded family, "or sooner."

And at just that moment the (Continued on page 92)
And Ann Said to the King—

ANN is Ann Forrest, whose original name was Kromann. The King is Christian X, of Denmark. Ann called on the King when she was abroad for the purpose of making a picture. And this is what happens when an American film princess meets a European monarch.

"I understand that your name is Anna Kromann?" said the King. "It is a good Danish name. Why have you changed it?"

"When I first went into motion pictures," answered Ann, "I found that there was a difficulty in pronouncing my name correctly. It hindered me in my work. William Farnum suggested that I change it. I told him I would if he could find a name for me that I liked. He discovered 'Ann Forrest.'"

The King mentioned the war.

"The motion picture people did fine war work," Ann told him. "I myself sold Liberty bonds and offered a kiss for every man who bought one."

"Were your kisses very costly?" asked the King, gallantly though cautiously.

"One man gave me $5,000 for a single kiss. Wasn't he patriotic?"

"I should say it was a good bargain," commented Christian X.

HIS MAJESTY and Ann were fast friends before the audience was over.

Miss Forrest, by the way, is the leading woman in John Robertson's newest Paramount production, "Love's Boomerang," most of the scenes of which were made in England and France. When she had finished the picture, Ann thought she would run across the North Sea to Denmark to call upon her relatives. She was hardly prepared for the enthusiastic reception that greeted her in Copenhagen, the Danish capital. The newspapers had notices of her homecoming, and huge crowds were waiting. The little blonde was given the time of her life, and to cap the climax, was asked to meet the King. But she says she'll be glad to get back to America again, just the same!
AN immaculate Japanese butler showed me into the charming breakfast room.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hart sat very close together just around the corner.

Between them was a silver dish full of popovers. But even popovers were too material.

If they were eating, it was invisible violets from the vale of Venus.

I stood in the doorway. And I was glad I had learned patience in the Army.

At last I coughed—the accepted dramatic device for attracting attention—and Mrs. Hart dragged her gaze away from the eyes that we have seen strike terror into the hearts of bad men of the screen.

"Oh—" she said, just like that; "good-morning. Will—you have some—some—Bill, what is this, lunch or breakfast?"

The famous two-gun hero took a vague look about the table, spotted the scrambled eggs and bacon and said, "Lunch."

Well, I saved the family reputation with the cook.

"She's as pretty as I heard she was," I said, to relieve my own embarrassment.

"She's a good kid," said Bill Hart, looking into the pretty blue eyes that lured him from his famous bachelorhood.

"Just a good kid."

"Billy," said Winifred Westover Hart, in an ominous tone, "give me your wallet."

Bill gave her a grim but sheepish look. "Aw, honey, I didn't say kiddie. I only said you were a good kid. That's all I said."

"Give me the wallet, my little creampuff," said lovely Mrs. Hart with a pretty upward glance. "Come, dear." She stretched forth her hand. There was no resistance.

"That's all it took. No guns. Didn't have to be roped or anything. Bill reached inside the white sweater he wears instead of a morning coat and handed over his wallet.

The girl who won the greatest western idol the American public has ever known, took it serenely, examined the bills, removed one and tucked it inside her gown.

I have been raised to try to act like a lady. But I ask you! "What," said I weakly, "is it all about?"

Bill grinned at me. Just between you and me—and this is the last stage—he likes to have her take money away from him.

"Well," he said, "she—she doesn't like me to call her kid or kiddie. Every time I do she fines me the smallest bill in my wallet. She's nicked me for seventy-five bucks this week."

And as his wife turned to speak to a tiny Japanese maid who had appeared, he whispered to me, "The truth is, she doesn't like anyone to think she's younger than I am."

She isn't. She's just right. The people who know Winifred Westover and have known her for years, speak of her in that way that makes you want to congratulate her husband.

He deserves it.

From the breakfast table we went into the big drawing room, hung with famous western paintings. Carelessly Bill Hart picked up a big shotgun from the corner, an ancient and venerable weapon it was.
Branded, and Feeds His Bulldog Caramels

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"This is an historic old gun," he said. "It's a real Sharp—"
"O-o-ooh!" there was a little shriek behind us.

The bride, holding her beaded skirts about her pretty ankles, stood in the doorway, her eyes as round and frightened as a kitten's. "Oh, Bill, please put down that gun. You know I'm scared to death of guns." With a white little smile she turned to me. "He likes to sleep with two of them under his pillow, but I just won't have it!"

JUST then arrived the largest, the ugliest, the most beautiful bulldog I ever saw in my life. Name, Congo. An adorable person, biscuit-colored and majestic.

Mrs. Bill Hart flew to him. When she moves swiftly, she makes you think of a Viking goddess. A very famous painter once wanted to paint her as the perfect Norse type of ancient days.

"My precious little lamb," said she to the dog, "would you like a caramel?"

While Congo, wriggling with ecstasy and adoration, accepted the offering, Bill said to me in a thrilled undertone, "Gosh, she's made a bum out of my dog already. He was a regular he-man dog once, and now he eats caramels and wears a big blue bow when he goes out in the car with her."

"Well," said Mrs. Hart, "if your husband's dog doesn't love you, anything may happen."

She and I went up to her bedroom. On the wide bed was a heavy dark blue Sioux Indian blanket, beaded gorgeously in red and white. On the blanket were nineteen tiny, scented, bejeweled baby pillows. It was like finding Bill Hart tied up in pink baby ribbon. But it was a sort of fifty-fifty omen that looked promising for future happiness.

"See my wrist watch?" she asked, showing me the most exquisite diamond wrist watch I have ever seen. "It was my engagement present. But I didn't get it until after we were married."

"Yes," said Bill, strolling in behind us and winking at me.

"And I found out afterwards that she went to the store first and told them which one to sell me."

Above Mrs. Hart's dressing table hung a tiny, baby pair of Indian pants—made of leather and heavily beaded.

"How adorable!" I said.

Mrs. Hart blushed until she was almost the wonderful color of the American Beauty roses Bill brought home as her first anniversary present—a month, you know.

"Umm," said Bill, "they're a sort of charm. Winifred has them hung up there so it'll be a boy."

"Bill won't let me change this house a bit," said Mrs. Hart, a bit wistfully, gazing at the dark red Indian hangings of her dressing room.

And after all, it is a bit hard on a blonde bride to wear her pale pink and lavender negligees against that brick shade.

"A man has to have a place somewhere," said Bill, defensively. "I'd look just as funny in a pink and white room, wouldn't I?"

"Anyway," Winifred went over and put her head on Bill's exceedingly manly shoulder, "he's going to let me build a place all my own—back on our place in Connecticut. I'm to design the house—and furnish it—and everything. It's a gorgeous place. One of the loveliest in Connecticut. (Continued on page 106)

Bill's—pardon, stranger—Winifred's shack in the hills outside Los Angeles. And the happiest one in those parts
Re-Introducing Miss Davies

It's a good-natured star who will kid herself. Marion, combination cameraman and director, turns the crank while Marion, actress, registers hate.

We may be wrong, but it does seem that there is a new Marion Davies on the screen. A Marion of more beauty and expression; of charm and whimsicality and actual dramatic ability. She was always a great beauty, this golden-haired princess of celluloid; but in "Enchantment" and "Beauty's Worth" she is something more. And these new pictures of her—taken, incidentally, after she had bobbed her beautiful hair—prove it.

There is an honest-to-goodness Marion Davies Baseball Team at the Cosmopolitan Studios in Manhattan. Miss Davies is—ccatcher. (But for goodness' sake, child, change those shoes!)

Not to be taken too seriously. Miss Davies, in her latest photoplay, plays a Quaker maid; and this, according to the best authorities, is how a Quaker maid attires herself when about to go in to swim.

The poor girl has to work in such a sordid atmosphere—with the L trains thundering by, and tenements across the street.

How do you like the bob? So do we. Just as the fashion experts said it was out of date, along come Marion and Dorothy Dalton to re-establish it.

Her studio is way uptown in New York; but when you can reach it in a chariot like this, who cares for such a trifle?
“Moran of the Lady Letty”

A tale of desperate deeds and a victory for love in a romance of high seas

By GENE SHERIDAN

It was not necessary for him to finish the sentence, for even to the hopeful heart of Nels the situation was obvious. And no doubt Nels’ inward convictions themselves made his suit rather hopeless.

Still Moran was so straightforward and honest in her refusals that, when the “Lady Letty” dropped anchor in the harbor within the Golden Gate, she and Nels were as good friends as always. And putting aside her sailor man’s clothes of the sea she went ashore with him to see the sights of the port that evening.

Of all the excusions ashore many things were to come, among them all of the eventualities that Moran herself would have declared impossible.

Riding at anchor nearby the “Lady Letty’s” mooring was a gala yacht, the “Petrel,” conspicuously graceful, contrasting with the dingy commercial craft of the harbor as a marcelled and manicured debutante contrasts with the maids of all work. The “Petrel” was gay with colored lights and festooned lanterns about the decks.

As Moran and Nels came ashore at the dock, a luxurious closed motor car pulled up, and the spirited figure of a young man, handsome and dressed to a nicety, stepped down. He was apparently bound for the evening party aboard the “Petrel.”

As they passed on the dock there was a glibt of approval in the dressy stranger’s eyes as he took in the stalwart womanhood of Moran. But there was a fine scorn in Moran’s voice as she turned to Nels.

“A sofit in his sport clothes, going to cruise around the harbor tonight and get some sea thrills.”

The young sportsman overheard the jibe, and smiled.

Moran saw this, and, embarrassed, hurried on with Larsen.

But Ramon Laredo in his smart yachting toggery stopped to watch her out of sight. He started toward the “Petrel’s” slip, then paused. An idea had come over him and the boredom of

“Mine—forever and always.”

It was at once his announce-

ment and challenge

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But Ramon Laredo in his smart yachting toggery stopped to watch her out of sight. He started toward the “Petrel’s” slip, then paused. An idea had come over him and the boredom of
another evening yachting party did not fit his mood for the moment. He dallied about the waterfront. Of course, Josephine Herrick, his almost fiancée, would be waiting for him on the "Petrel." Laredo looked with an inward longing off into the mystery of the harbor, with its ships at anchor, resting from their voyages over all the world. There was romance for him in the picture and something that seemed to beckon him away from the narrow little life of social gaiety that hemmed his days.

As Laredo sauntered down the docks, he encountered an old salt of a man and together they stood looking out on the bay. "Yes, siree—sonny—ships from every port in the world—an' some queer creatures on 'em, too, I reckon."

They fell into conversation with that and when the old man suggested that he knew a place where they might have a drink together, the idea smacked of adventure to Laredo. It would be something to tell the party about a little later.

So, soon they stood together, the smart young man in his yachting suit and the salt old sea dog, lifting their glasses to each other.

It was a swift and powerful drink. The world went whirling for Ramon Laredo. The room swayed and it was dark, a blank.

The waiting party of the "Petrel" at the dock waited in vain.

One guest was not to come that night.

A dory presently put out from the shadows of a dark pier head near that waterfront dive. In the bottom of the boat was the limp and silent Ramon Laredo. Twisting its way out among the ships at anchor, the dory nosed about in the dark until it fetched up at a weather-stained, disreputable-looking schooner, bearing the name of the "Heart of China."

The old salt swung up to the rail and over, beckoning to the men in the boat. A pair of husky ruffian longshoremen picked up their unconscious passenger and hauled him aboard the schooner.

Frisco Kitchell, skipper of the "Heart of China," reeking of rum and cursing with every step, came forward. Frisco Kitchell was any kind of a villain that one might describe, a mongrel of the port breeds, a quarter-blood Chinese and three-quarters of all the rest that was worst in the broad Pacific. His ship, the "Heart of China," carried no honest cargo save to mask the traffic in rum and opium between California and the outlaw coast of Magdalena bay in Mexico.

Kitchell looked down at Laredo in his motley garb. The smuggler burst out with a flood of oaths.

"I want able seamen—I don't figure on workin' this boat with dancing masters!"

The gnarled old crimp argued the value of his prey, insisting, "He's a husky young 'un, anyway, Frisco."

Kitchell paid off the crimp and called sharply to a pair of sailors to take the drug dazed man forward.

Laredo was recovering. He pulled himself together unsteadily, mystified and thick.

"What's this—I demand to be put ashore."

"Take him for'd." Kitchell turned away.

Off across the harbor came the sounds of music and revelry aboard the "Petrel." The party was on without the missing guest, hardly more than the length of an anchor chain away from the villainous "Heart of China."

Laredo protested again. Kitchell swung and caught him on the jaw with a wicked punch. Laredo stretched his length on the deck. When the sailors at his side picked him up he was ready to go forward.

Laredo had heard stories of men being "shanghaied" off to sea, but they were merely wild romances to him. Now this was real.

He nursed his hurts with a gringerly hand in the forecastle and grinned a bit to himself as he thought of the party over there on the "Petrel." What would Josephine Herrick think? Well, it didn't matter now.

He had wondered a bit about chucking it all and seeking adventure in strange ports. Here was adventure enough beginning. And, no choice but to see it through.

Josephine Herrick read the headlines in the papers when the story broke a few days later—"Young Laredo Missing, Foul Play Suspected," and presently turned her smiles toward other young men in her set.

Aboard the "Heart of China," Ramon Laredo, shorn of his finery, was rapidly becoming an able seaman. An intelligence that was unfamiliar to his unhappy comrades of the crew gave Laredo a certain power. His rapidly growing skill won even the semblance of admiration from the gruff rufian Kitchell.

"For a greenhorn, you're gittin' on—next thing you'll be wantin' me to give you lessons in smuggling."

The schooner was bearing away down the coast southward.

Standing out farther to sea, bound for the coast of Chili and laden with coal, the "Lady Letty" was sailing fair, with a bone in her teeth and a swift white wake streaking far behind. Moran stood at the wheel.

Then came one of those countless tragedies of the sea. Up from the hold came straining wisps of tell-tale fumes. The cargo was ashore.

The alarm was sounded and the crew poured out.

"Man the pumps!" Captain Sternerson shouted out his orders and seized an axe to rush below and chop a way for the hose lines to flood the hold.

It was a desperate losing fight. The crew in the panic of terror deserted with the life boat and rowed away into the Pacific wastes.

Down in the hold below, Captain Sternerson and his faithful first mate Nels Larsen fell victims of the deadly coal gas and died there, in the welter of ruin below decks.

The schooner was filling, extinguishing the fire as she settled into the sea. Frantic, helpless and lone Moran, sole survivor of the "Lady Letty," caught in a gust of the fumes, fell unconscious on the deck.

On and on and on crept the sea as the ship filled.
Wisps of smoke and steam rose from the gangways and up through the widening seams of the hot deck.

The burning derric of the "Lady Letty" drifted.

Under the shade, in a hammock on the after deck of the "Heart of China," her desperado skipper Kitchell lay with an idle, vicious eye to seaward.

In the remote distance the rising smoke of the burning schooner caught his eye. It was in the course of the smuggler as he watched with a growing interest as the "Heart of China" bore down on it, disclosing at last the hull. He called to Laredo to bring the telescope.

KITCHELL looked long and eagerly at the drifting schooner.

He licked his dry lips at the thought of loot.

"Not a soul aboard—what a find." He was talking more to himself than to Laredo, who stood at his side.

"Stand by and man the boat!"

Kitchell with the crew of his gig went aboard. Laredo in the stern of the small vessel bagged his first glimpse of the Chinese war ship.

"Coal gas—wiped 'em out." Kitchell grinned as he looked at the ruin. He cast a cautious eye about as though to make sure there was indeed none to stand between him and plunder.

Moran, face down and unconscious, was sprawled on the deck.

Laredo approached gingerly and half turned the wilted body over. Moran's eyes half-opened, dazed.

That glimpse, despite her seaman's garb, established a glint of puzzled recognition for Laredo. There was something that reminded of something—what?

"Plumb loco from the gas—take him aboard."

Kitchell went on in his quest of loot.

Abroad the "Heart of China" with the all but unconscious Moran, Laredo called Charlie, the Chinaman cook, to bring whisky to revive the rescued sailor.

SITTING on the edge of a forecastle bunk, Moran lurched forward and would have fallen. Laredo shot out a protecting arm. Moran's hat fell back, releasing her hair, and as he caught her up Laredo gasped with surprise. The seaman's oilskins fell away and betrayed her as a girl.

There was amazement and fear in Laredo's heart.

Kitchell, remorseless villain of the high seas, must not know a girl was aboard.

Charlie, the imperturbable Chinaman, was standing there with a tin cup of of whiskey.

Laredo looked sharply at him as he took the liquor to revive Moran.

The Chinaman shook his head.

"No tell boss. Charlie no tell."

On the burning "Lady Letty," Kitchell and his men were crashing about, breaking open lockers and wrenching away fittings. The ship's store of liquors was found, and raider, too. But the flames were working fast and were soon to claim the lost ship.

A hatch bursting with gas pressure opened the way for the air, and flames swiftly enveloped the decks.

Kitchell, cursing and screaming in the anger of his disappointment, fled with his men. He ordered full sail on "Heart of China" to take her away from the danger zone of the burning schooner, and a few moments later the "Lady Letty" went down in a blast of fire.

"Cheated, cheated!" Kitchell moaned and swore. "All I get off of her is a bottle of rum and a loosed sailor."

Moran, recovering, sat up and stared about her. A few words from Laredo told her the fate of the "Lady Letty" and all hands. She took it like a man, or rather like a man is supposed to take such tidings of tragedy.

"And don't you remember me?" Laredo looked at Moran earnestly.

"No."

"I'm the softy in his sport clothes. That went out to cruise in San Francisco harbor."

Moran regarded him with a puzzled look a moment and then smiled grimly.

"What are you doing on this ship?"

"Shanghaied."

"Shanghaied!" She broke into a hard laugh. "A toff, shanghaied!"

Charlie, the China boy, entered.

"Boss Kitchell, he say see you now."

THIS was the summons for Moran, the newcomer on the infamous "Heart of China."

A look of alarm swept over Laredo's face. He snatched up Moran's seaman's hat and oilskins.

"Here, put these on—Kitchell is a demon—he must not know you are a girl."

"No—I can take care of myself." Moran pushed them away.
Moral House-Clean

What's It All About?

The governor of a great state is sued for seduction by his stenographer—a leading banker is accused by his wife of illicit love affairs—a well-known minister with a family is arrested for white slavery—an eminent lawyer is mutilated by a husband for home-breaking. . . .

But does the world conclude that governors, or bankers, or ministers, or lawyers—as a class—are therefore rotten, that the whole profession is given to those practices of which one of its members has been accused or found guilty?

No! The thinking world is too just—too sane.

And yet, because two prominent figures in motion pictures have recently been the center of scandal, the entire profession has been put under a cloud.

The reason for this iniquity is manifold:

To begin with, Hollywood is the most talked-of city in America; it is a small community populated by famous people who exist in the white glare of a merciless spotlight. They have as much privacy in their work or lives as a Broadway traffic policeman.

Moreover, the men and women who work in pictures are the most popular and intimately familiar figures in the nation's life.

Also, the dishonest, scavenger press, seeing temporary profit in sensational smut, proceeds to butcher the motion pictures to make a journalistic holiday. Motion-picture scandals are exaggerated and dwelt upon, given exorbitant space, and played up with pictures and banner heads.

Then again, certain despicable seekers for cheap and lurid publicity, in the motion-picture ranks, rush into print with their ideas, tales, suppositions and opinions.

Furthermore, the public, too, is in large part to blame. It is human nature to create an idol and then to tear it down. From time immemorial idols were made to be raised and shattered.

And so, as a result, a great industry is irreparably injured; the reputations of thousands of decent men and women are sullied; an entire community is dragged into the mire!

It is a colossal and unforgivable injustice! I have personally visited Hollywood many times. I am thoroughly familiar with the motion-picture industry. I know as many of its people as anyone in this country. And this I can truthfully say:

Never have I seen the immoral conditions to which the newspapers refer. And while there are members of the motion-picture profession who are addicted to vicious practices, the men and women—as a whole—are as decent and self-respecting as the men and women of any other profession.

Photoplay is not posing as a defender of the motion pictures. It holds no brief for the purity of Hollywood. It prefers, in fact, to refrain from all discussion on the subject. But it can not sit by silently and behold both public and press besmirch with lies the entire rank and file of a great industry. This is why Photoplay has refused the recent frantic demands from newspapers for photographs of eminent actors and actresses, knowing the use to which they would be put.

Vice is to be found everywhere—in every profession and in every city in the world. The motion-picture profession is neither better nor worse than any other.

Photoplay asks nothing for motion pictures but justice—that simple, fine justice which the American public knows so well how to exercise.

—JAMES R. QUIRK.
ing In Hollywood

An Open Letter to Mr. Will Hays

DEAR MR. HAYS:

You have just accepted a position which makes you the representative head of the motion picture art and industry. You are the ideal man to occupy that position. Your traits of character and your proven ability, sanity, directness and fearlessness qualify you for this great responsibility.

I am taking the liberty of writing you a letter; and the things I am going to say to you are the outgrowth of a six years' undivided association with the motion-picture industry—its leaders, its directors, and its stars.

You are confronted by the biggest job in America. You hold in your hands, as a sculptor holds a piece of clay, an industry which yields perhaps a more direct and personal influence upon the public than any other in the United States.

It has become a necessity in the lives of many millions, and because of its vastness and influence, is almost a public utility.

You have it in your power to do a greater and finer service for this country than any other man today. You are, indeed, not merely face to face with a gigantic task—you have a sacred duty to perform as well.

In motion pictures, as in all great industries, there are undesirable—selfish vicious persons who work injury to everyone with whom they are associated.

There is the unscrupulous producer who, for a temporary profit, makes his appeal to the baser instincts in human nature.

There is the actor and the actress who live loose, immoral lives, and who thrive on scandal and lurid notoriety.

And there is the exhibitor who attempts to capitalize this scandal and to benefit by this notoriety. (In Los Angeles, while the press was at the height of a recent orgy of sensationalism, a local theater threw across its entrance a large canvas banner bearing the words: "I love you; I love you; I love you!" quoting a note which Mary Miles Minter wrote to Taylor, the murdered director.)

There are the self-appointed guardians of public morals, who forget the spirit of our form of government and in their frenzy of ego-mania, busy themselves in bringing about censorship, or exercise it in such an autocratic manner that compared to them, the kaiser was a benign and humble ruler.

Whenever a crime or a scandal connected with motion pictures has come to light, there have been those in various branches of the business who have at once rushed in and sought, through one means or another, to profit by it at the expense of the industry's reputation, scattering lies and accusations and innuendoes broadcast.

These are the facts. What, then, can be done?

Viewing the situation broadly, I believe that what motion pictures need at the present time, more than anything else, is a moral house-cleaning. They need it for their own good, as well as the public's. And you are the one man who can bring this about. It is you alone who can rehabilitate the good name of a great industry which has been dragged through the mire.

First of all, you should call on producers to discharge all persons whose private lives and habits make them a menace to the industry. This is vital. When the Stillman scandal broke, the National City Bank dropped Stillman. Surely the picture industry can do as much for its own good name.

Furthermore, you should eliminate all those persons who are eager to take advantage of the sensational publicity offered by any motion-picture scandal which gets into the papers.

Moreover, in every motion-picture contract there should be a clause similar to the one in the new Goldwyn contracts, providing for the immediate discharge of any actor whose private life reflects discredit on the company.

Your problem is to restrain not only the exhibitor, but the producer and the actor as well.

It is a general moral house-cleaning that is needed.

Then there is another point. One of the cardinal reasons why scandals like the Arbuckle and Taylor cases are possible, is that the motion-picture business has built up great public characters, thus making them easy targets for sensational journalism.

This method of production has been wrong; for the publicity, advertising and expenditure should be spent on the pictures and not on the stars.

And here again you can help by focusing interest and attention on the art of motion pictures and not merely upon personalities.

Indeed, the time will probably come when personalities will be almost entirely obliterated, although you can never succeed in overshadowing the individual ability of the really great actress and actor.

There is no need to go into the causes for the unfortunate condition of affairs which at present exists in the motion-picture industry. No one is directly to blame, for the industry and its problems are new, and certain recent results could not be foreseen and met. Both cause and effect are without precedent.

Perhaps everyone has been a little to blame—the producer, who sat apathetically by and did nothing; the actor and actress, who were suddenly 'loaded with riches, and sought to enjoy them without counting the cost; the exhibitor, who gave no thought except to the box office; the newspapers, who played up the scandals for personal aggrandizement; the public, which was willing, even eager, to believe whatever it heard or read.

But whatever the causes, the facts exist; and it is these which you, Mr. Hays, must face—and face fearlessly. The time has come to act, and I believe that you are capable of organizing the many factors of influence in America—producers, actors, directors, exhibitors, press and public—to join hands and work with you for a new ideal in motion pictures.

PHOTOPLAY, for its part, will refuse to print any personality story about any motion-picture star, who is notoriously immoral, or whose actions are such as to reflect unfavorably on the industry.

It is a Herculean task you have undertaken.

You are going to find in the motion-picture industry the same trouble that has always existed—selfishness and cutthroat methods. Side by side with men of the highest principles, you are going to find men who are the scum of the earth.

But you will succeed. Neither you, nor anyone else will be able to make the motion-picture business perfect. Any more than the railroad business, the steel business, the banking business, or the government is perfect.

After all, just as sorrow and hardship build up character, so out of these tribulations will come a stronger and better business.

JAMES R. QUIRK.
New Mae Murray Costumes Designed

Just Clothes
As explained to Carolyn Van Wyck
By MAE MURRAY

Miss Murray delights in wearing a vest on this order under her jackets and silk and wool sweaters

ANY woman in the world can be attractive if she understands how to dress.

That's a pretty broad statement, but I believe it, so why shouldn't I say it?

And good dressing has nothing to do with money.

Good taste and careful grooming are the only essentials.

The day of the pretty woman is past.

It is the well-groomed, smart, attractive woman who holds sway today. I've seen the prettiest girl in the room a wallflower in favor of a girl who knew how to make herself look desirable.

I wonder if all you girls realize—all you women of America—what a chance you have at fashions, at correctness, at new and adorable clothes ideas that you never have before. I wonder if you understand that the stars of the screen spend hours—days—and fortunes, dressing for you.

If you are a picture fan, you ought to know more about clothes than a New York millionaire.

There are two or three things I've always wanted to say to women about clothes. This is my chance and I'm tickled to death.

First of all, I'm absolutely sincere when I say clothes are not a matter of money.

You May Have One of These Patterns!

My enthusiasm over the fact that I am able to offer the women readers of Photoplay Magazine these Le Bon Ton Patterns of exclusive frocks, designed by and for screen stars whose clothes have become a model for all America, is growing every month. This month Mae Murray, who in her article below tells you herself that a very large portion of her time is spent studying and designing clothes, helped Le Bon Ton and Photoplay to give you examples of spring and summer gowns for every occasion. You will find the necessary directions as to material and pattern of one of these adorable frocks goes to you! See the coupon.

Carolyn Van Wyck

I know two sisters, around thirty or thirty-five. They married—one a very well-to-do business man in Cleveland. The other a young chap who writes for a living and is quite poor. Naturally. The older sister has a clothes allowance that amounts to more than the younger one's whole income.

But it doesn't do her a bit of good.

Her hair is always wrong in the first place. She doesn't understand what to buy, and gets extreme mod-

Mae Murray looks her best for out of doors in this suit, which was designed by her own fair self. Its lines are charming and it could be most attractively developed in heavy brown bengaline, vested and collared in biscuit bengaline. The cost of a dress on this order would be but $34.25, as follows:

4½ yds. bengaline (40 inches wide) @ $5.00 $22.50
1 yard for vest…………………………. $1.00
2½ yds. satin…………………………. $6.25
Extras…………………………………. 1.00

There is a smart distinction about this one-piece street dress of the ever charming Mae Murray. Best of all, it could be copied in one of the modish heavy silk crepes for the very moderate sum of $22.75. Here are the figures:

3½ yds. heavy crepe (40 inches wide) @ $5.00 $18.75
3½ yds. heavy crepe for cuffs and collar……. $2.50
Embroidery silk and extras…………………… 1.50

Design 4

Design 5

Downloadable patterns of these frocks by Le Bon Ton are offered by the editors for readers who might like to design their own gowns. See the coupon.
by Le Bon Ton, With Patterns For You

els that are not becoming. She wears too many colors at once. Too many frills.

The younger one always looks twice as smart. Her little frocks are simple, becoming, good lines. She always has that clean, well-groomed look that instantly intrigues.

So there you are.

The first thing to do is to make up your mind to your type. There again the screen can help you immeasurably. That is part of our business. To establish type.

You may be an Elsie Ferguson, a Bebe Dan-

Design 7

Mac Murray in designed by herself negliges

iels, a Mary Miles Minter, or even a Mac Murray type.

When you've once made up your mind, stick to it through thick and thin.

Find your colors. For myself, I prefer the soft, pastel shades, even in street and sport clothes. Some women never look so well in anything as black—or white. Some girls can stand the vivid shades, greens, reds, hennas. But not many.

Study yourself. And then buy the things that suit you.

I always suggest to my friends that unless they have an unlimited wardrobe they should select very simple things—things you don't tire of quickly. If you have a scarlet evening dress—that's very nice.

Only when you've worn it twice, everyone says "My goodness, has she got that dress on again?"

A sport costume—I prefer a silk sweater with a batiste vest and a soft turn over collar, combined with a plain short skirt. A street suit or dress. The suit in the picture is the most satisfactory garment I have ever worn—the street suit. It is essentially smart. And almost anyone can wear it. An afternoon dress and an evening gown, make a wardrobe that if carefully selected, any woman can get by with.

There is nothing more satisfactory to any woman than good patterns. Many of the frocks I love best are made in my own home by a clever little dressmaker who will carry out my orders. All my underwear is made at home.

I think every woman is lucky to have the opportunity that Photoplay and Le Bon Ton are offering. It ought to simplify the clothes problem so much.

Because—I know that I myself spend a great part of my days over clothes, I have to. It's part of my stock in trade. And in these frocks and things on this page, I'm giving you the benefit of things designed for me with hours of trouble and concentration. Anybody can make them because my things are essentially simple.

The woman who doesn't make the most of herself, who doesn't study herself and try to be attractive is—well, she's very silly! Don't you think so?

Miss Murray selected soft taffeta in sweet pea pink for this delightful evening dress. The scallops on skirt and bodice are bound with the silk, and its slight bouffancy is added to by the picot-edged streamers of ribbon which are in looped effect. Isn't $21.58 a small sum for so smart a dress?

5 yds. taffeta (36 inches wide) @ $2.75 $13.75
10 yds. ribbon (2 ins. wide) @ .65 6.50
Extra ........................................ 1.00

Quite irresistible is this pajama suit which is among the intimate garments owned by Miss Murray. You can duplicate it for $16.70.

4 1/2 yds. crepe de chine........ @ $1.00 $13.50
9 yds. lace.......................... 60 .60
Embroidery floss......................... 2.70

Design 6

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Department of Fashions
25 West 45th Street
New York City, N. Y.

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

Name ........................................
Street and Number ...................
City ................................ State ....

Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.
"Rotten!" says Rudy. "Dumbbells!" says Gloria. Miss Swanson and Signor Valentino have retired momentarily from the screen to direct their director and their scenarist, Sam Wood and Elinor Glyn. The working title of their picture is "Vengeance Is Mine." saith Rudy and Gloria.

It was no surprise to me when Alice Lake bobbed her hair.

Everybody is advancing opinions as to why she abbreviated her locks. One says because it's the Hollywood style, another that it makes her head cooler, or that shampoos cost less. Alice states that she tried a bobbed wig in a picture and it looked so fetching that she decided to make it permanent. But—

I sat near Alice and a most handsome cavalier one evening at dinner in the highly polished Ambassador patent-leather grill, when Nazimova came in, rumpling her wide-spread bobbed hair in her usual nervous manner.

Alice's escort fastened admiring eyes on Nazimova's abbreviated thatch.

Alice fastened thoughtful eyes on her escort.

Next day Alice bobbed her hair.

The small daughter of one of our loveliest stars enjoys watching her mother dress. One day at school the teacher was explaining elementary physiology.

"And what," she asked, "does the stomach do?"

"The stomach," replied the little lady seriously, "holds up the petticoat."

All the romances are not on the screen.

Pauline Frederick is now Mrs. Charles Alton Rutherford.

She has married her girlhood sweetheart, a physician of Seattle, Washington. They were sweethearts back in Boston when she, Beatrice Libby then, was seventeen and he was twenty-six. Then she went on the stage as Pauline Frederick; became a famous celebrity, and was married to Frank M. Andrews, the New York architect. They were divorced and she later married Willard Mack, the playwright and actor. Pauline Frederick became one of the great stars of the films; her salary was tripled; her name became synonymous with gorgeous gowns and handsome homes and luxury.

Her Beverly Hills estate is one of the show places of the exclusive California suburb.

Miss Betty Compton takes pleasure in presenting the director who first declared her a genius—her mother.

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

By CAL. YORK

Miss Frederick did not announce her engagement. Even her most intimate friends did not know her intention to try matrimony a third time. She made her decision to wed Dr. Rutherford, at five P. M. one Saturday in the palm gardens of the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles; and the ceremony was performed at seven P. M., in the parsonage of the Christian Church at Santa Ana. Jack Gardner and his wife, Louise Dresser, were there; and as old friends were invited to be witnesses. The wedding supper was at a "hot dog" lunch counter, where ham sandwiches were served.

The Rutherfords have taken a house in Beverly Hills. She gave her age as thirty-seven; he is forty-six.

JOHNSON McCULLEY, who wrote "The Mark of Zorro" for Douglas Fairbanks, has gone into esthetic seclusion with three pots of incense and a deck of playing cards. When he wins his game of solitaire he will emerge with a nice plot all carefully catalogued in his mind. That's the way he lures his muse. And the incense must be
occupied stellar space for a while. Then the company which had put her into the electric class decided that, after all, she didn't really belong there. And so she was, to put it vulgarly, out of a job.

Came a great director. A producer-director, who has made many pretty little in- ventures into real, lasting Stars. He saw the ingenuity in question and liked her. But, as one of his premier qualifications is, always has been, and always will be, pretty limbs, he was in a quandary: for our little friend was not particularly pulchritudinous in that respect. In fact, she was knock-kneed and clumsy of ankle. Which would never, never do for the heroine of the great director's pictures.

But camera tests of her face were made, and were satisfactory. And the G. D. decided he must have her. So he put her into the hands of an artist—a regular artist—and said, "I want you to fix up Miss So-and-So's legs so they'll photograph like a million dollars."

The artist is an artist. He made shapely plaster casts and put her into them. He designed special shoes which made the thick ankles surpassingly pretty. He presented the result, and the ingenuity was permanently hired. You'll never notice it on the screen. But the young lady had to stop work every twenty minutes, have the casts removed, and her poor little limbs massaged. What we do suffer in the name of Art!

M ARJORIE DAW says she isn't engaged to Johnny Harron and she'll just keep on going out with him and the little birdie can whisper all it wants to, so there! Their childhood friendship—but Marjorie admits it contains an element now not present during those other days—dates back to the time when she and brother Chandler, Johnny, and the late Robert Harron were "pals."

N ORMA TALMADGE is still threatening to film "The Garden of Allah" in Africa. But don't worry—this is one of Norma's favorite pastimes—a periodic threat. I won't grieve until I know she has gone.

(Continued on page 50)
ONE GLORIOUS DAY—Paramount

OR, the amazing adventures of Ek, the small spirit. One of the quaintest stories ever filmed, it will interest and amuse you, whether you believe in it or not.

It concerns a spirit which comes to inhabit the earthly guise of a meek professor. What it does to that professor provides comedy that is almost Chestertonian—G. K. When the professor is played by Will Rogers, the most lovable man on the screen, and he is in love with Lila Lee, and Alan Hale plays an almost likeable villain, you’re in for an evening of rare entertainment. And you get it. Satire on spiritualism is so deftly done you can take it or leave it, according to your humor. There are fantastic scenes of the spirit world, and those of Ek on earth are cleverly conceived. James Cruze is a director of imagination, and this production puts him into the “special” class.

There’s a wonderful fight in it, and you love Will Rogers more than ever. He is one actor who’s good no matter what you give him to do. His rare whimsicality, comparable to Chaplin’s, was never more apparent. There is a little more love-making than usual for him, here; and he accomplishes it surprisingly well. Lila Lee is the love, and her smooth dark beauty provides the principal decoration. John Fox, as Ek, is an artist!

See this. You’ll admit it’s out of the ordinary.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE—Vitagraph

IT’S a curious fact that the most satisfying photoplays are seldom the ones involving vast expenditures and grave warnings about leaving the children at home. “The Prodigal Judge” demonstrates again that the public wants—and really enjoys—a clean story with a good plot and even (whisper it!) a moral.

Maclyn Arbuckle has given many fine performances in his long stage and screen career. But he has never done anything more splendidly convincing than the character of Judge Slocum Price.

PENROD—Neilan First National

THE children’s classic of the screen.

Reels and reels of pure joy—you’ll sit spell-bound unless you are so old and sour that you have forgotten the days when you were Penrod’s age. Marshall Neilan deserves a special medal for making this picture. Instead of digging up some old problem to put on, he has taken Booth Tarkington’s comedy of boyhood and reimmortalized it, with the freckled Barry in the stellar rôle, and a marvelous cast.

A regular review of this is impossible. A picture you can sit through again and again and laugh more heartily every time. Chuckles and guffaws and shrieks, according to the scenes presented. The best parts of the famous stories have been selected for screening by Mr. Neilan and his scenario associate, Lucia Squier, and his associate director, Frank O’Connor. Dedicated to that great institution, the American boy, it is absolutely faithful to him. It presents his little problems, sometimes almost seriously, so that you want to go home and be as nice as possible to your small brother or son, even to giving him a two-dollar bill, which plays such havoc with Penrod. Yes, it’s all in the film.

The pageant—perhaps the funniest thing on celluloid. Penrod’s party, and the new wiggly dances—all performed for your benefit. Almost every scene is charming or funny.

Wesley Barry, the only possible Penrod, is pretty nearly perfect in the part, thanks to his Irish Svengali. The children are, without exception, splendid and non-theatrical. Baby Peggy, a star herself, provides some of the choicest comedy. She will elicit many appreciative ah’s. Marjorie Daw and John Harron are the youthful lovers.
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

**PENROD**
• **ONE GLORIOUS DAY**
• **THE PRODIGAL JUDGE**
• **TURN TO THE RIGHT**
• **THE SEVENTH DAY**
• **THE RULING PASSION**

**TURN TO THE RIGHT**—Metro

**THE SEVENTH DAY**—First National

*This picture comes from the same source as "Tol'able David," that is to say, it was directed by Henry King, and Richard Barthelmess is its star. It lacks the rugged vigor of the Hergesheimer story and it is marred by some crude attempts at comedy relief, but for all that it is a thoroughly worth-while picture, and proves that the talent displayed by King and Barthelmess in "Tol'able David" was something more than a momentary flash.

"The Seventh Day" is the story of a yacht that puts into a little sea-coast town for repairs. Its passengers, disillusioned cynics from New York, mingle with the humble members of the local population, and two romances result. Richard Barthelmess, as John Alden, is the son of a long line of hardy old sea captains. Louise Huff is Patricia Vane, the sophisticated flapper with whom he falls in love. They are both excellent, and they are well surrounded by a thoroughly good cast. As in "Tol'able David," the direction of Henry King stands out. There is the same quality of genuineness that was so much in evidence in his previous picture.

**THE RULING PASSION**—United Artists

*The story, by Earl Derr Biggers, of this title appeared in the Saturday Evening Post before George Arliss acquired it for the films. When the picture was shown, critics deplored the fact that once again the screen was making use of the "passion" angle in a title to bring the shekels through the box-office window. They complained that "the ruling passion" meant only work, innocently enough, but that the celluloid magnates meant it to mean more—much more. The public of the *Post* endured such a title in silence.

But it's a fine picture—for the whole family. George Arliss plays the leading part with consummate skill; he brings life and sympathy to an every-day character. Doris Kenyon is a charming daughter.
THE WALL FLOWER—Goldwyn

This may be listed as a near-hit. Rupert Hughes has provided a good story, and the production is well handled. But Colleen Moore is inadequate as the tragically unpopular wall-flower who finally blossoms out into an American beauty, with the usual inevitable consequences. Richard Dix lends his customary pleasant personality to the cast. It's a good family picture.

A STAGE ROMANCE—Fox

Charming entertainment for the entire family, thanks to the brilliant art of William Farnum. The Dumas tale of Edmund Kean, picturesquely and artistically related, with Farnum doing his best work in some months. A great actor impersonating a great actor, he is lifelike and lovable, and makes a strong appeal. His leading women are splendid: Peggy Shaw and Myrtle Bonillas.

HER HUSBAND'S TRADEMARK—Paramount

A thoroughly entertaining film, at least for the ladies. Gloria Swanson has been draped, in her inimitable way, most becomingly by Clara Beranger and Sam Wood, and shines with particular brilliance even for her. The story is highly improbable and highly absorbing. Stuart Holmes returns auspiciously as her husband. It's pure hoakum, but you can't help liking it—and Gloria.

WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA—Universal

A serial—but a serial plus. Good jungle scenery, logical adventure, and a historical background that is always authentic. George Walsh is a young scientist who goes with Stanley on his search for Livingston, and Louise Lorraine is a newspaper reporter. Your evening won't be dull, for there's thrills aplenty for the most exacting. An all-around picture.

THE GRIM COMEDIAN—Goldwyn

A story of fate and Broadway—two themes that never grow tiresome. An actress who decides to go straight for her daughter's sake, a villain who transfers his affection from mother to child; not new material, of course, but it's an intensely dramatic narrative for all that. Jack Holt scores the acting honors. Not for children. Nor for adults with child-like minds. (Cont'd on page 62)
Just two things to do for a perfect manicure

Cuticle smooth and even—Nails polished and pink
Here is the quickest, easiest way to get them

SHAPELY nails, exquisitely pink and polished, framed in smooth cuticle—at last you can have them without the time-consuming bother it used to mean. Now, with Cutex, there are just two things to do, instead of half a dozen, to make your nails look as if they had just been professionally manicured.

Instead of tedious soaking, and instead of dangerous cutting, you just work carefully about the nails with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, then rinse, and the hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

You can form no idea of how this one thing alone has simplified manicuring until you have tried it for yourself. In just a fraction of the time that soaking and cutting used to take, you can achieve the smoothness of the nail rims that was never possible when you cut the cuticle—and with none of the ill effects.

In a flash, the brightest, most lasting polish
Here are two new polishes too, that help to make the manicure infinitely quicker, easier than it used to be.

Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few swift strokes across the palm of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine. And it is more brilliant and lasts longer than the luster you get from any other polish. The texture is velvet smooth—and it has a body and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully. It has a somewhat stronger tint in order to give the faint pink to the nails that is now so fashionable.

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THE BRIDE'S PLAY—Paramount

The basis of this story is an ancient Irish legend about a bride who is snatched away by a young Lochinvar at her wedding. It has not been made into an effective picture, largely because of weak continuity, but Joseph Urban has devised many scenes of marvelous beauty. Marion Davies and Wyndham Standing have the leading roles. The climax is well carried out.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION—First National

Norma Talmadge has a weakness for incongruous roles—perhaps it's her love for the unusual—but she has seldom been so mis-cast as in this picture. She is called upon to portray a diminutive wisp of a girl who lives in a semi-civilized state in the West Indies. There are some good scenes, but that is about all that can be said for this production.

THE MAN FROM LOST RIVER—Goldwyn

Another of those vital, gripping, red-blooded dramas that deal with life in the big woods. There is the usual eastern weakling, and the usual uncivilized, true-hearted brute, and the usual girl. The brute, of course, wins out, to the satisfaction of all. House Peters, as the he-man hero, helps considerably to satisfy the audience's supposed desire for the primitive.

MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY—Paramount

More or less pure hoacum that you're almost ashamed of yourself for enjoying. Whether it is the presence of two sparklers such as Valentino and Dorothy Dalton, or whether it is the original power of the Frank Norris novel, we don't know; but it's good strong entertainment. Sea stuff; fights; love. Rodolph as usual; Dorothy with bobbed hair—yum yum! You're bound to like it.

SATURDAY NIGHT—Paramount

Cecil B. de Mille seems to be running a bit wild, of late, and this is one of his wildest excursions. Two matrimonial tragedies which could never have happened, many extremely lavish sets, Leatrice Joy doing her very best, Edith Roberts failing to register, and Conrad Nagel, who hasn't a ghost of a chance—all are lost in the mad scramble for spectacular effect.

NANCY FROM NOWHERE—Paramount

Bebe Daniels' beauty and charm absolutely wasted in an impossible picture. It's not even up to the standard of her other stellar films. It can't even be classed as juvenile stuff. You can't take the children because there is an unpleasant theme. Bebe has exceptional pantomimic gifts. Why throw them away on stuff like this?

(Continued on page 95)
TODAY silk is used as much as cotton in making women's washable garments. Silk blouses and silk stockings every woman owns—and many of her underclothes are of silk.

Silk can so easily be ruined in the first laundering that the safe way to wash it is a real problem to the manufacturer as well as the wearer.

William Skinner & Sons, the largest satin manufacturers in the country, felt it was so important to solve this laundering problem, that they had thorough washing tests made to work out the safest way to wash silks.

Read the letter from William Skinner & Sons. It tells you why, as a result of the tests, they unqualifiedly recommend Lux.

**William Skinner & Sons**

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had samples of our various silks laundered in Lux—Peau de Cymnos, Charmeuse, satins, etc. Each sample was given the number of washings the average silk garment gets in a year.

We found that at the end of the washings none of the silks had stiffened and in no instance did the delicate threads fray or rough up. We noticed particularly that the Peau de Cymnos did not "pull" and that the satins retained their suppleness.

All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe that they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.

How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.


**LUX**

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
"Zukor Had An Idea"

The famous head of the Famous Players Co. changed the whole motion picture business with it when he brought Sarah Bernhardt to the screen.

By TERRY RAMSAYE

"Adolph Zukor Presents"
Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"

ONE afternoon, just ten years ago now, an inconspicuous, square-set little body of a man went hurrying along with the crowds in Times Square. He had an abstract look on his face, busy with his thoughts within as he stepped along in automatic haste. He hesitated in the thick of it, paused, and came to a sudden stop.

More than likely some one stumbled over him and muttered things about people that didn't have "sense enough to get out of the way." People in crowds are like that.

But this preoccupied man had neither mind nor ear for the crowd just then. He elbowed his way to a quieter eddy in the stream of traffic, and hurried to jot down a note of just two words on a scrap of paper. Then he jammed it into his pocket and plunged into the surging traffic again. An expression of relief took the place of abstraction. Something important was settled.

That evening at home he remarked across the dinner table—"I have got a good name for our new company."

"What is it?"

He thought a moment, then felt in his pocket and brought forth the crumpled paper with the note on it.

"It's—it's—why, I can't make it out, now, myself!"

The soup got cold while he turned the paper, first this way, then that, trying to decipher those two scrawled words. But in the middle of the coffee it came back.

"Now I remember—Famous Players!"

The man, of course, was Adolph Zukor.

It was a good name, because it embodied and represented an actual idea. The name and the product it represented are ten years old now and, by way of memorializing this decade of Famous Players history, various pleasant affairs and functions have been announced, chief among them a visit and tour by Sarah Bernhardt, first of the Famous Players.

BECAUSE this idea that came to that man in the crowd has survived and grown to vast estate in these years, its history is peculiarly worthy of inquiry.

One may pass lightly over the earlier facts of Adolph Zukor's arrival, at sixteen years of age, in 1890, an immigrant from Rics, in Hungary, and his early employment sweeping a fur store in New York. It was an humble beginning, dramatically humble, but that is an essential nature of true beginnings. It is sufficient that he swept well and learned the fur trade, which he came to pursue with profit in Chicago. There is perhaps a glint of significance in the fact that he saw a need for some better device for fastening furs than the old fashioned "frog," and proceeded to invent and patent a snap fastener. It paid because it was needed.

Doubtless the world lost an excellent furrier when Mr. Zukor returned to New York in 1903 and began to look about for something else, and in 1905 ventured into the penny arcade business, with Marcus Loew. The penny arcade of the day presented phonographic versions of song hits and peep show machines in which were motion pictures of a sort made by the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company.

MR. ZUKOR had an arcade at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street and another at Fourteenth Street and Broadway. Motion pictures projected on the screen were gaining a bit of attention and shortly Mr. Zukor decided to try their drawing power by converting the Sixth Avenue arcade into a theater. His Mutoscope friends and others advised him against the move. They assured him he was "crazy." So he went ahead.

In time this "crazy idea" was applied to his Broadway place and it became the Comedy Theater, presenting motion pictures.

But the time came when the (Continued on page 117)
In America's Great Orchestras

WHAT a significant fact it is, that the artists who interpret the works of the masters, who paint again the great tone-pictures of the symphonies, use Conn instruments in the expression of their art!

The standards of these conductors, and of the players with them, are indeed exacting. Conn instruments meet these standards in every detail, giving life and color to the composition with the brilliant beauty of their tone, and responding instantly to the player's control in the most difficult passage.

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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, unlikable, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessmness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Where Can You Buy 'Em?

I N  "Bar Nothin'," Buck Jones is in the desert-alone. He is not even accompanied by his boots or hat. His socks, naturally, are filled with holes. And yet, when he gets into town again, they are as good as new.

Eugene Smith, Columbus, Ohio.

Mixed Dates

I T happened in David Butler's picture, "Girls Don't Gamble." A calendar in Mr. Latimer's office shows plainly that it is the month of May; but in the store a large sign reads, "July Clearance Sale!"

J. E. Horan, Dalton, Georgia.

Serial Complications

I NOTICEEd this in the serial, "Breaking Through," which stars Carmel Myers and Wallace MacDonald.

Both are trapped in a tunnel after an explosion which started a landslide. In the tunnel MacDonald lights a candle, which gives off a steady flame. In the next scene Carmel notices the flame flickering. They start out to find the source of the draft. Then the candle is about five inches long. Later when they are groping their way along the tunnel, the candle is twice as long. They find a hole in the roof of the tunnel and climb through. Wallace puts the candle, which has now diminished to three inches, in his shirt pocket. When they return to camp there is no sign of the candle.

F. J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Showing Up The Sheikh

T HOSE wonderful soft lights in the desert tent of "The Sheikh!"

And the rose that apparently bloomed in the desert so that The Sheikh could put it on Diana's breakfast tray!

It was such a darn exciting picture, though, that I almost overlooked these things!

Ruth F. B., Bronx, New York.

Permanently Waved

W YNDHAM STANDING, the hero of "The Iron Trail," rescues Natalie from the shipwreck. He swims with her to shore, then carries her to the house. On the porch, he stops an instant, revealing the girl with her hair wet and straight. A second later, she is inside the house, in her mother's arms with hair perfectly dry and beautifully curled.

Laura Levy, Tacoma, Wash.

Well-Titled, Anyway

M ANY unusual things have happened in the various episodes of "Terror Trail"; but one of the most unique occurred in Episode 16. An automobile dashes off while its only (?) occupant is stepping on the running board.

George Teis, Homestead, Pa.

"Stepping On" the Future

B ETTY LEE, an eighteen-year-old flapper in "The Speed Girl," is introduced as a child five or six years old. By subtraction, the year of Betty's sixth anniversary is 1909, yet death threatens her at that time by means of a 1921 model automobile!

Rutson Lutz, Montgomery, Alabama.

Many Noticed This

I N Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she is fighting with the rival Fauntleroy. He punches her in the chin, and she gets a black eye.

R. Lang and Others.

Just a Little Variety

I N  "The Branded Woman," Norma Talmadge's picture, one scene shows a long table, on one end of which is a full-face photograph of Norma. The scene shifts, and when the table is again shown, the picture is no longer there—but on the opposite end of the table rests a profile likeness of the fair Norma.

E. Z. S., Springfield, Vi.

We'll Forgive Her This Time

I LIKED  "A Prince There Was" — it was a fine picture. But I noticed this:

Tittle Peaches Jackson left her room to go upstairs to see Mildred Harris. When she arrives there she was fondly carrying a doll that she had left down in her room a minute before.

Edwin N. Richardson, Boston, Mass.

He's the Hero, Isn't He?

T OM MIX, as Whistling Dan in "The Night Horsemen," chases Buck in an all-night ride. When Buck reaches the house, his face, hat, coat and other clothing are very dirty, while Dan looks exceedingly spic and span and none the worse for his all-night ride. How come?

Harry Farkas, Dayton, Ohio.

It Must Have Kept Him Busy

B ILL FARNUM, in "The Scuttlers," appears before the first mate with quite a full-sized set of whiskers. The first mate shows him a mop and sends him on deck to get to work. A few minutes later, the Captain's daughter, Laura, slips on the wet deck and Bill helps her to her feet. And it is noticeable that he is clean-shaven.

H. V. B., Minnesota.

How Heroic!

I N  "Under the Lash," after Robert Waring (Mahlon Hamilton) frustrates the attempt of the Boer farmer Krillet (Russell Simpson) to murder his wife Deborah Krillet (Gloria Swanson) Waring rushes into the barn, releases Deborah, and then, overcome with emotion, places his hand on a lighted kerosene lantern and keeps it there for two or three minutes without even flinching.


Attention of Miss Talmadge

I was only recently that we of this town were privileged to see "Good References," with Constance Talmadge, starring; and we think Constance ought to mingle more with the typical modern American girl. Now what modern American girl would ungracefully wave her arms in the air and scream, "Murder—help—thieves!" when a man appears at her bedside? Why, Constance acted exactly like a mid-Victorian Clarissa or Charlotte. She was portraying a self-assured, capable, and efficient young woman equal to any emergency and did get up and go with the aforesaid man. Peter, to get Bill out of jail at the midnight hour. Now wouldn't the modern American girl have looked with wide eyes at the man and demanded, "What do you want?" Heart beating, of course, and voice trembling slightly—but oh, that arm-waving of Constance's!

Mrs. C. M. Locke, Mansfield, Ohio.

Enterprisin', B'Gosh!

I N  "The U. P. Trail," which is a tale of the early days, before prohibition and jitneys, we find a nice, big, modern safe—such as are used in the best equipped Broad Street business offices today. Just a little ahead of the times!

P. V. K., New York City, N. Y.
Pretty Girls Have Always Known the Secret

These two pretty girls share the same beauty secret, although one lived 3,000 years ago. Girls who both know that a fresh, smooth, radiant skin is not only woman's greatest charm, but one within reach of every woman.

For pretty girls used a form of Palmolive in the days of ancient Egypt, just as they do today. The crude combination of palm and olive oils, which served as a beautifying cleanser, was the inspiration of the famous Palmolive cake, famous for its mildness the world over.

Modern science, with all its progress, can find no milder, more soothing cleansers than these two ancient oils. It can only perfect their combination and offer it in the most efficient and convenient form.

**Gives a Perfect Skin**

To state that just washing your face every day will give you that all-desired, fresh, smooth skin may sound too simple to be true. But such cleanliness is the foundation of complexion beauty, for this reason:

The accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cold cream and powder must be removed or they will collect and clog the tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin.

Such clogging enlarges the pores, which soon results in coarse texture, and the imbedded dirt causes blackheads and when it carries infection, eruptions follow. There is no beauty in such a neglected skin, which repels when it should attract, and prevents popularity and social success.

**Soothes While It Cleanses**

Some women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves they are using the wrong soap.

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean. In case of dryness, apply your favorite cold cream both before and after washing.

**Not Only for Faces**

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows.

Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth.

**Not Extravagant at the Price**

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm long-wearing cake of generous size costs only ten cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in vast volume which reduces cost.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY**

Milwaukee, U. S. A.

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA**, Limited

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*Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles*

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

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For trial we invite you to send 15c, and we will be glad to mail you three guest-room packages of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream.

You cannot buy a better powder than Armand Cold Cream Powder. It is smooth, dense and delicately perfumed. It spreads easily and blends naturally into the skin. And it stays on till you wash it off!

Armand Cold Cream Powder is the only dry face powder with a base of exquisite cold cream! It actually improves the skin, protecting it from dust and dirt. Because of its unusual density, there is twice as much value in the little pink-and-white hat-box of Armand Cold Cream Powder as there could be of ordinary powder.

Buy a box of Armand Cold Cream Powder today. It is $1 everywhere. Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder, in the square box, is 50c everywhere. And if you do not like it better than any powder you have ever used, take it back and your money will be returned to you.

ARMAND—Des Moines
Canadian customers should address Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ont.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES
The Ballins
Chasing an incorrigible couple

By DELIGHT EVANS

IT'S downright discouraging. There's nothing you can do about it. I've tried—goodness knows I've tried. Imagine two people—but you couldn't. Nobody could. I couldn't either, if I didn't know.

I've watched them—sometimes secretly. Then I've met them at dinner and at luncheon and at tea. I've been to their house. I've watched them work. I've run into them unexpectedly at banquets and balls and first-nights. I've followed them up the Avenue. I have slunk around corners and peered from doorways at them. It doesn't do any good.

They're real.

Their life is an Open Book. There are no eccentricities. Nothing you can put your finger on and say triumphantly, "There— I knew! They are artists, after all!"

She is little and slim, with gold hair recently bobbed by herself. Her beauty has been solemnly classified as chiseled and cold. I suspect she laughs at that.

She might be the wife of a banker or some other business man. He might be her husband. They have a nice apartment in town in a nice location. They have a nice country house in Connecticut. They have a nice car. There's nothing to give them away.

The apartment is young and quiet. She hasn't a boudoir draped in purple—or even rose-color. He hasn't a portrait—by himself. There are no photographs of her about. Their dog is a nice white bulldog that barks at strangers. He smokes a pipe—not the bulldog. Once in a while she smokes a cigarette. When she takes out her cigarette case she shows it to you and says it came from Italy. She bought a dress the other day that she likes but thinks it is too grand for her—she doesn't feel like herself in it—it has rows and rows of pearls all over it—she hides it in the closet but gets it out sometimes and gloats over it—

They go to the studio together. Here, I was sure, an eccentricity would rear its ugly, but interesting, head. But no. He wouldn't show off worth a cent. He was excited about a set and said so. He didn't swear; he smoked. The actors came up and offered some suggestions. He called her Mabel.

At night when they're too tired to go to a theater and aren't entertaining she reads to him. Scenarios—just scenarios. They have to; all the time. Because they can't afford to spend a million dollars on every production, they have to be economical; and so they do the work of readers and continuity writers and cutters and designers and film editors and just about everything.

The other day I met her, rushing up Fifth Avenue. "I'm on my way to the library," she said breathlessly, "to look up an old English melodrama that Hugo may do; we've looked and looked and can't find it." And it did remind me of "Alice in Wonderland."

He writes the continuity all by himself, principally to (Continued on page 115)
Photoplay Magazine Folks

Delight Evans' interviews have endeared her to thousands of readers

Terry Ramsaye, whose "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture" begins in this issue

All whisper their secrets to Ada Patterson, stage oracle, theatrical editor of Photoplay

A masked mystery—always. The Answer Man!

Willard Huntington Wright, critic and novelist, does those satirical "Life in the Movie" articles you enjoy

The West Coast editor—Adela Rogers St. Johns. Screen authority, and Cosmopolitan fiction writer

Rolf Armstrong paints the lovely cover ladies. Known as one of the country's foremost portrayers of screen beauty

Margaret E. Sangster—becoming as famous as her grandmother of the same name—poet and story writer

Robert E. Sherwood, a veteran of the famous Black Watch, now does reviews for Photoplay and Life

Ralph Barton needs no introduction. The French artists copy his style, and are called "tres Parisian"
Most people call a doctor for pneumonia. They don't depend on "cure-alls."

So with pyorrhea—see your dentist if you fear it. Don't depend on a dentifrice.

Colgate's cleans the teeth—and prevents trouble—keeps teeth sound between times of visits to your dentist. Colgate's is safe. That is why more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

Large size tubes at your favorite store 25¢

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture
How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep It Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-looking and Luxuriant

Illustrated by WILL OREFÉ

The beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possible injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO
M. M. H., FURTSON, Va.—So I talk in mysteries, do I? And what, may I ask, are mysteries? If you mean I am mysterious, I beg most humbly to differ with you. In polite language, you're 'way, 'way off. I'm the most obvious person on earth, I assure you. Do I think sixteen or seventeen too young for a young girl? No, I think sixteen or seventeen is just a nice age for a young girl. I am not Doug Fairbanks or Bill Hart. If I were, I couldn't spare so much time from my work to make all those pictures, Carrie.—I'm with you, Carrie—not Nation, but McCager—in wishing that fine actress, Edith Storey, would come back, come back, oh, come back! Edith to us! Was anything finer than her "Island of Re- generation?" Nothing. Her last pictures were for Robertson-Cole: "The Beach of Dreams" and "The Greater Profit." I don't know where she is, or what she's doing now. I wish she'd let me hear from her, and so do several thousand others.

ALICE B., SOUTH DAKOTA.—You're a nice kid, Alice. I've always liked you. But you expect too much when you ask me why Marguerite de la Motte didn't marry Mitchell Lyson when they were reported to be engaged. Mr. Lyson is an art director. There's a story about Marguerite in this issue of the Magazine. She was Doug's leading lady in "The Three Musketeers." (By the way, I wish someone would invent a fitter term to apply to the pulchritudinous ones who play opposite male stars. "Leading Lady" sounds so stilted; "leading woman," uninspired; and you don't say "leading girl," do you? No.) Elinor Glyn appeared in one scene in "The Great Moment."

BLACKEE.—How's Wallingford? You say you wish you had my job. After you'd do my job a while you'd say you wish you had yours back. My job, I think you think, is one round of pink paper and pretty girls' pictures and meeting marvelous stars. Occasionally I work, even though after reading my columns you might be inclined to doubt it. Which is really a great compliment, you know. "The Rosary" has been filmed again by Selig-Rork. Selig made an earlier version of the story with Kathryn Williams, Charles Clary, and Wheeler Oakman. Lewis S. Stone, Jane Novak, Robert Gordon, Wallace Beery, and Eugene Bes- sorer have the leading roles in the new production.

GLORIA III.—Yes—seeing Gloria Swanson in puttees and stetson amid Mexican cacti and things is like watching a china doll at a bull fight. I prefer our Gloria in the silks and sables which were made especially for her.

JOHN K., SCRANTON, Pa.—Charles Emmet Mack came from your city, where he first faced life's camera in 1907. (Not bad!) He was a property boy at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck when the director decided he was just the type for the role in "Dream Street," after a long search had been made for the ideal Billy McFadden. Mack is unmarried, is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. He is still with Griffith but has not appeared in any recent films.

LLOYD HUGHES ADMIRER.—One more vote for Mr. Hughes! He's married to little Gloria Hope, who has evidently retired from active picturism since her marriage to the Inc-ite. Lloyd Hughes was born in 1890; he has greenish gray eyes—I never saw any, but they say he has 'em—is six feet tall, and weighs 170 pounds. He was originally intended by Thomas Ince, as the successor to Charles Ray, I believe; but his roles have been along different lines, although he always plays them well. His work in "Hail the Woman," a fine picture by the way, was good.

A. DE L., MANILA.—Thanks for your kind words. They were mostly in favor of Ruth Clifford and Violet Mersereau, but I thank you just the same. Edward Hearn was born in 1888. Ruth Clifford February 17, 1890. You'll have to wait till next year to send her that birthday card. Violet Mersereau is twenty-seven. She has gone abroad again to rejoin J. Gordon Edwards' Fox company, for whom she made "Nero." Edwards di- rected "The Queen of Sheba" and all of the more spectacular Theda Bara pictures. But he's really a good director. Miss Clifford in "Tropic Passion." Eugene Strong in "The Crimson Stain," not "The Crimson Mystery," although it must have been a mystery.

HILDA.—You like Hoot Gibson better than any other western stars? Well, Universal does, too, and they are starring him now that Harry Carey left. Hoot is Helen Gib- son's husband. I don't know about the other Gibsons, Jack and George; but Charles Dana Gibson is—oh, won't he do? Sorry. William S. Hart announces that he will continue to make pictures as long as the public wishes him to; which probably means that Bill will go on forever.

JASMEN.—The minute I opened your let- ter, I knew it was you. The subtle fra- grance of your praise announced you. Which is one way of putting it. Pauline Fred- erick is married to Dr. Rutherford, her child- hood sweetheart. It's a real romance. Read all about it in Mr. Cal York's Plays and Players. Miss Frederick has been on the screen since 1914. Her first appearance was in the Hall Caine play, "The Eternal City," which she and Hugh Ford went to the eternal city to film. "Roads of Destiny" was a Frederick-Goldwyn picture made in 1920, in California. She is now working for R. C. Pictures, in Hollywood. No—Holly- wood and Hollywood are not the same. Mary Pickford lives in Hollywood. Mary Stuart lived in Holyrood, and we leave it to you which is more famous.

BABS.—For a fourteen-year-old girl your art isn't so bad; but you have a lot to learn, as I am sure you realize. "Little Women" made a charming but not a great picture. Here is the cast: Mr. March, George Kelson; Mrs. March, Kate Lester; Aunt March, Julia Hurley; Jo, Dorothy Bernard; Meg, Isabel Lamon; Beth, Lillian Hall; Amy, Florence Flinn; Hannah, Mrs. Anderson; Laurie, Conrad Nagel; John Brooks, Henry Hull; Mr. Laurence, Frank de Vernon; Professor Bheer, Lynn Ham- mond.

V. D., VIRGINIA.—You didn't bore me at all. A Virginia from Virginia wouldn't. Madge Evans, 1531 Broadway, New York City. Others answered elsewhere in this issue. (Continued on page 72)
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 73)

C. W. DE R., ALASKA—I hope honestly that you discover Ruby de Remer to be a long-lost cousin or something. Not long lost, because Ruby is too youthful; but at least a lost relative. She has just returned from abroad, and is in New York at present. You want to know why directors never picture the real Alaska instead of putting an entirely fictional representation on the screen. I don’t know, but I’ll ask them. Call again; and if you ever come to Manhattan, don’t neglect to drop in and see me.

Arlene, Washington, D. C.—Oh, yes, I’d love to go to the South Seas. Always have, long before Frederick O’Brien and Captain Traprock and those fellows began writing about it. Have always wanted to see the flora and fauna of the islands—especially Flora. Vivian Martin is still starring in “Just Married” at the Shubert Theater, New York City. She has made several pictures since her Paramount contract expired, among them “Pardon My French.” She is married to William Jefferson. She has no children.

I don’t know whether she’s going on tour with the company or not.

Mildred.—If you look anything like Mildred Davis, I’m for you. Mildred is one of the sweetest girls on, or off, the screen. “Remorseless Love” was a Selznick picture. Here’s the cast: Ruth Baird, Elaine Hamerstein; Enoch Morrison, Niles Welch; Dave Hatfield, Jerry Devine; Hester Morrison, Ray Allen; Cosmo Hatfield, James Seeley; Cameron Hatfield, Effingham Pinto.

Gordon Young.—How do you like my portrait on the page of Photoplay Folks? Now you know I’m not eighty. And that’s all you do know. Dorothy Greene in “A Parisian Romance.” “A Ridin’ Romeo” and “The Night Horseman” are Tom Mix pictures packed with thrills.

H. Dumont, Chicago.—Florence Lawrence made one picture since her return to the screen, “The Unfoldment,” for Producers Pictures Corporation. Ask your theater manager if he is going to show it; that’s the only way I know to insure your seeing it. Miss Lawrence is in New York now. I believe.

(Continued on page 122)

Pictures may be improving, but we still have with us:

THE MISUNDERSTOOD SISTERS

By

DELIGHT EVANS

By this we Mean

Out of Those Long Ladies
With Lots of Hair
Who Saves the Little Sister
From a Calling-down
By her Irate Husband.
She Always
Takes the blame.
Greater Glory
Hath no Film Actress
Than that
She Hide her Little Sister
When the Husband Comes—
And while
Little Sister Suffocates
In the Bad Boudoir
Of the Other Man (the Little Dear
Always Rolls herself Up
In the Priceless Persians—you’d think
She’d Smother—too bad she doesn’t!)
The Misunderstood
With a Joan of Arc Expression,
Steps Out to Face the Music—
Sung
In an Uncertain False-tet
By the
Irate Husband.
The Small Sister
Is Blonde—a
Fluffy Little Thing who is
Rather Well Worth
Sacrificing for,
If you Ask the Audience.
Her Honor
Is More Precious than the Heroine’s:
Don’t Ask us why, but
She’s Chemoically Chaste.
So the Heroine
Never Hesitates: she
Gives, and

She Saves the Little Sister From a Calling-down by her Irate Husband.

In Capes—they’ve Got to Do It—
It’s in their Contracts—!
The Other Man
Breaks his Long Rule
Against Brunettes
And there’s a Misty Close-up
Of Him, Narrowing his Eyes.
And we Know
That the Poor Misunderstood
Is in for It.
She’ll Do her Old Familiar Act
Of Saving the Family Name.
Ah—but Wait!
The Hero
Has Penetrated the Plot—
(With the Aid of Two
Detective Agencies)
And he Appears to
Blame the Blonde,
Hit the Husband, and
Hug the Heroine—sometimes we wish
It was the Other Way-Around.
The Other Man? Oh, he
Goes his Wasteful Way
To Be the Awful Angle
Of another Triangle—you’ll meet him
In the Next
Problem Picture you see.
And the Picture Ends
As it was Bound to do—
Sooner or Later—
In a Cradle Close-up, and
A Tearful Title that Says:
“And so
With the Soft Light
Of Motherhood
In her Eyes, our
Heroine Looks Forward
To the Dawn
Of a Happy New Day.”
She has Nothing On Us.
Thousands of oil-laden pores—

Essential to the beauty and health of any complexion, yet they destroy woman's chief charm, if they are neglected.

Each pore, brimming with natural oil, traps and holds any floating particle of dust which comes in contact with it daily. Unless removed, this dust and grime combines with the oil, clogs the pores, hinders their cleansing work and makes complexion health and beauty impossible.

Soap and water alone will not remove this foreign matter and the impurities dammed up behind them. Washing merely clears the surface of the skin—the trouble-maker lodges below the surface. Left undisturbed, it enlarges the pores, undermines skin health and causes unsightly blackheads.

How certain oils dissolve impurities

To acquire and keep a clear, radiant complexion, you must give your pores a thorough cleansing every night. The way is easy. Certain oils, correctly compounded, will penetrate the pores, dissolve the oily mass in each and bring it to the surface. A soft cloth will then remove it.

These oils have been combined in Melba Skin Cleanser. Thousands of women have used this cream for twenty-nine years, and thus kept their skins youthful and radiant. If you, too, would have the satiny clear complexion women and men alike admire, begin tonight to cleanse your pores. Apply Melba Skin Cleanser, giving it time to enter the pores. Within a week you will be amazed at the smoothness and softness, the new, fine texture of your skin. Then, to remove or prevent wrinkles and bring added color, massage lightly with Melba Face Cream Skin Massage. This will bring more blood to nourish the tissues. The cream is astringent and will narrow and refine the pores.

To add the final touch of beauty, you must use the right face powder. The "calcimined" look you see so often comes through use of a coarse face powder. To blend evenly with the tone and texture of your complexion, face powder must be infinitely fine. By a wonderful new process of air-sifting, Melba face powders are now made so fine they float on air, blend admirably with any skin and cling perfectly.

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Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, 50 cents
Melba Loo'me Face Powder, 75 cents
Melba Skin Lotion, 35 cents

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Fans I Have Known

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

No. 1—The Pathetic Parent

"Poppa, who's that?"
"That's Mary, dear."
A puzzled silence.
"But you just said that the little boy with the curls was Mary."
"Well, it was. You see, Mary is playing a dual rôle."

Finally the camera was brought to bear on the part of Eunice.
"Poppa—is a dual rôle one of those things you eat for breakfast?"
"No, dearie, a dual rôle is—"
"Oooo look, Poppa! Who are those two people kissing each other?"
"They're both Mary."
"But, poppa, how can anybody kiss herself?"

The Poor Parent look very, very tired.
"I don't know, dear," he sighed.
"But, poppa, you know everything, don't you?"
"Yes dear. I know everything."
"Well, then—Oh, poppa, what does that say?"
He read the sub-title aloud to her.

"What does 'ancestral' mean, poppa?"
"Well, it means sort of—having to do with your ancestors."
"Have to do what with your an-cer-stors?"
"Oh, having to do lots of things with them."
That explanation seemed to satisfy Eunice, for she remained quiet for as much as sixty-eight seconds. Then:
"Poppa."
"Yes, dear."
"Poppa—can I have a drink of water?"

He got up and started to climb out to the aisle in search of the required refreshment.
"Wait a minute, Poppa."
He turned around, using a lady's toe as a pivotai point.
"What is it, Eunice?"
"Which one of those is really Mary?"

I saw a recent interview with Miss Pickford, in which she stated that Little Lord Fauntleroy was the most difficult rôle she had ever played.
She doesn't know the half of it!

The Tale of a Parrot

IN scenes for Thomas Meighan's "The Proxy Daddy," a parrot was being used. The scene was supposed to be in a Pullman car—where the transcontinental Tommy was quite at home. But Polly wasn't. Tommy hung his hat on the rack and waited for the porter to call "Chi-ca-go!"
But Polly refused to play her part. One of the characters plays a saxophone at night in his berth and an old lady raises a fuss because her parrot is being kept awake. Then a close-up Is shown of the parrot dancing to the music.
But the bird wouldn't dance. The set was cold and Polly was in no mood for shimmying. Director Al Green coaxed; Arthur Freed, composer of "Hindustan," played sinuous Oriental melodies on the piano—all to no avail. The spirit of the dance was not in Polly's soul. Finally Polly spoke. "My feet are cold," she grumbled.
Heaters were brought and Polly delighted to dance.
Incidentally, the saxophone later was "missing." It and Wallie Reid were discovered off in a corner getting acquainted.
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You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

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Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.
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Can you pass an evening alone without boring yourself? Can you be your own companion for two or three hours and feel that you are a better man or woman afterwards?

Play cards for wholesome recreation and you will find yourself the most charming companion in the world. You'll be surprised the way the time will fly and, all the while, you'll be sharpening your memory, improving your mental concentration, strengthening your foresight. You'll sleep soundly after a game of solitaire and you'll be a keener man or woman the next day.

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Solitaire at a Glance

Shuffle two entire packs of cards together and deal off on to the table, face up, four rows of ten cards each, from left to right, forty cards in all—called the tableau.

The object is to release the cards from the tableau and talon (see below), according to the following rules, so that they can be built up in eight suits, beginning with ace, then deuce, three, etc., to king.

In building, only the top card of the talon or a bottom card in the tableau can be used; the rule regarding the tableau being that no card can be used that has another card lying beneath it. Thus, at the beginning of the play, the cards in the bottom row of the tableau only are available, but as soon as one has been used the card which lies just above it can be used.

To play: If there are any aces in the bottom row of the tableau, release them, and lay them in a row beneath the tableau, the aces forming the foundations for building.

Then examine the tableau and endeavor to release cards so as to build up on the foundations (following suit, or to build down in sequence within the tableau itself, following suit). Thus if you have a king of hearts near the top of the tableau, and a queen of hearts which is available for use (no cards beneath it), the queen may be played on the king, and so on, playing available cards in descending sequence over to any card in the tableau. This should be done as long as such a play can be made, as it releases other cards desired for use. If it is called marriage, and should be proceeded with with caution, as a sequence formed in a lower row may block a desired card above it, which might soon be released.

As fast as aces are released place them in the foundation row.

In plays in the tableau, create, if possible, a vacancy (in a straight line) in the top row. This space will be of great advantage in releasing other cards in the tableau or talon. Vacancies in the top row may be filled with any available card, either from the tableau or talon. The player will use his judgment about filling the vacancies as created, or wait for a more opportune time.

When all the available cards are played, deal out remainder of the pack one card at a time, playing all suitable ones in descending sequence on the tableau.

The cards that cannot be played, either on the foundations or tableau, are laid aside, one on top of the other, face up, forming the talon.

If the foundations cannot all be completed in the ascending sequence to the kings, thus consuming all the cards in the tableau and talon in one deal of the cards, the game is lost. There is no redeal.

For seven other kinds of Solitaire see "The Official Rules of Card Games" offered below.
A Motion Picture Dictionary

Compiled and edited by WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

ACCENT, n. A peculiarity of speech which has always afflicted actors, causing them to pronounce literary, lyric, really, rily; were, ware; burglary, burglar; can't, cawnt; and so on. The complete elimination of this accent from the silent drama constitutes one of the principal advantages of the cinema over the speaking stage.

ACCIDENT, n. That to which is largely attributable a motion picture's success.

ACME, n. That point of perfection to which each successive motion picture attains in the advance announcements.

ADMISSION, n. The price one pays for disappointment. A fixed overcharge.

ADONIS, n. An ancient deity of surpassing facial beauty and perfect bodily proportions, of whom the average leading man secretly regards himself the modern reincarnation.

AFOAT, adv. A state which no boat manages to maintain once it gets within sight of an uninhabited island.

ALMOST, adv. As far as any seducer ever succeeds with a screen virgin.

ALTERNATELY, adv. The goal, the climax, the purpose, and the reward of human existence. The end of sorrow and the gateway to perfect bliss.

ANTIMACASSAR, n. A doily placed on the back of chairs to protect the upholstery from the oiled and pomaded heads of motion-picture actors. Macassar oil, from which these protectors derive their name, has been discarded because of its low visibility, and has been supplanted by brilliantine, patent-leather polish, Jap-a-Lac, ebony veneer, bear grease, and liquid vaseline—all of which produce a superior gloss.

ARTINESS, n. An attitude studiously and painstakingly cultivated by young lady stars.

ASTRIDE, adv. The inelgant but safe position assumed by motion-picture pictures which deal with the problem of capital and labor.

AUDIENCE, n. An assemblage of incorrigible optimists, who, though having been consistently disappointed, are ever looking forward to a change for the better.

BAG, v. i. To hang loose, like a label. That which no leading man's trousers have ever done at the knees.

BALCONY, n. A high, narrow veranda, over the railing of which, after a desperate struggle, the hero at length succeeds in flinging his antagonist.

BALDNESS, n. A histrionic handicap a great as that of having Dundrearys. The art of acting depends largely upon what part of the head an actor's hair is located.

BAN, n. A formal prohibition or interdict, originally ecclesiastical in nature, but today an arbitrary censorship imposed upon a great industry by a handful of narrow-minded, self-righteous busybodies of both sexes, who cause both producers and public to suffer as a result of their own Freudian inhibitions.

BANDIT, n. An honorable, courageous and handsome young gentleman with a purely academic interest in holding up trains and stage-coaches, who not only returns his booty, but risks his life to save the sheriff's daughter from the Indians.

BANK, n. A depository for money, characterized by its accessibility to burglars.

BEARD, n. A hirsute growth on the face, which at once renders it a proper object of grave suspicion.

BECAUSE, adv. & conj. Formerly a woman's reason, but of late extended to the motion pictures, and constituting the only apparent explanation for three-fourths of the things done in the average film drama.

BLAME, n. That which invariably falls on the innocent.

BLEMISH, n. Something which the characters of both heroes and heroines are entirely without.

BLIZZARD, n. A climatic disturbance which overtakes unmarried couples in Alaska, forcing them to spend several days alone with each other in a primitive hut, during which time the young ladies come face to face with the Great Realities of life, and emerges somewhat chastened and humbled.

BOOZE, n. Any spirituous beverage one drink of which is sufficient to create a state of complete intoxication. Likewise, that which the villain invariably partakes of just before he makes his unsuccesful advances upon the young lady whom he has lured to his apartment.

BOUNCE, v. i. An ingeneus habitual manner of locomotion.

BRILLIANTINE, n. A cosmetic for the hair, which, in many instances, constitutes an actor's chief source of brilliance.

BULL, n. A more or less domesticated pachyderm from which all comedians and young ladies from the city erroneously believe that milk may be obtained.

BUSHY, adj. Similar to a bush, such as the sideburns worn by butlers.

CALAMITY, n. That which inevitably befalls the impious.

CANDLE, n. A wax taper which gives forth a diffused illumination of greater brilliancy and penetration than the average arc-light.

CAST, n. An aggregation of actors each one of whom gives his or her own interpretation of a role as the author should have conceived it.

CENTRE, n. That part of a picture where one will at all times find Nazinova.

CHAIR, n. A long chair, or semi-sofa, upon which undulating brunettes in abbreviated sheath-gowns recline languorously and smoke cigarettes through long slender holders. A "chair-longue" is apparently regarded as a highly indeciet piece of furniture, for it is never found in respectable homes.

CHASE, n. The plot on which the majority of screen comedies are founded.

CHEESE, n. An edible which exudes a terrific and penetrating aroma capable of asphyxiating any person who approaches it too closely. Because of this characteristic it lends itself readily to all manner of humerous "business," and is always a source of the most uproarious mirth.

CHEF-D'OEUVRE, n. A masterpiece; a supreme work of art; a super-achievement; what every producer assures us his forthcoming picture will prove to be, although only one suppresses his modesty to the extent of billing himself as "the master."

CHRYSANTHEMUM, n. A large cabbage-shaped flower which comedians consider extremely funny when worn as a buttoniere.

CINDERELLA, n. A poor but virtuous young woman the story of whose life forms the plot-motif of every two motion pictures out of three.

CLAIRVOYANCE, n. The gift of foresight, the possession of which is wholly superfluous in determining what is going to happen next in the average motion picture.

CLUB, n. A lodge for men whose regalia is a form-fitting dress suit, and whose method of salutation is a slap on the back.

COWBOY, n. A handsome young man, freshly shaved, stylishly coiffured, and elegantlly manicured, who wears spotless hair pants and spends his time chasing Indians and pursuing bandits.

CYCLONE, n. A violent wind storm which, were the motion pictures a dependable basis of deduction, would seem to constitute a permanent condition of the earth's climate. (To be continued.)
Plays and Players—East and West

HAROLD LLOYD is back from New York with a beautiful new pathé contract. He didn't lose his charming bashfulness in Gotham. Nor did he lose Mildred Davis, who is to support him in a few more pictures, preparatory to launching her own company. Harold isn't a bit puffed up because a Chicago theater will show nothing hereafter but Harold Lloyd pictures, running one until the next one is ready for release.

The recent rainy spell did things to our fair city's water supply, owing to the mountain drains. It had a distinctly muddy look. And little Billy Reid has an aversion to bathing in dirty water. Some children are that way.

"That isn't dirty," papa Wallace assured his offspring solemnly. "It's just scorched. We left it in the heater too long."

Which explanation was quite satisfactory to young Billy.

HERE'S one on Guy Bates Post, that dignified stage star now filming "The Masquerader" for Richard Walton Tully. In the gray, drizzly dawn, clad in pajamas, Post looked out of his window and saw a man fumbling at the window of the living-room below. Forgetful of his state of debauchery, Post dashed, hero-fashion, down the stairs and out of the door. The fellow hopped a bicycle and rode off, with a panting and slightly less dignified Post close behind. When he caught the chap and prepared to give him a piece of his mind, Post discovered that the fellow was merely delivering the morning paper! He had been placing the paper in the window-box to protect it from the rain.

And Guy Bates Post, all drugged and considerably undignified, hurried sheepishly home in his pajamas, while the early-rising tourists gaped.

EDNA PURVANCE is to achieve stardom through the interest of Charlie Chaplin, who is planning to launch her production. It is not known whether her stellar pictures will be comedies or dramas. Charlie's action is a touching example of appreciation, a reward for unselfish service, for Edna has refused many times to leave him though splendid contracts were offered her.

THE day after the news of Valentino's divorce decree leaked out to a palpating world, Famous Players-Lasky stock jumped two points.

Lisa Lee is the latest little lady to achieve the honor of having her name linked with Charlie Chaplin's. They do say he's calling on her. (Everybody hold onto your Paramount stock! Lila may do something for the market yet.)

THE young son of one of the stars objects strenuously when his mother and father exhibit pictures of themselves and relatives together, taken before his birth.

"Oh, Daddy," he wails, "why didn't you wait for me?"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, having been awarded a decree of divorce from Jean Acker, is now free to persue his "lady-fan" mail, which has increased astonishingly since he became known that the gentleman of the sealskin hair was seeking his freedom. Blue and lavender and passionate pink are most of the envelopes containing fervid expressions of admiration for him. Each mail brings numberless poems, the lines penned by lily-white fingers, which Valentino refuses to get at all excited about. One dear soul even wanted to come out and "flutter" with him—which is a new one on me. We have a number of sports here in Hollywood, both indoor and outdoor—but we haven't yet learned to "flutter." Can the Effete East be putting something over on us?

Incidentally, "Rudolph" is no more. Grieve not, fair dames, he hasn't passed away. But his name is to have a slight operation. Henceforth it will be Rodolph. Apparently the Great Joss of the Lasky stronghold deems an "o" more conservative, more elegant, or more something—

Rodolph has purchased a new home in Whitley Heights, an idealized abode affair set in artistic grounds. But he denies that Mme. Natcha Rambnova, art director for Nazimova, whom rumor credits with having captured Rodolph's heart, is to be its chateleine. He will next film Ibanez "Blood and Sand" with Bebe Daniels as the Spanish vamp and May McAvoy as the wife.

RICHARD DIX, Launcelot of the Long Beach team, was telling a Swett Young Thing—name deleted—about the members of his football team. "Now, there's Smith," he said, "he'll be our best man soon."

"Oh, Richard," she lisped, "how sudden! You dear thing!"

Richard has sworn off women for life—again.

THE Little God is getting busy, with the promise of Spring. Marie Mosquini and Harry "Snub" Pollard have announced their engagement. The hymenial rites will occur in a couple of months, to be followed by a honeymoon in Australia to visit Snub's parents. As a wedding-present, Hal Roach is "graduating" Snub from one-to-two-reel comedies. Marie will continue as his viv-av-vis.

LEAH BAIRD narrowly escaped death from asphyxiation when the gas radiator connection in her dressing-room at the Ince studio became loosened. Both Miss Baird and her maid were overcome, but the prompt action of a carpenter who chanced to be passing and smelled the fumes undoubtedly saved both.

HERE'S the sort of a helmpate to have, says Bill Desmond. Called to New York by the sudden death of his sister, Bill left a personal-appearance tour suspended in mid-air. He delegated his wife, Mary McLvor Desmond, to make his bow for him and speak his little piece in a Toronto theater. She proved that a wife can be more than a pancake-pitcher—in fact, in view of the popularity she acquired for herself, Bill is wondering if he did right in letting her take his place?

(Continued on page 84)
Every normal skin needs two creams
One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil
If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer, and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher, color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night
Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth, and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? The way to prevent little lines from becoming wrinkles is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently with the lines, not across them. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today
Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist and the department stores carry both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to prevent chapping and to hold the powder
NEXT to John McCormack's "Mother Machree," Tom Meighan's favorite record is "When Frances Dances With Me." His permanent partner—the lady who's the mistress of maison Meighan, the lady of our photograph—is Frances Ring, the famous comic opera star. Tom's wife
From 700 letters
from those who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Doctors, mechanics, stenographers, housewives, teachers, nurses, clergymen, farmers, policemen, architects—in all, men and women in 113 different occupations recently told their experiences with eating yeast for health now being advised in cases of stomach and intestinal trouble.

Many men and women who had been suffering from poor appetite have regained appetite and vigor. One of them wrote: "My vitality is back to normal. I have a ravenous appetite and every morning I get up full of 'pep' and ambition."

Severe cases of pimples
Both men and women suffering from boils or pimples—over one hundred men and over seventy women—reported rapid relief from these troubles through adding to their diet Fleischmann's Yeast, the food which is now known to correct the basic cause of these troubles. One man who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for over a month wrote, "I have no more pimples and have gained four pounds."

"Flu left me very weak and painfully thin. Tried numerous remedies, even sent to Germany for serums, but to no avail. Took Fleischmann's Yeast and have greatly benefited by it."

"Can now do all of my work without feeling tired."—"Has relieved and strengthened me."—"Has made me full of energy."—"Now have the pep Ineed."

In cases of rundown condition—men and women—astonishingly quick response came after the addition of the health-stimulating Fleischmann's Yeast to the regular food. In some of these cases, improvement was noticed in less than one month.

The ways they liked to eat it best
Some of these men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in coffee.

Add 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling all about yeast.

Use coupon, addressing
THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept.504, 701 Washington St., New York.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
NAIL LOVELINESS
THAT'S LASTING

In five brief minutes

Without buffing, your nails can always have that freshly-manicured look

The modern woman knows the importance of looking her best, always. And, because she's a very busy person, she appreciates this time-saving, simple new manicure.

All she need do is brush each nail lightly with Glazo, once or twice a week. This is the modern liquid nail polish. It dries instantly, with that lasting, high lustre which fashion now decrees. Nothing can dim its beauty, and the nails always have that dainty, freshly-manicured look.

To give nails an attractive setting
Stubborn, uneven cuticle will become soft and smooth under the beautifying, soothing influence of Glazo Cuticle Mass. Use it with your orange stick to shape the nail sheaths; massage it in and leave it overnight, and your cuticle will always be trim and velvety.

Ask today for the Complete Glazo Manicure, at any of the better toilet counters.

For lovely hands, send for this book
Written in an intimate, chatty way, it tells many important new things about the hands and their care. It is free—simply send name and address. The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

GLAZO

Glazo Liquid Polish
with Remover, 50c
Glazo Cuticle Mas-
sage = = = 50c
Combination Set, 75c

John A. Huston Co., Selling Agents for Canada
44-62 Front St., West, Toronto

Home, sweet home with the Fairbankes; or, how they act when they're not acting, featuring Mary and Doug. The camera pursues them, from Europe to the Beverly Hills house, which boasts the name of Pickfair. Isn't that—well, isn't it?

(Continued from page 80)

THE health officer of San Francisco said Dorothy Dalton would have to be vaccinated, as she had been in contact with typhoid or something. Dorothy said no indeedy she wouldn't. Health Officer said "Yes!" in that positive way men have when they think they mean it. Dorothy became just as positively negative. The debate waxed to a point where H. O. threatened Dorothy with a sojourn in the isolation hospital, but Dorothy sneaked a base on him by showing an honest-to-goodness vaccination scar made some time ago. Dorothy won.

THEY're at it again.
Vividly colored, an advertisement for a film called "The Love Slave" reads thus: "A tremendous drama of passion... .
A beautiful Arabian slave girl—madly in love with the handsome young Parisian who rescued her from a beast.
"A flower of the East transplanted to Paris—the ages-old clash of East and West—a mad, jealous passion that would destroy one once beloved—then, prison walls that close in on another form of slavery.
"A thrilling escape from a living death—freedom and peace—the re-kindling of dead fires—and a climax so powerful—so satisfying—that it brings a profound sigh of relief."
"Sigh of relief" is right!

OVERHEARD in the Algonquin during the luncheon hour
A pretty sub-deb was lunching with a young chap who might have been the original of the collar ads one sees but never believes.

Said she, gazing dreamily into space, "Wouldn't it be strange if there really is reincarnation? Imagine if we were all to be reincarnated as aromas in the next life. What would you like to be, Tedly, if you were reincarnated as an aroma?"

"I'd like to be Corinne Griffith's bath salts," said her young man earnestly.

MICKEY and Mary—hurrah!
We have just heard that Marshall Neilan is again to direct Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country."
The Pickford-Nellan combination made such classics as "Stella Maris" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mary has never made such pictures since Nellan stopped directing her. The revival of "Test!"—especially if Frances Marion makes the scene—"is, which is also reported—should be a knock-out.

SAM WOOD has directed Gloria Swanson in every one of her stellar pictures. "And I haven't won an argument yet," says Sam lugubriously.

AT the Ritz the other evening, I saw Pearl White, with the most adorable chin-chilla coat on and a big, droopy white hat, black velvet on top, and white silk roses underneath. About her slim ankle, clad in this fashionable new stocking whose color is described by salesladies as "nude," Pearl had the daintiest little bracelet of platinum and diamonds.

A friend of the famous serial star told me the other day that Pearl returned from Europe engaged to a Grand Duke—I've forgotten the nationality. As a duchess, Pearl ought to be thrilling if nothing else.

(Continued on page 86)
"NERVES"—We hear it everywhere. The physician tells his patient—"It's your Nerves." Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their "Nerves." You see evidence of "Nerves" everywhere—in the street, in the cars, in the theatre, in business, and especially in your own home—right in your own family. We Americans are a nation of nervous people. This is known the world over. Our own Nerve Specialists admit it. It is caused by our "Mile-a-minute" life; the intenseness of our Natures in everything we do. It is making us the most progressive nation on earth, but it is also wrecking our people. Our crowded insane asylums prove it. Medical records prove it. Milions of people have sub-normal Nerve Force, and consequently suffer from endless organic and physical troubles, which make their lives miserable. What is meant by "Nerves"? By "Nerves" is meant Nerve Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), lack of Nerve Force. What is Nerve Force? We might as well ask "What is electricity?" We do not know. It is the same with Nature. We do know that it is the vital force of life, a mysterious energy that flows from the nervous system and gives life and energy to every vital organ. Never the nerve which leads to any organ and that organ will cease acting.

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

"NERVES"—A subtle and dangerous malady which is undermining the vitality of the American Nation

PAUL von BOECKMANN

Author of "Nerve Force" and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and Nerve Force. More than 1000,000 copies of those books have been sold during the last 25 years.

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store Nerve Force. The amount stored represents the store of Nerve Force of the body. The body works incessantly to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, or, in any way, consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, the natural result must be Nerve Bankruptcy, in other words, Nerve Exhaustion, Neurasthenia or insanity.

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion—its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a period of Nerve Insanity can understand the meaning of this statement. It is HELL: no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grows, he is afraid he will not die—so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken, and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helpless-ness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction. Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which can readily be recognized.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; ir-regular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; backache; head-aches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

How often we hear rumination from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ is weak or diseased? How often do we hear of people racking their brains, trying to discover the reason of their failure in business, in a profession, love, or any undertaking? They would give anything to lay their finger on the stumbling block of their lives—the door that locks out their ambitions, the wall that bars their way. Till the answer is: Lack of Nerve Force. In short, Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force. It makes Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to grow.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men. And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved success, or has attained anything of importance in life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, we become discouraged, health and vigor are lacking.

A familiar term, "a sound body," depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER even in a difficult undertaking, one must have a NERVE FORCE. If your Nerves have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine what caused your Nerves to fail and what to do to build up your Nerve Force.

I have made many interesting and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and entirely effective. I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE, and without any obligation on your part. Full particulars and the results secured in a plain envelope.

You would read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (draw or stamped). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. It is printed by the fact that large corporations have bought and are having this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation, among their employees—Efficiency bears. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Control. Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable infor-mation been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk—that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My ad-vertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

The following extracts are quoted from letters written by people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble but this was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I have been sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before, I was half dazed all the time."

"A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

110 West 49th St., Studio 52, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, with out obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name:

Address:

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.
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Meets more requirements of general office use than any other carbon paper. Makes clean, legible, permanent copies.

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Address: THE MARINE CO., Inc., 28-30 W. Straight St., CHICAGO, ILL.

---

**Make your little girl happy**

**WITH AN**

**Add-a-pearl NECKLACE**

The Family and Friends will keep it Growing

Ask Your Jeweler

---

"Lady Godiva" on her white horse has ridden right into pictures. The lady is an importation, presented here by Wistaria Productions.

(Continued from page 84)

**WHILE** the engagement of Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet has not exactly been announced, it is understood by all their friends to be a fact, and plans for the wedding are well under way. Blanche and Mickey have been friends for years, and their marriage won't surprise anyone. If Miss Sweet's health, which has been bad for some time, improves, she may return to the screen under Neilan's direction.

**ANITA STEWART** is going to have her own company.

Our consolation is that she cannot possibly make worse pictures for her own company than she did for Louis Mayer.

**JOHN EMERSON** and Anita Loos, who besides being co-directors and scenario writers of great note, are also man and wife, recently went down to Smith College to deliver a lecture on the art of motion pictures, to a group of college girls.

Mr. Emerson had rather a bad sore throat, and before mounting the platform he said to his pretty wife, "I'm going to take this box of throat lozenges with me, and eat them while I talk, so I won't lose my voice entirely."

At the end of his interesting discourse, he said, "Now young ladies, if there are any questions you'd like to ask, I'd be glad to answer them. Write them out on a piece of paper, and bring them up, and I'll be very glad to tell you anything you like."

The second question he opened read, "What are you eating and why?"

**WHEN** Madge Bellamy, newest Thomas H. Ince star, was on the stage in New York, a certain famous stage-producer, financially interested in Paramount, discouraged her film aspirations. "Oh, you'd never do in pictures," he told her. "You're too thin."

**HERR ERICH VON STROHEIM** has sobbed on many shoulders since the opening of the foolish "Foolish Wives."

He has, they say, made various complaints anent the cutting of "my picture." He wanted to reduce the many thousand reels himself, but Mr. Laemmle wouldn't let him. Universal's president's patience finally gave out, and he put the picture in the hands of a regular cutter, who worked day and night to finish the job.

Herr von Stroheim at first wept because they wouldn't let the film run two nights, thirty-six reels in all. He wanted to have them hire two theaters, sell tickets for two performances, first and second acts; sort of a Chinese effect. But, strangely enough, these Americans couldn't see the idea.

After all, doesn't it seem silly to waste art on us plebeians, anyway?

(Continued on page 87)
The Diary of a Lonesome Girl

Dear Diary:

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's really hard sometimes just how I feel. For I am so disappointed. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. His hair is prettier than Jimmy’s, isn’t it? And my own seems so—so much alike. Can’t you help me, Diary? Bobby’s better today.

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she’d saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobby’s doctor bill. I’m trying to be brave, Diary, but I’m so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season.

Went to church this morning. Walked to church through the streets and dreamt more than usual with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some clothes—just a few good ones. How happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping our home. But I can still smile, can’t I, Diary?

I’ve decided to wear my organza to the dance. I hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash will help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there and Edith will be there. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

I couldn’t write to you yesterday, Diary. I just couldn’t. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new blouse and my own didn’t seem to be best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? I do not think so. But Edith had come home all along—so tired and discouraged. Isn’t there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman. She’s been in distress all year. She can’t afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, and I’ve often wished. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying some things. I wish I could see her. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn’t put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl who couldn’t afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn too, Diary? I’m going to find out anyway.

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman’s Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it, while I’ve been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning the art of making just the kind of pretty clothes they’d always wanted, at oh, such prices. Can they do it for why can’t I, Diary? I can, and I’m going to.

I know I’ve forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I’ve been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman’s Institute. Think of it, Diary, I’m learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I’ve finished the first three lessons, and already I’ve made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to

Dear taxpayer, have you seen the latest edition of Photoplay Magazine—the one that contains the advertisements for the Woman’s Institute? It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you can do it all, learn easily and quickly, in spare time, or at leisure, and make your own clothes and dress things better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or any profession.

Use the coupon below to write a letter or post card to the Woman’s Institute, Dept. 36, Scranton, Pa. The first three lessons of this wonderful course will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

— TEAR OUT HERE —

WOMAN’S INSTITUTE
Dept. 17-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below.

[Blank spaces for different courses]

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
MOVIE SOUVENIR
Playing Cards

Your favorite picture stars in this beautiful deck of cards. 53 different portraits, one to each card, including such stars as Charlie Chaplin, Thomas Meighan, Geraldine Farrar, Tom Mix, Wallace Reid, Talmadge Sisters, Dustin Farnum, Pearl White, Lenore Ulrich, June Caprice, Louise Cluain, Sueuse Hayakawa, Mabel Normand, Wanda Hawley, Dorothy Dalton, etc., etc. Back design is a full color reproduction of the famous painting 'The Chariot Race'. Gold edges, telescope case. In every way the finest pack of cards produced.

Give a Movie Card Party
Surprise and delight your friends by using these novel cards for your next party or club meeting.

Give Movie Cards for Prizes
Any one of your guests will be glad to receive a deck of these cards as a prize.

Movie Cards as Gifts
Any one of your relatives or friends who play cards or go to the movies will appreciate a pack of these cards as a birthday or holiday present.

Add New Interest to your Family Card Games
Think of a Queen beating a King (the Queens of the Movies happen to be Aces in Movie Cards). Think of Charlie Chaplin vanquishing Tom Mix (Charlie happens to be the Joker).

A Portrait Gallery for Movie Fans
Even if you don't play cards you'll enjoy having these 53 portraits of your favorite players. They make attractive wall decorations when grouped together.

Cost No More Than Any Other High-Grade Cards.
Only 75c per pack postpaid.

FREE With Every Order
If your dealer can't supply you, send us your order for one or more packs and we will mail you free of charge the 48 page book "Entertaining with Cards" giving suggestions for all kinds of novelty card parties from the wording of the invitation to the kind of refreshments to serve. Order at once as this offer is for a limited time only.

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Send me postpaid... packs Movie Souvenir Playing Cards at 75c per pack and the book "Entertaining with Cards" free. I enclose $..............

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 Plays and Players

(Continued from page 87)

ALL the little girls are waving and handing back their new installment frocks—for Ernest Lubitsch isn't coming to Hollywood after all. He saw New York—and turned right around and sailed back to Europe. Can it be that Herr Lubitsch feared the battery of girls, who were all thrilled 'way down to their pink toe-nails as the prospect of meeting this foreign genius not yet harnessed to domestic yoke? Lots of little extras can spend their frock-money on meals now.

THE other day an astonished—and, whisper it gently, a highly indignant—Jack Holt perceived his name upon the call-board as an extra to take part in a "mob scene" in another star's picture. But it developed upon investigation that there was really an extra by that name working in the other play. And, what's more, he's getting a lot of the Star Jack Holt's lady-fan-mail!

CHARLIE RAY has cast his lot with the United Artists, joining the assemblage composed of Mary and Doug Chaplin and Griffith.

A LION in the arena at Universal City became too playful with Gladys Walton, reached through the bars, and slashed her fur coat from shoulder to hem. Gladys, unhurt, was angry as anything. It was a new fur coat.

HABITUÉS of the Algonquin, that almost-club of Manhattan stage-and-screen stars, have been startled out of their skins. Fancy seeing a very vampish lady: gorgeous in sables and diamonds—walk into the dining room, closely followed by a tall, handsome man. Fancy seeing them sit down together, and, oblivious of everybody else, calmly—or, more or less—hold hands. And when a page calls the gentleman, fancy seeing him rise and first kiss her before leaving to answer the telephone:

That's what happened when Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky Mayo were in New York. The beautiful exotic daughter of the great Leopard and her film-star husband have, contrary to rumor, not separated. In fact, they are shocking people by their constant devotion. It really isn't done. But it seems reasonable to expect the unusual from Dagmar. One cannot imagine her and the commonplace at the same time.

Mr. Mayo has old-fashioned ideas about wives. He doesn't want his wife to keep on with her motion picture work.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT will visit America—which means Hollywood—during March as the guest of Famous Players-Lasky, who plan a big party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the birth of the film industry.

H. C. WITWER was so pleased with the way his football yarns had been filmed under the title of "The Leather Pushers," that he wired Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, congratulations to the tune of $25 (paid).

The Universal poo-bah acknowledged the compliment with a $30 wire—collect. Witwer's sense of humor is now in cold storage.

BILLY RHODES, widow of the late "Smiling Bill Parsons," is asking a divorce from her second husband, William Jobelmann, a publicity man. One of her complaints is that he swiped a bottle from her private stock! (Continued on page 89)
Plays and Players
(Continued from page 88)

THESE "all star casts," which used to be such fun, have lately, with the decrease in salaries and the de-starring movement, become the real thing.

Imagine all in one picture: Forrest Stanley, Harry Mestayer, Ernest Glendenning, William Norris, Pedro de Cordoba, Charles Gerard, Lynn Harding, Ruth Shepley, Theresa Maxwell-Conover, and Macey Harlan! All these appear in "When Knighthood was in Flower," which stars Marion Davies, as an additional inducement.

In Norma Talmadge's "The Duchess of Langlais," the cast includes Conway Taele, Irving Cummings, Adolph Menjou, Rosemary Taeby, Wedgewood Nowell, Otis Harlan, and Kate Lester.

By the way, Frances Marion wrote the scenario from Balzac.

ART ACORD and a friend of his were sued for $25,000 damages because they ran down a man with their speeding automobile. The man was standing on a "safety-zone."

WONDER if these exclusive, "formal," private showings or pre-views of new photoplays are the thing, after all?

There's something about a first night which prejudices you. When you get an engraved card, with "The Umph Film Corporation Request the Honor of Your Presence at the Initial Showing of 'Blind Brides,' at 8:17 P. M."

'real," in the corner of your card, and you go, and there's the producer in the lobby, waiting to shake your hand; and there's the director in the upper-left-hand box, beaming at you; and there's the star, who waves to you; and there is a special orchestra, and a speech,—where does the poor picture come in?

Sometimes when the picture is extra grand, they hire a hall; the grand ballroom of one of our best hotels. If you are lucky, you can stand on tiptoe in the rear of the room and catch a glimpse, occasionally, of the top of the heroine's head—her real head; you never see the picture at all.

These showings affect different people differently. Some newspaper reviewers just don't go on them. Others just don't. Either way, the reviews are biased. We think these showings are little games which the dear producers will outgrow. Or else they will be sensible, and save the money which otherwise would go towards paying for the engraved invitations.

MARY HAY made a big hit in "Marianne," the musicalized version of "Pomander Walk."

Although the piece stars Peggy Woods and Lennox Pawle, little Mary seems to have captured the audiences completely, if public opinion is any criterion.

The first-night audience included, as it generally does, many celebrities. Mae Marsh was there to lend a hand; and the husband of Mary Hay, a promising youngster named Richard Barthelmes, was enthusiastically present.

ON one of the winding drives of Beverly Hills the other afternoon, I met a future screen star taking a ride in her perambulator.

She had on a real lace bonnet with pink satin ribbons over each ear, and tiny pink booties tied on with knots of French blue.

Little Miss Niblo, the four months' old daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, is the cutest thing in Hollywood—brown curls and big big brown eyes that promise to screen very well in the future.

(Continued on page 93)

Why We Explode
every food cell in Puffed Grains

Over 125 million food cells exist in a grain of wheat. All must be broken to digest.

In bread you break part of them—in toast you break more. But Puffed Wheat alone breaks them all.

Grains shot from guns
Prof. A. P. Anderson studied for years to make whole grains wholly digestible.

He did it at last by sealing the grains in guns, then supplying an hour of fearful heat. Thus the moisture in each food cell is changed to super-heated steam.

When the guns are shot, every food cell explodes. All become available as food.

More than cereal tidbits
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delightful dainties. You never tasted cereals so good. They are bubble grains, airy, flimmy and toasted, as flavory as nuts. They seem like food confections.

But they are also whole grains, supplying 16 needed elements. Every element is fitted to feed. The greatest food you can serve a child is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. But serve them Puffed Rice also. That is the morning dish.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
Whole wheat steam exploded. With cream and sugar is the finest Puffed to 8 times normal size. breakfast dainty children ever get.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

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IT brings all of the world's greatest artists to your home. In all features that distinguish the really fine phonograph—in artistic appearance, in scope of repertoire, in sheer musical quality—above all, in its ability to reproduce with lifelike fidelity the voice of the singer or the music of any instrument, the wonderful Steger stands alone, unrivaled.

And its appeal is universal—because it plays all disc records correctly without change of parts. Hear and play the incomparable Steger. Style brochure on request.

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THEIR EYES FOLLOW
Wherever you go—on the street—at the dance—their eyes follow your ankles. Are they lingering glances of admiration? If not, you need

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ANKLE REDUCERS

They are worn at night with perfect ease and comfort. They not only reduce and shape one's ankles to their correct lines, but also relieve the strain of a busy day.

MARION DAVIES says:
"I am glad to give my endorsement of your BONNE FORME ANKLE REDUCERS. One can easily achieve graceful ankles with these reducers."

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Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.

He tackled her at the five yard line, picked her out of the saddle and yelled, "Home, James!"

GIVING "The Sheik" the Once Over From the Ringside

BY DICK DORGAN

Last week I had a couple of hours off, so I parked myself in a ringside seat at a Movie Palace and took in the "Sheik," and let me utter right here that if you haven't seen it as yet, go ferret it out and give it the "north and south." It's a cuckoo.

It's a story of a little English "twist and twirl," Diana Mayo, who got terribly sentimental over the "Kashmiri Love Song," and being tired of hanging around with a bunch of yahoos who couldn't tell pepper from salt, thought she'd like to try her luck with the "Sand Flea" of Arabia. So she gives a swell feed and shindig, in Biskra, on the edge of the desert, as a farewell to her friends, before leaving for the land of "free life and fresh air."

Well! Just as everything is going along smoothly, who comes treading along Bonocho Billy with a few of his pals, but Ahmed Ben Hassen, the Sheik. He spots Diana over in a corner and gives her the "I gotcha look" as Ben Turpin, and departs into the night, leaving Diana all het up.

After everyone is knocked over the big slept, he sneaks over under her window with his ukelele, and warbles, in accents disconsolate, the "Kashmiri Love Song."

Then climbs into her boudoir and steals a few eyefuls, along with the lead pills out of her pearl-handled gat. In the morning, Diana dons the riding make-up and joins her party with Mustaphi Ali, her guide, and they start off.

Now it appears that "Musti" is one of the Sheik's henchmen. So on the second day out, when he was pretty sure that no revenue men or Mack Sennett cops were around, he led her to a lonely spot near some dunes where the Sheik was hid ing with a picked bunch of super. Two or three dozen of them rode out and started some side arm entertainment for the lady, but she pulled up short and then broke for the open.

This was just what the Sheik wanted, so with a wild yell like a Cherokee chief to call off the hounds, he tore after her like a prairie wolf and tackled her at the five yard line, picked her out of the saddle and yelled, "Home, James," meaning to the collapsible bungalow on the sound—or rather the oasis.

The next scene is in the tent, and let me say that it had more entrances and exits than a Chinese gambling house. And as for the appointments—Well! the living room alone would make the grand ball room in the Plaza look like a hall bed room in the Bowery.

The Sheik was no small time guy. He was one of the real hot dogs of the desert, and the bell cow of this herd. This scene in the tent is where he vamps Diana. He struts around her like a prize turkey, every once in a while stopping to give her a Swangari glare. Then when she would shrivel up on the divan again he would smile—oh, boy, what a wicked one—and start stressing again, all the while smoking yards and yards of cigarettes.

He must have been reading Elinor Glyn pretty closely or else he was stealing Theda Bara's stuff, 'cause he had all the fourteen points down great, with a couple of the amendments tacked on. He certainly was some La La.

He kept this up for a week or so and in the meantime he broke in a few horses and made the rounds to smaller camps, to see if all his subjects were well and happy, to break the monotony.

All this time Diana was hating him something awful—but between us two I know she had a soft spot in her heart for him, 'cause I saw her smile with glee one time when he gave her a dig in the ribs and said, "Kiss me, kid."

Well a month or so later the Sheik was

(Continued on page 91)
off on a week-end trip, visiting some other chicken, I guess. So Diana, thinking it was a good chance, took a run out powder and left the place flat. Gaston, the Frenchy, who was chief cook and bottle washer about the place, accompanied her. About three hours later they were riding along blissfully when without a word of warning out comes a bevy of Klux Klan from behind a small dune. They belonged to Amair's gas house gang of the desert.

They were as harmless as a lot of baby rattlesnakes.

Diana and Gaston ducked behind a dune and then the free-for-all started and it was a case of each man for himself. It was one grand and glorious scrap and it looked more like "Custer's last stand" than anything so far filmed. From the way in which Gaston was picking them off, it looked to me as though he was the open champion at all styles in a shooting gallery. Diana was a close second, though—why, she would make Annie Oakley look like a wooden Indian.

When they called time, Amair had Diana in his clutches and was heading for the old homestead. Gaston had thrown up the sponge and lay where he had fallen. And there were so many dead Arabs laying around the place that I think the camera man cheated and used a machine gun from the sidelines.

Here the scene shifts to Amair's country estate. Diana was locked in a room with two ebony babies, about two hundred pounds displacement apiece, guarding the door. After knocking over a few high-balls, Amair made his entry, and gazing at her youthful beauty, starts to waddle after her with the ferocity of a wild lamb after an oyster. The bout was at catch weights. I couldn't make out what it was all about at first, but after the first round I decided that it was a catch as catch can affair. Amair was the Jesse James of the desert. He was a fat old stiff, whose fraser was entrenched in a network of shrubbery, and a bad baby at that.

All during the quarrel Diana kept calling for her Ahmed, the Sheik, and I knew she was stuck on him all the time.

Well, Amair cornered her at one point, and feinted her into a half-nelson. He was a regular Zybskyo. He knew all the tricks. Everybody was rooting hard for something to happen that would save our heroine.

In the meantime the Sheik arrives home and finds out that Diana and Gaston have given him the raspberry. So he takes a little stroll of ten or twelve miles before supper and ponders over his losses. Finally he reaches the battlefield where Diana was made a captive and what think ye—the property man had picked up all the dead Arabs and cleaned the place up great so that the only thing the Sheik saw was Diana's note in the sand,—"Ahmed, I love thee"—very pretty done. Then he spied Gaston, posing as the "Dying Gladiator," in the dell. He carries the poor frog home and learns the "low down" on Amair and rallies his Keystone Kops together to rescue Diana.

The Sheik gives Gaston to his boyhood pal, St. Hubert, to take care of, as he is a Hindoo at the medicine game. Then gallops to the head of the bunch and yells, "Let's go." And the best twenty mile cross country run I ever saw began. Right here the girl I took began to cry, and I had an awful time trying to read the captions to her and follow the story at the same time.

(Continued on page 92)
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10. CIVIL ENGINEER
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They took Amair's place like Grant took Richmond, and the Sheikh didn't lose much time finding Diana. He broke in the door with a terrible rush, only to face a couple of gats held by the desert bandit, Amair. This sly old dog laughed in the Sheikh's face, as he figured he was all the money with his two cannon and a couple of black babies in the doorway waiting for the showdown.

But the Sheikh just snickered as he held an Egyptian straight. One mighty hofl of joy from Diana and "Hell broke loose," as we say at the club. Everything that wasn't nailed down was flying in the air and everybody was taking a sock at someone else. It was a grand little party.

When peace was finally declared, Amair was on the floor punctured from the Sheikh's battle irons. The two African dodgers were behind the divan resting peacefully. The Sheikh lay in Diana's arms with a chunk of his cranium missing, and Diana shouting the battle cry of freedom, while racing around the place were the finest bunch of pirates who ever scuttled a ship, or made a landlubber walk the plank.

Back in the Sheikh's canvas bungalow, Diana sat up all night long with St. Hubert, beside the Sheikh's bed. The Saint tells her that the Sheikh is a bum Arab, that he really is an Englishman whose mother was a wop or something like that, to help make the story end well. All of a sudden the Sheikh moves for the first time in twenty-four hours and opens one eye and winks at Diana. Then they fall into a clinch that only the fadeaway stops. Believe me, some clinch!

The last scene is a week or so later to give the Sheikh time to patch up his busted noodle. Diana is standing outside the tent amongst some palm palms, with the moon shining very pretty like and the musicians playing, "Sweet Lady," when out steps the Sheikh all dolled up like a reglar guy, with puggies and slick hair. N'everything. He was a real "Limey" all the time. And then—

"Aint Nature Grand?"
The very latest Hollywood combination is Gloria Swanson and Monte Katterjohn, who is a member of the Lasky scenario staff and a very influential member of the writer's colony in Hollywood. Monte acts as the beautiful Gloria's escort on any number of occasions and they may be discussing the script of the star's next story.

Before long, we expect to be able to announce Lois Wilson's engagement. Details still lacking. Lois admits that she's just about decided to get married, but she hasn't picked the man. At the Midnight Frolic, above Broadway on the New Amsterdam Theater Roof, you'll meet Doug and Charlie and Harold and Larry and John and Bill. The Mesr. Fairbanks, Chaplin, Lloyd, Semon, Barrymore and Hart appear nightly at the popular Ziegfeld entertainment.

Astonishing news, but—

Of course they're only masks, designed by John Held, Jr., and worn by famous Follies beauties, above their usual—or—at-
tire. But they have created a metropolitan sensation—something, we are told, which is hard to create.

As a famous foreign visitor remarked—a man honored in every capital of the world—"Everywhere I go I see them, these moving pictures. All over. In a group of intellectuals, they are criticized—but they are there. In the theaters—every play, almost, that I have seen has had some reference, somewhere, to the silent drama. The stars are blazoned on Broadway. I see them on Fifth Avenue; I run into them in every smart hotel or café. Nowhere can I escape them. Try as I may, I can't shake them off. And the peculiar part of it is, I don't want to!"

The air in motion picture theaters is to be tested and analyzed by the Health Department at Washington.

Chemists have begun the inspection of the ventilating systems of all the film theaters and have taken samples of the air breathed by patrons of the houses. The report, when it is made, should give the motion picture theaters a clean bill of health.

The air in even the average motion picture theaters of larger cities is decidedly better than that in "legitimate" houses. Perhaps because almost all of the film houses are new or almost new.

James Cruze, one of the very best directors on the Lasky lot, and his wife, Marguerite Snow, one of the first popular screen stars, have separated and Mrs. Cruze and her daughter, Julie, have taken a little house in Hollywood.

Marguerite de la Motte has a new town car. Attending a theater, she instructed the chauffeur to call for her at the close of the performance. Emerging from the theater at 11 o'clock, Marguerite stepped into a town car drawn up at the curb. The chauffeur looked at her quizically. Marguerite blushed. She was in the wrong car! When she attempted explanations, the chauffeur looked doubtful. Fortunately her own machine drove up and Marguerite hastily changed. She'll get used to them in a few weeks.

Cullen Landis' elder child, an old lady of almost five, objects strenuously to being told to "mind the baby." "Oh, my," she wailed yesterday, "I wish I'd been borned after the one."

(Continued on page 94)

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)

After a series of tedious rehearsals William De Mille was ready at last to "shoot" a scene in which appeared Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, and a baby. (Mr. De Mille requires that his players speak lengthy dialogues and have them memorize their lines as for a stage-scene.) But every time he would call "Camera!" the baby would commence to squall. The afternoon wore on, with De Mille striving by means of peppermint sticks, making funny faces and other lures to persuade the infant to cease crying and look pretty for the camera. When, some time later, the baby had been silenced and the scene was about to progress, it transpired that Holt had meantime forgotten his lines!

If it wasn't for the movies—welcoming home stars and preserving gracefully at studio functions and saying pretty things at the motion picture industry—I don't know what our good Mayor Cryer would do to kill time.

A delegation composed of the Vitagraph staff, Larry Semon and the Mayor solemnly convened on the "lot" and laid the cornerstone for Semon's new film-factory. It's going to be all his, from the name-plate to the ceiling, and nobody can enter without his permission—not even the Mayor. The Mayor rendered a touching selection from Appreciation of the Art (Industry (cheers!)) of our Noble Country (cheers!) and its fun-giving comedians (riot!). "Zigoto" (as the French call Larry) did a graceful back-fall by way of celebration.

Guests included our City Fathers, President Albert E. Smith and his Vitagraph family, Semon, hizzoner the Mayor and the American Flag.

Jackie Coogan is making a picture about plumbing, in which he plays a pipe-fixer's helper. But Jackie, in spite of his million-dollar publicity campaign, remains just a little boy with an itching desire to investigate things which he should leave alone. What boy could resist a bursted water pipe? During lunch-recess he beckoned "Sherbit," a little colored boy who works with him in the picture, to follow his leadership. The broken-pipe and flood scene was to be taken after lunch.

But when director and company returned to the studio after the midday meal they had to evacuate. Jackie's investigation had been eminently successful—from his point of view! The set had to be bailed out and another pipe erected. Jackie would be painfully mortified if I told you what his mother said—and did—to him.

Mary tells a good one on Doug. In Pompeii he met "the best sport we encountered abroad." The boy did some hand springs and passed them his hat, which Doug filled with coppers. Then, grinning, Doug performed some acrobatics, and the boy, appraising him in open-mouthed awe, calmly took the coins from his own hat and put them in Doug's sombrero!

And Doug tells this one on Mary—how she was left as hostage for a dinner bill in a café in Venice. Doug is very absent-minded about carrying money and often wanders out with empty pockets. After eating their dinner—they were young and dashing alone—he discovered he had no money to pay for their meal. And the proprietor of the café made him leave Mary there for two hours while he hunted up his brother, Robert Fairbanks! "Possibly, Mary smiles, "he doesn't like our pictures!"
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 62)

MAN TO MAN—Universal

HARRY CAREY gets off to a running start in an unfamiliar South Sea setting—but inside of two reels he's back again in the great West. This is a good picture of its kind—the plot is logical, there are some legitimate thrills, and the lighting is worthy of mention. The whole family will remember the stampede scenes for a long while.

SMILES ARE TRUMP—Fox

MAURICE FLYNN, ex-football star, driving wild engines and working hard cars and having fights with section hands. A railroad story with too many thrills, but the children will like it. So will some of the grown-ups—but they'll never admit it!

CHASING THE MOON—Fox

A BIT more outrageous as to plot than any other Tom Mix picture—and a bit less clever, despite a pitiful attempt at ultra smart titles. Send the children with a neighbor.

NO DEFENSE—Vitagraph

AN artificial melodrama in which William Duncan, the heavy hero, wears a sport shirt and white shoes when there's no excuse for so doing. There is a breathtaking fall over a cliff, and a dull court room scene. "No defense" is right!

JULIUS CAESAR—George Kleine

A NOTHER Italian film with much spectacular value and little subtlety. Rather wonderful scenery and well handled crowds and a sound historical background. But not enough of the so-called human touch. Anthony Novelli plays a true picture of Caesar, but the rest of the cast is not convincing.

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal

MARIE PREVOST, provocatively pretty, is usual (allegation's artful aid) does what she can to tangle the domestic affairs of a typical screen family. Of course her intentions are high and noble, and she ends by marrying said family's only son. It can't hurt the children.

LITTLE MISS SMILES—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON—supported by a fairly good cast, including Gaston Glass, Arthur Rankin, and a nice Jewish baby—in a story of the ghetto. There are the usual weak spots in the plot, but it gets by because Shirley is less appallingly saccharine than usual. The children—by all means.

STRENGTH OF THE PINES—Fox

A MELODRAMA of the mountains, featuring a husky hero (William Russell) and Irene Rich. Also three bad men, a lot of shooting, a thunder storm, a missing deed, and a very impressive mountain lion. It may scare the children slightly, but it won't hurt them.

The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

**Keeps teeth dingy**

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

**Attack it daily**

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combattant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combattants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

**Two other effects**

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

**Millions employ it**

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.
world, the way pictures opened up to me," she said, with her slow, sweet smile. "I went out to the Lasky studio one afternoon and just as I walked up to the door I met a friend of mine who was talking to Douglas Fairbanks. Of course I was covered with confusion" (a lovely mid-Victorian phrase, that) "and I couldn't say a word. Mr. Fairbanks looked at me very intently and said, 'You ought to go into pictures. Come on in, and you can play in my next picture.' So—I did, of course. Whatever I have done, I owe entirely to his training and to the inspiration of Miss Pickford.'"

A FEW days later I was in a drug store on the Boulevard, indulging in an ice-cream soda. Behind me, I heard a voice that seemed familiar and I turned around to identify it.

Marguerite de la Motte had come in with a good-looking youngster of about 13 or 14 and she was laying down the law to him like a good fellow. I don't know what it was all about, but Miss de la Motte certainly did. As she heaped up jars and jars of creams and perfumes and lovely things like that, she continued her decisive monologue. She was talking like the proverbial "Dutch uncle." And the be-lectured one was taking it all quite humbly.

It was the best big sister act I've ever seen put on; she was in such dead earnest about it.

Evidently her young brother has a wholesome respect for his sister and for her opinions as well.

Marguerite's engagement to Mitchell Lyon, art director, was announced some time ago, but she told me the other day she didn't expect to get married for years and years. Youth has so much of life ahead of it.

"Oh yes, I'm engaged to him," she said, "but—I don't think I'll get married for a while. Life is so full and I love my work and—marriage is rather a problem, isn't it?"

I conjectured that it was.

Her next production will be an all-star Incé cast, called "Gems."

We sold her first scenario to Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thatcher never dreamed she could write for the screen until we trained her story-telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE!

Elizabeth Thatcher is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement.

"This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"'Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays.'"

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed creative imagination, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first scenario to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you too, write a scenario that we can offer? If so, you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northfield. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Recruitment was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2,000 for good original scenarios.

Not for "born writers," but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass the test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and yours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P. 4
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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It is well known that the charm of a dancer lies in the graceful freedom of her movements. A dancer has a special grace and poise that is difficult to describe but easy to recognize. The charm of a dancer is enhanced by her skill in manipulating her body, and the way she moves can be mesmerizing.

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DELA-TONE is a well-known scientific preparation for removing hair from neck, face, and underarms. It’s safe and easy to apply. It is not harmful to the skin and is perfectly smooth. Easy to apply.将DELATONE涂在有毛发的部位，然后用湿布擦干净。

“Don’t Shout!”

“I hear you. I can hear you as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I’ve a pair in my own room, and I use them all the time. I learned to talk in them. Why don’t you?”

Photo Play Magazine—Advertising Section

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Azorea, the Perfumed Eau de Cologne, L. T. Piver, Paris, France.

This delightful odor may be had in Talcum Powder, Toilet Water, Vegetable Soap and also in the Charmin New Pica Toilet Accessory, Talc Cream, and Compact Face Powder.

Miss Dumbell

(Continued from page 67)

write after his name, will thoroughly testify, was not prone to tears. He had shaved himself with but a razor not ten minutes before he took his squadron into the Ypres mess. Nor had he scratched himself upon that occasion.

During the process of the Big Show, when each day seemed surely selected to be young Major Grant’s last, his fellow aviators had called him all the endearing terms which a man, who apparently takes exquisite pleasure in doing impossibly brave things, merits. “Damn fool!” was the mildest.

After he showed down Germany’s star ace in a single-handed combat, and had cut him down in the air and beyond the German lines, they cheered him madly and added adjectives to the things they had called him before. Because certainly no man can for long continue in that vein without ending badly.

When the war was over, Major John Grant Grantham, to his infinite chagrin and their unqualified delight, found himself one of the few advertised and authentic heroes—a sort of symbol of adventurous boy-courage and ability.

And now he had been out of uniform only two weeks—

But this evening was different.

Candace Carr, by reason of the sweet, restful, comforting decency of her beauty, had been the idol before a slender lady of the British Front where Major Grantham lived and flew. They were very tired, dirty men, a long, long way from home and they cared less for sentimentally exciting vampires and intriguing temptresses. When a man is engaged in that most thrilling of all flirtations, with Death as his mistress, he desires to be soothed, not stimulated.

Candace Carr was like a letter from home. The men of Grantham’s squadron felt that she was safe and sane and sweet and a great many other things whose existence they were beginning to doubt. So they adopted her as a sort of patron saint, asked for her film, and occasionally got them at the H. Q. cinema.

Major John Grantham was the most ardent of her admirers.

Now he was going to meet her. It meant leaving to Major Grantham that the occasion of this meeting was a dinner given by Mrs. Bobby Hitt in his honor. He had ceased to think of his famous hostess, of her distinguished guests, of the coming event.

And it did lessen his excitement that, during his service with the British, he had met duchesses, countesses, and even a queen or two.

He was still an American and in spite of his achievements, a surprisingly young American, and his favorite movie star outshone those titled ladies completely.

As he settled his new and excellent dress coat with minute attention, and tied his tie for the third time, with nervous curiosity and brushed his dark, coarse curls into something resembling submission and the traditions of a British officer, he considered how he should bear himself in her presence.

Of course any friend of Mrs. Bobby Hitt’s must be the thing. That was conceded. He knew it, although he did not as yet know Mrs. Hitt. He had met Mrs. Hitt himself at a dinner given by the American Legion in honor of Major Grantham, and had found the handsome young tennis champion a nut about the war.

Major Grantham had spent long months in France and having seen the martial goddess in her least engaging and most unassuming moments was not keen about the war. But he liked Bobby Hitt and he had always cherished a passion for tennis, which he considered the best sport in the world next to polo. He often talked tennis and Bobby Hitt talked about the war.

The precarious nature of his shaving operations and the extra five minutes he had given his hair, to say nothing of the third struggle with his tie, had cost him dear. He was very late.

Consequently, he had to endure a frightful scolding from his hostess before she presented him to Candace Carr.

Now Mrs. Bobby Hitt’s tremendous social prestige was equal to three causes—impenetrable family connections, Bobby Hitt’s enormous wealth, and her own amazing social genius. She had ruled Southern California society for ten years—at least that of the younger sets—ever since her marriage, and she expected to rule until the distinguished pallbearers grasped the silver handles.

She had a crop of outrageously hennaed hair, a stormy but infectious smile, and an absolute naturalness before which every sort of pretense, intrigue, discomfort or boredom fell never to pieces.

For an instant as her guests settled in their seats, she sent a practiced eye about—gave one of her brusque little nods to her friend Grantham, whose permanent wave was her only concession to modernity, and a piquant girl whose expression implied that what little of her own gown and above the table was a relic of barbarism.

It was an exceedingly brilliant gathering. Outwardly elegant and refined, it was as age and interests, but actually blended as to conversational possibilities as only Mrs. Bobby Hitt knew how to blend. Not knowing her guest of honor, she had placed Candace on his right and washed her hands of him. He would enjoy his evening. And the next morning the society editor would mention all the names with awe and impressiveness, the next column perhaps speak of the American hero, Major Grantham, in their usual superlatives, and the movie notes would mention reverently that Miss Candace Carr was among those guests.

Something for everyone.

Mrs. Bobby leaned over and whispered in the ear of the oil millionaire on her left, “What was this young aerial hero before the war?”

The millionaire shook his head, which was beginning to show a tiny bald spot. “I don’t know,” he murmured. “Splendid stock, though. Look at that head.”

Mrs. Bobby Hitt looked, with those yellow-brown cat’s eyes of hers, looked, and twisted up one corner of her mouth as she contemplated the shape of Grantham’s head, with its thick brown curls cut close, the steady light gray eyes, the big prominent nose, the straight young mouth under its correct brown moussed hair. She particularly liked the slimness of his waist and the way he wore his coat on his big shoulders. “Umm,” she murmured. “Is he good enough for Casual?”

Her friend threw up his hands. “Little Bob,” he cried softly, “are you going to match-making again? Remember, please, what you said to me. If you must make match for Candace, don’t forget me.”

Mrs. Bobby shrugged, her stormy smile breaking out as Candace glanced up at her. “Don’t be silly,” she said. “It was all your fault. Dan, that you couldn’t get along with Alicia. You’re the most devilish known variety of a husband—filled with conscious—

(Continued on page 99)
ness of your own virtue. A sort of better-than-most-men-anyway brand of self-righteousness that is particularly obnoxious when it leads a man to nag a woman for her small imperfections."

She leaned over and began listening shamelessly to the conversation on her right.

Phrases only she caught.

"The duchess said to me the last time I took her across the channel—" "The future of the airplane depends entirely upon the government, because the young enthusiast hasn't sufficient capital to pioneer." "That's what I told Senator." "The chap who was my bunkie played the best game of bridge," Candace's silvery, "Yes." "Really?" "Oh, how wonderful!"

How splendidly consistent Candace was!

From that evening dated the ideal courtship.

Even before they began to dance that night, it was apparent that it was a courtship.

Major Grantham had surrendered to a superior force.

It seemed only a matter of time before the Social Register should insert: "Major and Mrs. John Grant Grantham (Candace Carr), Beverly Hills, California."

Mrs. Bobby Hitt moved out to her country place in the canyons of Beverly Hills and invited Candace to stay with her. It was as beautifully stage-managed as a John Drew comedy.

Mrs. Bobby was delighted to have an heroic lion who, for once, pleased her husband.

Golf, Candace in tweed knickers and soft silk blouse, her soft hat crushed over one eye at precisely the angle that marks the difference between the Municipal Links and the Country Club. Major Grantham didn't play golf any more. Something about his eyes, he said.

Tennis, Candace on the sidelines in frilly white, while Major Grantham cleaned up all corners and even gave Bobby Hitt a worth while set or two.

Dancing. In Mrs. Bobby's softly lighted flowered music room.

Moments alone. In the exquisite garden back of the Hitt mansion, or on horseback along the mountain bridal paths of Hollywood.

Swimming. Young Major Grantham, tanned and splendid as a life guard, teaching Candace, in black taffeta ruffles, to swim, while Mrs. Bobby sat on the edge of the green tile pool and beamed.

Sometimes even at the studio, where Mrs. Hitt and Grantham sat on the set and watched Miss Carr make pictures.

No wonder people whispered here and there about the perfect romance. No wonder that Candace sank into a blissful dream.

Mrs. Bobby Hitt was already planning a perfect wedding. Wedding presents were such a help to a young couple.

III

YET oddly enough, Candace Carr's tiny dressing bungalow at the studio proved the setting for the great moment of this perfect romance.

Major Grantham had driven to the studio with Miss Carr. Her call was for two o'clock and they had been swimming in the morning and had lunched alone at the Ambassador.

While Candace made up, he wandered about the tiny sitting room, smaller by far than the traditional hall bedroom. A strange, unexpected little room. Comfortable but commonplace. Helene had never

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Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 99)

talk very well anyway and I've got to.

The young man who had been “out since Mons” sat down beside her but he seemed still in the expression of his face, to be

kneeling.

“Jack, I've got to tell you about me. Then if you still feel that way—but you won't. And even if you did, I wouldn't let you. It's too terrible.”

Major Grantham went utterly white under his tan for the first time in all his twenty-six years. The expression of his eyes did not alter.

“I'm not what you think me, Jack. You think I'm wonderful and fine. You've only seen me, Mrs. Bobby's. You don't know how I got there. You've only known one side of my life. You think I'm what I seem. But I'm not.”

THE boy did not move. He had heard a great many things about the movies. He had seen a good many horrible things. But oh, he said in his heart, not Candace. What was this she was doing?

“Now, listen. Please. I'm not what I seem. I was born in my mother's boarding house in Chicago. My father was a street fellar. Summers, I used to wait table for him up there. Later on, I gotten to high school. I've never been to New York but once, and that was to make a picture. I don't even know where some of those are. You think you know Jack. You don't. You think you know me, Jack. You don't know.”

“I'm so common and stupid—and—and the terrible part of it is, I like it. I've got a brother—that—that drives a laundromat.”

“Oh, my God,” said Major John Grant Grantham, V.C., D.S.C., D.S.O., Croix de Guerre and M.C., and there are even some medals I don't remember the name of.

“Yes, and the worst of it is, I'd just as soon be like that. Nothing about me belongs in the pictures but my face. I only did all this—this society game because I knew there was such a flat failure in Hollywood, and I thought if I went over big with these other people it'd make me popular with the folks around here.”

“I was so darn lonesome.”

“Lots of girls in this game are. We fall between—like a Texas leagger. We aren't up to the girls that lead the movie crowd and we're the all the girls that fellows think they wouldn't have a chance.

“The truth is, I wanted to get married. I wanted a good husband. I was sick of living alone. I never had a proposal before in my life. There are some girls men just don't propose to. I'm the star of that piece, all right. I'm just good old Candace—a nice old girl. Men don't even insult me.”

“Oh gee, I've laid awake a lot of nights lately. I knew how fine and wonderful you were, and how much store you set by all that grand stuff. I knew if you knew about me, you'd turn me over. I ought to have told you before—but I just couldn't.

“Some days I'd think I could go on and marry you and let you find out after wards. But I ain't even got the nerves to do that. I don't believe in people marrying out of their class, ever, ever. No, no, please. I've got wond up and I gotta find a place where I can never talk this much at once before in my whole life and when I stop I'll probably pass out.

“You mustn't marry me, Jack, even if you do love me. I don't believe much in love. You like me, but it's just the best honest to tell you I won't be one when I lose your looks. That's all I got.

“You like all the things I hate and it's too hard that makes them think you're doubling for Al Jolson.”

“Sit down,” she said. “Because I can't

(Continued on page 101)
How the Shape of My Nose
Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I

HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth, and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, wondered, and take a picture. Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who stood nearby. "You say you had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

In a flash my hopes soared. I pressed

my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked fervently of my friend. I was informed that Miss T., a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I thanked my informant and turned of

overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over, with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing to Miss T. for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it was completed. To save my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a bump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. T. can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRICOR," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects new ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (discussed cases excepted). It is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. T., Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. If your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

M. T.,
1609 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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"Moran of the Lady Letty"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount photoplay, adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the book by Frank Norris. Directed by George Melford with the following cast:

Letty Sterneron ("Moran")...Dorothy Dalton
Ramón Laredo, Skipper...Captain Sterneron, Charles Bridny
Nils...Emil Jergeson
Josephine Herrick...Maude Wayne
Wong..."Chopstick Charlie" Wong...George Kuwa

were sailors together before the mast on a smuggler's schooner, bound for Mexico and trouble.

In the night with stealthy steps Kitchell went forward where Moran slept in her sailor hammock. Just as stealthily behind him, watching, went Laredo.

Moran, snoring, was awoke and peered about as Kitchell neared. Still feigning sleep she watched his approach. There was no mistake. She drew up tense.

Kitchell drew near and with a marin spike, hurled with terrific strength, quivered in the bulwark beside him.

The smuggler skipped went white. This was indeed a new kind of woman.

"Make up your mind," she cried, "that I am just one of the crew."

Laredo stopped. He peered, as the flush of his face. He should have two to fight, strolled away with a care.

"I'll stay on watch the rest of the night," Laredo volunteered.

But Moran was accepting nothing, making no friends, yet.

Moran shook her head. "I can take care of myself."

As they spoke, Charlie the cook dropped from the rigging above, bearing a heavy blow. He smiled and bowed himself away. Moran had won another guardian and friend.

Laredo, sitting on a hatch, spent the night looking off to sea and thinking. Here was such a woman as he did not know there could be in all the world. He tried to think again of the life he had left behind in San Francisco. It and its people seemed unreal. He tried to recapture the savage reality. Josephine Herrick could not stand out very clearly against that background.

It was just before the spell of the tropic dawn that Laredo came upon Moran. She had a sense for these things. It was nothing that she had word for, or even defined thoughts perhaps. It was a feeling. She was all unconscious when Laredo's hand closed on her.

"I never knew a girl could be like you—" But in starting to speak he had broken the charm.

Moran drew her hand away, suspicious.

"I don't like that kind of talk—I'm not used to it—and I don't know how to take it."

She saw the hurt look come into Laredo's eyes and wondered if she might be misunderstood.

When the "Heart of China" dropped her anchor in Magdalena Bay, there was a murmur of stirring and excitement in the little hut settlement of mongrel half-caste Chinese and Mexicans ashore.

Kitchell, arrayed in the elaborate silks of a Chinese privilege, followed the wake of man's run, went over the side into his boat to be taken ashore. In this miserable village he was "Hoang-Ho," ("the Magnificent").

In a dingy adobe but ashore a wretched white girl, slave of a Mexican halfbreed, was making herself as beautiful as she could under the care of her master. "Hoang Ho" must be entertained when he arrived to lord it over the village. Among the thatched shacks there was a sudden air of activity, making ready for his coming.

From the rail of the schooner Moran stood watching.

"He'll be up to something, but we don't need to face it until it comes. Moran spoke with an air of caution.

The boat had reached the beach and Kitchell had passed up into the village when Moran was inspired with a notion. She turned to Laredo.

"Let's see how it feels to be ashore in Mexico."

Laredo looked at him. Grinningly Kitchell had taken the schooner's only boat. She kicked off her shoes and posed at the rail for a dive.

In a moment they both were swimming, side by side, into an adventure of unknown portent, bearing for the rock girl beach.

They landed in the rocks where the spray from the roll of the sea dashed high with each oncoming wave. The wreckage of a ship floated about in the cove and dashed and splintered against the rock.

Moran shook the water from her, standing, wild and stalwart against the big boulder, a wonder creature in the eyes of Laredo.

They moved about cautiously, along the shore, out of sight of the village above.

"Moran—you are wonderful—"

The Norse girl gestured him to silence.

"It's wrong for you to care for me that way—I'm not your kind of a woman."

But for all that Moran could not really controverse the fact that she was beginning to care. There was a response that she could not control.

Together they went exploring. At a turn of the rocks they came abruptly upon a scene of conflict. Two Chinese, locked in death grip, rolled in the wash of the tide at the water's edge. Nearby, among bits of wreckage was a bag, heavy with coins and strewn about on the rocks, was the glint of gold pieces.

"Gold—and they died for it, fighting like cats in a bag."

Laredo bent over and gathered up the scattered coins. There was a matter of thousands there, in good American gold tens and twenties.

"We'll divide up with the crew—they're stuck up for us." Moran's generosity puzzled Laredo a moment.

"But not Kitchell?" He eyed her narrowly.

"Yes—if he keeps his place and lets me take the next steamer back to San Francisco."

Laredo grinned and shook his head.

"He won't, if I can help it."

Up in the village Kitchell was busy with the nefarious affairs of his smuggling expedition, making terms for the exchange of his contraband cache of guns and ammunition for opium and rum.

The smuggler chief passed by the white girl slave in her finery with a glance of sneering scorn. He had better prey in mind.

(Continued on page 103)
MORAN of the Lady Le tty (Continued from page 102)

Her Spanish garb attracted his eye for a moment. "But I'll buy that dress," he said to the girl behind the counter. Then he turned and bid Charlie, the cook, who followed in attendance, to get it and take it back to the boat.

Protesting and whispering, the abiding girl, under orders received, took a pair of scissors and cut the dress. Kitchell turned into the most pretentious hut of the village to drive his bargains with the Chinamen gathered there. Charlie, lurking outside in his casual Chinese manner, repeated Kitchell's talk, which led to mention of a suspicion of mutiny among his crew and of the strange capture of the girl sailor, Moran.

"It's a couple of prisoners—and the she-sailor, I'll look after myself," Kitchell announced.

Hastening away, alarmed and disturbed, Charlie who carry out her errand pertainning to the dress. He could now conjure its purpose.

To his surprise the Chinaman encountered Laredo and Moran, wandering close to the village huts. They were hunting a dory to get back to the ship with their bag of goods.

Rapidly, feverishly, and with his eyes dilated with fear, and many glances back over his shoulder, Charlie told them the story of Kitchell's hench plan.

Moran threw back her head with the laugh that welcomes strife.

Charlie joined with them and led the way to a dory concealed among the rocks. They pulled for the ship. Back on board the "Hermit," Kitchell, to a leadership, called the crew about. She displayed the treasure that they had found, and told the story of Kitchell's plot.

"We'll get that ship, and fight if we have to take it.

Admiration shone in the eye of Laredo as he spoke.

But the meeter of Moran and all who followed her was soon to be put the test. For Kitchell, with an uneasy sense of caution, taking a look at his ship, had seen the strange dory alongside and followed out in his boat to make observations. Stealthily creeping along the deck above he had seen and heard enough.

Quickly he went ashore to array his Chinese bandits to attack and capture of girl and girl together.

The "Heart of China" and its mutinied crew must wait for wind and tide to sail. There was yet time.

Within the half hour Kitchell, with two boat loads of the beach combers of Magalena Bay, set out to take his own vessel from the "Hermit'.

But with arms from the contraband cargo and Moran in command, the crew was alert.

"Stand off and don't try to board. We'll shoot to kill."

A challenge Moran leaped to the rail and shouted her defiance at Kitchell. In a flash the battle was on.

The old trade muskets of the crew roared a volley and then came firing at random. Wild with rage and lust for the treasure, Kitchell urged on his villainous band and boarded the "Heart of China." The fight became a hand to hand conflict like that of the days, long days of the Spanish Main.

Moran was laughing and screaming like a waring sea eagle, as she plunged into the fray, clubbing an empty gun.

Laredo, for the first time up against the raw primitive struggle to kill lest he be killed, was making a brave beginning. He dodged a blow from the Chinese henchman and (Continued on page 104)
Aladdin success is chiefly due to the money saved for Aladdin Home owners. You will save a substantial amount through eliminating profits, saving over half the cost of building. Aladdin Homes are cut to fit, saving waste of lumber and hundreds of hours of carpenter labor. Over a hundred beautiful homes are pictured in the Aladdin catalog. Send stamps for this catalog No. 1632 at once.

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MORAN OF THE LADY DETY

(Continued from page 103)

dashed out the brains of his adversary with his pun butt.

The parlor pet of San Francisco had become a slaying demon of the high seas. It was his first kill. The blood of the primal tiger man leapt to his veins. He laughed a high derisive cry and plunged on.

In the thick of it, blind with the blood of battle, Moran and Laredo met. The battle was won but they did not know it, or each other. They closed and clinched and rolled and bit and fought over the deck.

Kitchell, crafty in retreat, ran to hide on the boat, biding his time for another move. He had heard the clink of treasure. Some-where, somewhere he would get it.

Laredo, aware at last that he was at grips with Moran, called in vain to stop her. The rage of combat was in her, and she heard nothing.

Round and round they went, the crew standing by, in wonderment at this turn of things.

At last, with superhuman effort, Laredo seized Moran and, whirling swiftly, tossed her high over his shoulder and into a headlong leap on deck. She was knocked breathless and fell into the arms of Kitchell and knelt over her. The fight was all gone out of them both. She was all tenderness, the sultan once more.

Moran opened her eyes at last. She smiled weakly.

"You win, mate. And I love you for it." So that was the victory of Laredo, a few short days before the "society softy" scene.

It was a night of tropic moonlight. Presently Moran came on deck and joined Laredo. She was wearing the girl's dress that Charlie had brought aboard, the dress that Kitchell had purchased ashore in the crafty planning of his misguided hopes.

Moran took in her dress. She was all feminin now. Laredo was her master and she joyed in it.

He drew her to him there at the wheel. That was triumph.

It was another nightfall when the "Heart of China," making for the first time with civilization, dropped anchor in the harbor of San Diego. And there by her lights Laredo discovered the yacht "Petrel." Here at once was a contact with his old life. What a month it had been!

"I am going ashore to report the capture of the schooner," he said to Moran. The crew must remain aboard with you in charge," he told Moran, bidding her a tender farewell.

Very quickly Laredo learned ashore that the "Petrel" party was dancing at the Hotel Coronado. His steps led him that way. He could not resist the drama of it.

In the hotel office he encountered a member of the party, who dragged him away to stop the dancing for an announcement.

"Ramón Laredo is back from the dead!" There was a hush, then a cheer as Laredo entered, in his garb of the sea—Captain of the "Heart of China."

The old friends crowded around and Laredo spun his yarn of adventures. From the waterfront of San Francisco to Magdalena Bay and back.

They hung breathless on his tale.

(Continued on page 105)
M. J. McGowan, of whose remarkable discovery the eminent Dr. Woodruff says: "It leaves less use for us specialists, and for beauty preparations."

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Making this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single jars in the order received. Each jar is a full two months' supply; with it comes McGowan's own directions. Send $2.50, and pay the postman $2.50 when he brings it. Furthermore, McGowan, says: "Any woman whose skin and complexions do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see may have this small laboratory fee back without question."

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon be looked on not as a misfortune, but evidence of neglect. So if you desire a skin of perfect purity, softness and coloring, fill out this application now: if you expect to be out when postman calls, send $2.50 with order. Same guarantee applies.

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"Moran of the Lady Letty"

(Continued from page 104)

"And now you've come back to us—and to me." Josephine Herrick was going to make the most of this colorful situation.

A cloud swept over Laredo's face.

"Come get on some decent clothes and join the dance—you're the hero of the hour."

Laredo turned to the friend who spoke.

"No. I've a ship on my hands—besides I'm through with this sort of thing. It isn't real."

Laredo went out in the midst of a hush. But no more had he been gone than out of the empty-headed throng came a suggestion that they visit his ship in the harbor, as a bit of a skyrocketing surprise.

Down at the schooner Moran waited on deck. Below, skulking in the dark places, Kitchell the stowaway was searching for the treasure.

**HOW is it adobe, mate?** Moran looked up at Laredo anxiously as he came aboard again.

"It is a world of little things, Moran, but soon we'll be going out to where things are real again."

As they talked, dreaming a future together, the visiting party from the Coronado came, laughing and chattering down the deck.

"Oh, Ramon! We are here to see your yacht. May we come aboard?"

Josephine Herrick's voice rang out above the murmurs of merriment.

So they went trooping over onto the deck of the "Heart of China," curiously looking about in surprise at the rough old vessel, grimy with dirt and redolent of sea smells.

"Oh, I didn't think it would be like this."

Miss Herrick sniffed about in alarm. This was not the flavor of polished romance that she had expected.

She looked curiously at Moran. Laredo stepped in.

"And Miss Herrick, meet Moran—Miss Letty Sterner."

Laredo might have started to explain. One glance told him it was hopeless to explain his activities to divert the party by a tour of the boat with tales of the excitement it had seen.

Moran, feeling herself neglected, fearing that perhaps Laredo, back with his old friends, was ashamed of her, started to go below.

In the cabin she surprised Kitchell intent on his hunt for the gold. Once she would have engaged him in flight. But now she was just Letty Sterner, not Moran any more.

"Oh, Ramon—help!" Her cry ran clear to the crowd above.

Laredo leaped down the companionway into the cabin, just as Kitchell, dagger in hand, stood threateningly over Moran.

Laredo and Moran clinched in battle. Kitchell broke away from the two. Laredo tackled and threw him, and together they rolled about on the planking while the crowd of visitors, helpless and in the hypnotic fascination of terror looked on.

Laredo twisted Kitchell's knife from his hand. Kitchell leaped and ran, taking refuge out on the bowsprit. Laredo followed after, knife in hand. Out there over the water at the end of the bowsprit they dosed again in conflict.

There was a flash of steel. Kitchell loosed his hold, clung a second, and then dropped into the bay.

Laredo made his way back to the deck, and, exhausted, gathered Moran to him.

"Mine, forever and always." It was at once his announcement and challenge.

In silence the society party departed.
**Photoplay**

**Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?**

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

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**Bill Hart's Bride**

(Continued from page 47)

It used to belong to Thomas Jefferson, or George Washington, or somebody.

"Quincy Adams," said Bill patiently, "Oh yes; well, he's dead anyway. But I'm going to have a real Colonial mansion there—stately drawing rooms, and lovely bedrooms."

"Don't suppose there'll be a place in the house where a man can smoke in peace."

"My little cream puff," said the lady of the house, "you know that you can smoke anywhere you want to in my house."

The Harts also have a new ranch, up in the Newhall country, where Bill's sister is spending her honeymoon.

"That's really Mamie's house," said the bride. "We want her with us as much as she can be—but it's nice for everyone to have a little place that is their own, don't you think? Bill built an awfully nice house up there. We're going to spend six months in the east and six months out here. Won't that be ideal? I'm going to start east quite soon, to begin building, and I'm absolutely so excited about it I can't see. Next to getting married—to Bill—the nicest thing in the world is building a home of your own just exactly the way you want it. I'm going to have white staircases, real old fashioned carved chandeliers, a blue room and—"

"Oh gosh," said Bill Hart feelingly, "what a lot of funny ideas women have,"

"But you love my ideas, don't you, darling?" said she.

He looked down into her pretty, smiling face, and grinned. "You bet!" he said.
Some Fortunate Girl

(Continued from page 35)

women who today earn enormous salaries and are the idols of a nation, often—more often than not—began without experience and without training. They had to go up against some pretty stiff disappointments, some pretty hard knocks. They played small parts until they gained poise. They were given bits until they demonstrated their right to a better chance.

Experience and training will come in due time if you convince us that you have the other essentials.

Mary Pickford walked to save car- fare and climbed six flights of stairs while she was getting her training. Mabel Normand took chances with her life every day for years while she was preparing to be the screen's greatest comedienne.

The Gishs and the Talmadges gained their training in a studio. Now look at these women and what they stand for.

All they needed was an opportunity.

And we are offering that same thing to you. It is all that anyone can truthfully offer you. But opportunity is the greatest factor of success that the world has ever known.

Nothing worthwhile has ever been gained without sincere effort.

The young woman who won a Goldwyn contract to act in pictures at the beautiful Culver City studios, and others selected to fill engagements at those studios, will be given every opportunity and every encouragement to prove their worth.

They will have the chance to start in motion pictures under the most favorable conditions, and they will be allowed to rise as high as their ability can carry them.

Certainly nothing could be fairer than that.

The Poor Fish

It was in a deserted spot of the great park. There were few people about, although it was a beautiful, bright day.

Suddenly on the scene appeared a girl—very young, very slim, very lovely. She walked slowly, dejectedly, to the edge of the bridge over the river. For a moment she stood there, gazing into the water. She raised her eyes, supplicatingly, to heaven. Then, with one last look around, she jumped from the bridge.

The young man who had been watching ran and jumped in after her. She fought him. He struggled. After a desperate encounter he waded with her to shore. How lovely she was, he thought, gazing down at her, even with wet hair she was lovely. Then—horror—she opened her eyes and her mouth and her hand, and hit him quite hard. He recoiled.

"You poor fish?" she hissed, "look around you—see that camera—see those men? Couldn't you see we were making a picture?"

Several months later, the young man was walking in the park. There was a girl standing on the bridge. She was gazing down into the water, de- spondently. She was vaguely familiar. Ah yes—he knew; she was that motion picture actress that he had tried to rescue from death by drowning and she—she had called him a poor fish.

As he watched, the girl raised her hands to heaven—and jumped.

The young man walked on, smiling.
Woodrow Wilson's screen favorite
Katherine MacDonald

"President Wilson's favorite screen star was Katherine MacDonald, a stately and statuesque beauty."

That is the statement made by Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president during his eight years as head of the nation, in an article in the New York Times.

The "White House favorite" has just completed her latest picture for First National, "The Infidel," one of a new and better series of pictures releasing through this organization.

Miss MacDonald is one of the independent screen artists making pictures for First National, which is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners that fosters the production of finer photoplays and that is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of these independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

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A First National Attraction

How a Camera Test Is Made

(Continued from page 37)

eyes will lack expression. Simply cover the upper lid with a soft gray shade. With a black make-up pencil, draw a faint line right under your lower lashes. Bring it out a little beyond the corner of your eye.

Many actresses use mascara for the lashes, but more use cosmetic. That is because mascara runs, from heat, or tears, or from touch. Cosmetic doesn't. If you use mascara, put it on carefully, separating the lashes. Cosmetic has to be heated and beaded. Viola Dana, whose eye make-up is probably the best on the screen, takes an hour every morning to get her eyes ready for the camera. She melts a little cosmetic on the end of an orange-wood stick. Then she applies each lash separately. So does Major Normand.

In drawing the black pencil line of the eyebrows, be careful to follow the shape of your eyes, even if it misses the eyebrow a trifle. And extend it a little beyond the end of the eyes, so that it will show in profile.

The mouth make-up is also vitally important. It would probably surprise you greatly to find out how many stars have absolutely created certain mouths for themselves, that do not follow overmuch the actual modeling of nature. A dark red, or bright red rouge may be used. Take your little finger, cover it with paint, and make your upper lips. You can make it any pretty shape that suits your face. Just remember that you have to use your lips, and if you go too far off, it may show. Then make a pretty deep curve for the lower one. Some stars use a little flat stick to put on the lip rouge with, putting it on in a delicate line at a time.

And the one thing to watch above everything else—is evenness.

With the question of make-up fairly met, the screen aspirant may want to know of what the actual test to which she will be put consists. Usually, the director arranges several scenes which will test the ability of the actress to register definite emotional responses to information conveyed by other players or by a situation in which she finds herself.

As in the making of a film, the director gives the subject full instructions, the cameraman stands at his machine, the lights are turned on, and the young woman is thrown upon her own resources from then on. One of the most popular tests is the letter reading episode.

Let us outline a scene as it takes place. The stage is a drawing room set. There is a telephone on a table near the fireplace and a door at the opposite side of the room. Miss Newcomer is waiting outside the door. The director calls, "Lights." The room is "flooded," and the director then gives the word for the cameraman to begin.

Miss Newcomer enters the room, idly, crosses to the table, takes up the telephone, changes her mind and puts it down again (registers doubt and indecision). A magazine on a sofa catches her eye, she walks over to the sofa, sits down, takes up the magazine and opens it aimlessly. All this walking, standing, sitting, and handling things is to test her ability to be natural, gracefully and unself-consciously. Miss Newcomer finds an article that catches her interest; she begins to read. A maid enters with a letter on a salver. The subject raises the magazine down, marking her place, takes the letter, nods dismissal to the maid. A glance at the envelope brings a smile. She
How a Camera Test is Made

(Continued from page 108)

ri ses quickly, hastily tears open the flap and reads. Good news, evidently. She is facing the camera. "Hold that expression," says the director, and the cameraman moves his camera up to get a close-up.

Back to the scene again. The end of the letter contains a shot for the reader. She looks up, registers the expression she believes the news demands; perhaps she begins to go to the telephone and then stops and sinks back upon the couch. "Cut," shouts the director. Then, "You did very well, Miss Newcomer," he compliments her.

When the test is run off, however, the director may change his opinion. The few hundred feet of negative may disclose an ungainliness of carriage that didn't disturb the director in watching the test, an awkward use of her hands, or other minor details that may or may not be corrected. If Miss Newcomer has power to express emotions on command, shortcomings in the matter of gesture can be easily remedied.

The Importance of Looking the Part

C ollege women, not so many years ago, were supposed to uphold certain dignity—the tradition of years of scholarship and mature judgment. But in this age of sophistication and home brew—in this generation of jazz and flappers and false standards—the college woman has slipped, more than occasionally, from her pedestal. The word "collegiate" has come to stand for scenery instead of achievement. When a girl wears sport clothes now, she is being "collegiate." When she dances with her left hand placed at a certain angle on her escort's curving back, she is also being "collegiate." If she walks with her head thrust forward and her chest in, she has a "collegiate" appearance.

We are quoting, word for word, from a letter signed "Varsity Woman" that came, a few days ago, to our fashion department. "I'm just another of those darn flappers. You see them every day, something like this effect" (there followed a sketch of a short-skirted, soft-coated, soft-hatted young girl), "supposed to be COLLEGIALE. The whole appearance is sporty. I like these sorts of clothes, in fact, I wouldn't dress in frills and ruffles for anything. But mother has the idea that I should change off—in fact, dress real cute on Sundays. Now I assure you that I know my TYPE—I have irregular features, blue eyes, a good complexion without any means, and brown bobbed hair that stands way, way out from my face—in Bramleys, sport hats and shoes I feel at home—now don't you think I should persuade my mother that she has the wrong idea? I'm sure you will speak for the best and mother and I have decided to take your advice—you see, Miss Van Wyck, I travel 'round with a terrible Varsity crowd and I became a 'sharpie' I'd hate awfully to go around with them—so don't you think I should remain COLLEGIALE—of course I'll follow your advice—but imagine Salvador de Cominig caves—oh, that's ghastly! Please answer this in Patroit, for remember—my clothes depend on it!"

I should suggest that a little time spent upon punctuation and rhetoric would help the young lady to be collegiate in the real sense of the word. And that, after all, ruffles—used correctly—have never lessened feminine charm.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 23)

there was time for even a bit of a joy ride. So it came that, after leaving a mass of instructions in Racine, he said goodbye to West Orange. When the then pasha of Burgoyne sailed from New York on the bland third of August, 1889, Edison stood at the pier, waving goodbye to the dock, clutching a miniature phonograph, delivered at the last moment, under his arm.

That was the year of the Paris Exposition. Edison had a hundred-thousand-dollar exhibit in Ricer. This was centered about the marvels of his new incandescent electric light. Mr. Edison took a look at the Eiffel Tower, sunned tilted pictures, some art galleries of note, and the orthodox show places.

Europe did not excite Edison very much. In a letter home he shrewdly observed that the much-lauded old masters of the galleries seemed to depend too much on the racy character of the works of art. He was glad to start home.

Edison sailed again from Havre, and walked ashore on the familiar soil of New Jersey at 8 o’clock on the bright Sunday morning of October 6, 1889. He went directly to West Orange to look into that matter of the kinetoscope, and thereupon decided to keep the kinetoscope, he had decided to call it.

There was a bit of surprise in store for Mr. Edison. The sanctuary of Room Five had been moved. Dickson, for weeks before Edison’s departure for Europe, had been looking for a bigger quarters. “Don’t need it,” Edison decided.

But with Edison on the sea, Chief Batchelor, left in charge, was prevailed upon and authorized a special photographic building. It was duly erected in September, 1889, total cost, $100,000.

Into this new building alongside the big laboratory structure Dickson proudly led his chief. There was the kinetoscope, the peep show ancestor of today’s motion picture.

Edison took a look into it. “It’s a pretty fair machine,” he commented.

And just about here the records begin to differ and the first note of a new motif in our story is sounded.

There was a picture of Mr. Dickson in the machine.

In a book on the life of Edison, published in 1885, written by William Kennedy Laurie Dickson and Antonia Dickson, occurs this paragraph:

“The crowning point of realism was attained on the occasion of Mr. Edison’s return from the Paris Exposition of 1889, when Mr. Dickson himself stepped out on the screen, raised his hat and smiled, while uttering the words of greeting, ‘Good morning. Mr. Edison, glad to see you back I hope you are satisfied with the kinetophone.’

In this early fashion one is told in effect that not only were talking pictures achieved in 1889, but that they were thrown upon a screen in a darkened auditorium, all as a surprise greeting to the coming home boss of the West Orange Works.

The time was to come when in a desperate war of patent litigation this was to be a fact of vital issue. Years later this paragraph in the book was read to Edison in court.

“There was no screen,” he said dryly.

In fact, six years were yet to pass before the motion picture was put on the screen. The whole history of the industry turns on that point.

But after his homecoming in October of 1889 Edison was busied with important affairs in the phonograph and electrical field.

The phonograph was going out to the newly formed Pathe. Edison, justly proud to have one might drop a nickel, put the tubes to his ears and hear the band play, were springing up in the cities. Out in the lesser towns of the country he showed phonograph entertainments. The phonograph was a sensation.

Among those early day itinerant phonograph entertainers was Lyman Howe of Millburn, N. J. Through the smaller towns of his territory Howe gave phonograph entertainments in connection with Ladies’ Aid Societies and church boards, dividing the profits with the churches. He was pioneering for a motion picture business of renown, but he little suspected it then.

At about the same time over in Paris an enterprising Frenchman heard about the wonderful Edison phonograph that had come to London. He was busy, but he had a young friend, one Charles Pathe, who had money. He pressed a bundle of francs in Pathe’s hand and told him to go to Lon- don and get one of those talking machines. It was natural indeed that there should be something to be made for the world’s fair, so Pathe sent for the machine.

In the home of conversation M. Pathe came back with a phonograph, and it was a vast success. He made more trips to Lon- don, of course, and he built up a phonograph business that survives yet in these days of 1927. But more important still to Pathe, he established a contact with the genius of Edison and the greater thing to come.

There were scientific whisperings about and woe bits of news of the Edison kinetograph and the kinetoscope, camera and the moving machine, and so forth, meanwhile. Harper’s Weekly, in the issue of June 13, 1891, came out with a two-page spread on the subject of the invention, discussed in glowing but conservative words.

Meanwhile Edison came to the opinion that after all secrecy could hardly protect his invention much longer, and so August 24, 1891, he made application for a United States patent.

At this time it was suggested to Edison, as a matter of routine, at least, that perhaps application should also be made for foreign patents, including France and England.

How much will that cost?” Edison asked casually.

“About $5,000.”

Edison waived the suggestion aside.

“It isn’t worth it.”

In this one sees a striking parallel to his attitude toward the disc phonograph patents that created here in terms of the motion picture.

Of course there was again a modifying element in the situation. It had been Edison experience that individuals who took out abroad the more he lost. Foreign patents sometimes have an effect of advertising possibilities to imitators.

But to Edison, on that day, August 24, 1891, said “Yes” he would put himself in a position to get many, many millions of dollars in the foreign field. Also he might have withheld from a number of competitors a temptation to what may have been a lawful but an un- moral piracy.

Putting aside for the moment consideration of Mr. Edison, justly proud of the rights in the matter, the sum total of the effect of his failure to patent the kinetoscope undoubtedly was ultimately to
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 111)

The studio has survived in history as "The Black Maria." The "Black Maria," then known officially as the "revolving photographic building," on the Edison account books, was completed February 1, 1893, at a total cost of $637.67. The making of motion pictures for ultimate public presentation was begun in that building. All picture making before that had been but the simplest of laboratory work for the testing of the machines.

Early in 1893, the kinetoscope was shown to a scientific gathering at the Brooklyn Institute, and not long thereafter it was presented to the public for the first time as an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, greatest of the world's fairs, held at Chicago. With this exhibit, trivial as it seemed then, the greater events of the history of the motion picture had their beginning.

There were a number of devices at the World's Fair that indicated how close the motion picture was then crowding its way forward into a part in the world's affairs. Among them was Muybridge's "Zoopraxoscope" and a machine rather closely related to it, called the "Tachyscope." Those were the elegant days when if any inventor was in doubt about what to call his invention he promptly christened it with a decocation of Greek roots. This was bound to be impressive and awe-inspiring, at least. The name plate alone was always worth the price of admission.

Muybridge's Zoopraxoscope presented thrilling but alarming views of a galloping horse. The horse was remarkable. He stood still while he ran and kicked the landscape past him. He was really a slow horse surrounded by fast scenery. The Tachyscope, which came from Germany by way of the laboratory of Herr Augustin, gave one the joy of peeking in to see one of Mr. Hagenbeck's best elephants waddle across the view. Whereas the Edison kinetoscope had the stelllar merit of presenting people, with a great all star super cast of Fred Ott in his great monkeyshines act and W. K. L. Dickson lifting his hat. All these were peep show machines.

A GREAT many dropped their nickels in the slots to see the marvels of the living pictures. Mostly they passed on and mayhap made an entry in their diaries that night or wrote a letter home about it amid the massive Victorian grandeur of the Palmer House, that lavish wonder of hotels with silver dollars in the bar room floor. Those were the happy days of long ago. The Christopher Columbus, the first whale-back leviathan of the Great Lakes, was making daily trips carrying marvelling thousands. Mrs. Potter Palmer was the ascendant and right royal grand queen of all society west of the Hudson River, entertaining crowned heads amid the plaudits of the press and populace.

Rails and telegraph were busy webbing the open places in the continent. The last feebile Indian wars of the West were being fought with the unruly, meandering remnants of the red buffalo hunters. It was the day of sweeping skirts, when ladies had no legs whatever and women had nothing else. In the theaters it was the great era of trances, dance, and variety shows, remarkable minstrelly successes, and a deal of most hauty and elevated opera and concert.

Among those who came in the thronging thousands to the great World's Fair on
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 112)

Chicago's lake front were a number of young men, unimportant and as unheralded of fame then as now, who were to have a large share as the agents and promoters making the age coming true of the Age of the Motion Picture.

One of these was Thomas Armat, a young man of cavalier stock, from classic Richmond in Virginia. He was engaged some years ago in the office of a cousin in Washington, D. C., but his heart was really in scientific affairs. More especially he was interested in electricity and its applications to the art of motion pictures. A younger brother, J. Hunter Armat, also of technical bent.

Under a railway cross-over, near the entrance to the fair grounds, Hunter Armat came across the sideshow of the Anschütz Tachyscope. "Here is a great thing, Tom," he said.

So they both played their money on the funny elephant picture that moved. They did not penetrate the living picture wonder of the fair enough to see the Edison kinetoscopes, but there were too many exciting things for them to see.

"If you could connect that up with a magic lantern, it would make quite a show," Thomas Armat remarked as they walked through the older boy's city.

They finally found something to get into, assured by Frederick A. Talbot's book devoted to the laudation of the European opportunist of the motion picture. These visitors came upon Edison's kinetoscope and saw possibilities for business abroad. They made note of West Orange and determined to take one of the machines overseas with them on their return.

And then a handsome young gallant and adventurer, also of Virginia blood, Grey Latham, bent on sightseeing and the pleasures of the blithe and breezy city of Chicago. He, too, looking for swift opportunities, saw the kinetoscope and fancied the idea. It was rather up to the dashing young Mr. Latham to gather a fortune somewhere, since he wanted one and was shown round by the most enterprising of himself and all those who were able to bring a prodigal sympathy and hospitality; he found demand always stepping up to his supply.

Grey Latham's interest, perhaps the lightest and most casual, was destined to grow out into a web of extraordinary drama in the picture industry.

Thomas Armat went home to Washington and real estate affairs with the idea of the picture on the screen in his head. The two Greek gentlemen sailed for London taking with them the kinetoscope of Edison's and a scheme of their own. Grey Latham played yet a while and came back East with a plan of doing something profitable with his invention.

By this time the Edison machine was rather automatically forcing its own career. A firm of promoters and exploiters, Raff and Gammon, headed by Norman C. Raff, became the best friends of the kinetoscope, with a plan for putting it before the public through the sale of the territorial or state rights on the exhibition of the machine. They were successful.

Through the instrumentality of Raff and Gammon, the kinetoscope slot machines were to cover the world with arcade peep shows and swiftly open the way for the coming of the real motion picture—the picture projected on a screen.

By April 1, 1894, twenty-five kinetoscopes had been manufactured at a total cost of $1,227.48 and on April 6, ten of them were shipped across the Hudson to New York in a box at 1155 Broadway, New York City, the first customers of Raff and Gammon. A week later the films for the machines went forward. By this time Edison had sold a total of $24,118.04 in the motion picture business. In the next few years millions were to come back to him, and others who capitalized the opportunities opened by his efforts were to gather a great many millions more.

Grey Latham, back in New York by now, and established in a comfortably promising position with a wholesale drug firm on Broadway, went to London and sold men who passed up and down Broadway for their diversion. Now from out of the south came a school mate, Enoch J. Rector, a youth looking for something to do. The year before had brought a panic and in the dullness of business in the metropolis Rector found nothing alluring to engage him or his efforts. By way of showing the novelty of the sight of the town, Grey Latham took young Mr. Rector into the kinetoscope show at 1155 Broadway. He came out enthusiastic with an idea.

"There's something in to get," Latham exclaimed. "It's your chance. Everybody's crazy to see prize fights. All we have to do is to get Edison to photograph a prize fight for this machine and we can take it out on our own.

The young men sought action on their inspiration at once. At West Orange technical difficulties were in the way. The capital of the kinetoscope was too small for the purpose. They argued. The kinetoscope was improved and enlarged until it could carry enough film to depict a shortened round of a prize fight.

THEN one morning in July an unusual fight was staged at West Orange. Michael Leonard, then of fame as "The Beau Brunnel of the prize ring," met Kid Cushing, a likely contender for the lightweight title, in a ten-foot ring on the platform of a flatcar, equipped as an outdoor stage. They went six savage, abbreviated rounds. In the sixth, Cushing, trapped by a feint, dropped his guard and stopped a swift right and left chop to the jaw. He was out two minutes and the kinetoscope was complete, a thriller in six parts. A total of about a thousand feet of film had been exposed. It was not to be several years before so long a picture was enticed again.

In August the prize fight show opened at 83 Nassau street in downtown New York. It was owned by Grey Latham, his brother Otway, a dashing younger brother, and Rector, their scheme of six kinetoscopes, standing in a row in the store, each containing a round of the Leonard-Cushing battle, presented the show. New York was hungry to see.

The price was five cents for a peep at a single round, all six rounds for twenty-five cents. Throngs packed the place and by the second day two long lines of waiting patrons trailed back into the street on either side of the entrance. The police came to keep order in the queues. In the vernacular of the theatrical business, they were "holding them out.

The Latham brothers were started on their way to a swift, transient burst of prosperity. There were lively parties on Broadway, with pretty girls, dinners at the Hoffman House, and a spirited sprinkling of champagne.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

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With an indulgent, hopeful interest, their father, Woodville Latham, looked on. He was an old man, past sixty in years and old the experiences of life. He was anxious indeed for the success of his sons. His paternal instinct was very strong.

Mostly his family hopes had gone down with many another Southern pride at the crumbling of their government. But Latham, as well became a Latham of Virginia, had served the Confederacy well, first as a major of artillery in the defense of Richmond, and later as a executive officer of the greatest Confederate Army on the Mississippi, in Georgia. But at heart Latham was neither a soldier nor a business man, but rather a scientist and scholar. The part he was attempting to play was distasteful.

Woodville Latham had fifteen brothers and sisters to share the inheritance of ruined estates left from the War of the Rebellion. That meant nothing each. Business beckoned to him with an appointment as resident engineer of the Baltimore & Ohio's lines, between Pittsburgh and Chicago, but the scholar in him perhaps the South, retired, and he chose rather to become a professor of chemistry at the University of West Virginia—at a professor's salary. But financial pressure increased, and in 1894 we find him, a Yorkshireman, living in modest quarters at the old Bartholdi hotel in Twenty-third street, seeking in that late date to establish himself as a chemical and consulting engineer—a rather dispiriting task.

It is necessary that we review these facts that we may know the manner of man who was to figure spectacularly in the making of the motion picture, and perchance to explain why he was to gain neither reward of money nor fame.

So it came that one day in that fall of '94 Otis, Latham prevailed on his father to come to the little show down at 83 Nassau street.

"You see, if we could project that on a screen, like the Edison invention, there'd be a fortune in it." The young man was anxious to enlist his father's scientific aid. Empiricism could go no further in this with his science.

"You can project anything on a screen that you can see with the naked eye and that can be photographed." Woodville Latham was very positive in his answer. That was also correct.

The vision of the motion picture theater was then before them.

They set to work to attain it.

The making of the motion picture, which entertains twenty million people a day in the United States alone, had begun.

(To be continued)

Censor-Proof

This is hard to believe. But The Morning Times, a paper in Chicago.

A Texan exhibitor booked a picture which starred Pauline Frederick, in which the heroine goes away with her lover without the formality of a wedding ceremony.

"Not married," the exhibitor. "I can't have that in my theater."

So he hunted through a collection of old film that he had, and discovered to his satisfaction was wedding ceremony in bridal attire. He patched this to the Pauline Frederick film and with the air of a man who has done his duty, remarked:

"Now no one can say a word. She is married!"
$500.00
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THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photo of "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to "EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR, WORLD M. P. CORPORATION, 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 699, New York, N. Y.

Remember

The sale date of PHOTPLAY has been changed to the fifteenth. The May issue of PHOTPLAY will be on sale at the newsstands, April 15th.

\[Continued from page 60\]

Hugo Ballin: artist and director. He would never be referred to as Mabel's husband any more than she was referred to as Hugo's wife.

The Ballins

(Continued from page 60)

save money and not because he wants to be the whole show. She, of course, being his leading woman, gets a regular salary; but because she has the success of every picture very much at heart, she spends much of it for clothes.

She is really very lovely. Little; slim; fine brow, which she doesn't persist in covering; gold hair recently bobbed by herself; white skin; an intelligent, rather than kissable, mouth; eyes like the early Italian Madonnas, until she smiles, they are something else. Her beauty has been solemnly classified as chiselled and cold. I suspect she laugh at that.

Mabel is intensely feminine. Dislikes to order her own luncheon, and is never quite sure about the change, and how much to give the waiter; given to dropping things; vocally, the original imp. Indirectly she rules her particular world. Gentle persuasion, soft smiles, rather than conversational brilliancy or intellectual magnetism or even obvious femininity. Buys little things for the house that she likes, ostensibly gifts for Hugo. The way she speaks her husband's name is an unconscious analysis of her character and, incidentally, her charm.

Hugo Ballin would never be referred to as Mabel's husband any more than she is ever referred to as Hugo's wife. They are The Ballins. Nobody knows her by her former name of Mabel Croft. She was an actress, who had appeared with some success on the stage and screen. He was, and is, an artist of genuine merit and presence; member of the National Academy, and all that. He was abroad for years. Returning, he became interested in the films and went in for them sorely. He was the art director for Goldwyn, supervising the settings for the first and some of the most famous Goldwyn productions.

When Ballin felt he had learned something about the films, he formed his own company and made "The Honorable Gentleman," retitled "Pagan Love," or something like that, for publicity purposes. He followed it up with an interesting "East Lynne," and the fine "Journey's End," a picture without sub-titles, of real beauty. In it, Mabel gave a performance of sweetness and spirituality—ask any critic. They

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The Ballins
(Continued from page 115)

were established, then. People began to talk about them—in a nice way, you understand.

Their real triumph was "Jane Eyre," into which each of them put their best, because it's the sort of thing they like to do. A delicious La Ballin experienced the thrill of seeing her name in large letters and warm praise in the papers; Hugo, too. They took it calmly and went right ahead with their next production. "The Luxury Tax" isn't what they particularly like to do; it's "society stuff," and these two quaint creatures much prefer the lavender-and-oldlace of "Jane." Obviously, this couple is "old-fashioned."

You may wander into a picture gallery and see one of his paintings. You may hear that she is getting to look more and more like Bernhardt—and perhaps she has a certain quality which is reminiscent of the great Frenchwoman when she was twenty-four; you may hear he is making a picture forty-five years long; you may even, some day, hear them being discussed by somebody of other and that learn that they are temperamentally, like all these artists—

If you do, don't believe it. I know better. The Ballins will always be—the Ballins. In spite of all I've said, I'll be tremendously disappointed if I ever do find out that there is an eccentricity lurking about somewhere.

The Difference

THE cricit of the films have always bemoaned the fact that the producers are quick to make capital of scandal. They have wept and waited at the publicity-seeking actors and actresses; at the undignified uncommercialism of it all. A few of them are foolishly grasping, but not all.

We wish they would consider a recent case. In the Roscoe Arbuckle tragedy, there was involved an actor named Lowell Sherman; he had appeared on the stage for some years and was known as the most popular "villain" on Broadway. He played in Griffith's "Way Down East," and then was engaged by Goldwyn to come west and make pictures. He made one film for that company—"Grand Larceny." He had a contract with another company which, we understand, was broken when the "Fatty" Arbuckle scandal filled the newspapers.

Goldwyn had the name of Lowell Sherman erased from the billing of "Grand Larceny." His prominence in connection with the case was not played upon; it was ignored. The film company, in a quiet and dignified manner, chose to pass up any publicity of this nature. Decency, he felt, was preferable to dollars.

A Broadway producer of plays, yeclot, A. H. Woods, made Lowell Sherman one of the stars in a new production called "Lawful Larceny." His name is blasted on Broadway.

NEW YORK woman, who accused a man of pinching her in a motion picture theater, has been exposed by the judge before whom the case was tried, as a fraud whose favorite indoor pastime seemed to be making false charges against men. Men paid no attention to her, so she had to attract attention some way. It developed that only a few months before a respectable married man had been unjustly sentenced to jail on a similar charge which the young lady had made.

Ain't men awful?
"Zukor Had an Idea"
(Continued from Page 64)

novelty of pictures that merely moved was wearing away. Mr. Zukor had the revolutionary idea that perhaps pictures that said something and meant something beyond the intricacies of "Horse Eating Hay," a current Lubin success, might be valuable.

Something of a demonstration of the merit of the idea was afforded by the Comedy Theater's presentation of Pathe's three-reel version of the Passion Play, made in Paris. But the producers generally took that as no precedent.

In this period the Marcus Loew Enterprises was formed and Mr. Zukor became an officer of the concern. He had less to do than formerly, and as he saw vaudeville take for ascendency in the theaters again, he got to turning over his idea. Pictures were reduced to "fillers" and "chasers" on the vaudeville programs.

In 1910, Mr. Zukor took a trip through Europe and noted that in Paris and Vienna the motion picture was being taken somewhat more seriously by the show men and the public. Theaters presenting pictures were in the better neighborhoods and patronized by better people than in the United States. The American admission price was standardized at five cents. In Europe the admissions ran from twenty-five to seventy-five cents. That was evidence in support of his persistent idea.

In the fall of 1911, Mr. Zukor came back to talk about his idea and to receive once more discouraging advice.

THE motion picture magnates of the period would not listen.

Then came the determination to do the thing anyway, independently.

Mr. Zukor brought to the service of his idea the theatrical ability and prestige of Daniel Frohman and the motion picture experience of Edward S. Porter, formerly of the Edison picture concern. The idea was to make motion pictures which should tell a story long enough to constitute a complete entertainment in a single subject, and to do it in a quality way. It was also proposed to draft for the screen the box office values of the stage by the employment of well known and highly competent actors—in other words, famous players.

In 1912, the Famous Players was incorporated and plans were put into motion. The first move was naturally enough to seek for the initial production the most famous of all famous players in the world.

Louis Mercanton was commissioned to engage Sarah Bernhardt and produce a picture with her in the title role. Famous Players was to finance the picture and to receive, in return, the American rights. In due time and after a deal of negotiation Mme. Bernhardt agreed and the picture was made in Paris, entitled "Queen Elizabeth."

The cost of the picture, four reels, was $85,000.

It was a success. Then Famous Players started producing.

The next picture was "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett. The roster of Famous Players since has included most of the great names of the screen. Among the earliest to adopt the Zukor idea was the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, formed in 1913 and long since absorbed, with others, into the present Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"Adolph Zukor presents" is a phrase that has gone around the world on the screen, and the interests built up on the original notion born in the penny arcade are of international scope. Adolph Zukor had an idea.
U. S. bit! suit, n.—xr on wide was; s think £ is believe. particularly wonder a would have silk Let's new think

JANET G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Caps are to be very generally worn this spring. I think a cape is charming if properly worn. It is a most graceful thing and has almost the power of a fan, in a pretty woman's hands, to please. The costumes of dress and cape in twocents and other sportsw materials are going to be exceedingly popular. Look for the new Bon Ton Patterns. They are unusually good this month.

ANNE M. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—Henna, if properly applied, is not "ruin the hair." The shampooer should not use too much of it, but a little henna rinse cannot be harmful. A greenish heather mixture would be nice for the wool dress. Nile green, or even black, for your afternoon frock would be better than purple. Purple is a difficult shade at best, is not smart, and is too old for you anyway.

R. D., FLORIDA.—I am as excited as you are about your vacation trip. And it is so nice to be able to spend such a goodly sum for your apparel, isn't it? Let's see; you will need a morning dress of some light material or of gingham, if you like it—lOd—two sports skirts, pleaded, preferably, and slip-on sweaters; a silk or taffeta frock or two for an evening dress a chiffon one formal, and one of the "semi" variety. A bathing suit—of course; a more or less fussy white frock with a wide floppy hat; and if you have a suit, all the better, a sports hat and a little sensible turban. Shoes? Low-heeled oxfords; boots; slippers to match your evening and afternoon frocks. I hope you'll have the best time you ever had, my dear. You might telegraph and tell me about it later, n'est ce pas?

DOROTHY.—I would never advise anyone to henna her hair. Henna shampoo would give it a pretty glint, however, and is not harmful. I think your friend Jean would be very foolish indeed to bot her pretty long blonde hair. As you say, it takes only a moment to cut it, but it takes some time for it to grow long again. Bobbed hair is not as smart right now as it was; but many women whom it particularly becomes have kept right on growing their hair some time to find out, if possible, how you're going to look with bobbed hair before you do it. You can't be too careful! The commonly accepted "ingenue type" looks very well; but the more mature woman is not so attractive with short tresses. It depends, too, upon the shape of the face. A round-faced girl would be very silly to bob her hair. There!

L. C., BOSTON, Mass.—Are you sure you are in perfect health? A sallow complexion is very often the result of indigestion. If your eyes are not bright, it may be eye strain, as you say you use your eyes most of the time. I would, if I were you, consult my physician; then, if he cannot help you, come to me again and we'll see what we can do!

JENNY.—Why should you try to gain weight? Your picture shows you to be just about right, with a splendid figure for modern dresses. Follow our patterns—you know, except for stumps, you can have one absolutely free—and you will always have the assurance that you are very well gowned.

EDNA.—May I congratulate you? I think, too, that June is the very nicest month of the year to be married in. I hope you'll be very happy. If you will send me a properly addressed envelope I'll give you suggestions for your gown in detail. The Patterns designed by Le Bon Ton for Miss Elsie Ferguson in the April issue would be very apt for you. I believe. Those made for Marie Murray, in this issue of the Magazine, are also well worth your attention. I know if you make your own dresses you will find Le Bon Ton Pattern Service in PHOTOPLAY invaluable.

G., LONG ISLAND.—Your letter interested me very much. I wish you would send me your photograph so that I might form some idea of your type. I wonder if it is your manner rather than your clothes which is a factor? A little accessory might be very valuable to you. Cultivate depth—consideration of others—poise. Poise is a gift, very often; but it can be cultivated. I'm going to write you a personal letter and keep in touch with you.

EVELYN.—If your hair is short and thin, why not bob it and give it a new start? Try it! With a top knot, you might purchase a good one from Simonson's Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, New York City. To give it gloss you might use brilliantine, but very sparingly. Let me know how you come out.

B. W., DETROIT.—It is very sweet of you to want to buy your mother a new dress, and I would love to be able to tell you just what kind to buy her; but you see I know nothing about her—whether she is tall or short, her coloring, or anything. Why not tell her about it and go with her while she selects. A good hair-dresser can cut short hair without injuring it. Straight bobbed hair is charming—if it becomes you at all. Why not try it?

URSULA, HYDE PARK, ILLINOIS.—I have been in that beautiful suburb of Chicago, and heartily agree with you that it is a charming place to live. However, my home has always been in the east although Paris is a second home to me. I am afraid the only way successfully to curl very short hair is with a heated iron. And I dislike to recommend that. Especially if you do it yourself. A good hair-dresser can cut short hair without injuring it. Straight bobbed hair is charming—if it becomes you at all. Why not try it?

J. K., DAYTON, OHIO.—As a foundation for a wardrobe, a well-dressed woman should have one street suit, with as many blouses as she can afford; one sports coat; one after- noon dress; one evening frock, with a cape; one simple street hat, one hat for the afternoon, and a sports hat of some sort. Wool stockings became very popular in New York during the winter season. Your best color should be shades of blue, brown and violet.
A Misunderstood Woman

(Continued from page 25)

permits one to become repertorial. So an appointment was made for ten o'clock one morning of her diet. It would fit her with her rest, having in mind my own feather complex.

"I am up every morning at seven!" she cried.

I bowed respectfully and went home to set the alarm.

"Madame is not in," said the butler surreptitiously. I called at the hour of the appointment.

"But wasn't she expecting me?" I ventured, lifting my sun glasses, the better to see.

"Oh, pardon me," said he. "I didn't recog-

ize you with the glasses. Come in. Madame will be down in a moment."

He wasn't a bit abashed at menaging on his fib.

Naturally an English butler owes nothing to the memory of George Washington. That is why English butlers are so much more efficient than American.

I heard the click of typewriter keys above.

Then footsteps came skipping, in the tripled rhythm of three steps at a time, down the staircase, and the august Madame entered, whistling.

"She enters whistling," I observed aloud. Nazimova made a twirl into the corner of a divan, drawing her feet up after.

The effect was boyish: shining black hair cropped very short and parted on one side, a white Eton collar over a dark blouse, a short plaid skirt and flat-heeled brogues, and an abnormally long cigarette holder properly functioning.

Bella Donna, Hedda Gabler, Madame Peacock, Madame Nazimova—she's none of them. There is not a suggestion of hauteur or languor about her. Her dignity is about as impressive as Dorothy Gish's.

She has a handclasp, direct and energetic, which any politician might envy. It's the essence of sincerity. It's inimitable.

I have been in the presence of Nazimova many times and have yet to find her static. She never walks but she runs, or skips or scuds or bounds. When at work she wears Chinese pajamas and expedites progress. Accelerants undoubtedly were cossacks. Had she been born in this country I would almost have been tempted to think they were taxi drivers. When required to sit she ex- pressed her hands and shoulders. She's never still.

Once I asked her the secret for this superior pep, hoping half-heartedly for the name of a reliable brand. Instead—

"Hot water for breakfast."

"Hot water?"—a weak squeak.

"Well, a dash of lemon if you wish. For lunch also, a crisp green salad and a cup of tea without sugar. For dinner, a little meat."

She assured me that such a diet would not sustain energy but keep the figure youthful. But remember, Uncle Tom I silently declared that my soul might belong to God but my figure certainly belonged to me, and neither than treat it with hot water and flat-boiled eggs I would suffer a pre-
mature senility, be a little and paunchy old gentleman. Yet like all cravens, I admire the Spartan spirit. After observing Nazimova's simple gobbledom, I dusted off five foot three in height, and an energetic youthfulness that claims to be mathematically forty-five. I would gladly write a testimonial to the efficiency of her diet. It would read like Will Roger's endorsement of a certain cigarette: "I don't smoke, but if I did I'd smoke your brand."

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A Misunderstood Woman
(Continued from page 119)

For happiness she recommended work. There again we differed.

"I am not, I do not work—mis-er-able," she cried, her ravaged eyebrows lifted dramatically in tune with her inflection.

It's Art when anyone can make me feel sorry because there isn't any work to do.

Her hairrearing is swaying an interviewer, as she另行, I solemnly proclaim Nazimova the world's greatest.

They say Sarah Bernhardt can shake you with sobs by reciting "Little Ice-Cream Soda" in French. But fancy beingStruck by a number in English entitled "Nothing To Do But Laugh.

Yet Nazimova really can sweep you into her mood. She's vibrant. Her thought flows in pictures which she externalizes by gesture, pose, and facial nuance. With Stendahl she might say, "My head is a magic lantern."

She lives in art. Disengage her and she would die of boredom because there are no other interests sufficiently vital to her. Her bantering, slight, satirical humor conceals her sensibilities. She is extremely sensitive toward her work. Adverse criticism of her last Metro pictures cut her sharply.

Yet to all appearances she was untouched; she continued to assume production responsibilities which critics decla red were too much for her. Some thought that her ego was running rampant. That is simply not true. She may not have as clear a perspective or understanding of production as, say, Mary Pickford, but she will gain it or die in valiantly. The strain of perversity in her that will not let her pass up a challenge where her art is concerned. If some one told her that she could get away with an Oriental dance, all right be it, she'd never be able to do a good buck and wing, she'd start clogging immediately.

Outside the theatrical domain, however, she quickly yields. She has no business ability. She cares nothing about money. She never accumulated any until she married Charles Bryant and he became her business manager.

Her character is in the lines of her hands. She is proud of her hands.

"They are not the hands of an artist," says she. "They are the hands of a workman."

BECAUSE she is an aristocrat of the arts we make the mistake of considering her an aristocrat in caste. In the very name Nazimova there is something grandiloquent, sonorous, ritualistic,—like the notes of a cathedral organ. But in her heart there are no such notes. She scorns all artificial grace. In common or with most young intellec tuals under the autocracy of the Tsar she had nihilistic sympathies, a devout loyalty toward all workers. She still has that loyalty, and like Nazimova and Griffith, she has the faculty for inspiring loyalty and adoration in those around her.

She wantss to be thought a good fellow. And, apparently, she has difficulty in achieving that ambition. She confesses she used to think herself quite "Tsienish and highbrow," in high heels and long trailing gowns, bow the pose worked up.

She's not an aristocrat, but a rebel. That sums her up in a line.

She's addressed as Madame Nazimova, but one thinks of her as Nazimova. She's the sort of jazz that Tchaikovsky might have written had he studied under Irving Berlin.

She's a Misunderstood Woman who wants to be understood——

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Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 121)

THERE JACKET.—No, no—I'm not
Carolyn Van Wyck. And not so loud—she
might hear. I have absolutely nothing
about fashions; and Miss Van Wyck knows
just about everything. I'd suggest you
write to her. She'll probably tell you they're not wearing yellow this season.
You'll have to get a new nom de plume.

MRS. GRAY.—Tom Mix is coy as to age.
He refuses to give his. William Farnum is
married, and very happily, to Olive White,
a very charming lady. His new picture called
"A Romance," is his best in a long time.
Peggy Shaw and Myrtle Bonillas are his
leading women.

H. B. DALLAS.—Billie Burke is on the
stage now in "The Intimate Strangers," a
nice fragile play by Booth Tarkington, in
which Glenn Hunter also appears. Young
Mr. Hunter has made a new picture called
"The Cradle Busters." Billie was born in
1886, is married to Flo Ziegfeld, and has one
little girl, Patricia.

Ynez.—How on earth do you pronounce
that? A gulp and a grimace—Ynez. It may
be a really pretty name, though. Carol
Dempster's bronze eyes and hair undoubt-
edly have it. Address them at the D. W.
Griffith studios, Mariposa, Calif. Miss
Dempster first opened those eyes on
January 16, 1902.

Millie.—You don't mind the Millie, do
you? Mildred is so darning formal. Ann
Pennington left the screen some years ago.
I liked her pictures, too, but the general
verdict seemed to be that she was better on
the stage than on the screen. The screen
times of George White's "Scandals" shows
now. She is not married.

DOROTHY K. J.—Dorothy Kelly has not
been in films for years. She was a Vitagraph
player, and a fine one. She married one
Herbert Havenor, a non-professional, I
believe; and has not been on the screen since.
The photograph you enclose is of Betty
Blythe, the erstwhile "Queen of Sheba," now
in Rex Beach's United Artists feature, "Fair
Lady." Yes—of course, Betty has the
title role. She's Mrs. Paul Scardon in private
life.

A. M., DETROIT.—I stayed up until nine
P. M. answering yours and others' letters.
I really work awfully hard, but nobody
believes it. I have the art—ahem!—of achiev-
ing these paragraphs with ease and equanim-
ity. Douglas McLean was born in Philadel-
phia, but declines to say when. So do these.

C. J., PARK FALLS, WIS.—The abbrevi-
ations of states have been sore to me. I
describe abbreviations, and yet I must
use them all the time. William and Neal
Hart are not related; neither are Doug and
Bill Fairbanks. Elsie Ferguson was born in
1883. Ethel Clayton is thirty-five. She is
the widow of Joseph Kaufman.

Lola A. E.—Sweet youth! A problem in
gometry your challenge, and making
you fudge your greatest joy. I never could
do geometry and fudge never appealed to me.
I would much rather be, if I am, Jack
Perrin and Kathleen O'Connor in "The Lion
Man." Kathleen is the wife of Lynn Reyn-
olds, the director, and her latest appearance
is in Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes' "Darlin'," which
features Colleen Moore.

(Continued on page 123)
Questions and Answers (Continued from page 122)

F. B. Lima—So you look like Ralph Graves. Can you act like Ralph Graves?
Anyway, Ralph Graves was born in 1900, June 0, to be exact, brown hair and blue eyes; is six feet one inch tall, and weighs 170 pounds.

D. H. Boston.—Doris Paw was once Mrs. Rex Ingram. The present Mrs. Ingram is Alice Terry, the generous blonde of the Ingram's ingrates, "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," and "Turn to the Right." Doris Paw is from Norfolk, Nebraska. James Rennie is back in New York again after making "The Dust Flower" for Goldwyn on the coast. Real- name Denny with Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights" and as the star of "The Leather Pushers," from H. C. Witwer's well-known yarns.

Dexterite.—You are very clever, and I am wary of a clever woman. However, if you like Elliott Dexter I'm a friend of yours. I like him also. Your letter will not be framed for its fourteen pages bound in engraved gilt would not part too much of my meager wages from my pigskin wallet; but it shall be treasured the remaining 52 (I am making many promises—I hope I keep a few.) Mr. Dexter is abroad now. He told me he was going to stay until his money ran out, so I suspect we shall not see him for many, many months. The screen will miss him; and so will you; and so I; so will everybody.

Miriam of Main Street.—Are you Carroll Kennicott from "What Price Glory?" Sinclair Lewis' best seller has not yet been filmed but undoubtedly will be before long. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one; Viola Dana twenty-three; Jack Mulhall thirty; James Kirkwood is abroad now, making pictures for Paramount.

Bubbles.—I think Eugene O'Brien will send you his photograph. He is good-natured. He's not married. (In spite of my bachelorette status I must urge you that these last two remarks are in no wise relates.) Elaine Hammerstein is singly blessed.

B. S. Hollywood.—At last—one Californian who is still thrilled when she sees a film player! You say you met Lila Lee and she wasn't a bit stuck up. Of course not. Stuart Holmes' latest picture is Gloria Swanson's "Her Husband's Trademark," in which Stuart villainized as the husband and gets killed, as usual, in the next-to-the-last reel. Charles Ray Howard played the leading juvenile role in "Courage." However, I think this is the only prominent part in which he has been cast recently. He played in several government films during the war and was on the stage with Bayes Post in "Omar the Tentmaker." By the way, Post is making a picture of his stage success, "The Masquerader."

Miss M.—George Lincoln Tucker made and one picture after "The Miracle Man." This titled "Ladies Must Live," was released by Paramount. Betty Compson heads the cast. Thomas Meighan does not appear in it. Robert Ellis has the leading male role. Both Miss Compson and Mr. Meighan won stardom for their work in "The Miracle Man"—at least it was directly responsible for their promotion. Mr. Meighan married. Tom is to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. The Meighans have no children.

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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

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

Gentlemen—Enclose please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an eyelet-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram’s Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram’s Rouge, and Zodena Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name

Street

City

State
NATURE'S greatest triumph of beautiful coloring is the flush of a perfect complexion. Dorin of Paris has studied in Nature's atelier for more than a century, producing and improving dainty aids to beauty. Dorin rouges and powders have now been perfected so that when properly combined they reproduce exactly Nature's coloring—the exquisite tone of perfect health.

You may choose from eight tints of powder and ten shades of rouge to effect your natural coloring. All these are sold in the standard Dorin packages. The same products are now offered in dainty gilt ormolu boxes fitted with mirrors and puffs. They have been named Dorind'or.

If you are not familiar with Dorin's products you can learn their charm by sending us 25 cents in stamps together with a description of your coloring—your hair, eyes and skin. In return we will mail two compactes, one of rouge and one of powder, with a booklet telling the secret of correct blending. Or 10 cents will bring the booklet and samples of the rouge and powder in powder form. Address your letter to F. R. Arnold & Co., 79 West 22nd St., New York.

To be genuine, Dorin's products made for the U. S. A. must always bear the name "F. R. ARNOLD & CO., Importers."
One Secret of the Harmony of "La Toilette Parisienne"

From Paris a secret of beauty—a secret of the harmony of the toilet comes now to les dames Américaines. From the fashionables who frequent L'Opéra Comique, who stroll on the Champs Elysées, is sent this conseil de beauté:

In the toilette of fashion there is a harmony quite complete. Non, Madame, there is no mixing of perfumes! Each spécialité must be of the same bonne odeur délicieuse as the fragrant extract itself. The Face Powder, Talc, Toilet Water, Sachet, must, decrees the fashion of Paris, be of one and the same French fragrance. So, too, the Crèmes, the Soap, the Rouge, are graced with that same French Parfum which so characterizes the dressing hour of Madame.

So now with assurance that the very mode du jour will be yours, do you select and use always—not one, not two or three, but all of these bewitching spécialités de Djer-Kiss. So do you in the perfect harmony of your toilette obey that law of fashion—the very words of Parisian beauty.

**Announcing the new Djer-Kiss Adherent Face Powder**

From the Djer-Kiss parfumerie to you comes this new adherent face powder—it clings. So smoothly it clings—without being heavy. Fragranced in France with Parfum Djer-Kiss this new Adherent Face Powder comes to you now in the new oval box. As always before, Madame, you will find in the round box the light Djer-Kiss Face Powder—for so many years the chosen powder of American ladies of fashion. Both kinds are packed for you in shades of Blanche, Chair, Rachel and Rose.

Special Sample Offer:

Send 25c and receive the dainty "Week-end Specialty Box" containing serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss extract, face powder, cold cream and vanishing cream with dainty satin sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 W. 34th Street, New York City.

**Djer-Kiss**

Made in France

Pronounced "Dee-Kiss"
Aside from its evident beauty and lasting usefulness, one of the most appreciated features of Pyralin toiletware is that all patterns are standard, always easy to match at the leading stores everywhere. Many graduation gifts will be complete sets of Pyralin, but a great number will be a few essential articles, which can be added to from time to time until all twenty-five pieces adorn the dressing table.

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
Pyralin Department
Arlington, N. J.

Each piece is plainly stamped with the name “Pyralin”, your assurance of life-long service.
New models that are true musical instruments

Being musical instruments the first requirement is quality of musical performance and in these new models the design is determined by their musical requirements. These requirements have been learned through twenty-four years devoted solely to the talking-machine art.

See and hear these new Victrolas which, while new in design, have all the characteristic tone-quality which has made the Victrola pre-eminent.

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Victrola
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
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Victor Talking Machine Company
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Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?

Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount’s he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

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His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world’s greatest entertainment all you have to do is act,—and remember that

If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town

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Listed in order of release
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A William DeMille Production
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“The Truthful Liar”
By Will Payne
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Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn’s “Beyond the Rocks”
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Marion Davies in
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Mrs. E. H. Hull
“Tears of the Sheik”

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

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

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Who Is the Future Film Star?

SOMEBWHERE in America there is a Girl who is destined to make a name for herself in motion pictures. In some city or town or hamlet in this country, she is dreaming her dreams, hoping for the opportunity to realize them. A way has been provided for her to test her talents; her picture possibilities. The chance that thousands of girls have been waiting for has come. It is The Screen Opportunity Contest, sponsored by Photoplay Magazine and the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

A practical, sane, and fair opportunity for young American women to win success in the films. No promises of immediate stardom or magnificent salaries; simply a good chance to work for fame. Every girl who has longed to act before the camera, who feels she possesses film qualifications, should enter her photograph. If she has ability, she will have ample opportunity to prove it.

The world wants new screen faces. The screen must have them. Photoplay and Goldwyn Pictures are cooperating to find these faces and to photograph them. It is the most unusual and far-reaching enterprise the screen has seen.

Don't delay. Send in your photograph now.

If you are one of these girls, send in your own likeness to the New Faces Editor, in care of this Magazine. If you know one of them, secure her picture and send it in for her.

Next month there will be the latest developments in the Screen Opportunity idea. Watch for them.
May She Invite Him Into the House?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society year after year, acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black is chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—and while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters, and then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it.

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her shawl with her own initials or those of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat and sit on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it proper for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or public dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $3.50 in full payment.

Name ...........................................

Address ...........................................

City ...............................................

State ...............................................

[Check this square if you want these books with the advertised full-color binding at $5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.]
How Did They Do It?

Do you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without toothbrushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world’s development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world’s capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don’t fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you.
Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexes for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and the use of harmful cosmetics clog them even more, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes runnel entirely.

The use of harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. Creams very often clog the pores only more. Many lotions and tonics cause enlarged pores and make the skin dry and coarse. Massage helps temporarily, but it stretches the skin and eventually causes it to droop and wrinkle.

The natural, scientific way to remove both the blemishes and the impurities at once is explained by the remarkable discovery.

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, one of the million or more tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stilled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unlocked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It is not a skin tonic or beauty lotion. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them at once. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the

facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—on the same face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature skin will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Special Free Examination Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application for a jar of Complexion Clay we will send it to you at once. Complexion Clay is not on sale. It is sent to you direct, fresh made. Although it is a $1.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay by check or postal order only $1.25 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful new discovery.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Complexion Clay will give you a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works always. You won't have to wait for results, either. They are immediately evident. Just mail the coupon—no money. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now, while you are thinking of it.

DOMINO HOUSE Dept. 265
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size trial jar of Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.25 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar if I am not satisfied and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl can have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this new skin the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use every night the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

JUST before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 205 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario. English agents:


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HERE is Madge Bellamy, for whom critics are predicting a bright future. She has given several performances of astounding beauty.

Edwin Bower Hesser

New Photos
A grace of early Italy lingers about Alma Rubens. Actually a charming, modern young woman, artistically Alma possesses a poignancy too subtle to be exactly twentieth-century.

Ira L. Hill
GIPSY O'BRIEN lives up to her unusual name. She has contributed portrayals of a depth seldom attained by seasoned stars. You've seen her opposite Lionel Barrymore.

Sarony
WE ARE worried about the Follies. What are they going to do if beautiful girls like Betty Francisco persist in pursuing celluloid careers? Betty is much in demand as a featurette.

Edwin Bower Hesser
YOU never hear of a thrilling jewel robbery or a rescue from bandits in connection with Katherine MacDonald. The lady is content to rest upon her laurels as an American beauty.

Edwin Bower Hesser
A LOVELY profile has governed the destinies of nations. Claire Windsor started in pictures "just for fun" but has found it a serious and highly remunerative profession.

Edwin Bower Hesser
She has grown up. Not so long ago, Edith Roberts was just a pretty little ingenue. Now, Cecil deMille has made her the dramatic heroine of his latest silk-lined problem plays.
Silk Lace Stockings 15 Years Old!

Kept unbroken and lovely by the purity that is in Ivory Soap Flakes

FIFTEEN years ago, in Paris, France, a Kentucky man purchased the pair of delicate, hand-embroidered silk lace stockings shown in the photograph, as a gift for his wife. During the years that followed she wore them occasionally, dipping them into Ivory Soap suds after each wearing, to rid them of the perspiration which always, though perhaps unnoticeably, clings to a stocking which has been worn, and which rots the silk if permitted to dry into it.

In the past year and a half the daughter of the original owner has worn these same stockings at least twenty times, continuing to wash them after each wearing. The only change in method was that the daughter made the washing suds with Ivory Flakes, which sudses and cleanses almost instantly, instead of going through the more tedious process of preparing the suds with cake Ivory Soap.

Mother and daughter both attribute the wonderful wear from these stockings to the fact that they never have been touched with anything but Ivory Soap. They never have been subjected to the chemicals in harsh soaps, which are as harmful as perspiration acids to silk fibre. They never have been rubbed—the rich Ivory suds remove dirt simply by dissolving it so that rinsing carries it away.

To rinse out a pair of silk stockings with Ivory Flakes takes just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl. It is as easy as washing your hands, and you will find there is nothing quite so satisfactory for giving you long wear from silk hose and other dainty finery too delicate for the family wash.

Ask your dealer for

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Snowlike Flakes of Genuine Ivory Soap

MAKES PRETTY CLOTHES LAST LONGER

Send for Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU know what you want.
Ask for it.
Don't murmur. Shout!
If there ever was a democratic institution it is the motion picture.
In a few short years it sprang up among the skyscraper industries of the world,—because it appealed to the masses.
It was created by you. It will live by you. But it needs your attention.
Every motion picture producer is striving to please you.
What does the public want?—that is the constant query of the motion picture.
The boxoffice reports supply a fair gauge but it is not absolute. It merely states that a certain picture did a big business. But why? Was it because the theme was mother love, or because the players in it are popular, or because the director of it always pleases you?
The motion picture is not a luxury, it is a necessity. We realized this poignantly in war times. We must have recreation. The motion picture supplies it at a lower cost than any other form of entertainment. Furthermore, it is one in which all members of the family may participate.
Since it is a necessity it deserves your study.
You know the brand of coffee you like and you demand it. You know the newspapers that supply you with the kind of news you want, and you ask for them.
Accord the same interest to your entertainment.
If the exhibitor is charging you more than you can afford, more than you believe the entertainment justifies, kick!
If you would rather have the price lowered than to have the present prologue numbers of music, song and dance, tell the exhibitor.
He's not conducting a theater for his own amusement.
If you like certain stars, tell the exhibitor.
If you dislike certain others, tell him that, too.
We believe the exhibitor should find a means of direct communication with patrons. Some of them have. But it is not easy.
A merchant knows what you want. When you examine a piece of goods you express your approval or disapproval and give your reasons. Why not do the same with the motion picture?
Don't leave the theater grumbling. Step up to the manager or an attendant and state your opinion. He won't be offended. He'll pass it on with emphasis to the man who sold him the picture. That man will tell the producer. Don't think for one moment that the motion picture industry can afford to ignore what you say. It is too directly dependent upon you.
Some exhibitors make reports to trade papers as to how a picture draws, how you liked it and what the virtues and weaknesses were.
We ask that you make similar reports to the editor of Photoplay.
From our two million readers throughout the world we now receive on the average of twenty-five thousand letters a month. We want more. We consider very carefully your opinions as to Photoplay magazine, and we put into it the personalities and the information which you indicate you want.
If your theater manager does not supply you with what you want, tell us. We'll pass the tip on to the producer.
Start in today being your own critic of stars, stories, directors and producing companies. Learn to know them by their brand names. Learn to know what you want—and Ask For It.
She Delivered the Goods

The first authoritative personality sketch of Pola Negri, the Polish Star, written in Berlin for Photoplay

By MAXIMILIAN VINDER

The reasons for Pola Negri’s immediate American popularity were threefold: first of all she was new; secondly she appeared in a “vamp” part—a type of part which has been rendered ridiculous by Theda Bara and subsequently abandoned, stood in real need of resuscitation; and, most important of all, she was not camera-wise. If she had to rave, she raved; if she had to laugh or cry, she laughed or cried.

And she didn’t care whether the emotion made her look pretty or ugly. She delivered the goods.

The other established American screen favorites were beginning to sicken the public by their insistence on looking pretty at all times. Too many close ups, too many soft focusings; it was all of the same school. The cameraman was prettifying the screen to death, and the stars liked him for it.

In “Passion” the photography was dull, the lighting was flat, there were few close ups of Negri. She, with her wide intelligent forehead and her big restless eyes, her unascetic mouth, dashed about from one scene to another, and went through all sorts of emotional changes. But when the director said “Go to it!” she went to it like one doing an honest day’s job for a day’s pay.

There were times when she looked hideous; in “One Arabian Night” there were scenes when she was nearly ghastly. She overacted scandalously in “The Last Payment,” but the audiences in the higher priced American movie houses had been so surfeited with underacting that they were ready for the Medusa of the Loud Pedal.

Actually, in “Passion” the best characterizations, exemplified by technique were those of the King and De Choiseul. They needed no tuition by the director; but Negri did. Naturally emotional, temperamental in every sense, she let herself go. From the viewpoint of absolute art her Du Barry was not wonderful. But it got the audiences in America all worked up, just as they get aroused by Al Jolson or Billy Sunday or anybody who puts his heart into his job.

Much has been written, still more talked of, concerning Negri’s life before she became celebrated. Really the details are commonplace, with a record of hard work, struggle for recognition first of all as a dancer in Poland and Austria, until 1914, when Poland getting to be the cockpit of Europe, ravaged with destruction equally by Slavs and Te-

Pola Negri is a lavish hostess at her estate near Bromberg, Poland. Her hospitality admits of no class distinction. She is no adherent of artificial dignity, and is as democratic as in her days of climbing.
Pola Negri is highly emotional in private life as well as on the screen. She never spares herself. Her restlessness probably accounts for the fact that although two or three years younger than Mary Pickford she screens so much older.

She doesn’t care whether an emotion makes her pretty or ugly.

The story that Stern was scheduled to direct was one of those gloomy things in which German art delights to gloat. A young married woman in high society is unfaithful to her middle-aged invalid husband, selecting his nephew as her lover. The husband discovers her treachery; and before he dies makes a new will, leaving her the castle and grounds and other appurtenances of wealth (which would otherwise pass to the nephew) upon two conditions: that she never remarry, and that she spend eight hours, alone, each day in a certain room.

She has no qualms about continuing her intrigue with the nephew of the defunct; but a revelation awaits her in the room where she has to remain the prescribed eight hours; for the walls are almost entirely covered by life-sized portraits of her husband with the eyes staring accusingly at her. Not unnaturally, she becomes a raving lunatic. which is the end of the story.

As the sophisticated will see, this is the sort of part that can scarcely be overacted, with its scenes of passionate abandonment to her lover in the garden, its no less passionate denial of her husband’s deathbed accusations, and the foaming at the mouth in the scenes of insanity.

Stern needed a woman just like Negri in looks for the part, saw her, found her salary was small, and made his picture. Later when Lubitsch saw the picture, and various well-known actresses had rejected, for one reason or other, the part, he left Barry in the film now known as “Passion,” he selected Negri for the leading woman.

This was the beginning of four years of excellent team work in which both director and star increased their reputations. Such team work is not unknown in America also; those who saw the pictures of Mary Pickford directed by Marshall A. Neilan—Rebecca, Miss, Daddy Longlegs, and...
BILL HART

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLagg

Drawn from the life by Mr. Flagg especially for Photoplay Magazine.
"Bill Hart"

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

An extraordinary thing this personality business. Out of the hundreds—thousands rather—of actors in America a few that you can count on your right hand have burst the ropes that tied them to the pretty-goods of the legitimate to become the damndwonders of the screen. What these players have is as rare and as precious as radium. Maybe it is human radium. When they are found, nothing the world has is too good for them—everything is poured into their laps that the needful old world has to give to those that give to it—affection, praise, limousines, terrapin, pearls, vintages, purple and gold raiment, and palaces!

They are the chosen of the fickle old world—the old reprobatе of a world—and a few of the few can stand it. Stand the furious glare of the world limelight, the terrific admiration and fatuous idolatry and the riches. One of the few of the few is Bill Hart.

I had never met him, although I had corresponded with him. I wanted to paint him in his war clothes, as I have always admired him and what he stood for on the screen. What does he stand for? For the great West, young feller, for the one and only epic romance of America—the pioneer—the frontiersman, that’s what! The strength, courage, resourcefulness, the chivalry, simplicity and the clean-heartedness of American manhood, if I must tell you—all! The laughing opposite to the pailid, nervous timorous time-serving insects of the East! And I say this, an Easterner.

He came to my studio on his trip East—You no doubt detect a faint aroma of hero-worship in my sentences? Well, suppose you do! Haven’t you ever done it yourself?

He wore a cap. He carried one of his forty Stetsons and an old silk bandana—for me to draw him in—at my request. He is what you see him on the screen—only much bigger and taller than you would think. The screen tells almost everything but the age and height of the player. It is dumb on those scores. He is magnificently built, but two weeks of New York have strained his waistcoat and it will take another two weeks’ hard riding on “The Paint”—(which is what he calls his little fourteen year old pard, his horse)—to get down to normal.

He looks about forty-five, is an easy talker, modest and simply nuts about that paint pony! He said that when he gets back to his ranch he has to be darn careful to watch his step, as the pony in his delight in seeing him is likely to “rare” up when Bill isn’t watching and come down on him with his front legs. He has ripped his sleeve from shoulder to wrist in just such affectionate cavortings. He told me dramatically how he and the pony nearly cashed in in a water hole in doing the “Toll-Gate” and about the fight in “Brandishing Broadway.”

He had a fight in the story with a number of waiters and he had to get a lot of new fighters for the screen. It doesn’t do at all to fight with amateurs, as it is much more dangerous than with professionals, so Bill says. He had a talk with the fighter whom he was supposed to mix with last, and told him to pull his punches when he could, but that if he hurt him, Bill, never mind and on the other hand he wasn’t to mind if Bill hurt him—BUT—when Bill got to a good place he was going to knock him cold apparently and the pug was told to wait for the signal, “Go!” and then drop.

All the time that Bill was giving his instructions he was rather annoyed and curious at the man’s peculiar furtive expression and at his silence, which came into his mind again when he had cleaned up the other waiters and had reached this last one. At the propitious moment in the mill Bill yelled “go” and swung on him.

The man to his surprise paid no attention but went at him harder than ever. It flashed through Bill’s mind as he now fought in desperation to keep from taking the count that this was a plant and he saw the hand of an ex-partner of his who was a blood relation of some hydrophobia skunk—so sailing in like a demon he managed to get an opening and landed on the man’s jaw. The man was in a cold fury he corralled the fighters and accused them of a plot to knock him out—one of them begged to be allowed to explain. It wasn’t a plant—my God, no! Then what in Tucson was it? Why the feller was stone deaf!

Bill had his hands broken several times, and some few ribs, and several teeth loosen— but as I can’t remember a picture of his in which there wasn’t a fight I have come to the conclusion that somewhere in the dim past among his ancestors there must have been a strain of Irish!

Although I see the funny angle to lots of his pictures—the bad man being miraculously regenerated by one look into the blue eyes of a pure young girl—and I guess he does too—still I hope he goes on making the same kind of pictures because I and millions of others love them!

More power to Bill!

Sonnet Impressions

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHIRLEY MASON

There is a boyish freedom in the way
You laugh at life—there is an elfin thrill
That clings about you, half-elusive, ’till
Some grown-up comes to frighten you at play—
For then you put your toys and games away,
And act the lady, quite against your will,
And say and do things you should, until
One longs to see you young again, and gay!

When years have passed, when time has
Left it’s trace
Of silver in the sunlight of your hair,
When you sit, idle, in an easy chair,
And smile into an unguessed future’s face.
You’ll keep, laid in some place that no one knows,
A doll, a ribbon, and a faded rose.

PAULINE STARKE

Your hands are slim and very pale,
Your dark hair lies against your face,
As if it loves its resting place;
And wistfulness is like a veil
Across your eyes. . . .
Your form is frail
And yet unyielding. Winsome grace
Fights with an urgent pride of race,
That binds you like a coat of mail.

One always thinks of songs unsung
When seeing you—of words unsaid,
Of youth that never will be dead,
Yet, deathless, never will be young.
One wonders if your dreams are lies,
Or shadow things, or butterflies.
It’s No Laughing Matter
This business of making comedies

"YOU’VE got to be crazy to do it," says Larry Semon. "I’ll say you do!"
A fat man stood on a platform about twenty feet high and dropped a large pail filled with very gooey, smerey, thick soapsuds on the unprotected and innocent head of another fat man below. The pail, which had been previously broken and tied up with string, broke and the soapsuds Niagaraed all over the man’s head and eyes and mouth and nose and ears and down his open shirt front, and seeped through his collar and trickled down his back.
Then they took a big towel and wiped him off and dried his hair and brushed it, so that it looked all nice and then—
they did it all over again.
When they began to do it for the ninth time, I emitted what I suppose sounded like an exclamation of protest. It felt like one, so I suppose it sounded like one.
“What’d you mean, you got to be crazy to do it?” I asked.
“Well,” said Larry Semon, “Don’t you?”
“Do you think anyone that’s sane is going to stand up there and let you throw soapsuds on their head like that for two hours and enjoy it? Do you think anybody that can have a good time saying good morning to a custard pie or falling on their anatomy continuously all day and not mind it a bit, can get by an alienist?”
“No wonder most comedians are sad away from their work. They ought to be.
“A comedy is only as funny as its gags. The comic is of secondary importance. I have thirty-two members of my company in stock, including property men, technical men, cameramen, assistant directors and actors. I expect them not only to be ready to do any doggone thing I ask ‘em to, but to eat, sleep, think and read gags. Now you can’t do that and not go crazy.
“How can people spend their lives falling into ponds and pies, and off trestles and girders, and chasing up and down hills, without getting a trifle different? Now, understand, I don’t think it’s a thing in the world wrong to be a little crazy. I’d rather be crazy and successful and happy, than so darn sane, and a failure and miserable.”

He got up, took a small, black leather book from the voluminous pockets of his short high pants. It was just an ordinary, commonplace little book—the kind of little black book that always makes all the trouble.
Larry Semon consulted this one earnestly and I was trying to determine whether he was planning to blow up the Vitagraph studio—when he said, “Now my script says that the next thing we do is in the theater, so let’s go over to the theater set.”

I TROTTED patiently by his side as we crossed the rough and rugged hills that divided us from the lot. Finally I gathered up courage enough to ask, “Is that your script in that little black book?”
“Sure,” said the slapstick comedian. “I write it up every night, like a diary, with the next day’s work.”
Oddly enough Larry Semon comes of a good old Quaker family, too, New England.
But perhaps Larry Semon comes by his comical antics naturally, after all. New England, like Indiana, has been noted not only for poets and fiction factories. It has turned out a multitude of anstic and pros. Most of these legitimate. Occasionally, though, there is a tendency to the freakish, the bizarre.
But not many like Larry Semon. If he’s eccentric his brain cells are all there. He knows how to coin them into dollars. Every caper he cuts adds to the national exchequer. His income tax grows that fast.
This character he is establishing in his films, he originally drew when he was a famous cartoonist on the New York Sun.
He left there to act ’em instead of draw ’em—that’s all. Like a nightmare come true.
And—well, you know what cartoonists are!
Night Life in Paris

If there was none there before there was when Teddy Sampson breezed in.

Garcon! Attencion! Toute suite!

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"And I said to Lottie, 'So this is Paris.'"

"Teddy's voice came across the bank of orchids and roses and I left my dinner partner flat.

He was only a business man.

In the first place, we had waited dinner half an hour for Teddy.

It is one of her charms that you always wait dinner for Teddy—and sometimes she comes.

Then, just after we sat down and the butler served cocktails (don't break any commandments, they were only lobster) there was a burst of conversation at the outer door, a whirl of silk and perfume and fur, and Teddy stood in the doorway, regarding us with that pugnacious little glance of hers, like a cross baby boy.

"Say, listen," she said, holding her mole-skin tight about her and regarding the glitter of silver and glass and flowers, "before I swallow a bite of that food, I want to ask you fellows a question. What do I have to do for this dinner? It looks too grand to be moral."

She dropped her fur cape on the floor with a swift aside, "Only paid $175 for that in Berlin," flung her smart turban upside down on the nearest serving table, and dropped into her chair.

And grinned. Black, impish eyes, little white teeth between her carmined lips, wrinkled pug nose. Even her flying bobbed black hair. Gamin.

It was almost ten minutes later that I heard her remark about Paris, and I shamelessly listened in.

"When we got into the railroad station in Paris, a fellow in uniform rushes up to us and begins to deliver the President's message in Chinese. I understand French perfectly—I took six lessons before I went over—but this guy was talking against time or something. I said to Lottie, 'It's all right. Don't pay any attention to him, and he'll go away in a minute.' I was right. With a gesture of his good right arm, he cast us out into outer darkness."

I don't see what need Teddy Sampson would have for French or any other language as long as they didn't tie her hands. If they did that, she couldn't talk English over a telephone. I don't know whether the Frenchman who wrote the delicious gamin story of "Kiki" for Lenore Ulric ever saw Teddy or not. If he did, she ought to get a royalty.

Teddy went to Europe with the Fairbanks-Pickford party—to help Lottie and help Mother Pickford manage the expedition. It was her first visit.

"It'd be a great little place if it wasn't for the money," she went on. "But after all any country'd be better off without that. I bet the French nation could pay its war debt with the bills Lottie and I threw away because we thought they were telephone numbers we were through with. We couldn't read 'em, much less talk 'em. Guess that phrase about dirty money originated with some bird that had been to Paris for the first time."

"How did you like the climate?" asked her neighbor.

"Never saw any," said Teddy. "Did you ever ride in a French taxi? When I got back to New York I thought I was in a funeral procession every time I took a ride.

Mother Pickford said to me, said she, 'Teddy, learn just one word of French. Learn to tell those war-eating chauffeurs to go slow.'"

"So I did. The next time we went out in a taxicab and the driver started to volplane, I picked 'em up. 'Oh, Teddy, tell him. Tell him to go slow.'"

"And like a dumbbell I'd forgotten the combination. But I took a chance—after all, what in the world is the difference, you're only here for a little while, anyway. I shrieked, 'Ete, vite, for the love of St. Patrick, vite!"

"By the time I brought Mother to, we were in Versailles."

Teddy sipped her wine reflectively.

"We stayed in a grand old French hotel in Paris. If I told you the name of it in French, I'd probably get mixed up and insult you, so I won't. Lot and I had a royal suite."

"They must have built those old French hotels for convention purposes only. The drawing room we had would have held the French army. Lottie said to me, Teddy, if you don't stop trying to see the ceiling, you'll break your fool neck."

"So I quit. I'm no Lillian Lorraine."

"Oh, the night life? Well—I saw enough of it to hold an intelligent conversation with the other nuts who have been to Paris. It's a great idea, but it's too expensive. Every time you throw a party in Paris it costs you a couple of years' income tax. D'ye know, I thought I looked French—I'm not. My real name is Nora Stich and I'm proud of it—but I've always been told I looked French and I fell for it until I got my first peek at the checks they handed me in those Paris cafes. Then I knew they had my number."

(Concluded on page 109)
"She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one."
The Last Straw

An entertaining tale of motion picture life, illustrating again the adage that the worm—in this case the pretty, patient wife of a pompous film star—will eventually turn

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

"Lucy! Lu-ce-eee!"
The ting-aling of a little bell. Then, "Lu-ce-eee?"
Lucy Beresford winced, swallowed a final bite of egg, grinned and flew to the stove, where she lighted the gas under the coffee pot.
Hugh simply couldn't bear coffee made in a percolator. In fact, he often declared that his old colored mammy used to say a coffee pot should be colored just like a meerschaum pipe.
Lucy went to the foot of the back stairs and called sweetly, "Yes dear. Coffee in just a minute. It's getting hot."
A moment's silence. Then the voice from above declared, "Too damn bad it couldn't be hot, when I wake up. You know, Lucy, what I'm like in the morning before I've had my coffee. And for goodness' sake, have the toast hot, too, and see if you can find a ripe melon."
Without waiting to hear the end, Lucy had returned swiftly to the stove and with tiny, deft hands made the toast, buttered it with sweet butter, and chose a melon from the basket on the back porch.
She was a pretty, trim little woman with big, dark serene eyes and a humorous mouth. In her morning dress of pink crepe with its white embroidered collar, she was a goodly sight for the eyes of any man to rest upon when he arose in the morning.
But Hugh Beresford failed of so much as a glance in her direction when she came in a moment later, bearing the tray with its steaming fragrant coffee, crisp toast and ice-filled, golden-hearted melon.
He was absorbed in his paper.
"Where's the Times?" he asked briefly.
"It's not come yet, dear." Lucy was arranging the tray on the little swinging table over the bed.

"It seems funny, Lucy, that you couldn't even tend to a little thing like my having the papers in the morning. Why don't you call up the silly office and tell them I must have my paper in the morning by eight? I shouldn't think that would be a great deal of trouble, when you haven't a thing to do all day long."
Lucy shut her lips tightly, then her usual cheerful smile spread over her face. "I did 'phone, dear. I'll try again today. They don't seem to pay much attention to me. Everyone around here complains of their delivery service."
The man threw down the paper in his hands and sat up in bed, his handsome brown eyes snapping. "Lucy, don't argue with me. Please don't. You know how I hate to be argued with in the morning, 'specially before I've had my coffee. Why will you do it?"
Mrs. Beresford ignored the remark and went quietly to the big walnut chifforobe. With the efficiency of long practice, she began laying out clothes—socks, handkerchiefs, a colored one and a white one, a shirt in which she carefully placed all the buttons, a soft collar to match, a suit of pongee underwear. Opening the door of the big wardrobe closet, she took out a pair of tan and white sport shoes.

She glanced at the bed, where her husband was placidly consuming his melon and the paper at the same time. Then she hurried into the bathroom, laid his shaving things on the plate-glass table and ran his bath, testing it carefully with a thermometer cased in wood.

A bellow from the bedroom made her drop it and, with little beads of perspiration beginning to stand out on her forehead, she flew back to his side.

"My God, Lucy, this coffee is stone cold—absolutely stone cold. Isn't there some way—some way—that I could arrange to get my coffee hot in the morning? Heavens knows I don't ask for a great deal. You know I can't drink my coffee unless it's hot."

"Well, dear," said his wife, taking up the cup from his tray, "you took so much time to read your paper that—"

"Lucy! Let's not argue about it. Of course it's my fault. I could figure out some way to get me a hot cup of coffee without my listening to endless condemnation and explanation?"

Mrs. Beresford ran down the narrow back stairs to the kitchen and with hands that trembled just a little, reheated the coffee. This time she carefully carried the pot to the head of the stairs and poured out a clean cup, but when she carried it in to him her former smile had completely vanished.

She waited until he had finished and she heard him leap out of bed. Silently she flew to test the bath water again, ran an added stream of hot and shook in a handful of scented bath salts. Dextrously, she sharpened a safety razor blade on the patent sharpener.

Then she went to her own room to wait.

Outside her window was a bush of climbing roses—yellow roses. A few blocks away over the tops of the trees, she could see the sun glinting on the glass roofs of the stages at the theater. She stood, one little foot tapping, until as usual her smile came back.

Gracious, what was the use of paying any attention to Hugh?

She heard him splashing. Then whispering as he shaved. He came back to his room. She waited, poised.

"Nor did she have to wait long."

"Lucy! Lu-ee-ee!"

There were times when Lucy passionately wished that her mother had selected some name for her that did not lend itself so well to shouting—anything, Bridge, or Augusta, or Mehitable.

"You haven't laid me out a tie."

"But, dearest boy, you said that you—"

"Lucy! Loo-ee-ee!"

"I don't even know where my ties are. Please find me that knitted blue one with the henna stripes that I bought last week."

With the greatest care he finished brushing his hair—he always brushed it ten minutes at night and ten minutes in the morning—adjusted his tie, settled his coat, gave himself a final survey in the mirror, and turned to his wife with a beaming smile.

"All right, sweetheart," he said.

"Now, is the car ready?"

"Yes, dear, it's been at the door for twenty minutes."

He slipped his arm about her as they descended the broad front stairs, and Lucy, still holding herself tense for the last moment explosions, patted his cheek with her free hand.

"Will you be home to dinner, dear?" she asked.

"I can't tell yet, love." He paused to choose a flower from the little vase on the hall table that always held several flowers for his morning selection.

There was an instant of pregnant silence.

"I don't see a white carnation," he said evenly, ominously.

Lucy started. "Why, dear, the man didn't have a white carnation, and so—"

"You mean there wasn't a florist in town that had a white carnation?"

"Why yes, dear, I suppose they did. But my arms were full of bundles and it was so hot and quite a long walk to the next place. If I had the car for a little while each morning—"

"In other words, it was too much trouble for you to walk a few steps to do something that I had specifically asked you to do. As for the car, Lucy, I didn't think you'd bring that subject up again. You know how it distresses me to be kept waiting. I shouldn't be able to work all day, if I weren't sure James was there with the car in case I needed anything done."

"Yes, dear, of course."

He took a gardenia from the glass, adjusted it, and kissed her affectionately.

"Better prepare dinner, darling, in case I do come home. I'll
He contemplated the cane for a long moment. Then, slowly: "No, dearest, not this one. The gray one with the hammered silver handle. Quickly, Lucy, I'm getting late and you know how it upsets me if I'm late and have to rush with my make-up."

Lucy Beresford flew back into the house and—could not find the stick. She hunted, desperately now, through the downstairs closet, ran upstairs and searched frantically through every closet.

Her head was throbbing with confusion and her pretty face was drawn. Hopelessly she decided to try the hall closet again. It must be there.

She started violently when she saw a figure in the front doorway. Hugh would be so—but it wasn't Hugh. It was the liveried chauffeur. He touched his cap. Mrs. Beresford nodded, gasping.

Mr. Beresford says he's in a hurry, ma'am. But I think myself—that is, I'm sure he left that gray stick with the silver handle over to—that is, at Miss Sutton's last night, Mrs. Beresford."

Lucy set her teeth and marched to the car again, followed by the chauffeur.

"**Y**OU'VE left your gray stick at Maud Sutton's," she said. "So you'll have to carry that one."

"All right, dear, if I did. That was careless of me. But why couldn't you have remembered it sooner, love?"

This time the car was really gone and Lucy Beresford—after a final glance through the window to see it actually disappearing—sat down in the cool, quiet drawing room and kicked off her high-heeled slippers. (Hugh simply couldn't bear to see her around in house shoes.) He was gone!

For a quarter of an hour she sat there sputtering. Gradually, she began to laugh. She (Continued on page 101)
Will H. Hays—A Real Leader

A word portrait of the man selected to head the motion picture industry

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

If I were asked to state the qualifications of the Hon. Will H. Hays for the general directorship of the motion picture industry I should answer in these words:

He knows and loves America!

Not only does a man of Hays' intelligence and ambition relinquish a position of honor in the cabinet of the president of the United States to enter a new and unfamiliar field. The governorship of his state and, in due course, a United States senatorship were clearly indicated in Hays' horoscope on the day he resigned the post-master-generalship.

And there are those in the corn-belt who even visualized him in the White House.

It has been said that money was the compelling motive for the change, but to any one who really knows Hays this is a contemptible slander. His reason for taking the job may be set down in exactly the same phrase that I have used to describe his qualifications:

He knows and loves America!

He not only knows the heart and mind of the nation but he is animated by a passionate desire to serve the people—the folks as he likes to call them.

Try your best to think of some man who is like Hays and you will give it up. Hays is different. He baffles classification. I have eaten with him, traveled with him, sat up all night with him and exchanged views with him on every subject, from the literary productions of Isaiah to the latest political rumpus in Raccoon Township, and I will say that I am unable to forecast with any certainty just what will be his views on a given matter.

This isn't because he is erratic or thinks queerly or loosely; it's because being original and not an imitation he has his own individual way of looking at things. And God Almighty clearly intended that Hays should do a good deal of looking at important things, for He gave him the clearest, seeriest pair of brown eyes that were planted in a human head.

To any foolish persons who may feel disposed to dissipate, equivocate or lie to Will H. Hays I utter this solemn warning: Don't do it! Hays' ears are large, roomy ears, constructed for service rather than beauty. Bill hears everything. He will listen to a fool up to a certain point. When this point is reached the fool will be aware of it. He hates with the greatest cordiality liars and side-stappers. This may have an odd sound when you remember that the man's training was in politics, a game in which a highly specialized talent for lying is popularly believed to be essential to success.

Hays' political activity began in his native town of Sullivan, Indiana, when he was twenty-one, and for the succeeding twenty-two years he continued his apprenticeship until he became the Republican National Chairman, conducted the Harding campaign, and was rewarded for his brilliant services with the cabinet seat he relinquished to become the Supreme High Potentate of the motion picture world.

He always played politics straight. He believed and proved by many experiments that clean politics will win. Nobody ever "got" anything on Hays because there wasn't anything to get.

When Hays walks quietly into a roomful of people you know at once that somebody has arrived. He's a dynamic person; tremendously vital, all alive. When you've shaken hands with him and met the gaze of his friendly brown eyes you feel that you've known Hays a long time. Through no conscious effort on his part you get the impression that for years he's been hankering to meet you and that the meeting is an event in his life.

Alone on a desert island Hays would die; he's simply got to be where there's folks! But if he found a savage on that island Hays would make a friend of him; if he discovered two savages he would tame and organize them and put 'em to work. People who are easily fatigued will be easy to avoid Bill Hays. Laziness and slipshod work are painful to him. His own method is to work till he's tired and then begin all over again. I have seen him dictating letters while he listened at the telephone. I have gone motoring with him when he read his mail and talked cheerfully for miles at a stretch. Sleeper-
jumps have no terror for him and if he misses a couple of mechanical tricks a day it doesn't worry him a particle. He doesn't have to feed or rest his enthusiasm; it's always keyed to the highest pitch.

I ONCE asked him to lunch to meet a man twenty years his senior— a dignified white haired gentleman I knew very well myself but never thought of addressing by his first name. Within fifteen minutes Hays, in the most natural and easy manner, established an intimacy with him. And this wasn't just a political trick for establishing an intimacy with a man likely to be of use to him: it was the spontaneous expression of Hays' big, friendly heart. He liked that man and he wasn't afraid or ashamed to let him know it. And you may be sure he made a friend of that man.

Hays is a graduate of Wabash college at Crawfordsville, Indiana, where General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." If given his choice he would prefer to live right on at Sullivan with the rest of its three thousand population, practice law and go on Sunday to the Presbyterian Church, of which he's an elder, with his wife and boy, and otherwise live the quiet country town life.

But fate has played all kinds of tricks with Hays. Some bigger job has always been looking for him. Hays likes hard jobs— things that resist and fight back and require all the ginger that's packed into his shoulder, which is some ginger!

But the doubting ones are asking, what does Mr. Hays of Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, know about the pictorial drama? This is a foolish question. Of course he knew nothing about pictures the day he took the job, but the skeptical may rest assured that before Hays is many moons older he's going to know all there is to know about the business. The past proves the future.

That's Billy's way. He's a regular human sponge for soaking up facts. He wants to be shown; he's simply got to know! He has the healthy curiosity about all things of a boy who attacks an alarm clock with a hammer to see how the damned thing works. Only Hays can take the wheels out and oil 'em up and put the machine together again. Whatever he organizes is organized. During the war he made the Indiana State Council of Defense known all over the country for the scope and effectiveness of its work. In politics, he built fences so tight a gnat couldn't squeeze through.

In 1920 he perfected a national organization that was the best the Republican party had ever known. There were difficulties and perplexities innumerable. Discordant elements had to be brought into line. Hays was a marvelous peacemaker; his appeals for harmony were irresistible. He got men together who hadn't spoken since the Progressive kick-up, and made them sing the doxology out of the same hymn book.

Hays has always puzzled the prophets and baffled the read- ers. It has been said that he was going into the picture business to use the screen for political propaganda. Or that he was to become merely a high-priced lobbyist to assist motion picture interests in defeating censorship legislation. This, of course, is all sheer rot.

Hays isn't a fool. He views life in long broad vistas. He sees in this world a pretty grand old place and it's a habit with him to think the best of his fellow man. He's that rarest of birds, a practical idealist.

And there's no bunk in Hays; no pharisaism, no hypocrisy. He will talk religion if you open the way, and will express his views in the same tone in which he discusses politics or any other subject about which he has definite views. No simpering; no snuffling or evasion.

Hays has gone into motion pictures wholeheartedly and enthusiastically to give the industry the benefit of his organizing talent and executive genius. He will strike snags. There will be criticism; perhaps in some quarters weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But people can't help it: Hays is on the job with a definite idea of what needs to be done and how he's going to do it. It's not his way to shoot with his eyes shut.

Knowing America as he does, he has a vision of the throngs that daily view the comedy and tragedy of life in picture theaters, seeing them as once upon an executive land; and it seems to him a pretty fine thing to serve these people, to be as a Master Magician waving his wand to win them to laughter and tears.

He sees in motion pictures the greatest of all mediums for increasing the enlightenment and promoting the happiness of the people.

Hays believes the enormous possibilities of the screen to entertain, instruct and inspire have been only partially realized and that in the task of developing and advancing the newest of the great arts lies an opportunity worthy of his best endowment. Hays' manner and words inspire confidence everywhere. Even the skeptics who have to be shown with a microscope, are soon converted into loyal adherents and ardent boosters.

Anyone who has watched the man in action knows that he knows. They see the loose threads of organization tightening, the broken ones replaced, the whole fabric taking on a new form. Hays weaves with the certainty of knowledge, and with equal facility he can use the materials at hand, or improvise others.

With business in all lines a little dull, with industrial leaders eager for new ideas, with the nation going through a period of cautious readjustment, the leaders of the most astounding amusement enterprise in the history of the world, have welcomed this forceful, compelling personality to their ranks.
The Romantic History
A Human Story of Amazing Interest

Woodville Latham, scientist and scholar, had set out to make a machine to put the motion picture on the screen in behalf of his sons Otway and Gray Latham, who had become interested in the exhibition of the Edison kinetoscope at peep show arcades.

Known as the Beau Brummel of the prize ring in the days of 1894-5, Mike Leonard fought the remarkable six round fight that the Latham brothers presented in a series of six peep show machines.

CHAPTER II

That August day in 1894 when Woodville Latham walked out of the peep show exhibition at 83 Nassau street, he was very sure he could soon put the motion picture on the screen.

The dignified old chemist was impressed with the interest of the crowds that lined the street, waiting to peer in at the Leonard-Cushing fight pictures in the little Edison kinetoscopes, presenting the show that his sons Otway and Gray Latham, were conducting.

At well near the same time in not less than three other places, widely separated from each other, other men saw the same opportunity and were about to go to work on the same problem. Within a few months all of them were to reach some degree of success.

Commercial opportunity was the tool of destiny, as always. Any of these men would have ultimately given the world the motion picture projection machine of today. In the first period of picture development we found many minds independently working: Muybridge, Levison, Marey, Anschutz, LePrince, and Edison. The motion picture was inevitable. So now the screen, too, was inevitable.

Now that this had been done there were many anxious to see it put on the screen so that whole audiences might see it at once—and pay an admission for the pleasure. It was relatively a small thing to do, after the basic work of Edison in recording the picture on the film.

Why did not Edison go forward with the next step and build the projection machine?

The astounding answer is that he did not think it worth while.

He had other things to do that were more interesting to him. It is true that Edison had done some casual experimenting with projection and had in his work with Dickson got a flickering promise of a picture by projection. The screen was

In London, Paris, Washington and New York inventors were trying to wed the films to the magic lantern.

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of the Motion Picture

By TERRY RAMSAYE

limited to five feet square and the results were unsteady and unpromising. These experiments were abandoned. That they did not represent true projection is evidenced both by expressions of Mr. Edison at the time and by later experimental efforts of W. K. L. Dickson, his laboratory assistant. There is a bit of tragic humor in the fact that if at that time they had taken the shutter off the Edison camera, used for making kinetoscope pictures, and put a light inside of it they would have had the modern projection machine in all essentials.

With the completion of the kinetoscope, Edison paused. The next step, the step to the screen, so little to take and so great in its result, was left to others. It was as though Edison had exposed the ore of a gold mine and left it for any one who came along to dig.

A MONG others early to acquire kinetoscopes along with the Lathams, were the two Greek speculators who had seen the machine at the World's Fair. They hastened away to London with it and sought the services of Robert W. Paul, a mechanic famed for his skill. Paul had his workshop at the top of a three story brick structure, at 44 Haddon Garden, in the midst of a busy district of minor manufactures. There they took the kinetoscope and asked Paul to make them many duplicates of it. They saw money. Being a person of principle and caution Paul made inquiries, and found that the Edison machine and its wonder of living pictures had not been patented in the United Kingdom. This obviously left him legally free to execute the orders of his clients. So the duplicate kinetoscopes were made. The enterprising Greeks went out to startle Europe with their pictures. Meanwhile Mr. Paul proceeded to make many more of these machines on his own account and disposed of them to a swiftly growing trade.

Birt Acres, another Englishman with photographic and pictorial interests, had a notion that brought him to Paul with an order. This man had evolved an idea for putting the pictures on the screen, and he thought that the capable Paul could help. Meanwhile over on the Continent in France at the establishment of Louis Lumiere, the kinetoscope bearing Edison's idea had planted the same inspiration. Lumiere was then, as now, one of the world's most able makers of photographic materials. He was interested in wedding the kinetoscope to the magic lantern.

At about the same time in Washington, D. C., Charles Francis Jenkins, a young stenographer in the coast guard service division of the Treasury Department, was tinkering with photographic experiments and developing a growing interest in the kinetoscope. An acquaintance, E. F. Murphy, who was conducting exhibitions of the kinetoscope and the phonograph, supplied Jenkins with bits of Edison film from the machines. Jenkins' first efforts were toward the building of a machine that would do as much as the kinetoscope would. Late in 1894 he achieved a sort of -kinetoscope and called it the "Phantoscope." In it he showed Edison films. He, too, was taken with the idea of putting these pictures on the screen.

A N interesting bit of coincidence arrived to complicate the workings of motion picture destiny. Jenkins' technical interests took him to the Bliss School of Electricity in Washington. There he confided his motion picture aspirations.

"There is another young man here working on the same thing," the instructor remarked, and proceeded to introduce Jenkins to Thomas Armat. It will be remembered that Armat had seen the Anschütz tachyscope pictures of a lumbering elephant at the World's Fair. Out of this introduction grew a brief but eventful partnership. Jenkins and Armat joined forces in their effort to produce a device to put motion pictures on the screen.

So the pioneering of the screen was left to the endeavors of a Virginia professor who wanted to leave a fortune to his sons, to a British mechanic serving a customer, to a French photographer, a Spanish dancer and music hall favorite. She appeared at Koster & Bial's music hall in 23rd Street near Sixth avenue, in New York, a theater identified with the start of motion pictures.
Edison's studio put James Corbett into a knockout film feature that was nearly fifty feet long.

and to a couple of young electrical students in Washington.

It was a race in which no contestant knew of the other. Small wonder that the honors of that achievement have remained in casual dispute until today, that some of them have been mis-awarded, and that even yet each nation points with pride to its own laurel crowned inventor of the motion picture.

It is a caprice of fate that among these the only men who were not to come in for some share of the honors were the man who first put the picture on the screen for the public, and the man who was the first to build a truly effective projection machine.

The most dramatic interest of the period centers about the efforts of the Lathams, now for twenty-seven years in the past, and for a decade forgotten and unmentioned in the world of the motion picture art. A remarkable web of consequence grew out of their work. A train of events was set in motion that continues today. In a direct line of heritage are some of the most remarkable of the developments that we may expect in the motion pictures of tomorrow.

While Woodville Latham, in his patient scientific way, was thinking over the problem of picture projection, his impatient and impulsive son Otway was taking other steps of his own that the expediency of the moment seemed to suggest.

When the special kinetoscopes to carry the Latham pictures of the Leonard-Cushing fight were built at the Edison plant at West Orange, Otway spent a great deal of his time watching the work. It seems that the young man was at some pains to build up a warm friendship with W. K. L. Dickson, who continued the chief of things photographic around the Edison establishment. Otway Latham, as events were later to bear witness, had a notion that Dickson might be of value to him.

The lithe young Southerner made a less interested friendship with William E. Gilmore, then general manager of the Edison enterprises at West Orange. Gilmore, big of stature and with a dominating personality, had been called to West Orange from a post with the Edison General Electric works at Schenectady, N.Y. He was due at West Orange on April 1, 1894. He reported promptly at his new desk at 8 o'clock on the morning of April 2.

"I wasn't going to start anything on April Fool Day," he explained.

It may be set down here that this was probably the first and last evidence of anything akin to superstition in all the brass-tacks career of William E. Gilmore.

Gilmore's first official act has not been recorded, but it is a safe assumption that he brought down a hard fist on a surprised desk and demanded action.

There was neither sentiment nor new order of things at West Orange under Gilmore. He found

that Edison, between his good nature and his concentration on scientific affairs, had allowed many to impose upon him. Meanwhile the Edison interests had been increasing in magnitude and complexity. There were problems of financing and administration. It is not that Edison might not have been able to cope with these problems, but rather that his stronger interests were elsewhere. Among other elements of the situation was a maze of patent litigations. It seems to have been painfully true that every important patented development from the Edison laboratories was sure to result in a flock of competing claims, seldom in good faith and not a few of them downright frauds conceived in criminal cleverness. The con

spicuous successes of Edison made him an object of continuous attack.

"Damn the patents, give me the goods with your name on it and we will do business," Gilmore's advice was as sharp cut as his judgments.

It is no testimonial to the court made justice, that the thousands upon thousands expended by Edison in defensive litigation probably never saved him a penny or gave him a nickel's worth of protection as measured by ultimate results.

Gilmore started some house cleaning and some merchandising. He was disposed to be friendly toward Otway Latham, on two counts. Latham was a customer, also he was an entertaining and cordial young man. He breathed of the spirit of Broadway and the gaiety of the period. He was a contact for Gilmore, with this amusement world, in which it seemed probable that this kinetoscope was likely to figure. He was interesting to Gilmore.

It was also to be noted that Otway Latham was being rather friendly toward Dickson.

Meanwhile the Edison kinetoscope business was growing as Raff & Gammon gained new clients and sold more and more territorial rights. The little revolving photographic building, the famous "Black Maria," was busy with its first year of production, making moving pictures for the peep shows. Minor celebrities of the stage and the heroes of the prize ring were the actors.

The success of the Lathams with their Leonard-Cushing

This is Woodville Latham's projection machine. The picture is of the third which he manufactured at 101 Beekman Street

Naturally the first girl pictured was a "vamp" but in those days they called her "a music hall favorite"
Latham’s first screen showing started a controversy in letters to the papers that continues today

picture indicated the drawing power of sight pictures and a number of them were made. James J. Corbett, the mighty champion of the day, was employed to star in a massive production of fifty feet of motion pictures.

A husky darky from Newark was cast as the champion’s opponent. The black boxer was locally famous and highly self-esteemed.

Only a few days before the making of the picture, Corbett scored one of his most sensational ring victories by an astonishing knockout.

A sudden realization that he was face to face with something sudden and drastic came over the darky as he squared before the camera.

Corbett made a single pass.

The Black Terror of Newark went down in a heap. He had not been touched.

Then the picture had to be started all over again.

This picture, a precedent in early producing policy, was merely an effort to utilize for the motion picture the ready made fame of the renowned in other fields. Not a year passes without many, more or less inept, attempts of the kind. Borrowing fame, however, has never been a complete success.

There was, incidentally, quite another reason for the popularity of the prize fight as an early motion picture subject. This lay within the limitations of the first cameras. The picture taking machine was not the facile portable instrument of today. It was a vast bulky device of about the dimensions of a large dog house. It was heavy. It had a rather fixed viewpoint. It could not be swung to cover panoramas and it could not be tilted up and down to follow moving centers of interest. It had about the same pictorial availability as a knot hole in a ballfield fence.

The ropes of the prize ring automatically limited the radius of action. It was simple to set the ponderous camera to cover the ring. The cameraman could then grind away, secure in the certainty that the picture was not getting away from him, unless indeed the combatants jumped the ropes and ran away.

For the same photographic reasons dance acts were especially available for the camera of the period, the kinetograph, as Edison called his picture taking machine. Also New York was as dance mad then as since. But in this period the performance of the sexy, jiggling jazz was left to professionals on stage, to be enjoyed vicariously from the comfort of music hall seats. The World’s Fair at Chicago had brought to our hospitable shores some of the best work of the justly famous “Ouled Nail” dancing girls of the North African coast. Both more and less politic versions were being presented for years after New York shows.

The Koster & Bial’s Music Hall at the northwest corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street came Carmencita, a dancer after the Spanish manner, and a sensation of national scope in those days of 1895-6. A half square away in Twenty-third street at the Eden Musee a damsel of lissom grace known as Otero was presented in ardent rivalry. Self-appointed committee of the sporting crowd of old New York, in their long tailed coats and silk hats, spent a deal of time comparing the merits of the dancers, and to this day it is impossible to get a real decision on their relative merits.

But this vast interest did result in one milestone for our history of the motion picture. Carmencita was drafted for the films. She went to West Orange and performed before the kinetograph. So as far as can be ascertained by careful search, Carmencita was the first woman to be pictured in the films; certainly she was first to be photographed for public presentation. The verb to vamp was then uncoined, but the art itself was well established.

Otway Latham and Dickson talked motion picture a great deal in this period. Young Latham was averse with the possibilities of profit which seemed to be promised by showing pictures on a screen. The line of standing patrons, at 82 Nassau street, waiting to drop their coins and peek into the kinetoscopes annoyed him with the tediousness of the process. He wanted the screen so that they could all see the pictures at once. The profits would come quicker that way and one machine and one film would do the work.

Dickson encouraged Latham’s hope for the possibility of the picture on the screen. What all their conversations may have covered will have to be left to assumptions based on subsequent action. There remains, however, in various sorts of records and papers, that Dickson was not entirely satisfied at the Edison establishment. Otway Latham once testified in court that Dickson had let it be understood that he, rather than Edison, had really invented the kinetoscope. If so, it is not remarkable. Other laboratory assistants had had similar ideas.

There can, however, be little doubt that Dickson saw farther than Edison into the commercial future of the films. He was restive and anxious to push the business ahead.

An examination of old Edison accounting records indicates that in this period Dickson was paid thirty dollars a week for his laboratory services, a rather sizable salary for 1888-89. Others have said that Dickson was paid considerable sums by Edison as bonuses. This is not verified by inquiry addressed to the best authority.

Late in 1894, just about the time that the other experimenters in London, Washington, and Paris were starting, Woodville Latham’s study of the problem of pro- (Continued on page 95)
Alas, Poor Hamlet
As some producers would do it
By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Story

H E L L - F O R - L E A T H E R H A M L E T, as the boys up Dawson way call him, is a sergeant in the Canadian North-west Mounted Police (close-up of a C. N. M. P. badge, with words, "Get Your Man," superimposed). He is summoned by his colonel and told that there is a bad man, named Windy Pete, operating the territory between Skull Gulch and Cut-throat Creek.

"It may take ye a year t' ketch him," says the bluff old colonel, "an' it may take ye ten. But yew go git him, Hell-for-Leather, an' don't forget t' write." Sgt. Hamlet squints, salutes, and exits. Close-up of Hamlet and his horse. (Hamlet is the one with the hat on.)

Hamlet rides into Skull Gulch, which is full of messes, arroyos, and the like, and the first object to meet his eye is something that shines brilliantly. "Can that thar be a nugget?" he inquires of the walkin'.

Upon closer examination, however, the object proves to be something more than a mere nugget: it is the golden head of a pure young girl, who is sobbing bitterly, mingling her salt tears with the alkali of the desert. She tells Hamlet that they call her Ophelia, but that she "ain't got no other name." Hamlet winces. (Close-up of wince.)

Ophelia then directs him to Windy Pete's cabin, and as he enters the place, he starts back, horror-stricken, for Windy Pete is none other than his long-lost step-father. One of his own kin! But Hell-for-Leather Hamlet does not flinch. (Close-up of not flinching.) He proceeds to kill Windy Pete with his two fists in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Then Hamlet goes after Ophelia, who is trying to drown herself in the Old Swimmin' Hole in Cut-throat Creek, and seizes her in the nick of time. Purged in the holocaust of a mighty love, they saunter off together into the great, clean sunset.

FADE-OUT.
The Story

At the start, a picture of Shakespeare (played by Mr. Farnum) is shown. He is smoking a cigarette, and scribbling with a fountain pen. Mr. William Fox walks up to him, pats him on the back, shakes hands with him, and hands him a fat contract. Shakespeare registers gratitude. (Close-up of figures on contract.) (Fade-out.)

The first scene is in Hamlet's home in Elsinore. He is reading a book called "Hamlet." Half-way through he falls asleep. (A pretty tribute to Mr. Shakespeare.) (Fade-out.)

He is walking through a gigantic castle with canvas walls. The rooms are size five by nine (miles). The architecture of the place varies from Babyonian to Colonial, with here and there a touch of the early Ohlovan. The people wear the sort of costumes that you rent for those parties to which you are invited with the stipulation that "no one will be admitted who is not dressed in old-fashioned garb."

He goes to the parapet of the castle, and sees Ophelia (Miss Kellerman) trying to drown herself in the waters below. She is c'd in the North Sea. (Close-up of the North Sea.) Hamlet dives in to rescue her, and the cold water awakens him. It was only a dream—a bad dream.

FADE-OUT.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN

"THE GREAT DANE"

Shakespeare's Masterpiece

BY

EDWARD KNOBLICK

CAST

Hamlet ................. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Ophelia ............... MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

Hamlet carves the King into the likeness of a Sweitzer cheese
Great excitement on a California Beach following a terrible catastrophe. One of the Mack Sennett’s Bathing Beauties, Too Intent On Realism In Her Art, Got Her Feet Wet
WOULD you do it over again? I asked.
She gave me a stricken look, a sudden red flag of defiance in her cheeks.

Anything!"

"But go through again what I have gone through, work as I have worked, knowing—I couldn't."

A vibrant silence fell on the room.
Lillian Gish sat looking into the fire with her head bent.

Schoepenhauer said that not one of us, given the privilege of a choice, would live again the life already lived.

Yet here sat a girl who in her early twenties is not only the idol of a nation, but a great artist—perhaps the greatest tragic artist of the screen. A girl who had climbed from obscurity, poverty, to the top rung of the ladder.

What more could she want? That is why I asked her that question.
I have given you her answer.
The road had been too hard, the sacrifices of personal life and privacy too great.

And yet—I didn't believe her.
It was my great good fortune, in the first place, to find Lillian Gish furious. I realize this rings heretical to those confirmed in the belief that she is a sister of the saints and speaks never a word that could not be incorporated in a Book of Good Thoughts. Dervish devotees, celebrating her virtues in a dizzy fervor, have made one almost suspect her kinship with that Asiatic trinity which bears no evil, speaks no evil, sees no evil. After reading certain of these hymns, purporting to be works of portraiture, I have felt that their subject was not in reality a human being but a sweet floral token velvety inscribed "At Peace."

But Lillian was in a rebellious mood. Pushing back her hair from a forehead that is high, she inclined gloriously against law—government—its tyranny—democracy—its mockery.

It was good old-fashioned indignation. But it was far from lily-like.
She had just come from the office of an income tax Shylock.

"It makes you feel like leaving the country when you realize the things that are going on. What is the government thinking of? What is the matter with everything? Laws, laws, laws—but where is justice? I tell you—it makes you feel like—"

"A bolshevist. Bravo, Comrade Gish!" That soothed her. She wearily accepted the arms of a big chair.

Let me tell you this, Lillian Gish is no broken blossom.

She has been painted for you as a crushed lily—a saccharine goddess.
I found her strong fibre.

No meek and unassertive yes-girl
She has stamina and surprising vitality.
Practicality is one of the keynotes of her character. She possesses entirely the faculty of calculation.

Her decisions are instantaneous when necessary to enforce respect from those under her.
Not one ounce of mawkish sentiment.
While she was working with Director Jerome Storm, I heard her argue many a point. Always with brilliant logic, but with an almost stubborn determination. Upon one occasion when the director remained unconvinced, she said, "Let me act for you. It is always best to demonstrate what you mean if you can. Any good salesman can tell you that."

Don't ever let anyone tell you that Lillian Gish's genius is tributary to Griffith's. She did—by way of demonstration for us—a bit of impromptu acting in a cold rehearsal hall, that had the entire company in tears. When she had finished she turned to us in a matter of fact manner and said, "Is that it?"

"It is understandable rather than sweetness that looks from Lillian Gish's eyes. I wondered how she, among the stars of the tinsel realm, had attained such detachment, such tolerance, such forcefulness of self. I put the question bluntly.
"Perhaps?"—she hesitated, "perhaps it is because I started on a career so young. Yes, I think that is it."

If Apollo goes to see "Orphans of the Storm" he'll walk right out and have his face lifted so as to look like Joseph Schildkraut. So say the ladies.
Joseph is a gay and gallant Viennese who acknowledges but one master,—his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, a fine old actor now appearing in a Yiddish theater in New York.

Joseph invited papa out to the Griffith studio to watch the taking of the love scene in which the Chevalier Joseph creates an ecstatically purple moment with Lillian Gish.
The elder Schildkraut watched his son and Miss Gish with rapt attention. When it was over Joseph asked, "Did you like me, papa?"
The old gentleman, still spellbound, his eyes on Lillian, finally said: "Oh, you—I can't see you when that girl is around."

This proves our contention that even a god couldn't win laurels when Lillian Gish is around.—not even when she hides her face and turns her Grecian profile camera-ward.
There was a young lady who came to see me about screen work. The moment she entered my office I was impressed by her. She had youth, sparkle, beauty, refinement—everything I was looking for. I talked to her and discovered she was also intelligent. She seemed too good to be true. Well, she was. In her screen tests she "registered" an entirely different personality. She lacked soul.

If I were not firmly convinced that somewhere in this country there is at least one girl who possesses every requirement for screen success, I should not be writing this.

When I left California for the east, it was with a definite object. I was to find a filmable girl. That's all. But it was enough. I was not to pass up a single possibility. I was to make a thorough search for beautiful, intelligent girls, and to have screen tests made of them. As far as it was possible, I was to scour the country, personally, and bring back with me, all tied up in celluloid, the most interesting young woman I could find.

I have done this. I have interviewed literally hundreds of young ladies. I have passed upon thousands of feet of film. And now I want to tell you the conclusions I've arrived at, after this pleasantly harrowing beauty quest.

Don't think it's been easy. I am aware it sounds something like a permanent first-row seat at the Ziegfeld entertainments, or a perpetual stroll up Fifth Avenue, or daily pilgrimages to the smartest, the most individual restaurants of Manhattan. Well, I've done that. I have even followed a certain woman for blocks and blocks and blocks, simply because her marvellously graceful walk made me think she might be a future film star. I have looked into limousines and disgraced a dowager by asking her granddaughter if she could arrange to meet my wife, Mrs. McIntyre, for an interview. I have been watching interesting women for weeks. Mr. Ziegfeld is not the only critic of American beauty.

Interesting women. Not particularly pretty women, or intelligent women, but interesting women. If a girl is interesting, she very probably meets our requirements of personality, intelligence, youth and beauty. If she does not interest you, it is hardly possible that she will interest the camera. On the other hand, the most beautiful young woman I met while in New York proved a perfect frost in her screen tests. I'm sure I don't know why. The camera is psychic; that's all I can tell you. The girl had perfect yet piquant features; a beautiful body; a plasticity, very valuable; marble hair; gorgeous, soulful eyes. On the screen, cold as ice, and as interesting. Another girl possessed exactly half her beauty and charm; yet, because of a tilt to her head, reinforced by a curve to her lips, she was an absolute knockout in the films. And that's the way it goes. Which makes a search for screen material exceedingly interesting, but a little difficult.

Primarily, what we are seeking is a representative American young woman, who will get across on the screen the qualities we most admire. This girl may be in Manhattan; she may be a native daughter of Kalamazoo. That's what we are going to find out in this Photoplay-Goldwyn quest.

The Still Hunt
Getting down to business in the Photo the actual canvass
By ROBERT

Robert E. McIntyre, casting director for Goldwyn Pictures, who canvassed Manhattan for girls with picture possibilities, made daily pilgrimages to smart restaurants in his quest.

Mr. McIntyre probably knows as much world as the casting director for the interviewed thousands of girls, tested had parts which gave them opportunities to nearly as anyone can know, what constitutes; if she has the dramatic spark. Mr. Goldwyn, commander-in-chief of the Gold literally to canvass it for filmable girls. hunt: a practical search for screen beauty. results of his hunt, besides giving you an beauty and brains. He's, by the way, on play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity. He will judgment is correctly considered of vital

THE FOUR ESSENTIALS FOR SCREEN SUCCESS

Personality: Intelligence; Youth; Beauty. I put beauty last because it is at best, an illusion. A girl may seem to rival Venus off-screen; photographically she may be a failure. By personality, I mean charm; magnetism; that indescribable something that hits you when you encounter it, and that you can't forget. Intelligence and youth you must have.
For New Faces
play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity—
for filmable girls
E. McIntyre

about film requirements as any man in the
Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, he has
them, and put them in pictures where they
exercise their abilities. He knows, as
utes a screen face; whether a girl will
McIntyre was commissioned by Samuel
wyn film forces, to visit Manhattan and
It was to be a real, almost house-to-house
In this story, Mr. McIntyre tells you the
actual insight into the essentials of film
of the men chiefly concerned in the Photo-
help to pass upon all entrants because his
importance in this search for new types

Goldwyn photoplay; and incidentally to keep an eye open for
other screen possibilities.

My conclusion is that the winner in the Screen Opportunity
is going to be a girl from a small town. A girl who was born
and brought up in a small town; a girl who has never been
away from a small town. That's the girl who will have the
necessary sincerity, the earnestness, the wholesomeness, the
determination. Her sister, who got restless at home, and went to
the city, to seek her fortune there, is by this time a little tired,
a little disillusioned. She may even be cynical. She has seen
perhaps too much of the seamy side of life, and it has given a
droop to her mouth and a lack-lustre look to her eyes. Whether
she is successful or not, she has become imbued with New York-
itis: she would probably not be content with any other exist-
ence, but she is not enthusiastic about her own.

The screen authority walked on
Fifth Avenue
for hours
watching the
crowds. In this
story he tells you the results
of this practical
search for the motion
picture actresses
of the future

One of the most famous beauties in Manhattan came to see
me while I was east in my quest. I had seriously considered
offering her a contract, but first I asked her if she were a
definite. "Well," she said, "I might consider a contract for a year,
to make four pictures, once a lead, to be starred in the rest. I shall also expect—and she named an exorbitant sum,
a personal maid, and other items. That girl didn't get the job

Another thing: this small town girl, and by small town you
understand I do not mean, necessarily, the village or hamlet,
but the smaller cities—has a very valuable sex unconscious-
ness. She would be able to wear an abbreviated ballet skirt
with a complete and delightful unconscionness. Her home
surroundings, the influence of her mother and her brothers
and sisters, of her Sunday-school and dancing-school existence,
all helped to make her the kind of a girl we want.

The Goldwyn studio is the safest and sanest place in the
world. Healthy morally, mentally, and physically. A place
every mother would be content to have her daughter be. In
fact, the mother of a little girl whom I cast for several roles—
Patsy Ruth Miller is her name—a girl of unusual mind—
had always accompanied her daughter around the studio.
For about a week she came with her to our studio. She,
or her husband, Patsy's dad. Then one day she didn't show
up. I didn't see her for a month. Then I asked her, "Don't
you ever come here any more, Mrs. Miller? I thought you
always chaperoned Patsy everywhere." Mrs. Miller smiled.
"I don't have to come with her to Goldwyn's. Mr. McIntyre,
I know she's safe here—as safe as she'd be at home."

There is to be a morality
clause in every new Goldwyn
contract. We don't want
immorality in our studio. As
soon as we discover it, we
take immediate steps to re-
move its cause. There is no
reason why a motion picture
studio should not be the
cleanest place under the sun.
It's got to be if good pic-
tures are to be made there.
That's why I say: a good,
wholesome home influence
counts for much in a girl's
character. The girl, I am
willing to wager, will be a
girl from home—the kind of
girl you'd like to know.

The most accurate rep-
resentations of American
girlhood are to be found
in the small towns. You
are not likely to find the
Screen Opportunity win-
er in New York. She
may come from one of the
other large cities in the
country, but I doubt it.
The small town girl
has a sincerity, a direct-
ness, an unfrocked appeal
which her city sisters
often lack. There may
be more real star-dust in
a gingham apron than a
French gown.
"Who's the Prettiest Girl"

Do you know her? If you do, mail a picture of her to Photoplay Magazine at once. You will be doing a favor to her and to the motion picture, for the screen needs that girl. Put your town on the map. Find her.

Already we realize that a choice is going to be difficult. Mr. Goldwyn has agreed to engage the winner of the contest on a year's contract at a salary equal to that of a competent actress. For more than a year he has been seeking new faces with little result. Within a few weeks after the announcement of Photoplay's quest he has seen more promising faces than ever enter his studio gates. Mr. Goldwyn has expressed his surprise and gratification.

The response has been quick and straightforward, demonstrating the faith which our two million readers have in Photoplay's integrity.

Here is Miss Georgia Hale of Chicago: a vivid brunette, whose deep eyes predict the depth and sincerity essential for emotional work, and whose vivacity indicates an ability for light comedy. Her hands are worthy of notice. They will undoubtedly help her.

Here are the representative young ladies whose pictures were among the first thousand—the immediate response to Photoplay's call for new screen faces. A glance at these girls will show you the high standard of the entrants for the Screen Opportunity. Every one of these young women is a potential screen star, provided she possesses as much intelligence as her features would indicate and the ability to pass the acid test—the camera! Every one has beauty—if not classic features, then a piquancy or prettiness which more than makes up for their lack. Every one has refinement, too.

Louise Lavison, a blonde beauty from the southland—Memphis, Tennessee, to be exact. Her intelligent brow, her sensitive mouth, and her calm eyes all proclaim her the patrician. A relative sent her photograph because Louise was too shy to send it herself.

More of Miss Hale. A little like Bebe Daniels.
BUT we want to reach out still further. We want to be sure that we have a photograph of every screen possibility in America.

The American girl is distinguished for her directness and frankness. We do not believe she would withhold a photograph through a mistaken sense of modesty. But she might not realize her own qualifications; she might feel that it was not worth while to enter the race with so many thousands. Therefore, if you know an attractive girl—one whom you believe would develop into an excellent screen actress—obtain her photograph and send it to us.

The screen has taught us to see personality and character in pictures. These are the attributes which are more important than beauty of outline. The photos herewith shown prove that many girls in America can meet our requirements.
Great Authors' Ideals of Beauty

Feminine Preferences of Master Writers

With great writers, as with great painters, the feminine ideal has radically varied—each one reflecting in his heroines his own personal ideas of woman's beauty. Here are a few famous authors, and the types of women they generally depicted:

George Meredith:—The subtle, mentalized, brilliant, intellectual woman, with a gift for repartee, and a somewhat cold nature; capable of calculation; well poised and self-confident. She is mature, slender, imperious, with classic features, an impressive manner, and a graceful body, healthy but not athletic.

Jane Austen:—The heroines of this author are products of early Victorianism—prudish, prim, religious, conventional, frail, clinging, narrow-minded women, who dress plainly and have plain features. They make a virtue of their weakness, and consider it inelegant to show their emotions.

Robert W. Chambers:—The Chambers heroine is a literary counterpart of the Christy girl. She is dashing, healthy, normal, independent, athletic, capable, and slightly aggressive—with a lithe, well-rounded body, fair hair, large blue eyes, and a mouth in which sensuousness and restraint are combined.

Joseph Conrad:—Strange, tense, semi-mystical women, of deep passion and powerful personalities, to whom love is everything, and who are capable of the most intense suffering and tragedy. As a rule, they are dark, womanly, tall, stately and regal, with something of the mysterious East about them.

Dickens:—Weak, hyper-feminine, domestic women, with the frailty of girls—naive, unsophisticated, and without any particular intelligence. Many of Dickens' heroines (like Dorrit) are the sedentary, clinging, vine-variety, with petite bodies, and sweet, characterless faces—women who are narrow and prim, but loving.

Balzac:—Intensely feminine, primitive and loyal—women who submerge themselves in the men they love. They are the genuine, warm, emotional, spontaneous, unpretentious, sensual type, with all the feminine vanities—the true daughters of Eve. And their physical beauty is a direct reflection of their natures.

E. Phillips Oppenheim:—The neatly tailored conventionally beautiful modern girl, medium sized and refined of feature, who, though possessing a strong feminine appeal, is capable, self-reliant, and cosmopolitan. Her inner nature is warm and emotional, but her surface is somewhat cold and sophisticated.

Edgar Allan Poe:—Dark, strange, mysterious women, "like the night," with deep cryptic natures, and, eyes like luminous black pools—women who symbolize the sorcery and the mysticism of the decadent East, and who breathe an atmosphere of the uncanny and the abnormal.

John Galsworthy:—The matured, dignified, aristocratic woman—with a leaning toward social revolution and unconventionality; cold of exterior, self-controlled, and repressed, but with an almost tropical warmth beneath the surface. Tall, healthy and vigorous, and possessed of semi-classical, semi-voluptuous features.

Turgenev:—A dark flashing, competent girl—woman of an Oriental type of beauty—passionate, tragic and vital—with the eyes of martyrs, and a mouth of sensuousness and purposeful sincerity. They have quick, active intellects, are self-reliant, and capable of doing whatever a man can do.

James M. Barrie:—The wistful, ethereal, dreamy, fragile, girlish type of woman—with a quaint, old-fashioned nature, breathing forth a delicate atmosphere of lavender and old lace. Her features are small and piquant, her eyes shy and vivid, her nose delicate, and her mouth at once sad and playful.

James Ma*peace Thackeray:—Two types—one the essence of prim propriety, the other the dashing, daring kind, whom women instinctively mistrust and fear, and men openly seek. The outstanding example is Becky Sharp, green-eyed and blonde. Thackeray secretly admires her.

William Shakespeare:—Strong-limbed young women, slender and athletic, keen of mind and quick of tongue. Self-reliant, yet they have their tender moments. Even then, however, their alert mentality is never dormant. Great facial beauty is always an outstanding attribute, judging by the remarks of others of the dranatis personae.
When Valentino Taught Me to Dance

By MARY WINSHIP

He's changed the Rudolph to Rodolph since he has been made a star. Otherwise he is the same Signor Valentino.

NATURALLY, I was scared to death. Who wouldn't be? I'd seen Rodolph Valentino dance on the screen—and in the ballroom. You know how he dances. I must borrow a word from Elinor Glyn and simply say, "Divine."

So, when we had finished our coffee and he asked me to dance with him, right there in the Ambassador ballroom, I was petrified.

And yet—I simply couldn't resist it. Like Oscar Wilde, I can resist everything except temptation. I said, "I'm a perfectly rotten dancer."

And I am—or was.

Rodolph Valentino smiled. "Oh, that's all right. I've taught dancing, you know. This music is corking. I'll see you through somehow."

I got up. He put his arm around me.

Well, there never was such a dancer. In a couple of minutes I had decided I was Pavlova.

"Now," he said, as he swung into the most fascinating little step, "don't be stiff. That's the first essential. You know, good dancing is not a matter of knowing a lot of fancy steps. It's purely a sense of rhythm—and of control of your muscles that makes them flexible to follow your will.

"Shut your eyes and listen to that music. You must feel its variations: not only in your feet but in your soul."

I did.

"That's great," he said. "It is the grace with which your body follows the music that makes a really good dancer. If women forget self-consciousness they usually have grace and elasticity.

"Do you mind if I tell you something?"

I shook my head. I didn't. He could have told me anything.

"Well, you don't hold your shoulders and neck erect enough. A woman should always hold her shoulders well back from her partner and her head tipped back just a little. That's fine. See how much easier that is? And hold up the weight of your own right hand and arm. You have no idea how a woman tires a man when she lets him support her right hand as though it was a piece of iron."

The music stopped. Rodolph gallantly applauded. He's really awfully sweet.

"Why, you're a corking dancer," he said.

Anybody not on crutches could dance with that man.

"Most women dance too close to their partners—or too clumsily far away. You can't dance with a woman that gets too close. See—this is right. I hold you close to me about the waist. Then, with your shoulders back, we are several inches apart from the waist up."

Remember the fascinating tango in the Argentinian episode of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"? That picture established Valentino as an actor as well as a dancer. But he hasn't forgotten how to dance!

"Now, see if you can follow me. I'm going to do a fancy step or two."

His arm supported me like a brace. I swung myself back, closed my eyes, breathed in the music and—followed. I couldn't have been so proud if I'd swum the English channel.

We sat down and Rodolph ordered more coffee and lit my cigarette.

"You know," he said, "the secret of good dancing lies in the knees. You must be elastic in your knees. Always dance on the ball of the foot. The most terrible woman in the world to dance with is one who dances on her heels. Never touch the heel to (Concluded on page 118)

CHARLES WHITTAKER, the well known English dramatist, had just completed the screen adaptation of Ibanez’ "Enemies of Women" for the Internat onal, and he was telling Ruby de Remer about it when they met in Paris.

"But how," said Ruby, "can you write a whole scenario about wrinkles?"

THERE'S a new descriptive phrase concerning the de Mille brothers that was heard on the Lasky lot—you know, William and Cecil B. de Mille. You know what their pictures are like. Somebody called them "Sacred and Profane Love."
"Come On Over!"

About a lass who came all the way from Ireland to answer the call of her heart

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

Shane O'Melia—what a pretty name!" said Judy as she signed the book.

Shane O'Melia sat on the driver's seat of the express wagon, he was musing—thinking of his home land across the sea and of the dreams and hopes that were waiting for him there. After two years in America they were just as dear to him, and just as remote as they had been when he landed at Ellis Island—as fresh and green as the very sod of the "auld country." After two years in America he was just as far from making them come true!

Moyna Killiea—she was the very essence of these dreams. He could still see her as he had last seen her, sitting upon a stone wall waving her farewells to him. The rising sun had made magic with her unbound hair, it had made the tears upon her cheeks glisten like jewels. Small wonder that he had come running back to her, that shaken with sobs of honest emotion, he had taken her fiercely into his arms.

"It's because I love you so that I'm lavin' you," he had told her. "But in New York I'll be soon makin' a million shillin's a day and I'll send for you out before you know I'm gone!"

Moyna's voice had trembled as she answered him.

"There's beautiful women there in droves," she told him, "and they'll soon have your heart in their hands."

But he answered ardently,

"How will they get my heart when I'm lavin' it here under your feet?"

Well, the million shillings a day had not materialized. So often modern Jasons come sailing to America to find the well advertised golden fleece, and so often they are doomed to disappointment! For the streets of our city are not covered with coin of the realm. Sometimes even the silver lining of our storm clouds would seem to be only nickel- plated.

Shane had gone at once, upon landing, to the home of Michael Morahan, the well-to-do son of an old neighbor in Ireland. And there he had made his home, while he found jobs and lost them, in rapid succession. There he had made his home and there he had built plan after plan to send for his sweetheart. But the plans never seemed to come to anything. . . .

With a sigh Shane got down from the driver's seat of the express wagon, and started to lift down a box that he was to deliver at a fashionable shop. It was at that moment that a big touring car drew up at the curb, and a little fat man with a belligerent expression climbed out. The little man was gloriously full of the stuff that Volstead made famous—and so were his companions, who remained in the car.

"BOYS," said the little man, turning to address said companions, and pointing to the shop that was Shane's destination, "Thass my daughter's new store— Smar-tes' girl in the world. My little Judy Dugan!"

With bewildered eyes Shane looked upon the name plate upon the door. "Mlle. Julie DuGanne, Modes de Paris," it said in gold letters.
As he was puzzling over the matter the little man's voice came to him.  
"Course, Milly Joolie DuGanny ain't her name!" the little man snorted.  "She's a milliner an' that's her nom de plume.  People say she's twice as much for a French name as they do for an Irish one—in a hat."

Shane turned, with a suppressed grin, and entered the store.  It was his introduction to Judy Dugan.

DELIVERY men usually don't get along very well with French modistes. They don't move in the same circles. But for old Judy Dugan wasn't French. Shane, while waiting for his receipt, was forced to witness an unpleasant scene between the girl and her intoxicated father. And it put them, at once, upon a common meeting-ground.

Shane was immediately only a willing-to-help Irishman and Judy was only an Irish girl in trouble. Before he had left the shop with his receipted book, Shane was a friend who had promised to get Judy's father a job as night watchman with the express company that he worked for. For, as Judy said,  
"He's a dear old daddy when he's himself. But since he's lost his job again, and he's drinking hard, I'm in despair."

So Shane went to his boss to beg a job for old Dugan. And he got one—for Dugan. But for himself there was only another disappointment.

"Sure, I'll give your friend work as a night watchman," the boss told him,  
"but say, I'm sorry—but I'll have to fire you. We're selling our horses and buying motor trucks. And you can't drive a motor truck, can you?"

Sadly, Shane had to admit that he couldn't. And still more sadly he went back to the Morahan flat to write to Moyna of another bitter disappointment that had come to him. Somehow life seemed very hard.

In the meanwhile, back in Ireland, old Bridget Morahan was reading a letter from her son, and Moyna, close beside her, was reading one from Shane in which he told her that he had a grand job driving a truck, and would soon be sending for her. Her eyes were joy-filled as she read the letter, for how could she know that the "grand job" was a grand job no longer?

THERE must be something, after all, in mental telepathy.

For, back in New York, Michael was feeling shades of remorse for leaving his mother so long alone. In response to Shane's heartbroken remark,  
"Every time I save up a little to send for Moyna, me job drops away from under me," Michael answered sadly,

"Moyna is pining away for a year, and my mother has brooded there for twenty-five!" He sat thinking of the old home as Shane stole out of the room. And as he sat there a resolve was born to go for his mother, and to bring her back with him.

Shane, in the meantime, depressed and hopeless, wandered out of the flat. And, drawn as if by some magnet, he found himself walking in the direction of the Dugan apartment. And something made him go in.

Judy was glad to see him, of course. For Shane was a very personable young man. And before he had been there long, he was cheered up again—almost smiling. Judy had a way with her—she could teach a man to dance almost as easily as she could give smartness to a plain little hat. And she could teach other things, too. It was the first of a series of calls that Shane made.

The days drifted on—not too eventful. Shane, with the little money that he had saved up, decided to take lessons as a chauffeur. He studied hard, and it was small wonder that he should want relaxation of an evening. It was to Judy that he turned—Judy who had troubles of her own, what with a new business and an old set of a father, and could understand the heart of a fellow who was lonely and discouraged. Moyna had never seemed so far away, before—the little money that Shane had saved had been to bring her to America, and soon there would be none of it left. The situation was hard—but Judy was always comforting.

Yes, Moyna had never seemed so far away. But in reality she had never been much nearer—since that day when Shane
over the state of affairs with her daughter while together they
cleaned the house preparatory to the expected arrival of her
husband and his mother. It was while they were talking that
a second knock came at the door and they opened it to greet
Moyna, who had been too impatient to wait for the others
and had come on in a taxi. She had only one thing to say in
response to their excited, amazed and slightly worried exclama-
tions, and that was—"Is Shane home?"

HURRIEDLY, Delia answered, but her mind was in a tur-
moil as she thought of Judy's remark, that very morning,
and of Shane's answer!
"He's away at his work," she answered, and then to change
the subject, "shure, it's a born blossom you are! Shure you've
had the use of the May dew on yer cheeks!"
Moyna waved aside the compliment. She felt somehow
that Shane should have been there to greet her, even though
her coming was a surprise.
"Ooh! the slathers of beautiful ladies I passed on the streets,
she said sadly, "better dressed in a week day than I'll be in
Heaven. I misdoubt Shane will blush for me!"

Delia and her daughter exchanged a glance fraught with
meaning. Frankly they were nonplussed, worried.
Moyna was strangely excited, and suspicious. And they real-
ized the fact.
The morning dragged on. Michael Mornahan and his mother
were held up by the customs and in the Mornahan flat the
time passed heavily. Moyna became more and more upset,
Delia and Kate more and more nervous. And, just as the un-
rest was becoming unbearable, the door was thrown open and
Judy Dugan came breezily into the room. Almost ignoring
Moyna, who had been hurriedly introduced to her, she asked
for Shane. And, when told that he was not at home, she left a
message for him.
"Tell him," she said briskly, "that I've talked with my
father and forced him to give his consent, and we'll all three
meet at the priest's at four o'clock." And then she hurried
out, leaving a white faced girl and two inarticulate women who
did not know how to comfort her.
"They're goin' to th' priest to arrange to be married," said
Moyna, and her voice shook, "to have the banns called. Oh!
this is the grandest the byants!" She burst into tears, but
after a minute she spoke again.
"Oh! it's a bitter day for me," she sobbed, "that I ever set
foot on the ocean. Is it a heart Shane keeps in his breast,
or is it a hotel?" she paused, and then—"But why," she cried
in sudden anger, "should he care for me when there's queens
like her about?"

Striving to calm her, Delia took the overwrought girl in her
arms. But Moyna tore herself free of the comforting embrace.
"I'll be going," she cried. "It's not blamin' you I am,
Ma'am dear—but I can't stay anywhere where Shane is at all!"
Without waiting to put on her hat she started for the door.
Delia stood aghast. But Kate, her daughter, spoke.
"Where will you be after spendin' th' night?" she ques-
tioned.
Moyna's hand was upon the door knob, but she half turned
to answer.
"I've a brother in Chicago," she said. "I'll go over there
for the night, or push on to Boston!" And the door closed with
a bang behind her.

Moyna had scarcely run from the flat when Shane came
in. His head was bent in depression, for the firm who had
employed him since he had gotten his motor driver's license
had gone into bankruptcy and he was again without work.
As he came in at the door, he smiled at Delia ruefully.
"I lost me job as usual," he said, trying to make his tone
light and cheerful, "It died on me, and thin I went to
the church as I promised Judy."

It was then that Delia, almost hysterical, told Shane what
had happened. She told him of Moyna's pilgrimage to sur-
prise him, and of Judy's call. As she talked, Shane went white
with astonishment and fear. Without an explanation he
dashed out, leaving Delia and her daughter in a state of col-
lapse—a state from which she woke suddenly with the thought
of her policeman son. Going to the telephone, she called him
and told him to give in a general alarm for a red-headed, grey-
eyed girl with a wild look about her.

With Shane and Moyna both (Continued on page 112)
Ten Years From Now—Edison

By TERRY RAMSAYE

ABOUT thirty-four years ago an ingenious scientific and industrial investigator over at West Orange, in New Jersey, completed a new camera device and photographed the first motion picture. He had a notion that it was an interesting thing to do and that it might prove a largely useful thing in the world of affairs. By the use of this interesting instrument the inventor found that it was possible to show things in the process of happening and to show things being done, instead of merely telling about them in words. Words had the fault of being limited, not alone by the person using the words but also by the capacities of the persons who heard them. It does not make any difference what a word means to the man who uses it, if it means something else or nothing to the person who hears it.

This idea concerning instruction in general and schools in particular was pretty deeply set in the mind of the inventor, and he labored quite a while to make the motion picture of service to education.

These thirty-four years having elapsed, it occurred to me that possibly sufficient time had passed now to enable this man—who by the way is Thomas A. Edison—to have arrived at some conclusions of interest and value about the motion picture, the institution of his creation.

I was waiting in that three-storied, high-vaulted office of his over at West Orange, sitting between the world's biggest roll top desk and a long work table, when Mr. Edison dashed in.

"Dashed" is correct. It was well near a run. I had heard rumors that he was getting "pretty feeble." Those rumors seemed incorrect, extremely incorrect. Mr. Edison is in his seventies.

Edison tossed his derby down on the long table, snappily jerked a chair up, and sat down, beckoning me to one alongside. I had had it in mind to interview him. He apparently decided to interview me, and he has a way of doing what he pleases.

We talked motion picture affairs, past and present, for a time.

"I got out of the picture business when I saw where it was headed at the time," he remarked. "The people getting into it were too smart for me—they had more business ability. The world is too big to bother about a thing like that—there are so many interesting things to do—opportunities everywhere."

Edison stopped and looked reflectively up a moment.

"Do you think it is always going to be like it is now?"

He leaned forward and added the penetration of his eyes to his question.

"There are some of us who think that one day the theater and the amusement field will be the small end of the pictures—just as in the art of printing the publication of fiction is but a fraction of the work that keeps the printing presses busy."

The answer seemed to please him.

"Oh, the educational picture?" He lighted up and gestured wide with a toss of his arms.

"That's an ocean—a whole ocean of possibility.

"But not yet." He raised a hand as though in caution.

"In ten years from now—maybe—about ten years. "You see it does not matter how much anything may be needed or how much the people want it, it takes a long time to get them to accept it. It is very strange."

Edison swung about vigorously in his chair and raised an emphatic finger.

"Why, do you know it took about half a dozen years to introduce the electric light?"

"It took eight years—eight whole years—to get them to take the typewriter seriously."

"It took years with the telephone—it is that way with everything!"

Edison came to a halt and laughed.

"There are many things in the way of the educational picture, yet. Boards of education—teachers—school book publishers, the text book trusts—that is a powerful group. They will have to be interested first."

"Ten or eleven years ago I thought I would make a start. I had a little boy and a little girl (Continued on page 110)
I have gathered many mental photographs along the way, which I shall develop later for your amusement, Jeannette chérie, but—and I say this with the most profound seriousness— I would rather scrub floors than go through the ordeal again.

I wondered oft times to myself, as I saw play bills announcing other plays and players, that I was told put in about thirty weeks a season in this way, what can be the possible attraction in such an apology for existence.

Is there some pot of gold at the rainbow’s end that I do not see?

Or is it just a dumb acquiescence, which in the long run brings atrophy of sense and feeling? And what a bubble is this thing called the theater! What a huge circumference of nothing, as far as the player is concerned. Is there one among them that really considers the noisy plaudits of a public any equivalent for the peace of home, the association of a few discriminating and cultured minds, the time to read and to think? There may be some glamor from the “front” of the house, but surely there is none in the stinking alleys that lead to most of the “stage entrances.”

From my soul, I think that when a group of financiers gets ready to build a theater they go to much trouble to find the dirtiest and narrowest back street in the town. Having found it they clap hand to thigh and say, “Ha! this will be a splendid location for the stage door.” And O Jeannette! It is impossible to conceive of the filth of some of the dressing rooms. With one or two exceptions only, they were in underground cellars, without either light or air. Windows, of course, do not figure in cellars. An acrid odor of bug killer battles with the smell of plain dirt in many of them. If there were any preference, I think the bug killer had the advantage.

Pornographic sentences adorned many of the walls. Placards (I annexed one from one of the dressing rooms allotted to me, and am keeping it as a curiosity) instructed the artists not to spit on the floor as the wall was just as handy.

Of all the tawdry sights I have seen in my span of life, and I’ve seen many, these two weeks will stand out forever in my consciousness as silhouettes carved in black stone.

I should love to tell you of some of the “hotels” where they charge you almost Ritz Carleton prices for fare that would shame a poor house.

One in mind is the Exchange Hotel at Shanklin, Pa. Here we dined in a restaurant which contained also a lunch counter. Men ate with their hats on their heads and spat abstractedly on the floor during unoccupied intervals.

I could cover more pages than I have time to write or you would have patience to read, but last month I promised to tell you in this letter of the corrida, so the other must go for another time.

For at least a quarter of a mile, approaching the plaza, the entire traffic moves only in one direction—the direction toward the bull-ring. I am carried, rather than motivated by my own legs, through the enormous gates of the plaza. There are some twenty thousand chattering human monkeys gathered in the enclosure, which rises to the height of many hundred feet. I place my little cushion (price one peseta) on the stone ledge which forms the seat, and I look about me.

There is so much to see; such a tremendous kaleidoscope unfolds itself, that after taking a hasty mental picture of the whole, I prepare to specialize in detail. Before and below me is the enormous arena covered with yellow sand. We are on the shady and therefore the most expensive side of the ring. Directly opposite is the low white gate, through which our courier tells me, the first bull will soon emerge. At this moment the ring is empty except for a few attendants in red caps and blouses who are giving a few finishing touches to the primrose sand, so soon to be trampled, and stained scarlet.

Above the door, a little to the right and high up on the last tier, there is the orchestra. It is a colorful affair both as regards players and the noise that they manage to evoke from their brass instruments. On this side (Continued on page 110)
Bought and Paid For

By GEORGE BROADHURST

Fictionization by William Almon Wolff

choke love, romance, beauty, in marriage for her. And, on the other hand, the sort of men who asked her to dinner, or to go out to dance, the prosperous men of the hotel lobby, didn't think of marriage when they tried to flirt with girls like her.

Yet it hadn't always been easy to say no to Stafford. She must, though. What had they in common? Why, in one of the magazines, right now, there was an article about him and his tremendous success—his great manufacturing business, that he had built up under every sort of handicap. There were pictures of his home, of his art collections, of his yacht! And then he was beside her, smiling.

"Miss Blaine!" She did like his voice. She couldn't help the smile it evoked from her.

"I've thought of something." "Yes?" she said.

"You don't have to dine with me alone, you know," he said.

"Bring some one along. Can't you?"

"I—" She hesitated. He had taken her by surprise. "Why—I suppose—I might bring my sister—"

He laughed like a boy, and she sighed. He was so nice—so simple. Wasn't she silly? Clara said so—even Fanny did.

As for Jimmy—!

"Do!" he said. "Tomorrow night? At my place?" She hesitated still; nodded, at last. She was curiously excited.

"Good!" he cried. He laughed again. He was like a little boy! "And—some one to talk to sister?"

She had to laugh herself then.

"WELL—she's engaged—"

"Splendid! Bring her fiancé—of course! That's settled, then!"

She was smiling when she reached home. As she opened the door she could hear Fanny and Jimmy Gilley talking. Fat, good-natured, old Jimmy! You couldn't take him seriously, but he was rather sweet. Not good enough for Fanny, of course. She supposed Jimmy was a pretty good shipping clerk.

And he was always talking about how he was kept down: about his big ideas, and what he'd do if he could just bring himself to the attention of the big fellows!

Dinner was nearly ready. Fanny got home earlier from

“Nothing counted but you—" he held out his arms. And with a little cry, she went to him, swaying a little, so that he had to catch her.
her millinery shop than Virginia did from the hotel, and cooked, always. Jimmy brought something—frankfurters, tonight. Virginia saw, with a little pout. She hated them, but Jimmy revelled in them; you couldn't begin to get anything so filling for the money, he always said! "Go and sit down, dear," Virginia said. "I'll put the things on the table. You've done enough."

She brought the food and put it down on the oilcloth cover. Was it the thought of Stafford's invitation that made it all seem so distasteful? Jimmy had been reading a magazine; she saw now that it was the one that had the article about Stafford.

"GEE!" said Jimmy. "If I could just get next to that guy Stafford! That's what holds me down—not being able to meet men like him! They talk my language! These dubs I'm with—!"

Virginia glanced at Fanny. But Fanny looked acquiescent. Well, she loved Jimmy; she took him seriously, of course. "Has—has he asked you to dinner again?" said Fanny.

Virginia nodded. And after a moment, when she said nothing, the others exchanged puzzled, disgusted glances. Until Jimmy broke out:

"Say—didn't you ever think what it did mean to me and Fanny if you knew this chap—really knew him?"

Fanny nodded at that. Virginia smiled.

"Why, no," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. But—it just happened that I'm dining with Mr. Stafford tomorrow night. And—"

"You are?" Fanny cried out. And: "Say—that's the stuff!"

Jimmy exclaimed.

"—and so are you two," Virginia went on.

"Us!" Jimmy whistled. His expression grew solemn. "Say—"

thoughts, and she opened her eyes to look at him. He was smiling at her.

"I suppose so," she said. "Oh, Bob—I'm so happy! You've made me so happy."

He came over to her, sitting on the arm of her chair.

"I knew I could," he said. "I wouldn't have dared to ask you to marry me if I hadn't been sure."

"But what a chance you took! Marrying a girl who—who didn't love you—only liked you—oh, ever so much—"

"I think you loved me," he said. "It was just that you didn't know it. I was sure you did—and that what I had to do was to wait till you found it out!"

"Perhaps," she said. "But how many men—oh, Bob—I'll never forget how sweet you were—how patient—"

"Look!" he said. There were roses on the table nearby. "See that bud—and the full blown rose. You can cut the bud—and it's lovely. But if you cut it you'll never have the flower in all its beauty. And that was what I wanted—and what I could wait for."

She laughed; drew him down to her.

"YOU have it!" she said. "Bob—I never dreamed what loving anyone could be—would be—"

"Oh!" he said, a moment later. "I asked Jimmy and Fanny to come to dinner tomorrow." He laughed. "Jimmy's a jewel! He's worth the two hundred a week I'm paying him just for the joy he adds to life around the office!"

"You've been wonderful about him," said Virginia. "When I think of how happy Fanny is—and the baby—"

"Nonsense!" he said. "I tell you Jimmy's worth it. He's immense!"

He got up; rang a bell. And when the Japanese Butler came in:

"Oku! Oku! I'm thirsty!"

Virginia frowned faintly. When Oku had gone she hesitated a moment.

"Bob!" she said. "Dear—It's the one thing—I do wish you wouldn't drink quite so much—"

"You little Puritan!" He laughed. "I don't drink enough to hurt me! It's a relaxation—I go to it pretty hard when I'm at work, you know."

"I know—but I wish—" She shuddered. "Do you remember—in the hotel one day—a man who was bothering me? He was—"

"He really was drunk. And you burned his hand with your cigarette? Oh—if you knew how I felt about it—"

"Sweetheart—because a chap takes a drink now and then it doesn't mean that he has to let go! I used—oh, I suppose—I've taken too much, sometimes—you get started with a crowd—but you don't want to take things so seriously! Everyone—"

"I CAN take care of myself," he said. "If you— He caught himself, and laughed. "Let's not quarrel, dearest.

After all, I'm not a youngster who needs as much as it did him. But it roused in him, too, a curious, defiant stubbornness that was really the necessary complement of the boyish quality that she most loved in him.

"I don't care what everyone does! It's you—you—"

The passion in her voice surprised him almost as much as it did him. But it roused in him, too, a curious, defiant stubbornness that was really the necessary complement of the boyish quality that she most loved in him.

"I guess you haven't been as dumb as I thought! If—say—if he asks your folks along he must want to marry you!"

Virginia just looked at him. But she said nothing. What was the use? He wouldn't understand.

Virginia sat back in a deep, soft chair, her eyes closed. She couldn't quite believe that if she opened them they would show her the luxury that was all about her, and Stafford, smiling at her a few feet away. Married! Away, forever, from the lobby and the switchboard; from the tiny apartment, with its kitchenette and its frankfurters and canned soups! How absurd her doubts, her struggle, seemed now.

"Dreaming?" Her husband's voice broke in upon her
Happy Virginia was, certainly—and with reason. The comfort, the luxury, that surrounded her had its part in making her so, but it was, she was sure, only a small part. What really counted with her was her love for the completeness of her love, the utter satisfaction of it, amazed her. It was splendid to be able to do everything and have everything she wanted; it was even more splendid to do everything with him. Yet she did worry about his drinking. It changed him so. She felt that he was a stranger. And it hurt her, too, that he did show a sort of remorse, often—expressed, as a rule, in the gift of some costly jewel a day or two afterward. She shrank from those gifts. She wanted to talk with Fanny about her trouble, but it was not easy. Yet one night such a talk was thrust upon them both. Fanny and Jimmy were to spend the night, since they were going with Virginia and Stafford to the opera, and they had come in, with the baby, to avoid the necessity of catching the last train to their suburban house. And just before dinner, Stafford telephoned to say that he was detained, and they must go without him. Virginia came back from the telephone tight-lipped; she knew Stafford's voice.

"Gracious!" Fanny laughed. She had the explanation. "Men! If it's not one thing it's another! He adores you. What more do you want? Lots of men drink a little too much sometimes. It's no great harm."

"It is!" said Virginia, hotly. "It changes him—he isn't himself—"

Fanny shrugged her shoulders. "You want too much!" she said.

Late as it was when they came home, Stafford was later still. And Virginia realized at once that things had gone further than ever before. She shrank from him when he kissed her; he laughed.

**FANNY won't mind my kissing my own wife!** he said.

He insisted on seeing the baby; Jimmy brought her out, and Stafford, who adored her, was delighted. But Virginia sat apart, brooding. And when Fanny and Jimmy had left her alone, Stafford she moved toward the door of her room. "Oh, wait a bit!" he said. He caught her in his arms; tried to kiss her.

"I'm dreadfully tired," she said. "Please—I think I'll go right to bed."

He chuckled and rang the bell. "Know the very thing for that tired feeling," he said. "Oku will be along any minute."

She stood still as he poured the sparkling wine and held out a glass to her. And she shook her head. "No," she said. "I don't want any. And you've had enough."

But he only laughed and drank, and leaned toward her, then, to kiss her arm. "Please!" she said.

"Oh!" His irritation broke out. "What's the matter? Don't you love me?"

"I—I love the man I married!" she cried, desperately. "But when you're like this—when you make love to me like this—I hate you!"

And, eluding him, she moved swiftly toward her door. His face darkened; he was at her door before her, barring her way. "Please!" she shouted. She was beginning to be frightened. He shook his head. The veins in his forehead were swollen. "I've had enough of this!" he said. "You—with your talk—your preaching! You didn't love me when I married you, either—but I bought you and paid for you—"

He touched the necklace at her throat, the rings on her fingers. She shrank back, appalled, incredulous. She stood still. For a moment he was touched by a confused remorse.

"Come on!" he said. "Give me a kiss and I'll let you go!"

She stood still, passive. And he caught her in his arms suddenly and kissed her. But in a moment he let her go, with an exclamation of angry disgust. For a moment she looked at him, shuddering; then turned and rushed into her room. Instinctively she slammed the door and turned the key; stood still, panting, shuddering. The doorknob was turned; then shaken; she heard him calling to her.

And then, incredulous, appalled and frightened as she had never been in all her life before, she heard a crashing blow fall upon the door, followed by another and another. The wood splintered and broke; the panel was driven in. She saw her husband's face, inflamed and furious; saw his hand reach in and turn the key. Then, as he came in, she cried out, once:

**It was as if nothing that she remembered had ever been; as if the memory of her marriage, of luxury, of comfort, were only a dream. To Virginia, going each morning to her work in the factory, returning each night to the cheap flat in which she lived with Fanny and Jimmy and the baby, sharing the expenses, there was no future and no past.**

**FANNY and Jimmy, bickering, quarreling, getting on each other's nerves. She could see the disintegration of the life they had been building up. And she felt, always, their reproach, seldom as they dared to put it into words. She was making them suffer poverty, discomfort! She—because she had left Stafford the morning after that unforgivable and deadly scene! They could not understand. How should they? How could she expect them to see that she had had to leave him just because she loved him, and had to tell him, and had now to stick to her word, that she would never go back unless he came for her, with his promise to stop drinking forever? Oh, if he had made that promise the next day—instead of trying to buy her off with another gift of jewels!** He had been sorry—oh, yes! Even ashamed—bitterly ashamed, she knew. But that had not been enough. He had not understood—or else, he had not loved her enough to meet the only terms she could impose. It didn't matter which. And now she had to go on, knowing how Jimmy and her sister felt. Dinner—as wretched, as unappetizet. (Concluded on page 111)
Rubye de Remer’s New Clothes, Designed

Some New Ideas About Dress
As outlined to Carolyn Van Wyck
By RUBYE DE REMER

I AM a very practical person. I have been told I don’t look it by artists who have painted my portrait, and I hope that is true. Nevertheless, underneath I have a sort of practical, school-ma’am way of looking at things.

And I believe that the best thing to be about clothes is practical.

I have absolutely no use for the woman who declares that she buys things she thinks she likes in a store, and when she gets them home finds they aren’t what she wanted at all. That is stupid and impractical and I should like to show women how to avoid it.

The secret is remaining young is never to wear an unbecoming hat. Nothing ages a woman like the feeling that her hat detracts from instead of enhancing her good looks. And nothing worries a woman so much, not even her husband, as the knowledge that there is something wrong about her clothes.

I truly love beautiful clothes. If I went to interview a producer and found that my gown had two buttons off, I know I shouldn’t make the least sort of an impression on him. Every woman’s morale depends upon her clothes.

Now there is only one way to insure against mistakes in dressing—both in selecting clothes and in wearing them. And that is to be practical and use good common sense about it.

I wouldn’t love the most beautiful dress ever designed if it wasn’t practical.

That is the reason I distinctly prefer American clothes to Paris models and why, though I just returned from the French capital, I have as many American made and designed things in my new wardrobe as I have Parisian things.

When you want to buy things for a new season, sit down quietly and decide what you need and what sort of things you want to fill that need. Go to see some of the new films in which stars, who spend fortunes and invaluable hours in selecting their garments, are appearing. If possible, go to see a star who is something of your own type. Get a pretty good idea of what you are going to have. That is the way to avoid buying things you don’t want. Then, either go to good shops or, what I believe is much more satisfactory, get good patterns and a good sewing woman, and have them executed in your own home. If you are clever enough along that line, you can make your own dresses.

Then you are sure of the value of what you have. It is certainly much more economical in every way.

Never select things that are easily torn, that are very difficult to put on, that have a lot of fancy trimmings or a

One of these Patterns Goes to You

ONE of the three charming frocks, especially designed by and for Rubye de Remer, the screen star, may be owned by you. You may have the pattern of any one of the three, and with the knowledge that you have a costume comparable to the smartest and most exclusive design conceived this season. Because Le Bon Ton Patterns are celebrated for their originality and good taste; and Miss de Remer is one of the celluloid celebrities who set fashion standards for all America. She has cooperated with PHOTOPLAY and Le Bon Ton in presenting to you one of these frocks.

Carolyn Van Wyck

Design 8
A one-piece dress especially designed for Miss de Remer of heavy sport crepe. The severely simple lines are smart and becoming to her youthful figure. The necessary materials and their costs are as follows:

31/2 yards sport crepe @ $3.00 $10.50
1 yard film lace @ 7.50 $7.50
Silver clasps about.................. $21.12

lot of buttons to come off,
or that are composed of a
number of different pieces to
put on.

The American woman is a
pretty busy person. I don’t
know a single woman in New
York or in California, the
two places where I spend
most of my time, or in my
home town of Denver, who
hasn’t interests outside of her
clothes. While we all have
the instinct to be well
dressed, in this country,
there are very few of us that
will spend hours over a toi-

lette or devote our chief mental and
physical energy to our personal
appearance. I have to do a lot of it, because
it’s my business, but at that I don’t pretend
to make a sacred rite of dressing, as
French women do.

Therefore, I say again, be practical
about your wardrobe. Get things that
are easy to put on, that don’t need a lot
of repairing every time you’ve worn
them, that continue to look attractive
after they’ve had some wear. I have a
more extensive lot of gowns than the
average woman. But except when I buy
a gown for a certain purpose, I always

Design 9
Miss de Remer’s long circular cape designed to be worn with one-piece dress. It can be obtained at a ridiculously small cost. It has no lining

41/2 yards sports crepe.......................... @ $3.00 $12.75
Silver clasp about.......................... $2.50

$15.25
by Le Bon Ton with Patterns for You

buy things that I know will continue to look nice after I've worn them a while.

I design a great many of my own gowns and have them made under my personal supervision. I find I get the best results that way. And I always take into consideration how they will hold up, how convenient they are to put on, for, except at the studio, I do not keep a personal maid.

I am personally very fond of one-piece dresses that slip on over the head, without hooks and eyes or buttons. I like capecoats that do not wrinkle your frocks. Being a blonde, I prefer dark colors, because I think they bring out my hair and skin. But color is always an absolutely personal matter. You must judge that for yourself.

There is one thing I want to say to all American women and girls.

Don't be hard on yourselves. Don't wear clothes, even though they make you look smart, that mar your sweet, feminine softness.

That is one thing I learned in Paris, and if we have a fault in fashions in this country it is in wearing and popularizing things that are chic but trying.

In getting your summer wardrobe, keep that in mind. Avoid severe lines. Avoid harsh effects. Avoid hard glaring colors and—this is my own personal taste, of course, but I believe I am right—avoid the masculine note.

Look smart, of course. But try to look sweet, soft.

Sport things are always the order of the day during the summer season. But in choosing them, keep the feminine note as much as possible.

I myself prefer dainty, soft things in summer to too much of the sport effect. For evening, I always prefer soft, lacy, delicate things to hard sequins, glistening bead effects and severely classic lines. And I must admit that for the average woman I prefer veiled effects to too much nudity.

The models I have chosen to give THE PLAY are things I really love, and I think they ought to be of great service to American women. Everyone of them is practical. Mostly they are my own ideas carried out by Le Bon Ton.

I hope you'll like 'em.

A charming dinner frock of flesh pink Corticelli Satin Patria uniquely draped with the front turned under in loops. The bead and floss embroidery on sash ends and across the front of blouse is also worked on the underbodice between the panel front and back. It totals but $21.75.

5½ yards Satin Patria @ $3.50 $19.25
Embroidery silk and beads 1.50
Extras will cost about 1.00

$21.75

Design 11

An afternoon model of figured foulard smartly trimmed with plain foulard. It favors a double surpliced bodice which terminates in sash ends at the left side and a skirt with a simple cascade drapery on the right lapping from the back. The approximate cost will be $22.00.

5 yards figured foulard @ $3.50 $17.50
4 yards plain foulard 3.00
Extras about 1.00

$22.00

Design 12

Plain and plaided gingham are used with effective results in building this model. The dress of plaided gingham is buttoned to the long front panel of white gingham and the scalloped edges are worked in an over and over stitch. Neck of panel is finished with a cross stitch embroidery. The materials can be bought for the very moderate sum given below:

4½ yards plaided gingham @ $1.00 $4.50
1 yard plain gingham 1.50
Buttons, embroidery silk and extras 1.50

$7.00

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Department of Fashions
25 West 45th Street
New York City, N. Y.

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

Name
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Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.
THIS is the seventh of one of the most unusual and talked-of series of satirical articles to appear in any American magazine. Not only is Mr. Wright recognized as one of the foremost satirists writing in English today, but Mr. Barton, who is illustrating this remarkable series, is America's greatest caricaturist. Next month these two famous humorists will collaborate on "The Theatrical Life in the Films."

By

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Decorations by

RALPH BARTON

SOME years ago an impassioned speculator and literatus inflamed the corpuscles of the Great American Common People with a series of lurid articles entitled "Frenzied Finance," in which he told astounding tales of Wall Street's goings-on, and set down fabulous descriptions of the practices and habits of the financiers themselves. But though he gave a new phrase to the language, his revelations were tame and commonplace in comparison with the business life which is presented to us nightly in the dramas of the screen.

Let us look first at the stock market of the films. It not seldom happens that the fate of Wall Street depends, in large measure, on whether or not an earnest and virginal young man with polished hair, arched eyebrows, and a skin-tight suit with slanting pockets and peaked lapels, can land some sort of a contract or other. The entire financial district awaits the result with bated breath and popping eyes. The curb is a howling pandemonium; prices have collapsed; panic reigns; and at least six capitalists are about to blow their brains out. If the young man puts the deal across, the market will pull together and go on. But if not! . . . Well, the bottom will just simply fall out of everything.

Moreover, almost any handsome young man, if he is honorable and pure, and really sets his mind to it, can completely outwit and ignominiously ruin an entire Camorra of old experienced Wall Street magnates.

Luckily these youths do not often invade the financial district. As a general rule, in the films, the stock market is completely controlled by a middle-aged gentleman with a square jaw, who tries to look like Tarzan of the Apes. Single-handed, he can wreck the works, and bring the entire financial structure of the country crashing down about the heads of his enemies. And he often does it, just to get even with somebody against whom he has a grudge. He merely calls up his broker on the telephone, speaks a few words out of the corner of his mouth—and, in five minutes, the entire Street is tottering.

And this brings up another curious point in the financial life of the screen. All millionaires habitually arrange their affairs so that it is possible for them to be wiped out clean in half an hour—so clean, in fact, that their old family servants are inspired to come forward and proffer them their meagre savings.

MOREOVER, despite the fact that they are always thus on the brink of ruin, and liable at any moment to have to face disaster, the shock of any catastrophe inevitably bowls them over. They all suffer from some serious cardiac disturbance; for whenever they get bad news over the ticker, they immediately have a stroke, as of acute apoplexy. Their chins sag; their eyes dilate; and they clutch at their breasts, sway back and forth, and then collapse on the floor, all tangled up in the tape.

Before passing on to the more general aspects of business life as depicted on the screen, attention should be called to the fact that all dishonest Wall Street plotters sooner or later come to grief. Virtue and honesty always triumph—one of the reasons being, no doubt, that all financial schemes of a criminal nature are invariably concocted and arranged over a telephone with a switchboard, so that the beautiful and chaste young daughter of the intended victim—enacting the rôle of...
Life in the Films

substitute operator—can not only listen in and thwart the nefarious plans against her unsuspecting father, but incidentally collect sufficient evidence to send the would-be perpetrators to the bastille.

Business men and financiers of the screen possess many peculiar traits and idiosyncrasies. Their eyebrows are always shaggy, and there are always gray tufts above their ears. Courtesy and geniality are antipodal to their natures. They are at all times gruff and aggressive, and wear mean, bellicose expressions. When they talk they roll a large cigar viciously about in the corner of their mouths, and thrust their jaws forward in menacing fashion. Moreover, they gesticulate angrily, pound the desk with their fists, and constantly shake their fore-fingers threateningly under the noses of their listeners.

Another thing: they apparently have a deep and ineradicable suspicion of banking houses; for they always keep their money at home in the library in a circular wall safe, where any burglar can get to it with but slight difficulty. And this suspicion of the banks would seem to extend to the storage vaults, as well; for no business man or financier ever puts his important papers, or his bonds and stock certificates, in a safe-deposit box. Instead, he keeps them in his desk drawer at his private office. And, because of this eccentricity, he is nearly always robbed by someone who, posing as a customer, picks the drawer open with a pen knife or hair-pin when his back is momentarily turned.

Another invariable practice of the motion-picture business man is that of keeping a long, pointed, double-edged, highly sharpened, stiletto-like paper-cutter on his desk, so that any enemy or professional burglar will have a convenient and efficient weapon at hand with which to stab him. And it is nothing short of amazing how many commercial magnates are translated into the Beyond by this means.

Then there is the peculiarity possessed by every wealthy financier in his manner of employing help. No matter how crooked he may be, or how urgent his needs for caution and secrecy, he will engage a new stenographer without giving her a try-out or even asking her for references. The young lady simply walks into his inner private office, states her mission, and is accepted on the spot. The next minute he is turning over to her his confidential correspondence and making her privy to all his illegal and nefarious schemes.

Thus the daughter of the niece of one of his former victims, who is now in the Poor House, works herself in as a spy, checkmates all his dastardly plots, and gathers sufficient evidence to bring him, humbled and chastened, to the bar of justice.

The wives of all wealthy and successful business men of the screen are shallow, brainless, extravagant creatures, who live only for social diversions, and who spend their entire time buying new gowns and giving soirées and costume balls. They know nothing whatever of business matters, and when the financial crash comes and they are in- (Concluded on page 91)
The possibility of producing the Life of Christ in motion pictures was being discussed at a tea.

There were some doubts expressed as to whether there was an actor who could play the Christ.

"Or one who would," interposed Madge Kennedy dolefully. "I know a very capable actor who was offered the chance to play Lincoln in a picture based on the Life of Lincoln.

"'Play Lincoln?' said the actor. 'I should say not! Not with that ending.'"

Did you know that D. W. Griffith predicted Rodolph Valentino's success several years ago? Valentino was playing a villain's part in a picture with Dorothy Gish.

Turning to a man who was standing on the set at the time, Mr. Griffith said:

"There is a boy who is going to be a great idol some day, if fortune is kind to him."

While Ruby de Reiner was motoring through Europe she stopped at a small German inn for lunch. The little red-headed girl who waited on the table was so eager to please and so obvious in her admiration of the unusual guests that she attracted Miss de Reiner's attention.

"She was so cute and so desirous of pleasing us that I gave her a good tip," explains Miss de Reiner.

It was such a tip as an American waiter would accept as his due and say nothing. But translated into German marks it was quite a munificent sum. The little girl regarded it for a moment, then handed it back to Miss de Reiner with a curtsy.

"You have made a mistake, madame," said she. "You have given me too much."

For a moment Miss de Reiner was dumfounded. She believed that her knowledge of the German language had suddenly failed her and she was not hearing aright. She asked the child to repeat.

"You have made a mistake, madame. You gave me—see!—too much!"

Miss de Reiner hastily thrust her hand into her purse and bringing forth its entire contents in silver forced them into the girl's hand.

"And the poor little thing wept," says Ruby. "She said it was more than she made in a whole year."

"Yes," interrupts Teddy Sampson, who was in the party, "and Ruby wept, too!"

Frances Marion, between scenarios for which she receives sums amounting to a pretty penny, has found time to turn out several plays. No—nothing to do with films. But the celebrated scenario writer is branching out, and her new literary efforts are along widely different lines than the Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge screen stories she has done. One one-act play from her trusty typewriter is a little masterpiece, according to those who've been fortunate enough to get to read it. It will soon be produced, with two other one-act plays by her, by an artistic group which has done most of the worth-while theatrical things of Manhattan. Besides the plays there's a book in the process of construction, and a few other little things. And in spite of all this work, Frances Marion continues to look as beautiful as the stars she writes for.

Did you see that kid with the black bobbed hair and the white hair-ribbon in the country drug store show scenes of "Polly of the Follies"? She was the prettiest little girl in the audience which watches Connie Talmadge as Polly cavort in her impromptu play. Anita Loos played an extra just for fun and to see how she would photograph. She has no intention of becoming an actress instead of a writer.

Engaged? Although they're still playing flapper and juvenile respectively in real life as well as films, Margorie Daw and Johnny Harron are old enough to have made up their minds they're in love.

As a tropical lovesee, Corinne Griffith has few equals. She didn't have to play in a story of South Sea locale to prove that.

If you keep up with these more about film folks than

By CAL.
Players

columns you will know
they know themselves

YORK

I t looks as though Jack Pickford had won Marilyn Miller, the Ziegfeld star of "Sally," and that they would be married this summer. Anyhow, George Stewart, the debonair brother of Anita Stewart, who was also an ardent courter at Marilyn's court, has withdrawn from the field to devote himself to his art. He will star in Christie comedies.

In New York, at the recent Sixty Club Ball, which attracted all the stars of the cast, Jack Pickford escorted Miss Miller to the royal box, where she was presented to King Doug, Queen Mary, and Dowager Charlotte.

A FEW years ago, when the motion picture industry had more pompous prelates than it has today, a certain director was expostulating with a certain producer about a picture. The producer demanded that the director make radical changes in his plans. The director became vehement in the argument and blasphemed slightly.

"My young man!" shouted the producer, aghast. "Do you realize to whom you are talking? Do you realize that you are speaking to the man who made the greatest picture ever filmed, the man who made more good pictures than Griffith, the man who has made more stars and directors than anybody in the business?"

The producer was purple with outraged dignity.

"I can't help it," said the director meekly. "I would say the same things to the Lord himself."

The producer gave a moment of solemn thought to the reply, then said:

"Well, I guess that's fair enough."

HEDDA HOPPER, the presiding genius of the Algonquin dining room, the idol of the literary lights who congregate there, and an all-round, one-hundred-percent human being—plays a part in the popular stage comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," which features Ernest Truex. She lends her aristocratic presence to several scenes, uttering a few pleasant or poignant lines, and then is seen no more.

The other day the lovely Hedda was presented to an elderly lady from up-State who had seen the play and admired Mrs. Hopper. The lady looked at Hedda adoringly, then remarked embarrassedly:

"I liked your play, I must say; and I liked you—always have. But Mrs. Hopper—I'd like to ask you something. In your last scene there—why don't you enter into the conversation more?"

IT is one of the curses of fame that every few months you are reported deceased.

Charles Whittaker, the famous playwright and scenarist, has several times been obliged personally to deny the reports of his death. The latest rumor circulated several months ago, when an assistant director of almost similar name but different spelling died suddenly in California.

Mr. Whittaker, in denying this newest report, said:

"Even amongst those who are aware that I am in the flesh, I am constantly under the necessity of vociferously asserting my own existence or else get shouted down, but it's too bad to have my friends rejoicing and my enemies deploiting an unjustified demise,—why, David Powell, upon arriving from England, was staggered to realize I am still on this oblate spheroid."

This expression may serve to explain why it is that Mr. Whittaker, in spite of the awe-inspiring and academic initials which belong after his name, and his literary prowess, is often called by his friends "Charlie."

AND speaking of queer kinds of rumors, John Barrymore at a party not long ago spent the whole evening talking about his baby boy.

(Continued on page 74)

Every kid wants to ride a fire engine. One of Jackie Coogan's ambitions was realized in San Francisco recently when most of the fire department met him at the station on his arrival. After all, being a actor has its compensations. Jackie admits it's the life for him.

Mrs. Anna Townsend celebrated her seventy-third birthday by playing Harold Lloyd's grandmother in his new comedy. She's been appearing in pictures without her daughter's consent.

Our old friend and comrade, Robinson Crusoe, come to life—celluloid life, at any rate. He is played by Harry Myers.
IT is good to see Ethel Clayton in a picture that is worthy of her efforts. An actress of unquestioned ability, she has lately devoted herself to films of patently inferior quality. But she scores emphatically in “For the Defense.” It is a vivid melodrama, describing the adventures of a young prima donna who is victimized by a sinister Hindu hypnotist. She falls under his spell, as many other women have done before her, and is only saved from an unspeakable fate when one of the hypnotist’s former inamoratas steps in and punctures him.

Use is made in one place in the story of a cubic Caligari setting, in order to convey the impression of the heroine's hypnotic dream. This is remarkably effective, and serves to heighten the dramatic interest considerably. In fact, everything in the picture is well done, and Paul Powell, who directed it, deserves a resounding salvo of cheers for his work on this production. He has not missed a single trick. Moreover, he has assembled an excellent and appropriate cast to carry out the idea.

REMINISCENT of a gorgeous valentine,—one of those ornate lace-and-celluloid creations that remained in the drug-store window year after year because no one in town had enough money to buy it.

The subtitles are tinted and adorned with love birds on a twig, roses dropping their petals, a lily and a Bible,—everything but the clasped hands and the gate ajar.

The photography is thrilling. Charles Rosher, camera painter, is the co-star of the show. He creates shimmering splendors and then again quaint pastoral scenes as charming as a Watteau.

The story would have been clarified and tremendously increased in dramatic power had it commenced at the beginning and smiled steadily through. As it is, there is some confusion and diffused interest. Yet it holds more real feeling than most of its contemporaries and its enchanting beauty lifts it among the peers of the season.

Norma Talmadge seems a little to be playing in a flapper key. There’s not so much of that wistfulness and depth of feeling that she once displayed. She reminds us here of a lovely French doll with adroit and pretty surface emotions. Delectable, but a doll. Toward the end of the picture however, she delivered some tender moments that brought real tears from the spectators of the Ritz ball-room where the picture was previewed. And it requires rare acting ability to bring tears into the Ritz.

Harrison Ford is here; and with him as a vis-a-vis Miss Talmadge is at her finest. You will find that this is one of Norma’s best numbers, pictorially a Kohinoor.

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount

SMILIN’ THROUGH—First National

COME ON OVER—Goldwyn

Rupert Hughes goes to Ireland, this time, for his inspiration and brings back with him a little story of pathos and laughter.

Colleen Moore plays the part of Moyna, a young Irish girl who is waiting for her lover to “send for her out” —which, translated, means come across with transportation and a wedding ring. But the lover, Ralph Graves, finds many an obstacle in his path. One of the most insurmountable obstacles is his inability to keep a job, the other is a blonde modiste with a Fifth Avenue address. And so Moyna waits until, weary of waiting, she decides to take the journey on her own. The complications that ensue go to make up a picture that is one hundred percent family stuff!
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

SMILIN' THROUGH
THE LOVES OF PHARAOH
FOR THE DEFENSE
A DOLL'S HOUSE
COME ON OVER
POLLY OF THE FOLLIES

THE LOVES OF PHARAOH—Paramount

PROF. ERNST LUBITSCH is the great humanizer of history.

He was undeniably successful in applying the quickening touch to Louis of France and Henry VIII of England. But we feel that he went a little beyond his depth in attempting to excavate Egypt from the sands of 1,000 B.C.

It is pretty hard to put life in a mummy, and Lubitsch was unfortunate in selecting a Pharaoh who insisted upon shaving his head until it resembled a poultry product. At times he seems not so much a king of Egypt as a king of the dairy products combine. However, that impression may be overlooked in the real power of the performance.

Although Herr Lubitsch failed to generate the regular blood pressure in his characters he came as close to it as anyone could with mummies who were such freak dressers. His spectacular moments are gorgeous. The scene of the slaves working in the quarries resembles a hill swarming with ants. In a flash it suggests the panorama of man.

The film is a magnificent, dazzling orgy of splendors. And therein is its failing; the spectacle dims the individual. Dagney Servaes, the heroine, has a pure Greek profile and acts with distinction, but she is no Pola Negri. Emil Jannings as the Pharaoh is expert and effective in spite of his eccentric haircut. Henry Liedtke, called "the Wally Reid of Germany," is sometimes florid; but when he is content just to smile genially he does bear an amazing likeness to our native Apollo.

By all means see this, if only to exclaim that even the mighty Lubitsch is not always at his holy best.

A DOLL'S HOUSE—United Artists

A MENTAL masterpiece. The emotions are not called upon for such great exertions as is customary in the cinema. The spectator is asked to use his imagination and his mind.

By sticking as closely as adhesive plaster to Ibsen's original, Madame Nazimova has seen to it that none of the vitality has been lost. It is a literal translation. The atmosphere is not Hollywoodian; it is Norwegian. The very pictures on the walls are true to type. The sets are absolutely faithful. The acting is magnificent.

The story is a little bit old-fashioned in these days when nearly every wife enjoys the privilege of living her own life. But it will be preserved as a perfect record of its period and personality. The Russian star, usually eccentric, curbs her Camille tendencies, and as Nora, one of the drama's most absorbing women, really acts. Or rather, thinks. At times she is over expressive. Charles Bryant is a truly good director; he knows the value of restraint and uses it. If this film is any indication of her state of mind, Madame Bryant is regaining her artistic balance and her next celluloid should restore her to her first high histrionic standard.

POLLY OF THE FOLLIES—First National

THIS is one of the most uproarious comedies that has ever been permitted to roam about wild on the proscenium surface of the silver screen. It is absolutely crazy—making practically no sense at any given point—but it is gorgeously funny, for all that. The story is a vague affair about a little slavey in the drug store of a blue-nose town, who scandalizes the folks by running away and joining the Ziegfeld Midnight Follies. Needless to say, she is an instantaneous hit, not only with the suave Mr. Ziegfeld, but with a handsome young millionaire.

Constance Talmadge is at her best as the latest Emerson-Loos heroine and you know what Connie's best is.
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION—Paramount

Wallie Reid, as the middle-weight champion of the world, gets the money, the girl and the social position. He also foils the villain—who isn't a bad sort, though fat. The picture is extremely well directed and cast. Splendid entertainment, of the cleanest sort, for the whole family. Lois Wilson plays the titled heroine with charm and a real ability. She is worth watching.

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD—Goldwyn

This picture should be popular, if only for the fact that nearly everybody has day-dreamed about the finding of buried treasure. Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Rosemary Theby—with a Chinese chorus. And some most convincing villains! If you hate adventure, don't see it. By Gouverneur Morris with all of the thrills that made his first stories famous. A clean plot.

THE LEATHER PUSHERS—Universal-Jewel-Colliers

If the last nine instnals are up to the standard of the first three, Universal will have made a real super-serial. H. C. Witwer's stories have lost nothing in the filming, and the prize-fights in each episode are packed with real, and convincing, thrills. Reginald Denny is the hero and Harry Pollard the director. And the cast is up to standard in every way. Follow this—by all means!

THE DEUCE OF SPADES—First National

Charles Ray in a typical rôle—that of the "from Boston" owner of a lunch room in a tough Montana town. Although the action drags, in spots, the comedy is good and the sub-titles are really clever. And the cast, as a whole, could scarcely be improved upon. A family film—in the Ivory soap class! In other words—the best sort of wholesome entertainment for young and old.

WILD HONEY—Universal

And oh, how wild it was! Priscilla Dean, lots of scenery, Robert Ellis, and both the Beerys thrown away to make a Universal holiday. As dull an evening's entertainment as you can find anywhere, up until the last few reels, when an ice jam is introduced to send you away with a shiver. What a waste—this star was once one of the most promising persons in pictures.

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT—Zeidman

Glycerine tears are all right when kept in their place. A drop now and then never did any harm. But when they are allowed to flow in the same volume as Niagara Falls, there is reason for protest. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" empties all the glycerine glands in existence. And it is a stupid, trashy film.
Two New Polishes—just perfected

Entirely new formulas—a quicker, higher brilliance—that lasts

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

NOW, at last, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it.

The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth—the unpleasantly gritty quality that is so characteristic of powder polishes having been entirely overcome. And it has a "body" and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully.

In the new Liquid Polish we have one that is entirely free from the objections to all former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster—just like the inside of a sea-shell. It requires no buffing, of course, and it will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish, taking one nail at a time, and wipe it off quickly before it dries. This will leave the nail clean and ready for the new application. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last just three times as long. The Powder Polish is 35c a box and the Liquid Polish is 35c a bottle.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately, at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Send 5c today for samples of these two new polishes

We want you to try these two new polishes without delay. Fill out this coupon and mail it to us with five cents in coin or postage to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send you samples of both. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York. Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 705, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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MISTRESS OF THE WORLD—Paramount

If a picture's merit were measured by its size, this German production would be too good to be true. It is twenty reels long, and consequently has to be issued in serial form (five reels at a time).

The title rôle is played by Mia May, a German star of ample proportions. There are tremendous scenes, and vast crowds. But—what is it all about?

THE SHEIK'S WIFE—Vitagraph

A drama of the great desert where there ain't no votes for women and a man may raise anything that he wants to—including a thirst! The story proves that two races can't mix—matrimonially speaking. And then a happy ending is dragged in and the point of the whole thing is lost. Splendid photography and lighting and some good bits of acting. An importation from the French.

A DANGEROUS LITTLE DEMON—Universal

Marie Prevost as an ultra-modern flapper—in frocks that are too short, now-a-days, to be fashionable. She endures an arrest, a business failure, and an engagement with a very good young man. And still manages to come up smiling at the end, all ready to marry another young man who is not so good! Light, but entertaining, with a laugh or two for good measure.

LOVE'S BOOMERANG—Paramount

This is a beautiful production, marked with John S. Robertson's usual artistry, but rather lacking in dramatic value. The interest is buoyed up periodically, and then allowed to drop. There are many fine scenes, taken in England and France, and there is some good acting by lovely Ann Forrest, David Powell, and Geoffrey Kerr. Robertson should do another Barrie story.

THE CRADLE BUSTER—Warren

This is a simple, unpretentious little picture, with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle. It is amusing in a quiet, Tarkingtonian way, and works up to an exceedingly effective climax. Frank Tuttle, who wrote and directed it, reveals himself as a producer of great intelligence. Besides Mr. Hunter, the cast includes Marguerite Courtot and Osgood Perkins.

WOMAN'S SIDE—First National

This is too tragic to be funny. It looks as if a band of earnest amateurs had got together and decided to make a picture. The theme, politics, with all the old tricks. Even the tender-hearted would have to work overtime to find an excuse for this. Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, but you can't spend two hours exclaiming over the fact.  

(Concluded on page 94)
Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of the North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from The North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells what these tests showed them about washing blankets and why they enthusiastically recommend Lux.

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of launderings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woolens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,

J. C. Russell
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.

Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S.3, Cambridge, Mass.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay MAGAZINE.
How To Do It

The secret is revealed for the first time by “the Mansfield of the Screen”

By HERBERT HOWE

I REALIZE that this is a daring and sensational thing which I undertake. It may get me in bad with other members of my profession less generous than myself. My disclosure may be declared unethical; I may be accused of breach of faith toward my art; this magazine may be denounced for permitting revelations so startling as to shake a stable foundation its very foundations.

For the first time in any publication the secret will be revealed, namely—

How to make good in the movies.

I realize full well the seriousness of the task which your editor has imposed upon me. And you will perhaps realize the sacrifice I am making in telling you how to do it.

Thoughtless of self and the price I have paid, I will endeavor to reveal my own experiences in attaining what some critics have been kind enough to call the supreme pinnacle of pantomimic perfection.

From the top of the ladder, if I may be so bold as to say the top, I look back over the long, long trail of hardships and harrowing ignominies through which I stumbled to my present position as—again I quote—“The Mansfield of the Screen.”

In showing you how I do it—that is, how to make good in the movies—it will be impossible to avoid casual reference to myself. Much as I despise egotism, for which, as one kindly interviewer put it, I stand in a place by myself, I must in the interests of your welfare use the personal pronoun occasionally.

As a child I showed marked signs of artistic temperament. I played the mouth organ un instructed, drew striking likenesses of people on the sidewalk, caught on wagons, and shot craps. But my parents objected to a movie career. Needless to say, they are now quite won over and enjoy my weekly letters with inclosures.

My first stage experience was “The Wreck of the Hesperis,” which I recited at the Fall Fair and Festival of Minnehaha county. This led to my engagement as choir boy in the leading church of the village, where my strong, resonant voice soon caused me to be transferred to operating the bellows of the organ.

It was but a step from this to ushering and cleaning out the local opera house, where I came in close contact with such artists as Corse Payton, Grace Hayward, and Anna Eva Fay. Every night I studied the work of these artists, hanging on their every word.

Soon I knew every word of “St. Elmo” by heart. I became the favorite subject of hypnotists, and now and then was picked out from the other usher to play a part.

My first regular stage experience was that of a toreador in “Carmen,” a somewhat difficult role to get over because all the action transpired off stage.

Finally I determined to set out for New York to play under the direction of David Belasco. Mr. Belasco was out when I arrived. This was a fortunate circumstance, although I did not know it at the time. His personal representative in the outer office urged me to come back, but I was determined to wait on no one but find my niche at once.

Belasco being out, I went to Childs, where I secured an instant engagement. My first Broadway appearance was thus made as the Griddle Cake Man. This gave me the poise I so badly needed. And let me say here that anything which takes you before the public is training you for a career in acting.

One day a famous movie director noted me and was instantly struck by my gestures. He asked me if I had studied Delarte. I told him no.

“You are very handsome,” he said. I blushed and slipped him a cake.

“You would photograph like a young Adonis,” he said. I slipped him two cakes.

“With a little training you could become another Will Rogers.” I slipped him the griddle.

He left me a card on which he scribbled his address. Although I was new to New York I sought until I found the address. It was just off the end of the Twenty-Third street pier. I asked an uncouth sailor if he had seen a movie studio around there. He looked at me and with a leer said, “Give me a shot of it.”

I learned that there were studios across the river a few hundred blocks further up, so I decided the gentleman had made a mistake. I trudged the entire distance and worked my way on the ferry which conveys actors across to Ft. Lee.

(Continued on page 69)
Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn’t get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 5000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal-card request. Just say “Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo” and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-279.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
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The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario
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PALMOLIVE
SHAMPOO
The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

New size, price 50 cents
Now Ready!

Goodrich "55"
CLINCHER FABRIC TIRE
The NEW 30 x 3½ for $10.90

Here is a real tire of real quality, at a price most remarkably low. It has everything that you demand—construction, appearance, long life, low price.

It’s a GOODRICH—Great Value!
Made with all the skill of Goodrich, of high-grade quality throughout and perfected with its scientifically constructed, anti-skid tread of thick, tough, specially-compounded rubber.

Ask your dealer to show you this remarkable tire. Remember the name—Goodrich "55"—price $10.90. Also made in 30 x 3 size.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio
MAKERS OF THE SILVERTOWN CORD

Goodrich "55"
The Tire for Small Cars

—Goodrich Tires give longest service with Goodrich Tubes

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
There I found some studios. No one knew my kind friend, however, and there was a sign which said "No Casting." Nevertheless, I went to the studio every day and asked for my friend and for work. Finally the casting director said:

"Oh, go to Hollywood," or words to that effect.

Hungry, penniless, my watch gone, my cuff links gone, my shoe leather going, I went.

"How?" you ask.

To him who will there is a way. Always hold that thought in mind. Keep saying it over and over to yourself. Eventually you will attract attention. The elect know no failure.

I will pass lightly over the method in which I procured money for transportation. Money is a thing which some procure one way and some another. Only remember this: never do anything which is likely to come out later and hurt your following with the fans.

And so I reached Hollywood, that great fairyland where dreams come to—thanks to Mack Sennett.

I immediately started visiting the studios.

Possessed of an imposing physique, due to early ploughing on the Dakota prairies, and a rhythmic grace, due to the Childs' endeavor, I had the advantage, perhaps, of many who go to Hollywood. But the gateomen whom I interviewed little suspected the stunts of which I was capable or the chest expansion under the tattered flannel shirt.

Soon I was again penniless, home-sick, foot-sore, hungry, unshaven, and almost incoherent—but always well-mannered. I had parted with everything but my integrity and appendix, and I couldn't afford to part with that.

I became a bit discontented, but never disheartened.

It was now four years since I had left my home for success in the realm of Art.

Finally I got a letter of recommendation from the man who conducted the Choosy Chow lunch room, for whom I had formed certain services. It was addressed to a casting director, who had owed the Choosy Chow for meals for several years. I took it to the casting director. He glanced at it then glanced at me and exclaimed characteristic—

"What! Another rotten old dun?"

When he saw what it was he became more genial. He looked at me intently, studied my profile in different lights, inspected my teeth, looked at my tongue, and then struck me so violently on the chest I nearly bit it off. I seemed to please him, for he smiled and gave me a card to fill out.

The questions were:


To all of which I answered, "With a little training I could."

The casting director seemed impressed. He said that they had all the stars they could use at present but if I came back later, or left my telephone number, I would get something eventually. As I thought it would take me longer to get me by telephone than to come back, I came back. I came back every day for three years.

At the end of the seventh year my great chance came. The casting director told me to report the next day for a big ballroom scene in a super-special-spectacle de luxe.

I APPEARED early, carefully dressed in tan shoes, checked trousers, pink shirt, blue collar, red necktie and felt hat caught up on one side with a Roosevelt button. I had been studying harmony in dress from Tom Mix.

When I arrived before the casting director he demanded that I wear dinner clothes.

"But these are my dinner clothes," I said.

"I mean evening dress," he bellowed.

"These also," I said.

He swore. I tried to get through the gate. He knocked me down. I got up and smiled at him.

"I can take hard knocks," I said. "I'll make good yet."

This impressed him. He kicked me out of the studio.

Such are the little disappointments one has to expect in the movies. To make matters short, at the end of ten years I met a director in a café and told him I wanted to work.

He said I couldn't expect to make a living right at the outset, not for six or eight years more at least.

I said:

"I don't expect to, but I'm game to stick."

Seeing the stuff I was made of he told me to come around the next day.

"What wardrobe shall I wear?" I asked, trembling in every limb for fear he would want evening clothes. But he didn't seem to be a slave to convention.

"Nothing at all," he said.

"Nothing?" I stammered, a trifle uncertain, yet joyful in the realization that I could qualify.

"Your part will be that of a cannibal," he explained, "in Miss Razehell's new production, 'Take It or Leave It.'"

"I'll take it," I said.

In the morning I debated whether to undress for my part at home or at the studio. I finally (Continued on page 98)

"I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him on the head"
From Coast to Coast
Conn Music Fills the Air

HEAR THESE RADIO CONCERTS

WHEREVER you live you may now enjoy the music of America's most popular orchestras and renowned soloists by Radiophone.

C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest manufacturer of high grade band and orchestra instruments, has arranged a series of programs, broadcasted from New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. Each may be heard within a radius of 1,500 miles.

Watch for local announcement of dates. Tune your instrument to the nearest station. Invite your friends. Enjoy with them, the solos of great artists. Dance to music that carries you along on the crest of its irresistible, peremptory rhythm.

Conn dealers in most cities entertain at these concerts. Look for your dealer's invitation in the papers. He wants you as his guest, particularly if you have no Radiophone.

Another striking evidence of Conn Leadership—a Leadership acknowledged by the world's great artists. Their appreciation of Conn instruments is reflected in the enthusiasm with which they are co-operating in these concerts.

Beauty and clarity of tone, as well as mechanical perfection in Conn instruments, make them the choice of the world's most famous players.

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Watch for date of second series of concerts broadcasted from:

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Fairmont Hotel Radiophone Broadcasting Station KDFN Mr. E. F. Johnson, operator. Wave length 390 meters. Concert 8:00 to 9:00 P. M., Pacific Coast Time.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
VERNA.—How life the spring! How I can sit here calmly and answer questions about films, with the sun shining on the reddish gold hair of my stenographer, and the warm wind wafting itself through the open window—naturally—and the beautiful dull bricks of the opposite office building being shown up by the beautiful blue sky—it is almost too much—it is almost too much. I honestly don't see how I do it. Oh, I may get a slight vacation. I may take a Sunday off, in August and go down to the beach. That is, I hope to. I am a simple fellow, with conservative tastes, yet I confess to a fondness for hot dogs and sandals and salt water in August. It's my peculiarity. What? Oh, yes—Alice Joyce has retired from the screen for good, it seems. Vitagraph knows her no more. She married James Regan, Jr.

Here's Real Scandal

DURING the investigations in the Taylor studio, it was learned that each day the sensational newspaper headlines would come out with fresh clues and scandals only to cast them aside the very following day for new ones, a certain noted motion picture star was approached by reporters of a Los Angeles daily with an interesting proposition. They wanted him to "disappear" over the Mexican border so that the paper might run a sensational story fixing the guilt temporarily upon him. Of course, they said, he could return immediately and be cleared by an alibi. The idea behind the proposition was that the star would get a lot of front page publicity and the newspaper would get a corkscrew new yarn to excite the fans—and, consequently, sell the paper. But they picked on the wrong star. The gentleman they chose—we will call him Mr. M.—hurled the reporters out of the room. Another paper got wind of the stunt and attempted to interview Mr. M., but he refused on the ground that too much sensational stuff had been woven about the unfortunate tragedy. We recite this episode to show the lengths toward which certain papers went in an attempt to vify the motion picture industry and its people. There are probably other instances which have not come to light.

Edward F.—There, there! I didn't mean to offend you. What have I done, what have I done? With the best of intentions, as usual, I have made you mad. The only reason that I can see is that I said I had a red-headed typist—and you don't like red hair. However—that is Joseph Schenck's real name.

Beatrice B. K., New York City.—After telling me all about the grand spaghetti and lemon meringue pie you can make, you say, I await with bated breath an invitation to dinner, or at least a promised hamper of goodies—just like the girls always get in the boarding school books at Thanksgiving time. "And while you are sweltering in your small bedroom, remember I am waiting impatiently for information about Lowell Sherman." Well, Lowell's most recent picture was "Grand Larceny" for Goldwyn—a fetching title, isn't it?

Barbara.—Oh, come, come! You are putting me in the mental class of the Bella Cools people. Have you, or Robert Benchley, ever heard of the Bella Cooks-ists? I'm sure you would both love them. They were, and are still, I believe, heathenish red-skinned people who worshipped the One-Who-Must-Be-Worshipped—the Sun. But they were a trifle crude, for all that. Yet you expect me to be up to date on Ralph Graves' matrimonial status. As it happens, I am versatile. Ralph is married to Marjorie Seaman. He was the older, Charles Mack the younger, brother in "Dream Street." Carol Dempster is about twenty.

HeLEN.—Thank heaven you are a dear sweet child, and believe in letting who will be clever. And a lot of them will. Or make an awful effort. You say you have become spoiled because you can't get along without Photoplay (note to Editor: Helen added, "and in particular the Answer Department") and that you are going to subscribe to it until you die. Betty Compson's first emotion was done with the aid of a violin she played herself—in vaudeville. She was with the Christie comedies before George Loane Tucker's "Miracle Man" made her famous. Now she is a Paramount star. Charles Ray in "The Barroom Stormer," "Gas, Oil and Water," and "The Deuce of Spades."
Paul B., Oklahoma.—So you spoke to Bill Hart! May I shake your hand? Yes, I know Winifred; she's a splendid girl and Bill is a lucky man. His latest picture to be released by Paramount is "Travelin' On." Mrs. Hart is not making any films at present.

Eleanor.—Thanks for typewriting your letter with so much trouble to yourself. It was awfully good of you. I like you for it, and wish I could send you a dozen autographed photographs of Wanda Hawley. But I don't know just what the blonde's future film plans are, now that Realart is no more. She is the wife of J. Burton Hawley, an automobile man of Los Angeles, Cal. Antonio Moreno is making features now, still for Vitagraph. I wish with you they would give him better stories. See "Secret of the Hills" if you want to see Moreno in six reels.

Another Alice.—If you have a cook who's been with you for ten years you're the luckiest woman in the world. Most cooks are against their mistresses from the start. No wonder you have plenty of time to go shopping for amusement. Harrison Ford appeared in "The Passion Flower" and "Smilin' Through," with Norma Talmadge; and "Wedding Bells" with Constance Talmadge. Richard Barthelmess has been in "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" for D. W. Griffith; and since his stardom by Inspiration Pictures (First National) he has made "To'able David," "The Seventh Day" (the fictionization of this appears in this issue of Photoplay), and is now working on "Sonny," from George V. Hobart's play. I consider "To'able David" one of the greatest pictures ever made; and think young Mr. Barthelmess has won a long-deserved success. Everybody who knows this boy likes him.

W. A. E., Fremont, Neb.—You are the pianist in a picture house and the cue-sheet said to play a waltz in the ball room scene of "The House that Jazz Built," and you played a waltz and the manager told you to play a one-step! The cue-sheet was undoubtedly correct. That's what a cue-sheet is for. (For the benefit of those who came in late: a cue-sheet is supplied with every picture to indicate what music to play during the screening.)

Mavis.—Kay Laurell is starring in a vaudeville sketch called "The Naughty Wife." Her last film was "Lonely Heart," the story of an Indian girl. Kay is very blonde and very beautiful. I don't know what her plans for pictures are, if any.

Just Billie.—Your other questions were answered by mail. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; she has no children. Priscilla Dean was born in New York; she is of New England parentage, although you might not think it of the fiery film Priscilla Jane and Katherine Lee are in Keith vaudeville.

Jerry.—You wish that actor was a star! He probably wishes so, too. But the trend seems to be towards de-stardom nowadays. Edward Burns in "To Please One Woman," for Lois Weber, and "Fifty Candles," with Marjorie Daw, for Holkinson. You are really quite welcome, and invited to come again any time. A tol.

Mildred W., Phoenix, Arizona.—I should like nothing better than to grant your wishes: namely, to know Mary Pickford to grow up to act like her. For an eleven-year-old you have excellent taste. Here's the cast of "Pollyanna": Pollyanna . . . . Mary Pickford; her father . . . . . . . Wharton James; Aunt Polly . . . . Katherine Griffith; John Pendleton . . . . William Courteney; Dr. Chilton . . . . Herbert Prior; Nancy . . . . . . . Helen Eddy; Tom . . . . . . . George Barrell; Jimmy Dean . . . . Howard Ralston.

(Continued on page 89)

This is the finest collection of guns outside of a museum in America. The gun in his hand belonged to Kit Carson and was presented to Bill by the State of Nebraska. Two guns in the collection belonged to the James brothers. The rest were the property of famous Western heroes, "Bad Men." Some have six "notches" in them—a notch for every man killed. They also include examples of the best known models for the past fifty years.

The saddle was presented to Bill by his cowboys, and is the finest example of Spanish workmanship ever constructed. Mrs. Hart seems to be registering extreme interest.
Safe-Efficient

Just one set of teeth, to last the rest of your life. Is it sensible to experiment with them by using gritty, druggy dentifrices that claim to do things that only strong chemicals can do?

The reason why more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice is that Colgate's cleans the teeth, surely, efficiently, safely—and makes no absurd claims to do the miraculous.

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Large size tubes at your favorite store 25¢

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture
COMMENTING on the recent attempt to vilify everyone in the motion picture business, Douglas Fairbanks remarked: "Gosh, it isn't safe to admit you know anyone in Hollywood except Jackie Coogan."

TONY MORENO is not one of those actors who are too exclusive to associate with any but members of the Thespian profession. He has lively interests and many friends in other lines of work.

Recently when he had nothing to do he asked a surgeon, a friend of us, if he might go to the hospital and study the methods employed in operating.

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"Fine, I'll be your assistant," cried the enthusiastic Spaniard.

And so he went. They permitted him to hold the sponge or bandage or whatever is needed after an incision is made. Tony admits he was scared when the surgeon made a gesture with a knife over the inert form of the patient.

"I expected blood to squirt all over the place," he said. "But it didn't."

It was nothing at all compared to a gory bullfight, so Tony averred in relating the incident at the studio. The studio publicity forces were on the job at once, preparing to send out a story about Tony's surgical activities, when they got a frantic telephone call from Tony.

"Say, you birds!" cried the fiery Castilian. "Don't you use what I told you for publicity. The doctor says that if you do it will ruin the reputation of the hospital. Nobody want to come if they know I'm there."

No, indeed, not after seeing Tony's recklessness with life in the serials.

THE Talmadge family is in the east again, and the east and the Talmadges are glad. They have to bury themselves in the western studios for two-thirds of the year, but they will come east to shop, see plays, and vacation, declare Mama, Norma, and Constance, to say nothing of business-manager-husband-son and brother-in-law Joseph Schenck.

Norma and Joe are domiciled in a huge suite at the Ritz; Mama and Connie are at the Ambassador, New York's newest and gorgeous hotelery. With the family is a retinue of maids and valets and secretaries. With them also is Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thomson.

(Ann is from a munificent sum for the scenario of "East Is West," the popular stage play which Schenck has purchased for Constance, he having just finished Norma's latest film, "The Duchess of La Lanais," said to be the best thing the elder Talmadge has done in years.)

Teas and theaters and dances have occupied the stellar sisters. Norma has acquired a magnificent new diamond solitaire and tons of new clothes. She is still, however, the unspoiled kid she was in Vitagraph days.

We saw her the other day lunching at the Ritz. Simply gownned, she strolled in, oblivious to admiring glances, ordered a healthy lunch and ate it with evident enjoyment. She went to a fashion opening at Frances', in an old suit and hat, and relished the disappointment of the other ladies, who have always looked to Norma for the latest in fashions. And—wonder of wonders!—this paragon-star left for Palm Beach for a rest on the afternoon of the opening of her picture, "Smilin' Through," at the Ritz. We don't know of another star who would skip out of town on the eve of such an event. Not in these days of frantic premieres and personal appearances.

Constance, before she left California, was escorted about by Maurice, the famous dancer. Connie likes to dance and there's no one more accomplished than Maurice.

RUBYE DE REMER is such good copy she should really have a stenographer to follow her around the house to take down her bright sayings—what they used to do with Will Rogers. The other day Rubye was posing for the fashion pictures you will see on Carolyn Van Wyck's pages in this issue of PhotoPlay. Between pose she found time to scatter a little sunshine as follows:

"If things don't begin to break soon in the film business I'll have to put my dog in pictures and retire. I got him in Ger
dany. His name is Lux; no advertisement; it's a German name. He speaks three languages—I wish I'd had his education.

"Oh, yes, we were in Italy, too. In Venice, my dears, in Venice. More than anything in the world I'd longed to see Venice and a single gondolier. Well, we swam all over town trying to find one. We finally landed a boy who looked like a German butcher. He said he could sing. When he got through I was willing to do a Kul-lerman from the Bridge of Sighs. Kind friends stopped me, but I now prefer silent gondoliers."

THE following amazing yarn, which only goes to show how far rumors about screen celebrities are sometimes carried, came to the alleged hero of it, Conrad Nagel, via a letter to Lois Wilson from an intimate friend in her home town, Birmingham, Alabama.

This friend was on a street car when a group of high school girls got on. They had just been to see William de Mille's "Midsummer Madness." The following conversation took place:

"Wasn't Jack Holt wonderful?"

"I never thought Lois could act so well. She was fine."

"Well," said one girl, with a blush, "I just adore Conrad Nagel. He's so refined looking."

"I guess you wouldn't adore him if you knew all about him. He's got cork legs, you know. Doesn't he handle them wonderfully?"

"I don't believe it," said Conrad's admirer.

"Oh, but my dear, I know. My sister saw him when the accident occurred. He was run over by a truck in New York last year. But I think it's great the way he gets around with those cork ones."

Conrad declares he can prove to anybody in the world that his legs aren't cork. They're ordinary flesh and blood legs. But the positiveness with which such yarns are told is something that no star is proof against and that does a great deal of injury to innocent people.

(Continued on page 84)
One cream to protect against wind and sun

A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly

Wind and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

The cream to use before going out

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

The cream to use for cleansing

At night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without over-loading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's Cold Cream well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that bores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's Cold Cream. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

Start today to use these two creams

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

To protect your skin against wind and sunburn and to hold the powder, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out

Generous Tubes — Mail Coupon Today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
134 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Solving the Million Dollar Mystery

A Slang Review

No doubt you have heard of the $1,000 lemon, and the $25,000 quince, if so, then allow me to present to you the Million dollar hash, entitled, "Foolish Wives." They say that they used 320,000 feet of film and then cut it to 10,000 feet, but I fail to see why they had to stop there.

The story is about a silly looking bimbo, posing as a bum Russian count, but who is really a second story man. For some unknown reason the women all fall for his stuff and are a bit bally over him.

He and two dames of the ancient order of yeggmen, who are supposed to be his royal cousins, decide to get in right with the American envoy to Monaco, and his wife, Helen. It seems that the business of taking people in was commencing to get pretty hard and the counterfeit jack was getting pretty low.

They needed the prestige of a couple of important babies like these to bring in more fallguys. So they sick Sergius onto the wife while the poor dummy of a husband is busy exchanging bows with the Prince of Monaco.

Sergius shows her all the bright lights and high life about the town and plays up to her to beat the cards. And maybe she didn't like it.

The Count's brand of chin goods was immense, and his line of attack made Don Juan look like a bush leaguer.

One day he took her for a ride out in the country and after putting on the feed bag they took a long hike. A big rain storm came up and they had to play the "Paul and Virginia" stuff till she took a header and sprained her dog. Then, Sergius pulled the strong arm act and carried her through swamps and creeks to an old shack in the woods where they had to stay all night on account of the storm.

Helen puts it over next morning by telling her husband that she got in just after he had hit the feathers.

The next scene is in the Count's boudoir at the villa. Attired in a set of white silk PJs he was parked in a haypile that was all black—pillows, sheets n'everything. It looked like a set for a funeral parlor.

He leans out of the hay, yanks a long cord, and in steps the maid, Maruschka. One look was enough. She may have been a flower once but she certainly had gone to seed. She

Words and Art

By DICK DORGAN

had a pallbearing fracas with a gap in it that when she started to cry, I thought it was the fadeout for the intermission. She was clean bally over the Count and a real human dog when it came to taking abuse. It seems that the Count had vamped her and had promised to scamper up the aisle with her someday.

It didn't seem according to Hoyle that a real hot cruller like the Count who was batting around .400 with all the Sweet Patooties of the elite would fall for a one cylinder hick like Maruschka.

Well! he kisses her with all the ardor of a wild clam, and soothes her with a lot of oil about the sweet bye and bye, and sends her about her work.

The scene in the casino at Monte Carlo looked like the "Get together" night of the boiler makers' union. Here the Count bets Helen's jack for her and wins a roll of notes that resembles the preamble to Wilson's "League of Nations."

It's such a shock to her that she decides to go home, but the others, including her meat ticket, leave for the Count's villa for a friendly little game of poker.

On the way out Sergius slips the lady a note to meet him outside the villa at midnight as it means life or death to him. The poker game was really immense.

They took the envoy for everything he had but the shirt on his back and only passed that up because it was pleated. Oh! they were the clubby little folks and as harmless as a lot of baby rattlesnakes.

The envoy then decides he's had enough and spots, "Princess" Olga taking the rest of the bunch with a trick roulette wheel, as he passes out through the room. (Concluded on page 100)
MANY women—perhaps you—have promised themselves they would learn, at first hand, the wonderful new fragrance of Garda Face Powder. Why wait longer? A One-Week Sample of Garda awaits only your request. Send for this free sample today; test for yourself Garda's fineness and smoothness—its rare clinging qualities—its new, entrancing fragrance! In addition to Garda's other unusual features, there is a fresh, clean puff in every box.

Watkins
GARDA
FACE POWDER

Garda products on your dressing table assure complete harmony of fragrance and quality:
Garda Face Powder  Garda Cream
Garda Toilet Water  Garda Perfume
Garda Nail Polish  Garda Rouge
Garda Talcum Powder

Garda toilet requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered direct to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer who calls at your home is a business person of integrity. It pays you to patronize him (or her), for he renders a distinct service. He saves you time and money. And he brings you real Watkins Products, known for their quality throughout 54 years and used by more than twenty million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

One-Week Sample FREE!

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with the dainty new Garda odor; also our attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

Territories open for Watkins Dealers. Write!

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Dept. 265
Winona, Minn.

Established 1868
The Original

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Winning Doubles

Little Iva McHatton, of Covington, Ky., has that whimsicality and delicate appeal that distinguish Betty Compson. Both features and spirit, Betty's twin

Here are the four prize-winners: the lucky recipients respectively of $100, $50, $25, and $25—because they look so much like screen celebrities!

Photoplay's Doubles Contest brought hundreds of photographs of girls—men and boys, too—resembling well-known film stars. Those pictured on this page are the most striking likenesses. The young lady who looks so much like Betty Compson won the first prize of one hundred dollars. May Collins' double took second prize of fifty dollars. The girls who resemble Dorothy Dalton and Anita Stewart won third and fourth prizes, each of twenty-five dollars. Honorable mention goes to the doubles of Pauline Frederick, Bebe Daniels, and Charles Ray—the three shown below.

The Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE—$100
Iva McHatton,
323 Garrard Avenue,
Covington, Ky.

SECOND PRIZE—$50
Mary Mayock,
1011 Mt. Vernon Street,

THIRD PRIZE—$25
Erna Hughes,
654 South 4th Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE—$25
Louise M. Greer,
1549 Birchwood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

In Philadelphia they often stop Mary Mayock on the street to ask her if she isn't May Collins. Mary smiles as brilliantly as her picture and says, "No."

Louise Greer, a Chicago debutante, and Anita Stewart, celluloid star—which is which? Louise and Anita are photographic sisters

The Prize Winners

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654 South 4th Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE—$25
Louise M. Greer,
1549 Birchwood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

Ayleen Howard, of San Antonio, Texas, doubling for Bebe la Daniels

"A dead ringer for Dorothy Dalton," exclaimed the editors. This is Erna Hughes, a young lady of Louisville, Ky. Same smile—same dimples

Here is Charles Ray the second—at least, O. N. Olsen looks very much like him

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THIRD PRIZE—$25
Erna Hughes,
654 South 4th Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE—$25
Louise M. Greer,
1549 Birchwood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

Ayleen Howard, of San Antonio, Texas, doubling for Bebe la Daniels

The Prize Winners

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323 Garrard Avenue,
Covington, Ky.

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Ayleen Howard, of San Antonio, Texas, doubling for Bebe la Daniels
When Mae Murray's newest Metro Photoplay "Fascination" was started, she found that she had more than a usual role to perform.

And the way she carried through her part—dazzling and fascinating all who came near her—making this picture the greatest of all her successes—proved that she knew the secret of loveliness.

"This picture," she said, "taught me that not only must a girl do all in her power to keep her face and figure beautiful, but she must surround herself with an atmosphere of charm that will make her different from all the rest.

"It taught me too that the real secret of this atmosphere of loveliness and charm lies in the hair—just waiting to be brought out.

"For the girl with soft, fragrant, wavy hair is the girl who stands out in every gathering—the girl who has true loveliness and charm.

"That girl has learned that even if her clothes are faultless—even if her complexion is perfect—she must make her hair charming and attractive if she is to be truly lovely."

You can use this secret of loveliness
It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments
Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P.5, BUFFALO, N. Y.
I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.
Name..............................
Address............................
Druggist's Name...................
Druggist's Address...............
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, silly, ridiculous, or merely incorrect? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen.
Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Just A Moment While We Look Out the Window

In "Foolish Matrons," Doris May, while having a clandestine luncheon with the "other man" in a private dining room at a smart restaurant, goes to the window and gazes enraptured at Fifth Avenue and the Public Library below her. Since when was there a "ritzy" hotel on the northwest corner of the famous thoroughfare?

Charles Dickinson, Richmond, Va.

That Overworked Wind Machine

In "Rent Free," with Wally Reid and Lila Lee, there is a terrific wind storm in which the tent on the roof is blown down, but as one gazes a little farther there are lines full of clothes un molested by the wind.


Seen in "The Sheik"

After a wild ride through the desert the cavalcade arrives at its destination, each member of it boasting nicely polished boots.

L. H., Jersey City, N. J.

Versatile

Milton Sills, in "At the End of the World," hands Betty Compson a pair of oxfords to put on in place of her wet French slippers. Betty appears a moment later in oxfords—but an entirely different pair.

F. N. D., Findlay, Ohio.

Quick Changes in China

In the Chinese release, "The Lotus Blossom," Sung hastens to his love, Moy Tsai, who is waiting for him in the garden. She is wearing the usual Chinese kimona which is trimmed in a checkered material; yet upon entering the house in the company of Sung, she appears wearing a dress trimmed with solid black material. Also, Sung in the same scene, appears to have a small moustache; but when he takes leave of Moy Tsai, to go to school, we have a close-up of him minus the moustache.

R. Feldman, New York City.

Screen Climate

The most unusual climatic conditions prevail in "Don't Tell Everything." The morning after the storm, which knocked down a wall of Jessica's lodge, heroine Gloria Swanson drives up to the lodge in her motor, which raises an enormous cloud of dust.

Charles Townsend, Quitman, Georgia.

Ask Miss Van Wyck

Kindly tell me how, in "Not Guilty," Margy manages to start out with bobbed hair, go to India where she does her hair in a knot at the back, and wind up at a consular dinner with bobbed hair again?

Minnie S., Berkeley, Cal.

And Yet Again—

I noticed a mistake in Priscilla Dean's picture, "Conflict." She is riding the logs down the river to save her sweetheart. In the process she falls into the water and by getting, as is natural, good and wet. In the scene in which she rescues Herbert Rawlinson she is perfectly dry and her hair is done beautifully.

A. H. Presslar, Galveston, Texas.

Page Ponce de Leon

I am puzzled. In "Over the Hill," we see Johnny as a boy, should judge about ten. The next part of the picture is supposed to take place twenty years later, which would make Johnny about thirty. He spends three years in prison; he should be thirty-three. He was away two years—thirty-five. Is that the age he is supposed to be at the end of the film? If so, how did he keep his twenty-five-year-old look?

Mrs. F. K. Donnelly, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

One or Two on Mr. Hart

In William S. Hart's picture, "White Oak," I notice these anachronisms.
First we are shown a caravan in a western desert in the year 1830. Indians rush in for slaughter and in the scuffle I perceive a woman with a French aviation cap on. Later Bill hides behind rocks and shoots Indians continuously with his twenty-five-century automatic.

In the dance hall scenes, the girls have silk stockings of the present day type and many have French heels.

Katherine Pauly, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Don't Ask Us

In "The Mistress of Shenstone," Pauline Frederick and Roy Stewart are forced to spend the entire night on a cliff, because the tide rose. According to this picture, the tide starts rising about the middle of the afternoon and stays up until nearly dawn. How about it?

Jack Cunningham, Ohio.

She Changed Her Mind

Evidently Shirley Mason didn't care much about the costume she wore when she went to see the hero in "Jackie": light colored fur, dark dress, and dark hat with a bunch of cherries on it. Because after she and the hero leave his house she has on a dark fur, a light dress, and an entirely different hat.

T. P. O'ROURKE, Galveston, Texas.

Patent Pending

Marion Davies is seen walking down the steps to carry out "The Bride of the Pharaoh's" picture of that name, wearing slippers with ribbons wound round the ankles, yet in the scene where she strikes the presumed villain's face, she has but to reach down suddenly and lo, the slipper is ready for the deed. No unfastening necessary. Where did she get those shoes?

A. B. B., Germantown, Pa.

Attention Charles Ray, Director

In "R. S. V. P.," Charles Ray's studio was decorated with a pennant which had on it the Greek letters which stand for Alpha Chi Omega. I presume it was supposed to be his college fraternity. If so, there were only two things wrong with it. In the first place, fraternities use banners but never pennants, and in the second place, Alpha Chi Omega is the actual name of a national Greek letter college women's fraternity.

In the same picture, the same studio is located on some lofty floor of a certain building. Charlie's visitors are frequently shown rounding the various landings on the different floors, but out of the window on each level the same view of a row of stores across the street is seen at the same angle.

E. W. L., Asbury Park, N. J.
The crime you commit against your body tissues

Each year more than 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating

Veal cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized by thousands of American families as a satisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner unless supplemented with certain vital food factors, is a crime against your body tissues. Because thousands of men and women do not supplement this diet with these factors they undermine their health and succumb to diseases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

A protective food—not a medicine

Yet each one of us can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann’s Yeast to their daily diet, men and women all over the country are securing for themselves the health and vigor that is their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann’s Yeast.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann’s Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other foods factors essential to health.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann’s Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance especially if constipation is present.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann’s Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The ways they like to eat it

Many like to nibble Fleischmann’s Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann’s Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann’s Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit-forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann’s Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann’s fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann’s Yeast—2 or 3 cakes regularly each day. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann’s Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of “The New Importance of Yeast in Diet”—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Mail this coupon today

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York.

Please send me “The New Importance of Yeast in Diet.” (Please write plainly.)

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________

FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST

corrects these wrong habits of eating

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Rises at 10 o'clock: bathes in scented Roman bath

11-12. Breakfast, opens mash notes and flowers

1 o'clock. Off to work

2-4. Receives interviewers and newspaper men

OF A FILM STAR'S WORKDAY—

4-6. Tea with famous male star

—AS IT USUALLY IS

Rises at 6 a.m.

Rides 40 miles to location

8-12. Shooting scenes

Makes up in the open. Temperature 90°

10 minutes for lunch and back to work
WHEN one meets the famous screen star Hope Hampton in person, the superbly beautiful figure her picture reveals is seen to be indeed a reality. Those inclined to fleshiness will be interested to know how she achieved a trim, perfectly-proportioned figure—and how she keeps it so.

Miss Hampton used to be heavier. She took off her surplus flesh with Wallace reducing records. They played away the excess weight until her proportions became as you see them here. Even now, she uses them occasionally—just twelve or fifteen minutes—to avoid the return of unwelcome weight. "It's easy, and lots of fun" is the way Miss Hampton describes her own experience with Wallace's melody-method of reducing.

No woman—in the public eye or in private life—can afford to stay stout. Fat is a burden which no longer need be carried. Overweight is out of date—and already looked on as a sign of neglect. For Wallace reducing records remove superfluous flesh like magic.

Whether fifteen pounds too heavy, or fifty, this novel but natural means of reducing will bring your weight down to normal. Wallace's scientific movements will take off the last ounce of superfluous flesh, and in a most pleasurable way. There is something irresistible about it all—photographic poses of each position—the crisp commands of Wallace himself direct your every move on phonograph records—a full orchestra sweeps you through the entire lesson. Why say to yourself "I wonder if Wallace could reduce me?" Proof that he can is free. Mail your name now for trial record.

INVITATION

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago: I accept your invitation to prove what your course can do for me. Please send record for first reducing lesson free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Through you, who gave us Odorono, we have come to recognize a new standard of personal cleanliness. Won’t you now complete the underarm toilette by giving us a really pleasant, a dainty, feminine way to remove hair?

Letters daily brought this request. So the chemists in the Odorono laboratories tried and tested until they perfected The Odorono Company’s Depilatory—a method as appealing in its use as a French talc or sweet scented cold cream. With its delicate almond fragrance it is a delight to use.

Swiftly and surely effacing every trace of unsightly hair, it leaves the skin as white and smooth as the outer arm. And it is as harmless as soapsuds, giving never a twinge of after irritation. No repellent odor, no irritating chemicals nor dangerous bleaches. The Odorono Company’s Depilatory is the easiest, most pleasant way to remove hair

Try it tonight before you dress to go out. At drug stores and toilet counters everywhere; 75c.

Send for a dainty sample.

For 6c in stamps, we will send you a sample of The Odorono Company’s Depilatory; enough for one thorough underarm application. Mail the coupon below now to Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 945-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find 6c in stamps for which please send me your sample package of The Odorono Company’s Depilatory.

Name

Address

Mail today and we will include a sample of After Cream free.

The successor to Geraldine Farrar, Marie Jeritza, the new soprano at the Metropolitan. Farrar recently refused to renew her contract at the opera house, preferring to sing in concert. Jeritza, a blonde from Vienna, in private life the Baroness Popper, has captivated Manhattan as Tosca.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 74)

IT'S getting mighty hard to find anything to write about, the way all these couples that go to the Cocoanut Grove remain faithful.

It's positively dull, the way you always see the same people together.

For instance, the other evening, I saw, as usual, May McAvoy and Eddie Sutherland, and Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell, and Colleen Moore and John McCormick, and Lila Lee and Charlie Chaplin. To say nothing of the married ones like Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, and the Douglas MacLeans.

One dinner table was surrounded by a group of screen and literary celebrities, including Ray Long, editor-in-chief of the Hearst magazines, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne, Micky Neilan and Blanche Sweet, and Allan Dwan.

Edna Purviance was there, too, dancing with a handsome gray-haired man.

Miss Purviance is to be starred by Chaplin. Sort of a reward for faithful service, apparently, as other companies have tried to get her away from the comedian before and she has always refused to go.

However, the always fair Edna looked a bit heavy on the dance floor the other night. That sort of peaches and cream loveliness has a tendency to embonpoint—and if she isn’t careful Edna will be more popular in Turkey than anywhere else.

One of the principal calls Ethel Barrymore paid during her visit to Los Angeles, where she appeared for a week in “Declasse,” was upon Jackie Coogan.

“I couldn’t go home to my children,” said the great actress, “if I didn’t go to see Jackie Coogan.”

There’s an awful lot of transcontinental travel going on just now. Anita Stewart and her husband, Rudy Cameron, left recently for their home in Long Island.

Anita has bobbed her hair. The latest victim, as far as I can see, of the clippers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince left their three boys at home and went for a jaunt to New York—on a combination business and pleasure trip.

In the meantime, George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Olida Bergere, were due to arrive in Los Angeles, and John Robertson, who directed “Sentimental Tommy,” and his better half, Josephine Lovel, arrived. Tom Gerharty has also returned to Hollywood.

Somebody asked Charlie Ray what he did during his recent trip to New York—his first, by the way.

“Well,” said Charlie slowly, “I saw twenty-one shows in twenty-two days. The other day I had to appear at a charity benefit.”

Certainly, after this one, nobody should say that all motion picture stars are extravagant and improvident.

When Douglas MacLean went to file his income tax return, he had a neat little list, among his other exemptions, of the war tax he had paid during the past year.

All war tax is exempt from income taxation, and Douglas has prudently kept a record of tax on luxuries—that, his wife’s gowns, etc.

It amounted to about a thousand dollars. But I’ll bet there are a lot of sound, hard-headed business men that didn’t think of that.

The entire film colony of Hollywood has felt the deepest sorrow and depression over the recent death of Kathryn Williams’ son.

The boy was sixteen, a student at the Hollywood High School, and he passed on during the “flu” epidemic that invaded the west.

Kathryn Williams is married to Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio.

The actress was prostrated at her home by the boy’s death. He was her only child.

(Continued on page 85)
MAURICE TOURNEUR has finished filming "Lorna Dancier," with Madge Bellamy, and a lot of people who have had a peep at it and who claim to know, declare it is the greatest costume film ever made.

One young man who played a minor part had great ambitions, and during the filming of the story insisted on being near and in front of the camera as often as possible. Sometimes, he even got in front of the star himself.

One day Tourneur lost his patience. "You," he said, waving an arm in the young man's direction, "move out a little. A little more. Cheat out a little bit further." Then, to the camera man, "Is he out—clear out?"

"Yes," said the camera man.

"Now," said the director, "stay out. You've got your directions for the rest of the picture."

DOUG and Mary returned from their trip to New York—where Miss Pickford went to appear in the $105,000 suit brought against her by Mrs. Cora Wilkening and which, incidentally, Mary won—with Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo. The McAdoos are to make their home in Los Angeles and as the former Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Fairbanks are great pals, they will probably see a lot of the famous screen couple.

The Fairbanks went direct to their Beverly Hills home, which wasn't sold after all during their trip to Europe.

In two weeks, Mary Pickford will begin work on her production of "Tess" and Mr. Fairbanks is to start filming "Robin Hood," under the direction of Allan Dwan.

THE latest movie palace under construction is the Priscilla Dean-Wheeler Oakman home in Beverly Hills. This interesting couple decided they wanted to have a place of their own, so they put the money they had been saving up for a trip to Europe, into bricks and plumbing instead.

I saw the beginnings of their place the other day—a charming colonial effect on one of the prettiest spots in Beverly Hills.

Priscilla, who is between pictures, while Wheeler is busy being a hero for some camera or other, is on the job most of the time supervising details of her plans and bossing carpenters.

A swimming pool is to be one of the features.

"And a nice large kitchen," says Priscilla: "you know Wheeler has a mania for cooking and he would wreck any ordinary kitchen in no time."

Mr. and Mrs. Oakman expect to be at home after June first.

WHEN you read on the screen that Elinor Glyn supervised a picture, you probably don't realize the full meaning of that statement.

But Madame Glyn is a thorough workman.

During the filming of her story "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson and Rodolf Valentino, Madame Glyn was on the set every morning at nine o'clock.

In the big ball scenes, she even dressed the hair of all the extra girls with her own hands, to give it the proper "look" of English society.

And Miss Swanson wears several of the famous Englishwoman's own gowns, which she brought back from her recent trip to Paris.

A Delightful Test
To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All drug-gists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 871, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
Lost a Pound a Day
through new discovery

Without painful diet, exercise, massage, drugs, bitter self-denial or deformation, free food that anyone can lose from 7 to 10 pounds a week.

In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—all that I wanted to—through your wonderful new way. And best of all, with no diets.

Then write Miss Kathleen Mulhane, famous Artist’s Manager and Polly’s Beauty. Her recent weight threatened to block her stage and artistic career. She sent a ticket of this new and in a short time she was 20 pounds overweight—and increasing daily.

In short, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day.

This brought on a weakness which was worse than obesity. Exercise, Appliances, Massages, Special Baths, Rubber Clothing and Drugs were all tried—but without success.

Then came the marvel. Miss Mulhane learned of the new, simple, easily-followed, natural method that has been discovered, whereas she could neither rapidly reduce normal weight, a slender perfect figure, firm smooth flesh and abundant health and energy. And this could be done quickly—and with no self-denial, exercise, starving or any on the so-called comfort of daily.

In three weeks she reduced to normal weight, and she can retain her present figure without gaining or losing. This is under her own control.

The Secret

Eugene Andrews, the famous Food Specialist discovered that certain foods which ordinarily cause fat can be eaten in combination with certain other everyday foods in such a way that no fat will be formed—only blood, tissue and muscle. Meanwhile your excess weight begins to disappear, and at the rate of a pound a day or more.

Best of all, these correct combinations, which reduce, are regarded as even more appetizing than the wrong combinations.

I was signed to INCREASE the pleasures of eating.

Then came easy-fat loss.

Thousands of men and women under this simple secret are enjoying their meals more thoroughly than ever, and are much more healthy and are mostly approaching their normal weight.

Sent Free

This wonderful new method has been explained by Mrs. J. L. D. Griffith of 12 Interiors. D. Griffith—The called “Weight Control” by the Ambassador—The Basis of Health.

Why not try it for yourself? A few pounds in the wrong places do not amount to anything. Soon your friends will ask how you lost weight. And your clothes will be a size smaller, your figure will be slimmer.

If you are interested, please write for a sample of the New system "Weight Control"—the Basis of Health.

Name

Address

Price outside U. S., $2.15 each with order.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A GAIN and again and again, we hear the rumor that Bebe Daniels is going to marry Jack Dempsey.

Bebe says she isn’t.

But it doesn’t seem to do her much good.

Frankly, I don’t think there’s a chance.

Bebe doesn’t want to marry, in the first place, and if she did, I don’t believe the heavyweight champion, while he is her very good friend, would be the man of her choice.

Bebe, while she looks exotic and almost too young to be a star, has one of the wisest young heads on her shoulders of any girl in pictures. She is as intelligent as they make ’em.

Whatever Bebe does, will be the right thing.

That you can count on.

CECIL de MILLE, who returned from his European trip literally on a stretcher, is recovering rapidly at his home in Laughlin Park.

He was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

We only hope he won’t start to direct until he has completely recovered. Both because we admire C. B. tremendously and wouldn’t like to see him have a relapse and because—we’ve seen him direct when he was in the best of health, and we’d hate to imagine him directing during convalescence.

It is generally understood at the Lasky studios that Tommy Meighan is to play the lead in the new Cecil de Mille production, “Manslaughter.”

The part of the young Irish fighting district attorney was certainly written for Tommy.

MAE BUSCH has moved.

She had to.

Peter B. Kyne, the well known author, gave her a German police dog. He’d never lived anywhere but on a ranch before, so the Hollywood Boulevard apartment which Mae lived in didn’t appeal to him at all.

“I shall probably have to buy him a ranch in the end,” said Mae, who named him “Toby.” “That’s the only way it is. Dogs are very expensive pets.”

THIS apparently is the day of the exotic star.

Consider the tremendous vogue, created over night, of Pola Negri and Sienor Rodolph Valentino.

And now we hear that Senor Antonio Garrixda Montezuodo Moreno is about to withdraw from the Vitagraph domain where he has so long been confined to the galleys of the serial and dime-feature-thriller.

There are rumors of a law suit impending between Senor Moreno and Vitagraph. The star, it is said, alleges that the company has not lived up to its contract with him.

What the company has to say we do not know. Suffice to say, we hope that Tony will at last find his proper role. In addition to being one of the most handsome men on the screen, a romantic, fierce and dashing young Spaniard, Moreno is an actor of such fine record that his following is worldwide, and even those who eschew the serial remember the day when he starred in worthy features.

It seems to us that Moreno is one of the best stellar bets of the hour. But he needs colorful characters,—not the Nick Carter-detective things he has been assigned recently.

posed by Wanda Blailey, a Paramount-Arcoff motion picture star. Miss Blailey is one of many beautiful women “in pictures” who use and endorse Ingram’s Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—what of your complexion? Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallow skin?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin, at once the daily use of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to “tone-up,” revitalize, the sluggish tissue of the skin. Applied regularly Ingram’s Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions, used on the hands it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram’s Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the clear, soft skin, the fresh glowing complexion that should be yours.

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

Ingram’s Velecoco Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50 cents.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

102 Tenth Street DETROIT, MICH.

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Winnipeg, Ontario. Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 333 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Heri Pennington Ltd., 39 Ghuznee Street, Wellington, Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Subasta 24, Havana.

Ingram’s Beauty Purse—An attractive, new souvenier packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime in return for which please send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an ever-durable powder pad, sample packets of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, New Zealand, Canadian and Australian Tobacco Powder, a sample tin of Ingram’s Milkweed Shaving Cream, and for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

NAME...

STREET...

CITY... STATE...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Ingram’s Milkweed

Cream

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream read Health Hints.
Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can’t tell you. Usually you can’t tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Children and the Movies

By DOLLY SPURR

UP until the past few months I was engaged in the theater business in the small mid-west town of Marion, Ind. I had managed three theaters for eleven years, and for the greater part of each season these houses ran pictures. Being a woman and intensely interested in children, I gave a great deal of thought to suitable recreation for the kiddies.

While I was particular to select, at all times, clean, wholesome pictures for all my theaters, I nevertheless realized that some of the most ordinary dramas and comedies were beyond the understanding of the average child. I wanted my home town youngsters to see pictures they would understand and enjoy, and I figured that it was up to the parents to co-operate with me and select the pictures that were suitable.

To make this selection possible, I issued each week a 16-page booklet, containing pictures of each production and a complete story. I used both newspapers and advertised heavily, so that I could carry out this same idea. I called the public’s attention to the pictures most suitable for the children, and urged the parents to read the synopsis of each picture carefully so they would know what their boys and girls were seeing.

It was quite an experience, but after keeping at it for more than five years I grew disgusted and discouraged. A few of the parents saw the wisdom of selecting their children’s amusements, but the majority kept right on in the same old line of flinging a dime or quarter to son or daughter, saying, “Yes, you may go to a movie.” Either wouldn’t take the time to find out, or didn’t care whether the picture was suitable or not. In talking on this subject to one bright little mother she laughed and said, “Oh, what’s good enough for me is all right for Bobby!” Another mother bitingly remarked that, “If a picture isn’t suitable for my child, it isn’t fit for me either.”

Both views are dead wrong. A film story of love, life, mystery, or temptation can be understood and appreciated by any grown person, but the same picture has little or no meaning for a child. As for the men and women who go to the other extreme, they may be rightfully careful of what their children see, but that’s no reason why they have to be prudes about themselves. Maybe they would really enjoy playing “London Bridge” or “Ring around Rosie,” and reading Mother Goose—but I have my doubts!

I kept a record one year of pictures I had shown that were particularly suitable for children. I found I had run one hundred and two, which is an average of two a week, and two shows a week is certainly enough for a child to see.

Children must have recreation, and the movies are a cheap amusement that can never harm the kiddies, if the parents will only use a little judgment about what they allow them to see. It’s simply a matter of co-operation between the theater managers and the parents. Even the smallest, cheapest theaters nowadays, issue some sort of a program each week that gives a short description of the pictures. If there is no program, there is always a phone, and if a manager doesn’t know what productions are the best for the children, he’d better get out of business. I’ve met hundreds of theater managers in various parts of the U. S. and I’ve never talked to one who wouldn’t gladly co-operate with the parents, even so far as to put on special Saturday shows for children exclusively. But the theater men complain that the parents don’t seem to take any interest in such moves.

You’d like to visit a studio, would you? Here’s what would probably happen if you did: you’d trip over the beastly hose that has something to do with the lights; you’d walk in front of the camera and mess up the scene; you’d come away with the worst headache you ever had—from those lights you never see. But don’t let this discourage you.
Questions and Answers
(continued from page 72)

J. C.—Dorothy Gish and James Jennie are still happily married. Mr. Nennie made a picture for Goldwyn—in California, "The Dust Flower," and is again in the east, having made an appearance in a new stage play, "Madame and the Movies," by George Cohan.

Kitty, Buffalo—David Powell is married. He has just returned from England, where he made pictures for Paramount, and is now in Hollywood, where he will continue as a Lasky leading man. He is thirty-seven years old, doesn't look it, and is an all-round nice chap.

Curious—Yes, it is true that the stock is soon to visit the Buster Keaton bungalow in Los Angeles, Mrs. Keaton being the former Natalie Talmadge. The Talmadges, Norma and Connee, are delaying their departure for Europe until the interesting event takes place. Anita Stewart has no children. She has bobbed her hair, she is summering at Bayside, Long Island, and is threatening to leave the company—the latest information I have about the fair Anita.

Mabel of New Jersey—Jackie Coogan is to make "Oliver Twist." I've always wanted to see a real boy play the famous Dickens hero. Jackie is a genius, sure enough. Alice Brady is getting a divorce, or has already got a divorce, from Mr. Crane. Crane is the son of Dr. Frank Crane, the writer. Earle Williams is getting a divorce, is being divorced by, or has already been divorced by, from Miss V_EXT.

Dear:—I'm still starrin' for Vitagraph. The Vitagraph stars should all rise and sing, "Once with a song with a song with Vitagraph; we'll live and die, with Vitagraph," or sounds to that effect.

I. M. and L. C., Cotulla, Texas—Ah, a new town! Another pin in the map. Any one who thinks he is fairly familiar with his country should look at my correspondence. He would see many strange postmarks. Mae Murray is married to Robert Z. Leonard, her director. There's one of the most famous happy romances in the films. Their latest picture is "Fascination," one of their own companies released through Metro. Mae wears one of her celebrated scanty costumes in it, scanner even, according to advance notices, than those in "Peacock Alley." Don't miss it. You won't. Viola Dana is a real star to-night. She is in the latest "To-night, right now, making personal appearances.

The Cowboy Kid—Clever, clever boy. How did you ever get into Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money," "For the Defense," and "The Cradle." Miss Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman; she lives with her mother and brother in Hollywood. She is pretty. Dorothy with her latest film is "Orphans of the Storm," in which she co-stars with her sister Lillian.

(Miss) R. G., Newark, N. J.—Well, (Miss) R. G., you win the silver-plated banana skin for your questions. Such gams of wit and humor as, "Do you remember all the questions that people ask you or do you have to have something to say?" I hope you win your wager, which was, all the rest of you, that (Miss) R. G. could get me to answer her letter.

(Continued on page 90)
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 89)

BETTY BLUE—If you were my child, I'd spank you soundly and put you to bed. You're not, and it's lucky you're not. In spite of the fact that you say you have just oodles and oodles of fun reading these columns, I can't return the compliment even to the extent of saying I get a very small oodle of mirth out of yours. For goodness sake if you're going to write on blue paper, why can't you select a round, ringed blue—a real, unashamed blue, pale, picayune blue? Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. Wallace MacDonald was born May 5th, 1897, in Canada. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs about 145 pounds. His height and every other feature was Doris May. That is, she's still his wife and still Doris May on the screen, where she stars in such things as "Boy Crazy."

GLADYS D.—Thank you for both pictures, chiefly that one of yourself. The drawing of Constance Talmadge was very much like Mary Pickford, but then Connie and Mary are good friends, and wouldn't mind a little thing like that. Why not have it? The Screen Opportunity Contest? Mary Fairbanks has no children. Little Mary Pickford the Second is the daughter of Lottie Pickford, who was married to J. Allan Forrest.

HENRIETTA—The new? Of course, I just saw your snapshot. All you girls are endearing photo subjects nowadays. My office begins to look like a photographic gallery. Gloria Swanson is divorced from Herbert K. Somborn. She has a small daughter.

HARRY G., HOUSTON, TEXAS—"In Old Kentucky" was made in old Los Angeles. That's the way it goes, Harry old fellow.

THOMAS CHATTERTON ADMIRER—Your admiration, to whom you have been faithful all these years, is not in pictures now and I have no record of his whereabouts. I'm awfully sorry, because such devotion as yours should be rewarded at least by an autographed picture. Perhaps Mr. Chatterton, wherever he may be, will see this and, in the paxos, condescend to come across with his likeness.

P. L., PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.—Weley Barry is thirteen, but it isn't an unlucky age for Wesley. He's been starred in "Perod" by Marshall Neilan, and if that isn't luck! Of course, little Barry's ability and hard work had something to do with it.

RED-HEAD—I am sure your hair must be charming. I love red or auburn hair. You are wrong when you say that auburn and brown are so limited as to colors. I know of no brown shades that are not. Apple green or jade green, violet or mauve, with a crimson coilure. Billie Burke, whose beautiful hair is auburn, wears a gold frock in the last act of her new play, and it is most effective.

MAXINE L., COLUMBUS, OHIO—I'm sure I don't know what to say! You wish to look like Lillian Gish and wish to know how to go about it! It is a very good thing to wish, but Miss Gish is such an individual person I doubt if anyone could look like her. But you might emulate her in this respect: wear only the quietest and simplest frocks and hats. You would mistake Miss Gish for a smart debutante were you to see her walking on the Avenue.

(Concluded on page 122)
Business Life in the Films
(Concluded from page 57)

formed that the only piece of property
from the wreck is a little rustic
in the country, they pout and weep,
and become very angry and caustic with
their husbands for being so careless as to
lose all their money.

But these seemingly feather-brained help-
neets always reform under the sweet agrarian
influences of the pastoral atmosphere.

They ensue to the error of their former
profligate habits; and they inevitably wind
up by laying out their husband's slippers
and learning how to make pan-dowdy.

There are also the notables of the wealthy busi-
ness men of the screen. These youths,
without exception, are a bad lot. It would
seem that business men are incapable of
getting sons who do not turn out to be
black sheep. These wild and no-account
male offsprings always wear fuzzy checked
caps with their evening clothes, and drive
porting-model cars at break-neck speed.

They spend their nights gambling for high
stakes at fashionable clubs, despite the fact
hat their luck is consistently bad. Indeed,
they never have been known to win a
prize; and they always wind up by forcing
their father's name to a check with
which to meet their I. O. U.'s.

AGAIN, all wealthy seven business men
are cursed with crooked and caddish
partners of suave and elegant mien. These
latter gentlemen are invariably bachelors of
odious habits, who surreptitiously speculate
in the side line, and maintain their
affairs—with masterly technique, let it be
conessed—to their partners' wives.

In the matter of male secretaries, however,
magnates in the films have much to be
thankful for. These trusted young men are
as pure as the driven snow, and as scrupu-
lously honest as the day is long. Their
virtue, indeed, is almost unceasing in its
exquisiteness and permanence. Nevertheless,
they are always getting caught in serious
predicaments, and being falsely accused of
serious crimes. Their troubles and tribula-
tions are so calculated to discourage any
man from trying to live an honorable and
upright life. Yet they never weaken or
waver from the narrow path.

For instance, when their employer's son
forces his father's name to a check, it is
the righteous secretary who is at once suspected;
and he is in honor bound to shoulder the
blame for the sake of the young man's
happily, for whom he harbors a chaste,
unworldly love.

Then, again, the one night on which he
returns alone to the office to do some
special work, is the identical date decided upon
by a burglar to rob the office-safe. And,
to make things even worse, it is also on
this night that the magnate himself has business
at the office. Of course, when the watch-
man throws the magnate dead and the secretary
kneeling beside him
with a smoking pistol in his hand, there is
really nothing for him to do but turn the
innocent young man over to the gendarmes.

To be sure, in the end, he is always
cleared of the charges against him, and
a few weeks later, he leads his employer's
beautiful daughter to the hallowed altar.
But, even so, his life is no bed of roses—

what, with going to jail as a forger, being
tried for murder, and having the unjust
suspicions of everybody focused upon him.

A few facts concerning the offices of
motion-picture business dramas should be
mentioned here. For instance, all these offices
are on the top story. What the rooms on
all the lower floors of skyscrapers are used
for, has never been revealed in the films.
And the windows of these offices never give
on a shaft or a court. They invariably
overlook the surrounding house tops, and,
no matter where they are located, one al-
ways gets a fine view of the Metropolitan
Tower from them.

Furthermore, the signs on all the glass
doors of business offices are printed back-
wards, so that only the person inside the
office can read them without a mirror.
Moreover, the light in all these offices is so
arranged that whatever is going on inside is
distinctly and accurately silhouetted
against the frosted glass panels of the doors.
And apparently anyone may enter—unmo-
lsted and without announcement—into the
private office of any busy financier. In fact,
there is always a veritable procession of
shoppers, vampires, book agents, job-hunters,
and female members of the family, con-
stantly coming in and sitting on the edge of
the desk to converse.

In the Western purities, where business
has to do with mills and mines and fac-
tories, equally unique conditions obtain.
In these commercial organizations there are
always potters and bomb-throwers and san-
tage artists constantly on the job. And
when a week goes by without a strike, it
means that some debilitating epidemic
has spread among the workmen and rendered
them temporarily helpless.

All that is necessary to start a perfectly
good strike is for some amateur orator,
with an imaginary grievance, to mount a
box and make a brief speech. Before he has
gotten well under way, his listeners begin
growing, throwing down their tools, and
rush for the door of the president's office, shaking
their fists over their heads. This means the
strike is on.

ALL that is necessary to put down an up-
rising of this kind is for one of the
handsome young laborers (who, in reality, is
well educated and comes from a fine old family
which has run out of funds) to demon-
strate his fistic superiority over the burly
workmen. The workmen, to a man, are at
once won over through admiration for his
physical bravery and pugilistic prowess, and
immediately pick up their tools and return
happily to work.

It is this same handsome and aristocratic
young laborer, who, when the president's
beautiful daughter visits the plant and gets
crushed in the machinery, or falls into a
holding vat, or is accidentally hoisted by
a steam crane, saves her life, and thereupon
becomes a partner in the business and a
son-in-law in the family.

In fact, in the commercial dramas of the
films, no young man—however poor or in-
experienced—has yet succeeded in winning
the affections of a wealthy business-man's
daughter without being instantly taken
into the firm as a partner.

The press agent for Harry Rapf, a producer, with great gusto sent out the
following notice, which we think should be framed, preferably in old oak:

While sojourning in Atlantic City (or words to that effect) Mr. Rapf noticed
that everyone was reading a book called "Brass." On the boardwalk and in
the hotels and the roller chairs, they were reading "Brass." So Mr. Rapf
decided that if everyone was reading it, it must be a good book; and though he
has not read it himself, bought it for pictures. We bet they'll make a hit.

CLEANS EVERY PART OF EVERY TOOTH EVERY TIME IT'S USED.
And "A Clean Tooth Never Decays." Always sold in the Yellow Box.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Mass.
Canadian Agency
247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION
Don't doubt—because I give you assurance which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the fact that astonishment is expressed on the countenances of those who have been introduced with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, over-redness, freckles, and other deformities. You may have tried a dozen remedies without success. Do not be discouraged. You may now secure a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And results are assured in a short time or your money back in full. My statements are sober, method, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT
My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. You know that I have, with the aid of the best and purest methods, removed all the dirt and impurities from the skin. I give you the method of the best known to the scientific, but which is absolutely new. I have spared no expense or effort to perfect it. I have used all the time I have, in the course of the past twelve years, in perfecting my wonderful method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

DOROTHY RAY 14 E. Jackson Boulevard Suite 66, Chicago, Illinois
Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautification," containing full descriptions of your method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name
Street
City State

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

BUESCHER Saxophone Book Free
True-Tone Saxophone

This book, which gives the saxophone—such as it exists today—its real value, is sent to you free. It tells you how to play the saxophone, how to take care of your instrument, and how to play other things for which the saxophone is well known.

Free Trial Buescher Instrument Co., 2234 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Title: "The Short Cut to Successful Writing"

I was sixteen when my first poem was printed. I wanted to do something written by me. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to get anything printed. I couldn't get anything to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get them published, either, since, on one occasion, I couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and I was thrilled to know that I could write. But, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything published, I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent them out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I got no advice, couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my manuscripts were bought by a number of publications, and that began to keep them from strangle, so the magazines began to accept them. I got encouragement, one to Good Housekeeping, the Designer, the Ladies' World, the Ladies' Home Journal, and others.

I had to cut out a story after it was written, because I didn't know how to start. I had something to say, and I was willing to pay for it, but I didn't know how to say it. I had to tell the story, you and me, and I learned that I was able to learn what I had learned in one or two if I had such an easy system of writing as came in the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars in the process, I could have learned in six months at a cost of ten dollars if I had had a chance.

A most astonishing assertion was made by a man on a certain paper, by one of the highest paid writers in the business. "Millions of people can write plays, potatoes, and don't know it."

I know from my own experience that there are many people who at times express themselves in writing, but do not know how. I have seen thousands of letters from people saying they couldn't write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how.

There is a technique to story or play writing. For instance, there is piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that you have only thought of vaguely. Title: "The wonder for Writers." I will bring it to you "Near Beer and perhaps it will take you to his cousin Home Brew."

Near Beer approaches. He has not a table and therefore no kick. Ignorance still looks worried. Chinese proprietor presents him with check. He looks around for Pay Envelope and finds that has deserted him. Jazz and Near Beer also leave. The Chinese wink at a low-looking tumor who is lurking in the background.

Jazz enters. Title: "Ignore, have you forgotten that the display of firearms is forbidden?"

Jazz slaps him on the back: Title: "Come, Come, Iggy. I will bring to you Near Beer and perhaps he will take you to his cousin Home Brew."

Near Beer approaches. He has not a table and therefore no kick. Ignorance still looks worried. Chinese proprietor presents him with check. He looks around for Pay Envelope and finds that has deserted him. Jazz and Near Beer also leave. The Chinese wink at a low-looking tumor who is lurking in the background.

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Jazz enters. Title: "Ignore, have you forgotten that the display of firearms is forbidden?"
And now-a Liquid Lashlux

It is but the work of a moment to bead your lashes with this wonderful new liquid, making them appear longer and blacker instantly.

LIQUID LASHLUX is unaffected by moisture and will not run or smear. Its use accentuates the beauty of your eyes and transforms your whole expression. Made in black and brown—it is sure, harmless and lasting.

Use Colorless Lashlux Cream when retiring. It will keep your lashes oily and well nourished and promote their growth.

Liquid Lashlux costs 75c and Cream 50c, at Drug and Department stores or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY
73 Grand Street New York

LASHLUX means luxuriant lashes

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The Shadow Stage
(Concluded from page 64)

BRUCE WILDERNESS TALE—Educational

ROBERT BRUCE has completed four scenic pictures of such remarkable beauty—not only in their conception but in their treatment—that they deserve the attention of everyone who is interested in the development of motion pictures as an art. They are called, “My Country,” “Missing Men,” “And Women Must Weep,” and “The One Man Re-union”—and they are all excellent. The others combine little stories with their pictorial appeal—“And Women Must Weep” being the best.

ANOTHER DOG STAR—Post Nature Pictures

FOLLOWING in the paw-steps of Strongheart, the magnificent star of “The Silent Call,” comes a diminutive dog that plays the lead in two short pictures, “Western Ways” and “A Winter’s Tale.” In fact, he goes Strongheart one better by wearing costumes, and undertaking character roles. He is not very convincing as a heavy, but in his more frivolous moments he is thoroughly delightful. He seems to have some sense of artistry.

HEADIN’ WEST—Universal

HOOT GIBSON, blond and smiling as ever, in exhibitions of riding and wrestling. A thin thread of plot, all about cattle rustling and impersonations and villains in furry pants. Send the children—they’ll like it. Juvenile grown-ups mayn’t be disappointed either.

IRON TO GOLD—Fox

USTIN FARNUM as a misunderstood bad man who falls in love with the wife of his enemy. Very heroic and noble and not at all convincing. Marguerite Marsh is the lady in the case.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—First National

WHEN Mack Sennett makes bathing girl comedies he gives the public an eyeful. But when he attempts anything more serious the result is disappointing. Some families may like this—at any rate, it’s harmless.

THE WISE KID—Universal

SOME jazz, a few clever titles, a slightly mutilated story and Gladys Walton—who plays the part of a cashier in a cheap restaurant. Not much to think about, but fairly good entertainment. It will teach the children some new slang. Some of the characters are well taken, and one glimpse of the settlement workers, looking in on the modern dances, is almost worth the price of admission. All in all it’s reasonably good.

THE RAGGED HEIRESS—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON, very likable despite her cute ways and her eternal sweetness, does good work in this picture. The plot is as old as Cinderella, but there are quite a few thrilling moments and a real sympathy for the down-trodden little heroine is developed. John Harron, as leading man, is more like his brother Robert than ever. Send the children—although you can take them without wasting an evening.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 33)

A Mysterious Something

K NOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florence days was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

SEM-PRAY JO-VAY-NEY

Sempre Giovine

Meaning—Always Young

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Natural Health Tonic

Sem-pray jo-vay-ney is a fragrant skin cleanser in cake form which, applied to the face at night, thoroughly cleans and softens the pores, banishes blemishes and all impurities—doing what soap and water alone cannot do, because, being composed of oils which have a natural affinity to the skin, removes the oily pores deposits and removes them without irritating the delicate epidermis.

Sem-pray jo-vay-ney is to the skin what the sun is to the flow'er, giving that delightful freshness of charmed youth—leaving the skin with the smoothness of satin—without an appearance of oil or shine.

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use this dainty refreshing complexion cake are indeed, "always young."

The Sem-pray Jo-vay-ney Co.

Dept. 1255 Grand Rapids, Mich.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 95)

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 21, 1895, Woodville Latham gave an exhibition of his projection machine to reporters. He was ready to tell the world about it. The next morning, Mr. & Mrs. John York carried a story about the show. Latham was amazed to find a whole crowd turned up with an old-fashioned chalk plate drawing, depicting something that was new to the world—Motion pictures on a screen. It was a somewhat partitive piece of reporting. The Sun was obviously influenced strongly by the name of Edison and the fame of the kinetoscope. The Sun said:

MAGIC LANTERN KINETOSCOPE
Edison Says Latham's Device Is Old and Promises to Beat It.

An exhibition of what Edison considers a kinetoscope which shows the pictures, enlarged upon a screen, was given yesterday afternoon at 35 Franklin Street, Woodville. Latham, he calls his arrangement the Photopanoptik. The illustration, according to the description, Mr. Edison said:

"That is the kinetoscope. This strip of film with the pictures which you have here, is made exactly as the film I use. These holes in it are for the sake of the sprocket, which I devised."

The Kinematograph, pictures on a screen was the very first thing I did with the kinetoscope. It is simply a refinement of that, because the pictures were crude, and there seemed to be no commercial value in that feature."

"In two or three months, however, we will have the kinetoscope, and then we will show you screen pictures. The pictures will be filmed: the size, and the sound of the voice can be heard as the movements of the figures are seen."

If Mr. Latham can produce life-size pictures now, as we do with the kinetofonograph, that's a different matter of what the Lathams see."

"When Latham says he can set up his kinetoscope, make the pictures for his machine, he means that he has simply a portable kinetoscope."

We have those for six months. The reason that our pictures all look so bad, Latham says that the kinetoscope was univocal."

"If they carry the machine around the country, calling it by some other name, that's fraud, and I wish whenever it gets to happen."

The next morning in his room at the Hotel Bartholdi, Woodville Latham turned to the paper to see what had resulted from his million-dollar first screen publicity show in the world. We can well imagine the scene with Major Latham, hot with anger as he strode the floor with the paper clenched in his hand.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture
(Continued from page 96)

A generation before in the Latham family this would have been provocation for a challenge and an affair of pistols and coffee. But presently he was Professor Latham again. He sat down to his desk and with painstaking care and control, wrote such a letter as he deemed compatible with his dignity and the situation.

The first article in the Sun had won a double column space at the top of page 2. The next day on page 5, under a patent medicine advertisement, the Sun published Woodville Latham's letter:

LATHAM'S PANTOPTICON

The Inventor of It Denies That It Infringes Upon the Kinetoscope.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: You take notice in this morning's issue of a device of mine for projection on a screen photographs of moving objects, and if you had stopped at that I should now be in your debt. But along with your account of the apparatus you publish certain injudicious utterances of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, which, if they went unchallenged, might reflect on me personally in the estimation of persons who do not know me or are unacquainted with the facts, and I, therefore, very respectfully request that you will give similar publicity to a word of reply from me.

I am not acquainted with the interior structure of Mr. Edison's kinetoscope, and am unable, therefore, to tell whether there are points of similarity between his apparatus and mine or not. I have, however, seen the outside of both, and I do know that mine is not half as large, though it includes an apparatus for projection, which his does not. Another obvious difference is that my machine can carry thousands of feet of film as well as shorter lengths, and can be used for making long exhibitions, while as I am credibly informed, his larger machine (first made by the way, on the order of one of my sons), can carry no more than one hundred and fifty feet of film, and can afford an exhibition of only about one minute. These facts would seem to indicate a very material difference of make-up. However, I applied some weeks ago for letters patent on my apparatus, and it will not be a great while before the public will have evidence that Mr. Edison's mere ipse dixit as to the priority of claim.

As to Mr. Edison's threat of prosecution as also exhibits my machine under any other name than the one he chooses to call it by, it is something a great deal worse than praise. I refer not, at this time, to characterize it more pointedly. So far as his even qualified charge of "fraud" is concerned, I have only to say he would probably not have made it if he had reflected that the men to whom he is indebted for ideas touching his kinetoscope are quite as numerous, both in this country and abroad, as are those, who by any possibility, could appropriate his own.

If Mr. Edison can project pictures of moving objects on a screen, as he says he can, why does he not do it as publicly as I have done, and do it at once?

WOODVILLE LATHAM,

HOTEL BARTHOLO, April 22.

In this exchange of charges and challenges of twenty-seven years ago is reflected the coloration of all the embitterments that were to run down through the years of picture history.

It was natural, in view of the events of April 2, that Edison should look upon Woodville Latham as an interloper and an infringer. Just as it is obvious today that Latham's machine was a rigid principle of old fashioned rectitude, conducting himself in this complex situation in a manner that squared with his own conscience. It is perhaps just as natural, too, that Latham should have misjudged Edison and belittled his attainment of the kinetoscope. Latham had heard some prejudiced testimony in the matter.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 57)

It was a large misfortune to the motion picture. There was to be no peace from that day until the remote end of 1908, thirteen battle wrung years away.

To give this period its proper place in the sense of time, it is of interest to note that the newspapers in this week of the motion picture's birth were spiced with the sensational disclosures of the Wild West case. Also that week Kaiser Wilhelm announced the coming opening of the Kiel Canal and the United States accepted an invitation to send warships to the ceremonial.

Meanwhile the problem of screen projection was not so nearly solved as might be surmised at this point. The pictures which the Latham machine projected were highly imperfect and unsatisfactory. They came near to complete motion picture illusion, but their fault lay in a minor but all important technical detail, the time in which each successive "frame" or step of the film was stopped and exposed to the eye did not sufficiently exceed the interval of motion, or the time in which the film was moving from one position to the next.

But the Latham enterprise was not amply financed. It was desirable to get it to earning an income as soon as possible. Hasty steps were taken to get the products of the Lambda company before the public as soon as possible.

The next move was the making of a picture; in fact the whole idea that the Latham brothers showing of their six round prize fight special in the kinetoscope peep show in Nasau street, it was an easy consequence that they should decide upon another fight as their first production for the year.

A bright sunny day, just after the first of May, Otway Latham in the rôle of director staged a fight between "Young Griffo" and "Battling Barnet." The company planted its tent under part of Madison Square Garden. W. K. L. Dickson, now no longer connected with the Edison enterprises, assisted at the making of this picture.

May 20, 1895, the Griffo-Barnet fight went on exhibition to the public at 153 Broadway. It ran its flickering way in about four minutes.

So the motion picture opened for the first of all first runs on Broadway. How far was that little four minute picture on the magic lantern sheet in a store room from today's hundreds of the upper Broadway, with its multi-million dollar screen theatres?

Simultaneously with that opening on lower Broadway in the Barnet vs. Latham company's first commercially, the Edwardian company started its commercial career by offering for sale state rights on the use of their projection machine. The Lathams started to build a number of machines and to make pictures to be shown on the new born screen.

The beginning had been made. This was the founding of the motion picture industry. Potential millions of profits were waiting.

(To be continued)

How To Do It

(Continued from page 69)

decided to do so at the studio. To my surprise, upon arriving at the gates I was admitted without a word or smile. Director Punch was in the yard. He told me where to find my dressing room. Imagine my indignation upon reaching it to find it full of canibals! That was my first real disillusionment, for I thought my part was to be shared with a hundred others. What chance is there for individual expression when one's part is shared with a hundred others? I thought of everything but the motion but decided to wait until I was started.

Let me say here, never raise any objections to anything during your struggle. Just save them up until you are a star and then enter them all at once.

A friendly canibal showed me how to put on the tropic complexion and gave me a little shrub which he told me to drape to the best of my advantage. This I did.

With my heart thobbing openly, I arrived on the "set." Miss Razzell, the little star, was at that time very democratic, although she had very much changed recently. Her kindness toward extra men was well-known. Although I was just one of the mob, she noted my personality and when it came time for the big rescue scene where she was borne on the stalwart shoulders of a Christian cannibal out of harm's way, the director came right over and picked me out.

There was to be a fight between the villain who had lured Miss Razzell to the lonely island for the dire purpose of kissing her, and one of the noble savages, whose sister, Little-White-Hair, had been taken and harmed by the same monster. I was to play the pal of the savage who fought the villain, and during the fight I was to be Miss Razzell out of harm's way. Well, the fight was staged, the villain punching at the noble savage and the n.s. stroking back. I was loitering in the background when another cannibal was flung against my person when I heard Miss Razzell exclaim:

"For Gawd's sake, Punch, this jazbo fights like a sissy. Where'd you get him?"

She was referring to Lawrynce Jasmyne, the boy who was playing the noble savage.

"As the red man's hope you're a fine Mel- lin's food product," screamed Miss Razzell. "Take him away before he tickles somebody."

I had crossed near to observe the fight and show my interest. Lawrynce Jasmyne was saying something about, making queer gestures at the villain.

"What's he doing?" I asked, eager to absorb knowledge.

Miss Razzell glared at me.

"Why, don't you recognize the swan dance?" she cried. "That's what you get, Punch, for engaging a Denishawn dancer for a prizefighter."

"Oh, hell!" said Punch, stepping on the assistant director's derby. "Here you— he was addressing me!"—"Can you fight?"

Without waiting for further opportunity, I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him in the head.

"Here, here! you fool," cried Mr. Punch. "This is a movie fight—not a murder!"

I said, "Oh, yes," and released the villain's head from under my arm. He sixed and sat down heavily, but they brought him to with the aid of Miss Razzell's smelling salts which she always carries in a flask. Then I learned how to fight fiercely without doing any harm to the opponent's make-up. All the time Miss Razzell was saying me on with white smiles and such kindly appreciation as "That's a hit!"

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How To Do It

(Concluded from page 98)

FROM that point on Miss Razehell showed a personal interest in me. Everybody referred to me as "Lotta's new one," meaning her new "discovery."

The next day Miss Razehell had a row with the director. Of course she triumphed, great artiste that she is. The subject of the row was, I learned, none other than me. Miss Razehell had seen my talents and knew I possessed the attributes of the ideal screen lover. So she insisted that my part be changed so I would win her in the end. This necessitated some trivial changes in the plot, and the director stupidly was against them.

"The public wont stand for you marrying a naked cannibal," roared Punch to Miss Razehell.

"I could put some clothes on," I suggested. "Oh shut-up," said Punch.

Finally they fixed the scenario so that I would be only half-cannibal, the daughter of a white missionary mother and a cannibal father who had been reformed by the missionary and culinary work of my mother. Thus over night I became a leading man and was hailed as a discovery by the public.

But my struggle was not over. The director, jealous because he hadn't discovered me, wanted to fire me. Professional jealousy is a terrible thing. Then, too, the producer couldn't see me in anything but half-cannibal parts. That is another thing—as soon as you triumph in one type of part they want you to keep on playing it. If it hadn't been for Miss Razehell, I might have gone on playing cannibals eternally. In her next picture I played an English lord with the same daring as in the cannibal part.

Contrary to persistent rumor, Miss Razehell and I have never become man and wife. We were just co-stars. Here again I must admit that professional jealousy crept in, although not on my part. Seeing that Miss Razehell was becoming jealous over the way the exhibitors were featuring me above her, I went to the producer and suggested he star me alone. He said the best he could do would be to put me in a serial playing the Man-Ape. I was not in sympathy with the part, as I am ambitious to play such parts as Ibsen and Shakespeare. Anyhow, the company had given me rather stories with all the fat parts going to Miss Razehell, despite the fact that the exhibitors and fans were clamoring for me. And my salary, even though it was in the four figures, was ridiculous in comparison with what I was earning the producer. I have figures to show that I was earning the old usher a half million a year clear profit on each of my pictures.

So I am about to form a company of my own, as soon as the capital has been raised. In conclusion, let me say that there is nothing to "pull" in the movies. You have to make good on your own talent without the aid of anyone. I do know a few stars who have been made through the love interest on the part of someone, but they are waning fast and soon will be seen no more. To make a success in the movies you've got to have brains, intellect, and be a gentleman of culture. But above all you've got to be a Genius.

GEN. FRANCISCO VILLA, once the leading Mexican rebel leader, who made his peace with the De la Huerta Government and retired to a large estate at Camaltoc in Durango, given him by the Government, has complained to President Obregon that bandits robbed him of 200 head of horses. Villa asks for more adequate protection from marauding bands.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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We Have No Branch Schools Nor Affiliated Schools.
RIP VAN WINKLE fell asleep in the depths of the Catskill Mountains, for twenty years. But Ray McKee fell asleep for three months—in the heart of Hollywood. Of the two, it's almost easier to believe Rip's story! For Rip had been drinking heavily the cup that cheers while Ray had been working hard, making a picture.

He began to feel drowsy on the lot, where they were filming "Merely Mary Ann." He was Shirley Mason's leading man—it was a good part, and there was no reason for him to fall asleep over it! But the drowsy feeling persisted, and finally, he stole away from the set. He was almost overcome with sleep when he reached his bungalow, and so he went straight to his bed room and threw himself, fully clothed, across his bed. And when Pat O'Malley, a close friend of his, came to call on him—some six hours later—he hadn't moved.

Of course, Pat tried to wake him. But no amount of trying did any good. Ray slept on—and on. So finally, a doctor was sent for. And then another doctor. And that a Specialist! he never woke up. For the dreams had begun.

Strange, fantastic dreams, they were. Dreams of murders, and railroad wrecks, and Chimpanzees with long black hair that swept all about him in great oily tangles. Dreams more thrilling than the most lurid serial—dreams more full of crime and terror than Lon Chaney's newest picture. (It is called, "The Blind Bargain," and Ray, by the way, plays second lead in it.) Some of the dreams made him cry out in terror—some of them sent him cowering into the corner of his bed. But they didn't wake him.


His hair grew long, and he acquired a beard. And then the hair turned white. He changed his appearance, from a joyous boy to an emaciated old man. And then, he suddenly woke up.

His first idea was to go back to the set, and to the filming of "Merely Mary Ann." For he thought that his sleep had only been of the normal, one-night stand variety. "I have a call in for nine o'clock!" he protested wretchedly. But, because they were afraid to cross him in his weakened condition, they carried him out to his car and took him to the studio. It was only then that he understood, for they were making an entirely different picture.

"I broke down and cried," he said, "when I saw it—for I thought they'd left me out. I didn't know what had happened until I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a mirror. I don't wonder that only Rip Van Winkle's dog recognized him!"

"There have been only two-twenty cases of Sleep-Ann, as it is called in this country. I believe. The other twenty-one? I'd rather not talk about them. I got well, my white hair came out, and when other hair grew it was as dark as ever. So I don't feel that my long nap has really hurt me. Only—I'm three months younger, really, than I am."

Ray McKee was a child of the theater. He doesn't remember any part of his life, he says, that has not been identified with the drama. He made his screen debut in the days of the old Edison Company, went back on the speaking stage for a short time, and then entered the pictures again—through the medium of the War Department. With Claire Adams and Helen Ferguson he appeared in the serial stories. And then, the war was over and he put on civilian clothes and went West to play leads in Fox films. The "Sleeping Sickness" came at the end of two years' entertainment.

Rip Van Winkle didn't do much work, after his long rest. But Ray McKee feels that he has slept away all hope of a vacation. He is even now launched upon a new experience for he is, at present, sailing toward the Caribbean Sea, where he will catch, all alone and with a hand-harpoon, a monster whale. This is the big moment of his career, the deep green of the old whaling days. And Ray is the star of it!

Solving the Million-Dollar Mystery

(Concluded from page 76)

He points the beaver towards the exit and beats it home to his storm and strife.

In the meanwhile, said storm and strife meets the Count and they park themselves in the tower room, where Sergius puts the B on his harp, and begins meditating a lot of noise about his family honor and how hard it was to make a touch from a Jane. He even turned on the weeps for it.

Marusachka, the mind, goes balmy in the head and gets fierce and wild, and then hoots it to a nice peak where she takes a brodie into the briny deep to end her sorrows.

Soon the tower is a mass of flames, and Sergius forgets the lady and starts tearing around like a prairie dog looking for an out. He believed in the tradition of "Women and children first," but when the firemen arrived with the life net he jumped first to show her bow and incidentally to make sure of himself.

Just as she leaps, her husband, the envoy, arrives on the scene and rushes her home in a taxi. He finds Sergius' note stuck in her waist and goes back to the Villa and socks the Count in the kisser. Sergius believed that it was against the Queen-wayer rules to take another, so stayed where he was till the envoy had left.

That seemed the tip off to pull up the steam and blow him out of that night. And her and pal packed like a couple of one-night standers and had everything set for a nice getaway, when in blew a half a dozen fly cops who were as welcome as a bad disease. And, they branded the beer, and seized the bracelets, and escorted the two to the hoosegow.

Here is where the Count proved what a good he is. He knew that the two dames were taking a run out powder, as the game was up, and his only play was the tall pines.

But, instead, the smelt-faced rummy sneaks over to the counterfeiter's shack and climbs the trellis to the half-witted daughter's room.

Here he gets a dark stick in his ribs and is bundled up like an Egyptian mummy and dumped into the sewer—a most appropriate resting place for the silly-looking dumb-bell and his playthings, "Foolish Wives."

Catherine Calvert

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The Last Straw
(Continued from page 29)

laughed heartily, with real enjoyment. What a screamingly funny old idol Hughie was! Anyway, he still handed her a lot of
laughs.
She began to straighten the house. She did all the work herself—except the weekly washing and cleaning—because she
couldn't get a servant Hugh would put up with who would put up with him. For
that matter, she had never found one whose cooking suited him. He never let her know, of
course, until five minutes before meal
time, but over half the time he came home
to dinner. He liked her cooking.
She understood Hugh so well.
And—she loved him.
She didn't exactly know why, but she did.

SHE was meditating on the fact as she
gathered up the dishes, when she heard
a step and a moment later her mother, in a
david gingham house dress, came through
the back door.
"Hello, mama," said Lucy, giving her a
quick hug and kiss.
"Hello, Lucy," said her mother, regarding
her under bent brows with her sharp,
little old eyes, "How did he behave this
morning, by gosh?"
"All right. He's gone."
"Yes, I heard the car,—Mrs. O'Baran
at dinner in one of the kitchen chairs—she'd
't have come over. I've not a dis-
position like yours, Lucy, my angel. It's
bouncin' a fraying pan off his bean, I'd be.
"Not," said Lucy, "not that, ma, but
heid, that it'd do a mile of good. That
I grant you. Had I the ill luck to marry
him, I'd have been hanged long ago, a dis-
grace to my family and my church. How-
over, in lots of ways, Hugh's a good man—
good man. He's a hard worker, and a
money maker—though he don't consider
you under the head of necessary expenses, I'm
sure. And he's a success, which you like
best of all, though what good it is to you,
I'm not able to say.
"You would have him, Lucy. You was
out on marrying him, three years before he
asked you—wantin' to marry an actor you
were from the time you could cry. You
was stuck on him, Lucy, my girl, and you
was that pretty, though you've gone off
considerable since. I must say, that he
don't but fall in love with you. Well, oh,
I think he's faithful to you."
"Think? Oh, mama dear, you know that
whatever else he is, Hugh is a good, true
husband. I've no women to worry about."
"If there exists on the face of this planet
a man like that, may I be forgiven for the
infant wrong I've done him in my thoughts,
I never knew but one husband that I was
true was faithful to his wife—and that was
Paty Donavan's husband that was para-
lyzed."
"Oh, mama. Hugh has his little ways—"
"Ways, indeed! He has. But, men are
men, daughter. You can never say I de-
ceived you in your bringing up. You know
as well as a woman can that hasn't had to
live with one of them, what they are. I
told you myself. And an actor—for a girl
as has been raised respectable among hard-
working God-fearing girls, can't get like
that. And as I say, you might have done
worse if marry you had to. He don't drink.
It's too expensive now. And he don't heat
"Mama!"
"Well, Lucy, as good women as yourself
have been married to men that knocked
them about now and again. Your father was
the kind of a man that every girl and then
(Continued on page 102)
The Last Straw

(Continued from page 101)

Her house was in order, mama was preparing her delicious chicken salad and a cold boiled potato and a strawberry shortcake for Hugh's dinner. She had made out the checks, and the shirts were washed and it was not yet noon. The Hollywood scene was cool and had for her that same fascination that had so ensnared her imagination on the day Hugh had brought her to their first little home.

As he sauntered easily, her laughter and love of fun welled in her eyes and came from her lips in a little tuneful whistle.

She stopped short to admire a gorgeous warbler in full bloom before she realized that the gray pergola it covered was attached to the charming mansion of Miss Maude Sutton. She didn't know Miss Sutton very well, though this was the third picture in which Hugh had appeared with her. (Hugh liked to refer to himself as a juvenile or a juvenile lead. He never reminded her that they had been married eight years except in private.)

As a matter of fact, Hugh was thirty-five and his position was not more than the twenty-eight which he claimed. Mrs. Beresford gave a quick sigh. She was five years younger than Hugh, yet she knew more people thought her older. Well, women are always a year older than men and she didn't have the time nor the money to keep herself up as Hugh did.

Hugh needed so much, a man in his position always needed a showing. And though Hugh was such a good actor he wasn't a very good business man. She knew she was rather stupid and hadn't had any advantage and she reminded him of it—but sometimes she could see business advantages that he couldn't. He didn't always get his salary and sometimes he lost his temper with dressers and lost a good engagement. He wasn't a man everybody liked to have around the lot.

As she gazed at the gray house beyond the wintaria, thinking on these things, she suddenly remembered Hugh's stick. He'd want it. She didn't know Miss Sutton well, but she was probably at the studio anyway and the servants could give her the stick.

But Miss Sutton wasn't at the studio and the butler asked Mrs. Beresford to come in. Lucy smoothed her skirts and pulled out the little brown curls over her ears. She hadn't meant to call.

Maud Sutton was a beautiful woman. Otherwise, of course, she would not have been a star. She was almost forty, but she still held her following.

Little Mrs. Beresford felt embarrassed at first and then somehow she felt quite at ease. After all, Miss Sutton was only a pastry chef and had occupied the top position of the grand piano and the rooms hadn't been aired. They were very gorgeous, but there wasn't much light and sunshine. The butler brought in wasn't made properly and there wasn't enough ice in it.

Poor Hugh. How that must have annoyed him. And poor Miss Sutton. With all her fame and fortune she should have known how to run her home and not to anybody to look after her nicely.

The butler brought the stick and Lucy took it—she could dance nice, and she was conscious of that rough redness when she looked at Maud Sutton's lovely, white soft hands.

 Afterwards, Lucy could not remember just when the became conscious that Miss Sutton was patronizing her. Nor when some...
The Last Straw

(Continued from page 102)

thing within her registered quiet suspicion. Phrases only stood out.

"Your husband's marvelous intellect. Dear Hugh's immense appreciation of the new poets. Hughie's great love for good music. Did Mrs. Beresford play? No? What a pity. Wasn't she fortunate to be married to such a high, artistic soul as Hughie? Wives often didn't appreciate their husbands but she knew Mrs. Beresford did. Sometimes, unfortunately men like Hugh were bound to narrow, jealous wives who limited their viewpoint and experience. Did Mrs. Beresford mind if she, an old friend, congratulated her on her sensible outlook?"

Mrs. Beresford said goodbye rather hastily. She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one. What did the woman mean, with such talk? There was an expression on Lucy's face very like her mother as she concentrated.

The chauffeur's face that morning when he mentioned Maud Sutton. The butler's startled expression when she gave him her name. The atmosphere of that house—unsatisfactory, unwholesome, unappealing, messy. This unwholesome, beautiful woman with her tangle of golden hair.

She nodded to the gateman and ran up the white-carpeted steps to her husband's dressing room. In one hand she carried her little bag of cleaning things and, in the other, Hugh's stick.

He was eating luncheon which James brought him every day from a nearby tea-room. His make-up was bright pink—he held that a pink make-up made him look younger—but even with it on, he was a fine, handsome chap.

"Hello, darling," he said, "you're early. You mustn't start cleaning until I'm gone. You know how it upset me to have cleaning going on around me. Never mind. I have to be back on the set at one."

MRS. BERESFORD did not sit down. She looked her husband squarely in the eye—she even pointed at him with his own stick.

"Hugh, what's this between you and Maud Sutton?"

Now Hugh Beresford was a man who rarely troubled himself to lie, even to save those he loved. What he did, he did by divine right. The king could do no wrong.

His face, therefore, openly showed annoyance.

"Lucy, what's this, what's this? Don't you know you mustn't come in here when I'm trying to relax and strengthen myself for the afternoon and upset me by firing questions at me? Really, darling, you should have a little more consideration."

Inwardly, Lucy could not control a spasm of laughter. How consistent the brute was!

"Never mind your digestion for a minute, Hugh. What is it? I've just been here," she waved the stick by way of explanation, "and I don't know if you've been having an— an affair with Maud Sutton?"

Hugh looked embarrassed. "Now, Lucy, my love, can you see you mustn't ask me things like that, dear? You know what a gentleman's code is. One can't speak of those things even to one's wife. However, in this case, there's nothing to conceal. I've had a bit fed up with Maud Sutton. She has such a bad cook. Plays the piano well, though. But you know how these movie stars are. She has some really wonderful first editions—poems. And she insists upon reading them out loud herself. And of

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she married him—even before she met him. Now, he was a habit.

If her mother knew this—but her mother shouldn’t know. She wanted just to forgive Hugh this, take comfort that it was not worse, and try to win him more and more to his home.

She had rather an awkward moment when she wondered what was doing the right thing—if her indulgence and petting and forgiveness weren’t alding and abetting Hugh in his selfish egotism. Perhaps a strong woman would take her stand and force him—but she was not a strong woman. She couldn’t do that. Only going on doing the best—

On a horse anyway that she knew so far ahead that Hugh was coming home to dinner. It had been sweet of him to tell her. Mama had everything ready and she could spend her time making the house lovely and herself pretty. She counted the return of her household allowance. Yes, she’d stop for some of that cheese he loved so.

He had been sweet. He’d said he loved her better than anything else in the world. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed. They’d have a lovely evening together and forgive.

She had fixed her hair, put on her new to-die-for frock, and completed her dinner preparations when she heard the car stop. Hugh came briskly up the walk. As he stood in the doorway, she thought how good looking he was.

“Hello, sweetheart,” he called. And Lucy, trying to prepare everything so that it would be just right if he wanted to eat now and so that it wouldn’t spoil if he wanted to eat half an hour, called back, “Hello, dear, I’m in the kitchen.”

He came into the spotless white kitchen and pulled her ear, as she turned the butter-dipped cucumbers in brown butter.

“Never mind that for me, sweet,” he said. “I don’t think I’ll dine at home, after all. Tom McInnes has asked me to go down to the yacht club. He’s going to call for me. You know how the water rests me after a hard day.”

The last sentences floated down the stairs. Lucy Beresford, her heart fast throbbing with sobs, her eyes blinded with hot, angry tears, went on mechanically frying cucumbers. She was never able to eat them afterwards. Well, she knew how flattered Hugh was and how much asked down to the yacht club. He liked to get in with that gang of big important men. She ought to be glad Tom McInnes, Hugh’s director, liked him well enough to want him to go. Not all men liked Hugh. It was a wise move.

It was all right. She’d had rather a trying day, that was all. She’d call her mother to come over and eat the dinner and they’d have a visit and go to a show.

SUDDENLY upstairs she heard a terrific bang—bang—followed by the sound of shards of glass. She ran to the stairs and called up, “Oh, Hughie—oh, what is it?”

“Damn it,” he yelled down. “I threw that blasted out light globe over my shaving mirror on the floor, that’s what it is. I’ve told you already it was burned out and now, by God, maybe I’ll get a new one. Then it would go into his room. Flung open doors. The door of—vicious. The creak of drawers haunted open.

Then—

“Ahoy! Luc-e-e-ee! What are you doing? Why don’t you help me? Where are my best white pants? The other ones, with the tan stripe in them. I can’t find the cursed things anywhere. What in the world do you do with things? I can’t imagine.”

On the last words, Lucy walked quietly into the room. From the nearest hanger in the closet, not two feet from Hugh’s face, she took the best white pants.

Then she went deliberately to the open window and threw them out, as far as she could throw them.

They lit grotesquely, on a cactus plant in the middle of the front lawn.

“There they are,” she said. “Now go and ‘em, if you want ‘em! I’m going home to my mother.” And walked out.

III

“I’N the name of hiven, what’s this?”

Mrs. O’Bannon stopped before the front window of her small, plush drawing room and looked out intently.

A very handsome, dark blue coupe, driven by a chauffeur in livery, had just drawn up. The door opened instantly and Hugh Beresford, responded in a Palm Beach effect, and bearing in one hand a bouquet of American Beauties jumped out.

“Hello, mother,” he said, as he took the steps two at a time.

Mrs. O’Bannon regarded him silently, aggressively from the doorway.

At last she said, “Did you want something?”

Hugh crimsoned slowly. “I—I wanted to see Lucy,” he said.

“U—um,” said his mother-in-law. “Well, the child’s having her breakfast in bed. I doubt if she wants to see you.”

Hugh’s eyes sought the brightly shining coupe. “I—I wanted to show her the new car I bought her,” he said in a voice that was quite new.

“That’s nice,” said Lucy’s mother, “but it may be ‘twill take more than a new car to mend a child’s back when you’ve broke it.”

There was a little patter on the stairs, and Lucy stood on the landing, flushed but quiet.

“I thought I heard your voice, Hughie,” she said. “Why don’t you ask Hugh to come in here and wait for you.”

“Can come in if he wants to,” said Mrs. O’Bannon. “I’m not stopping him.”

Lucy, her little head high, led the way into the parlor.

“I brought you these roses,” said her husband.

“They’re lovely,” Lucy admitted, taking them into her lap. Thank you.”

“And—I just peeked through that window, Lucy, you’ll see the little new car I bought you—and I’ve got a maid for you at the house. I think she’s a very good one.”

“It’s a beautiful car,” said Mrs. Beresford, “but—I don’t think I want it. Cars—and servants—well, that isn’t Hughie. I—just can’t come back.”

There was a tene silence. Lucy’s finger slowly plucked the rose leaves in her lap, turning the petals back and forth.

Then suddenly the man knelt down beside her chair. “But Lucy—I can’t live without you. I—I’m sorry. I love you, I know I was a pig—a fat headed pig. Tom McInnes made me see things a little last night from—your point of view. I’m sorry.”

Lucy’s lips were pale, but she shook her head. “I’m glad you’re sorry, Hugh—but I don’t think I could—start in all over again. It’s too much. No—I just can’t.”

“But Lucy—I need you. I need you.”

The shaft of sunshine that sifted through the drawn curtains fell just then on Lucy’s face. But it was a pale, cold thing compared to the gorgeous light that came into her eyes.

“Well,” she said softly, “if you really know you need me, Hughie—I guess I’ll come home.”

The Last Straw
(Concluded from page 104)
Hamlet goes out into the orchard and, leaning against an apple tree in full bloom, gazes at the distant hills and broods on the inexorableness of fate. (Close-up of the doves, ducklings, bunnies, turtles, and goldfish also brooding. Close-ups of the broods.)

He realizes that intolerance is as age-old as time itself.

(Flash-back to a scene in ancient Rome where Cleonibus the licentious was Emperor. Hamlet appears as his step-son, and Ophelia as a Christian martyr. A gladiatorial exhibition is being conducted in the vast Colosseum reproduced in its every detail from plans submitted to Mr. Griffith by the American Archaeological Institute and the Societe Royale Geographique Italian. The Christian martyrs, including Ophelia, are to be immersed in oil and lit up, like so many Paine’s Fireworks, to provide illumination for a Roman holiday. Hamlet pleads for mercy, but the Emperor commands that the festivities proceed, at a cost to Mr. Griffith of $641,000.)

This vision brings Hamlet to his senses, and he dashes home to tell his step-father where to get off. Imagine his horror upon learning that Ophelia has gone mad. (Close-up of Ophelia going mad, followed by similar close-ups of the doves, the ducklings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the goldfish.) Furthermore, she has run away up into the mountains looking for an avalanche.

An ominous roar from behind the scenes indicates that she has found one. Hamlet sprints to the rescue, finding her lying prostrate in the path of an onrushing masteloom of crushed rock. The hot breath of the avalanche is upon her. But it is an accommodating landslide, and it marks time for two whole reels until Hamlet comes up and pulls her from its very jaws to a place of safety.

Then the page receive the step-parental blessing, and together with the doves, the ducklings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the goldfish, they live happily ever after.

And so, through limitless infinity, goes the eternal message of perfect love—deathless, immortal, without end.—D. G.

Prolonged Fade-Out.

(Concluded on page 107)
Alas, Poor Hamlet
(Concluded from page 100)

VON STROHEIM
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"FOOLISH LIVES"

WITH
ERICH VON STROHEIM
in the title rôle

Sub-titles by
MISS AMY LOWELL

Foreword by Mr. Laemmle

"Aside from the fact that this film was based upon a play by the late Wilhelm Von Scholz"—the original version—and adapted by Erich Von Stroheim, who also directed, photographed and developed the picture, and played the leading part—"FOOLISH LIVES" is a real, 100 per cent American production, and anyone who says it isn't a rascher."

The Plot (if any)

TRIE Herr Kapitan Hugo Von Hamlet, a well-known homewrecker from Potsdam, arrives in Monte Carlo to collect a few assorted blonde, brunette, and henna scalps for the collection in his trophy room. (Length of the entire principality of Monaco, showing every detail of the place including the Prince.)

Sub-title: "MONTE CARLO....

GAY....LOOSE....SEDUCTUOUS....GRAVEYARD OF BANK-ROLLS."

(Close-up of Hamlet licking his lips.)

Our hero starts his first day right by ruining sixteen parlor maids, assaulting nine cooks and outraging two coachmen's wives. He is about to accord similar privileges to a Grand Duchess, when the censors intervene. So he decides to go after Ophelia, the wife of a wealthy American Ambassador. Hamlet visits her at her hotel, and finds that her husband is away visiting the Prince. (Close-up of the American Ambassador eating with his knife, and offering his royal host a quill tooth-pick.)

The American girl looks good to Hamlet. (Close-up of Hamlet licking his lips;--the same one will do.)

Sub-title: "PULSING...SOFT...INSIDIOUS...SEXITIVE...THE RADIATOR OF THE SOUL."

So Hamlet decides to possess Ophelia. The trouble is, however, that he doesn't make up his mind quickly enough. He takes him eleven reals to do it, and by that time the American Ambassador has finished his banquet and has come home. When he discovers the perfidy of Hamlet, he adds a few more scars to the already extensive assortment on our hero's Heidelberg brow, and then heaves him into the sewer.

At this point, Ophelia becomes a mother—the baby being her contribution to the evening's entertainment.

This brings us to the end of the 32nd Reed, and the conclusion of Episode I. Episode 2 will follow later.

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FADE-OUT.

Betty Blythe, radiant star of "The Queen of Sheba," keeps her underarms daintly smooth and her skin like living satin with Neet, velvety and fragrant cream hair-remover. She says she likes it "best of all" because it requires no muss or mixing and is so swift and soothing to utterly banish every trace of annoying hair-growth. Neet is delightful too because, by freeing the underarm of hair, it thus healthily reduces the distressing armpit perspiration chiefly due to hair-growth there. Comes all ready to use; never fails; wonderful in its charm-giving effect. Regular size 50c, 60c in Canada, at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c for a liberal trial size to Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 659 Olive, St. Louis.

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Fans I Have Known

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

II. — The Neglected Lover

As I sat down in a more or less deserted section of the balcony, I received a mean look from a youth who, together with his girl, occupied the seats directly in front of me. The two of them were so close together that they could easily have occupied one seat if the usher hadn't been watching them.

The theater was dark and fairly empty, and the lovelorn swain was evidently attempting to make the most of those fleeting moments that he was spending with his lady friend; and she was not unresponsive.

In fact, they were having a pleasant spoon. He therefore resented my intrusion.

But he was soon to forget about me, for just after I arrived the feature picture started, and the lover was confronted with competition from an opposite source. It was John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eater."

As the star's name was flashed on the screen, the girl cried out gleefully and snarling.

"Yea, Bo!" and I knew then and there that the hapless young man was in for a bad evening.

"Why the 'Yea Bo' stuff?" he asked.

"Don't you see who's in the pitcher?" The youth evidently had not.

"Why, it's Jack Barrymore!" her emphasis was extreme. "Jack Barrymore!"

"Whonell's Jack Barrymore?" inquired the irreverent youth. "I never heard of him in pitchers."

"Say!" — her voice flamed with scorn — "I spoke you never heard of Warren Harding or General Poaching or Babe Ruth or—"

"Lissen, kid. I didn't mean it. Don't you see, I was kidding?"

He tried to laugh it off, but wasn't very convincing.

"Well, save your kidding for someone else," she conceded.

She gave a dry, mirthless laugh.

Suddenly she emitted a joyful squeal, and almost jumped from her chair.

"Onlook!" she cried. "There he is. That's him!"

"That's whom?"

"That's him. Jack Barrymore, you bick. Ooo, lookit him, Lookit those eyes, that profile, that throat!"

"He looks to me like a ham," was the youth's caustic observation.

He might as well have cast aspersions on the American flag.

"Say, listen to me, Ed Necker," said the girl, in a voice that carried far and carried authority, "you shut up this minute, or I'll never speak to you again. Never — as long as I live!"

Ed was only slightly chastened.

"Well, why don't he get a hair-cut?" he asked.

The girl, for a moment, was stunned by the enormity of this insult.

"A hair-cut, eh! A HAIR-CUT! Jack Barrymore get a HAIR-CUT!" she gave vent to a dry, mirthless, and highly insulting laugh, snorted, and then relapsed into a frigid silence that lasted throughout the rest of the picture.

Ed attempted to reason with her, and said "Lissen, honey," several times, but she paid no attention to his pleas. Her only response was a series of tremulously ecstatic sighs, delivered in the direction of the screen whenever the divine John succeeded in silhouetting his profile against the setting sun.

Finally, when the picture came to an end, and the pair left the theater, I could see at least three feet of daylight between them.}

Ed Necker has a new girl now, and he occasionally brings her to our local movie palace, but only to see films of which Ben Turpin, Will Rogers, Bull Montana, or "Snookey" are the stars. Ed doesn't relish competition.
Night Life in Paris

I was an American in Paris, all right, all right.

"I went to the museums, too. If some of those janes they painted pictures of in those days were alive now, they'd take our jobs. But, from what I can say, they didn't have any censorship on statues, did they? After I looked at some of those works of art, I blushed when I passed the guard going up to the Louvre.

"But the churches—those are what I call churches. Every time I saw a cathedral, I resolved to lead a better life. And I'm pretty near too good to be true, now.

"I got in a regular kink over Berlin, though. That's a great town. The chambermaids in the hotel stole all our nightgowns. And it's just as cold in Germany in the winter as it is anywhere else. As the French would say, for a couple of nights, Lottie and I were 'poulet au naturel.' I hope that means what I think it does.

"I wanted to go to England. But I gave out an interview on the Irish question and I didn't dare. By the time I go back, so many people will have said things about the Irish question, I can put on a pair of false whiskers and slip in.

"Now I'm going to lead a quiet life and make a couple of pictures."

Our hostess rose. And of course I never got more than two glasses down at evening. There were eight men in the room.

Of course you suspect by this time that Miss Sampson is a motion picture star. I'll say it. If you have not seen her recently speak to your exhibitor.

How'd she get in? Where did she come from? What does it matter? She's been in for several years, via the Sennett route, and we wish there were more like her.

She Delivered the Goods

(Concluded from page 21)

looked like having the industrial and metalliferous portion of Poland taken away from its Empire; Korfanty, the Polish insurgent, was raising Cain in a series of raids. Negri replied to the newspaper attacks by stating she had also contributed to German war funds and war charities. It was a reply, even if not an explanation.

It has already been said that Negri is highly emotional. Not only is this so in her work but she is intense in her private life. She never appears herself; and that she is so restless probably accounts for the fact that although two years younger than Mary Pickford she screens so much older. In person she is much prettier in life than on the screen. Her face is not at all reminiscent of Theda Bara or Norma Talmadge, as had been suggested.

Like most of the Berlin actresses she has a tendency to overdress, obtaining her clothes from Vienna. She revels in luxury, but although she is now possessed of what is an enormous income in Germany, she has not altered her character to any great degree from the days when she was an extra. She is no adherent to artificial dignity, and is just as democratic in her associations and friendships today as in the days of her climbing.

If her future assured, or is she just a meteor? Up to now her limitations have not been exactly defined; but if the American public should ever insist on her playing parts of the Polyanne school, it may prove that she is emotionally and temperamentally unsuited for them, and that her place on the screen is that of a tragedienne and not of a comedienne pure and simple.

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Ten Years from Now—Edison

(Concluded from page 49)

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosen and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

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On this side of the ring are the “common” people. But it is they, like the gallery of olden times, that are least in their approbation or in their disapproval. It is really they that are the makers or breakers of the matador’s popularity. Many of them have removed their hats and have covered their heads with brilliant handkerchiefs. They patronize the local merchants with pguide magnificence.

As my eye travels around the ring, my attention is attracted by the president’s box. There is a huge shawl embroidered with vivid crimson and blue flowers pendant before it. The royal princess sits beside the president. She wears a black mantilla.

As I try to distinguish her features with the aid of an opera glass, a great shout goes up. I turn. A gate to my left and almost directly opposite opens. The music is far. There is a tremendous rush of excitement and craning of necks to get the first peep as the procession begins its march into the arena.

First come the matadors (the actual killers of the bulls) on foot. Then the banderillas (they that stick the banderillas into the necks of the bulls). Then the picadors on more apology for horse flesh. This horses have a red handkerchief tied over one eye, sometimes over both eyes. Behind them come the mule team, consisting of eight splendidly caparisoned beasts, dragging the little carriage which is later destined to give the slaughterer its revenge.

The procession makes a grand tour of the ring, saluting under the president’s box as it passes. As it draws near the gate again it disappears, leaving behind only the steel armored picadors that are to engage with the first bull.

They take up their stations. Another blast of brass and wind; another shudder of animal magnetism passes through the crowd; a sense of the primitive lust of killing still at the subconscious bottom of most humans is borne in upon one’s consciousness. I hold my breath. The excitement is tense. My eyes are glued to the little white door. It opens and the bull rushes into the ring.

Heaven! I am over the place.”—Until next month, Jeannette chérie.
Bought and Paid For

NARRATED, by permission, from the Photoplay, adapted by Clara Beranger from the play by George Broadhurst. Copyright, 1922, by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Directed by William C. deMille with the following cast:
Virginia Blaine..........Agnes Ayres
Robert Stafford...........Jack Holt
Fanny Blaine..............Leigh Wyant
Jiminy Gilley..........Walter Hiers

considere of her. And then the door bell rang, and Jimmy jumped up.
He came back a moment later.
"Some one to see you," he said to Virginia.
"Me?" She went into the next room, listlessly, without suspicion. And the next moment she was in Stafford's arms.
"Robert!" she cried. "Oh, you did come—you did!"
He couldn't speak and for a time there were just murmurs between them, little inarticulate sounds of love and joy. Until:
"Oh, my dear—I'm so glad you came for me—at last—at last—"
"Dearest—surely you knew I'd come the moment you sent for me?"
"Sent you?"
Virginia started away from him. They stood staring at another, with understanding dawning in their eyes.
"But I didn't send!" he said. "Then Jim-

Gloria Swanson has been in the very depths of despair.
She has had four wisdom teeth pulled in one week.

Well, we are glad to know she got her wisdom teeth, even if the nasty old dentist insisted on pulling them.
When she came back from San Francisco, Gloria brought a tiny Chinese suit for her daughter. You should have seen that lovely young person, Gloria second, strutting about in the fine silk costumes and wee coats. She can walk all over the house now, by the way, and she has all her first teeth. Which is much more important in Gloria's life than losing a few wisdom ones.

How's Your Eyesight? Can You Find Very Many Objects in Picture Beginning With "T"?

Try This Puzzle

You May Win $1,000!
Free Gift For Everyone!

ARE you good at solving puzzles? Let's see how many objects you can find in the picture above starting with "T"—like Trunk, Tub, Telescope, etc., who knows you may win is $1,000 or a new Buick Touring Car.

There will be two $1,000 prizes, besides many others.

RULES: 1. Whosoever sends in the highest number of correctly cut out puzzle will be awarded a $1,000 prize and so on down. The contest begins immediately and will end when a satisfactory number of entries are received. A duplicate entry will not be allowed for each person, and no entries will be rejected. Everyone's name and address will be printed on a ticket with each entry. Each entry must list his name and address, his age, and how many objects he has found.

2. The only words found in the picture are Thackeray's International Dictionary of the English Language, which is published by Harper & Brothers, and contains no foreign words. If a person finds the name of a movie star or a place, he will not count as a word. Words made up of several words are considered only as one word. The letter must be an entire word as distinguished from a letter used in a single word, e.g., "a, the, in, on, etc.

3. Everyone who sends in a correct solution to the puzzle will be awarded a free prize—free prize two tickets to the Photoplay Magazine. The prize is limited to the first 150 to 200 entries each and all entries will be judged by the Photoplay staff.

4. If 150 to 200 entries do not receive a sufficient number of entries to fill the prize, the prize will be extended.

5. Your solution must be received at the Photoplay Magazine, 29 W. 44th St., N. Y., not later than 10 days after the first of each month.

6. If you send in your solution, you will get a free prize each and all entries will be judged by the Photoplay staff.

7. If you send in your solution, you will get a free prize each and all entries will be judged by the Photoplay staff.

8. If you send in your solution, you will get a free prize each and all entries will be judged by the Photoplay staff.

9. All entries must be in the English language. A wrong solution will be returned at the sender's expense.

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The Little Bicycle ever built
Style, colors, sizes, made to order
in factory.

Rally's to Win Cash or Easy Payments. Delivered free in appropiate, express prepaid. For 30 Days Free Trial. Incurred misses will be accepted, and if you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded, if ordered.

Mail your solution to the Photoplay Magazine.

Large List New Maydale's Act.

De Miracle
Every Woman's Depilatory

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

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 is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mushy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three sizes: 6oz., $1.00; 9oz., $2.00
At all counter counters, or direct from us, in plain wrappers, on receipt of price.

A New Perfume

You will be delighted to hear of the newest creation of the Rieger laboratories, known for nearly a half century as makers of the finest perfumes that can be produced. The new odor is

Honolulu Bouquet

Lovers of good perfume are charmed with its fragrance, an exquisitely indelible mingling of the rarest odors. It is unlike anything you have ever seen before.

Perfume 11.00 per oz., Toilet water, 4 oz., $1.00. Teluno, Inc., at druggists or dept. stores. Send 25¢ (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of

Rieger's Perfume

known everywhere as the most precious perfume in the world. Send 35¢ for Society Box of five 11¢ bottles—6 different odors.

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1873)
173 First St., San Francisco

Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

And then, all at once, the two of them were dancing together

“Come On Over”

(Continued from page 48)

running about the city, it was not the best time for Michael to bring his old mother home. But it was then they arrived at the flat, and one of the first questions they asked was about the meeting of the pair. But Delia and her daughter had made up their minds not to spoil the old woman's big adventure, so they answered evasively. It was only when Delia was able to take Michael aside that she told him the truth.

“Are you going to be married?” he asked,Worksheet: 372861_001.png

“Come On Over”

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn Photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Alfred Green with the following cast:

Moyna Killilea............Colleen Moore
Shane O’Neil..............Ralph Graves
Michael Mornahan.........J. Farrell MacDonald
Delia Mornahan............Kate Price
Carmody.............James Marcus
Judy Dugan............Kathleen O’Connor
Bridget Mornahan........Florence Drew
Myles Mornahan............Harold Holland
Kate Mornahan............Mary Warren
Mrs. Van Dusen............Elinor Hancock
Dugan.............Monti Collins
Barney...........C. B. Leasure
Priest

of his sister, the rich Mrs. Van Dusen (once Maggie Carmody), for a reunion. They accepted, and Carmody was just about to leave when Moyna stepped into the room. He started back, as if he had seen a ghost.

“It’s never Moyna O’Gara?” he questioned shakily, “the same that I loved and left?”

Moyna looked at him sadly.

(Continued on page 113)
"Come On Over"
(Continued from page 112)

"That was my mother's name before she married my father," she told him, "she's restin' by him now, in the churchyard. I did not know that her mother's romance with Carmody had been the sort of a tragedy that she and Shane might have known—one of unfilled wishes.

Shane came back last, to the flat. But Moyna refused to see him. She ran out of the room when he entered and locked herself in her bedroom. And when he had to force the lock she threatened to jump from the window. At last, still refusing to explain matters to the now angry Delia, he left. And Moyna accepted Carmody's invitation to move to his sister's home until she had made her plans for the future. * * * * *

The party! Moyna in an evening frock loaned to her by Mrs. Van Dusen's daughter, Michael Mornahan in a dress suit, Michael's third son, a priest, and his two other sons, as well as his pretty daughter, Delia, in satin, and the old mother. . . . The Van Dusen mansion had seen larger and more fashionable throngs, but never a noisier mob, or a happier one.

They had all arrived when Shane came in. He was pale, and nervous, but his eyes were bright with joy as they fell upon Moyna. He was in a date of admiration as he said:

"Girl, you're wonderful. I never dreamed of you like this!"

Moyna tossed her head as she answered.

"You think I look dressed up, don't you?" she said shortly. And just then the irate butler announced, "Miss Judy Dugan and Mr. Dugan."

And Moyna and Mornahans froze, in a body. And Shane was frantic. He hurried to Judy and begged her to release him from his promise. And then, in desperation, he went to the young priest. But the priest had also promised. Things were going badly for the party when an old blind piper made his way past the butler and into the house. He was the piper who had played for them all, you know; everyone crowded up to him, and Moyna whispered, throwing herself into his arms, "I'm Moyna Killillie."

THE old piper ran his hands affectionately over the girl's face.

"Shure it's my little Moyna," he whispered back.

"Only your voice is taller than it is," she answered.

Moyna was crying—the long hard day had been too much for her. The old piper felt her warm tears upon his withered hand.

"There's only one way to shake sorrow off, honey," he told her, "and that's to dance it off."

The word dance seemed to electrify the company. It made Delia smile suddenly.

"Perhaps for the rich Mrs. Van Dusen now," she said to her hostess, "but I used to dance you down when you were only Maggie Carmody." Mrs. Van Dusen bristled with anger.

"Nobody ever danced Maggie Carmody down," she answered.

"Shure, I could do it again," Delia answered, "you know, she was a piper. I used to dance out in the fields on a door."

Without more ado, Mrs. Van Dusen turned to the shocked butler.

"Closing a door," she ordered, "a smooth door."

And it was brought.

Everybody was dancing wildly. The young people were doing a modern jazz, the two women were clogging. Dermo the priest, crept silently out—the old piper was nearly exhausted. And then Mrs. Van Du-

(Concluded on page 114)
WARNING! Say “Bayer” when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name “Bayer” on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for:

Colds, Headache, Rheumatism.
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Accept only “Bayer” package which contains proper directions.
Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer M.ufacture of Monosodium salicylate.

GOOD LUCK! From the deep interior of the Mystic Orient comes this old token ring of Chinese Princes. Through centuries it has been adored with deep superstitious belief to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to each and every wearer Good Luck, Health, Happiness, Long Life and Prosperity.

WARNING! If you are looking for Good Luck, do not buy imitation, lower grade imitations. This is the original and genuine Chinese Good Luck Ring, and is stamped inside with:

THE LANDON SCHOOL 507 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Copy this Sketch and let me see what you can do with it. Many contestants of the “Copy this Sketch” contest won prizes and bids of as much as $25 more per week was trained by my personal art teacher based on the famous method of London Picture Charts make original drawings from this sketch and win in contests for picture charts. The first list of successful students who won this contest is available. Please write:

THE LANDON SCHOOL 507 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Keep the Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing: I have: no growth, no painless hairiness. No corns, no dandruff, no lice, no itch, no lice, no ringworm, no bald spot. D. J. MAHLER.

“Don’t Shout!”

I hear you; I can hear you now as well as anybody.

“Stop!”

I have a police in my ear, but they are invisible. I would not know they was in me, only that I am alive.

THE MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

In case the ears are to the eyes. Inclined, comfortable, weightless, harmless. Avail.

The Morris Co., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.

Reactions

(Proving that “Evil to him who evil thinks” is still a good line)

AUNT MARIA, a maiden lady from a small town in well-censored Pennsylvania, saw a certain star in a certain picture. This is what she thought:

“Her acts just like a little child. And yet they say she’s very wild—They say the goings-on of her—Have set all Hollywood a-singing. She wears her skirts too short, her hair—Was black before it grew so fair”

Reggie Van Alstine—who saw the same star in the same picture—came across with this:

“Some doll! I think I’ll take a trip out to the country. Perhaps she’ll slip A glance or two at me—they say She’ll meet a chap like me half way, I’d like to see her on the beach, Dressed a la Senette—she’s a peach!”

But—when they showed the same star in the same picture at the Sunnyside Orphanage—Jennie, aged eight, spoke in these words:

“Her hands are awful white an’ kind, I reckon she wouldn’t mind If just a little girl like me Should snuggle up against her knee . . . Her eyes seem wide an’ soft an’ gray— I guess most mothers look that way. —M. E. S.
A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor

By ROSE GLEASON

Former Scenario Reader for the Norma and Constance Talbode Film Companies

W

ith those eager screen devotees who so often ask for criticism of their favorite photoplays—and seldom get it—this article hopes to get in touch. Its object is to introduce them to the scenario editor, a personage, whom I don't doubt, many of them have wondered about.

First, though I want to ask you, Why is it that the average photoplay dramatist, when entrusting his mental offspring to the care of Uncle Sam, invariably summons up a glorious vision of an abysmal ogre who is eventually to pass on its merits? With few exceptions, it seems to me, writers figuratively see the scenario editor seated at his desk, their brain child at the mercy of judgment, cruel and ruthless, unless—as the truth was known—

Well, far be it from me to spring the sob story, but if you had the line on the scenario editor that I have, you'd know that more likely than not the poor grub, instead of trying to bring about the literary infant's demise, is really analyzing the child with the hope of making a better one for you.

Following this little preamble, it seems to me that no better time could be found to introduce the editor than while he's reading the letter which has come to him encased in manuscript. The letter tells him this:

Dear Editor:

You will please find enclosed a story entitled, "The Kiss That Enthralled"; 4705 words. Criticism will be appreciated in case you decide you can't use this.

Very truly yours,

E. J. JONES.

Despite its highly colored title, the scenario editor to whom the above mentioned script was turned, turns the pages of it. They bear marks of many erasures and the type is so legible that he must, perforce, take the editor's word for it that there are 4705 words. Somewhere, perhaps, within it is a lot; if so it would take a better reader than he to discover it.

Mr. Jones gets his script back. He has not enclosed return postage, but a two cent stamp will carry it to the given address.

Another letter says:

Dear Sir:

Ten days ago I sent you my manuscript entitled "Love With Honor." I shall expect your decision and criticism by return mail as I believe I have a right to expect square treatment on this.

Respectfully,

R. K. BROWN.

P. S. I have heard all about the way scenario departments steal plots. If you try that with me, don't think you can get away with it.

Mr. Brown's story goes into its return envelope. It is not even read.

You will understand, that an editor receives the foregoing letters only from literate or unthinking writers. Judging from the first, of course, that fact is very evident, but many similar to the second epistle come to editors from the better class of writers, who, if not firmly established authors, are, none the less, men and women who should be capable of thinking sensibly.

Suppose also—we are glancing through the editor's mail—that we read the kind of letter a disappointed author, who has received his script back, very often writes:

Dear Sir:

My manuscript has been returned to me with one of a rejected letter. Naturally, I am disappointed. It seems the least you could have done was to have given your reason for rejecting it. I shall not bother to send you any more.

Yours very truly,

And so it goes.

When a scenario editor first undertakes his or her job, he answers these calls for criticism. Very painstakingly, and with infinite sympathy he reads every script, and then dictates a letter telling the author what's the matter with it. The result is—

A regular correspondence, which—if he were to keep it up—would occupy all his time.

One of the writers whose work he has written criticism on, thanks him most heartily and is honestly appreciative. Another acknowledges the receipt of his letter and promises to do better next time. A third is quite certain the editor couldn't have read his or—manuscript very carefully or he wouldn't have written what he had about it. A fourth regrets that the critic so completely regretted. A fifth misunderstood the thought he intended to convey, and states she would not be averse to calling at the studio personally to enlighten the editor on a subject he has utterly failed to grasp.

Incidentally, she mentions that while discussing this particular story with him, she has a good store of others she would be willing to talk over.

All this, while the editor's desk is piled high with stories which he must pass on, and which, if not attended to promptly will be a flood of complaining letters to him. The fact is that he has also to review books and plays and other material which literary agents send in, as well as to dig up old classics some director wants to get a line on, is one that has never, I'm certain, entered the average writer's head. Nor does it seem to matter to the literary public, that, besides being in touch with everything, if published, an editor's real job is to find good stories for the producer whose check he receives every Saturday.

All of which is to say that if you don't get a criticism from the editor to whom you have sent your script, such a fact indicates that either he hasn't any particular reason for giving one, or that he hasn't the time. It may also indicate that some unpleasant experience in the past has prejudiced him against such a policy.

You wouldn't believe—would you—that editors have decidedly unpleasant experiences with unsolicited manuscripts which come to their desks? Well, they do. These manuscripts are sent by mail—brought in by the actor, himself—or come through the hands of unreliable agents.

Because of such experiences, editors must avoid setting down on paper well intended statements, which may go to some unknown literary crook who claims in them a double meaning that some hasty lawyer will be able to construe favorably for him.

At least one such experience fell to the lot of an editor I know.

(Concluded on page 116)
A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor
(Concluded from page 115)

Late one afternoon, some time ago, a man, who seemed a pleasant enough sort of chap, and whom the editor met first time in the editorial office that day, left there the manuscript of a play, the screen rights of which he wanted to dispose of.

The play had to contain some fairly good picture possibilities, but was turned down on the score that the story was too improbable. On returning the manuscript, a courteous letter of rejection was enclosed.

Some months later, the editor was summoned to court to say whether or not the agent's statement was true that an actual offer had been made for the play. It had not.

This particular incident led to nothing more serious than the loss of numerous hours spent in writing and rewriting tragic's rooms in response to various sub- poenas. But it was an experience annoying enough to make that editor wary of unknown agents next time.

Yet very often, despite this and a few other drawbacks to free expression, a scenario department head will find the cretion or ideas which he sympathetically dictates a reply to a letter which has come to him filled with the emotions of the writer—a writer who has written there something that has touched his heartstrings. Rarely do they really have 'em, you know. Heartstrings!

The appeal of such a letter lies in the correspondent's piteous acknowledgment of his inability to make any explanation that the accompanying story is not submitted with any hope of acceptance. Rather, he says, it is sent in a desperate attempt to obtain criticism that will prove helpful when writing others. While the money obtained from the successful output of future work, certain little ones may be provided for—or some loved one made well again.

Queer, pathetic little life stories, these, which unroll themselves from the manuscripts onto the editors' desks.

Importunities to the stars (professional stars—not celestial ones from some poor maimed creature who begs to be made whole, and whose script compiles the written request that haste be used in dispatching whatever sum is sent. An editor always answers such letters.

Less appealing, too, in a way perhaps, yet equally pathetic, are those letters which reach the editor now and then, coming from some ex-con (very often a woman) who stipulates a certain sum to be paid for the true story of a crime which he (or she) claims contain great film possibilities. Oh, the endless number—and the stories beneath the surface of them!

But don't get the impression that all the scenario editor's correspondence is gloomy. It is not. Some of his letters are laughable themselves. He receives intercommunications. Wouldn't you laugh if you got this one?

Editor in Chief:
I am sending you a six-page story called "Go At 'Em." I wrote it myself and it is original. You may find some mistakes and corrections in it, but I don't care if there are. I don't care if I am a better writer—I want to be an actor. I think if I start now it will mean something when I grow older.

If you cannot take my story will you at least send it back and tell me what's the matter with it. I much rather go on the stage than get my story accepted, anyway. Hoping for your answer,

Samme.
Letters from Readers

Williston, N. D.
Editor Photoplay Magazine
New York.

Dear Sir:—Was glancing over my Photoplay Magazine this morning and caught sight of the headline of an article, "You Cannot Learn Movie Acting By Mail."

Now I must admit that I was stung by this same year ago, myself. But no casting director ever had the chance to laugh at me, for they never finished the course. If there is anything I can do to assist you, please let me know, and use this note wherever you like.

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED VOTE.

705 So. 1 St, Tacoma, Wash.
Editor Photoplay Magazine

Dear Editor:

Human beings are queer creatures, aren't they?

For instance in the March issue of your magazine is a most wonderful article by the supreme lover of the screen (for the present) Rudolph Valentino, concerning love and woman. Mr. Valentino defends the gentle art of loving. For the cave man he has no use. Especially, does our beloved American come in for his share of criticism. He is depicted as being an impossible lover. At least he is not that one thing we American women abhor—flying. Foreigners weary me. Personally I prefer Conrad Nagel, a typical American, to all the Latin lovers on the screen. I note his stardom predicted in your latest issue. He deserves it more than any other actor on the screen. His acting shows him to be quiet, well bred, and intelligent, and I have always felt, since seeing him in "Red Head," three years ago, that his was one of the magnetic personalities of the screen.

And may I say in closing, that charm, poise, magnetism and, above all, good breeding, are going to be the deciding factors of your New Faces contest. Beauty is secondary to these.

Sincerely,

JOY CLAYBONE.

Hollywood, Cal.

Editor Photoplay Magazine

Dear Editor:

In reference to Mr. C. H. S. (of New Orleans) contention about Mr. Ingram's production "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" which appeared in Photoplay of February 1922, I beg to say that Mr. C. H. is entirely wrong.

Julio, as the son of a Frenchman and though born in a foreign country, is not to be looked at, strictly speaking, as a foreigner, if considered the standpoint of the French Government, which does not officially recognize the foreign naturalization of any Frenchman, nor any of his sons. Born in a foreign country a Frenchman's son may keep on as a foreigner, but should he please to claim himself as a Frenchman, he is by this very fact registered as French, enjoying all his citizenship rights, providing he does his military duties. Therefore, Julio existing, was becoming a Frenchman and had to serve in the Legion French Army and not at all in the Legion Etrangere.

Very careful to surround himself with the required technical talent for his pictures, Mr. Ingram engaged precisely a French Non-Com, being a living in America since twenty years. When the war broke out I was one of the first to answer the call. As such I lived nearly three years in the trenches and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Needing to say I must know something about the uniforms worn by the French, Allied and foreign armies.

With besides ten years' practical experience in the moving picture business under masters by the names of D. W. Griffith, C. B. de Mille, and others, up to the present celebrities, I may say without any boasting that I am entitled to qualify as a technical man for certain pictures.

Trusting that you will see fit to insert the present rectification in the next copy of your very valuable magazine, with my thanks, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

EUGENE TOUZET.

Assistant to Mr. Ingram, Metro Pictures Corporation.

Clearwater, Fla.

Editor Photoplay Magazine

Dear Sir:

I have read with enthusiasm the review of von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" published in the current Photoplay, and hasten to congratulate you upon it. It exactly expresses my own feelings about this picture and I am delighted that at least proper publicity is being given to this most objectionable feature.

I can only add that it is my sincere hope that others will follow your courageous example and that the picture will be withdrawn in response to public opinion.

Yours always sincerely,

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM.

Alexandria, Va.

Editor Photoplay Magazine

Dear Sir:

Recently I saw "Tol'able David" at the Metropolitan Theatre in Washington, D. C. I thought it the greatest picture I had seen since "The Birth of a Nation." The next day I bought a number of your magazine, hoping to find some review or appreciation of the picture. I was delighted to find your review of it on page 64 and to find that you agreed with me in thinking it a great picture, a masterpiece. I only wished that your review had been fuller, much, much fuller.

One sentence in the review struck me: "See if he can't prove to the doubting magnates that you do appreciate fine things on the screen." This had been my feeling, too, that I owed it to the makers of the picture, express my appreciation. I did not know any other way of doing it than to write to them (and, of course, to tell all my friends to see the picture). So I sat down and wrote a letter to the producing company, a letter which very poorly expresses my admiration.

I hope you will publish more photographs taken from the play, more reviews of it, more articles, more keeping writing and writing about it until everyone shall have seen the picture and recognized the greatness of it.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS VALIANT SPEEK
(Mrs. Peter A.)
When Valentino Taught Me to Dance

(Concluded from page 45)

the floor. I hate a woman that drags her feet as though they were floor-polishers. Skip lightly, yet always keeping the ball of the foot on the floor.

The most common mistake I find with American women in dancing is that they shake their shoulders. That's terrible. Even when you dance the shimmy—do you?

I said didn't. But I made a mental reservation. I decided that if he asked me to shimmy, I would. You know how those things are.

"Well, in the shimmy—or in ordinary dancing—never move your shoulders. Never move from the waist up. Shake your hips lightly and gracefully, or pivot from your hips, but above everything don't move your shoulders."

The music started again. "Come on," said Rudolph, "let's dance." I did.

And since I've been following his instructions to the letter and practicing in my bedroom, I find I have more partners at dances than I know what to do with.

That's why I'm passing it on to you.

Too Sharp to Trick

HAROLD LLOYD has a wholesome horror of appearing in public. He never has made a personal appearance and says he never will. While he was in New York recently on a vacation, he attended many theaters. On one occasion he went to see his friend, Al Jolson, in "Bombo." Jolson knew he was in the audience; and just before the curtain fell for the last time, called the audience's attention to the presence of the famous film comedian. Lloyd, in the face of the honest applause, left his seat and rushed madly up the aisle to the nearest exit. Most of the audience rose at the same time and kept right on applauding.

On his return he said that Jolson was a man disgusted to his companion. "I know Harold Lloyd when I see him, and I like him; and that ain't him!"

Lines to Any Movie Star

If I should write a note to you,
About my deep regard;
If I should tell you that your charms,
Have hit me very hard—
Say, lady, would you answer it?
Or would you turn your back,
And turn away your lovely eyes,
Of blue (or grey, or brown)?

If I should send a gift to you,
Some candy, or some flowers,
And verses, on a card—enclosed—
Of love-shine flooded hours;
Say, lady, would you open them,
Or would you turn your back,
And proudly toss your flowing curls,
Of auburn (blonde, or black)?

If I should try to make a date,
The Claridge, say, for tea—
Would you consider it, a mise?
Or would you laugh at me?
Dear lady, would you receive me there,
Or would you turn and go,
And leave me, all alone, to face
Your husband (lover, beauty)?

M. E. S.
MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found on this issue on pages 54 and 55.

Miss W., Texas—Two very good colors for you—and for summer would be both green and periwinkle blue. An evening frock of the latter would be charming, with a silver girdle. Apple green, tulip yellow,—how very spryly these sound—would also be suitable shades.

MRS. L. O., Indiana—Crochet your angora collar and cuffs in rib stitch, about four inches wide, unless you like the collar slightly wider than the cuffs; in that case make it six inches.

JESSIE R.—Ruffles tend to make the wearer look slouter, not slimmer. Do not wear your hair pulled over the ears. Try dressing it rather high, in a modified Spanish effect. The simpler your clothes and coiffure, the slimmer you will look, my dear.

ANNIE—Thank you for your sweet letter. I surely appreciate such praise, because it rings true. I am so very glad you are delighted with your dress made from one of Be Bon Ton patterns. I am sure you will also be find pretty things and patterns and won’t be able to get along without them. Sweaters are still being worn for sports.

R. I. O., California—I wouldn’t wear black gloves in summer. They might be more serviceable, as you say, but they would not be nearly so pretty as white, a very soft gray, or beige. Unfortunately, it is rather difficult to find pretty things which are also practical; but it can be done.

CLARICE—If you are tall and very slim, wear fluffy things. Soft hats; pastel shades. You should look very well in a cape, and capes are very smart. All the shades of brown should become you. Jade, orchid, mauve, blue, and indigo are the shades for evening rather than black.

MRS. H.—If your husband approves of your hair, by all means wear it. Many husbands do not. Brown is the color that is still being worn a great deal, principally by younger women. It is easy to care for and particularly becoming to the outdoors type of girl, which you say you are.

C. W. H., Denver—I see no reason why you should not enter the Screen Opportunity Column. The snapshots you enclosed are very pretty and sweet. Do not send snap shots to the contest; send a regular photograph. It is certainly worth trying for, this Opportunity Column. We have never heard of anything so fair and so attractive to promising young women. The screen is a wonderful profession, with unlimited possibilities.

DOROTHY, Salt Lake City.—A sports skirt with sweaters is a solution of the before-afternoon summer problem. Gingham are going to be worn again this season. A tweed suit is always sensible and attractive. Taffeta is not so good for warm weather.

MARGARET S., North Adams, Mass.—You should have shaved your masculine ledge in face powder. I have no objections to rouge if skillfully applied. Do not, however, use a heavy make-up for the street or daytime. A healthy complexion is much more alluring than cosmetics, particularly out of doors.

JACQUELINE—I do not advocate the curling iron. It might harmily not be monotonously as charming as curly hair, but if it is not naturally curly, it has an artificial look which is not at all pretty. Besides, curling the hair is really a strain. So, if you have it, possibly can, wear your dark tresses straight. There are many coiffures for uncurled hair, you know.

CORINNE H., Long Island.—Of course your aunt is right. Wear your hair down as long as you can. Once up, it cannot come down again, my dear child. Sixteen is a very delightful age, as those who have passed it always agree. Your aunt is a sensible person, I am sure; and if I were you I should accept her judgment in all things, for a year or two longer, anyway.

Polly — Why do you wear such severe things? You are the ingenuous type, and except for office wear, should not confine yourself to tailleurs. The lighter colors are being worn for the street this season. More and more they are becoming supplanted by the more youthful and frivolous periwinkle blue and tomato red and nile green and lavender. And it is a most satisfactory coiffure to be wearing you can wear almost any shade. Follow your inclinations in the matters of color and lines; you won’t go far wrong.

RUTH B., Louisville.—You are a lucky child. You have a natural type of dress and your coloring permits a wide range of colors. From your photograph it would seem, however, that you are addicted to fuzzy hair. It is not particularly becoming. Ruth, I should advise you to devise a simpler coiffure.

BEATRICE K., Evanston, Ill.—Eat starbuck cookies—rice, polish your shoes, drink milk and cream. Avoid acids. This would help you to increase your weight. I was chatting with Miss Ruby de Remer, the charming film star—her designs for Be Bon Ton appear in the fashion column this issue—and she was telling me that she is putting on weight rapidly by practicing a series of exercises. Imagine the fortunate Miss de Remer—so many women are trying to lose weight, not acquire it. Incidentally, the blonde star has one of the most distinctive costumes I’ve ever seen—her dress and cape, photographed for us.

MARIAN—Study your profile carefully before you bob your hair. It is not a becoming style if you happen to have a large nose, for instance. Bangs are not good for everyone. Why cut your hair, Marian, if it is so long and curly? Remember it takes a long time to grow again.

KATHERINE H., Ithaca, N. Y.—Treat your skin in the following manner every night before retiring. Wash your face with very hot water after a soft skin soap, working the lather into the skin. The hot water will loosen the blackheads. After a few minutes rinse off the soap, still using hot water, and then apply cold water. This is possible if with an ice rub, to close the pores. During the day, before applying powder, use a good vanishing cream. I think this will help.
10 Years Ago

LOOKING backward into the past of the photoplay to the year of 1912 we find a curious period perfumed of the quaintness that pervades an excursion into grandmother’s attic on a rainy Sunday afternoon, or an idle hour over the old plush album on Aunt Mary’s black walnutwhatnot in the little cottage home upstate.

MARY PICKFORD was an unknown little girl who had played a part in “The Warrens of Virginia” for David Belasco.

THERE was a director by the name of A.D. W. Griffith working for the Biograph Company in New York. He had some ideas about a big picture to be called “Judith of Bethulia.” Biograph thought Griffith was a pretty capable man in some ways but they never advertised anybody.

THEDA BARA, having not yet discovered that she was born in the Egyptian desert of royal and ancient lineage, was acting in a little theater in New York’s East Side.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had about decided that he was not so fond of Wall Street and the study of corporation law as he had once supposed, and was heading back at a stage career.

AN actor by the name of Francis Xavier Bushman was beginning to be mentioned a bit.

MARY MILES MINTER, who was probably then, as ever since, just sixteen years old, was in a theatrical road company.

THE Moving Picture World, the leading trade paper of that day, remarked: “There is power in a good name and evil in a bad one. ‘Nickelodeon’ is dead; ‘Photoplay’ is being so seldom used that it may soon be forgotten.”

MISS ASTA NIELSON burst into American fame in 1912 as the star of “Gypsy Blood,” one of a series of pictures made by the Deutsches Biograph Company of Berlin.

THE Mutual Film Corporation was organized by a group of sessionists from the Motion Picture Sales Company, the association of “Independents” then fighting the “trust” as represented by the General Film Company operating under license of the Motion Picture Patents Company. There were only two kinds of film in those days, licensed and unlicensed.

PAUL RAINIEY’S African Hunt pictures arrived with a vast blare of publicity.

THE American Film Company announced: “A new version of ‘Get Rich Quick Wallingford’ in a subject entitled ‘The Other Wise Man,’ for release May 13, 1912.”

VITAGRAPH was advertising violently, giving great space to titles and none to the names of stars, although its roster of players then included John Bunny, Florence Turner, Earle Williams and many others of equal rank.

P. A. POWERS captured Florence Lawrence, a Lubin player, and started to feature her as an “Independent” star.

THE Solax company fired a thrilling broadside at the motion picture trade with the announcement of “Fra Diavolo in three reels, a $25,000 production.”

ANNOUNCING that he hoped to interest “successful writers like Richard Harding Davis, Rex Beach and other people of that sort in this new and coming field of art,” William H. Clifford set forth that he would, in behalf of the Pacific Motion Picture Company, pay a royalty to authors of five dollars per print of the production issued. Mr. Clifford said that in view of the prospect of issuing as many as a hundred prints this would bring the author’s reward up to maybe $500.

IN seven lines of type, the coming of “Twins,” for release June 18, 1912, a Thanhouser production featuring a couple of little girls, was given publicity. Some years later the Fairbanks Twins were world famous.

CONSIDERING the virtue of the close-up and its value in dramatic focus and accent in the motion pictures of today, regard the following comment from the columns of the Moving Picture World of April 6, 1912.

Sometime ago in the columns of the World there was voiced a polite protest against the tendency of many motion picture makers to cut the feet of the actors out of the scene. There were fond hopes hereabouts that the morof sel of suggestion thus cast upon the waters would some day come back twice blessed, having blessed the sender as well as the giver. But the fond hope was not fulfilled; for, instead of following that bit of wise counsel, the screen makers straightway began cutting off the figures at the knees. Nor did it end there. Things kept getting worse, until now it is a common sight to witness a photoplay the greater part of which is cut so close to the camera that the actors are seen only from the waist upwards. . . . Actors are sent to the tropics and lands that are green for the sake of their excellent backgrounds. When the pictures they make are thrown on the screen, the actors so completely lose their humanity that they could as well have saved their carriage and done the work at home. . . . An arrangement with the feet cut out is not a complete and harmonious whole. There is something lacking. . . .

(Concluded on page 121)
10 Years Ago
(Concluded from page 120)

UNIVERSAL'S players included: Lois Weber, Ethel Grandin, Anna Little, Owen Moore, King Baggot, Margareta Fischer, Marion Leonard, and John Manley.

NAT C. GOODWIN appeared in "Nathan Hale," proclaimed as "a complete show of two big reels, four colored posters, four page herald, ten original photographs."


ESSANAY, with much flourish of black type, announced four releases for the week of April 6, 1912: "Broncho Billie and the Girls"—G. M. Anderson and a superb cast.

"All in the Family"—A 1,000 feet of comedy-drama.

"Lonesome Robert"—A plot based on wireless telegraphy and made in Mexico.

"Under Mexican Skies"—With G. M. Anderson, taken on the Mexican border.

A YOUNG fellow by the name of Adolph Zukor, who was in business with Marcus Loew, had an idea that big stage stars ought to make a hit in pictures. He wanted to license his from the "Trust," but they laughed him out of the office. So he organized Famous Players and imported a foreign picture entitled "Queen Elizabeth," featuring Sarah Bernhardt.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was beginning to get across pretty well in a bit in a drunk act in an English skit called, "A Night in a Music Hall." He had funny feet and baggy pants.

SAMUEL L. ROTHAPPEL, a young showman, was making something of a sensation by insisting that the motion picture was an instrument for saving the people, demonstrating his theories at the Lyric in Minneapolis.

Backings the Bobbers

THe bobbed hair brigade has come in for a lot of criticism ever since it organized. But now that it is going down in defeat before newer coiffures, several eminent are rushing to its defense and to its aid, the distinguished artist, Augustus John.

"What objection there possibly be to bobbed hair?" he asks. "Personally, I think it is convenient and not at all objectionable when done properly. What kind of head should the right person possess? Ah! that is impossible for me to define."

You have to trust to luck. But you never saw a bobbed-hair girl whose shorn coiffure was not becoming, did you?

ROBINSON: "It is affectionately, Brown. What will you say to your wife?"
Brown: "Oh, I sha'n't say much, you know. 'Good-morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—Tit-Bits.

In Massachusetts a man who speaks ten tongues has just married a woman who speaks seven.

We are betting on the lady.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 90)

QUIZ, NEWPORT NEWS.—It may be true that
dozens of elephants go to make
piano keys. But they don’t go of their own
will. Albert Roscoe in “Chopatry”
and “City of Comrades.” He is six feet
tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has brown
eyes and black hair, and may be addressed
at the Lambs Club, New York City. He is
married. Jerome Patrick played Adrian
Maitland in “Her First Elopement.”

VIRGINIA.—Rudolph Valentino? I really
don’t know whom you mean. In case you’re
referring to the Latin lover known as Signor
Rodolf Valentino, I’ll tell you he is divorced
from Jean Acker and reported to be en-
gaged to Natalya Rombova. (Please don’t be
too hard on me if I’ve got the latter
lady’s name wrong. Cal York is out right
now, and he’s the only one I trust for things
like that.)

E. W. K.—Bessie Love? Yes, yes—boy,
page Miss Love! Why, she’s playing an
Oriental maiden in “The Vermillion Pencil,”
Sessue Hayakawa’s latest screen adventure.
Bessie has sort of dropped out recently.
Remember those dear old days when she was
“The Heiress at Coffee Dan’s,” and D. W.
Griffith writing for her a future as
bright as any screen child’s?

M. H., SEATTLE.—I went to visit the
American Museum of Natural History the
other day. (I say I went to visit, not to
stay.) It always renewes my faith in human
nature to look at the extinct dodo birds and
dinosaurs (?) and things. Charles Ray is
married to Cora Grant. She was an extra
girl once. Charles is now his own director,
scenario writer, I believe, and star. Must
keep him pretty busy. Constance Talmadge
is obtaining a divorce from John Piatologo.

JAMES W. JOHNSTON, AKRON, OHIO.—
I am overwhelmed. Positively you have
saved my day—and many other days, if
you can only hold the thought you express in
your letter. Understand, I don’t hand myself
all those bouquets, but I like to send them,
anyway. Come up and see me whenever
you are in Manhattan; I’ll be really glad
to see you. If I had a wife she wouldn’t mis-
se the letters I receive from the fair. She’d be
too sensible. (This may lead you to sort
philosophical observation as to why I’m sti-
single.) Charles Ray makes his own pic-
tures for First National now.

PEG.—So you saw Lillian and Dorothy
Gish in person at the opening of “Orphan
of the Storm,” and think they’re just as nice
as they look in pictures? Well, you’re right
they are. Lillian is a very delightful young
woman, with much intelligence and humor
and Dorothy is a lovable and lovely child.
You see, I’ve known her a long time, and
in spite of the fact that she is Mrs. Renn
dand very much grown-up and all, I feel
still have to give her a fatherly “child
once in a while. Dorothy Dalton has
shopped her hair. She is in “Morn of the
Lady Letty” with Valentino and it’s mak-
ing a new Paramount picture.

MISS HUGHES.—Some film star may have
neglected to write you a three page personal
letter at one time. That’s the only reason
I can assign for your gloomy disposition.
I can’t help you and I can’t answer you
because you see my own disposition is an
unfailingly charming, so beautifully cheerful.
I don’t feel that we are in the same class a
all. (Chorus of protests: “Who does he
think he is, anyway?” “Where does he get
that good disposition stuff?”)

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Do You Perspire?

(Stops Armpit Perspiration)

Kills odors and keeps the armpits sweet and
dry. Use it TWICE a week. No perspiration
ruined dresses—No armpit odor—What a relief, 50c at
stores and drug dealers or by mail.

NONSPI CO., 2641 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Miss HUGHES.—Some film star may have
neglected to write you a three page personal
letter at one time. That’s the only reason
I can assign for your gloomy disposition.
I can’t help you and I can’t answer you
because you see my own disposition is an
unfailingly charming, so beautifully cheerful.
I don’t feel that we are in the same class a
all. (Chorus of protests: “Who does he
think he is, anyway?” “Where does he get
that good disposition stuff?”)
It was such a contest as Movieland had never seen before—a contest of tears. And Remember Steddon won. Under the biting raillery and lashing invective of the famous director the soul of this country girl spilled out of her eyes and a wonderful actress came into being. Thus are made the stars that twinkle in the celluloid sky.

Remember's story, as told by Rupert Hughes, best known of American authors, is the first authoritative account of life as it is really lived in Hollywood. That is why it is the most discussed novel in this country today.

Its significant title is "Souls for Sale," and you will find it in the April issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

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Keep the story with a KODAK

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Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. The Kodak City
PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

MABEL BALLIN

This Issue

The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful
How do "les Parisiennes" achieve a true Harmony of the Toilette?

IT IS so necessary if Madame would be in tune with the French fashion of the day, la mode du jour, that she follow the decree of Paris for a perfumed unity of the modern toilette.

That decree so known in the boudoirs of the élite among Parisiennes—each nécessité de la toilette shall gently breathe but a single fragrance—a fragrance of French charm.

Dames Américaines! For the sake of your beauty, do obey. And what fragrance brings to you more qualité française than Djer-Kiss itself?

For the bath, par exemple, savon Djer-Kiss—that soap so pure, fragranced with the French essence of Djer-Kiss itself. Après le bain—Talc Djer-Kiss, and for the smooth, gently rounded arms a little Djer-Kiss Toilet Water sprinkled on the bath sponge.

As Madame proceeds, soft Djer-Kiss Vanishing Cream for the slender throat and the delicate complexion. Then a wise natural touch of Djer-Kiss rouge with the soft finish of Djer-Kiss Face Powder si exquise. And for the final comble de triomphe, a drop of Djer-Kiss Extract, so fragrantly chic, and Parisian. C'est fini, merveilleusement! How beautiful is Madame!

Announcing the new Djer-Kiss Adherent Face Powder

From the Djer-Kiss parfumerie to you comes this new adherent face powder—it clings. So smoothly it clings—without being heavy. Fragranced in France with Parfum Djer-Kiss this new Adherent Face Powder comes to you now in the new oval box. As always before, Madame, you will find in the round box the light Djer-Kiss Face Powder—for so many years the chosen powder of American ladies of fashion. Both kinds are packed for you in shades of Blanche, Chair Rachel and Rose.

FREE—A Beautiful Calendar

The six exquisite paintings by Willy Pogany are reproduced in the new Djer Kiss calendar. To receive this calendar free simply send your name and address to the Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th St., New York City.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France

Extract • Face Powders • Talc • Toilet Water
Vegetale • Sachet • Soap • Rouge • Cold Cream • Vanishing Cream
STEADFAST THROUGH THE YEARS

It was midsummer. In the forest a traveler paused beside a mighty fir tree to rest. Seated there he was attracted by the beauty that surrounded him—gay wild flowers caught and pleased his eye; a darting dragon fly, brilliant in green and gold, excited admiration; the cheerful babbling of a little brook brought him delight.

The fir tree that sheltered him he scarcely noticed.

Months later the traveler passed that way again. Winter winds had driven away the flowers, the dragon fly had lived its little life and died; the brook lay silent, a twisted ribbon of ice.

But the fir tree stood as in the summer—strong and straight, its branches covered with eternal green.

Every industry produces its commercial fir trees—business houses rooted deep in honesty and trustworthiness, whose growth is steady and sure, whose products are of one high quality under all conditions.

Since 1858 the chemical and pharmaceutical business of E. R. Squibb & Sons has been of this type. Its products are always as pure and efficacious as it is possible to make them. Its laboratories conduct a constant search for better methods of manufacture.

The fact that you find a Squibb product for sale upon the drug store counter is a guarantee that its ingredients are correct. Rather than lower its standards Squibb has frequently suspended the manufacture of certain products until the right materials could be secured.

When you use a Squibb product its finer quality is immediately apparent. Examine Squibb's talcum powder for example. Note its exquisite smoothness, its fineness of texture, its velvety touch on the skin; or try Squibb's cold cream and note how cooling and soothing it is. This fine quality is the result of years of laboratory experiments directed to the one end of producing a perfect powder, a perfect cream.

Most of the Squibb products are intended for use only by the physician and the surgeon. But every Squibb Household Product is made with equal regard for purity and efficacy.

For some of the Squibb Household Products described below you may have only an occasional need. But for Squibb quality your need is endless.

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Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.
Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.
Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)
Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.
Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Salt powder for dusting; granular for solutions.
Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.
Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a safe and protective powder of highest purity.
Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.
Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.
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When are these coming? Use the phone!

**Betty Compson**

*The Green Temptation*

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life.


**The Woman Who Walked Alone**

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the madcap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"


**Thomas Meighan**

in

*The Bachelor Daddy*

GEORGE FITZMAURICE

*The Man from Home*

An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ogden Pfeiffer.

Take the little trouble to telephone the theatre

If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

"Is it a Paramount Picture today?"

Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

When he finds that you like to know where a photoplay comes from, as well as its title and star, he will take care to announce it in future.

Paramount has finally taken the best film entertainment out of the stent class and put it into the class of the world's greatest entertainment.

The stars, the directors, the plots, the sumptuous presentations, make every Paramount Picture an artistic event and a personal thrill.

It is a real loss to let many days go by without seeing a Paramount Picture.

So—make a bargain with us—if we continue to make the better pictures, as we shall—Paramount, you verify the dates of their showing at your theatre!

Quit paying your good money for anything short of the best!

---

**Is Matrimony a Failure?**

With T. Roy Barnes.

"Bought and Paid For" with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt.

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

**Wallace Reid**

in "Across the Continent"

Wallace Reid in a cracker-jack automobile picture! Gasoline, perfume, prettiness, faces, a mile every minute— that's the mixture in this great show!

By Byron Morgan. Directed by Philip E. Rosen.

When are these coming? Use the phone!

---

**Paramount Pictures**

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

---

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXII  NO. 1

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The July PHOTOPLAY will be the greatest magazine ever published about motion pictures.

Samuel Merwin

One of America’s most celebrated fiction writers has just completed for PHOTOPLAY the most remarkable novel of screen life ever written. Daring in its truth and superb in its writing, it will be the sensation of the screen world. Mr. Merwin spent months in Hollywood to gather material and color. It appears in the July issue, and is illustrated by Frank Godwin.

In addition there will be twenty other fascinating special features.

Many newsdealers sell out PHOTOPLAY a few days following publication. There will be a great demand for the July issue—so play safe and order yours in advance.
How Would You Introduce This Newcomer?

If you were the hostess of a dinner party and your out-of-town guest arrived last, would you introduce the newcomer to all at once? Would you introduce him to the person in whose honor the dinner is given? Would you take him to each guest individually? Which is correct?

The man who would be cultured, well-mannered, and the woman who would have that captivating charm, must cultivate the art of introduction. For he who can create a pleasant atmosphere between strangers, who can make conversation run smoothly and pleasantly, distinguishes himself as a person of breeding.

Every day, in both the business and social worlds, occasion arises for the introduction. Perhaps it is a business acquaintance who desires to meet your brother. Perhaps it is a friend who would like to meet another friend. The next time you introduce two people, note whether the feeling you create is friendly and pleasant or whether it is uncomfortably strained.

Let us pretend that you are at the club with Mr. Jones, a young friend. There meet elderly Mr. Blank. In introducing your two friends, would you say, "Mr. Blank, let me present Mr. Jones," or "Mr. Jones, let me present Mr. Blank?" If Mr. Blank is the cultured, well-bred gentleman he seems to be, would he say, "Pleased to meet you?" What would be the correct thing for him to say?

As he is an old friend of the family, you take Mr. Blank home for dinner. But your sister has never met him. Would you say, "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Rose," or "Rose, this is Mr. Blank?" Is it correct for Mr. Blank and Rose to shake hands? If she is seated, shall Rose rise and acknowledge her brother's introduction?

Later in the evening you go with Mr. Blank to the theatre. In the lobby, Mr. Blank recognizes some friends of his wife, and he greets them. You have never met the ladies; never spoken to them. Should you lift your hat, or merely nod and smile?

In the box at the theatre is Mrs. Blank with several friends. Mr. Blank presents his new acquaintance to the ladies. Do you bow to Mrs. Blank? Would you use any of these expressions: "How do you do?" "Pleased to know you," "Delighted."

Ordinary, haphazard introductions are as ungraceful as they are ungratifying. If correctly tendered, the introduction goes a graceful and becoming act. To be able to introduce correctly is to command the respect and honor of all whom you come in contact with.

How Do You Ask a Lady to Dance?

One breath of etiquette in the ballroom condemns you as a hopeless vulgarian! One little blunder and people will remember it for ages, whether you are such a tremendous success, after all.

If you are truly a gentleman your gallantry will distinguish you in the ballroom. If you are a cultured woman, your grace and delicacy will make you the envy of less charming women. The room is, without doubt, the ideal place to impress by one's culture and refinement.

Let us pretend once again. You have taken your fiancée to a dance. The first few dances were, of course. But for the fourth you decided to ask a young lady, who happens to be a wall-flower, to share with you. How shall you excuse yourself to your fiancée? How do you ask the other young lady to dance? Which are the correct and which the incorrect forms? Can you make the young lady feel happy and at ease, or will she feel uncomfortable and embarrassed?

The music ceases and you must return to your fiancée. Do you find another partner for the young lady you have been dancing with? Do you escort her back to her seat? What is the proper thing to do, to say?

If you are growing rather late, and you are warm and tired, is it in accordance with etiquette's laws to wander out on the verandah? What is the correct thing to do if you cannot, for any reason, fulfill a promised dance?

And the woman at the dance. What shall she wear? May she under any condition ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without reason? What are the usual forms of refusal? How many times is it correct for a girl to dance with the same partner? What shall the young girl who is not asked to dance do?

Both the man and woman must know the etiquette of the ballroom—must know just what to do and what to say. It is the lack of art, culture, and refinement, and not even poverty can hide it.

What Shall I Wear Tonight?

You have asked yourself that question many times. What shall I wear to-night? Whether you are a man, or a woman, it is utterly essential that you wear only what is perfect in taste and correct according to the etiquette of the occasion. What does a man wear to an afternoon dance? What does a woman wear? What is worn to the evening entertainment? to the wedding? to the funeral? Do you know what a Tuxedo is? When is it worn? Who will pretend, once again, that you are invited to an important afternoon function? What would you wear? Is the high silk hat correct? And if your sister accompanies you, what should she wear?

Are pearls worn in the afternoon? When are diamonds worn, and to what functions? What is the proper dress for the young lady's chaperon? Is it permissible to wear black to a wedding, even if one is in mourning?

The world is a harsh judge. It judges you by what you wear even more severely than by what you do and say. If you would be conceded a success, you must dress correctly and in full accordance with etiquette's laws. The "Book of Etiquette" makes it possible for everyone to be polished, cultivated. It tells you just what is right to do and wear and write and say at all times. It corrects the blunders you have, perhaps unconsciously made. It dipoles the doubt that you may have had. It helps you, with its rich illustrations, to solve the problems that have been part of your upbringing, in a manner you, in fact, as a revelation toward perfect etiquette.

With the "Book of Etiquette" to refer to, you will be without question cultured in your dinner etiquette. You will know what to do and say, without embarrassment, when you overtake a cup of coffee on your hostess's tablecover. You will know how to eat lettuce leaves, and how to use your knife correctly. You will know how to dispose of cherry and grape stones. You will know how to use the finger-bowl, and the napkin with the ease and grace that bespeaks culture of the highest degree.

The splendid two-volume set reveals to you the definite conventions that the world demands at the wedding and the funeral. It reveals the secret of correct introductions and acknowledgments. It tells you how to word your calling cards, your wedding invitations, your cards of thanks. It helps you to be cultivated and refined at all times.

Send No Money!

A complete and enlarged two-volume set of the "Book of Etiquette" is being offered at a very special price. This new edition will go quickly. Each volume is bound and well bound! The two volumes will be sent you absolutely free for five days.

ARE YOU sure that you know how to introduce two people correctly? DO YOU know your dinner etiquette? DO YOU know that you can dine with the most cultured people of your acquaintance, and be thoroughly at ease? DO YOU know just what is right to do and say and wear and write on every occasion?

You will find invaluable aid in this splendid two-volume book of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy. We will send you a free reply card to request your copy. Send for your set now; just the coupon will do—and discover how easy it is to make your name remembered by the world and the times. There really is to know in the world of good society.

Don't delay. Send the free examination copy for your set today. Examine it. Read a chapter here and there. Study the diagrams. The "Book of Etiquette" makes a delightful and useful gift. Then, when you find that they are the two most interesting and instructive books you ever read, send us only $5.50 in complete payment and the set is yours. Or, if you do not find the methods and purposes perfectly satisfactory, return them and you won't owe us a cent. Mail the coupon now. It costs you nothing to discovery for yourself how delightful and how valuable the "Book of Etiquette" is! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. H.D.P. New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 776, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on your part, send us the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $5.00 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.
A Love Story
That Will Go
Down the Years

How an American girl came to the frozen North;
—how she fell into the clutches of the notorious Fu Chang;
—how a handsome, dashing sergeant of the Royal Mounted
rescued her;
—how he confessed a crime of his brother's, only in the end
to be compelled to track that brother down;
—how the three—the girl, the tracker and the tracked—were
snowed in by a blizzard—this is but the beginning of one
of the most stirring love stories ever told—"I am the Law".

Adapted from a story by James
Oliver Curwood, directed by
that master of outdoor produc-
tion, Edwin Carewe, "I am the
Law" has had more time,
patience and study lavished on
it than most productions on the
legitimate stage. It is Belasco-
like in its perfection. Don't
miss it.

EDWIN CAREWE
P I C T U R E S C O R P .
B. F. F I N E M A N , P r e s .
B. F. Z E I D M A N , V . P r e s .
D i s t r i b u t e d b y
A F F I L I A T E D

THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS EVER ASSEMBLED FOR ONE PICTURE
Kenneth Harlan  Alice Lake  Gaston Glass  Rosemary Theby  Noah Beery  Wallace Beery

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
You Can Weigh Thirty Pounds Less One Month from Today

Amazing new discovery makes it easy to take off a pound or more a day. One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 65 pounds in a few weeks and her health was improved a hundred per cent. Still another lost 22 pounds in two weeks. All without tiresome treatments, discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free Trial.

A WONDERFUL new method of losing disfiguring, burdensome excess flesh has been discovered. A method that gives you the type of figure you admire so much—one month from today—or less. It is a simple, self-followed law of Nature. Any one can apply it at once, without any bitter self-denials and results are often gained in only 48 hours.

It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no dis-tasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health

And the beauty of this safe, natural method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and in less time than you may ever find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

If you wish to avoid the necessity for making sudden changes in your clothing, you can easily control the operation of this natural law of reduction so that your loss of weight will be more gradual than a pound a day. While you are steadily regaining your slender, graceful, youthful figure, slight and inexpensive changes in your garments can be made from time to time.

Then, when you have arrived at your ideal weight, the new discovery will enable you to maintain it steadily, without gaining or losing. Your weight is thus largely under your own control.

In reducing through this remarkable new discovery you make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety. All you do is to follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

The Secret Explained

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover this one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, which he calls "special" or "flesh" foods, can be taken off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that they were not discovered long ago. You are likely to be satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown a way to enjoy them in such a manner that these delicacies will never lose their flavor.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

Although you would gladly be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining clear skin, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life, you are likely to be satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown a way to enjoy them in such a manner that these delicacies will never lose their flavor.

Send no money; just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The weight reduction book will be yours, free. If it proves to be worthless, write me and I will send you a plain, unconditional, no questions asked, full refund. These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that they were not discovered long ago. You are likely to be satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown a way to enjoy them in such a manner that these delicacies will never lose their flavor.

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To free your skin from blemishes—*the right way*

**YOUR** skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don’t let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

**JUST** before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury’s Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury’s until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury’s Facial Soap in your daily toilet. Within a week or ten days you will be surprised at the improvement in your complexion.

Special treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

**A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations**

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

- A trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury’s Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury’s Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, “*A Skin You Love to Touch*.”


Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
THE jewel of the continental cinema, Pola Negri, posing for Photoplay in her home. She is to startle America in person.

NEW PICTURES
THIS mysterious, midnight-eyed young woman—would you believe her name is simply Estelle Taylor and that she hails from prosaic Pennsylvania? She is still featured by Fox, who discovered her.
ANY minute they may step from their frame and swing into a quaint
dance to the tinkling strains of an old tune—(if the director
doesn't call Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino back to the set)

Donald Biddle Keyes.
A subtle and very quiet charm which is almost oriental, and a very vivid sense of humor. Leatrice, not Beatrice Joy reveals the combination as Cecil deMille's permanent heroine.

Clarence Bull
GAZE upon this lovely lady long. An expert farceuse in public life, and the wittiest of women in her private existence. Meet Hedda Hopper, otherwise known as Mrs. deWolf Abbe
YOU may have wondered why Alice Calhoun always plays the correct and charming young lady whom you'd like to introduce to your mother. The answer is obvious—She is. Her most recent portrait

Kenneth Alexander
YOU know "Tomboy Taylor," the heroine of a certain celebrated cartoon series? We will wager Gladys Walton, stellar hoyden, was just that kind of a kid, and not so very many years ago, either.

Edwin Bower Hesser
To Wash Wool Sweaters

Pour a quart of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes, add three quarts of cold water, and whisk up a thick wash. Immerse the sweater carefully, and press it gently under water, to remove the dirt. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. When clean, lift it from the suds on a towel and put it through three rinse waters of the same temperature as the suds, each of which contains enough Ivory Flakes to make the water milky. Always use towel in lifting sweater from bowl.

After first rinse, place sweater in dry towel and pat out the excess moisture, or run towel and sweater through a bobby set wringer. Dry garment flat on thick towel, away from sun or strong heat or cold. Turn it frequently, and keep pulling it into proper shape, according to a paper pattern cut before garment was washed.

If clear water causes color in sweater to run, set color by washing garment in salt water, or in a gallon of cold water containing one tablespoonful of powdered alum for black, black and white, gray, yellow, pink, brown, red, or green; or one tablespoonful of sugar of lead for purple or blue.

Send for Free Sample
with complete directions for the care of dainty garments, and interesting pictures of blouses, dresses, and lingerie which have given remarkable wear under the care of Ivory Flakes. Address Section 45-F, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company Cincinnati, Ohio.

—and her friends said it wouldn't wash

The original owner of the green drop-stitch Shetland sweater in the photograph was advised not to purchase it, because it "wouldn't wash".

Previous experience with many delicate garments had given her such faith in the fine-laundering ability of Ivory Soap Flakes that she bought the sweater in spite of her friends' warning, and popped it into Ivory Flakes suds the moment it was soiled. All told, she has now washed the sweater nine times, without stretching, shrinking, fading, or breaking it, or discoloring the white silk edge either yellow or green.

She says that the present beauty of the sweater is due to Ivory Flakes, because even the greatest care in washing would have been useless if the soap had been strong, or the suds not rich enough to dissolve the dirt without rubbing.

Ivory Flakes—simply snow-like flakes of genuine Ivory Soap—has the purity and thick-sudsing quality essential for fine laundering. With it, you are equipped to take perfect care of your sweaters and other pretty clothes, no matter what they are made of. Without the sure safety of Ivory Flakes, your utmost care in handling can not always prevent the things you wash from having "that laundered look".

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes pretty clothes last longer
TOO MUCH MUSTARD

The motion picture business has a pain in the box office.

It has not yet reached the acute stage where the agony forces it to seek a cure.

But the pain is growing every day and capable physicians must be found.

The public has the motion picture habit. If you producers and exhibitors continue to surfeit it with cheap pictures and insincere advertising the public will lose the habit and you deserve to lose your business.

The motion picture patrons are about "fed up" on the screen slop served under the guise of wholesome food.

The stomach revolts at too much mustard, red pepper or tabasco. The public is revolting against too much spice in pictures.

The world's greatest stories are simple ones, simply told. They have themes—not thrills.

The heart of the world is always young.

It is this deathless youth of the world that the motion picture must serve. The art of the art must be its perennial freshness.

Too often the motion picture screams, when it would be heard with more effect if it would just talk.

Fortunately now and then a fresh mind breaks through the clannish cordons of the studios.

One of the best pictures of the year has been made by an artist with no motion picture traditions behind him, his first work for the screen.

More like him are to come.

Your exhibitor does not have to show tawdry pictures. Here are a few splendid ones, each a worthwhile entertainment, each built on a great theme, all released within the past few weeks: Smilin' Through, Turn to the Right, Sisters, The Cradle, Hail the Woman. These are not all, but they prove the case.

Throughout the whole history of mankind when evils have grown insufferable they have reached the point of cure. And the cure in this case will be a major operation in which the art and industry will be freed of its ulcers and obstructions.
The Girl who

The real life story of Barbara La Marr is stranger than fiction; it will amaze and thrill you.

It isn't often that the Great Playwright shows us naked, human drama.

When he does it is like gazing from the top of the Bright Angel trail into the stupendous miracle of the Grand Canyon.

The story of Barbara La Marr is just the real-life yarn of a girl who was too beautiful—and didn't know what life was all about.

But it is the sort of thing we progressive women of today ought to read and consider. It is elemental.

I have always wondered how Helen felt during the Trojan war.

The thoughts of her heart, while death made her face an unawiting instrument to slaughter thousands and lay her lover's country in ashes at her feet, make an epic poem worth dreaming over.

BARBARA LA MARR'S face at fifteen, when I first knew her, was the kind that could no more go peacefully through a world of men than a cobblestone could pass through a plate-glass window without busting things up.

At sixteen, the girl who is now Barbara La Marr and is now no prettier than numbers of other women, was so beautiful that a woman couldn't even be jealous of her.

As well be jealous of the crescent moon in June—or an American Beauty rosebud—or a Keats sonnet.

The face that launched a thousand ships—the face that lost Mark Antony the world—the face a million poets have sung—that was her face at sixteen.

I am trying to avoid exaggeration.

I have seen a good many beautiful women in my time.

Of them all, Barbara La Marr was the most exquisite girl I have ever seen.

And at sixteen her beauty threw her suddenly into the whirlpool of life, quite without warning, quite without preparation, knowledge, or protection. You have read about things like that. This time I saw it happen.

Then began the series of adventures that go to make up her story—a story from which David Graham Phillips might
was too Beautiful

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

I am willing to salute the unconquerable soul of a girl who can beat her own destiny and with her bare hands climb back up the cliff over which life has thrown her. As women, we ought to be very proud of Barbara La Marr

have written a tremendous novel, full of the tumult and tragedy of youth and beauty.
I think she was only fifteen when she was kidnaped from her peaceful little home in a small village a few miles out of Los Angeles.
Leaving there a quiet sort of life with her father and mother, simple, hard-working, ordinary people, she quite suddenly disappeared.
For days the police of Los Angeles sought her, urged to frantic efforts by the pleas of her father.
At last they found her, miles away, carried there by a fast automobile, with her stepsister and a man who was the stepsister's friend. The police took her home, a shaken, bewildered, beautiful child. The matter came up in court. But the girl was safe and the family only wanted to forget it all. She had come to no

As Milady, the engaging and very effi-
cient villainess of "The Three Muske-
teers," Barbara La Marr came into her own. Audiences found it hard to dislike her!

harm. A few months later, still suffering from the shock of her experience, she went to visit friends in Arizona.
She was not particularly interested in men, but already she had learned that men were always interested in her.
One young man, a nearby rancher, lost his head completely over the girl. He followed her about all day and spent the nights watching the house where she slept.
One day as she and a girl friend rode across the open country in a car, he stopped them, dragged her from her seat, put her up behind him on his horse and rode away with her, a veritable young Lochinvar.

Perhaps the dash of his wooing appealed to the girlish heart. Perhaps in her simplicity she couldn't control the situation. Anyway, she rode to the altar for the first time—behind him on his fiery brougho.
If her husband had lived, the girl's beauty might have faded in the glare of an Arizona sun, and the grind of a desert existence. But in a few months he died of pneumonia, and the sixteen-year-old widow went home to her family.
To me the next act of her drama was one of the most tragic things I ever covered.
Blossoming daily, daily more lovely to look at, she fell in love with and married a man who shall be nameless here.
He was a lawyer, good-looking, cultured, romantic, of good family—everything that the child's heart was beginning to envision; everything that the men she met normally in her own sphere were not. The wedding was performed by one of the best known ministers in (Continued on page 108)
Most Famous Hat in Picturedom

There is probably no more famous piece of property in all Hollywood than William deMille's directorial hat. Even Theodore Roberts' all-expressive cigar does have to be renewed occasionally. But Bill deMille's hat is like Tennyson's celebrated brook—it goes on and on forever.

Six years ago when William deMille began directing pictures for Paramount, he brought with him this hat. He has never directed a picture since without it. He never changes it. It is a barometer of his feelings concerning the work of a picture. And a good luck charm which never fails him.

Probably no other headpiece is as disreputable.

He has just arrived on the set for a day's work, wearing the famous directorial hat. It looks as if there is going to be a good day ahead.

He is in deep thought between scenes, trying to evolve the fullest dramatic symbolism or value out of the next one. Note position of hat.

Expression and position of hat show William deMille has just dismissed one idea and doggedly settled down to arrive at a better one.

Better satisfied. He's beginning to get hold of the idea he wants.

Now everything is all set. "Let's just rehearse it that way!"

The preliminaries have worked smoothly. "Now, let's shoot it!"

"That's O.K." William deMille's sense of dramatic, satirical humor is one of the keenest of all motion picture directors and playwrights.

Here he is seen reflecting a little of that quality for which he is famous as the players inject it into a scene which is in progress.

The day's work is over and he is satisfied with the results. Soon the directorial hat will be removed and another substituted for street wear.
Must They Be Beautiful?

Answering a pertinent question of qualification for the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contestants

BEAUTY—that overworked word! Just what does it mean, anyway? The world has always worshipped beauty. Its poets and painters and singers and actors have been beauty's press-agents. Through the ages beauty, almost always in the guise of the feminine, has held sway over men and empires. Consider Cleopatra and Helen and Du Barry. These ladies may not have been actually beautiful in the strictest sense of the word, but they possessed that mystic quality that made them seem beautiful whether they really were or not. They ruled the world because the world thought them beautiful. The world was right.

Whether the beauty's nose was classic or retroussé, whether her mouth was large or small, her ankle unainly or shapely, if she had charm, or wit, or spiritualit, she was called beautiful.

In America there are many beauties. They may not all have classic contours, but they undoubtedly have a magnetism that makes up for the lack of them. In every town in the country, there is a Beautiful Girl. She is pointed out at church, on the street, at parties, as "our prettiest daughter." She may have competition; there may be half a dozen contenders for her crown. She probably dreams her dreams of empire; she is ambitious; she wants the world to know she is beautiful, even though she is modesty personified. In the cities there are other girls; lovely young women the world would worship if the world knew them.

These young Americans have had the opportunity of many lifetimes extended to them. Through the medium of the motion picture, they may make their bows to the world. The PHOTOLAB-GOLDSWYN New Faces Contest is attracting national—international—attention.

Thousands of girls are sending in their photographs. The winner, or winners—for there are so many pretty girls to choose from that it is very probable more than one will be selected—will be given camera trials and, if successful, will be sent to California under the auspices of Goldwyn Pictures and Photoplay Magazine, where every available resource will be called upon with the purpose of presenting the world with a new screen star.

Newspapers all over America have evinced an extraordinary interest in the Contest. Motion picture theaters are cooperating enthusiastically. Exhibitors have joined in the search for new film faces, partly because of the great interest they naturally have in such a remarkable enterprise, and partly because Photoplay Magazine is offering a cash prize of one thousand dollars to the motion picture theater manager who is successful in landing the winning girl.

The entire film industry is watching the outcome of the Contest. It realizes that here is no commonplace contest; but that behind the idea is a real desire to give the motion picture public new faces. The sincerity in the search has manifested itself, and producers are waking up to the fact that here is an actual effort, a determined drive to put new life on the screen. In fact, several producers have gone so far as to write to the Editor of Photoplay to ask if they may look at the photographs of the entrants after the winners have been selected. It takes a lot to make old showmen, callous critics, and skeptical producers sit up and take notice, but the Contest has done it.

If the censors and other critics of the photoplay could read the letters the Editor receives from clergyman, f ro m mayors, from women's clubs, about the New Faces Contest, they would be forced to alter their ideas. Three ministers' daughters are among the entrants. The Mayors of six cities have accepted the challenge to find the "Prettiest Girl in Town." They are urging their young women to participate. In fact, "Who is the Prettiest Girl in Your Town" has become a national slogan.

We will repeat: "Who is?" She may be you. She may be the girl next door. She may be your daughter, your sister, your sweetheart. Whoever, wherever she may be, she should enter. She should take part in what could be, and what will be, a very genuine event.

TERMS OF THE NEW FACES CONTEST

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

The first choice of the judges in this contest—Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine—shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures. During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in pictures at that time. The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother, relative, or chaperon, to and from the studio in Culver City, California, and shall have a three years' option on the winner's services.

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

The winner will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay, on the newsstands August 15th.
Some Charming Girls Who Have Been

Twenty-one year old Julia Clarkin of Kansas City is another nut-brown maid. She has studied dancing in the Denishawn School in Los Angeles, but has had no actual theatrical experience.

The eternal ingenue: the quintessence of very young America: little Polly Day of Harrisburg, Pa. As far as measurements are concerned, she is in the Pickford-Clark class: five feet—one hundred pounds!

est is strengthened. For the photographs have been amazingly good.

They have set a high standard.

Feminine charm gathered from different quarters of this broad land.

American beauties—the loveliest girls in the world—one of them a future film star!

We have tried to make the Terms of the Contest, given elsewhere, as plain as possible, but the New Faces Editor is receiving scores of letters asking for additional information—for a further interpretation of the conditions that, each month, are printed in Photoplay.

Many Canadian girls have written in to ask if they are eligible.

They certainly are.

Art knows no boundary between us and our neighbors to the North.

If Canadian girls were barred from the screen, Mary Pickford would not be with us.

QUERIES on the subject of matrimony often are made. Matrimony is not a bar.

That is a question of domestic relation in which the New Faces Editor does not care to participate.

Don't be too modest in your descriptions of yourselves. Call attention to your attainments; describe yourselves as fully as possible.

Remember that any stage or screen appearance that you

“My daughter has always been ambitious for a screen career; so we are sending her photograph for your Contest to give her her opportunity,” writes the mother of lovely Anne W. Gardiner of Lima, Ohio.
Entered in the New Faces Screen Contest

Soft and southern and sweet: Marguerite C. Smith, one of Montgomery, Alabama’s, "Prettiest Girls." Miss Smith is just eighteen. She is the kind of girl you want to introduce to your mother!

Margueritta Mehrbens—as distinctive as her name—is a Florida beauty, born in Jacksonville. She is a vivid brunette, with her dark hair and velvety brown eyes. There is an instant allure in that smile.

If she possesses all the qualities contained in her photograph, Edith May Patterson stands an excellent chance of becoming a good screen subject. She has grace and charm. Pine Bluff, Ark., will be proud of her some day.

may have made is an absolute disqualification to your entry in this contest.
Men are not eligible. This is a Contest for girls! This may seem unfair; actually it is not.
For one thing, there are more opportunities for women on the screen. For another thing, the supply of actors is greater than the demand.
New feminine faces are in great demand. There are more parts for girls in film stories.
The public never weary of womanly charm, and the public welcomes new types, new ideals of beauty.
If the winner should be so unfortunate as not to have a mother living, expenses of a relative or suitable chaperone will be paid in addition to her own.
Thus no one need hesitate because of a timidity of traveling to a strange place alone.
If there's anything else you wish to know, just write to the New Faces Editor.
New Amer

The statuesque and of a generation ago has given

By ADELA ROGERS

It's an old line, but it's still good.
Times certainly have changed.
The corset, the gas jet, the saloon, and the buggy ride have gone the way of all flesh.
In their place, we have the rolled stocking, the toddler, wood alcohol whiskey and the taxi.
A lot of people declare they don't know what the world is coming to.
Still, way back in the 16th century, we find Catherine de Medici rebuking her beautiful daughter, Marguerite de Valois, for her modern tendencies, and uttering much the same sentiment.
At least we have dropped a bunch of idle superstitions—for instance, the stork intrigues the youthful fancy of America no more today than the dodo-bird—and we are grateful for the aeroplane, electricity, and the motion picture.
And above everything else, we have radically changed our ideas and ideals about feminine beauty.

DID it ever occur to you that this is a metamorphosis for which the screen abstractly and D. W. Griffith personally are almost entirely responsible?
That may sound a trifle farfetched to you at first.
It did to me, when a brilliant young artist sprung it on me one night at dinner.
But after consideration, I had to admit that it was true.
The screen has had an effect upon our national life that cannot be estimated.

And it has certainly revolutionized our thought about what is charming in the female of the species.
Oscar Wilde once declared that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.

It seems to me that this is largely true in this case. As our popular, professional beauties...
American Beauty
fulsome pulchritude
way to the fragile, girlish type

ST. JOHNS

screen have become small women, have changed from the stately and statuesque to the petite and ingenue, I find myself intrigued by the fact that women in general seem to be following the same trail.

ANYWAY, think back to the days before there were any movies. I know it's hard to do, but try. What was then the nation's ideal of the American beauty? The Gibson girl. Tall, stately, impressive. Juno rather than Psyche. Who were the really famous beauties of that day—the women whose names were actually synonyms for American loveliness? Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott. Both very big women, with the then popular Junoesque figure. Both more than average in height, with full, developed figures boasting tiny waists. Fritzi Scheff, Lotta Faust, even the glorious Edna May, while not so large, were built along lines that always suggested the woman, never the girl.

The famous original Floradora sextette were all good-sized girls. The show girls of the Irene Bentley period, who were the real beauties of the time, were selected for impressiveness as well as beauty. Even in the social realm, we remember the aristocratic Katherine Elkins, the lovely American girl who became internationally famous as Lady Randolph Churchill, the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor.
All big, stately women. Of course there were little women who were favorites. Women like Della Fox and Polly Chase. But they did not rank professionally as beauties. They were soubrettes.

No, in all honesty, the American beauty was big, athletic, stately.

Julia Marlowe, Nance O'Neill—a veritable giantess—Margaret Anglin, Olga Nethersole—the dramatic and tragic artists of the day, followed the tradition.

AND then—and then—
The motion picture and D. W. Griffith.

Today we find beyond question that the new and reigning American beauty is small—the tiny, childish, girlish type.

Before the days of the cinema, Lillian Russell was the most adored woman in America. Our prized American beauty.

Now, who is America's sweetheart?

Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford, who stands four feet and eleven inches in her shoes. If England or France or Italy stops to think what the beautiful woman of America is like, the ideal type, to whom do their thoughts naturally turn?

Mary Pickford and the host of other screen beauties we send them.

Who is today conceded by the majority of critics and audiences in this country to be our great? (Concluded on page 109)
"I know you," he went on pleasantly. "You folks came over to Pasadena and used our home in one of your pictures"
Behind the Curtain

A remarkable love story from real motion picture life

By

FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

“She's probably the finest girl in the world, and she's got common sense, in spite of her being willing to marry that boy of mine”

I HAPPEN to know a good bit about the movies, because I've been knocking around in the studios for seven years, and what I say is as follows: The movies are not vastly different from any other business. Canning the drama is a good deal like canning salmon, although there are points of variance, some of them in favor of the salmon. The fish-canners are nice people, with, of course, the usual exceptions. Similarly, the movies have their nice people; and they have their sour babies, too.

We have, on our own lot, a sprinkling of these sour babies, but we also pay off every week a large congregation of God-fearing actors and actresses who settle their bills promptly, tend to their morals, speak kindly of their fellow-men, wash their soiled linen in private, and otherwise behave like people you wouldn't object to as next-door neighbors.

“Here comes another of those horn-rimmed movie defenders,” I can hear the tired reader mourn. . . . Not so. . . .

I am only repeating a few hackneyed truths at the beginning of this little narrative, because it concerns a very sour baby, and I would like to have it understood that the trade is not composed exclusively of such.

This particular one was a female, who slipped along through the ranks of the extra persons and into semi-stardom under the name of Sarah Bradley Aiken. She never really became a hot-dog star, with red letters up and down the main avenue, and a secretary to talk to little wet-eyed interview ladies from the movie magazines; but she was, nevertheless, up there among what they describe as the promising girls. She was coming right along. Newspaper critics prophesied that, in time, Sarah B. Aiken would be pushing Lillian Gish off the end of the bench. Maybe so. It hasn't happened yet, but you never can tell.

Sarah was a bird with beautiful feathers and two hazel-brown eyes under perfect brows—two pools of feminine mystery, which, when she focused them upon a helpless adult of the opposing sex, caused him forthwith to forget everything in the copy-book, starting with “Be Good and You Will Be Happy.”

Sarah was not a vamp in the accepted meaning of that silly and overworked word. A vamp, as seen in L. A., is a beautiful woman who is either wicked now, or will be without delay. Miss Aiken was nothing of the sort. She was anything but slinky and she never wore black. Sweet and lovely innocence was her middle name.

SHE seemed a good deal like a misplaced nun, and when she first fluttered into the Federated shop to play leads, our battle-scarred staff had a quick look, and wondered who would protect the angel child. She looked timid and fragile. I expected to see signs on her, such as, “With Care,” or “This Side Up.” But no. . . . And my good Gosh! How that lady did not need protection!
Sam Perry was the genial director of our company, and my own duties were those of assistant. We had as fine a staff as those of an ordinary photography. And while we remained together as a working unit, we certainly knocked off some celluloid masterpieces. Naturally, we had a few failures. Now and then they gave us a story out of the cook-book, and we produced a banyan on the screen, which is what anyone might expect. But with a fair start, having a good story, we generally came through with an interesting and entertaining collection of galloping photographs. And thanks to Sam Perry, a good director, whose art is being injured, because he has a wife who throws knives at him during moments of high emotion.

Towards the end of Sam's tenure in office, Sarah Bradley Aiken joined up with the Federated, and, as I said, we gazed upon that beguiling countenance, and marvelled that one so fair and sweet should have to mingle with the coarser breeds. You looked at her and concluded that by rights she should be always standing in the middle of a pure, white tablecloth, with a lily in her hand and her eyes raised to Heaven.

Sarah was probably twenty-six that year, and she could seem sixteen, except at certain grim hours in the morning, or when abruptly deprived of her cosmetics. What she could do with a little dab of scarlet paint is beyond human belief. We learned about women from her—boy, we did indeed.

With Miss Aiken playing the lead, we finished an entire picture, and did the job quickly and largely in the studio. It was one of those all-interior yarns and we rolled through it with speed. Nobody on the lot knew Sarah very intimately, but we were all prepared to take a solemn oath upon seven bibles that here was one of God's few noblewomen. She was, during the making of that first picture, a sweet and simple soul. If she bumped against an obscure prop boy, she apologized. If she kept Sam waiting for a scene, she begged his forgiveness with such earnestness that Sam with difficulty restrained himself from bursting into tears. She was too good to be true.

Towards the start of the second picture, I began to notice a strange young gentleman, who anchored himself outside the studio every afternoon, and leaned against a post at a point opposite the gate. He didn't look like a film person, and yet he was there so persistently for a week or more that I cast the eye of curiosity upon him. He was a kid of twenty-two; a bright-eyed, clear-skinned youngster with a round face that ended in a noticeable chin. When he talked, he looked you in the eye. One day he hailed me, as I pawed my way through a crowd of extras.

"My name is Gilbert Nordahl," he said. "You're Mr. Perry's assistant, aren't you?"

I admitted that this was the guilty truth.

"I knew that was the way you would want to be greeted. "You folks came over to Pasadena and used our home in one of your pictures."

I remembered him. The year before, we had need for a mansion and Pasadena is where we generally go for our mansions. The Nordahl dwelling was the one chosen by Sam, and if that isn't an elegant domicile, I don't know a dime. Towers everywhere with turrets protruding. Ivy climbing over balustrades and portico. Half-a-mile of velvet lawn and a squad of Japa chasing weeds. The garage is just one size bigger than the Boston City Hall, and on the front lawn is an iron reindeer fleeing on three legs. The place is like a French chateau that has been kept up, and the owner is old Dave Nordahl, who built the first bandit-proof railroad into Mexico, and who now has a dollar for every flea in China.

Certainly, I recalled the kid. Sam Perry and I knew his father, and not only that—we knew him well. Dave took me down in his cellar, while we were getting those mansion shots, and showed me enough Scotch to make me realize, for the first time, the pure bitterness of poverty. Every drop straight from Glasgow. Dave told me he had just enough for one hundred and thirty-eight thousand high-balls, by which time he hoped he'd be dead.

This Dave Nordahl is a regular human being, without any accessories. He has six automobiles, beginning with a flivver finished in the natural rust and ending with a British limousine with eight doors in it. And the old boy can be observed any day, bounding from crog to crog in the tin coupe. He drives it by choice, the same as he chews fine cut, instead of telling young men the cardinal rules for success.

And this was Dave's boy.

"Miss Aiken is now in your company, isn't she?" young Gil-
Sam Perry and I rushed the preliminaries on our new picture, and the department turned over to us what they claimed was the script of the story. Maybe it was. I read it carefully, and I don’t know now and never did know what it was all about. I can understand scenario English as well as anybody, and if that script was a story, I’m a kangaroo. Sam read it, cursing bitterly all the way through. Sam’s theory is that all scenario writers are the off-springs of moron parents, and that there should be a law allowing them to be put out of their misery.

“We never can make this,” said Sam, throwing it away from him. “Of course not,” I agreed. “Still, you said that about the last one.” The Nordahl scion continued to be there or thereabouts whenever the closing whistle blew, but he made no effort to swarm himself into the studio. He had his tree out by the automobiles, and he was content to wait for a vision of his goddess. Every evening at five, the resplendent Sarah appeared, looking more young and beautiful than ever, and she never lacked for protection. Four or five eager youths were on hand always, to take her home to her aunt, and to guard her from the wickedness of the world. Suffering scarabs! She needed protection the same as the British fleet.

At any rate, young Gilbert Nordahl learned very speedily that there was competition afoot. Though he drove a great automobile that had cost his father all of one season’s profits in steel, still there were other automobiles, and Sarah distributed her favors like a duchess. Many a night, Mr. Nordahl stood in the shadows, biting his nails, and watching the lovely young thing step into another lad’s machine.

One day, probably two weeks after I had first noticed the kid, who comes tearing around the end of Number Four Stage but Dave Nordahl himself, wearing his Pasadena golf uniform and chewing on the fag end of a cigar. His mind was elsewhere, and he all but ran me down.

“Hello, Bill,” he said, coming back to earth. “I’m glad to see you. There’s something I want to talk about.”

“Go ahead,” I said.

“I may need some help from you, Bill. I’m working out a little project that may or may not go through. It’s that kid of mine.”

“Gilbert,” I said, and it dawned on me. I knew at once what had brought Dave into the Federated lot.

“You might be able to help me, later on. Can we go somewhere and sit down?”

I steered him into Sam’s office, opposite Number Three.

“You treated us to the best there was,” I remarked. “Now it’s our turn. Sit down, and what’s on your mind?”

Dave unbuttoned his coat, hooked one of Sam’s cigars and began. It seems that young Gilbert had been talking things over with him on a previous occasion, and since that chat, Dave had been reflecting. Without warning, Gilbert had walked into his father’s library and had announced certain personal intentions. The news had astonished Dave—but not outwardly.

(Continued on page 78)
THE siege of Hollywood has been on for a year. In the good old days they built stone walls and moats around cities to withstand attacks. When the city fell the invaders sacked it of treasure, put the defenders to death, and carried off the women as slaves. Today the scandalmongering newspapers, reinforced by professional reformers, use poison gas, and ruin the reputations of decent men and women, in the hope of carrying off rich reward in the shape of increased circulation and self-advertising. Poor Hollywood, "the modern Sodom and Gomorrah"—"the world's wickedest city." And, by the way, here's something the newspapers are not serving up in headlines—that the Los Angeles police are convinced that William D. Taylor was assassinated by a gang of drug peddlers and bootleggers, such as ply their trade in every large city, whom he was trying to put out of business.

Reverend Neal Dodd, the favorite clergyman of the motion picture industry, who has married scores of actors and actresses in real life weddings as well as film ones.

The Hollywood Hotel, which has housed as many or more film and literary celebrities than any other hostelry in the world. Among those who have lived there are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Mary Allison, Elinor Glyn, Gloria Swanson, the Talmadges, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Somerest Maugham. The Hollywood's fame is world-wide.
The interior of the Blue Front!—any day at noon. If you look closely you will see Tommy Meighan, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, and Larry Wheat lunching together. "Ruddy" Valentino is over in a corner.

The Armstrong Carleton Café, familiarly known as the Blue Front, where most of the film stars lunch. The little group snapped in the doorway includes the director, George Melford, Mae Busch, star, and Hezi Tate, director, who paused a moment for the cameraman.

The Garden Court Apartments on Hollywood Boulevard—the largest and most beautiful apartment house in Hollywood. It has been the home of many screen celebrities because of its convenient location and its unpretentious, homelike atmosphere—instituting after a hard day's work.
Perhaps the one actor's estate in Beverly Hills that has never before been photographed. Here, the retiring Hoyts are viewing their domain from the formal back garden. Their house is white plaster with a dark green roof.

A Little Ray Home in the West

In the den it is permissible to call him Charlie. A real man's room, done in carved old English oak. The rug is a real Persian of great value and the hand-carved oak desk is an antique. The curtains are a pale gold.

A panorama of Hollywood from the Japanese house that tops a hill overlooking the famous California suburb. Here you have a view which includes practically all of the cinema community.

Their dining room—considered by artists and designers one of the most beautiful in America. The colors are pistachio green and pale violet. The mirrors are really panel doors opening into the hall.
Mrs. Charles Bay—formerly Cora Grant—in her favorite corner of the garden. This garden is the Rays’ particular hobby. The iron lilies of the fountain contain electric globes. (Don’t overlook Whiskers, an actor of reputation.)

Just a cottage in the California hills—but it’s good enough for Charlie and Cora!

In the Japanese tea house—a decidedly futuristic room, in black patent leather and red enamel. The floor is of black marble. The Rays entertain here informally a great deal in the summer time.

A glimpse of the lady of the house, in her very French boudoir. The silken draperies are in all the pastel shades. Notice the vase of ostrich plumes and the basket of ribbon flowers. Furniture is gilt with satin upholstery.

This hilltop must provide the Rays with a satisfying sort of “all-the-world-at-our-feet” feeling. In the distance lies the mountain-rimmed city of Los Angeles, gleaming in the bright sunshine.

In the Japanese tea house—a decidedly futuristic room, in black patent leather and red enamel. The floor is of black marble. The Rays entertain here informally a great deal in the summer time.
A remarkable chapter of hitherto untold facts—a picture—an epic story of human ambition,

The Romantic History of the

This remarkable chapter in Mr. Ramsaye's narrative of the development of the motion picture unfolds an amazing wealth of previously untold stories of the highest romantic color. They are the mere amazing because they are documented in a large degree by the veracity of the camera itself and the long forgotten records of early film litigations. Here is given a prospect of the tremendously human story back of the statistical boasts of the motion picture. Research has revealed a treasure trove of glamorous historical material, until now untouched, and without parallel in the annals of art and industry.—The Eiron.

Rose O'Neill, sketching by the road in remote Missouri, one day caught the attention of Grey Latham, and came to New York to be the bride of the first motion picture romance—and, later, to rise to fame as an artist. The whole world knows her "Kewpie" doll.

CHAPTER III

The fires of anticipation illumined the efforts of the Lathams when they started manufacturing their motion picture projecting machine in the early summer of 1895. Successes in the laboratory had kindled high hopes.

True enough, the Latham eidoloscope was hardly more than the Edison kinetoscope, with an arc light behind it, but in that day of beginnings it was enough foundation for hope.

Major Woodville Latham saw the possibility of an achievement that might well crown a lifetime of devotion to scientific effort, and perhaps equally important, might rebuild for the Lathams a fortune and estate worthy of the family's traditions in Virginia.

To the Major's sons, Grey and Otway, vigorous young gallants fond of the taste of life, the motion picture on the screen seemed to promise wealth and all of the things that youth fancies wealth can buy. They had prospered in a promising degree with the Edison kinetoscope peep shows and that success had given them a foretaste of what might be ahead. They found amusement successes came rapidly, when they came, and their experiences in showmanship consisted of just one successful venture—pictures of the Leonard-Cushing fight. On the basis of that precedent they had a large faith in the future. It seemed bright and certain then.

It was in this period of radiant hopes that love first came to till with the destiny of the motion picture. As it will be interesting for a moment to recall the romances which at this time came swiftly into the lives of these two young motion picture adventurers.

Journeying into the West, Grey Latham came in his travels to a little town in remote Missouri, where he idled the hours between trains with a stroll through pleasant byways and village streets. He came upon a pretty girl sketching by the road. She was uncommonly pretty. The handsome young man from Broadway approached with his best Southern grace and discreetly begged permission to compare the sketch with the view. But his eyes were not for the landscape, at least not the landscape alone.

"I think," he said, "that you are to be an artist, and that you must come to New York for real opportunity, a career."

What else may have been said before Grey Latham left the town that bright day in June we can perfectly well leave to conjecture. For it was not so very long before the rarely beautiful girl took her sketching kit and bid goodbye to the little Missouri town. She was on her way to New York on her glorious adventure.

When this girl reached New York Grey Latham was at the station in courtly attendance, seeing her established in great propriety and comfort at a church school. Young Mr. Latham knew the studio life of New York exceedingly well, and there was something that made him think it better that the pretty girl from Missouri should live with the Sisters at a convent. He was exceedingly busy, the while, with the
about the beginning of the motion love, conflict, and achievement

Motion Picture

By TERRY RAMSAYE

budding picture affairs of the Lambda company. But his fair protégé got much of his time and her work a great deal of his discriminating critical attention. By way of an odd and pretty compliment to her sponsor the girl artist signed her work "O’Neill Latham." Presently editors grew interested in the bizarre whimsy of her style and O’Neill Latham became a familiar name in the publications of the day. For a long time there was a public impression that the O'Neill Latham who drew those weird fantasies in line was a man, probably some extraordinarily modest young man who refused to be seen or known.

Then one day Grey Latham, the aspirant of the films, and the girl from Missouri were married. She was Rose O’Neill. Now the whole world knows her fame. The "Kewpie" doll has taken a smiling glint of her genius the world around. But that and her major successes were waiting in the years to come, and Grey Latham was never to share in the rich attainment of the forecast that he made that guileless day by the roadside out in Missouri. Today the studio of Rose O’Neill in the timestained old red brick mansion house in Washington Square South is one of the places pointed out to the visitors to New York’s Greenwich Village. And not one in a hundred thousand of them know that the secrets of the first motion picture romance are enshrined by that spot.

"The Black Maria," the first motion picture studio, at West Orange, New Jersey. It cost Thomas Edison $637.67. In it were made practically the only pictures used in the world from 1889 until late in 1896.

It was in this same time, too, that Otway Latham was married to Natalie Lockwood, a gifted young member of one of New York’s art colonies. She was soon to share with her husband the thrills of the first motion picture expeditions. Destiny awaited them, too, with a dramatic adventure of tragic termination that was one day, many years after their parts had been played, to come again into motion picture history. But we must wait a long time before completing the telling of their strange story.

This same spring of 1895 while the Lathams were busying themselves with the building of their Eidoloscope projection machines for state’s rights buyers, competition was evaporating in hidden
Photoplay

His plunger kinetoscope half In circus He 1892 job? His workshop the peep dismay forehead. transient health matter In the state the chronology. totracting

into California. ZOO, then that and subsequent tricks involving a rabbit-out-of-the-hat moment. Mr. Lumiere in Paris, Robert W. Paul in London and the partnership efforts of Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins in Washington. Two new names now came into the race for the screen.

Drifting southeast from California into Texas went William N. Selig, a young showman. He was a versatile inventive person with considerable photographic skill and experience. In the town of Dallas he came upon a kinetoscope parlor where the Edison films were displayed in a peep show, just such an establishment as the Lathams had conducted in downtown New York. Selig spent several days investigating the machine and its films. He, like the rest, got a magic lantern idea and a notion of pictures on a screen.

This Selig was something of a plunger in his methodical, sure way. Showmanship in the open west had given him that. And since his name and works run in a continuous thread through all the subsequent motion picture history down to today and now, it is significant to turn back the pages even a little earlier than that day in 1895. From his home in Chicago some years before Selig went into the West in quest of his health, lingering a while in Colorado and then journeying on to California. He became manager of a health resort known as Chicago Park. Renewed energy came and he began on the road with a bit of entertainment. It consisted mostly of tricks of parlor magic, deftly done, including the old master performance of extracting the Belgian hare from the saw. A rabbit might he said to have been the progenitor of the famous Selig Zoo, but that is a decade and a half ahead in our chronology.

Mr. Selig was rewarded so handsomely for his successful manipulation of the docile rabbit and the trick hat that he developed his show business into a full-fledged minstrel attraction. It was a genuine fast black show and it had the flavor of genius about it. In a little upstate town in California, Selig paused at the street one day to observe a lonely, forlornly idle darky. He was a yellow boy. He yawned a deep, wide open watermelon expanse of mouth and settled himself to let the sunshine soak in. He saw Selig looking at him and smiled. The smile was approximately one foot on its major axis. Selig admired it greatly.

"Boy—want a job?" "What at, boss?" The yellow boy was casually interested.

"In a minstrel show—just stand up and open your mouth, that's your act."

That was the beginning of the career of the late Bert Williams, a genius whose death a few weeks ago was a matter of world news and regret. When Williams joined the Selig show they day he became the case man who was later for years to share his fame as the other half of Williams & Walker. Walker was surly. Williams was all smiles.

This was, incidentally, Bert Williams' first appearance on any stage. Being light of hue, fifteen-sixteenths white in ancestry, he was ordered into burnt cork make-up. Stage fright overtook Williams in the first sentence of the lines. The sweat of distress poured down his face. His make-up ran in streaks of alarming perpendicular zebra effect. When the end man fired his funny quaff at Williams, the novice's eyes opened in terror and beads stood out on his forehead. He couldn't remember his lines. In dismay his mouth flew open. The house roared.

"What a row! Does anything those folks'laugh at me?" Williams backed out into the wings. His hit was made, in spite of him. With the little Selig wagon show in 1892 he laid the foundation of the fame that has been said into every great world capital, and quite incidentally one day got him a transient motion picture success of sensational brevity.

When Williams Selig had the bankroll of his minstrel show profits in his pockets when he discovered the kinetoscope in Dallas he was in the business of the world. It was the now historic 43 Peck Court, and probably the only reputable tradition of that redemptive way.

But the space was inexpensive and Selig saw a long task ahead of him, a costly one. While Woodville Latham's shop was at work in New York building eidoloscopes, Selig was toiling in Chicago trying to find a way to put the motion picture on the screen, and do

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Historic "Firsts" in this Chapter

The First motion picture romance, in which handsome Grey Latham of Broadway found Rose O'Neill, a Missouri beauty and brought her to New York to be his bride.

The First motion picture exhibitor and state's rights buyer. LeRoy Latham, a nephew of Woodville Latham, inventor of the eidoloscope, who gave the first store show entertainment exclusively of films, in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1895.

The First appearance in the amusement world of the late Bert Williams as a minstrel in the employ of William Selig's wagon show in California.


The First motion picture advertising man, Henry Southall, a colored boy, who urged a handbill campaign on LeRoy Latham.

The First vaudeville act in a picture show, when Jack McConaughey, a circus clown, opened the Latham show at Newport News, Va., with poses of "ebony statuary."

The First Selig zoo, consisting of one Belgian hare, used by Colonel Selig in the famous rabbit-out-of-the-hat piece of parlor magic.

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The eidoloscope film, actual size, from the Latham picture of the Duncan Ross-Ernest Rober wrestling match
it well. He had samples of Edison kinetoscope film to experiment with, like the other workers. And by the way of potboiling for current incomes he took on large orders to make carbon prints for Chicago portrait photographers and made giant photographic enlargements for railway advertising. For a year nothing more was heard of Selig at 43 Peck Court.

Hardly more than an hour's ride away to the north of Chicago, up at Waukegan, a lake shore village and manufacturing center, another inventor, Edward Amet, was at work on the same problem. He also had a handful of Edison kinetoscopes. It is now twenty-five years since the name of Edward Amet figured in motion picture affairs. As this chapter is written he lives in quiet retirement at Redondo Beach in California, and only a few of today's figures in the motion picture industry can recall the time when he figured importantly for a moment as one of several contestants for patent office recognition and first motion picture honors. Yet the efforts of Amet led to the founding of the one time powerful Essanay concern of Chicago.

Amet was a most traditionally typical inventor. He needed money to go ahead with his work. He had just completed the invention of an automatic platform scale which for one cent handed you out a ticket with your tonnage on it. So now in his back room workshop at the plant of the Chicago Scale Works down by the railroad tracks in Waukegan he had turned to the business of trying to get the kinetoscope picture on the screen. In point of time his efforts were slightly later in their inception than those of the Lathams, Amet and others. His machine was half done and as a banker would gracefully say it, funds were low. He thought that perhaps when his picture machine was completed it might have some value for theater use, if it worked. There was a show playing a one-night stand in the Waukegan Opera House. Mr. Amet noted the date and bent his steps that way with an idea of consulting a regular theatrical magnate.

At the close of the show Amet applied at the box office and found the manager of the attraction counting the receipts. They shook hands and the showman gave his name, George K. Spoor.

With the dignity and calm reserve which characterizes all good poker players and Scotchmen, Spoor listened to the inventor's story with a profound but outwardly casual attention. He had heard of moving pictures, but he had not seen them move. He agreed with Amet that if they could be made to move, in sight of an audience, on a screen they might have an entertainment value. He would look at the machine. He even admitted that he might just possibly invest if the thing looked right.

Mr. Spoor did not mention at that time that his capital consisted of the twenty-eight dollars and eighty-five cents profit on the night's show, and that his regular employment was the management of the newstand and lunchroom at the Northwestern Station in Chicago. That night he was magnating.

The two of them, inventor and magnate, talking in terms calculated to impress each other favorably, walked across lots from the opera house to Amet's workshop. There they surveyed the array of gears and miscellany of parts of the machine as it stood incomplete before them.

Spoor and Amet talked for an hour. Reluctantly and with a faint heart down under his firm voice, Spoor ventured to ask the one important question:

"About how much capital, Mr. Amet, do you think you will require to finish this?"

In the year of 1895 six busy laboratories were close upon the solution of the problem of putting the motion picture on the screen. All of them based their efforts upon the beginning made by Thomas Edison and W. K. L. Dickson, his laboratory assistant, in 1889 with the invention of the kinetoscope. The workers were:

WOODVILLE LATHAM, in New York, who with a staff made up of former Edison employes, and the temporary cooperation of W. K. L. Dickson, produced the edisocope.

THOMAS ARMAT and C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, who built a "beater" type projection machine with which the first commercially successful picture projects were conducted.

EDWARD AMET of Waukegan, Illinois, who with the financial assistance of George K. Spoor, developed a projection machine. From it came the famous Essanay concern.

LOUIS LUMIERE, famous French photographer, whose projector had for a time promised an international success.

ROBERT PAUL of London, who first copied the Edison kinetoscope and then attacked the problem of projection, with important early success in England.

WILLIAM SELIG of Chicago, who went from showmanship to invention and became the founder of the world known Selig Polyscope Company.

Edison had captured the secret of motion picture photography and locked it up in a little box where one person at a time could see it. These inventors' function was to liberate it on the screen.

Thomas Armat, of Washington, who built the type of projection machine which came to dominate the industry and who continues today to experiment for the technical betterment of picture projection. In his early work he was in partnership with C. Francis Jenkins (shown at bottom of page), also an inventor, still at work on motion picture problems.

Spoor stiffened and set himself for a shock. He expected a suggestion of anything from five to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Amet stood thoughtfully silent. He did not want to make a mistake in front of this theatrical man. He did some elaborate figuring.

"Well, Mr. Spoor, I should say that I'll need (Continued on page 100)"
I have a new teacher.
I am glad.
Her name is Miss Newell. She is telling me how to spell what I put down here.
I talk very good but I am just learning how to write. I hate spelling. Miss Newell can spell fine.
Peepul that write must be smart. I could never. I forget what I think before I can make the letters to write it down.
What I like to do better than anything else in my whole life is climb.
Yesterday at the Kinema theater I saw a man 104 years old. He was still alive.
That is very old.
Moody who is what I call my mother wanted to know would I like to live until I get that old. I would like to be twice that old.

My grandpa that I went to visit for my last birthday is 70 years old. He can hunt and fish and swim.

The trouble about being so old is teeth. I know about that. I had false teeth in my last picture.
I lost two teeth right in front like a jack o'lantern. They stuck some ones in. It felt funny when I talked.

Now my new ones are coming in fast. One is grown. The other is little.

I pulled one of my teeth.
It was in the Ritz in New York. Moody was cross. Well, I was afraid I would eat it with my lunch.
Poody, that is my father, said the Ritz was an all right place to pull a tooth. But we had ladies at lunch.
I turned my head away. I said excuse me. Then I pulled it out.
I like the new house I live in.

MAYBE Moody will buy the lot next door. Then we can have a swimming pool.
I will have a slide from my bedroom window right into the swimming pool.
It will be a long slide but I am not afraid of anything. I bet Wes Barry would be afraid of that. My bedroom is very high. It is in the second story.
I will learn to swim. I can swim.
At Catalina Island last summer I did. The man put me on the bottom. He put his foot on me in my stomick.
You bet I kept my eyes wide open.
Wes Barry had a hard time to learn to swim. Now he is a fine swimmer.
He is bigger than me.
Moody read to me in a newspaper today. (Concluded on page 112)
“Kiss Me, Frank”

Just a domestic scene in a hotel restaurant

By DELIGHT EVANS

She undulated into the Algonquin, swathed in sables—or very good mink—and veils, and oriental perfumes. Everybody watched her. Everybody waited. The Young Men’s Thanatopsis Club—composed of such high-browed herculeses as Marc Connelly and Roberts Sherwood and Benchley and F. P. Adams—even these stopped and stared. She was a good round eyeful. And in her wake was a mere man—a good-looking, well-set-up, modest man. He followed her into the dining room.

They seated themselves—she slid out of her wrap, disclosing a svelte figure in a Russian thing—she took off her gloves, disclosing diamonds—she threw back her veil, disclosing a white, white face, with scarlet lips and slanting, provocative eyes. She tilted her head; and adjacent luncheon parties listened breathlessly. The beauty was about to speak. The California Cleopatra was on the verbal brink of elucidation. She looked at her companion.

“Kiss me, Frank!” she said.

He kissed her, and the audience drew a long, long breath.

And then they had lunch.

Which would seem to disprove all those stories about the present Mrs. Frank Mayo and her husband not getting along very well.

Of course, the kiss—it might have been a stage kiss. If there had been only one—but there were many more.

She used to be Dagmar Godowsky, the daughter of Leopold, the great pianist.

You have followed Frank, no doubt, through various vicissitudes in his screen career. She came east to do some shopping and to see papa and mama. He followed.

“What I always say is,” remarked Mr. Mayo after the grapefruit had been served by a breathless waiter, “give me a good story. If I only had a good story. Now, take that story I had not so long ago—called—Daggy, what was that story called?”

“I cannot remember the name of your story, my sweetheart,” purred Dagmar. “But was it not the one where you were buried in the sand?”

“No, not that one, dear,” he said. “That other one—well, I can’t remember the name of it, but it was a good story. Daggy, what was that man’s name I was supposed to call up? If you don’t mind, I’ll go and call him up now. What was his number, darling?”

“Vanderbilt ooo,” said his wife smoothly. “Kiss me.”

He kissed her. She turned to me. “We have been so busy. There are so many things to do (Continued on page 99)
The story of a nobody who turned out to be somebody after all. Two women. One, the beautiful Barbara; the other, starved Little Letty. Which did Allerton choose?

"But," he said, "you can't run off and leave me in your debt like this." She smiled sadly. "I'm paid—I've got remembering, always."

ASHLEIGH ALLERTON was furiously angry; he was desperately hurt. His pride was up in arms; it urged him on to extremeties of action, to finalities, from which all his love and his longing for Barbara made him shrink. A dozen images of her were before him as he strode along through the park. He saw her beautiful, full of a lovely, gracious charm, the remote Barbara of those days when he had known her first. He saw her yielding, later, giving herself—and yet withholding herself, too, always; tempting him, maddening him, with laughter, always, faintly on her lips and in her eyes.

He saw her flushed with the knowledge of her power, her mastery of him, capricious, driven to test her strength and —his weakness. It was the knowledge of his own weakness that angered him now; he resented that, had he only understood himself, far more than anything that she had ever done. And he feared it; that collapse of pride and will that she had induced, again and again.

This last quarrel —yet, was it a quarrel, exactly? He couldn't reconstruct the scene in his memory in any convincing detail. Some trivial cause, in the beginning. Queer, how trivial the causes of their quarrels had been, as a rule! And how quickly occasions sank into insignificance beside the ugliness, the bitterness, of word and gesture arising from them! Just now —how swiftly irrevocable things had sprung from a forgotten cause!

He had declared himself at last—demanded surrender from her, in the name of his own self respect and any chance they had for lasting happiness. And she had refused. He could remember her, flaming, as she took his ring from her finger and held it out to him, and the tiny sound, thunderous, though, as a hammer stroke of fate, as it had fallen to the floor.

She was, she had been, so contemptuously sure that his love, his aching longing for her, would bring him back to her, abject in his surrender. It had done so before, and he ground his teeth at those memories. Yet he had never said so much before. He had warned her. Melodrama? Oh, yes! To threaten to marry the first woman he saw who would have him! Yet wouldn't it be better? What chance, what hope, could there be for him and Barbara, now?

He was at the very climax of the emotional storm that was sweeping him when he first saw the girl by the fence that ran around the reservoir. Something about her struck through the tremendous self absorption that had enveloped him. He had a glimpse of her white face, exalted by a sort of desperate determination. She had dragged a bench over to the fence. He sensed her purpose, suddenly, and began to run. He reached her just in time; laid violent hands upon her; drew her back and down.

And she sank down on the bench, and hid her white face in her hands, and began to sob. He was curiously detached, curiously without either sympathy, or blame, or any emotion, as he stared at her. Only a mild curiosity moved him.

"Oh!" she said, at last. "Why did you stop? I had my courage all screwed up—"

He laughed, rather grilly.

"Yes," he said, "Exactly! You're better off than I, though! At least it wasn't some weakness in yourself that stopped you! That's been my case—"

She stared at him a moment; hid her eyes again. He picked up stick and gloves to move away. Something stayed him.

"Why?" he said, "You needn't tell me, of course—but you might as well—"

"Why—why not?" she said. "There's nothing else for me to do. I—I've been living with my stepfather. He takes all my money. He took my mother's before she died. He killed her. He'd just as soon kill me. Today—he was going to make me go to work in a—in a place—"

She grew crimson, suddenly.

"I ran away," she said. "While they thought I was putting on the—the clothes the girls there wear. I knew he'd beat me if he found me, and make me go back. So—"

She stopped; sat, crying. He stared down at her. There was no dignity about her; there was scarcely pathos, even. She was drah, sordid, colorless. Yet, suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind; he stared, and chuckled. Here was a climax of irony!
"I told you I'd marry the first girl I met—and I did!" Barbara was tolerant. "A girl like that can be bought off"

Flower

Fictionization by William Almon Wolff

"Look here!" he said. "Can't go back, can you? You're at the end of your rope? Nothing ahead but that?"

He made a gesture toward the reservoir. She looked up at him.

"You might do better if you married me," he said.

She straightened up, staring at him in amazement. Her eyes wandered over him, taking in every detail of his well-groomed figure.

"Marry me—you?" she said. Her voice rose to a shrill note. "Why—why?"

"Oh, because!" he said. His voice rang out bitterly. "The woman I love—the woman I was engaged to—has just thrown me over!"

She stared.

"You can travel a lot of different roads, you see," he said.

"and still come to where you were when I pulled you back!"

Quietly he began to tell her of Barbara. Strange expressions flew back and forth in the girl's eyes as she listened. He might have seen wonder, sympathy, anger—an anger that, gradually, banished everything else. She must have been visualizing Barbara, in her cold pride.

"There it is!" he said. "You can't lose. You'll have all that she's thrown away—"

"No," she said, in a whisper so low that he did not hear. "Not all."

"You'll be protected—clothed—fed—sheltered. I—it doesn't matter about me."

She sat, brooding, hesitating. Then, suddenly, she rose.

"All right!" she said. She laughed harshly. "I guess you're a bit mad—but what's the odds?"

It was a long time before Allerton could remember just what happened after that. Details were lost in a haze. An official's droneing voice; the girl's voice, answering questions. Giving her name—Letty Gravely—and her age. His own voice, answering like questions, assuring a clerk that he was white. Another droneing voice; portentous sentences. Then a moment on the sidewalk, with the vast bulk of the Municipal Building looming up, and his wife—his wife!—waiting beside him, patient, docile.

Then, later, old Steptoe's amazed eyes as he opened the door for them. Curious reflexes, moving him to turn to Letty, with a grave courtesy, once they were in the house.

"This is your house—you are your mistress, now," he said.

Slowly he led her into the old fashioned drawing room. She sat down, wearily, in a great arm chair. And his eyes fell upon an envelope, placed conspicuously; an envelope addressed to him in Barbara's hand. He stared at it a moment before he opened it. His eyes were entirely expressionless as he read the few lines of the note. She was sorry. Yes. She hadn't meant what she had said, earlier in the day. She was wearing his ring again.

Sheer horror held him still. Every memory of pain and bitterness was banished. Only his love for her, his longing, remained. His eyes turned toward Letty. And all his agony was in them. She sat still, watching him.

"Steptoe—" Allerton raised his voice slightly, and the butler came in. "Steptoe—this is Mrs. Allerton."

The training of his years of service saved Steptoe. For a moment he was silent; then he bowed, gravely, to Letty.

"Madam is very welcome here," he said.

Allerton made an impatient gesture. He turned to Letty.

"You're tired," he said. "Steptoe will show you your room. We—I think we won't disturb the maids tonight, Steptoe. The guest room is ready?"

"Yes, sir. If madam will come this way—?"

Old servants know more than is supposed, sometimes; permit themselves, too, sometimes, strange liberties. Downstairs, that night, after Allerton, too, had gone upstairs, Steptoe read Barbara's note. It told him the little, the very little, that all that he had observed for a long time had not enabled him to guess. Above him were the portraits of his master's father and mother. He looked up at them; smiled, with an ancient wisdom.

"Maybe you two are looking down in terror, if you know!" he said. "But I'm not so sure your boy 'ain't a bit o' luck!"
It was Steptoe, in the morning, who answered Barbara, telephoning nervously, long before Rashleigh Allerton awoke from the troubled sleep into which he had fallen just before daylight. But Allerton himself spoke to her; shrank, though, from telling her the truth. Yet she must have known that something was desperately wrong. And Allerton, turning to Steptoe, showed a sclerosis face. But Steptoe faced him, smiling.

"If Mr. Rash will only be calm, like," he said, "something may happen to straighten things out."

Allerton shook his head.

"Take care of—Mrs. Allerton," he said, "See that she has whatever she wants. I—am going out—"

He had to see Barbara; that duty couldn't be evaded. She had guessed the incredible truth; that made things easier.

"I told you," he said, "that I'd marry the first girl I met—and I did." She was furious, and yet, it seemed, she had begun already to learn the lesson that threatened to cost them all so dearly. For the first time she mastered her passion; came back to him, penitent and kind.

"It's bad," she said.

"Oh, Rash—it's awful! But it's my fault as much as yours—I know—I know! Still—what's done done can be undone."

"How?" He cried out eagerly.

"Oh, Rash!" She smiled tolerantly. "A girl like that! She'll consent to an annulment if you pay her money enough—can't you see?"

Hope dawned in his eyes.

"I NEVER thought of that!" he cried. "Of course! Oh, Barbara—! My dear—"

He sank on his knees before her, burying his head in her lap. And with a curious, motherly gesture, new to her, she stroked his head.

If Allerton could so forget and neglect his wife, however, he was well represented in his absence. Steptoe had his ideas, as he was wont to say. And some strange flash of sympathy had been kindled in him by his first sight of Letty. He was waiting for the first movement of her door. Already he had said his say to the furious women servants, set by the ears by a maid's chance opening of the guest room door and her sight of Letty—and Letty's clothes.

For once in his life Steptoe cast reserve and discretion aside away. He knew what he knew; foretold what he foresaw. And he had read Barbara as some men read a printed page. Allerton had told him to see that Letty had whatever she needed. And to that order he gave the widest, the most liberal, of interpretations. What she needed! What didn't she need? Understanding—the knowledge of a thousand things, hidden from her through all her starved and stunted life. But Steptoe knew them all. Little things, like the way to eat a grapefruit and use a finger bowl. And the quality he had discerned in Letty's first sight, that astonishing simplicity of hers, made her accept what he offered in the very spirit of his offering. The outraged maids served Steptoe's purpose well. Letty, in the morning, was as sure as Allerton himself that they had done a terrible thing, committed a ghastly blunder. Her solution was simple—flight. But Steptoe's will was otherwise. And the maids, insulting her, roused in her an angry pride.

"Insolent upstairs they are, madam," he said. "I should be proud to show madam how to put such in their places."

Incredibly Letty found herself taking her cues from him, dismissing cook and maids who came to give notice! Incredibly, again, she let him take her to places where, once his authority to give orders in Rashleigh Allerton's name had been made plain, there was only eagerness to touch her with the magic wand of clothes from Paris, shoes of a slender grace, silks, laces, wonders of which she had scarcely so much as dreamed!

It was a Letty transformed, lovely in a wan and wistful way, whom Allerton saw when he came home at last. Steptoe explained what he had done; Allerton nodded, dumbly. Yet, though, in some strange way, this made it more difficult, he knew that he must carry out Barbara's plan. Gently he told her what she knew—that they had made a great mistake.

"She wants you back, then?" said Letty, going to the heart of things. He nodded.

"All right," she said. "I'll go whenever you please."

"No," he said, "You will stay here. My lawyer will make the necessary arrangements. You will, of course, have a suitable settlement—money—"

"No," she shook her head. "I don't want to be paid."

A CURIOUS pride in her tugged at his heart. By George—she was rather fine! Yet he argued, until, at last, she yielded.

"You are right, I suppose," she said. "I don't understand such things."

He watched her go upstairs. She was wearing a black velvet gown; a lovely thing that might have been designed for her. Steptoe was watching, too; he sighed, a moment later, when the telephone rang, and he had to tell Allerton that Miss Walbrook wished to speak to him.

"Well?" Barbara's voice was pitched high, in its nervousness. "Have you told her?"

"Yes," he said. "It—it's all right."

Yet his conscience troubled him strangely.

"Ah?" She laughed. "I suppose you've forgotten the Benedict's dance tonight? Well—hurry and dress. We'll stop and pick you up."

He went upstairs, and Steptoe went with him.

"Steptoe," he said. "She—she doesn't want to take any money."

"Maybe she's right, Mr. Rash," said Steptoe. "Money's not for them as isn't learned its use."
He started.
"I hadn't thought of that! By Jove, Steptoe—I can't just pay her off like—a taxi, can I?"
"I should hope not, Mr. Rash—but if you'd keep 'er ere a bit and—and—learn her, like?"

But Allerton wasn't minded to talk any more, and, when he was dressed, Steptoe left him. Rashleigh went on down to wait. And, as he descended the stairs he saw Letty, slipping down before him—the Letty he had married, in her old, worn clothes. She was at the door when he called to her.

"Oh!" she said. She had the hunted look of the park. "I—I wanted to get away so you couldn't make me take the money—"

"But—you can't run off and leave me in your debt like this—"

She smiled sadly.
"I—I'm paid—I've got money—always—"

He grew more and more excited and nervous. Until Letty, smiling, held up her finger and began to count slowly, up to ten.

"What—?"

"Don't say a word till I've finished—" she said. "I used to calm Mother so, sometimes—"

"I—I've always been nervous—ever since I was born—"

He slumped down beside her on the sofa; they had gone into the drawing room. Instinctively she began to stroke his forehead.

"I—I'm so tired—and overwrought—" he said. "That's—you make me feel easier. If you'll do that—I can rest—"

"I'll stay as long as you need me—there, there—"

He dozed, and she watched him, as a mother might watch a fretful child. Until he fell asleep, and she sat waiting, smiling. And it was upon that picture that Barbara opened the door, hard, smiling, coldly angry behind her mask of disdain.

Letty started up. She knew who it must be. And with a cry she ran out, past Barbara, and upstairs. Rashleigh awoke with a start. Shamefaced he tried to explain. Barbara stood still, smiling contemptuously.

"So you wouldn't let her go?" she said, finally.

"Barbara—it would be cruel—she needs training—"

"Keep her, then—till she can take care of herself—"

He turned toward her eagerly. But Barbara averted her eyes.

"You—you Quixote!" she cried stormily. But then she laughed. "I suppose it's because you are just that that I love you, though—"

"And I love you because you're a good sport!" he said, and caught her in his arms.

So the curious menage went on, and grew into something strangely permanent. Letty saw little of Allerton. His life was oddly unaffected by her presence in his house. He took his meals at his club; spent much of his time with Barbara. Yet he did see Letty; watched, without any real perception, her growth, the way she changed. Luxury did nothing to spoil her, for she gave her a new, delicate beauty. She learned much. Steptoe, wise in his own way, taught her much; suggested ways she could learn the things he was not qualified to teach.

Yet if Flack had aided Barbara in the afternoon he was to aid Letty that night. His greed drove him back to the house. And this time he found Allerton. It was blackmail he had in mind; not for a moment, of course, did he believe that Allerton had married Letty. And before, half cowed, he slunk away, he told Allerton where he could find him—at Ott's place, half saloon, half dive.

Allerton, sick with disgust, saw him go. Barbara was coming—but he must see Letty first, and warn her. He sent Steptoe for her—and, just as Barbara's footman came to the door, Steptoe came down, white with fear.

"She's gone!" he cried. "There's a note, sir—"

Grimly Rashleigh Allerton read the note. She had gone—he must not follow her. He turned on Steptoe.

"Miss Walbrook—she was here this afternoon—Mrs. Allerton was greatly upset, sir—and that person you saw, Mr. Rash—she was here—"

Barbara, impatient, had followed her footman. And now Allerton turned on her.

(Concluded on page 105)
They Can’t Fool

ARE stars the same on and off the screen, or have they dual personalities? The question is answered in this story. The truth about personalities is that only the real survive. Remember that, when you send in your photograph to the Screen Opportunity contest, with high hopes of winning. It isn’t your photograph that counts nearly as much as what that photograph reveals of your real character—the soul that the camera can catch.

WHAT are they like off screen? That is the question invariably asked a person who has encountered stars off duty.

Although the fan has been told that the villain in reality is often a sweet soul who raises daisies instead of the proverbial Hades and that the vampire is addicted to prayer meetings instead of orgies de jazzerie, he cannot help but believe his eyes and the subtitles.

And it would appear that most of our leading directors are siding with the fan. We know that D. W. Griffith, John S. Robertson and Rex Ingram cast their pictures with careful eyes for “types”—persons who are the characters portrayed rather than those who may be able to enact them.

Indeed, Mr. Ingram’s selection of types for “The Four Horsemen” is the chief point on which he scored a directorial knockout, if not the B. A. degree from Yale. “He knows how to cast,” we said.

I do not mean to say that a player must be the exact duplicate of the fictional character. He need only to look as though he might be such a character. Signor Rudolph Valentino was a superb Julio in “The Four Horsemen,” not because he is a great actor but because he has the foreign air, the sleek and urbane appearance that was Julio’s.

There used to be a lively discussion as to whether a player should be chosen for his acting ability or because he looked the part. Actors from the stage snorted at the idea of “types” and contended that a good actor could give life to any part.

THEREIN do the stage and screen differ. The stage is chiefly vocal; the screen entirely visual, save for subtitles which must be in harmony with expression. On the stage a player may characterize by his voice and create the necessary optic illusion as to his appearance by the use of make-up and lights. Distance lends enchantment, and there is considerable distance between the man behind the footlights and the man in the orchestra chair.

On the screen a player must characterize entirely by facial and bodily appearances. Subtitles which say he is a dirty dog will not make him one unless his face has the canine
qualities. He may fool us to some extent by make-up, but the inevitable close-up is a severe exposure, and we no longer tolerate elaborate make-up.

The eye of the camera penetrates all artifice and exaggerates what it sees. And it has trained our eyes to see. At first we were not very discerning. Our gaze stopped at externals. If a vampire waved a peacock fan and puffed a cigarette, however amateurishly, we were content. She was a soulless, home-wrecking hussy, she was.

But those were the days when we were little Red Riding Hoods, when a wolf in granny's clothing raised but a few doubtful queries.

Today we read character through the camera.

Neither ruse nor rouge can fool us long concerning the soul within.

No less an authority than David Wark Griffith declares absolutely that the camera goes straight to the heart and that the eye of the director must be keen if it is to see what the spectators out front are going to see when the player faces them.

YOU may not know that you are judging a person's character when you see his face on the screen. You only know vaguely—subconsciously—that you like or dislike that person. You have often said, no doubt, that a certain star is a good actor but that there is something about him that you do not like. Instinctively your eye has recorded an impression which your mind has not taken the time or effort to analyze and formulate.

The regular motion picture public is infallible in its election of stellar favorites.

The charm of Lillian Gish is enhanced by personal contact. Her fragile loveliness is not exaggerated by the camera.

Antonio Moreno, despite his fiery Spanish temperament, delights everyone. He once said, "If it weren't for the movies I would make about fifty a week."

Mary Pickford cannot play a part she does not feel. She has tried to appreciate and guard the trust which the public has imposed in her; consequently she has progressed.

Wally Reid cannot take himself seriously. He does not brood over himself and his future. He lives by the day.

That essentially masculine punch that Jim Kirkwood puts in his pictures is the real thing. There is nothing of the actor in him, though he is continually striving to improve artistically.

Such is my conviction after several years' close contact with famous stars. I have known players of all ranks and, with a few exceptions to prove the rule, I've found that those who are the most attractive on screen are the most attractive off.

The policy of Photoplay since its inception has been to mirror the personality of players as truthfully as it is humanly possible. An interviewer must neither gloss nor besmirch. He must take an absolutely impersonal position, just as a portrait artist does before his subject. There is no one since the year of our Lord in whom it might be said, here is a perfect creature. Therefore, with humanity toward all and malice toward none the writer (Continued on page 110)
Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

"Motion pictures will go the way of the saloon unless they reform or are reformed," says "Columbia," the official magazine of the Knights of Columbus. Legislation to kill motion pictures would be about as effective as prohibition. Can you imagine what bootleg pictures would be like? Some of them are bad enough now, but if picture prohibition would have the same effect as the eighteenth amendment the product would be as deadly to morals as prohibition whiskey is to the system.

It's a hard world to reform.

It is a well known fact that no two censorship boards agree on the same standards of morals, or on what should or should not be eliminated from pictures.

There is one thing, however, according to W. D. McGuire, Jr., executive secretary of the National Board of Review, on which all censors do agree, and that is what they want their salaries raised as often as possible.

We wonder what the newspaper writers and churchmen who painted William D. Taylor so black would feel if it developed, as is likely, that the man was killed by a gang of drug bootleggers whom he had threatened—that he died trying to save a woman who was in their power.

Charlie Chaplin is suing a young man by the name of Amador (whom no one ever heard of) for wearing his shoes and trousers and even his moustache.

Mr. Amador didn't actually steal Charlie's own famous shoes, but according to the complaint, he stole the idea and has been making some two reel comedies in which he tries to look as much like the great comedian as possible.

Well, he may steal all the external appliances, but fine feathers, as you have heard, don't make fine birds, and shoes and trousers don't make Charlie Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin doesn't need to worry much about imitators. There are some things that can't be imitated and Charlie's fine artistry is one of them.

Billie West tried to imitate him, and where is he now? Screen dead, with only a wreath of raspberries, and not a single mourner.

The radio rage is sweeping the nation with a wave of novelty interest and popularity that has had no parallel except in motion pictures. This new competition has the picture barons worried a trifle. It is estimated that there are not less than a million amateur radio receiving stations in the United States.

The radio concerts have a tendency to keep picture goers at home nights, the picture makers suspect. But their concern is hardly justified. The theater is "some place to go." We like to have our thrills and laughs with the crowd. The radio is relatively a solitary pastime.

In two or three remote obscure laboratories dreamers are now at work on the problem of sending pictures broadcast by radio. There is a thought for tomorrow!

"New York pictures are not censored; they are reviewed," said Mrs. Elie Hosmer, one of the New York State Censors. Well, well, even the censors themselves are disgusted with the word. Mrs. Hosmer complains that the Federal government won't give them a free hand to exercise political statements in pictures when the subject of prohibition is treated. Why not give them license in matters of religion, science, and everything else?

Here is a new company that comes along, Pyramid Pictures. On one of its first pictures it starts out with the old hokum and changes the title "The Mayor's Wife" to "Should Husbands Know?"

Bunk! Bunk! Bunk!

What we see on the screen is only a part of the drama and comedy in the motion pictures. For example, there is the great "serving the papers" scene staged the other night in the wars of litigation between Mack Sennett, maker of comedies, and Charles O. Baumann, maker of money.

Mr. Sennett had been evading process servers with the agile grace of Ben Turpin in a screen free-for-all. Then in the dim theatrical twilight of one evening Mr. Sennett went softly up the elevator to a conference at First National's offices. Into the dark street below nosed a taxicab. It stopped, and the driver snapped down the lights. In the dark interior only the glowing ends of two cigars betrayed occupancy. The hours passed, one, two, three of them.

Across the street a Sennett henchman stepped out and looked about furtively. The street was still, but for that ceaseless lulling murmur that is the beating of the heart of New York itself. The coast seemed clear. The scout stepped back and spoke to someone in the hall.

Mr. Sennett strolled out. The taxicab swiftly whirled across the street. Out jumped Mr. Baumann and his lawyer, clutching the papers. They were served, thus legally informing Mr. Sennett of the suit. Fade out. "Part Two will follow."
Lew Stone is a little older, but he will make Reid and Valentino look to their matinee idol laurels.

“Just a Good Actor”

By MARY WINSHIP

You know that can handicap a man’s style considerable.

If he wanted to sit down, he had to lower himself into a chair without moving any portion of his anatomy between his collar button and his shoes laces.

The fact that he was supposed to battle to the death in that economical garment, added to his mental unrest.

We were on the gorgeous drawing set designed for Rex Ingram’s forthcoming production, “The Prisoner of Zenda.” Lew Stone is the hero—the dual hero of the romantic young Englishman and the equally romantic King Rudolf.

But as he walked up and down before me, his usually free and dashing stride was hobbled, as it were, by the mistakes and misapprehensions of that tailor.

Lew Stone is a very charming chap.

But he also has a disposition.

In fact, I’ve never known anyone in the world who reminded me so much of the little girl in the rhyme—you know the one:
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH PICTURES?

THERE has been a noticeable diminution of attendance in the thousands of motion picture theaters throughout the United States during the past year.

What is the answer?
Is it the continued high admission charges?
Are exhibitors overdoing the vaudeville and orchestral features?
Is the public losing interest in the personalities of the screen?
Is it because of the failure of producers to provide consistently good pictures?
Is the public wearying of this form of entertainment?
Is it because of unemployment?
Is it due to the over-exploitation of pictures?
There is some fundamental reason.

The Editor of PHOTOPAY wants to hear the voice of the two million readers of this magazine.

$100 FOR LETTERS

To the person writing the most intelligent and convincing letter on this subject (within two hundred words) a check for $50 will be mailed.
For the second best letter—$20.
For the three next best—$10 apiece.
Think this problem over and sit down today or tomorrow and write me your opinion.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor

When he asked me so impertinently why I came to interview him—it is terrible interviewing people you've known all your life—I told him frankly that as a motion picture actor he was an unknown quantity and we'd have to forget the past and begin all over again.

He laughed. And when Lew actually laughs, his eyes light up so that they warm the very cockles of your heart—whatever those may be. His eyes are the most alive things I have ever seen. And even though his hair has a few distinguished threads of gray—the youngest eyes I have ever seen.

"I'm not a motion picture actor," he said. "I'm just an actor trying to act in motion pictures. I do my best, but—it's hard sledding."

But Rex Ingram tells me that as the dual hero of "The Prisoner of Zenda" he is superb.

"No other actor on the screen could have done it so well," he told me. "He is marvelous. His acting, his carriage, his appearance—well, he is the complete return of the romantic, daring, young hero we always love so well."

I saw Lew Stone play Rudolf in "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the stage.

If he is anything on the screen like he was then, some of these pert young matinee idols of the screen—yes, even Wally Reed and Rodolf Valentino, will have to look to their laurels.

He was lured from the stage to do pictures a few times in the old days—his first was as Bessie Barriscale's leading man—and recently he made "Beau Reheal" for Ince and "Nomads of the North" for First National.

The little dreams, the childhood dreams,
The dreams that never were,
The dreams that touch the edge of tears,
That make the pulses stir.
The dreams that I have laid away,
The dreams that are to be:
They flicker from the silver sheet,
Into the heart of me!

The tiny homes where I have dwelt,
The paths that go untrod,
The struggles that my soul has known,
When just to live was hard!
The brave adventures I have missed,
The thrills that passed me by;
They flicker from the sheet of dreams,
Before my eager eye. . . .

The longings and the vain regrets,
The heart thongs and the tears—
The happiness, the tender joys,
The ache of lonely years,
The romance, and the call of life,
And all that is to be—
They flicker, from the sheet of dreams,
Into the heart of me!
Bathing Delux on Saturday Night

A Slang Review

HAVING just been appointed a Knight of the Bath, the editor has requested me to see that no dirty work was pulled and that there were clean breaks between reels at a picture called "Saturday Night!" He thought that it would be quite apropos of my recently acquired honors.

Now, that I've seen the picture, I'm striving hard to be made a Knight of the Garter and review a few of Mack Sennett's pictures.

"Saturday Night" is a story of a rich young cake-eater, named Dick Prentiss, who gets google-eyed over his washwoman's pocket edition, a trim little filly, called Shamrock, who wielded a pair of wicked lamps.

One night the Prentisses give a swell shindig at their home on upper Fifth Avenue. Miss Van Camp (I think that was the name), the cake-eater's sweetie, was there. She was one of those babies who are "Meat" for the parlor snakes—you know what I mean—3-in-1—rich, young, and beautiful.

Well! The cake-eater sneaks out into the corridor for a smoke and spots the filly up on the balcony, dancing with a pillow. She had just brought back the laundry and was grating a free earful of jazz like an innocent little child.

He calls to her to come down to finish the dance in the hallway. His sister comes out and insists that they dance in the ballroom—unless Dick is ashamed of her. So they bust in on the floor, where everyone is in soup and fish but Shamrock, and they all give her the laugh and leave the floor for that dance.

While Prentiss is saying goo'-bye to the filly, his sister calls the gang together and announces the engagement of the heiress, Miss Van Camp, to her brother. That started things going anyway, even though it was all of a sudden.

The next day the heiress goes for a spin in the country with her chauffeur. He was one of those good-looking birds, dead weight from the neck up. But nevertheless she liked him and he was good scenery.

They bumped into a closed road, and not caring to make the three-mile detour, she starts tearing over the railroad trestle and gets stalled in the middle of it, just as a train is taking the curve.

Tom, the chauff, gets a headlock on her and hangs down off the side of the trestle—holding onto the ties with one hand, when beginners should always use two—but then he was a chauffeur and no doubt had had lots of practice.

After that noble act friend heiress decided to fall in love with him. No wonder!—DeMille's idea of a chauffeur's uniform is immense. I used to be a buzz-wagon conductor and I never saw anything like the outfit this bird had on. It looked like it was designed for a Mexican General by the house of Kuppenheimer.

They rush back to her home, to tell her uncle, old man Van Camp, that they're going to be hooked up. He nearly throws a fit and cuts her off his will entirely and demands the trick uniform back—I think he was going to join.

Dick, the cake-eater, was calling on Shamrock when he heard the news, so he follows suit and packs the filly off on a honeymoon, which was all pannies and roses while it lasted, but when they arrived home—mercy! what a difference in the morning.

It was a pretty tough job for the little filly (who was a gum-chewing expert and a Saturday night bather) to put on the high hat and be a perfect lady, doing the bath act twice a day, without any spring training. When she saw her bath—one of those deMille geyser effects—the poor kid thought she was sight-seeing in Yellowstone Park.

At a dinner party she took an awful shine to the sparkle water 'cause it tickled her head and then nearly crabbled the party by parking her ear on her (Concluded on page 97)
WILL the American screen soon boast a real Duchess among its stars? A report from Paris says it will. Not that a titled Frenchwoman is about to enter pictures. No, no! A film star is expected to enter the French nobility.

Pearl White, you may have heard, has been commuting from New York to Paris regularly in the past year. She would make a picture in America, and then catch the next boat to France, where she would stay as long as she could before hastening back home to appear in another photoplay. She appeared at the Folies Bergeres in the French capital and scored a success. She has made no secret of her adoration of that dear France. And now there has been discovered a good reason for the reports that she would make Paris her future home.

THE distinguished, valiant, and wealthy young Louis, Duc de Vallombrosa, is said to be the most adoring of all Miss White’s admirers. He is the proud scion of a famous family of Bourbon loyalists, has fought three duels, is seen at the smartest Parisian haunts of fame and beauty, and a little more than a year ago obtained a divorce from his wife, who was Mlle. de Bozas, very young and very beautiful. Already it reads like a romance. Add the piquancy which the blonde Pearl of the serials supplied when she arrived in Paris and so captivated the young Duke that he recently scoured Paris at midnight to find a particular piece of jazz music that the film queen expressed a desire to hear!

When Pearl White dropped from an airplane into the heart of Paris, the Duc de Vallombrosa was one of the first to welcome her. He presented a huge bouquet of roses and made a charming and complimentary speech. Since then, she has been seen, while in Paris, much in the company of Louis, who has revealed a constancy which, the gossips declare, will end surely in marriage. In spite, of course, of the complications presented by the distinguished relations of the young man.

Miss White has been married twice: once to Victor Sutherland an actor; and the second time to Major Wallace McCutcheon, also an actor and a hero of the British army.

THE humorous relief of the film month in Manhattan was the effort of a producer of Hebrew extraction to pronounce the phrase, “infinitesimal possibilities of the motion picture.”

He fired the press agent who wrote that speech next morning.

A SON was born to Alice Brady in a New York hospital in March. He is called Donald Crane.

A few days later the divorce decree of Alice Brady Crane and James Crane became final.

William Brady’s famous stellar daughter and the actor-son of Dr. Frank Crane, conductor of a column of calm philosophy in one of the Manhattan papers, were the principals in a stage romance which attracted national attention. They were for over a year one of the most devoted couples in the theatrical world. James Crane, or Jimmy, was starred in one of the Brady plays, “Personal.” He was his wife’s leading man in a number of her photoplays. Rumors of differences were at first denied; then it became apparent that the Cranes had come to a parting of the ways, with an actress reported the cause of the rift in the domestic lute—my goodness, we’re talking exactly like Dr. Crane.

Anyway, divorce proceedings were instituted by Alice, in spite of the fact that a new arrival was expected.

It is said an effort was made by Miss Brady to keep the birth of a son a secret from the world at large; but the news was published. She will doubtless continue her screen work, as she is believed to be still under contract to Famous Players.

A WELL-KNOWN scenario editor tells this one on himself.

He was sitting at his desk when a star blew in. She was a very mad star.

The editor looked up from the pile of manuscripts he was plowing through and politely requested to know on what errand she came.

She waved a manuscript. “Do you expect me to play a part like this?” she asked indignantly.

“Of course—I okayed the script,” replied the editor imperturbably.

“Did you actually think I would act in such a story?”

Can this be Constance Talmadge? This super-sophisticated young woman, posing here as the dancing partner of Maurice, are executing a difficult step of the Talmadge fox trot, which Florence Walton’s former husband designed especially for the blond star, who, by the way, is just getting her divorce from John Piabogho. Constance, an edition de luxe flapper, seems to make dancing her chief interest.
If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By CAL YORK

"Why, it's a great story," answered the editor.
The star went on: "Do you mean to say you expect me to play a part where I have to dine at a man's house alone, shoot him, and then do a douglasfairbanks through the window?"
"I certainly do," said the scenario editor.
"Well, there's nothing like that in the manuscript at all," said the star triumphantly. "I knew you'd never read it!"

Sad news for the young ladies:

Joseph Schildkraut is married.
His bride was Elsie Porter, a charming young New York girl who has appeared on the stage. It's a real romance, for the Apollo-esque hero of "Orphans of the Storm" fell in love with pretty Miss Porter and made the most convincing love of his life. They were married in Philadelphia, where Schildkraut is playing in "Liliom," his great success.

Mary Hay's husband, according to report, would be quite content to have her stay at home and simply be Mrs. Richard Barthes.
But Mary—and the Manhattan managers—have other plans.
The little dark-haired wife of the star made such a hit in "Marjolaine," although she had only the second lead, that the producer of that musical comedy has placed her under contract for five years, and will star her as soon as he can find a suitable play.

Quite a combination: the serious-minded young tragedian, Richard Barthes; and the sprightly, bobbed, babushka little dancer.

The publicity which attended the story of a mother's accusation of Herbert Rawlinson the actor, in connection with an alleged attack upon her daughter has been most unfortunate.

While it has been discredited absolutely except in the more sensational newspapers, it has once again focused unpleasant attention upon the motion picture industry.

The story is so absurd it seems incredible that it could have gained such circulation. The mother, said to be unbalanced, alleged that Rawlinson had attacked her daughter, Dorothy Clark, when she was fourteen. The mother, by the way, made her accusations from her bed in a hospital. The daughter is now seventeen, and emphatically denied the story. She is now married to a young piano salesman, and they evidently wish to drop the matter completely.

But how about Herbert Rawlinson? While the accusation was undoubtedly untrue and malicious, it has left its evil impression—an impression which will be hard to overcome. The whole affair is disgusting to the decent-minded member of the public, but that does not alter the fact that Rawlinson's film career has suffered a serious set-back. Again the yellow journals have profited by an affair of this kind.

"Apparently," remarked Cecil de Mille the other day, "women are now divided into two classes. Those who write letters to Rodolf Valentino and those who can't write."

The Valentiad seems to continue without abatement. The girls at Hollywood High School, for example, frankly admit that they scour the school for boys bearing a faint resemblance to their hero and that the Spanish and Italian boys—the Valentino
boys, as they call them—are the only ones who are universally popular with the fair sex this year.

Bebe Daniels brought her small cousin, age fifteen months, out to the studio the other day. The young lady proved there was no age limit on Ruddy's attraction for the feminine, for after scorning the advances of such an idol as Jack Holt, she gave a gurgle of delight and flew into Ruddy's arms the moment he appeared on the scene.

THE California Christian Endeavor held its weekly reunion and festival in Hollywood recently.

It begins to look as if the only appearances of some of the stars lately have been personal.

When their contracts, made in the picture period when salaries were high and prospects rosy, have expired, they go in for "personal appearance" tours.

Few have been successful in their face-to-face encounters with audiences. A lady who was once a charming vamp makes solemn jokes which fail to register. An erstwhile emotional star undergoes a complete metamorphosis, merging as an ingenue, and displaying the entire bag of coy and kittenish tricks.

There are, of course, always the exceptions. Bert Lytell makes a good impression because of his splendid voice and convincing stage presence—he was an actor of reputation on the stage, you remember. Viola Dana doesn't attempt to be highbrow, but she succeeds in maintaining her celebrity as the flapper de luxe. Clara Kimball Young seems to have made good. Lew Cody was favorably received.

But deliver us from most of the others!

WALLACE WORSLEY, the well-known director, was discussing with Arthur Beck, producer, the cast for a production which he was to direct, starring Leah Baird.

They had arrived at the discussion of an actor for the leading role.

"There's really just one man for it," said Worsley, mentioning a well-known leading man. "Of course, he wouldn't play it, and you couldn't afford to engage him and if you did, I wouldn't direct the temperamental son of a gun, but aside from that he's really the man for the part."

THE funniest thing that happened in Hollywood this month was Jim Kirkwood's return.

Not that Mr. Kirkwood's arrival in the film colony after some months abroad and in New York would be funny under ordinary circumstances. But this is what happened.

Tommie Meighan was making a picture by George Ade called "Our Leading Citizen." In it was a scene in which Tommie, coming home from war, is supposed to be welcomed by his fellow citizens. The scene was filmed at the Los Angeles Salt Lake station, and a large crowd of extras, waving flags and carrying flowers, to say nothing of a couple of brass bands playing the national anthem, were on hand. But according to the scenario, Tommie, being a modest young man, left the train at a way station to avoid the conquering hero business.

The cameras were out of sight on a bridge. Consequently, when Jim Kirkwood poked his head out of the vestibule door as the limited pulled in, he was amazed to see a large and festive throng, including a number of familiar faces. At first it meant nothing to him, then he began to see a lot of his very good friends, pretty Lois Wilson, Al Green, the director, Larry Wheat and a few others.

Poor Jim knew he was welcome back, but he certainly hadn't expected such a reception. He turned several shades of crimson, alighted painfully and tried to behave according to Hoyle on such occasions. But he was overcome with embarrassment nevertheless.

Then, after trying to play the role of the welcomed hero with becoming modesty, he was overwhelmed with confusion to discover that it wasn't meant for him after all.

WE have it on very excellent authority that the stork is soon to pay a visit to the home of William S. Hart. In fact, we suspected and suggested as much when Bill blushingly told us that his bride was wearing an old Indian charm around her neck so that "it would be a boy.

Mrs. Hart was Winifred Westover, the pretty blonde screen actress who had appeared with the western star in some of his films.

By the way, Bill has just made his semi-annual denial that he is to retire from the screen. He isn't going to, he says; his picture, "Travelin' On," is not going to be his last; he expects to begin work on a new one as soon as now, one that will be released in the early fall.

Bill has Bernhardt beaten.

HARRY (SNUB) POLLARD is married. His wife is a charming young widow not connected with motion pictures.

(Continued on page 74)
The Germans are coming,” screamed some American producers a year ago. White faced and trembling with fear they awaited the impact of the onslaught.

CALIGARI” refused a showing last summer in Los Angeles—under a fusillade of protest from the American Legion, the Actors’ Equity Association, the Motion Picture Directors’ Association, and good sense knows what else in the shape of other lesser groups—was peacefully exhibited later at the same theater that was the center of the summer maevstrom of indignation. The eighteen hundred Herren Direktor Generals of the eighteen hundred German motion picture companies sniffled and chatted and snorted delightedly over this piece of news in their Film Club in the Friedrichstrasse; with true German reasoning they will conclude that at last America has been conquered and the invasion complete. They are sitting there, waiting—like the Kaiser on his white horse before the town of Nancy in 1915—waiting to take part in the triumphal procession of the conquerors.

So much fuss has been made of the Ogre, the Goliath of the German film invasion by the craven-hearted that it is time to look at mere facts. Of an output of seven years’ intensive productivity, with its largest company assisted financially by the German Government, with the brainy presence of von Ludendorff sitting at the deliberations of that company’s meetings, the entire German industry has produced so far as America is concerned, one one hundred per cent financially successful picture—“Passion”—three or four mediocly successful pictures—“The Golem,” “Gypsy Blood,” “One Arabian Night”—and several failures, such as “Hamlet” and “Deception.” A series of Pola Negri features has added nothing to the popularity of that star. “The Loves of Pharaoh” has not yet proven a sensational success.

The screen is a reflection of popular thought and national taste. A successful picture is elected into popularity, exactly as a political candidate either wins or loses. All the false trials, all the bellywials will never make a bad picture successful. This does not mean that all successful pictures are necessarily good. “Passion” succeeded largely because of its unjustifyable title; because it was a novelty in that no big costume picture had been seen here on the screen for years; because the curiosity as to an oddly-named star got the first idlers dribbling and dribbing into the theatres; and its success became certified because of the excellence of the acting. But all the Germans have given us since is a lot of Kings and Queens, beings in whom, as a class, the Germans take an intense interest—because audiences admire the screen character whose social or moral attributes they aspire to possess.

Now, the American male sees an etherealized version of himself in Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, or, Charles Ray; but the German sees an enviable form of himself in a puppet king because a monarch orders somebody about. The whole basis of his life is the fact that he is master of the man immediately below and the servant of the man immediately above, himself. The basis of American idealism is the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Others, less craven-hearted, cried, “They must not pass.” But the “tidal wave” of German pictures moved hardly a pebble on the beach.

The Ogre of German Film Competition has been shown to be as mythical as the ogre of fairy tales.
You May Have One of these Patterns!

MISS LILLIAN GISH is as individual in her ideals and ideas of dress as she is in her acting. Celebrated for her tragic portrayals on the screen, she is equally famous for her quaint costumes, her quiet tastes, in real life. PHOTOPLAY and Le Bon Ton have never presented more charming frocks than those on these pages.

Individuality in Dress

DRESS is largely a matter of instinct. Good taste may of course be acquired. But the true feminine intuition for what is most becoming must be born in one. If you are fortunate enough to possess this instinct, you need never worry about being well dressed. On the other hand, you may, with careful study, learn what is best for you to wear. The woman without good taste might buy the most expensive gowns from the most exclusive house, and still be dowdy. The woman with the flair for clothes looks well in a gingham gown.

As told to Carolyn Van Wyck
By LILLIAN GISH

Simplicity—first, last, and always. And imagination. You don't like to pass, on the street, five women with costumes exactly like yours. You don't have to. You may not be able to afford importations but you can always, add to a dress or a suit your personal touch. I don't get as much time as I'd like for shopping. I am not clothes-crazy. I love
pretty things; but you may remember that I seldom get a chance to wear them on the screen. And I am “on the screen” almost two-thirds of my life! In “Broken Blossoms” I was a child of the London slums. In “Way Down East,” I was a poor little country girl, although I did have several charming dresses in that picture. In “Orphans of the Storm” I play a girl of the French Revolution. So I do not select my dresses with their film appearances in view. My wardrobe is my own. I belong, except as far as Photoplay readers are concerned, to me and not to the world. Consequently, all my frocks represent my own taste.

My clothes have been called “quaint” and “old-fashioned,” often. Perhaps this is largely because I so rarely play modern girls in pictures, and that I may, unconsciously, have followed this type of thing in selecting my own dresses. It is true, I suppose, that I do go in for the more conservative styles; that I favor the longer skirts, the more graceful sleeves. The more modest and quiet a costume is, the better I like it. To be well dressed one should be conspicuous only by one’s simplicity.

It’s not the size of your wardrobe, but the things in it, that counts. I grow attached to the things I own. One of the nicest dresses I ever had is four years old. I have it still. I never wear it now, of course, but it’s an evening dress, and the only dance I have attended in recent years is associated with it. It is—again—quaint; it looks like a gown grandmother would have worn, except for a few decidedly twentieth-century touches. I remember the Editor of Photoplay was present that evening. He came directly over to me. “I like that dress!” he said. Editorial commendation!

I like to have every frock I own absolutely individual. I think every woman should. And it isn’t impossible at all. All it requires is a little planning. It is so very easy to take the first frock you come to in a shop, if it pleases you at all. I don’t believe that’s the way to do it. So many frocks are just—frocks; things to wear. Consequently they never seem to belong. They are not part of you. They should be so distinctive that when people see them they exclaim, “That dress belongs to you!”

Expensive things are not necessarily good. I think it idiotic to dash into a shop, buy something, and dash out again. No matter how much money you may have to spend. Mary Pickford, one of the world’s wealthiest young women, exercises the same care and discrimination as you or I would do—or should do. She doesn’t believe in the careless purchasing of priceless dresses or furs or hats.

So don’t feel rebellious if you haven’t all the money in the world to spend on clothes. Select your style. Find out what you should wear. Discover whether the long, straight lines, or the fluffy silhouette is more becoming to you. Then dress to your idea of how you would like to look; don’t imitate someone else.

I think the Photoplay Le Bon Ton pattern idea is a splendid one, and that every girl and woman should take advantage of it.

These frocks combine good taste and style and you will, I am sure, want to make at least one of them for yourself.
SISTERS—International-American

This picture was made because women love to cry.

If they didn't, there wouldn't be any picture.

Kathleen Norris, one of our foremost women writers, may or may not have a secret business arrangement with the sealpackerchief people. Anyway, she provides more material for tears than anybody else in America.

The picture is an improvement upon the book. Whereas the novel has a highly melodramatic and emotional climax, and a sorrowful fade-out—the kind that the films are always criticized for—the film presents a saner version, with an ending that isn't dramatic, but that undoubtedly would occur in the best middle-class families. The story of the sisters, Alix and Cherry, and the husband of Alix, whom Cherry almost succeeds in claiming, gave Albert Capellani, the director, a series of strong situations of which he made the most. The photography is inexcusably old-fashioned but you can overlook that. Scene Owen is great as Alix; she has made a human being out of a martyr. Gladys Leslie and Joe King are particularly splendid in their roles.

TOO MUCH BUSINESS—Vitagraph

A LAUGHTER barrage with Ethel Grey Terry, Edward Horton (who has moments of being delightfully reminiscent of Sidney Drew) and Tully Marshall in charge of the artillery—which is never heavy! All about a young man who gets engaged on a strictly business basis, and loses his job because of his engagement, and starts out in business for himself—as the director of a hotel for babies. How his enterprise is started and then wrecked, all in a month, is worth a year of commonplace living.

The story is an Earl Derr Biggers-Saturday Evening Post combination. And the idea back of the story is a new one. The cast functions well. And Tully Marshall in a tantrum is one of the best bits of comedy ever screened.

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage


A review of the new pictures

PAY DAY—Chaplin-First National

If we ever get to the point where Charlie Chaplin fails to make us laugh, we are going right out and order a nice, large, beautifully engraved tombstone. There will be nothing left in life for us. We would blame ourselves, not Charlie.

"Pay Day" made even the ushers laugh in the theater where we saw it. Ushers see a picture more times than anybody else, excepting the policemen. It had been running almost all week when we saw the ushers laugh. We can never hope to offer a critique as poignant as this. And Charles Spencer's epitaph could not be more glorious than, "He made even ushers chuckle."

Chaplin's European trip has not spoiled him; it has done him good. He has a keener appreciation, a more tolerant viewpoint. There is not one kick in this picture. It almost has an accent—an English accent. It savors of the London 'alls.

It's a little cameo cut from the life of "a hard shirking man:" just one day, Saturday. He is the earnest fellow of all the Chaplin essays, but his solemn efforts to arrive home safely after a night with the boys are funnier than the gymnastics of his predecessors. There's a quartet which renders "Sweet Adeline," the ponderous arguments of the intoxicants; Charlie's desperate attempts to board a crowded street car; and his final failure to get away with it with the wife—real comedy, all of it. If the satire doesn't saturate, the broader tricks will.

Mack Swain, brother Syd, and La Purviance perform, but briefly. It is all C. C.
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

PAY DAY

FAIR LADY

SISTERS

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?

TOO MUCH BUSINESS

THE CRADLE

FAIR LADY—United Artists

WOMAN has been called a snare—more than once. Perhaps that is why the title of this Rex Beach story has been changed from "The Net" to "Fair Lady." There doesn't seem to be any other reason. At least, so far as we can see.

The Mafia—one of the most terrible of the Italian secret societies—has been taken as the basis of the picture. And the action starts in Sicily with Betty Blythe, almost heartbreakingly beautiful in a bride's cloth-of-silver gown, as the heroine.

The bridegroom is killed on the way to his wedding and the bride, still in her veil and silver finery, declares vendetta against his unknown murderer. The bridegroom's American friend, who was with him at the time of his death, is sent away in disgrace.

Five years pass and the scene changes to the Italian quarter of New Orleans, where the rule of the secret society has become a terror and a menace. There the story becomes melodrama of the most satisfying sort, with the American friend (Robert Elliott) as the hero, and the bride—under an assumed name—as the heroine. The action is fast enough to satisfy, we should think, the creator of the original story.

The cast is good, and the Sicilian settings are exquisite. Special mention should be made of Gladys Hulette who, in a blonde wig, plays the part of a candy-eating flapper. Thurston Hall is everything that a villain should be—all villains please take notice if you want to play the game a la Hoyle. Florence Auer makes good as a Sicilian maid.

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?—Paramount

THE scene of this picture—especially recommended to couples who have passed the five-year limit—is laid in a commonplace little town where husbands and wives fight in private and make love in public. Prayer meetings are the main form of evening entertainment. Cherished razors are used as pencil sharpeners. Poker sessions are taboo and socks go undrawn. And yet, youth, in the face of it all, insists on committing matrimony. In this case Lila Lee and T. Roy Barnes are the optimistic boy and girl.

They elope. They get a license. And then, after their flight is discovered it comes to light that the license has been issued by a notary public who has never been sworn in. In the commotion that follows, half—the male half—of town who had their licenses from the same source are given an excuse to leave home. The comedy situations that ensue have been left in the hands of an all-star cast—with Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts, Walter Hiers and Tully Marshall as the fun-makers in chief. They settle everything except the question embodied in the title. Perhaps they forgot that.

THE CRADLE—Paramount

ALL sermons aren't delivered over a pulpit by a man in a black gown. Told from the point of view of a little child, this picture is an enthralling and at times poignant sermonette against the evils of divorce. It proves that, despite minor details of production, a feature film may be both entertaining and really inspiring. The plot is a simple one about a man and his wife who separate and re-marry at the cost of their small daughter's happiness, and though the pathos seems a bit overdone at times, any amount of emphasis may be excused on the grounds of the message involved. Ethel Clayton is an appealing mother but Charles Meredith seems a bit—shall we say collegiate? Leave the children at home—this is a problem for adult minds only.
OTHER WOMEN'S CLOTHES—Ballin-Hodkinson

Hugo and Mabel Ballin can serve the most delicious whipped-cream confections—but afterwards you want to order corn beef and cabbage. When it comes to bringing a light story back to life, they should call in consulting physicians. Here is a series of rarely lovely pictures; exquisitely acting by Mabel; imaginative touches—but lacking the necessary wallop for the best effect.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—Universal

When Universal can produce such fine serials in the most casual manner it seems a shame that they should stoop to exploiting "Foolish Wives" and gathering "Wild Honey." Robinson Crusoe strikes the bell again. Harry Myers plays the title role splendidly and Noble Johnson portrays the Man Friday. Gertrude Olmstead, beauty prize winner, has the leading feminine part.

THE MAN FROM DOWNING STREET—Vitagraph

The background is India. The star is Earl Williams. And the good old British Secret Service is the shadow in the wings. Murder, intrigue, treachery, and disloyalty to the government give the hero a busy week in which his every finesse works. The plot is dramatically spun out, with a genuine surprise ending. Betty Ross Clarke and Eugenia Gilbert share leading lady honors.

THE CRIMSON CHALLENGE—Paramount

A lot of scenery—including Dorothy Dalton with bobbed hair. A street battle with revolvers, a horse race—and Dorothy Dalton in knickers. Jack Mower with a bandaged head, an affectionate fade-out, and Dorothy Dalton shows that she is still an alluring woman despite her new boyishness! Special mention should be made of the divorce scene in the frontier town.

THE ROSARY—First National

A picture built around the human interest of a little fishing village and the life of its priest—whose every-day existence, is a monument to good and self sacrifice. Wallace Beery, the villain, is killed, as usual (may he some day get the girl, the money and everything!), Lewis S. Stone is the priest, while Jane Novak and Robert Gordon supply the love interest of the pastoral tale.
The right and the wrong way to manicure

JUST as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect. No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without causing it to look ragged and unsightly.

For this thin fold of skin at the base of the nails forms the only protection of the delicate nail root which lies less than 1/12 of an inch beneath. When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and thus gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are especially anxious to avoid.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must in some way be removed.

Never cut the cuticle

You can remove it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with a towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away.

There are two wonderful new Cutex polishes that come in the two most popular forms of the moment — powder and liquid. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliant luster instantaneously — just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine — and it lasts better than any you have ever had before.

The new Liquid Polish is practically instantaneous. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster which will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Begin today to see what this way of manicuring will do.

Introductory Set — now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 706, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 12c today

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114 West 17th St.,
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
ARABIAN LOVE—Fox

More sand, more caravans, more Sheik! With John Gilbert—a new star—in a Valentino setting. (Incidentally he could show Rudolph a thing or two in the matter of wearing turbans and climbing balconies.) Two beautiful ladies with the same front name make the cast more than ordinarily decorative—Barbara La Marr, in a character part, and Barbara Bedford as leading woman.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR—Paramount

Sex o'clock—and all's as well as could be expected! A Broadway success that seems too strong, in spots, for screening. In this enlightened day it is unpleasant to see a man break in a bedroom door with a poker—the fact that he is intoxicated doesn't help, either. Jack Holt, Walter Heirs, and the charmingly unreal Agnes Ayres—all wasted. Leave the children at home, by all means!

THE BEARCAT—Universal

"The Singin' Kid" thought he was a bad man—and then a lady with a smile went out of her way to prove that he was only a nice boy. And, after a heap of fighting and shooting, every thing ends happily. Hoot Gibson is the musical hero and Lillian Rich the lady who smiles. Those titles that are verses of the Kid's song are especially good and quite out of the ordinary.

THE GREEN TEMPTATION—Paramount

Highly colored and improbable, but if you are not too literal-minded you will get an average amount of enjoyment out of the hectic adventures of Betty Compson, a beautiful crook; Theodore Kosloff—a great actor, by the way—as a master robber, and Mahlon Hamilton as the rescuing angel. Betty reforms but Theodore doesn't, and then the fun begins. (Continued on page 120)
TIRES OF DISTINCTION

With silvertown cord tires on your car you can park it anywhere on earth with the comforting assurance that whoever sees it will credit you with good taste and good judgment. They are the finest examples of tire craftsmanship, a remarkable combination of beauty and durability. Thoroughbreds in appearance, with sleek, creamy white sides and glistening black treads—they have within them the rugged strength that means long wear, long life and long service.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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GOODRICH
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Cords

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
A transcontinental film play is just coming to the screen. It is director E. H. Griffith's "Free Air," from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Griffith and his company travelled across the country in automobiles, just as the original characters did in the book, taking scenes en route. Montana furnished the background for some of the prettiest "shots" in the picture. Here is Griffith directing.

This happened in Kansas. The heroine in her car follows the heroine in her car and catches up with her—of course, or there wouldn't be any picture. Mr. Griffith—no relation to D.W., but well known as the director of Marguerite Clark, Corinne Griffith, and other stars—is viewing the proceedings with as much interest as if he hadn't directed them himself.

A Wisconsin wheat field, an assistant director, a leading man, a producer, and a leading woman. In a minute they are going to get all mixed up in an exciting scene. The young lady is Marjorie Seaman, who married Ralph Graves just before she went on location for this picture. The hero is Tom Douglas.

Main Street—one of the many models for "Main Street," Mr. Lewis' best-seller. Its prototype may be found in hundreds of middle-western towns. This particular scene was shot in Minnesota. This picture, by the way, has not a single studio-made scene. Every foot of film was shot by Mr. Griffith in the locale.
Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safe way
to wash fine cottons

FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.

The manufacturers are as concerned as the wearers to find a safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson gingham and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made. Their letters tell many interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.

Social Errors Among the Indians

I SAW several mistakes in "Cardigan."

Unless I am greatly mistaken, when Indians declared war, the ceremonies often lasted for days. But when Cardi

gan comes to the Indians with the belts, Walter Butler con

vinces the Indians that he is an enemy and they take him to

the stake. Then we see scores of Cayuga warriors attacking

the fort with Cardigan still on his way to be burned.

And why did Felicity wear buckskin socks in such a decor

ous place as Johnson Hall?

ANNE L. NEW, Orlando, Florida.

Thoughtful of Her

HOW did it happen in "Perjury" that when Bob Moore

comes to his wife's cafe, which has been closed for some

time for repairs, the tables are all provided with cream and

sugar, salt and pepper, etc., and Martha, the wife, has a pot

of hot coffee all ready to pour?

M. L. R., Walters, Oklahoma.

Pity the Poor Goléph

SATURDAY NIGHT" was an entertaining picture. But

when Miss Edith Roberts knocks over a fish bowl on a

staircase and it does not break, and what is more remarkable,

some water remains in it, and later Mr. Conrad Nagel again

knocks over the said fish bowl and it still remains intact—it

is to laugh, is it not?

BRICE DISQE, JR.,

WILLIAM J. GRIFFIN,

Dartmouth College, N. H.

Too Much Action for Those Extras

IN "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," a pay car is robbed by

Indians. When the "Mounties" are seen approaching in

the distance, the crew stand up and cheer lustily. In the

next scene they are all lying down, apparently wounded, and a

nurse is attending them.

MARGUERITE N. SIDENER,

Springfield, Illinois.

Well Done

IN "Scrap Iron," Charlie Ray, as John Steel, places three

eggs in a pan to fry. The clock on the table registers

12:10. When he removes the eggs, it is one-thirty-five. Yet

he takes them from the pan, and they form the main part of his

lunch!

R. McQUISTON, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why Worry?

IN ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN'S picture, "Why Announce

Your Marriage?" I noticed this. Niles Welch and Elaine

have married secretly and are trying to keep it so, by living

apart. Niles gets lonesome and comes to call on his wife.

They decide to eat, and our hero declares his intention of

going out and getting something to eat, which he does. But

when he returns he has nothing. Were the groceries closed

or couldn't Niles get any credit?

J. E. MULLIGAN, Louisville, Ky.

The Mouth's Most Popular Mistake

WHEN the little bride jumps from the boat in "Theodora,

she leaves her scarf, but when she is found later, around

her like a silvery mantel lies the scarf.

CHERRY GLENN, Tampa, Florida.

Coiffures a la Swanson

IN "Her Husband's Trademark," Gloria Swanson and her

lover, being followed by a band of Mexicans, are com

pelled to swim across a river. Gloria's hair looks lovely as it

floats in the water, but when on the shore the hero takes her in

his arms to carry her—once more Gloria is correctly coiffed,

even with a splendid Spanish ornament to add the de

Mille touch.

META HAMILTON, Evanston, Ill.

Those Egyptians!

EMIL JANNINGS, who plays Pharaoh in "The Loves" of

same, is completely bald until he is left on the battlefield

presumably dead. When he returns to his palace no one rec

ognizes him, for his long hair and beard act as a disguise.

The action of the play indicates that but a few weeks at the utmost

have elapsed, yet it would have taken years to grow such a hirsute crop!

LOUISE HEIDELBERG, New York City.

An Eccentric Electrician

IN "Queenie," Shirley Mason, the star, starts to explore

Mr. Pepper's house. She enters a room with a lighted

candle in her hand. She looks at a portrait on the wall which

can be seen plainly, although the candle is out. She gazes at

another portrait and this time the candle is lit. Who's respon

dible for this?

FLOYD B. HARLOW, Louisville, Ky.

More Fun in the Great Northwest

IN "The Golden Snare," Wallace Beery rescues a baby girl

from the burning ship of an Arctic explorer. The baby, as I

remember, is scantily clothed, so Wallace rolls it up in a

blanket and takes it to his hut. Yet some years later the

girl, now grown, brings forth a chest of her baby clothes, also

some identification papers and a pair of high-heeled shoes.

And where do they get these super-men who romp around the frozen

North in their shirt sleeves?

Also: in "Nan of the North Woods," the hero rides over to

Nan's (Ann Little's) cabin. When he starts, his horse has a

wide white blaze the entire length of its nose. By the time he

reaches his destination, its face is black except for a tiny

white star in the middle of its forehead.

GERTRUDE E. C. SHAW, St. Louis, Mo.

Why, Mr. deMille!

IN "Fool's Paradise," Cecil deMille's picture, which by the

way I enjoyed, Dorothy Dalton as Poll Patchouli sketches a

goahee and moustache upon the pictured face of Rosa Du

chene, the dancer, which adorns the walls of the hero's cabin

in poster form. But later, the poster is shown without her

decorations. And the poor hero had not time to acquire anoth

er before he was stricken with blindness.

In the same picture, Dorothy takes some burning biscuits

out of the oven and Theodore Kosloff takes the pan in his

hand almost immediately without flinching.

DONALD A. STEELE, New Bedford, Mass.

Attention of Frederick O'Brien

JOHN BARRYMORE, in "The Lotus Eater," is on a ship

bound for a south-sea isle. One can plainly see in the backg

round numerous trees, although the ship is supposed to be

in mid-ocean.

MRS. W. H., Ventura, Cal.
SOMETIME soon there will be an occasion when you would give anything to dazzle your friends with unaccustomed beauty and radiance, and enjoy for one glorious night the admiring homage of everyone.

Well, do not imagine that this is impossible. There may be no fairy godmothers nowadays, but there is Lournay! And Lournay has devised a treatment that will do more in one hour to improve your appearance than ordinary treatments do in weeks. It involves a trio of preparations—Crème au Citron to cleanse the skin, the Lournay Masque to transform it, and Lournay Powder to give the final touch of blossomy daintiness.

The Masque is a facial pack composed of beautifiers famous for centuries, such as almond meal, balsams of benzoin and myrrh, and crushed lupin seeds. As the Masque dries, it draws all impurities and particles of dead cuticle from the face, at the same time making the skin taut so that wrinkles disappear.

When you remove the Masque, you see a new and lovelier "you" smiling back at you from the mirror—clear-skinned, aglow with the freshness of youth! It is the real you, that has been obscured by the effects of atmospheric irritants, unscientific care, and the tense life we lead nowadays. Knowing that you look more charming than ever before, you go forth to conquer and enjoy!

Lournay wishes you to try this treatment for your next grande occasion, so if you will send the coupon below with $1 for the full-sized box of Lournay Powder (its regular price), you will also be supplied with a complete treatment of the other preparations. If after trial you are not entirely satisfied, just return the unused portion of the powder and your money will be instantly returned.

In filling out the coupon, be sure to supply all the information requested, so that in the future you will be personally advised of any new treatments suited to your needs.

Be Beautiful for One Night

Lournay

7 Rue de L'Isly, Paris, France
365 Fifth Avenue, New York

Lournay, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York
Enclosed is $1 for a box of Lournay Powder. In addition, send me a free trial treatment of the Lournay Masque and Crème au Citron.

Complexion coloring
I am troubled by: Wrinkles __________ Course Pores __________ Blackheads __________ Sagging Muscles __________ Sallowness ____________
Dry Skin __________ Double Chin __________ Scrawny Neck __________
Unhealthy Hair __________ Scanty Lashes and Brows __________
Name __________________________________________
Address ________________________________________
My dealer's name ________________________________

COUPON
She looks confidently into a happy future. She knows that the clear, fresh loveliness of youth, which first attracted him, will always be hers. The charm that won his admiration will hold it through the coming years—for she knows the secret of instant beauty. She uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Press! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) Be certain that you get Pompeian.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. New RACHEL is rich cream tone for brunettes.

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) . . . improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case ($1.00) . . . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The sparkling gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian nights! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7½ inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 5c to 51. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
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GUARANTEE

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

THIS is really a wonderful country. Sometimes it is astonishing the things it does. No—not the Volstead Act or Congress. But people.

Would you ever believe that a girl like this could be born in Kansas? Not but what Kansas is a wonderful state. But even its most ardent boosters could hardly call it decorative. It's the kind of a state you sleep through, when you dash across the continent. It conjures up thoughts of cyclones and prairies and things.

But that it could produce a bit of expensive porcelain or hand-woven tapestry like Claire Windsor seems incredible. Yet we have the young lady's word for it that she first opened her pansy eyes in Kansas.

Claire suggests cloth of silver and brocaded satin. She is decorative to the nth degree; polished; perfumed; lovely. As the heroine of such photodramas as "Grand Larceny" and "One Clear Call" she is one of the most captivating sights of the screen.

Her name, originally, was Ola Cronk. She spent her girlhood in Seattle, where she was a popular debutante. Then she married and went to Denver to live. There she used her talents to ornament society in the role of a young society matron. But the marriage was not successful, and four years ago Claire, her mother, and her baby boy came to California, where the beautiful blonde girl began the upward grind of a screen career as an extra girl.

She might still be playing small parts if Lois Weber had not seen her. The director saw in the slim patrician the exact type she wanted for the young society matrons of her domestic dramas. Claire took at one leap the rungs of the ladder that lie between extra and leading lady. She was with Miss Weber for a series of pictures; then with Goldwyn. Now she is so much in demand that she can afford to pick and choose her parts.

She's proud of the fact that she came from Kansas; and maybe Kansas isn't proud of her! What? No, she isn't. She and Mr. Chaplin are good friends, that's all.
How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and luster, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooped properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
MARIORIE AND ERNESTINE.—At last I have had a song dedicated to me! You're awfully nice girls to go to all that trouble for me, and I certainly appreciate it, and kiss you both. I would try it over on my piano, but I didn't pay my installments in time and they took it away from me. However, I will keep it among my treasures.

HELEN H. B., COLUMBIA, S. C.—I believe in suppressionism, not impressionism. I lived too long to learn any new artistic tricks. I'll leave the verse libre-ing and the Paul Gaguining to those who like them. Rudolph is now Rudolf Valentino. He played with Agnes Ayres in only one picture, "The Sheik." He is starred in "Blood and Sand;" but before that he made "Moran of the Lady Letty" with Dorothy Dalton and "Beyond the Rocks" with Gloria Swanson. He is divorced from Jane Acker.

WANDA.—I'm sure I don't know why you call me Richard, unless you see in my likeness a resemblance to Richard Barthelmess, and I don't flatter myself to that extent. However, if by being called Richard I obtain also a snapshot of you, I'm satisfied. The snapshot, Wanda, is very coy and cunning, but I cannot publish it in the Magazine because we don't go in for snapshots, however coy and cunning. Dick Barthelmess is still married to Mary Hay, and I have not heard of any rift in the domestic lute. There—I'm getting to be a regular writer.

(MISS) L. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.—So you say you had a case on a bootlegger's son. Well (MISS) L. C., all I can say is that you are extremely fortunate, but that there is no place for you in this department. It is strictly prohibition. And when I say prohibition I mean prohibition—yes, it's as dry as that. House Peters in "The Alibi," "The Invisible Power," and "Human Hearts."

JOHN H., VERMONT.—Virginia Valli is the pretty brunette whose work you have admired in Bert Lytell's pictures. She is not married to Mr. Lytell; she is married to George Lamson. Virginia is now playing the heroine in "The Storm," for Universal. Address her U City, Cal. I think Virginia's husband will not object to her sending you a photograph, but I can't promise—that she'll send you one.

V. S., ALLIANCE, OHIO.—Robert Sherwood who writes reviews for Life always writes for Photoplay. He's a clever little chap—a little over six and a half feet tall, He and I are always good friends. I always read his stuff. Tom Mix is the father of a baby daughter. Her name is Thomasina, heaven help her. But having Tom for a dad and Victoria for a ma probably more than makes up to her for being called Thomasina. The Mixes make their home at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Cal. Thomas Meighan is still with Paramount. Buck Jones is married; his address is 1954 Cranesa Drive, Los Angeles. They certainly have fancy names for their streets out there.

MARIETTA.—No, I don't know Johnny Hines, so I can't send him your love. I wouldn't anyway. That's how I am. Johnny's address is 432 East 146th Street, Manhattan, (Manhattan is just a lousy way of saying New York City, so don't lie and scare you.)

HELEN, METROPOLIS, ILL.—We have some very finished players; you're right. My objection is that more of them are not finished. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-seven; he's not married. O'Brien-Selznick contract is up, I understand, and he is going to Europe for a vacation before making his future film plans. Vincent Coleman opposite Constance Talmadge in "Such a Little Queen." The chief difference between Constances Binney and Talmadge is that people call the former Constance and the latter Connie.

ANNA ERMINE.—Pretty name. But don't call me a perfect stranger. I am far from perfect, I promise you. Johnny Walker played Johnny in "Over the Hill." Lilian Walker has been playing in vaudeville. She was in "The Woman God Changed," which Vignola made for Cosmopolitan Productions.

H. H. H., PIEDMONT, CAL.—Why, I suppose you can learn to play the piano in your spare time; but you do so at your own risk. If I were as sarcastic as you I would get a raise in salary. Mae Murray says she is twenty-five years old. Agnes Ayres doesn't say.

JACKIE.—Welcome home. Here is the cast of "The Iron Trail." Murray O'Neill.... Wyman Standing; Curtis Gordon..... Johnson Halley; Dan and Reginald Deny; Eliza, his sister..... Alma Tell; Natalie, Gordon's step-daughter..... Betty Carpenter; Dr. Cyrus Grey..... Lee Beggs; Tom Slater, O'Neill's foreman..... Harlan Knight.

(Continued on page 77)
And here Lady Beatrice (Fair Lady Diana Manners) has received the bloodstained rose that carries the false message of the doom of her gallant Hugh Argyle.
Take a Kodak with you

It's all so easy the Kodak way, and the pictures, precious at the time, will be priceless to you later. You can spend your vacation and have it, too—in pictures.

*Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*
Mildred Harris is now a vaudeville star.

She has a sketch which she has been playing in various Manhattan theaters.

It's a far cry from the famous wife of Charlie Chaplin, sought after by film producers who wanted the privilege of billing her last name in large letters, the mistress of a fair estate in Hollywood, the possessor of many fur coats and motor cars, to an actress earning a good but not startling salary in the variety.

Many of her friends aver that it will be good for Mildred, after her sudden fame and fortune, almost to begin all over again as an actress absolutely on her own. They say, some of them, that the prestige she acquired as Mrs. Chaplin turned her blonde head a little; that it accustomed her to a mode of existence more luxurious than most princesses, before she was ready for it. She and her mother are now living quietly, when they are not on tour, in a modest New York hotel.

It is also added that her acting has taken a decided turn for the better.

At a recent dinner attended by several leading lights of the screen, speeches were made by the most prominent guests. A star whose husband addressed the table was talking to a friend the next day.

"My dear," said the friend, "I'd no idea your husband was such a brilliant after-dinner speaker."

The star eyed her skeptically and sighed, "You should hear him before breakfast!"

Pauline Frederick has gone back to the vocal. She will speak, after six years of silence. A reorganization of the Robertson-Cole company, which had Miss Frederick under a stellar contract at a munificent salary, caused her to plan her return to the stage. The new executives of R-C are said to have suggested that her salary be cut. So Polly, who recently became Mrs. Rutherford, thought it was a pretty good time to make good her threat of returning to the legitimate.

She was one of the most captivating stars in America in "Innocent" and "Joseph and His Brethren," before Famous Players lured her away to play in "The Eternal City," "Bella Donna," and others. She promised A. H. Woods, her manager, that when she returned to the speaking stage it would be under his guidance. After her gold-crowned years as Paramount and Goldwyn star, she has kept her promise. Contracts have been signed and she will soon leave for London, where she will accomplish her return in a new play.

Rumors that she and Dr. Rutherford had quarreled were absolutely denied by both. Whether or not her husband will accompany her to London is not yet settled, but according to them she is really happy, and nothing but her work could separate them.

As if a birth announcement which read, "Just Arrived—One Good Cowgirl, Thomasina Mix, At home on rainy Days," were not enough for a baby to bear, we hear that Tom Mix, the proud father, has just presented his brand-new daughter a beautiful bootjack of carved California redwood, delicately inscribed with the Tom Mix cattle brand.

In Harold Lloyd's new picture "Grandma's Boy" appears one of the most villainous villains ever seen. He is uglier than Bull Montana.

His face was new to me and his acting so excellent that I said to Harold: "Where'd that fellow come from? He's new. How'd he get into pictures?"

"Prohibition," said Harold.

"What?" I gasped."

"Oh yes, he used to be a whiskey salesman. Isn't he a great argument for prohibition? Saved from the life of a liquor dealer to go into pictures."

The new Lloyd picture is something of a departure from Harold's usual line of splendid comedies. It is just as funny as ever, but it has a touch of drama and a little touch of pathos that are very pleasing and that raise it considerably from an artistic standpoint.

Bert Lytell has left Metro.

He made a personal appearance tour before definitely parting company with the concern. Now he is back in Hollywood, co-starring with Betty Compson in George Fitzmaurice's production of "To Have and To Hold."

After a series of indifferent program pictures, Lytell should be seen to advantage as a Paramount player. He is one of the best actors on the screen when he has a chance.

How long will it be before music by radio will take the place of orchestras in film theaters?

At the radio show in New York, there was a demonstration that made many theater owners give a thought to the idea. Music for dancing was furnished in a hotel ballroom by a New Jersey orchestra, the strains being perfectly transmitted by means of the wireless telephone.

If an exhibitor has six theaters in New York, for instance, with an orchestra for each house, he could install instead radio-phones in each theater and let one centrally located orchestra say it with music to six audiences.

On the other hand, the present radio craze has made many who used to go to the neighborhood picture shows every night for amusement, stay home. (Cont'd on page 80)
A cream that really holds
the powder
It will not reappear in a shine

HOW many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent but they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond's Vanishing Cream for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. The powder will go on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear because it contains no oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond's Vanishing Cream is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice, the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you.

A very different cream just as necessary

No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

FOR cleansing a different cream—Pond's Cold Cream—must be used. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth.

Use both these creams every day. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 135 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.................................................. ...........................
Street.................................................. ...........................
City.................................................. State............
Mary's New Clothes

To the right: we can't say much about this picture, although we think it's one of the cutest ever published, because we prefer to meet Mary Pickford face to face any time. However, it illustrates the lines of a useful-as-well-as-ornamental and patriotic frock of blue with loop trimmings of red and white.

Mary Pickford went to Paris! The whole world knows that, but here's its first glimpse of what Mary brought back—gowns by Jeanne Lanvin, the designer for the jeune fille (French for flapper). Above, a suit of velvet, with collar and cuffs of white moufflon. Mary neglected to mention just what moufflon means, and Miss Van Wyck isn't in, so your guess is as good as ours.

Above: Mary calls this her "Water lily" dress. It is of shimmering silver-green silk with bands of silver face and a silver ribbon around the waist lying in a bow on one side and hanging nearly to the bottom of the uneven hem line. It's bad enough trying to describe these gowns: imagine designing one!

Another one of the forty-nine frocks which Mary bought from Lanvin, on which she paid a fearful duty, and which she will wear in her photoplays. This informal evening gown of white chiffon has loops and streamers of the same material in a pretty shade of coral. The girdles as well as the band of trimming across the front and around the sleeves are made of iridescent beads in coral and white.
How many words can you build from the letters in the phrase, “Use Elam’s Irish Lawn When You Write”? 

To the person submitting the largest number of correct English words built from the letters in the above phrase and written on Elam’s Irish Lawn, a first prize of $500.00 will be paid, besides twenty-nine other cash awards as shown in prize list Number One. However, the use of Elam’s Irish Lawn is not essential to win a prize, for words can be submitted on any paper you choose and be eligible for prizes in list Number Two if you do not care to compete for the big prizes.

Anyone can compete except persons connected with our organization. Competent and unbiased judges will make the awards. Contest closes July 31st, 1922.

Most good stationers, druggists and department stores carry Elam’s Irish Lawn. If unable to obtain it send us 50 cents for full sized box containing 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to match. Specify color: White, Gray, Buff, Blue, Pink or Lavender.

Rules of Contest

1. Only words found in Standard or Webster’s dictionary will be counted. Do not send foreign, hyphenated or compound words. Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though they express different meanings.

2. Letters may be used in each word only as often as they appear in the contest phrase. For example, s may be used three times, but m only once.

3. Contest closes noon, July 31, 1922.

4. Use either singular or plural, but where plural is used, the singular cannot be counted also, and vice versa.

5. The list showing the largest number of English words will be awarded first prize; the next largest, second prize, etc.

6. All answers should be written on one side of paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Write your name and address on each sheet.

7. In the event of ties the full amount of the prize will be paid to each contestant tying for that prize.

8. All lists will receive the same consideration whether written on Elam’s Irish Lawn or not.

9. The decision of the judges will be final and awards will be made and checks mailed to winners as soon as possible after close of contest.

10. So-called “master lists” such as are sometimes offered for sale, will be barred.

Stationery which pleases the most fastidious—men as well as women. A letter written on Elam’s Irish Lawn expresses your own personality, and implies a delicate compliment to the person receiving it. A wide variety of shapes, colors, and sizes of boxes.

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<td><strong>$1000.00 Prize List</strong></td>
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Address your letters to Department “P” “Do it Now”

ELAM PAPER CO.
General Offices Marion, Indiana
Behind the Curtain

(Continued from page 31)

For a year and a half, young Nordahl had been engaged to marry a girl named Helen Marsh. The two had known each other all their lives, and had been sweethearts for years. The engagement pleased her family and particularly Dave.

"I approved of that marriage," he told me, "because I know Helen. She's probably the finest girl in the world, and she's got common sense, in spite of her being willing to marry that boy of mine. She'll make Gilbert a fine wife, and he needs a sensible wife, because he's a wild ass of the desert. He's got to have a sensible wife—Helen's my pick."

"You ought to know something about it," I said grinning, and going back over Dave's past in my mind.

"Tell me," he admitted. "I learned and I paid for it. Why should the kid pay all over, when he can ride on my pass?"

The railroad builder sketched out the situation as he saw it, acquainting me with the various facts. He had heard about a Sarah Bradley Aiken abruptly. His boy was not the kind to carry on in an underhand way, so he had laid his cards on Dave's table. He had stood over his father and said:

"Dad, I'm going to break off with Helen."

"Why?" Dave asked, showing neither alarm nor surprise.

"Because I'm in love with another girl."

"Who?"

"Her name is Sarah Aiken. You don't know her."

"Never heard of her. What's the rest of it?"

"There's nothing, except that it wouldn't be fair to Helen for me to go on, when I love another woman."

Dave had leaned back in his chair and surveyed the youngster with a thoughtful eye. He knew his kid's ways. He looked at the family chin and decided not to indulge in parental indignation. He continued to discuss Sarah as though she was weather. He asked a few questions, seemed only casually interested in the whole business, and learned what he could.

Among other things, he discovered that young Gilbert had met Sarah only at rare intervals—a few times altogether. Infrequently Gilbert had had Sarah to himself. Usually they encountered in some gilded coconut grove or on a dance floor, and there were always other young swains hovering about, eager for a smile or a word with the star-eyed siren.

Gilbert, despite his lack of true acquaintance, was for immediate action. He desired to start at once for the Helen Marsh home, walk in on the girl and tell her that he could never marry her, because he had fallen in love elsewhere.

"I stopped that," Dave said grimly. "Of course, Gil is making a damn fool of himself, but that's unimportant. I expect him to. I did. He wouldn't be my son, if he didn't. The thing that's quite unnecessary is to inflict pain upon Helen. There's no use telling her anything, because in the end, there won't be anything to tell her. Gil thinks he is going to marry this Aiken girl. But he's not."

I watched Dave's jaw settle upon that last sentence, and perceived that the only son was heading straight for the concealed rocks.

"Of course," continued the father, "I don't know anything about Sarah Bradley Aiken, except that she's a movie actress and works on this lot. She may be one of earth's rare angels, for all I know, but the chances are, if she is thinking of my son and marriage, she is also thinking of my money. I've had actresses think of my money before now, Bill."

"I believe you," I said. "Have you ever met Sarah?"

"Today. That's why I came over. Looked at her long and carefully. She had on her best Pullman dining-car manners and she talked pretty much, I being the boy's old man. Well, I've had 'em talk pretty to me, and they used to get away with it. But you can't fool an old dog, and I am now the oldest dog west of Council Bluffs. And let me tell you, Bill. This Aiken person may be a teach on parade, but underneath, she is counterfeit money. She's bogus. She is imitation goods, with a fake wrapper."

"She stands well with her fellow-workers," I said, defending the lady, as I felt in justice bound to do. "Everybody on this lot has a good word for her."

"Sure," Dave grunted. "How long have you known her?"

"One picture."

"Not long enough. Wait till you all know her better, and then come in with your verdict. She has a lovely smile and a cherubim face, but she has something in her eye that she never got in

(Continued on page 93)

SAMUEL MERWIN

has just written for this Magazine the greatest fiction story of motion picture life ever written. He spent six months in Hollywood gathering material and color for it.

The characters are all drawn from life.

IN THE JULY PHOTOPLAY

Woof! Woof! We're Going to the Dogs!

EXTRA!!

JOEL T. MINCE, well-known pie-maker, found dead in his bakery hit on head with blunt end of loaf of French bread. Many love letters found hidden in band of victim's hat. Woman's glove found three blocks from scene of crime in women's cross-examined. Jealousy motive suspected—police in

THE RECENT SCANDAL IN THE PIE-MAKING BUSINESS IS A DISGRACE TO OUR CIVILIZATION—THE BAKERY IS THE HOME OF SIN—ANY PERSON WHO EATS PIE IS ENCOURAGING CRIME—BLACK VICE IS SPREADING HE'S MULE TRAPPED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE AMERICAN DOUGH-NUT!

If other professions were treated like the movie game and blamed for scandals involving only a few of their members.

Copyright, 1922, by R. L. Goldberg.
After 2000 years—a super-fine face powder

The more delicate the texture of your skin, the finer should be the face powder you use to enhance its beauty. Enchanting to the eye, the smoothest skin reveals itself under a magnifying glass as made up of countless tiny mounds and valleys.

To lay a transparent, even bloom on such a varying surface, a face powder must be super-fine. Ordinary powders show because their coarse grains fill the depressions and give that coated look which is so common. Yet women have waited twenty centuries for the invention of a super-fine face powder.

Hand-sifting a primitive process

Cleopatra's powders, we know, were hand-sifted through gauze. Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie used powders made in the same primitive way. Not until the remarkable new Melba process of air-sifting was perfected, was the first super-fine face powder created.

Compare Melba with any other face powder, imported or domestic. Apply them side by side. Note how much finer Melba air-sifted powder is. How closely it clings. How difficult it is to blow or even wipe away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How smoothly it blends with the tone and texture of your skin.

Clinging and blending as it does, Melba air-sifted powder is hardly affected by wind, heat or moisture. It stays on. You can motor or dance, play golf or tennis without fear that your complexion will lose its freshness.

How complexion charm is gained

Melba air-sifted powder gives an exquisite bloom to a woman's beauty. But complexion health and charm lie deeper. Every inch of your face contains hundreds of oil-laden pores, which are almost invisible until this oil and body-wastes, mingling with outside dust and dirt, accumulate and clog them.

Washing with soap and water only clears the surface. Melba Skin Cleanser, applied daily, will penetrate the trouble-breeding stuff within the pores and little by little bring it to the surface for removal. Following this, a stimulating massage with Melba Massage Cream will flush the tissues and refine and restore the pores to normal.

This test is easy to make

Melba air-sifted powders and Melba face creams can be bought at 40,000 drug and department stores. Send the coupon below with 25 cents for a test package containing generous samples of Melba air-sifted Face Powders, Melba Skin Cleanser, Melba Massage Cream, Melba Vanishing Cream, Melba Dry Rouge, Melba Skin Lotion.

To the first twenty thousand who accept this test offer, we will send our new booklet, "The Art of Make-up."

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 25 CENTS

MELBA MFG. CO., P. J.
4235 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 25c (stamps or silver) for which send me: 1 trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, 1 trial tube of Melba Massage Cream, 1 trial bottle of Melba Vanishing Cream, 1 trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion, sample of Melba rouge, and sample packets of Melba air-sifted face powders. You are to include your book, "The Art of Make-up," free.

Print plainly with a pencil

Name
Street No.
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"The best dressed woman in America"

No one knows better than Irene Castle how beautifully silk crêpe lends itself to the present styles.

This season Irene Castle is finding in Corticelli silk crêpe a new medium to express her charm and taste in dress.

There are Corticelli silk crêpes in the fashionable Canton weaves, heavy, closely-woven crêpes, crêpe de chine in all the newest colors.

There are many other Corticelli Dress Silks in the most fashionable colors. Satin Princess, Satin Patria, Satin Crêpe, Taftetas, Poplins. If your favorite store cannot show you these, please write us.

Free booklet showing Irene Castle's new frocks

Send for free copy of new booklet which illustrates in color seven dresses made from Corticelli Dress Silks for Irene Castle. No Canadian orders accepted. Address, the Corticelli Silk Company, 1306 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Wallace Reid's motor mania isn't assumed for the screen. When he isn't driving this Stutz, he's getting into practice for a special performance in the International 500-mile Sweepstakes at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. He wins every race in his pictures, but this will be the real thing

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 74)

THE Gish girls dropped into the White House not so long ago for luncheon. It was at the particular invitation of President and Mrs. Harding. They are the first film stars ever hidden to be the special guests of the Chief Executive and the First Lady, although innumerable screen people have journeyed to Washington to shake the Harding hand.

Lillian and Dorothy and D. W. Griffith were at the national capital to be present at the premiere there of "Orphans of the Storm." The three went to the White House and had an awfully good time: partook of a luncheon which included such Ohio dishes as salt-rising bread, and were shown personally through the executive mansion by the President's wife, who sent home by them, for Mrs. Gish, flowers from her own garden.

We were asking Lillian all about it the other day. "Oh, it was wonderful," she said. "But please don't say anything about it for publication, because we wouldn't for the world have the Hardings think we want to make publicity out of our visit."

The Hardings know the Gishes well enough not to suspect them of publicity seeking.

A SPECIAL showing was given of an imported film, "Lady Godiva," based on the famous legend of the lady who rode through Coventry's streets.

A representative of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, motion picture committee, was present. Regarding the well-known ride, she is said to have remarked:

"This incident has been very delicately and artistically handled by the producer. Any member of the family may view it without fear of offense."

Wont the censors—and some others—be disappointed, though?

MARY THURMAN and May Collins visited Manhattan last month. They shared a bungalow in Hollywood and Mary is going back with a nice contract. But May—May is going to Duluth, Minn. Just why May Collins, one of the prettiest ingenues in pictures, who won added fame as the reported fiancee of Charles Chaplin, should go to Duluth, Minn., may be a matter for conjecture.

The answer is that Miss Collins wants more dramatic experience before she continues her film career. To get it she is going into stock—in Duluth, Minn. There is no better training for a young actress than a season in stock in a small city.

HUGO and Mabel Ballin were working on a scene for their newest production, which is supposed to take place in a den of thieves: a criminals' rendezvous.

After taking some close-ups of the leading man, Mr. Ballin called across the set to his wife. "All right, Mabel—get ready for the dive scene."

Mabel's Irish maid stood by with the makeup box, and at this she turned to the little star with surprise written large on every Gaelic feature: "Why mum," she said, "I didn't know you did any fancy swimming!"

A YOUNG Los Angeles business man, married to a screen star of some prominence, had had trouble with his theatrical wife:

"But she's so beautiful on the screen, so lovely, I don't see how you could quarrel with her," said a friend.

"I know," said friend husband, "she's great on the screen but not so good in a flat."

THE Bryan Washburns may make an attempt to succeed the late Sidney Drew and Mrs. Drew as exponents of the domestic comedy-drama on the screen.

Mabel and Bryant have been ambitious to do this for some time, and since the star's "own company" went the way of most own companies, and he has been playing leading roles again, it seems probable that the ambition will be realized.

Remember "Skinner's Dress Suit," which Washburn made for Essanay? Mabel Forrest Washburn hasn't been seen in pictures since she married.

(Continued on page 82)
How A New Kind of Clay
Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one’s complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blanched and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be congested and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear— and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them.

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I tried each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage quickly.

Wasn’t there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn’t there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more coarsened than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn’t—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions began when the dead skin scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the clogged pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface of my complexion in a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

With Complexion Clay

I won’t bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay. I had read about to my face one evening at nine o’clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mass. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had screen deliberately colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. I accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the clogged pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I never would have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication, the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days. Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus four cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands.

Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size $3.50 jar for only $1.95, according to their offer to me.

Domino House, Dept. 266, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia.

Domino House, Dept. 266, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 8 months of beauty treatment. According to the special agreement I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus 4 cents postage). Although I am benefitting by this special reduced price, I am purporting that first of all with the guarantee given by Domino House. If you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days, I will agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.

Address.

City... State...

If you wish you may send money with coupon.
The Hand that Wears His Ring

Keep it ever dainty and charming with this smart, new manicure

You do want lovely hands—the dainty, well-groomed hands that everyone admires. And to have them, *always*, is so very easy with this smart, new manicure.

Instead of bothering with old-fashioned methods whose beauty at best is lost in a day, simply brush your nails lightly with Glazo, the wonderful new liquid polish. Instantly, without a moment’s buffing, you will have an exquisite, fashionable lustre that will last five to seven days. Could anything be simpler—time and expense saved, and never a fear of being surprised with untidy nails!

*And don’t mistreat the Cuticle*

Preserve the beauty of your nail sheaths by using Glazo Cuticle Massage with your orange stick. It softens and perfects the cuticle, removes stain from under the nails, and lends a new charm to tapering fingertips.

Call for this simple, two-item manicure today, and have lovely hands always—nails modishly manicured; cuticle smooth and velvety.

*Write for this booklet*

It tells you much that is interesting and new about the care of the hands. Simply send your name and address and we’ll gladly mail you a copy free—The Glazo Company, 28 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.


GLAZO

*GLAZO Liquid Nail Polish, with remover, 50¢; Glazo Cuticle Massage, 50¢; or the two in Combination Set, 75¢—at any toilet counter.*

As an experiment to prove that talking pictures are possible, Frank Beaun, star of "Lightnin", at the Wotterston B. Rodbacher studios in Chicago, erected a spoken sketch while the motion picture camera recorded his actions and a stenographer took down his words. Later Beaun radiophone his "lines" to a projection room where the films were being screened. Beaun’s words from the radio and Beaun’s action on the screen synchronized.

(Continued from page 80)

IT used to be a custom in the old world for actors to carry revolvers with them for self-defence while they were on the stage.

We would suggest a revival of this custom for some of the film stars who make personal appearances.

VIOLA DANA has been making personal appearances, now, for months and months.

She left her happy home in California last Christmas, and has been out on the road ever since in the interests of Marcus Metro Loew.

These personal appearance tours are great institutions. Hardly one star of note has escaped. Neither, we might add, have the audiences.

But if they were all like Viola, the audiences wouldn’t mind.

The pert little ingenue recently delivered herself of several original remarks about her "appearances."

"They’re fine," she said. "Fine—but I think you ought to be over five feet tall to enjoy them—and I’m not. I’m not exactly of a retiring nature, but neither do I believe in pushing. Well, at first, when we—all the other stars and me—attended those meetings en masse, so to speak, I kept modestly in the background; I stayed where I was shoved. Especially when we went to see a certain Governor. There were about twenty of us—all kinds and sizes. Vamps; ingenues; leading men. I found myself somewhere in the middle distance; I could barely see the top of the governor’s head. But he looked like a regular guy at that.

So when I finally got to where I could see all of him, I smiled expectantly and extended my little hand. Just as he was about to take it, a battle cruiser who had made considerable fame and fortune out of vamping on the screen, pulled her line in real life and rushed up to the governor. ‘Oh Governor,’ she gushed, ‘I’m so thrilled!’ and pushed into his hands her bunch of flowers—we all carried flowers. The governor went right on smiling at me. He asked me how I was and I said ‘Fine.’ He said he always liked my pictures. I got real red and prepared to fade out. He called me back. ‘Miss Dana,’ he said, ‘I’d like to have one of your roses to put in my button hole.’ He got it, bless his heart."

The film event of the season, as far as the east coast is concerned, occurred in March in Manhattan. It was the dinner and dance given in honor of Will Hays, who had just assumed his duties as head of the new producers and distributors association, at the Hotel Astor.

Everyone turned out to do him honor; this little man with the keen eyes and commanding presence who is at the helm of the screen ship. The great motion picture magnates, the celebrated stars, the famous writers, and the lesser lights were there.

It was much more than the usual film dinner; it had a significance, a dignity, and a prediction of big things.

Everybody made a speech. Mr. Emerson’s was probably the longest. Mr. Hearst expressed himself on the film industry for the first time since his connection with it. The burden of most of the addresses was that the picture industry needed a leader and that it had found one in the former Postmaster General. The general note was one of decided optimism; it was a gala event and seemed to inspire gaiety and good will on every hand.

The Luther Reds are the parents of a son.

He was born in April, in Manhattan.

His mother was Naomi Childs, who has been celebrated on the screen since her early Vitagraph days.

She made her biggest successes last year in Goldwyn pictures.

His father is a scenario writer for Cosmopolitan Productions.

(Continued on page 84)
Are you the girl?

You will be the guest of the Metropolitan for one whole week in New York. All your expenses traveling and while in New York will be paid by the Metropolitan. You will stop at one of New York's famous hotels and visit the smartest shops in the world. You will walk in the brilliant fashion show of Fifth Avenue in a saunter up to—say, the Ritz—for tea; dinner, and then into the fairyland of Bagdad-on-the-subway, which is New York aglow with lights, at play.

If you are—listen!

Every evening of your New York stay you will be a Metropolitan guest at a Broadway theatre. From the Hippodrome to the Metropolitan Opera you will see all of the fascinating and colorful life of the greatest city—the people and places at the rainbow end of the wit and genius of two worlds.

If you know the sweetness of ambition, this may be the Cinderella opportunity of your life. All yours without effort, expense or obligation of any kind—if you are the Girl! Your photograph is the test.

SEE PAGE 6 OF THE JUNE Metropolitan

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Pleasant, safe, feminine—this way to remove hair

Ruth Miller tells how the makers of Odorono came to complete the underarm toilette

With the same eagerness with which women adopted the Odorono standard of the underarm toilette, they appealed to us to give them what they have so long lacked and wanted—a pleasant way to remove hair.

"We want a method as satisfying as Odorono. Pleasant, Effective, Dainty. Safe, Easy, Feminine."

A large order, this. But the chemists in the Odorono laboratories have finally perfected Odorono's toilet complement, The Odorono Company's Depilatory. First of all, it has a new quality for a depilatory—it is pleasant. No disagreeable odor, here; it is fragrant with but not almond scent.

And so easy and effective! It removes the offending hair like magic, leaving the underarm smooth and white. There is never a twinge of irritation. Relieved from using dangerous blades which cause and increase the growth, women find in Odorono Depilatory the ideal method for this important phase of the underarm toilette. A complete kit of supply, at toilet counters everywhere, 25c. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it postpaid. Address, Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 906-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Odorono Company's Depilatory

A little landscape entitled "Summer in California"—We are not spoiling; it's actually sunny California—though where almost all the scenes of the great northwest are filmed. This latest story of the series is "I Am the Law." Yes—sounds like the Mounted Police had something to do with it (Continued from page 82)

There is a new young man on the screen who threatens to become as spectacularly famous as did Rodolf Valentino. He is another Rex Ingram discovery, a Spaniard, Ramon Samayogos. The director considers him one of the most promising actors he has ever worked with. He plays Rupert of Heintza in "The Prisoner of Zenda," a rôle which permits a fascinating set of false whisks, a monocle, and a military cape.

If Samayogos doesn't make good in a part like that, he never will.

Betty Blythe is now a star. She will remain in the East to make four special productions. After "The Queen of Sheba," Betty's fame increased, and now she has been given the reward of all good little motion picture actresses. Wonder if Sheba's tiara, or whatever they called crowns then—would still fit.

Marie Jeritza may make "Thais" for the screen. The Viennese prima donna came to this country, sang at the Metropolitan, and immediately scored an amazing success. It is said to have been because of Jeritza's singing of two of her favorite roles that Geraldine Farrar left the opera house and went into concert. Manhattan was Jeritza-mad during the past season. Portrait galleries exhibited her in striking oils by famous painters. She became an idol almost overnight.

Then came motion picture managers who according to report wish her to exhibit her acting for more thousands. She is almost as fine an actress as she is a singer. She sailed for home in the spring, but will be back soon, so we may have another songbird in the shadows.

But do you remember Mary Garden in the filmed "Thais"?

After five years under their banner, the American-Majestic, have hit Vita-graph under circumstances which include law suits and various other exciting elements that often accompany such circumstances.

Tony was notified by wire from Albert Smith, president of the company, that he was fired. Whereupon the handsome Spanish star filed a suit for $127,000 due his contract which had about two years to run.

The next day he went to work in the leading role of the new Rupert Hughes production at Goldwyn, playing opposite Colleen Moore.

According to Tony, after taking him out of the serials in which he had been enormously successful, Vita-graph made only two five-reel features with him. He has not worked for several months and has refused to play certain types of heavy roles and to be co-starred under what he considered most harmful conditions.

His fans will probably have a chance to see Tony now in some good roles. It's a cinch he hasn't had the proper chance of late with Vita-graph and he's not only a good actor but distinctly the type of which matinee idols are made, if he's given proper parts.

The very latest fad in Hollywood is magic vases. Colleen Moore is the proud possessor of one.

It is a handsome thing of gorgeous Chinese pottery, but it isn't only for ornamental purposes.

When you go to see Colleen, she asks you if you want to ask any questions of the vase. Of course you do. And when you ask it questions, you are immediately answered from its depths by a strange voice which tells you a lot of things you want to know and sometimes reveals some of our hidden secrets that you'd just as soon not have shouted in a drawing room.

You may carry it about from one room to another, but it still retains its magic qualities.

Sometimes Colleen will take you out in the garage and show you the intricate telephone connections that make it possible, so that your mind is relieved.

A number of homes have them installed now and the chauffeurs are kept busy plugging spirit to the vase, and trying to remember all that its owners have told them about the guests who are going to ask questions about it. (Continued on page 85)
JEANIE MACPHERSON, while in New York recently, went up to one of the big prisons for women, to spend a few days in jail. It was all done from an artistic point of view because Jeanie wanted to get proper color and atmosphere and mood for writing the scenario of "Manslaughter," in which the heroine spends some time in prison.

Thus far, the story is well. But thereby hangs a tale which is absolutely too good to keep.

Jeanie, it seems, did not wish the other prisoners to know that she wasn't one of them. So she made all her arrangements with the assistant superintendent, the agreement being that Jeanie should be committed for ten days and released any time she felt like she'd had enough.

So, the famous scenario writer was locked up in her cell and began to live according to regular prison discipline.

After forty-eight hours, Jeanie decided that she'd had enough and that art for art's sake could not be served by her remaining longer in this role.

So she sent frantically for the assistant superintendent. He was not there.

She would soon straighten out this stupid matter of course.

But unfortunately for her, the assistant superintendent had had a row with the superintendent the night before and been fired. And there was one of the great lights of the movie industry condemned to shine beneath the bars of a prison for some time longer, before the affair could be straightened out and her liberty returned to her.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, formerly of the Folies and most recently Goldwyn leading woman, has gone in for classic dancing. Jacky, with her red hair and her pretty blue eyes, is one of the prettiest girls of the film colony, but, according to all reports, it might be just as well if she stuck to jazz.

MARY and Doug are in their own new studios.

If you drive out Santa Monica Boulevard, you can see the big signs that say "Mary (Continued on page 86)"
How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance! He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

+++ +

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

(Continued from page 85 )

Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks” studios.

For some years Mary has made her productions at the Brunton studio, but when that was purchased by Joe Schenck recently, Miss Pickford decided to have her own plant. So Mr. Fairbanks closed the old place where he has worked and they bought the Hycotown studios on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Already the huge and artistic sets which Mr. Fairbanks is to use in filming “Robin Hood” are nearing completion and Mary is almost ready to start shooting her new version of “Tess of the Storm Country.”

AFTER bringing in their verdict of acquittal, the San Francisco jury who tried Roscoe Arbuckle gave out the following statement:

“Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle.

“We feel that a great injustice has been done him. We feel also that it was only our plain duty to give him this exoneration, under the evidence, for there was not the slightest proof adduced to connect him in any way with the commission of a crime. He was manly throughout the case and told a straightforward story to the witness stand, which we all believed.

“The happening at the hotel was an unfortunate affair, for which Arbuckle, so the evidence shows, was in no way responsible. “We wish him success and hope that the American people will take the judgment of fourteen men and women who have sat listening for thirty-one days to the evidence, that Roscoe Arbuckle is entirely innocent and free from all blame.”

ALL I can say for everybody who wasn’t at the Wampus Ball is that I’m sorry for ’em.

They surely missed the time of their lives.

It was a galaxy of stunningly beautiful women and handsome men.

Of the perfectly grand parties that the Hollywood film colony has ever given, this was it.

The Wampus, the nickname for the Western Motion Picture Advertisers, and the ball, their first social attempt, was held in the ballroom of the Ambassador. It was certainly a glittering affair for all the stars of the Movie World were on hand to enjoy themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Meighan had a box, of course, and Mrs. Meighan made us regret more than ever that we only see her privately nowadays. She looked stunning in a frock

of orchid spangles. I think Gloria Swanson was in her party, in a frock of gleaming black jet beads—large flat beads that covered the entire dress and were most effective in that setting.

THE “Stars of Tomorrow” were hostesses and they were like a big bunch of fresh roses. Lois Wilson wore pale lavender georgette, delicately beaded, and had a large and very handsome suit in attendance. Lilu Lee was all in white and silver, with a wreath of flat silver leaves in her dark hair. In fact, white seemed to be the popular color with the younger girls, for Claire Windsor wore a gown of white satin with rows of white beads accentuating the lines of her slender figure and Helen Ferguson, escorted as usual by Bill Russell, was in a fluffy affair of white lace and net, with ropes of pearls twisted in her hair.

Colleen Moore looked perfectly adorable in the loveliest creation of pale yellow taffeta, a full, billowing skirt edged with real lace, and a tight-fitting bodice, laced up the front with a satin cord. Patsy Ruth Miller was the most gorgeous of all, simply swathed in cloth of gold, in a plain but stunning way that showed the lines of her figure and left her back and arms bare.

Bette Daniels flitted in and sang a little Spanish love song for us—all wrapped up in the most stunning new full length ermine cape.

Betsy Compson wore orchid chiffon trimmed with ermine, and ermine cape and an adorable little turban of ermine and silver. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were there, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (Mary Allison). It was a surprise to see May in a Paris creation of black chiffon velvet, simply draped and held about the waist by a flexible golden snake with jade eyes. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid just for a moment, Mrs. Reid in a lovely shimmering gown of opal taffeta. Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram were there, Mrs. Ingram, who is Alice Terry, of course, in her favorite shade of rose.

Lottie Pickford and her husband, Allan Forrest, Mary Thurman and May Collins, with their escorts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Reynolds (Kathleen O’Conner) pretty Barbara La Marr, in a gown of black net that revealed tiny golden and pastel chiffon roses underneath, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mrs. Miles Minter, Bessie Love,—oh, it’s impossible to remember everybody who was there.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 71)

MISS MANHATTAN.—Of course, I live in New York City. But not in the same exclusive section that you do. I am a poor but proud and struggling author,—guess where I live? It's awfully decent of you to ask me to tea, but I don't like tea—I never drink it. I always spill it, stumble over my own feet, and disgrace my hostess. No, I won't come to tea, thanking you kindly all the same. I'm not a social lion. Gareth Hughes, Metro studios, Hollywood. Cal. Bert Lytell opposite Betty Compson in "To Have and To Hold," for Paramount. That was made before with Mae Murray and Wallace in the leading roles.

NELL OF NORTH CAROLINA.—You should sell the title rights to your nom de plume for a scenario. June Caprice should appear in it. I don't adore Norma Talmadge because if I did, and in print, too. Joe Schenck might not like it. But I do think she's a splendid actress and a fine girl. She's always been very nice to me. She was born in Brooklyn, May 2, 1905. Constance is as charming off the screen as she is on it.

W. E. N., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah—note to my stenographer—put a new pin in the map—Nebraska, in the year 1892. His latest pictures are "The Bearcat" and "The Fire Eater." He has light hair and blue eyes.

FRANCES.—Elaine Hammerstein is the daughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein. She was born in New York in 1897. She has a fair complexion—by fair I mean light, not indifferent—gray eyes, and brown hair—and weighs just 120 pounds. Her latest films are "Why Announce Your Marriage?" and "Reckless Youth.

DOROSES.—Peggy Hyland's real name is Gladys Hutchinson; she is married to her director. Peggy is an English girl, and made her American film debut with Vitagraph.

C. F., HOLYOKE.—I'm not superstitious. I never sit down at a table if I am the thirteenth guest; I dislike intensely to walk under ladders and I have never whistled in a dressing-room. But as for superstition—I laugh. I sneer! You won't be thirteen very long—only a year; so don't worry. Viola Dana is not married; she is John Collins' widow. She has dark brown hair and green eyes and a sister named Shirley Mason. Bobby Connelly in "Humoresque" and "The Greatest Love." Bobby's getting to be a big boy now.

MARGUERITE L.—Billy West is married. So is Ben Turpin. There must be a chance for me. Galadys Walton is married. She was born in 1904. Carmel Myers is Mrs. I. Kornblum. Carmel is twenty-one. Frank Mayo was born in 1886. Dagmar Godowsky is the present Mrs. Mayo.

RUTH D.—Colleen Moore is not married or engaged. She told me so herself, and I believe her. Clyde Fillmore isn't married, either. Vivian Osborne as Marie Cliff in "The Restless Sex." Vivian was also in "Over the Hill," which starred that great actress, Mary Carr. Mrs. Carr's performance as Ma Benton is one of the classics of the screen. She is a splendid woman in real life. You would love her. Everybody does.

(Continued on page 88)

The Hinds Cre-Maids have beauty rare
Each one is a perfect dream
For they always use each day with care
HINDS HONEY--ALMOND CREAM

These are the dainty maids who bring
To you this useful, beautiful thing,
To soften your skin in a healthful way
Making it lovelier every day;
Dry, rough hands grow fresh and smooth,
Windburn and Sunburn, Hinds will soothe.
"Catchy fingers" soon disappear,
Muddy complexions change and clear;
Daily use on your hands and arms
Gives you the skin that always charms.
Health and Comfort are hidden there
A smoothness fine and a perfume rare.
Truly a treat in life's daily scheme,
You'll find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

All druggists and department stores sell
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet Free.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 38
Portland Maine

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 87)

G. J. S., Michigamme, Michigan—That's a new one for me. My pet word, too—Michigamme. And it ought to be in Michigan, and it is. How splendid. The class in pronunciation will now rise and say, Sheshu, Hy-a-kaw-wa and Zu-ru Osky. Once again, now—Sheshu, etc.

D. W., Pelham N. Y.—Charles Coghlan did not play in Marjorie Davies' picture, "Buried Treasure." You may address him at The Clinton Apartments, 53 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Mrs. M. P. S., Driftwood, Pa.—Add to discussions as to Tom Mix's birthplace: Tom was born in Driftwood, Pa. Not in Dubois, Pa., nor Texas, but Driftwood, Pennsylvania. Not in the house where Tom was born; knows Tom's cousin, who was a Mix before she married, and also knows of a good many Mixes who are related to Tom. Now it is up to Tom.

Genevieve Scott.—I'm covered with confusion. If all these bouquets are composed of roses without a single rock concealed within, my conic will increase. I shall have, too, to grow whiskers to hide my blushes. Bebe Daniels played child parts with Burbank and Belasco stock companies in Los Angeles, Bebe has been on the screen for about nine years. She was Harold Lloyd's leading woman before she graduated into the dramas under Cecil Mille's guidance. She and Harold are not engaged. Mildred Davis is the most likely candidate for the position of Mrs. Lloyd.

Yellow Jacket.—The welcome mat is out for you to tour over. Elinor Field is the young lady opposite Joe Ryan in the Vitagraph serial, "The Purple Riders." She's the same Mildred Field who's asked to cavort in comedy. Ryan is no longer a Vitagraph star. I don't know where he can be reached at present.

S. J. J.—Francesca Billington is Mrs. Lester Cuneo. She took the role of Lady Winifred in "Hearts are Trumps." I haven't seen her on the screen since Dorothy Davis and Bill Reid played with Mrs. Cuneo in one of his western pictures; and Bill Reid was in it, too.

Marjorie C. S.—It's awfully nice of you, Marjorie, to write, and add: "I feel I have found a real friend, and real friends are indeed rare. (It's so hard for me to be kindly in the copy-book manner, Marjorie; but I know you'll understand.) You are a good critic and you write very well. King Vidor's "Jack-Knife Man" was not a commercial success so I suppose he has decided not to make any more like it, for a time at least. He says to his wife, Florence, in her new series of stellar pictures for Associated Exhibitors, the first one is called "Woman, Wake Up!" The Vudors have a daughter, Suzanne. The young brother in Lionel Barrymore's "Master Mind" was Percy Helton.

Alice-Carolyn, Ohio.—There may not be many colleges hidden in pictures, as you say; but there are in a good many gifted ones. Of course, I am not of the opinion that a college is an institution which teaches one to do nothing in an artistic manner; but merely, if one believes a college education is absolutely essential, Rex Ingram received a B. A. degree from Yale for his work on "The Four Horsemen."

Alice Terry is a brunette—her hair is red-dish brown; but it's true that she wears a golden-blonde wig on the screen. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Gertrude T., Canton.—Marie Doro is thirty-nine; she is in Europe now, after concluding the run of the stage play, "Lilies of the Field." Elliott Dexter is back home, working opposite Clara Kimball Young in Clara's new picture for Metro. Annette Kellerman is thirty-four, Dorothy Dalton, twenty-eight.

Alice A. K., Philadelphia.—Al Kaufman is a Paramount executive, in charge of the European affairs of the company. He is in Germany now. His wife is not a professional. Jack Hoxie is married to Marlin Sais, who was an actress in the old Kalem pictures. Mrs. Hoxie has not appeared in pictures for some time.

Ernie.—I cannot help you to write scenarios. If you have a good idea, put it into a brief synopsis and send it to a company. Norma Talmadge is in the west now. The name of her new picture, adapted from a Balzac story, "The Duchess de Langle," is "The Eternal Flame." Meaning, presumably, love, n'est ce pas? (It's a French picture, so we can use that phrase without seeming to be ostentatious about it.)

Lillian J., Jersey City, N. J.—Does Bebe Daniels really dance around in real life like she does on the screen? That's a hard one. I never noticed that Bebe did any dancing around. Elliott Dexter is about five feet eight inches and weighs one hundred pounds. He has brown eyes and coal black hair. You like him "because," you sigh, "he has such sad eyes." I wish your eyes were sad. It seems to be the thing.

Betty Brown.—Is it possible that someone doesn't know who played Julie in "The Four Horsemen?" None other than Rodolf Valentino, my dear Betty, whom all the young ladies are asking about right now. He is the newest, the slickest-haired, and the most romantic of them all. And a good actor, too. You'll see him soon as the toreador-hero of "Blood and Sand," the Paramount picture, directed by Fred Niblo, of "Danez" book and the play in which Otis Skinner starred on Broadway last season. What a sentence, my dear Betty!

Agnes F. P., Chicago, Ill.—So Conway Tearle has "sad eyes," too! Wonder what I can do to make mine look sorrowful? I suppose someone will offer to oblig. Conway Tearle is the handsome hero, General de Montri- veau, in Norma Talmadge's "The Eternal Flame." You want Mr. Tearle's tearful gaze in the retrospection scene? You shall, Editor willing, have it.

Peggie C.—I'd change that second letter to l. You asked altogether too many questions. You won't get them answered, so it's all the same to me. May Mavoy was born in Manhattan in 1901. She is four feet eleven inches high and weighs ninety-four pounds. She has dark hair, and her husband, May Mavoy, is not married. Of course there have been rumors; but then there are always—rumors.

(Continued on page 89)
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 88)

MILLEDON, INDIANA.—Niles Welch has a wife, and they are very happy. I understand, so he is not considering matrimonial candidates. Dell Boone is the lady. He has been playing opposite Elaine Hammerstein for Selmanick in a series of pictures. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks have no children. They are both working now at their Hollywood studios. Mary in "Tess of the Storm Country" and Doug in "Robin Hood"—but that title will probably be changed.

BILLIE, LE T.—Crane Wilbur, he of the wavy locks and—the again—sad eyes, is now doing a turn in vaudeville. His last picture was "The Heart of Maryland," with Catherine Calvert, for Vitagraph. Martha Mansfield appeared with him in the variety for a while, but now Martha is back on the screen and Crane has another leading woman.

Theresa.—María? Often wondered if that Lady even remotely resembles the bust of her one sees about? Edna Murphy played Lucy, the silly wife, in "Over the Hill." Later, Fox co-starred her with Johnny Walker in some films. I don't know where she is now.

MARY ALICE MURRAY.—Valentine began as a player of very small parts, in Dorothy Gish's pictures and others. Rex Ingram really deserves the credit for his discovery, as he had never had an opportunity to show what he could do before the director put him in "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." Of course the actor had it in him, or he would not have made such a tremendous success in such a short time.

I. K. WILMINGTON.—Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. Mary Miles Minter will make a new picture as soon as she returns from her vacation in Honolulu. Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, and Lois Wilson may all be reached at the Lasky studios.

Bucky.—Glad the pictures of the Mexican motion picture actresses interested you. So you know Emma Padilla and Maria Conesa. Well, well! I have never seen any movies made in Mexico, but I would like to...Creighton Hale, D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaronock, N. Y., or his personal address is 18 Windsor Road, Great Neck, L. I. Hale has been a member of the Griffith stock company since his hit in "Way Down East." He provides the comic relief in "Orphans of the Storm." He is, I believe, married. Thanks for your picture. It is a refreshing sight to me, cooped up in a stuffy office on this warm day. If I ever come to Mexico, I shall call, I promise you. My Mexican acquaintance is somewhat limited.

Miss Bowman.—You ask me, in all seriousness, "Are you sarcastic? One of your answers looked that way." I refuse to diagram my remarks; it's hard enough to write them. Frances King, Mrs. Meghan, has black hair and brown eyes. Bebe Daniels was the King's favorite in deMille's "Male and Female," from "The Admirable Crichton." Tom Meghan and Gloria Swanson played the title roles.

Ethel—I refuse, flatly, to call you Ethyle. I suppose your sister Edith signs herself Edythe. Bah! Carlyle Blackwell in "The Restless Sex." Write to him at the Lambs' Club. (Continued on page 20)

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Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 89)

ELINOR JAMES, Fresno—Yes, I received your Valentine and your Easter card, and I admit I should have written right away to thank you; but I was so busy, Elinor. I'm sorry, and if you send me a Christmas card I vow I shall wire you my appreciation. James Kirkwood and Gertrude Robinson are now divorced. Kirkwood is the leading man in "Sin Flood" and "The Man from Home," the latter picture made by George Fitzmaurice in Italy. Address him Paramount studio, Hollywood, Cal.

HARRIETT—My word! More Valenti! I never heard of so much incense being burned for any popular hero. He has as many admirers as the president or the Prince of Wales. He may be addressed at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BEATRICE—So you can impersonate most of the leading characters appearing on the New York stage. Goodness me—what a versatile young woman!—what a very versatile young woman! The fact that you can assume a French dialect like Irene Bordoni and a French-Canadian dialect like Leonor Ulrik won't help you much in the motion pictures. They are, as you may have heard, the silent drama. Why not try to get a part on the speaking stage, where all your dialectic talents will stand you in good stead? (Spoken like a grandfather.) Of course, my province, since it is a pictures; so I can't help you very much. Write and tell me more about yourself if you care to.

J. M., St. Louis, Mo.—I can't give you Dick Barthelmess' home address, because the young man wants, and deserves, a little privacy. He would, if I published his address to an eager world, stumble over young ladies draped about his doorstep, and floral offerings choking up the apartment, and have to have the telephone taken out. No, no—I can't do that. Write to him care the Lambs' Club, West 44th Street, New York City.

(Continued on page 122)

The Ogre
(Continued from page 55)

Il's," a depressing five reeler on the same subject as Germaine MacDowell's, that the protagonist is a young circus acrobat; there is "Scherein," a five reeler which for unmitigated gloomy realism and horror has no competitor. Both these pictures are acclaimed as masterpieces in Germany because the German goes to a picture theater analytically, as he goes to a concert. He likes horror and suffering on the screen—not indeed to sympathize with the sufferer, but to enjoy watching the sufferings. He is the true dissectionist, vivisectionist and microscopist of the world. He displays the utter naiveté of the fool who said in his heart, "There is no God." There is not one single ray of hope or optimism in "Passion," "Deception," "The Golem," "One Arabian Night," or "All for a Woman."

"The Mistress of the World" was so obscene in its original form, and as released in Germany, that it was chopped to pieces and the whole story changed before it was shown here. In spite of spectacular exploitation it was, in the vernacular of the trade, a "flop."

There is a brand of intellectualism that is considerably lower in the spiritual order.

(Concluded on page 91)
Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

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Another Hollywood scandal—Julien Josephson, moral young husband, goes wrong—Becomes addicted to solitude

Unwept, Unhonored and Unhung

N o one is interested in reading about the scenario writer. He is just one of those persons around the studio who have to be there for some reason or other. He writes the script that the director tears up and eats before beginning to make the picture. When the picture is shown, the critic says, "This was wonderful, the direction was perfect and the camera work was flawless." I know what critics say; like Frank Bacon, I was a critic once myself.

However, there is the case of Julien Josephson. He can write in words of more than one syllable and he looks at a scene from the human angle and not from the camera angle. Adapting the short stories of Anzia Yezierska, he wrote "Hungry Hearts." The scenario was so perfect that strong men wept—and some of them had not wept for years and years. E. Mason Hopper, the director, Bryant Washburn and Helen Ferguson, who were in the cast, went to his office to thank him and give him a laurel wreath. He wasn't in his office; he was across the street buying a cake of milk chocolate.

When Mr. Josephson went to work for Famous Players-Lasky, the publicity department cornered him and asked him a few for facts about his career. He told them that he had been born in Roseburg, Oregon, and that he went to Leland Stanford University. Whereupon he went back to his work.

Julien Josephson is the shiest person in the motion picture business. Of course, that isn't saying much; but even in any other business he would be a shy man. For instance, he didn't tell the publicity department that he had written most of Charles Ray's earliest—and as most of us think—best successes. He didn't mention the fact that he has ideals and that he lives up to them.

As a matter of fact, he is quite unconscious of his ideals. He only thinks that it is a peculiar sort of stubbornness that makes him refuse to do things—for money—that most professional writers are eager and anxious to do. One time he didn't have a contract. Business was dull. A large producing company sent him for a scenario. He took the story home and read it. And then he refused the assignment. The story concerned a young married couple who lived in the Bronx. They were terribly bored and found matrimony a failure. Life was tough because they owned no limousine, because they had to wash dishes, because they couldn't go out to a restaurant every night.

And here is why Mr. Josephson refused to write the scenario. "If young people are in love with each other, washing dishes isn't so bad. I have never lived in the Bronx, but I don't believe it is as bad as Sing Sing." Mr. Josephson never has been to New York. He is afraid to go. He fears that he will be lost in the shuffle. He is a small town boy, pretty much like Charles Ray grown up.

"I know all about small towns. I lived in Roseburg, Oregon. My brother and I ran a general store there. I was no good as a storekeeper. A slick traveling man could sell me anything. But I liked the town. Everyone who happens to live outside of New York or Chicago doesn't go insane, although that's what novelists want us to believe. No sir! We have pretty lively times—parties, movies, automobile rides. First you get to know your neighbor, then you get used to him and finally you get to love him. Of course, there are a lot of human beings in the big cities, but this business of trying to make people believe that the White Lights of Broadway are the only lights worth living for is all wrong.

"I have nothing against New York. I want to go there sometime. I bet night life on Broadway isn't half as silly as it is in motion pictures."

Besides being shy, Mr. Josephson doesn't mix around in the film parties. He can go with Rogers one better. Rogers has one wife. So has Mr. Josephson. But Mr. Josephson has no automobile. He says that is how he keeps his wife. Mrs. Josephson is young, aristocratic and witty. She has the best sort of faith in her husband; she has seen him jump from the general store business, to newspaper work and then into the movies. Only once did she hamper his ambitions.

Several years ago, in San Francisco, Mr. Josephson wanted to become a street car conductor. The wages were good. With Mrs. Josephson, he went over the route. It was a lonely, dark and dull ride. Mrs. Josephson complained. Someone might knock her husband down and rob him of his nickels. He had better go back to writing, even though newspaper salaries were poor. The moral is that women are usually right.
Behind the Curtain
(Continued from page 78)

Heaven. That's the way I feel and that's the way I bet. I'm laying money that this Sarah Aiken is one hundred per cent poison, with no antidote."

"If you don't want your kid to marry this female, why don't you order him not to?" I asked.

"I know him better than that. If I ordered Gil not to marry a Cree squaw, he would start for the Cree reservation on the next train. Of course, it's a good quality in some ways, and in some ways, it ain't so good."

When Dave concluded, I had a fair understanding of the case, as it stood to date. On his way out, the perplexed parent paused for a moment.

"I'll run in and see Smith," he remarked. "I haven't laid an eye on the old wretch in a year. So long, Bill, and remember what I've told you, in case anything happens."

Smith is the president of the Federated. We don't call him Smith but Dave Nordahl can call anybody in California anything he wants to.

THE next thing that happened to the Nordahl family was another discussion that occurred not long after Dave's visit.

"Gil," said his father, at breakfast one morning, "you came to me straight about this Aiken girl, and agreed to say nothing to Helen for awhile. That was sensible and I liked it. Now I'm going to do something for you. How many times have you met Sarah?"

"Not many," Gil said truthfully. "There's always a crowd of fellows. She's certainly popular, dad."

"That's what I thought. You may be right, and I may be wrong. If Sarah Aiken is the girl for you, I don't want you to marry Helen; but I do want you to be sure of facts, before you leap.

"Dad, Helen is nice, but there is simply no comparison. I'm perfectly wild about Dimples."

"Dimples, eh? Well, I've heard of such things before. Still, you don't know Sarah as well as you ought to, and Sam Perry's company is to leave soon for Whitney, California. They're going to make a picture with Miss Aiken in the leading part. And how would you like to go with them?"

"Oh, dad!" gasped the kid, his eyes shining. "Would I!"

"I can arrange it," Dave continued. "They start for Whitney some time next week. You'll be a sort of working guest, if you decide to go along. Perry may use you as distant atmosphere. At any rate, you will be welcome, and you won't be in the way. You will also be earning money, which will be a sort of novelty in this family."

"Thanks, dad," the boy said, wringing his father's hand. "You're wonderful to me. I would love to have a father who understands a fellow."

"It is," agreed Dave, looking out at a Jap chasing devil-grass.

Sam Perry and I received the official news of our new recruit through the regular office channels, and Sam was mildly surprised. We were requested to add the name of Mr. Gilbert Nordahl to our cast, and to take the young man up to Whitney, with the rest of the troop.

"Now what?" Sam wondered, reading over the pink instruction slip and wrinkling his nose, which is his habit when puzzled. "Here's Dave Nordahl's boy. How come?"

"Darn it can explain it," I returned. "All I know is the kid is a bit daffy over our Sarah; and his old gent doesn't like our (Continued on page 94)

They Fight Film—They who have pretty teeth

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Why teeth are cloudy

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Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

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Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

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In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects. Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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Sani-Flush Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Sarah; and his old gent has arranged for Gilbert, to go along with undred Sarah.

“What is the answer to such a conundrum?”

“That old walrus never does anything, unless he has a reason, but whatever his reason is, it’s over my head. Is Sarah thinking of marrying into Dave’s family?”

“Dunno. We will probably learn many new facts before this location trip is over. That old railroad-builder doesn’t want his boy tangling himself up with nor angel, unless he wants to see a face lady, and yet he’s sending him up to a mountain town with her, where we will all be so close together for five weeks that you can’t find a day when anything may happen. Probably she’ll marry him and they’ll leave us flat.”

“So I’m a lifeless corpse,” grumbled Sam. “We’re making a so-called motion picture—not running at all, but having a good look at the people, and understand better.

The solitary street is neither interesting nor picturesque. A railroad cuts up a hill and trickles through town as though thoroughly ashamed of itself. Houses are unpainted and dismal and the occupants are more dismal than the houses. The entire population has the air of having once been drowned in a flood and durn up again. There is nothing to do, nothing to talk about, and nowhere to go. The town dog has held spots all over him, and spent his time tipping over ash cans or examining defunct shoes.

Every half-day, a train shows up and slinks through the village, pausing when forced to, and acting generally like a train that came from a good family and has now gone wrong. Nobody ever comes into Whitney except unfortunate drummers and movie companies hunting for scenes. None of the natives ever go away. No one ever seems to buy anything in the few stores, in which we can find water-eyed female clerks wearing their husband’s clothing.

WHEN the ‘Frisco newspapers arrive in town they are too old to be interesting. Nobody ever heard of a child being born, and need never, even of a switchman who stepped in front of a wandering locomotive. The only genuine human being in Whitney is Gene Barnes, who owns and runs the only one. He is the only friend of all the movie folks. Year in and year out, there is some sad-eyed group of film fleas at Gene’s hotel, playing stud poker and waiting for the director to tell them they can go home.

We arrived, bag and baggage, in this delightful village, forty of us, on a cold, cruel morning, and of course Sarah Bradley didn’t see us. She was along somewhere in the hotel, keeping the kitchen room. There were four other ladies, all unimportant, and thirty-five males, including Dave Nordahl’s love-smitten son, in a nasty pair of riding breeches and army puttees.

The outfit had been ordered to report at the Barnes hotel, and the two Pullmans that carried us up the mountain were switched off the through train and laid up on a siding at four in the morning. A con-"
Behind the Curtain

(Continued)

that time, I began to notice that our actors preferred to eat, either together or alone. If anyone spoke to him, he barked in return. Too much Whitney. I've seen it before.

Meantime, it was painfully obvious that Mr. Nordahl was plain daft about our leading lady, but that meant nothing. Almost every movie troop that starts on location has a leading lady, and some jive is sure to be done to her, so there is no novelty in it for the hired hands.

Life in a place like Whitney is a terrible catastrophe under any circumstances, but when your feet are unsteady also, the problem of restraining thirty adults from killing each other becomes a man's job. And it did rain. We couldn't shoot any drama, so we sat around Gene's stove and shot craps. I lost two weeks' pay whilst merely walking through the room. While we all suffered from being too close together, the one who suffered most was Sarah B. Aiken, the bird of paradise.

She moaned around gloomily from day to day, calling upon Heaven to witness that she couldn't stand it any longer. She dined at Nell's followed her like a tame rabbit, trying to cheer her up, although not feeling any too gay himself. I suppose he must have whispered those sweet nothings that could not be heard in the gale, and anybody who could stand around in that soggy town, and look at that soggy scenery, and whisper sweet nothings, is a true hero.

The curtain came. Everyone left. The lamp went out, and the temperature began to drop. The Nap came off her amiability, and gradually everyone stopped saying, "Good morning, Miss Aiken." She snapped at the oldest actor in the world, who was with us to play the grandfather. She told him icily that if he didn't have enough manners to quit smoking a pipe in the halls, she'd have him fired. She had asked the first camera man of deliberately trying to ruin her with poor photography. She shrieked at the company fiddler, and she coldly asked Sam Perry who had she been talking to. It got better and better all the time.

One evening, she refused to act at all. She sat down on a soap box and dared any and all to pull her up. It was a cold, raw evening, and the rest of the company was dressed lightly. They stood still for two mortal hours and shivered through the wretched play. Sarah indulged herself in temper. She finally threatened to kill her with an ax, whereupon she burst into tears and fled to the hotel. Young Gilbert started to defend Sarah from persecution, but strong hands held him back, and it was a good thing, for Sam was in no mood to explain anything.

Our leading lady reached the hotel, still full of temperament, went to her room and finished off a quart of moonshine. When next seen, she was coming down stairs to dinner, under the impression that she was the wild daughter of a desert sheik, and that it was her night to receive guests.

She stood in the center of the dining room rug and announced that she hated everybody in sight and wished we were all dead and buried in quicklime. Mr. Nordahl sat in a corner looking extensively stunned. He stared at Sarah during her invocation to the gods, and it seemed to me he was a bit pale. She finished her usual and his Pasadena tan was gone. Before she finished, our beautiful star picked a fight with a waitress whom she disliked and a female battle was staged, with hair coming down and assorted.

(Concluded on page 96)

$1,000 Prize to Palmer Student

Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Fla., a student of the Palmer College, was recently awarded a prize of $10,000 for her scenario "Broken Chains," entered in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest. It was the second scenario Miss Kimball, an amateur, had ever written. Eight other Palmer students won prizes ranging from $500 to $1,000. The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 scenarios were entered from all over the United States.

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The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of imagination (including newspaper and magazine writers), who possess natural creative ability and the feel of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing. If you are bright, adequate trained, and are selling stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women hereunto unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them, in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stir the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating a the forces of imagination and imagination that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of inestimable value for authors and for those who write for the printed page; and for men and women whosoever for whose work is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

To discover men and women of natural aptitude is the object of this advertisement; to test them in their own homes is the purpose of the Van Loan questionnaire which the coupon below will bring to you free and without cost. In all and without cost. In all and without cost. In all and without cost.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

It is a searching analysis of the creative processes of the mind.

It will determine for you the question whether or not you are warranted in attempting to write for the screen. The questionnaire is and does exactly what its designers (H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm Maclean, formerly of Northwestern University faculty) claim for it. You shall have the Van Loan questionaire free by merely clipping the coupon.

What will it mean to you?

Give an evening to thoughtful application of your Van Loan questionnaire. It will prove to be the most important step you have ever taken. If the test reveals in you a latent talent to warrant training, you will be given, without cost, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan and interesting facts concerning the motion picture industry and its present needs. It will then be for you to decide whether you want to enter this profitable and most fascinating of professions. If the test shows you lack of qualifications, you will be frankly and confidentially advised.

Clip the Coupon and Try

It will cost you nothing to investigate yourself. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation invites you to give an evening to this interesting questionnaire. For your convenience the coupon is printed below. Clip it now before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P.6
121 West 41th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire, the Van Loan Questionnaire, and a free copy of "The Palmer Plan," explaining how I can receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME

ADDRESS

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
YOU undoubtedly have read this wonderful story which ran through the Cosmopolitan magazine. Whether you have or not you will want to see it. R. A. Walsh, the producer, and Miriam Cooper, who plays the part of Nan, of the sawdust pile, are both independent artists who need no introduction to the motion picture public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., which releases the pictures of independent artists, is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts these pictures for exhibition purposes strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

Behind the Curtain

(Concluded from page 95)

screams. They dragged Sarah off and removed her from the scene.

One hour later, I emerged from my room, carrying a hand-bag, and ready to start for L. A. We had run into trouble with the production department and we were exchanging bitter telegrams.

As I walked down the hall, feeling glad to escape from Whitney for even a few days, I paused. Sarah was going on again. She was in her room, this time, but the transom was open and you could hear her in the hall. You could likewise, unless totally deaf, hear her in Halifax. Gil Nordahl, coming up the steps, lingered at the sound of that sweet, familiar voice.

"Him," Sarah was saying to some silent listener, "I can marry him any time I want to, but do I want to? His father has all the money in Pasadena, but what I want to know, is it worth it? This movie business is a rotten game. Why marry Gil? As it is, I can just keep from shrieking, and he's not even married to me. I don't know whether it's worth it, or not."

There was more to the speech and Gilbert heard it all, as I did.

"That ought to wind him up," I said to myself, as the kid slowly turned and started downstairs. He walked over to Sam Perry.

"I'm going to quit, Mr. Perry," he said.

"Quit!" said Sam, looking up.

"If you please, I'd like to pack and get out—there's a train tonight."

"What's up?" Sam demanded.

"Nothing; only I've had about enough of Whitney. I want to get back to Pasadena."

"And I don't blame you," Sam grinned.

I stood in the doorway, thinking admiring thoughts about Dave Nordahl.

"I'll take you with me," I said finally to the kid, feeling sorry for him. The corners of his mouth were down, but the old Nordahl chin was still there.

He telegraphed his father immediately, and we caught the night train for Frisco.

When we walked out of the Barnes Hotel, Sarah was still in her room, singing in a loud voice, and unaware that a fortune was stepping out of her young life. And all the way down to L. A. the kid said never a word—that is, not a word about women or actresses or love. He looked out of the window and I felt that whatever was going on in his mind was doing him good.

When the express pulled into L. A. station the next morning, old Dave Nordahl was waiting in the family carry-all and he was not alone. A nice-looking girl sat beside him, and her face lighted up as we came into view. The old boy blew himself to a cheerful grin when he saw me coming with his boy, and I was introduced to Helen Marsh, though I must admit nobody paid any great attention to me. I never saw Helen before, but I knew immediately that she was regular people.

The boy climbed in without any ceremony, except a brief handshake with his father. Helen kissed him a warm, friendly kiss and patted his shoulder as though she was glad to have him near her, and she was. Dave slipped out of the limousine and came over to me for a brief, whispered conference.

"Well, Bill," he said hoarsely, "Do I know anything about women, or not?"

"You do. Your kid's cured—plenty."

"Was she poison?"

I nodded. "And then some."

He said, "I'd rather have her blemishes than a great deal.""
“Smilin’ Through”

At the Woods theater there is a play presenting life as a stupid and dirty joke. At the Chicago theater, a block east, is a movie presenting life as a spiritual romance. In about a block the theater goes from the mud to the skies. To what we have come is the bath house production at Woods we add the suggestion that people who have wasted several hours there go to the Chicago and clean up.

“Smilin’ Through” was here with Jane Cowl last year. Norma Talmadge does it for the movies with the advantages of the movies. On the screen the influence of the spiritualized love story can go into every town in the country. Ten thousand people can see Miss Talmadge where one could see Miss Cowl.

This is a tremendous increase in influence and a reason for commending the exercise of a good influence. The drama itself is one which forces the belief in the sublimation of human emotions, purposes, and character. It insists to many people who have lost some of their belief in the possibility of romantic good that human life can be developed into forms which are beautiful, clean, and spiritual. It says that men and women may have ideals which are not lost in contact with realities, that they may be well bred, tenderous in their love, true in their lives, and clean in their thoughts and their emotions.—Chicago Tribune.

“Soap-and-water” clean—of course!—but still are you above reproach?

One great toilet fact

that two million women now recognize—that cleanliness does not always mean daintiness

By Ruth Miller

BRILLIANT novelist who writes much about women was asked what he considered a woman’s greatest attraction.

He replied promptly: “It isn’t beauty, it isn’t brains, it isn’t charm of manner, I believe it is a woman’s instinct for daintiness as expressed in all the little niceties of her person and her dress.”

Almost as strong as a woman’s instinct for cleanliness is her love of personal daintiness. What many women do not yet understand is that while personal daintiness may begin with cleanliness, it does not end there.

Soap and water alone cannot insure daintiness.

The great enemy of personal daintiness is underarm perspiration odor and moisture. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult. Soap and water are powerless to counteract this condition. To be immaculately clean in clothing and in person is not enough.

This condition calls for special measures. The underarm must be given the same regular care that is given to the teeth and skin. You can’t afford to compromise by hurried use of a preventive that may be effective for only a few hours.

Two million women and thousands of men accept the underarm toilette.

Through Odorono, a new standard of daintiness has been set up. It prevents moisture as well as odor, performing both requirements perfectly.

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THE UNDER ARM TOILETTE

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Misguided Scenarios

SCENARIO I

The Adorable Cheesemonger, or the Last of the Limburgers

A Strong Tale in Twelve Scammers and a Squeak

(Not: Due to the American sense of square play, this picture was not released until after the late war. If it had been released during the war, the enemy would have had to give in without a struggle. It's that strong.)

Featuring Miss Pretty Mean, the most sinuous, sensuous and shocking star on the screen today—where will she be tomorrow?

Reel I, Scene I: Miss Pretty Mean close-up. Her eyes are undulating and her luscious lips are lipping: "Hold up your hands!"

Scenes 2 to 10 (inclusive): Same as Scene I.

Scene II, Dinner table. The guests throw down their salad forks and up their hands. They thought Miss Mean was just a pretty little deb, but they learn to their sorrow she is more, much more, than that.

Title (Pretty): "One of you is—I mean, a valuable piece of cheese. It is the last of the old Limburger line. It is somewhere in this room; something tells me it is."

Pretty with her revolver in one hand—it is a pearl-handled revolver—searches the guests with the other. Soon she says: "It is concealed somewhere and I must find it!"

Scene—we've lost track of the scenes. Anyway, a large man coughs, drops his handkerchief, and stoops to pick it up. He is a spy. Not a German spy or a Japanese spy; just a spy Pretty's sharp little ears—close-up of each of her ears—catches a whispered word from the spy: "Limburger—cheese it!"

Title (Pretty): "You big cheese!" (This is the last time this pun will be used.) Stopping only long enough to fire six shots into him, Pretty dashes out. Calling her pet bloodhound she whispers in his ear, and together they set out on the trail.

MEANWHILE the cheese has found its way about; and doubtless motivated by hope of revenge upon some poor mouse which, when cheese was plentiful, had nibbled a chunk of our Limburger, makes his way to a garret, where a Struggling Author is sitting upon areaking cot, his long slim head bowed in his long slim hands; and a long slim envelope twisted in his slim long fingers—you know. His manuscript was weak anyway, and continual travel has worn it out. It is returned for the 150th time—actual count.

"Ah!" he says—even as Vvladimirok Vvkashovitch murmured, in the last Russian novel we read, just after he had murdered his father, mother, aged grandmother, and baby sister, and had lighted the bomb which was to blow the county court-room to atoms—"Ah! our hero murmurs—twice.

Just then the Limburger toddles in. The Struggling Author rushes to the window and opens it wide. "Ah!" he says—he just loves to say ah—"the sun is up; it is too late to sleep. The Bovary, like a long silver ribbon of silver, is spread out on my feet. The sweet smell of smoke from many chimneys—I mean chimney—comes to me."

Back to Pretty and her bloodhound, still on the trail. Pretty has been through a lot and her cloak has been torn from her; she looks now, like the lingerie advertisements in the back of our best magazines. But she keeps right on, finally arriving at the garret, where the S. A. has succumbed to the Limburger—it is a losing fight. But just the same our red apple is on the S. A.; he's the only S. A. in the plot; he must win. The landlord has broken in and is searching the young man's belongings, i. e., his portfolio. He comes upon the manuscript, just as Pretty arrives. Miss Mean wrenches the story from the landlord, pays his bill out of her own—er—pocket, and sends her bloodhound home. She has found the Limburger—and love.

Title: "Jack," his name is Jack, just to be different—"I knew I'd find you. I have always kept the Valentine you sent me—the comic one."

HE takes her in his arms. His face is white, but not with emotion. He buries his head in her chest.

Title (she) "Ughukuub," her head buried in his neck-tie "I wish you would wear solid-dye ties. I wanted the Limburger—I had it. To complete my collection of war curios. I have one hundred helmets, sixteen shells, the Kaiser's mustache fixer, the Crown Prince's lip-stick—so I had a have the Imperial Limburger—last one made up, my mind to stop at nothing. I have killed many men and I am going to marry you. But now that I have the Limburger—let's open the door."

"The window is open, my dear," Pretty Mean goes to the window and throws the Limburger out. Now that I have it, I don't want it. That's life."

"You remember I left you because of your passion for collecting things that you didn't want after you got them," he says sadly. (Illustrated color title of Pandora opening box.)

"Jack, I know. But life has taught me different. The only things I want to collect now are you. She whispers in his ear."

"My darling!" he murmurs.

Title: "And so the sun sets" (close-up of sun setting) the lovers prepare to catch the Hudson tube which will carry them to a little cottage in New Jersey, where they will, God willing, raise chickens, and live happy ever after.

REVAMPED BY THE LOCAL BOARD OF CENSORS.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MOTHERS' CLUBS OF FIFTY CITIES.

EXHIBITORS' REPORTS: "Reserve a date for it and clean up on that day. You might even arrange to redecorate your house the day you play it."
“In Every Man and Every Woman There Is Some Great Moving Picture Scenario”

THIS is the astonishing statement made by the world’s greatest motion picture producer, D.W. Griffith, the man who made "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "In-tolerance," Is his surprising statement true, or is it the same old story of "some great moving picture" in the life of every man and every woman—"in YOUR life?"

"Every man or woman has, seen, or has lived part of a great story," says Mr. Griffith. "There is material for stories and photoplays in the life of the dallest person you meet on the street today. Your neighbors are living stories that, if properly handled, would make history, and, with a proper amount of inspiration, would touch and thrill the world.

Why don’t YOU get the story, make the story, and tell it? Don’t say you can’t, because you are not trained. Thousands of people, who thought they couldn’t write, never wrote a book in their lifetime, and now make big money in their spare time, living conditions, indeed, the envy and admiration of all their friends.

"Maybe you can write stories and photoplays; you can, for you have a talent only waiting to be developed and brought out. At any rate, you have a story within you. It may be true just as it is, or new and hidden knowledge. I have the impression that you have found it, and you can make it the story of your life."

"The most important thing is to have the story you are about to tell the world."

We have just published a new book for you that amazes every reader—and the most amazing thing of all is—it’s FREE! This new book, now being distributed by the thousand, is not to glide into the world of the lives of aspirant who want to become writers, but to give those who want to make money in their spare time. Within its covers are surprises and double meanings. There are writers’ stories on the cover, and the book has been called "The Wonder Book for Writers." It tells how to write successfully. The book is written by writers and for writers, and it is designed to bring more writers into the world of writing. It gives you a new power, a new way of expression for those who are already writers. It gives you a new and unusual way to prepare for those who aspire to make money as a writer. It is a book that will help you to express your ideas and fears, and to bring your vision to life.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 30)

sixty-five dollars to finish it and I could use twenty-five right away.”

Spoor swallowed deeply.

“Well, then, that can be arranged.” He spoke with all of the reserved cordiality of J. P. Morgan buying a railroad or John D. Rockefeller giving away a souvenier dime. “Here is the twenty-five,” Spoor continued, counting over the bills carefully, counting them off face side up like a man who has respect for money. “And you can draw on me for the rest, the other forty along as it is needed.”

That was the way that George K. Spoor entered the film business on a basic investment of sixty-five dollars. That was in 1895.

All the way back to Chicago that night he wondered how many kinds of a fool he had been to take a flyer in a motion picture machine.

The year 1922 finds him enjoying a fortune, of something between seven and ten millions. The earning and winning of that, comfortable competency is a story thread that will appear in many chapters of this narrative.

To neither Armat nor Selig came any word of the new invention wonderland that blossomed in the experimental laboratories in the East or in Europe, or of each other. Locked doors and heavy silence was a general policy, adopted no doubt from the example of mysterious “Room Five” at the Edison plant in New Jersey where the kinetoscope was born. All of them were planning to break out on a surprised world with the motions pictures. But the Latham brothers of Woodville, New York, had hoped to do with the showing in New York that netted him a newspaper controversy with Edison.

But with a further burst of activity and the prevailing popularity of the Oliver, over 50,000 have been sold. Many the coupon now comes with our other machines. This is conclusive. The company is a great surprise.

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Perfume 30c each. Toilet water, 4oz. 50c. Talcum, 50c. At druggists or dept. stores. Send 25c (silver postage) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of

Rieger's FLOWER DROPS

(Continued on page 101)
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued)

It is without a parallel in all the world of amusements. It begins in the ominous latter days of the reign of Louis XVI of France, and pertains to the king's whims.

In those distant times one Christopher Curtius was a surgeon of note in Berne, Switzerland. As an aid to his study of human anatomy he modelled the figure and presently discovered a gift for doing so, by way of diversion. Prince de Conti, a cousin of the King of France, in his travels came upon the surgeon and urged him to remove to Paris to there abandon surgery for art. With prospect of royal patronage Curtius went, taking into his studio a niece, Marie Grosholz, a deaf and brilliant sculptress. The royal favour came and with it the attention of many celebrities, among them Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, the Duc d'Orleans, and Marie Antoinette. Marie Grosholz was presently summoned to Versailles to be the companion of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis. The Swiss girl became in effect a member of the household.

She modelled all the royal family in wax.

Had there been a motion picture in that day the royal camera man would have been exceedingly busy with the vanities of Versailles. Sculpture in wax was the answer to the living picture demand of the day. It was the nearest possible approach to the recreation of events in terms of realism. The wax work was the motion picture trying to be born.

Then came the Revolution and the Reign of Terror.

The revolutionists wanted a record of their work for the national museum. Models in wax were to be their news reels.

Marie Grosholz was forced into the dreadful task of modelling the guillotined heads of her friends. The tumbrils from the scaffold rumbled up to her door, bringing her the heads of Marie Antoinette, Louis, Danton, and Robespierre. This was all that remained.

In 1795 the sculptress was married to Francois Tussaud and soon afterward removed to London, taking along the strange collection. There she opened the famous institution known as "Madame Tussaud's." She presided over the museum until she was ninety. The remarkable and long continued success of the gallery in London led to the establishment of a similar one in New York under the name of the Eden Museum. Holloman, who had come to the United States from England to be a publisher, stepped into command at the Museum, making it a strangely interesting center of sensational displays and educational shows. With the coming of the kinetoscope type of motion picture peep show the Eden Museum was the first amusement establishment in America to adopt the new art of the films.

Holloman had invented what was declared to be an improvement on the Edison kinetoscope, manufactured by the celebrated electrical firm of Siemens & Halske in Germany. The kinetoscope was abandoned soon after the world's supply of kinetoscope film subjects had been exhausted and no more changes of program could be had. So it came that the Latham's showing of "living pictures of the great prize fight," as announced by the barker at the door in Park Row promised opportunity to Holloman. The pictures that could make events live over again, life size on a screen, would, he felt, one day supplant the modelled groups of wax figures that told the stories of coronations, assassinations and executions.

The greatest danger in your meals today

The body has two constant needs which must be met by your daily diet—the need to build up body tissues and help eliminate waste matter.

A great nutrition expert says we are in danger because we eat so many artificial foods—things which are convenient under modern conditions but which have been robbed of valuable properties in manufacture. Many even of our natural foods are incomplete and do not give us the food factors we need.

One familiar food, however, stands out above all the others as the richest known source of the B vitamin—yeast. Just the everyday cake of Fleischmann's Yeast you buy from the grocer.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective food

Prone man easily secured the necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables, but modern diets often lack these vital elements.

intestinal inactivity—even chronic cases. Take advantage of their experiences and free yourself from this widespread complaint.

Doctors and professors of medicine recommend fresh yeast as an intestinal antiseptic, an aid to complete and regular elimination.

For the vast numbers of people who suffer with indigestion Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective. It is so digestible itself that it places no strain upon the weakened system. It helps the flow of bile and pancreatic juice, and makes it possible for you to get more nourishment from the other foods you eat.

Almost everybody grows to like the distinctive flavor just as they grew to like olives and oysters. Many prefer the taste of the plain cake, nibbling it a little at a time. Others like to dissolve it in boiling water, cold water, milk, fruit juices, coffee or cocoa. Still others like it spread on bread or crackers. It is very popular in malted milk drinks.

Get your 2 or 3 cakes today. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann company in your nearest city—they will supply you.


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19 West 57th St. ADÉLÉ MILLAR CO. 145 Stockton Street

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 101)

and the like at the Eden Museum. So he entered the world's first public motion picture show called "The Pictures of Life and the Days Gone By." Latham and Bartholdi made a deal that Latham would show pictures, and Bartholdi would keep a complete set of the negatives to which he could add captions and a score of music.

The flickering figures of the fighters were disappointing, but the idea was there and the realization only a short distance away. Hollman sought out Woodville Fuller who had removed from the Bartholdi hotel to a most modest boarding house in the theatrical district above Twenty-third street. Major Latham occupied a clintonian box with financial needs. He suggested that Hollman might join in developing and perfecting the cinescope.

But Hollman declined. In the faded eyes of the hopeful old professor of chemistry he could find no gleam of the thing that spells commercial success. "But the Eden Museum will install the first perfected cinescope for throwing pictures on a screen and I wish you much success," Hollman offered by way of polite encouragement. He went his way, to await a better projector.

Despite the apathy of New York Latham's Lambda company went on with its project, making machines and pictures.

LeRoy Latham, a nephew, then about twenty years old, found himself in New York with nothing to do except to study the closing down of a lithographic plant in which he had been employed. An idea came to the lad that his Uncle Woodville's living pictures might contain an opportunity. He applied to his uncle for the rights to the cinescope for Chicago.

The price for that territory was ten thousand dollars, the uncle gravely observed. They compromised on Virginian, their native state, at three thousand, half in cash and the remainder in installments from the earnings. This was the first state's right sale in the film industry of day outside Indiana.

The machines, the first set of cinescopes, were to be ready for the customers late in June.

LeRoy Latham decided to open his show in Norfolk. Accompanied by a friend and associate from the lithographic studio, Henry C. Lindeman, he went to Norfolk and rented the Latham's Virginia Theater, a white screen and a hundred and fifty chairs rented from an undertaker, to await the coming of the machine and films from New York.

With Otway Latham as director producer the Lambda company engaged in the first motion picture making for the screen.

The Edison machines were not available for the Latham machine, for a variety of reasons. In the first place Edison would have violently objected and in the second place the Latham machine required a considerably larger picture, approximately twice the Edison standard in dimensions.

Just at this juncture the Latham picture interests encountered internal disarrangement that was soon to prove serious in its effect, and which by swift development was soon to affect vitally the whole subsequent history of the motion picture. W. K. L. Dickson, who since his departure from the Edison service in April, had maintained a dallying relation with the Lathams and decided, in his own interests, to break with them, and go out on his own to develop a competing system. Dickson had arrived at the notion that there was no important commercial future to the Latham machine, and had abandoned it, and the twenty-thousand dollars' worth of stock that had been put in a sort of escrow in the hands of his friend Edmund Conger Brown.

In after years on the witness stand in a famous picture litigation Dickson testified that his action grew out of his disapproval of the commercial conduct of Mr. Latham. He held that they were a trifle fast. There is indication Dickson never did like Broadway, and he has been living back in England these twenty-odd years.

But Otway Latham went blithely ahead with his production schedule. When in June the machines and the apparatus were ready for delivery he had completed pictures for an exhibition that would last an entire twenty minutes on the screen. There were five "motion" subjects; the Griffith-Barnett fight, the Nichols-Thomas-Koster & Bial's in their daring introduction of the "split dance," Duncan C. Ross and Ernest Roeper in a wrestling match, a picturization of a new song hit "The Side-walks of New York," showing street gamin dancing to a hurdy-gurdy's plaintive refrain, and a scenic bit entitled "The Waves," a picture of the surf at Atlantic City.

The "studio" for these productions was the sunlit root of Madison Square Garden. They were made with no equipment and the director did not carry a megaphone.

Each picture consisted of one continuous scene. There was no semblance of scenario or plot. The principals went into action and came back. Nothing was done until the film ran out. The subjects were from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet long.

The first three sales of state's rights included Virginia, Michigan and Illinois. The Latham shows opened in Boston, Chicago and Norfolk within a few weeks of each other.

LeRoy Latham, the young lithographer, was something of an artist, but nothing of a showman. He experimented with his machine in the improvised theater at Norfolk and decided that coming from the brilliant stage and screen with the bright black darkness of the interior might discomfort his patrons. In order to overcome this effect he installed electric lights dipped in a purple paint. These gave a subdued and eerie glow to the interior. That was the rudimentary beginning of lighting effect in the motion picture theater.

Not long after the opening of the Latham show in Norfolk Latham forgot about advertising his opening. The day before the first showing he was standing in front of his theater when a tattered negro woman attached to the picture house came to the management. Henry did handsomely on fifty cents a day, piecing it out, it was discovered later, by the use of the theater in any capacity and gave respectful attention to what seemed to be going on. At last, cap in hand, he approached deferentially.

"Best kin I take around 'd handbills?"

"Black boy, I think you may have an idea," Latham responded. "Come with me to the printing office."

TO Henry Southall, colored, became the motion picture's first advertising man. Henry therewith attached himself to LeRoy Latham and became the doorman, usher, janitor, bookkeeper, printer, electrician and valet to the management. Henry did handsomely on fifty cents a day, piecing it out, it was discovered later, by the use of the theater in any capacity and gave respectful attention to what seemed to be going on. At last, cap in hand, he approached deferentially.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued)

Latham came through with a regular Yankee idea. He advertised admission free, contributions of 25 cents each received from all satisfied patrons.

Delegations, skeptical about living pictures, called on the management for permission to stand behind the screen. They wanted to see there was no deceit. There was a strong suspicion that living actors were in some way casting their shadows through the canvas backs.

UP in New York, meanwhile, Woodville Latham and his sons were having some difficulty with the finances of the Lambda company. Because of the success of his showing LeRoy Latham had been remitting instalments in payment for his Virginia territorial franchise with great enthusiasm. Soon came daily wires from Otway.

"Can we draw on you for a hundred."

At last the Norfolk show had to move because there were no new pictures to show.

A month of the Nicholas Sisters and the surf at Atlantic City was all that Norfolk would pay for. Newport News was the next stop.

At Newport News a wandering adventurer, one Jack McConaughey, a boyhood acquaintance of LeRoy Latham, strolled in and offered his services as an extra.

"What you fellows want is a regular big top showman—that's me. I'm a circus clown, but I got so the outfit got jealous—now I'm resting."

McConaughey joined out. He suggested stretching the show by inserting an act. He proposed to pose as "living statuary."

Tights were ordered by wire from New York and an announcement was put in the newspapers. The tickets did not arrive for the opening night. There was acute distress. In the last hour McConaughey got an inspiration.

"Send for some lampblack—I'll black up and pose as ebony statuary. That's a novelty—ought to be a hit."

And so it proved. The audience in the Newport News Opera House was thrilled. Henry Southall, master of effects, in the wings was peevish about it. Ebony statuary was treated with McConaughey's closing number was entitled "The Fall of Man."

"He sat immobile in the spotlight, holding aloft a gilded apple in a jet fingered hand."

"The Fall of Man" rang out the voice of the announcer. As the spotlight flashed on the posing artist, Henry kicked over the thunder machine and spilled the crash box back stage. The din shook the opera house.

It sounded like the fall of the universe.

The audience got its breath and broke into a roar of applause.

Out a rear exit went Henry, with the ebony statuary in hot pursuit.

The run in Newport News was brief. The living plopped to Richmond.

LeRoy Latham's home town, where he had relatives and family traditions and all that. By way of promotion it was only proper to give the young exhibitor that it might be well to try a special premiere presentation for the young daughters of the South in attendance at Richmond's most exclusive female seminary. In their dimities and muslins and muslin caps, accompanied by their prim preceptors, the girls of the school marched en masse to the Richmond Opera House. The picture of the wave at Atlantic City went over to a rippling round of applause. "The Sidewalks of New York" went over nicely. But the Nicholas Sisters and their split wing.

"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!

Discovery of a Skin Physic Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

SIXTY women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores). People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter, not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist post haste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unceasing aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax: it makes powdering perfectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts laxation. Put it on face and neck— in a short hour wipe off—and behold a skin and complexion transformed. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a blackhead, pimples, or other uncanny accumulations. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredients is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the labeled. The laboratory fee is only $2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send $2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman just $2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if not satisfied. (70)

(Write your name very plainly on this line.)

(Duplicate mail address here or in margin)

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disease did not seem to be so good. The temperature went off rapidly. The Richmond engagement was not an entire success. LeRoy-Larkin's touch and lithography, putting the eidoloscope machine into a warehouse where it was to repose for twenty-six years, until unearthed for the making of the picture which appeared among the illustrations of the second chapter of this history.

Henry Southall's advertising job in the films was gone. He retired from the theatrical world to devote himself to golf—African golf. When twenty years later Henry began to see stories in the papers about the riches of the motion pictures he was sure his one successful venture would be one of those New York film millionaires.

Henry stowed away on a boat and came to New York, expecting to find his old boss and enter a banking service in some gilded mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Henry became a pathetic figure, ragged and wistful, going from theater to theater in New York. "Please, boss, does you know Mistah Latham?"

Winter came on and the quest wore Henry to extreme penury. It was hopeless. Box offices closed and men laughed at the somber-faced darkly and told him to "beat it." Henry went home.

But the faithful shall be rewarded.

One day in the busy year of 1920 LeRoy Latham, sitting in Bryant Park, had a flash back of memory to his motion picture days, and Henry. He called a secretary.

"Letter to Henry Southall—don't know the address, just make it Henry Southall, colored, Norfolk, Virginia. Maybe the post-office will find him."

Four days later Henry came bowing and smiling into the offices of the Latham Lithograph Company. He has been employed there ever since.

"If the gods would a stayed in this film business we'd be millionaires right now," says Henry. "But I'm satisfied."

At Christmas time Henry goes out "to de big house" of the Lathams at Plandome, Long Island, to share in the holiday largess, as in the golden days in the Old South.

Shortly after LeRoy Latham started the exploitation of the eidoloscope in Virginia a showing opened in Boston, with indifferent success, and in Chicago at the Olympic Theater, equipped with Edison films, took up its own projection machine in Peck Court, was in the first audience, September 1895. He got a sample of the film used in the Latham machine, about three feet of the Duncan Ross-Ernest Roerber wrestling match. This is still among Mr. Selig's treasured archives and is probably the only existing film in existence.

In Washington Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins had completed their first successful machines for the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta. They made three projectors, an increasing business after the first showing. They had heard nothing informative of the Latham showings.

Shortly after Armat arrived in Atlanta, in September, for the opening of the exhibition and his motion picture concession, he found Grey Latham there with an eidoloscope that had failed the week before at the exposition but at a store down-town.

The Armat-Jenkins motion picture machine, equipped with Edison films, took up its stand in a little shedlike theater next door to the Hagenbeck animal show.

Chief among the items of the program was a film depicting the graces of "Anna-belle the Dancer." It was made at the Edison "Black Maria" in West Orange. This picture, being discussed picture annals, has for many years been erroneously attributed to other sources. Verification may be found in the first Edison film catalogue, included among the exhibits of early day patent suits in the federal courts.

The show at the Cotton States Exposition met a skeptical audience. The first picture that Jenkins turned out to darken the screen for the pictures. A Barker was employed to invite the public to "come in—free—you can pay when you go out if you are satisfied." Everyone paid who entered, but few entered.

The show was just in a fair way to start drawing a large audience when the light was turned out at night from an overturned torch in a nearby cotton exhibit, swept that end of the exposition and severely damaged the picture show. It was closed.

But shortly before the fire Jenkins departed for Washington, taking with him one of the projection machines. He went on to New Canaan, Indiana, where he gave that village its first showing of motion pictures. The Richmond Telegram of Wednesday, October 30, 1895, told with enthusiasm of the showing of the night before, that "very few believed a new invention "has a fortune in it." Previous references to this early day showing setting the date in June of 1894, misleading many people.

Back in Washington, in November, differences arose between Armat and Jenkins. Armat's brothers who had financed the un-successful Atlanta machine had required a settlement. In the settlement of claims and controversies, to conserve their interests they accepted Jenkins' offer to sell his share in the patents at a fraction of their value.

In the settlement of claims and controversies, to conserve their interests they accepted Jenkins' offer to sell his share in the patents at a fraction of their value. The application in question covered the "Boston gear machine" made in August. Jenkins sold his interest for $2,500. A long fight and a great deal more investment was ahead of the Armats before they were to win a profit.

Meanwhile Thomas Armat set to work to improve his machine. A number of new models were made. The image improvements was a method of producing a method of producing a method of producing slack in the film to take up the shocks of the projector.

After proper patent applications had been made Armat again set determinedly at the problem of getting his machine on the market. He wrote to Raff & Gammon, the Edison selling agents who handled the kinetoscope distribution.

A reply came from F. R. Gammon, "We doubt if you have a successful machine to project pictures as the Edison people have tried to make one and have not succeeded."

"Come at my expense and I will show you," Armat wired.

On the eighteenth day of December, 1895, the skeptical Gammon arrived at Armat's office in Washington.

The picture was pulled down and to the rhythmic hum of the heater machine Anna-belle danced on the wall.

When the showing was over Armat had a contract with Gammon to supply projection machines, while the film for them was to come from the Edison establishment.

The usual history of the screen had begun. But there were mighty complications looming just ahead.

(To be continued)
The Dust Flower

(Concluded from page 45)

"Do you know where my wife has gone—or why?"
She stared at him.
"Oh!" she said. "Rash—can't you see it had to end? This mad business was ruining you—"
"So—you did drive her away?"
"If you choose to put it so—I made her see the truth—"
He turned from her, raging. And Steptoe came to him.
"If you follow that man, Mr. Rash—"
"Of course—get a cab—!"

Once more Rashleigh Allerton moved in a haze. But this time he knew what moved him. Gone was the obsession of his false love for Barbara. He knew that only Letty mattered, in all the world. He stormed into Ott's place. Ott, frightened, gave way before Allerton, and pointed to the yard.
"Her father—talking to her—out there—"
It was a red mist of rage that clouded his eyes now. He saw Flack, whip in hand; Letty, dressed as the girls in the vile resort were dressed, lying, moaning at his feet. Then vengeance descended upon Flack. And in the sheer joy of battle Rashleigh Allerton emerged from the mists of self deception and of doubt.
It was in the arms of her lover and her husband that Letty opened her eyes at last—to know that he was carrying her to the home from which she never fly again.

The Dust Flower

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay by Basil King. Directed by Rowland V. Lee, with the following cast:
Letty Gravely... Helene Chadwick
Rashleigh Allerton... James Rennie
Barbara Walbrook... Mona Kingsley
Steptoe... Claude Gillingwater
Flack... Edward Pell
Ott... George Periolat

Paper Film?

LABORATORY and technical departments of the Hollywood studios are much interested in a new invention recently brought to their attention which claims to present a paper film for making motion pictures. The invention is that of two young foreigners and is being investigated by experts with a great deal of attention.
If it proves successful, it will mean much more than a mere novelty.
At present, motion pictures are made on a celluloid film which is very expensive. If a paper print could be turned out at low cost, it would be a great revolutionizing the entire motion picture industry. A paper film could probably be bought for a few dollars, where a celluloid one costs hundreds.
Projection machines, while they are expensive, can be bought for little more than the cost of a phonograph or an electrical piano. So people would soon be able to have motion pictures in their homes, buying the films as they now buy rolls for the player piano or records for the phonograph.

Use HYGLO For A Manicure Supreme

It Costs No More Than Others

Women of wealth and culture show such a decided preference for HYGLO Manicure Preparations of Quality, that some folks think of HYGLO as expensive.
Yet the fact is: HYGLO costs the same as other preparations of inferior merit used by women who do not know HYGLO's excellence.
35¢ buys HYGLO Nail Polish—in powder, cake or in the increasingly popular liquid form. And a 35¢ bottle of HYGLO Cuticle Remover contains twice the quantity you get in other brands. Each preparation has that Super-Quality which distinguishes HYGLO from all others.
HYGLO individual preparations and sets (at 50¢, $1.50, $3.00) are sold at department, drug and specialty stores. If not easily procurable, we'll handle your order by mail. A small sample, with helpful booklet, "For the Hands of a Lady", will be sent upon receipt of 2¢ in stamps.

GRAF BROS., Inc. 1873 Est. 127 West 24th Street, New York

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

If there's any other situation needing attention of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove freckles from any source and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is so gentle that more than an outer one is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

(Continued from page 21)

the city, after a courtship that lasted three days. There was a wedding supper at the bride's home—a bride so marvelously lovely in her simple white dress that the guests were speechless.

And a bride, who, when the rural gaieties were over, clung an instant to her father, kissed her mother, and followed her new husband out into the night, glad in a life newly-awakened way of the beauty she might bring him as a wedding gift.

But the n escit is hung above her beauty trailed books over there.

Three days later it was discovered that the man had a legal wife, who, waiting anxiously at home with her three children for his return, had seen the license in the paper.

Utterly crushed and broken-hearted, the child bride, who was not a bride, hid herself and her shame and grief from the world.

She could not be found.

The man, went home to his wife. He declared he remembered nothing of the marriage, that the girl's beauty had cast a spell over him under which he suffered complete amnesia.

For two days then I helped a frantic father search for his girl. He was an old man. He felt that he should have paid more careful attention to the child more carefully. He blamed himself. And when at last we found her, hidden like some stricken thing in the home of a married woman friend, her dark hair down to her knees, white as sea-foam, he took her into his arms as though she had been six and someone had broken her doll.

A week later, the man she had married was declared by doctors to be suffering from a permanent mental disorder, as the result of a blood clot. His obsession was the face of the Too Beautiful girl. He seemed bewitched by her loveliness. They operated, hoping to remove the clot that caused the pressure.

He died on the operating table.

I was that experience, for she had loved him and she had seen the wife and three babies whom she had so unknowingly wronged, which first stirred the mind behind that beautiful face. The desire of an exceptional nature, of a hunger for life and experience that today is a tremendous artistic force, drove her to seek for the things she hardly knew she had been deprived of—beauty, color, study, people, culture, emotion.

Her family had moved to El Centro, a little town on the desert in Imperial Valley. A raw town then, it was an adventure and adventure without beauty, without anything to offer a nature yearning for new food, a nature beginning to unfold as a rose blooms.

So the girl left home and went to Los Angeles to find work.

But her father was a man and he knew something of the effect of a face like hers upon other men. He was afraid for her, in his timid, his simple, his gentle way, he followed her, begged her to come home. She loved him, too, but she thought of the desert, the loneliness, and she refused to go back.

She had forgotten that she was a woman of age.

Her father went to the juvenile authorities. He asked them to send her home and to force her to return in their own way.

And the kindly, wise old judge looked into that face, with its great sea-green, mist-gray, pansy-purple eyes, its carved scarlet lips, the rich, black hair against the pearl skin—and sent her home.

As soon as she was eighteen she started again to find work.

Like Helen of Troy, her face had launched

tragedy—had spilled disaster. No matter how innocent she had been, the fact remained.

She couldn't find work. Nobody wanted her. They were afraid. Even the movies were superstitious about her. It was all very well to be beautiful—but not too beautiful.

Cabarets were not so fussy. She learned to dance.

Later came vaudeville.

She is now living very quietly in Hollywood with her sister, almost a recluse. She does not attend parties and her friends are literary people.

I WOnder what you and I would do if we still had our lives if we should suddenly be given the gift of perfect beauty. I wonder if we, with great beauty and little else, would have moldered into anything better than some of the other beautiful women who have made shipwreck?

And I wonder if we would have come back as Barbara La Marr has. The abnormal quality of her beauty began to fade. She became wise, with the wisdom of women who have grappled with life barehanded.

She began to write, first very lovely and successful little verse.

Then scenarios.

Under her new name of Barbara La Marr—for that was not her name when she was the Too Beautiful girl—she worked on a number of excellent screen stories. At last she went into the scenario department of a studio.

Always, in the back of her mind, had been the intense desire to act. Much as she liked to write, and she was very clever at it, it was not the thing she wanted most to do, and she made the decision to stop. She was with Fox. Her next with Anita Stewart in 'Harriet and the Piper.' She has made seven pictures altogether, including the 'Maskers' and the forthcoming Ingram production 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' in which she plays Antoinette.

She is now making 'Black Orchids'—a play and a role which would have made her as one of the great young dramatic actresses of the screen. I believe Rex Ingram thinks it will make her the greatest.

For she is, indeed, temperably tempered, though even now most women would love to look as she looks.

But a woman might be the biggest dummest, most creationally un-still she would not live the life that Barbara La Marr lives. She lives without learning and knowing a great deal—a great deal about emotion, about men and women, about life and philosophy and human nature.

About suffering. About elemental emotions. About joy. I don't know how you will feel about this last bit.

But I, for one, am willing to stand uncovered before it.

Because I still uncover before suffering the outward expressions of life force. I stand upon the innocent, the scheme of drama that sends us things before we are ready for them.

We do not waste the salt and fall and wreckage shrewish physical beauty often makes— the map of empires it shifts.

But I am willing to salute the unconquerable soul of a girl who can bear the weight of life and with her bare hands climb back up the cliff over which life has thrown her.

If women have progressed, if we have gained that tremendous sense of justice which is the essential element of life and for the world, as women, we ought to be very
The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

(Concluded)

proud of Barbara La Marr and the thing she has made of herself.

Not a success. That can be achieved in too many ways.

But a great actress—for we cannot dispute the word of men like Rex Ingram and Fred Niblo.

Barbara La Marr owes nothing to anyone but herself.

She had neither the training nor the character to use her beauty to advantage when it was at its height.

She came through tragedy—humiliation—fire.

When her beauty lost its stupendousness, when her chance came to avoid the limelight and the drama, she did it.

Some of the ships she launched were shipwrecked. But those she cared to save, she has saved.

It is one of the oldest theories in the world that knowledge of life makes great acting—really great acting. From the heart that has suffered every woe in the world, that has mounted every peak of joy. From the mind that has tasted every sort of loneliness and hurt and betrayal and anguish, that has whirled before the scarlet and joy of perfect bliss. From that heart comes acting such as Duse and Bernhardt and Rachel and Siddons gave the world.

Laughter that has tinkled in the face of petting stones. Tears that have flowed before the quicksilver of joy. These things, say many great authorities, ripen into art and acting that are beyond the mummer and the technician.

There are not many girls among our screen stars who have these things. Oddly enough, most of them began so young, most of them have known very little of real life.

Most of them understand merely the technique of it.

They have never felt the things they have to portray.

But Barbara La Marr is different.

She starts with a very different training.

It will be interesting to see what she does.

If she proves the theory to be right.

If she goes beyond the mark set by the others who have not known life face to face as she has.

And, do you know, I rather think she will.

Wisdom From the Poets

The poems help out amazingly at times.

It is in times of greatest puzzlement when what to do seems almost unanswerable, that this splendid bit of verse from Charles Kingsley comes as first aid:

Do the thing that’s nearest, Though it’s rough at whites. Helping when you meet them, Lame dogs over stiles.

Here is another, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

So many gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind, Is all this sad world needs.

There is guidance enough here for a lifetime.—Ohio State Journal.

Famous Betty Blythe, lovely “Queen of Sheba,” likes Neet best of all to keep underarm silken-smooth and skin daintily free of hairgrowth. Velvety Neet, soothing and fragrant, ready for use as it comes, swiftly erases all annoying hair. Neet is the only comfortable remover of armpit hair, and its use there allays distressing perspiration—chiefly due to the morbid hairgrowth! Neet makes your skin like satin, and never fails to delight its user. Regular size 50c, 60c in Canada, at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c for a liberal trial size to Hannibal Pharmacal Company, 659 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.
ART'S going to the dogs," remarked the High Brow. "And the motion picture is responsible."

"How come?" inquired the Human Being, with one eye cocked liquorously on the poster at the entrance to the Criterion Theater.

"That," went on the High Brow, deviously, metaphorically stroking the foreshadowing image of a man with his skinny index finger; "that is the nadir of dramatic depravity."

"As bad as that?" said the Human Being.

"Dear, dear! It does sound fierce, doesn't it?" But his voice had the absent-minded tone of one who is wondering where he has left his vest pocket dictionary.

"In the movie," said the High Brow, "Bill Hart is the bunk."

"Why, now, I thought he was rather good," said the Human Being, in the apologetic way one has when his bosom friend overhears the wife say she just won't cook dinner for that bum—so there.

"Ah, that's because your taste has been vitiated by long contamination," The High Brow spoke now without a trace of anger. His pity was of the gentlest. "But you should know that the very poorest spoken drama is higher art than the (so-called) best film dramas."

"I dunno," said the Human Being, dubiously.

"I went to a burlesque show last week, and..."

"Man," broke in the High Brow savagely, "you need education from the very beginning. Come in and I'll instruct you in the faults of this performance."

"I'm game," said the Human Being, with snappy alacrity.

It was a pastoral scene that met their gaze on the screen.

Already the bower of the villain was lowering like a storm cloud upon the lives of a rustic couple who were exchanging happy greetings. To make certain that this fact got home, the sub-title said so, too.

"Now, that's all wrong," ejaculated the High Brow. "The audience should be left to find that out for itself."

"Uh-huh," acquiesced the Human Being, hastily, like one who hates to be disturbed.

"Somner fierce, Lizzie," muttered a flapper behind them, dexterously juggling a hunk of Wrigley's baster between her teeth. "That nut's readin' the titles out aloud."

The High Brow swallowed the insult and glued his eyes on the screen. Stolidly, like a red man at the stake, he endured the torture, without a whimper, past the middle of the play.

The action was moving forward with the irresistible impetuosity of a cyclone. Not even an asthmatic fat man wheezed. A bit of film had identified the emotions of two thousand people.

Things were growing tenser and tenser. The orchestra turned on the notes of terror. A shot rang out, and when the smoke cleared, with his revolver, her beautiful face—beautiful still in the face of death—suflaced with tears. There came an interruption. A little child's innocent smile stayed the assassin's hand.

The High Brow's soul was wrung to the core. "That's awful," he groaned, "it isn't true to human nature."

"Say, Liz," said the Wrigley expert, masticating loudly between words, in his ear, "we've got one of them there critics in our midst."

"Uh-huh," agreed Liz, "and so impolite he ain't got sense enough to keep his mouth shut."

A deep silence followed, save for the low muttering of the orchestra and the excited grunting of gum.

As the villain hesitated in his dirty work of revenge, entered Bill Hart, amid the heroics of the High Brow's flaccid spectators.

Bill's advent was the signal for the quick turning of the tables—a battle royal, a shot in the air, a sudden downfall of all wickedness—i.e. the villain—followed humor, laughter, light hearts, kisses. Fadeout. The show was over.

Out in the open, the Human Being surreptitiously wiped his glasses. Pictures always makes my eyes red, he needlessly explained. But the High Brow didn't heed him.

"Wasn't that impossible?" he demanded, furiously. Whether he meant the film or the crushing of his higher criticism under the heel of a crude and illiterate proletariat, he didn't elucidate.

"I dunno," persisted the Human Being, stubbornly, "I thought it was a good show."

And then, in the face of this mad obstinacy, the High Brow fairly roared:

"What's the use of throwing pearls before swine?

"Uh," meditated the Human Being aloud, "there's such a thing as a swine before pearls, too."

But the High Brow had evaporated.

Aristotle and the Kitchen Stove Drama

RICHARD WALTON TULLY, who has written and produced many of our most successful, as well as our most spectacularly beautiful, plays says he has "low brow" convictions.

"Aristotle, thousands of years ago, taught what I consider the fundamentals of drama," Mr. Tully states. "He said that every play should have six elements—that it should have Character, Plot, Diction, Song, Thought, and Special Effects.

And he was right. Without certain so-called high brows do not agree with him.

Mr. Tully says that the self-confessed high brow is afraid of what he calls melodrama. That he is afraid of the spectacular, and of emotion. His plays are built around the little sordid incidents of life—the drab domestic tragedy, the brief comedy of monotonous, the suppressed romance of the kitchen stove and the darning basket.

"I think," he says simply, "that people need something different—a relief. People need sunshine, flowers, music. They need the high spots, the vivid brightness, the warmth of the kitchen stove. It is that I have tried to give them in my plays."

Well known producers said Mr. Tully's "The Bird of Paradise" would fail because no one had ever—at that time—done a drama of Hawaii. People didn't know what a ukuleli was, or what "Alhoa" meant. But "The Bird of Paradise" did not fail. It fulfilled that strange prophecy, instead, for such actresses as Bessie Bariscle, Leonore Ulrich and Laurette Taylor. It was the same with "The Rose of the Ranch" and with "Omar the Tentmaker." Also "The Masquerader."
New American Beauty

(Concluded from page 27)

est tragedienne? Lilian Gish.

little, slender, blonde thing, almost a child.

Beyond a question, it was Mr. Griffith's little galaxy of beauty and talent that first began to effect this great change.

Miss Griffith, a really great beauty as well as a splendid actress, lovely, exquisite Blanche Sweet—to my mind the most attractive woman we have ever had on the screen—Little Lilian, her little flame-like sister, Dorothy Gish, the Constance Talmadge of the mountain girl in "Intolerance," spiritual, pathetic little Mae Marsh, who under Griffith's direction has given the screen some of its greatest performances, dark, soft-eyed Miriam Cooper.

All of the new school. All small, slender, soft, essentially feminine.

They broke upon us like a set of dazzling comets.

Mr. Griffith, for he tells me that he never thought consciously about it, that in those early days the screen would be best served by small women.

While he established no definite type—there is the widest possible range for example between Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge—he did establish certain distinctly new characteristics, the chief of these apparently being smallness of stature and femininity.

Gloria Swanson is only five feet tall. All the successful idols of the screen today are very small women.

And this influence has permeated and altered our whole conception of American beauty.

Mary Miles Minter, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Mabel Normand, Lila Lee, Madge Bellamy, Edna Purviance, Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman, Mae Murray, Madge MacDonald, Alice Terry, Florence Vidor, Margorie Daw, Doris May, Mildred Davis, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson even the dramatic and dynamic Priscilla Dean, Constance Binney, who is even smaller than Miss Pickford, while they differ in many ways, follow the new Griffith tradition of small, very feminine.

Of the great stage actresses, who have come to the screen, the really successful ones have all been small and appealing. Nazimova is just over five feet and Greet is very small. Margaret Clark and Billie Burke are typical ingenues—Miss Burke probably could claim to being the greatest ingenue we have ever produced in this country.

Katherine MacDonald is very large. But she has never established her claim to being the American Beauty of the screen, despite admiral.

Her face is lovely, but her coldness and the awkwardness of her movements have told against her with audiences which subconsciously had accepted Mr. Griffith's new ideals.

Bette Blythe is probably the only tall woman to have made a big hit—but that was on the stage, and picture, and her size has always told against Betty and kept her from doing many things.

Even Theda Bara, of ancient memory, was tall woman.

These are the women, these idols of the screen, who are seen year in and year out by millions of people in every city and village of the land.

They are admired, discussed, absorbed, and followed by the nation.

They have influenced our whole national thought and influence for good.

And as American films are shown everywhere abroad, they, too, must be having considerable influence in foreign countries.

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The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in the faith of the consumer that the goods are genuine, and in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.
endavors to portray character with all accuracy within his power. Because of this standard there have been occasions during my five years of interviewing for this publication when I found it necessary to do an assignment. Perhaps the subject seemed to me so devoid of merit that I could find no high lights to relieve the drudgery, and rather than paint an unflattering character I refrained entirely. Oh, perhaps—and it does happen now and then—I felt such an intense admiration and respect for a personality that I told my editor under pressure I would be accused of being laudatory if not downright fustian.

Publicity is a tremendous force in developing the star. If you have material with which to work. Only a very small part of the public can be fooled all the time. Fortunes have been expended in publicity stunt after stunt and in lavish inductions to force a player into favor—but to no avail. You can stuff a ballot box but you can't stuff a boxoffice. Here is one democratic institution where the public will prevail.

PRODUCERS have lost fortunes in gambling upon stellar potentialities. Oftentimes they have picked actresses of beauty and average ability who were expected to make big bets but who failed to receive public endorsement. Why? They lacked character. They hadn't that something within which gives individuality and holds interest. Physically they might be as beautiful as Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish; they might even have as much acting ability as those stars had a few years ago but they haven't that most precious of assets which both Miss Pickford and Miss Gish possess—lovable character.

Occasionally I have been perplexed upon meeting a star who on the screen is distinguished for certain likable traits, but who off screen seems to be of entirely different character. But upon coming to know such a one more intimately I have found that the real is shown to the camera while the artificial is worn at home. In a word, he is himself on the screen; off-screen he is an actor. Sometimes, too, certain traits of a player's nature may be so emphasized on the screen that you almost overlook other qualities.

This was an error I made in regard to Mabel Normand. I thought of her as a roistering hoyden, pert and cockey, but not subtly charming. Perhaps I had not voted very much attention to her because she was not one of my favorites. Then I met Miss Normand. Expecting little to entice me, I found much. Through knowing her off-screen I have become an intense admirer of her on the screen. Of all the models in the Hollywood ateliers Miss Normand's seems to me the most captivating. That is because she has the qualities which I like—spontaneity, loyalty, tolerance, generosity, a brilliant mind and a lightning wit.

Another alert personality is Norma Talmadge: a warm and genuine one which the camera treats with consideration. She is a creature of moods; that is why she is able to express without difficulty in picture and mature and dignified womanhood in the next. Her actual self—which her family and friends know—is warm, genial, genial, genial, genial, and unassuming. In fact, there is no celebrity who has so little veneer as Norma, excepting Mabel Normand. The proof of that is how much like her she looks and how like her the personality is that her work has matured with her, becoming more finished and less fiery with the seasons.

Viola Dana plays herself on the screen. She is the eternal slipper, the expression of the American woman. Shirley Mason, is more serious, more boyish than her celluloid shadow. There is an unexpected sprightliness in the real Shirley. Unfortunately, her pictures would lead one to expect an aloof dignity. Gloria Swanson is actually a petite, reserved person; there is nothing in the least tolerant about the girl. She is full of life and when the screen can easily detect this. Marion Davies, Priscilla Dean, Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson—all express after hours themselves which their screen work reveals, in greater or lesser degrees.

Down in our hearts we all have a tremendous regard for certain virtues. Some of us prefer a sense of humor to all else; others demand sincerity first. Each has certain pet virtues, and the star who appears to have these becomes a favorite. Thus you adore Mary Pickford because you see in her face the reflection of sweet womanliness and consideration for others. Or you may worship Lillian Gish for her fragile loveliness and spirituality. Or Mabel Normand for her directness, her quick wit and her air of bonhomie. If you like them for these qualities you will not be disappointed upon meeting them. On the contrary, they'll add something to the charm enhanced with personal contact.

But the mistake which an idol-worshipper too often makes is in attributing all the virtues to his favorite. He likes a star for certain very human qualities and ends by expecting that star to be a divinity without a blemish.

Stars sometimes undergo a change of character. Very few mortals can remain adaman to flattery. And I find—alas, alack!—that 'tis the male of the movie species who is the more susceptible. A matinee idol quite often listens to sopophatic droolings until he becomes persuaded that he really is a supernova and that the earth is operated solely because he is on it. But in the other he knows in conviction he experiences an awful crime and has to pick himself up from the debris, brush off a little vanity and seek a job in vaudeville.

Was the public mistaken about him all along? Probably not. At the outset he doubtlessly was a likable fellow with certain claims to merit, but success and his fames enhanced with personal contact.

I HAVE heard numerous votaries remark that a certain idol of the present is manifesting undue conceit. These, you may be sure, are the first rumors of that idol's impending doom.

The reason Wallace Reid has endured so long with both men and women is his frank geniality and his devil-may-care air. That is about the verdict, save for the result that everyone—particularly men—to see come out on top.

Antonio Moreno, despite his fiery Spanish temperament, is another one who does

(Continued on page 47)
spies conceit. He once bawled out a fellow actor who knew D'Artagnaning. "And should we be conceived?" he shouted. "If it weren't for the movies we'd be making about fifty a week. There's a lot of good bookkeepers making only that much."

You would not be disappointed in James Kirkwood were you to meet him outside the studio. The same qualities which he shows on the screen are apparent in real life. He is a man's man; he takes his work seriously, for he doesn’t "think he is good;" but he refuses to take himself seriously. He can be disconcerted by a compliment.

Then again I have watched another star pass from nonentity to fame and have observed the marked character change. From a genial young man with diversified interests he has developed in a few short years into a selfish, egotistical bore, without any sense of humor and with no interest in anything that does not directly pertain to himself. How long before this mental attitude becomes obvious to screen spectators I cannot say, but it is bound eventually to show, and then the decline in popularity will set in.

Here we find a reason for the clamorous demand for new faces. We haven't tired of all the old ones, but we have tired of certain particular ones who have not kept the faith. We often catch ourselves saying that we liked a certain star a few years ago when she was fresh and unspoil ed. But now she doesn't seem the same. It may be that she has little offer and that little has become monotonous, but it is quite as likely that she actually has changed in character.

Certainly we have not tired of Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, and other old favorites. On the contrary they have developed mentally and historically and their drawing power has developed in proportion. These artists have not let down in the presence of wealth and fame, but have appreciated and guarded the trust which the public has imposed in them.

We all admire beauty, but we don’t love it with the enduring love that we give to character. The face that all Americans love, more than any other, perhaps, is a very homely face. The face of Abraham Lincoln.

The Cinema's Chance

Perhaps 5,000 persons in the United States know Alexander Dumas' great historic novel, "The Three Musketeers," a few months ago. At the time, some months hence, when Douglas Fairbanks' photoplay version of the tale is finally packed away in a film storeroom, 25,000,000 persons or something will know D'Artagnan and his sword, Constance, hero and heroine of the tale. Dumas' novel has been before the public 77 years. It is one of the standard classics, but in pictures Douglas Fairbanks has told the story to more people than all who have read it since the book first left the presses. The fact merely re-emphasizes the great opportunity for education which the motion picture offers.—Grand Rapids Herald.

"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach," said the smart salesman. "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madame, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"—Birmingham Age Herald.

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The Largest and Nearest Correct List Wins

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If you need hosiery now, look over the price list, make your selection and we will fill your order immediately, giving you a receipt that qualifies you for purchasers' prizes. Then send your solution in later. Order any combination desired. State kind, quantity, sizes and colors.

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Rules

1. Use only one side of paper. The names of objects must be numbered 1-2-3-4-5.
2. Your full name and address must be written in the upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on answers with list.
3. An object may only be named once but its parts may also be named.
4. Either the singular or the plural of a word may be used but not both. The spelling of a word may only be used once.
5. Every word correctly used will count for and every word incorrectly used or misspelled will count against the list.
6. The full amount of all prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
7. Lists will be judged by three persons having no connection with Parvin-Shaw Co.
8. Contest closes June 26, 1922. Envelopes containing answers must be postmarked by that date.
9. At the close of the contest the list winning first prize and second place will be mailed to all purchasers; none to anyone else on request.
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Colors—Black, White, Nude, Navy, Neutral Gray, Russian Calf.

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We will fill orders not accompanied by puzzle solutions.
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YOU have often wondered why some women have certain attractive qualities that others do not possess. Perhaps you have heard of a hair treatment that promises to bring about the kind of attraction you seek. Yet have you ever thought that the little things in life can make a big difference? Perhaps you have been looking for something that will make your hair look more beautiful and lively.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Jackie Turns Author
(Concluded from page 40)
It said Charles Rads and William dills and I were the only ones in pictures. I want to say that chap is the best man in the world. He is worth both of them put together. Why did not they put him in.
Carrie Chaplin is the best actor in the world. Douglas Fairbanks is next, Mary Pickford is next.
Our cook’s name is Geneva. Is not that a funny name.
I am glad my name is not Geneva.
mess Newell is reading to me in a book that is called The Jungle Book. It is by a man named Kunpl. It is the best book in the world.
There is a girl lives across the street from our new house.
her name is one Buxton. She is ten.
I like pretty girls. I like Jane. She is ten years old.
Moody says I must be honest. I did not write this all by myself. miss Newell helped me.
I told her what I thought to say.
She spelled it out for me.
I could do not so good alone.
It has took end me all afternoon.
I am glad it is done.
I am glad I do not have to do it again until next month.
Good-bye.

Bonehead Censorship
ONE wonders what sort of a brain is possessed by the average censor. It must be a strange and terrible thing—that brain. Of a thick, brad-colored substance. And completely surrounded by bone. And not too clean, either.
No one who has a brain could, for instance, rule against the word “darkie” as used in a subtitle. Said subtitle was supposed to be the expression of a certain Virginia gentleman and he used the word in referring to his farm hands. And yet the Chicago censors ruled that it should be changed to “negroes.” No Virginia gentleman would call his farm hands “negroes”—of that we are fairly sure. And anyway the word “darkie” has a pleasant sound. It calls up thoughts of plantations, and moonlight, and the soft strumming of banjos. The word occurs in a thousand songs and poems—well known and well loved. Surely there is nothing derogatory suggested in it!
In Kansas, “The Sheik”—which ran to an overwhelming capacity in New York City—was voted down by the censorship board, although the mayor of Kansas City and the rector of that same city’s Episcopal church had passed it at a private showing. In Pasadena, “The Affairs of Anatol” was also the subject of a controversy, but the anti-censorship faction won—by taking the matter to court.
In Portland, Ore., “Paying the Piper,” a picture with an excellent moral, was kept from the public for no given reason. And so it goes.
There must be something strange about censors—leaving the question of brains out of it. Perhaps they have never heard the old French motto—“Honir soit que mal y pense.” Or that other, just as old, one—“Unto the pure all things are pure.”

WHO was the poet who wrote about “man’s inhumanity to man?” asked Mr. Bibbles, in a chuckling voice.
“I don’t recall,” said Mr. Jagsby. “What reminds you of that quotation?”
“I’ve just discovered that I paid $10 for a quart of cold tea.”

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Use Liquid Lashlux to head and darken your lashes instantly. Moisture has no effect on this wonderful new liquid—it will not run or smear even after swimming. Liquid Lashlux is safe and will not harm the eye. One application daily is sufficient to KEEP your lashes black and evenly darkened. At most specialty Colleges Lashlux to keep lashes soft, well formed and encourage their growth. Liquid Lashlux, Black and Brown, 75c, Cream, $1.00, at Drug and Dept. Stores, or by mail.
Send 10c for a generous sample of the new Liquid Lashlux.

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There is no need to tell you of the vital importance of shapely ankles. You know that your anklets mean you. There are many women who are afraid of the pinched publicity of the present day shoes. Others do not have the proper shaped anklets for the ankles need for.

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Easy to use at home, invisible when worn, in black, archless foot and ankles. BONNE FORME was patented by the late Super Express Company, without end. For all sizes of women's feet. No slip off or indecently in noticeable and will not be missed. Order at once by mail.

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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal questions referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered without delay. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to which I found this issue on pages 56 and 57.

SUSAN B., HARTFORD, CONN.—The Paisley shawl effect is not new now. But if you are so keen about it, I should not let that influence me. Many of us are too eager to be absolutely up to the minute. If a certain style particularly becomes you, why worry if it is not exactly le dernier cri de Paris? That is one of the chief charms of Lillian Gish's frocks. They are always smart, but you don't have to dress them like an Khánh Minh, the French diva. Just do it any harm and it will probably do it good. Use a good tonic, too, and massage, and I think you will find it helps. And don't curl it, it won't do you. I daresay that has been the trouble.

DOROTHY A., LETHEBRIDGE, ALTA.—Yes, but your hair has been colored. In the first place, if you are inclined to plumpliness, do not wear booties skirts by any means. The straight line frocks would be much better for you. And by the way, don't do anything to your hair, for the simple reason that there is nothing heading you bald on your forehead. It will give a more becoming line.

GERALDINE, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—I think seventeen is a suitable age to put up your hair for the first time. If you are inclined to plumpness, do not wear booties skirts by any means. The straight line frocks would be much better for you. And by the way, don't do anything to your hair, for the simple reason that there is nothing heading you bald on your forehead. It will give a more becoming line.

GERTRUDE, CANADA.—I wouldn't wear one of the "chocker" furs this season if I were you. They are not good. The fuller scar effects are better, and you can buy one very reasonable. They are showing in the fur shops here, some beautiful shades of fox, some of which are quite inexpensive. I should not attempt to buy a fur if I couldn't pay the cash. It doesn't pay to purchase cheap furs. Stone and bumm martens and squired are good.

LILLIAN, BURLINGHAM, CALIF.—Your evening frock should be one of taffeta or georgette. No one else ordered it. You are too young to wear beaded and decolletage gowns. Take your mother with you when you select your frocks, if you intend to be the belle of the scene. On the various frocks which have been designed by Le Bon Ton for film stars and which have been appearing in Photoplay beginning in the March issue, and send for the patterns of those you like.

MURIEL.—Of the frocks in the April issue, I think numbers four, five, and seven would be most becoming to you. I don't like the dress you are wearing in the picture you sent me. Any one of the three frocks would be much more becoming to you. You should also wear your dresses a little longer than you are doing.

MRS. K.K., DULUTH, MINN.—Use a good lemon cream every night, rubbing it well into your skin, then wiping it off. Put on a thin coating before using powder in the morning. A bleaching cream containing expo or benzoin cannot possibly do your skin any harm.

(Missed on page 114)

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1922

State of Illinois |
Country of Cook |

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Dougherty, the undersigned, being the publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, and thereupon I, the undersigned, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a true copy of the above-cite, the first page of the second page of this issue of Vol. 111, No. 6, Photoplay Magazine, dated April 1, 1922.

In accordance with the requirements of the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, the following statement is made:

The full legal title of this magazine is Photoplay Magazine. The name of the publisher is Photoplay Publishing Co., 1932 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. The owner is Photoplay Publishing Co., 1932 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of such bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none state "none.")

The known stockholders, and security holders, if any, containing not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear on the records of the corporation, but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, representing affiants full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and that this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other persons claim a right, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him. If the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed by mail, post office, or other means of distribution during the six months preceding the date shown above is.

(SEAL)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of March, 1921.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.
(My commission expires October 18, 1921.)

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Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Company of Monsson, the Leder of Salleylad.

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**Golden Glint Shampoo**

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, wondrous or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lackluster—If it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—You can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this. For ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is not an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—

—incredibly—infinitely.

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**Miss Van Wyck Says**

(Concluded from page 113)

MILDRED B., NEW YORK.—The booklet containing the coifures is on its way to you. I am glad you have decided to take my advice and dispense with the “puffs.” If you have a lot of exercise on the week-end, I recommend it as the safest and sanest way to keep in good condition. Walk; swim; ride, if possible. Riding is the most exhilarating sport in the world.

ALFRED, VANCOUVER, B. C.—A tweed and homespun suit is just the thing for you. They come in the various shades of blue, gray, and tan. I would not get one in any of the more conspicuous shades. They are not as practical and do not wear as well. If you will tell me more about yourself I can give you more intelligent advice.

BESSIE, CICERO, ILL.—Thank you for what you say about my department. I am glad if I have helped you in any way. I wish to be of really practical service, and for that reasons I like to establish personal contact with my readers. Indeed, I am delighted to hear from you even when you have no questions for me to answer. If your face is small and slender you have a wide choice of coiffures. But take care not to dress your hair too high or too elaborately.

JACQUELINE, DENVER.—If you have both a suit and a cape, it would be very nice. If, however, you do not care to have both, I would prefer for you a cape. It is so practical that I find one almost indispensible. But you say you have a good many dresses, and I think you should invest in a cape you can wear them. I like gray suede strap and stockings. Gray suede strap pumps are pretty.

MARY, INDIANAPOLIS.—So you have always longed for a black evening gown! With lace, too! Well, Mary, I cannot say honestly that I think you should have one, right now, at least. Wouldn’t you be content with a pretty blue taffeta, or rose georgette—or even white? These are infinitely more suitable to your type and also, if you ever forgive me for calling attention to it—your age. At eighteen you can, I admit, wear anything; but I wouldn’t care for a black lace evening dress for the summer, would you? Not unless you can have lots and lots of other frocks to alternate.

MARGARET BOSTWICK, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your aversion to ginghams is perplexing. Perhaps it is an ancient prejudice from the childhood days when you wore ginghams almost exclusively. However, ginghams are very popular for day dresses, and trimmed with organza and adorned with frills they are, I think, delightful. There is a lovely gingham dress designed by Le Bon Ton for Miss Lillian Gish, in this issue. Why not send for the pattern and ask your aunt to make it for you? And I’ll wager you will change your mind about ginghams!

ELSA B., ORLANDO, FLORIDA.—The practical jersey dresses will always be “good.” You can make many make use of the skirts to wear with separate blouses. I agree with you that it would be silly to buy a new sports skirt when you can use the skirt of your jersey two-piece dress. Pumps are not being worn much now. The strapped slippers and oxfords are. I favor the shorter-vamped shoes myself; but it is largely a matter of taste. By the way, there is an attractive blouse in the fashion pages this month.

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**Studio Directory**

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal offices of each business in America, (a) indicates a business office; (b) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

**ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.**

729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

(a) Maurice Toussaint, Curly City, Cal.
(b) Thos. H. Hove, Curly City, Cal.
(c) J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Curly City, Cal.

**MAC Mantern, Edwin C.'s Cal.
(b) Melchior Nielsen, Gold Founders, Curly City, Cal.
(c) Allen Brown, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fad Vivier Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) J. L. Fad Vivier, Prod., Brundt Studios, 5000 W. 34th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ROBERT BRUNTEN STUDIOS, 5511 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) CHASSTEE FILM Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(c) EDUCATIONAL FILMS Corp., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

**JACOB L. ROSS, A.R.C., Paramount, 455 Fifth Ave., New York City.
(b) Florence Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
(c) Lucky, Hollywood, Cal.
(e) Realia, Inc., New York, N. Y.
(f) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
(g) FIRST NATIONAL FILMS, INC., 6 West 45th St., New York.

**A. & W. Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis Fad Vivier, Hollywood, Cal.
(c) Butler Kenton Comedies, 1052 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
(d) Anita Stewart Co., 3080 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(e) Los B. Mayer Productions, 3080 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(f) Allied Heilbur, 1061 Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(g) Norma and Constance Talbide Studio, 315 East 46th St., New York.
(h) Katharine Webster American, 6810 Melrose Ave., Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal.
(i) David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
(j) Hope Hampton Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
(k) Cha. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**FOX FILM CORP, 100 Ave. and 55th St., New York; (b) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(c) GABSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
(d) CALIFORNIA FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (e) Caliray City, Cal.
(e) HELEN KENSEY, STUDIO, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
(f) HUNT, W. PRODUCTIONS, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Cal.
(g) LOS WBES STUDIOS, 6843 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(h) HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(i) INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (a) 127th Ave. and 127th St., N.Y.

**METEOR PICTURES CORP., 1456 Broadway, New York; (a) 5 West 61st St., New York; (b) 6190 Broadway, New York.
(c) PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 25 W. 45th St., New York; (e) Geo. B. Stitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York.
(d) R-C PICTURES PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; (a) George McEachern, (b) corner Gower and Melrose St., Hollywood, Cal.

**ROTHAKER FILM MFG. CO., 1350 Diversary Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
(b) SELDEN PRODUCTIONS, 1352 Seventh Ave., New York; (a) 127th Ave. and 127th St., New York; (b) 1239 Broadway, New York.
(c) UNITED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

(b) D. W. Griffith Studios, Of Santa Fe, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
(c) REX BEACH, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 River Park Bldg.,1431 Lafayette Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(d) ARTHUR PROD., Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York.
(e) UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (a) Universal City, New York.
(f) VITAPHOTO COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Filmore Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(g) LIEBATE STUDIOS, 537 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1700 Tal- baid St., Hollywood, Cal.

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**Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.**
Brickbats and Bouquets

THE readers of Photoplay are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed—but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

Letters to the Editor

Cincinnati, Ohio.
Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Editor: I read your article in the current issue of your magazine, "Moral Housecleaning in Hollywood," and, while I did not agree with you, never thought of writing you one woman's view.

Yesterday I read an item in a photoplay magazine which stated that two more stars in the Hollywood firmament have BOBBED THEIR HAIR. Now, these women must be sadly lacking in imagination, for there is a beauty or picturesque value being enhanced by their hair-bobbing. In a sense these women belong to the public, and it is not conventional and is an offense against the traditions of this country and good taste for an American girl to wear hair like an I gorge.

I hope fervently that you and Mr. Goldwyn will be able to select two dozen or more girls in this forthcoming contest, who will no more consider bobbing their beautiful tresses than they will enjoy having the world know they are contemplating their third marriage, as is a famous actress.

The women and the men, too, of the screen are held up to the youth of this country every day, and when they see Constance Talmadge get by with bobbed hair and a divorce after she has been married scarcely a year, they feel, "If she can do it, why can't I?" You see how far-reaching and insidious is the influence.

Then, too, Gloria Swanson, that much-lauded and beautiful woman, is now considering her third venture, but I have not as yet relegated her to anathema, and will not until she, too, shears her tresses.

Anna Frazer.

Kingston, Ont.
Editor Photoplay Magazine,

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy your Magazine's review of the new pictures and the "Players and Players Section." It is at all times instructive and tries to give an unprejudiced review of the new pictures, and I have yet to be "appalled" by anything that was recommended by your magazine.

Rost. H. Chambers.

Dear Editor:

Just a word of tribute to the most interesting part of a picture program: the news-reel.

It is my greatest relaxation, to see the visual news of the world. And the strides the news-reels have made in the last two years is amazing. Once, there were a few scenes of fires and parades. Now there are records of every interesting happening in the world. I saw in Kinograms the other evening an airplane picture that was more thrilling than any stunt in a regular film. The pictures as pictures are sometimes beautiful.

I'm for 'em! I'd rather see a good news-reel or an educational film than all the dramas and comedies and tragedies on the screen.

W. K. G., Los Angeles, California.

Bennington, Vermont.
Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir:

I have never indulged in harsh criticism of the moving pictures or people, but some of the remarks I have recently read about "undesirables" in the business make my blood boil. These statements have come from people in the industry.

I don't want to know the horrible truth (?) about Arbuckle. I have read most of the lurid stuff in the papers. My resentment is not against him but against the men higher up. I know that the Arbuckle wine cellar was only joked about a few weeks before his troubles began. Perhaps some of those who condemn him now have been drunk on its contents. Apparently the whole industry knew of his weakness for "booze parties." His employers had the power to force him to change his ways.

In God's name, why didn't they do it?

Anyone, it seems to me, could have seen that sooner or later he would get into trouble. But they blindly let him drift into disaster. He was good enough for the best of them as long as the public heard nothing against him. While he was at the top, his faults were wholly excusable to his associates. He was a money-maker that was all that was necessary to make him "desirable." In his misfortune those same faults are something to cursed him for. Do you think this attitude is absolutely just? Had these scandals never occurred he would still be desirable, no matter what his private life might be. Nothing would be too good for the press agents to say about him—to the public.

I think it would be a disgrace to a nation that prides itself on its square dealing to let the confounded charges of an intoxicated bigamist, whom he never knew before that fatal day, ruin his career.

When you consider the number of even "nice" actresses who deliberately appear before the camera in a state of near nudity is it altogether just to place all blame on the men of the studios, if the latter sometimes lose their natural reserve before they realize it?

By all means clean up the movies. But I am in favor of giving Arbuckle a chance to redeem himself. All the fans I know feel the same way. We feel that he has been victimized by bloodsucking parasites and that his own faults are as nothing compared to the crimes of the men of the studios.

(Continued on page 118)
Paradoxes of Nazimova's “Effie!”

It is very easy to feel that Nazimova is the greatest actress of our time. This is not because she is the greatest in the conventional sense, but because she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age. She is undoubtedly the greatest actress of the so-called modern age, but she is not the greatest actress of all time.

Nazimova is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age because she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age. She is not the greatest actress of all time because she is not the greatest actress of all time.

Most people would say that Nazimova is the greatest actress of all time. But this is not so. She is not the greatest actress of all time because she is not the greatest actress of all time. She is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age because she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age.

The paradox of Nazimova’s “Effie!” is that she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age because she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age, but she is not the greatest actress of all time because she is not the greatest actress of all time.

It is very difficult to explain this paradox to people who do not understand it. But it is not difficult to understand it. It is very easy to understand it if you think about it carefully.

The paradox of Nazimova’s “Effie!” is that she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age because she is the greatest actress of the so-called modern age, but she is not the greatest actress of all time because she is not the greatest actress of all time.

I hope that this explanation helps you to understand the paradox of Nazimova’s “Effie!”

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Elizabeth Kapitz.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the Photoplay Magazine for quite a while, and find it very interesting. In the March issue of the magazine I read a very interesting article entitled, "You can tell a lot by a woman's hair!"

After reading this, I became convinced of the mistake I would have made by sending for a course in acting, from the same company you mentioned, as I had already received their free booklet.

I want to thank you for taking the trouble of publishing an article to warn the public.

Michael Constance.

1707 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am going to take the liberty of writing you in regard to the Screen Opportunity Contest you have launched.

I can not tell you how much I appreciate the articles written by Mr. Goldwyn—that he should have his very sensible time to give us in detail his requirements of a movie star and also the detailed art of making up! It made me decide immediately to purchase materials and practice that all-important art.

At last someone has declared that the “Camera Photographs the Soul!” If this is not true what is that intangible something which is sickness which is balance with a sensitive nature, laugh and cry alternately with the varying moods of actors and actresses? It is true, that though regularity of features must be a necessity, beauty is not. Most people would proclaim Alma Rubens more beautiful than Nazimova—but is she? I feel just as listless as she looks when I watch her, and though I have seen her cry—seen her in utter despair—yet her grief seemed so lifeless, affected.

But when I watch Nazimova run and stop, and bound, it takes an effort for me to sit in my seat, and I blindly sneak my handkerchief toward my eyes after feeling the agony of her grief. The conclusion one arrives at is this: You would think of Alma Rubens as being asleep—for her beautiful eyes, “windows of the soul,” give forth a dreamy light—while Nazimova’s eyes seem to sparkle with the light which spurs up on a Counter’s victory, only to taste of sorrow that we may be more worthy to reach for Higher Things.”

I go to the “Movies” that I may entirely forget self. And I want to see someone act who can make me forget, play upon my emotions, and send me away feeling a little less self-centered, a little more considerate of fellow-beings. A great actor or actress must bare her soul in order to do this. But what a wonderful sacrifice, what a glorious mission—when one is able to ease a few heart-throbs or create a few finer ideals for humanity!

Sincerely,

(Miss) Edith M. Leslie.

(Concluded on page 119)
Lickbats and Bouquets

(Concluded)

DEAR EDITOR:

Why did the producers permit the censors to gain such an advantage?
The License Numbers at the beginning of good, clean films make me wild.
In the greatest city in the world, where, if anywhere, citizens should enjoy liberty and freedom, they must bow to the whims of a lot of old ladies who have taken it upon themselves to tell them what they should and should not see.

SALLY B., Manhattan.

Fanny Ward’s Jewel Case

FANNY WARD, the famous film star, who now lives in Paris, and her husband, Jack Dean, were going from Paris to London to be present at the marriage of Fanny’s daughter—yes, she has a daughter old enough to get married, though it doesn’t seem possible to look at her.

They started out on the 12 o’clock express from Paris.

When they arrived at the station, the porters thought the whole army must be going. For Fanny had 17 bags, 6 suit cases, 4 lunch hamper, 3 bundles of rugs, and several servants.

At last they were settled in the carriage, when suddenly Mr. Dean—by the way, he’s Fanny’s husband, you knew—gasped and said, “Oh, heavens, Fanny, I’ve forgotten the passports!”

Fanny gave a shriek of rage, and the outfit disembarked upon the platform just as the express pulled out.

They went back to the hotel—had a few drinks with friends, got the passports and once more went to the station where the entire corps of porters helped them into their compartments.

The whistle blew.

Then—Fanny screamed.

“Jack—my jewel case.”

Jack searched and Fanny searched.

“You had it—I gave it to you—oh, what have you done, given it away to somebody?”

cried the beauty.

“You had it, yourself,” said her husband.

Anyway, the jewel case with some $35,000 worth of diamonds—Miss Ward has one of the most famous jewel collections in the world—was not to be found.

Again they fell from the train, with their luggage falling about them like a shower of snowflakes.

Disconsolately they returned to the hotel.

And while Fanny had hysterics in Ruby de Remer’s arms, Jack Dean saw all the officials in Paris. While he was interviewing the chief of police, and several hundred other hounds of the law, a little chap in a red cap was vainly trying to get into the room.

Each time he was shoved back by the crowd.

After about three hours he managed to break into the room and in excited French and holding out the missing jewel case he said, “I am the taxi driver. The lady gave me this to hold and then does not come back, so when I see you, I follow you.”

Husband and wife collapsed in each other’s arms and—decided not to go to London until they could get all their possessions chained to them.

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Mail coupon today for free trial bottle and test on a single lock, to be sure to state exactly the color of your hair. If you like the results, get a full-sized bottle at druggist or direct.

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You Needn’t Tell the Secret

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(see opposite page)

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THE C. S. WELCH CO.  Dept. P.  NEW YORK CITY.
The Shadow Stage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

GYPSY PASSION—Vitagraph

ALTHOUGH Lewis Mercanton—probably the best of the French producers—has avoided cheap hookum and a false punch, he has been unable to resist the temptation to make certain of his subjects and really famous story. Beauty of setting makes up, in part, for the lack of dramatic situation. The cheap, box office title was obviously made in America.

ISLAND WIVES—Vitagraph

THIS picture stands out for two reasons, being an uncommonly well-staged and compelling story. The two reasons are the rather amazing lighting effects and the equally amazing beauty of the star, Corinne Griff.

TOM MIX in the Canadian Northwest is a romantic and energetic feature. As usual, Mix had many friends in his little lady (played by Eva Novak) and fights his way clear of difficulty. Red-blooded stuff in large doses that will make the star even more popular. Take the children—especially if they happen to be boys—with you.

THE MAN UNDER COVER—Universal

THIS "tickle" story is convincing—perhaps because L. V. Eytinge, the author, is serving a life sentence in prison. Furthermore it is well cast, with Herbert Rawlinson (If only he could forget, once in a while, that he is an actor and not the star role and Barbara Bedford as his leading lady. There are a few nice comic thrills and the ending is quite satisfactory. For the family.

THE FACE BETWEEN—Metro

BERT LYTELL plays a double role—that of a chicken-chasing old father and a noble young man who is always shoudering the other fellow's guilt. Said young man is banished for the first few years and haunted for the rest of them—for no fault of his own. The plot is illogical and Bert Lytell not too happily. Tourneur and Sylvia Breamer are the ladies.

MONEY TO BURN—Fox

ONLY the languorous beauty of Sylvia Breamer and the pep of William Russell save this picture from being a total loss. There are some interesting moments, but as a picture the story of a young man who throws away not only his own money but the money of his friends is pointless and tiresome. That he gets the money back doesn't seem to matter much.

BEAUTY'S WORTH—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

MARION DAVIES—cast as a little Quaker maiden who blossoms out, via a charade, as a quite surprising beauty—is lovelier than ever. If there are weak places in her acting, one scarcely notices them because of her blonde prettiness. The story is 

(Continued on page 121)
commonplace—but it is pretty, too, in a weak way. Forrest Stanley, June Elvidge, and Halam Cookey are in the cast. An extremely family film.

KISSES—Metro

A STORY almost as sweet, in spots, as the conception from which it takes its name. But the plot is entertaining, if not gripping, and all of the family can see it together. Alice Lake plays the part of Betty Ellen Estabrook, the heroine. And Harry Myers as the hero, makes one wish for another "Connecticut Yankee." From Mark Twain to modern-comedy is a long jump!

THE SILENT VOW—Vitagraph

ONE of those vengeance-is-mine stories, carried through to the second generation. Father and son played by William Duncan, who is equally impossible in both roles, and the unhappy happenings and situations that could be crowded into six reels. A villain knocked out by a flash of a hammer held in the hero's teeth—a beautifully business touch—and Edith Johnson as the heroine.

ELOPE IF YOU MUST—Fox

EILEEN PERCY being hard-boiled (much snapping of fingers and many exclamations of "Hot Dawg!") and a tangled plot that might be rather merry if it did not drag so in spots. All about a father and mother who don't agree on the subject of the man that their daughter must marry and a blonde nuisance—Eileen—who fixes things in six long reels. Send the children.

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How to get a good job or obligation, explain how I can qualify for the position, or tell us before which school I have worked and in what field.

M. A. F., SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO—Special productions are usually exhibited first in New York City, but not invariably. Sometimes they have "first runs" in Chicago, Los Angeles, and other large cities. However, it depends upon the theater conditions, and upon the producers. Of late, Broadway theaters have been pleased for special showings of the bigger pictures; but this is in my way just a phase which will pass. Pictures in picture theaters—such as the Capitol, the Rivoli and Rialto in New York; and the Chicago and the Riviera in Chicago.

E. M. L.—And now you call me "The Unknown." Evidently I could go in vaudeville and share honors with the artistic act known as "Sawing a Woman in Half." Constance Talmadge is getting a divorce from John Pialogo. Valentino is Italian—born in Castellaneta, I hope you know how to pronounce that; I don't. The date was May 6, 1895, but it's too late to send Rudie a birthday card this year at least.

MIMA MAE.—And then again—Well, Mina, I wish you success as a film actress. Why don't you send in your picture as an entrant in our New Faces Contest? It offers a splendid opportunity if you are really sincerely ambitious to work hard to be a player. It's mostly work, you know. Agnes Ayres was married, but she is now divorced. (Continued on page 122)

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

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Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 121)

FLORENCE B., PHILADELPHIA.—You wish to know the names of the principal nuts who participated in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari?" You mean the real names of those who played nuts in that picture? Here they are: Dr. Caligari—Walter Krua; Cesare—Conrad Veidt; Francis . . . Fritz Feher; Jane . . . Lil Dagover; Alan . . . H. Van Twardowski. I dare you to pronounce that last one, Florence.

BOSTON BLUES.—I didn’t know they had blues in Boston—not the jazz kind, anyway. Books and beans, maybe, but not, surely, blues. Norma Talmadge has dark hair and eyes. She is never five feet and weighs 110. She’s Mrs. Joseph Schenck in private life. She was not married before. Natalie is Mrs. Buster Keaton now.

GRACE M., ST. LOUIS.—I have no record of a Dorothy Wilkinson. But if she has only been appearing in pictures a short time, it may be that she is not yet sufficiently known to have filled out a biography blank. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-five or twenty-six or twenty-seven, I should say. (I don’t know what Gloria will say.)

PRUDENCE, KEYSER, WEST VA.—Bet they changed the spelling of your town during the war. The Thirty-four. He is married to Frances Ring, former stage star. They have no children. Tom’s newest picture is "The Bachelor Daddy."

C. R.—I think Theda Bara is going to return to pictures. At least there’s a report that she is. Her husband, Charles Brabin, is a director, you know, and he will handle the megaphone for her future productions. The Baras have been personally appearing for Marcus Loew. Their picture is in Plays and Players in this issue of the Magazine.

ALMA.—Where do you live? I always ignore letters which neglect to give addresses, but your omission seemed to be unintentional; so, unless you are very very clever, Alma, I forgive you for telling me your name. I never heard that Pearl White’s real name was Victoria Evans. If it is, I can’t see why she changed it to Pearl White. I hear it is rumored that Pearl’s name may be changed to the Duchesse de Vambriquet. Rumors about in Mr. Cal York’s columns this month. Mr. York has got me beat. I don’t see how he does it. I thought I was pretty good, but I can’t possibly keep up with rumors. Facts are as far as I go.

LIMA BENE.—I am envious. I wish I were as clever as you, you should be writing vaudeville sketches. Kathryn Williams is Mrs. Ely in private life. She is not seen regularly in pictures now, but once in a while comes back to take part which particularly appeals to her. She’s a film star, I remember her in “The Adventures of Kathryn”.

ELIZABETH.—Pauline Frederick is married to Dr. Rutherford. She has left the screen to return to the stage for A. H. Woods. The London Times called her first, and after that she will return to this country to appear on Broadway. She received one of the highest salaries ever paid a film star—$7,500 a week. I think I could manage on that. (Concluded on page 123)
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