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"Paying the Piper"
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"The Frontier of the Stars"
Charles Maigne Production
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"
Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"
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"Chickens"
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"The Passionate Pilgrim"
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* A Thomas H. Ince Production
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**"In Filmdom’s Boudoir"**

By ELINOR GLYN

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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 tickets the box office; (2) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

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"See what little Willie’s doing—and tell him not to do it."

A great many people think that the photoplay is the Little Willie of the arts. "Laying it onto the movies" is a new stock in trade for the professional reformer, the subterfuge of the merely sensational minister, the sloppy excuse of the lazy reporter, the cheapest form of weak-minded gossip.

Every form of art has been misused. To the prurient the noblest canvases are filthy daubs, and the most glorious sculpture is vile. Even the Bible has been twisted to the devil’s purpose, and the very law is, every day, malformed in expert unjust hands.

It is so weak, so evasive, to "lay it onto the movies." It is such a contemptible confession of weakness to say that Johnny and Freddy tapped the candy man’s till "because they had been going to Wild West pictures."

Let us examine the home life of Johnny and Freddy. How about Johnny’s shiftless father, and Freddy’s nagging mother, and the dreary, drab little existences of the boys, with none of the healthy pleasurable excitements that all young natures need as they need food and sunshine?

And if Mary’s elopement from Marshalltown with the Chicago drummer were quite properly diagnosed it would not be the "sex pictures" which we would discover as the real cause, but the fact that Mary entered the mystic gates of womanhood all unknowing, with her mother too busy or too prudish to guide her little girl into the confidences of eternity.

Fathers—mothers—Americans—let us look deeper into the causes of our occasional juvenile delinquency. No picture play, nor any other art or perverted art, ever wrecked a young soul which sailed out into the sea of life with the compass of loving understanding, and the chart of home.
The Allure of the East

Wherein a famous actress declares her belief that her career began thousands of years ago—"Somewhere East of Suez"

By FLORENCE REED

I HAVE felt the allure of the East.
It is a strange, pervading, compelling power. If it possesses the one whom it beckons. It offers rest and refuge. It soothes yet stimulates. It may easily become the strongest influence in a life—an influence for good. happy domestic life. I have many friends whom I love and who love me. Yet I have been told that I am a dissatisfied soul. It is true. My frequent mood recalls a poem, the lines of which beat upon the chambers of my memory. "Round my restlessness His rest" is part of the refrain. I paraphrase it to my own needs. "Round my restlessness its rest," meaning the rest, the repose, the ineffable quietude of the Far East.

SOMETIMES, I, who have never stepped outside the United States, shall go on a self search in the East. I shall be looking for the remaining fragment of my personality, the still missing part of my selfhood. When I go I shall go alone. Only in that way can I concentrate for the search. A merry party of friends or my family would distract my interest. I shall be looking for the remaining fragment of my personality, the still missing part of my selfhood. When I go I shall go alone. Only in that way can I concentrate for the search. A merry party of friends or my family would distract my interest. I have heard the call of the East. I shall follow it, into the very heart of the East itself. I shall go to Asia to solve its mysteries. I shall go to Japan, to India, to China, into the inner chamber of the heart of the East. I am not sure where I shall find it. Perhaps in the spice-scented groves of India. Maybe in the marbled, jewelled beauty of the most beautiful temple to love ever erected, the tomb to a beloved princess, the glittering glory of the Taj Mahal. It is more probable that I shall find it in the farthest Himalayan heights, where the human voice is seldom heard and where one lives above the snows and amidst the clouds. Such a spot as a traveler has called the peak of meditation. I shall go seeking to complete an incomplete life. This is no protest against my fate. I am successful. I have a

Miss Reed in a mood of abstraction and complete relaxation, induced by the oriental objects surrounding her in her bedroom. Even the flowers suggest quiet places in Old Tokio.
Miss Reed in her library beside the bookcase which is covered by Chinese embroidery with the pond lily as chief motif. The small god whose influence she is invoking is the Chinese god of money. The gold lacquer above the arch is a relic of the royal palace of Pekin.
and watching me rehearse, said, "Let her alone, don't direct her. She has gotten the character in a flash of understanding. Let her play it as she wishes." To the author, I said: "Mr. Samuels, I don't need any direction. I am, or rather, I have heard and seen that you are an enlivening acquaintance with my old self."

After the play had been running for a month he wrote me a long letter, five or six pages in length, saying that he believed as I did, that I was being Tisha, not playing her. He said that strange, wild laugh came out of the untamed soul of a daughter of the desert.

My mind holds not the slightest doubt that some of us have flashes of memory of another life. Ella Wheeler Wilcox had such flashes. She accepted what she saw by those flashes as surely as she accepted the fact of the furniture which the pressed button of an electric light revealed to her eyes, out of a previously darkened room.

She told many of her friends that she recalled distinctly many events of her life in France in a previous incarnation. "I was not better than I ought to be," said the poet. "I dropped into colloquialism and told frankly of her memories of her close acquaintance with Cardinal Richelieu."

I, too, have such vivid and not flattering memories. They go as they come, quickly, but by their intermittent light they have enabled me to play the roles of defiant, code-flaunting women, from the name role of the Painted Woman to the soul tortured heroine of "The Mirage."

Those who know the East quickly recognize the quality I feel. A world traveler presented me a book inscribed "To Florence Reed, the Soul of the East."

Lillian Russell has a Chinese room into which she retires for rest from the madding crowd. Miss Russell says that she goes into the quiet of that room with its ancient vases, its pictures and tapestries representing the work of artists and artisans who lived and worked and died thousands of years ago. She says: "Everything about me is so old. It speaks of the efforts and triumphs of those who have solved their problems. And quiet and peace seem to descend upon me."

I have fitted up my drawing room, library and bedroom in Oriental mode. The arches between these rooms are outlined by gold Chinese lacquer. My bed is covered by a Chinese embroidered spread and cushions. The wall at the head and side of the couch is outlined by silk the color of faded red roses, dimmed by the centuries. This soft old wall is embroidered the figures of Confucius and ten other famous Chinese philosophers. The gentle wisdom of these long dead sages of the East seems to pervade my room. It teaches me the lesson that those who live life most need patience. There are old Chinese prints. The rug is one of Chinese origin, its blue like old blue, dimmed by the centuries. An old set of book shelves I have had done over in black with blue Chinese birds lacquered upon them.

My drawing room has rugs from India, gilded dragons from China, and toy dogs with fierce faces and bristling ears that guard, Cerberus-like, my windows. There are low Chinese tables and tapestries that in price at least are of a painful altitude.

On the mantle in my drawing room, stands when it is not hearing me company on my piano, a fascinating head in natural colors. It is the head of a woman proud as a princess, charming as exquisite women have been since Eve set the fashion of charm. There's the subtility of the East in her face. The half smile in eyes and about lips that try to be ascetic but can't, won her the name of the Chinese Mona Lisa. I christened her with drops of perfume of Chinese lilies. The book case in my library is covered by Chinese embroidery that has the pond lily as its motif. Scattered throughout my rooms are Oriental candle sticks that have come from the temples themselves. Had the purloiner of these been detected in his sacrilegious act he would have been beheaded.

I always wear Oriental robes. I do this for two reasons. The colors and designs delight me. And when I don them I feel as though translated across the Pacific to a land of delicious mystery. With the touch of the silken sleeves of a Japanese kimona or of a Mandarin coat I feel as though I am being submerged in rose leaves, in being delightful, perfumed temporary oblivion. My mother, sitting in front and watching me play Tisha with a realism that appalled her said: "I don't know where you get it. I can't account for it."

I love the charm, the mystery, the satisfied, I-have-learned-it-all air of whatever pertains to the East. They do it best. Lady Duff Gordon said to me: "The Chinese learned all that is to be known about colors ten thousand years before we were born. What has the Indian who wove the variegated rugs with the very bloom of departed flowers upon them to learn about textiles? What does the calm-faced Japanese need to learn about colors or philosophy or the efficiency of every day living or the art of keeping a secret?"

I quote from an authority on Asiatic learning. "As is well known, China long ago discovered everything. This fact was realized by Record von Rosenhof, who confidently thought that he had found the first amoeba in 1775. Little did he dream that Fu Hsi—mythically styled the first Chinnaman—had stolen the glory of its counterpart by a little margin of more than 3,000 years. The find was given the world in a perfectly modern way, with unusually clever advertisement. Fu Hsi declared that while thinking over the knotty problem of the universe, a dragon horse skimmed over the water toward him. The dragon horse bore on its back some mystic symbols, subsequently used in all forms of Chinese art, which contained in their few lines the world and all that is in it, beginning with the amoeba.

"The first symbol was called the Tae-Keih. This was a circle divided by a curved line into two nucleated cells. One of these stood for the female principle (yin), as the earth and moon. The other cell denoted the male principle (yang), as the heavens, the Sun."

From which Confucius edited, explains at great length and convincingly at least to me, that the health, happiness and peace of individuals, nations and the universe, depend on the balance maintained between these two elements. Disease, war and chaos result from lack of balance between them. From Tae-Keih sprang other symbols, known as the Eight Mystic Trigrams. They are made up of straight lines representing the male element, broken lines representing the female element, or both which signifies a union of the two elements. These eight mystic trigrams are heaven, which the Chinese believe to be completely male. That may be the reason why all of the angels were pictured by the ancients as male. Mist, steam and all (Continued on page 100)
MILDRED HARRIS' baby-days were spent in a studio—she really grew up with the films. It is not surprising, then, that she lately elected to continue her screen career in preference to making an appearance on the stage.
Alice Lake made the trite transition from comedy to drama with surprising swiftness and grace. She has improved her performances until her slapstick days are now forgotten, and her dramatic future looms brightly.
If we were Pearl White's presto-agent, we should not hesitate to acclaim her the queen of camera emotion. She assumes a new personality every time she faces a photographer. She is now appearing for Fox in "The Thief."
ONE of our finest native screen actresses: Rosemary Theby. She has, in her celluloid career, essayed every conceivable kind of role, and has always acquitted herself with distinction. Miss Theby now has her own company.
HAROLD LLOYD: a new portrait. This young comedian depends so little upon makeup—not even excepting his specs without glass—that he is never grotesque. Some day, he says, he may take up directing, just as a recreation.
KING and coloraturas, poets and painters, may come and go; what concerns us is the latest screen star. Universal answers by introducing Eva Novak, very young and very blonde, as the new addition to their stellar ranks.
Hope Hampton is a southern girl who came to the screen from dramatic school. She has made three pictures, the latest of which, "The Bait," directed by Tourneur, reveals her as an actress of undoubted talent and charm.
Miss Mary Pickford, or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. An etching, the fourth of a special series, drawn for Photoplay by Walter Tittle. Next month, Madame Olga Petrova.
The second stage—the stage of dance programs and frat. pins, matinee idols and misunderstood love. Our Vamp was a Pittsburgh sub-debutante then, with no thoughts of the theater and its myriad opportunities for successful sirening. Plumes and pleading eyes are always good.

We have, directly above, the Baby Vamp—the first period in the Life of a Siren. One acquires the curls at an early age to be able to discard them as one progresses. The Pleading Eyes are absolutely necessary. One simply cannot be a Baby Vamp—aged five—without them.

Along about the late teens or early twenties, one must develop a thoughtful mien and a Hebe hair-dress. These make one seem much older than one really is, and aid one in a dramatic career, as our heroine found. She is now Mrs. deWolf Hopper and a full-fledged actress.

The Evolution of a Vamp

It is only fair to say that Hedda—or we should say Mrs. Hopper—was born with extraordinary equipment. One must be born with that Pleading Look elsewhere pictured on this page—several times. It cannot be acquired. Eve had it, also Helen of Troy and Cleopatra. Men see a woman with it and then wonder why their wives cannot dress and walk the same way. Hedda has it; Hedda has always had it. And it registers. It registers to the tune of a higher remuneration weekly—a polite and polished reference to paychecks—than any other nonstellar lady receives in pictures today. It registers while its owner steals the picture from the star. And still Hedda is a devoted wife and mother to Big Bill and Little Bill respectively—referring to the deWolf Hoppers, Senior and Junior.

The present and ideal Vamp may be seen at the left. She is a gorgeous and exotic creature at whose shapely feet men fall, both on and off the screen.
Another of the original short stories entered in Photoplay's $14,000 prize contest.

NON-ESSENTIALS

The story of a wife who refused to be humbugged out of her husband

By NORVAL RICHARDSON

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

WHEN Mrs. Scotwell saw the expression in her husband's eyes, as she said something to the woman sitting beside him, her memory stirred, awakened and finally throbbed. How long since she had seen that look in his eyes! Ten, no, twelve years now. It was also at a dinner; their first meeting; the beginning of their romance.

For a moment she felt thrilled, carried back on a wave of joy, then, quite as suddenly, horribly depressed; for in the end the sickening realization swept over her that the look that had stirred her had been directed towards another woman.

After a minute of reflection she gathered her forces and looked again. He was now talking to another woman, the one on his left, and the disturbing glow in his eyes had gone. She sighed with relief and picked up the conversation with the man beside her. But, alas, a little later—she could not keep her glance from wandering across the table—she saw the look once more spring into his eyes. This time she felt no thrill; her feeling was only one of alarm. Was it possible that after twelve years it was to be another woman who was to call back to life the glow that she herself had almost forgotten?

The question made her observe the woman carefully. Yes, she was good-looking. More than that, she was interesting looking. Black hair—blue-black, glossy, crinkling; an oval face; a small mouth with thin, sensual lips; large, grey, expressive eyes with little pin points of light in them that made them somehow desperately hard and desperately brilliant. The whole effect suggested ruthlessness. And there was something quite un-American about her, a little difficult to express exactly, unless this effect were produced by her voice which was rather high, crisp, with a slight tinge of British accent. Otherwise she was not particularly different from any of the other well dressed, well bred women at the table. Charm? Perhaps. But the charm of intellect surely; nothing to do with the charm that is made up of gentleness and sweetness and softness.

"Who is the woman sitting next my husband?" she asked the man beside her.

"Mrs. Havilow—a writer, I believe—vers libres or something of the sort. Hasn't been in New York for years, she told me.

"But the expression in his eyes!" Mrs. Scotwell nodded, reflective. "Yes—she would.

"You mean?"

"Anyone who has lived in Europe a number of years would find us sentimental. Is she as interesting as she looks?"

"I've just met her."

"Yes—but long enough for her to tell you she finds us sentimental."

Her companion laughed. "That, I assure you, was done most impersonally. I suppose I should say she was as interesting as she looks—your way of putting it."

"My husband docs too," she answered with a smile, but as she smiled, fear had held of her again. For the third time she had seen the forgotten expression in his eyes. It was perfectly absurd, she said to herself, and yet the thought would remain. It rested in her mind with an almost fatal deliciousness.

When they reached home that night she followed her husband into the nursery, a habit he had formed in spite of the threats of the English nurse. Watching him as he leaned over the little white-enamelled, bejewelled bed and gazed at their two-year old baby, their only child, she felt the fear which had swept hold of her earlier in the evening return and gradually die away. With very deep conviction she realized how unfounded all her flying thoughts had been. No matter if she no longer called to life that glow in his eyes, their child did. That was her safeguard and his. No matter what might happen, this little being, lying there calmly between them, would hold them together and make her care bitter in the end. That was the binding tie above everything else.

But even so when she turned into her room she could not resist saying casually: "You liked Mrs. Havilow, John?"

"Yes. She's interesting—immensely so. I haven't met a woman like her for ages."

"Attractive?"

"Very."

"Are you going to see her again?"

"She asked me to ten tomorrow."

Alone, in her own room and in bed, Lucy Scotwell could not put the strange obsession from her. The past twelve years rose and seemed to call to her for consideration. They had been very happy years for her; and for him too, she was almost certain. Ah, no, she was quite certain. Certainty of success had come from their both entering the married state with a frank admission to one another of their characters, their qualities and lack of qualities. She had never pretended that she would eventually become his intellectual partner. They had laughed a good deal over this during the short courtship. She had asked him several times if he did not think he needed an intellectual wife—if an author should not marry a woman who could help him with his work. He had held up his hands in horror and scoured the idea. An author was just exactly like a stockbroker; when he finished his day's work he wanted to forget it; he did not want to go home to the same thing. No, he could never love an intellectual woman; there was something sexless about them; they were a bit unnatural. What he wanted was a woman who would make a home for him, give him love and affection and sweet companionship, a woman who would make her home her mission in life, who would have children and give her husband what so few seemed to have these days—a quiet haven that was filled with peace and restfulness. That was what he craved more than anything else in the world—almost more than success. She could give him that, he was sure of it, and in doing so she would be helping him in his work and make him the happiest man in the world.

Well, she had given him all that, but in doing so had she made him the happiest man in the world? He had had his share of success; he appeared to be the most contented of men; and so far as comforts went she was sure that she had soared in that direction. It had been one of her most constant endeavors—making him comfortable. And he adored their child.

But suddenly, after twelve peaceful years, she was faced with the question of what, deep down in his heart, he thought of her. Strangely enough, it had taken another woman, or at least her husband's expression as he looked at another woman, to create such a question.

With that electrifying light that accompanies one's thoughts in the middle of the night, she saw for the first time that her relations were a bit too cut and dried, too much taken for granted, too much a part of everyday life. Adventure was missing, had gone by the board years ago, and with it that expression in his eyes when he looked at her. Was this the natural result of peaceful married life? Were the majority of married women experiencing this gradual drifting away from romance into an existence made up of a calm, satisfying com-
He was now talking to another woman, the one on his left, and the disturbing glow in his eyes had gone. Mrs. Scotwell sighed with relief and picked up the conversation with the man beside her.

companship and physical comforts? Was it impossible to go straight on to the end with a glow in the eyes? Why not? Why not? She loved her husband as deeply as ever. At times her happiness thrilled her. Why could he not be the same? Was it that eternally discussed difference in sex? Was it a law of nature that women should be satisfied and contented while man wearied of repetition?

She forced such reasoning from her mind, determined to go to sleep. But instead of sleep came the vision of her husband looking at another woman as he had once looked at her.

He came in late for dinner the next evening. "You must have enjoyed tea with Mrs. Havilow," she said, with an expression meant to be casual; it was in reality a mask to hide anxiety.

"Yes—she was tremendously interesting."

"An intellectual woman?"

"Brilliant."

"I remember you once said intellectual women were a bit unnatural—lacking in sex. Does that apply to her?"

He looked up with surprise. "Did I say that? Sexless?"
No—I don’t think I should say Mrs. Havilow was lacking in sex. But I didn’t really have time to think of that.”

“Then—”

“I mean—we were discussing everything under the sun. By the way, she asked if you were going to call. Are you?”

“As a rule I don’t care for women who ask married men to tea and forget they have wives.”

“Don’t blame her. It was my fault. As a matter of fact, it was my suggestion. We were in the midst of a discussion when I started. I had no chance to continue it. I said I would call if she would let me.”

His defense appeared to her somewhat significant. She let a few moments pass in silence. Then: “Would you like me to call?”

“I’d like to ask her to dinner.”

“Then, of course I’ll have to call.”

The call was not very successful. Mrs. Scotwell tried to find a subject of common interest; Mrs. Havilow made no effort in that direction. Home life was evidently not her field. The difficulties of the servant question, the high cost of living, the thousand and one little details that make a home maker’s life so absorbing, aroused her only to an indifferent yes and no; and she took no pains to keep her caller from realizing this.

Rising to leave, Mrs. Scotwell could not resist a slight thrust. After all, it was very human.

“My husband enjoyed meeting you so much. I hope you will dine with us some evening. It will give him—us—so much pleasure.”

Mrs. Havilow smiled and there was a little kindling of the pin points in her eyes as she accepted.

The dinner was more successful—from a conversational point of view. Mrs. Havilow was brilliant. She sailed high upon what was, for the moment, her absorbing interest—American literature of today. She found it good, vital, original, close to real life, a new sort of realism. But the method was—if she might be excused for saying it—a little too careless. Even if the subject chosen for exposition were, in a way, vulgar, ought not the author to show that he was at least viewing it from a background of culture? It was that which, she felt, would keep American writers of today from becoming permanent. They were not creating literature; they were merely reflecting life. They were recounting their daily lives. Scotwell refused her argument. A sincere account of life was literature. Sides were taken. Everyone waited impatiently to bring in an opinion; everyone except Lucy Scotwell. She listened, a bit bored and oddly worried. She had again seen that look in her husband’s eyes.

Her own attitude annoyed her. It was so unusual and so foolish. She had never felt this way before. She wondered if a certain definite quality in the present situation had forced this uneasiness upon her. But, after all, what did she fear? Her husband’s interest in a brilliant woman? Nothing could possibly come of it. Mrs. Havilow had already mentioned that she was returning to France within a month. Nothing could possibly happen in a month; at least nothing that would be important in a period of twelve years’ routine.

But, alas, Lucy Scotwell’s opinion of one month was far from correct. Nations have risen and fallen in a month. A whole life has been lived in that time. One day may be longer than a hundred years.

The sudden development very nearly, though not quite, swept her off her feet. She only saw Mrs. Havilow three times; but during those meetings she studied Mrs. Havilow more deeply than she realized. And studying her, she analyzed the difference in them. Mrs. Havilow had brilliance, wit, and a certain sort of—not exactly beauty—but presence. Life, the mere living of it, was remote from her. Somehow one could not imagine her going to bed at night or getting up in the morning or doing all the little necessary things that must be done. She seemed to have discarded all such things and was existing in a mental atmosphere. On the other hand, Lucy Scotwell, made of all these little details, adventure and consequently achieved a certain homeliness, comfort, pleasantness, that made her personality and charm. One felt comfortable and agreeably happy with her. Above everything else she was restful. She knew this and she knew its power. It was her metier and she made a success of it. She knew too that her husband needed just what she gave him; but she was clever enough to know that what she did not give might harm him. To what extent it would harm him experience had not yet shown her.

During the week which followed her second meeting with Mrs. Havilow she pursued her metier; she even concentrated on it. More than ever she made, as she would have expressed it, her husband more comfortable than ever. She carefully overlooked his clothes—he was rather fussy about them with-out the desire to bother with them herself; she varied him in a way that very few women are capable of doing; she saw that his study was cleaned without anything being disturbed; she gave particular care to seeing that old pens which he preferred were not replaced by hard, new ones; slippers and dressing gown were always where he expected to find them; she showed no disappointment and asked no questions when he began to dine away from home. Scotwell was at work every evening; she saw that favorite dishes were served with prodigal repetition whenever he was at home; she dressed the baby in things he had expressed a preference for; she instructed the nurse to offer no objections to any whimsical ideas he might have in regard to the baby. In a word, she worked silently and efficiently and with an object. And all the time, without actually knowing it, she was aware that her happiness was trembling.

The first really alarming sign was her husband’s continued absence from home. Another was that he was not writing at all; and up to the present he had always been rather methodical about that. And again, his almost exaggerated attention to the baby was carried to an extraordinary extent. She found him every morning in the nursery and after luncheon he would sit beside the little white bed while the baby slipped off into her afternoon sleep. Once she found him (Continued on page 82)
Here is the imposing castle of King Arthur with its nine towers, eighteen feet in diameter at the base and ten feet at the top—the tallest is seventy feet high. Director Emmett Flynn built it on the California plains. The courtyard is 300 by 250 feet. The siege of the ancient castle by an army of armored knights and their followers mounted on motorcycles is an astonishingly weird sight.

King Arthur’s Court

A Mark Twain classic turned into a screen farce

MARK TWAIN must have anticipated motion pictures when he wrote "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court." Never was a tale more admirably adapted to the screen than this great comic romance. It was William Fox who saw its picture possibilities and converted it into celluloid, and it loses nothing in its translation. The story concerns itself with the adventures of Hank Morgan, a present-day Yankee hailing from Hartford, Conn., when he finds himself in the old England of King Arthur’s time. There is amusing contrast between the ultra-modern Yankee and the dignified and doughty knights of the court. Hank’s knowledge of modern inventions makes him hated by Merlin, the magician, who finds that his own magic loses its glamour beside the wonders of telephones, six-shooters, gunpowder and motorcycles. Hank rescues the beautiful Lady Alisande from the castle of the wicked Queen Morgan Le Fay as the finale of his thrilling adventures.

Harry Myers plays Hank Morgan, the intrepid Yankee, who starts the ancient court of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table with his slang, his six-shooter and his marvelous modern makeup.

Here is Merlin, the mighty magician, rightly piqued by the mightier modernities of the Yankee interloper. Of what avail is sorcery against inventions such as automobiles and plumbing for the Royal Bath?
How a Stage or Screen Marriage Can Be Made Happy

As Marjorie Rambeau Told It to Ada Patterson.

The marriage of people of the theater should be the happiest in the world. If it were possible to top that statement I would say that the marriage of an actor and actress for the screen should be still happier. Such marriages may be the ideal translated into the real. I can give my reason in one short, and I hope strong, sentence: because they understand each other.

Creators, or if you will, interpreters, of character, live in a different world from other folk. Small wonder that we puzzle the kind people who pay for their tickets and sit in front and watch us or listen to us or both.

The folk who sit out front have the same basic emotions as ourselves. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin." I grant that, but we of the stage and the screen live nearer to the skin as it were. It is easier to prick us with the pin point of circumstance. Our response is swifter and shriller. We are perhaps more sensitive, more "touchy," and without doubt we are more articulate. What we feel we put into speech. And we do not mince that speech.

What I have just said is true yet figurative. Let me be direct and specific.

The actor is trained to express by gestures. The rest of the world is taught that to gesticulate is bad form. I know a college girl who met one of America's brightest stars at a dinner. She was charmed by the actress's modesty, by her quaintness and her wit; but when, to express a point, the star raised her dainty hand and curved her white fingers into the semblance of a claw, the college girl was pained. Within the walls of her world, gesture, save by an orator on the platform or a histrion on the stage, is the acme of bad form. She confided to me the story of that dinner and of her disappointment. She said: "I was shocked to discover that Miss — is not well bred." Another world!

Other girls are taught that a scene is vulgar. Actresses learn early that scenes are effective. A play is built by scenes. The actress builds her career by her playing of scenes. To her, then, bursting into tears in a more or less public place, is natural, proper, right. To quarrel, if quarrel one must, hotly, publicly, is also to her natural, proper, right. Any other girl feels that having participated in a scene, she has lost ground. An actress feels that she has maintained her ground.

The rule of the laywoman's life is to repress—repress—repress. The rule of the actress life is to express—express—always express.

Fancy a man born and bred in that world, far from the stage! Fancy him married to a young woman who gesticulates and makes scenes. The first time they quarrel he will believe that his world is crumbling about his head and so it may his kind of world. If he were an actor he would watch his bride play the scene. He would not try to stop it. He would watch it with the zest of a theater-goer and participate in it with the technique of the player. And when the clouds have cleared away nobody will be any the worse. It is simply a scene, and he and the wife of his bosom live by scenes. Since they do so live, a tiny tumult in the home circle does not greatly disturb either.

The man and woman of the stage have the same interest. What interests one never fails to interest the other. Whereas the broker who comes home and talks of the antics of those curious animals, the bulls and bears, catches his wife yawning. The surgeon who talks of an operation is commanded by his wife to cease her gory details. A lawyer who talks at home about his work in court is likely to be informed with spouses candid that he is tedious. An editor's wife becomes "sick of that old paper."

But the artist of the stage never tires of his art. He consumes it and it consumes him. It is a theme of endless interest. If he has married a player they have a never-ceasing topic of conversation. Their interests are fused.

To become figurative again, they speak the same language. No strange tongues will fall upon their mutual ear. They have a common basis for life.
The marriage of people of the theater should be the happiest in the world—because they understand each other. . . . The rule of the laywoman's life is to repress. The rule of the actress' life is to express.

happiness, the basis of a common, never-ending interest.
I said the chance for happy marriage on the screen is even greater than on the stage. I repeat it. Their lives are even more perfectly blended, for they lead a wholly normal life. They work by day and sleep by night. They can go to a play or see a picture together. They can have a fixed home, the precious privilege allotted the motion picture player, which the wandering actor craves and envies.
I loved my husband the first time I saw him. When he came into the room I felt, "There is the one man in all the world with whom I could be happy." I don't know why it was. I only know it was. And that it is. If anyone had said to me on my wedding day that I would love Hugh Dillman more than I did then, I would have said, "That is impossible. No one can love anyone more than I now love him." But I do love him more than I did on my wedding day. As the days and months pass I love him more. We are nearing our second anniversary.
On my wedding day I was as happy as any mortal could be, but I grow happier and happier. One reason is that I have found the right man for me. There is an interesting theory, a mythological tale, that in the beginning human-kind was cut into two equal parts and that all of us are fragments of that dissevered whole. We search the world for the other half of us. If we find it, happiness is our lot. If we make a mistake and get the wrong half we are the reverse of happy. So pitifully many find the wrong half and mistake it for their own! I know I have found my right half, the right man for me.
Another reason is Hugh Dillman's beautiful unselfishness or selflessness. When we were married he said: "My dear, in every theatrical couple there is one who has been gifted with the greater talent. If they know (Continued on page 105)
WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—

WILLIAM DEMILLE

Because he has created a new school in the films, a school of simplicity; because he was a writer of stories and continuities before he began to direct; because he has put literature into pictures without mangling it in the process; because he wears a small, crushed and battered hat while directing; because he is himself reminiscent of the heroes of Locke and Barrie; because he advocates the single tax and spends his spare time explaining it; because he knows men as well as books; but chiefly because he has overcome the obvious handicap of being merely Cecil de Mille’s brother.

OLGA PETROVA

Because she was a successful newspaper woman before she ever went on the stage; because she made “Panthea” one of the realest women in the gallery of theatrical portraits; because she is a very good cook; because she champions the artistic future of the screen; because she speaks many languages, both vocally and histrionically; because she has formed her own ideals and stuck to them; because she recently broke all headline records in the varieties, singing her own songs; because she is happily married; AND because she writes as brilliantly as she acts.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW

Because she originated a new kind of comedy without the aid of custard pies; because she wrote and directed the Drew domestic comedies and at the same time played a delightful Polly to Sidney Drew’s Henry Minor; because she is fond of chocolates and dogs; because the comedies for which she was chiefly responsible converted to the screen many important unbelievers; because she married Sidney Drew and became related to Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, and John Drew; because she carried on after her husband’s death as her own star and director; because she adapted “The Gay Old Dog,” and because she directed Alice Joyce’s best picture.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

Because he plays husbands with minds of their own; because you would never take him for an actor if you saw him on the street; because he has been for years one of filmdom’s foremost leading men and remains modest and retiring; because his Japanese schoolboy cook makes the world’s best pancakes; because he has made love to more beautiful women than the screen—perhaps than any other man; because he is a star without stellar billing; but mostly because, after a long and critical illness, he staged the most marvelously complete comeback in silver sheen history.
"Is she very gifted?"
Stage Manager — "Gifted! It's a poor day she doesn't get a necklace or something."
PHOTOPLAY'S ARTIST CHAP VISITS A LONDON
KINEMA AND TAKES HIS OOLONG STRAIGHT

TIME: tea-time.

No Englishman can think of tea-time and sing "Britons never shall be slaves" with a clear conscience.

At that sacred hour workers stop striking. Royalty quits laying cornerstone, clerks leave off trial-balancing. M. P's drop dilly-dallying and everyone performs the Solemn Rite of Having One's Tea. This, obviously, so cuts into an afternoon that "continuous performances" would be quite out of the question if they had not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat. A neat tray holding the tea-things is brought in and fixed to the seat in front, as graphically represented above, and there one is.

From left to right, the tea-takers are:

A FLAPPER who came in to console herself with movies for the paucity of subalterns since demobilization.

A SUBALTERN who came in to console himself with movies for the paucity of flappers since demobilization.

CROTCHETY GENTLEMAN who thinks it's disgraceful and that something ought to be done about it (and who will probably get his wish).

FRANCIS X. O'HOOLIHAN, full of poteen but still dying for a cup of tea and refusing to take it in order to show his contempt for England and its ways.

YOUNG PERSON still suffering from—or, rather, thoroughly enjoying—the Mary Pickford complex.

ANGUS MACDOUGAL who has dropped his hat and is trying to pick it up without taking his eyes off the screen and losing a fraction of his three-and-six worth.

DEAR OLD LADY, taking a fly from her cup with the idea, not of saving her tea, but the fly's life, who thinks these new American films are perfectly dreadful.

YOUNG ENGLAND, troubled with no such Mid-Victorian quasiness.

FRENCHMAN reading all the captions aloud and painfully. He has discovered that it is excellent practice in English—but he doesn't know what kind.

ENGLISH BEAUTY—frigid type.

AMERICAN LADY, one of those constant travelers whose desire to travel is a mystery, since she dislikes everything she sees, trying to tell all England what she thinks of it. "An' the boat t'ah Southampton? Why, they didn't have no sheets ner anything an' they was fleas in the bunks!!" HER HUSBAND wishes she wouldn't.

Having a GOOD PIPE where a pipe tastes good and is neither frowned upon nor forbidden.
not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat.

Sugar and Lemon
By Ralph Barton

SO complete has been the conquest of England by American films and so thoughtfully have those films been chosen, with a view to their propaganda value, that any English school-boy can tell you to the last detail precisely what America is like. The hieroglyphic (shown below) was prepared, di grado in grado, from a careful description of the corner of Columbus Circus and 42nd Avenue, New York, given us by a juvenile cinema-addict.

MOTION-PICTURE (educational) of a good, 100% American, who, in order to obtain a passport to visit England, took a solemn oath to obey the Constitution of the United States.
CONRAD NAGEL is a nice boy.
He is also a number of other—things—one of our best young actors, a devoted husband, something of a matinee idol, an all-round athlete and a deep student of religion.

But he is first of all a nice boy. His clean-cut English blondness is refreshing, his quiet, unruffled calmness of demeanor is pleasing and his application of the principle of life, as he see it, to every thing that touches him is unusual enough to make a lasting impression.

After six years of stage experience, Conrad Nagel came to the pictures with a mind "open for instruction and a determination to round out what he knows of the art of acting by this work of pantomime." (That's the way he put it.)

In "The Fighting Chance" he gave a performance which is going to make other screen leading men sit up and take notice.

And it wasn't altogether an easy thing to play the hero of a book so widely known, and so generally loved, as the first Robert W. Chambers society novel is to the American novel-reading public. Almost everyone had some very distinct conception of "Stephen Siward." It speaks volumes for Nagel's art that he has apparently pleased them all.

He has followed "The Fighting Chance" with "Athalie" and is now engaged in playing the lead in a very remarkable lead I am told—in William de Mille's production of "His Friend and His Wife" from Cosmo Hamilton's story.

"I understand you've signed a five-year contract with Lasky?" I asked.

"Well—it's for as long as we both like it. I love the stage. I'm not giving it up by any means."

Some kind director had erected a lovely jungle setting—or perhaps it was only a garden—anyway, it was composed of palms and ferns, and a wet sand floor—and we sought refuge from the hot afternoon sun beneath its shade.

He was getting ready to drive a roadster up several hundred feet of built mountain road, just exactly two inches wider than the car. He was as unconcerned as a May morning. In fact, his singularly contained, even temperament and bearing make the heights and depths for his emotional portrayals all the more amazing.

As a matter of fact, Conrad Nagel is an actor—and in some ways an actor of the old school. He believes in acting as an art. He believes in the actor who can act any part no matter how seemingly foreign to his own temperament. He believes in the fine touches, the deep study, the minute working out of a role, as a painter works out a picture.

Also, he is a bit particular about what he plays. On the stage, he liked best the part of "Youth" which he played in the wonderful allegorical production "Experience."

"I wouldn't play a part that I didn't think had something worth while in it. I wouldn't play in a production that I thought portrayed wrong ideas, wrong actions, or that might lead others to do or think wrong things."

"This world is too full of unpleasant things to make a business of doing them needlessly. William de Mille has that idea so clearly and he has, too, the great thing that an actor loves to find in a director—patience."

The Nagels—Mrs. Nagel, by the way, is pretty, brunette Ruth Helms, who appeared with him in a minor role in "The Fighting Chance"—are an exceedingly domestic family. They have been married only about a year and already little Ruth, whose age is not worth mentioning, graces their charming Hollywood home.

Oh, yes—he claims Keokuk, Iowa, as his birthplace.
"Who is it?" she whispered. "It's me—Ballard," came a muffled voice. She unlocked the door and it was flung violently open. Black Mike stepped inside.

EMBERS of anger glowed sullenly behind a mist of grief in the eyes of Silky Moll. Ordinarily the glances that followed Moll's slender figure, as she traversed the streets of Chinatown, were admiring and desirous. Today she inspired only wonder among her acquaintances as she slouched along recklessly, her shoulders bent by defeat, and the slumbering fury that transformed her pretty face was a warning to the inquisitive. So, heedless but unhurting, she passed along Kearny Street, through Portsmouth Square, through the narrow alley that was the centre of her world, and into the bazaar of Chang Lo.

The tall, grizzled Chinaman, seated behind his counter and puffing lazily at a water-pipe, barely looked up as Moll entered. "That's what yer 'goin' straight' comes to—they've sent Dad up fer a year."

"American justice is strange—"

"Aw, cut the spiel," Moll interrupted. "The cops framed him, if that's what yer gettin' at."

"It is incredible—"

"Aw, you make me sick. I dunno why Dad ever listened t' you. He was some crook—wanted on two continents an' in seven states, an' they couldn't get the goods on 'im. Then he runs into you, and next thing, his career's ruined. Settles down runnin' a dinky faro an' fan tan joint, an' runnin' it square, barely makin' a livin'. An' th' guy that a whole army of the tree. It would pass. He watched the girl with unchanged expression as she stamped out of his bazaar, and knew it was not time for him to tell her what he knew. Had he told her that it was not the police but Black Mike Silva who had "framed" her father, she was in the mood to hunt out Mike and fling herself at his throat. This would mean only that there would be no daughter to meet Madden when he finished his stretch, for Mike was well equipped to dispose of any person who might be a menace. His motive for getting Madden out of the way was simply that of the crook who fears a former accomplice who has reformed. From reformation, in the eyes of Black Mike, to active cooperation with the police, was only a step, and Madden knew too much about Black Mike and his gang. The solution was simple—make Madden think the police were persecuting him, and he would not be likely to give them any information.

All this Chang Lo knew, but with the fatalism of his race he hesitated to interfere with the destinies of others. At least, not just yet.

Knowing nothing of this, Silky Moll went direct from the bazaar of Chang Lo to the headquarters of Black Mike Silva's gang, and sought out the leader. Silva watched her warily for a moment, but her first words reassured him.

"Well, they got Dad and I'm on my own. I guess I don't need any letters of recommendation 't' you, do I?"

OUTSIDE
the LAW

Out of the plots of criminals and desperate adventures by night in the underworld of Chinatown—Romance.

By
JEROME SHOREY

Sherlock Holmeses couldn't make, gets framed an' sent over the road fr' a flesh wound in a cop's shoulder. Now I'd like t' hear you talk, Chang Lo, and explain just how the benefits of runnin' straight come in for the Madden family."

"Who can know the ending of a tale that is just begun?" Chang asked.

Moll's reckless, half hysterical laugh stopped a little knot of passers-by, who looked in curiously, and went on their way. "Well, I'll tell you th' answer," the girl said. "I used t' think you was just a smart crook, usin' this honesty stuff to cover up with. Now I know different—yer just a fool Chink, livin' honest because yuh haven't got the brains t' be a crook. Go on sellin' tea an' kimonos to tourists—I'm Silent Madden's daughter, an' I'm out fer th' stuff. Goodbye."

To the patient Oriental mind, the anger of a moment is the fluttering of a leaf in a breeze—it changes neither the breeze nor the tree. It would pass. He watched the girl with unchanged expression as she stamped out of his bazaar, and knew it was not time for him to tell her what he knew. Had he told her that it was not the police but Black Mike Silva who had "framed" her father, she was in the mood to hunt out Mike and fling herself at his throat. This would mean only that there would be no daughter to meet Madden when he finished his stretch, for Mike was well equipped to dispose of any person who might be a menace. His motive for getting Madden out of the way was simply that of the crook who fears a former accomplice who has reformed. From reformation, in the eyes of Black Mike, to active cooperation with the police, was only a step, and Madden knew too much about Black Mike and his gang. The solution was simple—make Madden think the police were persecuting him, and he would not be likely to give them any information.

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"Well, they got Dad and I'm on my own. I guess I don't need any letters of recommendation 't' you, do I?"
"I'll say you don't," Silva assured her. "You want t' come in with us."

"You guessed it. You know my lay—society stuff. Got anything marked?"

"Come and see me tomorrow. I think I can use you."

So Mary Madden was admitted to membership in the gang led by the man who had sent perjurers to the police with stories that put her father in San Quentin. But the quality of that membership was revealed in a different light in the conversation which ensued after her departure, between Silva and his trusted lieutenant, Dapper Bill Ballard.

"How'd you like a sea voyage?" Silva asked Ballard.

"Meaning what?"

The gang leader leaned across the table and checked off the possibilities.

"There's half a million in sparklers in Morgan Spencer's safe in his house on Presidio Heights. He changes the combination every day and keeps in the numbers on a paper in his pocket—never leaves them. Tomorrow night he's giving a big shindy,—sort of open house reception for some big mogul. You and the Madden girl go to shindy, get into room where safe is and start server for Spencer. Chloroform Spencer, open safe and you get sparklers—YOU, yourself, understand. Go to front door, open it, Madden girl goes out ahead. You slam door, beat it to back, and I'll be there waiting. Taxi in alley, down to old North Beach landing, boat to liner—captain's a friend of mine. Get it?"

"Almost. What about girl?"

"Solid ivory! Police have advance tip, but too late to warn Sparkles. Grab girl. Find Spencer. While they give girl third degree we sail merrily to Hong Kong."

"Say Mike, what's the idea? Got a contract for framing all the Maddens?"

"We're not safe while that girl's loose. Chang Lo is on, and he'll put her wise one of these days."

"Why not croak Chang Lo, then?"

"Ballard—if you know how many graves is filled with guys that've tried that? He ain't human. Nope. We'll get rid of the girl and make our getaway. By the time her and her old man is out, our trail'll be cold."

It is the business of the gang leader to know everything about his followers, but one thing he cannot always know—what they think. He knew all that Dapper Bill did by day and by night, from his spies to watch his most "trusted" men and spies to watch his spies. But how was he to know, for who was there to tell him, that William Ballard was secretly in love with Mary Madden? Dapper Bill had no objection to the framing of Moll's father—that was all part of the game. But to frame the girl herself, and leave her for all time, sailing to the Orient while she went to prison—that was something else. Yet to refuse to carry out instructions was dangerous. So he hunted out a Moll to arrange a plan of action. Characteristically, he told her nothing of the game that had been played upon her father. One thing at a time. She was suspicious from the beginning, anyhow.

"Why are you spilling this?" she demanded.

Bill hung his head, sheepishly. "Well, I'm awful fond of you, Moll."

"Bull!" she snarled. "Tell the truth."

He told it by picking the girl up in his arms, and crushing her in a breathless embrace, from which she fought her way free like a Tigress.

"Mebbe you believe me, now," Bill observed.

"Moll looked at him, half furious, half interested.

"I'll believe you if you don't try that stuff again."

"What stuff? Then what'll we do about Mike? Better just let it drop an' lay low till he gets over his grouch."

"No, we'll go through with it, almost," she proposed. "Listen. This Spencer house covers three sides of a block. There's back and front, but there's one side open..."

"You're on," Bill agreed. "We'll beat Mike to his own game."

"And when he gets wise—oh boy! Look out!"

"Listen, kid, I learned this game from a crook that was
I'm trusting you because you tipped me off to Black Mike. Be careful that I can trust you.”

"Don't get me wrong," Bill replied. "I want to marry you, but so long as we're in this deal, I'm forgetting it."

They flattered themselves that they had covered their trail so perfectly that they could hardly follow it themselves. And while neither of them slept much that night, by breakfast time they were in a merry mood, and laughed together over the way Black Mike must be feeling, and the quandary of the police. While they were laughing the doorbell rang, and they looked at each other, startled.

"There's nothing to be gained by waiting," Moll whispered, and went to the door.

It was Chang Lo.

"How did you find us? What do you want?" Moll demanded as she pulled him inside and slammed the door.

He ignored her first question, and handed her a small bag, which jingled.

"Do not try to sell jewels," he said. "It would be fatal. This gold your father gave me so you could have it if badly needed. Goodbye. Be very careful."

"I don't believe a word about Dad and the gold," Moll replied. "But I get the idea, and we'll pay you back. Is there any danger of them finding us?"

Chang simply shrugged his shoulders. That was for the fates alone to decide—who was to read their will? And he departed.

While the gold the Chinaman had brought, solved their immediate problems of existence, the fact that he had been able to trace them brought a considerable amount of worry. If he could do so, would it not be possible also for Black Mike? The police they did not fear so much, but the necessary trips which Ballard had to make for provisions were nerve-racking.

Day after day of this confinement and strain began to tell on their nerves. Moll became quick-tempered and impatient, Bill kept out of her way as much as possible, and finally, provoking about the hall for relief, struck up an acquaintance with a small boy, who lived across the hall and bemoaned the absence of playmates.

Moll watched the strange friendship with open scorn, the friendship of a burglar and a baby. Her scorn became intense as Dapper Bill grew more and more sentimental.

"Gee," he said one day, "wouldn't it be great to have a home, and be married, and have a few kids like Little Billy here, and not to have to be worrying about cops—"

"I thought I told you to lay off that stuff," Moll snarled, in a strange, hard voice.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," Dapper Bill pleaded. "But it would be great, just the same."

Moll sneered and left the two to their game.

But the next day when the youngster fumbled his way into the apartment, Moll was alone. Dapper Bill had gone out to get cigarettes.

"Pitty yady pway wif Litty Billy?" the baby pleaded.

Moll shoved him away impatiently, and big tears came into his eyes. In an instant all the woman in her was awake, and dropping to the floor beside him she drew him to her, and out-weped him with the first tears she could remember having shed in many years. It was thus that Dapper Bill found them, and wisely went on into another room without breaking the spell. In a few moments, Little Bill's mother came to take him home, and as she went out Dapper Bill and Silky Moll looked into each other's eyes, and there was no trace of the hardness in the woman's gaze, that had puzzled him.

"You're right, Bill," she said. "It would be great."
A few hours later, Mary, who had been unable to sleep, heard a soft tapping at the door, and hurried into a negligee.

"It's me—Ballard," came a muffled voice.

She unlocked the door, and it was flung violently open. Black Mike stepped inside, closed the door behind him, and confronted the girl.

"Now I'll have the sparks, if yuh don't mind," he snarled. "Yuh thought yuh had 'em hid where I couldn't find 'em. Well—yuh got another guess comin'."

Involuntarily Mary glanced toward the ferns, and Silva sprang to the hiding-place.

"Fell fer an' old one that time, didn't yuh?" he laughed, as he tore the parcel from its place of concealment. "Well, yer friend is asleep, snorin' like a sick elephant, an' I'm off. Kiss him goodbye fer me, kid."

But Ballard had taken the precaution to keep a key to Mary's apartment and as Silva turned toward the door, he looked into the muzzle of Dapper Bill's gun.

"Drop that bundle an' up yer mitts," Ballard commanded.

Mike knew his man too well to disobey. Mary picked up the bundle.

"Hurry an' get dressed," Ballard said to her.

"We're leaving."

Then came another knock at the door, no gentle tapping this time, but a loud thumping that sounded suspiciously like a night-stick. This time it was the police. There could be no mistake—nobody else knocked like that.

Ballard and Mary were thrown off their guard by the startling sound of the police knock just long enough for Silva to draw his gun and cover them.

"What's another cop, more or less?" he said with a sinister laugh. "I'll get him, and both of you too if you put out a single peep."

Ballard laughed.

"Hurry into some street clothes, Mary," he said.

"Mike's gun ain't loaded. I fixed that while he thought I was snorin'."

Slowly feeling his way toward the door, keeping Silva covered with his gun, Ballard placed his hand on the knob. Silva could not understand what he meant. Then, with a jerk, he threw the door open, and Donovan, one of the huskies, if not the brainiest man on the force, leaped in and grappled with the first man he saw, which naturally was Silva. Ballard having concealed himself behind the door. While the struggle was going on, Ballard slipped into Mary's room, and together they hurried out of a side door and down to the street.

Chang Le was busy nightly reading of the anecdotes of Confucius, when they reached the back room of his bazaar, which served as his library, kitchen and bedroom. But his greeting was as casual as if they had come to buy a bit of porcelain. Nor did he betray astonishment when they explained what had happened to them—their desire to reform, and the visit of Black Mike.

"All is well," he reassured them: "Your father has been released and is at home waiting for you. The police have learned of their mistake. I will now take these jewels to them."

Madden was raging like a wild beast when Mary and Ballard found him, and his anger was redoubled when they told him of the trick Silva had tried to play on them.

"Well, that's all right," Mary assured him. "The police have got him—he won't get away from Donovan—and Chang says they want him for fixing your frame-up."

But Silva did get away from Donovan, and in his desperation he summoned his forces for a battle, a battle of the gangs such as is known only where death stalks by night in big cities. By the wireless of the underworld the call went out, and through cellars, up fire-escapes, across roofs and among the rabbit-warren of Chinatown, the forces of Black Mike gathered. But even as a wireless message might be intercepted, so the news came to Madden of Silva's preparations.

"Get Madden, the girl, and Ballard," were the orders, and gunmen who lived only for the lust of blood asked no questions. Mike was confident that the Spencer (Continued on page 108)
A Lesson in Love

By BERT LYTELL

Who admits right at the start that he knows very little about it.

THIS love business is so woefully misunderstood by nearly everyone, anyway! I might as well confess right now that I know very little about it. Of course you might say that no man makes a good lover except our Italian count, who has no land; or a Frenchman, who is eternally bowing; or a Russian with a soul, and I'll admit there's some truth to it. What's the matter?

The answer: there's not enough perversity in the world. People are continually insulting each other by being "just the same" every time they meet. She will ask, "Will you love me this way always?" and he will answer, "Till the stars grow cold!" What an insult to their abilities—to love someone just the same, or until the stars grow cold! Love must be a different love each hour, each moment, and as for the stars, you must swear the stars down, and not reckon with timely things when you're on such a timeless subject as love.

Most people seem to think love is a physical reaction—see someone you fancy, effect: cold sweat, rising and rapid dropping of temperature, a loss of appetite, a rush of appropriate words to the lips, a divine and hitherto unknown light to the eyes, and presto—love has been accomplished! And I say, that love is the stretching of all that is insufficient to the needed dimension. If you have not got the goods, you'll lose. History only records a few lovers as it only records a few poets, a few painters, a few martyrs—every woman and every man may not have it, the real, the miraculous, the unalterable, undying thing. Why expect it? It is for the chosen, and the rest of us must do the best we can or make as exact copies of the masters as our natural ability and any acquired skill makes possible and pleasing—for only a few are born to receive love.

Take the vampire. Some people make the mistake of taking her seriously. As a matter of fact, the safest woman in the world is the vamp. She is the fire extinguisher of love, and as dangerous as all signs to "Come on in, the water's fine" are dangerous. You might as well say that a detective could catch his prey if he shouted, "Hist, I'm from Scotland Yards," or a mouse-trap its mouse if it had a song and dance attached to its otherwise silent profession. A vampire is the eternal exit, the place where you turn aside, the door out, the window left open.

Of course there is a real vampire. She doesn't wear knives like a facade, however, or a leopard skin like a saddle. No—the real siren is a pink and white little thing who keeps a mint lozenge under her tongue, who wears the latest in ankle straps and who has a chaperone who's always on the point of turning her head away.

I may say that we have both kinds of love and both kinds of vampires—real and imaginary—on the screen. Our lovers of the male variety are only too often young and pretty heroes; our girls, those sleek ingenues with prop curls and vapid smiles. A person with a past in a picture must necessarily be the villain of the piece. As a matter of fact, few men like to love ingenues. For my part, I like to play opposite a screen-woman with a past, who has lived, a someone about whom you can say, "Well, when she liked me, she knew what she was about, because I'm her choice—her second choice—the reason she turned away from all other men." Of course most people make the horrible mistake of being jealous of another person's past. A person without a past, good, bad, or indifferent, is like a sea without a coast. I would say choose your past—it's an important thing and you cannot be too meticulous in your choice.

The American woman wants her movie hero—and her real-life hero, too—to be a man who can make love, a man who can ride horses and do stunts—and also a man, I feel, who has some sweet gift of hidden evil in him, which he handles more beautifully than the swordman his blade, or the card-player his ace. His triumph over this evil is the proof of strength that always calls forth woman's best instincts—and her keenest admiration and applause. All men are inherently actors, and all actors play for applause.

I want a little house somewhere in the country, a horse or two. I don't care for motors except for the moment that comes into every man's life—when there is a great distance to cover between your dentist and yourself. A little leisure to lie on my back and read, and I'll confess it. I should like to have a cellar, a deep and broad cellar holding all the wines that be— and then I'd entertain. Of course I am married. I have been married for a long time.
A LITTLE RIDIN' FOOL

That was the verdict of the cowboys when Aileen Ray made her debut on horseback before the camera. Riding comes almost as natural as walking to Miss Ray, for she was born and reared in the cattle land of West Texas. She can rope and saddle her own horse as handily as any cow-puncher. If the pictures ever prove too tame for her she could earn her living as a "regular hand" on the range.

Miss Aileen has been featured in the two Tex O'Reilly pictures, "Honeymoon Ranch," and "Crossed Trails," and will appear this year in a series of O'Reilly western stories. In both pictures she is given ample opportunity to show how to make a cow-pony behave.

Aileen is a newcomer in the pictures but she has dashed on the screen with a flying start. First came a short experience on the stage as a dancer. Aileen can dance as well as she can ride. During the war she was featured in a dancing act which toured the training camps in the south under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service. Then came her introduction to the camera in six of Tex O'Reilly's westerns now being released. Then came "Crossed Trails," and the rest—and Aileen of the ponies, both ballet and ranch, is still riding.

Although she is a "little ridin' fool" and a dancing will-o'-the-wisp, Miss Ray is besides a serious-minded young person who reads and studies and takes her work very seriously. And she is one of the realest blondes on the screen.

San Antonio, Texas, to her, is "the old home town."

WHAT A WONDERFUL BLONDE!

If you wonder how she happened to stroll out to the Mack Sennett lot that afternoon two and a half years ago, she raises a pair of delicious blue eyes and "doesn't remember."

If you question her about the reason of her success and if she likes her work she crosses a pair of ankles Diana might have envied and "doesn't know."

So there you are. It isn't often that you meet a girl whose features are actually so thick with sheer prettiness that she startles you. Harriet Hammond really does. It's quite impossible to form the slightest estimate of her, her character, her personality, because she affects you like a big bunch of dewy American beauty roses.

She has, too, rather a surprising background for a comedy girl—though it's difficult to tell why one should automatically associate jazz, excitement and luxury with these queens of the fun world.

Harriet Hammond lives with her mother and father and a high-school brother in a sedate and quiet old house, in a quiet, old neighborhood far from any motion picture studio. Her home is exceedingly tasteful, and it looks as though it were a home with experience and traditions and not merely a place to hang up hats and eat breakfast.

She is an important member of the family, but by no means to the exclusion of the rest of the family. Brother's experiences seem quite as important.

She has never worked for anybody but Sennett, and has appeared recently in "Don't Weaken" and "By Golly." She has recently signed a contract with Sennett that insures her appearing in comedy for at least another two years.
James Rennie, if we are to judge by the consensus of critical opinion, is Broadway's handsomest leading man.

WICKEDEST VILLAIN ON THE SCREEN

Broadway's handsomest leading man and its wickedest villain, if we are to judge by the consensus of opinion of the dramatic critics of New York, have made their respective debuts on the screen.

James Rennie is the handsomest hero and he made his celluloid bow to the world and his wife and children when he played Dorothy Gish's husband in "Remodeling a Husband." "Jim" Rennie, as his friends call him, or Captain Rennie, R. F. C., as he is known in the war records, was won to the studios from the leading male role with Ruth Chatterton in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

The handsomest hero is a Canadian, born in Toronto, and freely admits he is thirty years old, never been married, never uses brillantine on his hair, wore a Lew Cody mustache long before Lew himself ever dreamed of such indulgence, has a fondness for belles lettres (another name for sensible poetry and good fiction) and his favorite dish is spaghetti. Also, he never has used an alias, although he admits that James is more appropriate for a butler than for a hero.

When Jim Rennie started to be an actor, in 1908, in Detroit, the stage manager of the little company he had joined insisted upon putting him down on the program as "Launcelot LeDeaux." Jim swore that if that went in the program he would surely speak his lines in hog-latin, so the stage manager let him use his own name—and he has been using it ever since.

He graduated to Broadway and then came to the films. He says he is wedded to the movies although in a sprightly aside he whispers that he is also going to continue making love to beautiful stage ladies between pictures with Dorothy Gish and other stars. He is now busily engaged in making "Spanish Love" in the stage play of that name.

And now for the wickedest villain. Of course you know his name—Broadway's smoothest, slicest, slicest serpent in the guise of man. This is not our comment—it is the essence of the compliments showered upon the head of Lowell Sherman. He is no ordinary villain. He has studied villainy until, with him, it seems almost excusable.

In "Yes or No," his screen debut with Norma Talmadge, he was just as mean to the heroine as he was in the stage play, "The Sign on the Door," in which his victims were, first, Mary Ryan and later on, Marjorie Rambeau.

Unlike James Rennie, who was originally intended by his doting parents to become an architect, Sherman comes of a theatrical family. His maternal grandmother was Kate Grey, who acted with the elder Booth. His own father and mother were professionals and he began when he was only three or four years old, posing in a tableau. However, his real debut was at the age of fourteen when he appeared in the old Fifth Avenue Theater in a vaudeville sketch. Then, like many another novice with promise, he acted with Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin. Two seasons ago he appeared in no less than six Broadway plays, in all of them winning the most ardent hisses of any actor on the Rialto. He is soon to be featured in "The River's End"—the dramatic version now in rehearsal on Broadway.

You saw his seducing Sunderson in Griffith's "Way Down East." And you will see him with Alice Brady in Rehnert's "The New York Idea." You will cordially hate him in every one. But villainy is art just as any other form of artistic expression is art. And if you don't believe that villainy is artistic, watch this smooth fellow who looks as if he had been born in an evening suit and who makes the basest of his crimes seem most attractive.
ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY, BUT—

This is Thrums, which grew out of a Long Island lot almost overnight.

ONE day there was a vacant tract of land at Elmhurst, Long Island, with only a sign telling the world that it had been bought by Paramount Pictures. The next day—or in a day or two at the very most—there stood, in the same spot, a quaint, rambling little town; a town that should have been in Scotland, not Long Island. A town where Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," in his screen incarnation, was to live again. Here is Thrums, before the workmen finished it.

AND after. A corps of carpenters worked night and day, under John Robertson's direction, to make this faithful replica of the village of Thrums that James Barrie wrote about. When the time came to "shoot" the scenes, smoke was curling from the chimneys and folk in quaint Scotch attire began to people the streets and step from the doorways. So Gareth Hughes as Tommy felt at home, and even Barrie himself would have recognized the village about which he wrote so sympathetically.
Good and Bad Taste in Clothes

Suggestions that will help you progress socially and in business.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

HAPPENED to be walking along the street once last summer with a woman whose business success is well known. It was the luncheon hour, and women of all types were hurrying past us. My companion eyed one of them as she went by. "Can you tell me why a business girl will wear a fancy sports sweater to the office?" she asked despairingly. "Did you see that girl who just passed us? High heels, patent leather slippers and a sweater! I wish some one would tell girls how a cheap, common appearance like that holds them back in the business world."

I've thought of that remark a good many times since then, and it brings a whole string of questions in its train. What constitutes good taste in clothes? Why are certain garments appropriate for some occasions and wholly out of place for others? What is the keynote to appropriate and distinctive dressing?

Bringing the questions down to their simplest answer, one may say this: That good taste in dress simply means a proper knowledge of colors, the requirements of the individual figure and the kinds of fabric to be used for certain purposes.

I believe there are very few women—practically none—who are not anxious to make a good appearance. Every one of us would like to be dressed as prettily and becomingly as possible. Then why aren't we? Simply because many of us fail to study our own figures, to learn what styles suit us and what kinds of clothes are best suited for our work. Clothes are no more important to the professional woman than they are to women in any other walk of life—but our work has made us think of them and study them and learn how to get the best results with the faces and figures we are endowed with. For that reason I may be able to help you somewhat in this important question of distinguishing what is worth while from what is worthless, and how to know yourself—your good points as well as your bad ones—in order to learn what you may wear to the best advantage.

Going back for just a moment to our little girl of the sweater, I should like to say that the well-dressed business girl wears the same sort of clothes when she goes down town to work as the society débutante wears when she goes down town to shop—and they are not at all the sort of clothes that the débutante wears when she golfs or plays tennis. A tailored suit with a white or colored blouse, or a trim serge gown, walking shoes with stockings to match, this is the sort of apparel that will give the business girl variety and the comfortable sense of being smartly and suitably dressed for her work.

In planning your wardrobe the most important fact to keep in mind is that the dress most suited to your needs is the one most becoming to you. If we all remembered this there would be no chance of seeing the spectacle of a soiled afternoon frock worn to the office, or a business girl arrayed in an elaborate blouse and high-heeled, freakishly-colored shoes.

In a previous article I spoke of the uselessness of trying to appear smartly dressed unless one's hair, complexion and teeth were well cared for. I should like to repeat this and to emphasize it in every possible way. The girl who washes her hair at regular intervals and who keeps it satìn-smooth with much brushing will have an adornment that is far more attractive than jewelry. Cold cream judiciously used, a correct diet and a good powder will keep your complexion fresh and charming, and frequent visits to the dentist should be one of your articles of faith.

Speaking of faith makes me think of the mid-Victorian lady, who said to a friend: "My dear, let your faith be like your stockings—always fresh, always white, always ready to put on at a moment's notice."

Coming back to the question of good taste in clothes, one of the first things is to find out just how much you can afford to spend on dress each year. If you are a business woman you will have little or no use for an elaborate afternoon frock or frilly wash things for morning wear, but you will need a tailored suit or its equivalent—a tailored frock and long coat. Also you will probably need a dinner or evening gown. If you are a home girl you will want a tailored suit, an afternoon frock, and an evening dress. If you go in for sports, there is a totally different set of clothes to be considered.

But whether you buy many clothes or only one gown for each season, study yourself before buying them. Learn the lines that suit you and the colors that you wear best. Each season brings forth a whole range of new colors and shades, as well as new lines in the suit or dress. Some of these may not suit you at all, and you make a serious mistake in buying anything simply because it is the "craze." No matter what the prevailing style be it can always be readjusted to your type—providing you know your type and insist on having it considered.

Some people who cannot have given their subject much thought, talk seriously about a standardized dress for women. It's all nonsense. Would you wear a navy blue suit if you knew every other woman you were going to meet would have
Miss Talmadge Says:

GOOD taste in dress simply means a proper knowledge of colors, the requirements of the individual figure, and the kinds of fabric to be used for certain purposes.

THE well-dressed business girl wears the same sort of business clothes when she goes down town to work as the society debutante wears when she goes down town to shop.

IT IS useless to try and appear smartly dressed unless one's hair, complexion and teeth are well cared-for.

NO WOMAN can dress in the time that her husband or brother can—at least, if she can, she shouldn't. If she does, she will not look so well-dressed as he does. Our clothes are made that way.

YOUR mirror will answer many questions about your requirements, if given the opportunity.

WE can't all have Mary Garden's figure, but we all can try to make the best of the figures we have—and this includes a knowledge of correct standing and walking.

YOUR husband's morning impression of you is the one he is going to carry through the day.

on one? Certainly not. You'd wear pink or green if you couldn't get anything else, but you would not wear blue! Life is serious enough, with men going about in sad-colored blue or grey, and women with their flimsy, ill-fitting, ill-fitting hats. We are here to give a spark to color and beauty to life. Why, if it should be a law that we wear clothes alike we'd turn our coats wrong side out and stick a red feather in our standardized hat—but we would not look like everyone else. Women have the individualistic viewpoint. We always have had. When the cave men went hunting for mates, did they find us in groups behind the wavy, howling, mystery-made hats? There was only one of us behind each tree—looking sweetly unconscious, of course, but determined that there shouldn't be any other leading lady when the abduction took place. And we will continue to hold the individualistic viewpoint, it doesn't matter how many babies or votes or careers we have. I haven't the slightest doubt that Mrs. Stone Axe made her husband bring her a different kind of fur than that worn by Mrs. Many Battles—and she was right in doing so.

Along with the standardization question is always the long line of clothes. We are here to give a suggestion that women spend too much time in getting in and out of their clothes. It is the favorite argument of the so-called 'strong minded' type of woman that they should dress. If one could just put on the clothes we might get into and out of them as quickly as a man gets in and out of his. But, after all, it isn't method that counts nearly as much as results. If you can't get the time in any other way, try rising a half hour earlier in the morning and give that half hour to adornning yourself. More happy homes are broken up by wives who look unattractive in the morning than through any other one cause. If you go down town each morning to earn your daily bread and butter it is quite as necessary that you have plenty of time to arrange carefully the details of your dress and hair. No woman can dress in the time that her husband or brother can—at least, if she can, she shouldn't. If she does, she will not look so well-dressed as he does. Our clothes are made that way.

There is only one friend in the world who will tell you truths: just what your shortcomings of face and figure—that is your mirror. Have you sometime spent more money than you could afford on a pretty frock or hat and then been disappointed when your mirror showed you the result? I know we have all had this experience at some time or other. One of the best ways I know to avoid such an experience is to don an old dress that you have always known to be more than usually becoming, stand in front of your mirror and find out for yourself just what that particular dress makes your figure look so well. In this way you will find out whether a high or low waist line gives the best result, what sleeve length is especially good on you, and whether a high collar, V-shaped neck line or square neck opening is best for your type of face. All these questions and many, many more your mirror will answer truthfully if you give it the opportunity.

If long lines in a dress or suit are becoming to you, by all means wear them. Do not let the fact that it is pretty, or that your dressmaker favors it, influence you into buying a ruffled frock that cuts off your height, makes you look stout and robs your figure of grace. The woman whose figure is inclined to be ample should make a religion of long lines; trimmings should run up and down, never around, this type of figure. The girdle dropped well in the front will aid in giving the effect of length, and keep your hip line thinnest than you care to be. Don't emphasize the fact by wearing evening clothes that reveal protruding collarbones and sharp elbows. Low cut gowns and bare arms are not for you, but you may have tulle or chiffon skilfully draped to conceal these defects. By way of compensation, your thinness will permit you to wear ruffles, billowy things that the stout woman may only look at, wistfully.

On the decorative side of one's wardrobe the matter of jewelry is an important feature. Some girls may wear necklaces—any kind of a necklace—effectively, while others look like Christmas trees when they attempt this sort of adornment. Again, your trusty mirror will tell you if you can or cannot wear a necklace, also what length it should be to harmonize with the contour of your face. If you have especially lovely arms you may wear bracelets—otherwise it is best not to call attention to them. The high tone of style holds true of rings, for heavy rings will only emphasize short, stubby fingers.

The girl who has a great deal of personal charm will find that the left, inconspicuous lines and colors will emphasize that charm. While flamboyant clothes will kill it. If you lack color you will find all the deep tones of red becoming; on the other hand, you give away from pastel tints. The lucky girl or woman is the one full of vim and enthusiasm, coupled with a petite face and figure. Such a one may wear the most extreme of the modiste's art, knowing that she will look well in all of them.

Some women seem to know line and color instinctively. If you have seen the concert or operatic stage you have seen the derrière in graceful lines that give charm to every movement of the body. I cannot imagine Mary Garden doing an ungraceful thing or wearing clothes that did not in some subtle way enhance the beauty of her form. That's all very well," I can hear some one say, "but we can't all have Mary Garden's figure. Perhaps not, but we can all try to make the best of the figure we have. And this includes a knowledge of correct standing and walking. How many women do you know who stand gracefully? And do you ever think about the way so many women stand, with one hip down like a tired horse? There's no beauty in that—nor restfulness either. An eminent authority on hygiene has given the following rule for the correct standing posture:

'The erect standing position means that the body is held in a straight line; that is to say, holding the body as tall as possible without actually rising on the toes. In this way the trunk is given its greatest length, all muscles are perfectly balanced and none are overworked.'

Sounds easy, doesn't it? Why not try it for a while?

No one can be graceful and heavy-footed at the same time. Correct walking means that you must lift the body up, walk quickly and avoid putting your full energy on your feet with each step. Bodily exercises will aid in giving you poise, and poise comes from sureness of oneself, the knowledge of an alert mind in a healthy body.

There are many tables of (Continued on page 189)
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The Inspired "The play's the thing" is all right enough in its way, but most motion-picture producers put more faith in the title. Robert Edeson has been engaged to play in the Metro production, "Are Wives to Blame?" Ben Ames Williams wrote the story, which as a tale was entitled "More Stately Mansions."

The Tyranny of the Director. Several years ago, Photoplay Magazine inveighed against the tyranny of the star. Then the star outweighed every consideration, every reason, every bound of common sense. That tyranny, we are glad to say, has passed. We are optimists. We knew it would pass. There are other tyrannies to come. Some of them are here. And they will pass. But they will pass more quickly if their abuses are given a little airing.

The directors, having obtained what was honestly coming to them, are in too many instances turning into tyrants. There are perhaps a half-dozen master-minds in the directing end of motion pictures whose chauvinism is justified—far-seeing, broad-gauge men who not only have the gift of bringing a story to moving life, but possess as well a natural feeling for dramatic construction, an instinctive understanding of that human character which is the life of any narrative, and a shrewd finger for the public pulse.

But who is the average "star-director" of the hour? What sort of man is he? What has been his training—what are his special gifts? He is, as a rule, a very young man with the impatient assurance of youth. Usually he has been made by one or two phenomenally successful pictures, pictures which may have been phenomena at the box-office because of their highly interesting subjects, possibly selected by some obscure, unrewarded person.

What happens next is not his fault, for he is stanch of all human semblance, blown up like a balloon and3 cranially inflated by a series of wild competitive offers from managers who seek anyone or anything that has the tang of success. His salary goes somewhere between thirty and seventy thousand dollars a year. Now, no one is able to tell him anything; no one is competent to assist him, or pick stories for him, or casts, or even to help him write titles!

Most tragic of all, he is too often, in the end, unable to help himself. For months or perhaps years, he continues to litter up the scene, shooting millions of feet of film, causing colossal advertising expenditures, maltreating really great novels and plays, helping, or hindering, this or that acting star. A few of them realize the unbakedness, the gross ignorance of the average young man in the arts—a few of him, learning on foot, so to speak, really come through. But not many.

Let us hasten to add that the young director is more sinned against than sinning. If he shows a flash of talent, his situation is more dangerous than that of the friendless pretty girl against the world. The careless autocrats put him, without education, without maturity, astride the optic Bucephalus, and hand him not only the reins, but a whip and spurs.

Back to the Palmy Days. The new scheme of Famous Players-Lasky to put all-star casts in their best pictures is really not a new scheme at all, but a common-sense application of a principle most liberally applied in early American theatricals by A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack and the unforgettable Augustin Daly—and later used with magnificent success by Oliver Morosco on the Pacific Coast. The carefully formed stock company, containing many fine players of different qualifications, has always been the soundest basis for true theatrical progress. It has not always been expedient to have such a company; in fact, practical finances nowadays almost certainly forbid it. Star salaries have risen to too great a figure and the public demand for those stars has been too clamorous and insistent for the theater manager or the theatrical producer to hold any stock organization together and keep his head above the money waters.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE long ago pointed out that the possibilities of picture making in Los Angeles afforded practically the only remaining opportunity for a return of the great days of stock playing as exemplified two or three decades ago in the East and only a few years ago in the West. Between the average "stock company" as it is to be found in the inland cities and towns during the summer and the stock company of artists of the old days there is of course a tremendous gulf. But it looks as if de Mille were going to revive the old stock glories in the great aggregation he is getting together on his lot in Hollywood, and whose first joint effort will likely be "The Affairs of Anatol." This is reminiscent, too, of the days when Mr. de Mille's father, the late William C. de Mille, was writing "Men and Women" and "The Charity Ball" for David Belasco.
I'm sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. But you've no idea how many people I met on the way. A girl I knew at school—and my manager, and then there was 'The Traffic Jam'—there's always the Traffic Jam—and so she goes on, and on, and invents brand new excuses and likes them so well herself that she makes up others to use at the next appointment that she's late for now. You forgive her—you always do. You can't very well do anything else. So, when I made my appointment with Katherine MacDonald, I was prepared to tell her I really didn't mind—that it was a pleasure to wait for her—and a lot more like that. Because, the more beautiful and feminine they are, the longer they keep you waiting. So I took my time, and strolled in the hotel, and thought, 'I'll just sit here and wait a while' and while I sat there, someone came up to the desk and asked for Miss MacDonald, and disappeared, and then someone else wanted to know if she was in, and disappeared, too; so I thought, 'See—she is late'—and waited. And then after a while, a very pretty girl came up. She looked at me, and I looked at her. 'Are you by any chance waiting for Miss MacDonald?' she asked. 'Yes,' I said in a reproachful way. 'Well,' she smiled, 'I'm so glad to see you. I thought perhaps you weren't coming."

"I know my pictures could be much better," said Katherine MacDonald.

I've been waiting half an hour!
Stealing my stuff!
But she doesn't fit in, you see. In fact, you have to reverse a lot of rules when you meet Katherine.

"I didn't know their language," said Winifred Westover, "but good acting is the same—even in Sweden!"

For instance, any other woman who is known to the world at large as the American beauty, would, you suspect, begin to believe it herself. Not Katherine. "I never have taken that very seriously, you know," she said. And she has a real voice—not one of the purring kind—no one with any sense of humor would. I know my pictures could be much better, but I hope that my acting improves a little. In every one. You know," she leaned forward, "I'd like to do characters. I wrote a story myself, that we are going to do, and I don't play pretty in it, either."

She said she'd be glad to get back to the country—California—because New York is too rushed. "I came to see mother and Mary—(Mary MacLaren)—and I haven't had a chance to be with them more than a minute. There's my contract to renew, and shopping, and theaters—" and still she keeps her appointments!

Winifred Westover just came back from Sweden. She actually made a picture over there. Most stars go abroad, and stay awhile, and buy new antiques and send picture post-cards, and worry about the weather—but they don't make pictures. Winifred worked with an all-Swedish company, and "I didn't know a word of their language," she says, "and they didn't know mine. But acting—good acting—is pretty much the same all over the world. And we made 'The Smile That Was Found Again' without a hitch, I'm going again someday."
"Dead Men Tell No Tales" is pure adventure, not always logical but never dull. It is a well-acted story of the theft of a ship of gold en route to Australia. Catherine Calvert and Percy Marmont play the heroic roles, with Holmes Herbert as the Squire.

It's a rare world the movie folk live in. Take the office boy who reluctantly lets you through the trick gate in the reception room for example. You may think him stupid, or pert, or impudent, or plain lazy. But he isn't. He merely for the moment isn't there. He is mind-wandering in a far country—where the day after tomorrow he will succeed Wallace Reid as a great hero. And the stenographer, black satin back bent over her machine. Tired? She? Perhaps, a little, if she should stop to think of it. But just now she is trotting through the Bahamas with the Talmadges taking snapshots of herself among the palms. And the boys who write the stories of the pictures—the stories of what happened on location, or the story back of the story the picture tells! What reporter's job ever offered more alluring chances for descriptive stuff.

When, for example, Tom Terriss started the screening of "Dead Men Tell No Tales" for Vitagraph he went in search of an old English house that would serve for exteriors and interiors, and one that preferably should be in a wood and near the water. And found one. Coming back to the office he may have remarked, casual like, that he had discovered a "funny dump" down on Long Island that was just what he was looking for. Or he may have agreed that it was "a peach of a place." Or suggested that it looked for all the world like an old Gothic ruin. But, whatever he may have said, when the boys in the press room got through with his location it had become "an ancient ancestral home surrounded by an estate of about 3,000 acres of pine woods and firs."

"The mansion," they explained, "has more than a hundred rooms, was built fifty or sixty years ago, and modeled along the old English style. The original owner, to satisfy the whims of a woman, traveled the whole of Europe collecting antiques and marvelous wood carvings from palaces in Italy and the chateaux of France, chartered a vessel to bring back all his priceless possessions, together with Belgian, Italian and English workmen of the highest order to fix the interiors in the proper style of the period and to paint upon the walls copies of Italian and French painters."

Rot? Not a bit of it. That is what makes the movie world so wonderful a place. When you see that country house on Long Island as a part of the Terriss picture you can quite easily imagine anything that the most imaginative press man could write about it—even, that "although having cost $3,000,000 it was almost immediately deserted," because "the woman jilted the owner and he shot himself in one of the bedrooms. "No one ever lived in the place," runs this delicious story; "it is presumed to be haunted, and the furniture and beautiful antiques were sold for a mere nothing, leaving only those which could not be removed—"

And then we have a picture of the Terriss company going to Penbridge Hall to live, slipping hesitatingly into the chill and ghostly bedrooms, seeing nothing, fortunately, of "the gray ghost which presumably walks the corridors at night," but being aware of many strange sounds—the faint strumming of an old harpsichord, for instance, which "murmured plaintively to the accompaniment of the soft sighing of the wind outside."

Stuff and nonsense? Nothing at all like it. Merely a friendly tip as to what you can easily read into the background of this particular picture, and increase your own enjoyment of the adventure when you see it. It doesn't follow that all picture descriptions are to be trusted. Or that more than a small percentage of them succeed in so cleverly catching the spirit of what the director had in mind when he "shot the scenes." Not all the press boys have the gift of feeling a background or of filling in with convincing imagery the gaps in the manuscript. But it was so well done in this instance it set us thinking of what a wonderful world it is in which the movie folk live.

The Terriss picture, made from one of the best of the E. W. Hornung novels, is pure adventure and nothing more. Not always logical. Not always convincing. But never dull and frequently most realistically filmed. The ship wreck is especially well done. According to the plot, the rascally Santos, a subtle villain and heartless, has induced the English squire, Rattray, to finance a scheme to get a lot of money by blowing up a ship carrying gold bullion to Australia. Rattray, being no more than half a villain, agrees to the scheme only on condition that no lives shall be lost. Santos, however, knowing from experience that the only safe witness to crime is a dead witness, prepares to blow the ship and all the innocents aboard to kingdom come, or, failing this, to send them to the bottom of the sea in sinking life boats. Only the heroine and Santos and a lieutenant will be permitted to escape in the captain's gig. The detail of that wreck, of the preparation for it, of the happy passengers innocent of any impending disaster even while the powder streams are burning beneath the deck on which they stroll, and finally the explosion, the rush for boats, the fights in the dark, the struggles in the water,—these scenes are all ex-
The theme of "The Thief"—i.e., the extravagant wife—has been used in a thousand plays, but Pearl White has several opportunities to indulge her gift as an emotionalist. It is good melodrama.

"Dinky" is a great picture for the youngsters, with melodrama sufficient to hold grown-ups. Wesley Barry is a natural actor. The effectiveness of this picture is doubtless due to Marshall Neilan's understanding of boys.

In "The Riddle Woman" Geraldine Farrar plays the usual sort of movie heroine, who revenges herself on her deceiver, by strangling him when he menaces her domestic life. It is mildly interesting, technically excellent. William Carlton is the villain.

The theme of "The Thief"—i.e., the extravagant wife—has been used in a thousand plays, but Pearl White has several opportunities to indulge her gift as an emotionalist. It is good melodrama.

THE THIEF—Fox

The theme of "The Thief" has been used in a thousand plays and will be used in a thousand more. The unhappy wife who runs her struggling husband into debt that she may have the fine clothes she so much admires when other women wear them, and then is faced with the necessity of utilizing her extravagances, usually with her wifely honor if she will save her husband from disgrace, is a very pillar of the melodramatic arch. Pearl White's second feature picture, which is the Henri Bernstein "Thief" play, therefore has not the element of novelty to commend it. It gives the actress several splendid opportunities to indulge her gifts as an emotionalist and creates a reason for suspense as to the manner in which she will escape the net that is shown tightening around her. But her plot builders, Max Marcin and Paul Sloane, have not done particularly well by her. They focus the dramatic action, for instance, on an innocuous love letter written to the heroine by a callow youth and ask the audience to grow tense with fear of what the husband would do were he to discover it. The audience knows that all any sane husband would do would be to tear the letter up and spank the boy. Consequently the situation has practically no dramatic force. Neither has Director Chas. Gilbey been particularly happy in developing the mystery of the stolen money, or in pointing the finger of suspicion first at one and then at another; or in letting the youth's willingness to plead guilty to save his adored one come as a dramatic surprise. However, "The Thief" is still a good melodrama, and Miss White's following needs very little encouragement to develop its own dramatic suspense where she is concerned.

IDOLS OF CLAY—Paramount—Artcraft

We suspect that Ouida Bergere's somewhat extravagant but richly colored narrative, "The Idols of Clay," had story value when she turned it over to George Fitzmaurice. But after Director George got through with it there wasn't a great deal left except a gorgeous jumble of striking pictures—pictures of an artist's garden in Greece, of great sun-drenched beaches in the South seas, moon-shot and sun-soaked; pictures of Limehouse London, in a fog and out of it; pictures of opium dens and burlesque theaters: pictures of grand halls and great dinners and pictures of many kinds of people—including Mae Murray and David Powell. But some way nothing seems to get beyond the picture stage. The principal characters are all supremely artificial; there is no grip to the story they tell because it never seems to be a real story. Thus Mr. Powell seems always to be giving an imitation of a young sculptor who renounces God in Greece because his celebrity-worshipping patroness grows tired of him and takes up with a fiddler. And Mae Murray and legs plainly indicate that they have been engaged for their pictorial rather than their dramatic value; and they romp out upon the scene as a beachcomber's daughter in a mysterious island of the South seas, whether the sculptor goes intending to end his life and his career in a lingering death. Establishing these two thus laboriously the story continues hopping about from picture to picture until it fetches up in London with the beachcomber's daughter as a burlesque actress and the sculptor a regenerated soul knighted by his king. They meet again when she goes in search of him, and they part when he turns her over to the lady he loathes—she who had scoffed at him in the first reel—to be made over into a refined and cultured member of the aristocracy. They find each other again after the lady has made a wreck of the girl, as she uses boys at the man, in order to use dwelling house for her charms in wild dinner dances, and they agree finally to toddle back to respectability together. Neither Mr. Powell nor Miss Murray has acted with more earnestness or with greater enthusiasm in any of their pictures.
DINTY—First National

MARSHALL NEILAN has a fine sense of comradeship with boys, and a human touch that, however obvious and conventional it may become, is usually effective. He is therefore well fitted to bring to the screen the story of the elocuently amusingly bed-ridden pair Barry and Moore, given in "Dinty" to that engaging lad's great advantage, even through a story in which Wesley is the freckled and loyal defender of a bed-ridden mother, with all the sub-plot such a situation suggests. The scenes in which Wesley marshals his gang of newies, fights the opposition, gets licked or leaps the other fellow and finally triumphs, though his sad little mother dies, are sympathetically handled. It is a good picture for the youngsters, and with its melodramatic touches, and its sub-plot of romance is sufficiently interesting to hold the interest of the grown-ups. Young Barry is a natural actor, most natural when he tries least to be so. His homely little mask is eloquently boyish, his happy smile a shaft of sunlight piercing the gloom of artificial plots, his figure is a body of real drama through even the most theatrical of situations. He is amusingly aided in "Dinty" by that comic smudge of negro black, Aaron Mitchell, and a 5-year-old "Chink" who adds both comedy and pictorial value to the scenes. The grown-ups include Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, J. Barry Sherry, Newton Hall and Noah Beery, and they are all capable.

RISKY BUSINESS—Universal

UNIVERSAL has discovered an attractive little flapper in Gladys Walton. Wide-eyed, youthful, spirited and pretty, she will be more attractive still when her directors and camera men, and the lighting experts become more familiar with her best poses. In "Risky Business," the off-told tale of the jewel thief and the trusting ingenue, she is duly put through all the grades of the movie prep-school and graduates well up in her class. Item: She badgers her debutante sister, who has advanced to the eyebrow pencil and lipstick stage of social distinction. Item: She romps playfully about the spacious grounds of her mamma's estate and as playfully tumbles her playmate, the juvenile, into the pool. Item: She steals out of her bedroom after her mother has forbidden her attending the masked ball, induces the jewel expert to take her to the party, there distinguishes herself by giving a wild little dance and escapes before anyone recognizes either her knees or her smile. Item: She learns that her sister is about to elope with an amorous villain and determines to save her, which necessitates fighting for her honor in the cabin of a yacht and swimming ashore after she has jumped overboard to escape his advances. Item: She trusts and finally reforms the bold jewel thief, and sends him away to make himself worthy so that he may come back in another picture and marry her. In all these exercises Miss Walton was better perfect and really interesting, which is more than can be said of most first-season flappers. Harry B. Harris, who directed the picture, had some little difficulty in imparting gentility and ease of manner to his aristocrats, but the results obtained are reasonably satisfactory.

HELIOTROPE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Arcturk

HELIOTROPE has two outstanding virtues that are decidedly in its favor: First, its finished direction at the hands of George B. Dyer; and, second, the original twist given the story by the author, Richard Washburn Child. Acceptable premise, which isn't strong in logic, the development of the plot holds well together. There is frequently a feeling that more could have been made of it; that the convict hero's determination to sacrifice himself that his daughter might never know who her parents were, and that she may be permitted to marry the rich young man who loves her, is rather lightly woven into the fabric of the story. But the working out of the convict's scheme of revenge, which is to inspire such fear in the heart of the girl's mother, who has threatened to betray the secret and blackmail the girl's guardians, that she will be thrown into a panic and abandon her schemes, is splendidly handled. It is "Heliotrope Harry's" plan to haunt his wife with the scent of the perfume which he knows will suggest his presence and he keeps persistently upon her trail until, with his object accomplished, he leads her on to his own destruction and dies happy in the knowledge that his daughter (Continued on page 66)

"Risky Business" is the off-told tale of the jewel thief and the trusting ingenue, who finally reforms him. Gladys Walton, a Universal-discovered flapper, of great possibilities, is the ingenue.

Ouida Bergere's narrative, "Idols of Clay," is reduced, in picturing, to a gorgeous jumble of striking pictures from Limehouse London to gardens in Greece. Mac Murray and David Powell play the leading characters earnestly.

"The Life of the Party" proves Roscoe Arbuckle's ability to conduct himself as a legitimate comedian. He plays the role of a fat mayoralty candidate caught outdoors at night in a pair of rompers. Julia L. V. appears in support.
Famous Families of the Charlotte Fairchild

The Talmadge trio—Constance, Norma, and Natalie. They have always helped each other along the glory road—Norma paved the way for Constance, and now comes Natalie. They are chums as well as sisters.

The cinema is a craft which reverses all rules. To youth and beauty goes the palm which in any other profession would be handed only to sages of lifelong study. And this is not all: in the films there are not only famous individuals with the twin possessions which insure acclaim—but famous families; actually related collections in which the success of a brother equals the success of a sister; in which all the children are equally favored by Dame Fortune. We present, here, some of the most notable of these phenomena: sisters who have grown together in the studios and are today as devoted to one another's interests as they were in baby-days; brothers who have worked together since boyhood and are still pals.

Below, Eushman and Son. Although Francis X. has been Ralph's father for nineteen years now, it is only recently that Ralph has followed him into the films.

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, both born Flugrath. Viola is Shirley's idol and has been ever since Miss Mason could toddle.
Films

Demonstrating that "It runs in the family" best refers to the motion picture art.

Lottie and Jack Pickford don't resent it when referred to as "Mary's sister and brother." The Pickford family is as devoted as any you'll find in films. Lottie's little daughter is named for her famous aunt.

Above — Someone sang, "Have you another girl at home like Mary?" and Mrs. MacDonald, mother of Mary MacLaren, led forth Mary's sister, Katherine. Both are popular stars — and pals.

William and Cecil deMille, the directorial gold dust twins. While Cecil is perhaps better known, William's new pictures have placed him in the front rank of directors.

How'd you like to have a big sister who makes you a present of a motorboat, an automobile or a new dog every day or so? And Anita Stewart ushered her young brother George into the film game besides.

"Villiam and Cecil deMille, the directorial gold dust twins. While Cecil is perhaps better known, William's new pictures have placed him in the front rank of directors."

"Above — Someone sang, "Have you another girl at home like Mary?" and Mrs. MacDonald, mother of Mary MacLaren, led forth Mary's sister, Katherine. Both are popular stars — and pals."
In the circle—those Corsican brothers of stage and screen—Dusty and Bill Farnum. They still spend their vacations together just as they did when they were small boys—and in the same way. They go fishing!

At the right—Dorothy and Lillian Gish. They first entered pictures through the Biograph-Griffith gate and grew up in the movies together. Both are real blondes—but Dorothy became a brunette for screen purposes.

At the left—the stellar Novak sisters, Eva, in the chair, and Jane. Jane is the pensive blonde who used to play with Bill Hart; Eva is a Universal ingenue.

Below—Misses Margaret and Juliet Shelby. Perhaps Juliet is better known as Mary Miles Minter. Margaret often appears on the screen with her sister.
Other People's Dollars

Some persons who display the courage of lions when speculating with the coin of their stockholders, play "close to their bosoms" when they are playing poker with their own cash.

By JOHN G. HOLME

SOME day New York City will hold a Parade of Optimism. It will be a popular pageant. Good many of us will take off our blue spectacles and camp out the night before along the curb on Fifth Avenue so as to miss nothing when the show begins. The parade will be as follows:

FIRST SECTION
Pollyanna mounted on a white elephant, Grand Marshal of the Day.
Steam Calliope playing "Hail the Conquering Hero.
Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-size lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

FIRST SECTION
Pollyanna mounted on a white elephant, Grand Marshal of the Day.
Steam Calliope playing "Hail the Conquering Hero.
Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-size lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

First, there is the total capitalization of some seventy-odd motion picture companies which are selling their stock to the trusting public of this land. The total reaches the groggy height of $174,125,000. Sounds like a Congressional appropriation.

Please remember that with one or two exceptions, none of the companies with this fearsome total capitalization have ever produced anything in the motion picture line. With one or two exceptions they are amateurs. Bear that fact in mind for a couple of minutes.

I showed the list to several gentlemen who have been closely associated in various professional capacities with motion pictures for many years. One of them glanced at the figures and asked:

"Are the people really buying this junk?"

"They are buying from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 worth of motion picture stock yearly, and practically all of it is no good," I informed him.

Then turning to his companions with a chuckle, this veteran of the motion picture industry asked:

"How much do you suppose one would have to pay in cash for all the well established film producing companies in the United States—I mean all the companies that are making all the motion pictures now being produced in the country?"

"About fifteen million dollars," answered one man.

"Just about," the veteran agreed. "Give me fifteen million dollars, cold cash, and I'll promise to deliver you within thirty days every gosh-danged motion picture producing company in this land. Now if the people of this country are so interested in motion picture making, why don't they chip together and buy up all the old companies?"

And there you are. The people of this country are spending probably twelve-fifteen million dollars yearly for the sweet privilege of being angels for amateur companies when they could become real "movie magnates" by gobbling up the old companies for half that sum. Live at the Astor, eat at Delmonico's and wear diamond horseshoes in their neckties.

It would not cost nearly so much to finance such a deal as it now costs to finance all these new companies, most of which start their corporate lives with loan-shark millstones tied around their corporate necks. There is, after all, very little difference between the financial acumen of Bill Jones, brakeman or university professor, who borrows $100 from a loan-shark, and signs a promissory note pledging himself to pay the $100 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. a month, 120 per cent. a year, and the Wild Tom Motion Picture Company which sells a $100 stock certificate, paying from 30 to 50 per cent. to the underwriter and salesmen, and promising to pay 8 per cent. dividend on the stock. On the whole, Bill Jones makes a better deal. He gets $100, spot cash first, and pays the shameless interest later. The Wild Tom pays.

(Continued on page 109)
The PORT of HIS DESIRES

Love is the bridge that carries many of us into the land of our dreams. Another of the stories entered in Photoplay's $14,000 fiction contest.

By

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

Illustrated by Will Foster

A DINGY window that gave upon a blank brick wall was Dexter Arnold's physical outlook upon life. The heavy finger of bullet-headed authority had pointed to a battered, ink-splotted desk in a back room of the offices of the Tropical & Orient Importing & Exporting Company, and the voice of the same authority had ordained, "There you sit." And there he sat through five years.

The dingy window, the blank wall beyond and the room of perpetual twilight into which he was ushered, appalled him at first. But the pungent odor of balsams, gums and spices that permeated the establishment and exhaled into the noisy street for half a block relieved the gloom of his prison from the very beginning.

He had migrated to pent-up city canyons from the wide spaces and the unstinted sunlight of an Indiana farm.

"Tropics and Orient!" he had gasped as he read the advertisement in the "Help Wanted" column of an evening newspaper a few days after his arrival in New York. The name of the firm had stirred his imagination to swift glimpses of magic panoramas.

"Tropics and Orient!" he had mumbled with quivering nostrils. "Why, that must mean Cartagena, and Bogotá, and Tahiti, and Singapore, and Cairo, and Calcutta, and Constantinople and Timbuctoo!"

For geography had been his passion during the school days that ended with his graduation from the Classical High; and the still, small, but irresistible voice of heredity spoke in his veins—the roving blood of his grandfather Dexter, who had built clipper ships on the Kennebec and had sailed them on seas lighted by the flare of the Southern Cross.

To the bullet-headed authority by the name of Driggs who had pointed out the ink-splotted desk in the light of a smoke-smeared window he had said, with the hopeful hardness of youth on the day he was engaged:

"I suppose there's a good chance of my being sent to Singapore or Calcutta, or somewhere before long!"

And the man by the name of Driggs had replied with a suppressed chuckle:

"Oh, you're sure to be sent somewhere—if you don't mind where it is."

For Driggs saw something in the vivid grey eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles that modified the broader rebuke that was on his thick lips.

There was only one person in the office who obtained any inkling of the largeness of Dexter Arnold's dream as the months slipped by and the order to send him to the Tropics or the Orient tarried in high quarters which he knew only by name and direction. The keen discoverer of the secret was Kathleen Sheridan, secretary to Driggs.

Coming to his desk one day, she found the gray-eyed, curly-headed clerk in the shipping department gazing abstractedly out of the dingy window upon the blank wall. It was the faraway smile on Dexter's face that brought an answering smile to her own lips, with the reflection:

"The poor lad's dreaming, surely enough." And then to Dexter:

"I found this among that last batch of invoices you turned in to Mr. Driggs, Mr. Arnold."

And on the soiled blotter she laid a square of white cardboard, bearing a legend in bold characters to resemble print.

He turned to her with a start, and a blush mounted to his face as he beheld the object which she had placed before him and ran his eyes over the revealing legend. It ran:

Dexter Arnold & Company

From the prompt and somewhat vigorous movement with which he swept the piece of cardboard into the top drawer of his desk, Kathleen knew that her surmises had been correct; that she had inadvertently set foot in a land of dreams. It must have been some irresistible force in her nature that brought the bantering remark to her lips:

"What was it you were seeing on that bit of wall this busy morning?"

"Oh, a good many things, Miss Sheridan," was his dry response.

"For instance?" she insisted with a smile that disclosed peculiarly small, regular and dazzlingly white teeth.

"Too many to talk about this busy morning," he retorted with precision; and his lips closed squarely down with an expression of firm finality that must have come to him from his grandfather Dexter, who had acquired it through many an open race with a lime-sucker.

But a warmth stole into her heart which the acerbity of his manner failed to dispel. For the country of dreams is a land of light that illumines all who approach its boundaries. It was that light that shone in Kathleen's brown eyes—but they might have been vermillion to Miss Sheridan, if she had been able to glimpse of Dexter in this new light; but for all that Dexter cared, or apparently observed, that hair might have been purple.

From the sombre, isolated office room in which he worked to the hurly-burly of the waterfront was but a step. That step Dexter frequently took after a hurried lunch, to squander the remainder of his noon-hour sitting on the stringpiece of the pier where the white ships of the New York and South America Line loaded and unloaded.

The odor of tar and of creosote was incense to his nostrils and tonic to his nerves. His spectacled eyes caressed the great hulls. His heart beat wildly when one of these giants, the Stars and Stripes at her taffrail, pushed, shoved and bullied by a swarm of fusing tugs, backed from her berth, turned her nose into the channel and steamed slowly down the Narrows headed for the ocean, toward the land of his dreams—or, rather toward one of the lands of his dreams.

At such times a fever seemed to seethe in his veins. He forgot the dingy office; forgot he had bills of lading to make out and cases to receive: forgot he had a father and a mother on the farm in Indiana. He was conscious only of a passionate desire to plant his feet on the deck of the outgoing ship and to sail southward, whitherover it might take him.

And then the still, small voice of a heredity that would not be denied—the inherited instinct of duty and responsibility—would make itself heard. He would take out his watch, glance at it, bite his lips at the headlong passage of time and hurry officeward with decisive stride of his long legs.

It was at one of these moments of exaltation that Kathleen Sheridan came upon him, sitting on the stringpiece, his tall, lank figure folded like a jack-knife.

With a whirl of winches, a clatter of chains and a tumult of shouts from bustling stevedores, the last bales were being stowed into the hold of the Rio de La Plata. Hatches were being battened, and thick smoke was boiling from her funnels.
"Have you two had it out?" asked Driggs. "Had it out?" stammered Dexter. "What do you mean, had it out?" "Oh, nothing," rumbled Driggs irritably. "I've got good news for you, Dexter."
Photoplay Magazine

A rauces blast from her iron lungs rose about the tumult of the street and the roar of the city beyond. The gangplank already was being taken up and a small flotilla of tugs were busy themselves about the Rio like hounds harrying a hippopotamus. In five minutes at the most the great ship—America's messenger to the Seven Seas—would be on her way out of the smoke, the dirt and the confusion of the city to the vast, clean waters of the Atlantic. On her voyage across the equator, to ports where palms waved, rustled in hot breezes and guitars strummed in moonlight patios rhythmic with passion.

Dexter leaned forward, breathing hard, his fingers gripping his knees. It seemed harder than ever to go back to the ink-splotted desk, barely lighted by the window looking out on the blank wall, to the bullet-headed human symbol of order and authority, to the boarding house in East Ninth street, thickly peopled with persons of no imagination.

A light touch on the shoulder roused him from the contemplation of far horizons to the sound of Kathleen Sheridan's voice:

"Excuse me, Mr. Arnold, but I thought you might thank me for reminding you that it's half-past dreaming time."

"Half-past dreaming time?" he murmured vaguely, with the absent air of a young man who had just returned from a great distance. What did she mean?

"Yes; it's twenty-six minutes past one, and just four minutes of clock-punching time," she announced, holding up to his gaze the gold watch and bangle on a dazzlingly white wrist. But he had no eyes for the whiteness of the wrist.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Sheridan." he stammered as he awoke to actualities.

Among the books that Dexter kept in his desk were two works that absorbed him almost equally. They were a school geography—the kind with old-fashioned woodcuts—and a bank book.

He had read, and still was reading, from night to night, the newest books dealing with the divisions of the earth and the distribution of its peoples. But his first love and his true love had been the "Higher School Geography," the book that first had lifted his eyes from the flatness of the Indiana farm and had opened wide before them the endless panorama of the world.

From time to time, at lunch hours at his desk, he would take out his well-marked and copiously thumbed "Higher School Geography," with the spirit of absorption with which a devotee might turn to the Bible, the Talmud or the Koran. He would read with ever new thrills such fascinating bits as the text accompanying a picture of the wild life of the European continent:

"In the Alpine scene below, the lammergeyer (lamb vulture) is driving the frightened chamois over the precipice that it may feed upon its carcass. The wary chamois (whose skin is made into soft 'shammy') and the ibex, in the foreground, inhabit the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Caucasus mountains."

Dexter had acquired the power of projecting the pictures, the map and the setting they suggested, upon the blank wall on which his window gave. The information that gave him most delight, and frequently brought a chuckle to his throat were scientific bits like this:

"At the bottom of the column is the sagacious elephant, found from Senegambia to the Orange River. . . . The long-necked giraffe, or camelopard, tallest of the quadrupeds, is browsing on the leaves of trees; and the thick-skinned, two-horned rhinoceros is drinking. A young gorilla on the branch of a tree completes the picture."

Or, again:

"The next scene represents a buffalo keeping at bay a royal Bengal tiger. A single tiger is sometimes the terror of a neighborhood, prowling around the villages and carrying off unwary natives, till he earns the title of Man-Eater. . . . Finally we have a native of Tibet mounted on a yak. The yak gets its name from the grunt it is wont to utter; it has extremely long hair and a thick, bushy tail, which is often cut off and sold while the animal is yet alive."

Dexter verified that he would sometime see, in their native haunts, the lammergeyer, or lamb-vulture, as it drives the frightened chamois over the precipice that it may feed upon its carcass, and the sagacious elephant on its stamping grounds, extending from the Senegambia to the Orange River; that he would stalk the royal Bengal tiger as it carries off unwary natives, and bear the grunt, from which the yak derives its name. Perhaps he might even help in the shearing.

In the other volume—the bank book—Dexter entered from week to week the record, in dollars and cents, of his purpose to see and to be a part of the world of romance so vividly suggested in the "Higher School Geography." It was a record in small amounts which he added to his savings with rigid regularity and the cheerful, unwavering industry of an ant filling itsgranary during the steaming summer for the needs of ice-bound winter.

On the ruled pages of the bank book, as he gazed at the lengthening columns of deposits, slender minarets gleamed against purple skies, and royal palms thrust their shimmering plumes into golden sunsets.

And yet, his brief trips to castles in Spain over, Dexter applied himself to his job with a grim purpose that bordered on religious zeal. He worked the bullet-headed authority that struck a spark from the Arnoldian flint one day, when the bean-pole from Indiana had been in the employ of the Tropics & Orient Importing & Exporting Company for more than four years.

Passing by the desk at which Dexter was applying the acid test of his industry to the verification of the ship's manifests of the "Atlanta," just in from Mediterranean ports with a cargo of hides, Driggs had a happy idea of piling some more work on his willing subordinate:

"Dexter," he said in his thick, throaty voice, "I wish you'd audit Capt. Sotiris's expense account while you're going over his manifest."

And he laid a few more sheets of paper on the ink-splotted desk.

"Yes, sir," assented Dexter with a rapacious dive for the papers that argued an insatiable desire for work.

"And take a pretty close squint at it, because Mr. Wyman seems to have an idea Sotiris is piling things on a bit."

"Yes, sir."

In fifteen minutes by the actual passage of time, Dexter's black alpaca suit, with Dexter in it, breezed into Driggs' office. Kathleen looked up from her typewriter, but she got no returning look from the gray eyes within the horn-rimmed frames; for Dexter had not yet discovered, or had not the slightest reason to believe he had discovered, that Kathleen dwelt on the same planet with him.

"Mr. Driggs," he announced in a firm voice, "Captain Sotiris's expense account is $20.75 United States out of the way."

"How do you make that out?"

Dexter laid a sheet of paper before the bullet-headed authority and pointed with a long, lean finger to an entry: "For present to port captain at Constanța, $150 lei and box of fifty Imperials, at $12.50; total, $42.50."

"Well, what about it? Don't they have to grease the palms of the port captain at Constanța to speed things up?"

"Of course they do; but there's an overcharge of just $20.75 United States." "Where does the overcharge come in?"

Dexter's sensitive ear caught a note of unbelief in his chief's voice. He returned to the fray with aroused fighting instincts:

"In the first place, the regular brand of cigars that go into the ship's stores on the Mediterranean route are not Imperials at $12.50 a box but Flor de Bridgeports at $5.50 a box. That's the brand the port captain at Constanța has been smoking for the past three years, and it isn't likely he would jump to Imperials all at once."

(Continued on page 62)
In ten minutes—

a perfect manicure

Three simple operations will give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require

ONCE, manicuring was slow, difficult and even dangerous. There was no way of removing dead cuticle except by cutting, and whether people had it done by a professional manicurist or did it themselves, it was a very tiresome business.

NOW, manicuring is so quick and easy that anybody can have smooth, lovely nails. Cutex removes the dead cuticle simply and safely without cutting. Just a few minutes' care once or twice a week will keep the nails looking always as if freshly done.

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This is the way you do it

First the Cuticle Remover. After filing, shaping and smoothing the nail tips, dip an orange stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will wipe off, leaving a smooth, shapely rim.

Then the Nail White. This removes stains and gives the nail tips an immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and without burnishing, one that is also waterproof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish.

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Make the test yourself

Try this new Cutex way of manicuring.
Ten minutes spent on the nails regularly once or twice a week will keep them always in perfect condition. Then every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The “Compact,” with trial packages, 60c; The “Traveling,” $1.50; “The Boudoir,” $3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35¢. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c
Mail the coupon below with two dimes for the Cutex Introductory Set, large enough for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 162, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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"That sounds fair enough," chuckled Driggs, throwing his head back and displaying a fat, throbbing throat that oddly reminded Dexter of the palpitating throat of a canary when it is singing. "But where do you get the balance of your $20.75 United States?"

"Mr. Driggs, the port bribes at Constanța for the past three years has been 75 lei. There is no explanation of this sudden rise in the tariff. And even at that, Captain Sotiris has been juggling his exchange rates; because 150 lei make four dollars less than the thirty dollars United States at which he has figured it."

"H'm, you might be right—and then again—"

"I know I'm right, sir; I've been keeping track of all port charges, legal and illegal, from Archangelsk to Constanța Marquez, for years. It's a regular tariff, Mr. Driggs, and the port captain who would exceed the tariff—"

"H'm, it will be hard to prove, Arnold; but the thing is worth noting. I'll report to Mr. Wyman that Sotiris will bear watching."

Despite his capacity for grasping the realities of business, the spectacled eyes of Dexter Arnold saw with increasing clearness from year to year on the blank wall on which his window gave, the moving picture of palm-fringed atolls, of verdure-clad oases, glittering like emerald gems out of the gray background of the desert; of caravans, moving slowly over sun-baked sand-dunes. He heard the beat of Berber drums and smelled the savor of steaming kous-kous rising from copper pots over Arab fires.

As the fifth year of his employment with the Tropics & Orient Importing & Exporting Company was drawing to its end, a new element crept with growing distinctness into the pictures that limned themselves upon the blank wall.

One evening he went to a little restaurant called The Harem, in a cellar close to the spot where, by night, Fifth Avenue springs in twin streaks of fire from the shadow of the Washington Arch. As he sipped after-dinner coffee in the Turkish style, served by a Romany woman—or a woman that called herself a Romany and wore a red skirt, a spangled bolero and a yellow kerchief on her black hair to bear out the legend—he saw through the smoke of his cheap cigar something that added a human touch to his recurring dreams.

From this moment a new thread—a woman's presence—was destined to be woven into his visions.

As he gazed into the cigar-smoke, he reconstructed in his mind, with extraordinary vividness, the illustration of a scene in Constantinople which had strongly appealed to him when he first ran through the pages of the "Higher School Geography" in the white-walled schoolroom in Indiana.

It was the picture of a Moorish arch, the entrance to a coffee house, with a view of the many-minareted Mosque of Sultan Ahmed in the background. Often, in his boyhood, he had fancied himself standing beneath the arch and gazing at the forest of slender towers beyond, springing from domed roofs and piercing the sky with their needle-like points. Once more, under the spell of Oriental surroundings, spurious though he well knew them to be, he stood (Continued on page 88)

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**BILLIE BURKE JOINS THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC!**

**BUT** only for an afternoon. When his distinguished stellar wife told Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., that she was playing a chorus-girl in her new picture, the impresario promptly offered to transplant intact from his New Amsterdam Theater roof to the Paramount studio a whole scene from the Midnight Frolic: six celebrated beauties, a jazz orchestra, and a carload of scenery.

Billie Burke herself led the chorus in a gown of pink chiffon with a turban headpiece surrounded by a miniature pink parasol. And for the first time, under Eddie Dillon's direction, the Midnight Frolic really frolicked for the films. Here, from left to right, are Miss Burke; Mr. Dillon; Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily, dancers; and Babe Marlowe.
Launder your silk underwear
this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

It was putting that georgette and satin camisole away without laundering, or laundering it the wrong way, that made it go so fast. The acids in perspiration attack the fine silk threads and make them tender. Leaving a vest slightly soiled even a single day will injure it—make it wear out quickly.

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crepe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds. There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them. Lux is as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings. The careful Lux laundering will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

Wash your most cherished possessions the Lux way. They are too important—too expensive—for you to take chances. Lux keeps their sheen, their soft, fine texture, after innumerable launderings. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder your fragile silk underthings
Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds again and again through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel—when nearly dry, press with a warm iron, never a hot one.

Colored silks. Lux won't cause the color to run if pure water won't. If you are not sure a color is fast, try to set it this way: Use half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

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Waiting for Fame

May McAvoy says success has simply come her way, that's all.

By DELIGHT EVANS

W e have told you the story of the Great Star who has struggled every Inch of the Way; who has surmounted mighty obstacles in the way of parental objection and insufficient funds, only to win out in the end. The story of the Little Girl who, at the age of six or thereabouts, starts to support the family by playing Little Evas at the neighborhood theater.

In fact, if we are to believe the biographers, the road to Fame is long and hard. But consider May McAvoy. One of our youngest, and, according to all critics, our most promising ingénue. She is only nineteen—her mother, her birth certificate, and the family Bible all bear her out in this. And she is already well along the way to Fame—or rather, Fame is on the way to her.

For May, to attain success, has merely—waited.
Not for her the early struggles in atmospheric parts. Nor the cold, cruel rebuffs that meet every aspirant.
May was waiting for an actress-friend back-stage when a friend of the friend asked for an introduction to May and, in turn, introduced May to the movies.
She was waiting—to be explicit, in maid parts on feminine stars—when a director selected her to play Madge Kennedy's sister in "The Perfect Lady."
She was waiting for a new job when J. Stuart Blackton engaged her for a series of pictures, as the featured feminine lead.
And while she told me about it, to pass on to you, she was waiting—waiting for director John Robertson to call her for a scene. Waiting, a veritable Hebe in hoopskirts, to bring to life Barrie's delightful heroine, Grizel, in the Paramount version of "Sentimental Tommy."
Her everlasting luck brought her this latest and choicest part. Another actress was selected, tried out, and failed completely. Robertson dropped into a picture theater and saw May McAvoy on the screen. He saw in her the ideal Grizel—and the next day she was engaged.
May is a New York girl with most unprofessional parents, who never dreamed of a theatrical career for their daughter. She was in school when she made her first venture into the land of make-believe, visiting the actress-friend back-stage. Since then, she has been introduced to films, has learned makeup and camera manners, has played leading roles with Lionel Barrymore and is slated for stardom, according to the latest report.
"There's nothing to it," she says. Of course, a rose-petal complexion is an asset. And a small and perfect mouth and deep blue eyes help a little. And perhaps also the fact that she has always worked hard to justify her directors' confidence in her. In other words, May, when success steps up to her, is always ready for it.
She makes it a point never to be late at the studio. She has a disposition that laughs away klieg eyes, studio waits, and burned bacon for breakfast. She goes to a theater every other evening to study the work of worth-while stars. And she keeps up her French and her music, besides taking long hikes with Brother to keep in condition. Outside of that, though, things have "just come to her!"
Beauty through Harmony

THE famous French physician-scientist, Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute, discovered the scientific coloring process

INECTO RAPID

Used for the last six years in 97% of the European Beauty Salons by Royalty and leaders of society and now adopted in the very best American Beauty Parlors from coast to coast.

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INECTO RAPID not only accomplishes beauty through harmonizing the hair with your individual characteristics but possesses superior features over anything hitherto known.

Permanently colors white, gray or faded hair regardless of cause in thirty minutes. Does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings. Is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth. Is not affected by shampooing, salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope. Is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

INECTO RAPID must not be confused with obsolete restorers, darkeners and ordinary gray hair lotions. It is a new, scientific process of impregnating the hairshaft so that repigmentation takes place after nature's own method.

You can safely apply INECTO RAPID in the privacy of your own home if you so desire.

Send for full information and Harmony Analysis Chart—no cost or obligation.

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is saved and his wife safely on her way to take his place in prison as a "lifer." The prison scenes are realistically filmed, the lighting is generally good as are all the individual performances of the cast, particularly those of Frederick Burton as the convict, William B. Mack as his loyal pal and Julia Swayne Gordon as the mother, although the lady is inclined to be a trifle extravagantly melodramatic.

THE PENALTY—Goldwyn

Here is a picture that is about as cheerful as a hanging—and as interesting. You can't, being an average human and normal as to your emotional reactions, really like "The Penalty," any more than you could enjoy a hanging. But for all its gruesome detail you are quite certain to be interested in it. It at least offers an original story, and heaven and all the angel fans know how scarce they are. Also it has been screened by that crafty Goldwyn crew with a good sense of the dramatic episode and a free employment of theatrical tricks. Chief of these is the trick of making Lon Chaney "what he ain't"—a perfectly good legless wonder—by bending his legs back at the knees and strapping them against his thighs. You can see the strap arrangement, and you know the long coat conceals the feet, but you are extremely interested in watching him try to fool you. Then there are several sets of tricks—scenery—a practical fireplace that slides up into the chimney and reveals a secret cavern below, flaring, as it were, with the white hot flames of hell; rope ladders hung below peek-hole windows that the legless one may climb up like a misbegotten spider to take a look around; trap doors through which the investigating youth in search of the heroine is shot down to the villain-infested depths below. Chaney's role is that of a man who has sworn to be revenged upon society in general, and one man in particular, because, as a boy, he was crushed in a traffic jam and had both legs amputated above the knee by a careless surgeon who might have saved them. Legless, but bitter, he becomes one of those "rulers of the underworld" who have only to push a white button to summon an army of cut-throats, dope beds and fancy lady-fends. But after getting all his enemies in his power the wicked one is restored to the world of decent men by an operation which removes a blood clot from his brain, and while he is later killed by one of his old pals the happy ending is provided by the appearance of Mr. Chaney with legs attached. It is a remarkably good performance this actor gives, and he is capably assisted by Ethel Grey Terry, Kenneth Harlan, Claire Adams and Charles Clary. Wallace Worsley's direction helps the picture a lot. Charles Kenyon and Philip Lonergon wrote the scenario, from a Gouverneur Morris story.

TWIN BEDS—First National

This is another of those comedies that profit not, but neither do they bore. Carter De Haven is not, to me, gifted with the true comic spirit. He is lively and eager and occasionally amusing, but the effort to be amusing is always a conscious effort. It never is fired by the spark of spontaneity that, for example, inspires a natural comedian of the Roscoe Arbuckle type. In "Twin Beds" De Haven elects to play the role of the Italian tenor, Signor Monti, and the somewhat drawn-out adventure of the careless signor, when he mistakes Neighbor Hawkins' apartment for his own, and being befuddled by liquor, calmly undresses and flops himself into the Hawkins' twin bed, just across the lampshade from Mrs. Hawkins, keeps him pretty busy for five reels. His efforts to get out of bed, and out of the apartment and out of the scrape without having to explain to his wife necessitate his hopping into lampshades and rolling under beds and climbing up fire escapes and dashing into bathrooms, while diverting nonsense for twenty minutes and a test of patience after that. Mrs. De Haven, William Desmond and Helen Raymond assist.

SO LONG LETTY—Robertson-Cole

There is considerable variety, a good deal of fun, frequent glimpses of the Christie bathing beauties and not a little domestic philosophy mixed up in the screen version of "So Long Letty." The main story is (Continued on page 99)
There is only one Stutz car—its supremacy on the road and boulevard is known to all

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How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful
Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

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 lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconuat 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:

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.

Rub the lather in thoroughly.

Two or three teaspoons of Mulsified 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 dust, druff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clean, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

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.

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 Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
M. D., CANADA.—Yes, many a man has worked his son's way through college. Unfortunately my father was not in a position to do this for me so I had to work my own way through. For obvious reasons, questions about religion are not answered in these columns.

F. D. S., CAMP BENNING.—Yes, that is a very good place to go for rheumatism. A dear friend of mine got his there. Shirley Mason is a sister of Viola Dana, and the wife of Bernard Durning, actor and director. Her latest picture for Fox is "Flame of Youth." Her real name is Flugrath. Address her care Fox studio, L. A., California.

M. R., INDIANAPOLIS.—We certainly do have our ups and downs, you say—and especially when we have a seat on the aisle. You're too clever, Maisie. I could never keep up with you. Cullen Landis is married, and he is twenty-three years old.

CURIOUS ANNE, PHILADELPHIA.—Oh, a cat had nine lives long before the psychic experts ever began to psych. Some of the players may be reached care the Mabel Condon Exchange in Hollywood, but not all; and I haven't a list of those who may. However, the best thing to do is address them care their respective companies.

BETTY C., DETROIT.—Speaking of cats reminds me that the good old saying that a cat may look at a king is soon to be out of date. Harrison Ford was dislocated by Beatrix Prentice. You have been misinformed. I have never said that Constance Talmadge is married. In fact, I have spent most of my working hours denying the existence of a Mr. C. Talmadge. And ... all comes to this!

LOUISE GALE, KANSAS CITY.—You want to see your name in print. All right, here it is. Louise Gale. Louise Gale. LOUISE GALE.

MONTE BLUE ADMIRER, AUSTRALIA.—Let us now rise and sing The Monte Blues. Your hero was born in Indiana, went west at an early age and punched cows, reformed and went into the acting business. He was an extra for quite a spell but soon he rose.

Now Monte is the featured player in Paramount's "Fighting School-master," adapted from "The Jucklings." You think Dorothy Gish is as funny as Charles Chaplin. Why, I think Dorothy has very pretty feet.

BROWN EYES.—You think you can ride a lot better than some of these girls who play in western pictures. That isn't saying such a mouthful. Why don't you hand yourself something?—William Courtleigh in "Children of Destiny." Brown eyes—ah me, ah me!

VIRGINIA N., DALLAS.—I'm simply going all to pieces. The other day I received an enormous amount of mail and my face fell. Today my landlord called me up over the telephone to tell me my voice broke. Whatever shall I do? Margarette Clark has made "Scrambled Wives"; it will be released through First National. Irene Castle hasn't returned to pictures yet. Hale Hamilton is now married to Grace LaRue. They are appearing together in musical comedy. Miss LaRue was formerly a vaudeville actress.

MRS. A. C. E., CHICAGO.—So you cannot get the baby to sleep nights. Why don't you talk about the League of Nations to it? Or the Irish problem? They always put me to sleep; they might do the same for your baby. Yes, Agnes Ayres does resemble Joyce Compton; they are very good friends, so it won't annoy either of them to be reminded of the likeness. It isn't always so safe. Have no record of Edna Mayo since 1928. I know, however, that she is not working on the stage or screen. Henry Walthall is a fine actor but he is seen only too seldom. Now touring the country in Dion's "Ghosts"—in person, that is. Last on screen in Dwan's "Splendid Hazard." Married to Mary Charleson. Regards to enfant terrible.

D. F. P., PENN. YAN.—The most I ever catch when I go fishing is the first train home. But aren't you doing your summer vacationing a bit early? I suppose it's never too early to begin to read the books of views. Louise Huff made only one picture for Selznick, "The Dangerous Paradise"; then there was a disagreement and Louise left. Here's the cast of Vitagraph "Trumpet Island": Eve de Merincourt, Marguerite de la Motte; Richard Bredell, Wallace MacDonald; Allen Marsh, Hallam Cooley; Jacque de Merincourt, Joseph Swickard; Henry Caron, Arthur Hoyt; Hilda, Marcelle Daly; Valesky, Percy Challenger.

G. B. G., ALABAMA.—Every once in a while I open my windows and throw out my chest. That is, you will admit, quite a feat. Shirley Mason, Pearl White, Fox studios, western and eastern, respectively; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, Fort Lee.

C. JOHNSTON, BRADFORD, CONN.—For a man of twelve your intelligence is amazing. Except when you say that I may be mad at you for writing to me. Not so, Charles. Here are the males in the cast of "When the Clouds Roll By": Doug, Frank Campeau, Ralph Lewis, Herbert Grimwood, and Albert McQuarrie.

L. K. P., LONG ISLAND CITY.—Suppose you folks out there are all bet up about the new Paramount studios closing and all the stars beating it for California. That is bad luck—to watch and wait for the blamed thing to be built, to hang around waiting for Ethel and Billie and Dorothy to come out, and then to be deserted like that. It's a shame. Chester Conklin—are you married? I think he is, but have no record.

A. M. W., ATLANTA.—I like your letter. You do not demand an answer in the next issue, or at once. You request a paragraph "as soon as possible"—and here it is. Kenneth Harlan is married. Robert Harron is dead. There was a full-page portrait of him in the December issue. He was not married. I wish you would write to me again. It's a pleasure to hear from you.

BROOKLYNITE.—You think that book of verse was ex tempore? I think it's rotten, but then I'm not much of a judge of literature. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. Harry Morey is married to a non-professional. He is playing the lead in a new Selznick production, his first screen appearance since he left Vitagraph. He's forty-one or so. Mostly so.
MANOLA, DORCHESTER.—You are a sweet soul, Manola, even if your name does remind me of salad dressing. The pie has not come and I don't know whether to blame the postman, Mack Sennett, or you. Only—send me fudge, next time. I have never posed—for a still or moving picture. The former would be the latter in my case, so what's the use, anyway? Come in often.

W. C. HELENA, MONTANA.—So the motion picture camera is supposed to be the X-Ray of the soul. If that were true I am afraid some of our best little artists would be full of holes. I mean, of course, that so few of our celluloid villains are villains in real life, don't you know. I hope I make myself clear? Bebe Daniels isn't married, but she is running Connie Talmadge a close second as the subject of engagement rumors. Once it was Harold Lloyd, then Lew Cody—and still our Bebe remains unmarried. Bebe will, I am sure, answer your letter and send you her photograph but I am equally sure she will not accept your proposal of marriage. However, it won't do any harm to ask.

U. D. Y. ENGLAND.—Once I left my hall-room for lunch and, expecting the milkman, wrote a note and tucked it above the door: “Don't leave anything.” When I returned I found another note beside mine: “Thanks,” it said, “we didn't leave much.” They had walked off with a jar of strawberry jam, three of my best ties, and my press-suit—practically all my worldly possessions. I hope they may see this and return them. Pauline Frederick's latest production is “A Slave of Vanity” for Robertson-Cole, adapted from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's “Irish.” Pauline isn't married, now.

D. E. G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Your initials are the same as Dorothy Gish's. Bert and Wildred Lytell are brothers. Bert is with Metro and has been for several years. His latest is “The Misleading Lady.” Wilfred is in “Hello, I Love You,” a Cosmopolitan-Paramount production. Roberta, I don't believe, is in being hypocritical, so I shall not praise your poem, which you know is not good as well as I know it. Why waste your time on that sort of thing? You could do something really very fine if you set your mind to it. I've no patience with you—but then, neither have I any right to talk to you like a Dutch uncle—at least, not right out in public this way. However, since you are engaged and I anonymous, 'tis the only way. Farewell, Roberta. And now let's get down to business. Yes—I saw “Sand” and liked it. Bill Hart may retire some day but the day is not yet. He lives with his sister, Miss Mary, in Beverly Hills, Cal.

M. J., HARTFORD.—Where have you been living? Mary Roberts Rinehart is not an actress, but a very well-known woman writer. Her stories have, many of them, been filmed. Among them, the “Bab” stories and “Dangerous Days.” Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in private life and her latest pictures are “Rag Tag and Bob Tail” and “The Flame in the Dark.” Neither has been released at this writing.

YVONNE, BELoit, Wis.—Even if you hadn't promised to think me the dearest Answer Man in the world I'd have answered your question. It's a pleasure, to tell you about Katherine MacDonald. She is one of the most charming young ladies I know. Her cover appeared on Photoplay Magazine for June, 1920. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Some of her pictures have been, “The Thunderbolt,” “The Beauty Market,” “The Turning Point,” “Passion's Playground,” “Notorious Miss Lise” and “Curtain.” She's a sister of Mary MacLaren, which is another point in her favor.

(Continued on page 86)
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AN electrician working on a set for Thomas H. Ince planted an enormous coil of wire almost in the middle of a rather well-trodden path, thinking it best to issue all the warning possible, he decided to put up a sign.

It read: "2,000 volts. Let your conscience be your guide."

THEY'RE telling a good one on Bryant Washburn. When Bryant was in London, he was held up on location by a heavy shower. In fact, he was held up many times by showers; this was only one of the times. He and his company took refuge in a little inn, whose keeper recognized the American screen star and urged him to come and meet his mother.

The nice old lady shook hands with Washburn and asked him his name. "The reason I want to know," said she, "is because you look so much like a gentleman I saw in the cinema. I might say as how you look enough like him to be his brother. His name was Skinner and the play he was in was called 'Skinner's Dress Suit.' He was jolly good in it and I hope you'll make good too." Bryant assured her that he was none other than "Skinner" himself, in the flesh.

"No, no, me lad," said the old lady kindly but firmly, "you're not Skinner. Skinner is a good-looking man."

EVERYBODY's talking about it in the Hotel Seymour in Manhattan where Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Meighan live. About how Mr. Meighan always keeps Mrs. Meighan waiting because of a certain young lady. In fact, Tommy spends most of his time in the young lady's apartments, only hurrying from them barely in time to meet Mrs. Meighan for dinner. It's an intrigue.

Tommy will call for a little chat. The young lady will immediately ask, "Where's your wife?"

"I'm sorry, but she's waiting for me," says Tommy. "I can't stay long."

"She's always taking you from me," cries the young lady, before kissing Tommy goodbye.

I suppose we must mention that the young lady is Dorothy Dickson Hysen, daughter of the dancers, Carl Hysen and Dorothy Dickson, and that she's only a little past five years old.

WE quote:

"Lady Diana Manners, one of the world's famous beauties and the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and since her debut and presentation at the Court of St. James, the most widely discussed woman of the day, is to become an American motion picture star, under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton."

"Lady Diana has heroically refused to appear professionally on stage and screen. She has, however, as an actress of much natural talent ..., felt a great desire to do professional work. Lady Diana and her family would never have consented but for two reasons. One was that they had met Mr. Blackton personally, and he knew some of their friends. The other was that, from this acquaintance and his reputation, they knew him to be an artist of high attainments and intellectual qualifications. Mr. Blackton passed the acid test and won out, where many others had failed."

To begin with, Lady Diana Manners is now Lady Diana Cooper, having married Duff Cooper sometime ago. In the second place, there might be mentioned as one of the reasons a trifling matter of remuneration. In the third place—but oh, piffle, in the first place!

SET your minds at rest. You're going to have your long-waited laugh after all. Chaplin has sold "The Kid" to First National for, according to report, $800,000. And he is going to make some new pictures right away. Probably is working now. And from now on he'll be the only star by the name of Charles Chaplin in pictures because, as is mentioned elsewhere, Mildred Harris is not Mrs. Chaplin any more.

THE price publicity perpetration of the month:

"The City—in all its false gaiety—was never more vividly portrayed than in Neil Hart's third big picture, 'Danger Valley.' To drive home with all possible force his main contention—that the city, with its all, is like unto the desert, to those who see only by calcium, Neil Hart spared no expense in setting up the biggest, most magnificent ballroom set ever used. Between 75 and 100 extra people have been engaged for this scene alone."

(Continued on page 74)
How to prevent the homeliness that creeps upon us unaware

A SHINY, rough, coarse-textured skin; a sallow, muddy complexion; how easily these annoying foes of loveliness can gain a hold! And yet how easy it is to ward them off when you know exactly what to do. Just applying a few simple little rules can work such wonders with your complexion!

BY the right method of powdering you can forever ward off shiniiness. Always remember that you should not apply the powder directly to your skin. When you make that mistake you have to keep powdering again and again all day. You really cannot expect the powder to stay on unless you use a powder base. For this you need a cream that cannot leave a trace of shine on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream contains no oil. It cannot come out in an ugly shine. Before powdering apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream; then put on the powder. In this way you can make the powder stay on two or three times as long; then no longer need you keep worrying about your face becoming shiny.

COLD weather whips the natural moisture out of the skin, leaves it dry and harsh. By giving your skin additional moisture to make up for this, by protecting it before going out, you can prevent the roughening and coarsening caused by cold, wind and dust. For this protection, as for a powder base, you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream, has just the ingredients which keep the skin soft, supple and prevent chapping. Always protect your skin before going out by applying a bit of this softenng cream.

At the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream with an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores. Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face. Get a jar or tube of each of these creams at any drug or department store today. Remember, every normal skin needs both these creams.

Free sample tubes—MAIL THIS COUPON

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 116-2 Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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A movie mob can now hear everything a director says six blocks away—and the director doesn’t even have to raise his voice. Here is William deMille saving his own vocal chords by using the “Magna-Vox” in directing a scene. Beats the old-fashioned megaphone, doesn’t it?

THE exodus of the Famous Players from the east to the west coast studios has begun. Elsie Ferguson was the first to depart. She went not unwillingly, but perhaps not joyously, for she has never worked elsewhere than in New York and she was rather loath to leave her home and her husband. Ethel Clayton, having only just settled down in her new apartment in Manhattan, packed up again for a California bungalow. Justine Johnstone’s husband, Walter Wanger, becomes general manager of production of all the Paramount branches all over the world, and when he goes to the coast his lovely Reallart wife will go with him. With the advent of all these luminaries, there will be a collection of stars under one studio roof—the Lasky—that the world of films has never before witnessed. Wonder how it will work out?

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the practice of producers changing the titles of well-known books and plays to lurid pack-’em-in billings. A recent instance of this occurred in the screen translation of Henry Arthur Jones’ work, “Michael and the Lost Angel,” which reached the screen as “Whispering Devils.” But consider, folks, what they are doing in Germany. We see advertised in a German trade-journal “Unchained Passions” and “Irene’s False Step.” But the title which wins the beautiful tin pen-wiper is “The Vampire from St. Louis.” Accompanying it in the list, are “The Inn of Chicago,” “The Jewelry Thieves from San Francisco,” “The Inheritance from New York.” An interesting study in German psychology, isn’t it?

THE last chapter has been written in a glittering career, and the book of Olive Thomas’ life is closed forever. The chapter was written in bold type in many papers—in the form of an advertisement. It announced the auction sale of the effects of the late star, a sale originally scheduled for two days but which required only one, for the bidding was brisk.

The two biggest buyers were Lewis J. Selznick, president of the corporation which released Miss Thomas’ pictures, and Mabel Normand, one of the late star’s best and most loyal friends. Mr. Selznick purchased the Locomobile and several articles of jewelry. Miss Normand purchased a gold toilet set for $1,425, among other things. There were many valuable pearl and diamond rings and bracelets, pearl necklaces, and fur wraps.

The proceeds of the sale went to the mother of Olive Thomas.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

WHAT, the film enthusiasts always want to know, does my celluloid favorite do when she isn't working? Well, most of them come home and read a book and go to bed, except on Saturday nights. But it remained for Mary MacLaren to do something absolutely different. Mary, after working all day in the International studios away uptown in New York, comes home to her hotel for dinner and then—four nights a week—hastens to art school. She has a decided talent in this direction and her teachers say that if she ever gets tired of motion pictures she can always illustrate for a living.

THE Actors' Equity gave a ball at the Hotel Astor in New York. John Emerson, you know, is president of this leading actors' body and so he and his little bronettie wife, Anita Loos, were there, supported by Norma Talmadge, looking particularly spectacular in a lovely new gown from Paris. Joseph Schenck, John and Nita's film master, and Charles Chaplin. The last should really be first, for Charlie was pretty nearly the most popular person at the ball. Wherever he went he was surrounded by an admiring group of fellow thespians.

In speaking to some of them of an incident that occurred several years ago Chaplin said with a twinkle in his eye, "That was when I was famous!"

Perhaps you read about William Brady, Junior's marriage to Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen. (Bill Brady, Jr., is Alice's step brother, Grace George's and Bill Brady's only son). Perhaps, then, you'll be interested to know that there isn't a word of truth in it. Oh, no—the young man didn't contradict it, but his dad did. "My son," said William A. Brady, Sr., "does not even know the young lady." So that's that.

Florence Lawrence, famous some years ago in films, went to California to become the head of a dramatic school out there. But some picture producer waylaid her and persuaded her to practice her art instead of teach it. So you'll see her soon.

Herbert Rawlinson is to be a featured player for Louis B. Mayer. He is Anita Stewart's leading man in her new picture. Mayer is to concentrate in the future on special productions, with a featured cast instead of a star. With Mildred Harris leaving, Miss Stewart remains the only Mayer luminary.

They tell many tales of temperament around a studio. But some of the best have never been told.

One of them concerns itself with a very famous, very emotional, very beautiful star. She has a reputation for temperament that causes directors to pluck at the coverlet and studio managers to seriously consider the best way to end it all.

The other day, she was doing a Spanish dance on her set. Every time she rehearsed it, she stopped a bit over the "camera line"—meaning that she stepped out of camera range and had to do it over again. Finally her director became a bit exasperated. "For heaven's sake, Miss Blank," he protested, "try to keep within that line!"

It was a gentle protest—oh, so gentle. But Miss Blank gave a shriek, threw aside her Spanish shawl, and flung her castanets as far as she could fling them.

They missed her director. But they hit an innocent and eminent author who was merely a pleasant onlooker in the studio. He retired holding his nose.

If a Price Tag came on breakfasts

Were breakfast dishes marked with prices you would see this at a glance: Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

A chop costs 12 cents—two eggs cost 9 cents. One serving of bacon and eggs costs as much as 15 of Quaker Oats.

A meat, egg or fish breakfast, on the average, costs ten times Quaker Oats.

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs 6 1/2 cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

Consider how that difference mounts up. It means 35 cents per breakfast in a family of five.

The One-Cent Dish

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As food for growth and vim-food it has age-old fame. Everybody should start the day on oats. Then think what you save when Quaker Oats is made your basic breakfast.

Quaker Oats

The flavyor queen grains only

Get Quaker Oats to make the dish doubly delightful. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavyor oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These super-grade oats cost no extra price, so you should insist that you get them.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south
Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., the “millionaire reporter,” visited the Goldwyn studios in California the other day. They offered him a job in the films, but he said he preferred journalism. He met at the sight, talking to little Johnny Jones and Director Mason Hopper.

HERE'S a hint for exhibitors. Take it or leave it.
There is no doubt that one gets an eyeeful every time he goes into a picture palace. What with brightly colored pictures of the land and the sky-blue water, and the tints and the shades, not to mention the close-ups of the heroine and the long-shots—we wish they were longer—of the beach beauties. One's ear is also satisfied, nobly so, with the outpourings of the million-dollar organ, the expensive orchestra and the over-advertised tenor. And sometimes there come to the ear additional thrills furnished with all film explosions, trains, waves, motors, and airplanes—in other words, appropriate accompaniment from queer instruments expertly manipulated by the smallest man in the orchestra.

Now, why not exercise the olfactory nerve as well? In case you have forgotten what that is, we would specify—the nose. Give us, oh managers, the sweet smell of jasmine sprayed by eager ushers when the hero kisses the heroine one night in June. Give us the good strong smell of gin. Give us the odors of baking bread with the bakery scene. Do not forget the smell of soap-suds when the little country girl on the screen sees her sprightly reflection in the Monday washtub. Then, indeed, will we cease to begrudge one of you the price of admission, including the tax.

ABEL NORMAND has been taking a vacation. On an up-state farm. Only comes into Manhattan once in a while. Leading the simple life. Reason? Mabel wanted to gain ten pounds. Doesn't know when she'll come back to work. "Want a good story first," she says. She looks prettier and prettier than she ever did.

MAYBE it isn't quite fair to tell this one on Wally Reid. But it's too good to keep. And besides everybody in San Francisco is talking about it, so what can you expect?
It seems that Wally and his company went to the Bay City not so long ago to film some scenes for "Always Audacious," Between scenes, as it were, Wally managed to dig up quite a bit of excitement and even discovered some leftover local color on the Barbary Coast where he played the saxophone and the drum and various other instruments at the dance palaces and conducted himself generally like a two-year-old on a vacation.

Returning one evening from a little party of this nature, Wally and his boon companion, one "Hez" Tate whose other business is being assistant director to Cecil de Mille, sat in the window of their room at one of the local hotels and suffered the pangs of ennui.

Then they had an idea. A little later a large number of indignant citizens began entering the revolving doors of the famous hostelry. From citizens with entirely incapacitated hats held in their hands, on which apparently some aviator men had tried to lay eggs from about the height of the 11th floor.

Likewise, a number of the hotel's perfectly good pillows were returned under circumstances most distressing.

And the awful part of it was that when the manager traced the crime to the two culprits, they threw him out and shot him a couple pillows for good luck.

Well, boys will be boys.

Only next time perhaps they'd better choose locations in Death Valley or on the Salton Sea. San Francisco is a hard combination of circumstances for any hard-working young actor.

ACCORDING to a report, Mack Sennett is going to write five musical comedies a year to be produced by Al Woods. After presentations on Broadway the plays will be pictured at the Sennett studios in California. Oh yes—a bevy of California beauties will be brought on from the coast to appear in the comedies. Meanwhile Sennett is trying his hand at comedy-drama. The first is called 'Heart Balm.'
Plays and Players

(Continued)

T is the delighted expectation of the public in regard to the oft-rumored remarriage of Lew Cody and Dorothy Dalton having practically evaporated, the question arises as to whether Mr. Cody really will continue a bachelor-from-experience or whether he will enter the ring with Willard Mack in the contest of many and beautiful wives.

We don’t know what Bebe Daniels’ views on matrimony are, but it’s safe to say at the present writing that whatever they are will undoubtedly have a marked effect upon Mr. Cody’s decision.

G O D bless the Irish!

Hal Roach, the guy that manages every little thing for Harold Lloyd, walked up to a policeman in Los Angeles the other day to make some inquiries about the new traffic signals.

He said:

“I beg your pardon, sir, but my name is Roach—”

“And a fine guy y’are for apologizing fer it. It’s a grand name. Ye should be proud to own it. Don’t come around me exalting yerself fer havin’ a name loike Roach. Git out av the way now or a flivver will tip on ye. Good day.”

T he month’s most unlucky man—Lambert Hillyer.

While the Bill Hart director was out visiting the other evening, some vile person broke into the Lambert garage and took the beautiful new coupe with Lambert’s extensive and priceless stock of liquid goods—including several cases of champagne—and beat it.

As yet no trace has been found of the villain.

Lambert inserted the following ad in the Los Angeles papers: “You can keep the car if you will bring back my liquor.”

S ALARY stories—statistical and otherwise—are legion. Here’s one from an entirely new angle:

When Tony Moreno recently re-signed with Vitagraph for another five years, one of his friends said to him, “Tony, I don’t believe you’re a very good business man. According to my figures, you have got a lot more money out of that contract if you’d worked it right. I don’t believe that your salary (which runs well into figures per week) is what you’re worth.”

Tony said: “Don’t think it’s what I’m worth, eh? Maybe not. But if there are no pictures—how much am I worth? I guess I might be getting $3,000 a day. Digging ditches, maybe. I guess I get all I’m worth. I’m not sore. I’m darn grateful!”

But then, Tony always was the most utterly regular human fellow in the entire picture game.

T he only person who seems to have received authentic information as to the movements of Charlie Chaplin is little Jackie Coogan, the boy whom Chaplin once designated as the greatest child actor on the screen.

Jackie got all busted up in an automobile accident recently, and his convalescence at the hospital was cheered by a wire from Chaplin stating that he would be home to spend Christmas with the youngster—home being Los Angeles in Jackie’s case.

J ULIAN EL T INGE is coming back to pictures. He is making a photoplay of what was perhaps his greatest stage success, “The Fascinating Widow.” Harry Beaumont, who lately left Goldwyn, is directing, and Ann May is the leading woman.

The Hinds
Week-End
Box
Six dainty pink
Packages in trial sizes
50¢

HANDS are expressive. The slightest movement of the hand—the simplest gesture—focuses the attention immediately. What is the appearance of your hands? How do they feel?

The arthritic appreciates most, perhaps, that the skin of the hands should be kept in perfect condition, soft, pliable, attractively-beautiful—free from blemishes—or painful irritations which annoy and distract.

Ina Claire recognizes the cleansing, softening, healing properties of Hinds Cream, and uses it regularly to keep her skin in perfect, natural health.

The comfort and charm this snow-white, daintily scented skin lotion brings, makes Hinds Cream the indispensable toilet requisite in many refined homes.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5¢. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5¢. Talcum 2¢. Face Powder, sample, 2¢; trial size 15¢. Toilet Soap, 8¢. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory.

A. S. HINDS
228 West Street, Portland, Maine
The Coquetry of Yama Yam.
Posed by Bessie McCoy Davis.

It twinkles in her agile toes and sparkles in her lustrous eyes. You can have alluring eyes by cultivating beautiful brows and lashes. Use Lashlux, a dressing cream which darkens the lashes at once and makes them grow long, silky and glistening. Apply after powdering; it supplies the natural oil absorbed by powder and gives a well-groomed sheen to brows and lashes. A harmless, delicately scented cream. Dark Brown and Colorless. 50¢ per jar at drug counters or direct from makers.

ROSS COMPANY
Makers of "Rippledream" Shampoo Powder
29 East 23d Street
NEW YORK

If the roof were removed from the new Paramount studio in Long Island City and an airplane picture taken, the result would resemble this. The above photograph was snapped from the grill work high above the studio stage where Dorothy Dalton and company were assembled in the Aurora Borealis saloon, erected for a western drama. The gambling tables and the bar may be distinguished but the people look like the shell marks on an airplane picture made in France. Note the huge lights in the foreground.

POOR John Wray! Of course everybody knows a lot of grief has to happen to a director. But this seems a bit strong.

Wray was directing the new Thomas H. Ince special starring lovely Florencce Vidor. The scene was a most elaborate one, using several hundred extra people in evening garb, a large sunken pool, an orchestra, and expensive scenery.

What with the orchestra and all, John couldn't make his directions heard. At a given time, several hundred of the extra people, supposed to be guests at a smarts set dinner party, were to throw discretion to the winds and jump into the pool.

So Wray sent his assistants about and notified everybody of the exact action, telling them when he was ready that he would fire a shot from a revolver.

A grand idea. Only Hobart Bosworth happened to be working on the next set and he shot the villain just about five minutes before Wray was ready to shoot. The extras jumped.

We haven't the heart to tell any more—

OLIVE TELL is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien now. Quite a few erstwhile stars have voluntarily resigned their stellar estates to take up the more pleasant and less arduous duties of leading business.

THE crowded condition of Broadway. New York, picture theaters is traditional. Still, it was something of a surprise to see Morris Gest, producer of "Aphrodite" and "Mecca," standing patiently in a long line waiting to see the film version of Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

BECAUSE of the vogue of "Way Down East," several producers are going in for the dear old rural drama. Hugo Ballin is making "East Lynne," which, while perhaps not rural, is most certainly dramatic. Then too, Vitagraph is doing "The Heart of Maryland," with Catherine Calvert in the rôle made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

NOW that the Talmades are settled down in New York again everyone wants to know what they're doing.

Constance is as busy as ever. When she isn't working she's having a good time. Constance regards life in general in the nature of a lark, and a trip to Europe and attendant glories hasn't spoiled her optimistic outlook.

Norma, escorted nearly always by her husband, has gone sou'westered, returned, started work, seen all the new plays, and signed a new contract. That is, Mr. Schenck has arranged to release his wife's and his sister-in-law's pictures through Associated First National for a period of four years. In addition Schenck has secured the services of Herbert Breslin to direct Norma for an indefinite engagement, has enlisted the support of Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan and James Harrison as leading men, and has purchased several new plays for production.

SOMEBODY of importance was paying Agnes Ayres compliments upon her beauty as that young actress stood on the deMille set in her marvelous "Cinderella" costume.

"Well," said Agnes slowly, in that pathetic voice of hers (the kitty-cats have even been known to call it a whine), "I'm glad you think I'm beautiful. You've got to be something in this world and I've discovered I haven't any brains, all right." Which leads us to believe Agnes may be deeper than we had suspected.
DENIALS—vigorously emphatic—are the order of the day with Allen Holubar. The ceaseless repetition of stories about his forthcoming production—stories as to its moral tone, its sacrifice of human life in the making, its nudity of costuming—have heaped coals of fire on the director's head, so he says.

Mr. Holubar declares that his picture is not immoral, that on the contrary it has a highly moral lesson—that it does not contain a single nude scene, and that if anyone cares to investigate he will show them the insurance records to prove that only one person was injured, and that the injury was slight.

Like everything else, "time will tell."

But if Mr. Holubar's denials are true, gossip has surely used him ill and he's got a lot of reparation coming.

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN secured a divorce from Charles Spencer Chaplin in Judge York's department of the superior court of Los Angeles on November 8th. Upon the witness stand, with tears streaming down her face, the young wife of the screen's greatest comedian repeated her oft-told tale of alleged cruelty, neglect and wedded unhappiness.

She was accompanied only by her mother and her attorney. Mr. Chaplin did not appear, but his lawyer was in the courtroom.

The decree was granted by Judge York upon the ground of desertion when Mrs. Chaplin stated that in spite of repeated appeals on her part, Charlie refused to come home and act like a husband is supposed to act.

A property settlement arranged out of court awarded Mrs. Chaplin $50,000 at that time, and $57,000 in six months.

Incidentally, while on her visit to Los Angeles, Mrs. Chaplin (now Mildred Harris), since one of the conditions of the divorce was that the divorced wife should use the magic name of Chaplin no more for professional purposes), was, as usual, widely quoted by the newspapers upon various subjects.

Among other things she stated that "there is somebody I am very much interested in, but I shan't marry again for a long time."

She also stated that she expected to build a beautiful new California home, out Beverly Hills way between the Bill Hart and Wally Reid mansions. Well, Hollywood real estate is a good investment.

All in all, we wonder how Mildred feels about it. Her one great moment on the witness stand came when she spoke brokenly of the tiny son whose passing shattered her last hopes of a reconciliation with her husband.

YOU couldn't turn around in Hollywood on any lot this month without stumbling over producers, presidents, and other "higher up" powers that be. It's been a peculiar open season for all the important fellows to look over the western front, as it were.

Jesse L. Lasky and Adolph Zukor, of Paramount-Artcraft; Winnie Sheehan, vice-president of Fox; Albert Smith, Vitagraph president; Carl Laemmle, head of Universal; Marcus Loew, of Metro; Samuel Goldwyn, and Arthur Kane have all been in our midst.

It doesn't seem to portend anything important to the industry except perhaps a general tightening of the more systematic method of government in the studios and a cutting away of any possible unnecessary overhead.

It's a long, cold winter.
The Woman You Were Meant to Be!

Once upon a time there was a girl child who grew up with the privileges of well living. Like all heroines, she was beautiful, with the beauty of clear skin, bright eyes, a graceful figure, and soft, thick hair. Because she was perfectly happy and healthy in mind and body, she was never melancholy, never over-tired. Always she radiated that magnetic force the world calls charm. From the many suitors who surrounded her, the man she loved. The care of children and a household, that came with the years, never dimmed her radiant charm.

She filled her place in the world joyfully and efficiently, as one of your youthful spirits and vigor all her life.

The Charm of Girlhood for Women of 40

Her way of life is revealing the secrets to women everywhere. Tired, discouraged wives and mothers, who feel their beauty fading, are finding in it the means of reviving their youthfulness and charm. Girls are increasing their natural attractions by developing a new way and giving a little special care where it is needed, you, too, can make yourself the woman you were meant to be.

The secret is not a rigorous course of treatment or care. Or is it? If it is a simple, easy and delightful way to live which works wonders in a short time, develops the full force of your personality, mental and physical, by following a few simple directions, you will find yourself becoming serene, well-poised, alert, as well as healthier, happier and more charming every day.

101 Practical Suggestions

You will learn, at once, a number of simple effective—how to attract, interest, charm the people you meet—the secrets of fascination given you and how to make people Advisory you. You know the charm of beautiful face, and you can use the right full of expression. You will learn how to make your skin and eyes and hair the things of beauty they ought to be. And all the time your mind and body will be making you as deep, underlying health and vitality which is the precious secret of happiness and charm.

Investigate Today

Send your name and address to the address department and we will send you FREE a fascinating book on this new and developed product for distribution by the Olympian Society. This great society stands for a better, safer, and longer life for all women. Many happy women have proved its worth. Learn how easy it is to be healthy. Be the charm of the office, the street, the home, or the strain of social life. Many vital problems of married life and motherhood made clear. Be the woman Nature intended you to be. There is no obligation. Send coupon now.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

When she has completed two more productions for Famous, Billie Burke will probably leave that company. Flo Ziegfeld may enter the picture producing field himself and in that case his wife will be his first star. Miss Burke prefers to live and work in New York, while all the other Paramount stars have participated in the transfer of studio activities from the east to the west coast.

May Allison is laid up at her home in Beverly Hills with a couple of busted ribs. We admit it seems difficult to connect the dainty little blonde with such a catastrophe. If it were Bill Hart, or Tom Mix—but May Allison! It happened, according to inside information, while May was holding an hilarious frolic on the lawn with some of the neighborhood kiddies—a frolic including a football.

May is a lot better, entirely out of any danger of complication which at first threatened, and hopes to be back at work in six weeks or so. Anyway, I never saw so many flowers in my life as her devoted admirers sent her on learning the sad news. Most anybody would bust a rib or two for such gorgeousness.

The entrance of Elinor Glyn into motion picture circles in Hollywood has produced a good deal the same effect that a charge of dynamite under a building will show.

The English author, with her red hair, her exquisite jewels, her green eyes and wonderful manner, has been the one topic of conversation in the movie colony. Incidentally, she is being handled with kid gloves by the Paramount-Arcaft organization, for whom she is to write stories. The lady is forceful and determined, and rumor has it that her original story is to be presented according to her dictates or not at all.

She has been extensively entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. deMille, Mrs. Lasky, it seems, won her instant approval, because she "had the most perfect hair and hairdress in America—exactly like Paris." As her remarks to a young male star—who has been told by some millions of women that he was utterly perfect—were so revolutionary and helpful (?) that the young man appears to be starting life all over again, Mrs. Glyn cryptically stated that "he didn't take enough Turkish baths and Sandow exercises, nor sufficient outdoor sports, that he cut his hair as though he had a ring worm in the back of his neck and wore his boots as though they were made by his butcher.

Nevertheless she has completely fascinated everyone who has met her, and the privilege of a few moments with her is being fought for by the different stars. It isn't difficult on witnessing her effect upon people here to understand her great vogue with such dignitaries as the King and Queen of Spain.

Colleen Moore was standing in the lobby of Grauman's Theater in Los Angeles one afternoon waiting for a friend (she says a female friend), to go to the picture. The friend was late in arriving. Colleen stood close to the box-office window where a young lady with a large stack of chewing gum and a Better-Baby stare was handling the clamoring throngs.

One fresh young man lingered rather long discussing the position of the seats which he and his female of the species were to occupy. At last he said belligerently, "Now understand, I want those seats on the aisle.

"Both of them?" asked the girl in the box-office sweetly.

An elderly lady who apparently thought she was talking across the backyard fence with all morning ahead of her, was curious as to price, location and general desirability of every one of the hundreds of seats in the house. At last she seemed about to decide, then hesitated again.

"Well, tell me one thing, lady," said the girl wearily. "Will you have 'em plain or breaded?"
Plays and Players

(Concluded)

FOR a P. A. we think this is pretty good—

"A great psychological authority has stated that there is a great crook play every five years which fastens itself upon the public thought.

In 1900 it was "Jim, the Penman."
In 1905 it was "Leah Klechma."
In 1910 it was "Alias Jimmy Valentine."
In 1915 it was "Within the Law."
And in 1920 it is going to be "Outside the Law,"
the crook drama just completed by Tod Browning, starring Priscilla Dean, with Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman.

THERE is a big sign just inside the door of one of the famous beach eating resor

Hampden Del Ruth, director of comedies, married Alta Allen, one of the beauties who appears in his pictures, in Los Angeles.

Perhaps you read a newspaper report to the effect that Cecil deMille and Louise Glaum had been married. Perhaps you were surprised, particularly if you had read "What Does Marriage Mean?" Cecil deMille's story in the December issue of this magazine. Of course, the report was false, but suppose we quote Mr. deMille himself, who denies it in a characteristically charming fashion: "While I have never met Miss Glaum I am very sure that any man would be honored by her hand. Unfortunately I was unable to be present at the ceremony because my wife and three children would not let me!"

Mary Pickford has a new director—her own brother. Frances Marion, who was to have directed two of Miss Pickford's pictures, was recalled by International to continue her interrupted contract before the second picture was begun. So Mary enlisted Jack's services. Al Green will co-direct.

How Pretty Teeth are ruined during sleep

When you retire with a film on your teeth, it may all right long do damage.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush does not remove it all.

That film causes most tooth troubles. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains and makes 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.

Few escape its damage. So dental science has for years been seeking a film combatant.

New methods found

Now ways have been found to fight film and film effects. Able authorities have proved them. The ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And millions of people every day enjoy its benefits.

Watch it for 10 days

This offers you a 10-Day Tube. Get it and watch its effects.

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects. The film is attacked in two efficient ways.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

It also keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.
there with his head in his hands as though an overpowering emotion had taken hold of him.

Finally, he spoke of taking a trip. Afterwards she remembered this as the first definite step.

"I think I need a change, Lucy."

Perhaps you are right, John. Where shall you go to Florida?

"Florida! Heaven—no!" he laughed at her suggestion. "I'm thinking of going to Europe. I'm in need of new ideas. I should have a new perspective of American life. Europe will give me that."

"England?"

"No—France. I think I'd like a Latin point of view just now. There is so much of reconstruction there."

She tried to make her answer sound casual. "Do you think the trip would be safe for baby? I understand conditions there."

He looked up quickly. "I was thinking of going alone."

Again the forced, casual note. "Perhaps you are right. A family such a trip might be too—too constraining."

He did not meet her eyes. "I'm glad you see it that way. Would you be happy here—all alone?"

"Happy? Hardly that. I should miss you too much to be happy, John."

"But—I mean—you'd get along all right. You'd be perfectly well.

"How long will you stay?"

"Oh, it's all an idea—just now. Perhaps nothing at all will come of it. I only wanted to talk it over with you."

So her fear, her intuition, had not been unfounded! The battle between intellect and domesticity was in full swing. Discouragement and despair were pushed aside. Fighting qualities sprang into life which had hitherto been unsuspected. The cheerfulness of her voice deepened; her interest in her husband's comfort increased; the house was never so well nor so quietly run, so delightfully charming and peaceful; more flowers made it gay; the wheels of life seemed recklessly oiled.

The campaign demanded another call upon Mrs. Havilow. Lucy was received with modulated but evident surprise. A patronizing note was apparent in the greeting.

"So awfully good of you to come. And housekeeping—how is it going on?"

"Perfectly. You haven't an idea how satisfactory it is."

"But—I thought you had all sorts of difficulties!"

"The satisfaction is in overcoming them."

"Ah."

"You've never had that experience?"

"Housekeeping? Heavens—no! My maid and I and hotels—that is my creed. In that way I avoid all the difficulties of life."

"But, in that very way, don't you miss individuality? Aren't you always merely—merely a number?"

Mrs. Havilow's grey eyes showed the least signs of hardening. "What shall I call it?—body being a number, as you put it, provided my mind is free to soar. One can't follow intellectual pursuits if one is forced to think of bodily comforts."

"But if one happens to be a sibarite?"

Mrs. Havilow's eyebrows went up. "I should hardly have said that of you."

"I was not speaking of myself."

"I don't believe I understand you."

"My husband is."

The hard glitter did not successfully hide surprise.

"My thought of him—my love of him—has made me concentrate on the things he demands."

"Demands?"

"Well—needs."

"Why not lead him away from them? He only thinks he needs such things. It would only be a question of time to persuade him that he was wrong. He is far too clever, too sensitive—She let a discreet pause end her praise and continued: "He should be made to see that such things are not really necessary."

"You think that possible?"

"I'm sure of it."

"But—how could it be done?"

"By gradually eliminating non-essentials."

Good enough advice, if one were in the mood for accepting it, which Lucy Scotwell was not. On the contrary, she continued further, "To such an extent that she went perilously near to overemphasis."

At luncheon the next day her husband mentioned her call on Mrs. Havilow.

"Ah—she told you? Did you see her last night?"

"For a moment—at the Perkins. His side long face wore an ecstasy of rapture."

"Did she mention our conversation?"

"No? Why?"

"We discussed the non-essentials of everyday life. She maintains that we do not need them."

"Perhaps she is right."

After this the climax came quickly. Scotwell mentioned his decision to leave the next week in a most casual way. As to the length of his stay he said he had not decided. Perhaps it was to last perhaps longer. Regarding his wife's plans he asked no questions and offered no suggestions. After this statement, he spoke very little on the subject, indicating that he would not hold her in the house. When at home he spent almost every moment in the nursery. His devotion to the baby was to be than ever. His attitude towards his wife was that of one who rather dreaded her presence. It was very evident to her that meeting her eyes was a real pain to him. Lucy misted nothing. It was all too obvious for her not to realize that her fight was over—at least in the direction she had gone. Even the tie she had counted on to hold her child would not hold him now. Everything crumbled about her. Still she did not let him know that she knew or suspected anything.

A last spark of hope she went to the office of the steamship company and there her final doubt vanished. Mrs. Havilow's name appeared among the passengers. Wild plans of going to join her baby with her, and begging for her happiness, her future, raced through her mind; but thoughtful consideration kept her inactive. If her husband had decided to leave her, violence on her part, tears, pleadings would not hold him. Beyond that, too, a certain deep sensitiveness made her silent. If she had failed to satisfy him it was no one's fault but her own. She had not said all to herself. In that time she had not made herself indispensable, nothing now would. Indispensable! The word clung to her thoughts. Perhaps—no! There was no use now in giving vague hopes a chance to live. She prayed to keep up her courage until he had gone.

The morning of his leave—he had not come to her room that night—she made no attempt to help him with the packing. This was not intentional on her part; it was due to her fear of breaking down. She waited desperately until he came to tell her goodbye. She knew he had gone to the nursery and when he did not come and she saw that it was time for him to leave, if he ex-
Non-Essentials
(Continued)
pected to reach the boat, she called from the hall that he must hurry. His hurried kiss, his avoided eyes, brought iron into her soul.
When he was gone, she went up to the nursery, told the nurse to go out and leave the baby in her care and in this way got through the morning trying not to think.
After luncheon, a special delivery letter came from him, sent from the boat. She opened it calmly, read it through to the end and rising, still calm, tore it into bits and threw it into the fire. She had not expected such a letter and yet, in a way, it was characteristic of him. He had always had a certain honesty in meeting every situation and even this one, which he had hidden or at least tried to hide from her, had caused him suffering. He told her so quite frankly in the letter. His idea had been to save her and himself useless suffering. He could not tell her, to her face, brutally, that he had awakened at forty-five to the realization that she was not giving him what he needed mentally; he could not have said this to her and met her eyes; so he had chosen the easiest way writing it to her. She must not think that he had not resisted this new, overpowering element which had come into his life. He had, he had resisted, and he had found himself overcome. The woman who had come into his life—he did not mention her name—had grown to mean everything to him. She made him happy in a way he had never been before; she stimulated him; she would save him from rusty, dull old age; she would make his next years—probably the best of his life, the most productive—wonderful with achievement. He actually felt it a duty to himself to cast everything else aside and follow her; it would mean everything to him. She, Lucy, after all, was the shock, without which, he begged her not to suffer too much—for the child’s sake, if not her own. He had left everything for her future comfort with his lawyer. He wished above all that she should want for nothing. He had also instructed his lawyer that he would make any declaration necessary that would facilitate her in obtaining divorce. He was sure that the sooner this were accomplished the happier both of them would be. He asked for her forgiveness. Some day, he felt sure, she would forgive him. She must not think that the step was causing her alone unhappiness. The decision, or at least arriving at it, had been a time of torture for him.
That was all! That was the end of twelve happy years! Not even a word of apprecia-
tion! Ah, but she was glad of that! He had at least spared her pride. The future loomed before her, empty, desolate. A phrase she had recently read came back to her. When happiness goes out of the door, contentment comes in. Contentment! She shook her head. At that moment she was more furious with herself than with him. She was tasting the bitterness of failure.
A little later, her thoughts turned to the immediate future. What was she going to do? She sat down at the telephone and called up his lawyer. At her request he promised to call the next afternoon.
When she looked up from the telephone, she saw the maid coming into the room with a strangely disturbed expression on her face.
"Oh, Ma’am, something awful’s happened. Mr. Scotwell’s left most all the things he needs most. His dressing gown, Ma’am, and his slippers, and his shaving things, Ma’am, and worst of all, his brushes! What can I do about it? The boat must be a long way off by this; isn’t it, Ma’am?"
Lucy met the maid’s anxious eyes; and for the first time that day, she smiled.

"In Case of Cough or Cold—Musterole"
He takes no chances. On the road or at home, Musterole is his faithful old route-out of colds and congestions. Twenty years ago they used to put a stinging, messy mustard plaster on his chest when he had a cold. It was a harsh but effective remedy.
Today he uses Musterole. It does all the work of the old-fashioned plaster, but is without the fuss, muss and blister.
You just rub a little of this clean white ointment over the congested spot. First, there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. But way down deep underneath the coolness, where Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon disperses congestion and sends the cold away.
And Musterole is good for many other things. For twinging joints or aching muscles, for instance. Keep Musterole always handy on the bathroom shelf. At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. $3.00 hospital size.

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NON-ESSENTIALS

(Continued)

“My husband wrote me from the steamer that he wished me to sue for divorce.”

“Yes, Mrs. Scottwell,” the lawyer replied in a voice that was a compromise between sympathy and stolidity. Her eyes had not yet given him a clue to the proper manner to employ. “He also wrote me to facilitate that matter for you in every way possible.”

“I have no intention of asking for a divorce.”

The lawyer’s expression changed slightly. “But—Mrs. Scottwell—

“Will you convey this information to him?”

The rapid fire of statement and question proved somewhat bewildering to the old man who was accustomed to clients who were a little less assured than this very calm woman with such steady, straightforward eyes. “Before doing that,” he hesitated, then continued, “if you will permit me—I think that in consideration of—”

“Consideration? I was not aware that that entered into the matter. Surely it was not shown to me!”

“But—”

“No—there is nothing further for us to discuss. That is all that I wished to tell you. Perhaps—I hoped I had a better right to help myself. Have you his address?”

The lawyer nodded. “I will send you the letter tonight.” She stopped, suddenly caught by an entirely new idea. “I may have several letters to send him,” she said slowly now, as the idea developed in her mind. “Can I trust you to see that they reach him?”

Again the lawyer nodded and rose when he saw that she had risen. “You refuse to discuss the matter further, Mrs. Scottwell?”

“What more is there to say?”

“Surely—you do not wish to place your husband and Mrs. Havilow in such an embarrassing position?”

“Is their position more embarrassing than mine?”

“At least they cannot marry until there is a divorce.”

“Ah! Then I still have some power left!”

“Power that I am sure you will not wish to use.”

“For the moment—I think I do.”

Then—I think I had better telegraph your husband.”

“On the boat? No—I think it would be much better to send him my letter.” She sat down again; the lawyer followed her example. The interview was proving interesting to him and developing in an entirely unexpected channel.

Lucy Scottwell rested her chin in her hand for a few moments, reflective. The old lawyer was not sure, but he thought her lips were curving in the very slightest of smiles. However, when she met his eyes again, hers were entirely serious.

“I wonder if I might ask a very great favor of you?”

He bowed and made a gesture of deference to her wishes.

“I mean—would it be possible for you not to mention to my husband that you had seen me? Would you be willing to send my letter to him without comment?” Again she stopped quickly, reflective. “No—it would be much better for me to send it myself.”

“Have you his address?”

“I shall send it to his bankers in Paris.”

“I would you consent not to write to him until I have a reply? That—that would make it so much easier for me.”

That night she wrote the letter, not carelessly, but pondering every word, and with a certain surety and stiffness that was char-

It is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how.

When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you should weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! Enjoy life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words—live.

You Can Weigh exactly what you Should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I know it, for what I have done for 100,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fat? Are you too thin? Doesyour figure disappoint you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs — No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess flesh in any part of body

Incurvature of Spine

Poor Circulation

Loss of Energy

Weak Shoulders

Poor General Health

Grippe

Habitual Cold

Mucus and Cold

There are thousands and sizes of WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

There is a WITING-ADAMS BRUSH for every use and every need.

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

A Merry-go-round of Brushes.

Your dealer sells them or will quickly get them for you.

JOHN L. WHITING & J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Makers for Over 100 Years and the Largest in the World.

Miss Coorwood is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning among our training many conditioned men and women.
Non-Essentials
(Continued)

acteristic of her. She made no reference to his letter. She began with regret that he had left his brushes and slippers and shaving outfit and wondered if he had been able to find such things at the steamers. Should she send them to him and where? Then followed two pages descriptive of her morning with the baby; how she had drawn pictures of the boat to the baby and even attempted a likeness of him promenading the decks. It had been a great success, her first attempts at drawing; and the baby had responded with enthusiasm. The afternoon had been rather busy. Nurse and baby had gone out for a walk and she had remained at home, wandering about rather disconsolately. He must not stay away too long; life was already beginning to lose its charm in living, lonely vistas; besides, think how much baby grew now each week; he would not know her when he returned. That was all. No reference to the letter he had sent; no reference to anything that he had not spoken of to her.

The next week she sent a similar letter—exactly the sort of letter that a good wife and home mother would send to a husband off on a business trip. News of the baby filled most of the pages. She had been brought down from the nursery to the dining room. It was too lonely eating alone. Besides, two years old was quite time to begin to learn to sit at a table. The weather was beautiful—cold and brisk. She had continued with the letters. Her room looked exactly as if he might come into it at any moment and begin writing. That cheered her—the idea that he might decide to come back and surprise her. She even had his shirt and his dressing gown and his shaving outfit—all the things he had left behind—always ready for him. He must not think her too sentimental, but little things like these rates on his account. Baby had added two more words to her vocabulary.

The third week she wrote another letter, always in the same key; and on and on until five weeks had passed. Then the lawyer telephoned and asked if he might call at once. His glance this time was neither sympathetic nor stolid; it was frankly curious.

"I had a most extraordinary letter from your husband this morning." Lucy's hand went to her throat. "Has anything happened to him?"

"No—no. Nothing of that sort. He appears to be under the impression that you did not receive the letter he sent you from the boat."

"Ah!"

"He said you do not write as if you knew—exactly—in fact, not at all—what—"

"What has he done?"

"Yes. Exactly that."

"Well?"

"He asked me to find out if you had."

"To ask me?"

"No—to find out—"

"Surreptitiously?"

"Well—yes."

The lawyer found himself staring into wonderfully green eyes. After a pause: "What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him—I did not receive it."

"But—I know you did."

"And now I tell you that I did not."

"I beg your pardon. That would not be the truth."

"I do not mind telling a lie—this time."

Lucy rose from her chair and went to the window. When she came back the lawyer thought she had wiped away a tear. When her hand shot out pleadingly towards him he was sure of it.

"Are you willing to help me—or is it against your interests as his lawyer?"

"My dear Mrs. Scotwell, I am his lawyer, you know."

"Then—surely you are willing to help him?"

"I don't understand."

"Please don't try. Only do what I ask you. Write him that I did not receive his letter."

The old man pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He had had a good deal of experience but this case was quite beyond him. At least do it this once," Lucy pleaded. "Later—you may write him that I received the letter. But now—just give me a little more time. I promise that you may write him later. If you receive another letter from him instructing you to tell me, then—you can say I know—everything. But just now—please please."

The lawyer left, shaking his head and not at all sure that he was not being tremendously played with.

And the letters, gentle, sweet, domestic, continued to be written and mailed each week.

Three months had passed and the lawyer had not returned; nor had any letter been received. Summer had come in, bright and beautiful. Lucy, in the Park with the baby, looked up at the clear blue sky. The world was too bright and happy not to carry messages of hope. She lifted her head and smiled. Surely she had not lost her battle! Surely ahead of her was still happiness! Her hand tightened on the little one clasped in hers.

She sat down under the trees and released the little girl, watching her as she roared on the grass and called back words to her. What terrible three months, months in which imagination had to be crushed, months in which she would not allow herself to visualize what might be taking place! It would have been so easy to have imagined all sorts of things. If she had once unleashed her thoughts, ruin, she knew, was lurking in the shadows to overtake her. She had concentrated on the things about her, the child, the house, the mere living of everyday life. That had kept her occupied and strong. But could she go on much longer? There must soon be an end to all hope.

And while she sat there, the lawyer was closeted with a client who had just returned from Europe.

"You are quite sure she never received that letter?" Scotwell asked for the third time.

The lawyer met his glance with eyes that long service in his chosen profession had made steady. "As I told you, she gives the impression of knowing nothing."

"But I have never written to her. Did that not appear extraordinary to her?"

"She never mentioned it."

"Did she ask about me?"

"You must remember I have only seen her twice. Her principal anxiety appeared to be whether you were receiving her letters or not. Did you?"

Scotwell rose and walked about the room.

"Yes—I received them. Wonderful letters they were, too!"

"Wonderful? How?"

"So simple, so sweet, so homelike! No strain after the impossible in them—nothing that was not real and true and honest. Reading them, I could see exactly what was going on at—at home. The baby—" Suddenly he came back to the table and sitting..."
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Non-Essentials

(Concluded)

down, bowed his head on his hands. “Good God, what a fool I’ve been!”

“I thought I needed something else. I thought she—that other woman—would make everything so different. Well—she did. She brought me to my senses. She showed me that my wife had given me what I must have. It’s all nonsense—this talk about mental stimulation. What good is all the mental stimulation in the world if you are so uncomfortable you haven’t time to think!”

“Uncomfortable!”

“Yes, uncomfortable—heavily uncomfortable. Hope I can see the sun can a man write or think or contemplate if he has to give all his time to thinking of the non-essentials!”

The lawyer smiled. “Isn’t your argument really centered on the directions of non-essential thinking in the wrong direction?”

“Don’t talk foolishness. You don’t know what non-essentials are until you don’t have them. Then they become the most important part of life. You see—I had everything in my home. I didn’t have to think of a thing. I only had to live—and think all the time, if I wanted to.”

Then, why in thunder did you run away?”

“I was laboring under the greatest falsity of the ages—what the French call a grand passion. You didn’t think any such thing. It exists only in the minds of poets and writers. If there is such a thing, it is a man’s love of his home and child. Why, talk about inspiration, do you know I haven’t been able to write a line since I’ve been away!”

“Will you be able to now?”

“Will I? Only give me a chance!”

“You what you mean?”

“Go back to your home and begin.”

“Good God—if I only could!”

“Then there is nothing to keep you from it. Your wife is there. Didn’t you tell her you would be back in three months? The time is just up.”

“Mine must know.”

“When you see her you will find out.”

“That’s just it. When I see her, I’ve got to tell her. She would know then even if she doesn’t now. There was no way they could get along. He was, an absolutely superior red becomes commercial at $10 an oval! Never anything like this before!”

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Brava, Mrs. Scotwell! You are the cleverest woman I have ever known.

"What have I done?" she asked, anxious and yet a little comforted. There was something very promising in his manner.

"You have saved your happiness—your home—your children. Few women know how to do by—giving your husband what he had to have.”

"You have heard from him?”

"I have seen him. He returned today.”

Lucy sank back in the car and covered her face with her hands.

"He thinks you know nothing. He thinks you did not receive his letter. When you return home, tell him that.”

He waited for her to lower her hands.

"May I ask, Mrs. Scotwell, what you are going to do now?”

She looked up at him and smiled slowly.

"Is that necessary?”

The lawyer settled back comfortably and marveled again at the cleverness of women, and not only their cleverness, but a certain great quality that no man who had ever come under his observance possessed—capacity for forgiveness.

When he left Mrs. Scotwell a block from her house, he surmised he was careful to observe, he smiled and held her hand in his.

"If you ever decide to take up a profession there’s a place open for you in my office.”

"Thank you. I already have a profession.”

He laughed. "I see. And you are making a success of it. Can you let other women know of it?”

"Most of them know. Newspapers to the contrary, most homes are happy.”

"But the women who have it.”

Lucy shook her head. "There will always be foolish virgins.”

When she entered her home the maid told her that Mr. Scotwell had returned and had gone to the nursery. She went up the steps slowly, gathering her forces, struggling to remain calm. Sitting near the window with the baby on his knees, he did not see her enter. She came quietly across to him, laid her hand on his shoulder and bending over, kissed him.

"I am so glad you are back, John.”

His eyes sought hers and dwelt in them.

"Will you ever marry him?”

She laughed easily and saw a great relief spread over his face. "For staying away so long, John? Now that you are back, nothing matters.”

"Nothing, Lucy?”

"Nothing, John.”

At luncheon, facing each other, she saw the look of anxiety return to his eyes.

"Lucy—I’ve never lied to you. I don’t want to now.”

She lifted her hand as if to ward off a blow. "Wait a moment, John. I want you always to be honest with me—of course—except—well, except when it is a question of my happiness. I think most of us would be happier if we didn’t know as all these things. If there is anything that would hurt me—I’d rather not be told. I am so happy now in your return that I want nothing more.”

He rose from his chair and came around the table to her.

"Lucy—you know.”

She looked up and met his eyes, smiling frankly into them.

"I only know that you are home again. That is all I want to know.” Then, still with his eyes in hers, she felt something flash through her like a long forgotten joy. He was looking at her as he had twelve years before.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 70)

F. B., ALBERTA.—Oh, I rarely indulge in an evening at a Broadway film palace. I take my exercise in other ways. You know you have to stand at least an hour before there are any seats vacant and then you have to walk several blocks to get to them. No—thanks. Donald Gallagher played with Nazimova in "Eye for an Eye." He is now acting opposite Helen Hayes in the dramatic version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Bab" stories, at the Park Theater in New York. Address him there.

CECIL.—You say, "It seems as if 1920 was an unlucky year for movie stars. I met quite a few of them personally." Aren't you rude! Anita Stewart is working right now in Los Angeles, on "The Tornado," an original story by Jane Murfin, scenariozed by Anthony Paul Kelly.

RUTH AND THELMA.—How are you, girls? I think "The Lady of the Lake." Scott's famous poem, was pictured by Vitagraph some years ago with Edith Storey. That reminds me of the good old one about the girl who was trying to impress a gentleman with her knowledge of literature. "I love Scott," she thrilled. "You like 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe'? I presume?" said the gentleman. "Oh yes, yes," she gasped. "And how about Scott's 'Emulsion'?" "That is my favorite!" cried she.

JULIA, MOHAVE, ARIZONA.—Another new one, Called after a cat, I'll be bound. Neva Gerber has been married and was recently divorced, I believe, but not from Ben Wilson. She and Wilson appeared in serials for a long time. Ben was an actor for Edison in the good old days.

MISS CLEVELAND.—You are a most disturbing person. You shatter my self-esteem every time you write—and you write often. I never believed anyone could take me seriously, but evidently you do. So, if you're disappointed it's your own fault. Write to Monte Blue at the Hollywood studio of Lasky. He is back there now. I am sure he'll write to you. Ann Forrest in "The Faith Healer," she's with Paramount.

M. M., NEW YORK.—I can tell you whether or not your favorite actor is married, my dear, but I am no quizboard, so I draw the line when you ask. "Is he happily married?" However, I am glad you like this department and hope you'll write again—and ask some easy question, such as a list of all the extras in a deMille ballroom scene, or the name of the canary in "Whose Cat Is That?"

LUCIO, TOLEDO.—Yoo-hoo, Lulu—that would make a good name for a musical comedy. Harold Lloyd isn't married or engaged, old thing, so I can't tell you what color eyes his wife has. If Harold ever becomes a beneficent rest assured your query will be answered.

SHIRLEY.—Attention, everybody! Here is a young lady who took my advice and profited by it. Such persons are very, very rare, but that you meant they should not be more frequent. Shirley of Frisco wrote to me two years ago asking for advice as to how to enter the movies. I told her to finish school and then think it over. She has. And she's decided she doesn't want to be a motion picture actress after all. There—I told you so! (That's the first time I've ever had a chance to say that, and I fear me 'twill be the last.

(Continued on page 101)
in fancy under the Moorish arch.

But this time, as never before, there was another standing beside him—a woman. He discerned her features and her entire person, and after a short consideration, he then vaguely disturbed him. Out of the smoke of his cigar this new creature of his dreams emerged and stood forth with an instant impression that he was small, slender creature with a pale face, full red lips, warm brown eyes and wavy dark hair touched with bronze. As his first mental view of her he could not recall that he had seen her anywhere before.

For up to this time women had not entered into Dexter's life. He had seen them come and go. He had talked with them, laughed with them with shy indecision—and then each one of them had gone her way and he had gone his. And the woman he now beheld through the curling haze of tobacco-smoke was destined, after this memorable evening in spurious surroundings, to figure in all his visions, to run as an ever-present shadow through the fabric of his dreams like a wisp of fine-spun gold through a wool of silver.

On the next day it fell to him to route the company's shipments to the ports, by the steamer of the Senegal. It was an invoice of bright-colored cotton goods directed to the Sheikh Abn Ben Ibrahim. The name lingered on his lips like the smell of a sugar plum, with a sweetness long drawn out.

Timbuctoo! Well he knew the story of that ancient city, now rising in new glory and newly out of the lands spread them through it the centuries. Well he knew the great part that Timgad had played in the Roman march southward into the heart of Africa; and he remembered Timgad—Timgad the hated of the desert and the all-buried by the desert!

His mind followed the journey over seas and lands where the winds swept; then he would make on their far way to Timbuctoo. He closed his eyes and saw the caravan as it plodded its way northward and eastward from the desert beyond the Sahara; the shrill howling of the wolves in the night, the howling of a metropolis; saw the camels as they knelt down with groans and grimmaces to be relieved of their burdens.

And then he saw, issuing from a tent, a woman with a pale face, fresh young lips and warm brown eyes—the woman he had seen the previous night, with the shadow of the minarets of Sultan Hamid.

Again, a few days later, as Dexter was looking at a famous painting of the Taj Mahal at Agra—the dream-tomb of face-like walls and Arabian Nations portals which Shah Jehan built as a casket for the woman he had lost in the game with death—he caught a glimpse of the same face, the same lips, the same eyes.

She seemed to know him now, to smile at him with a vague expression of timid recognition, and as the picture vanished he found himself shadowed by a feeling of loneliness, a sense of isolation which he never had had before.

Yet another day, when he had made the entry of fifty cases of copra from Hilaire, Flis & Company, of Tahiti, his young eyes rested dreamily upon the blank wall opposite the window. Slow degrees a green stain gleaming in a flood of silver moonlight. The picture was so vivid to his vision that he heard the rustling of the long, plumy leaves of coconut palms, and the flitting of birds that had been disturbed in this strange place, where the coral island stretched wide-open arms to the broad Pacific, the muffléd roar of breakers coming surging to its ears.

And on the last of the last page, hanging there on the wall opposite his window with a strange feeling that he would miss the screen upon which the moving picture of his dreams had uncoiled itself, he suddenly saw, in a flash of a light step and the rustle of a skirt. He turned to find Kathleen standing at his side.

She held a letter.

"I've made a mistake to Mr. Drige's office," she explained. And then, noting the light in his spectacled eyes:

"You look as if you had taken a mortgage on the earth.

"That's just what I have done," he answered buoyantly, thrusting the bankbook into the inside pocket of his coat, and there giving it a reassuring pat.

"How nice!" she exclaimed banteringly, laying the letter on his desk. Dexter glanced at the inscription, recognized his father's familiar cramped handwriting, and thrust the unopened envelope into his pocket beside the bankbook for future reading at his convenience.

"More than you think, Kathleen," he rejoined.

Her smooth young forehead gathered in a slight frown. It was the first time he had heard her "Kathleen." She shook her small head, puckered her red lips and rallied him:

"Kathleen, did you say, Mr. Dexter? Aren't you unduly familiar on five years ago?"

And she laughed; but had Dexter had ears to hear—or had he realized that he had ears to hear—he would have detected a note of pain in her laughter.

Even so, he had a moment's surface agitation as she stood beside him, smiling. But the moment was brief; for Kathleen turned and went her way. Had she remained facing him for the space of a breath longer he could not have failed to see the
The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

of the world. Yet he was in- intent upon the task of great importance he had to perform that day.

He began to work, stripping out of his dressing gown and into the lighter, larger and more commodious room where the bullet-headed authority presided over a large flat desk.

"Hello, Arnold, what can I do for you this fine day?" asked Driggs in his manner of my lord the elephant speaking pleasantly.

Kathleen was up in his great length in the arm-chair beside the desk, took an expensive cigar out with the air of having saved it for an occasion, struck a match on the sole of his shoe and lighted the cigar with deliberative movements.

The series of operations helped him to put a soft pedal upon the tumult of his feelings. Finally he settled back in his chair, took a full-volumed puff at his cigar and made his momentous announcement:

"I'm going to quit you, Mr. Driggs."

He was unaware that Kathleen Sheridan had entered the room. He had not heard the office door open or shut, or the quick tap of high heels on the linoleum floor as she walked. But he was oblivious to all sounds save the beating of his own heart.

But at his brief announcement Kathleen sat still with fingers poised rigidly above the keyboard of her typewriter. She scanned the room, breathing, waiting for what was to come next. Of all this Dexter was likewise unconscious, for he sat with his back to her.

"No, Driggs, rising from his seat and surveying the long, lank figure in the arm-chair. "What's the idea?"

"I'm going to take a little trip."

"Then you are not going to take a couple of months leave of absence?" suggested Driggs hopefully, resuming his seat with an expression upon his heavy features that placed the cordial frame of mind.

"There's a week's vacation coming to you pretty soon, anyway."

"Thank you, sir; but my trip is going to last at least a year."

Kathleen's fingers dropped suddenly and heavily upon the keys, relaxed and weak. At the sound of the sharp click of the metal, Dexter turned to the direction of his secretary, saw the rush of color in her cheeks and made a mental note. Dexter heard only the pounding of his own heart.

"You're not going to take a trip in the arm of your waistcoat and utter a low whistle, returning to the subject in hand:"

"All at a year?"

"Perhaps two," volunteered Dexter.

"Well, I'm mighty sorry," rejoined Driggs after he had recovered his breath.

Dexter resumed, after another protracted pull at his cigar:

"I hoped, when you gave me my job five years ago today, that I might sometime get a chance to go to Singapore, or Calcutta, or somewhere. Perhaps you'll recall my speaking about it the day you hired me. That was my idea in taking the job. New York was only the beginning of the journey I had mapped out for myself, way back home.

The longest trip you ever sent me on took me only as far as the Hoboken waterfront."

He closed bitterly and resumed:

"So I decided to go the limit—all the way around the world—on my own hook."

"You have absolutely made up your mind."

"Yes, sir; and I'd like to get away by the end of the month."

"That's too bad, Arnold. We had hoped—Wyman and I—but look here. I'm going to take a training class from the shoulder. You've made a mighty good man on the job. Any time you want to come back there'll be a fifty per cent. raise in salary waiting for you."

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Read aloud, please.

Dexter caught his breath at the announcement. A year ago the proposal would have seemed to him like the odor of the key to the wonder-chamber of the world. On this day of days only one thing mattered, and Dexter tugged at the leash to do that thing.

"Thank you, Mr. Driggs," he responded in an indiffident voice after his brief moment of elation. "But it's too late for me to change my mind now."

As he was leaving the office he glanced at Kathleen, paused a moment as if some unimagined idea had come to mind, and then passed out of the room with a confused sense of realities placed into close juxtaposition with fancies. But Kathleen gave him no look; for her head was bent over the machine, and her fingers were dancing nervously over the keys. Perhaps if she had met his eyes at that moment — but who knows?

She hardly knew the door behind him, however, when Kathleen's fingers ceased to fly over the keys. She raised her head, surveyed Driggs' face with a furtive glance, cleared her throat and asked, "May I approach the subject that was eating at her heart out?"

"Mr. Driggs, did you ever feel inclined to discharge me?"

"Not yet," he replied, looking at her curiously.

"Well, you will in a minute," she announced demurely.

"What do you mean, Miss Sheridan?"

"I'm going to try to tell you how to run your business," she explained.

"Fire away," he permitted briefly.

Kathleen rose from her seat, moved to Driggs' desk with a tense expression which Driggs did not fail to notice, and there and then, a matter of minutes, she measured the unsensibility of her love for Dexter. She said, in a voice that she meant to be casual but the tremor in which did not escape even the dull ear of the bullet-headed authority:

"There's the vacancy at Calcutta."

"Vacancy at Calcutta! I" he echoed, looking at her sharply and surmising something of the feeling that lay behind her act in putting Dexter away from her by helping him to reach the port of his desires at the other end of the earth. "'H'm. Didn't know there was a vacancy."

"There is," she assured him. "I got it from Mr. Wyman's office. Rankin has resigned."

Driggs looked out of the window with a vague feeling that the slip of a girl beside his desk was living through a big moment and that he was sharing in it, glanced into her face, noted the color in it, cleared his throat and said, with the air of a man who has made up his mind:

"All right, since you are determined to send that bean-pole from Indiana to Calcutta—take this nomination, please. But wash my hands of the whole business. This is Mr. Wyman's affair, not mine, and as likely as not he will resent it as a piece of interference on my part."

When he had finished dictating Kathleen started for her desk to transcribe the notes, and then stopped, turned to him and said with restored self-respect:

"Thank you, Mr. Driggs."

A quarter of an hour after the memorandum had been dispatched to Wyman's office, it was brought back by the office boy, Driggs, on the way out, laid the paper on Kathleen's desk. Kathleen glanced at it and saw, written across its face in Wyman's coarse hand:

"Sorry; but the vacancy was filled from the Cairo office this morning."

And her lips were closely pressed together as she returned to her work.

At the lunch hour Dexter walked the three blocks to the bank with an odd feeling that he was treading the silver side of a cloud. He presented himself at the paying teller's window. After a moment's hesitation he threw in for immediate needs, and took letters of credit for the balance of his account. He walked out of the marble corridor of the bank with an uncertain step, signaling a cab, and finding himself aboard, keeping a guarding hand all the time on the bulging coat pocket that contained his passport to the manifold land of his expectations.

In half an hour, he reflected exultantly, he would be standing at the grilled window of the steamship office. A few minutes after that he would be hoisting his leg over the high rail of a steamer and sliding along the paper that would open the portals of the world of romance to him. He laughed inwardly at the assured prospect.

Seven weeks from the present moment, he estimated, he would be sitting in a steamer chair on the deck of a dahabie, on the Nile, in the shadow of the ancient temple of Isis, and just a day later he would be climbing the pyramid of the Temple of Cheops. In less than a fortnight after that he would be at Constantinople, the new city built upon the obsolescent ruins where Roman legionsaries had scaled the Carian heights. And then—Timbuctoo, and Constantinople, and Agra, and Pekin, and Tokio!

His chest expanded with a new sense of freedom, his shoulders broadened, his years of toil over a desk, took an extra backward hitch. He breathed deeply. A great light shone in his spectacles.

And then to the Cairo office. The Woman took substance out of the stuff that his fancies were made of. He saw, more vividly than ever, her pale face, her red young lips and her shoulders, warm and sweating; the hand that was to be sitting in the car at his side, to be touching elbows with him and returning his smile—to be thinking his thoughts and sharing his elation.

He found himself analyzing the expression of her eyes. They were eyes which now, that he thought of it, he felt sure he had seen in the faces of many of the women who the woman could have been. He ran over all the women he had known with a mental movement similar to that of the hand of a man seeking a card in a pack. But he could not recall that he had courted her with a little start, she might be Kathleen Sheridan.

But the thought of her only brought to his mind the letter she had laid on his desk that morning—the letter from his father. He must read that letter.

"I mustn't forget to leave a banker's address for Mother and Dad," he thought as he took the missing out of his pocket, tore off a narrow strip of the envelope with the clerical care, pulled the folded sheet out with casual limbs before his gaze, and read:

As he read, the smile vanished from his features, his lips first quivered and then stiffened as he pressed them together, and somehow, very briefly, he almost forgot his throat. He swallowed hard, shifted in his seat and his Adam's apple worked up and down nervously.

He laid the letter and put it back into the envelope with fingers that seemed oddly awkward, restored it to his pocket, signed a letter to the conductor, tooted from the car when it stopped, and shuffled to the baggage platform.

Here, resting on the curb, he did not seem to know where to go next. A mist was spreading before his eyes and the tall building seemed to be swaying and turning him in a gyration motion. The stuff of which his dreams had been made—pyramids, minarets, golden domes and tinted arcsades—seemed to be tumbling about him.
The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

in a crash of ruin; to be piling up on him; to be crushing him into the gutter.

'You're ob-struc-in' th' sidewalk in a rush hour, young fel-ler,' a policeman warned him.

"What did you say?" asked Dexter vague-ly, blinking at the policeman.

"You'd better be moving on an' givin' th' rest of th' town a chance on th' sidewalk," urged the bluecoat with a severe manner.

"Sorry, I beg your pardon," mumbled Dexter under his breath. "I had no idea—"

He turned mechanically in the direction of the office, walked dazedly to the building, so different from the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, paced under the heads. And arrived at the entrance, so different from the face-like gate of the Taj Mahal; groped his way to his room and sank into his seat with a groan of utter weariness.

Suddenly, in the flashing of an eye, his bright world had turned dark. As he bowed his head upon his arms, his hands seemed to be piling up on him, and in the blackness, seeking answering hands. But there was no responding touch out of the chaos.

His face was flushed and his eyes were bloodshot, as was his manner. There were no atolls, no waving palm-fronds, no slender minarets limned upon it now. It was a dead, blank wall—a brick and mortar and accumulated grime.

Then an idea came to him—a wild desire to tell somebody about it. He must speak to someone at once, must get into human touch at once—or go mad.

He took up the telephone instrument, jogged the hook, got the operator and asked her to connect him with Miss Sheridan.

"Mrs. Smith is out beyond the reach of friendship and sympathy.

The next moment Kathleen Sheridan entered the room with rustling skirts, hurriedly, almost running. She stopped short as she caught the first glimpse of his face, and stood within the doorway staring at him with large eyes.

"What's the matter, Dex—Mr. Arnold? Have you hurt yourself?"

She came quickly to his side, her pale face drawn, her red lips tremulous and her warm brown eyes swelling in tears.

But none of these things did Dexter see at that moment, for he was struggling to extricate himself from the wreckage of his dreams.

"Read that," he said shortly, almost gruffly.

Kathleen took the letter with a pounding heart, read it through and laid it down on the desk with a catch in her throat that would have been a sob if she had not choke
d it down.

"It's got to be done," he told her hoarsely.

"I can't leave father and mother in the lurch in their old age. I can't let the old home be turned over to a crazy, and it will take all I've saved but a few dollars."

Kathleen longed to place a hand upon his shoulder; to press him to her heart; to take
upon herself the burden that was pressing him down.

"But you've got your job here to fall back on, eh? Thought it would comfort you a little more, more, as you started Calcutta," he said, somewhat more kindly than before. "My job? I wouldn't take this job back after I've given it up—not for all the money the company's got," he announced fiercely. "Not after that speech I made to Driggs. No, no!"

But all the hope that Dexter might remain, that somehow he might find and understand flickered into futility with his bitter refusal to even consider the possibility of remaining at his task. But all the regret in her breast was for him and not for herself.

She held out an impulsive hand to him. He clasped it gratefully.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Arnold. I can't tell you how sorry I am! But you can make a new beginning; start all over again—and get there just the same."

And Dexter shook his head with the dejection of utter defeat and despair.

"I don't see it at all."

Try, but the words struck in his throat and choked him. Dexter's heart went to her in a humble, self-sacrificing effort to feel the unexpressed difficulty in getting her breath. Finally Dexter managed to break the tense silence:

"Mr. Driggs, I th-thank you from the bottom of my heart."

And he held out a moist, trembling hand. Driggs ignored it.

"Don't thank me," he announced severely. "Thank Miss Sheridan. She got you the appointment. She's the best friend you've got on earth."

And he turned briskly on his heel, opened the door, let himself out and closed the door carefully behind him.

Dexter turned dazedly to Kathleen and surveyed her with mute questioning in his eyes.

"At all, I did was to try to get you the appointment to Calcutta," she explained with a persistent shortness of breath. "But that fell through. I suppose, though, Mr. Wyman may have got from Mr. Driggs's memorandum the idea that you were a good man to put on the other job."

And as she spoke a great light flooded Dexter Arnold's mind. His eyes saw for the first time against the background of the blank wall on which his dingy window gave way, the appealing figure, in living, breathing substance, which so often he had seen in his day-dreams. He saw in the body, outlined in the frame of the window, the pale face, the fresh young lips and the warm brown eyes of his dream—and he knew that they were the face, the lips and the eyes of Kathleen Sheridan. Kathleen Sheridan's mind's eye had beheld under the Moorish arch of the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, among the tents of Timbuctoo, in the limpid stream of the South Sea Isle.

"You!" he murmured as one who awakes from a reality and finds the reality glorious. Slowly he moved toward her.

"Me—why, Kathleen—you are The Woman!"

She was the words that struggled to his lips with the poignancy of discovery long deferred.

The next moment he gathered her in his arms oblivious to the stuffy office, oblivious to possible prying eyes, oblivious to everything but the deep throbs of the realization that he had reached the port of his desires. And his lips were moist with tears as he kissed her.

Lois Weber's Rival
JOSH WIMP has quit going to the movies since his wife bought the new sofa.

SAM SLOSH, the village p. o., says he can recollect when the only hospital you seen in the movies was hanging over the mantel at Xmas. Sam's no yearlin'.

THEY say Harry Lloyd's spec ain't got no glass in them, but Harry's a heap far from bein' blind.

THE farmers decided at pea-meetin' last week to ask the prop. of the Elite theater to change his show to Friday, instead of Saturday, on account of so many folks missin' their baths.

OLD Pete Gridley's half-starved hoss follered him to the show the other night and when he seen a stack of hay in the picture he fell over and died.

THE magazines say that Sennett's ambition is to produce "Twenty Thousand Lees Under the Sea," but I don't guess Mack could find that many girls willin' to get their feet wet.

THE producers that are talkin' bout realism oughta practice it by puttin' the crank on the telephone, such as every farmer in Tassel County knows it should have.

SIS BEATRICE says that judgin' by the styles in the films nowadays, the hosiery factories must be overworked turnin' out gowns and suits.

I SEE by the papers that a N. Y. musical show producer paid $300 for a pair of tights, but Jed Slocum, of Mud Township, is payin' $15 a wk. alimony on account of one hairpin found in the backboard.

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NOTE: Readers of PHOTOPLAY will be interested to know that the above advertiser is the same Wallace who took a class of 500 extraordinarily stout women selected by a Chicago newspaper who reported the end of thirty days, the amazing average reduction of 21 lbs. to each woman.

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The Shadow Stage

"SO LONG LETTY"—Robertson-Cole

that of the musical comedy hearing the same title—that of two bungalow neighbors in Hollywood who fancy themselves millionaires. One wife is frightfully and flirtatious, all for a good time outside and canned food at home. The other is a natural homoschye, more interested in domestic science than she is in pretty clothes. The flirty girl, of course, is married to a sohersides who wants to be fed and pampered, and the serious girl has drawn the town rounder who had rather dance than talk. The boys grow close, and an exchange of wives. The girls, getting drift of their scheme, agree, with the stipulation that there shall again be a family readjustment. The boys, they lock themselves in their respective bedrooms, send the expectant "new" husbands to sleep wherever they can find a resting place, and proceed to make life generally miserable for them. At the end of the week the heaten husbands are glad to accept the wives. The Lord and the law have given them. It is very well played, and though the Author in most of his scenes the story touches closely enough upon human relationships to arouse an interest in the outcome. Roy Barnes, Wal- ter Heils, Grace Darmonerties; Collins Moore. and the maid and the misfits and the bathing ladies are all there in one-piece suits and spreading smiles.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY—Paramount-Artcraft

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE will never be a successful light comedian, speaking by the hook—miscast, yes, yet, putting aside the evidence of the book, he is already well on his way toward a successful career as a light comedian. If there were any who doubted that, given time and a little encouragement, Roscoe could live down his farcical past as a floundering halo and proceed through the present toward the future as a legitimate comedian. "The Life of the Party" proved to them what they were. He reverts to type a little more frequently in this screening of the Irvin Cobb story, falling upon himself and over himself with more frequency than any man can be expected to do. He is not a little willing to do in "The Round-up." But he still plays the character straight and sustains a legitimate interest in it. In the story he is the character who is induced to run for the mayoralty against the agents of the milk trust. In the course of his adventures he is lost in the city streets in the early morning hours in a suit of rompers which he had worn to a "children's" party. It is snowing and hold-up men take his overcoat away from him. His adventures are many, now laudacious, now serious, but he is a laudacious character. It is all well with Roscoe Ar- buckle. I had more fun at "The Life of the Party" than at any other comedy performance I saw last month. Joseph Henaberry did the directing and the cast includes Frank Capra, Marion Byron, Richard Dix, Winfred Greenock and Roscoé Karrs.

"THE RIDDLE: WOMAN"—Pathé

THERE isn't much of the riddle about Geraldine Farrar's characterization of the harassed wife in "The Riddle: Woman." She is quite obviously the usual sort of movie heroine; one who has been deceived by the arch deceiver of Denmark and who revenges herself by strangling him when she can no longer stand his blackmailing practices after she has happily married. In playing the part she is the same sort of the play Bertha Kalich, being a tense and highly emotional person, was able to develop an interest in the character that Miss Farrar is not able to create. The heroine passes as another middly interesting melodrama of the screen, sans romance, sans thrills, sans everything except some effectively photo-raphed scenes and the actine of a distinguished lady. Loving, playing the husband who understood, and William Carleton the hold villain who was a glutton for punishment, kept the plot mov- ing.

"OFFICER 666"—Goldwyn

THERE is much hurrying and scurrying through darkened passages in this picture, with the flashing lights now disclosing the officer and now a dozen or twenty, and again the hero, masquerading as an officer, and frequently the heroine, tense and unhappy, wondering whether she should trust Jerome Patrick, who declared to her the house, or Tom Moore, who was there when she arrived and seemed such a nice man. And when all the scurrying is over, Jerome Patrick is revealed as a "art collector" who had planned to steal Tom's most valuable paintings andelope with the heroine the same night, and Tom turns out to be the real Travers Gladwin Jerome pretends to be. Faye Wilson is a clever little impressionist but this is in the hour between the news pictorial and the comic. It is a little like taking tea for dinner. It isn't very stimulating, but neither will it keep you awake.

By Photoplay Editors

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—Paramount-Artcraft

THERE are a few directors of pictures you can depend upon for sane, sensible, and spirited productions. Allan Dwan is one. William deMille, no longer merely Cecil's brother, is another. William's latest photographic essay is not a world-beater, not, perhaps, even a sensation—but it is believable drama, remarkably well executed. From Cosmo Hamilton's he's. "His Friend and His Wife"—and why did they change such a typical film title, we wonder?—deMille has woven a real screen story, telling it by pictures, not captions, glossing over its unrealites with his own sentiment. The finishing touch of quaintnesses and lovely etchings, some touches that are heart-warming. The fiction version of this photoplay appeared last month in this Magazine, it was not necessary to retell the story. It is a good one. Many people will be grateful to deMille for affording Lois Wilson, at last, her opportunity. There is no swifter display of success on the screen today. She proves her place here, among the first ladies of the films. Conrad Nael is superb as the erring Julian. Jack Holt is adequate as the reluctant husband. Lila Lee is inclined to the nonsense of pose and gesture and expression as Daisy. Julian's wife, Miss Lee needs a strong guiding hand at this point in her career. Some-
The Shadow Stage  
(Continued)  

one has told her she is an actress. All in all, a picture worth seeing. This de Mille is a conscientious artist.

THE FORBIDDEN THING—  
Dwan-Associated Producers  

A SIMPLE tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. That is saying a great deal. Dwan is always interesting; he invariably makes his characters living and vitally human beings. This, his first Associated Producers picture, is unusual because it is consistently and effectively developed. It concerns itself with a Puritan who marries a Portuguese girl and finds her unfaithful soon after. He is finally able to marry the right woman and bring the tale to a happy ending. Dwan has extracted from this real drama. He is immeasurably aided by the stalwart presence of James Kirkwood; the charming and competent Helen Jerome Eddy as the right woman, and Marcia Manon as the siren. Put this on your list of photoplays not to be missed.

WEST IS WEST— Universal  

THE more you see of Harry Carey, the better you like him. Not only that his characterization sort of grows on you, but that his work is improving all the time. And that is no mean compliment. This time he deserts the familiar cowpunching complications and keeps things humming in a mine. If you have ever liked Carey you must see him here. Even if you are not a Carey enthusiast, go to see it anyway—there is enough plot to keep you entertained, and a large chance for your conversion.

JUST PALS— Fox  

NOT a great picture, but a very human one, Buck Jones' latest vehicle. He is not a cowboy in this, but a lovable loafer, who is accompanied in his wanderings by a small boy. The small boy is little George Stone, who, for a boy, is an engaging child seemingly unaware of his appeal. "Bim," the loafer, finally losses his way into a tidy sum and the heart of the village school mistress. Jones is a likable chap, not an actor, certainly, but all the more convincing on that account.

THE DAUGHTER PAYS— Selznick  

HOW these women suffer! Particularly Selznick roemes. Poor Elaine Hammerstein is imposed upon in every picture. Just because she is attractive is no reason why she should be saddled with a story such as this, nor that she should have to wander about disconsolately for five reels while a man who hates her mother marries her for revenge. Pleasant little plot.

A BEGGAR IN PURPLE— Pathe  

A NOTHER strong man who has risen in the world and has enemies to thwart. Another Edgar Lewis production. However, competent direction makes a little less tiresome this very conventional story which tells of the hero's revenge and his winning of the love of the woman.

WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?—  
Pioneer  

WIVES who have asked themselves this question may get a few pointers by going to see the picture. And then again, they may not. Just another one of those inquisitive titles which might as well be called "Who Rang the Door Bell?" for all it solves the problem presented. Jose Col-

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

lins came from musical comedy to make this picture. Miss Collins made a slight mistake—that is all. Poor direction and photography haven't helped her any. Oh, well—

THE BRUTE MASTER—
W. W. Hodkinson

HOW does a caveman behave when he
has command of a ship and there is
one woman on board? Let Hobart Bos-
worth show you. He aided Charles Lon-
dow, widow of the late author, in directing
this. Mrs. London has not told a particu-
larly original story, but she affords the virile
Mr. Bosworth plenty of opportunity for
strenuous fisticuffs. Just how her caveman's
better nature asserts itself is shown when
the picture develops into one of those
derelict townsmen. What with natives and sing-
ning about there is plenty of atmosphere.
And the blonde Anna Querentia Nilsson is
the woman, so it's all quite all right.

IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU—
S. E. Enterprises-Artclass

IT might, but in these days of prohib-
ition the chances are all against it. Are
you still interested in and monkeys?

But J. Worthington Blyth, the leading gen-
tleman in this comedy, has imbibed too
well and none too wisely, so that our old
friend Felix Leo, King of the Forest, has
no mean role. Among other things he
has a bunch of monkeys and a set of stray
dogs that look as if they came straight from
vaudeville to act in this picture. It's one of
those things in which the furniture, the scenery,
the chandeliers, the lion and the population get
all mixed up. Now you know whether
you like it or not.

A CITY SPARROW—
Paramount-Artcraft

THE tale of a country girl who comes
to the city and goes right. That is,
go on the streets, meets with an accident
and goes right back to the country,
and marries a gentleman farmer. There is an
element of tragedy which enables Ethel Clay-
ton to do some fine work, but outside of
that it is meagre dramatic fare.

SEEDS OF VENGEANCE—
R. Macaulay-Select

"I TAIN'T right for a boy to grow up
with murder in his heart," says the natives
of the Cumberland mountains—but they
say it too late. A d'ing father extracts a prom-
ise from his small son to avenge his death.
Like Shylock, the boy has no chance
and then you have the story. Of course
he gets it—and also the girl. Nothing new,
and very little of compelling interest. Ber-
nard Durnin—you, Shirley Mason's husband—is
the featured member of the cast.

SHE PLAYED AND PAID—
Joan Film Company

MADE in France. Fannie Ward, long lost
to our films, plays a wife with a wanger-
ing heart. It peregrinates to a man
who has embezzled much money and pro-
cceeded to lose it on the races. Fannie tries
to help him recover his losses and his honor,
but it only results in the lover's use of
the faithful gun-in-the-table-drawer. Strange
as it may seem, the picture ends right there
—it isn't a dream, or anything. Proving,
perhaps, that the Frenchmen have the courage
of their dramatic convictions.

LIFE—William A. Brady Production

DON'T let the title frighten you. This
is not life as it was lived in Paris be-
fore the war or any of that sort of thing.
But it is life as it is in college, life as it is in
the underworld, and life in the long run, a
society, with a murder mystery thrown in for
good measure. In fact, you get your
money's worth. It made a hit when it ran
in New York and it is bound to make a
hit with you. The cast is as long as the
Situation-Wanted-Ads in the Sunday paper
and includes Nita Naldi, who gives new
aids to vamping Arline Pretty, and Rod
LaRogue.

AN OLD FASHIONED BOY—
Thomas H. Ince—Paramount-Artcraft

NO little boy or girl will need to be told
who stars in this. Who other than Char-
es Ray? A favorite in-outdoor sport these
days is blaring it on the land-
and, and this picture proves conclusively
that apartment houses are the route of all
evil. Jerome Storm directed and Mr. Ray
provides another of his pleasant char-
acterizations. It is humbly, but very human lit-
tle picture, this one.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN—Pioneer

ANY hands may make light work, but
Daniel Carson Goodman is ready to take
all the responsibility for what he does.
He is the author, director, and the producer
of this new Alma Rubens vehicle. Simplicity
seems to be Mr. Goodman's aim. He
tells about a selfish man and the mischief
she causes to her long-suffering family in
general and to her pretty daughter in particu-
lar. There is a good idea, crudely worked
out. Alma Rubens is given her best chance
in months as the heroine. She holds the
center of this stage and suffers sympatheti-
cally throughout, despite the fact that if she
had had a little more spirit all those suffer-
ings could have been avoided

SMILING ALL THE WAY—
D. N. Schwab Productions

POLLYANNA had nothing to do with this
picture, although the title may lead you
to think so. It is imbued with a far more
material outlook, being the account of a
clown who throws such a tizzy off the
beaten track in Brown County that he
becomes a spectacle of the woods. He
obeys the heart's call and follows it to
the underground home. Leatrice Joy as the heroine is
synonymous with the latter part of her name, and David
Butler is featured and has a right to be.

THE STAR ROVER—
Shurtleff-Metro

COURTENAY FOOTE, oh, so spiritual
and oh, so put upon, has a terrible time
of it. He is suspended in the air by a prison
ward and then he gets talkative and tells
everything that occurred in his varied exist-
ence. In each tale that he tells he was
closed with a Norsman or hounded to death in ancient China, he was
always being sacrificed for our inspection,
and it is a process of always being dis-
turbing. Beautiful settings fill the eye when
it is not already occupied with petty effu-
sions from the well-known tear ducts. It
is so easy to get fed up with this sort of
things, isn't it?
The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)

HONOR BOUND—Universal

If it happens to be a cold bleak day when you read this, go right out and hunt the latest Frank Mayo picture. It is laid in the tropics and will undoubtedly warm you up. Not much story, it's true, but the action is stirring and the atmosphere convincing. Mayo is his usual husky self, while Dagmar Godowsky is extremely exotic as a southern siren. In fact, Dagmar could give hints in home-wrecking to any little barn.

THE IRON RIDER—Fox

HORSEPLAY, gunplay, and brandishing of weapons. Bill Russell, playing a missing detective, and Audrey Totter, playing a damsel in distress. Really very good for this sort of thing, with, if not a thrill a foot, at least three to a reel and no lagging in the action from start to finish. An "iron rider?" Sort of a solitary Ku Klux Clan, of course.

THE U. P. TRAIL—Ben Hampton-Hodkinson

For those who like their westerns straight, not softened up by old melodies and dances and girls and Indian massacres and strong romance, all provided by Zane Grey with the vigor characteristic of that author of "red-blooded" best sellers. One of the things in this movie is that the founder of the town turns out to be truly noble a leading figure in the drama. Her name is Beauty Stanton. So you probably can guess the rest. You know that Roy Stewart, as the hero, couldn't possibly marry a girl whose reputation was not as pure as the driven snow. You know that's why Marguerite de La Motte comes along for the final fadeout. But Kathryn Williams, as a damsel in distress, and Raymond Hatton, as a do-gooder, prove that these western dance-hall girls aren't always as bad as they are cracked up to be.

THE PLUNGER—Fox

AYED-in-the-wool villain, a murderer from New York. George Walsh. Now you know all about it. If you have never seen Wall Street, or even if you have, you will get some glimpses of life as it is lived near the curb, for our hero is one who has risen from office-boy to millionaire—and still keeps smiling. The ticker may have run smoothly for him, but not so his romance. Virginia Valli, with her quiet charm and decided good looks, provides very reasonable cause for George's heart trouble. And—well, you know George Walsh. He is at it again.

Worth While Popularity

IN Bolonia, Italy, recently the dressing-rooms of a large cinema company were invaded by thieves. They robbed the leading woman of hundreds of dollars worth of costumes and finished up with authentic props borrowed from neighboring villas for an antiquity period on stage. About $50,000 worth of loot was carried off and every room ransacked but the comedian's. Here on the wall above the popular Leoni's mirror were written in pencil:

"We will not rob you of anything because we like you. You make us happy so we will not make you sad."

A grateful touch of Latin sentiment appreciated by the comedian, whose wardrobe was worth about $7,000.

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MANY writers have been honored, respected, and feted. Many writers have been paid exorbitant prices for their work, have been praised by royalty, have even been decorated—with the seal of a great nation—some particularly brilliant bit of literature. Many writers have been raised to positions of great responsibility and trust and glory. But few writers have been loved as Robert Louis Stevenson was loved.

Few individuals, I think, have done more to make life cheery and beautiful than he. The books that he wrote and the songs that he made were filled with happiness and joy. No one, reading them, would have guessed that his life was a long battle against pain—a battle which he would dream of, even as a little child, he had known intense suffering. The creed that he preached was the creed of fortitude; the melody that ran through his poetry was the rhythm of strength. No one, who knew his work, would have imagined that he was physically weak.

Because of his illness, Stevenson was forced to live during the latter part of his life in Samoa, one of the South Sea Islands. Because he was interested in the natives, because he loved them with a sincere and brotherly love, they were quick to return his affection. And because he gave to them of his failing strength in many ways, they banded together and built for him a road over which he might travel with comfort and ease.

Good roads were scarce, at that time, in Samoa. But the road that the natives built was a good road. "There shall be no jolting of his sick body—ever!" they said. And they promised that the road should be always kept in repair—as long as it should be needed. But they called it "The Road of the Loving Heart."

The average person who wishes to build a Road of a Loving Heart must build it—not of bricks and paving stones—but of kind deeds. He must build it, not by hard manual labor, but by a friendly word, and an outstretched hand, and a bit of help where it is most needed. He must build it carefully—as the Samoan natives built their road—but he can not build it in quite the same way.

When Robert Harron died, the motion picture world was filled with a deep and sincere sorrow. And the general public joined with the world of motion pictures in grief. Robert Harron's name had stood for splendid art, for achievement, for conscientious work, and for clean living. No one ever heard a breath of scandal connected with him: no one ever heard a whisper of jealousy or belligerence behind his back. He was universally liked, universally admired. And he will be universally missed!

I talked a few days ago, with a man who is intimately a part of the motion picture business. We were discussing the younger stars—their habits, their manners, and their futures. And, quite as a matter of course, the conversation swung around Robert Harron, who had been one of the most promising of this younger set.

"He was the one," I said, "that I had always felt I'd like really to know. He always seemed so sincere, so boyish, so appealing." The man answered:

"The entire picture going public seemed to feel the way that you feel," he told me. "They seemed to appreciate his rare qualities just as you have appreciated them. If the kind words that they've said about him could be strung, like beads, upon a thread, they'd make a chain that would reach all the way from New York to San Francisco—and back again!"

Robert Harron, like Stevenson, had the ability to make people like him. He worked always to emphasize happiness, to show virtue triumphant over vice, to extol the gospel of bravery against all odds. And the people who have watched his work have made, for him, a Road of the Loving Heart—over which his memory may travel.
Road Building  
(Concluded)
I am sure that Robert Haron appreciated the love of the public, even more than he appreciated his position at the top of the ladder, and the splendid salary that he earned. I am sure that Robert Louis Stevenson appreciated what his road stood for even more than he loved the comfort and the ease that it brought to his tired body. People are like that!

Margaret E. Sangster

I have known times when a pleasant letter from a pen-and-ink friend—someone absolutely unknown to me—has brightened my life tremendously, making my work better and more efficient at the same time. I heard an artist say once that a small but favorable newspaper criticism of one of his pictures saved him from complete discouragement and possible suicide. I knew a popular novelist who counts a story a failure—despite a check running up into four figures—if her readers do not show her, in some way, that the story interested and thrilled them! I know actors and actresses who say that the appreciation of their audiences is the only thing that keeps them up to a worth while standard.

Never be afraid to show your approval of the thing that you like and enjoy! Never hold back from the small appreciative comment, the word of "thank-you," the friendly handclasp. Never think that the person you would like to honor is too busy to notice you—never think that he can be bored by too much appreciation.

Any person—and I say this without making one exception—is glad to know that people like him or his work. He's glad to have expressions of opinion, he's glad to know what folk think when they hear his name mentioned.

For he realizes that every word, every expression of opinion, and every letter addressed to him is part of a road that folk are building to make his life a pleasant place—a road that, like Robert Louis Stevenson's, may be called "The Road of the Loving Heart."

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vaporous part of nature is represented by the Chinese as having female element largely in the ascendent. Earth is wholly feminine. The mountain is the fluid element, thunder, fire and wind are composed of both.

Confucius has been rightly called the Teacher of Ten Thousand Ages. When asked by one of his followers: "Is there any one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all of one's life?" he answered: "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." And the utterance "What I do not wish men to do to me I also will not do to them." It is the ancestor of the Golden Rule. Mencius, his apostle, said in the Analects: "To advance a man or to stop his advance is beyond the power of other men." What greater bugle call to self reliance, to belief in the powers of one's own soul, was ever blown?

Of Oriental origin was this: "To be a great lover is to be a great mystic. In the highest conception of moral beauty of the mind and form there always lies the unattainable, the unpossessed, suggesting the world of beauty and finality beyond one's reach." What has Christian Science to teach which is not summed up in this from the Bhagavad Gita, The Songs of the Master: "For him who is united when eating and moving, who is united when busy with work, who is united asleep and awake, union destroys all passion in the mind. Where place flickers not, is the seeker of union, who, with imagination controlled, joins himself in union with the soul." Epicurus and Socrates both with their copies of the Rubaiyat. Yet here are lines from a forgotten Rubaiyat written by a forgotten Chinese.

The world is weary, hastening on its road; Is it wise while to add its cares to thine? Seek some grassy place to pour the wine. And find an idle hour to sing an ode. You're two score, three score, years and ten. Do you yet. And at the end of them your day is done. A thousand plans you have before you set? Is it wise while to worry over one?

Saving the Traditions

A

mong the peculiar services rendered by the photoplay to this country may be listed not only a preservation of its history and traditions in visual form, but an actual saving of our ancient physical accomplishments. A fresh film rodeo was held in Arizona and Texas recently in which the delicate arts of bull-dogging, bronc-busting, roping and tying were practised by numerous young enthusiasts and participated in by equally numerous and even more violently active young cowboys and young gentlemen cows.

The prima-donna of the day was a rangy lad whom nobody knew. In awarding the gold plate, or the moustache-cup, or whatever the capital prize may have been, the judge said, with feeling: "I am proud to meet a son of the real old West—one who is from the plains and of the plains. May I ask what ranch you represent?"

To which the winner replied, with equal feeling but considerably more embarrassment: "Hell, I never lived on the plains, nor I don't come from no ranch. I'm from Mattoon, Illinois. I used to work on the road and I've got to hold my job ridin' with the picture outfits in Los Angeles!"
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 87)

SUSAN DOLORES.—What is Herbert K. Somborn's business? Well, since you accuse me of being impolite I might as well tell you it's none of yours. But I won't, Mr. Somborn, who married our glorious Gloria Swanson, was formerly president of Equity Pictures; I don't know what his occupation is at present. But doubtless he is still in the film business. Gloria's return to pictures will be slated under brilliant auspices: in plain language, she's coming back in Cecil DeMille's production of "The Affairs of Anatole." Then she'll do "Everything for Sale," by 'Tom Roberts, and the Cyrenus Gilman's story written especially for her, "A Sheltered Daughter." Don't blame me if these titles are changed.

K. A., TEXAS.—I tell you, dearie—there's just one thing that movie producers insist upon in the way of realism—and that is a real octopus whenever the scene calls for one. They may use phony period furniture and stuffed dogs and tame mice but—take an octopus? Never! And in closing would you say that you have a wonderful imagination, and far be it from me to spoil it for you. Come over again sometime.

Ed. E., Dayton, Ohio.—Lieutenant Lockheart met his death in August, 1928. Write to the Fox Film Corporation for photographs of him.

VIVIENNE, B. C.—The most interesting thing I know about Mary Miles Minter is that she isn't an ingénue at all in real life, except as to looks and age. She has the most amazing fund of knowledge of books, of both the human and animal, that I have ever encountered in a girl still in her teens. She is much more attractive off the screen than on, for she has exquisite coloring and real golden hair. I have poked about a little here and there—perhaps—but she is no ordinary girl. I predict that she will soon grow up dramatically and surprise us all by her acting. Since you asked for personal things about her, I have tried to accommodate you. She's about nineteen, her real name is Juliet Shelby, she isn't married or engaged, is now making a new picture called "The Little Count," and lives in Hollywood. It seems that the cast-iron inkwell for all this, Vivienne, I probably will.

Mr. I. E. A., Manila.—For information as to why Bill Hart so seldom wears a dress suit, whether or not Miss Edith Roberts can rope a running bull, and who picks Frank Keenan's leading ladies, I should advise you to try the stars themselves, at addresses given elsewhere in these columns.

A TRAINED NURSE, Alabama.—I am very, very sure that I would get well. You have a happy disposition and a homely, cheerful philosophy of life. I'll wager the twelve reeds of "Way Down East" to Biography's "New York Hat" that you can make good pies. Lois Wilson is indeed a delightful young person. She gets the dramatic chance she deserves in William de Mille's "Midsummer Madness" and she takes full advantage of it. Write to her at the Little Studio, Hollywood Cal. And come again.

GABRIELLA, Oakland.—So Bebe Daniels' aunt taught you at the Gamble Artistic Corporation School in San Francisco. Surely write to Bebe and tell her all about it and you'll probably not only receive Miss Daniel's photograph but a personal letter too. Bebe isn't married but it isn't the fault of her horde of humble swains. She is a Realart star and works in Hollywood.

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

C. E. F., SOUTH HAVEN.—Irving Cummings—Irving of the naturally wavy hair and the genial smile—played the hero in "The Whip." And Mr. Cummings is married and has a son with naturally wavy hair and a genial smile so perhaps you'd better keep your belated leapyarum ambitions to yourself. No trouble at all.

G. V. H., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Curiosity, as you so sagely observe, killed a cat—but satisfaction brought it back. I hope it may case your mind to know that Buck Jones is not married and that he was born in Vincennes, Indiana.

LOLA.—You got it just a bit twisted, that's all. It happens that Julian Eltinge is a man who impersonates women, not vice versa. And he is now making a film version of his stage hit, "The Fascinating Widow." I knew your name was Lola!

J. S., INDEPENDENCE.—There are many fans in your town. And most of them write to me. Mary Anderson de Navarro was one of our greatest legitimate actresses before she retired; she now lives in England. Mary Anderson of the films began her career with the Vitagraph and made her last appearance in "Bubbles," a feature, and in a Selig serial with Franklyn Farnum. Marguerite Clark is about thirty-three.

EDITH, CALIFORNIA.—Even if I had such a thing I should hesitate to send your friend an autographed portrait of William Duncan if you are sure she would go mad over it. Poor old man! Tell him we want to William at the western Vitagraph studios. He is not married to Edith Johnson now, but it is said he soon will be. Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studio, New York City. Thanks for your kind wishes.

ELYATA, INDIANAPOLIS.—Admitting "Elyata" to be a handy name, as you so aptly put it, I still cannot fathom its meaning. Would you mind wiring me as soon as you find out yourself? Write to Juanna Hansen care Pathe, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. She is in the new serial now, "The Phantom Fog," with Warner Oland.

SUE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—I haven't any record of Clara LaMonte, whose real name is Clara Lenon. But that's one case on record where an actress is fully justified in changing her name.

V. C., CHICAGO.—The tallest actress in pictures? I should say Charlotte Greenwood and Jolyna Howland, except that both ladies make only occasional silver-screen appearances. In fact, neither of them has done more than one picture, that I know about. Miss Howland is the wife of Arthur Stringer, the author, and is at present in the cast of "The Gold Diggers," in the Belasco Theater in N. Y. I can't possibly go about measuring screen stars, you know, so you'll have to rest content in the knowledge that not one of our celebrated artists is much more than average height.


(Continued on page 112)
It's Done Every Day

THERE hero of "The Law of the Yukon" must certainly have been one of those big-hearted, big-muscled men of the great Northwest you read about. With the heroine, he is taken to the deserted cabin, supposedly unconscious. In fact, he is unconscious from evening until dawn the next day. Then tell me, how is it he has the strength to jump up and break down a door with a padlock on it?

ALICE KIMBALL, Collegeville, Cal.

Why, Margarita

IN "The Gamblers" Margarita Fischer has fallen in love with a certain Mr. Andrews who has spoken to her only once. Miss Fischer is shown seated at her dressing-table with Mr. Andrews' photograph staring at her. To fall in love with a man you scarcely know is rather uncommon, let alone having his photograph. She must have had a pull with his photographer.

GEORGE McCABY, New York.

The Jools Again

DOROTHY DALTON, in "Half an Hour," is supposed to marry for money. Her jewels are given her by her husband after their marriage. Yet before she is married, she wears a necklace and two bracelets. Later they play an important part in the story: when she leaves her husband she also leaves the jewels he tried to buy her with. A mere detail, but I heard several people remark about it.

MARIE WEST, Seattle, Wash.

Cruelty to Canaries

IT is not human, it seems to me, to set a helpless canary free at any time, in a city—but to turn the poor thing loose at night! That's exactly what Eugene O'Brien did in "The Wonderful Chance."

R. G. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Our Old Friend, The Papers

THEY got away with a flock of faults in "Girl of the Sea." In court, the girl proves her innocence by producing "the papers" from an old money belt. Going back a reel or two, we see the mother and daughter swimming after the shipwreck and as they reach shallow water the mother is caught and carried away by an octopus and never seen again. And she had the money belt strapped around her waist at the time.

BYRON C. DUDLEY, Chicago, Ill.

Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your con-

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WING to the paper shortage in the 15th century (we might almost call it the immortal paper shortage), it was the habit to scratch inscriptions off the parchments and use it again. Consequently many of the precious records were lost to the world of science. But now, thanks to the camera (which seems to be the last of the immortal cultural developments nowadays), a Prof. Perugai of Italy arranged for 2000 prints of the most important original inscriptions which were then delivered to the original institutions. The result is the superimposed record.

RECTOR: Where are all the choir boys this morning?

Choirmaster: Out on the golf course, caddying for your congregation.—Life.

MR. MEERE: You'll have to be more careful, you know, if you speak to the cook, or she'll be leaving us.

Mrs. Meere: "Perhaps I was rather severe," Mr. Meere: "Severe! Why anyone would have thought you were talking to me."—Punch.

REX INGRAM, the director, declares that he and his habitues have absolutely no objection to dancing the tango for scenes in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The first annual celebration of American Indian day, held under the auspices of the Indian Fellowship League, took the form of a dance. In the Deere and Company Forest Preserve, a few miles out of Chicago, at one time attended by the Forest Preserve council meeting place of the tribes who lived in this locality. Thirty different tribes were in attendance, and no more than one was on the ground at any time.

A FRENCH specialist of nervous diseases declares handwriting is one of the surest indications of one's state of health. If your letter is slanted from left to right, your liver is misbehaving. If your lines slant the other way, it is a sign of mental strain. He says there is a tendency to write big capital letters, especially the capital letter M., your nerves are becoming frayed.

When the guest from the West had reported all the recent births and deaths and marriages, his host had reached dessert, and they sat down to the feast. "That's certainly the way to do it," said the farmer, "we're getting too French, that's what." The guest had a talent for making a remark, and he used it to advantage in this case, as: "It's really spreading West. When you've defeated the East, go on to the Southwest." "Yes," said the farmer, "I think we should have the opportunity to serve French Pastry regularly."—New York Evening Sun.

A FRENCHMAN bought a large newspaper and was reading the paper. A young woman was reading the same paper and was reading it in a way that attracted the Frenchman's attention. He approached her and said: "Do you happen to have made the first fountain pen in 1864?"

Dining out: "Why, well, I'll be darned! You must have seen a little boy?"

EMPLOYER: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention, didn't you?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."—Till Bits.

DINNER: "Waiter, there's a fly in the butter."

Waiter: "It's a fly. Is there butter that isn't butter? It's magarine; otherwise your statement is correct."—Till Bits.

THE beautiful wire-haired powder puff is awarded to the press agent, who conceived the idea most ably. "Married men whose pocky books still are raw and black, and whose heads fall off, may send maps to the world that Alice Terry, enacting the leading femal role in Victor Herbert's new operetta, the 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' could, beginning January first, 1917, roll down her face October seventeenth, without repeating."

On the lovely South Sea island of Rapa Nui, 200 women and only 20 men. The courting is done by the young woman who offers the right hand, and all the delicacies she can think of.

Mr. Flivver, I'm Toto, your old bookkeeper. I'm out of a job, and—"

Don't want to hear your troubles."

"There's gratitude for you. I listened to you for hours at a time."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A GROUP of 120 convicts at the Maryland penitentiary engineered a most spectacular and thousands of dollars in American currency. The guards and policemen fought for hours before the law was regained. The guards and their tools were presented by the first of this first occasion of a public recognition of the Indian as a factor in civilization and of his gifts to the world. A FRENCH specialist of nervous diseases declares handwriting is one of the surest indications of one's state of health. If your lines slant the other way, it is a sign of mental strain. He says there is a tendency to write big capital letters, especially the capital letter M., your nerves are becoming frayed.

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DINNER: "Waiter, there's a fly in the butter."

Waiter: "It's a fly. Is there butter that isn't butter? It's magarine; otherwise your statement is correct."—Till Bits.
Stage or Screen
Marriages

(Concluded from page 33)

this and let the greater talent govern they will get on together. In our case there cannot be the slightest question. You are the one of big talent. I shall devote my life to you. We will do whatever is best for your talent. I shall think of but one career. That is yours."

Such words as these from a clever and ambitious young actor, it is not given us to hear more than once in a lifetime. They touched me deeply. Their unusualness and sincerity made me know that love prompted them. I realized that I possessed what every woman wants, a deep, lasting, selfless love.

My husband has proved again and again that he meant what he said, that he spoke the truth. When I had finished with the play, "The Unknown Woman," and was transferred to "The Sign on the Door" the manager offered to make Mr. Dillman, who had been the juvenile, the leading man in "The Unknown Woman" on tour. I heard my husband answer, "I know that you mean this kindly and that it is intended as a promotion, but I want to go with my wife in the new play. I would rather be a utility man in her company than a star in any other."

He made the sacrifice with a smile. He denied that it was so. He said that nothing he could do to be with me would ever be a sacrifice.

This rare spirit in a husband is a jewel beyond price. Of course I am supremely happy. Of course with the passing of every day I love him the more.

He believes that he has found the secret of success in marriage for players. He says: "Recognize the greater talent and govern your lives by that recognition." It is worth trying. In our case the trial has been more than successful. It has been triumphant.

Why Change Your Title?

ASSERTING that his old pictures had been retitled with the view of deceiving the public, William S. Hart lately secured an injunction against the Peerless Film Service whom he charged with altering titles of his pictures as follows:

Old Titles  New Titles
Tools of Providence Dakota Dan
Cash Parrish's Pal Double Crossed
Keno Bates, Liar The Last Card
The Ruse A Square Deal
Pinto Ben Horns and Hoofs
Bad Buck of Santa
Vane
The Fugitive
The Roughneck
The Gentleman from Blue Gulch
The Man from No-
where
The Silent Stranger
Mr. Silent Haskins The Marked Deck
The Grudge
The Passing of Two-
Gun Hicks
In the Sage Brush
Country
Conversation of Frosty
Blake
Grit
The Scourge of the A Reformed Outlaw
Desert

NOw you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. The package contains enough pure La-
may Powder to last you for generous use for about two months. There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a dainty Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful box is of the same material of which vanity boxes are made that sell for at least three dollars. This attractive Vanity Box will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. When this better box is empty you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is a compact that will not crumble and spill. And, the powder comes out so evenly, you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harm-
less. Because it is pure, and because it stays on so well, it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th St., New York. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.

Put one in your mouth at bed-time

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.
What $1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for $1.25 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 7-B, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago

and receive the March, 1921, issue and five issues thereafter.

---

"Let's Give a Party"

Here's a suggestion for some winter fun at home.

GOODNESS, Nell, it's our time to entertain the club next week. We'll have to plan some kind of a party.

"Well," suggested her chum, "let's put some 'pep' in it. The refreshments were about the only thing that saved the men from skiddling and leaving us to our fate at the last meeting."

"I have it!" cried Ruth. "We'll give a Movie Party. Everybody's interested in motion pictures."

That evening Ruth wrote the invitations:

You are cordially invited to Movieland, September the Twenty-first, at eight o'clock. Please come costumed as

In the dotted line, she wrote some well-known Star's name. They giggled as they sent Mary Pickford's name to the old maid of the crowd; Theda Bara's to the jolliest girl; Charlie Chaplin's to a serious young lawyer; Fatty Arbuckle's to the thinnest man and Marguerite Clark's to the tallest girl.

The tall hostesses, dressed in high necked, plain, black gowns with a yellow tripod painted on the front, square, black hats cut out of pasteboard and made to resemble cameras, met the guests at the door and gave each man a card with the name of an actress some girl present represented. The attempt to guess their partners by the way they were dressed led to funny combinations.

The couples were then given numbered tally-cards and ushered into the library designated by a large sign over the door—"Movieland Museum." Here a row of pictures of well-known stars were to be named. Then a table with—1. A pistol. 2. A large, old, turned up at the toe shoe. 3. A marriage license. 4. A pair of rimmed spectacles, without glasses. 5. Pair of overalls. 6. Pair of chop sticks.

ANSWERS


A question printed on a large piece of cardboard asked what actor was married to—


ANSWERS


A sign on another table asked what well-known photoplays were represented by the following pictures—


ANSWERS


The couples were then sent into the living room, refreshed by a large sign over
the door, "Movieland Studios." The guests were then divided into groups of four and each group given ten minutes to prepare a scene which was then acted in pantomime. After they had finished a vote was taken and the group that had presented the best scene—one from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was given the prize.

In the "Movieland Lunch Room" everyone helped themselves as they filed past.

The girl who had come as Irene Castle, won the first prize; the man who had cleverly copied Eugene O'Brien, side smile and all (borrowing his sister's curling irons to put in the O'Brien wave) won the second prize. To the funniest dressed man, the scatter-brain of the crowd, they gave the third prize. He was supposed to represent the Answer Man.

**When a Feller Needs a Friend**

**IF WE ARE G-C-I-N-G TO**

**THE M-O-V-I-E-S**

**YOU OUGHT TO PUT W-I-L-L-I-E TO B-E-D**

**SPELLING IT OUT**

\[ Y-E-S \]

---

**A Mob of Bathing Girls, Perhaps**

(From the Los Angeles Times)

SOME 200 dangers are being used in the latest feature film of the Mack Sennett studio.

---

**No Trouble at All to Remove Hair with El-Rado**

A thorough trial of El-Rado by women accustomed to the highest grade of toilet preparations—actresses and women of social activities—has earned its recommendation as the most effective and simplest way to remove hair.

El-Rado is particularly desirable for the under-arm, where musky methods are inconvenient and the use of blades risky.

El-Rado is a sanitary, colorless liquid, easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few minutes the hair is seen to become lifeless, then it is removed. After shaking out a little talcum, the result is surprising—clear, smooth skin, over so cleanly in "feel" and dainty in appearance.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and $1.00 sizes, with a money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. P.112 E.10th St., New York
Canadian Distributors: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd
66 Spadina Ave., Toronto

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**Could You Use More Money?**

WOULD you like to add from $50 to $3.5 to your income, every week, just by making use of your sparetime? Be financially independent, add to your income. Thousands of women are making money every week, payable semi-monthly, at our expense. The new sales movement has made us the biggest income. Write Us Today.

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**World's Star Hosiery and Knit Underwear**

Prevalent experience is not necessary. We teach you how to make your first sales. World's Star Quality issues in small quantities. No charge. More than 24,000 Women Have Made Money as Our Representatives. Many of our representatives make from $25 to $50 a week. They expect to earn the bigger income. Write Us Today.

---

**PHOTOPLAY Magazine—Advertising Section**

“Let’s Give a Party”  
(Concluded)
Outside the Law
(Concluded from page 42)

NARRATED, by persiflage, from the Universal-Jewel photoplay by Tod Browning. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Tod Browning with the following cast: Mary Madden (Silky Moll).....Priscilla Dean

Silent Madden.........Ralph Lewis
Black Mike Silva.......Lon Chaney
Dapper Bill Ballard........Wheeler Oakman
Little Billy.........Stanley Goethals
Chang Lo.............E. A. Warren

jewels were somewhere in the Madden home, and he knew his time had come—he must leave the city—and he must get this haul or die in the effort.

There were days when Madden had had a gang, greater and more dependable than Silvia's. When he learned that Silva was closing in he realized that his situation was desperate, and Mary volunteered to slip out of a secret door and send out the call for the Madden gang. They might not come, but they might. It was worth attempting, and it was their only hope, for without help they could not hope to turn back Silva's superior numbers.

Then hell broke loose in Chinatown, and the night sprayed death. It was over before the riot call could reach police headquarters, and Silva had lost. His men, expecting no resistance, were paralyzed with fear when lead poured upon them in their hiding places, and they fled for their lives.

Silvia, himself, now hoping only to get away alive, was scurrying through an alley, when he saw approaching the tall figure of Chang Lo, and paused long enough in his flight to seek revenge, for it was Chang Lo, he knew, who had betrayed his frame-up of Madden to the police. He took careful aim and fired, but his superstitious belief that Chang Lo could not be killed by any living man, disturbed his aim. The next minute the Chinaman was upon him, and with strength that was amazing in his aged arms, he dead a grip upon the throat of Black Mike that did not relax until the gang leader was lifeless and inert.

"The gods permit the slaying of vermin," he observed, philosophically, and passed on.

In the Madden home there were wounds to be bound up, and friends to be rewarded, but there was happiness and relief, for the news soon came that the body of their arch enemy had been discovered in an alley.

"We will go straight, won't we, Bill?" the girl asked the man when they had a moment together alone; and the man said yes.

And in the back room of his bazaar Chang Lo resumed his interrupted reading of the anelets of Confucius.
Other People’s Dollars

(Continued from page 57)

the shameful interest first, and is lucky if it gets $50 in cash into the treasury for every share of stock of $100 face value.

No matter how charitable we want to be, the fact is that both Bill Jones and the Wild Tom are financially irresponsible. That is the reason they have to pay such ungodly prices for the money they need. Neither of them could borrow any money from any bank.

If you think I am exaggerating consider the story of the Fidelity Picture Plays Syndicate of Cleveland, Ohio.

The outfit was incorporated for $50,000, and proposed to film a stupendous drama exposing the iniquities of Mormonism. The scenario, said to have been written by a Chicago journalist, was based on a book written by a prominent citizen of Utah. The officers of the company, Frank W. Packer, president, and Miss Harriet E. Mills, secretary, had disposed of nearly $65,000 worth of stock, when they were arrested charged with violating the Ohio “Blue Sky Law.” After their arrest the Post Office authorities became interested, and as this is written a Federal Grand Jury in Cleveland is trying to find out whether the Fidelity and its officers have violated the laws regulating the use of the mails.

The Post Office authorities ordered an audit of the Fidelity’s books, and the result showed that out of more than $38,000 taken in, only about $5,000 remained in the company’s treasury. Expensive financing that. It cost the Fidelity more than $50,000 to sell less than $60,000 worth of stock.

As soon as Packer and Miss Mills regained their liberty on bail, they left for New York City, the hub of the film industry. Here they immediately set about to recoup their fortunes by organizing another motion picture company to be financed by the public. The name of the Fidelity’s successor is Gladiator Photo-Dramas, Inc. It is to complete the mission of the Cleveland company and show the world the menace of Mormonism. The Gladiator is incorporated for $1,000,000, and through letters signed by a few faithful Fidelity stockholders, all holders of Fidelity stock are offered the privilege of exchanging their certificates for shares in the Gladiator company.

Only a trifle less costly was the stock sales campaign of the American Cinema Corporation of New York, organized nearly two years ago. A considerable block of the American Cinema $600,000 stock issue was underwritten by a New York brokerage house on a 20 per cent. commission. The par value of American Cinema stock was $5, and the underwriter sold some stock at that price, but bought back the block to a Johnson and Hopkins Company, brokers and organizers of several motion picture companies of their own. Johnson and Hopkins agreed to American Cinema stock on a commission of 15 per cent.

Probably Johnson and Hopkins did not feel that they had an especially lucrative contract on their hands. Anyway, they were convinced that the stock was worth more than $5 a share, so they doubled the price. I am not intimating that in so doing, Johnson and Hopkins did not act in good faith, but I am saying that increasing the price to $10 increased the commission, and everybody knows that it is no more difficult to sell stock of wholly speculative value for a share than it is for a share that was probably nothing illegal in doubling the price, the stock being the property of the underwriter. Both Johnson and Hopkins and by a New York bank benefited. The parties that were not benefited

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Her Pink-and-White Loveliness
Blossoms all Winter Long

Cold winds, rough weather, even time it leaves no marks on the freshness of her skin. Satiny texture, transparently clear, be-witching to come-and-go color— you can have a skin like that, too. For not clever artifice, but perfect skin health is the basis of a lovely complexion. And every woman can have perfect skin health which uses the Star.

Its vibration stirs up every sluggish skin cell, sends the blood racing along carrying off the impurities that blemish the skin. Restores youthful contours, banishes wrinkles and keeps the skin petal-like. Fine for headaches, fatigue, sleeplessness. At Drug, Department, Hardware and Electrical Goods Stores. Or sent direct on receipt of price. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn. Star Universal $12.50 complete. (Canadian Price, $17.50.)

The STAR
Electric Massage VIBRATOR

The Star Universal—big, handsome, powerful—yet light in weight—is an adjunct to the smallest vanity table. Star's finish, fashioned in sparkling nickel, provided with a trouble-proof motor that uses but one cent. Has start-and-stop button right in the handle. Four specialized applicators, facial, neck, scalp, cold cream applicator and the general-purpose applicator, make the Star useful in dozens of ways.

CROOKED SPINES STRAIGHTENED

If you suffer from any kind of Spinal Trouble, there is hope for you in the PHILOBURT METHOD. No matter how ill you are or what caused your affliction, you can have many people you know of your case, and over 4,000 cases, comprising every known form and condition of spinal trouble, benefited or cured in our experience of more than 10 years.

The PHILOBURT METHOD consists of a firm but comfortable, supporting corset of % natural rubber, which is worn in a sitting position 24 hours a day. The appliance is so constructed that it supports the spine in the natural position, and can be used by the stationary classroom. It is worn for several months, and then removed at intervals of from six weeks to several months.

The appliance is worn for from 2 to 6 months, according to the age and condition of the spine, and can be used by the stationary classroom. It is worn for several months, and then removed at intervals of from six weeks to several months.

The appliance is worn for from 2 to 6 months, according to the age and condition of the spine, and can be used by the stationary classroom. It is worn for several months, and then removed at intervals of from six weeks to several months.

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
Enticing, Alluring, Fascinating Beauty

Here is a complexion blessing for every woman who values her appearance, just think of it—a dainty face powder cold creamed. Something new! Something different! A marvelous blend that produces a distinction of a United States Government Basic Patent.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder in the morning and in the evening and you are sure of a soft, velvety smoothness that lasts all day regardless of weather or perspiration. A skin charm that gives no overdone or artificial suggestion.

While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and smart at all times, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 

3 cts. for a full size Tin.

For samples please address Mr. G'zrr.

Send 12c. for Guest Size Jar

La Meda Mfg. Co., 103 E. Gerfield Blvd., Chicago

Do you want a free size jar of the Powder for you or a lady friend? Just remit the price of 12c. and postpay. (It is more convenient.)

Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and other "up-to-date" society dances to your own home by the wonderful "Picture School of Music Instruction" New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; cannot absolutely guaranteed.

For the next special terms, send today for FREE VARIETY TERRIFIC. William Chandler Peck, M. D.

BOHN

Refrigerators
Eleven Families of Insulation

Other People's Dollars

(Continued)

were the American Cinema Corporation which issued the stock and the persons that bought the stock. The division of the $10 which John Smith paid Johnson and Hopkins for one American Cinema share was as follows.

Fifteen per cent., or $1.50 went to John-

son and Hopkins as sales commission.

Forty-five per cent., or $4.50 went to the

underwriter.

In other words the underwriter and the

stock salesmen received more out of the

sale of each stock than the American Cinema Corporation. The cost in this instance of marketing the stock was also more than the nominal face value of the stock.

Walter Niebuhr, president of the Ameri-

can Cinema Corporation said he was not

consulted on the subject of doubling the

price, and that when he found out, he im-

mediately stopped the sale. Walter L. John-

son, president of Johnson and Hopkins Com-

pany, declares that it is not possible for the

American Cinema stock was being given away at 

$5, and that any price under $10 a share was dirt cheap.

While it comes to deciding the fate of the picture, increasing opinion is that "movie magnates" take a genius with a seer's vision and wisdom to decide who is right. Far be it from us even to attempt such a task.

Besides, we are not interested. We are

passing no opinion on American Cinema stock. Whether the stock was worth one cent or one hundred dollars a share, the fact remains that the company was start-

ing on its career with a millstone tied around its young neck. Mr. Niebuhr states that he and his associates will present one share for every share bought by his stockholders, at a price of $10, so that the stock shall be treated alike.

He emphasizes that he and other officers of the company, will do this, personally, out of their private funds, as the company's slow motion picture machine is a man of unbounded enthusiasm, seeing nothing but good fortune ahead. His com-

pany has produced some pictures that have won favorable comment and are now being exhibited.

The oddest part of the American Cinema stock sales drama is that after talking to all persons concerned, I don't believe that anybody actually made undue profits. One man, for instance, bought about 1,600 shares were actually sold at $10. The underwriter, when asked about the deal, said:

"The six hundred shares brought in over 

$16,000, and what do you suppose it cost me to market those shares? I'll tell you and I can show you my books to prove it. It cost me just $4,000. I am not bad at that game, stome, and I don't blame nobody."

After questioning all parties and investi-

gating all phases of the careers of some movie companies, one generally is forced to the conclusion that the public is bound to take

blame for the appalling waste of funds, and

that the financial stars are merely set against the success of movie ventures which are un-

derwritten. But the final solution is liminated through sale of stock to the public.

The operations of Johnson and Hopkins
during the past two years have been ex-

tensive, and not free from public criticism voiced in at least one daily newspaper and

financial publication Walter L. John-

son, president of the company and Earl H. Hopkins secretary, are young men, vigorous and ambitious. They are the organizers of the Motion Picture Producing Company, cap-

italized for $500,000, controlled by the Motion Picture Producing Company, and the National Exchanges, Inc.

They are actively selling stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company and the National Exchanges, Inc.

Mr. Johnson declined respectfully to state how much stock his company had sold when I approached him on that subject. He denied the correctness of figures published recently in a financial journal which states that his firm had disposed of between $150,000 and $250,000 worth of stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company, alone, up to October of this year. The same authority stated that the company had 3,700 stockholders, 2,200 of whom had paid for their stock, and 1,500 were paying on the installment plan. These figures, Mr. John-

son said, were exaggerated. He declined, however, to give any figures for the number of applicants for stock in his company.

Of the half million dollar capitalization of the Motion Picture Producing Company, 

$410,000 is common stock, and 500,000 pre-

ferred stock. The par value is $1, but it is now being sold at $2.50. This rise, Mr. Johnson said, was warranted by the assets acquired by the company, and its increase in capital. He claims that his company has some assets, but that its earning power remains to be tested. It has produced some comedies, twenty-six in number, but none of them have been sold. The Motion Picture Producing Company also controls the ownership of a slow motion picture camera through its control of the Stereospeed Productions, Inc., owner of the camera, but this latter has yet proved its real merit. Besides, John-

son and Hopkins had not obtained any pat-

ent rights on their camera up to the latter part of November last. There is some ques-

tion as to whether they have the right to the manufacture and sale of their slow motion picture machine and the ex-

hibiting of its films is being disputed in the courts by the Novagraph Film Corporation. Both companies have been by the latter com-
pany are now being exhibited.

The ownership of two dozen comic films, not yet released, and a slow motion pic-

ture camera without a patent, does not in-

sure any great earnings. It is, therefore, hard to see how the assets of the Motion Picture Producing Company with its pros-
pective earnings can warrant charging two and a half times the par value for the stock.

Last summer one of the big selling argu-

ments in the Johnson and Hopkins circles was that the Educational Film Corporation, one of the largest companies in the world, has signed a year's contract for their slow motion pictures. A good "sales" argument, but not lasting enough for Mr. E. W. Hammons, then vice-

president, now president of the Educational, told the writer that his company had ac-

tually contracted with Johnson and Hop-

kins for "slow motion productions pro-

duced exclusively for the Novagraph released by Pathe or better."

"We accepted these three pictures, none of which were up to the standard," Mr. Hammons said, "and we accept any more, not only because they were not equal in our opinion to the Novagraph but they were not up to the standard as called for in the agreement. Mr. Hammons also expressed indignation.
Looking for new ventures? Start your own business. With the right products and strategy, you can earn substantial profits. Remember, successful entrepreneurs are always looking for innovative ideas and opportunities. #Business #Entrepreneurship #Success
Other People's Dollars
(Concluded)

But Mr. Johnson avers that this clause is merely inserted to attract to the company and give it some power to enforce installment payments. He also states that never has his company exercised this power. There have been complaints filed against Johnson and Hopkins with the District Attorney of New York, and in each case, according to Assistant District Attorney Kilroe, have they reimbursed the complaining investor. Nevertheless, the contract is not an attractive one under which to buy stock of any sort. A stockholder living in Oregon might get tired or lose his job or become subject to sudden and unforeseen expense. It would be both troublesome and awkward for the Oregon investor to lose his faith in his local attorney, Hopkins of his good faith and his need, and obtain a settlement, either reimbursement of the money paid in or stock to the amount paid for.

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 102)

CLARE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—You are a decided success with your everyday dress or your party frock, I wonder? Other words, do you help your mother with the house-work or are you only going to be there as guests? Neither John Bunny nor Constance Talmedge was ever on the stage. Both began in films, with Vitaphone. Constance as a comedienne with the late John Bunny and Ethel and Norma in drama and occasional character work.

GERTRUDE, KANSAS CITY.—You're a devoted student. I am one, too, but I don't dare express my admiration so openly. Madame is now touring the country in vaudeville, where she is breaking the records. There is a charming page from her life in the January issue of Photoplay Magazine. She can write as well as she can act.

M. S., HOUSTON.—Don't see why I should describe myself. If I told you the truth you'd be disappointed, and if I lied you wouldn't like me. Never lie to a woman. They are so much more expert in the art that they could always detect it. Of course, I mean some women. Tom Moore has blue eyes and light brown hair. Mabel Normand will read your picture. She is still in her twenty-fifth year. Consult our Studio Directory once in a while.

W. J. W., POUGHKEEPSIE.—I must say you do very well for a beginner. But do young ladies require experience in asking questions? I think not. Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. She didn't leave Thomas Ince's company after all, although she is not co-starring with Douglas McLean anymore. Bill Hart's latest is "The Testing Block." Bebe Daniels' real name is Bebe Daniels.

F. V. F., PINCKNEY, ARK.—You say you are sure I have been asked and have an answer which is the sacred, and then you proceed to dig up one that I can't answer. But I liked your letter, old top, and wish you'd look me up if you ever come up to the hustling Babylon. None of those ladies you mention is married with the exception of Gloria Swanson and Wanda Hawley. The latter's husband is J. Burton Hart, who is the Gavley from which you sent me a picture. I'm sure you're deaf right about Ethel Clayton and Anna Q. Nilsson. Both charming girls—and good friends, too—did you know this? They're both in New York now and they have both presented the old Answer Man with their autographed photographs. Don't you wish you had my job? Be sure to write again.

A. C. J., COTULLA, TEXAS.—Of course I know the difference between lightning and electricity. You don't have to pay for the lightning. The best way to reproduce lightning on the screen is to scratch the negative with a pin. Allan Dwan and other directors use this method. Bill Hart isn't giving up screen work, he's making new pictures right along. The latest to be released is "The Testing Block." Don't blame your fellow for liking Hart, he was in love, and sincere actor. Did you read "Bill Hart's True Love Story" in January?

REFUS, MINETA, N. Y.—Dear sir is a good way to address me. It is impersonal and to the point. But most of my readers don't want me to be impersonal and to the point. They look for sympathy. Is married to Marjorie Rameau is the same Willard Mack who was divorced from Pauline Frederick and rumored to be engaged to Barbara Lean and E. K. Lincoln each has a wife. Louise Huff obtained her divorce from Edgar Jones a long time ago. She was awarded the custody of her little girl. John Huff later married Edgar Stillman. Norma Talmedge wore a blonde wig in certain scenes for "Yes or No?" Louise Lovel is Mrs. William Welb. If they have been divorced I have no record of it.

VIOLET, KEDLEY LAKE.—I haven't been back to Chicago, so you couldn't have seen me. I used to be a gentleman you went to such trouble to immortalize with your little Eastman Kodak was doubtless a very worthy subject—much more worthy than I. But don't paste him in your Photograph Album under "The Answer Man." Some poor professor from the wilds of Evanston, I'll be bound. Why do you insist upon my having a beard? I think I can't help you to get in the movies, either. So I'm an all-round disappointment, I suppose.

R. G., DETROIT.—Don't quite see how they can film George Bernard Shaw. Yes, I like him—I like him so well I even read his plays. I, for one, should like the Talmadge sisters for one year. He will be Norma's leading man first and then will act opposite Constance. Charles Ray's study is a little more worthy than L. But don't paste him in your Photograph Album under "The Answer Man." Some poor professor from the wilds of Evanston, I'll be bound. Why do you insist upon my having a beard? I think I can't help you to get in the movies, either. So I'm an all-round disappointment, I suppose.

A BLUEBIRD.—I agree with you in just one particular. That is when you say you believe you have written enough. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn; Anita Stewart, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; Marguerite Clarke, Mrs. H. Poulton. Williams, Robert Harron was not married.

MISTRESS MAY.—You ask if I am old, young, or middle-aged. I answer, 18. Barrymore, is he your favorite, is he? Well, you show good taste. Niles Welb is married to Dell Boone; they have no children. Have no record of Mrs. Walter McGinn. I believe there is no such lady.
Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

T. M. S., DETROIT.—I should advise you to write direct to the subject in case of their comprising twenty-five cents for the photograph. Nazimova and Viola Dana, Metro; Ruth Roland, Pathé; Shirley Mason, Fox.

CLAIRE L., BOSTON.—My own little ouija board informed me of your wishes and I immediately set the editorial wheels in motion. As a result you doubtless saw your Ethel Clayton story in the January issue. Speaking of service, is there any other little thing you would like?

Bored Betty.—Can't imagine why you're bored. Not when you have piles of old PHOTOPLAYS in the house. Why, you can always try being funny as a pig's whisper. That's the best yet. Charles Chaplin hasn't released any pictures lately for the plain and simple reason he hasn't anything to release. He completed his first five-reeler, "The Kid," some time ago, but there has been considerable difficulty over releasing arrangements and good weather this fall will have a chance to perform. Norma Talmadge never said she bought all her hats at the five-and-ten-cent store. I've no doubt she would if she wanted to, but—she doesn't.

G. E., BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.—You ask if film making—such as painting, drawing and singing. I don't believe their managers care much about how they draw, except, of course, at the box-offices. Margaret Clark in "You're a Fool," with Frank Mills. Doris Kenyon and Thomas Holding had the leads in "The Great White Trail." Miss Kenyon isn't making any pictures right now, but undoubtedly will soon. She is not married.

CONNIE, LONDON.—There are people who are too much themselves ever to be able to sympathize with other people's emotions. I hope I am not one of these self-engrossed beings; I try not to be. Here are the twelve latest productions of Norma Talmadge, beginning with the newest release and ending with "The Branded Wreath." "Yes or No?" "Daughter of Two Worlds." "She Loves and Lies," "The Isle of Conquest," "The Way of a Woman," "The New Moon," "TheProbation Wife," "The Heart of Wetonas," "The Forbidden City," "Her Only Way," and "De Luxe Annie.""A.

D'ARTAGNAN, U. S. A.—I don't know how many women started to register and then gave it up when the clerk bawled out, "Your age, please?" After keeping it a secret from the neighbors all these years, what woman wants to give it away now? President elect Warren Gamaliel Harding has many friends among the film people. The stage screen set a delegation to the World's Most Famous Front Porch to pledge their support. That company is now extinct. Conway Tearle played Mr. Maxwell in "We." No others answered elsewhere. Come again.

W. E. A., HELENA.—The street scenes of "Crooked Town," directed by Clayton Moore, and the other principal characters appeared, were taken in the Lasky studio, Hollywood, California. But there were several shots cut, made in the Ll Shanghai and in the desert, inserted in the film to lend atmosphere. You can depend upon it that both the real and built scenes were accurate, for Miss Clayton spent some time in the Orient and saw that they were correct. You're welcome.

L. E. P., BRIDGEPORT.—Your letter did not make the slightest woman's curiosity. I was cursing the curiosity of both sexes long before you wrote to me. Alex Onosow was "Jerry O'Farrell in "Footlights and Shadows." Robert Walker was Sam Warren in "Show Aces." Otto Hoffman was André Robinet in "Paris Green." William Riley Hatch was Mike O'Hara in "The Inner Voice."

MISS T. F., ROCHESTER.—Photography is one hundred years old. Although Niepce was the first to produce what might be called a photograph, in 1820, it was not until 1850 that Daguerre became a practical possibility. Daguerre succeeded in producing the first real photograph, and daguerreotypes were common in every American town before 1850. Hope this answers your question. Joe King supports Corinne Griffith in "The Broadway Bubble."

F. H., DULUTH.—Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, of English parents. Huntley Gordon was in Montreal, Canada. He began his screen career with Vitagraph, and is now regarded as "Marie Corelli's Son." "Two Too Many Crooks," "The Glorious Lady," and "Out Yonder." He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes.

R. A. C., SOUTH AMERICA.—Yours was a very charming letter. If you wish Miss Talmadge one like it I am sure you will hear from her. The Talmadges went abroad for a vacation, not to make pictures. They are back home now. I have passed along your suggestion to the Editor and you may hear about it before long. Thank you for your good wishes. Same to you.

MISS P., HEAVENLY, OKLAHOMA.—A New Town! What is a new planet, a new picture star, a new tie to me, when there's a New Town among my correspondents? Is that the correct way to spell it? Sure the last two letters belong? Clyde Fillmores played "The Devil's Pass Key." He is under contract to Paramount, Edith Roberts isn't married. She is just twenty and a mighty sweet little girl. She came in to see me on her recent trip east.

A. K., IOWA.—You send me your sympathy. That's all anybody ever sends me. Still, I thank you, for I know you mean well. I am always tolerant of kind intentions although they never do me or anyone else any good. Yes, that's the correct address. Go ahead.

WILLAMAE.—At the last report I assure you I was bearing up nicely. In fact, I was moping not be up and able to answer another letter from you. But please do not tell me any more about yourself. I know now that you have brown hair, natural, wavy, very long, brown eyes as velvet with lashes so long you have to trim them, a little small to your age but well proportioned, and quite a dancer and piano player, also singing. Reading on I discover you are fourteen years old and eighteen to Long to Act. If I were your mother I'd spank you and send you to bed without any supper. You had better finish school before you begin to think seriously about Longing to Act.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Letter that Saved Me 36% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somewhat or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising

Was $100
Before the War
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A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay $100 for any Typewriter?" "When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $64?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how the Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off $36 of the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

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But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, I had all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with the Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it must be this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Oliver's, saving the company a nice $36 each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month. Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $36 on each of my typewriters. I don't only equipped the place with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $4 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

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Buy one new Oliver Nine for five days free trial. If you return it, I will refund the entire cost at the end of five days. The ad is not valid until Dec. 31st, 1920.

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Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip 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. Rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

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1921 is going to be a banner year in the motion picture industry.

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All through the past year, and all over the world, the immense plans of Paramount have been in preparation for your 1921 entertainment.

1921 and Paramount will give you a flaming new idea, a totally new and magnificent conception of what the screen can mean to you!

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The basis of Paramount's supremacy will continue to be one of immense organization both in production and distribution of motion pictures, and unlimited resources of talent, money, physical equipment and imagination.

Paramount has enough studios and producing plants to equip forty ordinary motion picture companies. The chief of these studios are in California, New York, and London, England.

The whole world-wide producing organization of Paramount Pictures proceeds on a basis of assured success for the photoplays produced. That is, thousands of theatres in fifteen civilized countries are waiting and eager to show them, and their audiences to see them. "Only Paramount organization can give Paramount quality"

Neither time nor money, neither endless trouble nor terrible hazards of physical danger and difficulty, are spared to achieve striking results.

In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see The Alps, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone will get The Alps. Paramount Pictures will see you the whole group of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: In the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than eight stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high water-mark it touched during the National Pictures Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed nothing but Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were fore-sighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single Paramount Pictures that offered talent, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

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In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is in history that the greatest sort of Paramount, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

DeMille's polished artists and connoisseurs of stage design, such as Penrhyn Stanlaws and Paul Tribe (the great Parisian designer), contribute their special talent to Paramount. In short, it is a fact that Paramount utilizes the services of all sorts of skill and craftsmanship whose function ordinary picture producers are not even aware of. Paramount spends more on the perfect titling of great feature pictures than some producers spend on the whole job.

Paramount has a special Fashion Atelier in Paris so that the women in the audience of your theatre shall get le dernier cri in gowns and hats with every Paramount Picture. See Paramount Pictures and you see the new Paris style first.

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Every form of printed or spoken drama that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published about French, Spanish, German or French is steadily translated. Synopses are made of every stage play produced in America, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Rome.

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Paramount can give the exhibitor or motion picture enthusiast half as much. It all comes down to immense organization, and Paramount has it.

Every 50th person you meet in the street today will see a Paramount Picture today!

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Not a good theatre anywhere but books as many Paramount Pictures as its patrons can thing to see.

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Your cue is—find the words "A Paramount Picture" in the newspaper advertisements of your theatre, or in the lobbies or on the过剩 stamps given out in the picture houses.

Find them, before you go in, for that always means a great show and a crowded house!

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Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Forbidden Fruit"
Douglas MacLean in "Chickens" A Famous-Lasky Production "The Passionate Pilgrim"; A Cosmopolitan Production
Charles Maigne's Production "The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.; with Mote Blue
Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession"
Dorothy Dalton in "The Easy Road" A George Melford Production "The Faith Healer"
A William DeMille Production of an original story by Edna Ferber; with Richard Dix Gloria Swanson in a new story by Elinor Glyn A George Melford Production Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master" By Sir Gilbert Parker A Cecil B. DeMille Production of an original story by Avery Hopwood Author of "The Gold Diggers"
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*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on Page 15.*

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“*What They Think About Marriage!*”

**MADAME ELINOR GLYN,** in this issue, advances the theory that motion picture stars—being *artistes*—should not marry, since art and marriage do not assimilate to perfection.

But what do the stars themselves think about it?

Are they for or against marriage? Do they believe love and marriage interfere with their art, or aids it?

You will find out in the April issue. The most celebrated actors and actresses, the most brilliant screen writers and directors, will tell what they think about marriage. Some of them agree with Madame Glyn. Others have decidedly different views. But you will want to read them all.

And a part of the article concerns you. *You* are going to have a chance to tell what *you* think about marriage!

---

Two More Fiction Stories

will appear in the April issue of Photoplay. They are two of the best yet published. *Nowhere in America will you find a magazine where the fiction is more absorbing.* For full particulars about the contest, see page 16.
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PHOTOPLAY Magazine's $14,000 short story contest is attracting the country's best authors. For full particulars see page 16.

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Our famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one we will pay $500.

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The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By Della Thompson Lutes


The first thing I ever published was a poem, "Woods in Winter." One of our local newspapers using a new idea of encouraging new writers had a "poem" contest, and I was a rail girl. My pride was short lived, however. A woman told me she would not enter unless other people did, and who had a daughter a little older than I who was very ""poematic."" I had always been accepted as ""smart"". She always went to Sunday School and never refused the chapel. So I didn't whistle. And she always had lessons. No, and stood up straight, in pretty neatly writing. Everybody expected her to meteor out into a brilliancy, but nobody gave much thought to her old friend's daughter beyond her teachers. They praised her ""compositions."" This husband of mine, the ""poem"" in a newspaper. ""Woods in Winter."" And proudly held her name up and read out the congratulations of her friends—until it came to the mother miss Lissy Exemplary.

I can remember the day after school one day, won a prize, chignal and eagerly, if now they'd think was as smart as Lissy. I didn't seem to care so much about being as good as Lissy, but I did want to be as clever—if it could be accomplished without lessons.

Lissy sat in a low chair before an open fire, her feet toward the fire, sewing with lightning agreement. Her mother, also neatly dressed, was working on a wool jumper. I, with time other girls and boys, had been selling a venome craft made of boards on a nearby creek and I had naturally developed a great interest in the profession of poetry would have been ashamed to own me. I've never read a poem which learned like me, but it was as beatiful as it could be without lessons. Lissy's mother said—like yesterday I remember in words. ""Well, Della! (they always called me Della in our family) ""Well, Della, I see you've had poem printed."" Proudly and shyly I grinned and nodded, waiting for the praise which came. She looked and embroidered—and looked snug.

""It's too bad,"" said Lissy's mother smoothly, ""that you're too good to write a poem. It's so much easier to write a poem."" ""I'm afraid you'll think it isn't all original.""

Pride oozed from me as the water oozed from my eyes. I shall never forget my eyes. I didn't know Longfellow had a poem like that,"" she said, ""I've always written things that nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write them. I wish I knew how to do it. I didn't think you could get away with it, either, since one doesn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed a two-shilling and a half, a half a shilling, and two shillings, three shillings, and sometimes, four. I had the poetry and really, I had found a reader.

One of the first things I learned was that ""Woods in Winter"" didn't interest Longfellow. He didn't like it. Neither did he. He and wouldn't have been surprised. Lissy didn't care for it. She couldn't have cared less. She was sixteen when that verse was printed, I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime, I wrote stories, and articles, and poems, and books which nobody wanted. I didn't want them. I didn't want to publish them. I didn't know how to write them. I wish I knew how to do it. I didn't think you could get away with it, either, since one doesn't go to college.

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Della Thompson Lutes

A most marvelous assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said: ""Men of any profession can write stories, plays and don't know it."

I know my own experiences that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of letters from people saying, ""Oh, I wish I could 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 just as there is to 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 before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish. Every heart has its own story. Everyone has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who Clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last winter at stenography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in To- day's Housewife hadn't thought of writing a story until about a year ago—didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a ""soft"" profession placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photo-stories of today, for which thou- sands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell. There are just as many stories of human interest rich in the scene and experience which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good bit bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

This New System of Writing recommended by Mrs. Lutes—and also endorsed by many of America's foremost writers, editors, and authors—is fully described—In a wonderful FREE book called ""The New System of Writing."" This amazing book shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't know they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Steps Lead to the Success in Story Writing. How new writers get sympathy, encouragement, help to get into the field. It shows how every writer may begin, how bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to turn their own amaz- ing experiences into their simple stories, and sell them for photo-stories, plays, and stories. The New System of Writing is tremendously inspirational, helpful and most reasonably priced System of Writing, as published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has, to my mind, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every point of the New System of Writing—story-writing and playwriting, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the final result is an inspiration and a delight.

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Total, 2,007,690

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NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 496, Washington, D.C.
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.


BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 West 45th St., New York; (a) 423 Chasno Ave., Hollywood, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5800 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FILM NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York; Mildred Harris Co. and Amos Stewie Co., 1608 Carlion Boul, Glendale, Calif. Louis B. Mayer Studio.

HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, 1213 East St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, Santa Monica Blvd. and Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (a) 60 West 52d St., New York; 1023 Uillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION, 483 Fifth Ave., New York; Fairmont Studio, Hollywood, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

PATHIE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York; (a) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (a) 311 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.; (a) Hollywood, Cal.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1319 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Seelzick Pictures Corp., 727 Seventh Ave., New York; (a) East 17th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.


Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York; (a) Universal City, Cal.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York; (a) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hollywood, Cal.

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twenty-four hours a day. School-boys are at
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enteen is "protected" from her sweetheart. At forty
an unhappy marriage perhaps enchains you. And
even death in the river is balked by the police—

"FREE BORN—BUT"

A delicious satire from the gifted pen of Mme.
Petrova, actress-authoress. Turn to page 33 and read
it through. It is another of the stories entered in

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This contest is engaging for PHOTOPLAY readers
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Every day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new forms in its place.

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A skin you love to touch

Every day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new forms its place.

By giving this new skin intelligent care you can make it what you will—you can gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Begin today to give your skin the particular care it needs. You will find the special treatment your type of skin needs in the booklet of famous treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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MARY HAY is one of our most promising musical comedienne. She won additional fame in the films, and even more when she became Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Now Mary is singing and dancing in a Broadway play.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS. Perhaps the premier hero of the screen, he braved the displeasure of feminine America by marrying the young lady opposite. As proof of his undiminished drawing-power, he has been made a star.
SOME day a Great Producer will come along and induce Phyllis Haver to transfer her artistic allegiance from comedy to drama. But we hope that day is not imminent; for what—we ask you—would comedy be without Phyllis?
THERE is no leading man in higher favor with young ladies of all ages than Allan Forrest. Remember when he made screen love to Mary Miles Minter?

WHEELER OAKMAN'S first prominent part was in "The Spoilers." Since then his roles have been many, in support of Mrs. Oakman—Priscilla Dean.

GARETH HUGHES came from Wales at an early age and has been an actor in distinguished company ever since. He has just created "Sentimental Tommy."

ASTON GLASS is the godson of Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he acted abroad. Glass is now translating Ralph Connor's Canadian heroes to the films.
MARY MacLAREN is now in the east, making a new photoplay. She has no difficulty in interpreting lovely young girlhood before the camera. In fact, Mary has managed to give that overworked word *ingénue* a new meaning.
VIRGINIA VALIUS' brunette beauty has brightened more than one celluloid drama. Virginia was a dancer before she made her screen debut. Of late she has been the girl-in-the-case opposite George Walsh and other stars.
Madame Olga Petrova, a brilliant figure of the stage and screen, and a writer of distinction as well. From an etching, drawn especially for Photoplay Magazine, by Walter Tittle.
When Slave Becomes Master

There is an ancient legend concerning a slave in a great house who rendered extraordinary services the other slaves were unable or unwilling to perform. He cleaned the ditches of their unhealthy waters, thatched the roofs against the winter rain, with infinite labor removed the stones from the fields so that they could be tilled, and made roads so that the corn grown therein might be taken to market. His master, profoundly grateful, made him a freedman and appointed him overseer of all his goods and business. But the former slave, insolent and self-important, beat and killed his erstwhile equals, quarreled with his master, and appropriated his wife. Thereupon the master set upon his ego-crazed benefactor and slew him. But his household had been destroyed or dispersed, his working establishment had fallen into chaos, and his last state was worse than his first.

The United States has such a slave. His name is REFORM.

Let no one belittle the great work Reform has done in America. The regulation of piratical business, the stern correction of public corruption and the abolition of the licensed liquor traffic are services for which this country can never cease to be grateful.

But the servant has ceased to serve. He aspires to be a tyrant. A coterie in Massachusetts desires to regulate the height of women's heels by law, Washington is besieged by men who wish to illegalize all forms of Sunday conveyance. Photoplay censorship bills impend in forty states and national censorship is contemplated.

The day has passed when any set of Blue Laws can impose an unvaryingly uniform Sabbath, emasculate honest and necessary recreation, fetter social intercourse and stifle the arts.

After Puritanism in England came the license and decadence of the Restoration. After any reign of fanaticism in America—quickly after—would come a social revolution approximating, for the time at least, Anarchy and Bolshevism.
In Filmdom's Boudoir

By Elinor Glyn

That exquisite note of the real Parisian elegance.

When I left Paris six weeks ago, hair was brushed back, if the forehead was pretty enough—or simply parted if it was not, and the long ends turned in to the smallest possible knot to make the head tidy, and the sides were a little cut and curled softly and came onto the cheeks. Little dainty heads with the jest of the first

Elinor Glyn, famous English writer, who has come to America to write for the films. A new portrait posed exclusively for Photoplay.

THE Moving Picture world is a very wonderful one.

In no other are there collected so many really lovely young women, for instance. But they are all so very young! The oldest not more than twenty-five or six—so perhaps that is why all the pretty eyes have the same expression. For the eyes are the windows of the soul, and without experience of life, there must be a sameness in what looks forth, unless there is strong character, and mental cultivation to replace it.

Nearly all heroines in the movie stories seem to be ingénues, and so most of the actresses are of that type— Demand and supply— The fair ones frequently modeled upon that consummate artist, Mary Pickford, with the fluffy childish curls which were her own particular chic. The dark ones all have beautiful round young faces, and big dark eyes, of the round type, and to accentuate this many have their eyebrows plucked, and a thin arch painted instead, which renders them even more surprised and infantile-looking. This must please the public, I suppose, or surely they would not do it. But why, why, do they have the weird blobs of hair sticking out from the sides of their pretty heads!

I believe one of the next forward steps in this great and progressive industry, will be for the producers to get someone "in the know" to send out descriptions from Paris of what is the note of the moment. I do not mean what hairdressers want to impose, but what is the last chic—and what such people as they are supposed to be portraying, would wear.

Empire, and nothing sticking out. No chignon, or incredible excrescences of bunches of curls, or Spanish combs, or bands of hair cutting sharp across the forehead. One never saw any of these things except in the hairdressers' shop windows. The dreams of beauty these lovely faces would be, if only they could get the Paris "look!" To give you an idea of how the hair is done for the screen, it is something like the heads one sees on the station bar-maids or tea-room waitresses at Manchester or Birmingham, or places like that in England, which are always behind the times. One never, of course, sees them in Paris at all. So no matter how refined the actual features may be, it is impossible for them to look distinguished. Why must the public taste be so mislead? Why could not these beautiful little girls, when they are playing the parts of society ladies, look like the real ones in New York, or London or Paris, as the case may be—and so educate the public to appreciate style? And also give their own characters more freedom for expression.

They all seem such charming girls, and many of them look perfectly sweet in their own little clothes off the stage. I am always hearing of their kindness of heart, too—one to another, and their generosity to those not so fortunately placed. They are much nicer in many of these ways than we are, only whenever I see them dressed for the screen, I have a wild longing to have all the absurd curls and crimps washed out and their hair done with the simple chic of Paris. The clothes they wear in pictures have, too, a sadly last year's look—or as
EDITOR'S NOTE—Elinor Glyn is one of the greatest writers of our time. She has come from her home in England to study and write for the screen in America. We are able, here, to give you the frank expression of this famous Englishwoman's opinions and impressions of feminine motion picture stars, a whimsical bit of the instructions she would give them as to how to make themselves more attractive if she had a "charm school" in Hollywood, and her ideas on marriage for artists in this profession.

Madame Glyn is a sister of Lucile—Lady Duff Gordon—the most celebrated modiste of two continents; and it is hardly necessary to add that she is the author of "Three Weeks."

though they were the creation of someone with fantastic taste, quite indifferent to the law of Paris. You know what I mean. Lots of people had this air during the war, when they furbished up old styles because they could not afford to get the up-to-date new models.

There are two types to be seen on the screen—unbelievably funny long dresses, with sheathlike pailelettes and weird trains and every kind of trimmings in strings of beads, etc., etc., stuck on them in meaningless places—a travesty of what was worn in 1913—and then paradise plumes and ridiculous head-dresses piled up on highly dressed elaborate hair. And the other type is the short frock with fluffs and bits of flowers adorning the wrong outline.

I had always heard that America was so very much in the movement—and had always seen it to be true in the society in New York on former visits—that now, when I see the movies, I am amazed.

There must, in every new art, always be someone to lead in new and upward paths. I wish indeed that I might be the one, since I am associated through my work with the movies, to show them how worth while it would be to get perfect clothes from Chanel or Callot or Lucile in Paris, with all the accessories, and have them sent out—chosen by someone who is really in the Paris world and knows—not chosen by the dressmakers themselves as being the most expensive to send. Because the movies are shown all over the world, and of course by the time they get to France the French audiences just scream with laughter. And I am sure the Americans are too intelligent not to understand this if they think about it a moment.

Most of the costumes and hats and general look of what I have seen for the movies are what the French call "à côté" which translated means, "just not quite"—"at one side"—"not really the thing."

No one has a right to criticize private clothes. They are at the discretion of the wearer. All I am talking about is what these dear lovely little girls wear on the screen. It strikes a frightfully critical "Paris eye" like mine as absolutely grotesque.

Oh! if I—old citizen of the world—could only have a free hand with such wonderful material as all these beautiful girls are what masterpieces I would turn out!

Do you remember the sayings of my grandmother (whom I drew as Ambrose's grandmother in "The Reflections of Ambrosine"), that a woman should look "straight as a dart, supple as a snake, and proud as a tiger lily"? Well, that explains it.

I would like to start a "Charm School" (there is a new movie of that name with Wallace Reid in it which I have seen in pre-view and which is soon to be released) in which I could teach them how to acquire individuality and fascination.

Madame Glyn, with Gloria Swanson, who is to enact her first original story for the screen, and Wallace Reid, at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California.
Elinor Glyn says:


A

WOMAN'S greatest charm is repose. Men are worried and irritated by constant vivacious movement, just as they can never love a cold or vain woman. I would teach, in my Charm School, gentle and refined manners, simple dignity, and no over-familiarity. I would make their bodies graceful with the right exercises, and would give them knowledge of deportment and conduct that is a delight to the eye and the mind.

IS marriage among artists a success? If the truth could be known I wonder how many poor male movie stars' lives are cramped, and that their art stifled, by foolish, ordinary little wives; and how many lovely actresses are bothered by boring, exacting husbands. Marriage is good, and art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!

and attraction. I would teach them never to be restless—above all, to learn repose. A woman's greatest charm is repose. Men are worried and irritated by constant vivacious movement, just as they can never love a cold or vain woman.

I would teach them to acquire distinction if possible, but at all events, "chic." To have gentle and refined manners, and simple dignity, no over-familiarity. To make their bodies graceful with the right exercises. (They do not seem ever to exercise at all and never walk as we do.) And I would give them knowledge of deportment and conduct that is a delight to the eye and the mind.

At present one has that feeling of waste of beautiful material when looking at these girls. They are all so young. And un-tutored and raw in their natural attractiveness. And while fresh ignorance may delight one in an individual, en masse it wears one. It is individuality; the result of culture, which gives the quiet self-confidence which is always magnetic. Self-confidence, the result of ignorance, can never really hold.

But what divine creatures I would turn out of my charm school with such lovely raw material! Another point which has struck me: almost all the artists here seem to be married. Is marriage among artists a success? In my beloved Paris, which is the center of Art, whether right or wrong from a strictly conventional point of view—artists do not think highly of Matrimony. At least Art, if they are artists, comes first with them and this community contends that domestic bliss is not good for Art, the contention being that ties prevent experience and limit the acquisition of its expression. But to gain experience in life—and by that they would mean leisure to study literature and history, and the minds of men and women not only of the present day but of the past, as well as experiences in emotion—marriage and its obligations could not be the best medium. your aim being Art.

But I suppose here in America it is easier because of the facility of divorce and so the possibility of a fairly frequent change of partners.

If the truth could be known I wonder how many poor male movie stars are cramped, and their art stifled, by foolish, meaningless, nagging, jealous little ordinary wives at home, and how many lovely actresses are bothered to death by boring, exacting husbands—who really have no sympathy or understanding for the lives their partners are following. It would seem to me to be more sensible to give the whole mind to the work in hand to attain success, and then when the few short years of the movie stars' reign is over, they could marry and settle down in peace and security and with an even chance for continued happiness—the temptations to change removed—and having acquired a large fortune!

At least that would seem the common sense angle to look at the question from.

Marriage is good, and art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!

A Hard Winter For Censorship

THOSE who from fanatical belief or some more practical motive favor national censorship of motion pictures seem not to have been greatly comforted by the November elections. State electoral results, here and there, prophesy a hard winter for the cellulopuritans.

Charles H. Randall, known as the "father of the Federal Censorship bill," was not returned to Congress by his clientele.

Governor Dorsey of Georgia, in the midst of an ardent campaign for the United States Senatorship, came out strong for state censorship of motion pictures. He was defeated.

Congressman W. B. McKinley of Illinois, well known as a friend of the photoplay, was re-elected.

O. E. Weller of Maryland, a Senator who has always been picturedom's friend, was re-elected.

Congressman Walsh of Massachusetts, a vigorously active defender of the industry in the Nation's councils, was re-elected.

Meanwhile, President-Elect Harding has indicated very plainly that he is not in favor of State censorship—whatever con- fort his words may, or may not, give to the national censorship crowd. He said, in August: "I do not think a people can be fortunate with various standards of censorship. I do not think we require one standard for one locality, and another standard for another."
"Pat, do you think we'll ever any of us get back to Ireland?" asked Colleen.

The Wearing of the Green

By CLODAGH SAURIN

THERE was a ball team in San Francisco once quite a long time ago.

And the nine men on it were:
Riley,
Flanagan,
O’Brien,
Rork,
Murphy,
Sullivan,
Shaunessy,
O’Hara,
Killeley,
It was a very good ball team.

But I hadn’t thought about it in years until I happened to be over on the Nelan lot the other morning. I was looking for Pat O’Malley.

The office boy—whose name was Mike Harrigan—told me that if I "wandered about" the lot I’d be sure to find Mr. O’Malley because he was "around."

So I wandered.

And there, sitting on the steps that led up to the big stage, in the sunshine, I saw Pat O’Malley and Colleen Moore and Mickey Nelan. (It was then I thought of the ball team.)

Colleen had a guitar in her lap and they were singing softly and in perfect harmony "Oh, Paddy dear and did ye hear, the news that’s goin’ round?"

They did not see me, so I sat down on a box behind a piece of scenery and waited. But when they finished that Colleen began in the sweetest, clearest voice, while the two men hummed a mellow, melting obligato, that lovely thing about "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"D’you know," said Pat, when the last note had died away, "that thing always makes me think of the saddest day of my life. Funny. It was about four years ago. I didn’t have any money—and I didn’t have any job. And I couldn’t seem to get one, because all us old-timers that had been with the General Film Company were sort of out of things for the time. And it wasn’t very long until we were expecting there’d be three of us instead of two. The day looked mighty dark and gray. I’d decided to go down to the munitions factory and ask for a job, they wouldn’t take me in the army because I had half a foot shot away years ago in a little private scrap we had with the north of Ireland. Which you may remember.

"So I started out, feeling pretty low, not knowin’ whether they’d take me, and not liking the job and hating to give up my own work when I’d tried so hard. I was thinking about the wife, mostly, and what lay ahead of her. I didn’t get the job. When I came back I was beat—beat good. But as I passed under the window I heard her singing, like a bird in the rain, ‘Kathleen Mavourneen.’ It put the heart back in me and that very day I got a call to come and play a lead with Pauline Frederick. And I haven’t been out of work since."

Colleen kept touching the strings of her guitar with her slender fingers and her eyes had that look, half laughter and half tears, that is one of the reasons you can’t down Ireland.

"Do you know what it makes me think of?" she said. "The barren purple mountains of the West coast, when I was a (Concluded on page 76)"
IT does not annoy James Crane in the least to be referred to as Mr. Alice Brady; neither does Alice object to being identified as Mrs. Jimmy Crane. But we prefer to call them equal partners in a perfect fifty-fifty combination, both personal and professional. Miss Brady is soon to appear in a new play, continuing her film work at the same time; while Mr. Crane recently achieved success as the featured player in "Opportunity." This new camera-study was made in the Cranes' Manhattan home.
FREE BORN!—BUT

A satirical conclusion that the only freedom the world offers is in a padded cell.

By MME. OLGA PETROVA

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

QUITE apart from the success which is hers as a distinguished actress, Petrova has won recognition with her pen as well. True satire is rare indeed, but in this story you will find it.

Helas.

At school—I attended an ordinary day-school—I had very little more opportunity to pursue my own particular bent. I never had much inclination for outdoor sports, but I did love football. My father designed this as an occupation for ruffians of the deepest dye and suggested that I had better spend the time in employing my mind in preparing myself for some profession or another.

In the choice of my friends my freedom was equally hampered. If I evinced any predilection for a youth of my own age, whose tastes seemed to carry me far from my father, he declared that he was exerting a baneful influence over me and forbade my passing more than the time of day with him.

At sixteen I had decided in my own mind to become an architect, having a pronounced faculty for designing buildings in general and bridges in particular. My father, being a self-made man, had no use for what he called "higher education." Therefore, the money necessary for a course at a university or vocational school not forthcoming, I determined to leave home and work my way through the office of an architect living in our town. My father immediately decided on a bank where he could keep a watchful eye on me and keep me in sane and sober ways as for as long as possible. So was my freedom in the choice of a profession denied me. I was sent to the bank. I remember that I wore a black suit. I detested black but my father who provided my covering insisted that black should be. Black it was.

By this time I had learned the uselessness of protesting against what seemed to me to be the tyranny that my father had always exercised over me. Possibly his own servile obedience to the social demands of our small community made him take out his somewhere latent desire for power on me. There were a thousand and one ways in which he exercised his parental authority to render me miserable, a recital of which would make my story a five volume novel instead of a brief soliloquy, so I will refrain from drawing on my boyish expe-
ences further, except to say that he seemed to take a delight in saying "No" when he might just as easily have said "Yes." The black suit was the height of my suffering. Clothes and colours have ever had a great influence over me and black I have always consistently loathed. I have never been able to ratify my tastes in the matter of my personal attire, much to my chagrin.

While I lived at home I was compelled to dress as my parents chose, and when I had eventually withdrawn myself from their jurisdiction I found as rigid a censor in the mob. Of all the autocrats that have us poor Free Born at their disposal surely fashions in clothes have us most at their mercy. As for me, if I had gratified my inward delight in soft fabrics and gorgeous silks there is nothing reprehensible in that as far as I can see—I should have been rated a lunatic by the mob long ere this and shut up accordingly. And yet I ask you, what is more ridiculous than a pair of trousers?

I have often wished that I had been born an early Roman or even an early English gentleman as far as clothes are concerned.

When I was a little chap my mother attired my small person in what she called "Little Lord Fauntleroys." She let my hair grow to my shoulders and I wore a lace collar that I abhorred. I can remember scratching and kicking every time I put the thing on; but my mother maintained that it was the "fashion" and that fashion's dictators had to be obeyed. I suppose fashion was also responsible for my mother's squeezing her luxuriant figure into corsets too small for her by some six inches, narrowly, and by the intervention of some unknown protector of women, escaping suffocation.

My mother would proudly show me off in my "Fauntleroy" suit at her "At Homes" and her visitors would run their fingers through my hirsute charms, a proceeding that I physically loathed, and say "It's just as soft as silk. What a pity the dear child was not really born a girl." My mother, poor soul, made her whole household slaves to fashion. I verily believe that she would have worn a mustard pot on her head if the leaders of la mode had set her the example.

FROM sixteen until I was twenty, I reported at the bank at 8 o'clock every morning and left it again at four precisely, except at those seasons of the year when we were busy balancing. I was drawing on my gloves one night at about eight-thirty on one of these occasions when a youth of my own age or possibly a year older, asked me what I was going to do for the remainder of the evening. I replied that, as usual I was going home. He invited me to dine with him and with his guests, two ladies that were members of a theatrical troupe on a week's sojourn to our town.

I had never been in the habit of going out at night. My father had never allowed me a latch key and I had given up all idea of ever possessing one so long as I remained under his roof.

I hesitated and was lost, but I had an alibi. I was working late.

The next night I went again and by Friday I had proposed to and been accepted by the younger of the two ladies in question. Now I was young, and in the matter of women totally inexperienced. I conceived it my duty to present my fiancée to my parents and to ask the blessing usual in such cases. Both my mother and my father were horrified. An actress!! Good God!! Was this what they had brought me to manhood for—to disgrace them forever? To render them objects of contempt? A laughing stock to their most intimate friends? Arguments were useless. There were recriminations at home and tears from Alice. What was I to do? I imagined that I loved her. Perhaps I did. Imagination, if it is realistic enough is just as telling as the original article. I had no money apart from my salary, which amounted to the munificent sum of fifteen hundred dollars a year. We wept together. I swore that I could not live without her. I begged her to marry me on that and defy the wrath of my forebears. Bread and kisses. I argued, would be "Paradise now" in her company.

Alice had more common sense than I. She pointed out that I, although my salary was small, had always lived in the reflection of my father's wealth and that I was not actually accustomed to the vagaries of prices for such mundane things as rent and food and clothes. She pointed out also that thirty dollars a week might provide me with shirts and shoes but together with herself and the possibility, nay the probability of our family's increasing in the course of time, we should find
ourselves in very low estate indeed. She declared that rather than stand between my father and myself she would immolate herself on the altar of renunciation. My father seemed to be the most important issue of her argument. I was young and enthusiastic in those far off days and was only too willing to bow upon the idealistic side of things.

She left the day after our stormy farewell, promising, however, to wait for me until such time as my parents should return. I was desolate. Life held no further interest. My parents fished with relief at Alice's departure and set themselves to finding a "nice girl" of my own station in life—one with a comfortable dot that might prove a credit to them.

As far as they were concerned they were perfectly successful. A young woman of twenty-six years—such a sensible age they said—was selected for the purpose. She had mouse coloured hair, white eyelashes—Alice's were black—very large feet and extremely prominent teeth. She had more angles and corners than I have ever seen on any human being before or since; but she had a dot and she was willing to exchange that dot for a husband.

My father sent for me one evening and told me of his plans or my final settlement in life.

Now although my father had amassed a comfortable fortune on which he had retired, he had always consistently refused to allow me to benefit financially by his success. He main-

tained that a young man should work out his own salvation, so to speak. Howbeit, if I would give up this nonsensical idea of marrying an actress and would settle down with Miss Blank as a substitute—he assured me that in six months, I wouldn't know the difference between the two anyhow—he would present me with a house and lot as a wedding present. Also he proposed to augment my slender pittance at the bank to an appreciable extent. Of course I refused with dignity and with fervor. I declared that I loved Alice dearly to the core. I had read the phrase somewhere and it sounded well. I told my father that we had decided to wait for one another with Micawber-like patience until something should turn up. He stormed and raved. One would have thought that my immediate marriage was a matter of fearful and international importance. I rather liked the attention I was creating. He sent for my mother. My mother cried and added her lamentations to his.

For the first time in my life I really took the stand against parental authority.

That evening when I returned from the bank, I found a box on the doorstep and the door locked and bolted. Knocking and ringing brought no responses. I sat down on the top step and reviewed the situation with nothing but my fears and longings to vary the monotony. I thought the matter over from all possible angles. Here was I a free born son of the eagle but I was not free to choose a wife without my father's consent. Every time I visualized Miss Blank the dew stood out upon my forehead and my knees shook in their black broadcloth casings. E very t ime m y thoughts turned Aliceward my heart thumped under my black broadcloth vest. It all seemed so hopeless and yet I was bound to follow the trail. I had gathered enough from some of Alice's terse remarks to know that love would not be the only necessary requisite for a plunge into housekeeping. Alice was a healthy young woman with an excellent appetite, which appetite, I had noticed, regaled itself during our brief courtship on everything that was out of season and that was correspondingly expensive. I am not blaming her, mind you. She was accustomed to these little luxuries and expected them as a matter of course. It seemed so foolish sitting there wondering as to how I was to buy my bride strawberries in December when as far as I could actually figure I couldn't even buy them in August.

At ten-thirty an idea presented itself. Of course it might not work and yet again it might. I loved Alice. I meant to marry her, though not on fifteen hundred dollars a year. Strategy, the cunning of the serpent, combined with the fabled humility of the dove, should be called in to twist back into joint these so sorry times.

At eleven the air was growing chilly and the top step anything but comfortable. At eleven-thirty my plan of campaign was perfected in my mind.

I rose from the step and hailed me as fast as I could hie me to the nearest telephone booth and telephoned my father. He answered the phone in person. I

(Continued on page 92)
Above is Agnes Ayres, who plays Cinderella, on whose dainty foot the famous slipper snugly fits. She is also the heroine of the drama proper.

"CINDERELLA"

Fairy godmother, glass slipper and all come to life in "Forbidden Fruit."

PERHAPS the most beloved of all fairy-tales is the oft-told one of Cinderella. There is a glamour and an illusion about it that enchants young and old alike. And no wonder—is it not a cherished dream of Every Girl to leave off the sordid realities and "go to the ball" where she is sure to meet the Prince Charming for whom she has been waiting? The Fairy Godmother does not always come along in real life as per the fairy-tale, to change Cinderella’s rags to rich raiment and transform pumpkins into coach-and-four. But in Cecil deMille’s photoplay, "Forbidden Fruit," the heroine takes part in a modern fairy-tale, and so is introduced one of the love-liest allegories the screen has known.

A romance of unbelievable beauty is this fairy-tale translated to the silver-sheet. A stern business-like studio set was transformed into a veritable fairy-land. A glass floor was laid on the huge Lasky stage, velvet curtains and dream-like draperies were hung over ceiling-less walls, and a glittering Court came to life under the director’s magic wand, which he waved after the fashion of the Fairy Godmother. Costly silks and satins and velvets, fine lace and luxurious fur, were used by Clare West, the chief designer for Paramount, in making the gorgeous gowns for this one episode.

Here we have Prince Charming—just as he has been visualized so many times. Silks and pearls and fur, make brave array for the ideal of Cinderella’s dream. Forrest Stanley plays the part.

Kathlyn Williams, as the Fairy Godmother, without whose magic wand Cinderella could never have gone to the ball. Velvet and cloth-of-silver and shining stones: fitting garb for a Fairy Godmother.
Surely the far-famed revues of Manhattan never boasted a more charming creation than this! A symphony of plumes and precious lace and powdered wig, for this Second Lady-in-Waiting.

In the center: Julia Faye, as the First Lady-in-Waiting at the ball in the Court of the Fairy King. This gown is fashioned of cloth-of-gold, and the vivacious and brusque Miss Faye wears with it an abundant white wig.

One of the most original costumes is this butterfly gown, worn by Shannon Day, a recent recruit from the Ziegfeld Follies. Black-and-white hardly do justice to such a glowing, colorful creation.
A NEW SCHOOL OF HEROISM—

IN song and in story there have been many heroes. Heroes of war, and heroes of peace. Heroes at home, at the hunt, and abroad. But the twentieth century, in presenting a new form of art and expression, also gave us an entirely new brand of hero—a hero who finds a way through fire and water, earth and air. Nothing daunts him—there is no corner of the wide world that he has not conquered. He is The Cameraman—and more particularly, the cameraman of the news weekly. Here are pictured some of his exploits—shown on the screen by Pathe News, the first screen newspaper.

Above—Panama Canal, photographed from the air. And another Pathe cameraman is taking a picture of the plane which is preserving the great engineering feat for all time.

"The Man Who Shook the World" would be an appropriate title for this picture at the right.

Manhattan—As it rises to meet the motion picture camera which, with its operator, is strapped in an airplane. While the aviator loops-the-loop, the cameraman cranks the financial district of New York into his little black box. The result might be a broker's nightmare.

The latest in sports—an air hunt! Countless thousands of birds were encountered in this flight, which brought aviators a bag of nearly two thousand. And the Pathe News cameraman was right on the job.

After the air hunt was over, the spoils of the flight were still clinging to the plane. The birds were killed by the wires of the machine. The San Francisco camera "reporter" caught this.
PERILS OF THE CAMERAMAN

When the film newspaper was first organized, audiences found a thrill in the projection of the Elks' parade somewhere in Indiana, or the pie-eating contest in Ocean Grove. But with the progress of the Pathé weekly, new subjects were sought—and new ways to photograph them. To see America's only active volcano, Mount Lassen, in action, would satisfy most people, but the intrepid cameraman took his Bell and Howell and flew over the peak, when old Lassen was in a rather ugly humor. This is the only flight ever filmed over the notorious mountain.

Above—to obtain really good pictures of a wicked sea, a Pathé News cameraman had to be tied to the mast of the American schooner "Esperanto." To be a good cameraman, one must also be immune to mal de mer. At right above, a favorite and frequent pastime of the film news-friends is aerial work, anyhow; so this little view of the mighty Woolworth building, in lower Manhattan, was taken as a matter of course. The plane was looping the loop at the time!

The old-fashioned "human-fly" has found a new occupation—if he has the nerve. Pathé discovered that if picture-goers like to see an airplane looping the loop, they would get much more enjoyment from the sight of a daredevil or two doing stunts on the wings. And so they sent up two fearless performers who, while the aviator did the falling leaf, the tail-spin, the loop, etc., etc., wrestled right merrily many, many hundred feet above New York City. The picture above is an enlargement of an actual strip of film.
HOW DO THEY DO IT?

The stars' own answers to the question as to what they attribute their personalities and success.

By PROF. BERNARD SOBEL

EDITORIAL NOTE: Professor Sobel is a member of the English Department of Purdue University and an Extension Lecturer on Modern Drama for Indiana University. The greater part of his life has been devoted to a critical study of the screen and the stage. On these subjects he has written special articles and criticisms for "The Theatre," "The Dial," "The Dramatic Mirror," "The South Atlantic Quarterly," "The Christian Science Monitor" and other publications. His one act plays and pages has been produced by the Hull House Players, the English Players, the Little Theaters and the universities.

WHAT makes a motion picture star successful? Is it instinct, physical beauty or intellect? How do some players, untrained and obscure, succeed when many skilled actors of the legitimate stage fail?

"These puzzling questions must have an answer," I said to myself recently, "and I am going to find out what it is. I am going to talk to the motion picture stars themselves. I am going to ask them what they are striving to do and how they do it. Then I am going to judge their work by the rules and principles of criticism."

With this idea in mind, I grabbed a pencil and a pad, went straight to some of our most famous screen stars and boldly demanded that they tell me the secrets of their art. Here are the answers they gave me, and here also are my critical opinions of their answers.

Billie Burke says that she believes her success on the screen is due to naturalness. I believe, as a result of a study of her work, that what Miss Burke calls "naturalness" is something that is really highly artificial; not from the personal standpoint, but from the standpoint of society as an institution. The things we admire most in Miss Burke—her refinement, her restraint, her gentility—these very qualities are, historically speaking, the artificial product of a conventional society.

Norma Talmadge says that the play is the important thing with her and that what she does is brought about by the story itself, which is the real force that guides her actions. I think, however, that Miss Talmadge's success depends largely on her instinct—her remarkably accurate response to original womanly impulses.

Mrs. Sidney Drew states that she attributes her success to the fact that she is always herself. This estimate I accept, if the term "herself" is made to include, paradoxically, both the ingenuous and the worldly—a clever manipulation of refreshing credulity and applauded sophistry.

Bert Lytell says that success depends on a combination of qualities. This statement is undoubtedly true, but in so far as his own work is concerned, I believe that he is an expert psychologist, keenly alive to artistic values.

Mae Murray believes that she is successful because of sincerity enforced by fundamental religious principles. I believe that this is only relatively true. Her greatest strength lies in her ability to exploit her splendid physical beauty and appeal.

Olive Thomas said, in what was perhaps her last interview before her tragic death, that she felt her success was due to a sympathetic understanding of people and roles. I believe that this was but half the answer, for, on the screen, Miss Thomas revealed a very definite knowledge of how sheer feminine charm can delight the adult.

Though the above statements by individual players may appear dissimilar, they have, as a matter of fact, a decided similarity. It is quite evident that most of the stars do not philosophize over their parts. They merely "sense" them. Their success, as a result, depends primarily on a mental faculty, not essentially intellectual, which enables them to project themselves through the character and across the screen. Their real power lies in their ability to put an audience in complete harmony with themselves.

A MOTION PICTURE star succeeds by reasons of her own accumulated ideas and ideals. She arouses in others the same emotions which abide in her.

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A MOTION PICTURE star succeeds by reasons of her own accumulated ideas and ideals. She arouses in others the same emotions which abide in her.

(Continued on page 110)
Proving that he who works is happiest. Only the drones dwell in Easy Street.

By LULIETTE BRYANT

S
tRAIGHT and strong and clean-limbed was Leonard Fayne, with crisp dark hair waving away from the brow of a student, with long dark lashes shading the eyes of a dreamer. Yet a certain brevity of manner, the slightest suggestion of a roll in his swinging stride, a touch of bronze which only the sea can give to a fair skin, marked him as a man who knew something more than books and dreams.

Introduced simply as Mr. Leonard Fayne, he inevitably started a trail of conjecture in the mind of the stranger. But if the words “the sailor-novelist” were added, one nodded instantly with the pleased sense that here was a man who looked his part.

Today he sent a canoe flying down a lazy little river, cutting the water with vigorous, disdainful strokes, as if impatient with its placidity. His eyes were fixed on a point of land, where one caught glimpses of an immense white house, set well back from the water, half hidden by clumps of trees and blossoming shrubs. The point itself was willow fringed, and sometimes . . . .

Yes, today was one of the times! The slim, drooping branches parted. A girl stood there, her white dress fluttering against the background of cool green.

The canoe grated on a thread of pebbled beach. He held out a persuasive hand.

“Come,” he said, “our cove is full of lilies. The pink-tipped kind. And there’s going to be a wonderful sunset.”

“But I’ve got a party,” she protested, half-heartedly. “Katherine’s there, and Lawrence Heminway, besides Auntie Kate and the Ormsby girl and that nice Jennings boy and the Parker-Landons.”

“The Ormsby girl and the Jennings boy will bless you for leaving them to themselves. The Parker-Landons haven’t been married long enough to be bored with each other. Auntie Kate loves to knit in peace and quiet. Katherine Dare always understands, and Heminway never does, so we may as well go along and enjoy ourselves.” The party thus disposed of, the persuasive hand became imperative and pointed firmly to the gay cushions that filled the stern. “Settle down there now, and remember to keep still. That crispy-frilly frock wouldn’t look well after a bath in the lily-pool.”

“It doesn’t want to get its nice new white flannels wet, saving my life,” mocked Isabel Grayce. Woman-fashion, she let her pink-tipped fingers trail through the water as he headed up stream. “Not too deep!” he cautioned her. “I don’t like these beastly little cockle-shells. If I had you out on a real boat once—”

He paused, his eyes dark with dreams, and the girl spoke impulsively:

“What would you like most, in all the world, if you could have one wish?”

“The chance to quit pot-boiling and write something worth while,” he answered promptly. Her eyes, childishly eager for another answer, shadowed, even while she laughed at the almost blunt honesty which was one of his charms.

“Greedy thing!” she charged. “The critics say lovely things about The Off-shore Wind, and they prophesy a wonderful future for you.”

“Exactly. They prophesy—and I wish to fulfill their prophecies. But I have to keep on turning out junk for the popular magazines in order to pay my room rent, in the very exclusive inn up the river. And if I put off to sea again without having saved any money, the sea-going wolves will come and howl round my cabin door.”

The girl sighed, faintly. It needed only one glance to know that the wolves never howled at her door. A little pang caught at the man’s heart strings. She was so young, so adorably innocent and unspoiled—and between them stood the impassible barrier of her wealth. His lips closed with an effort that brought out the firm lines of jaw and throat. He drove the canoe sharply around a point into the cove, alight with floating masses of pink and white.

“Oh! Let me,” she began, reaching eagerly.

"Isabel," he said, addressing the white, fragile thing which seemed to sway toward him and listen in the half light of the early dusk. "You made a fool of me! You can't inspire me now. Nothing can! What's the use?"
His startled warning came too late. The shifting of her weight was too sudden for his swift movement to balance. The water received man and maid and gay cushions in a cool, impartial embrace.

To rescue a distressed damsel from four feet of water is a ludicrous rather than a heroic act. But Isabel was as thoroughly frightened as if the four feet had been forty. He found his feet instantly, and drew her up to stand, shivering and trembling, in the circle of his arm.

"There, there!" he consoled, softly. "Don't be afraid. The canoe has drifted away, but we can wade ashore. There's no harm done except to your pretty frock."

"You're just wonderful!" she declared, clinging to him. "I never met anyone like you before, so brave and good, and—"

She clung to him, sobbing a little, lifting her face in an effort to smile, leaving her stammering sentence unfinished. Her loosened hair hung in little curls about her flushed face; her red lips trembled. In her eyes, wide and tender, were gifts for him—gifts of faith and love. Around them, for a breathless instant, the water lilies lifted their golden hearts and listened, as he caught her closer and spoke, brokenly:

"Oh, little girl, if only I had more money or you had less, I could love you so!"

The girl's eyes glowed softly, as if twin candles had been lighted in her soul. "What's money?" she whispered, "Isn't love the only thing that matters?"

The blue of the skies was reflected in the waters, the sunshine filtered through overhanging boughs to dapple the lilies with little golden flames. The girl was very near and very, very sweet. And suddenly a burning tremor of conviction swept the man's soul. Why should anything matter, but love? With a swift, almost fierce movement, his lips went down to hers.

When the engagement was announced Katherine Dare, her dearest friend, was the only one of Isabel's world who appreciated Leonard correctly.

"You are a very brave man," she said.

"You mean because I dare to be called a fortune hunter?" he asked, flushing.

"No. Because for love you risk your genius. The Off-Shore Wind was almost a great book. The chances now are that you never will write a greater."

"But I shall. I must! It is the only way I can justify myself in living for awhile on my wife's money. I shall be able to perfect my work now. No driving my pen because a certain number of words must be done, while the wolf howls at the door."

"I know. You plan to work under perfect conditions. No care, no worry, nothing to do but to woo inspiration. Well, I wish you well. But I am a sculptor, you know, and the vagaries of the imp called Inspiration are not unknown to me. I tell you she knocks loudest at the door where the wolf howls."

"Stop discouraging my man!" pouted Isabel. "You'll frighten him so he won't marry me, and I had hard enough work to persuade him! He's going to begin his masterpiece the minute our honeymoon is over."

"I hope so," laughed Katherine. "But when you get discouraged with him, come to me. You know all old maids have oodles of advice to give to the married!"

They laughed at her, defying her prophecy. Of course, Leonard would do wonderful work when he had everything to inspire and nothing to discourage him.

But three months later Leonard recalled Katherine Dare's words and sighed. "She's a clever young woman!" he muttered, throwing down the pen he had held idly in his fingers for an hour, and reaching for his pipe. "I've everything I always wanted, everything to make me do good work, and yet—"

He paused, uneasily. A little voice in his soul was speaking. He answered it aloud, impatiently, as if it were an audible voice.

"Incentive? Nonsense! Haven't I got the sweetest wife in the world, who is giving me all this so that I can do great work? What greater incentive could a man have?"

Whatever reply the little voice might have made was drowned by a tap at the door. Leonard's face brightened instantly. "Come in, sweetheart!" he called, and, as Isabel came dancing in followed by a maid with a tea tray, "I was just beginning to long for you, and my tea. What time is it?"

"Just four. You know I never interrupt before."

She said virtuously, beginning to pour the tea in the little house-wifely manner that Leonard loved. "Have you done lots and lots of the book today? I wanted you so, at lunch time! The Vivians were here."

"You might as well have called me," he said, absently, "I wasn't doing anything."

Then, at her surprised look he went on rather desperately, "To tell the truth, dearest, I'm not accomplishing as much as I should. I just can't seem to work here!"

For a shocked moment she was silent while both of them looked at the huge mahogany desk, equipped with every convenience for a writer, at the room with its soft toned furnishings, its open fire, its perfectly adjusted lights, its windows giving a view of the river with the hills beyond. Full of contrition he hurried on: "The room is perfect! But somehow, my ideas won't come as they used to. I sit here and try desperately, and the faintest sound—rain on the window panes, a log breaking in the fire—distractions! Why, I used to write with the wind whistling around my cabin and the waves dashing against the portholes, and the mate screaming orders just outside my door. Now I stop and fidget and wonder if it's time for you to come in. and long for you, and—"
"There!" Her brow had cleared. It was a triumphant "There!" She bent to kiss him rapturously across the tea tray. "It's because you want to be with me! You know I'm downstairs, and you let that distract you, silly boy?" She was all pride and pleasure in the thought. "I know what we must do. Fit up a nice studio for you in town. You go in regularly, like any commuter, work all day, and come out on the four-fifteen with the rest of them. Five days a week, that is. Saturday and Sunday you stay home with me! That will separate your home and work nicely. You'll like that?"

"I believe I could work better," he admitted. Like two happy children they began to plan for the new studio. "I'll love saying 'my husband has a studio in town!'" she exulted. "And you can give studio teas and ask a lot of lions. And sometimes I'll come in for dinner and the theater."

So once more a room was fitted up for inspiration and she was invited to enter. This time the room was on a busy thoroughfare, high up above the noise and dust, giving glimpses of the river and the palisades from its windows. The studio itself was perfect in its arrangements for Leonard's work, and there was a bedroom and a tiny kitchenette.

"The little suite will be so nice when we want to stay in town over night," Isabel said, "and we're going to have studio parties so you can meet a lot of writers and artists and stage folk. That will help you, won't it?"

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He really thought it would. Most creative artists go through a period when they justify the time wasted in social affairs by declaring they need the stimulus of other minds. "Making contacts" they call the hours spent at teas, suppers, and theater parties. But those who have traveled the whole length of the road know that an hour of solid concentration at one's desk is worth a week of idle shop-talk and that shaking hands with an editor at a tea party never yet changed a rejection slip to a note of acceptance.

Leonard Payne was too keen and sound of judgment to drift too far on The Easy Road without seeing where it led. But he was deeply in love and he soon learned that Isabel was disappointed and hurt when he tried to evade the social obligations she heaped upon him.

"I can't do all these things and still write books," he told her one morning when she dropped in to carry him off to a week-end party.

"But this party was planned just for us," she urged, "and there are to be two publishers there. You should be glad to meet them."

"Little use of meeting publishers when I've nothing to publish," he said, rather grimly. "But when he saw tears in her eyes he relented. After all, she had given him everything. The least he could do was to be gracious about following her wishes.
On rare occasions they saw Katherine Dare at one of these functions. She looked at them with a touch of kindly cynicism in her affectionate smile. She knew that Leonard was doing no real work. She heard of him frequenting houses where only the wholly idle and inconsequent were seen. She was the first to notice when Isabel's happy confidence began to be touched by a slight wistfulness, when the lovely, frank eyes were shadowed by the faintest hint of anxiety. So she was in some degree prepared for the Isabel whom she found weeping at home, alone, one evening. She had just had an ordeal with Leonard as he stood mixing powerful drinks in the library where he no longer wrote.

(Continued on page 116)
Edith Johnson and William Duncan, co-stars in a serial romance that has already reached the solitaire episode.

By
MARY WINSHIP

"Not just yet," said Miss Johnson, with a little note in her voice that I have learned to take as the Final Word. So I sheered gracefully off onto Mr. Duncan's stiff neck.

(Though I must tell you that I found out later that her divorce from some unknown young man whom she must have married in her cradle won't be final for several months. Maybe that is why she was so Sweet but Firm. It sometimes is.)

Anyway, about Mr. Duncan's stiff neck.

To Be Continued—

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We’re not married—not yet!” blushed Edith.
But there’s that diamond ring on the left hand.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to interview William Duncan and Edith Johnson together.

As Miss Johnson—who looks like a Bougereau Madonna dressed in the Rue de la Paix—said herself, the public has seen them together in about 180 reels of film in the last year. And so associates them—like Punch and Judy, or Damon and Pythias.

“But we’re not married,” said Edith Johnson.

“No, indeed,” agreed William Duncan.

“Not—yet,” she murmured. And she blushed.

It nearly incapacitated me for the rest of the afternoon. I haven’t met a blush like that—the simple, school-girl kind—in years and years. They went out with fringes and long-sleeved undershirts.

As to the point under discussion, they ought to know. Of course it’s not easy nowadays, what with the way they mix divorce laws up in one state and another, to know just whom you are married to, but the two Vitagraph stars seem so positive that I couldn’t dispute them and remain a lady.

“We’ve spent an awful lot of time denying that rumor,” said Miss Johnson in her gentle, cultured voice. “When we are, we promise to tell everybody about it.”

“That’s such a lovely solitaire you’re wearing,” I said, craftily, pointing to the young headlight on the third finger of her slim left hand.

“Isn’t it a peach?” asked Mr. Duncan, with a whole-hearted admiration which my psychical training led me to believe men seldom offer anything that some other chap has paid for.

The blush made its second entrance.

“Aren’t you engaged?” I asked brutally frank as always.

“Can’t I say that much? Everybody is so interested, of course.”
The public has seen them together in about 180 reels of film in the last year.
(A flower garden seems mild diggings for a pair of thrill-drama stars.)

I haven't told you yet and I thought it was awfully funny. Not his neck, but—well, this is what he said:

"Dear lady, if I'm not my usual brilliant self you must forgive me. I've got a stiff neck. And I'm working with the lions. If there is any worse combination than that bunch of African cats—always sneaking behind you every second and snarling curses—and a stiff neck that won't let you look 'round, I'd like to know what it is. The good old ones like fish and milk, and bananas and whisky, and matches and dynamite are harmless as a fake fall beside it."

Miss Johnson giggled. It melted the madonna-like gravity of her lovely face and made her instantly more human, more modern.

"And, Edith, about that 180 reels of film," he went on, "Don't give the impression you started in the films the same time I did or you will have to retire from the ingenue class at once. Gosh, I was making pictures—out on the Arizona desert, supporting a cast that included Tom Mix, Myrtle Stedman and myself, besides a troop of cowpunchers, actors, carpenters, material and grub for old Colonel Selig on $800 a week—when you were shaking a rattle."

"Wouldn't you rather make serials with me for Vitagraph?"

she asked.

"Sure. I intend to keep on making 'em for quite a spell too."

It happened to be Tuesday. And they kindly invited me to go to The Fights with them.

"Fights?" said Miss Johnson bluntly, as mid-Victorian as I could be.

"Prize fights," said Miss Johnson with superior calm. "We always go to the fights out at Vernon every Tuesday night. We have the same two seats every Tuesday, right at the ring side, and it's great sport. I adore it. It's our weekly diversion."

"And do you know," he confided to me, "She picks more winners than I do. She's got a great eye for form."

She may have, but she certainly did things to my opinion of myself as a judge of character. A girl with that face adore prize fights—so would the Lily Maid of Astalot.

Before she began making serials for Vitagraph three years ago, Miss Johnson played leads with several male stars, beginning her screen career six years ago with Selig.

She was born in Rochester; and, having been born in the City of Kodaks, quite naturally was chosen to represent The Kodak Girl in many hundred advertisements. Her face was smiling at you from every other window and magazine, before the films claimed her.

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No Universal Lure

THE admirers of the screen have been a bit presumptuous in considering its constructive arena a universal lure, an irresistible magnet for both sexes, the occupation de luxe, the preferred toil of every age.

Witness, in point, the case of Sam Brown, a dusky master of the trowel in Los Angeles.

Sam had listened long and eagerly to the easy fortunes of the picture actors, the magnificent salaries which would put any insignificant fortunate enough to be a screen type into the plutocrat class. He had tried, in a timid way, to get into the movies himself. Not with much success; but, as often happens to perseverers, his great opportunity hit him suddenly and unexpectedly on a Saturday in which the slacked lime

manded him not. He went to the Goldwyn studio, and, with tremendous self-importance and no clothes, played a slave of the Nile. At the end of the day, having really done very well, he was handed seven dollars and fifty cents, and told to return Monday. With a snort of derision he jammed his hat down over his eyes and started for the great iron gate opening into Washington Boulevard.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted the surprised casting director. "Don't you like pictures?"

"Ah'm through!" returned Sam, in a tone as flat as his feet. "Dis yer high sel'ry talk is jes' hot air!" "Let Douglas Fairbanks work foh seven an' a half—Ah kin make thuishen dollar a day plasterin' houses!"
Anybody can tell with half a lamp who's th' goat around this studio. All I do all day is hunt for fool tings some nut director tinks he's gotta have — and den never uses. Suppose next they'll be askin' me for a fur-lined rug or some steam-heated cuff links.

"Will you look at that? For once I don't blame th' director. Tessie Truelove pullin' th' high-brow stuff! Why, say, I knew her when her name was Ellie Eisenmelts and she was still livin' wit' her first husband.

"Here's the trimmin's fur that Louie Cantor's saloon you was askin' fur, Mr. Dubb. Hadda go to a junk shop to get it. Tried to find a brass rail, too, but they're usin' all them on the ocean liners."

"Here I am puttin' away a little bite at the noon hour when up comes Fitzgerald — you say it Feetz-gawld — wit' a bird which smells like th' perfume counter at Woolworth's. and says, 'Pete,' he says, 'in th' future you will take orders from Mister DeLauncey, th' new artistic director.' Right then an there I hands in me resignation. There ain't no future for me in the fillum business. I'm through!"

"Say — get dis guy! Dickie Doughnut, he calls himself. Well, he's a sinner, I'll tell th' nation, wit' that arrow-collar figger an' 'em stuffed eyebrows. He don't allow no swearin' on the set — he does all his at home."
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Poor Howard! Howard A. Kelly, the hustling Maryland doctor, who practises his purifying profession in and about that old sanctuary of the Calverts, Baltimore, finds "a rapidly spreading immorality among our young women," and blames the movies.

Now, Howard, no one else is going to get very much excited about your statement "worse, far worse than the theater are the utterly abandoned, immoral movies of all the evil influences of the present day, and exceeding by far the liquor traffic, I estimate the movies, as at present conducted, to be the worst, the most potent agents in producing crime and immorality."

But you ought to get excited about it. You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance. You ought to wonder why you are so out of sympathy with a hundred million Americans who have seen the movies and have found them mainly worth while. You ought to be astonished at your prejudices, at your narrow-minded evasion, at your persecuting frame of mind toward a colossal new servant of humanity whom you neither understand nor care to understand.

We are not angry with you, Howard, and we are not going to get angry. Your cackling may excite laughter, but it is too ridiculous to put even a neurasthenic in a temper.

But we are going to ask you a question. A very serious question. And while we're asking you, we'd like to pass the question along to some others like you, whose favorite sport is charge without specification—slur without proof, and innuendo with not one basic fact.

Howard, why don't you tell us why the movies are ruining your young Maryland women? Why don't you show us how these lessons in loose living are being disseminated from the screen? Why don't you name the evil producers and their institutions, which—as you say—"as at present conducted are the worst, most potent agents in producing crime and immorality"?

Your slur at the American motion picture—levelled as it is against the whole industry—is cheap and contemptible. You have no facts with which to back it up. You are giving yourself an "out" by inventing a new mess to stir, as some others, just as good as you are, keep attacking the motion picture as a sort of livelihood.

"Unclean" pictures? Yes, there have been some made, and there will be more made, without doubt. But these have little or no bearing on that picture industry which you wantonly attack—the industry which purveys rest and recreation to all the world. The picture industry is cleaner, today, than any other art-industry on earth; not because its human units are any more saintly than any others, but because they are closer to American home life than all the rest of the artistic reflectors, and must hold the mirror up to a fairly honest nature if they expect to live.

We are not questioning your motives or your honesty of purpose, Howard. We are questioning your rightmindedness.

A Camera on Adams. Roy Chapman Andrews, but recently returned from Asia, is going back, early next year, at the head of what is perhaps the greatest scientific expedition ever sent into the little-known interior of the greatest continent. Among other things, Mr. Andrews proposes to work west, into the center of the vast plain and forest which becomes Asiatic Russia, and delve into the beginnings of civilization. Perhaps here was the very beginning of civilization; there are many who say, now, that the first man did not appear on the garden-like banks of the Euphrates, but hundreds of miles further north, and that his dust has been trampled for a hundred centuries by none but the feet of wandering tribes.

Mr. Andrews will record his discoveries, this time, not only by folding typewriter, but by the motion-picture camera. Not a 'movie man' in any sense of the word—he is a curator and director of the American Museum of Natural History—he has realized with a scientist's instinct that recording ability and visualizing power which the motion camera alone possesses, and one division of his expedition will be, not a stray crank-box for occasional amateur use, but a motion-picture section under the most expert guidance obtainable.

We have often spoken of canning history in celluloid, but imaginative and hopeful as we are, we did not dream of making a set-up on old Adam himself, in his never-revealed but always-talked-about Garden.

A Gold Rush. The records of the State of New York show that in the ten months ending November first 270 firms incorporated at Albany to engage in some branch of the motion picture business, with a total stated capital of $18,045,100.

The sensational call of the picture industry to artists and financiers, promoters and manufacturers, is comparable to nothing except a headlong pioneer gold rush.
GERALDINE FARRAR: an etching, sixth and last of a special series, drawn especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by Walter Tittle. Farrar—who is Mrs. Lou Tellegen in private life—is contemplating a return to films following her yearly triumph in opera at the Metropolitan.
HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS FAME

Mike Rafferty had it thrust upon him. Then he proceeded to earn its rewards. Another of Photoplay's remarkable fiction stories.

By BOZEMAN BULGER
Illustrated by Will Foster

ON the night of the sensational raid at Llewellyn's, the Police Commissioner, Captain Sheridan and Eddie Tompkins, city editor, dined at a restaurant immediately across the way. The gambling joint was still operating brazenly as Lieutenant Mike Rafferty, ignorant of their presence, organized his attack. They had been careful to select a table where neither police nor idler should observe them. Plainly their mission was to see and not to be seen.

Wholly unaware of the near presence of his superiors, Lieutenant Mike had seen that nothing was left undone. Two patrolmen were sent to the roof of the Llewellyn house—a converted brownstone residence of the old type—while others took up watch in the backyard. Policemen were stationed in the halls of the adjoining buildings. Sergeant Donegan and three men of the strong arm squad went to the front door. Everything was set.

In answer to a vigorous ring an attendant pressed the button opening the main, or street, door and stuck his head out of a little square grating.

"Open up here," ordered the sergeant, "or we'll smash the door!"

Scurrying feet could be heard inside. Rafferty, waiting on the stoop, heard this, confident there was no inside getaway. For the first time that night his broad Irish face broke into a grim smile.

The head of the attendant disappeared as suddenly as we have seen the heads of Punch and Judy yanked down by the Devil. In its place came the rather sinister face of Llewellyn, the gambler—the boss, himself.

"What's all this about, Donegan?" he asked calmly.

"Don't think we are kidding, Llewellyn," he was told. "This one goes. Open this door or we'll smash it in."

"Easy on the whip, Sergeant," the gambler coolly suggested. "You are showing a little too much speed. Get onto yourself. Don't you think you'd better speak to the lieutenant? Are you quite certain he'd stand for this?"

"I've got my orders," declared the sergeant, "and that goes."

"Got them from Rafferty? Are you trying to kid me, or yourself?"

Something in the calm, insolent voice made Donegan hesitate.

"If you think I'm stringing you," suggested Llewellyn, taking advantage of the pause, "just send him here and see for yourself!"

"He's here!" spoke up a voice with a burr on it from behind the hesitant servant. It was not the timorous voice that Llewellyn had expected. It had fought in it.

"Hello, Rafferty," called out Llewellyn. "Better speak to this sergeant, hadn't you?"

"You open that door, Llewellyn, and be darn quick about it."

"You mean to say this raid goes—it's on the up and up?"

"You can bet it goes, and I'll give you just one more chance. Be quick now!"

Llewellyn had never expected to hear Mike Rafferty—of all men—talk like that.

"Why, you big fourflusher," he snarled. "You ain't got nerve enough to go through with it—and face the commissioner."

"Open that door," commanded Rafferty.

"All right. Go ahead, you big club," challenged Llewellyn.

"You just make one move against my place, and I'll break you tomorrow. Yes, and that goes, too! You've been posing around here as a fake hero for fifteen years, and you know I know it. Also you know I've got the nerve to spill the whole thing to the commissioner—yes, to the mayor. Yes, and I'll take a paralyzed oath that I'll do it." . . . The gambler's smile turned to a sneer. "Now—"

"Smash that door!" ordered Rafferty. "Ye may break me tomorrow but I'll break you tonight. Smash it, I tell ye, Sergeant!"

Llewellyn's head barely escaped the flying splinters. Those "strong arms" wielded what they called a mean axe.

The entangled gamblers, in a futile effort to escape, knocked over tables, broke chairs and upset the roulette wheel.

Avoiding the first rush of the strong arm squad Llewellyn snatched the house bankroll from a drawer and with it huddled in a closet. But he was found. The money was taken for evidence. Rafferty went even further than his orders. He was now a maddened bull. The heavy axes of his squad smashed the roulette wheel, made wrecks of the stud poker and crap layouts.

Twenty-two men were caught and rushed to jail in the patrol. Rafferty took personal charge of Llewellyn. That night one of New York's most influential gamblers, supposed to be secure in the plying of his trade, slept in a cell.

It was the most spectacular raid Broadway had enjoyed for many years. The Commissioner, Sheridan and Tompkins got away without being seen.

"Be gad," Mike said to his Margaret when he arrived home early in the morning, "they may break me now but my conscience is clear for the first time in fifteen years that I've been lying to you—and to myself. Llewellyn, the sneakin' rat, will know I broke something first."

Margaret did not understand the reference to Llewellyn, but she knew the underworld to have devious ways of exerting influence and getting even. But she did love to see Mike in a fighting spirit. Then—

"You've lied to me Mike—you Mike Rafferty?"

In an effort to clear his brain and calm himself for needed sleep Mike told her all—the whole story. Even that failed to soothe him. Between naps he thought of the dreaded morrow. He saw the sneering face of Llewellyn, the stern but kindly visage of the Commissioner. Even so there was relief in the thought that his shoulders were free of the burden he had carried for these many years. He would make a clean breast of what they had on him and take his medicine.

At seven o'clock, the usual hour of arising, Margaret found Mike asleep. She did not wake him—then.

II

WHEN bicycle riding was an accomplishment and men wore knickerbockers and century medals to tell the world that they had ridden one hundred miles Mike Rafferty was a plain policeman—a patrolman. Mike was assigned to a section in New York then known as The Farms. His post took in a part of West End Avenue, extending to, but not including, the docks along the North river.

The bicycle squad was the corps d'élite of the police force. Like every other ambitious Irishman Rafferty longed to get on it. Riding around town on a snappy looking wheel with night stick swinging to the handle bars was to Mike's way of thinking vastly superior to trying the locks on unoccupied houses and roasting bums off the docks. The sporty flavor also appealed.

Two obstacles, both rather important, blocked Mike's path to the goal. He had no influence that he could think of, and he didn't know how to ride a bicycle. Rafferty had no rich
Rafferty was now a maddened bull. The heavy axes of his squad smashed the roulette wheel, made wrecks of the stud poker and crap layouts.

Drawn by Will Foster

fends who owned wheels. As far as he could see, the door to learning was closed. His willingness to be a daredevil on the bicycle squad cut no figure. Hundreds of other coppers—old Democrats, too—were just as eager to be brave—and free. Opportunity knocked at Mike's door most unexpectedly. On a chilly morning in October the roundsman and sergeant, on brand spanking new wheels, rode up to Mike's loafing place near the dock. After taking Rafferty's report they seated themselves on a stringpiece for a smoke and a little politics.

"I'd give me right arm for one of them things," declared Mike, inspecting the two shining bicycles. "And, if I could stay on the force without any arms, I think I'd give the both
of them to know how to ride one of the contraptions."

"See here, Llewellyn," Sergeant Sheridan suggested to the roundsman, "I don't see why he shouldn't have a try. It's pretty quiet down here."

"Ye are not joshin'?" asked Rafferty afraid to believe his ears.

"There you are," answered Sheridan, indicating one of the machines. "We've got about five minutes. Come on."

That was a great moment in the life of Michael Rafferty. The roots of his sandy hair tingled as the two superiors laboriously placed him on the saddle. Carefully they explained to him the workings of the pedals and showed him how to dismount—even showed him how to use the sole of his shoe as a brake on the front wheel. For a five minutes' course it was intensive training—much too intensive for Mike Rafferty. He frequently protested against haste on the ground that he was no mechanical genius.

The lesson began with Sheridan and Llewellyn rolling Mike and the wheel around to give him the idea of balance. Once he got that, they said, the rest would be easy. "I'm gittin' it!" exclaimed Rafferty. But the perspiration rolling from his forehead with the violent lurches of the front wheel somewhat belied his assurance.

"Do you think you can balance her alone?" asked the sergeant.

"Sure, and I kin be tryin'," answered Rafferty, gamely.

They towed him up the paved street a block away to get the benefit of the grade. Then with everything set and the wheels straightened they turned loose. In addition to a terrifying ride Mike was launched on a career that was to lead him far from the quiet, peaceful occupation of trying the locks and roasting bums. But Mike's immediate concern was to stay straddle of that wheel.

Rafferty sighed deeply but held on grimly.

The wheels seemed to wobble fearfully at times but at the critical moments Mike succeeded in switching the handle bars so as to prevent a spill. In mastering the balance Mike, at first, did not realize that the bicycle was gaining momentum. It was exhilarating, frightfully so. As the wheel picked up speed, heading straight for the dock, Mike dared to look up. A sickening, sinking feeling gripped him amidstships. All directions went by the board. Rafferty forgot the footbrake idea, the dismount—everything.

"Brake it! Put on your brake—your foot!" cried the sergeant, seeing what was about to happen. But Mike heeded not.

"Fall off!" yelled Llewellyn. No such idea could enter Mike's brain.

"Turn your handlebars!" they screamed to him. But Rafferty was riding steadily—and fast. Be it a ride for life or death there could be no change now. His muscles were frozen stiff. More great beads popped out on his forehead.

"He's gone sure," groaned Sheridan. "I was afraid of it."

The machine bearing the frightened policeman covered the down grade block and whizzed straight for a post protecting the edge of the dock. Rafferty knew instinctively—had known for some time—that he was going to hit that post. He was resigned.

With the thump of the rubber and the clatter of the re-bound ing machine Rafferty's uniformed body went hurtling over the post and into the dirty salt water of the North River. Mustard could not swim a lick. The water was twiney and felt deep. For a moment the policeman floundered, then gurgled and sank before the roundsman and sergeant could get to the pier.

Hitherto unnoticed by the three officers a man lay on the edge of the dock, a pipe in his mouth, almost asleep—a bum, they classified him.

Aroused by the noise, the man turned his head and saw the policeman flapping below. With no apparent concern, still holding the pipe in his teeth, the man rolled over and fell in the water alongside the sputtering officer. With one stroke he reached the frightened Mike and seized him by the collar. Mike in turn tried to grasp his rescuer around the neck.

"Don't do that!" ordered the bum. Rafferty persisted trying to hold on. The man dealt the policeman a stunning blow on the jaw, causing him to relax his grip. It was but twenty feet to an old barge, a kind of scow used for transporting brick, lumber and sand down the river. For this the swimmer made and eventually reached it. Mike recovered from the jolting blow enough to grasp the gunwale. He held on as the stranger climbed to the deck and pulled him to safety.

"Ye saved my life, me friend," said Rafferty weakly, looking up at the dripping man.

"S nothing," the civilian grinned and smiled. He discovered the pipe still held between his teeth. He motioned to Sheridan and Llewellyn who stood on the edge of the dock.

With their added tug on the mooring cables the old barge was pulled to the edge of the pier and Rafferty got ashore, a very sick policeman.

"And now you are in a hell of a mess!" exclaimed Sheridan irritably. "Soaking wet, off duty and a bicycle smashed!"

Rafferty still trying to get the salt water from his nose and mouth looked up at the sergeant meekly, guiltily.

"It's all me own fault," he admitted.

"Yes, but that don't help me," declared Sheridan.

"Help you?" repeated Rafferty, confused, "what can I do?"

"You can't do anything for the minute, but come on up to that boat house yonder and get dry. Have you another uniform at home?"

Mike between heaves of salt water indicated that he had. Luckily, he recalled, he had taken off his gun and night stick when he got on the wheel.

"But where is my savior, God bless him?" Rafferty inquired, looking around with a tinge of guilt at what he considered neglect.

The rescuer was gone.

Sergeant Sheridan remembered having seen the dripping man go toward the end of the pier. In turning to assist Mike, though, he had lost sight (Continued on page 95)
Things We Seldom See In Movies

By NORMAN ANTHONY

A director without a megaphone.

A fight in which the hero gets licked.

A cameraman with his hat on straight.

A villain without dress suit or riding habit.

Bathing girls in the water.

An homely heroine.

An unhappy ending.

A homely hero.

An Ingenue without curls.

Movie star walking to work.
AFter talking with Madge Bellamy for half an hour, my real instinct was to say, “So Tom Ince has done it again!”

I am not a prophet. It isn’t my business to make predictions. And I believe this is my first offense.

Madge Bellamy is one of the coming cycle of great motion picture stars, according to my judgment.

She has the three greatest essentials combined—beauty, youth and a radiant joy of make-believe. The most cold-blooded analyst could scarcely deny her any of the three.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, merely added expert backing to my opinion when he told me he considered her the most beautiful young girl he had ever seen.

She was properly indignant when I guessed her a whole year younger than the eighteen she actually boasts of.

“Most people take me to be at least twenty,” she said with a touch of dignified surprise.

Paderewski once saw her at a reception. Turning to his hostess, he asked: “Who is that exquisite girl?”

It’s difficult to better his word. She is exquisite—exquisite in the delicate, small-boned; bronze-brown of her, and in the gentle, open, kindly mind as yet entirely unspoiled by her two years on the speaking stage.

She is a veritable little Molly Make-Believe. Her head is still full of beautiful ladies in clinging, velvet dresses—of knights in armor—of pageants and poetry. Every picture is going to be just a beautiful new fairyland to her—where she can actually have all Mr. Ince’s great big studio—all his wonderful costume wardrobe of silks and laces, all his staff of electricians and artists to make her day-dreams real.

She has played “Peg o’ My Heart” in stock, “Pollyanna” on the road and last year with William Gillette on Broadway in “Dear Brutus.” This year she was to have done “The Prince and the Pauper” but Mr. Ince saw her first. And now, I actually believe, her name is to be added to those of Charlie Ray—Bill Hart—Louise Glau—Dorothy Dalton—as stars that Mr. Ince has discovered.

Her father was a college professor in Texas—her mother is a ridiculously young and attractive person, who adores Madge.

“I want to be perfumed so I leave a lovely fragrance when I walk down the hall,” murmured that young person. “How do they do that? Isn’t it lovely?” Her pretty southern voice drawled, though she informed me that she had lost all her accent when she went to New York.

She has a capacity for work, too, or I mistake the small, intense wavy type of whom I have seen many.

Her first Ince picture is to be in support of Hobart Bosworth. Her contract with Ince is for three years. Don’t forget—and see whether she’ll be at the end of three years.

But I’m glad she’s got that kind of a mother in the background. Girls like Madge Bellamy—so atone to everything beautiful and emotional and interesting—must have wise mothers nowadays.

Not that Madge hasn’t a mind of her own. She is accustomed to thinking things out for herself, not always to wait upon her mother’s judgment; and many times has proved herself capable of wise decisions and weighty opinions that would do justice to a far older and not nearly so pretty head.

Her Ince debut will not mark her real bow to motion picture audiences. She was chosen to play the feminine juvenile in Geraldine Farrar’s Pathé picture, “The Riddle: Woman.” She played it expertly; albeit with a delightful naïvete which completely captured everyone. Her director made predictions; her manager made predictions; and what is more, the public made predictions. And now that Thomas H. Ince agrees with the general verdict, she is to have ample opportunity to live up to all those nice things they said about her. And if we know Madge, she will not only live up to them—she will go way beyond them.

She will not let success spoil her, because everyone will know of her success before herself. Any girl who gathers about her the children of the neighborhood and tells them fascinating fairy-tales that she half believes in her own heart, is not apt to become bored or base with theatrical triumphs.
An Involuntary Idol

Mahlon Hamilton refuses to be worshipped—except by his wife

By MARY WINSHIP

I ALWAYS like men who begin a conversation by telling you what nice wives they have; they're either perfectly safe or extremely clever.

George Loane Tucker, the creator of "The Miracle Man," told me once that Mahlon Hamilton was his ideal of the perfect screen lover—not exactly a he-vamp (loathsome words) but the kind of man that had such real fascination he could woo a suffragette off a soap box.

So with that in my mind I was quite relieved when he began to tell me about his charming wife, who had unfortunately gone shopping.

Because I'm really impressionable, and I have a great respect for George Loane Tucker's opinion.

Particularly after I'd been welcomed with 1850 sherry—in a lovely, squat, silver jug!—And imported cigarettes!

A tall, personable man, with quizzical eyes and a well-groomed head, in spite of a rebellious lock in front that insists on curling. Not a boy, of course, thirty-two probably or thirty-five, with entirely the look of good breeding and savoir faire that is really attractive and, I should think, would make women feel interested at once. Perhaps that is what Mr. Tucker meant.

He has that cool, perfectly self-possessed indifference and sureness of himself that is so often lacking in actors. Carelessly, never consciously attractive, without the slightest concern as to what anyone says or thinks about him or what sort of an impression he may make, it is easy to see why Mr. Tucker chose him for the gentlemanly heart-smasher in "Ladies Must Live" rather than some other actor with more obvious methods of ensnaring the feminine heart.

We sat in a lovely drawing-room, done in soft grays that relaxed one's thought at once, with lots of French, curtained windows, and a carved stone mantel, and a divine parchment shade on an Italian lamp, in black and coral and crimson. I liked it immensely. Mrs. Hamilton must have as good taste in home-making as she has in husbands.

He is a serious actor. His performance in "Earthbound" will testify to that. The recognition he has won as a screen actor has been because of the fine, serious note that pervades his work.

"That," he explained in his pleasant voice, where the soft cadences of the south still linger (his mother was a Virginian and he is the third Mahlon Hamilton to be born in Baltimore, Maryland) "is always the way. The serious people make delightful comedians because being funny is one of the most serious businesses in the world. While the light-hearted people like me, can do serious work without spoiling it by taking it seriously."

"You know, I came out here to stay eight months—to clean up a lot of money as quickly as I could and then get back to Broadway. That was nearly three years ago and I'm still here, I like it. I'm a real old timer in pictures. I ought to be ready to retire pretty soon. Why, I made pictures eight years ago for Kinemacolor—down on Long Island. Isn't that dreadful?"

"Oh yes, and I played Paul in the original screen version of 'Three Weeks.' I was playing stock with Frances Ring—Tommie Meighan's wife, you know—in Dayton, Ohio, when they wired me to do it. It was great fun."

A really beautiful collie, expressing every manifestation of dog devotion, came to rub happily against his knees. And he dropped one hand on its white, shaggy head in the caressing, careless fashion of people who really love dogs.

His conversation is simple, direct, and amusing. He has a kindly mind, I think, for not once while the talk rambled in professional channels, did I hear him voice a word of criticism, or repeat an unkind thing.

He told me that he had always been a bit shy, a bit loathe to connect himself with his screen triumphs.

"The thing's there on the screen for anybody to see," he said. "It doesn't make it any greater to talk about it."

And I'm sure he could never take himself seriously enough to build up a following. Why, it took me two weeks to locate the man when I wanted to interview him. Imagine!

His latest releases are "Earthbound," "Half A Chance," and "Ladies Must Live." He has also appeared in support of Pauline Frederick, and will soon be seen opposite Louise Glau.
A CROSS SECTION

ABOVE: the last rows of the orchestra in a Broadway movie palace—left blooming all alone. Beginning in the orthodox fashion at the left, the next to the last row (i.e., the 276th) is occupied, firstly, by a half-portion of—

BERTIE, the haberdashery salesman, much bothered with acute cinematographic ataxia of the elbow.

MAE, who would rather be shot than dragged to a concert or a recital to hear a "lotta gloomy old classical music and op'ra," but—when Mae goes to the movies she sits on the edge of her seat enthralled by every note of the orchestra's offerings of Beethoven, Liszt, Bach, etcetera.

GREENWICH VILLAGER, who still denies having any interest in the movies and swears that he never attends them,—has recognized a fellow villager five rows away and is pretending to have fallen asleep from sheer boredom—as an alibi. Unfortunately the friend is using the same dudge and they are both missing the picture.

MR. BROWN has stopped five ushers and begged a program, but, as there is little about Mr. Brown's appearance to suggest his having well-lined small change pockets, he is likely to be obliged to go on thinking that Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" is "I'm always chasing rainbows."

Across the aisle, on the next page are:

FREDDIE, the extra, who came in to see himself in the cabaret scene and is coughing violently (for Freddie) in the vain hope that he will be recognized.

MYRTLE, becoming more and more convinced that certain stars, obviously far less beautiful than she, are "certainly getting away with muhidad."

AGNES, on the other hand, would as soon imagine herself as an actress in the movies as an archangel in heaven. She has a dozen favorites for any one of whom she is quite willing to lie down and die. She probably would if she realized that she is sitting next to a FAMOUS PICTURE COMEDIENNE, in to see herself act, with a

CERTAIN YOUNG ACTOR, who, having once or twice been her leading man, has never succeeded in getting the idea out of his head and is whispering pretty things about the Little Church Around the Corner.

In the last (277th) row, beginning again at the left:

CHARLIE, one of those persons always seen with a pretty girl, has just discovered that, say what you please about 85 cents being a stiff price for movies, it is the one and only place in which a

PEACH like the one next him can be amused for so long a period at the price.

TWO PERSONS—Mrs. Drear of the W. C. T. U. and the Rev. Dr. Gloom of the Lord's Day Alliance, but which is which we cannot say, having accidentally erased the mark we had placed to distinguish the female. They are debating whether to order Congress to hang or to poison people vicious enough to go to the movies.

CLARA just knows that Freddie, aforementioned, has gone and caught his death strapping on his wrist-watch of a morning before its metal back has lost the chill of night.

MR. and MRS. PATRICK O'ROURKE will say that there haven't been no moo'm-pitches worth the prices they charge nowadays since "Humoresque."

ACTOR, from the 'legitimate' stage, who snubs all the movie-actors in the Lamb's and wishes he had their Saturday envelopes in the movies.

In the aisle, an

USHER looking over the roped-in fans (we'll say they are) in the S. R. O. division trying to decide which of the young men loves which of the young ladies enough to slip her a decent tip for a couple of the seats she is holding a block and a half down the aisle.
OF MANHATTAN MOVIE

Tax and Tips

By RALPH BARTON

As far as we are concerned, the only theater chairs in the known world: divans in one of the Broadway houses so luxuriously comfortable that any picture whatever—even a picturization of your favorite novel—may be looked at with the keenest pleasure, and so cozily private that even the most discreet may bring along the lady he wants to make his co-respondent—or his flask—or both.

Do you remember when there were the prices in the Broadway houses? And there wasn't any war tax! When you walked up with a dollar and said "four, please!" instead of one and fifteen cents over to give another employee. Of course, it is thoughtful of the managers to make the 75-cent seats 77 cents so that the 8 cents tax will make it come out an even 85 cents. Anyway, what is 2 cents on a seat to a manager? On 2000 seats, sold four times a day, it comes to a wretched $58,400 a year!
YOU Always Can Tell
When Allan Dwan
Is in Town.

Brightens Up,
The Wrigley Peacocks
Strut More Proudly than Ever.
The Claridge Grill Becomes
More than a Meeting-and-Eating Place
For Motion Picture Magnates.
And I'm always Glad
When Mr. Dwan Comes, Myself.
He Asks Me
To Tea, and
Talks—Says Something, I Mean—
And Serves
Funny Little Cakes and
Makes Me Think
Maybe
This Star-Director Stuff
Is Going
To Turn Out All Right,
After All,
He's Good-looking Enough
To be his Own Leading Man, and
Although he's Efficient as a Rule,
He Never Seems to Think About
That Way of
Cutting Down Expenses.
He's Perfectly Willing
To Let Ward Crane Do It.
Mr. Dwan, Between Telephone Calls—
He Answers his Phone and Talks
With the Receiver Standing Up
On his Shoulder (I Never Saw
Anyone who
Could do it that Way before; he Ought
To Go in Vaudeville)—
And You wish it were Politic
To Listen to a One-sided Conversation—
Mr. Dwan, I Said, told me that he
Has Great Faith in Organization.
"I've Built Up One
That's Worth a Million to Me,
The Lad who Grinds the Camera,
The Lady who Helps Edit the Film,
The Leading Woman and the Leading Man—
Every one of them Counts.
That's why I Believe
In Giving 'em All Credit.

A Magazine
Doesn't Publish a Story
Without Giving the Name of
The Author and the
Illustrator, does it?
Well, it's the Same Principle
When it Comes to the Credits
On the Screen. The Cast
Deserves to be Mentioned; so does
The Art Director, who
Thinks up all those
Beautiful Effects that
People Rave About; and
So Does the Scenario Writer,
Who Writes the Story; and
So Does the Cameraman, who
Illustrates it.
Of Course, I Draw the Line
When it Comes to Putting on the Program.
'Miss Blank's Sweater
Made of Marybelle Yarn!'"
They’re Married!

The double romance and marriage of Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish

Until the Sunday in Greenwich, Conn. James Rennie had been Dorothy Gish’s most frequent escort since Dorothy’s return from Europe. For several months they had been seen together at dances and dinners and the theater. Besides, the handsome Mr. Rennie was Dorothy’s leading man not only in one picture, but several: “Remodeling a Husband,” and “Flying Pat.” And there were rumors here, too, which were no sooner heard than denied by Miss Gish and Miss Gish’s mother. Ralph Barton, Photoplay’s artist chap, saw them together and put them into his latest drawing, “A Cross Section of Manhattan Movie,” on page 56. But, everybody said, there was nothing to it—Until December 26, 1920. In Greenwich, Conn. The two (Continued on page 113)
Film-Flamming the Public

Exposing some further activities of those who prey on the public faith in the Motion Picture.

By JOHN G. HOLME

THESE dark clouds in the cinema financial sky, which have been described in the past few issues of Photoplay, are, thanks be, like most other clouds. They have their so-called silver lining. To change the figure, these film production tragedies have comic spots, some wholesome, some rustic humor characteristic of the most sophisticated metropolitan centers which harbor more credulous adult innocents to the acre than a whole township in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesotia.

Which is preliminary to a brief review of the activities of M. Andre Himmel and the Franco-American Cinematograph Company, capitalized for ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS with ten thousand dollars paid down in cash.

The avowed purpose of M. Himmel and the Franco-American was simply to round up the whole motion picture industry of the world, the producing companies, the distributing companies and movie theaters, and not exactly trustify them, for that would be against the laws of this land, but sort of pile them all together into an invisible and indestructible bag with M. Andre Napoleon Himmel sitting on top of the container with two or three billionare cronies.

And how did M. Himmel propose to go about this world conquest of the motion pictures? Did he go out into the highways and byways of the country selling stock like Johnson and Hopkins, William L. Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, Frederick P. Stoll of the United States Photoplay Corporation and others who are merely trying to raise a few hundred thousand dollars? Not M. Himmel.

M. Himmel is a Frenchman. He is said to have been a tailor a few years ago, and his name at that time is said to have been Himmeldragon. Anyway being a Frenchman, M. Himmel knows how to produce the proper effective effects. He probably learned a thing or two about human nature when he was sewing frocks and trousers for fashionable Parisians.

He came to New York last summer with an excellent wardrobe, several letters of introduction from prominent Frenchmen, and a grubstake which permitted him to live at the Ritz-Carleton. He claimed to be on an official mission of some sort for the French Government, and after making the acquaintance of several men of wealth and prominence in New York, he gave a little dinner at the Ritz, to which were invited many of the leaders of the film industry and several capitalists. Maurice Casanave, French High Commissioner to the United States, presided. On the whole it was one of the most impressive and socially successful parties ever given at the Ritz.

The simple programme of the Franco-American was explained by M. Himmel over the coffee and cigarettes.

"We have succeeded in grouping together in Europe all that is important in the moving picture industry," he said. "In France, we control Pathé, Eclipse, Comptoir Souto, Cine Studio de Nice; in England, the London Agency, under which are grouped the principal English Motion Picture Corporations; and the Commercial Films, Limited, and the Urban Trading Society; in Spain, the Society Monopols, and the Studio Films; in Italy, the Union Cinematografique d' Italia which controls the following corporations: Italia Film, Fotodrama, Gloria Film, Pascuali Film, Palatine and the Rinascimento Film; in Germany, the Groupe L. U. F. R. A., Universum Film Atten Gesellahch, and in Belgium the Cie. Beldige des Films Cinematographiques.

"We further control 20,000 theaters and exhibition rooms over the world, including 2,200 in France, 2,495 in Germany, 1,650 in Italy, 1,053 in England, 1,703 in Austria, 725 in Spain and the rest distributed over the other countries of Europe. We are building ourselves 6,000 more theaters."

Marcus Loew, who counts each year lost when he does not build a half a dozen theaters, whispered to his neighbor at the banquet when he heard M. Himmel's last statement: "Gee, I am just a piker," and the presidents, vice-presidents and general managers of big film companies, which claim to have millions in assets, gasped. A few honest and homely Wall street farmers sat up in their chairs and tried not to look like cats who are watching a nice fat mouse, about the size of a rat.

The next day Pathé Exchange, Inc., one of the few producing companies of the country which has grown to settled middle age, with something of a banker's paunch, began to receive polite but extremely embarrassing letters of inquiry as to its ownership. Some good money was burned up in cable tows and within two days, Mr. Lewis Immorality, Secretary of American Pathé, issued a statement declaring that there was no foundation for Himmel's statement to the effect that his company controlled French Pathé which owns about 99 per cent. of the stock of the American Pathé Exchange, Inc.

Before the dinner Himmel told several film executives, his guests, that he also controlled Jury's Imperial Pictures, Ltd., one of the biggest film companies of England. This report was brought to Sir William Jury, who happened to be in New York and who merely branded the statement as a "— — lie."

When it came to checking up the other statements made by the new Napoleon of the films, they were found to be equally erroneous. There are only about 35,000 motion picture houses in the world, and Himmel claimed to control 20,000 of them.

But of the 35,000 film theaters, fully 17,000 are in the United States, which, of course, meant that Himmel must control some American theaters, but so far it has been impossible to discover the name of a single theater or exhibition house in this country owned or controlled by the Frenchman.

But what caused more merriment in the film world than any other statement of Himmel's was that he controlled 2,200 theaters in France. On January 1, 1910, France had only 1,002 motion picture houses, 107 music halls and 557 theaters for the spoken drama, a total of 2,666. And be it noted that neither France nor any other European country is now engaged in construction of luxury buildings.

Himmel's spectacular appearance in New York has since become a matter of newspaper controversy. The authenticity of his letters of introduction has been (Continued on page 126)
The Shadow Stage

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

By BURNS MANTLE

INTELLIGENT treatment will always save a picture, no matter how familiar the plot may be—and goodness knows all plots are familiar enough. "The Truth About Husbands," although, as "The Profligate," it was written by Arthur Wing Pinero, the foremost plot-builder of his day in England, is basically the old story of the thoughtless gentleman who promised to marry the simple country girl, changed his mind, married the pretty little city heroine instead, was later confronted by the girl he had wronged, threatened with the desertion of the wife he truly loved, and, in the end, was forgiven and permitted to continue his legitimate pursuit of happiness as a devoted husband. But as Whitman Bennett has supervised the picture, and Kenneth Webb has directed it, it becomes a plausibly told and interesting narrative, pictorially much above the average; and though there are one or two scenes in which the appeal to sex is obviously stressed, they are not as baldly dragged in as they might have been. The acting is generally excellent. Anna Lehr is an attractive temptress, May McAvoy an appealing bride. Holmes Herbert a worthy husband. It is a First National picture.

ROGUES AND ROMANCE—Pathe

George B. Seitz, who might reasonably be referred to as the George M. Cohan of the screen in that he writes his own scenarios, directs their production and plays his own heroes, has followed his serial sister, Pearl White, into the feature field, and does well with his first venture. "Rogues and Romanes" presents him as a daring two-fisted Yankee who invades Spain on the trail of his boyhood sweetheart, finds her fascinated by a handsome villain who first makes ardent love to her and then, instead of marrying her, holds her captive for the ransom he hopes to collect. George B. finally effects the girl's release and brings her back to the States as his bride. It is another of those adventure pictures which makes up in excitement what it lacks in logic, and the fact that most, if not all, the scenes were shot in Spain, gives them an atmospheric background of the first quality. True, the Spanish scenes other directors have been able to create in Southern California may be quite as beautiful and, in the main, equally convincing, but it is pleasant to have a change and the enterprise of the Seitz company in going to the trouble and expense of the trip is to be commended. The scenes of the revolution are full of thrills, with all the melodramatic punch of the familiar Seitz serials, plus the Seitz gift of making them at least momentarily real. Marguerite Courtot serves the star particularly well as a jealous senorita and June Caprice offers the necessary feminine contrast as a trusting blonde heroine. Harry Semels is a good actor and picturesque villain.

THE JUCKLINS—Paramount—Artcraft

This Monte Blue person is one of the most likable humans of the screen, and when he is as well fitted with a story as he is in "The Jucklins," no picture star I know of can be more entertaining than he. The audience I sat with was frequently inclined to cheer young Mr. Blue, not because he was engaged in doing anything that had not been done a hundred or two times before, but because he knew how to do what he was doing and because his director, George Melford, had intelligently directed him in the doing of it. There is a scene in "The Jucklins," for example, in which Monte, as a new teacher in a country school down south, is forced to establish his authority by first beating and then throwing through the door of the school house two of the tougher boys who have threatened to duck him in the creek. A simple scene and frankly melodramatic, but in this instance a genuinely stirring and emotionally satisfying scene because it is splendidly led up to in the story, beautifully directed by Mr. Melford and perfectly acted by Mr. Blue. "The Jucklins" is also one of the few pictures in which the sub-plot is skillfully interfaced with the main story, so that
Photoplay

THE MARK OF ZORRO—United Artists

In a Douglas Fairbanks film there is always that best promise of the movie, a good entertainment. The mention of this popular star's name invariably stirs up visions of an acrobatic youth with an engaging smile who spends much of his time leaping over and through everything in sight. But he is a good actor as well, and reasonably careful that the stories of his pictures shall be well told and handsomely mounted, there is also the assurance that they will be worth while in other ways. "The Mark of Zorro" is one of the best of the recent Fairbanks series. It has a romantic hero, who is the allegedly weakling son of a Mexican don, but who double at odd moments, and especially at night, as a bandit set on freeing the people of his state from the oppression of their political rulers. As the happy bandit he eludes the law and engages in wonderfully exciting sword combats with his pursuers, proving himself, incidentally, the best swordsman in pictures. And in the end he rescues the trusting heroine as gracefully and with as many thrills as ever accompanied the similar exploits of the knights of old. When he assaulted the towered prisons he rescued Marguerite de la Motte is an attractive heroine. Fred Niblo was the director and he, too, is to be numbered with the best of the newer and more intelligent picture makers.

COUSIN KATE—Vitagraph

"Cousin Kate" was one of the pleasantest romances that found its way into the repertoires of Ethel Barrymore when she was a girl. The story of the young novelist who secretly scoffed at the sugary romances she concocted for the sweet young things who were her heroines and then fell victim to a love affair that was quite as wildly romantic as any of which she had written, but excellent comedy value and much dramatic quality to make it delightful entertainment. In the screen version, which is distinctly a feminine affair, being adapted by Mrs. L. Case Russell, directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew and played by Alice Joyce, most of these values are preserved. Being a typically fussy masculine critic I naturally feel that while the dear ladies may have made the best of the material they have not made the most of it. But the instance, has been too abrupt and not at all convincing in bringing together Cousin Kate and the engaging young man who was to marry her puritanical young cousin, though he really didn't love her, in the storm-bound cottage in which they were forced to play at "keeping house," and while they discovered that love, in the case of being "so much trouble," as Cousin Kate had written, was really something with which young people have to reckon, in real life as well as in fiction. Past this weakened foundation, however, the story is well handled, and none of the screen heroines could have made "Cousin Kate" more charmingly feminine than did Miss Joyce.

TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN—Paramount-Arcticraft

The feminine angle on the making of motion pictures is again strongly in evidence in "To Please One Woman," which Lois Weber both wrote and directed. If the picture has a purpose it apparently is that of proving the havoc one soulless and more or less typically selfish woman can work in the lives of the men and also the women with whom she comes in contact. She drives her husband to crime and finally to suicide; she separates an honest country doctor from his sweetheart; she starts an impressionable girl on the road to vampirism by inspiring her to smoke the insidious cigarette, to obtain which, she (the impressionable one) induces her small town sweetheart to steal money from her employer's drawer. She quite out-Thanes Theda Bara as a wicked lady, and it is interesting to observe her in action as representing a woman's idea of what such a woman can do in making a bad world worse. Some of the scenes of wickedness are more amusing than convincing. The brunette Mona Lisa plays...
the wicked lady in a very wicked way, and the blonde Claire Windsor gives a typical performance as the nobler sort of feminine protagonist.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS—First National

It is to be regretted that they have permitted the Talmadge girls to become set in the particular forms of screen plays they dominate—to give their respective publics the impression that the gifted Norma can play nothing but the saldened heroines of melodrama and the lively Constance nothing but the pert ingenues of the comedy that borders on farce. True, Norma is naturally a dramatic actress, but a fair amount of contrasting comedy would add much to her appeal as a human being. And though Constance is, by nature, a bonnie girl and spirited, it is denying her the chance to prove herself a competent actress if she is never permitted to play a sanely reasoning human whose adventures are serious as well as trivial. In "Dangerous Business" there is a suggestion of drama, but it is touched so lightly by John Emerson and Anita Loos, who provided the script, that it adds little weight to the picture. The heroine is just another saucy flapper who swore she was married to the poor booz who was her father's secretary in order to extricate herself from an embarrassing situation. But it happens the mild-mannered secretary, going to war and coming back a determined man, accepts the situation as it stands and carries the flapper oil as his wife. It is another good performance by Miss Constance, and she is admirably assisted by another of those competent casts which recently have been found in the Joseph Schenck pictures—this one including Kenneth Harlan as the hero, and George Fawcett.

THE TESTING BLOCK—Paramount-Arcaft

So long as William S. Hart can produce as good pictures as "The Testing Block"—as wholesome and as entertaining, and as true to the spirit of adventure and the laws of good melodrama—there is little danger that his popularity will wane. You may have to accept something in the premise of a "Bill" Hart story; you may have to admit that life in the West was probably not as picturesque or as extravagantly strenuous as it is in his picturization of it. But you never are asked to excuse it because it is silly or essentially trivial, or foolishly overdone for the sake of an effect. No one man could have whipped a band of outlaws as successfully as Bill does in this picture, but when his cause is just and you want to see him win, there is a thrill in watching him wade into his enemies and remain "the last man on his feet" at the end of the battle royal. Neither are his romances ever overdone. The story of "The Testing Block" has already been told in fiction form in Photoplay. There is always a sense of satisfaction in the ending of such a story, however theatrical it may be or conventionally happy. There is humor and originality, too, in the incidental episodes—that of the outlaw band bringing the theatrical troupe into the forest and forcing the actors to give a show, being especially well done. And there is always pictorial beauty in the backgrounds.

ISOBEL OR THE TRAIL'S END—States' Rights

There is always something majestic and sweeping about a story of the snowy and frozen north, however far from plausibility it may wander. The most recent of the James Oliver Curwood series, "Isobel, or the Trail's End," commands these virtues. The scenes of the north, including several of an Esquimaux village, have the tang of authenticity and great pictorial value as well. The story here is concerned with the adventure of another of those brave men of the Northwest Mounted police who is set upon the trail of a murderer. He "gets his man," as usual, but, finding that he is possessed of a pretty and a loyal wife, and later that he has deliberately set himself in the way of the law in order to rescue his baby girl, he is much inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt and let him escape. He does release him, in fact, but the poor fellow dies, even though his innocence of the murder is later proved. He just had to die, if the hero was later to acquire the wife and child and the picture achieve a happy conclusion. It is a picture of imaginative backgrounds and the interest is well sustained, for all its occasional dependence upon coincidence. The cast is headed by House Peters, one of the most many of leading men; Jane Novak, as appealing as any of the

You may be prejudiced against the picturization of stage successes, but you’ll like "Bunty Pulls the Strings." It breathes of Scotland. Beatrice Joy is Bunty and Raymond Hatton the lover.

"Two Kinds of Love" involves gunpowder, a search for gold, "Breezy" Eason, and a dog. "Breezy's" mother, Jimsy Maye Eason, and his father, Reeves Eason, as director.

Lois Weber's "To Please One Woman" demonstrates the havoc a selfish woman can bring into the lives of others. Mona Lisa, as a wicked lady, out-thedas Miss Bara.
POLLY WITH A PAST—Metro

Ina Claire has always been a lucky actress in that her early training was that of an imitatix. She learned to do her Harry Lauders and her Ethel Barrymores, her George Cohans and her Sam Bernards, as a precocious child at school learns its letters. As a result she has always been an actress of a varied and valuable equipment, able to fall in any lack of histrionic inspiration with a very good imitation of the real thing. Now, going into pictures as the star of “Polly With a Past,” she is again advantaged by the possession of this equipment. She may not be a great screen star, but she gives a good copy of a great star’s methods and her director does the rest, overplaying the closeups occasionally and holding the scenes longer than the action justifies in order to impress her personality upon her new public. “Polly With a Past” serves her very well as a medium for her introduction.

By Photoplay Editors

FLYING PAT—Paramount-Arctraft

DOROTHY GISH up in the air looking for excitement and finding it. As the young wife who studies aviation under the guiding hand of hubby’s bosom friend, Dorothy provides much merriment, overlooking no opportunity afforded by the rather sketchy plot to add to her laurels as a comédienne. If you like Dorothy Gish, as you probably do, and enjoy laughing as you really should, don’t miss this. It is the latest picture in which Dorothy’s brand-new husband, James Rennie, appears as her leading man.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS—Goldwyn

COME away to this quaint little Scotch village (nestling perhaps in the Hollywood hills though you’d never suspect it) and forget modern mysteries and problem plays and sex trash. You may be prejudiced against the picturization of stage successes as a rule, but you’ll enjoy “Bunty.” True, it is not a great picture, nor a gripping one—but it is an appealing story, well directed and convincingly portrayed by an excellant cast. There’s the breath of Scotch heather in the air, and almost you look for the spires of Edinboro town around the bend in the road. Lettrice Joy, while making no bid for stardom, plays Bunty satisfactorily, and Raymond Hatton is the eccentric lover. Most of you will like it.

THE SCUTTLERS—Fox

THERE isn’t a dull moment in this picture. It is a sea story, but not of the usual kind. The good ship Dorothy Low is sunk for the insurance, there is a detective on the trail, there are sailors in irons, and there is the captain’s pretty daughter, and everything like that; but there is also William Farnum, who is more ingratiating than ever. Farnum always plays the brawny hero of more or less illiterate nobility, but somehow, he is never tiresome. Jackie Saunders is the girl, and provides just about the most logical excuse for any actor’s love-making this month. She is pretty and she is natural.

TWO KINDS OF LOVE—Universal

WHEN there is a kid and a dog in a picture, we like it. Especially when the kid is little “Breezy” Eason, one of the most lovable youngsters on the screen. And the canine co-star would make one believe that leading a dog’s life isn’t so bad, after all. This is really a family affair, for Reeves Eason directed it. Jimsey Maye Eason plays the heroine, and their little son Breezy is the child. Gunpowder and a search for gold manage to keep the plot going, but what’s a plot when there’s a kid, and a dog?

FANTOMAS—Fox

IT really seems that the serial is to have a fighting chance for recognition in the cinema family. For years it has been the interloper, the black sheep, depending for its popularity upon a series of wild, death-defying stunts, without sequence, without logic. Packed tightly (Continued on page 103)
Clothes for Special Occasions

What to Wear and When to Wear It.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

She was a very pretty, very much excited girl and she began eagerly to tell a group of friends about the approaching wedding. "In Grace Church, Friday afternoon," her voice carried beyond the group around her, then, "What shall I wear?"

There was a buzz of talk, everyone, apparently, advising and counseling. "I wonder if my satin frock is too elaborate?" went on the perplexed one. "What does one wear, anyway, at an afternoon wedding?"

This conversation, accidentally overheard, made me remember how many times one sees costumes that make the wearers conspicuous because of their inappropriateness for the occasion—although it seems to me that tons of literature have been written and published on this subject. One can scarcely pick up a woman's magazine without happening on advice concerning the correct gown, conduct and conversation for all occasions—from a luncheon to a political rally. But, in spite of all advice on the subject, there seems to be a lot of confusion and misapprehension on this interesting subject. The wait: "What shall I wear?" goes up all over the land.

Recently, I read a delightful book in which the heroine always informed her guests what sort of clothes they should wear at her parties by penning the mysterious word "Hightum," "Tightum," or "Scrub" in one corner of the invitation. The initiated knew that "Hightum" meant one's very best clothes; "Tightum" was second-best and "Scrub" carried its own significance. So, following this rule, I want to chat with you this month about the occasions when these different types of clothes are worn.

Going back to the afternoon wedding that started my thoughts running in this direction: The perplexed girl would have been appropriately dressed for the event had she worn a smart afternoon frock of cloth, silk or satin, prettily trimmed. If a suit is worn on such an occasion, it should be an elaborate one of silk or velvet with a harmonizing blouse. The gloves should be of white kid, long or short as the sleeves require, and the shoes of black, bronze or matching kid, high or low as the wearer chooses. Nothing should be carried but a small fancy bag. If a one-piece frock is worn there should be an accompanying wrap of cloth, silk or velvet. It is not a compliment to the bride to appear at her wedding in
severe tailored street clothes. It is a joyous occasion and the clothes of the guests should reflect this state of mind.

A man wears a morning coat at day-time weddings. Silk hats have rather gone by the board in recent years, so this type of masculine headdress is not essential.

The type of clothes worn at a day wedding are equally appropriate for a formal luncheon, an afternoon reception or for making serious calls.

Speaking of calls, reminds me that the old type of "Mr. and Mrs." calling card is now obsolete, husband and wife having separate visiting cards. This year the cards for husband and wife are identical in size and if you wish to be especially fashionable you will have them done in a tone of light gray.

If, in extending an invitation for an evening affair, your hostess does not make it clear that the event is formal or informal, it is permissible for you to write or telephone her regarding the type of clothes to be worn.

You don't want to be the one to wear "Hightum" clothes while all the rest of the party is arrayed in "Tightum," and the opposite situation would be equally unpleasant. For an informal dinner at home or at a restaurant one may wear any pretty cotton or silk frock with shoes to match. When dining in a restaurant or hotel—unless the party is a most formal one—it is in better taste to wear a hat. A simple evening dress of silk, net or lace is worn for an informal dinner party at home.

The chance to wear your most elaborate clothes comes when you go to a formal ball, evening party or the opera. Silk, lace, net, velvet, chiffon or brocades are the materials most used for elaborate evening dresses. With such a gown one carries a fan, scarf and slipper bag, while the decoration for the hair runs the gamut of combs, ribbon, flower or feather ornaments. The custom of the country has a great deal to do with adornment of the hair. American women are not in the habit of wearing very elaborate hair decorations, while the women of European countries invariably pay much attention to this feature of their toilettes. In France, especially, it is true, and one hardly ever sees a Frenchwoman—particularly if she be a Parisienne—appearing in the evening with an unadorned coiffure. Again it's a matter of type; if your hair looks better without added decoration, by all means wear it that way, and don't think you must stick combs and feathers in one that adheres to the other else does. When we seriously study our own faces and features and dress accordingly we are well-dressed, and not otherwise. So, if you have a sweet, round, baby-doll face don't try to wear a Spanish comb and mantilla; they won't look any better on you than a wreath of rosebuds will look in the hair of the "Carmen" type of young people.

The gown and wrap that you wear for formal occasions may be as elaborate as your taste and pocketbook permit. Luckily, in these times we have no laws regulating the amount we may spend on our clothes—although I expect some of the husbands and fathers don't see this as any particularly shining bit of good fortune. I read in an old book recently that the English laws of 1363 forbade any but "the Royal family or nobles whose income was upward of one thousand pounds per annum" from wearing ermine or pearls. In those days it wasn't a case of cutting one's garment according to one's cloth, but of cutting it according to one's pockets. These regulations lapsed for a time, but they were revived in the reign of Henry IV, and it was ordered that "No man not being a banneret or person of high estate may wear cloth of gold, neither cloth of velvet nor motley velvet, or to use the fur of ermine or of marten." I don't know about the banneret, but one certainly has to be of "high estate" these days also to wear "the fur of ermine or of marten." Just think how that ruling would cut down the number of nice gold cloth turbans, too!

Ever since it was first woven, cloth of gold has been held in high esteem, and most of the old sumptuary laws were enacted to protect this fabric from general wear. Velvet is another material that has also held a high place, and has been used for the most gorgeous robes. No one knows when it was first made—its origin is lost in the mists of time—but is supposed to have been first woven in China. In fact, most of the elaborately woven materials of which we have any record had their origin in that land, where the methods of weaving and of ornamenting materials have not changed to any great extent in the last two thousand years.

Going back once more to the question of evening raiment: the seasons make no great difference in the clothes worn for evening functions. More brilliant colors are used in the winter than in summer and lighter-weight wraps are used in warm weather. Gowns of lace, chiffon or net are used instead of the heavier fabrics of winter; in fact, in late years there is a tendency to do away entirely with formal evening dresses. Velvet is another material that has also held a high place, and has been used for the most gorgeous robes. No one knows when it was first made—its origin is lost in the mists of time—but is supposed to have been first woven in China. In fact, most of the elaborately woven materials of which we have any record had their origin in that land, where the methods of weaving and of ornamenting materials have not changed to any great extent in the last two thousand years.

For attending the theater your gown should be informal—unless the theater party has been preceded by a formal dinner. Let me say right here that for evening wear you will find more satisfaction from a gown designed to suit your type—or one that you have yourself designed with the help of someone else does. When we seriously study our own faces and features and dress according to these we are well-dressed, and not otherwise. So, if you have a sweet, round, baby-doll face don't try to wear a Spanish comb and mantilla; they won't look any better on you than a wreath of rosebuds will look in the hair of the "Carmen" type of young people.

Clothes for traveling are, again, (Continued on page 121)
To all those novelists and dramatists whose plays and books have been bought for the pictures but who have never been impelled or inspired to do more than take the money, the Coast is probably a vague and nebulous ice, far, far, away beyond the reach of logic, accuracy, the in facts of life and the uncompromising tests of truth: a pantomimia of little men with false moustaches and big, baby-faced young women with golden curls and while blue eyes, balloon-like men who look as though they have never Il to shave, girls in bathing clothes which never seem to wet, comic policemen who fall as often and as far as oil jacks, stern-faced cowboys with murder in their guns but the milk of human kindness in their hearts, beaming comedians o run up walls and roll down mountains, and amazing Fords ich turn somersaults, shed wheels and collide with trains. To this strange place, divided by a desert from the normal world, the brain-children of those writers who regard the money rived from the sale of their work to the movies as velvet it talk with great scorn and biting sarcasm of the whole ture game, disappear. "What have you done with my last ok?" they ask. And the answer is always the same. h, let me see. Your last ok. It has gone to the last. "When am I likely to see what has been done to my last book?" again the answer is the last. "Your last book, let me see. Oh yes, that isn't come back from the last." The Coast—the last! After many days, weeks and sometimes even months, rumor has it that last book has actually turned from the Coast and is to be seen in picture from a marble palace on Broadway. With some e ement, and if his work has been translated to the seen before with some piddation, our author ships off in a taxi-cab to a marble palace to see that has happened to his brain-child. Bill's side the house invaria mislead him a good deal l cause him to imagine as rumor has lied once before. Nowhere can he see the of his book which, if had been called "The Horizon," must cer earily have become "Why y for Your Wife?" His me—so well known over the world, so much beloved by hundreds thousands of eager and astful maidens—where is that? He cannot find it. Instead, boldly set forth, there are the names of the production corporation, the star, the directors, scenario writers, continuity writers, art directors and camera men. Nevertheless, having arrived at the marble palace at the cost of a dollar and a half, the great author enters and to the glorious strains of a superb orchestra gropes his way to a pew and having been duly doped by subtle changes of light on Venetian scenery, by the angelic voice of a prima donna, by exquisite pictures of flowers opening to the sun, by a long and giddy railway journey through the mountain passes of Alaska and by the soothing rumble of a great cathedral organ, the main picture of the afternoon finally oozes out. With sleepy eyes he then sees something which reminds him faintly, very very faintly, of the brain-child known to all the world for the sake of argument as "The Far Horizon," and he is strengthened in his incredulous belief that somehow, at some time, the picture owed something to himself only from having caught a fleeting glimpse of his own name in infinitesimal lettering under the long list of other people's names.

Imagine his exit from the marble palace. See him standing on the sidewalk a shattered, and bewildered figure. Hear him cry out, "Oh my God, what have they done to me? What sort of place is this Coast to which my brain-child was sent and from which it has come back with a complete forgetfulness of its own fond parent?" Watch him as he staggers through the crowd, dodging between a trolley car and a motor truck, finally to emerge from the roaring Fortieth into Fifth Avenue.

"The Coast, the Coast,"—these words ring in his ears and wind themselves in and out of the maze of his thoughts. Later, seated in his club, over, unfortunately, a mere cup of tea, he relates his experiences to a sympathetic friend and probably winds up his diatribe of anger and abuse with the following remark. "Well, after all, I've had the money and very few people saw my name on the screen. So what does it matter?"

But it does matter. As our friend the author might very readily realize did he take the trouble to apply cold statistics to his case. His brain-child might have been read, if he were really one of the very successful authors, by a hundred

The thinking room of Cecil deMille is a room as characteristic of its owner as the pictures which he flings hot and burning upon the screen—the room of a man of ubiquitous attainments, and that courageous under-graduation that keeps a man perpetually on the right side of thirty.
Standing at a discreet distance from the scene of action, a rather stout young man with artistic hair was playing Puccini on a violin.

The question that one asks oneself in all seriousness in thinking about the formation of pictures, as well as the creation of plays, is: "Is there any such thing as technique anyhow; so long as one can move an audience to tears and laughter and be sincere?"

The palm tree had flourished and the luxuriant geranium of California, so astonishing to English eyes, had grown in a delirium of color.

My first impression, that all about this place there was something reminiscent of the buildings of an army in reserve with G. H. Q., barracks, hospitals, and aerodromes, as far from the sound of guns as from the madding crowds of cities, was confirmed upon a quick examination of it all. I found the quarters of the generalissimo in the center and of his various brigadier generals, staff officers, directors of machinery, art directors, publicity directors, property directors, masters of tact and mistresses of the wardrobe, established separately, guarded by sentries in the form of extremely personable stenographers whose cheery smiles were almost as warm as the gorgeous California sun.

Jesse Lasky, a man with a strong hand and a velvet glove with the infinite capacity for taking pains, with the consummate gift of making people believe that they were doing their best but would some day do even better and a masterly knowledge of human nature which kept a constant smile on the faces of his busy army, sat like Foch surrounded by telephones in a room which gave as exact an index to his character as, I quickly discovered, the rooms of his directors gave to theirs. It was very neat, very spotless, very cheerful, very unostenta...
tious and supplied with an instrument which enabled him, with one press of his thumb, to call to his side any one of his brigadiers with whom he might desire to consult.

It was amusing to wait in the anteroom of Mr. Lasky's quarters and watch the arrival and the retirement of all the people who came in quick succession for an interview. Stars with gourches—stars invariably have gourches; continuity writers with worried looks—continuity writers always have worried looks; scenario editors unable to make decisions—scenario editors are always unable to make decisions, came and went, leaving their worries behind them on the floor of the master—cool, smiling, patient, immaculate, with many a sudden gleam of humor behind his rimless glasses.

Separated by a thin wall from this room was the thinking room of Cecil deMille, a room as characteristic of its owner as the pictures which he flings hot and burning upon the screen—large, airy, bold, filled with enormous skins, tremendous antlers, Gargantuan fish, models of aeroplanes, mementos of hunting expeditions, yachting trips, mountain climbing, early triumphs on Broadway. It was the room of a man of ubiquitous attainments, unashamed sentiment, and that courageous undergraduatism that keeps a man perpetually on the right side of thirty. To go into this room even when its occupant was absent was to receive a bath of electricity. The whole atmosphere seemed to quiver and, notwithstanding prohibition, you would not be surprised if that enormous white skin which dominated the center rose up and prowled towards you showing its teeth. It seemed positively absurd that it was merely a skin in a place in which everything exuded life.

Away at the other end of the building, in the middle of a passage lined with little rooms in which sat ladies of all ages with nosegays on their desks, you found, and were very glad to find, the den in which William deMille worked. A very different type of room this. Nothing of the undergraduate here, but much that indicated the don, the professor, the dramatist, the student, the poet. It might be, indeed, the library of a hermit in a camp in the back woods,—a very temporary hermit, a hermit only long enough to sit in momentarily

seduction from the pressing concentration of picture making in a studio teeming with life. Quiet colors here, book-lined shelves, deep comfortable chairs, a wide window seat, thick beams suggestive of some old English cottage and in the air a faint echo of classical music. Here, at a large and roomy desk on which a man could spread himself, sat Brigadier-General William deMille with the face of Dante, always with a slightly tired air, but always with the appearance of a man waiting to spring at something and tear its heart out; always with a slightly cynical smile counteracted by a pair of kind brown eyes and a sensitive mouth ready at any moment with an apt quotation from the great poets or the writers of magic prose,—master himself, as well as a beginner, in the art to which he had devoted the best years of his life.

Very shortly after I entered this bee-hive of eager enthusiasts and loyal workers my preconceived ideas of the Coast turned a complete somersault and I very quickly saw why it was and why it had to be that books and plays sent from New York often return in a practically unrecognizable form. I very quickly gathered as I went from one studio to another and watched the various directors at work how different is the medium of the screen from that to which I had been used as a novelist and a playwright, and one of the first things that clowned upon me was not that the camera cannot tell a lie but that it can hardly ever tell the truth. With one small tilt of the instrument a forty-foot backyard can be made to look like an enormous park, a small interior to become as immense as the Grand Central Railway Station and a young and charming face as old and lined as that of a witch of Enid. It was easy to see how amazingly difficult is the continual problem of the director to deal with an instrument which, without the most careful handling, renders the simplest scene fantastic and gives an element of the unreal to everything at which it is pointed, exaggerating the smallest detail, putting on ineradicable record everything that is not interpreted before it with the most cunning economy of movement, gesture, facial expression and emotion, and turning the pathetic comic and the comic pathetic in the most

(Continued on page 123)
Gilding the Lily

Demonstrating that, properly encouraged, the camera does lie, after all.

CHAPTER I

Verse I, of the Book of Motion Picture Proverbs, reads, "Wait until you see her without her makeup." It is good advice, that, brother. For the results obtained by the expert use of makeup are altogether startling to the layman. The art—or should we say science?—of cosmetics is by no means confined to whiskers and putty noses. Straight makeup is one of the essential features of screen work and without it, the personnel of pictures might be other than it is. In fact, features are often actually created. The size of the eyes, the shape of the mouth, the charm of the eyebrows, the contour of the cheek-bones—are all more or less a matter of makeup.

Some of the most famous features in films are the result of makeup. Ordinary-looking extra girls, leading woman stars; all owe much to the grease-paint, the lip-stick, and the mascara box. The accompanying photographs will give you a very definite idea of the part makeup plays before the all-seeing eye of the camera.

Margaret Loomis, Paramount leading woman, is supposed by experts to be the finest example of a rather plain girl changed by makeup into an exceptionally charming one. Without makeup—as you see Miss Loomis at the right—she herself admits she would never have played opposite Wally Reid. In the picture above, you can see how makeup brings out her dark eyes and changes the downward tendency of her mouth and eyes to an upward tilt.

Lips are the most susceptible of any feature to makeup. Bebe Daniel has a naturally charming mouth—you see it at left above—but it is nothing at all like the lips she has made famous on the screen. Bebe spends half an hour creating the seductive feature at left below with a big red lipstick.
Above, Florence Long, a Christie comedy girl, in her everyday profile. Without makeup Miss Long seems an extremely negative type. But—permit Florence to enter her dressing-room for a moment; then watch her when she emerges.

At the right: Molly MacGowan, another Christie comedienne. This is a half-and-half picture—in other words, Molly has made up the right side of her face and left the left side untouched. Cover up one side at a time. It takes two hours for Miss MacGowan to do her whole face as it is on the left side and she uses the heaviest makeup known. The change is almost magical.

We have Florence, one of the prettiest girls in the farces. Her camera success is due to the fact that her face is a good canvas for makeup. A few strokes of the magic eyebrow pencil, lipstick and powder-puff transform her.

At the right: Molly MacGowan, another Christie comedienne. This is a half-and-half picture—in other words, Molly has made up the right side of her face and left the left side untouched. Cover up one side at a time. It takes two hours for Miss MacGowan to do her whole face as it is on the left side and she uses the heaviest makeup known. The change is almost magical.

Above, the actual eyes of Ann Forrest. The Lasky cameraman insists they are the most photographically perfect in pictures, solely because they make up so well. Without makeup they scarcely show up at all before the camera.

Here are Miss Forrest's eyes after she has made them up. They are very light gray, and the heavy black makeup, beaded lashes and the darkened lids give them that almost uncanny brilliance you have admired on the screen.
THE RETURN OF MARY CARR

A scene from "Over the Hill". The two girls are her daughters, Rosemary and Maybeth. The two boys in the background are her sons, Stephen and Thomas. All four are making names for themselves in motion picture work.

WHEN you saw "Over the Hill" and wept with the pathetic little old lady who is turned down by all her children, one after the other, and finally finds herself a scrub-woman in the poorhouse, you probably thought you were seeing, not a characterization of suffering and poverty, mother-love and sacrifice, but the real thing.

It said on the program that Mrs. Mary Carr played the part. The name meant so little to you that you listened to your neighbor when he gave assurance that the director "just went out and picked Mrs. Carr from the poorhouse or an old folks' home and that's why she acts so natural."

Now you have the reason why one of the greatest dramatic contributions to the screen will not receive all the credit it deserves.

Mary Carr, personal, is a mother.

But she is also an actress. She was, in fact, an actress before she was a mother.

She had years of experience on the stage and more years of patient waiting in private life before her big chance came.

She didn't come out of the poorhouse to play in "Over the Hill." She came from her comfortable and large apartment in upper Manhattan, where she mothers a brood of six grown children and keeps house for Mr. Carr.

Her life has not been tragic. It has been more or less serene and happy. That she is able to portray poignant tragedy is a tribute to her art, not a reflection of her own life.

You saw four of Mrs. Carr's own children in "Over the Hill." Lucy, her oldest daughter, played the selfish daughter in the picture. Her littles girls, Rosemary and Maybeth, played the daughters when they were small. Stephen, the handsome middle-sized son, played his own part before the camera.

"And when people say it must have been easy for me to play a mother to my own children, they are wrong!" says Mrs. Carr. "It is much easier for an actress to be convincing as the mother of some one's else child. When my children acted with me I was so anxious for them to do their best that I forgot almost entirely about my own part."

Perhaps, however, she betrays part of the secret of her remarkable portrayal when she admits this.

At one time or another you have undoubtedly watched the little Carrs—a whole train of 'em!—on the screen. John, the oldest boy, created Clare Briggs' famous cartoon character, "Skinnay," in Paramount's series of comedies. Thomas, a lovable rogue, has an important juvenile role in George Seitz's Pathé serial, "Velvet Fingers," and is often asked to make personal appearances in conjunction with the showing of the film. Stephen was the favorite "son" of Alice Joyce, Agnes Ayres, and other celebrated screen ladies until he grew too big to play little boys to such young stars—and now his little
Six little Carrs arrived and for almost fifteen years, the name of Mary Keenevan was forgotten in the theater.

In the years following, Stephen Carr, Sr., came into pictures with many other actors of the old school. He was director general for the old Lubin company. Later, Mrs. Carr made her first appearance on the screen.

With six young children she could not spare much time for work; but when she could manage it, she played any part that happened to be open. Among her later performances might be mentioned the squaw in "The Barrier," and "Mrs. Wiggs" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Then the children began to beg to "go into pictures." The older boys met with so much encouragement that they were busy almost all the time. While John was working in a studio a call came to his mother from Harry Millarde, who was casting for "Over the Hill," a new Fox picture.

Mrs. Carr and John went to the Fox studio. Millarde shook his head regretfully. "He's just the boy I want," he said, "but—he's too big!"

Mrs. Carr told him she had two other boys at home. That settled it. Before Millarde was through he had engaged four of the little Carrs for the picture.

Originally, it was to be a boys' picture. Then Mrs. Carr was asked if she would play the mother's part. She accepted, and after a few rehearsals it was evident that this was a mother's picture—as long as Mary Carr played the mother.

The success of "Over the Hill" is well known. On blase Broadway, audiences wept. All over the country, Mrs. Carr has carried her memorable message to sons and daughters.

There can be little doubt of the immeasurable good she has done. And there is a report that she will be starred in 1921 by William Fox.

**THIS WOULD FOOL OLD KING NEPTUNE HIMSELF**

![Image](https://example.com/image.jpg)

*Here* is the cabin of the yacht built for a Universal picture. Sturdy stage-hands are doing their best to roll it in the most approved yo-ho manner, almost inducing mal-de-mer on the part of the actors. Note the arc lights on top of the set, and the illumination at the windows. Jacques Jaccard is directing, and that's Frank Mayo standing at the table.
Sinners!
Don't cut the cuticle - it protects the most sensitive thing in the world

WHEN we want to describe an injury to our most delicate sensibilities, we say that we have been "cut to the quick." Yet every time you trim the cuticle you risk this in a literal sense.

It is almost impossible to trim off dead cuticle without cutting into the live cuticle which is the only protection of the nail root, lying only 1/12th of an inch beneath.

To heal these wounds, nature immediately builds up a covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This is why, when you cut the cuticle, it grows up coarser and more ragged than before.

Yet when the cuticle dries, splits and forms hangnails it must be removed some way. To do this simply and safely without cutting, try the new method provided in Cutex. Cutex Cuticle Remover is a harmless liquid that acts on the dry, dead cuticle as soap and water act on dirt; leaving a delightfully smooth, even nail rim. But a beautiful, even cuticle calls for immaculate nail tips, and both demand smoothly polished nails.

To give your nails the grooming that present day standards require:

First, the Cuticle Remover: Apply around the nail with an orange stick wrapped in absorbent cotton. Rinse the fingers, and when dry- ing them push the cuticle gently downwards with the towel, whereupon all the dead, dry cuticle will wipe away.

Next, the Nail White: Squeeze it under the nails directly from the convenient tube with the pointed top. It will remove stains and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which they never look quite freshly manicured.

Finally, the Polish: A jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, with the liquid polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. However ragged your cuticle may have become through cutting, a single application of the Cuticle Remover will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of the nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

Cutex Manicure sets come in three sizes. At 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each item separately at 3c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept., 703, 209 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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little girl—the cliffs there, above the green sea that sang a little song and the lovely, fragrant smell of Ireland. Because my grandmother used to sing it to me.

"What does it make you think of?" and she looked up at the famous director whose success has been so much the result of the gifts Ireland gave him—the gifts of fire, vision, dramatic instinct and irresistible humor.

But he only shook his head, whistling the tune between his teeth. Then—

"A girl I knew once, a long, long time ago," he said. "And John McCormack."

"Do you think we'll ever any of us get back to Ireland," asked Colleen a bit wistfully.

"Aw," said Pat O'Malley swiftly, "Ireland isn't a place. It's a feeling. I was back in 1913. Mickey's been back a lot. If you're Irish it doesn't matter where you are. Though I had a lot of fun that year fighting in the Irish National Guards."

"Funny we should all be together here—isn't it?" asked the girl.

"Not a bit," said Marshall Neilan. "It's the most natural thing in the world when you stop to think about it. We're the only race in the world that can go anywhere, do anything, belong to other countries and still be—ourselves."

There was a pause, filled again with the strumming of the guitar.

"I see Mrs. MacSwiney has landed in New York," said Colleen.

The two men quietly uncovered where they sat. And I saw a tear fall on the blue of the girl's dress.

But it wasn't long before Colleen was tuning up her guitar again and they were all singing some other typically Irish thing that was as carefree as the birds and as rippling and tinkling as a happy little brook.

I remembered Pat O'Malley's great hit in "Go and Get It" and his new triumph in "Not a Drum Was Heard." I thought of Colleen's "Dinty" and "So Long Letty" and more recently even "The Sky Pilot." I thought of all the things Marshall Neilan had done—the really great things for pictures. And I knew there were a lot of questions I could ask them.

But I decided not to stay because—you see, I'm Irish myself, and I didn't want to spoil my little trip to Ireland.

---

THE GREAT PIE-EATING CONTEST

One of the fondest of boyhood’s memories is the pie-eating contest at the Sunday School picnic. It was the only time in your life you were encouraged to eat all the pie you wanted. If the rest for pie was gone at the end of the performance you didn’t much mind—you knew it would be found in time for the next contest. Bill Hart harked back to the days of real sport when he inaugurated a pie-eating contest to enliven a lunch-hour on a recent location.
Mr. Comb—Miss Brush—The Hair Pin Twins and a—

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Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

PROBABLY the most interesting audience of film people gathered in Los Angeles this year attended the recent opening of the new Mission Theater. No wonder the crowds lined up for blocks to see the celebrities descend from their limousines at the beautiful Spanish entrance.

The picture presented was the Fairbanks release, "The Mark of Zorro," and it didn't detract from the interest of the film to see "Doug and Mary" hand in hand in a box, the star watching himself on the screen with interest while his lovely wife gurgled and flushed with appreciation and delight.

Mary Pickford Fairbanks, wrapped in a magnificent ermine cloak, her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, in black with orchids, and Mr. Fairbanks, occupied the seats of honor. Behind them were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, looking more beautiful than I have seen her in months, in emerald green with diamonds in her pretty fair hair, while Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky occupied the loge with them.

Others in attendance—the affair was invitational—were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, entertaining as their guests Pauline Frederick, in an enormous Paris hat of green, and J. Allen Boone; Bebe Daniels and her mother and Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert K. Somborn, with Elliott Dexter; Louise Glaum, in cloth of silver and black fox fur; Viola Dana, escorted by "Winnie" Sheehan, vice-president of Fox, in the west on a business trip; Lew Cody and Jack Pickford; Allan Dwan; Jeanie MacPherson and her mother; Tony Moreno, with a lovely girl in henna and gold whom I couldn't place; Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker, having as their guest Madame Elinor Glyn; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid in a loge with Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond—both stars' wives beautifully gowned in white; Katherine MacDonald, surrounded by a sea of black evening coats; Mack Sennett, wandering about the lobby with an absent-minded expression; Mary Alden, regal in black velvet.

(Continued on page 82)
How to fight the little foes which work to mar your skin

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—

There are wind and cold that dry and dull the unprotected skin. There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is dust that clogs the pores. There is time.

Each one of these wicked little foes is striving morning, noon and night to ruin your good looks. Be always on your guard against their wiles.

Exposure to wind, cold and dust roughens and coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

For this a special cream is needed, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the cold will whip out; yet a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream is made precisely for this protective use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine. Before you go out, lightly touch your face and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

This will give your skin such perfect protection that it will remain appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

You never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten will creep upon you unwares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. To stay powdered the right powder foundation is essential. For this as for protection, you need a cream without oil.

Before powdering, rub a tiny bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

Dust is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these you need an entirely different cream from the greaseless cream you need for protection—a cream with a good oil base.

Pond’s Cold Cream contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and after a tram or motor trip, rub Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring. Your skin will be so much clearer, so much fairer, that you will be amazed.

Time, too, seems to have a grudge against us. It is busy every minute etching little lines around the eyes and mouth. After these little lines have once formed it is hard indeed to erase them. But you can keep them from forming by giving your skin the right kind of massage. For this as for cleansing you need a cream with oil. Pond’s Cold Cream is especially made just the consistency to give a perfect massage. Once or twice a week give your skin a good massage with Pond’s Cold Cream. In this way you can keep the wretched enemy, Time, at bay!

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down on the face.

Stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. Every normal skin needs both these creams. By the intelligent use of these two creams you can be freed of the fear of the little foes that work to mar the skin.

POND’S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
and pearls—and a lot it's impossible to remember unless you had a note book along.

CONRAD NAGEL is busy stealing some leading lady's thunder by writing a book entitled "Things Directors Have to Do." Having worn his hair down over his collar until it was almost long enough to braid, for William de Mille in "What Every Woman Knows," p o o r Conrad has now been commanded to grow a mustache for the forthcoming Elsie Ferguson picture, "Sacred and Profane Love."

And since it is his first offense, he declares that every hair has a meaning all its own—or at least a direction, and the ultimate effect resembles nothing so much as a good bird's nest gone wrong.

But in the meantime, Mr. Nagel has scored a tremendous hit at the Hollywood Community Theater in Stephen Phillips' poetic drama, "Paolo and Francesca." His work and that of Helen Jerome Eddy, who plays opposite him, and of Ann Forrest, who here makes her first appearance on the speaking stage, has received the highest commendation both from critics and the public.

NOBODY seems prepared to state positively, but everybody seems to have their own ideas on the subject, most of them affirmative—that Pauline Frederick may soon become the idol of one of the high officials of the organization which is now starring her.

The well known little bird has certainly been busy, ever since Miss Frederick and this gentleman, a person of importance and, incidentally, as handsome as most leading men, began to be seen so constantly together.

Polly's marriage to Willard Mack, a most unhappy affair for the screen star, was recently terminated.

Certainly, if it should be true, the film colony is more than ready with congratulations for the lucky lady, who is one of its best-loved daughters.

ONE of the most popular and charming plays in Manhattan right now is Clare Kummer's newest comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," in which Roland Young has the principal part. Prominent in the cast is Dore Davidson, who played the father in "Honeymoon." Davidson has the role of a typical theatrical producer and at a point in the play, discussing the stage and the screen, delivers himself of this speech:

"On the stage, actors can disappoint a manager at the last minute. But on the screen, whether they are sick or dead, they're working for you all the time!"

Plays and Players
(Continued from page 78)

PEARL WHITE is one star that other stars seem to like.

Next to Mary Pickford, whom every other woman in films adores, Pearl seems to have the most admirers among those in her own profession.

The other day a very well-known and beautiful celluloid personage was talking about Miss White:

"If people knew how good she was to everyone she comes in contact with, they would admire her all the more," declared the lady. "Why, I know myself she is sending the children of her servants through school. She has a heart so big she can't hide it any place. And she never tells anyone about it, either."

W A T C H "Buster" Collier. This only son of the celebrated comedian, William Collier, is, some day, going to be one of the great American actors or we don't know an embryo genius when we see one.

He plays an important part in Catherine Calvert's new picture, "The Heart of Maryland." While the Tom Terris company was down in Natchez, Mississippi, for exteriors for the picture, he was the leading light in an entertainment given by the members of the Vitagraph cast to the citizens of the southern city who treated them so royally. Buster proved himself a tragic actor, an acrobat of the Keaton-Chaplin class, and an all-around dramatic asset. He's still getting letters from the sub-debs of Natchez. Some producer ought to sign young Collier to a life contract right now, before all the other producers get wise to his talents.

SPEAKING of "The Heart of Maryland":

The beautiful Catherine Calvert plays the part Mrs. Leslie Carter made famous. Ben Lyons and Buster Collier, two young men not quite twenty, are in her support. They called her "Mother" Calvert around the studio and all the visitors hearing them, would look around for a decrepit character woman to answer the call. Miss Calvert has the little son of her own, and all boys just naturally seem to take to her.

ALICE JOYCE has the right idea. She stops work at exactly four o'clock every afternoon and serves tea on the set to all members of her company.

T R U T H must have been more or less of a surprise to Fraulein Pola Negri, somewhere in Central Europe, to hear of astounding success in celluloid in the United States. Her picture, "Passion," originally called "Du Barry" until First National got hold of it, broke the world's entertainment record in its two weeks run at the Capitol Theater, in New York. The first day of the run, a Sunday, 80,000 admissions were paid the "takings" for the day were $12,000. The week's gross totaled over $53,000. In the two weeks' engagement 350,000 people saw it. Other thousands were turned away.

On the strength of this hit, the leading woman of the photoplay has been signed by a company to leave Germany and come to this country to make more pictures.

WILFRED BUCKLAND, who for six years was the art director for Lasky, in that period having a very great deal to do with the artistic success of the deMille and other Paramount pictures, is now a producer. He is associated with Allan Dwan in Los Angeles, and Dwan will present the Buckland Productions.

HERBERT BRENON has become Norma Talmadge's permanent director. This should insure at least a degree of originality in Norma's pictures which in a year or two has been sadly lacking. The first fruits of the Brenon-Talmadge combination will probably be "The Passion Flower," "The Sign on the Door" and "The Garden of Allah" also are scheduled.

MOLLIE McCONNELL, a veteran actress of the stage and screen, died in Los Angeles recently. She was a popular portrait of "mother" and grande dame roles.

MILDRED MARSH, a younger sister of Mae Marsh, was married in Los Angeles recently. The groom is Yale Johnstone of Forest, a scion, as they say, of one of the oldest Spanish families in California." Mildred is very young and very blonde. Sounds just like a movie romance.

H O O T" GIBSON, driving his new Packard racer over a mountain road near Hollywood that is rather thickly settled, had the misfortune to hit a garage door, with results to the door that would have

(Continued on page 88)
"IT’S FREEMAN’S" in Milady’s Boudoir

To attract, to be admired, to possess that subtle charm that thrills and fascinates those about her—all are sought by Milady in the preparation of her toilette.

And “It’s Freeman’s” that lends itself so successfully to her wishes.

Forty years of manufacturing, of constant refining and improving, have brought Freeman’s Face Powder to a degree of perfection excelled by none, regardless of price.

At all toilet counters or send 5 cents for miniature box

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.

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in SQUARE cornered box

Guaranteed to contain double the quantity of former round cornered 25c box

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A Convenient Location

In George Walsh’s picture, “From Now On,” the business begins on the East Side of Manhattan, amid garlic, back-alleys, tenements, and descendants of Dante. The inevitable chase starts, and prominent in the background as the sole embellishment of a vacant lot stands a huge storage tank. The scene shifts to Pittsburgh, where another chase is in order and another character is eliminated in a vacant lot, the sole embellishment of which is the same old huge storage tank.

BERNARD J. O’BRIEN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

That’s The New York Idea

Is Alice Brady on a diet? In “The New York Idea” she told Lowell Sherman she was so awfully hungry—and when the food appeared, took a little nibble of one of the sandwiches and then watched Lowell eat his.

AGNES N., Kansas City, Mo.

Just So He Got His Number

In “Go and Get It,” J. Barney Sherry is seen speaking to his friend across the street by telephone. J. Barney Sherry is using a Parisian telephone, while his friend across the way is using an American phone.

J. R. MAINE, Pawtucket, R. I.

What’s A Little Thing Like That?

In “The Iron Heart” the weak spots in the scenario comes when Madeline Traverse turns on the faithful and long-suffering hero and calls him a spy. Someone sent her a forged note telling her the hero was against her. The hero, in the preceding reel, had mailed her a charming epistle. The billet-doux and the forged letter were written in exactly the same hand, though one came from the hero and the other from the villain.

WILL W. WHALEN, OCONNA, Pa.

Knockout A La Film

In “The Penalty,” the secret service lady, unable to get out of the house of “Blizzard,” throws a note from the window to another operative, a man weighing at least two hundred pounds, who pockets the note and walks away. A few steps, and he walks right into the arms of about the worst-looking wreck of humanity I have ever seen: a poor, underfed fellow who seems to weigh all of one hundred pounds, who takes the note away from the fat “bull” and pulls him into a hole in the wall and that ends the episode.

M. R. S., Chicago, III.

Something Else to Think About

GLORIA SWANSON as the heroine in “Something to Think About” is seen washing clothes in an old-fashioned wooden tub filled with soapsuds. The hero comes along while she is thus engaged and together they finally gaze into the tub where their images are reflected in pure sparkling water.

MINNA B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Movie Millions

In “Wanted at Headquarters,” the thieves steal ten million—$10,000,000—which is carried in one-third of a box car. The heroine sends the ten million back in two trucks. Yet it took the American Express Company more than ten trucks to move much less.

J. W., New York City.

Probably

BILL HART is seen as an officer of the law in “The Cradle of Courage.” The first scene shows him with the shield—or star—of his authority reposing gently upon his right breast. In another scene the shield is over his heart. It is our opinion that officers of the law as a matter of custom or rule wear the badge of authority upon the left breast. Perhaps Bill saw the error of his ways and switched to a regular “cop” before it was too late. What say?


Bolly Blunder, Eh Wot?

In Bert Lytell’s photoplay, “The Price of Redemption,” a scene in British India is shown with the British soldiers wearing spiked helmets a la Hun. And in the final fadeout, the little son of the English army officer and his English wife is seen in a white sailor suit with an American eagle very plainly embroidered on the sleeve.

CYRE UPTON, Detroit, Michigan.

Santa Claus’ Rival

In Episode II of the serial, “The Third Eye,” one of the “victims,” who had been tied, managed to escape. His only means of getting out of the building is through the fireplace and up through the chimney. A close-up shows the soot falling down the chimney, meaning that the victim was escaping, and a shot was fired up the chimney just too late to reach its mark. Later on, he climbs down the chimney, reaching the ground with a perfectly spotless white shirt, and clean hands and face.

LLOYD E. IRELAND, Los Angeles, California.
This is the pleasant and satisfying experience of Mr. C. M. Hissong, of LaGrange, Indiana, who recently wrote as follows: "I am the owner of an Aladdin Readi-cut house, the Plaza, and I am certainly more than satisfied. The carpenters in this place,—those who did not help me, as well as those who did,—said they never saw better material. I have worked a great deal at carpentering myself and I never before worked such fine material,—not a crooked or twisted piece in the lot. Everything was cut-to-fit and went together without a hitch, and this saving in time was a big item. Two others and myself put up the frames, sheathed the entire building and put on the shingles in 14 days. I know I saved over $1,000 by buying an Aladdin Readi-cut house instead of buying at home. If I were to build either one or a hundred houses, they would all be Readi-cut and bought of the Aladdin Company."

We have thousands of letters from satisfied owners of Aladdin Readi-cut Homes who have had the same experience as Mr. Hissong. No matter where you live, there is an Aladdin Readi-cut owner near you, to whom we will gladly refer.

Dollar-a-Knot Quality
Aladdin "Dollar-a-Knot" guarantees means lumber of the highest quality. Knotless lumber,—the cleanest and clearest that comes out of the forest, is the kind that Aladdin Homes are made of. This is evidenced by our famous "Dollar-a-Knot" Guarantee, which has now been in effect for over 3 years. Better quality lumber does not grow. Highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, mill work, etc., are all included with every Aladdin Home. The same grade,—the best,—is furnished for the small as well as for the large Aladdin designs.

Aladdin Homes Cut-to-Fit
The Aladdin book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages are shown, profusely illustrated in colors, many leading home designs. Aladdin Homes are cut-to-fit, as follows: lumber, millwork, doors, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, varnishes. This material is all shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material, in perfect condition, is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the beautifully illustrated book, 'Aladdin Homes' No. 142.

The Aladdin Co. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
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This Aladdinette is really an apartment that separated itself from other apartments and became a house in itself. The desirable features of both are combined. The convenience of properly arranged, expertly proportioned rooms which are typical of the apartment, together with the privacy of the detached home and freedom of yard lawns, constitute the features that make for the popularity of the Aladdinette.

There are many individual designs of Aladdinettes,—something to please each individual requirement in size, style and price. And the amount you would have to pay for rent this year and next will more than pay for the entire cost of one of these most desirable homes. By the use of a modern kitchenette, wasteful dining room space is eliminated. By the use of Murphy wall beds, floor space serves a double purpose. We have prepared a special illustrated booklet, showing many different designs of Aladdinettes. Be sure and a s k for Aladdinette Book No. 142.
SMART VANITY CASE

Exactly the right size to hold a compact of Powder or Rouge Jonteel. In repousse silver finish, decorated with the quaint Jonteel bird. Complete with compact, 50¢—less than half its value. (In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher.)

No More Spilled Powder

No more mussing of your gown or bag with “loose” powder, spilled from vanity case or puff. Face Powder Jonteel Compacts stop all this waste and annoyance.

These ready-to-use toilet conveniences are beginning to replace loose powder, even on the dressing table. Plump discs of alluring, fragrant powder, having a peculiar “body” which makes it cling to the skin caressingly—removing the “shine” perfectly, and not easily blowing or brushing off.

And the subtle shades in which it comes. You get the magic effect of your own individual coloring made flawless.

Jonteel Compacts come in two sizes—an unusually generous 50¢ one, for the hand bag or vanity case, and a larger $1 size, especially for the toilet table. Stop at the nearest Rexall Store today, and pick out your shade.

FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

Jonteel COMPACTS

ROUGE YOU CAN’T DETECT

COMPACTS of color for every complexion. Choice of three wonderfully life-like tints, each imparting a charming, rose-petal velvetyness.

Ask for Jonteel Powder and Rouge Compacts only at a Rexall store. They are obtainable nowhere else.

The Rexall Stores

are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores, throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

Perfumed with the Wonderful New Odor of 26 Flowers
PASQUAL, CONN.—Why should I bother about high prices? I haven’t any money to spend. Elmo Lincoln is forty-one years old. His real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt. He was born in Chester, New York. Eddie Polo is thirty-six. Married.

RUBY JENNINGS.—If you will write to the liter of Photoplay Magazine for an appointment I am sure he will be glad to see you. Or write to me, or just drop in to see me. The door is wide open to you any time. Don’t forget.

CUNO, CUBA.—Did you have nice New Year? You are so kind in your requests, Connie—mind if I call you that, do you? You just want Wally Reid’s picture in every part he ever acted: that’s all. It isn’t so surprising that Mr. Reid didn’t answer your gimme letter, but write him at the Lasky studio in Hollywood and try again. Dorothy Dalton is now working in the west same studio as Mr. Reid.

LUCY.—Frank Craig in Blackie’s “Life’s Greatest Problem” as played by John Goldworthy. You don’t all write and ask me when John Goldworthy went into pictures. Following is the cast of the picture: Big Steve Reardon, Ethel Lewis; Alice Webster, Abe de Kemer; Little Lefty, Gus Vondero; Mrs. Craig, Ida Darke; Miriam Craig, Helen Ferguson; John Craig, John P. Wade; Dick Craig, Eugene Strong; Shipyard Superintendent, Jack Martin; Terri to Craig, Bernard Kalil; Wilkinson, Aubrey Beattie.

L. E. T., CONN.—You would like to go to pictures. Well, are you asking me for formation, or just confiding in me? In her case I have absolutely nothing to say. Dick Perrin is about 25. Address him Universal City, Cal. Dorothy Wilbert in “La a Lucille.”

MISS FITZGERALD, OMAHA.—Norma Talmadge is a brunette. What is more, she has always been a brunette. Except when she wears a blonde wig once in a while to put over a characterization before the camera. Oh, I think you would know Norma and Constance if you saw them on the street. But they haven’t been in Omaha.

FRANCES RYDERSON.—Why don’t you give your address when you want me to write you a personal letter? I will be only too pleased to answer all your questions if you’ll send me a stamped self-addressed envelope. I dislike heartily to hand myself anything, but I daresay if it’s a question appertaining to the films, I can answer it. Anyway, write to me again.

C. B. M., IDAHO.—Why should I try to cure my bad habits? With all the Blue Laws, it will be done for me. Gloria Swanson is her real name—that is, it was her real name until she married Herbert Sum- born. There’s a Gloria II. now. Her father is Captain Swanson. She was formerly married to Wallace Beery. Don’t know Gloria’s age but it isn’t much.

N. G., TENN.—I suppose so many people go in for a literary career because it is so easy to be bad at it. I won’t say that that was what guided me, but it’s as good an excuse as any, and I certainly need an excuse. Dustin Farnum is married but his wife doesn’t appear in pictures. Holmes E. Herbert is forty-eight years old; he won’t give any information as to his matrimonial status, but when a man says nothing he usually means perhaps—do we not?

Y. H., TAFT, CAL.—Don’t call me dear, dear man. Especially when you have nothing to tell me except that you heard Bill Farnum has been married four times and divorced three times. So sorry to disillusion you, but my good friend Mr. Farnum has only been married once, and divorced never. His wife is Olive White, an actress who is not appearing professionally now. They have a little daughter.

A. M., FORT WORTH.—Shades of Whitman, Wilde, and William Shakespeare! Next time, please, put your queries in prose. I got so mixed in my metre I’m not sure I know what you asked me. Dick Barthelmess is an American. Besse Love is 27. Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye. Honest! Alma Rubens has black hair and brown eyes. Bebe Daniels weighs 123 pounds. Farewell, fair muse.

HELEN RIEDEL, OWATONNA, MINN.—The only address I have for Victoria Forde is in care of her husband, Tom Mix, at the Fox studios, Hollywood. The Talmadge sisters work in their own studio at 318 East 48th Street, New York city.

LULUBELLE.—Cuba, I should say, was discovered about July 1, 1910. Of course. I may be wrong. Blanche Sweet is twenty-six. Alice Joyce, thirty. Matt Moore opposite Miss Sweet in “The Unpardonable Sin.” Here is the cast of “Sand:” Dan
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**Miss G. D. M., Canada.**—So you're coming to New York? Well, well. And you want to know the quickest way to get to the Capitol Theater, reputed the largest in the world (in New York). I'd advise you to wear a wider skirt. But if you don't want to do that, consult the directory and then take a taxicab. Surely, call on me while you're here. I nearly always answer my phone. Marguerite Courtot in Paris serial, "Bound and Gagged." Mary Miles Minter isn't married. William Farnum supported by Louise Lovely in "The Last of the Dunes." Louise is now... star.

**Miss Charlie.**—Very glad indeed to hear from you, even though you do surmise I'd make an ideal mate for a school-teacher. I can't even support myself, Miss Charlie. What's your real name—Charlotte? Charles Ray was born in 1892, in Jacksonville, Ill. He made his first stage appearance in 1913; his screen debut in 1915.

**B. L., North Dakota.**—The reason your question was not answered was because it was attended to under some other item. There are many who want to know the same things, Blanche. So don't be snappish, old dear. Edna Bennett was born in Australia. She is married to Fred Niblo, the director. Miss Bennett is soon to have her own company but Paramount is still releasing a few of her pictures which she made when with the Great-Paramount or-gan. One of them is called, "Her Husband's Friend." There—does that smooth your ruffled feathers?

**Edna.**—So you passed my office this morning and looked up. Thank you, Edna—thank you very, very much. I shall always remember that. Frank Mayo may be reached at Universal, Hollywood, Cal. Frank's wife is Joan, and she is for divorce right now, I believe. Her name is Joyce Mayo Moore. No relation to Tom, Owen, Matt and Joe. (I beat you to it that time.)

**Answer Man, Adirondack.**—Ah, at last—
I have an Adirondack! Now I feel I am entitled to a new swivel chair and one of those lovely quilt pens. Wouldn't you be thrilled, Dear Adirondack, to get a letter signed by me with one of those lovely quilt pens?

Of course, they are not made to be used—I don't know. Lilian Hall played in Tourneur's picturization of J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." Barbara Bedford is Cora in the same production. Faire Binney lives at 212 East 62nd Street, New York City, with her mother and her sister, Constance. Ward Crane, care Allan Dwan Productions, Los Angeles, Cal.

But that was before I got your letter, so I couldn't give him the thrill of knowing how much you think of him. He'd appreciate your taking the trouble to drop him a line. David Powell is in England now.

**C. B. H., Vermont.**—Most people who follow the races find themselves a long way behind. But there's no use giving you advice. Advice is like some of the Christmas gifts I received: given with a good will but never used. You should see the crocheted toothbrush holders and the beautiful gold cord and took off the greeting tag there was nothing to 'em at all. Albert Rose was Gabriel in Fox's "Evangelism."
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Your choice of odors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

A more or less private showing of an educational film in three reels by Robert Schable and his hilarious case, a modern weapon which has made ripples a fine art in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment.

done justice to a machine gun. Of course, it was dark, and Hoot certainly meant no harm, being at the moment exceedingly well pleased with the world and at peace with all mankind. For the time being, he had even forgotten the 18th Amendment.

Therefore he was surprised, not to say hurt, when the owner of the garage appeared belligerently and protested vigorously.

"What the ——— is the matter with you, you gosh-darned idiot?" yelled the owner irascibly.

"My dear sir," said Hoot with great dignity, "There is nothing the matter with me—nothing. But I would like to ask you what the deuce your garage door is doing way out in the middle of the road like that, and why you have two garage doors where there is only one garage?"

And feeling he had conclusively settled the matter, Hoot climbed back into the roadster and went on his way rejoicing.

But we do hear, poor Hoot had to pay for at least one of the garage doors, though we don't know which one.

THE small son of an executive attached to one of the more prominent and prosperous film companies was being escorted on his first trip to a motion picture studio. His father led him by the hand into one of the huge stages and pointed about impressively.

"Hurt, my son," he said, "are the movies?"

"Hub?" snorted the youngster, "where's the vaudeville?"

Passersby stopped and looked and laughed at a sign over a Broadway picture house this month. It read: "Behold My Wife and Bert Lytell."

SOMETIMES predictions come true. Ours, that Miss Jean Paige was to become Mrs. Albert E. Smith, proved entirely correct, for the young lady was united in marriage to Vitagraph's president at a nice, quiet, informal ceremony performed at the home of her parents in Paris, Illinois. Miss Paige's real name—is or was—Lucile O'Hare. She is very popular in studio circles for her simple charm and dignity and both she and her husband have the good wishes of everybody.
Plays and Players

(Eles Ferguson, who left New York to work in the Lasky studio in Hollywood, is said to have sent a telegram to her director, William D. Taylor, just before her departure. "I am looking forward to Sacred and Profane Love," it read. And then all the wags said they hoped Miss Ferguson didn't believe all those things they say about the Hollywood film colony.

Paris went wild over Fatty Arbuckle. From the time he landed until he sailed for home, he was dined and waited on, for the French took to him in portly person as readily as they take to his pictures. Roscoe went wild in London, too; and to show his appreciation gave a dinner at the Ritz Savoy which was attended by 150 notables.

Azimova has temporarily shelved the production of "Aphrodite" and will do "Camille" next instead. It is said that despite the assertions of Los Angeles' Chamber of Commerce, the weather in Hollywood is not quite gentle enough to insure complete comfort to the dramatic participants in such a summery tale as "Aphrodite." Alla will make it sooner or later, however.

San Francisco's "Four Hundred" did a little extra work the other day. They appeared in the Monte Carlo scenes of Universal's new von Stroheim picture, "Foolish Wives." Carl Laemmle, in return for their services, gave them $5,000 to be used for charitable purposes.

Louise Huff is the mother of a little son. She will not return to the screen before spring. She married, you know, a New York millionaire, Edwin Stillman. Mary Louise, her little four-year-old daughter by a former marriage, is much interested and not a bit jealous of the new arrival.

Frances Marion, looking more charming than ever, has returned to New York from a season in California, where she directed Mary Pickford. Miss Marion's husband came east with her—last week, with her—Fred Thompson, whom you will see in Little Mary's picture that Frances directed, "The Love Light." Marion Davies will be the next star to be directed by Miss Marion, who says she has put on the puttees for good.

Cecil DeMille decided to film "The Affairs of Anatole." Everybody was glad, for DeMille gathered together in one cast such stars as Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, and Agnes Ayres. He enlisted the services of Jeanne MacPherson, Elmer Harris, and other experts. And then—

We can barely write it—he changed the title of "The Affairs of Anatole"—Arthur Schnitzler's world-renowned play—to "Five Kisses!"

Now that Constance Talmadge has settled down to a happily wedded existence, and her inseparable chum Dorothy Gish has decided to have one leading man for life, James Rennie; and Dick Barthelmess has been married to Mary Hay for some months now, and Alice Brady and James Crane are as devoted as ever, and Justine Johnston and her husband Walter Wagner still wrapped up in each other—what in the world will the rumor-hounds and the gossip-lovers have to talk about, in the eastern studio colony, at least?

The Only Secret of a Beautiful Complexion

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being. Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to every body cell. These poisons are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them. NuJol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to daily evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those toxins that mar the skin and endanger health. NuJol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or gripping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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Instead of forcing or irritating the system, NuJol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system. NuJol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world, and the only secret of a beautiful complexion. NuJol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

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How and why internal cleanliness will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN". Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

NuJol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co., New Jersey, Room 705 V. 44 Beaver Street, New York. Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."
ADGE KENNEDY played in four roles at the same time last month.

She was enacting a dual role in her new stage play, "Cornered," at the Astor Theater on Broadway; and at the same time playing two parts in her Goldwyn picture, "The Girl with the Jazz Heart," at the Capitol, several blocks up the Great White Way.

IF you don't think those serial stunts are the real thing, go and talk to Charles Hutchinson.

He's Pathe's daredevil serial artist; and while he was hanging from a cliff or something he fell and broke his arm, ruffled his disposition, and barely escaped breaking his neck.

He's all right now—in fact, he's doing a re-take on that scene right now. Says he's sorry he spoiled it.

PEARL WHITE went to Bermuda on location in December. She was assured when she left New York that she would be able to return to eat Christmas dinner in Bayside.

But the "Victoria" sailed from Bermuda December 22, at noon—while Miss White was finishing her last scene. She arrived at the dock too late to get aboard. Majors-Kitchen and Heming, of the British Air Service, came to her rescue with an offer to take her to sea in a monoplane and set her aboard the vessel. Miss White accepted, and eight miles out at sea the "Victoria" was overtaken. Pearl did a real old-fashioned serial stunt when she climbed down the air-craft rope ladder to a life-boat from which she boarded the liner. And—she ate Christmas dinner at Bayside, and drank to the health of her gallant rescuers.

MORE than two thousand people take part in scenes for Marshall Neilan's new picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer.

The story deals with Indian uprising in Montana and Wyoming, some time after the Civil War. Neilan took Marjorie Daw, Wesley Barry, Pat O'Malley and other actors up to Glacier Park for important scenes.

A LITTLE old lady and her seventeen-year-old grandson were watching Fox's "Over the Hill." When the scenes with the dog were shown, the old lady asked, "What kind of a dog is that? He's real cute."

Grandson hastened to supply the information—"That's a Dalmation hound," he explained importantly. "Dear me!" gasped his grandmother, "think of calling a nice dog like that a damnation hound!"

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***what some breakfasts cost, yet is the food of foods***

You can serve a dozen people with Quaker Oats for the price of a single chop. And you serve them with the greatest food that grows.

The oat is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is rich in minerals. A serving of oats supplies iron enough for a day.

The oat supplies all the 16 elements which the human body needs. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

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Compared with the average meat-dish breakfast, Quaker Oats saves 85 per cent. In a family of five it saves some 35 cents per meal. That's $1.25 per year.

The large package of Quaker Oats—costing 35 cents—contains as many calories of nutriment as nine pounds of veal cutlets.

Those are the reasons why Quaker Oats should form the basic breakfast. It does so with millions of people.

It guards against deficiencies in diet. It cuts down the food bills immensely.

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*The supremely delicious oats*

Serve oats at their best. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Oat lovers from all the world over send for this brand for its flavor. Yet it costs you no extra price.

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didn't give him a chance to ring off by par-leying, but announced immediately my inten- tion to discontinue this proposition of the house and lot, the augmented income and the hand of the lady with the prominent teeth.

My father was almost cordial. "I shall ex-pect you in ten minutes" he told me. In thirty minutes I was between the sheets of the same bed in the same room that had been my prison from my earliest recollec-tions. Yet I was no longer as the prodigal returned. The proverbial calf was served in my honour and I was feted as never in my life before. At the end of the week I com-menced my strategic campaign.

Sitting alone from the bank one evening I complained of a violent headache. I re-fused my dinner and went to bed early. The next morning I was worse, but insisted on dragging my feeble steps to the bank. Day by day my sufferings increased. I became haggard and correspondingly uncommunicative to the lady of my father's choice. Now and then I affected a wild manner and occasionally when we were alone together I hinted at murders, black and horrible.

At first she humoured me, suggesting to my mother that the waiting for her hand was stirring my emo-tional depths too profoundly and that it might be well for her to take up residence in the house until the wed-ding so that I might have her constantly in my sight. My mother for once showed a certain amount of discrimination. She did not favor the idea.

Finalall, after a particularly blood-curdling recital of one or another of my fantasies, my fiancee became alarmed for my sanity, while a note from the manager of the bank to my father, relative to my recent peculiarities threw a blight on the argument. "Much as she loved me," she declared, "it would be unfair to the next generation and to herself to unite me in the holy bonds of matrimony with a lunatic. She returned the very fine en-gagement ring that my father had bought to seal our betrothal and told me that, alas, she could never be mine. My mother was gloomy, but later her real alarm made itself evident. They called in three or four doctors and a couple of absolutely idiotic looking alients.

I fell ill again. Diagnosis was suffering from nervous strain. I had some secret sorrow on my mind, I was fighting some ancient inhibition, my subconscious mind was driving out the I that was 1; they had to express it in words of expressing that I was a splendid subject for Mr. Freud or Carl Jung, but one and all they declared that the cause of the trouble must be removed—my sorrow.

My plan was working even better than I had dared to hope.

On the advice of the most expensive of the doctors my father obtained leave of absence for me from the bank. I took me to my bed and prepared to face away. After a month's f-eeling I came to the conclusion that the role of invalid would suit me ad-mirably well till the end of my days. I was quite content with the present. The past and the future held no interest. I almost forgot the original reason for my present state of grace. Alice became a luminous and far away memory. I really had no further desire as far as she was concerned. I only wanted to be babied and petted, to count the tulips on the wall paper and to spend the time between naps in eating of rare and epicurean viands. However, this sweet sol-ace was not to be of long duration.

My father came to my bedside one day and told me that in view of my ill health, he was willing to make concessions, tak-ing into consideration the fact of my obedience to his recent matrimonial de-

Free Born — But!

(Continued from page 35)

However, I was not to be seriously con-sulted on the matter. Alice was sent for.

The marriage was solemnized and we took up our residence, as the local papers had it "at the charming town house on Pecuniary Place, the gift of the Bride-groom's father." I wanted to go away, far away, to some desert or other, to get it over, but Alice and my mother decided that it must be "done" from a moral point of view.

For the first week after our marriage I was really happy. I threw out my chest and said to myself, "Now I am free!"

It was not long, however, before I dis-covered that I knew not how to get rid of the form of slavery for another. I had Alice on the one hand and our neighbors on the other in place of my erst-while tyrants. Did I want to return in bold evenings, I was immediately yanked from my sequestered cor-ner to play bridge, of which I understand less than nothing. Then I had to en-dure the haughty stares and the icy sniffs of my un-touched partners with I made a more glaring error than usual. I determined that now I was free I would never enter a church door again. Alice overruled me, saying that people would credit the fact of her having been an actress to my fall from grace. Acting or not, you see, Alice was exceed-ingly orthodox.

I made up my mind that, now that neither my father nor my mother were in such close vicinity as to in-terfere with my taste in dress, I would buy a suit of the first time in my life garb myself as befitted my aesthetic temperamen.

I ordered my tailor's sending home my first choice, a beautiful new suit of purple hue. I had it made from one that the leading man wore in some musical comedy that we had witnessed on our hone-ymoon. I unpacked the box in joy and trembling. At last I could choose my own clothes. No more black for me, but purple, rich, royal purple.

I put it on and went downstairs to be admired. My wife gave me one glance and then told me that neither my father nor I thought the suit fit. There was the problem again. The suit was returned. Alice, in the opinion of her relatives, was not the,"the right one." Perhaps I should have married someone else from the start. Alice's relatives were not disposed to accept the idea where they were not the, "right one." The suit was returned. Alice, in the opinion of her relatives, was not the, "right one." Perhaps I should have married someone else from the start. Alice's relatives were not disposed to accept the idea where they were not the, "right one."
How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

You should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a clean skin.

It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn’t fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap

If you say “but soap is too harsh for my skin,” you either haven’t found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can’t buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

Why isn’t Palmolive expensive?

Manufactured in small quantities it would be.

Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas.

Enormous production—and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in Atlantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—not more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap. Sold everywhere by leading dealers. Made by

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Palmolive

Two kinds of faces to wash

For an oily skin

For a dry skin

When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus. If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream first. Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.
MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

"The Flower of them all"
100 %
pure Turkish
tobacco

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World
of him. It was a mysterious disappearance. There was not a trace of the man.

"Probably a bum who's afraid the cops have something on him and has beat it," the roundsman suggested.

"A brave lad, just the same," declared Sheridan. "For the likes of him the fishes would have had me now."

"Never mind about that," urged Sheridan. "Let's get up to that boat house now and fix you up for duty. If the inspector should catch us off, we've an idea a fish would have to frame.

They led the tottering, weak-stomached Mike to the upper floor of the little shack and stripped him of his now stained rustling clothes and of the drink of whiskey—which was twenty years ago—and they bade Rafferty brace up.

Llewellyn," directed Sheridan, "get a boy and send him to Mike's home for his other uniform. Tell Mrs. Rafferty that Mike got a wetting. That'll be enough until we get our story straight.

"A fine howdyd'yul do!" he added, as Rafferty reached for the skin and shivering, took the proffered drink. "And you call yourself one of New York's finest!"

"I'll take all the blame," insisted Mike between his hot and gasping teeth. "I didn't wait any longer—you and Llewellyn. Soon as the clothes come, I'll be right on the job as chipper as a bird.

"Mike, your head ain't straight," Sheridan replied. "Don't you understand that you've got to make a report on this—on your being off your post. And the accident? Mike had not thought of that.

"Can't you say that I fell in the water?" he asked.

"But that ain't the point," the sergeant declared with growing irritation. "How am I going to explain about lending you a bicycle for practice while on duty? What explanation have I got for your post being uncovered all this time?"

Rafferty scratched his wet head in perplexity.

"And," suggested Llewellyn, "it'd be pretty soft picking for the newspapers if they found out that a copper had fell off the dock and was saved by a bum!"

"I don't believe we'll have us," moaned the patrolman. "Suppose," he suggested, "you don't make any report at all?"

"And then," snorted Sheridan, "we'll all be in a fine jamb, if the chief heard about it.

For a few moments one naked policeman and two in uniform gave themselves over to profound thought.

"There's nothing to it, Mike," announced Sheridan finally and authoritatively. "I've thought it all over and—you've got to be a hero. It's the only way out."

Between the salt water and the drink Mike was still a little off his edge. And what can I do to show bravery?" he asked.

"You've already done it, you nimbyskull," declared Sheridan. "You jumped overboard at the pier and saved a poor bum. It was as brave a deed as ever decorated the police blotter."

"But I can't swim," protested Mike, after that.

"You may think you can't, but you are a hero just the same.

"A fine hero I am, standing here as naked as a jaybird, shivering."

"Rafferty, proffered Llewellyn, the flower of the police department, Mike. And that goes—understand? Now get the story straight, tell it to Margaret and stick to it. If you weaken, I'll have you transferred to the loneliest post in New York."

"Looks like the only way out," agreed Roundman Llewellyn, reflectively. "But what about the tramp, the bum who saved me?" Mike offered as a last defense.

"Never mind about the bum," advised Llewellyn. "A bum never comes back. If he did the word of three officers is better than any of that kind of blackmail."

"Blackmail, ye'd be calling it?" exclaimed Mike.

"That's what it'd be—and nothing else."

"Well, it's all my fault," Rafferty moaned in capitulating. "It don't seem right to be a hero, but I'll do my part if it kills me."

When Rafferty and Tompkins, on the police run for the News, stumbled across a report turned in by Sergeant Sheridan. But he didn't get a beat. Other reporters claimed a share in the item. "It's journalism," in New York carried the story of a new police hero. There was little doing that day and the reporters splurged on Michael Rafferty. At the risk of his life a patrolman, to save a tramp of the force, unhesitatingly had leaped overboard to save a tramp, an ordinary river front bum. The reporters went a little further than the report—far enough to make the home-town paper, and it leaped into its admiring Margaret in the face at breakfast. The tramp after being saved had disappeared without so much as a word of thanks!

The head of the police department—chief Rafferty was called—had seen the congratulated Mike and gave him two days' leave with full pay.

In Rafferty's neighborhood Margaret suddenly sprang to be a hero that put up a tramp. So often had she related the story of Mike coming home without so much as a word of his heroism and so freely had she exhibited the newspaper clippings that neighboring women envied the lack of—persons on the part of their husbands to get on the police force.

But Mike Rafferty was ill at ease, unhappy. His confidence in Sheridan was assailed. He was not so sure of Llewellyn.

Mike well remembered how the roundsman often winked at police violations and had smothered reports on the location of pokers, the dodging, the drinking. And he understood, unlike the rest, easily, the occasion when he saw Llewellyn dining with one of the game keepers that had reported. Still what could he do?

To save the reputation of his friend Sheridan, as well as his own, he would simply have to remain a hero. But for the gnawing at his conscience it might not be so bad, at that.

On his first day off, being cautious by nature, the hero took a swimming lesson.

Returning home in more buoyant spirits Mike found the priest come to his home to bless the little family.

"My boy," he said, "be good father, the force does itself proud to honor the likes of you. I am just as proud as Margaret."

"It was nothing, Father."

"It was that!" contradicted Margaret. "I don't think of you trying to hide your shining light under a bushel measure. That's why ye've never been promoted. . . . Don't you think he might be now, Father?"

"I asked."

"It would be just and fitting," agreed the pious old man. "But, my boy," he beamed on Mike, "it is much more in the sight of Him above to live a life of humility and without self-righteousness than to have to be blessed for your great deed, my son."

A feeling of utter helplessness came over the wavering Mike. The words of the innocent old priest caused him, for the first time, to think of the confessional. It terrifed him.

Rafferty went back to his post fruitively avoiding congratulations of the residents lest he betray himself. There was nothing of intrigue in Mike Rafferty. Blunt and honest he pursued his soul's growth in rebellion to his future days of deceit. But he could think of no way to lose himself from the binding fetters of heroism.

The roundsman of fame Rafferty still dared to hang around the docks. The scene of his deed and consequent painful honors haunted him, and he haunted it. Mike was able to time his visits so as to avoid the reporters. There was something of his specialty. He could not afford to be caught off post again. Such is the sense of responsibility that comes with heroism.

One morning the inspector, himself, arrived within five minutes of Mike's return from one of these hokkey playing strolls. The brave Rafferty trembled.

"Mike," announced the high ranking officer, "I am taking the patrolman on the back, "give me your hand. You are in the Hall of Fame!"

"Now, what've I done, Sir?" Rafferty inquired plaintively. To him fame meant that.

"Look," bade the inspector. He unfolded a General Order.

The Honor Board had met and awarded to Michael Rafferty the much coveted gold medal of honor for services attached the directed the said Rafferty to present himself at the city hall with other heroic policemen and firemen on a day to be set for the event. They would pin on his breast the Mayor would pin the medal.

The pressure, or over pressure, of early newspaper stories had done their work. Sheridan had overplayed his hand. Once more Mike, now somewhat hardened, weathered the plaudits of an admiring neighborhood and took another upbuilding from Margaret for not asserting his rights. But he was getting used to that now.

At the exact hour when this general order was being given out to the police reporters down at headquarters the troubled Rafferty was sauntering toward the dock with a must at his post. He had observed the old barge again ordered to a post. In a moment he was running.

The old barge, laden with lumber, was emitting great clouds of smoke.

"Mike," called Sheridan, "and there's a family living in her hold!"

There was a chance for Officer Rafferty to obliterate his past, he thought, and be a real hero. Mike was not afraid. He reached the edge of the pier, threw aside his club and dived into the water. The force of the dive itself brought him almost to the barge. Thanks to his secret swimming lessons two years ago he knew how to reach the surface of the distance. Climbing over the gunwale Rafferty clambered up the pile of lumber, ran back to the hatch from which the black smoke was pouring and allowed himself to drop into the water. There were people down there. Mike Rafferty, phony hero if you will, was going to save them or die in the attempt. He would show them that medicine was useless.

Rafferty dropped into a pile of burning rags. The flames suddenly stirred into activity burned him. His hair and eyebrows were singed, his skin blistered. Half blinded, he clung to the side, found no fire there and fell fainting.

People on the dock had seen the brave act of the policeman and came running. Police and fire calls were sent in. When the officers and firemen arrived the smoke was
subsiding. The leaders hurried down the hatch and dragged Rafferty, almost suffocated. Then everybody laughed—everybody but the police.

The only fire they found was the burning of a few oiled rags.

The inspector, arriving a few minutes late, looked at the suffering Rafferty, but in his glance there was no sympathy. He smiled disgustedly. To his sophisticated mind it was the old, old case of a framed up fire.

"Staged this for another medal, did you?" he asked. "When the Chief gets this and the newspapers finish up the job of making a tool of the police department you'll be staging a month's suspension, I'm thinking."

That is exactly what Mike got.

A miserable man it was that lay in bed, receiving the ministrations of the devoted Margaret.

"And it's what a poor copper gets for trying to do more than his share," she said to him. "One day they call ye a hero and the next day . . . And," she added accusingly, "ye lay there and take the worst of it either way."

Mike was too bitter for reply.

To be a fake hero was a thing he could suffer alone. The laughing stone of the force, as well as the police haters of the underworld, was the breaking point.

Michael Rafferty had a consuming desire to turn right over and not get well.

III

After finishing his story of the medal awards, Eddie Tompkins stopped at the mail rack on his way out of the editorial rooms and found a letter in his pigeon hole addressed in the scrawling hand of a man with stiff fingers.

"Friend Tompkins: I read in the News a sordy piece about Rafferty a policeman saving a drowning tramp. The whole thing is a lie. I know you when a little boy up in the home town and I want you to make this thing up. It wasn't no such thing. I was the man and it was me that rescued the policeman. I ain't no tramp and its a lie. I am the skipper on a barge and I make the trip from upstate every two weeks. I thought maybe you would like to write the truth about this thing and thats why I am sending this letter. You can find me on my old stream, down the dock where this policeman was supposed to save a tramp. Yours truly,

"SAMUEL SIMMONS."

"Simmons, Simmons?" repeated Eddie, mulling this over.

Gradually he remembered that a man by that name did live in his home town, a river man—shellback, they called him. Eddie tucked the letter in his pocket and went on. He would look into this the next time he was up.

I there was a story, the uncaring of a police scandal, he would get the facts first and have it all to himself. Having cut his eyelids in the newspaper business, Eddie Tompkins was never one to make a mistake. He planned to write this letter and put it in the paper.

The next day young Tompkins found Samuel Simmons on the edge of the dock smoking a pipe. On the deck of the barge nearby a woman was hanging some washing. Two children were playing about a bin of sand. Eddie recognized the man from his home town instantly.

"Aint that a hell of a thing?" observed Mr. Simmons when Eddie called his attention to the letter. "Think of a policeman who couldn't even save his man who had rescued a tramp and call a lie, son. All a lie."

"And they came near getting away with it."

But the worst part of it," added Mr. Simmons, "they even said the tramp disappeared without a word of thanks. Maybe they tried to make people think he'd committed a crime or something. Son, I was the tramp. I disappeared simply because I went down in the barge, my home, to get myself some dry clothes. When I come out them cops had gone. Fine newspaper lie, wasn't it?"

"I'll be damned, Mr. Simmons, and I'm to blame because I wrote it. But, of course, I didn't know the facts."

"Course not. Course not."

"It isn't too late to get even, though. I'll get a bird of a story out of this. I'll use your photograph when I print it, too."

"No, you won't, son," said Mr. Simmons most positively. "No, you won't, because there ain't going to be no story, and you aint going to print it."

For a moment the young reporter's face was blank.

"You mean to say you've changed your mind?"

"That's it, son," declared the old man, knocking ashes off his pipe and intently observing his wife's face.

"And, if you are the kind of a man your daddy was you'll forgot that letter and say nothing about it. Son, that policeman is a hero a sure enough one."

"I don't exactly understand—"

"Oh, I've been reading the papers this mornin'. I read all about the way the police and you newspapers are rotstin' that Rafferty for tryin' to save a bunch of burnin' rags. Seems like the newspapers manage to get it wrong every time, don't they?"

"Just what do you mean by that, Mr. Simmons?"

"Why, I mean to say that that copper has more'n paid me back for savin' him that day, even if I was sore. He saved the life of my two kids, I'm certain of it. Why, son, our kids was dead on the other side of the partition aslee when Rafferty went down there. My wife and me was up to a store buying some groceries. We found him down there when we got back. You see, them policemen and folks who run down to the docks got so worked up about Rafferty doin' a fool thing that they forgot to look any further, long as the fire was out. Yes, son, I figure the puttin' out of them oil rags saved my kids. Me and Policeman Rafferty is even."

"Something funny about this thing," mused the reporter.

"You bet there is. What I can't understand is why the police told a lie about Rafferty saving a tramp to make him a hero and him turned around and made a big joke out of him about this barge fire. Tell me that."

But it was beyond Eddie Tompkins. He had no satisfactor. answer.

"Now, son," said the old man, "I want you to give me back that there letter and, if you're the man I think you are, you'll say nothing about Policeman Rafferty at all."

A momentary problem faced the young reporter. He saw his story slipping, his big chance gone. But, he mentally decided, Simmons and me square. Also he might get a better story by waiting.

"I'm that kind of a man, Mr. Simmons," he said. "You can count on me."

"I thought so."

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Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Continued)

The old man took the letter, tore it into bits and threw them into the water.

"Can't I see Rafferty and tell him what you've said?" asked Eddie. "He's laid up in bed, still suffering from his burns.

"Well, I reckon you might—but nothing about that saying the tramp. Nothing at all in the newspapers. There's something behind this and we might get it all unravelled."

"I understand," said the reporter.

"Yes, it's better not to go off half-cocked on these things. I've found out in life that patience is the thing. You just tell Rafferty that I know what he done at the fire—that's all—and that he can count on me if he needs me."

Young Tompkins found Rafferty in bed groaning from his burns.

"Did you expect to get a story out of me, Eddie?" he asked apprehensively.

"No, my hands are washed of this story, Rafferty."

He told the policeman of his really having saved the children of Samuel Simmons. Eddie was careful to make no reference to having discovered the missing tramp.

"It's mighty good news, boy, but you ain't goin' to print it."

"Why not?" Eddie asked as a feeler.

"The inspector'd think I was tryin' to show him up. I'd get the worst of it the rest of my life."

"No, I had no idea of printing it," Tompkins assured him. "The old barge man asked me not to. Still, it's a good thing to know."

"It is that, Eddie."

The officer breathed a sigh of genuine relief.

Rafferty recovered rapidly. In the department his receiving the gold medal had offset any cloud that might have attached to his record as a result of the reprimand. He was neither dropped nor advanced in the promotion list. Mike went right on being a patrolman—a good one, too. Except in inner circles the barge incident was forgotten. The brave rescue of the tramp might also have been forgotten but for the medal. Mike deposited the unwelcome badge of honor in a trunk—wished that he might throw it in the river—and tried to forget. But there are certain days—the day of Police Parade, for instance—when honor men are compelled to wear their medals. Those occasions Mike dreaded. His pride in marching in the honor squad, with chest expanded, was always dampened by the haunting fear of somebody like Llewellyn grinning cynically at him from the curb.

Once Rafferty went to headquarters determined to tell the truth, get his record cleared and have it all over with, but he met Sheridan, now a lieutenant, in the corridor. His determination wilted. To accuse the former sergeant of making out a false report—brand him a liar—meant demotion. His own acceptance of the false honor would be worse. Mike could read that in Sheridan's friendly smile. Rafferty had no fear of Lieutenant Sheridan ever telling what he knew about the medal.

"Say, Mike," Sheridan said, drawing him aside, "had you heard about Llewellyn?"

Instinctively Rafferty winced. He had never trusted the old roundsman.

"He's left the force," Sheridan went on. "They tell me he is interested in a pool room and a handbook uptown, making a lot of money."

"They'll get him some time, if he don't watch out," declared Mike.

"Not in this administration. The old man says there won't be any raids unless we've

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Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame
(Continued)

got the actual goods and a search warrant. I guess old Llewellyn knows what he's about.

It was none of Mike's business, so he went back to attend to his own job. He couldn't help, though, comparing his luck with that of the crafty round-man.

As an officer, Mike Rafferty's reputation grew. In turn he was made roundsman, sergeant and lieutenant. On each occasion when called before the commissioner—the department no longer had a chief of police—Mike, following custom, would make a speech. It couldn't have been more striking, though. He didn't want the golden rays to burn any deeper than was necessary.

When sworn in as lieutenant and congratulated by Sheridan, now Captain, Rafferty learned that Llewellyn had added a gambling house to his string of illicit enterprises.


"What do you mean—tough?"

"I have the tip that you are going to be ordered to that district. And I'll tell you something else, Mike. With this new commissioner in, there's going to be something doing!"

Rafferty's mind had been in a police groove long enough to know what that meant.

The news of Lieutenant Rafferty's assignment to a bad section of the Tenderloin spread rapidly in the underworld. On the first day he met Llewellyn on the street. The former roundsman, now affluent, was patronizing in his greetings. By nightfall Mike learned from a stoolpigeon that Llewellyn had amused a gathering around a stud poker table by referring to him as a fourflushing Mick who didn't know his way about town—meaning the Tenderloin.

IV

Exactly fifteen years to the day from the time Rafferty was pulled out of the North River and given a medal for bravery the Commissioner of Police sent for the new lieutenant.

"Lieutenant," said the commissioner, "as you know, perhaps, this is to be a clean-up administration. The city is determined that New York shall be rid of anything that even suggests a questionable report, of gambling in all forms, and of Sunday enforcement."

"Yes, sir, I understand that."

"That," went on the police commissioner, "is exactly why you have been promoted and assigned to the Tenderloin. Your past work has given the mayor every confidence in you. I want you to organize your forces as soon as possible and make this clean-up complete. In addition to cleaning up the city we are going to clean up the department. There will be no monkey business about it."

"I understand you, sir," Mike replied, "you can count on me to go through with it."

"The mayor," said the commissioner, "has announced to the newspapers what is going to be done. If we fail him the force will be a joke, you understand? We are depending upon you to do the job!"

Though Rafferty's attitude was one of determination, his bearing almost military, his mind was in a fog. As quickly as possible he escaped from the presence of the commissioner.

Though straightforward and honest to the core, Mike Rafferty was a practical policeman. His first move was to call in his stoolpigeons. Without these disloyal, often depraved, bits of humanity who earn an ill-flavored livelihood by spying on their former fellow criminals the investigating arm of the law would wither. They are as necessary as are malevolentous fertilizers in the growth of useful plants.

"The gang around one of Llewellyn's joints was gittin' a little skittish last night," said the stoolpigeon. "They say fell off something terrible. Everybody's afraid of a raid—everybody but Llewellyn."

"Is that so?" encouraged Rafferty. "He's not afraid of anything, I reckon."

And he was right. When the day dawned and the stool-pigeon, "He told the gang last night to set tight and take it easy. He says to them: This Rafferty is a fourflusher with a medal. You needn't worry. I've got somethin' on him, and he knows it."

It was as Rafferty had feared. Llewellyn at the first opportunity was to use the weapon he had harbored all these years. Mike was facing the supreme test. With little deliberation he found himself willing to face it squarely. Rather than be recreant to a trust, Rafferty would risk exposure and make a clean-up down the Tenderloin. The new Captain Sheridan down with him? For a moment he wavered—but only for a moment. Yes, for the honor of the force he would even do that!

Mike flinched as he thought of Margar- ret's condemning eye at the breakfast table. It was the only secret he had ever kept from her.

Rafferty next thought of the newspapers. Of one friend he felt sure. Eddie Tompkins, now a city editor, had proven his friendship on several occasions. And—it came on Mike's rush. He could get the new Captain and the Commissioner in the same room.

"Say, Rafferty," said the editor, his tone unusually jovial, "you remember old man Simmons—the father of the kids—the barge man who sent me to see you way back yonder when I was a pup reporter?"

"Indeed, I do," said Mike, uneasiness creeping into his mind.

"Well, he's down to see me. I'm trying to get his son on the police force. Can I count on you to help give him a boost?"

"You bet you can, Eddie. But—"

"That's fine. I'll see you in a couple of days.

And, say, Mike—"

"Yes, hello-hello—"

"I’ve found the trap—" the boom you saved from drowning!"

The blow of the night stick couldn't have hit harder. Lieutenant Rafferty dropped the phone. In a second he tried feverishly to reestablish the connection. But Eddie Tompkins was gone.

"And now the beans IS split!" exclaimed Mike, drawing a quick conclusion. "That Llewellyn has framed it to get me in Dutch with the papers."

But the bridges were burned. Rafferty felt strangely a relief in having a clear field. Also his long dormant Irish was up. He pressed a button.

"Eddie Tompkins ordered, “make that raid tonight. And make it good. They may get me tomorrow but I’ll clean that Llewellyn and clean him like a picked bird." Mute and unobserved witnesses to this happening on the West Side were—\is police commission- er, Sheridan and Tompkins. The acid had been applied. They slipped away leaving Mike to wriggle under its burn. V

Margaret woke Mike at nine o'clock to answer the telephone. It was no surprise
Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame (Continued)

to Rafferty, though, to learn that Llewellyn had made bond and was out. Neither was he surprised when at eleven o'clock he was ordered to report at the office of the Commissioner. He had put the two together and was prepared for that.

But Mike was surprised to find Captain Sheridan there, as well as Tompkins, the newspaper editor. There was also a white-haired old man.

"It's all right, Lieutenant," the Commissioner assured him. "Come right in."

"I thought, maybe, you wanted to see me in private, sir."

"Nothing private, Lieutenant, but it's business. Haven't you a medal for bravery?"

"I have, sir, but I afraid you won't call it for bravery—I have it in my pocket."

"Let me have it, please," Mike handed over his badge of shame, squared himself for the blow.

"Have you heard from Llewellyn, sir?" he asked. The Commissioner nodded.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Mike went on—"two things—that badge and Llewellyn."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. I come here to make a confession—to tell the truth and take my medicine. I've tried to do my duty, but somehow, everything seems to go wrong. I—"

"But the confession?"

"I didn't earn that medal, Commissioner. I didn't save that tramp. I never said I did—to anybody. I had to live a lie."

"Nobody was punished for that but yourself—Is that all you have to confess?"

Rafferty stared at the Commissioner blankly. It really was all he had to confess. And there sat Sheridan grinning.

"It's all right, Lieutenant. Your conscience is clear and I've got the medal. But, pardon me, I wanted you to meet Mr. Simmons. I'm sure you would like to know him."

"Samuel Simms? Eddie Tompkins' friend?"

"The same," said the old man arising, "I owed you a favor a long time and you owed me one. The Commissioner got my boy a job and—"

"I owed you a favor?" repeated the bewildered Rafferty.

"Sure you did," spoke up Tompkins.

"Mike, Mr. Simms is the tramp who saved—"who you were honored for saving."

The troubled officer dropped weakly into a chair, mentally helpless. He was through.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Commissioner, his tone kindly, "there's no use in torturing Rafferty any longer. He's just done a man's sized job. Lieutenant, I addressed Mike, "the matter of the medal was straightened out two days ago, thanks to Mr. Simms, Tompkins and Sheridan. I was determined to give you a real test and I want to congratulate you on standing it like a man. You'll never be a politician or a schemer, but you are an honor to New York's police force. I showed Llewellyn this book and he slunk out of here like a cur. Blackwell's Island is calling to him now."

He handed Rafferty a familiar envelope containing his worn case—his police record. On it there was no reference whatever to the medal incident. Instead was an attached slip, endorsed by the Commissioner, bearing this entry:

"At a special meeting of the Honor Board called to review the record of Michael Raf-

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1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Free Born—But!

(Continued from page 92)

Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Concluded)

ferty, undisputed evidence showed that a medal of honor was awarded to the said Rafferty for saving a drowning vagrant. This was plainly false. Captain Sheridan assumed the blame for this, explaining that he had made the report in a spirit of practical joking; that it went so far he thought it impractical to correct it. His brilliant record since that time alone enables the board to forgive his reprehensible act. The entire matter is therefore ordered expunged from the record of Michael Rafferty.

(2) As to the reprimand in the case of the barge fire, the attached affidavit of Samuel Simmons and his supporting the case of Edward Tompkins show conclusively that such action was unfortunate, unfair and unjustified. Having been awarded a medal for the alleged saving of a drowning man, such award being contrary to his wishes and not of his own seeking, it is the sense of this board that Michael Rafferty be awarded the medal for risking his life to save the lives of others in the said barge fire.

Rafferty looked up from the document, blinking, inquiringly.

"Will this get in the papers, Eddie?" he asked, thinking of Margaret. "For about two columns. After you've posed it, Mike." Mike reached for the medal and signed.

"No," said the Commissioner, retaining the emblem and turning it over in his hand. "I wanted this so as to have the date changed. Coming back to two of your medals, Miss—"

"Mr. Commissioner," smiled. "Well," he said, "to change the order you'll have to hurry. Can you ride a bicycle?"

"No, sir. An' what's more I'll never be after tryin'. But," Mike slung over his shoulder as he rushed down to the taxicab stand, "I can swim."
Free Born—But!
(Continued)

and tragedy are. Even my study chair was not free.

"I took the cat by the nape of the neck and deposited her and her entire family, as gently as I could under the circumstances, outside the door. Not five minutes elapsed when Alice, coming to rout me out of my seclusion, stumbled over the indignant mother and her progeny. She accused me of wanton cruelty and inhumanity. One word led to another, one accusation to a second and the conflagration culminated in as fine a domestic explosion as I have experienced since my matrimonial reign of terror began. Finally, not being allowed to take any part in the discourse and my wife's having come to the end of her verbal tether, she let fall a very Niagara of tears upon my carpet. I waited for the storm to subside and then, very quietly and very calmly I told her that I was sick of the whole thing, of life included—that I had decided to go out into the night, as it were.

I left the house hurriedly without hat or coat. First I thought of taking a cab, then I made up my mind to walk. "What was the use," I said, "better jump over the bridge and have done with the slavery of life altogether." At any rate death was free to the rich and to the poor alike; to the slave and to the autocrat, I would be free; free at last.

After an hour's walk I saw the shimmering of the river ahead of me. It promised much; peace and rest and a respite from in-terminable "don'ts." I walked on with a lighter heart than I had ever carried before. It was a hot, stuffy night and I longed for the coolness of the water on my body. How could one call death a tragedy? It was a symphony. I knew the exact point from which I should throw myself down. I had passed it innumerable times. I rehearsed my plans. Arrived there I should rest for a moment, leaning against the stone coping. I should drink in the peace and the beauty of the stillness and the moonlight. Then with a smile on my mouth I should jump. A few moments and all would be over. I couldn't swim a stroke and no one was likely to rescue me, the bridge usually being deserted at this late hour. No more cats, no more dogs; no more rabbits with uncleanly habits; no more sitting in church and pinching myself to keep awake; no more worrying about clothes. I was going to a place where clothes were the least concern. No longer should "what will people say?" be dinned into my ears. My wife's voice was going to be a thing of the past. I was to be free!!! I hastened my pace.

In an almost spiritual exaltation I arrived at the goal of my imaginings. Here was my point of vantage, but—Huddled up to the wall I saw a figure. His face was hidden in his hands and he mumbled inco-santly to himself. I was annoyed. I was disappointed. I had considered this spot mine. I had with reason expected to find it free at this hour of the night. But no. Here was an unpleasant-looking person crouched up in my corner, and muttering unintelligible things to himself. I was furious—then curious. I wondered what he was doing there, what he was talking about, so I stood and waited. He took not the slightest notice of me. I became impatient. I coughed, at first discreetly, then more audibly.

He turned, looked me up and down and in a thick, alcoholic voice he inquired, what the hell I was looking at him for. Hadn't he a right to stand on the bridge if he liked?
Free Born—But!  
(Concluded)

I wasn’t a cop anyhow. If he wanted to drown himself he had a right to, hadn’t he. What the hell did I mean by interfering with him anyhow? His voice became threatening and I edged an inch away. I hesitated, however, to assure him that I hadn’t the slightest intention of interfering with him, or his perfect right to take his own life when and where he pleased. After all, it was his own life, wasn’t it? And I couldn’t imagine anyone else having the slightest use for it.

I merely suggested that he might use the other side of the bridge as I had come really quite a long distance to commit suicide from that particular side myself. He looked at me with a stupid look on his dirty face and came a little closer. I was sorry for this. He waited no balm from Gilead. He whined that he hadn’t had a bite to eat nor a sup to drink since the day before yesterday, that he was suffering from a lingering disease. I restrained the impulse to tell him that his potions of two days ago must have been remarkably exhilarating and that his disease might be very easily cured with a severe application to some kind of work. I merely waived politely my right to the bridge until he had first disposed of himself.

Of course I didn’t really like the idea of going into the water after this honest but filthy son of toil, but as I say, politeness forced me to give him precedence.

"I’ll wait five minutes for you," I said, "then over go.

Five minutes passed, but over he did not go. I was rather glad. I put my watch back in my pocket and prepared to take my leave of things material. My suicidal friend cast another glance at me, then he turned and fled for his life. As soon as his steps receded in the distance and I felt that now all was well, I divested myself of my outer garment and over I jumped.

I remember saying to myself, "This is freedom. At last I am free." I remember hitting the water and I remember swallowing some gallons of it. And then—oblivion.

On awakening, to my immense astonishment I found myself in what proved to be a hospital. After much questioning it transpired that my beery friend had been the unfortunate means of my undoing. This is the crowning insult of all. An intoxicated hog with a very dirty face takes it upon himself to curtail my freedom in the matter of my own death.

To end my soliloquy, I should tell you that on the testimony of sweet Alice and the before-mentioned alcoholically inclined, a worthy judge has decided that I am violently insane, that I have long harbored abnormal ideas, that I am sadistic in my treatment of animals—the kittens in my study chair, to wit—and that I have had systematized hallucinations.

Well! Well! What does it matter? I have exchanged an old prison for a new one in my search for freedom, that is all.

However, I should in all justice say that I am really very happy here. No one interferes with me. On the contrary, they humor me in numerous ways. Yesterday I attired myself as the Emperor of Abyssinia. The asylum attendants were most obliging in their efforts as courtiers.

And so, if ever in the future, I may be adjudged cured, I think I shall attempt suicide again, or perhaps murder, that I may be sent back to this truly delightful spot.
To Abolish the Stage?

Of all the revolutions which have struck the modern theater, and all the counter-revolutions they have engendered declares a writer in Current Opinion, perhaps none is more daring than that now being instituted in Germany under the leadership of the new art movement which names itself Expressionism. The Expressionists aim to abolish the stage itself. It is difficult to imagine a theater without a stage, but that is what it comes to. The Tribune Theater in Berlin recently staged Oscar Wilde’s “The Importance of Being Earnest,” under the title of “Bunbury.” One adverse critic speaks of this new method as an “aid to poverty-stricken managers, by means of which four chairs and a tea-table are all that is necessary to convey the impression of a drawing-room.” But coming direct from a study of the theaters of Central Europe, Huntly Carter rises to the defense of the new stageless theaters in the London Observer who says: “The old dividing line between the auditorium and the stage itself, in ordinary theaters determined by the proscenium arch, is being abolished in these theaters of new times and new ideals. The actor is coming into the audience. He is becoming the center of interest instead of the setting. Everywhere in Germany, in theory and practice, Mr. Carter found ‘Expressionismus.’ The Tribune Theater in Berlin and Max Reinhardt’s Grosses Schauspielhaus are but different phases of this movement. At the Vienna Burgtheater, the Residenz and Schauspielhaus in Munich, the Altes Theater in Leipzig, he found Shakespeare being reinterpreted by new expressionist methods designed to bring out the true sense, meaning and significance of each play. Mr. Carter is sure that this new staging will bear fruit in England and America.”

What Happens to Your Complexion

When the Light Changes
When the Dance Becomes Heated
When the Wind Blows as You Motor

WHEN you go from the soft, subdued glow of your boudoir lamp into the glare of the reception room or theatre foyer—
—or when you go from the shaded rooms of your home into the bright light of the sun—
—what happens to your complexion then?
Does it stand the test of a change of light? Is your complexion lovely under one light and something different under another light?
That is one good test of a face powder.

Test Number Two
And again, when the dance becomes heated. What becomes of your peach-blossom loveliness then?
Does perspiration get in its work? Are there tell-tale streaks and other blemishing effects?
That is another good test of a face powder.

Test Number Three
And when you go motoring—through the wind. Does your powder stay on? Or does it disappear, taking away with it the charm that you possess at your dressing table?
That is still another good test of a face powder.

Put Carmen to These Tests
You’ll find that changing light never affects the natural beauty of complexion that Carmen imparts. Carmen blends so exquisitely with the color and texture of the skin that the charm is the same under all conditions of light.
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And, above all, Carmen stays on! It adheres as no ordinary powder does.
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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 62)

gether in many thousand feet of celluloid. It could lay no claim to bring either comedy or drama. Now comes William Fox with "Fantoms" and gives us at least a passing hope that the serial of tomorrow may emerge from obscurity and carve its own particular little niche. From a series of famous detective stories concerning a daring counterfeiter who kidnaps the discoverer of a formula for making chemical gold, and openly defies the police to catch him, there has been built up a logical sequence of events, with excellent direction, beautiful photography and intelligent portrayal of the various roles. Despite all the usual serial trappings the plot is fairly coherent—and whether you are a serial addict or not, "Fantoms" will hold your interest.

OH, LADY, LADY!—Realert

NOT to be taken seriously, but an hour's entertainment well worth admission price. This once-popular musical comedy has been successfully translated into terms cinematic, and you'll be highly amused in watching the beautiful Bebe Daniels express herself from the seemingly hopeless tangle in which she becomes enmeshed while endeavoring to smooth the road to matrimony for her friend. William F. Harriss Ford gives his usual clean-cut performance, and Walter Hiers provides much merriment.

THE CHARM SCHOOL—Paramount-Artcraft

THOUGH not up to the standard set by the stage production of the Alice Duer Miller story, the film version is entertaining, and is helped out materially by laugh-getting titles. Wallace Reid, as the heir to an exclusive school for girls, strolls genial—though the five reels—content as usual to be just Wallace Reid, which is enough for most girls and a few of their escorts. In his support is the dark-eyed Lila Lee as Elise, paralleling her work in "The Prince Charming"

NINETEEN AND PHILLIS—First National

RICH man, poor man, lady-love, thief. Charles Ray as the Beau Brummel of Vixville, who on $18 a week seeks to win the affections of his beloved, finally banishing his wealthy rival by a display of heroism which lands a bad, bold highwayman behind the bars, has proven himself in the past to be worthy of much better material than this. Is this young actor, creator of one of the most distinctive and popular screen types, succumbing to star-itis? There are evidences of it in this poorly directed production, padded as it is with many, many chases of Mr. Ray, and with trick titles that have no place outside comedy cartoons.

PRAIRIE TRAILS—Fox

TOM MIX. Two helpless damsels, a bold bad villain with a bold bad band Tom has a strenuous time taking care of these two girls. If the villain hasn't one of them he has the other, and it takes much leaping from cliffs, sliding down embankments, riding on a horseback, and regular riding finally to bring the troublesome young ladies to safety. Mix, second to none on the screen as a dashing hero, exhibits some new and daring feats, and many chases are crowded with action. As the press sheet puts it, "there is love against jealousy, bullets against treachery, and hearts against hate." What more can one ask?
THE GIRL WITH THE JAZZ HEART—Goldwyn

MADGE KENNEDY in a double role—as a gum-chewing telephone operator plus a blonde wig, and a demure Quaker maid plus a matrimonial-bureau fiancé. Gay scenes of New York night life. This is fair amusement, but don’t brave winter storms for it. Miss Kennedy cannot enact a gum-chewer, convincingly. She won fame with her own quaint personality—and should be satisfied not to wander far afield.

THE SILVER LINING—Metro

IF you were a helpless young person in an orphan asylum, and a band of crooks came along and adopted you, possibly you’d act the way Jewel Carmen does in this picture—but we’ll hope not. Now, the story is good, an interesting study in the psychology of heredity vs. environment, the plot is logically developed though unfortunately brought to an anti-climax, but Miss Carmen needs a strong directorial hand, and much less makeup. Her qualifications for stardom are not apparent in this production.

THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON—Paramount-Archtex

WERE it not for the winsome personality of the vivacious Mrs. Ziegfeld, most popularly known as Billie Burke, there would have been very little entertainment value here. Billie, however, injects her piquant character into the sadly moth-eaten plot with fair success, though the picture is by no means up to the Burke standard. Clyde Fitch laid the story in Paris and the title was changed to Hollywood there, but in some way the director of the film version moves the whole drab thing right over to New Jersey. Ward Crane is a picturesque and capable leading man.

ALL WRONG—Fox

CONCERNING the trials of a rookie in an army camp. While there is nothing particularly original about the work of Clyde Cook, his antics are rather amusing, his chief asset being a wan, worried expression. There’s a touch of pathos in his comedy, distinctly Chaplinesque.

DICE OF DESTINY—Hampton-Pathex

IF you like to see H. B. Warner as a gentleman crook—and we do, and we think almost everyone does—don’t miss this. It is the best vehicle for Mr. Warner’s highly polished, if crooked, characterization which this fine actor has had since “One Hour Before Dawn.” If anything, it is better than the first production, excellently developed, thoroughly enjoyable. Lilian Rich is a girl for whom it must have been a pleasure to reform.

SQUANDERED LIVES—Stoll Film Corporation

HERE we have a glimpse of deah old England with Tudor furniture in old houses and charming ladies who live on their friends, and all that sort of thing, don’t you know. I mean to say, wot? This is an English picture, a jolly adaptation of Cosmo Hamilton’s novel, “The Duke’s Son.” It’s simply ripping, really, with an English beauty, named Ivy Duke, who gives a topping portrayal of a wife. And there’s a merry little how-dy-do about cheating at cards, and the priceless old aristocracy is shown up, and Guy Newall is a corking hero-chip altogether, and then there are one or two beastly ronies who manage to keep you awfully interested until the end.

LOVE—Associated Producers

LOUISE GLAUM tries hard to be good, but it isn’t easy when circumstances are against her, when there’s a little sister to be fed, and when the easiest way beckons so alluringly. Baby sister must have her pouty and live in the country, and big sister must pay; and we are supposed to sit back and sympathize. But we simply couldn’t do it not when there are so many perfectly good jobs that don’t entail champaign parties, etc. Louise finally discovers a nice young man who possesses more sympathy and understanding than we have, so all’s well that ends well—in the movies, anyway.

BEAUTIFULLY TRIMMED—Universal

THE heroine of this tries to get a young man to invest in spurious stocks and then falls in love with him, to the utter disgust of her associates. She sheds a few celluoid tears which wash clean the way to matrimony, and we have every reason to believe that she was happy. Carmel Myers is the girl they make all the fuss about, and if she is one of your favorites you will probably shed a tear or two, just to keep her company.

BLACKBIRDS—Realart

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE is beautiful. Flo Ziegfeld thought so, for he featured her in his “Follies.” Musical comedy thought so, and starred her. Now the films claim Justine, and although her first stellar vehicle doesn’t offer her as many opportunities as it might one comes to the conclusion: she is beautiful. She has not a little potential talent, and, considering that this is only her second screen performance, she gives considerable evidence of it.

THE EMPIRE OF DIAMONDS—Pathex

WITH actual scenes taken in Monte Carlo, Paris, London, and New York, this Leonard Perret production has all the elements of an educational. It has drama, too—but a maker of spurious diamonds who is to be traced and kept the plot hopping from continent to continent. Lucy Fox and Robert Elliott play the leads.

THE MISLEADING LADY—Metro

INTRODUCING Bert Lytell as a sex-camel, a role that he assumes with more than usual success. In this adaptation of the stage play, everyone has a wonderful time, thanks to Mr. Lytell’s sense of humor and personal qualities. He takes a flirtation daseau, played by Miss Lucy Cotton. The taming would have been much more convincing if Miss Cotton had not been quite so colorless.

A THOUSAND TO ONE—Associated Producers

THE same old story. Physically strong but morally weak man leaves civilization behind him and finds his true self in the woods. Returning, he wins his wife back. Ethel Grey Terry plays the wife. Hobart Bosworth plays the hero. J. Parker Reid, Jr., supervised. That’s all.
Have You a Creative Mind?

DADDY DEAR—I don't know why you chose that ridiculous name, but since you ask it, here it is. You are doubtless an un-sentimental old bachelor with a sense of humor as false as your front teeth. But then, I must admit, you have the idea that you hold in your head. Just for the sake of your friends, you would seem to me to lack the earth. Here are your questions all answered and everything. Richard Barthelmess' latest release is "Way Down East," but he is now working on his first stellar picture at the Griffith studios—a story by Joseph Hergesheimer.

JANIE—Thanks for the snapshot. Why didn't you smile? Thanks also, for thinking me witty, wise, and wonderful. You should see me smile! Viola Dana is just twenty-two. She is a sister of Shirley Mason, and the widow of John Collins, the director. Shirley is Mrs. Bernard Durning—Durning is an actor and a director. Juanita Hansen was born in 1895; Shirley Mason, just five years later.

D. M. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Voltaire said, "We shall leave this world as foolish and as wicked as we found it on our arrival." But Voltaire should not have been one of us trying to make it a better place to live in while we're here. Milton Sills' latest picture is "The Faith Healer" for Paramount. Its address is 1850 Argyle Street, Hollywood, Cal. He is married and has a little daughter, Mary Pickford has no intention of leaving the screen. As soon as she finishes her present picture she plans to go abroad, and I predict in eight months she will be including "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Douglas Fairbanks will do "The Three Musketeers" in France.

C. J. Y., TARRYTOWN—Orrin Hawley has not been in pictures for over a year now. I don't know when she'll be back. Mary MacLaren is five feet three inches tall. Citvne Fillmore's address is 1750 Wilshire, Hollywood, Cal. He is not married, and was born in 1886.

F. D. H., MICHIGAN—Happy Blue Year! Same to you—only, of course, I wouldn't really wish anything that on you or anyone. So far as I know, Darrell Foss uses his own name. He was born in Wisconsin in 1893, and there is supposed to be a heavy charge to me for the cost. If successful, I am to receive further information about the Palmer Plan without any obligation on my part to enroll for the course.

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Have You a Creative Mind?

This is an opportunity for you to test yourself in the privacy of your home without cost. If you have a creative imagination and dramatic insight—of if you have a good photographic eye—is it possible that you were meant for a career in the motion picture business? Now is the time to find out. If you were meant for such a career you could earn fabulous sums in the most beautiful of all professions.

This course has been prepared by Professor Alexander: Shaw MacLean, formerly instructor in photography at Northwestern University and University of Minnesota, and H. H. Van Loan, America's most prolific screen writer. Its purpose is to find those who really have the natural qualifications of a successful photoplayscript writer and to save the time and money of those who lack them.

Its purpose is also one of self-interest—to maintain a university standard for the Palmer Plan of producing photographers in accordance with the standards of the Palmer Institution. The Palmer Institution represents the best interests of the producers, who look to it for the development of new leaders in photographic art, now the industry's most pressing need.

Are you fit for this work—have you a creative mind? If so you can be trained in the technique of photography and during spare time at home. On the Palmer Advisory Council are Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. They are ready to offer you not what they have, but their whole worth and you, if successful, are to be endowed by them, is worth your while.

Will you make this home test if we send it free? Please and we will then send you two interesting free books, "The Secret of Successful Pho- tography" and "Students' Letters of Success," in which the Palmer Plan is described in detail. It is the first step for the Palmer Questionnaire. It may be a most important step for you.

Questions and Answers

"I will try to answer your questions. I don't know why you chose that ridiculous name, but since you ask it, here it is. You are doubtless a most un-sentimental old bachelor with a sense of humor as false as your front teeth. But then, I must admit, you have the idea that you hold in your head. Just for the sake of your friends, you would seem to me to lack the earth. Here are your questions all answered and everything. Richard Barthelmess' latest release is "Way Down East," but he is now working on his first stellar picture at the Griffith studios—a story by Joseph Hergesheimer."

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

E. J., Pittsburgh.—I couldn’t be unkind to you when you use such delicate lavender stationery. A cross word would ruin it. Lillian Gish left the Griffith company upon the completion of “Way Down East.” Address her at Hotel Savoy, New York City. She uses her real name, she is five feet four inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her sister Dorothy recently married James Reenie but Lillian is still single.

Esther.—Pearl White says it’s her real name; if she had wanted to use a stage name, she wouldn’t have chosen such a silly-sounding one. I think it’s a nice name, don’t you? She was born in 1890; she has light hair and blue eyes, is five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Don’t mention it—I am not referring to Pearl’s weight, but to your thanks.

P. H. S., Piedmont.—My word—all you girls must be trying to reduce. I never had to answer so many questions about weights. Norma Talmadge tips the scales at 110 pounds. She has brown eyes, is two inches over five feet and was married in November, 1916.

Poughkeepsie Girl.—I think you have made a mistake. I never quoted that author. I am very particular whom I quote. Ralph Graves opposite Ina Claire in “Polly with a Past.” He was merely loaned to Metro for the one picture, by David Griffith. Address him at the Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Ralph doesn’t tell his age, but he can’t conceal the fact that he’s six feet one inch tall, has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 170. Graves isn’t married.

M. E. C., Richmondville.—Metrodorus, earliest disciple of Epicurus, said, “The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings.” That is thrice-true with me. Hemmed in by skyscrapers and a red-headed stenographer, I am forced to find solace in myself. The latest information I have as to Bob Reeves is that he was doing serials for the Pacific Producing Company; Address him at 225 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. I haven’t any record of a Mrs. Reeves.

Jolly, Toronto.—Food prices ought to begin to come down. They’re using so little food in so many places. Norma Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, May 2, 1895. Hoot Gibson is with Universal; born in 1892.

D. J. K., New York.—Ah! ah! I haven’t seen “The Queen of Sheba” yet, but I hope to soon. I have, however, seen the stills, which were almost, but not quite, enough for me. Betty Blythe portraying the Queen. She’s five feet eight and a half inches high in her Sheba sandals. She’s married to Paul Scardon, the director.

E. D. G., Winona.—You say the motto of most screen stars seems to be “Marry in haste and repent in Reno.” I’ve heard that before; but it really isn’t true—about screen stars at any rate. It is about butchers or bakers or candle-stick makers. Why pick on the movies all the time? Mary Hay’s real name is Mrs. Barthelmes; but if you call her by her maiden name, it was Mary Hay Caldwell. She is now appearing in a new Ziegfeld musical comedy, “Sally.” She sings and dances. No, Mary isn’t her husband’s leading woman in the films. “Way Down East” was her most notable screen accomplishment. Is that all? You don’t say! (Continued on page 124)
**From Outside**

**Movie Acting May Seem Mighty Nice Until You Know What Hard Work It Really Is. Another Family Circle Talk**

By **MARGARET E. SANGSTER**

"I'd like to be a movie star," said little Anne Marie. "I'd like to be a movie star—that's what I'd like to be! I wouldn't have to dust the chairs, or iron clothes, or sew, or wash the dinner dishes up—I wouldn't have to go on errands to the corner store, I wouldn't have to sweep, or do a thousand other things I hate to do. I'd keep a maid to manage my nails, and one to dress my hair! I'd always walk on leopard skins—a throne would be my chair, I'd wear a ruby on my hand and trim my gown with lace. I'd have gold buckles on my shoes and powder on my face! I'd have—" and then her mother called, and little Anne Marie picked up a broom and left the room, and sighed quite wistfully. And as she went her thoughts were sad for, in her heart, she knew that all her wishes were just dreams—the sort that don't come true!

"I'd like to be a movie star," said Mrs. Clarence Jones. "My life is just made up of work—I'm worn to skin and bones! I'm sick of washing rompers out, and making gingerbread, and getting children off to school—and tucking them in bed! I'm sick of kissing little knees, when they are black-and-blue... I wish I were a movie queen—I know just what I'd do! I'd wear a suit of chiffon cloth—there'd be no hands to smear it up with jam; I'd have a car; I'd shop without a fear of being late for suppertime; I'd have eclair and tea at some hotel. I'd see a show—I'd be alone and free! Perhaps—perhaps I'd dye my hair and wear a pointed shoe—and men would look at me, and smile, at Clarence used to do! I'd like—" said Mrs. Clarence Jones, and paused—for, in the hall, she heard the sound of running feet, she heard a cry, a fall. And—"Johnny's tripped his sister up!" she said aloud and went to soothe a little crying girl and mete out punishment.

"I'd like to be a movie star," said Miss Amelia Brown—"I've taught arithmetic and French to every child in town. I've stood their laughter and their jokes—the jokes of seventeen! I've had to keep them after school—I've heard them call me mean. I've never had a chance to read the books I want to read—my dresses are a ghastly joke, my looks have gone to seed. I used to be a pretty girl—I used to curl my hair, and wear a string of coral beads, but now I just don't care! And so," she laughed a shaky laugh, "I'd like, just once, to be a movie star; I'd like, just once, to live again, to see a spark of admiration flash in eyes upraised to mine—I'd like to have some orchids and lacy valentine. If some one only kissed my hand I know that I would be... her smile was very near to tears—"a-thrill with ecstasy! I wish—" but then the school bell rang, the recess time was through—and boys and girls romped in from play, as healthy children do. And Miss Amelia Brown picked up a book and raised her head, and— "We will conjugate, in French, the verb 'to love,'" she said.

GRANDMA O'BRIEN dropped her wool—she had been knitting socks. She slowly took her glasses off, and smoothed her snowy locks. And—"Shure, if I was young again, an' pretty, too," she sighed, "I'd be an actress on th' screen—I could be if I tried! I'd dance an' sing from morn 'til night. I'd flirt with all th' men—I'd be th' toast of twenty: states, ah—I'd be happy then! I wouldn't know what white hair was, an' wrinkles wouldn't be a thing to worry me fer years—shure, nothing'd worry me! I'd laugh at colds an' rheumatiz, an' stiffened joints, an' age! I wouldn't have t' wear thick specs I'd read a printed page. I'd have young boys a-gettin' up t' give me seats in trains an' not because I needed 'em... I'd have no aches an'..."
From Outside
(Concluded)

pains, an' grown-up children watchin' me an' biddin' me to take care o' myself! If I was young I'd keep 'em all awake! I'd be an actress on the screen—I'd worry 'em; I'd keep 'em watchin' me..." The old head drooped, and Grandma was asleep!

MISS FANNIE FILLUM woke at dawn and leaped straight out of bed. "We've got to take a sunrise scene—I must get dressed!" she said. "I'll have no time for scented baths, or breakfast served in state. I won't have time to comb my hair—"I'll get it if I'm late!" She jumped into a simple dress, she did not wait to eat—she hurried out to join the rest on almost flying feet. And through the weary day she worked—and when the shadows came, to tell of fast approaching night her back and arms were lame; her feet were tired and her hair was almost out of curl—and, oh, the head beneath the hair, was in a frightful whirl! And as she crawled into her bed, almost too worn to speak, she murmured softly, to herself, "I'd like to sleep a week. This is one awful kind of life—oh, say, I'd like to be a mother, or somebody's wife, or anyone but me!"

THE moral of this parable (if I can call it that), is simple (moral always are!) and just a little flat. For when the others saw the play in which Miss Fannie starred they said—in different forms of speech—"That girl—she has it hard!" Which only goes to prove to you what many folk have tried to prove to many other folk—that, looking from outside, a job may be a wonder job— it may seem mighty swell—but if you've never been inside—you can not always tell!

Shakespeare Said It

MRS. MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN agrees not to use husband's name professionally.—Headline.

What's in a name when one receives $200,000 for dropping it?—X. Y. Sun.
How Do They Do It?

(Continued from page 40)

Just what our own individual artists say about themselves, I now set down honestly, in an earnest endeavor to reveal to the public the multiple influences which go to make up that most mysterious of all modern creatures—a “movie” star.

I am going to ask you some difficult questions,” I said to Miss Burke, as the maid ushered me into the rose-colored dressing room, with its chaise longue and rose draperies. “I want you to tell me how you create effects on the screen and by means of what particular powers.”

Miss Burke looked charming, but startled. Then she gave me a sudden, but rather unexpected answer as follows:

“By being natural. Naturalness is the most important asset that an actress can have. It is naturalness,” she explained, with fine generosity, “which makes Mary Pickford so charming. Her dear little face is so expressive that it naturally reveals all the emotions of the soul.”

Miss Burke smiled as if she had completed the discussion and then began to talk again enthusiastically, offering a number of observations which undoubtedly bear a close relation to her work on the screen.

“I like costume parts and boy parts. In such roles I feel at my ease, without any of the embarrassment which accompanies facing the camera. I prefer parts that are full of youthful freedom—ingenious, gay. I have never been interested in melodrama.”

These statements account, perhaps, for Miss Burke’s adherence to a somewhat limited repertoire, both on the screen and on the stage. Her experiences with the masses have been somewhat limited and, though she is fond of people, she confessed to something of a terror for crowds.

“I think,” she continued, “that realism in continuity cannot be so well sustained on the screen as on the stage; the player is apt to get ‘out of character’ during scenery and location shifts, because of stops for lighting and mechanical effects.”

Standing up resplendent in a cloak of silver gown, emblazoned with jewels, Mae Murray posed motionless before the camera, and analyzed meanwhile, the personal powers which she believes important to her success.

“Our personal forces,” she explained, “we discover as we progress with our work; though I believe that the most useful are primarily mental. The physical draws a different sort of attention which is, perhaps, merely casual. It is just like walking down the street and having people turn around to look at you; not because you are exerting a conscious mental effort to make them do so, but because of some physical influence you exert unconsciously.

“My chief claim to success, however, I base on sincerity—doing everything with all my heart and soul. My sincerity is intense, concentrated. It includes the fundamentals of religious belief; all that which is best and right.

“While working before the camera, I never think of my audiences. I simply live my parts. As an aid to my work, I have a small string orchestra play while I am posing. The music has an effect on my nature which I reveal in the pictures. Music is, in fact, one of the greatest influences in my life; the best music inspires me more than any other; the lighter music rests me and enlarges my experience.”

Miss Murray remarked that she cannot abandon herself completely to the development of a characterization if spectators observe her work, which is true of many players.

BERT LYTELL invited me to lunch and to analyze with him; and then he straightway forgot the invitation completely. Instead, he walked me over to the stage of the Morosco theater where he was serving as emergency director of a new picture.

Here are some of the scholarly observations he made:

Success on the screen depends on a combination of qualities; not on any single one. Most important of all are experience and technique. These must be mastered as a musician masters his instrument. The artist must, in fact, play upon himself as if he were the instrument. He must feel deeply, but never let his emotions master him. To do so means to weaken his part. Effective acting depends on the effective representation of the emotion, not on feeling the emotion.

“This psychological conception of art cannot be mastered in a day. It requires years of practice. I believe that much of my knowledge was inherited because most of my family were actors. As an example of great acting on the screen in connection with this study, I mention the fine work of Lillian Gish in the last act of ‘Broken Blossoms.’”

Mr. Lytell stated that when he posed before the camera, he never thought of his audiences; but merely of the character in the play and of what his emotions would or could be under certain conditions.

“Acting for the screen,” he continued, “is more difficult than acting for the stage because of the constant noise made by the workmen and the apparatus, a noise of which the public knows absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, artistic fervor makes the real player forgetful of everything.”

The door opened and admitted Mrs. Drew into her own beautiful apartment, a place of rich tapestries, Florentine tables and rare paintings. She walked over to a sort of antique bench and began, at once, to analyze herself and her methods of writing and acting. Her eagerness was exhilarating—as if she had just taken a plunge at her favorite resort—Sea Gate.

“Of course this matter of creating (Continued on page 112)
Why Is He Fascinated?

Enraptured, he gazes upon her loveliness. He is fascinated by the warm glow of her youthful coloring that gains by contrast with the glorious beauty of the rose. She always has the same delicacy of skin, the same radiant glow of youth, for she possesses the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant 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 delicate 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 with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each).

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, warm tone for darker skins. See offer on coupon.

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GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS - NEW YORK
The Squirrel Cage

by

MR. BOLL WEVEL, destroyer of America crop-
to-the extent of many millions dollars a year, is
now a ‘hussy’ villain in a two-reel film just released
by the United States Department of Agriculture.
He appears several times individually in the course
of this lively production, but the principal part is
devoted to the activities of the hero of the sketch,
Mr. Calzium Arsenate, who is aided and abetted by
the department in its efforts to bring about Mr.
Wevel’s overthrow. ‘Cal’ descends upon Mr. Wevel
from a battery of horse-drawn machines, of
which fifty to a hundred were working off
their effect each day in early summer. Work is shown in the department’s
laboratories at Tullahoma, in Pennsylvania, and in Washington, D. C.,
where the methods which save cotton planters
$9,000,000 or more annually were devised.

One interesting feature is the laboratory work
by which boll weevil exterminators are detected.
Copies of the film may be obtained from the depart-
ment by institutions and organizations interested
in boll weevil extermination.

UNTIL recently the breeding place of rels has been
a complete mystery to scientists who were
probably the only ones that cared where this fish resided in
its youth. For a few months ago a Danish scientist, Dr.
Johannes Schmidt, traced the eel to his breeding lair
which was found to be far out in the Atlantic. When
the eel approaches spawning time, it strikes for the
open ocean and spawns in an area south of the Ber-
medias. The mother eel never returns toward shore,
and the young eel, transparent at first, simply
floats toward the coast of various European
countries, where it grows to maturity. The American
different breeds in an area south of where the European
eel breeds.

Now we can all sigh with relief.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan faith some
animals are admitted to Heaven—for instance,
(Dominion’s) sheep which reproached the prophet; Solomon’s
ant which reproached the imposter; Jonah’s whale
which reproached the prophet; and, according to the
Old Testament, all are put away in an ocean where
Christ entered Jerusalem; the ox of Moses, and
Al-Berek (the camel) which caryed Mohammed to Heaven.

A NEW form of marriage ceremony is practiced by
a Georgia justice of the peace. He concludes a
bargain by saying: ‘Your dowry is this: you,
as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the
Empire State of the South, by the fields of cotton
which you have brought into this country; the
low of the howling dog on the side, and the
guile vise, whose shingling tenderly to your
island of dwelling place, by the red and incisive
head of the
the heavens and earth, in the presence of these
women, I pronounce you man and wife.—Brunn
and Bar

GOOD WORDS,’ a paper dedicated to the wel-
ser of men in prison, and published at the
neverity at Atlanta, devotes one of its pages to
movie news.}

PEOPLE are not saving half as much as they
should—Even the millionnaire has a shade the advantage over the office-boy.

They’re Married!

(Continued from page 29)

O ut of 8047 persons convicted of crimes in
New York during 1913, 5277 were
charged as members of the acting pro-
fession, according to a report of the Secre-
tary of State. The crimes common to the
artistic and all who claimed that voicing whether proper
or not.

‘In what condition was the parachuting job at the end
of his life?’ inquired the teacher, to a rather seeking
pupil. ‘Dead, sir,’ came the unexpected reply.—To Bar.

A member of the United States Civil Service
Commission, Mrs. Helen H. Gardner now holds
the highest federal position ever held by a woman.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Robert had been sent to the
 wishing store to have a prescription filled. When
the druggist had filled the order he called Robert,
‘Here’s your pills,’ said the druggist, ‘do you want
them put up in a nice little box?’

‘Why, of course, answered Robert. ‘Did you
expect me to roll ’em home?’

ELEPHANTS are intelligent and teachable
creatures. At the Hippodrome in New York City, there
is one that dines a ‘shammy,’ but there is one trick
that no elephant trainer has been able to teach any
of his pupils and that is the art of jumping, either
upward or forward. An elephant cannot leave the
ground with his whole body for even a fraction of a
second by his own initiative. He is too big and
heavy. A big elephant takes six feet nine inches
in a stride, and a second-foot trest could be a hel-
lephant. barrier in one of seventy feet.

THE ancient writers were hopeless and danger-
ously wrong in many of their precepts. Persons
of middle age can remember warnings of their elders
against the dangers of night air, but now most of us
depart from the window open to avoid colds and other
diseases, or to enjoy the air. We are used to hear
what one went in a dream it meant future happiness,
while dreaming that one laughed meant lack
Both dreams really have the same significance, ac-
cording to a famous nerve specialist. They indicate
no serious disorder. Next time you dream that you
cried or laughed better tell your doctor about it.

THERE are 26,513 streamlines in the world, and
only 5,821 sailing vessels.

ERIC the Red, the father of Leif, who discovered
America about the year 1000 A.D., was un-
doubtedly the first real estate trader. He thought
he might be made the patron saint of the real estate business.
Eric discovered Greenland, settled here and gave
this country of snow and eternal glaciers this name, as
he explained, ‘that other—must come here and settle.’

CUSTOMER: ‘Is this a pedigreed dog?’

PEDIGREE: ‘What did the salesman talk he
wouldn’t be speaking to either of us.’—In Bits.

WHILE France clams to have inventedphotog-
raphy through the genius of Daguerre, the
painted, America is proud of the fact that it was one
of her sons who photographed the first face.

A patient labor, Daguerre succeeded in taking
sunlight pictures of scenery on a sensitive
plate.

This was in 1839, and a year later Professor John
W. Draper, of New York, took a photograph of his
daughter. Daguerre was the first person to have his likeness
reproduced on a prepared background with the help of
the son’s rays.

It took an hour to take the photograph, and the
picture may still be seen.

YOUNG man, said the magistrate, severely, ‘the
assault you have committed on your poor wife
was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why
I should not send you to prison?’

‘If you do, your honor,’ replied the prisoner, ‘it
will break up our honeymoon.—To Bits.

COLIN CAMPBELL needed a cat to take on loca-
tion for “Black Roses,” and while they were on
location the cat ran away. The owner then claimed
it was a pedigreed cat, and worth $500.00 and
demanded payment for the cat, but Colin, Scotchman
as he is, answered the request in a Scotch manner,
by saying, ‘We would pay you for the use of the cat,
but it broke its contract by running away.’

ACCORDING to a bank report, Friday, January
21, is a holiday in Soviet Russia. They didn’t
name the other 364 holidays.

DORIS: ‘Is Mr. Hansen courting you?’

Alice: ‘Not exactly, yet. But he is approaching
it by step by step. When he first called he sat all
the evening with a postcard album in his lap. Next
the next time he came with a new postcard, and
next time he took my brother in his lap. So, see, I
hope I will soon be his rural’—To Bits.

A HUSBAND and wife were always quarreling
until one night a friend called one evening and found them
in the midst of a violent row. After the storm had
subsided he ventured boldly to remonstrate with the
husband.

‘Stop here,’ he said, ‘you shouldn’t quarrel
like that. Look at the dog and cat lying there peaceful-
ly. They get on all right together.

‘Yes, and may God bless them,’ answered
the wife but you just tie them together and see what happens then.

HE raised the quarrel—Then what did you
marry me for?

She—Mother figured it up at the time and said it
was for about a million and a half. I think.—Boston Traveler.

HE—Now that we are married, dear. I feel qualified
to tell you that you have a few little defects.

She—Don’t let them worry you, Clarence. It
was just small little defects that kept me from getting
a better man than you are—Town Topics.
Ye Ancient Press Agents

A fantasy with a rubbin of truth.

BY AGNES SMITH

LET us play that pleasant little parlor game of “Suppose the movies had been discovered one thousand years ago.”

And let us consider how some of the big incressence of art, literature and acting would have fallen for the lure of the toothsome contract and consented to have their works immortalized on the screen. And let us read some of the notices that would have been sent out by ye ancient film companies.

Admitting the fascinating supposition, we will give you our imagination without the aid of make-up or false hair:

“A deal of tremendous importance is seen in the announcement of the Old Cheese Film Corporation, made through its president, Jeffrey Stilton, that this progressive organization has secured the film rights to the celebrated stage success “Macbeth” by the internationally known dramatist, William Shakespeare. The price paid for the world famous drama was fifty thousand pounds, said to be the highest ever paid for a play.

“In commenting upon the reasons that persuaded him to sell the first of his widely popular dramas for reproduction upon the silver sheet, Mr. Shakespeare said: ‘I am convinced that the motion picture is no longer a business; it is an art. Under the expert guidance of President Stilton who is a great artist as well as a keen business man, I am convinced that ‘Macbeth’ will duplicate its stage success on the screen. Although I did not have the screen in mind when I wrote it, I realize that it is essentially a drama of action and I am sure that it will lend itself admirably to reproduction on the shining canvas.’

“As yet, the Old Cheese Corporation has chosen no director for the transfer of ‘Macbeth’ to the thrilling celluloid but it is probable that it will serve as a vehicle for Claude Dukeling who will desert his roles in the screen for his ability in tragedy. Mr. Shakespeare has consented to leave his country place at Stratford-on-Avon to personally supervise in person the filming of his celebrated drama.

Here is another:

‘Nell Gwynne, winsome of popular star of the speaking stage, has been signed for a period of years to star in motion pictures made by the Merry Monarchs Pictures Corporation. The news that Miss Gwynne will greet her countless admirers on the screen as well as the stage will be welcomed with enthusiasm by her countless admirers who have been won by her beauty and talents.

‘Miss Gwynne looks forward to her studio experiences with delight and promises to bring her rare veer to her work before the camera. Off the stage, she is a typical out-door girl, fond of tennis, riding, swimming, archery and quoits.

“A lavish publicity and advertising campaign will introduce Miss Gwynne on the screen. Simultaneously with the release of her first picture, a new brand of oranges, named in her honor, will be put on the market so that the exhibitor will be able to reap the profit of this tie-up exploitation.”

Jumping over to France we find:

“Announcement comes from the Sams Cuir Film Company that Charles de Thirle, director of super-delux productions, will film ‘Madame Bovary,’ the deathless novel by the renowned Gustave Flaubert. In ‘Madame Bovary,’ Monsieur de Thirle has chosen congenial material for he is noted as a daring and truthful portrayor of deplorable, sex and married life. ‘Madame Bovary’ will be changed to ‘A Woman’s Secret’ which is expected to have a big box office pull. The change was made at the request of prominent exhibitors who were afraid that ‘Madame Bovary’ would suggest to their patrons that the story was about a cow. The fact that publication of the book was stopped by the government is also expected to make the de Thirle Flaubert drama a big clean-up. The picture will be released by the Sams Cuir Film Company as a super-extra special de luxe.”

Because there were always bores and an easy public, we might imagine something like this:

“It was made known yesterday that a group of prominent capitalists have organized the Guy Fawkes Film Company to present Guy Fawkes, the sensationally known public figure, in a mammoth and a title ‘Madame Bovary’ production. While much of the stock has been subscribed, a few shares will be sold to the public at a nominal figure thus offering the investor a chance to clean up in the golden harvest that is reaped by the movies and also to give the public an intimate interest in the mammoth production.”

But why neglect the big league artists:

“The Mafia Features Corporation announces that it has engaged the services of Michael Angelo, the distinguished Italian artist, to supply designs for its interior settings. Mr. Angelo’s first work will be the settings for ‘La Bella Ragazza,’ the forthcoming starring vehicle of the petite little artiste, Maria Mushi. Mr. Angelo promises to duplicate in the studio the type of work that has brought such favorable comment in art circles.”

Even the musicans contribute to the instant art:

“As an aid to exhibitors who have long felt the need of a practical but effective musical score, Richard Wagner, well known composer, has been hired by the Careless Players Corporation to provide musical scores for its future releases. The scores will be sold to the exhibitor at the nominal price that is charged for posters and advertising aids of all sorts. The composer’s ability to adapt his themes to action will serve him in good stead in arranging these scores.”
Yc Ancient Press Agents

(Concluded)

But go on and write your own press notices. An early Mack Sennett might have discovered Rabelais and Wordsworth might have written pretty subtitles for scenes. Plenty of geniuses die in poverty just because there was no such thing as moving picture rights.

How Do They Do It?

(Continued from page 110)

impression on the screen," she began, "is largely an individual matter. My personal experience has been somewhat unique. I have played only myself, myself only, and have been the same with my writing; I take my plots from my own very everyday life. The characters in my pictures are just like those I would meet in my own home. "Sidney and I were always together—the Siamese twins," a shop girl once dubbed us. We would talk over matters that had to do with people and things and then we would live them over again in our plays, happily and, above all, humorously. To tell you the truth, I collected scraps of other peoples' conversations, their habits, foibles and mannerisms, then I placed them in just the right top of poor Sidney's defenseless head. "I must confess, however, that I supplemented my own natural interpretative intuitions with certain histionic devices. I won't call them tricks—though I realize Sidney tell how Joseph Jefferson pointed out to him the advantage of accentuating certain individualistic tendencies of voice and body.

"A MILLION men are envious o. me now," I said to Miss Talmadge as she shook my hand. "A million thank's," she said casually, as if compliments were of very slight consequence to her.

She looked like such a wisp of a girl that I felt like a Spanish inquisitor for asking her difficult analytical questions. But I began ruthlessly, nevertheless, and the results were very interesting.

"What makes you so successful on the screen?" I asked.

"My success has absolutely nothing to do with me," came the quick response. I never think of myself in connection with the screen. To me, the story of the play is the thing of overwhelming significance. A great story moves along nobly. It carries along with it the characters and the audience. It carries me along also, for when I act the story, I am merely one of those characters. When I read a story which is really great, I build up in my imagination the particular character which moves me the most deepely. I learn to know that character as a living and breathing individual. As a result, when I portray this character on the screen, my instincts, or rather the instincts belonging to that character, guide my movements, my expressions and my sympathies. For this reason, even pictures is a complete new character and I am merely the small thing which plays it. "Make-up and clothes, I consider important aids, for they help me sustain the imaginative illusion. The thing I desire most is good plays; plays that dare to end unhappily, which are human, truthful, colorful and memorable."

Posed by Corinne Griffith, Film Star

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Shaped to fit without seams—not even across toe. Just like hand knitting, with the smooth fineness of perfected machines.

Genuine foot comfort—Smart fashioned fit.

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Rockford, Illinois

"A Regular Gibson Good Time"

There is fun every minute if you play a GIBSON. Yes, you can learn to play at home in spare time with your own musical knowledge — and you will enjoy every minute for there is no drudgery about learning to play a Gibson. In a short time you will be playing whatever your music taste dictates, from the popular "jazz" to the world's best music — and from the outset there will be opened up to you the music joys of the "regular Gibson good times" known to every Gibsonist.

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The Easy Road
(Continued from page 44)

NARRATED, by permission from the Paramount-Artcraft production adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from “Easy Street,” a story by Blair Hall. Directed by Tom Forman, with the following cast:

Leonard Faye…Thomas Meighan
Isabel Graye…Glady’s George
Katherine Dare…Grace Goodall
Hemingway…Artie Carey
Ela Klotz…Lila Lee
Minnie Baldwin…Laura Anson
Viera Daniels

Three o’clock the following day saw Isabel on the deck of an ocean liner, watching with her heart in her throat the sky-line of the city dwindle and disappear. And at the same hour Leonard was gay, yawned, looked around the too-luxurious bedroom, and raised a listless hand to the button at his bedside. The ring brought a man servant with a breakfast tray and a square white envelope. He read the few lines, and the wonder in his expression gave place to dismay and then to rage.

“So she’s gone!” he breathed, “with Katherine! If she ever comes back, it will be to the man she married, not to a self-satisfied idler! She goes, and flings me a purse! Draw on her bankers? Not if I know it!”

His vigorous push of the button brought the man hurrying back, anxiously. “Your coffee isn’t hot enough, sir? I’ll bring—”

“Bring nothing!” snapped Leonard. “Pack a trunk for me. I’m leaving. Send it to my studio in town.”

At the studio he telephoned the agent. The lease still had sixteen months to run and the rent had been paid in advance.

“Then I’ll stay here,” he decided, with a shrug. “They wouldn’t refund anything. I can pay Isabel, when I get to earning again.”

“When I get to earning again!” The words came back and slapped his face with a sting of wounded pride. How long had it been since he earned his own living? What had the life of Easy Street done to him?

He crossed the room and stood looking up at a statuette of Isabel, a pretty little figure, in fluttering draperies. Katherine Dare had given it to him, on the day he moved to this studio. “For inspiration” her note had said.

“Isabel,” he said, addressing the white, fragile thing which seemed to sway toward him and listen in the half light of the early dusk, “you made a fool of me! You can’t inspire me now. Nothing can! What’s the use?”

The energy engendered by his spurt of anger had burned out. He nodded a mock-ly goodby to the fairy figure on the mantel and went out—to play with the friends of Easy Street.
The Easy Road
(Continued)

As the husband of Isabel, with a wide-open home and money in his pockets, he had been a desirable playmate. But now, with the house closed, with Isabel gone, with strange, half-verile rumors crowing about, the houses on Easy Street closed their doors and drew down the blinds at his approach. He drifted into solitude, brooding, the utter desolation that comes with the loss of self-respect. Heart-hardly he tried to tiptoe to week, but his mind was dead. He ran swiftly through the stages of shabbiness, poor food, petty economies, down to actual want. Yet through it all he clung to one golden thread of his old manhood. Katherine Dare had estimated him rightly. Isabel's bank balance remained intact.

There came a night when he sat until midnight before the mantelpiece where the statuette laughed down at him. He was hungry; his shoes were ragged, his clothing threadbare. Fire and light and a shelter he had, for months to come, but nothing else. He would not sell or pawn the furnishings which belonged to his wife.

"Yes, my wife!" he said, aloud, answering some thought. His eyes had strayed to another image on the mantelpiece, an ugly little Chaplin doll given to him by Heminway, one of the friends of Easy Street. "You're gone abroad, Heminway, I hear, and you always wanted her. But she's my wife and I know her! You might as well give it up!"

Somewhere a bell tolled twelve and his mood changed. "Why not set her free?" he asked himself, suddenly. With the words he rose, snapped off the lights, lifted his face and kissed the silver dancing feet of the statuette. A moment later the door slammed behind him. A few moments more and his ragged shoes were shuffling down a side street, toward the river that ran out there to the open sea.

It was cold on the pier, and dark. A chill mist that was almost a fog hung over the water that lapped the weather-worn piles. He knelt and peered down, and the spray reached up to brush his cheek. There was the faintest tang of salt and of seaweed in it. For an instant he felt the good, clean wind in his face, the rolling deck beneath his feet, the thrill of adventure and conquest in his soul. Then his head dropped, he drew his hand sharply across his eyes, closed them, and leaned forward, swaying a little, back and forth, to gather impetus.

Spat-spat! Spat-spat! Splash!

Something had brushed past him with queer, flat footfalls, and dashed headlong into the black water. As he sprang to his feet he saw a dark, bobbing object rise, and a white arm came up to clutch desperately at the darkness and vanish again.

When it rose again, Leonard was over, swimming with easy strokes, clutching a mop of streaming hair, stilling the churning arms with a sharp blow, tossing that slight figure to the pier, dragging it up to stand, cowering and shivering beside him.

"Why didn't you let me go?" it sobbed. "I'm only a child! I want to live for! What business you got buttin' in?"

"No one has a right to take the life that God gave,"

said Leonard quietly, and heard his own words with a thrill, as if they were spoken by another. He took the girl's hand and led her rapidly up the street, their shoes making faint, splashing sounds along the deserted walk.

Inside the studio he snapped on the lights, led her to the radiator where the steam gave a comforting warmth. She was twenty years old, perhaps, shabby, undernourished,

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The Easy Road
(Concluded)

with the scared, peering look of the half blind. He spoke with gentle authority.

"Go in the bedroom there and strip off your wet things. Take a hot bath and get into bed. I'll sleep out here. And don't worry. I'll look after you now."

"Will you, honest? Can you afford it?"

The voice was aved, incredulous.

"Afraid it, yes" he spoke almost roughly.

"I am a man that can work."

Like a little child, she obeyed him. When the door of the bedroom closed Leonard turned to his desk. With a little, grim gesture and a half mocking smile he jerked the cover from the typewriter. A shower of dust flew up from it, making him cough as he inserted a sheet of paper, and began to write. When dawn came the machine was still clacking steadily.

It clicked through all the days and many of the nights in the week that followed. The weeks grew into months. And when the months had become a year, the name of Leonard Fay had become a gossip. He had "come hack" with a marvelous novel, a work of genius—"The Out Trail."

Isabel, too, came back—from her self-imposed exile in Europe. Genter of voice, more subtly gray-haired, was Leonard; but the same Isabel. The morning they landed she turned to Katherine Dare eagerly.

"I can look him up at once, can't I?"

"As soon as you like," laughed Katherine, "but we'll let Lawrence Hemingway. Run down to the parlors like a good child. We can't have him up here." Reluctantly, Isabel obeyed. Katherine turned to her unpacking again. "I think the things are going to be all right," she sighed. "The child is so happy—and he has won his right to her now."

It was only fifteen minutes until Isabel returned—a white-faced, trembling Isabel. "I—I've got to give him up!" she sobbed. "I wasn't his inspiration. At all. He's got another woman in his studio. Lawrence Hemingway was there and saw her clothes, and her little work basket and everything! I'll give him a divorce, and—"

"And marry Lawrence Hemingway, as he wants you too, I suppose," Katherine interrupted calmly. "Now, my dear, before you play your usual game—get yourself a pot of tea, suppose you find out for yourself just how things are."

"You think Leonard doesn't want me?"

"I think, my dear, you are an old maid, or maybe because I'm one! I tell you to run along and call on Leonard, my dear."

It was very quiet in the studio when Isabel tapped on the door. She waited breathless, beautiful, the color in her cheeks coming and going in quick little waves, as a scraped and light footsteps crossed the floor. Then the door opened and a young girl stood there—a plain, dark-haired, sensible-looking young girl, that were reddened with tears, just now."

"Come in," she invited, and then, as Isabel stepped in and she saw her more closely, "Oh, it's you, ma'am! It's you! Oh, now maybe he won't be so mad with me."

"How do you know me?" Isabel asked, gently, "and who is going to be angry with you, and why?"

I know you're his wife, the statuette lady! And he's kept you setting up there always, and worshipped you. You're his inspiration, you know. And just now I broke you into—statuette. I mean—and I was so scared."

"Are you sure he wants me?"

"He's married. What about you?"

"The frank eyes widened. "Want you? Why, that lady, he has prayed to that image there every night since I knew him. Come back, come back, when I deserve you! he says. I'm just a poor girl that he saved from drowning and from blindness. If I was his sister he couldn't do more for me, nor different! That's God's truth, lady!"

There was truth and candor in the plain, good face of the girl, in the clear voice, in the level gaze. All Isabel's doubts and fears slipped away. Eyes and voice and smile filled with glad confidence.

"When will he be back? Any minute?"

"Will you let me slip on your apron and work?"

"I'll run out to market, ma'am, and I won't be back for quite a while!" laughed the girl, with quick understanding.

She went, and Isabel, enveloped in the big apron, was working breathlessly in the kitchen, her back toward the open door. He would come, he would think she was Ella. then she would turn around and—Footsteps. Isabel thought a key in the door, men's voices. The dear, familiar tones of Leonard, and—yes, the voice of Hemingway. She waited through a half-whispered conversation until Hemingway's eager tones said clearly: "You know it's a success, but you're still a long way from Easy Street. Give her an easy divorce and I'll put you there with one stroke of my pen."

There was a second's pause before Leonard said, quietly, but with a deadly earnestness: "On your way, now, as our English friends say. If I chuck you out that window you won't have much chance of getting back!"

"I suppose you think she's coming back to you," snarled Hemingway, moving toward the door.

"She happens to he back, already!" said a voice. a voice that was familiar. In the big, silent room the man and the woman clung to each other, kissed and sobbed and kissed again.

Films by Telegraph

The next thing will be films by wire. Eudora Belin, one of the leading electrical experts of France, has declared it possible to transmit motion pictures by telegraph. The apparatus for the purpose would be similar, he says, to that by which he transmits regular photographs, save that the grooves would have to be much smaller than those needed for transmitting still pictures. They would have to be about one-twentieth of a millimetre in size. Belin further declared that since a film is only a succession of still photographs, all that is necessary when the size of the frame had been regulated, would be to shoot a succession of pictures over the apparatus.
Are American producers threatened with losing
European patronage?

When they consider Europe, some American film folks still
readily play Mr. Cohan’s tune—
metaphorically speaking—but it
no longer goes so well. Cinematic Europe is
coming back. Nobody disputes the fact that
American photoplays lead the world,
but four or five countries have thrown their
lists into the ring, and are out with chal-
genies for battles at any distance. An im-
partial observer of international picture
products will have no great difficulty in dis-
cerning our superior lighting, our infinitely
superior scenic equipment, and our generally
superior acting and direction. Possibly the
mill run of their stories is better than ours.
And certainly the European home-mades are
alarming crowding American photoplays
out of the cross-Atlantic market.

Since a very fine producing revenue has
been derived from exports this is of serious
interest to American producers, and since
the revenues of producers generally stand in
a direct relation to the quality of their
screen plays the whole situation in its final
action affects the only party for whom
Photoplay Magazine feels a personal and
vital interest—the consumer, the “fan.”

We are still making, in this country, about 500 features a year, where we can
legitimately use not much more than half
that many. England, now vigorously manu-
facturing, has reduced its American imports
two hundred. France is not able to pay
Our prices. Italy finds so little of interest in
Our general programme releases that only
two stars—the unknown Pearl White and
the very Latvian Nazimova—are starred by
name. And Italy is, again, a beehive of
camera industry.

A veritable avalanche of German and
Scandinavian film impends.
The answer is not merely less production;
it is theatre and more careful production.
Upon a market destitute of all commodities
almost anything can be dumped; such was
the European film market during and for
many months after the war. But a market
with many competitive sources of supply is
independent and sometimes arrogant, even
though it may not always exhibit the best
taste.

It is of vital importance that America’s
prestige in Europe be not lost. For one rea-
on, because the motion picture is our own,
in a way of speaking; it is our single artistic
conquest imposed upon the old world. For
a more practical reason, because to do the
things they ought to do and must do in the
next few years American film manufacturers
need a world-trade, not merely a local
fetch-and-carry.

One thing remains certain; no country is
refusing America’s genuine super-productions
—our finest and greatest pictures. To keep
the shadow of the stars and stripes in the
film theatres of every land the Americans
must cease the scramble for quantity—quan-
tity—quantity! We need the finest in tech-
nique, authorship, interpretation. We need
the long, deliberate processes of resolved
man who do and keep on doing great things.

Unless you see the name “Bayer” on tablets, you are not
getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years
and proved safe by millions. Accept “Bayer package” only.

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questioned in cable dispatches from Paris. The French cinema industry has conducted a vigorous investigation of his schemes. The practical film men who attended his dinner regarded him as a visionary and still do. Not until the leading financier who helped launch the Franco-American and became directors of the company. None of the latter, however, have any experience in motion picture production. Among these was H. C. Inborn, president of the Fleischer Construction Company, MacDougall Hawkes, an attorney, H. W. Miller of Keech and Company, bankers and brokers and others. They believe in Himmel who shortly after the dinner at the Ritz returned to Europe. He has now come back to the United States. He and his associates proposed to sell at least one half of the $100,000,000 stock issue in the United States. You may yet be given an opportunity to climb in on this venture. Photoplay learns from excellent sources that Himmel has disposed of considerable stock in France.

Cheer up, you small investors in motion picture stocks. You little suckers have been setting a good example. The big suckers have been watching you, and intelligent animals that they are, they are following your precepts.

But when it comes to a real competition between suckers, big and little, there is only one thing the matter with it. The big suckers have an all-uniformed front, each uniform, fine consistency, and it closely adheres. Just a touch surface-Lablaque possesses an uncommon and elusive fragrance. ever refreshing, always welcome.

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C., or Super Fine, or Dufay's Dream, or Kodak's Secret or Complimentary, or Best, or Wilson's Special, or Serenita's Secret or Light and Shadow Powder or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden or Hidden 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Clothes for Special Occasions
(Continued from page 66)

In a field by themselves, I know our girl who boasts that she can get ready in half an hour for a coast-to-coast trip. She showed me once how this is accomplished. A suit holds her lingerie, a dinner gown, an extra tailored frock and a soft hat that is none the worse for crushing. A more elaborately hat goes into a bag as soon as she is settled on the train and the soft one worn when a hat is wanted during the trip. A tiny electric iron tucked into her traveling bag does away with the necessity of too much lingerie or too many stockings. This traveling bag also holds shoes, stockings, articles, etc. She is smartly dressed for all occasions and carries a minimum of luggage—without trunk to be insisted at critical times.

Inconspicuous clothes, quiet and of good cut, are essential for the woman who travels. The train is no place for one's own afternoon frock. Travel by boat, on the other hand, calls for many more clothes than when one makes a journey by train. A pretty, non-crushable dinner frock is a necessity aboard ship, and the steamer trunk should contain one plain evening frock and plenty of good looking sports clothes—the materials for the latter depending on the season and the places to be visited. A warm coat is essential for a boat trip and the sort of cloche-fitting hat or cap that will not be disturbed by a stiff breeze.

Clothes for week-end trips and for short visits in the country depend entirely on the place, and the sort of entertainment expected. If your hostess goes in for sports you will want tramping and tennis clothes and the right sort of shoes for golf, tennis or athletics, depending on the climate. The sports clothes that are designed for beauty rather than utility. A sensible woman of my acquaintance keeps what she calls a "week-end kit." This kit contains two sets of pretty lingerie, her best night dress, her most elaborate kimona, boudoir cap and slippers. With these essentials always ready, it is comparatively easy to select the rest of the clothes that the contemplated visit requires.

However, it is sadly true that one may have occasion to be dressed for an unannounced social event and still not be well dressed. Last month we talked about the importance of line in dressing well and the need for following one's figure in order to know how to enhance our good points and minimize the bad ones. Next in importance to line I should place color, for the sense of color is one of the most important factors in "dressing one's type." There are two ways of learning this: You may study the laws and principles of color combinations and so arrive at a knowledge of what best suits you, or you may by association become so familiar with them that you can tell at a glance what the general effect of any color combination will be.

Once you get the laws and principles of color grouping in your head, you will find it one of the most fascinating features of planning your wardrobe. The first step is a study of the color scale. The three primary colors are red, blue and yellow, but artists are inclined to extend this list to seven—the rainbow colors, that is, purple, violet, indigo, blue, green, orange and red. On the scale red extends two ways—into blue and yellow. Therefore, we get salmon, flesh, orange, russet and henna all members of the red family. Blue also runs through a side gamut of color, so it is not quite sufficient to say that you can wear red or blue. There will be certain tones of each that best suit you, and you must ascertain for yourself what they are.

Museums, exhibitions of paintings, fashion shows, in fact, any large gathering of people or display of works of art will give you lesson after lesson in the study of color. Nature uses her vivid colorings with a careful hand, and it is well to imitate her and use only sparing dashes of orange, scarlet or brilliant green. One element emphasizing this point—one said that butterflies are brilliant but the elephant is taupe, which tells the story.

Blue, usually navy blue, is a stock color—we will call it the reason is that blue is an easy color to wear, it is restful and unobtrusive. Blue is always fashionable, because it has a tendency to enhance the good points of both the complexion and figure. There is a French saying that black should never be worn by a woman after she is thirty until she is fifty. White, like blue, is almost universally worn, although white is more becoming to the woman of mature years than the blue-white that younger wearers may revel in.

If you remember to match the shade of your eyes you will never go far wrong, and the right shade of blue will invariably heighten the brilliancy of blue eyes. Incidentally, blue face-veils are universally becoming, and white is the most trying color in veils.

The effect of a color in daylight and under artificial light is totally different. So, if you are buying materials for an evening gown you should examine them under artificial light, while those for day wear should be inspected under that light to get the right effect. It is scarcely necessary to say that brilliant hues should largely be used for autumn and winter wear—reserving pastel tones for the summer. Red, yellow and orange are "warm" colors and if worn in the summer should only appear at the seaside or on a breezy golf course.

Which reminds me, that next month we shall take a long look ahead and group about the latest fashions that are being created for our wear during the spring and summer months that are approaching so rapidly.\n
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOFILM MAGAZINE.
Plays and Players
(Concluded from page 91)

JOSPEH CONRAD, a promising English author, has been engaged to write screen stories for Paramount. Mr. Conrad, who once wrote a "Voyage to a Dreary Island," and who wrote "The Nigger of the Narcissus," will now have an opportunity to supply Glen Swanson, Elise Ferguson, and other stars. Confidingly, he is said to be writing about eighty celebrated gentlemen who have been coaxed from their fastnesses in Britain and elsewhere, to immortalize themselves definitely in celluloid, for Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, are

Sir James Barrie;

Edward Knoblock;

Sir G. Bertie Smith, and a few others. But to us, the acquisition of Mr. Conrad is the coup d'etat. The great Pole has always maintained a picturesque aloofness; and the fact that he may come to this country, here to study film methods in the Hollywood studios, seems incongruous, but interesting.

DOORTHY GISH always said that the perfect picture would be the motion picture without a single sub-title. He made a captious playphotop yet once before the public was permitted to see and judge it, he had been censored. It was thought, then, that such a picture would never "get by." Davis always maintained that, given a fair chance, it could. It is an interesting question. Anita Loos published a book of heavily captioned pictures. She told her screen stories, not by pictures, but by her inimitable sub-titles. Strictly speaking, her pictures have never been a motion picture. They have been illustrated captions. But now—

Charles Ray has made a motion picture—a screen version of James Whitcomb Riley's beloved poem, "The Old Man Who Died." And with its completion, Ray has realized a long-cherished ambition: to make a motion picture tell its own story, without the aid of printed text. We haven't seen it yet. We don't know whether it is a successful venture or not. But it is, at least, a new step; and a fascinating one. It may mean a small-sized revolution in picture-making. What do you think?

SALVATION NELL." Mrs. Fiske's stage success is to be translated celluloid by Whitehead Bennett, for First National. Pauline Starke is the fortunate young actress selected to portray the famous role.

EBBE DANIELS spent the holidays in the old home town. It's Dallas, Texas, and she hadn't been back there since becoming a full-fledged star. Maybe the home- folks weren't glad to see Bebe. And not a one of them thought she was up-stage!

HOBART BOSWORTH was married recently in San Diego, Cal. The lady is Mrs. Cecile Perceval, formerly of the research department at the Thomas Ince studios, and more recently secretary to Mr. Bosworth.

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos went to California to arrange for the production of their new picture, "Wife Insurance," of which the writers will be the "stars." Basil Sydney, who is Doris Kenne's husband, and played opposite her in "Romance," will have the leading role; having come from England to play it. Mae Colins, an Emerson-Loos discovery from the "letit," the leading lady.

DOROTHY GISH always said that when she married, she would never stop for all the fuss and feathers of a church wedding; but would walk right up to the minister and say yes—there being a young man by her side, you understand. And although Dorothy said at the same time that she was going to marry, she became Mrs. Rennie in December—and didn't wait for a formal wedding, either.

Constance Talmadge refused Mr. John Dialogio for two years before she finally saw fit to go to the story game. She and Mr. Dialogio were married first at the double ceremony in Greenwich, Ct., while Miss Gish and Mr. Rennie stood by. Then Miss Gish and Mr. Dialogio acted as matron of honor and best man while Dorothy Gish became Mrs. James Rennie. We hope they'll be happy. There doesn't seem to be any doubt about it—leave it to Dorothy and Constance to prove to the doubters that an actress may have a happy home and a brilliant career at the same time.

WILL Mae Marsh return to the Griffith fold? A last-minute report that has not been confirmed by Miss Marsh, says that she will again act under D. W.'s direction—for the first time since the great days of "Entolomce."

She was one of the loveliest of the young ladies who paraded nightly before enraptured Manhattan audiences in Mr. Ziegfeld's renowned entertainments. And then Allan Dwan came to New York. He attended a performance of the Midnight Follies, saw Miss Logan, and immediately declared his love and proposed a new screen discovery. Miss Logan went to the west coast, had a screen test made, passed, and stepped into the leading feminine role of "The Perfect Crime."

As the Times says of her, "She is a marveion of beauty and as she is beautiful, they say; and that's going some."

In the meantime, the rumor. It is said that if Mae Marsh returns to Griffith, it will be as a star at the head of an individual working organization such as Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess already have. Wait and see.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is letting her husband boss her around these days. Her husband is Webster Campbell, and whatever he tells Corinne to do, she loses no time in carrying out. That is—from nine till five, which are the hours Mrs. Campbell is "Miss Griffith." Oh and he is "Mr. Campbell" to Corinne. Mr. Campbell is directing Mrs. Campbell at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn—and it's the first time he has talked to his wife on the telephone in his wife's production. He has been her leading man at various times, but he says now he is going to take up direct- ing in earnest. They are a most devoted couple; these Campbell; and the beautiful Corinne is prouder of her husband's success than she is of her own.

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uncanny manner: an instrument unable to register color, dependent upon a perfect arrangement of lighting and, as yet, without the power to treat stereoscopically anything that it sees.

For three whole days I watched Mr. Cecil deMille, masterly and muscular, sitting on a high stool in an agony of thought looking like a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen on active service. All around him were his operators, also looking like members of the Legion of Frontiersmen. The ceilingless room in which he sat was filled with beautiful furniture from the palace probably of a Japanese monarch, the hangings, the rugs, the curtains were priceless and a little boy with a charming baby face, unnoticed by the worried parents of the picture who were in the throes of domestic troubles, was mischievously endeavoring to catch a tiny goldfish from a huge crystal bowl.

Miss Gloria Swanson in full evening dress, although full is hardly the right word, was enjoying a little nap in a safe corner. Mr. Elliott Dexter in a faultless dinner jacket was gazing into the future in another safe corner surrounded by unopened magazines. The child's actual mother, torn between maternal love and a sense of business, was watching her infant prodigy with a bower of iced milk in her hand. High up on ladders at various points of vantage searchlight operators were seated chewing gum with the patience of that master-chewer, the cow.

Standing at a discreet distance from the scene of action a rather stout young man with artistic hair and a disarranged tie was playing Puccini on a violin, in order, no doubt, to stir the goldfish into a state of ecstasy and to quiet the nerves of the young artist with the golden curls. A distinguished American dramatic reeking of homespun and latakia was watching and studying, with his feet among strange coils which looked like a whole set and all these silent people were surrounded with canvas screens covered with abrupt notices on which were written the words "Keep Off.""Ready . . . Shoot." I ducked involuntarily, fearing the worst and having had some slight experience of soft-nosed bullets away back in 1914. Instantly a glare of light fell upon the scene, the boy dipped his hand into the water and with an expression of eagerness and mischief endeavored to grasp an elusive fish and hold it up in triumph. At another word of command, out went the lights which stung the eyeballs, the mechanical click of the camera ceased and once more Cecil deMille returned to his agony of thought with one hot hand pressed to his Shakespearian brow. Then silence, if it could be called silence with a prize fight going on a hundred yards to the left and a western shooting match a hundred yards to the right.

During this brief mission to the Coast I wandered from studio to studio trying to understand and assimilate everything that was being done. I saw that the take of pictures was not by any means as easy, for instance, as the production of plays, and that it required much greater concentration and was surrounded by hundreds of far more difficult problems. In the theater there is no camera to distort and mislead. There is only one great eye behind which is the whole receptive brain of an audience moved instantly to the same laughter, the same tears, the same sympathy and photographing the same points at the same moment, an instrument which works itself and is not dependent upon lighting, distance, or any of the other technical difficulties.

The Coast
(Continued from page 69)
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Advertising Section

The Coast

(Concluded)

which must be overcome by the director and the camera men in their endeavors to translate a story to the screen.

It was extraordinary to walk through an empty studio one morning and pass through it to watch an army of carpenters erect a suite of rooms, including a bathroom perfect in all its details, the solidity of which made one gasp. I saw Mr. Wilfred Backland in a series of rooms which looked like those of a busy and successful architect designing sets which ranged from the Tudor period to that of modern New Rochelle. I lunched at cafeterias in the main street of Hollywood and sat in close and amazing juxtaposition to celebrities and to the long line of buildings bathed in the gorgeous sunlight of California. It was easy to tell which of these cars belonged to Miss Goria Swan son and which to the heads of which. It need hardly be said that Mr. Cecil deMille's car was a cross between an aeroplane, a Zeppelin and one of those racing implements which trains usually leave a cloud of surprised dust behind it.

A snippet of conversation that I heard one day may be interesting to report. A carpenter was speaking to one of the rough riders who chewed gum and worked a spotlight. "Is God here yet?" "Yeh, he's comin' in now." Nearly jumping out of my skin I followed the direction of the latter's eyes and saw who—who else than Brigadier-General Cecil deMille!

Finally I had the audacity to bury myself away in my small bedroom in the only hotel I could get in which I could get, and while trying not to be too interested in the movements of a very bulbous colored lady whose life seemed to be devoted to the wearing of intimate garments on a clothes line, to write the scenario of a screen story.

I emerged after two days' work with the result of my efforts, and with shaking knees reported at Mr. William deMille's office and there, presently, under the searching brown eyes and that slightly cynical smile of the man who had become my friend, I read this thing. There followed a lengthy discussion, several alterations and mutual enthusiasm. After which, with vastly more respect for the movies than I had ever felt before, I returned to New York to wait and see.

After many days "Midsummer Madness" was thrown upon the screen of a projection room in the New York office of the Famous Players and here, with Mr. Lasky and a small party of friends, I had the infinite satisfaction of seeing my story, which had been called "His Friend and His Wife," come to life under the magic touch of the man who had made my knees tremble away back in March and who had, it seemed to me, put his camera not in the middle of the sets but at the keyhole of their various doors and stolen the story of a domestic crisis unknown to the actors of it; who had in a word, created a photoplay rather than a motion picture, doing away in one fell swoop with that star system which has done so much to cloud the relation to art and similitude and prove that after all, the old technique of playwriting and novel writing can be very usefully applied to the new technique of the screen.

And the question that one asks oneself in all seriousness in thinking about the formation of pictures, as well as the creation of plays is, "Is there any such thing as technique anyhow so long as one can move an audience to tears and laughter and be simultaneously wondered at?" Whether this is so or not and whether it is interesting to say so or not I am now to be numbered on that daily growing list of authors who are to be placed among the screen with respect, with the keenest interest and with a considerable amount of awe because of its gigantic public.

Questions and Answers

(continued from Page 107)

H. M. PHILADELPHIA.—The Loving Brothers are really the fourth story in my Philadelphia. It is so curious about the movies. I am glad you finally wrote to me and hope you will write often. Constance Talmadge was the Mountain Girl in Griffith's "Inology." Made while Griffith was with Triangle-Fine Arts. She appeared in several Fine Arts pictures before she became a star for Select. Now her pictures are released by First National.

H. A. S., BALTIMORE.—I notice that many young men of my acquaintance cherish a delusion that they look like the heroes in the pictures. I have notified the producers. Antonio Moreno is acting in features now. He is lost to serials forever, I believe. His first long picture in a long time has just come out. He has not married. George Walsh is divorced from Seena Owen. Seena is in "Lavender and Old Lace." From Myrtle Reed's story.

ANONYMOUS THIRD.—So you like the Mystic Rose, Delight Evans' stories, Ashton Dearholt, and Me. You are very versatile. Anita Loos is still writing screen for Constance Talmadge. She and John Emerson are married, and the recently wrote an original story called "American Love," which will be produced soon without a star. In other words, the star will be the story. Joseph Schenck will release it through First National.

M. H., CANY., KANSAS.—You think Culon Landis is the handsomest man on the screen. Do so his wife Herbert Rawlinson. Opposite Anita Stetson in "The Tornado" for Mayer-First National. Herb's charming better-half, Roberta Arnold, is scoring quite a success opposite Frank Craven in the new comedy, "The First Year," at the Little Theater in New York City. They have no children.

Alice, MISSOURI.—The worst thing that could happen to a star would be to bump her head and see a lot of other stars. Harold Lockwood was the "Foot Highness." Mary Macel is an internationally known in "The Wild Goose," a Gouenour Morris story. Albert Vosburgh in "Her Father's Son."

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head of a dramatic school but she signed up with a film company to make pictures instead. She was the queen of the movies once and everything will be plain to see her again, won’t we? Florence Turner is now a member of Metro’s stock company on the west coast. Address her care that she can be reached. Mary Fuller is in retirement and I have heard no rumor that she is coming back.

I. J. ME, UTAH.—You have nothing but praise for me? That’s the way with all you people. Praise is a wonderful thing, but sort of intangible, sometimes. The fudge and jam I sent you is not intangible, for one thing, and the fruit I gave you is not intangible for another. I, for one, find. Oh well, I won’t get fat, that’s certain. Marc McDermott was Theda Bara’s leading man in “Kathleen Mavourneen.”

M. B., CARLISLE, ARK.—An eloquent, strictly speaking, means running away from someone. I am sure no one was trying to stop Zaza from getting married, so we can hardly call it that. Eloquence sounds more picturesque, that’s all. She’s Mrs. Tom Gallery now. The Big Four includes Mary Chaplin, Chaplin Fairbanks and David Wark Griffith. Miss Pickford has released two pictures through United Artists, the correct name for the Big Four. “Roma” and “The Secret Love.” Her new one is entitled “The Love Light.” Fairbanks has released “His Majesty the American.” When the Clouds Roll By,” “The Mollycoddle,” and “The Mark of Zorro.” Natalie Talmadge is twenty. She sometimes acts with her sisters. All three Talmadges have returned from Europe.

AGNES, NEW YORK CITY.—Well, that star plays tragedy, comedy—and golf. I must say I think he plays golf best. William Boyd played Carpenter in “The City of Masks,” in which Robert Warwick had the lead. Warwick is now on the stage in “The Dauntless Three,” a new play. Vincent Coleman isn’t married so far as I know.

CLAARA S.—So your young man is very promising. Well, that’s all right; but see that he keeps his promises. Rodney Love ROCOMAR right now he is acting in Alice Brady’s play, “Anna Ascents,” in New York City. Some of his pictures have been “Easy to Get,” with Marguerite Clark, “The Stories of Zora,” and Constance Binney, and “Greater Than Love.”

GLADYS, BALTIMORE.—Mr. de girl!—Don’t judge my friends by their expensive stationery. As a matter of fact, most of my friends don’t write on expensive stationery. I liked your letter because it indicated that you have a good heart and common sense. Two fine things in a woman, Gladys. Don’t lose your heart and keep your common sense, say I. King Bagget plays Dearman in the Dwan production “The Forbidden Thing,” in which Jim Kirkwood, Helen Jerome Eddy and Marcia Manon also appear. Bagget is married. Marguerite Clark has no children. She returns to the screen in a Gardner Hunt, Naulity production, “Scrambled Wives,” which Roland Young and Juliette Day did on the stage.

CleoPatra.—Your drawing is really very clever, Cleo. It looked more like a Ziegfeld Follies beauty than the well-known Queen of Sheba. I am probably wrong and have suffered in comparison, so it’s all right. Blanche Sweet is abroad right now, but when she comes back we’ll interview her.

Tom Santschi is Swiss-American. In the other interviews will be forthcoming. Watch out for them.

T. L. R., PARAGOULD, ARK.—I think I have set a new record for patience. Job notwithstanding. The young man who played with Leslie Love in “Pegreen” is Charles Spere. Gladys has come back to films; she will play with Lionel Barrymore in two pictures. She was formerly with Vitagraph.

GUSHE, NEW ALBANY.—Jack Warren Kerrigan, the local boy who made good from your country, is not married. His pictures are released through Hudkinson. I haven’t his personal address. Forrest Stanley with Alice Lake in “The Mistid Wife.”

W. P. P., DALLAS.—Conrad Nagel is his real name. He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, was on the stage as Alice Brady’s son. Raymond Hatton; Lord, Brodribight; Robert Cain; Mary Lasney, Gloria Swanson; Teweny, Lila Lee; The King’s Favorite, Bebe Daniels; Lady Ellen Dun; Lillian Leighton; Robert Barbour; Aggie, Mildred Reardon; Lady Brodribight, Mayne Kelso, Trabene, Edward Burns; McGuire, Henry Woodard; Thomas, Sydney Dean; Mrs. Standing, Santschi; Miss Eppante, Julia Faye; Fisher, Edna Mae Cooper; Mrs. Perkins, Lillian Leighton; Pilot, Guy Oliver; Captain, Clarence Burton.

FRANKIE, NEW YORK CITY.—We have not had an overwhelmingly large number of questions about that actor; in fact, he has done very little and would not warrant a story. Are you quite sure you are not his press-agent?

VIRA.—So you are crazy to see what that star’s wife looks like. You would probably be crazier still if you knew. Constance Talmadge is not engaged to Irving Berlin nor anyone else. She’s married to John Pialigot.

K. M. F., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The first umbrella seen in this country came to Baltimore from England in 1770. People laughed then just as they later laughed at locomotives and airplanes and motion pictures. Ralph Burnham with Goldwin in “It’s a Great Life.” He is about nineteen, and has blonde hair. I believe the same as Harrison Ford has been married. Ford is in the east now working opposite the Talmadges.

Questions and Answers (continued)
Questions and Answers

Continued

MRS. J. A. D., NEBRASKA.—Your protest would have carried much more weight if you had signed your full name to it. Anonymous communications hardly I just about as much kick as a bottle of beer. So you were right, but we's lost that hat while watching a picture. That's all right—just so he doesn't lose his head. Come again.

Mystic.—Oh, go on! There's nothing mystic about you—not if you write with purple ink. That's too obvious to be very mystic. June Elvidge played Claire Meredith in "The Law of the Yukon."

ROSE B. S.—You say, "Like repels, unlike attracts"? Well, that's doesn't mean that you must marry a man who doesn't agree with you about anything. Sometimes a little harmony works pretty well. Marguerite Clark as Ruth Storrow in Fox serial, "Bride 33."

MRS. V. S., CALIFORNIA.—Elliot Dexter, whom you thought you were railing about in your 'Elephant Man' and "Molly and I" appeared in neither of these Fox pictures with Shirley Mason. Albert Roscoe was the leading man in both. Mr. Dexter played Blanche Swanson in "Something to Think About," and has the featured role in "The Witching Hour," Paramount's version of it, not yet released.

VERA.—Congratulations on your birthday and en receiving a subscription to Photoplay as a present. In fact, I think you are more to be congratulated on the subscription than on adding another year to your age. Speaking of birthdays: Tsuru Aoki has celebrated 28; Roscoe Arbuckle, 33; Lionel Barrymore, 37; and Beverly Bayne, 25.

ETHEL.—Ah—a pearl of questions: "Must all girls in pictures have perfect teeth?" I don't know, but most of them have; Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels appeared together in only one picture, Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" Bebe isn't married; she's nineteen.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you were really sixteen, you would not advertise the fact. A tramp sub-deb always plans to be eight years older than she really is. Don't give yourself away to anyone but the old Answer Man. He can keep a secret. Diana Allen, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, is now a leading woman in pictures. She's in "Heliotrope" and "The Fighting Schoolmaster."

ANNETTE.—You ask what it would look like if all the New Yorkers born April first were piled in a heap in Madison Square. Very foolish, I fancy—almost as foolish as your question. Besides, it wouldn't make a thing of a traffic in that city. Richard Nor- nand is still with Goldwyn—at least, she hasn't announced any other affiliation. Her latest release is "What Happened to Ross."

BILLY, MOUTRIE, GEORGIA.—"Everything is peaches"—sometimes I think the old songs are the best. Especially when you send me such charming greetings with the ring of sincerity in them. The ring is there, if nothing else. Write to me and ask me many questions, Billy.

V. L. C., ST. LOUIS.—Gertrude Olmstead is with Universal. She was the winner of a beauty contest and came from Illinois. Write to her at Universal City, Cal. I hope you get a photograph of the winning features which made Miss Olmstead a moving picture actress.
Questions and Answers (Concluded)

ROSEMARY—You can't touch water, as you have an iron constitution and H₂O makes it rusty. Water, water!!! Rosemary, I am afraid you were misnamed. Don't write any of your funny jokes to Bud. Jones are Cestern Fox or you'll wait in vain for that coveted photograph.

Mrs. B. L., Richmond, Va.—I am sorry that I can give you no more complete information as to Stella Gabbott than that she was last with the Apex Photoplays. Has anybody here seen Stella?

M. B., PLEONA, Montana.—A good way to get rich is not to earn more, but to spend less. That's my method. Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Rockies," a Pathe serial. Darrel Foss with May Allison in "Hele in Trust." Bebe Daniels in "Oh Lady, Lady." Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd's new leading woman.

MRS. S.—Books are my best companions. They are always faithful, but never monotonous; humorous when that is your humor, sad when your mood is sorrowful. I'd advise you to form some friendships among them. Gareth Hughes was Viola Dana's leading man in "A Chorus Girl's Romance." Hughes is now creating "Sentimental Tommy" in the Paramount production of the James Barrie story. He isn't married—Hughes, I mean. I think Barrie isn't either—at any rate I have heard that he lives alone in a quiet street of London with an old servant and many books. That's the way I like to think of the writer of "Peter Pan," anyway.

A. T. S., Boston.—You lack a very valuable attribute—good humor. The world would be so much brighter if everyone would whistle instead of whine—and I'm no Pollyanna, either. Don't be so caustic. What's a blonde star more or less to you? Let the little actress have her fling; she'll soon find out whether or not she is entitled to it. Besides, you don't have to go to see her. You know. Edward Polo was born in Los Angeles in 1881, of Hungarian parents. He was educated in Vienna and has a brother and four sisters in the profession. Polo is married and his daughter, Melva, is appearing in pictures now. He's five feet eight inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

MRS. A. A. M., Kansas City.—How nice to believe that your husband fell at your feet the minute he saw you. I only hope he didn't fall over them. Lest you think me ungenerous, I hasten to answer every question you asked me. Louise Glau played opposite Bill Hart in "Hell's Hinges." Alice Brady is twenty-five; she is Mrs. James Crane in private life. Dr. Frank Crane is her father-in-law. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-seven. The Thomas Meighans have no children. Oliver Thomas never played opposite Jack Pickford on the screen or stage. Maurice Costello is in a picture called "Determination." Haven and Nazimova's age? She's Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life.

ANTIA.—The way it is nowadays, nothing can be raised in an apartment house except the rent. I had to give my dog and cat away, and I am now very lonesome. Fortunately I have no children or I would have to give them away too. Francis X. Bushman is thirty-five; Beverly Bayne Bushman, twenty-six. Neva Gerber's personal address is 217 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Francis MacDonald, Glidden Hotel, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and promote, and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25¢ each. Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. E, Malden, Mass.

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Diamond barrettes—25¢ per dozen. The greatest Diamond barrettes at such a low price are here for the asking. Every pair of diamond barrettes is presented in its own jeweled box. Five for 1.00, ten for 1.50, twenty for $3.00. Sold by retail at 15¢ each and wholesale at 5¢ per dozen. Quantity discounts for cash. Write today. J. M. Lyon & Co., 1 Malden Ave., Malden, Mass.

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Autographic Kodak

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

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The rare Oriental fragrance of Colgate's Florent won first place in a famous perfume contest. This marvelous perfume may be had also in Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talc Powder and Soap.

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Use Old Dutch for the daily clean-up in the bathroom, it makes porcelain, marble, tile and metal fixtures look like new. Contains no caustics or acids; does not injure the finest surfaces; cannot roughen or redden the hands.
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THEY are as perfect as Helen of Troy and the features as classic as a Greek goddess—there can be no real beauty if the skin is not clear and fine and smooth. Beauty of the stage know the value of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in preserving that exquisite softness and smoothness of texture so essential to loveliness and charm. After summer's sun and winter's winds, it refreshes like a cooling drink—heals like a magic touch.

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FOR TRIAL. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Esther Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c. trial size 1c. Trial Cake Soap, 5c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

INDOORS, outdoors, on the stage and off, I would not be without Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for any consideration. Before going for my daily horseback ride I put a smooth coating of the cream on face and throat. In the summer time for golf and tennis, sailing and swimming there is nothing that can possibly keep the skin and complexion in such soft and pink perfection. And the one point of especial value that I find in Hinds is that it does not clog the pores. On the contrary, it aids materially in keeping the pores open, the skin active, and the complexion clear and bright. I think Hinds is 'first aid' to keeping one's complexion in the best of condition at all times and under almost all circumstances.
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"Count me in on that!"

NOT one member of the family wants to be left home when it's Paramount night at the theatre.

That's the night you are all sure to get your money's worth.

Paramount schedules romantic trips for you every few days—trips into the adventurous lives of the rich, the bold, the brave and the fair.

Some strange drama of life which might happen in a mansion of Mayfair, a chateau in Normandy, a bungalow in Calcutta, a country club on Long Island, or the savage depths of Africa, is all visible in Paramount Pictures.

Your craving for healthful adventure is being well planned for by Paramount.

Never forget that the very greatest motion pictures, the kind you wouldn't care to miss, can only be made by an organization of world-wide scope, such as Paramount's, which counts no cost and shies at no difficulty or danger to make your Paramount schedule an unbroken tale of thrilling entertainment.

Don't be among those people who let their photoplays choose them; that is, they go to the theatre without knowing what's on.

Choose the Paramount Pictures, choose the Paramount Nights.

Those nights are as great as the nights called Arabian, nights of pleasure so enthralling as to take you completely out of yourself into the enchanted land of Let's Pretend.

It is a simple matter to follow the Paramount schedule. Keep tab on the newspaper advertisements of your theatre and look for the phrase "A Paramount Picture."

You will notice this also in the theatre's lobby and on the posters.

Those are the nights to go—The nights your theatre shows Paramount Pictures!

Paramount Pictures
Vol. XIX
April, 1921

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Editorial Offices, 25 W. 45th St., New York City Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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### "Vamps of All Times"

**How** would you like to trace the progress, if any, of the ancient art of vamping, down through all the ages? This fascinating excursion takes place in the May issue of Photoplay.

That is, the career of the first known vamp is discussed in the first of a series of delightful satires by Svetozar Tonjoroff. "Lilith, the self-made goddess," begins the series. And there are others to come. You have never read anything quite like it before—don’t miss the first and you will read all of them.

---

### "Oh, Hollywood!"

**Paris** has its Latin Quartier; New York its Greenwich Village; San Francisco its Barbary Coast—and Los Angeles, its Hollywood. And for the first time you will be taken along on a real Ramble in Bohemia. Not from the outside looking in, but from the inside looking out.

In the May issue will appear a word picture of that unique and remarkable place, "The Coast." A revelation of the intimate life of the most famous colony of modern times. It is an amazing account of the haunts of the great of filmdom; a brilliant analysis of that celluloid suburb called Hollywood. If you have always wanted to visit Hollywood, save the price of a ticket and buy the May issue of Photoplay.
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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 504 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
A HAPPY illustration of the theory that the photoplay is an art of youth is Alice Calhoun, who achieved stardom with her eighteenth birthday. Armed with talent and determination, she came straight to the screen from school.
YOU may not recognize in this old-world young lady Miss May McAvoy, for May prefers as a rule to appear as herself; a vivacious and very young brunette whom the usually cold motion picture camera treats with consideration.
A FIRST-SEASON flapper is Gladys Walton, who established herself in a recent picture as a stellar debutante second to none. She is equally at home in serious roles or frivolous, but seems to have found her forte in comedy-drama.
CHARLES RAY has lately been essaying a series of original characterizations for his own company, but his audiences seem to like him best when he is most completely and naturally himself. This is a new portrait.
GLADYS GEORGE has provided inspiration for the heroisms of Thomas Meighan and others. Gladys and her job like each other so well that she recently agreed to continue as a Paramount leading woman for five more years.
HOUSTON, Texas, claims Lucy Cotton as its favorite Native Daughter. Musical comedy was the first rung in Lucy's ladder of ambition, and now she is devoting herself to films, playing with George Arliss in "The Devil."
T isn't very often that fame comes overnight—except in fairy tales; but it really happened to Estelle Taylor. Beauty and decided ability in Estelle's case hardly counted so much as being ready when the big opportunity came.
Gloria Swanson makes her first appearance since the arrival of Gloria the Second in a screen story written especially for her by Elinor Glyn. In it, for the first time, Miss Swanson assumes long-deserved individual honors.
The Soul of Achievement

"I WONDER where he got the idea?"

You have heard this when people thrilled at a great, human photoplay. You have heard it as men have stood before a great piece of architecture. You have heard it as women contemplated some universally useful household invention. You have heard it asked after the strategy which won a great battle.

The old saw, "Genius is perspiration," is only half true. Nothing worth while is accomplished without hard, painstaking work, but the psychics have yet to account for that illuminating flash of the mind in which everything worth while, from Edison's incandescent lamp to Kipling's "Recessional," has been conceived. Is it some whisper from the Infinite—or is it the sudden crystallization of earnest desire into the fact of accomplishment? But today we only acclaim What Is; we will let the psychics wonder, Why?

The Soul of Achievement is Inspiration.

Edgar Allan Poe once wrote a mechanically glittering essay in which he proved that there is no such thing as Inspiration; that all that is worth while came into being through orderly, almost mathematical processes of thought. That argument is the only stone in his magnificent, melancholy and purely inspirational tower of achievement which today seems treacherous and crumbling.

The best we can make of Inspiration is the comforting thought that Something—call it God if you will—helps those who help themselves. Not every man can do everything. It would be a lop-sided world if this were so. But to every man is given the power to do something a little better than his fellows—if he will fight disappointment, surmount obstacles, and keep everlastingly at it. The Wonderful Whisper will come to him some day. It must come.

Every photoplay that is worth while, in its authorship, its acting or its direction, bears proof that this is true.
RECENTLY Madame Elinor Glyn, the world-famous English authoress and authority on love and marriage, put forth in an article written for PHOTOPLAY the theory that motion picture stars—being artists—should not marry, since "Marriage is good—and Art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!"

She further wrote in support of her idea: "Whether right or wrong from a strictly conventional point of view, artists do not think highly of marriage—at least Art, if they are artists, comes first with them, and Paris, which is the center of Art, contends that domestic bliss is not good for art, the contention being that ties prevent experience, and limit the acquisition of its expression. Just as in horse-racing you would not hobble the horses' feet, the aim being for them to win the races. "If the truth could be known, I wonder how many poor male movie stars' lives are cramped, and their art stultified by foolish, meaningless, nagging, jealous little ordinary wives at home and how many lovely actresses are bothered to death by boring, exacting husbands, who really have no sympathy or understanding for the lives their partners are following. It would seem to me to be more sensible to give the whole mind to the work in hand to attain success, and then when the few short years of the movie star's reign are over they could marry and settle down in peace and security, having acquired a large fortune and with an even chance for continued happiness."

"At least that would seem to be a common sense angle from which to look at the question."

Later she also said in discussing this subject, "All French artists' aim is to produce the highest art. Now, of course, if the aim is avowedly different—to secure a good husband or wife, we will say, or a place in society, or something like that, then they would agree that to put art aside, was all right and marriage was the thing. But to gain experience of life—and by that they would mean leisure to study literature and history, and the minds of men and women, not only of the present day but of the past—as well as experiences in emotion—marriage and its obligations could not be considered the best medium, your aim being Art.

"Here in America it is easier because of the facility of divorce and so the possibility of a fairly frequent change of partners, but with the time taken up so much with the legal business entailed in becoming free again, there cannot be so much to study Art. I always think that it is wisest to concentrate upon one thing at a time. If you are an artist, be one—and the best you can be. If you are a good wife and mother—be that and ennoble these states; but it is difficult to combine a mixture in a calling which is essentially opposed to domesticity, and is filled with temptations to change."

Many great writers have agreed with Madame Glyn, including Voltaire, Balzac, and Oscar Wilde. Maude Adams never married. Certainly Shakespeare's success was accomplished in spite of his matrimonial venture. On the other hand, many do not agree.

Turning to the motion pictures themselves for opinions upon the interesting opinion advanced by Madame Glyn, the following answers were given:

Cecil B. de Mille: If genius is too great for marriage, it is poor genius.

Gloria Swanson: Motherhood is supposed to be an essential in the development of a great actress. So the great masters of the dramatic art are quoted as having said at one time or another. If motherhood without marriage were permissible, an artist might dispense with marriage. Since it is not, marriage is the only alternative.

What Do

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for the opinions expressed on these pages. It was curious to discover what the artists of the screen really think about marriage—and love—in relation to art.

Now that their ideas have been set forth, we want to know what our readers think. Just what do you think about marriage, in relation to art? Do you agree with Madame Glyn that the artist should not marry; that marriage stultifies art? Or do you believe,
In which the most notable artists of the screen give their views on the interesting question raised by Madame Elinor Glyn in the March issue: “Marriage is good, and art is good—but do they assimilate to perfection?”

George Fitzmaurice: Every experience is helpful to the artist. Marriage is the greatest experience of all. It should broaden and humanize the true artist, whether he is painter, poet, motion picture actor, or producer.

But often, it doesn’t. It corrodes. When an actress marries a business man, she is sometimes unhappy. Why? Because an actress, if she is a real artist, cannot forget her work when she leaves her studio, or her theater. Her business-man husband can close his day’s work when he closes his office. There is a situation!

Art absorbs. But I can imagine nothing more satisfying than marriage with an understanding artist. I am not just theorizing—I have tried it. I believe in it.

I have just been to Paris. There it is different—very different. The actress is so much the public personage—always in the public eye, a glittering, fanciful figure—that I don’t see how she can have any home life at all. There, they seem to think that marriage, as an institution, is vastly over-rated.

Voila!

Will Rogers: Fallin’ in love and gettin’ married hasn’t got a darn thing to do with your business—or your art. If that’s the way they’re brandin’ it now—so far as I can see. An’ I say, if your fallin’ in love and stayin’ in love with one woman and havin’ kiddies is goin’ to interfere much with your art, give up your art and sell shoes, or rope cows.

When I got ready to come out here, a lot of people did a whole lot o’ talkin’ ’bout the movie queens and how siren-ful they were, an’ how they’d rope an’ tie me before I knew what I was about. They even did talkin’ like that to Mrs. Rogers.

But I say, “Imagine a guy that has been workin’ round the Follies as long as I have gettin’ stampeded by the movies!”

Human nature isn’t so different, and I say marryin’ is the nearest thing to heaven there is. An’ if heaven don’t improve your art, you’d better quit.

Frances Marion: One must be very cynical to be very effective about marriage.

If you’re happily married you have absolutely nothing brilliant or scathing or witty or wonderful to say.

You Think?

with many of the artists quoted here, that marriage enables an artist to express the emotions even more fully? Read what the artists have to say: consider Elinor Glyn’s theory. Then decide what you think...

For the best letter on the subject, PHOTO-PLAY will pay $50; for the second best, $25; and for the third best, $10. Your answers must not exceed 300 words, and must reach the Marriage Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th St., New York City, by May 1, 1921. The winning letters will be published.

I am very prosaically married. That is, I have been married to Fred Thompson for a year and a half now and we work together and play together, have a happy home, and get along splendidly:

So what have I to say about marriage?

Pearl White: It is a physical impossibility for any woman to pursue two careers at once—that is why I disapprove of marriage for professionals.

When two professionals marry—they are apt to be engrossed in a sameness of interest which eventually must bore them in each other. If they work in the same studio they see each other under circumstances which very often are trying—when things go wrong and they become irritable—when the studio day has been especially long and nerve-racking—when any number of disagreeable, petty things happen and they are feeling low in spirit, and of course feeling that marriage should bring with it an understanding of things in general, they do not hesitate to show their displeasure or tiredness to each other and as a consequence are drawn into quarrels which probably would not have occurred under other circumstances.

A case of a professional married to an outsider has just as many drawbacks. Motion picture players work hard. The glare of the lights is quite enough to give one a headache and added to this is the wear on one’s nerves from the big dramatic scenes and on one’s vitality from the endless waiting around which is found in every studio. The end of a studio day finds an actress pretty well tired out and not inclined to being the fresh, care-free wife interested in either the problems her husband might want to confide in her or the amusements he would want her to share.

The business of being a wife is a mighty serious one and upon undertaking it a woman should give to it all the thought and energy she would devote to any other career. And you can’t do two things at once.

Marshall Neilan: To say stars should marry is just as impossible as to say they should not.

Very often they crave the fireside and the simple life. If they stand the test and are happy in their union, why should anyone attempt to deny them this union—and there are quite a few happy unions of this kind in this business today.
If they find they are not suited for this life—as Madame Glyn says, there is always the divorce court, a safe and easy remedy.

There is now more ado about a motion picture divorce than such an action in any other profession, which increases the apparent number beyond reason. Society divorces used to be the thing, but they are out of date.

Thomas Meighan:
It all depends upon whom you marry!

Norma Talmadge:
"Marriage is good, and art is good"—and they do assimilate to perfection if the artist marries someone who is in harmony with her work. It is entirely possible for an actress to have a happy home life and a career at the same time—providing her husband is sympathetic and tries sincerely to aid his wife in her profession. It is as easy, of course, when the actress marries a man who is himself interested in the same profession. But in either case it may be successful if you have heart and soul in both home-making and acting. I know—because I have tried it; and it has been successful.

Constance Talmadge:
Of course artists should marry. That is, if the right man—or woman—comes along. Many an actress, I suppose, has had to choose, sooner or later, between a career and a husband when the man she loved was not willing to allow her to continue her career after marriage. If I met that kind of man, I wouldn't marry him, because I would not want him to help up my work. As it happens, I met a man who was and is perfectly willing that I combine acting and matrimony. I should say—choose your husband!

Sir Gilbert Parker:
I want to ask a question. It is this—how many great artists of history have not been married? And by artists I include all artists—great painters, great sculptors, great musicians, great literary men.

There was a famous singer, whose name I will not mention. She was complaining about her voice. Someone said, "Why don't you marry? Your voice will be better!" She did,—and she married a man engaged in one of the arts. She never sang better in her life than after she was married.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward once said to me. "Even a half successful marriage is better than no marriage at all!" I believe that profoundly.

The happy marriages among artists of all kinds are as numerous as in the ordinary professions of life. It may be that some people want the effects of marriage without marriage. That is one way of looking at it. But there is no earthly reason why a member of any one of the arts should not marry and his art benefit for marriage if he or she has chosen wisely.

Mae Murray:
I do not agree with Elinor Glyn that artists should not marry. An artist must sleep, eat and breathe, like other humans. There-fore it is necessary for an artist to be happy, like other humans, and the right kind of marriage is the greatest happiness—far greater than any achievement in art.

Companionship is older than art; it is the art of true happiness.

Many of our truly great artists are married; more of them are married than unmarried.

One hears so many times that to be a great artist one must be free to live and experience all things. Marriage does not prevent one from living. It awakens you, makes you keen to all emotions; you observe people around you more sympathetically and understand them better. Marriage thus aids the artists' imagination in portraying characters upon the stage or screen. By marriage I do not mean merely a ritual read by a minister over two people. True marriage is one between a man and a woman who marry because they love—a marriage governed by love and understanding.

William S. Hart:
'Man was made for woman, woman for man. No profession has the right to interfere in any way with this supreme law of creation. That is the prerogative only of God. A profession that must forswear marriage should be discontinued.

Anita Stewart:
Marriage is the culmination of all emotion, of all experience of life. It is, I believe, essential to the unfoldment of an actress' art. But it is necessary that each partner to the marriage should endeavor to do away with all the deadening effects that the relation sometimes has.

Antonio Moreno:
All I can say—Heaven help the woman who marries an artist! I do not believe in marriage for artists—for movie stars, for anybody unless they feel they cannot live one single instant longer unless they marry that loved one. Then I suppose they cannot help themselves.

However, I say, too—be one or the other. Actors don't make good husbands—as a rule. Husbands don't make good actors—sometimes.

Madame Glyn knows exactly what she talks about. But then, I am Spanish—not American. We think differently. Elinor Glyn is expressing the European view point, which I understand, but many Americans will not.

Justine Johnstone:
A happy marriage is the wisest and the best thing for any actress who hopes to be successful. With the help of a man who loves her a woman can give all that is best in her to her profession. She strives for his praise. Friends and relatives give you sympathy, but a husband—ah, that is different! There is nothing that so develops a woman's latent abilities as true love; and marriage is the happy culmination of such love!

My own husband, Walter Wanger, and myself are ideally happy. With him I discuss everything (Continued on page 110)
It is always more difficult to classify women than men. Probably because women find more need for pretense in a man's world.

A man, perhaps, puts them into the right category as regards himself—and he is frequently right even though experimentation prove him wrong. A man looks at a woman and pigeon-holes her instantly as a possible friend, sweetheart, or as wife. And yet, to another woman, she is either friend or enemy.

When you find a woman other women trust and men propose to before they try to kiss, you've found a jewel as rare as a black diamond.

Lois Wilson—though she is in many ways as prosaic as her name—is like that.

A man would more readily desire to spend a lifetime with her than a week. Women would like her.

After studying her, I would recommend her as a wife to any man in the world.

Sitting across the pleasant little tea table, with its bright silver and snowy linen, I felt suddenly relaxed, comfortable,
her fan mail, I shall without doubt slay her in a horrible manner."

When we left the tea room, I was actually skittish—and if you've ever had a shoe that pinched you on a hot day, you know that is a triumph of mind over matter not lightly overlooked.

Lois Wilson didn't cheer me up—I was beyond that. First, she rested me. The Potter's hand may have slipped occasionally but he brought his average up every time he made a restless woman. Second, she restored my faith in human nature by talking almost everything but herself. And thirdly, she put herself in my very highest category for women, by expressing her sincere admiration for and ardent desire to help a nice young wife who was fighting a courageous but apparently losing battle for her husband. She recognizes that she has no claim to great beauty. Thank heaven! If you lived in Hollywood, you would be so sick of pretty girls that a young woman with character in her face would thrill you to the bottom of your soul. She has a sweet face, with really lovely, expressive, friendly brown eyes, and a smooth, white skin that is very pleasing. She is easy to look at without being a constant strain on your admiration.

To me, she is more like the actresses of the old stage school—the great stars of repertoire days—than any picture actress I have ever met. None of them, as I remember it, looked much like actresses. They spent more of their time acting on the stage and less off than appears to be the habit of many of our cinema lights. Generally, you could recognize a motion picture actress if you saw her embalmed in the Pyramids. Yet I sat in the same pew with Maude Adams one Sunday after having seen her in "Peter Pan" the night before—and she looked like a school teacher.

I had in the third grade instead of the sublime, exquisite, unforgettable Peter Pan.

Lois Wilson is not a type. I imagine she could play Lady Macbeth one night and Rosalind the next without dislocating her brain cells permanently.

She looked, as she sat there in her pretty blue dress and small close-fitting hat, her face girtless of make-up in a town where most girls would as soon go out without their shimmies as their makeup, a new and much adored black fur cape over her shoulders, like a respectable young business man's wife who would probably play a good game of bridge.

"My dear, it will be years before you know what a good performance you gave," said her mother after she had witnessed a preview of "Midsummer Madness," the William de Mille picture in which Miss Wilson recently scored a triumph that put her in the first rank of emotional screen artists.

"And she was quite right," said William de Mille, who repeated it to me. "It will be years before she knows how deeply she portrayed. With her it is a sheer case of dramatic soul and ability."

If you saw "Midsummer Madness" you cannot fail to remember Lois Wilson as the erring wife, nor fail to recall mental visions of the powerful, intense moments of her yielding in the (Continued on page 101)
Here Comes the Kid!

THE KID—a big-eyed, wistful youngster of five or thereabouts.
His Father—not really his father, only a tramp—a funny little man with a black brush on his upper lip, feet that are all wrong, a cane, and a derby.

And Charlie Chaplin's century plants bloom again!
The great comedian's first screen appearance for many months occurs in this six-reel First National feature—perhaps the most widely heralded, expensive, and mysterious of all productions. It is an original story by Chaplin himself, and in it, as a lovable tramp, he shares honors with his five-year-old dramatic discovery, little Jackie Coogan, who, incidentally, shows more poise and camera-presence than many adults of the screen.

THE characters in the story are the Man, the Woman, the Tramp, the Kid, and the Policeman. The Woman leaves her child, hoping it will be adopted by wealthy people. Instead it is found and cared for by the Tramp. Together they roam, the Kid breaking windows and the Tramp happening along to mend them. There are many adventures, among them an allegorical episode in Heaven, which is the excuse for much clever satire. All through "The Kid" there are touches of pathos as well as characteristic Chaplin comedy. The Kid is finally restored to his mother, now a celebrated opera-singer, and the Tramp is asked to become the Kid's real father. In these pictures you see the Kid and oh, you know the other chap!
A SEAT on the PLATFORM

A revelation of faith. Another of the splendid original stories entered in PHOTOPLAY'S $14,000 fiction contest.

By GREYE LA SPINA

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore.

"Are you sure we haven't forgotten anything, Seba?" worried Eliza Simpson, stirring gently in her seat that she might settle herself with least possible damage to the new dress which one hand smoothed softly across her old knees with caressing touch.

Had not the gray silk been donated by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Reverend Seba's church? Eliza's slight figure would have been clad in the thrice-turned brown that had served so long for Sunday and "good" that she hated to remember the year it was bought?

Seba's gentle, faded blue eyes, set deeply in a nest of what children call "kind" wrinkles, darted in his quickly nervous manner from the overhead rack to the floor.

The gold-handled umbrella (loaned by Mrs. George Wilson from her husband's store) stuck out wonderfully from under his shabby overcoat, carefully inked along its frayed and graying seams that it might not too loudly proclaim hard wear. Eliza's black broadcloth wrap certainly shamed its worn companion; it, like the umbrella, was loaned. Brand new were suitcase and valise, borrowed from George Wilson's shop; they glittered like gold to the auspicious occasion of Seba's long-heralded visit to Wesley College for his class reunion.

Seba's eyes came to rest upon the hand-bag to which his wife was clinging with the tenacity of recent proprietorship. (It was the first absolutely new bag she had had since marrying him, all others having been donated as too shabby for their original owners.)

Eliza's gray eyes followed his with something very tender in their depths. She could read his thoughts as he glanced from the prosperous umbrella and handsome bags to the purse on her lap. At the loving pain in those blue eyes she caught her breath.

With the slow gentleness so restful to her husband's soul, her silk-gloved hand patted his arm. She loved Seba for harboring the regret she had glimpsed in his eyes. A flood of warm feeling swept over her, tingling her wrinkled cheeks with soft pink behind the fine-meshed veil that held incorruptibly curling white hair in place.

"Why, no, Lizzie, I don't think we've overlooked anything," Seba's gentle voice reported. It trembled ever so little; her touch had thrilled its loving message to his heart.

"You're sure you've got the tickets safe?" she persisted.

He patted his left side instinctively to feel the stiff edges of the magical cardboards. Eliza drew a long, quivering breath of relief after a year, cent by cent, she and Seba had dropped their scrimped pennies into the box labeled "Class Reunion." That soul-searing parsimony was over at last, thank God.

Seba pushed the tickets under the upholstery of the seat ahead, his eyes meeting hers with an involuntary smile. It was as though he had said to her: "Well, Lizzie, here we are at last! On our way to live out our dream!"

"Seba, I'm so glad!" she breathed, a little fiercely to keep back the tears that would spring out at thought of the long years of faithful service, years during which he had scrimped and saved for this one thing.

She was going to be worth all the strained economies and sacrifices they had suffered to make it possible, then shook herself mentally with asperity. If Seba was happy—and an almost boyish exuberance had marked him since early morn—she could ask nothing further. Yet— "if she could have managed a new overcoat? Was it unworthy the wife of a man like Seba to desire material things so urgently? Half ashamed, she reproached herself.

Still, someone has to think of worldly things, and Seba isn't capable of thinking of anything but heavenly things," she thought with a kind of proud humility.

"Tickets!"

The conductor stared at the two pasteboards with a disgusted grunt.

"No good for this train," he announced.

"What?"

As if galvanized, Seba snatched them away.

"No good, I tell you," repeated the man, civilly enough, but with the impatience born of this questioning of his authority.

"They can't be wrong," insisted the old clergyman nervously.

"Judge Seabury got them for me himself. They read 'From Sellersville to Birmingham', don't they?"

Resonant confidence rang in Seba's voice as he pointed out the saving words.

"And I tell you again, they're no good on this train. This is a special train and the extra fare is a dollar sixty-five on each ticket."

Eliza leaned forward, calculating mentally. Twice a dollar sixty-five made three dollars and thirty cents. She opened her purse fumblingly and proffered a five dollar bill to the conductor.

"But, Eliza,—" expostulated Seba. (Every cent of expense had been carefully calculated. They would have to give up one day of their stay.)

"You'd oughter have took the local instead of the express," the conductor commented scathingly, as he counted out the change. "People oughter look at the timetables. Not doing it makes us conductors a lot of trouble."

His loud voice attracted everybody's attention, under which Seba and Eliza sat shamefully with bowed heads.

"My dear! Judge Seabury himself suggested this train. I can't understand at all," murmured Seba.

"We shouldn't have left it to him," Eliza said absently. SURREPTITIOUSLY she was counting over the change to make sure it was right.

"Pshaw! We'll have to cut short our visit," fretted Seba, the rose-colored glasses of happiness dimmed a little. He had planned on one quiet day for taking Eliza all over the college town. "But," cheering up, "maybe we can get a cheaper room. As long as it is on the Campus, what difference will it make?"

He settled back luxuriously, his gentle old mouth curved into its habitual kindly smile.

A boy came into the car selling magazines and candies. Seba called him, and with a naughty boy's air bought a ten-cent box of peppermints for Eliza, who murmured (in duty bound) against this reckless extravagance.

"It gives us ten cents more or less isn't going to break us, Lizzie."

"But—"

"You like them, don't you, my dear?"

"Of course, Seba. Only—"

"Oh, Lizzie, don't stop me in a little thing like this, when you know how much I want to do and can't."

Two pairs of eyes, young with the eternal love within their misty depths, met and smiled at each other. After all, Seba was right; what was ten cents more or less? Eliza nibbled daintily at a peppermint. Seba ate one also. It made him thursty. When the man in the seat ahead brought his girl companion a paper cup of iced water, Seba rose. Eliza's eyes followed him as he came back with the paper cup in his
Seba tried to smile but the attempt was a poor one. He suddenly felt himself an old man, a weak and broken failure. Poor Eliza—what a mess he had made of her life! And how fine and sweet she had been through it all!
hand. Then suddenly with a note of horror in her tones:

"Oh, Seba!"

Her voice rang out loudly. She slipped off the seat, trembling nervously in every limb.

The young man in the seat ahead had pushed his valise out too far into the aisle. Seba had caught his foot against it and had been flung, sprawling, on the floor, where for a terrible moment he lay without stirring, the cup of water jerked out of his hand.

The owner of the valise gave an exclamation and sprang to the old man's aid. He helped the momentarily dazed clergyman into his seat and leaned solicitously over him.

Eliza bent down with silent misgivings to brush at the thickly ground-in dust. It was Seba's new suit, a cheap one they had saved long to buy. As she feared, the trousers' knees showed more than dust. The fall had ground a small hole in one knee, a hole she eyed with a dismay so deep that it was plainly visible in her troubled gray eyes when she raised them to the young man's face.

"Geo, I'm sorry! Just like my stupidity! I do hope you aren't badly hurt?" anxiously.

Seba reassured him. Then the old man's eyes met his wife's suddenly. As hers fell involuntarily under the weight of her awful secret, his followed, to rest upon that wretched hole. A stiffening of his old form was the only recognition he gave of the catastrophe. Reverend Seba Simpson was a thoroughbred.

The byplay of glances had not escaped the young man who looked hastily from the cheap suit to the indubitably expensive bags at the old man's feet. The gold-handled umbrella caught his eyes. He proffered his card.

"I'd like to do something besides apologize for my carelessness," he suggested diplomatically. "Possibly I can serve you in some way?"

Seba lifted incredulous eyes from the card.

"Is it possible that you are John James Maxwell's son? He and I were room-mates at Wesley College."

"Why, you must be 'Eminent' Simpson! I—I beg your pardon, sir. Reverend Seba Simpson. Father has told us hundreds of times—Meg, isn't this a wonderful coincidence? This is father's college chum, 'Eminent' Simpson."

At this unconventional presentation, Seba's face took on un wonted color; he glanced a bit shamefacedly at his wife, but Eliza was smiling back happily. The glow of color faded all at once from Seba's cheeks; he remembered that John James' financial operations had won him the title of "Coal-king."

John James Maxwell, most backward man in the graduating class, barely skimming through the finals for graduation with his classmates, was now one of the most prominent and influential men in the United States. Seba Simpson, whose name signified in the ancient Hebrew that nickname his classmates had given him from the first—"Eminent"—what had he achieved?

A country pastorate, no richer or better than the first call he had answered after his graduation from the divinity course; a miserable pittance in a small country church, nothing more. Why, he had been unable to afford a headstone at the grave of the only child he and Eliza had ever had! What did his life amount to? Nothing, quite nothing. He admitted it dispassionately. He was a failure, a complete failure.

(Continued on page 102)
Mr. Arliss to the Screen

These gentlemen have just been raising the devil. What we mean to say is, they have given the mechanical marvel between them a rest from recording the scenes for the screen presentation of "The Devil"—all three being employed by Pathé. Mr. George Arliss—yes, at the right—plays his famous role for the first time before the camera. One of the most distinguished actors of his time, Arliss has finally capitulated to pictures, and his initial effort is directed by James Young. Soon, according to report, we are to see Arliss in "Disraeli" and "Paganini."
LADIES and gentlemen, we are now entering Hollywood, the native lair of the motion picture. We don't say you have to take your shoes off when stepping on this holy ground, but we do advise you to grease up the vertebrae in the good old neck, because any minute you may see Mary Pickford standing on some corner, or Bebe Daniels in a Spanish dance on the sidewalk, or Katherine MacDonald smoking a cigarette.

As a matter of fact, we were ambling up Hollywood Boulevard. "We" consisted of fifteen curious sight-seers from the World Without and me—me having snuck in unnoticed while the driver was cranking up the good old sight-seeing bus. We had been promised a look, how, when, why, where, and who—make the movies.

The chauffeur with the megaphone, whom I suspected of being Irish with a dash of Hebrew, sat loftily beside the driver and regarded us with the knowing but not unfriendly eye of one on the inside looking out.

Now I only write about the movies. I don't claim to know anything about 'em. But I had been given a bit of inside information that the duck dumped down behind the megaphone aboard the good old ship "Seeing Hollywood" was an unexpurgated Burke's Peerage and Vital Statistics of the Silent Drama. I wondered just what sort of idea our good friends the tourists were carrying away from the Cradle of the Industry.

"On your right, ladies and gentlemen," he began cordially, "You see the William S. Hart studio. Bill is the only one of the Big Four who's kept out of the papers this year. But then Bill never married. Lives with a nice bachelor sister. Yep, that's the sacred shrine where Bill shoots those ripping dramas of guns, girls and gallops, as you might say."

"Gracious," said the little old lady from Iowa on my right, whose eyebrows had registered surprise until they nearly got tangled in her hair, "That old barn?"

"Where would you expect Bill Hart to make pictures, madame, in a drawing room?" inquired the megaphone impersonally. "On the extreme right you see the tower of David, Solomon's Temple and the Throne Room of that wise Lord of Asia, all erected by William Fox, the largest single motion picture producer in the world. He's the Thomas H. Edison that invented Theda Bara. These sets—they call 'em that, ma'am, because they haven't got any backs—are being used to film the production 'The Queen of Sheba.' I've a betting bunch that all the dear good people that get their ideas about things from attending church socials, are in for a bit of a surprise when they see what Mr. Solomon really did.

"If you will turn to the right you will see the home of Christie Comedies, belonging to Al Christie, famed as the original designer of the one-piece bathing suit. He also wrote that touching little ballad about 'Don't Go Near the Water,' as well as collaborating on that immortal lispers' waterloo, 'She sells sea shells on the sea shore.'"

"Now on the right is the Lasky studio—among other things the home of the Cecil B de Mille sex dramas. If they run those films for the history class a hundred years from now the young bloods will sure envy 'Dad', eh? We don't get to see Mr. de Mille's mansion because he built it on top of a whole hill, but it's some pip, old dears, some pip. He's got a nice wife and a couple of kids, too. Near all the movies are married or something like that.

"That little building at the corner is the original Lasky studio—first time on any stage. Now they're the largest motion picture producing organization on the face of the globe. See that bunch of girls rallying round there? Maybe you delude yourselves into thinking that is a bunch..."
A personally-conducted tour
of the Hollywood film colony.

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Drawings by Ralph Barton

of extra people waiting to get paid or hired. But that just happens to be the door Wally Reid comes out of when he quits nights. Sometimes they have to send for a cop to lead 'em away so Wally can stagger out and go home to his nice red-headed wife.

"See that girl wheeling the baby buggy? That's Gloria Swanson giving her new daughter a little Hollywood ozone.

"Now the place on the left that looks like an English country house gone astray is the Charlie Chaplin studio—at least it used to be, before Charlie hit his funny bone so hard it put him out of action. I hear he's going back to work again soon.

"Now we're going to toddle right into the exclusive and expensive suburb of Beverly Hills. This is one of those places that always makes me wonder what they do about their washing—because in all the years I've been travelling through I've never seen any of the elite shirties hanging on the line.

"On the left, the home of Madame Nazimova and her husband. I beg pardon, lady? No, I don't know his name, but I'm sure he's got one. He lives there, too. Madame keeps forty-two servants, a Chinese orchestra and a Hindoo juggler. She always relaxes in pajamas. By Jove, I believe that's her now peeking round the end of the pergola. Noo-noo, I guess it's just a new variety of chrysanthemum.

"On the right, the palatial home of Pauline Frederick, third wife of Willard Mack. Polly is my favorite. She's the most regular girl in the merry movies. She gets $7500 every Saturday night, too. I mean her salary check myself.

"The pink plaster palace belongs to Priscilla Dean," (I gasped. I happened to know that it belonged to an extremely conservative retired capitalist. But we must show the tourist a good time, I suppose.) "Priscilla finally toddled off to the altar with Wheeler Oakman after turning down every man in Hollywood, but the Prince of Wales, and he didn't see her when she was here. They do say her mater used to keep a pretty tight rein. No kids yet. I heard a rumor, but people'll say anything about a movie star.

"On the left, the home of Charles Ray. They keep an English butler, their own dentist and barber—and they've got a bathcom that looks like a Greek soda fountain. Just like royalty. Mrs. Ray used to be an extra girl, but it's so long ago I guess she's forgot it.

"That's May Allison's place right across. If you like 'em blonde and you want to get home to (Continued on page 109)
THINK OF IT! In these hurrying times it seems that we slip into our winter things, turn about, and—presto!—it is spring and time to plan the summer wardrobe. We have just learned at what angle our new velvet hat is most effective, and then the spring models come along to elbow it out of the way. The fact that it’s still winter has “nothing to do with the case.” The first of January sees all the winter hats rudely consigned to the back shelves and bargain tables to make room for straws and flowers and tulle.

Yet this turning about of the seasons for us is not half so pronounced as it is for the makers and buyers of fashionable raiment. None of the people who buy hats and wraps and gowns in Paris were home to eat their Christmas dinners, not much! They were in Paris watching endless parades of summer clothes in the smart establishments and keeping an alert ear to the ground to learn what Patou has to say about the spring silhouette and what materials LeLong or the Callot sisters are using. A mad world? Perhaps, but an interesting one.

While I am writing this the February festivities are still at their height and the world has not yet retired for its Lenten meditations, but already the fashions that will reign during the spring and summer of this year have been definitely decided—both in this country and in Paris. Already we know what will be the fashionable cut for the jacket of a spring suit, what colors will lead in favor for suits and one-piece frocks, what the new tones of color are and what fabrics will be used in tub frocks for the summer resorts. So, if you are a provident girl, the kind that gets her sewing out of the way before the sultry days arrive, you may go blithely ahead and make up your summer wardrobe, knowing it will be the dernier cri of fashion when July and August arrive. For that reason, I am going to devote my talk with you this month to the outstanding features of the styles created for the coming seasons.
Advice that will make your spring shopping surprisingly easy.

By NORMA TALMADGE

Photoplay's Fashion Editor

The cape-wrap has achieved a new line in the spring models by reason of sweeping breadth that, combined with its fullness, makes an instant appeal to the eye. This, of Mallinson's chinchilla satin, is worn by Lucy Cotton.

One of the most important features of your wardrobe and mine is the tailored suit—the one we wear to shop in and travel in, and wear to luncheon or to business. We may not all have a supply of new cotton frocks, or special evening dresses for hot weather wear, but we all depend for a big percentage of our trim appearance on the suit that calls for a trim blouse to complete it. One of the sensible changes that has taken place in the fashion world in the last few sea. (Continued on page 106)
A Fixed Idea
Is Like a Bubble.
You Never Know
When it’s Going to Burst.
And you May Not
Think That this has Anything to Do
With Films, and
The Folks who
Play in ‘Em.
Well, just Let me Tell You
That the Screen is
The Biggest Bubble of All.
It was That Way
With Me—about
Louise Fazenda
You Know yourself
How Louise Looks
On the Screen
Like
Ring Lardner
Wrote.
Woman’s Crowning Glory,
To the Fazenda of the
Films, is
Something to be Twisted
Into a Grotesque Knot
And Tied with
A Piece of
Bedraggled
Baby-Ribbon.
Her Smile is
A Grimace Gone Wrong,
She’s Funny—
And that’s all,
Just the Same, I
Wanted to See her; so
When she Came to Town
I Called her Up.
Her Mother
Told Me
To Come and Call.
I Rang the Bell, and
There Stood
A Little Girl, and
She Smiled—Shyly, and
Waited for me to Say,
‘I Came to See
Louise Fazenda.’
‘Oh yes,” said the Girl,
‘Come Right In.’
I Did, and
Sat There, and
She Dropped Down
Into a Chair, and
Curled one Shin Foot
Under her, the Way
A Very Young Girl
Can Do—Sometimes—
And Waited for Me
To Say Something.
Finally she
Got Tired,
And began to Talk
In a Barberrymore Voice
About the New Play by Shaw
She Saw the Night Before;
And did I Think
Shaw Could Ever Be Filmed?
And a Lot More Like That; and
Then I Asked,
‘When will
She be Coming Back?’ and
The Girl asked,
“Who?” and I Said,
“Why—Miss Fazenda!”
And she Said
“This is Me”—and So
We Got Acquainted.
She has a Profile
That a Regular Writer
Would Rave About, and
Hair that Curled a Little
Around her Ears; and
Pretty Blue Eyes, that
Twinkled when she Said,
“I Had to Make a
Personal Appearance in
Kansas City, I Happened
To See a Sign that Read,
‘School of
Motion Picture Acting’,
I Went In for Fun, and Said
I Wanted to Take a Lesson—

West is East

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

New Comedies, with Teddy,
The Dog, and Pepper, the Cat—
“Pepper has a
Large Family Now, and she isn’t
As Fond of Work
As she Used to Be.”
Louise
Has a Wonderful
Disposition—the Only Time
She’s Ever Temperamental is
When Someone Suggests
Ordering Pie for Dinner.
And when her Pictures are Shown,
I’ll Be There, in the Audience,
And I’ll Laugh and Laugh, and
Tell Myself
That the Girl on the Screen
Can’t Possibly be
The Same Louise
I Saw That Day.

I Suppose you’d Like to Know
What he Looks Like—
The Man Who Married
Connie Talmadge. Well,
He’s Rather Young,
He Has An Awfully Nice Voice,
And he looks Something like
An Illustration
Of
“What the Well-Dressed Man
Will Wear,”
I Think he’s Embarrassed
Because Everybody Wants to see
His Picture in the Papers,
James Rennie was Used to it
Before he ever Married
Dorothy Gish. And
They’re Happy, too—and did you know
Dorothy had a Real Crush
On Mr. Rennie, before
She ever Really Met him?
Cheer Up, Girls—
It Sometimes Happens.

I Saw Frances Marion—
She’s Prettier than Ever—
Even if she is a Director Now.
Her Husband was with her.
He isn’t one of those Men
You Can Very Well Call
Her Husband
And Let it Go at That.
His Name is
Fred Thompson—not
Mr. Frances Marion and
Don’t You Forget It!
He’s Going to Be
Marlon Davies’ Leading Man
In the New Picture that
Miss Marion—
I Beg her Pardon—
Mrs. Thompson—
Is Directing
And I’ll Bet he’ll be Good.
Some day
I Want to Do
A Regular Story
About him—he’s
An Athletic Champion and
A Lot of Interesting Things.
But he Simply Will Not
Have his Picture Taken!
The cinema ought to be an art, but...it has become an industry. The business men who direct it are...beginning to suspect that if it founders as an art, it will founder...as an industry.

The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Europeans who have never been to America have no idea of the important part that the motion picture can play in the life of a nation. The film is only an accident in European life, a mere side-show. Even in the larger cities you will find at the most but three or four bare, cramped, uncomfortable picture-houses, where the most devoted followers of the movies go once or twice a week, when they change the programme; the rest of the population but rarely sets foot in one of them. Most of the small cities have no cinema at all, for in a city of less than twenty thousand population it would not pay expenses.

The French films shown in these theaters are generally of mediocre quality, for the picture industry is not yet adequately organized in that land so terribly ravaged by the war. The capital invested is trivial, and the only actors are from the legitimate stage. They never succeed in forgetting their stage technique, and consequently seem unnatural on the screen. I must say, however, that latterly they have made progress, a fact which has agreeably surprised me.

Italian films are also shown, and they are generally better than the French, because more money is spent on their production and because Italy has two or three good actors who have made a special study of the screen. But these films are too often spoiled by bad taste, false sentimentality and unrestrained gesturing, qualities that make them extremely tiresome in the long run.

But the chief attractions are American films.

I confess that before my trip to America I had some wrong notions about American films. In my first interviews after arriving I expressed my astonishment that the American film, so highly appreciated abroad, is wholly disdained by the intellectual elite of its native country. Indeed, every time I spoke of a film in the artistic or social circles of New York, criticizing it from an artistic point of view, people seemed to be non-
plussed—as if I had talked about chromos at an exhibition of Rembrandts or Titians—and often they seemed to be wondering if we were not trying to make fun of them. Society women and minor-painter persons of art informed me that they never went to the movies, which were frequented only by servants, workmen and the middle classes, and which they regarded as catering only to the most elementary artistic and emotional understanding.

I could not understand this, for at that time I had seen very few American films. But on reaching California I had more leisure, and I made it a sort of professional duty to go to the movies every day, and sometimes twice a day. Thus in less than two months I saw about a hundred films, or approximately the normal production of three months in the studios, and thus I may be entitled to an unbiased opinion of the average American motion picture. In fact, my opinion is based on films rather above the average, for I carefully chose those which were recommended to me as the best, and I avoided those which, judging from the title or the posters, were plainly too stupid or too frightful.

And now I begin to understand the astonishing phenomenon of my New York friends. Out of the hundred films I saw—and I am talking only of five and six reel films, features, pieces de resistance (for the little films, the two-reel comedies and farces, are awful)—out of these hundred films there were four or five truly good ones, based on a big idea or an original thought, following a logical, human and interesting plot—in short well built, with exposition, complication, climax and dénouement. It must be noted that all these films were "Everywoman," a somewhat cold allegory, but an honest and unusual work; "Eyes of Youth," which contains a beautiful conception, at once original and searching, but apparently not unfolded as adequately as might be, and at some points lacking in grace, good taste and feeling; then "Eye for Eye," ("The Occident") and his prose work, "The Life of the Bee." Maisterlinck evinced a great interest in the motion picture, and came to America to study film methods. While here he made many of the observations incorporated into this article—observations with which you may not agree, but which are assuredly of more than ordinary interest.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Maurice Maisterlinck; an unusual portrait for which he posed while in America. Maisterlinck is one of the really great names in modern literature. He is internationally celebrated as a poet, dramatist, and philosopher. Of all his works, perhaps, his most interesting in the motion picture, and came to America to study film methods. While here he made many of the observations incorporated into this article—observations with which you may not agree, but which are assuredly of more than ordinary interest.

public, attach themselves to an old deaf-mute who is thought to have some supernatural power. The deaf-mute cures a pretended invalid, an accomplice, and because to suppose that at the same time in curing a really sick child and a young paralytic, the three rascals are converted to a belief in his supernatural gifts, and they convert everybody in the vicinity. Taken from a certain point of view and otherwise handled, the story might have been made interesting as a study of the will, or of the miraculous, or of the power of the subconscious in nervous diseases. As it is, with its numerous formulators, its flatly absurd and silly, it fails to stand up. It gets nowhere and means nothing.

Why, then, its great public favor? Is it because it appeals to religious sentiments, because it insists on the necessity and the benefits of Faith—without saying what sort of faith, and making that faith appear supernatural and therefore above doubt? Probably, and in this connection it throws an interesting and highly creditable light on the American mentality—its religious enthusiasm, its aspiration to something higher than the material life. But it is regrettable that such noble, fine and praiseworthy sentiments and desires, which are more intense and more widely held in this country than in any other, should have to be satisfied with such cheap, incoherent and tawdry realisations.

This demand for ideals, for a "message," as the phrase here is, this ardent pursuit of new truth, or new light, this aspiration
toward the heights—which is plainly so powerful and which the producers of pictures try awkwardly to satisfy—is, I repeat, truly admirable. It would be expected that a so vast and so popular public would demand above all amusements of a light and entertaining kind, voluptuous or licentious pictures, satires against the power of wealth, luxurious historical scenes, social promenade, etc. But the American public will have nothing of the sort. Every film that has attempted to fill such a demand has been silently but pitilessly scorned. This public wants, above all, virtue, idealism, justice, morality, and it particularly wants to feel the presence of God. It is a fine thing, reassuring for the present and hopeful for the future, and it is incoherence, that thus far the producers have so seldom succeeded in presenting these things in a setting of good sense, with a little art, a little reality, a little good taste and a little beauty.

For outside the films I have just cited, a human note was utterly lacking. It was the mere trueblood, the sea of darkness, inexorable and unfeeling. There were spectacles scarcely worthy of apes, going to such a point of imbecility, of silliness, of coarseness, of incoherence, and especially of revolving ugliness, that one wonders shamefully how he has come into this gorgeous place where such things are exhibited. One wonders, too, that human beings endowed with brains and with the most elementary feeling or taste will waste months of work, mobilize hundreds of actors and employees, and spend from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce each one of these insanities. And there is yet a more serious question: how can millions of other human beings (statistics say that 18,000,000 people go to the movies every day), equally equipped with brains and sensibilities, waste in their turn their leisure hours (those most sacred hours of the day, for they count most in the development and education of man), how can they bear to waste those hours contemplating those same insanities, and how can they even prefer them to the vastly more interesting sights that any glimpse of street or landscape or sky might afford?

There is the secret of the disdain expressed by the intellectual classes, and no one, I think, could not understand in Europe, where we get only the best American films, after a thorough sifting, and after being pruned of their tedious lengthiness, which the producers say is necessary in America.

A surprising fact is that this silliness and madness is nearly always cleverly staged. The photography, technically speaking, is generally admirable, the landscapes wonderfully selected, the interiors true to life and furnished in excellent taste; and above all, with rare exceptions, the acting is remarkably good. The American actor, largely because he has not been trained in a conservatory nor deformed by stage work, is better than the French or Italian actor. He is more life-like, more restrained, more profound and more sincere. His gestures and facial expressions are seldom exaggerated or false or conventional. He is unacquainted with the stock formulas for fright, joy, surprise, anger and indignation—and the stage tricks so common among his European fellows, except the truly great ones. But these qualities are all wasted, thrown away in the vacuum of a scenario without head or tail, without even the modicum of interest possessed by a human incident related by a man of ordinary intelligence.

For the great defect of the American cinema, which in its death if no remedy is forthcoming, is the incredible weakness of the scenario. After many years of heedlessness, the producers are at last beginning to be worried about the danger that threatens their business. They realize that the public, stung with stories that grow more and more ridiculous, will finally give up. But what is to be done? The consumption of scenarios is staggering. The screen is a kind of intellectual monster that devours a score of stories every week, and there is no literature in the world that can furnish weekly a score of good stories. The stock of old novels and short stories is almost used up and moreover the best of the novels, being primarily psychological and literary, are lacking in action and therefore hardly lend themselves to the stage.

The stage, a better source of material, is quite barren in America. It is clumsy, rudimentary, and decidedly inferior to the foreign stage. As to the European stage—aside from the English, which has already yielded all it possessed—it treats, in general, only sexual questions, particularly adultery, which the American public wants none of. In the face of this scarcity and with the praiseworthy object of raising the level of the scenario a little, some of the big establishments decided to appeal to writers of more or less reputation and ask them to write for the screen—occasionally if not exclusively. Some of them accepted and bravely to work. They realized that in this manner of communicating their ideas was truly a new form of art—the strangest, the most powerful and perhaps the most fruitful known, since its mysterious unconscious aids are light and life.

It was at least an interesting experiment. I have no idea of disclosing here things that were told me in confidence, nor shall I enter into personalities. Moreover, I am not speaking of my own experience, but of what I saw and heard going on about me. Well, I saw several of these scenarios. They made no promises: that is what the politicians do in the art of the screen. They brought no new revelation—for revelations in art as in religion are less frequent and less facile than is commonly supposed. But it can be said with certainty that precisely because they were written specially for projection, by writers who had given study to the peculiar technique of conveying thoughts and feeling through pictures, they are palpably superior to those taken from even the best books; and at all hazards they were as good as the four or five good films adapted from the stage which I mentioned above and which had achieved a popular success that surprised the producers.

The directors of the big establishments and their technical and business men, and to tell the truth better business men than artists—looked at these scenarios and agreed that they were indeed meritorious—but rather risky. However, before a decision

(Continued on page 109)
One Year Later

A famous bride packs her honeymoon in moth balls and returns to the screen.

Below — scene from "Scrambled Wives," the First National photoplay in which Miss Clark makes her reappearance on the screen.

Marguerite Clark — a new portrait. Many little chinchillas gladly gave up their lives that Marguerite might wrap herself in this coat.

It was one whole year, you know.
One whole year too long — everyone agreed on that point.
Of course she was happily married. Of course her husband didn’t particularly want her to come back to pictures. She was supposed to keep right on being one of the smart young matrons in New Orleans society, mistress of one of the most charming homes in the southern city. But before she was ever Mrs. H. Palmerton Williams, she was Marguerite Clark. And she really had no intention of staying away altogether. When she could get a good story, she’d come back.
And so she has — in "Scrambled Wives," which, having been a successful comedy on the stage, is reasonably expected to be a success on the screen. Especially with Marguerite Clark to play in it. And she’s the same eternally youthful, piquant little person she always was, as you may see for yourself if you look around on this page.
The quaint story of a boy to whom romance was the only reality.

"He's dreamy in his eyes with a way of lookin' past ye as if he could see something that's na' there."

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

By LULIETTE BRYANT

The stranger's eye the inhabitants of Thrums were as dour and unimaginative as the village itself—a huddle of unpainted cottages, edging a narrow street which climbed from the smithy in the hollow to Double Dykes, an old, walled-in farm at the top of the pitch. But the heart of Thrums could open, when need arose, and it had opened now to the two lassies of Jean Myles, just brought from London-town by Aaron Latta—the broken wreck of a man whom Jean had jilted when she rode away so fine and grand with the masterful Londoner, a dozen years ago.

They had buried poor Jean Myles—her married name was Sandy, but what was that to Thrums?—in the bleak little cemetery on the hill, with all due and decent reverence. And now the thoughts of the village, especially of the womenfolk, centered on the orphaned children.

"Losh! To think of Jean Myles writin' all these years to Esther Auld of her grand mansion and her carriages and her servants and her bairns dressed in velvets. I'm thinkin', she fooled us a' fine! An' all the time she was starvin' and starvin' to keep body and soul together, but she wouldn'a let on to anybody."

"Ye ken how she said when she rode away after her weddin', If ever I come back, it'll be in a carriage and pair'? Weel, she's keepit her word, poor lassie!"

"I'm thinkin' we blamed Jean too much. Aaron Latta did shame and disgrace himself and her that night at the Cuttle Well. Not one o' us would a' had 'im, after that. And Jean was a proud un!"

"She was. But she needna have gone so far as to flout off wi' the man that shamed Aaron. Aweel, she made her bed—and died in't. And them 'at's gone canna be brocht back. But Thrums'll do what's right by her bairns, if Aaron Latta 'll no be too dour wi' visitors."

"He's lived alone ower muckle, has Aaron. He'll be more like a man now, with the two of them beside him. The lassie is bonny to look at—Elspeth she's called. But the lad's not ower good lookin'. He's dreamy in his eyes with a way of lookin' past ye as if he could see something that's na' there."

And while the women talked, the two little strangers, hand in hand, came out from Aaron Latta's cottage and started on the first, brave adventure of their new life. To glance at them casually one would have thought they were simply two children, dressed in black, rather shy and awkward, setting out for a walk through a dirty little village. But a close observer would have noted that their faces were flushed, their breathing a little quickened, as with excitement, and their eyes round and shining with anticipation. All their lives had been spent in the meanest portion of London, in want and misery and dirt. All their lives had had their mother told them of Thrums—wonderful, bewitching Thrums, where the lamps were lit by a magician called Lecrie-leerie-light-the-lamps; where the merest children were allowed to set spinning wheels a-whirling; where the stairs were so fine that the houses wore them outside for show; where you dropped a pail at the end of a rope down a well and sometimes it came up full of water and sometimes full of fairies!

And now their eyes would see the glory!

They had gone but a little way when the first shadow fell on Elspeth's face. "Tommy," she quavered, catching his hand closer, "where are the beauty stairs as is wore outside for show?"

Tommy's eyes rested only a moment on the narrow, unpainted stairs that climbed untidily up the sides of the drab buildings.

"They're beauties!" he said, firmly. "We ain't used to such grand sights, that's all!"

"I—I thought it would be bonnier," half sobbed Elspeth. "Wait till you see the square, and the town-house, and the Auld Licht Church," counselled Tommy, hurrying her along. His own eyes were blank with disappointment as they hurried down the shabby street where women in short gowns came to their doors and men sat down on their barrows to gaze at Jean Myles' bairns, but his lips were set in an unflinching smile.
"You don't love me," she said. "It was one of your imaginative flights. You don't want to be married. You were play-acting as always. Well, you are free! . . . Don't look so tragic."

They found the town-house and the church—one cannot fail to find the landmarks of so small a village. But Elspeth almost sobbed openly at sight of their smallness, their total lack of the beauty which had fired her imagination. But the lad, holding her tightly by the hand, stood silent for a moment, gazing, while the bitter chagrin and disappointment of his own eyes turned slowly to a far-off, tranquil gaze which seemed to look far, far beyond the mean little buildings, at something shining and splendid.

"Elspeth," he almost whispered, "do you na ken? We're in Thrums! Here our mother stood when she was a wee bit lassie; there's the town-house she saw, all fine and shining in new paint; that clock on the front is gold, with jewels flashing from its hands. And there's the Auld Licht Church, with a steeple that touches the sky, and stained glass windows, and a gold bell with a silver tongue to ring the chimes. And inside's the grand pew with a velvet cushion, where our mother knelt in her white dress and said her wee prayer. And all around us are the houses she loved, all fine and shining with their stairs going up so straight and proud—do ye na see, Elspeth?"

And the girl, her round, adoring eyes on her brother's face, breathed a long, happy sigh.

"Ay, I ken," she whispered. "It's—it's bonnier than I dreamed of, Tommy! Let's go to find the Cuttle Well now."

So they turned and went back through the narrow, dirty street, two brave little souls, beginning again the game that had furnished all the brightness their young lives had ever known—the game of make-believe.

Half-way up the hill they came suddenly upon some boys playing marbles. Tommy drew a quick, ecstatic breath, as he whisked Elspeth to a spot where they might watch without being noticed.

"Capsey-dykey!" he breathed. "They're playin' it. It's never played but in Thrums! Whether he would have deserted his little sister to try the mysteries of this game will never be known, for all at once the boys left off playing and began to dance up and down, crying out with loud, jeering laughter.

"Ho, ho! The painted lady's brat! The painted lady's brat! What's a father? What's a father?

A little girl had come down the street, from the hill above. She was taller than Elspeth or Tommy—thirteen years old. Tommy decided, after one quick, comparing look. She was a bonny lassie, too, he thought, with her cheeks scarlet and her eyes flashing rage at her tormentors. She had a mop of long, dark hair, and one of the boys ran up to her now, jerking at it viciously, while the others sent a shower of stones falling around her. She refused, disdainfully, to hurry her movements, and the boy at her side received a well-directed blow which sent him reeling to a safe distance. Elspeth began to cry from sympathy and fright, and Tommy called out sharply:

"What's the matter o' ye all? Why torment a lassie?"

They whirled and looked at him, forgetting the girl in the new diversion of sizing up a strange boy.

"She's only the painted lady's brat!" one volunteered. "Her mother's a reg'lar bad un. So the girl's a bad un! She asked us once 'what's a father?' That's a question for a lassie to ask! Oh, oh!" And again they took up the cry "What's a father! What's a father!"

Suddenly the girl darted straight at the largest of the boys and began belaboring him violently. "You lie!" she screamed. "My mother is sweet! And I'm not a bad one. And I'm not afraid of the whole of you!"

Over Tommy's face had come the strange, far-seeing look again. Gone was the shabby street, the jeering lads, the girl with the ready fists and the mop of flying hair. There before him lay a smooth, wide field of green where a blue-eyed, golden-haired princess wrung her hands in distress while a villain in black armor dragged her away by her streaming curls of gold. And there was he, Tommy, in shining armor, galloping up on a snow white steed, with strong lance gleaming in the sun, fling-
'Wait!' he muttered, huskily. 'Stand right here!'

Still wearing the excited look, Tommy rushed into the fray. Once there, he used his sturdy little fists to such good advantage that all but the boldest of the lads drew back in startled astonishment. Not for nothing had Tommy lived on the streets of London. A dreamer he was, but in this instance, at least, one who could make his dreams come true.

"One—two—three!" he counted, using the famous knock-out blows which established his fame in Thrums from that time on. Corp, biggest of them all, went down, to rise, boy-like, Tommy's greatest admirer.

"You're a queer little devil, but you can fight!" was Corp's tribute and the two shook hands before Tommy strutted up the hill, a girl on either hand now. From the corner of his eye he was quick to note that while Elspeth worshipped and adored, the new girl kept her little pointed chin in air and hummed a tune of unconcern.

"My name is Grizel," she said presently. "And my mama is a dreamer—like you. She's going to be in town awhile when she is sick and doesn't know just what she does. We live in the old house at Double Dykes and everybody is afraid to come there, so of course you will be," the scornful glace with a touch of wistfulness took in both boy and girl. "We don't want company, anyhow," she went on hastily, as if to forestall refusal. "If they come we lock the doors because we like being alone. But you may teach me to fight if you would like to."

"Where?" gasped Tommy, astonished.

"In the glen back of Double Dykes. There's a little wood there where we shan't be seen. Will you?"

She was on Tommy's right, looking at him with bright, mocking eyes as if ready to scorn his refusal. On his left, a little hand plucked piteously at his sleeve, in anxious protest.

"I—canna leave my little sister, while I go teachin' strange lassies to fight," he faltered. Then as the laughter in Grizel's eyes deepened, his color flamed. "I do na want to leave Elspeth!" he declared fiercely. "I—I like having her with me."

"Bring her," said Grizel, indifferently. "You don't think I care about your being alone, do you?"

And suddenly Tommy knew—and desperately fought the knowing—that he wanted this new lassie to want him to come alone! Confused, he fell back on the male weapons of bluster and bravado. He would teach her to fight, because she needed to know how to defend herself. It was his duty. And he would bring his little sister because he wished to! And all the time the girl's eyes mocked him and her laughter flouted him.

"Ye're an English lassie?" he accused sullenly.

"Tam. Do you think I would wish to be Scotch? We only came here to live because we had travelled everywhere else in the world and my mama was tired."

"And for why did you travel all over the world?" asked Tommy.

"My mama was looking for someone," she said, sadly, forgetting to mock for a moment. Then she remembered, and with a forced little laugh ran off up the hill, calling back over her shoulder, "If you're not afraid, come to the glen in the morning. And don't fail to bring Elspeth!"

"She's ower bold, I'm thinkin'," was Elspeth's judgment. "I'm thinkin' ye call her bonny and ye'd like to teach her to fight!" Thus did Elspeth prove her dawning womanhood. Tommy gave a good imitation of a snort of contempt.

"She's na bonny, with her hair all flyin' over her face and her eyes like the eyes of wild things in the dark. I'll teach her to use her fists, because it's my duty, and ye'll come along with me to do it."

So began the conflict which was to rage for long years in the heart of Tommy. On the one hand his little sister, loved with all the tenderness of his heart and soul; on the other, the teasing, mocking Grizel with the strange undercurrent of wistfulness breaking out through her scornful airs to stir him in a way he could neither understand nor prevent.

He taught her to fight, and better than that, he taught her to play. No one could imagine such games as Tommy invented! From the cupboard in Aaron Latta's kitchen he brought an old suit of bright plaid kilts, with moth-eaten stockings to match and a Tam with a gay feather. Could the bent and silent Aaron ever have worn them? And from the trunks and bags at Double Dykes Grizel brought frayed silken shawls, trailing sashes of gorgeous hues; tattered linen of all kinds to adorn herself and Elspeth. (Continued on page 96)
The Crater of Emotion

THIS is the great stage of the new Famous Players Lasky Studio on Long Island, shot for Photoplay Magazine during the lunch hour of one of its busiest days. You are looking into the crater of a veritable volcano of emotion. How many human problems are being enacted here, almost within inches of each other! How many climates are touching temperatures through their canvas frontiers! How many varied stations in life are swarming democratically under these fire-flowing black cables! Here is a chill December twilight in Alaska—there, blazing noon on the burning Marquesas—yonder, a peaceful back porch, sleeping through a rural, afternoon—in the foreground the abandoned equalor of a morning in the slums. Overhead in the great gridiron, human flies crawl back and forth, swinging a million candles at the end of each thick, insulated line; below, their groundling brothers plug in and plug out their Klieges and Cooper-Hewitts, spraying the exact chemical requirement of light just where it is needed at just the right moment. How different from the years when everything depended on sunlight—when the whimsical weather allowed the sun to shine—and the illumination of a shaded candle came pouring like a bright summer morning down through the ceiling! You'll notice that we haven't called this an arena of "silent drama"; you should have heard it when lunch hour was over, ten minutes after this picture was taken!
CLOSE-UPS
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Stimulating Good Music. Since many of the picture theaters have introduced classical music as part of the program, a surprising change has developed in the taste for better music. "Time was not long ago when the tired business man would have sought like a naughty child before allowing his wife to drag him to a symphony concert. Now he sits through the Beethoven Fifth silently reverent and applauds from sheer enjoyment at the end. Instead of the music having helped the picture it is the good film which has created the desire to hear finer music.

The audiences at the symphony concerts are composed of one third who feel they must attend the concerts because it is part of the social duties; one third for the musical education they gain; and a small third because they truly enjoy classical music and get that indefinable something from hearing it which helps one forget the commonplace of life and lifts one for the moment into the realms of better and higher emotions. In the picture theaters the spontaneous burst of applause at the end of a selection proves unanimous and thorough enjoyment for the music and all it means to the listener. When a large audience, after laughing for fifteen minutes at an animated cartoon, quickly changes its attention to a Salvic interlude and follows it with the compliment of silence, it is a sure sign of appreciation. Many patrons of picture theaters can now speak intelligently when they hear classical selections rendered indifferently and to hear the working-man in the balcony tell you "that guy's a murderin' that piece"—when the piece was a Wagnerian Overture—is encouraging for the growth of the popularity of classical music in America.

The Geography Class. A teacher sent down from Atlanta to certain rural districts in Georgia found dense ignorance. The parents were more uninformed than the children, and the latter, in fact, owed any knowledge of the outside world to an occasional picture show, presenting deceptively, but none the less real scenes of other peoples and other climes.

The pedagogue, as a first enlightenment, sought to stir his young people's curiosity by telling them of foreign countries, and about the rest of their own nation. He did this by taking up each section, and describing its specialties and products—by telling what strange and distant lands had contributed to the rest of the world perhaps, even, sending many of their distinctive products into this particular wilder-

ess. Thus, he vividly described the gold of California—the metallic gold which was the romance and tragedy of '49; and the new gold, which is fruit and oil and produce.

The school committee came.

The teacher lined up his brightest, and put them creditably through their memory paces, "Now, for what"—he asked, presently—"is California noted?"

"Makin' movies!" came as one shout from the screen-loving class.

The Hamlets. But one cannot, as in the case of the Campbells of Scotch lyceum fame, follow that statement with the old song's "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Hamlet is too difficult a matter, and the actors too uncertain. To be or not to be Hamlet, that is the question, and the answer in actual representation is usually a negative.

There have been very few men in dramatic history who sufficiently comprehend the strange melancholy of Shakespeare's profoundest character to give a really great impersonation. Of this small but precious company an American, Edwin Booth, is probably foremost. Since the death of Booth no really consummate performance has been seen upon the native boards.

But as "Hamlet" is the Mecca of the serious stage actor, toward which he moves at some portion of his career, it is only natural that the screen, newly ambitious to invade every corner of the dramatic field, should in turn produce its own galaxies of Danish royalty, parading or haunting a vaster Elsinore than was ever built behind a proscenium.

No less than three "Hamlets" are said to impend, or stand in planning for the future. The first two are, or are about to be, made. One will come from the tremendously active German film field, and will present a woman in the title role—Asta Nielsen. This, of course, will not be the first time a woman has essayed the Prince of Denmark. The second production will come from the house of Rodolphi, in Italy. The third is very much in the future, but it is most interesting of all, for the production is a Famous-Lasky possibility, with John Barrymore as the centerpiece. Not as a matter of local patriotism, but judging artistically on past performance, we believe that John Barrymore combines those assets of voice and intellect, figure and youth, experience and temperament, which will make him the pre-eminent Hamlet of our day, and one of the greatest of all time. He is to do Hamlet on the stage next year, and the film version will probably be a co-incidental release.
OLD LIVES FOR NEW

Florence Vidor demonstrates that the New Woman may do justice to both a home and a career.

Florence Vidor—the actress—who first won fame as the girl in the death-cart in "A Tale of Two Cities." It was Photoplay, by the way, which first called public attention to her ability.

Florence Vidor—for a number of reasons—is and always has been one of the most interesting women in pictures.

She is interesting not only as a person, and not only because of her unusual beauty, but as a vital and definite development of Twentieth Century woman.

There has existed a tradition that the Great Public likes to have pretty romances and delicate fairy tales woven about its cinema pets. (Sounds like a new sort of lizard, but it isn’t.)

To me that idea is as old-fashioned as hustles.

Because the truth is not only stranger than fiction but a darn sight more entertaining.

I have known Florence Vidor intimately for rather a long time. It is impossible for me to write a story composed of platitudes about her favorite fruits and vegetables, when I remember the real things I know about her.

I have studied her as a supreme example of the struggle between the old and the new woman, more than as a screen star.

She is a screen star for three reasons—her beauty, which of itself would be sufficient, her temperament, though as yet only slightly expressed, dramatic ability, and her possession of those rare qualities which go to make up a gentlewoman.

But it is as a woman—wife, mother, housekeeper—that she is most to be reckoned with. The woman—torn at every step of her progress between the old ideals of woman implanted in her by her southern ancestors, cherished by her own nature growing to womanhood in a southern home in a southern community amid southern traditions—and the new ideals of woman, forced upon her by a slow but remarkably fine intelligence, a vibrant love of things dramatic and her unsought, almost undesired, success.

by my education and inherited instinct, told me a woman’s place was in the home and the home only, never separated from her baby or her husband," she once said.

Florence Vidor came from an old southern family. Her maiden name was Florence Arto, and there are many in the south who still remember the grandmother who apparently passed on the exquisite beauty that made her a belle to this lovely namesake. She attended a southern "finishing school" where girls graduated into marriage and social position.

The spark that fired her screen work answered the same spark in a boy of her home town—King Vidor—and caused them to join their loves and lives and futures.

Today she is one of the successful actresses of the screen. If she is not a star in fact it is because she has lacked the push and personal effort to gain that for herself. From her bit in "The Tale of Two Cities," where she rode in the death-cart to the guillotine with Sidney Carroll, (William Farnum) to her charming performance in Cecil de Mille’s "Old Wives for New" and her recent triumph in Incé’s "Lying Lips," she has shown tremendous charm and ability. Her personal beauty is astonishing.

She is a hard actress to direct, because of the wall of reserve she lives behind, the natural instinct of a southern lady to conceal rather than reveal her emotions, and her emotional force is tremendous. When she does reach the place where she can let herself go, she unleashes volumes of feeling.

She is lazy—like all women of her type. Without that divine thing breathed into her spirit in the last moment of her creation, she would have been eminently content to slip easily through life, have her breakfast in bed, give little luncheons with salted almonds and after-dinner mints, go to fashionable hotels to tea and dine with friends. She hates to get up in

By

JOAN JORDAN

Florence Vidor, since the day of little Suzanne’s birth over two years ago, has been the victim of a constant pull between her home and her career—not always consciously perhaps, but just as certainly. She had not accepted even for consideration the new and successfully demonstrated theory that a woman may do actual justice to both a home and a career. To her, a woman was either a housemaker—or something else.

Failure, that would have taken the decision out of her hands, would at times have been welcome. Instead, success literally dragged her on.

"My intelligence told me absolutely that I must go on with this work that is inside me—this thing that first led me to the screen and has made me love my work. My intelligence told me that I was happier at home, more gentle, loving, helpful, when I left the routine work of physical care of house and family to someone trained for that. Yet my heart, which is entirely bound up in my home and my husband and my baby, enforced

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"A woman who has a definite talent does more for her family by working out her happiness than by denying it."

For she has determined that she would not be happy without her work. And that determination convinced her that she can give more spiritual and mental happiness, more helpful loving character-formation to her daughter, more strength and inspiration and companionship to her husband, by going on with her career.

"I believe more than anything else in right mental atmosphere, right thinking, serenity and happiness of spirit," she said to me. "Thoughts are things. It is more important to me that my husband and my baby should have my happy, contented, upward-climbing thoughts than that they should have my constant bodily presence."

"Today I believe absolutely that a woman who has a definite talent, a real, deep undeniable craving for a certain form of self-expression does more for her family by answering that call and working out her happiness, than by denying it."

"I feel that such a woman need not be deprived of her home life any more than a man. Though she may take time away from them, she makes up for it by her mental alertness, her increased understanding, her happiness and serenity of mind."

Her husband, King Vidor, once said to me of her, "Florence is the only human being I have ever known who is absolutely honest with herself and everybody else about everything."

Not a bad recommendation from a husband, is it?

**Told on Broadway**

Right off Times Square, New York, there stands a motion picture theater that enjoys the reputation of running pictures that only their own director could love. The news review is the only thing on the program that can be watched without eye strain. The theater has the soundest sleeping patrons of any playhouse in town.

One afternoon, the roar of the subway aroused a patron from sleep.

"What's on now?" he asked his neighbor.

"Still the feature."

"Well, wake me up when the news review starts," he answered as he settled down to a long winter's nap.

**HERE** is another one on Samuel Goldwyn, hero of more anecdotes than any other man in all the film business.

Goldwyn was attempting to enlist the services of a highly paid continuity writer to polish up the work of his batch of trained eminent authors. After offering her the advantages of working in his studio and fare to the Coast, he rose to a climax and offered her two hundred dollars a week.

The scenario writer objected and told him that two hundred dollars a day was nearer the mark.

"But just think," Goldwyn argued, "in a few months two hundred dollars a week will be as good as four hundred dollars a week. Look at the way prices are coming down!"
You have often wondered what that "S" in William S. Hart stood for. And now you know. It really is "Shakespeare." There's some reason for it, too, for William S. Hart—he wasn't known as plain Bill then—actually was Romeo to Julia Arthur's Juliet; Armand Duval to Modjeska's Camille. He was Pygmalion, Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," Ingomar, Benedick, Iago, Orlando, Bassanio. "I played everything but little Eva and Little Lord Fauntleroy," he says, "they hadn't been written yet."

Bill, the good bad man of the west; Bill, the two-gun hero, was the original Messala in "Ben Hur," Patrick Henry in "Hearts Courageous"; and he created the first western "bad man" on the American stage when he played Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," in 1905. He was a matinee idol at twenty-one.

We hope this isn't going to prove too much of a shock to those who believe that Hart was born in a saddle and cut his teeth on a six-shooter. He did—figuratively speaking. But he went east and on the stage at nineteen. No real cowboy could step from his cows to the screen and make such a good cowboy as Hart. Realism is never so effective as art in drama.
Penrhyn Stanlaws, after careful study of Margaret Loomis, and consideration of her particular type, designed this evening gown for her. Mr. Stanlaws believes that "a woman who is properly gowned can rule nations, while a misplaced hairpin has caused more tragic mistakes than a misplaced commandment!"
THE ART OF DRESS

FAMININE beauty without the proper sartorial setting is like a hook without bait.

A woman who is not charmingly dressed knows only half of life. And the dollar mark is never a guarantee of charm in dress—never.

The history of the universe and the map of empires might be surprisingly different if clothes had been eliminated—not entirely, of course, but in their effect upon man and his judgment. The Empress Eugenie was at one time called the best dressed woman in the world—and there are a great many who believe that the lady had to do with starting the first Prussian war. I should not doubt it.

The majority. The nude is a splendid thing—in art. To the artist it is the natural thing—the gorgeous male and female of God’s creating. It is stupendous in its perfection, its utility. It is admirable. But it is not alluring—it must be clothed.

There was perhaps a time when clothes expressed or revealed the character. It is past. Today clothes may reveal the figure but they are more often used to conceal the character.

Be that as it may, I believe woman makes a mistake—from the point of charm, not of morality—in sacrificing modesty in dress. Modesty is “the kick” of all feminine roving, in my humble opinion. Modesty subtly awakens interest, and interest awakens curiosity, even desire. Modesty is the most delicate, the most choke and the most effective of all provocations.

Did you ever hear of an artist falling in love with his model—outside of the storybooks? No more than a director falls in love with his megaphone. He knows all there is to know about that megaphone. Why worry? But understand me, woman should be clothed not to be covered, but to be adorned.

Drape that same model in lingerie—veil her mystery—was it Napoleon who said, “Imagination rules the world?”

Taste in clothes is a mute recommendation of character. Clothes change the manners, morals, and marriages of the feminine sex beyond belief. A woman who is properly gown, who has the supreme confidence of knowing she is “right”—can rule nations. While a misplaced hairpin has caused more really tragic mistakes than a misplaced commandment.

I am sure that every woman who is honest with herself wants to be as attractive as possible. But she does not always know exactly how to go about it. That is one of the reasons that I believe eventually styles will be set through the motion picture. Everyone cannot go to Paris. Everyone cannot see just how things should be put on—as demonstrated by the wonderful models at Lucile’s, and Worth’s, and Callot’s. And the most marvellous style in the world can be spoiled by wrong wearing.

Wanda Hawley’s is the softly feminine type of beauty. Penrhyn Stanlaws designed for her this fluffy ultra-modern negligee, which accentuates her individual charm.
(Which reminds me in passing of an evening when I attended a dance in a cafe in Paris with a famous designer. He told me previously that a certain famous American woman was to be there wearing a gown she had designed and sent to her before she sailed. When I saw her I was shocked—for the gown was terrible. I looked at my friend—questioningly, I daresay. He had staggered back against the wall with a moan. “My God, Penrhyn!” he said, “she have got him on
—what you call backside-front!”)

Pictures have corrected all that. Millions—literally millions—of women can now see “the note of the moment” worn perfectly by the loveliest models in the world. That is why I feel that the work of seeing that they are gowned as attractively as possible is so worth while.

To the woman who sits down before her glass and says—“How can I be more attractive, how can I improve my appearance?”—I say first, find your type. For the fatal mistake so many women make is in misunderstanding their type. Nothing is so dreadful as a grande dame dressed “a la ingénue.”

Many women know by instinct. But to those who do not, or those who need to verify their own judgment—First study yourself carefully. Note well the contour of your head, the lines of your figure, the shape of your face and eyes, the whole effect of your carriage and coloring. Then—study others. Study beautiful actresses, famous society beauties, the everlasting conceptions of beauty of the past preserved for us by great masters. Your intelligence and instinct combined will then surely tell you whether you are a Gainsborough lady or a Watteau shepherdess. It will indicate to you whether you should strive to emulate the dainty frills of a Billie Burke, or the stately elegance of an Elsie Ferguson—the barbarian splendor of a Gloria Swanson or the soft femininity of a Wanda Hawley.

When you have reached this important decision—analyze your mode with all the care you can. Find out her particular “lare”—the little things that give her distinction, the little ways in which she conveys to others that type of hers.

For instance—I never think of Elsie Ferguson that I do not think of magnificent, luxurious furs. I never think of Billie Burke that I do not think of frilly, white daintiness. Don’t copy too completely—save your own personality. But in creating your own type, never ignore the note of the moment. That is fatal to true distinction. Conform your own ideas and your own little pet vanities to the present style, or you will pass that fine line that divides personality and freakishness.

Still, I must admit to a slight partiality in all things for exaggeration—just a note of it here and there. It is intriguing, is because they only dress for special occasions or else dress in a hurry—so that the effect is left to chance. You will find that a woman who has been much loved has acquired the habit of being delightfully gowned on all occasions, and “from the skin out.” It is well to be prepared for emergencies.

Please, please don’t dress in a hurry. It cannot be done! Learn to put your hats on with care, to take time to study every detail to be sure it is correct. A woman who dresses in a hurry is like a shoddy automobile—you’re never sure what may happen.

The two most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life were Lantheime, the famous French woman who died tragically in the Seine, and Queen Alexandria, of England. But I have seen many, many women who did not possess their superlative beauty who had as much charm. And there was not one of them who was not well dressed, nor one who failed to always strike the feminine note in her costumes.

While Miss Hawley is the modern blonde. Margaret Loomis is the classic, severe type. The negligee worn by Miss Loomis and designed by Mr. Sunlaws, illustrates the difference admirably.
The Shadow Stage

By BURNS MANTLE

I'll not say Charles Chaplin's "The Kid" is the greatest motion picture ever made. Not I! Being a conservative, I'll not even say it is the greatest screen comedy yet produced, though at the moment I cannot think of any other I have seen half so good. But—

I'll wager one unclipped Liberty Bond against a dozen small, soggy doughnuts that it will give more people more enjoyment than any other picture they have ever seen in a motion picture theater.

Here, as I see it, is the most amazing "come back" of the theater. Consider the situation: Chaplin, after establishing himself the supreme comedian of the screen, and after having given to all the other comedy artists a completely catalogued list of his tricks, becomes financially independent and temperamentally dissatisfied and practically retires. For six months, or a year, or two years, he is seen only intermittently, and then in nothing that adds materially to his reputation. Meanwhile, all the other comedians have a chance to copy and improve upon the Chaplin ways. Several of them, notably Harold Lloyd, prove clever enough to develop comedy methods of their own that place them in a position to challenge, if not to equal, the Chaplin popularity.

Then Chaplin comes back. In appearance he is the same Charlie, with the same makeup, the same tricks, the same nonchalant swagger, the same blankly, expressive mask, the same ragged gloves, the same cigar—butts, the same feet. Comes back, too, in a picture that opens with the depressingly un-Chaplinesque caption: "Her only sin was motherhood," and reveals a misguided young woman emerging from a maternity home with an unfortunate offspring on her arm which she is about to abandon. After a ride in a stolen limousine, the infant finds itself in an alley, by the side of an ash-barrel. Down the alley, "taking his morning promenade," saunters Charles, and from the moment he discovers the baby, or the baby discovers him, the two of them hold their audiences completely captive.

"The Kid" is five reels of sheer cleverness, as positively touched with the art of a comic genius as the painting of a master reveals the gifts the gods have bestowed upon him. There are, it is true, one or two scenes that I should like to see cut; nursery scenes in which the comedian's intimate experiences in caring for the abandoned infant are rather indelicately complete. But the picture as a whole is much too perfect an entertainment to deserve condemnation for its few slips. There is hardly a moment of it that is not brightened by a bit of inspired byplay or a touch of that human humor that creates a world of laughing kinfolk.

It is a picture that proves, too, what many have contended—that Chaplin has something of the dramatic artist's gift of expression. The story offers the comedian a few scenes in which he must express a very real grief and a convincing sense of heartache, and in these scenes he is as true to character as he is in the most extravagant of the comedy episodes. Through all the story there runs a logic and a sanity that are never completely abandoned for the sake of the fun. Which is a further tribute to the Chaplin genius, seeing that he both wrote and directed this story. Finally the picture introduces another of those amazingly clever children of the screen, one Jack Coogan in this instance. Edna Purviance plays the distraught mother satisfactorily, and Tom Wilson and Carl Miller assist. "The Kid" is the one picture of the year you positively cannot afford to miss.

MAN, WOMAN, MARRIAGE—First National

You have the feeling, after leaving Allen Holubar's biggest picture, "Man, Woman, Marriage," that that is all there is, there isn't any more, to be screened upon these particular subjects. Here, in other words, is an epitome of all the screen dramas relating to the struggle of the well-known human race upward from the days of the stone hatchet to those of the sable wrap as the symbol of man's authority over woman.
It shows Dorothy Phillips as the eternal woman and James Kirkwood as the infernal man, working their way through several incarnations to a better understanding of their relations in the present. Always, through Dorothy's visions (and she is the visionist heroine of the season on the screen), she is struggling to prove that right shall prevail and truth crush evil. But she sees herself as a lady faire imprisoned in a tower, with David riding Cap-a-pie, through the postern gate to save her from a marriage with a doddering old December of medieval days. Then she marries David, and when her first child is born, she finds the time when the girl that the rocks cradle began to rule the world and sees herself as a handsome Amazon giving David sundry cracks over the head with a broadsword, and for a time when she loses David to another woman she dreams of Bacchane-alian feasts and wriggle dancers. Still her fair hold, and in the end, after she has been forced to run for the senate against David, and defeat him (in the primaries, evidently) and see him sent to prison as a grafter, she is able to reclaim him, even as she had done thousands of years before, when he was Constantine, and she the white-robed Christian slave who converted a pagan world to Christianity. The picture, which is a massive affair and expensively built, gives Miss Phillips and Mr. Kirkwood every opportunity and they take full advantage of them. There is variety in the playing of the stars which does much to sustain the interest. Assisting are Robert Cain, Ralph Lewis, Margaret Mann, and J. Barney Sherry.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Arctraft

THERE is something arrestingly human and real about "The Passionate Pilgrim," particularly in the first sections of the picture Robert Vignola has made from the story by Samuel Merwin and a scenario by George Porter. There is, for one thing, a real newspaper office setting, and this is always a satisfying sight to a newspaper man. More important still, there is a real writing person in Matt Moore's particularly fine characterization of the heroine—a novelist whose early career was1

uttered by a tragedy and who is seeking a second chance as a special writer on an important city daily. He loses his job because he writes the truth, but he finds another and a better one through the same adventure, and comes thus to know the hero, the invalid daughter of a man whose biography he is preparing for publication. The development of the love story is conventional enough, but the approach to it, and especially the establishment of the hero's identity by an inquisitive housekeeper, who searches through the files of her paper until she finds it, is as clever and same a use of the familiar cut-back as I recall. In fact, this is a most skillfully detailed production in all its parts and I found it one of the most interesting of screen stories as well. Director Robert Vignola deserves much credit for it. Moore's performance, as said, is particularly fine, free of all artificial attempt to glorify and movieize the hero. Ruby de Remer is a handsome invalid, naturally, but she also is pleasantly appealing, which is better. Frankie Mann, Van Dyke Brooks, Charles Gerard and Claire Whitney are in the cast.

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal-Jewell

THERE have not been many as well screened crook plays as this one. Possibly because there have been few that have been so entirely and so consistently of the underworld. It is not a locale of which I am particularly fond, and there is always the consciousness of that it is being tried off with a certain pictorial glamour to justify the romance. But there is no desire to do it as a background for melodrama, and as Tod Browning has written, cast and directed "Outside the Law", there is practically a thrill a minute guaranteed. Also there is a generous sprinkling of moralism a sort of thematic deodorant, declaring that the good is to be happy and that honesty, if not the best, is at least the safest and most comfortable policy. A Confucian friend of the crooks in San Francisco's Chinatown states the morals is his effort to induce "Sunny" Madden and "Silky" Molly, his daughter, to go straight. But it requires several thousand feet of film for him to prove his points. During these adventures there are numerous fights, a picturequely simply robbery, scenes of gang busts with the police, and some telling touches of the sad influences worked upon the crooks while they are in hiding in a furnished apartment. Into these the child interest is rather naturally injected, with the help of another of those unusually talented youngsters with whom the patient director seems able to do anything he wants to. Priscilla Dean is a convincingly human sort of crook, and she is splendidly assisted by Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman.
PRISONERS OF LOVE—Compson-Goldwyn

SINGLED out, after her success in "The Miracle Man," as a young woman of much promise as an emotionalist and of such beauty of face and figure as any successful screen star should command, Betty Compson justifies her selection as a star on both counts in "Prisoners of Love," a Catherine Henry story directed by Arthur Rosson. There are enough closeups of the pretty lady in the picture to satisfy the most ardent of her admirers, and sufficient drama to permit her to prove that she can act quite as convincingly and as intensely as any of her sister emotionalists. The story of the "prisoners" is one twisted rather deliberately to meet what is generally accepted as a demand for sex themes, but it is handled with reasonably good taste. A young woman, cursed or blessed with the magnetism that gives men pause, not to say heart palpitation, leaves her father's house because she discovers that papa has been supporting a chorus girl in a manner to which only Broadway chorus girls are accustomed. She goes to San Francisco, falls in love, under an assumed name, with a likely youth, agrees to wait, "a prisoner of love," until her mother's death releases him from that family obligation, and awakes, some months later, to find that her lover has left her and gone east. Succeeding complications present her again at her father's door as the man she loves is about to marry her sister. Roy Stewart, Emory Johnson, Ralph Lewis and Claire MacDowell help Miss Compson considerably.

BLIND WIVES—Fox

HAVING a fondness for screen plays fortified with something more than a real idea, I liked "Blind Wives," for all that it has the disadvantage of jumping from episode to episode with only a thread of plot to connect them. There have been many pictures in which the wife's love of finery, or her desire to please a man by wearing better clothes than he can afford to buy her, has furnished the theme, but none of them that I have seen bring the lesson so forcibly to the attention of ladies afflicted with similar ambitions as this one. It is a good picture, too. The directing of the play, Edward Knoblock's "Flat Lady's Dress," from which it was taken, was a good play. Each of the episodes is a miniature drama in itself, reasonably true to the life it depicts and colorful in its vivid characterization. Thus Anna, the extravaganza wife, after her husband has cancelled her account at Jacquin's, the famous modiste, takes too heavy a sleeping potion and drifting into unconsciousness with her gaze fixed on the gown she has ordered dreams of the tragedies that have entered into the making of it—of Annie, the cripple girl, who worked feverishly to make the velvet flower which is its decoration at the girdle, and was forced to sell her golden tresses that she might have money to make her independent of her sister's care; of the aristocratic Russian traper who furnished the sable collar and who, returning unexpectedly to his home, found his wife conspiring with her peasant lover to trick and cheat him; of Annette, who took her consumptive husband's place at the loom and wove the eddies and finally of the mannequin who was forced to murder her wicked employer in order to free herself from him.

BLACK BEAUTY—Vitagraph

THE simplicity and naturalness of Anna Sewell's original "autobiography of a horse" has been preserved, and "Black Beauty" on the screen becomes not only a possible picture, but an interesting one. The story the horse tells is lifted practically in its entirety from the pages of the book and relates those adventures in which Black Beauty figures. The story Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester have added, to connect these scenes, tells the story as Black Beauty could not have told it, the story that was told in the house about the persons who took part in the adventures. There is, therefore, the "inside" story of the humans and the "outside" story of the horses, and they dovetail so well that there is no break in the interest and no resentment at the frequent changes from one to the other. The story of the humans tells of pretty Jessie Gordon, who was being forced to marry wicked Jack Beckett in order, as she thought, to save her brother's girl. The story that Black Beauty sandwiches in concerns his opinion of the kind masters he loves and the cruel masters he hates; his account of the carrying of the squire to town and his refusal to take the bridge he knew was unsafe, even though he was whipped for it; his race for the doctor; his terrifying adventure when the stables burned and finally the long race he ran which saved the heroine and brought the picture to a somewhat prolonged but exciting close. Jean Paige is a fine little heroine, justifying pictorially the romance that during the making of the picture, sent her producer, Albert E. Smith, scurrying out her way with a marriage license. She also gives a good account of herself as an actress. Jimmy Morrison is her leading man.

THE LOVE LIGHT—United Artists

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THE LOVE LIGHT—United Artists

THERE is something decidedly wrong with a Mary Pickford picture when the best thing you remember about it is a caption entitled "stewed chicken" followed by a (Continued on page 77)
A New Field of Art

A new field in a new art has been discovered and explored. For years the motion picture has been heralded by means of unlife-like posters, almost caricatures, which were sadly out of keeping with the artistic developments of its other branches. But now comes art to take up its course in the posters—art represented by M. Leon Bracker, one of the most distinguished of all American illustrators, who has made a striking series of pictures from scenes in First National's "Man, Woman, and Marriage." The scene above shows James Kirkwood, as Constantine, surrounded by his slaves, in the Roman episode of the spectacle. Surely this example will inspire other makers of motion pictures to similar efforts along this entirely new line.
They became engaged at an "engagement party." But it took him ten months after that to convince her that it was the real thing.

"Well, things went along and I met everybody but Miss May. I was introduced to scores and scores of strange people, it seemed to me. But the little blonde girl against the wall wouldn't get close enough even for an introduction. I kept boring a hole right through her."

"Finally Frank Dazey said, 'Wally, of course you've met Miss May.'"

"I yelled 'No' and grabbed her hand. I said, 'Are you engaged to anybody?' She blushed and said, 'N-n-no.'"

"I said, 'That's fine,' "I asked 'em to put me next her at supper, but they didn't. I sat between—oh, I can't remember. She was across the table and there was a lot of green stuff and orchids and candle sticks in between. But I moved some of 'em."

"Then I said, 'Can I have the first dance?' And she said, 'I'll let you know—tomorrow.' Imagine. But—I got it. I had the first, and the second, and—a lot more."

"Then we had some ice-cream soda. I ate three, so I could keep her there."

"When we got back my roadster was standing in front of the hotel. So I made her try it."

"Finally I got her telephone number and called her up the next day. But she wasn't there. That is, she had told her kid brother to say she wasn't there. I guess she had never met anybody that acted like I did. She'd never been out with a man alone before in her life—really."

"Anyway, we went to the theater the next night and the next day was Sunday and we went to church and Monday we went to the beach for dinner and Tuesday—well—"

"That's ten months ago. It took me all that time to make her see I was right. She really loved me all the time, but she didn't recognize it because she'd never had any experience."

"When are we going to be married?"

"Well—we haven't decided. We—think we've decided, but we don't want people to know."

"We have all sorts of professional plans—as yet secret—while I continue to play in pictures and Doris works for First National in a special—for a while. But—although it isn't settled yet—we'd like to have some sort of a joint proposition—a co-starring venture, perhaps."
One of the most remarkable of PHOTOPLAY'S fiction stories:

**A GLIMPSE OF THE HEIGHTS**

Only a glimpse — but it lead Aileen toward the wider horizons that were her undeniable birthright.

By J. F. NATTEFORD

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

FLOODING into Blumberg's Dime Department Store came on a morning in Spring, the crystal light of perfect New York weather, accenting the cleanliness of the floor, the red paint on the old counters, and the brightness of girlish faces as brisk hands removed over-night covers from the shop. "This heatin' the clock every morning proves she's no better'n she'd ought to be," Aileen's trim little head jerked up alertly at that, and her eyes darkened.

"Huh," from the first speaker. "I remember the time she says to me, one morning: 'How do I look, Gert? I feel 's if I'd been up all night.' Am' I says, comin' right back at her, "Ya probably was, an' not alone neither.' Why, she was so ashamed 'cause I called the turn on her, she just sniffed an' walked off an' never denied it."

Aileen's little fists tightened, her white teeth set with a distinct click, and three decisive strides carried her into the dressing room. Shutting the door behind her, she stood facing the senile group. Numbers gave them moral support, and none shrank from her. Aileen surveyed them a moment before she plunged into the vicious style of relentless attack which is the birthright of Second Avenue's children.

"Gert Hilton — you got a nerve to knock Amy Knoles' — she lashed out, her tense face close to the other girl's. "—you with your last steady duff time up in Dancemove!"

"What for ya bawlin' me out?" said Gert, sullenly. "Oh, I got it—" sardonically, "I bet you're cut from the same piece yourself."

"Ne'mind about me," retorted Aileen, "I don't care what you think. I got no folks to be ashamed of, like Amy has. But you're a fine bunch to slanderin' a decent girl — givin' her a bad character behind her back! Now listen — Amy's brother knows the guy you picked up Sunday night in the park, Babe Sweeney — an' he told Amy. An' I know now that corset cover got shoplifted from your counter last week, Gert!"

Stunned by these revelations, the gossipers cast guilty eyes to the floor, and as they wilted, Aileen's figure seemed to take on the proportions of a stern figure of Justice. She paused, but only to gather herself for a fresh assault, for it is the creed of the Avenue to strike and strike again, mercilessly, until the beaten foe lies helpless at one's feet.

"An' I got a few other snappy stories in my repertory," she threatened. "Now, you girls goin' to keep your traps shut about Amy, or d'ye want that she and me should spill all we know?"

Pride must have its moment of hesitation, and they were obstinately silent. Aileen's lip curled in scorn.

"Gimme an answer. If Mis' Blumberg comes in to see what's keepin' us off the floor, I'll tell her the whole business — you can just bet on that. Promise me, quick!"

Thoroughly cowed now, they nodded sullenly.

"But I want you should know I'm letting you off," said Aileen, putting her hand, to their great relief, upon the door-knob, 'not 'cause I care any about the lot of you — but on account Amy an' me both wouldn't dirty our mouths by giving a bad character to any girl, not even if she has got a right to it!"

WITH that she slammed the door behind her, picked up her stock from the dumb-waiter, and returned to her counter, thrilled with the satisfaction that follows upon the demonstration of one's superiority. At the entrance she met her friend, and greeted her with a maternal frown.

"Amy, you're awful late. If I hadn't punched your clock, you'd catch it from Blumberg."

Amy's ripe lips parted in a derisive smile.

"He ain't nothing in my young life, dearie — a mere bag of shells."

"But the same you better put on your apron, Knoles, or you'll be takin' the air."

"One minute, please, Auntie. I met an old frien' this morning — boy who used to live on the Avenue — an' I ast him to my party."

"Is he nice?"

"I should know! Haven't seen him for years — his folks got ahead and moved up to the Heights. He's goin' to law school at Columbia."

"A darned high-brow. Bet he spoils the whole evening," was Aileen's contemptuous judgment.

"Well, Leo, you ain't got to — Gee, there's the boss!"

Amy fled for the dressing room while Papa Blumberg, round and gray as a plump granite boulder, watched her with indolent eyes. He beamsed a "Good-morning" to Aileen, and strode pompously down between the counters of his domain, distributing nods and smiles like imperial favors. With his arrival the working day began, whispered chattering ceased, customers bickered, cash registers rang, and Aileen the conscientious was immersed in her submissancy until evening.
"But he saw only that her outstretched arm was slim-wristed and round, and her breast white as the waist that betrayed its girlish purity of contour. For a long moment he gazed..."
She had come to work for Blumberg’s Five and Ten several years before, following an afternoon when her widowed father, a meat-skinner in the stockyards, came home cursing the Providence that rewarded an accommodating man with chills and fever for helping to carry only two or three sides of meat in and out the ice-house. He died of pneumonia a few days afterward, and the Beef Dressers’ Benevolent Association gave him a swell funeral, with six coaches and solid silver handles. Aileen sold the furniture to Lubarsky, the “New and Slightly Used Furniture” man on the Avenue, and thus kept herself from starving until she landed a job.

Not a bad job, either, for Papa Blumberg scorned the meagre wages paid by his department-store competitors. “I should be happy they can live decent,” he would say, “and besides, Mister, you got it no dear what it costs to break in new help.” So Aileen prospered and became a front-of-the-store salesgirl, thrived into vigor and slim pink-and-gold beauty on the malnutrition of bakeries and delicatessens, and acquired Amy Knoles as her bosom friend.

From her she learned the uses of a mirror and a daub of red cosmetic; that the legs of silk hose will outwear several sets of cotton feet; that modesty consists not in what you wear but how unconsciously you wear it—in fact, all that a daughter of the city needs to know.

So she lived on next to nothing and dressed up to the limit of her saving power; had a wholesome contempt for man as a predatory animal and a lively but not a calculating interest in his potential mating proclivities; and was thoroughly familiar with every love tangle and domestic tragedy in the newspapers. From these she acquired a culture of her own—a philosophy of the heart that soon made her, despite her inexperience, far superior in woman’s wisdom to her friend, and indeed to most of her sex.

And there can be no doubt that this deep and long-continued study of the mistakes, accidents and crimes of her emotional sisters, aided by a native passion for relentless self-examination and honest truth, made Aileen, as she herself put it, “too darn wise for my own good.”

When at last the day was over, and the final gawky youth had purchased the ultimate Lucky Heart near-silver watch fob, Aileen whipped off her apron, dashed through a greasy platter of bacon and eggs at the corner bakery, and hurried to her room to prepare for Amy’s party.

Slipping out of her workday black, she took from the bottom drawer of a pink pine dresser a certain treasured gown. Nile green it was, and at the bosom and sleeves and girdle it had little knots of blue satin that matched her eyes, and of pink satin that rivalled her cheeks in tint and texture. It represented a month of desperate economy alternating with reckless moments when she had given it up and ordered a square meal. It was halved with the glamor of a dream come true; still redolent of the satisfaction of that last raise in pay which had made it possible.

She put it on with reverent hands, tucked a fresh handkerchief into the V at her throat, and set out for Amy’s birthday party with a mental note, subsequently redeemed, to have her hostess snap that fastener in the small of her back, which she couldn’t reach herself.

Some of the guests were already at the Knoles flat when she arrived—shop girls as sick and knowing as city sparrows; a couple of mechanics from a garage, awkward in their Sunday clothes; a fur-liner from the Lower. (Continued on page 80)

**MOvie Manager**—“Can you swim, ride a horse, drive a car, shoot a gun, climb trees, dive—?”

*Applicant*—“Yes, I can do all those things!”

Manager—“Fine! Your salary will be $500 a week. By the way, have you had any experience? **In a thing?**"
Well kept hands—

a national characteristic

Americans known by the grooming of their finger nails

Once it was good teeth. This was due less to natural excellence than to the fact that American dentistry was the best in the world.

And so, also, today the reputation of American hands depends less on their native beauty than on the fact that practically all Americans of refinement take good care of their nails.

Yet even Americans have not always enjoyed this reputation. Once most of us—ever very particular people—didn’t bother much about our nails. Manicuring was too slow, tedious and even dangerous because there was no way of removing the dead cuticle except by cutting.

But now we remove the cuticle simply and safely without cutting with Cutex Cuticle Remover, a harmless liquid which simply takes off the ugly, dead cuticle as soap and water take off dirt, leaving a beautifully even nail rim. Then with the Cutex Nail White—a snowy whiteness under the tips: with the Cutex Polishes—a jewel-like shine on the nails, and, in only about ten minutes, the manicure is complete and perfect.

To give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require:

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one’s nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, without burnishing, by giving the nails a light coat of the Liquid Polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. You will be amazed to see how cleanly the Cuticle Remover takes off the ragged edges, and what a smooth nail rim it leaves. You will be pleased with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips and with the delicate sheen of your nails.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The “Compact” 60c; the “Traveling” 81.50c; the “Houdin” 83.00c. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Oufil for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 704, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Cullen Landis is a born actor, facile of laughter, stune to sorrow or love, susceptible to every emotion.

H e's the nicest kid I ever met in my life!
If I were sixteen, I should tuck up my curls, put on my prettiest organdie, and flee straight into temptation.
I have interviewed Wally Reid, Tommie Meighan, and Tony Moreno, and retained my girlish laughter.
But I took at least nine of the count when I met Cullen Landis.
(He will probately want to hit me with a large brick about now, because he hates long eyelashes, matinee idols and all pertaining therto.)
In exention I must say that at first I didn't know he was married. Only then he showed me a picture of his baby so right away I said, "Are you married?" And he admitted he was.
(Why is it the nice ones always are? Well, I suppose it's a compliment to our sex that somebody catches the best ones young, so I won't complain.)
Of course, too, Cullen and I—What?—oh, yes, he's like that and it's so provincial to be formal, isn't it?—anyway, Cullen and I were almost from the same town, we discovered.
At least he came from Nashville, Tennessee, and I used to have a roommate at boarding school who lived there and I went home with her Christmases and things and why Cullen Landis and I never met, then, I don't see. Why, I found out I knew his sister well.
Well, perhaps it was best not, because he couldn't have been intended for me and it might have gummed up the scheme of things entirely.
But we knew all the same gang and who they married and were in love with—or both—so it made us feel very friendly right away—you can understand that, can you? Though his folks tied the black rosette on him right off when he became an actor.

The Curly Kid

A young lady could hardly be expected to interview Cullen Landis and come back with mere facts.

By MARY WINSHIP

That hair! He says his baby—just three, and such a love, from her adorable pictures that he carries around—says, "Oh, yeah, my hair is curly, but not so curly as Cullen's." Imagine!
First he worked at Balboa years ago—almost five and I think the Child Labor Commission should have got him—and he said, "Course I might as well have been buried as to be there." (I wish there was some way I could reproduce the soft, blurred sweetness of his drawl). "And they canned me anyway. I wasn't good enough for 'em. Then I went to work for Al Christie. I made Al fifty-two pictures in a year—one reelers—and then he canned me. I can't just figure why I was always getting canned. Anyway, I got canned that time because I asked for a raise. I was getting sixty and I struck for sixty-five. They wouldn't give it to me. So I quit. "Quitting eating, too, for a spell.
"Finally I got a part riding with Bill Russell at the American. I hadn't been on a horse since I was a kid—an' then it was a hobby horse. And I had to do a trick fall, with the horse falling too, riding down a hill Ricketey cut. Cowboy that showed me said it was right easy.
"Well, I did it. But it busted two of my ribs.
"Then I worked at stock at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles. I was a sure 'nuff nervous wreck when I left there. It was awful! I said, 'I'd rather starve to death than do this every night.' Why, I stepped through my straw hat one night and I forgot what I had to say every night. People always came in the wrong door, so that when I'd gesture dramatically toward one door and say 'Here comes Sir Alfred now!' Sir Alfred would pop in at the other door.
"After that I went on another hunger strike, I suppose the Irish think they invented that, too."
He stopped, thinking, and for a moment I had a glimpse of one of the most moving things in the world, a boy's deep, real tenderness which is hidden behind more veils than a girl's secret thoughts. "Then I got a chance to play 'The Curly Kid' in Rex Beach's 'The Girl from Outside.' There's always one part like that in every man's work, I guess."
And he fell silent again, nursing in the sunshine, all the insignificant humor and devil-may-care fun gone from his face.
He's a born actor, facile of laughter, stune to sorrow or love, susceptible to every emotion.
He has the loveliest manners—like men in books. I hope his wife is as nice as I think she ought to be—and I guess she is the way he talks and ravies about her.
But Mr. Goldwyn put us right off his lot, because we got to describing football games to each other.
So we went to a Robert Mantell matinee, to improve our minds.
I wish they'd make him a star and let him do a lot of those deep, stirring 'Curly Kid' parts.
Because any actor who can make a perfectly dignified and lady-like young woman write like a flapper, is worth seeing, on the screen or off. I wonder if he affects everyone like that.
Great silk and silk blouse manufacturers
tell how silk should be laundered

"Wash silk this way" say Belding Bros.

"As makers of a delicate product like silk we are much concerned with the treatment it gets after it leaves our hands.

"Our wash silk fabrics can, of course, be laundered as safely and as often as cotton, if proper care is exercised.

"We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness. There is nothing in it that could attack the delicate silk fibre.

"Another point in favor of Lux is that its thick lather eliminates all rubbing of the fabric on the washboard or between the hands. This means, of course, that the silk does not 'fuzz up,' and that the threads will not pull or split.

"We find Lux equally successful on our white or colored silks.

"We are glad to see the publicity given by Lux to the safe way of laundering silks."

BELDING BROS.


colored silks — if you are not sure a color is fast try to set it this way. Use one-half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by re-laundering.

won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

LUX

for all fine

laundring

Won't shrink woolens
Laundering silks - faces
All Fine Fabrics

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery, and will yellow it. Press first the sleeves of a blouse, next the fronts and then the back.

Jersey and georgette crêpe should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

the maker of a million blouses tells how to launder silk

"Once in a while," writes Max Held, Inc., "a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the materials in our blouses, and of our workmanship, but we are not sure of the treatment the blouse gets after the owner has it.

"If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

"Frayed, pulled threads may mean, not a poor quality of silk, but a blouse rubbed too hard to get it clean. Lux makes hard rubbing unnecessary.

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

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

MAX HELD, Inc.
We'd Hate to Eat Her Biscuits!

Helen Jerome Eddy, Ireland's Mona Lisa, doesn't like to cook. Bang goes another tradition!

By ARABELLA BOONE

"That's my last duchess painted on the wall, Looking as if she were alive——"

And——

"That fawn-skin-dappled hair of her——"

After all, Miss Eddy's path in pictures has been chosen for her. She has created skillfully and well some fine characterizations of the kind she is identified with most—simple, natural, mother or sister types. She has made, since her advent in pictures five years ago, a unique place for herself.

But I saw her once not long ago in some one-act thing at the Community Theater in Hollywood—where she played an Italian lady of the seventeenth century, a deep, designing, passionately loving lady—and she was quite remarkable. And lately, she was "Francesca" in "Paolo and Francesca" at the same place. In these things she seems to have found a new path to follow which I believe will eventually lead her to a new line of parts on the screen as well.

Her reading shows a love for painting, poetry—and a radical thought in politics. Her home follows the new ideas in decoration—a few very good pieces of furniture, good rugs, a picture or two—all soft in coloring.

She dislikes home-work—cooking, house-keeping, sewing. Instead of being the simple, home type of girl, she is intellectually inclined, very much the modernist in thought and action. She discusses art schools, governmental problems, and social evolution much more readily than she does household economics.

"My grandmother, who was a famous teacher of elocution and dramatic reading, and was once a well-known actress, used to read me to sleep when I was a very little girl with 'The Raven', she told me. "And the first thing I ever learned was 'The Ancient Mariner'."

She lives with two other young women, both earning their own living and both successful in literary work in studios. She is, in character, distinctly a twentieth century evolution—the sort of young woman who a decade ago led the suffrage movement and today is rapidly succeeding in every line of business and profession.

Though she looks so Italian—and I mean by that the high class Italian lady, the most delicate in the world, and not the black-eyed, striking peasant type we know best—she is actually Irish.

"But then," she said laughingly, "It is rather the fashion to be Irish nowadays, isn't it? Almost everyone is Irish."

She prefers silence to speech when the choice is hers. Another characteristic of the Mona Lisa type—and her smile is—it is really—not unlike that lady's celebrated smile.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
WILL MAKE THIS CONTRACT WITH YOU

WALK INTO ANY STORE IN THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY AND TRY THE LORD SALISBURY TURKISH CIGARETTE. SHOULD IT NOT APPEAL TO YOUR TASTE THE CLERK WILL HAND YOU BACK YOUR MONEY ON THE SPOT.

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Millions and Millions?

A further discussion of motion picture finance and the public.

By JOHN G. HOLME

I

T has gone hard with stock-selling motion picture companies and their promoters during the past few weeks.

One company, The Froehman Amusement Corporation, has gone into the hands of a receiver, Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president of the United States Photoplay Company, built entirely by the funds of the public who bought stock, disappeared, but according to latest reports, has been formed and Hannibal N. Clermont, former president of the Clermont Photoplays Corporation, committed suicide in his Hollywood, Cal., home on January 23.

On the other hand, the record of the picture producing companies which have been launched by inexperienced men through public stock sale remains clear. Not a single one of them has yet paid a dividend; not one of them has yet reimbursed its stockholders, except in a few instances when stockholders, convinced that they had been duped, have hotfooted to the public prosecutor's office, demanding investigation and prosecution. When a stockholder takes such action and is backed by an able-bodied lawyer, he can generally get his money refunded, if the company has any money left, for the simple reason that the promoter of the ordinary stock-hawking motion picture company knows that no legal action might lead to an examination of his books, which would either land him in jail, or cause him embarrassment.

Of late Photoplay Magazine has received numerous letters from its readers asking about the stock issued by David Wark Griffith, Inc. These inquiries have come from people who evidently take it for granted that all motion picture companies which offer their stock to the public are alike. We have tried to point out from time to time that a stock issue offered by a well-established motion picture company with big assets and earning power may be as sound and safe as any industrial security issued by a manufacturing or mercantile corporation with similar assets and a steady market for its products. After making a careful investigation several months ago of Griffith's original $1,850,000 stock issue, Photoplay was convinced of its soundness. David Wark Griffith is, of course, the biggest asset of David Wark Griffith, Inc. This company realized and insured his life for $500,000, payable to the stockholders. Griffith has never yet made a picture which failed financially, and with one exception most of them have made money.

Griffith's latest production, "Way Down East," has done well enough to enable D. W. Griffith, Inc. to withdraw $350,000 of the stock issue put out last summer, leaving $1,500,000. Recently the corporation issued a dollar dividend per share of 15 par value. Griffith has a clean business and personal record, and for years he has been at the top of the ladder of motion picture producers in the United States.

The officers and directors of the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. declare that the $3,500,000 stock issue now being sold by an army of salesmen in New York and other cities, is being offered in legitimate expansion of the Urban business, the same as the Griffith issue. Technically, this may be so. In reality it is not. Charles Urban, president of this company, has several producers in the market now such as his Urban Movie Chats and his Keneto Review. The Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. has taken over the old Urban film interests, including the Chats and the Review. It owns an educational film library of some 2,000,000 feet, and a new invention developed by Henry W. Joy and Mr. Urban called the Spirograph with its accessories. The Spirograph is a beautifully made little instrument weighing but eleven pounds, and Mr. Urban is confident that he can sell it in enormous quantities for home and commercial use. Instead of the endless roll of films, highly inflammable and requiring an expert operator to handle with safety and skill. Messrs. Urban and Joy have secured a non-inflammable circular disc, ten and a half inches in diameter, around the surface of which is printed a series of tiny pictures, each picture being a selection of hundreds of films. The machine has a projecting lens which can be focused like a magic lantern. It can be attached to an electric light socket or operated with a dry cell battery. The disc or record can be attached almost as easily as a phonograph record which it resembles, and anybody can turn the crank.

In other words, the Spirograph is a specialty which the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. proposes to turn out by the thousands and sell to every household in the country that can afford to pay $75 for a pretty machine, and a few dollars for picture records at 10c a piece. The records can be exchanged at the local drug or hardware store for new ones at a cost of ten cents, they say.

The $3,500,000 stock issue is being marketed to enable the Urban company to manufacture these new products on a big scale. Mr. Urban's representatives say a factory has been bought and that the machinery is to be installed in a few weeks.

In the meantime the stock is being sold broadcast by agents of one of the smoothest running and best-rolled sales organizations that ever saw the light, the Business Builders, Inc. The head and an important part of the body of the Business Builders, Inc. is James W. Elliott, a former newspaperman, who discovered early in his journalistic career that he had too much brains to waste in the writing business. He became a salesman, the kind that could sell celluloid collars in the warmest place mentioned in the scriptures. Elliott and his Business Builders, Inc. had sold about $1,400,000 worth of Urban stock up to the first of March, and at a cost of twenty-five per cent., according to the sales agency and the Urban company officials. I have no right to dispute the words of these gentlemen, and assuming that the Urban Company treasury is getting seventy-five cents for every dollar's worth of stock sold, it follows that the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. is being financed at a rock-bottom price, more economically than any motion picture company that ever launched itself by sale of stock, cheaper than most industrial corporations with wheels humming, with products on the market, and needing money for expansion. I know of at least one middle western company manufacturing a highly valuable product, with an established market and way behind in orders, that has put out a stock issue of $1,500,000. The brokerage house handling this issue is paying its salesmen a commission of 25 per cent. and there is no reason for believing that the brokerage house itself is working for nothing.

The Urban company is capitalized for $10,500,000, of which $3,500,000 is 5%, cumulative preferred, with par value of $25 per share, and the remainder common stock of the same par value. When the sales campaign began, ten shares of common were given with ten of preferred. Of late only seven shares of common are presented as premium with ten of preferred.

The Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. has a motion picture projector that looks handsome and a picture disc that works well in the Urban laboratory. But neither the salesmen of Urban stock, nor Mr. Urban, nor Mr. Joy, the inventor, can say whether the Spirograph will be a (Continued on page 75)
Kodak as you go.

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by ALONZO KIMBALL

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 luxurious.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women 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.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

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, as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

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.

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 always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, brilliant, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—Fine for men.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for 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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
QUESTIONS

AND

ANSWERS

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is a free service that would call for unduly long answers, such as annuities of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, sex or political employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is posted elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

E. C.—Mary Pickford’s hair has always been golden. It was golden when she was plain Gladys Smith, and it is still the same color and, if I know Mary, it always will be. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five; Constance, twenty-one, and Natalie, about twenty. You may be able to secure a photograph of the late Olive Thomas if you write to the Selznick offices about it.

M. L., ASTORIA.—You say you went to school with Thelma Percy. Sometimes it seems to me that I am the only human being in these United States who has not gone to school with, lived next door to, or has a second cousin who knows a man who knows some movie star. Thelma is Eileen’s sister; they are both living in California now.

JUNISSE LEE, NEWBURG, OREGON.—Content is, too often, only sublimity. Discontent—or so I have been told—breeds ambition. However, I am a philosopher, which means that I don’t believe very much in anything. Anna Querencia Nilsson played in two photoplays of somewhat the same titles: “The Sporting Chance” with Ethel Clayton, in which Anna portrayed Pamela Brent; and in “The Fighting Chance” in which she had the leading role opposite Conrad Nagel.

R. S., CLEVELAND.—Short, but hardly sweet. But I suppose I should be thankful for small favors. Vivian Martin’s latest picture was “The Song of the Soul.” Vivian was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Can’t tell you whether or not her parents still live there. Address Vivian care Hotel Algonquin, New York City.

MADIE, L. M.—According to all my records, Forrest Stanley uses his own name. Stanley is in de Mille’s “Forbidden Fruit,” for Paramount Artcraft. I haven’t any record at all of a Harold Jessup. Sorry.

MARY, TETER HAUTE.—My word—more Mary’s! Luckily, I like the name. Your letter was very sweet and soothing. I do get tired sometimes—how did you guess? Estelle Taylor never appeared opposite George Walsh. Walsh is again with Fox, working in the East. Dorothy Devore was Mary Jane Jenkins in “Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.” Miss DeVore may be reached care Christie, Hollywood. Not married.

G. H., ALBANY.—So you would like to see a first-class second-hand automobile. So would I. But if your father won’t let you drive the family bus he might not let you purchase a private car. Be careful now, Grace—watch the signals. Norma Talmadge, her own studios, 317 East 48th Street, New York City, Bebe Daniels is one of the “Five Kisses” in the Cecil B. de Mille picturization of “The Affairs of Anatole.” Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and Dorothy Cummings are the other four, with Wally Reid the fortunate recipient.

MISS JONES, MADISON.—Some of these male stars are as bashful as flappers about their birth-dates. And I shouldn’t like to hurt their feelings by hazarding a guess. Madame Nazimova was born in 1879 and her husband, Charles Bryant, in the same year. Dustin Farnum was born in 1874.

E. C. L., STONINGTON, CONN.—I see they are trying to save Edgar Allan Poe’s home. I mentioned that fact to a friend, and he said, “What—has he been given notice too?” With so many people looking for homes right now, I am afraid the movement to save the Poe home isn’t coming as many sympathizers as it should. I am willing to do my bit, however—for I read “The Raven” at least once a week. Not aloud, mind you. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis.

RUTH, ABINGDON, ILL.—I am not naturally a cruel individual, so when you ask me what I think of your green writing-paper, I hasten to give you the desired cast of “The Jinx”: “The Jinx”, Mabel Normand: Rory
Bory Alice, Florence Carpenter; Aunt Tina, Gertrude Claire; "Sticker" Evans, Cullen Landis; Judge Bottom, Clarence Arper; "Bull" Hogarth, Ogden Crane. (I am not having fun with you; the name of the second character is absolutely correct.)

E. J. O'B., New York City.—Oliver Thomas was twenty-two years old at the time of her death. She is survived by her mother and two sisters. I cannot give you their personal addresses.

The Apron Twins.—Is it possible that you can make good pies? Or are they those perfectly impractical aprons with lots of lace and ribbon and things? I fear me the culinary art is dead today. Perhaps it is merely waiting for a new master to come along and revive it. Mac Murray is twenty-four, and Mrs. Robert Leonard in private life. Doris May is about eighteen; she recently announced her engagement to Wallace MacDonald. I wish them happiness. They are very real and splendid, both of them.

George, Younger.—Awfully glad you dropped in, old man. Hope you will repeat the performance. You say Mary Pickford's dressing room in the old Biograph Studios is still standing. It ought to be preserved with the Poe cottage.

V. N., Ohio.—You have not recovered from the surprise you had when you happened to see a picture of a Sennett bathing-girl in her street clothes! Well Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost are going in for the adored comedy-drama now. They both appear in Mack Sennett's "A Small Town Idol." Alice Brady is married to James Crane; they live in New York. Alice is twenty-five.

Fourteen.—Surely the birth-rate is high enough now. Indeed, I should like very much to attend your house-party, but I don't see just how I could arrange it. Dorothy Dalton is in California now—write her at the Lasky studios. She was born in 1893, is five feet three inches tall, and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. She sent a photograph and a note, and information about her brother, if she has one. Better write to her and ask her all about it.

Harry L. M.—Jack Pickford isn't going to make any more pictures for a while—that is, with himself in them. Instead, he is directing Sister Mary in her new photoplay "Gospel Reunion," the story is unmarried. Mary Thurman was born in Richfield, Utah.

Evelyn.—No, Gloria Swanson does not wear a wig. I am always suspicious of the crowning glory of any girl who suspects another of wearing a wig. But the only way I can prove it to you is to suggest that you go to the Lasky studios in Hollywood, seek out Gloria, and give her hair a yank and see what happens. However, I am afraid that the only thing to happen would be for you to find yourself very suddenly on the other side of the Lasky gate. Mr. de Mille allows hair-pulling only in his pictures, such as "Why Change Your Wife?"

Emily.—I want to congratulate you on making such a good resolution—not to lose your temper. If I were only sure that you would keep it, now—but since I am not, I'll have to behave docilely and reserve my sarcasm for someone else. You know, I am not really sarcastic at all, but you like to think I am. Which is much the better way all round. Tom Moore, Golwyn. His latest is "Hold Your Horses," from Rupert Hughes' story, "Canavan."

H. H. W., New York.—So you are very enthusiastic about me. I warn you—do not let your enthusiasm run away with you; for you might have to walk back. Estelle Taylor is twenty-one; born in Wilmington, Delaware; lives in an apartment in West End Ave., N. Y. C.; works for Fox in such dramas as "While New York Sleeps" and "Blind Wives"; and is unmarried. Estelle is a nice child and a good friend of mine. Margaret Fischer was born in 1894; lives in New York; is Frederick's sister, 1897; Charles Clary, in 1873.

H. S., Maryland.—Young person, you could write a serial. But I beg of you—don't. I will answer as many questions as I have space for. Dorothy Dickson stands five feet five inches; Clara Kinshull, Young, five feet six; Priscilla Dean, five feet five. Eugene O'Brien is six feet tall. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring and that's all for you for this time.

Marie C. D., Galva, Ill.—After a good meal I am always tolerant, supremely sympathetic with my own and other people's troubles. I believe, however, that Lucille Carlisle, the beautiful young lady who appears with Larry Semon in Vitagraph comedies, will be addressed care Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, California. Colleen Moore, care Marshall Neilan company, Hollywood. I am really Flurath and Shirley Mason is really her sister. Ruth Roland is twenty-seven.

Bessie A. B., Stockton.—You are wrong. I am not amusing. I should be a great humorist if I were amusing. Wit will out. Address Clay in Simball Young at the Garson studios, Eendale, California.

Betty Blue Eyes, Chicago.—Why try to discover the meaning of things? It only shows that you are very young; and you may be disappointed. Wallace Reid lives in Hollywood with Mrs. Reid and the little Reid, whose name, really, is William Wallace Jr., but who is called merely Bill, Constance Binney, Realart.

Mistress May.—Walter McGrail, I have learned since your last letter, is married. What is more, he has been married for twelve years to the same lady—Hazel Drew McGrail, and there is an Ada McGrail, aged ten. McGrail is now on the coast playing opposite Lida Baarst in "The Tornado." (The title of this will be changed for release.)

M. N., Stratford, Ontario, Canada.—Thank you very much for your charming and stimulating letter. It made me feel that there is some appreciation in a cold cruel world, after all; and tonight I shall go home to my ball bedroom and read "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" and feel that life may be worth living even if one is an Answer Man. I shall look up that question immediately. Meanwhile, glad to tell you that House Peters has made a picture for Thomas Ince called "Lying Lips." Jules Knauck is abroad now; he is American and appearing in pictures on the Continent.

M. O., Peterboro.—Constance, not Norma Taubman, starred in "The Love Expert." Norma is brunette and dramatic; Constance is blonde and sparkling. There is a slight resemblance but I don't see how anyone could be fooled. However, you won't be cheated if you go in to see either of them; so it all right.

M. C. C., Charlotte.—You pronounce Joseph Schenck Joseph Skenh. He's Norma's husband as well as her manager, you know. Katherine MacDonald doesn't give her age but it's somewhere in the early twenties, as you can see for yourself after one look at Katherine.

(Continued on page 93)
What Happens to Your Complexion
When powders are made to stay on artificially?

By choosing Mavis powders you are sure of purity —
they contain nothing artificial or harmful. And yet
women say that Mavis powders adhere longer! How
this is accomplished is a famous Vivaudou secret. But
you will see instantly that Mavis Face Powder and Tale
are finer, more clinging, more fragrant and far softer.
You have undoubtedly used Mavis Tale; have you
used the face powder or the toilet water, perfume,
cream or rouge? All stores carry them!

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Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a generous
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Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

ANTONIO MORENO, flipping the corner of Hollywood boulevard and tail of his new roadster around the Cahuenga, grazed the paint of a Ford's fender. The Ford squealed, so did its owner, and a large Irish cop appeared.

After some argument, Tony protested violently, "But, officer, I tell you positively, he is in my right of way! Isn't he?"

"Son," said the cop slowly, "the sooner you forget ye've got a right ay way, the better 'twill be fer ye. An' in passin'—though ye're an actoor and I'm only a cop—I will recite to you the ballad of William Jay."

He did, and Tony is now reciting it to everybody in Los Angeles who will listen. This is it:

"Here lies the body of William Jay, Who died maintaining his right of way, "He was right all right, so he sped along— "Now he's just as dead as if he were wrong."

ONE of Thomas H. Ince's husky young sons—he has three, you know—picked a scrape with a neighborhood youngster whom we may call Black for convenience. Having to give away several pounds of weight and several inches of reach, young Ince took a fairly severe licking. Whenceupon, saying nothing to anyone, he went into secret session with his father's athletic trainer, and spent several days getting points on how a seven-year-old champion should conduct himself in the ring.

This accomplished, he dashed forth quietly but determinedly in search of the young heir to the Black millions. When he arrived there he saw a strange yellow sign. Inquiry and careful study proved that it was a quarantine sign saying "Diphtheria."

When Tom Ince arrived home at the usual hour for dinner, his eldest child was missing. In fact, he didn't appear for almost half an hour after dinner had been announced.

"Son," said the producer severely, "You are late for dinner."

"Yep," said the lad.

"Where have you been?"

"Down to the Black's."

Ince managed to smother a few words unspeakable in a child's presence and said, "To the Black's! Hasn't anybody told you what that yellow sign means?"

"Oh, sure!" said young Ince, "I know all about that. But I know that guy. He heard I'd been in training and he just got 'em to put that darn thing up so I couldn't get at him!"

MRS. TOMMIE MEIGHAN, (Frances Ring) happened to be walking down Hollywood boulevard a few days before her birthday. In the window of a very smart and exclusive jewelry shop patronised by the motion picture industry, she saw a gorgeous set of Sheffield Plate, and stopped to admire it.

(Continued on page 72)
Your skin needs different kinds of care at different times

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care. Wind and dust coarsen your skin. To keep it fine textured and soft, you must give it special protection from this punishment. For this you need a special cream, a cream that has a special protective effect, yet will not leave a trace of shine on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially made for this purpose. It contains an ingredient famous for its skin-softening property. Yet it has not a bit of oil. It gives your skin just the protection it needs and cannot reappear in a wretched shine.

Before you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly leaving your face soft and smooth, protected from the injury of wind and dust.

Another time when your skin needs a special kind of care is before powdering. When you powder right on the dry skin, the powder catches on small rough places and makes them for a time more conspicuous than ever. Then the powder soon falls off, leaving your face shinier than ever.

Before powdering you need a special cream to smooth away the rough places and hold the powder to the face. For this as for all daytime uses, you need a cream without oil. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially designed to smooth and soften the skin. Apply just a bit before you powder. See how it smooths away the small rough places. Now the powder will go on much more smoothly; will stay on twice as long as ever before.

At bedtime your skin needs an entirely different kind of care. At the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream with an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores.

Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

With these two creams, give your skin the special care it needs at special times. In this way your complexion will grow more and more lovely every day.

You can get both of these creams at any drug or department store in tubes or jars.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream
One with an oil base and one without any oil

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Please send me, free, the items checked:
A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger sample, check below, for which I enclose the required amount:
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
George Beban, Junior has the right idea. He worked in his dad's new picture, and every night before he left the lot, he demanded payment for the day's work, receiving the royal recompense of one silver dollar. (It'll be more than that several years from now, but George Jr. doesn't know it yet.)

Leaning against the platter she saw this sign, "Purchased by Thomas Meighan for his wife's birthday present."
And she had to act surprised later on for fear Tommy might go and punch the jeweler in the nose.

WILLIAM DE MILLE and his charming wife attended a movie party in Hollywood. Meeting Frank Woods on the lot the following morning, he was asked, "Well, Bill, did you have a good time?"
"Oh yes. At least, I think so. I asked my wife on the way home and she said we did."

WILL ROGERS has the privilege of selecting the titles of his pictures for Goldwyn. When he made "Jubilo," the New York office, upon receiving the print, protested against the name.
"It's got no box office value," they telegraphed. "Doesn't mean anything. Nobody will know what you're talking about."
"All right," Bill wired back, "I'll submit you the three following: Sex; Sinners; and Why Girls Leave Home. If you don't like any of them you'll have to stick to "Jubilo."

THE engagement of Wallace MacDonald and Doris May has been officially announced by the interested parties in Los Angeles.
Although rumors to the effect that these two well-known screen lights were about to sign or had signed a life contract have been current for a long time, it was not until recently that Mrs. Gregory Ottis Garrett, mother of Doris May, made the announcement to a party of friends at her home, on Orange Grove Drive.
The wedding date has not been set, but it is expected sometime in the very near future. The engaged couple met last March at an announcement party in Hollywood and the romance has progressed steadily ever since.

A MEMBER of the Lasky wardrobe department was buying a large stock of laces, silks, brocades and chiffons at a store in Los Angeles. When she was through she said, "Please charge it to Jesse Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood."
"Miss, or Mrs. ?" asked the salesgirl loyally.
Which revealed the fact that the head of the Famous-Players Lasky organization receives fan notes every now and then addressed to "Miss Jessie Lasky" and saying how much the writer liked her last role.
Such is fame.

MONTHLY bulletin on Bill Reid—alias William Wallace Reid, Jr.—has just been issued. Reid is now a new governor with ideas derived from study of Binet-Simon's book on psychoanalysis. He is giving a trial set of questions, specially arranged to test the mentality of a four-year-old.
"Now William," said she, "What would you do if you went to the street car line and found you had just missed your car?"
"Call a taxi," said Bill disdainfully.
"Father's own son!"

FLORENCE MOORE, the well known comedienne, recently played Los Angeles for a week with the stage play "Breakfast in Bed." They reached Los Angeles after a week of one night stands, and on Monday evening after dinner with some movie friends in Hollywood who drove her and her colored maid to the Los Angeles Theater, Miss Moore gave a ripping opening performance.
Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

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

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

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. 358, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
Don't Scrub

The Closet Bowl

It is as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. Sani-Flush will clean your closet bowl with scarcely any effort on your part. And it will clean it more thoroughly than you can do it by any other means—so thoroughly, in fact, that disinfectants are not necessary. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. Then watch the result. Markings, stains, incrustations will all disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap as spotlessly white as new. Sani-Flush cannot harm the plumbing.

The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.  
Canadian Agents:  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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.)

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

NU-ART DESTROYS HAIR PERMANENTLY

VIOLETA DANA gave a farewell party for Winnie Sheehan, Fox vice-president who went east after a month's visit to the western studio in Hollywood, and it was without doubt the most attractive and cleverly arranged and laugh-springing affair ever given in Hollywood. The whole Fox studio turned in to help the pretty little star with her decorations for the beautiful Dana house in Beverly Hills and for the fascinating program she presented.

Upon arriving, two large and husky cowboys standing before the canopied doorway ushered in the guests. If they happened to be a bit casual, blank cartridges unexpectedly exploded in the swivel head behind the pretty little star at the entrance, to a regular old-time western bar, arranged in a set at one end of the verandah.

After a marvellous dinner which might have done credit to a Parisian hostess, Miss Dana asked her guests to assemble in the drawing room, before a velvet curtain which presently drew back to reveal a miniature stage. Here a program which probably couldn't be equaled in America outside the Lamb's Club, was presented.

First, an original and exclusive two-reel comedy, entitled "The King," was introduced with Busby Keaton in the Dick Barthelmess role and Alice Lake as Lillian Gish. A patent washing-machine supplied the falls and a few cakes of distribution. The acrobat, who is really an acrobat as she is," she stated and proved it by standing on her head.

Later, a one-act burlesque entitled "Stay Down," was introduced with Burtat in the Dick Barthelmess role and Alice Lake as Lillian Gish. A patent washing-machine supplied the falls and a few cakes of distribution. The acrobat, who is really an acrobat as she is," she stated and proved it by standing on her head.

As they say, yes, they really are. Constance and her husband John are domiciled at the luxurious Hotel St. Regis Fifth Avenue, and if it is possible to be lavish in such surroundings, the Ptolomies surely are.

Dorothy and James Rennie live at the Savoy. They have many interests in common, but the least of them is a hearty admiration for the works of Stephen Leacock. In fact, it is whispered that when Mr. Rennie introduced Dorothy to the humorist, "it's the printed page, it made such a hit with her that she fell in love with the donor as well as the book.

The small son of Catherine Calvert is a very lively little chap with serious mouth and great soulful eyes. He went with his nurse to church one morning and he loved it. This is what was later reported to Mrs. Calvert-Arnstrom as the gist of her son's prayer: "God have my father up in heaven," said your little Paulie Arstrom, "I'm very serious indeed, "and," he added, "than's, Jesus, for all the good food I get!"

WILLIAM FARNUM is now a manager as well as an actor. He is co-director with George Tyler of the revival of "The Crooked Mile." "Erminie," in a Manhattan theater of which Frances Wilson and DeWolf Hopper are the co-stars.

Many famous film stars were in the audience for the first night, including Farnum himself, and his family; Bill Fox, his movie boss; and Eugene O'Brien, who was one of the younger set present who didn't remember the original performance.

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Millions and Millions?

(Continued from page 6)

commercial success. Nobody can say that till the spirograph and the motion-picture discs are on the market, and that will not be for months to come. Moreover, Mr. Elliott and his salesmen would be simply talking through their hats, as salesmen often do, when they tell any prospective buyer of Urban stock that it is being issued for business expansion of a going concern. Urban does not need any $3,500,000 to develop his Movie Chats, his Kineto Review and exploit his 2,000,000 feet educational-film library. The $3,500,000 stock issue is being sold to put the untried spirograph on the market, and neither Mr. Urban, nor Mr. Joy, nor Mr. Elliott would think of saying anything else if they were trying to get financial backing from an investment banker or broker down in the New York financial district. The whole sale of the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc., depends solely on the black enameled and nickel-plated spirograms and its picture records. If they fail, all the other Urban products will have to work about forty-eight hours a day to pay dividends on $3,500,000.

The workability of the spirograph has been tested in the Urban workrooms, but it has not been tested in the rural districts of southern Minnesota. I may be dead wrong, but I can’t help feeling that it is dead wrong to induce people to invest their savings in a three- and a half million dollars stock issue to manufacture in big quantities any product which has never been tried out in the market and for which no market has yet been established. I consulted an old motion picture man who has forgotten more on the subject of motion pictures than most of us will ever learn.

“Well, Henry Ford did not begin right off the bat to make his flivvers in big quantities,” he said. “Henry took his time about starting, improving his machines as he went along. My big criticism of the Urban plan is this: it takes machinery to make machines. If the spirograph and the records do not prove successful at first, it will be necessary to make alterations, not only in the spirograph and the records, but in all the machinery used to make these instruments and articles. And what about this non-inflammable film record? How durable is it? Is it proof from warping and shrinkage under various weather conditions? That disc has to remain perfect in proportions if it is going to show any pictures at all. The picture has to be in absolutely perfect alignment.”

Fair enough suggestions to make to a movie magnate who is selling $3,500,000 worth of stock to the public. Mr. Urban and his associates say that the spirograph has wide commercial possibilities, and that it can be used to illustrate the operations of a tractor, threshing machine and other implements which are too heavy to carry around in a handbag. It is reasonable to believe that the spirograph has certain possibilities industrially, although, personally, and after years of close association with that specimen of our population known as the American farmer, I should be much more interested in seeing a farmer buy his plow and seeder by motion pictures, than I would be in seeing the spirograph project views of night life in the cities of Mars.

The spirograph, Urban asserts, outside the spirograph and the discs are of doubtful value. His 2,000,000 foot film library is old, and it is impossible to estimate the value of old films of Griffith or Metro or any other producer were making a historical picture, in which it was desired to show the German fleet, now at the bottom of the sea, the producer would go bankrupt for an old film.

Urban has a good film showing the late

A New Principle in Hair Coloring

Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute has discovered what the centuries have waited for:

The Perfect Hair Coloring INECTO RAPID

Personality-character-beauty—all these are the expression of harmony between your features, your complexion and your hair. If the relation between these characteristics, though in themselves beautiful, is not one of harmony, there can be no real beauty.

Nature strove to give you this harmony and if you are now losing it because of faded, streaked or prematurely gray hair it can be regained. If nature gave you a shade of hair discordant with your type of beauty, it is the only one.

If you have spoiled the color and texture of your hair, as have thousands of women by the use of dyes, you can restore it to its former brilliant glossiness and to any shade that you desire with absolute certainty.

ENTICO RAPID is not an ordinary dye. It does not paint the hair, but penetrates the hair shafts themselves with true color pigment. It can be applied in thirty minutes and needs no preliminary shampooing and no drying afterwards.

The coloring of the hair can be stopped at any point so there is no danger of having too dark a shade, as is the case with other methods. INECTO RAPID does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings; is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth; is not affected by salt water, rain, sunlight, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature’s own coloring—not even under a microscope. It is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

ENTICO RAPID is supplied in 18 shades from deepest blue-black to radiant natural blond and in between there are marvelous ash tones that no dye has ever before achieved.

ENTICO RAPID has been recently introduced to this country and it is already in exclusive use in the more fashionable salons. In New York alone it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carleton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Plaza and many others.

Ninety-seven per cent of the women in Europe who employ coloring to restore the natural beauty of their hair, are using INECTO RAPID. It has revolutionized the art of hair coloring abroad, where it is used by fifteen hundred foremost hairdressers and endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

Send No Money

Just fill out this coupon and mail it in today. We will send you at once booklet containing full details of INECTO RAPID, and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" enabling you to find the most harmonious and becoming color for your hair.

Send This Coupon Today

ENTICO, Inc., Laboratories, 816 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once your booklet containing full details of INECTO RAPID, and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form A).

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The Peak School of Dancing, Inc.
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German fleet, and he might be able to sell one or two hundred feet at a big price. But how often would such opportunities offer? These old historical and educational films might be bought and sold many times a year. If not, the) had to compete with new subjects. Urban's famous 2,000,-

000 foot library may become a collection of old masters in the film world in a hundred years after the last Urban stockholder dies. In the meantime, it costs money to store films. They need fireproof vaults. In the United States, for instance, no circle of activity is large enough to grow grey—and they will not if they use

Néos Henné

Restorative

Preparation

will prevent grey hair, stimulating—giving renewed life, restoring the luster and natural color. Women cannot afford or afford these days of activity to grow grey—yet they will not if they use

معنى النص الإنجليزي

Do Not Grow Grey

Néos Henné

—note please the word NÉOS—it will not fade, wash or rub off and is absolutely guaranteed to contain no ingredients harmful to the scalp or hair. Directions packed to jet black. Full directions given in box.

PRICE $1.60 for full treatment

For sale at all drugstores, leading hair dressers or direct from

NÉOS CO. Dept.P, 366 Fifth Ave., New York

Canadian Distributors: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., 66 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Ask for booklet, "F." you will find it helpful in caring for your hair.

General Manager

"How Did She Do It?"

That is what the other girls asked when Mary Elliott became the manager's secretary. She hadn't been with the company long, but had been jumped over the heads of many, determined to ask Mary. I found, six months ago, I could take dictate rapidly, but apparently had reached my limit on the typewriter, and every effort for speed, cost aches and nervous strain. My salary was limited by the amount of work I finished. Just then I read about the 'New Way' lessons in a trade paper. The book told me about building strength for more speed, and pointed out how I could acquire it easily and quickly.

I enrolled. The first lesson convinced me. In four months I could write 30 words a minute easily and accurately. Now my output is double—which I get double the pay. The promotion came with the speed—the general manager asked me in his office.

Send for the free book, "The New Way in Typewriting," that tells all about this system. See the money-back guarantee. Then start yourself on the road to promotion, more money and easier work.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL

7504 College Hill

Springfield, Ohio

In other words, it is a gold mine that Mr. Urban is offering. More than eleven million net profit in the first three years. Urban has an interesting little machine. It might be a good one for Franc added amount of respect, but Mr. Urban has exactly the same way of figuring his profits as Captain Frederick F. Stoll, John and the former's field. Urban has all the rest of the stock-selling motion picture promoters. They all calculate their profits in millions before they earn a cent. There is no one connected with any company that has made an outstanding success in motion pictures. Mr. Urban has been in the business for more than twenty years. Stoll, or any other one. He is cleaning up his first eleven millions in the next three years.

Mr. Urban is president of the company, Fred R. Minnith, an attorney, secretary and treasurer, Roy F. Soule, former editor of a trade magazine, general sales manager, St. Elmer Lewis, chairman of the Board of Directors. Setting, printing specialist, is a director.

I almost forgot to mention that the National Exchanges, Inc., owned and operated by the Urban company, has a contract for distributing the "Kineto Review" and other Urban film features. We have had our say about Johnson and Hopkins in flower, HOP-

PLAY. They have been selling stocks in their various company for the past two years, but have produced little or nothing except a few live suit pictures. The sudden disappearance of Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president of the United States Photoplay Corporation, about the middle of December, 10 of six weeks later when he failed to make appearance at the hearing of a law suit in which he was interested. It seems that Captain Stoll has vanished on former occasions leaving trusting investors sorely puzzled. He, so his associates reported, had been worried by overwork and illness of late. As this was written, dispatches from Los Angeles say that Stoll has reappeared, and is heading eastward. In the meantime, J. W. Martin of Cumberland, Md., a heavy stockholder in Stoll's Photoplay Company, is acting as president. The company has not finished its first picture as yet.

The tragic death of Hannibal N. Clermont, president of the Clermont Photoplays of Los Angeles and Boston, has called attention to the financial trials of that company. Last Summer the Clermont Corporation offered 2,500,000 of 10 per cent, preferred stock at $100 per share, and with each share of preferred was offered a share of common at the same price. The issue was underwritten by H. F. Albers of Los Angeles, and was sold all over the country. At the Boston branch office it was stated that there were reservations for sale had been disposed of. Clermont resigned from the company last August, and was succeeded by W. D. Ball, and last January resigned as president. The stock sales organization ran afoul of the Corporation Commissioner of California, who demanded an immediate accounting, but had no power to enforce the demand. The unpleasedness is connected with the threatened investigation of the company's affairs, caused him to resign. Good of his company, and his friends who expressed the hope that he and his associates had invested in the Clermont company, having absolute faith in its president. Brooding over the company's affairs and possible financial loss to his friends is believed to have caused Mr. Clermont to take his own life.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 53)

retarded action scene in which an inquisitive hen, drinking wine from an overturned cask, is seen to float back to its coop with that ludicrous uncertainty of movement associated with the modern gentleman full of his neighbor's brew. Yet that is about all I recall of "The Love Light." It isn't fair to place the blame for this particular Pickford upon the shoulders of any one person without knowing the facts. Frances Marion wrote the original script, and by her previous performances we feel she could not have done so poorly with this one unless she had been interfered with. And though we have a fixed suspicion that little Mary herself, grown over-confident and possibly a little dictatorial these last few months, may have depended too much upon her own prejudiced judgment, it is possible she has been badly advised. At any rate, "The Love Light" is a poor picture in the sense of being quite unworthy the star's talents. The story is developed without reasonable logic and filmed with only the value of the pictures in mind. "The Love Light"s one value to my mind is that it takes the nation's sweetheart out of curls and short frocks and makes a woman of her.

THE DEVIL—Pahe

I SUPPOSE "The Devil" can safely be listed with the pictures that serve a purpose, even though they do not tell an interesting story. This one, in fact, serves two purposes in that it introduces George Arliss to the screen and warns the susceptible that the voice of the tempter is usually the voice of Satan himself and should be promptly denied. That Mr. Arliss is an actor of quality it did not require the cinema to prove. He is one of comparatively few players who combines a rare intelligence with his skill. As the sneaky and cynical D. Muller, the Devil incarnate, his performance is carefully studied, down to the last grimace; and yet so artfully unstudied that it has the quality of a natural spontaneity. Aside from the Arliss performance, however, there is not much to the picture that either stabs or holds the interest. Dr. Muller, overhearing certain amiable "puppets" remarking their belief that truth shall ever triumph over evil, undertakes to prove them wrong. Into the ears of a restless quartet he whispers his insinuations and innuendoes until he separates a perfectly pure fiancée from her honest lover, arouses the jealousy of an artful rival and the artist's model, sets all four well on their way to haddies and is about to chortle a farewell chortle while he attacks the heroine when, in response to the lady's prayers, the cross of heaven flares out in his path and he is undone. It would have been a better picture without this too obvious touch, but who shall say the lesson is not the more strongly driven home thereby? Mr. Arliss is competently supported by Sylvia Breamer, Lucy Cotten, Edmund Lowe, Roland Bottomley and Mrs. Arliss. James Young did the directing.

MAMMA'S AFFAIR—First National

THERE is an idea worth toying with in "Mamma's Affair," in which Constance Talmadge plays the devoted daughter of one of those exasperating neurasthenics who "enjoys poor health." It is not a particularly good idea from the Constance Talmadge stand point, seeing that it takes this most interesting young flapper out of the line of parts she plays so gracefully, and with so little effort, and actually makes her act a bit. But that in itself is not a bad idea. In "Mamma's Affair" Constance attends so faithfully that her own nerves are all

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Just as the leading movie stars are imitated, so are Burson Hose. To be sure of the perfected knit-in shape, look for the label on each pair.

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Photoplay Magazine ^Advertising Section

78

The Shadow

GIRLS! GIRLS!
Clear Your Skin

Save Your Hair

WITH CIITICIM

(

when she meets the

a-jangle

Conti nued

interesting

to take mamma's
case.
From him she learns a lot of things.
Among them that mamma's habit of "having a fit" each time she is crossed, or in
danger of not getting her own way, is
entirely
premeditated. Also, Constance
comes to understand that either she must
step out for herself or she will miss everything.
So she politely proposes to the
doctor and after he has overcome a half
reel of scruples she wins him.
"Mamma's
Affair" was the comedy that won its author,
the late Rachel Barton Butler, a $500
prize last season.
It has been carefully
transferred to the screen by John Emerson

country doctor called

in

and Anita Loos. Miss Talmadge has a
good time trying to be serious, Effie Shannon
plays well her stage part of the mother and
Kenneth Harlan is excellent as the young
doctor.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—
Associated Producers

we had a National Cinematographic
IFlibrary,
as we should have, into the

Make these fragrant super
creamy

emollients your
every-day toilet prepara-

and have a clear
sweet healthy skin and
complexion, good hair and
soft white hands, with
tions

little

trouble and trifling

expense. Absolutely noth
ing better, purer, sweeter
at

any

price.

DW~Cuticura Toilet Trio
Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and
purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and
soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and
perfume, promote and maintain skin purity,
skin comfort and skin health often when all
Everywhere 25c each.
else seems to fail.
Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura
Laboratories, Dept. J, Maiden, Mast.
v3s^F~Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

archives of which each year were placed the
best pictures and finest examples of the
cinematographic art achieved during that
year, and I were on the board that voted
upon the admission or rejection of submitted films, I certainly should include
"The Last of the Mohicans" in my list of
There is, to me, an imeligible exhibits.
pressive effort made in this fine picture of
Maurice Tourneur's to treat a big subject
with dignity and a certain reverence to
which its traditions entitle it, and yet to do
so without losing sight for an instant of its
Uncas, the Indian, is
picture possibilities.
neither a handsome thing to look upon, nor
But
yet a romantically fascinating hero.
Uncas is real, and the adventures through
which he leads the trusting Munros are
thrillingly true to the spirit of the story.
Tourneur differs from most of the directors
in his class in that he can achieve great

beauty of background without

sacrifice of

story value, and while he does permit a
of

repetition

certain

his

shots,

favorite

the views from a darkened cave through to
the blazing firelight or sunlight or moonlight
beyond, for example, with silhouetted figures
against the light, they seldom interfere
with the spectator's interest in the tale.

There

is

more good melodrama

"The

in

Last of (he Mohicans" than in a half dozen
crook plays; more fine, hair-raising tight:-,
and one supreme climax in the leap from
the cliff that has not been equalled for

There

is

quality

new

method. Detailed instructions of the newest dances
are taught by .America's
foremost authority on Ball-

room Dancing.

SAMPLE
LESSON

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Addll lonal lessons 60c

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H. Syslcm of D.inrinc Instruction
290 Broadway. N. Y.
D.pl. 74

A.

where they will do the most good and
accepting whatever comes his way.
He
goes in for a bit of wife beating, too, when
he begins to feel his power thus being even
with the muscular lady who had dented
many a good frying pan on his hard head
while he was a worm.
Finally, marrying
into the upper classes and returning from
a yachting trip abroad to find his political
power waning, he re-establishes himself by
walking into his club and knocking the
After
first enemy he meets flat on his back.
which he roughly conquers his aristocratic
mate and continues merrily on his way.
The point is that here is an honest picture
of an average human, possessing a genial,
likable personality but prey to as common
faults as the rest of us; and a story that
doesn't fool anyone, not even the director,
but is entertaining to everyone, including
the critic.
In this spirit Mason Hopper
has made it, and in this spirit Tom Moore
and Naomi Childers play it.

—

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP—
Cosmopolitan-Paramount' Artcraft

DIRECTOR

Albert Capellani and scenGeorge Proctor did not get much
that was worth the extraction from Winston
Churchill's novel, "The Inside of the Cup."
Its arraignment of the "whited sepulcher.-"
who were a popular target of church critics
a generation ago seems a fearfully trite and
arioist

It is a little like
story to me.
presenting a picture of the Civil War to
point a criticism of the recent conflict in
Europe. Again it is so hopelessly overdone,
in that the hypocrites are so impossibly and
so defiantly hypocritical and so unrepresentative of even the most shallow of those
pillars of the church who use their religion
as a cloak, that it carries nothing resemOr did not to me. The
bling conviction.
story tells of one Parr, a churchly sinner
who suffers his daughter to leave his house
and his son to become an outcast because
he is stubborn in both his religion and his
sin, and is brought to a climax when a
youthful rector from upstate takes the
pulpit to denounce the ungodly as churchartificial

men and individuals. Pictorially it is an
attractive picture, and it is well acted byDavid Torrence as the chief sinner, William
P. Carletoh as the fighting rector and byMarguerite Clayton and Edith Hallor.

By Photoplay

all

its

a

fascinating boldness about
picture that gives it a

Moore
own.

Made from

Rupert

a

Hughes storj called "Canavan," "Hold
Your Horses" has the advantage of being
a typical screen romance, in that it concern-;
the adventures of .\n Irish lad whose first
job in America was that of "manicurin' the
avenoo" as a while wing, but who lived to
see the day he married the Society queen
whose horses ran him down while he was at
his labor-.
But its handling is distinctly

unmoviesque.

tan. nan becomes

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cian, his rise starting from the day he held
a red lltg in his hand and warned the traffic
awaj from a blasting job. It was his first

Kvny

idvertlsemenl in

Editors

is

have seen screened. The cast, headed by
Albert Koseoe, as Uncas, Wallace Beery as
the wicked Magna, Barbara Bedford as Cora
Monro, is well chosen, koseoe and Beery
giving especially good performances.

THERE
this Tom
through wonderful

taste of authority.
As a boss he is frankly
something of a grafter, selling his favors

a nice sense ol
delicacy in the treatment of the romance,
and there is as line an effect in the panoramic
closeup of the escaping villagers as I ever

several seasons.

HOLD YOUR HORSES— Goldwyn

Learn to dance at home

Stage

PHOTOPLAY MAO A '/INK

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PAYING THE PIPER—
Paramount' Artcraft:

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great picture in

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ITItisn't
isn't drama;

Frenchman's

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fine artistry,

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and

be popular with a great many people.
supplied as usual by Ouid.i
Bergere, is in no way worthy of his direct ion
being just a flippant nearly naughty thing
about Manhattan's storied smart set, with
Dorothy Dickson, queen of Broadway
dancers, as the smartest member of the interMiss Dickson this is her
preting cast.
registers her elusive, charmscreen debut
ingly feminine personality on the screen as
She doesn't dance
she does on the stage.
in this, but she gives the impression of
Her initial effort is somewhat
dancing.
handicapped by her limited role. Rapid
and risque titles help to tell the risque and
rapid tale, embellished by many delightful
sartorial moments by Miss Dickson, pensive
pastels by the sweet and soothing Alma
it

will

His

story,

—

guaranteed,

—

—


The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

tell, very honest acting by Reginald Denny, for whom we predict a large career as a heart-smasher, an excellent portrayal of a wealthy young waster by the slim Rod LaRoco, and another one of those immensely satirical delineations by that king of character actors, George Fawcett.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS— Paramount-Artcraft

If Roscoe Arbuckle has ever done anything equaling his work in "Brewster's Millions," we have yet to see it. The title is the only thing recognizable in the screen version of this tried-and-trusty old stock vehicle, but you'll forget the liberties taken with the plot in watching this heavyweight champion of comedians. From the first close-up, as Monte Brewster at the age of one year, shaking dice with cubes of sugar, to the final fade-out, Arbuckle in his apparently effortless manner creates laugh after laugh. It's purely comedy, quite without dramatic value, and replete with decidedly keystonie situations but cleverly handled, and very well directed. You'll enjoy it.

DOUBLE ADVENTURE— Pathé

Now we know where all the nice little automatic pistols went, when the armistice was signed—Pathé commanded them for this serial. It gets away to a flying start with a perfectly good murder, a drugged heroine and an indestructible hero, known in private life, if he ever has such a thing, as Charles Hutchison.

FRONTIER OF THE STARS— Paramount-Artcraft

Not a western story, as one might be led to believe from the title, but a tale of the New York east side, with that excellent actor, Thomas Meighan, as the young gangster who comes under the refining influence of a crippled girl of the tenements, the latter part well played by the big-eyed Faire Binney. Smooth, rapid action distinguishes the plot which, though it verges at times upon the melodramatic, will hold your interest throughout. A good picture.

HIS ENEMY'S DAUGHTER— Chandler

There is little novelty in the theme, but a competent star and cast, and good direction, make this acceptable. It is the story of a man who is betrayed by his best friend, and finds an opportunity for revenge through his love for the friend's child. Helen Badgeley plays the child with a natural charm sadly lacking in many juvenile actresses. Vincent Serrano, more celebrated on the stage than on the screen, is the principal, and does very well. The title is the crudest thing about the picture.

RICH GIRL, POOR GIRL— Universal

The old story of the twin sisters who were parted—one to be brought up in luxury, the other to know only the hardships of poverty. Of course you know from the very beginning that all the double exposures are simply leading to the finding of the waif and bringing her back to a life of luxury, but that doesn't make the dual adventures of pretty little Gladys Walton any the less interesting. There are the familiar ingredients of gangsters, kidnappers, and a drunken father; but as these are never offensive, you can just sit back and look at Gladys.

(Continued on page 100)

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A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

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A Glimpse of the Heights
(Continued from page 58)
East— an enigmatic girl with the pure frail face of an angel and the big coarse limbs of peasant stock. Others trailed up the dingy stairs—girls who hailed Aileen with familiar banter; strange boys who blushed and always mumbled "pleased to meet ya" as Amy introduced them.

It was Garry Kenyon's variation on this monotonous formula which first impressed Aileen with the fact that he was different.

"How do you do, Miss Kelley?" he inquired as he took her hand.

"Just as I please," she thrust in return, thinking him one of A. y.'s gang who had put on airs to "kid" her.

Looking up at him she saw the warmth die out of his eyes, knew that her apparent rudeness had been a social error, and took his arm impulsively.

"Come on," she commanded, "we better get in on the punch before it's all drank up."

She led him into the parlor, a place of flowering family crayon, and furniture of the Golden Oak Renaissance period, hazy with the smoke of cigarettes that were fast redeeming its stiff and painful cleanliness, and brightened for the occasion by gay tissue streamers from the furred and ruffled corners.

Garry brought her a glass of the insipid punch, and she made room for him on the sofa, with an appreciative glance at his sun-tanned face and attitude."

"Aren't you with anybody?" he asked.

"Here on the sofa?"

"No—here at Miss Knoles' party."

"Come alone."

"So did I."

And only Aileen foresaw that this circumstance of being alone in a roomful of couples would eventually couple thoughtlessly.

"You don't know Amy real well, do you?" she inquired. "I heard you say 'Miss Knoles'."

He laughed, showing teeth as white and even as her own.

"We went to school together, but she's grown up since and I've moved from the neighborhood," he replied. "And I'm pretty busy now, studying law," he added with the self-importance of youth.

Then the games started. The little parlor was too small for dancing, so the hostess resorted to the amusements of childhood parties. First there was blind man's buff, with Amy as blind man, followed by a blouse milliner as tall and frigid as Diana herself. Then pass-in-the-Corner, with a great thumping of heavy shoes and fluttering of skirts, and this naturally led to Ferfes and Post Office. Naturally, the law student and the shopgirl became Garry and Aileen to each other after their first formal kiss.

He took her in to supper, and home afterward. There was no opportunity for talk in the crowded street-car, and she was able for the first time to study him detachedly as he leaned against the window seat, not as they had both discerned him to be, but as they perceived him.

He was different—this she realized without knowing exactly how. He didn't put out his hand when he was cautious, and she was trying to be "fresh," and she had never been treated with such courtly as he had shown this evening—but yet he had not taken extra pains to make a good impression. She was certain of that—he had been so genuinely natural. She fell to studying his face. It was uncannily, clean-nailed, fine-boned and capable. She had never met a boy she liked so well.

And Garry, young pagan that he was, wondered whether he had gone far enough with Amy to impress her with his manhood. He had never seen a girl so besotted with her beauty, to get the good-night kiss he wanted! His idea of love was a mere sublimated selfishness—chivalrous and protective, to give the lad his due—but essentially
earthbound. He was twenty then, and two years of worship at the impersonal shrine of Woman had given him only zest for his first amatory adventure, with nothing of adoration in the gratitude which is the greater part of an unowned woman's love.

The long ride ended, and when they came silently to the door of the tenement where she rommed, Aileen saw its stark ugliness as the last line of the last time. In her confusion she dropped her key, and they fumbled for it together, laughing. Their pulsing fingers met, and he squeezed her hands in one. It was not snatched away, and his heart beat faster.

Aileen slipped the key into the lock, half-opened the door, and turned. In the little fragment of time required to do this, she had read her heart, coolly, accurately, with that restraint of impulse that governs every decision of a working girl of the city.

"We had a swell time together, you and me," she said wistfully, "but you gotta run along now."

"But I like you the best of all, and that you know—I call it a shame. How about Wednesday night—Aileen?"

"I—I ain't got any place to have callers."

"Then you'll go to a show.

"That'll be lovely.

She gave him her hand, and they were silent while his strong fingers extracted another from her grasp. He stepped closer, and she raised her expectant face as a child might have done. With cool unruffling lips she returned it gently.

"Good night, Garry," she murmured.

"Till Wednesday, dear."

And so they parted.

Declaration and response had passed between them according to understanding of the unwritten code that governs metropolitans lovers. Yet they were not bound in even the slightest degree, nor would they be unless she had given him the ring. If a further trial of one another should prove unsatisfactory to either, they would fail to kiss at their next parting, and the affair would be ended. Meanwhile, in all one evening, they had met, found each other attractive, and committed themselves to "going together" to the exclusion of all others, for such is the thrall humanized custom of Aileen's world.

While this code had not Garry's allegiance, he understood it sufficiently well to know what Aileen considered the affair to be, as well as what she considered hers. But the freedom of withdrawal extended to him as well, so he felt no depressing responsibility, but only the thrill of entering upon the first phase of a harmless and charming adventure.

When Aileen reached her room she lit the gas jet and turned to mirror with instinctive vision as a homing pigeon heads towards its cote. The face she saw had a charm of its own—bravery engendered by days and nights of physical and spiritual starvation—purity of blue eyes and childish lips. Quiet and wistful it was, but no more alluring or provocative than the chromo of Sallie O'Hara, which lay open upon her dressing table. It gave her no answer to the enigma of why Garry had chosen her in preference to the prettier, cleverer, more cultured girl she knew from his letters."

"A real gent like him," she thought, "to fall for a mutt like me!"

She undressed, pondering while she made it. Her old dresses, folden away into a tissue-lined drawer and stuffed newspaper into their pumps to hold their shape.

If everything broke right, she thought—if only she had forgotten the list of things to show him that he'd picked a loser. It wasn't too late to start in—she could go to night school, and by keeping her eyes and ears open day-times, soak in, somehow, that breeding for which she had no better definition than "class."

When she finally dozed off into a pleasant sleep, in her heart was still glowing warmly for the gratefulness which is the greater part of an unowned woman's love.

On Wednesday night Garry was admitted by Aileen's lambidly, and her shop-girl acquaintances saw them together on the Avenue. Thus they passed definitely into the status of "keeping steady company."

And what a good time they had that evening, Garry's program of "pop" vaudeville and movies was even before so enchanting; they held hands shamelessly, rocked with tearful laughter when the comedian aimed his pointed joke at them, and wept in vitriolic grief at the sorrows flashed on the screen.

Then came sodas, and the long laughing walk home, when they spread their infectious gaiety freely among the passers-by.

A late shop-girl leaning upon his showcase beamed upon them: a slatternly tenant, carrying her leer past in a black bag, peerued after them long and wistfully, and then climbed her stairway slowly, blinking.

It was written so plainly upon their happy faces that the sunny world lay before Garry, awaiting his conquering hand; that love was to Aileen a dew-drenched garden, fragrant and wonderful; and that neither these things cannot last forever, or that Youth is Youth because it dies.

So an enchanted Saturday passed. Beyond a few impetuous and ill-advised attempts at self-improvement, such as changing her accustomed newspaper for a daily that resulted in fewer illustrations and smaller headlines, Aileen's education made no progress.

The thought of Garry monopolized her days as Garry himself monopolized her evenings, for successful love, despite all the criticism has said to the contrary, is not a stimulus to endeavor, but a soothing narcotic of poppy-like insidiousness.

Unfortunately, the night school opened on an evening when Garry had gallery tickets for Aileen's first taste of grand opera. She recklessly postponed her enrollment, which she had seriously determined to make at the next opportunity. Later she surprised her mother with the unlooked-for announcement of her engagement to discuss on her comings and goings with one's beloved!

It was on an evening in early Fall that Aileen first broached the subject, after they had finished their plans for that great holiday of the shopgirl—Sunday.

"I know a place over in Jersey," he had said, "where we can walk miles through the woods, never seeing a house or another soul. How would you like to spend the day along with the birds and wildflowers—and me?"

"I bet I'd just love it!"

"We'll go for a long hike, and I'll cook lunch on a campfire. Tea, chops, bread and butter; how's that? And you'll see—you'll wear my Arsne and things to wear."

"I got a pair of tennis sneakers that'll be a whole thing when you going to meet me, Garry?"

"Is nine o'clock too early?"

"Oh, no—that'll give me lots of time to get ready on."

He held his arms out in mute appeal, and she stepped into them, her hands on his shoulders, her upturned face starry-eyed and tenderly. That which followed was broken only by an occasional sigh.

"Aileen," he whispered finally, "Aileen—"

"What, Garry?"

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Albany, New York
A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

"I—I wanted to say how much I loved you, but I couldn't, it's too wonderful.

Her hands crept up to hold him closer, "Garry—feels my heart beatin', Garry?"

"Yes, dear."

"It's all for you, Garry... every beat."

"I know, darling."

Lissen, Garry—I don't want you should be ashamed of me, never.

"Ashamed of you—the dearest, the most beautiful!"

"Hush, Garry—give me a chance.

ain't in your class—never had no education.

I'm ignorant—and the only good thing I got to say for myself is that I'm wise to it. I'm goin' to study, Garry. I'm goin' to make sompin' of myself.

"What do you mean—exactly?"

"Well—how to talk right, and mostly how to act like a lady without tryin'."

"I could help you with the first part, dear."

"Will you really—will you learn me to talk like you do?"

"Teach you, Aileen."

"That's the word—teach me. I'm goin' to night school, Garry."

"You darling—why, you'll be giving me pointers in grammar in a few weeks. You little bunch of ambition!"

Silence followed, broken by the hollow beat of approaching footsteps. They drew apart as a poltergeist, and when the rhythm diminished of his brogans had died away Garry took her hand again.

"Gee, she exclaimed, "it must be awful late."

"I'd better go now."

He bent to kiss her, and found her cheek wet with tears.

"Aileen—why—what's the matter?"

"Nothing Garry—just happy."

So, content with nothing more, they passed through the supreme moment of their lives, and as the dimly preexistent that never again would come this silent and sacred communion that transfigured them and glorified the dingy hallway.

Finally Garry said, "I hate to let you go, Garry, but—your folks"

"Good-night, darling."

"Till Sunday," she breathed.

"Yes, dear," he promised, and wrenched himself unwillingly away.

He walked to the corner in a luminous trance of glee and anticipation. His little self had been so solaced that the sensations which accompanied him throughout his homeward journey. What a dear girl she was, he thought, so sweet and so tenderly beautiful. Her love had made him a better man than he had ever been before. (He was only twenty!) She had entrusted her happiness to him, and he would prove himself worthy by his high achievements, by winning a bountiful success for her to share. He saw himself at thirty, the envy of all other young lawyers; at forty, with deferential partners, vast collections, and a face of fabulously busy men. His name had been retained from great corporations. Aileen should have servants, diamonds, motor cars. They would winter in Florida. . .

At this point he turned into his house street, and the light burning in the living room of his family's apartment reminded him that it was very late. His mother might have worried, he thought guiltily. Snapping the night-latch, he tiptoed into the living room, found her placidly sleeping, and was immediately reassured.

"Why did you wake up?"

You shouldn't worry so much, Mother," he protested, dropping his hat on the piano.

"But I didn't worry, Junior," she replied, with a smile, which he knew hid the truth. It was characteristic of her that she used no affectionate abbreviations, still calling her husband "Garfeld" after twenty-five years of marriage.

"I was sleepy," she continued, "and I thought my boy might be hungry. I'll put on the tea—and I saved some of your oysters.

His gray-haired, gray-eyed mother was the daughter of a family whose failing fortunes had brought them to dingy Third Avenue. Here—through women's work to womanhood, hating the neighborhood with the bitterness of a girl suddenly deprived of all that had made her teens worth while. With patience and carefully systematically weighing the young men of the Avenue, she had boldly selected Garfeld Kenyon as the best adapted to quick material success. The moment their honeymoon ended, she had begun to scheme and plan for his advancement, and had now pushed him from an obscure bank clerkship to the cashier's office and herself from Third Avenue to Washington Heights.

She knew, of course, that she had made mistakes in the management of her husband, but considered so good an arrangement that her son should profit by them. He should have a better start, with friendships that were worth while; he should go to college and finish. It was a plan that would later be his connections down-town. Her plans for him were so unsanctioned as was her faith in her generality.

After blowing a shower, he pushed over the sugar and cream for his convenience and sat down, concealing her anxiety so well that he chatted easily and unsuspectingly with her until he had finished.

"It's near the end of the term," she said at last, "how are you prepared for examinations?"

"Boned up right to the minute, Mother."

"Then perhaps you'll be first?"

"Well—you know that Moe Levine has a wonderful memory—but I'm pretty sure of second or third."

That's splendid, Junior," a pause followed, while she sought for an opening to his heart—which she felt had closed against her for the first time these last few weeks.

"You've been a good boy, dear," she said at last, "you've made me very happy."

"I believe I have."

"Some people would call me sinfully proud and selfish, but I think I've got the best son in the whole world."

The thought of her son to be touched by the love that illuminated her face, softening its hard outline and warming her cold eyes with a gentle mist.

"It's always been my ideal," she said, "that a mother should be more than the giver of a living body to her children. I want to lead you as far as I can into the world—to solve your problems, bear part of your troubles, give you an older and wiser pair of eyes to help you see your way through life. I won't be with you always, you know, and I don't mean to lay down my work and fold my hands, that they have done for you everything they could.

As the many mothers, Mrs. Kenyon had no sense of the unfairness of this attack. She cared only that Garry's impulsive young heart was quick to respond when this chivalrous love was offered, and that she might never failed in the past. She watched him, alert under her assumed mantle of gentle melancholy.

He toyed nervously with his napkin-ring, looked up and, dodging her eye, down again. She felt a sudden dread that he might withhold his confidence now for the first time, for he had never before been so terribly, vitally important to have it.
A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

But he finally lifted a flushed and candid face to hers, and she suppressed a sigh of relief as she prepared to listen sympathetically.

"Mother," he confided, "there's something you can help me with. I didn't want to tell you until you'd met the girl—here Mrs. Kenyon half nodded in appreciation of the situation's gravity—but I'm—"

"In love, and you'll love her too, when you see her—she's the dearest, sweetest little charmer any fellow could possibly have. I'm a little tall and slender and kid-dish and wisful, you know."

Mrs. Kenyon nodded. She had planned that Garry should manfully and unselfishly take his time to pick the best in breeding and inheritance that was within his grasp, and doing it neither before thirty nor after thirty-five. Summoning her coolness and confidence to meet this sudden menace, she said:

"Tell me more about her, Junior—where did you meet her, and who is she?"

"I went down to Amy Knoles' birthday party, you know, just for the sake of old times on the Avenue. She was there, and she said to me in that way—like a violet in a bunch of sunflowers. Her name is Aileen—don't you think that's a sweet name, Mother? Aileen Kelley."

"Is she one of the Newburgh Kelleys, the American Linen Company people?"

"Oh, no—her family were poor; her father and mother died when she was just a child, and she's been supporting herself ever since. Isn't that wonderful, though?"

Mrs. Kenyon looked away to avoid the candor and truth that beamèd in her son's eye:

"How has she supported herself?"

"Why, she clerked in the same store with Amy Knoles. A five and ten cent store on Second Street. And that brings me to the point where you could help, Mother. You see, she's had to work so hard ever since she was just a kid, that she hasn't been able to get much of an education. She speaks—East Side Manhattanese. But she's amazingly bright and eager to improve herself. She's going to night school."

"And she attended very long?"

"Well, I mean to say, she's going to go. I'm to help her with that part—the book knowledge. But there's all the rest—manners and etiquette and such—you could do so much for her if you only would, Mother."

"We'll talk it over when she calls," said Mrs. Kenyon, still avoiding Garry's eye. "When are you going to see her again?"

"We're going out in the woods Sunday," he answered, "for a long hike. Aileen has never had much out-of-doors, the poor dear."

He ratted on about their plans for the holiday, unaware of how deeply his auditor was absorbed in thought. This must be stopped before it went any further, she decided, but how? Garfield's father was worthless in a matter of this kind. Their Sunday walk in the woods seemed to offer a clue, a suggestion of a plan, but it evaded her tantalizingly. If only Garfield would keep on talking! Suppose he brought the girl and his father with him Sunday? What would happen? An idea suddenly flashed into being, and it was so simple that she smiled. Why, the situation would take care of itself; there would be nothing to do except to keep her hands off and be properly sympathetic when it was all over.

And I know a little swamp that's just rank with wild berries this season," Garry concluded, "she's going to have her first chance to eat them au naturel."

"But she may be a little hungry at the end of the day, dear." Mrs. Kenyon inter-

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YOUR FUTURE
A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

Garry crassened off abruptly through the underbrush, an aluminum pail gleaming in his hand. Aileen laid herself luxuriously on the grass, rolled up her sleeves, and began to break up hardwood boughs for a fire. Aileen wondered at what was apparently the first lapse in her unfailing thoughtfulness.

"Ain't—aren't you going to offer me a drink?" she called.

"I'm not sure of this water," he flung over his shoulder. "Think I'd better boil it first.

So she moistened her dry mouth with a tender joint of grass and watched him prepare their lunch, then suddenly a wave of an unfamiliar emotion swept over her. The taste of the bread and butter, the salt, and the cut tomatoes. This was barely finished when he brought the chips from the fire and arranged them into clammy, juice-dripping sandwiches.

Aileen's supply of contented munching ended at last. Garry smiled her satisfaction and turned to her again, but not only to be repelled by what she saw. His mouth was greasy; perspiring over the fire he had traced little grime-edged rivulets down his downy face. His hands were black with char and suet. Instinctively her eyes flicked to her own hands, and her condition earned Garry a benumbed stare.

"Where's my underwear?" she demanded. "We better both wash up.

At the little pool where he had found water, Garry showed her how to use the fine sand at the bottom in lieu of soap. Back at their eyrie upon the cliff, she found an inviting couch of delicate pale ferns, and they abandoned themselves to the soporific after-effects of a heavy outdoor meal.

Dilimously conscious of the vast turquoise arch overhead, and the Olympian magnificence of their high nest, they drowned for a golden hour. Then Garry stirred, found the hard ground irksome, and arose. Here and there a little daisy pitched the green of their little meadow, a tall meadow grass, like their wordly crown, he looked at Aileen to wonder how it would become her fair head.

But he saw only that her outstretched arms were clinging to it and that she was white as the breast as white as the waist that betrayed its girlish purity of contour. For a moment he gazed, rapt in the sudden realization that love was an intangible thing that love was possession as well as adoration. Then, with a self-denying shake of his head, he turned and strode to their granite table, where, with a great clattering of tinware, he began packing the cook kit.

Aileen stirred, sat up blinking, and called: "Garry! That ain't so nice!"

"Sorry, dear," he responded contritely, "I didn't intend to spoil your nap.

The wall that had been between them all morning—built of her irritation at his constant corrections, of his resentment of finding the city sparrow out of place in the green free forest—was down at last, and both greeted its fall with glad relief.

Aileen spoke with the candor of the newly awakened.

"I been a bad girl, Garry, to get sore at you. But you might come over and love me instead of washing dishes.

She pursed her soft lips for his kiss, and made room for him beside her on the fern bed. But at the touch of his hot mouth something overmastered the impulse that civilization imposes, but a corporeal inhibition of arms and pulses as well—seemed to snap in both of them. Garry's lips stilled, and Aileen, which until now had been the greater part of his romantic nature,
was suddenly forgotten in his imperturbable need of her; and she knew only that the careful guarding of voice and action called modesty was supremely petty beside this glowing thrill of hero surrender.

Yet, as there is in all of us the urge of that moral sense which has set man above the brute, so in the hearts of these two was something more fundamental and more deeply seated even than the need of mating. A moment's fusing embrace—then, as at the command of a silent omnipotence, her hands were thrusting at his shoulders, and in that same instant and as at the same signal, his arms fell and he stood back.

His eyes were downcast and evasive; hers, Carlyle-like, were fixed, and there was on the faintest tremor in her voice when she spoke, with an attempt at lightness which might have been successful had he been wise enough to accept its hint.

"We mustn't play on the edge of the cliff, Garry. It's—reckless."

She turned away with simulated carelessness, but was halted by the explosion of a muffled sob behind her. Incredulous, she whirled round, and discovered him upon his knees.

"Aileen," he implored hoarsely, "will you—can you—ever forgive me?"

Her smooth brow wrinkled in perplexed wonder.

"Forget it, Garry. I know what happened and so do you. Does it make us any the less—decent?"

"Of course not, but—"

"It should teach us a lesson, that's all. It has me."

"And me too, but—"

"That's all you've got to admit: forget the imprudence, Aileen, whose lone instinct knew that his shame cheapened herself.

She put a period to the discussion by walking decisively to their table rock. He got to his feet, grateful now that she had not prolonged his impulsive exhibition.

"C'mon over and help me pick up this young kitchen," he heard in her clear cool voice. "It's getting late."

So passed their only mad moment, and when at last they stood hand in hand on the brow of the homeward ferry, forgetting the sunburnt faces and tired limbs in the keen cool whispering of the evening breeze, their thoughts no longer dwelt upon it. But in the night's agitated dreams of other things, waiting to be seized upon and used both as sword and shield in the conflict toward which the ferry carried them. They magnified its importance with the memory of youth, for it would be years before either would admit that it could have happened with anyone else they had ever known—any other clean rump or lacy, any other slim awakened girl. To Garry especially it was the sign and seal of their predominated mating, and only a dean of psychologists could explain how he had somehow become the feeling that he now had a certain property right in her.

She had drifted to New York, and toward the battle that is inevitable when a man's possessively selfish heart conflicts with a woman's generous sacrificial brain; and they knew no prescience of the impending storm that in the shadowy, cloudless twilight hid their dusty shoes and leaf-stained clothes, and worked magic glamour with the twinkling lights of the city by the river.

It was at this same moment that Garry's mother laid down her magazine and swung into the foyer hall of her apartment with the vigorous proud step that was characteristic of her. Seated at the telephone, she called a Washington Heights number, and was answered by a fresh girlish voice.

A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

"Mrs. Kenyon speaking," she said, "isn't this Lila?"

Followed the usual interchange of greetings and inquiries as to their respective families. Then, "I rang up, dear, to ask if you would like to come over for the evening. Garfield is bringing a young family over—"in for tea, and I thought Mr. Kenyon and I might prove rather dull company for her."

"Really, I'd be delighted—"I'll tear off the sports clothes and suit up for something decent right away."

Mrs. Kenyon made no comment upon this program.

"Then I'll expect you in—say half an hour, dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kenyon."

"Thank you, Lila. Good-bye."

Replenishing, Garfield's mother studied a moment. Junior had been so dense the other evening—perhaps she should stage more obvious contrast to this guttersnipe. She rang up other numbers in rapid succession, and was exceptionally for- tunate, considering that it was Sunday evening. Only one of her acquaintances regretted.

Garfield's father was in the living room when she returned. His height and weight were as medium as was his income—he was a unit in the class of well-dressed, gray-trun- ned executives who keep cars but drive them- selves, and are in turn driven by their women. He blinked as he looked at his wife, and the trousers of the girls were baggy from his afternoon nap.

"Garfield—you know Junior is bringing that girl friend of his—Aileen is her name—home with her. Please go dress—they'll be here any minute."

Mr. Kenyon permitted himself the slightest irritability of a man who knows in advance that resistance is useless. "Great Scott, Mother, she isn't the Queen Elsa, is she? After a day in the woods, I doubt if she'll look like a fashion plate herself."

A disreputably sigh advertised his wife's patient long-suffering.

"Surely, Garfield—a decent respect for a girl, is there? Just—other friend's may drop in, you know."

Active antagonism can be met and crushed, but an impersonal negative argu- ment is unanswerable. He showed his unlighted cigarette for a moment, then "I'll slip out to a movie," he decided.

"I'm not in the humor to dress up for a pair of children."

At least, he hadn't yielded.

Mrs. Kenyon drew a long breath of satisfac- tion, and visited the kitchenette. Here she gave brief crisp orders to which her colored maid listened with a deference unusual among present-day servants. Returning to the living room, she picked up her magazine and resumed the current serial where she had dropped it that afternoon.

As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon. As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon. As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon. As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon. As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon. As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait Gallery. She was pleased with her femininity, and her social standing that afternoon.

"How come we get off here, Garry?" Aileen demanded from a familiar corner at which they had left the street car. "This ain't—"this isn't the Avenue."

He smiled reassurance to her. "I live near here—well, rather so tired that I'm going to bring you in for a cup of tea before I take you the rest of the way home."

She drew a quick breath of apprehension.

"But Garry—I'm not fit to be seen. Just look at this skirt—those muddy sneakers—my hair. And I feel so hot and tired."

"You needn't be afraid, dear. There'll be only mother and father—they'll make allowances. I've told them about you—they're so anxious to meet my wonderful girl."

So, against better judgment and woman's instinct, Aileen yielded to the entreaty in his eyes, and allowed him to carry her up the marble hall of the "Hamilton Arms." But when the gleaming bronze elevator appeared, with its neat suave negro oper- ator, not even Garry could dispel her sense of intrusion. She felt her heart hammering away during the upward ride, and after they left the car she surreptitiously called the waddled handkerchief between moist palms.

"Hello, Mother," Garry sang out at his door, "Two hungry children out here—"

Over his shoulder Aileen saw the little cluster of guests in the living room—a flickering impression of soft light on gleaming silk, the scintillation of a diamond on a girl's bosom, a firm-featured matron turning without surprise. She went suddenly limp, but after a moment of blank horror, suddenly her resilient brain cleared. It would be easy enough to apologize and leave.

"Hello, everybody," Garry was saying. "She said there was going to be a party, Mother."

Mrs. Kenyon arose and came out into the foyer hall.

"Aileen dropped in late in the after-

noon," she said when they were safely beyond hearing. "I was rather lonesome, so I kept them."

"Come on with him as company as she finished, and Aileen felt vaguely that the words were addressed to her.

Aileen seized the opportunity for the necessary explanation.

"This is our Aileen, Mother," he said, while their eyes met. Then, as their hands touched, Aileen broke out with:

"Mrs. Kenyon, I—I see you got company, and—well, Garry would bring me up; I couldn't talk him out of it. I—I just go on home—and visit you some other night."

Mrs. Kenyon smiled, so disarmingly and hospitably that the girl's confusion left her.

"My dear—and her manner could be no more formalous with her—these are just a few of our neighbors—friends of Junior's. You really must stay and have a cup of tea with us."

Aileen, collected now, could think clearly and invent excuses.

"But," trying to look as wan as possible, "I'm real tired; it was so hot to-day. I—I got a headache, too—I'm awfully sorry."

"Garry's mother fairly beamed."

Then, she saw, simply can't allow you to leave until you have been welcomed and refreshed. Give me your hat, dear."

Still smiling maternally, she took Aileen's arm.

"Come with me," she invited, "you'll probably want to wash your hands and fix your hair before tea."

For all her woman's diplomatic adroit ness, it explained nothing; least of all extended even to giving the girl a fair chance. She had determined that Aileen should feel, after her inferiority had been dispelled, how incomparably above a genuine unworldliness and no mere trick of having been taken at a disadvantage, in an unembellished, bewidelled condition. There-fore, after showing her the dainty ivory brush and comb on her own dresser, she left Aileen in the bathroon to improve her appearance as best she could.

So the issue was drawn—now surely an
hour of comparison with girls of Garry’s own type would convince either him or Aileen, or both, that their marriage was forlorned to failure.

Yet Garfield’s mother had reconciled without one thing—the inborn fighting spirit of the gutter snipe. Given the proper sort of human material at the beginning, the turbulent Aileen would have done right to the children to be fighters. Their courage is not brilliant, for there is nothing brilliant in long years of grim, unending struggle for the bare necessities of life. Yet they are right, hopelessly, unintelligently, yet indomitably—they are surpassed by no thoroughbreds on earth.

Aileen swooped her hands and face, chilled them with cold water, and rubbed her cheeks with a coarse towel. She longed for her dog—care little handbag, with its cheap livid makeup—but who would have thought of taking rouge for a day in the woods? So, unconscious of how badly her cosmetics would have betrayed her, she bit her lips while she recoiled her hair at the mirror in Mrs. Kenyon’s room.

They were very red and slightly swollen when she emerged, but her last look in the glass had told her that her cheeks were just the right pink to set off her blue eyes, and her spun-gold hair was neat if not elaborate.

Then, while she was introduced to Lila Vivian, Jacqueline Morgan, and Fania Shapiro—‘our coming great pianist’—poor Aileen tried to feel that she, a free-born American, was as good as any of them—and failed.

She avoided joining in the chatter which sprung up after the introductions. The girls were too well-bred to leave her entirely cold in the conversation, but she confined her answers to the merest commonplace. The fear of certain questions brooded over her—where she lived, what schools she had attended—and this fear kept her huddled in a corner chair until tea was served.

With the meal, Mrs. Kenyon increased the boldness of her attack. She kept Garry by her side, and placed Aileen across the table from them. Here, she noted with satisfaction, the girl’s crumpled blouse seemed unforgivable beside Jacqueline’s smart grooming; and Aileen herself appeared childishly immature and undesirable when contrasted with Jacqueline’s ripe opulence.

Seeing her chance, Mrs. Kenyon launched into her plate, blushing often and eating almost nothing. Aileen fought her way through a horrid hour of muffins, sandwiches, preserves, tea and fruit. She tried imagining that her secretings were dry and not horribly damp and clinging; that she was quite accustomed to dropping in for tea at smart homes; that she had bathed—though it was hopeless. Under the circumstances, not even a yogi could have demonstrated the triumph of mind over matter.

When returned to the living room at last, and Mrs. Kenyon stopped her guest before the open grand piano.

“You children will probably want some music now,” she said. “Do you play?” to Aileen.

“No, ma’am—Mrs. Kenyon, I—I’m out of practice,” she blushed, flushing at the thought that she was almost called hostess “ma’am”—as though she were a customer in the five and ten.

And from that instant Aileen’s mouth kept pressing, while the danger signals snapped more menacingly in her cheeks and eyes with every passing moment. For the first time since entering Garry’s house, she was deliberately thinking things over; and her anger increased with each conclusion reached by her honest, analytical brain.

“Do you play?”—after introducing Fania

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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)
as "our coming great pianist!" Surely a comparison had been attempted there, as well as at the table. And then—in the hallway as she entered—before she had been introduced to Mrs. Kenyon, how peculiarly Garry's mother had explained the presence of guests, directing her words not at him, but pointblank to her. The composition of the girl-friends' group was so curious—two—a fashion-plate, she thought bitterly, an experienced entertainer, and a swell vamp. Why, the only thing lacking to show her up coming was a high bridge.

Jacqueline was singing, and when her rich, throbbing contralto had died away, Aileen deliberately coarsened her voice to complement the vocalist. And as Mrs. Kenyon, under-estimating her opponent, fell into the trap.

"Won't you sing something for us, dear?" she asked, with that grinspoonish warmth which seemed so genuine. "All the others have—and I'm sure Fania can play anything you know."

Aileen, not yet sure of her ground, but vibrating to the rage that seethed within her, stammered: "I'm afraid my performance wouldn't be very good after theirs."

Remember that, my dear, beamed Mrs. Kenyon, "I'll probably give a worse one when you've finished."

She appealed to her son.

"Mom, you ask her—" I know she'll do her bit to oblige you."

Turning to Garry, Aileen found only frank encouragement in his smiling face. He was secretly disappointed in his choice, but a smile was a smile, and it was one of those he'd earlier displayed when evoking the scene, as Fania struck an opening chord. Aileen rose slowly from her chair. Her eyes were wide and level, with no hint of tears, but her pale cheeks twitched with her distended nostrils. Her fists hung pugnaciously; and her straight little body, stiffened by passion, seemed to grow and rise above the taller women in the room, even as her personality now eclipsed them in its dramatic consequence.

Fania, whose back was turned to the scene, rippled her fingers over the keys, evoking the familiar strains. "East Side, West Side, all around the town, boys and girls together—"

A tune of the Avenue and its hurdy-gurdy, reeking of home, odorous of its tawdry pleasures.

"Cut that out," Aileen snapped, peremptorily. Her voice was low, but taut and cold and clear. Fania swung away from the piano, anamnnesis stamped upon her sensitive face.

Mrs. Kenyon started to her feet.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, seeking to take the situation into her competent hands.

"In and Garry cried: "Aileen—why dear, what is it?" in a shocked and uncomprehending way that eliminated him from the clash. Now it was only woman against woman—and the Avenue against the Heights. Aileen glared at her hostess scornfully.

"You got a nerve to ask me what's the matter? It burst out. "You framed me, and you know it!"

Mrs. Kenyon grew frigid.

"I really don't understand you," she rejoined pleasantly.

"Oh, you got me, all right. I know I was ignorant, didn't you? And Garry told you where we were going—so you knew I'd look, when I got back, like somepin' the
garbage man forgot to take away—now, didn’t you?"

“My dear child—I’m afraid the heat—"

“Heat nothin’,” Lissen, you sent out and got a sack of potatoes from me—so’s your son could size me up alongside them. Then you kidded me into comin’ in to play the star part in your little show. I didn’t know what he saw and what a mutt I was he’d get sick—ain’t that the truth?"

The vigor, the relentless ferocity, of this surly-voiced, unshaven old man lay in here, so’s her poise, and she took refuge in an evasion.

“Ridiculous!” she cried. “Junior—how can you permit her to insult me? Take your friend home immediately.”

For all the outraged pride she threw into this utterance, it was an admission of defeat. After a lifetime of scheming diplomacy and covert politics in the very heart of her family as well as in the social and business world, she had met a better woman.

“All right,” cried Aileen, “I’ll go—I’ll go. And I ain’t goin’ to break up no family. But before I get out, let me tell you this: Some day or other Garry’s goin’ to get wise to you—and then when you all have a break here in this whole life the way you slip the hook into his sweeties—watch out!”

She turned to Garry—not a bit of a lad, but a man and a full man in that moment. Her flashing eyes dimmed with tears, she gulped, and her voice was shaken by a sob that seemed convulsed in mid-throat as she said:

“I can’t expect you to take my part against your folks—and I don’t want you should."

With insipid sympathy, he stepped forward, but she silenced him, her slim hand outstretched imperiously.

“I and you would have made a swell team—so! It all falls off now. Good-bye, Garry, good-bye.”

Her hand had dropped to her side while she spoke, and now it clutched at her skirt as she waved. Then, as if drawing upon some new and mysterious reservoir of solution, she straightened, and Garry saw the hand rise in a clenched fist that smeared her brown bosom for a moment.

“Wait, Aileen!” he shouted, and caught her. Gasping, she struggled to free herself from his arms; and for a moment their struggle was a faint dramatic thing as old as human life itself—a spectacle that brought little sniffs of horror from the four ladies who, in that luxurious apartment, watched a man’s passion for physical domination and dominance assert itself over the defensive fury of an elemental woman.

At last Garry’s strength prevailed, and he turned so that he and Aileen faced his mother and her little group of beautiful satellites. He had each of Aileen’s wrists in a firm grip, and she had resigned herself, but with the unflinching look of the inevitable. Had she been the type of woman to be won by the violence of the cave-man, she would have surrendered to him in that moment; but as it was she submitted with as much defiance as she had fought.

Mrs. Kenyon shrank as she saw that Garry’s boyish face had suddenly hardened, for she had never, in all her life, known a man. But he did not demand the truth from her, as she had expected. Instead, his look passed appraisingly over the girls’ eyes, and found understanding in Mrs. Allen’s.

“How did you happen to be here, Fania,” he inquired, “this time tonight? Did you just drop in—or were you invited?”

“Garry,” Fania replied with a superb smile, “your mother rang me up and asked me especially to come over and meet Aileen."

“Thanks,” said Garry simply. “You’re a good fellow, Fania.”

He loosed Aileen’s hands, and slipped his arm about her waist.

“So must have been right,” he murmured, as much to himself as to her, “Let’s go out, dear—I must talk to you.”

It was as though his mother had ceased to exist. Defeated but unconquered, she watched them as they left the room, with Garry’s dark head inclined lover-like over Aileen’s fair curls, and his arm about her slim and yielding waist.

“Perhaps I should leave now,” suggested Fania, still with the shadow of a smile playing about her truthful mouth.

“Certainly not,” Mrs. Kenyon replied absently. “It really didn’t matter, my dear. I’m only an out-of-date mother, who tried to guard her son from his folly—and had her heart broken for trying. Suppose you play something for me,”

Still unbending, she sat down stiffly in her favorite chair, and resolutely turned her mind to cope with this new crisis. The sentimental couples that they had little difficulty in finding the privacy of an unoccupied bench.

Garry had been so busy with his emotional resentment, since they left his home, and Aileen with her thinking and planning, that neither had spoken, and both had welcomed the other’s silence.

Still quiet, they sat while Aileen waited for Garry’s attitude to be defined in words. In a single lightning-like flash of intuitive perception, she had already drawn upon her years of thinking and speculating over the tragedies of woman’s mating, and had determined upon her course of action. So until Garry confirmed her part to the sentiment of his intentions, she dismissed the situation and sought only for strength to hold to her purpose.

Garry, among the black shadows cast by the silhouetted trees, her eyes flicked to the fair-lan’d lights of that glimmered above and below the dim shore of the distant river, and finally they turned up to the creamy moon that hung serene in the star-flecked sky. And it seemed to her that the moon smiled inquisitively at the unwonted spectacle of these young lovers, sitting so far apart and so indifferent to the insidious appeal of the sensuous night. Aileen’s mouth twisted grimly at this idea, and she wet her lips with that cruel edge of teeth that roused Garry from his reverie.

“Dear,” he said abruptly, turning to her hand, “I’m—rather dazed. Two or three things are just beginning to shape up clearly, though, and one of them is—that I hate my mother now as much as I ever loved her.

“Q. Garry—don’t say that!”

“But it’s true. Hear me out, please. I’ll never be able to go back and live at home again. She was—treacherous!”

“Well,” there was a hard inward inflection at the end of the word: Aileen was too duly tired to make it more than a monosyllable.

“I’m going to show her what you are! I’m going to prove to her what I think of you. We’ll be married tomorrow, sweetheart, and then she’ll have to give me up—or else accept you—and be proud of you!”

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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

"Supposing, Garry, she—doesn't."
"No matter what happens, I'm a man now—I can support us. I'll give up college and get a job in the city."
"But is that fair to yourself, Garry—leaving out of it all your folks have put into educating you?"
"I'll be the judge of that, dear. At least, if we do that it'll show my mother that I consider the girl I love the equal of any woman in the world."
"But will it make that, Garry?" With the question, she turned and spread out her little hands appealingly. "Can't you see that the reason you won't do as her—"the reason you won't just let the whole business drop without tryin' to give her a black eye over it—is that she's right?"

****

He lifted a wondering face to look into her eyes incredulously.
"What? You don't mean that, dear—you can't."
"Yeah, she's got me sized up right. I ain't equipped—to be your wife, Garry. I know it's a shock to have to hand myself, but it's the truth."
"See here," he said abruptly, "that's nonsense."
"Listen," she commanded, "while I talk more like it. S'pose we're married—what then? I admit you're clever, but you couldn't do better a twenty-five per as a clerk in some law office. Chances are I'd have to keep on at the five and ten so's we could get by."

She was talking rapidly now, in little gags that fought their way out of her tender young bosom—fought their way against the lure of a personal triumph over his scornful mother, and against the singing call of her heart for happiness."
"And just think, Garry, they—they mightn't always be only two of us. What sort of a bringing up could you give your kids? I ask you! What do I know to teach 'em?"
"But, Aileen," he rejoined, returning insistently to the only phase of the problem he could see, "how can your mother turn you out of your house to-night? We can't endure that!"
"We got to, Garry."
"Maybe you haven't any pride, dear, but I have, and I'll hang in here, by God! I'll hang in here and admit that I'm just a whipped puppy—without a spank enough to live my own life?"

The girl was silent. All this seemed so futile, so easy to side the point—and she must save the little strength that remained to her—waste none of it in useless argument: husband it to the last drop so that Garry might eog up could I give your kids, I ask you? What do I know to teach 'em?"
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A Glimpse of the Heights
(Concluded)
their old trick of plucking at her skirt.
"You got me right, Garry—it's all a mistake."
"I don't understand, dear—"
She had turned away from him, so he did not see the thin little list rise again and fall heavily upon her breast, as it had done once before that night.
"Then I'll wise you up, Garry."
Her face was downcast, and the hoarse words drifted to him over her shoulder weakly, with no force behind them.
"Did you never think that maybe I was only kiddin' you along, Garry—just out for a good time? Well, that's the truth—on the level, it is."
No answer came from the boy; she sensed his presence only in the atmosphere of hopeless, dull despair that followed the infliction of a sudden cruel wound.
"I wouldn't marry you nor nobody—not while I got the looks to pick up a nice safe fella and work him for a good time like I did you."
She stopped to listen, but no answering protest came from him.
"I didn't want to hurt your feelings, Garry, honest. But you made me come clean."
From behind her she heard a fumble of nervousness, followed by an exclamation that was neither a sob nor a groan, but compound of both—something that lent strength to her jaded body and wings to her tired feet. Panting and racked with grief, she ran up the walk, and no sound came from her soft tennis shoes to raise his bowed head.

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Conchita’s Compliment

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I had occasion, one day, to go down into the slums and find a little hungry looking kiddle, and bring her up to the Photoplay Magazine offices. She was to take part in a benefit picture that was to be taken—a picture that was to help many another hungry little kiddle.

And so I went down to a place on the Bowery, somewhere below Houston Street, where a certain Settlement House stands. And in the kindergarten room of that Settlement House I came upon Conchita Terranova—who was hungry-looking and thin enough to satisfy the most exacting director. And with the permission of the Settlement House lady and later, of Conchita’s over-zealous, shawl-wrapped, Italian mother, I bundled her into a taxi-cab, and started for the large building where Photoplay is located.

Conchita, despite her forlorn looks, was a dear little girl. She snuggled close to me, in the taxi, and thrust a tiny clavichord into mine. But to my spoken advances she was strangely dumb—she wavered my many questions with a wide smile, and nothing more. Even when I asked—as every grown-up has asked some child, since the very beginning of time—

“Has the kitty-cat got your tongue, honey?” She said nothing. We were passing Madison Square when I came to realize that the child knew no English. And as I knew no Italian, our conversation languished.

And yet, despite our lack of words, we grew to know each other very well—Conchita and I—before our ride was over. By the subtle language of pats, and hugs, and little quick handclaps, we had become great friends.

The trip up in the elevator to the fifteenth floor of the office building was a real adventure to the small girl. But she said nothing—only clung to my coat and smiled up at me. And the people who spoke to her, so kindly, when we reached the offices of Photoplay Magazine, were another adventure.

Shyly she touched the skirt of one girl’s satin dress, demurely she shook hands with another girl. But still she did not speak; still I had to explain, to those who questioned her.

“She’s a little Italian girl. She doesn’t understand!”

And then, at last, we reached the inner circle of offices. And Conchita’s great brown eyes—the very largest part of her—grew bigger and brighter as she saw the rugs and the shiny desks, and the framed pictures upon the wall. Her glance roamed about the room and suddenly fastened upon a certain picture—a large portrait of one Charles Spencer Chaplin. And, turning suddenly to me, she spoke her first words in English—words that I later learned were the only ones that she could speak.

“Charlie Chaplin,” she exclaimed clearly and distinctly, “Charlie Chaplin!”

And the expression on her face seemed, to me, a rather perfect tribute.

A great editor once gave me a bit of advice—at the very beginning of my writing days—a bit of advice that I have never forgotten.

“Write simply,” he told me, “so that everybody will understand what you’re trying to say. Don’t be a highbrow—don’t try to use big words and upstage expressions. Write stories and poems that the man in the street can understand—if you do that the man in the limousine won’t have any trouble with them! But if you write to the man in the limousine the man in the street is mighty likely to pass you up!”

I have thought of the Editor’s advice a good many times since the day when he gave it to me. I know a bit more about writing, now—and about people—than I did then. And the more that I know about them, both the writing and the people, the more I realize the truth of what he said to me.

Robert Browning was a great poet—a very great poet, indeed. But I have heard many brilliant people admit that some of his poems were a trifle beyond their comprehension; and I have heard a great many people—who were average instead of brilliant—say emphatically that his verses were quite useless.

“What’s the good of a perfect poem,” I’ve heard more than one solid citizen argue, “if nobody can understand it?”

James Whitcomb Riley was not—according to certain standards—a great poet. But I fancy that there were very few people who did not understand and love his verses. Children cherished volumes of his poetry, and older folk cared just as much for his work as the children did. When he passed away, not so very long ago, the whole of our land was saddened. His death came as a personal loss to many thousands of people.
Conchita's Compliment

(Concluded)

"It was just as if we knew him," I've heard people say. "He told about things we understood, in the simplest way. He never seemed to be showing off, like a lot of poets do in their novels." In the final analysis I wonder who would be called the most successful man—the most worth-while man of the two—Robert Browning or James Whitcomb Riley? I'm not stating anything as a fact—I'm not even suggesting anything. But I have my own opinion!

I'd rather be a person that folk loved than one that they stood in awe of. I'd rather be a person that people understood than one who caused them, always, to search for subtle messages and hidden meanings. I'd rather be as easy to read as a primer than as difficult to read as line of hieroglyphics.

To me, Conchita's compliment to Mr. Chaplin was one of the biggest compliments that could have been bestowed upon a public character. She was an alien, she spoke a foreign tongue, and yet his name—out of all the English language—came readily to her lips. She knew and loved him with every bit of her little-girl heart.

There were many other stars who have vast followings. There are many other actresses and actors who are finished artists, in every sense of the word. But there are not many who have inspired the warm friendship and love that Charlie Chaplin has inspired.

It seems to me that it's far greater to be a James Whitcomb Riley of the movies than a Robert Browning of the films.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 68)

M. E. C., LITTLE ROCK.—It always impresses petty people if you act as if they bore you. They will have a great secret admiration for your intelligence. Louise Florence is an example of a comedy company that is releasing through Special Pictures Corporation, in Los Angeles. She is working in the first two-reeler now. Toddy, the celebrated canine, is with her. Priscilla Dean was married to Wheeler Oakman in February, 1920. Priscilla is twenty-four. Tom Meighan is thirty-three.

M. L. K., CHICAGO.—So your mother said I would answer your questions all right, as that was what I was good for. If—mm. Well, it's rather a relief to know that I am good for something. I had doubts on the subject before. Bessie Barriscale is married to Howard Hickman. Address Pearl White at the William Fox studios, New York City.

SOMEONE, HIGH BRIDGE, N. J.—Such is my modesty that if I were writing to myself I should sign it "Nobody. N. Y." But it takes all kinds to make a world don't it? Anyway, Cullen Landis is with Goldwyn and he is married.

AMELIA M., BRAZIL.—Greetings, Amelia! Top of the morning, and all that sort of thing, you know. Think of your writing me all that just to ask if Charles Ray is married. Yes he is, Amelia; and what's more, he's happily married. Clara Kimball Young was divorced from James Young, the director, sometime ago, and she still uses the name of Young for professional purposes. Her new picture is "Hush." No, it's all right—that's just the name of the picture. (Continued on page 93)

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YOU women who now and then find yourselves unstrung, irritable and all out-of-sorts have no idea how almost miraculously home electric massage puts you in high spirits again! When you are tired, nervous and "headachy" there is generally a congestion of your blood somewhere. Your circulation becomes sluggish; the color fades from your cheeks; and you feel miserable. Then is the time to get right after that sub-normal condition. Then is the time to get your Star Vibrator and give yourself a treatment—a general, all-over treatment or specific applications just where you need this wonderful stimulating most. Whip up your lazy circulation! Tone up your poor, tired muscles. Bring back the rose of youth and the sparkle of vivaciously.

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A Long Journey
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "The Daughter Pays," leaves the Inn during a terrific storm in the dead of night, rushes to her home in a motor, and upon her arrival emerges from the car into a beautiful sunny day.

Mrs. S., Hoboken, N. J.

There's Nothing New, Etc.
I DON'T know whether to believe my grandmother or the movies. In "The Mark of Zorro," Lola, the heroine, when speaking of Zorro (Douglas Fairbanks) says, "He isn't a man—he's a fish!"

My eighty-year-old grandmother gave me to understand that such a thing wasn't even known in her day, and the time of "The Mark of Zorro" was one hundred years ago.

M. F., Seattle, Wash.

Most Unusual
IN "The Veiled Mystery," Antonio Moreno pulled the girl out of a tank of water—and she was all wet! I am sure this must have been an error on the director's part, as it is the first time I have seen this happen in the films.

P. L., New Rochelle, N. Y.

B. V. D. (Before Vaccination Developed)
IN "Kismet" the excellent detail is something marred by the view the spectator gets of a prominent vaccination mark on the arm of the favorite wife of the W. of Mancur. The action was laid 1,000 years ago. I merely mention it.

HARRY E. COREY, Toronto, Canada.

Try This Over on Your Telephone
THERE is something that is done frequently on the screen that I think the directors should be tipped off to. The latest instance occurred in Fox's "While New York Sleeps." Whenever a player who is talking on the telephone wishes to speak an "inside" not to be heard by the party on the other end of the wire, he almost invariably presses the mouthpiece against his chest, evidently with the idea that this deadens sound. On the contrary, by doing this you can talk successfully to a person who could scarcely hear you, under the ordinary method of speaking into the mouthpiece. I always do this when a connection is poor. The one best way to insure the man on the other end of the wire not hearing is to put your hand over the mouthpiece.

VIOLET JOHNSON, Portland, Oregon.

Playing the Piker
IN George Fitzmaurice's "Paying the Piper" Alma Tell, as the singer, expects Rod LaRoure, with whom she is in love, to present her with an engagement ring on her birthday. When Rod gives her a diamond ring, the singer, instead of joy, sorrowfully tells him to leave her. He does—but he leaves the diamond bracelet on Alma's arm. Just when we were all feeling so sorry for her, J. O. E., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

You're Too Particular
IN "Good References," when Constance Talmadge applies for a position, her pretense is to lose her leather belt is very noticeable. She leaves the office and a minute later appears at the street entrance, sans said belt. Another moment she dashes into the street after an automobile accident and when she takes the victim's head in her lap, she is again wearing her belt. Little things like this bother me very much.

GLADYS J. CARR Washington, D. C.
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 93)

Miss Sophie, Toronto.—You recall the old one about the tourist who looked at the volcano and said, "Looks like hell, doesn't it?" and the火山 said, "Have you traveled?" I hate to tell you that your letter looks like what the tourist called the volcano, but I am only human, and I suggest that you use black ink on white paper in the future, not vice versa. Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal.

L. B. C., Pittsford.—Oh, yes, I understand that that couple is very happy. They are more like good friends than husband and wife. Milton Sills is married; so is Hugh Mill. Eugene O'Brien isn't. But he is still with Selznick, where he made "Broadway and Home." Address, Selznick studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood, Cal.

Gracia.—Don't call me Oracle; it sounds too much like Treacle, and | never did know that means. Mary Hay was born August 22, 1901. She's five feet high and appeared in a minor part in "Hearts of the World." This was her only film appearance until "Way Down East!" where she had a major role of considerably more importance: Her husband, Richard Barthelmess, is five feet seven inches tall and has brown eyes. You're entirely unique.

Elizabeth, Clinton, N. Y.—I like stuffed dates, but I don't know that I'd call them nutritious. Didn't you ever hear that word before? I am sorry you are exercises over the fact that you have seen Pialoglou instead of Pialoglou. I assure you we, Pialoglou, have never hurt your feelings by leaving off that extra "u"; but if I had been consulted Constance Talmadge would have married a man by the name of Smith or Jones. It would have been much easier for me. Natalie Talmadge isn't married.

L. D., Chicago.—You're sixteen and can't sleep nights because you want to go into the pictures and you don't want me to say you should be spanked and put to bed for having movie ambitions. If you can't sleep I advise you to go to bed part of the program, but I would insist upon the spanking. If I had a motion picture company, I would give you a job. Now I haven't, I'd advise you to read the story in the May book, "Ride, Swim and Dance," which may help you to decide what you're going to do about your movie ambitions.

E. K. Z., Detroit.—I am not a personal friend of Kathleen O'Connor; I have only my cold soap file to tell me that she is 23 years of age and unmarried. Perhaps it is just as well that I am not a personal friend of Kathleen. She is with Universal; address her U City, California.

M. S., North Carolina.—He who admits defeat, deserves it. Frank Mayo has brown hair and gray eyes; born in 1886. Owen Moore has not married again, nor has Tom. Mary Pickford is 27.

H. E. Fielder.—I am sorry, but I can't give you the name of the picture in which the leading lady is a wealthy woman who goes to a sleighing party and meets the hero in a gadget shop and later reforms the town. There have been so many pictures like that, you know. Can't you give me more details? Aside from the fact that it must be an old picture, I have very little to work on.

(Continued on page 113)
It was all very well when Grizel felt like entering into the play, but not so well when she had a mischievous day and would spoil everything by saying, "Don't think I'll go down on my knees to you" instead of saying, "Good, my prince, how can I thank you?"

"That's the very reason we can't love each other, because you love us both!" Elspeth wants you all to herself!"

"And ye?" asked Tommy eagerly. "Ye want me, she jeered, and ran away toward Double Dykes: calling back, "I want nobody but my sweet mama!" Elspeth, coming up just then, slipped a little hand in Tommy's arm. "Why do ye listen to her?" she coaxed, "Let her stay with her sweet mama!"

"That's fine good sense," said Tommy, always swayed by the one at hand. "Let her be her sweet mama, and I'll be her little sister."

But that night Grizel's sweet mama died.

All Thruns went flocking to Double Dykes when it became known that the Painted Lady lay dead there. In life they drew away, virtually, lest she contaminate them; but Death, the great leveller, had restored her poor body to respectability, so the purest lady might visit her, and though Grizel looked at them all with bitter, resentful eyes.

"You'll find no dust in this house, nor any kind of dirt," she cried. "My mama was a lady, so clean and dainty and sweet! She was sweeter than any of you!"

She flung herself out the door, sobbing, while they looked at one another with shocked faces.

A hot-headed bairn. What's to become of her?" one asked, turning to good old Doctor McQueen.

"Hae none o' ye room for a poor motherless bairn?" he shot at them.

"Ye caნt expect a body to take in such as her," spoke one boldly. "There's bad blood in her, an' it's bound to come out. Ye'll no be denyin' that."

"Then gae on away, the lot o' ye!" suddenly roared the doctor. "I'll see that the bairn isn't left friendless. Since twa o'elock last night I've been thinking what could be done with her."

They went out, abashed at the unusual outburst from the patient old doctor who
Sentimental Tommy
(Continued)

at one time or another had meant life or death to every family in Thrums. Their voices had hardly died down the road when Grizel dashed in, a tense, excited little figure, slipping the house door open, her black frack up to her shoulder and thrusting a slim white arm out to the astonished man.

"Shall I cut it out?" she begged, breathlessly. "The bad blood, I won't mind the hurt. I do so want to be a good girl—and I can't, with the bad blood in me, can I?"

For a moment the stern old doctor looked down into the quivering face of the girl, and his eyes were wet with a mist that they knew but seldom. When he spoke, his voice was very gentle.

"If it could be done, Lassie, I would, but there's no doctor clever enough for that. I've got to do the best I can by the grace of God, if we try hard enough.

"But nobody will help me," she sobbed, helplessly. Then, flinging up her little head with angry defiance, "but I'll be good by myself, I will! I'll show them!"

"Ye'll come hame with me?" roared the doctor, making what he thought was a sudden decision. "I need a housekeeper, and I've been told you answered the determined shake of her head. "My floor hasn't been scrubbed since the year one, and my socks are full of holes, and my shirts are frayed and the cuffs. I read when I eat, and, drop so much gravy that we boil my waistcoat once a month and make soup of it! And won't come and take care of you?"

"Do you really need me?" asked Grizel, in ecstacy. "Oh, then I'll go. It's sweet to have somebody want me!"

So Grizel went to kneel with the doctor, where she settled down into a delightful little housewife, albeit a temperamental one. In fact life ran along so smoothly and happily that she almost forgot her doubts and fears that had harrassed her. But Thrums brought them back to her, sharply one summer afternoon, when she walked with Tommy to the smuth post office. Just as they were about to enter, a voice floated through the open window.

"Aye, Grizel's a bonnie lassie now, but when she's grown, an' she meets a manful man—one she mistrusts and loves in the same breath, the bad blood will tell!"

Tommy racked his brain for a way to comfort her, and as usual his inspiration came:

"I know!" he cried, his face suddenly aglow. "I can save you. My mother gave me a prayer to teach Elspeth, an' she met such a man. I'll teach it to you."

Reverently, Grizel knelt and repeated after Tommy the prayer of poor, dying Jean Myles:

"God, if I was born to bow the knee to masterful men, and love one, take me to you and go to him!"

Here was Grizel, exultant with faith and hope when she rose, but as she looked at Tommy's exultant expression she paled and shrank back, with horror in her widening eyes.

"Tommy! You're masterful! You are!"

A strange, triumphant feeling seized Tommy. A wave of elation swept his very soul. He had used his brains to paint vivid scenes of himself, with Grizel, with many women kneeling at his feet, weeping their hearts out for him. But the girl brought him back to earth again.

"An' now I know it, I'm not afraid!" she said, "because I'll keep away from you. I'll never speak to you again."

In vain did Tommy protest and plead. From that time on, Grizel left Tommy to Elspeth, who wondered and rejoiced at the change.

The months went by, and became years.
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
WALTER WANGER, who has been the production manager of Paramount, has resigned. Nobody seems to know just why—except the people who do and they won't tell.

What we are wondering is, how Wanger's resignation will affect the affiliation of his wife, Justine Johnstone, with the Reelart company, for whom she stars. It's too early to tell yet; but inasmuch as Reelart is a step-child of Paramount, and Mr. Wanger is no longer a Paramounter—well, figure it out for yourself.

Marguerite Clark, down in New Orleans, recently attended her very first ball.

You don't believe it. Of course not. But it happens to be true. For Marguerite Clark, although she was one of the celebrities of the American stage for some years, and later a famous film queen, never went about much. She lived quietly with her quiet sister, Cora Clark, in a quiet apartment; and the bright lights of Broadway never held much attraction for her.

Now that she has married a well-known New Orleansite, she occupies a prominent place in the social activities of that city. And she went to the big Mardi Gras ball and had the time of her life. Perhaps that's why Marguerite looks so young. She really is.

Miss Gish, by the way, has not yet affiliated with any film company.

Rumor had it that Miss Anne Morgan—yes, the daughter of the Morgan, who has at various times manifested an interest in the screen—was to take over the completed two reels of "World Shadows," the Gish-Sherrill production, engage Miss Gish and complete it as a propaganda picture. But at the present time nothing has been done about it.

As everyone knows, Ann Forrest was shifted from the middle of Cecil B. deMille's "Forbidden Fruit," to "The Faith Healer."

Agnes Ayres took her place.

Ann was, naturally, a good bit disappointed at the time, though she herself was the first to agree with Mr. deMille that she lacked the physical requirements for the lavishly gowned, exotic, sens-thrilling "Cinderella after the - fairy - godmother-came."

When she saw Agnes on the lot the next day, attired in the gown and adorned by the costume originally designed for and worn by Ann, Ann decided to be a good sport. She didn't want Agnes to think there were any hard feelings to cloud her new triumph, and she wanted her successor to know that she was standing her disappointment like a regular fellow.

So she went up to Miss Ayres and said bravely, "Gee, Agnes, you look lovely, just beautiful in those clothes, and that hair dress is so becoming. You look ever so much nicer than I did."

Miss Ayres regarded her with slightly lifted brows for a moment; then said coolly as she walked away, "Naturally!"

And for a week afterwards Ann couldn't help wondering what had happened to Agnes' sense of humor.

Allan Dwan says he has a plan to beat the high cost of production, and he's perfectly willing that everybody should know about it.

The idea is to do away with sets and actors.

Any star, he says, may have the idea for nothing. All that is needed, is a star and a black drop. Any scenario will do, and as many characters as you please may be mentioned, because only one will be used. The following is the story:

Far away on the Island of Bing Bing lived a beautiful maiden, Toy. (Close-up of star.)

There was no one in the world who hated her as her father, Li Sue. (Close-up of star registering hate.)

But in many ways her life was full because of the wonderful mother love of her mother, Ming. (Close-up of star registering content.)

She secretly had a lover—Bill, a manly sailor. (Close-up of star registering love.)

But on the schooner was a burly sailor—Luke, who coveted Toy and threatened to expose the lovers. (Close-up of star registering mental agony, if possible.)

One night he conspired with Li Sue, and agreed to buy Toy for a package of jelly beans. (Close-up of star registering fear.)

NOTE—The Great Fight Scene.

But Bill comes to the rescue and knocks Luke and the father on the jaw. (Close-up of star backed against the wall registering glee.)

And thus in the golden glow of a Chinese sunset do the lovers find happiness. (Close-up of star registering happiness.)

Slow fade, "Finis."

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 79)

THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN—Fox

EVERYONE always says of Pearl White, "Oh, she's a regular fool!" And so the Fox organization decided to do a picture about it. The result of this adaptation of a Charles Neville Buck novel, a girl called Alexander who is the pride of the mountain-side, and as plucky a young 'un as ever trod the Cumberland Trail. Romance never enters her until the picture is nearly over, and then she capitulates to the wooing of one of the many young men who sought her affection. Charles Giblyn's direction is excellent; the photog-}

TIGER TRUE—Universal

THE title doesn't mean much, but neither does the picture, so it's perfectly all right. We have here Frank Mayo as a clubman and globe-trotter, who becomes bouncer in a Bowery saloon, all for love of the fair damsel who dispenses free lunches across the counter. Director P. M. Mc- Gowan, of serial fame, has crammed fifteen episodes into five reels, so of course there wasn't room for anything else. Mayo deserves better stories than Universal gives him.

OMALLEY OF THE MOUNTED Paramount-Arctraft

WILLIAM S. HART as a member of the Mounted Police, tracking a criminal through an Owen Wister west—and finding him, only to fall in love with said criminal's sister, which complicates things a little. Hart is his usual honest, effective self; no new surprises, but as The Daily Mirror says: "It is better.

PASSION FRUIT—Metro

WHY must they use such titles? This is one of the reasons for censorship. A deep dark plot, Bird-of-paradise atmosphere—and Doralinda. There's a most annoying villain who exterminates the dancer's movie papa by making him insane; so she falls in love with the roving, world-weary, helpful, a lobo band of ukelele-playing natives who pose gracefully under the palm trees, and, we repeat, there is Doralinda. She cannot act, but to see this black-eyed San Franciscan do the hula dance (if you care that this time-frayed article, is worth the admission price.

THE EDUCATION OF ELIZA-}

BETH—Paramount-Arctraft

NOT particularly original of plot, but well mounted, is this latest Billie Burke offering, showing the star in one of her purest parts, a good rustic type. There is a small character of the much misunderstood chorus girl. There are some tantalizing glimpses of New York theatrical life, back-stage, with the Ziegfeld beauties for atmosphere. There's an old Southern manner and some Texas oil-fields for contrast. An excellent cast, well directed, gives the story a promin-}

WHY TRUST YOUR HUSBAND—Fox

FRIOVOLUS five-acter with the blonde Eileen Percy as the jealous wife who gets everything in a dreadful mix-up trying to keep track of her errant husband. In fact, things become so badly tangled that you forget who is what and are straightened out again. Very light diet, this, but fairly amusing.

A SHOCKING NIGHT—Universal

THIS represents an earnest effort on the part of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran to stretch two reels of comedy over five reels of celluloid, and the result, alas, is not to be laughed at. These two comedians whose first successful work gained them prominence in the two-reel field, are at a disadvantage in lengthy much-padded vehicles.

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE—Metro

A FIRST-RATE example of what ought not to be done to a splashy story is furnished by the screen version of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. The scenario is wrong, the direction is wrong, the casting is wrong, except for Miss Allison, and the story is wrong. Miss Allison has been slated for a role to which she is supremely unsuited, and the one redeeming feature of the whole six reels is the performance of Aydlett Standing as a British statesman. This story of political life in England with its brilliant character sketches should make a real photodrama, but its facilities and possibilities have been carefully overlooked.

THE BREAKING POINT—}

W. W. Hodkinson

THE breaking point referred to in the title comes when the mother threatens to kill her innocent son and to permit her to marry with the father's disolute friends. There are tears and throttles and heartaches for those who like such sentiment, but for those who prefer clear-cut action, Bes- sie Barricale plays the kindly earnest woman who marries a selfish irresponsible man, and how she does suffer! If you like Greek tragedies and Russian novels, you will probably like this. It has a Problem.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—Realart

OF course it isn't all, Constance Binney is the heroine, however, and that is a start. But what is all this, that all stars wear riding habits? They simply love to do it. A South American revolution, Constance, and Ward Crane's act relieve the monotony.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY—ONE—Pathé

A N attractive guardian is a dangerous thing. H. B. Warner leaves no doubt of that. When you hear that this distin-

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE—Metro

IF you like adventure, you will find it in this romancing serial with the title of the flippant flapper daughter of a million-}

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Portrait of a Lady

(Continued from page 24)

...and of her husband's best friend, her awakening, and her heart-rending repentance beside the bed of the little daughter she can no longer kiss.

Lois Wilson knows and cares as little about "that sort of thing" as any girl I have ever met in my life. She has a humorous disbelief and wholesome contempt for grand passions. The oldest of four sisters, the constant companion of a wise and adored mother, she is by no means a mental flapper, but she has managed to keep her sweet and sane perspective on everything.

In a roomful of people connected with pictures—mostly from the literary end, I heard the question asked the other night, 'Whom do you consider the most normal, natural girl in pictures, the least affected by the general atmosphere and peculiarities?'

And the answer was, unanimously, "Lois Wilson."

William de Mille, an authority on acting by heredity, experience, and education, a student of dramatic titles and a critic of weight, believes Miss Wilson is the coming great dramatic actress of the screen.

"What that man has taught me!" cries the girl, her face lighting with charming gratitude. "I've made the most of it in a few months than in all the rest of my picture experience—five years."

Yet those five years, playing leads with Warren Kerrigan and other male stars, is about as far as Wallace Reid and other Paramount luminaries, undoubtedly ripened her camera technique until she was ready for what William de Mille had to give her. She has recently completed "What Everyone Knows" under his direction, the famous Barrie play which was one of Maude Adams' great triumphs. I was interested to hear Elinor Glyn, watching Miss Wilson go through some of the scenes from this picture on the set one day, express a very great enthusiasm and admiration for Lois Wilson and her interpretation of the Barrie rôle. For Mrs. Glyn is a severe critic, extremely difficult to please.

I do not know Miss Wilson's age—I should guess twenty-five—since the youngest of the four sisters is now in high school—but I feel sure she will be more attractive, more winning, in the few short years from now than she is today. She has infinite possibilities, depths.

"Three sisters, a wonderful mother, and a nifty old-house daddy!" she said laughingly. "That's my home life. You don't have much conceit left when you're the oldest of four girls, I can tell you. We were just 'Little Women,' you know.

"I'm fond of good concerts, good plays, lots of reading, and some swimming and tennis. I'm not very southern in temperament or inclination, I guess, though I was born in Louisiana. Just now I'm running around the block, four times after every meal to keep thin."

"Do you have to do it after this one?"

I asked apprehensively.

"Just this once—No!"

It is not possible to know a girl like Lois Wilson in a couple of hours, even though your rôle as an interviewer gives you numberless privileges to ask questions and study character.

But the impression I carried away of her was a thoroughly satisfying—one like you feel when you've read a really good book.

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A Seat on the Platform

(Continued)

order. If it hadn’t been for that, we wouldn’t have had tickets for tonight.
I tell you, God always provides, Lizzie.

Eliza was almost inclined, in her furious
rebellion, to remind him of his words that
night when, after they had settled com-
fortably into their seats, an usher brought
the unwelcome news that the ticket seller
had made a mistake and that the owners
of the tickets wanted their seats. Eliza
felt that Seba’s trust in Providence had
been grossly misplaced, not only that night,
but throughout his life.

She was in a state of rebellion that
started and frightened her because her
mental condition was equivalent to a phis-
cal shaking of fists in the face of the
Almighty. It seemed to her that she had
arrived at a point where she could not bear
any longer to have her Seba crushed under
one thing after another.

“I won’t stand it! I can’t bear it!” she
found herself saying over and over
in her heart as she and Seba walked deject-
edly back to their room, ahead of them the
drab monotony that they had known so
many years, behind them lights and
laughter.

“I’m afraid we were unwise to have
come up,” admitted Seba, holding her
hand closer against his side. “I’m getting
too old for these festivities. Little things
seem to disturb me more than they used
to. Perhaps I selfishly thought too much
about it. Did you—did you see who had
our Lizzie?”

It flashed over her but she told herself
it could not be.

“John James, Junior and Meg,” Seba
told her.

“O—o—o—h!”

A single word, but wailed out from
Eliza’s inmost soul with poignant intensity.
It was too much. She simply could not
bear it any longer. Either God had to alter
His disposition of Seba’s affairs, or Eliza
intended to do it for Him. The hand on
Seba’s arm (that frail arm trembling with
the weakness that had descended upon
him) clutched at him with such sudden
passion that the old clergyman turned a
stirred face toward her. He thought
that most unlike Eliza.

She felt her hand pressed against his
heart; her tears started. Her dear, good
Seba. Tomorrow she must do something
what, she did not know, but something—

With heavy heart but determined spirit,
she closed her eyes that night after hours
of racking thought. Curled on the edge
of the bed (as he always lay, taking
the most uncomfortable part of it as he
did of everything) slept Seba. Unlike
Eliza, he had with his burdens and
disappointments on Another’s shoulders.
His face wore a peaceful smile, and in
his sleep the wrinkles had cleared away magi-
cally, and he looked like a boy.

Morning brought him his quiet, simple,
trusting confidence once more, but dawn
brought no solace to Eliza, who was
stirred mentally with half-formulated plans.
Her soul was reaching out to change
somehow the conditions of Seba’s life,
conditions that daily beat him to earth
with a cruelty that seemed calculated by
some higher power. That power she hesi-
tated to name, but she did tell herself that
God did not care.

She waited indifferently after breakfast
for Seba to come back from a visit to class
headquarters. When a handsome auto-
mobile drew up and the livery chauffeur
leaped back to open the door, she could
hardly believe her eyes. Could it be
Seba who jumped out like a young man, and
came skipping—literally skipping—up the steps?

The Day of Corns

Is over for the folks who know

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A Seat on the Platform
(Continued)

"Get your hat, Lizzie! Tea! over it! the wind's so strong when you're riding, Hurry!"

"But—?"

"You're going to see the parade from this car, Hurry, Lizzie."

Wonderful! Ominously wonderful! Eliza got her hat and as she drove away she listened to Seba's excited explanations.

The car was John James, Senior's. Seba had met him at the "frat". John James had discovered a room on the Campus for them; it was paid for by someone, Seba didn't know who. Old Man Seba was well about his church, and the need for a new carpet, and about the pulpit steps that needed repairing, and—and—Eliza would well imagine that he had told everything that the church needed, in the hope of getting for others what he never seemed to dream of asking for himself.

Most wonderful of all, there had been a bunch of the old crowd at the "frat" house and he, "Eminent" Simpson, had been selected to lead his class in the parade to the barracks.

"Who says Providence isn't taking care of us?" crowed he triumphantly.

Eliza was reduced to silence. She admitted gratefully that she might have wronged the Almighty by too precipitate criticism. Well, she would see what, the Lord was going to do for her Seba.

The world was a big place. The ball game Eliza found rather a bore because she couldn't understand it at all. The best part of the afternoon was when Seba was carrying off on his shoulders shovels, amid shouts and applause and cries of "Eminent." "What's the matter with Eminent? He's all right.

"It was just so that someone stepped on the running-board and asked her if she minded his riding back to the campus with her. Although she had never seen Eliza as beautiful as he was, that he had prayed-for opportunity had come; she knew that it was John James, Senior who was addressing her.

Never, perhaps, in her life had Eliza talked so eloquently. It seemed to her that at last she was doing her husband full justice. She left no stone unturned to tell of his goodness, his patience, his faith in God's love and justice.

Then she began to tell what the class reunion meant to him. She told how they two had studied fiercely it, adding that there had been ever anything of bitterness in her life, she brought it up now out of the depths of her years of self-restraint and flung it fiercely out upon the air, like the rebellious banner flailed by a daring anarchist.

"There!" she thought, silent at last from sheer necessity, everything that could have been said had been skilfully drawn out by her interlocutor. "It's out of my system at last."

Seba was the finest man in Wesley College in our day," said Maxwell after a short pause. "He was the best loved, too, and that's saying a great deal. He made a fellow ashamed of meanness and pettiness, somehow, without saying a word; you just felt his big nature by his mere presence. We all thought he'd do great things—"

"And hasn't he?" Eliza flung back indignantly, up in an instant. "Oh, it's just because he is so big and fine, that people allow things as they should be appreciated. I suppose," her tone was tinged with bitterness. "I suppose people who have done big things financially, outside of the Law, don't think him the biggest success in the world.

He is good. Everybody who knows him loves him because he is so good. She hit his lips to keep back the tears of excitement, half terrified at her own vehemence.

"Sometimes it takes extraordinary circumstances to show people a man's virtues. I have always known that 'Eminent' would be successful in whatever he undertook. And he understands that to be a truly good man. Do you think that I underestimate him, when he has succeeded in doing what other men are so apt to undertake, because they know they can't get away with it?"

Eliza looked up then to meet John James' grave smile. His worldly success had not spoiled a fine man, a man with a true sense of real values.

"His success is far bigger than what the world is pleased to call mine," sighed the coal king. "I wish—with all my heart I wish—that I could have accomplished what he has done."

Eliza dared not ask anything directly, but she should have it, cost her what it creeping memories—old rebuffs, old disappointments—that would lift their heads to jeer at her truthfulness. Perhaps the comeback.

As he rose from his knees that night, Seba made one last observation before climbing into bed.

"Do you know, my dear, that my cup of happiness would be full if I could have—"

Don't smile at my fancy, Lizzie, will you?—if I could have a seat on the platform during Commencement. He'd know Maxwell will sit there, of course. It would be the highest honor I could hope to receive from my Alma Mater. A seat on the platform—" she added softly away in a kind of subdued rapture at the mere thought of such a wonderful occurrence.

Eliza did not smile. She was thinking that if such a small thing would make Seba happy, if that was all he asked as a climax to a whole life of loving service, he should have it, cost her what it might in loss of dignity. She would see Maxwell Senior the very first thing next day; with his influence he could easily have it, a little thing like that.

Yes, Seba should have what he wanted. She, Eliza, would get it for him. She would not ask the Almighty to do what would be a breach of His Majesty's will. She would do it herself, without relying further on the old time faith that somehow seemed to have eluded her. She went to sleep, pleasantly conscious that the following day would crown her husband's happiness, as he wished without presuming to hope.

In the morning she slipped out to telephone the fraternity house where the coal baron was staying. The operator reported that he had already gone out and was not expected back until the eliza faced grimly at herself. She had meant to do so much. With dismay she sensed a kind of defiance and rebellion in that grim laughter. She felt that God must deliberately have doomed Seba to fight down unfulfilled desires. She consoled herself with the thought that Seba had not really expected such a personal honor; he would have suffered for himself as she was suffering for him.

Her bitterness was very near the surface that afternoon, when from her gallery seat she saw the oldest Senior on the platform, for among them was John James Maxwell, Sr.

Then the unexpected happened. John James began scanning the house with close attention, caught Seba's eyes, beckoned im-
A Scat on the Platform
(Continued)

eratively with his charming smile, Seba looked behind instinctively; with characteristic modesty he felt that it must be someone else who was being honored by that public recognition. But Eliza knew, having seen him happily, she sat up straighter, prouder, content that Seba was to have the one great desire of his good and simple heart.

"You don't mind, lazzy?" he was whispered, rising in a state of fluttered excitement.

"Mind? Of course I don't mind. I'm as proud as proud can be.

She leaned forward to watch him.

He went up the platform steps with surroundings back, head raised, younger by twenty years than he had been the night before. John Lanes, Senior (the generous endowments had pushed Wesley College into the front ranks of America's biggest universities) rose deferentially to receive the clergyman and beckoned the president of the college to his side. Eliza saw people staring at them as they speculated on the identity of the much-honored newcomer. As his heart beat faster, swelling with grateful emotion, a song struggled for utterance within her soul.

"Eminent" Simpson felt that he was moving in a wonderful dream. He sank meekly and humbly into the chair reserved for him beside Maxwell, and listened in blissful contentment to the encomiums the college president uttered as he bestowed degrees upon men and women who had merited by their fine lives or achievements this greatest honor of their Alma Mater.

"After all," he mused dreamily, "I have had more than I dared hope for. It has been exceeding beautiful, the way the Lord has made the way easier before me. I call all my faith has been justified—and it was so little, so little—less than the grain of mustard seed.

Unfortunately, a beauteous smile curved his kind old mouth, and the afternoon sun, striking through the wide open windows, glowed on his white hair until it glinted like a saint's halo. From the gallery Eliza regarded him with deep understanding and contentment.

"Faith!" he mused to himself peacefully, trying to understand its signification; "Faith in God. He brings all things to pass. The smallest thing is not too insignificant for His loving notice.

His folded hands, wrinkled and frail, opened palm to palm as do a child's at prayer. His lips moved slowly.

"I want you to hear this, 'Eminent,'" he whispered in his old chum's voice in his ear, starting him out of his reverie.

Seba turned his head toward the president, who was speaking of someone who was to receive a degree that afternoon, someone whose life had been so modest, so hidden, so unappreciated by the world at large, that it had taken long years to discover his merits; someone whose sweetness of nature, whose purity of heart, whose sincerity of purpose, had carried him such a distance on the way to God that Wesley College perceived in the very future to center a chair endowed especially so that the dear Alma Mater might give her students the benefit of his fine and noble presence, that could not but be an inspiration to them. Seba was pleased to enjoy his companionship and guidance.

Seba turned in his chair to speak to John James's eyes.

"I would like to know that man," he murmured in an undertone; "He must indeed be a man after God's own heart.

That man, my friends, is with us this afternoon, so unwonted, so unannounced, so unexpected, so unheralded, so uncomplacently humble, so uncomplacently modest, so unpretending, so unassuming, so unassuming in all his silent way, that he does not dream what tardy honor is to be awarded his merits at last. . . . Will the Reverend Seba Simpson please step forward?"

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A Seat on the Platform

(Concluded)

Tense with emotion was the silence pressing down upon the auditorium. Urged to his feet by his old friend’s hand, Seba started toward the front of the platform, walking as might a man in a vision. The smile that a moment since had curved his lips was there yet and his eyes looked ahead unseeing. He stumbled slightly as he went.

All at once, at a few words that came from the president’s heart, Seba waked to the vast, sympathetic crowd before him, the crowd waiting for the final crowning act of the unexpected drama. The president extended to him that magic parchment...

... The trembling old hand almost pulled it from the other’s fingers, so eager was Seba to feel the sheepskin’s convincing reality. And then, he stood before them all, tears running freely, unashamedly, down his withered cheeks, eyes uplifted to something beyond the domed roof.

Behind him, John James gave a signal. Tremendous, in unanimous chorus, the body of college men in the audience chanted:

"What’s the matter with ‘Eminent’? He’s all right!"

Wild applause broke out all over the auditorium.

Up in the gallery a little old lady in a gray silk dress dabbed frantically at the tears rolling down her withered cheeks. She was aware that her lips were moving and that words were issuing from them involuntarily. Her ears strained to listen, as if they were器官acular utterances originating from something above her conscious self.

"Faith!" she heard herself saying triumphantly over and over again. "Faith in God!"

The Mode for Spring

(Continued from page 32)

sons is that there are no more arbitrary "fashion decrees" to dictate long coats or rippled jackets for everyone—no matter how suitable or unsuitable the style may be to us. The good work of creating styles to suit individual needs has made tremendous strides in the last few years, and the discerning woman will this year find her individual needs amply cared for.

When new styles are under consideration, the silhouette is, of course, the all-important feature. This spring the fashionable silhouette falls into three clearly-defined classes: the loose length jacket that has a loose under arm and slight ripple at the lower hem, the boxy, pony coat with a cape-like back, and knee length jacket with rippled waistline and circular flares. No matter what divergencies of collar or trimming or material are used, your suit will be correct if it follows any of these three styles.

If you like the ripple populum on your jacket you may use that also. Some of the populums shown on the new suits created for youthful wearers are jaunty affairs; double with it layers and colorful lining that shows a bit at the hip flare.

The type of wraps designed for wear at the winter resorts will continue in favor for wear over thick frocks. These wraps are of two distinct types—the wrap that has a narrow lower line with extreme width at the elbow section, and the wide, circular cape-wrap. The latter has achieved a new line in the spring models by reason of sweeping breadth that, combined with its fullness, makes an instant appeal to the eye.

We have said for a long time that materials get prettier each season, but it really seems that the manufacturers have outdone themselves this season in the beauty of the fabrics they have created.
The Mode for Spring

(Continued)

The Oriental dyeing of crepe surfaces is one of the original ideas put forward, and the most beautiful and startling colors are being used for materials as familiar as damask, dupion and other fine silks. High colored crepes will be used for sports coats to be worn with pleated skirts of twill or sports silk. Incidentally, silk velvet in colors will replace the usual duller shades, a favorite for several seasons back.

Among the colors for the new wool jackets to be worn with pleated sports skirts are American blues, silk and turquoise. Fine black and white striped skirts will also be worn with these high-colored jackets. The wraps that show the name of the designer being made for the last months are worn with the high colored summer wear in fleshy fabrics, the camel's hair wavers and wool velvets in pastel tints predominating. These fabrics are also being shown in fawn, mandarin and pumpkin yellows that are a delight to the eye. There are reds, greens, and some lovely new olive tones shown, while white and yellow serve as becoming color values close to the realm of fine art.

Contrasted fabrics will play an important part in the style of sports wear for all women, so there is a capital chance to make a stunning suit or frock of two garments that have outlived the mode. For collars, brushed wool and cotton and brushed silk or fringed fabrics with sufficient body to simulate fur will attain high favor according to the advance indications. An accessory of this sort, the usual summer furs will be worn again. Chinchilla-squirrel is being shown extensively by the smart houses, and other favorites are ermine, beige or white caracul, and lynx.

SKIRTS are wild. No, I did not say longer. Apparently we have gone out of the girdle habit, for all women are seeing skirts that will drop to our feet, although in this regard one must use one's own discretion and good taste. Certainly, the extremely short skirts are not good taste for street wear by any one. They are not only permissible for evening use, but continue in favor. In fact, I think we may say they are almost taboo.

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In the new materials for separate skirts one of the most striking innovations is the use of peasant stripings of the various fabrics. This has found favor with the leading designers both in this country and Paris. Roumanian peasant cloths have been used by one smart dressmaker and it is being played up in circular fashion without a hem and the lower edge simply fringed. One of these could be made at home with very little trouble, and the result is both practical and picturesque. We have already seen in the windows there a great deal of eyelet embroidery on the skirts, Madeira, Philippine and Porto Rican designs being favored.

Lucien LeLong of Paris is making some of my spring and summer gowns. M. LeLong has what he calls his "cambrics,"-tinted linings from which my gowns are built. When he knows that I want some afternoon, or dinner or evening gowns, as the case may be, he sends me sketches of these costumes that he has designed for me, together with a sample of the material to be used, trimmings, buttons, in fact everything that is to be used in the dress with the exception of the thread to sew it. From these sketches and materials I make my choice and cable him what I want. The gowns are then made to fit my cambrics—there are no fittings or anything else to take up my time, and the gowns reach me, barring unavoidable delays—on the day scheduled.

Of course, no spring wardrobe is complete without a tailored frock, and this spring will be the year for one-piece gowns in suits as high favor as it was last year. During the autumn a few dressmakers tried to introduce the heavy Oriental weaves, but met with inconsiderable success. This spring, however, see Oriental crepe in the lead as a dress fabric. One of the reasons advanced for its popularity is the fact that it is especially adapted to the peasant sleeve and the dropped shoulder line, also that chiffon or lace combine with it extremely well. Upholstery fabrics and other materials that we have already observed for spring frocks in all the soft, pastel yellow shades for draperies are being used by the French dressmakers for inset panels or to outline tunics on the frocks of serge or tricotine.

If you want to furnish up last year's navy blue or black gown and make it very smart, try embellishing it with tiny cord ornaments or rows of buttons in gilt, silver or gold. One of the most effective effects for brown frocks seem to be dull green, plum, or dull gold embroidery. Incidentally, the dominant color note for spring frocks in all the soft pastel yellow shades for draperies or gowns is one of the French houses sent over recently to an American wearer is a tunic model, mounted on a sheath that adheres to the straight silhouette. There is a two-inch belt that loosely girdles the low waist line, while the front of the tunic is embroidered in Chinese motifs of wool in tones of jade, amber, and emerald. The bell shaped sleeves have linings of plum-colored crepe.

In cotton frocks you may go as far as you like, but in muslin and taffeta. In the colors are taken from the silk color card and as faithfully reproduced as they are in the most gorgeous silks. There are literally hundreds of delicate hues to select from. One maker of organdies has one pattern alone that comes in sixty-three shades, ranging from the palest hue to the very darkest tint. There are sheer organdies that are entirely new, both in pattern and check, and one new brocaded organdie that reproduces the patterns of old-fashioned damask. Dropsettich voiles are being used in many of the French frocks, and there is a new English print called "tropical print" that shows all the colors of tropical landscapes and sunsets. Can you imagine anything more exquisite than a frock of this material, cut with a full skirt, round bodice and with deep collar and cuffs of white organdie? Brown sailes and are also much used in thin frocks for practical wear, and, of course, all the tones of gray are shown in the new swiss materials.

The department store that is to be worn with the tailored suit this spring is conformity to the color of the suit with which it appears. In the field of specialization the batik blouse is more than holding its own. For wear with the gray tailored suit there are lovely new gray blouses that show considerable embroidery. Last year's

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State
The Mode for Spring (Concluded)

lavish use of bead embroidery is not continued this year, but wool and silk seem to be the favored embroidery materials. Sashes are a feature of many of the new blouses, and the pleated frill and the fluted edge of fine lace also have place. There is a pretty idea shown in having the fronts and sleeves of a semi-tailored blouse fastened with crochet ball buttons, in sleeve link fashion. While a few high collars are shown the greater majority of the blouses for summer continue the sensible fashion of a round or V-shaped neckline. Sleeves also vary, and will be elbow length, long or three-quarter according to the material used and the purpose for which the blouse is intended.

The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

(Continued from page 37)

could be reached they must as usual be submitted to the judgment of representatives of the seventeen thousand distributors or agents, who have control of this industry in the hollow of their hand. I would not do the slightest injury to these very people, the more honestly to do a difficult job. But I think they are mistaken in supposing that they represent the average opinion of the directors of all the motion picture houses, just as the latter are in turn very often mistaken when they presume to interpret the average opinion of their clientele.

If these unanimies had been innocently imbecile and sweetly impossible, like those, they ordinarily see, they would have recognized them as being of the sleepy type of story that are accustomed to fatten their patrons every day, and they would have made no objection. But in the face of these unfamiliar monsters, lacking the customary human happiness and the bearing new ideas about which were enthralled logical and human plots, and withal perhaps a bit of fresh fancy—in the face of these unknowns who thrust them through windows and doors, and admit a breath of fresh air into the movie theaters they shrank back in terror. Unanimously they voted no, and thus good intelligent and less intelligent of the producers were blocked.

That is the state of things, and that will continue to be the state of things as long as no other step is taken to break the vicious circle in which the cinema is revolving. Above all, and by its very nature, the cinema ought to be an art, but because of the enormous capital required it has become simply an industry. (It is, in fact, the fourth or fifth industry of America.)

The business men who direct it are only now beginning to suspect that if it is to be an art, it will found even more disastrously as an industry. And so to save this new art there must be help from the outside, intervention from abroad (for it is undeniably true that this art cannot itself stand and escape from the narrowing circle in which it will surely die of fatigue, like the unhappy marching caterpillars mentioned by Fabre, the entomologist; which, placed on the rim of a bowl, never think of climbing down, but follow each other round and round until they die of weariness and starvation.

Such intervention, incidentally, is just as needful in the theater, which is an equally alarming condition in America. But what form must it take, to be really effective? America, theoretically a country in which all are equal, has raised up, as all peoples do, an aristocracy whose tastes are eagerly adopted by the masses, and whose leaders are unquestionably followed. This aristocracy is an aristocracy of money—which is no worse than any other kind, for like all others it is in its beginnings the result of a natural selection in a moral community, which depending from what point it is regarded (a subject which we have not time to discuss here), may be considered either superior or inferior to those centers which make wars and form courts.

However that may be, it can be truly said that this aristocracy of millionaires has in the past, perhaps more than any other aristocracy in history, given frequent and significant testimonies of good-will, disinterestedness, and generosity. It has founded hospitals and charitable institutions that are unmatched anywhere, it has underwritten studies, laboratories, libraries and observatories that are unrivalled. The only regret is that too often its liberalism has lacked discernment and discrimination, and particularly that so comparatively small a part has been devoted to the artistic education of the American people.

Now what the American people chiefly lacks, though it has so many other qualities that Europeans lost, is just that discrimination, that taste and sensitiveness in literary and artistic matters; and this lack renders it not only possible for any art of the world, but even prevents it from understanding and respecting the natural beauties of its own land; so that there is grave danger that it will be developed as a whole will become as ugly as the outskirts of New York or Pittsburgh, where life is no longer endurable except to mechanics and laborers. Even if the preservation of this characteristic and disturbing thing is happening, and there is a threat of complete deforestation. Now the moral and spiritual future of the world, and by token its happiness, is much more closely bound up with its artistic appreciation than it is commonly realized. But this theme calls for an elaboration which we cannot indulge in at this time.

To return to the practical question, we must, I believe, appeal to this aristocracy if the films to be safeguarded are peremptorily required of it is insignificant compared to those it has made elsewhere. It need only set a good example, set up a sort of artistic jury, create an honor roll of good films, give them the same treatment and the same honor they would give them a kind of official sanction which, coming from above, would be more effective than all the advertising that the most lavish propagandist could devise.

Moreover, a sort of "model studio" might be established, whence would issue only such films as had horrified the seventeen thousand distributors; films that would not be merely endless repetitions of the same tales, the same effects, the same situations, but would give the latter to give them a kind of official sanction which, coming from above, would be more effective than all the advertising that the most lavish propagandist could devise.

It would be worth while likewise, I think, to found a sort of museum or Pantheon or treasure for truly fine films. There could be preserved, after rigid selection, the masterpieces of the screen. For it is undeniable, that already this art, though born only yesterday, has produced certain pages, certain scenes, certain movements, certain pictures, that are not inferior to many masterpieces of the past in literature, painting and sculpture. So far, we have habitually ignored; and thus everybody might take lessons in beauty, just as in a museum.

Every large city should have such a...
The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

(Continued)

Pantheon. It would provide an educational force far more effective, more vivid, more universal and more penetrating than the schools, universities and museums; and the hundredth part of the vast sums hitherto spent, more or less uselessly, on artistic instruction would more than suffice for such a purpose.

It would be money well spent. It should be borne in mind that the movies are destined to supply the moral, religious, political, intellectual and artistic education of America. At no time in history has there been such a means of influencing the spirit of men, and particularly of women and children, as the motion picture affords. We cannot yet realize the effect which this education by pictures will have on the spirit of our children. But it is reasonably certain that it will be more impressive and more lasting than we imagine, even in our wildest dreams. All men's education, all his thoughts and sentiments are really formed from pictures. Pictures are much more powerful than writing or speech. Everyone can see a picture, and interpret it in his way; it is as irresistible as example. The motion picture is life, magnified and extending over a limitless field, it is the accumulated example and experience of thirty men and thirty years of life, concentrated in a single moment. I repeat: all ideas of duty, justice, love, right and wrong, happiness, honor, luxury, beauty, all ideas concerning the goal of life which are now being formed in the minds of your children, are ideas implanted by the movies, and these same ideas will in turn produce the men who will be the American type tomorrow. Do you think the spiritual nourishment which is now being lavished upon them will make the sort of men you want? The question is an important one, and a disturbing one. It may be more disturbing because while it is true that the movies have not been frankly and wilfully immoral hitherto, and while it has done no worse than to teach silliness, platitudes, false sentimentality, bad taste and ugliness—things that are deemed (wrongly) to be harmless—we may not trust that it will always be so. Today, because of the tremendous moral strength of the American people, because of their sound race-stock, their honesty and their religious background, the heritage of former generations, the pictures must be moral and honorable if they are to be accepted by the public; they are still held in the right direction by the masses. But will it continue so? There are already certain indications that make one fear it will not; in which case the movies would become the most terrible instrument of demoralization ever known. This might be the more deplorable and more criminal in that the masses have demonstrated, by their approval of works which, though clumsy and incompletely conceived, spring from the choice of the producers, proving that the public's aspiration is infinitely higher than these people choose to believe.

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Sight-Seeing the Movies

(Concluded)

singing all about, you see the House of Daniel Gables, the House that Doug Fairbanks built for Mary Pickford, the house that shelters the greatest romance of this century. That's where Doug and Mary were married after Mary went up to Minden, Nevada, and got her divorce from Owen Moore. Doug's wife got a divorce about two years before.

And now, back to the City. On your right, the Thomas H. Ince studio. An exact replica of George Washington's home at Mount Revere. In his way, Tom Ince is to the movies what G.W. was to America. Tom Ince discovered more stars than any astrologer that ever looked through a telescope.

What They Think About Marriage

(Continued from page 22)

I do intend to do and I know I can always depend upon his judgment. I do not feel that, as an actress, I am neglecting him. We both have an interest outside of our home, just as many, many married people have today. Both have their work; but that makes them better pals and better lovers.

Rupert Hughes:
Why center the pointing finger upon stage people? To my mind the only way to judge their marital difficulties is to see how numerous or more intense than those of other people, to look at the domestic trials and tribulations of those other people. I refuse to consider stage people as a curious body, in any way different from other human beings, or their marriages to a greater percent unhappy. As far as "temperament" enters into the question, I have been shoe clerks who could not sell shoes because their wives came into the store and made scenes. There have been business men who could not succeed because of their fits of irrational dispositions, but the public does not call this "temperament"—that is the only difference. There is as much flirting between the small town housewife and the loafer, as between the actress and her male associates. Again, the many actors and actresses experienced their marital difficulties before coming to the stage; when they were divorced, deserted, or otherwise suffered from domestic troubles beforehand, and became happy and useful on the stage.

"Temperament," which is said to stand in the way of happiness in the lives of married stage folk, is, as much in evidence among college professors and Doctors of Divinity as in the most petted during of the stage I have known. Taking the fact that there are people on the stage who might better be washing windows, and window cleaners who might better be in empty drama, it appears impossible to me to conjure the quality called "temperament," and commonly held to be the cause of the screen artists' domestic differences, the woman who happens to be earning his or her living on the stage. The dramatic career, like every other career, is both a trade and an art. All sorts of people succeed or fail, or merely
What They Think About Marriage

(Continued)

earn a living thereby. It is a tiresome and
wornout falsehood to state that an art which
does more than any other to humanize life
and teach sympathy is a mark of a man that
ruins its devotees. I am sick of hearing the eternal
repetition.

Corinne Griffith: It seems to me that mar-
riage is a success possible for two artists or
an artist and a woman or a man and not an
artist in the accepted sense of the word.
As a matter of fact, I think that the word
artist has been very much abused. It
generally refers to one who excels in literature,
in music, painting, acting and so forth. But
to my mind, an artist is anyone who does
well his given work and brings 100% effi-
ciency to the task. There is no reason why
an artist, either an actress or a musician
who marries a business man, we will say,
should consider herself in any sense greater
than he.

Success in marriage is built on a founda-
tion of mutual respect. I know stars in the
motion picture world who are married, and
while I admire and respect the work of those
that is generally acclaimed as among the
arts, they are, however, men who are driving
forces in business. They are as far up in their
world as the actress is in hers. Unless the
artist is absolutely buried in her work and
purely selfish, she should find in her husband's
environment a diverting interest. She
should help and advise him sympathetically and
help and also she should find in him and his
work a potent antidote against vanity and selfishness.
She should cultivate an interest in something other than herself. Why not
her husband?

Theodore Roberts: An artist is human and,
as such, should marry if he wishes.

Louise Glam: Marriage would be all
right if it weren't for men and women! One
might be able to weather marriage itself artfully, but mother law and such-like appendages, would
assuredly wreck the bark of matrimony or the
lighter shell of Art. One may carry the cross of loneliness in remitting marriage,
but I think Madame Glynn is right and that domesticity, while excellent in itself, is apt to take so much of the
mind, heart and vitality that it will rob Art of the
spontaneity and glory that it should have
to reach greatness.

Wallace Reid: Of course to give your
real opinion on a question like that, you have
to begin with a six-page apology and explanation to your wife if you happen
to be married. I am—and I do.
But impersonally, and excepting my own
case which I consider as the exception which
proves the rule, I believe marriage for artists is not the best thing in the world. You
can't be fair to what the average woman ex-
pects of a husband, and at the same time live
the life which will give you the greatest
experience, the greatest inspiration and the
great knowledge of life and its ways.
But of course my wife isn't an average
woman.

Constance Binney: Marriage is a career.
The stage is a career. One as important,
vital and big as the other. I think it best for an actress to put off marriage until she becomes really suc-
cessful. Professionals, especially, must give
all they have, of time and strength, to their
work, which is exacting above all others. An
actor has his art to public and to divide
time with her husband and the public is not a
fair bargain for either.

As I contemplate possible matrimony it
seems to me that a woman would not marry
a man upon whose judgment I can depend—
a man who will be first a pa and then a hus-
band. It is not true that artists do not think
highly of marriage. If you will stop to con-
sider the matter, all of our biggest and
most successful artists of the theater and
screen are happily married. Take the
Harropers, Caruso, Norma Talmadge,
Nazarina, Margaret Anglia, Grace George,
Alice Brady, Mary Pickford—and oh, any
number of others! Doesn't their experience
prove the point I am trying to make?

Bebe Daniels: I can only say that I be-
lieve marriage is a success for everybody in
the whole wide world.

Gouverneur: I cannot see any differ-
ence between motion picture people and other
people. Therefore, I do not feel one can tell them they shouldn't marry.
There are undoubtedly bad hus-
bands who are screen stars. And there are
bad husbands who are not screen stars.

Marriage is a good thing generally. Why
deny it to the interpreters of plays, just be-
cause they flirt with each other on the screen
for your amusement? Isn't that better than flir-
ting secretly with someone for their own amusement?

Art is a severe taskmistress, in that I
agree. Unhappy marriage is stultifying, of
course. But happy marriage is the most
glorious thing in the world. My observation
has not shown me anything to prove
that marriage is not just as good a chance
to be successful on the stage or screen as in
any other walk of life.

Billie Burke: I am just leaving for
Palm Beach with my little daughter Patricia,
who is a cold, and my husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

We have taken a place down there for
seven months. I am going to forget there
is such a thing as a theater, or a studio, or
work. I am going to devote myself entirely
to Fat, who is the most blessed baby in the
world, anyway.

Now you know what I think about mar-
riage.

Catherine Calvert: I believe an artist can
make marriage a success whether he or she is
married to another artist or just an average person. My happily mar-
ried life with the late Paul Armstrong is ample proof, at least to me. Our arts—act-
ing and playwriting—were co-dependent.

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What They Think About Marriage
(Concluded)

There is nothing more inspiring than a husband-and-wife combination; both artists and both achieving success through each other’s help. Where genius or art is one’s measure in a family of two an entirely different situation exists, but I believe whether the man or the woman is the artist that marital happiness is 80% up to the woman. If she is the genius of the two, unless selfish to the core, she will relax through interest in her husband’s profession. She can hold him and help him, for genius should never be one-sided. When not following her art she has the man she loves to occupy her mind. Where the man is the genius and the woman a quiet little mouse, again it is strictly up to her. She can stand still or follow him to the heights just as she wishes. Women concentrate about love is in the best part of their life. With normal intelligence and no one to think about but her genius husband, the woman who cannot create domestic happiness deserves to lose him.

Fred Niblo: Elinor Glyn was married. Her splendid art testifies against her. A mental review of great artists, writers and actresses seems to me to show that most of them have been married.

Betty Blythe: I’m happily married! But I believe this—the state which will give you the greatest measure of content, freedom mentally and physically, and lift from your shoulders the burden of worry and care, is the one you should choose. Of course my opinion is a mere content. In many cases I am sure it does not. But I do believe Madame Glyn is right when she speaks of the husbands and wives who do not own Really any other. That is why I advocate marriage in their own profession to actors and actresses.

Hobart Bosworth: Madame Glyn must remember that, in citing people's names, what we are discussing is the Continental or European point of view.

We have a conventional outlook upon such matters.

I frankly say that the chains of marriage are often the worst things in the world for the freedom of spirit necessary for any kind of creative work. On the other hand, the deep man-woman companionship which is even more essential, comes to us now only with marriage.

Therefore, it is at least the lesser of two evils.

Edward Knoblock: As a general rule, I agree with Madame Glyn. Married life needs an exceptional temperament to combine art and marriage, without injury to one or the other, because art and marriage both make the utmost demands on an artist’s sense of duty.

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 95)

PATRICIA, MASS.—What’s that? You were about to begin your letter with praise when you read over last month’s Photo play and saw that I have all the praise that ought to be given to one man. Patricia: just what do you mean by that? Richard Barthelmess is his right name. He is temporarily appearing for Paramount, as Youth in George Fitzmaurice’s production of “Experience.” Mary Pickford is singing and dancing in Ziegfeld’s musical comedy, “Sally,” on Broadway. You can get in to see her if you know Mr. Ziegfeld very well, or you might get your Congressman to reserve a seat in the second-balcony for you, sometime in 1922.

MARY C., INDIANAPOLIS.—There are so many little girls named Mary who write to me, that I can’t be expected to remember all about them. However, I believe you are the bobbed-haired bantam who once honored me with her picture and a box of fudge. Am I right? Ralph Graves played opposite Dorothy Gish in “Little Miss Rebellion.” He is now with D. W. Grubin’s new “personally directed” production, “Flaming Lamps,” another Lincolnhouse-Nights tale in which Carol Dempster, Tyrone Power, Una O’Connor, Ella IMP, and others also appear. Bob in again anytime.

ELIZABETH, KANSAS.—Can’t guarantee that those stars will write to you personally and not turn your letters over to their secretaries. It depends upon your letter. I always think Douglas Fairbanks, Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.; Harrison Ford, Talalumad studios, N. Y. C.

C. P., RANDOLPH, TEXAS.—Never try to analyze a woman. Particularly a charming woman. Just look at her, that’s all. Gloria Swenson was born in Chicago. I don’t know whether she was really christened Gloria or not, but the name fits, why not? Mary Miles Minter, Realart. Viola Dana, Metro. Viola is twenty-two and is four feet eleven in height.

MICKEY, HAMILTON, OHIO.—I know that Margaret Loomis was a dancer with Ruth St. Denis before she became an actress in films, but whether or not she ever thought of dancing in Tiffany, Ohio, I have no idea. She has always lived in Los Angeles as far as I know. She isn’t married. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning, an actor and a director.

DIANA, HOLLIS, ILL.—So you need a new riding habit but you can’t afford it. Well, I should advise you to get the walking habit. Herbert Rawlinson is at present working with the Anita Stewart company. Address him at the Mayer studios, 386 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

M. M. H., ATLANTIC CITY.—Bless your heart—now you know I read all his letters. I have not intentionally neglected you or your city on the Atlantic, because I like you and I like Atlantic City. Never mind—you just keep on writing to me, whether you have any questions to ask or not. It’s against the rules, but we have got to prove ’em by exceptions once in a while. Please come again and often.

H. H. B., FORT WORTH.—So you have a cold. What are you doing for it—coughing? Roscoe and Mary had a cold, too, but they didn’t lose any weight. Mary McLanin just closed an engagement in New York City in a play called “Daddy Dumplins” and is now a member of the all-star cast of a new drama, “The Night Watch” in which also appear Robert War-\nwick, Jeanne Eagles, and others. Viola Dana and Antonio Moreno are not engaged.
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What Picture Will Win Photoplay's Gold Medal?

See Page 33
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Vol. XX  No. 1

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---

**The Gold Medal Picture of 1920 Is Your Choice!**

On page 33 of this issue, appears an announcement of interest to all movie-goers. This announcement contains a suggested list of fifty photoplays produced in America in 1920 and ranking, so we think, at the top.

Perhaps, to your way of thinking, the best of the year is not among those fifty. At any rate all readers are invited to clip the coupon on page 33 naming the picture they think is the ultimate best of the last year's output.

To the producers of the picture receiving the greatest number of votes, the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor will be awarded. Vote this month and vote next month.

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CHICAGO
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid producers in the motion picture industry, in answering a letter asking him if he was tiring of the egotistical statement true? Can it be possible there are thousands of countless numbers of people yearning to write, who really can, but haven't found it out yet? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell n this business, so why can't anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't there something a mistake? Idea the past has handed down to us? Yesterday everybody dreamed a story by. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and cuts the immortal soul of his fellow man below. So strongly is "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be no countless hundreds of playwrights, novelists, scenarists, magazine and newspaper writers, coming—coming—a whole new world of them!" And you do know what those writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—men of them of the system, old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, waiting on tables, working as barber chair attendants, the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or running spindles in factories, or mending sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest geniuses? Of course they may be simply "bluffed" by the thought that "I ain't got the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their early efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're wrong. They're wrong! Again, Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, their imagination would be the ideal foundation, and they might have arrived.

But two things are essential in order to become great writers. First, to learn your faculty of thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of music, or the geometric, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets a miniature house, using his own toys. It is an easily to the mind grasp the "simple knowhow." A little study, a little patience, a little common sense that looks hard often things that look hard enough to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a university course in order to write. Nothing is further from the truth. Many of the greatest writers have been the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at school. They may get the principles there, but they had to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seeking all around for that "real" book, the "book of life," their own autobiography, before they can write, too.
They have called her "the most photographed girl in the world." And Martha Mansfield is endeavoring to eclipse her own record by becoming a full-fledged star, with all the extra close-ups coming to an individual luminary.
OF COURSE she couldn't be a water baby forever. She had to grow up sometime. Marie Prevost is now appearing in comedy-drama, and it would not surprise us in the least to see her name—someday—in large and bright electrics.
SHE'S a whimsical, imaginative little girl to whom a motion picture studio is a wonderland of romance and delight. Work, to her, is just an excuse for make-believe. And why not? Madge Bellamy is—honestly—only seventeen.
YOU can't call a Young Person like Betty Hilburn an ingenue. Betty, on the screen, acts very much as Young Persons act in real life. And that, as everyone will tell you, is not conducting oneself according to tradition.
THERE are a few celebrities in the history of the world about whom it is impossible to write anything new. That is why, in presenting Miss Mary Pickford—or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—we simply say, "Her new portrait."
It wasn't so long ago that the name of Betty Compson was known only to those who followed the course of custard-pies in the shorter drama. Now—she has her own company, and eminent authors write stories for her to emote in.
Would you think this gown was photographed *after washing*?

Yes, it was washed—in soap and water—after it had been worn and cleaned several times—and it came from the suds as you see it in the picture; flesh silk, flesh chiffon, printed white georgette crepe and white silk lace as charming as ever.

Its owner says that she would not have dared to wash such a gown with anything but Ivory Flakes. She knew, however, that she could trust it to the Flakes, because they are genuine Ivory Soap, the purest soap that can be made, flaked for instant, easy, rubless hand-laundering.

So long as Ivory Flakes washes harmlessly such a frock as this, you may be sure that it is absolutely safe for the blouses, lingerie, and other dainty garments that require frequent washings.

**IVORY SOAP FLAKES**

Makes pretty clothes last longer
Sex Through the Ages

It has been proposed to film the Bible, but the main title and its subdivisions would never do. The great work itself might appeal to the selling agents if it were three-sheeted as “Droll Stories of Judea.” The account of the flood could best be put across by something a little suggestive, as “What Happened on the House-Boat?” Solomon and his thousand wives invite a snappy headline like “Should a Husband Tell?”

Away with these fanciful distortions! Here are real ones: The name “Du Barry” would of course have suggested nothing to the theatrical rabble that looks at pictures, so that great photoplay became “Passion.” Realart’s murder of “In the Bishop’s Carriage,” one of the best-known titles within recent fiction and stage memory, is little less than a crime against art. It was replaced by the maudlin “She Couldn’t Help It.” Pinero’s “Iris” was pepped up into “A Slave of Vanity.” “The Admirable Crichton” became “Male and Female.” “The Profligate” was turned into “The Truth About Husbands.” “Cinderella Jane,” a well-known novel, into “The Mad Marriage,” “Emergency House” into “The Plaything of Broadway,” “The Man from Toronto” into “Lessons in Love,” “Mrs. Mallaby’s Mistake” into “The Bachelor’s Blush,” “Athalie” into “Unseen Forces,” “Sorrentina” into “Puppets of Fate”—and so on, and on, and on.

But in one quarter of the film heavens a new dawn glimmers. When they gave Dr. Arthur Schnitzler’s “The Affairs of Anatol” the unutterably silly name of “The Five Kisses,” the desecrators paused, aghast at their own malfeasance. Then they did an enormously daring thing—they asked the fans themselves, through the exhibitors, which name they preferred—and they preferred that obscure, foreign, meaningless though original title, “The Affairs of Anatol”!

Momentarily, at least, the retreat of this particular band of suggestive titlers has become a rout, for their selling department has ordered them not only to remove the red ribbons from their typewriters, but to refrain from buying any title that lugs the fleshly lure even in the original!
JULIAN ELTINGE: a new portrait! The foremost impersonator of beautiful women in the world, Mr. Eltinge has returned to the films. He first brought his famous feminine characterizations to the shadow stage four years ago, introducing at the same time "Bill" Eltinge, who scored a personal success entirely apart from his impersonations. His new photoplay will be a version of one of his most notable stage successes.
(Below) Illustrative of his theory of simplicity. Urban placed this lofty cathedral pane behind the heroine—Marion Davies—achieving an impressive picture.

REVIVING ROMANCE

NOT Egypt, nor the Middle Ages, nor an expanse of the Spanish Main served as the background for these scenes, but a New York studio—formerly a beer garden, within hearing of the elevated's roar. The artistry and imagination of Joseph Urban recreates for the screen these vivid pictures of a bygone day.

A setting of rare illusion is that provided by Urban for the medieval marriage scene for "The Bride's Play"—shown at the top of the page. The rich atmosphere of the luxurious Middle Ages is faithfully conveyed to the silver sheet.

The Nile scene (at the left), which is only a flash in "Buried Treasure," Joseph Urban surrounded Marion Davies with such beauty as Cleopatra herself might have envied.
Any film star's outlook on life. And then they say they don't earn their salaries! Even cameramen look green under the lights. Take your girl around a studio and have a look at her. If you still want to marry her, it's love.

Pearl White is now leading the simple life of a dramatic heroine in six reels. She is even submitting to a little direction by Charles Giblyn. That's more than any serial villain ever got away with when Pearl was the princess of thrillers.
ARE your nerves in good condition? Heart all right? Do you like football games, mountain climbing, and personally conducted tours about boiler factories? Any one or a combination of these simple pleasures? Then come along on a little sight-seeing excursion to the William Fox studios at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-Fifth Street, Manhattan, on an unusually quiet afternoon. If you follow the film from left to right you may get a faint notion of what it's all about. Beginning at the farthest corner: A Dive. Director Edward Sedgwick is giving a little lesson in serial etiquette to The Gang—you know the Gang—for an episode in the long life of that light-fingered gent, Fantomas. Next in order, Violet Mersereau, trying to find out which one of the Seven Stages of Fox she is in. Then Bill Farnum's private orchestra—Bill is never temperamental when they are playing, but then Bill is never temperamental anyway. Halfway between the harp and the Cooper-Hewitt, Marc MacDermott's mustache is working overtime. Finally: a layout of gaming tables to turn the ghost of Canfield green with envy—to say nothing of the Prince of Monaco, assorted extras and stage-hands, etc.

Mrs. Mary Carr—playing just one more of those mother parts before the Reformers decide that anything so wickedly suggestive to innocent youth as the idea of Motherhood should be firmly and immediately suppressed.
A Photobiography

Elinor Glyn's
Impression.

There is an uncompromising seriousness about a baby! They are always—at eighteen months—so very dignified. It must have annoyed Gloria Swanson exceedingly to have stupid people poke and tickle her in the hope of bringing a smile to that cherubic countenance.

To see Gloria Swanson on the screen, no one would realize the exquisite, tiny creature she is. She looks to be quite a tall woman—but off the stage she is only "a slip of girl"—with perhaps the loveliest eyes I have ever seen. They are strange eyes, not altogether occidental, which gives them their charm—blue eyes, up a little at the corners, and with lashes half an inch long. Nothing of the "saucer in the middle of the cheek" type which so irritated my sculptor friend when he was shown photographs of chocolate box beauties! Her eyes hold all possibilities—and when life and its experiences will have begun to cloud the soul, wonderful magnetism will come through them. And even now, in her first fresh youth, they stand apart from all the other eyes on the screen.

That is why I like to look at her, and watch her playing the part of my "Nadine"—I feel that she has an old soul struggling to remember its former lives—not young—young—like this Great America.

She is often unsmiling—often even sad. Someone said in my hearing the other day—"I wonder what Elinor Glyn would look like if she smiled!" . . . That is the bond between us perhaps; we both have up-at-the-corner Slavonic eyes, and we neither of us smile—much! I do not think that she has yet had a part which has done her talent justice. I am not even sure that "Nadine" is such a part—although there are several "moments" in it which come near it—I would have preferred to have studied her personality first, and have written something especially for her.

She will excel, in the future, in tragedy—in deep emotion where there can be no possibility of action. As the two best moments she ever showed, in my opinion, were when she cried on the garden seat in the park in "Something to Think About"—and crouched in the straw in the same play.

She has one quality which I think supreme in human beings—she has Courage. Imagine what it meant to go down in that pit among the lions—in "Male and Female"! Think what it will mean to be in close proximity to the rattlesnake in this "Great Moment," and remember, fear shows through the eyes—no matter how the muscles of the face are controlled, and no such expression is coming through hers on the screen, because—she knows no fear!

She has another virtue rare in the female character—she does not talk all the time—and she never says unkind things about other women.

I always stand back and review people in the abstract when circumstance is going to bring them into close touch with me, and I do not give an opinion until I have studied them fully, although one forms in my mind, the first time I look into their faces. We have now worked together for two weeks and "on location" (twenty-two hours on end—without sleep, lately!) and I like Gloria Swanson. Make deductions from all I have said, and you will understand what tribute this means!

The small Gloria doubtless cherished a wholesome resentment against all photographers. When one is five and has a new doll to play with it is silly, to say the least, to get all starched up. But at the age of fifteen the whole thing takes on a different aspect. Particularly when one is wearing one's hair up for the first time. The center picture was taken along about the time Gloria Swanson decided to break into the movies via Essanay.
of Gloria Swanson

Let's skip a few years, then observe the young lady at the left: Gloria Swanson, a queen of slapstick comedy, a movie mermaid of the Mack Sennett school.

She hadn't realized her dramatic ambitions by any means, until she was given her big opportunity in Cecil deMille's "Male and Female" (above). In the oval, the dazzling, superbly gownned and sophisticated Gloria Swanson of today and "The Affairs of Anatol."

Of course, before she played Lady Mary to Tom Meighan's Admira ble Crichton, she had to make her deMille debut with Elliott Dexter in "Why Change Your Wife."

And now—stardom! in a story written especially for her by Elinor Glyn, "Her Great Moment." Milton Sills is her leading man.
Another Entry in Photoplay’s $14,000 Fiction Contest:

"I FEEL that the presence of our distinguished guest this afternoon marks a significant advance in the cultural development of this club; that his address will awaken us to fresh effort in bringing to our city the great minds that are inspiring and cheering the world today."

White-gloved hands discreetly applauded Mrs. Willoughby Hill as that august lady seated herself. They pattered again as the object of her eulogy arose and faced a roomful of upturned faces, the flower of the Woman’s City Club, drawn together for the opening lecture of the autumn season.

From her seat at one side of the room, Betty Trainer, watching the slender young Englishman as he proceeded with his talk on “Modern English Poetry,” was glad that she had come. Mrs. Willoughby Hill’s lions generally bored her, but this one was proving an exception. It was not that he roared louder or more melodiously than most lions; there was quite another reason. As a matter of fact the British poet squashed down on his a’s so they seemed unreasonably broadened, his discourse lacked punctuation, he spoke in a series of dashes, spilled out his words. Nevertheless he managed during this process to spill some rather good things. Also he was an attractive looking young man with a trick of blushing that was not unpleasant. However it was neither the pulchritude nor the youthfulness of the speaker that made Betty glad that she had come. There was a much more important reason.

Ultimately came the rustle of pretty frocks as their wearers relaxed, the usual incoherent murmurings that mark the end of attention in an assemblage of fashionable women, and the audience was led up individually to meet the lecturer. Mrs. Willoughby Hill, whose greatest asset was a good memory for names and faces, acted as mistress of ceremonies. Betty hung back to the last, watching the undeniably bored and equally polite young Englishman shake hands with woman after woman. She wondered what he was really thinking, the while, and, unbidden, came to her the memory of a series of cartoons setting forth the feelings of people and things ranging from those of an eighteen month old baby to the sphinx. Idly she tried to place the English poet in his proper intellectual niche between the infant and the emblem of mystery.

Mrs. Willoughby Hill bore down upon her.

How pretty you look, my dear. Come and meet Mr. Tyne, he is charming.”

Betty followed obediently. The young Englishman was being talked to by two exclamatory women no longer young. Betty could feel that he longed to put both hands in his pockets and rest. He turned and mechanically extended one hand as she approached.

“Mrs. Trainer, Mr. Wilson Tyne,” declaimed the hostess.

“How d’you do, Mrs. Trainer?” the Englishman asked, with polite inanity, and then catching up the name again, “Mrs. Trainer! . . . Are you . . . er . . . that is to say, are you by any chance a connection of Selwyn Trainer?”

“He’s my husband,” answered Betty proudly.

“Oh I say now—how unusual! We admire him so much you know.—’Voices!’—perfectly splendid, if you get what I mean?”

The young Englishman was being talked to by two exclamatory women no longer young.
Before you begin this story, forget everything you have ever read about poets. This one is different!

Oh, he thought that it was 'unusual' that he should be married to you.

"I think so myself and I'm awfully grateful," Selwyn Trainer answered promptly. "Still I don't quite see how he reached that conclusion."

"And Mrs. Willoughby Hill thought that you must be an Englishman—because you were a poet."

"That I don't follow at all."

"Don't try to, dear," advised his wife. "Incidentally Mr. Tyne is coming to tea tomorrow. Oh, here are large plates of excellent food smiling at us!"

"You are more of a poet than I am," Selwyn Trainer insisted; "I'm famished."

After they had been smiled on by the proprietress and beamed on by the waitress, the poet and his wife walked up...

Oh, rippling, and he blushed with embarrassment and looked more than ever as if he wanted to put his hands in his pockets.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby Hill, an about-face, a pounce in her eyes, "fancy not knowing that your husband was a poet, that you had married an Englishman!"

Betty ignored the first question to answer the exclamatory sentence.

"Selwyn is not an Englishman though he certainly is a poet."

"Rather," agreed Mr. Wilson Tyne.

Mrs. Willoughby Hill looked distressed. Poets that were not English were outside her mental conception. Of course there must be American poets but they were not quite, well not quite, quite.

"Oh," she exclaimed politely, if a trifle vaguely, "how nice of you old world masters, Mr. Tyne, to know of our young men."
Seventh Avenue as far as Forty-fourth to see the lights. There was a brand new one, that evening, a smiling Esquimo with a long cracking whip driving two dogs whose legs twinkled realisht every while above the white Northern lights fanned out across the sky. The Trainers watched it delightedly for fully five minutes before they went down into the subway for home. It had been a pretense of theirs for a long time that the lights of the White Way were conceived and produced at enormous expense for their benefit, hence they always welcomed a new one as a personal attention. Perhaps it was just this kind of day dreaming that made Selwyn Trainer a great poet. It was very pleasant in the Trainers' little apartment. The roar of the elevated came up to them like the roar of the sea; the warnings from the horns of automobiles were as various in sound as the cries of sea gulls. Betty was knitting happily on a long gray golf stocking. her husband was "reading something over again." He laid down his book and looked up at her.

"It's all sheer beauty," he said.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Trainer agreed absently. She wondered if the stocking would need more yarn. She hoped not.

"The River Yan, the toluu-bird, and Go-By Street, I mean," he explained, "Especially Go-By Street."

Betty glanced at the book the poet had laid aside, let her knitting fall, again said: "Yes, dear."

"Yes, it's sheer beauty," the poet repeated, warming to his theme. "But, then, there is beauty in everything, it's all around us. Take that picture theater we went to on a roof of Broadway, last week, for instance! Well, it was beautiful. The dim light with the background of India; temples and trees; the brass owls with their winking eyes; and the people silent and interested with cigarettes twinkling here and there, and, above all, a canary in a cage singing out its heart. It was beautiful, yes, beautiful!"

"Isn't it a far cry from Lord Dunsany's 'Tales of Three Hemispheres' to a movie roof garden?'" asked the poet's wife, her eyes affectionately on his.

"No, it isn't," he stated positively, "nor is it a far cry from Broadway with its lights twinkling; its cascades of fire; its glittering electric lights; its myriad chasing spools of thread; its absurd manikins doing setting-up exercises—not to mention the new Esquimo—to the land of Singaree where the female slave empties her basket of sapphires at dawn into the abyss where dwell the golden dragons. Yes, there is beauty in everything, and most of all, Betty, my own, in you."

"You're a dear," answered Betty, blushing and dimpling at the same time—something very few women can do, "and I'm very glad that I married you. It's a shame everyone can't see things as you do—but, then, everyone would be a poet," she added as an afterthought.

Selwyn Trainer rose to his feet and took a pipe from the left hand upper drawer of his desk. Betty braced herself, she always had to brace herself against the first two or three whiffs—after that she got used to it. The poet's taste in tobacco was not aesthetic. He was also wanting in other respects in the supposed attributes of poets; wore his hair short, his clothes were neat—rather painfully so, he always knew where everything was in and on his desk, and when the date passed, shook a mean but desirable cocktail. And yet he was unquestionably the greatest American poet of the day, quite possibly the Ages may remember him as the greatest American poet.

The pipe going satisfactorily, Selwyn Trainer came back to his chair and took up the conversation where Betty had dropped it.

"Yes, isn't it a shame that people can't see beauty when it's everywhere about them? Great heavens, how much happier I'd be! Think of being so blind as not to appreciate Broadway at night! It's a shame! Simply a shame!"

"Yes, dear," said Betty, but it was not a perfunctory "Yes, dear." It was a "Yes, dear" vivid with inspiration, and she proceeded to put this inspiration into words, "Why don't you teach them to appreciate and enjoy this beauty—in everything as you do?"


"Yes, talk to them," reiterated Betty, in her turn warming to her theme. "Give lectures. Get everyone in a big hall. Madison Square Garden might be. Let us look about and see as you do. Think how they would thank you!"

"The gratitude of the tired business man surfeited with musical comedies," laughed the poet, but it was a false laugh. His imagination had seized hold of the picture, he was visualizing the scene... It was the end of his first lecture, came the little silence that is so much more flattering than applause. Then the sound of hands beating together. He could see them as well as hear them: swiftly wandering flashes of white like darting pigeons—the same pleased him.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that I don't qualify as an orator," he said lamely, coming back to the present.

Betty sniffed and picked up her knitting. The poet turned back to his book.

WILSON Tyne turned up promptly for tea, the next day, under his arm a well-thumbed copy of 'Voices,' which he at once asked Selwyn Trainer to autograph. His attitude towards the American was rather that of a private in the British army to his overlord, the Company Sergeant-Major. Betty, quite left out of the conversation, nevertheless beamed upon them. She came to the general conclusion that poets as a class were much younger than their age, mere infants in fact. These two acted like two shy small boys trying to make friends. Selwyn Trainer asked the Englishman—a trifle wist (Continued on page 96)
The Gish Girls Talk About Each Other

To ADA PATTERSON

had one. Our father died when we were babies. It seems odd for Jim to come in to breakfast in his Japanese kimono. I didn't know men wore such things, at least in the morning."

"Japanese kimono? Yes, indeed, they're emphatically the thing," Mrs. James Rennie assured her.

"You think a man's handy to have about the house?"

"Yes, to drive nails and tell you about stocks and bonds and to put the waiter in his place," rejoined Miss Gish of the wide, wistful eyes.

"And what do you think of your sister being single? Would you like to see her married?"

"Yes, why not?" Dorothy flashed her answer. She is as swift of speech as the tragedienne is deliberate.

"Kipling said something about travelling faster if you travel alone, didn't he?"

"I don't believe that," from Dorothy.

" Didn't Duse say that one should live fully, round out one's existence with every legitimate human experience? I stand with Duse. Still"—one of those little grimaces that delight her audiences,—"Lillian may become the old maid of the family. Mother always chided me because I had to go fishing for anything in my trunk or bureau drawers. Lillian's bureau drawers and trunks are always models. If any of her things were displaced,—or should I say, misplaced,—it would be a calamity."

"Do you ever quarrel?"

"No," Lillian Gish spoke with her quiet, last-word-on-the-subject manner. "We have never quarreled because we respect each other."

"Not even when you directed your sister in a motion picture?"

"No. We knew that each was working for the other's benefit. Dorothy followed my directions as she would any other director's. We were both pleased with the result. The picture, 'Remodeling a Husband,' was a good one. But I shouldn't want to be a director. I am not strong enough. I doubt if any woman is. I understand now why Lois Weber was always ill after a picture. Directing requires a man of vigor and imagination."

"What are your points of greatest difference?"

"Dorothy likes to go about. She mingles with people. I don't."

Mrs. James Rennie wagged her side-bobbed head. "I must be among people. I need them. I think it helps me in my work. I watch how they do things and (Continued on page 104)
THE SMART GRADUATE—GRAY VS. BLACK

THE number of elaborate frocks—somewhat along the lines of that worn by the flapper shown at the left—that are now languishing in school wardrobes in New York can hardly be estimated; but it is a better place for them than the backs of the girls for whom they were intended.

There is a time and place for elaborate clothes, but the time is not until you have completed your studies and the place is not the school room. Your skirt may be cut to fall in a straight line from the waist, or it may swing full in the new circular mode, but if you have reached the graduation age don’t wear it up to your knees and do wear sleeves that are long enough so one recognizes their purpose. You have doubtless already discovered for yourself the correct and charming costume for the smart young girl, pictured below.

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

SUITABILITY—the art of having the time, the place and the girl in perfect harmony—is the keynote of the smart young girl’s wardrobe, for school or graduation. The girl who places emphasis on smart simplicity in her commencement gown is the girl who may know that she is suitably and beautifully dressed.

In the smart private schools of New York, the daughter of a man who is many times a millionaire will wear a simple cotton blouse, serge skirt, heel or wool stockings and comfortable walking shoes. For graduating day her gown will be a crisp organdie or soft batiste or voile.

No silk stockings or expensive frocks are worn in these schools, and French heels are taboo until the school girl’s education is completed and she is formally presented to her mother’s friends. More than that, if you are attending one of these schools you may not take any expensive raiment with you when you visit friends over the week end—your suit case is inspected to see that none of those evidences of bad taste appear.

If you are a school girl and wish to be really smart, you will not commit the faux pas of wearing a silk frock in the school room, and you will leave silk stockings for the day when you bid adieu to class routine.
STOCKINGS—THAT WELL-POWDERED NOSE

Do you want your skirts to appear longer than they really are? Or shorter? The stockings that you wear will give either effect. If you feel that your gown is a trifle short for the street you should wear grey stockings. This color has the effect of shortening and may be worn with good effect by women whose limbs are rather long, as the young lady at the right above will convince you. Black stockings have a lengthening and slenderizing effect, especially if they are without drawn work or other decoration. If your ankles have lost their youthful curves do not think that you can improve their appearance by wearing thick stockings. The thinner your hosiery the more slender will your ankles appear.

THERE is nothing quite so exasperating to the feminine mind as the consciousness of a nose that refuses to "take" powder and that persists in maintaining a shiny rather than dull finish. If yours has this bad habit, try rubbing it gently with a good vanishing cream, wipe off the cream with a soft cloth and then dust the nose with powder. If vanishing cream does not agree with your skin, there are several good make-up creams on the market that will have a similar result, but do not expect powder toremain on your complexion—and especially your nose—unless you give it something to which it may cling.

THE lines of the new tams proclaim that distinction is a simple matter. Equally smart for street or sports wear are the spring models, and they run the whole gamut of colors from demure black velvet and modest tones of grey and brown to vivid orange and gay scarlet. Suede, velvet, soft leather of various kinds, duvetyn and velour are shown in a fascinating array, and there are also many of the dashing knitted models to match the summer sweaters. Priscilla Dean is shown above in the smart tam of brown leather that she made with her own nimble fingers and wears with such charming effect on the screen.
ART supplements nature when it comes to distributing curling locks, as the accompanying pictures will testify. This is not an instrument of torture at the left above, but the method used to give one's hair a permanent wave; at least, a wave that will last from six to nine months—which is permanence in this rapid age.

Heat and steam are applied to the hair through the tubes, the method requiring from fifteen to twenty minutes to each curl. The system, as described by one of the experts in the work, includes a careful examination of the hair to determine its texture and the amount of heat that may be safely used. A shampoo also precedes the curling process. This wave will last through all vicissitudes of weather until the new crop of hair makes it necessary to again have recourse to the tubes. One curling of this kind is said to have no injurious effect—as there is a new crop of hair to work on for the next wave. The prices charged by all good hairdressers for this type of work is based on the number of curls required.

Gertrude Vanderbilt's coiffure, as pictured at right above, is a convincing proof of the beauty that the permanent wave lends to straight tresses.

**THE PERMANENT WAVE—NEW HAND BAGS**

FOR wear with your tailored suit or smart spring frock, there are hand bags that will delight your soul with their beauty, and enchant your practical qualms with their complete utility. The envelope bag, you must know, is the accepted thing. It appears in leather for more practical purposes or in exquisite affairs of moire and plain silk. Below at the right is a festive little bag, equally suitable for shopping or afternoon use, in black moire with black silk tassels giving an added air of jauntiness. There is a place for one's initials on the silver clasp, if you wish to feel that the bag is indisputably your own!

SOME NEW BAGS

THE envelope bag, you will understand when you carry one, has the triple advantage of being lovely to look upon, compact, and convenient. You cannot say as much for any other type of hand bag. For instance, what could be more delightful than the bag of looped beads shown at the right above? But you can carry it only when your costume matches its air of fluffy smartness. It is good for dinner and evening use. An almost ideal hand bag, if there is such a thing, is the one at the upper left, which you have probably been looking at all the time—of beads in a conventional design, developed in tones of yellow and blue.
Announcing

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL OF HONOR

Why it is needed—What it will mean—How YOU will award it.

WAR has its crosses, the exhibition its ribbons, the athlete his palm, and literature its Nobel prize. So far, there has been no distinctive commemoration of singular excellence in the field of the photoplay. After long consideration Photoplay Magazine has determined to permanently establish an award of merit, a figurative winning-post, comparable to the dignified and greatly coveted prizes of war and art.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor will be awarded for the best photoplay of the year.

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

Photoplay Magazine has commissioned three of the most celebrated artists in America to submit designs for its Medal of Honor. It will be of solid gold, and will be executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. With the passing years—for it is to be an annual affair—it will become an institution, a lasting tribute of significance and artistic value.

Perhaps the most important feature of this announce-

ment is the identification of the jury which will make the selection. Like Abraham Lincoln's ideal government, the photoplay is by, of, and for the people; and any decision as to its greatest achievement can come only from the people. The million readers of Photoplay Magazine are to choose the winner—they and no critics, editors, or other professional observers. These million readers are the flower of fandom—the screen's most intelligent public—yourselves.

Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the picture which, after comparison and reflection, you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920. These coupons will appear in four successive issues, beginning here. All votes must be received in Photoplay's New York office not later than October 1st. Below is a list of fifty carefully selected photoplays of last year. You do not necessarily have to choose one of these, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Choose your picture because of merits of theme, direction, action, continuity, setting and photography, for these are the qualities which, in combined excellence, make great photoplays.

Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920

| Behind the Door | Jes' Call Me Jim |
| Branding Iron | Jubilo |
| Copperhead | Love Flower |
| Cumberland Romance | Luck of the Irish |
| Dancin' Fool | Madame X. |
| Devil's Pass Key | Man Who Lost Himself |
| Dinty | Mollyeodle |
| Dollars and the Woman | On With the Dance |
| Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde | Overland Red |
| Earthbound | Over the Hill |
| Eyes of Youth | Passion |
| Garage | Pollyanna |
| Gay Old Dog | Prince Chap |
| Great Redeemer | Remodelling a Husband |
| Heart of the Hills | Right of Way |
| Huckleberry Finn | River's End |
| Humoresque | Romance |
| Idol Dancer | Scoffer |
| In Search of a Sinner | Scratch My Back |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

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

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

NAME OF PICTURE

| Name |
| Address |

Occupation
Wife and Husband of a Celebrity

Who is the pretty little girl with Mr. Barthelmes? asked a caller at Paramount's Long Island studios. "That's his wife," was the answer. "What—that baby?" exclaimed the visitor.

Mary Hay is, as a matter of fact, still in her teens, and Richard isn't exactly in the Methuselah class himself. He is playing Youth in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience," and she is singing and dancing every evening and matinees in a musical comedy on Broadway. But Mary found time to journey from Manhattan to Long Island City, to watch her husband work; and discuss—probably—the servant problem as they perch upon a Cooper-Hewitt "bank."
"I feel that God is very near me and that all this is God’s Cathedral!"

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

On an island of redemption in the South Seas,
two souls learn the true meaning of love and sacrifice.

By

GENE SHERIDAN

It is a sultry fevered morning in the tropics with a bloodshot sun struggling ineffectually against the clouds rolling up thick with thundering menace. The air is dank, spiced with a compression of smells, overwhelming in the density of it. It is as though the day was dawning on the tragic finale of a progressive hovering gloom coming down on the South Pacific in a nightlong advance of hot-breathed spirits of titanic evil. As the morning drags on, the sky is more deeply overcast. The diamond sparkle of the waves around the reef dims to a gleaming of dull silver, and dulls from silver to tarnished lead. The blues of the distant peaks and slopes come creeping in, driven by a blackness behind them pushing closer and closer. There is an electrical tenseness in the air. It seems that any moment may be the last of the world. The lightning flashes with a blinding, all-pervading light. Then comes the rain and the wind. Land and sea are a hell of the elements. The hurricane screams through the palms and the giant surf roars over the rocks. Then as suddenly the wind ceases, fades to a breeze and is still. The rain pours thicker torrents for a moment and stops. The clouds break and, new-born, the sun shines out on the rippling sea and fresh emerald green of the jungle. A bird calls a few tentative notes and flits to the top of a swaying plantain. It is as the first day of Earth. In that hour it seems that sunshine and peace shall be eternal.

That is a morning in the Marquesas.

And that it seems to me is the elemental story of the Woman —Anna Janssen. But it was just Janssen they called her. If she had another name it didn’t matter. By that name she was known in the chorus on Broadway, by that name she was known to Alastair De Vries, a certain rich man who bought her as a bauble of joy with his empty riches, by that name she was known on the police blotter after that night, and by that name she was sought by Officer Thomas McCarthy, the detective who brought her back from the end of the world for New York justice.

There was some of the blood of the Scandinavians in Janssen, the slender and sensuous feline blonde of tapering curves and the kind of allurement that drags a man on like the fascinating danger of high places. Her face was the orchid-flowered perfection of blossoming of her body. Its beauty was underlaid
Photoplay Magazine

with a poisonous passion as significant with peril as with pleasure.

That was the Janssen then, not the Janssen that McCarthy brought back to the Tombs and a trial for the murder of De Vries after four years of adventure so remarkable in its movements that it was only surpassed by the adventures of soul which threaded through it.

The trial was the reigning sensation of the city, just as the swift death of De Vries and the disappearance of Janssen had been over half a decade before. The crowd in the court room heard the preliminaries of the case with a patient expectancy. They were thrilled and led on through the routine by the remarkable picture of Janssen sitting there silent in the prisoner’s dock. She was not the Janssen they had fancied her to be. She sat immobile, sad, wistful and thoughtful. There was an ascetic resignation that seemed to dominate her entire against the impending horror of the vengeance of the electric chair.

The blue eyes of Janssen looked out from a face with a stoic calm alien to a woman of Broadway. The milk and roses skin and dimpling cleverness that had made her a season’s queen of the Great White Way was now tarned to a translucent golden tint. This was another Janssen. What made her so? The people wanted to know.

There was an almost monotonous commonplaceness to the court fans in the selection of the jury, although there was an element of interest in the deference to Donegan, for the defense. He seemed ever searching the talesmen for something that words could not extract. Now Donegan was famed as the greatest genius among criminal lawyers. His defenses were always sensational and often successful. The word went about that he had taken Janssen’s case without fee.

The earlier witnesses established rapidly the routine facts of the case. From maids and waiters came the story of the luxurious life of Janssen in the studio apartment that De Vries had given her and the story of that last party where after three months of bliss he had taken fire with a new flame and slipped away to the Cafe Oriental for a rendezvous. The belligerent district attorney swiftly brought out the details of the climax—how Janssen, with a revolver under her coat, had followed; how, standing in a doorway, she shot De Vries to death when he arose in angered surprise, interrupted at his infidelities. After that, the witness, the witness, she had vanished as a shadow goes when the lights are turned up.

There was impatience and disappointment in the audience and surprise on the judge’s bench as Donegan allowed these witnesses, one after another, to leave the stand without a word of cross-examination for the defense.

“Is he throwing her down? Is he double-crossing her?” they whispered one to another. Donegan sat with eyes half closed, impertruous.

“Officer Thomas McCarthy to the stand.” The bailiff called loud and clear. The court room stirred. This was the copper who brought her back.

A man who looked both young and old stepped to the witness stand and stood with his right hand up as he took the oath.

“—— the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God.”

The district attorney made it clear that he felt the proof of the murder was complete and that he called McCarthy only to establish formally the identity of Janssen, the prisoner. His statement had hardly been uttered when Donegan was on his feet demanding to be heard.

“Irregular,” the judge ruled, but nodded his toleration, even as he spoke. “Surely you will have your opportunity in due course.”

“The opportunity is opportune only now,” Donegan responded and taking advantage of his opening continued. “Your honor, men of the jury and Mr. District Attorney, I could have obstructed the course of this trial at any point by cross-examination that twisted motives and tangled testimony until you were as uncertain of the truth as Pilate. But I have done none of these things. I have made no haste of doubt about honest facts, because they are true. I admit them freely.”
testimony for the state he will have testified for the defense—and I shall have proven that the chorus girl who killed Alastair De-Vries is not the woman in the prisoner's dock."

Eyes turned to McCarthy, a medium-sized man who looked a giant because of the perfection of his stature, the bronzing of his skin and the rippling muscles that betrayed every movement under the ill-fitting new department store suit that he wore. McCarthy looked a man who could have waded into a war with bare hands, but here he was obviously panic-stricken.

"Tell your story in your own way, McCarthy," Donegan prompted, and turning to the jury explained, "Officer McCarthy has had no one but my client to talk to for some years, and he has difficulty finding his words.

"Shut your eyes, McCarthy, and tell it as though you were talking to yourself."

Tediously and painfully the recital began.

"The commissioner sent for me. I was on the vice squad then when the trouble was about the graft at the Raines Law hotels. He asked me if I was on the square and I told him I was and I guess he believed me. He asks me..." He mixed up with a woman and I says 'No.'

"Why weren't you?" he asks me, and I says, 'My folks come from Ireland and when I was a kid I could go to confession without holding out and I can now.' So he told me that Janssen had been found by the French in Tahiti and I was to go there and bring her back, dead or alive. 'If you come back alone, come in cold storage and I'll pay the freight on your body,' the Commissioner says, 'and that'll be all, McCarthy. And that was all. I go to Tahiti."

"Tell the silence of the courtroom grew deeper until the ticking of the great clock sounded loud and monotonous. Every ear was strained to catch the words of the detective's story. In painstaking and often halting recital he led them with him off into the strange quest and adventures of the South Seas."

In Tahiti McCarthy found that everything was not as he had expected it when he left New York with paper clips to claim his prisoner. The steamer on which McCarthy arrived docked in the morning at the island capital and was to sail in the afternoon. He expected to pick up Janssen and catch the same boat away.

"But there was too much of this 'belle prisoner' stuff," the witness explained. "The American counsel was ill at ease, the French Commissionaire wasn't enthusiastic about my visit."

McCarthy went into a graphic recital of red tape delays about the matter of extradition that made him miss the boat, discovering at the last moment also that Janssen had not been put under arrest by the authorities. With the graphic words of the witness, his audience was transported. The scene was Tahiti.

"COYNE, we will dine," invited the bowing Commissionaire, who led the storming New York detective from his office out into the town. After dinner together they drifted into a dance hall resort frequented by the motley cosmopolitans of the South Seas port. A woman, mostly nude and abandoned of gestures, was dancing in solo over an illuminated platform.

The Commissionaire stood in rapt attention, responding with nods and smiles to every sensuous movement. His fascination with the lissome blond dancer did not escape hard-boiled McCarthy.

The dancer turned and faced toward them, then sighting the Commissionaire leaped down through the tables and flung herself at him, arms about his neck.

The Commissionaire was torn between his delight at the dancer's greeting and the painful necessity of explaining McCarthy, who stood with official stiffness in an attitude of disapproval by his side.

"Mademoiselle—may I have the honor to present my friend—Mister McCarthy." Janssen drew back, with fear and wonderment in her face. She looked sharply at McCarthy. There was challenge in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm the copper from New York that's come to bring you back for trial, that's all."

Janssen felt the earth swept from under her feet. Justice was pursuing her from the other side of the world. What was her all-powerful friend the Commissionaire doing? Why had he permitted this? She faced him with flashing eyes. They spoke the indictment of her code of the honor rooted in dishonors. McCarthy, in his plain square-toed way felt all this with the keenness of simplicity. At last the Commissionaire spoke.
"Mistaire McCarthy will be my guest for a month, until the next steamer sails—perhaps by that time—. A shrug of the expressive French shoulders finished the sentence with a thought that did not dare words.

A round of laughter from the listening hangers-on of the dive stung McCarthy. His Irish was up.

"My prisoner and I leave here tonight on a trading schooner for Frisco," the copper fired back at them, taking Janssen by the wrist as he spoke.

The crowd surged around. They did not know the issues. It was enough that this man from out of the world of law and convention had invaded their refuge, kingdom of golden beaches and hectic nights. They were against him and for the woman, with the instinct of the hunted against the hunter.

McCarthy's voice lulled in his recital and the ticking of the courtroom clock rose into the stillness with its inexorable monotony. The seconds came as measured steps of Fate. Was each marching moment bringing her closer to The Chair? A life for a life! Janssen's head inclined forward and her eyes were cast down. Pursuing accursed memories! The Janssen that was, McCarthy pulled himself up and started afresh. They were back in distant Tahiti, living again the past.

Down on the waterfront in the deepening dusk of the tropic nightfall the New York detective led his prisoner to the gangplank of the waiting schooner, the protesting, menacing mob at his heels and the distraught Commissioner in attendance, inwardly cursing extradition and crying effusive farewells to the prisoner.

With the schooner out to sea, Tahiti far behind down the horizon, Janssen went ahead on the only resources that she knew, the allurements of a physical charm without conscience. The old captain seemed most likely to be of possible assistance.

Alert McCarthy always hovered near. Not a chance for one whispered word did he permit. He smiled at the curses from Janssen with which his vigilance was rewarded.

Janssen was shown to her stateroom. McCarthy pocketed the key. She looked at him questionably. "No, I am not going to lock you in. There are plenty of other keys and plenty of islands where they could put you ashore, in the night."

McCarthy unrolled a mattress before the door, folded his coat for a pillow, and sat down to take off his shoes.

With a toss of her head that was expressive both of defiance and despair and impatience, Janssen turned back into her stateroom and shut the door.

It was deep in the dark hours on the rolling ship that lifted to the long ocean swells of the wide reaches of the Pacific when McCarthy sat bolt upright, suddenly awakened by the opening of the door of Janssen's cabin.

There she stood in a filmy dressing gown, looking down on him with frowns and smiles. There was wickedness in her air. He looked hard at her.

"You're not comfortable there, McCarthy—why don't you come inside?" The invitation was framed in whispered words not half so significant as her nod and glance.

"No—Janssen—you can't trick a New York copper that way."

The door slammed and McCarthy lay back.

When the day dawned there was a great running to and fro on the ship. Smoke was rising from a hatch.

McCarthy hailed a deck hand.

"There's a fire in the hold alongside a cargo of ammunition."

In the haste of desperation the sailor hurried away. Janssen looked from the retreating seaman to McCarthy. She blanched with fear as she sought to spell out the next turn of destiny.

The old ship's Captain appeared, shouting orders to man the boats.

"What if it's too late, McCarthy!" Janssen's voice trembled. No longer was she self-confident, challenging, defiant.

"I'm scared, McCarthy—please—please put your arms around me, like I was your sister." (Continued on page 100)
ONE of the few distinguished actresses of the legitimate who has won equal recognition on the screen: Elsie Ferguson. She is vitally interested in every phase of film-making, and is not content merely to talk; she works, always, for an artistic consummation of her ideals. Paramount recently announced the production of "Peter Ibbetson" on the silversheet, under the direction of George Fitzmaurice, with Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid sharing dramatic honors. It is good news.
THE LIKENESS HOUND
She thinks she looks like Norma Talmadge and declares her guest resembles Wally Reid.

THE FIRST-SHOW FIEND
It looks like an evening of indigestion for Jones, whose wife is rushing him through dinner so they won't miss the first show.

THE GOSSIP
She knows all the latest scandal about the stars. (Here is how a lot of it begins.)

THE SCENARIST
Author of ten rejected photodramas, who can't understand how the great producers get away with such inferior material.

THE MASHER
Writing her star-love that she knows by his closeups their souls are in harmony.

MOVIE FAN-ATICS—By Norman Anthony
WEST IS EAST

I

It was Very Early
In the Morning.
The Few People who
Were Gathered There
In the Lobby of the
Very Smart Hotel
Were Awfully, Awfully Tired.
A Langorous Lady
in Sables
Was Trying
to Swallow a Yawn.
Two Flappers
Sat and Sighed.
"I told him
I Couldn't Think
of it," Said one.
"You did
Quite Right," Said
The Other. And That
Was All they Said.
It was
Only Eleven-Thirty.
Soon
The Revolving Door
Moved—Slowly and
Sedately as
Became a Revolving Door
In that Very Smart Hotel—
And in Walked
A Tall Man.
The Sabled Lady
Sat Straighter;
The Two Flappers
Stopped Sighing and
Stared. I thought that
He must be
A Prince or a
Premier or Probably Even
An Emir.
Everybody was Babbling About
At the Desk where he
Went, and the Clerk Said,
"Your mail, Mr. Dexter."

It was Up to Me.
I had to Do It.
I had Come to See him, so
I had to Cross
The Sabled Lady and
The Flappers, who
Looked at Me Curiously
And then
Gathered their Capes About them,
And Strode Away.
The Lady
Was Yawning Again, and
One Flapper was Saying,
"So I told him I Simply Couldn't"—
And the Other Said,
"You did Just
What I would have Done"—

Elliott Dexter looks
Like the Elliott Dexter You Know—
Only More So. He
Was Only in Town
For a Few Days, and he
Had been Seeing
Every Play in New York.

So I asked him
What he Thought of
His New Picture,
"The Witching Hour."
"Oh," he Said,
"I didn't see it. I went
To see 'The Kid' Instead.
Isn't Jackie Coogan
Great?"
Just when you Think
He Must be Very Dignified,
He Smiles
That's all—Just Smiles.
But it's enough.
I like him—everybody does.
He finished "The Affairs of Anatol"
On the Coast—he plays
Max in it.

Max is about the Only Thing
That Mr. deMille has Left In
For Mr. Schnitzler to Recognize.
I can imagine Mr. Schnitzler
Saying, when Max comes
On the Screen:
"My boy!—or something like that,
With Tears in his Eyes.
Mr. Dexter likes California.
"I wouldn't want to work
In New York," he smiled.
"In fact, I wouldn't.
Work in New York."
He said he thought
That the DeMilles were
Great, and that
Charlie Chaplin's a Real Genius.
But he didn't say a Word

About Elliott Dexter, though
I waited and waited
Whenever I mentioned Mr. Dexter,
He began to Look Bored.
So of course
I had to change the Subject.

You couldn't reasonably expect
That any girl as pretty as
Betty Compson is
On the Screen, would be
Beautiful in Real Life.
I am very reasonable.
So when I
Saw a gorgeous little girl, I
Clutched something and Gasped,
"You aren't really
Betty Compson!" and she smiled.
And Said, "Oh yes,
I am," and I couldn't very well
contradict her. you see, she
Dresses just
As Carolyn Van Wyck says
The Smart Young Girl
Should Dress.
And she has
The Most Enchanting Giggle—she
Is the First girl I ever met
Who giggled enchantingly.
And she said:
"It will be such a relief
Not to have my own company,
Any more."
"What?" I shrieked. "You
didn't say"
"Certainly. I am only too glad
To let somebody else be
The Boss.
I used to sign the checks and
Supervise the Sets and
Select the casts, in addition
To doing a little acting
In my spare time. But now—
I'm going to play in
All stars casts, now and then."
You see, she
Signed this contract and
At first she is going
To be the star of
Her own pictures. But
sometime when
Cecil deMille or
William, or
George Melford
Wants
Miss Compson
For a part, she
Will play it—providing
She likes the part.
They
Are saying
That she will be
"Peter Pan" when
The Barrie play
Is filmed.
And she
Will make one picture
A year in New York—
And I'll see her every time
She comes this way!

A Few Impressions
By Delight Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treman: the first formal portrait for which they have ever posed together. Irene Castle Treman says: "To be happily married, at least one of the parties to the marriage must have a beautiful disposition. My husband has!"
TO be happily married, at least one of the parties to the marriage must have a beautiful disposition. My husband has.

In consequence, we are supremely happy.

Fancy a man being so unselfish that when he knows his wife is going to dine that evening with another man he sends her a big bunch of orchids to wear, and a bottle of champagne to add sparkle to the dinner! That is what my husband does.

There is his latest letter. I have been away from home three days, and I have had six letters and telegrams, and orchids every day. Fancy a man who, when some little disturbing incident occurs, says to his wife: "Don't be excited about it, dearest. It will make you ill and unhappy." That is what my husband does.

No woman can scold such a man. No woman can quarrel with a man who just looks adoringly at her and smiles whatever she says. That is what my husband does.

Fancy a man who when his wife grows restless and wants to go away for a while, says: "Very well, dear." Even though business keeps him at home. That is what my husband does.

When the head of the Castle School of Dancing came back from London, she told me how interested England is in the dance, that it is as deeply interested as this country was seven years ago, and told me that London wanted very much to see me dance. I was interested. I had not intended to dance again, but I had not anticipated this. It would only be for eight weeks. The amount offered for the engagement was flattering. I talked to Captain Treman about it. He said: "Of course I shall miss you terribly, but if it will make you happy I want you to go!"

How can a woman feel toward such a man? Grateful, of course, and adoring! And no matter what her temptations, she would never be unfaithful or insincere.

A great many persons ask, or write me: "How can you endure the quiet life of a small town?"

I not only endure it, I enjoy it. That life includes all the things that are essential to my happiness.

Ithaca is a town beautifully situated. My love of beauty is fed by the hills and woods about it. Our home is exactly what I would have chosen. It is a simple enough home at Cayuga Heights, but it has one tremendously large room. It was a lecture room, for the former owner. It is sixty feet long. We use it for a living room, but it serves for dances we want to give or for any sort of assemblage we want to arrange in our home.

Of course Cornell College is at Ithaca. That adds interest to the life.

For the first time in my life I have all the animals I want. I have twelve dogs and four horses and a village of birds.

Friends ask me what I do. I am busy all day. There are my household duties, and the care of the animals, and I am teaching dancing to one hundred and eight children in Ithaca. They are children whose parents cannot afford to send them to dancing school. I teach them twice a week.

You remember the first time we met? I told you that as soon as the dancing craze was over, she wanted to live in a small town and have all the animal pets she wanted. Now she is realizing that ambition. The children haven't come, but there are the home and the small town and the animals.

I have known Robert Treman since we were children. We used to be neighbors and friends. Then Mr. and Mrs. Treman
moved away and took their son with them. The families visited occasionally but distance and the years seemed to flow in and separate them. The families continued to be interested in each other but we did not often see each other.

My first meeting with Captain Treman after we were grown up was in the South. He was stationed in camp there and I was doing work as an entertainer. The old interest of our childhood seemed to come back at sight. Now and then we met after that, occasionally, in New York or in other cities where we both happened to be. Once we were both in Europe at the same time and we came back on the same steamer. That seemed to settle our future. You know how much sentiment may creep into an Atlantic crossing. How well people become acquainted in a brief time. When we left the steamer we both seemed to understand that our lives would join.

When we talked about marriage I said that I must have my own way. He promised that I should. I told him that my life had been nomadic for so many years that I wasn't sure that I might not feel the stir to wander about the world. He said if I did I might go. I told him that I was marrying him for his wonderful disposition, the most wonderful and beautiful! I have ever known.

(Continued on page 109)

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Oh, Henry!

HENRY FORD denounces the motion picture industry as something run and degraded "by the Jews."

Nothing is older nor more primitive than class persecution. In attacking a class as a class, or a race as a race, Detroit's compendium of universal knowledge aligns himself with the average intellect of the sixteenth century, a time when the best people believed the world flat—as they say Henry does to this day—had never heard of bathtubs, thought flea-chasing the greatest indoor sport, and were willing to burn their neighbors for saying the wrong prayers.

Now PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE holds no family brief for Israel. It wishes to publicly resent Mr. Ford's accusation because it is an insult to contemporary intelligence, for any form of condemnation which denounces a whole people is contemptible, archaic, and a menace to civilization.

It is true that Jewish bankers and business men are largely interested in the financial end of the picture business. The business end of pictures is by no means exclusively Hebraic—but, there are in it many Jews; and the Jew from time immemorial has been given to trade and barter and finance. He is always to be found in the skirmish-lines of exchange, and to discover him vitally concerned in any new enterprise is more a sign of its institutional soundness than otherwise. But, in the picture business, who inspire the policies and control the productions? Who furnish the fiction which is woven into electric drama? Who direct? Who act! Those religious or irreligious persons who, in a general and distinguishing way, we call Christians. And this is especially true of directors, who hold an overwhelming balance of production power at this moment. The Christian, so-called, has a monopoly of everything except photoplay finance, and it would be ridiculous to assert that Jewish cash caused the making of propaganda pictures, or low-class pictures, because an art which caters to public taste—and the photoplay caters to public taste more than all the other arts of the world together—could not be controlled in that manner for a single day.

No one will more quickly admit the faults of the photoplay than those who love it best. It is young, primitive, healthy, ruthless—with all the faults and all the God-like power of youth. But a man who curses it because it is partially administered by a single race is as dangerous as an African voo-doo doctor treating a case of typhus. The art-history of the modern world is all in line with the contemporary record of the photoplay. The Jew, racially, is not adept as a creative artist. His record as an interpreter is much better, but his record as a patron of the arts is best of all. Dramatically and musically, the Jew has been the man behind the artist—frequently to his own profit, but sometimes quite the reverse—for more than a hundred years.

Next year, for some reason peculiar to himself, Henry Ford may declare war on the Methodists. The year following, he may break out violently against the negroes. The year after that, he may turn his bombs and press-agents upon Czecho-slovakia.

What next, Mr. Ford?

JAMES R. QUIRK.
VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

I. APHRODITE.

The name of this god was Hephaestus, or Vulcan, as the Romans preferred to call him.

Hephaestus was the first artificer in gold and other metals, and the first iron master of his time. He had a great iron foundry in the sub-cellar of his country home on the island of Lemnos. The roar of his forges and the clang of his anvils could be heard miles around. The Romans thought that all infernal anneals were the work of Vulcan; hence they derived the words "Volcano" and "Volcanic.

Among the big contracts on this gentleman's books was the construction of gold and silver palaces for all the gods of the Olympus colony, including his father, Zeus. For Zeus he also made the golden thunderbolt which he holds in all the statues or sketches of him that have been handed down to our time.

The society writers' reports of Aphrodite's wedding to this enterprising goldsmith and iron master indicate that she failed to register much pleasure at the alliance. To begin with, he had a bad limp, the result of a quarrel between his father and his mother Hera when he was a younger. He had a bit of a touch and an awkward presence. Then, too, if all reports are to be credited, he was not always careful to remove the smudges of his foundry from his clothing when he came home at night. Moreover, he was Aphrodite's half-brother on the father's side; but little things like that seem to have counted for little in the romantic life of the gods.

The young bride so far as we know, however, with the knowledge that he was doing exceedingly well in his business and that his balance at the Olympus Industrial and Development Trust Company never—nor hardly ever—fell below seventy figures.

This great wealth she decided to employ in the realization of the dreams she had dreamed in her last year at Madame Athené's. Having dispensed by marriage with the inconvenient vigilance of a chaperone, Aphrodite now started out on an extensive course of educational travel in Europe and Asia.

Stories of the gay flutters she was having abroad reached the ears of her husband as he bent patiently over his anvil. He appeared to have made remonstrances on several occasions to Aphrodite's father. To these, we may imagine, Zeus replied by reminding him that the times when a wife could be expected to sit by the fire and spin or knit were over, and that the duties of a goddess made (Continued on page 94)
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Socialism in Art. It doesn't seem to work. At least not in the country in whose language "Das Kapital" was formulated by the expatriate Karl Marx. And doubtless this will be a sad disappointment to the ideal communists who have always insisted that whatever the vagaries of the struggle for provender and place, Art is of its essence a non-competitive and spontaneous expression.

The German state of Mecklenburg-Schwerin last year founded a nationally-owned picture concern, under the general management of the mechanical expert of the State theater.

Let us see what happened to it. According to the New York Herald's advice: "The lesson cost Mecklenburg-Schwerin more than 1,500,000 marks." The first thing that the mechanic-manager did was to engage a second-rate stage manager from Berlin at a cost of 50,000 marks per year. Then, as soon as rehearsals were under way, he went on a personal strike for the title of "Regierungsrat" or State Councillor. Deponent does not say whether he succeeded in clubbing his way into the council, or at any rate his "strike" tied up the producing organization for a term. A photographer was imported, at 180,000 marks a year—and whatever its value beyond the Teutonic frontier, in Germany a mark is a mark and the standard of monetary value. Next, the director is accused of making a ten per cent commission on all supplies, and a couple of comedy notes in his mismanagement are supplied in the statement that he compelled all hands to smoke a brand of cigarettes that he sold, while nearly every rehearsal was enlivened by tirades from his wife, who accused him of flirting with the actresses.

And so on and so on to the release of the first and only film—whereat a great and general laugh. This communal masterpiece was a mixture of meaningless views and impossible scenes. Not a member of the trade would take it for exhibition, and the director confessed that he had only recently seen his first "movie," and had evolved all his cinematic ideas from the same place that the German philosopher of the fable acquired his notion of a camel—from his inner consciousness.

What He'd Been Doing. We may call him Charlie. He approached Director Badger, of Goldwyn's, on a bright morning in January. "I'm tired of the part I've been playing the last two months," said Charlie, "and just for a change—just for the change, you understand—I'd be willing to take that little role of the waiter in those cafe scenes." Badger looked him over. Badger was in a hurry. Charlie looked intelligent, and determined. He played the part. Rather well, too. "By the way," remarked the director, at the close of the day, "you said something about doing one thing for two months—and being tied of it. What part have you been playing?" "The part of a man sitting on a bench waiting for a job," answered Charlie.

Typewriter. "This is the day of the author" is a line glibly knocked out on many a reportorial Underwood, but how big a day it is for the authors is realized, apparently, by few of the people who comment on it. They mean, usually, that the author is coming into a true exercise of his powers on lot and location; that his stories are no longer macerated at the will of any ignomious who handles them; that in the presentation he is treated in as dignified and considerate a manner as the director and the principal actors; that back in the producer's office his groundwork is, at last, being considered of some consequence.

But what probably pleases a great many authors as much as any part of this, or all of it put together, is the author's new financial consequence.

As recently as "The Birth of a Nation" a price of $1,000 or $2,000 for the film rights to a popular novel was considered very good indeed. Now, the film rights to any contemporary and fairly successful work of a known fictioneer bring from $15,000 to $20,000. An unusually successful novel ranges upward, in film price—upward to $50,000 or more. There are several popular stage plays being held at $100,000. And these prices will be paid. Astute publishers buying the short stories of well known men and women are bargaining for the film rights in advance of publication, at prices ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 per short story—and not often are they secured at the lowest figure. The author's name has really come to mean so much that for a name—just for a name—many manufacturers are willing to purchase short stories and novels almost sight unseen, and at magnificent figures.

Which is of course wrong, but it is the natural and to-be-expected back-swing of the pendulum.
YOU will never hear Allan Dwan prate about "My Art." He has always been too busy making pictures. He believes in the photoplay as an art and as an industry, but he doesn't waste his time telling everybody about it; he expresses that belief in the ideals embodied in his dramas. Dwan is a sane director. His enthusiastic imagination is tempered with an amazing fidelity to the realities. If you remember the earlier Douglas Fairbanks films, notably "Manhattan Madness"; the vivid and adventurous "Soldiers of Fortune"; the whimsical "Luck of the Irish"; the thunderingly dramatic "The Scourer"; that splendid celluloid hazard, "A Splendid Hazard," you have acknowledged Dwan's versatility, energy, and devotion to detail. He has his own company and his own studio—but he works as consistently today as he did when he pursued the varied careers of electrical engineer, actor, and scenario writer.
MOTHER-IN-LAW STUFF

The author of "Pigs is Pigs"
has entered this original and entertaining story in
PHOTOPLAY'S Fiction Contest.

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

T

his mother-in-law joke is pretty well played out. It is
not worked much any more. The mother-in-law has
changed her nature, as the leopard changed his spots,
and as a subject for jokes has passed away, like the
hoop-skirt and the Harlem goat.

The average mother-in-law no longer comes across lots with
a four-foot stride to jaw the ears of daughter Essie's husband.
Nowadays she walks on a pair of silk stockings, gets into a
missified, ankle high dress and goes merrily to the movies
with Essie's sixteen-year-old dauldys. Or she comes over
and knits a sweater for Essie's boy Tom, while Essie
goes to the Shakespeare Club.

Only in the wildest and least cultured parts of America
does the mother-in-law linger in the untamed state, as the
snow clings long in the dink hollow of the hill and the cactus
abides in the raw gulch.

For example: Orgus Hucks came over the low ridge, fol-
lowing the old, brier-tangled wood road, and climbed the rail
fence into Peabody Crump's place by the black way. This
brought him into the cow yard, where the dusty, trampled
ground was messed with scraps of fodder cornstalks and old
wagon tires and other things indelicate.

Orgus dodged into the
weatherbeaten cowshed and pecked out.

The cowshed needed a new roof. It leaned indolently
against the clay bank of the hill. The gray boards of its walls
were warped and some of them were missing. The hay that
protruded from the mow was poor stuff—too much daisy
stalk and too much dock weed. That was what was left of last
year's crop—this year's crop promised to be worse: more weeds
and less timothy.

The whole place was like that—mighty shiftless. Wherever
there was a roof it leaked; wherever there was a post it was
askew or flat on the ground. Shiftless—that's the word for it.

Fences down, garden weedy. Foot trash.

From the door of the cowshed Orgus Hucks looked out
cautiously. The day was the seventeenth of August, Sunday,
1919, and the last red liquor had gone off sale June 30th of the
same year in that township and the total moment had caught
Orgus Hucks so utterly short of cash and trade stuff and credit
that he had not been able to do his proper share toward re-
thieving the Carleyville saloons of their surplus stock.

What he could buy he had bought. Computing roughly,
he had estimated that what he had been able to buy
would last thirteen months and two days, but it was all gone
already, except the means, cantankerous grouch of it. Orgus still
had that in his system, and he was sore and disgusted and
bodily up with all the ugliness of too much bad whiskey and
the thought that the saloons were not liable to open again
for five million years. Life was not worth living. He had not
washed or shaved or combed his hair for four weeks. For
three weeks his wife had told him what she thought about it,
unassisted, and then his mother-in-law came over the hill and
helped her daughter tell him. She was a good helper, too,
that way. For two days Orgus stayed out in the barn, then
he went up to the shed on the sheep lot and she went up there
and jawed him, and then he went to the far side of the wood-
lot and abode in the hog shelter until he was so mad he wept.

At first he did not see Peeb Crump but he guessed Peeb was
around the place somewhere, or within a mile or two of it,
because he heard Peeb's mother-in-law talking to Peeb like

a Dutch uncle, just the way his own mother-in-law had talked
to him. From the cowshed he saw Peeb's wife-mother come
to the back porch and kick a bramah hen seven feet into the
air, and throw a dishpan of water at Peeb's hound, so he
guessed Peeb was near at hand. He saw a moment later.

Peeb was under the back steps trying to look like a bundle
of old clothes. He looked it, too, except that his hair looked like
one of those iron-gray mops that they put oil on and mop up
dry floors with. Orgus Hucks whistled like a woodchuck and
Peeb gave him the high sign and crawled behind the rain-water
barrel, and dodged behind the scaly apple tree.

From the safe side of the apple tree Peeb took a look at the
kitchen door and sneaked for the woodshed, bending low.
He leaned against the back of the woodshed awhile and then
gave Orgus another signal and crawled on his hands and knees
to the shelter of the iron kettle in which hogs are scalded when
they are rudely wrested from life's joys. From the iron kettle
to the cow-shed was but a dash, and he dashed it. He stood
a moment or two, clutching Orgus Hucks's arm and listening
for mother-in-laws, and then drew him hastily into the calf stall
and closed the door.

The first thing he said was something about mother-in-laws.
Then he added, "What you want?"

Orgus Hucks put his hand on Peeb Crump's arm.

"You'n me understand each other," he said grimly. "You
'me don't need to waste no words. Devils, that's what
mother-in-laws is, now devils."

"You better watch life they be," said Peeb heartily.

"And mine's wuss'n that."

Orgus looked Mr. Crump firmly in the eye.

"I speak plain," he said. "You know I do, Peeb. I speak
out. Ain't that so?"

"That's you," agreed Peeb. "You speak right out. When
you git a chance. That's you, Org. When you git a chance
you speak right out."

"Business is Business, ain't it?" Orgus demanded. "That's
me, Peeb. You know that. I talk plain, man to man, don't
I? I talk business when I got to talk business. Yes or no,
that's me. I don't care if it's a mother-in-law or what it is, I
talk plain business. That's me, ain't it?"

"You're dead right it's you," agreed Peeb. "And that's me,
too, Org. You got' admit that, Org. When it comes down to
business I don't go hee-hawing around, neither."

"As man to man, Peeb," Orgus said. "That's how we're
talkin', ain't it, as man to man."

Mr. Crump looked at Mr. Hucks with growing suspicion.

"Not a pint," he said firmly. "Not a sniff, Org. I ain't got
one-tenth what I'll need for myself. Money can't buy it off
me. A man's got to look out for himself, Org. You know that.
It's his duty to his—" to his family. "Not a pint, Org! I won't
sell it.""

"Sup'pishus?" said Orgus Hucks disgustedly: "That's what
you be—sup'pishus. A man can't open his head but you think
licker. Disgustedly low mind, if you can't think nothin' but
licker, I ain't thinkin' lick'er, Peeb. I'm thinkin' important
subjects. Plain business proposition, Peeb; man to man."

"What you got?" asked Peeb, still doubtfully.

"You got a mother-in-law," said Orgus, stating the fact.

"You bet your worthless hide I have," Mr. Crump admitted,
adding: "dumb-bust her!"

(Continued on page 66)
"Why, dad bust your hide—" said Mr. Crump, reaching out his hand to "wrestle" Mr. Hucks again. But his voice died weakly in his throat. His eyes, looking beyond Mr. Hucks, were big with fear.
THERE'S NOTHING TO IT

Except, in Isabel Leighton's case, a filmable personality and a pair of blue eyes.

By FRANCES DENTON

Of course, there has to be a Struggle.
Every interview has one.
It may be a Struggle against early adversity. Or a Struggle with Parents Who Didn't Want their Daughter to Be An Actress; or a Struggle, more often than not, against Managerial Short-sightedness. It doesn't matter so much what the Struggle is—but there has to be one.
That is why, when I went to see Isabel Leighton, I was disappointed. I waited and waited; I stayed twice as long as I should have—simply because I was eager and anxious to do my duty as an interviewer. But the longer I waited, the more apparent it was that, in Miss Leighton's case, all the old rules were reversed. She didn't have a struggle. Her parents were willing as Barkus; the managers took one look at her before asking her to sign their contracts. As for early adversity, there wasn't any, because Isabel had a nice home in New York and just about everything she wanted—and still has.
She never even knew she wanted to go on the stage, until—but let her tell it:
"I was doing war work," smiled Isabel, her deep and clear blue eyes twinkling, "that is, I sat at a desk with a big pile of papers and did what they told me to do. One day a woman came up to me and introduced herself. She was the chairman of a committee which was to give a pageant for the Red Cross. Ben Ali Haggan was to stage the tableau. They had twenty-four girls of certain types, and they wanted another. I was asked to be the twenty-fifth—why, I don't know." (Note: Miss Leighton, we might mention en passant, is too nice a girl to admit even to herself that there might be reasons for anyone wanting her to be in a tableau. She has such very pretty eyes—)
"But I went. Of course I went. And I found myself completely surrounded by celebrities. All sorts of celebrities. Dancers, singers, tragediennes, comedienne—and film stars. There were Marilyn Miller and Agnes Ayres and—well, you may imagine how I felt! I was the only girl there who wasn't famous or near-famous. And that's what started it all."
Something had to be done about it. And Isabel Leighton decided, then and there, that the next time she was in a pageant or a tableau or a party with stage or screen stars, she would be one of them—not an outsider. And she didn't lose any more time realizing her ambition.
"I saw the advertisement announcing The Florodora Beauty Contest," she said; "it explained that any girl could submit her picture to this contest and that the winning girl would be given a chance to succeed on the stage or the screen. I sent in my photographs, and—yes, I did have an idea I'd win, or I wouldn't have done it! But when the judges—Arthur Hammerstein, Joe Weber, and Cole Phillips, the artist—sent for me, I'll admit I was a bit shaky. But they were all so nice, and I'd do—and Mr. Phillips even asked that I pose for one of his covers. He said—and Miss Leighton blushed becomingly—"'that my eyes were right!'"
So that's how it all happened. And the next thing she knew, Isabel was playing her first screen role, with E. K. Lincoln in "What is Love?" And then she was offered a part in David Belasco's "Deburau."
It isn't a big part. But it serves to introduce Isabel Leighton to everybody. Isabel's eyes and Isabel's soft, low contralto. And she is going to study—all the time—so that the really big part, when it comes, will find her ready. When "Deburau" goes on tour, it will leave her behind, because she doesn't want to leave New York and the opportunities to make more pictures.
And everyone who knows Isabel is prophesying that the company which sponsored the contest—the Electric Star Vibrator—will one of these days be asking her for her picture and her signature to endorse their product. That she will, in other words, realize that ambition that was entirely unpremeditated on her part, and without any Struggle at all.
The gods are always good to girls with deep blue eyes.
A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors.

The Shadow Stage

By

BURNS MANTLE

YOU are safe in placing "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" on your list of pictures not to be missed. It is the second best screen comedy of the year, counting Chaplin's "The Kid" as the first, and, curiously, it is as dependent upon its titles as the Chaplin picture was notable for its absence of titles. The printed witticisms are responsible, I should say, for at least a third of the laughs. And though they are frankly "jazzed," as they say in the studio, the jazzing has been cleverly and intelligently done in a spirit of high burlesque.

In the screen version of Mark Twain's story the dream form is wisely used. The hero, a great lover of the Yankee's written adventures, sits late reading the book. On retiring, he encounters a housebreaker. There is a fight, the hero is knocked down and out, and loses consciousness just as the burglar grabs a pikestaff from a stand of armor and stands above him menacingly. When he awakes in his dream he is being pok ed in the ribs with the pikestaff of Sir Sagramore ("Saggy" of the round table) and is made captive. Taken to the castle, he is condemned to death by King Arthur and about to be burned at the stake, when, by nicely timing the sun's eclipse, he convinces the king that he is a much better magician than the wicked Merlin and is allowed to live. His adventures thereafter are many and fantastic. He introduces modern methods in the conduct of the kingdom, and soon has the knights punching a time clock and spending the noon hour "shooting craps." In the jousting tournament the Yankee sees himself as a Bill Hart who ropes the startled "Saggy" and pulls him from his horse, armor and all, and then repeats the performance "for the benefit of those who came in late." He rescues the Princess Alisande (he calls her "Sandy" for short) from the dungeon of the wicked Queen Morgan le Fay with the aid of his "enchanted Gat," with which he shoots holes through several surprised gentlemen, and from the armor discarded by the knights after the incident of the joust he builds a flivver. When he and the king are captured by the "four horsemen of the eucalyptus" in the employ of the queen, they are rescued by Sir Launcelot and "Sandy." As Sir Boss has often said, "Give her the gas, Kid," advises Launcelot in hurrying the rescue, and as the flivver scurries toward the castle it is followed by a couple of hundred knights mounted on motor cycles. It is all good fun, and has pictorial value as well. Emmett J. Flynn has made a name for himself as a director who is not dependent upon the slapstick and the swift kick in creating low comedy on the screen, and Bernard McConville has done well with the scenario. Ralph Spence, I am told, had much to do with the titling. Mark Twain himself, could he have had a hand in the rewriting of his story, would probably have objected to some of the liberties Mr. Fox's young men have taken, but I venture that if the earth above his grave should be discovered to have been recently disturbed it was caused by the laughter and not the writhings of the well-loved humorist. Harry C. Myers is consistently amusing as the Yankee, Pauline Starke is the "Sandy," Rosemary Theby the vamp queen, William Mong the Merlin, Charles Clary the King Arthur and George Siegm man the "Saggy."
Those who made the acquaintance of Pola Negri in "Passion" will enjoy meeting her again in "Gypsy Blood," though the second picture is considerably less elaborate and a trace less interesting than the first. Here is a straight version of the Merrimack "Carmen" played and pictured with a literalness that makes it extremely convincing but robs it entirely of its Latin fire and its pictorial flashiness. This "Carmen," as played by the intense Negri is a very real sort of "Carmen" who refuses to tidy herself up before the camera for the very good reason that Carmen herself was not a tidy person. None of your silk-stockinged Calvases and Farrars, this cigarette girl. None of your fringed-shawl beauties with rouged cheeks and cherry lips. You feel the background strongly; you feel that it is genuine: that this is the real Seville, and these the real characters around whom the opera was written. It is a good "Carmen," this "Gypsy Blood," because it is new and Mme. Negri plays it extremely well. Her supporting cast, again enjoying the blessings of anonymity, is made up of actors quite un-Spanish as to appearance and as colorless as the barren mountain fastnesses in which they cling precariously to the rocks between scenes, but competent and, like the picture, different.

THE GUILE OF WOMEN—Goldwyn.

Will Rogers' determination not to be a one-part screen actor is commendable. In "The Guile of Women" he is a Swedish sailor who trusts women and finds them false, until the end he discovers that the Hulda he had loved in Sweden and lost after he had sent her passage money to join him in America has been searching as diligently for him as he for her, and that both his love and his money have been in safe hands. Rogers is as convincing a sailor as he is a cowboy, but the weakness of the story lies in the fact that Swedish sailors are not necessarily nor as picturesque as cowboys. The titles, written in dialect, are characteristic but hard to read, and lack the snap and the humor which the comedian is able to supply when he is talking with and about people he knows. S交通ically the pictures are interesting, with many recognizable views of San Francisco and its harbor. The cast includes Mary Warren, Lionel Belmore, Bert Sprotte and Doris Pawn.

THE NUT—United Artists.

There is always something more in a Fairbanks film than the mere picturing of a story with an abnormally athletic young man playing the hero. First, there is invariably an original and a superior sense of comedy employed. Second, there is the Fairbanks inventiveness that may be counted upon to supply something like a surprise a minute, and usually a surprise with a laugh attached. "The Nut," for example, is preposterously farcical in story and wafer thin in material, but who else could so cleverly brighten a flimsy story by the introduction of such incidents as that of the automatic dresser, by means of which a lazy youth is carried along a moving platform from his bed to his harbor? Or who could so cleverly have developed the incident of the billboard clothes, in which the hero, finding himself all but naked in the street, buys a suit from a clothing advertisement and makes his way home? He stands alone in his particular field because he is a natural comedian with an exceptionally alert mind. You may agree that "The Nut" is not as good as some of the other Fairbanks pictures, but, being fair, you will have to admit that it is at least seven times better than most of the pictures you pay the same price to see.

THE WITCHING HOUR—Paramount.

There is a good dramatic story back of Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour," coupled with an interesting discussion of mental telepathy, pre-natal influences and psychic phenomena. It is somewhat too deep a story to be made entirely lucid either in a picture or in a play. Wordy explanations of scientific theories are always bafHng to an audience, and more bafHng when they are printed than when they are spoken. When this drama was first produced there were many who flouted Mr. Thomas' theories of mind reading, and laughed openly at his assertion that it was possible for one man to defy another to pull the trigger, or even
to hold a revolver aimed at his (the defiant one’s) heart. To
which Mr. Thomas replied that the incident was founded on fact,
and came under his observations during the years he served the
late Washington Irving Bishop, a famous mind reader, as press
representative and secretary. William D. Taylor, who has made
this second screen version of the play, has succeeded in holding
but lost in the story in permitting it to develop logically, if some-
what laboriously, and bringing it to a suspenseful conclusion with a
murder trial, which is always sure-fire material. The cast, headed
by Elliott Dexter, is uniformly good, and includes that fine actress,
Mary Alden, Robert Cane, and Ruth Renick.

SCRAMBLED WIVES — First National.

THERE is a touch of novelty in this picture, which signals the
return of Marguerite Clark to the screen, in the kinemacolor
reproductions of a staged entertainment incident to the story.
Producers have realized the value of such novelties, even after Pathfinder Griffith has so effectively pointed the way
with the colored bits used in “Way Down East.” As for Miss
Clark, she is vivaciously and as charmingly ingenuous as ever in
this pleasant little story of a runaway marriage that did not turn
out at all as she anticipated. It seems a more logical adventure
in pictures than it did as a farce comedy on the stage.

THE LOVE SPECIAL — Paramount.

To illustrate more fully the point that, if a story has a reasonably
solid foundation it matters little how slight it is in plot, I should
like to have you compare the average light comedy you see with
“The Love Special.” It isn’t alone the fact that Wallace Reid is
the most engaging of the screen’s light comedians, or that his
heroine in this instance is Agnes Ayres, that gives this pleasant
little story its holding value, though these two personalities do
help a lot. It is because the romantic adventure upon which they
are started is a plausible adventure and is carefully and intelli-
gently developed. There are no heroes, and there is a lot of
scenery commonplace, everyday incidents of a trip through the
mountains, briefly enlivened by a hotel party and a comedy
holdup. A “flat” comedy, so far as action is concerned, but al-
ways human and always interesting.

BEAU REVEL—Thos. H. Ince-Paramount.

LUTHER REED, the scenarist, and John Griffith Wray, the
director, have been able to give “Beau Revel” something of
the distinction that used to characterize the society drama pro-
ductions of Charles Frohman, by which they took on an impor-
tance among the productions of the theater the worth of the story
did not always justify. And the performances of Florence Vidor,
Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes add to this distinction the grand
manner that further enhances its value as entertainment. The
story is all right in its way, having been written by Louis Joseph
Vance, but the situations, if not trite, are at least familiar. Pic-
torially the effects gained are admirable, and the direction is of a
quality that gets the best results from the excellent cast.

A TALE OF TWO WORLDS — Goldwyn.

It may have been Goldwyn, or the excellent Rothafel who man-
ages to keep the Capitol Theater in New York the pace-setter of the
country in the matter of decorative and novel productions; but or the other took a liberty with the Chinese picture, “A
Tale of Two Worlds,” that worked out very well. The picture
was begun in China, showing how, during the boxer troubles, a
white baby was saved by a faithful Chinaman. He starts with
her for America—and the picture stops. In place of covering the
time with one of those “Sixteen years later” titles the screen is raised, a scene from the picture is reproduced and a
soprano sings the love boat song from “East Is West.” Then the
picture is resumed, picking up the action after the Chinaman and
his child have been settled in San Francisco for many years.
This story, an original scenario by Gouverneur Morris, written
for the lot in California, we assume, has the common lure of oriental picture and is filled with adventure, if not with logic.
A good cast includes Leatrice Joy as the Chino-Yank heroine,
Wallace Beery and Jack Abbe. The settings are heavy and hand-
some.

The stretching process is rather hard on Roscoe Arbuckle's "Dollar-a-Year Man." Gets pretty thin in spots, and the fat one is forced to turn a lot of Sennett suits to keep it going. It happens, however, that this comedian is another of the elect who always has something to give his audience. The better the idea the better his performance, but there is always something worth laughing at. In this instance the story concerns a laundryman who made money perfuming the clothes before he sent them home. He was also by way of being an amateur detective and likewise a member of the yacht club. Comes a foreign price to Fatty's town who is to be entertained by the club at luncheon, and to prevent his meeting so common a person as a laundryman, even though perfumed, certain parties conspire to spirit Fat away and lock him in a haunted house. Comes the prince to the same house; follows a rough-and-tumble-down-the-staircase fight, resulting in the picture recognizing Fat as his friend and savior, the while he gives the glacial stare to the snobbish conspirators at the luncheon. Fight is exciting, Arbuckle always amusing, story pretty foolish. Lila Lee does nicely as the heroine.

WITHOUT LIMIT—Metro.

A sadly muddled picture, this one. Yet George D. Baker, who fathers it, has taken great pains with most of its scenes and situations. The muddling was done, I suspect, at some way station along the tortuous road a manuscript follows after it leaves its native columns and before it reaches its screen destination. Certainly Calvin Johnston's "Temple Dusk," must have made some claim to coherency and a legitimately sustained interest. But it has little coherence and scarce little interest as a picture called "Without Limit." I don't know yet, not having read the original, whether it was intended to glorify a gambling house god who was intent upon redeeming the world through some sort of brotherhood, or to tell the story of the heroine, who began by being drunk and ended, after a minor slip or two, as a salvaging agent who saved a morally weak boy from destruction. However, the larger story was at all convincing it doesn't matter. There were good performances by Charles Lane, Anna Q. Nilsson and Thomas W. Ross, many attractive sets and occasionally a detached scene worth shooting. But mostly it was nothing at all but a series of expensive pictures.

MY LADY'S LATCHKEY—First National

I suppose a dozen years from now someone will still be writing stories about Katherine MacDonald's beauty and regretting that it seems impossible for her directors to find good stories for her to act. That is at once the curse and the consolation of beauty; it establishes a set form of criticism, but it also guarantees its possessor a job for so long as her beauty lasts. "My Lady's Latchkey" offers one of those adventures, and that it is constantly under formed, that there is a trumped-up suspense to sustain the interest, but it would not amount to much if the heroine were not so appealingly beautiful. Some day, when we have passed out of the present craze for the dramatized magazine story and the Broadway play, actresses of the MacDonald type will have their screen material prepared exclusively for them, and then this attractive star will have a chance to prove that she has talent as well as beauty. Edmund Lowe is her leading man.

By Photoplay Editors

THE CITY OF SILENT MEN — Paramount

The Tombs, the Bridge of Sighs and Sing Sing prison itself, furnish background for the screen adaptation of John Monson's "The Quarry" starring Thomas Meighan. If for no other reason, this fact makes the picture well worth seeing. Added to this however, is a well told, forceful story, handled in an intelligent manner. Never mind if the plot is old. Most plots are. You'll enjoy every moment. Mr. Meighan has never given a finer performance, Kate Macdonald one of her charming portrayals in Tom's support. A picture you cannot afford to miss.

(Continued on page 73)
Pictures and Prisoners

By
LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE

The true story—written from the inside—of the great part played by the screen in the lives of a hundred thousand shut-ins.

FOUR hundred inmates of a Western penitentiary attentively followed the unfolding screen story. The fun in a second reel of hilarious comedy was nearing its height when a perceptible dimming of the picture induced restlessness. Outlines became duller and in another minute the hall was in inky darkness. No light came through the narrow windows left the ailse-end, and the walls had also been extinguished. Two minutes—three—five minutes or longer, with no relief, the men conjuring all the while in lowered voices as to the cause of the trouble. Feeding his way along the wall came the grooping Captain of the Yard, until he reached the aisle-end chair of the lifer who managed the entertainments, to whom he gave instructions: “Tell them that the engine in the power house has broken down, repairs cannot be made for several hours. Send all men to their cells with a promise that the picture will be held over for tomorrow night.” The lifer’s voice hushed the low-toned murruring as he repeated official orders. A shuffling of feet, some few chairs overturned in the murk and soon the men were out into the thick darkness of the yard, with just a star or two breaking between cloud rifts. The men had practically to feel their way to the different cell-houses, then blindly count along the steel tiers to their individual cells. A moment or two later came the blast of the whistle telling that the lock-up was complete, the count correct. That Yard Captain, but shortly home from France where he had risen from private to captain, called me into his office, now lantern-lit, and with tears of appreciative understanding in his eyes said, “God! They did splendid. The men can have pictures any time they want it from me.”

In the morning, a visiting editor and writer almost stammered out his enthusiasm. “That event of last night was the most wonderful thing I’ve seen in years. Hit me right between the eyes. Why, I’ve seen prisons where a complete darkness, with hundreds of men loose in the yard and a third of these life-termers, would mean knitting, grudges paid off, attempts at escape and perhaps a savage riot. It was great!”

Why did these inmates demonstrate such a standard of behavior? Was it because of any iron-handled discipline? Hardly, for Arizona’s Prison has no silent system, no lockstep, no stripes, not even a printed book of formal rules. Was it because pictures meant a temporary relief from misery, a break in the monotony? Not entirely. It was because our picture programs represented the greatest influence toward helpfulness in their lives and they will respect any thing, any one, that sincerely seeks to aid them toward bettered futures. Pictures do more than entertain; they enlighten and educate and all three elements are vitally essential to any prison that attempts to turn out prisoners better men than when they were sentenced. Before the otherwise blind eyes of a hundred thousand shut-ins is spread the panorama of the world. They see Esquimaux building ice-block igloos, and near-naked natives gathering rubber in the tropics. They marvel at the marbled curves of love’s greatest monument, the Taj Mahal, just as they imaginatively feel the tang of salt spray on their cheek as they watch the surf-riders of Hawaii. The roar of city streets echoes in their ears and great events of the day are told with photographic truthfulness. The picture teaches them of the world to which they are some day to return; yes, it even teaches men to pray.

LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE wrote this story in the Arizona State Prison, where he has been a lifer for twelve years. In that time he has made his name nationally know; he has built up a prosperous advertising business, and performed invaluable service among his fellow prisoners. Friends are continuously working for his pardon. Elbert Hubbard visited him. Peter Clark MacFarlane made him the subject of one of his “Everyday American” stories. Eytinge superintends the projection of pictures in the Arizona State Prison and best knows the tremendous influence exerted by the films in America’s prisons.
Usually, we do not permit visitors at our screenings, but when I secured "The Miracle Man," some local relatives of inmates were allowed to attend and these visitors sat with their loved ones in the back of the hall. One grey-haired wife sat beside her husband and all through the regenerative parts of the picture, neighbors could hear her husky whisper: "Oh, Boy, are you getting it? Is it getting you?" You who have seen the picture know what "it" was. One white-haired mother, usually stooping in her aging feebleness, walked out of the hall erect and star-eyed because she knew what the picture was accomplishing within her son. One of my own "gang," with several prison periods to his discredit, sat silent for two hours, while I read in his office, and finally emitted "Darnit, Eytinge, I'm done. I'm out of the game for good." I forgot the tell-tale spots on wrist and the ungpuntened hair which had given him the name of "Spots," and saw him only as he determined to be from that night. He's been out some eight months now, traveling for a wholesale house, and this firm is planning to put him in complete charge of a branch office.

Awakened aspiration is a purer prayer than mere mouthing of words and if you had seen the men march out of the Assembly Hall, with heads thrown back, moist but exhilarated eyes, with backbone left unwarmed, you would have understood how pictures in prison might accomplish more than all the religious services I've ever studied in my twenty years of prison experience!

NOR think this a matter of one picture, one prison, for I've been in contact with dozens of men in many institutions, all of whom are known to me through personal correspondence or their actual standing in what you call "the underworld." And there is a remarkable harmony of viewpoint. My Sing-Sing reporter writes: "Pictures are so much a part of the educational reformative and thought-provoking program, that I cannot see how we could do half the work that is done without them. Officials appreciate the showing of pictures because of their influence on discipline, helpful-fellowship, enlightenment plus the maintenance of morale."

From Uncle Sam's great Leavenworth comes: "We believe in the motion picture because it gives recreation to the mind, promotes discipline, broadens the outlook on life, educates man's sense of responsibility and tends to the general moral uplift." This last phrase is respectfully referred to our vexations, vociferous and vixenish reformers. These so frequently aver that "prisons are getting too soft. The very idea of giving criminals motion pictures!"

Of course, prison inmates are b-a-d men, and are put away from all contact with go-od folks, hence it is to be assumed that they'll want salacious sex-pictures, bathing beauties and crime-and-crook stuff, eh? As a little experiment I offered a well known "vamp" in one of her Oriental spectacles. That's a good word, "spectacle," for one didn't need spectacles to see the anatomical spectacle! A certain officer escorted three feminine school teachers to the scene and stood guard throughout the picture, while half of these b-a-d men went out in disgust! At Sing-Sing, they only book the more lurid type of melodrama for the fun they get out of "kidding" the picture. Atlanta's Federal Prison inmates want "those pictures with wholesome American atmosphere in their entirety." Jesse P. Webb, the famous lifer at Salem, Oregon, whose book, "The American Prison System," is the most modern contribution to the subject, writes me, "Good, clean drama, exploiting the problems of life as they are to be met with on the outside world, will catch a house full of 'cons' every time, the usual 10% of feebleminded nuts excluded, of course." The inmate editor of Leavenworth's prison paper says, "There is only one kind of picture which the prisoners here think should be shown them; they want the sort that shows manly or womanly character working at its best." Funny ideas these b-a-d men have.

Merely as indicating their tastes here is a list of the twelve pictures, which, in the last two years, provoked greater discussion in eight prisons, than any others and brought outside the heartiest endorsement; this list being arranged by averaging the votes of some two score representative inmates, in the order of their preferences: "Miracle Man," "Great Redeemer," "Humoresque," "Passion," "Forbidden Fruit," "Madame X," "Blind Husbands," "Male and Female," "Fair and Warmer," "Right Way," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "The Quarry." Photoplay asks me to tell how I get pictures and how the programs are selected. It must be understood that all pictures in this and most of the other prisons are donated, not to the institution but to the men! In Sing-Sing they are sent to the Mutual Welfare League, whose members pay the express. In Arizona and many other prisons the same rule holds. Producers work on the very sane theory that if the State wants pictures, it should pay rentals, but all too often, should the management desire to do this, peremptory busyness bodies prevent. In one State, sundry church societies protested paying out tax-money for such a purpose, and the generous exchange managers set them a Christian example by donating a picture machine and a projection set. Where prisons are in or near a very large city, where distributors maintain branches, a phone message will bring almost any program in an hour or so. Arizona's prison is far off the main-line of railroads and our nearest exchange is five hundred miles away in Los Angeles, so that when a producer donates a feature for the benefit

In the Death House at Sing Sing

SEVENTEEN men—some of them almost counting the minutes until the little black door should open for them into eternity; cheering wildly, for the first time in the history of that place of doom. They were cheering the gift of a motion picture projection machine presented by Thomas Meighan and his director Tom Forman, who went to Sing Sing to take scenes for "The Quarry."

"It got me," said Meighan. "I tell you I appreciated the possibilities of pictures. They aren't just punishing men there—they're saving them! As a prisoner said, These entertainments are possible as concrete proof that the prisoners of the State, though deprived of liberty for faults committed, are in all other respects as other men. The head man of Sing Sing's entertainment committee, himself a prisoner, replied when I asked him what we could give the men, 'Meighan, I want a projection machine for the Death House work; anything regular run. And when those men saw it and realized what it was, they cheered until the walls shook."

(Continued on page 85)
Do You Believe in Dimples?

Seena Owen's don't interfere with her mental machinery a bit.

By ADELA ROGERS
St. JOHNS

NOW that the national suffrage amendment has passed, I think we women ought to get down to cases for some legislation that's going to do us some real good. Personally, I think we ought to begin with dimples.

If there is one thing more than another that I consider unfair, unconstitutional and un-American, it's dimples.

If we can't all have 'em, nobody can have 'em, if we're going on with this "all women are born equal" stuff. Because there's positively nothing equal about a woman who's got dimples and one who hasn't.

There's something about a dimple—you know the kind I mean—that will make a Sunday school superintendent sing jazz out of a hymn book.

As a menace to society in general they've got all these things reformers are celebrating, like cigarettes and shimmies and milk chocolate sundaes, looking like a bottle of grape juice at a bootlegger's convention.

I have never seen such dimples as Seena Owen's.

They're Bolshevik, that's all. They don't conform to any rules of conduct whatsoever. They're the most indecorous, I-don't-believe-in-Blue-Laws set of dimples that ever made another woman understand murder in the first degree.

When the fairies gathered around her cradle, and said, "Well, old dear, what'll you have?" I'll bet little Seena put a coy toe in her mouth and elected dimples. Because after all with a really good set of dimples you can eventually acquire anything you crave from dukes to daffodils.

And I just want room to say that you can celebrate your snaky vamps, your black eyed demonesses, the 20th Century Limit who can wear her brother's shoes and coat, or the elegant lady who makes you feel ice down your back, but a pretty little blonde with curls, curves and dimples is the one thing that makes every man remember his common ancestor, Adam—you know, the guy that ate the apple. Some prefer 'em one way and some prefer 'em another, but every man in the world can stand a pretty blonde.

(Continued on page 97)
TIPPERARY

He was a very small boy, standing in the middle of a pink rug. He wore overalls of the most socialistic order, and they were at least two inches too short (overalls always are) so that his elk-skin shoes protruded with an appearance quite Chaplinesque. He had a very dirty face, the outer layer composed of all-day-sucker and mud.

"Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," I said, "are you Jackie Coogan?"

"Yep," he admitted it without malice and without favor.

We contemplated each other for a few moments and then he remarked encouragingly, "'Y can sit down, if you want to."

I accepted the invitation.

"I got a new coaster," said Jackie hospitably.

I sat regarding the small, straight figure, the big, serious brown eyes, the sensitive, childish mouth, remembering that all these things had combined to thrill and delight me the evening before when I had seen "The Kid" for the first time. He was such a little fellow, with traces of the soft lines and colors of baby days still so plainly written upon his face. He looked cuddable, in the extreme, but he held his small shoulders in a way that made me recollect the things Charlie Chaplin had said about his genius.

Suddenly I realized that he had ceased to study me with the frank gaze of childhood.

His eyes were fixed joyously, breathlessly, on the doorway.

In the doorway, stood Tipperary. His tail drooped, but his eyes were smiling, with confidence in his luck, upon the small boy in the overalls.

"Oh, golly," said Jackie Coogan in hushed tones. "Look at that swell dog. Gee, where d'you suppose he come from?"

"He's mine," I said.

I saw my stock jump fifty points in the estimation of my young host.

"Gee, ain't you lucky. I never saw such a swell dog. He's wonderful. I wish he was mine—that is, if he could be both of ours. 'Course I wouldn't want to take him away from anybody. But if he didn't belong to anybody, I wish he could a' been mine. People are all right, but they ain't dogs, are they? I wish I knew where there was another dog exactly like that. Well, I wish I had any kind of a dog. But they don't let you keep 'em in flats. Flats are the bunk, don't you think so?"

I nodded.

"What's his name?" he demanded as he moved cautiously forward.

"Tipperary."

"Tip—Tip—I guess I'll just call him Tippy, if you don't mind. Comere. Tippy, let's be friends, will you?"

In a moment he had both arms around the dog's neck and the two went down together on the rug, blissfully mixed up in a heap of blue overalls, ecstatically waving tail, and friendly sounds.

"Jackie," I began, assuming my most business-like tone, "how do you like being in pictures, anyway? Is it fun?"
and the KID

When asked what he thought of the future of the movies, Jackie Coogan replied: "Yep! What kind of dawg is he?"

By
JOAN JORDAN

"I liked the Chaplin studio fine—because there was a lot of dogs there.

"Yep. What kind of a dog is he?"
"He's an Irish setter," I said briefly. "Would you rather work all day with Mr. Chaplin than go to kindergarten?"
"Yep. What does he eat?"
"Who?" I asked in some confusion.
But the boy only looked at me with the patient pity children are so often forced to spend upon their elders.
"Tipperary, o'course."
"Oh—he eats most anything. Was 'The Kid' your first picture?"
"Yeth. Have you got a little dog house for him to sleep in or does he sleep on your bed? If he was my dog, he'd sleep on my bed, you bet."
"He sleeps in the garage. Jackie, dear, do listen to me for a minute, will you please? I'd like to know what you really think about pictures, and if it's hard work for such a little chap as you. How old are you, honey?"
"Six—most. How old is Tippy?"
"Almost a year," I said, feeling a wild desire to throw my cherished four-footed friend out the window. "But—"
"Only a year. Why—ee, he's only a puppy. Why, you big stiff, you ain't near as old as me an' look how big you are."
I decided that if something wasn't done soon it would be too late.
"Now Jackie, if you don't come here and talk to me this minute I'm going to put Tippy outside and you can never see him again," I said severely. "I can't find out anything about you if you talk about the dog all the time!"
Jackie considered the threat in my first words and reluctantly abandoned Tippy's society for mine.
"What'd you want to find out?" he asked pointedly.
"What do you actually think about motion pictures and working in them, Jackie? Would you rather just be like other boys and go to school, or do you like to be a movie actor and have your pictures taken and work in a studio?"
"My gosh, can't you ask a lot of questions," said Jackie, apparently awe-struck for a moment. "Then, 'Say, I am just like other boys. An' I don't see why anybody's got to be so crazy about going to school. I know fellers that go and I can't give 'em so much."
"Somebody's got to be in the movies. I don't see why everybody needs to make such a fuss about 'em. I liked the Chaplin studio fine, because (Continued on page 103)
WE
TAKE OFF
OUR HATS—

TO William Fox, whose portrait you see at the left, because he is often referred to by his confreres as "the man who forgets to sleep"; because he is one of the most able showmen in America; because he has the courage of his convictions; because he has secured six former "legitimate" theaters in New York City in which to exhibit his more important productions; because "Over the Hill" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" were two of the finest photoplays of 1921—or any other year.

TO Kate Bruce, the gentle-faced lady at the left, because she has been a beloved figure in the films for many years; because she never overacts; because she has been the scene "mother" of many; because she always has a kind word for everyone; but chiefly because she symbolizes, in real life, the same wholesome traditions she carries out on the screen.

TO Rupert Hughes: because he is an eminent author who has gone into the picture game whole-heartedly; because he isn't afraid to roll up his sleeves and actually get down to business on the lot; because he has written many best-sellers which have faithfully portrayed American morals and manners; because he writes great sub-titles; because he served in the Great War as Major; and finally because he is a musician and a charming gentleman.
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John Interviews Anita

And Anita interviews John, just as if they were merely friends instead of husband and wife!

WHENEVER anybody interviews Miss Loos," said John Emerson, with a grave nod of the head, "they always say something about what clever titles she writes." He sighed despondently. "Really, there are a lot of other interesting things she does—you have no idea!"

"Humph!"

Miss Anita Loos said this. It is a hard word or expression to put into type. Men never say "humph," but women say it so well that it means as much as any ten thousand words any poor bood of a man may muster.

It was very evident John Emerson quailed or shuddered or, at least, cringed. Miss Anita Loos eyed him frostily.

"Humph!" she said again. "Whenever he gives an interview he always tells 'em how clever he thinks women interviewers are. Of course, it always has to be a woman interviewer who comes to see him. And after he tells them that why, of course, they go away and spread molasses all over him."

John Emerson drew a deep breath.

"Listen," he said, "listen to me. I'll interview her for you and give you the real low-down. No gallantry. No softy-stuff. I used to be a reporter on a newspaper that didn't care what it said. I'll show you."

And so John Emerson interviewed Anita Loos, and Anita Loos interviewed John for PHOTOPLAY.

But, really, they were awfully sweet about it. They behaved just as cordial and polite as if they were merely friends instead of being husband and wife.

Studies in Still Life
or
Anita, the Beautiful Scenarist, at Work.

By
JOHN EMERSON

Readers will of course understand that the title, "Anita, The Beautiful Scenarist," refers to the woman's physical charm, rather than to any quality of her writings. In fact, it is common knowledge that only the susceptibility of producers and talented collaborators (such as her husband) who are clever enough to make passable pictures from bad stories, has made possible the production of Loos scenarios equal in volume to an unabridged edition of What Every Woman Thinks She Knows. I found the subject of this article doing pleasantly over a story which she had promised her husband to have completed the day previous and proceeded to base my interview on one simple, direct query, asking only a plain answer to a plain question, namely:

"What makes your stories so punk?"

Instead of giving the required explanation, the defendant began to talk on an entirely different theme, to wit, why her stories are so good. She roused herself and declared:

"It's the writer's own personality that makes the story. That's why I try to keep myself happy and cheerful. I have a motto which is the key to my character: 'High O' Heart, toujours High O' Heart.' And so when you ask me why my stories are so good—"

"Pardon me. I asked why they are so bad," I said, mildly. Then, as she did not answer, I tried to make the interview easier by suggesting, "Perhaps it is lack of education? Who are your favorite writers of fiction, excluding, of course, your press agent?"

"Thackeray, Shaw, Moliere, Dumas, Balzac, Shakespeare—" she began to rattle off blithely, but it was evident that she was reading the names over my shoulder from the volumes on her husband's private bookshelf.

"One moment," I said.

"What do you consider to be Shakespeare's best novel?" And, believe it or not, the woman was unable to answer. I then decided to follow up this theme and, modelling my interview after the popular standards, drew from her the following facts: Favorite composer—Irving Berlin. Favorite poems—Campbell Soup ads. Favorite meal—luncheon (says she almost always gets up for luncheon). Favorite sport—sleeping.

"But," she added with a touch of sadness in answering the latter question, "I am troubled with insomnia."

"Do you mean you can't sleep?"

"I seem to sleep quite well at night," she replied, "and I sleep very comfortably in the morning. But in the afternoon I can't seem to sleep at all."

"Perhaps it is the weight of years," I suggested. "You're not as young as you once were. By the way, just how old are you?"

"It just occurred to me that I haven't answered your very first question about my stories," said Miss Loos with sudden volubility, "I believe I do know the answer."

"What?"

A punk collaborator."

You can see for yourself that the key to the woman's character is, as she says, High O' Heart—And Low O' Brow.

(Continued on page 107)
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Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

EL INOR GLYN and Charlie Chaplin, who certainly need no introduction, met at a dinner party in Beverly Hills recently, so Mrs. Glyn said.

Madame Glyn after dinner approached the famous comedian and putting her beautiful jeweled hands on his shoulders, beamed at him with her dazzling green eyes and said, "Dear Mr. Chaplin, I can't tell you how deliciously surprised I am at meeting you. Why, you're just like other people. You aren't you, and not at all the sort of freak I should have imagined you." Charlie put his hands on the lily white shoulders of the author of "Three Weeks" and said, "You can say the same of you, Madame Glyn."

BILL REID and his paternal parent, Mrs. Wally Reid, Sr., were having a little exercise on the floor of the billiard room the other evening, Bill's idea of a good time being to cover his father's well-known features with a pillow and then jump violently on his stomach, "when he can't see me," as he whispered to his mother.

Wally finally turned the tables, buried his son's head and pushed him across the floor.

Bill rose instantly, his lower lip quivering, and said with extreme dignity, "Now Daddy's getting rough."

EVERYBODY in Hollywood was at the Washington's Birthday races at the Los Angeles speedway, when Ralph dePalma cleaned up one of the most thrilling speed races ever run.

Max Allison had a box—and a box party, consisting mostly of men, as far as we could see. May always has a regular attendant group of young men—but she agrees with Elina Glyn that stars shouldn't marry so I guess it's quite hopeless. Her sister was acting as chaperon.

Tom and Nell lace were there—with their oldest boy, who nearly fell out of the box with excitement. I heard a dozen people speaking about how well Mrs. lace is looking. She had on a marvellous sable coat and the smartest little blue bonnet hat.

Jackie Saunders was in their box, with a suit of blue duvetyn, with a collar of marten. Jackie certainly believes in short and convenient skirts. And she has at least two perfectly good reasons.

Mabel Normand arrived just as the race was starting, looking as fat and sassy as she did five years ago. Most of the western film colony hadn't seen her since her rest cure, and everybody had to run over and congratulate her. Characteristically, Mabel had picked up some small urchin on the way—aged about nine—and giving him the seat of honor, had a gorgeous time entertaining him. She had on a sport coat of blue and henna plaid and a smart straw sailor.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, whom her husband adequately described as the best looking thing around the track, entertained a box party, while her husband worked in the pits most of the day with the cameras,—getting stuff for his new automobile picture.

Incidentally, Wally signed as relief driver for Roscoe Arbuckle, and in practice he made 105 mile average himself. With Mrs. Reid were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Desmond and Hank and Dixie Johnson. Mrs. Reid wore a suit of blue tricotine with a henna collar that matched her bobbed hair, and a sailor of rough blue straw with a henna band, and a beautiful ermine scarf. Marquette Snow, also a member of the Reid party, wore a cape of green velvet and ermine, with a small green velvet toque.

Jack Pickford, who had been seriously ill for some days, was there too, looking white and thin, wrapped in coats and robes. His sister Lottie, in a magnificent coat of velvet, and fur, and Teddy Sampson, in a sport frock of blue, were with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil deMille were there where Tony Moreno was having the time of his young life, rooting like a yell leader for de Palma.

Mary Alden, with the smartest black hat I've seen this year, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes and some friends, and I saw Lefty Flynn, who used to be an All-American half-back and now plays villains for Mr. Goldwyn, acting like he was seeing a football game.

Alice Lake wore a cape of wool with long fringe and an adorable tam over her left eye, and I saw Elliott Dexter, just back from a week at Catalina brown as a berry, and pretty Senta Owen, in black and coral.

And everybody went home so hoarse from cheering, they couldn't speak.

ELLIOTT DEXTER has invented the latest form of commuting.

He has taken a charming house at Avalon, Catalina Island, where he has been spending the weeks off between pictures, sailing back and forth whenever necessary to see Mr. deMille or consult with the Lasky forces concerning his next picture.

Elliott says he's playing from 9 to 18 holes of golf a day and having the time of his life, and that he intends to buy a site from Mr. Wrigley and build, as soon as possible.

BETTY BLYTHE and her husband, Paul Scardon, recently left the Hollywood Hotel, where they have lived since their marriage, for a beautiful bungalow in the foothills.

The cook couldn't arrive for a day or two so the screen "Queen of Sheba" decided to try her hand.

She invited a couple of friends, among (Continued on page 75)
Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman.

Both of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics the safe way.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them often. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The safe, gentle way to launder Cotton Wash Goods

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

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run.

Always press dotted Swiss on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side.

At one exclusive shop in every city Betty Wales Dresses are sold. Every dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundering directions

The secret of washing printed wash fabrics is to do them quickly. If a delicate fabric lies in strong suds while soap is rubbed on it, it will not stand many washings. The colors fade quickly and the threads become rough and coarsened.

For this reason we advise the use of Lux—which is a pure "neutral" soap—containing no free alkali. Lux makes an instant lather and requires no rubbing.

We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather quickly loosens the dirt without rubbing.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all our customers would wash Pacific printed wash fabrics in Lux.

Great dress manufacturer says:

"Launder cottons as carefully as silks!"

We are interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

BETTY WALES DRESSMAKERS

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm
Mother-in-law stuff
(Continued from page 39)

Or Gus Hucks fastened Mr. Crump more firmly with his eye. "Man to man," he said; "man to man, Peeb, what’ll you give me to murder her?"

He waited a moment, and then added: "In cold blood, Peeb; what’ll you give me to murder her in cold blood? Thoroughly!"

II

PEABODY CRUMP seated himself on the upturned pail and Mr. Hucks sat on the decaying stringer of the cow shed. "Now you’re talkin', Org," Mr. Crump said. "Now you’re sayin’ something. I thought you was drunk, but now you’re talkin’ business."

"Man to man," Mr. Hucks said. "Clean business proposition. Bump her off neat and thorough and no questions asked. That’s me, Peeb. What'll you give?"

"Serve her right, drat her," Mr. Crump said. "I aw – hawling’s biggest mother-in-law in ten counties."

"Except mine, Peeb," said Mr. Hucks. "There ain’t none worse than mine."

Mr. Crump ignored this. He reached into his pocket for his pipe and tried to fill it from a package of smoke-ovens, but his hand was too unsteady. He gave it up and put some of the tobacco in his mouth instead.

"How you aim to kill her, Org?" he asked with interest.

"Shoot her," Mr. Hucks said pleasantly. "That’s what I had in mind, anyways."

Mr. Crump thought this over.

"Uh huh," he admitted presently. "You could. She’s tough, but you could. If you hit her in the vital parts, Org. It wouldn’t do no good to wing her, say. She’d recover if you just winged her. She’s tough. You’d have to hit her in the vital parts, Org. I tell you that. Man to man, I tell you that. And the first shot, Org."


"Well, but how you goin’ to get nigh enough to her to do it?" Mr. Crump demanded.

"Stalk her," said Mr. Hucks. "Git to windward of her and stalk her."

"Uh huh," said Mr. Crump. "Might be done that way, Org, might be done! Stalk her, hey? That sounds reasonable. Sounds common sense. You couldn’t chase her, like a rabbit; she’d turn on you and rip the ever-lastin’ stuffin’ out of you. You got to be mighty careful when you’re gettin’ at a woman like her, Org. Especially now, when she’s all steamed up and rampantious. I don’t say you ain’t got me interested, Org, but you and me has been friends a long time and I don’t want nothin’ harsh to happen to you. You’ve got to go about it mighty scientific."

"That’s my business, Peeb," Mr. Hucks said. "I got to do the lookin’ out; you don’t. If I enter into this here contract it’s my business. I got to worry; you don’t. Question is: what’s it worth to you. That’s the main question."

"Forty dollars," said Mr. Crump after considering. "Forty dollars, cash down when you hit a vital part."

"No, sir," said Mr. Hucks promptly. "Not on your worthless life!"

"Forty five, then."

"No, sir!"

"Org," said Mr. Crump solemnly. "I’ll make it fifty! That’s a good many dollars, Org.

"You won’t make it any money," said Mr. Hucks. "Money ain’t no good any more. You make it two quarts an’ me an’ you can talk business."

"Aw, now, Org," said Mr. Crump in a pained tone. "You ain’t goin’ to be unreasonable, be you? Two quarts! Why, I ain’t got but a few gallons myself, Org, an’ no more comin’ from nowhere. You got to be fair and reasonable when you want to do business. Say fifty dollars. How about fifty dollars, Org? Just think of what that’ll buy!"

"What do I want with fifty dollars, Peeb; a dead man like me?" Mr. Hucks asked. "I know as well as you do that fifty dollars ain’t goin’ to do me no good when I git hung for this double mother-in-law murder business."

"Well, what good would two quarts—" Mr. Crump began but through his fuzzled mind the logic of Mr. Hucks’ form of payment forced itself. "Now, Org. Hucks could get rid of two quarts before he was captured and hauled to the bar of justice. Mr. Crump knew that Mr. Hucks could do it. He knew Mr. Hucks’ ability in that direction. "You might get clean away," said Mr. Crump, temporizing, for two quarts were not to be carelessly parted with. "Clean away!" Mr. Hucks scoffed. "How could I get clean away when I’d be plum sentenced and petrified?"

"I wouldn’t do be, Org, if you took fifty dollars instead of two quarts. You could skip out an’ keep a goin’, no tellin’ how long. Why, Org," he continued enthusiastically, "I bet you could keep right on forever, nearly, gettin’ fifty dollars a mother-in-law, I bet there’s a million of them right in this country. An’ there’s Europe, an’ Asia, an’ Africa. It’s a regular business, Org, if you want to treat it right. If I wasn’t so sort of tied down here—" is continued on page 90"
"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

"How well you look tonight!" Such compliments are the daily joy of the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge correctly. Here is the Pompeian way to instant beauty:

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate 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 with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-ified in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

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 (a rouge that won't crumble)—light, dark, medium. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel—5 Samples Sent With It

Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Abundance Can Not Hears Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dusty colors. Size, 28 x 7½ inches. Price, 60c. Samples of Pompeian DAY Cream, Powder and BLOOM, Night Cream and FRAGRANCE (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

Pompeian DAY CREAM

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

GUARANTEE

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

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a check for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

Name

Address

City

State

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.
The No. 2C Autographic KODAK, Junior

equipped with
Kodak Anastigmat
f.7.7 lens and Kodak Ball Bearing shutter

$25.00

This Camera fits into a niche, all its own. The size of the picture it makes, 2⅞ x 4⅞ inches, is particularly pleasing; is almost up to the full post card size—and yet the camera itself is small, light, convenient.

The Kodak Anastigmat lenses are made to exactly fit Kodak requirements. They are not merely an adaptation of a lens to the Kodak. They are a Kodak product designed to fit Kodaks, and in each case designed with particular reference to the size and type of Kodak and Kodak shutter that they are to be used with. The f.7.7 lens used on the 2C Kodak has more speed than the best of the rectilinear lenses and is at least equal to the best anastigmats in depth, sharpness and flatness of field.

The Kodak Ball Bearing shutter has speeds of ½, ⅛ and ¼ of a second for “snapshot”, has the usual time and “bulb” actions for prolonged exposures. It is an unusually reliable shutter, works smoothly and is quiet in its action.

The No. 2C Junior is covered with genuine grain leather, is finely finished in every detail, is extremely simple in operation, is “autographic”, of course and, with the Kodak Anastigmat lens, produces negatives having that crispness and sharpness that are characteristic of the true anastigmat.

The price, $25.00, includes the excise war tax.

All Dealers'
Why-Do-They Do-It

Edward G. Figg, New York.

In brick and ice
Please tell me why Bessie Love did it in "The Fighting Colleen." In one scene we see her dashing out to obtain some ice, per doctor's orders. Finally after ordering two or three blocks, she discovers an ice wagon going down the street. She runs up to back of wagon, grabs a piece of ice, runs back home with ice under her arm, puts it on the table and it shows no signs of melting!

Edward G. Figg, New York.

Three Men in a Boat
I LIKE to see these films all about the Great Northwest, but I have to report an incongruity in James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North." The officer of the Mounted Police is seen to be knocked down by a falling tree in the forest fire scene. The officer has to be carried away by a Caviar runner. While he is being picked up, supposedly only partially conscious, he has the presence of mind to grab his hat!

Caviar a La Caviar

EVA NOVAK, in "The Torrent," is found unconscious on the beach of an island by an aviator. He raises her head to give her a drink and her hair is wet and hanging partly over her face. A minute later when a minute later when she has regained consciousness, her hair is neatly combed as if she had been to a hairdresser's establishment.

John P. Scott.

Fredonia, Kansas.

Eclipsing Joshua's Record

In "Rio Grande," when Rosemary Theby and Danny are by the fire, he looks toward the west, where the setting sun is partly hidden by a peculiar little cloud. Near the end of the picture, after Rosemary has been teaching school in Mexico for a year, the priest tells Danny to go to her, and points to the western sky. And there is the same old sunset, little cloud and all, just as if it had stood still all that time.

M. C., Darlington, Wis.

A Canine Cinderella

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S dog Esther, in "Passion's Playground," is seen, at the conven gate, to be a little mongrel puppy, and goes into a hat-box as such. On the steamer Esther is a sharp-nosed black and white dog of an entirely different breed. H. B. Cushman, Philadelphia, Pa.

New You See It and Now You Don't.

I LIKED "Nineteen and Phyllis," with Charlie Ray—but I noticed this: shortly after the hold-up in the car which conveyed the young people home from the dance, Jimmy, Andrews's rival, boasts in Andrew's presence that he still has his watch and ring. Andrew having been relieved of his in the car. Later, however, Andrew is seen sitting at his desk with the wrist-watch in plain view.

Again, Jimmy swaggers into the office and asks Andrew the time, and our hero is angry. But in a few minutes the wrist-watch is again very much in evidence.

Jane G. Morgan, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

This Received the Most Votes

THEL CLAYTON'S husband, in "The Price of Possession," is shot in the back after a fight. He staggered down the road holding his hand on his back—difficult as such a feat may seem. 'Rescued by two men he is carried into his own home and laid upon a couch, whereupon his wife begins to bathe a wound somewhere in the region of his heart.

Elizabeth Winkler.

Chicago, Ill.

Still Improving on Stevenson

In every picturization of a Robert Louis Stevenson story, the director does his best to come up to the original story. The latest instance occurs in "The White Circle." The year, if I remember correctly, was 1880—yet Spot-toriswordke Aike tzentor totoise shell-rimmed glasses, such as have only been worn the last few years. F. L. O., Canton, Ohio.

With We Had One Like It

In King Vidor's production, "The Jack-Knife Man," the alarm clock is set at half-past five, and it goes off at five minutes past nine.

Theodore E. Miller.

Woburn, Mass.

Write Your Own Headline

In "Passion," Pola Negri as the milliner's apprentice is seen carrying a hat in a large box which is covered with a design of black diamonds, when it falls in the street and a horse tramps on it. A few moments later, when she returns to the shop, the design on the wrecked box has changed from diamonds to stars!

Hortense Henking, Hollywood, California.
How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

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 lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women 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

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.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

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 dirt and particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

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. 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 Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO
QUESTIONS 
AND ANSWERS

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get answers answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or cast, or more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, screen writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete lot of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

There have been rumors—but then there always are.

G. S., Racine, Wis.—I think you will be able to communicate with Barbara Bedford through the Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal. She is awfully young and pretty and nice, isn’t she? I liked her in “The Last of the Mohicans.” She has the great gift of depression.

Annabelle.—Have never heard buck Jones called any otherwise, though I doubt not he would be just as interesting if his name were Pete Perkins. He’s a comer, all right. His latest is “The Big Punch.” Ruth Terry in it and they are not married—to each other. Miss Roland isn’t married at all—now—but Mr. Heyes is, and has several very charming children.

Natalie.—Good intentions—but no stamp. That’s why I am writing you in full view of the audience instead of by mail. You may address Pearl White at Fox, in Manhattan, even if she did sail for Europe for a vacation. They will deliver your letter to her when she returns. Marguerite Clark, First National; George Arliss, Pathé. Neither of these artists is making pictures right now, but the companies will forward their mail. Arliss is giving a superb performance in “The Green Goddess,” a new legitimate production, in New York City.

Anna.—Do you, ask, catch cold if you sit in the Z row in the theater? Oh, Anna, Anna! For that I should refuse to disclose the identity of the gentleman you are seeking, but I must do my duty. Henry Clive played Richard Vale with Alice Brady in “Her Silent Sacrifice.” I never knew a woman yet who sacrificed or did anything in silence, but I suppose it is possible.

P. S.—Ah there, little postscript! I don’t know how they would pronounce it in Japan, but in Hollywood it is Sai-ke-ke. I hope you will be able to astonish your friends when you master this seemingly simple feat. It’s great exercise for anyone who stutters. Dehustone should have tried that instead of the pebbles.

Billie, Dallas.—Did you see Bebe Daniels when she visited her old home town—also yours? She was there, all right and I understand the town turned out for her. I would, if I were Dallas. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck and Constance to John Dialogo. Mr. Schenck is a theatrical manager and Mr. Dialogo a tobacco merchant. Bebe isn’t married or engaged to be.

A Tragic Trilogy

He wanted to be a movie star—of course.
And she besieged the studios where they said her nay in cold disdain.
“We never heard of you; go and get a reputation.”
And so she went and got a reputation—a good one, and quick.
And now nobody speaks to her!

He was a high-brow author.

“Why do you not write for the screen?” asked his friends with polite encouragement.

“The films?” he cried, aghast. “Bah! the films!”

But he secretly wrote a fearsome five-reeler which he called “The Tiger’s Mate” or something on that order and sent it to a literary agent to sell.

“Well, anyway,” he muttered grimly, “I can buy a home in the country with the money.

But nobody bought the masterpiece of the high-brow author.

He married the star in whose pictures he had played the role of her fiercely passionate suitor.

And then, after a few months, she sued him for divorce.

“He drinks and gambles and stays out nights,” she wailed to the judge.

“How strange,” murmured the court as he signed the decree.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DAISY DARE.—Photoplays do not necessarily have their first showing in New York, although New York or Los Angeles usually sees them first. However, Anahim, Oregon, and Seattle, Montana, and Stamford, Conn., and Paterson, N. J., in the east, have witnessed the premier of some of the most notable. In volunteer movies, Griffith always takes his new pictures to some smaller city for its first showing. After that he often revises, cuts and retitles the picture. Here's a good idea. "Dream Street" had its debut in Stamford.

J. McC., PARK FALLS.—Is it right that Theda Bara was born in Arkansas? No, no, Joseph—Cincinnati.

ALDA C. DE R. Hong Kong, China.—There's something mysterious about you. The subtle fragrance of the Orient clings to your letter. Though I have tried and tried to forget it and go through the mail from Oshkosh, New Haven, and Butte, I can't concentrate. Don't say I didn't remember you. How could I forget you? And how can I forget your question: which of Colleen Moore's eyes is brown? Mildred Harris is divorced from Mr. Charles Chaplin. She is now working in Cecil de Mille's new picture—after The Affairs of Anatol—and Dorothy Dalton is in the same picture. Miss Dalton was born in Chicago in 1893. Write to her care Paramount.

W. F. W., PALMER, Mass.—Reminds me of the farmer who, when asked how he felt in the big city, replied, "I felt for my pocketbook most of the time." Neal Hart is not related to William S. Clarke Seymour died in May, 1920. True Boardman died in September, 1918. Boardman was the hero of the old "Siringaree" series, which enjoyed wide popularity and prosperity some years ago, for Kalam.

MARGUERITE.—Yes, Wally's little son looks very much like his dad, but he resembles Dorothy Davenport Reid, too. He is the idol of his parents, naturally, and has about all the toys a small boy would wish for, but he isn't spoiled at all. I believe you would call Wallace Reid a blond. His hair is rather light than dark. I'm no good at these descriptive things, anyhow; but next time I see Wally I'll take a good long look at him and report to you.

G. G., BALTIMORE.—Your question was rather out of my line, being more a job of the Weather Man. But I asked our office how it would be in Portland, Oregon, where the climate of Portland, Oregon, and he said disdainfully, "Tell 'em it rains eleven months of the year and driazines for the other half." Now mind you, I have never been there; so don't invoke the wrath of all my Portland correspondents upon me. ETHEL CLARK.

Florence G. K., Allentown, Pa.—You say you find me very human and so are not afraid to ask as many questions as you wish.

Well, if I were as human as all that I wouldn't be good natured about answering them. Now that I have slammed myself as I would allow no one else to slam me, proceed, Richard Barthes! He plays Youth in Paramount's "Experience," opposite Marjorie Daw. But he was only loaned for that one performance, and may still be addressed at the Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

M. H., OREGON.—How are you, thirteen-year-old? Mildred Davis is six years older.

JIMSE.—Don't worry about not being able to keep the young lady in clothes. Propose to her anyway and remember that she probably wasn't made to dress out of style. Low Cody has gone ahead for vacation but he will be back soon. He was born in 1885. Barbara Bedford is nineteen.

KATHERINE L., PITTSBURGH.—The "S" in Dick Barthes! name stands for Semer. Here's his recent history: he was born at New York City, May 9, 1885. He was educated at Stamford and Hartford, Conn, and played in summer stock companies for five years before going out, and was the subject that brought him into prominence was "War Brides," with Nazimova. Barthes! is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. His wife is Mary Hay, the dancer. Glad to be able to give you this information.

SOPHIA.—Don't try to start something you can't finish and that nobody else can finish for you. Mary and Doug are very happy and are about to leave California for a second honeymoon trip to Mexico City, where a house has been leased for their visit. Mary finished "Through the Door" before leaving. Kenneth Harlan is married. Friscilla and Will, Dean Oakman have no children.

DOLLY DIMPLES.—Tony Morgan hasn't been married since the last time you asked me.

BONNEVILLE.—I like the name, it is very pretty and very appropriate. Anita Stewart was born in 1897. Her brother George is playing opposite Alice Lake for Metro right now. He isn't married. Walter Long, I believe, is.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—Rahrah—no, I can't help wondering what the outcome of that "popularity contest" would have been if all Mary's admirers had "voted." But Jeanette was the delicious Grizel of "Sentimental Tommy," is now working on the west coast at the Lasky studios, having signed a long-time contract with Paramount, perhaps to be a Redhead star. I consider her the ideal Barrie heroine, and next to Maude Adams, the most believable interpreter of the Scotchman's will-o'-the-wisp fantasies. May isn't married. She is one of the sweetest girls I know. I rather wish she could play "Peter Pan" on the stage, playing the roles of "Straight Is the Way" and "Jim the Penman."

VIOLETTE.—Do you, by chance, pronounce it "vee-oh-lay"? There—I have been reading those advertisements again. They fascinate me somehow. The promises are always so much more perfect than any reality could possibly be, and the ladies who illustrate the various powders and perfumes and—and so forth are enchantingly beautiful with their blonde hair. Violia Dana, Metro. Tom Moore, Goldwyn. Tom Forman and Milton Stills, Lasky. Emery Johnson, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BETTY.—I am glad I am not a woman. If I were you girls would doubtless suspect my beautiful wavy hair of being but a wig.

46 MILES FROM BAHAMA

No, this is not a scene from "Underneath the Bamboo Tree," nor "White Shadows in the South Seas." It has nothing to do with moving pictures and, alas, moving pictures have never had anything to do with it.

So far as our statistical surveyors have been able to determine, this is the only inhabited spot on the face of the globe where the natives have never seen a movie. The name of Mary Pickford means nothing to the 671 butterflies who inhabit Bimini in the Bahama Islands, although forty-three miles away, as the airplanes make it, is the city of Miami, Florida, where there are picture palaces that would do credit to any town.

There is stored on the white sand of Bimini's beach millions of dollars worth of red, red liquor, but there are no motion pictures. The natives don't care for toddies or juleps or highballs, but they'd probably go mad over Charlie Chaplin.

GISH ADIRER.—Dorothy is married to James Rennie, the handsome young actor of "Spanish Love." Dorothy will probably be making more pictures soon—her latest was "Oh Jo!"—which was made under the title of "The Ghost in the Garret." Lillian, it is rumored, will play Marguerite in "Faust." I can't think of anyone in seven or stage who could play the real Marguerite so well, can you?

E. J. O., WASHINGTON.—Thanks for your definite, business-like letter. It helps me a great deal when anyone takes the trouble to typewrite his questions. Providing always, of course, that he is familiar with the inner workings of a Reingwood, Wanda Haw- ler was born in 1897; Helen Ferguson in 1901; Edith Johnson in 1895. Ethel Ham- merstein won't tell her birth-date but the place was New York. She has brown hair and gray eyes and weighs 120 pounds. Several ladies I know would much, much rather tell their birth-date than their weight.

(Continued on page 79)
THE UNKNOWN WIFE—Universal

SOMETHING strangely familiar about this plot. Young crook goes to country town, meets a nice girl and promptly decides in favor of the straight and narrow path. However, when Edith Roberts is the girl and Casson Ferguson the crook, and there’s a maximum of “heart interest” and a minimum of gay play, we can sit through it, and enjoy it. So can you.

THE IDOL OF THE NORTH—Paramount.

FISH canneries have supplanted the dance halls of Alaska. However, there’s a nary a fish cannery in this Tale of the North, and the dance halls flourish. So does Dorothy Dalton. It pictures the days of the gold rush, when miners possibly did some mining, between reels, but at all other times congregated at the “Aurora Borealis.” Don’t take the youngsters. Thankfulness note: The director let out the northern lights.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS—Metro.

A RATHER innocuous offering, this film version of the Richard Ganthoney play. Bert Lytell, as the egotist who has an unpleasant dream in which he sees himself as others see him, and promptly reforms therein, seems not at ease in his role. London atmosphere is furnished by a frisky hansom cab and two lamp posts. Children may enjoy the scenes where our hero rescues a lady from a burning building, but the photoplay on the whole can hardly be said to challenge the interest of the adult mind.

HER LORD AND MASTER—Vitagraph.

WHEN a motion picture director can successfully present, in pantomime, the inner workings of the human mind and heart, when he can maintain suspense and hold interest through the sincerity of his players, and without resorting to one tricker artifice of melodrama, we consider him an artist. Such a one is Edward Jose who, in this picturization of the Martha Merton play, brings us one of the most realistic of the season’s screen offerings. Here, too, the locale is London, but in sharp contrast to “A Message from Mars,” Mr. Jose has placed dependence not upon lamp posts and hansom cabs, but upon his own artistry, to create the desired atmosphere. Alice Joyce adds another milestone to her remarkable career. H. E. Herbert, in her support, is excellent. One of the most delightful photoplays of the month.

THE LITTLE FOOL—Shurtleff—Metro.

THE camera has translated most successfully Jack London’s “Little Lady of the Big House” and has given us a photoplay which, while following the book with marked fidelity up to the gripping climax, ends more graciously. The atmosphere of the Big House, with its hospitality, charm and romance has been fully retained in the screen play and its characters are living human beings in whom you will be vastly interested. Milton Sills, Ora Carew and Nigel Barrie head the cast. The silent drama attains new dignity with the release of such a photoplay—but why the title?

And the same rich scents you may enjoy tonight

EVERWHERE in Burma tonight little fires are being lighted and in each home, a little Burmese lady is sprinkling sweet powders over a live and glowing coal.

All through India, up through China—in fact through all the length and breadth of the Eastern world, millions of people are happier and more rested because faint wisps of incense are rising in their homes.

Vantine’s—the true Temple Incense

And because of Vantine’s, the same delicate scents of the East may arise tonight in your home to delight you—to refresh you—to enchant you.

Vantine’s Temple Incense is the name to think of. The druggist, the gift shop and the department store are your sources of supply—for all over the country these are the stations where you may get the true Eastern incense—the incense which the East uses and Vantine’s have imported for years.

Which do you think you prefer?

It comes in three delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fulness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Try tonight, the fragrance which you think you prefer. Most shops have it waiting for you.

But if your shop does not, just name that fragrance in the margin of the coupon, and we shall be glad to send it as your first acquaintance package.

Vantine’s Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—and in packages at 25c—50c and 75c.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)

KNOW YOUR MEN—Fox

IF they were like the men in this Pearl White feature, we wouldn’t want to know them. Poor Pearl is persecuted pathetically and becomes just dreamily disillusioned. However, one of said persecutors dies naturally, one unnaturally, and the third reforms, so all ends well. Miss White’s admirers will no doubt follow her sympathetically throughout her tribulations, but the picture is not an absorbing one.

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Universal

HUDSON Bay Trading Post in the Far North, factor’s beautiful daughter, nicely polished villain imported from gay Paree, and Frank Mayo, proving, in his role of a French-Canadian trapper, that he can act as well as fight. We liked this, despite the ancient plot. The snow scenes are among the most beautiful that the motion picture camera has ever caught.

THE GOAT—Metro.

THERE is nothing sad about Buster Keaton excepting his expression, and even that is funny. He has discovered two or three of his own gags, and has begun playing them. This most agile comedian has set himself a hard pace, but he seems quite equal to it. He’s the shock absorber of the celluloid.

THE SMART SET—Universal

WHOEVER believed that this plot was a motion picture material, didn’t belong to the smart set. We have a show girl, rich man, two virtuous ex-cons and an extraordinary amount of coincidence, mixed up in a diamond robbery and served in five reels. Eva Novak is the principal mixer.

OLIVER TWIST, JR.—Fox

BEFORE you go to see this, listen: it is a modernization of the beloved story by Charles Dickens. A Dickens’ story without any of the charm and the picturesque settings of the original. It seems, in fact, just a good old crook story with a punch and everything—masquerading under the title of the Dickens’ book. Harold Goodwin, the latest Fox star, seems somewhat mature to maintain the illusion of boyhood, even in this age of precocious children.

Original Stories in Demand

A new old subject—that of the original photoplay story, versus the built-up novel and the scenario’d stage drama—but a live one just now, for there are marked signs that the original story is really coming into its own. Not because any prophet in the wilderness is heroically campaigning for the out-and-out film author, but because all other veins of material are being rapidly worked out, and because, everywhere, writers are beginning to think in the picture language. The play market is already practically exhausted, and enormous prices are paid, not for the novels, but for advertising values. The same is even more intensely true of novels, for dozens of the most celebrated have been done twice, now, and not a few have been screened no less than three times. The Famous-Lasky corporations and Goldwyn, the world’s greatest users of fictional screen material, are looking with a favoring eye upon the original manuscript, for the first time, it may be said, in the histories of their greater endeavors.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
T R A D I T I O N had long asserted that to be the wife of a matinee idol isn’t the merriest job in the world.

And it isn’t always the idol himself that makes it difficult, but the other people also.

Dorothy Davenport Reid had a unique experience lately that has caused a number of ripples in Hollywood, and cemented the general opinion that Wallace Reid’s wife is a regular person.

Wally was getting out of his wife’s limousine one afternoon in front of the house when he stumbled over something hidden under a rug on the floor. Moving the rug, he brought to light an eighteen-year-old girl, who sat up and smiled encouragingly. Phew, Wally staggered a bit, and then, as usual, summoned his better half with a loud wail—’Dotty.’

Mrs. Reid appeared, viewed the young lady, and politely suggested that she go home.

She said she wouldn’t. So Wally’s wife invited her in to dinner.

’Thought it might cure her,’ said Dorothy Reid in telling a friend about it later.

Well, unfortunately, it didn’t. For the next week, every time Mrs. Reid went to open her front door, or get her car, or walk about her garden, the girl tumbled in or Mrs. Reid stumbled over her. Only it did not last as long as one o’clock thinking they heard burglars. Mr. and Mrs. Reid went down to investigate, only to find the young lady kneeling again at the French windows of the drawing room.

Dorothy took her in, put her to bed, and the next morning gave her such a wise, sensible and charming lecture that Wally’s admirer was converted into an admirer of the whole family and finally consented to return to her home and her much-worried parents and leave the Reid household in comparative peace.

’Girls will be girls,’ said the pretty wife of the screen idol. ’I don’t mind so much, but it makes poor Wally feel so silly that I always try to get rid of them as soon as possible.’

M Y gracious, these motion picture stars are getting finicky about their marriages.

Generally the “long, long walk” down the aisle once is enough for anybody, though we must admit that it’s pretty hard sometimes to tell whether you’re married or divorced or both.

Harry Carey and his wife, who was Olive Fuller Golden, went through the marriage ceremony a second time in San Francisco on March 4th in order to be perfectly sure that the knot was legal and would hold.

The pair were first united in Oatman, Arizona, in January, 1920, before Mr. Carey’s career in films didn’t slow down. California became final. This seems to explain their penchant for weddings.

M ARY and Doug postponed their trip to Mexico because of the serious illness of Jack Pickford, who for two days was so low with double pneumonia that physi-

Are you as interesting to your husband as on the day you were married?

Or have you failed in one simple obligation of married life?

I N the lessening of a husband’s interest—his preference for the society of others—attempts more perfunctory than sincere—too many women are paying for their neglect of a duty. Unconscious of its importance, they have failed to retain a certain charm and attractiveness which they might so easily have kept.

A radiant, wholesome skin—how important it is to your attractiveness. And so easy to achieve.

You can attain the beauty of a fresh, dainty complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually “tones up”—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream— for the best method of treating the common troubles of the skin, read

Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. This booklet has been prepared by experts to insure that you get from Ingram’s Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your drugstore 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 charm of a fresh, glowing, wholesome complexion—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram’s Rouge—“Just to show a pretty 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. Satin-finished. Solid cakes. Three perfect shades—Lights Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram’s Velveteau Souverain Face Powder—an uplifting powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a perfecting of makeup deliverer of texture and refinement of perfume. Four shades—White, Pink, Flesh, Bruneette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1883
402 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan
Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer, manufacturer of Monosodium Acetate of Salicylic Acid.

Even the powder puff is black! This is the newest deMille boudoir, soon to be screened. Bebe Daniels’ costume is modeled after that originally worn by the octopus. How do they ever think up these things, anyway?

Some press agents have despaired of his life. His mother was at his bedside constantly and Mary, although she was not allowed in the sick room, spent two days and nights without sleep outside her brother’s door.

Jack is up and about now and out of danger, so it is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will soon leave for their trip to Mexico City where a house has been taken for them.

Disquieting rumors concerning Mary’s health have been floating about lately, and her friends are urging her to take a real rest, which her European honeymoon failed to afford her.

They were discussing a new director in one of the New York studios. “He’ll make good,” insisted the chief director of the company—one of the big ones of the industry. “But he never directed pictures,” said another director a bit jealously. “What makes you think he’s going to be so wonderful?”

“He’s the man that invented the short-vamp shoe over in Paris a dozen years ago,” said the boss director seriously.

One overhears strange things in the studios.

The directorial magnet still draws ‘em. Richard Bennett, a stage star in his own right for years and years, is going to be a movie director. He is learning the hows and whys on the Lasky lot in California. Penrhyn Stanlaws has virtually finished his “course” and is all ready to direct Betty Compson’s pictures. Bayard Veiller, playwright whose magnum opus for the speakeasy was “Within the Law,” is graduated into directorial ranks. Ouida Bergere (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice) is going to direct her own pictures. That is, she’ll direct pictures for which she has written the scenarios. What with salaries ranging from $1,000 to $2,800 weekly—no wonder the directorial magnet is so powerful a lure to writers!

Much to the delight of the Egyptian native proprietor of a movie palace in Cairo, his exchange manager in Bombay booked a series of travel pictures. The first week showed scenes in Alaska and the dusky fans were astounded by the scenic wonders unfolded on the screen. The second week the film was “Amid the Pyramids.”

The five-year-old daughter of a certain author was visiting the Paramount studio on Long Island. A press agent, fancying himself an authority on the amusing of juveniles, recited (with gestures and everything), the thrilling story of “Little Jack Horner,” that Mother Goose classic. The small visitor regarded him intently with a solemn frown. Then she turned to her parent with this: “Come on, daddy, he’s talking rag-time.”

The most depressing word in the dictionary to J. E. D. Meador, who bosses the advertising and publicity machinery for Metro, is “moratorium.” Meador leased an apartment in Paris last year. Then he subleased it to another American. Meador pays the rent over here. The subleasing tenant has taken advantage of the rent moratorium decreed by the Parisian authorities and coyly refuses to pay Meador. This is a hard world.
Plays and Players

(Continued)

It is easy to write original stories for the screen! Cinch! Behold, Joe Schenck, who steers the Talmadge girls, and Edgar Selwyn, playwright, were chatting about the high prices paid by movie producers for film rights to stage plays. "Why don't you have plays written for you?" demanded Selwyn. "I'll give you $50,000 for four original stories," countered Schenck. In an hour, Selwyn fetched the first original manuscript to Schenck. The latter read it hastily. "This is splendid," said Schenck, after a moment's hesitation. "But I'll tell you. You've got story and plot enough in this one for two pictures. Split it. Then you owe me two more." Easy? We'll say it's easy—or a Selwyn.

Students of the art of writing scenarios at Columbia University have banded together in the "Cinema Composers Club" and have protested against governmental and state censorship of the screen. Protest against proposed legislation making state censorship in New York a fairly tight proposition has been voiced. The club members have gone on record with this policy favored:

1. We believe in clean pictures.
2. We heartily favor the elimination of objectionable elements in production.
3. We advocate a democratic, not an autocratic, censorship.
4. We feel that the logic of a censorship by the people is shown by the continued success of clean motion pictures as against the failure of those of lower standards.
5. We object to pre-publication censorship as more dangerous than the thing it seeks to correct.
6. We subscribe to a clean screen program, and are confident that the industry itself having much at stake will now set its house in order.

TOM MEIGHAN broke his established rule to dodge personal appearances on the stage the other day when he journeyed from New York to Youngstown, Ohio. He received an offer of $1,000 to say a few kind words to a theater packed sardine-wise. But Thomas did not profit by the trip, save in the spirit of a philanthropist. Of the $1,000 paid him, he gave half to a Youngstown orphanage and the other half to the Actors' Fund.

PAULINE FREDERICK will appear on the speaking stage under the management of H. Woods next season, it is announced. Woods managed the Theda Bara tour in "The Blue Flame," and garnered an abundant store of shekels. Alma Rubens is also headed for the speaking stage, according to report.

FANNIE'S FIRST PLAY—with apologies to George Bernard Shaw—will be— you guessed it—an adaptation of "Humoresque." And Laurette Taylor will play the mother—Vera Gerov's role—in Miss Hurst's first contribution to the spoken drama.

Is a three-foot kiss long enough to be really convincing? The members of the Citizens' League for Better Motion Pictures of Baltimore think osculation on the screen should be limited to a thirty-six inch footage. A sort of perfect thirty-six kiss, as it were. A committee called on Governor Ritchie of Maryland the other day to urge the three-foot limit in kissing, and Samuel Clarke, who said he had been a film censor in Canada, recommended the limited screen kiss. A three-foot smack lasts two seconds, he said. We await the outcome with ill-concealed anxiety.
Have you seen
ALLENE RAY'S
Latest?
Allene Ray, the beautiful Bert Lubin Film Star— pictured above—with the new style of dressing her hair over the ears in clusters of dainty curls—delightfully feminine—fashionable. You can make yourself equally smart by our reproduction of this style, which we have named STUNNERS because of their stunning effect to the face. The curls are made of "Extra Quality" inch hair, curling to about 8-inch length and 5-inch thickness. Made up in large or medium clusters to suit, 3 to 6 curls on each side. Send sample of your hair, also order "STUNNERS" and tell us how many curls you want. Price 50c per curl.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY
Guaranteed Hair-Goods
MADE TO ORDER TO MATCH YOUR SAMPLE
Transformations, Puppapouls, Switches, Wigs, etc.

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Do Not Grow Grey

Neos Henné
Restorative
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Will prevent grey hair, stimulating, giving renewed life, restoring the luster and natural color, Women cannot in these days of activity afford to grow grey—and they will not if they use Neos Henné

—note please the word Neos—it will not fade, wash or rub off and it absolutely prevents to contain no ingredients harmful to the scalp or hair. All shades from blonde to jet black. Full directions given in box.

PRICE $1.60 FOR FULL TREATMENT
For sale at all druggists, leading hair dressers or draperies.

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DEADNESS IS MISERY
I know because I was Deaf and Blind Helena Norbeck for over 30 years. My invaluable Automaton Ear-Duets returned my hearing and stopped Head Nerves. I cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Cancer or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Deafened Nervous Ear. Easy to put on or take off. 'Use "Curea Comfort." Its extraordinary results for Deafness and may serve as a reference statement of how I recovered and am faring.

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Suite 223, 70 5th Avenue New York City

DOLLARS IN HARES
We pay $6.00 to $10.00 per suit 50 c. and 15 c. per suit and express charges. Big Profit. We furnish guaranteed good quality and free all you raise. Use park wool, barn, boxes and unroll. Send all Illustrts Free.

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
401B Broadway New York City

When old Franz Hals painted a wonderful portrait they merely labeled it "Lady in a Red Chair." So we call this masterpiece "Pals"—and let it go at that. Really haven't the remotest idea who they are.

ALL they do in Hollywood nowadays is announce engagements. If we aren't careful, the film capital's reputation as a gay and giddy colony will be utterly ruined.

The latest to be officially given out is that of Jerome Storm, the director, and Mildred Richter. Their romance has been in progress some time, the two principals having met when Mr. Storm was directing Charles Ray for Ince and Miss Richter was a film cutter in the same studio. They are to be married soon.

THE world-famous Paris Opera has gone broke. The deficit is mounting year after year and the French chamber of deputies doesn't dare increase the government subsidy because the country folk—the frugal peasantry—has voiced a protest against good francs going to support "corpses in elegant idleness," as they put it. So the directors of the Opera may turn the place into a cinema palace for a spell to earn enough money to produce operas in the regular season. This is the plan now being considered.

Tonight—Mary Pickford—admission one to seven francs. Tomorrow night—Pagliacci, admission one to seven francs. Which performance do you think will draw the biggest house? Yes, we think so, too.

HARKING back, as Hugh Ford, Paramount director, can do better than any one else,—harking back to the first big five-reeler, he told us that the leading man he engaged in England asked timidly for a salary of $100 a week for the six weeks the picture was being made. And Ford's boss—then as now—in the person of Adolph Zukor, was scandalized! By the way, do you happen to know what the first "big" five-reeler was? It was "The Eternal City" and Polly Fredericks played the star part. It was filmed in Rome and the Lord Mayor was mighty glad to serve as one of the figures in the mob scene, for which he was paid one lira.

NOT that it makes any difference, but we find a paragraph in our note-book stating that the most popular item on the menu at the big Famous Players studio cafeteria over in Long Island is—wienies and sauerkraut, priced modestly at thirty-five-cents.

BERT LYTELL really invented the "modernistic" note in stage presentation, if you really want to know. When Lionel Barrymore and Julia Arthur were presented in a stage production in New York this season in "Macbeth," the scenery was—well, sort of sketchy. A whole lot was left to the imagination and it was said to be very artistic indeed. A subdued lighting effect over a tapestry drop represented a castle moat, for instance. But Bert Lytell did it ten years ago when he was leading man, producer, treasurer, business manager and sole owner of a stock company up in Albany. Business had been bad. The house boasted hardly any scenery, and the furniture dealers of Albany seemed loath to send around a van-load of stage decoration without a C. O. D. tag on each and every piece. So the resourceful trouper announced a "modernistic" presentation of his opening play and got along without changes of scenery, furniture, and the beautiful potted palms so essential, according to tradition, for the presentation of a play.

But then he went and spoiled it all. Business was so good the first week that (Continued on page 193)
Questions and Answers (Continued from page 72)

K. MAC D., PHILADELPHIA—Allan Rinehart played with Theda Bara in her stage production, "The Blue Flame." He has not made any pictures, or at least I have no record of it if he has. Speak up, Allan. Miss Bara made a "A Fool There Was" long ago for Fox. Charles Ray was born March 15, 1891.

MARY L. D.—That's nothing. A woman in Chicago left several thousand dollars in trust for her poodle dog, so that the animal should be provided with a daily bath, sausages and other delicacies, a Christmas tree, and other comforts. Who wouldn't lead a dog's life? Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Her latest is "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Betty Compson, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

BLUE EYES.—So long as you are envying the success of others, you will never achieve it for yourself. Lila Lee was well known on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles" in the Gus Edwards revues before Lasky starred her in pictures. She grew up so fast that the company found a young lady on its hand when they had advertised a little girl, so Lila gave up her stellar position to play leads. But it won't be long before she is a full-fledged star again, I'll wager. She is seen with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry." I don't know whether that title means crazy to marry, or crazy to marry. I'll have to see the picture to find out.

VASHTI.—If you have no confidence in yourself, others will feel the same way about it. Harrison Ford opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and Constance in "Wedding Bells." Marjorie Daw received her education at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. She was born in Colorado Springs, is nineteen years old, five feet two inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. She's not married.

A. M. S., INDIANA.—You don't need a nurse for your baby; you need a night watchman. Helen Jerome Eddy has been in pictures for about six years. She is unmarried.

NONA L.—All of the actors you mention are very much alive. Where do these rumors of sudden demise start, anyway? William Hart's Paramount contract has expired and it is said he will retire from the screen for a year's rest. Hope the retirement won't be permanent.

MRS. ALICE C., OMaha.—I have heard from you before, haven't I? Your cheerful chirography seems familiar. Marshall Neilan is divorced from Gertrude Dambrock. "The Unfoldment" is the name of the photoplay which marks Florence Lawrence's return to the screen from her long retirement. Photographs of Miss Adoree, now Mrs. Tom Moore, appeared in the May 1921, issue of Photoplay. I doubt if she will make more pictures. Mrs. Thomas Meighan—Frances Ring—is not on the stage at present, but her sister Blanche is.

Hazel, Arkansas.—I haven't the age of Norma Talmadge's husband, Joseph Schenck. And, may I venture to ask, what good would it do you to know? He isn't an actor; he is a manager. Are you confusing him with Earle Schenck, who last appeared with Marion Davies in "Buried Treasure"?

A Delicious Frozen Dessert When You Want It, Without Ice

For a delicious frozen dessert for the evening party, motor trip or picnic—whenever and wherever you want it—without ice, try this recipe:

Order or freeze your cream, sherbet, punch, or other ice, any time you like—bring it home with you from your shopping tour, or have your husband call for it on his way from the office.

Then remove it at once from carton, or can, and pack in an Icy-Hot vacuum jar—in this jar it will keep deliciously frosty and firm until you are ready to serve it.

Try this when you are serving a summer luncheon on the porch—keep an ice or chilled drink ready for evening callers. Take a frozen dessert with you on your outing trip—it will keep without melting in an Icy-Hot.

But the sanitary and convenient storage of creams, ices, and chilled drinks is only one of many everyday uses which you will find for Icy-Hot food jars, bottles and other vacuum products.

For these containers keep hot things hot, as well as cold things cold—cold for 72 hours; hot for 24—foods and fluids alike. In the evening, hot chocolate can be made for breakfast; hot coffee can be carried in the lunch kit; hot water and hot broths kept for the sick room, always ready to serve, without fussing over a hot stove at awkward hours.

And you have a delightful variety of shapes, sizes, and styles to select from—bottles, carafes, pots, jug sets and auto and luncheon kits, all handsome and durable. Almost any store can supply you—but to make sure of the genuine, look for the Temperature Test Tag on every bottle. Send for the dainty Icy-Hot menu booklet and illustrated catalog.

The Icy-Hot Bottle Company, 131 Second St., Cincinnati, Ohio

ICY-HOT VACUUM PRODUCTS

Every Icy-Hot is thermometer tested before shipment. It must keep water steaming hot 24 hours or icy cold three days, regardless of outside temperature.

Icy-Hot auto kits, which carry everything required, add immeasurably to the pleasure of outings.

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College Men and Movies

An inquiry made by Photoplay Magazine seems to reveal that the movies each year are attracting employees of higher education.

D

O college men look down on the movies, or do the movies look down on college men? What do the pictures offer them by way of present and future? Why are there not more young college men clamoring at the door of this great new art—or are there more such young men than we are accustomed to think being still blinded by the photoplay's humble beginnings?

One college-bred young man who has become a leading man in great demand, both on the stage and screen, in the four years since he received his diploma from California University, says that he is looked down on and treated with contempt by directors and many fellow actors because of his greater clearness of speech, his more general knowledge of customs and things, and his attempts at those courtseymores which are the foundation of college social life. But nevertheless, despite this attitude, in an unpleasant, he knows that he has gone farther toward success, is receiving more money, and is being of more genuine worth in the world than he could have been if he had devoted these four years to the intended pursuit of law. He finds it difficult to see why more of his colleagues do not attempt to enter the picture field today. In other words, in his experience he has discovered that the majority of young college men he knows looks down on the movies (not so much because of the performing but more as the acting of them), just as much as he has discovered that many of the motion picture people look down on the college educated.

The experience of this young actor led Photoplay Magazine to inquire of twenty-five of the leading universities where young men, a year or so ago, were expected to have quarter, as well as among the leaders of the motion picture industry, to discover if possible just how this College Man versus Motion Picture question really stands today.

The letters to universities brought eleven replies. None of them contained definite or up-to-date data concerning their graduates and the many other fields in which they find themselves, though most gave assurances that college men, especially those who have literary, dramatic and historical bent, are availing themselves more and more of the opportunities offered by the cinema.

C. W. Macdonald, editor of the Alumni Journal of Northwestern University, of Evanston, Ill., wrote that a possible 20 men of the 5,000 who had graduated from the academic and oratorical departments of that institution, have tended to the stage or pictures. Dorothy Maclean was at one time a student at Northwestern. Mrs. Macdonald also took the pains to tabulate five conditions which she believes, from her conversations with college graduates, to be the reason fewer college men are interested in acting in the pictures:

1. The idea that the stage or an actor requires a peculiar gift, either unusual charm in appearance or personal eccentricity.

2. The successful exploitation of this peculiar gift which makes little relation to intellectual attainment.

3. For the man lacking this gift, who wishes to succeed through intellectual power, the road is long, uphill, and poorly paid.

4. The general run of the profession is not compatible socially. (By that, of course, Mrs. Macdonald means that they have not the same tastes and interests that the average college trained man has.)

5. The market for recruits is concentrated mostly in New York or Los Angeles. The college man is not in contact with the demand.

"As for the distribution of films," writes Mrs. Macdonald further, "the business has appealed to outsiders to lack something and be more or less of a gamble. It seems much like a personal service business, not unlike any retail business that caters to the demands of the masses. Only through a peculiar adeptness or interest in serving the masses does the college man turn to a business that holds the personal service idea."

"Perhaps," wrote D. O. Peters, secretary of the California State University Alumni Association at Berkeley, "the college graduate has not been adequately shown the opportunities of the motion picture world such as would induce him or her to enter the profession. I know of only two of our graduates who have gone into the picture acting business.

"Oftentimes men have spoken to me of the need of college men in the motion picture business. Also they have told me that the pictures are getting to be the best field for the young college man to enter. It is my opinion that college men who take up the stage do very well. Most of them have been accustomed to acting in college shows and can do a splendidly real acting performance."

"Almost all of those I have been in touch with," wrote Howard E. Langland, graduate alumni secretary of New York University. He gave a list of twelve graduates who are scenario writers or in business activities concerned with motion pictures.

"Such drift in the motion picture direction as there has been among Dartmouth men is because of the eccentricity of one of the graduates, who wrote Howard Eaton Keyes, secretary of the association of alumni at Dartmouth College. "There is no doubt that college men are likely to find their way into the industry; at least for as long as athletic figures are considered popular heroes."

Frederick L. Allen, secretary to the Harvard University Corporation, said that though he knew of no Harvard men who were engaged in motion picture work alone, he believed that what Professor George P. Baker had done for playwrighting and the little theater movement, what Winthrop Ames had done in stage production, what Walter Pritchard Eaton, in dramatic criticism and defense of the movies, what Walter Hampden, Walter Middlemass and Vinton Freedley had done for acting had accomplished nothing indirectly on behalf of good taste in the motion picture industry.

Levering Tyson, executive secretary of the Alumni Federation of Columbia University, believes that William C. and Cecil de Mille are doing what William Kennedy and Robert Waife have been doing what Walter Hampden, Walter Middlemass and Vinton Freedley had done for acting had accomplished nothing indirectly on behalf of good taste in the motion picture industry.
College Men and Movies
(Continued)

to corral college-bred men into the motion pictures fold. At the same time there is the opinion which is no opinion at all, that a man's success in whatever walk of life depends on the man.

"The motion picture industry's search for trained minds must eventually lead to the doors of the University," said George Fitzmaurice, Paramount-Artcraft's director, whose attention to "atmosphere" is rapidly making him one of the outstanding figures in the field. "It must look for men who have the habit of thought, and the habit of thought is the greatest asset that a college man carries away with him.

"A picture director has little use for a diploma, but alert and trained minds are the foundations upon which all great pictures are built. Much that a man learns at college will be of value to him should he choose directing as a profession, for he will find that it is not with a camera and screen he has to make pictures, but rather with the map of the world for his canvas and the people of the world for his paints. He should know every corner of his canvas and the habits and idiosyncrasies of his paints.

"In acting too, the college-bred man has the advantage, for, after all, physical action is but the concrete expression of mentation. We are ever so much more interested in the workings of a man's mind than in the workings of his hands and feet; and when he does use his hands we want them to express with some degree of intelligence what he wants them to say. Physically, the college man should be an ideal screen type, if our accepted standards of college men are more than hazy theorizing. He should be clean-cut, athletic and well-bred—he should be a gentleman without having to learn how to look like one or act like one."

"The day of the slip-shod, rule-of-thumb production is passing, and with it the ignorant, incompetent 'rough-neck' director and actor," says Mr. Fitzmaurice. "The day of scientific, accurate, intelligent production is dawning, and already in the dim light we can see the college man on his way—he is coming!"

In speaking purely of the directing field, Cecil deMille says, "I would rather have a man who has had four years of dramatic education to his credit than a man who has a college degree." There is no comparison between four years under David Belasco contrasted with four years in any college in the country—as a training for a motion picture director. Drama or a thorough knowledge of it is the vital essential. It doesn't matter where it is acquired. Colleges could and do perhaps, teach it in isolated instances, but I would feel surer of the success of the production if I knew that the man at the helm had really learned from one who knows."

And this from the other deMille brother, William, "It all comes down to the equation of the man. If the stuff is there—he will make good regardless of education. As a college graduate, however, it is my belief that university training shortens the road, makes less bumpy and difficult the path he must travel to get the necessary background of knowledge and ideas. You could send a man to school for eighteen years with the hopes of making him a poet, but your money would be wasted if there wasn't poetry in his soul."

David Wark Griffith, the most successful of all producers, though he is not himself a college man, believes thoroughly that university trained men are a great asset to the industry.

Mr. Griffith says: "College men interest me because they are the typical young Americans. They are generally the sons of successful families which possess qualities

---

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With the athletics, the studies and classes, and the social affairs, college men get to know one another under conditions that real intercourse cannot.

"These institutions make a determined effort to keep informed on all the newer thoughts and developments of the day, so the college boys or girls are not born to open impressions. It should not be restrained by conventions or limited by advice.

"Motion pictures need exploring, accurate and courageous educators should be training such minds.

With the physical exercise regularly directed to strengthen their bodies, constant mental stimulus, and the opportunity to observe human nature, college men have three good fundamentals on which to found acting careers.

"Motion pictures represent life, dramatically presented of course, but nevertheless real life. The stage, because of its physical restrictions, must rely upon a technique of acting more than ever before. A lot of us think that there is a very exhaustive technique in motion pictures which is difficult to master because of its simplicity. The most difficult is the desire to do as above out loud, and yet under conditions causing self-consciousness.

Boys are always very shy, displaying a shrinking disdain over any condition which attracts an inquiring scrutiny. This timidity makes them glorify positions of settled prestige, such as the professions, engineering, medicine, law, banking, etc. Talent for cinema is so valuable in its dividends of inspiration and enjoyment to mankind that college men having it should look with eager sympathy to any medium that will circulate this gift to the millions.

"And when college men realize acting is a great service to the public as well as an avenue in which to earn a living, and that it is a career, and not a chance; and the power surpassing bank balances and club memberships; that it is a toilsome and thoughtful training to a final capacity for great influence, then they will become a definite force in this field.

In departments other than acting, special talents are imperative also, and the benefits of college training depend largely upon the individual. We have many examples where college trained and those not college trained have equally gained success. At present we have several college graduates in this work in our studios.

About commencement time last June, Mr. Griffith had sent out from his studios to Mr. Manaroneck, N. Y., letters to the larger universities asking their aid in finding suitable actors for Griffith Productions.

"As the newest of the big industries, and the broadest of the fields of art," ran this letter, "motion pictures need the most alert and trained minds available.

"To young men who give up the utmost rewards for their service, but in direct proportion to their service. By what they give they will receive. Many young men responding to a few months' higher salaries than important executives in other business demanding long preparation.

This work permits one to address many millions, to bring messages far and wide across their thoughts. It penalizes the idle and the stupid as emphatically as it rewards the student and the worker. The actor commands high dignity if his work is worthy and his responsibility to man is beyond the ordinary measure.

"This opportunity is offered to young men with dark eyes, photographic features, and gentle smiles.

These letters of Mr. Griffith brought back scores of replies, but few from young men who were equipped with both the necessary physical endowment and the right spirit for which Mr. Griffith was looking.

One producer, who prefers to have his name undisclosed, made somewhat of a similar appeal. It was through the teachers in his productions. As a result, he has this to say, "About half of them thought we ought to offer them tremendous salaries as a starting base to induce them to take up this scandalous work."

In the last paragraph of Mr. Griffith's communication to colleges probably lies the real reason why men, whether college trained or not, hesitate about taking seriously the profession of motion picture acting. They do not want to place their futures on a foundation on which the color of one's eyes, the expression of one's face, the thickness of one's hair, stature, and ability to control one's body or facial muscles constitute so important an element.

"Many of them said, it's too old, you are too fond of pictures, you are not to make it, but there are thousands of worlds—if only one motion picture world.

"Also virile, active-minded and strongly developed men, many of them, are apt to look upon acting as a girl's profession."

The majority of the outstanding successes in pictures have not had the benefit of university training—many of them have had just no schooling at all. Adolph Zukor, William Fox, Carl Laemmle, J. D. Williams, Lewis J. Selznick, heads of great picture companies, consider that the college man can do anything less. But there is opportunity for thousands of successful doctors and lawyers and business men as well as a big frog in his own little pond. The college man is a man. There are thousands of worlds—but only one motion picture world.

One of the other, Douglas Fairbanks, one of the comparative newsmen into the films, and who has much to think clearly and go after what he wants has had much to do with his success, studied at the Denver School of Mines. Richard Barthelmess is a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Monte Blue went to Purdue, Holbrook Hill to Leland Stanford, William Russell to Fordham University, Douglas MacLean, as has been stated, to Northwestern, Eugene O'Brien to the University of Colorado. Edward Love is a graduate of Lehigh, Leland Stanford and Santa Clara College. C. Gardner Sullivan has a degree from the University of Minnesota. A number of actors, directors, producers, and scenario writers and editors listed in the most recent directory of the motion picture field, indicates that out of the 1393 leading men and women who have attended college, at least there is nothing in their brief biographies to indicate that they have studied at collegiate institutions, and 444 have attended college. Out of these, many attended their colleges or universities long enough to receive diplomas, and it is very probable that among the 949 not credited with college training are some who have had it.

Out of the 781 actors, 231 are college men.

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Read 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "It's Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured a 5 year old boy. 1921 Bogue Bldg., 1124 N. 5th St., Indianapolis.
College Men and Movies

(Concluded)

and $50 not. One hundred and eight directors have had the benefit of the widening influence of college training, while 149 do not have it, so this is the subject. Of scenario writers and editors, 90 belong to the colleges, and 120 do not; of producers, thirty do not boast the higher training, while fifteen do.

Among the women actors, there seems to be the greatest discrepancy between college-trained and non-college-trained women. The great difference is considerably accounted for by the fact that many girls are sent to finishing schools and convents rather than to college. Out of the 529 actresses listed, only forty-eight appear to belong to the college ranks. That means that there are over nine times more motion picture actresses who have not had the equivalent of a college education than those who have.

There does not appear to be adequate data on the personnel of the business organization, so when we do not have the finances, write the advertising, sell the pictures and otherwise keep the ends meeting in the innumerable picture organizations. Ever since the days when there were almost no college-bred men in this division, as, in fact, there were in no departments of the industry. Today there are very many, the "power behind the throne" in more than one large corporation being some almost unknown-to-the-industry college man. There is no doubt that the movies are calling the college man in fact, and woman. To change George Fitzmaurice's prediction, the college man is not only coming, he has come.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 79)

Mary, Brooklyn.—Please accept my very best wishes and thanks. You don't know how much I liked your letter. Write to Eugene O'Brien at the Selznick studio in Fort Lee, tell him what you told me, and I am sure he will reply. Please keep right on reading this department and all of Photoplay. I will do my best never to disappoint you.

R. W. Vallejo, Cal.—Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Theda Bara, Robert Hatton, Julia Faye, and Theodore Kosloff are the principals in Cecil de Mille's "The Affairs of Anatol." It will be released by Paramount. The hero is married to Marie Doro who has returned from abroad. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sommerson and the mother of a small daughter. Wanda Hawley is married to H. Burton Hawley. Theodore Roberts and Raymond Hatton are also married. Albert Roscoe uses his real name; yes, there is a Mrs. Rogers. He appears in "The Last of the Mohicans" as Lucas. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins, who was a director for Edison and then for Metro.

Mlle. Yvonne B., Paris.—It was all right—the stationery, the sentiment, the situation—everything, in fact, except the price. I am enchanting name except that you didn't ask any questions. You want to know many things about the stars. Yvonne, I am a story woman. Please write again and I'll do my best to reply promptly.

At M. W., Ohio.—Gladyes Walton uses her own name. She may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. She is one of our most promising sub-debs. She is not married to her director. She is not married to anyone at all.

(Continued on page 95)

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"MAYBELLINE" is a capital investment, and the length of the grandeur of the theme, as its seventy-seven rows purport to show every incident of importance in the Bible, from the Creation to the bi-oth of Christ. The film has been titled "Christianity," and report says that it has taken under the ban of the Pope, particularly on account of lack of costume in the Garden of Eden scenes.

It is understood that the Italian Government, or some monolith, is financially interested in the success of the film, which has cost over $1,000,000 to make, and has kept 10,000 people employed over a period of two years. —Tie-Bits.

TEACHER: "Swarms of flies descended upon the Egyptians, but there were no flies on the children of Israel.

Smart Boy: "There ain't now, either." —Clev-land Scram.

The title of a certain story was under discussion the other day. "What does it mean?" a woman asked a film man.

"That's easy," he said. "Look it up in the dic-tionary."—N. Y. Teleph-on.

The custom of referring to the time immediately after one's wedding as a honeymoon is descended from the ancient tribes of Central Europe. Newly-married couples are often invited to their friends a wine made from honey gathered during the first thirty days (or lunar month) after the performance of the wedding ceremony.

Two little boys who prided themselves on their courage were sitting over the nursery fire and discussing again and again, the very very small, "shouldn't you really be in a more awful state when you take a sword—a most evil-looking one.

"Good gracious, Tom," was the bootiful reply. "I should just stay, carelessly, in a thrones, a Good evening, Devil, going strong? What?" —London Morning Post.

MRS. MURPHY: "I'd a nasty fright this morn-ing. I put my foot on one of their electric trams.

Mrs. Dobson (well-informed): "That don't ur-inate—not so long as you don't lay your other foot on the overhead wires.

PLAYING-CARDS were invented about the year 1400, in order to amuse Charles VI, then King of France.

The inventor proposed to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The clergy were represented by hearts; the nobility by diamonds; the common people by the common people; the nobility by spades; the merchants by clubs.

The nobility and military were represented by the points of the diamond cards. Diamonds stood for citizens, merchants, and tradespeople.

The figure we call "a club" alluded to peasants and farmers.

CARRIED away by the beauty of the heroine on the screen, a motorist nearly ran into a streetcar. "Don't, she's lovely!"

"Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married," snapped his better half. "You're not even married! Nothing brings home the fact with so much force."—Tie-Bits.

"YOU'RE a New Yorker, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you live in summer and winter?"

"Literary Digest."
You May Suffer

If you leave that film on teeth

The cause of most tooth troubles is a viscid film. You can feel it now. You can see it, perhaps, in cloudy teeth.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways does not remove it all. So most people have suffered from some film attack, and tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

How film attacks

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

This ten-day test will tell

A ten-day test is being sent to anyone who asks. Get it and see what it means to you.

Pepsodent attacks film in two effective ways. Then it leaves so high a polish that film-coats cannot easily adhere.

It also meets other requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Each use of Pepsodent brings all these effects which highest authorities seek.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. What you see and feel will convince you. Cut out the coupon now.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
for all this laborious scheduling, since the man was openly violating his parole by living at a gambling den, he was not associating with these disreputable people, by drinking at the bar, by failing to secure employment! The picture showed him doing all these things and violating the parole laws of all states, and all such laws are known to all police officers everywhere; yet these officers did not arrest him for parole violation. Warden Warden leaping inside the compound to interfere in a little fist-fight, both of which are contrary to prison architecture and prison management.

When the opening titles to Harry Carey's "Three Marked Men" were flashed on our screen, we read a claim that the scenes were laid "in that prison hell-hole at Yuma, Arizona." They were not. They resembled, neither in interiors, or action stuff, anything thatavored the real Yuma, although perhaps there was before the prison was moved there! In a very recent picture having its major actions around a prison, the guards inside the yards approached - spitted in every prison of the country. Bring guns inside the walls if you want to incite riots, attempts at escape and murder, go for it. Though both the star and director protested, the president of the production company insisted — so much for truth. No wonder the editor of Leavenworth's prison paper says, "We have faith to see a single picture shown has about it the atmosphere of reality when showing prison conditions, and the general picture of prisoners and prison management."

Metro's "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with Bert Lytell in the title-role, is perhaps the truest in its pictured prison atmosphere of all striving for this element.

I try to keep acutely aware that element of curiosity in the men have to know the next program. When they do not know "what's next," they're on tiptoes of expectation. The schedule too, is as varied as possible, the men getting a comedy drama one night, a thrilling murder-mystery, then something stirringly inspirational, with a tragedy to follow. However, tragedies are not the best material for prison audiences; the wonderful reports are uncommon, popular, simply because the men are constantly living their own little tragedy. "Humoresque" tempted too many tear ducts to be the success inside it was out. Possibly the most useful as most dependable prison program can be built around a Charles Ray feature. When his "Paris Green" was shown here, one fell and heard billows of laughter, succeeded by velvet silences and husky sighs and many a grin, gouchy chap wiped his eyes even while they were spilling down the wrinkles in the next laugh. There has never been a questionable act, a doubtful flash of finger in the Kay stories. Instead has come the wholesome tone and personality — a sincere simplicity, a sermon in the sweetness of living. The same thing may be said of some of the Wallace Beulav and Douglas MacLean romances.

Prisoners tire quickly of the average two-reel comedies and I am using magazines, educational films, Atlanta has a similar program every Friday night for the school children. Little League, Little League! Happen ing on Wednesday night and Sing-Sing, as usual, tops the bill with helpful pictures every night! Every prison in the country, this is a wonderful medium, and you character and you can safely count that management blind or reactionary which fails to provide such a medium for good. In the "World's Work" reached my desk, I was acutely amused at part of an article appearing therein, written by a salaried officer of that organization. The thought that a. series of pictures has made the state ridiculous. He said; "Keepers are told by inmates of reformatories and penitentiaries that they would like to see some real pictures. While hardly caring to use the "short and ugly word" I am reminded that in pre-prohibition days, it was much the fashion for inmates, most of whom are admittedly weak and alibii hunters, to say that booze brought about their wrong-doing. While I dole in the cleanliness of the guardrooms, the liquid is readily poured into greedy ears of prison chaplains, leads me to ask if ever you saw a drunken forger at work, or a second-story man? It is pointed out as a postulate, safe-cracker, hold-up artist or other crimin actually commit a crime under the influence of liquor. Same thing about pictures. Although a hard business to study prison inmates for more than twenty years, as one of their own people, I cannot say that any one such prisoner has ever been led directly to crime because of motion pictures. True, weak parents, failing in their duties as home makers, are prone to this, but not the prisoner. He is not at fault for the dereliction of their children, and follow the raucous recklessness of the reformer in his blame of pictures. The Chancellor of Sing-Sing's Program Committee blurted out "Rot! After knowing about thirty thousand inmates I cannot recall a single case that was influenced toward crime by a picture or pictures!" Judge Ben Lindsey said the same thing! Jesse Webb, one of the keenest observers of all, puts it thus: "If all things influencing the young went out of the world exist? Books and newspapers would be suppressed above all and about all that a healthy young mind possesses, and especially, I cannot see how the movies influence for evil half so much as the half-baked reformer whose general utterances are directly opposed to common sense. The boy who never liked to play Injun or Bad Bandit is the man who will bear watching. That occasional extremes in this boy-play are sometimes reached is but natural and nothing worse than other extremes climaxing through other aspects life." An editor of another prison publication in a letter sent back of him, writes me, "Whenever any mind is influenced by evil for the showing of the motion picture, that mind would pen a picture or no picture. Pictures cannot show the youth of today anything he does not know and if this be doubted let any careful analyst compare the Bible to a group of ten years old of both sexes and watch the covert actions, yet these foolish fanatics do not attempt to correct such foolishness. Admittedly there are evils within the picture field, but the public taste, which is the final judgment in all things, will lead the way. This is the work done in baseball and other fields. Twenty-five years age burlesque was a stench.
Pictures and Prisoners

(novels and prisoners)

(continued)

noseful with filthy songs, filthy language and filthier dances: today, as a result of its own inner disturbances burlesque is cleaner than Broadway. Vaudeville, that the most modest maiden may attend unblushingly, was once the odorous variety. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, advertising men, all conduct their own clean-up campaigns and make war upon the charlatans and fakers within their ranks, without the aid of blue-nosed bidders whose speeches betray the smutty sense of the scullion and whose writings are tawdry theories indicating an insipid ignorance! For my part, I am tired of hearing the stage and screen held up to censure as an evil thing by some ex-pulpit-pounders who are all too often professional publicity performers, when any statistician will tell you, upon careful search, that there are more preachers in prisons than actors. Let us trust to the public and let its reason rule.


Educational Films in New York

A CTUAL day-by-day instruction by movies is now part of the curriculum of the New York public schools, says Karl Kitchen, writing in the New York Times. Although many schools sporadically use moving pictures, New York seems to lead in going into the thing consistently.

At Public School No. 62, which is at Hester and Essex Streets, 300 of the lower East Side younger are initiated into the mysteries of biology by means of films. The work has begun with ten schools and later the list will be greatly extended.

The courses are organized film courses, not just a picture here and there, but recognized classroom lessons, correlated with the standard syllabus of the Board of Education.

The material for the pictures used in biology lessons is gathered from far and near—as "near" as city museums and the aquarium and botanical and zoological gardens, as "far" as distant India. In one of the reeds shown to 300 children in P. S. No. 45, in the Bronx, all the snakes were handled by East Indians, professional snake charmers, and these particular parts of the reel were taken in India. The flaps of the Indian adder were displayed by the Hindu, who opened and held extended the mouth of the snake, exposing the fangs, like sharp hollow needles.

Under the general title of "The Adaptation of Animals to Environment," the praying mantis were shown among grasses, the insects hardly distinguishable until they sat up and folded their front legs in the attitude which has gained them their name. Scorpions, earwigs and spiders followed, in succession on the screen, the owl blinked rapidly to show his third eyelid.

The screen showed the owl with extended wings and the caption slid into the absolutely silent flight of the owl's wings. The lightning-dart of the toad's tongue, on which it depends for insects and worms, flashed on the screen. The caddis worm whirled out and nipped his prey, and then appeared to dissolve into his protective background.

In the vegetable kingdom, the sensitive plant, mimosa pudica, was shown at rest, and again folding up its leaves, like the leaves of a fan, upon being touched with the point of a pencil. Roses opened from bud to full blossoming flower.

These pictures of unfolding flowers show in a very short space of time what may have required days actually to occur.

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who spends time out-of-doors, in sports, motoring or boating, a tam is indispensable.

And here is a tam—the Priscilla Dean Tam, that is distinctive, becoming, cleverly designed, and made of beautiful, soft, serviceable, "Suede-like."

Fashion has sponsored the Priscilla Dean Tam; it is the vogue—the stylish outdoor headwear everywhere and for all occasions. No wardrobe is complete without it. The fetching drape, the pliable softness, give it a charm that is distinctive. It's becoming from every angle, and on everyone.

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in a Priscilla Dean Tam. You can get it in your favorite color to harmonize with any costume.

You will wonder how you ever got along without one—you'll find it appropriate for almost any informal occasion. And it will certainly enhance your appearance. It's the ideal hat for general wear—and only $2.50.

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The Movies Through a Monocle

An interview with a Briton who declares we take the movies too seriously.

Not that Basil Sydney does wear one—
for, as a matter of fact, he is Irish and not English at all. But, since British editors are prone to heap interviews with American actors as "England Through a Cocktail Glass," or something of the sort, it is necessarily to find some manner of retaliation, however inadequate.

The trouble with the movies in England is that people don't take them seriously; the trouble in America is that they do, at least according to Basil Sydney, who has come all the way from the city of fogs and serious people to learn about movies from us. If you are a high-brow, you will remember him for his productions of Ibsen; if you are a Britisher, you will connect him with the production of "Romeo and Juliet." London, with Doris Keane, Ellen Terry and Leon Quartermaine, which he designed, produced and acted; if you are a matinee girl, you'll certainly not have forgotten the slim young minister of "Romance," who loved and lost Doris Keane as Cavallini, and perhaps you will even remember that Miss Keane is Basil's wife.

But if you are a movie fan, you will be interested in the fact that he has placed himself under the tutelage of John Emerson and Anita Loos; in fact, he is playing the hero of their personally produced comedy, "Red Hot Romance."

"The trouble here seems to be that people insist on taking movies seriously," says Mr. Sydney. "They are much too important for anything of that sort. The movies really are a form of art, and all art is useless and meaningless—simply a striving after the beautiful."

"In England, up to the present, they haven't thought seriously about the movies at all. Some chap would hire an old barn, rig up a couple of arc lights, borrow some scenery from a local theater and start out to make motion picture master-pieces. We are too casual about it. Over here, it is just the opposite. America makes the best pictures in the world. There can be no doubt about that. But sometimes it seems to me that production here is over-organized. They take the matter so seriously that the spontaneity begins to disappear."

"The big pictures of the future, I think, will be made by individuals. They will not turn out pictures as they would turn out washing-machines or flivvers. Sometime, you know, some chap with dramatic sense and artistic ideals with a little company which appears to be putting on a picnic instead of a picture, is going to surprise everybody with the hit of the film season."

At this point, John Emerson and his semi-tase wife rushed up to Mr. Sydney with the news that they had just seen the scene where Mr. Sydney jumps off a twenty-foot wall, and that it would have to be retaken as the factory man spoiled that bit of negative in developing. . . . Just what happened to that factory man isn't included in the interview.
NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of many books on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture.

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and perseverance. But this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more sub- ject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Minute A Life Time" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neuroasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the invigorating and we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and all cells of the body, exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Scho- field, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that you should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the matter with them," repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is at fault and in turn tugs the thread. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion, the lack of Nerve Force. The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas; constipation; irregu- lar heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; diziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholy; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

Here are a few symptoms mentioned above, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force. Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to know about your nerves—how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally in good health.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on the subject. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in letraflex your book, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 59, 110 West 42nd St., New York.

The only way to judge this and many books is not to read it, which you may do at your leisure, but if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expecta- tion, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have adver- tised my various books on the principle that every book is an investment and that the money paid is ample evidence of my respect- for the subject treated. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not, for nerve trouble is the most previous possession you have and you will find in every- thing you experience, that many of the things you value most are not worth living for, for to be dull nerves means to be old and tired, and to be old is the second stage of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain, the finer your Nerve Force, the finer your mind and the finer your body. The Doctor is especially important to those that have a "high strung" nervous system. I am in the habit of tax their nerves to the limit, but I extract from letters that even now many of my patients who have read the book and are greatly ben- efitted, will not send back my teachings set forth therein.

I have gained 12 pounds since I read your book and I feel so energetic, I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight.

Your book did more for me for indigestion than two weeks of remedies.

My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times.

"Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping well and in the morning I feel so well."—A physician says. "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of diseases and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients.

A prominent lawyer in Anserica, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous breakdown which as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

"Your book saved my marriage. I had to do away with all my women and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

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Mother-In-Law Stuff

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Mother-In-Law Stuff

(Concluded)

"You bet, to a finish!" said Mr. Crump, and then added with relish; "with axes."

"Mine don't need no axe," said Mr. Hucks. "She can do all she needs to without no axe."

"Look here, Org," said Mr. Crump angrily, "what do you mean by sayin' that? Do you mean my mother-in-law ain't equal to yours in any way, shape or manner?"

"Well, she ain't," said Mr. Hucks gloomily.

"Why, dad bust your hick—" said Mr. Crump, reaching out his hands to "wrestle" Mr. Hucks again, but edging around to avoid the nail that had been his Nemesis before; "dad bust your orny—"

His voice died weakly in his throat. His eyes, looking beyond Mr. Hucks to the door of the shed, were big with fear. Mr. Hucks turned his head. In the door, a large slab of panewood in her hand, stood Mr. Crump's mother-in-law.

"Ah!" she said sarcastically; "ah! Here is where you two worthless 'scallions be! What devilment be you conspirin' up to?"

She swung the pine slab carelessly in her hand, and, as if she were some powerful goddess of old, the strains and dust of the cow yard arose and danced and rushed away. "Conspire, be you?" she cried. "I'll conspire you!"

She walked into the cow shed and lifted the pine slab. Mr. Hucks and Mr. Crump closed their eyes.

At the same moment the cyclone, or hurricane, or whatever it may be called, dipped over the ridge with a roar, and hit the cow shed full on the beam. It went right under and through and around the cow shed and took it with it in a disintegrated form, lifting it thirty feet in the air, ripping it into individual boards and beams and shingles, and taking Mr. Crump, Mr. Hucks and Mr. Crump's mother-in-law along. At the highest altitude attained by him and it, Mr. Hucks saw, through the dust, Mr. Crump's mother-in-law seemingly riding through the air on a plank, waving her pine slab and whacking at Mr. Crump with it. Mr. Hucks was considerably dazed and confused. It seemed to him that when Mr. Crump's mother-in-law had raised her slab to strike him he had leaped, and she had picked up the cow shed and thrown it at him, hitting him with it. Before he landed in the last bush at the bottom of the gully beyond the road he had merely time to see Mr. Crump's mother-in-law leaping after him and to throw up his hands and try to yell that he surrendered. Then he landed. He hit the upper part of the bush, fell a few feet, caught and fell to the ground. After a minute he sat up and saw that Mr. Peabody Crump was on the ground at his side. He leaned over toward Mr. Crump and spoke.

"Peeb, he said, "I take it back. Your mother-in-law is rough; she's as rough as mine is."

Mr. Crump tried to raise his head.

"Man to man," said Mr. Hucks; "she's as rough as mine is."

He felt his ribs carefully, to see if any were broken. None was.

"She ain't no rougher, Peeb," he said proudly.

---

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So, in a few brief phrases, she did it for the Hollywood picture lots.

She sat behind a small, round table, littered with typewritten sheets, in a small, plain room under the eaves of the Hollywood Hotel. She seemed courteously impatient to return to her work. Her rather negative appearance, the appearance of a woman interested in everything except her appearance, is counteracted immediately by the force of her personality and the charm of her words.

"The Lot!" she echoes, "it's the strangest thing in the world. Never saw anything like it. It absorbs one completely. It has all the virtues of a big city, and all the vices of a small town.

"It reminds me of the courts of the ancient days, where nothing mattered outside the doings in the court circle—the comings and goings of the king, the queen, the queen mother, this favorite or that. I have never been in a place before where world events, world ideas, international problems, mattered not the slightest. But they actually do not. If you mention, say, Bolshevism, someone says 'Yes' or 'No'—and starts to talk pictures—all about having seen such and such a scenario writer, such and such a place with such and such an actress, and do you think that means that—""When I came to the Goldwyn lot last summer, with the intention of staying long enough to discuss the three-year contract I had signed with Mr. Goldwyn, I was a sane, normal citizen. I had been visiting Senator Phelan in San Francisco, and my mind was attuned to world things.

"By the time the presidential election arrived, I wasn't half as interested in it as I was in the political readjustment going on around our lot. I was more thrilled over whether Mr. Goldwyn was actually going out of the concern, or going to stay in, than in whether Harding or Cox was elected. We gathered in little groups every half hour, always with the same question, 'Have you heard any news?—What do you think will happen?'

"No wonder on one lot they call it all 'The Whispersing Chorus.'

"I am not referring, you understand, to any special lot, or any special people. I am..."
assuming the novelist's privilege to take life and build my own plots. But—the lot is honeycombed with sects, groups, factions of this, that, and the other. These are favorite, prime ministers, now this one is in—then out. Everybody tries to be in on the underground wire so as to know which way to jump."

"Each lot, I see, has a separate and distinct individuality. One spells culture, another extravagance, another intellectuality; another, vulgarities, another, commercialism, progressiveness, etc.

"On a lot you will find everything that goes to make up a court. Just as in the old days of the court we found it in the courts of kings. The lost art of intrigue has been revived. The lot is an octopus that sucks in your interest, your brain, your affection. One can almost see the ghosts of Richelieu—of Voltaire—of Catherine de Medici—of Marie Antoinette.

"You will see amazing things accomplished, amazing results obtained—and understand that by this I do not mean as a rule sex intrigue. Of that I have seen surprisingly little. Some charming love affairs, some not so charming. The love interest is intensified by the dramatic instinct and importance of the loves, that is the only difference I find. It is all done with finesse and appeal.

"But by 'lot intrigue' I mean the furthering of certain ends and aims by actual, cleverly inspired persons, events, circumstances, to win an object. I mean the building of a secret, powerful organization within an organization.

"One becomes utterly absorbed in one's own lot. Even the broader interest of studies does not matter.

"All standards change, too. I cease to be a well-known person, a 'top notcher' deserving of respect in my own business—let us say for example, I become only what I am in relation to what I can accomplish on the screen. It does not matter on the lot what intellectual, social, or worldly qualifications one may have—the only merit lies in the line of pictorial achievements.

"I love it. I love the screen first of all. I am completely fascinated by its possibilities. I am a child with a new toy. Everything thrills me. I have been given a new, and marvellous medium of expression. I love to write with the screen in mind, with the thought of picturization, of seeing my work photographed. I love the people, with their highly-colored personalities, their unusual ways and lives."

The Name and the Game

WITH the censorship menace becoming more acute, attention has been called to one of the most efficient aids to censorship—the misleading title. Parity gives this list of titles given to photoplays which, in many cases, are inoffensive and censured in themselves, but which, under lurid billings, provide ammunition for the censors.

"What Every Woman Wants" (which story proves to be only clothes); "The Way Women Love," a study in sacrifice and devotion; "Shame"; "She Loves and Lies"; "Should a Husband Forgive?"; "Should a Woman Tell?"; "Young Wife"; "Young Wife or Baby Dick?"; "Should a Mother Tell?"; "Should a Woman Divorce?"; "Man and His Woman"; "Man's Property—Man's Desires"; "Love Madness"; "Love's Toll"; "Her Fatal Sin"; "Her Double Life"; "Her Body in Bond"; "Her Purchase Price"; "Her Naked Soul"; "Her Husband's Friend"; "The Supreme Passion"—the list could be continued indefinitely.

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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE, attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks"; therefore it pays to "look your best!" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest Nose-Shaper, "Trades Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Discreetly cases excepted. Is pleasant and endures without interference with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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"CUT!" shouted the director angrily, and the hero and heroine snapped out of the clinch.

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This time press lightly, don't hold it and raise the eyes and eyebrows to denote aesthetic bliss."

"Camera!" Again the heroine swayed toward the hero. He caught her deftly with both hands, but let her go when he found her arms were a full twelve inches separating them. She clasped her hands and laid them on her hero's manly breast. Then he leaned her up and softly brought their lips close together. A look of intense rapture came upon her face, and she faintly into the arms of a convenient chair."

"Cut!" said the director. "Now that's more like it. That will pass Dr. Craft's Supreme Court on Morals."

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Hands Across the Sea
(Continued from page 28)

fully—how he liked lecturing, and the extent of his tour. Wilson Tyne said he didn’t mind it but ventured the assertion that Americans were a thorough race. His tour was to cover the entire United States. The name Yakima on his itinerary puzzled him. He wanted to know if it was an aboriginal tribe before whom he was to speak or the appellation of the hall in the town that preceded it. He spoke depreciatingly of his lecturing as though it was something far beneath the American poet, but with difficulty in taking his leave, and finally departed, blushing painfully, his autographed copy of “Voices” safely beneath his arm.

“IT’s a peach of a cottage!” enthusiastically stated Selwyn Trainer. “A regular peach!”

“The kitchen is perfect,” said Betty.

“And only a step down to Peconic Bay,” added the poet.

“And a garden where we could grow our own vegetables,” enthusiastically added his wife.

“Wish I had two thousand dollars,” Selwyn Trainer summed up the situation.

Betty Tyne even promised to make it worth while we might start a savings account to buy a home. I wish some one would ask you to lecture and pay you two thousand dollars.

“I wish so, too,” the poet answered from the bottom of his heart, the vision of white hands flashing in applause coming back to him, “and,” he added thoughtfully, “there are lots of people who would do it.

“There are all those Englishmen talking about spooks, and Maeterlinck from Belgium, and Masefield, that English poet who was here during the war, and Wilfred Gibson, he’s an Englishman, too, isn’t he? Then our own blushing Wilson Tyne. And there’s another poet, the Irishman, oh yes, Selwyn, Selwyn, don’t you see something? Don’t you? Why there’s not an American in the lot! I should think that the public would be crazy to hear you, you know. Why, it’s the change of a lifetime,” she concluded breathlessly.

“Are you right, there isn’t an American in the lot,” said the poet in accents of surprise, “I don’t think so. No, I don’t think so. There’s the Spaniard, Ibanecz, and... and... No, I can’t think of a single American.”

“Selwyn,” announced Betty portentously, “we’re going right home and write to the lecturing agencies, or whatever you call them.”

“I think my title will be ‘Seeing Things,’” said the poet reflectively, “It will have a popular appeal. Yes, ‘Seeing Things’.

There are an amazing number of people from the Chautauqua agencies down—for up, accordingly as one looks at it—who devote their entire time to furnishing amusement, and instruction amusingly administered, to the public. Selwyn Tyne and Betty looked them all up and decided to write only to the three most important ones at first. It would never be satisfactory there would always be time to take the matter with the smaller ones. The poet’s wife, being the mother of the two with her fingers, noted the letters, informing their recipients that Selwyn Trainer was available for a lecture tour on the subject of “Seeing Things,” minimum compensation, one hundred dollars a lecture for twenty lectures. She then settled down with what patience she could muster to awaiting the answers and a revision of the family budget, since the money for English royalties had not yet come and funds were low.

The poet was getting a great deal of pleasure out of the situation. The vision of those applauding hands returned to him again and again, became an obsession. He even began a poem embodying the idea, the first lines of which read:

“Swiftly as white tropic birds
Their hands dart forth... Applause
Shivers the silence with a silvery crash.”

He decided not to complete the verses then, though. It seemed to him that he would be able to do them better after the inspiration of the actual happening.

It was five days later that the poet handed the morning’s mail to Betty. There were four letters. One bore the address of Selwyn Trainer’s British publishers, the others were from the agencies to which his wife had written.

“That’s only your check,” she said, laying the one with the English a lump aside. “Let’s open the others first,” and she slit an envelope and unfolded the letter. Her eyes ran swiftly over the contents and then she read aloud:

“THE AMERICAN LECTURE AGENCY
3193d Fifth Avenue.
March 2nd, 1920.
Mr. Selwyn Trainer.
103 Washington Square
New York City.

Dear Sir:

We thank you for the opportunity you offer us to put on your lecture SEEING THINGS, and sincerely regret we are unable to avail ourselves of this opportunity the present year.

Every date for the next six months is scheduled on our circuit and, in addition, we are negotiating with several prominent Englishmen for lecture tours.

Might we suggest that you take this matter up with the Deans of Universities throughout the country? You would very possibly find an opening to deliver your lecture before their students, though possibly it would have to be without pay.

We shall keep your name on file and advise you promptly if an opening occurs.

Accept our thanks for thinking of us in this matter.

Very sincerely yours,

E. J. Jones.
Manager.”

“But I don’t want to talk to college boys, complains the poet, who opened up letters to be able to see beauty as I see it.”

“It’s a very silly letter,” said the poet, “I shouldn’t want you to lecture for them after receiving it under any circumstances. I know the others will be better,” and she opened the next envelope and read from the enclosure in an amazed voice:

“Dear Miss Trainer:—

This agency has no opening at present. If at a future date, we have a call for a humorous lecturer we will advise you.

Will you kindly send us a copy of your address SEEING THINGS in order that we may judge whether it will pass our censorship which we estab-
Hands Across the Sea

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Do You Believe in Dimples?  
(Concluded)

By this time I'd conceded her a sense of humor. 'Perhaps,' I thought, 'they're going to have some fashionable boxing matches at the Alexandria after the big ball next week,' I remarked, while Seena sat up and began to make tea on the pretty tea-wagon the maid had wheeled out.

'That's a good idea,' said Miss Owen, measuring the tea from a silver caddy with a decided hand. 'There are so many people in society it will do good to see a guy with a chin where it ought to be, even if it is hung up a little bit.'

'Don't you care for society?' I asked.

'I don't know,' said Miss Owen. 'I've been pretty busy working and marrying and having my baby. I met a lady in Florida at a fashionable hotel that was in it. But she had 'welcome' written on the mat for all the men and I'm a married woman and the only thing in the world I don't like is other women's husbands. So we didn't get very acquainted.

'I like most everything anyway, except sweetbread patties. Orchids still give me a thrill up my spine. The two things I like best in the world are New York and hats. I like men better than women and I always do.'

'That's an arrangement,' said Seena.

'Do you?' I asked.

'No, I have dinner there last night,' (had dinner, notice not dined), "in the grill. But I'm afraid I'm not oriental-minded enough to appreciate it. You'll have to have a harem in your ancestry to enjoy it, it's so black and red and all. The man who designed it must have had an awfully good digestion."

Then I suppose, while Seena swung the hammock with her toe and I wondered how old she was, remembering she'd been in pictures since the old Griffith days when she played the part of a "pretty cards!" for the baby to play with.

She shook her head and all the little blond curls danced.

"No, but saw some good racing at Jamaica and Belmont when I was east. I like it. Especially now that they've got it down to such a nice friendly proposition. You know how they've fixed it—you can only bet among friends. It's one of the quickest ways to make friends I ever saw.'

'She twirled at me, and right there I made up my mind thinking was no novelty to her.

"Did you win?"

'Oh, no, every horse I played was cast for the times. The only inside tip I got was on Man o' War.'

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 95)

G. M. D., CANADA.—Lionel Barrymore is interpreting Shakespeare at the Apollo Theater in New York. That is, he is playing "Macbeth" in Robert Edmund Jones' scenic settings of the play. Mr. Barrymore is not making pictures right now, but I believe First National has several that have not yet been released. One of these is "Jim the Pembam," Hallam—whd is called Hal by his friends—"Cooley" with Douglas MacDonald and Marguerite de la Motte.

HELEN.—You say that beauty doesn't last. And while you are saying it you must know that it is absurd. Beauty, in fact, is the only thing that does endure. Clara Kimball Young, Garson studios, Edendale, Calif. Miss Young is the most beautiful actress I know. I've had a chance to talk with her personally. She was married to William Powell, but is now married to a rich and handsome man.

LILIAN, VANCOUVER.—Men may be attracted by brilliance and beauty but they don't always marry it. Sometimes prowess as a pastry cook wins over pulchritude. I am sure it would in my case, but I have never had a chance to find out. Yes, yes—I like Harold Lloyd—I never said I didn't. In fact, he's one of my favorite sunsets. Norna Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Harold isn't married at all.

H. L.—You may reach Gertrude Olmstead at the Universal studios, Universal City, Cal. Blanche Sweet, Pathe. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colo., and he weighs 166 pounds. Tom Mix weighs just ten pounds more than Doug, while George Walsh tops 'em all with his 180-pound air and lvy making for huge. Tom Moore is Irish—he was born in County Meath, in 1886. Tom weighs 142. Are you trying to reduce or something?

BLUE EYES.—Theda Bara is a sort of Klugs of Nations, if she will pardon the pun. What I mean to say is, she was born in Cincinnati, her father in Poland, and her mother in Switzerland. She isn't doing anything in the studios now, but will soon make more pictures, I hear. Alice Lake is her real name—Alice's—and she is not married.

M. E. K.—Yes, that was a fat part Mr. Arbuckle had in "Brewster's Millions," but it made me laugh. Priscilla Dean has very dark brown hair and eyes: Priscilla is a good example of a popular star who rose from the extra ranks by hard work and ability. She is married to Wheeler Oakman. Wesley Barry is about thirteen. Those freckles are real and you can bet Wesley has made capital of them. First case of a freckle making a fortune on record. (Continued on page 101)
The Woman God Changed

(Continued from page 38)

There was hard cynicism in McCarthy's smile as he replied:

"You ain't like my sister—and there's been too many arms around you—but you can hold on to me, if you want to."

Jannsen caught and clung to McCarthy, the man of all others whom hardly an hour before she would have sought the least in all the world. When she felt a final reckoning impending she could not face it alone.

At that instant they felt the ship lift under them. Just in the rear of the great explosion in the hold that tilted the great hull into the air and then dropped it, bow down, into the sea.

A wave of solid water swept over the deck as a rain of debris and shattered spars fell. A boom crashed down on McCarthy as he and the woman clinging to him were swamped, just a flash before the rolling ocean. The darkness of night absolute fell on McCarthy and he floated helplessly in the grasp of Jannsen who clung with the strength of the desperate to the spar.

Behind them the schooner, settling rapidly, tipped, stern high in the air, and shot down to the limb of all lost ships.

Bits of wreckage dotted the tossing surface of the sea, and there lifting to the swell half-submerged and clinging to the limp body of the detective and the spar Jannsen looked into the mysterious face of Destiny alone in the great Pacific waste.

Again the ticking of the clock rose in the courtooms. Was McCarthy paused in his recital. Jannsen, still and straight in the prisoner's dock, turned toward him. Her face softened and her eyes looked the same encouragement that said:

"Go on, McCarthy. Tell it all."

The witness gripped his hands together in concentration and went on:

"I comes on a beach with the sun in my eyes—and I'm thinking 'Where is Jannsen? I've lost Jannsen.' He was back in the Pacific again on a desert strand, taking the courtroom audience with him.

Frowning upward into the blazing sun on this desert island, Tahiti, lay the New York detective. His clothes were opened at the throat and with gentle ministered hands his prisoner, Jannsen, the chorus girl from Broadway, broken and captive from Tahiti, was laving his dazed head.

That was the beginning of a new strange chapter. At last McCarthy, brushing the hands of the girl from his head, turned to her.

"Where are the others?"

"There are no others, McCarthy—just you and me—and this island."

Painfully the detective pulled himself up sitting, trying to sum up the situation. Mechanically and slowly he pulled out the contents of his light revolver and lined the array in the sun to dry on his wet handled-chief. A revolver, a handful of extra cartridges, a water-soaked watch and most pitifully, helpless of all, a half-folded money on a coral isle. Before the ripping infinity of the Pacific sparkling in the sun.

Behind them the atoll jungle and behind that again the ocean, forever and over and ever.

Despair spread over the face of McCarthy the copper.

Jansen with the resourcefulness of the primitive within her, sat taking in McCarthy's thoughts as fast as they came to him.

"There's a nice pool of fresh water back there," she said with a smile of reassurance.

"And bananas—coconuts and breadfruit—and there's fish in the cove."

McCarthy looked at his prisoner curiously.

"What was the use of having a prisoner here? And yet he was glad that he had not lost Jannsen. He remembered his New York and his assigned unit.

"You can't eat raw fish," McCarthy looked at his futilie hands.

"You can start a fire with a watch crystal for a burning glass."

Jannsen's expression showed that she was glad at last to have achieved something not entirely selfish. She was finding herself in the last ventilation the oddities of circumstance.

"McCarthy, do you know how you got ashore?"

The detective looked up and shook his head.

"I pulled you in on that piece of spar."

He started to thank her. She raised her hand in interruption.

"Don't bother: thanking me. But, McCarthy—don't you think a life is worth a life?"

McCarthy was long in answering. He shook his head.

"You should have let me drown—that was your chance."

She smiled on him and began taking off his water-soaked shoes.

The Woman God Changed

NARRATED, by permission, from the Cosmopolitan-Paramount Art- craft photoplay, Adapted by Dory Hobart from the story by Dana Byrne. Directed by Robert G. Vignola with the following cast:

Anna Janssen............Seea Owen
Officer McCarthy........E. K. Lincoln
Alastair De Vries.........Henry Sedley
Lilly............Lillian Walker
Donegan.............H. Cooper Cliffe
The District Attorney.......Paul Nicolson
French Commissaire.......Templar Saxe

Janssen's eyes took in the revolver there on the beach between them. It gave her a flash of suggestion. He had said "You should have let me drown—that was your chance." Here was another chance. She picked up the revolver, stepped back, levelled it at McCarthy and called him sharply. This was the Janssen of Broadway and Tahiti again.

"McCarthy!"

He turned about and faced her unflickingly.

"Don't be a fool, put that down."

She ignored his admonition.

"McCarthy—your word's good with me. Either you promise to let me off when we are rescued or I'll kill you now!"

He shook his head.

The revolver, a yard away, spat full at him. He reeled, then clutched at his shoulder. There was sneer and disgust in his face, not fear.

"You made a better job with De Vries—why don't you try it again?"

The woman looked into his eyes and shuddered with what she saw there. Janssen turned and tossed the revolver into the tangled jungle.

Without looking at her McCarthy betook himself to the water to bathe and dress his wounded shoulder. Janssen, torn with emotions, threw herself down and cried into her folded arms.

Days passed and they did not speak.

Janssen went to the spot in the tangled
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The Woman God Changed

(Concluded)

She did not look for an answer. It was not a question, really.

“Well—that’s the way I feel about this island—and the rest of my life. It was the bad day. The island was the bath.

“A person does something as I did, because this mind is of dust and dirt and bad feelings, and he runs away—and sometimes, maybe out in the desert or on a mountain or by the ocean a great wind comes and sweeps him clean. Don’t you understand, McCarthy?”

Janssen walked away. McCarthy sat puzzling on the beach with a queer smile on his face.

“Then Janssen was tootsick—after we had been on the island I guess maybe eight months. I changed tone and the island picture faded. Again the courtroom saw him, the New York copper on the witness stand. An attendant brought him a glass of water. It was still. The woman in the prisoner’s dock sat straight and white. The clock ticked away the days as McCarthy presumed his tale, the tale of a sickbed way down there on the other side of the world, in a savage hut in the Marquesas.

The ragged bearded man that was Detective McCarthy stood over Janssen ministering to her with cold water in a half a coconut shell.

“Why should I live, McCarthy—just so you can take me back to the electric chair?” McCarthy, grotesque in his rags, sat very gently by her.

“It would be awfully lonely here without you, Janssen.”

The girl looked up at McCarthy with gratitude in her eyes.

“That’s better—don’t worry—I’ll live now.”

That was another beginning. Through long days and nights slowly receded and the time came when again they could sit together on the beach at the sunset. They talked long of many things and at last McCarthy came to what had been in his heart many days. McCarthy

“Is it possible to make your life over on the island you came out—let me want you to marry me, then.”

Janssen leaned forward with a glow in her blue eyes. A glow that no man had ever seen before.

“You love me, McCarthy?”

“Yes.” He put out his hand.

Janssen looked away out toward the sea.

“But if we never get off of this island we never get married.”

McCarthy looked away into the dark. He had nothing to say. His literal mind saw no answer.

“McCarthy,” she spoke softly and with spiritual tenseness, “do you think that it takes the church and the music and the rice to make a marriage perfect?”

He was looking at her now with wonderment.

“I feel that God is very near me, and all this is God’s Cathedral. If he wishes to hear us this night, then we are married, McCarthy.”

This woman, without creed and without church, was calling God as their witness. And that was their wedding, down there under the stars in the Marquesas. The days went on. The island was a prison no more. It was Eden, the unspoiled Eden of life made new.

Time went faster then. The days were uncounted. Still stood the buff and pile on the headland, waiting, waiting, waiting for a ship. More than three years had gone by.

Then came the day that they sighted the ship.

That was the day of McCarthy’s temptation, the day that he wavered in the face of duty.

McCarthy stood silent on the promontory looking down over the ship. Janssen watched, but did not speak. She stood immobile.

The woman ran to their campire and returned swinging a brand flung it into the waiting brush heap. A great column of flame and smoke rose into the air, a beacon signal to the ship.

“Why did you do this, Janssen?” McCarthy was looking earnestly into her face.

“Because, McCarthy, you took an oath to do a duty. If I should be the cause of you neglecting that duty I could never look my conscience in the face again.”

The voice of the witness was husky.

“And I would have gone back on my oath to this court of Justice and sold my soul to hell, but she wouldn’t let me.”

A great silence settled over the courtroom. That was the end of the tale in the Marquesas.

The great shadow of Tomb’s prison lighted for the night through the windows of the courtroom. The judge turned to the district attorney.

“That is all,” replied the official prosecutor, “this is the matter that brought the witness to Donegan of the defense. Slowly Donegan rose and faced the bench.

The case of Anna Janssen rests,” Donegan said down.

The judge turned to instruct the jury. His words were brief.

“Gentlemen of the jury, no matter what sympathy with the prisoner you may feel, I must instruct you to find a verdict of guilty.”

The foreman, a grey-bearded professional man, rose to protest.

“But Your Honor, this woman is changed. She is not the same.”

The judge waved him to silence.

“It now rests with me to decide what shall be done with your life in payment for the life you so wantonly took.”

“Prisoner, I give you back that life, but I sentence it to imprisonment for its natural term.”

Janssen flanked one look of piteous appeal, then clasped her hands and looked straight ahead. McCarthy, tense, came to his feet. The murmuring of the courtroom rose. The bailiff rapped for order.

“Prisoner, your husband will collect the year of your bond. He will take you and have your marriage made legal and he will then escort you to the prison I have selected for you—your island home—where it will be a matter of Supreme Court of Justice that you live happy ever after.”

* * * * *

It is morning again on an atoll in the Marquesas.
there was money on hand by Saturday night, and Lytell went out and bought a lot of furniture just to show the store-keepers what he thought of 'em.

OUTSIDE the Lyric theatre in New York one evening in March a vast crowd was trying to batten its way inside where "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was the attraction, with seats priced from fifty cents to two dollars. A well-dressed woman, evidently from out of town, stepped up to the door-keeper and asked if "it" was a play or a picture. "It's a great picture, ma'am," said the door-keeper. The woman surveyed the crowd. "Humph, that's funny," she said and edged her way back to the street. Dick Rowland, President of Metro, who overheard her comment, can't yet determine just what was in the good dame's mind.

JUST a few facts: You remember "The Love Light," Mary Pickford's picture written and directed by Frances Marion? At least it was written and directed, naturally, by Miss Marion. Several things in the last and released version were not according to Miss Marion's ideas. The original captions were written by her, but in the picture shown to the public, they were revamped, revised and rewritten. Miss Pickford gave fountain pens to each of the three persons engaged in the business of improving Miss Marion's subtitles. It occurs to me that if Miss Pickford had presented lead pencils instead of fountain pens, the titles might have been better.

THERE'S a new member of the H. B. Warner family recently arrived in California. It's a boy. The young gentleman is planning to fetch his parents to New York very soon, as his dad's contract has expired. There's nothing like having a business-like son to keep dad at work.

WHERE are the stars of yesteryear? Several of those whose exciting announcement of the organization of "my own company" are working—supporting other stars. Bessie Love is the latest. She's to be leading lady for Susse Hayakawa in his next picture.

It took some time for Elinor Glyn to be persuaded to recognize motion pictures. Now she does everything the movie way. For instance, when her daughter Juliet was married the other day in London, her distinguished mother was in Hollywood. She felt she simply must see the wedding ceremony. So she cabled an order that the scene should be filmed and the reel sent to California. The bridegroom is a Member of Parliament—Sir Rhys Williams. (Wonder how one pronounces Rhys, anyway.)

One way of solving the servant problem is to have a washing machine in your house. But machines aren't human. They can't tell when to go easy and when to go fast—even the best of them sometimes raise a Cain with buttons and buttonholes. See that your family wears the Hatch One Button Union Suit. One button is much easier to guide through the wringer than a whole row.

THEY say that if you want a job well done, do it yourself. The same idea is behind the one master button on the

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FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York
The Gish Girls
Talk About Each Other
(Continued from page 29)

whatever I see comes back to me when I am before the camera.'
Lillian Gish turned the blue depths of her eyes upon me. "I have given up going among people," she said. "They interest me. But I have never been able to keep engagements. I just love Mary Pickford. She often asked me out to her place at Beverly Hills. I would think I could go but at five o'clock when I should have been going home to dress for dinner we would decide to work until seven. Something like that always happened when I wanted to go out to see Mary. After your friends have asked you five or six times and you have to telephone that you are very sorry but you can't go, they stop asking. That is just natural. And so I gave up going out. I draw my ideas of how to do things from within. I think of how I would do whatever I had to do if I were in the person's place."

"What do you most admire in your sister?"
For a moment Dorothy Gish's sparkling eyes took on depths of seriousness.
"Her gentleness. Lillian never offends anyone."
I met Lillian Gish's calm, blue gaze in inquiry.
"I most admire Dorothy's honesty. No one could make Dorothy tell a lie. Sometimes, when cornered, I evaded."
Dorothy Gish leaned far forward, clasping her small hands boyishly between her knees.
"But people don't want to hear the truth. I've found that out. They have asked me for the truth and I've told them and hurt them. I wanted to help them but I only hurt them. I would love to have Lillian's discretion."

"What is your ambition for your sister?"
"I want to see Lillian on the stage. I believe she would be another Maude Adams."
"No. Nobody could be like Miss Adams. My admiration for her is boundless. But she will always keep her niche. No one will ever be like her. Mr. John Barrymore, without the other day for the first time, assured me that screen work is harder than stage work. But I don't know that I could ever develop my voice to the strength for the stage. I want to help Dorothy progress in her comedy. Comedy is a great deal harder than tragedy. Tragedy plays itself."

"No. Besides, tragedy is what lives. No one remembers a comedy. But 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Way Down East' will live," spoke Dorothy.

Even their portraits differ. Lillian, with one of her rare, and rarely sweet, smiles produced an old photograph of a rotund, serious child borne down, it would appear, by a heavy weight of care.
"This is Dorothy's picture when she was a baby. The family call it Grandma Gish."
"Yes. Look on this and then on that."
The "that" at which Lillian's brown head nodded was Helen's portrait of Lillian Gish as she saw her, a mist of bluish grays, newsworthy, cloud-like, a delicate face with deeply, widely, blue eyes, of the soberness and inscrutability of the Sphinx. What of the worldly wisdom of these young persons, that wisdom that has to do with the care of earned increment? "Dorothy likes to spend money," said her sister. "Mother thinks I am the conservator of the family funds. Perhaps that is true. I have a deep, overwhelming fear of poverty. I look far into the future. I have resolved that when I am old I shall have more than one dress and three hundred dollars."

"It takes more than that to get into an
The Gish Girls Talk About Each Other

(Continued)

old ladies' home now," said Dorothy. 'The price of old ladies' homes has gone up. It used to be $300. Now it's $500.'

'You know that, dear? Then remember it.' Banished Lillian.

'We're here today, Gone tomorrow. Let us enjoy today,' Mrs. Rennie snapped her small fingers.

'Lillian, my silver-haired woman, round of face like Dorothy, graceful and with wide, thoughtful distance between the eyes, like Lilian. Both girls sprung to their feet. Both girls is Mellers.

'She isn't a bit like a stage or studio mother,' testified Dorothy.

Through her the talented twain derived their mental birthright in Daughters of the American Revolution and their eligibility to the Colonial Dames. Through her, too, they are kinswomen of the youngest Justice of the Supreme Bench of the United States, Judge Robinson.

'You were talking of saving and investing?' said Mrs. Gish. 'The family joke is that neither of my daughters cares for real estate, while I crave it. We could have bought lots in Los Angeles for $250 a piece a few years ago, I favored it but was the minority. The lots have since sold for $500 a piece.'

Lillian lifted her head. 'But if we had bought them we would have made the Gish luck. That part of Los Angeles would not have improved. It would have stood stock still.'

Bitterness? No. Only a belief that the Gishes are not of those to whom delightful things happen. They must work by wholesome ways their profits and success.

They drifted back into recollections of their still-remote childhood.

'Lillian used to put lemons up her nose.' From the mask of comedy.

'Dorothy would never keep quiet. Once she was spanked for it.' From the mask of tragedy.

'Lillian cried because I was spanked. She cried long after I had stopped. She could always cry easily and make others cry in sympathy. She used to make the neighbors cry just by looking at them. They all told another she wouldn't never bring that child up,' Mrs. Rennie minced a toothless smile.

At four Dorothy made her debut in public gaze in 'East Lynne.' At the same time her sister, Lillian, at six, was playing the same tour-guaranteed part in another company. Returned after their harrowing the sisters prattled of their tours and the wisdom they derived.

'And now I'm a vegetarian,' announced Sister Lilian.

'That's nothing, I'm a Catholic,' proclaimed Dorothy. 'Which was interesting though not true.'

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 99)

MARJORIE, LOUISIANA.—You think Alice Brady's husband is a dear. So, I take it, does Miss Brady. The Cranes live in New York when one or the other of them isn't touring the country in a stage play. Address Alice care Realart, N. Y. C.

PEARL.—Ruth Roland's real name? Ruth Roland. She isn't married now. She is in California making a new serial for Pathé, at the Hal Roach studio.

MRS. JACK, NEWPORT.—Thanks. You're a straight forward and sensible person, and there are too few of them in the world. Dorothy Phillips was born in 1892; she is in 'Man, Woman and Marriage.' Lillian Walker is in vaudeville now.

F. E. D., SUPERIOR.—Francis Ford is directing Texas Guinan now. He was born in 1882. He has no children; or if he has, there's no record of them in our files. Ford and Grace Cunard used to do serials together for Universal.

VAMP THE SECOND.—Sorry, but I haven't the names of Shirley Mason's dogs. Yes, I have seen those snap-shots of Shirley playing with dogs and I never thought to ask their names. Agnes Ayres, now with Paramount, played in Marshall Neillan's 'Go and Get It.' Agnes is not married.

M. H., OKLA.—Mildred Harris has been engaged for a leading role in Cecil deMille's new feature. Reported Miss Harris had her own company, but evidently it was only a report. Marguerite Clark made 'Scrambled Wives' for First National and then returned to her home in New Orleans, where she is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Her sister, Cora Clark, still lives in New York City.

JOSPEHINE.—You haven't been among those present for a long time. What happened to you? Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. She is married and has a little daughter. Norma Talmadge was married in November, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. They have no children.

RENEE.—You're one of those suspicious souls who doesn't believe one actor ever plays two parts. But Lewis Stone did play the two roles in 'The River's End.' Stone is in 'The Concert.' Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood. Lila isn't a star, but she is featured. Very nice letter; write often.

SERGEANT WILSON, SCRANTON, IOWA.—Constance Talmadge never appeared in the same picture with Olive Thomas. Thomas was the star of 'Footlights and Shadows.' Yes, the little star was enjoying her greatest popularity when death claimed her. She died in her last picture was 'Everybody's Sweetheart.'

L. S., ILLINOIS.—William Farnum has a little daughter. Bill still makes pictures for Fox—working at the Manhattan studios of that concern. Never heard of a picture called 'The Valiant Virginia.' Are you sure you have the correct title for it?

L. K. S., JR.—The article to which you refer 'Hi! Christ Went to the Movies,' was written by the Reverend Dr. Percy Stickleman Grant of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue, New York City, and appeared in the March, 1920, Photoplay Magazine. Same may be secured upon receipt of twenty-five cents.

N. T., PHILADELPHIA.—Brother, you may envy me my job when the celebrated film stars come up to see me, but how about answering questions about those selfsame film stars? No? Another thing entirely. I assure you. It takes all the joy out of discovering that Miss Truelove has blonde hair and green-gray eyes to think that I must pass in the instance on to a curious world. Mary Miles Minter isn't married. Lillian Gish was Anna Moore in 'Way Down East.' Why didn't you ask for a program? (Continued on page 110)

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Susanna Crocroft
Dept. 35
Gotham National Bank Bldg., 1819 Broadway, NEW YORK

From the Fifteenth Floor

We were invited out to a little dinner the other evening. Outside of the fact that our hostess lives in Brooklyn, it was not enjoyable. You know, to one who lives in New York proper (yes, New York can be proper) it is supposed to be mad, mad waggery to sneer at folks. We've heard enough as a matter of fact Brooklyn is very nice and neighborhood. There is no spot we wot of in New York proper that has any ear-mark of popularity. At this little dinner party, besides our host who is an illustrator, there were two other men and two ladies. The two men were, respectively, a writer of a rather successful bachelor lawyer. Of the two women, one is the highly-paid secretary to a downtown broker, and the other the buyer of lin- gerie in a Fifth Avenue specialty shop.

... we got to talking about the only two things that folks seem to talk about at these intimate little dinner parties now-a-days—movies and liquor. I was interested to learn that the three ladies knew more about liquor and how to make it or where to get it than the two men, and was surprised to discover that the other two men present knew a lot more about current moving pictures than the ladies. ... Oh, now, don't ask me what I've been thinking about it since then till my brain reeks. It may auger something frightfully important, but I swear I can't tell what it is.

The conference and secretary habit is more highly developed in movie circles in New York, we opine, than elsewhere. The conference habit is the most annoying. One telephones for Mr. Bjinks of the Hoakum Pictures Corporation to find that "Mr. Bjinks is in conference" and one is invited to leave one's telephone number with the guarded hint that Mr. Bjinks may call us back. Mr. Bjinks never calls back. This has always been a great mystery to us—or was a mystery until the other day when we were enjoying a social chat with Mr. Bjones of the Bunko Film Company. Bjones is a great pal of ours. Bjones was sitting at his rosewood desk drinking his reviving miniced chicken and lettuce sandwiches and drinking some liquid matter from a thermos bottle that had just been sent over from a nearby hotel. We were chatting pleasantly when Mr. Bjones' secretary poked her blonde head inside the room and said that Mr. Bjinks was on the phone and would like to speak with Mr. Bjones. Very important. Bjones took a slow deliberate swig from the thermos bottle. "Tell him I'm in conference and to call me tomorrow at 10.15," he said deprecatingly.

The Secretary thing is more prevalent but not so confusing or annoying. We have a young lady named Bjohn who is third assistant press agent of one of the film companies. Bjohn is in most ways a very estimable, modest, truthful young man. He wears a lot of dark socks and is fond of chocolate esalirs and is otherwise normal. Bjohn, however, has fallen victim to the deadly Secretary habit. There is a yoke of young men named Bjons and cute ruffled hair who manipulates the office typewriter for Bjohn, as well as for two or three other young men in the office. But to Bjohn says Mr. Bjinks to him on Broadway and hinted that we might buy his luncheon on the following day. We thought we might have a little chat mutually interesting. He looked off into the middle distance and pulled at his new mustache. "Awfully sorry, I can't tell you 'yes' now, old chap," he said. "But you see, I leave all those things to Miss Bjohn. I get back at the office I'll just ask her if I've anything on for luncheon tomorrow—she'll know—and if not, I'll be glad to lunch with you, of course. But you don't see many of the lads in the movie game in New York who boast of "secretaries" pull down slightly less, in the good of 'pay ene- doloxy. And we dare hope they are as familiar to fans in Kamchatka and Kankakee as to Photoplay's staff who observe them through the windows of the Fifteenth Floor.

Most of the Fifteenth Floor is occupied by the New York offices of the world's leading moving picture magazines, but tucked over in one corner of the Fifteenth Floor is an enterprise, the gilt lettering on whose door announces it to be "The National Whalebone Co." Every time we go out to luncheon or depart for the day, we are intrigued by reflections upon what the National Whalebone Co. may do with its product and how its product is obtained. We are informed by a certain competent authority that whalebone isn't used in stays (i.e., corsets) any more, yet we feel sure that business must be prosperous with the National Whalebone Co. for they stay on, year after year. Maybe some day we shall march into the National Whalebone Co. and ask Mr. Bjinks to tell us why. One would think that there is enough romance on the Fifteenth Floor, but maybe there is a wonderful story about whalebone. If we discover it we'll tell you about it.

Good heavens, they're incorrigible. The man just came to fix our typewriter. He had dropped his "key" and it was irritating. But the mechanic was quick and efficient. He fixed the "key" so that it worked perfectly within five minutes. But he stood about waiting. "Charge it to the office," we said with entire compusre, for we knew the office has an account with the typewriter concern. "They'll pay," he said tentatively. "Unless, you give me a few pictures—Norma Tal- ludge and Constance, and Faire Binney and Madge Kennedy and—"

We hate jokers. . . . Only yesterday some miscreant made us uneasy for all afternoon. We had shut the door of our own little office on it. We were going to lunch or something. So we placed a card reading "Will be back soon" on our door. And when we returned, this same idiot had scrawled underneath "What For?"

We trust the boss didn't see it. . . . It might start him to thinking.

The Third Assistant
What Do YOU Think?
A Department of Letters
to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

First let me introduce myself. I am a chorus girl. I live in this small town where everybody knows me and my profession.

I wonder if you can answer a question if I may: Why do pictures with stories pertaining to chorus girls, picture the chorus to the public as being the most degrading thing on earth, implying that it is a disgrace to belong to one? I know that there are some of the finest and cleanest of American girls who belong to the chorus. The opinion of the public is enough to. fight and the pictures make it harder. Particularly with such phrases as “A Valley of Humiliation,” in Constance Binney’s “39 East.”

Mrs. Claude Cobbs,
Oranal, Texas.

Dear Sir:

I wonder if the motion picture world realizes just what keen pleasure is afforded the deaf by their work? I, myself, am not totally deaf, but far too much so to enjoy a play on the stage even with the help of my lip reading, for the simple reason that the plays are not arranged for the deaf, and too often the speaker has his back to the audience, or the lights are dimmed. But with the pictures, there is the added pleasure of the ability to follow conversation, making the deaf person feel so superior to his hearing neighbors in the theater.

Occasionally a good picture play is made the foundation for conversational class work among my pupils and great pleasure is derived from such a discussion.

Miss A. N. Gordon,
The Muller-Walle School,
Baltimore, Md.

John Interviews Anita
(continued from page 62)

Travels with a Donkey, or
Around the Studio with John Emerson

BY ANITA LOOS.

Before me stood a tall, lean, sad-looking individual who can best be described as resembling George Barnard’s statue of Abraham Lincoln. I knew it was none other than John Emerson, the movie writer who, more than any other living man, has made the spoken drama popular with modern audiences. He has a keen, intelligent face; but his character is not easily understood. He took me by the hand and led me to a balcony where we could get a clear view of the brilliantly lighted studio.

“There lies before you the greatest in- industry in the world,” he said in a melancholy voice. “Art—imagination—poetry are in the very air about you. Those people who, toll before you under these glaring lights are striving, under my direction, to produce a drama written by one of the greatest minds of the world. And even as I wrote this drama, I was repeating to myself those magic words, ‘Art—imagination—poetry’.”

“Beautiful, beautiful,” I said. “Where did you read it?”

“You’ll find it in some of Griffith’s writings,” he said, realizing that further concealment was impossible. “The Sixth Volume of ‘An Appreciation of David Wark Griffith, by D. W. G.’ has it, or perhaps the second volume of his third autobiography—I forget which.”

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He took me by the hand and led me further into the mazes of the building. He stopped before a great desk, piled high with manuscripts.

"My photoplays," he said, proudly. "I have a regular system for turning them out."

"Your system must force you to write a great deal," I remarked, eying the pile.

"Well, no," admitted Mr. Emerson. "The fact is, my wife writes them and I read them. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

He reached over and pulled a script from the pile.

"Let me show you something good," he said. "What do you think of this comedy scene? I wrote this myself."

The scenario read something like this:

**INTERIOR OF MARY'S Boudoir.**—

The maniac rushes in, brandishing his long knife, and seizes Mary, who is sitting by the window combing her golden hair. Before she can utter a word, he plunges the knife into her beautiful back.

**TITLE: MARRY WAS ALL CUT-UP ABOUT IT.**

The maniac continues to plunge the knife again and again into the girl.

**FADE OUT.**

"I guess that'll get a laugh," said Mr. Emerson jovially. "That part about how she was all cut up, I mean. That's humor—that's satire—that's what the movies need."

As I said, it is hard to understand Mr. Emerson's real character. He has a very intelligent face.

After reading the twin interviews as printed herein, and which we guarantee to be free from editorial operations of any character whatsoever, we feel rather sad.

We are afraid that there is nothing serious in the concrete cosmos of the Emerson-Loos menage.

We even hazard a guess that there is seldom any serious conversation around the Emerson-Loos front porch. We cannot conceive Anita becoming excited because the butcher-boy fetched half a dozen pork chops when she distinctly ordered lamb chops.

We cannot picture the furnace fire going out (oh, yes, they do have furnaces in California bungalows, no matter what the Chamber of Commerce says about the Perpetual Sunshine) and John Emerson flapping down the cellar stairs in his old slippers 'tend to it.'

As a matter of fact, after running a coldly critical eye through these twin interviews, we have arrived at the regretful decision that John Emerson delights to josh Anita Loos; and we feel constrained to believe that Anita Loos is not above jesting with her husband.

Indeed, we feel a certain conviction that John Emerson and Mrs. John Emerson are a pair of incorrigible kidders!

Three prominent members of the Reid family: William Wallace, Jr., Dorothy Davenport Reid, and "Mac." Dot's favorite dog. The fourth member of this family has been the subject of so many close-ups we thought we'd shoot you one without him, just to be different.
How To Be Happily Married
(Continued from page 44)

I learned even during our engagement that he would be gentle with me if I were nervous. He would be tolerant if I were cross. When we had a slight difference of opinion, he would say, "Don't say that, dear. It will only make you unhappy."

I saw, too, that his father and mother are ideally happy. Mr. Treman is president of two banks, and holds business and official positions that require him to come to the city once every week. I have seen him kiss Mother Treman goodbye and then get out of the car and go back to kiss her again. I reasoned that the son of such a pair would be an ideal husband, and he is.

We are the greatest chums. Father Treman and I have long talks about every topic under the sun. He thinks I am the frankest, most honest human being he ever knew. Mother Treman is one of the few angels permitted to walk this earth.

Another influence works to make my marriage happy, that is the memory of my first husband. Vernon Castle was one of the finest of men. When he went so suddenly out of life, I was bitterly sorry that I had ever spoken cross words to him. That regret comes back to me if I find myself a bit impatient with Bob. Not that he ever gives me reason to be impatient, but I am remarkably quick. If a bird and I started in a race across a room I would have a chance of winning. Captain Treman is deliberate. He never hurries. If we are going to catch a train we never have more than a minute to spare, but we always catch it. When I am inclined to say something sharp about his tardiness I remember impatient words spoken to another, and they haunt on my lips.

Naturally when I think of going to London to dance, I consider possible partners. There would never be another such partner as Mr. Castle. He not only danced well; he dressed in perfect taste. He was as successful with his clothes as I was with mine, but he had a delightful sense of comedy. A glint in his eyes, a smile crossing his face, a glance at the audience, and the people in front were all a-smile. I shall never have such another partner.

I thought of Carl Randall. He is an excellent dancer, but I was amazed, when he stood beside me, to see how much taller I am than he. He only comes to my shoulder. I am so tall. Clifford Webb is the nearest to Vernon Castle's type of anyone who is dancing today.

My husband cannot go with me. He is interested in the banks and is president of a wholesale hardware business. He cannot be away even so long. I am sorry. But no matter how great my success, and how much my pleasure in London, I shall begin, when I arrive there, to look forward to going back and shall count the weeks and days until my return.

"Why dance?" my old audiences may ask. "And why do motion pictures? We thought you had married a wealthy man." They have a right to ask. So I have, but there are so many silly things I want, grown and this and that, that I don't need any more than a cat needs two tails! That is the reason I am crossing the ocean to dance. That is the reason I am beginning another picture.

I do not presume to advise others. Individual problems must be solved by the individuals.

The theory that everyone should be married twice may be a true one. For the first marriage is an experiment. Its errors and maladjustments may teach us how to be happy in the second.
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 105)

MARGARET, M. CLEMMONS.—I think the favorite food of a hippopotamus is carrots. At least, so I have been told. If that is true, it is the only thing they have in common with rabbits. Margaret Clemmons of Clayton are not sisters; in fact, they are not related at all. Neither are David Wark and Corinne Griffith, Bill and Neal Hart, and Pearl and Ray. Kitty Gordon is now touring in vaudeville.

BRIAN STRANGE.—You must have stepped out of a better seller, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, and Lila Lee are not mar-

ried or engaged.

HELEN, CONN.—Pola Negri was popular on the Continent, but she was not internationally celebrated until the success of "Passion," or "Du Barry," in the United States. Her other pictures are "Gypsy Blood," a re
titled "Carmen," and "Sumurun." "Gypsy Blood" will soon be released in America by First National. I have not been informed as to Miss Negri's marital status. As for nationality, she is Polish.

P. L. I., NANTUCKET.—I know that the Philippine women make beautiful lace from a fibre obtained from pineapple leaves. But outside of that, I don't know the difference between Valenciennes and Long Dock. Is Quatorze of Maryland? Teresa Kearl was born in 1880; he is married to Adele Rowland. Marie Walcamp is Mrs. Harland Tucker. Clyde Fillmore appeared opposite Clayton. "Shamrock," "Western," "Hawley" in "The Outside Woman." He is now working with Pauline Frederick in "The Greater Love" at the Robertson-Cole studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DORIS, CALIFORNIA.—Clarine Seymour was to have played the lead in "Don Juan East," but the Lasky Company filmed in some scenes. Her untimely death caused Mary Hay to be given the part, and the scenes in which Miss Seymour had appeared were reshot. Robert Harron was not in the cast of this picture. Richard Barthelmess played David.

R. A. C., BUENOS AIRES.—It is unlikely that "Hearts of the World," "My Four Years in Germany," and "The Little American" will be reissued at this time. The latest picture with the Great War background is "The Four Horsemen," which you will undoubtedly see very soon. I appreciate your letter with its kind wishes, and will always be more than glad to hear from you. However, a young lady. I am not a lady at all.

EDITH MARY, MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Life's best aim is to teach us how to think. Harry and "Snub" Pollard are one and the same comedian. Norma is the oldest and Natalie is the youngest sister. Mae Marsh made several pictures for Robertson-Cole, the first called, "The Little Fraidy Lady." Now I hear that she is to have her own company. Mrs. Louis Lee Armstrong is real life and the mother of a little girl. She wrote a book called "Screen Acting."

KATHERINE, GREENVILLE, MISS.—"Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar was not fition-

ized in this magazine. Miss Farrar has not made a photoplays. The "Riddle Woman," who has been having her usual success at the Metropolitan in the opera season. "Zaza" is one of her newest operatic roles which has proved very popular. She is famous for her "Madame Butterfly," her "Carmen," her "Thais," "Manon," and "Tosca." She is Mrs. Louise Tellegen.

Mrs. M. M. B., Red Bank.—George Hackathorne was the traitor in "The Last of the Mohicans," Lillian Leighdon in "The Jack-Knife Man." Come again—you are too bashful to hold hands and jump to the bunch—but I think you would qualify, even at that.

ALICE, MASS.—Tush-like wise, piffle. I know I am not a Sweet Thing, and you don't make any impression on me at all. Alice Terry was born in 1896 and she is the leading man in "The Four Horsemen," Vincent Coleman decliles to tell us his age.

MACDONALD FAN.—So Wallace doesn't send out any rubber-stamp autographs, but really big pictures, with personal inscriptions. Good boy, Wally—some of your colleagues regard me as a low-down act. As for me, I say he devotes a certain length of time each week to answering his correspondence personally. You say you never received a photograph of the new Wallace Reid, although you enclosed stamps. Wait a while and then write again.

DES MOINES DAILY.—Go on! Gaston Glass is a bachelor, aged 25. Garth Hughes is also unmarried; he was born in 1895. Hughes is in "Sentimental Tommy," the fiction version. He is appearing in Photoplay for April. Look it up; it's from James Barrie's two stories, "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel," and Grizel is coming to the United States to supervise the filming of his "Peter Pan." The rumor is that Betty Compton will play the part created by Maude Adams and that William deMille will direct.

E. J. V. GOSDEN.—You may have a brilliant future before you—but the question is, are you swift enough to overtake it? Finish school first—your kids and girls must take time to hear the Old Ans-
swer Man tell you that. But honestly, you should have a foundation and a back-

ground before you try to conquer the world. (Continued on page 112.) Here's the cast of "The Shepherd of the Hills," from Harold Bell Wright's story: Sammy Lane;.... Catherine Curtis; Young Matt;.... George Harris; Old Man;.... Tom Johnson;.... The Shepherd.... H. G. Lonsdale; Wash Gibbs;.... Bert Sprotte; Jim Lane;.... Lon Poff; Little Pete;.... C. Edwin Raynor; Maggie;.... Arvista Mollman; Harry;.... Louis Barclay; Aunt Molly;.... Elizabeth Rhodes; Ollie Stewart;.... George Hackathorne; Doctor;.... William Devault; Uncle Ike;.... E. Brown.

M. W., ALEXANDRIA.—Lyn Chaney has certainly suffered some in the name of art. His legs were strapped back during the making of "The Penalty," and he had to be released every ten minutes because of the extreme pain. Chaney made "Outside the Law" with Priscilla Dean and "The Night Rose" for Goldwyn.
Questions and Answers

(Morning Glory.)—So your chum became so excited at the ice scenes in "Way Down East" that she had crashed a box of chocolate candy completely. That's a great tribute. Forrest Stanley in "His Officer" and "His Wife," married and pictures in which he appeared were "Forbidden Fruit" with Agnes Ayres, "Sacred and Profane Love," with Elise Ferguson. He was well known on the legitimate stage before going on the screen. Lowell Sherman is now playing the leading role in the Chicago company of "The Tavern.

Miss Inquisitive.—Of course, I have not had so much experience in the art of dissimulation. You see, I am not married. Vivian Martin does not care to give her age for publication.

Fluffy and Tot, Melbourne, England.—I am very glad indeed to see you. There are never too many contributors to my department—I only wish all the newcomers were as considerate as you. Pearl White says she is not married. Francis MacDonald is a stock club picture. His most recent appearance is in Viola Dana's Metro release, "Puppets of Fate."

J. F. K., New York City.—Jackie Coogan's father may have appeared in "The Kid," but he is not in the cast. You might write to him in care of his small son, Jackie. Jackie is soon to be a headliner in vaudeville—over the big time. He's a wonderful youngster, and not spoiled at all, they tell me.

Hamilton Paine.—"Sand" was filmed on the Mojave Desert. The San Bernardin- ees have always been a favorite location for William Wellman, and the little desert town of Victorville has frequently been his headquarters.

E. J. O.—Jean Paige is married to Albert E. Smith, the producer of Vitagraph. She is the star of "Black Beauty," well supported by James Morrison and the horse. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 113 pounds. I have not heard whether or not Mrs. Smith will make more pictures, but will let you know her decision.

Freddie.—Do I like Lois Wilson? Very much. In fact, I predicted when I first saw her in not-so-important roles that she would one day be one of our finest actresses. Her best part to date has been Maggie Skand in "What Every Woman Knows." Her latest vehicle is William de Mille's "The Lost Romance," by Edward Knob Loch. Miss Wilson was born in Pittsburgh in 1896. She has brown hair and hazel eyes, and is unmarried.

Fluffy, Reading.—When you said you had to face the music again tonight, I thought you might have got in a scrape. Then you said you were an orchestra leader. Fluffy, how could you? May Allison was born in Georgia, in 1895. She was educated in Tennessee and was on the stage in New York three years before entering films. Not married.

Erma.—Well, if you had a young heart in an old bosom, you wouldn't want to be called Old Man either, let me tell you. My patience is apparently inexhaustible, but some time it may have spontaneous combustion. Then watch out. Kenneth Harlan is married. He's twenty-five years old and may be reached at the Talmadge studios, New York City.

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BETTIE R.—So you're going to leave me, or, to be more accurate, my department. This is a terrible blow. You should have broached the subject when you were my revenue director. I am not sure that I'll be able to stand up under it. However, I have just received the grand new swivel chair for which my soul has yearned and I just have time to catch and comfort me. Perhaps you'll change your mind. If you ever do, don't be afraid to come back. I am no hard-hearted landlord.

Genevieve.—You are amazed, you confi-
cide, in the height of the Alps Mountains, which, for the sake of your revenue, you expect me to spend abroad. Of course, only the tops of them are really high, you know. (I must admit that my resentment at not having viewed the Alps myself may have something to do with this spiteful and ancient remark.) Harold Goodwin played in “Suds” with Mary Pickford and he is now starring for Fox, his first vehicle being “Oliver Twist, Jr.” Address him Fox studios in Holly-

MERRY MAY.—May is a merry month so I suppose you're entitled to call yourself that, since it is your real name and you were born in it. It is a month of film birthdays: November Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmes, William Farnum, Casson Ferguson, Mae Murray, Cro Ridgeley, Wallace MacDonald were all born in May. May you have a merry month wishing them happy returns of the day.

ARLENE S., WASHINGTON.—So you would have to fire twice the number of players if the players would keep to one stature occasionally instead of changing from Lilliputians to giants all the time. It doesn't bother me. I didn't know what David Golds-
del more power to him, too. Stuart Holmes' hair is naturally curly as far as I know. I cannot visualize the stalwart Stuart using a curling-iron, at any rate. Anyway, it's red. Holmes appeared in “Passion Fruit” with Donaldina and “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” both Metro pictures. Address him care that studio, in Hollywood.

The Bay, MINNEAPOLIS.—Nothing is impossible so long as you are not over-age for that. Some of them were a little bit old-fashioned, as “Has Lottie Pickford left the screen?” Lottie hasn't made a picture for goodness knows how long. Mary Pickford, who is indeed Lottie's sister, celebrated her twenty-eight birthday the eighth of April, 1921. Cullen Landis was born in 1897. Address him Goldwyn studios, City, Cal. Vivian Martin and Thomas Holding in “The Wax Model.”

PEGGY L.—Since you say you would die of joy if Katherine MacDonald ever visited Pittsburgh, let's hope she doesn't. Kath-
erine never lived when I was talking to her, but I don't know how she speaks when con-
ersing with others. Your other questions about her have been answered before. Bar-
bara Bedford had never appeared on the screen until chosen by Maurice Tourneur to play the leading feminine role in “Deep Waters.”

H. J., BALTIMORE.—Cannot understand why the Baltimore theaters have never shown “Over the Hill,” “Passion,” and the other pictures you mention. Perhaps you will call and ask about it. I never suspected that Baltimore was slow in showing good entertainment. I believe you are a little home sick for the West, my dear. Good luck to you, wherever you are.

ELSIE, GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.—The last time I was in Great Falls, there were street addresses there. But as much as I have always been pretty faithful about breaking all the other rules as well, I feel you deserve an answer. You are one of those sweet souls who never reads the signs when you say, “Keep out—this means you.” What a wonderful spirit you have, to be able to sniff at signs, I never can. Emory Johnson played the junior member of the firm, and Roy Stewart the senior, in Betty Compson's “Prisoners of Love.”

ALEX, YOCA VALLE.—I can't help wonder ing when you answered with Harry Carey in “Overland Red.” I still consider that Carey's magnus opus. In other words, it was a bully picture. Leonard MacDonald was in “Wanted at Headquarters.” Doris May and Wallace MacDonald have not been married when I write this, but they are engaged and the ceremony may be performed any day now. Wallace was born in Malague, Canada, in 1891.

PUSSY WILLOW.—Twice in a man's life comes the time when he doesn't understand women. Once is before he is married and the other is after. Of course, I am not try ing to discourage you or anything like that. Bill Hart isn't engaged or married to Jane Novak. Just because a star has the same leading woman twice is no sign that he is going to make two of them. In fact, it is two of three; Lillian two years older. Tom Mix was born in Texas. Geraldine Farrar sang her first song in 1882, in Melrose, Mass. Billie Burt played “Gloves.” You'll like him. Clara Kimball Young is not mar ried now. Her late productions have been “Hush” and “Straight from Paris.” Clara is thirty-one—years young.

Dotty.—You are the most unimaginative person! I suppose if I capitivated by the beauties of nature, were to say to you, “Will you walk around in the rain on even your hand?” you would reply, “Gloves.” It would be just like you, Dotty. Dorothy Phillips is Mrs. Allen Holubar; she stars in “Man, Woman and Murder.” Ella Hall has not made any pictures for some time. She is married to Emory Johnson and is the mother of a small son.

J. F. K., CHICAGO.—I wondered how long I could go on without answering some ques tion about nationality. Here you are: Tams and Eva Novak are of Norwegian descent. Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, the Gish sisters, and Mabel Normand are all of Irish descent, though none of them were born in Ireland. William Dumas was the leading man in various features for Vitaphone before being a serial star.

MRS. G. P., OHIO.—The 1921 version of “East Lynne” is very nice and polite. Mabel Ballin and Edwin Earle play the leading roles under Hugo Ballin's direction. He is married to Mabel and used to be an artist and art director for Goldwyn. Strange as it may seem, he was both at the same time. I needn't concern myself with his artistic set tings. Ralph Bushman isn't working at present, but his father Francis X. and stepmother, Beverly Bayne, are appearing in vaudeville in New York.
Shake Into Your Shoes

**ALLEN’S FOOT-EASE**

The Powder for the Feet

**R. S. B., Wynnewood, Okla.**—You are a cynical young pipe-liner who has fallen for the wiles of a fair young flapper named Marjorie Daw. Well, Marjorie is at the last time срок age but she's much too sweet and sensible to be classified that way. I think she will send you her photograph. She plays Love in Experience, lives in Hollywood with her brother, although her real name is Margaret House. Don’t write her a silly letter; she won't answer you.

**G. L. T., Aimsworth.**—You may not be mercenaries—but I suspect that your interest in the young man is slightly affected by his financial standing. In other words, the money is what interests you. Wallace Reid is twenty-nine years old. Anita Stewart is twenty-four. Mrs. Wallace Reid is Dorothy Davenport, and Mr. Anita Stewart is Rudolph Cameron.

**Jose Maldonado, Porto Rico.**—Your questions are answered elsewhere. This is just a typewriter, and extends a chance to you from my department. Please write very often. Many thanks for your good wishes.

**Camille.**—Would that I might be an epistolary Armand! But alas—when ever I try to write you a personal letter, my heart, trailing over my fingers, sinks to the bottom of my cup, and I, forgetting my eighty-odd years, spurt like a twenty-two year old when he sees another chap wearing the frock pin he gave Angelica as a love token. Well, now, I'll have to ask Wally Reid and Mary Winship all about that paragraph in "Oh Hollywood" in the May issue that mentioned Mr. Reid playing the piano and said he had played every instrument but that made famous by Irving Berlin, he probably is right, but it may only be that he is modest. Anyway, your letter was a day's work, burdened life. Come again Camille.

**M. V. W., New Jersey.**—Don't call me What's-Your-Name. There is no chance of my ever becoming coveted. Camille just called me Venerable Sage, and then you come along with that. I wouldn't really like to tell you that Reginald Denny is married, but as he isn't, I must try to be truthful and smoother my own feelings in my sense of duty. Reginald has played in these films: "Ringling Brothers' Orangutan Affair," "A Dark Lantern," "39 East," "Tropical Love," and "The Price of Possession." He is working now with Elsie Ferguson. He is also at the Century Theater, New York.

**E. G. B., East Orange.**—So you have a new son. You should say, "We have a new rebate off our income tax." It's more modern. Priscilla Dean has brown hair and eyes—a poor cold description of the glowing, vivacious Miss Dean. Good day, Mrs. Okurnan. She was born in 1896, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal.

**M. A. R., Riverside, Cal.**—The scenes in "Brewster's Millions" with Fatty Arbuckle as a four year old child were obtained through double exposure, with the same camera that was used for Gosh. Mr. Arbuckle is divorced from Minna Durfee, who used to play in Keystone comedies. He has not married again, although there have been reports that he is engaged.

**Jeanne, Denver.**—So Wallace MacDonald sent you a profile view but you want a front face view. You may write to him for it, but I don't know whether his patience will extend to the point of sending you another picture. I wish you luck, anyway.

**Dorothy, Chicago.**—Elliott Dexter was lame, temporarily, as the result of a severe illness. However, he has since completely recovered. Earle Williams is indeed married. Marjorie Daw is forerunner of little Marjorie, old, around Hollywood and was born in Sacramento, California. His birthday is February 28. You'll just have time to send him a tie. Send him a dollar, old one. You sent me might not harmonize with Earle's hair and eyes. I'm not so particular.

**M. S., St. Louis.**—Women, sages say, can never be geniuses. "Their simple doom is to be beautiful." So long as a woman is beautiful a man does not care how clever she is. If you think you are married, he lives in New York or Los Angeles, it depends upon what film company he is with at the time.

**Alice McN.**—Mary MacLaren made only one picture for International, "The Wild Goose." Her last Universal picture was "Hollywood Divorce." She is star, is married and has been in films since 1915. We hope she'll stay in them until 1955. Mary is one of my favorites—a sweet girl and very sane and sensible, too.

**Margaret.**—Robert Harron died September 6, 1920. His passing was mourned by his friends with a big funeral. He is a big star. Harron was married in 1909 and became Beatrice Prence in 1915. Ford was signed to play opposite the Tallman sisters for one year; address him at the Tallman studios, N. Y. C.

**Chester Smith, Akron.**—Certainly it is impolite to talk during a musical. But what can you do? You can make out the music any other way. Margarita Fisher was married to Harry Pollard; divorced.

**George, Paducah.**—Well, well, George—there's something about you that makes me think of Jane and Katherine Lee. Now you want to know about Theda Bara. How fantastic change, Theda is about thirty. She was on the stage as Theo de Cobe before coming to the screen. She has a brother named Marque and a sister named Loro. Loro is now the wife of Frank Getty, well-known newspaper man, and lives in Paris. Miss Bara's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, with whom Theda lives when she is not on the road with a stage play.

**Clayde, Norfolk.**—Time alone will answer your question as to when that young lady will be made a star. I can't. Madame Helmy is with Ince, Culver City, Cal. Marjorie Daw is at Marquand. Daw is present in the cast, having been cast as Love in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience" for Paramount. Richard Barthelmess plays Love. Marquand is only being " leased" by the Marshall plan company, as I understand it.

**Mary Ann.**—You want Mary Pickford to see America first. Well, I do think there are just as many people in this country who would like to get a personal glimpse of Little Mary as there are abroad. But I couldn't possibly shake hands with all of you. Write to her at the Brunton Studio, Los Angeles, Cal.
Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

H. B., Toledo.—Once, you say, you had an ambition to be a singer. When you grew up, then changed it to Answer Lady—and now you're married and are answering the questions of a two-year-old boy and a tiny daughter. Very worthy occupation, if you ask me. But you didn't, did you? Lou Chaney, Goldwyn, Wallace Beery, same address. Anna Q. Nilsson, Metro eastern studio. Good luck always.

What Rostand Left

Among the papers found in the cabinet of the late Edmond Rostand, premier dramatist of modern France, were preliminary sketches for an extraordinary satirical play upon manners. It seems that Rostand had heard, somewhere, the tragicomic story of the Englishman who invented the derby hat—as our British cousins say, the "bowler." According to this grotesque narrative, when he appeared on the streets of his hard-hat city, an unfortunate inventor was clapped into an asylum. Emerging, ten years later, he found that most men of good taste were wearing, at one time or another, the very headpiece for which he had been put away. Rostand found such sad and universal humor in this quaint faculty of human frailty that he projected a gigantic comedy upon its groundwork. The comedy got no farther than preliminary sketches. But what is of especial interest is that Rostand had planned this piece for one actor only—an actor, at that, whom he had never seen in person. It was to be placed at his disposal to do upon the stage any time he saw fit. The actor: Charlie Chaplin.

Slender Threads

Some carping critics of the metropolis objects to the fact that there wasn't enough material in Will Carleton's poem "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" to furnish even a basis for the William Fox picture, "Over the Hills!" But even greater pictures will yet be made with even slenderer threads to hang the story on. What a wonderful picture might be made with Thomas Hood's poem "The Song of a Shirt" for a foundation. And what a quaint and charming comedy photoplay might be the result of a thoughtful consideration of The One-Horse Shire Horse. Simple verses have already furnished the theme of successful plays, notably "Barbara Frietchie," in which Julia Marlowe attained the first dramatic triumph of her career. True, some rather astonishing liberties were taken, but the germ idea was found in the poem, and doubtless some wonderful plays will find their way to the screen from other short, popular "speaking pieces" which we used to find in the Third Reader.

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RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director
Niagara School of Music, Dept. 364
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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