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JANUARY

MAGAZINE

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Mabel Normand



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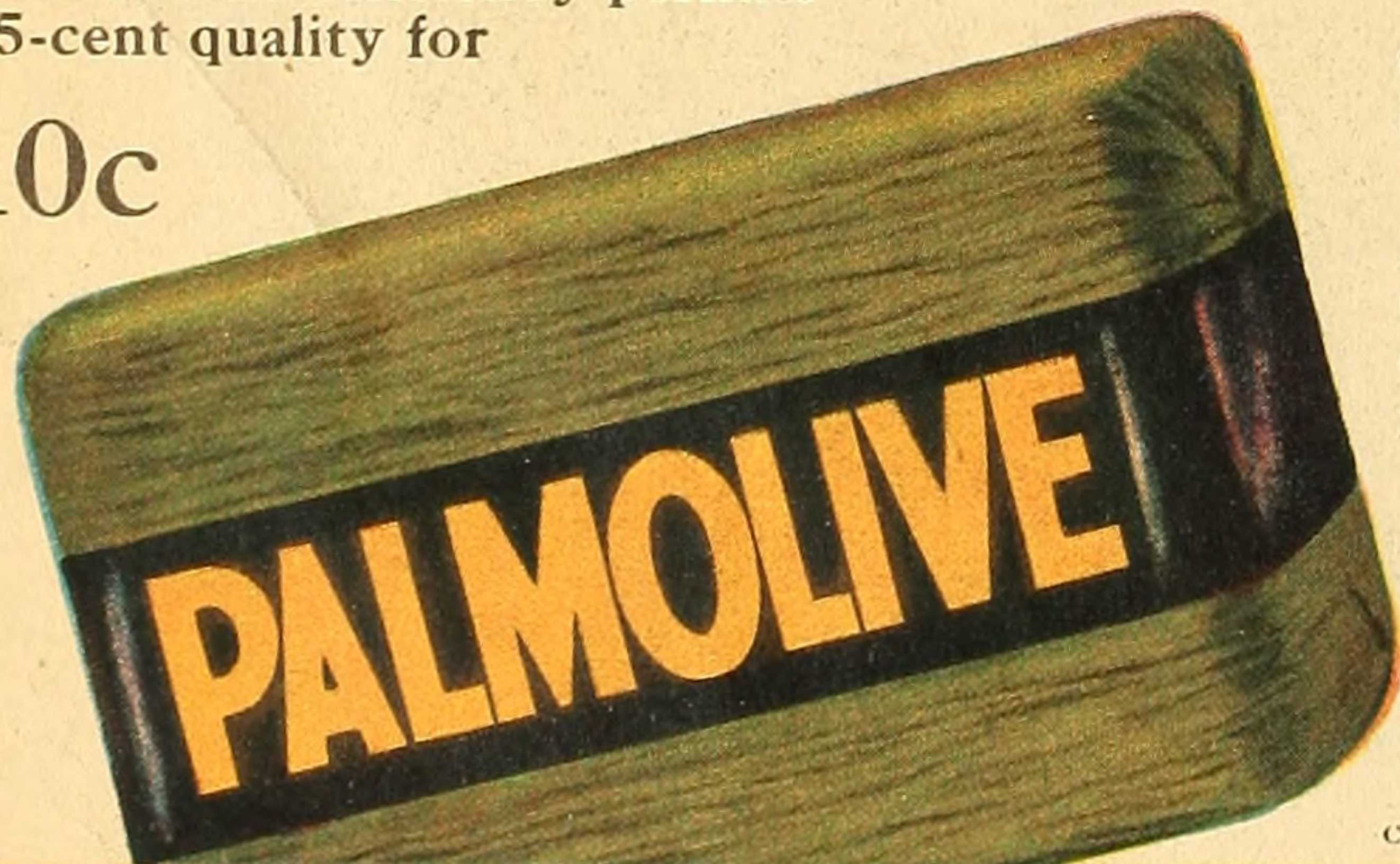
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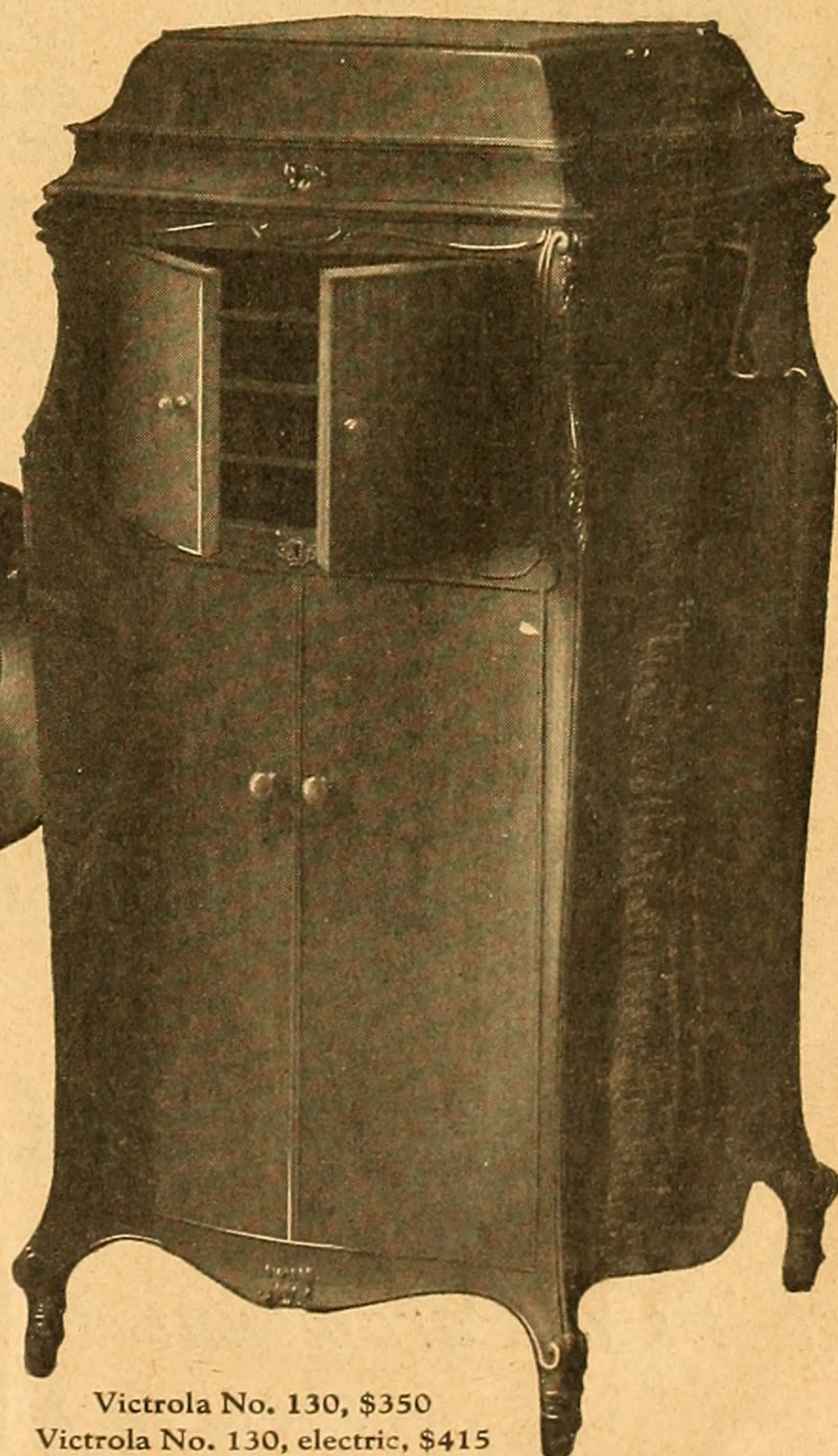
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George Loane Tucker's  
"Ladies Must Live"  
with Betty Compson;  
by Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Briar Bush,"  
by Ian MacLaren.  
A Donald Crisp Production.

Marion Davies  
in "Enchantment," supervised by  
Cosmopolitan Productions.

George Melford Production  
"The Sheik,"  
with Agnes Ayres and  
Rudolph Valentino.  
From the novel by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North,"  
adapted from "Conjuror's House,"  
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in  
"A Prince There Was."  
From George M. Cohan's play and  
the novel, "Enchanted Hearts,"  
by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in  
"Exit—the Vamp,"  
by Clara Beranger.

Pola Negri in  
"The Last Payment."

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson  
and Elliott Dexter in  
"Don't Tell Everything!"  
by Lorna Moon.

William S. Hart in  
"White Oak."  
A Wm. S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in  
"Under the Lash."  
From the novel, "The Shulamite,"  
by Alice and Claude Askew.

A William de Mille Production  
"Miss Lulu Bett,"  
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills,  
Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.  
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in  
"The Little Minister,"  
by James M. Barrie.

A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.  
Wallace Reid in  
"Rent Free."  
By Izola Forrester and Mann Page.

Cecil B. De Mille's Production  
"Fool's Paradise."  
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story,  
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Agnes Ayres in  
"The Lane That Has No Turning,"  
by Sir Gilbert Parker.

John S. Robertson's Production  
"Love's Boomerang,"  
with Ann Forrest.  
From the novel, "Perpetua,"  
by Dian Clayton Calthrop.

Betty Compson in  
"The Law and the Woman."  
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play,  
"The Woman in the Case."  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"Three Live Ghosts," with  
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.





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# Motion Picture Magazine

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# Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

**Belasco.**—"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

**Booth.**—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

**Broadhurst.**—Lionel Barrymore in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

**Casino.**—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

**Eltinge.**—"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

**Empire.**—"Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner. Dramatization of Ibañez's novel of the career of a toreador. Catherine Calvert in the leading feminine rôle.

**Fulton.**—"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

**Garrick.**—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a drab but powerful American play, "Ambush," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustments of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

**Harris.**—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

**Jolson's.**—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

**Klaw.**—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

**Lyric.**—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune"; Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtlety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

**Palace.**—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the

foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

**Plymouth.**—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

**Republic.**—"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn. If you do not mind blushing, you will be amused by this piece, which has an interesting cast, including Walter Jones and Dorothy Mackaye.

**Ritz.**—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

**Sekwyn.**—"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Don't miss "The Circle."

**Shubert.**—"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

**Times Square.**—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

### ON TOUR

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

"The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr. Interesting David Belasco revival of the vivid Eugene Walter drama of New York's tenderloin. One of the big plays of the last twenty years.

"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but won't admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sid-



ney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing.

"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Out," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

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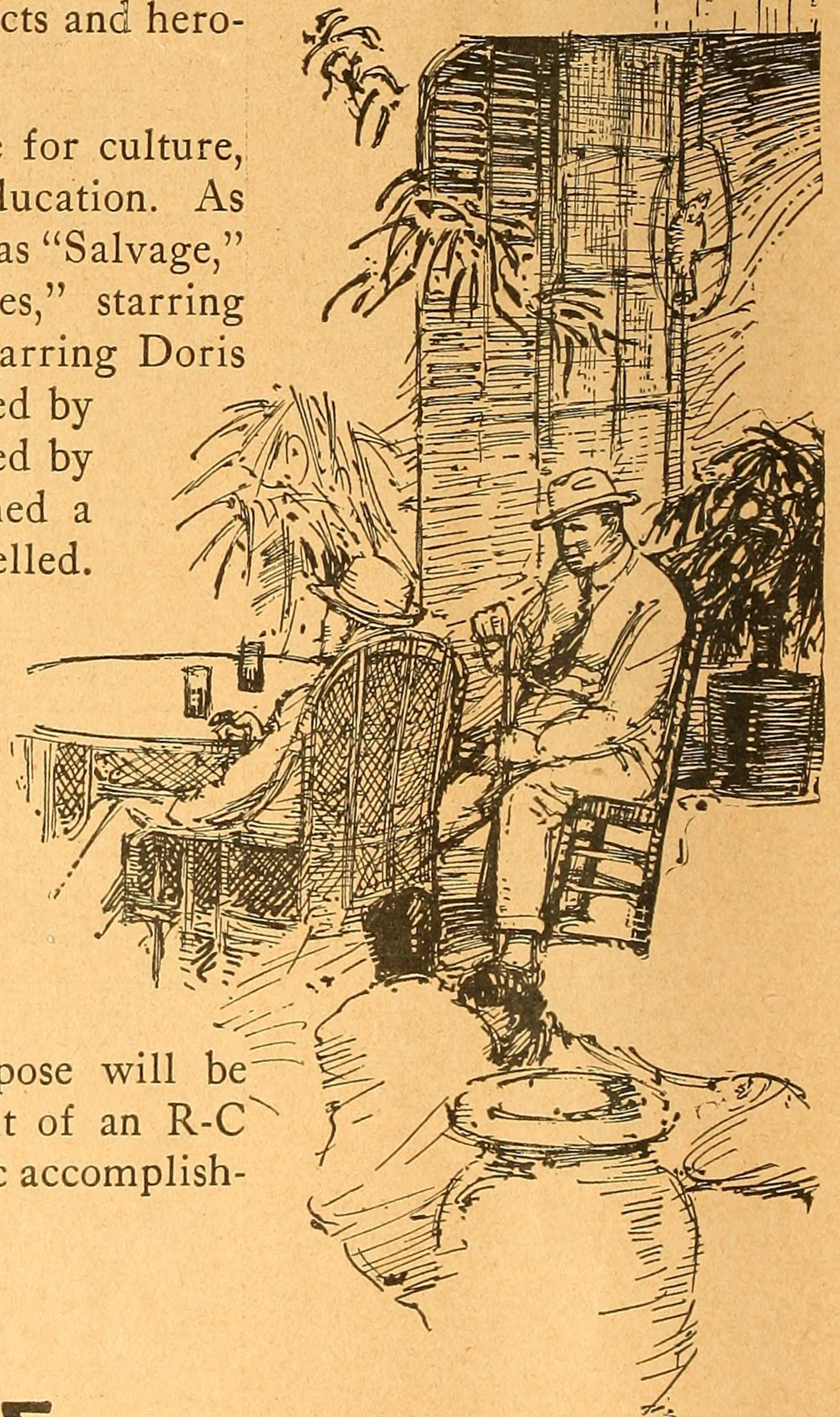
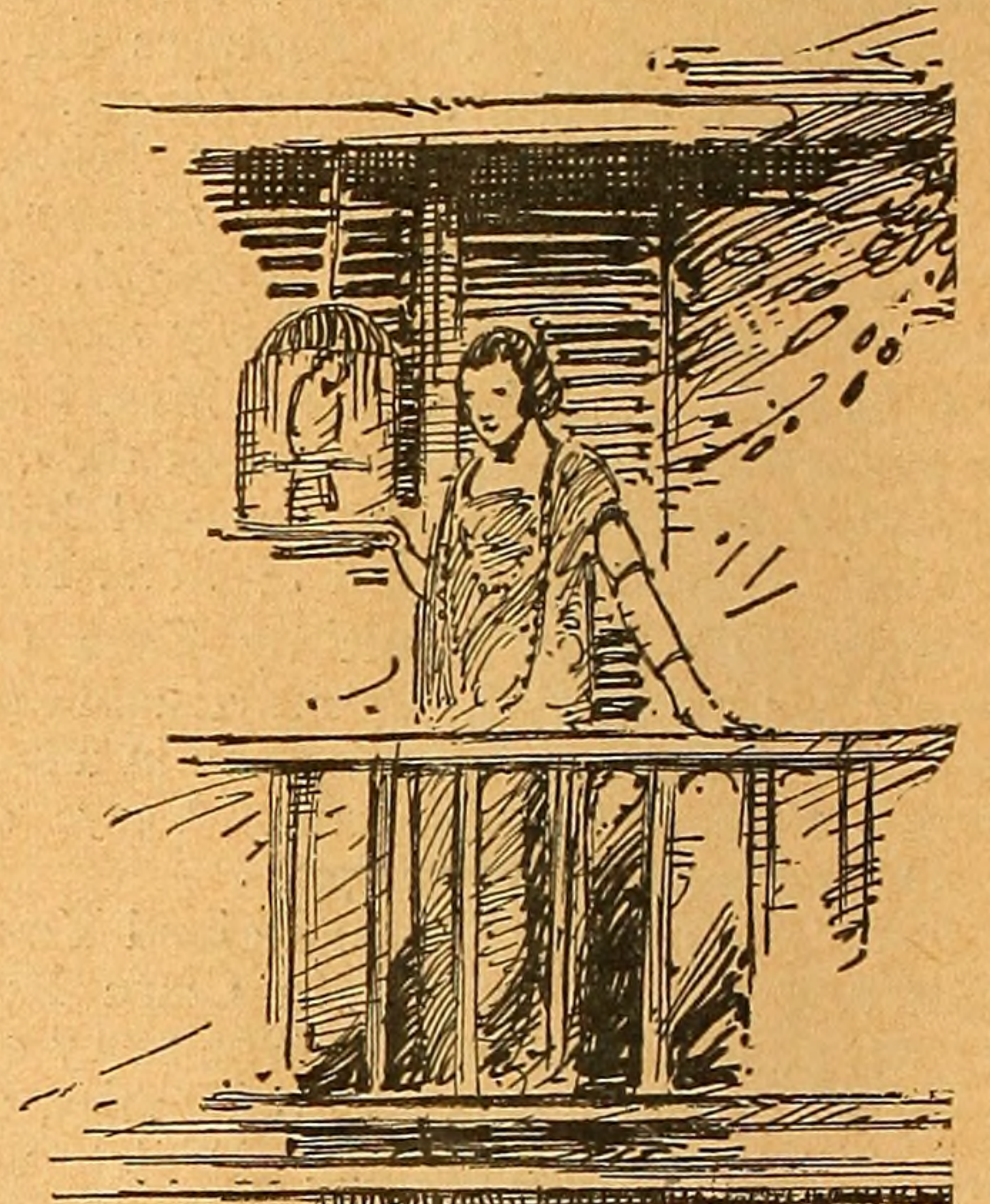
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# Pauline Frederick

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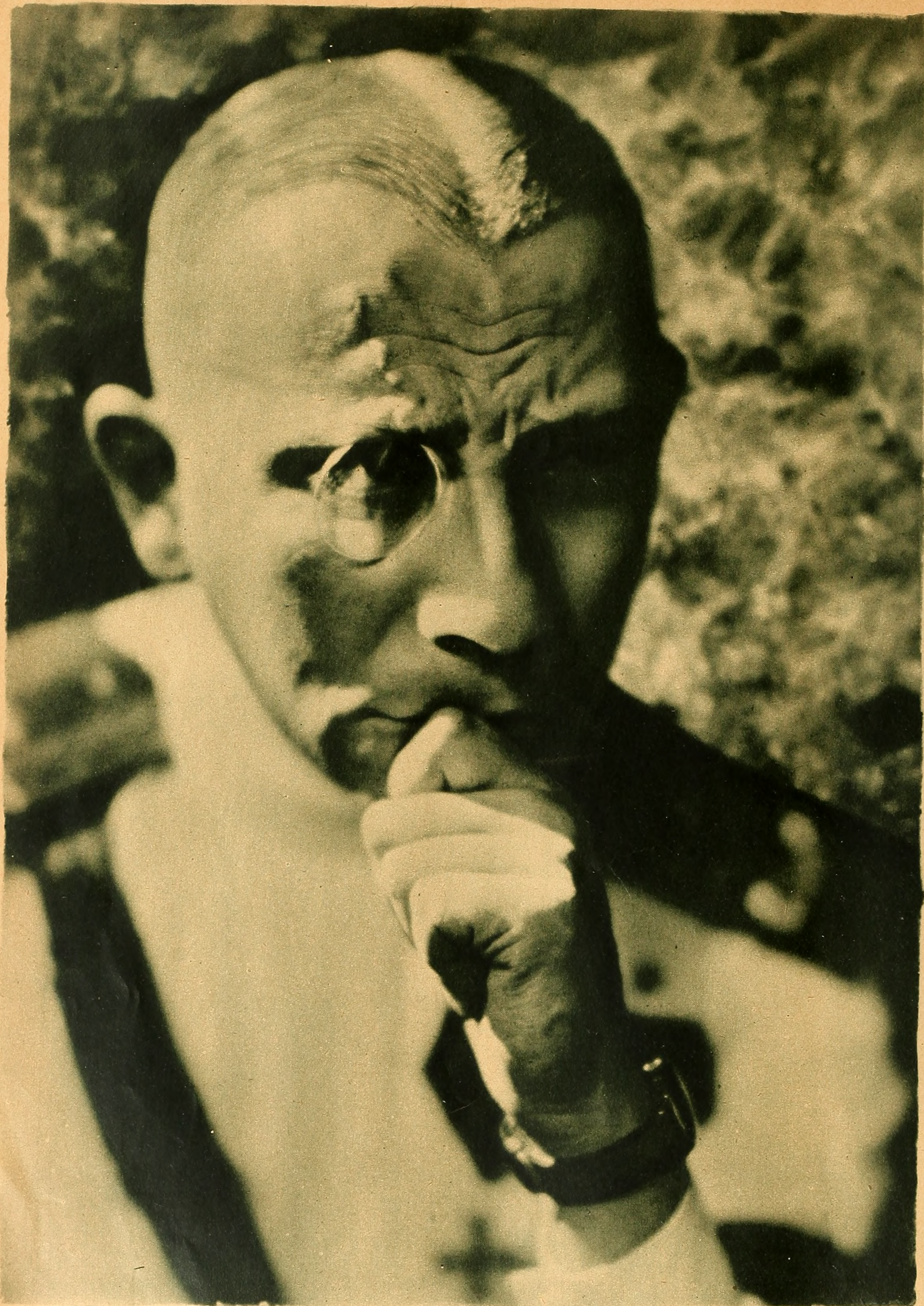
Photograph by Pach Brothers, N. Y.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Constance is perhaps screenland's favorite flapper. Nevertheless, she insists that her future productions will have a slightly more serious vein. It would be a pity for her to desert the farce, altogether

Motion Picture  
Magazine





Photograph by Freulich

**ERIC VON STROHEIM**

It takes ages for Eric von Stroheim to produce a picture. It takes ages after that for him to cut it to the required length. But his efforts are worth waiting for—"Foolish Wives," they say, is soon to be released







Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

MARGARET LOOMIS

Margaret Loomis has contributed colorful moments to many productions. It is a mystery why the Powers That Be do not give her more opportunities. Certainly, she has a distinct personality. And it cannot be denied that this is a rarity







Photograph by Ira L. Hill

ALMA RUBENS

Alma Rubens has not been constant in her work before the camera recently. She has taken long vacations between productions. Remembering her work in "The World and His Wife," this is to be regretted





Photograph by Freulich

MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT

Mabel Julienne Scott has given the silvercloth several worthy portraits within the last year or two. Her latest work is her portrayal of Fanny, in "No Woman Knows," which was called "Fanny Herself" between the covers of Edna Ferber's novel





Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

**CECIL B. DE MILLE**

Cecil B. de Mille is the master-director of the silken drama. His luxuriant backgrounds always boast an innovation, and his women are gay creatures in brilliant plumage. His next production is "Saturday Night"





Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

**MILTON SILLS**

Milton Sills is cast as Neil Cornish in the forthcoming screen version of "Miss Lulu Bett." In his portrayal, Zona Gale's piano salesman seems to have stepped forth from the pages of the book





Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

#### RUDOLPH VALENTINO

This portrait might well be termed "The Sheik," for it pictures Rudolph Valentino in the title rôle of that production. His is, without a doubt, one of the most promising shadows now mirrored upon the screen



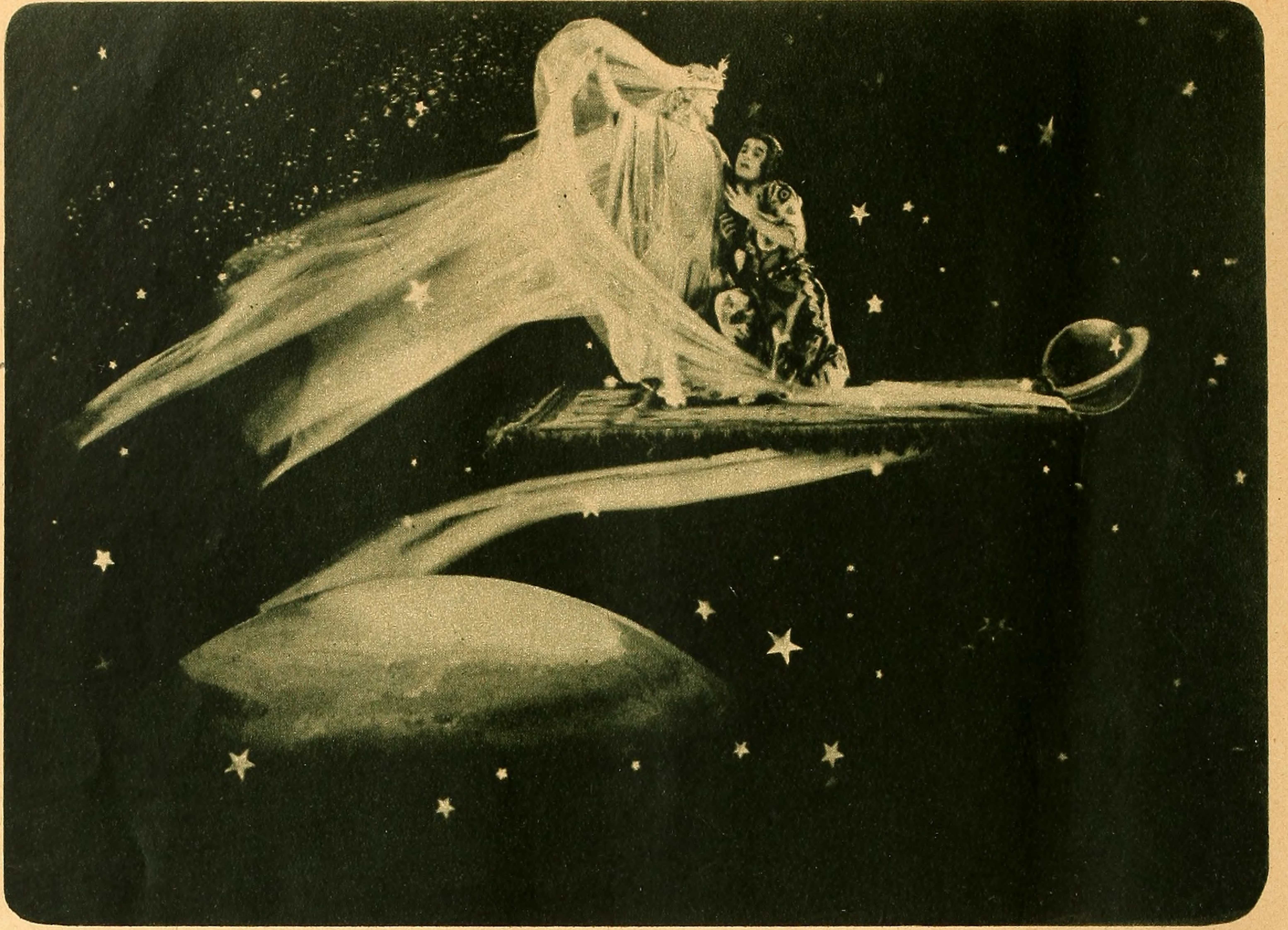


Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson came to the screen in the old Essanay days, when she "cut" classes at school to interview directors. Her latest work is her characterization of Diana Deacon in "Miss Lulu Bett"





# The Wishing Rug

Posed by Mildred Harris and Kamuela Searles  
in "A Fool's Paradise"



# Justice

By  
ELINOR GLYN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Below is the first of a series of three articles by Elinor Glyn depicting Hollywood as she recently found it. Her opinion of the motion picture colony is unprejudiced. She went to it from the courts of Europe. Her observations possess much interest, for she bestows both censure and praise.

**W**HAT a terrible storm about the poor movie world—! A company of hard working people, engaged in an industry which caters for the amusement and relaxation of vast publics in all parts of the civilized world! Every trade and association contain black sheep, and when glaring cases are discovered, it is the fashion to thunder denunciation upon the entire band! This is rank injustice, and so I write this paper, not to take any particular side, but to ask readers to reflect before they join the throng of abusers.

That all professions in which young men and women are obliged to portray the parts of lovers, with a different partner many times in a year, must be more filled with greater temptations than serving in a shop, say "Jumps to the eyes." The emotions are being continually appealed to—and it must be the same on the stage as on the "set." Therefore special self-discipline is necessary to keep actors and actresses of both stage and screen from straying into behavior which is immoral. And that many of them do keep perfectly straight is well known. This deplorable "home-

brew" and the childish desire to drink, just because it is forbidden, is mainly responsible, I feel sure, for the wild parties which are so much spoken about. And if the exposure of one of these parties is going to help to a better state of things, it is well that this disaster has happened. There must be a great number of the moving picture colony who do not indulge in these vulgar orgies, because during my ten months stay in Hollywood I never saw one such gathering. In the beautiful dignified home of Mary Pickford, nothing but refinement and peace and gentility reigns. At Winifred

Kingston's house there come together all the brightest wits of the literary and artistic world. Dear little Marjory Daw, living in the hotel

with me, is just a simple little lady. And the splendid boys! Some of them only taking the parts of "Extras" who made up our little company of friends, are all gentlemen in the true sense of the word, and none of them ever drink or carouse—and some do not even smoke. These are only a few of the names of the hundreds of public screen favorites there—they come to my mind because I saw them the oftenest. But they

(Continued  
on page  
94)

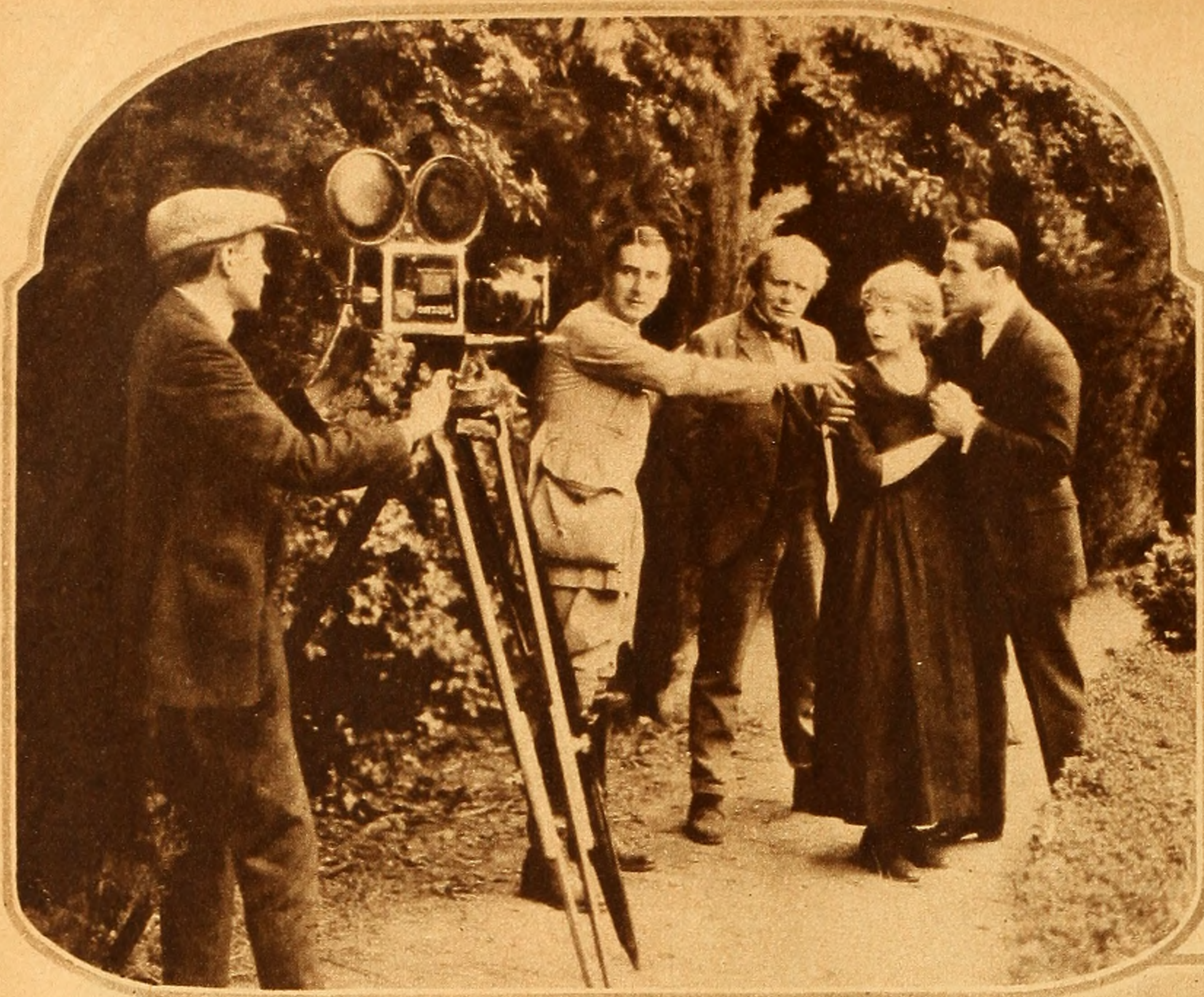
Beneath is a recent portrait of Elinor Glyn, who says, "Special discipline is necessary to keep actors and actresses from behavior which is immoral. The emotions are constantly being appealed to. Therefore, special self-discipline is necessary. And that many of them do keep perfectly straight is known"

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.





# Rex and His Queen



your imagination could be more physically attractive or mentally alluring than these two. Rex is twenty-seven or twenty-eight, as attractive as any matinée-idol. Alice Terry is as lovely to look upon as the bride of your heart was on the day you loved her best. She is untouched by that modernity which is turning, not only movie girls but society girls, into the cigaret smoking neurasthenics so aptly described by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"I told Alice I didn't think I wanted her to work after we were

**T**HE poor movies—their cooing doves coo in solitary silence, while their fighting cocks fight in three-inch newspaper headlines.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry do not envy the fighting cocks. But their morality sheds no mantle of disinterest or "blaneness" about them. Rather does it clothe them in an aura as fascinating as that with which we invested our youthful dreams. Alice looks upon the screen with an indifference which is positively startling in one who has been greeted with such thundering salvos of praise since her performances as Eugenie Grandet in "The Conquering Power," and Marguerite Laurier in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." She is interested solely in her rapidly approaching marriage to Rex Ingram, the young director who also stepped into the Hall of Fame with the same two pictures.



"I am glad I made good in 'The Four Horsemen'," said Alice Terry, "but more for Rex's sake than my own. I have little enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are married, I may play a part once in a while for Rex, when he has one which suits me, but never for anyone else." At the top of the page, Rex Ingram is seen directing Miss Terry in a scene; above, an informal picture, and at the left, a portrait of Miss Terry

Photograph (left) by Witzel, L. A.



By  
BARBARA BEACH

married," said Rex Ingram, "and she replied that I'd have a fine time *making* her. She's ready to quit any time."

"Are you really willing to give up your career now that you have practically reached the top?" I demanded of Alice, who had luxuriously kicked off her gold slippers and was sitting with her feet curled up under her cloth-of-gold gown.

"Absolutely. There are so many things that are so much more worth while. I would rather be Mr. Ingram's wife than the greatest star on the screen. Never would I work for anyone else, and he cannot always

Photograph by Rice



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.



"Alice Terry has a wonderful sense of humor," Rex Ingram declared. "And a woman with a sense of humor is a blessing." Above, a new study of Mr. Ingram, and at the left, Miss Terry

have parts that suit me. Anyway, when we are married and have our own home, and I can have time to do the million and one things I have always wanted to do and never had time to do, I will have no desire

to return to the screen. Rex is all I want. You can understand, cant you? Perhaps, I suspect this movie game. I have seen so many of the greatest stars reach the top and then gradually slide down. An actor can advance just so far, then comes inevitably a poor picture followed by two or three failures, and he is immediately forgotten. There is only one Mary Pickford. The screen public is very fickle. Stage audiences will flock to see their stage favorites even after they have grown old, but not screen audiences. There are too many new ones appearing all the time.

"Somehow, I cant grow elated or conceited, and think that some divine fate chose me to be always great, like so many of the screen stars do. Perhaps this is because I struggled so long before I was noticed. I started in pictures when I was fourteen as an extra in Triangle and Lasky productions. I was given good notices for a part I did with Bessie Barriscale in 'Not My Sister.' I played the sister. But, somehow or other, no more chances came my way. Directors said I would never make good, but I kept plodding on until one day Rex Ingram said he was sure I had ability, and he cast me

(Continued on page 102)



# We Interview Camille



Photograph by Rice

"Do you know what my friends call me?" asked Nazimova. "They call me 'Peter.' And sometimes 'Mimi.' That does not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?" Above, a new camera study of Nazimova

SCENE I. The ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton. It is the *première* of "Camille," and Madame Nazimova, with her party, including her husband, *alias* Charles Bryant, and Armand, *alias* Rudolph Valentino, occupies one of the boxes. Gladys

Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are "also among those present." G. H. Spends most of the evening with her back to the screen, in her efforts to see Nazimova in person.

*plicita!* She wouldn't walk like that. What—Camille—Woman of Chance . . . The Lady with the Camellia . . . Ibsen's Nora . . . the introspective Hedda Gabler . . . the woman in "The Comet" dressed in dust . . . Hilda Wangel . . . come, come, my dear, this is not Cutie Springtime. This is "woman of stone, sphinx of the marble mien, Empress of hate who turns men's blood to ice. . . ."

(Nazimova steps briskly into the room. It was her step. A. W. F.'s optics are twin blue triumphs. She—Nazimova—wears a blue tailored suit, mannishly tailored. Her feet are shod in low-heeled

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*impatiently*): Will you please turn around? You stare so one might suppose you had never seen a celebrity before.

GLADYS HALL: (*as from a long distance*): I'm not looking at a celebrity so much as at an esthete . . . a tragedienne . . . A Woman of Sorrows. . . .

A. W. F. (*interested in spite of herself*): You have the right atmosphere for once. Look at the dull gold of that mandarin coat she is wearing . . . the blackness of her hair—I like it sleek like that . . . the long cigaret holder . . . the gestures. . . .

G. H.: I remember someone's asking a big director once whether or no he thought Nazimova beautiful. "Beautiful!" the director exclaimed impatiently, "what does it matter whether she is beautiful or not!" I see what he means now, dont you?

(A. W. F. is about to reply in detail and at length when the conversation, waxing ever louder in enthusiasm, is suppressed by the residue of the audience, there for the purpose of the Silent Drammer. A. W. F. and G. H. subside with a mutually ejaculatory:

"We'll interview her *Tomorrow!*")

SCENE II. (*Tomorrow.*) Reception-room of the hotel hotelizing Nazimova. G. H. and A. W. F. sit side by side on a settee. The reception-room resembles a funeral parlor. G. H. repeats in a monotonous voice poems written to Nazimova. In between stanzas the interviewers discuss the morbidity of the Russian temperament, as symbolized by Nazimova. A firm and brisk step is heard coming down the corridor.

A. W. F. (*always optimistic*): Here she is.

G. H. (*owlishly—in all her wisdom*): *Simplissimus sim-*



Camille . . . . . Alla Nazimova  
 First Interviewer . . . . . Gladys Hall  
 Second Interviewer . Adele Whitely Fletcher

oxfords. She removes her small velvet hat and her tanned, firm hand is held out in a greeting. Her hair is parted on the side, sleek, boyish. She talks with a reminiscence of accent.)

NAZIMOVA (*appreciating the funeral parlor atmosphere*): This isn't exactly my setting, is it?

G. H.: Isn't it? Aren't you the tragic type?

NAZIMOVA: Tragic? I am not tragic. What made you think that?

G. H.: Well, you *look* tragic. You are the tragic type.

NAZIMOVA: That may be so—*outwardly*.

A. W. F.: The parts you have played. They have all been tragic. Ibsen . . .

NAZIMOVA: Ibsen! But Ibsen is not tragic. What a strange idea. Ibsen is an optimist. A very true optimist.

G. H.: Well but life . . . dont you think life tragic?

"Always," announced Nazimova, "I said that I would never play 'Camille' until I had forgotten how I had seen it played. I kept faith with my determination. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellias when I began my own portrayal." Right, a new portrait, and below, an informal home picture



All photographs by Rice



NAZIMOVA (*amused*): Certainly I do not. Life is beautiful. I think what you call tragic is not true to life. There is sorrow in life—there is suffering too, but suffering can be beautiful. I think I like to suffer.

A. W. F.: But there is grief in life.

NAZIMOVA: Yes, but you know grief is for today. Tomorrow may be different. Nothing lasts for always.

G. H. (*rather ruefully*): I always thought of you as being tragic. I dont think I can quite get over it.

NAZIMOVA (*there is laughter in her voice*): Do you know what they call me—my friends. They call me "Peter." And sometimes "Mimi." That does

(Continued on page 98)





Photograph by  
C. Heighton Monroe

The star of Antonio Montegudo Moreno has long shone in the cinema firmament. And it has shone steadily, brightly. Whatever his rôle, Tony has brought to it his best effort. He has colored it vividly

## Tony the Versatile







# Richard Barthelmess

The Popular Cinema Star as Sketched  
By Cerline Boll



# The Scarlet Thread

By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

entering therein, gradually faded from my consciousness, irised out, so to speak, until my attention was centered wholly on the remarkable youth opposite me.

One is at once aware of a detachment in Gareth which effectually prevents the casualist from ever knowing him, ever obtaining a complete realization of his thoughts. His mind is erratic, here and yon, pausing with the scintillant flutter of a butterfly upon fifty different subjects within the minute. His conversation knows no laws, no limits. He is a free booter, conducting piratical excursions upon whatever orderly con-

The mind of Gareth Hughes is erratic, here and yon, pausing with the scintillant flutter of a butterfly upon fifty different subjects within the minute. His conversation knows no laws, no limits. He is a supreme egotist with egotism's only vindication—artistry

Photograph by  
Kosher.

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

ONE thing there is that the arbiters of starréd destinies must learn: that genius and fried fish are immiscible. Thus, to my dying day I shall probably associate Gareth Hughes, above all *the* star fantastic, with the clamor and smells of a cheap Hollywood restaurant.

We sat there on either side of a greasy table, in a booth of the café that caters to the players of the Metro studio, Gareth hitching spasmodically at his shell-rimmed spectacles and I tapping the table top, stupidly enough, with my fork. It was not an auspicious beginning.

But—what it was, the surprisingly palatable chicken sandwich, Gareth's finesse, my own interest suddenly aroused, I do not know—I found presently that we were drifting along on a comfortable, unconstrained tide of conversation. The hot restaurant, the clatter and clash of mouths and things





Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

voy of thought you may be pursuing, interrupting mercilessly, victimizing your words for his own aggrandizement. Your talk of him, be it praise or pillory, is his loot. He is a supreme egotist, with egotism's only vindication—artistry.

One must acknowledge, if one would do Gareth justice, that he cannot be judged by normal standards. To the real artist our thunderously American quality of "normalcy" is abhorrent, deadly. It is a confession of our own sterility as an artistic nation, of our subservience to throttling conventions. It is like those huge bottle-shaped instruments in which the Comprachios of *Claire De Lune* confined growing human beings until they had assumed the shape of their horrid prisons. Our reformists are the Comprachios of our souls.

Gareth said none of these things to me. On the contrary he has recognized his variance with our standardized manhood and has set about, perhaps unconsciously, certainly in vain, to reshape himself. His efforts, finding outlets in moods, express themselves, amusingly, in his clothes.

I knew him first in a bulging thing of Harris tweed. He wore knickers and golf stockings huge with angora fuzz. He dangled a gold pencil. He blasphemed under his breath, absently, with the innocence that makes anathema on a cherub's lips a hymn of purity. He addressed two girls who were in the company but whom he had not known for more than an hour as "dear," quite as absently. He hitched nervously at his spectacles. He was the dilettante who adored to walk in "the beautiful country! I love it!" He carried a heavy dog leash. He had a dog, Barrie, somewhere, he told us vaguely—down in his car,

he thought, with his man. It didn't matter. He had the leash.

But this last time, at the studio, he was the horseman. He wore heavy riding boots and carried a quirt with which he smacked them resoundingly and with frequent relish. He had no intention, so far as I know, of riding that morning. But he was in the mood. Ergo! He dressed it!

"Until two weeks ago," he said, in his queer clipped little accent, "I never rode. I have ridden every day since. I am a bit sore perhaps, but I love it. Oh, I love it!"

His moods seem all alike in that quality of fleeting fervor. One wonders, perhaps extraneously, upon the lady who might one day be loved like that.

One ceases much of his wondering when he learns that Gareth has been upon the stage, here and abroad, since early childhood. There has been no variation in his life to mark the passing of childhood and the establishment of maturity. His youth has been his maturity and his maturity his youth, so far as those circumstances which mold the character are concerned. Perhaps that is the secret of his astonishing appearance. It is today—when he is twenty-three—what it must have been when he was fifteen.

Gareth is a supreme egotist, yet he can discuss the vanity of actors dispassionately. That is because his egotism is intense interest, not bombast. It has that same quality of detachment that characterizes Gareth himself.

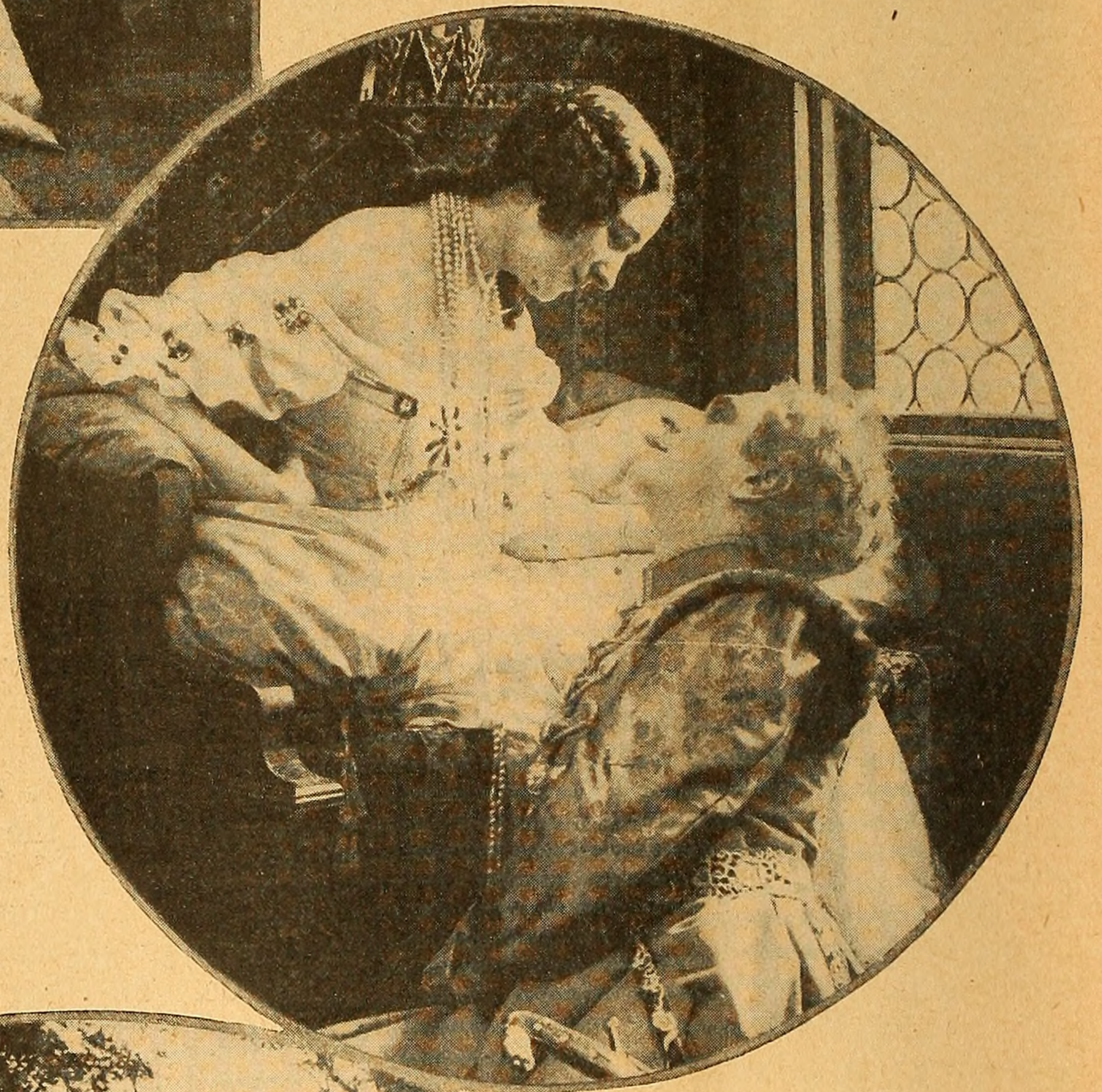
(Continued on page 84)

A woman, Gareth Hughes says, should not be permitted to play Peter Pan. It is only the Maude Adams tradition that justifies even the consideration of women. He believes he should play the part!





The passing year has found many cinematic importations. There have been films from England, France, Germany and Italy. Shortly, however, there are to be other importations. The Swedish Biograph Company, of Stockholm, will present several productions in New York this winter. The stories of these pictures, for the most part, are taken from the works of such authors as Ibsen, Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf and others of similar worth. The stars of these pictures are recruited from the Swedish stage. At the left is a scene from "The Dawn of Love"; just below, a glimpse from "The Secret of the Monastery," while the picture at the bottom of the page is from a production with the very American title of "A Fortune-Hunter"



## Shadowed Drama from the Land of the Vikings





# Flower of the North

By NORMAN BRUCE

**J**EAN D'ARCAMBAL performed the acts of living as tho they were ceremonial rites, gravely, with due reverence. His manner of partaking of the simple luncheon that Jeanne Cauchee cooked and served with her

own gnarled dark hands turned the rough red wine into Burgundy, the beef into partridge, the coarse cloth into fine linen set with silver and crystal. There was even a flower in a tumbler in the center of the table, another in the buttonhole of his velvet coat, glowing so bravely that one would have been graceless indeed to notice that the coat was shabby and threadbare.

"He is a great *gentilhomme*, thas Chevalier!" Old Rose often said to Pierre, her brother, in the awed tone which she reserved for speaking of her saints. "Such cleanness—he mek himself wash every day! And linen shirt, and silk stocking, and a leg!" She rolled her eyes rapturously. "Thas leg of Mis'u Chevalier was made of a certainty to wear silk, and, yes—to dance——" The last word pronounced with due sense of its sinfulness.

"Rose!" Pierre would reproach her, "'ow many time I tol' you not to say thas? Since twent' year we serve Mis'u, and see nothings, hear nothings! Those who say that Mis'u Satan comes to visit our master in the nights, they lie in their throat! Is it then a sin to wear fine clothes and wash oneself? Non!" Pierre was liberal in his views.

For three hundred years D'Arcambal House, known thruout the countryside as Fort O'God, had reared its head among the trees in the heart of the Canadian Forest since the first of the Chevaliers had built it, and hung its walls with fantastic brocades, and set its huge rooms with the graceful coquetry of carved fauteuils, prie-dieus and spinets imported at fabulous cost in order to graft a slip of old

world culture onto the wild life of the new, with a result as incongruous as grafting an orchid upon an oak.

For three hundred years the D'Arcambals had lived there under that roof-tree, and in all that time they had preserved, somehow, the strain of high-hearted gallantry, of gracious aristocracy, altho the brocade upon the walls had faded and grown tattered and the slim, coquettish fauteuils and lounges covered with delicate needlework had become frowsy and unkempt like an old courtesan.

Jean D'Arcambal was the last of his line. To be sure, there was a daughter, Jeanne, an elfin girl whose fragile, windflower appearance was a masquerade for muscles like a boy's, and a spirit like that of some shy, brave gallant forest creature. It was of Jeanne that the Chevalier was thinking now, as he sat in the stately ruin of what had been the library, staring into the coals with somber eyes.

Presently, sighing, he rang for Pierre. "Mademoiselle Jeanne was not at lunch. Where is she?" He spoke in French, with a certain vanity of accent.

Pierre spread his hands. "But 'ow should I know, Mis'u? *Nom de dieu*, is it that I am clairvoyant, *moi*? I tink me mebbe she go to the Settlement to buy some more thas soap——" His tone shrugged its shoulders over incomprehensible whimsies of gentle folk.

The Chevalier winced, passed a transparent hand, veiled with lace ruffles over his eyes. For twenty years he had not been able to hear the word "Settlement" without the throb of an old sore.

"She should not have gone alone," he rebuked Pierre. "She is no longer a child. She is a woman, and I think—beautiful——"

He lifted his gaze to a gilt-framed portrait that hung over the carved





S mantel. Out of the dim canvas smiled a woman's face, shaped like a white flower petal. Blue eyes, set wide apart, gave a wondering innocence to the painted gaze, but the lips were incongruous. In a face all patrician else, with delicately disdainful nostrils and arching brows, cold and insensate as the sickle moon they blossomed crimson and full, lute shaped, passionate.

Pierre's gaze followed his master's. The French-Canadian's eyes were like windows with the blinds lowered, his face inscrutable. "Bien, Mis'u!" he bowed. "I go fin' Mademoiselle *tout de suite* in one dam horry, yas!"

But D'Arcambal hardly heard, already far away along the tortuous lane of Memory. The short winter afternoon grew dingy with dusk before the sound of voices aroused him from the merging of reality and retrospect into a waking dream. Pierre's voice, shrill and breathless, spilling fragments of two languages broadcast, Jeanne's voice, thrilling to some new emotion and deep, stranger tones.

"Mis'u! *Le bon dieu*—three candles on the altar next mass-day, no less—it would be sin!" Pierre vociferated, with eloquent hands, supplementing his tongue. "If *le bon dieu* had not sent Monsieur here——"

The Chevalier D'Arcambal rose, bowing the bow which had been in the family for three hundred years. It banished the forest—outside the window Paris lay, white in the summer moon—carriages moved thru its boulevards bearing silken ladies and powdered beaux to some ball, lanterns swung in the winter wind——

"... Two years later, she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him"

"Monsieur! It is an honor to make you welcome to my house."

The young American held out his hand. "My name is Whittemore, Sir—Philip Whittemore, of the Northern Fish and Development Company. I've been—I've been hoping for the privilege of meeting you ever since I first met your daughter."

The fine dark brows of the Frenchman lifted fastidiously. It was not that his manner grew less cordial, indeed the cordiality was carefully emphasized. Ah, you know my daughter then?" This time he spoke English with a fineness of pronunciation which seemed to rebuke the newcomer's round American twang. "You have, perhaps, been introduced by my friend, Monsieur Cortel?"

Philip Whittemore blushed boyishly. "Well, fact is, I guess we weren't introduced at all! She came to the Company's Store several times, and once a half-soused Bohunk tried to get fresh and, of course, I showed him where he got off. After that we used to talk now and then, and at mass—then this afternoon——" He glanced deprecatingly down at his damp garments with the healthy male distaste of heroics. "I—well—her canoe got into a bit of trouble in Big Thunder Rapids——"

"Monsieur! You are wet—you 'ave been in the water." In his excitement his accent slipped. "Tell me, I beg of you! Where is Jeanne? But I heard her surely——"

"She's gone up to change her clothes, I guess," Philip assured him cheerily. "She's as wet as a drowned badger, but all right. The spill didn't do her any harm except to give her a good scare. And the funny thing is how she came to take the rapids fork—she must have been thinking of something else——"

In a few blunt, unwilling phrases he described the rescue. Hearing him, no one would have guessed the churning maelstrom of the waters, the grinding molars of the rocks from which he had plucked the girl, but D'Arcambal knew the place, saw the white stain of fatigue on the boyish face, the far-away expression that always lingers in eyes that have looked into the grinning face of Death.

"Monsieur, you have made me your debtor for life," the old man cried, trying to control the quiver of his lips. "She is my everything. I—is there not something I can do to show my gratitude?"

The other hesitated. A tide of red washed to the roots of his brown hair. "No—thank you, sir! It would seem so—so commercial——"

"What is it?" demanded D'Arcambal, impatiently. He turned to Pierre. "Go make a room ready for Monsieur, lay out dry clothes—he will not return to the Settlement tonight."





Alone with his guest, he made an eager gesture, "Now, Monsieur!"

"Well—" hesitated Philip, "if it wasn't for my company, I wouldn't ask it, but we're being pressed by the new Forest Fisheries Corporation and—well, if you would sell us the right of way across your land, sir"—he laughed embarrassedly—"don't feel you have to. I—I'm afraid I wasn't wholly philanthropic in pulling your daughter out of the river! It would have—annoyed me awfully to have had her drowned!"

D'Arcambal wrung his hands. "The right of way is yours, it is less than nothing! And now you must go and change or you will take cold. I fear you will have to put up with such garments as these"—he gestured to his quaint velvets and brocades. "I have never been in France in all my life, Monsieur, yet I have tried to bring France here, to keep alive the old ways somewhat."

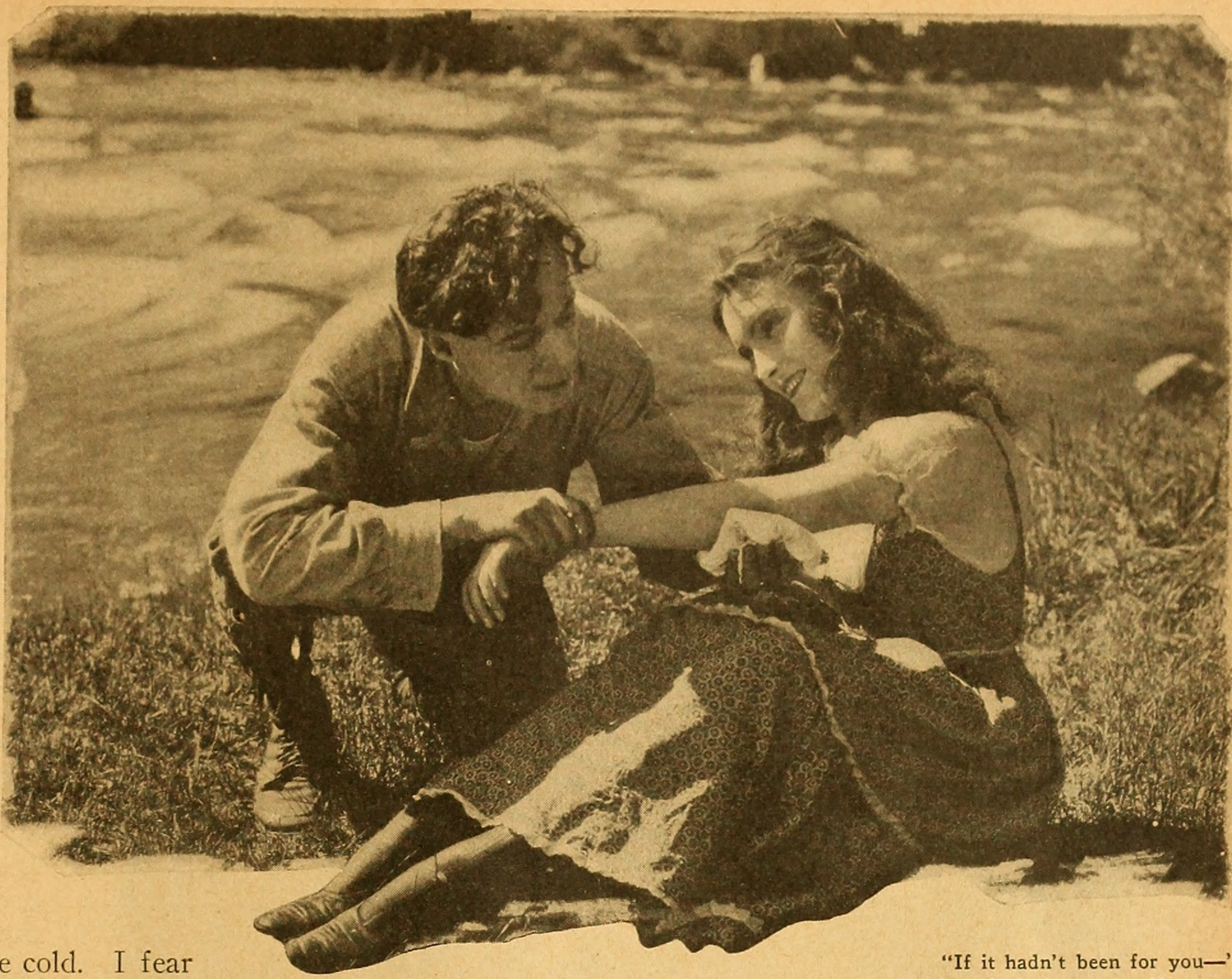
Thru the unwonted courses of the company dinner which old Rose took out of sundry cans and boxes for the occasion, D'Arcambal watched the two young people, and read signs which he recognized; the heart is a harp on which is played old tunes, no matter how lax its strings and how out of tune. "They are in love with one another, tho they do not know it yet," he mused. "They try not to look at one another, they cannot keep their eyes away. There is a light in their faces that does not come from my poor oil lamps—yes, I must speak to him tonight."

After Jeanne had slipped away, pouting at being sent to bed like a child, the two men sat before the leaping fire in the library, a room so large that the firelight could not reach the far corners where shadows hung like cobwebs. A silence fell upon them, which, presently, D'Arcambal broke with an effort.

"You love my daughter, Monsieur." It was not a question but a statement. The younger man started, colored and stared at him with a wonder which grew slowly to discovery.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps I do. I've been pretty busy all my life, sir, and I don't know much about love, but—well the world has looked different colored, somehow, since I saw her the first time—"

"There is something I must tell you," D'Arcambal said slowly, almost tiredly. "I have always known that I must tell it to the man who loved



"If it hadn't been for you—" breathed the man. His eyes were on her small, lovely face, beneath the warm, brown tangle of her hair, with the look which no woman ever mistakes, the mating look

Jeanne, yet I have never been able to decide how I might begin. There is one very dear who must be shamed by my telling—" And once more his eyes lifted to the lovely, ardent face shining out of the tarnished frame.

"Her mother—" Philip murmured, "the mouth is the same. It makes a man think of a kiss—" he broke off, blushing.

"Her mother. Yes." D'Arcambal spoke with long pauses between the words. "My wife, my beloved wife. Jeanne is very much like her. I think there is almost no trace of the—the father in her." The knuckles of his old hands were white with the strain of their clasp.

Philip sat motionless. In the silence, the sound of a white ash dropping from a charred log was loud and obtrusive.

"Her father," continued the Chevalier, firmly, "was a James Thorpe, factor at the Settlement. A coward and a beast—but handsome. She ran away with him, and two years later she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him."

Philip Whittemore leaned forward impulsively and touched the hard-wrung hands. "Surely you didn't think that *that* would make any difference to—to a man who loved Jeanne, sir?"

The frayed white ruffles of his stock stirred on the old Chevalier's shrunken breast with his gusty sigh. "She does not know," he murmured, "it would be kinder if she never knew. But in honor,

#### FLOWER OF THE NORTH

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by Bradley J. Smollen, based on the novel by James Oliver Curwood, and directed by David Smith. The cast:

Philip Whittemore.....	Henry Walthall
Jeanne D'Arcambal.....	Pauline Starke
Thorpe .....	Harry Northrup
Pierre .....	Joe Rickson
Blake .....	Jack Curtis
D'Arcambal .....	Emmett King
MacDougal .....	Walter Rodgers
Cassidy .....	William McCall
Iachigo .....	Vincente Howard





But when, two days later, Pierre called them from their dinner to listen to the wild story which Mud-in-the-Face and his squaw, Noise-of-the-Waters, had brought, the terror in Jeanne's curious wildwood eyes confessed her heart; the tremble of her slim fingers on his arm betrayed her

Monsieur, her husband must know what heritage he is going to bequeath to—his children."

"His children!" scorned Philip, with the hardihood of his youth. "Does a man think of his children when he loves a woman! But you were—you were bully to tell me, and—

and—I can make her care, sir? You are willing?"

Long after the young man had gone upstairs, the old man sat looking with dim eyes, wistfully up at the red lips with their cruel smile. He had loved her very much, even after she left him he loved her, and he would love her to the day he died, and after perhaps. Yet he had wanted to hate her. It was strange what a mess people made of their lives, strange that God trusted such precious things as life and love to their blunderings, as one might entrust fragile baubles of inestimable worth to the careless hands of children.

He and Jeanne said good-bye to their guest the next morning, and the girl, wilfully, refused to mention him afterwards despite his laborious openings for confidence. She had always been a curious, elusive creature, of April moods, yet with strong currents running below, like little

winds dancing over a dark stream.

But when, two days later, Pierre called them from their dinner to listen to the wild story which Mud-in-the-Face and his squaw, Noise-of-Waters, had brought, the terror in Jeanne's curious wildwood eyes confessed her heart; the tremble of her slim fingers on his arm betrayed her.

Translated by Pierre, their message had to do with a raid that was to be made on the buildings of the Northern Fish and Development Company by the rival Forest Fisheries Corporation in the guise of Indians. Mud-in-the-Face had heard of the plan by chance; the company's buildings were to be burned, their nets destroyed, and the blame for it was to be laid on him and his brothers. Now he and his Little White Brothers were kin, the missionary had said so, with one Father-God. As the arrow from the bow, he had come to warn them, as a leaf before the wind.

With a mighty effort, Pierre reared up on the pillow, clawing at his neck. "The—bijou de Madame"—his spirit was panting to be gone, but it delayed long enough to drag something on a tiny golden chain from about his neck. "She tell me—'Pierre, geeve it to—'im'—but he throw it on thas floor and say to me 'eet was forged in hell'—"

Why had he not gone to the Great Sachem at the Settlement at once, in-





stead of coming here? Mud-in-the-Face was eloquently evasive, but D'Arcambal shrewdly suspected the true answer would have been the hope of a reward of fire-water from Fort O'God.

"Oh—it is *he*—" Jeanne shuddered, "he told me—he told me——"

It was not Philip she meant, that was evident from the horror in her voice as she pronounced the pronoun, but in a moment she grew calmer, barricaded her lips. D'Arcambal regarded her with the helplessness of Age before the eternal puzzle of Youth which speaks a language the exiles from its green borders cannot remember.

"Where are you going?"—but he knew. Where would she be going except to the man she loved, like iron to the magnet? Shame swept him—the shame of the old for their shrunken muscles, their lost strength, their uselessness. "At least, you shall take Pierre, and he shall take a gun—"

"Non! My lil' lady with the sharp tongue!" Pierre slapped the knife in its sheath at his belt, "she answer all argument for me."

Philip Whittemore looked up, startled from his books, into Jeanne's flaming eyes. "Why—what——"

She flung her hands up in a strangely foreign gesture which remained in his brain, like a flashlight photograph, while he listened to her story. Pierre had told him that Jeanne's mother was an English girl—but that quick, instinctive spreading of the hands—his thoughts swarmed like confused bees, settled slowly upon conviction. *There was French blood in this girl!*

And all the while he was taking in what she said, making his plans. "That chap, Conlon of the Forest Fisheries—he's at the bottom of it! He's got a shifty eye and a way of talking out of the corner of his mouth——"

"Conlon? But that is not his name." Jeanne checked herself. "I shall take the canoe and go up the river to the Indian Village—you will need help! The Chippewas have served the D'Arcambals for three hundred years!"

She was turning, but he caught her hand. "You are so wonderful! You are like a flower with your white skin and your crimson petal lips! A Flower of the North——"



She stood quite still, eyes closed, young bosom rising on the tide of her swift breath. Then, before he could check her, she had slipped from his reach, turning on him the elfin, mischievous look of a faun. "You shall finish later!" she mocked him. "*Au revoir*, Mis'u! There are seasons for flowers, you know!"

She flashed out into the dazzle of noon, and the sunlight streamed like golden water over her young slimness as she plunged hip deep into the bracken to reach the river bank. Waiting only to give quick instruction to his assistants in the trading post, Philip Whittemore hurried along the trail that led to the new buildings of the Forest Fisheries, Pierre at his heels, like a faithful old dog. So impetuous was their advance that they almost knocked down a man who rose suddenly out of the underbrush. Philip had a momentary impression of a face like a handsome mask of

Moments passed and he heard a little laugh, and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river beside his canoe. It was darkening all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun

(Continued on page 90)



# Beauty and the Interviewer



world without a single tangible note upon which to drape, or even hang, an interview.

We know because we have tried it several times.

Being forewarned, we took along a rival beauty, Betty Blythe, who, aside from being a personal friend of Miss Griffith's, would act as a sort of pulchritudinous buffer. We figured that about fifty per cent. of the time our mind would be off Miss Griffith. Also we figured that something like a state of partial normalcy could be achieved in this way.

But we were wrong. In five minutes we realized how one could attain, without effort, Ben Turpin optics. And the mental disturbances—

Miss Griffith had prepared a little dinner for three. Or we should say four, for a Fourth Party was present. But more of this fourth party later.

The gentlemen who go to interview Corinne Griffith move thru a roseate mist of an hour or so, and find themselves suddenly back in a cold world without a single tangible note upon which to drape, or even hang, an interview. Left and below, two new camera studies

Miss Blythe sighed about being on a diet—and attacked the fruit cocktail with a fine courage.

"What can we write about, Miss Griffith?" we begged.

Miss Griffith's smile was a disconcerting enigma. We nearly upset a glass of water.

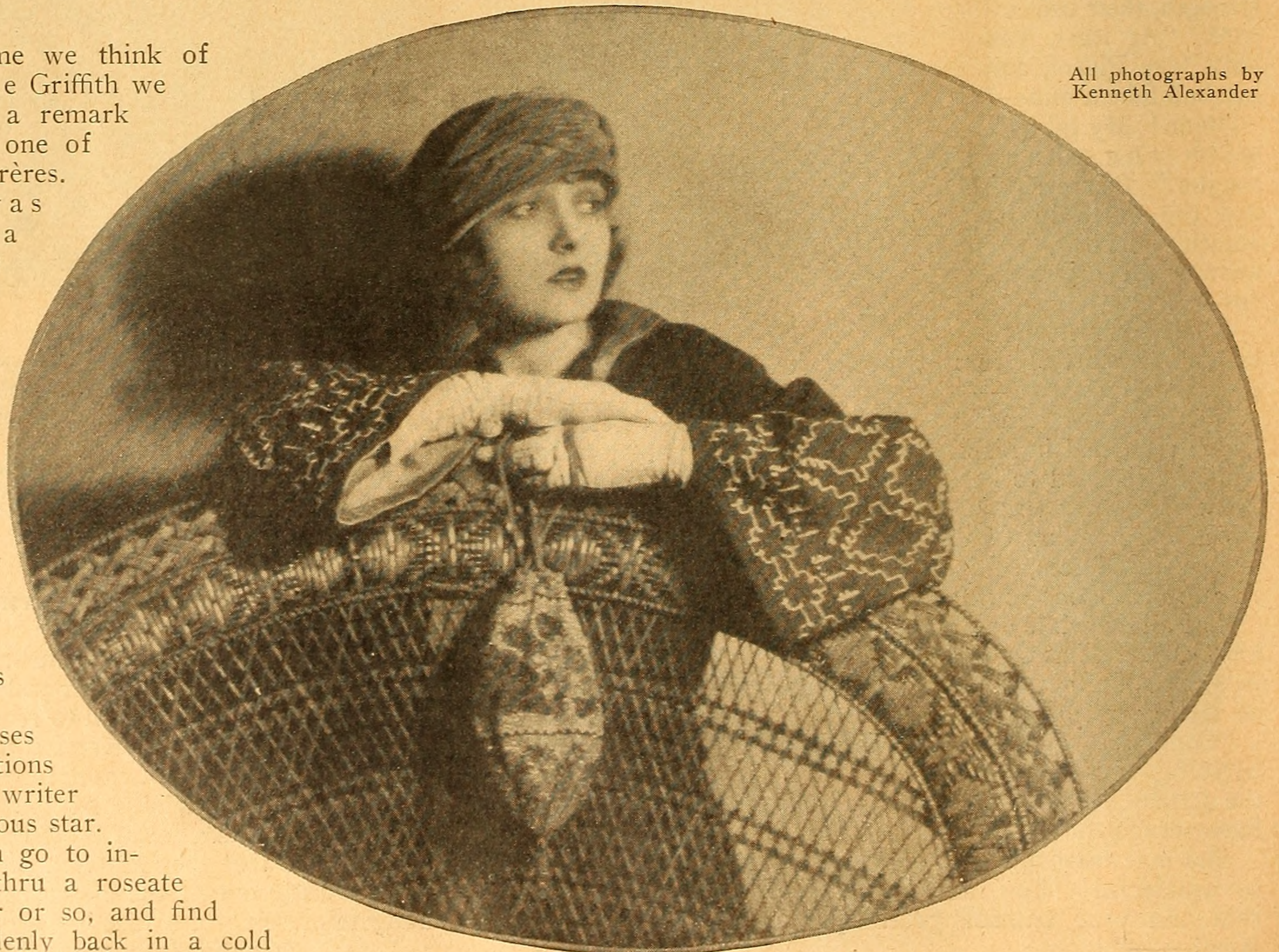
All photographs by Kenneth Alexander

EVERY time we think of Corinne Griffith we think of a remark made by one of our writing confrères.

Reincarnation was the subject of a general discourse when the young man suddenly withdrew his denial of the theory. "It's a great idea," he remarked, suddenly convinced. "Just think, in some future existence, I may be Corinne Griffith's bath salts!"

Which discloses some of the reactions of a mere male writer to this orchidaceous star.

These gentlemen go to interview, move thru a roseate mist of an hour or so, and find themselves suddenly back in a cold





By  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Tell something about——" began Miss Blythe, cheerfully.

"Betty!" admonished Miss Griffith. "I should say not!"

The Fourth Party coughed. We started.

"Go on," we pleaded, "we're entertained and everything."

"There, I knew that would help the interview," said Miss Blythe blithely, as it were. "Or tell him about that time——"

"Betty!" exclaimed Miss Griffith.

"We dare you to tell," we sniffed. "Dare you!"

"Let me," said Betty, all excitement. "It'll help the interview awfully."

"Yes, awfully," snapped Miss Griffith. "I thought you were on a diet—you ought to talk."

"Am," chuckled Miss Blythe, seizing some more potatoes. "But don't put that in Corinne's interview."

The Fourth Party coughed.

"Go on," said Miss Griffith, "use that about the diet."

"Say, I came up here to help," said Betty, with stellar indignation, "not to be exposed—this is your interview."

We rattled our forks in the approved social manner and tried to

"You should see her in her next picture," announced Betty Blythe, speaking of Corinne Griffith. "She wears a ballet costume with a little frilly skirt." "We're strong for that sort of dramatic rôle," the interviewer admitted, with editorial judiciousness



Photograph (above) by Bangs

Photograph (right) by Kenneth Alexander



register the idea that we were entirely neutral.

Suddenly Miss Blythe hit upon another idea. "Tell about that time when we were both working at the Vitagraph studio and that——"

"No," said Corinne firmly. "Not that, but I might tell about that time you——"

"No!" shrieked Betty. "Lordy, no. This is your interview. I'm just helping."

The Fourth Party coughed.

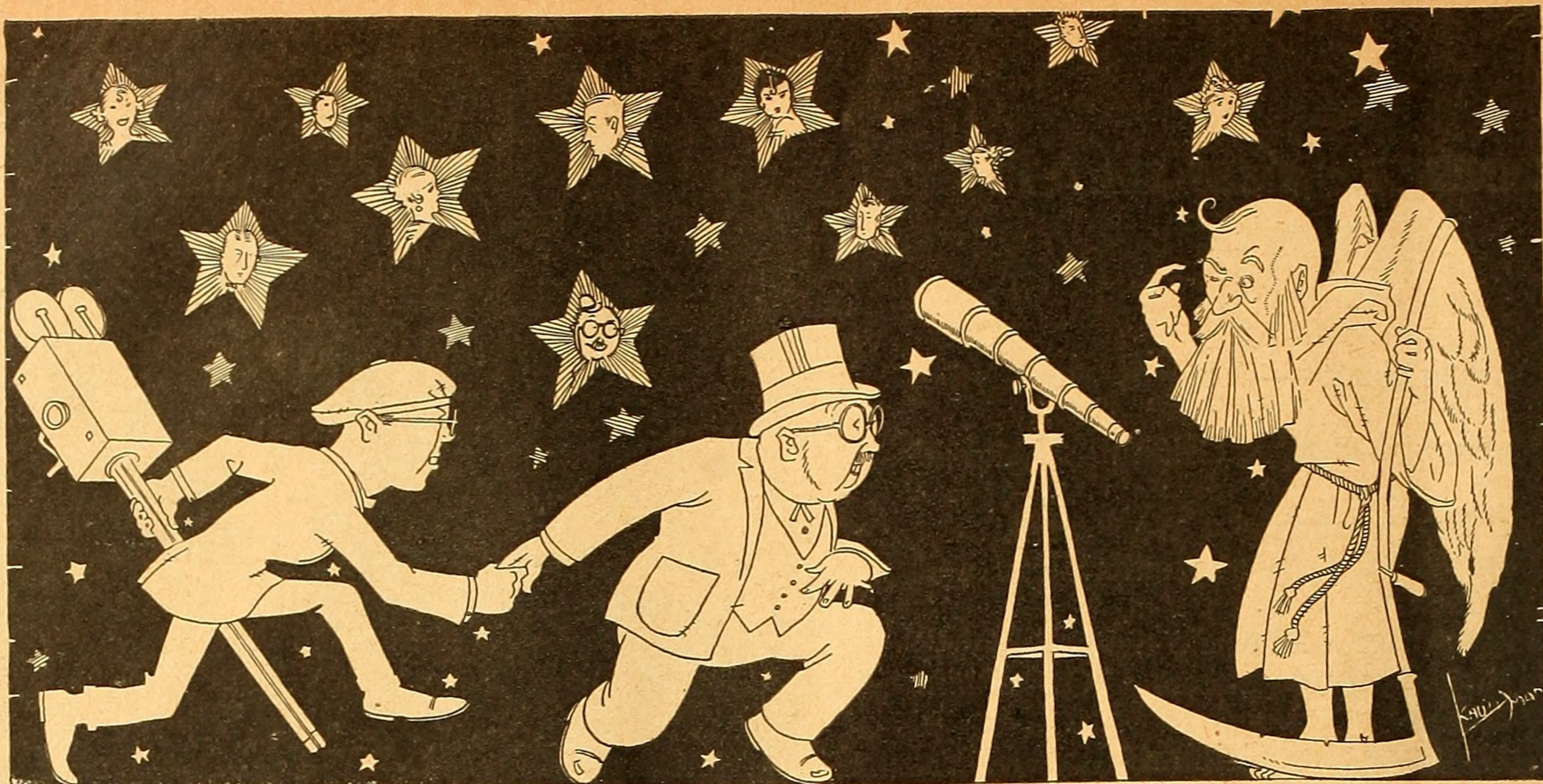
"Well, anyway," went on Betty. "Tell him about the future of pictures. They all do. Last week I

told a reporter they were still in their infancy. It helped the interview a lot. Gives it—you know the word—er——"

Miss Blythe looked at us.

"I suppose you're going to say  
(Continued on page 88)





Photograph by Goldberg

## Who Will the New Stars Be?

By  
HERBERT HOWE

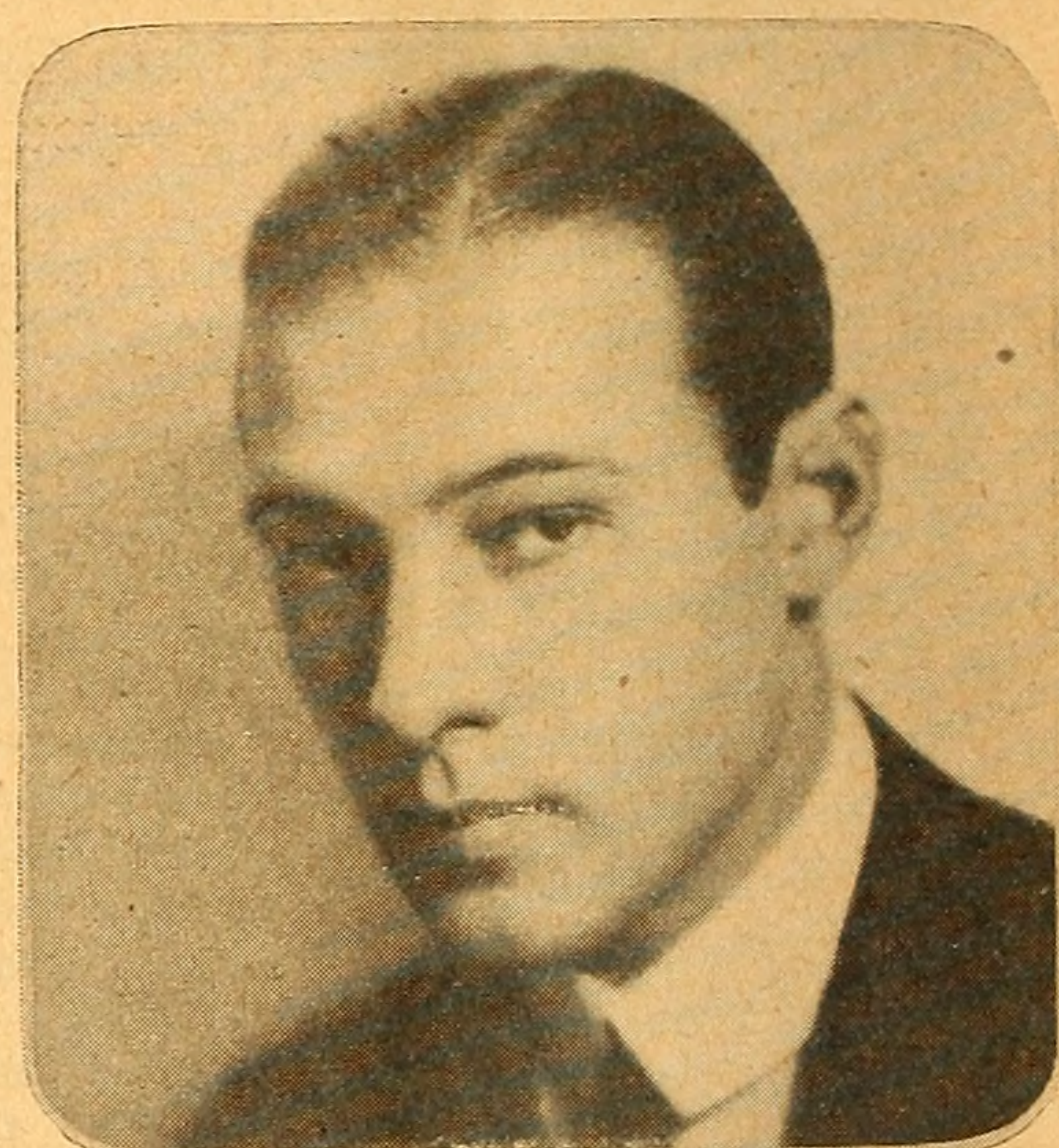
Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

WHILE strolling over the fresh green sod in the sepulchral stillness of the Goldwyn studio and thinking how many good stars had been buried there and wondering if it wouldn't be better to spend less time cutting the grass and more time cutting the films, I encountered Joe Jackson, publicity *magna vox*, who is the only man who can tell what Sam Goldwyn is thinking. It happens that Mr. Goldwyn has just been thinking about what the public wants—which seems timely—and has decided that what the public wants are new faces.

"Well, I hear Fannie Ward has a new one," I suggested.

"You wax maudlin as usual," said Joe. "What we are after are fresh faces."

"Seems to me you have enough



Photograph (above)  
by Manderville

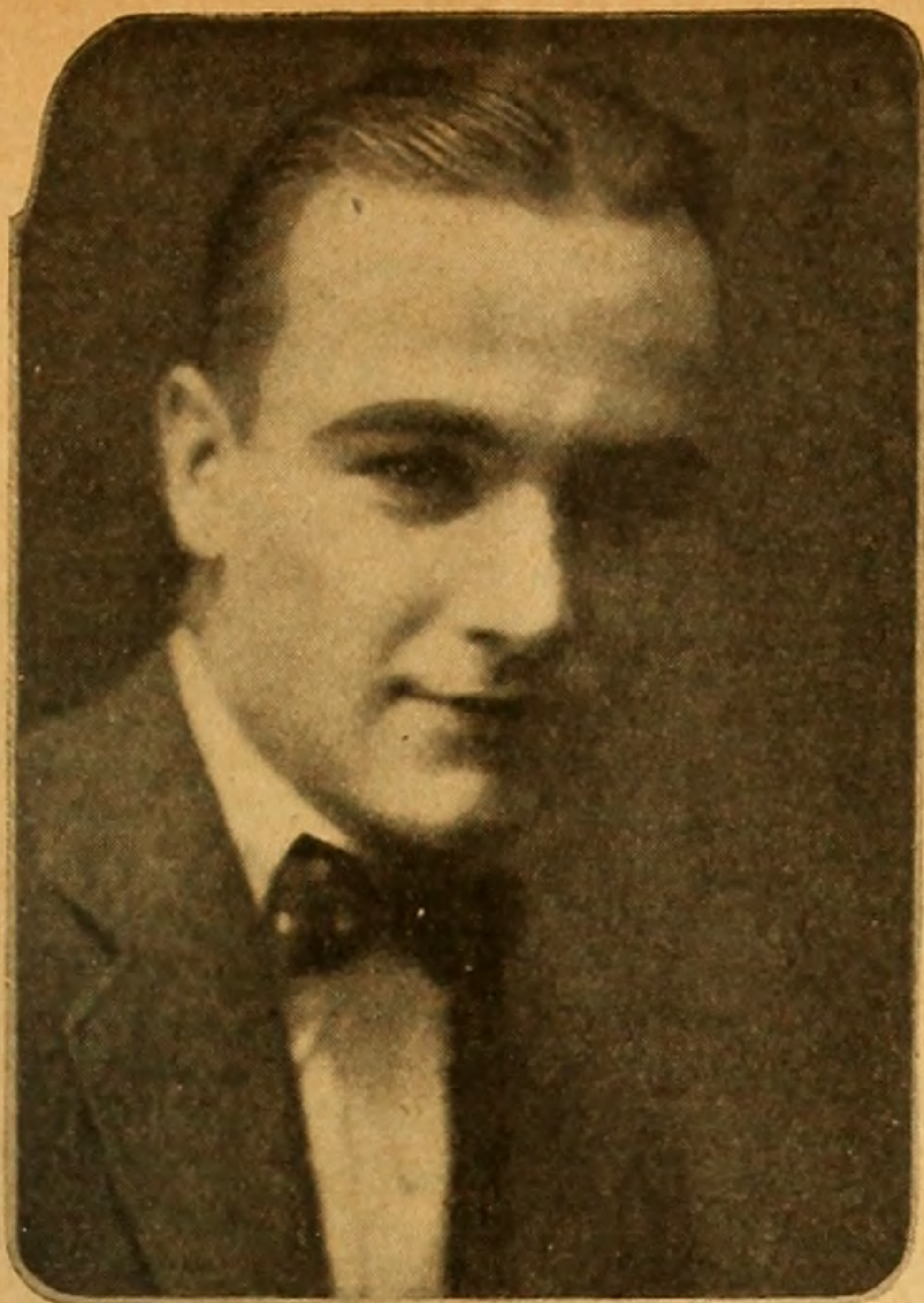
Photograph by Lumiere



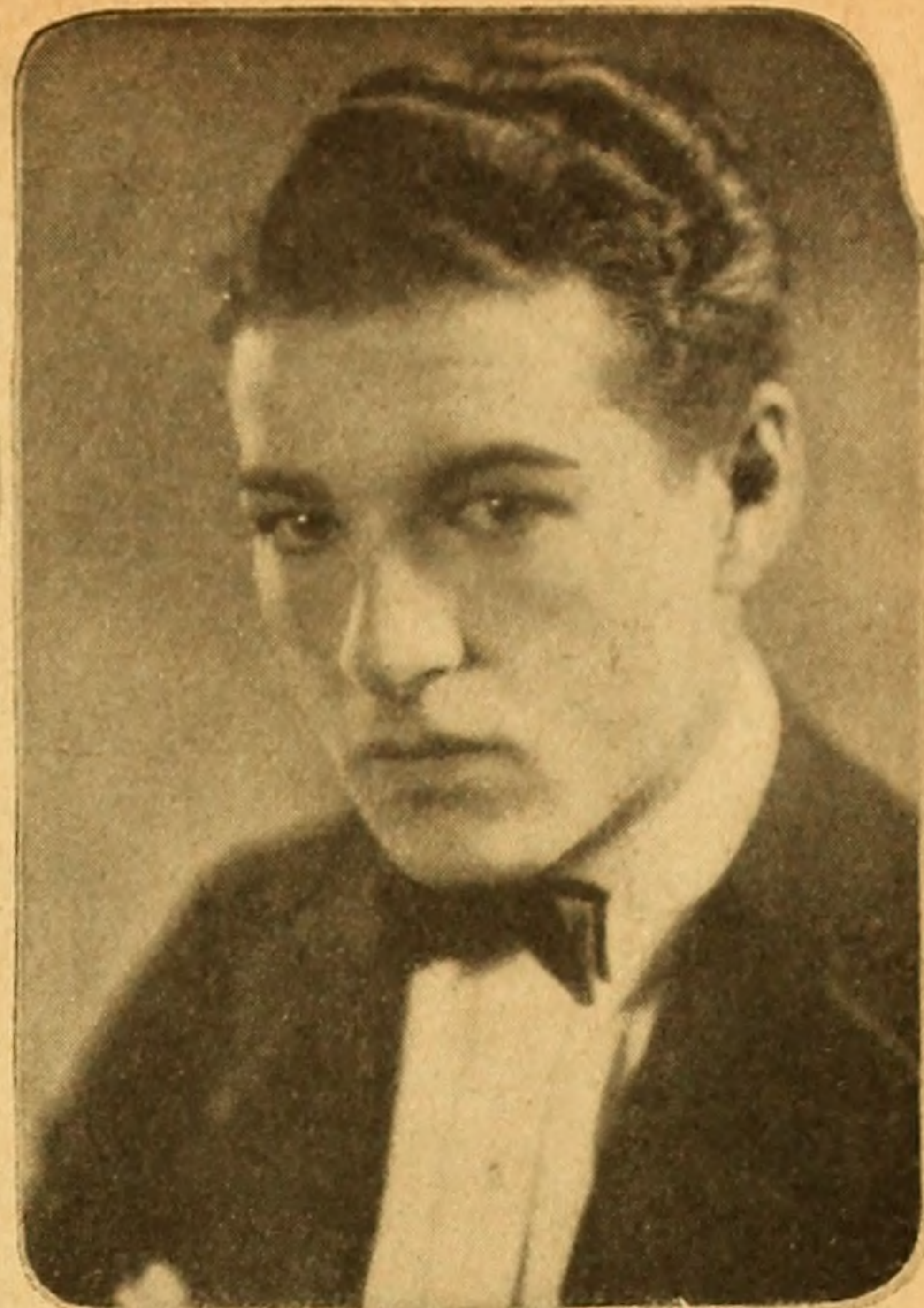
Photograph (right)  
by Hesser

The new order of stars, in which Herbert Howe is interested, is pictured on these pages. Reading down the page, they are: Florence Vidor, Betty Blythe, Gareth Hughes, Rudolph Valentino, Alice Calhoun, William Boyd, Alice Terry, Richard Dix, Virginia Faire, Pola Negri, Cullen Landis, May McAvoy, Conrad Nagel and Miss Dupont





Photograph by Keyes



Photograph by Bull

of them already," I replied stiffly. "Isn't Cullen Landis fresh enough for you? He broke a lunch date with me."

"You remain opaque," scoffed Joe. "The old stars are all right but they are not fresh—"

"What we want is youth," he went on. "Youth with its ideals, imagination, spontaneity, color and vigor—"

"What you want," said I, "is tanlac. You have that sick and sinking feeling."

"The fresh flower faces of youth with their glorious vision and shining—"

"Noses," I interrupted. "Don't be so damned florid. You're not talking to a director. I haven't been educated up to subtitles."

Just a little while ago the movie mollahs bawled out the star system, pulled it down from the heavens and hung up a bunch of super-directors, Eminent Authors and other funny fixtures. But somehow the new style of illumination didn't work. People don't give a yen about the mechanics behind the screen; they're only interested in those they see. Once I went to see a Rupert Hughes picture, and all evening the lady next to me kept asking her lord which was Rupert.

Yes, we must have subjects for sentimental adoration. We are a

nation of idol worshippers. Didn't the ladies feast their eyes on Georges Carpentier until he had to be fenced and padlocked lest the ardent dames attack him before

sweet Dempsey did?

(Continued on page 95)



Photograph by Hoover



Photograph by Bull



Photograph (above) by Spurr



Photograph by Freulich



# The Poor Little Fame Girl



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

You see, I have a sneaking hunch that diamonds don't help loneliness and that fame is a mighty cold fireside companion.

But May McAvoy wouldn't have understood all this. Her shiny dream-filled eyes see but one goal ahead: "Success." She has her feet firmly planted on the rainbow path and the pot of gold for which she is seeking tirelessly, relentlessly, means one thing only to her—success in her chosen profession.

Like Gloria Swanson, her career is the breath of life to her. 'Take fame from these girls and they would slowly wither away like a rosebush denied sweet rains or refreshing water.

But I digress.

The boards of the Lasky studio were

blistering my feet; when I reached the McAvoy set, the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts did likewise to my eyes and head. The set was a small boxed-in affair representing a stolid home in the olden days of the prim Pennsylvania Dutch. And in this sweltering

**Y**OUTH is ever serious. It spells its careers with capital C's and drama with capital D's. Later on youth learns to appreciate the Mack Sennettisms of life, but at eighteen she is too busy reading Shakespeare and Barrie and studying the intricacies of the Ibsen female to do aught but depreciate the mere pleasantries of existence.

One cannot see thru May McAvoy's beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on. Above, a portrait of Miss McAvoy, and right, as she was snapped between scenes in the studio

Such is the youth of May McAvoy who has vaulted into stardom on the strength of her understanding portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy."

As I trod over the boards of the Lasky studio to meet the youngest of the Realart stars, the call of the sea was strong upon me. I wanted to be back home on the beach, with the roar of the white-capped breakers in my ear and their salty spray blowing thru my hair. I wanted to feel a baby hand tugging at my dress or a velvety cheek pressed in fleeting fancy against mine. I didn't give a tinker's darn about fame and all its little funny eccentricities that make it stand out like coveted diamonds in a jewelry store window.





By  
HAZEL  
SIMPSON  
NAYLOR

atmosphere — for it was no less — May McAvoy went thru her scenes for the camera innumerable times, wholly unconscious of any physical discomfort.

After the endless rehearsals, the camera started clicking and May's nostrils widened slightly like a finely bred race horse at the starting post.

When she came from the set to meet me, I was astounded at her seriousness. Her beauty is like that of deep waters, there is none of the surface brilliancy of cheery streams that dance over little rocks. One cannot see thru May McAvoy's beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on.

To me she seemed strangely puritanical in this age of super-sophisticated, corsetless maidens. I would like to know if she smokes — I have a sneaking hunch she does not. For picture purposes she was wearing a dull blue calico dress with hideous round toed low-heeled shoes. Her hair, a glorious burnished mop of natural curls, was stiffly braided. She put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to protect her eyes.

"From New England?" I asked assuredly.

"No, New York," she answered as we went out and clambered into her Essex sedan.

Just five feet tall is May McAvoy, so that reaching the pedals was a serious affair. Each little lever was moved with such precision that for once the traffic of Hollywood held no terrors for me.

Over our luncheon at Frank's I begged her to tell me how she happened to enter the movies, and how she felt now that she had been elevated to the dizzy heights of stardom. Across the room from us were several



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

girls who have played leading rôles for years and are now out of a job. Across the table from me was one who was much younger and who had just stepped into stardom. I wondered why?

May McAvoy is a wise little lady. She read my thoughts and explained the reason something like this:

"Fate picks out one girl and makes her a star, that's all. An actress may have all kinds of ability but if she isn't given the opportunity to prove it she gets nowhere. I was very fortunate to be chosen to play Grizel. But now that I am a star I don't feel any different than I did

(Continued on page 87)

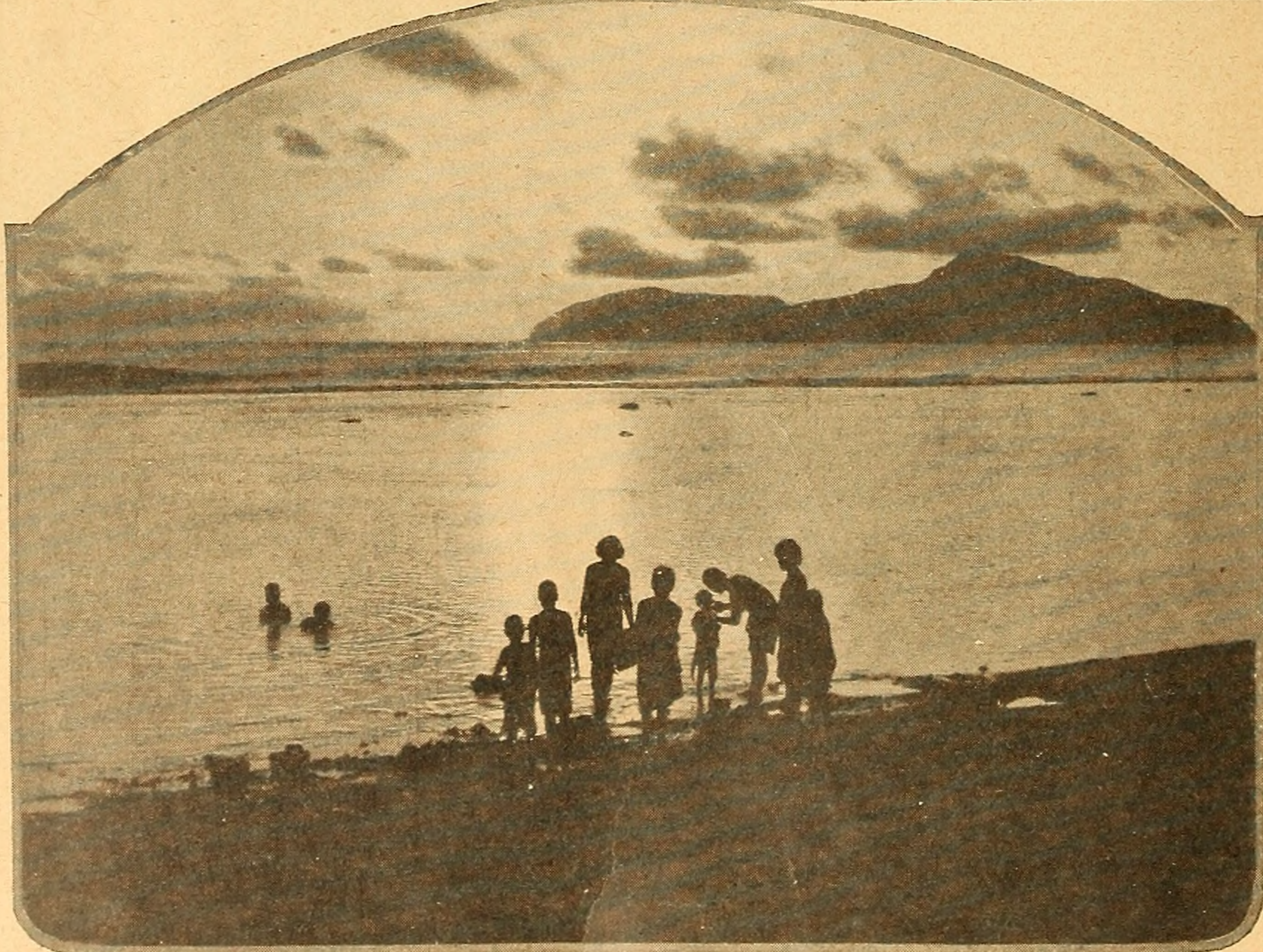
"Fate picks out one girl and makes her a star, that's all," said Miss McAvoy. "An actress may have all kinds of ability, but if she isn't given the opportunity to prove it, she gets nowhere. I was very fortunate to be chosen to play Grizel!"





Getting the natives to perform before the camera in a natural way was by no means an easy task. They would strike a pose and hold still, and we had considerable difficulty in making them understand that they should move about and do their work while the camera was in action. They finally did as they were told, however, altho the little black box with the crank in it was always a puzzle to them.

The high chief has full sway over his people, and his word is law. In his hut were gathered all the chiefs and sub-chiefs from the neighboring villages. The whole evening was passed before we had completely arranged for all the scenes we wished to secure. Summing up our "cost sheet," we found ourselves indebted to the extent of eight and a half cases of canned salmon, forty-four plugs of tobacco, and about seven cartons of chewing-gum. After a long discussion between the chiefs, they decided that this was sufficient pay for the scenes we desired to take



At the top of the page is a charming view of the boats anchored in the Samoan harbor, while in the center may be seen a circle of the natives posing for the camera, and at the left, a group of Samoans bathing



# Trailing the Tropics With a Tripod

By

ALVIN VICTOR KNECHTEL

Illustrations by Alvin Victor Knechtel

**I**N the interests of the copra trade of the South Seas, a small auxiliary ketch was to be sailed from Boston, thru the Canal, and across the Pacific to the island of Samoa, in the South Seas.

The ship was to be manned by a party of Harvard graduates who planned to sail the vessel on a pleasure cruise and deliver her at Samoa where she would be pressed into service as a trader between the islands.

Very few expeditions of this sort start out without a motion picture photographer to record the details of the trip, and, as luck would have it, I was offered the chance to "step aboard." I accepted without hesitancy.

Fifty thousand feet of film, movie camera, two tripods, graflex camera and "still" camera comprised my equipment. As the ship was a small one, being about one hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-five feet abeam, I was allotted very little space for a dark room, which was amidships, giving me the least effect from the roll of the ship.

Three days at sea found us in the Atlantic Gulf Stream, caught in a real storm. The ship was equipped with a great spread of canvas and we were forced to take down sail and "heave to." For thirty-six hours we bobbed around like a cork, drifting miles off our course. This natural phenomenon afforded an unusual opportunity for some great "shots," so out came the camera.

Not satisfied with just scenes of the storm taken from the deck, I decided that to view the storm from the masthead would be a real thriller. With the camera securely strapped to my back I climbed the mast, and a real thrill it was—not for a sailor probably—but for poor landlubbers such as most cameramen are. I experienced a real thrill.

One early morning found us within sight of the island. With great difficulty, due to the coral reefs around the island, we succeeded at anchoring in the harbor on the lee side.

Armed with rifles and revolvers, we went ashore in a rowboat to explore the island. We discovered evidences of treasure hunting made by an expedition from Germany in 1904. Crude dwelling places used by the adventurers were still standing and in one of the buildings were several unopened boxes of hoisting machinery.

Our stay at Cocos Island was cut short by the sudden coming up of a heavy tropical rain storm. The wind was very strong and the anchors were slipping, allowing the ship to drift nearer the shore. When we reached the ship, she was within twenty feet of piling-up on the coral reefs. The auxiliary engine was started and just in the nick of time as we were within five feet of being wrecked—on Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Upon arrival at Samoa, the ship was converted into a trading vessel, and so we were obliged to leave our "home" of the past four months and I proceeded to get down to the business of taking motion pictures showing the life of the Samoans.

As I was the only motion picture man of the party, I did not relish the idea of mingling with the natives alone, so, after much persuasion I succeeded in getting Frank Thorsen, the chief engineer, to accompany me.



At first we couldn't understand the language of the South Seas, so we engaged an interpreter. We were lucky in that respect as our interpreter handled the English language very fluently and was very much interested in learning how the "movies" were made.

Our headquarters were established at Pago Pago on the island of Tutuila. Tutuila is the largest of a group of islands under the United States Government. Pago Pago is the Naval Station where are stationed about one hundred Yankee sailors. We obtained a room in one of the government buildings, which we equipped as a dark room for making tests of our moving picture film and for developing all of our "still" negatives.

To win the confidence of the natives and to get them to follow our directions when it came to taking the pictures, was, from our way of thinking, going to be a very difficult proposition.

From the interpreter we learned that the natives would do most anything we asked of them, provided that we would "come across" with an "alofa" which is Samoan for "gift." Delving deeper into the subject, we learned the chiefs were particularly fond of chewing tobacco, the girls and children liked gum and that canned salmon was always welcome, so we stocked up with a good supply of the "bait" and set forth.

Much to our surprise, upon arriving at the first village, the high chief had his hut decorated with the branches of the cocoanut trees and had killed and roasted a young pig especially for us. This is their highest form of welcome.

Being under the Stars and Stripes, the islands of Samoa are also affected by the 18th Amendment. However, the natives have their own beverage, and holding to custom, the drink was prepared for us.

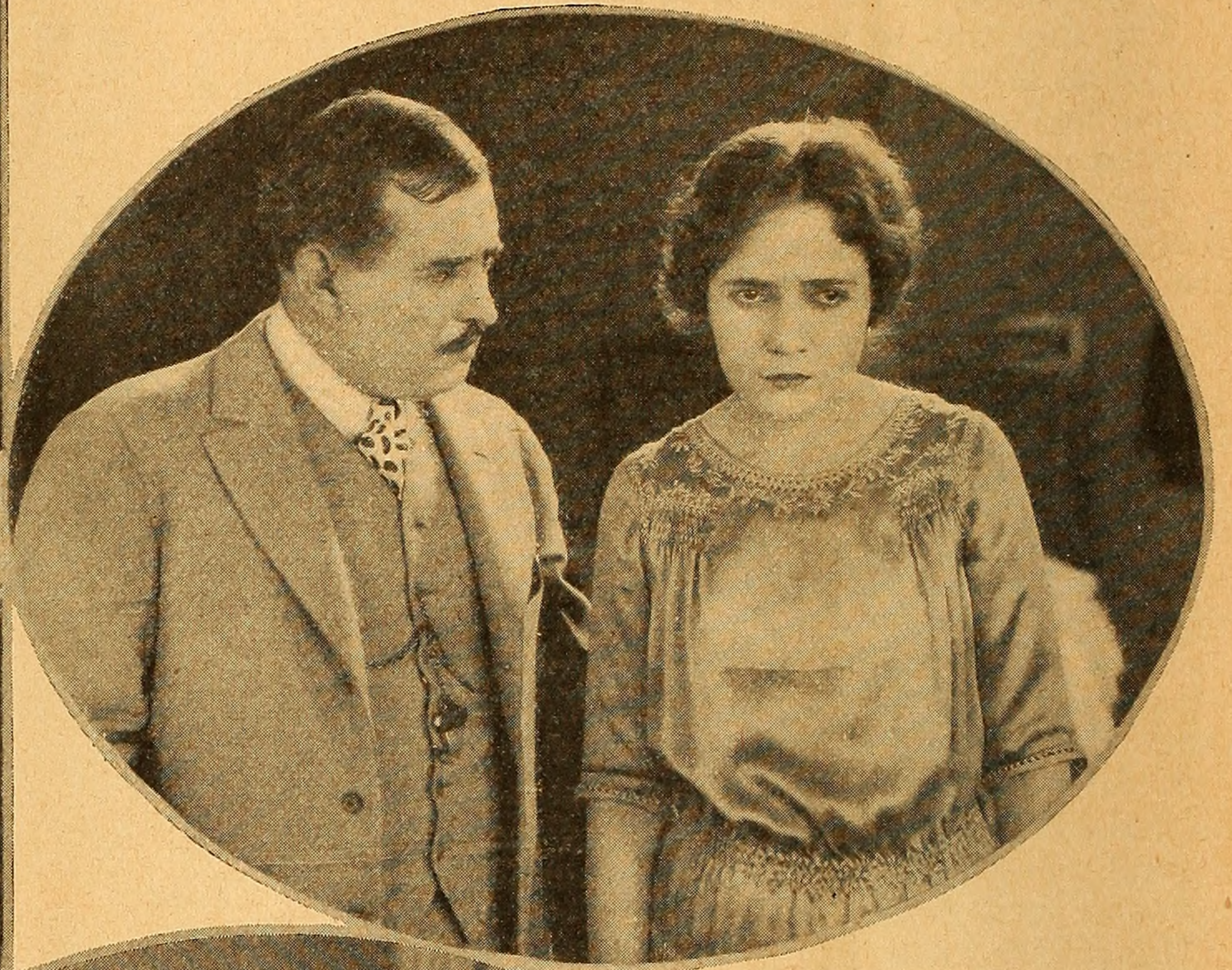
Dried root from the "Ua" tree is pounded to a powder and simply mixed with water by bare hands, and is then

(Continued on page 91)





Miss Lulu Bett lived at first between the covers of Zona Gale's popular novel. Then Carol McComas, formerly of the screen, gave her life on the stage. It remained for Lois Wilson to bring Lulu, with her pathetic charm, to the silvercloth. This she has done ably under the capable direction of William C. de Mille. Theodore Roberts plays Dwight Deacon; Milton Sills portrays Neil Cornish; Ethel Wales is Grandma Bett; Clarence Burton is Ninian; Monona is played by Mae Giraci; Helen Ferguson plays Diana, and Mabel Van Buren is cast as Mrs. Deacon. It promises to be one of the most interesting pictures of the new season



Miss  
Lulu Bett  
Comes  
to the  
Silvercloth





By  
LESLIE BRYERS

He's under contract with Goldwyn now, for two years. He explained his beard and his bathrobe.

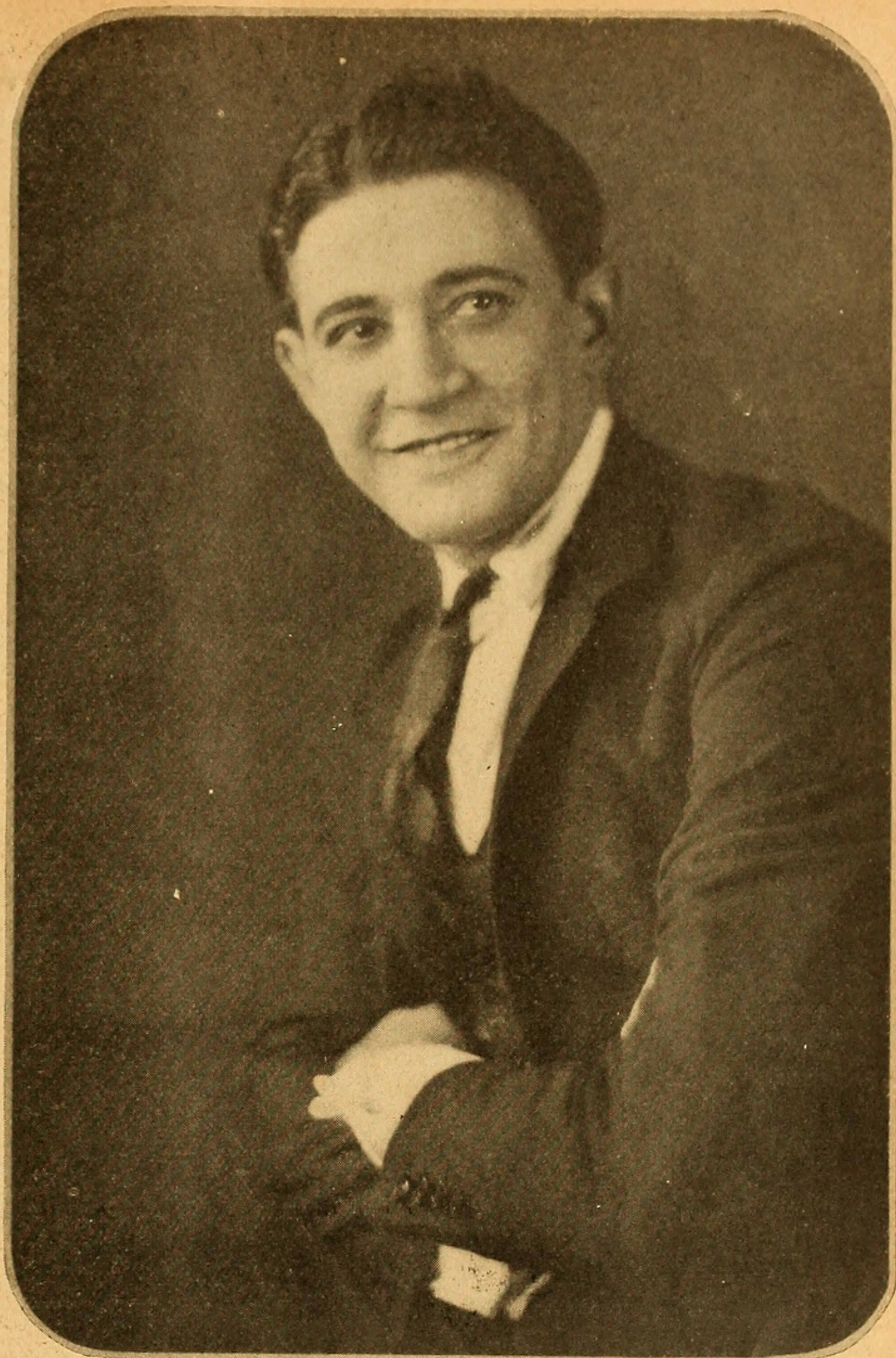
"I am dying," he said. "I have been dying for the last three days. According to custom, it's indecent to shave while descending into the Valley of the Shadow. The bathrobe's to cover a pair of perfectly good pajamas. I am dying respectably, at least, in bed."

And he has, of course, a perfectly beautiful nurse to tend him. She eventually draws him back, as only nurses can, from the Valley of the Shadow, with murmurous words of love. But be that as it may . . .

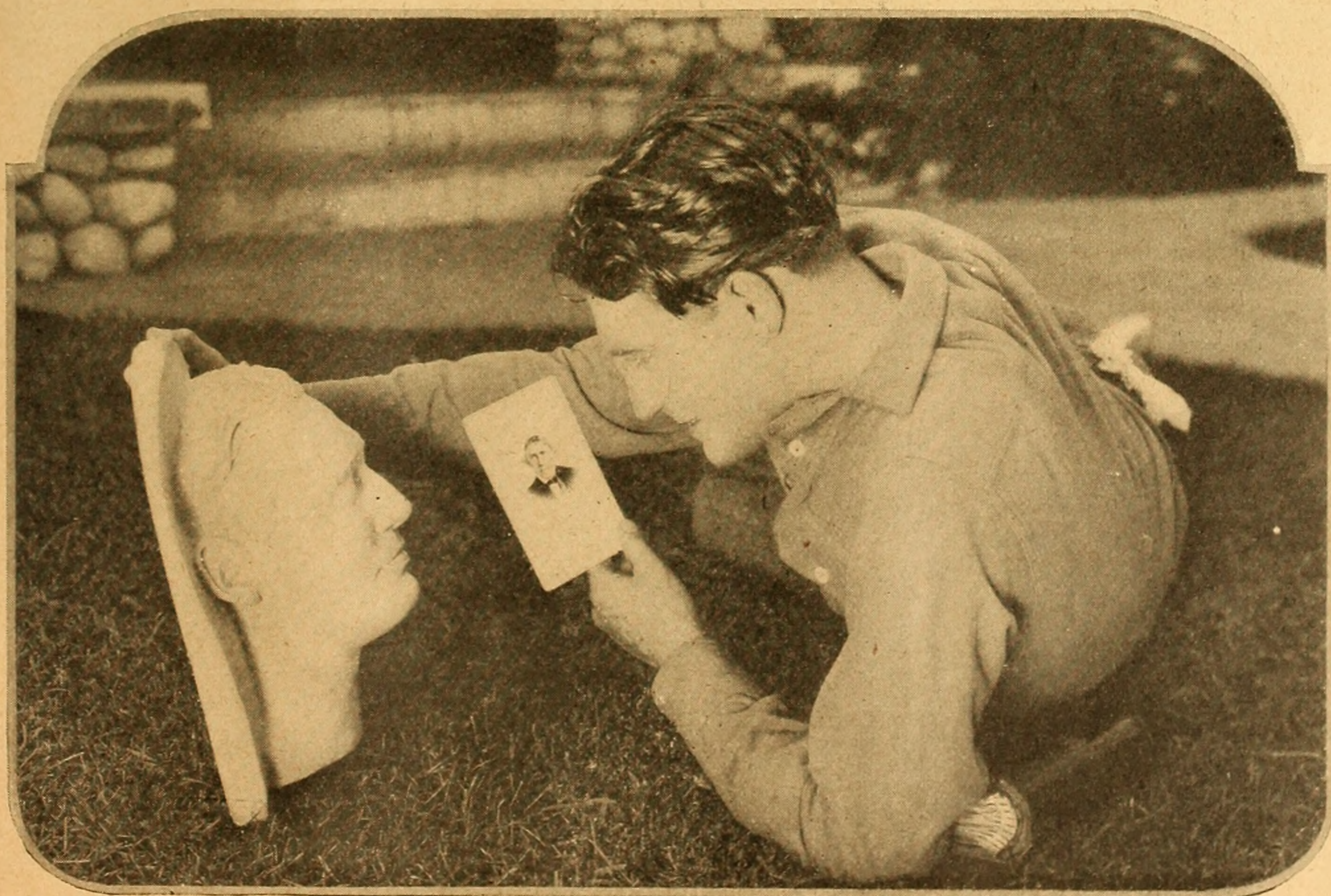
It was thru no particular inclination of his own that Richard entered pictures. He had played for several years, and with unvarying success, in stock. He had, as he said, high ideas about the art of the stage; in fact, he rather scorned the screen as of a lower order. He is very frank about it now. He laughs at himself when he tells about it. It was chiefly thru the urgings and aid of David Butler, an old friend of his and himself a screen star, that he turned to pictures.

"I arrived in Los Angeles one day, not so many months ago, either, and heard that Dave was working, with his own company, down at Inceville, on

It is David Butler who is responsible for Richard Dix's screen career. They were old friends in the stage days. When Richard visited him in California, he arranged a camera test for him, and it was not long before Sydney Franklin cast him in "Not Guilty"



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull



the coast at Santa Monica. Dave and I had done everything together, from eating to sleeping. I ran down to see him. It was a great reunion. The first thing he asked me, when the hubbub of back slapping was over, was what I was doing and, if I wasn't, why hadn't I gone into pictures? Naturally, he could talk my language better than anyone else, and it wasn't long before he convinced me that the only thing I had been living for was to even-  
(Con. on page 86)



# The Keeper Her Gift



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"It's good to know I'm going to make pictures again," Madge Kennedy told us, "good pictures such as I have always wanted to make, based on stories in which I believe. I've missed the studio for the last year, really"

**I**T was the mystic hour! No—this is not the beginning of a detective story. We have a heroine, it is true, but her sense of humor would bar her as the heroine of the average novel.

And we have atmosphere—the happy atmosphere to be had in the reception-room of Madge Kennedy's suite at the Ritz-Carlton. Lights glowed under their pink and lace shades. Seven stories below rumbled the traffic of Philadelphia's night life. An Indian love lyric stood open upon the piano. Bright flowers filled countless bowls. The Memoirs of Empress Eugenie lay upon the table, the place marked by the frill of a handkerchief— Beyond the window could be seen the night sky—a mantle of

black chiffon gleaming with gold. Madge Kennedy had just returned from the evening's performance of "Cornered," the stage play in which she has been appearing. This explains the unusual hour.

"This," said Miss Kennedy, "is the hour when vampires should be interviewed." She selected a macaroon carefully. We were enjoying a repast of petite fours and ices.

We didn't say anything, but we believe that comediennes can be quite as effective in their own way as vampires.

"It is good to know I'm going to make pictures again," she continued, "good pictures, such as I have always wanted to make, based on stories in which I believe. I've missed the studio for the last year—really."

We knew that she was planning to combine stage and screen work for a time at least, and we asked if she didn't think it would mean considerable strain. She is in reality such a serene, such a placid person that it is not possible to think of her hectically endeavoring to do more than she is able.

She shook her head solemnly. "Not nearly as great as would be the strain of doing nothing. I have continued with my work because I am happy in it. Oh, of course, I get frightfully tired sometimes, but who doesn't? If it was an effort, I'd stop tomorrow."

The brown eyes, which have occasioned gales of laughter when they have flashed some subtle farce to their audience, were earnest.

"You know," she went on, "I feel differently about my work than many people. Of all the things which people give the world, acting is the one thing which does not last. Screen acting does, it is true but as yet no characterization or portrayal has been handed down to posterity. On the stage if you do a splendid bit it is crowned with success that evening only—immediately it is gone, probably never to return. Musicians, artists and writers have a great responsibility, I think, for what they do stands down thru the ages. I believe in doing your best, but I think actors are very foolish to adopt an intense attitude."

"Dont you think it is the very possession of the gift which often robs its owner of their perspective?" we asked her. Somehow, you are convinced that Madge Kennedy has thought most things out carefully, helped by the knowledge she has assimilated from her extensive reading. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to mention a book



By  
BETSY BRUCE

with which she is not familiar at any rate.

"Perhaps, yet there is no earthly reason why the possession of a gift should be responsible for a lost perspective. Anyone who has a gift knows full well that it is something deep inside of them which springs into being when they need it—which writes for them, paints for them or acts for them, as the case may be. We deserve no great credit for any gift we may possess. We are happy in its possession and fortunate to have been granted its trust. We must be worthy of it and in turn pass it on to others—that is all, I think."

Watching her as she sat there, hostess



All photographs by Kenneth Alexander

"There is no earthly reason why the possession of any gift should occasion a lost perspective," said Miss Kennedy. "Anyone who has a gift knows it is something deep inside of them which springs into being when they need it—which writes for them, paints for them or acts for them, as the case may be"

of the mystic hour, we saw her as you have seen her time and time again on the stage and screen. In her demureness there was a rare charm. Her brown hair was coiled about her shapely head, and she was simply dressed in a blue suit with a filet blouse. She wore no jewelry other than her wedding ring mounted by a diamond which shone with the purity of a teardrop, while from a fine chain there hung a blue enamel ball. It proved to be a watch, a gift from her husband.

"He said he thought it looked like me—a bit silly," she said, while her hand flew to her forehead in mock dismay. We couldn't see her bronze-sandaled feet, but we have a lurking suspicion that they were turned in—Kennedy fashion.

On her dressing-table, in the adjoining room, stood a large portrait of Harold Bolster surrounded by the silver articles of her toilet. When we remind you that he is the giver of the watch, you will understand why the photograph smiled. Madge Kennedy is sufficient reason for an entire lifetime of smiles.

(Continued on page 87)





*Courtesy Larry Semon and Vitagraph Comedies*

**W**ITH the big disarmament convention now under full swing at Washington, wouldn't it be fitting for Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, *et al.*, to take seats at the affair?

We were pleased to hear that the title of Cecil B. De Mille's next production is "Saturday Night" because now we can rest assured that he will give us more excellent bathroom scenes.

As Hi Speed himself says: "There's one good thing about film productions anyway—they strand no actors."

Somehow or other we always find it difficult to get excited when a close-up shows the poor heroine shedding tears, because we feel intuitively that somewhere just outside the camera lines the assistant director is standing with a sliced onion.

Which reminds us of the exhibitor up in Iowa who demanded, in booking "Way Down East," that he be given the regular Broadway cast.

Everytime we go to the theater and have the war tax deducted from us, we wonder what war we are paying for.

The bathing beauties according to all records confine their aquatic feats to photographers' studios.

FAMOUS REMARKS:

William S. Hart: "After my next picture I will retire from the screen."

Mack Sennett: "The Eighteenth Amendment doesn't worry me a bit. My bathing girls were always dry."

Roy Moulton doesn't believe in signs any more. He saw one in the window of a fish store recently that read: "If it swims—we sell it." He went in, but found they didn't have any bathing beauties in stock.

One of the difficult feats in viewing the movies nowadays is the affecting of an air of interest in the high-brow music they are serving, so that people will think you understand it.

Now that the leading women have all bobbed their hair, who can they get to play the title rôle in the coming production of "Lady Godiva"?

There is perhaps no little grounds for the argument that the main trouble with the movies is that the producers pay in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars for a story and then lavish \$150,000 on mob scenes, young villages, and mammoth sets. But from many of the stories we have seen on the screen of late, we feel that even at that rate the author has been handsomely paid.

*(Continued on page 89)*



# The New Star

**T**HE great Contest is closed. The winner is chosen. These two short sentences might tell it all, representing as they do, nearly a year of labor and interest for the makers of the contest, and nearly a year of hopes and disappointments for the thousands of contestants.

The winner is Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York. She is very young, only sixteen. But she is full of confidence, determination and ambition. She is endowed with a mentality far beyond her years. She has a genuine spark of the divine fire. The five different screen tests she had, showed this very plainly, her emotional range of expression provoking a fine enthusiasm from every contest judge who saw the tests. She screens perfectly.

Her personal appearance is almost enough to carry her to success without the aid of the brains she indubitably possesses. She has short blonde curly hair, very thick. Her eyes are big and brown and set far apart in compliance with a law of beauty. Her features are delicate, the mouth particularly lovely. Her teeth are even and white, and her suite is as gay and unforced as youth itself. She is slenderly built, with an easy and graceful carriage, that proclaims perfect health and a freedom and zest, denied those of more mature years.

The distinguished contest judges are well satisfied with their decision.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is glad also, to publish the Final Honor Roll. It consists of those who were considered for the final winner. Several of them were very strong contenders, but individually they lacked the various good points that made Miss Bow the final choice. We are sorry to note that only one male entry is included. The Final Honor Roll is as follows:

Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York.



Photograph by  
Lumiere, N. Y.

Miss Eilleen Elliott, 1707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Laura Lyle, 56 W. 47th Street, New York City.

Miss Ella Lee Jeannette Ruby, 838 N. Church Street, Rockford, Ill.

Miss Margaret Porter, 1078 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Miss Helene Bristow, 105 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

Miss Bojan Claussen, 129 W. 87th St., New York City.  
Mr. Maurice Kaines, 11 Abingdon Sq., New York City.

(Continued on page 99)

The winner of the contest is Miss Clara Bow, of 875 Seventy-third Street, Brooklyn, New York. She is very young, only sixteen. But she is full of confidence, determination and ambition. She screens perfectly. Above, a new portrait of Miss Bow





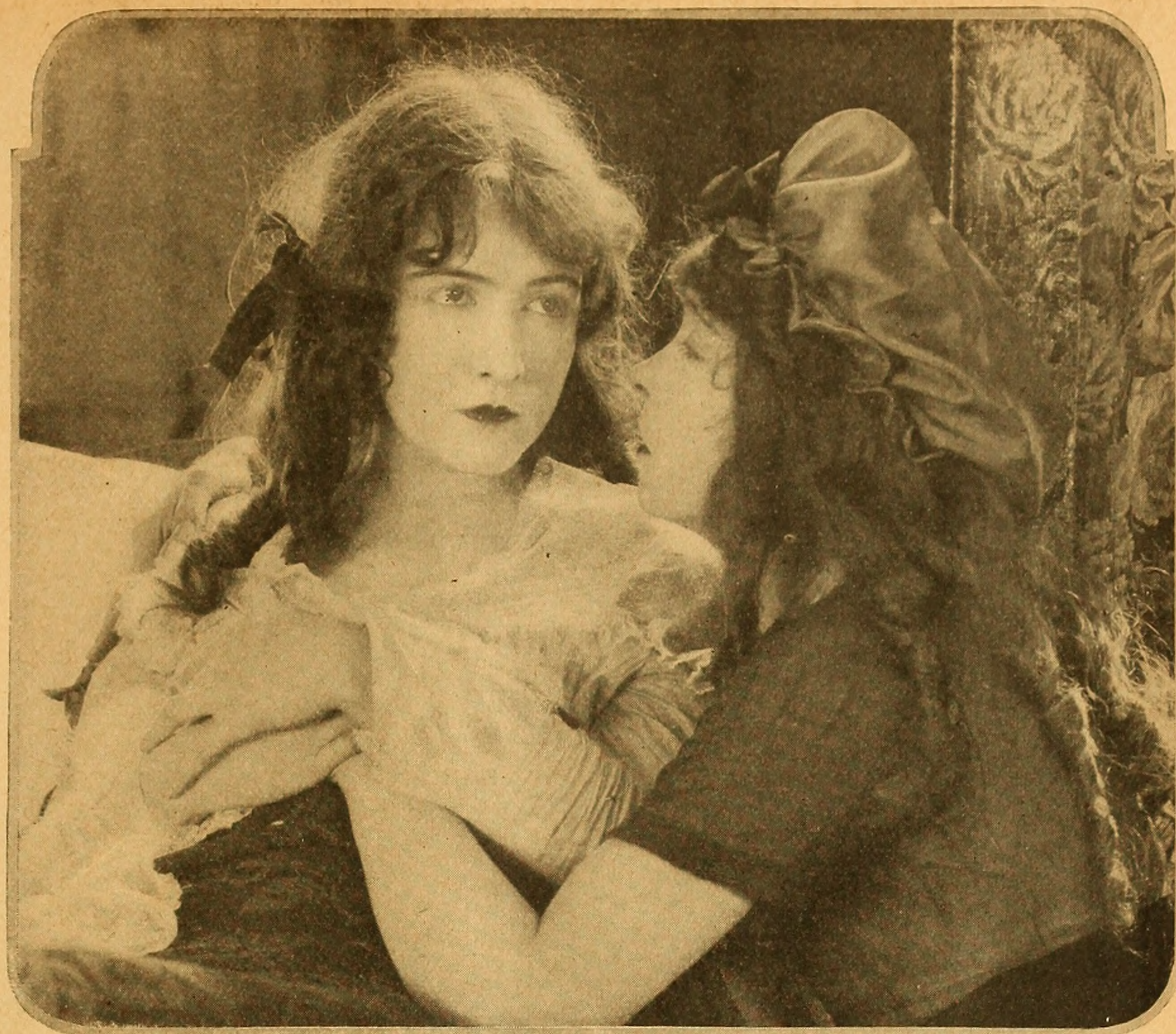
Once  
More—  
“The Two  
Orphans”

“The Two Orphans” has been popular in novel form for many years. It won popularity behind the footlights, too, and several years ago it was shadowed upon the screen. However, the last few months have found D. W. Griffith, that wizard of the cinema, giving the tale his best efforts. Splendid things are promised





Special Camera  
Studies  
By Frank Dein



The cast of Griffiths' "The Two Orphans" is a noteworthy one. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will again play together—for the first time since "Hearts of the World," Dorothy portraying the blind girl. Lillian has the other half of the title rôle. Monte Blue is entrusted with an important rôle, as is Joseph Schildkraut, who has created the title rôle in the stage version of "Liliom" thru the past season



# Curving the Angular Figure

By  
CORLISS PALMER

Naturally, the first matter for consideration is the diet. If Jack Spratt and his wife had changed places at the table so that the lean side of the platter was her portion and the fat side his, it might have been better for both of them. Undoubtedly, it would have been better for her, but I fear Jack would not have fared so well. His very thinness suggests weak digestive organs, or a subnormal condition that makes the assimilation of rich foods impossible.

It is usually much easier to tell a stout person how to reduce than to tell a thin one how to gain weight. The former I have done in a previous article; the latter I shall do to the best of my ability in this talk.

The very fact that one is fat is proof that one's food is absorbed and assimilated. Therefore, it is easy to see that the first thing to do is to eliminate those foods that most quickly turn into fat. On the other hand, underweight is a sign the system is not absorbing the necessary amount of nourishment from the food eaten.

So it does not follow that a person to gain weight must eliminate all the articles of food forming the diet of the person who is trying to reduce, or eat all the foods that are omitted by this person. Sugar, starch and fats, the three principal foods to be

avoided by one endeavoring to reduce, are prescribed for one who wishes to add weight, only if the digestion and the general health will permit. Try them in small quantities at first and if you like them and they do not upset the digestion, eat as much of them as possible. They will surely make you as fat as you wish to be. But if you find, and you probably will, that they do not agree with you, you had better plan your diet along these lines:

Eat as much of nature's sweets as possible, that is, eat grapes, figs, raisins, dates and bananas. They are splendid, as they contain medicinal properties, such as iron and oils, in addition to the large amount of sugar to be found in them. The grape has won fame as a fattener, because of the portly forms so quickly gained by the workers in the vineyards of Italy, France and Greece. It is especially recommended as it is an appetizer, too. The banana

(Continued on page 97)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"Half of America is trying to get thin," said Corliss Palmer, "the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the determination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals"

termination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals.

The ideal figure is one that is symmetrical, with the weight proportionate to the height. Unfortunately, we are not all born with this ideal figure, but we may do much to attain it. In order to do it, we must make sacrifices and overcome old habits.

**H**ALF of America is trying to get thin, and the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it is not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the de-



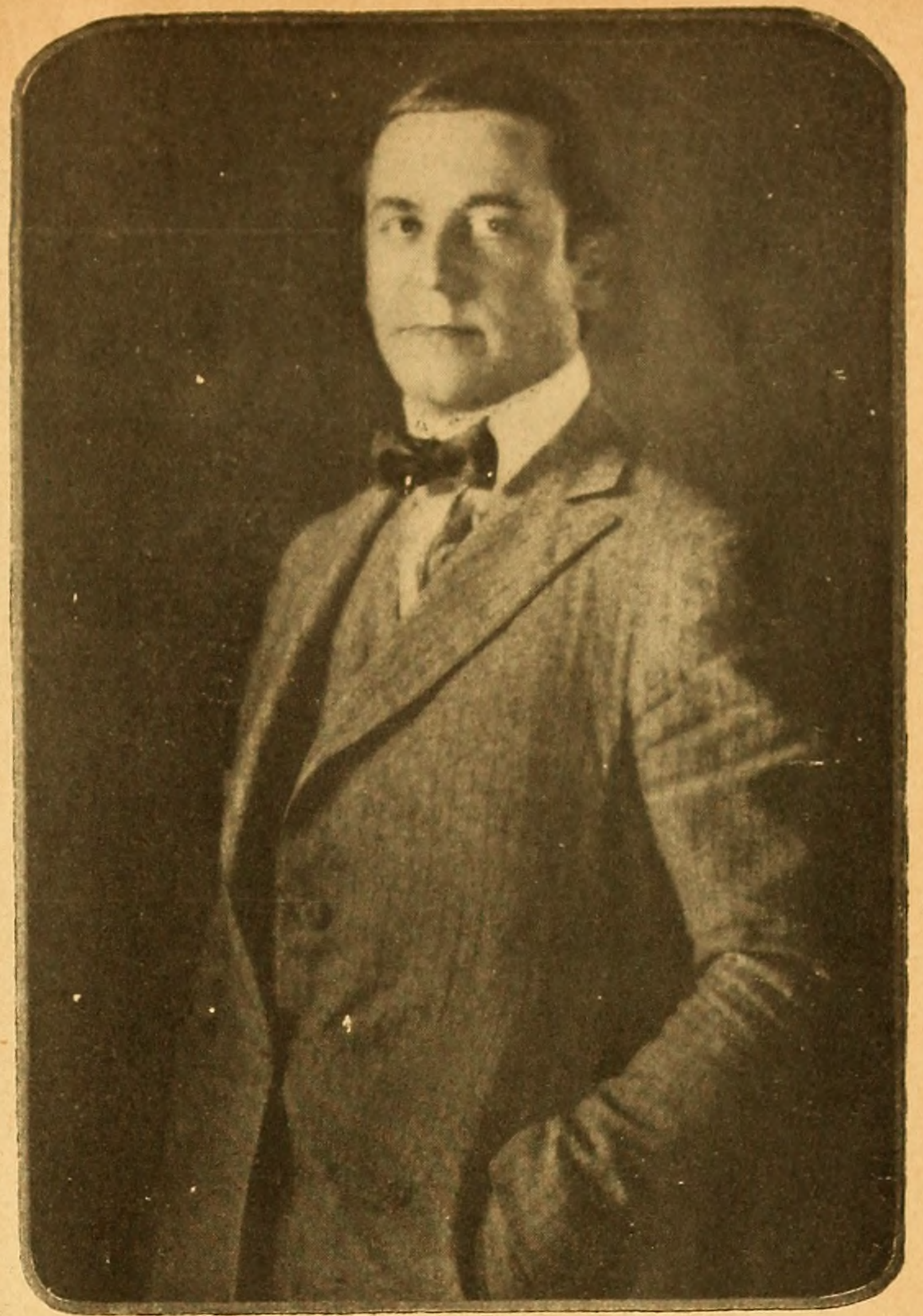
# A Reversal of Roles

By  
MAUDE CHEATHAM

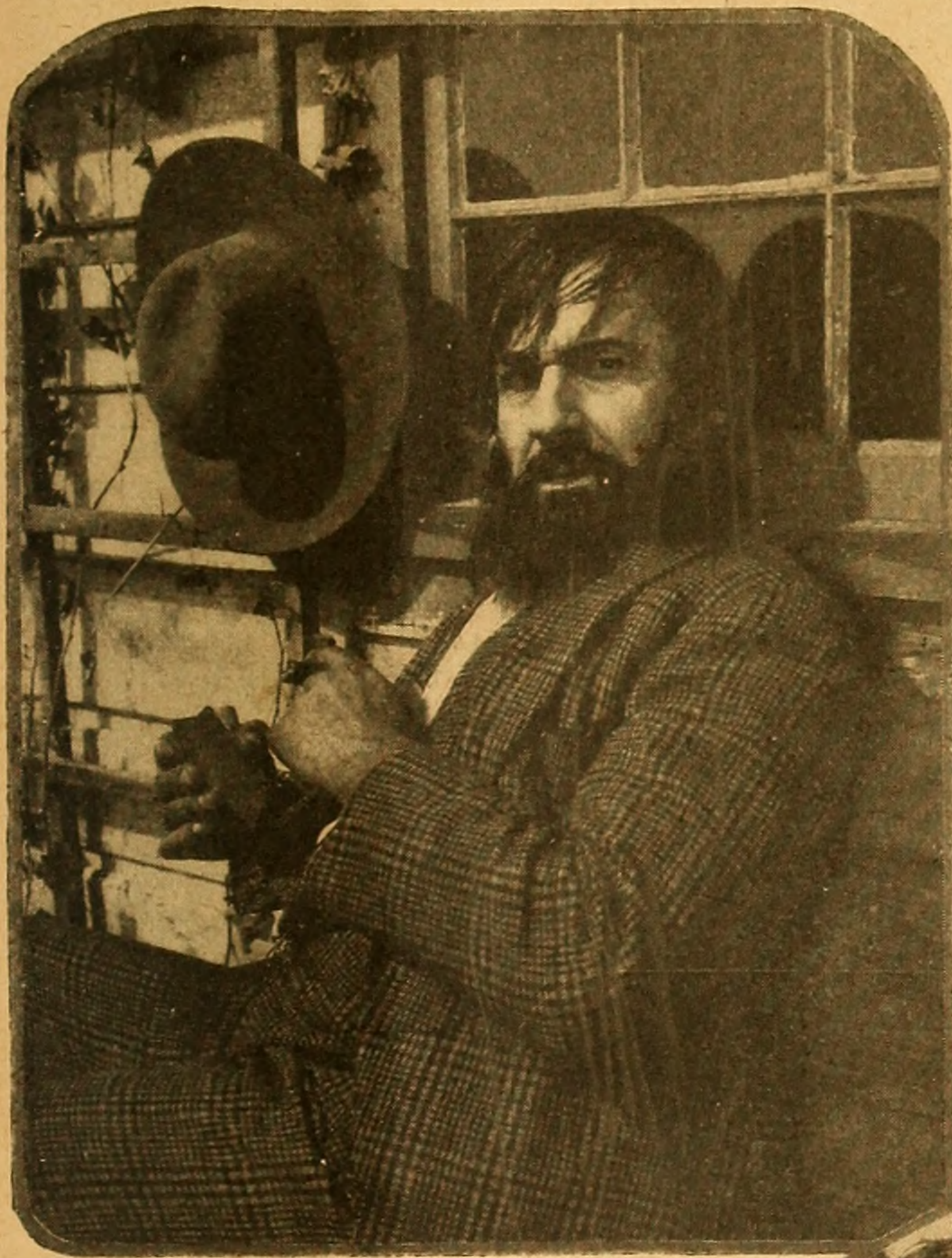
**B**EHIND the sun glasses the eyes were smiling and very genial.

I leaned back in the garden seat reassured, somehow I had imagined Noah Beery would be difficult. Probably, I had unconsciously confused his screen villainies with the man himself, the character actor frequently has to bear the brunt of criticism inspired by his rôle and tho this may be unjust it is a tribute to his art.

"All the girls and women whose lives I have wrecked still like me," he remarked, whimsically, when I mentioned this, "and my wife and son continue to think well of me," and he



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.



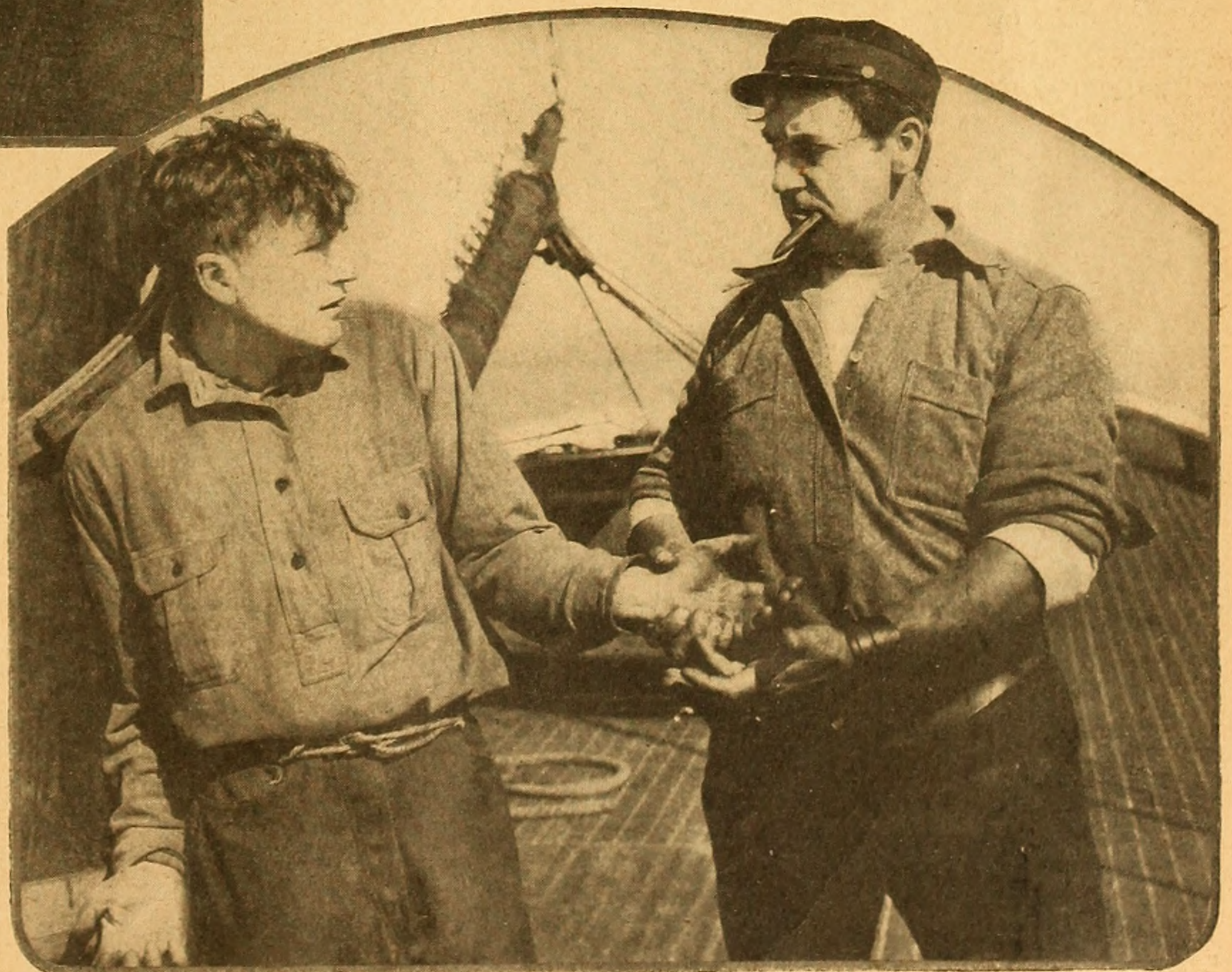
"The real make-up for a character must come from *within*," explained Noah Beery. "It is the result of studying the man until you can feel as he must feel—then your body, your very features, will become responsive to your own mental picture. Above, a portrait of Mr. Beery. Left and below, two character-portraits

smiled broadly at the pretty woman sitting beside me.

"He is the best man in the whole world," quickly confirmed Mrs. Beery, in a sweet, musical voice with its charming Boston accent. "Odd," she continued, "but nine out of ten of Noah's fan letters come from Spanish speaking people and they all comment on the sympathy they find back of his hardness and cruelty, this seems to strike a response in their own temperaments."

"Are you Spanish?" I asked, suddenly, looking at his black, straight hair and dark eyes, tho his height and general *bigness* would dispute this blood.

"No," he replied, "my father  
(Continued on page 102)





# Alias Miss Dupont

By  
CLYDE STUART



“JUST Miss Dupont. No first name.”  
Out at Universal City they introduce you that way, with a conscious, studiously careless pleasure in having puzzled you, to a tall, rather lovely blonde whose grey-blue eyes are as the limpid waters of Lethe, and whose mouth, moistly sweet, ripely scarlet, one likens, futilely, to the forgetful fruit of the lotus.

“Just Miss Dupont. No first name.” Out at Universal City they introduce you that way to a tall, rather lovely blonde. And they have a conscious, studiously careless pleasure in having puzzled you

Photograph by Freulich.



One cant blame the Universal staff for being a little puffed up about their mystery woman. Making a mystery in the film world nowadays—popularly known as “fooling the fans”—is an almost impossible business. But Universal has gone and done it. Miss Dupont-No-First-Name promises to bring many sleepless nights to baffled admirers who would write to her in the familiar vein. Of course, she has a first name, privately, and Dupont isn't her real last name, either. In fact, it's all something of a muddle. Because she has played under the name of Margaret Armstrong, too, yet that isn't her real name, either. It's—but why spoil it all—until the last paragraph anyway?

Miss Dupont has height, an acceptable tithe of magnificence in her beauty, and a degree of sweet dignity, apparently all the essentials necessary to the making of a Juno. Yet there is something, perhaps it is the sweetness, that bars her from the goddess-metaphor. Goddesses inspire awe. Miss Dupont, if I may judge from observations of myself and others, is more likely to inspire fatuity. One thinks, quite idiotically, of a luscious peach ripe for the plucking. One watches, fascinatedly, the slight smile at the corner of

(Continued on page 84)



# A Question of Honor

By  
SUSAN ELIZABETH  
BRADY

ANNE WILMOT paused a moment on the banks of a wide river bed, thru the center of which, trickled a small flow of water, her attention arrested by a huge boulder lying in mid stream. The water purred and gurgled and rippled around it, in a most alluring invitation. What a gorgeous place to rest and view the scenery, she thought, and proceeded to take off her shoes and stockings and wade thru the icy mountain brooklet. She climbed up the slippery sides of the rock to its broad top, and sat very still for a long while.

All around her stretched the picturesque Sierras—infinite hills—their peaks lost in Heaven. Everything was fresh and cool and quiet, the only sound the murmur of the tiny brook against the big boulder that divided it. What a contrast to the feverish life she had just left, where there was never quiet—or peace.

She had come out to this mountain country with her aunt at the invitation of the man who wanted to marry her, Leon Morse. He was a Wall Street promoter and was going to tunnel a railroad thru the mountain—or something—making for himself thereby, undreamed millions. Anne's ideas of just what he was doing were rather vague. However she did not trouble about it. The bracing air, the rugged grandeur of the scenery, the sparkling mountain streams, the wild flowers that grew everywhere in riotous profusion, were salutary stimulants to a mind surfeited with *thé dansants*, theatres, bridges, and the crowded confusion of a great eastern city. She wore becoming knickers and tramped the hills from morning till night.

She laid on top of the moss encrusted rock in placid contentment with the change. The sky was so blue. The brook babbled so gently. Everything was so still—

There was a sudden roaring in her ears. A solid wall of water was rushing toward her. It hit the boulder with a mighty crash, and thus deflected from its course went swirling past—a raging torrent—completely filling the river bed.

She jumped to her feet in a fright. What had happened? The little flow of water she had crossed had looked perfectly tame. She did not know of course, that it happened to be the channel for the overflow from a big dam to the main stream. But she had no time for wonder.



With horror filled eyes, she watched the water rise. Its spray was even now dashing over the top of the highest part of the rock on which she stood. She screamed in shrill terror.

Bill Shannon was eating his noon day meal with his inseparable companion old Sheb, near the seething river. They accorded it scarcely a glance. They were merely conscious of the fact that the flood gates had been opened and the great avalanche of released water was thundering down its undisputed way.

Shannon raised a crisp curled piece of bacon to his mouth, but got it no further.

"'S matter?" asked old Sheb, "too hot?"

"I heard a woman scream," replied Shannon.

"Aw shucks," retorted Sheb, "its only the river howl-

All around her stretched the picturesque Sierras—infinite hills—their peaks lost in Heaven. Everything was fresh and cool and quiet. What a contrast to the feverish life she had just left!





She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless

in'. There aint a female in a thousand miles o' here."

But he had scarcely finished the sentence before he heard it too.

Shannon ran to the river's edge. Anne Wilmot was clinging desperately to the rock, the top of which was barely visible above the furious surge of the river. He knew he must act quickly to save the girl from being swept off her feet to a horrible death.

Overhead was a wire stretched clear across the stream with a trapeze like trolley, which was used to carry men across, while the gates of the dam were open. It was the only chance. He cut the trolley loose from its mooring and it slid slowly out on the wire. Hanging by his knees from the cross-bar, like a circus performer, he swung out over the river.

"Grab my hands, when I get to you," he shouted to the bewildered and terrified girl.

How he got her safely to the other side, Providence alone can say, but he did. Anne gathered herself together, and sized up her rescuer. He was young, clean, good looking, but his rough camping clothes gave her the wrong impression. She assumed the condescending manner one adopts toward privileged servants.

"I am Anne Wilmot," she said, with a trace of hauteur. "I thank you for saving my life."

"I am Bill Shannon," the man replied. "Dont thank me. I'd have done the same for anybody."

Anne was miffed—decidedly. She was accustomed to adulation—no less—from the male sex. She would at least exact respect from this outrageous person, who did not seem to be aware of any inferiority.

"Here is some money my good man," she said holding out a well filled purse, but Shannon merely turned his back on her.

"This is private property you know," he said at last, "you are trespassing."

In her amazement she ignored the rudeness.

"Well I happen to be visiting the man who owns it—or—er—at least has the right of way——"

"Morse!" ejaculated Shannon, interrupting.

"Do you know him?" asked the girl more confused than ever.

"He knows me," chuckled Shannon. "Just ask him if he knows Bill Shannon? Good morning," he added suddenly, recalling his uneaten lunch.

Anne left then, perforce, barely acknowledged his ironical bow.

She did not know that Shannon had the right of way of that particular tract of land, not Morse. Neither did she know that Morse had tried first bribery, and almost got killed for his pains, then threats, which were ignored, and was now resorting to out and out crookedness, to get the right of way for himself. Morse was an unscrupulous promoter and wanted the fat dividends a railroad would

bring. Shannon was an engineer up there on a mission entrusted to him. He had what the other man lacked, ideals, and the courage to fight for them. His project was a dam and the reclaiming of vast acreage of desert land thru irrigation.

His work was well under way when Morse was seized with the inspiration that sent him flying out to the mountain country. His *modus operandi* was "bribe a man, or break him," and since his attempts at bribery had met with such poor success, he had decided on the harsher measure. Fate threw a convenient tool into his hands in the person of Charles Burkthaler, the biggest ranch owner in the district. Being persuaded that the dam was a menace to the community he was endeavoring to enlist the opposition of the villagers. Aided and abetted by Morse and his henchmen, this state of affairs was beginning to prevail.

Anne learned the story—or a garbled account of it from Morse himself. Her sympathies were all with Shannon. She determined to look him up and offer her congratulations for his gallant defense. At least this is what she told herself. It was a far more personal and feminine reason than that. She was piqued by his indifference to her and could not resist resorting to a woman's form of retaliation.

She sought him near the spot where he had performed his spectacular rescue. He was often there. He thawed visibly under her persistent friendliness and grew warm at her praise of his achievement. Anne felt herself small and insignificant before this stalwart young crusader, who was determined to give the people that greatest blessing, fertile land, in spite of them. Her reserve melted away. He was friendly now, but with true feminine perversity, she could not stop at that.

One day, running across him unexpectedly in the woods, she yielded irresistibly to an impish impulse to



feign a sprained ankle. He shed his indifference in a moment. How strong his arms felt as he carried her thru the woods to his lodge. How tenderly he laid her down on his cot, and how solicitously he offered to bathe her ankle.

Anne got up hastily, declaring she felt much better and limped out on the porch to prove it. There being no further excuse for remaining she started home. Shannon walked with her as far as a rustic bridge over one of the numerous mountain streams. He turned to go, and with a little frightened gasp Anne tripped and fell—as she had intended to—into his arms. He bent his face, so close to hers, kissed her on the mouth. It really frightened her.

"Brute!" she cried, "Beast!"

But he only laughed.

"You didn't want me to kiss you? It's probably the first time in your life you ever paid toll for being a flirt—but it serves you right, my dear."

Anne gave him one haughty backward glance, and turned and ran swiftly down the path, in great confusion.

"Oh be careful of your ankle," he called after her with mock tenderness.

Anne ran all the way home, nor stopped at her own front door, but flew upstairs past her astonished aunt, and flung herself on the bed in her own room. A thousand conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy. She hated him—but she loved him. He despised her—but he had kissed her as tho he loved her. She had never been kissed that way before—but she wanted to be—again. He was so brave and strong, so big and fine. She was on his side—no matter that his opponent was her host and an ardent suitor for her hand—she was on his side.

Her aunt's warning reminder that she must dress for "the ball" brought to an end these turbulent reflections. There was to be a dance at the town hall that night. Ev-

erybody went, and Anne would not have stayed away for anything in the world, since she was perfectly sure her Bill would be there. And so he was.

"How's the ankle?" he said with a wicked twinkle in his usually cold blue eyes. "How about dancing? Can you? Will you?"

"No," replied Anne in a forlorn attempt at a snub.

"Oh yes you will," he said under his breath, pulling her gently but firmly out onto the crowded floor.

Anne was conquered again, but this time she gloried in it. They whirled away to the rollicking strains of an ambitious local orchestra.

The music stopped suddenly. There was a great commotion at the far end of the hall. Burkthaler forced his way thru the crowd to the center of the floor, and proceeded to denounce at the top of his voice, the proposed dam and irrigation project of Shannon. Furnished with clever, tho fallacious, arguments by Morse's men, he had just about succeeded in convincing the credulous villagers present that the dam was an actual menace to their land, their homes and even their person.

Shannon stood perfectly silent while he was speaking, and then in the clamor and hand clapping that ensued at the close of Burkthaler's speech, he stepped out thru the crowd to his side, encouraged by the fervent squeeze Anne had given his hand.

He spoke quietly and convincingly without the bluster that his enemy had employed. So clear, and concise were his statements, so obviously truthful was his report and so friendly and engaging his manner, that the fickle gathering promptly swerved to his side and loudly announced their confidence by cheers. Burkthaler and his gang of roughs retired in high dudgeon, promising between curses, to run Shannon out of town. Idle threat!

Anne went home so proud and happy that she couldn't sleep. She slipped on a negli-

"You are all right now, honey," he said. "I must go and find Bill. Jest lay there till we get back"







And when she showed him her lacerated hands and told him modestly about saving the dam, his eyes filled with unexpected tears. He kissed her hands reverently and tenderly

leaned over the railing and heard Morse's voice. He had not gone to the dance with her, pleading pressing business. She wondered why he was back, but she did not long remain in suspense.

"I wanted to tell you," said a strange voice, "that Burkthaler is going to dynamite the dam and the walls of his tunnel at the same time tonight. Everything is all set. Serves the beggar right for trying to fight people bigger than he is," he added with an obvious attempt at flattery.

"Good," Morse replied, not insensible to the flattery.

The terrible announcement burned itself into Anne's brain like a brand. She hesitated, but only for a moment. Hastily throwing a coat over her negligée, she slipped out thru the back door of Morse's place, and ran thru the woods towards Shannon's lodge. She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless.

Shannon took her face

geé and went out on the balcony which ran around the second story of Morse's lodge. The night was lit by a million stars, and as calm and peaceful in its grandeur, as the wicked men nowhere defiled it by their evil struggling. She

shoulders. An exclamation of anger and amazement from Morse made her conscious of his presence. She hastily got up and pulled her coat on over the offending negligée. She flushed guiltily.

"So," said Morse, biting off the word. "So, you have a lover. I always knew you were a flirt, but I never would have believed this of you. Tipped him off did you? Sold me out? Betrayed me for that——! Well you'll pay for it my girl. I'll take your lover's place for the moment."

He seized the frightened girl in his arms, desire flaming suddenly in his evil eyes.

She did not struggle, but lay quite still. She had her eye on a revolver that she had seen Shannon put on a curtained shelf behind her, before he left. The man loosed his hold for a moment. He had not expected this tame surrender.

"Let me take my coat off Leon," said Anne, with misleading sweetness.

He let go of her altogether, startled out of his habitual caution.

She whipped the revolver down from its shelf and leveled it at the man.

"Oh well, the game is up I guess," he said, with a shrug. "I'll get out and leave you to your lover."

Anne's aunt awaited his return frantic with anxiety. His appearance did not reassure her.

#### A QUESTION OF HONOR

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Louis B. Mayer production, based on the scenario of Josephine Quirk, adapted from the Ruth Cross serial in *People's Home Journal*, and directed by Edwin Carewe. Starring Anita Stewart.

The cast:

Anne Wilmot.....	Anita Stewart
Bill Shannon.....	Edward Hearn
Leon Morse.....	Arthur Stuart Hall
Sheb.....	Walt Whitman
Charles Burkthaler.....	Bert Spratte
Stephen Douglas.....	Frank Beal
Mrs. Katherine Wilmot.....	Adele Farrington
Mrs. Elton.....	Mary Land
John Bretton.....	Edward Brady
Parsons.....	Doc Bytel



"It looks as tho she was going to spend the night," he told her, "better send her some clothes."

A servant was hastily dispatched with some clothes and a tearful note from Mrs. Wilmot. Anne accepted the clothes gratefully and cried a little over the note, but she would not leave. Her Bill had told her to wait and she would not dream of leaving.

She did wait.

But after two or three hours she could not stand it any longer. It was almost dawn. Something must have happened to him. Suppose they had dynamited his dam! Suppose he was lying in some heap of debris, wounded—hurt—killed! She must find him. She did not know that Shannon had come back to his lodge just in time to see her lying close in Morse's arms, his face bent down to hers; and heart sick at the sight had gone wandering off again—into the woods—anywhere—the dam and the tunnel clean gone from his mind. A heartless flirt after all! It couldn't be true. But he had seen her passive in his enemy's arms—in his own house. It was too much. No, Anne knew nothing of this. And once more she set out with a high heart to find her man.

She went direct to the big tunnel and stopped short at the sound of voices. Shannon had told her he would station guards both at the tunnel and the dam. It was only these guards talking. She took another step forward, but they were not guards. They looked like tramps. They were doing something with wires. They must be Burkthaler's men!

"The little one is for the tunnel, and the big one is for the dam—see! Don't get 'em mixed. We'll clear out now—'s all set. Twenty minutes more, and up she goes," said one harsh voice.

"Aw'right," said the other. "Dirty job. Some fight those guys put up that was guarding the place—wasn't it?"

"Sure was," replied the first voice. "The fifty bucks we gets dont hardly seem enough—count-in' the scrap and everything."

The two men withdrew and Anne came over where they had been standing.

"The big wire is for the dam," she said, "as tho she were reciting a lesson. 'I'll save the dam for him, anyway.'"

She began to cry in her excitement. She picked up a sharp edged rock and hacked and pounded on the big wire. Twenty minutes! They had stood talking for five minutes after that. That left her fifteen. It seemed to Anne that she had been at it for an hour. Her hands were sore and bleeding from the unaccustomed work—but the wire was nearly cut thru—two or three more blows—but her hands hurt so. She could scarcely control them, but she *would* finish the job. Twenty minutes must be

up by this time, but still she pounded away. "Oh, dear God," she cried, "let me save his dam; help me to save his dam." The big wire snapped in two. "Bill!" she screamed, and knew no more.

A terrific explosion shook the ground. Burkthaler had set off the fuse in perfect time, but the dam was saved.

Old Sheb, who was standing guard at Shannon's offices, was the first to get to the mouth of the tunnel. Anne was lying half-buried underneath a veritable avalanche of dirt and broken timber. Her face was white, and her eyes were closed and a little trickle of blood had smeared itself across her cheek. The old man blanched at the sight, but he resolutely went to work to extricate her.

He carried her limp body all the way to Shannon's lodge, his old legs trembling at  
(Continued on page 101)

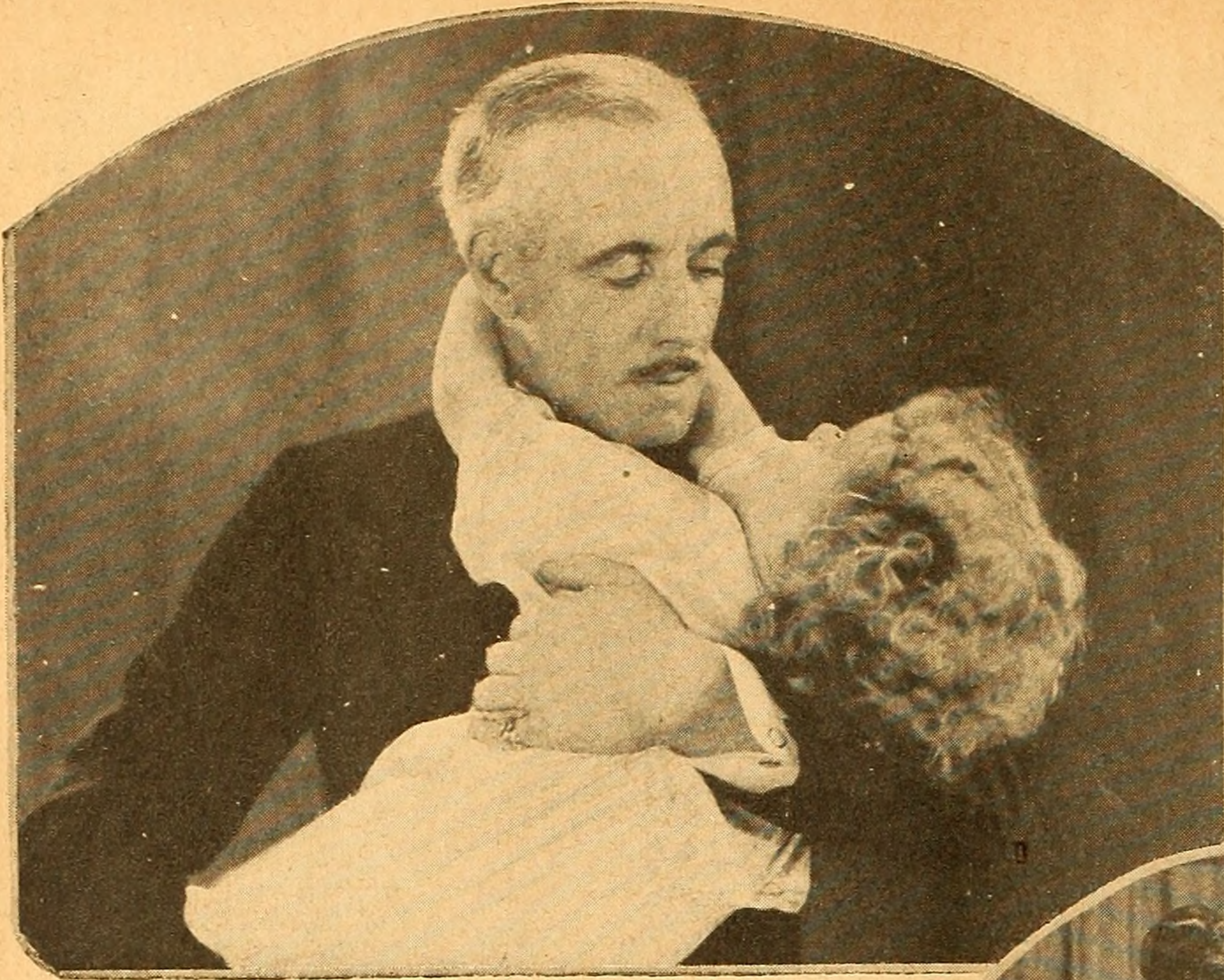
"Oh, no," replied Anne happily, "I want to stay here always. I couldn't be lonely at the edge of the world, with your arms around me"





# Across the Silversheet

## The New Screen Plays In Review



Above, a scene from "The Child Thou Gavest Me"; at the right, Elsie Ferguson, in "Footlights," a picture which is built entirely about her splendid characterization; and below, Rudolph Valentino, in the name rôle of "The Sheik," which, incidentally, is not so thrilling a motion picture as it is a novel



**T**HE story of "Peter Ibbetson" by George DuMaurier is perhaps one of the loveliest things known to the stage. For a background it had a garden in old France where people living, took time to live—and to dream.

"Peter Ibbetson" has come to the screen. For a great part it has been left as it was in the original translation, in so far as the action is concerned. And up to this point it is invested with only a little less charm than it possessed behind the footlights. But suddenly those responsible for the production seem to lose confidence in their methods and they cram it brimful of action, which might well be called melodramatic. More is the pity.

Peter and Mimsi were children when the story began — children neighbors who played together under the blossoming apple-tree in Peter's sunny garden. Then misfortune sent Peter to England where he grew to manhood under the guardianship of a worldly uncle, Colonel Ibbetson. He rebelled against the sophisticated life to which his uncle has brought him and eventually was forced to depend upon his own resources. And the dreamer, faced by the realities of life, found his resources far from reliable.

Peter and Mimsi eventually found one another again but it availed them nothing in the material sense of the word. It was then that their ability to dream—to dream true, as they called it—came to their rescue.

If motion pictures were not forced to live up to their name—with constant motion, and if charm was not, therefore, sacrificed to action first, last and always, "Peter Ibbetson" would have been a delightful shadow story.

Perhaps the finest portrayal is contributed by George Fawcett as Major Dequenois. In one particular instance Mr. Fawcett does a piece of work which might well be remembered with episodes of Henry Walthall's "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation." It is not similar, the work of Mr. Fawcett, except in its excellency.

Wallace Reid has been entrusted with the rôle of the dreamer, Peter Ibbetson. It may be said to his credit that he has been earnest in his effort. Several times he came thru with fire but, on the whole, he is not the



By  
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Peter which DuMaurier sketched in his story.

And Elsie Ferguson is Mimsi—Mimsi who teaches Peter to dream true for she is Peter's dream. Miss Ferguson has endowed Mimsi with imagination and great charm.

There are other popular players in the cast too. Elliott Dexter is splendid as Peter's scientist father and Dolores Cassinelli colorful as Dolores, a dancer.

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT—  
FIRST NATIONAL

The latest importation, "One Arabian Night" is not so worthy as its predecessors despite the fact that it is rich in characterizations.

In the first place it is not a story which may be readily told in the day of censorship. It tells of strange lands in other days and even history may not be authentically reproduced.

The story is that of "Sumrun." Those who saw it several seasons ago back of the footlights remember the colorful story of the Old Sheik and his harem; of the hunchback clown who cherishes a great love for the primitive Gypsy dancer who finally delights the old Sheik when the traveling troupe of which she is a member reaches the city. There are all sorts of complications in the harem and most of them prove tedious to the audience, as the story's thread weaves an intricate, tho colorful pattern.

As far as we have been able to discover, this numbers among the early efforts of Ernst Lubitsch, who also gave the screen "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." In "One Arabian Night" may be seen evidences of his groping—he lacks the fine restraint which marks his other work, proclaiming rather than suggesting. Nevertheless the same fault does not mar his characterization of the hunchback clown. This is one of the most poignant portraits which the screen has shadowed.

Pola Negri is the dancer and her portrayal is almost as splendid in its own way as that of Mr. Lubitsch. She makes the desert dancer a creature of gold and scarlet. There is an abandon to her typical of the rôle and we noticed her absence from the screen resulted in tedium.

Then Paul Wegner deserves special commendation for his impersonation of the Old Sheik who masks his

(Continued on page 108)

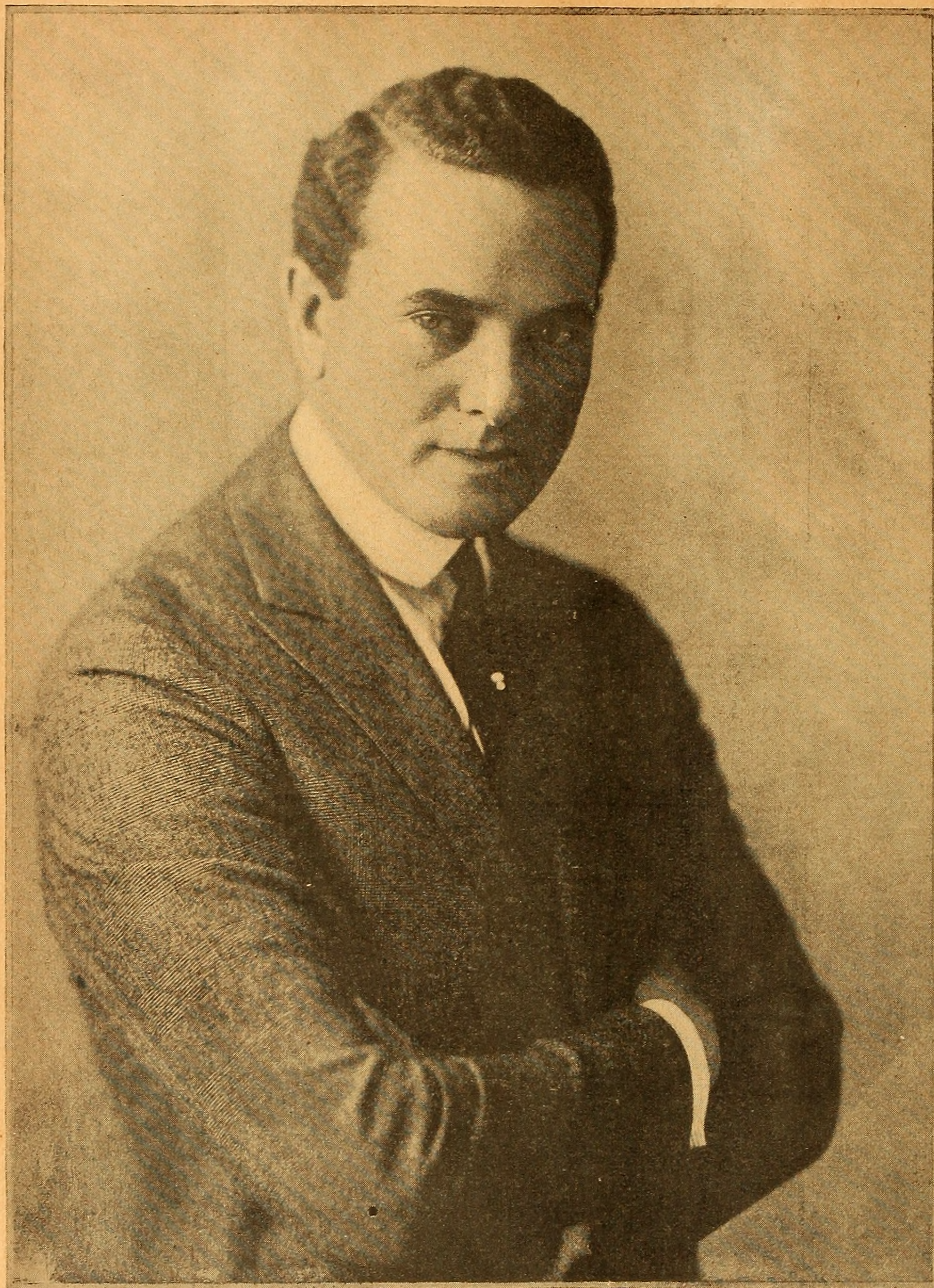


Above, the two leading characters of "I Accuse," the work of Abel Gance, French poet and author; at the left, Pola Negri, in "One Arabian Night," an importation not as worthy as its predecessors; and below, Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid, in "Peter Ibbetson"





## Nix. on the Matinée Idol



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

"If I had only been content to let the world have its way with me," admitted Herb Rawlinson, "I could have played many popular parts as a smiling, curly-headed matinée idol, but I wont do it, because life is too short, and I want to act—not smirk!"

And now the most famously fascinating portrayer of "crook" characters is coming back to the screen as a star in his own right, after four years of thankless free-lancing, in which he has supported almost all the best stars of the opposite sex in the business.

And Herby is glad to get back, under the circumstances, I have his word on that. Not that he is personally staging any theatrical come-back, but that once again he will be playing the kind of parts which made him famous in that series beginning with "Come Thru," and so on down the line.

"It seems like all the best parts I ever had in pictures have either been crooks or detectives," he said, as we seated ourselves in the lounge-room of the Los Angeles

Athletic Club and tried to hear each other speak above the raucous paging of a Mr. Marshall Neilan by a very lungy little page boy in gold buttons.

I remembered that picture "Come Thru," in which a kinky-haired young man with long legs and broad shoulders burst into screen-light as a young crook who danced and danced. That was more than four years ago—almost five. After that, this young man, whose eyes always seemed to refuse to listen to reason, appeared in other crook dramas for Universal, among them being "Smashing Thru" and "The Flash of Fate." It was Herby Rawlinson. Then came studio difficulties and he left the "U" to go out into the great world to make his fortune.

"If I had been content to let the world have its way with me, I could have played many popular parts as a smiling, curly-headed matinée idol, but I wont do it because life is too short and I want to act—not smirk. I like crook parts, and it seems like I have almost always played a crook or a detective, altho my first new starring picture will not be that sort of thing, it will be thrilling, and I must have thrills!"

Living at an athletic club is good for keeping fit. Herb says he has weighed his one

hundred and seventy pounds ever since he has been in pictures. But before he was in pictures, he was on the stage, having decided to be an actor at the age of thirteen, when he ran away with a circus in Pennsylvania after arriving in this country from England by way of Canada. You see, he was born at Brighton, England, and, ever since he was old enough to hold a hammer, he made miniature stages with little actors on them, and thus entertained the neighborhood children. It didn't please his family, who were not connected with the stage, and so they sent him to a farm in Canada, where all bad little English boys go, he found a pal there with pal-ish thoughts, and they ran away to join the circus in the great United States. From that time on, his career star-ward was what any young man's has been.

But today Herbert Rawlinson is thinking things over. To see him in the Athletic Club lounge, or on the screen, one would think he had never been introduced to "care" or "worry." But he says he has. I accused him of having an Irish soul in a British body, but he shook his head, which is set securely on a stalwart column of bronzed throat—the bronzing process having been undergone while he was up in British Columbia, recently, with Priscilla



By GORDON

Dean in "The Conflict," where he had to play the part of a lumber-jack and ride on run-away log rafts and everything.

But he is so filled with the joy of living that his soul cannot be somber long.

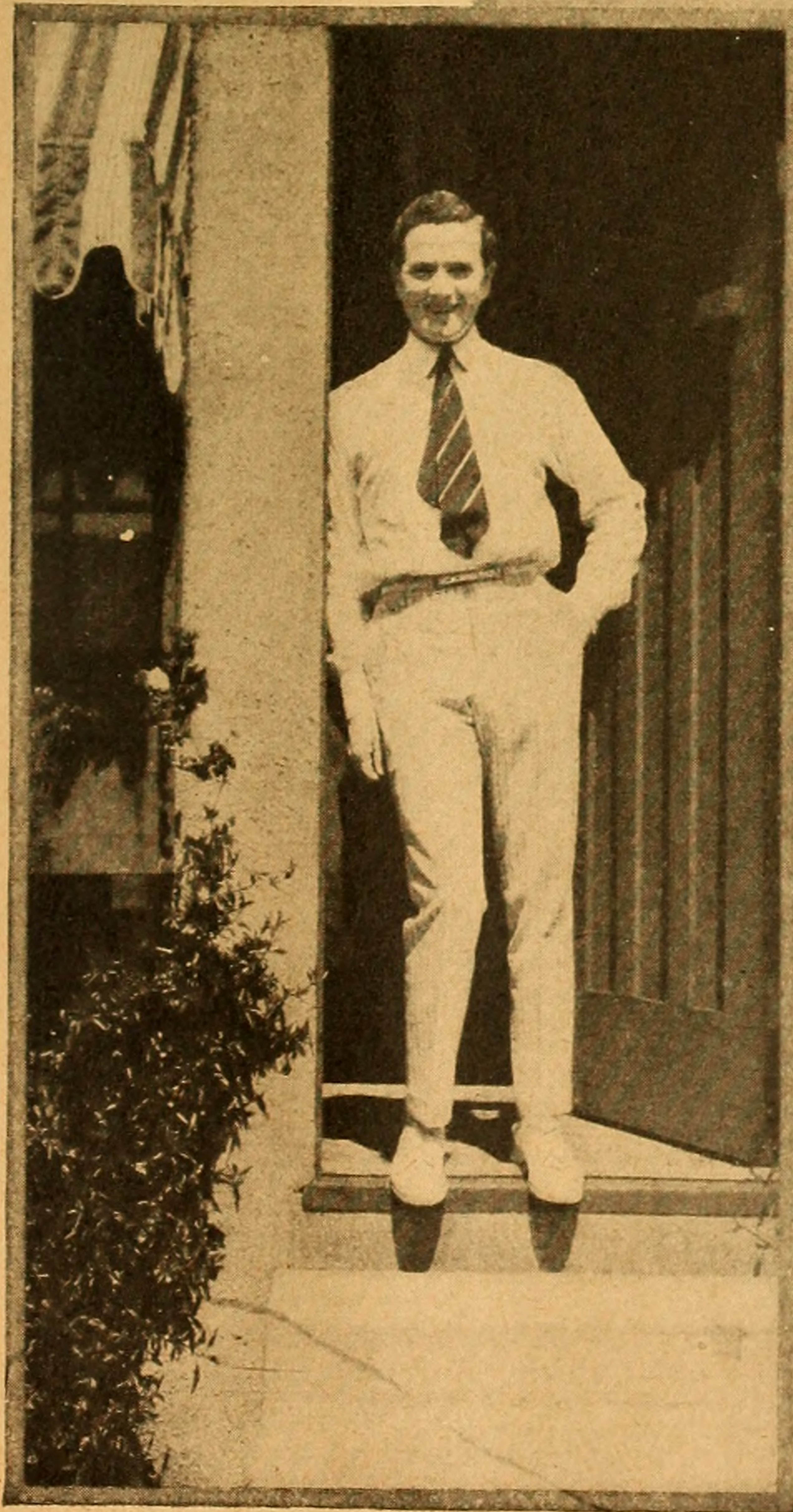
"The world wants action. Now, more than ever before," he offered, with a soft burring of the words in his pleasant voice, as he rolled a cigaret with white paper, "and so I am going to give 'em action in my new picture at Universal."

It is perhaps a mark of fate that the gentlest characters, in real life, are most often selected to play wild



GASSAWAY

ful and gentlest of fathers and husbands at home. Herbert Rawlinson is the most straight-forward and the least devious young man of my acquaintance, and yet he is the best-known portrayer of crook characters the screen has ever put forth. He is so honest he is hard to interview. He wont dissemble, and to him a spade is very much a spade. It is not a hoe nor a rake nor the ace of clubs. That is why, I think, he said a lot of things which he prefaced with the remark: "This is not for publication!" but all of them to do with some (Cont'd on page 89)



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Ever since he was old enough to hold a hammer, he made miniature stages, with little actors, and thus entertained the neighborhood children. It didn't please his family, who were not connected with the stage, so they sent him to Canada, where all bad little English boys go. There he found a pal, and they joined a circus in the United States

and wicked villains on the screen. The most domestic actresses are chosen for vamps. The happiest fathers are the screen's greatest Don Juans. Warner Oland is the kindest man and the greatest rascal I know—on the screen. "Bob" McKim, the screen's best-known professional villain, is the most thought-





# On The Camera Coast - -

**I**T has been an exciting month with the Cinamese coming and going to jail, getting married, and performing other nefarious acts. There seems to be a decided spirit of unrest in the colony.

GLORIA SWANSON SUED

Gloria Swanson has been a sued and suing young lady. For the second time within a month she scaled into headlines thru regular court procedure. First she announced the institution of court action for divorce. Now comes the announcement that she will also appear as a defendant in the high tribunals. To quote the repressed *Examiner*:

"One of the most sensational legal battles in the annals of Los Angeles probate courts loomed yesterday when the relatives of the late Matthew P. Burns filed a contest to his will



Just above is Bill Hart, snapped informally between scenes. Bill is not so serious, after all. At the right is William B. de Mille. The responsibility of bringing "Miss Lulu Bett" to the screen recently rested upon his shoulders. Below, Wally Reid and his leading lady, in an illustration of the hardships we have always heard the players suffered while "on location"



in which they charged Gloria Swanson, the screen star, and her mother with exerting undue influence on Mr. Burns."

It is alleged that the decedent toppled for the charms of Gloria, but upon learning some time later that she was married, he transferred his affections to her mother and married her. The widow, Mrs. Adeline J. Burns, who is the mother of Gloria by a previous marriage, is the chief beneficiary in the estate of \$100,000. The brothers and sisters of the deceased man now allege that



By  
HERBERT HOWE

he was of unsound mind at the time of framing his will, and that the star and her mother employed unfair influence over him.

To all of this Miss Swanson replies, "Absurd."

A MARRY, MARRY MONTH

I am pleased to announce that there have been more marriages than divorces this month in Hollywood, hence the race may yet be saved from suicide. Fond fans, your handkerchiefs!

Ralph Graves, of "Dream Street," arrived on Hollywood Boulevard a married man. On his way thither from New York, as the story goes, he fell by the wayside in St. Paul and married Marjorie Seaman, a young stock company actress. The two met, saw and were mutually conquered at



Above, May McAvoy photographed in her California home; at the left, Viola Dana registers difficulty in understanding her director; below, Charles Spencer Chaplin apparently does not agree with Mister Director in the "business" he has recently explained to Elliott Dexter



the Griffith studio, whence came Miss Seaman in quest of a film career. The romance ripened in New York and was preserved in St. Paul. That's all, there isn't any more—for the time being.

I turn to other chimes—

William Boyd and Ruth Miller, whom you have observed in the ensembles of Paramount pictures, were married at the home of Sylvia Ashton, character actress, in Hollywood. 'Twas as old-fashioned a wedding as any that ever was screened. Among the guests were

(Continued on page 104)





# The Sister of Jane---and the Sister of Katherine

By  
LILLIAN MONTANYE

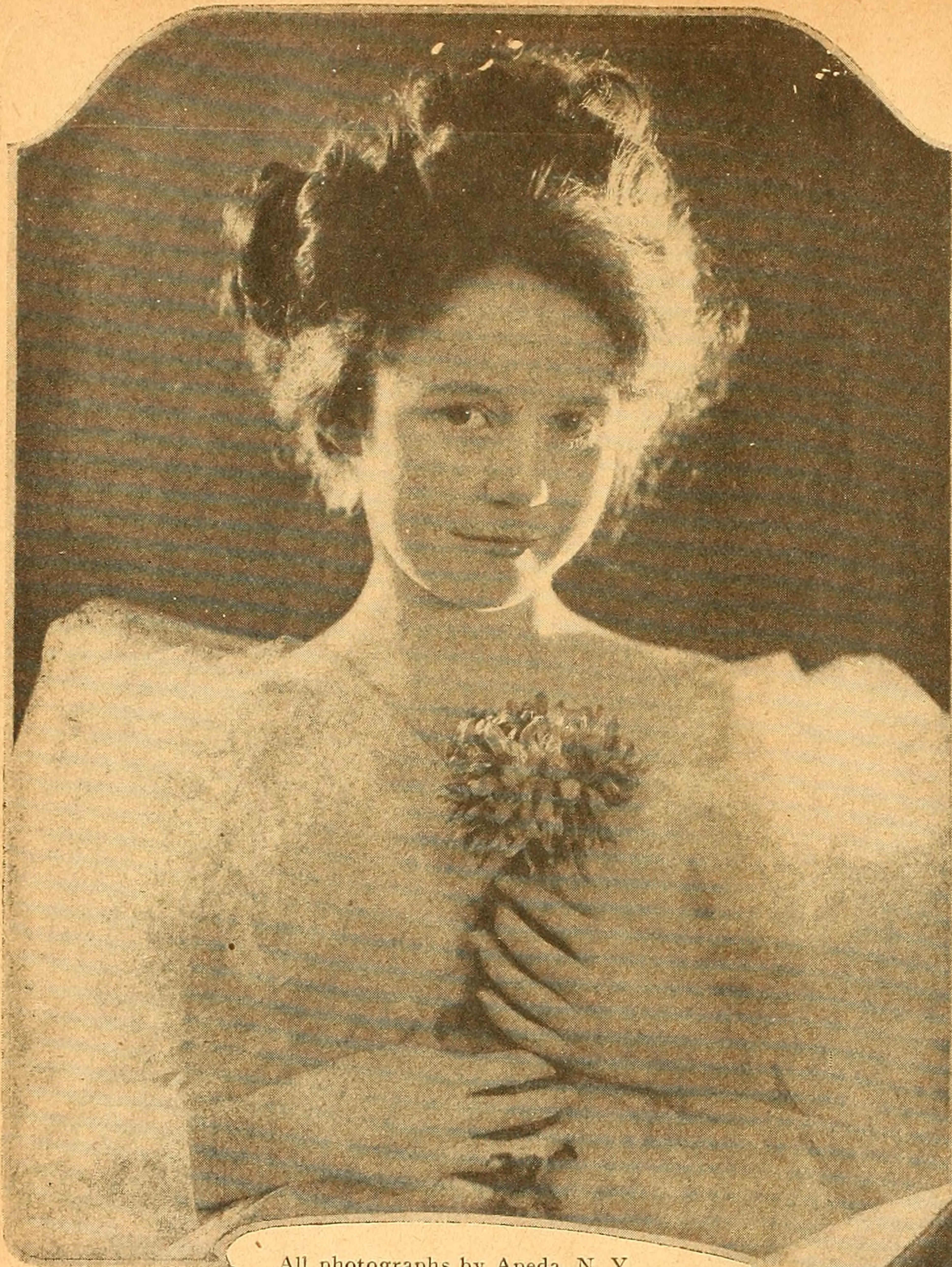
they were exactly as you remember them—round-faced, rosy-cheeked Jane, pert and saucy—sweet, slender Katherine, grave and whimsical.

To describe their delectable act and their more than delectable acting is not possible. Suffice it to say that they show what two movie children with irrepressible spirits

and no sense of responsibility can do when turned loose with a new and inexperienced director. It's a clever act, and the children romp thru it with such unstudied abandon it's hard to remember that they're only acting. And then, at the end, the director stages a death  
*(Continued on page 86)*

Since the Lee children began their stage career, two years ago, they have been from coast to coast. But Mrs. Lee has kept the same apartment in New York they had while they were in pictures. Even tho they are not there much, it is a home—a place to come back to. As Jane said, practically: "Well, we're leaving tomorrow, but we're coming back. We always *have* come back"

and no sense of responsibility can do when turned loose with a new and inexperienced director. It's a clever act, and the children romp thru it with such unstudied abandon it's hard to remember that they're only acting. And then, at the end, the director stages a death  
*(Continued on page 86)*



All photographs by Apeda, N. Y.

EVERY now and then letters come to the offices of Brewster Publications asking, "What has become of the Lee children?" "Where are our two 'Baby Grands' who used to frolic all over the screen and bring joy to many hearts? Aren't they ever coming back?"

We knew they were touring the country in a vaudeville act, but that was all we knew. And when we passed a theater one day, and on the billboard, in letters a foot high, was an announcement: "Jane and Katherine Lee in 'The New Director'"—we decided to find out for ourselves about these former starlets of filmdom and pass the information on to our readers.

From our seat down front, we watched the conclusion of a song and dance act, but thru the audience was an air of expectancy. And while we were reflecting upon the fact that never before had we seen so many children in a vaudeville theater, nor of an afternoon so many fat, bald, good-natured looking men—the charming young dancer made her final bow, and amid a storm of applause came tripping upon the stage—Jane and Katherine Lee. They wore gingham pinafores, sunbonnets, socks and sandals—and





# Greenroom Jottings

**Constance** and **Norma Talmadge** are now in California. Constance will remain long enough for the exteriors of her forthcoming production to be filmed while Norma expects to make two or three pictures before she returns to New York. This gave Norma and Constance a splendid opportunity to visit with Natalie who now resides in California and who they haven't seen since she became **Mrs. Buster Keaton**. Mrs. Talmadge crossed the continent too, of course. It must have been a great reunion.

"**My Boy**" is the title of the next **Jackie Coogan** picture. The story was written by Jack Coogan, Sr. and Victor Herman, the director, and it gives Jackie every opportunity to display his talents.

**William Farnum** has returned from his European wanderings. He has been away since March and as it was his first holiday in twenty-five years he made the most of it. Most of the time he spent motoring thru France and Italy. At Rome he saw the beginning of the erection of the Fox studios.

Now that he is back he declares he is anxious to get before the camera again and Herbert Brenon has been engaged to direct him in a special production.

**Charlie Chaplin's** return from abroad was heralded with luncheons and dinners galore. At one of the festive occasions Mr. Chaplin declared that Europe objected to the American films because they lacked subtlety and featured the sweet-sweet love scenes, dwelling too much on sex. He went on to say that the motion picture would undoubtedly rise to greater heights when producers ceased to underestimate the public's intelligence. We are in hearty accord with Charlie.

**Mildred Harris** has been chosen to play opposite **Thomas Meighan** in his next picture "**A Prince There Was.**" This is the story

which was written and produced by George M. Cohan on the stage.

**Dorothy Gish** proved her versatility one evening not long ago. Her husband, **James Rennie**, is playing in "**Pot-Luck**", a popular New York stage play. When the curtain descended after the first act the leading-lady was taken ill and could not continue with her performance. Chaos reigned back-stage. In front sat the audience, expectant. Then Dorothy came valiantly to the rescue. She had been in the theater frequently during the rehearsals and seen the play several times with the result that she was able to take the leading-lady's place. The play continued without a hitch. Needless to say the audience recognized the popular screen comedienne and greeted her with applause which rang loud and long.

If the announcements can be relied upon the screen will shortly shadow two productions of "**The Little Minister**", James M. Barrie's story. **Penrhyn Stanlaws** is now directing **Betty Compson** in this story in the Western Paramount studios. And **Vitagraph** announce that **Alice Calhoun** will shortly begin work on "The Little Minister" at the Vitagraph Eastern studios. It should prove difficult to decide which production to attend.

**Marie Doro** returned from Europe recently but motion picture studios will not claim her for the time being. She is starring in the stage play of "**Lilies of the Field.**"

**Cecil B. de Mille** is the latest screen celebrity to declare his intention of going abroad. Mr. De Mille has promised himself a vacation for sometime but his trip will not be entirely a holiday. While on the other side he will make arrangements for producing a picture there in the near future.

**Sigrid Holmquist** who is known abroad as the "Swedish Mary Pickford" is to play opposite Eugene



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

When Douglas and Mary Pickford Fairbanks sailed for Europe the other day, there was a tiny third party who waved to the great crowds who came to the wharf to see them off—Mary Pickford II. Little Mary will begin her education abroad, under the tutelage of the finest instructors Aunt Mary can secure



# Greenroom Jottings

O'Brien in his new Selznick production, "**Prophet's Paradise.**"

**Charles Ray** is really coming to New York. Great preparations are being made by the motion picture industry for his arrival. Mr. Ray has not been East in years altho he has often planned a trip. Needless to say his time will be well occupied. He will have all the new stage plays to see; receptions galore; luncheons, teas and dinners; not to mention the scores of interviews he will be subjected to in between times. It is to be hoped that his trip is not planned as a rest!

**Mabel Normand** recently succumbed to the inducements of **Mack Sennett**. She signed a contract which will keep her on the Sennett lot for some time to come. Her salary? It is not definitely known but they do say it belies hard times.

Have you sent **Jackie Coogan** a dime or a quarter, as the case may be, for a photograph. If you have you have indirectly helped the starving Polish children for it is to this fund which Jackie gives this money. He recently visited Paderewski, the famous pianist, at his California ranch where he contributed to this worthy cause.

"**The Prisoner of Zenda**" brings memory of school-days—and the novel of that name backed by an innocent-looking geography. It brings memories of the neighborhood stock-company with the handsome leading-man in the title rôle. Realizing its popularity, **Rex Ingram** is about to bring it to the screen. Of course **Alice Terry** will play the leading feminine rôle. As a matter of fact, it has been said that the Terry-Ingram nuptials have been postponed until its completion. Others in the cast are Robert Edeson, Lewis Stone, Helen Holmes, and Francis MacDonald.

**Anita Stewart** returned to Califor-

nia early this winter after a long rest in the East at her Long Island home. The new wardrobe which she brought back with her will delight the eye in "**The Woman He Married.**"

**Zasu Pitts** finds life just one motion picture after another these days. It permits her little or no time for domesticity. As soon as she finishes playing with **Ethel Clayton** in "**For the Defence,**" she will start work on "**Is Matrimony a Failure?**"

**Vera Stedman** will be absent from the **Christie** comedies for some time. She was recently the mother of twins. However, she contends that she will not desert the screen. Mr. Jack Taylor, a musician, is the proud father.

One by one the players are returning from the other side. **Anna Q. Nilsson** came back to these shores the other day after a sojourn in Sweden where she visited her people. Incidentally, Miss Nilsson remained there long enough to select and purchase a home for her parents.

It is not unlikely that **Charles Spencer Chaplin** may be knighted if he wishes it. Great Britain considered this recently when her native son vacationed on her shores. It is doubtful, however, whether or not Charlie will accept the honor for he is democratic and frankly and openly socialistically inclined.

**Fannie Ward** has given up her apartment in Paris on the Champs Elysees for she has decided to spend the winter in London. Fannie will be missed without a doubt for she was one of the best-dressed women abroad and inevitably pointed out on the Rue de la Paix as the beautiful American actress.

Starring in productions with a goodly share of the directorial responsibility is not sufficient  
(Cont'd on page 88)



Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Sidney Franklin has been guiding the production of "Smilin' Thru." If the above photograph of Norma Talmadge is at all indicative, his must have been a pleasant task



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



Baron de Meyer Photo

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ALL that made manicuring slow and difficult has been done away with. You don't have to soak your nails—you don't have to cut the cuticle. Just work carefully around the nail base with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover; then rinse, and the hard, dry edges of dead skin will simply wipe away.

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

You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made manicuring until you have given it a trial.

This very minute before you forget, sit down and send for a Cutex

Introductory Set. In the cunning little box of black and rose—so smart and taking in itself—you will find samples of everything you need for manicuring this new way—with a book of instructions.

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

### Cutex sets in three sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 60c, at \$1.50 and at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all department stores in the United States and Canada.

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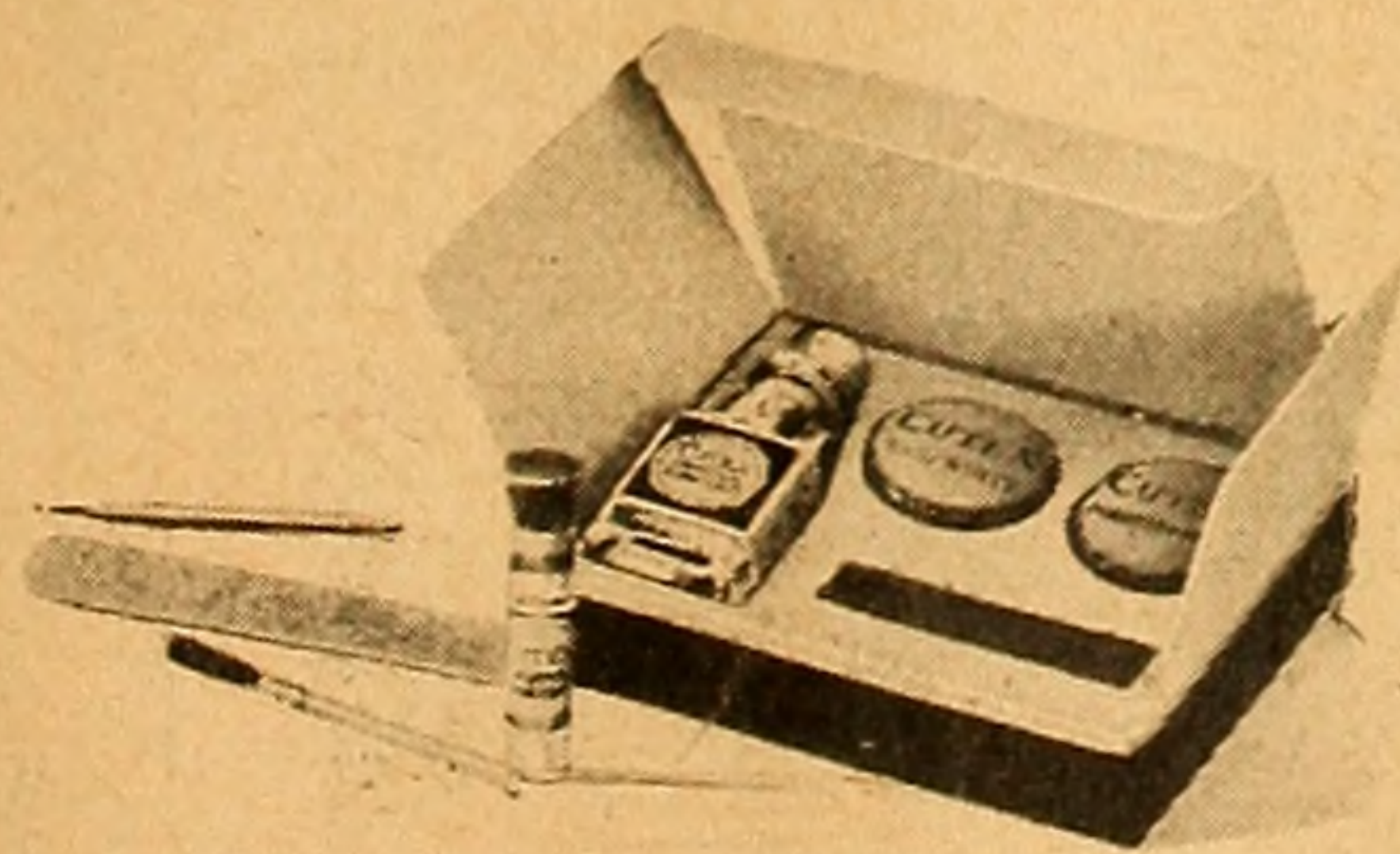


Spread the Polish on the soft part of the hand and burnish by passing the nails lightly over it—or, if you want a still quicker, brighter lustre, coat each nail lightly with Cutex Liquid Polish.



First dip the end of the orange stick in Cutex Cuticle Remover, work carefully around the nail base, then rinse. The hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

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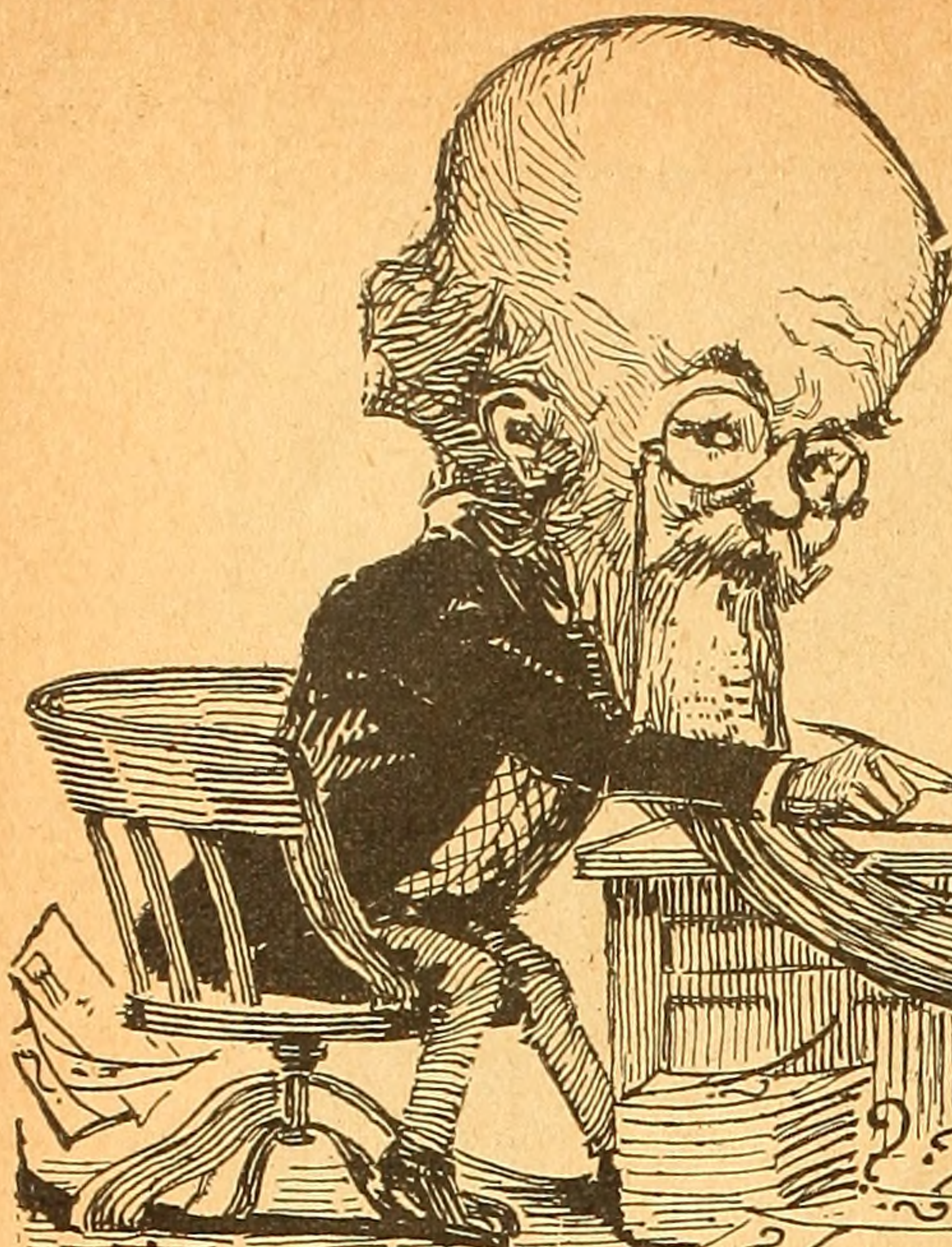
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Contains besides the samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Cuticle Comfort, emery board and orange stick, a little bottle of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, exactly what every woman wants for an instantaneous, dazzling polish. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 801, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



# The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

*This is the last time I will see you this year, so right here I'm going to wish you all a very merry Christmas, and I'll tell old Saint Nick to see that you are all made happy with lots of good cheer.*

**BROWN EYES.**—You are wrong about Norma Talmadge being a mother. Mildred Harris and Thomas Meighan, in "A Prince There Was;" Niles Welch and Elaine Hammerstein, in "The Way of a Maid." Well, there is some hope, if you dont grow worse, but no hope if you dont grow better.

**DIZZY SISTERS.**—Thanks for the hairpins. I suppose I am to use them on my beard. You say, if rain makes flowers beautiful, why dont I stand out in the rain some time. Then you'd say, some folks dont know enough to come in out of the rain. Well, you can ease your mind right now, because Milton Sills is married. He is playing opposite Florence Vidor in "Lucky Damage." Thanks, do write me some more.

**TULIP TOWN.**—Thanks for the three dark-complexioned candied babies. They sure were sweet. You want to know if the Bronx in New York is a city or a hotel. Great guns, no; it's one of the boroughs of New York, and it is very, very thickly inhabited. Elliott Dexter has gone to London to play in pictures. Yes, it is true that Virginia Faire is to play in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

**F. A. R.**—Thanks for the Canadian quarter. Have answered yours by mail.

**PETER S.**—Why dont you write to some of the exchanges, such as Pathé Company, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, or Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

**RUTH C.**—No, Ruth, I dont believe in it. He who gets rich quick is apt to go broke in a hurry. Last time I heard of Peggy Hyland, she was in New York. No, child, I have an excellent disposition. I never murmur without cause, and seldom have cause. But when I do, I use language not according to Hoyle, and quite unparliamentary. No, you're all wrong.

**MARGARET V.**—Some clever letter. You can get in touch with Richard Barthelmess, 565 Fifth Avenue, care Inspiration Pictures, New York. Thanks for the invitation to luncheon, but I'm on a diet now. I have no titles, alphabetical or otherwise, after my name, nor before it. If I were to have some letter appended to my illustrious name, I would prefer C. O. D.

**E. L. M.**—Constance Talmadge's next picture will be "Good for Nothing." You cant make me believe that about Constance's pictures. Yes, "Jane Eyre" was produced about three years ago. Katheryn Burt was the author of "The Branding Iron."

**TOMMY.**—Thanks for the scandal sheet. Allan Forrest, in "The Hole in the Wall," with Alice Lake. Ethel Clayton, in "For the Defense." Yes, Tommy, perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we dont run after them quite so hard.

**CATHERINE M.**—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty. So you are all for Eugene O'Brien. The custom of giving

presents at Christmas is pagan in origin. Once Christmas presents were unknown. The custom was confined to New Year's Day. Baby Marie Osborne is making personal stage appearances. Righto, write me again.

**WYETH L.**—Last I heard of Violet Mersereau she was playing in "Thunderclap," for Fox. May Allison is not playing now. Yes, it is true that Rex Ingram is producing "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Alice Terry. It was produced some six years ago, with James K. Hackett as the star.

**UKALAXON.**—Personality is best, and the most permanent. Beauty is the first present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. Hereafter, read *Beauty* magazines for such things. Gaston Glass is playing opposite Shirley Mason in "The Aliens." Yes, I liked Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights." It is her best picture, but she didn't always look her prettiest. Julian Eltinge, last I heard of him, was improving in health, and expects to enter vaudeville soon.

**HAZEL H. B.**—Pick up the marbles! What did you think, that I wrote the questions as well as the answers? I should hope not. It would be an easy job that way. No, I didn't care, either, for "The Child Thou Gavest Me." It was an impossible sort of thing. Ruth Stonehouse is doing classical dancing on the stage. Write me some more.

**PAT O' PARIS.**—Begorra, I have no wife, Pat! You cant keep 'em down. Yeast, tho compressed, will rise again! Frank Mayo recently divorced his wife and married Dagmar Godowsky. You cant blame her for wanting to change her name. Alice Calhoun is to play the little minister in the Vitagraph production by that name, while Betty Compson is to play it for Famous Players. Vitagraph produced this play about seven years ago, with Clara Kimball Young. Drop in again some time, Pat.

**FRANCES B.**—You want an interview with Rudolph Valentino. So, so. He is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the Lady Letty." Harrison Ford, opposite the Talmadges. Your letter is rather gloomy, Frances. As the artist and the poet love the storm, so must we learn to love the clouds of life, because they help to make the coming sunshine brighter. So cheer up!

**KU KLUX KLAN.**—Indeed! Certainly, I believe in the New Thought. Why shouldn't I—who doesn't? We should think nothing but beautiful thoughts of beautiful things, dream of nothing but beautiful color and tender hues, and seek nothing but lovely tones and graceful lines. No idea where you can secure a picture of that player. Agnes Ayres is playing in "The Lane That Has No Turning," with Mahlon Hamilton.

**VIVIAN.**—Yes, I like perfume. Were you thinking of sending me some? The manufacturers of perfume in Italy consume annually about 1,850 tons of orange blossoms, 1,000 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasmine and violets and fifteen tons of jonquils. We have plenty of perfume around here. Corliss Palmer is making it. William E. Park was Bill in "The Ghost of the Gar-





# Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use  
A cleansing cream at night

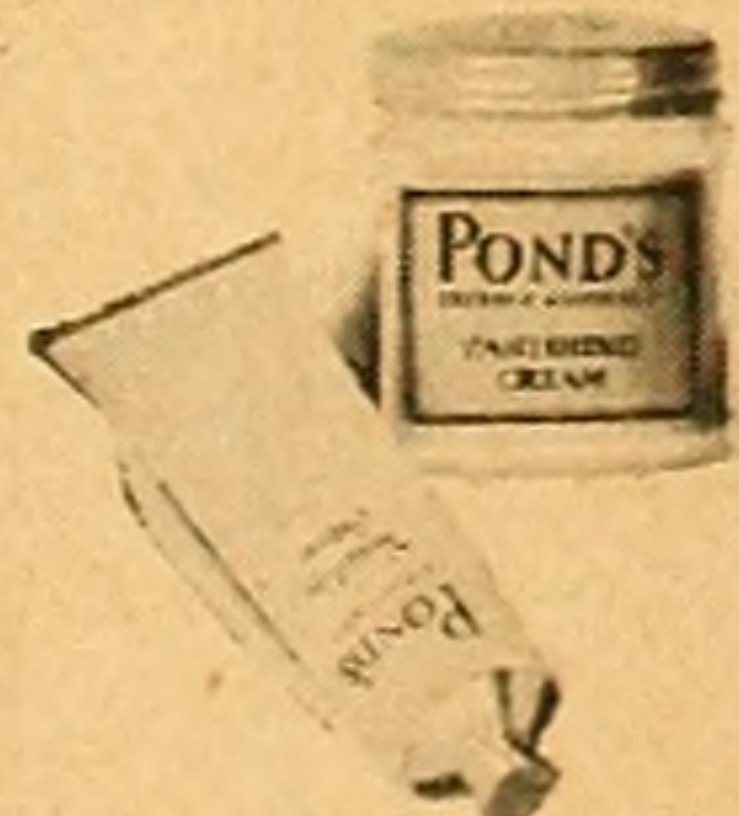
*Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil*

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

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

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

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

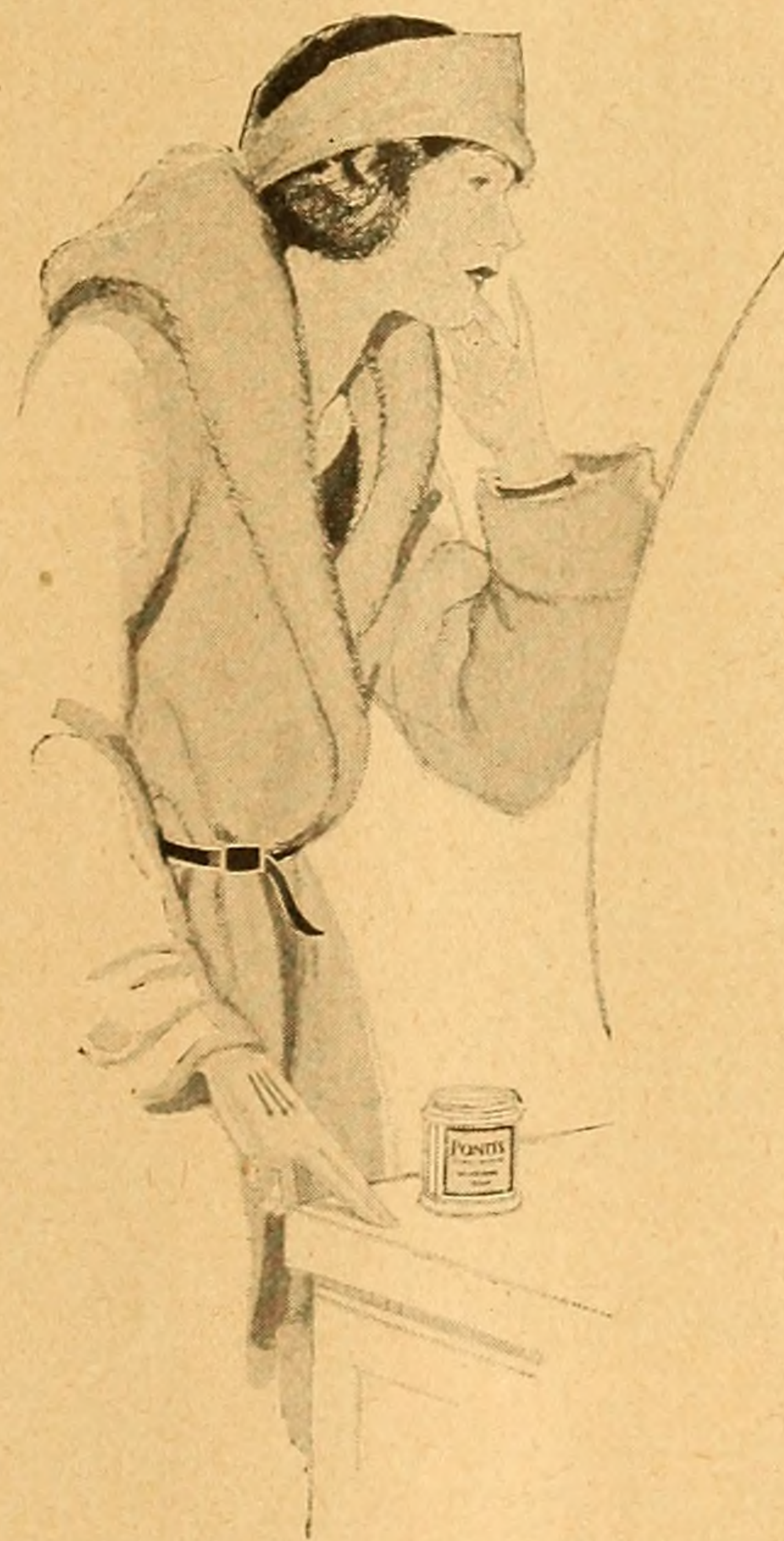


## POND'S Vanishing Cream

Start using these two creams today

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

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



Before going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

*Flaws prevented by nightly cleansing with oil cream*

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

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

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



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GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

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143 Hudson St., New York.

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

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# The Answer Man

rett." Edwin August, in "The Idol of North." Claire Anderson, in "The Road Demon," they were pretty old pictures.

THE SPAGHETTI GIRL.—So you and your father own the largest spaghetti factory in Colorado. Aren't you well! So you think that my departure is wholesome—has a good flavor, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. Thanks, so does spaghetti. Ink hearty.

HENRY G. J.—No, I don't advise you to study hypnotism.

TRIXIE B.—By no means, Trixie send New Zealand stamps for a subscription. Send a money order equivalent to \$3.50. Milton is going to play in "Miss Lulu Bett." You're welcome.

MARION B.—Yes, it is true that Van Dyke Brooke died on September seventh at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Remember when he had to direct Norma Talmadge? He surely was one of the first directors, and one of the best of his time. Bert Lytell, in "Keep Off the Grass." I never measured it myself, but I am told that the Capitol at Wington is four hundred and fifty-one feet four inches long and three hundred and fifty feet wide, taking its greatest dimensions.

STEW.—Charles Ray is in Los Angeles. But didn't you know that fire is extinguished much more quickly by salt water than fresh? Hence, if you ever have a fire in your town, take a train and run down to Atlantic City and get some salt water. George Chesbro is playing in "The Coil," a series of Northwest stories.

CORSET COVER.—Well, that's some name. No, I am not too old to walk. Every day I try to walk at least an hour, and usually succeed. Everybody should have some form of exercise. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five years old. I am afraid there is no choice.

EL LON.—Why, Famous Players-Lasky are releasing "The Golem." It was made in Germany. Yes, Edmund Lowe has been operated upon recently for appendicitis, but he is recovering. Charles Ray, in "Two Minutes to Go."

MARY.—Certainly, I believe in religion, but I sometimes think that we have just enough religion to make us angry but not enough to make us love one another. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, but Greatoland is not married. Alice Calhoun, in "Rain and Sunshine."

HALL BEAUTY.—Mother o' Mine! You want the names and addresses of about twenty-five players. Not correct.

HOLLANDS 19.—That's a great letter, all the way from Holland. Alice Lake, in "Good Night, Nurse." Harry Carey is playing in "Brute Island." Robert Leonard is married to Mae Murray, while Ella Hall is married to Emory Johnson. Yes, they were both good in "The Master Key." Thanks for the criticisms and comments, which I have passed along.

JENNIE A.—No. Looky here! You promised to make your letters shorter. You are a very promising writer, but your terminal facilities are defective. Hoot Gibson, in "Red Courage."

BUDDIE B.—It is nearing the season when everybody gives everybody else things they don't want, and receive in return a lot of things they don't want. Nevertheless, it is a jolly good, cheery season. It is more blessed to give than to receive. (My address is 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.) Anita Stewart is playing in "Roses of the Sea."

TED.—Yes, I am the same old chap. Why, don't you know that Florence La Badie died some time ago? Guy Coombs is directing, and Gwendolyn Pates hasn't been playing since the days of Pat. Write me again. Your letter brought back pleasant memories.

EUGENE O'BRIEN NUT.—So, that's how it is? I agree with you, it is a miserable thing to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Prophet's Paradise," with Sigrid Holmquist opposite him. She is called the Mary Picford of Sweden.

SYLVESTER F.—Yes, it is a sort of intoxication to want to write about a picture after seeing it. When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gambol, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to

be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, an American to make a speech, and a fan to write learned letters of criticism. Yes, Jack Mulhall is playing in "Turn to the Right." Lois Wilson and Milton Sills, in "Miss Lulu Bett." Laurette Taylor is in Europe, and Theda Bara is making personal appearances on the stage. Eva Tangway, in vaudeville.

THOMAS P.—No, I don't know of a place that will read your scenario free, and I am sure Mr. Griffith hasn't the time to devote to it.

THE COUNT OF NOAH COUNT.—As I've said before, I have no title nor degrees. We always admire the fellow with a lot of letters tacked on to his name, because we know he got there by degrees. Ha, ha! Edith Roberts is playing in a De Mille picture, called "Saturday Night."

LOUISE N.—No, I don't think "Silas Marner" has ever been done in pictures, but it ought to be. You think Raymond Hatton would be a good Silas Marner. Dorothy Davenport is playing in "Behind the Mask." May McAvoy, in "The Happy Ending."

ELIZABETH B.—Those troubles are the greatest which never come. Don't meet sorrow half way. Don't cross the bridge until you come to it. Gladys Walton and Jack Perrin, in "The Guttersnipe." I admire your literary style.

FLORA DAW.—See here, friend, I am an answer man, and not a physiognomist, but I will try and answer your questions. Among other things, you ask if it is not true that impulsive persons usually have black eyes? I think so; if they haven't, they usually get them. Yes, Jackie Coogan's next picture is "My Boy." Corinne Griffith, in "The Single Track." Bebe Daniels has brown eyes, and you can reach her at Realart, Los Angeles, Calif. Douglas MacLean is married. Shirley Mason, in "Her Loved Ones."

MRS. W. J. Y.—So you think Elliott Dexter is wonderful, the way he cured himself by Christian Science. Then wonderful is Mary Baker Eddy. The picture was of Rod La Roque and Monte Blue. Colleen Moore, in "The Wall Flower."

JAMES B.—Thanks, read yours with much interest.

PAUL G.—You say, a woman who has not seen her lover for the whole day considers that day lost for her; the tenderest of men considers it only lost for love. You can write to Bebe Daniels, the above address. Wallace Reid is married.

I. M. L., N. Z.—Yes, indeed, she is just the type of woman you think she is. Married, and a good hombody. Elliott Dexter and Claire Windsor, in "Grand Larceny." Conway Tearle, in "After Midnight."

JESSE J. CLAYTON, Corps Surgeon's Office, Fort McPherson, Ga., would like to correspond with some of my readers. Cheer him up; he's lonely.

THELMA McF.—Yes, the world's a stage, but if you play your part well, life won't be a tragedy or a comedy. So you think Henry Walthall has a charming personality. You're not the only one who thinks so.

KAT.—You say everything is wrong in this world. No, it's yourself that's wrong. The closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. Louise Huff, opposite Richard Barthelmess. Alice Joyce, in "The Inner Chamber."

JUST A MOVIE FAN.—The more the merrier. I can't tell you where Wallace Reid buys his clothes. Out of my line—I have no clothesline. No, clothes don't make the man, but they make the impression. Why, Bebe Daniels is playing in "The Speed Girl." Wanda Hawley, in "Her Face Value," and Alice Brady, in "Hush Money."

LITTLE FRISKY CAT.—So you are glad Christmas is coming. In England, in the olden days, the Christmas feasts were anything but hurried. They extended for many days. One chronicler records the fact that merchants went to each other's houses in turn, feasting, for three weeks. Mary Anderson, playing in "Vanishing Trails," with Franklyn Farnum.

ELIZABETH B.—Well, there are a great many who do not feel the way you do about the German pictures being shown in this country. Leah Baird is not playing now.

(Continued on page 107)



# Why You Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Make it Soft and Silky, Bright and Fresh-looking and More Luxuriant.

**T**HE new shampoo method, now in vogue, has made it easy and practical for any woman to have beautiful, well-kept hair.

For the beauty of your hair, as you know, depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the 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.

But while your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and tends to ruin it. As a result, throughout the country, more and more women are now shampooing with Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

## Proper Shampooing Made Easy

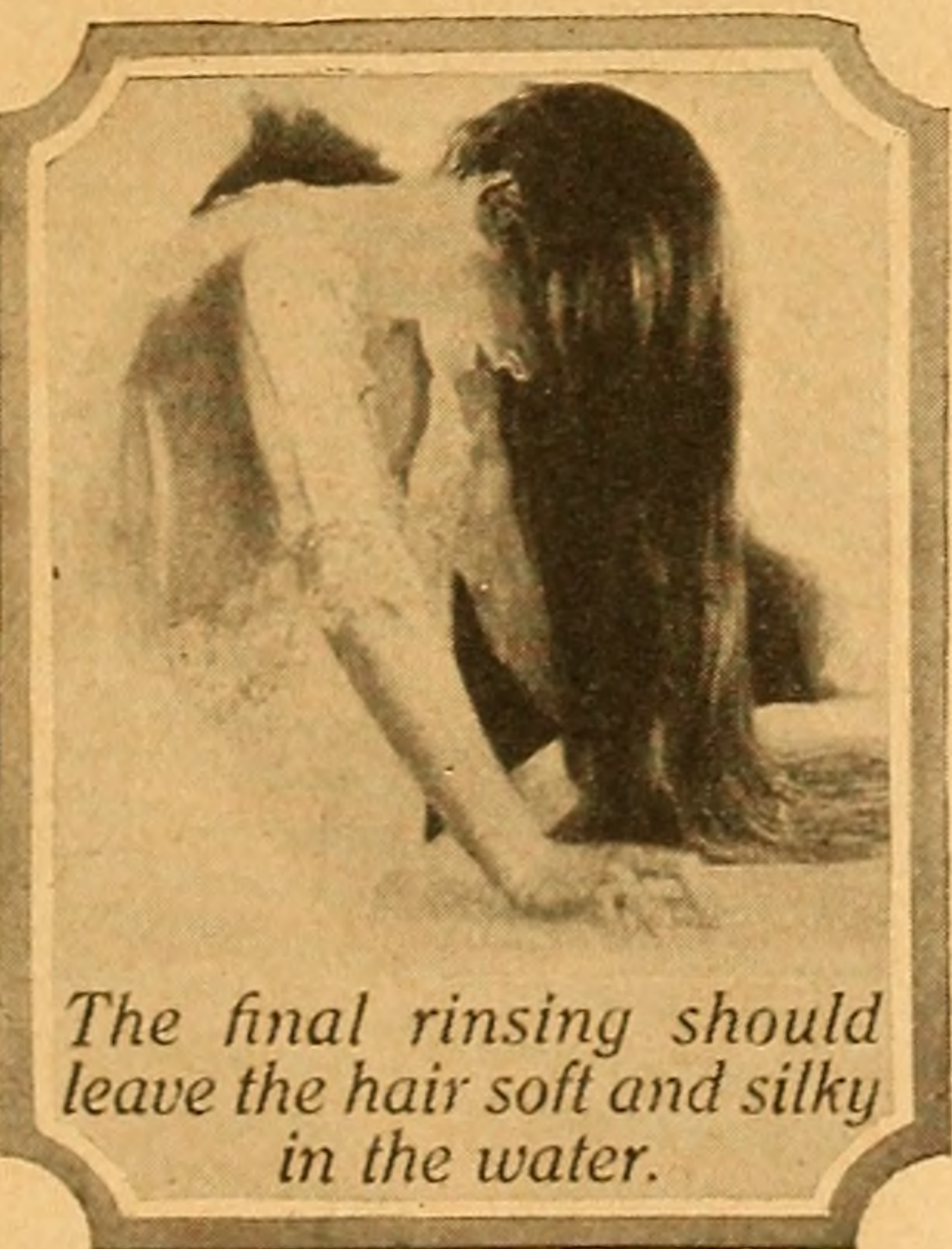
**T**HIS clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it. And it has made the shampoo a pleasure.

It is astonishing how really beautiful you can make your hair look, with little effort, by shampooing with Mulsified.

The method is simple: First wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. Rub the lather in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

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When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

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

## Thorough Rinsing Is Important

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good, warm water, and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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 Coconut Oil Shampoo.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

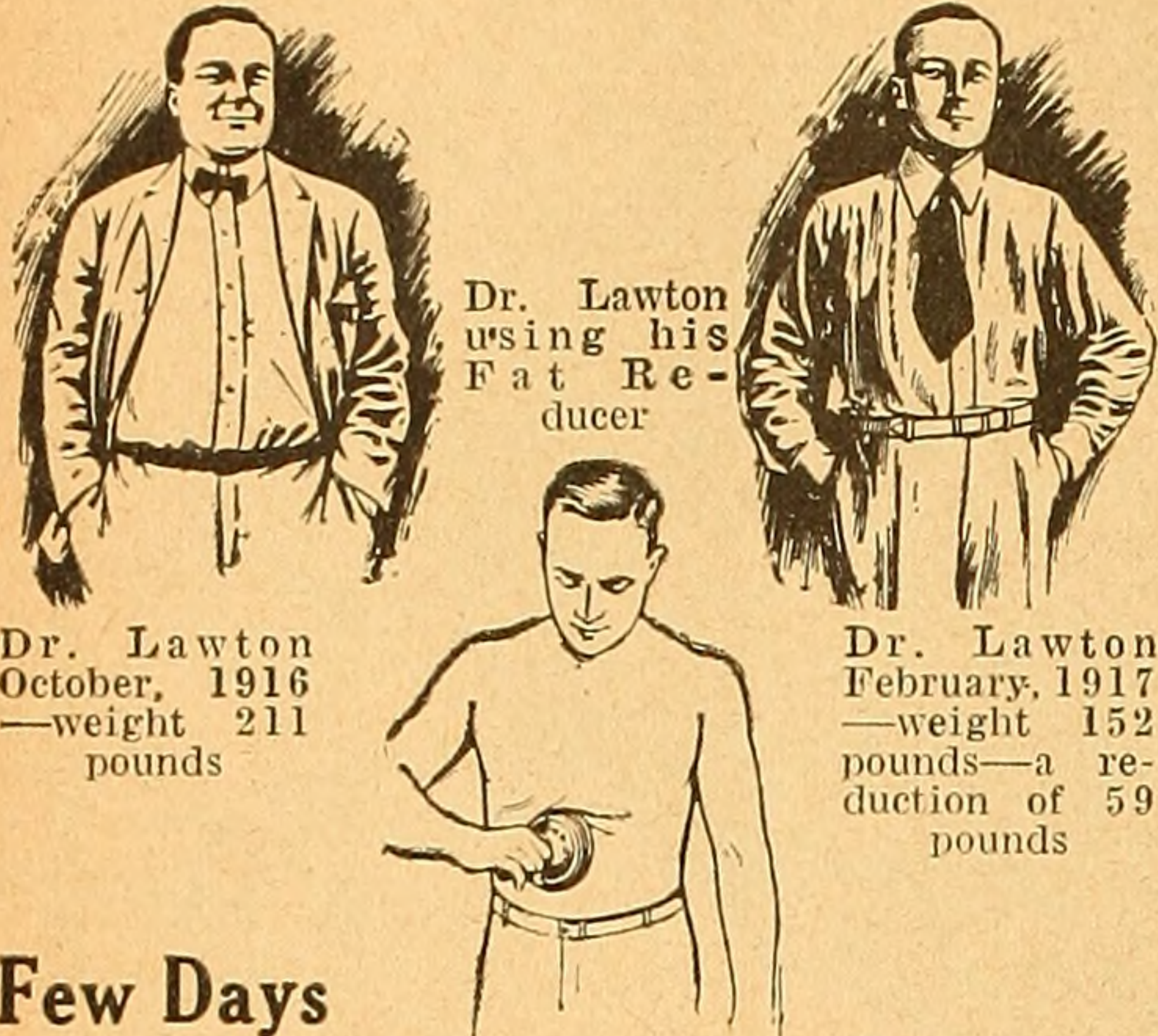
Splendid for children—fine for men.

WATKINS  
**MULSIFIED**  
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO





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## Few Days Shows Reduction

NO need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my FAT REDUCER has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tissues into waste matter which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

The cost of FAT REDUCER is \$5.00 (nothing more to buy).

Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your REDUCER TODAY Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter "HOW TO REDUCE FAT" mailed upon request.



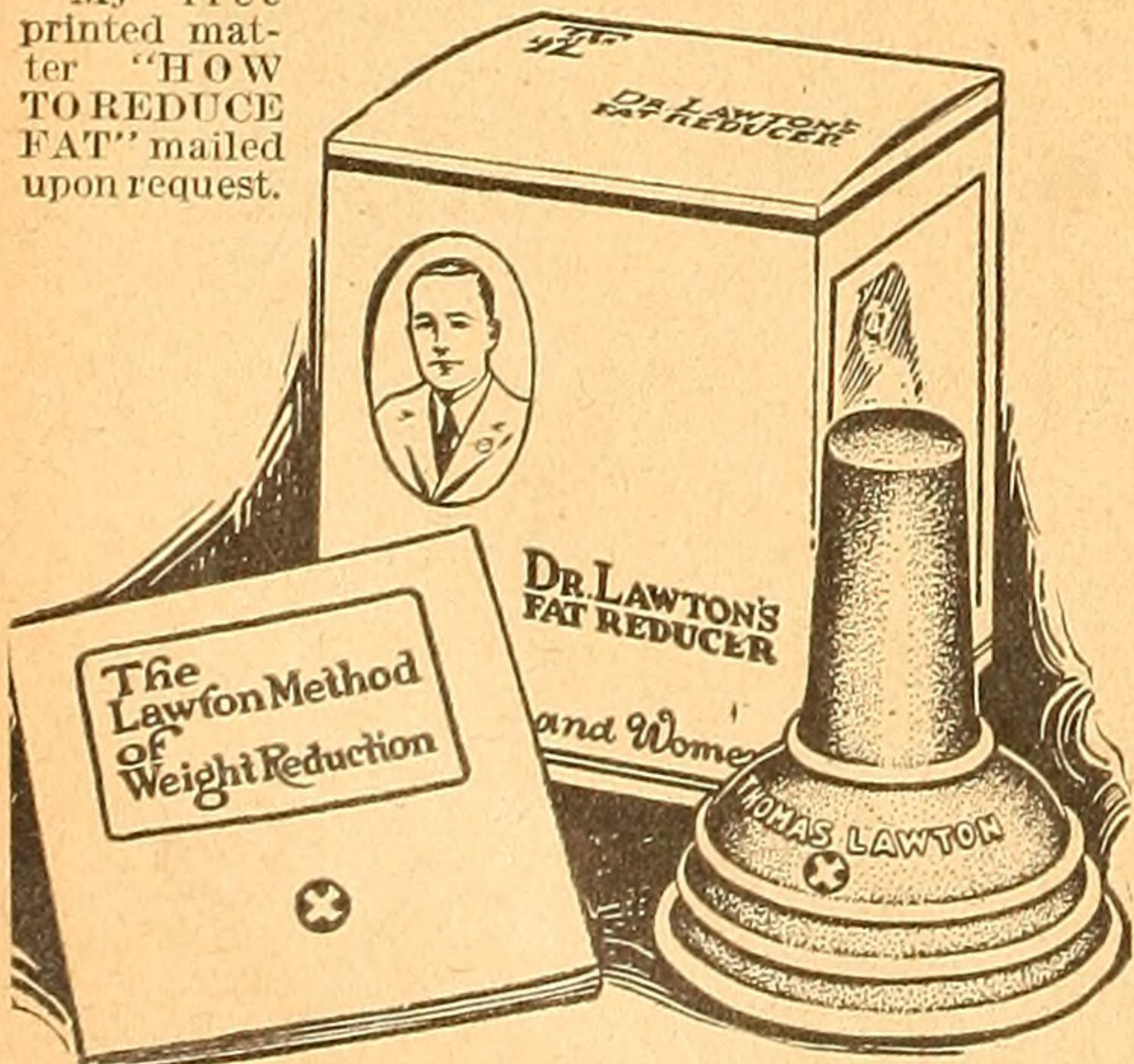
Fatty arms quickly reduced, also takes away fatty parts top of corsets and reduces fatty ankles



Reduced bust safely



Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 58, New York

# Ideal Cast Selected by Readers

Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid Proven Favorite Heroine and Hero

The last ballot has been credited. And the ascertained result lists the Ideal Cast as follows:

- Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge. 3,996
- Leading Man—Wallace Reid. 5,952
- Vampire—Bebe Daniels. 5,325
- Villain—Lew Cody. 4,662
- Character Man—Theodore Roberts. 5,829
- Character Woman—Vera Gordon. 2,634
- Comedian—Harold Lloyd. 4,650
- Comedienne—Dorothy Gish. 4,539
- Child—Jackie Coogan. 7,501
- Director—D. W. Griffith. 4,170

This is the same cast which has led for the last few months, with the exception of the director. At the last minute, D. W. Griffith took the lead over Cecil B. de Mille.

The final tabulation in this contest was a mammoth task. For a time we thought it would be impossible to announce the ideal cast in this number, but those responsible for the counting worked overtime that the announcement might be made.

To judge the winners who guessed the cast correctly, together with the number of votes received by each player, has not been possible, owing to the great number of ballots which were submitted. Naturally, nothing could be done with this end of the contest until the final results were obtained. The sorting of the guessing ballots is now receiving undivided attention, and we sincerely hope to announce the prize-winners in the February issue.

Again we mention the great popularity with which this contest was received, both by the readers and by those in the profession. The day when a player was permitted to play any rôle, simply because of their overwhelming popularity, is long past. Today directors believe in casting some one who is well-suited to the rôle which is to be characterized. Therefore, the Ideal Cast Contest has served a purpose.

Below the results of the contest are listed.

And, if it is physically possible, the prizes will be awarded to those who guessed the winners most correctly some time during the coming month, with the announcement, as we said before, in the February MAGAZINE.

### Leading Women

- Gloria Swanson. 2,892
- Mary Pickford. 2,547
- Katherine MacDonald. 834
- Ruth Roland. 813
- Lillian Gish. 426
- Agnes Ayres. 363
- Anita Stewart. 315
- Ethel Clayton. 291
- Constance Talmadge. 201
- Bebe Daniels. 189

### Leading Men

- Thomas Meighan. 2,706
- Richard Barthelmess. 1,872
- Douglas Fairbanks. 813
- Eugene O'Brien. 756
- Elliott Dexter. 630
- Conway Tearle. 510
- William Farnum. 210
- Milton Sills. 189
- Harrison Ford. 183
- William S. Hart. 174

### Vampire

- Theda Bara. 2,913
- Pola Negri. 1,188
- Louise Glaum. 1,170
- Gloria Swanson. 963
- Betty Blythe. 756
- Nita Naldi. 447

- Rosemary Theby. 324
- Marcia Manon. 231
- Mona Lisa. 225
- Alla Nazimova. 136

### Villain

- Lon Chaney. 1,413
- Lowell Sherman. 1,368
- Stuart Holmes. 1,164
- Eric von Stroheim. 942
- Robert McKim. 933
- Jack Holt. 921
- Warner Oland. 507
- Irving Cummings. 402
- Noah Beery. 297
- Wallace Beery. 177

### Character Woman

- Norma Talmadge. 2,358
- Pauline Frederick. 1,203
- Kathleen Williams. 747
- Alla Nazimova. 705
- Lillian Gish. 567
- Kate Bruce. 519
- Rose Tapley. 441
- Mary Alden. 423
- Mary Carr. 420
- Gloria Swanson. 348

### Character Man

- Lon Chaney. 1,326
- Richard Barthelmess. 1,182
- Thomas Meighan. 1,173
- Charles Ray. 591
- John Barrymore. 537
- William S. Hart. 489
- Bert Lytell. 483
- James Kirkwood. 315
- Raymond Hatton. 276
- Wallace Reid. 213

### Comedian

- Charlie Chaplin. 3,060
- Buster Keaton. 831
- Douglas Fairbanks. 585
- Fatty Arbuckle. 558
- Wallace Reid. 438
- Charles Ray. 411
- Ben Turpin. 387
- Douglas MacLean. 366
- Larry Semon. 300
- Walter Hiers. 264

### Comedienne

- Constance Talmadge. 3,723
- Mabel Normand. 2,148
- Louise Fazenda. 969
- Mary Pickford. 858
- Bebe Daniels. 498
- Mildred Davis. 417
- Viola Dana. 213
- Zasu Pitts. 210
- May Allison. 183
- Marie Prevost. 159

### Child

- Wesley Barry. 3,150
- Ben Alexander. 543
- Marie Osborn. 429
- Mickey Moore. 294
- Bobby Connelly. 225
- Virginia Lee Corbin. 216
- John Henry, Jr. 204
- Mary Pickford. 198
- Richard Headricks. 141
- Johnny Jones. 132

### Director

- Cecil B. de Mille. 4,170
- Marshall Neilan. 804
- Thomas H. Ince. 417
- William de Mille. 255
- George Fitzmaurice. 180
- Tom Forman. 165
- Eric von Stroheim. 162
- Allan Dwan. 147
- Rex Ingram. 132
- King Vidor. 117



# BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

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## NEW MAGAZINE

# Beauty

*Beauty Secrets  
For Everywoman*

AND, like "Motion Picture," "Classic" and "Shadowland" (particularly "Shadowland") it will be a **Beauty**. She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply cant do without it. If one does not insist on it the other will—probably all. The gentle art of

### *How To Be Beautiful*

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man" who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face, on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Myrtle Kingston	Jaona Jacques	Jules Latour
Elsie Ferguson	Norma Talmadge	Corinne Griffith
Katherine MacDonald	Corliss Palmer	Gladys Hall
Dorothy Donnell	Agnes Ayres	Ruth Roland
Constance Talmadge	Lillian Gish	Lillian Montanye
Dorothy Gish	Gloria Swanson	Anetha Getwell
Pauline Frederick	Blanche McGarity	and many others

*"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first."*

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as

beautiful as she can, and our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

Rouge and Lip Salve.	Pimples.
Those False Eye Lashes.	Freckles.
The Harmony of Colors.	Fresh Air and Beauty.
The Effect of Beauty on the Senses.	Foundation Cream.
How to Train the Eyebrows.	Charm. How Artificial Means Add To It.
Making the Old Look Young.	Does Beauty Appeal to Man more Than Personality.
Preparing for Bed. What must my Lady do at Night for the Morrow?	Expression. How Make-Up Can Make or Mar It.
Massage.	That Muddy Complexion.
Blackheads.	Do Men Admire the Painted Girl.

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And dont forget that many well-known beauties will write on

### *Beauty Secrets For Everywoman*

Surely out of all this wonderful mass of material you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the newsstands about January 8th.

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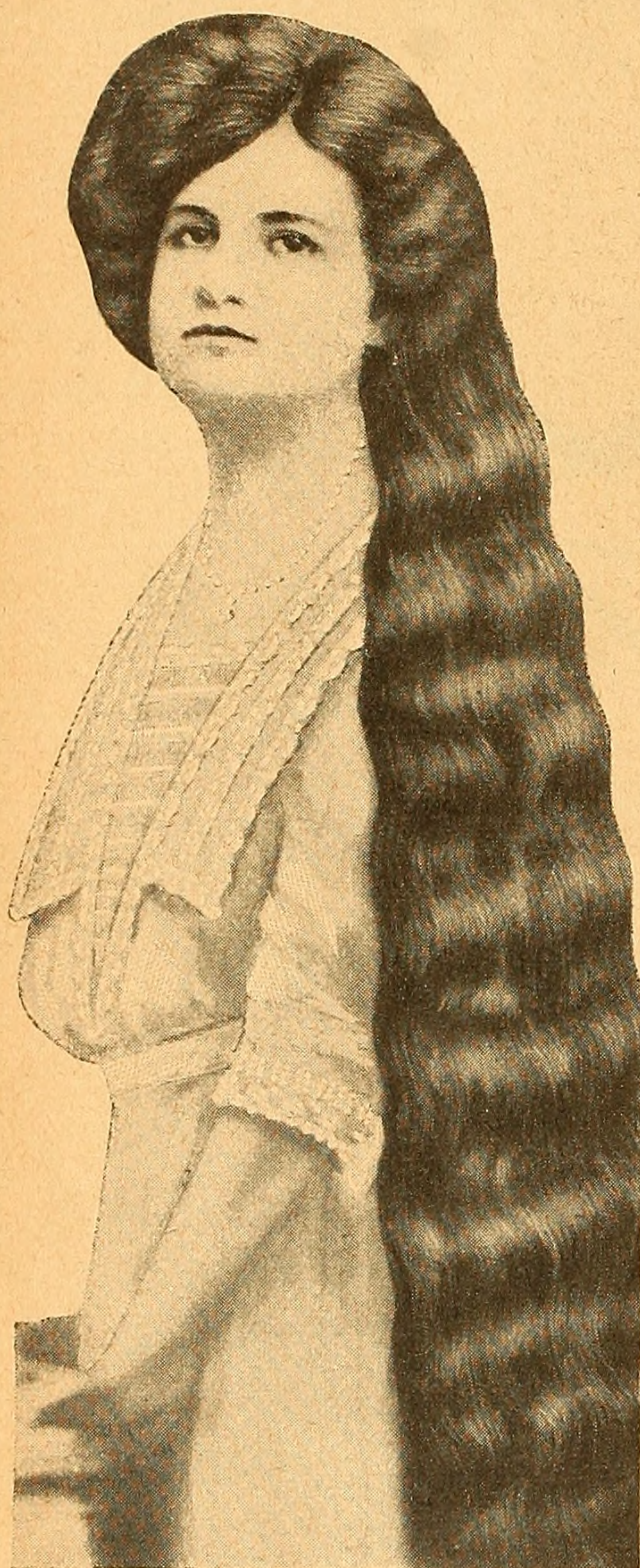
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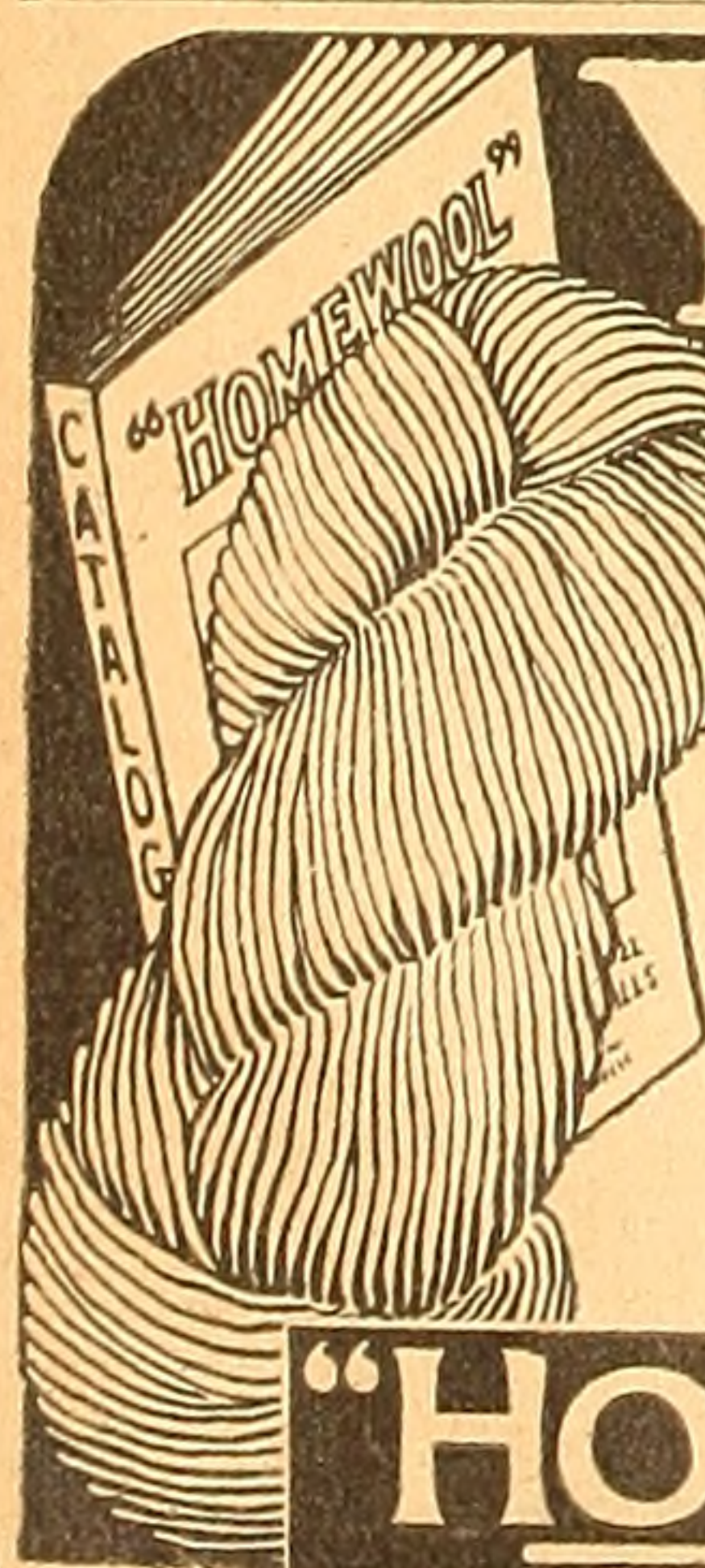
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## "HOMEWOOL"

## Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Logical endings are, as a matter of fact, what are desired whether they be happy or unhappy. So writes this reader.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: In the May issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I read a very interesting editorial, entitled "And They Lived Happily Ever After." This interested me very much, altho I would like to make some comments.

My views and those of the editor's are somewhat alike. We have been seeing only the kind of pictures that end up happily after a quarrel or misunderstanding, and never, or rather, very, very seldom, one in which we are not able to foresee the ending. Take "Passion," for an example; this was a production which kept one unstrung until the end.

The American public seems to expect only these "happy endings," and would hardly appreciate a sad and dramatic ending. They do not seem to comprehend that pictures are in a way the reproduction of "real life," and that all troubles do not end with a "kiss," like the films do; therefore, the films should not always end this way.

I do not care for Nazimova. She is not the actress that one expects to see. Her only good picture, so far, was the "Red Lantern."

Let us see more of the beautiful Elsie Ferguson, the well-groomed Gloria Swanson (who is indeed true to her name) and the "chic" Constance Binney.

Colleen Moore, who is making wonderful headway, was reared in Tampa, and I am proud to say that I am personally acquainted with her.

Thanking you for reading this letter and wishing your magazine and all the actresses and actors, who try so hard to please the critical public, the highest success and happiness, I beg to remain,

Sincerely,

CHRISTINE KREHER,  
2812 Elmore Street, Tampa, Fla.

The opinions regarding the screen's beauties are always worth while. Below is a particularly interesting one.

DEAR SIR: What's all the excitement about the screen's most beautiful woman lately? For a while I thought it was press-agent stuff, but you can see it is getting serious now, when the newspapers and magazines take it up.

I am neither a foreigner, an artist nor a sculptor; therefore in no way able to judge. I'm one of the army of movie fans, who go to the show every night and dont know much in general, but I'll tell you what I think.

The big critics can call whom they wish "beautiful," but it comes to us finally to judge. Katherine MacDonald deserves being called the American Beauty. Betty Compson is lovely, too. But Corinne Griffith—before I had ever seen her, a friend, who was taking me to the show, said:

"Well, she isn't very pretty, but you'll like her."

She wasn't; but I did.

I think Lillian Gish is the most beautiful girl on the screen. The critic on one of the papers here said:

"Was there ever anyone as ethereally beautiful as Lillian Gish?" Now, was there? I know there isn't now.

I have a sneaky idea those who class Harriett Hammond and Gloria Swanson among the glorious ones are men.

And Alla Nazimova. Nazimova has a mighty personality, but, alas! is far, far from beautiful.

Of course, we do not care especially for beauty all the time. Like too much sugar, it is not good for the system. But it seems funny to have people tell you who is beautiful when you can see they're not. That helpless feeling overcomes you.

Lately, too, there have been rumors about Mary Pickford's looks. I have always cherished a belief that Mary was one of us, not a beauty, but a wonderful woman. Now, as she grows older, they have to go and make her over.

Betty Blythe never caused much of a furore here. Of course, we haven't seen "The Queen of Sheba." However, there were numerous plays with her as leading lady, and no one ever flew into ecstasies. Good photography helps, I suppose, and I hear that she has a brain which must be unusual by the way it is being shouted to the public.

May McAvoy is another with real youthful beauty. In the first play I saw her in, "The House of the Tolling Bell," everyone about me agreed in excited whispers that she was "swell looking."

As a finale, I will say:

Great success to Lillian Gish, who has worked so hard. And I would rather see Zasu Pitts than Katherine MacDonald any day. Oh, yes, my vote for "Peter Pan," Marguerite Clark.

P. ASPELMEIER,  
493 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Below is one of the many objections we have received concerning wormed-up entertainment or if you will, reissues.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you tell me just why we, the innocent public, must be served with warmed-over entertainment, when we spend our hard-earned quarters to have a change of scene after a monotonous day at the office?

When we work, we must, of necessity, be served with the same dishes day after day—that is business routine. But when we seek diversion—well, who can enjoy routine in the movies? We go there for something different, and what do we get? We see our favorite actress or actor—true. But we have read that book—a best-seller, maybe—and we know just what she or he is going to do or say. Nothing very thrilling about that.

That "well-known book" stuff on the screen is bad enough, but deliver us from being served with a play we have seen a year or two previously. I tried it once, and I know! I recently saw Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road With Sallie," and never again. Constance has been my favorite, but when I saw her in 1921 dressed in a suit which was fashionable in 1919 and playing in a story which we all knew by heart and saw enacted maybe two years ago, her charm seemed to wane. Let us have something original.

Sincerely,

E. M. JOHNSON,  
2107 Kenmore Boulevard, Akron, O.



Praise for Gloria Swanson.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a constant reader of "Letters to the Editor," and have noticed that not many of these people think much of Gloria Swanson. Of course, each one to his own taste, but I cant find the reason for this. Thru Mr. De Mille's and Miss Swanson's tireless efforts, pictures have been produced that are considered foremost in the film world. Could any other actress on the screen today do better with the character that Miss Swanson portrayed in "Something to Think About"? They call her exotic and odd. At least, she is different than the rest, and is not foolish enough to carry things to the extreme.

I earnestly hope that Miss Swanson will continue her fine acting.

Also, I cant agree with people that say Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick are finished. I prophesy that they will be playing in pictures long after some of these new stars are gone.

Three cheers for Anna Q. Nilsson, Agnes Ayres and Bebe Daniels.

Good luck to your interesting magazine.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY REITZE.

The question of happy endings is always interesting. This writer contends that movies are a refuge from harassing worries—therefore condones the happy ending.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to state that I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years, and since coming to Panama, where life is not just ideal, I find it almost indispensable.

I especially like the interviews with the players. They give us just that little inside view of personality which is not always apprehensible from the screen.

And then The Answer Man comes along with just enough humor to tone us up.

I also find the "Letters to the Editor" interesting, and especially letters on the "endings" of our screen plays. And this is the subject which has prompted my writing this letter.

Perhaps some of us are a little biased in our opinions, but, personally, I do not care for plays that end tragically, except occasionally an adaptation from some classic, and then we generally know the ending before seeing it. The hug and kiss and "lived happily ever after" endings are not always appropriate, but the supposition to that effect is, generally. Some one has stated that we must be shown that life is frequently thorny, but I cannot see why we should go to the movies to be shown such things, when constantly we are harassed with them in every-day life. It seems to me that the movies should be one of our places of refuge where we can go and just live a series of glorious victories and happy endings.

I would like to say a word for Douglas Fairbanks. He is a splendid athlete, and always puts life and joy into his plays. In "The Mark of Zorro" we see displayed the qualities of an actor and a real man. But, of course, Doug is universally known, and

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

I also like Betty Blythe. She seems to possess that quality of character significant of depth and singularity.

I should be pleased to hear from others who are interested in the movies.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES C. MCDANIEL,  
Board of Health Laboratory,  
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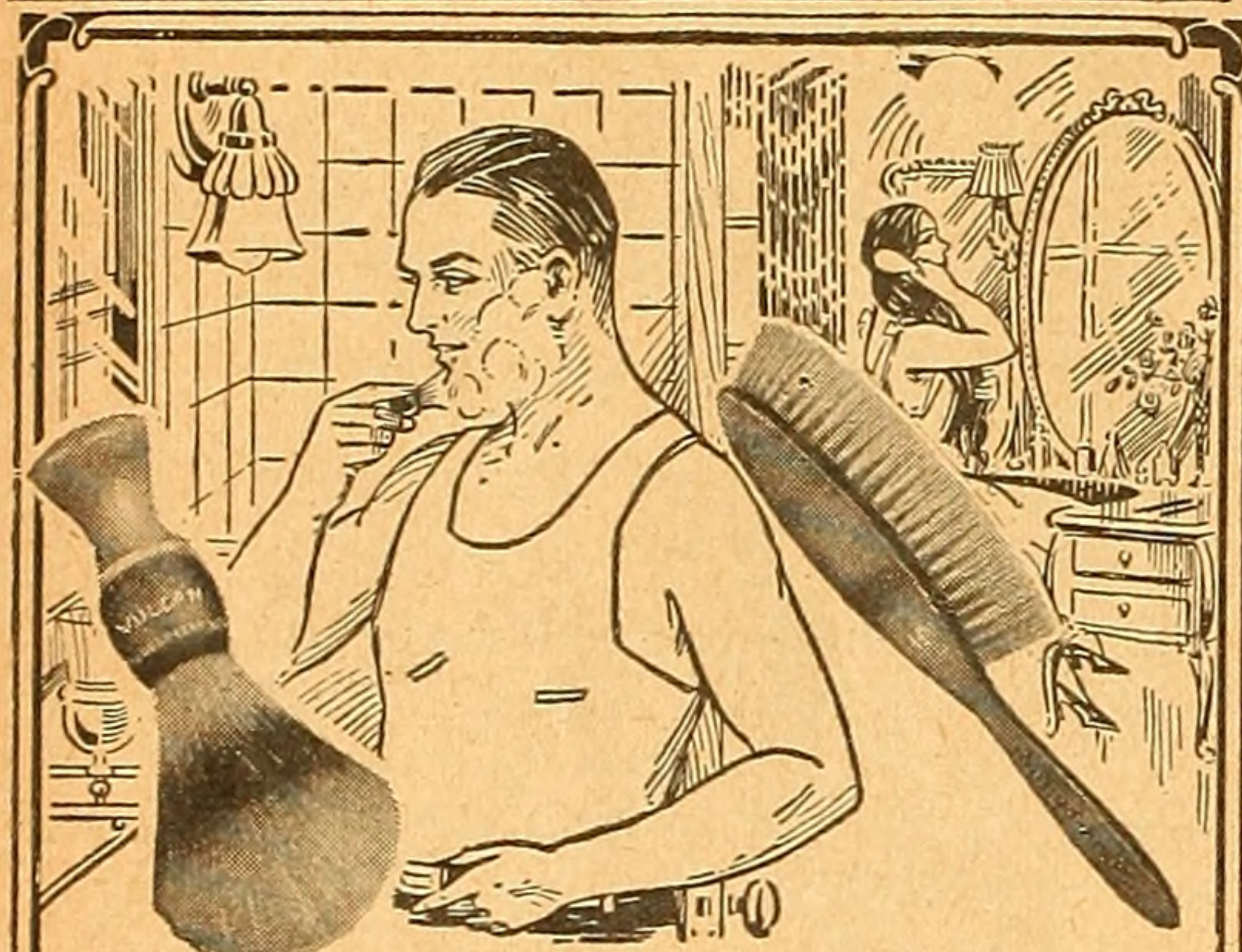
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## Alias Miss Dupont

(Continued from page 60)

her mouth, that seems to be the surface echo of some inner laughter.

We were at lunch in the cafeteria at Universal City. Around us waiters and flies were buzzing. The noise and clatter of a studio restaurant dinned incessantly in our ears. The place was damply hot, reeking of food. Outside, the California mountains bulked sternly beneath a white-hot sun.

Miss Dupont was dressed gorgeously in a gown of pearl beads. Her blonde hair, marcelled, was piled turban-like upon her head. She talked quietly, accentuating her words with little archings of her eyebrows and recurrent glimpses of that slight sweet smile. Her poise was impregnable. One would never have suspected her of being a novice in pictures. Yet, then, she was making only her second picture of any importance, "The White Peacock." Her dreams, a year before, had been touched by the movie Midas, von Stroheim, and had crystallized into rich substance, the leading feminine rôle in "Foolish Wives," and now a starring contract with Universal.

"On the strength of that part in 'Foolish Wives,'" she said, "hangs my whole success. And I got that because I happened to be the type Mr. Von wanted. That is his creed—'Give me the type, and I'll make the actress.'"

She is, then, Miss Dupont, merely another concrete example of this man's staggering audacity, this von Stroheim, who has fought his way to the top of the motion picture industry against untold obstacles of birth, prejudice and skepticism; who, from the coffers of the most notoriously economical film company in the country, has spent a cool million—actual, not advertised—on one feature production; who has shot one hundred and fifty-two reels of film to make a twelve-reel picture; who has consumed a year in the shooting; who wrote the story, directed the production, and played the big rôle; who cast all the remaining rôles, and who is now cutting the result of it down to those twelve ultimate reels. He stands—unquestionably—as the supreme individualist of picturedom. It is interesting to hear this girl's opinion of him—this girl who, but for a glance of approval from him, would no doubt be still wearing gowns in a modiste shop.

"At first I loathed him. I thought that no man could be more repulsive. I remember an incident that occurred at the Grant Hotel in San Diego, where we had gone to take the first scenes. We, the whole company, had gone in to dinner. I was suddenly conscious that he was looking at me. It seemed to me that I could read every existent awful thing in his eyes. I remember that I felt myself changing color, flushing horribly." She laughed quietly. "But now, that I have known him! I think much of my repulsion must have come from the conception that I had drawn of him from his screen work. Certainly, none of it tends to increase one's confidence in him. But I have found none more courteous or considerate than he. I want, above all things, even my new stardom, to work with him again."

We got back, presently, to her again, and to her name. She was reluctant to reveal the secret.

"It is an experiment that the Universal office has worked out," she said, "the idea being, I suppose, that it will create discussion. People will begin to wonder who I am. Miss Dupont is the second name they have given me. Mr. Von asked me to change my name to Margaret Armstrong when he engaged me. He did not like my

real name. So for a long time, during all the making of 'Foolish Wives,' I was that. And then, when Universal called me in on my star contract, they asked me to change it again to Miss Dupont. I don't know, perhaps I am easy, but, rather than have any difference with the office, I agreed. So I have only played in one part under my real name, and that was with Bessie Love in 'Bonnie May.'"

She went on to tell me briefly of her sojourn of six years in Los Angeles before she became interested in pictures.

"I had several friends in the pictures, or who knew them, and they advised me so strongly to stay away from them that I did. And I myself knew of several cases of girls, much prettier than I, who had striven vainly for years to break thru from an extra part to something worth while. So, to pass the time—I did not have to work—I became a mannequin in one of the modiste shops here in town, a model and a designer. I have always loved gowns, the feel of rich cloth against me, the faint rustle of silks and satins. And I frankly delighted to be photographed in them. It was that that caused me to be chosen with three others when Metro asked for four models to use in a scene in 'Lombardi Ltd.' Bert Lytell, who played the leading rôle, was supposed to drape one of his mannequins with this beautiful gown. It was I who designed the gown and showed him how to drape it, and later stood before the camera as the mannequin while he did it. Jack Conway, the director, noticed me, and it was he who encouraged me to follow up pictures.

"But I have never endured hardship. Mother, who came out here with me from Illinois, has always made a home for me—no, I was born in Kentucky, but left there at too early a date to recall it. I didn't do much extra work. Instead, I waited. I think that is the better policy in pictures, if you can afford it."

I had been racking my brains ever since she mentioned that picture with Bessie Love, "Bonnie May," the picture wherein she had used her own name. I knew that name. I had seen the picture. This girl, Miss Dupont, tall, luxuriantly blonde, the quintessence of what a woman should be to whom all things have come easily, richly, had played the part of the show girl. The name hovered on the tip of my tongue, but would not come off. Then Ramsay Wallace, her leading man, came up to us as we were parting and said, "Can I take you into town, Pat, in my car?"

Of course! Patty Hannan!

So, gentle fan, I would introduce you. "Meet Miss Hannan, alias Margaret Armstrong, alias Miss Dupont. You'll find her charming!"

## The Scarlet Thread

(Continued from page 29)

He is concerned, mightily delighted, with the mechanism of his being. He is bored when you turn the talk toward other things. But it is always as one might be toward a hobby, a thing apart. He seems to hold himself in continual perspective, as tho he were regarding a cherished portrait not quite complete. A stroke of the brush here, an erasure there, to heighten an effect. His self-concern is that.

For vanity that is unthinking, intolerant, he has contempt, mingled with compassion.

"I was that way myself once," he said,



"—until they kicked it out of me. Now, the only thing I think of is this." He rubbed his fingers together, as tho he were massaging crisp greenbacks. "That's all."

But that is merely a pleasurable conceit. Where his art is concerned, he is ruthless. The question of Peter Pan came up. I ran over a list of famous stars, all of them feminine, who had been variously nominated for the part. He rejected them all, summarily. A woman, he says, should not be permitted to play it. It is only the Maude Adams tradition that justifies even the consideration of women. He believes that he should play the part!

I think he is quite impersonal about it. He knows his capacity. He knows his Barrie. And Peter Pan, say what you will, was a boy. Gareth could implant that touch of eeriness that Barrie intended. The women could implant only—femininity. One exception, always, Mary Pickford.

It was Mrs. Fiske who saw in Gareth's performance in "Moloch," a stage play, the reawakening of genius upon the stage, in the new generation.

In the main, he seems bored. One thinks inevitably of Dorian Gray, and of the lesser known Lord Reggie in Hichens' "The Green Carnation." Indeed, he is of the identical age of the latter, with much of that astonishing beauty of youth, that hint of mad scarlet things, about him. He fails in brilliance, but that is perhaps because he has no Esmée to echo.

He remarked suddenly—suddenness is his conversation's most effective *riposte*—that his religion was Episcopalian.

"Are you sincere in it?" I asked. It seemed the most likely way to evoke interest from a dry subject.

The question seemed to surprise Gareth. He is content with making statements, not explaining them. Explanations, I imagine, tire him. He stared at me a moment before replying.

"Yes," he said, finally, hitching again at his glasses. Then, after a pause, "—as sincere as I am in anything." He smiled faintly.

"Have you met Peter, the Man of God?" he asked, again suddenly.

I knew of him—a long-haired hermit, perpetually barefoot; clothed to meet the conventions, but no further. He did odd jobs about the studios.

"I met him yesterday," said Gareth. "He said to me, 'Ah, me bhye, I can see health in ye, and clane livin'. White lights there be about ye. Make good, clane pictures, me bhye, and the Lord'll bless ye.' He was standing with his shovel like a staff—in a wagon of manure." Gareth paused. "The Man of God, with his feet in a manure pile," he finished, staring at me absently.

"You speak in parables!" I murmured.

But already his mind was wandering off at another tangent.

One senses, thru all the shifting fronts that Gareth presents, the immutable scarlet thread of artistry. That is the supreme fact of his being. It is perhaps too soon to call it genius. To me, Gareth is a receptive rather than a creative artist. He is vitalized by impressions. He seems to be the more beautiful echo of some far-sounding reality. One might liken him to a composite, containing infinite portraiture of men, with the power to bring any one of them to the fore at will. Passive, with no one phase predominant, he is a riddle.

I should not be surprised one day to see his beautiful face of a boy drop off, a mask. Beneath one might find—anything.

He is a grotesque mantled with divinity—the divinity of youth.

# He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

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We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

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## The Sister of Jane—and the Sister of Katherine

(Continued from page 72)

scene, and while we are reduced to a state of helpless laughter by his efforts to make Katherine die and Jane cry about it—they suddenly do it. Our laughter is stilled and with a catch at the throat we see Jane change from a mischievous child to a real emotional actress, as with real tears streaming down her cheeks she grieves for her dying sister.

Wonderful little actresses, with strong personalities and a technique that is amazing.

Two or three minutes later they were down among the audience, smiling, confident, successfully cajoling half-dollars from the audience for a benefit performance of N. V. A. the coming week. And we made our way back-stage to the children's dressing-room, where awaited Mrs. Irene Lee, one-time classical dancer, but who now finds her time fully occupied in looking after her two talented children.

"If you are going over to New York," she said, "we will take you with us, and it will save time, as we can talk on the way. A new man is taking the director's part, which means a rehearsal at six, and the children must have their hour of rest before the evening performance."

The children came in, and, after greeting us, mounted stools in front of the dressing-table and proceeded to remove make-up with the seasoned skill of grown actresses, but characteristically. Jane, with never a word, applied cream, scrubbed vigorously at her rosy face, which was rosier when she finished than when she began, gave her bobbed hair a dab with the brush, shook herself into a grey wool frock, long coat, hat and diminutive gloves—and disappeared.

Katherine worked painstakingly, meanwhile vouchsafing polite conversation, shook out her long auburn curls, which are exactly the right shade to go with her green eyes, and slipped into a frock, the counterpart of her sister's.

"Where's Jane?" she said. "We always have to hunt her—but we will find her on our way to the car, probably." And we did—sitting on an upturned box, delightedly conversing with an adoring stage-hand.

As we made our way thru the traffic, across Brooklyn Bridge, Katherine conversed in her quaint, friendly way about her work, her studies—of the governess who travels with them and plans their studies so they keep up with the regular course, the same as tho they were in school; of her French lessons, which she particularly likes, and about the benefit for the Stage Children's School, around Christmas time, in which she is to appear as "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Isn't the New York sky-line beautiful? There is nothing like it any place we have been," she said, like the cosmopolite she is.

"Katherine is a much traveled young lady," smiled Mrs. Lee. "She has crossed the Atlantic twice, and has been twice to the Coast. Of course, she was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and traveled about with me while I was dancing in different cities of Europe. Jane was born in Germany. She's a little Hamburger!"

Jane, who had been sitting quietly with the chauffeur, whirled quickly about. On her knees, she faced us, holding on to the seat with two small hands. "Maybe I am," she said. "But when there was war, I dressed up in army uniform and helped Katherine sell \$20,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, didn't I? And I took part in millions of entertainments for the soldiers, didn't I? Even if I am a Hamburger." And she saluted Miss Liberty, who stood guard in the distance.

"Sit down, Jane," said Katherine, "and

turn 'round so you can see the sky-line. You know, we're leaving tomorrow."

"Well, we're coming back, aren't we?" replied practical Jane. "We always *have* come back."

"She is right," smiled Mrs. Lee. "Since the children began their stage career, two years ago, we have been from the Eastern to the Western coasts, but we have kept the same apartment we had while they were doing pictures. In fact, they can scarcely remember any other home. Even tho we're not there very much, it's a home, a place to come back to, and a place to leave things that we cant carry around with us.

"We may go to Europe for a picture or two soon," she continued. "It would make a nice change for all of us. But the children will probably continue on the stage for a time—doing now and then a picture."

"Do you like the stage best, or pictures?" we wanted to know. "And which picture of all you did do you like best to remember?"

"I like the stage, but I like pictures, too—very much," stated Katherine, conservatively. "And I liked best 'Daughter of the Gods!'"

And Jane, in front, nodded emphatically: "Pictures, and," with sidewise glint of mischievous eyes, "Two Little Imps."

The car stopped in front of our apartment, and in our mind's eye there's a picture that remains: Mrs. Irene Lee, *chic*, attractive, efficient; Katherine, her beautiful auburn curls framing her piquant face, and Jane, as she brought one chubby fist alongside one chubby cheek, saluted and said, "S'long."

## D'yknow Mr. Dix?

(Continued from page 51)

tually get into pictures. And then he and his father, Frederick Butler, who used to be stage director when I was playing in town here with the Morosco stock company and who is now directing Dave for the screen, put me thru a camera test. Dave made me up. His father put me thru a few scenes. Of course, that was comparatively easy going. With two old friends helping, there was no danger of nervousness. But there were still a lot of ragged spots. Some of them looked pretty bad when we ran them off in the projection room. But Dave systematically cut them out until all we had left were the good parts, and a practically hundred per cent. test! It was that test that convinced Sydney Franklyn he wanted me for 'Not Guilty!'"

Richard lives with his mother in Los Angeles. Much of his talent has probably come from her, tho in a different form. She is a skilled china painter and water-color artist. For a long time it looked as tho she were going to remain his "best girl" for many years. And then May Collins stepped into the limelight as the rumored fiancée of Charlie Chaplin. It wasn't long afterward that Richard stepped in as the rumored rival for her hand.

It was common knowledge that Richard had proclaimed his desire to get married if he could ever find the right girl. Everyone was whispering that May was she. She had been Richard's leading lady in "All's Fair in Love," and she was astonishingly pretty, and he *would* insist upon having lunch with her every day. So one cant exactly blame the gossips. But May, the minx, only continued to smile wisely and say nothing, as she smiled and said nothing



to those who flaunted Chaplin's name at her. She is still smiling and Richard is still single, so—you, gentle reader, must do your own Sherlock Holmsing. Hollywood is baffled, and disappointed. They would make such a delightful couple! That is, if there was nothing to this talk of Charlie. Mrs. Rupert Hughes said to me one day at lunch that it was rarely she had met a girl of so sweet and fresh a mind as May's, or of such intelligence. And as for Richard—well, look at his picture!

### The Poor Little Fame Girl

(Continued from page 41)

before. I have a greater sense of responsibility that I must make good, and every story isn't a 'Sentimental Tommy.'

"I started as an extra girl, you know. I believe there is or was a sort of feeling that it belittles one to own up to having been an extra when one reaches stardom, but I feel that the experience thus acquired is the only training that will fit one to make good when an opportunity does come along.

"But why did you go into pictures in the first place?" I interrupted.

"I wanted to be somebody. I was utterly miserable at high school. I had absolutely nothing in common with the other girls. All they thought about were good times, pretty clothes and the boys. I was there to work. I left high school in my third year and decided I was going to succeed in pictures. I went to every company in New York, left my photograph, address and telephone number. When any studio needed me for a few hours' work they would telephone me. You have no idea what heart-breaking work it was sometimes. My first part was in a little advertisement for Domino sugar. Then I had a part with Madge Kennedy, and have been working pretty steadily ever since.

"I loved 'Sentimental Tommy,' and I was so happy playing it, but I felt like a thief taking the part. You see a well-known player had been chosen for the part in the first place, had her clothes and all, but she fell down on it. I guess she couldn't quite understand the part. She wasn't serious enough. But I never entirely lost the feeling that I was taking the other girl's place. I feel so sorry for a girl like that."

And the other little girl, while she's dancing thru life with her newly acquired husband, probably feels sorry for the poor little fame girl engrossed in her deep studies and missing the glory of God's sunshine while she toils ceaselessly for success under the Cooper-Hewitts.

And the two of them make up life.

### The Keeper of Her Gift

(Continued from page 53)

We asked her if she wished mention made of her married state. Some do and some do not—

"Why, I guess everyone who knows me knows it," she agreed. "I've always talked about it. Sometimes I guess people wish I wouldn't, but I am so very happy that I often wonder what I ever did to deserve it. And tomorrow I'm going to take an early train to New York, so that Mr. Bolster and I may have luncheon together. I haven't seen him since Sunday. He'll meet me at the train and we'll have two or three hours. . . . You see, being on the road has its compensations. You have the fun of a reunion once or twice every week—"

And beyond the window in the night sky we saw the North Star wink at the moon.



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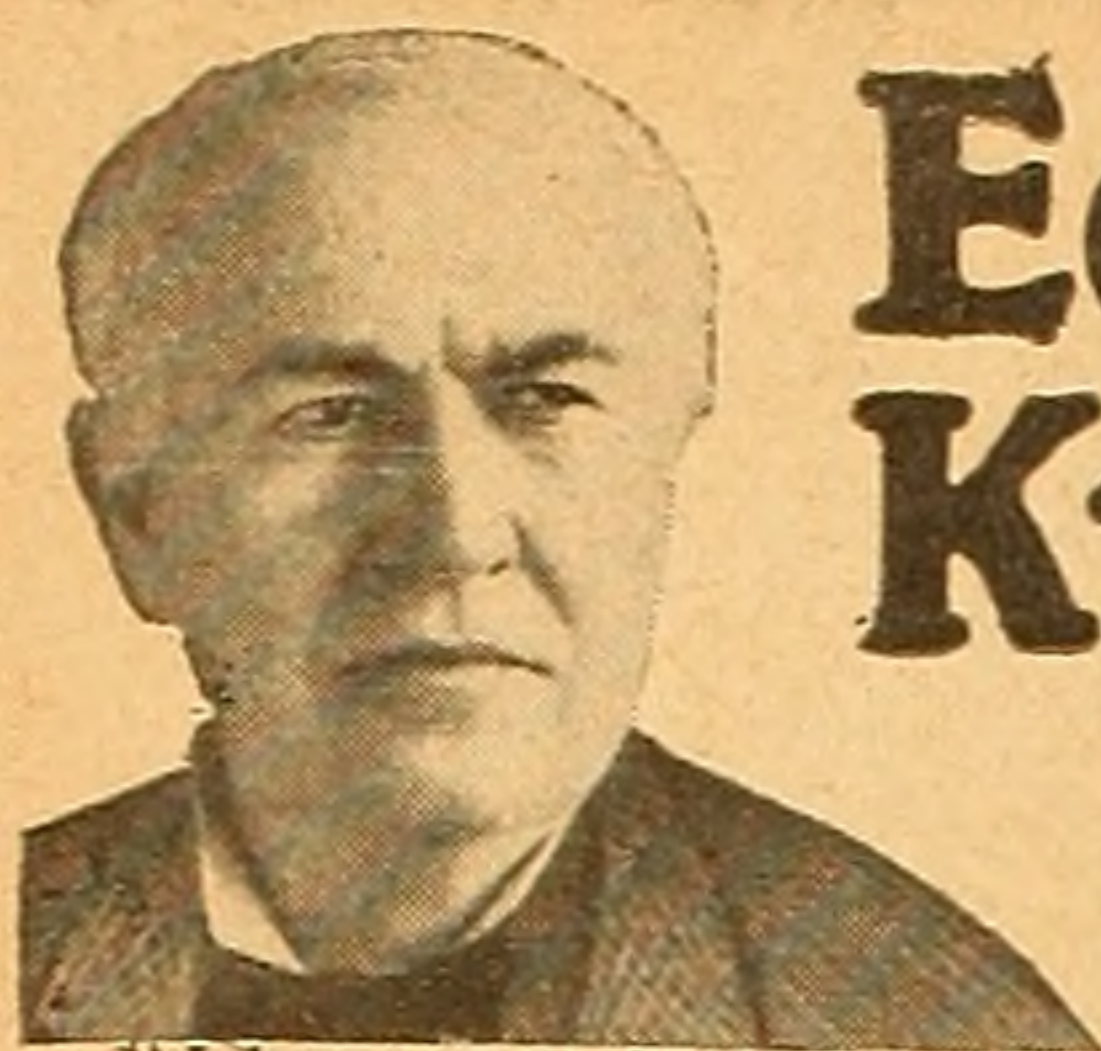
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## Beauty and the Interviewer

(Continued from page 37)

dignity," said Corinne. "Who cares what I think about pictures?"

"Well, anyway, they all do," said Miss Blythe, attacking another potatoe, after pausing to see if Miss Griffith noticed. "I didn't think that was the thing myself—I'd tell about that pink——"

"Oh, my goodness," said Corinne. "Child, haven't you any discretion?"

The Fourth Party coughed.

"Discretion?" sniffed Betty. "That's what you get for trying to help. Will someone please pass the salt?"

"Tell us something," we pleaded desperately. "Something—what sort of parts you like—anything."

"Strong dramatic rôles," answered Corinne. "I——"

"You should see her in her next picture," announced Betty. "She wears a ballet costume with a little frilly skirt."

"We're strong for that sort of strong dramatic rôle," we admitted with editorial judiciousness.

"She's just too dear in it," Betty rambled on. "It makes me think of that time I ran in to see Corinne and she wore that——"

"Betty!" admonished Corinne.

The Fourth Party coughed.

We groaned over our demi-tasse. Moments were fleeting and we had not the vestige of an interview idea.

"You dont mean to intimate you haven't a lot of material?" exclaimed Miss Blythe, plaintively. "Why we've talked and talked."

Who can look at two famous beauties of the screen and make a harsh remark? It is beyond us. So we smiled courageously.

"You're not putting me in it?" asked Betty apprehensively.

"You will be in it," we declared firmly. "Yes, indeed, you'll be in it."

The Fourth Party coughed.

Right here we ought to prevent misunderstanding by explaining that the Fourth Party was Corinne's pet dog, "Billy."

"What are you going to write about?" asked Miss Griffith.

We maintained a discreet silence. "Oh, he has lot of material," Betty chimed in cheerfully. "They never write what you say, anyway. They go off and smoke a cigaret or something, and the first thing you know you've said a lot of interesting things. Tho you might tell him that funny story you told me about the girl who——"

"Betty!" admonished Corinne.

Outside a few minutes later, we sought the elevator of the Griffith apartment hotel.

"Well, I helped some, didn't I?" inquired Miss Blythe.

Our answer will doubtless be checked up in heaven against our drawing account. But, if the recording angel saw Miss Blythe, he would understand. Realizing this, we just sighed—and threw our notes down the elevator shaft.

## Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 74)

for Sessue Hayakawa. "The Swamp" one of his forthcoming pictures is also from his pen. And what is more remarkable, Hayakawa does not seem to lose his perspective. Other players have had an equal amount of responsibility in connection with the productions in which they have appeared but it has usually proved fatal.

"Pickfair," the Fairbanks' Beverly Hills home is up for sale. The estate consists of twelve and a half acres, a

sixteen-room house, while a tennis court, swimming-pool and gardens adorn the grounds. The disposal of this property is the direct result of the decision of Mary and Doug to spend six months of every year in Europe.

"Idle Hands," a short story which recently appeared in one of the magazines is the next screen vehicle of **George Arliss**. It is a comedy-drama, something new for Mr. Arliss. **Doris Kenyon** will have the leading feminine rôle.

**Virginia Faire**, winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune contest has undoubtedly fulfilled the expectations of the judges who decided her a winner. She played the leading feminine rôles in "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The Rubaigat of Omar Khayyam" and has now been selected by Fox to play opposite Jack Gilbert in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

## BOYHOOD AMBITION

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

By LAURA SIMMONS

I'd like to be a movie star and ride a fiery hoss,

'Way out into the big and boundless West;

I'd leap from off the rushing train, my lariat to toss,

And track the desperadoes to their nest. With my pistol in my hand,

I would smash their outlaw band—

And from dizzy heights, o'er raging floods, by aeroplane I'd land—

If I durst—but I duren't!

I'd love to win the beauteous vamp, and foil that pirate guy!

I'd lick the toughest crooks you ever knew!

I'd clasp the fainting maiden close, and gallop madly by—

And shoot up all the gang till I got thru; Such a life—so wild and free!

And how famous I should be!

And draw my thousand every week—and take my ease—Oh, gee!

If I durst—BUT I duren't!

## THE MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

In the semi-lighted hall,

I have seen,

Vistas from the world's far wall,

On the screen.

Epics of the Nothern snows,

Midnight sun that lifts and glows,

Where the arctic tideway flows,

Cold and clean.

I have seen the gay bazaars,

Lands away;

Bagdad, and the desert stars,

And the grey

Caravans that slowly file,

Camels swinging mile on mile;

And where Eastern temples pile,

Pagans pray.

Erstwhile distance locked the doors,

Now we see,

Life and love on lotus floors,

Eagerly.

Romance flares on tedious street,

Eyes are brightened as they greet

Life across the silversheet,

Brave and free.



## Nix on the Matinée Idol

(Continued from page 69)

branch of the moving picture business which is faulty, and which proved that Herb thinks as well as smiles.

Perhaps he is even greater as a detective than as a crook, because of this innate streak of honesty which runs up and down his backbone instead of a streak of yellow.

He created the part of Craig Kennedy for the movies and made the man even more real than he was in the stories. He epitomized the alert young scientific detective of today—even if he did idealize him, for I have yet to meet a handsome detective. They don't grow that way.

By this time other bellows-lunged youths, dressed up in page uniforms, had joined the first searcher after Marshall Neilan. Now there was a chorus of them, all yelling different names, as the lunch hour approached. In all the babel, I, doing a bit of ear detecting myself, heard:

"Mister Beban—oh—Mist' Beban!"

"Call for Mist' Moreno!"

"Mister Chaplin wanted on the 'phone—oh—Mister Chaplin!"

It was like a roster of the names of who's who in filmland. Then, among the rest, came a call for Mister Rawlinson. He pardoned himself and left me. When he came back, he was grinning.

"I'm glad I don't have to work this afternoon," he exclaimed, sitting down and crossing one white-flannel clad knee over the other. "That was an old pal wanting me to go down to the beach for a swim!"

"Don't let me keep you," I responded, "because I'm going down later myself!"

"But come up to the room with me and see the pictures I snapped up in Canada," he urged, and so we were elevated up to the twelfth floor. On the writing table I discovered the large portrait of a beautiful woman.

"Wose zat?" I cried, scenting a new romance.

"Smy wife," he replied, with a lovingly married look in his eyes, which dropped their roguishness in a husbandly manner—for a moment. Yes, he is married to Roberta Arnold, who has been such a success in "The First Year," on the New York stage.

"And she's there—and you're here—" I chanted.

"Yep," he came back. "It makes it hard to be married—in the movies!"

And then the telephone rang, announcing the pal who was to take Herb to the beach. As in the cartoons, I could see little visualized thoughts of bath suits and big, gay umbrellas flamboyant about Herb's ears, and so I decided to cut the interview and get out.

"Don't forget to give us some good, live crooks," I admonished, in parting.

"Right-o!" he assured me, Britishly speaking.

## That's Out

(Continued from page 54)

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The fat lady who has to look unconcernedly into the camera while the comedian drops a quart of vanilla ice-cream down her back.

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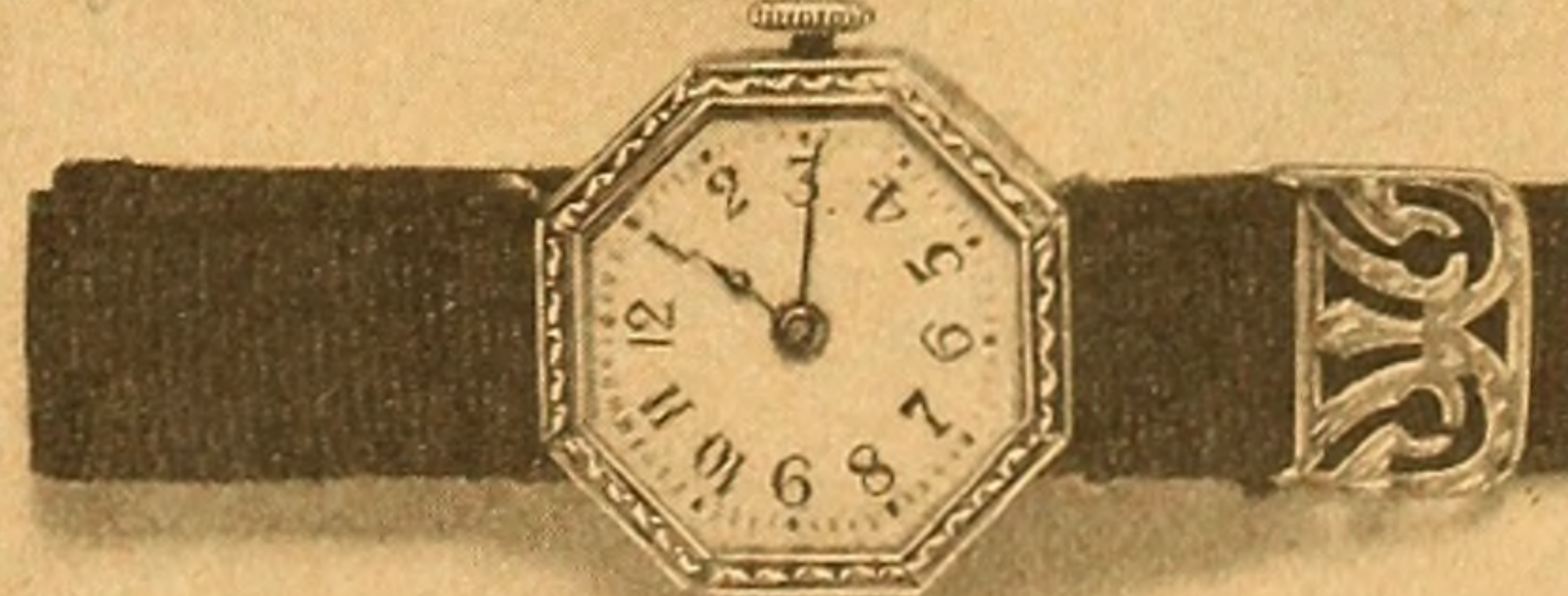
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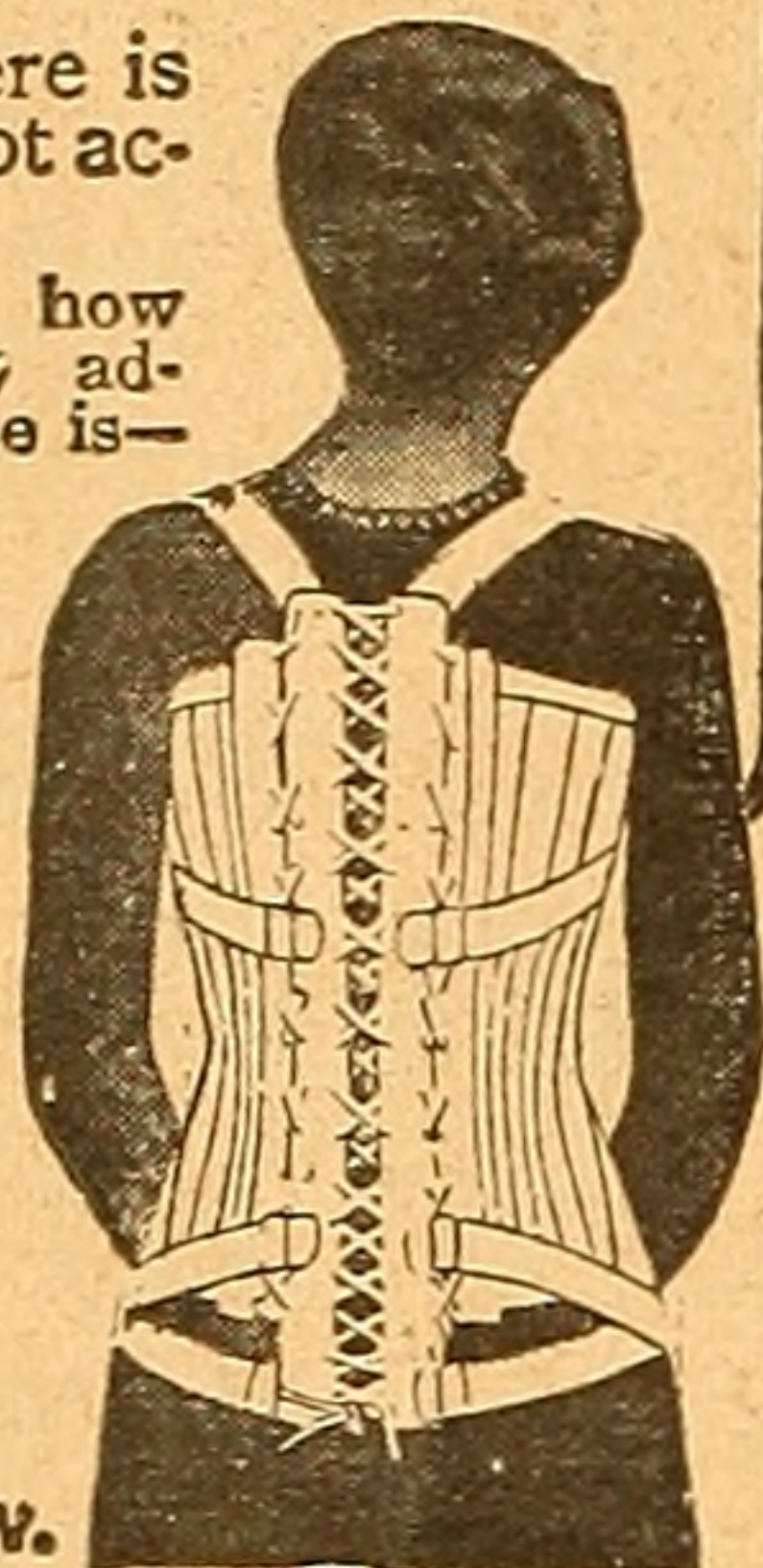
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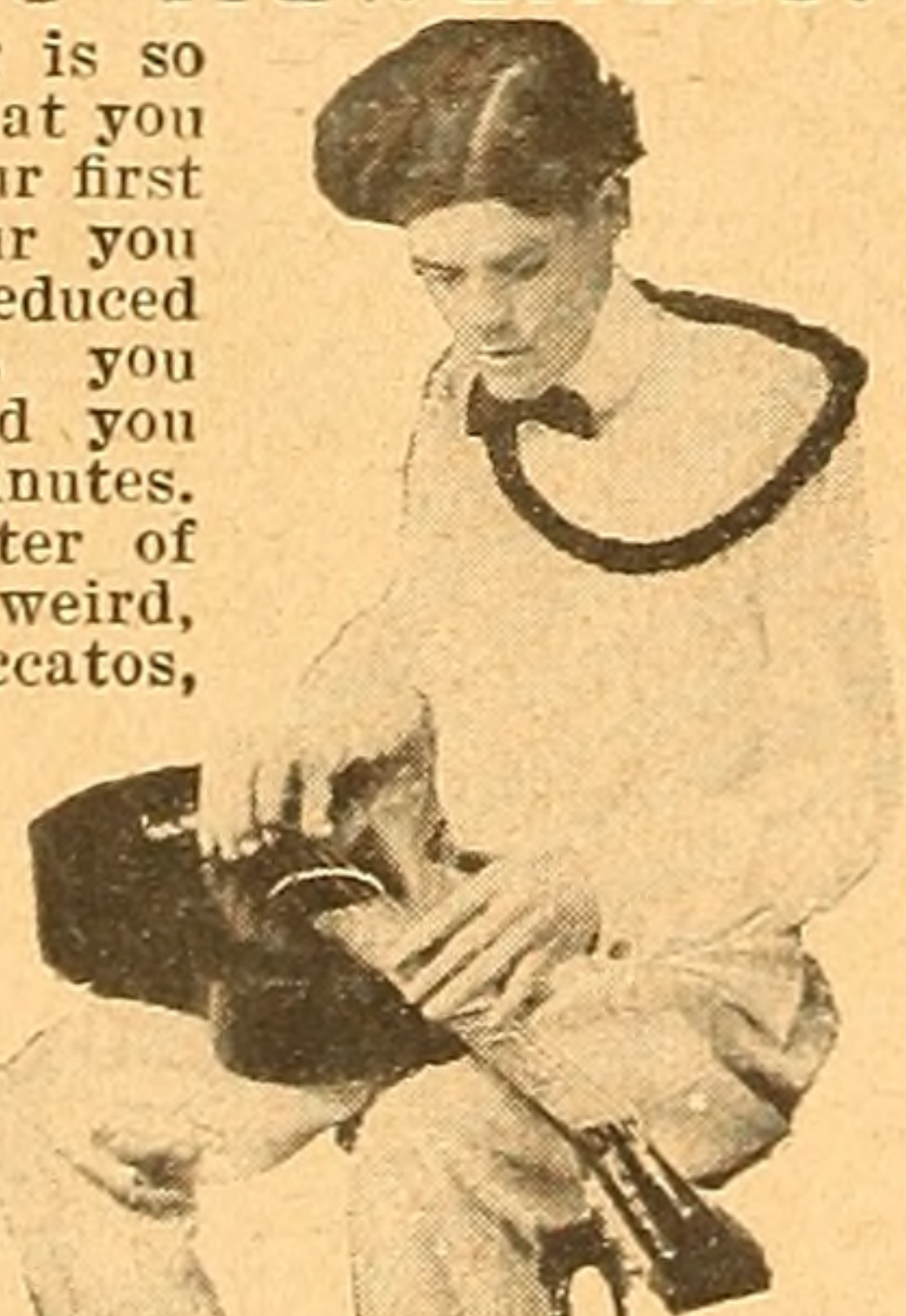
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## Flower of the North

(Continued from page 35)

white parchment, seamed with scar-like wrinkles, then the world seemed to recede behind something black and monstrous, to dwindle to the circumference of a pistol-mouth thrust into his eyes.

As tho he were a disinterested spectator, the events of the next few instants passed before his eyes, as smoothly co-ordinated as tho they had been rehearsed. As Pierre sprang forward, fumbling at his belt, the pistol swerved, the gaping idiot mouth of it spat once—twice. Swaying, Pierre began to fall, like a great tree that has felt its death stroke, majestically, deliberately, and as he fell he sent all the remaining life force within him into the casting of the knife—his lil' lady with the shrewish tongue.

It struck the man with the white face full in the chest, stuck there ludicrously at right angles; his arms flailed out, thrashing the air, and he sprawled forward. Sickened, Philip gazed down at the sinister point that protruded between the shoulder blade of the huddle at his feet; sickened, he litted Pierre in his big arms and staggered back along the trail they had come, to lay the dying man upon his own bed.

With a mighty effort, Pierre reared up on the pillow, clawing at his neck. "The—*bijou de Madame*"—his spirit was panting to be gone, but it delayed long enough to drag something on a tiny golden chain from about his neck—"she tell me—'Pierre—geeve it to—'im—but he throw it on thas floor and say to me, 'eet was forged in hell'—"

Philip took the locket from the stiffening fingers. "You want me"—he urged gently—"what is it you want me to do with this, Pierre?"

The answer was the merest wraith of sound: "Geeve—eet to—M'selle."

As Philip turned from laying the gnarled old hands at peace upon the breast of the still figure on the bed, tumultuous footsteps sounded on the stairs. "There's a crowd of Indians hammering at the door of the office, sir!" Livid with fear, his assistant swayed against the door lintel. "I—I dont like their looks! They sound—murderous—"

Philip Whittemore snapped out his watch. In half an hour Jeanne would be here with the Chippewas; until then he must hold the place with his handful of chattering stenographers and clerks. His jaw stood out under the boyish chin, but his tone was derisive: "Merely a masquerade of our friends, the Forest Fisheries, Grinnel! We'll fire a shot or two over their heads just for luck. Great sport, eh? Like living in a story by Jack London!"

The soft glamor of sunset lay over the world when a man and a girl, both disheveled and weary, came down the bank from the Settlement Stores to the spot where several canoes bobbed on the tranquil surface of the river.

"If it hadn't been for you," breathed the man. His eyes were on her small, lovely face beneath the warm, brown tangle of her hair, with the look which no woman ever mistakes, the mating look.

She was a girl of the forests, untaught in the school of coquetry. She made no pretense of not understanding. "Let us sit down a moment," she said, rather breathlessly, "there is something I want you to know. The man whom Pierre killed"—she drew a slow breath before she could finish—"he was my father, Jim Thorpe!"

"Jeanne!" She shook her head, smiling more sadly than any tears. "He met me that day when my canoe overturned in the rapids. He told

me everything, about my mother's running away with him—I was thinking of that when I took the wrong fork of the river."

Philip caught the bare, soft arm that was next to him and brushed his lips the length of it. "Girl—as if that made any difference! As if I cared so long as you are you, my flower—my Flower of the North! The only things that matter in all the world are you and me and this hour"—he was bending closer, bending downward to the lips that were shaped like a kiss, but she sprang to her feet like a frightened wood-thing—

"No, no," she wailed, "never! Suppose—I am like her! There is—there is wrong blood in me! Dont come! Please—oh, please." Blindly she moved down the bank to the canoe, stepped into it and pushed it off the shore. Against the dusk, the white oval of her face was like a flower petal drifting away on the tides whose ebb and flow are night and day.

He did not try to stop her, but a moment later he remembered the locket Pierre had entrusted to him—at least, he had an excuse to see her again. He took it from his pocket, and for the first time saw that it was bent and twisted where Thorpe's first bullet had glanced from it. Even as he turned it over it fell apart in his hand—

Three minutes later he was leaping down the bank, poling his canoe out into the stream. If he took the Big Thunder Rapids fork he would get to Fort O'God before her. As he sent the light shell skimming over the sunset surface he laughed aloud, a young braggart laugh of pure joy. When D'Arcambal read the message on the twisted paper which had waited long years to be delivered, when Jeanne read it, when she knew that the man had lied to her—

But before the sacredness of the old Chevalier's happiness he shrank back. It was as tho in delivering the dying message of the foolish girl-wife to the father of her child, he had been the instrument of forces greater than he. It was as tho, almost, he had acted as ambassador for God.

He went out of the house with dazzled eyes that had looked upon a light unbearable, and down to his canoe. Moments passed as he sat staring away into the future, lying fair in a dazzle of sun. Moments passed and he heard a little laugh and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river beside his canoe. It was darkening all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun.

"My father"—oh, the pride of those words! The joy of them—"my father told me. And I came to find you—"

Waist-deep in the sunset water, she was a strange, half-human creature, until he touched her hand—then she was all human.

"Shall we go back to him?" said Philip unsteadily. "Shall we share our happiness? We have so much and he has nothing—"

"Ah, you dont understand," Jeanne smiled sadly, with the eternal wisdom of woman-kind. "You dont understand! He has her—you have given her back to him—"

### A FAN'S ODE

To Lillian Gish

By LILLIAN G. GENN

Most wondrous woman—  
Didst thou dip thy soul into the fairest flowers,  
Didst thou steal the witchery of the sea,  
Didst thou learn from the birds in woodland bowers  
That thou canst so charm me?



## Trailing The Tropics With a Tripod

(Continued from page 43)

strained thru the husk of a cocoanut. Bowing gracefully, the high chief's daughter serves the drink in an empty cocoanut shell.

Our interpreter had informed us beforehand that we would not like the drink, but that we should appear very pleased and make a bow to the high chief after drinking it.

With all eyes glaring at me, I drank the contents of the shell and, bowing as gracefully as I knew how, handed back the shell to the chief's daughter. The taste in my mouth reminded me of days when mother used to force me to take medicine. Thru it all, however, I managed to keep a straight face and convey a satisfied expression.

At this stage of the game I decided to try a little of the "bait" on the chief, so I drew a plug of tobacco from my pocket and presented it to him. He registered great satisfaction and made a great, long speech in Samoan. He say, "Thank you," explained the interpreter, "he serve you another drink of kava in appreciation." In an instant the drink was before me, and knowing that to refuse would be impolite, I was forced to go thru the agony a second time.

Next came the "feast of welcome." Large banana leaves served as the tablecloth, the floor as the table, and leaves as the dishes. Samoans do not use chairs—they sit on the floor of their huts with their legs crossed Indian fashion—so we were forced to sit upon the ground. "When in Rome," you know.

Squatted on the floor, we edged up to the food laid before us, but were handicapped by the lack of knives and forks. The interpreter informed us that in Samoa knives and forks were not in style.

This seemed too much for us, so we hesitated, and the high chief, who had been watching our every move, burst into laughter, and ordering a meal laid before him, informed us thru the interpreter that we should watch him and eat as he did; so again we practiced "When in Rome—do as the Romans do."

A white man in Samoa is looked upon by the natives as being a god. "Palangee" is the native word for white people, and means "Visitor from the sky," and as such, one can well imagine the attitude of the natives toward us.

Their one aim is to keep their guests well fed and entertained. So, following the supper, which was "fit for a king," we were asked if we would care to witness a real lively "seva-seva," which is the dance of Samoa. We accepted with pleasure, and immediately the chief sent out orders to have the village "belles" "dress up" for the occasion.

In a short time we found ourselves viewing dances that would make any Broadway chorus look very pale. Fourteen maidens, the pick of the village, were all "decked up" in "hula-hula" skirts and were proudly demonstrating their latest steps.

The only lighting in the hut was from an old lantern and a native torch of specially prepared cocoanut branches. The effect was truly a weird one and fascinated us beyond measure.

In one corner were seated the "orchestra," which consisted of two ukuleles and some ten or twelve children, keeping time to the trum-trum of the instruments by clapping their hands. All we can say for their "music" is that it was distinctly foreign to anything we had ever heard.

The various villages have their regular dancing teams and compete annually in a

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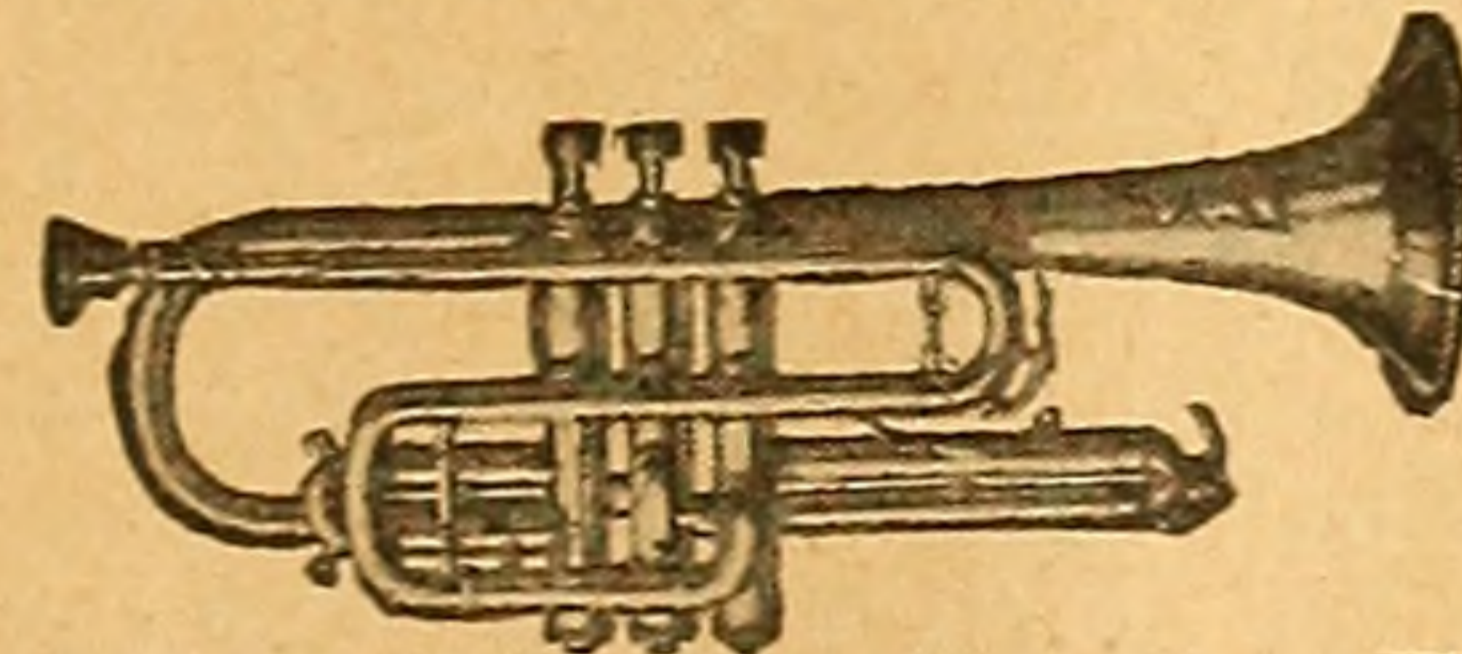
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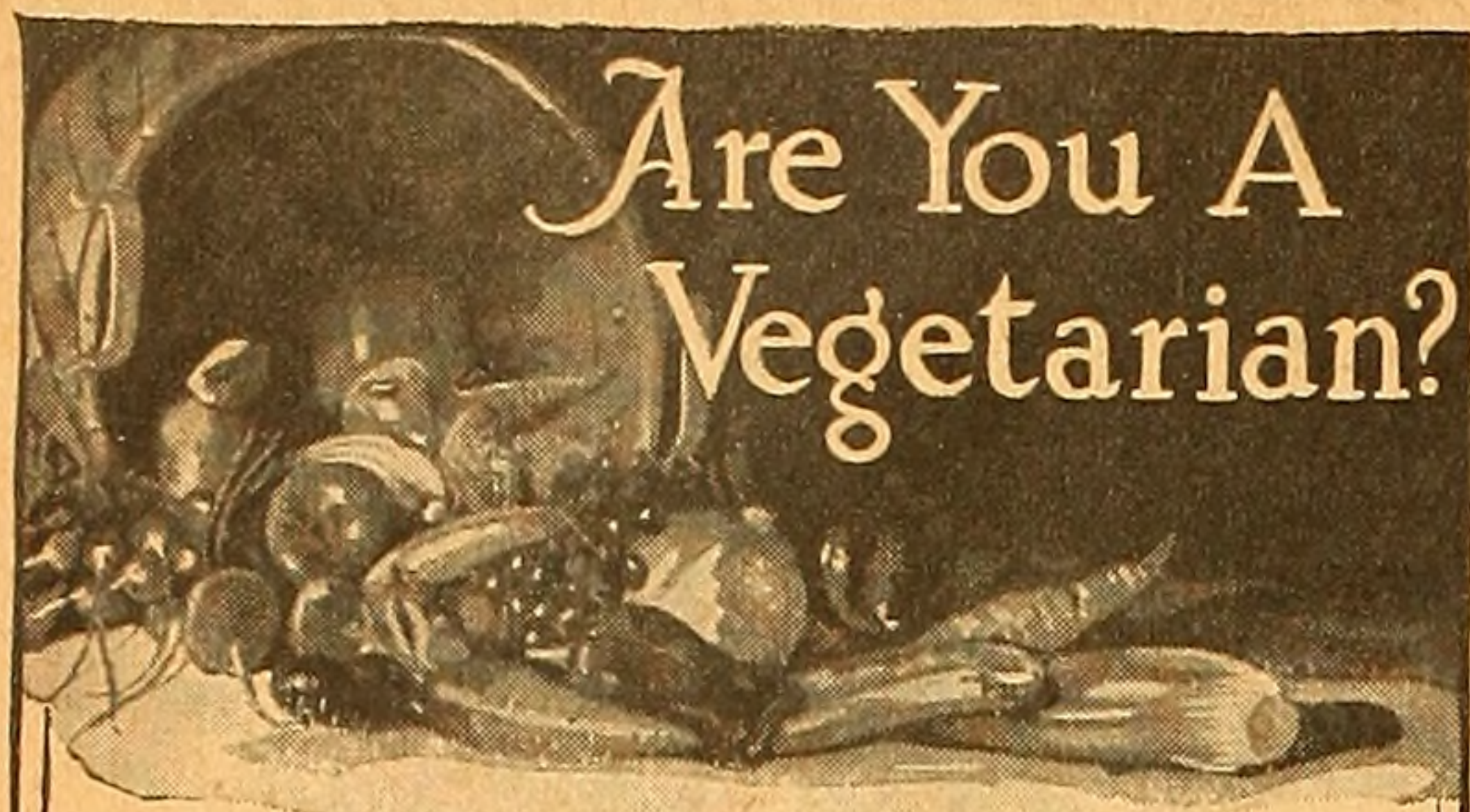
IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you 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?

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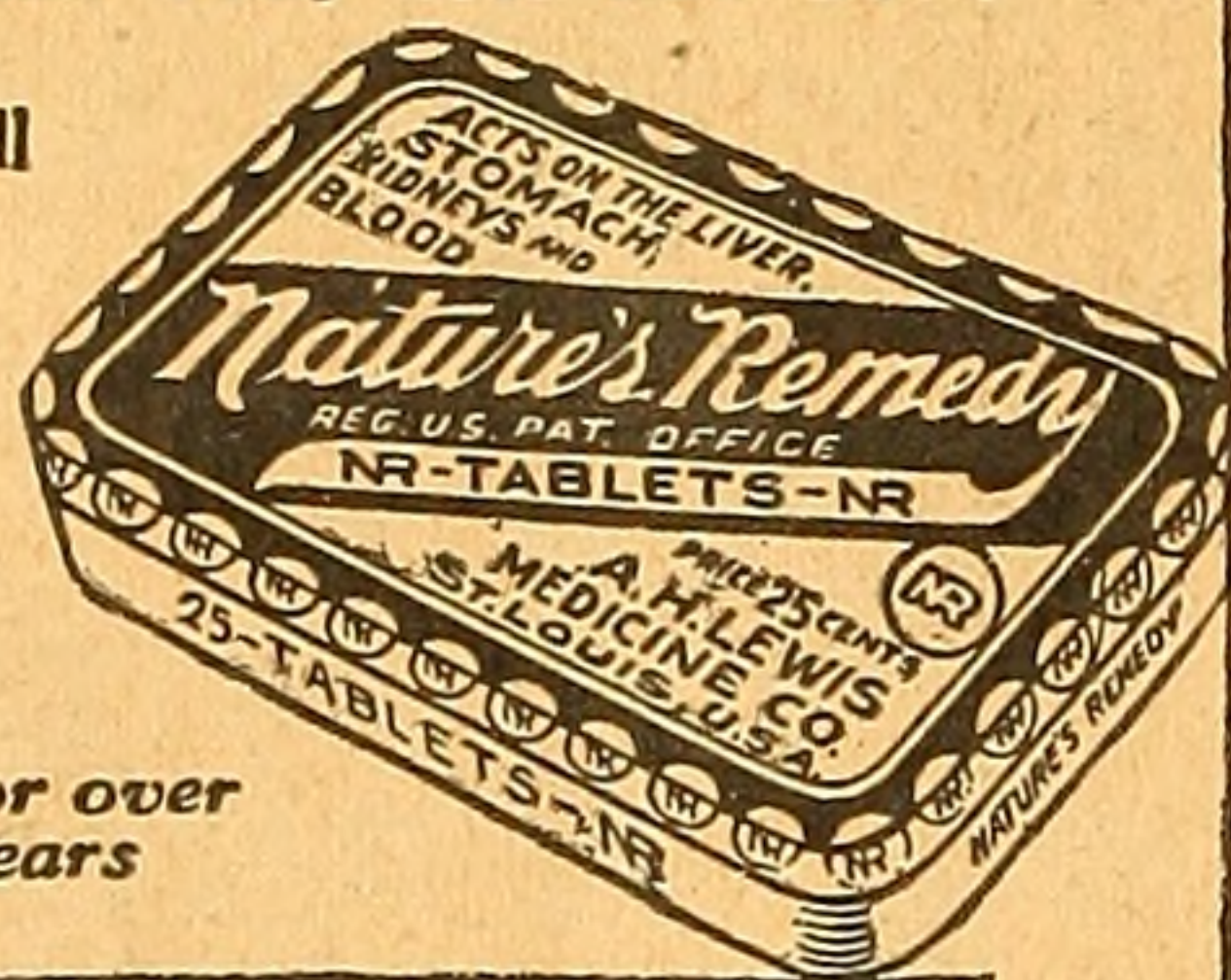
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# Alo Studies

big get-together field day, which is held at Pago Pago, the naval station. Prizes are awarded the best teams by the Government. The little troupe entertaining us were the winners of the last meet, and we certainly agreed that they deserved the prize.

The dancing continued for several hours, until one of us happened to yawn, and immediately the chief ordered the dancers to depart.

Sleeping in Samoa is an art. Mattresses, pillows and bedding are unheard of among the natives. They simply stretch out on the mat-covered floor of the hut and call it the end of a day. We were obliged to make the best of things, so we gathered all the available mats and made as soft a resting place as was possible. When one is tired, and especially the tired feeling easily acquired in the South Seas, even solid rock is a welcome spot to lay his head.

The following day was spent in studying the everyday life and habits of the natives. We made notations of the various subjects which we wished to film. The gathering and preparing of foods, fishing, building of native huts and canoes, making of "tapa" cloth from the barks of trees, mat making, preparing the "kava" and many other interesting subjects.

The high chief has full sway over his people and his word is law. In his hut were gathered all the chiefs and sub-chiefs from the neighboring villages. This meeting was called especially for our benefit.

For instance, we wished to photograph the making of canoes, launching the canoes and a canoe race. After a long discussion between the chiefs, it was decided that we should pay them a half-case of canned salmon for this. The whole evening was passed before we had completely arranged for all the scenes we wished to secure. Summing up our "cost sheet," we found ourselves indebted to the extent of eight and one-half cases of canned salmon, forty-four plugs of chewing tobacco and about seven cartons of chewing-gum.

Getting the natives to perform before the camera in a natural way was by no means an easy task. They would strike a pose and hold still, and we had considerable difficulty in making them understand that they should move about and do their work while the camera was in action. They did as they were told, but the little black box with the crank on it was always a puzzle to them. If we could only have shown them motion pictures, we might have

made clear to them what we were doing.

We spent five weeks on the island of Tutuila, where we succeeded in securing all of the pictures we had planned for that island. On the eve of our departure, we were honored by a big feast. All of the chiefs were present at the affair, which was held in a beautiful cocoanut grove near the seashore. Some thirty or more chickens, fourteen young pigs, besides the dishes prepared from the vegetation of the tropics, went to make up the "eats"—and it certainly was a grand send-off.

By rowboat, we managed to get to another island, some twenty miles from Tutuila. Here we were introduced to the high chief, and were accorded the same hospitality as was shown us on the other island.

The high chief of the seashore village is in charge of all shark hunts. He selects his boatmen and assembles the various crews. As all Samoans are proud to be photographed, we had little difficulty in persuading him to permit us to accompany a crew going on a hunt and to "film" the brave ones in the act of catching their next meal.

The shark is particularly fond of salt beef, so he goes after it. All the while the native is pulling the bait nearer and nearer to the boat, but the shark knows no fear and keeps coming after it. When the bait is very near the boat, another native drops a noose into the water between the bait and the shark. When the shark is half-way thru the noose, the native draws it tight and the shark is caught. He puts up a good fight. His big tail flops around, throwing a spray of water all over the boatmen, who are endeavoring to get the shark's nose up to the edge of the boat. When this is accomplished, the shark receives about six or eight good, hard blows on the tip of his nose, which kills him instantly. The noose is removed from around him and he is thrown to the bottom of the boat.

All during the excitement, the movie camera was purring away, registering every bit of action in detail.

During the night five more sharks were subjected to the treatment, and at daybreak three more followed in the same fate.

On arriving back at the village, a meeting was called and the boatmen sat in the high chief's hut and drank "kava" and related their experiences on the hunt. This we photographed also, but when it came to eating the sharks, that was entirely too much for us, so we departed, more than satisfied with what pictures we had secured.





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**THE QUEEN**

By GWENDOLIN CUMNOR

Oh, you prick a thorn in my heart every time you play—  
Loveliest star of the screen!  
For I fear that your calling eyes will lure my lover away,  
Dread queen!

And I know his fingers must long for your silken curls  
(Oh, I can understand!)  
Ah, you wave a white wand of fear o'er a thousand innocent girls—  
Your hand!

I can feel my lover shudder when danger threatens  
You, or the wiles of sin,  
And his thrill at your triumph! A thrill no woman ever forgets—  
You win!

And the little shiver he gives when you kiss Lips of your loved leading men.  
And he sighs at the fade-out. I vow, I'll never see films like this  
Again.

And then, after he kisses me as tho he heard a cue,  
We have a wonderful scene  
For a moment—but then I remember, and think he is thinking of you,  
Dread queen!

**HELPS FOR YOUNG WRITERS**

By LEW TENNANT

(Mr. Steele Plotz, an expert scenarist, for years connected with the Hokus Studio, will be glad to criticise your story free of charge. You do not have to be a subscriber, you do not even have to be a writer. Many scenarios are received from people who aren't.)

**RUDYARD KIPLING.** There are two reasons why your story, "The Light That Failed" wont sell. One is the unhappy ending and the other the clumsy title. Change it to "The Superb Sinner" and send it to Miss Louise Gloom. Dont become discouraged.

**SINCLAIR LEWIS.** Your "Main Street" also lacks a snappy title. Plot needs more pep, too. Try something different.

**BERNARD SHAW.** Your comedy not original enough. However, I sent it to Billy West as you requested. My suggestion is that you put more human interest—a scene with a monkey and a baby, for example—into your work. Keep trying.

**ANATOLE FRANCE.** Charming *nom de plume* you have, Mr. France. I suppose you got it from Lasky's picture, "The Affairs of Anatol"? The scenario school about which you ask is most excellent. It will help you, I'm sure. Let me know what success you have.

**THEODORE DREISER.** No producer would buy either of your stories. They are too unpleasant. My advice to you is to read "Pollyanna." Even a well-known author like Rupert Hughes doesn't bring in too much unwholesome realism. Cheer up, remember what the poet Byron said, "life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal!" Try again.

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Scenario writers' plot ideas.

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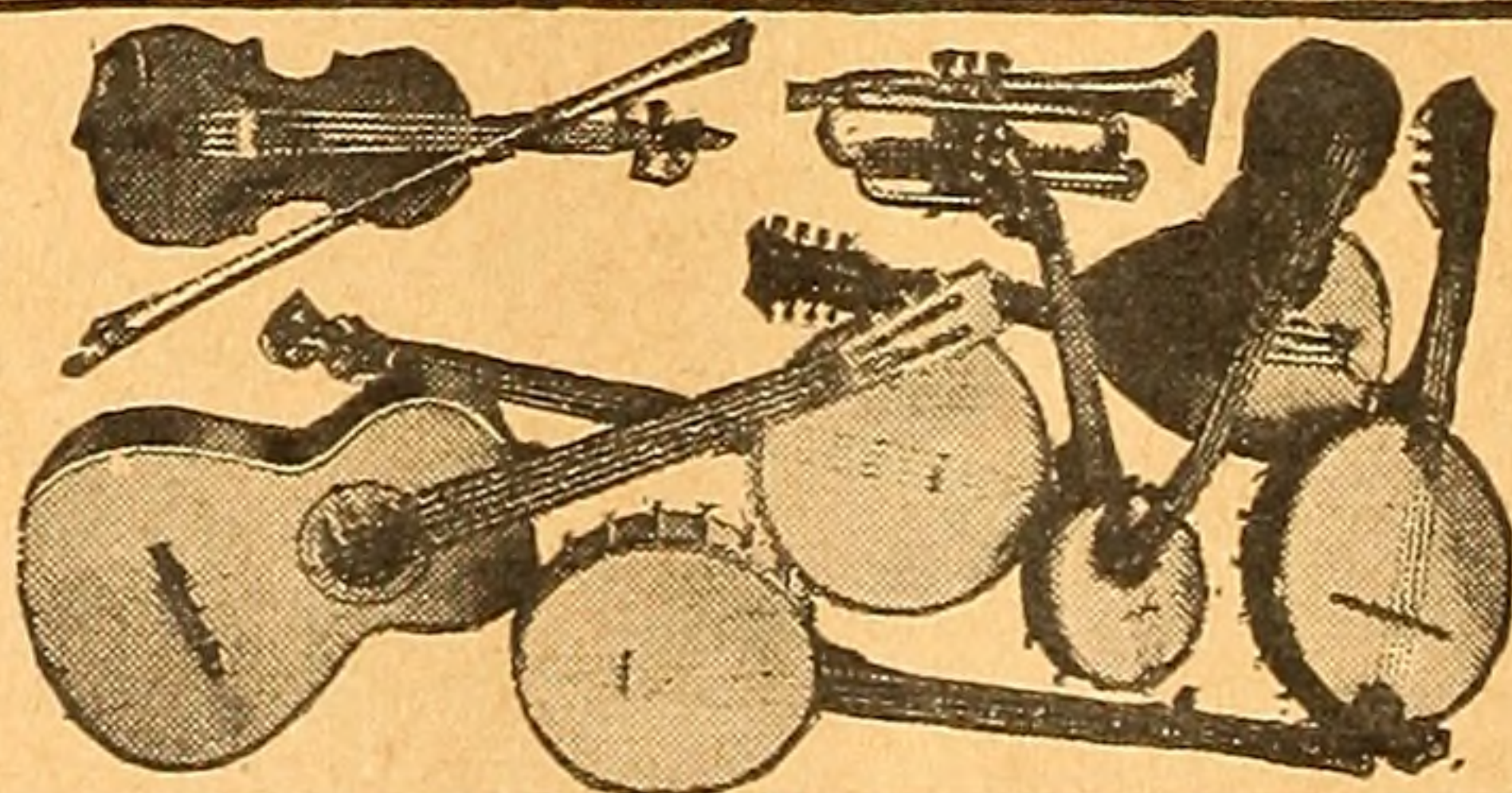


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*“Say it with flowers”*

Justice

(Continued from page 21)

are typical of the best of the movie colony. I can only answer for what I actually saw. It must not be forgotten that when the moving picture industry started, it was looked down upon and scorned as a profession—so that it was natural that the lowest elements gravitated toward it, and there is probably a section of them left, and now, overflowing with money, they think this wild display is "smart." But why be unjust? It would be as sensible to insult everyone in the medical profession or the law because there are unscrupulous doctors and absconding attorneys! What the public ought to do is to show gratitude to the movie world, for the hours and hours of pleasure they have given it, and stand by them in this time of their trouble, and show that they appreciate those who do lead straight lives, just as highly as they disapprove of the degenerates who are proved to be licentious livers. If I had seen any of the alleged behavior in Los Angeles or the Hollywood Hotel, I would have packed my trunks and left immediately. I saw none in ten months, which proves that the number cannot be very great! But I did hear stories of parties in some of the homes, which I thought deplorable—and I did see some faces on the sets, which common sense told me indulged too often in intoxicants. And I used frequently to feel sorry at observing too much familiarity of manners among the young people in general. But I am told that this is merely the modern fashion, and that I would have seen the same in any society in America. If this is true, then the sooner society learns more refinement and discipline the better. But the point I want to make is this, that the temptations of the movie people are a hundred per cent. greater than any in other avocations, except the variety stage, and so people should keep a lenient point of view upon the subject—and then, while upholding the movie world in general, the public can show its disapproval of those stars whose conduct there is real proved reason to believe is scandalous. This would be the certain method of ridding the profession of the offenders—and would encourage those who do live clean lives to continue doing so. Let loose any company of young, beautiful and healthy people, with no standard to live up to—no rules of conduct to obey—no penalty to be exacted for excess, and no praise to be given for good conduct—give them hard work—with constant strain on the emotions, by the mingling of the two sexes—alternating with hours of waiting in enforced idleness; give them the excitement of the forbidden fruit of stimulants, and then imagine what they would do! Poor, young, undisciplined, beautiful creatures! Most of them under twenty-five years old. They have all my pity and sympathy, not my blame—and the wonder is that so many are as good as they are. It is so easy for ugly old men and withered elderly spinsters, who seem to think they are the sole guardians of public morals, to thunder and denounce! They have never had a temptation in their lives! If they really wanted to help the situation, and not express their own egotism, they would encourage and explain, not just scold and blame; and they would turn their energies to the principal cause of evil, which I said before is the horrible excessive drinking, which has become the fashion since prohibition came in.

In the next article I hope to tell you the bright side of the movie world, and give an idea of the charity to the poor and sick—and to each other—which this much-abused community shows.



# Who Will the New Stars Be?

(Continued from page 39)

The national question used to be, Why Girls Leave Home. The answer was, The Lure of the City. The city stood for romance, adventure and new personalities. Trusting Delia sighted a traveling man in all the glory of a silk shirt and, bedazzled by the spectacle, fled into the night. We don't hear much of silky deceivers any more. The matinée idol has come like a protecting angel to lift up Delia lest she stumble. A gentleman in celluloid is much safer than one in silk, and usually more attractive. Delia can weave the romance so vital to her life, hold correspondence, kiss the dear photograph and never once come stumbling home in the snowy night with a Mellins' food product.

The movie promotes fidelity in the home. When hubby wants a change, he hies to the show and adores a film flapper instead of making eyes at a cigar counter flooze. When wifey longs for the company of a gallant who doesn't bellow over the bills or stridently snore in his sleep, she snitches a quarter and keeps tryst with her silent lover of the screen. Kids, too, must have their idols. Once they were Buffalo Bill and Ty Cobb; now they are Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart.

We must have change. We tire of seeing the same faces with the same sets of expression year after year. But how shall the new stars be chosen? Before starting on a quest for the Fresh Face, I inquired the methods used by producers in picking stars. This is the *modus operandi* of one:

The magnate sits enthroned in the projection-room, while his recent films are run off, and eagerly scans the faces of the players.

"Now, there's a pretty girl!" he exclaims. "How much is her salary?"

"Two hundred a week," says the casting director.

"Not the type," says the producer.

Another flapper flaps on.

"How much does she get?" asks the director.

"Thirty-five a week."

"Just the type!" declares the producer. "She's a *very* nice goil."

If she proves nice and reasonable, she may get a five-year contract, starting at thirty-five dollars a week and increasing by leaps and bounds of five dollars a year.

When a novice applies for work at a studio, the first question asked is, "How much experience have you had?"

What producers want are brand-new personalities who have had at least five years' screen experience. One studio, which professes to seek people who are "different," was visited recently by a young actress in quest of labor.

"You are a very good actress," said the casting director, "but I'll tell you what is the trouble with you: you ain't the typical leading lady type."

That's another point. You must be new to the screen, with plenty of screen experience, have a "different" personality, and be the same type as all the rest.

Now, I ask you, ain't it hard on a nice goil?

Elinor Glyn said a forkful when she first arrived among the studios.

"I can't tell your leading women apart," said she. "They look exactly alike on screen and off. They are all moon-faced and saucer-eyed."

The producers say that we don't like the girls unless they are short—not over five feet four inches; extremely slender, flat-chested, slim-ankled, platter-eyed and under twenty-five years of age. Eighteen is really the correct age for a leading lady.

I sometimes wonder how gals not of these specifications ever get along in life. If the males of the nation get the same feeling about "the right type of girl" as the producers, there's going to be race suicide, because there are not enough old men's darlings to go around.

While the film fathers claim to know what the public wants, they have pulled so many sad bloomers that they now seem afraid to make discoveries. Hence you might think they would be glad to let the public do it and abide by the decision. Not so. Consider the case of Rudolph Valentino.

Producers were blind to the personality of Valentino until Rex Ingram showed them. Then they said that Valentino just happened to fit the part. The critics and the public pronounced him a "find," but of course the critics and the public know nothing about pictures. They only patronize 'em; they don't make 'em. Metro did not place Valentino under contract, nor did other firms bid for him. Mr. Ingram used him again in "The Conquering Power," and again he gave a high-colored portrayal. Still no one signed him up. They say that only certain parts suit him. He couldn't play clean young Americans. Of course, he is limited. If he weren't, he wouldn't be distinctive. Anyone who can double for any type of human being hasn't any individuality. All the characters in life and literature aren't clean young Americans, thank God. I suppose they ought to be. Nature doesn't know what the public wants.

Rudolph Valentino is the best box-office bet revealed since Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess, too, went unrecognized until D. W. Griffith brought him forth. You will note that it is only the best directors who dare to discover—Mr. Griffith, Mr. Ingram, Mr. John S. Robertson. Mr. Barthelmess was allowed to drift around at two hundred a week, playing leads and creating comment until Mr. Griffith put him under contract. After Griffith's approval, the young "find" was offered twenty-five hundred dollars a week by the same company which could have had him for a few hundred. They argue, of course, that Griffith made him. He made him only in so far as he gave him decent parts and direction. Given the same by any other company, he would have shone effectively.

Next to Valentino, Gareth Hughes is the most interesting star brought forward this year. While his excellence as an actor was known before John S. Robertson cast him for "Sentimental Tommy," he was never given a fair opportunity to demonstrate. He, also, is limited, I'm told. He is only a young John Barrymore, with more screen talent than Barrymore.

Director Robertson also provided the sesame to the talents of May McAvoy, who had been buried in Blackton productions. The least you can say for Miss McAvoy is that she has intelligence, and that's more than you can say for most. She's not another of those Mary Pickford successors, as some enthusiasts exclaim. She has enough individuality of her own to get along nicely—even enough, I believe, to weather the hardships of program pictures.

The reason for the starring of Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt is not so clear. The only apparent reason is that stars are badly needed, and Miss Ayres and Mr. Holt seemed to be the best unstarred parties on the lot. Conrad Nagel was also under consideration. The film exchanges were consulted and the election was carried for Mr. Holt, who is better known because he has appeared in more pictures. Mr. Nagel is a

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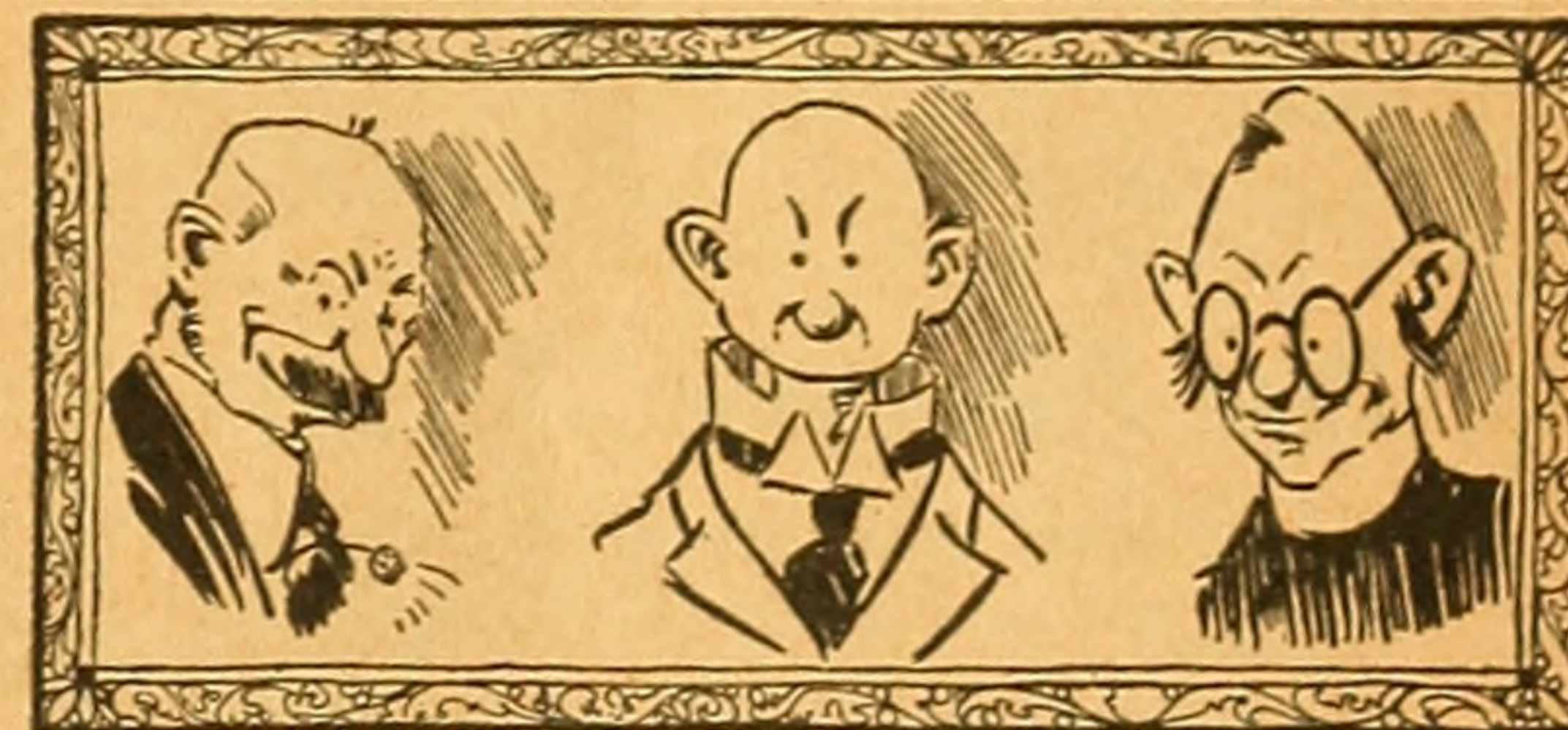
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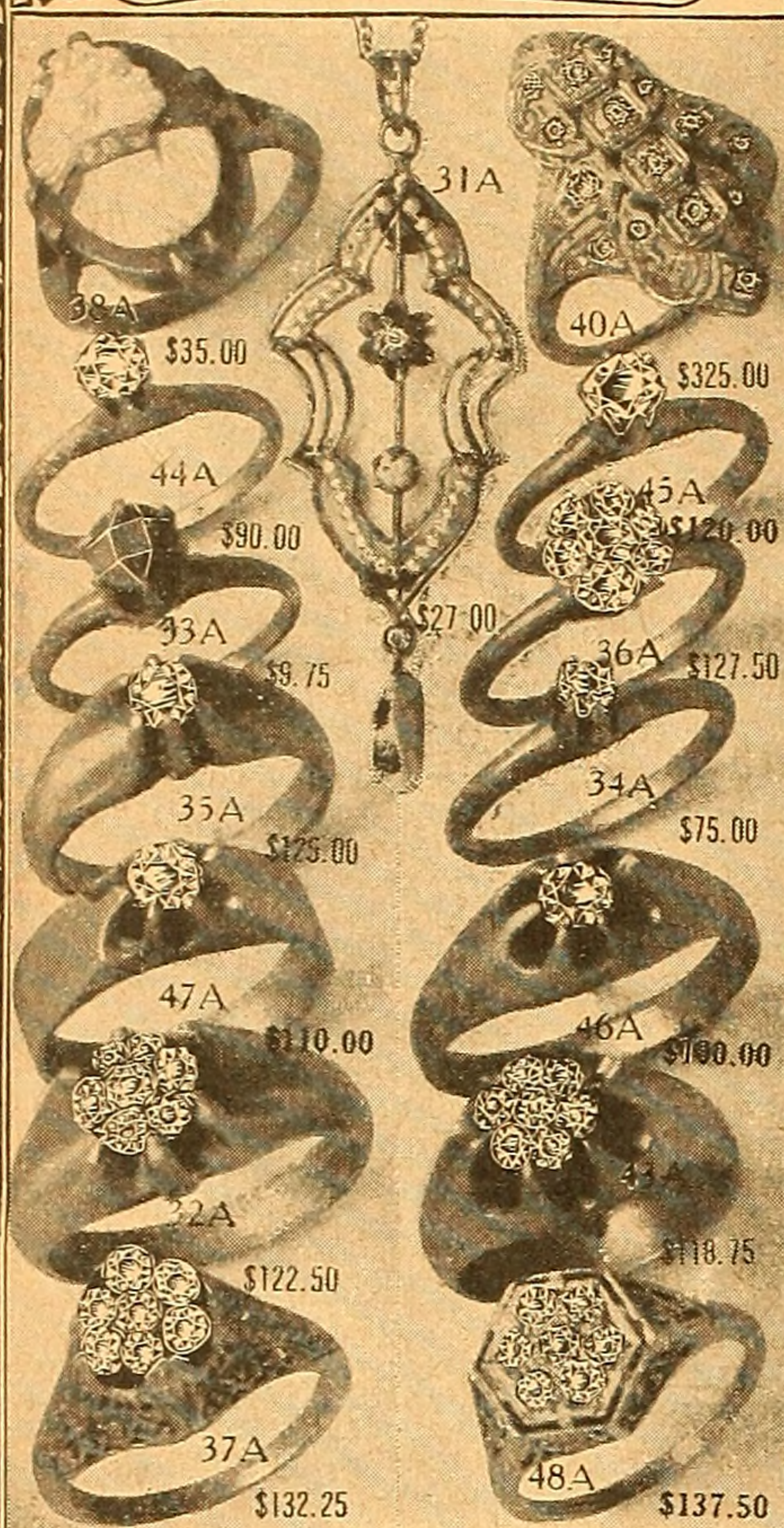
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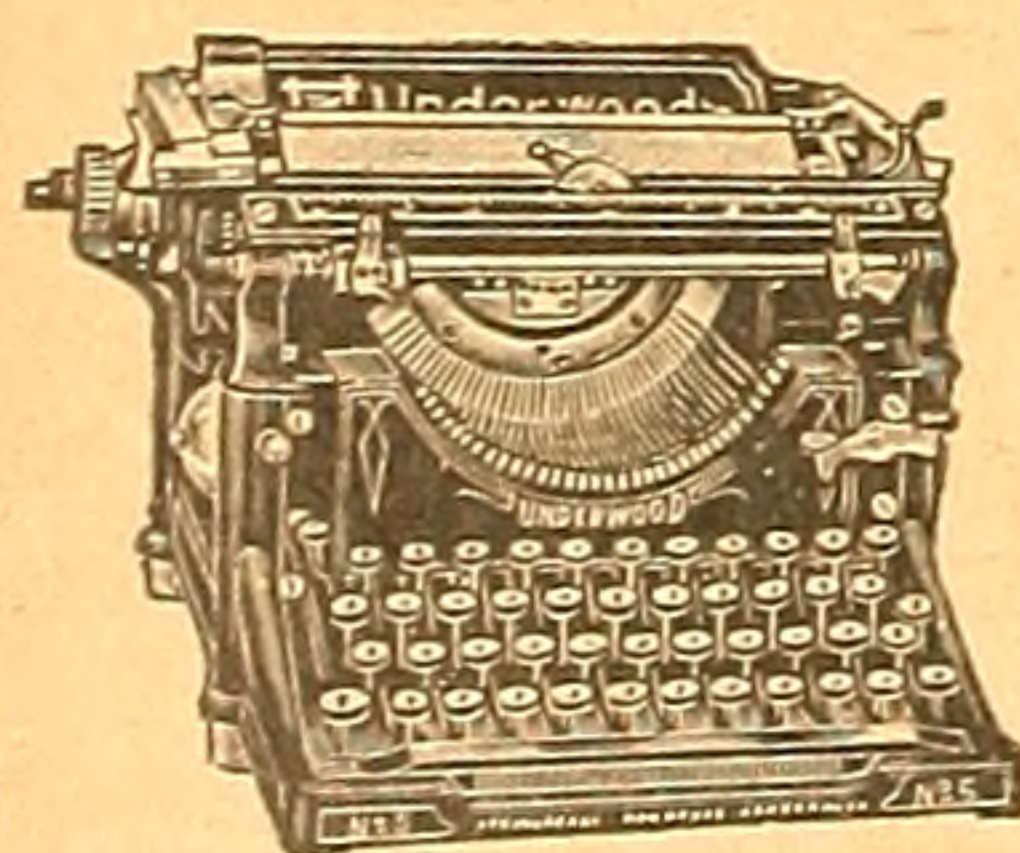
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good actor of a type that is rare in the movies. His starring time will probably come.

We're told that the public elects stars. It elects them about as it elects Presidents. We take what is offered—for a while. Sometimes a comely bud is starred for no particular reason, and blooms forth quite riotously. Bebe Daniels has proved such a peony. While I think Sarah Bernhardt can still keep the championship in Europe, Bebe is doing very well as an exponent of personality. Indeed, she is a fine exemplar of what personality alone will do toward touching the public purse.

Of all the stars I've beheld this year, Priscilla Dean impressed me most. A great many players can register in fine pictures, but few could do for "Reputation" what Miss Dean did. When an actress can tie your interest to a tottering old melodrama solely by her appearance in it, such a one is a genuine star. Miss Dean not only has individuality: she has positive magnetism.

Thrilled by Priscilla, I turned my bounding barge toward Universal City to see if there were any more like her out there.

"I came to see some new personalities," said I to the guide who was appointed to show me the city.

"You should have been here this morning," said he. "Two of them got loose and ran all over the lot."

"Pardon?"

"Two of them got out of their cages and ran loose," he repeated.

"Was Priscilla Dean, by any chance, one of them?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said my pilot. "They were Harold and Edith. There they go now!"

Down the street rumbled a cage containing a couple of well-set-up lions, who are to star in Universal comedies. They appeared to be well-bred, and, be it said for their good taste, that during their outing they never ate a single ham.

As we were passing down a street that divides a New England village from a Turkish tenderloin, we passed Mary Philbin and Gertrude Olmstead, recent stellar arrivals.

"Just how can you get to be a star out here?" I inquired of my escort.

"By saving coupons," said he. "The ladies we just passed won popularity contests. That one over there is an Elks' favorite."

Later, I saw one that I was sure was a Moose, but my guide said no.

Then I met Miss Dupont. She is a beautiful cloak model, whom Eric von Stroheim selected to play the leading feminine rôle in "Foolish Wives." Her name was Marguerite Armstrong, and before that was something else, but now it is just Miss Dupont. Thus you may know she is no relative of the powder people, altho the studio wits call her the Powder Girl. She resembles Katherine MacDonald.

Only a ticker could keep one posted on the stellar stock at Universal. The fluctuations at the William Fox foundry are even greater. It is a poor pay-day that doesn't see a new star hired and an old star fired. Mr. Fox's only logical candidate for the constellation this year is Betty Blythe, whose talents were undraped in "The Queen of Sheba." One would suppose that her success would cause the company to hold her, but apparently she has been able to escape, while the high powers busily tinker with bargain luminaries. I suppose Miss Blythe is limited. They probably think she can only play queens and ladies of regal refinement. No place for her on the screen.

Pola Negri is the rarest jewel seen in the film setting since Nazimova flashed out in "Revelation." Europe has long known Madame Negri, and we are to know her better, as her pictures will be imported reg-

ularly. The local film seers have tried to tell me that Pola is a lemon.

"Why, she doesn't know the first thing about timing and camera angles," a director informed me. "She does things that we wouldn't permit an actress to do in our studios over here."

That's probably why we like her so well. So long as she doesn't enter the studios over here, she'll keep her spontaneity. The admirable "timing" and "restraint" and "camera angle" stuff prevents many a player from manifesting what little personality he has. With the exception of Constance Talmadge, there is scarcely a player on our screen who ever makes a quick move or shows any spontaneity. Most of them drag around like tin manikins, turning their heads and raising their hands by the count of one, two, three. Acting is like soldiering: there's a count for every move. There's nothing like discipline. By carefully pursuing the military policy, producers have been able to present a formation of stars of the same height, chest expansion, weight and manner. The only mistake is failing to put them on army pay, and the producers are now doing their best to remedy that oversight.

Reviewing the movies by companies, it is amazing to see how successfully all individuality has been suppressed. The only flash I've observed in the Goldwyn ranks is Cullen Landis. In "The Girl from Outside," he set fair hearts hopscotching. He didn't get the guardhouse for his trouble; neither did he get anything else. Here is the typical American youth, who could play anything from Horatio the Newsboy, who inherits a fortune for helping a chicken to cross the road, to a college youth who raises Cain—and a mustache. No director as yet has taken the trouble to bring out all this boy's attraction.

Vitagraph is famous for letting its best bets escape. The only promotion that it has made in aeons is Alice Calhoun, who is pleasantly real.

Thru the offices of Rex Ingram, Metro has introduced Valentino and Alice Terry with success. Continuing under the tutelage of Mr. Ingram, Miss Terry will gain popularity by the gift of beauty, and eventually, mayhap, some dramatic power. Gareth Hughes, who was playing the foil for Viola Dana and Alice Lake before "Sentimental Tommy" rescued him, is now being fitted out in parts that suit him.

Lasky has deified Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt during the past year. It remains to be seen how their halos become them. Miss Compson, however, has proved that she can shine away from the direction of the late George Loane Tucker.

Richard Barthelmess, whom First National is routing over the star trail, and Miss Compson are the leaders of the new generation. They have the intelligence, breeding and refinement of manner which have been so notably lacking among the cinema's younger set. And they have none of the affectations of the parvenu who trails so grandly thru screen sweldom.

Producers have realized that a new order of youth is necessary. No matter how virtuous and deserving may be the waitresses, chauffeurs and manikins, other types of human beings have their place. While talent and personal charm are not always the portion of the cultured, still it wouldn't do any harm to try a few college-bred minds. Mentality does count on the screen. The camera gets character, and more and more are we learning to see thru the make-up. A perfect profile no longer satisfies.

This year has brought chaos to the cinema and a revolution that has caused many stellar heads to fall. I do not care to read the roll of the dear departed. Let some one



# CLASSIC

For JANUARY

WE wish a Happy New Year to the people who don't read **Classic!** Those who do, will have it anyway.

For **Classic** brings things to you that make for happiness—beauty to the eye—joy to the senses—wit to the mind—entertainment to the jaded. The proof is in its pages.

We have started the New Year with the best issue we could command.

There are twelve picture pages beside the gorgeous gallery portraits: **Bebe Daniels** in a cold, cold world; **Gareth Hughes** in a sunny one; an exquisite still from **Theodora**; **Shannon Day** in a luscious pose; a strikingly beautiful photograph of the ever **Glorious Gloria**; and many others.

An interview with the best beloved, and second best beloved in the screen world, **Mary and Doug**.

Other interviews with fast arriving stars which cast their shadow selves before you in the pages of **Classic**.

The latest and most diverting reel news from the Coast, as well as from the eastern studios.

Fiction of the highest order in three short stories evolved from three promising movies: "R.S.V.P." with **Charles Ray**; "The Happy Ending," with **May MacAvoy**; and "Don't Tell Everything," with **Wallace Reid**.

Start the year right with

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

For JANUARY

## THE JANUARY SHADOWLAND

"**M**ORE beautiful than ever," is a trite phrase, yet it seems to aptly apply to each succeeding number of **SHADOWLAND**. The January **SHADOWLAND**, holiday issue of all holiday issues, will, indeed, be a thing of rare beauty.

The enlarged four-color section will be a noteworthy feature, including several art and poster pages, a number of full-page portraits of screen and stage favorites in full colors, and two pages of Parisian fashions, done by Wynn in his inimitable style.

### STRIKING CHRISTMAS FEATURES

The newest playlet, "Lies," from the pen of the brilliant Continental playwright, **Franz Molnar**, will appear.

**Oliver M. Saylor** will write upon the forty foremost writers of America and the forty leaders of England, making some interesting comparisons.

**Frank Harris'** latest contemporary portrait will be a discerning study of **Arthur Symons**.

**Harry Carr** contributes a strikingly humorous article, "The Confessions of a Scenario Editor."

**Theodore Dreiser's** third article on "Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners," is even more sensational than its two predecessors.

There will be a number of other striking features, as well as hundreds of gorgeous pictures in colors, tint, halftone and rotogravure. All together a remarkable issue.

## SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

else act as pallbearer. I'm only interested in the new order, to which belongs **Betty Compson**, **Richard Barthelmess**, **Rudolph Valentino**, **May McAvoy**, **Gareth Hughes**, **Betty Blythe**, **Alice Calhoun**, **Cullen Landis**, **Richard Dix**, **Marjorie Daw**, **Florence Vidor**, **Colleen Moore**, **Virginia Brown Faire**, **Marguerite de la Motte**, **Conrad Nagel**, **Alice Terry** and **William Boyd**.

Some of these are not yet ready for starring, but they are the most promising of personalities coming into view. After all, we care not what they are called—stars, rainbows, or sunbursts—so long as they present characters of interest and distinction. The greatest actress of the American screen does not wear a stellar diadem, yet we honor her none the less.

The motion picture industry needs to be outfitted in new personalities from top to bottom. As I predicted in a forecast of films at the opening of the year, 1921 is the year of the revolution in the movies. The result will be the survival of the fittest. But until the ruling class lifts its manifold restrictions and ceases to confer favors upon royal favorites, we can hope for no great reform. However, three of the leading companies—**Lasky**, **Goldwyn** and **Universal**—are in earnest quest of fresh faces. To this end, the **Lasky** company, thru its casting director, **Mr. Goodstadt**, awards five-year contracts to young people who show signs of individuality. Such a contract was given **William Boyd** last year. **Mr. Boyd** is now playing secondary parts, and soon will come forth in leads. He has personality, intelligence and good appearance. When a fellow is picked from the extra chorus and given a contract the salary, of course, is low, for the company is taking a big chance. The aspirant need not worry, however, lest he be getting extra's pay when he becomes a star. The company always tears up such contracts and gives an equitable one when the player is equal to leading rôles.

After making a grand tour of the studios, I'm somewhat pessimistic about the **Fresh Faces** now on ice. I still feel that the best solution is the **Benda** mask. By changing masks judiciously, a player could show different expressions where now he has but the one. True, it is a trifle artificial and mechanical, but so are glycerine tears and automaton technique. Another point in favor of masks is their variety. They could be made up in different styles, so the leading ladies wouldn't all look alike. Perhaps **Tony Sarg** will supplant the present automatons with his marionettes. As it is, I consider **Mutt** and **Jeff** the most promising of all screen stars.

### Curving the Angular Figure

(Continued from page 58)

is reputed to be a fattening, nourishing fruit because of the proportion of sugar and oil it contains in combination. Eat any other sweet fruits that are not too acid and that do not cause any unpleasant after effects. It frequently happens that thin people can not eat fruits, melons or tomatoes. Those fruits I have mentioned, however, can be taken in medium sized quantities daily without any fear of an ache or a pain afterwards. Eat plenty of bread and butter. Hot bread, especially, is fattening. Substitute hot chocolate or hot egg drings for your tea and coffee. Add a half cup of chopped nuts to your daily diet.

If you are very thin and below normal in health there is no better diet than milk and eggs—whole milk and raw eggs, taken in large quantities daily. These contain the necessary properties to bring the health up to normal. And a normal condition of

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of **Halitosis** with them? Not very many, probably. **Halitosis** is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, **Halitosis** is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from **Halitosis** either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconscious of it themselves.

**Halitosis** may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

But very often it is only temporary and then you may overcome it by taking a very simple personal precaution that will mean ease of mind for you and comfort for your friends.

**Listerine**, for forty years the safe household antiseptic, is a wonderful combatant of **Halitosis**. Just use it regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. It will do the trick.

You probably now have **Listerine** in the house and know all about its many other uses as a safe antiseptic.

If you don't, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of **Listerine** together with a tube of **Listerine Tooth Paste** sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address **Lambert Pharmacal Company**, 2138 Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo.



For Halitosis use Listerine



# Play By Ear

## Be a Jazz Music Master

Yes, you can, even if you are **JUST A BEGINNER** or an advanced student. The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play all the popular song hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—only 20 lessons, which you can master in a little while—will enable you to transform the tune which is running thru your head into actual **JAZZY** music on the piano. **ALL BY EAR.**

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friends will marvel. **YOU SIMPLY PLAY BY EAR.**

### Hum the Tune, Play It By Ear

Hear a new popular song hit, hum the tune, play it yourself. All by ear. Just think how many dull hours this easily acquired ability will make happy, how many friends you will make happy, how popular you will be when you **JAZZ** the newest song success of Broadway after hearing it. All done by ear. Be a **JAZZ MUSIC MASTER.**

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health is the most essential thing for anyone to consider. Until this condition is reached, it will be impossible to put on flesh. First, you must get the body and the digestive organs into a condition to absorb the food that is put into them. When this stage is reached, it is but a matter of time and a careful observation of the diet until you will attain the degree of plumpness desired.

Be sure, to start with, that you actually wish to gain weight. I know some slender women who are very eager to fill out and get plump—even fat—and I think they are very wrong in this desire, for they are women of medium height with very small bones and are not so thin as they appear to be. If they should add many pounds they would soon look round and "rolly-polly."

Hold in mind the ideal for a beautiful figure—proportion and symmetry. One cannot actually effect one's height in any way yet discovered by science, except by wearing French heels and high ornaments on the hats, but one can get one's body into proportion to one's height and keep it there by means of the proper diet and exercise.

"Exercise," once said a very lean, angular woman to me, "is not meant for thin people. It is good only for stout people who wish to become thin." And she humped her shoulders and bent over her knitting while her needles clicked, her lips drew down at the corners, and her eyes kept count of the stitches. Looking at her, I wished to tell her a few of the simple fundamental facts I had gathered from observation and from reading. She did not realize she was engaged in an exercise requiring a constant expenditure of nervous energy. However, I refrained from speaking at this time, but later induced her to give up knitting and play golf instead. She is now very enthusiastic over the game and is gaining in weight, health and general appearance.

There are certain exercises that will help thin people to put on weight, in spite of the general supposition that all exercises tend to reduce.

Learn what exercises you need and take them regularly. The right exercises improve the general health. They get the body into a normal condition. The food will now be assimilated. Now, with the health at normal, and not before, the full benefit of the nourishment that is put into the body will be realized. When this condition is reached, it is easy to gain weight.

A description of these exercises would make my talk too long, so I shall wait and tell you all about them another time.

The greatest agent for promoting fat, regardless of the condition of health of the subject, is sleep. Just as a fat man or woman should sleep only as much as they absolutely need, so thin people should sleep as much as possible. They should indulge in the afternoon nap immediately after luncheon. If they cannot go to sleep at once, they should form the habit of lying down for an hour after luncheon anyhow. If this is kept up regularly, sleep will eventually come, and the afternoon nap will become a habit. While school-girls and business men and women have not time for this indulgence, they can spend their noon-hour quietly, and should form the habit of retiring soon after dinner five nights out of seven. I can't emphasize this too much. Sleep is the only absolute rest there is.

My last bit of advice concerns itself with regularity of habit. Have regular hours for meals, for exercise, for work or play and for sleep. The only irregularity I would recommend is in the waking time from sleep. If you are still sleepy when the usual time for rising comes, then sleep on. This advice, of course, is only for the

very thin person who is anxiously trying to gain health and a rounded figure. A person of normal health and weight should have a regular time for rising.

Now, if you are actually thin and wish to get plump, follow these directions carefully. If you find no difference after a month, or two months, there must be some organic or constitutional trouble, and a doctor should be consulted. In nine cases out of ten, this will not be necessary; that is, if you are faithful and sincere in your own efforts.

Remember, the diet, sleep and exercise are your best friends. Cultivate them.

## We Interview Camille

(Continued from page 25)

not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?

A. W. F.: Dont they ever call you "Alla"?

NAZIMOVA: Alla—ah, that is something reserved for my husband, my mother and my sister, perhaps. And Madame—that is for the theater, for the studio.

G. H. (insistent—she never gives up): Have you ever had any great sorrow?

NAZIMOVA (abruptly): How old do you think I am?

A. W. F. (ever politic—feeling this a moment for diplomacy): Twenty-nine—thirty.

NAZIMOVA: I am forty.

G. H. (still endeavoring to untangle the mental pictures of Nazimova from the picture of Nazimova as she really is—as, most strangely, "Peter"): Aren't you afraid of old age?

NAZIMOVA: Not a bit. I wouldn't be young again if I could. Youth! (She shudders.) Youth is so great a waste. One squanders precious things so. To me the greatest of all pities is the inability to reach youth and give it experience. Most of my friends are young girls. If for one of them I could do that—make them realize. Age is feeling. While I feel young, I shall be young.

A. W. F.: Do you believe children restore woman's youth? Do you believe in having children?

NAZIMOVA: Not for creative women. A woman living a creative life is bound, necessarily, to do things sometimes defiant to convention. In order to fulfil herself, she should live freely. Children bring fear, and in that way arrest personal development.

(A. W. F. and G. H. feel at a loss. This is not the Nazimova they had prematurely visualized. No incense wreathes in serpentine about her definite, boyish head. She wears no chiffons, no morbidities. She thinks, succinctly, as a man thinks. She speaks without evasions.)

A. W. F.: How did you feel about playing "Camille"?

NAZIMOVA: Always, I said that I would never play "Camille" until I had forgotten how I had seen "Camille" played. I saw Bernhardt as Camille—and Duse. I kept faith with my determination. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellia when I began my own portrayal.

G. H.: Do you think a woman like that would have loved the boy, Armand, in the way she did?

NAZIMOVA: It would take a woman like that to love Armand—just as she did. It was Youth she loved.

G. H.: What do you plan to do next?

NAZIMOVA: Repertoire. By that, I mean there will sometimes be more than one story in my film. In my next picture there will be two stories, for instance—Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Ibsen's "The Doll House."

A. W. F.: Have you what you wished



from life? From work? Are you satisfied?  
 NAZIMOVA: Not yet. But I will be.  
 G. H.: You have confidence—you have hope—?  
 NAZIMOVA (surprised): But of course.  
 A. W. F.: What do you like to read?  
 NAZIMOVA (is it with a sense of humor?): Medical books.  
 (G. H. rises to depart. This last has been too much for her. Nazimova walks to the front of the hotel. There is a Peterish handshake all 'round. It is over.)

SCENE III. The interior of a taxicab.  
 G. H. (in a recessional voice): Did you ever see such a face in all your life?  
 A. W. F.: The strength of it. Her eyes! Her mystery and tragedy, for whether she will or no, they are there—without affectation—without pose. She is without superficiality. Do you think she is beautiful?  
 G. H. (quoting): What does it matter? —“Woman of Stone, Sphinx or the Marble Mie—”  
 A. W. F.: I wanted to see “Armand.”  
 G. H. (oblivious to the interruption): —mien—Empress of Hate, you turn men's bl—”  
 A. W. F.: Peter—Mimi—  
 G. H.: —blood to ice—”  
 Oblivion.

### The New Star

(Continued from page 55)

Miss Virginia Eastman, 104 West Seventieth Street, New York City.

Miss Lula M. Hubbard, 223 Fourth Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Other awards in the contest were three very beautiful pieces of lace, which Ensign Tyburc, of the United States Navy, brought from abroad for the express purpose of giving them to the Fame and Fortune Contest. The lace was made by the nuns on the islands of Malta, famous the world over for their exquisite laces.

Miss Bow was given a little bolero jacket. Miss Eastman was presented with a filmy scarf. Miss Ursula Mengoni, a little girl just five years old, had a pair of unusual lace socks for her baby feet, given to her, as her share of the contest glory.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is glad to present Miss Bow's sincere and grateful letter in full:

“Gentlemen: I want to thank all those in the Brewster Publications, Inc., who have been responsible for the kind treatment and many efforts in my behalf, from the day of my entrance into the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921 up until the present time, and also for the beautiful outfit, which they so kindly presented me with. Everyone thinks the outfit beautiful, and is so very becoming, thanks to the taste of Mrs. Gleason and Miss Palmer.

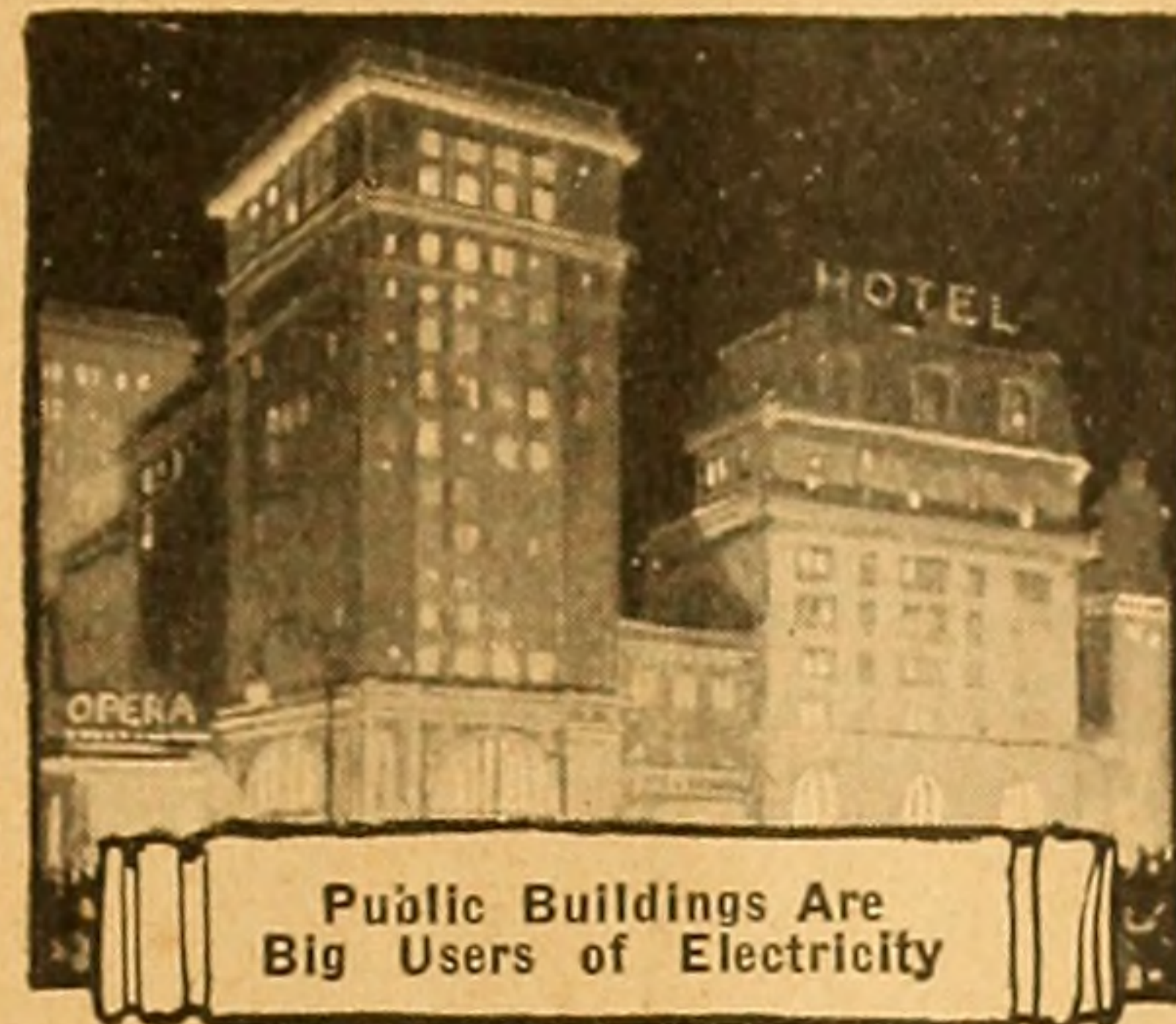
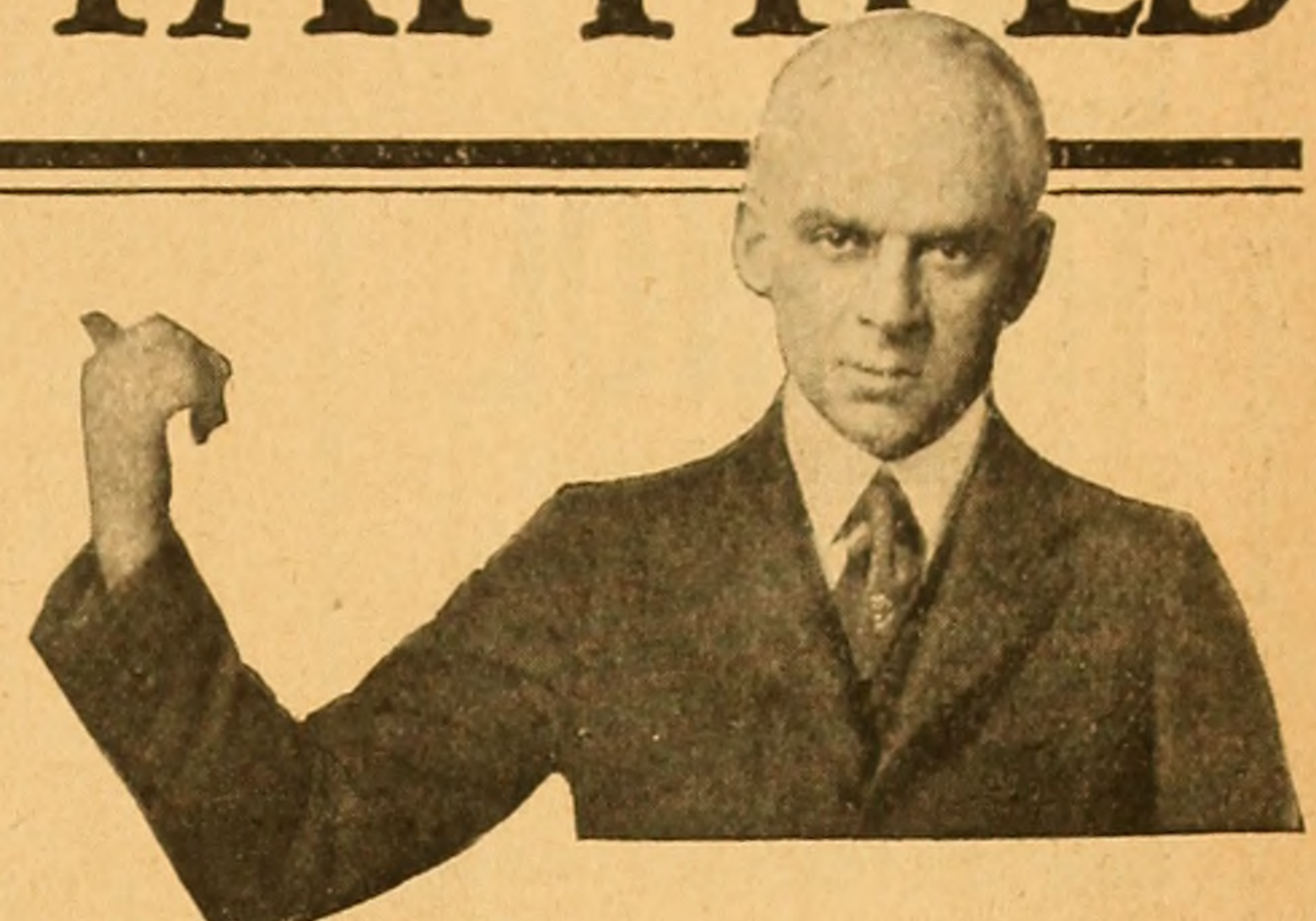
“Now, about my future. I hope that everything you credit me with will prove true, and that all your hopes and expectations will also do the same. I hope that with the proper training I will grow into a good actress, worthy of the Brewster Publications' help, and hope that some day Mr. Brewster and the rest will be proud of me and my work. I intend to work very hard and try and perform the smallest rôle that is given me to the best of my ability.

“I thought that writing to you would be better than trying to get an interview. In any business matters, I hope to rely upon your judgment, as I am inexperienced in that direction.

“Feeling that I have said all I wish to say, I will close, with much appreciation and thanks to the Brewster Publications, Inc. I am,  
 Yours sincerely,  
 “CLARA G. BOW.”

# ELECTRICITY

## The BIG-PAY FIELD



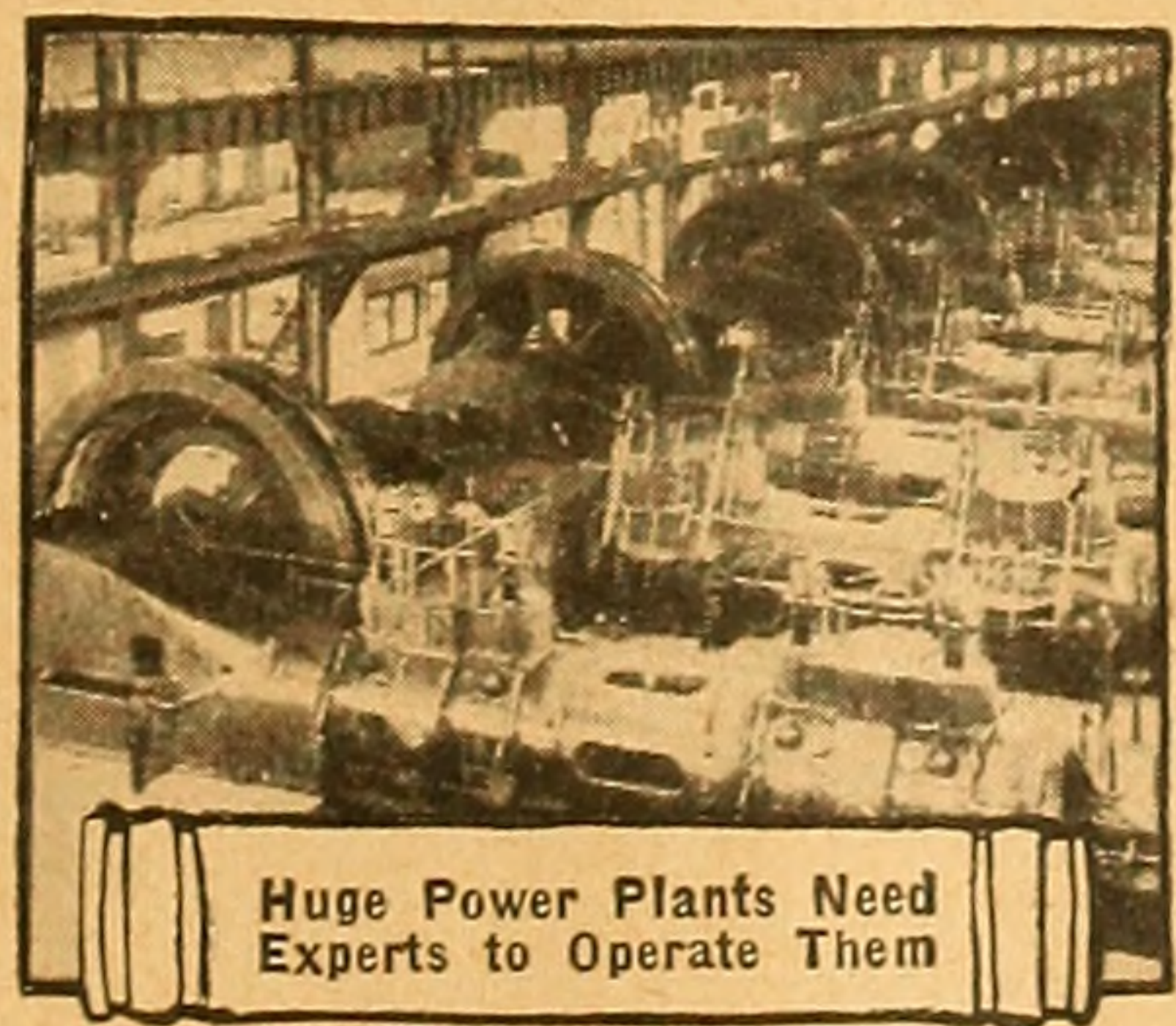
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 If you are a square peg in a round hole—if you are doing work that you don't like—if you are an ambitious, wide awake man, only making \$3 to \$5 a day—this message is for you.

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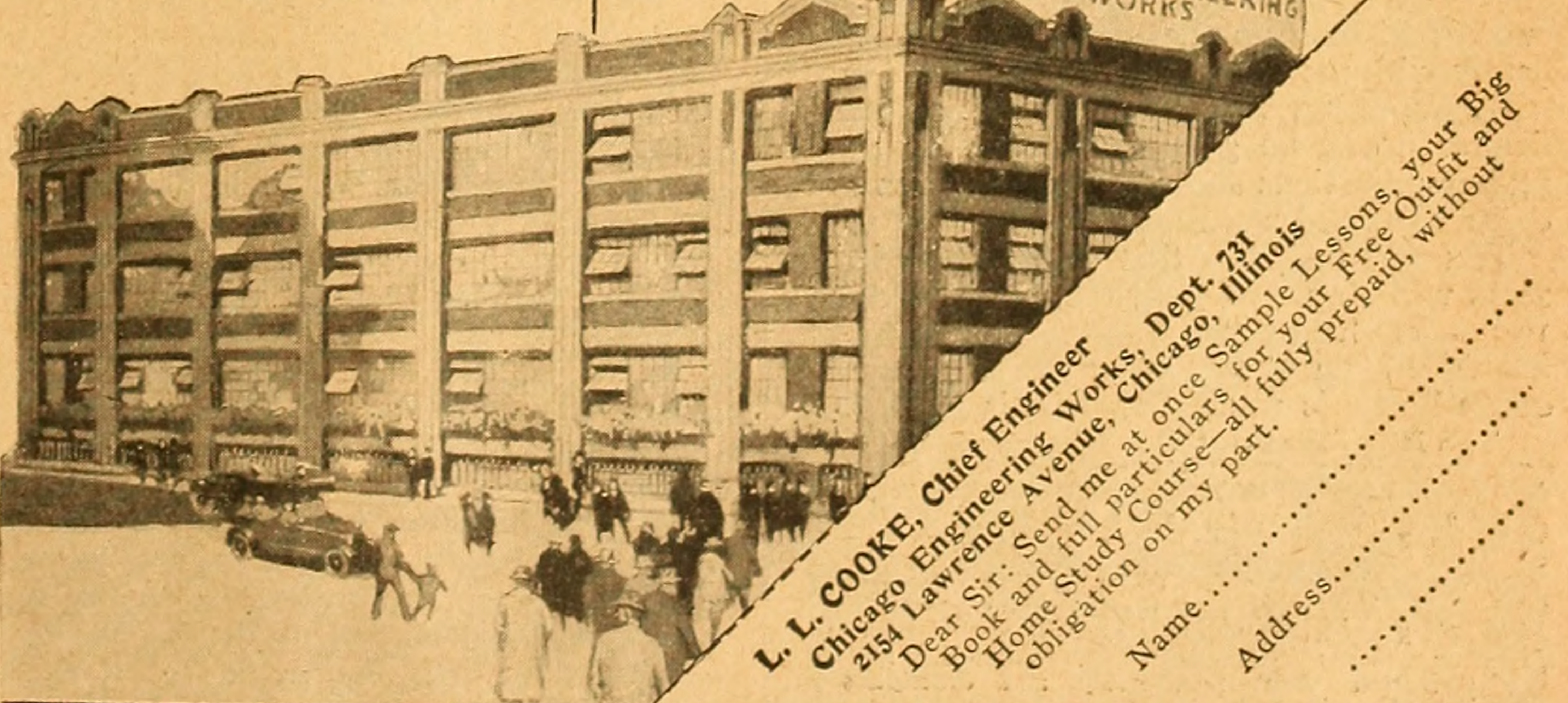
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## Tol'able David

(Continued from page 49)

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skin  
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One application of this  
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**W**RINKLES are the enemy of beauty, particularly in a young person. They begin to come at the age of twenty, unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, the tendency is to lengthen, deepen and multiply. Don't wait too long, don't give them a chance to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

## Palmer's Face Lotion

is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

**There Is No Reason Why You Should Have Wrinkles Until You Are Fifty!**

Apply Palmer's Face Lotion every night, and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing, astringent effect, and if your skin is at all inclined to be flabby, it will make it smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

**RICHARD WALLACE,**  
Department MI, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Tol'able David any longer. No. He was David the *man*—

Then the chance came. Patience and the quiet attributes of heroism work slowly, but they work finely and well. David's young spirit, tortured into manhood, could not escape its justification. It came when, on a day, the driver of the mail coach came into the store for some whisky, already staggering with drink. David felt a flash in his brain, illuminating, clear. He said to the burly mountaineer, "You-all caint drive that stage coach outer Crab Tree. You're *drunk!*"

The driver picked up a chair and made a lunge for David. "Yuh young whipper-snapper!" he shouted; "yuh pore pindlin' Kinemon, yuh caint do a man's share no how—caint"—and then his words died away, stopped. David was facing him with a revolver, was saying quietly, "But this here is what I kin do. I kin shoot, and shoot to kill—I got an awful steady hand—"

Senator Gault came in on the scene. David turned to him, lowering the revolver. In the darkness of the store, in the murk of the atmosphere his voice and face were steady, tranquil. He said, "Senator, you-all better let me drive the stage coach. This man ain't no account." He added, grimly, "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble."

Somehow, David had always known that the test of himself would be made when he took Allen's place and drove the United States mail over the perilous roads. For this reason, and no other, Allen had dwelt on how he would guard the mail with the last scrap there was in him, with his life, give his death for it if, in giving, he could send the mail on safely—

Senator Gault had moments of insight. One of them came when he knew the truth of David's "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble—"

David knew, as he mounted the stage coach to take the mail bag to its destination, that triumph is seldom apart from bitterness. He was fulfilling himself at last—over Allen's broken body—over his father's grave—over his mother's dearly purchased faith—over Esther's wounded eyes.

Still, it was triumph. The starting of the horses, the heavy rolling of the wheels, the heavy whip, so often held by Allen, going crackity-crack—the good-byes from the men about the store. And then the sense of victory over the roads—the mail bag, secure at his feet. It took a *man* to do this thing. And then—the sudden lunging of the coach on a bend of the road—the mail bag sliding from beneath his feet, dropping to the road—the pulling in of the horses—the sight of Luke Hatburn, waiting—he knew he had been waiting—the hateful snarl of amusement as Hatburn grabbed for the bag—the mail that was to be guarded with one's life. *A Hatburn with the mail bag*—Lord God, but his chance had come! A Hatburn—the mail bag—life and death—Allen—his father—Esther—Allen again. David was down, was grappling with Luke Hatburn, burly, brawny, an animal—was grappling, then, he saw it thru a mist of darkest red, with the three Hatburns—the three accursed Hatburns. What did it matter? The hate of more than three Hatburns was within him, was releasing powers in his flesh he had never had before. Luke Hatburn held the mail bag—and David, a blind force, a simple, primitive, wholly uncontrolled force, was pitted against him and against his father and brother. Now, *now* it had come! Now he would prove, now he *must* prove the mettle of the Kinemons. Now he must atone to

Esther, because God had made her a Hatburn, as sweet as she was—as sweet and good. He knew that she was, as he tore at the Hatburn flesh—as he dug and swore and struggled and avenged. The fighting blood of Kinemons dead and gone came to his aid—the blood that ran clear and unpolluted sprang to vivid, pulsing life—he came clear at last. Luke Hatburn lay crumpled, inert, even as Allen had been—the mail bag was in David's arms—there remained now the supreme test of his manhood, of his endurance, of his will-to-power—the fifteen remaining miles to the railroad town—the ride back. Could he make it? Ah, but he must—he must. The long teachings of his boyhood, the long hero-worship of Allen and all that he stood for, the shining array of heroic figures he had kept gallant company with in the pages of his books—all of these were flanked alongside, watching him now. They would bear him company. They would jeer him off the lists, or award him the victor's crown. His accolade should be—Esther's eyes—poor Esther—gentle Esther, who couldn't help being a Hatburn—

Miles of wracking, blinding pain—while the coach jostled and tormented and agonized his broken bones, his bruised flesh—in-terminable miles. David, the man. Was this man's work? Was *this* the definition of the word "man," spelled out in the dictionary under Allen's guiding finger? Ah, to be a boy again—sweetly dreaming—unaware. Where were his heroes now? Gone. Pain had erased them with a gesture. Pain, pain, the world. Where was Allen? David heard a mirthless sound. It was himself, laughing. Allen, Allen, his hero, silly and futile, tracing weak patterns on the air. Pain—pain—pain—nothing left but pain and the mail bag—the mail bag and pain. Fifteen miles—fifteen *thousand* miles he had gone. No one, not even Allen, had ever taken the mail bag so long, so long a voyage. But it was safe. It was safe. Here they were—so many people—faces he knew—the word had gone about that the mad Hatburns had "got" him—he cackled again, again mirthlessly. He, Tol'able David, had "got" the Hatburns. He was "Tol'able David" no longer. The postmaster detached himself from the faces, growing rapidly blurred and incoherent. David raised his voice. It rose at his bidding, miraculously from the pit of his nauseated body. The postmaster responded, and before he fainted, David saw the mail bag safe in the appointed place—

He came to in his mother's arms. Esther was bending over him. In the distance stood Senator Gault. He had done a great thing, they said. He had vindicated the code of the mountains. He had won the spurs of his manhood.

David stood, boot-deep, in the running stream. Esther crouched on the bridge above him. A little way off they could see the smoke curling again from the chimney of the Kinemon cabin. Allen was propped up in a chair on the porch, smiling at them. They heeded only one another.

"I caint dream any longer in these streams and woods," David was saying. "I'm a man nowadays—"

Esther's eyes were brooding. "You kin do things now, David," she said.

David nodded. He thought, "Come, Deeds, what am I offered for a dream?"

But, after all, wasn't this dream come true? The crackity-cracking of the whip? The vantage of the mountain roads? The succession to Allen—triumph tinged with tragedy. And Esther's eyes—Esther's eyes—so proud of him—his accolade—



## A Question of Honor

(Continued from page 65)

every step, panting and exhausted, but buoyed up by the love he bore Shannon, and knowing full well that his burden was precious to his young friend. There, he ministered to her as tenderly as a mother, and soon brought her back to consciousness.

"You are all right now, honey," he said. "I must go and find Bill. Jest lay here till we get back."

The second person to get to the tunnel was Shannon himself, delayed slightly by an encounter with Burkthaler, during which he gave that burly ranchman the first good thrashing he had ever had in his life. Burkthaler was suddenly convinced of the worth of Shannon's scheme by the prowess of his fists. This sort of argument is the only kind some minds are capable of grasping. He extended his hand, and in his gruff way expressed his admiration and respect for a man that could fight like that. When Shannon magnanimously explained to him that he had merely been the tool of Morse and his breed, his contrition was fairly laughable, and his anger at the greedy capitalist who had misled him, burst into sudden flame.

"I'll settle with that city dude," he roared in his great voice. "No man can fool with Charles Burkthaler!"

When Shannon got to the tunnel, old Sheb was waiting for him.

"Who saved the dam?" Shannon asked, as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"Miss Wilmot, Bill," Sheb replied. "She's up at your place now, hurt pretty bad, but game! By cracky! I never see anything like it. Why, she—but go see her yourself, Bill. She's waiting for you."

"She doesn't want to see me, I guess," said Shannon, the picture of Morse holding her yielding young body in his arms suddenly coming back to him. "She's in love with Morse, you know."

Sheb spat disgustedly. "In love with Morse—hell!" he exclaimed roughly. "Why would she risk her life savin' your dam if she wasn't in love with you? Why would she be lyin' up there on your cot, callin', 'Bill! oh, Bill! Where is Bill? Why doesn't he come?' if she was in love with that Wall Street crook?"

"Is she really asking for me, Sheb?" asked Shannon, excitedly.

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't waste no more time askin' questions and wonderin' about it, when—"

But Shannon was gone.

He knelt on the floor beside Anne, both arms around her, while she explained, before anything else, the scene with Morse. And when she told him modestly about saving the dam, and showed him her lacerated hands, his eyes filled with unexpected tears, and he kissed them reverently and tenderly.

"My brave girl," he murmured, brokenly. "My brave girl."

And, after a while: "You wont mind staying up here in this lonely place until I've finished my work, will you, dear?"

"Oh, no," replied Anne happily. "I want to stay here always. I couldn't be lonely at the edge of the world with your arms around me."

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*Rosalie Dean*

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# Rex and His Queen

(Continued from page 23)

for one of his pictures. Then he intrusted me with the rôle of Marguerite Laurier in 'The Four Horsemen.' Everyone told him he was crazy, that I couldn't possibly do it. He renamed me Alice Terry—my real name is Taaffe—and he made me wear a blonde wig, which catches the light more than my own hair, which is reddish brown.

"From that time on, my luck changed. I am glad I made good in 'The Four Horsemen,' but more for Rex's sake than my own. I have little enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are married, I may play a part once in a while for Rex, when he has one that suits me, but never for anyone else. There are too many heartbreaks in it. I couldn't help laughing when I was called to the Lasky studio a short time ago. Everybody was so sweet to me, they couldn't praise me highly enough; but all the time I kept remembering the time when I was an extra in that very studio, and those selfsame people had never paid any attention to me. They prophesied I would never get anywhere. But now, that I have succeeded, they are ready to fawn on me. I'm suspicious of that type of friend. Mr. Ingram believed in me when I was nobody, and I have proved that I could make good. I am satisfied."

The studio musicians on the funny old-fashioned scene for "Turn to the Right" tinkled out an old-time Virginia reel. Somehow, it blended well with the melody of Miss Terry's words. She has bravery, that girl—and a clear vision of the worthwhile things in life. I accosted Mr. Ingram:

"And where are you going to find another leading lady?" I asked him.

"It will be frightfully hard after working with Alice. She interprets what I want so quickly and easily. I want her to play Flavia in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' my next picture. She is ideal for the part, and has agreed to play it on the condition that our marriage be postponed until the picture is finished. Isn't that right, Miss Terry?" he laughed.

"It is," she teased. "If I were married to you, you'd think you could boss me or call me down while we were making the picture. Now you're just a little bit afraid of me."

"She has a wonderful sense of humor," observed Mr. Ingram, following Miss Terry with his eyes as she ran across the set to say hello to her sister. "A woman with a sense of humor is a blessing."

"Seriously, I do think that after we are married, her place is at home. The studio isn't any too good for a girl. The heat is terrific in summer, the work is physically wearing, the lights trying on the eyes and temper. Personally, I am fond of pictures, because they have brought me a quick success, such as no other business or art could have brought me. But I don't want to stop with motion pictures. My lifelong ambition is to be a sculptor, but that is a rich man's job. When I busted out of Yale, I took up sculpture under a famous artist at the Art Students' League, until my funds grew rather thin. Then, one day when I visited the Edison studio with a friend, I heard the man who writes the letters that appear on the screen being discharged. Without hesitation, I boasted of my expert penmanship, asked for the job, and was put to work at once. From that time on everything went well. I wrote a scenario that was accepted, then I was given opportunities to assist the directors, and finally became a director myself. After the war, during which I served in the Royal Flying

Corps, I came home broke. I sold a good many of my clothes in order to come out here. Among them were my dress-suit and dinner coat. Since then I have never bought another dress-suit. I find it such a wonderful excuse for refusing invitations. I can't tell you how many parties I have successfully escaped with 'I'm sorry, but I haven't any clothes to wear.' I hate 'partying.'"

"Are you economical, or do you spend all you make?" I inquired brazenly.

"I save every cent I can. I never spend any money on myself. I haven't had a new suit in three years. Ordinarily I wear out old uniforms and putties about the studio. I have only one extravagance, and that is my love for sculpturing. My ambition is to make enough money to buy a fine old home in Europe, where I can stow a raft of truly marvelous sixteenth century furniture I now have in storage, and sculpt to my heart's content."

"Was your romance with Miss Terry a sudden one?" I asked.

"No. I have known Alice ever since she was a little bit of a girl. I often thought of her charm and sympathy, but only recently did I realize that I loved her—and she refuses to marry me until we finish 'The Prisoner of Zenda!'—ah well, I may persuade her to run away some day yet—who knows?"

"No one has expected us to wait this long," laughed Alice, coming up for the last word. "They don't know how strong-minded we are, do they?"

And the charming blonde head was close to the shiny black one as I said good-bye.

# A Reversal of Rôles

(Continued from page 59)

is Swiss, my mother was a Fitzgerald, and I was born in the backwoods of Missouri, next to the famous Jesse James farm. There the Beerys have been born and reared for several generations. There is always a Noah—the name runs back indefinitely—tho down there they call it Noea, and our son continues the name." Both parents turned affectionate eyes toward the sturdy seven-year-old lad riding his Shetland pony thru the garden paths below us.

We were sitting on the wide terrace of the Beerys' charming new home, situated high among the foothills, and for a moment we were silent, drinking in the beauty of the scene. A marvelous panorama lay before us—Hollywood, with Los Angeles beyond, and a glimpse of the gleaming Pacific in the western distance.

The house is an imposing white Italian villa, against the effective back-curtain of green hills. The grounds, comprising an acre, include smooth lawns, a Japanese garden, with its rippling cascade fountains, a prim Italian garden, picturesque with its Venetian blue vases and marble seats, while along the steep terraces are grape-vines and avocado, orange and lemon trees. There are vines, flowers and shrubs of every variety, even tobacco plants, now in full bloom. "Remember, I'm from Missouri, so I grow my own tobacco," and Mr. Beery looked with pride at the blue blossoms, promises of future smokes.

Strolling thru the garden, we peeped into a wild canary's nest, hidden in the dense foliage of an orange tree, to see four tiny chirpers.

"Our son guards them with his life," laughed Mr. Beery. "One reason I built our home so far out was because I wished him



country life and its wholesome in-  
I had so many struggles that I  
hope to spare him some of the knocks and  
give him the opportunities I missed.

"We're pals, and when I'm not at the  
studio, we're fussing about the place to-  
gether. Sometimes he gets the acting fever  
—he has talent—and then we stop garden-  
ing and rig up a stage down there where  
the swimming pool is to be. We work out  
a play of our own, and it is serious business,  
too, for both of us."

Mr. Beery has just completed a rôle in  
the first Marion Fairfax production, "The  
Lying Truth," in which he plays four peri-  
ods in one man's life, beginning as a youth  
in Ireland. Next week he starts work in  
Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life," playing  
a rôle similar to that of his Doctor Ord, in  
this same producer's "Go and Get It."

Recalling Mr. Beery's wide diversity of  
strong character rôles, into which he puts  
so much force and sincerity that they in-  
variably stand out cameo-like, I asked him  
how he first gets his idea for the part.  
He replied: "I visualize it when the direc-  
tor tells me the story, and if it doesn't  
come then, it never does."

"So much of the actor's inspiration is de-  
rived from the director, and there must be  
a sympathetic understanding between them  
if the picture rings true. I like a rôle that  
requires time and study to develop. The  
real make-up for a character must come  
from *within*. It is the result of studying  
the man until you can feel as he must feel,  
then your body, your very features, will  
become responsive to your own mental pic-  
ture."

"I don't mind playing small parts in a  
production, if they mean something. I'll  
work in one scene if it offers a good char-  
acter bit. I prefer a rôle where, if wholly  
consistent, there can be reformation. No  
man is entirely bad. Usually, I'm killed off  
before the final scene, and I've tasted death  
in every possible way."

Last year Mr. Beery drew his salary for  
seventy-two weeks, for he doubled in sev-  
eral pictures. Once, several years ago, he  
was playing three historical characters at  
the same time, these being Pancho Villa,  
in "Patrio"; George Washington, in "The  
Spirit of '76," and Brigham Young, in  
"The Mormon Maid."

The dramatic instinct began germinating  
in Noah Beery when, still a very little boy,  
he went to Kansas City to seek his fortune,  
and started it by selling lemon drops in the  
old Gillis Theater. He used to amuse the  
actors behind scenes with his singing. He  
had a big, deep voice, and they urged him  
to cultivate it and go on the stage. So,  
with this as his objective ambition, he fin-  
ally managed to take a few lessons in Kan-  
sas City, and later went to New York,  
where he became a pupil of Dr. Francis  
Powers.

He smiled, sheepishly, when he admitted  
that his first fling before the footlights  
came in a song and dance skit in vaude-  
ville.

"Only for one season," he hastily ex-  
plained. "Then I went into dramatic rôles,  
and have usually played 'heavies.' My only  
venture into comedy was in Douglas Fair-  
banks' recent picture, 'The Mark of  
Orro.'"

It was while playing in the stage pro-  
duction, "Strongheart," that he fell in love  
with the leading woman, Marguerite Ab-  
bott, now Mrs. Beery. "She's been every-  
thing to me, and all I am I owe to her," is  
the actor's tribute to his wife. "We have  
never been separated, don't believe in it;  
y, that's why we married, to be together."

I played in pictures as far back as eleven  
years ago, in the old Powers company,  
when Pearl White and my wife were the  
leading actresses on the screen. I didn't

like it, however, and kept my work a guard-  
ed secret. I recall that once William A.  
Brady called me into his office and told  
me if he ever heard of my working in pic-  
tures I could never again appear in his  
stage productions. It wasn't so many years  
later that I was making World Pictures  
in Mr. Brady's own studio."

It was, however, a great trouble that fin-  
ally put Noah Beery into motion pictures  
in earnest.

The eldest son had died and little Noah  
lay very, very ill for many months, so Mr.  
and Mrs. Beery finally took the child to  
Miami to await the end.

"But he *lived!*" and the father's voice  
rang out jubilantly. "Tho in debt, I turned  
down two offers to return to New York  
and one in London, for I determined to  
bring the boy to California. I came out to  
Los Angeles to see what pictures would of-  
fer, and the day after my arrival I went  
to work in Cecil de Mille's 'Joan the  
Woman.' This was followed by 'The Mor-  
mon Maid,' and then I was put into stock  
at Lasky, where I remained several years.  
Now, I am free-lancing, which means  
more money and a wider choice of rôles."

Noah Beery has furnished the screen  
with a long list of big, comprehensive char-  
acters, which prove revelatory psycho-  
logical studies. These involve fierce con-  
flict, both physical and mental, for he is  
usually the center of thrilling situations,  
and he has won a most enviable place, all  
his own, among the serious actors of the  
day.

He said: "Few realize how strenuous  
our work before the camera is, for some-  
times we risk being killed for scenes that  
may flash but a moment on the screen. I  
have had many accidents, been nearly  
drowned, badly stabbed and, in 'The Sea  
Wolf,' I had my back dislocated twice. The  
greatest experience I ever had was about  
two years ago, when we were in Hawaii,  
making 'Hidden Pearls,' with the George  
Melford company. All one afternoon we  
worked in the bowl of the volcano's crater,  
about nine hundred feet down, on a shelf  
probably sixty feet above the flames. Af-  
ter dinner that night, we walked back to see  
the volcano, and while we stood there the  
shelf on which we had been working a few  
hours previously, fell into the flames!"

"What does your father think of your  
work?" I asked, thinking of the far cry  
from a Missouri farm to the deviltry of the  
screen.

"Mr. Beery laughed boyishly. "Well,  
whenever my father sees either my brother  
Wallace's or my pictures, he promptly  
goes to sleep, so I guess he doesn't think  
much of it." Continuing, Mr. Beery said,  
"Acting is one of the hardest professions  
in the world. I know, for I've had my nose  
to the grindstone many years, yet it is most  
fascinating, and I could never give it up.  
I find the keenest satisfaction in creating  
my character rôles, and I'll go on and on  
just as long as I can. Our best publicity is  
good work, which brings the appreciation  
of the audiences. On this depends our op-  
portunities in motion pictures."

PAY-DAY

By J. R. McCARTHY

The star gets twenty thousand  
For being very gay;  
Directors get five thousand  
For showing her the way;  
The author gets one thousand  
For doping out the play.  
(I ought to get a dollar,  
For writing down this lay.)



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of make-up can make the lashes appear  
one tiny bit longer than they really are.

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other stage and screen favorites have entirely  
given up make-up in favor of NestoLashes.  
They will tell you NestoLashes make the eyes  
so much more entrancing, large and brilliant  
that they would never go back to the old way.  
NestoLashes are real long, permanently curly,  
dainty and captivating because they look perfectly  
natural. Each fine hair is threaded on a narrow trans-  
parent foundation which blends with your own skin  
when applied on the eyelid. The beautiful curling lashes  
sweep your cheek and charm your friends. The flash,  
the fascination and brilliance their long velvety sheen  
gives your eyes will delight you. No one would ever  
guess they are not your own.

NestoLashes are applied with a patent adhesive and,  
though easy to put on and take off, they do not come  
off until removed. Dainty as they look, they are the  
strongest kind of hair work, and you can wear them  
over and over again. One pair will convince you of the  
new beauty and witchery they bring to your eyes.

Send \$1.00 for fine or \$1.50 for superfine. Mention  
shade, and whether for private or stage wear. Sent  
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ankles can be transformed into  
neat, trim ankles which all women  
crave, and all men admire.

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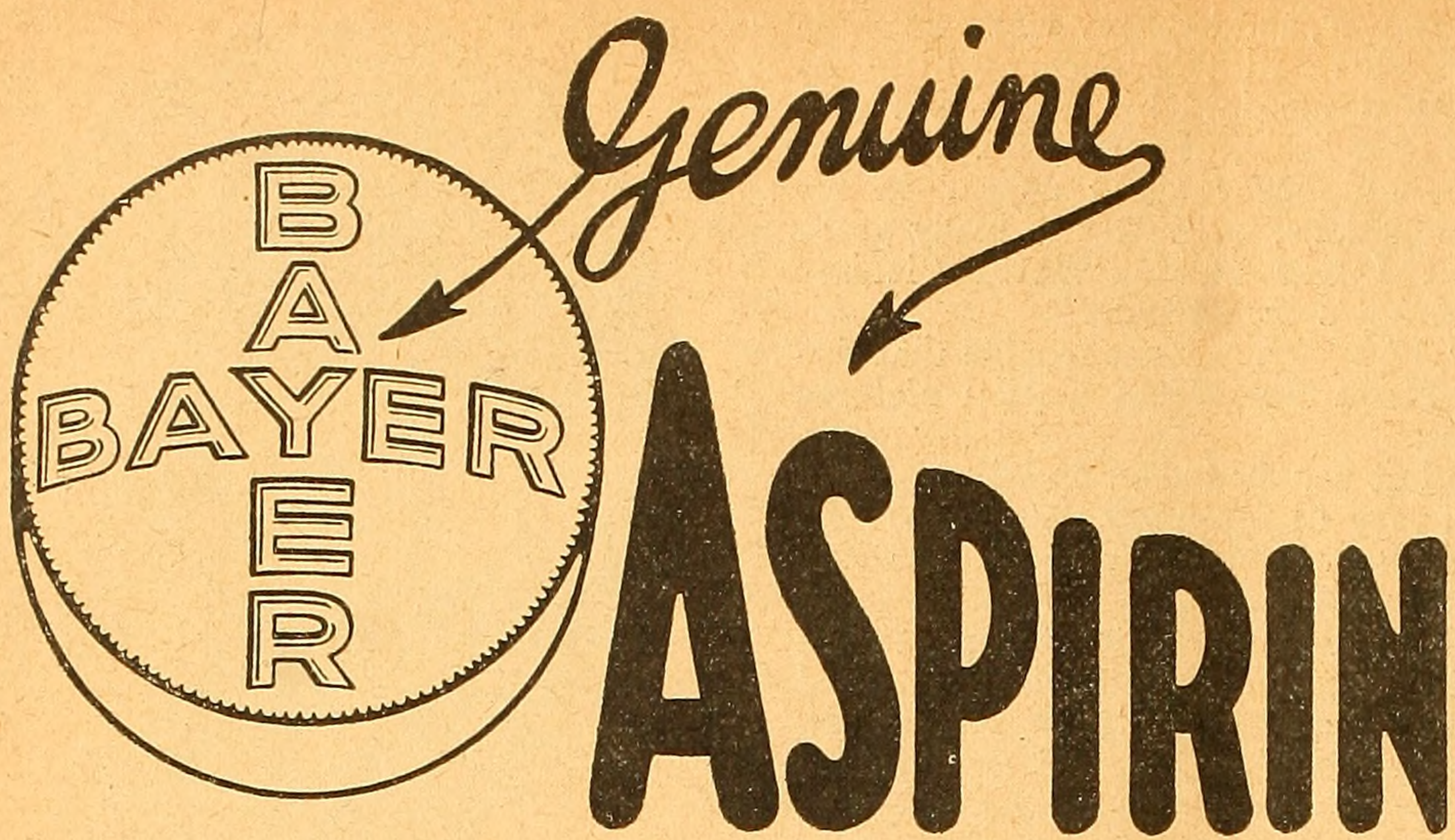
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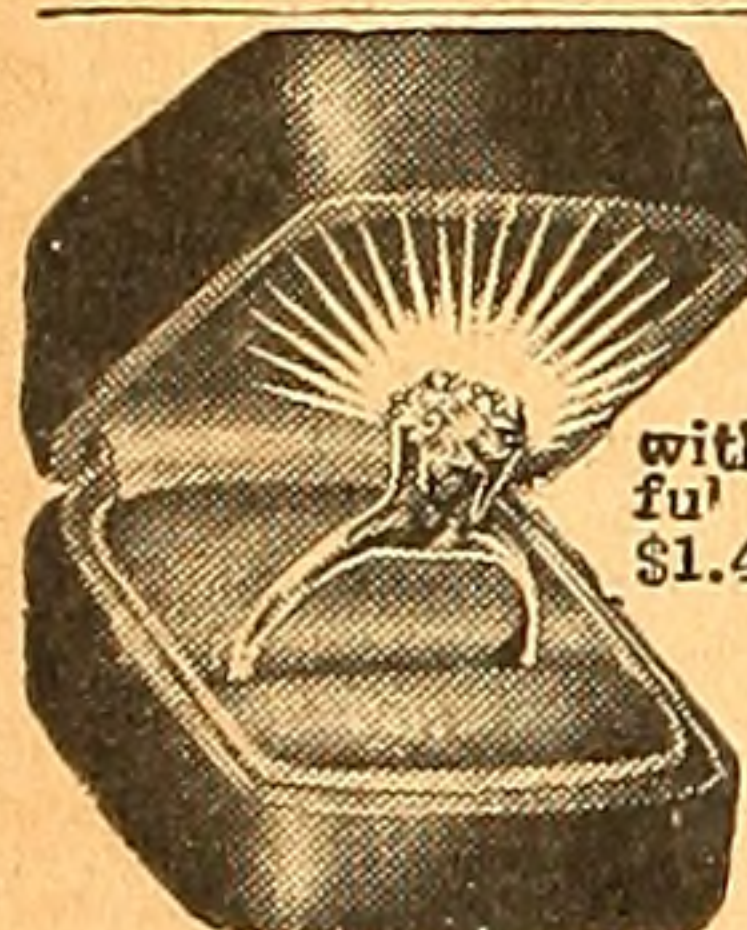
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### Screen Stars!

A photo, hand colored, postal card size, of a popular screen star, the seven fundamental rules for scenario writing and details of our course for writing Moving Picture plays, mailed for one dime. No stamps and none free. Address,  
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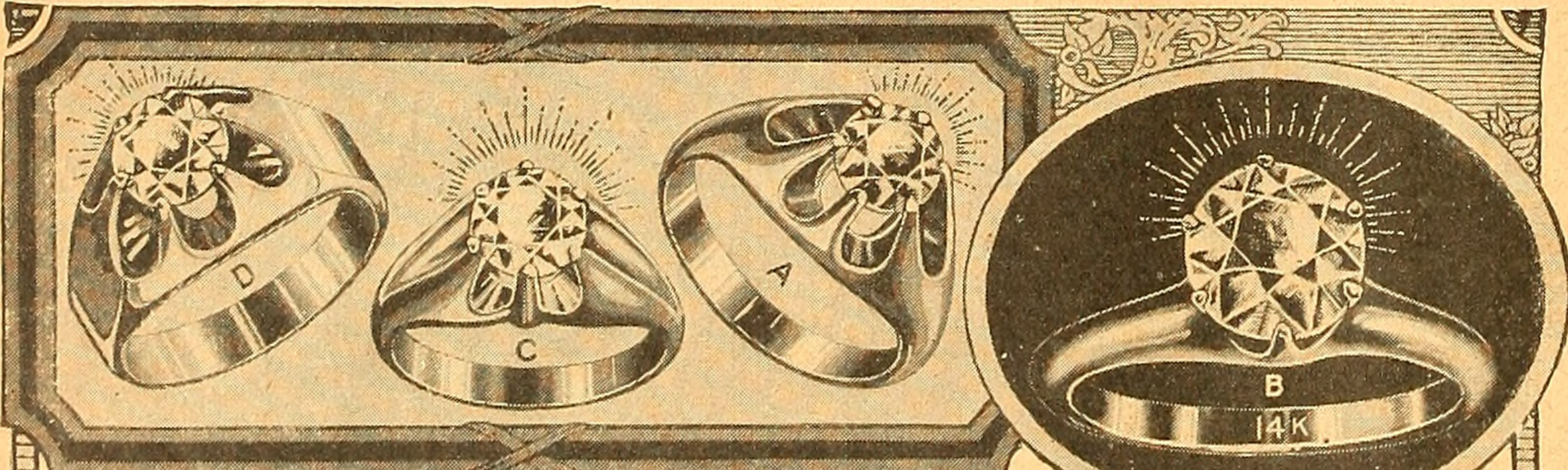
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Select ring, give your finger size and show your full address. We'll send a DIA-GEM weighing about one carat to you by parcel post the same day. You deposit only \$4.50 with the postmaster to show your good faith or you can send cash with order. It is only a deposit, not a payment. Take 10 days to decide. If you or your friends can tell a genuine DIA-GEM from a diamond, send it back within ten days and we'll refund your deposit at once. If you are satisfied, pay only \$3.00 each month for only four months. Send Order Today.

### On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 71)

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Edward Martindale, Al Wilkie, Hezikah Cullen Tate and other classy notables from the Lasky atelier.

But the real thriller was staged by

FRANK AND DAGMAR

So accustomed are Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky to the ways of Universal thrillers that they married as if providing a fadeout "punch" to a picture.

As Frank obtained his divorce from the previous Mrs. Mayo, whose conjugal pastime it was to throw lamps at him, the pair dashed to Tia Juana, Mexico, to be tied immediately upon the tidings of the court's decree.

A decree of divorce, a tank of gasoline, and thou beside me saying "oui"—oh, Tia Juana were paradise enow!

(Being a bachelor, I allus get poetic over weddings.)

"Oh, it was so romantic!" says Dagmar. "When you get married in Mexico you dont stand up and swear—"

(How much more polite and restful Mexico is!)

"You just sit down and talk it over quietly. We sat on mail sacks. We were married in the post office—and the post office was the grocery store—"

(Prunes for wedding guests—how perfectly conventional!)

"The Mexican justice of the peace who married us could not speak a word of English and we could not speak a word of Spanish. So we had to get a Japanese boy from the bath house next door to act as interpreter—"

(Truly, an international alliance!)

"The Japanese boy would say, 'The Judge, he say, I, Frank, take thee, Dagmar—the Judge, he say—to be my lawful wife—the Judge, he say, to have and to hold—the Judge, he say, for better or for worse.'

"The Japanese boy didn't leave a thing undone. After the ceremony, he ripped open a sack in the store and showered us with rice, then jumped on his motorcycle and paul-revered around to all the amusement places to tell them to play the wedding march when we came in—"

(There's nothing like a Jap for efficiency; I shall never marry until I can afford one.)

And so endeth—pardon me, Dagmar—commenceth the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo.

Oh, yes, Leopold Godowsky, a pianist, is the father of the famous Dagmar Mayo

NOT ALL ORANGE BLOSSOMS

But all is not orange blossoms, even in California. Even in this effete climate, the warlike spirit still survives.

Clara Whipple Young has divorced James Young, the director. Mrs. Young told the court that her husband would not talk to her, remained away from home a night, called her names—and, well, acted just like directors are supposed to act.

Mr. Young was once the husband of Clara Kimball Young. What? No, he no relation to Brigham Young.

MARY AND DOUG LEAVE US FLAT

The hardest blow old Hollywood has had is the desertion of Mary Pickford at Douglas Fairbanks. They've gone over to the Germans. Yep, going to make foreign pictures to take the food right out of our babies' mouths—I mean our poodl mouths—here in Hollywood. We thought they had just gone to Europe, so the police over there wouldn't think Cha



Chaplin was the only star of the screen. *Mais, non!* It was a dirty trick. After they had heard the call of the wild in Paris, they stayed to listen, and Doug wires back that they are going to keep on listening for six months anyhow. He ordered the Fairbanks home put up for sale, and his studio leased.

To add to our unhappiness, came the news that Mary was ill. A Parisian doctor says she has "screenitis," something newer than teeth trouble and thyroid gland malfunction. They say—and *They* ought to know—that an heir to the throne is expected. Anyhow, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are now living the life of civilians, but the active Doug is liable to burst loose with a camera and start shooting up France.

And Charlie Chaplin, our wandering boy, is now home once more.

CHARLIE ALSO AILING

Charlie evidently has an attack of screenitis also. He says he is sick of the sight of studios and cameras.

By my haledom and my belfry, the boy has gone wrong!

And this is the way he wrote home:

"Had I been free to choose my own occupation, in the light of what I know now, it would have been different. Not even the measure of success I have achieved with its promise of being taken out of the squalid surroundings against which my whole being revolts, would have induced me to enter on the career into which fate forced me."

He goes on to say that he loathes his profession of buffoonery.

"I have long aspired to succeed in real histrionic art," he continues. "I do not for a moment imagine I can rank with the great dramatists, but I am sure that I can succeed moderately well in interpreting on the stage some of the works of the great master of playwrights.

"All I know is that I am sick of the very sight of a studio, and a film camera makes me want to run away. I have before me a number of suggestions for audible plays, and my hope is that some of my dreams in this direction will be realized quickly."

That Mr. Chaplin is unhappy with his lot many people know. Perhaps it is simply the discontent of the artist who is always reaching for that something beyond. Perhaps it is the philosopher's sense of the futility of all things, for Charlie is a philosopher, a natural one. He once said:

"No one cares a thing for me—only for the famous Charlie Chaplin, the clown."

This is not pathos to one who knows the mockery of fame—and the artificiality and hypocrisy of the film world.

HOLLYWOOD DEADER THAN FLANDERS

Not only have we been deserted by Kid Chaplin, Monsieur D'Artagnan Fairbanks and Madame Fauntleroy Fairbanks—nay, you dont know the half of it, Margie. All the Arabs have been silently folding their steamer trunks and stealing away. Elinor Glyn, the royal life of the party, has gone back to her House of Lords. Gone, too, is Rubye de Remer, "the most beautiful girl in America," according to Helleu. She sailed away on the *Aquitania* for several months in Europe, during which she will appear in a picture or more. On the same boat sailed Lottie Pickford, to join sister Mary in France. Jim Kirkwood, Elliott Dexter, Sir Gilbert Parker, also vamoosed for London. It looks like Bernard Shaw was right about the glory of Los Angeles passing out like that of Babylon.

WE STILL HAVE ANITA

But there's some return of joy to Hollywood—Anita Stewart, to be specific. She and Ruddy are with us once more. Ruddy is, as you know, Mr. Rudolph Cameron,



# Portraits of Your Favorites

## TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

### LIST OF SUBJECTS

- |                   |                    |                     |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Mary Pickford     | Theda Bara         | Clara Kimball Young |
| Marguerite Clark  | Francis X. Bushman | Alice Joyce         |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Earle Williams     | Vivian Martin       |
| Charlie Chaplin   | William Farnum     | Pauline Frederick   |
| William S. Hart   | Charles Ray        | Billie Burke        |
| Wallace Reid      | Norma Talmadge     | Madge Kennedy       |
| Pearl White       | Constance Talmadge | Elsie Ferguson      |
| Anita Stewart     | Mary Miles Minter  | Tom Moore           |

These portraits are *not for sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

### COUPON

Date.....

**BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.**  
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the  
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE }  
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC } for one year. Also  
SHADOWLAND }  
please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find \$..... in payment.

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### SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

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Magazine	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50
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All Three...	8.00	9.50	11.00

## We have prepared a booklet entitled Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

### You Must Have This Booklet

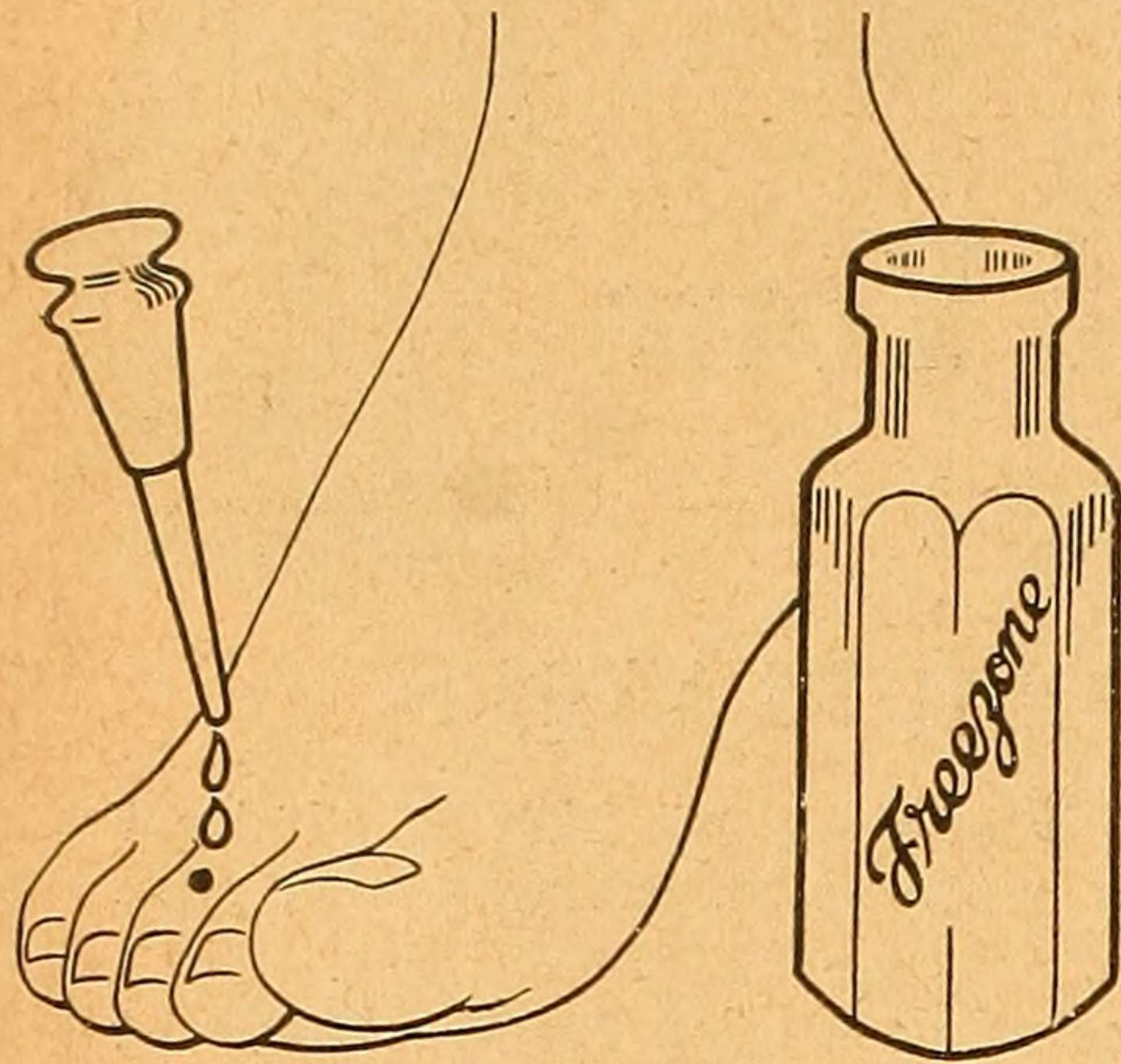
It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.  
Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

**BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**



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Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.



**IT IS TO LAUGH!**

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eye-brows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Colors: Black and Brown. By mail \$1.00. **HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK**

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**FREE—84-Page BAND CATALOG**

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Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write Today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years. **\$1,000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.** E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

## DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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**Wrestling Book FREE**

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns, 1521 Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

## Cuticura Soap

—The Safety Razor—

## Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

general manager of the Anita Stewart Productions, the husband of Anita Stewart, a capitalist and the man who looks like Dick Barthelmess. The Princess Anita is being directed by Fred Niblo, so you may await her coming in "Rose of the Sea," with more than the usual interest.

**JUST AN IRISH TRICK**

John McCormick is ardently rushing Colleen Moore. I don't know why I note this, except that, being Irish, I like to note a Colleen and a McCormick.

**THEY CAN TALK**

Proof that screen actors have voices and can speak English fit for Vassar is being submitted at the Community Theater, the Little Theater of Hollywood. Miss Nealy Dickson is the manageress. She says she is just responsible for the shell. But it is a very pretty shell. There on a stilly night—and all nights are stilly in Hollywood—you can hear the voices of such as Conrad Nagel, Mary Alden, Alma Francis (Mrs. Robert Gordon) and others celebrated. Recently Mary Alden appeared in "Ropes," a one-act play, which Paul Scardon is filming at Universal, with Miss Dupont as star. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Robert Gordon appeared in an act by William de Mille, called "In 1999." Margaret Loomis likewise graced the stage as première danseuse of the brilliant Spanish Fandango.

**MARY MILES MINTER ARRESTED**

It's a dull day in the Los Angeles courts when some star doesn't appear moaning at the bar. Mary Miles Minter holds the record to date. She was arrested four times within twelve hours; thus was featured four times on the police blotter. The charge: violation of speed laws. She was awarded two tags for speeding and two tags for driving without an operator's license. Early in the morning—say, eleven o'clock—an officer arrested the screen star on Wiltshire boulevard for driving thirty-five miles an hour. He also gave her a tag for failure to show operator's license. In the evening another officer got her for going thirty miles an hour over a fifteen-mile crossing. He also gave her two tags. The offender put up forty dollars to insure her appearance in police court.

N. B. This is the smallest sum for which Miss Minter has ever made an appearance, and she wishes it to be known that she has not made a permanent slash in rates. In fact, she didn't appear for the forty dollars.

**A FREE STORY FOR DE MILLE**

Recently when a fireman attempted to rescue an L. A. lady from the bathroom of a burning house she fought him off, because she was not dressed to pass the censors. This shows the deadly effect of censorship. I offer this story without charge to Cecil B. de Mille for production with Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Phyllis Haver or any other slightly subject as the star. As a title, I suggest "From the Bath-tub to the Grave" or "Her Fatal Modesty."

**THE CLASSIC MEDAL FOR RUTH**

The Boulevardier herewith awards the Classic medal for bravery to Miss Ruth Reneck, playing the leading feminine rôle in "The Lagoon of Desire," a Far East production made in the South Seas. While en route to the Friendly Isles, Miss Reneck kept a diary, which, I judge, will be more sensational in nature than those kept by our most popular murderesses. Miss Reneck sends me the following page:

First day out: Sea rough, but am not seasick.  
 Second day: Gave the first-class passengers the once-over, and found them rather uninteresting.

Third day: Met the captain, and found exceedingly interesting.

Fourth day: Walked with the captain on the promenade deck. He wanted to kiss me but nothing doing.

Fifth day: The captain swore he would sink the ship if I refused to kiss him.

Sixth day: Saved a thousand lives.

**SHE WAS A. W. O. L.**

An archaic production of "The Three Musketeers" has been re-issued. In a suburban theater of Los Angeles it was advertised thus:

"The Three Musketeers," with Louise Glaum and Dorothy Dalton.

"Who do you suppose the third musketeer is?" asks Tony Moreno.

**"A PAIR OF SEXES"**

After completing a twin-baby comedy, "A Pair of Sexes," Vera Steadman, Christie comedy belle, became the mother of twins. She is the wife of Jack Taylor, orchestral leader at the Ship Café. The Taylors now believe in pre-natal influence.

**MORE BABY TALK**

Gloria Swanson Somborn II celebrated her first birthday anniversary by entertaining eleven sons and daughters of celebrities at her exclusive home in Hollywood. One pink candle adorned the cake. Miss Swanson made a charming after-luncheon address. She said "blah-blah." Whether she intended to cast aspersions upon the guests or was merely discussing some pictures, no one seems to know.

**WANTED: ONE ACTOR**

The above advertisement is inserted free of charge for Rex Ingram, who has been trying to find an actor not too feeble in imagination and aspect to play Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He has aged visibly in the trying. Try it yourself, if you don't believe it's wearing.

N. B. Since inserting this ad., Mr. Ingram tottered to the 'phone to tell me he has decided upon Lewis Stone.

**ONLY ONE ACTOR**

Why is it that when we attempt to find an actor qualified to play a great character—such as Dorian Grey or Rupert or Alexander the Great—we never can bring ourselves to say aught but "John Barrymore"? Can it be we have only one actor?

**LILA LEE ENGAGED**

Lila Lee and Jack Gilbert deny that they are engaged, so they probably are. Somebody saw them together some place, so it must be true. I supposed Jack was married to Leatrice Joy. But, as my dear teacher used to say, what's the use of supposing?

**L. A. FRONT-PAGE STUFF**

Betty Blythe, upon beholding a picture of William Shakespeare on the front page of a Los Angeles paper:

"Heavens! What's the scandal about him?"

**WHOSE LEGS IS WHOSE?**

Linton Wells, dramatic critic of the Los Angeles Record, ran a novel contest recently. He printed the picture of a pair of legs, the problem being to determine whose they were. Hollywood was their home, he said. It looked like an easy contest, easier than if a face had been depicted. And a further key was offered: Property of a movie star who was once a "Follies" star. They were beautiful legs. I sat up nights thinking of well-known classics—such as those of Kay Laurel, Rubye de Remer, Mary Hay, Jacqueline Logan—

The contest closed.

I lost.

So did everybody else.

They were Will Rogers'!



# PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings



With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel **AUTOMATIC REVOLVER** Regular Price \$22.50 **OUR PRICE While they last**

**\$9.75**

Keep one of these safety brand new revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises down stairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED. Buy one of these revolvers and be always fully protected. Handsome blue steel, gunmetal finish. HAS DOUBLE SAFETY and is practically "fool-proof" against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. Shoots the famous Colt Auto Cartridges.

## SEND NO MONEY

Order to-day. Just send your name and address and say which revolver you want.  
 No. 370 is 25 calibre, 7 shot. Regular price \$22.50. Our price..... **\$9.75**  
 No. 770 is larger size, 32 calibre military model. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Regular price \$25.00. Our special price only..... **\$12**  
 Don't wait. Order this bargain to-day. Write clearly your name, address and the Number of the Revolver you want to order. Send no cash. We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival, our price, plus postage. Send for free catalogue.

**Paramount Trading Co.**  
 34 West 28th Street, New York

## The Photoplaywright's Primer

By L. CASE RUSSELL

Only a few copies left. We will mail one to you if you will send us fifty cents in stamps.  
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 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Ethel Clayton, Photoplay Star, one of the many famous American Beauties who know the value of

# Maybelline

**YOUR EYES WILL BE BEAUTIFUL** also if you will follow the example of thousands of other girls and women. "MAYBELLINE" instantly darkens and beautifies the eyelashes and brows, making them appear naturally long and luxurious. How much "MAYBELLINE" will add to your beauty, charm and expression will never be appreciated until you have tried it. Unlike other preparations, is absolutely greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face, perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades: *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept ONLY genuine "MAYBELLINE" and you will be delighted.  
**MAYBELL LABORATORIES**  
 4305-13 Grand Blvd. CHICAGO



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 78)

**JAMES A. S.**—Your letter was very interesting. Thanks, a lot.

**TEDDY.**—You say you haven't had your picture taken since Grant was a cadet. Well, I haven't had one taken since Columbus was a boy. Thanks for the verses; have passed them along. Let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails. Niles Welch is with Ince, playing in "The Cup of Life."

**JUST CORINNE.**—Well, you certainly know what you want. You think that Gloria Swanson is a cruel mistake. I wouldn't say that. Elliott Dexter has gone to play for Famous Players in Europe. So you think Rudolph Valentino is a wonderful lover, but then you think that Antonio Moreno could do just as well if he were given the parts. I'll say so.

**INQUISITIVE ANN.**—You are kind enough to say that you think I do not get enough rest. What do I want of rest? As Carlyle says, "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" I am eighty, and there are no signs of my wearing out or burning out. You say that Burns burnt out at thirty-eight, but you forget that Scott never wrote a novel until he was over forty. Yes, William Hart is back in pictures. You want an interview with Jackie Coogan. Dear me!

**MARCELIA.**—All rightie, you want more child pictures to appear. When the editor sees this, perhaps she will see to it. Adele, attention.

**I'LL GET 'EM YET.**—Dont expect that everything you read in this department is bright. I dont have the time to polish it up. Your letter was so bright that I suspect you used sapolio. Tell me about the puzzle. Nazimova is doing "A Doll's House."

**ALBERTINE.**—No, I am not a Socialist. So Proudhon says, does he, "Property is theft." That being the case, I wish that all of my readers might become efficient thieves. Thomas Meighan's next picture is "If You Believe It, It's So." Pauline Starke, opposite him.

**S. C. F.**—Your motto was very good, but the editor says, "By his false teeth, ye shall know him."

**ZORRO.**—The greater part of the musk of commerce comes from Tachienlu, a Chinese town that is known as the "Gateway to Tibet." Three thousand pounds of this odoriferous substance is exported annually. The bulk of it goes to France, where it is used in the manufacture of perfumery. Mary Miles Minter is on the Coast now. Constance Binney, in "Beautiful Eyes."

**A NEW ONE.**—Come along. Kenneth Harlan is with the Talmadges. Bobby Vernon was with Christie last. A number of the States derived their names from the Spanish. Florida means blooming; Montana, a mountain; Nevada, snow-clad; Colorado, ruddy; Oregon, wild majoram. I cant tell you why we dont hear and see more of Earle Williams. I would like to know why. He is still young and, I suspect, handsome, and he was once very popular. Can he come back? Will he?

**ANDREW G. HARDY,** Drakesville, Iowa. —Greetings to thee, oh, gifted brother of the pen. You should be an Answer Man yourself. No, Mary Philbin has not yet arrived in our gallery, nor in chatville, but from all reports, she's due. Mary, wake up, you're paged. No, I have not yet discovered a method of reupholstering a shiny cranium. If I had, I would apply it to my own silver dome, and then let you in on the secret. Please propose me for membership

(Continued on page 110)

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**Across the Silversheet**

(Continued from page 67)

desires with an immobile expression. It will be remembered that Mr. Wegner also played the name rôle in "The Golem."

The settings are the weird atmospheric things which we have come to expect from the German producers. The photography is wretched, but, if we remember correctly, this was true of the other importations. However, they overshadowed this fact.

"One Arabian Night" is not so successful.

FOOTLIGHTS—PARAMOUNT

"Footlights," built about the splendid characterization given by Elsie Ferguson, is an interesting picture without making any pretense at being a great picture. It is a relief when there is no persistent attempt at greatness.

The story, which is by Rita Weiman, is said to be based on the life of one of our own actresses, but whether or not this is true, we cannot tell. Suffice it to say that it gives a good idea of just what can be done when a clever theatrical manager wills to do it. The transformation of little Lizzie Parsons from New England into Lisa Parsinova, the rage of New York, is replete with interest.

And where Lizzie Parsons dreamed day-dreams over the portrait of a great star, Lisa Parsinova dreams over a picture of an awkward New England girl. The heart of Lisa Parsinova eventually proves to be the heart of the little Lizzie who has gone before.

We liked the psychology of the story. But more than this, we liked the varied characterization of Miss Ferguson; first the little New England girl, then the earnest vaudeville artist doing imitations; then as the Russian tragedienne, Lisa Parsinova. Of a certainty, she has a great gift!

The rest of the cast, including Reginald Denny, Marc MacDermott and Octavia Handworth, was excellent.

And more splendid things are to be said of the direction of John Robertson.

THE CHILD THOU GAVEST ME—FIRST NATIONAL

To tell the story of "The Child Thou Gavest Me" might be helpful, but, on the other hand, it would make it futile to see the picture. As a matter of fact, it was some time before we could straighten things out satisfactorily in our mind. Others may fare better. It is not the "And a little child shall lead them" affair. Quite the opposite, as a matter of fact, and for this we are duly grateful, even tho the production was quite as banal in many ways.

The cast possesses many well-known players, among them Barbara Castleton, Winter Hall, Adele Farrington, Lewis Stone, William Desmond and Richard Headrick, who plays the child. Richard did well and was quite unconscious of the camera. Nevertheless, he often gets directly in the way of the plot. This, however, is probably not his fault. If he must do cute tricks, he must do cute tricks. Be it said to his credit, that he is cute doing them. That is an achievement.

THE SHEIK—PARAMOUNT

Almost everyone has read "The Sheik." And almost everyone tells you, "Of course, I know it isn't a great book, but it is exciting." And, having read "The Sheik" yourself, you admit that much, anyway.

Rudolph Valentino plays the title rôle in the screen production. Agnes Ayres plays the heroine, Diana. George Melford is responsible for the direction.

Needless to say, the motion picture is not so exciting. Remembering censorship, we wondered why they ever bought the motion picture rights in the first place. Then George Melford made statements declaring that there would be no cause for censorial complaint. There isn't. Nor is there any of the mystery or high adventure which you might expect. Diana meets the sheik before he abducts her and makes her his prisoner in his desert village. As a matter of fact, she dresses up in the native costume and steals into the casino where he is stopping while at Biska. Except for this, and the fact that the sheik repents once he has her in his striped tent, and acts for all the world like a Continental gentleman, the screen story coincides fairly well with the novel.

Rudolph Valentino seemed an ideal choice for the name part, but he has not invested his characterization with the indomitable spirit and sphinx-like mien which might be expected. He smiles often. And you wonder why Diana is ever afraid of him.

If there is anybody anywhere who has not, as we said before, read "The Sheik," they'll probably enjoy the picture far more than they otherwise would.

I ACCUSE—UNITED ARTISTS

"I Accuse," too, is an importation. It is the work of Abel Gance, the French poet and author. Undoubtedly, there was, originally, a strong foundation to the story. It has disappeared, because it was probably questioned whether or not it would offend.

The story tells of two soldiers, follows them thru the trenches and right up to the firing-line. One, a poet, dearly loves the other's wife. Before their companionship in the trenches, they were enemies, but the horror of their experiences brings them together and cements undying friendship.

There are high points in the story, but it is well to let a thing alone entirely unless you are ready to stand firm. To detract here and there, is to weaken any creation irreparably. We do not know definitely that this was done to "I Accuse," but everything would indicate that it was.

It is the poet who returns home after the armistice who accuses. Demented, he gathers together the people of the township. He tells them of the battlefields strewn with their dead. He accuses—and accusing, asks whether their sacrifice has been made in vain.

However, despite its expurgation, "I Accuse" deals vitally with truths and leaves its audience heavy-hearted.

THE SHADOW WORLD

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There is a world of shadows;  
We see it on the screen  
—A world of grassy meadows,  
With sunlit streams between,  
Streams flowing to the ocean.  
They come from everywhere.  
Love, hope, despair, devotion,  
Joy, sorrow—all are there.

This world of wondrous seeming  
Is not a distant place.  
'Tis a new way of dreaming  
To walk in it a space,  
To tread its flow'ring meadows,  
To sit beside its streams.  
It is a world of shadows,  
And yet how real it seems!



# Start the New Year Right

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### I Challenge the World

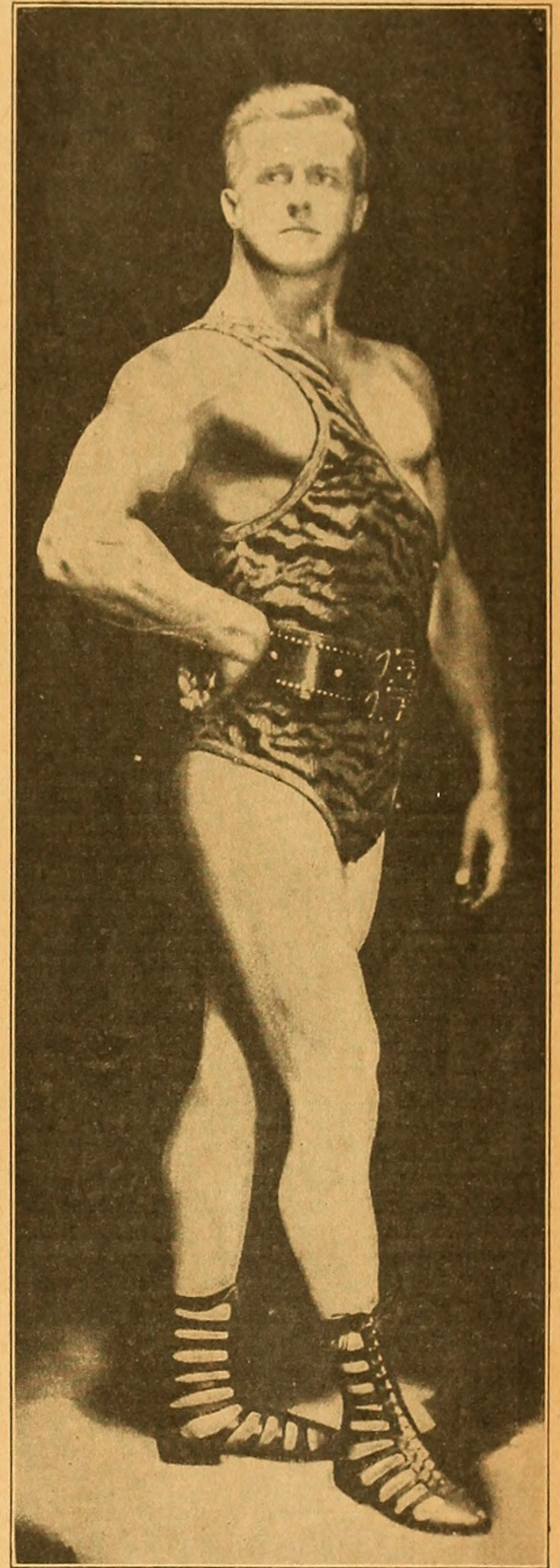
If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, **START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.**

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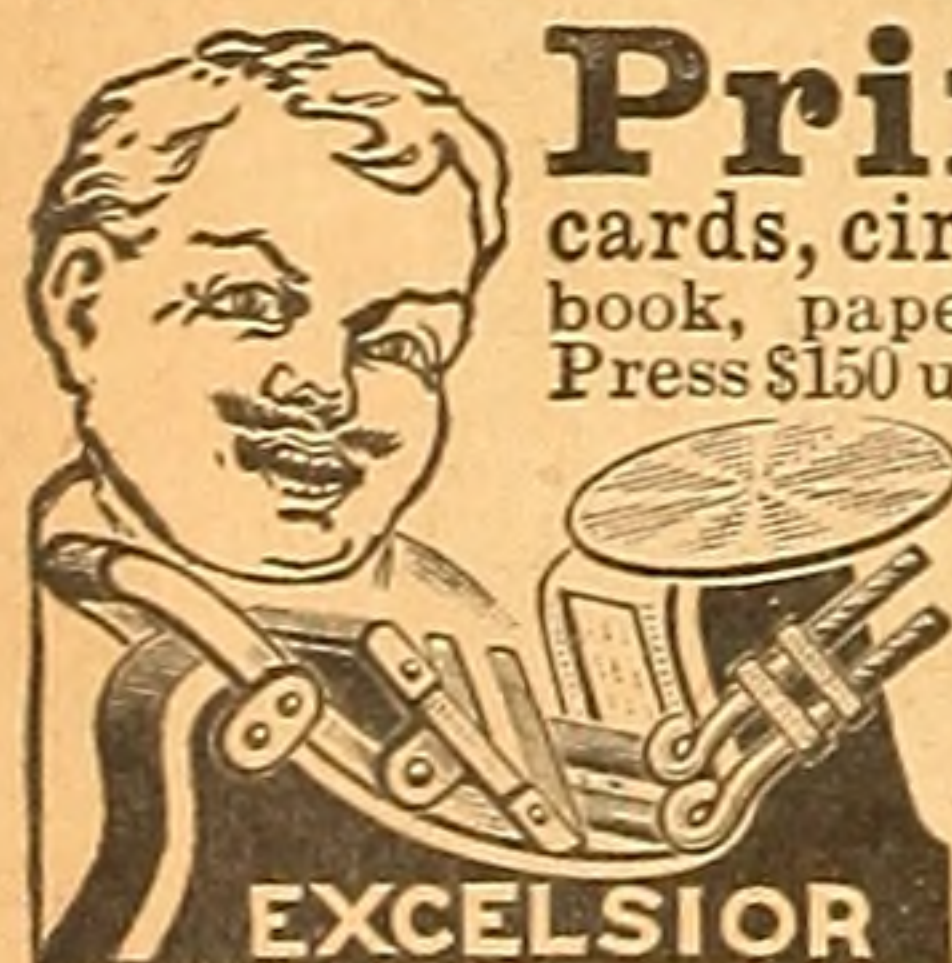
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## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 107)

in the Sacred Order of the Sons of Absalom, or in the Brothers of Elijah. Adux!

**RUTH W. Mc.**—It is hard to make money easy, and you have just discovered it. I could have told you that fifty years ago. No, I have never been on the stage. What could I do there, pray tell me? You actually make me laff.

**HERBERT H.**—Creighton Hale is playing in "The Two Orphans" for D. W. Griffith.

**LITTLE KIDDIE.**—I'm sorry. Let's go out and play. Yes, Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree, and they expect a little Tom, jr. Kathryn Perry is Mrs. Owen Moore, and she is playing with Anna Q. Nilsson in "Why Girls Leave Home." A brand-new title for a picture. Never thought of it before. Ha ha, he he, and likewise ho ho!

**BABY DOLL.**—You say "I am not particularly pretty, but very expressive, and I am a high-school girl." You seem to have all the requirements of a player. Better give up the idea. I have seen at least a thousand applicants for pictures this summer, and I can safely say that only six of them have any chance to get into pictures. One especially beautiful girl, after being screened, looked matronly, large-faced and had big features. Better give up the idea. Marguerite Clayton was Kate in "The Inside of the Cup."

**SWEET SIXTEEN.**—I would call that false modesty, but even so, it is the most decent of falsehoods. Yes, I guess I am younger than Santa Claus and Rip Van Winkle. June Caprice is not playing now.

**JOHN S.**—Pedro de Cordoba is playing Launcelot in Tennyson's "Launcelot and Elaine," on the stage in New York. He is wonderful in the part, and I wish you could see it. He is also playing with Marion Davies in "The Young Diana." Priscilla Dean, with Universal.

**CHESTER, S. C.**—You have a keen perception. Some people look at things. Others see them. A few see thru them. All things are transparent to those who have eyes backed up with brains. John Holliday was Jim in "The Love Expert."

**GERRY.**—Wallace Beery, in "The Mollycoddle." He also was the German in "Behind the Door."

**LOUISE K.**—I advise you to abandon the idea of leaving home for the pictures. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others. No record of Ward Crane. You should see "Camille." Yes, so am I waiting for "The Sheik."

**BRIGHT EYES.**—Oh, I manage to get to the pictures at least twice a week. This week I saw the private showing of Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night." Sorry I can't rave about it, but I will say there are some wonderful characterizations—better than we Americans have done in some time. You can reach Corliss Palmer at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., but I doubt if you can get her to take on a new correspondent, poor girl.

**NEWMAN R.**—You do admire Bebe Daniels, dont you? I received the beautiful naturally-colored silks. I understand that silk of varied colors can be produced by feeding the silkworms on different leaves. Worms fed on vine leaves, produce a silk of magnificent red color. Lettuce has been found to produce an emerald green colored silk. Lillian Russell is traveling just now.

**E. G., Fargo.**—Yes, there was a picture of Elliott Dexter in the November issue. Why dont you write to him personally?

**RUAHINE.**—How can I thank you? Such a clever letter! You ask if my feet are as ready as my tongue. I only have two cylinders in my motor, but I manage to get

(Continued on page 112)

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CORLISS PALMER

*Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921*

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

**Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!**

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.



## WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City and State.....

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 110)

there. Rod La Rocque is playing in "Nice People," on the stage.

A REEL FAN.—I usually rise at seven. If I arose any later, my watch would be gone, because it is always going when I get up. I need no alarm clock, except my appetite and thirst for buttermilk. Yes, that was Kenneth Harlan in "Mama's Affair." Percy Marmont, in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" You ask to what I attribute my old age. Years. Also, buttermilk.

LOUISE B.—As Glen Buck says, "People who exalt art above nature, know nothing of either." But art can improve on nature. So you approve of Norman Kerry. That settles it, then. Charles Meredith is playing opposite Ethel Clayton, in "The Cradle."

BOBBED HAIR.—Yes, I approve of it. Solitude is the religion of the soul. Pearl White is playing in "Open Your Eyes." Gloria Swanson, in "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glyn.

MITCH.—Oh, yes, I have a wonderful disposition. Just as you say, I never scratch, bite or bark, and when nice little ladies like you write me complimentary things, I smile from ear to ear, until my beard gets all tangled up. You say you would like to see me. Dont; dont spoil the illusion. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Why Girls Leave Home." Sounds familiar.

EN AMI.—William Hinckley, in "The Amazon"; Vernon Steele, in "Silks and Satin," and William Courtleigh, in "Pollyanna." Richard Travers is not playing now. Yes, an exact likeness of me. Send me another. Well, how would you like to be in the southwestern coast of Persia, where for a month at a time the thermometer never registers below 100 degrees, night and day.

ANTIE CLIMAX.—Does this mean the end? Yes, it is true that Dempsey is part Indian. Fletcher, in "Prisoners of Love," was not on the cast. Oh yes, it is possible to get foreign current events in this country in less than two weeks. Write me again.

IMA FLIRT.—You say, "The hell for women who are only handsome is old age." I dont agree with you. Mahlon Hamilton was Jarvis in "Daddy Long Legs." Edith Storey did play in "The Greater Profit."

SIoux CITY.—Mary Pickford stands five feet and so does Gladys Leslie. Thanks, I'll take the tip. Alice Brady is playing in "Little Italy." Gloria Swanson's "Shulamite" has been changed to "Under the Lash."

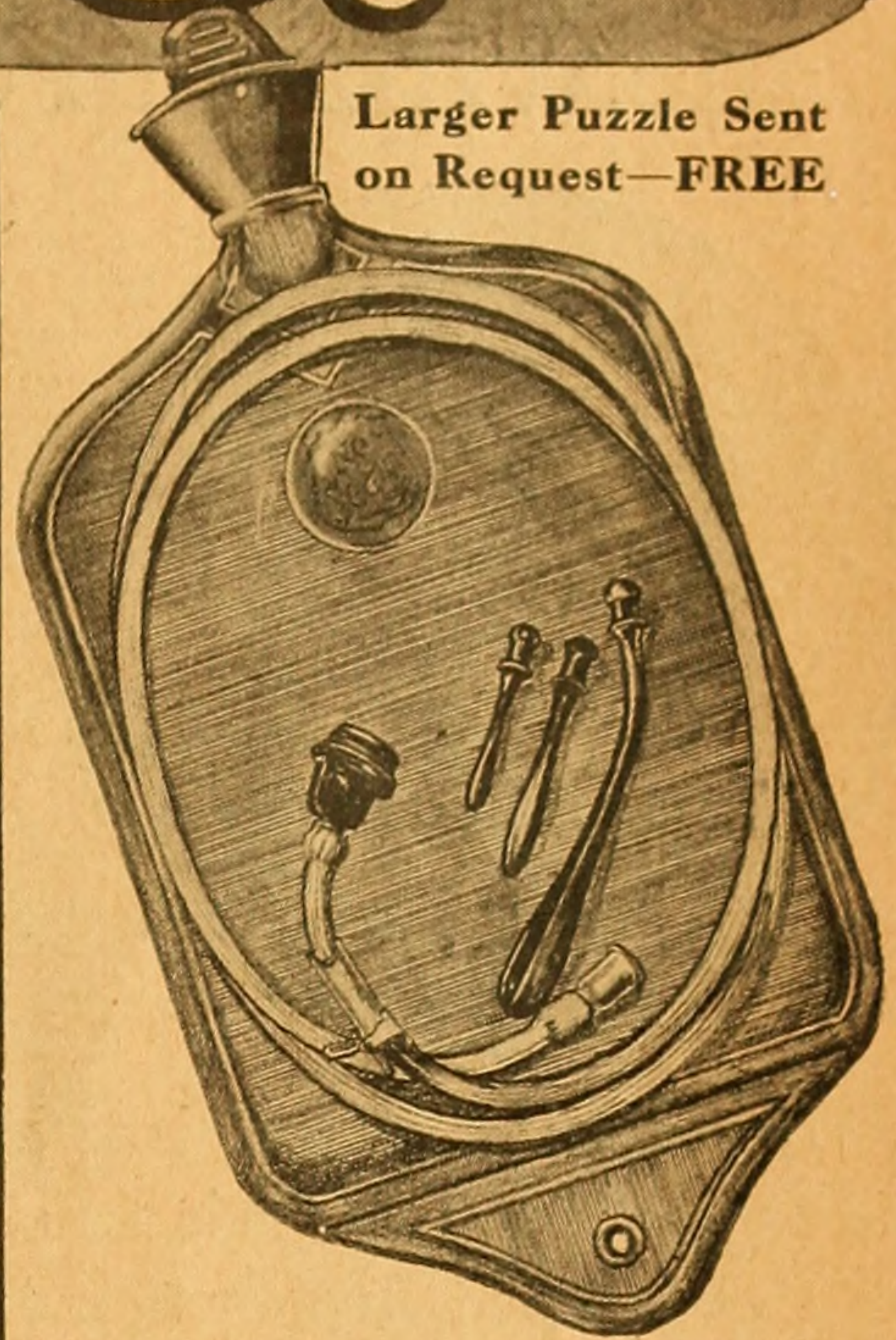
K. M., New Orleans.—Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities. Well, you will see Earle Williams in "The Flower of the North," with Betty Ross Clarke.

ANGELINA.—I cheerfully supply you with the unusual information you desire. The Erie Canal runs between Buffalo and Albany, N. Y., and it is 287 miles long and cost \$52,540,800, most of which is said to have been graft. The Florida East Coast Canal is 350 miles long and cost \$3,500,000. Edith Roberts, in "Luring Lips," directed by King Baggot. Do write me again.

ETC.—You're right; it is the silent partner who sometimes makes the most noise about running a business. So you saw "The Dancing Fool" for the fourth time. Did he dance as well each time? Of course, I can swim. Who cant? Shirley Mason, in "Queenie." Elsie Ferguson is working on "Varying Shores."



# You Can Win \$1000.00



Larger Puzzle Sent on Request—FREE

**Costs Nothing to Try—Everybody Join In**

## Answer this Puzzle—Cash Prizes Given

How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter "B"? For instance, there is a boy, broom, basket, etc., and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list of words shown in this picture starting with the letter "B" will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each of them a pencil and sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "B-words." We venture to say you will never have as much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes' study. Sit down and try it—then send in your list and try for the big prizes.

You don't need to send in a penny to win. This is an advertising campaign to increase the popularity of our Famous "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe. As a reward for boosting our goods, we are making this special offer, whereby you can win LARGE CASH PRIZES by purchasing ONE or TWO of our "No-Seam" Hot Water Bottles.

## YOU CAN WIN \$1,000.00

If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win \$20.00, but if you would like to win more than \$20.00, we are making some special cash prize offers during the Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win more than \$20.00 by sending in an order for one or two of our "No-Seam" Hot Water Bottles.

### OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis, who is not an employee of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 30th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the W. M. Rubber Co., who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three registered Minnesota school teachers, now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition: Miss Mable Claire Kline, Miss Meta Goetsche, Miss Laura Johnson.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a W. M. Rubber Bag is purchased.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Hot Water Bottle.

**Here's the Plan** If your answer wins first prize and you have purchased ONE of our \$3.00 Water Bottles you will receive \$300 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$75, etc. Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all \$6.00), you will receive \$1,000 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$500; third prize, \$250, etc. Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

### Note the Low Price

Our "No-Seam" Combination Hot water Bottle and Fountain Syringe is an excellent value for the money. Only \$3.00 for the complete outfit, including all attachments.

**Two Bags for \$6.00**

### Our Guarantee

We guarantee our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bags and Fountain Syringe not to leak. If the bag leaks, or the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the bag free of charge any time within one year.

### THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If no bags are purchased	If ONE \$3 bag is purchased	If TWO \$3 bags are purchased
1st prize.....	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd prize.....	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd prize.....	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th prize.....	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th prize.....	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th prize.....	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th prize.....	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th prize.....	3.00	10.00	20.00
9th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
11th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
12th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
13th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
14th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
15th prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00

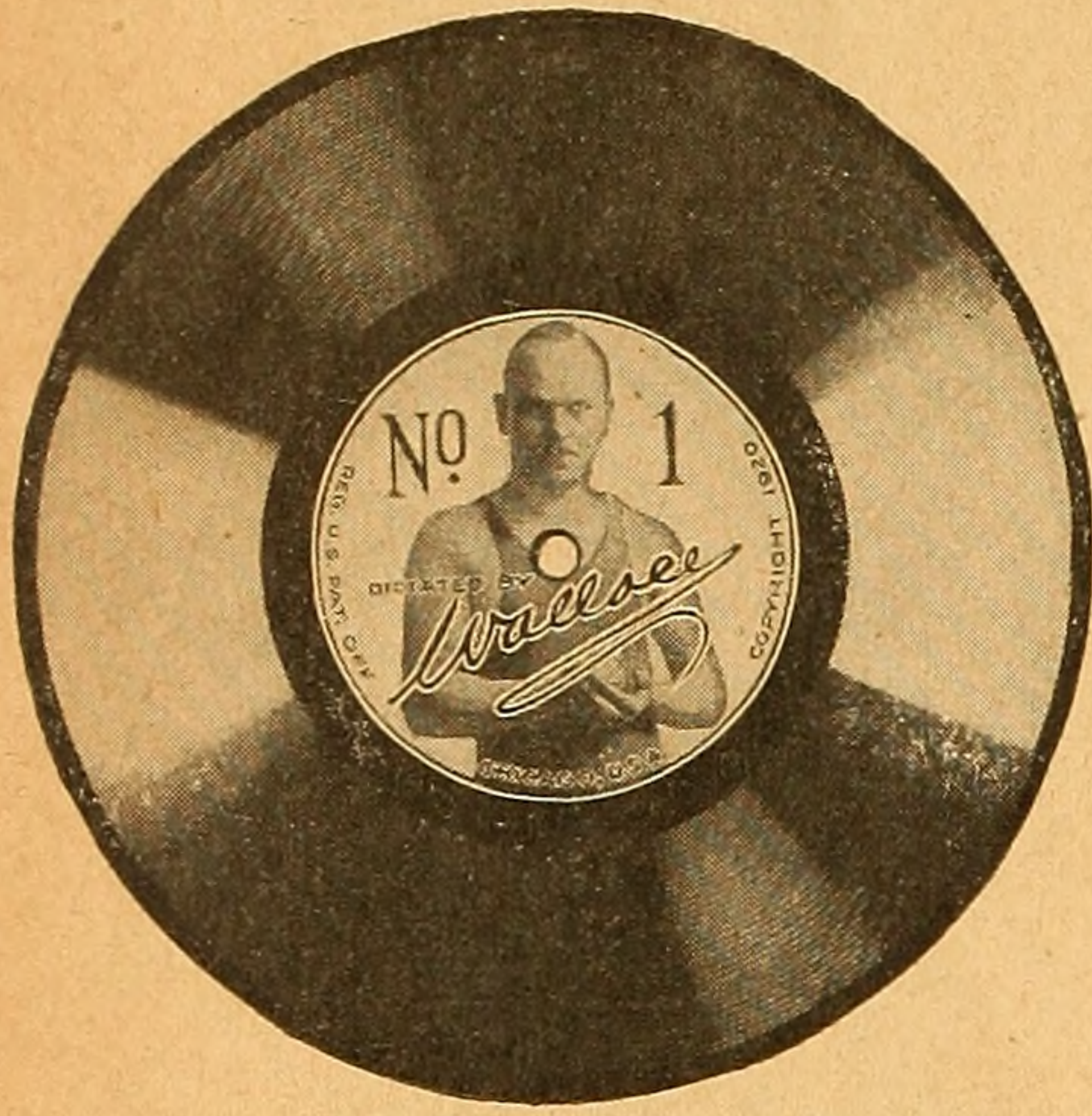
In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given

**W.-M. RUBBER CO.**  
232 SIXTH AVENUE, NORTH  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



# Get Thin *to music!*

To prove it's easy, I'll reduce you 5 lbs. FREE, in five days, in your home, with your own phonograph!

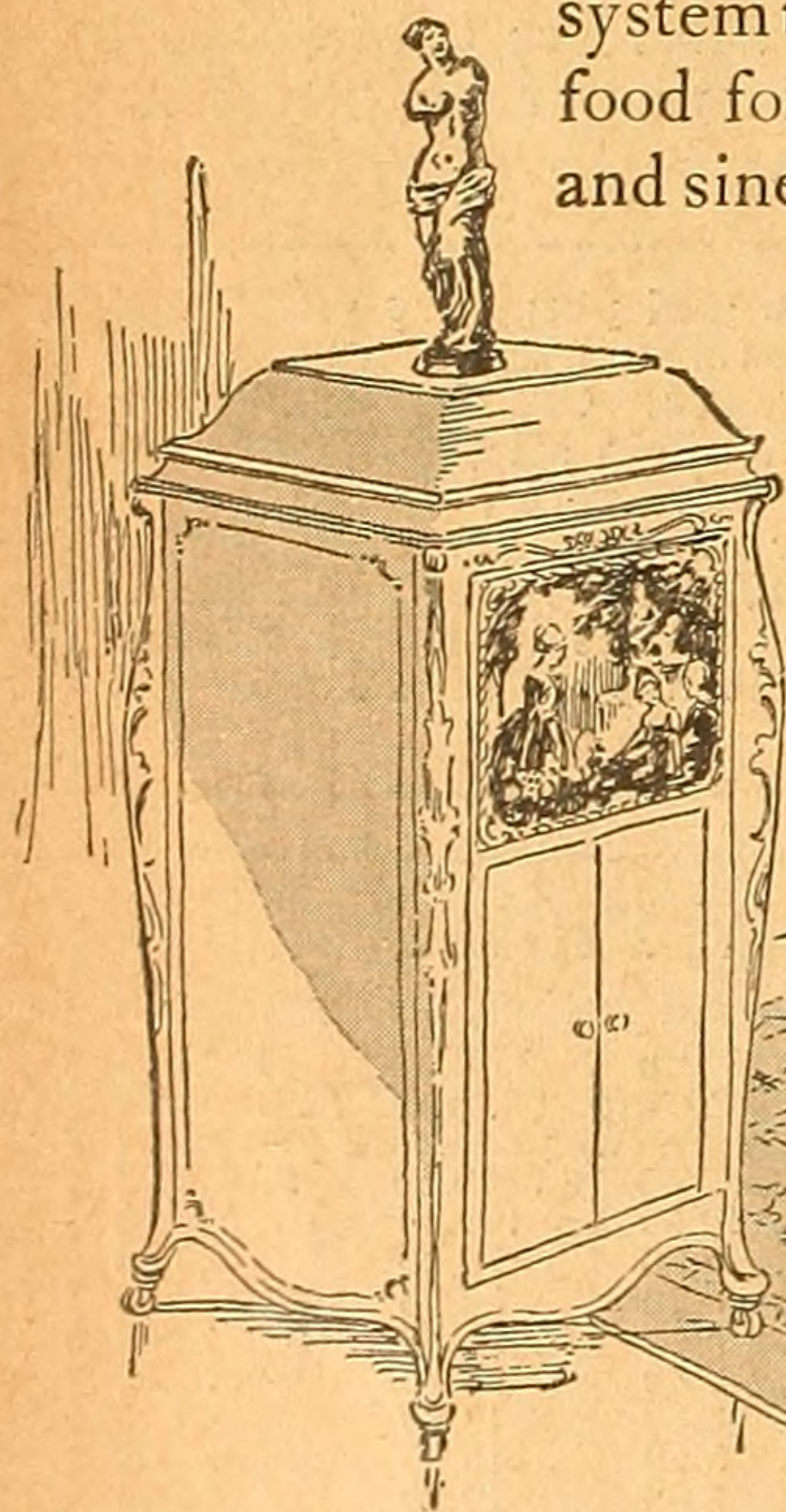


My reduction method is safe and sane. It is quick; it is *sure*, for I've reduced five thousand men and women without a single failure!

This wonderful way of taking off flesh works hand in hand with Nature. That's why it brings glorious health; I ask no drastic denials; no punishment of the system.

## Food Does Not Cause Fat

If it did, you would not see stout men and women who eat less than a child of ten. My method *lets you eat*. But it causes your system to use all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Your new



powers of elimination dispose of all waste. Nothing is left from which fat can be made. Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is *nothing*. For 50, 60, or 75 lbs. I require a little longer. But the result is always the same. A normal figure, remaining flesh firm and smooth, symmetric body and limbs.

## Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. and I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all. You have brought a blessing into my life.

[Mrs.] Mildred M. Sykes,  
300 N. Florida Ave.,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger.

[Mrs.] Grace Horchler,  
4625 Indiana Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter.

[Mrs.] Esta Arbaugh,  
Mandamin, Ia.

## FREE PROOF

I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I *will* reduce you by Nature's own laws, with pleasing, permanent results.

Fill in coupon below and I'll send prepaid, *free*, plainly wrapped, full-size record for your first lesson. Try it five days. That's all I ask! If you really wish to reduce, here is your chance; make the start today.

*Wallace*



**WALLACE** 178 W. Jackson Boulevard **Chicago**

Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... [94]

St. & No. ....

P. O. .... State.....

The above advertisement is guaranteed in every particular and readers of this magazine may place entire confidence in Wallace's offer. His reduction records are in use everywhere, and the success of his method established beyond all doubt.



A few of the 100 Simonson Toilette Products—for years the exclusive choice of women who set Fifth Avenue standards:

**FOR THE COMPLEXION**

**Astringent Toilette Water**

Helps reduce enlarged pores. Highly astringent and fragrantly scented.

**Skin Invigorator**

Soothes, refines and beautifies any skin. An excellent, non-greasy massage cream.

**Cold Cream**

Better because it is finer. Overcomes chapped, rough conditions. Faintly scented with a dainty rose odor.

**FOR THE FINGER NAILS**

**Cuticle Remover**

A liquid that softens and removes excess cuticle quickly, harmlessly and without cutting.

**Nail Polish**

Powder, liquid, cake and cream. Each will give a waterproof lasting gloss. Liquid and cream forms also impart a pink tint.

**Nail Whitener**

Whitens the under edges of nail tips. Scented with a delightful, elusive odor.

**FOR THE HAIR**

**Henna Shampoo**

Not a dye nor a bleach. Imparts beautiful sheen to the hair and cleanses the scalp.

**Pine Shampoo**

For oily hair. An efficient and refreshing cleanser exhaling the fresh odor of the pines.

**Lemon Blossom Shampoo**

Makes hair fluffy, silky and attractive. Faintly scented with the exhilarating, cleanly odor of the lemon.

**FOR THE SCALP**

**Tonic for Dry Hair**

Encourages the secretion and helps to increase the flow of the natural oil to the hair.

**Dandruff Salve**

A soothing corrective for aiding in the removal of dandruff from hair and scalp.

**Quinine Tonic**

A balmy, cooling lotion for neglected hair and scalp. Helps to relieve scalp irritations while offering substantial nourishment to the hair roots.

All of the 100 Simonson Toilette Products are sold everywhere in Greater New York, and by our EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES listed here.

**50** Cents Each Regular Size      **75** Cents Each Double Size

BY MAIL, ADD 10 CENTS EXTRA FOR POSTAGE, PACKING AND TAX

*Is Youthful Beauty Worth a Minute a Day?*

WITH just a little care every day, you can bring the bloom of youth to your complexion; the gleaming lustre of life and attractiveness to your hair. With just a little daily care, you can add a dainty white transparency to your hands, and a pretty pink glow to your finger nails.

You can attain all these charms, and baffle Father Time, by using the proper beauty aids—just a minute a day.

SIMONSON'S TOILETTE PRODUCTS will appeal to you at once for their indefinable charm, for the fascinating fragrance and, most of all, for their unfailing effectiveness. They really help to soften the touch of time.

Try them once and you will love them always.

**A. SIMONSON**

*Chemist Since 1860*

**506 Fifth Avenue New York City**

Simonson Toilette Products are sold at the LEADING STORE in the leading cities throughout the country.

- ALBANY, GA., Robinson Drug Store.
- ALBERT LEA, MINN., L. W. Spicer
- ALLENTOWN, PA., Hess Bros.
- ANNISTON, ALA., Alabama Drug Co.
- ASHTABULA, O., C. F. Schaffner.
- ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Steacy's.
- AUSTIN, MINN., K. O. Wold Drug Co.
- BALTIMORE, MD., Hutzler Bros.
- BATTLE CREEK, MICH., L. W. Robinson Co.
- BETHLEHEM, PA., Prosser's Drug Store.
- BIG RAPIDS, MICH., Geo. W. Milner.
- BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co.
- BOSTON, MASS., Wm. Filene's Sons.
- BRUNSWICK, GA., Collier's Drug Store.
- CADILLAC, MICH., McCormick's Drug Store.
- CAMBRIDGE, O., The Potter-Davis Co.
- CHARLEVOIX, MICH., F. J. Fessenden.
- CHICAGO, ILL., Marshall Field & Co.
- CINCINNATI, O., The H. S. Pogue Co.
- CLEVELAND, O., The May Co.
- CORNING, N. Y., Terbell-Calkins Drug Co.
- CUMBERLAND, MD., Rosenbaum Bros.
- DAYTON, O., The Rike-Kumler Co.
- DETROIT, MICH., J. L. Hudson Co.
- DOTHAN, ALA., The Hilden.
- EASTON, PA., Wm. Laubach & Sons.
- ELGIN, ILL., Joseph Spiess Co.
- ELMIRA, N. Y., Sheehan, Dean Co.
- ELYRIA, O., The Lewis Mercantile Co.
- ERIE, PA., Warner Bros. Co.
- GADSDEN, ALA., E. H. Cross.
- GAINESVILLE, FLA., The Wilson Co.
- GREENVILLE, MICH., Zank's Pharmacy.
- HAZLETON, PA., P. Deisroth's Sons.
- HIBBLING, MINN., The Golden Rule.
- INDIANAPOLIS, IND., L. S. Ayres & Company.
- JACKSON, MICH., Gaylord-Alderman Co.
- JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
- JERSEY CITY, N. J., Belmont Pharmacy.
- LA PORTE, IND., The Boston Store Company.
- LAKELAND, FLA., City Drug Store.
- LANSING, MICH., Robinson Co.
- LIVE OAK, FLA., Wynn Drug Co.
- LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jense Bros.
- MACON, GA., Burden-Smith Co.
- MADISON, FLA., Johnson-Hay Drug Company.
- MADISON, WIS., Keeley, Neckerman & Company.
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- MERIDIAN, MISS., Caver's Drug Store.
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- MONROE, MICH., Hagans Drug Co.
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- NEW ORLEANS, LA., Maison Blanche.
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- PAINESVILLE, O., Gail G. Grant Co.
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- PROVIDENCE, R. I., The Shepherd Co.
- RANGELEY, ME., B. Wesley Offen.
- ROCHESTER, MINN., Hargesheimer Co.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y., Clara Palmer Oliver.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y., McCurdy & Co.
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- RICHMOND, VA., The Cohen Co., Inc.
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- TRAVERSE CITY, MICH., Hannah & Lay Merc.
- VALPARAISO, IND., Specht, Finney Co.
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- WHEELING, W. VA., Stone & Thomas Co.
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- WILMINGTON, DEL., Crosby & Hill Company.
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Courtesy of Schaeffer-Ross Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

**A. Simonson's**  
 The Aristocrats Among FINE  
**TOILETTE PRODUCTS**