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Magazine



Mae Murray

August 25c

WOLF
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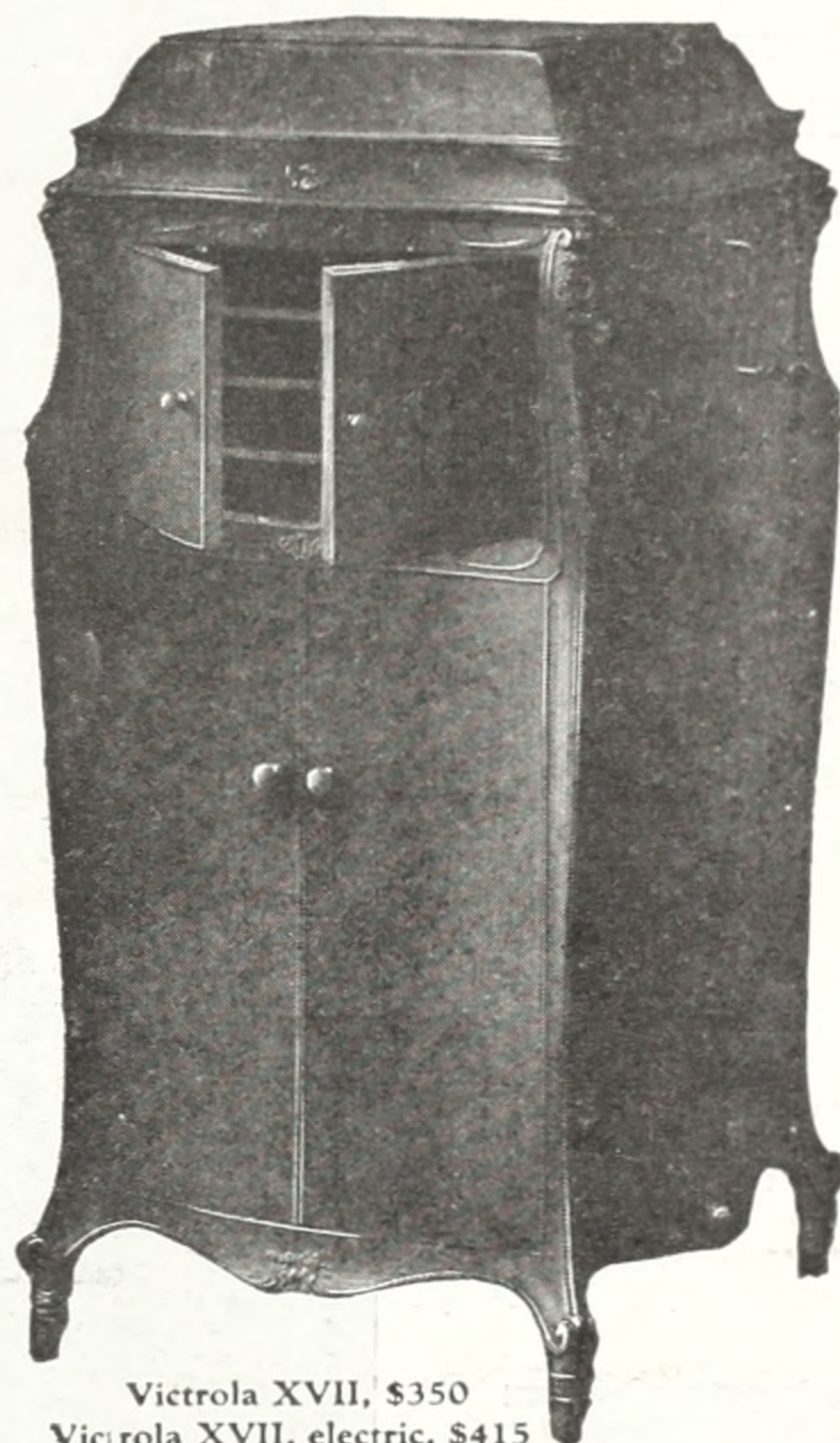
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 3

Contents

August, 1920

Cover Design, From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.	Mae Murray	
Rotogravure Priscilla Dean, Mildred Davis, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Renee Adoree, Bert Lytell, Doris May and Mary Miles Minter.		19
It's Up to You	Editorial	27
Titles and Landlords Anne Luther's and Helene Chadwick's Pet Peeves.		28
Dante Was Wrong "What Did He Know About Love?" Scoffs Louise Huff.	Betty Shannon	30
"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of" Drawing	Norman Anthony	32
Happy Endings Little Lila Lee's At Last Is In the Offing.	Robert M. Yost	33
I Don't Want To The Height of Temperament—Master Bobby Kelso.		35
The Hope That Springs A Real Life Story For All Who Have Had the Movie Urge.	Corinne Lowe	36
The Truth About Mae Murray They're All Wrong, Most of Those Things You Hear.	Delight Evans	40

(Contents continued on next page)

Pictures Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 70	
Jes' Call Me Jim.....	Goldwyn
Page 71	
Romance	United Artists
Page 72	
The Dark Mirror.....	Paramount-Artcraft
The Deep Purple.....	Realart
The Silver Horde.....	Goldwyn
Page 73	
The Dancin' Fool.....	Paramount-Artcraft
Riders of the Dawn.....	W. W. Hodkinson
Page 90	
The Fortune Teller.....	Robertson-Cole
Dollars and Sense.....	Goldwyn
An Eastern Westerner.....	Rolin Pathe
The Bottom of the World.....	
.....	Robertson-Cole
The Courage of Marge O'Doon.....	
.....	Vitagraph
Let's Be Fashionable.....	
.....	Ince-Paramount-Artcraft
Page 91	
The Garter Girl.....	Vitagraph
By Golly.....	Mack Sennett-Paramount
Mrs. Temple's Telegram.....	
.....	Paramount-Artcraft
The Devil's Claim.....	Robertson-Cole
Page 92	
Forbidden Trails.....	Fox
The Fool and His Money.....	Selznick
Just a Wife.....	National Picture Theatres
"No. 99".....	Hodkinson
Wolves of the Street.....	Artograph
The Thirtieth Piece of Silver.....	
.....	American
Love's Harvest.....	Fox
The Flapper.....	Selznick
The Mirac'e of Money.....	Pathe
The One Way Trail.....	Republic
The Terror.....	Fox
The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes.....	
.....	Selznick
Page 93	
Burning Daylight.....	Metro
Scratch My Back.....	Goldwyn
Nothing But Lies.....	Metro
Everything But the Truth.....	Universal
The Path She Chose.....	Universal

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Contents—Continued

Noncensorship	Howard Dietz and Ralph Barton	42
Six Reels of Delightful Poetic and Pictorial Satire.		
The Truth	Nanon Belois	44
Can You Help Telling Little Fibs? Then You'll Enjoy This.		
Suspended Animation	Stuart Hay	48
Drawing		
Wear America First	Norma Talmadge	49
PHOTOPLAY'S Fashion Editor Bursts the Old Parisian Bubble.		
Humoresque	Gene Sheridan	52
A Gripping Romance of the Battle Between Art and Love.		
Artistic Efficiency—That's Dwan	Adela Rogers St. Johns	56
The Science of Directing as Allan Employs It.		
West Is East	Delight Evans	58
Intimate Impressions of Filmdom's Folk.		
Rotogravure		59
Blanche Sweet, Theodore Roberts, Edward Kimball, Edythe Chapman, Cora Drew, Edward J. Connelly, Jennie Lee, Josephine Crowell, Frank Currier and Jimmie Rogers.		
Close-Ups	Editorial Comment	63
A Western Union		64
Douglas and Mary Pickford Fairbanks As They Are Today.		
Tough Competition	C. W. Anderson	66
Drawing		
Middle Age and the Movies	Margaret Sangster	67
A Heart-to-Heart Talk With the Family Circle.		
Location	Norman Anthony	68
Drawing		
What Do You Think About When You Go To Bed?		69
A Very Intimate Speculation With Close-Ups to Match.		
The Shadow Stage	Burns Mantle	70
Candid Reviews of the Latest Pictures.		
Why Do They Do It?		74
Perhaps Nobody Knows, But It's Your Page.		
Divorce a la Film		76
The Sad Separation of Doris May and Douglas McLean.		
Grandpa of the Movies		78
The Genesis of the Silversheet.		
Murdered Brain Children	Randolph Bartlett	80
What May Have Happened to Those Inspirations.		
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man	83
The Professor Uplifts	Ralph E. Mooney	87
Producers and Exhibitors Please Note.		
The Squirrel Cage	A. Gnut	94
A Nut Sundae for Weak Days.		
Plays and Players	Cal York	97
What's Doing Behind the Silversheet.		

(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 14)

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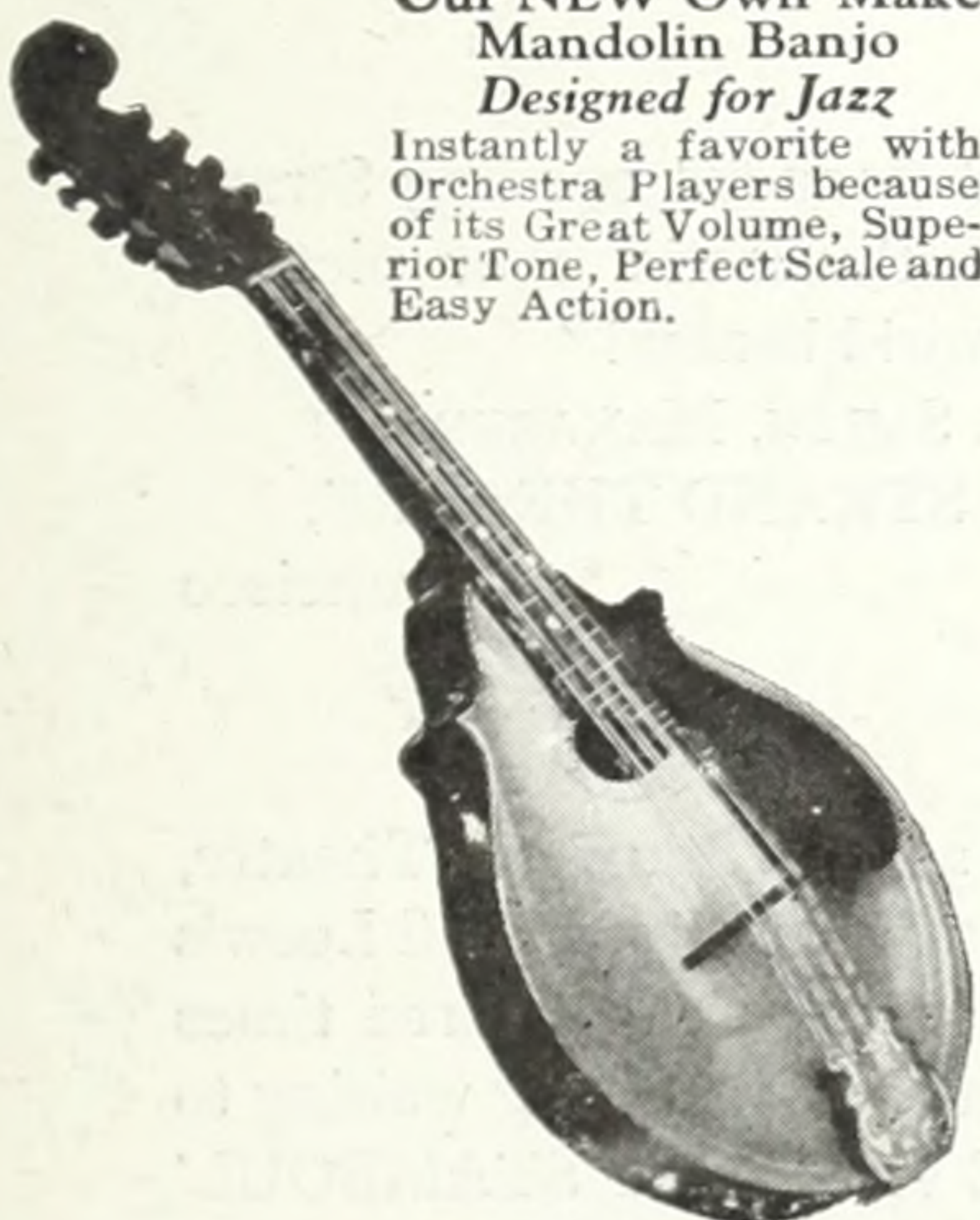
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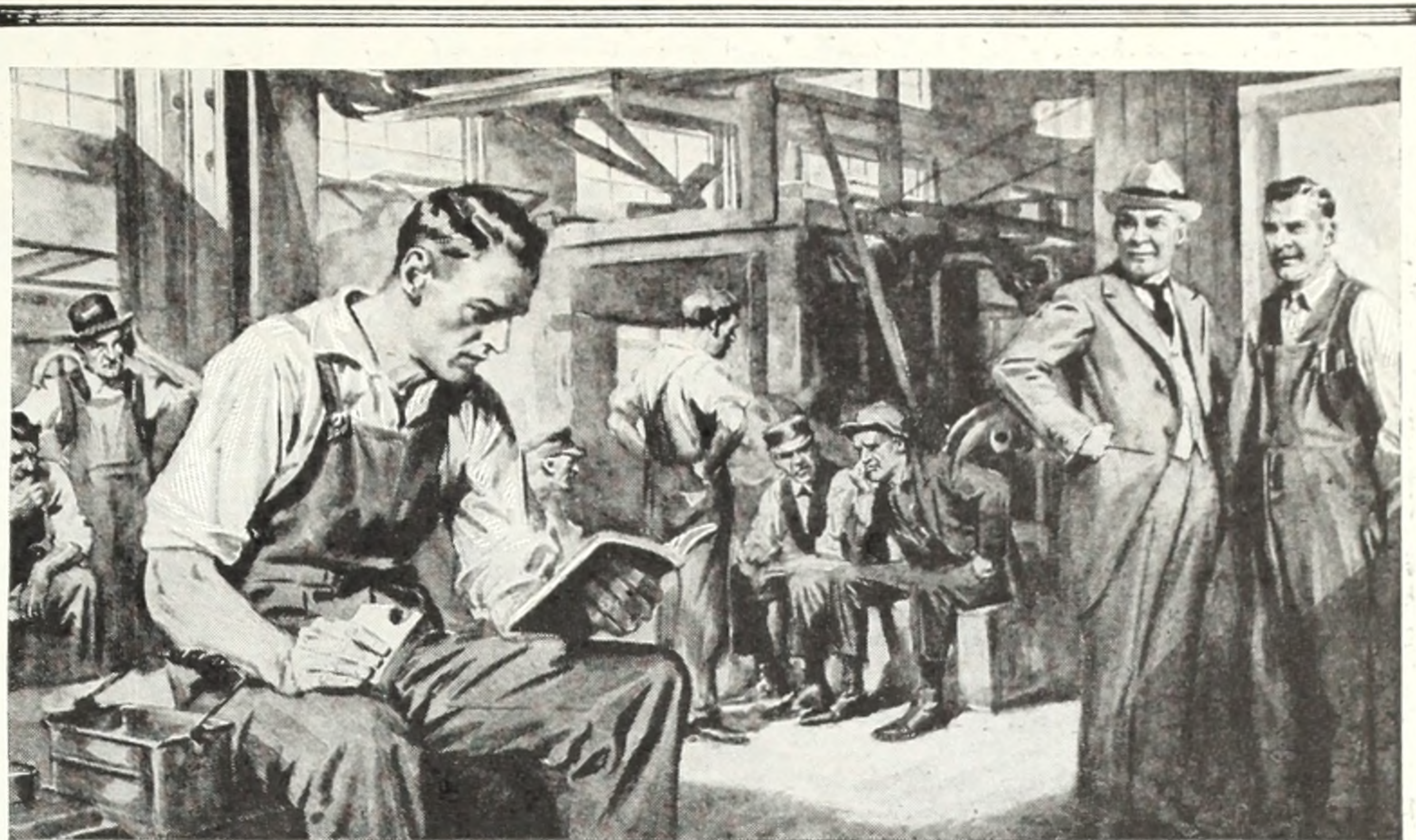
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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; (s) Santa Barbara, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 West 45th St., New York; (s) 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Boul. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;

Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart Studios, 3800 Mission Boul., Los Angeles, Cal.;

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York;

King Vidor Production, 6642 Santa Monica Boul., Hollywood, Cal.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York;

Famous Players Studio, 128 West 56th St., New York;

Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Boul., Hollywood, Cal.

REELCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 1107 North Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Cal., and 1729 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York;

Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.;

Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.;

Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.;

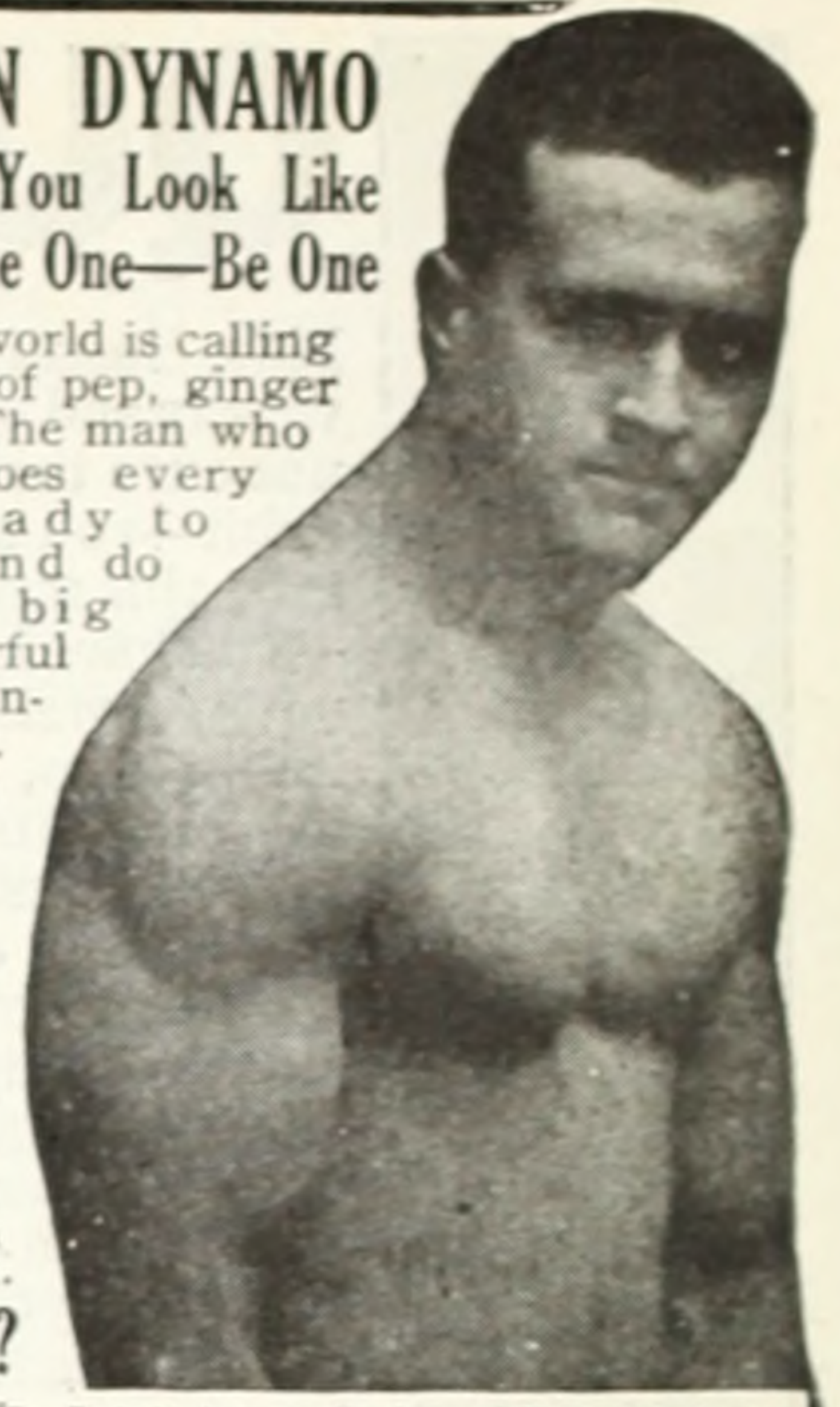
D. W. Griffith Studios, Oriental Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) East 15th St., and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Hollywood, Cal.

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How do you measure up to these requirements? Can you feel the fire of youth surging through your body? Do you have the deep full chest and the huge square shoulders, the large muscular arms that mean you are 100 per cent efficient? Can you go through a good, hard physical tussle and come out feeling fresher and better than when you started? If not, you are unfit. Get busy—steam up at once before you are thrown aside as a failure.

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Write for my free booklet. Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished players of piano or organ near you who obtained their *entire* training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and scores in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have fought my way up against prejudice like this, year after year for over a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed **REAL MERIT?** *Investigate*, is all I ask.

I'll teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time and at *quarter* the usual cost. If you have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you'll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.



My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Studying this way is a *pleasure*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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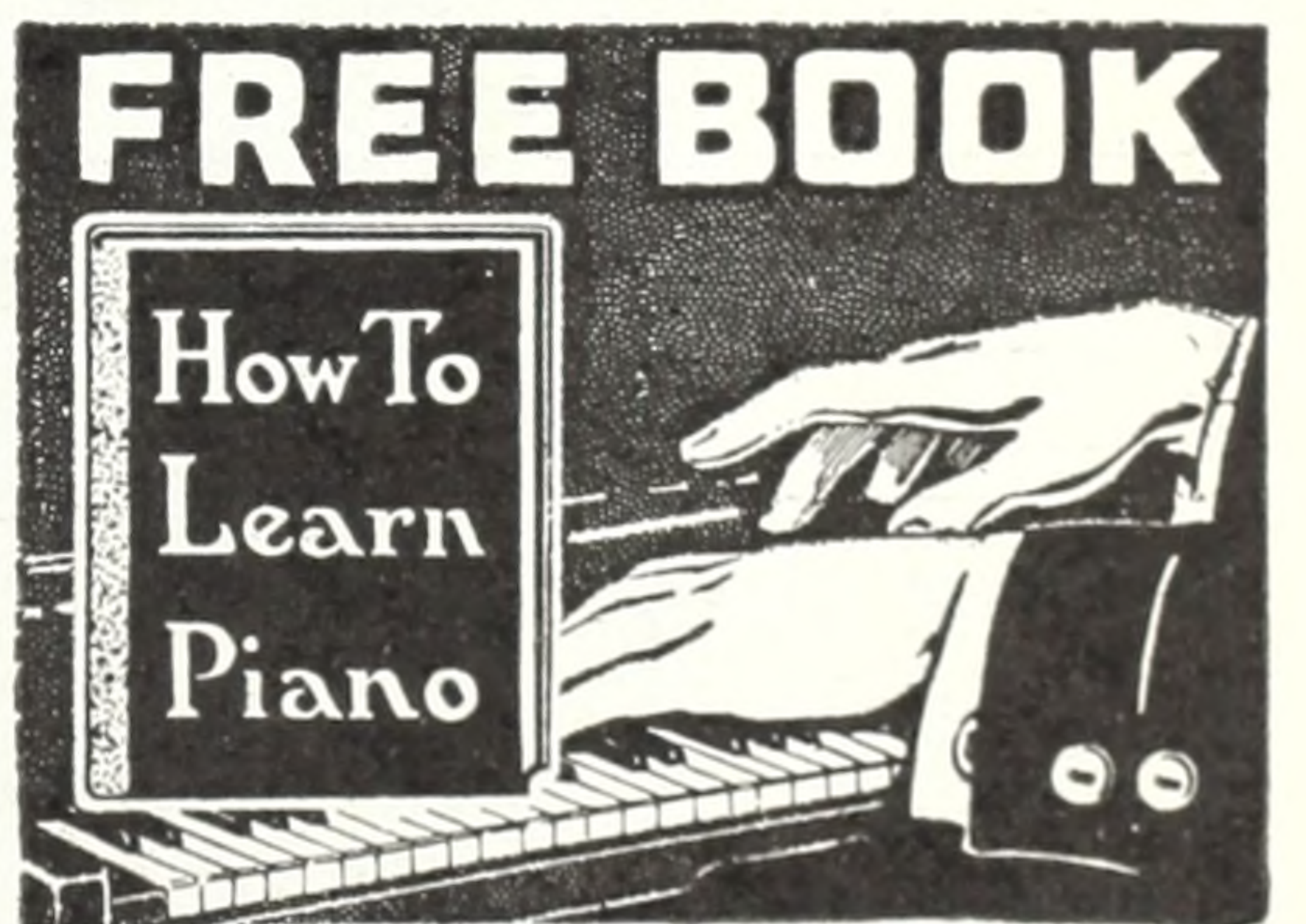


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IS your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

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Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and

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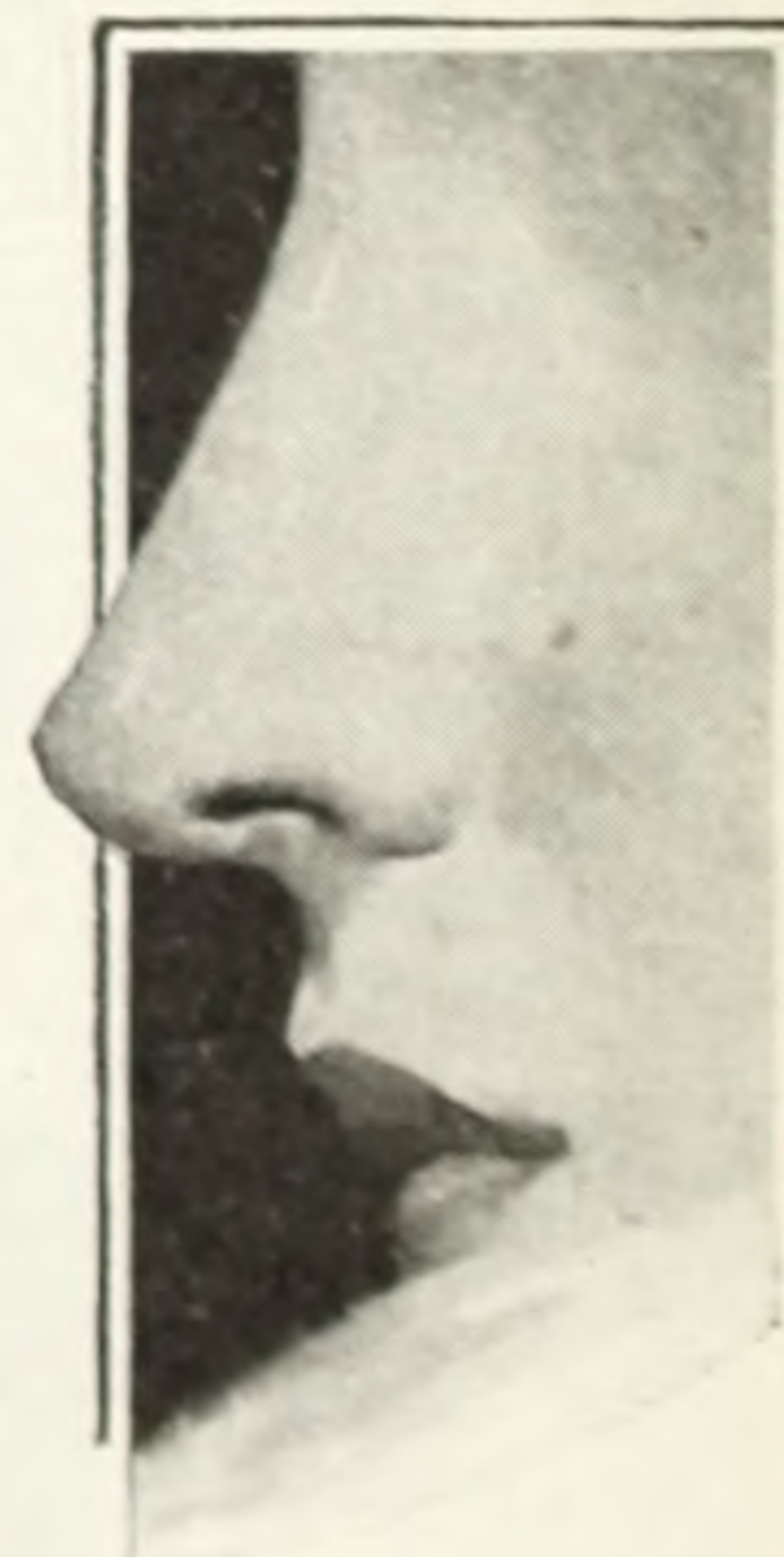
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PRISCILLA DEAN has completely reformed. Once a celluloid lady-Raffles, she stole diamonds and hearts with equal facility. Then she became a beggar-maid—and her prince-charming was her own leading man, Wheeler Oakman.



(Evans)

BLONDE and blue-eyed successor to Bebe Daniels: Mildred Davis. The personification of the traditional ingenue, she successfully resists the temptation to act the part. We hope Harold Lloyd will keep a watch for the drama-hounds.



(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

LIKE a girl to whom our grandmother's mother might have pointed as a model of conduct: Madge Kennedy. She is not always as prim as this. Madge began her career as "Baby Mine" but she is working her way to more thoughtful things.



(Bangs)

AS rare as a water-baby who does not go in for serious drama: a brand-new portrait of that camera-elusive lady, Alice Joyce. Long a much-loved star, she recently added a new chapter to her personal career by becoming Mrs. James Regan.



(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

FRANCE'S loss was our gain when Renee Adoree left her native land to visit our studios. A beauty of the musical revues over there, she becomes a dramatic actress here, with a director's voice her music and the sputtering lights her melody.



(Hoover)

BERT LYTELL'S recent rise as an actor of real power came as a complete surprise. An ingratiating personality often obscures ability. Now he is a brilliant and tragic derelict in one picture, and a clever crook in the next. (Married!)



(Witzel)

DORIS MAY very often plays those delightful little wives in her co-starring pictures with Douglas McLean. Doris should have no trouble this leap-year if she cared to persuade someone to play opposite in a little domestic drama of her own.



(Witzel)

YOU may not believe it, but this south-sea-islander is none other than Mary Miles Minter, usually so demure. If she ever tires of the eternal drama of youth and love, Mary-Juliet Shelby may always obtain a situation with Mr. Sennett.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII

August, 1920

No. 3



It's Up to YOU

THE photoplay field is comparatively clean, and every day is growing cleaner. Yet there is a great deal of cheap, tawdry and worthless material going the rounds of the country's twenty thousand theaters—stories that are false in sentiment, untrue to life, equivocating in their handling of the great moral issues, misleading in their pretense of mirroring reality.

And of course you deplore that. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE often hears from you about it. The producers hear from you. Your exhibitor hears from you. Your favorite actors hear from you. Naturally, you want to know who is really to blame. We are here to tell you. You are to blame.

The ultimate responsibility is yours. You can't lay it on the charlatan producer, the pin-brained director, the wrong-minded author, the greedy exhibitor.

Fundamentally, you are just as responsible for what is unworthy on the screen as you are praiseworthy for the screen's best. Because the whole of screen-craft, from the mightiest manufacturing organization to the youngest player, toil merely to give you what you want.

Motion pictures are the mightiest artistic endeavor of the Twentieth Century, but they are also, and always, a business. We have laws to regulate business, but even the men who make these laws and endeavor to force their execution recognize the existence of one mightier regulation, upon which all business is based: the law of supply and demand.

If you insist upon having only strong, honest, self-reliant American manhood and womanhood in your celluloid narratives you can have these, but don't vocally insist—and the same night on the same street give a financial demonstration that you didn't mean anything you said. Discriminate, select, restrain that purposeless desire merely to pass the time in any form of optical entertainment.

What your money says, goes. No censorship, no editorial thunder, no legislative pronunciamento can compare to the oratory of the lady on the silver quarter.

Don't blame anyone else for unworthy pictures. It's up to you.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

No, those blossoms Anne is holding are not Wistaria Productions.

Titles and

Anne Luther
is aching to act in a
respectable picture.

Anne was a red—or rather titian-haired, *very* little girl when she first adventured into the land of cameras and Cooper-Hewitts. She lived in Bayonne, New Jersey. (Born in Newark in 1894, —if you must have statistics.) She began to be ambitious in 1913, and started with Charles Dixon in "Hearts of the Dark."

Griffith saw her and sent for her to come to the old Biograph studio. Anne had to give a good imitation of a fainting woman. And she was so embarrassed that she really fainted!

And that led to her being a member of the all-star cast of one of the first Griffith "features", "The Great Leap", in which appeared Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, and Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh. Later she performed for Lubin, Selig, Keystone and Fox. Now she is a Manhattanite.

And won't someone please put her in a picture where she won't have to be sinful, neglected, or in chapters?

ANNE LUTHER, that titian-haired baby who used to adorn the beaches for Sennett, is looking for a title. Not just a title—a *good* title. And it isn't the case of the usual American title-hunt—out of the countpan into the prince-fire, as O. Henry used to say. No—Anne is looking for a good title for a good picture. And so far she hasn't succeeded.

"They put me," says Anne in reproach of figurative film magnates, "in pictures with terrible titles. There was 'Moral Suicide' that I did for Ivan Abramson. Now, who on earth could be artistically respectable in a film like that? Then came a Wistaria production that didn't live up to the refreshing brand name. This, in which I supplied the leading agony, was aptly camouflaged under the drag-'em-in title, of 'Why Women Sin.' There wasn't a single sin in the picture, so the producer was not to be blamed if he couldn't explain it. Well, that release was shown in Pennsylvania; the Board of Censors didn't like the title so they changed it to 'Neglected Wives.'"

Well, Anne says if somebody doesn't reform her, she'll have to do it herself.

She played a dual role with Charles Hutchison in a Pathe serial, "The Great Gamble." And between serials and sin, Anne has been ruined for honest-to-goodness stuff. For whenever her name is brought up in a discussion for a leading part in a good picture, someone sitting in judgment is sure to say: "Oh, she plays in those serials and sex things."

But Anne has decided she will work for herself an artistic transformation, or know the reason why. Was she not trained in the most highbrow cinematic schools? Griffith—the old Reliance—Sennett-Keystone?



Landlords

Helene Chadwick
is hunting for a real-estater
with a heart.

REMEMBER the pallid heroine, the gel with the little old red shawl, who was thrust out on the back-door-steps into the snow and all that in the old-time melodrama?

You know, the Way Down East thing, with midnight drawing nigh, and nowhere to lay her weary head?

Pretty sad, wasn't it?

Made you feel weepy, that Act III, Scene 2, did, and you wished down deep in your heart that you were in the show, and could jump out from behind the prop pump and say to the poor heroine: "Dry your tears, Mary; I will give you a furnished room with an oil stove and ev'ry-thing."

Reader, that heroine out in the snow had nothing on Helene Chadwick. Only, Helene's case is worse. Not only has she no home at this writing, but her baby grand (piano) has no home. That makes it more intricate.



This is not a landlord bothering Helene, just a villain in a picture.

Here is the plot:

Helene—of course you know this blonde divinity who really shines in her latest picture, "The Cup of Fury"—had a bungalow. It was a regular bungalow. The kitchen had walls, and a stove, and you could cook dinner without the neighbors knowing what you had. Our heroine fell in love with the bungalow. She doesn't trust men.

Falling in love with the bungalow, she set about making improvements upon it, proving that bungalows are superior to men.

So she bought a piano. And she had it made in a special case, special finish and all that, just to match her bungalow. Enter the Villain—the landlord. (Was there ever a landlord who wasn't a villain?)

Villain: "Get outta my house."

Helene: "Why?"

Villain: "Gotta tear it down to put up 'partment house here."

Helene: "Oh, sir, have mercy on me and my baby grand."

Villain growls and exits with a guttural oath.

So here we are at Act III, Scene 2, and Helene has no home and no nook in which to esconce the baby grand. Now here is the cue for the hero.

Who will give Helene Chadwick a home?

Three years ago Helene Chadwick was a stranger to the screen. She made her debut in an Astra-Pathé studio and won a part in "The Iron Heart," a thrill serial. Then she appeared in another of that kind, "The Double Cross," and repeated in "The House of Hate."

Miss Chadwick is now with Goldwyn; the serial days are far, far behind in the dust of obscurity, and all's well—that is, all's well but for the Villainous Landlord.



Dante Was Wrong

By BETTY

thing for them to do is to put these men out of their lives, and get something better to occupy their minds until the right man comes along.

"Of course sometimes people make mistakes and marry others they think they are in love with, but that sort of marriage very often does not last. It is not true marriage—true marriage can only happen when people really love. Such a union is bound to be an unhappy one, anyway—often from the fault of neither husband nor wife."

So Dante was wrong!
All this stuff and non-sense he wrote



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Louise Huff is a studious young person with mentality as well as pulchritude.

WE did not start right smack off on the subject of LOVE. Naturally, two well bred ladies who are interviewing each other for the first time do not soar to such intimate heights until they have reached a certain amount of conversational momentum. (And we were nothing if not well bred—"dainty" Louise Huff with her generations of Georgia accent and gentility, and the picture of her grandfather who fought in the Civil War in a gold frame on her desk, and I with my college education and a new red hat.)

There were the problems of the weather, and the scandalous way New York taxi drivers cheat you on a rainy day, and the new short-vamped French pumps, and transmigration of souls, and the possibilities of remaining a lady in whatever walk of life, and the duty of children to parents, and Mexico to settle first. When we found that we agreed on all of these—then, then it was time to talk of love.

"I believe absolutely in love," announced Louise Huff profoundly. Her forehead wrinkles when she wants to look profound. "But there are no two ways about it. If one person thinks he or she is desperately in love with another, and the other does not return his or her affection—then it isn't love. You either love or you don't, and unless both the man and woman care for each other with the same intense, sure, satisfying emotion—well, it just isn't love.

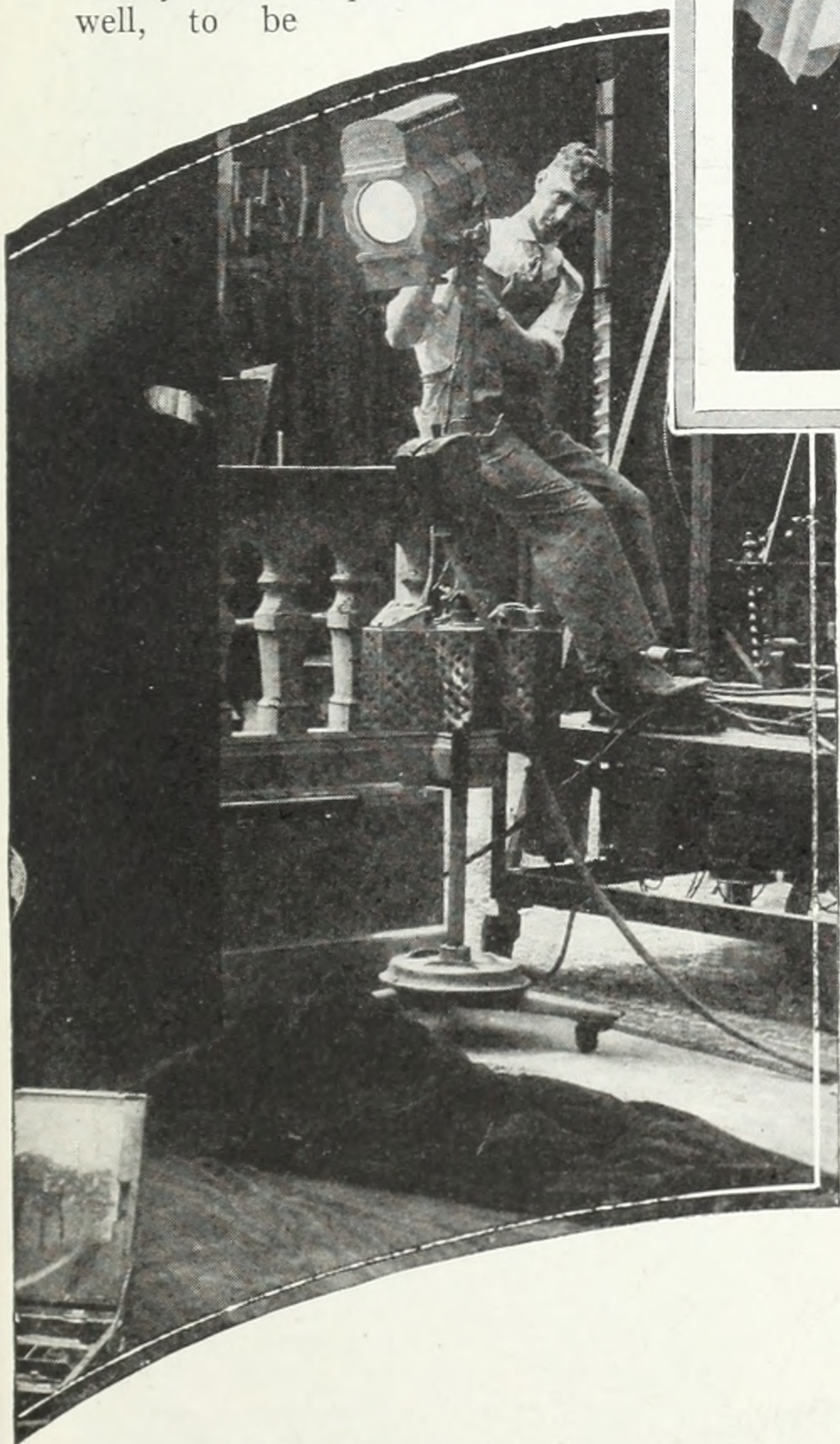
"When I hear girls stewing about and see them growing pale and thin because they can't eat or sleep on account of what they think is love for some man who doesn't care two straws for them—I want to shake them. The



Louise Huff
does not agree
with him about
love—Anyhow
he's all out
of date.

SHANNON

about Beatrice, all this holy, unreturned affection that guided him through Hell and Purgatory (I hope I haven't my facts twisted), all these sickly sentiments that he and the other poets have been slipping over us all these years about the beauty of despair—well, to be



Louise Huff has come back, after a two years' absence, as a Selznick.



Photo by Saony

There is Mary Louise, in other words Miss Jones, and in still other words, Miss Huff's young daughter.

modern, there's nothing to them!

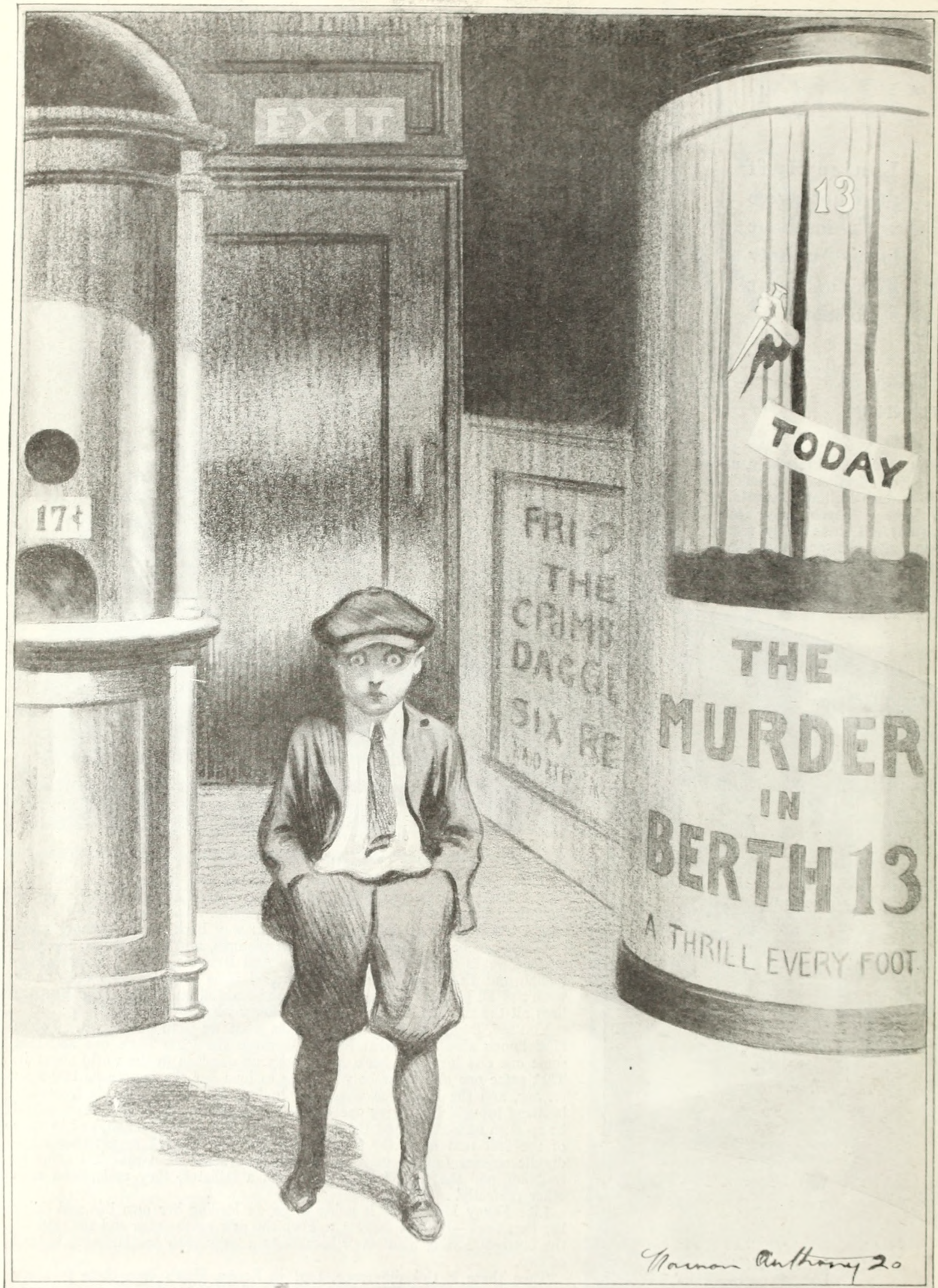
Of course it is too much to expect of a poet that he be both a poet and right. His poetic license gives him lief to take all the liberties he wishes with the truth, just so he doesn't err as to metre. And anyway, why should Dante know anything about it? He lived way back there seven or eight centuries ago before the days of motion pictures, and automobiles, and permanent waves and Greenwich Village. And Beatrice married another gentleman and died young, and Dante married some one else, who very likely wasn't at all pleasant because her husband insisted on pulling these Beatrice lines all the time. Of course he didn't know what love was.

You see, Louise Huff does. That was what we were heading at. Louise Huff knows absolutely what love is, because she loves some one and that some one else loves her back, and there's no question in the world about it. That some one else knew he was going to love her the minute he laid eyes on her, and she knew she was going to love him. (One of his fraternity brothers brought him along one day to a luncheon party so that there would be an even number.) And they were married a few months ago, and in spite of the fact that he is the president of a company that manufactures hydraulic engines (and is only 34 at that) and has such a practical name as Stillman, and she can't tell a valve from a radiator, they understand each other perfectly.

Like Fanny Hurst, she is going to go on leading her own life and doing her own work—but she expects to keep the dew on the rose and the dust on the butterfly's wing with seven breakfasts a week with her husband, instead of two.

Then there is this difference, too: in Louise Huff's case there is Mary Louise, in other words Miss Jones, or in still other words, her young daughter. Miss Huff was married before when she was very, very young—too young, it is to be feared, to know what love really was.

(Continued on page 113)



Norman Anthony 20

Drawn by Norman Anthony

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of"

Happy Endings

"Men are only boys,
grown tall; Hearts don't
change much, after all."

By ROBERT M. YOST

ALL authors, before plunging into the body of their narrative, first consider the ending, for a story or a play must have a Happy Ending. But, of course, you know that. Perhaps that is why cynical critics laugh when we speak of a play or a story being so true to life and yet—having a Happy Ending.

Happy Endings are necessities that mark every step in our careers. The baby crying for its bottle, and getting it, achieves its Happy Ending. Later we

Lila as she reached the Coast to begin her motion picture career.



Northland Studios

Lila Lee today.



Photo by Evans

are told that if we are good we shall go to Heaven when we die—another Happy Ending.

Directors are wondering now whether the public will be satisfied with endings of the other sort, based upon natural conditions in life. The chances are that the public will not; it never has been. It already has had enough *unhappy* endings.

A couple of years ago an Eastern producing firm decided to star a newcomer. Her name was Lila Lee, the youngster who earned success in a school days act in vaudeville. At that time Lila was quite small, just a cuddly little kid and the Wise Men of the East decided that the time was ripe to launch her in a number of stories, specially built to exploit her kid talent.

Those Wise Men were going to take no chances. Little Lila was to be a success right from the start. One of the greatest campaigns known in filmdom was inaugurated through every possible avenue of publicity, heralding the arrival of this prodigy. This was kept up for months.

The public expected a pig-tailed Sarah Bernhardt—and they didn't get it.

Fifty-seven varieties of reasons were offered in explanation of Lila's failure to meet the expectations of the public, but there really were only two.

Lila had been lured into the field of motion pictures by the kind insistencies of friends who convinced her that she could make good. She entered the business with a keen determination to succeed that has never wavered.

First of all, she fell victim to over-advertising. Next, she was cast for the role of a very little girl

in productions written with a view to accentuating and developing the fact that she was only a child actress. With her fine intelligence, her stage experience and her native ability, Lila might have overcome even these handicaps, had not nature and California climate conspired to blast the hopes of the little star.

Lila had reached the age when it was time for her to grow. She should have been a head taller—but she wasn't. So they sent her out to California to make pictures, a little freckle-faced, undersized kid, in dresses that flapped at knee length.

Then came the great change.

The climate took kindly to Lila. She could live in one house, all the time, regular hours, regular meals, golden weather, pleasant work, pleasant surroundings. Old nature began sneaking up on the kid. Her feet grew down to meet the sidewalk and her head began to stretch toward the stars.

In a very few months, Lila was just exactly, by actual measurement, a head taller than she was when she arrived in California. That's why her portrayal of little kid parts didn't come up to the expectations of the public. She was too busy growing.

According to all the rules, the youngster should have been downhearted. But she was determined that her career in motion pictures should have a Happy Ending. She is well on her way now to the success she seeks, but there must have



Lila Lee when she was known as "Cuddles" in a vaudeville sketch.

been some dark days along the route.

One day Cecil de Mille cast her for the role of *Tweeny* and good luck came back to Lila. There are a few things you remember particularly about "Male and Female." One of them is *Tweeny*.

In "The Prince Chap" the public is looking upon a new Lila Lee—the girl who came back—only she comes back a woman. But it was *Tweeny* that marked the turning point of Lila's return.

Lila Lee is a stage name. The little brunette was born Augusta Appel. The story goes that Gus Edwards, the vaudeville producer of tabloid musical comedies, discovered her when she was a very tiny child indeed playing on the sidewalk with some other boys and girls. He saw all the possibilities for piquant "kid stuff" in small Augusta, and put her through a course of training and ultimately into one of his acts. Her success was instantaneous, and she held the position of the most popular little girl on the variety stage, known only as "Cuddles," for ten years. Now she is one of the most promising of the younger leading women in pictures, for besides her two performances mentioned above, she has appeared as Wallace Reid's leading woman, and opposite Houdini in "Terror Island."

She is getting better every day, they say on the Lasky lot, and there seems no longer any doubt about that Happy Ending.



A BRUNETTE isn't necessarily a brunette any more, nor a blonde a blonde. You go to see your favorite film goddess in one pastel and you go home and indite a sonnet to her raven locks. Then you go to see her again and—lo, she is a blonde! Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart both have changed their celluloid coiffures recently.

"I Don't Want To"

YOU think of *temperament* when you read about the rough way in which Dave Belasco mauls emotionalism into his stars, do you not?

You think of *temperament* when you read about chorus girls who pout when their Packard or Pic-Pic is late, or when the strawberries are not quite large and sweet enough on the Christmas morning breakfast tray, what?

Temperament?

Reader, those feeble flings are as the rippling rill alongside the roaring Niagara.

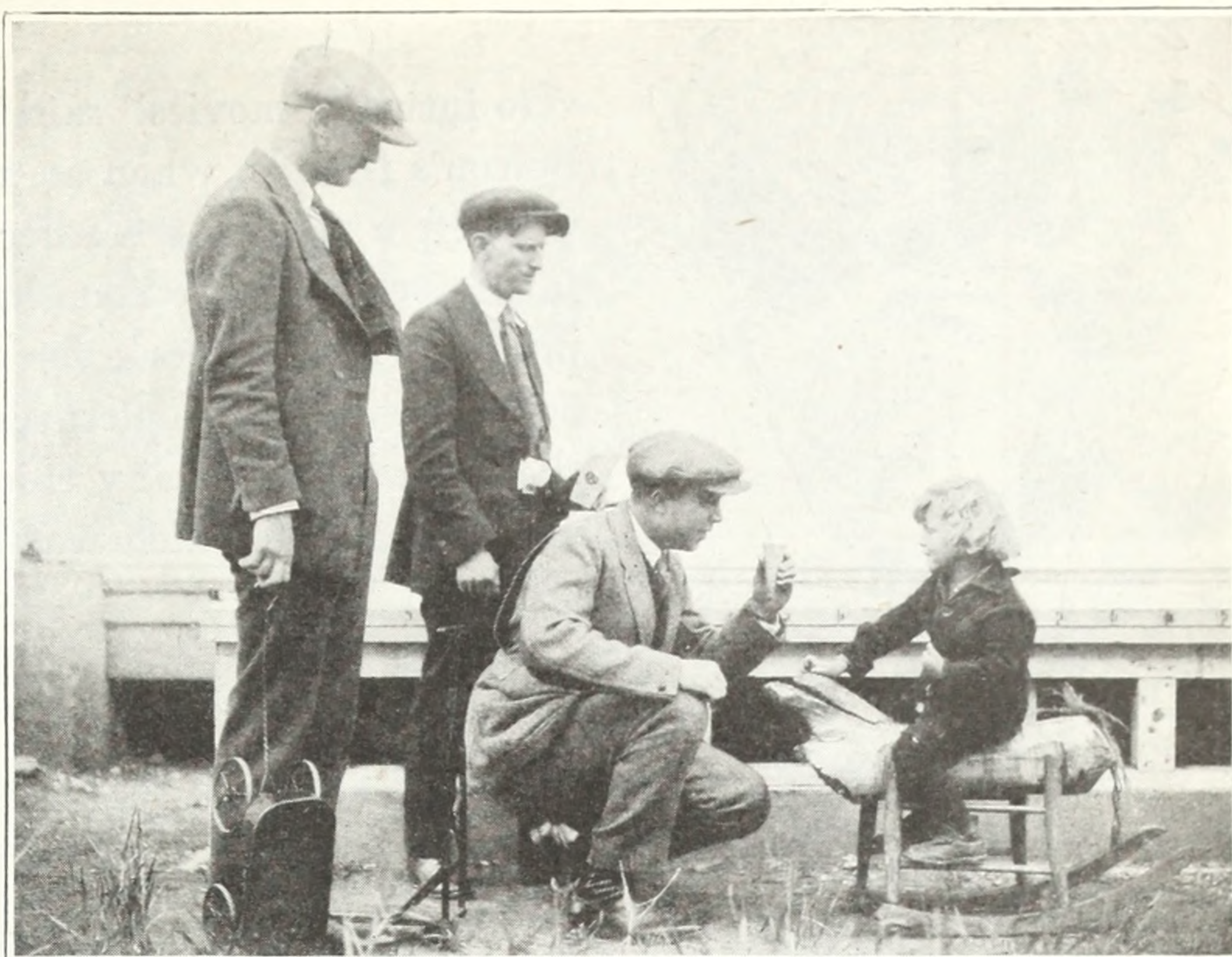
Consider, if you please, Master Bobby Kelso, æt three.

One of those helpful persons, who always knows all about everything that is going on in Hollywood (which is a fairly large order, by the way) whispered that there was a great new child-find out at King Vidor's studio. Rumor had it that this child was a marvel, one who would disturb the laurels resting peacefully upon various small brows. He was playing the all important part of *Buddy* in King Vidor's new production, "The Jack-Knife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler.

Bobby had never been in pictures, but his mother met Florence Vidor in a hair-dressing shop one afternoon just when King Vidor was searching for a child to play *Buddy*. Thus the discovery.

When you see this picture, you are going to see a very fine piece of acting by a three-year-old.

But dragging Mrs. Carter, in her plumpest days, about by the hair, was



A troupe of assistant persuaders follow King Vidor around.



Every angle of the plot hinges primarily upon him.



But when he *does* do it, he's great!

a mere bagatelle, compared with the things King Vidor has done in order to make Bobby Kelso act.

For instance, here are some of the things King Vidor carried around:

Jelly beans—by the gross—they being Bobby's pet confection.

Live rabbits, produced instantaneously, like those that come out of a magician's hat.

Ice cream cones, whistles, chalk, musical tops, string, and a rag doll, made of a towel tied around in the middle, Buddy's favorite consolation in moments of mental anguish.

Also King Vidor was followed around by a troop of assistant persuaders, consisting of property men, electricians, assistant directors, cameramen and stage hands, bearing kiddie-kars, tricycles, rocking horses, wagons, automobiles, live goats and other things.

The favorite of this harem, is one "Hughie," head property man, who, next to King Vidor, occupies the chief place in Bobby's heart. Hughie is a great "feeder." He is generally elected to stand on his head off set, when they want Bobby to stare out the door or window, or to climb up the rafters, or imitate Charlie Chaplin when they want him to laugh.

Bobby plays the role of a child who, through the death of his mother, falls into the hands of two old men, a shanty boatman and a singing tramp.

There is scarcely an emotion that a child can know that Bobby does not have to express. He is in at least half the scenes of the picture. Every angle of the plot hinges primarily upon him.

But when I had watched him making a few scenes, I decided to start a contest to elect King Vidor successor to Job, the popular patience specialist.

Bobby's favorite quotation was, "I don't want to." I didn't discover anything during the entire afternoon that he wanted to do.

BUT—when he *does* do it, he's great!



I was one of those women born to eat the *pate de foie gras* that some man earned for her.

"Go into the movies" said Molly Bolton's friends, when at 26 she was left a widow with her own future to face. "You have a profile. Let it work for you." So she went into pictures and there she learned many things—not the least of which was Hope.

Told by

CORINNE LOWE

Illustrations by Walter Tittle

The

Park Avenue apartment and I can truthfully say that the survey was without vanity. It was as impersonal as if I were a picture which I was now thinking of buying. There was, in fact, a good deal of bitterness in this acute study of myself. Yes, I was good-looking—undeniably so. My head was set proudly on my long, column-like white throat. My figure was broad-shouldered and slim—like Juno's, Tom always said, after she had taken to tennis instead of strolling about Olympus in a Mother Hubbard cloud. Add

to these items my mouth, which was cut with the arrow-heads at the corners that Hardy speaks of in his portrait of Eustacia, my satisfactory nose and large gray eyes and you get the complete catalogue of me as I was that day. Yes, thought I bitterly, I was good-looking—the very kind of woman born to set off the feathers that some one else bought for her.

"The movies," I echoed drearily. "I'm too old for those."

"Nonsense," said Dorothy, "what's twenty-six nowadays?"

"But I can't act—not the least little bit."

"WHY don't you go into the movies?"

Nowadays I suppose that no good-looking young woman is ever thrown upon her own resources without hearing this suggestion on every side. Certainly I myself had been a widow only several weeks when Dorothy Tompkins, my best friend, came forward with the idea.

"Well," she commenced, looking about her at the tiny room in the Madison Avenue boarding-house into which I had just moved a few of my most treasured possessions from the smart Park Avenue apartment where Tom and I had spent our brief married life, "what are you going to do, Molly?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"What can a woman do who doesn't know a single useful thing in the world?" I retorted.

It was quite true—that estimate of myself. I had been unfitted for life in the most fashionable of private schools. I couldn't bake a biscuit serviceable for anything except a paper-weight. I couldn't sew and I couldn't even take a French sentence without balking at the hurdle.

As I stood there at the window of my little room I realized indeed for the first time that I was one of those women born to wear the feathers and eat the *pate de foie gras* that some man earned for her. I had passed from an indulgent father who lived up to his professional income to an even more indulgent young husband who considered that his future success as an architect depended upon showing off every bit of his present success. Both props were gone now and save for the ten thousand dollars insurance Tom had left me, together with the wardrobe and jewels he had bought me, I was dependent upon myself alone.

Dorothy stared at me in silence. Then she broke in sharply upon my meditations. "What if you can't do anything?" said she, "You have a profile that can. Let it do the work. Go into the movies."

I looked at myself in the frivolous little Louis Quinze mirror that I had brought with me from the



Walter Tittle

For three hours we waited and

Hope That Springs

"How do you know you can't?"

I smiled a little. "Because I always made such a hit in amateur theatricals."

"It does sound fatal," grinned Dorothy, "but anyway, you really don't have to act in the movies. You just move around."

DURING the next few weeks most of my other friends came forward with the same suggestion. I smiled now to think of their gentle confidence that the whole movie world would put out bunting and flags to welcome the new star. Yet in the end I yielded to their constant arguments regarding movie money and the ease with which it was made. And one March day I stood before the casting director of the — studios.

"Parts?" The casting director grinned cheerfully around his pendulous cigar. "No, we haven't any of those to give out. But if you really want to get into this game, you could do all right as an extra."

"An extra?" I repeated in bewilderment. The only association which the word held for me was with the expensive pri-

vate school which I had attended. "What in the world is that?"

"Why," answered he, "the extras are the good old cowboys that bunch around the sheriff's office and fill up a few chinks in the Western scenery, they're the evening dress girls and white collar boys of the ball-room and cabaret scenes—"

"The noble Romans," I interrupted with a faint smile, "the mob scene?"

"You're on."

It didn't sound very stately, did it? And when I thought of Dorothy and my other friends, of their swift assumptions that my face would prove my fortune, my heart sank.

"And how much is the extra paid?" I faltered at last.

"Oh, anything from five to ten dollars a day. An evening clothes scene always pays more. You would get about seven and a half for that."

Quite evidently the extra of the movies was not the expensive one of the boarding-school. To me, who had been nourished so carefully these past weeks upon reports of the earnings of Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, it sounded meager enough. Still, seven dollars and a half a day for such easy work—just sitting at a cabaret table or walking across the ballroom floor—that would be forty-five dollars a week! My spirits were beginning to rise when the director spoke again.

"Of course," he explained, "the employment isn't steady. You can only expect a day's work or so every week or two—that is to say here in New York during the winter months. Summer it's different. Then we're making up some of the big pictures that may give you two or three weeks work."

Seven dollars and a half a day and that only occasionally! I sat there staring at him blankly.

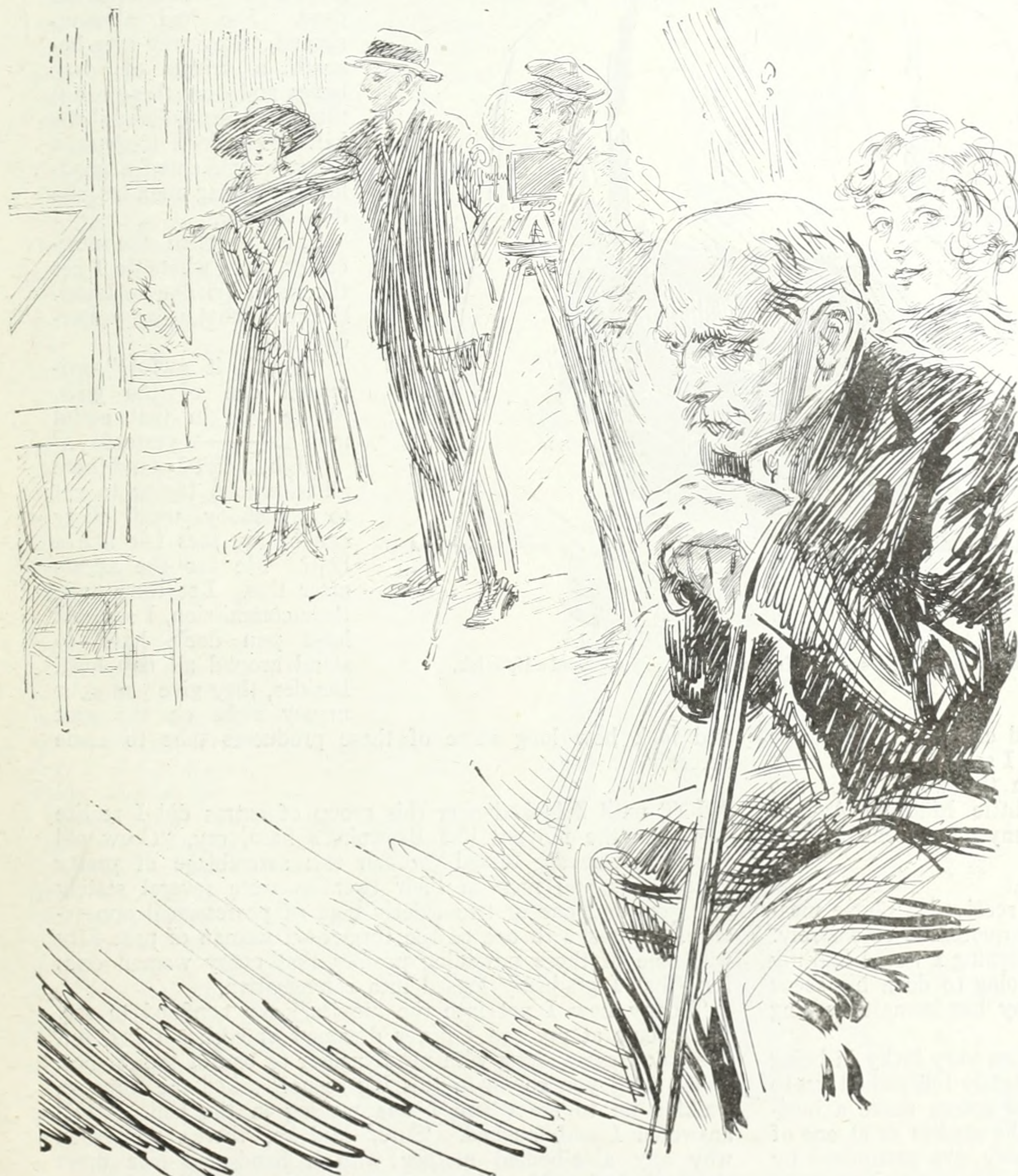
"I tell you what you do," said he suddenly, "you let me take your name and address and when there's something to do I'll call you up."

"Then you think I shouldn't have any trouble getting a job as an extra?" I inquired. I was certainly meek enough by this time.

"My dear young woman," he retorted promptly, "do you know what an extra is? It's somebody with a face. Anybody can be one— young, old, rich, poor. Of course," he added politely, "you're the kind that would always be most in demand. You're pretty, under thirty,



She hadn't intended becoming an actress.



acted, and acted and waited.

well-dressed and above all, you've got a good figure. That's really more important in the movies than the face. Now, how about your wardrobe in general—got lots of fluffs?"

"What has that to do with it?"

For answer he waved his hand toward the ante-room beyond.

"Right out there," said he, "there are probably two or three girls waiting to see me this very minute who would know what I mean. They've got good sets of features, but poor sets of clothes, see? They can't scrape up enough coin to buy the pretty evening dress or the swell afternoon gown that a lot of the big scenes need. Consequently, we can't use 'em any place except perhaps the street scenes or something like that."

I thought of the clothes I had bought just before Tom's death—of the silver cloth evening gown that he had told me made me look like a fairy-story mermaid, of the new brocade evening wrap, the gorgeous set of furs—and I blinked back a tear. How little I had thought when I bought those gay feathers with Tom's money to make a good show for Tom's clients that I should ever use them in earning my own living.

"I have a—a—great many clothes," I answered unsteadily.

"Fine. Now then let me write down all about you. You see, we keep the names of professional extras in our card-index and whenever we're making a big picture we call on them."

I furnished him thereupon with a complete history of myself—age, weight, height, education, previous inexperience, and promised to send him a few photographs.

"Now don't you worry," said he kindly as I rose to go, "you're not going to have any trouble. You've got the kind of face that will film well. And, say, there's a lot in that last. You haven't any idea how many beauties there are in this world that screen to look like frights—they might be the girl your mother and sister always pick out for you to marry."

Following his advice, I made a round of the other studios and enrolled in the same manner. After that casting of my nets I settled down to what soon proved the most unsettled life in the world. For two whole weeks I waited there in the little Madison Avenue boarding-house for some returns from my enrollment. Wait? No stage carriage ever did it so hard.

JUST as I was beginning to despair I received a phone message from the director whom I have quoted so extensively. If I would go over to Jersey the next morning I would find my first job waiting for me. They were going to do a big scene in a hotel lobby and I was to take my handsomest evening dress with me.

Afterwards I found out that I had been very lucky in being called at all. It is only very young and stately folks who trust to the telephone. More crushed and wiser spirits make a business of turning up every day either at the studios or at one of the agencies. These agencies, by the way, are patronized by many extras and, although they charge a ten per cent commission, they do possess certain undoubted advantages.

Well, to go back to my first day of being an extra. I had been told to present myself at the Jersey studio at nine o'clock in the morning. In order to do so I arose at half-past six. Even this early start gave me a chance at nothing more substantial than the roll and coffee on which in my European days I used to wobble forth to see two art galleries and a dozen churches. By the time I had taken subway, Fort Lee ferry and the Jersey trolley I was ready for a real breakfast.

I arrived promptly at nine at the studio. Some other extras had been not only prompt, but precocious, and when I entered the hallway I found a number of my fellow-workers—mostly young men and young girls—grouped about their suit-cases and chatting just as cheerily as if they had not already put in a Wall Street man's "day." I had seen a number of extras in the city offices, but this was my first real insight into their daily mode of thought. Watching them and listening to them, I realized that they all knew each other, that they had met frequently in the various studios and that there existed between them that cheerful freemasonry you always find among those who earn their daily bread in some precarious way.

"Hello, Sally!" I heard the entire group turn to greet a girl just entering the door. She had almond-shaped, slatey grey eyes beneath a fringe of dark bangs and over these bangs tilted a cherry-colored straw hat. "You look fresh as a daisy," commented a good-looking young man as she drew nearer.

"Yes," replied the newcomer, "and where do I get the right, I'd like to know. Heavens, what a day yesterday was!"

"Wasn't it awful?" grimaced one of the girls. "Were you in that awful mob at——'s yesterday?"

"Huh, didn't I stand there all afternoon trying to get to somebody until every one of my toes felt like a boil? Me for the agents after this. Let them take their commission, I say. At least you don't have to stand around all day long. Besides, they give you your money right on the spot

and look how long some of these producers take to come across!"

NOT until I looked over this group of extras did I realize that the movies, like Browning's hero, cry, "Grow old along with me." Mixed through this assemblage of pretty young girls and men in their twenties were several stately dowagers and one or two elderly men of professional appearance. It was with one of the former—a woman of past fifty with one of those unwaning profiles that every woman cries for—that I gradually lapsed into conversation.

"Funny how I got into the movies," she confided to me. "Of course at my age I never dreamed of such a thing, but one day I came along with my daughter to one of the studios. 'Why don't you go on in this big scene?' asked the director, walking up to me where I was waiting in the hall. 'Me?' answered I and laughed. 'Sure,' said he, 'there's no reason why any able-bodied mother with a handsome lace dress shouldn't be working these days. Don't you realize that the movies represent life and that life is full of people past forty?'"



I had brought with me nothing save a box of rouge and a lip stick.

"But it's rather hard work, isn't it?" I asked. After that early rising, that long trip to Jersey and the hour of waiting which I had already put in here in this studio hall, I was commencing to abandon my first theory that all there was to this life was walking across the drawing-room floor.

"Oh, you get used to that," she retorted cheerily. "After all, life's lonely without any work and I'm certainly glad for a profession that finds any use for the woman of past fifty."

"So am I." It was a handsome, beautifully gowned woman with snowy white hair who joined the conversation at this point. "Why, I was bored stiff before I started being an extra. Just think of having nothing to do but look at your Queen Anne chairs and wonder where to put your new Bokhara rug! I tried all sorts of things to get out of myself—spiritualism, social work, Bolshevism, women's clubs. But I wasn't a club-woman by nature—I just hated to get up and say, 'I move'—"

"So you said, 'I movie,'" I interrupted with a laugh.

"Exactly. And I tell you it's all opened up a new world to me. I love every bit of it. And as for the people that I meet in the studios, why, I didn't know there were so many brave, cheerful, real folks in the world!"

They *were* brave, cheerful, real. I recognized this as they stood here in this dreary hall almost two hours before the director came to assign them to their dressing-rooms. I recognized it still more when, together with twenty girls and women, I found myself in the big dressing-room with its two side-lengths of mirror, its long benches and its community dressing-table.

When I got to that flocking-ground I felt for the first time an oppressive sense of embarrassment. Sitting down on the extreme end of one of those long benches, I watched the others opening up their bags and taking out their toilet articles. And as I sat there listening to the chatter about me it seemed to me that I had strayed for a moment into the pages of some novel that I was reading. The other characters knew each other and knew exactly what to do. I alone knew nothing.

And how they did chatter! Wasn't it awful—their having been kept up until two in the morning that other day at the So and So studios—but it was nice in a way, for they had got paid for an extra day's work! And, what luck, two of them had been called by their agent to go up on that picture in the Adirondacks where the sledding accident had occurred, but that very day they had been busy on something else. One of them—a fat girl with red hair—admitted a not unreasonable terror of balconies. She was one in a certain picture when it fell and, though she herself had got off without a scratch, she had vowed then and there that she would never set foot above the snow line again.

All the others roared at this confidence.

"Keep your vow, Mopsy," shouted Sally of the almond-shaped eyes as, smearing the grease-paint over her face and neck, she looked down across the intervening figures on the long bench where we were all sitting to the redundant curves of her friend, "We want balconies made safe for the rest of us."

I laughed at this last sally, but I was really concentrating my whole mind upon the elaborate character of my companions' make-up. Let me confess it right now. I was so ignorant of one's obligations to the camera that I had brought with me nothing save a box of rouge and a lip stick. It was like trying to lumber with a pair of manicure scissors.

Very soon the girl beside me discovered my bewilderment.

"This is your first experience, isn't it?" asked she, giving me a long friendly look.

I nodded.

"Well, just wait a minute and I'll show you how you make up. Don't get fussed.

It'll all come natural to you after a few times. Take me—I was as green as you are a few months ago—so green I thought I ought to look red."

You didn't look red for the screen. That was quite evident; and under my companion's course of instruction I applied the grease-paint, the powder and the eye-lash stick which all the others were using. Although I was belated in these attentions to myself, I finished long before most of the girls and I had time as I sat there to find something infinitely pathetic in the anxious forward bend of each figure on the bench to the section of mirror directly in front of it. How much it meant to these girls to look their very best! I forgot for a moment that I myself was now one of "these girls," that a great deal depended upon today's trial. I thought of myself as the wife of Tom Bolton, rising young architect, who had strayed into the pages of the novel she was reading.

"ONE hears so much of the movie stars," I sentimentalized, "and now here at last are the movie moths—poor, fragile, lovely creatures drawn to this lamp of fortune, fluttering dizzily about it and so, so apt to be singed before they are through."

Certainly they maintained that figure of speech. With the hard lights falling upon their bare arms and shoulders and their pink silk "unders," with their shining, marcelled hair and the drifts of powder on face and neck, they did recall a flock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies. Yet it was really impossible to pity them long. They were too

(Continued on page 112)

They recalled a flock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies.





Mae Murray is the puppet princess, the marionette mistress, of her pastel apartment. That pout of hers is natural, not affected.

The Truth About

The explosion of a few theories regarding the young lady on the cover.

TO begin with, everything, or nearly everything that has ever been written about her, is wrong.

They have said she is Irish. She isn't.

They have said she cultivates persistently the mental attitude of a boarding-school child who only went to a theater once or twice—and then to see Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in their Shakespearian repertoire.

They say she has a perpetually innocent and injured expression with which she seems to say: "Where do babies come from?"

They're *all* wrong.

Mae Murray was really born Mae-somebody-else. She reminds me of the child of Continental parents who, at the rather immature age of ten, has seen all the best pictures—in the galleries—heard all the finest music, met all the best people. She has Latin rather than Celtic blood in her veins. When Lasky wanted to star her, he picked parts for her to go with the invented biography which made her a Murray. The original idea was, I believe, to exhibit her bee-stung lip and her shining hair and her Follies figure to the world in a series of Irish plays, like "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

When Mae Murray started out to make a name for herself, she was undoubtedly a very young girl with only one object and ambition: definite, material success. She says herself she supposes she was "just a fluff." She prospered. Any girl with a bee-stung lip and a retroused nose and trusting eyes—not to mention two perfectly grand hosiery advertisements—was bound to prosper. She started when she was fifteen. Before she was twenty she had won fame in the national institution of beauty, the Follies, in the popular midnight performances of Manhattan, on the roofs, and had become known as "the Nell Brinkley Girl." And that wasn't all. She had wit enough and initiative enough to use the dancing craze for all it was worth. She was the naive proprietress of a Manhattan restaurant which coined money.

Altogether her characterization in "On With the Dance"—

Sonia—could not have been easy for her to do. Having seen so much of material Manhattan, and its dance-palaces, and its pekingese—both dogs and humans—she must have had to exercise her perspective and her sense of humor strenuously before she could give such a degree of reality to that little dancer. She settled, I believe, in this Fitzmaurice production, all those arguments about whether Mae Murray could act. The advertisements were misleading; it was Mae's acting and not Mae's dancing or Mae's costumes that you most appreciate.

SEE her in the studio. She reminds one of nothing more or less than a particularly apt child, with a penchant for learning and an age-old understanding. She always has a sort of listening expression: her eyes droop and she purses her mouth in an earnest and gratifying attention. That pout is natural, not affected.

See her at home. She is the puppet princess, the marionette mistress of this pastel apartment of hers. She has wide lounges that you sink into, and silk-and-lace imitations of umbrella trees with cushions beneath, and soft pastel rugs and hangings. You can tell, by glancing from Miss Murray to her apartment-furnishings, just what came with the apartment and what she put into it. A wolf-hound named Reno is a good dog and a gentle dog—the only wolf-hound whose acquaintance I ever cared to cultivate.

Some woman once said she loved to see Mae Murray walk. This woman probably thinks Mae was born with a walk like that. This woman doesn't know that Mae practices walking and practices dancing every day of her life. She has a consuming energy that seldom lets her rest a minute. If she's not dancing she's reading; and she loves to entertain.

She has a wholesome awe of great people—particularly

authors. She said she'd always been afraid of them until she went to a party which was attended also by several very distinguished literary gentlemen. She found them good fun and wanted to see them again. They all wanted to dance with her.

SHE is married, you know. I don't mean just married; her husband occupies a large place in her scheme of things. Since Robert Leonard first directed her at Universal, she has included him in her artistic as well as personal plans. And it has always been her wish to continue this partnership of theirs in business as well as in domesticity.

Her costumes are all very carefully planned. She believes that instead of focussing the audience's attention on one particular costume, an actress should rather see that her costume is so much in character and keeping with her personality that the audience barely notices it. It should harmonize, never astound.

Mae Murray has found her *metier*. She doesn't belong in any dramatic chorus. She will be distinctly original or she will not be anything at all. She is not a New York butterfly, flying from *couturier* to tea and from tea to dinner-dance. You see, her profession is dancing and while she still loves to dance—in a restaurant or at a private party—and steps out for this express purpose several times a week, the illusion is gone, while perhaps the best part of the glamor remains. She is rather a reincarnation of one of those French ladies who used their charms to direct the destinies of nations, having all the time a very definite purpose behind their frivolity.

Mae Murray, in the future, will select her own plays. She is tired, she says, of playing the eternal ingenue, and will be

quite obdurate in her demands for intelligent parts calling for characterization. Stage plays will be studied and good books read, for she has promised her public she will give them only the best, now that she is her own boss, and she intends to make good.

The nicest thing I know about her I promised not to tell. But since the personality of any person, even a celebrity, may best be described by actions, not ideas, I am going to break my promise.

Mae Murray is not a reformer. She is too busy to bother about her neighbor's morals or her fellow-man's business. But not long ago something happened to make her change her serene philosophy and reflect rather more seriously on life and what it's all about.

She went down to the East Side of New York City for first hand instruction as to the Russian dance she had to perform in "On With the Dance." She went to a settlement. She stayed, talked to the children, and became genuinely interested in them. She went back again and danced for them. And gradually she got to know their families—the mother of one of them gave her a shawl to use in her picture—and she met their grown-up sisters, girls in late teens and twenties, who worked in the factories and sweat-shops—girls who had so little pleasure that their lives were merely a series of early-to-bed and early-to-rise and work like—everything. Mae got busy.

With the aid of Frances Marion and her chaplain-husband, she planned a club for these girls. She invited them all to her house and saw that they had a good time. She does all she can to make their lives a little less barren—and if you suggest to her that she is doing a charitable thing she will turn blazing eyes to you and say indignantly:

"It isn't charity—I *like* them."

Mae Murray

By
DELIGHT EVANS

Reno, third member of the Murray-Leonard menage, is a good dog, a wolf-hound to whom you must be introduced before he will deign to bark at you.





*REEL 1—The mere beholder gets
Dramatic personnel and title,
Director, author, owner, etc.,
Including other things quite vital.*

*REEL 2—The heroine appears,
A simple, dimpled sort of
creature.
She registers some hates and fears
To show that she's the star and
feature.*

*REEL 3—We get the atmosphere—
A desert scene with tents and
arabs,
Each bearing the accustomed spear
And wearing the accustomed
scarabs.*

Verse by
Howard Dietz

Noncen

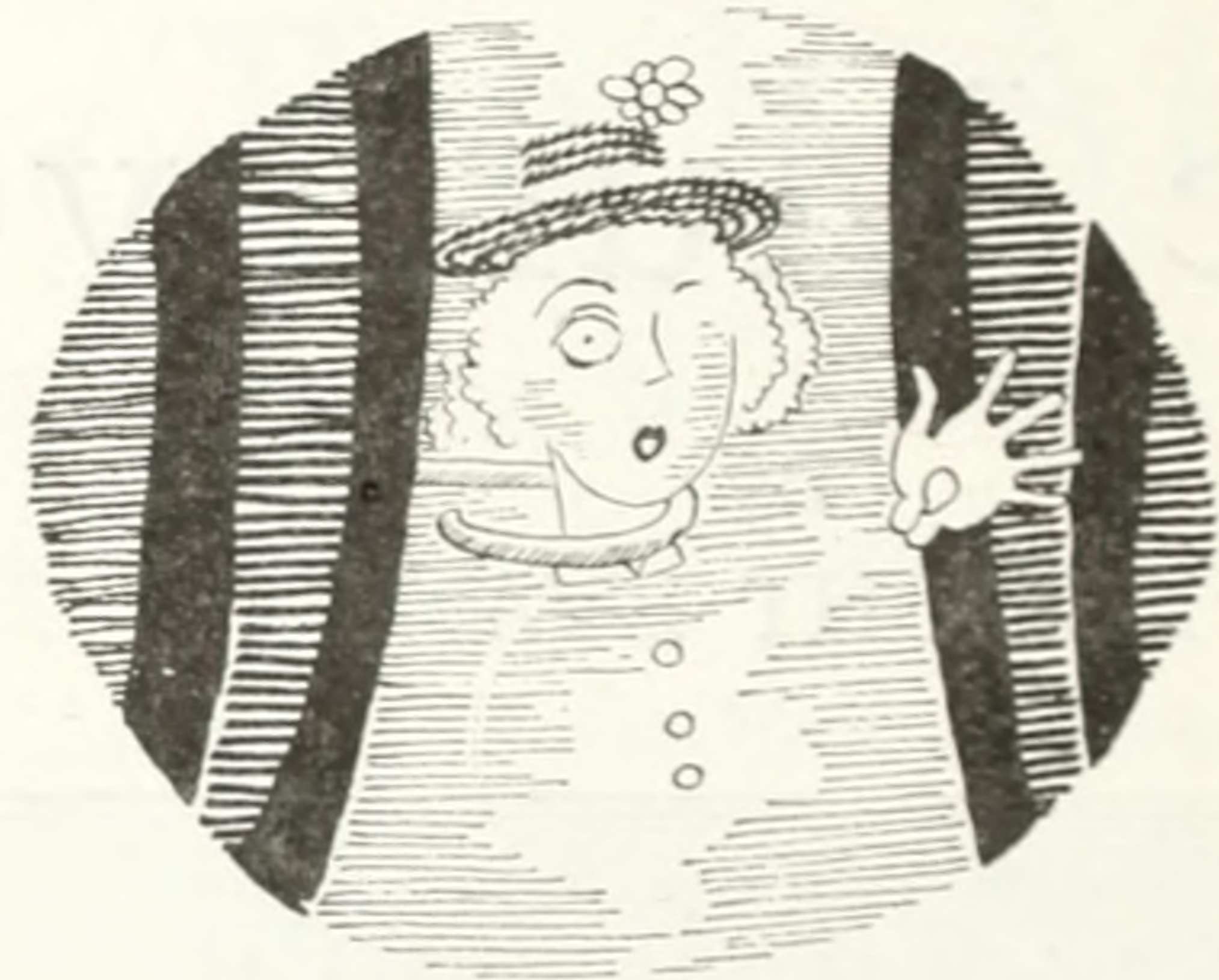


WE used to sneer at movies; they were vulgar
To our aesthetic, cultured sort of mind;
Amusement for the lowbrows or people who had no brows
And passions of an ordinary kind.
But now we must admit we are converted;
You'll find us at the pictures rain or shine.
No matter what the features, we're just the sort of
creatures
Who stand in line from seven until nine.

A friend of ours once said that he liked Chaplin.
"O tush!" we said to him, and likewise, "Pooh!
You mean to tell us that you are honestly infatu-
ated with such entertainment, too?"
But now our tone assumes a new crescendo—
We'll say this Chaplin chap is more than there;
And when he's on the program, we'll instigate a pogram
To reach the theater gate and pay our fare.

To think we used to stand aloof from "Fatty."
Or Roscoe, as the better class would say;
To think we wouldn't truckle to this renowned Arbuckle—
But those are horrid thoughts of yesterday.
Suffice that now we're with him soul and body.
Suffice that now we're fans, to say the least,
And happy that the cinema is shunted by the minima
And that our snobbish pasts are now deceased.

A Primer for



The Fade-Out

When stars are out-of-date and played out,
We say that they have made a fade-out

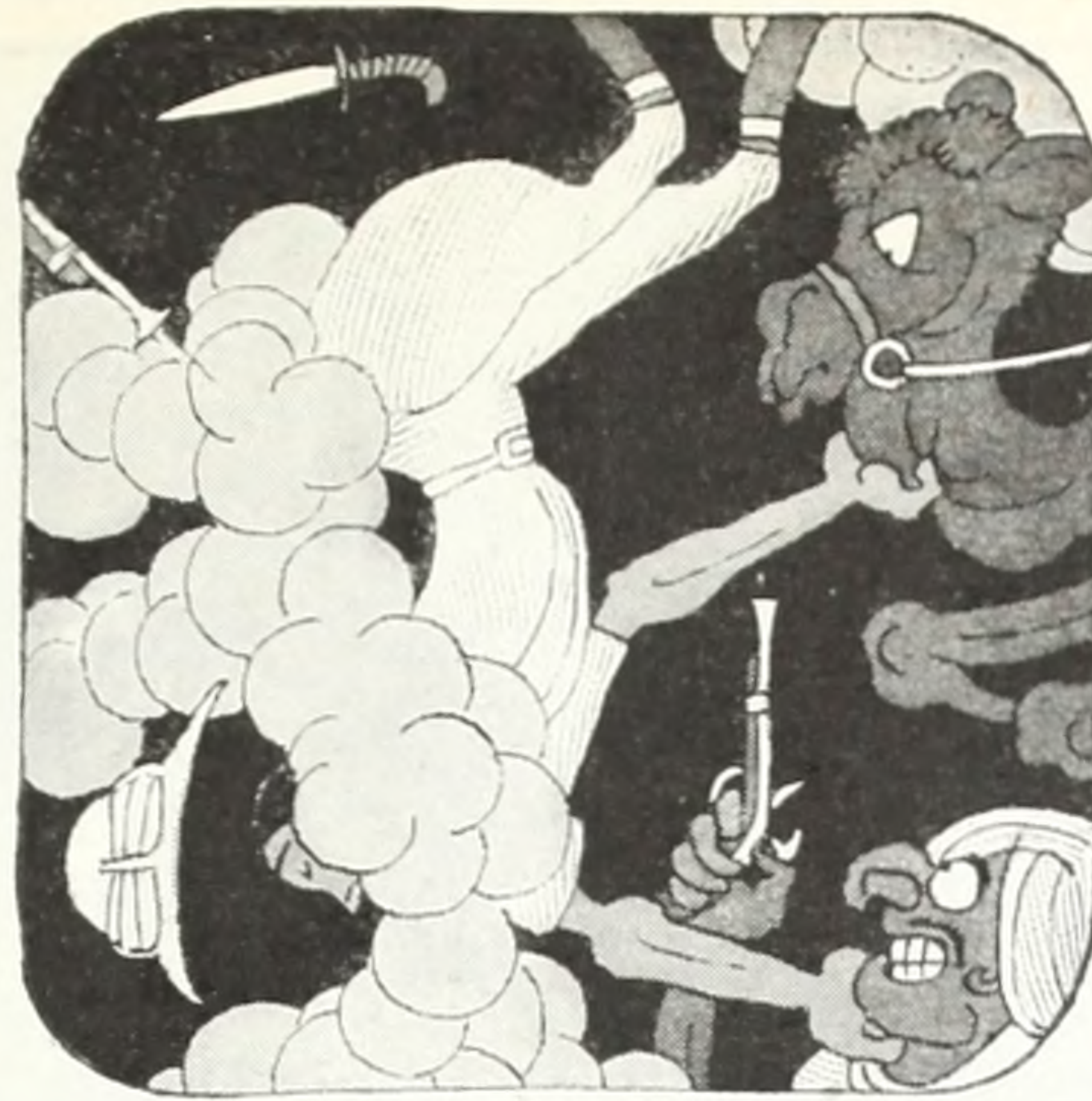


Shooting

To "shoot" a scene is nothing new—
Directors should be shot at, too.



REEL 4—The hero's introduced;
He spies the heroine and
hurries.
His hair is neatly oiled and spruced;
The lady peeps at him—and scur-
ries.



REEL 5—The action now begins;
A fight ensues, a desert scam-
ble;
The hero jumps right in and wins,
Although his chances are a gamble.

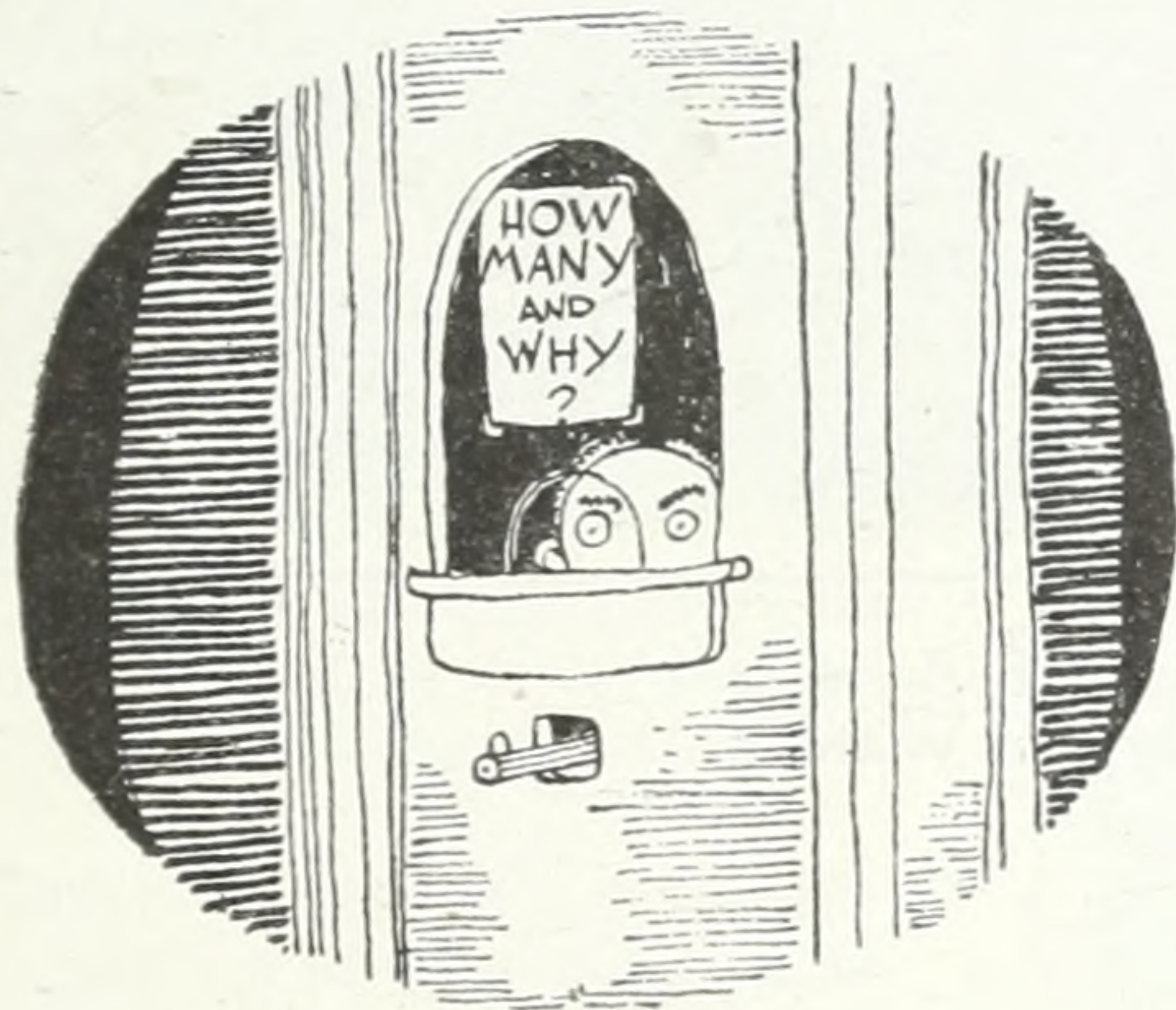


REEL 6—We pass the awful pinch.
The heroine applauds her
splendid
And virile hero—then they clinch. . .
The censor's name. . .the picture's
ended.

s o r s h i p

Decorations by
Ralph Barton

Picture Patrons



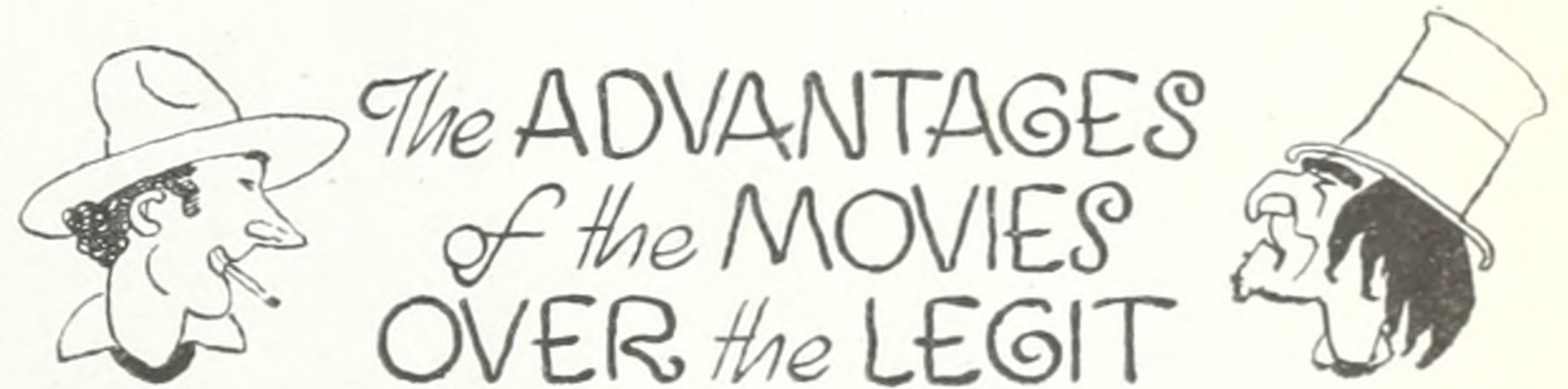
The Box-Office

The ticket-seller's boxed that way
To stave off your attack
When you're disgusted with the play
And want your money back.



Location

A picture filmed in Singapore
Was taken at your very door.



I

THE picture theater's always dark
So things you throw won't hit the mark.

II

The actor in the movie play
Can't hear the things you often say.

III

The spoken drama's always longer;
The movie hero's always stronger.

IV

The spoken drama thinks it's witty—
The movie heroine is pretty.

A DIFFERENCE

PEOPLE who are critical, ultra-analytical,
Comment on the movies as they be
In a query passionate—This is how they fashion it:
“Are they fit for juveniles to see?”

We attack these querulous people, though it's perilous—
We would change their hue and eke their cry.
Give us pictures anyway—dollar way or penny way—
If they're fit to reach the adult eye.



Breakfast in the sun-filled living room with Becky near him was the happiest hour of the day to Tom Warder.

The Truth

A Near Tragedy that Grew
Out of "Little White Lies"

By NANON BELOIS

DO not imagine for a moment that Becky Warder was stupid, or ugly, or—attractively speaking—in any other way undesirable, when we tell you that she was a good girl. She was not the sort of person whose goodness people proclaim because there is nothing else to say for them, but Becky *was* a good girl. She was at the same time a pretty one, and a charming, warm, impulsive one whom people liked, and who liked people in return.

But Becky had a weakness—it might almost have been called a fault. The truth—that is the truth about little things—was not in her. With the big, important things—well, they were different. They were big and important and if one didn't tell the truth about them, one was lying. If one deviated from the exact facts in speaking of little things—that was fibbing. There was a vast difference between the two, in Becky's mind.

When the Hobarts invited Becky and her nice, big, adoring husband Tom, over for dinner and the evening, and Becky did not feel like accepting, did she decline in as truthful a

manner as it would have been within the power of any woman under the circumstances? No—"I'm so sorry we cannot come. We are going out of town," she would answer sweetly, looking at Mrs. Hobart with great serious brown eyes.

"But, my dear," Tom Warder would say to Becky after she had confided one of these little white lies, "We are not going out of town. Why under the sun should you say we are? The Hobarts can easily find out that we did not go."

Becky's innocent eyes would take on a hurt look.

"But darling," she would reply, "perhaps it isn't exactly true, but saying you will be out-of-town is so much more interesting, and it arouses comment. I—I—I—just couldn't help it."

There didn't seem to be any way of arguing with her about it. No woman could be perfect. She was sweet, splendid, and generous and Tom attempted to forget about her habit of playing with the truth, but being a man of scrupulous honesty, it bothered him. Not that it ever occurred to him, in his

confident, mannish way, that Becky ever would try any of this petty deceitfulness on him. Tom knew that Becky loved him, but he saw no need for this sort of thing, and he was afraid it might lead sometime to a serious misunderstanding on the part of their friends.

BREAKFAST in the sun-filled breakfast room with Becky near him in a lacey cap and a soft clinging gown, of some lovely neutral shade that emphasized the vividness of herself, was the happiest hour of the day for Tom Warder. They had been married several years, but there was an illusive something about Becky—perhaps it was that quality of mind that never permitted her to be trapped into an absolute statement on any subject—that kept Tom always the eager lover. He never understood her, but he was always hoping to come up on her unawares and find out what was really going on behind those eyes.

They were breakfasting thus on the very day on which our story opens. It was spring. The sun poured its early morning flood of gold over the table. Tulips of a pink that matched the color in Becky's cheeks blushed in a huge bowl on the table. The canary trilled its heart out in a cage by the windows. The world was very, very sweet.

"What's the program for today, dear?"

Tom always asked this question as he arose from the table. The day would not have been started properly without it. It was not that he was trying to keep track of Becky or her whereabouts; he was just very much interested and hoped that she would have a good time while he was off pegging at the office.

Becky looked a bit confused at Tom's question. She caught her breath, her lashes fluttered down for a moment, then she answered with a laugh:—"Why—just a bit of shopping, and—bridge later."

Becky was not in the habit of fibbing to Tom. But if he had been as observant as he gave himself credit of being, he would have noticed her momentary embarrassment. Instead of suspecting, he took her in his arms for farewell.

"You are my dearest little wife, and I love you, my dear," he whispered tenderly.

"You are my darling husband—and Tom, I *do* love you more than anyone or anything else in the world," she whispered back.

Again, if Tom Warder had been observant, he might have noticed a new note in Becky's voice—a sort of argumentative undertone, as if she were carrying on some sort of discussion with herself, trying to persuade herself that something she had in mind was perfectly all right.

As a matter of fact, Becky had an engagement. She had an engagement with a man—a thoroughly good looking, fascinating, dashing man. She was at the same time excited, anxious, intrigued and fearful. The man was married to one of her very best friends.

Becky was going shopping with Nadine Gray. That much of what she told Tom was true. But she was not going to play bridge. Afterwards, at three o'clock precisely, she was to meet Fred Lindon at the Museum of Natural History. She was filled with conflicting emotions because in her heart of hearts, she knew that there was no real necessity for this engagement with Eve Lindon's husband, though there was a surface excuse to justify it.

Becky first had met Fred alone a fortnight ago at the request of Eve. Fred Lindon was a notorious and unscrupulous man with the ladies. And Eve was a carping, weeping, and suspicious wife. She was enthralled by these same qualities in her husband, which made him so fasci-

nating to other women. The fact that he treated her with the utmost harshness and unkindness seemed to make her the more in love with him. If she had been less insistent in her claims on his affection, and more clever and indifferent, they might have got on after a fashion. But Eve was the sort who talked loudly of her woe.

A month earlier she had decided that she would not stand her husband's actions any longer, and in a jealous rage had taken bag and baggage from her home on the upper East Side, and had established herself in a suite at a fashionable hotel.

It had been her hope that her husband would succumb to the emptiness and sadness of a wifeless home, and would plead with her to come back. But he did not. And before two weeks were up, Eve had sent for a detective and for Becky Warder too. To the detective she gave instructions to watch her husband's every move. She had a good weep on Becky's shoulder, rehearsed to her all the ghastly details of her treatment at her husband's hands. (Eve was the sort of a woman who reveled in ghastly details) and then persuaded Becky to see Fred and have a talk with him.

BECKY had rung Fred up at his home, and had gone to their first meeting with the twin fires of indignation and of noble helpfulness glowing in her eyes. It is true that she had said nothing to Tom about it—Eve had asked her not to tell a soul. And then Becky knew from experience that Tom would not have approval of her mixing in other people's private troubles in this manner.

"Becky"—Fred's voice had caressed the name, "how fine of you to ring me up for tea. It's great to see you without Eve and Tom hanging about. I never could get near enough to see what you really looked like."

Becky had not expected this from Fred. In all their years



Married happiness is based on mutual trust. A wife who trifles with her husband's confidence is traveling a dangerous road.



If husbands and wives would look facts squarely in the face, if they would nip any misunderstanding in the bud, there would be fewer domestic tragedies.

of acquaintanceship he had never expressed anything but the most impersonal interest in her. It threw her off her guard; she almost forgot the speech she had prepared.

"I've come to talk to you about Eve—"

The outcome of the conversation was not at all as Eve would have wished it to be. Fred was skillful in the ways of playing with the feminine weaknesses. By a subtle method of flattery combined with an artful sincerity of manner, he half persuaded Becky into the belief that he, and not Eve, was the abused one of their conjugal experiment.

When the time came for her to run home, if she meant to get home ahead of Tom, and the old dear was always hurt if she was not there to greet him, Becky discovered that she was no nearer patching up the Lindons' quarrel than she had been before meeting Fred. It was her sincere wish to do so. Also, she was almost sorry for Fred, but she did not intend to let him see it.

"This has been a very unsatisfactory afternoon, Fred," Becky had said, about to hurry away. "You have refused to let me talk with you about the very thing I wanted to. What shall I tell Eve?"

"Let's make it tomorrow afternoon again. We can talk this thing out then," had been Fred's reply.

So Becky had agreed to their meeting—impelled (even a more truthful woman than Becky would have refused to admit it to herself) somewhat by the sudden and unaccustomed regard that Fred displayed for her. But she was really interested in doing her bit towards bringing her friends together.

And so Becky and Fred had met a second time (there had been no need of bothering Tom about the matter) and a third.

and a fourth, and again and again. If Becky had faced the matter out with herself, had told the truth, she would have reckoned that she was traveling a dangerous road.

By the morning on which our story begins, Becky was quite convinced that Fred had been abused.

Becky was a little bit late at the Museum. Fred was on time. His cynical mouth was twisted in an amused half smile as he waited in the main hall. Self satisfaction and complacency were written on every feature of his face. He stepped forward eagerly to meet her, reached for her hands, and held them boldly. Becky drew them determinedly away. The fib she had told to Tom that morning was weighing a little more heavily than most of her fibs on her conscience.

The

NARRATED by permission, adapted by play of the same title by L. Windom with the

Becky Warder.....
Tom Warder.....
Eve Lindon.....
Fred Lindon.....
Stephen Roland.....
Mrs. Crispigny.....
Jenks

"We've been playing about enough, Fred," she said, "and we've been around together too much in public. This day has got to end it. I want to talk to you seriously. Let's go over to my house."

Fred consented, though he held his own opinion concerning this as their final rendezvous. They went to the street, summoned a taxi, and drove away.

If either had known that a heavy-faced man with a star under his coat had been partner to their conversation, and that he had started off post haste to the nearest telephone booth at their departure, they might have been disturbed. They had been entirely unaware of his interest in them. He seemed engrossed in the exhibits.

"Operator" Daniels called for Eve Lindon's apartment. The bell interrupted Mrs. Lindon as she examined a report of the detective service that gave the exact whereabouts of her husband for every hour of the day for the past two weeks.

"Mr. Lindon and Mrs. Warder are on the way to Mrs. Warder's house," he said.

Eve Lindon's face took on dark lines as she turned from the phone. "They'll explain this—or—I'll tell Tom Warder," she stormed.

SETTLED in the taxicab, Becky tried to talk with Lindon seriously about going back to his wife. The situation was really beginning to get on her nerves. Fred laughed.

"Eve can get on nicely without me." He reached for Becky's hand, but Becky drew it away for the second time that afternoon. This time she was really angry.

"This proves to me that you are as much to blame as Eve—even more so. Just remember that Tom Warder is

my husband and your wife is my friend," she said, indignantly.

They rode the rest of the way in silence. Becky refused to listen to an apology.

Jenks, the Warder butler, let his mistress and Fred Lindon in. As he closed the living-room door, his wise old head shook rather sadly. Even Jenks knew Lindon's reputation.

"Come, let's be friends again. A pout is very unbecoming to you." Fred gave every appearance of penitence.

"You're so silly, Fred. We'll be friends, of course—but you know I am just a plaything for you—the old story. It's time you asked Eve to let you come back. She adores you."

"Becky—you know that I am not playing with you—I really care for you, I always have—Becky—" Lindon's pleadings were interrupted by a ring at the bell. A minute later, Jenks in great perturbation, squeezed himself through the door from the hall, and announced in a low voice (that could not be heard outside), that Mrs. Lindon was calling.

Becky and Fred both started visibly at the name—then Becky gathered herself together. "I will see her in a minute," she said. Jenks squeezed himself out again.

"Get out into the garden"—Becky opened the French windows, and Fred ran to shelter behind a clump of flowering bushes, while Becky braced herself for the ordeal of meeting Eve.

"Eve, dearest." Becky stepped forward with great show of affection, but her heart was thumping against her ribs. Eve returned Becky's hand shake stiffly, and snapped her lips, together frigidly. When they were seated Becky looked Eve sweetly in the eye.

"Well, how is Fred behaving? Has he shown any signs yet?"

the truth, and now she did not have time to decide whether this was a big important thing, or just a little one.

"I see him every day! Why I haven't seen or heard of him for—for ever so long!"

There was stillness, while Eve glanced haughtily and sceptically about the room. When her car had rolled out of sight, Becky stepped through the window and went out to Fred. She sat down beside him on the bench.

"She carried on terribly, Fred," Becky exaggerated. But she meant to. "You've got to go back to her. She said she would die if you did not." Fred slipped his arm around her shoulder, but she drew away. "Fred, you know why I have been seeing so much of you?" Becky looked at him closely as she asked this question.

"I had hoped for the same reason that I have been seeing you—because you care for me," Fred answered.

"Don't try to flatter me. I know exactly how you regard me. I know that I have been foolish in meeting you. I almost felt sorry for you. I feel sorry for you still. Can't you go back to Eve and be happy as Tom and I are? Eve is a good woman and she loves you. That is not to be despised, Fred. I wish you would promise me, because I am not going to see you again."

"I will never ask Eve to come back," Fred answered,—and then, because he could not bear to let any woman slip through his fingers when he had considered that she was nearly his—"you wouldn't send me off this way so unceremoniously, Becky,—let me come tomorrow for the last time."

Becky thought for a moment. After all, there was Fred's
(Continued on page 115)

Truth

sion from the Goldwyn production from the Arthur F. Statter from the Clyde Fitch, and directed following cast.

.....Madge Kennedy
.....Tom Carrigan
.....Helen Greene
.....Kenneth Hill
.....Frank Doane
.....Zelda Sears
.....Horace Haine

"How should I know?" Eve answered vindictively. "That's what I've come to ask you about." Then—"I think there is a woman in the case."

Becky's eyes widened in horror.

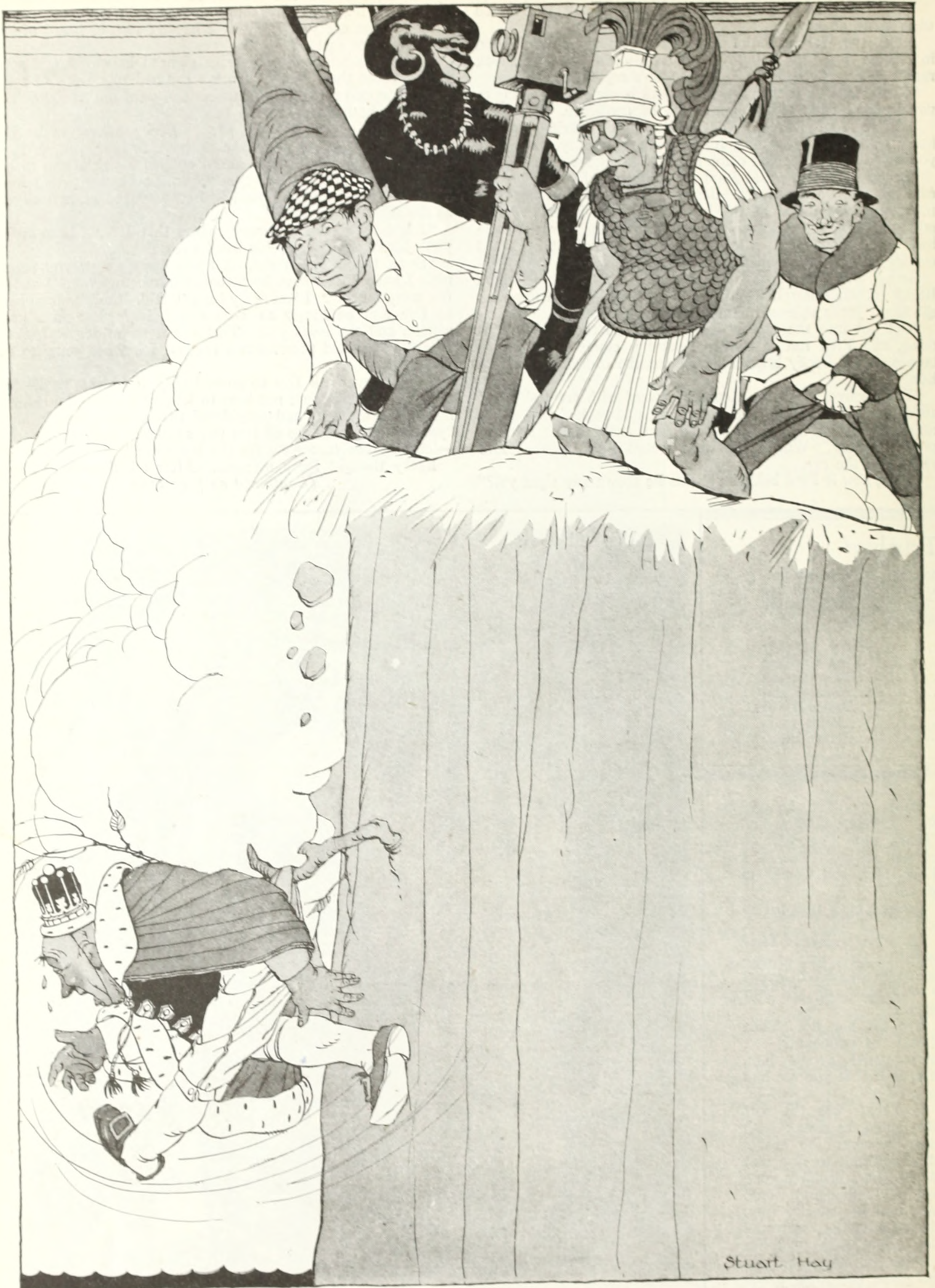
"Another woman! How foolish! Eve, that dreadful suspiciousness of yours is the cause of all your troubles."

Eve bit her lip. Then almost triumphantly—"I knew you'd excuse him. Why is it that you see him every day?"

If Becky was the sort who could be frank with other women, she would have admitted to Eve that she had been seeing a good deal of Lindon and would have told her exactly why. She might have comforted Eve, might have read her a lecture on her weaknesses and given her some worth while advice on how a wife should not behave toward her husband. But it was easier for Becky to avoid



"It was all a lie to get you here", said Becky.



Stuart Hay

Drawn by Stuart Hay

Suspended Animation

Wear America First

The third of a series of articles by
the best dressed star of the screen

By NORMA TALMADGE
Illustrations by John M. Barbour



I MET a friend of mine a few days ago who was rushing around to get ready for a trip abroad.

"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed. "This is the first chance I've had to go to Paris since the war, and I really *must* have some clothes!"

I asked my excited friend what she had been doing for clothes during the four years when it was impossible for the average person to cross the Atlantic, and when only a very few daring buyers

took their lives in their hands in order to find out what the French creators were making.

"Why, of course, I *had* to have my things made here then," she replied, "but now— isn't it splendid that we can go over again?"

Ah, *oui!*

I assented to the "splendor" of it somewhat absently, for I was thinking of a remark I had heard a few days before.

"Americans boastful?" queried a man who has the habit of doing his own thinking. "I should say not. Why, when any one asserts timidly that there are a few things we do rather well in this land of the free, there are at least twenty loyal Americans ready to rise up and shout that we do nothing of the kind, or if we *do* that it isn't nearly so good as the things 'they' do on 'the other side.' They complain that we can't make clothes like the French, not cloth like the English—in fact, the only statement they might not contradict is that we make better fighters than the Germans."

Now, I have a conviction that it might be a good thing for all of us if we were to sit down occasionally and think out for ourselves some of the reasons why we should be proud to call ourselves Americans. I think you will find that one of them is the fact that we *do* create in this country—European-worshippers to the contrary.

There are certain myths that die hard.

One of them related to German *kultur*. Another is the conviction that some American women have that they can't be properly dressed unless every stitch of clothing they wear bears the trademark of a Paris house.

I am not saying that Paris doesn't lead the world in the *dresses* she makes. I might correct myself there, and say in the *style* of the dresses she makes.

Everyone knows that the French creators of clothes have a *chic*, a feeling for line and color that is unmistakable, but when it comes to expecting French clothes to hold together—ah, name of a name! as our Parisian friends would say.

The French gown is put together with genius and a few pins. I chanced to be present one day when the head of a house that imports many of the dresses it sells was supervising the unpacking of a crate of French gowns. She took one out, looked at it and shook her head.

"I do think they might learn how to *sew*," she said mournfully.

ONE of the false gods that has been overthrown in this country in the last few years is the belief that all good music must have the German stamp. But some impious Americans began to raise their voices and protest that genius isn't the God-given right of any one country, and that we had right here in America young men and women of great ability. Furthermore, they insisted that our own musicians be given a hearing. The result is that American makers of music are being acclaimed, both in our own land and abroad.

The very same situation holds true in regard to clothes. In most things we can rival successfully the French—in some types of clothes we can beat them so far that there isn't any comparison.

Above the uproar that this statement will call forth I want to be heard, saying that I mean it.

At the present time we have in America three or four houses that make dresses with quite as much *chic* and dash and feeling for color and line as there is in French clothes, but these stylists do

A feature of the summer suits with short jackets is the exceedingly bright ribbon sash. If you fringe the ends and paint or embroider above them a design in color, you will have the latest thing in sashes.

not as yet tower above the French *couturiers*.

However, in tailor-made things we are so far ahead of the French that they aren't even in the running.

But the English, you exclaim?

Yes, the English make lovely sports clothes, but when it comes to the tail-

ored suit or dress for street wear we beat the world in style, in finish and in beauty of line.

Take furs as another example.

Did you know that a great New York house recently opened a Paris branch?

And this Paris branch was started because European women couldn't buy on that side of the water furs that had





Drawn by John M. Barbour.

A costume such as this, which on any woman, no matter how smart, how beautiful, must always be only a caricature, reminds me irresistibly of a fat and forty female talking baby-talk to a pet Pomeranian. Not even Gloria Swanson could make you believe it, even though French artists like Erte may use the model for their exaggerated drawings. This, to me, is the supreme example of what a well-dressed woman should avoid.

—Norma Talmadge

the beauty and style and workmanship that we produce.

There are some very interesting reasons back of all this. One of them is a question of figure. Another has to do with class distinctions.

The French woman is *petite*. The average woman in France, especially in Paris, is much smaller than the average American woman. And the Paris creators of dress build their gowns for small women. That is why some of our own people, especially those built on the ample lines of their native land, look so funny when they essay French clothes.

One of the fine arts of the *couturiers* in America is the "adapting" of French styles to meet the demands of the American figure.

There are only one or two classes of women in each country abroad that dress well. Outside of these classes are the workers in the cities and the peasants to whom style changes mean nothing. But America is the land of good clothes for *everyone*. Our class distinctions here are elastic. Mrs. Butcher today may be Mrs. Millionaire tomorrow, if father strikes it lucky in oil or stocks. And Mrs. Millionaire will demand the best clothes that the markets of the world can produce. Moreover, the workers in the ordinary walks of life in this country draw salaries that permit fashion to be a serious topic with their wives and daughters.

So that in this country our problem is not to dress a small class of women beautifully, but to dress beautifully *all* the women of America. That is why there is rather more uniformity in the clothes produced in this country, everyone must be dressed well instead of the fortunate few.

A FRIEND of mine, who was purchasing some dresses in a noted Paris establishment last winter, noticed that the woman serving her kept eyeing her suit curiously. Presently she went away and returned with "Madame." The latter picked up the jacket of my friend's suit and inspected it carefully. Then she offered a handsome reduction on the gowns if the suit might be left over night at her establishment for copying.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has led to the extensive popularity of the waist-coat.

In bygone days the tailors of Vienna and Paris were the best in the world. Perhaps they have migrated to a land where their ability brings greater returns. Perhaps we have raised a race that eclipses their work—whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that when you buy a tailored suit from a first-class establishment in this country you may rest secure in the knowledge that nothing in the world can equal it.

The tendency of the present season in tailored clothes is toward brilliancy. Your suit may be black or navy blue, but if you want it to be in the mode you will insist that it have a vivid waistcoat or bright buttons. One of the cleverest creators of tailored clothes in this country startled his customers recently by exhibiting a suit for summer wear in canary-colored broadcloth and black oilcloth. The skirt was in the black oilcloth with large diamond-shaped motifs of stitching in the canary-yellow. The jacket was in the yellow broadcloth and reversed the procedure of the skirt by stitching of black silk. A yellow tam stitched in black completed this daring costume.

The maker of tailored clothes in this country, however, is so sure of his work that he seldom goes in for effects that are bizarre. The plain skirt, trimmed with braid or stitching, the

jacket that drops from hip to fingertip length, the narrow shawl collar and the one-button closing is the type of suit that is generally seen. With these may be worn the most vivid of blouses or vests and these may be made at home at comparatively small expense.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has led to the extensive popularity of the waist-coat. This does away entirely with the necessity for wearing a blouse. In fact, one of the smartest houses in this country is showing lingerie so elaborate that the camisoles are designed to take the place of a blouse or waistcoat for hot weather wear with one's suit.

This year we have seen another encroachment in the field that is supposed to be man's own. Formerly we had one skirt with our suit. When the skirt got "shiny" the suit could no longer be worn, even though the jacket was still in good condition. This year practically every smart tailor is turning out two skirts with one jacket—and here is where our versatility goes man one better. He, poor creature, is content to have two pairs of trousers identically the same. But we have a pretty plaid skirt, with blue predominating, as the additional skirt for our navy blue suit, while if the suit be black we have the tailor add another smart skirt of black and white checked material—that gives us the effect of an entirely different suit even though we wear the same jacket with both skirts.

FOR sports wear this year there are some exceedingly good looking tweeds, and these are made with a skirt full enough for comfortable walking and with a hip length jacket. Tweed hats to match the suits are a feature of these sport costumes this year, and soft blouses in bright shades give the needed note of brightness.

In suits as in dresses it is the day of the short skirt, but here especially one must consider one's figure. The large woman will do well to avoid the skirt that is more than seven or eight inches from the ground, although the slender girl may wear her skirts as short as the dictates of good taste permit.

For hot weather wear there is an infinite variety of silk suits this year. The coolest looking are those of shantung, that are shown

This does away entirely with the necessity of wearing a blouse.

in oyster-white and the natural shade. A great many of them are embroidered—for embroidery appears on practically everything this summer—and they have large, practical pockets that will appeal to the business girl or to the woman of the suburban town who comes to the metropolis frequently. Also there are many coat-dresses being shown this summer that are ideal for travel or street

wear in hot weather. Blue taffeta suits are also smart for street wear or travel in the hot months and are usually accompanied by sheer little blouses of batiste or georgette.

One of the features of the suits this summer is the sash that accompanies them when the jacket is short. These are exceedingly bright and are done in Roman-striped ribbon, silk tricolette or the new crepe weaves. If you will buy enough of the latter for a sash, fringe the ends and paint or embroider above them a design in bright colors you will have the very latest thing in sashes. This matter of making one's own accessories is a money-saver in these days of high prices.

One of the most sensible ideas that has arisen in regard to clothes is being put forward this summer by the leading

(Continued on page 111)





Humoresque

A romance of the Lower East Side and Fifth Avenue with colorful adventures along the road between

By
GENE SHERIDAN

Sarah drew her son to her, and sat him on her knee, and crooned over him as he played.

LITTLE Leon Kantor emerged from his father's brass shop in smelly Allen street with measured careful steps and paused to survey the neighborhood with an unwonted dignity of bearing. His exit was quite unnoted by his father Abraham, busy behind the shop partition converting factory made candlesticks from Brooklyn into aged and timestained antiques from Russia.

The street was surging with traffic and the medley of childlife of the foreign quarter, chattering in mingled *patois* of American, Russian and Yiddish. Leon, prim in gala new clothes, strode down the street in the full pomp of his newly attained seventh year. This was his birthday and in consequence a day of vast importance in the household of Mama Kantor, up over the brass shop. Our pompous seven-year-old, holding aloof, keenly enjoyed the sidewalk comments on the grandeur of his raiment. He passed without noticing a group of ragamuffins at a crap game on the walk. He did not so much as glance at the milling fringe of pushcart vendors along the curb.

A little girl, wan and thin, stood leaning against a tenement wall, alongside a garbage can. She peered into the can and pulled forth a fuzzy something that she folded under the ragged bit of a shawl about her shoulders. Then she stood rocking back and forth, maternally clutching the something to her bosom.

Leon's curiosity was awakened. He stepped over to the scraggly little girl.

"What you got?"

With an air of great tenderness, she revealed her treasure.

"Gee—a kitten. I know a feller as is got a dog!"

She smiled and Leon took courage.

"I can wiggle my ears. Can you?"

She shook her head and Leon proceeded to demonstrate his ability in that direction to her amazement and delight. Genius commands recognition, and Leon got it. He turned to find that he and the girl had become the center of a mouth-gaping group of Allen street kids. With a quick motion, the girl, sensing peril for her charge, pulled her shawl over the kitten. In a flash the gang of gutter boys were at her with reaching hands.

"Watcha got hid? Bet it's a pup."

The crowd pushed in and the girl tightened her hold, with a look of standing ready to fight to the last.

Leon, quite forgetting his new suit, remembering only that he and the girl were friends by virtue of her smile, plunged into the gang with both fists, as she, taking advantage of the distraction, ran away.

The melee over, Leon picked himself up, sore with much pommeling, his new suit drab with the grime of Allen street. A hard hand seized him and the harsh voice of his father was in his ears.



"So this is the birthday you got it!"

But Mama Kantor was in a kindlier, more forgiving mood as they entered the stuffy quarters over the brass shop. She rendered first aid with water and a towel as her husband stood by in grim disapproval of the young man.

"It is his birthday, papa, and here is one dollar that I have saved—it is you should go buy him a present."

Abraham first argued that fifty cents was enough for a birthday present, then yielded, kissed his wife, took Leon by the hand and went forth.

Mother Kantor smiled to herself as they departed and looked about the tiny rooms they called home—home for father and mother, two older boys, Leon and a little sister—and the imbecile eldest child. It was better than Russia and persecution, but it was far from comfort. It was their narrow niche in the world of moil and toil. Life was work, work, work with hope away off on the horizon.

The mother turned her ministering attentions to the imbecile son who sat as always in an invalid's chair, vacuous and pale, as near dead as living. She had the persecutions of Russia, the long flight in the bitter winter, the bitter hate of an autocracy, to thank for the idiot son, Mannie.

The children came trooping in from the street, with selfish eager eyes for the resplendent birthday cake with seven candles for Leon's seven years. His birthday was to mean something to them after all. They waited the supper with impatience for the pleas of the mother.

THE gift shopping tour of Leon and his father was taking more than the calculated time. And it was all the fault of Leon. In an Allen street shop, where all the things fascinating to childhood were spread in alluring array, stood Leon with his impatient father. Abraham, guided by all the best judgment of childhood desires, was insisting on bestowing upon Leon a woolly dog that wagged its head and tail—all for the reasonable price of fifty cents. Leon would have none

of it. The boy clutched at a violin bearing the tremendous price of four dollars. Argument was to no avail. Neither were excellent harmonicas and other noisy but inexpensive affairs. It was violin or nothing for Leon. So Abraham seized the boy by the hand and led him protesting away, pushing him up the steps ahead of him and back into the tenement home.

Leon stood weeping bitterly. Abraham hastened to explain with many gestures. Four dollars for a violin! That was too much, even for a birthday. Abraham stopped short in his declamations, amazed, and questioning the tears in the eyes of his wife.

"Thank God, my dream has come true; it is coming true—he will be a great musician. I have dreamed it for years and now it is coming true. He will make us all rich and he will be famous."

The mother stood patting the boy on the head. Abraham expressed doubts. This was a considerable flight of fancy for the hard-headed maker of antique brasses.

"He shall have a violin, I have it for him." The mother ran quickly down the stairs into the shop and produced from a hidden corner under the counter an aged, battered instrument, dark with the dust of long neglect.

The family, clamouring for food, sat down to the table and fell to with chattering, quarreling, noisy vigor. Leon had before him the cake with the white frosting and the seven candles, all alight.

When the boy went to bed that night on the cot he shared with his father he dreamed of violins. He dreamed of playing for a little girl, with a shawl about her and a half-starved kitten in her arms. He even awoke and felt under the cot to make sure that his birthday treasure was still there.

Morning in Allen street has no poetic setting. There is the noise of milk bottles on fire escape landings, the jostling of pushcarts on the pavement below, the rattle of elevated trains, and the crying of sleepless children.

Leon was the first in the Kantor household to awake that

Leon played a concert benefit for his own people. It was such an audience as even New York seldom sees—and afterwards came the great manager who wanted to pay him \$2,000 for a concert.





"I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself to a cripple."

next morning. He felt under the cot and pulled forth his precious violin. He tucked it under his chin, as though born to the instrument, and drew the bow across the strings. The first note brought his father bolt upright, but the boy paid no attention to him. There was a wrapt look in the face of the child and there was a calming peace in the notes that he drew from the disreputable old violin.

Abraham listened with a mingling of skepticism and hope. Maybe the boy's mother was right—this boy of seven was playing—music, and never a lesson in all the world!

The father slipped out of the bed quietly, without disturbing the boy and made his way to the mother's side where she stood in silence with tears streaming from her eyes.

"You should not be feeling bad," Abraham patted his wife on the shoulder with his best approach to tenderness. She replied with a smile through her tears and a wide gesture with her generous arms to indicate that she was happy with the world before them. She drew her son to her, and sat him on her knee, and crooned over him as he played.

"Come with me, Leon, and we buy the real violin."

Thus was Abraham converted.

AMONG the neighbors in that Allen street settlement was Solomon Ginsberg, a wholesaler of the brasses from which Abraham's Russian antiques were derived. This Solomon Ginsberg was by local repute something of a scholar as well as a merchant and it was but natural that Abraham, in quest of authority on this cultured matter of music, should seek the counsel and advice of Ginsberg. And so it was arranged that Leon would play for Ginsberg, who would know what to do.

Leon, again dressed in the magnificence of his birthday suit and bearing the four-dollar violin, was taken by his father and mother to the Ginsberg apartment.

As Leon played, Abraham watched closely the face of Ginsberg and saw there an expression that meant the justification of the visit.

"Have I the right?" he asked as Leon finished.

"It is a trust—a gift," replied Ginsberg.

Leon tucked the violin gently into its case and went to the corner of the room to greet the little girl he saw there. He remembered her as the lady of the kitten episode.

He wiggled his ears again at little Minnie Ginsberg and she laughed. Mother Kantor looked on with approval and even Ginsberg nodded. Anything that genius does is genius.

"I'll play for you someday," Leon volunteered to the little girl.

She clasped her hands with a rapt look.

"Outdoors in an orchard, yes? And with the apple blossoms falling like snow."

"Yes, yes." Minnie nodded in violent approval and caught her breath.

"We will call again, Mr. Ginsberg," Abraham interrupted.

"Yes," Ginsberg was cordially encouraging. "I will see my friend who knows of all such things and then you shall know what he says about the study for Leon."

But Fate, aided and abetted—or at least invited—by the able Abraham was to do more than friendship.

Among those who came to the Kantor shop for old brasses were two rich women from "the Avenue," who had more of a taste for bargains than a knowledge of the antique. When their limousine stopped in Allen street before the shop Abraham was quick to sense an opportunity.

"Here Leon," he called to the boy. "You should go up stairs and play the feedle a little."

Leon needed no urging. Abraham's customers were within the shop and seated for bargaining in brasses when Leon's first notes, limpid and pure, came floating down the stairway. The shop-

pers stopped to listen.

Abraham smiled with a glow of fatherly pride.

"It is my son," he said with an air of vast simplicity, at the end of the melody, "and he is already seven."

Mrs. Van de Venter was overtaken by an idea.

"Seven—is that all? I wonder if we might not have him for our next musicale?"

And so it came that one day Allen street was agog with the news that Leon Kantor and his violin had rolled away uptown in a big limousine with footmen and everything.

IN a great salon in the great gilded home of Mrs. Van de Venter on the Avenue the pathetic little boy from Allen street stood, abashed and frightened. The audience of wealth and splendor about him overwhelmed his Allen street eyes. A hush came over the room and the child plucked at the strings of his violin. Through his brain surged the waves of a melody he had heard at a park concert.

Leon lifted his violin and shut his eyes. The room faded away and he was in an apple orchard with the blossoms showering from the trees. He had seen a picture like that once. And he was playing the famous sonata he had heard in the park.

When he had finished there was a long silence—then as a storm breaks in summer came the applause.

A man came forward with Mrs. Van de Venter.

"Where does this lad live?" the guest asked. "I am always anxious to pay tribute to genius."

When Leon went home it was in the big limousine again, with a new fifty-dollar bill and a crested, scented note to his parents.

So it came that within a month Leon was taking violin lessons from the most famous master in all New York and the Kantors were dreaming dreams of a new life.

When Leon had reached the age of seventeen he had conquered a city and the brass shop in Allen street seemed a long way in the past for the Kantors. Leon's dream of the orchard had borne golden apples and he had been able to provide handsomely for the household. Father Kantor now sat late at the breakfast table and improved his mind and manner with the morning paper. The brothers were promising young men and sister Esther a young woman of appealing grace. But

none of the household had shown more progress than Mother Kantor, who had travelled the nation over as the guardian of the prodigy musician.

Leon had played in nearly all the country's big cities and the call of Europe was in his ears. His mother broke the news. And there was a storm of protest from the family.

"I've got to go—more studying," Leon broke in, and that silenced them. Even Father Kantor had no answer. Leon's deft violin fingers constituted the family asset. Any study or anything else that might better that asset was good.

"But better that you be with me sometimes," Kantor protested to his wife. "That I should be here all summer alone with the kids!"

Leon had an idea and a solution. He had long ago risen to the dignity of the possession of a manager, one very efficient Mr. Hancock, a person of vast abilities and a sort of a guarantor of maximum profits and minimum troubles for the temperamental performer.

"Mama shall stay with Papa—I am only going to study—and Hancock can come with me. He needs a change and a fling himself."

As Leon said, so it was.

It was the third night at sea, with Hancock the manager away tending strictly to his own business, that Leon came into collision with a young woman at the head of a companion-way. He drew back, cap in hand, apologizing.

In the dim light she stared at him a moment, then broke into a laugh and held out her hand.

"Leon Kantor—can you wiggle your ears as cleverly as you used to?" The light of recognition flashed into his eyes.

"It's Minnie Ginsberg!"

Their hands met in a hearty greeting.

"It's funny our meeting on the ship among so many passengers—and how delighted papa will be."

"You—you've grown up," Leon stammered. He was trying hard to reconcile his mental picture of the weazened little girl with the shawl and the alley kitten in Allen street with the handsome and graceful young woman before him.

"You have, too, Leon, and I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed all your success."

"And you?" He smiled at her in the half dark.

"Oh, I've been trying, too, only with singing. I'm on my way to Vienna to study. You know, it is always study, study, and practise, practise, practise."

"Yes, I know, Miss Ginsberg."

"Please call me Gina—I'm Gina Berg, it's the old name transformed by an astute father."

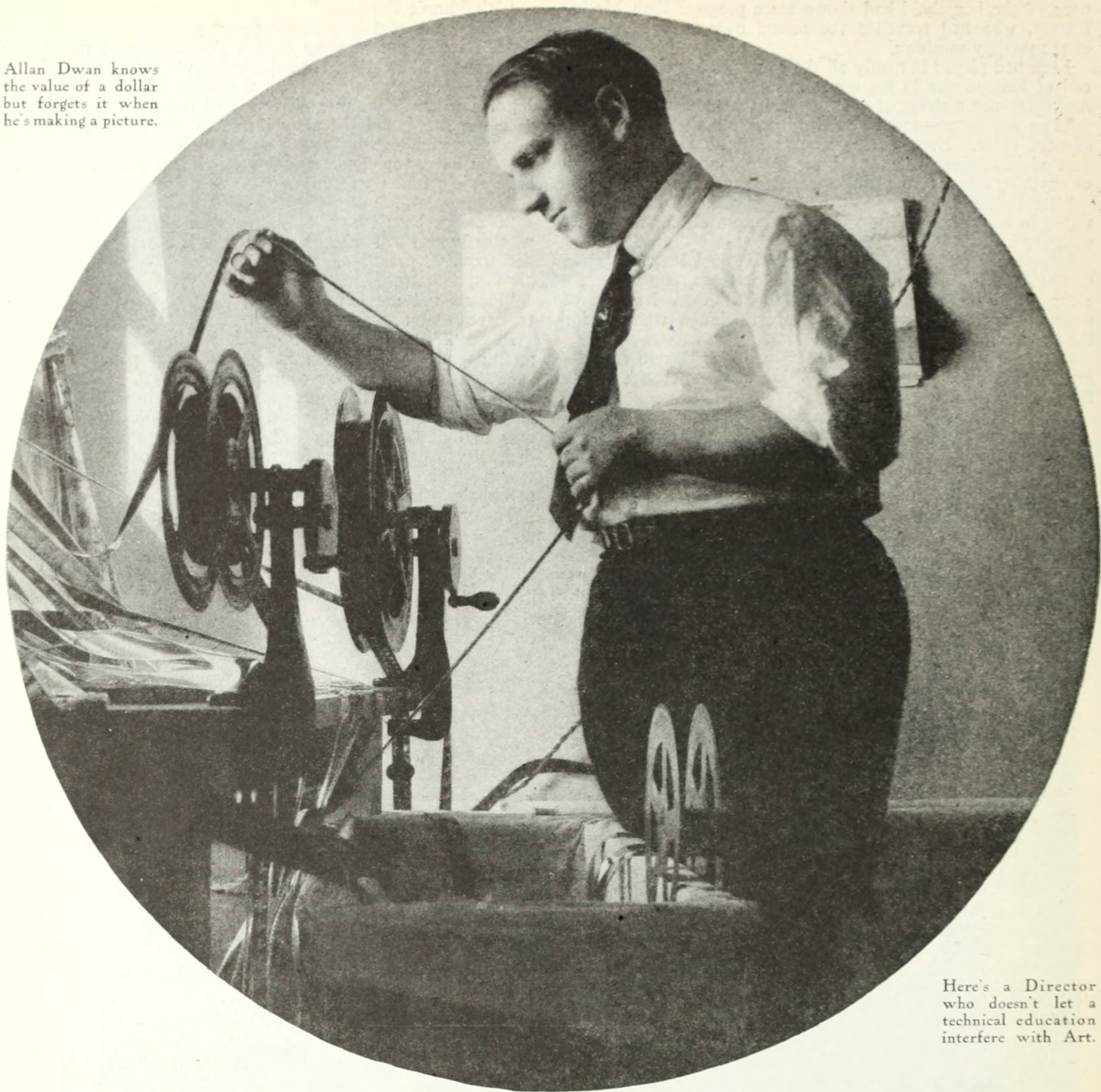
In due course Leon and Gina's father, now Mr. S. S. Berg, met, appraised each other at a glance and passed on their ways, pleased but neither especially impressed. Gina did not tell Leon of what their progress from Ginsberg to Berg had been, how her father had grown from the wholesale brass business to the steel industry and fortune. Berg was taking his daughter to establish her for a season at Vienna. He would take a walking trip through the Tyrol and then return to home and business in America.

The young people saw a great deal of each other for the remainder of the trip. At the steamer dock in Liverpool they said their farewells. Leon was going for two weeks in the Lake country. (Continued on page 119)

They heard the composition through, frozen lest the charm be broken.



Allan Dwan knows the value of a dollar but forgets it when he's making a picture.



Here's a Director who doesn't let a technical education interfere with Art.

Artistic Efficiency—That's Dwan

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

AN electrical engineer with an artistic temperament. An artist with an electrical engineering education. A brisk, efficient young man with humorous eyes and a sympathetic mouth, held firmly in place by a business-like expression that occasionally strays from the paths of virtue into an audacious grin.

I had just been congratulating myself that I had directors classified for all times when I met Allan Dwan. I could simply say, when a new one dawned upon the horizon, "Oh yes, you belong in Section Q, with the temperamental ones—the nut ones—the raving ones—the gentle, benign ones—the serious, literary, highbrow ones—the rough neck ones—the brilliant ones, etc."

And along came Allan.

He is an extremely husky gent—this Dwan.

Rumor hath it that Doug Fairbanks himself once admitted he'd take a lot off Dwan before he'd feel inspired to "tangle" with him. When you look at him you remember that Napoleon was a short man. (Gosh, how his Majesty would have liked movies. Josephine had a hard life, but she ought to be thankful she didn't have to live with Nap after the cinema royalty began to flicker.)

Being, as I knew he had been, an electrical engineer by previous engagement, I suppose I should have been prepared for shocks. (Oh, oh!) But when he told me unblushingly that after four years at Notre Dame—that romantic, seasoned old institution in Indiana—he rubbed all the bloom off by actually being graduated from Boston Tech, I almost had to have the kind of medical attention prohibition is making so popular.



I regretted the useless, if decorative, tassel on my tam and prayed inwardly that the pins in the back of my collar didn't show. If they did, and I knew Tech men, I might never get the story.

Tech men are like that. They radiate an efficiency that is fascinating. You feel cast into outer darkness if there is a curl out of place. Because you know what kind of a mind you have to have to get into Tech—and at that, it's like Sing-Sing, getting in is a heap easier than getting out. An eight-day clock is a gay and giddy irregularity compared to a Boston Tech mind.

But Allan Dwan saw the poetry in electricity and the business possibilities in the movies. So you see it is a bit difficult to classify him.

There wasn't a single smidge of cretonne in his nice, brown leather, tobacco office. He's an anecdotal sort of person, not given to talking about himself except by inference. And if you don't remember every picture he ever wrote, acted, or directed, you can tell him so without wounding him with your abysmal ignorance.

"Didn't you know there were business men in the pictures?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "I supposed there were, but I thought they kept them well out of sight. How in the world did you happen to choose the movies?"

Allan Dwan straightened some papers that didn't need straightening on a table that was a disgrace to any right-minded movie.

"It's a good profession—a good business," he remarked, "as good as any. I saw the business possibilities, and I saw the adventure. The combination of business and adventure is what has kept us from reverting to the stone ages, you know. Pictures seemed to me to combine them best.

"It was a funny thing, though"—He paused with a reminiscent grin. "I was sent out to the old Essanay studio in Chicago one day to install some Cooper-Hewitt lights. They were new then, and took an expert to handle them. While I was adjusting them, I watched things that were going on and became interested.

"Now comes the horrible part of my confession. I had written a story. Personally, I thought it was a darned fine story and the more I read other people's, the more I decided I'd have to send it out for the poor editors to see.

Sometimes the simplest methods produce the best results. Allan Dwan discovered by experiment that the best lightning can be produced by scratching it in on the film with a pin-point whereas the older and more costly way was actually to photograph static electricity, which never looked like the real thing.

It struck me as I watched that it had enough action in it to make a film. So the next time I was sent out, I took it along. They bought it. Then I wrote some more. They bought them, too.

"The company was being reorganized in some ways—a lot of the old bunch had left to go west to form the American—and they made me scenario editor. I thought it over and decided there was a great, an absolutely stupendous future ahead of this new thing. So I took it.

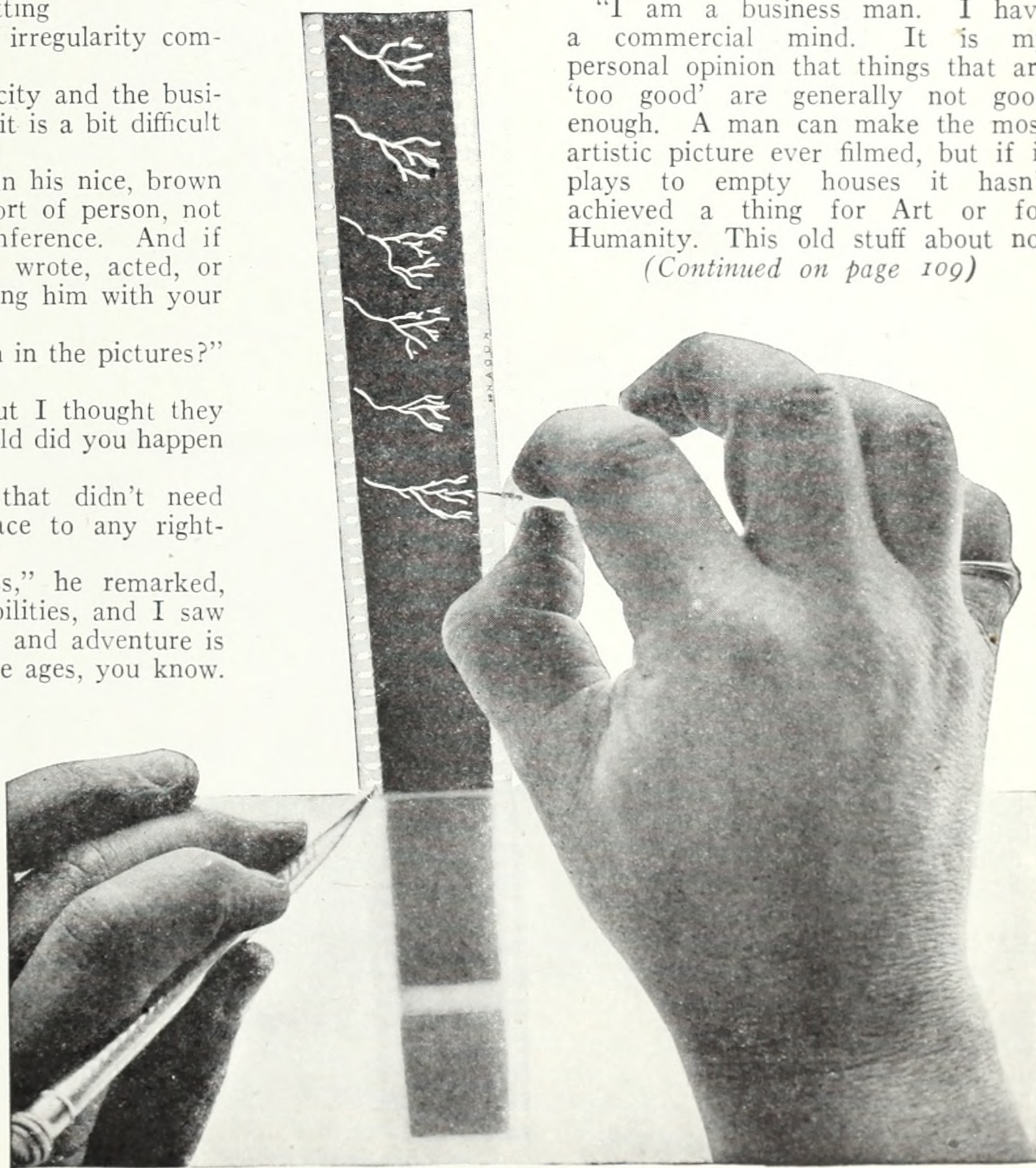
"That was eleven years ago. I've done everything around a movie lot since, even act—at least I thought it was acting—but never mind that. I've weathered a lot of storms, I've seen things come and go. I've tried stars, stories, worked like a dog.

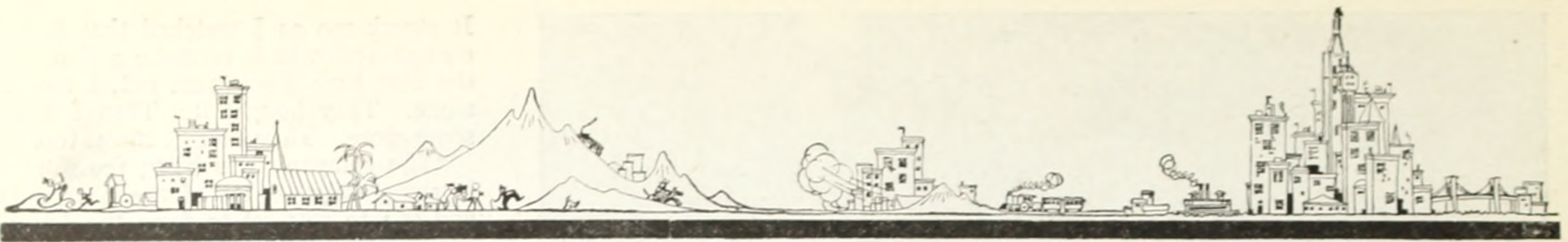
"And I say it's the doggone most fascinating game there is—directing motion pictures. It's a sense of power and a sense of creation in one. It's a gamble. Even if you know something about it, you're not so sure you know anything about it at all.

"The pictures that I loved, that I thought were great, have been flivvers nine times out of ten. The ones that I sort of turned up my nose at went over with a bang. The things I was sure you couldn't do, the public liked and the ones I was patting myself on the back about, never caused a ripple.

"You can shoot fifty thousand feet of film and then you may be wrong. What's the use? Do it the best you can and say your prayers. Maybe it will sell, maybe it won't.

"I am a business man. I have a commercial mind. It is my personal opinion that things that are 'too good' are generally not good enough. A man can make the most artistic picture ever filmed, but if it plays to empty houses it hasn't achieved a thing for Art or for Humanity. This old stuff about not
(Continued on page 109)





WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

ROBERT GORDON
Came Up to See Me; and
Sat Down in
The Swivel Chair that Squeaked.

He
Didn't Like it; it
Got on his Nerves—
You Know How it Is—
You Get Interested
In What you're Saying, and
Lean Forward Suddenly—
And the Chair Groans,
And Takes all the Enjoyment
Out of Ordinary Conversation.
But Mr. Gordon
Took Some Candy
I had on my Desk, and
Tried to Forget the Chair.
Ever Hear about
His Beginnings in Pictures?
He had Hung Around the Lasky Lot
Playing Extras in Ballroom Scenes.
One Day Cecil deMille
Told him
He was to Dance with
Litt'e Mary in
The Scene before the Shipwreck
Of "The Little American."
Think of that—
With Little Mary!
Robert Rehearsed
In his Faithful Dress-suit,
And Came Back after Lunch
Full of Ham Sandwich and
High Hopes.
Only to Find
Another Young Man
In his Place with Mary!
Robert's Dress-suit wouldn't Do—
Something Had Happened
To the Trousers.
But that Only Made him
More Determined than Ever, and
Today, all the Girls
Are Asking
For Dress-suit pictures of him.
He's an Awfully Nice Boy
About Twenty-five, with
Brown Eyes, and
A Nice Wife.
He's Going to Have
His Own Company, and Play
All Sorts of Parts—
"The Tennessee Shad"
Is One of the Stories
He has in Mind.
He Sold Ribbons Once—and
His Favorite Screen Leading Woman
Is Alice Joyce.
(I'm Going to Have
That Swivel Chair Removed,
I didn't Have
A Single Piece of Candy Left.)

JUANITA HANSEN
May Be
The Most Fearless Serial Queen,
Especially Now that
Pearl White has Gone
Out of the Business, but
She'd Rather
Face a Couple of Lions
Any Day

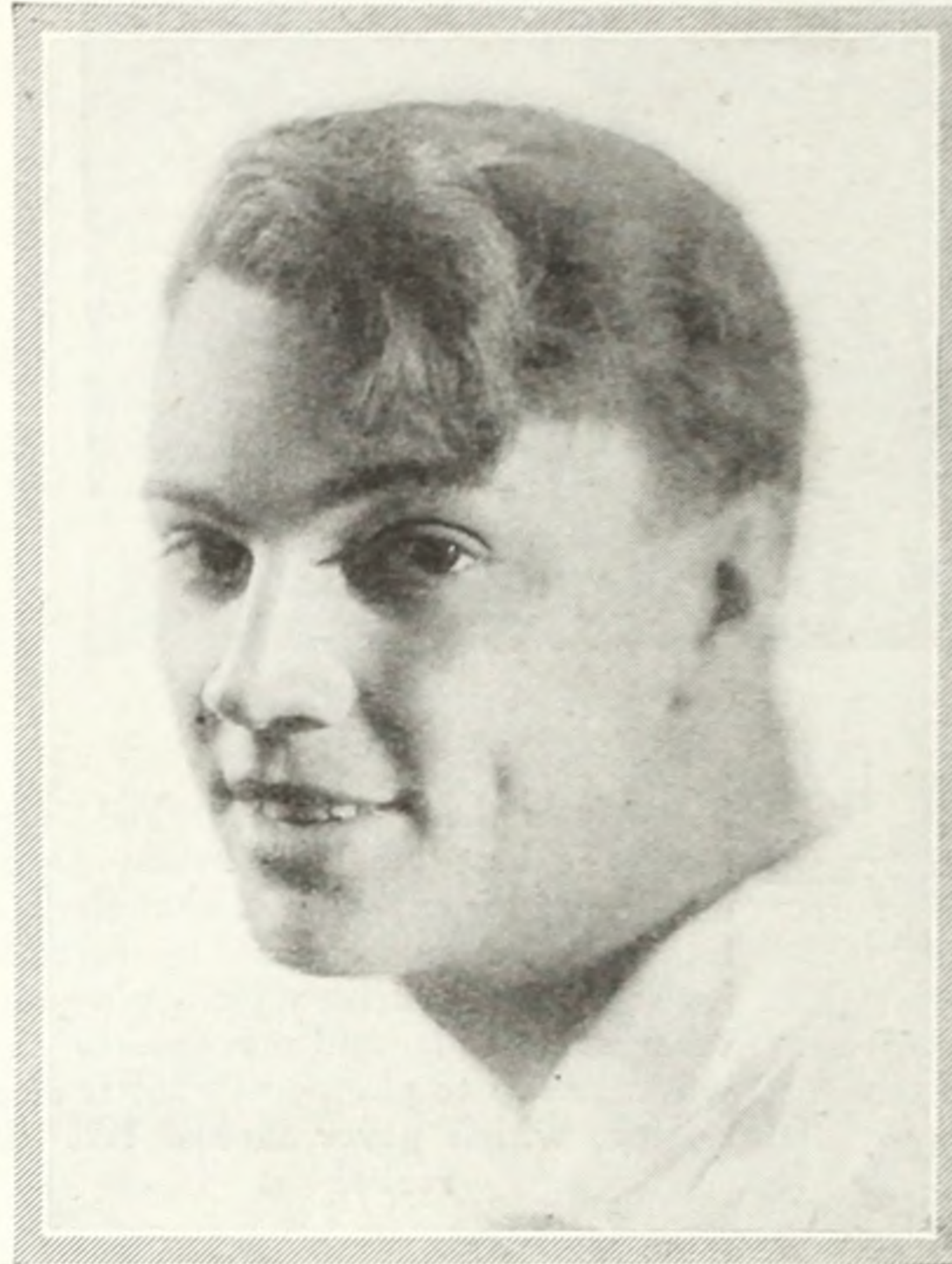


Photo by Lumiere

He's an awfully nice boy.

Than the Traffic Cop
On the Corner of
Fifth Avenue and
Forty-second Street,
New York.
They Say
That Once
When she was Making a Scene
In the Jungles—of the Selig Studio—
With about a Dozen
Lions and Tigers around, she
Looked Up at an Airplane
In which a Daring Pilot



Photo by Evans

She laughs at roaring lions.

Was Doing the Falling Leaf
And Banking his Passenger
About 95—if you Know
What I Mean.

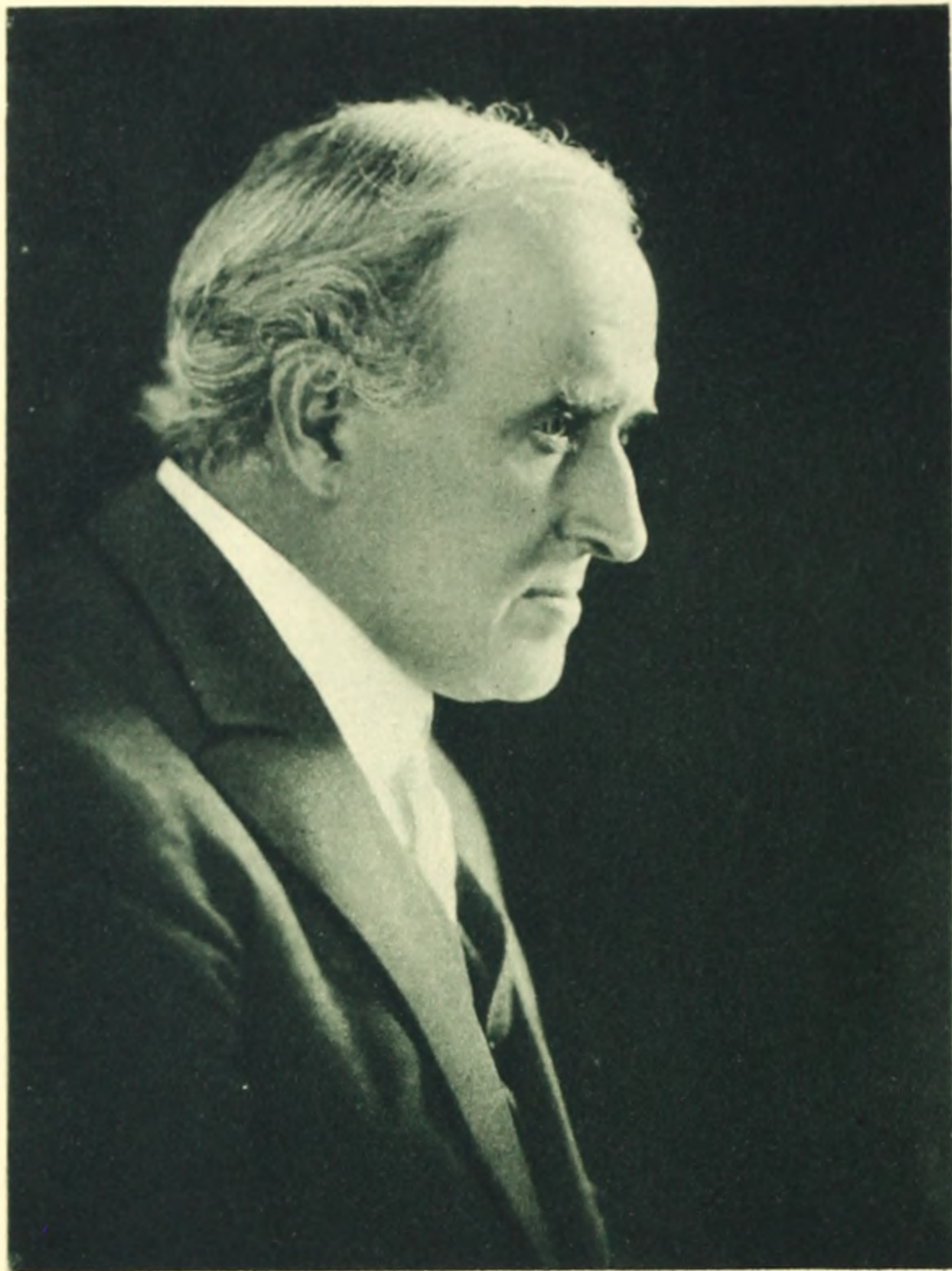
Juanita
Pointed up there
With One Hand as she
Stroked her Favorite Lion
With the Other, and
Remarked:

"It Must Take
A Lot of Nerve
To Be an Aviator."
She's a Blonde with
Blonde Eyebrows that
She doesn't Try
To make Over.
And she Says
She Never Did Like
To be a Target
For Pies and Lobsters—
That she'll Never Go Back
To Comedy
If she Can Help It.

I JUST Met an Author
Who Admits
That there May be
A Few People
Who Know More about Pictures
Than he Does:
Bayard Veiller—
You Pronounce it
Vay-ay. Why?
I Don't Know.
But he
Wrote "Within the Law"
And a Lot of Other Plays; and
Knows a Thing or Two
About the Broadway Drama.
So Metro Made him
Production Manager.
He Came East
On a Literary Shopping Spree,
Signing
Irvin S. Cobb and
Henry C. Rowland and
Arthur Somers Roche and
Others to do
Original Stories.
Veiller says
That Magazines have Been
The Shop-window
For the Movies:
Writers wrote
With Pictures in View.
Now Why Not Get Them
To Turn Out
First-run Stuff?
He doesn't Care
Much about Technique.
A Theatrical Producer
Said to him, when he Signed
A New Playwriting Contract—
"Well, Bayard—there's
One Comfort; you won't
Give me Any
High-brow Stuff!"
But if you Want
A High-brow Playwright, I think
Mr. Vay-ay Can Give you
As Good an Imitation of one
As anybody.



A NEW Blanche Sweet—with her own dog and a neighbor's child. No longer a langorous lady with sad eyes, but a humorous woman. Blanche has learned to laugh. Who would have expected her to develop into a comedienne?



(Hartsook)

YOU need no introduction to Theodore Roberts. One of the foremost actors on the American stage, he brought all his mellow art to the screen, with the result that he often "steals the picture."

Rising Young Performers



(Witzel)

THE father of Clara Kimball Young, Edward Kimball, frequently acts that role in his daughter's plays. He is soon to become an individual star in a picturization of "Old Jed Prouty."



WTH Edythe Chapman comes also the thought of her husband, James Neill. These two have played together since both were stage favorites. She was lately seen as Jack Pickford's mother.



A CHAMPION mother of the screen: Cora Drew. You have seen this sweet face many times in the vision of the wayward son who dreams of home. James J. Corbett is sometimes "the son."

A public which is tireless in its appreciation of water-bables, blondes, stalwart heroes and serial artistes, might have a tendency to pass by the fine actors who make up such a large part of our shadow-drama. Here are all these figures, rich most of them in the experience of a grand old day in the legitimate theater; true to yesterday's traditions and today's. If you will watch for them in the next picture you see, you will take off your hats to them, for without them, or that which they represent, young love would not seem so sweet, big battles so well worth waging, or the happy sunset finale so satisfying.



THERE is no more versatile actor than Edward J. Connelly. Well-known in the legitimate, he has done heavy parts in pictures; but reformed with a vengeance as "Uncle Nat" in "Shore Acres."



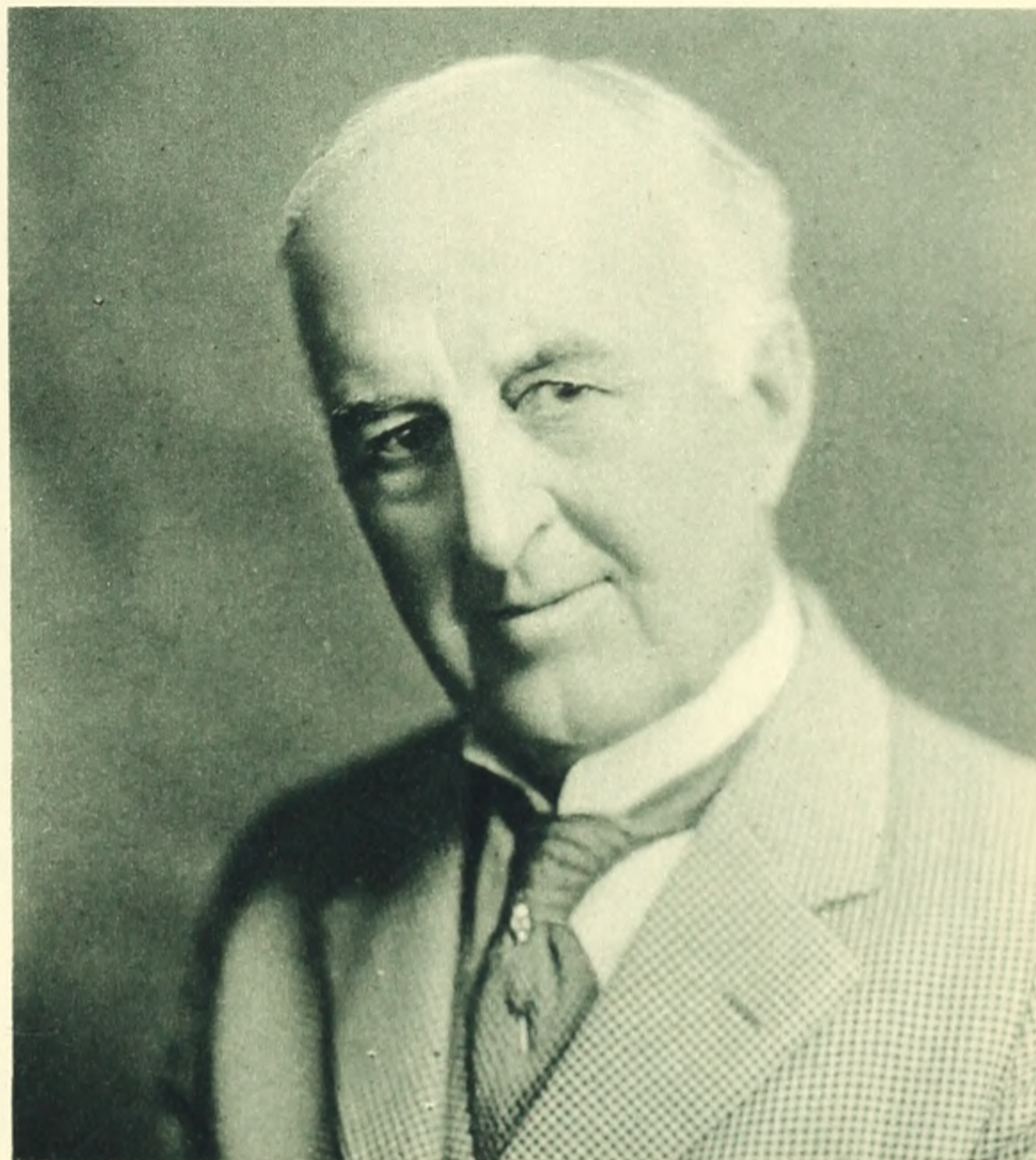
(Freulich)

SINCE Biograph days, her face has been familiar to millions. The famous stars she has mothered in various pictures make a list too long to tell. Jennie Lee might be called the Griffith mother.



(Photoplayers' Studio)

SHE has played countless characters before and since. But it is as the merciless "Catherine De Medici" in "Intolerance" that Josephine Crowell's name will go down in shadow-stage history.



(Evans)

FRANK CURRIER has been called the dean of cinema actors. At any rate, he is one of the youngest of our performers of elderly gentlemen, and makes as fine a father as the screen has known.



CAME a plaintive letter to the Editor: "Why can't you put a kid's picture in occasionally?" The eight-year-old's request is granted herewith. This is Jimmie Rogers, son of Will, who shares honors with his dad in the latter's pictures.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

A Bubbling Fount. While producing giants of the motion picture world view with alarm the scarcity of good plays, there still lies apparently unconsidered the real literature of the generation just gone. While producers are reported to be paying vast sums of real money for "Westerns" by Bill Bjinks or Bertram Bjones, there lie, within dusty book-covers, the masterpieces of J. Fenimore Cooper on whose works the copyright has long since expired.

Willie Wallflower, the demon dramatist of deadwood, demands \$25,000 for his latest mystery tale, yet "The Moonstone" of Wilkie Collins is forgotten, but may be re-woven into moving picture form for the price of the book, a dollar or so.

And what a veritable gold-mine there is in Dickens. Some of the pioneers in the photoplays produced Dickens in a crude, inelastic fashion, but what say to a production of "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Oliver Twist" today with Marshall Neilan's kid star, Wesley Barrie, in the leading roles?

And what about the absorbing stories of Hawthorne, Poe, and the rest of the American-made classics done into film plays with all the improved and advanced paraphernalia, method and mode now commanded by the director and the camera-man? The fact that some of these were done in a shabby hang-dog way five or more years ago is all the more reason why they should be done again.

Too Much Conference. One of the curses of movie-making in the contemporary manner is that everyone in the business knows all about it, and, generally speaking, everyone knows more than anyone else. There is too much advice, too much conference, too much talk. The average studio resounds as we imagine a Bolshevik parliament resounds—everyone has a great deal too much to say, and a great deal too little to do.

The scenario department pities the actors, the actors tolerate the scenario writers, both of them honestly regret the commercial ignorance of the production department, and the director feels loftily lonesome, as befits a great superior mind. There are a few studios where each department has come to recognize the special expertness—possibly—of the other departments, but in most of them there is a lack of team work, a willingness to solve every one's problem save one's own, which makes it a wonder that pictures are gotten out at all, instead of the

prodigal number which actually do appear. The average director can tell you instantly why he hasn't made a masterpiece in the last six months—they won't give him a story. The author can tell you why his piece failed to beat "The Miracle Man"—poor scenario and ignorant direction. The scenario department admits that real playwriting is hopeless as long as the director can have his assistant rewrite the script enroute to location. And, when *all* together, they unite to damn the general manager or curse the policy in the home office.

But these are juvenile faults. Slowly, the photoplay is establishing traditions. When these are more generally recognized, perhaps when there are more of them, you will see departmental pride, specialized excellencies, as the rule instead of the exception.

Autocracy's Revenge. According to The New York Times, the Bolshevik government in Russia is giving official support and recognition to the movies, and has even instituted schools in its studios for the training of actors and actresses. And here, sharper than a serpent's tooth or Mr. Lear's well-known ingratitude, bites the sinister point of the story: the young actresses are almost exclusively from once-aristocratic families!

Is there a master intellect behind all this? Is this an arch-plot of the reactionaries, a designing and suspensive contrivance worthy Napoleon or Hal Reid? Figure it out for yourselves. Humanity, as The Man From Home said, is pretty much the same from Kokomo to Peking. Whether you live in Boston or Bolshevia, you may have observed that the neighbors can't resist a Mary Pickford. Is some ex-Romanoff at this moment practicing as a curled Pollyanna to lead her benighted people out of Sovietism? We opine that a strike of the government-trained movie actors in Russia would cause any government to come to their terms or lie down and die. First of all, Russia must be attuned to—what shall we call the neighborhood theatre of Muscovy—a kopeckodeon? When seeing pictures has been made a fair substitute for something to eat and something to do and something to believe, then will come the turn of the worm—the strike of the acting autocracy! And then the art ticket for a new government: for president, Lew Codovitch; for national treasurer, Myron Selznicksky; for secretary of state and fashions, Bebe Danielskaia.



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Taken in the garden of their California home especially for Photoplay Magazine.

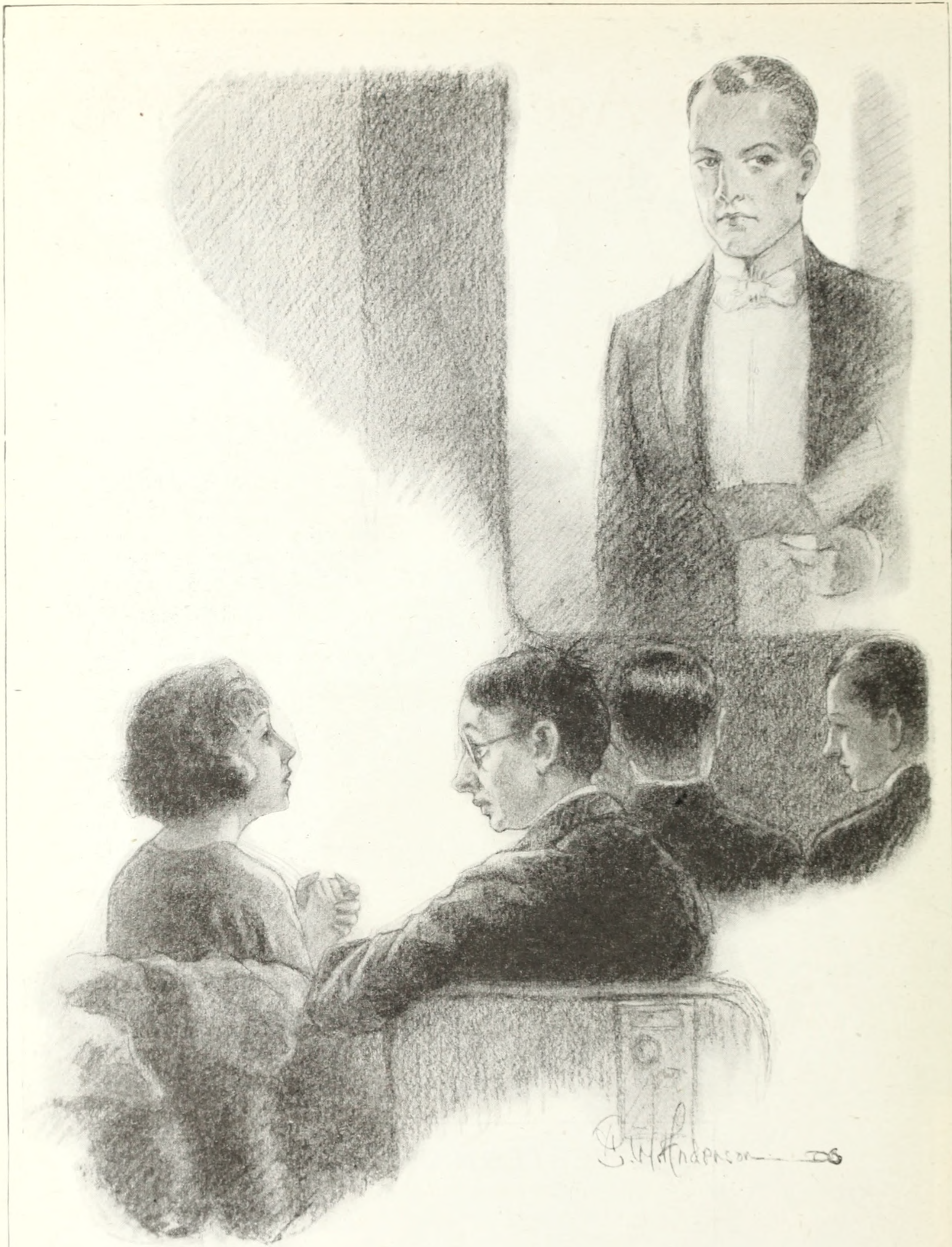


A WESTERN UNION

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
HONEYMOON LANE
HAPPINESS ALWAYS

COME HOME ALL IS FORGIVEN

PHOTOPLAY



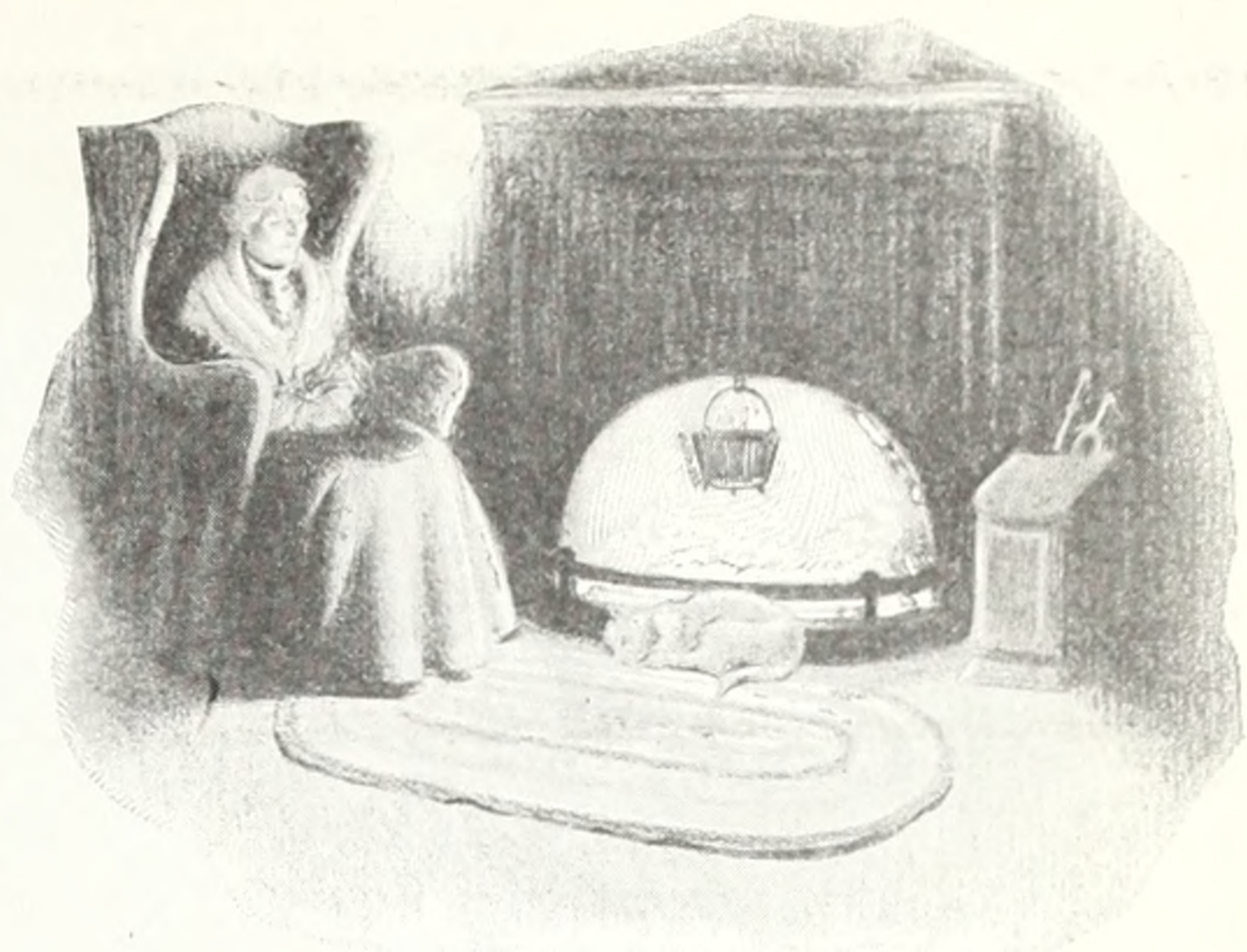
Drawn by C. W. Anderson

Tough Competition

Middle Age and the Movies

A heart to heart talk
with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



THE little woman sitting opposite me at the luncheon table looked up from her club sandwich.

"Do you like the movies?" she questioned abruptly.

"Do you go to your picture theater—often? And just what sort of features do you most enjoy?"

I looked up, a shade startled, from my club sandwich. For the little woman was a stranger to me—a casual sharer of my table at the tea room where I usually take my luncheon.

"Yes," I answered, "I do like the movies. But why?" I paused.

The little woman laughed, in a slightly shamefaced manner.

"You must pardon me for seeming inquisitive and rude," she said, "but I'm afraid I was thinking out loud. You see I own a motion picture theater. And, of course, it's a vitally important question to me—just what the movies mean to people. I always want to ask strangers what they like, and what they don't like, and what films they'd show in my theater—if it were their theater."

I laid down my fork and looked across the table into the little woman's earnest face.

"I suppose," I said, "that it is hard for a theater owner to know what sort of films to show. It's hard to know whether a theater should be run in a way that very young people will like—Wild West pictures, perhaps, and serial thrillers, and much comedy, or—"

The little woman was leaning across the table, her eyes alight.

"Do you know what I do?" she asked. And then, not waiting for an answer, "I try to make my theater the sort of place that middle-aged folk will enjoy," she told me. "It's the middle-aged folk who need the movies—really need them—most of all."

I must have looked my surprise. For, after a minute, she continued.

"When I say middle-aged folk," she told me, "I mean the people whose children have grown up and left home—married, perhaps, and started homes of their own. I mean the people with gray hair that is turning white, the people who attend church and prayer meeting, who get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night. I mean the sort of people who either don't approve of or can't afford the theater, the people who aren't invited, any more, to parties—who feel too old to dance. The movies have a very vital place in the lives and hearts of such people.

"Twenty goes to the moving pictures for excitement and fun—to see romance and life, to dream rosy dreams of the future.

"Forty-five goes to the moving pictures to look back into the past, to find lost memories and to escape from the realities of living. That's the difference!

"Look around you," the little woman was warming to her subject, "the next time you go to the movies. See the number of middle-aged couples in the audience. You'll be surprised at the way they follow the picture; at their whole-souled interest

and their heart-warming laughter. They respond more quickly than the young people to a good story—they keep up with the serials and show an intelligent appreciation of the news reels. They can be relied upon as the steady patrons of any well kept theater."

It was after I had finished luncheon—when I was hurrying back toward my office—that I began to think, seriously, of the little woman's conversation with me. It was then that I began to consider her point of view. And I found myself agreeing with her, step by step. I found myself endorsing each one of her theories.

I have, for a good many years, been connected with a certain religious weekly. And for that reason I know, as well as any one knows it, the point of view of the mother and father who, at the age of fifty or fifty-five, find themselves left at home—left quite alone upon an extremely empty family shelf.

Many of these mothers and fathers, as the little woman remarked, do not approve of, or cannot afford, the theater. Many of them disapprove strongly of card playing, of public restaurants, and even of concerts. Their evenings, without the reflected youth of their children near them, used to be drab affairs. The fading firelight and a dull book or two and the commonplace happenings of the commonplace day were their only mental relaxation until the moving picture theater made its appearance. Until the movies took their place in community and city, these middle-aged people faced only a growing boredom, a growing restlessness, and a growing soul hunger for something new. Life was like a walk up a dusty hill on a hot day—with nothing for refreshment at the top but suet pudding.

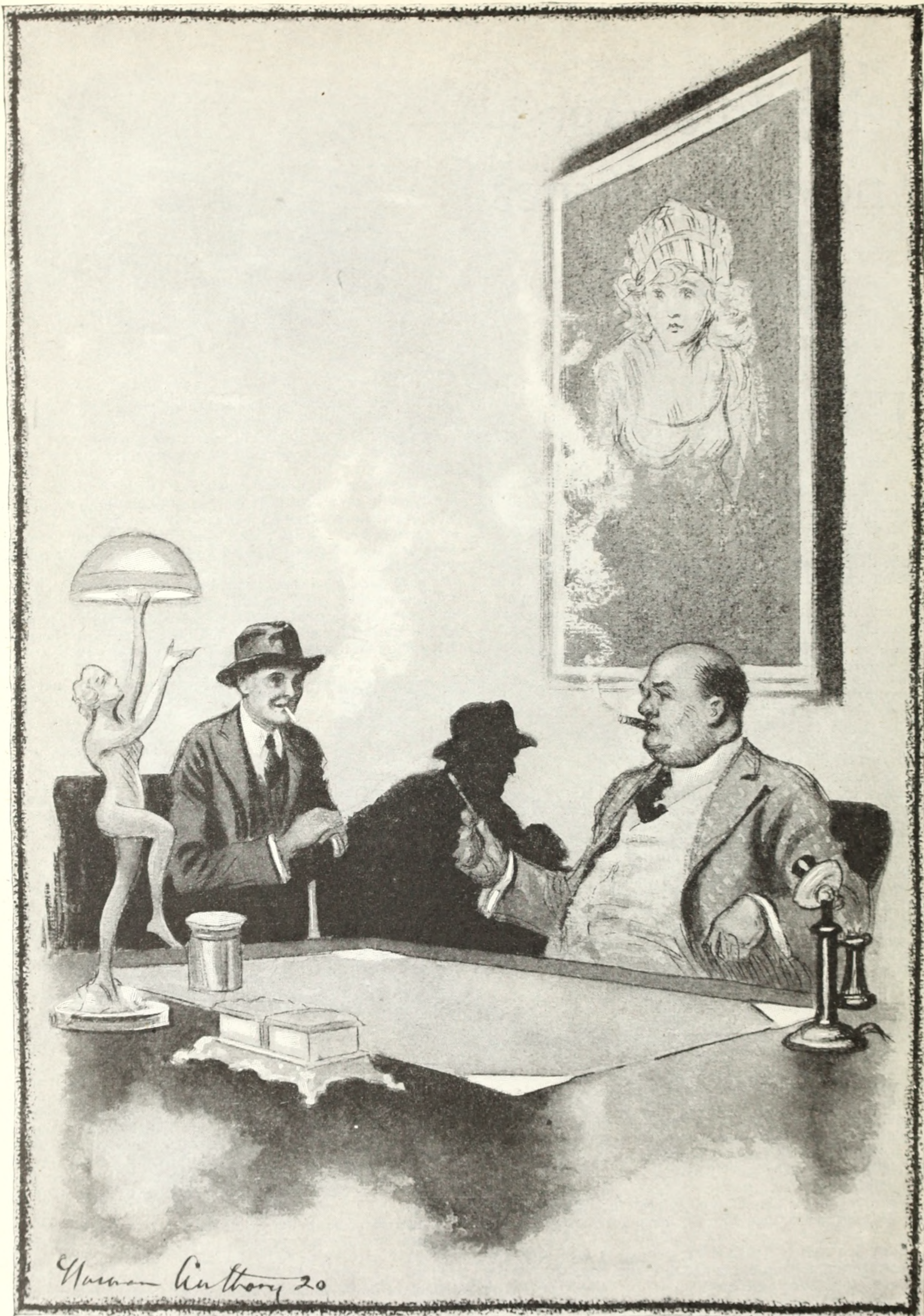
And then came the movies. And those people who had disapproved of the stage, of card playing, of dancing, and the cabarets, found a new and unobjectionable form of amusement—an amusement that required no bodily exertion, no mental strain, and no conscientious excuses.

Now, instead of the dull book and the fading fire, mother and father go out, arm and arm, to the pictures. They come back an hour or two later, animatedly praising Mary Pickford, or discussing the relative merits of Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks. They tell each other how much that little Mary Miles Minter looks like Jane-Anne did when she graduated from grammar school; and they wonder whether Charles Ray is as young as he looks—and how proud his family must be of him!

During the time of war I've seen many a mother watching a topical weekly—one, perhaps, of khaki-clad boys marching through France—with tears streaming down her face. I've seen many a father grip the arms of his chair with rigid hands during the battle scenes. And only last night I saw a man's arm (and he must have been sixty-five years old) steal about the shoulders of a woman whose hair was softly white, while a love scene was flickering across the silver sheet and the orchestra was playing "Hearts and Flowers."



Margaret E. Sangster



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Moving Picture Magnate: "We're going to build a new studio, but are undecided where to build. We want it convenient for the players."

Director: "Why not Reno?"

What Do You Think About When You're Going To Bed?

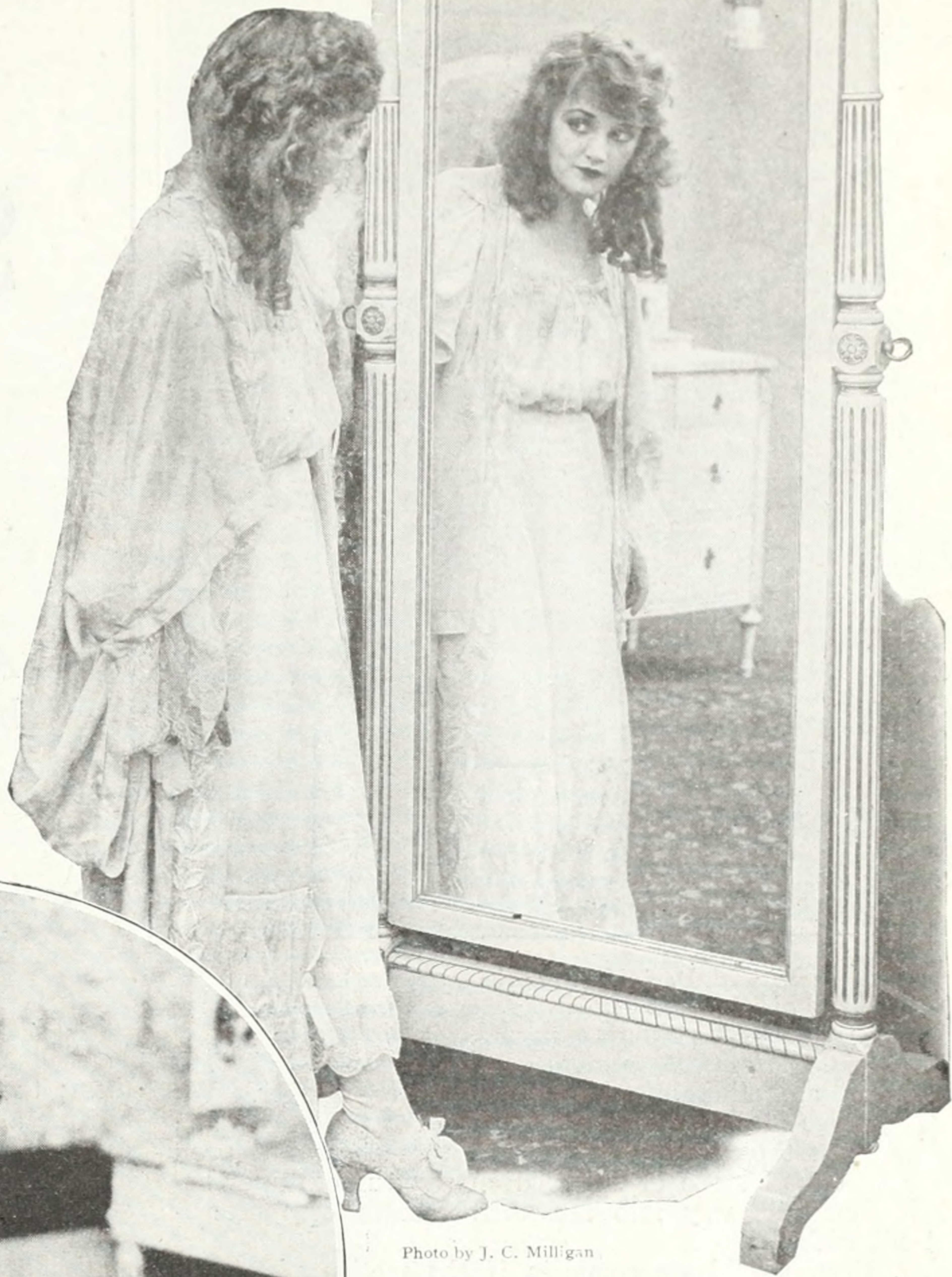


Photo by J. C. Milligan

Do you really think it does any good to have the hair singed? Of course, we know it helps the barber buy shoes for his babies, but, on the level, do you think your hairs enjoy being singed? Bedtime is the mystic hour when this subject may confound you as it is obviously confounding Elsie Ferguson.



When cuckoo sounds the arrival of midnight hour and we begin to discard our exterior raiment we indulge in introspection. It is a sportive pastime, thinking of the things we have done and the things we have left undone during the day. Sometimes we take a wide peek at our reflection and say to ourselves: "Well, this wasn't such a bad day." We are not alone in this quaint conceit. You will note that Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady (above) has the same habit.



Funny how you never think of getting the new meat-chopper until you're all undressed and just about ready to put out the light. You had it on your shopping-list, today, too. Or maybe this isn't what Norma Talmadge is thinking of, at all. When one is a film favorite with the fans of Petoskey, Mich., and Petaluma, Cal. there is always a lot to think about.

We can see it in a glance. Hilda is going to be fired in the morning. Just as Mary Thurman (on the right) slipped out of her dark-blue kimona she discerned a long black hair upon the off shoulder of that strictly personal garment. Hilda has black hair. Mary's own is ruddy red. Do you blame Mary for resolving to dispense with Hilda's service on the morrow?



Sometimes we go to bed thinking of how nice it would be if we could awaken to a breakfast of broiled guinea-hen and champagne on the morrow. Judging from the opulent scene above, C. K. Y. could order that kind of a déjeuner and it would be forthcoming. Wonder what has startled C. K. Y.?



"Romance," with Doris Keane as the attractive heroine and Basil Sidney as the enamored young rector, is one of the few recent pictures applauded by audiences.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures
by Burns Mantle and Photoplay
Magazine Editors

By BURNS MANTLE

WE are all imitators of one kind or another. We live in an imitative world. All the philosophy and most of the wisdom known to man was chipped out of stone or scrawled on papyrus centuries before it found its way into senatorial debates or fourteen-point editorials.

Why, then, should we complain if the motion picture is imitative, or that every director carries in his box of tricks all the tricks of all the other directors with whose work he is familiar? Or that the weakness of the picture is its repeated duplication of the "old stuff?"

We complain generally because we grow weary of repetition. But we complain specifically because the imitators imitate so badly, and because of the thing they select for imitation.

The fact that every director who stages a battle scene imitates other battle scenes is not important, because all battle scenes must of necessity be much alike. One fight in the hills between four cowboys and fifty Indians, in which the Indians invariably get the worst of it, is much like another fight in which there are fifteen would-be seducers and only one strongheart to protect the heroine. The poverty that breeds virtue and the high life that spells sin have been imitated for several centuries in all dramas, and will continue to be imitated for centuries to come. And the fact that 98 percent of all pictured and-acted romances are concerned with two women and one man or two men and one woman rather justifies the continued use of that familiar and popular formula.

That is not the kind of imitation film fans and film critics object to. It is the imitation of tendencies and themes rather than of pictured backgrounds and scenes that discourages

them; the imitation that produces a hundred lurid sex plays because a half dozen have been successful; the imitation that demands that all scenarios shall be adapted from acted plays or printed stories because one or two firms have specialized successfully in this field; the imitation that is just now prompting the buying of the screen rights to such plays and stories at ridiculously high figures and refusing to pay a tenth the amount for an original yarn.

And my own pet objection is to the producers and directors who, with the proof before their eyes, refuse to see that the really big screen plays today are invariably the simple and convincingly plausible adventures of real people. There was nothing sensational about "The Miracle Man," except that it reached down and took a mighty grip upon the fundamental aspirations and beliefs of human beings. There is nothing sensational about "Humoresque," except that it tells a story on the screen concerning a group of human beings who are recognizable to other humans who sit in the audience watching them. There is nothing sensational in "Jes' Call Me Jim," but it is Will Rogers' best picture because it, too, in its main story and its chief character, is of the true stuff.

These pictures, and a half dozen others that have found their way into

the best-seller lists of the screen, are not without a padding of hokum. Such of the literati as wander into the cinema temples will sniff at them for their obviousness and their sentimentality. Each of them is in some degree imitative, and no one of them is startlingly original. But they are big in the sense that they are basically human, are simply told and are at least suggestively true.

Yet I see picture after picture in which seemingly no attempt

THIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

has been made to tell the story plausibly or to illustrate it reasonably. And the pity of it is that a good half of them are not bad stories to start with. They are ruined in the making. The effort is always to overdo. If the heroine is poor she is living in the most dilapidated of tenements. If she is rich she occupies nothing less than a mansion. If the hero fights, he must fight enough men to smother him. If the cowboy rides to the rescue he must gallop no less than eighteen miles. If the girl is virtuous she must also be simple. If the villain is a rotter he is a non-union rotter and works at it twenty-four hours a day. If the jailer is a brute he must wear hob-nailed brogans the better to stamp upon the face of the prisoner. If a small crowd is suggested a mob is shown. And so it goes.

I SAY "Jes' Call Me Jim" is Rogers' best picture. And to me it is. Yet its story is founded on two of the oldest aids to a quick sympathy in the theater known to playwrights—the tortured inventor who is thrown into the asylum by the man who steals his patents and the homeless waif who is thus robbed of his daddy. These were old when Mount Ararat was a swamp. But the point I'm making is that even an old story is an interesting story, if it is well told by interesting people.

Jim Fenton is an old simpleheart of the woods. Paul Benedict, his friend, is an inmate of the county asylum. Jim is led to believe, through the village milliner, who has taken charge of Benedict's little boy, that Paul is not insane, but the victim of a plot. He effects his release, hides him in his cabin, throws the pursuing authorities off the scent, and finally has the satisfaction of seeing him recover his health and prove in court that he is the lawful owner of certain patents stolen from him by the villain.

Familiar movie material, you'll say, reading the outline. But see the picture and you'll see how it is possible to take a story that could have been as easily spoiled as any of them and by the employment of intelligence in its adaptation and direction, and by the refreshingly real and wholesome appeal of a man like Rogers, make of it a fine evening's entertainment. In this picture Rogers gives the lie to all those who have been insisting that he is only a rough comedian blessed with a likable personality. Show me an actor who can play with more genuine feeling than Rogers does the basically theatrical scene in which Jim sends Benedict's little boy into the woods to pray for the recovery of his father and I'll introduce you to one of the leaders of his profession. It is a gripping bit of drama. Little Jimmie Rogers is as genuine as his dad playing the Benedict boy; Irene Rich is a lovable milliner, and there are excellent performances by Raymond Hatton as Benedict and Lionel Belmore as the brutal thief of the patents. Thompson Buchanan dug the story out of J. G. Holland's novel, "Seven Oaks," and Clarence Badger directed it. It is one of the real films of the month.

ROMANCE—United Artists

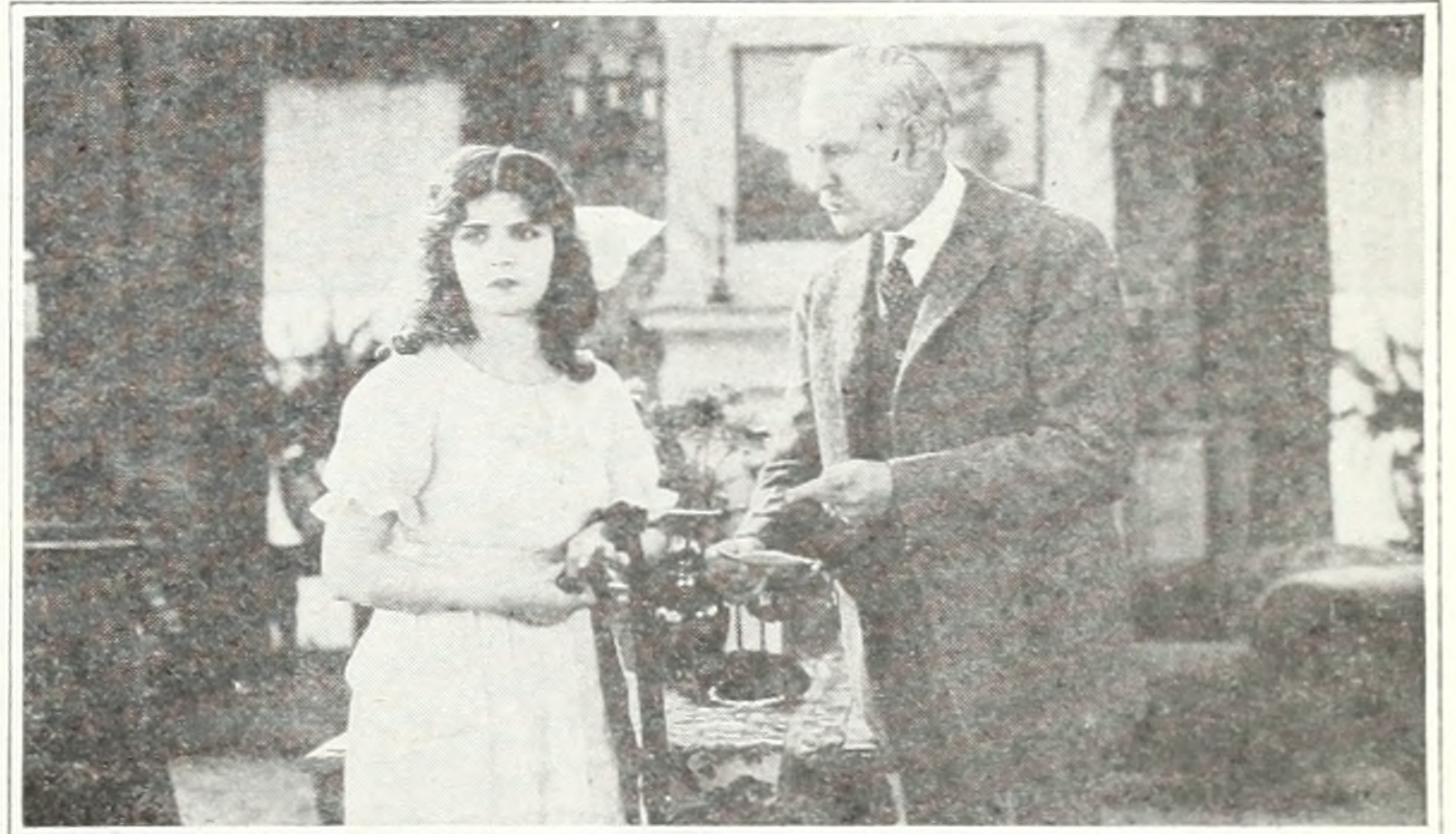
I CAN say for Doris Keane's "Romance" that it is one of the few pictures I have recently sat through that was applauded by its audience at its close. This, I take it, was an indorsement of the romance itself, which has a definite sentimental value on the screen just as it had on the stage. There was nothing unusual in its picturization to warrant enthusiasm. Miss Keane is an attractive actress, though her beauty occasionally flattens under lights that add years to a face that is still youthful and lines to eyes that are brighter than the camera permits them to be.

The story is told, as it was on the stage, with the aid of an artificial prologue in which the aged Bishop of St. Giles relates his own romance to a youthful grandson who asks his permission to marry an actress. The play proper follows, detailing the interlude in which the passion of the bishop (then a young rector) for the gifted prima donna, Rita Cavallina, might have been the undoing of his career if she had not been a finer woman than her record of many loves indicated. It is rounded out with an epilogue in which, the story finished, the youth is so impressed that he hastens after his actress fiancée with the intention of marrying her before he loses her as grandpa lost his song bird.

Basil Sidney, Miss Keane's English leading man, who is also her husband, plays a stodgy but plausible young rector of St. Giles and Norman Trevor lends dignity and weight to



Shirley Mason is a sweet youngster in the story-book romance, "Love's Harvest," and she grows up for her hero just in time.



Olive Thomas is most delectable as "The Flapper," a darling little boarding school miss who imbibes ice-cream sodas and everything



"The Silver Horde," Rex Beach's picture of the Alaskan snow wastes, gathers momentum with every scene and ends with a romantic flourish.



"The Deep Purple" would suffer for lack of sufficient punch were it not for Miriam Cooper and her co-stars, who save it from mediocrity.



J. Warren Kerrigan wears a monocle in "No. 99," and you'll probably know all through this entertaining play that he's falsely accused of being a crook.



"The Courage of Marge O'Doone" is a red-blooded tale of the rugged North that will make you want to go up there, bears or no bears.

the role of Cavallina's patron. Betty Ross Clarke is an attractive ingenue and Gilda Veresi and Amelia Summerville have small parts. The direction by Chet Withey, is able and the old New York settings attractive.

THE DARK MIRROR—Paramount-Artcraft

"THE DARK MIRROR" is also a blurred mirror. A highly improbable melodrama in the telling of which the author, director and star are constantly being forced to admit that the story they are relating is not at all true. The two heroines, played by Dorothy Dalton, are twin sisters. Separated in their infancy, neither is conscious of the other's existence, yet, like the Corsican brothers, so close is the bond between them that each subconsciously reacts to the emotions and adventures of the other.

Thus the girl who was brought up by wealthy foster parents in refined surroundings is given to dreaming that she is the other girl, who has fallen in with a band of crooks. In her dreams she is variously pursued and mistreated and prevented from following her naturally wholesome impulses. But as the audience is aware that each of these episodes is a dream, the story is never convincing and excites the flippant remark rather than the gooseflesh thrill. In the end the unfortunate sister is drowned and an amateur psychoanalyst clears the disturbing complexes of the other, making a happy ending possible.

Dorothy Dalton gives a vigorous performance in the melodramatic episodes, and does her best to make them seem real. She is still a lovely camera subject, though, strangely enough, considering her experience, her beauty is frequently minimized, particularly in the close-ups, by the too-heavy shading of her lips. The lip-fault in pictures is as common as the foot-fault in tennis, and should be as quickly penalized.

THE DEEP PURPLE—Realart

PRODUCER R. A. Walsh is to be credited with the employment of a real all-star cast for "The Deep Purple." Without these exceptionally gifted players—notably Vincent Serrano, W. B. Mack, W. J. Ferguson, Miriam Cooper and Helen Ware—it would be a very ordinary crook play. As it is played it holds a reasonably sustained interest in the familiar adventure of the up-state innocent who is lured to the city by the plausible thief on promise of marriage, and there forcibly inducted into the crook's game. She is finally rescued by Stuart Sage, as the understanding juvenile. The backgrounds, both interior and exterior, are splendidly pictured and the detail carefully worked out. The individual performances are all excellent, proving, as said, the wisdom of spending money on actors to save a weak story, or the extravagance of wasting so good a cast on a story unworthy of them, just as you please to look at it. "The Deep Purple" perfectly represents the type of crook play that by repetition has lost its punch.

THE SILVER HORDE—Goldwyn

SIMILAR virtues have saved many a Rex Beach picture. They may be 80 percent "trick stuff." Sections of the snow wastes of Alaska that decorate them may be nothing more than a quarter acre of salt and potted firs in Hollywood, Cal. The story may bend suddenly toward the highly imaginative or slide off into pure picture stuff that irritates more frequently than it stimulates. But every Rex Beach story I have seen on the screen is told with a certain masculine directness that is refreshing, and no one of them has ever been permitted to become so downright silly as to insult the intelligence of us bourgeoisie.

"The Silver Horde" is a good picture in spite rather than because of its commonplace romance. It combines with a well-told story the virtues of the scenic and the weekly pictorial. Few pictures have been more convincingly atmospheric, thanks to the frequent cutting in of scenery bits showing the Canadian lakes and rivers and a fine set of salmon-fishing views. It is a perfect job of assembling, and Larry Trimble's scenario is at least a near-perfect job of plot building. This story has a firm foundation from the moment Boyd Emerson, befriended by Cherry Melotte and George Bolt in the north, starts East to raise the money necessary to start an independent cannery. It gathers momentum with every scene, without doubling on itself or becoming entangled in

side issues; it picks up a legitimate thread of comedy in the person of the youth who expected to help supply fish for the cannery with a bamboo pole; it develops some genuine thrills during the trust crowd's attempt to blow up the independent traps and it ends with a romantic flourish that satisfies the romantic and offends no one. But Beach and Trimble and Frank Lloyd, the director, all fell for the hackneyed incident of the polite villain who is proved the father of the Indian woman's child, which was a foolish and unnecessary bit, seeing that it weakened an otherwise reasonable conclusion. The cast is an especially well chosen one.

THE DANCIN' FOOL—Paramount-Artcraft

"THE DANCIN' FOOL" is another of the month's pictures in which the virtues of a human story overcome the handicaps of a feather-weight and fantastic comedy plot. It really doesn't matter how trivial a story may be, if it is sound at heart. The world, it happens, is full of "dancin' fools," bright lads who just can't make their feet behave and find it irksome to buckle down to work with the lure of the jazz ringing in their ears. It isn't as easy to accept the wise Wallace Reid as an unsophisticated country youth as it is Charles Ray, but he has enough of the same engaging quality of youthful exuberance to endear him to a large public, and he carries the hero of this story through a series of city adventures with uncommon skill. His regular job is that of a \$6-a-week clerk in his old-fashioned uncle's jug business, but he happens to meet Bebe Daniels, who is dancing at a cabaret, and after she has taught him the newest steps he becomes her partner. Of course uncle discovers him foolin' away his evenin's, and fires him for the fourteenth and last time. But Wallace refuses to be fired and ends by saving uncle from selling out his business to a couple of Tully Marshall villains just as it is about to boom. Then he marries Bebe, which is bound to be a satisfying ending to anyone who has taken note of the physical attractions of this young lady. It also happens that Miss Daniels is something more than beautiful. She has that "certain subtle something" that differentiates the real from the merely personable heroine, and her announced elevation to stardom is easy to endorse. Raymond Hatton is excellent as the Uncle Enoch of the jug business, and Willis Marks, Tully Marshall, and Lillian Leighton help considerably.

RIDERS OF THE DAWN—W. W. Hodkinson

WHATEVER else may be said for or against the Zane Grey movies, they certainly do move. "Riders of the Dawn" is as full of excitement as an extra inning baseball game, and as thrilling, if it happens you are a Zane Grey fan. I'm not. Not, at least, a regular Zane Grey fan. I like the story backgrounds his adapters and scenarioists extract from his novels; like the themes, and usually the selection of the players. But I weary of the fighting and the fires; the heroes who cannot only whip their weight in wildcats, but are not at all averse to taking on a crowd of bellowing hippopotami. Old Kurt Dorn in this picture (he being Roy Stewart in makeup) not only bowls over a quartet or two, but he fights at least one army, and maybe two, of rioting I. W. W. bolsheviks, killing five or six of them with a single bullet, as nearly as I could make out. Villains to the right of him, villains to the left of him, crumpled and fell each time Kurt raised his pistol arm. Which is neither good sense nor good direction. An honest-to-goodness fight with reasonable odds against the hero is always twice as exciting as one of these overdrawn scenes. The story is of a war hero's effort to readjust his affairs in the wheat country after his return from France. He is much in love with a belle of the township, when the villain rings in a French girl on him—a French girl with just enough English to insist that Kurt is her naturally, though not legally, begotten husband. Which discourages the heroine considerably for three or four reels. But after the fighting and the fires are over, the truth is told. The French intriguante admits she is a liar, the villain confesses he should be hanged, the bolsheviks take again to the road and their tomato can kits, and all is as well in "The Desert of Wheat" as could be expected. Robert McKim, the producers' favorite highclass bad man, stressed his villainies rather desperately, probably under the instructions of his director, Hugh Ryan Conway.

(Continued on page 90)



Even Kathlyn Williams and Leatrice Joy leave Eugene Walter's play "Just a Wife"—just a film, warmed over from its stage form.



The rather melodramatic title of "The Path She Chose" may be misleading, for it is an interesting story with a true-to-life appeal.

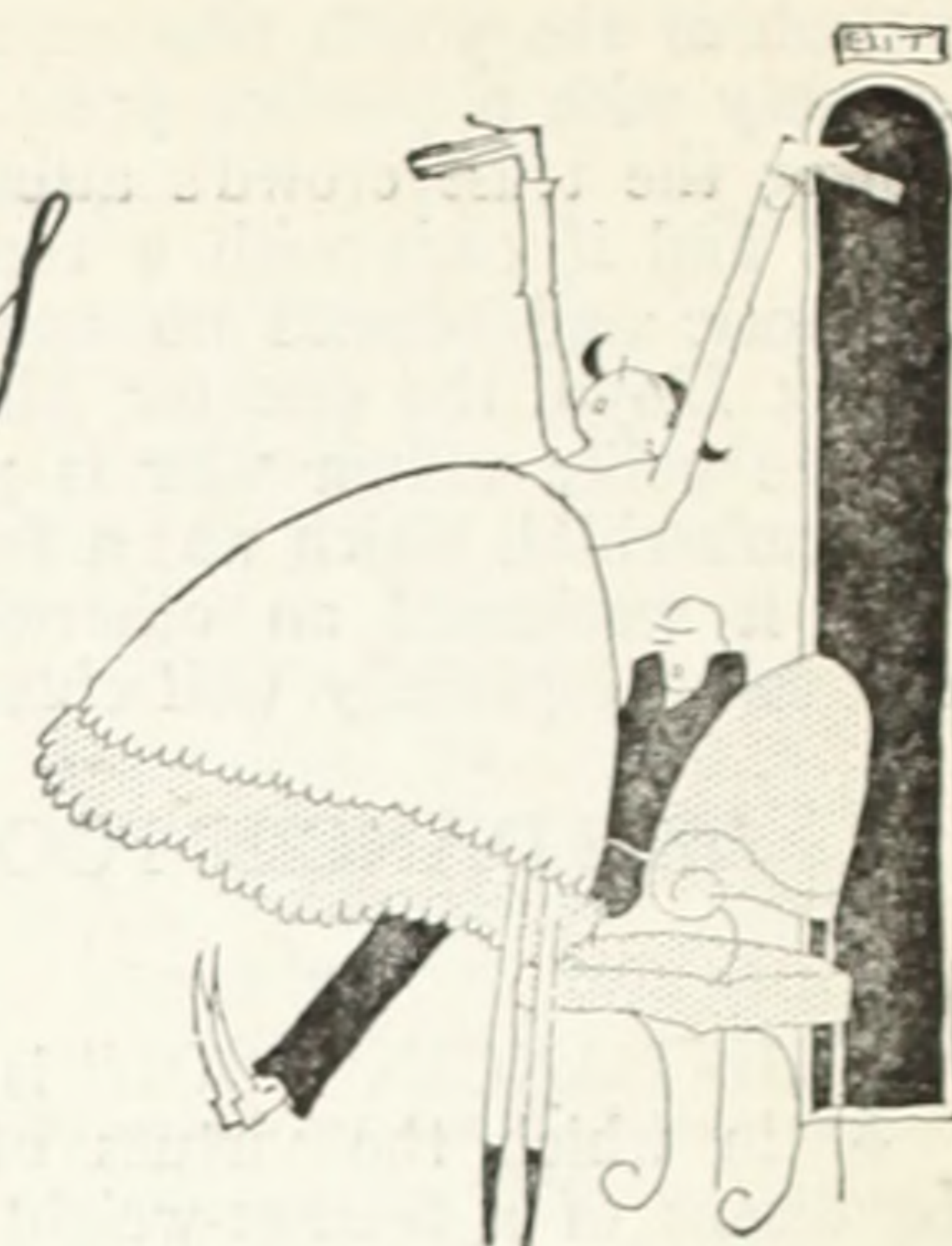


Dorothy Dalton does her best to make "The Dark Mirror" seem real, but it excites the flippant remark rather than the gooseflesh thrill.

Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



Roast Chicken for Theda

IN "Kathleen Mavourneen," with Theda Bara, some strange things occurred. For instance, in one scene, Kathleen (Theda) sits before a great open fire, and just as she is falling asleep, one of the chickens, wandering about the room, walks directly into the fire and does not come out.

G. M. O., Auburn, New York.

Economical Mr. Oakman

IN "Eve in Exile," with Wheeler Oakman and Charlotte Walker, the hero (Oakman) wears one suit from the opening flash to the final close-up. He went traveling, entertained, wooed and won "the Girl" all in this one suit!

J. A. F., St. Mary's, Pa.

Coming Events, Etc.

IN "Out Yonder," with Olive Thomas, the heroine is sitting on a rock reading a book when the hero finds her. She discovers him because his shadow falls across the book. The next scene shows him standing back of her with his shadow falling in the other direction.

C. F. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Little Love, a Little Kiss—

STARS who contemplate having their hands kissed in their new pictures please note: Alma Tell as *Lady Joane* in "On With the Dance" gives *Peter* her right hand in farewell, and *Peter* kisses it. The close-up shows tears, presumably *Lady Joane's*, on the left hand, which *Lady Joane* then kisses passionately.

A. F., Toronto.

Screen Advertising

SEVERAL well-known national products are given a lot of advertising in Cecil DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife?" Thomas Meighan is shown holding a razor which is unmistakably a Gillette; two—no, three magazines are displayed to advantage, but the worst comes when Thomas, after talking to Gloria Swanson, walks over and selects a record of a popular song, "Hindustan," with the record maker's name (Victor) very plainly seen, number 18507 A. But—when in another sequence of the story he visits Bebe Daniels after the theater and she picks up a record, it's the same "Hindustan, number 18507 A." Maybe Thomas sneaked it there under his coat. But why must pictures become a medium for advertising certain products?

R. H., Chicago.

Where—Did—He—Get—That—Hat?

IN "A Leap to Fame," in the court room when the alleged spy knocked out the cops and made a break for liberty, Carlyle Blackwell rushed frantically after him, with hair streaming, leaving his hat on the reporter's bench. After the chase and recapture of the spy, when they are returning to the court-room and "the girl" is let off on the way, we see Mr. Blackwell standing on the running-board of the taxi bidding her a gentlemanly farewell, as he gracefully tips his straw hat to her!

G. A., Estancia, N. M.

Silly—They Didn't Want to Be Seen!

CAN you tell me why Frank Mayo, riding a motorcycle to intercept the crook in "The Peddler of Lies" has no headlight burning? Neither have the crooks when they escape in cars.

OPERATOR, Yoakum, Texas.

Civilized Savages

IN a scene supposed to be in the Zulu Islands in Blanche Sweet's "A Woman of Pleasure," one of the native savages was vaccinated!

Also, in "April Folly," *Lady Diana*, seeing that *April* had no train ticket and was about to be put off, kindly offered her an extra ticket she happened to have in her purse. That's foresight for you!

CHARLES WILLIS, JR., Richmond, Va.

Dear Little Lasca!

IN "Lasca," Edith Roberts in the title role stabs the hero in the back. A few minutes later, full of remorse, she gently bandages his arm.

L. H., Rochester, N. Y.

Well, That Was An Old Picture

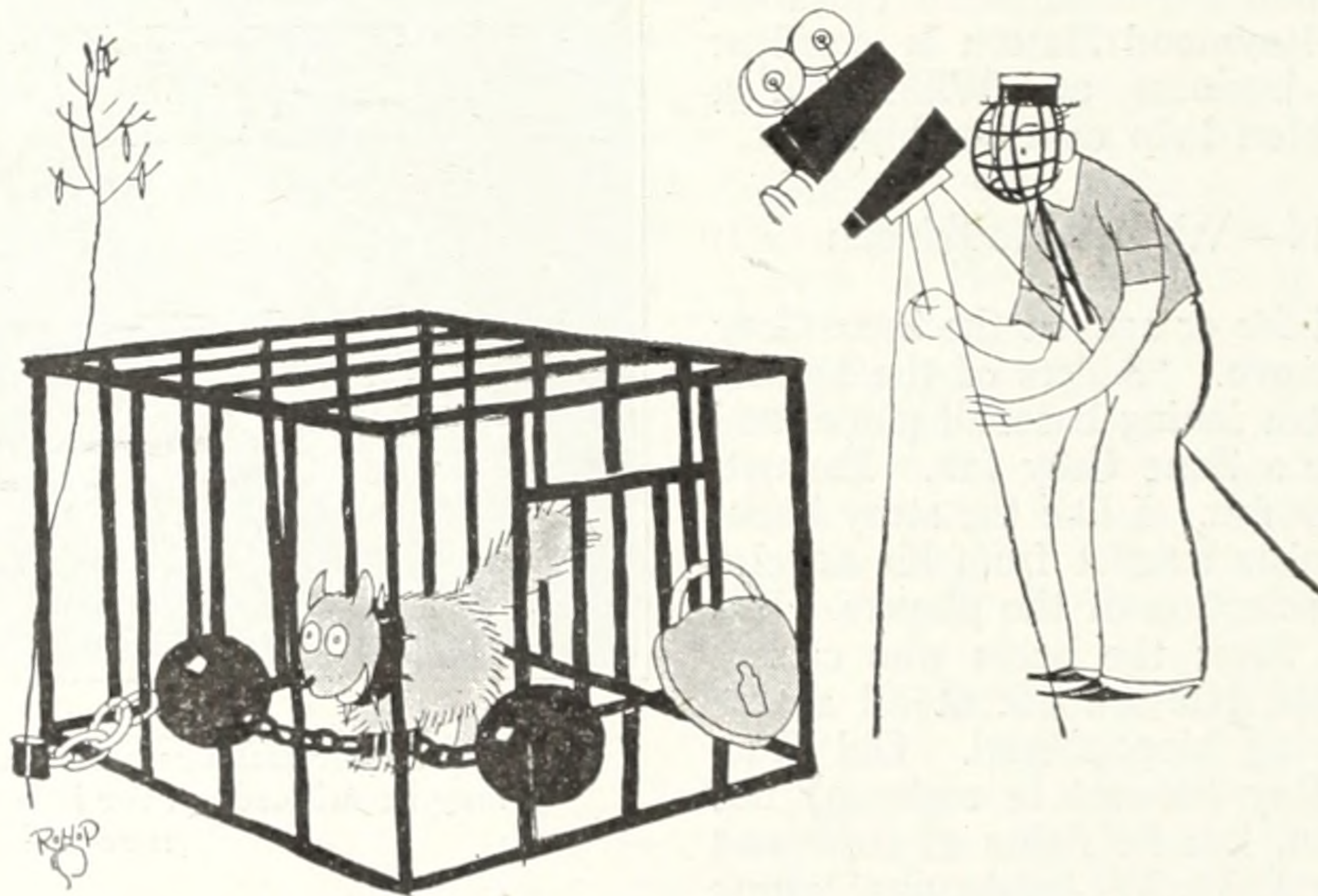
VITAGRAPH recently released a picture called "The Juggernaut." Earl Williams, as *John Ballard*, although working his way through college, is able to afford to wear a silk shirt. I'm a college man and I know it can't be done nowadays.

G. L. G., Madison, Wis.

In Other Words—He Was Beaten Up

IN Rupert Hughes' "The Cup of Fury," the I. W. W. agitator *Nuddle* is hit on the left jaw by a blow from the ship-yard boss. In a subsequent sub-title he plans how to account for his black eye. Next he is shown at home—with his wife bathing his forehead; and later with his head bound up.

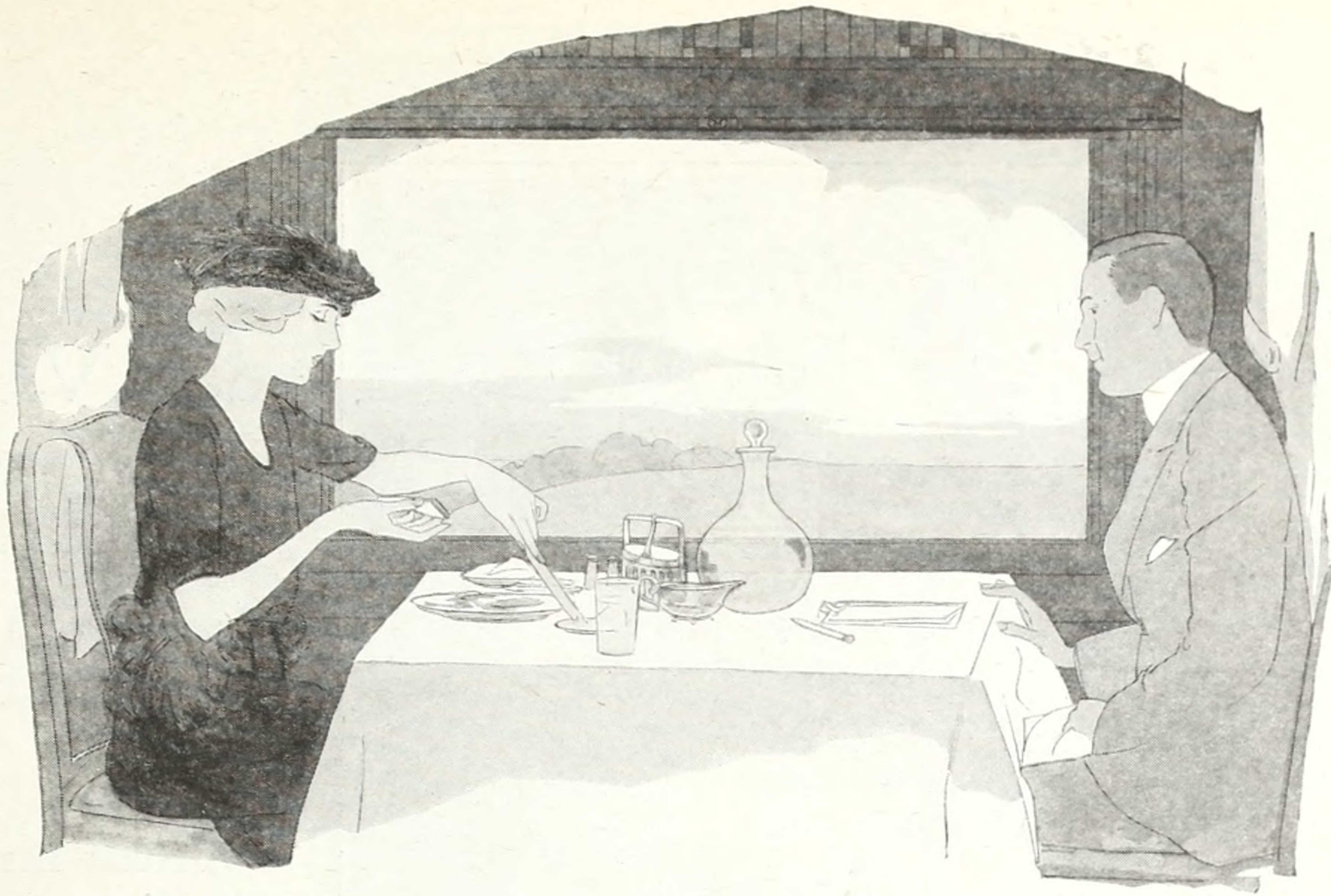
M. E. S., Richmond, Ind.



Not the Cameraman, Anyway

IN Earle William's picture, "The Wolf," a sub-title says something like this: "When the wolf howls . . . someone must die." Then a flash is shown of a howling wolf. It was all right except that anyone with sharp eyes could see a chain leading toward a convenient tree from the wolf's neck. What do they mean "someone must die?"

N. Hoyt, Angel Island, Cal.



Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the *right kind* of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep

your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

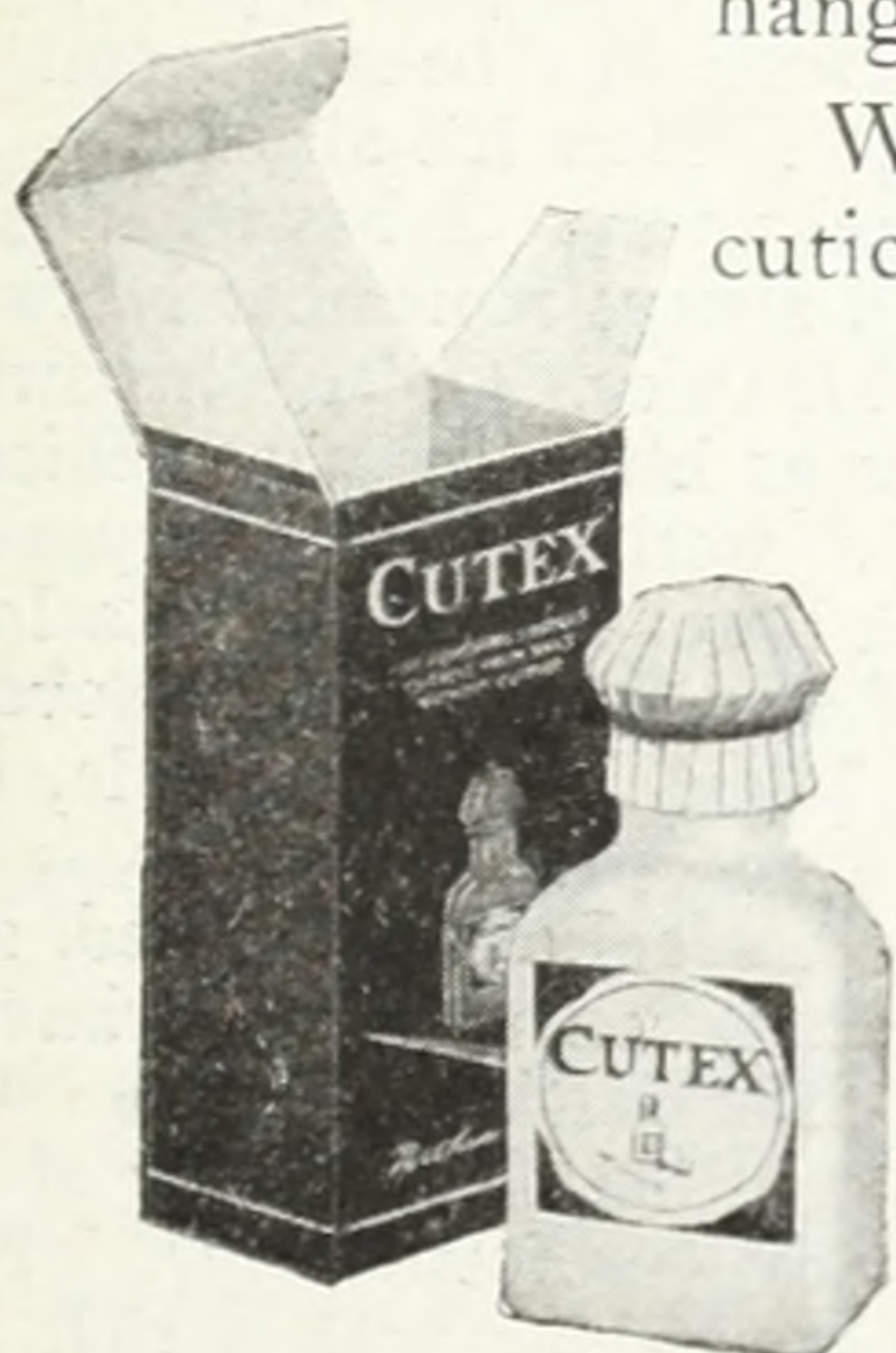
With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish use the Cake Polish first, then the Paste Polish.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents, at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each product for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th Street, New York. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 708 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*



You can get the Cutex preparations separately or in complete sets at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

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

Name

Street and Number

City and State



Perhaps Thomas Ince knows best, but it does seem unkind to divorce Doris May and Douglas MacLean, doesn't it?

Divorce a la Film

A little inside information on Movieland's latest separation.

By GENE NORTH

He gazed meditatively into space, reflectively chewing a lettuce leaf which must have belonged to the spearmint family because it didn't seem to evaporate properly.

BUT seriously, Douglas MacLean did see the world through blue glasses that day. Thomas H. Ince had just informed him that his co-starring partnership with pretty Doris May had come to an end. The pictures for Paramount Artcraft, which the two were engaged to make, had been completed and the Powers That Be (who have the papers locked in the safe, you know) had decreed

HE had just been divorced when I saw him. The decree had been final only a few minutes. For such a comic young fellow, he seemed actually upset about it. But then, I suppose these guys that get paid eighty-two dollars a minute to be funny can't afford to spread their comedy 'round promiscuously.

"Feel pretty badly about it?" I asked.

Douglas MacLean looked at me with that quick turn of the head the public has come to know since such classics as "Twenty-three and One-half Hours Leave," "Mary's Ankle" and "Let's Be Fashionable."

"D'yu know," he said solemnly, "I do. I've never been divorced before and I simply can't understand how some people make a habit of it the way they do. The sensation is unpleasant—decidedly unpleasant. I feel like a codfish ball that has been thrown into the deep ocean—may belong there but doesn't feel quite natural."

"How long had you been together?"

"Oh—a long time, a long time," he said pensively, "Six whole pictures. She was—a fine little woman. I haven't a thing in the world to say against her. You couldn't ask for a better girl in lots of ways. She was a good partner, that girl. We hit it off fine, had lots in common, always weathered the storms of drama successfully, were the right size and didn't enjoy fighting more than once a week.

"And now—" He shook his head sadly.

"Now—but life is like that, isn't it? Just when you get accustomed to meatless days, they raise the price of potatoes to \$30 a quart, and where are you?"

that henceforth they should be separated.

And Douglas MacLean, who has probably done more to establish comedy of the stunt-less, slap-stick-less variety than any other one man, is to be an independent star. The second year option that Paramount held on his services has been exercised and he is at present deep in his first starring vehicle, "The Yanacona Yillies" (I know. I felt exactly that way about it. I may be wrong. But after I'd had it repeated three times and spelled twice, I was afraid they'd make me walk home so I shut up.)

"Yes, it's hard to lose a good wife, even just a professional one," went on MacLean, "and Doris has been a good one. As a film wife, she is par excellence. Now it's all ended. Oh, I daresay I shall have other good wives. I have had some good ones in the past. But I shall always remember Doris."

There was a note of sadness in his voice. Outside his swiftly moving dramas, he looks and acts as little like a comedian as anyone I ever saw. (That in a world where everyone in comedy wants to do tragedy and a lot of tragedians do a lot of comedy.) He has brown eyes of the kind that lady novelists describe as "nice and honest." Minus a little twinkle, they would be soulful.

"You *are* married aren't you, Mr. MacLean?" I asked, since the conversation seemed to be running on things matrimonial.

"Oh yes," said Mr. MacLean enthusiastically.

I have been forced to ask that question of a number of men a number of times (professionally—professionally). Some answer it flabbily, as if they were agreeing with a rich aunt

(Continued on page 123)



A sweater for every frock

—now that you can wash them yourself

"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other THREE girls I know."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."

"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"

"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing.

Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you

scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

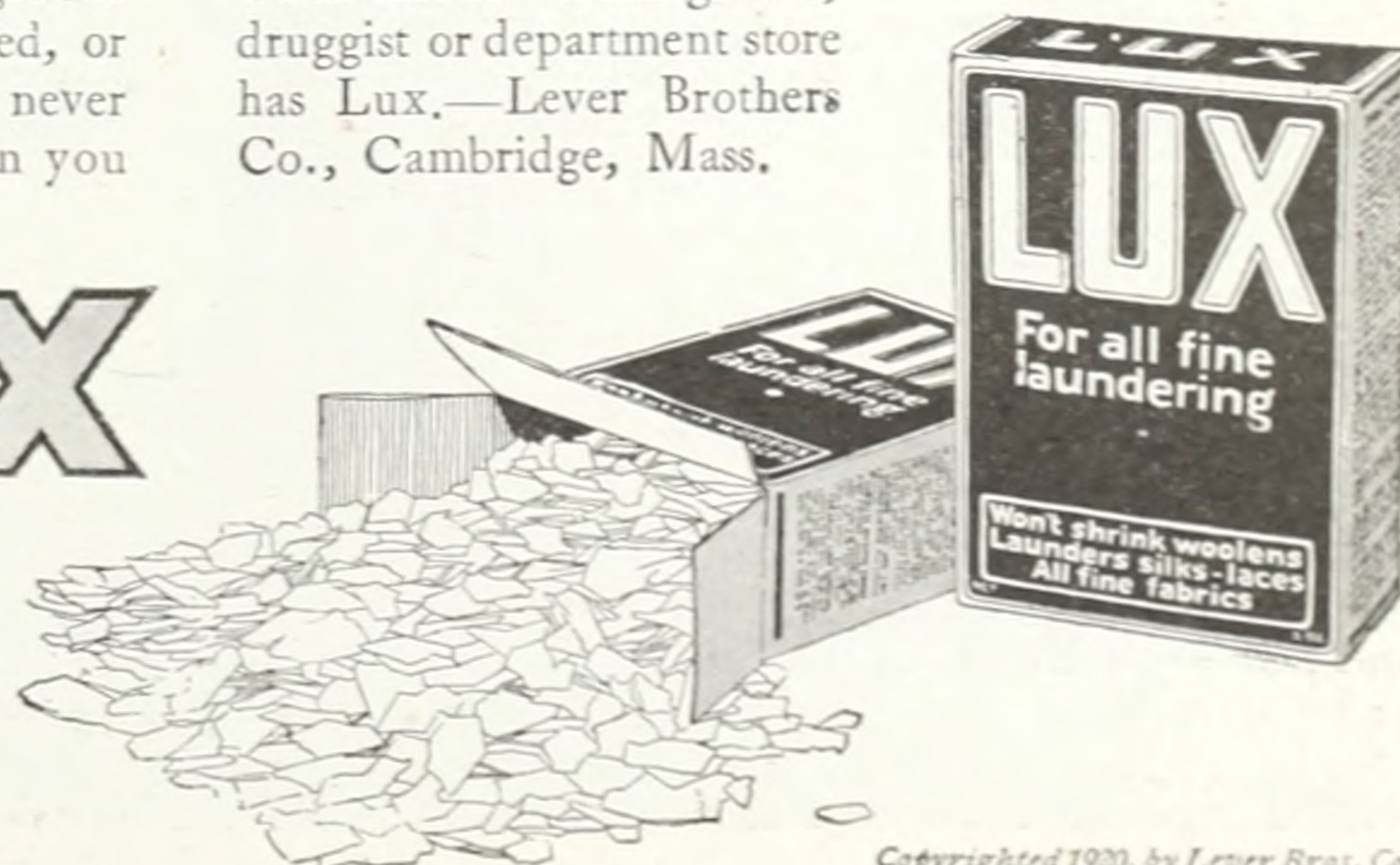
Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that tucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERS

USE two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds—*do not rub*. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—*do not wring*. Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

LUX



Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.

The Grandpa of the Movies

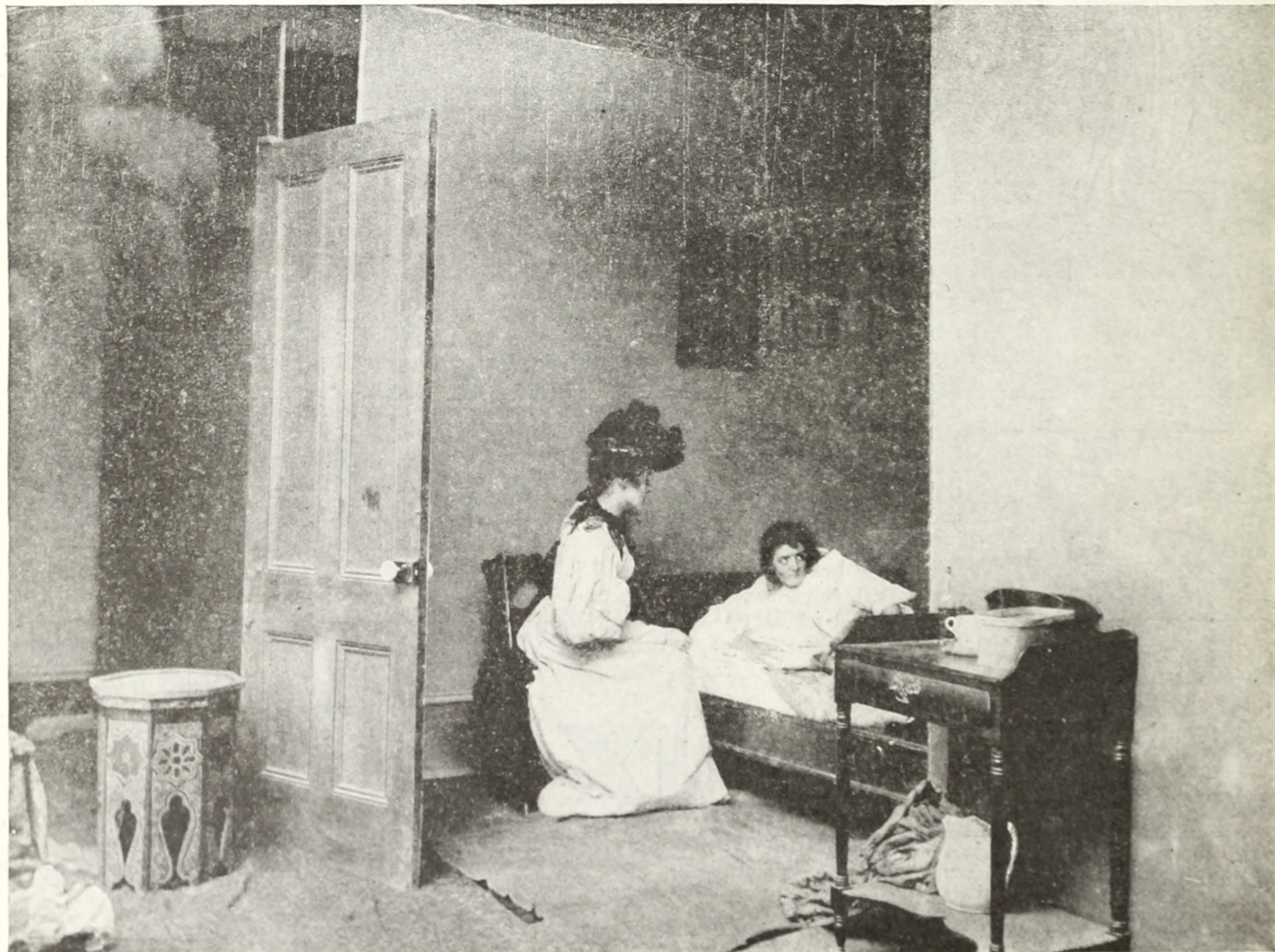
RELEGATED to the limbo of the past is the remembrance of most of the early efforts that helped bring the art of motion pictures to the high plane it has reached today. Even now, many maintain, the possibilities of the film are only beginning to be realized, but it is interesting to look back just a quarter of a century when Dr. Alexander Black was seeing visions as he looked into what then doubtless seemed a far, far future.

On October 9, 1894, William Courtenay and Blanche Bayliss appeared as the first motion picture stars, in Dr. Black's moving stereopticon, "Miss Jerry," a tale of love, newspaperdom and Wall Street.

Dr. Black, now a noted novelist, was a newspaper man with an interest in photography years ago. It occurred to him that ordinary stereopticon slides could be slipped in and out of the then popular stereopticon lantern in such a way that they overlapped—thus making them dissolve into one another in a way which suggested motion. He experimented, found his idea worked, wrote the drama called "Miss Jerry" in 250 scenes, engaged actors and made it with rough—very rough sets. His second drama was called "A Capitol Romance." Grover Cleveland, then president, posed for it. Dr. Black's motion picture dramas took forty-five minutes to present. He stood beside the screen and told the story as the picture appeared. He toured the country and made a great hit. The Paramount Magazine, in a recent issue, showed Dr. Black's invention.



This was one of the most romantic of the 250 stereopticon slides that made up "Miss Jerry." The lovers are William Courtenay and Blanche Bayliss of 25 years ago. "Miss Jerry" was a newspaper reporter. The "still" below shows her out on a "sob" story. Note how the "sets" were made in those days.





MADE WITH A VEST POCKET KODAK

*You don't carry it;
you wear it—
like a watch.*

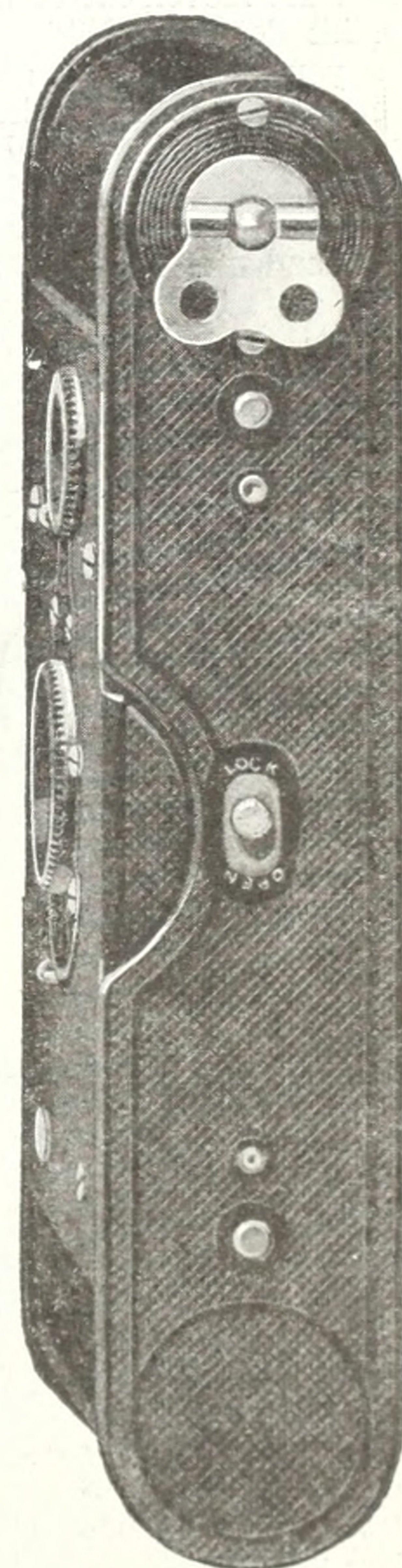
The Vest Pocket KODAK

With a "Vest Pocket" you're always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen.

Your larger camera you carry when you *plan* to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

The price is \$9.49. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Both prices include the war tax.

All Dealers'.



ACTUAL SIZE

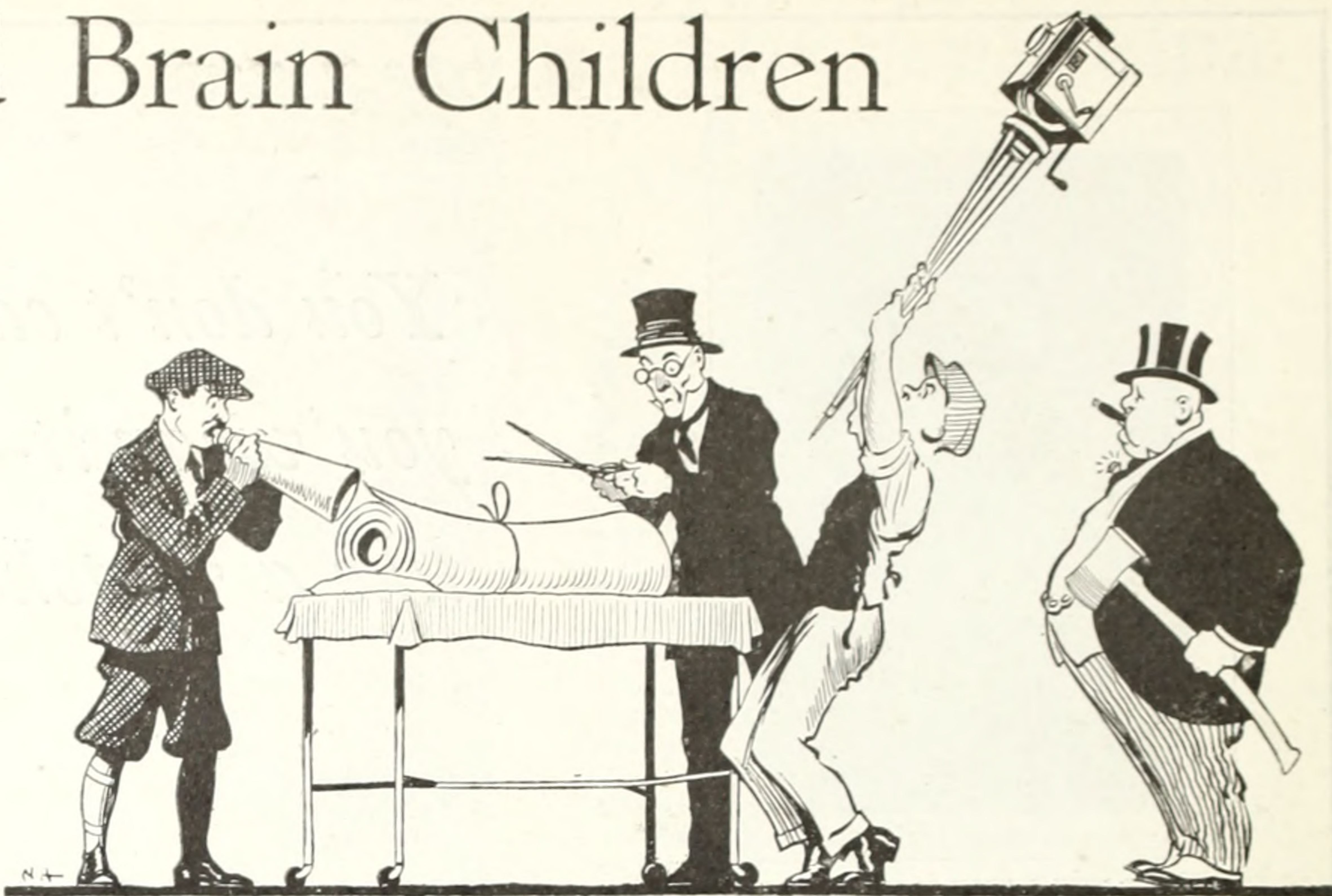
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Murdered Brain Children

Being a small portion of the docket in the Great Assize Court, in the case of the Scenario Author vs. the Producer, Director, Cameraman, Scenic Artist, Cutter, et al.

By
RANDOLPH
BARTLETT

Decorations by Norman Anthony



SUPPOSE you were the proud father of a newly born infant. To you it was the most wonderful thing in the world. It was beautiful, enshrouded in sweetness and light. The least movement of its small hands, the least flicker of its eyelids denoted intelligence of a precocity that almost frightened you. At once you were overcome with a sense of your responsibility to this splendid offspring, and were determined that it should be reared to manhood in such wise that all the world should bow to this, your child.

Suppose now that you showed it to one whom you had considered a friend, not so much to get his opinion as to permit him to gaze and admire, and suppose he said:

"Ugly brat! Why let it live?"

Suppose, feeling only contempt for a person so blind and ignorant, you showed the wonder child to another friend and he looked pityingly at you and said:

"What is it? The missing link?"

Still the pride of paternity persisted, but one after another those whom you had long regarded as good friends cast skyward noses at the child. This did not weaken your own love and faith in the infant's destiny, but merely made you bitter toward all the world. And that is why scenario authors become pessimists.

Every man, woman and child who has written moving picture scenarios has some favorite scene, some delectable brain-child, not necessarily the main part of a plot, nor the theme of a drama, nor the big scene, nor the supreme thrill—but just some fragment of fancy that its mental parent knows is one of the most exquisite things ever given to a waiting world. It would embellish any picture, fit into any story, perhaps, and so with magnificent persistence the father of the idea writes it into every script, only to see it foully murdered by one or another of those autocrats through whose hands each picture must pass.

The producer thinks it is over the heads of the public, and slays it; the studio manager thinks it would clog the action, and decapitates it; the casting director says the right type cannot be found, and garrotes it;

the electrician fozzles the light effect and smothers it; the cameraman throws it out of focus and gibbets it; the director decides it would be too much trouble, and stabs it; the star doesn't like her close-up in it, and strangles it; the editor needs footage and guillotines it; and if, by some twist of luck it should pass all these perils, the negative will be lost in the cutting room. This is the history of, not one, but many scenes, of which a few have been compiled. Here, for the first time, these favorite sons shall see the light of publicity, and you shall decide whether or not they belong upon the screen.

One of the most populous of the private graveyards is that of Charles E. Whittaker, author of numerous shadow tales for Paramount, Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Tourneur and others. The gem of the collection, the most tearwashed of all the tombs, is this:

A French actress, after a terrible tragedy at home, comes to America, and living quietly in the country makes friends with a young American boy, about ten or twelve years old—a dreamer, not a roughneck; polite, not flip; clear-skinned, not freckled; romantic and decently clad. In the actress' garden

is a statue of Pan, and she tells the boy of the love symbolism of the ancient deity and his pipes, giving the lad a whistle which he learns to play for her. She finds her romance, but tragedy again comes to her, and she goes back to her garden, where she finds the boy's whistle, broken.

"They told me it was too highbrow," moaned Whittaker, as he sketched the fable.

Luther Reed, now in the Thomas H. Ince scenario department, tells of the following crime perpetrated by another concern:

"A light woman of Paris, tired of her companion, a wealthy munition maker, is about to leave him for a vulgar liason with an apache, when she meets a blind sergeant, now dependent upon the government for his living. For the first time in her life she is stirred by a worthy passion, and she takes the blind man to her

(Continued on page 106)

"We see this dream child and her perfectly-marcelled locks, standing in a lacy nightie—but the curl papers and cold cream never get beyond the scenario department."





Drink

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA

How famous Movie stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."



LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."



PRISCILLA DEAN
I find WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO very beneficial to my hair. It is a fine shampoo.



MARION DAVIES
"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why the leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

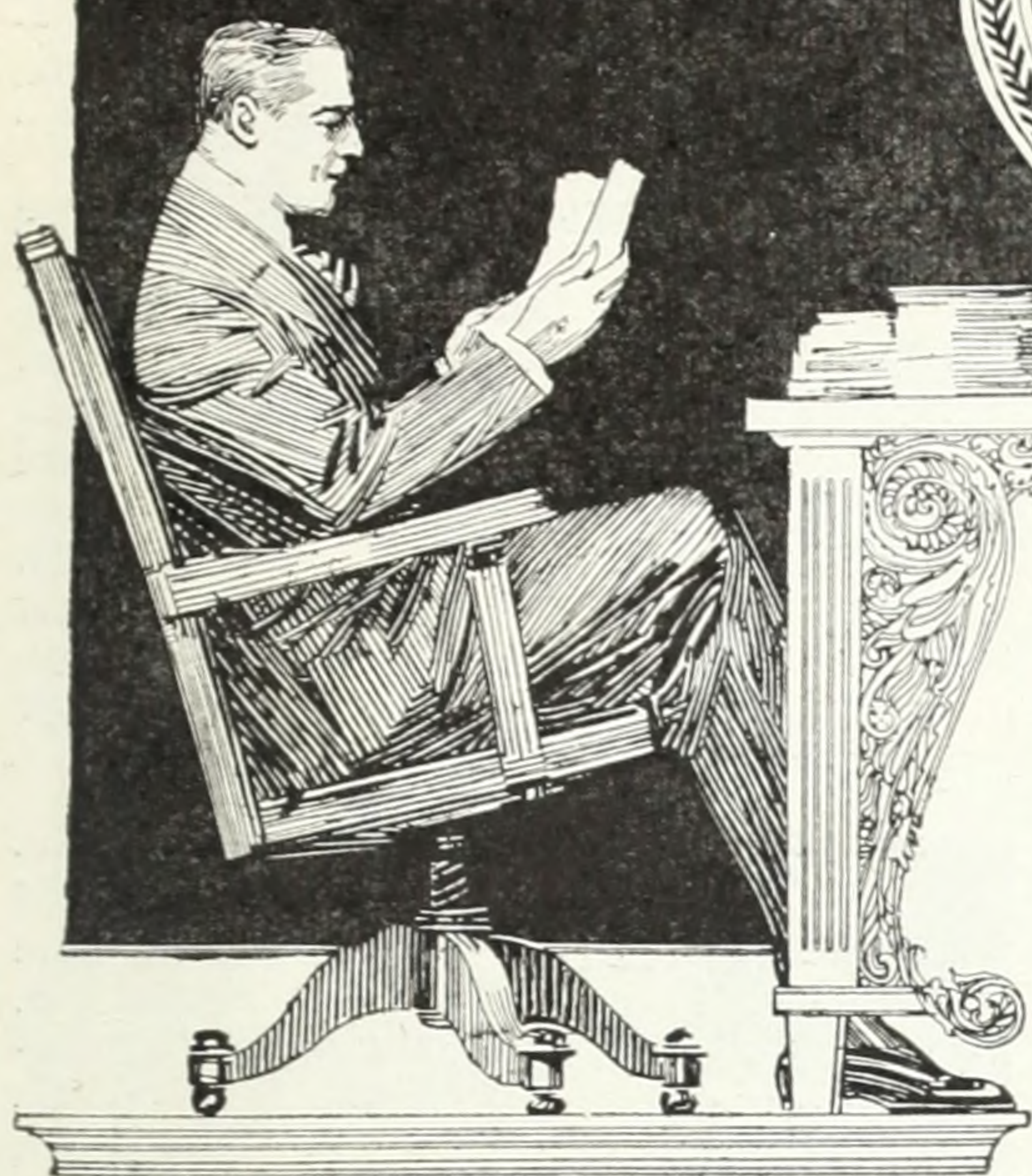
Splendid for Children

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Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

MARY D., LOS ANGELES.—Bert Lytell is a lucky man. If one woman was ever true to me for five years, I'd—but why speculate? It could never happen. Do you like Lytell better in pictures than you did on the stage? "The Right of Way" was my favorite Lytell piece. Bert is five feet, ten and a half inches tall; weighs one hundred and fifty five pounds, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Haven't his age. He is married to Evelyn Vaughn; they have no children. He's signed up with Metro. Come again.

LORRAYNE H., MILWAUKEE.—It was a bad day when I got your letter—gloomy inside and out. But what mere male is not susceptible to flattery? Not this one. You cheered me considerably. Viola Dana was born in 1898; she is a widow; her husband John Collins, the director, died of influenza. Yes, Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Jack Barrymore was born in 1882. He was divorced from Katherine Harris Barrymore, an actress in his sister Ethel's "De classe" company. Do I like blondes or brunettes? Yes.

M. D. S., NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.—The spirits are certainly kept busy. I suppose the Shade of Cleopatra is the most popular. I don't mind confessing to you that I'm ouija bored. No—I can't tell you my favorites, and I've never talked with Miss Elsie Ferguson. So now I suppose I am relegated to the limbo of lost and forgotten things, said he sorrowfully—and inaccurately.

FRIEND, HAVANA.—I am young but that isn't why I make you laugh. You are young—that's why. Dick Barthelme undoubtedly will get around to your letter in due time; he's a very busy young man, Friend, and there may be a thousand letters ahead of yours. I don't want to discourage you or anything. Pearl White has red hair and, yes, she wears a blonde wig.

G. C. T., SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.—My

head still aches from that violent green paper. You girls love to torture me, don't you? There's nothing about stationery in all its most ghastly phases that I don't know. Lillian Gish is not married. She has left the David Griffith company to star for Sherrill, or the Frohman Amusement

RUBIA, ARGENTINA.—Now you're a contributor after my own heart. Your letter helped me a lot. Sorry you think I'm not rough enough. You must want me to be the Tom Meighan of Answer Men. Down where you live, you tell me, they are changing the way of telling time. After twelve o'clock at noon they go right on counting thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, etc., to twenty-four, when they start at one again. They don't do that here. Imagine knocking off work at eighteen o'clock! Yes, tell your friends to write me. I'll give them very sarcastic answers; will that please you?

MISS EMILY, BOSTON.—You're wrong—an editor isn't a man who puts things in the magazine; he's a man who keeps things out of the magazine. David Powell in "On With the Dance." Karl Kermes was the justice of the peace in Constance Talmadge's picture, "Up the Road with Sallie." Constance has traveled a long bright road since that Select picture.

NEOMA A., BEAUMONT, TEXAS.—You may now enjoy life. I am overjoyed to be able to tell you that your favorite, William S. Hart, is not married. Never has been married. Lives with his sister Mary in Los Angeles. Recently sustained several "broken ribs" and was badly bruised as a result of falling from his horse while making a picture. Hart and his mount were dashing in pursuit of the "villain" when an overhanging bough caught them and frightened the horse, which threw Hart. He's getting along nicely, according to latest reports. Think of all the sympathetic letters he'll have to answer when he recovers! Nazimova's first name is Alla.

MARIA.—I'm thinking very seriously of writing a book about myself. Everybody's doing it, why not the Answer Man? Bill Hart has written several books, but never, as yet, the story of his life. "Pinto Ben and Other Stories" is one of Bill's compositions. Antonio Moreno, I hear, is en-

The Ingenue

By Jane Bernoudy

MASSES of curls rippling and falling.
Eyes wistful and blue.

Scarlet lips, parted revealing,
Pearls not a few.

Cheeks like the first flush of morning,
Soft like the breast of a swan.
Voice like the breeze through the tree tops,
In the cool hours of dawn.

Flirting, Deceiving, Coqueting,
Never Alone.

Listening, Laughing, Forgetting,
Nobody-Home.

Corporation. Alice Brady's first two Realart releases were "The Fear Market" and "Sinners." She is working at this writing on "The Dark Lantern." Viola Dana isn't married to Lieut. Omer Locklear. But some busybody saw him fly away with her—in his airplane—and jumped at conclusions.

A. N., OAKLAND.—So you saw Wallace Reid in "The Rotters," the legitimate play, and would much rather see him in pictures. Yet I have had other letters which raved over Reid in his part of the chauffeur in this spoken production. James Crane played with Alice Brady in "Sinners." You say their love scenes were so realistic. No wonder—he's her husband.

gaged upon his autobiography. Wonder who's writing it for him? He's much too busy himself. Bessie Love is still in her teens.

SUSIE, GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.—Well, women may suffer—but every man knows they never suffer in silence. So you go to see pictures three times a week. That's about my average, too. Ann Little, Lasky, Hollywood, Walter McGrail, Selznick, Fort Lee, N. J. Others answered elsewhere.

D. D., FOSTORIA, OHIO.—Many a true word is spoken carelessly. That man who once said "The public be damned" was surely a prophet. I don't have jam on my bread any more. Elsie Ferguson will probably be in Japan when you read this. She's going to rest, not to make pictures. She was born in New York, and she stands five feet, six inches, in her stock—I mean in her heel-less slippers. Whew!

D. D., BUFFALO.—Yes, prices are terrible. Everytime I go into a shop to buy a tie I become angry over the price and argue with the clerk. Then I leave in a huff—and go somewhere else and pay more. Dorothy Gish is five feet tall. Bobby Vernon stands five feet two inches. He's with Christie comedies. Constance Talmadge isn't engaged. Yes, I know there are rumors. Charles Ray's wife was Miss Grant.

CONNIE MILLER, LONDON, ENGLAND.—Norma Talmadge's latest release is "The Branded Woman." Miss Talmadge conducts the Fashion Department in Photoplay and has a signed article, illustrated, every month. Watchout for them. Thanks for your good wishes. Please write soon again.

C. M. L., SHEFFIELD, PA.—One way to judge an intellectual woman is by how much she bores you. I heartily approve of higher education for women: for instance in the matter of dress, coiffure, and carriage. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. Welch is a free-lance, meaning that he is not contracted to any one company but plays engagements here and there. He is the leading man in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone" and the following James Oliver Curwood picture, for Western Vitagraph. His personal address is 6650 Leland Way, Los Angeles. I give it in this case because a letter there will surely reach him and he is hard to keep track of. W. E. Lawrence played opposite Fannie Ward in "Common Clay." Fannie is living abroad now.

H. MC. W., MERRIMAN, NEB.—Grace George is Alice Brady's stepmother. Miss Brady's own mother, William Brady's first wife, died years ago. Miss George is one of the leading figures on the American stage. She has a son. Mary Fuller has been retired for a long time now. I doubt if she'll ever return to active participation in pictures.

KATHERINE, MOOREFIELD, WEST VA.—You think I deserve a pat on the head. How

and Wanda Hawley? No—but I'd like to. However—Miss Dorothy is heart-whole and fancy-free. Wanda Hawley is very much in love with J. Burton Hawley, who has been her husband for some time. Wanda is a Realart star now and so is Bebe Daniels, who was Harold Lloyd's leading woman before she went in for drama. Are Harold and Bebe married? Well—

C. W. F., CARIO.—Sylvia Breamer has been married, but obtained a divorce. Her husband was an Australian theatrical manager, I believe. There is a report that Miss Breamer is engaged. She has the leading feminine role in "Athalia," Syd Franklin's new picture. Doris May.

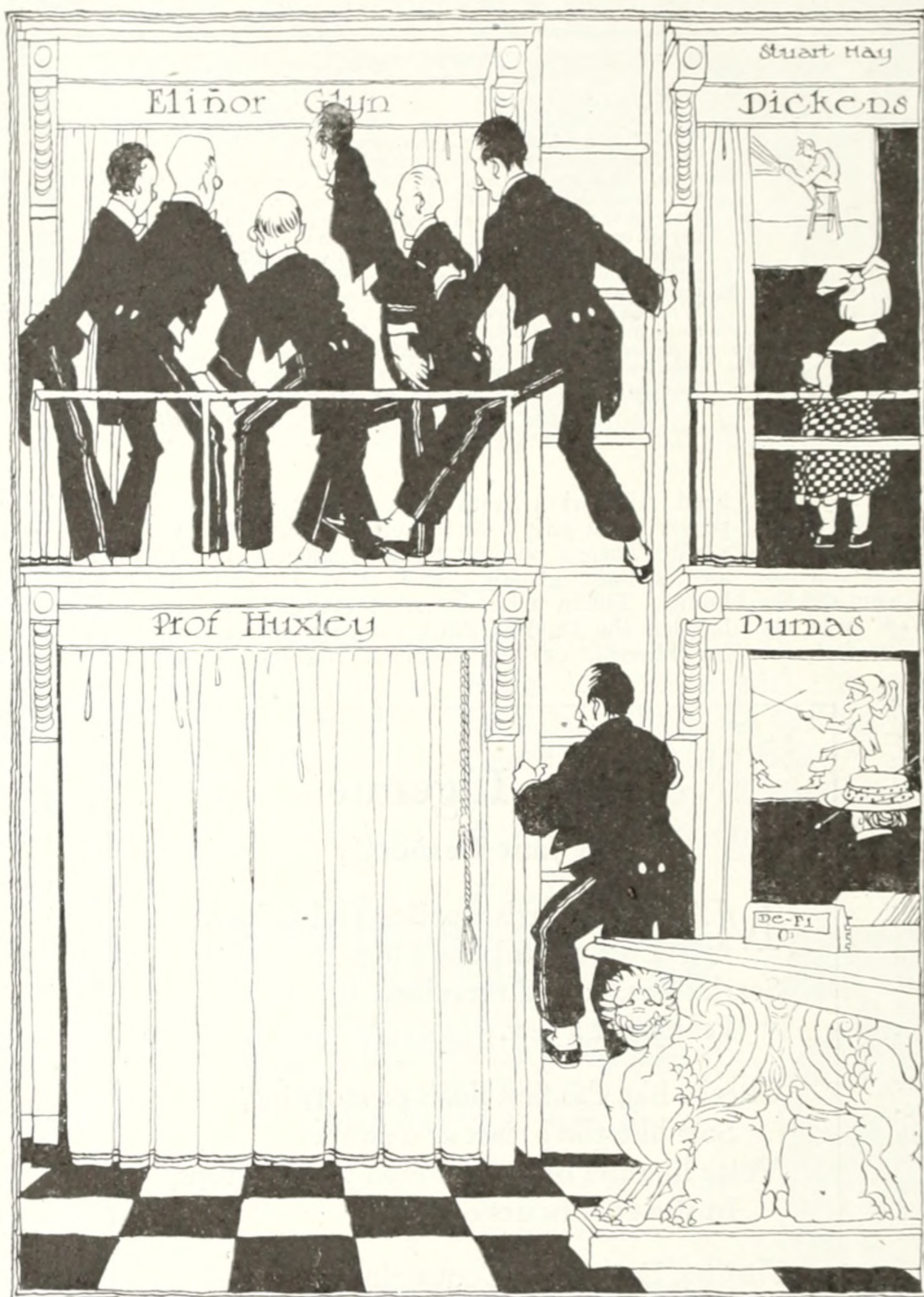
BILLY, FLORENCE.—You have a fine list of favorites. Yours are mine, too Henry B. Walthall, always remembered as the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," appears in Allan Dwan's production, "The Splendid Hazard." He does fine work in it. Mary Thurman may be reached care Allan Dwan's company. The same Mary who used to be such an ornament to Sennett comedies is now a full-fledged dramatic actress—and a good one. Mary decided sensibly that beauty wasn't everything, so she pitched in and began to learn a new technique. She's certainly made good.

M. D. S., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—June Elvidge, that statuesque brunette, may be reached in care of Mayflower Pictures, 469 Fifth Avenue. She plays in Charles Miller's production, "The Law of the Yukon." Edward Earle, remembered from Edison and Vitaphone. Henry days, and Nancy Deaver, a blonde newcomer, share honors with June in this northern tale. Miss Elvidge is Miss Elvidge now; she has been married.

HARRY M. F., WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am very sorry, but we have no record of Ted Lorch. Does anyone know Ted?

T. R. K., NEBRASKA.—I would suggest that you write to the Talmadges—to Norma or to Constance, because Natalie is abroad right now—and put it up to them. You know I can only give information as it is given to me. Louise Glaum was a Triangle vampire a few years ago. She's still playing vamps, but she has her own company now.

BERNICE B. HERNEBERG, NEW YORK CITY.—I'm not the Editor, child. You can depend on that. If I were, I'd never have discontinued running pictures of screen
(Continued on page 108)



Artist Stuart Hay's conception of a Free Public Animated Library in 2020.

IT is safe to predict that unless they discover an everlasting motion picture film in the next hundred years, the animated libraries of 2019 will have a terrible time keeping stocked up with reels of the popular novels of the Elinor Glyn type. We are presupposing that a mere century or so will not make any great difference in men. Dickens and Dumas will, no doubt, have the same nice, steady, constant, respectable following as today. And unless putting them into pictures peeps them up into a more lively form, it's dollars to doughnuts that the cans containing Professor Huxley's works of science will remain dust-covered and unasked for in the vault marked "H."

tall are you? You're right—it is my bread and butter, answering all the questions; but if these high prices don't come down, it won't be my bread and butter any longer. I'll be lucky if I have a crust to nibble. If only some of you girls would come through with the cakes you were going to send me! Any Scotch-Irish girl who can write such a good letter has hopes of getting there in anything she wants to do—even journalism.

B. N., FOXBORO.—Do I love Dot Gish

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At the Seashore —

YOU won't need to worry about getting your hair wet while in bathing this Summer—or waste precious hours with old-fashioned curling irons and night curlers—if you own a Nestlé Home Outfit for permanent waving. Salt water, shampooing, hair tonics—nothing mars the natural, wavy beauty of the Nestlé wave.

The Nestlé Home Outfit is an exact copy of the process used in the famous Nestlé Fifth Avenue establishment. It is absolutely harmless to hair and scalp and will last a lifetime. It is in use in more than 10,000 homes, and every woman can obtain one virtually on trial.

On receipt of \$19.00 we will send you the Nestlé Home Outfit complete, subject to your approval within seven days. You can use materials enough for five permanent curls, and if dissatisfied return it within seven days and we will refund you \$17.00. We could not afford to make such an offer if we were not fully confident that you will want to retain it for the lifetime of service it will give you.

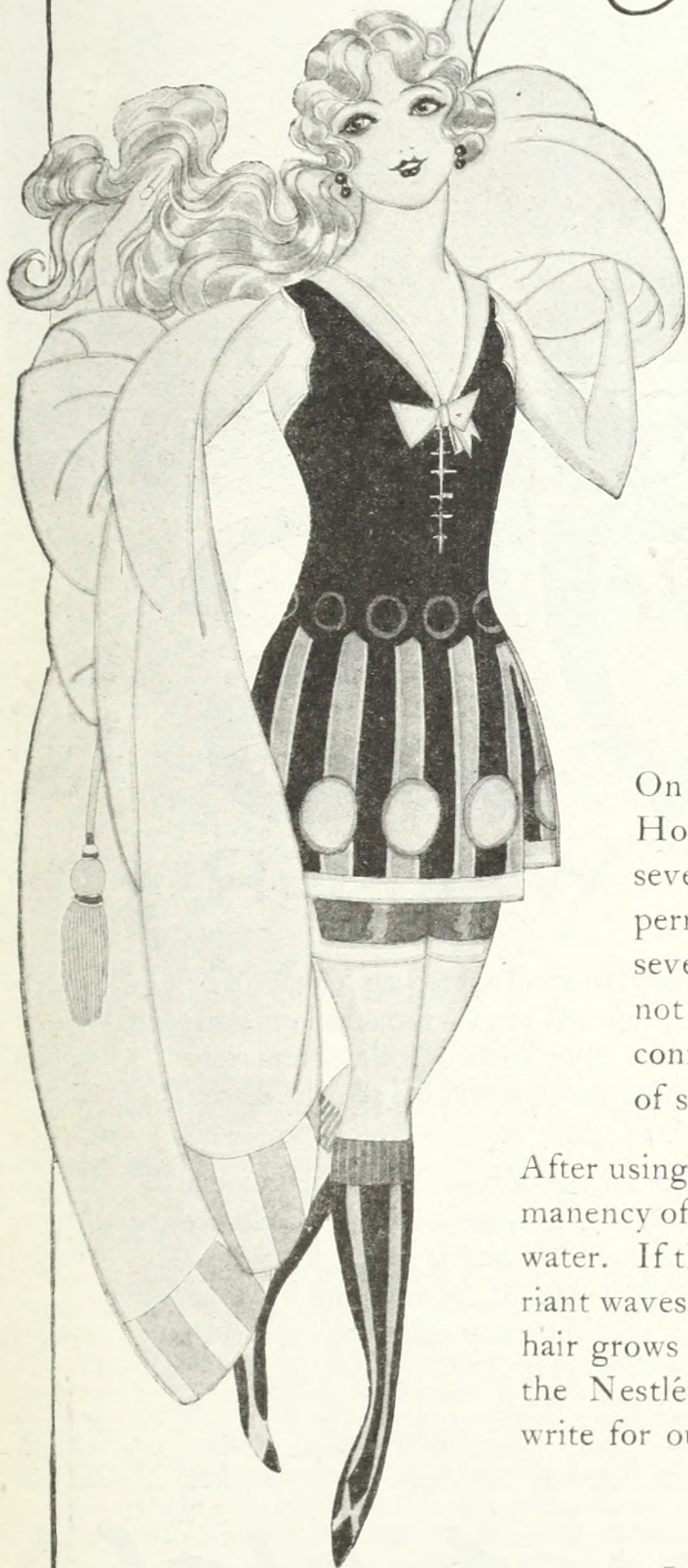
After using the Nestlé Home Outfit on trial, you can test the permanency of the Nestlé waves by washing your hair with soap and water. If the simple directions have been followed, the soft luxuriant waves will in no way be affected; they will remain until new hair grows in again—a period of four to six months. Send for the Nestlé Home Outfit *today*—or for further information write for our illustrated free booklet. Please address Dept. K.

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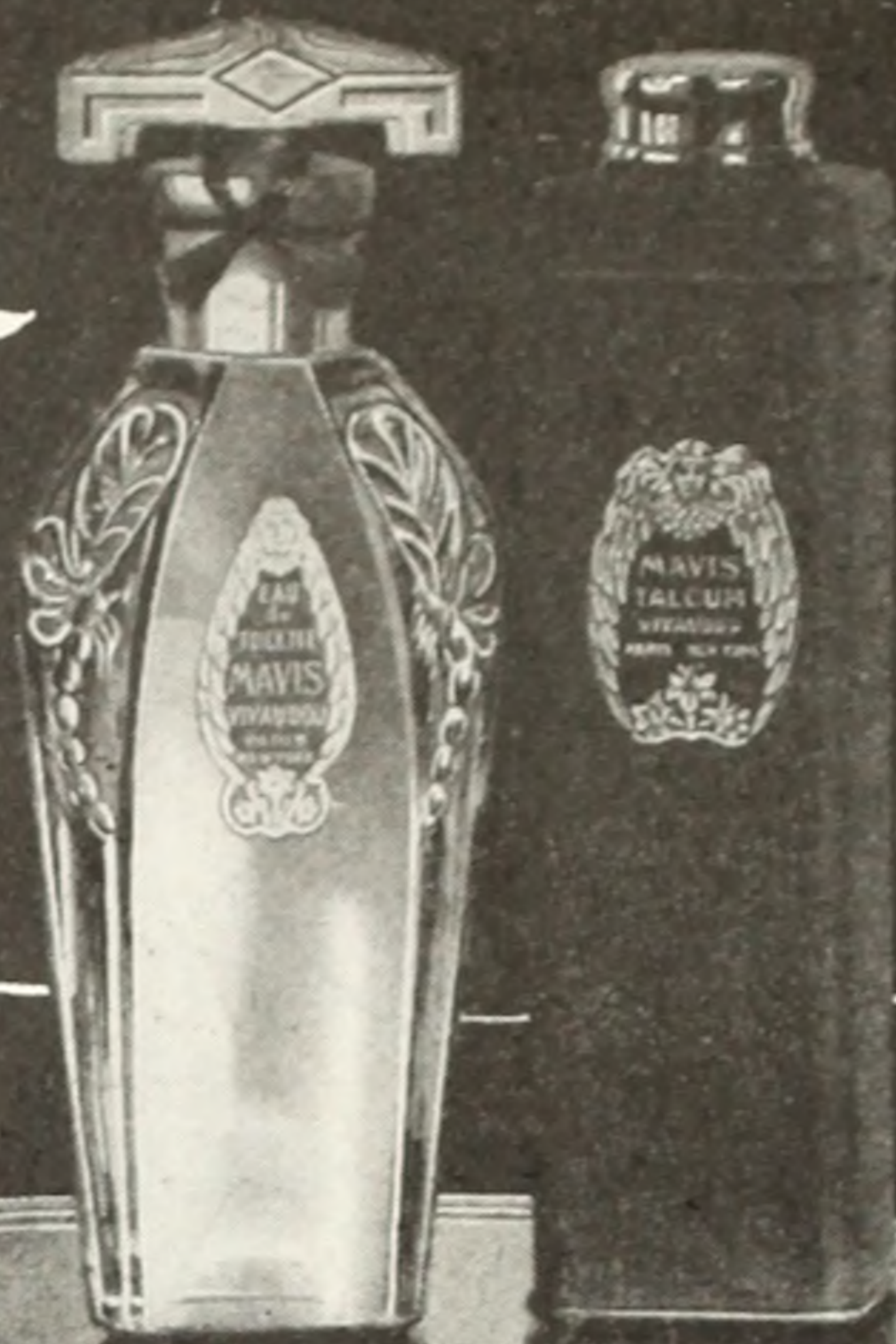
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A delightful warm weather formula. Wash or bathe with Mavis Soap and luke warm water. Rub dry with a rough towel and apply Mavis Toilet Water generously. It will dry very quickly;—then dust Mavis Talc on arms, neck and shoulders. Massage the face gently with Mavis Cream—apply a bit of Mavis Rouge if you need color—then powder with Mavis Face Powder. Always have a bit of Mavis Sachet scattered among your waists and underthings. And just a tiny drop of Mavis perfume upon your handkerchief will complete your Mavis toilette. You will be amazed at the difference a complete Mavis Toilette will make.

Have You Heard The Mavis Waltz?

A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be sent you for six cents in stamps. Hear it on the Emerson Record, No. 10152 for sale at all phonograph shops.

IN summer, especially, you will appreciate Mavis. The fragrance of the Toilet Water—the sense of satisfaction as it caresses your burning skin—the very delight of its refreshing coolness will tell you the reason why millions of women prefer it.

And Mavis Talc! Of course Mavis Talc has become a very part of your summer existence—but do you know all the ways it can be used? There is so much fragrant comfort packed in each can of Mavis that it is no wonder more of it is sold than any other talc. Be sure you insist upon MAVIS TALC.

Perfume	Talc	Compacts	Soap
Toilet Water	Face Powder	Rouge	Sachet

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PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK





The Professor Uplifts

By RALPH E. MOONEY

Being the result of a personal investigation by Professor Weatherbutton for the enlightenment of Photoplay readers.

TO the Editor of The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:

It is with trepidation that I take up my pen to compose this letter. To be plain, sir, I fear for the result. You have been most kind in suggesting that I, Erasmus Samuel Weatherbutton, professor of the *conte* or short-story at Wallingford University, might have a Higher Mission in the uplifting of the Motion Picture Industry. Yet I find myself able to make but a poor return for your interest. For, sir, as I write, I find myself in a condition of such hopeless befuddlement that I am totally unable to fulfill the mission you propose for me. I have visited a picture theater, but remain, nevertheless, wholly at loss to suggest a program for the Uplift and Improvement of the Photodrama as an Art Form.

You suggested that I fill the post of Critic Extraordinary for your journal; that in such post I review the productions on exhibition; and that, having reviewed them, I indite criticisms of them and letters of pleasant chatter concerning them, not with the simple intention of descanting upon the productions from the public's or the critic's viewpoint, but with the Higher Motive of Uplift, as explained previously. This, I agreed to do. This, I have attempted, but I fear I have failed.

Your note of instructions informed me that I was to review the performance at the Palladium on the same evening. It was to be a première or first night production. Now, although I have long been aware of the existence of motion pictures, I have never found time to witness them and, accordingly, was in somewhat of a dilemma as to how to go about the matter. A friend, who is accustomed to social procedure, informed me that it was customary to wear evening clothes to dramatic openings.

I was put to considerable inconvenience while *en route*.

Firstly, my silk hat has never sat me well and, indeed, I have been informed by a reliable haberdasher that my head is extremely hard to fit with any style of hat. Secondly, while in the army I was so bullied and badgered for neglecting to salute officers that the thing has become mechanical with me. Going to the Palladium, I met two captains and a lieutenant. I knocked my silk hat off three times.

At the box office I requested the critic's seats and was told there were none. I tried to explain, but was so jostled by folk about me and so shrieked at by the young woman in charge, that I waived the point and placed money before her. A ticket snapped out from a slot so suddenly that, what with the jostling, I lost my hat again and, stooping to recover it, lost my nose glasses. When all was set straight, I proceeded to the door of the auditorium amid much ill-mannered laughter. At this point, let me remark that I was misinformed concerning the wearing of evening clothes. Mine were a subject of constant and audible remark.

Furthermore, the theater provided no cloak room, a fact which forced me to hold my coat on my knees and to place my silk hat beneath my chair.

As for the evening's production, I found it chaotic and confusing, with little to hold the interest and certainly with no logical conclusion. It was, I grant you, somewhat Dickensian in concept, but the producers had failed just where Dickens is strongest—in linking the assorted plots together and making the conclusion the direct and inevitable outcome of the previous actions of the characters. Another fault is the too great dependence which motion picture makers place on printed legends explaining the matter in progress. It is a terrific inconvenience to the critic, busy as he is with note book and pencil. I was constantly raising my eyes to glimpse a fading

caption and I missed so many of them, while noting down important thoughts, that I was often entirely at sea as to what was going on. I merely mention these details and leave it to others to correct them. A critique may be suggestive, but never concrete.

And now I shall try to describe each detail of the performance as it impressed me. From this, the managers, who, as you say, are eagerly awaiting my message, may be able to draw inferences that will help them.

The opening scene of the evening's production I found to be meritorious, impressive and understandable. I heard the noise of the picture machine, raised my eyes and saw before me an inscription which read: "General Pershing Reviews Overseas Veterans." A splendid sight and excellently produced, except for the fact that the infantry companies did not keep so good a front as we were accustomed to in my old regiment.

I saw the purpose of this at once, I flatter myself. The author was sketching in his atmosphere. This is undoubtedly a good enough technical usage, but, as time went on, I observed the man was overdoing it. For example, instead of proceeding from his "atmospheric" opening to his story, he laid out more background, depicting a line of battle-ships under steam. And when he went on and supplied us atmosphere from a Philippine cigar factory and a reception to the Archbishop of Senegal and a sketchy view of the natives of Mozambique, I felt it was going too far.

Valuable parts of the production were wasted because of its creator's fever for detail. With no previous explanation, an unfortunate, enfeebled woman was shown, back bent above the washboard. After a moment, with a display of faintness, she collapses into a nearby chair. Thereupon, with nothing to indicate why or wherefore, her husband peeped roguishly through the doorway, winked, and proceeded to enter the room, followed by two delivery men bearing the contrivance known as a washing machine. The woman revived, clapped her hands, and kissed her husband.

A caption was then displayed, as follows:

"Be Good to Your Wife. Buy Her an Automoto Washer."

After which the woman in question was shown sitting in an arm chair, reading a book with an infant in her arms, while the washing machine performed its salutary functions. This, I submit, was technically wrong. If it was intended as a moral for the picture it was stated too soon. The end of the performance, after the wife's trials and troubles have been outlined, after her soul has been laid bare, is the proper time to state the lesson of a motion picture. If, on the other hand, it was intended as a motif, it was again wrong. The motif, or theme-exposition, has its uses in Music, but I do not believe it can be applied to motion pictures advantageously.

Then, wholly without preparation, we were plunged into what I take to be the author's comic underplot. A succession of ludicrous characters here indulged in various forms of horseplay which ended in their be-smearing each other liberally with pastry. Good enough for dull wit, but as "The Comedy of Errors" is to "Twelfth Night," in relation to real humor.

On the heels of the comic underplot, came the depiction of the author's first main plot. This, based upon the theme-ques-

tion, "Should a Husband Know?" was melodramatically interesting, but dealt with everything else under the sun but the answer to the question. It told a story of a young man who was nervous and who smoked cigarettes visiting a pretty wife. Her husband, who was strong and smoked cigars, found out about it. He began to hold his head.

A friend of mine who frequents motion picture exhibitions, tells me there are three types of serious photoplay plots: (1) That in which a man holds his head all the time, (2) that in which a woman holds hers and (3) that in which they both hold their respective heads. This was of the first type. The strong husband attempted to kill the nervous young man and held his head; he was persuaded not to do it—by the wife—and held his head; he dismissed them and, when left alone, held his head. Then all three progressed through various stages of dissolution and poverty until the nervous young man ran away; the woman attempted to destroy herself, but was saved by the husband, who effected a reconciliation with her and then—even at the very last—would sit near her and hold his head. Leaving us to infer that a husband should not know? Or merely that some husbands should not? Who can tell?

All of this was confusing enough, but you may imagine my puzzlement when at this point the author jumped in again without preparation to a secondary main plot. This was a rather indecorous affair dealing with a gentleman who, when born, was so affected by a thunderstorm that ever afterward he suffered temporary amnesia when it thundered. The gentleman married the only daughter of an enemy and avowed that she should be the last of her line. No issue should she beget by him.

However, during a thunderstorm she took advantage of his amnesia—but why go into details? A baby was born. The angry gentleman held his head and suspected his wife. She convinced him the child was his own. Thereupon he lost his fortune and went away to work. The neighbor, under pretense of investing the remnants of the woman's personal fortune, contrived to provide her with riches.

Of course, when the husband had made another fortune and returned to his home, he was suspicious of the luxury in which she lived. He held his head, then announced he would leave her and take his little son with him. Whereupon, in order to keep the child with her, she convinced him that the boy was not his. Then the neighbor explained his investment proceedings, the wife was forgiven and—she convinced that incredible husband that the baby was his after all.

And then—then what?

Then the grand climax?

The intermingling of all the plots in Dickens' best style?

The final disposition of the characters of the plots?

No. None of this.

With the completion of the third plot, the performance was brought to a summary end and we were dismissed with no knowledge of what followed in their several careers.

Information was afforded that those who came late might remain to witness a duplication of the material already witnessed and I departed, hat in hand.

I carried my hat, of necessity, because of the efforts of a tobacco eater who sat behind me.

Her Alibi

SHE had read. She had one ambition: to succeed as a film star. But had she not been assured, time and again, via the printed page, that to succeed in the films a young girl must be willing to sacrifice . . . everything? Simply . . . everything?

So she went to the City, and wormed her way in to see someone in authority at her favorite studio.

"I am willing," she said soulfully, "to do anything—anything—to succeed!"

The authority seemed unimpressed. "No place right now," he replied.

She tried another studio, bringing photographs and arguments.

"I am willing"—again—"I don't care what it is—I'll do absolutely *anything* to succeed!"

They said they'd put her name on the waiting list. She tried others, each time using more heart-throbs in her voice, more transparent stockings, more rouge on her lips. But everywhere she met with the same answer: "Nothing for you."

Finally she became discouraged; besides, her money ran out. When she got home she told the folks, "It's not worth it. Some girls may do it, but I never *could* sell my soul to succeed!"

And they believed her.



The most humiliating moment in my life

When I overheard the cause of my unpopularity among men

A CHICAGO girl writes to me: "Oh, if I had only read one of your articles years ago! Many times I have heard women criticize you for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and I know that many of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves.

"I learned the facts about myself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overhearing two girl friends talk about me.

"'Why don't the men dance with her,' one of them said." Here came a few words I couldn't catch, and then—'of course she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration.'

"It was the most humiliating moment in my life! I, who had prided myself on my daintiness, had overlooked what men could not."

An old fault—common to most of us

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excite-

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

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

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

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little

talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Saves gowns and cleaners' bills

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

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 514 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

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

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada, to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.; for France, to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; for Switzerland, to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve; for England, to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2; for Mexico, to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City; for U.S.A., to

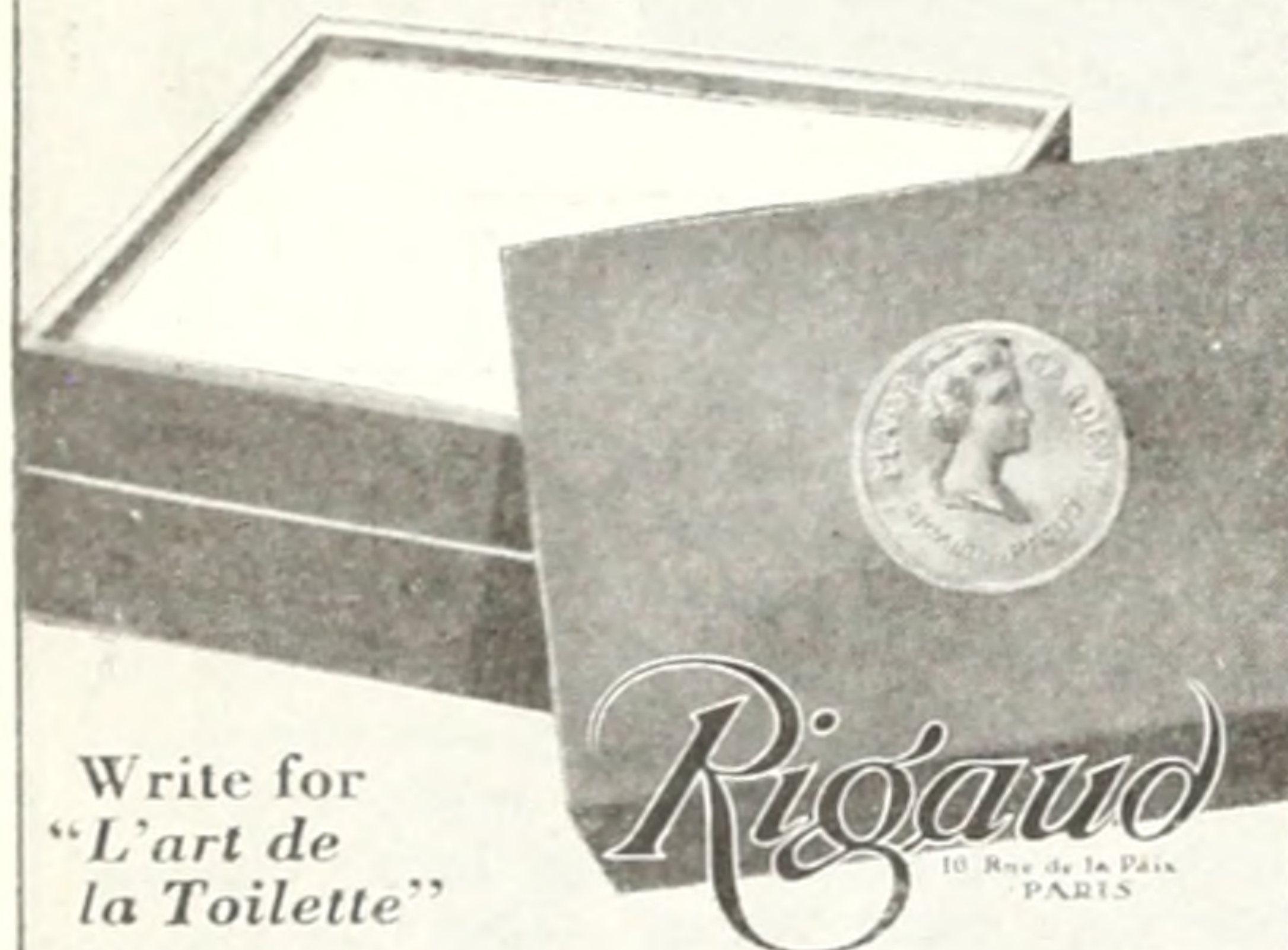
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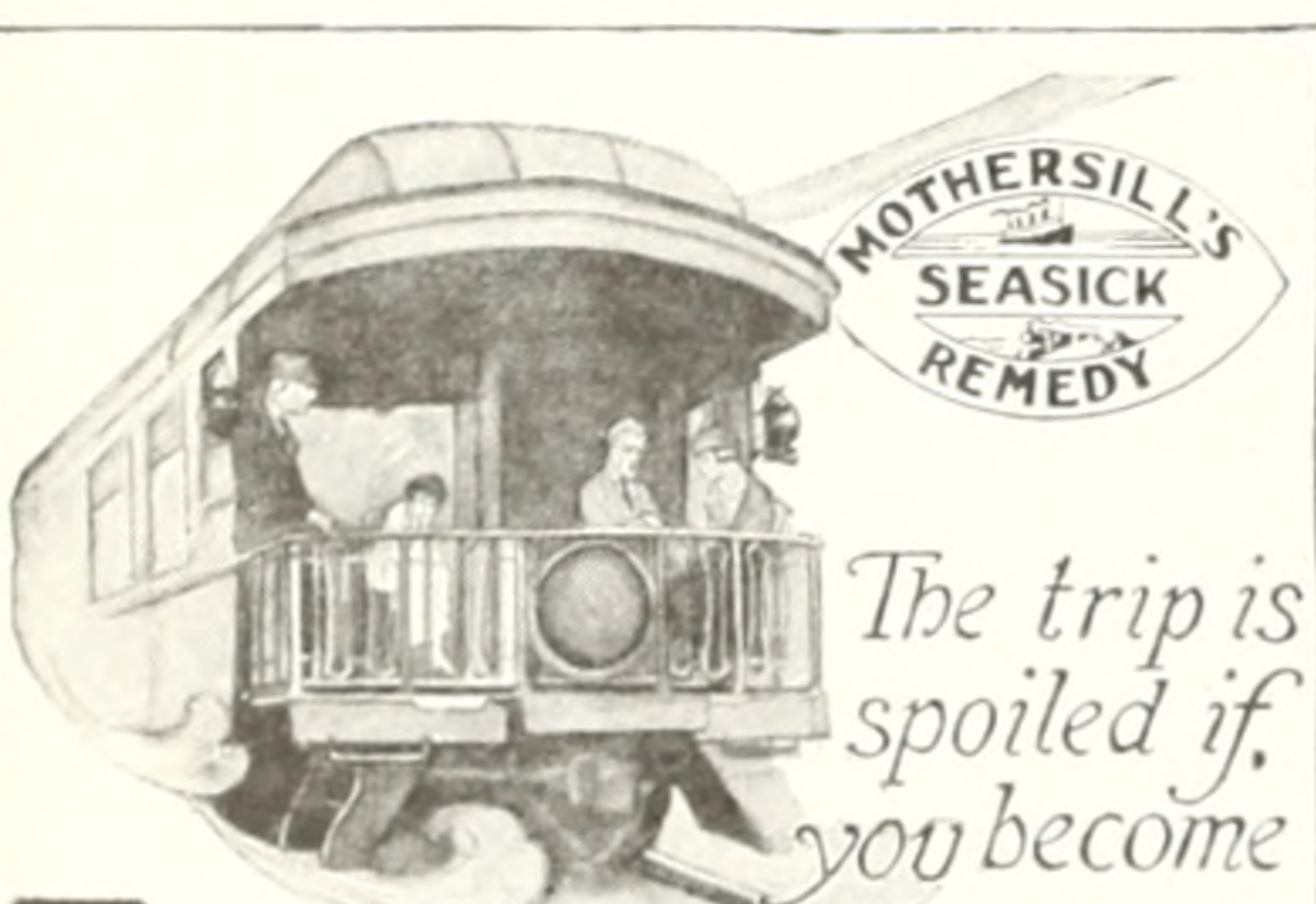
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

THE FORTUNE TELLER — Robertson-Cole

THE poor directors do have a time of it. Not so long ago they were being called to book because they were too free in their exaggerations of the stories from which they took their plots. Now they appear to be swinging to the other extreme and following the plots too closely, particularly in the case of the stage plays they reproduce on the screen. "The Fortune Teller" was a failure as a play largely because it was not reasonably filled in. The prologue introduced the heroine as a dissolute fortune teller traveling with a circus. As a young woman she had been turned out of her home by the husband who had unjustly accused her of being too friendly with another man. The circus plays the old home town and the fortune teller's son, whom she left as an infant, comes to her for a reading. She discovers that he, too, is in trouble and is able to help him. To be near him she quits the circus and stays in town. In two years she is established as a famous psychic, without her son knowing her real relation to him. Exposure threatens and she is about to leave rather than jeopardize her son's future, when a satisfactory explanation is made possible. The picture goes back of this episode and shows the original quarrel with the husband, but it does not in any way develop the episodes concerned with the gradual regeneration of the fortune teller or the real drama of her efforts to help her son and still keep her great secret, wherein the real suspense of the situation lies. Neither are the titles properly utilized to make clear the lapses. Marjorie Rambeau gives as effective a performance as the mother as the scenario and the director permit, but she is pretty severely handicapped.

DOLLARS AND SENSE — Goldwyn

GOLDWYN could, if Goldwyn wanted to, adopt a general title for all the Madge Kennedy comedies. Call them "Jes' Like Madge," and add an explanatory subtitle. That for the current showing would be "She Runs a Bakery." In this picture Madge again slips gracefully into those easy picture making channels in which a succession of attractive scenes takes the place of a soundly reasoned logic. In "Dollars and Sense" she starts as a chorus girl, is stranded, sidesteps the temptations offered by a rich man who considers stranded chorus ladies fair game and accepts a job in the bakery of a young philanthropist who had rather give his bread to the poor than sell it. She quickly puts the bakery on its feet, and falls in love with the proprietor, but their romance is halted when he is taken ill. Then, to help the plot, the bakery suddenly becomes bankrupt and Madge is forced to reconsider the sale of her good name in order to raise funds to pay the youth's bill at the hospital. She is willing to make the sacrifice, but the man who would buy is not such a rotter as she thought him, and instead of taking advantage of her predicament he arranges for her marriage with the baker. A pleasant little short story in five reels. Miss Kennedy is daintily effective, as usual, and has a personable hero to play opposite her in young Kenneth Harlan.

AN EASTERN WESTERNER — Rolin Pathe

IF the only Charles Chaplin does not hurry back to the job he is likely to find that the only Harold Lloyd has replaced him in the affections of that vast public that dotes on the rough but often riotously amusing

comedy of the screen. Lloyd's "An Eastern Westerner" presents that agile youth at his best, and its first reels are a perfect sample of how legitimately funny a farcical comedy can be made on the screen. Harold's attempts to avoid dancing the "shimmy" in a dancing place where the wriggling is forbidden, and his later experience in trying to sneak into his room without arousing the family, which he would have succeeded in doing if he hadn't stepped on the cat, are real bits of unforced comedy. Later his adventures in the West are more wildly exaggerated, and less effective in consequence, though the comedy tricks of the usual pursuit and capture, escape and recapture, are full of laughable incidents. A burlesqued poker game is also ingeniously built up. As Chaplin's successor, this bespectacled youth is striding forward in seven-league boots.

THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD — Robertson-Cole

THERE are more wonders twixt heaven and earth, and within reach of the recording eye of the camera, than were ever dreamed of in the stuffy offices of the scenarioist. The record of Sir Ernest Shackleton's search for the South Pole, as shown in the two-part film, "The Bottom of the World," is one of the fine achievements of the screen, comparable only to the thrilling adventures of the ill-fated Scott's dash northward some years ago. The director of the local theater who gave it the featured position on his program exhibited excellent judgment, and the decision to show it in two parts, holding over the second chapter from one week until the next, displayed good showmanship. It is far more holding in its interest than ninety-eight out of a hundred feature films, and more instructive than any number of ordinary educational films. It bears the stamp of authority and of actuality. It literally brings the day by day living conditions, the hardships and the compensations of the explorers' lot, to the auditorium of a theater. And the fact that the spectator knows most of the pictures were carefully posed for his entertainment does not rob them of their fascination. It is a promise of the finer achievements of the screen that will come to view as time goes on and the intrepid camera men push their way into the weird and allegedly inaccessible corners of the world.

By Photoplay Editors

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE — Vitagraph

ONE of those tales of the rugged North with its red-blooded men and its brave women. I don't know why the men should be any more red-blooded and the women more brave in the rugged North than in the rugged Middle-West, but they undoubtedly are. You don't mind it when the woman is that weird and wistful mite, Pauline Starke; and the man a new Niles Welch, who left his striped shirts at home and forgot his arrow-collar eyes, emerging a very real actor. It's a James Oliver Curwood story, as you probably guessed; directed by David Smith, brother of Albert E., whose work would be just as praiseworthy if his name were Jones. You'll enjoy this, particularly if you see it in July or August. You'll want to go right up North, bears or no bears.

LET'S BE FASHIONABLE — Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

AS if prohibition weren't enough, along comes Thomas H. Ince to rob us of one of our next-best things. To make it all

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

the harder, the swan song of those cupids of comedy, Douglas McLean and Doris May, is their best picture since "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave." Luther Reed has made his funniest scenario from a story supplied by Mildred Considine. Reed's subtitles are sure-fire; they scintillate. You're with the newly-wedded Langdons from first to last, thanks to him. Douglas McLean is again a younger and handsomer Willie Collier—only more so. Doris May in pajamas is the Month's Best Optical Moment. Any crabbed critic who can sit through this without laughing right out, must be either blind or insensible. As the exhibitor's report will say, "You can't go wrong—don't miss it."

THE GARTER GIRL—Vitagraph

EVERY now and then some write hope is hailed as "the new O. Henry." And then he fades out. That there is only one O. Henry is attested to by this screening of his "Memento." Faithfully translated into scenario form, very well directed by Edward Griffith, a youngster out of Uncle Sam's service who is going to show them all some-day, and naively acted by that baby-star, Corinne Griffith, it is fine entertainment. Corinne is Rosalie Lee, a vaudeville girl who turns down her well-meaning partner to find love in the country and clergyman's garb, only to discover that you can't always tell who has the garter you flung into the audience as part of your act. Rod LaRocque as the disappointing young clergyman who is fond of garters, could not be bettered. Earle Metcalfe, an old Lubinite, comes back with a wallop as the actor. While Miss Griffith herself is a complete surprise. Here is one young woman with great beauty and charm who becomes a better actress with every new picture.

BY GOLLY—Mack Sennett-Paramount

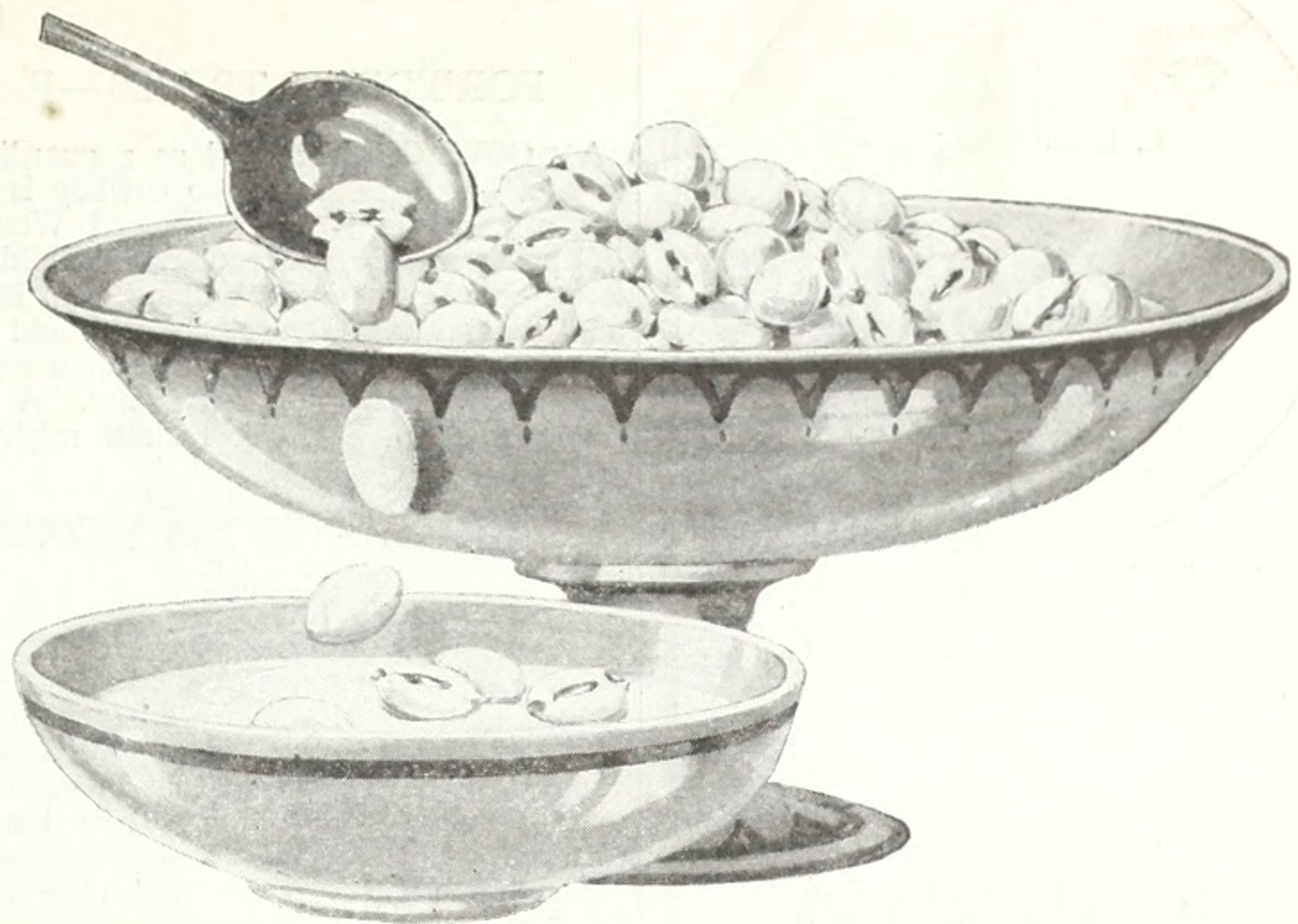
THE month's dreariest comedy. Anyway, that's what the program calls it—a "comedy." Charlie Murray worked hard and so did Baldy Belmont. Harriet Hammond looked her prettiest. But the result was one of those things you like to forget as soon as possible. Mack must be asleep at the switch.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM— Paramount-Artcraft

ANOTHER one of those serious attempts to be very, very funny. If Bryant Washburn, one of our best real comedians, and Wanda Hawley, one of our best real blondes, were not in it—but they are, and you've no idea how they help things along. A plot that is mostly "business," a fat man who is played by Walter Hiers, who is funny if you like him, Wanda and Bryant—and there you are. Take it or sleep through it.

THE DEVIL'S CLAIM— Robertson-Cole

THERE is a good deal of hocus-pocus about "The Devil's Claim." The combination of Greenwich Village and Hindu atmosphere is like eating Italian spaghetti and chop suey in the same meal. Hayakawa is seen as an intellectual vampire who steals bright ideas from bright young girls and then sells them (the ideas, not the girls) to the magazines. As usual, he is better than the story. Colleen Moore makes a charming Hindu-ess, which proves that a lady's ability need not be limited to her name.



August Nights

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Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

FORBIDDEN TRAILS—Fox

A COWBOY is named as a guardian to a beautiful girl. The cowboy is Buck Jones and the girl is Winifred Westover. We never saw such a troublesome child. She is continually getting mixed up with bandits and kidnapers. The cowboy should have checked her in a nice quiet orphan asylum. But he doesn't. He marries her. A lively picture, but, as Sherlock Holmes might say, elemental.

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY—Selznick

EUGENE O'BRIEN in a George Barr McCutcheon story. A picturesque young author hides from the madding crowd in a Swiss castle. A lovely lady (played by Ruby De Remer) flies to that gorgeous spot for protection against her cruel husband. The lady is an American heiress and the husband is an Italian count. That's why he is cruel. Pretty romance, pretty snow scenes and a pretty fight between the author and the husband. And, as we have said, Eugene O'Brien in a George Barr McCutcheon story.

JUST A WIFE—National Picture Theatres

JUST a Wife. Just a film. Eugene Walter's stage play is not a great success in its warmed-over form. Perhaps this elaborately devised plot belongs to the stage. It has drama and situations. You miss any human appeal. It is stilted and unnatural. However, we will give three silent but well-meant cheers for Leatrice Joy, who makes emotional acting positively painless—to the audience.

"NO. 99"—Hodkinson

NAIVE and merry entertainment. J. Warren Kerrigan is still seen as a convict who, with the help of a pretty young person, walks into a houseparty in prison grey and emerges its honored guest. We knew all along that he had been falsely accused of the crime that put him under such a cloud during the first reel. But "No. 99" is harmless entertainment. Mr. Kerrigan wears a monocle.

WOLVES OF THE STREET—Artograph

DO you remember when the man who owned the movie theater also took the tickets? Do you remember when the girl in the booth was also the chief soloist? Do you remember when pink, blue and green slides were used for the illustrated songs? Do you remember when Tom Ince was making Indian pictures? Do you remember when Mary Pickford was a face and not a name? Do you remember the sort of "thrillers" that were shown then? When you see "Wolves of the Street" you will think of them happy days before the war tax and the super-extra deluxe special. This picture was made in Denver by a new company and there is a chase and a knock-down fight in every scene. Just like the good old days.

THE THIRTIETH PIECE OF SILVER—American

THIS is a film version of the old game "button, button, who's got the button." A collector of rare coins has one piece that he values above all others. No wonder; it was the thirtieth piece of silver given to

Judas for the betrayal of Christ. The gentleman also has a wife, whom he prizes highly. He lives in fear of losing his two treasures. The coin is constantly disappearing and the wife is constantly threatening a domestic row. The picture is foolish, but not dull. Margarita Fisher and King Baggot have the leading roles.

LOVE'S HARVEST—Fox

"LOVE'S Harvest" is a light romance that has walked right out of the covers of a story book. It is straight from the never-never land of popular fiction. Shirley Mason plays a child role and only grows up in time to slip into the arms of the hero in the last reel and tell him that love is the most wonderful thing in the world. A dog named Buddie figures prominently in the story. Buddie does tricks and so does Shirley.

THE FLAPPER—Selznick

A PERFECT nut sundae jag is "The Flapper." It is all about the goings-on of a silly, harmless and charming boarding school flapper who wants to be tough and doesn't care how many ice cream sodas she drinks. It is a regular banana frappe of a picture; amusing without being inebriating. Olive Thomas is the most delectable flapper that ever evaded a chaperone. Her tiny step-sister has an important supporting role which she plays enchantingly.

THE MIRACLE OF MONEY—Pathe

WHEN Hobart Henley passes the age of forty-five, we hope life will be good to him. For he is a staunch champion of middle age. When all the other directors are demanding youth, he turns his camera on those who have passed beyond first romance and deals gently with these bachelors and spinsters. Do you remember "The Gay Old Dog"? "The Miracle of Money" is its successor. Two old maids go on a hunt for life, love and happiness. Their quest is told with touches of humor and sentiment.

THE ONE WAY TRAIL—Republic

EDYTHE STERLING is a lively young woman in "The One Way Trail." Just because she spells her name with a "y" instead of an "i" you need not think she is all lady-like and refined. In a story of the lumber country, she is in the thick of the thrills. The story is just the conventional melodrama but there are some interesting details that make the picture entertaining.

THE TERROR—Fox

MORE Tom Mix stunts and more Western thrills. This time Tom is a sheriff and it is his duty to find out who is stealing gold from the mines. Chases and gun-play keep him fairly busy. Mix must stay up nights thinking of new ways to break his neck.

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES—Selznick

IN movie stories of twin sisters, why is one sister good and the other one bad? Why does the good sister have to suffer for the misdoings of the bad one? Why do producers consider one dual role picture a necessity in the screen career of any actress? Answer these questions and we shall tell why "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes" came to be. Elaine Hammerstein, who always suggests common sense and a good disposition, does her best with unconvincing material.



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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

BURNING DAYLIGHT—Metro

THIS tale of Wall Street and the Klondike is served up in Jack London's best fashion. After a great run of Western stories you realize that Jack London possessed an art that is not easily imitated. For "Burning Daylight," outwardly just like many other tales of the East and West, has an inherent story value that makes it better than average picture entertainment. Mitchell Lewis plays the role of the miner who nearly meets his Waterloo on Wall Street. Helen Ferguson is a charming heroine.

SCRATCH MY BACK—Goldwyn

RUPERT HUGHES' comedy is as original as its title. Moreover, the title isn't just a bit of flippancy. It has something to do with the story. And what's the story? It is too good to describe.

"Scratch My Back" is something new. It is told with a combination of artlessness and sophistication that is enchanting. The subtitles win the floral horseshoe that goes to the person who can write captions that are funny without being obnoxious. Mr. Hughes may be an Eminent Author but let us not hold that against him so long as he can be so merry and bright. Sidney Olcott helped a lot with his direction. T. Roy Barnes makes his screen debut in this picture and Helene Chadwick is the leading woman.

Just this much about the story: a gentleman who always does what he wants to do scratches the back of a strange lady (or the strange back of a lady), as she is sitting in the theater with her husband. Does she have him arrested? No, she is grateful. Does she rid herself of her husband and marry the gentleman? No, she does not, nor does Mr. Hughes hint at such a thing. It is a picture that is different.

NOTHING BUT LIES—Metro

A WILLIAM COLLIER farce that has been transferred to the screen and to Taylor Holmes. It is too mechanical to be amusing, even though Taylor Holmes does his best to please. Justine Johnstone (ask any man-about-town who Justine Johnstone is) brings her blonde beauty to the production. It is her first appearance in the deaf and dumb drama. We prefer to see her on the stage.

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Universal

IT is not a sequel to the Taylor Holmes picture. It is just another fibbing farce that jumps around like a Mexican bean. And, like the Mexican bean, it gets nowhere. However, it is told in sprightly fashion and it has fairly amusing subtitles. And there is plenty of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran.

THE PATH SHE CHOSE—Universal

IF you think this is another "Why Girls Go Wrong" melodrama, you are wrong. It is a sensible and human interest story of why girls go right. The heroine is a girl who emerges from a sordid family life in the slums and makes a success in the business world. Her story has true-to-life appeal. The girl is pleasingly played by Ann Cornwall.

NEXT to Barthelmess and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Constance Talmadge is probably the most "reported engaged" person in the world. Once she was even reported engaged to Dick Barthelmess. Then to Irving Berlin. A rich tobacco merchant is the latest "fiance," but Miss Talmadge's intimates say there is nothing in it.



Priscilla Dean

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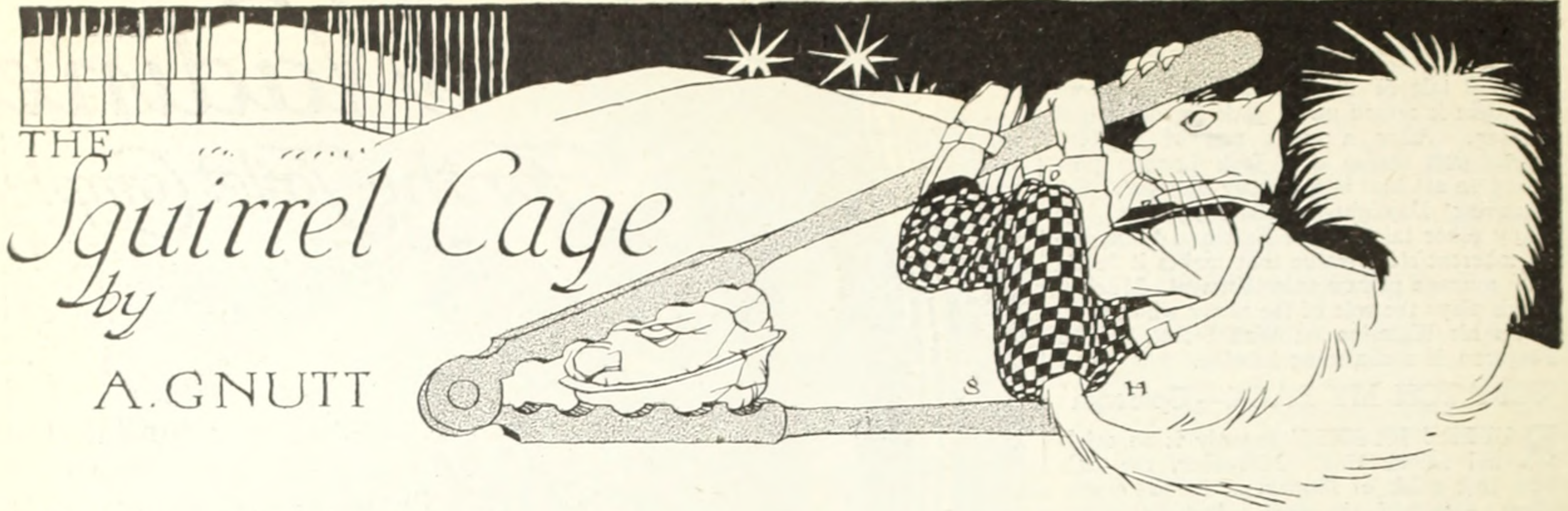
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"Just Slip it on!"



DID you know that every Swedish movie director speaks at least one foreign language? Generally it is Swedish.

A YOUNG man should kiss a girl on either the left or the right cheek," says a writer on hygiene in a weekly paper. Whereupon Mr. Punch remarks that, as the option of either cheek is given, many young men will no doubt hesitate between the two.

CHEER up. In Budapest drunkenness is "under certain circumstances" punishable by death.

"SAY, Harry, we've got to figure out some way to get back that oil stock we've been selling."
 "What's the idea?"
 "I just got a telegram saying the darned property really has oil on it."
 —Life.

DO you dream at night? Then you're all right. And here's something else for our directors to worry about. For criminals do not dream. They are essentially men of action whose minds never wander from purposes to morals, and consequently their sleep is undisturbed by any nightmares.

A bunch of investigators got busy on this and established it as a fact. Their records show that of one hundred and twenty-five criminals under observation not one was disturbed in any way in his slumbers.

And you always thought they were haunted at night by their crimes.

THE former infantry major, now in civies, sauntered into the barber shop. Eight barbers snapped out of restful postures and stood stiffly by their chairs. The major hesitated, feeling there was something he should do about it. Then it all came to him in a flash.

"As you were!" he bellowed.
 —American Legion Weekly.

ONE finds it harder and harder to live within one's income these days, but suppose one had to live without it!

YOU fellows who are being rushed by the girls this year, just suppose you lived in New Guinea. Every year is Leap Year there!

The men consider it below their dignity to notice women at all, much less make overtures of marriage. Consequently the proposing is left to the women. And, yes, there's a string tied to it.

When a New Guinea woman falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or to another lady relative, who tells the favored man that the particular woman is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for such a pursuit is considered a waste of time. If the man would like to wed the lady he meets her alone and they decide whether to marry or drop the idea.

POSSIBLY it was in New Guinea that the story originated about the unromantic young fellow who was asked whether, after he had taken a young lady home from the theater, he had kissed her.

"No!" he replied. "I figured I had done about enough for her for one evening."

WHEN the projected trans-Australian line from Oodnadatta to Port Darwin is completed the traveler on it will be confronted with

what will be, probably, the dreariest railway journey in the world.

The greater part of the route lies through a desert region, practically devoid of life, and utterly uninteresting.

At present, however, the unenviable distinction rests with that portion of the Southern Pacific Railway which runs through Arizona and Southern California. Here, for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles, the traveller sees naught save

WELL, Monte Carlo is in full swing now. Money is passing over the tables at the rate of a billion and a half a month.

SUNKER Abaji Bisey, a Hindoo scientist, has invented a crook-proof ouija board. It is made of steel and constructed so that those working it cannot see what it writes. He does not say whether it is fool-proof.

WHILE thousands of persons are taking the ouija board quite seriously—it does do funny things, doesn't it?—still its manufacturers assure us that it was only intended as a toy, and the name—there's nothing mysterious about that either. It's just the French *oui* and the German *ja*, meaning "yes, yes."

IT is surprising how many useful things come into general use simply on account of some slip. Blotting-paper, for instance, was the result of a workman's spoiling of a batch into which he had forgotten to put any sizing material. Nobel discovered dynamite by a slip, and the first bayonet was the result of a soldier's suggestion that, as the powder was done, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their rifles and charge.

—But one of the funniest accidental discoveries relates to bottled beer. In the reign of Queen Mary a certain Dean of St. Paul's and Master of Westminster School had to fly to the Continent for his life. He was angling by the silvery Thames at the time the warning reached him. Some years later he not only returned to England, but to the very spot for the very same purpose, with rod and line.

Growing thirsty, he remembered that he had left a bottle of beer in the hollow of a neighboring tree when he had suddenly taken flight some years before. The bottle was there, but when he removed the cork it went off with a bang.

"I SEE that the old light-house where we used to picnic on the shore has been destroyed by a storm," Mr. Biggs observed, looking up from his paper.

"Well, I'm not surprised," Mrs. Biggs responded as she picked up her sewing. "I always said it would be. Really, I can't understand how the Government is of such poor judgment as to build light-houses in such exposed places as they do."—The Home Sector.

YOU'VE probably heard that line pulled by some punster, when questioned as to his ancestry, that he about the chap who was said to be of Scotch extraction because he could extract so much Scotch from—. But Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner of New Zealand, tells a new one:

The New Zealand forces—a part of the famous Anzacs—contained quite a large number of natives and one of the dusky warriors waited on Sir Thomas, claiming that he was a Scotsman.

"Why do you claim to be a Scot?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Well," replied the Maori, "I've Scottish blood in my veins. My grandfather ate a Scotch Presbyterian minister."



"There's something about you, old thing, that stirs me strangely."
 — Courtesy London Sketch

alkali desert, whose ever-shifting sand dunes formed, in the old pre-railroad days, the only graves of many hundreds of poor wretches who sought to reach California by what was then known as the "Southern Trail."

"SUPPOSING I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman, "what will you do to earn it?"

"Madam," said the wanderer, "I'd give you de opportunity ov seeing a man go t'roo a whole meal without findin' fault wid a single t'ing."

The woman thought a moment, and then told him to come in, and she'd lay the table.
 —London Opinion.



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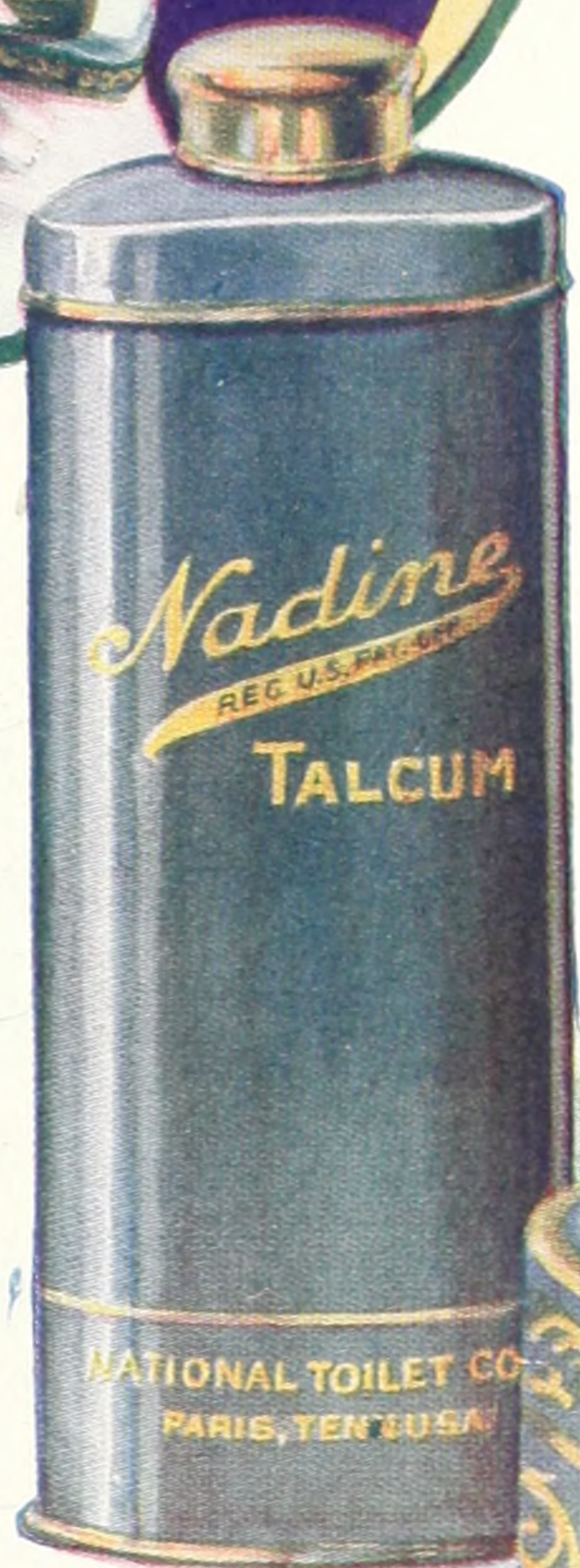
And the assistance they give milady will enhance her beauty, giving her a delicate rose-petal complexion of bewitching fragrancy.

Milady will have a soft, smooth, velvety skin, with just a tint of color, protection from sun and wind, with never a hint of harm, and a delightful charm which will linger in the memory.

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Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK



The answer to Mary Pickford's advertisement for an equine wreck: Lavender, who appears in "Suds." So fat did he become from good fare that toward the end of the picture he had to be made up to look as if he were really on his last legs. It's a new Mary in this adaptation of "'Op o' Me Thumb."

PUBLIC sentiment is a chameleon. And never more so than in that romance which culminated in Mary Pickford's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. At the rumors of its budding public sympathy seemed to be with Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks—until, as soon as she had obtained a divorce from Doug, with a reported monetary compensation of something like a half million dollars, she married James Evans. Mary Pickford's followers, particularly those of the Catholic faith, received a real shock when she divorced Owen Moore, whom she had married at seventeen. Her marriage to Fairbanks capped the climax of public disfavor. But now, with the Nevada court instituting proceedings to investigate the Pickford-Moore divorce, the pendulum has swung again, in favor of the famous newlyweds. Says Old Public Opinion: "They're married now—let 'em alone!" And we hope the matter will rest there and that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may be permitted to have a real-life honeymoon that will last a long, long time.

PRESIDENT WILSON has become a most ardent movie fan. During the long days of his illness, nothing entertained him so much as a reel or two of film. Hardly one day passes now that he does not call for his projection machine and operator to reel him off the latest comedy—for comedy is his preference, and one good one is always shown at every performance. But if Woodrow Wilson likes one form of screen drama better than another, it's a detective film full of thrills.

CHARLES ABBE, a character actor, who is playing a pauper in a forthcoming production with Corinne Griffith, came down one morning in the elevator of his hotel in Charleston where he was on location with the Griffith Company, with his make-up on and dressed in the nondescript dilapidated attire of "Old Hank Dawe."

Several prosperous looking Southerners were in the car. One of them studied Abbe closely, trying to reconcile his refined, clean-cut features, framed by his Baconesque white hair, with his poverty-stricken attire. As Abbe stepped from the elevator the Southerner remarked to his companion:

"Say, Jim, this old clothes scheme is a great thing to beat the high cost of dressing. I think I'll put on overalls, too."

AFTER the war was over, Robert Warwick walked into a film office in his uniform, his overseas cap, and his Sam Browne belt, and smilingly signed an advantageous stellar contract with Famous Players-Lasky for \$3,000 a week. Now he is suing that company for \$525,644.23, for alleged violation of contract. The story goes that Warwick's pictures failed to get over in proportion to the salary he received. The powers of Paramount offered him an alternative: would he take a salary reduction and play supporting roles? Warwick would not. Famous decided it couldn't lose any more money in a legal suit than on Warwick's pictures, so they simply let him go ahead and litigate to his heart's content.

MRS. MAY PRESTON DEAN has discovered a unique way of adding to her fund for the Los Angeles Orphans. Her daughter Priscilla was married a few months ago to Wheeler Oakman. Both are professionals and therefore temperamental. So Mother Dean made a rule. It was, "Every time Priscilla and Wheeler have words, the party who started things must place one dollar in the bank on the mantel." And although the Oakmans are happier than most married couples, you'd be surprised to know how much that little old bank is holding!

JUNE WALKER, the brune baby vamp of Clifton Crawford's stage comedy, "My Lady Friends," has been signed for film service, as *PHOTOPLAY* predicted sometime ago. She will be Bobby Harron's leading woman in that young man's first stellar vehicle. Miss Walker is not new to pictures; she was an extra at Essanay in the good old days.

OF the many film folk booked for foreign trips, only a few really sailed. The whole Talmadge family, including Mother Peg, Constance, Natalie and Norma Talmadge Schenck announced their intention to depart for Europe early in May but only Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie got across. The rest of the family, swamped with work right

now, may follow later. John and Anita Loos Emerson have postponed their scheduled sailing. While Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who had made all plans for an early voyage, were forced to cancel their bookings and stay at home. Their manager says it's because they must oblige United Artists with new releases. Gossip says it's because Mrs. Charlotte Pickford didn't like to be left at home. She has been ill, but accompanied the honeymooners to Manhattan. Mary's mother, comrade and guardian until Fairbanks came on the scene, naturally finds it hard to play only an atmospheric role in one of the world's greatest romances.

PRISCILLA DEAN has uttered against the overall craze. She doesn't think it will last; what's more, she doesn't approve of blue denim for girls.

"Personally," said Miss Dean, "I should just as soon see a woman walk down the street in a bathing-suit as in a pair of overalls."

"I'd sooner," remarked Hoot Gibson, who overheard.

WILL ROGERS is one of the few motion picture stars whose mail is not cluttered with requests for autographed photographs, scented notes and other flatteries usually received by film celebrities. For one thing, he boasts of his love for his wife and their four children. And besides, he isn't the matinee idol type of hero.

Not long ago, however, a large square envelope came to him by special delivery. He opened it and read:

"Dear Mr. Rogers:

"All my life I've been the butt of my family because I'm the homeliest man in town. They are all pretty good looking folks, but I'm a sort of throwback that don't seem to belong. Now, they tell me you've got a reputation along that line, so I'm writing you to send me a large photograph of yourself to hang next to my shaving mirror for consolation.

"Sincerely yours,"

(Name deleted to spare writer's feelings.)

Plays and Players

(Continued)

Loved By
Children
**JAP ROSE
SOAP**

If you could see a chemical analysis of this ultra refined toilet soap you would know why it is always so pleasing and refreshing to use, and why it leaves the skin in such perfect condition.

You would know too, why the children love it. And you would know that it is what its delicate transparency suggests—PURE.

Roses in the cheeks, fluffiness in the hair, fragrant cleanliness everywhere—that's Jap Rose.

You'll Like It!

JAMES S. KIRK
& COMPANY
Chicago



For centuries sages have sought the secret of successful matrimony. It remained for Cecil De Mille to give it away. It seems to be up to the wife: *Never annoy your husband while he is shaving.* If all better halves followed this rule, all homes would be happy—and then what would Mr. De Mille do for a living? It was inconsiderate of Gloria Swanson to insist upon Tom Meighan buttoning her up the back at this crucial moment, wasn't it?

WE should like to know—why all of David Wark Griffith's brightest stars: Lillian Gish, Bobby Harron, and eventually Dick Barthelmess are branching out for themselves? In the new Harron pictures to be released by Metro, D. W. will have a supervising power; but his stellar blonde who was never a star while she worked with him—Lillian—who will direct her? And who will Griffith find to take her place? Lillian is said to have tired of seeing her name always in the supporting cast, although exhibitors all over the country were fond of billing her above the production, much to the displeasure of Mr. Griffith's business office. It is rumored, too, that the younger Gish, Dorothy, is chafing at the Griffith reins and soon will leave the camp. And why did Thomas Ince separate those heavenly twins of comedy, Douglas McLean and Doris May, just when everyone was beginning to like them?

GLORIA, Gloria—who has Gloria? This is one of the leading questions in filmdom today. Miss Swanson, who first became famous for her bizarre oriental head-dresses and costumes in Cecil DeMille's domestic dramas, is now in retirement as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, wife of the president of Equity Pictures. But Paramount-Artcraft says it has Gloria tied up in contracts until January 1, 1923, while Gloria's husband says Gloria's contract is up December 31, 1920. Gloria meanwhile, as has been noted before, is in private life awaiting a most interesting domestic event.

BORN to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Forman, on May 4, a son. Tom, formerly a leading man of high visibility, turned scenario writer and then director for Lasky. To Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKim, also on May 4, a daughter. McKim is one of the best—or worst, depending upon your viewpoint—villains in celluloid, while his wife, Dorcas Matthews, is well known as an actress.

MR. AND MRS. SHELDON LEWIS have deserted the flicker drama for the varieties. Lest you forget, Mrs. Lewis is professionally known as Virginia Pearson.

THE latest and wildest rumor is that Madame Olga Petrova will go to the Orient next September to make a picture in which she will have the cooperation of the Chinese government.

BEG your pardon; the latest wild rumor is that former President William Howard Taft is the head of a new film syndicate, which will film patriotic features. Mr. Taft will be remembered as the rotund gentleman who at one time figured so largely in the news-reels.

CECIL B. DEMILLE will continue to give hectic advice to married folks via the Paramount-Artcraft screens for five more years. They say he could have gone with almost any other company. But who wouldn't rather be a director-general of one large concern than merely an associated director or producer or something?

JULIEN JOSEPHSON, whose reliable Remingtonwood has spelled out many a clever scenario of small-town but not small-time life for Charlie Ray, has left Ince for Famous Players. Josephson it was who received the accolade from this magazine, which hailed him as "the New Write Hope."

IT is quite likely that Madge Kennedy will leave the Goldwyn Company at the end of her present contract, thereby following in the footsteps of Pauline Frederick and Geraldine Farrar. Samuel Goldwyn says that while he was in Paris he engaged a new French star, a lovely girl, nineteen years old, who has had some experience in French productions. But he won't tell anyone her name. Possibly he is learning to pronounce it.



X-BAZIN
Famous FRENCH Depilatory
for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also \$1.00 size which includes cold cream, mixing cup and spatula. At drug and department stores.

Send 10c for trial sample and booklet.

HALL & RUCKEL, 112 Waverly Place, New York



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BLOOMING COMPLEXION?
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Roseen Beautifier

Something unusual, just what you are looking for. It imparts to the complexion a soft and velvety texture and nourishes the tissues without injuring the skin. Try Roseen Beautifier once and you will be delighted. Price 60c. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail it to you postpaid on receipt of 63c. ROSEEN TOILET CO., 1299 McAllister St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Awarded 2 Gold Medals

Plays and Players

(Continued)

TEDDY SAMPSON created, directed and starred in a personally conducted serial drama that might be entitled "Running the Border" or "How I Assaulted a Policeman," the other evening at Tia Juana, the famous resort just across the line from San Diego.

Teddy and Lottie Pickford made the trip to see the ponies run and watch the green tables and the numbered wheel. Along about the witching hour in the evening when courage is high, Teddy disagreed with a Mexican gendarme about something and emphasized her feelings by slapping his face.

When part of the Mexican army arrived to arrest her, Teddy had disappeared, and they failed to locate her.

As a matter of fact, the diminutive star hid in a food cupboard in the kitchen, until the lights were out, when a couple of Los Angeles men of influence, who knew her and didn't wish to leave an American girl in such straits, disguised her as a boy and "ran the border" with her.

Now Teddy has decided to let the Mexicans run Mexico any darn way they please.

COSMO HAMILTON, who is working with William DeMille in the preparation of his new novel "His Friend and His Wife" for early production, says he is going to teach his daughter to darn his Sox and consider it a privilege. If he means it, he'd better keep her in England. If she comes to Hollywood, where a good many women earn salaries of enormous proportions, he may get away with the Sox but he'll have an awful time with the privilege.

MARY ALDEN, who has just completed the leading role in "Milestones," is planning a trip to England in the early fall. Whether she will make pictures there is not yet known, but she says since so much of her mail comes from that section of the globe she wants to go over and get acquainted.

ARTHUR NELSON MILLETT has been granted a divorce from his wife Neva Gerber, on the grounds of desertion. Jane Novak is suing her husband, Frank Newburg, for divorce. The Newburgs have a three-year-old daughter.

WE have discovered the meanest man in the State of Pennsylvania. He is not a censor, but the man who robbed a little girl of her shoes while she was watching a picture. The little girl had come into the theater to see her particular celluloid idol, but it must have been one of those long and Capitol programs because while the little girl was waiting for her idol to appear, she fell asleep. Her shoes were unlaced and stolen before she awoke. We don't know how she got home.

MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER, author of "Pollyanna," which Mary Pickford has immortalized in celluloid, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., the last of May.

DURING her husband's absence in New York on business, Florence Vidor was loaned to the Thomas Ince company to play a leading role in "Beau Revel." King Vidor has purchased Clare Kummer's stage play, "A Successful Calamity," for early production, and Mrs. Vidor will appear in it.

JAMES HALLOCK REID, better known as "Hal" Reid, veteran playwright and father of Wallace Reid, died at his home in West New York, N. J. He was fifty-six years of age and had written more than 200 stage plays. Reid is survived by a wife and small child, besides his first son, Wallace.



Hires For the Nation's Homes

HIRES, a fountain favorite, is now everywhere available in bottled form also. Hires in bottles for the home is the same good drink that you have found it at soda fountains.

Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

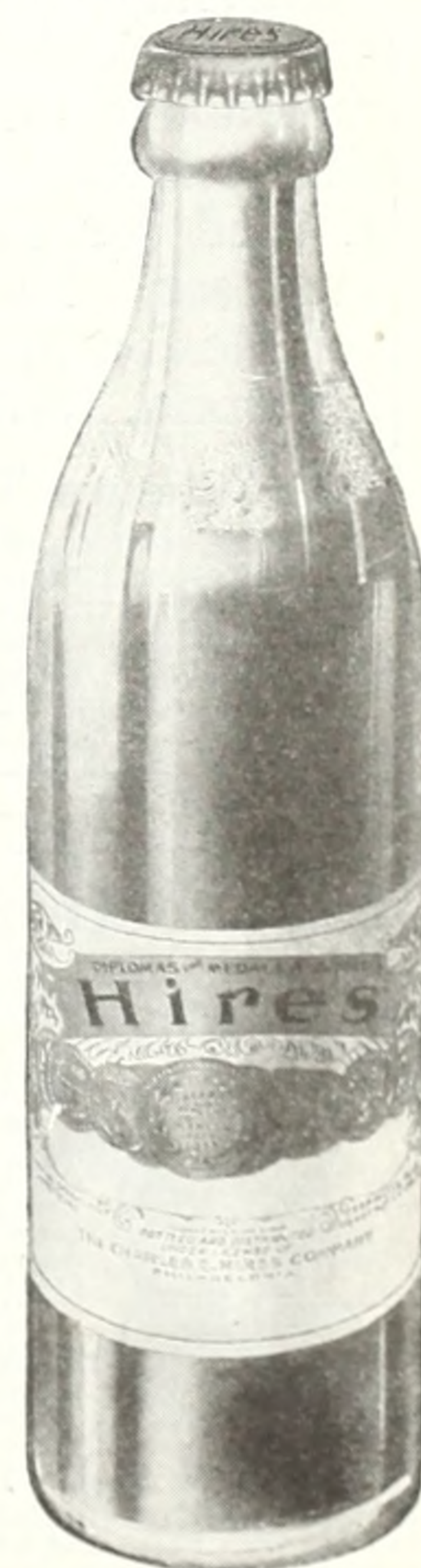
But be sure you ask your dealer for "Hires" just as you say "Hires" at a soda fountain.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries.

Hires

in bottles



CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION



WITH CUTICURA SOAP

This fragrant super-creamy emollient for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion tends to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health if used for every-day toilet purposes. Largest selling complexion and skin soap in the world. Sold everywhere.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each free by mail. Address postal: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass.**
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

None Better *No matter what the price*

Genuine artistic photographs of your favorite movie stars. Size 8x10. Yours for 50c each or 12 for \$5.00. You will be delighted with the beauty and artistic finish of these genuine photographs. Make your selection from the following list:



Theda Bara	Anita Stewart
Carlyle Blackwell	Norma Talmadge
Beverly Bayne	Pearl White
Francis X. Bushman	Ben F. Wilson
Alice Joyce	Earle Williams
Jack Kerrigan	Crane Wilbur
Mary Miles Minter	Clara K. Young
Mabel Normand	Constance Binney
Olga Petrova	Gloria Swanson
Mary Pickford	Thomas Meighan
Blanche Sweet	Shirley Mason
Marguerite Snow	John Barrymore
or any of the other popular stars	Wanda Hawley

50c Each — 12 for \$5.00

Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to **S. BRAM, Dept. 82, 209 W. 48th St., New York City**

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Ever since his "Frog" in "The Miracle Man" Lon Chaney has been sentenced to a nightmare career. You see him, here, getting into the harness which transforms him into a cripple. He can wear it only ten minutes at a time.

ELSIE FERGUSON will not be seen on either the stage or screen for some time. She is going to the Orient for a rest. But on her way home, she may stop in Los Angeles and make one picture. She always insisted that she never would make a picture in the West as she dislikes the Coast colony. But she apparently has changed her mind.

THINGS to worry about: Alice Delysia, a French beauty and actress, signed a contract to come over here to act for Morris Gest and make pictures for William Brady on condition that her wine would be furnished. Georges Carpentier has signed with the film company that launched him as a silent star for three more years.

WHAT Mary's fabled little lamb was to Mary, K. Tanaka was to Douglas Fairbanks. Wherever Doug went, there was Tanaka, for he was Fairbanks' "man." But sometime ago he disappeared. Search was made for him—but no Tanaka. Imagine, therefore, Fairbanks' astonishment when he showed up the other day, with several of his countrymen and a card inscribed, "K. Tanaka, Teikoku Motion Picture Corp., Tokyo, Japan." He's a full-fledged movie magnate, dresses the part, and says he has been making pictures in the land of cherry blossoms right along.

WHILE we're talking about Doug: watch out for his new picture. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are in it, although you won't see their two distinguished names in the cast. In the Monte Carlo scene, Mary and Charlie took part as "extras," neither turning toward the camera. Mary may be recognized by the back of her golden head. Charlie appears also in a street scene in a very emotional role as a passer-by. You can't see his face, but if you watch closely you'll spot him; you can't possibly mistake that walk. Mary Fairbanks and Charlie received \$7.50 each for their services.

Don't miss 'em!

MARGERY WILSON, the "Brown Eyes" of "Intolerance" and since then rather obscured, has started a company. She will direct comedies and later branch out into features.

HARRY LAUDER, the Charlie Chaplin of kilts, will make a series of two-reel comedies for Paramount. We have yet to discover if his Scotch burr is as attractive in canned comedy as in canned song.

A NEW legal suit involving prominent members of the film colony is not exactly rare, but Helen Holmes started something never before attempted when she got herself sued by her manager, Harry M. Warner, for \$30,000 for "temperament." Warner says his serial starring Miss Holmes cost \$50,000 more than it should have cost because Helen was habitually late for work, keeping the company waiting, and that on one particular occasion she refused to work at all because of an extra girl in the cast, demanding \$5,000 before it was due. Altogether they are having a merry time of it. Well, three hours for lunch is a little too much.

TOM SANTACHI, the fighter of "The Spoilers," who is working in Goldwyn pictures now, is commonly described as "that tall fellow who is so funny." He is so much over six feet that he says if it's all the same he'd rather tell his height in yards instead of feet.

The other day he met an elderly woman of his acquaintance who is an ardent worker for the Anti-Cigarette League. Santschi threw away a perfectly good cigarette, but that did not satisfy her and so she began to talk to him on her hobby.

"After all," she said, "you must admit we have a lot of arguments on our side, and you haven't one really good one on yours. Now, have you? I challenge you to tell me one advantage there is in smoking." Santschi drew himself up to his tallest and gazing down on the little woman, said: "Well, it might stunt my growth."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

FAIRE BINNEY, that smaller sister of Constance—in other words, one of the “Fair and Warmer” Binneys—is playing the leading feminine role, opposite Georges Carpentier, in that French idol's first motion picture. There is a rumor that Realart may star Faire as well as Constance, one of these days.

WILDA BENNETT, a graceful brunette who has been a musical comedy favorite, will make her film debut with Metro. Miss Bennett, who toured the country in “The Only Girl” several seasons back, was the prima donna of the play-with-music, “Apple Blossoms,” which had a long run on Broadway. You pronounce it Wild-a—with a long “i.”

THERE will be a good many regretful exhibitors and patrons when they learn that the co-starring team of Douglas McLean and Doris May is to be dissolved. From their first appearance together in “Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave,” these two youngsters dragged picture-goers and the almighty money into the box-offices of the country. But Thomas H. Ince evidently has decided that Mr. McLean is just as big a drawing-card without Miss May, and he will star the young man alone. It is not said what work he will assign to Dorris May, or whether she will even remain with the Ince company.

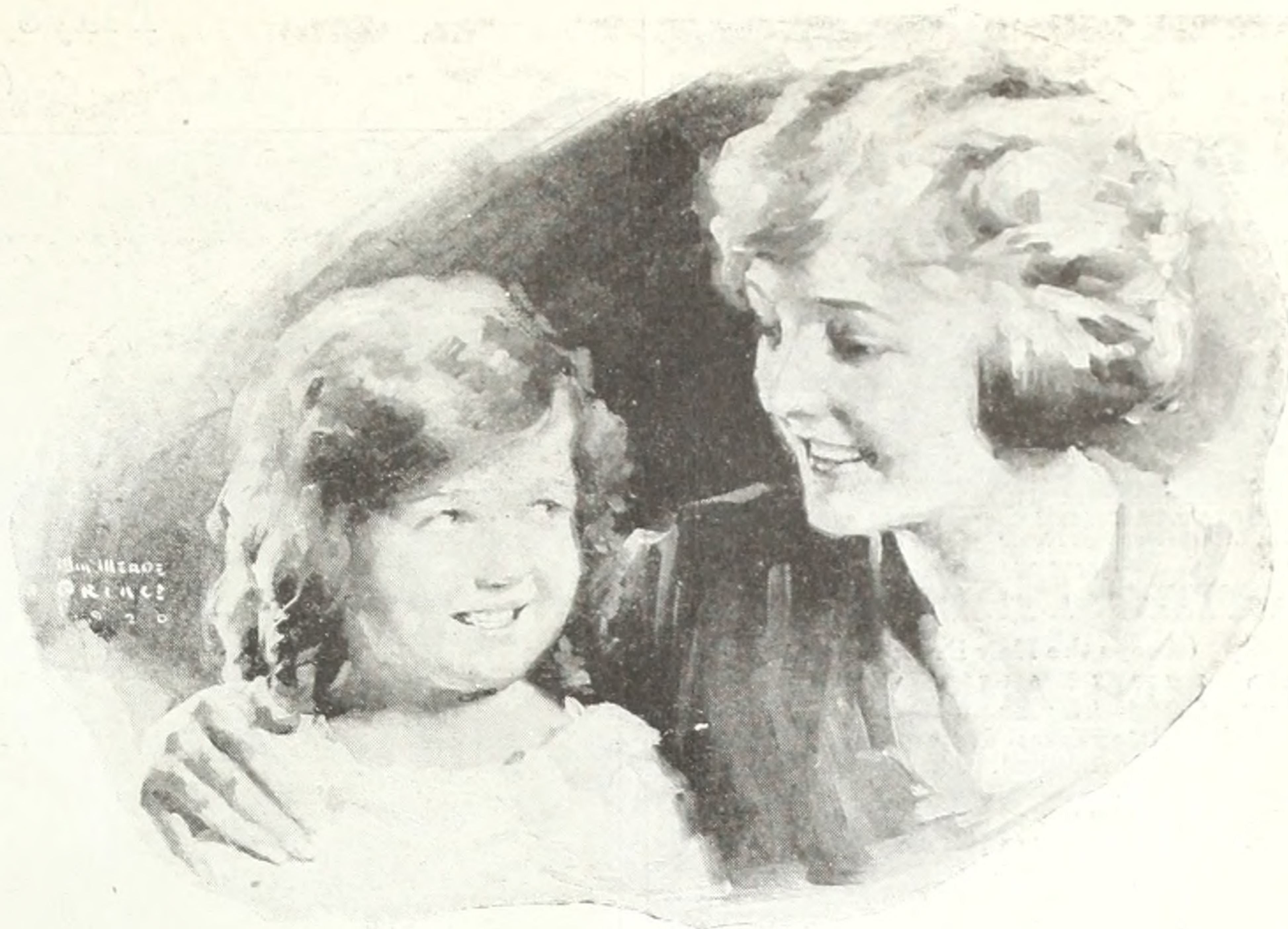
WILLIAM COLLIER, Senior, is going to try it again. If you remember, his previous filming for Triangle wasn't a huge success. But he was on Broadway last season in a new comedy, “The Hottentot,” which a good many Manhattanites were paying top prices to see, so evidently the picture people thought him a good bet. At the same time his son, Willie Collier, Jr., known as “Buster,” joins the juvenile ranks at the Lasky studios. Buster made a real hit in a Thomas H. Ince picture called “The Bugle Call,” some years ago.

TWO popular plays of last season—which are still running, either on Broadway (meaning the real White Way or any one of the innumerable theater streets that branch off it) or the subway circuit on tour—have been sold to the screen. “Wedding Bells,” in which Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger, fine comedians of the stage, scored, has been purchased for Constance Talmadge. And “Smilin' Through,” Jane Cowl's successful semi-spiritualistic vehicle, will be used for Norma, as soon as Miss Cowl has exhausted its money-making powers on the legit.

BRYANT WASHBURN has left Paramount and it is rumored he will be a star under the management of A. J. Callahan, who “presents” Bessie Love. Both actor and manager were with the old Essanay company in Chicago.

THE fiance of Sylvia Breamer, who had been given up for dead, has returned from two years overseas. He is Lieutenant F. C. Lewis, of the United States Army Intelligence Corps, who was gassed and reported killed. He returned to Los Angeles in April.

“TWIN BEDS” has reached the screen at last. The Carter DeHavens—Mr. and Mrs.—recently severed their contract connections with Paramount, came East and bought the farce, which will be produced at once and released as one of the four-year productions of the Carter DeHaven company.



For You, Also Teeth that glisten—safer teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.

Ask and they will tell you. Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. This is to urge you to try it—without cost—and see what it does for your teeth.

Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated by a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It dims the teeth, and modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush fails to end it. As a result, few people have escaped tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing.

Active pepsin now applied

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

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

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

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now they remove it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is made to in every way meet modern dental requirements.

Two other new-day methods are combined with this. Thus Pepsodent in three ways shows unique efficiency.

Watch the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

This test will be a revelation. It will bring to you and yours, we think, a new teeth cleaning era. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 391
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Plays and Players

(Continued)

GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft PlayerWALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Herma "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Herma "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussed, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and greaseless.

Two Sizes—50c and \$1

\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send Herma "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Herma Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Herma "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 18, CHICAGO



Although Bill Hart is corraling a little culture in a studio off-hour, he likes to keep his saddle handy. He was seriously injured recently in a fall from his horse. A report says he will retire from the screen upon the completion of his present contract.

A Single Drop Lasts a Week



TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper containing enough for 6 months. Rose or Lilac \$1.50. Lily of the Valley or Violet \$2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20 cts. stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for box of five 25 ct. bottles—different odors.

PAUL RIEGER CO. (Since 1872) 172 First St., San Francisco

Send \$1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes



And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. It takes the sting out of Corns, Bunions, Blisters and Callouses, and gives rest and comfort to hot, tired, smarting, swollen feet.

More than 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder for the feet, takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and makes walking a delight.

Nothing relieves the pain of tight or new shoes so quickly or thoroughly. Try it to-day. Sold everywhere.

Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement—Glimpses of the Players in Real Life.

JEWEL CARMEN, a star whose radiance has been considerably dimmed by litigation, will come back as the feature of four productions a year to be made by Roland West. The first will be titled appropriately, "Out of the Darkness."

THE role in "Way Down East" that was originally assigned to poor little Clarine Seymour is now being filled by Mary Hay. Miss Hay is a Follies luminary and had been singing and dancing in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, and when Miss Seymour died, Griffith chose her for the part. Miss Hay also caused a ripple in filmdom when it was rumored she was engaged to Dick Barthelmess. Like all the other Barthelmess marriage rumors, it was gracefully denied by both parties. But just the same people who should know are whispering that while the wedding ceremony is not yet scheduled, little Miss Hay already has said yes and it is only the extreme youth of both parties that is postponing the public announcement for a year.

MADGE TITHERADGE, a popular personage on the English stage, recently came to this country and appeared in motion pictures. Did you know it? Neither did we until an item from London quoted Miss Titheradge as being disgusted with American producers and off the whole bloomin' industry. Miss Titheradge says that out in California they asked her to wear an evening gown in the morning and that sometimes she had to appear in a ball-room scene before luncheon!

TOM MOORE has always denied vehemently that his devotion to his small daughter Alice has kept him from disciplining her when the need arose. Of course, he has conceded, he wouldn't think of putting her to bed in the daytime nor refusing her ice-cream and as for spanking her—well the mere suggestion makes him shudder. No, says Moore, the thing to do is to reason with the child. A few days ago, while

Moore was working at the studio, his chauffeur came dashing up with the news that Alice was lost. Moore ran out without his coat and with make-up enough on his face to cause a sensation anywhere except where studios flourish on every corner. Reaching home, he found his daughter there before him, smiling at him and quite surprised that her father was not smiling as usual. Tom took her on his knee and told her this story:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl just your age who went out in the woods to look for nuts, without asking permission of her nurse. She lost her way and although she walked and walked and walked she couldn't find the right road. It came night and she was hungry and thirsty and her feet were sore and her head ached. She was scared, too, and the ground was hard but all she could do was to lie down and try to sleep. Her father and mother were alarmed when she did not come home and finally the whole town turned out to hunt the little girl. All night long they went through the woods calling her name, but it was not until the next day they found her. They took her home and she was ill for a long time, but she promised her parents never to go away alone again."

Moore stopped, thinking he had made the desired impression. But to his consternation, Alice, cuddling down in his arms, instead of dwelling on the moral of the tale, said only these words:

"Did she find any nuts?"

RALPH BUSHMAN is no longer a comedian. Following in his father's footsteps, he has gone from comedy to drama with the facility of any flapper. He is a member of the cast of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Empire Builders."

THE Japanese film industry isn't so slow. A new company announces a capital of fifty million dollars. We wonder if they have American press-agents in Japan.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

ETHEL BARRYMORE will do "De-classe" for the screen. Paramount Art-craft, which was to have presented all three Barrymores in a screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" will present, sometime in the future, this individual success of Miss Barrymore's latest season. Reasons for dropping the "Peter Ibbetson" plans have been given by Mr. Lasky. He says he thinks the public wouldn't be much interested in seeing a brother and sister in sentimental sequences on the screen. So when this play is finally produced, it probably will contain only one Barrymore—John.

HERE is hard news, so prepare yourself for a blow. William S. Hart says he is going to leave the screen for good and all. Five more pictures and then all is over between him and the public. After that, it's the lone trail. Hart was badly injured in May when he was thrown from his horse while riding at breakneck speed past the camera. He broke several ribs and was considerably shaken up, but is reported to be convalescing rapidly.

Al H. Woods tried to capture Hart for a stage production. Mr. Woods has been making so much money with Theda Bara's play that he has decided to go in for screen stars with the same intensity with which he cultivated bedroom farces. Mabel Normand is also mentioned as another Woods possibility and so is June Elvidge. It is said that Mr. Woods has gone a-gunning in the studio and has succeeded in interesting several celebrities in stage contracts.

ALL who know her will testify that Alice Joyce is probably the most crowd-shy star in motion pictures. She was in New Orleans on location recently, stopping at the leading hotel of the city. Her arrival was heralded in advance and she was a constant subject of newspaper comment and compliment. The result was that she was stampeded by fans, and the rush became so great one day that she had to ask the management of the hotel for a guard.

Mothers with children who were certain to be great picture stars waylaid Miss Joyce in the lobby, they waited by her car and they even got past the sharp-eyed clerks and arrived unannounced, at Miss Joyce's door. One of these, a be-diamonded lady, became very indignant when Miss Joyce's maid informed her that the star was dressing and could not receive visitors.

"I do not see why," snapped the woman "Miss Joyce is a public character and public characters are public property."

Exit lady, angrily, and Alice learned something new about the law of possession.

DORIS KEANE, statuesque star of "Romance"—more than 2,000 of them—is an ardent fan of Mary Pickford. An English cinema manager likes to tell how Doris came into his office about four years ago when she had just arrived in London to play in her great success.

"I want to know where I can see Mary Pickford's pictures," she said.

The manager found his schedule and told her where she could go. It was far from the fashionable West End, but the actress took a taxi and went to the little theater to find Mary. Incidentally the Englishman related how "Romance" was almost a failure at first. But the star had a great manager, who held on until the tide turned—and Edward Sheldon's play and Doris Keane's acting ultimately registered a wonderful success. It was in London that she first met, later loved and married, Basil Sydney, her youthful acting husband. Rumor has it that she could have married any one of a score of Dukes, Counts, and Lords, but she preferred Basil.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)

MARY MILES MINTER has won her suit against the American Film Company for alleged arrears in salary. She was awarded \$4,000 by the court, while American lost its counter suit for \$100,000 damages. So what good did it do to say Mary was twenty-six years old, anyway?

ERIC VON STROHEIM has announced his engagement to Miss Valerie Germonprez, who played with him in "Blind Husbands." Von Stroheim first met his fiancee about eight months ago at Universal City, where he was directing and she was acting.

GLADYS BROCKWELL has severed her connections with the Fox company. She has been with this organization for a long time, rising to stellar heights under its management. Future plans unknown, except that she plans to take a long and much-needed vacation.

OUR own census bureau reports that, during the past three years, nine out of ten press stories have begun in this fashion: "According to a recent announcement made by James Fishback, president of the Frantic Film Corporation, George K. Daveman's next vehicle will be 'The Dawn Man,' adapted from the widely read novel by Remington Underwood. Augustus Mc-Megaphone will direct the forthcoming super-production and the plot will be scenarioized by Helen Rubberstamp."

OUR census bureau further reports that any woman figuring in a taxicab accident at four o'clock in the morning, any woman named in a divorce suit, any woman arrested for shop-lifting, or any woman accused of deserting her husband and children is described in the newspapers as a "prominent motion picture actress." Once we recognized the names of one of these women and recalled that she occasionally played small parts. And, oh yes, another one appeared as a dancing girl in "Intolerance."

PRISCILLA DEAN started something when she married Wheeler Oakman, her leading man. Josephine Hill, also a Universal luminary, recently announced her marriage to Jack Perrin, a serial performer for the same company.

EENID BENNETT and Fred Niblo have left the Ince kindergarten to try their wings in the independent or grammar grade of pictures. Enid was at first directed by her husband; then Ince gave Fred "specials" to do. Now Miss Bennett will have a separate company for herself, releasing medium not yet divulged, and so will Niblo. Mr. Ince, you know, has no further use for stars—he is one himself. With Maurice Tourneur, Allan Dwan, George Loane Tucker, Mack Sennett, and Marshall Neilan, he formed the "Big Six."

AND speaking of Woods, here is the very latest Theda Bara rumor. Out in California they claim that the real Theda is dead. That she died at the time rumor had her dead. That the present Theda is really Esther Bara, who has nobly consented to step into Theda's shoes, vamp and all. The same rumor says that Fox tried to put Esther Bara on the screen but found she didn't measure up to Theda's standards,—such as they were. The only thing wrong with this rumor is that it isn't true. Esther and Theda have been seen together. Esther doesn't look enough like Theda to fool the public. And then there is only one Theda. She isn't dead. She is on the road with "The Blue Flame."



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"The MAYBELL GIRL"

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Winifred Westover has gone to Sweden to play in pictures there. Wouldn't it be nice if the Swedish Biograph would rename her Signe or Solveig? It seems a pity for a girl with a face like a Swedish sunrise not to have one of those fine old Scandinavian names.

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania had about made up her mind to appear in motion pictures when she decided that \$50,000 for one production and ten per cent of the profits wasn't enough money. And so she held out for a raise. However, you can see she has the makings of a star.

WALLACE MACDONALD, popular young juvenile, was accosted by a second-hand clothes man the other day.

"Have you any use for your old clothes?" he asked.

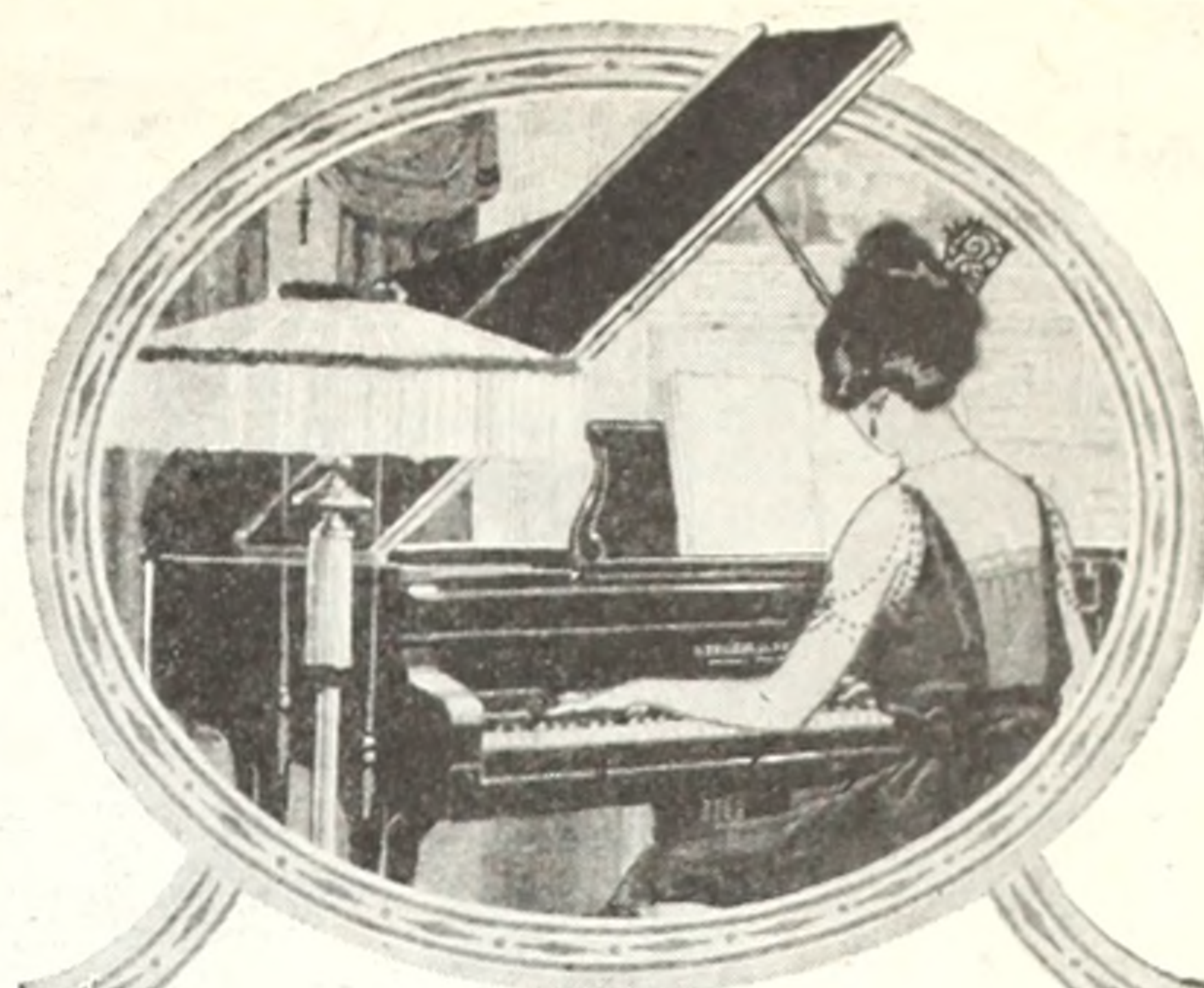
"Yes," returned Wallace, "I'm wearing 'em!"

WILLIAM WALLACE REID, JR., received an automobile-coaster for a recent birthday. "Bill" was elated and promptly took it to the front walk of the Reid home in Hollywood, to try it out. Five minutes later he came running into the house.

"Dad," he inquired breathlessly, "what are the speed laws? I don't want to have all the trouble with the cops that you've been having."

IT has always seemed to us that the star of any George Bernard Shaw play, in screen translation, would be the caption writer. All of the epigrammatic Irishman's works are soon to be seen in celluloid. We can't help wondering if the producer who bought the rights has ever read the plays.

LOS ANGELES has been for some days in the grip of a "No Parking" law, which prohibits parking automobiles on any important down town streets between the hours of eleven and six. Protests from all sections are filling the air and none more vigorous than those from the motion picture lots, where stars and the purchasing and publicity departments have united in a wail. If the ordinance is not repealed, the Hollywood Board of Trade, which recently issued a statement to the effect that the picture industry had tripled its population, business and values, can triple again, since many of the activities that hitherto have been taken to the center of the big city will move out to Hollywood, where you can park your bus without paying a large fine.



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Murdered Brain Children

(Continued from page 80)

home. Through bringing happiness into his life she finds her own regeneration. Blinded as he is, the helpless sergeant sees the deeper side of those with whom he comes in contact, and through the plot is woven the betterment not only of the woman, but also of her previous companion and the apache. What did they do with the story? They made the soldier a famous sculptor, sweet as New Orleans molasses, and effected the regeneration of the munition maker and the apache by having the former shoot the latter and then commit suicide. I should have been happier had the child been murdered outright and not compelled to live mutilated thus."

You may have noticed that when the heroine arises from her downy couch to greet the dawn or the hero as the case may be, she is always immaculate, and her toilet is a perfunctory affair. The chief ambition of Agnes Christine Johnston, of the Ince staff, is to show the trouble a girl takes to make herself presentable for her beloved. This is how she has offered it for screening:

"SCENE 13: IRIS IN on BOUDOIR of SHERO. She is asleep in bed. She wears a very plain night-gown—not the usual moving picture lacey variety—she is spending all her money on hats with which to dazzle the hero and therefore economizes on things he doesn't see, like night-gowns. Her hair is done up in curlers—those dreadfully uncomfortable iron things. She is sleeping on one, which evidently sticks straight into her scalp.

"She wakes, makes a wry face as she rubs the spot where the curl-paper hurt. She has spent a night of torture but it is all for the sake of the hero and she smiles. She rises, covers her face with cold-cream, then applies lemon with one hand and boiling water with the other. She winces. The Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition have nothing on the modern beauty treatment. But Shero smiles dreamily into the mirror, knowing that she will emerge, radiantly beautiful and the hero will certainly fall for her this day."

"I'm going to change that boudoir scene," the director tells me. "We'll take a silhouette shot of her in the moonlight, with her hair flowing down around her lacey pajamas."

"I protest. 'But that's how she loves the hero—she is making herself beautiful for him.'

"Nonsense! We'll shoot a scene of her kissing a letter or a glove."

"'But girls don't do that.' I am crying by now. 'When a girl loves a man she concentrates everything on her looks. She suffers agonies of beauty treatments for him.'

"'But the audience doesn't want to see the star in curl papers and cold cream.'

"'The women would be tickled to death to find her so human,' I persist, 'and as for the men—it's time they learned what we undergo for them.'

"But the director turns a pitying smile upon me and hurries off. Sometimes I see the ghost of this dream child in the shape of the shero brushing her perfectly marcelled locks, standing in a lacey nightie, but the curl papers and cold cream never get beyond the scenario department."

Edward T. Lowe of the Goldwyn staff has a standing kick against the clinch at the finish—the inevitable emotional halfnelson that has come into recognition by some producers as the only way a picture can be permitted to end. Says Mr. Lowe:

"How many times have you seen the criticism which berates the imbecility of the scenario writer for inevitably ending the



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Murdered Brain Children

(Concluded)

story with a clinch between hero and heroine? Well, in at least thirty stories which I can recall off hand, the general average of the last scene would run about like this:

"Scene 313. Closeup of William and Mary. Play for artistic lighting effect as William looks into Mary's eyes and sees the answer to his question. Mary starts to hang her head shyly and as John starts to take her in his arms, IRIS OUT before they clinch.

"But why, or, WHY? does the last scene usually appear like THIS:

"Mary starts to hang her head shyly and as John puts his arm about her, she snuggles her head contentedly upon his breast. Then he raises her face to his and as their lips meet in a kiss, and he strains her to him, IRIS OUT."

Frank M. Dazey, who is furnishing the scripts for Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris Chaplin, confesses to a weakness for a certain bloodcurdling incident as follows:

"My favorite d—d (director deleted) sequence comprises some fight scenes between two turtles. My argument for them is that 'animal stuff' is always interesting, and that the screening of two turtles alternately protruding and withdrawing their ugly heads to take vicious but hopeless snaps at each other's impregnable shell would be an amusing novelty. The directors—to date—have protested 'It can't be got—and turtles don't fight anyway!' To this my reply, always rejected as inadequate, is that I've seen 'em. And there the matter rests."

Rex Taylor, of the Goldwyn staff, has a subtitle in his system that you will see on the screen one day if his health and strength hold out. The idea is that the hero, in hardluck, goes into a small town hotel and settles himself in a chair. The clerk is closing up for the night and suggests that the hero take a room for the night. Now comes the big title. The hero replies:

"I've got insomnia so bad I can't sleep," and settles himself for the night.

"A lot of people and directors have told me that this isn't funny," says Taylor. "I think it is, and I'm going to see how it goes with the public some day, if I have to conspire with the cutting department to do it."

What has sent Albert Shelby LeVino of the Metro staff, up in the air more than once is this, in his own words:

"In the last few years I suppose I've had to use an aeroplane some ten or more times for various purposes. The hero or the heroine had to get some place in a hurry; or the villain had to gum the works by being first on the job; or there was a military situation; or it was just a stunt that characterized the person doing it as a bit reckless and sporty. So as a bit of passing comedy, as a cutin to flight scenes particularly when the plane was doing a loop, or the falling leaf, or a tailspin or any one of the numerous anti-prohibition moves a plane can make in the hands of a world-weary pilot, I always have had the mental picture of a worthless, absolutely good-for-nothing indolent negro watching the aerial antics.

"And, whether he was just a roustabout at the hangars—or a darky husband basking in the warm shade of his wife's wash-tub—or a soldier attached to the aviation section, the comedy seemed to me there when the lazy coon was jokingly asked how he'd like to take a ride in the sky-tumbling craft.

"He looks up at the plane with eyeballs that show the white which is the base of spinal yellow—shakes his head decidedly no—and says: 'I may be a lazy dawg—but I ain't no skye-terrier!'

"On one occasion this was eliminated because the director didn't think it funny;

another time the star thought it was and, since the said star didn't have the gag-line, deemed it had better be cut out; again, the coon wasn't funny; on another occasion, the cutter didn't like darkies on the screen anyhow; once more it was eliminated for footage. But I'm not downhearted. My child's time shall come."

Gerald C. Duffy of the Goldwyn scenario department has a pet scene that he has written four scenarios around, sold the scenarios, and still the scene has never been produced.

"I have given up hope for production," he says, "so I am sending it to you in hope that, at least, it will enjoy publication and be off my mind. It will never, NEVER be aimed at by a motion picture camera. I offer it to you in the boots in which it died:

"SCENE? AUDRY'S BEDROOM:

Pop is in a terrible fix. The tie has at last been placed around his collar, though its disordered arrangement makes it resemble a spattered blot of ink. The Jap is holding up the tuxedo and waiting impatiently for Pop to make up his mind to get into it. In proportion to Pop's regular clothes it appears to him about the size of his vest. He eyes it in disgust for a moment and then, realizing there is no alternative, punches his arms into the sleeve-holes and draws it around him. He wriggles in anguish.

INSERT TITLE:

YE CANNOT BE BOTH GRAND AND COMFORTABLE

BACK TO ACTION. Pop feels like plum that has outgrown its skin and is about to burst. His collar saws his neck, his Adam's apple bangs against the barrier for freedom, his clothes smother him."

This is a curious companion piece to Miss Johnston's picture of the girl dolling up for conquest. The male of the species has his sartorial tortures.

Jack Cunningham, who turns 'em out for Robert Brunton and George Loane Tucker, is not a bloodthirsty gentleman in private life, yet list to his wail:

"I have had some pet ideas that I never have been able to foist upon an unsuspecting producer. One of them is a title that I yearn,—with all of the fervor of Bill Nye's famous mule—to see spread across a lurid twenty-four sheet. And that is:—

"Murdered at Midnight!!!"

"I have thought up, I don't know how many, howling melodramas and, at the top of the first, or title, page of each and every one, I have set down the thrilling words: 'Murdered at Midnight!' No one will have it. One or two of the melodramas have been sold—maybe only one—I am unused to figures when talking about the number of stories I have sold. But, some way or another, probably an accident, the title has been lost.

"At last, I have given up in despair, and now freely hand this pet title—'Murdered at Midnight'—to the world, unless the man who reads copy on this symposium dislikes it and shoves in some anemic designation like, 'Sudden Demise at Twelve o'clock!'"

There y'are, Jack—in print at last. We shall take great pleasure in watching the screen for the appearance of any of these murdered children, dragged from their tombs by borrowers of ideas, and while the original parents thereof will, perhaps, be glad to see them brought to life, it will be interesting to see whether this exposure of the slaughter of the innocents, will result in belated recognition of their virtues.



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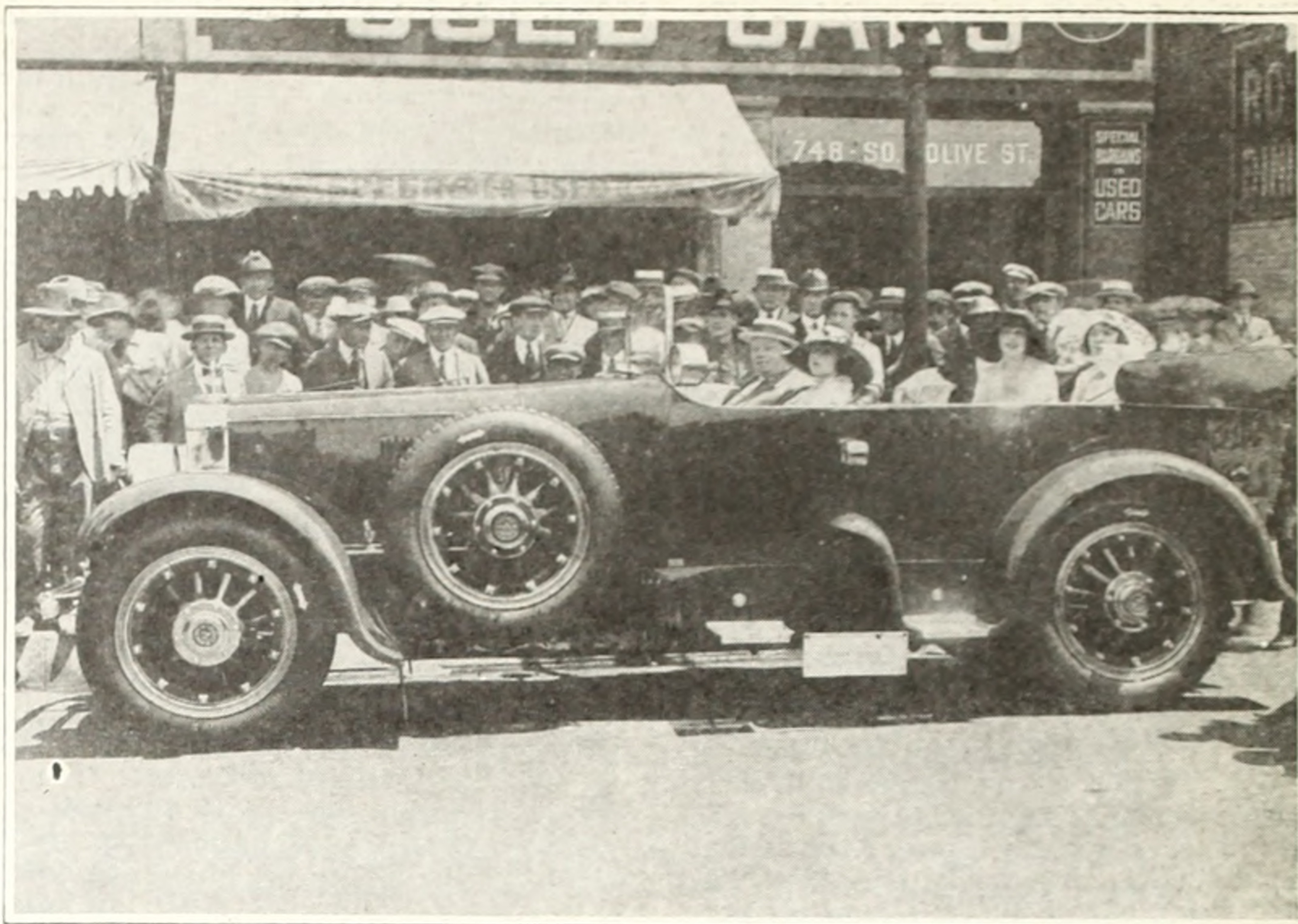
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 84)



You'd know without being told that when Roscoe Arbuckle bought a new car, he would have to have it made to order. An ordinary kind of car that anyone could use, wouldn't appeal to him. So when he left off slapstick and went in for comedy-drama, he celebrated the event with a new Pierce-Arrow, a touring car with special body, which set him back just \$25,000. "Fatty" took Bebe Daniels—beside him—and Lila Lee, in the tonneau, with him when he "tried her out."

Follies girls. Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and Harriett Hammond are great upholders of the American drama, it seems to me. I can't tell you the number of the house in which Norma Talmadge first saw the light of day. I can only tell you it was in Brooklyn.

C. L. R., FREDERICKTOWN, MO.—I have a smattering of live languages and a slight knowledge of some dead ones. Why? Did you want to write to me in Sanskrit? It would be as intelligible as some letters I receive, I'm sure. Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Jack Mulhall and Tom Forman Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Landis and Forman are both married—and both fathers. Landis has a little girl and Forman became the daddy of a son on May 4 last.

MARY C., COBURG, OREGON.—Dorothy Gish always answers her letters. She has blue gray eyes and blonde hair. Not married. Her latest pictures are "Remodeling a Husband" and "Her Majesty." The latter may be renamed for release. Constance Talmadge's latest are "The Love Expert" and "The Perfect Woman." They have bought "Wedding Bells," the Selwyn stage comedy, for Constance's future use.

S. L., SCHENECTADY.—A bomb-proof cellar is out of date. It's the bum-proof cellar we want now. I can't give you a list of the ten greatest actresses. Some worthy one would be sure to be missing and I would be accused of favoritism forever after. Pronounce it Na-zim-ova, with accent on second syllable. Bebe Daniels pronounces her name Bee-bee, but doesn't object if you call her Baby.

ELLEN B., ROGERS, ARK.—You say that was an expensive suit of Mary's—\$40,000—and you would like to see her wear it. I think that's a pretty bum joke. Marillyn Miller isn't in pictures, but is with Ziegfeld Follies; address her at New Amsterdam Theater, New York City. Ann Little, Lasky, Jeanne Eagles, Playhouse Theater, New

York. Hazel Dawn, care A. H. Woods, New York. Others are very much out of my line.

M. H. T., DECATUR, ILL.—You can best judge a woman by the men who make love to her. I don't know who is most popular of those seven actors you mention. Each has his share of boosters. Why, Bill Hart is still very popular. So is Doug's Fairbanks. And I don't notice that the Talmadge sisters have been falling off any. Read Norma's fashion articles appearing monthly in this magazine. Maybe you can understand them better than I, who am one of these mere males who can't make head nor tail of a fashion plate.

JUST BEA.—Can't give you the name of the actor who has worn a mustache since fifteenth episode of "Hands Up." I am sorry if he is very tall, very dark, and very romantic-looking. Write me again when you have recovered.

FLORENCE, WASHINGTON.—A chap may have a degree or two or three in scientific research, but that won't help him to find a good job. Bill Hart's first picture for himself was "The Toll Gate." Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph, working in their studio in Brooklyn and occupying a stellar dressing-room next to Corinne Griffith. All the Vitagraph stars seem to be pretty friendly. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and a Fox contract.

K. K., ASHLAND, NEBRASKA.—Some inspired scenario writer ought to utilize the new theory of grafting goat glands. Well, if that aviator who flew seven miles towards the sun came through with no ill effects, pretty soon we'll have chapter thrillers filled with bold Martian heroes and pretty little Venus heroines. Louise Huff has signed with Selznick for five years. Marie Walcamp with Universal. Lola Fisher is not on the screen but on the stage. Vivian Martin has her own company. Fannie Hurst may be reached in care of Cosmopolitan Productions. (Continued on page 110)

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

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OTHINE

double strength— from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones, have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength OTHINE, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS
PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 54 Chicago, Ill.

Artistic Efficiency — That's Dwan

(Continued from page 57)

commercializing Art is the bunk. What, in the last analysis, does commercialize mean? It means to cash in on, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, pictures that are uplifting, that make people happy, are commercial pictures.

"The great problem of the pictures is the welding of art and business. Waste is not artistic. Inefficiency is not artistic.

"The director is the man who has control of the money. The director is the man who can make or break a picture financially and artistically. Most directors are not business men. Therefore the films have had to arrange for business managers, for men who, when the director had laid out the thing artistically and outlined the results he could achieve, will find out how it can be done at the lowest cost. These men contract for material, set salaries, tend to all the commercial delay.

"When harmony can be completely established between these two factions, pictures will become better, because there will be no waste.

"A dollar is a dollar to everybody but a director. He may know it when he meets it in private life, but professionally, it isn't within the range of his acquaintances. But a dollar is a dollar, and it takes a lot of dollars to make it worth while to make pictures. And if it isn't worth while, the most artistic director in the world won't get to make any.

"If you haven't made your lemons yet, you will. But there are always some sure fire appeals that may tide you over—a child, or an animal. Sex, of course, is the most universally interesting thing in the world. As a matter of fact it is the only universally interesting thing. Eve invented it, and Cleopatra perfected it, and now it's safe in the hands of the movies. Its more universal than patriotism or the League of Nations, because after all, the League of Nations is only to prevent wars, and everybody wants to prevent wars so the men won't have to go and leave their women any more. (It isn't safe, anyway.)

"Pictures must be made fast. If you muddle around with them, you lose your clear vision. You cannot hurry art, of course, but you can hurry commercial production. Get your art in hand before you start to produce and you'll save a lot of time and trouble."

"I've just one prediction. The day of the book, the published story, is done. The original story has come back, is coming back, must come back."

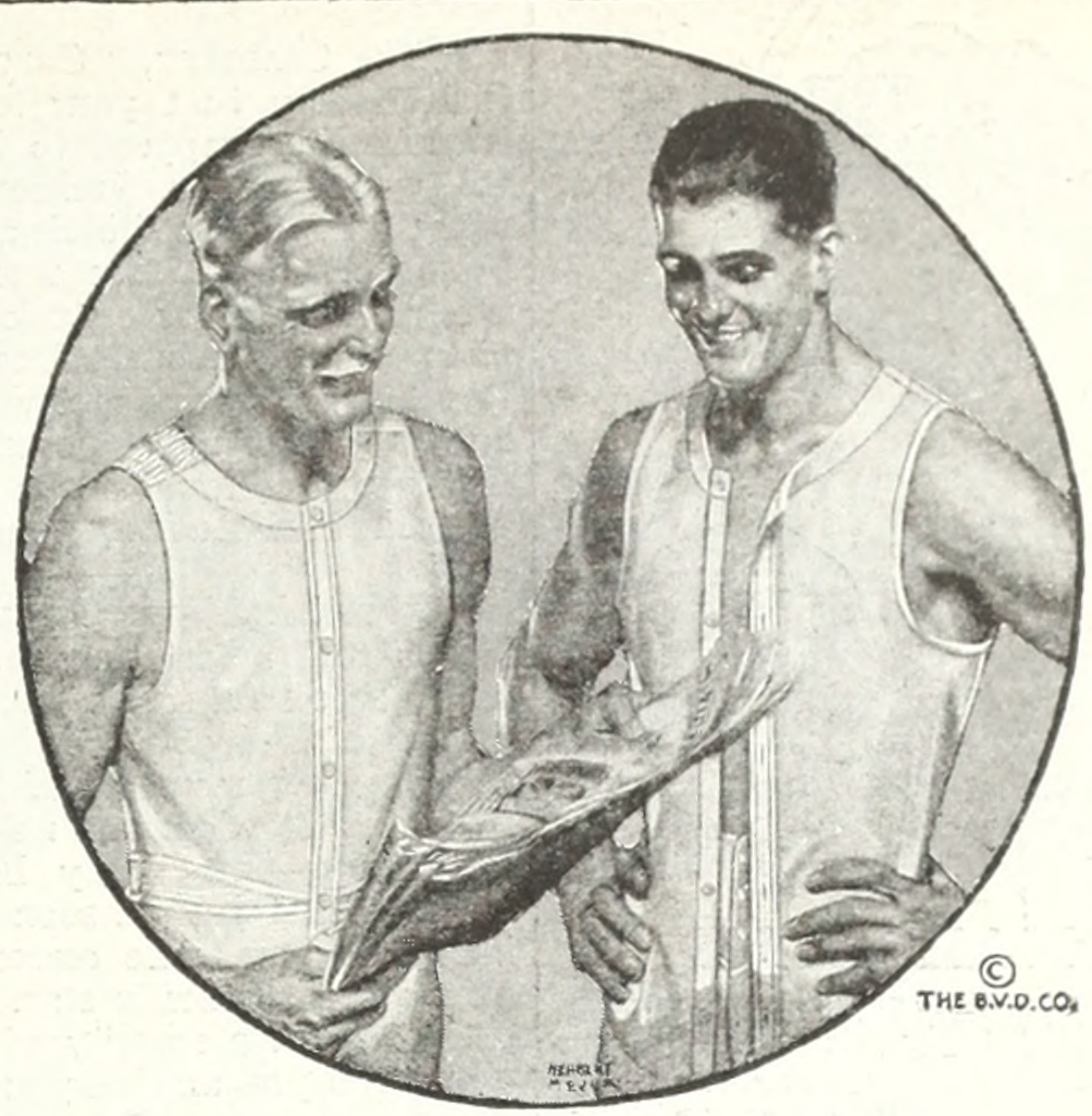
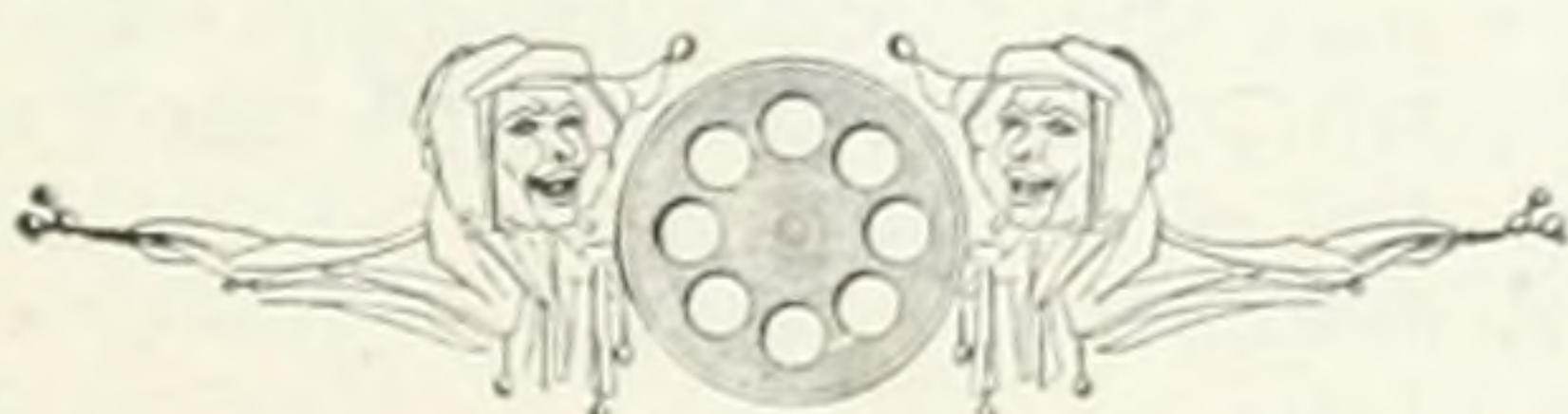
Dwan is now making his own production for the Mayflower. He has just completed three pictures, "The Splendid Hazard" "In the Heart of a Fool" and "The Scoffers."

Of a Different Color

"LO THEODORE, how's you-all?" Theodore Kosloff looked askance at the slouching negro who accosted him at the American Legion benefit in Los Angeles Saturday evening.

Not recognizing the black man, he sidled off.

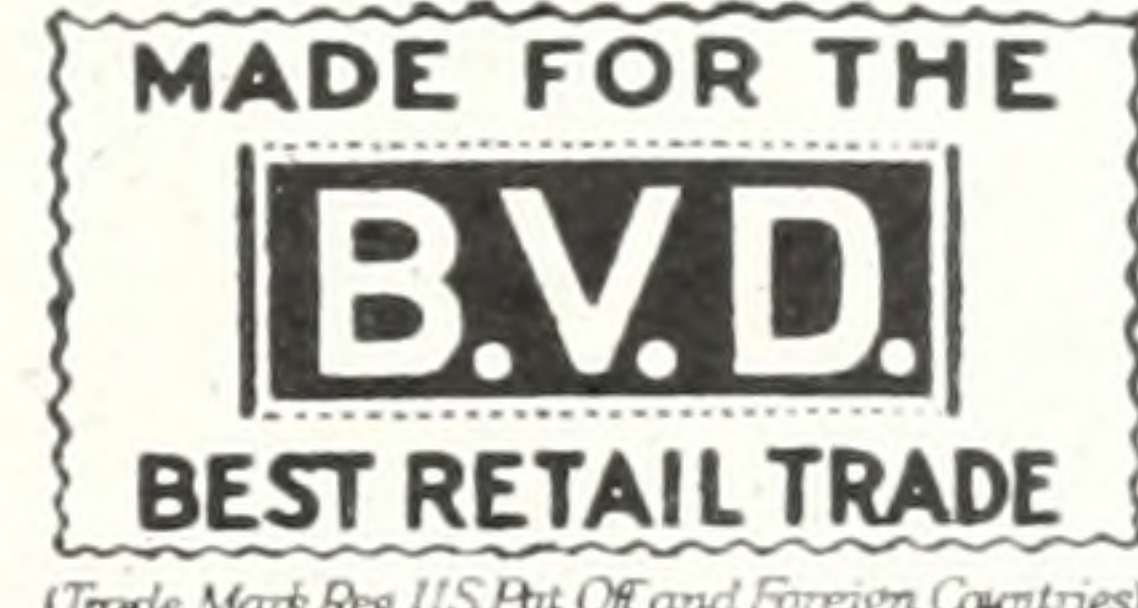
But when he saw the Ethiopian pick up a saxophone case lettered "W. R." he realized he had been "sold." For the fresh colored person was no less than Wallace Reid, in the make-up used by his Jazz Band.



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Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 108)



NATIONAL BOBS

Bobbed Hair is Fashionable, but why sacrifice your hair? I didn't. I wear a *Chic National "Bob"* that matches my hair so perfectly—everyone thinks it's my very own, then too, it makes me look years younger.

I've just gotten a new one and it's a beauty with its lovely soft hair falling over the combs at the back that slip so easily through my hair. I just use an invisible pin to attach the ends and it's on and off in a jiffy. **How did I get it? I sent a strand of my hair with \$10, and it was sent postpaid.**

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 Chicago New York San Francisco

BEB, CRABTREE, OREGON.—I'm afraid Charles Ray isn't your long-lost childhood friend. Ray happens to be his real name. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891; educated in Illinois and at Los Angeles Polytech. School. He was on the stage in musical comedy and stock before going into pictures with Thomas Ince. He is married. Ray has a new contract with First National, he has bought many popular stories and the first two produced will be "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley."

FORGET-ME-NOT, ARLINGTON.—Ah—you have asked a leading question! Why is it that a successful screen team always dissolves partnership as soon as it becomes successful? Because both members of it receive offers of individual stardom and neither can resist the temptation—being only human. However, it's true that just as soon as a leading man becomes popular he ceases to be a leading man and becomes a star. And that's why there is such a scarcity of leading men, my dear—and you and all your little-girl-friends are responsible. Alice Joyce's latest picture is "Dollars and the Woman." I have seen it and it's fine.

OLIVE F., LEXINGTON.—Thank you for your appreciative letter. I had a real thrill when I read about how you like my department and would like to meet me, up to the line where you say, "And my husband remarked at the time—" That's always the way, Olive; I'm used to these platonic appreciations by now. Harrison Ford plays with Wanda Hawley in that little blonde's first stellar picture for Realart, "Miss Hobbs."

J. M., COLUMBUS, OHIO.—A knowledge of typewriting would help you to be a movie actress only in so far as it would help you answer your fan mail. If I were you I should study a lot more and think it over. You want to know if all the actors and actresses are as kind in real life as they are on the screen. There are very few real-life Pollyannas and Dr. Jekylls, my dear!

M. L., MICHIGAN.—By the time you read this, Mary Pickford Fairbanks will probably be abroad. But you can write her anyway, care her own studio in Hollywood, and your request for a picture will be granted. How? Well, you see, Mary will autograph a lot of photographs before she sails and all her secretary will have to do is slip them into an envelope. Douglas Fairbanks will not play with his wife in pictures, so far as we know. Their combined salaries would be so large that no company could afford to pay it in one lump. It's bad enough as it is. Mary's latest release is "The Duchess of Suds," from "Hop O' My Thumb."

TEDDY, MEMPHIS.—You may consider me very discreet, I assure you. That reminds me of the little girl whose mother asked if she had told God how naughty she'd been. "Oh, no, mother," replied the young hopeful, "I thought we'd better keep it all in the family." Now I have that off my chest, I must upbraid you for your perfectly terrible stationery. Beyond a doubt it's the most vivid purple I have ever seen, not even excepting the ink that Theda Bara used to use when she wrote to me. Natalie is in "The Love Expert" with Constance Talmadge, also playing with Norma right along. Norma hasn't bobbed her hair, I assure you. Can a sixteen-year-old girl get into the movies? Depends upon the sixteen-year-old girl.

A. M., AUGUSTA.—If I ever have to be castaway from a ship wreck on a desert island I hope I shall find the supply that Bill Farnum found from the wreckage in "Wings of the Morning," ranging from ammunition and firearms to a pipe and smoking tobacco. Of course it may not have been Bill's favorite tobacco; still, I suppose he was glad to have anything. Madeline Travers has left Fox and gone I know not whither. Mary Pickford is twenty-six and she isn't going to retire.

IRENE, MILWAUKEE.—When we find a man who is as distinguished as Alice Joyce is beautiful, maybe we shall put him on the cover—perhaps. We think the public likes to see a feminine luminary's shining likeness on our cover and we aim to please the majority. Zasu Pitts isn't married; I haven't her exact age, but she isn't very old; I should say in her late teens or early twenties. Wallace Reid's one son Bill isn't a regular movie actor, yet. But Will Rogers' son Jimmie is.

M. L., MIDLAND, TEXAS.—Your letter was a thoughtful and good one. I am sure Earle Williams will be glad to know the mother of four grown sons and one little daughter admires his work enough to follow every picture he makes. Why not write to him in care of Vitagraph? Irene Castle hasn't quit the screen. Her latest is "An Amateur Wife." She married again, you know—Robert Treman, of Ithaca, New York. Write again sometime.

W. P. B., EXETER, N. H.—Violet Heming was "Everywoman" in the picture of that name. Wanda Hawley was Beauty; Clara Horton, Youth; Bebe Daniels, Vice, and Margaret Loomis, Modesty. Marguerite Courtot, Myrtle Stedman, and David Powell played the leads in "The Teeth of the Tiger."

GLADYS M., MARSHFIELD.—I am as patient as a Chinese exponent of the philosophy of passivity—as a rule. But when you ask me for your sake to send you thirty, (30) count 'em, addresses of various screen stars—why child, I couldn't do that for anybody. However, you will find many of them given elsewhere, besides these: Geraldine Farrar, Associated Exhibitors; Dorothy Dalton, Paramount-Artcraft; Shirley Mason, West-Coast Fox; Bebe Daniels, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—I am obliged to laugh at you for taking your favorites so seriously. Never take anyone too seriously; they are bound to believe it themselves and then—! Please don't be angry with me. I have the best of intentions; in fact, one whole avenue in that well-known Hades is literally lined with mine alone. Write to Enid Bennett,—care Ince, in Culver City, and tell her what you told me; I'm sure she will be glad to hear it. No, Dick Barthelme is not going to play with Dorothy Gish any more, but he will play opposite Lillian in "Way Down East." Clarine Seymour, our little "Cutie Beautiful," died in April. It is very sad to think of anyone with so much to live for passing on so soon. Miss Seymour was not married.

VIRGINIA, KANKAKEE.—So you like Rubye DeRemer and Constance Talmadge. So do I—but I can't send you photographs of them because I haven't any myself. In fact, I was going to ask you to request two from each so that you could supply me. On second thought, you'd better not; I don't want to get this collecting fever. Rubye DeRemer, Selznick.

(Continued on page 114)

Wear America First

(Continued on page 51)

millinery people, and I am going to discuss it with you next month as well as do a little talking on the kind of hat that makes each type of woman look prettier.

FOR a long tramp in bad weather one may now be just as smart as when the skies are bright. There is a new tweed that is guaranteed to be rain-proof and that does not lose its shape after encountering a violent storm. For added practicability the skirts of these sports suits are devised so that they may be turned into divided skirts, making them especially valuable for the woman who adds mountain climbing to her other accomplishments.

The raincoat, too, is a totally different garment today from the raincoat of former years—that dull, drab garment that was for utility alone. One of the smartest new raincoats is a white rubberized silk enhanced with stitching in bright scarlet silk. To be worn with this is a jaunty little sports hat of the same material that shows a plain white crown and the brim entirely covered with rows of the scarlet stitching. Add a scarlet umbrella to this suit and you have a costume that will enliven the rainiest day imaginable.

For the woman who travels considerably—and that means most of us in these nomadic days—there is a suit that has the skirt knife-pleated in the machine pleating that will withstand any amount of hard usage. One may sit in a train all day or carry this skirt in a suit case on a long journey secure in the knowledge that your pleats are proof against all such contingencies.

The Last Word

HAROLD LLOYD and his battery mate, Harry (Snub) Pollard were talking over some of the old time troupers who had worked with them in Los Angeles. The name of one Jimmy Patton came up during the conversation.

"The last I heard o' Jimmy," said Pollard, "last I heard o' him he was dead down in Texas."

"That's usually the last you hear of anybody," Lloyd remarked.

And Harry is still thinking about the answer he ought to have had ready—but didn't.

The Proverbial Chip

IT isn't every four-year-old boy who gets a check each week for services rendered, so perhaps it is little wonder that Jimmie Rogers feels just a wee bit important when the cashier out at the Goldwyn studio pays him each week for supporting his father Will Rogers in pictures.

There is nothing crude about Jimmie's sense of importance; he never brags or compares his bank account with that of the other children in the Rogers family. Yet he evidently looks upon himself as a man of money. A few days ago his father said to him, just after their salary envelopes had been handed to them:

"Want to trade, Jimmie?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Jimmie answered:

"Not without knowing how much you have in yours."



Note What These Artists Say

"Having tested instruments of every known manufacture both in this and foreign countries we unhesitatingly pronounce the Conn Saxophone to be in better tune, to play easier, to possess a more beautiful tone with greater volume of the same, and to be of superior mechanical construction than any saxophone on the market today. That much of the phenomenal success of the Sousa Saxophone Sextette during the past transcontinental tour is due to the use of Conn Instruments goes without saying."

Sousa Band Saxophone Sextette
H. Benne Henton, Soloist Albert A. Knecht, Alto
Andrew Jacobson, Tenor Arthur Rosander, Baritone
Chas. Weber, Jr., Bass



H. Benne Henton

Soloist with Sousa's and Conway's Bands and Victor Talking Machine Co. Mr. Henton is one of the celebrated Soloists of the world and abandoned the use of a well known foreign make Saxophone many years ago after trying a Conn. He says—

"I am positive in my own mind, and I believe I know what I am talking about when I say there is not a Saxophone made today that in any way approaches the New Wonder Saxophone."



Jean Moermans

A Saxophone Artist of rare ability; for a number of years the Soloist of the Pat Gilmore and the Sousa Bands. He studied at the Royal Conservatory of Brussels and won distinction in Europe before touring America. Note what he says—

"I can now openly state, after a number of years' experience with the Conn Saxophones, that they are in perfect tune and the workmanship is of the finest. I firmly believe they are the best that money can buy."

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Play a Popular Song in One Hour's Time

You can learn to play a tune on a Conn Saxophone in one hour's time. The most popular instrument of the day—can be used any place. Write for particulars and free book. Free trial—easy payments.



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"Must say Conn Saxophones are just perfect. We are credited with producing a wonderful tone and it is mostly due to the fact that your instruments are made of the best material and carefully tested before leaving your factory. They satisfy the Six Brown Brothers and the musical world knows we started the saxophone craze."



Free Book

The Hope that Springs

(Concluded from page 39)

brave, too cheerful, too full of some spirit of helpfulness won from their precarious existence.

In nothing else was this spirit so clearly revealed as in the way they all crowded about me with words of encouragement.

"Now just take it easy and don't get nervous," Sally of the almond-shaped eyes kept saying to me. "I just know you're the kind that's going to film fine."

By the time we all had got into our evening clothes everybody was excitedly admiring everybody else.

"Honest, Sally, you look like a thousand dollars," someone cried out across the room. "Where did you get that swell dress?"

"Rich cousin," retorted Sally laconically. "She and her sister give me lots of things. If they didn't I could never be an extra. Where would I get the money to buy new evening dresses and wraps? Isn't it lucky, though, that I can wear anything from a thirty-four to a forty-four? I always say I got a regular poor relative's figure."

It was now twelve o'clock. Most of us had risen six hours earlier. Those six hours were only a prelude, however, to the real days' work. Not until half-past two were we finally summoned to the studio where the carpenters had been busy constructing the lobby of a big New York hotel. In the meanwhile a lunch of sandwiches, coffee and pie had been served us. I learned that this was almost as unforeseen as manna. For, although some of the studios possess lunch-rooms and others dispense refreshments such as we had today, the timeliness and the presence of food is so uncertain in the movie world that the average extra expects as little sustenance as a camel in the midst of the desert.

"There are two things you have to learn to do without, once you get to be an extra," remarked Sally, swinging her golden-slippered feet from the big table upon which she was sitting. "One is food and the other is the back of a chair."

As she dispensed this sunny philosophy my own back was aching. I remembered that I had been sitting here on this same bench for more than two hours and a half. Heavens! And I had conceived the extra's work to be merely sitting at a cabaret table or walking across the drawing-room floor!

Even so, however, I had as yet no idea of the discipline involved. I was to get a further revelation when we all descended the two flights of stairs to the hall outside the studio. Here we were met by the director. He had decided that, after all, he would make this a day-time scene and would we all kindly change to our street clothes. Imagine any other class of women receiving the news that hours of primping have been in vain! Yet my fellow martyrs accepted this announcement quite as a matter of course.

"Well," said the fat girl who feared balconies as, pulling her brocade evening wrap about her, she began her ascent of the stairs to the dressing-room, "I might have known it. They're always changing their minds at the last moment. Take all your clothes to a studio, that's what I say—all your clothes and a mackintosh."

It was three o'clock when the man at the camera really started. In my trusting way I had imagined that you performed once and then all was over. Not so. The "grinder," as I heard the girls call the

camera, was as painstaking as a miniature painter. Seven times I repeated my own "action"—the involved one of walking across the lobby to the hotel desk and back to a big leather settee. For three hours we waited and acted and acted and waited. All of this might have been somewhat trying even in the temperate zone. But this studio was so hot that an electric cabinet would have seemed quite clement in comparison—and I was swathed in the long squirrel coat I had worn on my trip.

At last, at six o'clock, we were dismissed. I heard my companions congratulating themselves on the earliness of the hour. It might so easily have been eight or nine, they said. But, as for me, I was unsoftened. I was hungry. I had never been so tired. I was prostrated as an Eskimo in the tropics. And as I dropped into my little room on Madison Avenue that night I reviled each person who had ever come forward with the ghoully suggestion, "Why don't you go into the movies?" Never, never would I try being an extra again.

Yet I did try it. Whenever I got a day's work I took it. Some of these days, I may add, were much easier than the one I have just described. Others, on the contrary, were infinitely harder. Often I put in fifteen or sixteen hours. Often I went without food. And it frequently happened that I spent more than a dollar on the phones and car-fares preliminary to getting me a five-dollar job. But I persisted and after some months I got my reward. Perhaps it was my looks, which proved to be the kind that did film well. Perhaps it was my wardrobe. At all events, I was given a small part in a big picture and the director is most encouraging about my future.

This luck of mine is not, however, the common fortune. As a rule, indeed, the movie moth does not become the movie star. She—or he—can look forward to nothing much save days such as I have described. For this reason the person who wants to be a movie extra must regard it merely as an income extra. And it is not strange, therefore, that the ranks of supernumeraries are made up of four leading types.

One of these is the chorus girl or man who wants to make a little money on the side. The second is the actor or actress of the legitimate stage waiting for an engagement. Next comes the woman who is bored with life. And last is the wife or daughter of the small-salaried man, who uses the screen as the magic to bring her the gold-mesh bag, the ostrich plume, or any of the little frivolities that Home Sweet Home will not provide.

However, much as all of these may realize the steps between them and stardom, they are all unconsciously sustained by hope. Some day some director may notice a particular bit of promise in face or gesture. Some day a small part may be given them in which they have a chance to show their real fitness. For hope is more active in the movie world than any place else. It never stops moving across the screen of one's consciousness.

So, even now, I myself am looking forward to the day when I carelessly open my pay-envelope upon a three thousand dollar check.



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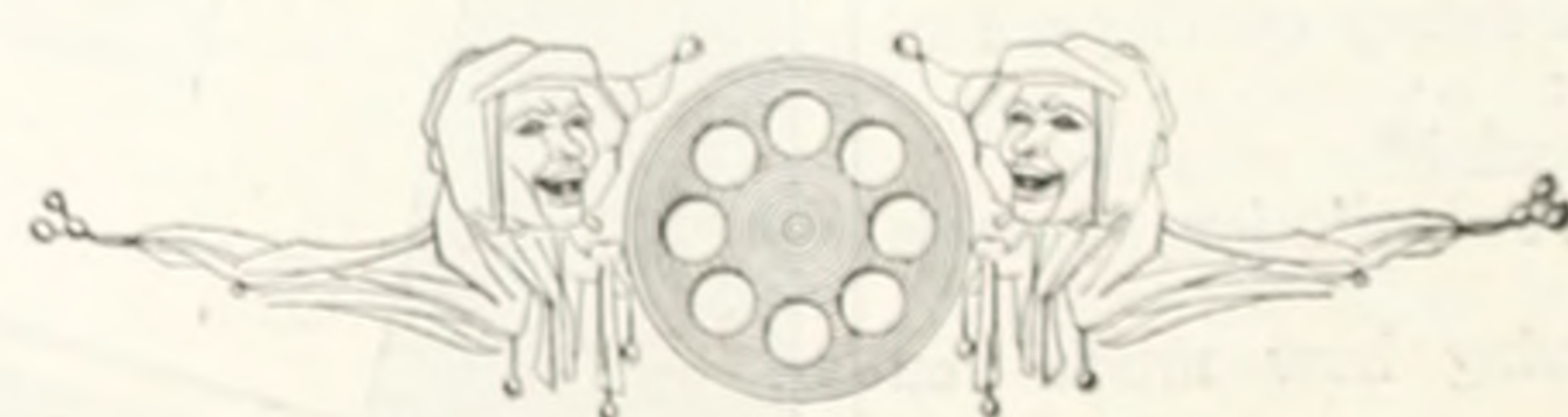
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& UNIQUE NATURALNESS—
"ASHES of ROSES"

Dante Was Wrong

(Concluded from page 31)

You see, Louise Huff does. That was what we were heading at. Louise Huff knows absolutely what love is, because she loves some one and that some one else loves her back, and there's no question in the world about it. That some one else knew he was going to love her the minute he laid eyes on her, and she knew she was going to love him. (One of his fraternity brothers brought him along one day to a luncheon party so that there would be an even number.) And they were married a few months ago, and in spite of the fact that he is the president of the company that manufactures hydraulic engines (and is only 34 at that) and has such a practical name as Stillman, and she can't tell a valve from a radiator, they understand each other perfectly.

Like Fanny Hurst, she is going to go on leading her own life and doing her own work—but she expects to keep the dew on the rose and the dust on the butterfly's wing with seven breakfasts a week with her husband, instead of two.

Then there is this difference, too: in Louise Huff's case there is Mary Louise, in other words Miss Jones, or in still other words, her young daughter. Miss Huff was married before when she was very, very young—too young, it is to be feared, to know what Love really was.

Louise Huff says she hates to tell how it was that she went on the stage, because it is just like every novel that was ever written about any Southern girl. "The family fortunes having dwindled away, she suddenly found that she must earn her own living. She had been trained to do nothing—what could she do to earn her own bread?"

The case of the dwindled fortune, the lack of training, and the necessity to earn bread were true. So she went on the stage. The play was "Graustark." Louise received the sum of twenty-five dollars a week without expenses. "It was a good thing we played in the South," she says, "because I had kin-folks in every town we played in. They didn't approve of my being on the stage, but they did take me in and board me. Heaven knows I couldn't have made ends meet on that salary if they hadn't."

From "Graustark" our brown-eyed heroine went to a road company of "Ben Hur." She played "Esther"—with a Georgia accent. That led to New York stock, and stock to pictures with Lubin in Philadelphia.

Miss Huff's last regular work was with Jack Pickford, until she came back a few months ago after an absence of two years, as a Selznick star.

Louise Huff is a simple, unaffected, studious young person with a mind as well as pulchritude. She is always studying something—botany, astronomy, history or something equally deep, and she says that when she finishes pictures for good she wants to go back to school. She was only 15 when she went on the stage, and she never has had all the schooling she hankers for. She also wants to write. Perhaps some day she'll write a handbook on Love.

Just at present Miss Huff lives in a big apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue. Very soon she is to have a house in the "upper East seventies," and if you will look in any New York social register you will know what that means.



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A mere touch will end it— So with corns

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ARTIST Stuart Hay's conception of the cue of the future: the new waiting line, the substitute for "Standing Room Only." Ladies may do their window-shopping and gentlemen enjoy tea, chess, and conversation while comfortably seated in the cue-chairs, which you will note from one long train which winds around the square, not returning to the theater until the Theda Bara of the box-office gives the signal that the house is empty for the next performance. Rialto and Rivoli, New York, please note.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

ELIZABETH, ST. LOUIS.—William Shea is dead. Mary Fuller and Pauline Bush are retired. Irene Castle is seven inches over five feet tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her eyes are gray and her hair is brown. Norma Talmadge is five feet two, weighs 110 lbs. Sister Constance is three inches taller than Norma and ten pounds plumper, though you'd never guess it, would you?

BETTY MIGNON, ST. LOUIS.—A great French poet once remarked that one can live for three days without bread, but not without poetry. I am ashamed to confess that I can only appreciate poetry when filled with ham sandwich or lemon meringue pie. Am I not a pitiable object? Ah—but well-fed, well-fed. Geraldine Farrar is now with the Associated Exhibitors, another one of those new companies. I can't keep track of them, so I don't expect you to. Geraldine's first one, to be released through Pathe, is "The Riddle Woman" from the stage play which was enacted by Bertha Kalich. Lou Tellegen will not act with Farrar in this, as he has opened in a new play of his own, called "Underneath the Bough" at the

present writing. Farrar is an American, born in Melrose, Mass. Her father, Sidney Farrar, was once a ball-player. She is a most dazzling and remarkable personality, Gerry.

PEGGY, TOPEKA.—Am I a myth or a real person? If I were a myth I wouldn't be able to answer you at all. As I am a person, I shall leave it to you to decide if I am real. Marguerite Clark played "Come Out of the Kitchen" for Paramount. She also made the "Bab" pictures from Mary Roberts Rinehart's sub-deb stories.

JENNIE, DELAWANNA.—I am sure Robert Gordon will be distressed when I tell him that his looks are driving you crazy. Of course I understand you mean to be complimentary, still I wouldn't want you to say that about me. You won't, anyway. Gordon may be reached right now care Vitagraph studios, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he again is playing opposite Alice Joyce. Mary Miles Minter of the Realart company is working at the Lasky Hollywood studios. Richard Barthelmess, Griffith studios, Manhattan, New York.

The Truth

(Continued from page 47)

side as well as Eve's and no one could deny that Eve had acted abominably.

"Yes," she answered, "but tomorrow only. That must be the last time."

SINCE Eve had obtained no satisfaction from her interview with Becky she did what she had threatened; she went to Tom's office straight from the house, arriving at his office building just as he was stepping into his car to drive home. Eve told him that Becky and Fred had been together practically every day for the past two weeks. Tom took it lightly, told Eve that she and Fred were a couple of naughty children who should be spanked.

However, when he turned the corner about two blocks from the house, he saw someone who looked suspiciously like Fred coming out the front door. Though he tried to forget Eve's talk as merely that of a jealous wife, he found himself a trifle upset.

Becky was waiting for him in the living room, curled up like a harmless kitten on the couch, and trying to look as innocent. She sprang up and threw her arms about Tom's neck, but his evening kisses were less ardent than usual.

She noticed his attitude at once, and pulled him down beside her on the couch. "What's the matter, dearie? Don't you feel well?"

"Becky, I've just seen Eve."

Becky was startled.

"Oh, has she been weeping on your bosom, too?"

The two of them laughed, and for the moment Tom's doubts vanished. He drew his wife to him.

"I love you better than all the world," said Becky. Tom knew that what she told him was true. He held her silently for a moment. Then the thought of Eve and what she had told him, and the remembrance of Fred leaving his house crept like a serpent into his garden of happiness.

"Becky," he held her face between his hands, so that he could look into her eyes, "Becky, have you been seeing Fred Lindon every day?"

Confusion routed the expression of contentment from Becky's face. Her lip twitched a little nervously, her eyes avoided those of her husband for a moment, then widened into vast surprise.

"Why—no! Certainly *not!*" she answered.

Tom could not miss her confusion, but he did not want to understand it. He did not want to believe that Becky would lie to him.

"Becky, didn't I see Fred Lindon leaving the house as I came home?"

"Why no—at least I didn't see him," Becky avoided. "You—you see I just got home from the bridge party."

Tom frowned.

"Becky, I want you to answer me truthfully. Is Fred Lindon trying to make love to you?"

"If Mr. Lindon should try to make—a—a—respectful love to me, that's a compliment to you, isn't it?" she answered indignantly, unaware in her anger that she was answering Tom's question.

Tom reached out and took Becky's hand, and looked at her solemnly.

"I have every confidence in your motives, Becky, but no woman can have the friendship of a man like Fred Lindon long, without paying the highest price for it. No matter how well you knew, and those who love you knew that you had not danced, all the same the world would make you pay the piper."

There was something so protective about Tom. Becky snuggled down happily in his arms. Now that he knew that she had been seeing Fred, she felt all happy and safe.

"You don't expect to see Fred tomorrow?" Tom asked suddenly.

"No," answered Becky.

"And you promise me that if he should come, you won't see him?"

Becky nodded her head up and down, and crossed her heart.

At this juncture Jenks entered the room with a telegram for Mrs. Tom Warder. It was from Becky's father, Stephen Roland.

"Imperative you send me \$50 by special messenger. Good things. Can't lose."

Becky looked worried, and she handed the message to her husband.

"Not another cent this month, Becky," Tom spoke firmly. "We must put a stop to your father's gambling."

Becky pouted just a tiny bit. She knew she was wrong, but she did feel sorry for her father. She turned away from Tom, but he came to her and put his arms about her. As he did so, an inspiration seemed to flash over Becky's consciousness. Her face lit up, and she grasped the lapels of Tom's coat.

"Oh, honey," she cooed, "I—I couldn't resist a hat today—the *duckiest* little hat. It was all yellow."

Tom was relieved to be out of the unpleasantness of refusing money to Becky's father so easily.

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars," Becky answered.

Tom shook her slightly. "You can't be taking this way of getting money to send your father when I don't want you to?" he asked.

There was no need for reply, for at that moment Jenks entered with a huge hat box, saying that the messenger was waiting for the money. Becky gave Tom a hug and a kiss, then a gentle push, and told him to go get ready for dinner.

Left alone with Jenks, she whispered to him: "Say Mrs. Warder is sorry, but that Mr. Warder does not like the hat, so she cannot have it."

The next moment she was holding the telephone receiver in one hand, while she started to write a note with the other. She called Fred Lindon's house. When she got him on the wire, she said coldly:

"I'm very sorry, but our engagement is off. For good." Then she hung up before Fred could reply.

"Dear Father," began the note she penned. "Am inclosing the fifty. Please be careful. With love.

"BECKY."

EVE LINDON decided that she was gaining nothing by staying away from home. So she went back the afternoon following the scene at Becky's house. Fred was not glad to see her. He was ugly and insulting, having been imbibing high-balls all day to drown the injury to his vanity caused by Becky's repulse. Eve was ready to fall on her knees at his feet. He did not even greet her. He simply snapped:

"You've mingled in my affairs once too often. You've gone and frightened Becky Warder away. She was just getting interested. I had an engagement with her this afternoon, but you went and killed that. How do you suppose a man could love a woman who is always butting into his affairs? Get out of here."

And Eve "got out." She put on her things, climbed into her car, and drove straight for the Warders'. Tom had on his golf clothes, and was preparing to leave for the links. Becky was dividing her time between letters and her husband. Jenks' announcement that Mrs. Lindon was at the door and would like to see Mr. Warder startled them.

"I wish to talk privately to Tom for a



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The Truth

(Continued)

moment.” Eve ignored Becky’s proffered hand. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” Becky called lightly over her shoulder to Tom, and went into the garden.

Tom drew up a chair for Eve.

“I only hinted at the truth of what has been going on between Fred and Becky the other day,” she said. “Why, she had an appointment with him for today. She broke it by telephone, and Fred was furious about it. He blamed me.”

Tom slapped the table with his open hand.

“Eve, I don’t believe a word of it. And I don’t want to hear about it. You’re a spoiled, jealous woman.”

“Here’s your proof.” Eve threw down the reports of the detective agency before him. Tom went to the door and called Becky.

“Eve tells me that you have been seeing Fred practically every day,” he said, searching Becky’s face.

“Do you want me to deny it? It’s like a trial isn’t it?” Mrs. Warder answered lightly, trying to make herself feel more easy than she did.

“Did you break an appointment to see Fred this afternoon by telephone?”

This time Becky was cornered. She decided to play for time, until some new sort of fib could present itself to her.

“The whole thing is false. If you think I’m a home-breaker, Eve, you’ve made a mistake. What do you mean coming to my precious home to make trouble?”

“You know what I mean,” Eve replied. “I must go—I’ll leave the papers for you to look over, Tom.”

For the first time, Becky seemed to realize that the papers Eve had brought might have anything to do with her. As Tom saw Eve to the door, fifty thoughts crowded into her mind—she would take them, tear them up.

Tom came back and sat down beside her.

“I want you to be truthful, my dear,” he spoke deliberately. “You have married a man who has every confidence in you. My faith in you is the best thing in my life—but it is a live wire and neither of us can afford to play with it.”

As he finished he reached for the papers on the table. Becky, frightened, tried to delay him.

“Tom, dearest,” she said, embracing him, “truthfully, I love you, and you are the only one I have ever loved.”

Tom looked deep into her eyes.

“Becky,” he said, “I tell you frankly that I do not know what to think. I believe that you do love me, but I want to get to the bottom of this sickly mess. Eve tells me you telephoned Fred not to come this afternoon.”

“Eve never could tell the truth,” Becky flared.

Tom picked up the papers and began glancing them over. Becky looked over his shoulder. She had never really grasped the full significance of them before.

“Detectives,” she shuddered. “Oh, this is awful. You don’t mean—and Eve hired—the suspicious cat.”

“Becky, how could you have gotten into such a mess?” There was anguish in Tom’s voice.

“The reason I saw Fred at all was because Eve wanted me to. I was trying to bring them together again.”

Tom smiled rather wearily at this. Then Jenks came in to announce that Mr. Weld was at the door to take Tom to the golf club. For the first time in their wedded life, Tom went out of the door without kissing Becky good bye.

THE importance of always telling the truth was beginning to percolate into Becky’s disturbed mind. “Oh, if I hadn’t

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The Truth

(Continued)

begun telling those miserable little fibs. If I had only told Tom all about it from the beginning," she mourned. "I will never tell a lie again."

But habit, as it has been so often said, is a chain that binds us fast. Becky had no sooner made this oath, which gave her a certain amount of righteous feeling, than she began to cast around in her mind for a way to get out of this terrible situation. She thought of Fred. He must help her. He was more at fault than she. In a few minutes a note was on its way to his home.

"If this note reaches you at once please come over. I don't think Tom will be here before six. Important.

"Becky."

The messenger had hardly gone, when Becky's father, jovial, flashily and nattily attired, with the air of a gentleman with no responsibilities in the world, arrived.

"Well, little daughter," said he, kissing her affectionately and tweeking her cheeks, "aren't you surprised at my arrival? Mix me up a little old whiskey and soda, my dear, and I'll tell you what it's all about."

Becky went to the cellarette. Mr. Roland drank his drink, smacked his lips, then chuckled.

"My dear, it was a great joke on me. I meant to ask for five hundred—not fifty, though I appreciate the fifty."

"Five hundred more," Becky gasped. "Tom would only let me have fifty, father. He said to send it to you with his love. I'm sure he can't let you have any more just now."

The florid features of Mr. Roland flushed redder. Becky did not ask him to sit down, but he did so, with quite a heavy sigh.

"It's a question of five hundred or a new Mrs. Roland," he said.

Becky started.

"Father, you can't possibly owe your landlady that much money?"

"Yes; haven't paid her for two years."

Becky's father settled himself, as if for the afternoon.

"I wish I could ask you to stay for the afternoon," Becky said nervously, "but, you see—I—I—am to meet a girl friend."

Mr. Roland gave no outward expression of any intention to understand Becky's hint. Becky became more and more nervous every minute. What if Fred should come!

"I've got time to drive you to her house if it's not far," he said at last. It made no difference to him that a taxi was waiting outside clicking up a bill that Tom Warder's money would have to settle.

Becky shook her head. "I'll get there all right. You stay here," and as she went out her father settled himself in more comfort on the couch.

Becky ran lightly down to the corner and stationed herself behind a hedge, where she could look up and down the street, and at the same time not be seen from the house. She would stop Fred Lindon before he could reach the house.

She had hardly taken her place when she was astonished by the approach of Weld's car from the other direction. It drew up alongside of Roland's taxi. Tom jumped out, threw the hired car a glance, and went slowly to the house. In a few minutes her father came out and rode away. Becky, from her hiding place, was just making up her mind to go back home and face the music, when a taxi came speeding from the other direction. It held Fred Lindon. As it passed her she called out to him, but he did not hear her. The car drew up suddenly at the curb in front of the house, and Fred ran up to the house three steps at a time. Becky wrung her hands in distress; her heart dropped; she felt very ill and miserable and unhappy. She waited in dread and anxiety

for what should happen. She did not know quite what Tom would do to Fred. She was afraid. In a few seconds her husband walked out of the house. Becky prepared for flight when she saw him coming, but he went in the direction from which he had driven a few minutes before. When he was quite out of sight, Becky summoned up courage enough to go home. Lindon was seated complacently on the sofa, reading and smoking. He felt very well satisfied with himself.

On arriving, he had met Tom Warder, who had told him that Mrs. Warder would be sorry that she had been away when he called.

"But I don't understand," Lindon had said. "She wrote me this note." And he produced Becky's message.

Tom, thoroughly disgusted, had gone off to his office saying he had some important papers to look through. He had left the house to Fred.

Becky did not see her visitor when she entered the living room. Sick and fearfully she leaned against the door. Fred heard her, went to her with the greatest confidence, drew her into his embrace and kissed her.

"You beast!" Becky jerked herself away violently.

"Didn't you send for me?" asked Fred. "What was I to think but that you found that you cared for me?"

"Yes, I did send for you," Becky's voice was very bitter, "but it wasn't because I wanted you to kiss me. I've been a fool, and you're a cad. I want you to know that there is only one man I love. That is Tom. There is only one I despise—that is you. And to think that you made me believe you were an abused husband! Please go. I don't ever want to see you again."

Fred Lindon knew when he was whipped, and with an air of indifference he left the house. Naturally he did not find it necessary to inform Becky that he had shown to her husband her note urging him to come to the house, and Becky, in her own blundering way, because Tom had in no way committed violence on Fred, believed her husband had in some way missed seeing him when he was in the house.

BECKY WARDER'S emotional resiliency was remarkable. No matter how black one moment might seem, given time, her optimism was back in full glow. The lower her state might have been, the higher it went when reaction set in.

Perhaps it was the same quality which so many women possess—that same inability or constant refusal to look things squarely in the face—that had caused so much of Becky's present state of affairs, and which drugged her into the belief that everything was all right.

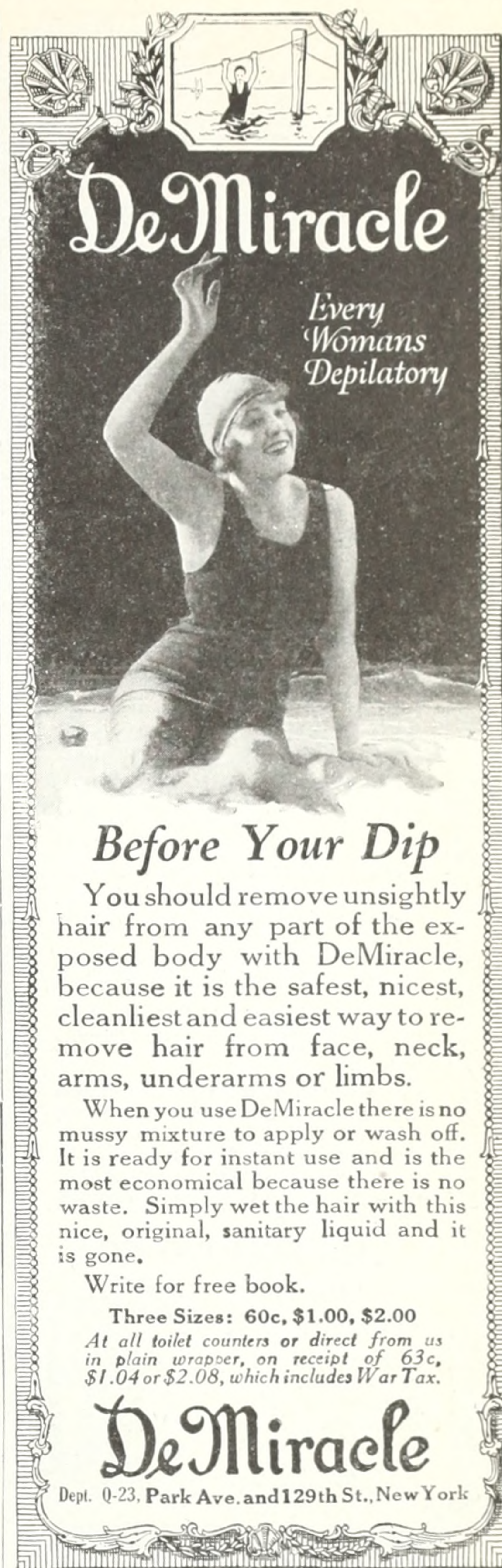
By ten thirty in the evening she had gone through the dregs of despair and had climbed through the various processes of self argument, until now she was in amazingly good spirits. Jenks had said Tom had gone to the office. At about eleven she called him and asked him to come home.

One hardly could have suspected that there had been a serious situation the entire day, from the looks and voice of Becky when Tom entered her bedroom. The softly shaded lights enveloped her in a rosy glow. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes sparkled brilliantly. She wore a turquoise blue gown—soft and clinging—the gown Tom liked best.

It was only Tom who showed signs of mental strain and unhappiness.

Becky called to him gaily as he opened the door. She ran to him expectantly, but he pushed her away.

"Why Tom, dear!" Becky spoke with



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The Truth

(Concluded)



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surprise and concern. "You look all fagged out. Are you just tired out—or—ill?"

Tom ignored her question. He motioned to her to sit down. She sat on the edge of her bed, and he dropped down on the edge of his, facing her.

"Have you had any callers today?" he asked, looking her directly in the eye.

Oh habit, habit—the trickster! How it cheats us when we do not want it to!

"Why—er—only father. I'm sorry you missed him," answered Becky. And she had meant so much never, never, never, again to tell a lie.

"I did see him," came Tom's response. "He told me about the money you sent him—from me," then caustically—"where's the new hat?" He glanced about him for a moment as if looking for something, then brought his steely eyes back again to Becky's face.

"Was Fred Lindon here?"

Becky was caught.

"Well, I'll be truthful for once. Fred Lindon was here, but I did not ask him. I excused myself at once."

Tom's expression was not pleasant for Becky to look upon.

"Oh, indeed! It happens he showed me your note asking him to come! I don't suppose you know anything about the note?"

There were no more possible lies for Becky to hide behind, so she became very, very angry.

"I did send for him. It was about those abominable papers that Eve gave you."

"And I don't suppose you kissed him." Tom grew still whiter at his own suggestion.

"No, I didn't," Becky snapped back. "He kissed me. How could I help it? I didn't know he was there—he was in the living-room when I came in."

"Of course not. Of course not. How could you resist him?"

There had been little family spats before—the nice kind that end in kisses, but up until this moment the full significance of this present difference in opinion between herself and Tom had not struck Becky. There was something in the deathly pallor of Tom's face, in the iciness of his tones, in the manner in which he went to a far corner of the room as if to be away from her, and stood looking down at her, which sent shivers of fright through Becky. She was no longer angry. She was tired of it all. She wanted Tom to forget what had happened and to take her in his arms and comfort her—as he had always done before. Sobs rose up in her throat.

"You don't have to believe me," she wept. "I told you why I was seeing Fred Lindon. I told you that I was trying to bring him and Eve together. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wish I had never been born."

Becky fell back in a little shaking heap. But Tom, usually all concern at such a moment, was adamant.

"Go ahead and cry all you want to," he said, "I'm through. The money to your father! This rotten evidence of Eve's that you've been meeting Fred right under my nose, and me an unsuspecting fool all the while! You couldn't help his kissing you! Lies—damnable lies, and another dozen to try and save yourself. I'm through, I tell you!"

Becky's torrent of tears dried up under the blaze of Tom's anger. She sat up and looked at him through dazed eyes.

"You don't mean you—," she could not say the word.

"Yes, we separate—divorce if you wish it. I tell you I'm through. You don't know what the truth is. I can't stand your lies any longer."

And so it came that Becky Warder, the

next day, entered her father's shabby boarding house with a couple of suit cases and the announcement that she was going to visit for a while—"while Tom is away."

But there was something about the droop of her pretty red mouth, the wistfulness of her eyes, the hint of tears in her voice, that told her father instantly that there was something back of her visit that she had not confided. He suggested as much. Soon her head was nestled on his checked, yet fatherly breast, and she was sobbing out her heart.

There! There Father would fix it. Father understood.

When Becky was asleep, tired out from her heart ache and her sleepless night, Stephen Roland slipped out slyly to the nearest telegraph station.

"Thomas Warder," he wrote on the yellow sheet, "Becky very ill. Nervous collapse. Advise you come at once."

And though Tom Warder had sworn, not twenty-four hours ago, that he never wanted to see Becky's face again, in less than one hour after receiving her father's telegram he was on his way, sick with anxiety lest something happen before he could reach her.

Becky awakened to find her father tiptoeing noiselessly about the room, pulling down the shades, setting medicine bottles on the dresser, and rapidly transforming the atmosphere of his bed chamber into that of a sick room. He explained to her what he had done.

"You gotta play you're awfully sick, my girl. That'll get him quicker'n anything else."

Becky's tired eyes closed again and she sank back into her pillows. She did not awaken until late in the evening. Then she was conscious of whisperings and careful walking in the next room. She could hear her father's hoarse voice—"She's a sick little girl. You must be real quiet. I'll go see if she's awake." And then she heard Tom's "All right."

It was true that Becky was far from well. The strain had been very hard on her. Her head buzzed and her eyes burned. There was a hazy, misty film that seemed to be between her mental consciousness and the world. But Becky was not too ill to know that the thing that had brought Tom Warder to Baltimore was a lie. It was a little white lie, perhaps—and Becky had not told it. But if she lay there in bed and let Tom think she was dangerously ill, she would be acting a lie. And she was done dealing in untruths, be they told or acted, forever—really done.

A moment later Becky entered the living room. She was unsteady as to her footing, but she was not unsteady as to purpose.

"Tom," she spoke deliberately and determinedly, "I am not ill. The telegram was only another lie to get you here. I am not a nervous wreck. I think I have learned my lesson—but I am glad that you are here, for I shall tell you now, truthfully, that I love you and I shall always love you."

Her husband looked at her almost shyly for a moment, then swept her into his arms. "My very own dear," he whispered tenderly.

Of course Stephen Roland and Mrs. Crispigny were in the room to see the reconciliation, but they slipped out very shortly, and held a little reconciliation in the kitchen of their own. With a hearty kiss on his landlady's mature lips, the kind hearted old gentleman who had so long evaded the bonds which the widow had long been laying for him, came into the peaceful knowledge that he was now settling all her claims for his unpaid board bill, and that he would never have another one to worry about.

"And, Tom," whispered Becky against her husband's broad protective shoulder, "I shall never, never, never, tell another lie—not even a white one."

Humoresque

(Continued from page 55)

"Perhaps you will run over to Vienna," said Gina at parting.

"Why not? I'm going to Venice later on and then to Rome."

Leon's letter home to his parents mentioning Gina Berg for some reason of feminine intuition raised a shadow of a feeling in the heart of Mother Kantor.

Hancock the manager went about his leisurely business of resting with little attention to or from Leon. The violinist put himself to work under the most rigid of Berlin instructors and kept faithfully at it for three months. Then he wrote to Gina, suggesting that he might run down to Vienna. Her reply was cordial.

When Leon opened the subject of Vienna with Hancock that wise and worthy person cocked his head on one side and spoke blandly.

"You'll be right back, won't you?"

"Oh, yes. I just want to have a talk with Eydler there—on technique."

"I see," Hancock answered with a certain dryness. He knew that neither Eydler nor anyone else could give Kantor points on technique.

Leon left his violin safe in Berlin. Two weeks went by and Hancock sent a wire:

"How about that technique?"

Leon showed the wire to Gina. She smiled and said she knew it was time for him to get back to his work.

And back to work it was. Hancock felt it was time to be stirring. He made arrangements for a concert in the Prussian capital, which proceeded to a marked success and much lionizing of his violinist. Then came Italy with its blue skies and langorous days—and a triumph. Leon played a command performance before the King and Queen. He was applauded, approved and decorated. The doors of the old nobility were opened to him and it was a milestone in his career. Leon Kantor was now a musician of world fame.

Hancock began to urge a return to America. He saw a precious season of big receipts slipping away. Leon was reluctant. Italy was in his blood. Hancock retired to his quarters and cogitated, then evolved a very careful cablegram to Mama Kantor. He placed emphasis on the fact that Leon was well but suggested that the mother's presence would have its values.

"You better go," said her husband. "It makes no money to be there so long, and Kings and Queens!" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"They advertise good," observed Sarah. "But Hancock, he has a level head," she added, and set off to prepare to go. She was wondering what Leon found to keep him so long in Rome.

Hancock received a cable announcing the coming of Mother Kantor, and carefully kept that matter to himself. Meanwhile a letter of congratulation from Gina in Vienna had started up a new correspondence between her and Leon. Presently she wrote that she was coming to Rome for a week, and promptly followed the letter. After which she and the young violinist were much together. Hancock noted the fre-

quency of their meetings and marvelled at his own sagacity in sending for Mother Kantor.

While Hancock was off to Naples on a pretext that permitted him to meet Mrs. Kantor, Leon and Gina were playing and picnicking. At a luncheon spread between them on the bank of a babbling river the dangerous topic came up.

"Gina, have you ever thought of marriage?" The question was blunt and immediate.

"Yes, many times." She faced him frankly. "But I have other ideals. I shall never break away from them." She thought she spoke with great finality.

"You mean that art and love are not compatible?"

Gina nodded, her gaze on the ground.

"And you agree with me, don't you?"

"I did, until—a little while ago." Leon was red and stammering.

"We'll have a great afternoon for the ride back," was Gina's response.

When they arrived at the hotel Mother Kantor was there, a waiting Leon with outspread arms. There was an exchange of surprised greetings. Hancock faded out, and Leon presented Gina Berg. Gina's manner captured Leon's mother. After the girl had gone the mother

opened Leon's eyes wide with the story of the success of Gina's father the onetime brass dealer.

In her pension room, Gina was fighting out with herself the problem of love and making the decision which she felt would make her career.

A simple note to Leon the next day conveyed Gina's good wishes to his mother and announced her departure for Vienna.

"A fine girl, Gina Berg," observed the mother carefully to Leon. "One of these days she'll be marrying."

"No she won't; she's for art, not marriage."

Leon's reply gave his mother a great deal more information than he intended.

"Yes," the mother assented. "It's the American way—it should be everything first, then marriage."

Leon stood sadly with Gina's note in hand. The mother intuitively knew that this was the time to push the matter of a return to America. Hancock was an able second. Leon was meekly willing. Nothing appeared to matter much to him just then. His heart was in Vienna. Hancock arranged affairs with great dispatch and in three days they were on their way.

IN New York, Leon was greeted with enthusiasm. Reporters flocked for interviews and Hancock displayed the decorations from the crowned heads of Europe.

It was a winter of new triumphs for Leon. His playing had acquired a new depth and insight. The critics' remarks were highly gratifying to Mother Kantor and Leon's father felt much improved at the increased box-office returns. Hancock, partly for advertising and partly as good business, proceeded to insure Leon's gifted



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Humoresque

(Continued)

right arm and fingers for a king's ransom. One evening Abraham came home full of gossip.

"Guess who I saw? Solomon Ginsberg, the fellow that used to sell me brasses in Allen street."

As his father prattled along of Berg, Leon listened attentively, eagerly awaiting a word of Gina. At last it came.

"And that daughter of his that's studying music, he says, she will come back soon. In the fall she goes to sing by the stage, maybe."

Leon pretended to be highly abstracted. Hancock betook himself to Kansas and the old farm home for the summer and the Kantors went to a cottage resort in Maine. It was not a success. In that cynical community Leon alone was socially welcome.

Then came the thunder clap of war in Europe.

To Leon came only one thought—Gina was in Vienna—how would she get away? The papers printed sensational accounts of the difficulties of American tourists. Europe was a boiling chaos.

Hancock came rushing East. He was full of the anxiety that beset everyone. The Kantors gave up their Maine cottage and hurried back to the New York suburb that they called home.

Leon was glum and silent through the days. His heart was heavy.

At last in an afternoon paper he found the paragraph he had been seeking for days. Gina Berg, the singer, was safe aboard ship and coming home. His face lighted up. There was no need to tell his mother; she read it in Leon's face.

"Money, money, it does anything? What's a thousand for a steamer cot for Sol Berg?"

When the great boat docked Leon was in the crowd that stood about the pier, eagerly looking. But Sol Berg had used his open sesame of wealth. Gina was one of the first to touch foot on shore and swiftly she was borne away in her father's car, while Leon vainly waited.

When evening came Leon wandered disconsolately home. He found the house bubbling with talk. Gina Berg and her father had been there, and she had seemed disturbed not to find Leon.

"What did they want?" Leon could think of nothing else to say.

"Why you, of course."

His question had carried no cover for his feelings. His mother knew him too well.

Then Leon motored alone out to the great home of the Bergs in Morristown. Gina came down to greet him. Their hands met as the hands of those who understand.

"And now you're back Gina—what will you do?"

"I shall go on with my work—of course." There was a note of surprise in her voice. "I think if you have any sort of a gift and keep at it long enough you will succeed."

"But it's not necessary, is it, Gina?" There was pleading in his tone.

"Not for my worldly self, Leon, but for me it is."

"Gina!" Leon's voice was vibrant and low. "I've been hoping ever since those days in Rome that you'd change your mind. I have never changed since that day of the picnic, Gina, and all the time I want you. Always I want you."

"Oh Leon! You mustn't talk that way—you make it so hard for me."

"But, Gina. I can't help myself." Leon stood up with his hands held out to her. She faced him with tears in her eyes.

"Leon, I can't—not yet."

"When, Gina?"

"After the war, Leon."

"Then you care—a little."

Gina's eyes drooped and he drew her to him.

The girl raised her head.

"You'll not ask me again until then?"

Leon promised and went home—praying for the end of the war that had hardly begun.

"How long do you think it will last?" he asked Hancock, to whom he looked for everything. Hancock could offer little encouragement. The news was all against it. Then developments followed faster and faster. There came the unrestricted submarine warfare. The parleying of diplomats and then the last word. The United States was in the war. Preparations came fast—the draft. Hancock came to say goodbye to Leon.

"Sorry, but you'll have to get a new manager. I am not going to wait to be drafted. I'm going now."

"We'll be waiting when you get back, Mr. Hancock," spoke up Mrs. Kantor.

As Hancock departed the mother looked at Leon. She made bold to ask the question that she feared.

"Leon, you wouldn't think of going?"

"Mother—I—I think I'll have to go."

She shook her head.

"No, not with your talents. It wouldn't be right."

"My son, that he should fight for Russia—that's folly!" shouted Father Kantor.

Leon played through a prosperous season to big successes. The Kantors took a house of great elegance on Fifth avenue. They were getting on. All Spring and Summer Leon played with growing popularity. Each day his mother was wondering when he should lay down his violin and take up the army's rifle.

A great day came. Leon played a concert benefit for his own people. It was such an audience as even New York seldom sees. It was a tremendous success. Fifteen times the audience recalled him.

At the end of the concert Abraham burst into his son's dressing room.

"It has come Leon—it has come. Here is Mr. Elsass, the big manager, he wants to pay you two thousand a concert."

Leon choked.

"No papa, I can't."

Mrs. Kantor, standing in the door, swallowed hard. She knew the meaning of it. Elsass, white-haired and dignified, entered.

Leon nodded a greeting and took his hand.

"It's generous of you—but I can't take it."

"Would you mind tellin' me why?"

"No—I'm going into the army."

"Yes," said Elsass slowly. "If I were younger I'd go too."

SO Leon enlisted and went away to the training camp, a private in Uncle Sam's army. And sailing day came with its tearful goodbye.

"Remember, when the war is over I shall have something to say to you," Leon said to Gina Berg.

The weeks that came dragged slowly by in aching suspense for the Kantors and the thousands of other families like them, with sons overseas. No news for weeks. Now and then a card from Leon, saying that all was well and chafing at the delayed prospects of action.

And then, suddenly, things began to happen. The German armies rushed the Allies. There was Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. A master stroke from Foch, and then the Armistice. That night of the Armistice there was no sleep for the Kantors—they wept and laughed and waited. Surely Leon must be safe.

Humoresque

(Continued)

A letter from Leon came through. It was months old, but certainly he was all right then. Impatient, his father and mother went to Washington and battled with the red tape of many departments. No news.

Then it came in a cable—speaking of Leon as slightly wounded.

The terrible anxiety of it! Mother Kantor called Gina Berg, who hastened to the Kantor home. She read and re-read the cold, formal notification—"slightly wounded."

"You don't think—it surely can't be his arm, his violin fingers!" Mother Kantor moaned in agony for fear for her son.

"Let's hope not. Let's hope not, pray not." Gina was doing her best to be reassuring. But it was only a hope.

Then as the drab days dragged on the Leviathan with its burden of wounded was reported on the seas. At night fall it arrived off Sandy Hook. Another sleepless night in the Kantor home. Another tossing night of dry-eyed anguish for Gina.

In the ruck and jam of motor cars at the pier when the great transport docked was one carrying Abraham and Sarah Kantor. For two terrible hours they waited as wounded men limped down the gangplanks, as hospital attendants carried off men in litters. There seemed no end of it.

Mother Kantor cried out. There was Leon walking alone.

He came to them, with a look on his face that his mother had never seen before. His right arm was hanging useless at his side. Abraham gulped back a sob and leaped to the ground beside his son. The mother greeted the boy rapturously.

"Your arm?" Abraham managed to ask when they had Leon seated in the car.

"No good," said Leon. His voice was cold with apathy.

"Can't you use it again?" the mother gasped.

"No."

Sarah Kantor leaned far back in the car and tried to cry silently.

THE homecoming at the Kantor house on Fifth avenue was a sad one. His mother went with Leon to his room to make him comfortable. Abraham telephoned to summon the city's greatest specialist, an authority on shell shock.

The doctor's call was brief. His trained eye saw the answer. Abraham followed the physician out.

"You should tell me, doctor—will he ever play again?"

The specialist shook his head as one in grave doubt.

"He doesn't think so—but someday maybe a great mental shock will restore him to himself. It is possible. Meanwhile, see that he eats regularly, rests and is not annoyed."

Gina Berg came. It was a heartbreaking meeting. Nothing mattered to Leon anymore—not even Gina. She offered words of cheer. She drew her chair up beside him and took his limp hand in hers. It laid there, inert.

"There is nothing left, now," he said in dull tones. "They have taken away my music. There is nothing left."

"Oh Leon—nothing—not even me? You don't mean me?"

Leon arose. He forgot momentarily, that his right hand was doomed to uselessness as he took her slender fingers in both his hands and pressed them against his breast.

"I am sorry Gina—I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself to a cripple."

The girl went out with a smile for Leon. But outside she fell sobbing into the arms of Mother Kantor.



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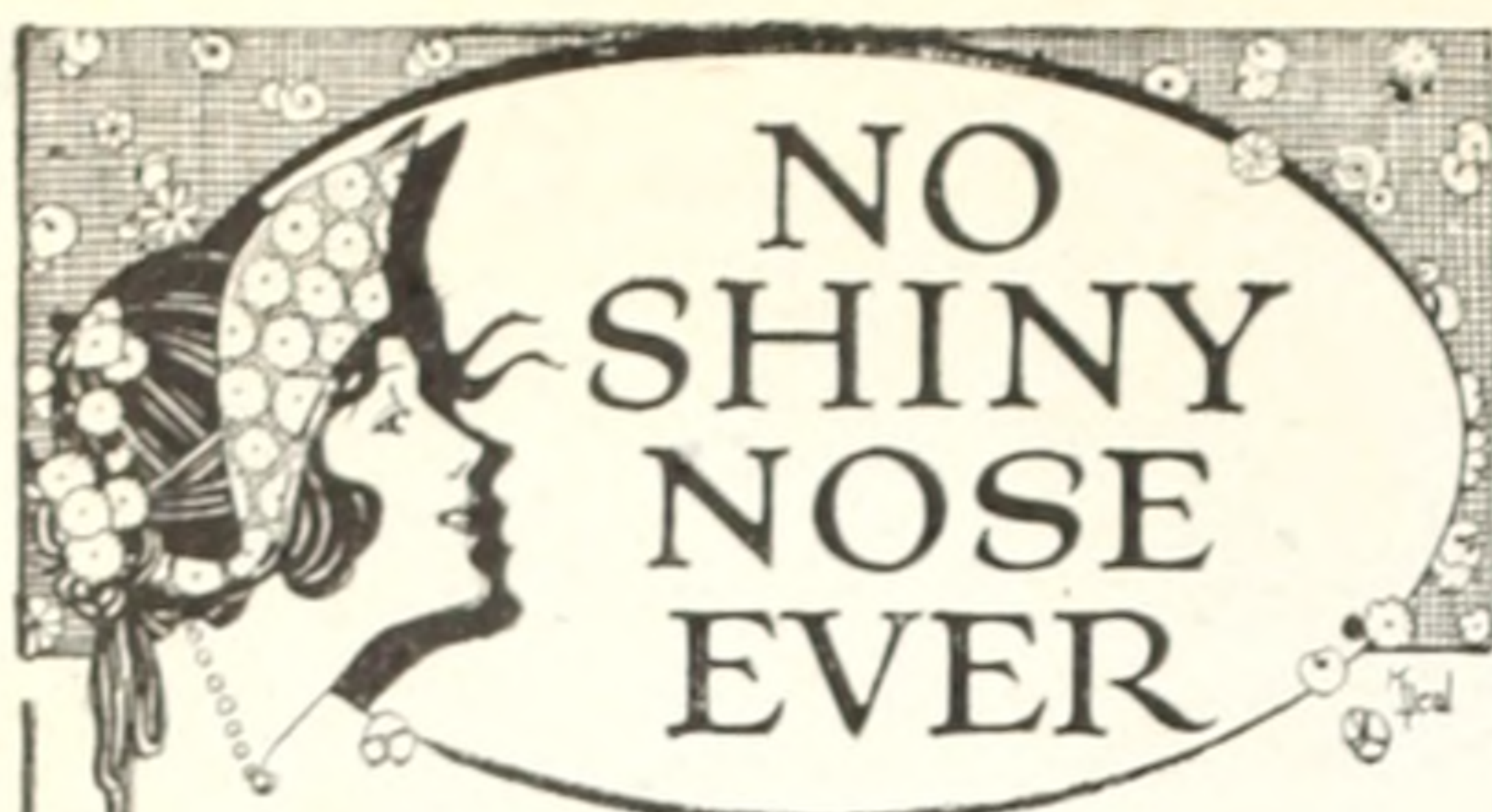
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Humoresque

(Concluded)

The mother repeated the words of the specialist. For weeks Gina and the mother planned and sought the word, the thought that might awaken Leon to himself again. It was in vain. Nothing could break the drab chill that had settled over the genius of Leon Kantor.

Then Hancock came. He did not trust himself to speak to Leon. As he left he encountered Gina Berg.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Hancock demanded abruptly.

"I?" Gina looked at Hancock in astonishment.

"Yes, you!" Hancock reiterated. "You can make him play again."

"Tell me how! Oh tell me how!" Gina smothered her resentment for the hope in Hancock's words.

"The doctor said he might come back if he got a shock. You shock him somehow, somehow. Take his violin to him and when he refuses to play pretend you are going to smash it—smash it if you have to do it to make good."

"When?"

"Now—this is as good a time as any."

L EON was sitting listlessly when Gina entered.

"Leon," she spoke firmly, almost gaily, "I have been thinking it over and I think you are right—you can't play any more."

The violinist—that was shook his head.

"You remember before you went away you played Alan Seeger's 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death'?" Leon nodded.

"You wouldn't play it again would you?—because I am going to do something I know you will like."

Leon looked at her with an air almost expressive of interest. Gina ran from the room and returned with Leon's priceless Stradivarius, the instrument of his many triumphs.

"I know you wouldn't want any one else ever to play the violin you have made so famous—so—"

Gina raised the instrument over her head. "—So I will destroy it."

With a cry, Leon leaped to his feet and with his right arm seized the girl's wrist. Swiftly she handed him the instrument and bow.

Abstractedly, mechanically, Leon nestled the violin under his chin and swept the bow across the strings. But it was not the piece he had played before he went to war. The notes of the "Humoresque" came rainy-sweet, soft as the patter of showers in an orchard abloom in Spring.

Hancock opened the door. Sarah and Esther tiptoed in.

They heard the composition through, frozen as they stood lest the charm be broken.

When Leon dropped his bow a new light shone in his eyes. He had come back. Sarah and Esther went out as silently as they had come.

Leon drew Gina to him.

"Now I have a rendezvous with life."

And as he spoke Hancock softly closed the door. For Hancock was a most excellent manager.

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T HEY tell it on the film Rialto that Maurice Maeterlinck, before his departure for the Coast as a new Alec-in-Picture-land, was closeted with a picture producer who was not a little interested in the Belgian's venture. The producer slapped the great white haired poet on the back, looked him earnestly in the eye, and burst out: "Good bye, Mr. Maeterlinck; I know you'll make good."

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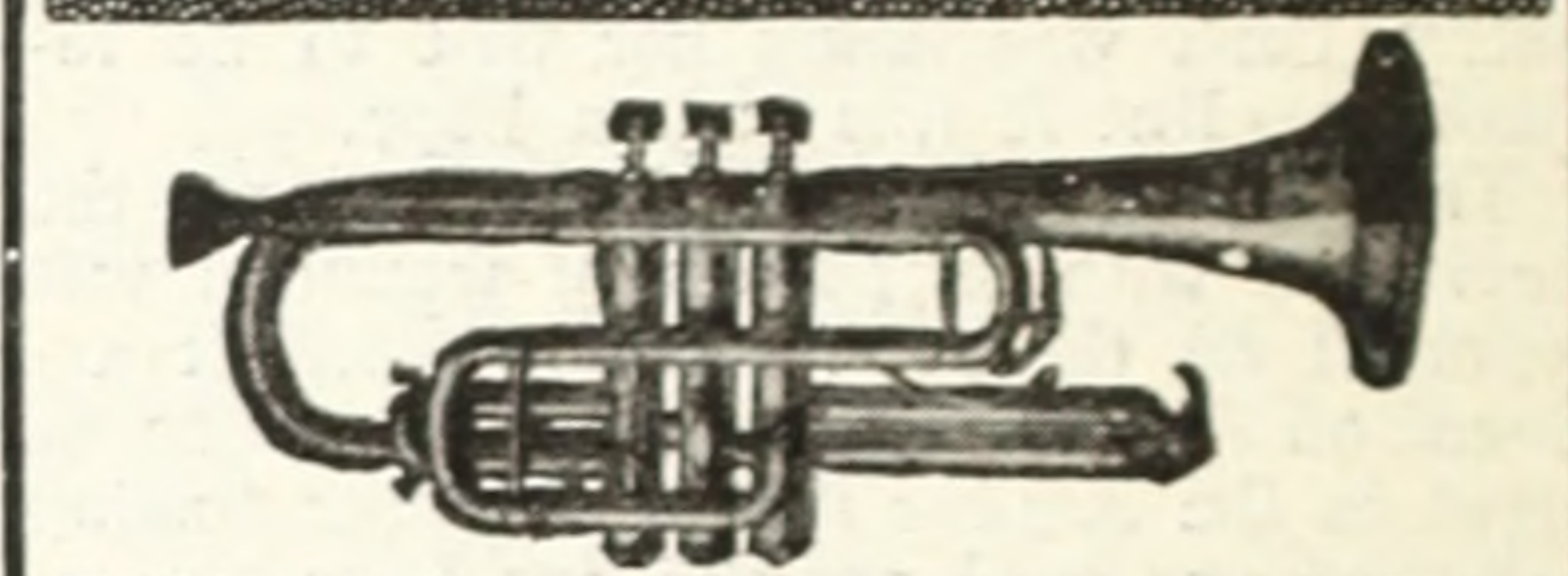
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Divorce a La Film

(Concluded from page 76)

who believed in the 18th Amendment. Some reply coldly and haughtily, as though admitting German ancestry. Some giggle.

But MacLean was enthusiastic. Later I met her and discovered why. He'd better keep her in California or the Follies will get her, that's all. She's non-professional but something of a business woman, I am given to understand.

Likewise a good sport. One day in the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, where her husband was playing before he went into pictures, some matinee girls asked her if she thought Douglas MacLean was married. She said sweetly, "Oh, I'm sure he isn't. He looks too young, don't you think?"

His conversation, however, was like holding forth with Maude Adams, by proxy. He played with her several seasons and his admiration of the great actress amounts only to worship. In a modest sort of way he intimates "everything that I am or ever hope to be as an actor I owe to my experience with Maude Adams."

"Oh, how I did want her to make 'Peter Pan' in pictures," he said. "But she wouldn't. At first she called them 'those dreadful pictures.' Later, when they had become so wonderful, she said to me, 'Ah, Douglas, I cannot. Because they say that the camera is very, very unkind to people who are forty and a bittock.' You see, that was a line in a sketch we did, and it means forty and just a little bit more.

"But really, Maude Adams is one of those persons who are ageless—without any time on their work."

MacLean likes comedy and expects to stick to the clean, brilliant sort of thing he has been doing. Born in Philadelphia, and a college graduate, he came to the screen from a successful stage career, and was a leading man, playing opposite Mary Pickford, in "Capt. Kidd Jr." and "Johanna Enlists," before he joined hands with Doris May for Paramount.

Japanese Humor

GEORGE MELFORD, the director, is laughing over a sample of Japanese wit as revealed by George Kuwa, the Japanese actor, who played the part of the Chinaman in "The Round Up"—Chinaman's cue, partially shaved head, and all.

In order to become a convincing Chinaman, Kuwa was required to shave off a rather imposing head of hair. This he did without demur, remarking earnestly: "For you, Mis' Melford, I am do this."

Thereafter for several days Kuwa strayed about the lot with a small package in his hand, chuckling to himself and sometimes laughing outright. His merriment became so pronounced that Melford demanded an explanation.

"Well, when Japanese die in foreign country," explained Kuwa, "friends cut off hair and send to family. . . ."

At this point Kuwa was overcome by laughter, but continued:

"When I cut off hair for picture I save—send to friend in Japan—good joke!"

"Some joke," commented Melford. "Must be a Japanese joke."

"Yes, Japanese joke," agreed Kuwa, "laugh all time."

DID you ever hear of the "Wood family"? Neither did we, until a friend of ours—a theatergoer—came back from England.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)



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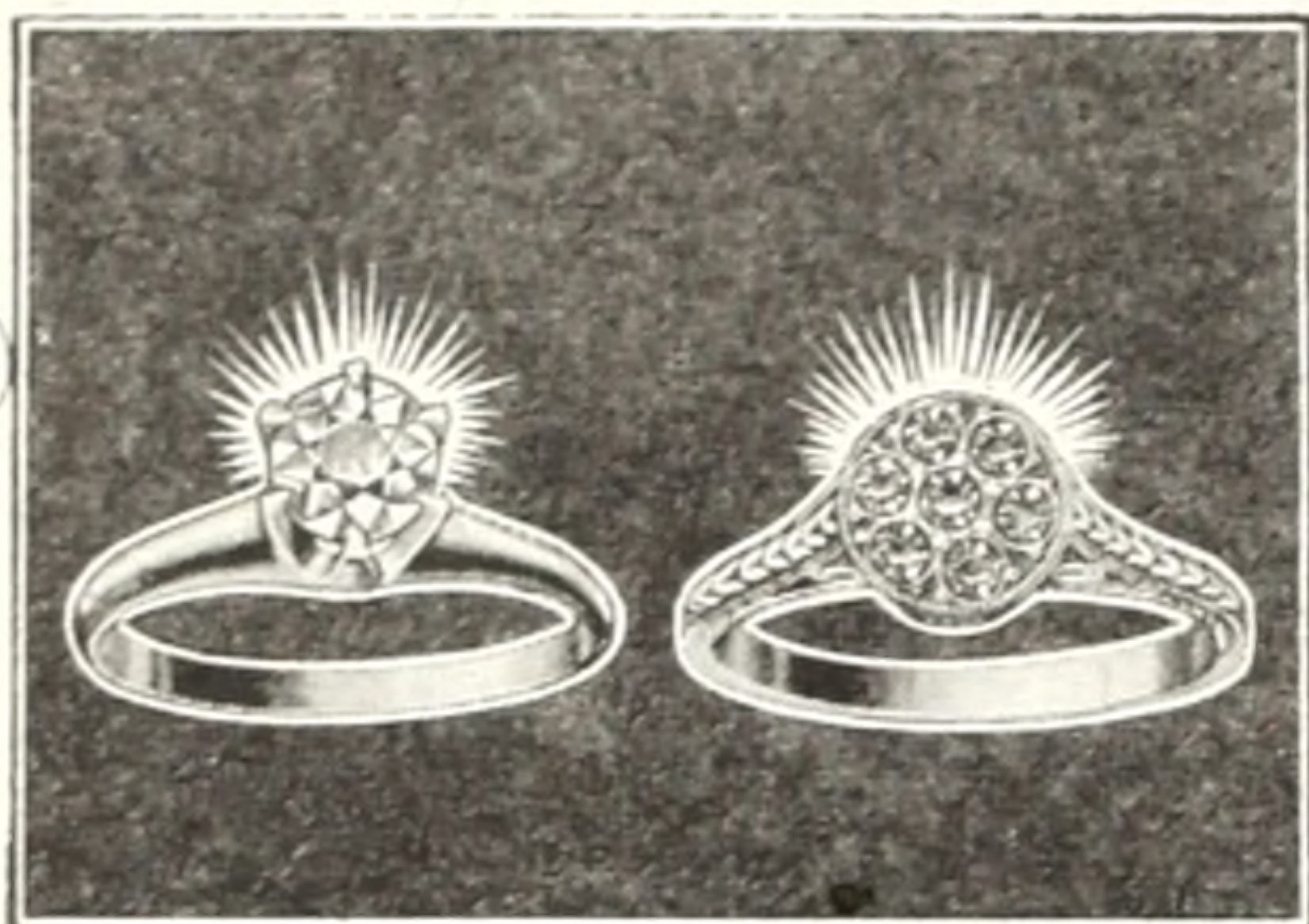
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GRACE, SPRINGFIELD.—You neglected to observe the rules and regulations, my dear. I know how it is—I hate rules myself. But PHOTOPLAY simply can't furnish stamps to every inquirer who wants a personal reply by return mail. Pauline Frederick is still on the West Coast; Robertson-Cole has a studio out there. Georges Carpentier is the only star for this company who is working in New York—pardon me, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Miss Frederick is not married now. She had been married before she became Mrs. Willard Mack. Divorced.

THE PLAINFIELD CRITIC.—That's a new idea—that girls like to see a vampire at work because they enjoy seeing anyone even another woman, get a man just where they want him. I don't think you need to pity "poor Theda Bara." She is making an awful lot of money and plays to packed houses and has a good time at her work. Address her care A. H. Woods, New York City. Pearl White only went to Europe for a month's vacation. So Mrs. Barthelmess, Dick's mother, was in your town. I suppose if Dick ever comes you'll welcome him at the station with a brass band.

MARY JANE, COLUMBUS.—Mary Pickford was the little girl in "Less than the Dust," David Powell the Englishman, and Mary Alden the other woman. You're very welcome.

A. V., KANSAS CITY.—Come, come—don't you think you're a bit too harsh? Let your criticisms be constructive rather than destructive and you may get what you want. In part, I agree with you.

RENO ROMEO.—Violet Heming is with Paramount Artcraft; address her there. She is in "The Cost," from David Graham Phillips' story. The Talmadge sisters are not Italian; they're American, born in Brooklyn. Natalie plays with Constance in "The Love Expert." Constance is to do "The Perfect Woman" next, then "Wedding Bells." What an intriguing list of titles, what?

V. J., RED WING.—You must not be so impatient. Consider the letters that must have come before yours—both in your favorite film star's mail and in the Answer Man's. The Talmadges will send you their pictures; just wait awhile. Douglas McLean is married but not to Doris May. They are not playing together any more, which seems a pity. Address McLean care Thomas H. Ince, Culver City., Cal. Don't know what Ince is going to do with his stars, now that he is an Associated Producer. There are star directors and star producers; pretty soon we won't have any acting stars: all the actors will be in those all-star casts. Cullen Landis, Goldwyn. John Hines is making the "Torchy" comedies.

G. P., MINN.—I don't know that any film star sends out eight-by-ten photographs. You'll just have to select one of your particular idols and write to him or her as the case may be. Your writing and paper don't divulge your sex.

FLORENCE, NEW YORK CITY.—I hate to tell you—but Jack Perrin, dashing hero of the serial, "The Lion Man," is married. He is married to Josephine Hill, the subject of the Easter picture-page in PHOTOPLAY, who was a Universal feature-ette and who is playing now in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." She will not give up the screen.

DOROTHY, MUSKEGON HEIGHTS, MICH.—So your teacher said she was glad when you stayed out of school, because you asked so many questions. Your teacher and I must be kindred spirits—no, not spirits—souls. It's hard to get away from our old figures of speech, isn't it? But it's always best to let the dead past, etc. Pearl White, according to the best records, is thirty-one. She works for Fox and should be addressed there—Eastern studios. You're welcome.

R. N., KANSAS CITY.—The companies are having a merry time buying old stories. Metro bought "Alias Jimmy Valentine" for Bert Lytell but theirs is not the original screen production of this crook play. Maurice Tourneur directed Robert Warwick in it when both were with World. Harold Lloyd has a car, but I don't know what make it is. Is it absolutely essential that you should know?

H. R. L., KINGSVILLE.—You would never make an art director on a modern magazine if that picture of Renee Adoree you cut from PHOTOPLAY and pasted on your desk keeps you from working. You should see the pictures that surround even the old Answer Man! Renee played in Fox's "Clemenceau Case." Better not see it. If a "still" of her kept you from work, what would moving pictures of her do to you?

PIONEER, MIAMI.—You don't have to have any pull to get an immediate answer from me. Truth is, there isn't anyone who gets a thing like that. You see, no matter how soon you think you write, there is always some one else whose letter gets here first. Yours simply had to await its turn. History has a right to repeat itself and so has the Answer Man—when flappers ask him the same Barthelmess and O'Brien questions in every mail. I don't like it any better than you do, but it's my duty, me child. Roy Stewart made a Western or two for an independent company or two after leaving Triangle. Lately he appeared in Benjamin Hampton's picturization of Zane Grey's "Desert of Wheat," renamed "Riders of the Dawn." Now he is Betty Compson's leading man in her first stellar picture. I hope you're satisfied. Better write to him and ask him that other question.

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION, ANN ARBOR.—You were a bit careless in your request. If you had read the rules at the top of this department you would know that a stamped addressed envelope is required for a reply by mail. If you read the Magazine you would get the names of the leading producers from the Studio Directory, which always occupies a column somewhere in the front or back of the book. I would advise you to consult this Directory.

CATHERINE, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.—I don't mind being called an old man but I do mind being called an old woman. As a matter of fact, I am not either one. Consult picture at head of my department, etc. Herbert Rawlinson is in Blackton's "Passers-By." His wife is Roberta Wilson. Rawlinson has gone West to be the star of a new company I believe. Mrs. DeWolfe, or Hedda Hopper is William Faversham's leading woman in "The Man Who Lost Himself" for Selznick. (No offense meant to L. J.) Write to her at Hotel Algonquin, New York. I think she'll answer you. Alice Brady is Mrs. James Crane. Her father-in-law is Dr. Frank Crane, well-known Manhattan philosopher. E. K. Lincoln lives in New York, I think, but he also has a summer home. He is married.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

P. B., CHICAGO.—Now how on earth should I know how much money it costs to start a team in vaudeville? It depends upon what you play, I suppose. I never doubled in brass. Always stuck to my Remingwood. I don't know a sure-fire method of writing a scenario. If I knew you may be sure I'd try it myself. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Culver City, will send you her picture. Francelia Billington is with Universal, U City, California. Theda Bara is on the stage now in "The Blue Flame." And I haven't heard of Marie Eline, erstwhile Thanhouserette, for a long time.

LOIS OF IDAHO.—Glad you decided to take the fatal step at last. Now I am not so fierce, am I? Antonio Moreno is probably too busy to carry on a regular correspondence with you, but he undoubtedly will answer your letters from time to time; he's a most obliging chap. Constance and Natalie Talmadge, wearily echoes the Answer Man, have real bobbed hair. Norma's is about shoulder-length, I should conjecture. Moreno will make one more serial before going in for features exclusively. Never noticed any resemblance between Kenneth Harlan and Wallace Reid. I hear that Harlan is to be starred; don't know how true it is. Haven't those ages, but Nazimova has no children; Grace Cunard is now making two-reel comedy-dramas in the west for Marion Kohn; Casson and Elsie Ferguson are not related; Hazel Dawn is not dead, but touring the country in "Up in Mabel's Room," a more or less legitimate farce; Robert Ellis, now a director, was Olive Thomas, leading man in "The Spite Bride" and yes, yes, Mary married Douglas Fairbanks.

N. D., NEW YORK.—Awfully sorry, old top, but I can't do anything for you. I haven't much of a drag in the picture business or I'd have my own company. Wish you best of luck, however—and let me know how you come out.

WILL L. HOWARD, MANCHESTER.—Wish we could print your letter. You say some good things that hit home. It is difficult to be a perfectly accurate mirror of this changing industry. I wish all picture-goers were as broad-minded as you. Thanks.

BAILEY AND MOORE, COLUMBUS.—Sorry you had to wait so long for a reply. And sorry I can't give you any advice as to whether it is proper for girls to smoke cigarettes. It depends upon so many things: the girl, the cigarette—Eugene O'Brien isn't married but he isn't a woman hater. There's no such thing as a woman hater. Gloria Swanson, Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, has retired from the screen for a while, for a very personal and interesting reason. She is in DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife?"

VIRGINIA, CALIFORNIA.—The easiest question I ever had to answer: is Nazimova her first name or last name? She is Madame Alla Nazimova, in private life Mrs. Charles Bryant.

MARY, PENNSYLVANIA.—Your requests have all been granted so far, haven't they? Cover and story on Katherine MacDonald; art section picture of Wanda Hawley and cover and story on Pearl White. I always aim to please. Wanda Hawley is a star in her own right now with leading men to support her, so you won't see her as Wallace Reid's or Bryant Washburn's principal *femme* any more. Wallace Reid has only one son.

CAROLINE, CHICAGO.—I can tell you that Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are divorced—Miss Joyce married again, James Regan—but I don't know the name of the fuzzy-haired girl you mention. There are so many fuzzy-haired girls in pictures.

JACK, NEW YORK CITY.—Thanks for taking all that trouble. William Farnum in "The Orphan" for Fox. Doug Fairbanks' new picture is "The Mollycoddle." Charlie Chaplin is not divorced from Mildred Harris Chaplin but they say the king of comedy and his pretty wife are not so happy as they might be. Mrs. Chaplin is making First National pictures. Charlie is a United Artist.

GALE, TULSA.—Dorothy Dalton was once married to Lew Cody. Mr. Cody is not married right now; neither is Miss Dalton. Her latest is "Half an Hour"; his, "The Butterfly Man." Dorothy Gish will send you her picture if you will write to her care Griffith studios in Mamaroneck.

HAROLD R. G., MONTEVIDEO.—Yours was a most interesting letter. You say in a contest held by a Buenos Aires film magazine, "Hearts of the World," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The House of Hate" (serial) were adjudged the best pictures in the order named. You make a good point when you say that American producers should be more careful when writing titles in the Spanish language, as they are often incorrect and even foolish and people down there know better. Please come again; I like to hear from you.

GREG E. ABOT, MANILLA.—Another fine letter. Louise Lovely is married; she was with Fox but is forming her own company now. Further details will be given later. Bebe Daniels played in several DeMille pictures, notably "Why Change Your Wife?" She has also done leading business with Wallace Reid for Lasky. And now Realart, a branch of the Paramount-Artcraft company, is going to star this little brunette who used to be Harold Lloyd's feminine foil in his comedies. Mildred Davis is the blonde who took Bebe's place; I like her very much indeed. She is in "Haunted Spooks," "The Eastern Westerner," "High and Dry" and all the future Lloyd releases. Mabel Normand's latest is "The Slim Princess," from George Ade's play, so you can see she is still doing comedy. You want a picture of Snub Pollard.

M. F., TACOMA.—Of course I liked "The Miracle Man." The principal players included Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney—he was "The Frog." Meighan is now a star and so is Miss Compson. Meighan is good in "The Prince Chap"—watch out for it. Marguerite Clark is not going to retire, but she will play for some other company than Paramount, I believe. She's Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams, as I've told all of you so many, many times.

TAXI, SALINA.—Most of your questions I have answered many times. It was Constance and not Norma in "A Virtuous Vamp." Connie is a comedienne while Norma is an emotional actress. Conway Tearle has been divorced, but he is married now to Adele Rowland and I have heard no rumors of impending separation. Mrs. Tearle is now singing and dancing in "Irene," a New York musical comedy. Harrison Ford isn't married now; he is a regular Lasky leading man, appearing opposite Wanda Hawley in Realart's "Miss Hobbs."



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(Concluded)

MAZIE C., BROOKLYN.—You're dead wrong, Mazie. I'm not blessed or burdened with a sweet little wife and cunning child. You flatter me when you imply that if I were so burdened or blessed, my wife would be sweet and my child cunning. I am a bachelor, Mazie—a born bachelor. Violet Heming is being featured in Paramount-Artcraft photoplays. You ask me what I think of a certain producer. I'd hate to tell you. And I refuse to divulge how I do my hair. A chap must maintain some individuality, mustn't he?

MARJORIE Z., SANTA SUSANA, CAL.—I have conveyed your felicitations to Miss Evans and I think she will write to you herself. It's a great thing to make anyone say, "Why are dishes—I laugh at them." I suppose a lot of you contribs think that writing to me for an answer is like trying to get a number on the telephone. By the time I answer you're too old and feeble to care. But always remember that my pile of letters is just as appalling as your pile of dirty dishes. Casson Ferguson, Lasky, Hollywood, Dorothy Gish, Griffith, Mamaroneck. Zasu Pitts in "Poor Relations." She has her own company now; address her at 532 S. Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Many thanks, and write again soon.

CURLY R., RUTHERFORD HEIGHTS, PA.—You say you never see a good answer to the question, "How can a fellow get in the movies?" And good reason why. A fellow usually cant. You must hunt up a studio city, apply for a job and stick around. That's the only royal road to film success I know of. George Walsh is still making pictures for Fox.

C. C. T., WASHINGTON.—Paramount-Artcraft is the official name of the concern of which Adolph Zukor is president and Jesse Lasky vice-president. All Famous Players and Lasky pictures made by this company are released under that one brand name—P. A. Zukor established Realart, but Paramount-Artcraft does not officially release Realart pictures. Realart is of 460 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Consult directory.

MRS. ANSWER MAN, BELLEVUE.—This nom de plume that you insist upon is going to cause me an awful lot of trouble. Suppose I were really married and my wife should see it? As it is, everyone will be asking me why I never mentioned it if I have a wife in Canada. But I aim to please and you asked it of me. Francis McDonald was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1891. Last appearances in "Hearts and Masks" and "The Kentucky Colonel" for National Film Corp. His address is Glidden Hotel, Holly Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Have no record of that other actor you mention. Sorry.

G. C. M., PARAPARAP.—If you think I am harsh, you should have an Answer Man who drove army mules for two years. I am really very sweet-tempered. I'll look that up for you. Rolf Armstrong has never done a portrait of Madame Olga Petrova for PHOTOPLAY. Petrova is coming back to pictures soon, she says.

JIMMY, DENVER.—Some men spend half their lives raising whiskers to conceal their youth and the other half dyeing them to conceal their age. Lou Tellegen is married to Geraldine Farrar, with whom he played in Goldwyn's "Flame of the Desert" and "Woman and the Puppet." Tellegen is on the stage now in a new play. Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City. Theda Bara, in "The Blue Flame," an Al Woods production for the legitimate. Theda's sister is not an actress.

PEGGY W., SCHENECTADY.—It's all right for you to eat one and one-half pieces of lemon-cream pie for luncheon, I suppose—that is, if you can stand it—but why write me about it? I haven't had a really good lemon-cream pie for months—and have been trying to forget. Sessue Hayakawa's new picture is "The Devil's Claim." Nice little title. His wife, Tsuru Aoki, is twenty-eight years old. She is in Japan on a visit right now. Madeline Traverse was born in Boston, but won't say when.

C. M. B., WASHINGTON.—Your questions were rather vague and decidedly gossipy. Don't believe half that you hear nor anything that you overhear, my friend. Mary Pickford is as popular as ever.

BARBARA, BATTLE CREEK.—All of your questions have been answered before, but since you are such a little girl I don't mind answering them all over. Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess will not appear together any more. Dick is a star himself now. Mary Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." Ralph Graves opposite Dorothy Gish in "Her Majesty." Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck; Constance and Natalie are not married. You weren't a bit of bother, child.

CLEVELAND, M. S.—Short and snappy, yours. You only want the birth-places and dates and present addresses and matrimonial intentions of a dozen stars. Can't give you all of them, but here are some: Conway Tearle, Selznick; married to Adele Rowland. Anita Stewart and Katherine MacDonald, Louis Mayer studios, Los Angeles. Miss Stewart is really Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Elsie Ferguson, (Mrs. Thomas Clarke), Paramount Artcraft.

STRAIGHT BOBBED HAIR, STAUNTON.—I am getting in pretty

deep over this bobbed-hair controversy. I can't help it if an actress whom I said was bobbed, let her hair grow. Shirley Mason has short hair. Faire Binney bobbed her hair, but is letting it grow again. I interrogated Faire upon this delicate subject myself, so I know it's true. I can't tell one coiffure from another. I only know what I like.

MARY, WILKINSBURG.—Nice letter, Mary. A ouija board is an obnoxious obsession in a neighbor when you go to call—but when you're at home and they're at home you're glad they have changed their phonograph affections. Tom Meighan will appear in "The Prince Chap," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," and "The Frontier of the Stars"—in all of which he will be the stellar attraction. I'm for Tom too. Eugene O'Brien's hair is not red, but light brown. Now you can sleep nights.



Drawing by T. S. Tousey

After traveling 1200 miles to New York for entertainment, the Dobsons find themselves re-observing the same film they saw in Horsford Center two weeks ago.

—Courtesy of Judge. Copyright, 1920

S. B., STAMFORD.—Somehow you remind me of cough-drops. You don't see Pearl White in serials any more because she's not making any more. Miss White is doing features for Fox, the first of them begin "The White Moll." It has been coming to release for a long time now so I really cannot give you any definite date when you will see it. Just wait for it, that's all. If you like Pearl you won't mind waiting.

DOROTHY, PLATTEVILLE.—Housekeeping is easy sailing these days. You either have a servant or you haven't. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-five; he has dark hair and brown eyes, weighs 135 and is five feet, seven inches tall. Not married. His latest picture is "Way Down East." Olive Thomas and Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick; Jack Pickford, Goldwyn; Tom Meighan, Lasky studios, Hollywood; Mary Miles Minter, Realart.

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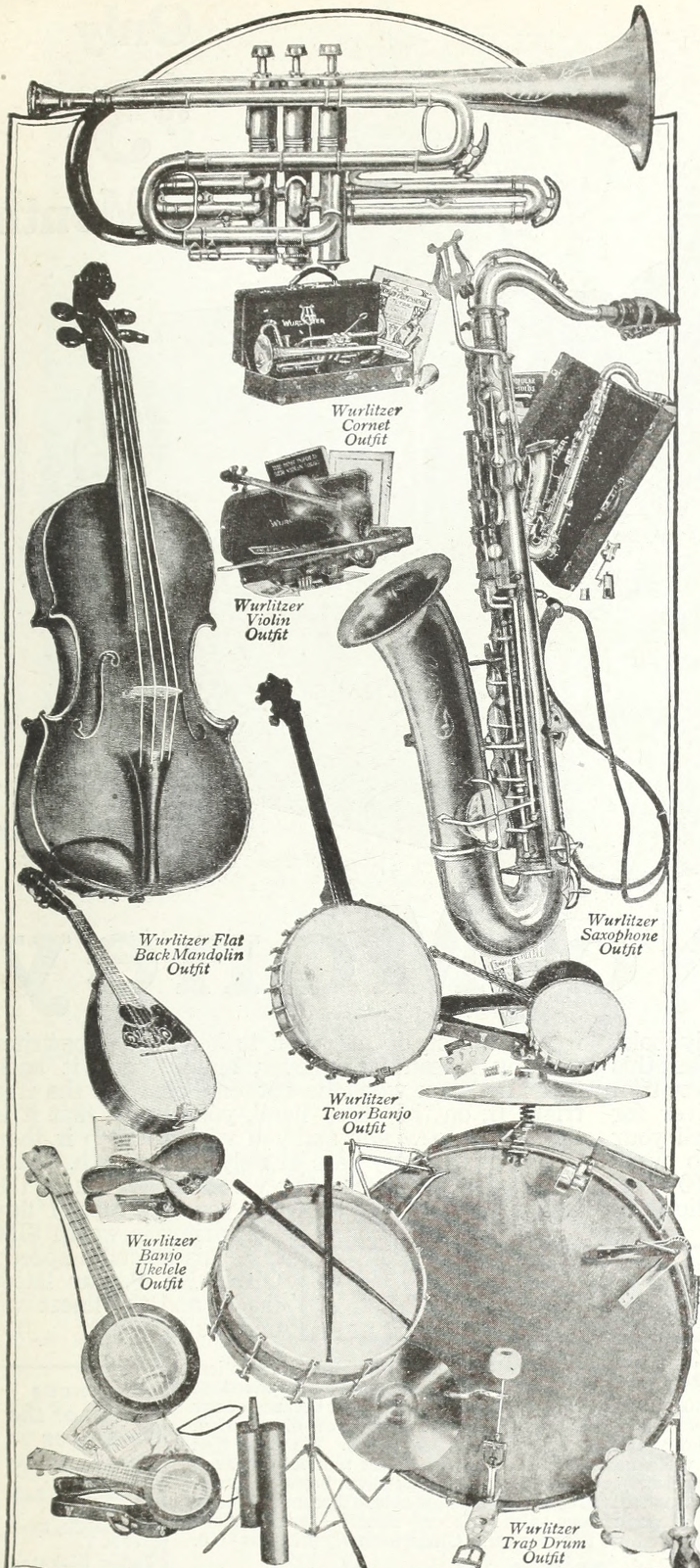
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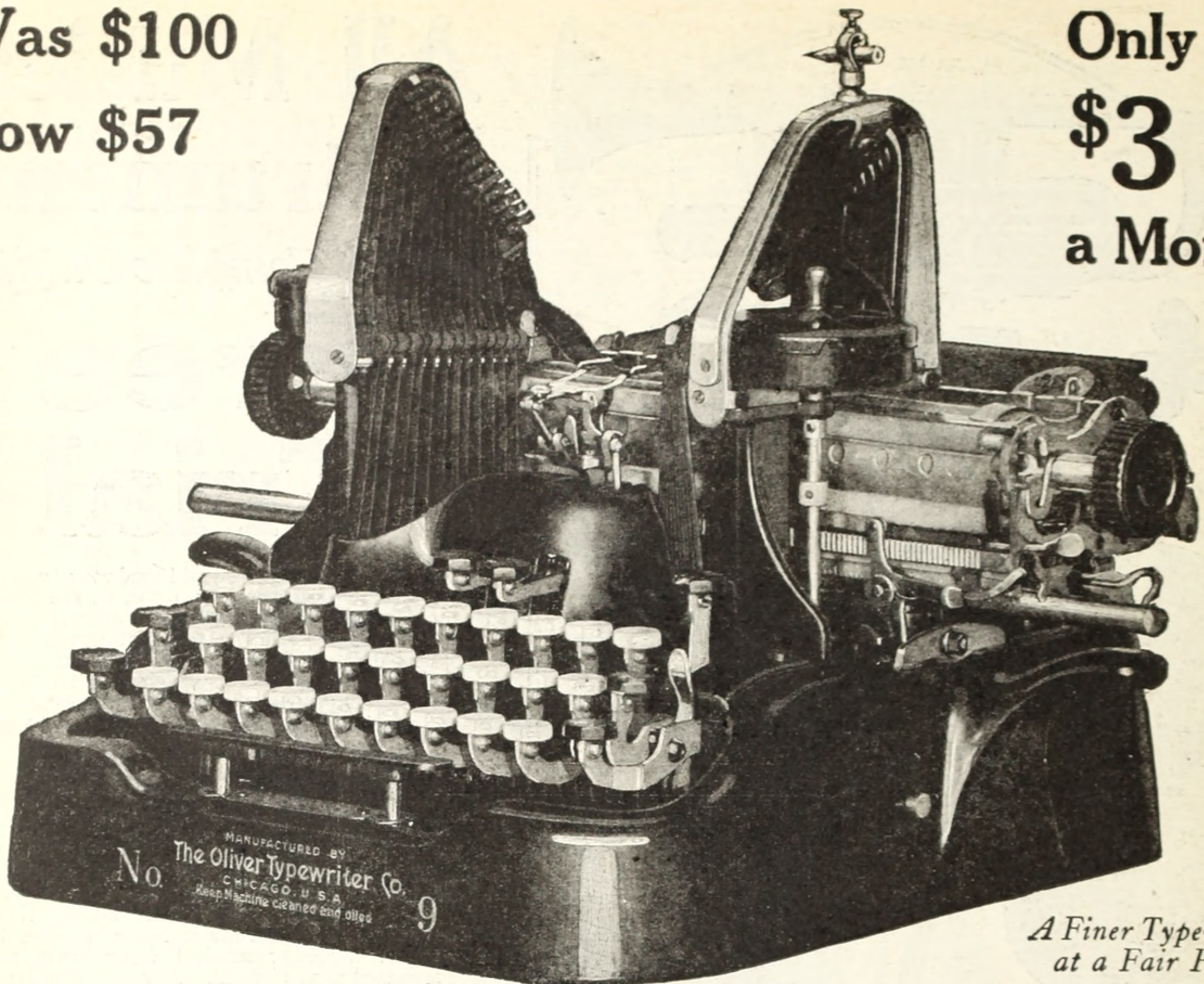
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