

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

October 25c



*Mary
Pickford*

*HOWE
RINGSTON*



Moi, Kerkoff, je fais pour les plus belles femmes du beau-monde la plus distinguée des poudres de riz françaises—Djer-Kiss!
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 5

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October, 1920

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Every Woman

who wishes to be well-dressed, whether she finds it necessary to count her pennies or not, should follow closely the interesting fashion articles by

Norma Talmadge

the screen's acknowledged leader of fashion, who writes every month for PHOTOPLAY.

If you are not already a follower of Miss Talmadge's advice, turn to page 49 of this number and read her article on

“When the Dollar Works Overtime”

What the "movies" have taught us about Stylish Shoes

By showing the foot as it is in action, it shows us the secret of real shoe style



One of the positions assumed by the foot in taking a single step as shown by moving pictures

WHAT do the movies tell you?

The lure of the vampire; the sweet charm of youth; antics of slap-stick; dare devil exploits; the revelation, the romance of life. These are the things the movies tell you. But the movies have a different message for us.

It too, is romance—the romance of dainty feet, the secret of real shoe style.

Shoe making is an art today, yet how frequently you have had sad experience with shoes. So smart, so shapely, so snug-fitting they were at first; then—a bulge appears, an ugly wrinkle, and gone is the smart style, vanished the trim lines. The materials are still good, but where the dainty charm?

What moving pictures show

THE strip of moving picture film shows the foot in action—the successive positions it takes in completing a single step.

It illustrates how your foot changes, how different it is from your foot at rest.

If a shoe is not made to accommodate itself to the different positions and motions the foot assumes, it is bound to be thrown quickly out of shape.

It is the strain caused by the foot in action that distorts the lines and alters the shape of shoes; that causes unnecessary friction and wear at every step.

The secret of trim daintiness and lasting shoe style

THE designers of The Red Cross Shoe recognize the principle of the foot in action as the real secret of making the foot look smaller and always trim and shapely.

It remained for them to find in the movies more than a means of amusement. They find and use the shoe principles revealed by the screen.

They base their measurements and principles of construction upon a study of the moving foot.



This strip of moving picture film shows how your foot changes; how different it is from your foot at rest

By means of hundreds of movie photographs of the foot in every possible position, they have learned how the foot in action differs from the foot at rest.

And then they test each style thus created—test it on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance. The result is a shoe that is different—a shoe that retains its beautiful lines and shape and moves naturally with every movement of the foot—not against it.

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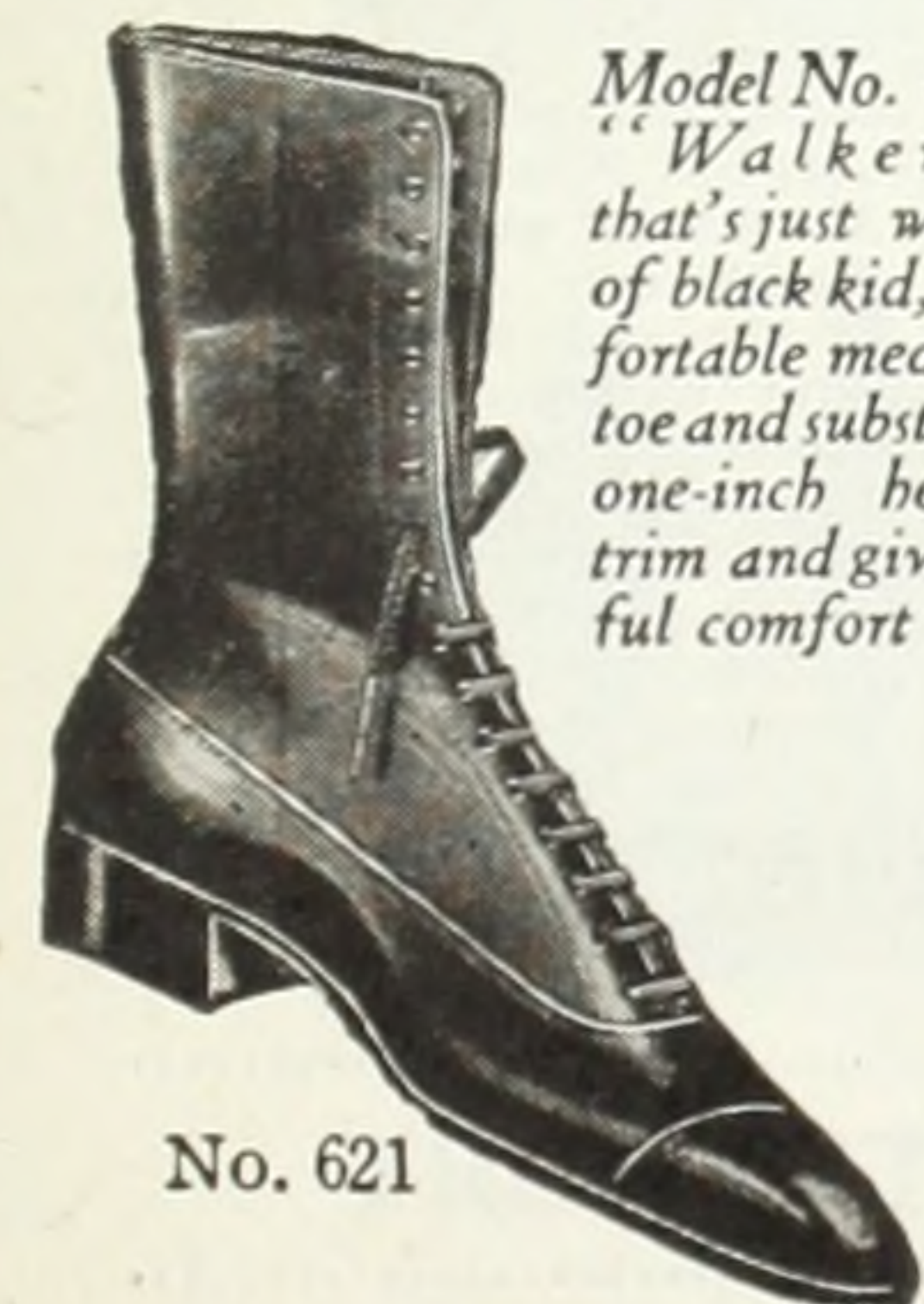
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AT Red Cross Shoe stores everywhere smart new models await your selection.

Among them you will find a model to delight you—just the one to give your foot the chic daintiness you want for it. Perfect comfort—from the first! Perfect style—to the last! Straight through wearing qualities! Such is the footwear satisfaction you can obtain—today—at the Red Cross Shoe store in your town.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide

—sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 811 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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No. 621



No. 562

Red Cross Shoe



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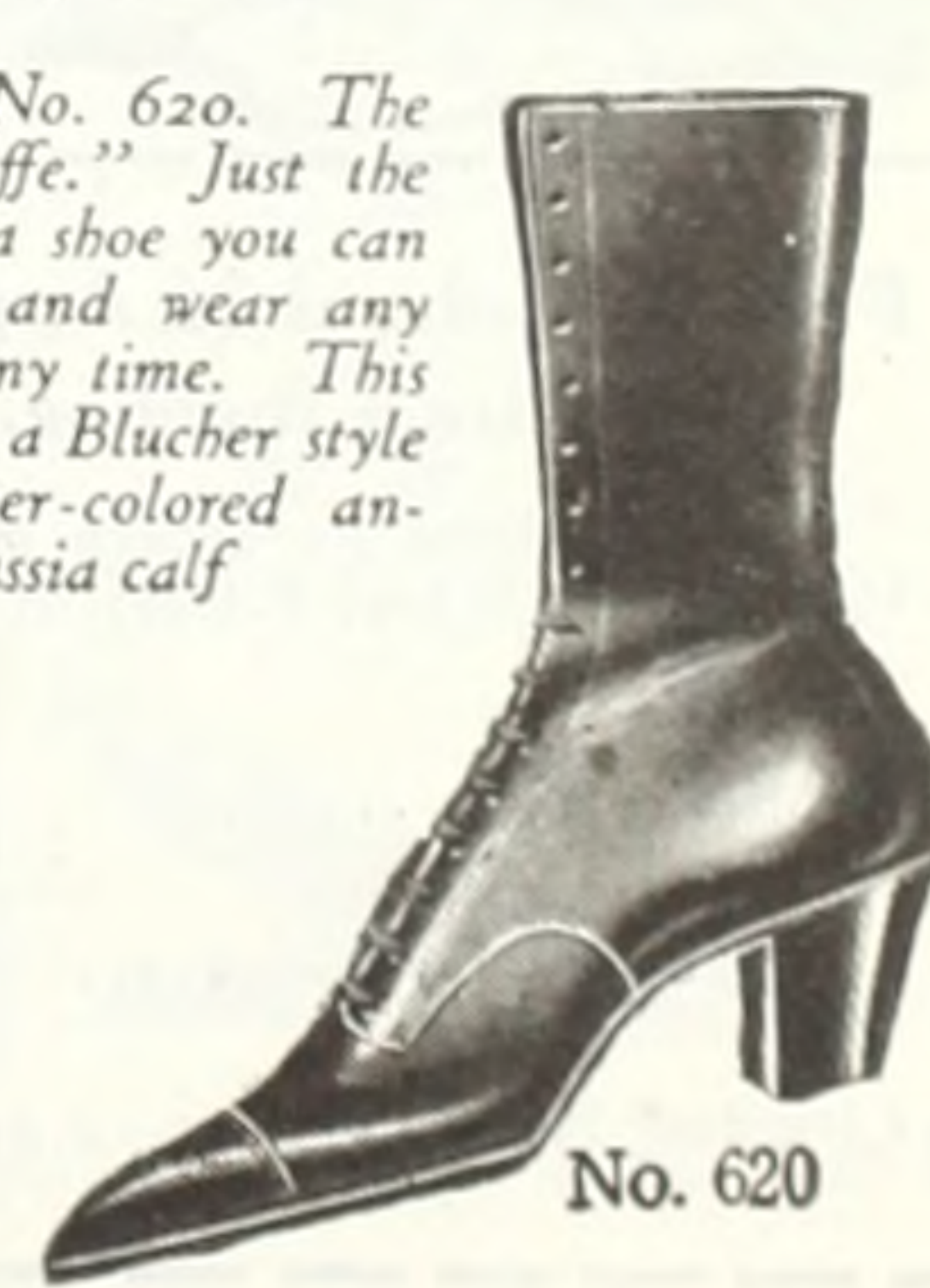
Model No. 562. The "Suffrage." A determined business-like little shoe, this—and there's efficient comfort in every smart line of it, soft Russia calf—on the new long vamp last

Model No. 616. The "Marianne." Very dressy, yet giving all the comfort and wear a shoe can give. This smart model is of a rich brown kid, on a new medium short vamp last



No. 616

Model No. 620. The "Radcliffe." Just the kind of a shoe you can put on and wear any place, any time. This model is a Blucher style in copper-colored antique Russia calf



No. 620

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Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge,

bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

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Studio Directory

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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;

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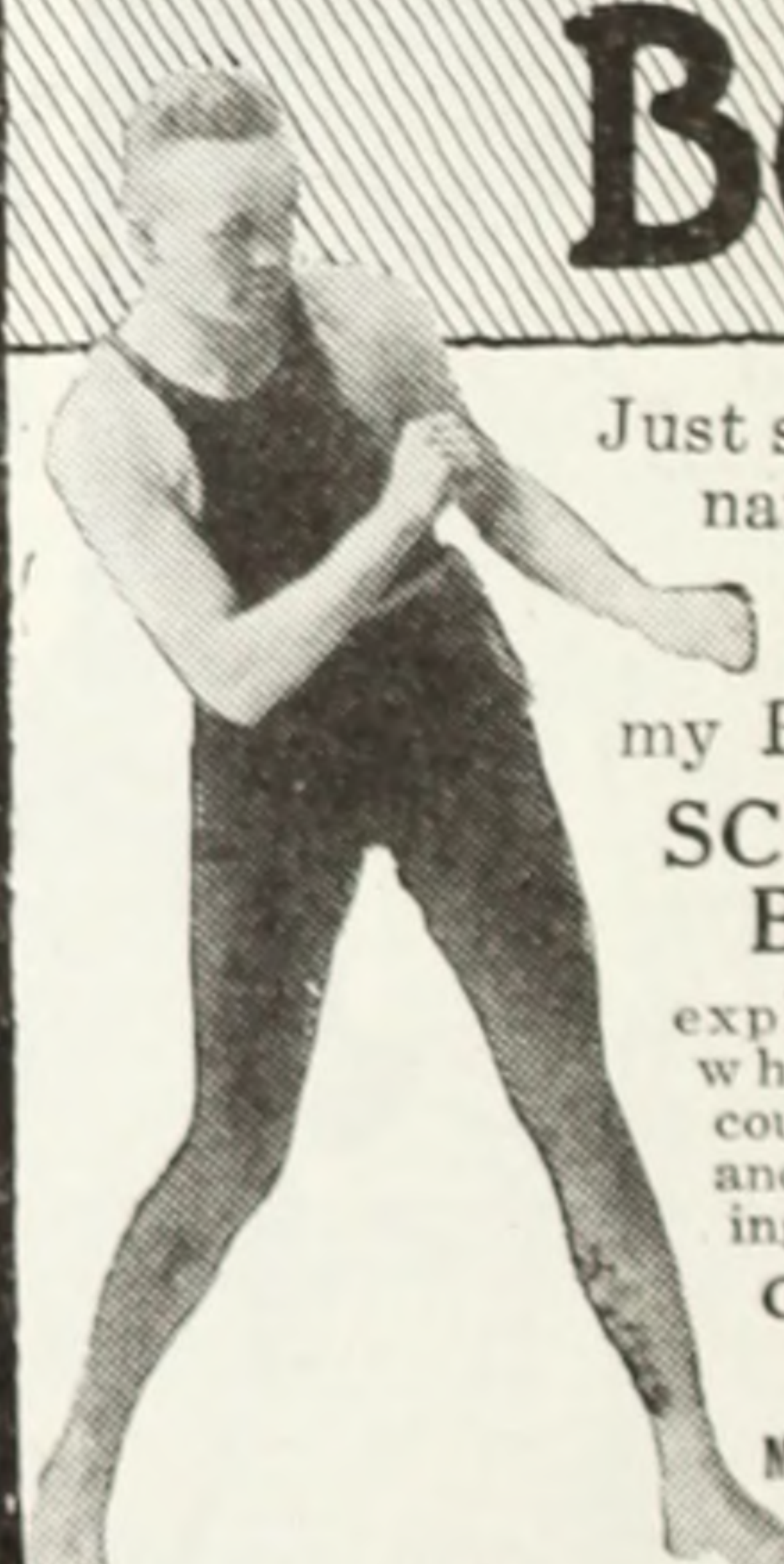
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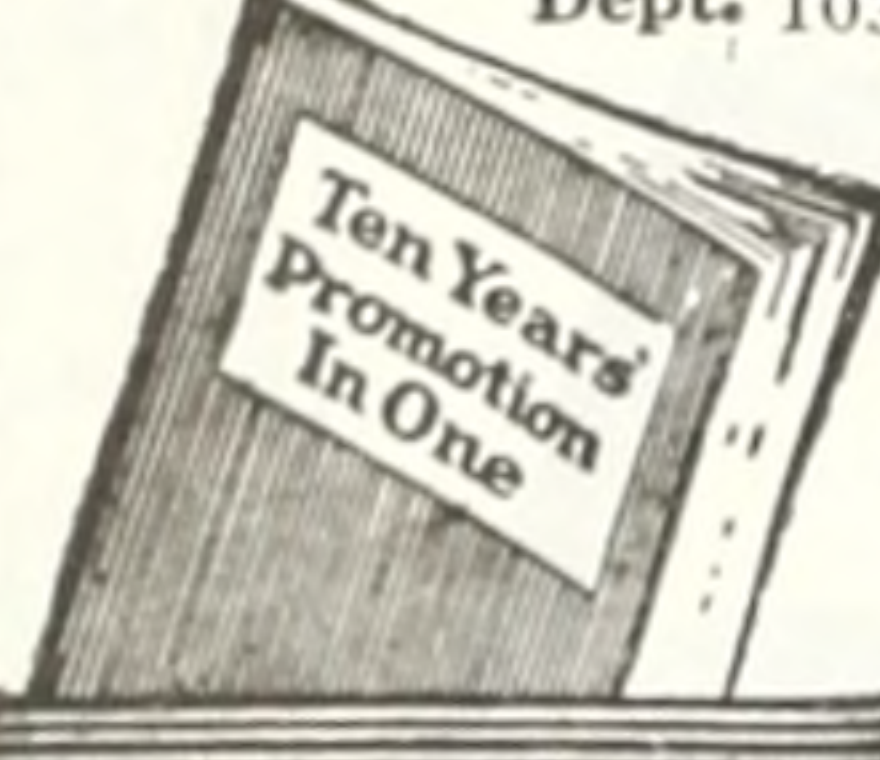
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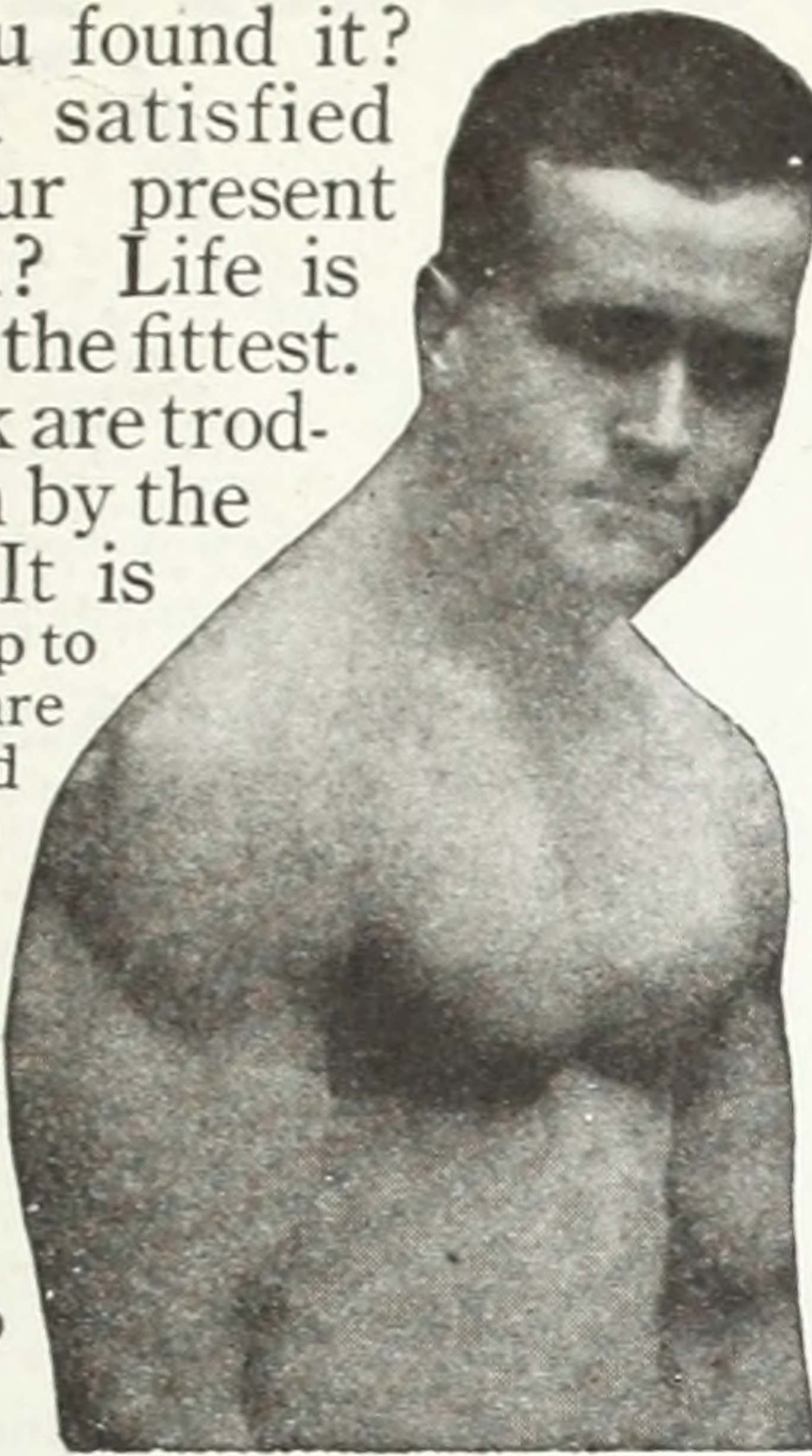
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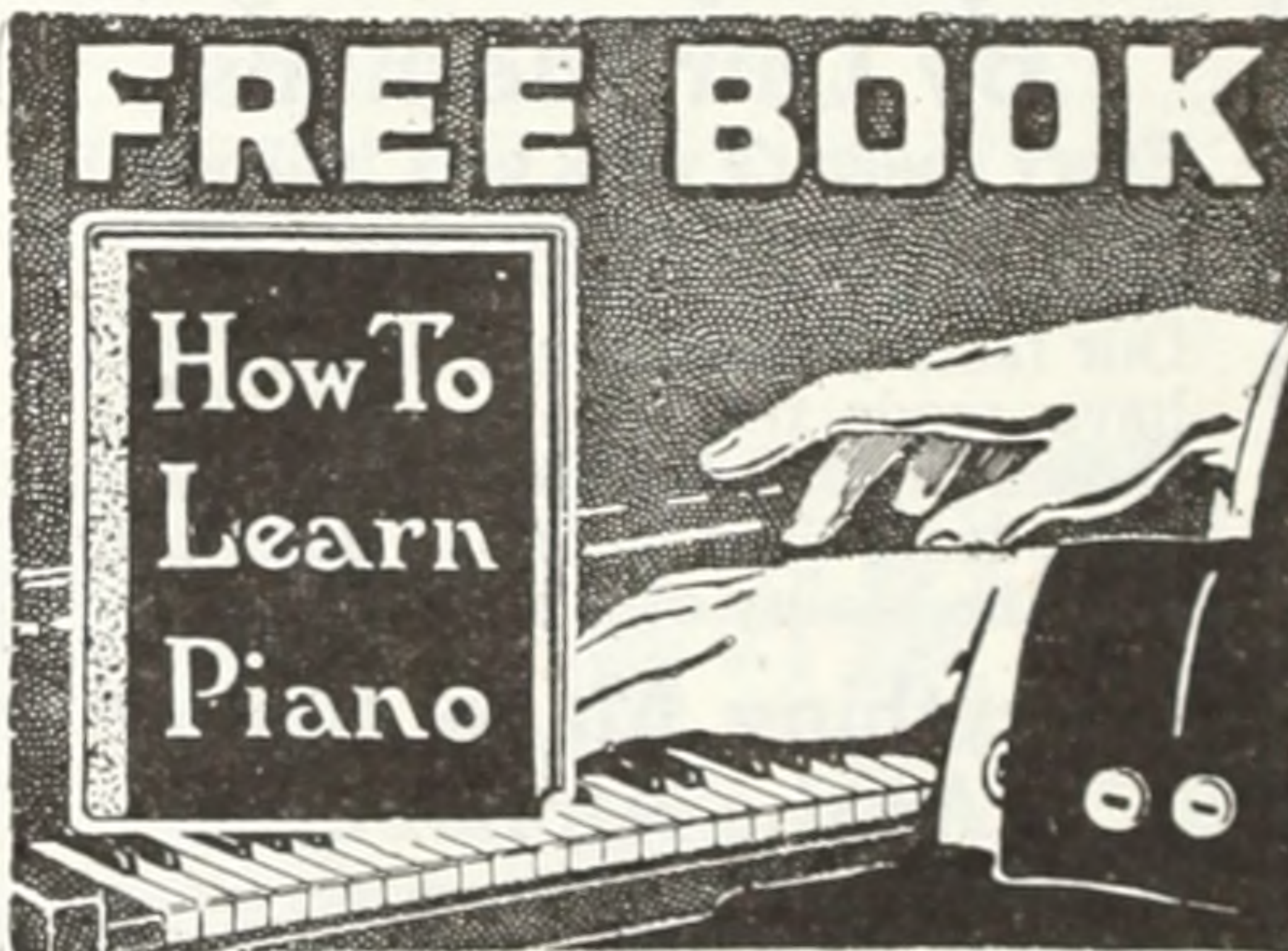


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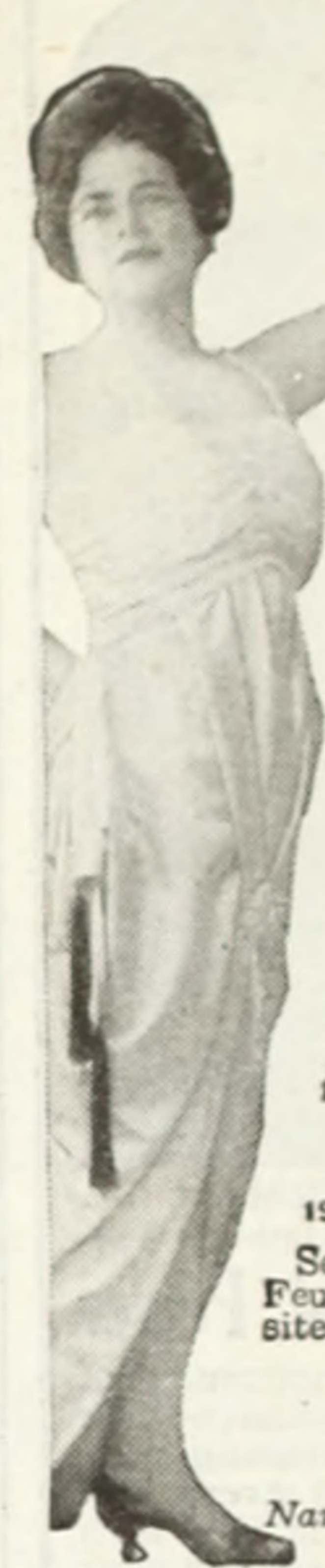
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- ...Terpid Liver
- ...Indigestion
- ...Nervousness
- ...Poor Memory
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- ...Bad Habits
- ...Weaknesses
- ...Falling Hair
- ...Weak Eyes
- ...Gastritis
- ...Heart Weakness
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Melvin H. Sykes

ALL you little girls who want to go into the movies—cheer up! Here is Gertrude Olmstead, seventeen-year-old Illinois girl, who was the winner in Universal's beauty contest, who journeyed to California, and will eventually become a star.



Witzel

BLANCHE SWEET started as a dancer. That was before she dreamed of being known as the Biograph Blonde. Her tragic essays are not forgotten, but her recent efforts along the lines of light comedy, have proven her versatility.



ELLEN TERRY is proud of her little great-niece, June Ellen Terry. June is only nine but she has already played with John Barrymore on the stage, and with Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron in pictures. She was the child in "Romance."



Evans

WHO would ever believe—to watch Jack Holt make convincing love to a lady on the screen—that he was a good husband and a proud father out of office hours? His has been a real rise: from extra man to leading man and star.



BILLIE BURKE in her favorite role—that of Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld. Here the blonde divinity of matinee girls is seen in a corner of Burkely Crest, her country place on the Hudson. Daughter Patricia is probably taking her afternoon nap.



Packard

WHEN Earle Metcalfe came back from the war, he had to begin his acting career all over again. Metcalfe has been a prominent leading man ever since the so-called good old days when they used to say the movies wouldn't last.



Charlotte Fairchild

ANOTHER Broadway beauty has left the lights of the midnight roofs and musical comedies to roll herself up in celluloid. Justine Johnstone is no longer the lovely blonde figurante of Manhattan entertainments, but the latest Realart star.



Bull

BARBARA CASTLETON'S fine performance in "The Branding Iron" establishes her as one of the few screen actresses who can be very dramatic and very beautiful at the same time. Barbara comes from Arkansas and has never been on the stage.

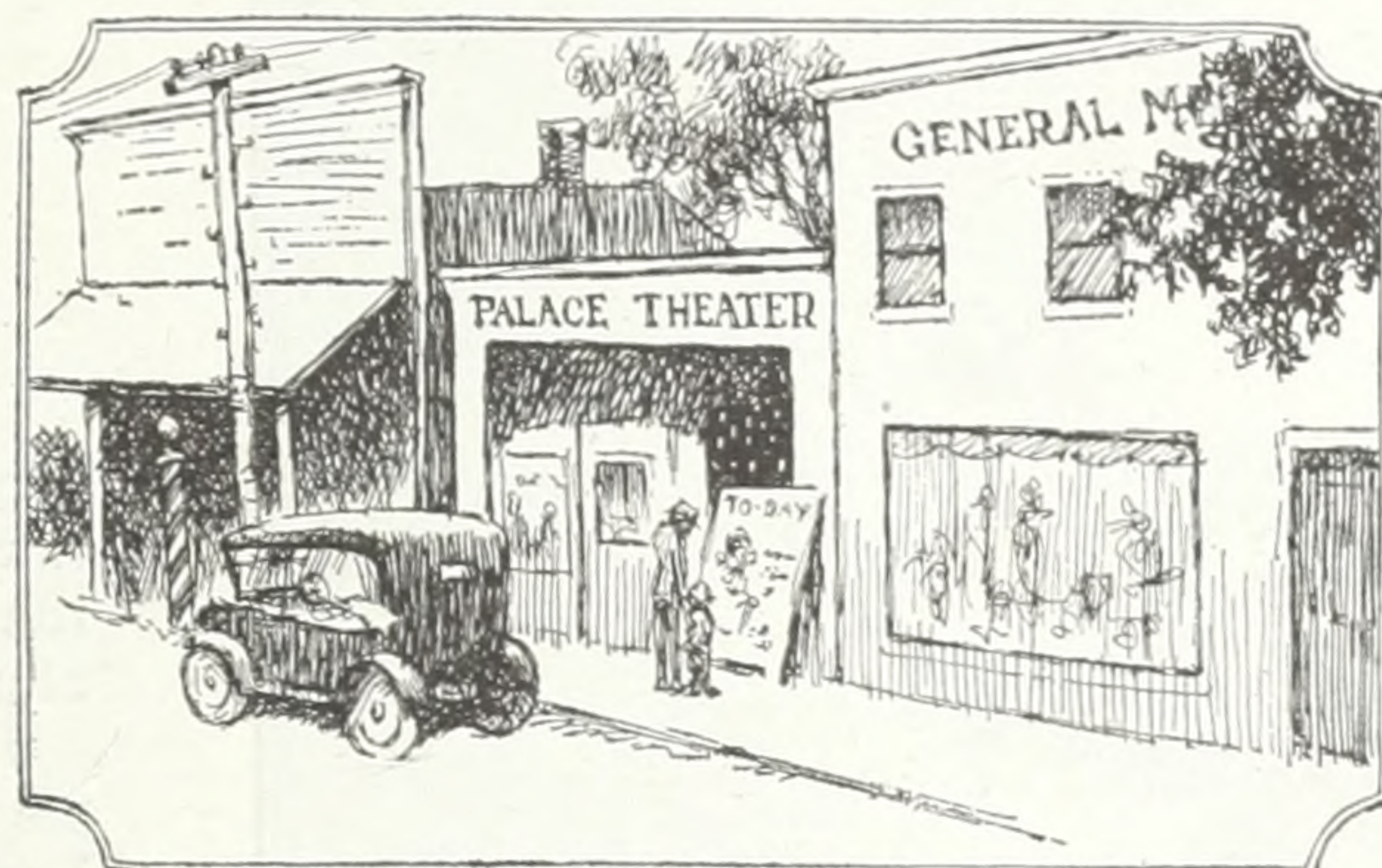
The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII

October, 1920

No. 5



The Fireside of Art

ALMOST everywhere you will find pictures and amazing descriptions of our country's great hotels. But you cannot discover any immortal poems about them; you will not see any armies going forth to fight for them; you will not find any cherished memories clustering about their marble-and-velvet thresholds. Somehow, these tributes are all saved for the family fireside, which more often than not is really humble, and seldom has pretensions to splendor or astounding size.

In our very young Drama of the Silences we have done a lot of cooing and some downright shouting about the splendid hostelryes of the photoplay adorning every large American city. But, praiseworthy as they are, the glittering cinemas of the cities do not support the grand craft of the motion picture. The photoplay has become universal solely because of the cross-road and the village and the small town. These faithful, unheard-of little film shops—more than ten thousand of them!—total more artistic awe and power than is reflected in the whole tinselled pageantry of our metropoli.

In the court of culture PHOTOPLAY rises to plead for the country theater. Respect it, discriminating Patron, for upon its screens are the eyes of America. Help it, Distributor, for today its film rentals alone total thirty percent of its gross income, and its other expenses are equally disproportionate. Honor it, Manufacturer, with materials better mechanically and artistically, for otherwise it cannot honor you.

And remember, all of you, that it is not the bizarre tavern of optic entertainment along the Main Stem, but the Country Theater that is America's Fireside of Art.

There's No Rue About Rosemary

By BILLY BATES

cynical assumption, frequently expressed, that dramatic schools, in the easy argot of the studios, are nix. For Miss Theby is an alumnus of one of them in New York.

It was with no idea of becoming a screen player that Miss Theby came East from St. Louis, same being her native heath, to study dramatic art, expression (with gestures) and such other accomplishments as may be included in the curriculum of a dramatic school.

Indeed, Miss Theby was gifted with a voice of wonderful timbre, with sympathetic curves in it, and she counted the voice as her chief possession. So did the folks at the dramatic school and the cards seemed to read that Miss Theby was going to be a stage star of considerable moment.

Then she spoiled it all by going into the movies.

That is, if we take the word of the dramatic school teachers, especially the elocutionist, she spoiled it all.

But somehow nobody else seems to agree, not even Miss Theby.

Far from being a made-to-order star, Rosemary Theby became star material in her first picture—the opus debut, you might call it—“Too Much Women,” which was made on the old Universal lot in Universal City.

Rosemary is one of the consistently popular actresses in pictures. She became a member of the celluloid constellation via the extra route—she was once of the “hey-you” squad. That was in the days when a three-reeler was a feature and five-reelers were unknown. You may remember when she was a Lubin ingenue and a Vitagraph vampire. Not so many years ago—but a long time as time is reckoned in the flicker business.

In New York last month she tarried a fortnight, shopped extravagantly along Fifth Avenue, listened to the sad moan of the waves at Atlantic City, and then hurried back West.

“Oh, yes, New York is really restful,” ruminated Rosemary, “so calm and peaceful after the hustle and bustle of Los Angeles.”

Shades of Father Knickerbocker! But then, after going through the long, long hours of making “Rio Grande” and “Athalie” and “The Splendid Hazard,” it may be that New York does seem calm and peaceful to Miss Theby.

These lines are written some days since the stately star visited us. And we can think of another poetic line ever so much more appropriate to her than the rosemary-and-rue line. Do you remember it?

“*And rosemary, I trow, is for rememb'rance.*”



This calm and peaceful expression of the gorgeous Miss Theby is a testimonial to New York's beneficent quietude—perhaps.

IN the year 677 B. C. romantic poetry was invented.

In the year 676 B. C., the romantic poets of the period evolved this neat line:

“*And deck'd with rosemary and rue.*”

Ever since that remote period, all romantic poets have turned out at least one ode, rondel, couplet, or, in the cases of those specially skilled, a sonnet, in which that line invariably appears, usually in the last stanza:

“*And deck'd with rosemary and rue.*”

Lest there be any idea that there is any rue about Rosemary we hasten to say at the beginning that there isn't a fragment of rue on Rosemary; nay, not a jot nor tittle, if that properly applies to rue.

Rosemary—Theby of course—is more of a tall and stately lily, or perhaps, if she doesn't mind the homely simile, a gorgeous hollyhock, or even a particularly exotic orchid.

There, that's what one thinks of Rosemary Theby after half an hour's chat, during which this charming hazel-eyed star preferred to discuss the attractions of New York as a rest cure for weary Los Angelenos than her own work under the Cooper-Hewitts.

Rosemary Theby is a mighty successful refutation of the

The Camera Detects Thought

By CHET WITHEY

ANYONE who is connected in any way with the motion picture industry is continually running up against people who ask him: "What do you consider the biggest and most essential thing to a successful career in the films?"

Sometimes they are surprised when I reply, "Thought!" So I usually have to go ahead and tell them just what I mean by thought as the most important factor in screen success. Thoughts are things and it is just as possible to photograph a thought passing through a man's mind as it is to take a picture of physical movement.

How terrible, you'll remark, to come home in the wee small hours of the morning, after a wery, wery goo' time at the sh-club, to find your wife waiting at the door with a thought-camera, ready to photograph your innermost secrets! But just the same, if you'll consider seriously the pictures you have seen that didn't seem true, that you have sat through and wondered what was wrong with them—you'll admit my idea isn't so silly as it may sound.

How many times have you watched players flit across the screen, their actions obviously irrelevant to the roles they were playing? You have thought, "The story might mean more, the star might be a more sympathetic character if only something were done"—but just what that something was, you did not quite know.

Perhaps I can tell you. The star was not thinking of her job, a job in which she was supposed to give something to the public, as a thinking class of people, and it registered in every movement of her body, every flicker of an eyelash.

I know from experience and observation that the camera will record the thoughts of a person absolutely, and if it were not too personal a matter I would mention names. Upon one occasion an actress, now a star, revealed to me during the course of the performance that she was very much in love with her leading man. At this time neither the gentleman in question nor anyone else had the least inkling that such was the case. Some weeks later the two were married and after a period of years are still living happily together. In this case the camera was right.

I do not claim the theory to be an original one. It is based on teachings which are as ancient as Aristotle. I noticed in another picture the extreme lack of feeling expressed by an actress in her love scenes with her husband. She seemed utterly unable to go through her part except in a forced and mechanical manner. Shortly after she put in a plea for divorce. So if you want to know "who loves who" in the movies, watch the screen closely.



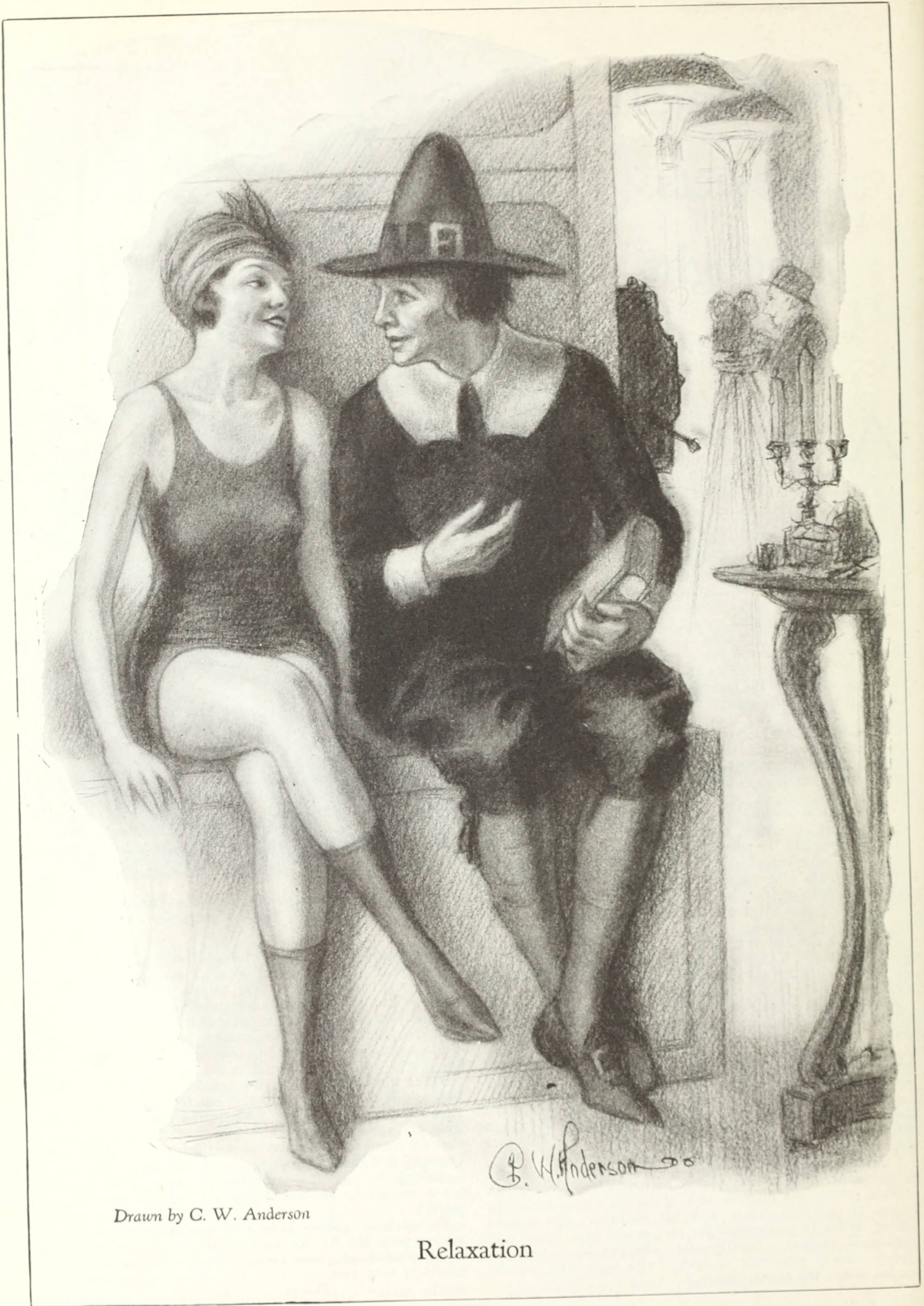
Even Doris Keane knew Chet Withey was right; she must concentrate her thoughts to make "Romance" a screen success.

Of course I wouldn't so advise a jealous husband whose wife happened to be an actress, although I maintain if he watches closely the truth will out. The camera keeps grinding ceaselessly and misses nothing. It is impossible to keep on for hours and not in one way or another show what your real thoughts are.

It may seem that I am advancing a theory that is apt to cause some people a lot of trouble. But that is the fault of the people, not the theory. It is not, however, my purpose to advance this in order to have a general delving into the amatory adventures of my colleagues, but to suggest to those who have not given the matter a thought, the way they may benefit by it and use it as a means to improve their acting. There is that oft repeated saying, "What we think we are, we gradually become," and that is the point I wish to bring out. Everyone is striving for ease and naturalness in acting and I think the use of thought by imagination and concentration is the way to get it.

For instance, suppose Miss A. is required to register love in a scene with Mr. B. No matter what her feelings are toward this gentleman, she must concentrate on one thought, "I love him"—"I love him"—"I love him"—and accompany this by

(Concluded on page 119)



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

Relaxation

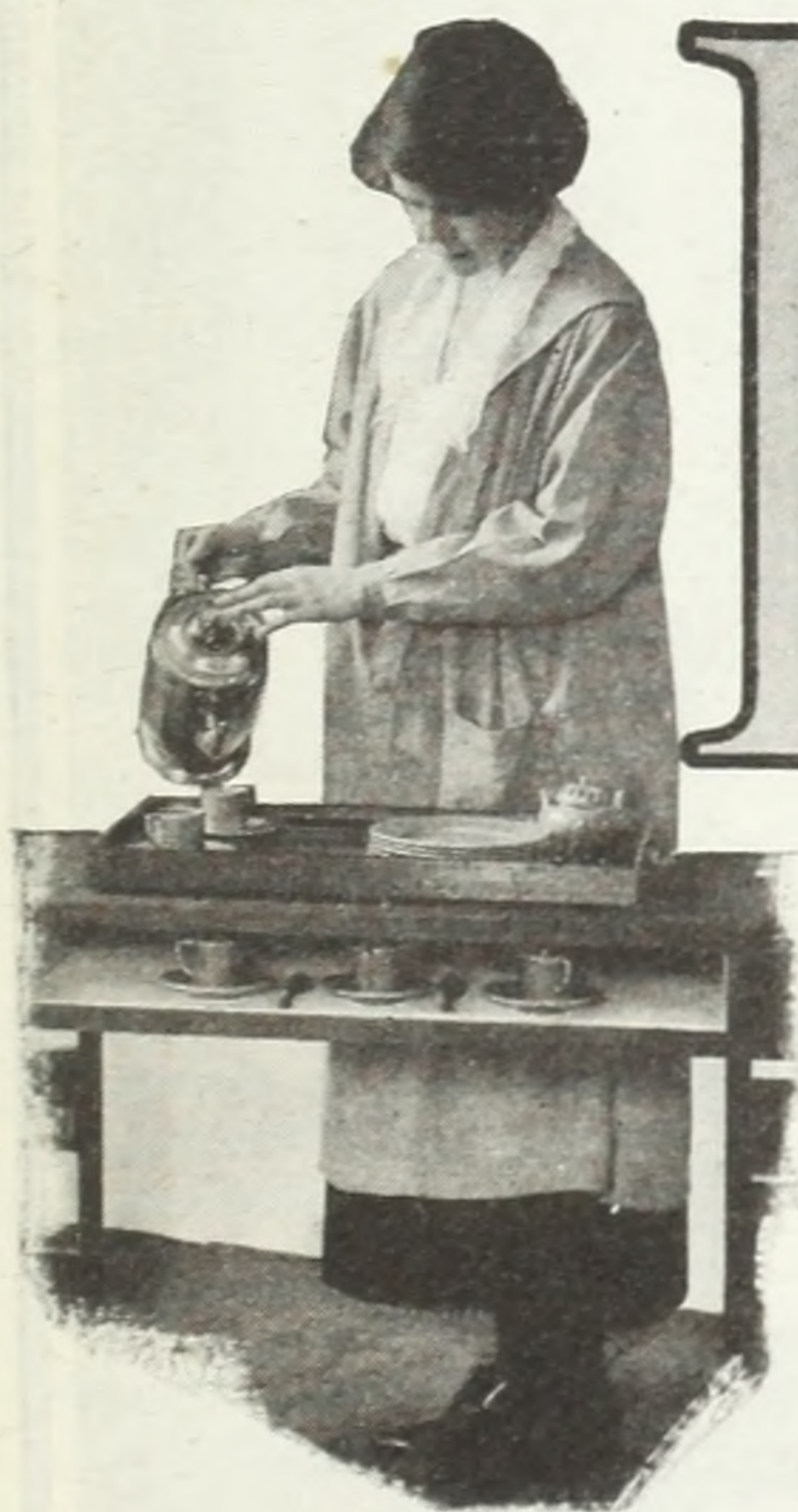


Urban's invasion of the movies has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size.

Marietta Serves Coffee

By
JULIAN JOHNSON

And on the other side of the small blacks sits Joseph Urban—last year the greatest constructing artist of the theater, and now of the movies.



IT may seem strange to you that I am giving the coffee so much prominence, but you would see for yourself—were you there—how important it is.

Urbanly speaking, it occupies the same social position that the cigarette has long since achieved among the rapidly revolving Mexicans, and is as much of a formality-killer as was that archaic salutation, "What'll you have?" among our four-finger fathers.

Joseph Urban's invasion of the movies has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size, on the second floor of a rambling and ponderous cement building near the Harlem River, on the northeast corner

of Manhattan Island. The structure has been the International Film studio only since last autumn; before that it was a Casino, alternately jazzed and shot up by dancing clubs more than one member of which could give a movie cowboy

a couple of rings on the pistol target and then beat him twice out of three.

Like most film arenas, there is nothing especially aesthetic about the place until you come to the cave wherein Abu Hassan Urban—since they gave us our numerals we can borrow at least a figure of speech from the Arabians—keeps just a few of his artistic jewels.

It is all white, with highly-curtained windows that keep one's eyes off the grime of the adjacent streets; occupying almost all of one end is an L-like combination of desk and table and work-bench; around the walls, framed in orderly rows, are little paintings and drawings, made by Mr. Urban for books, or else colored sketches of scenery for dramas or grand operas or female extravaganza; there are deep, hugely comfortable chairs of black and white wood—striped like a lady's cape or a stout gentleman's trousers; one end of the room is entirely engaged with shelves bending beneath art-books in half a dozen languages or the universal pictorial appeal, and the other end of the room has a window both deep and high, opening upon the afternoon sun and the upper strata of the Second Avenue elevated.

Joseph Urban is usually to be found as a rotund wedge driven into the angle of the L-like table. No matter how well he may know his guest, no matter how obscure that guest may be, he does not request the visitor to take a chair; he proffers it himself, though it entails a trip across the room and back. This is merely a sample of his old-world courtesy that now strangely hovers over a corner of a rough old pile but recently devoted to malt, hops and stray shots. And

after the chair has been occupied, the invariable summons from the host:—

"Marietta. . . . Marietta! The coffee, if you please."

I have seen luxurious offices equipped, like some hotels, with running ice-water, but never before have I seen one equipped with running Java. That is to say, Marietta must have a faucet for her anti-Postum, because it is always instantly on tap, and is always, and instantly hot, clear as amber and exhilaratingly strong. No one could *make* coffee so quickly; and coffee as virile as that, if standing, would soon become more like a tanning solution than a drink.

It is served, invariably, from a percolator of shining silver, and in a demi-tasse set of deep yellow, with a little silver service of mirrorlike polish. Marietta, let me add as a final touch of color, is small and blonde.

The coffee once poured, conversation may begin, and in the conversation the host is much readier to listen than to talk.

Joseph Urban is a very gentle man, very tolerant, very enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms. And that last is a very rare quality in a man who is so distinguished and so individual an artist.

For you probably know that Mr. Urban is today the most distinguished master of environment, light and color that we Anglo-Saxons know in the theater. There is Max Rheinhardt in Germany, and Robert Edmond Jones as a mighty constructive force in the drama, but Rheinhardt is practically unknown in America and but little known in England, and Jones is still a matter of metropolitan fame.

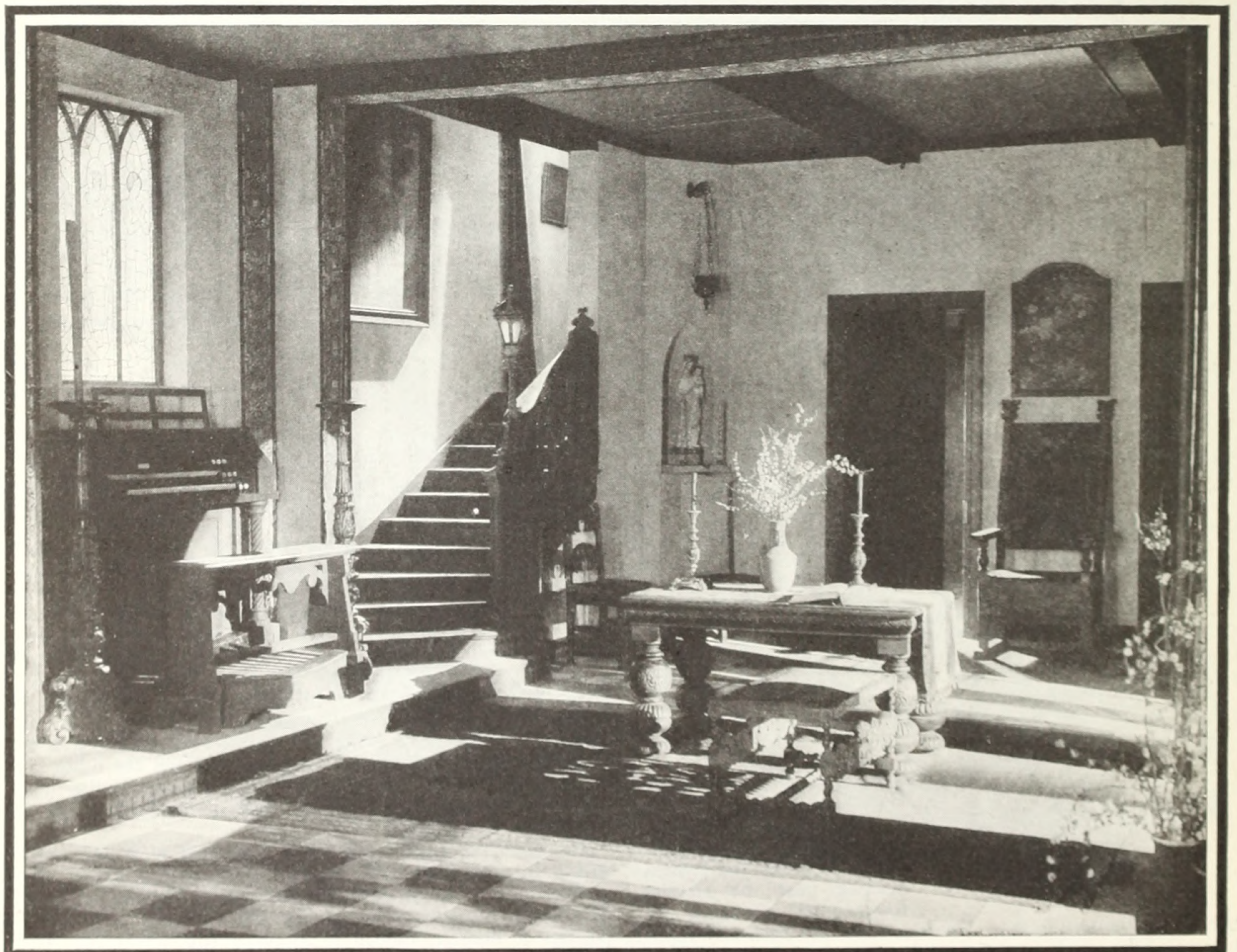
THE thing that has spread Mr. Urban's name about the United States more than any or all his other works has been the Ziegfeld Follies, in five gorgeous annual issues, with the sixth impending. However much Mr. Ziegfeld has done

for Mr. Urban, in either finance or notoriety, Mr. Urban has done incalculably more for Mr. Ziegfeld, for, in supervising every item of color and material form, from the lights to the gowns of the girls, he—no other—has created the most beautiful vision of its kind that the stage has ever seen. "Urban lighting," "Urban gowns," "Urban scenery," "Urban curtains," and, above all, a deep, tropic, furnace-like, fascinating and almost intolerable shade known as "Urban blue," have become household words in every show-shop.

It is characteristic of the artist that he claims no particular sagacity nor even ingenuity in procuring his effects. He says he knows what he likes to see, but after that he has no quick or magic route to his optical wonders; he has to keep on trying, and trying, and trying some more until just the shade, or just the illumination, or just the form and combination that he wants is reached. Then he is at a lot of pains to remember how he got there—and, to hear him tell it with his usual discount of imagination and invention, the trick is done.

For instance, his astounding light combinations, which have got people out of the habit of calling David Belasco the sole monarch of electricity: "I sit out in front, in the darkened theater, and shout to the boys at the switchboard and behind the lamps in the gallery to try this combination, and that, and the other until I get just the effect I want—and when I've got it I hold them on it till they've made notations of exactly what they've done, the size and number and strength of their lamps, the combinations, the numbers of their lenses, the time of every light change—all this, until it becomes a mechanical formula which, exactly repeated, will always give exactly the same result."

As for "Urban blue," perhaps the famous and intriguing color of modern times in the theater, its creator explains: "The blue of the tropic sky, which I tried to approximate, is



It is characteristic of Urban that he claims no particular ingenuity in procuring his artistic effects.



He keeps on trying, and trying, and trying until just the shade, just the illumination he wants, is reached.

not a mere azure color. It is a combination of the blue of space and white light, and the white light of the sun is a combination of all colors. My colors are very simple and primitive blues, on the canvas, but they are not painted on; they are dappled on, so that really you are not seeing a plane surface, but a spotted surface, under an almost sunlike illumination; the result is a blue that is apparently without any backing of canvas—a sunlit and ethereal blue which one gazes *through* rather than *upon*."

The incandescent lamp is just that simple—but we had to wait a long time for an Edison to fashion one.

But while not forgetting his debt in American popularity to the "Follies," Mr. Urban prefers to think of himself as an envioner of the sterner drama. He is perfectly willing to glorify the girls, but he gets a bigger thrill out of creating a new "Parsifal," as he did for the Metropolitan Opera House last winter. There has never been so imaginative and powerful a thing done in America as that monstrous, unrelieved battlement in Klingsor's castle at the top of which the diabolic magician sits while he evokes the tortured spirit of Kundry from the dark measureless well below.

And during the rehearsals of "Parsifal" occurred a thing which illustrates the whole scheme of Urban's art.

Parsifal, "the guileless fool," transfixes one of the sacred swans with an arrow. It falls. . . "Where, Mr. Urban, is *die schwan*?" petulantly inquired the director, used during these many years to the sight of a highly material stuffed bird, which came thumping down from the fly-gallery to the floor.

"My dear Herr-Direktor," returned the artist, in his native German, "if the actor cannot make me imagine that I see the wounded swan falling before my eyes I am not going to get very much of a thrill out of a fat goose swinging in on a wire, like a display in a milliner shop. I have not provided any rain of swans."

Three tremendous Urban productions—now finished—are to be revealed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House

early in 1921. They are entirely new settings for "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde," and a first time equipment for Verdi's "Don Carlos," never done in this country as a music-drama.

Speaking of "The Follies," and Urban's great works at the Metropolitan—he has done such things as "The Love of Three Kings" for the Chicago Opera—or his setting for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra—all this may seem far from the field of motion pictures, but it is by way of knowing the man.

NOW for his reason for going into motion pictures; and he has indeed taken up the photoplay in earnest, for his contract is almost an exclusive one, and permits him only his Metropolitan Opera House work, and participation in the "Follies" for a limited time.

"The motion picture offers incomparably the greatest field to any creative artist of brush or blue-print today," he says. "It is the art of the Twentieth Century, and perhaps the greatest art of modern times. It is all so young, so fresh, so untried. It is like an unknown ocean stretching out before a modern Columbus."

You must know that basically Joseph Urban is not a painter, but an architect! It was as an architect that he received his final education, and as an architect he won his first triumphs in his home city, Vienna. The infinite explorations of a creative architect in motion picture constructions give him all the thrills that come to a little boy who discovers a rain-made pond and, simultaneously, some fence-boards to make a raft.

You should have seen, in the Hearst studio, his wonderful construction of a complete Spanish house—first story, second story, indoors, outdoors, *patio*, and even roof, all lighted as by a semi-tropic sun; yet the whole was contrived in a steam-heated building, in the middle of the worst Northern winter in thirty years.

The story was "The World and His Wife," in which Alma
(Continued on page 132)



Photo by White.

Doris Kenyon

With Frank Thomas in one of their bedroomiest scenes that made hardened first nighters hold their breaths.

The Little Girl in the Parsonage

By MONTANYE PERRY

Who grew to be The
Girl in the Limousine.

THE Girl in the Limousine!" We all saw it last winter, and we agreed that of all the flock of bedroom farces it was the bedroomiest! Beautifully staged, brilliantly done, of course. Didn't Al Woods do it? But even the most hardened first nighter caught his breath more than once at the daring lines and situations. Immensely clever, of course, and uproariously funny, but really—

And the Girl herself! Flitting about the pink and green bedroom, or tucked up in the silken hung bed, wearing a winsome smile, a fluffy mop of bronze-gold hair, and, at times, so *very* little beside! Clever, sophisticated, audacious, radiant!

Yes, radiant! That is the word which best described this Girl in the Limousine. She was so full of life, apparently enjoying every one of her lines, delighting in the uproarious appreciation of her audience. And yet, all the evening, I wondered, and wondered, and wondered—

You see, I knew Doris Kenyon very well. I had not seen her since her successes on screen and stage. But before that— I kept remembering—

Up in Syracuse, New York, there was an old-fashioned house in Harrison Street, set back a little, with a green yard and a big tree. It was a Methodist parsonage, and one day when I went there with some proof for the Reverend James B. Kenyon to look over, they showed me a roll of white flannel, pink ribbons and lace which they said was their very newest baby—Doris!

"She's going to be a beauty!" was what the mother said.

"And a *good* woman, who'll help make the world better," was what the father said.

"Waa-a-a-a!" was what baby Doris said.

It seemed no time at all before she was pulling herself up by the window ledge and waving friendly little hands at the cool green branches of the old tree. Then, quite suddenly one day when a golden throated oriole perched on the tip of a bough, Doris made her first remark.

"Birdie!" she said, pointing a fat little finger. "Sing!"

And, most obligingly, it sang.

That's the way it was with Doris, always. She said to birds, or to people, or to circumstances, "Sing." And they sang! Just because she was so sunny, so sure of the joy of life. She *knew* that everything and everyone was going to be all right, so it just *was* all right!

Not that Doris was spoiled. Discipline in the parsonage was very firm. Ministers' little daughters must never, never be late to Sunday School; they must save their pennies for the little Armenian orphans; they must be plainly dressed; and they couldn't *ever* go to dancing school!

These last two rules were almost

enough to dim the radiance of sunny Doris! She did so want pretty frocks! And *why* was it wrong to dance, when one was happy? Wistfully, she searched her Bible and brought it to Father, pointing with a determined little finger to the passages she had underlined with firm, black strokes.

"For all her household are clothed with scarlet!"

"Praise Him with the timbrel and with dance!"

But even this Biblical backing did not help her until Father gave up preaching to devote himself entirely to the literary

(Continued on page 133)



Her minister father knew she'd be a good woman, who would help make the world better.

Alfred Cheney Johnston.

\$14,000 SHORT STORY CONTEST

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announces that during the year 1921, starting with the January number, there will appear twenty-four short stories, two stories in each number, for which the publisher will pay a total of FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. The size of the prizes will attract the best authors of our day, for the first reward,

Five Thousand Dollars

will be the equivalent of from one dollar to two dollars a word, since the length of the stories will be from 2,500 to 5,000 words. No magazine at any time has paid so generous a price for fiction. These stories will be illustrated by the most popular and highest-paid illustrators and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE anticipates a rich treat for its readers during the year.

THE second prize will be \$2,500; third prize, \$1,000; fourth prize, \$500. For the other twenty stories accepted PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay at least \$250 each. The prize-winners will be determined by a distinguished board of judges, the personnel of which will be announced in a later issue. The names of the winners will be printed in the December, 1921, number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the awards will be paid to the winners on Christmas Eve of 1921.

IT is not expected that any "dark horses" or novices in the art of story-telling will compete in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S \$14,000 SHORT STORY CONTEST, but all stories received will be carefully considered and it is not improbable that new talent may be developed and a new "O. Henry" discovered through the medium of the contest. Authors must enclose an addressed envelope, bearing sufficient postage, if the return of manuscripts is desired. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not responsible for the return of such manuscripts, but every effort will be made to return them within a fortnight or report on manuscripts. All stories accepted for publication will be paid for (\$250) immediately and in the case of the prize-winners, the balance of the prize money will be paid at the conclusion of the contest.

J. R. QUIRK, *Editor.*



Fantasma — that's the word that describes a busy studio.

Author In Wonderland

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Sketches by C. W. Anderson

In which a famous woman writer of books and plays and photoplays declines to accept an invitation to witness a nice cold-blooded murder, but does observe angles about a busy studio with naive regard for the realities of life.

I WAS invited to witness a murder—but another engagement prevented my accepting, although I did see a wicked-looking party wearing a fez, and with numerous glittering medals on his chest, and he was pointed out to me as one of the chief characters in the murder party arranged for that afternoon at four o'clock.

"If you come back at four," said my mentor, "you will see one of the best little murders we've pulled off around here in months."

To begin at the beginning, there was a New England school-room.

A high strong light came through the windows and on a blackboard were written a familiar list of words:

"Cat, bat, rat, hat."

A large globe—i. e. the Earth—stood in a corner of the room and about fifty children, the pupils, were singing, in time to the waving hand of the lovely young schoolmistress. It had been intended, I was told, that they should sing the National Anthem, but—it will not be considered seditious to confess it, now that the war is over—they did not know the Star Spangled Banner half so well as they knew "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and so, since the music would never be heard anyhow, they substituted.

Presently the sinister-looking Turkish gentleman in a fez and the medals (acquired one did not like to think how) came sauntering out of the Moorish doorway of the English ambassador's house in Constantinople, which, contrary to the vulgarly accepted notion of geography, stood just a few feet away, so near indeed that one was forced to edge one's way between the two buildings.

I could not blame the Turk for hanging about and looking through the school-room windows, for the teacher was of such unusual beauty, both of face and figure, that anyone would have felt she had mistaken her vocation. In fact, the curve of her mouth was so brightly scarlet, so perfect, that were not such a thing impossible in a New England schoolmistress, I should have said it was painted.

And there were other rather queer things about that school.

In the first place, all the little girls were pretty—fluffy blondes with bows in their top-knots, and, even more peculiarly, all the little boys were resolutely, inordinately good. All the mothers were sitting by, watching—every mother watching her own child, which was normal enough, of course. Perhaps the



Harris & Ewing

Alice Duer Miller

who first enjoyed the flame of fame when she wrote "Are Women People?"—equal suffrage propaganda. Since then she has written plays and photoplays, among them "Come Out of the Kitchen," a stage success that was later filmed with Marguerite Clark; "Ladies Must Live," which has been made by George Loane Tucker; and "The Charm School" first a serial story, and now a new screen vehicle for Wallace Reid.

reason why those mothers were so alert was that they knew, what the local school board could not have known, that the lovely red-lipped teacher, who smiled so indulgently at all her little pupils, led a very different life after dark—slipped away indeed about half past eight and changed into a well, but not always favorably known heathen goddess, in a costume different in every particular from that neat blue serge and white frill round the neck that she wears in the school room.

I was just reflecting: "Well, is it so uncommon after all? Suppose all New England teachers told their real life after dark—their dreams and their poems—mightn't we find a good many of them wandering on the tops of Alexandrine towers in nothing but a string of pearls? Or suppose that Venus really did take a job at teaching school, wouldn't she command the full attention of her classes, very much as Miss—,"

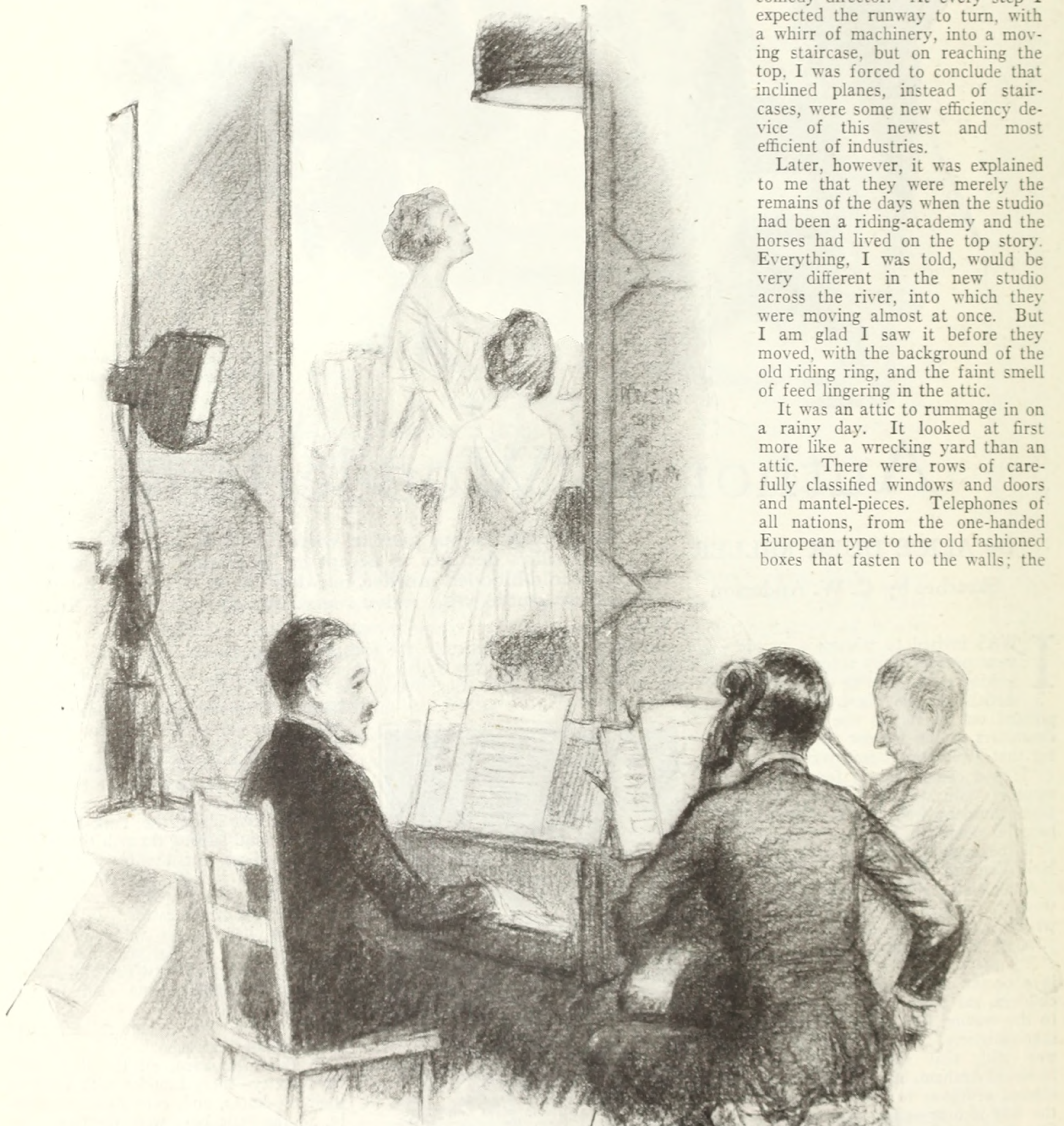
when someone stepped forward with a neat little sign, which he held up, just as a flagman at a railway crossing holds up a sign saying "Stop" when the train is coming—only this sign told the number and title of the film, and the name of the director—a device, like all arrangements in the moving picture world, extremely neat and labor saving.

THE picture was interrupted for a time, and my guide suggested that I might like to look at the property rooms. We passed what looked very interesting to me, but was considered too tame for inspection, namely a sort of super-pantry, where dishes of every pattern were ranged on long shelves, and I was led up two long inclined planes with wooden cleats nailed into them and into which I dug my toes. My imagination, by this time, was working freely and I was prepared at any

moment to be catapulted to the bottom to suit the whim of some comedy director. At every step I expected the runway to turn, with a whirr of machinery, into a moving staircase, but on reaching the top, I was forced to conclude that inclined planes, instead of staircases, were some new efficiency device of this newest and most efficient of industries.

Later, however, it was explained to me that they were merely the remains of the days when the studio had been a riding-academy and the horses had lived on the top story. Everything, I was told, would be very different in the new studio across the river, into which they were moving almost at once. But I am glad I saw it before they moved, with the background of the old riding ring, and the faint smell of feed lingering in the attic.

It was an attic to rummage in on a rainy day. It looked at first more like a wrecking yard than an attic. There were rows of carefully classified windows and doors and mantel-pieces. Telephones of all nations, from the one-handed European type to the old fashioned boxes that fasten to the walls; the



Gay music and sad music and music with jazz in it are a big help to stir the emotions of the screen players while they are under the Cooper-Hewitts.

A. H. Anderson



Youth and beauty, those twin possessions, have a high market value in the director's eye.

movies are never going to be caught in an inaccuracy in regard to telephones. Then there were shelves full of lamps—plain, and to be honest, ugly lamps—the kind the heroine smashes as she escapes from the villain's room in Chinatown or on the Mexican border. Of course a great many of these are needed. Then there was a wonderful, varied and crowded wine closet—only all the bottles were empty, but none the less carefully preserved.

"Yes," said my guide, laying his hand caressingly on a magnum of champagne, "since prohibition we've been making a collection of these; they're getting rather rare nowadays."

I did not interrupt him to say that in my limited experience, magnums had always been rather rare; but there seemed something very appropriate in the idea that the moving picture industry, which is going to profit so largely by prohibition, should be engaged in making this memorial collection of alcoholic containers.

I suppose a day will come when a historic picture of the year 1918 will be put on, and the final touch of realism will be the introduction of that very magnum—empty for so many years—and children will whisper to their parents "What did that taste like—champagne?" and no one present will know the answer.

Moving picture studios have made their homes in strange places, their temporary homes, for most of them are building palatial studios to fit their expanding requirements. Wedged between the Second Avenue Elevated and the Harlem River, is a casino where in old days St. Patrick Day parades used to dissolve into their natural elements. On the second floor of this immense building I found among other things, a complete Spanish house, designed by a master of scenic effect. It was built solid about a patio, with grass springing between the flat old stones. Fifty feet away a Venetian palace, in spite of its crystal chandeliers and scarlet and gold brocade, was only two sides of a room, but the Spanish house was complete—so that you could wander from room to room at your will, as long as you did not come in range of the camera.

In one of the rooms two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were weeping over a letter, while a string quartette with an organ accompaniment were softly playing. In this studio there is always music while a picture is being made.

I asked why, but couldn't get a statement from anyone ex-

cept the assertion that it worked well. I suppose the fact is that music, like any mild intoxicant, distracts the surface attention and frees the subconscious mind. Perhaps it was my imagination, which as I have already said was now freely working, but I did think that in this studio there was a deeper intention and a more romantic rhythm in the actions of the players.

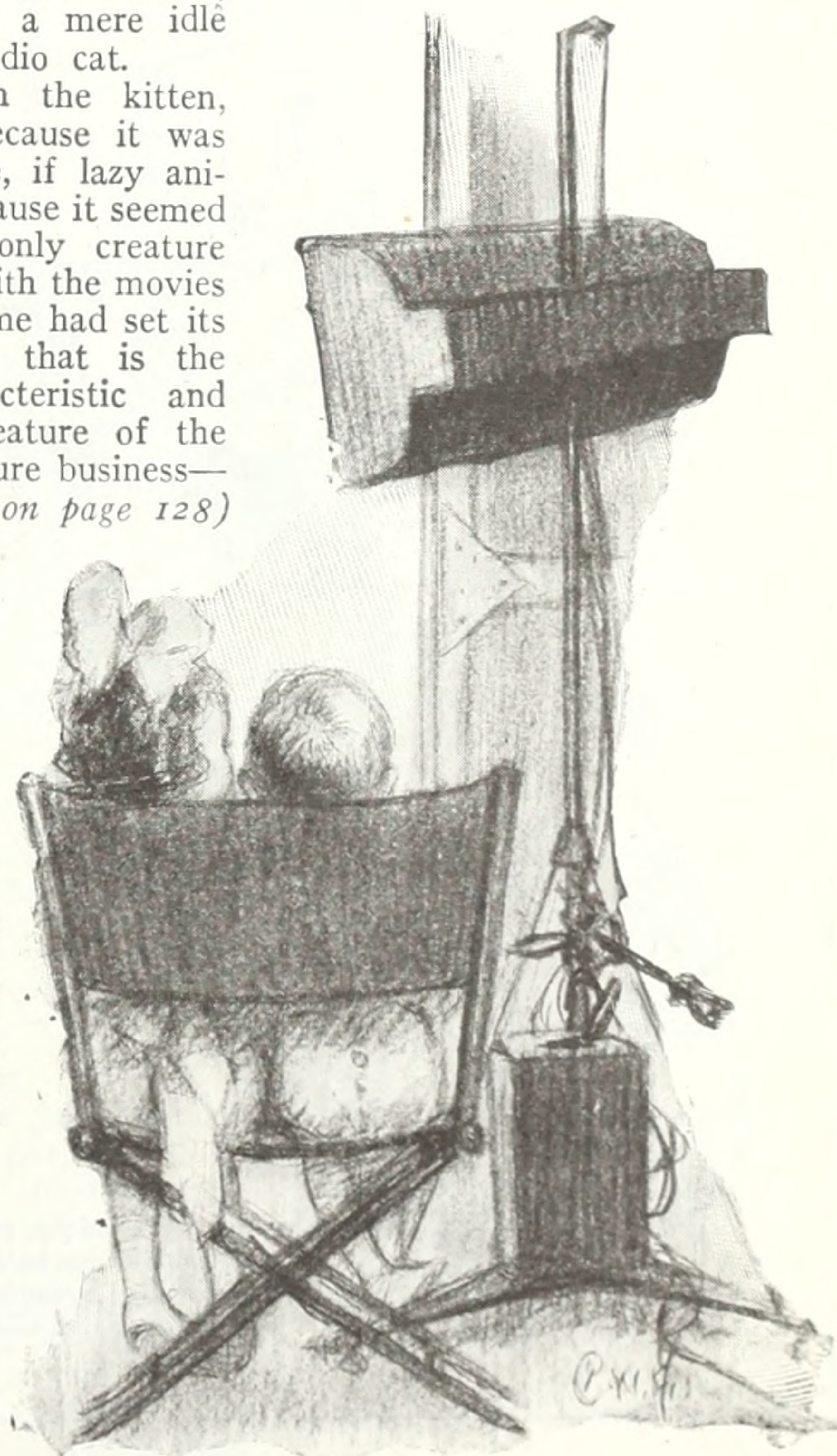
AND as I stood watching, a miracle seemed to happen. A large drumlike structure descended from the ceiling and from it suddenly streamed a flood of light, but such light!

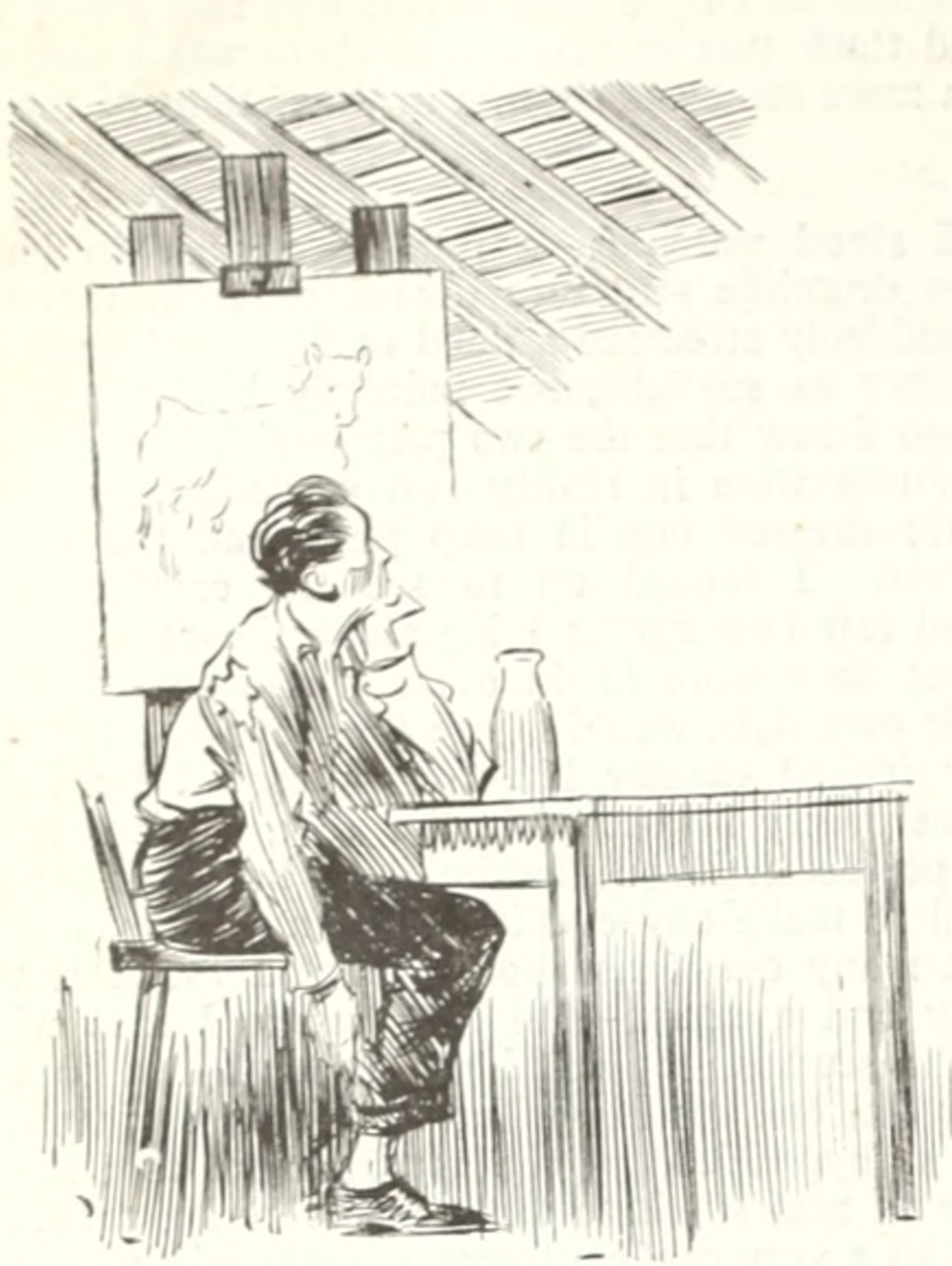
It was as gay as sunlight, but infinitely kinder and more flattering. And I saw that the two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were in reality two exceedingly handsome vivid creatures dressed one in deep pink, and the other in blue and silver. I looked up to see the creator of this effulgence, and saw two figures lying along the cornice of the Spanish house; they wore khaki overalls and smoked glasses (for fear their own light would injure their eyes), but in other respects they looked exactly like figures carved by Michael Angelo. I was deeply interested in the light, for it seemed to me the most perfect artificial illumination I had ever seen, and one calculated to make any evening party a success, and so I asked a great many questions about it, but I found it was a new discovery and a secret—the only secret I met with in my tour of the studios. It could not be explained to casual visitors. Nor did one casual visitor explain in her turn, that she had been so hypnotized by the new radiance that she condemned a ray of real sunshine that came filtering through an upper window as a very crude attempt at artificial light.

It was in this studio, I think, that I noticed a kitten bounding about the floor—at least not really a kitten, for it had outgrown the round-bodied, spiky-tailed age, and had reached the hobbledehoy period of long legs and flat sides. The kitten, it appeared, was a failure. It had been allowed to come into a picture—had had a part almost written for it, but two or three weeks had elapsed before the film was continued and in that time the kitten had incontinently grown to such a size that it portrayed the passage of a length of time unsuitable to the story. It was therefore deleted from the picture, and instead of growing into an artist kitten with a career, it was now a mere idle parasitic studio cat.

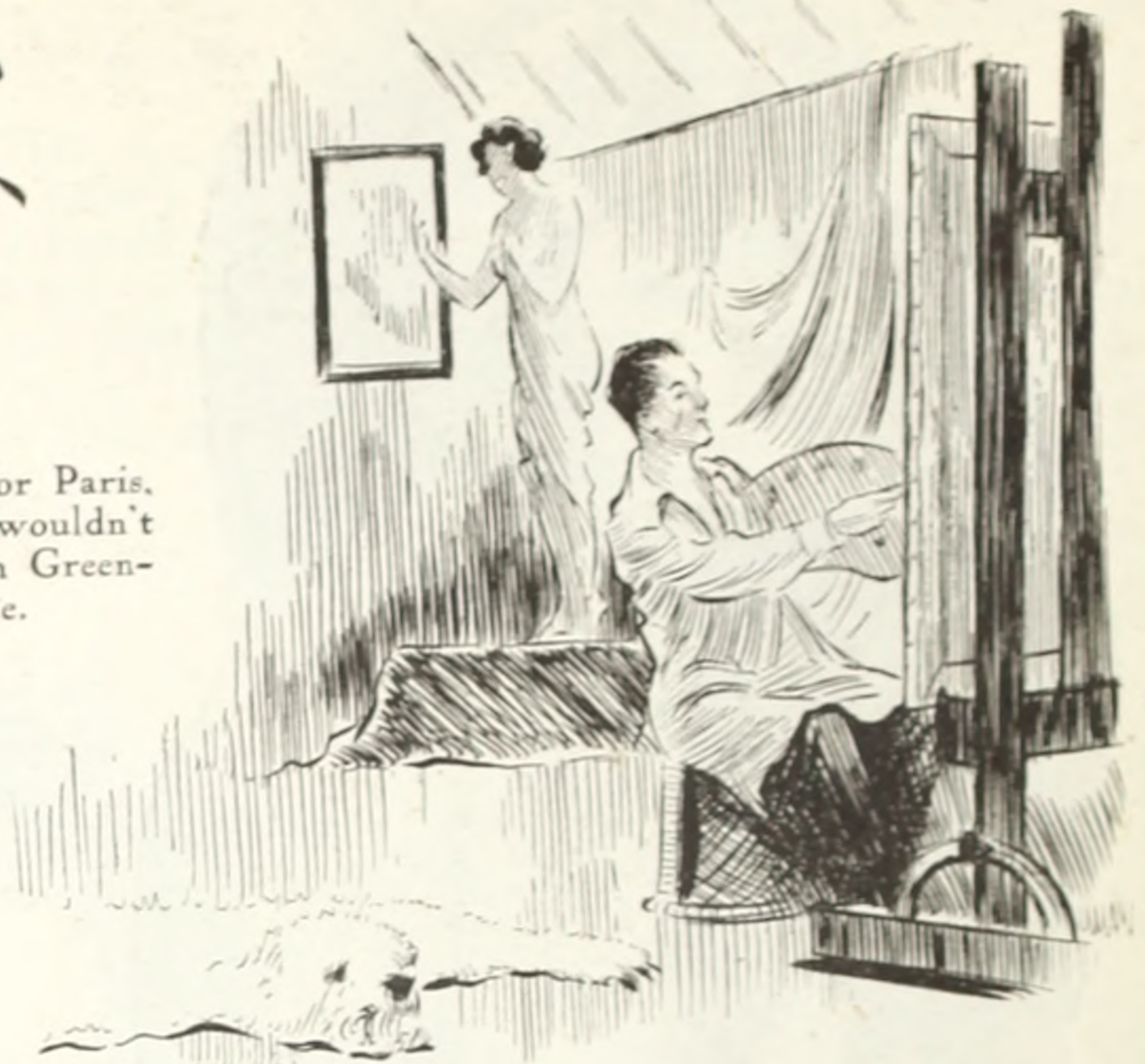
I mention the kitten, not only because it was an agreeable, if lazy animal, but because it seemed to be the only creature connected with the movies on whom time had set its mark. For that is the most characteristic and delightful feature of the moving picture business—
(Continued on page 128)

It isn't every Jack and Jill that finds accommodations right down by the side of the stars as some visitors manage to do.





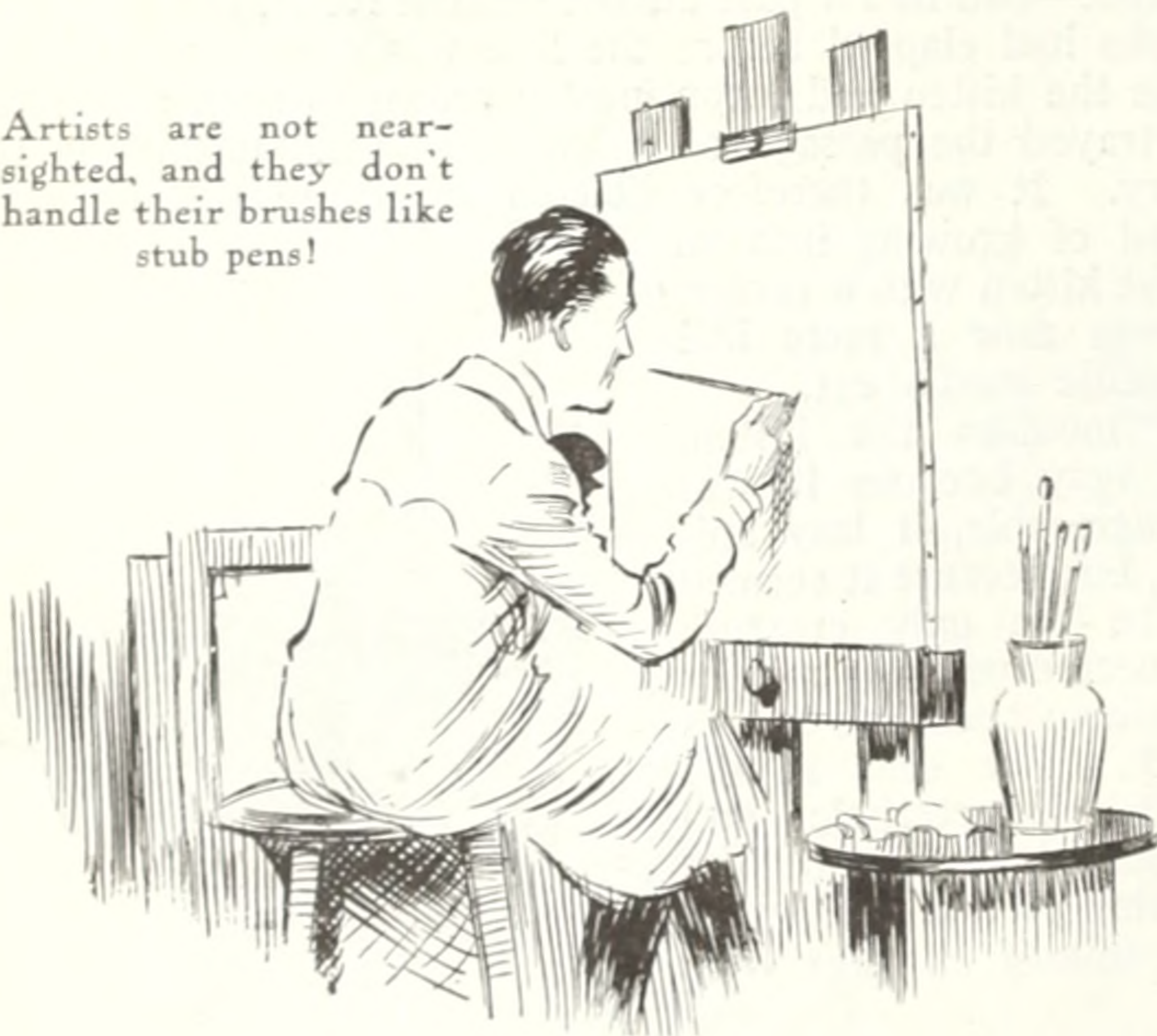
This is all right for Paris, but over here they wouldn't stand for it even in Greenwich Village.



Oh, Mr. Director! Artists don't have eyes in the back of their heads. So they pose their models in *front* of them!

Starving in garrets isn't being done this season. Any artist can make \$10 a day digging ditches.

Artists are not near-sighted, and they don't handle their brushes like stub pens!



All artists are not home wreckers. Instead of a vampire and a tiger rug, it's usually a family and the wolf at the door.



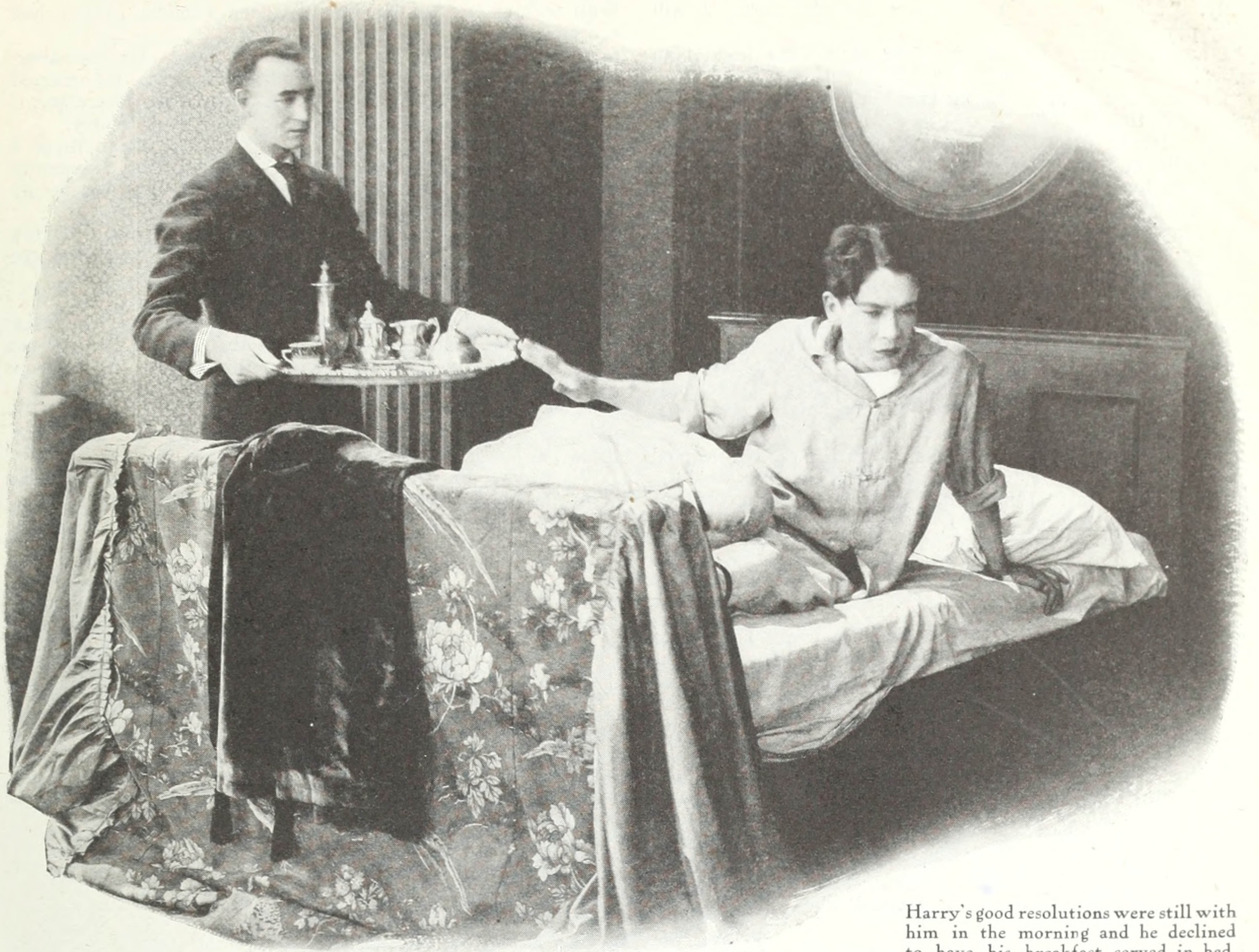
Thomas Anthony 20



Oh, see the society portrait painter! How do we know he is a society portrait painter? Because he paints in a dress suit!



We wish the movie directors would direct us to that part of the country where every time an artist goes sketching he comes across a beautiful wood nymph.



Harry's good resolutions were still with him in the morning and he declined to have his breakfast served in bed.

The Man Who Had Everything

By JEROME SHOREY

Even a blind man can see that's just what one doesn't want.

HAVING settled to his entire satisfaction all the problems of the day except one, Mark Bullway took that one by the arm, led it from his private office, past the battery of sidelong, speculative glances of clerks and stenographers, down to the street. At the waiting touring car the Problem made a slight movement of revolt, but Bullway's big hand gripped a little harder and pushed the Problem gently but firmly into the tonneau, as he ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

As the car twisted slowly through the traffic, Bullway reflected that building ships out of the raw material of steel was a simple matter beside building a man out of the raw material of boy. His ships were splendid ships, marketable and serviceable. His son, he was compelled to admit, wasn't anywhere near the Bullway standard of perfection, and only for the personal interest, he would willingly have sold him for about thirty cents, on the hoof. But the personal interest made it impossible to evade the Problem, and he tackled it with the dogged determination that had made him the greatest shipbuilder of his day.

"I could forgive the wrecked taxicab, and the peanut wagon, and the smashed storefront—" he began.

"It wouldn't have happened if you had let me buy a decent car," the young man snapped back. "That old roadster steers like a steam roller."

"I could forgive your coming back home drunk to your own birthday party," the older man went on, "and riding a horse into a houseful of guests—"

"You ought to be proud of my riding," the other snickered.

"I might even forgive your infatuation for that—"

"Look out, Dad," the other warned, his voice growing suddenly hard. "Don't say anything you'll be sorry to remember when she's your daughter-in-law."

"My daughter-in-law!"

"Yes, I know what you're thinking about—that report of your dirty detectives. They knew what you wanted them to tell you. But Lenore Pennell is the best—"

"We won't discuss Miss Pennell. I said I might even be reconciled to—to that—if I could see you were headed for anything useful. But—"

The car stopped with a jerk, as the chauffeur shouted a warning. In swerving to avoid another machine, the fender had struck an old man who was picking his way slowly to the curb. Before Harry and his father could reach the man, he had picked himself up. Harry, smarting under his father's reprimand, thoughtlessly vented his spleen upon the old man.

"Why didn't he look where he was going, the old fool!" he exclaimed.

The vacant stare the old man turned toward Harry was the answer. The man was blind.

"Don't pay any attention to my son," Harry's father said, gently. "He's excited. I hope you are not hurt. I will gladly pay—"

"I am not hurt. It was my own fault," the blind man replied.

"I should say it was," Harry broke in. "Keep out of the traffic next time."

The old man turned his sightless eyes toward the young man again, and after a pause, raised his hand and said in calm, even tones:

"I have the right to lay an old man's curse on you, and I will. May you always have everything you want!"

"Holy mackerel!" Harry exclaimed, with a laugh. "He isn't only blind, he's crazy!"

Harry climbed back into the car, but his father insisted upon taking the name and address of the blind man, so he could make sure later that he had not been hurt.

"He calls that a curse," Harry mused. "And today all I wanted was a few hundred dollars, and instead Dad hands me a lecture. A curse! Well, let the punishment begin! I'll do my best to stand it like a man."

"As I was saying," Bullway began, when the car had started again, "if I could see you headed for something useful—"

"Oh, let up, Dad!" Harry interrupted impatiently. "Do I get that five hundred or don't I?"

"You don't!"

And they rode home without another word, souring the sunshine.

WHATEVER Lenore Pennell may or may not have been, at least she was no novice in handling her admirers. She liked Harry, and the possibility of a permanent alliance with the Bullway family was alluring. Yet she knew, for Harry had been quite frank about it, that his father did not approve of her, and one must have an anchor in the event of a storm. So she selected Billy Gibson as the anchor. Billy never would have as much money as Harry, but he was free with what he had, and it would last quite a while—at least until something better turned up. And Billy was reasonable, too. For example, when the telephone operator informed Lenore, about eight o'clock that evening, that Mr. Harry Bullway was calling, Billy only grinned when Lenore rushed him into her bedroom.

"I'll get rid of him quick," she assured Billy as she closed the door, and after a quick glance about the room, threw his hat under a couch.

"I can't let you stay but a minute," Lenore languidly informed Harry, at the door. "I'm sorry, but I have a splitting headache."

Harry looked the girl over critically. She was hardly dressed for a headache. Her extremely décolleté gown suggested that she was going into musical comedy. Lenore read him like a billboard.

"I hoped to be well enough to go somewhere with you, but I simply must go to bed," she explained.

"We couldn't go far, at that," Harry admitted. "I'm broke, and Dad is in one of his fits of righteous indignation. But he'll be allright in a day or two—and then—oh boy!"

So Harry soon found himself on the sidewalk. There were plenty of places where his credit was good, but he was too depressed to enjoy any of them. So he gave his clock the shock of its life, and was in bed by ten.

AS Mark Bullway drove to his office the next morning, he buried himself again in consideration of the Problem. The more it baffled him, the more determined he was to solve it before he went on building ships. A moment after he sat down at his desk, his secretary brought him his mail, and sat down, pencil poised over notebook, waiting. Bullway considered her thoughtfully. She was a very efficient secretary, was Miss Prue Winn. Her father, an old friend of Bullway, had been ruined by unwise speculation, and died of a broken heart. The girl had turned cheerfully to the task of making a living, and had won her position by sheer intelligence and industry. In-

voluntarily, Bullway contrasted her with his son, and sighed. With nothing to start on, she had done wonders. Harry had everything—

"Everything!" As the word flashed across his consciousness, Bullway remembered the blind man's curse. He referred to the address in his note book, and turned to his secretary.

"Prue, I need your help," he said. "It's about Harry."

"Of course, Mr. Bullway, I'll be glad to do anything I can—" and she hesitated, turning away slightly, apparently a little confused. But if she blushed, Bullway was too deeply interested in his subject to notice.

"You have known Harry a long time," he went on. "He's all wrong, but I know there's good stuff in him. Now I got an idea from an old blind man, yesterday."

He told her of the accident and the curse.

"Now, I've always made it a practice," he explained, "when I get an idea from anyone, to hire that person to help me carry it out. I want you to go to this address, and engage old Matt Sills as manager of the job of reforming Harry."

"You mean you're going to give Harry—Mr. Harry—everything he wants! I think I know what he will want first," and there was a trace of bitterness in her tone.

"Now don't anticipate. Let's get our manager on the job first. Tell him there's big money in it for him."

An hour later Prue led the blind man into Bullway's office.



Building ships out of raw material had proved a simple matter for

"Mr. Sills is a hard man to bargain with," she said, with a smile.

"He can name his own figure," Bullway replied.

"I don't think you will agree to that—" Prue began.

"My time is worth only sixty cents an hour. I can not accept more," Sills said quietly.

"Well, we can adjust that later," Bullway observed. "Meanwhile, I want your suggestion as to the best way to carry out that curse you laid upon my son yesterday."

"I would simply anticipate his every wish until his heart rebelled," the old man said. "It isn't having things, but getting them, that keeps us interested and happy. If your son finds everything he thinks he wants dropping into his lap, he will be utterly miserable, and find he doesn't want any of them."

"Good! We'll try it. Now to get a list of everything he has said he wanted," and all the energy that had been devoted to building the American merchant marine was bent upon the unique task. The servants, the chauffeur, everyone to whom Harry might have confided some desire, were consulted. It was a busy day, but late in the afternoon Bullway considered the job sufficiently well organized to give him time to pay a social call.

"Mr. Mark Bullway calling," the telephone operator told Miss Lenore Pennell.

"You mean Mr. Harry Bullway."

"No, Mr. Mark Bullway—an elderly gentleman."

With eyebrows raised, Miss Pennell considered for a split-second. It might be an open business proposition.

"Send him up."

If Miss Pennell expected an angry and belligerent parent to appear, she received a considerable shock, but she kept her poise when Bullway entered, smiling, his hand extended.

"Miss Pennell, I am here on behalf of my son," he began.

"I hardly expected you were here on your own account," she replied, meeting smile with smile. "I understand you don't approve of me."

"I have changed my viewpoint. My son's happiness must come before my personal prejudices. He loves you. Can you make him happy?"

She looked at him intently through narrowed lids. This was a new kind of proposition.

"Just what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Can you make him happy?"

"I can make any man happy," she said cautiously.

"Very well, then here's my proposition. For every day you keep Harry happy I will send you a check. The first day it will be one cent. The next day it will be twice as much, the third day twice what it was the second, and so on."

Lenore was not strong on mental arithmetic. Bullway showed her a column of figures.

"The tenth day it would be \$5.12; the twentieth day it would be \$5,242.88; the twenty-fifth day it would be \$167,772.16; the twenty-eighth day it would pass the million dollar mark—"

"Wait! I've lost my breath! You're kidding me."

"Miss Pennell—my son is the only thing in the world I care for. I am willing to sink every dollar I've got in an investment in his happiness. It's up to you."

Miss Pennell was still breathless at the imminent deluge of wealth.

"And the day you marry him I will settle a million dollars on you," Bullway added.

"And stop the other payments?"

"Well, it won't make any difference then, as you will be a member of the family, and can have anything you want."

There was no way in which Lenore could lose—she saw that plainly enough. Whatever the old man's game was, to refuse to consider the proposition would be only to cut off all her chances. So she accepted.

HARRY BULLWAY closed his eyes that night upon a world which he considered scarcely fit to live in, since he did not know where in all that world he was to get a few miserable dollars with which to entertain the lady he loved. He opened them the next morning upon the dignified figure of Percival Hidgen, the wonder-working valet of Richard Van Ruych. He rubbed his eyes, but Percival remained opaque. He had often visualized the perfect Percival in this room, but his father had told him that a valet for an

idler was absurd. Yet here was Percival.

"Your bath is ready, sir."

Yes, Percival had brought his voice with him.



Bullway beside building a man out of the raw material of this boy.



Harry and Lenore began the evening at the gay Inn with a bottle of wine — called sparkling cider.

"I was engaged by Mr. Bullway, sir."

Percival anticipated all inquiries.

A bath and a cold shower would tell the tale. If Percival still remained, it was true. If he washed off—it was just another dream gone wrong. Emerging fifteen minutes later from the bathroom, Harry was met by a hurtling, four-footed, brindle thunderbolt, that landed, yapping joyously, on his chest.

"Yes, sir. Champion Exmoor III, sir. Mr. Bullway persuaded Mr. Van Ruych to sell him, when he engaged me, sir. Very persuasive man, Mr. Bullway, if I might make so bold, sir."

Harry and the champion of all bulldogs were old friends. Exmoor III had, in fact, shown such a preference for Harry over his owner, Van Ruych, that Harry had pleaded with his father often to buy him, but when the price was named, Bullway Senior averred that it was out of all proportion to the dog's earning capacity. Fondling the aristocrat, Harry noticed an envelope tied to the collar. Tearing it off and opening it, he discovered that it contained ten one-thousand dollar bills. He blinked in the general direction of the valet.

"Mr. Bullway said he understood you were in need of a little ready money, sir."

After the restoratives had been administered, and Harry was able to sit up and partake of the breakfast that had been brought to his room—a previously prohibited luxury this, breakfasting in his room—he decided it might be as well to face the music. Of course there was a catch in it somewhere. His father was bribing him first, and would ask him to pay up afterwards, thinking he would not want to give up his various treasures, which, he discovered from Hidgen, included, in addition to the valet, the dog, and the money, the following items he had long desired:

One airplane.

One racing car, 100 horse power, Sport model.

Four prize polo ponies from the Brewster stable.

His father had left for the office, but had not reached there

yet, Miss Winn informed him over the telephone. He told her of his luck and tried a little fishing. Yes, she understood that Mr. Bullway had felt that he had been a little harsh. Yes, she had heard him negotiating some purchases. No, so far as she knew, they were to be unconditional.

The conversation ended rather abruptly, as Miss Winn said she had some work to do, and he must excuse her.

"Good thing he doesn't think he can make me give up Lenore, by threatening to take all this from me," Harry mused. "Because he couldn't. I'd give it all up like that," with a snap of his fingers, very dramatic, "before I'd let him separate us."

He reassured himself on this point all the way down town in his snorting racer. He didn't get the kick out of owning it that he had expected, possibly because things were coming so fast it was impossible to tell where one thrill left off and another began. He made his first stop at Marvany's jewelry store.

"I want a diamond pendant, and I'm in a hurry," he told the clerk.

The manager of the store approached, with a long, important looking case.

"Your father said he rather expected you would be in to make a purchase," he said, "and he bought this for you. He said if it wasn't satisfactory, to change it for anything you wanted."

The manager opened the case and displayed a magnificent pendant, that looked as if it would have left Harry about two days' car fare out of his new bank roll.

"He also said," Harry vaguely heard the manager saying, "that if you wanted anything else, you were to charge it to him. Any little thing like—er, say an engagement ring."

Harry left the store laden with pendant, solitaire ring, and astonishment. He could understand his father getting reckless and generous, so far as the animals and cars were concerned, but to tell him, practically, to go ahead and get engaged to Lenore Pennell—for that was what it amounted to—this he could not grasp. And Joel, the butler, must be in on it, too,

(Continued on page 86)

Music Hath Charms

Diddle-da-da!

The life of the artist is one long boulevard of sacrifices. Supposing you had spent ten years to study how to strum "Humoresque" on a harp; and had got it down pat; and were just starting in on the sobby part of it, when in walked your neighbor's parlor-maid, right in front of Jeems the butler, and handed you a card which read, "For mercy's sake, cut it out." Fierce, huh? But Elsie Ferguson doesn't look as sore about it as we would.



If Gloria Swanson would pay more attention to the banjo and less to Darrell Foss she might learn to play the doodad; but she'll never be able even to pick out "Yankee Doodle" on one string if she takes her music lessons like this.

Is Vivian Martin playing the "Dead March" from "Saul," or Jim Chopin's March Funebre? We'll say she isn't, not with that there roguish smile and them wicked eyes. If it isn't "Balling the Jack" it is at least the "Sentimental Blues."



It's too bad to disappoint you, Reader. We know we should title this "Sweet and Low," and let it go at that. But we have inside info that the Male is not whispering of love to Miss Burke. He is saying: "I represent the Bjinks Piano Company and I wish you would step a little to the right so's the name o' the firm will show in the photograph."



Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman

When he proposed to Priscilla he didn't look like this.

A Little Domestic Drama

Dished up by Priscilla Dean and her permanent leading man.

By
MARY WINSHIP



AND now," said I, "why did you marry her?"
(Isn't that what everybody always wants to know first about a bride and groom?)

"Oh," said he cheerfully, "I didn't. *She* married *me*."

"Wheeler," said she, "you are a wicked old liar."
And the fight was on.

Mr. Wheeler Oakman carefully put down a can of green paint with which he was decorating (?) the wicker chaise lounge and took Mrs. Wheeler Oakman by one of the decidedly pretty ears peeping from beneath her lovely brown hair and gave her what I considered an unnecessarily severe kissing.

"Didn't you propose to me?" he asked, when he had secured an unfair advantage.

"I did not," said Priscilla Dean, with her best crook smile. "You did it your very own self, without even the slightest encouragement, and you can't get away with anything else in this family."

"When did he propose?" I asked, as they paused for breath. "Did he do it nicely—like a movie hero should?"

"Oh-oo-oh, lovelily," said



We respectfully call the attention of Miss Dean's press-agent, who sends out those stories about her seven cooks, to the picture of Priscilla in the center. Wheeler Oakman says his wife is her own cook, and a darn good one. Well, he ought to know.

Priscilla, wriggling one small foot in reminiscent ecstasy.

"Huh!" said her partner in crime. "Nothing very lovely about it. All I said was: 'Kid, will you marry me?'"

"W-why, Wheeler!" cried the bride. "How can you? It was the very nicest proposal I ever had."

"Oh, is *that* so?" said her spouse, without any great fervor.

"'Course. It was wonderful. And guess

when?"

"I can't," said I. (I admit to an imagination, but it balks at such hurdles as attempting to guess when Wheeler Oakman proposed to Priscilla Dean.)

"During a scene we were making in 'The Virgin of Stamboul'—when he played my leading man, you know."

"Matter of fact," said the bridegroom in a confidential aside to me, "I was just saying my lines, and she took 'em personally, and what could I do but marry the girl?"

After a few moments, in which I feared the green enamel was to be used for something other than ruining the wicker sofa, Mrs. Oakman went on triumphantly: "Do you remember the scene where he leaves her at the door and says: 'Some day I'm coming back and marry you.' That was when he did it. He said—"

"Priscilla," interrupted her spouse, "there's a spider on the back of your neck."

The little star let out a scream, and her husband assisted in the search with shameless ardor.

"How do you get along?" I ventured, when they had subsided into one arm chair and were sharing a cigarette in blissful harmony.

"Great!" said Priscilla.

"So far, so good," said Wheeler.

"I only put two don'ts in my marriage contract and so far they're intact," remarked Mrs. Oakman. "Wheeler can't drink and he can't shoot craps. As far as he's concerned, this is certainly a prohibition country."

"Did you have any amendments?" I asked.

"Just as long as she doesn't bob her hair, she can do anything she wants to do—except flirt with other men."

(Concluded on page 127)



He's Priscilla's co-star for life.



Study the expression of hope, anticipation, and high courage on the faces of these three young ladies and observe the power of predestination.

A Tip on Predestination

By HENRY C. HARCOURT

LIFE is a serious business.

Life is a procession of disillusionment and disappointment.

Also, life is an institution of glittering, opulent opportunity as well as one fraught with tears and travail.

Of course, you knew this before.

So did we, only we never came to think about it in a solemn and serious way until we were confronted with an old and faded tintype.

It is a tintype reproduced on this page.

Reader, regard it thoughtfully.

Have you a little psychologic philosophy in your cosmos?

We mean to enquire, are you hep to the hypotheosis of the genus homo?

In other words—do you get the expression of hope, anticipation and high courage graven upon the three individual faces of the young ladies in the art study?

Take the first one—reading from left to right as we always do in looking upon a group photograph—and study it well. Observe the artistic tilt of the well-shaped head of this lady. Do not fancy in your mind, grown accustomed to modern manners of Alfred Cheney Johnston and Baron De Meyer, Arnold Genthe and Monroe, and the other camera sharps who are in the game for Art's sake, that the man who made this study had anything to do with it. He did not. This was a tintype, remember, and no tintyper ever spent much time on posing his victims. Four for a dollar—no extra charge for children. That was his creed and his code.

Observe the lady in the center of this group. Consider her charming air of *naïveté*. (This is a word we use only three times a year. It means she is a wise kid but doesn't intend you should know it until she is good and ready. Persons with *naïveté* are always of the so-called weaker sex. We would not care to write anything about a male person with *naïveté*.)

And lastly, the lady to the extreme right, with the soulful orbs glancing toward the blue dome of heaven (or in this case the shabby wall-paper on the ceiling of the tintyper's gallery). Is she not sweetly sentimental? Is she not there with the graceful manner and the shy complacency of a young lady of six years?

This tintype was made about seventeen years ago, when our mammas wore bustles, spit curls, Scotch shawls, spring-heeled shoes, lace mitts and always carried an umbrella or sunshade. In the good ol' days of the era of side-whiskers, Congress shoes, derby hats (lined inside like a coffin) and lager beer saloons.

In short, when the parlor was used only on Sunday afternoons, and when mother kept the treasures of the household, including the pretty pink conch-shell that Uncle Jim sent us from Cuba, the shark's jaw, the artificial peaches and pears and bananas (under a glass dome) and such.

Having established the era to our own satisfaction we will pass on the psychologic phase of our discourse.

To reverse and make for diversion, we will now point out our subjects from right to left instead of left to right. To observe closely the lady at the extreme right, would you say, right off without stopping to think of it, that in seventeen years or so she would have grown into a princess of amazing beauty—lovely as Venus, rapturous as an orchid, spontaneous as a crystal fountain, sweet and wholesome as a sprig of mignonne, and stainless as a star?

If the cosmic urge lies within your soul, we daresay you would have guessed it just from a casual glance at this faded tintype.

And the lady in the center—with the golden hair and the coy air of—as we said before—*naïveté*. Would you say that there would be the promise fulfilled across this span of sixteen or seventeen years? That young womanhood would find her,

(Concluded on page 119)

When the Dollar Works Overtime

By NORMA TALMADGE

Some hints on how to make it do its full duty are given by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.

ONE of the favorite topics when two women get together these days is the high cost of living—referred to both frequently and concisely as the H. C. of L.

I lament about it.

So do all my friends.

So do you and all your friends.

But recently I have begun to suspect that the H. C. of L. means, to a very great extent, the High Cost of Laziness.

There is a tradition that a French woman can take a soup bone and produce therefrom a five-course dinner. Maybe she can, I don't know. The thing I do know is that a great many American women are more likely to take the makings of a five-course dinner and produce therefrom a full garbage pail. The same thing holds true with our clothes. Last season's faded suit, last winter's crumpled party frock mean little to one of our girls except that they are discarded clothing that we had better send to the Salvation Army. Again the H. C. of L.—with my meaning attached.

In the "good old days" in this country we were all rather inclined to look down on any one who was suspected of economy. In the pre-war days—those brave times when housewives never turned a hair at using a dozen eggs in a cake, and when pounds of butter were plentiful as the sands of the seashore—in those glad and carefree days we considered any one a "tight wad" who tried to ring in the remains of yesterday's roast for today's stew or who tried to freshen her clothes by dyeing and turning them. We cast a cold and haughty eye on the girl who was skilful in "making things over" and who could produce this year's new bathing suit out of last year's old skirt.

When I say *we*, I mean *we*. Every mother's daughter of us was alike; every one of us went on the gladsome way of least resistance. What did we care for last year's clothes? Away with them! Bring on the dressmaker and the milliner and the sewing machine and the glad new materials and laces! Let us have new clothes and expensive

ones and lots of them—and above all things let us spend money, wads of money!

That time has gone. Some people say it will be quite some time in getting back—if ever. Meanwhile, the law of supply and demand seems to be sitting up nights trying to figure out new and more unpleasant ways of jolting us.

A lot of money changed hands during the war, and people who had never worn silk and laces before went in for them—strong. Naturally, the prices of these things soared to the blue sky, helped in their upward flight by limited production. Everything that went into the making of pretty frocks and hats went up and up and up. Labor decided about this time that it might be a good thing to join the million-dollar class, and it did. The result was that the "simple little dress" that used to cost you from \$25 to \$40 soared to \$80 or \$100, frequently more. The blue serge suit likewise took to airplaning, and everything that one wore with it went right along in the gay attempt to hit the roof.



The woman who puts a market basket on her arm and "hits the trail" will find that she doesn't need any flesh reducers these days.

AFTER a little while we are going to realize that this era of high prices was the best thing that ever happened to us. Just now, however, we are feeling like Johnny after a session with the reliable family switch. We are finding out just how high the cost of laziness can be. We are beginning to wonder if there isn't something in this economy business, after all. The next step is to find out just how cheaply we can do a lot of things that we have been used to doing expensively. Some clever women are doing it now.

That reminds me of a friend of mine who always looks beautifully dressed. So does her seventeen-year-old daughter and I know that the allowance for clothes in that family isn't a very ample one. I went in to see her one day recently and found her busy in preparations for getting Dorothy off to school. A sports suit was needed, also dresses for school wear and a party frock. New shoes, stockings and other incidentals piled up into an appalling sum.

"I couldn't think of spending all the money that new things meant," said my friend frankly, as she showed me some of the things her ingenuity had achieved, "so I had to do considerable thinking and planning. Do you see that coat?" she pointed to a lovely red sports coat that lay over a chair. "That used to be a gray blanket that cost \$5 eight years ago. I dyed it, and then cut and made the coat from a fifteen-cent pattern. Dorothy crocheted the tam to go with it. I can't tell you how glad I am that this year's styles favor the use of two materials. Out of two dresses that Dorothy had outgrown and part of a discarded one of mine I made these." She held up two pretty frocks, one of blue serge and red and blue plaid material, the other of green serge and black satin.

Dorothy's party frock was achieved through the use of an old green chiffon one of her mother's that had been cleaned, re-cut and hung over a rose-pink foundation, the latter an out-grown summer dress of Dorothy's. A set of pink cotton crepe underwear had been-trimmed with narrow lace edging from the ten-cent store. These economies meant that enough money was saved to buy Dorothy's shoes and a fur scarf.

A lot of mothers will have sent their daughters to school this year in expensive clothes, but I doubt if any of them will have the feeling of triumph that Dorothy's mother is entitled to.

BEFORE the telephone was invented women used to know the advantages of "shopping round." Yes, certainly, it took time. One might have to walk half a mile to find a cut of beef that was two cents a pound cheaper, or grape fruit that cost four cents less—but it was worth it. Incidentally, the woman who puts a market basket on her arm and "hits the trail" for cheap provisions will find that she doesn't need any flesh reducers these days. Of all the things designed to give one a sylph-like figure the quest of inexpensive food is the surest. But it can be found, if you are resolute and will hunt for it.

Of course, if you are a busy woman and your salary or your husband's salary mounts up to spectacular figures you may pay current prices promiscuously if you want to—but don't be surprised if you find yourself with an emaciated pocket book. I know a woman who edits a monthly magazine and in addition turns out a surprisingly large number of short stories and special articles each year. This woman with all the demands on her time and energy is never too busy to do the shopping for her home. Twice a week she visits the cheapest public market in her city and buys there her fresh vegetables, most of her fruit, and all of her meat, fish and fowl. She buys for a family of three and has learned the wisdom of making her dollars work overtime.

The same thing holds true in regard to clothes. There is an inexhaustible fund of material on hand for the woman who has the enterprise and good sense to make over faded and out-of-style garments. There are dyes on the market today that can be used with excellent results by any amateur. Patterns may be had that tell one in the last detail just what to do in making a dress or blouse. Everything lies at the hand of the woman who really wants to put the H. C. of L. down for the count.

"But I can't sew," a woman complained the other day when some one suggested that making over clothes is one of the best ways of discouraging the prevailing high prices. And she said it with a sort of pride. I had just as soon be proud

of a cross eye or a hump. In fact, I had rather, because one can't help the latter very well, while any girl or woman who isn't imbecile can learn to be deft with her hands.

Thank heaven, the day of the girl who "hasn't ever washed dishes" and who lies abed until ten o'clock in the morning is passing. And again, thank heaven, that in these stirring days one doesn't have to be brainless or lazy to be "feminine." It is the feminine girl of today, the clear-thinking modern product, who is reviving the homely arts of our grandmothers, who is learning how to cook, either in domestic science classes or in her mother's kitchen. She is learning to sew from one or the other of these teachers also—and, best of all, she is learning from them lessons of economy.

One morning a few weeks ago I was watching a parade of manikins in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, when a woman seated near me remarked to one of the women in attendance: "What smart shoes those girls wear! Where do you get them?"

The smartly coifed and dressed attendant replied. "Oh, we have our own bootmaker who makes all the

shoes our manikins wear and usually makes them to match the gowns we design."

"How convenient!" the customer exclaimed. "How much will a pair like that cost me?" pointing to a pair of low gray suede shoes worn by a slender manikin just passing.

The saleswoman looked. "Oh, we can make you a pair like that for sixty dollars," she replied carelessly.

I waited for the woman's reply.

"Well, I declare!" she said emphatically, "Of all the nerve! Sixty dollars for those shoes? Well, I guess not. Why, I can buy shoes like that for \$16 down town."

Mentally, I thanked the woman who had courage enough to say what she thought of \$60 shoes. But there are a lot of women who think differently, pin-minded women who are quite

(Continued on page 120)



In the smart shops the "simple little dress" that used to cost you from \$25 to \$40 now has soared from \$80 or \$100, frequently more.

Digging Up the Acorn

In which the career
of Bobby Harron is
traced to its beginning.

By JEAN NORTH

ONCE upon a time there was a young printer's devil who had been working ever since the child labor laws told him that he might. His weekly pay envelope contained four dollars to spend in riotous living. But the cost of riotous living was so high even in those days that the boy turned bolsheviki and left the printing business to worry along without his services.

Even twelve or thirteen years ago, the motion picture business lured 'em away from honest employment by paying huge salaries. And so our hero hied himself to the Biograph studio on East Fourteenth, where he was paid five dollars a week for the congenial job of working in the cutting room and delivering films to theaters in the New York territory. He still thinks that five dollars a week was big money for a boy in short trousers who had no ambition but was willing to work.

You see, our hero is just like the boys in the "on-and-upward" stories. He is a self-made man who got along simply because he had the right sort of stuff in him.

One day a director needed a boy to play a small part in a picture. There was a shortage of boys around the studio, so he sent upstairs to the cutting room for Bobby Harron, the film cutter's assistant and the Winged Mercury of the little company. The cutting room was on the third floor and the studio was on the first floor. As Bobby ran down the stairs to be an actor, he commented that it wasn't a rise in life.

This first picture made no heavy artistic demands on young Mr. Harron. He was asked to play the part of an office boy in an early masterpiece called "Dr. Skinnem." He acted with great ease, naturalness and poise. In fact, he fairly lived the part.

Contrary to all precedents, D. W. Griffith did not direct the picture. Nor did he exclaim to Bobby, "You have a great picture face and a glorious future awaits you." Nor did the cast include any players who are now celebrities. The director was a man named McCutcheon, who is now dead.

The messenger boy must have made an outrageous hit, for he was cast in the leading role of his next picture. It was



Photograph by Evans

Bobby Harron's first movie job was as a film cutter.

called "Bobby's Kodak" and he was Bobby. Eddie Dillon, now a director, played the part of his father. Bobby leaped into fame, but not into fortune, for the pay envelope still contained the trusty five dollars when Saturday night rolled around.

BOBBY never went back to the cutting room. He stayed in the studio and picked up disquieting ideas. He would hear, for instance, the actors complain because they hadn't had a day off in two weeks. They considered this "over work." It sounded strange to Bobby who hadn't had a day off in two years, unless he managed to fall sick.

"And now sometimes I find myself complaining about working too hard," said Mr. Harron,—for Bobby has grown up to be Mr. Harron. "When I do, I have to sit down and laugh at myself."

Like all the players who have had Griffith training, Mr. Harron has a charming personality and ingratiating manners. We suspect that Mr. Griffith gathers his young folks about him and tells them to be kind, polite and gentle with old people and interviewers. For, like Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, raised in a studio, is just a little nicer than most young men brought up in refined homes with every advantage.

He was all agitated over the prospect of being a lone star. Dorothy Gish was the first of the players to be starred under the parental guidance of Mr. Griffith. Robert Harron and

Richard Barthelmess are following her lead. Leaving Griffith? Never.

Modesty overwhelmed him when asked about his first picture. In fact, Bobby Harron acted as though he wished he might die right then and there if he had to talk about his Art or himself.

"I think the picture is going to be,—well I hate to tell you because it sounds conceited. . . . Anyway, we hope to make this picture, or at least it is supposed to be. . . . That is to say, the story sounds as though it were going to be. . . . Well, I might as well tell you. This first starring picture is going to be a comedy. The working title is 'Coincidence.' That is, we hope it will be funny. And I am supposed to be funny. You might come out to Mamaroneck to watch me work. But you wouldn't have to watch me work, if you didn't want to. They say the swimming is fine."

Asked if he were going to be married, he said it looked as though he wasn't—not in the immediate future anyway. Had being a leading man cured him of the idea? No, it hadn't. Mr. Harron even insinuated that he was merely waiting around until the right girl said "yes."

However, in talking about matrimonial rumors, he spoke of the story, published a few years ago, that he and Mae Marsh were married.

"Mae got a lot of presents," he said. "Everyone wrote her about it and the gifts kept coming in for months and months."

He spoke enthusiastically about his former co-worker, since married to Louis Lee Arms.

"And have you seen their little daughter? She is the cutest baby I ever saw."

AFTER this plunge into personalities, Mr. Harron discussed finance. He tried to figure out whether he could make a sudden fortune by investing all his money in French francs or German marks.

"But what's the use?" he said, "I never made any money I didn't work for and I never expect to. Of course, the work is pleasant. We actors have it comparatively easy and the salary is big. I have no kicks coming."

Just think. Here is an actor who has no kicks coming!

Mr. Harron said William S. Hart is one of the finest fellows in the world, that Will Rogers is his favorite author and that John Barrymore is his idea of a real actor.

Bobby Harron's new pictures will be presented by Metro and it is said that Marcus Loew's belief in his ability and popularity made it possible for him to be a full-fledged, name-in-electric-lights star.

"Seriously," he asked. "Do you think I have been on the screen for so long that the public is tired of me?"

Answering for the public, we shouted emphatically "No!"

Bobby Harron's rise is a real romance. He would be justified if he asked himself occasionally, "Can all this be true?" He was just one of those little boys who played with countless other little boys in Greenwich Village. Today he has a home of his own for his family and himself, a motor car, and he attends the first nights of new plays and goes to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Farrar and Caruso. And at the Griffith studios there is no one who is more popular—and more sought after for advice by actors and directors. Bobby's little acorn has turned out a big oak after all.



YOU may have wondered, when seeing a picture supposedly shot from inside a trunk, just where the camera was situated to get the desired effect. Here's how—to revive a quaint old phrase—here's how Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran manage it. In "La, La, Lucille," their latest, the action requires that an eloping couple seek refuge from an irate father in an empty bread-box, which is thrown down a chute, up a long incline, and generally manhandled. Instead of going through all that, Lee Moran and Gladys Walton took this position inside a box attached to a large wooden disk, mounted on rollers. Lyons—the checked cap chap at the left—and his assistants revolved the disk, giving the illusion of motion. A camera was trained on the inside of the box. Simple, isn't it?



"There's Mummy," said Penelope, "and the kiddies, and Daddy. I had to earn money for them somehow. So I begged them to let me try my fortune in New York."

"39 East"

By
LULIETTE BRYANT

The story of a romance that brightened an old-fashioned boarding-house.

WHEN Napoleon Gibbs, Junior, tripped on a loose edge of carpet at the head of the stairs he was a disillusioned, homesick youth, hating the City of Disenchantment, rushing to catch the Dixie Limited.

When he picked himself up, exactly five seconds later, he was flushed of cheek, star-eyed, full of ambition, desire, and joy o' life, determined to stay on for a long, rapturous period in the City of Dreams-Come-True.

For he had landed straight at the feet of HER!

There she stood, a slender, vibrant slip of girlhood, a delicious rose color staining her cheeks and creeping up to the waves of her brown hair. Her eyes were round and startled, like the eyes of a little girl and her breath came flutteringly. Not every day does a hundred and fifty-four pounds of perfect Southern gentleman come dropping out of the air to a girl's feet.

"Oo-oo-oo!" she breathed. "I hope it didn't hurt you dreadfully!"

With her delicate color, her fluttering, palpitant grace, she was like a butterfly against the dingy setting of the austere hallway. His slightest movement, he felt, might cause her to spread fairy wings and vanish. She was quite, quite too good to be real, here in 39 East.

But never for long does a true son of the Southland hesitate for words while lovely woman stands waiting. Hand on heart,

dark eyes meeting her blue ones fairly, he bowed with a courtly gesture that lined up behind him, had the girl but known, an unseen, silent row of ancestors fading back to a gallant ruler on the throne of France.

"I fear my injury is permanent," he said. "On account of it I shall be compelled to extend my stay in this wonderful city."

"I—I'm sorry," she faltered, wild-rose deepening to crimson on throat and cheek. "I'm afraid it's my fault."

"It certainly *is!*" he assured her blithely. Then, as the majestic figure of Madame de Mailly, owner and ruler of the "most exclusive boarding house in New York" loomed up in the doorway he made another courtly bow, turned, and ran up the stairs.

"It can't be *possible* that anything like that is going to *live* here, in this collection of relics!" he told himself. "Such things happen only in fairy tales."

The button he pressed brought response in the form of a double row of glittering teeth completely surrounded by a grin.

"Evalina," he said, "is that fairy princess down in the hall going to live here!"

"Yessah, Mist' Gibbs. She suah is. She just give the Madame a week's boa'd money as I come through."

"Evalina," impressively, "a sudden change in my business



She was like a butterfly against the dingy setting of the boarding-house hallway. Reginald felt that she was quite, quite too good to be real, here in 39 East.

affairs requires my presence in this city for an indefinite time Has Madame de Mailly rented my room?"

"No, Mist' Gibbs. An' if she had, she'd *on-rent* it mighty sudden to keep you. Fust time in the history of this boardin' house that a young an' rich an' good-lookin' man stopped heah. She aint goin' to lose you if she kin help herself! But Lawdy! Aint all them old maids goin' to be sour on this new young lady!"

"Your subtle flattery is only exceeded by your amazing perspicacity, Evalina. Will you convey my compliments to Madame de Mailly and shout the glad tidings that I am remaining indefinitely? Also, will you make the fairy princess very, very comfortable, so she won't spread her wings and fly away from us?"

"Yes, Mist' Gibbs. Thank you, sah. I suah will do that!" She pocketed the dollar dexterously and followed her wide meaningful grin through the doorway. "Catch any white girl flyin' 'way from *that*!" she chuckled, executing a little shuffle on the back stairs. "Queer what men falls for! Scared, pretty little thing, 'thout a bit of style!"

Dinner was an important function at 39 East. The women "dressed" for it, according to their various tastes and resources. The prim, angular schoolma'am from New England, white-waisted, stiff-collared, flat-heeled, glowered at the kittenish Mrs. Smith from Atlanta, whose too-too-solid flesh rolled out generously from the confines of a low-cut cerise velvet as her French heels tap-tapped across the bare floor. The other costumes, each one typical of its wearer, ran the gauntlet between these extremes. Blue-spotted foulard with a hand-tatted collar—neat and dependable; pink georgette waist with blue lingerie ribbons much in evidence—flimsy and craving attention; two fawn-colored satin frocks, two real lace collars, two thin gold chains—twins, repressed, refined, very, *very* virtuous.

There were only a few men, of course. Equally of course they didn't dress for dinner. The real American man dresses for dinner only when compelled by his women-folk. And if they'd had women-folk they wouldn't have been living at 39 East. So the only one of them who attempted anything in the way of dress or manner was the sad-eyed Count Gionelli. He wore an attempted dinner coat and doubtful linen, with a genuine old-world manner, and carried it all off very well. He always rose when the ladies came in, and as they straggled in one at a time the effect was rather jumpy. The college professor with the slightly bald head, the check-suited O'Brien from the far west, even the gallant Mr. Gibbs of the Southland had long since agreed not to make jumping-jacks of themselves.

But tonight, just as dinner was getting nicely under way, young Gibbs came to his feet as if jerked with a string. The other men, looking up in surprise, promptly followed his example. The new girl had appeared, and was advancing in her pretty, hesitant way, toward the vacant chair beside Madame de Mailly. Her frock was of some soft blue stuff, with a long tasselled sash, and a bow of blue just where the white collar touched her throat. Her eyes were more like a child's than ever, Gibbs thought—wide and interested and faintly touched with wistfulness—and her color came and went in quick, distracting flushes.

"Miss Penelope Penn," said Madame de Mailly, performing the introduction with arch playfulness. "The newest child of our happy family!"

"And they'll use her like a step-child!" muttered O'Brien to Gibbs. "Look at the old cats sizing her up! Lord, but she's a little peach! I wonder if she'll be friendly with an old fellow of forty?"

"Don't be in such a darned hurry," growled Gibbs. O'Brien glanced at him sharply, then grinned with his unfailing good humor. "All right, all right, laddie. Excuse *me*! Let the young ones have their day is always *my* motto."

It was not the motto of the ladies. Since he came to 39 East, Gibbs had been the unwilling object of their devoted attentions and they had no mind to relinquish him now. At meal time, in the halls and on the stairway, some of them were always near. If he ventured into the drawing room after dinner, hoping for a few words with Penelope, one of them was beside him, instantly, demanding some attention. A week went by, another, and another, and Gibbs had to remember only a few glances from blue, wistful eyes; a demure "good evening Mr. Gibbs;" a little, silvery laugh now and then when he gave the dinner table a funny story.

Then, just as he was beginning to despair, came Evalina to the rescue. "That li'l gal," she volunteered, "is powerful lonesome. Nobody to talk to but a pack of ol' jealous cats. She's gittin' plum discouraged. I 'spects to see her pack up and go back to Ohio 'most any day now."

"Well, I'm willing to be her little playmate, Evalina, but I can't get a chance. The superannuated felines to whom you so disrespectfully refer form a yowling circle around her whenever she appears."

"Forms a circle 'round *you*, you means!" scoffed Evalina. "Men are so helpless and no 'count! Why don't you be a li'l bolder? What you 'fraid of?"

"Of making things unpleasant for her. They all act mean enough now. I don't want to make things harder for her!"

"Yo' poor baby-lamb! Honey, don't you know that any woman, old or young, aint never made miserable by havin' other women jealous of her? It just adds the sauce to her puddin' when the others want the

man what she's got! And the Madame, she's goin' to be tickled enough, to see that ol' bunch she has to cater to get their come-uppance!"

Gibbs threw back his head in a roar of laughter, but the shrewd words had their effect. He began that very evening to "be a li'l bolder" and the results proved Evalina's wisdom. He boldly led Penelope to the couch and sat down beside her, turning his back to the others. And though at first her hands fluttered nervously and her expression was half frightened he was rewarded by seeing her relax, little by little, until her eyes were happy and her laughter wholly light and care-free.

So the ice was broken and a charming little romance began to ripen in the old boarding house, viewed with spite and suspicion by the women, with indulgent approval by the men, with a sort of armed neutrality by Madame de Mailly. Hard as nails was the Madame in face and character. Thirty years of keeping an exclusive boarding house exclusive does not tend to soften the heart. So long as the girl behaved discreetly and paid her board in advance, young Gibbs could show her such strictly circumspect attention as he chose. She even, as Evalina had prophesied, allowed herself a grim chuckle now and then at the chagrin of the disgruntled ones.

But as time went by a worried droop touched the corners of Penelope's lips and faint shadows gathered beneath the wistful eyes. The grimness of Madame de Mailly ceased to manifest itself in chuckles, and began to creep out in the many little ways by which a landlady betrays that a paying guest is not in the best of standing. The women cast triumphant, meaningful smiles at one another, the men exchanged understanding glances and exerted themselves to speak to the girl with bracing cheerfulness, while young Gibbs threw all caution aside and frankly devoted himself to her.

Then came a night when Penelope, with a murmured excuse, slipped away from the dinner table without waiting for dessert. Gibbs, surreptitiously daring a tap at her door received no answer. She was late to breakfast next morning, and he saw with dismay that her cheeks were pale and her eyes heavy. All day she avoided him. Again that evening, and the next, and the next, she slipped away from dinner, and through the days he could get no word with her. On the fourth morning the storm broke.

"39 East"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Realart photoplay, adapted from the play of the same name by Rachel Crothers. Scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by John S. Robertson with the following cast:

Penelope Penn.....Constance Binney
Napoleon Gibbs, Jr....Reginald Denny
Mrs. de Mailly.....Alison Skipworth
Mrs. Smith.....Lucia Moore
Miss McMasters....Blanche Frederici
Sadie Clarence.....Edith Gresham
Myrtle Clarence.....Mildred Arden
Count Gionelli.....Luis Alberti
Dr. Hubbard.....Albert Carrol
Timothy O'Brien....Frank Allworth
Mr. Tillotson.....Alfred Hickman

"Miss Penn," Madame de Mailly's voice was so crisp that it fairly crackled, "I notice that you are coming in very late. Does the study of music require such hours? Twelve o'clock is not exactly a suitable time for a young girl to be out alone!"

Penelope's face paled. The table was very still. Gibbs wanted to rise and cry out against the cruelty of it, before the girl spoke.

"I have gotten some concert work to do," she said. "It is some distance, and the cars seem slow at night."

"Very slow, I should think," Madame said drily. "Well, it is nice that your voice can bring you in some money, since you need it!"

A hot flood sprang to the sensitive face as if a blow had stung it. Gibbs was on his feet, instantly, but O'Brien rose beside him with restraining touch.

"Steady, old man!" he whispered. "You won't help the little lady by making a scene. Wait till they all go, then lay the Madame out good!"

But Madame, contrary to her usual custom, went out with the others. She had no wish to quarrel with her most desirable guest. Still, when Gibbs boldly spoke to Penelope and drew her back into the dining room, Madame turned back, and confronted them coldly.

"Your rent was due last evening, Miss Penn."

"I—I shall have the money Saturday," stammered Penelope, "if you could wait—"

"It is impossible to make exceptions to the rule," interrupted Madame, "If you do not pay this evening, I must take your room."

She sailed out, and Gibbs seized Penelope's hand. "Don't cry!" he begged. "I'd like to—"

"Ah left mah handk'-chef in heah!" interrupted a voice, and its owner eyed Penelope curiously while Gibbs politely sprang to pick up the white square from the rug.

"If you'd only let me—" he began all over again.

"Pardon me! I have to take my medicine," cut in another voice, and a woman went to the sideboard for a glass of water, her eyes frankly gloating on Penelope's tear-stained face.

"Look here," said Gibbs, masterfully, as this intruder withdrew. "Will you meet me in the park at four o'clock? At those rocks near the rose garden, where we sat one day. Then we can talk in peace. Will you?"

"Yes. It isn't nice to meet a man in the park, but I'm disgraced anyhow, so what does it matter! I—I've done a dreadful thing!"

Sobbing, she broke from the hands that longed to hold her, to carry all her burdens, to lift her dear face to meet his lips.

"At four, then," he called, not caring who heard. They who listened nodded with ghoulish delight.

"Ah distinctly heard him say 'in the park, the rocks near the rose garden!'" drawled one. "So low and common, like a nursemaid meeting the iceman! Really, that poor deah young man is being led astray in a shameful mannah!"

At four o'clock the poor, deah young man sat on the rocks near the rose garden. By five minutes past four he had rearranged his tie four times, wiped his brow with his handkerchief nine times, re-tied his shoes twice and looked seven times at his watch.

Then she came, walking slowly, her face pathetically sobered, her hurt, wistful eyes refusing to brighten.

"I've done a disgraceful thing," she said wearily, "but I had to. You see, there's Mummy, in her wheel chair, needing medicine. And the kiddies, in school, needing millions of things. And Daddy, in his pulpit, needing freedom from worry so he can prepare better sermons. I had to earn money somehow—I couldn't get a paid place in a church choir. I took the only way that offered. So I begged them to let me try my fortunes in New York. A bad way! They'd be so hurt and ashamed—but they'll never know. And the man is so kind to me!"

Fear gripped his heart for an instant, and then he almost laughed. This sensitive, innocent girl with the clear eyes and the tender mouth, bad! She didn't know what the word meant!

"You're excited and you exaggerate," he said. "Out with it. What have you done?"

"I—I—I'm a chorus girl!" The words dripped out painfully, through trembling lips.

"You poor little thing!" he gasped. "Why, my dear child, being in a chorus isn't a crime. All the great stars started that way."

The relief and joy in the lovely face! With a heroic effort Gibbs restrained himself from kissing away the tears of joy that drowned the blue eyes.

"Now listen to me," he said, trying to cover his emotion with brisk matter-of-fact speech. "I'm going to lend you money enough to pay Madame de Mailly two weeks in advance. And I hope you're going to tell her that—" "That you are going to marry me" was the way he meant to finish the sentence, but Penelope interrupted him.

"Oh, no, I couldn't take your money! Besides, I don't need to. The manager of the show, Mr. Tillotson, is the nicest man! He noticed today that I looked worried and he is going to lend me money for my board and some new clothes. And if I'm a good little girl and do as he says, he'll put me on in place of Mademoiselle Trixie next time she gets temperamental and threatens to walk out of the theatre. He's going to take me home tonight in his car and give me the money."

"But you mustn't do that! You can't! Child, don't you know what it means when a man offers you money?"

Her eyes widened with their look of childish wonder. "Well, what does it mean?" she demanded.

At that, at the frankness and sweetness and utter, innocent loveliness of the girl, so near to him that a stray curl of her hair blew out and brushed his cheek, Gibbs lost his head and seized her in his arms, drawing her close, putting his lips to hers with the fierce ardor that comes when young lips ache for

(Continued on page 122)



"You offered me money! Is that what it means?" And Penelope stamped her foot in rage.

Meet the Missus

WHEN Conway Tearle's day's work at the studio is done, he comes home to an old-fashioned country place in Chappqua, N. Y.—named Edencroft after his birthplace in England—where he plays at being a farmer and Mrs. Tearle pretends she's keeping house. She was Adele Rowland, musical comedy star.



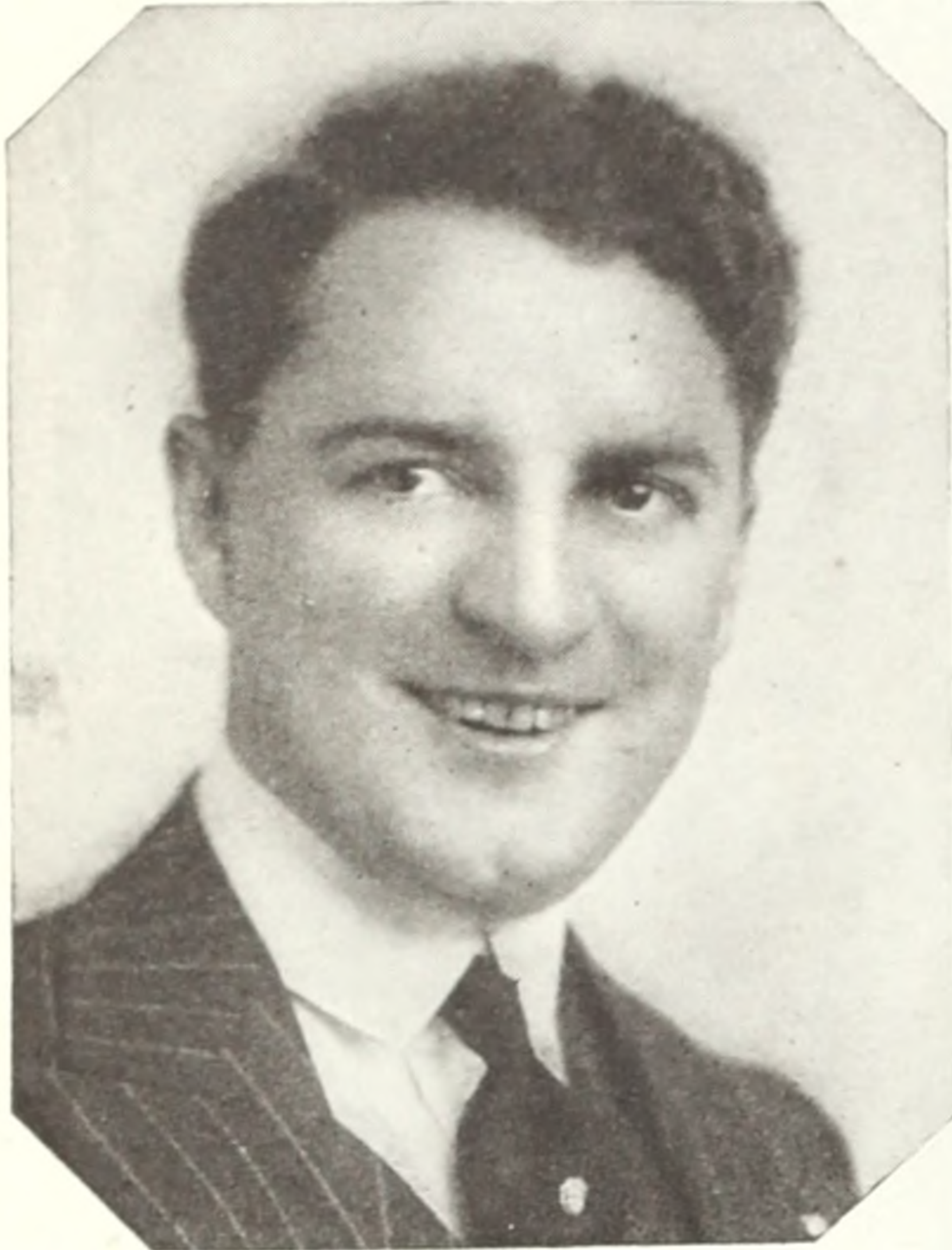
Adele Rowland looks over her husband's shoulder to read in the Questions and Answers columns that she is Mrs. Conway Tearle.

The Tearles wanted a home with no frills. They bought this frame dwelling which boasts a setting of several acres and remodeled it, adding gardens and garage but retaining its quaint old atmosphere.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS



Evans

Bryant has his own Company.

REMEMBER when
Mrs. Jones of Your Block
Had a Marcel Wave and
All the Other Members
Of the Card Club
Had to have one, Too?
It's like that
With European Tours.
Everybody's Doing It.
There's Nothing to Do Nowadays
But Go Down to the Docks
And See Your Favorite Film Star
Off for Europe.

BRYANT WASHBURN
Just Sailed
On his Honeymoon.
Oh yes—he
And Mabel Forrest Washburn
Have been Married Seven Years,
But
They Never Had a Chance
To Have a Honeymoon.
When they were Married, Bryant
Was Just Beginning to Star, for
Essanay, in Chicago; and he
Couldn't Get Away from
Making Love to Hazel Daly,
In the "Skinner" Stories.
And then
Sonny Washburn Came Along, and
Soon After That,
The Washburns Moved to California,
And Welcomed
Dwight Ludlow Washburn
Out There.
But Now Bryant
Is Through with his Paramount Contract,
And has Formed His Own Company,
And Checked his Children
In Hollywood with
Their Grandmother—and

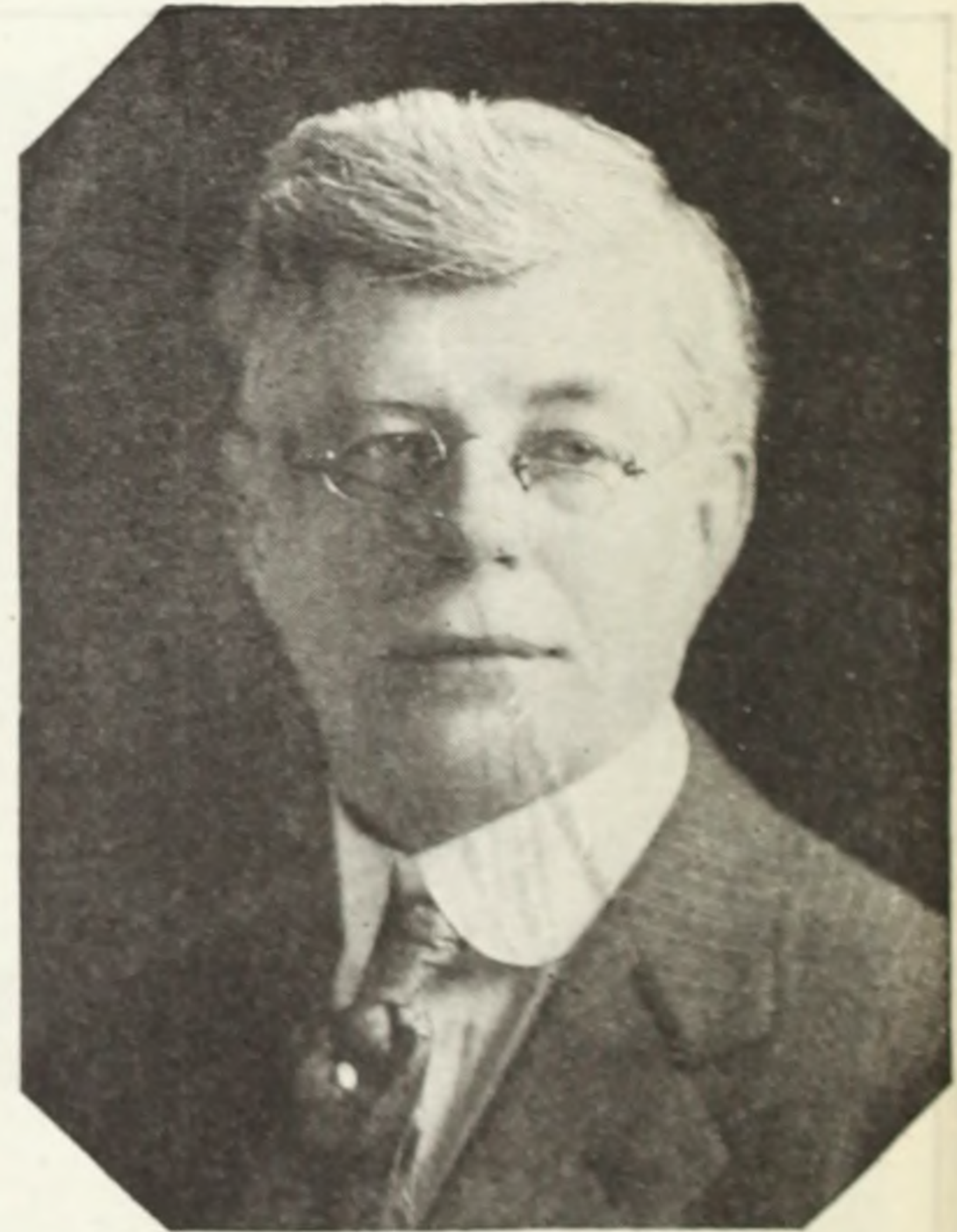
He and Mabel
Just Stepped Out.

I LIKE Bryant; he
Has Brown Eyes, and
The Same Sort of Smile
You See on the Screen.
He's Not an Actor—
He's
A Business Man.
His Career
Has Been
A Business Romance; he
Used to Play Villains, and
Didn't Get
As Much as Some Book-keepers; but
He Worked, and
Saved his Money—and
Married a Girl
Who, he says, is
A Regular Fellow, and
A Pal as well as
A Sweetheart.
Bryant's Going to Try
To Steal a March
On the Other Producers by
Going Across and Really
Shooting Film in England, while
The Others are Talking about it.
His First is "The Road
To London"—and Bryant
Is Traveling it
Right Now.

FRANK WOODS
Came Up to PHOTOPLAY
To See the Answer Man.
Frank Woods was
The First Answer Man, and
He Sympathizes with our
Answer Man, and
Wanted to Wish him Luck.
Our Answer Man wasn't In, so
Mr. Woods
Came in to See Me.
He's
Still Answering Questions, but
Not the Kind about
Francis Bushman's Children and
Mary Pickford's Curls.
He's Production Manager for Lasky, and
Whenever Anybody wants
To Know Anything
About a Story or
A Title or
An Idea, he
Asks Mr. Woods.
Frank Woods' Name
Is Never on the Screen, but
He Has the Final Say-So
On all his Company's Pictures.

WE Might Not have had
A "Birth of a Nation" if
It hadn't Been
For Frank Woods.
Thomas Dixon
Was Trying to Make a Picture
Of "The Clansman" with
The Members of the Touring Company
Of the play, as the actors.
Woods Heard about it,

And Told Mr. Griffith.
Woods wrote
The Original Scenario for it.
Later, he
Helped with "Intolerance;" and
He was Chiefly Responsible
For the Stories Filmed
By that Fine Organization Called
Fine Arts, which was
The Empire Theater
Of the Screen.
Frank Woods
Was Its Charles Frohman.
He Helped Make Anita Loos Famous.
He is always
Teaching some Youngster
How to Write Scenarios
Or Sell Ideas.
He Used to Be
A Newspaper Man, and Got
His First Experience
Answering Questions
On the *Dramatic Mirror*.
He Looks Like Santa Claus—
Without the Whiskers.
Once in a While, he Finds
A Minute or Two to Spare, and then
He and Mrs. Woods
Go Out to their Ranch
In California
And Raise Oranges.



Frank Woods was the first Answer Man.

She
Is Ellen Woods,
Who Wrote
"Stars of the Screen
And their Stars in the Sky"
For PHOTOPLAY—
Between Them, I Guess
Mr. and Mrs. Woods
Know Everything there is
About Stars.



Northland Studios

A GOOD many girls have told us that they are afraid to write and ask Elliott Dexter for his photograph. Is it because his DeMille gentlemen are so dignified? Dexter, since returning to the studios, has been working harder than ever.



Witzel

JUST to show that we forgive Bebe Daniels for growing up and going in for drama. Harold Lloyd's former leading woman has left comedy forever; she is now creating a new role—that of a good little bad girl—in her first stellar picture.



Stagg
BILL—pardon us, William Wallace Reid, Jr.—gave a party on his third birthday, with ice-cream, presents, and everything. The young host is seen here in the center of the first row, with Mary Pickford Rupp and Sonny Washburn at his right. Julie Cruze is the little girl in the second row holding Baby Mary Desmond. The black-banged boy in the top row is Bob White Beban, with Marshall Neilan, Jr., at his left. It was *some* party!



HELEN JEROME EDDY has saved or stolen many pictures. She is not yet a star—but in her small part of slavey or shopgirl she frequently walks away with first honors. Do you remember her Italian characterizations with George Beban?

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Rhetorical Alexanders Reporters of the period aver that when Alexander the Great had completely Prussianized his small known world, he sat him down and wept copiously because there were no more worlds to conquer. There are today a whole lot of rhetorical Alexanders, deploring the lack of adjectives as the son of Philip of Macedon deplored the scarcity of counties and townships.

Many of these gentlemen are in the puffing end of the motion picture business. They care not who makes wars or invents new sensations so long as they can find an occasional new superlative. All the old ones are broken and battered, with the varnish off and the teeth out. The language that served Shakespeare and outlasted him several hundred years has, in half a decade, become a puerile and inefficient mumbling. To speak of a photoplay as glorious, marvelous, incomparable and more thrilling than first love is merely to evince a casual, almost indifferent interest. The terrible thing is that if you *really* like it the old Webster's won't give you a word to say so. And should you be quite enthusiastic you can go and jump in the lake—for all your ability to communicate that fact to outside parties.

Before concluding this lament let us hasten to say that the press agents are not segregated sinners in this regard. Everybody concerned with the picture business prostitutes the language when speaking of screen produce. And audiences have caught the habit. The optifan nowadays seldom stops to describe anything; it's either grand or terrible, and that's all there is to it.

But this is probably just human progress. As we can't change the march of destiny we shall doubtless have to page ourselves a new language.

Beauty without a Soul. A learned Frenchman said, recently: "You Americans are supreme in the photoplay world because your product is almost perfect; but your danger lies in that very perfection: your manufacturers vie with each other in extraordinary photography, in marvelous dissolves and double exposures, in extravagant scenery and vast numbers of people. In anything pertaining to mechanics and equipment you are and will probably remain the absolute authorities. But the narrative quality of your cinematic dramas is at a dead level. You produce pleasant and innocent little love stories, or else improbable melodramas which always terminate happily for the good and horribly for the bad. Of the real struggles of life, of the qualities of the human heart, of the passions and ambitions

of men and women, as distinguished from the sentiments of the adolescent, your photoplays take little or no account. The whole world admits their superior beauty—but they are beauty without a soul."

We deny that our photoplays are mainly "beauty without a soul," but we may beware that they do not become just that. Whenever a thing becomes gloriously easy, deterioration waits just around the corner. The matter of technical excellence rests with the picture makers. The matter of substance remains, as it always will, with the public for whom the pictures are made. It is possible to write books and paint landscapes to please one's self, but the produced play, either in shadow or actuality, is perforce a catering to public taste.

We have, as the Frenchman says, conquered the world in photoplay style and form. It is up to the great body of American picture patrons to see to it that the heart of the matter is kept right—to see that the photoplay becomes and remains an interpreter of real life and its greatest struggles and aspirations.

There is nothing in the world so ephemeral, nothing in the world so really tragic, as beauty without a soul.

Visual Education There has been much talk about the libraries of the future being composed of celluloid; of the school-rooms being equipped with cameras and cans full of film instead of text-books—and there can be little doubt that all the prophecies lately made for the moving picture will come true. But how many of the seers and sages know just what the moving picture is doing today? Just how far it has progressed towards that ultimate utopia where it will be universally recognized as a real factor in education? Let us tell you.

Right now in the United States, there are more than fifteen hundred schools that use pictures as a regular part of their programs. This estimate is conservative—and all the time additions are being made. More than two thousand other schools have arrangements with local theaters, public halls, libraries, clubs, or churches by which educational pictures may be shown for the benefit of the students.

From Auburn, Alabama, to Alpine, Texas, schools have their projection machines in daily use. Washington, D. C., Buffalo, N. Y., New York City, Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles, city of the cinema, have the largest number of schools that benefit by pictures. You probably never heard of Yreka, California, but nevertheless its Union High has its own projection machine.

Do You Want



Photo by Evans.

Hard work on the speaking stage as *Aphrodite* reduced Dorothy Dalton's adipose tissue.

To Keep Your Lines

IF you want to keep your figure, slowing down the fatty tissues and yet sustaining the strength of your body, observe these rules. They are written by an authority.

1. Do not sleep more than six or seven hours a night and do not nap through the day.
2. Sip all liquids. Do not drink water before retiring.
3. Eat in moderation. Avoid fried foods.
4. Live and sleep in cool rooms.
5. Do not exercise violently.
6. Don't starve yourself. This merely weakens the system.
7. Do not attempt dieting without a doctor's supervision.

As smooth and clear cut as a cameo, Miss Dalton is satisfied with her lines at last.

Mae is one of those chosen few who can afford to leave little to the imagination.



Photo by Hartsok.

Mae Murray doesn't want to be thin. She says the milk diet preserves her figure.

THE Human Figger, its Curves, Etcetera.

Half a century ago the premier comic author and lecturer of these United States, one Artemas Ward, invariably selected this title when he wanted to give his audiences something really very, very funny. The Human Figger lecture was sure-fire; a knock-out; a roaring saturnalia of furious fun.

Alas, if Artemas Ward walked the sphere today and attempted to pull off anything as crude as that, he would be the center-piece of a lynching party, the lynchers being ladies whose lines were bulging.

There are 61,789,576 women in the United States according to the very latest returns from the Census Bureau. Of this number, 60,889,546 want to reduce.

Fact!

If you don't believe it—

Well, listen to the manner of (as the society reporters say) Misses Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Murray. (Note: The ladies are mentioned in the order of their appearance and not indicative of their relative importance.) One cannot be too careful.

Now it is not the burden of this uplifting thesis to assume, imagine or even surmise that any of these favorites of the public ever had a hint that the demon Adipose Tissue was within hailing distance. It is not to be hinted, not to be dreamed of, indeed, that there was ever a ripple in the smooth svelte girlish lines of any one of the aforementioned ladies.

Nevertheless—

to Reduce?

MISS ALICE BRADY? Pleased to meet you. How do you retain your lines if you don't mind the personal question? Exercise?

Is it difficult?

Oh, exercise and eight stage performances a week, with the making of pictures on the side, six days a week.

"Ideal for reduction," she murmured.

MISS DOROTHY DALTON? Ah, step this way. How come?

"Well," mused the lady who popped into the zenith of screen stardom with "The Carmen of the Klondike," "hard work on the speaking stage."

We saw it all in a swift, swooping second.

"Aphrodite!"

Why, of course. Hard work. Long hours of rehearsal. Weary-

To retain this trimness Miss Farrar made great sacrifices, such as chocolate marshmallow sundaes.

It's really surprising,—isn't it?—how Miss Brady can play such heavy parts!



Photo by Savoy Studios.

Geraldine Farrar reduced from 185 to 135 to play *Joan of Arc* and keeps herself that way.



Photo by Sarony.

Alice Brady works in the studio all day, in the theater at night. Plenty of exercise keeps her slim.

ing emotional role. Tears. Real tears—wet and salty and everything. Climbing the tower steps to that pinnacle from which she—ah—cast aside her robes.

No wonder the dimpled Dorothy lost weight.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, step forward please. Oh, indeed? Listen, reader. Our Gerry says that she denies herself potatoes, bread, rich brown gravies (yum-yum), and chocolate marshmallow sundaes. She sleeps seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, takes a teeny nap after luncheon and walks and walks and walks. You see, before she played "Joan of Arc" before the camera she weighed 185 pounds. By methods not a bit heroic—and she admits it was easy—she reduced to 135 pounds. Easy as pie! Poof! No trouble at all.

This was some time ago and since then we are informed Miss Farrar has not varied three pounds in weight. Always hovering around 135.

AND finally—Mae Murray. Really, we felt awfully foolish calling Mae Murray, for after having seen "On With the Dance" it seemed so totally absurd, so blasted silly, to call this

(Continued on page 120)



The French Maid:

WHAT'S a Girl to Do?
How can I
Get my Accent Across
In a ready-made Apron
With a Star
Who, when I bring in
The Every-morning Mail,
Makes Me Turn my Face Away
While she Stares into the Camera?
The director
Likes Me; once
He let me Stay in the Room
When the Lady of the House
Was Discovered
In the Arms of the Family Friend—
And the Husband Came Home, and
Used the Gun in the Drawer.
I was the One
Who Ran Screaming
From the Room
To Call the Police.
But the Good Old Days
Are Gone when
I Used to Have an Affair
With the Head of the House,
And Wear
Stockings that Weren't
2.75!
Well—as I says—
I Wouldn't Mind All that So Much—
If
My French Heels weren't Run Down.

The Gardener:

I HAVE to Go Round
In Overalls—people
Who Likes to Wear 'em
Should Have To.
And they Always Find
The Deadly Potassium
In My Greenhouse.

The Governess:

I don't Like
Children.

The Cook:

I MAKES the Pies—
and they Throw 'Em.
I always get
The Swinging Door
On the Rebound.
Rotten Eggs—

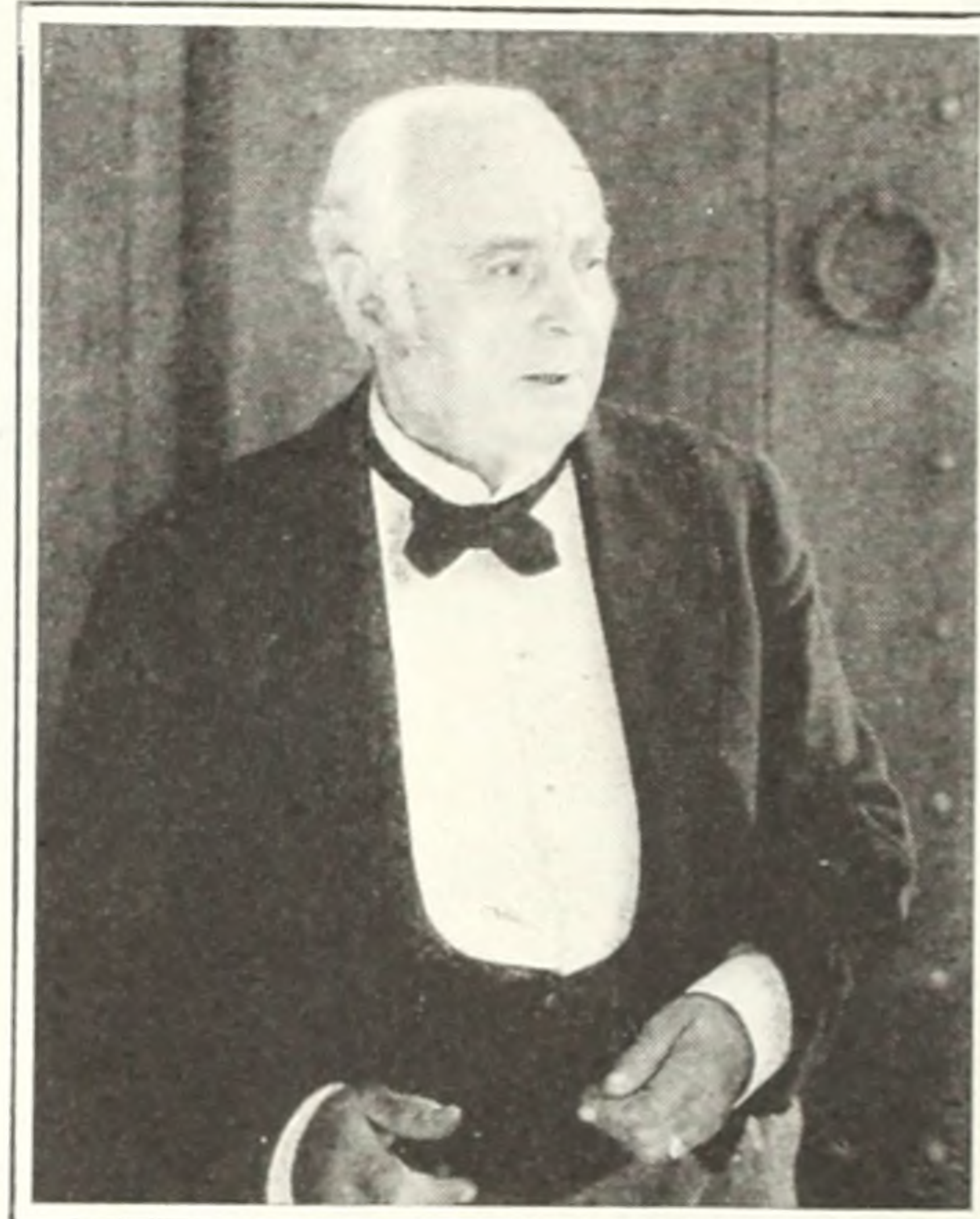
The Servant Problem

By SYDNEY VALENTINE

Bad Vegetables—
Mon Dieu—
What a Life!

The Butler:

I'M Tired
Of Introducing
The French Count
Who Came from
County Cork; and
The English M. P.
Who Eats Garlic.
I'm Tired
Of Being Polite
To Hams
That Only Get
\$5 a Day.
I Don't Like
That Silver Salver
That They Give Me



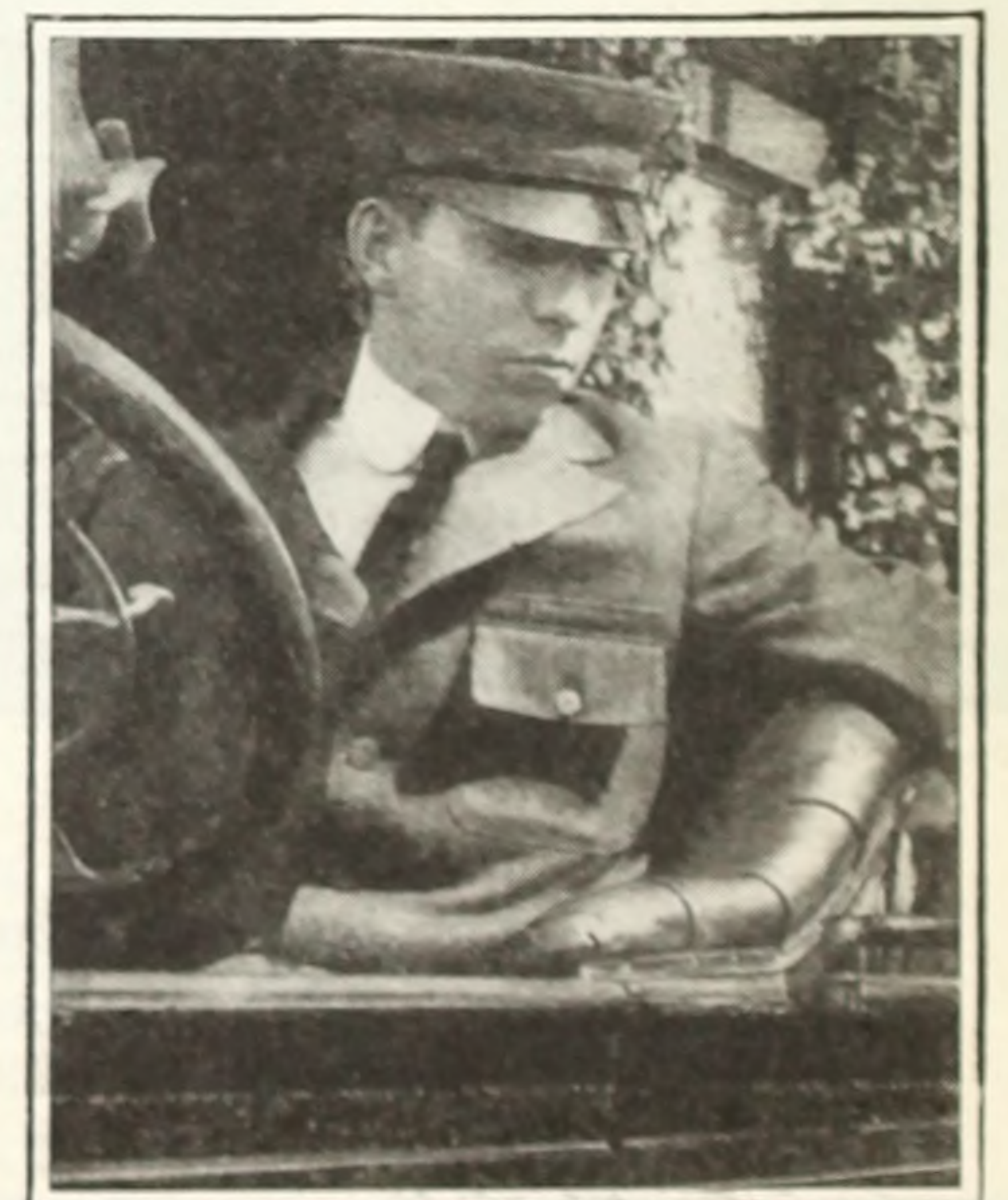
To Bring the Cards in On—
It's a Tin Relic
That Says "Edelweiss" on it.
I'm Tired
Of Placing Haughty Finger-Tips
To My Lips
In Silent Scorn
When the Low Comedian
Does a Fall Over
The Tiger-skin Rug—
(He's the Realest Guy
On the Lot.)
I'm Tired
Of the Hoyden Niece—
Fresh from the Country—
Who Mistakes the Tea-wagon
For a Baby-carriage.
No Decent Chap
Would Ever
Listen in at the Phone
When the Principals
Are Discussing the Plans,
Or Hide behind the Curtain
When the Hero
Is Testing the Combination
Of the Serial Safe.
But I Could Stand all this
If Only
My Gilt Braid
Wasn't Tarnished.

The Chauffeur:

I USED to Work
In one of the Best Families,
Rolls-Arrow, Pierce-knight,
Delauney-magnetic—
I Knew No Other Language.
Now—
How I Have Fallen!
The Studio Bus—
The Comedy Ford—and
Once in a While, the
Packard that Drives
The Wall Street Broker
To Work.
I Have Presided in the Front Seat
When the Rich Manufacturer's Son
Takes his Father's Fairest Employee
Home from Dinner.
And when Questioned
Next Morning
I Can Never Explain
The Broken Glass.
I Have Such a Short Memory.
I Drive
The Intriguing Wife
To the Park—
And Back.
I Call For
The Beautiful Actress
And Stand By
As she Climbs Aboard—
And Nobody Ever Looks at Me.
I Particularly Dislike
The Daughter of the House—
The Flapper
Who Pretends to Want
To Learn to Drive
Her Father's Car—
And Falls for Me.
(Sometimes I Even Have
To Marry her.)
In the Slapstick Chase,
When the Car Goes Over the Cliff—
What Becomes of Me?
Nobody Cares.
I Could Live Through it all—
If the Bright Young Man,
Fresh from College—
Didn't Always Say,
"Home, James!"

Domestic Chorus:

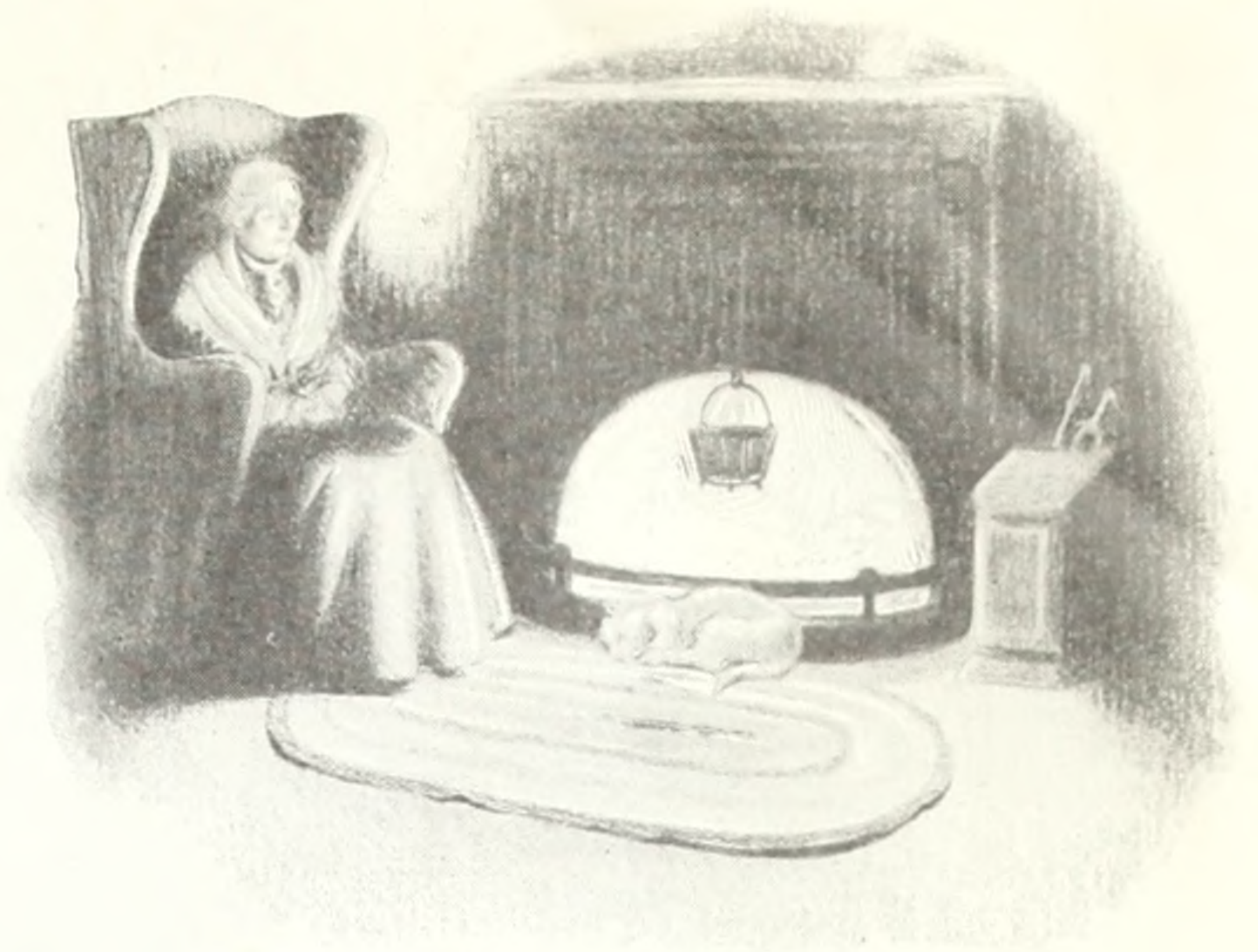
THE First hundred strikes
are the hardest!



Why Girls Don't Leave Home

A heart to heart Family Circle
talk with the mothers.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



WE were passing an East Side moving picture theater, the Gentle Lady and I. It was a gay little theater, hung with vivid posters and signs—signs that announced coming attractions in flamboyant scarlet lettering a foot high. We paused, for a moment, in front of one of the signs, to read the lettering.

"Your Daughter," it told us in blazing type, "A New Photo Play featuring—" the name of a certain well-known star followed—"in a gripping drama of home life. Mothers—attention! Do you want to know the secret of happiness—and unhappiness? Do you want to know why your girls leave home?"

The Gentle Lady, who is white haired and appealing, turned to me with the flicker of a smile just touching the corners of her pretty mouth.

"That's an interesting sign," she said, "isn't it? But—well, it's very vague. Don't you think so? I suppose that it's purposely vague—to draw an audience." She laughed softly, and then—

"I fancy that I should go in to see the picture," she told me, "because I'm the mother of three grown girls. But they're such happy girls, and I'm so happy being their mother, that it doesn't seem necessary. 'Do you want to know,' she was quoting from the sign, "'why your girls leave home?' Oh," she laughed again, but there was a curious catch in her voice.

"My girls *don't* leave home, my girls don't want to leave home—Thank God!"

I patted her arm with a pat that was meant to express sympathetic understanding. But I did not speak for several minutes. When, at last, I did speak I asked a question.

"Just what *is* your system," I questioned, "your system of home-making? The system that has been so successful in keeping your girls happy and contented? Other mothers—oh, many of them—have told me of the difficulties they have to meet with their daughters—"

"I don't think," said the Gentle Lady doubtfully, "that I know exactly what you mean. What sort of difficulties could a mother have to meet—with her daughters?" I explained.

"There's Mrs. Clark, who lives on our block," I told the Gentle Lady, "her girls have all gone to business—there are four of them—and their business ties seem to have taken the place of home ties. They aren't interested, any more, in the house that they live in—and that house is Mrs. Clark's only interest. Mrs. Clark resents their absorption in something she does not understand—something she has no part in. And the girls resent her attitude of resentment. The girls, I hear, are thinking of taking an apartment in the city where—they say—they will have peace." I paused, and then—

MRS. Black lives next to the Clark's house," I said, "she has only one daughter—an extremely attractive daughter. Naturally the daughter has a great deal of attention

—a pretty girl usually has—and Mrs. Black feels that it isn't quite right. Mrs. Black has a way of saying that when she was a girl she didn't permit young men who were calling to stay after nine-thirty in the evening. And she says pointedly that she didn't go to the theater or to dances. She scolds her daughter for wearing dresses that are too extreme, hats that are too impractical, heels that are too high. She objects even to talcum powder. She says it is in a class with cosmetics and make-up.

"Well, Mrs. Black's daughter told me, last week, that she was about to be married. She confessed that she didn't love the man, particularly, but she said he was the quickest way to escape from home. She couldn't stand her mother's eternal criticism and picking and intolerance.

"Those are two cases, right on our own block. A third one is Mrs. Williams. She has a boy and a girl. She is the sort of woman who refuses to permit her children even the simplest amusements and pleasures. And so they have taken to doing just about what they want to—and making all sorts of excuses to cover their tracks. They don't ever confide in her; they don't ask for advice or approval. They don't even tell her the truth, any more. They just go ahead—though furtively. I saw the girl a few days ago in a motor car with two flashily dressed men. She was rouged, overdressed, giggling. I saw the boy, on the same day. He was slinking down the street, his cap over one eye, his hands in his pockets. Evidently he was going somewhere, and just as evidently he did not care where that place might be."

I paused, glancing in the Gentle Lady's direction. It was almost as if she felt the question in my glance, for she looked swiftly up into my face.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose there are mothers like your Mrs. Clark and your Mrs. Black and your Mrs. Williams. But—" suddenly her face was all alight, "there must be ever so many more mothers who are not like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Williams. There must be ever so many more mothers who know how to make their homes happy and comfortable."

"I hope," I said, "that you're right. But—well, you haven't told me yet what a mother must do to make her home happy and comfortable?"


THE Gentle Lady's face was very serious as she answered. And a light lay in her eyes—a great light.

"My dear," she said, "I have one daughter who is very attractive. And I have two older daughters who are successful in business. And I never have the least bit of misunderstanding with any one of them. I'm interested, you see, in the problems of my business girls. I ask about their work and read the sort of books they read and keep up with the

(Concluded on page 129)



Margaret E. Sangster



The Shadow Stage

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

"The Fighting Chance" provides an entertaining screen romance out of what many think is Robert W. Chambers' best love story. Anna Nilsson is *Sylvia* and Conrad Nagel *Stephen Siward*, the drinker.

By
BURNS MANTLE

A VAST amount of water has come over the falls in the scenics since the first motion picture temple was fashioned from an abandoned shoe store. It doesn't seem quite possible that so great a change could have taken place in a quarter century.

Yesterday I was protesting because the gentleman who ran the motion picture theater just around the corner insisted on sealing it hermetically on three sides and then placed a fat ticket taker in the door to discourage such vagrant breezes as might try to steal in there. Today I pass through a lobby that is bigger than that entire theater into a foyer that is roomier than the lobby. The door man is thin, and suave and uniformed, and there are gold-tipped electric fans back of decorative grille work to titillate and encourage the circulation of all the air that comes in through scientifically located ventilators.

Yesterday I felt my way uncertainly down an aisle that once had a strip of woven burlap matting to deaden the sound of shuffling feet, but which had acquired a series of pitfalls and snares over which and into which I stumbled, disturbing the gentleman whose straying arm was supporting the shoulders of his seat-mate, the while their side hair mingled unconventionally. Today I walk on padded rugs up a marbled stairway, past a succession of smiling attendants entered in a competition for honorable mention and stray dimes; along the front of a balcony in which a battalion of Foch's army would not be crowded, down a wide step or two, there to sink into a loge seat the like of which, for width and springy comfort, was never seen outside a furniture store window. And look around upon an audience that, even in the encouraging dimness, is as mannerly and as well-groomed and odorless as any that ever watched the lights play upon Geraldine Farrar's shapely shoulder blades from an orchestra stall in the Metropolitan opera house.

Yesterday I writhed under the pounding of a piano tuner set at playing incidental jigs while seventeen policeman chased one guilty comedian and achieved seventeen falls in fifteen minutes. Today I hear an orchestra of eighty musicians play the "Faust" music, assisted by a vocal chorus of forty, and a group of professional grand opera soloists who oblige with the principal arias of Gounod's opera. Followed by a scenic in natural colors. And an interpretative dance for which a special scenic background has been prepared by a famous artist. And a section of editorial paragraphs, comic and serious, that, even

five years ago would have been thrown out as being too "high-brow" for the multitude. And another bit of chorus singing.

Yesterday I sniffed at the crudeness of a domestic drama played by a group of artificial automatons with chalk faces and mud-black lips and eyebrows. Today I see the same drama in a new version that ranges the world for scenic backgrounds and all the art shops for nifty interiors, and presents a cast of real actors whose masks are at least recognizably human.

Yes, indeed. A lot of snow has melted on the tops of the Canadian rockies since the motion pictures first offered family entertainment at family prices in a family neighborhood. And it is well that we pause occasionally and count our blessings—not one by one, but six by six. For though you may not have padded carpets and velvet-voiced ushers, or large orchestras and singing ensembles, or artistic interludes and roomy palaces, or local Rothpafels to run them for you—

Compare what you had with what you have—and be fair.

YES OR NO?—First National.

JUDY O'GRADY and the Colonel's lady live pretty close to each other in New York and environs. There are many places in upper Fifth avenue where the colonel's lady can stand on the marbled portico of her miniature Italian garden and toss a bon mot or a brick over the rear wall at the O'Grady person, who lives just beyant. And the problems of these two ladies, though that of Judy is mostly concerned with food and how to get it, and that of the other with life and how to live it, have many points in common. They are for example, both frequently subjected to the great movie temptation: Shall I make the best of the man I have, or fly to another (and stronger) guy I know not of?

This universality of theme makes "Yes or No?" an interesting picture. The contrast puts a dash of spirit into the old stuff. Having two ordinary stories of women who were assailed by temptation told as one takes something from each and makes a third story that, though still ordinary, is spiced with novelty. The rich lady, wooed by that arch-despoiler of stage homes, Lowell Sherman, says yes. She is willing to forsake the husband she feels does not appreciate her and take her chances. But the poor lady, also somewhat neglected by her busy man, is still loyal enough to turn down an importunate chauffeur and hold to her vow to stick, "for better, for

worse." As a result the poor lady gains contentment and a pleasant home, while the rich lady, deserted by the lover who never intended marriage, shoots herself.

In many respects the two characters she plays in this picture represent Norma Talmadge's most telling contribution to the screen, so far as I am familiar with that record. She certainly is entitled to the best parts her managers can get for her. She is not only a striking screen personality, but she possesses an inherent sense of drama and a commanding sincerity that are never more priceless than when they are called upon to make the old stuff worth while. "Yes or No" will probably prove one of her most successful pictures with her loyal following. Director Roy Neill has done well with the story, his comedy contrasts being particularly well handled. In these Natalie Talmadge and Edward Brophy score. Rockcliffe Fellowes is a good honest husband, and Gladden James a good type as the would-be wicked chauffeur.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE—Paramount-Artcraft.

THERE are many who claim that one of the best love stories with which Robert Chambers ever dallied is contained in "The Fighting Chance." It belongs to the first of that series which he has rewritten so often since he began to capitalize his gift for writing the stuff that sells, and it is backed by something more than his usual superficial study of character in the homes of the very rich, the very unmoral and the very human humans of the Rolls-Royce set. Director Charles Maigne has evolved an entertaining and holding romance from the material. The fight of Stephen Siward to conquer his hereditary taste for liquor and that of Sylvia Landis to overcome her inordinate pride and her love of money and finery is human enough at base to appeal to all classes. Sylvia engaged herself to the rich Quarrier because he had the money to support her in the manner to which she believed she had been born, and Stephen tried to put himself out of her life. But in the end Quarrier is given his congé and Stephen gets the better of the booze, thus permitting the sort of ending that sends romantic oldsters and youngsters home satisfied with their evening at the movies. Conrad Nagel is the Stephen, a promising new juvenile of the screen who is fortunately not pretty enough to spoil him and still attractive enough to win a following. Anna Q. Nilsson is the Sylvia. A good actress who is always a decided adornment to any film. Maud Wayne, Bertram Grassby, Clarence Burton, Frederick Stanton and Dorothy Davenport—Mrs. Wallace Reid who makes her reappearance on the screen here—give capable performances in support, and the interiors are particularly effective.

ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—Hampton-Pathé.

MOST mystery stories are interesting, no matter how familiar the mold in which they are set. "One Hour Before Dawn" is such a picture. Starting with a well-directed and well played prologue, in which a hypnotist incurs the enmity of one of his subjects by making a fool of him, it establishes a logical motive for revenge. Later, when the hypnotist involves himself in a controversy with the hero, who insists that the divine will is strong enough to resist any seemingly supernatural influences a charlatan can bring to bear, and that no innocent man can be forced to commit a crime against his will, it slides easily into a murder mystery that is both baffling and skillfully maneuvered. The hero, willed by the hypnotist to kill his (the hypnotist's) enemy one hour before dawn, dreams that he does, in fact, commit the crime. Circumstantial evidence seems to bear out his belief. But a wise detective proves that the hero is innocent and has little difficulty in fastening the crime on the real murderer. H. B. Warner is not only a good actor, but he has had a most comprehensive training in this type of part since his "Alias Jimmie Valentine" days on the stage. He studiously avoids any temptation to overact even the most melodramatic of episodes, and by his own sincerity strengthens materially the story in which he is the dominant figure. There are good performances, too, by Anna Q. Nilsson as the heroine, by Frank Leigh as the hypnotist, and by Howard Davies as the victim. The photography is good. Henry King did the directing.

THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE—Metro.

A FINE sea story. I found it more interesting, more realistic and less deliberately brutal than "The Sea Wolf," and quite as effectively screened. The effort of most directors



In many respects Norma Talmadge's two characters in "Yes or No" represent her most telling work. This picture should be one of her most successful.



"The World and His Wife" should teach people that slander is a positive force for evil. Alma Rubens and Montagu Love play the leading roles.



"The Mutiny of the Elsinore" is a fine sea story—even more interesting than "The Sea Wolf"—with an excellent cast headed by Mitchell Lewis and Helen Ferguson.



"Go and Get It" provides hair-raising adventure centering around a reporter's pursuit of a murdering chimpanzee inflicted by science with the brain of a human.



"The Spirit of Good," featuring Madlaine Traverse as a female Bill Hart, is a story of a bold, bad woman of the West who gets religion and reforms.



George Ade's story, "The Slim Princess," is ideal for Mabel Normand, solving her problem of how to be funny although beautiful.

in filming a Jack London story is to supply with great vividness the physical ugliness that London freely left to the imagination. The result adds little to the appeal of the story and is quite likely to minimize its romantic values and its holding quality as an adventure. Edward Sloman, in directing "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," has kept both his main story and his characters well in mind. The manliness of honest John Pike, who sought to do his best by his old friend, Capt. Somers, by making a man of the latter's weakling son, is kept well to the fore, and the love story of the boy and Margaret West is always an attractive and softening influence. Thus the mutiny itself, a fine bit of realistic drama and as stirring a sea fight as I have seen screened, and the treachery of the brutish criminals who seek to thwart the plans of Pike, are high-lighted incidents, which they should be, rather than the sole excuse for the picture. The cast, also, is excellent, Mitchell Lewis giving a fine performance of Pike, Helen Ferguson making pretty Peggy an attractive heroine and Casson Ferguson doing well by the boy Dick, keeping him just this side of the line that separates the mollicoddled youth from the likable and manly juvenile. There are good character parts by William Mong as the "Rat," and Noah Beery, as the thieving and conspiring Mellaire. This is easily one of the best adventure pictures of the month.

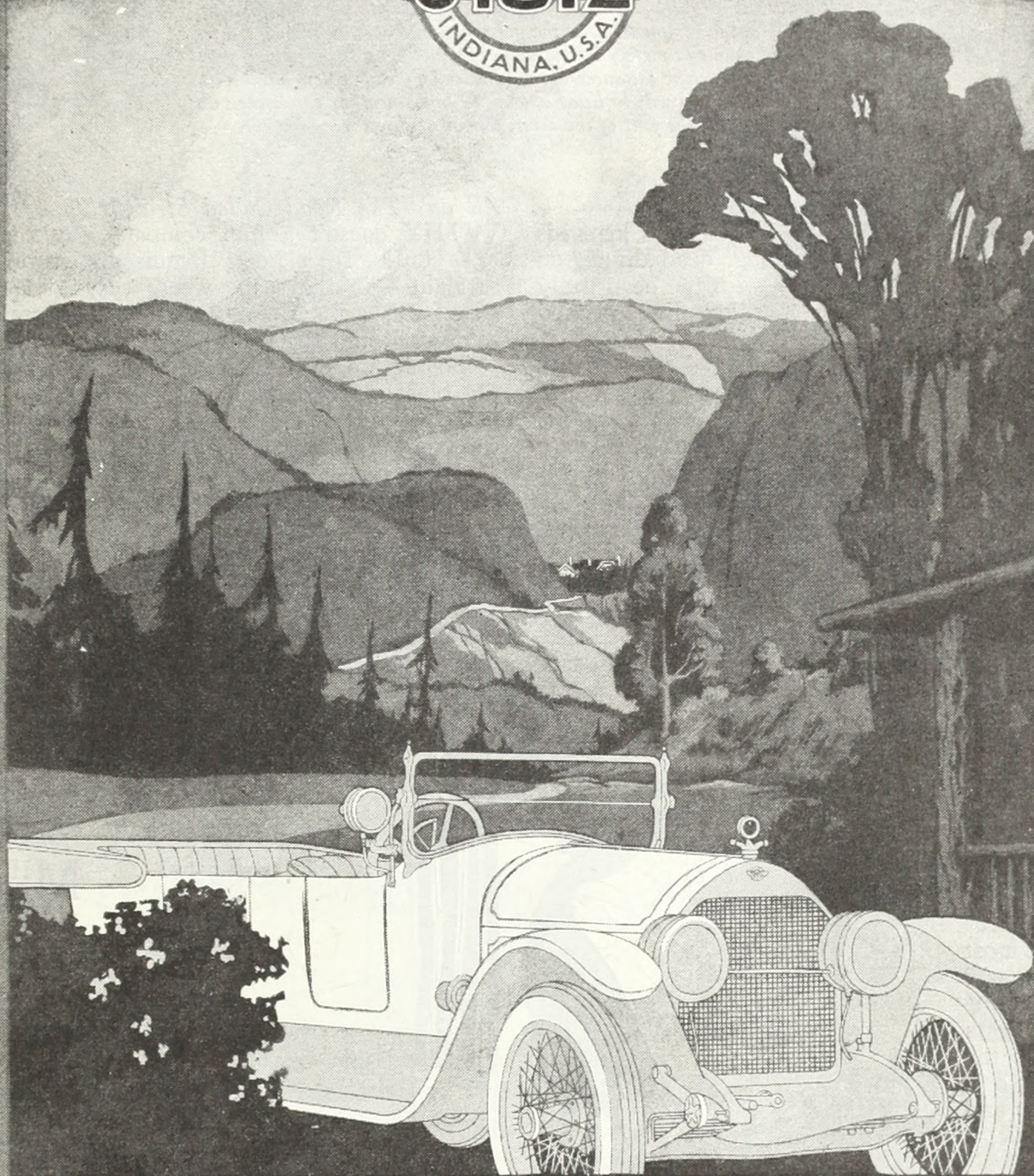
AWAY GOES PRUDENCE—Paramount-Artcraft.

JOHN ROBERTSON comes marching out of the gloom of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and makes "Away Goes Prudence," with Billie Burke, in the sunlight of that comedienne's smile. Proving the Robertson versatility, and his sound Scotch common sense in his selection of antidotes. The "Prudence" story is a fluffy little comedy full of those surprise twists that never surprise anyone but make for drama and some suspense and call forth a heartening line of giggles from the girls. The heroine is an active young animal, full of spirits and a determination to stir a little jazz into the humdrum of her home life. She takes up aviation, or aviation takes her up, and thereby she arouses the ire of her conservative family, particularly that of her fiance, one Percy Marmont in this instance. When he protests, with all his British seriousness, that she cease being a little fool she decides to kidnap herself and make him and all the others sorry for what they have said. Away goes Prue—leaving a black-hand note behind saying that unless she is ransomed something awful will happen. But she goes only so far as a kindly wash-woman's, who slyly telephones home about her. Then the fiance determines to scare her by having her really kidnaped—and the lad engaged for the job decides to double-cross the fiance and do the job right. As a result Prudence is in danger without knowing it, and fiance is whacked on the head, and there are many complications before the pleasantly sentimental ending. It is a Josephine Lovett story and a Kathryn Stuart scenario. Miss Burke is competently supported by Bradley Barker, Dorothy Walters, Charles Lane, Maud Turner Gordon and Albert Hackett.

SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS—Universal.

IT was rather foolish of Universal to try to create a sensation with "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals." The picture itself is so unusual, and so interesting by reason of its novelty, that any attempt to exploit it as something that was snapped on the sly, while tribes of blood-thirsty cannibals were licking their chops and hungering for the blood and flesh of the director and the camera man hidden in the foliage, serves only to cheapen the impression the scenes make upon the audience. Why should the cannibals want to eat a director? They don't go to the movies. It is a challenge to everyone who sees the picture to try to prove to his own satisfaction that the press agent is a liar—neither a difficult nor a particularly satisfying thing to do, and rather distracting. This particular picture, however, is so good that no ill-advised advertising campaign can spoil it. It is, in the main, what it purports to be—the pictorial record of an exciting adventure among a strange and barbarous people. It reveals their habits, their customs and their weird notions of personal adornment. Its accompanying titles, which are unusually well written, are informing and of value. It is one of the films that should be placed in the archives of the National Geographical society and preserved,

(Continued on page 91)



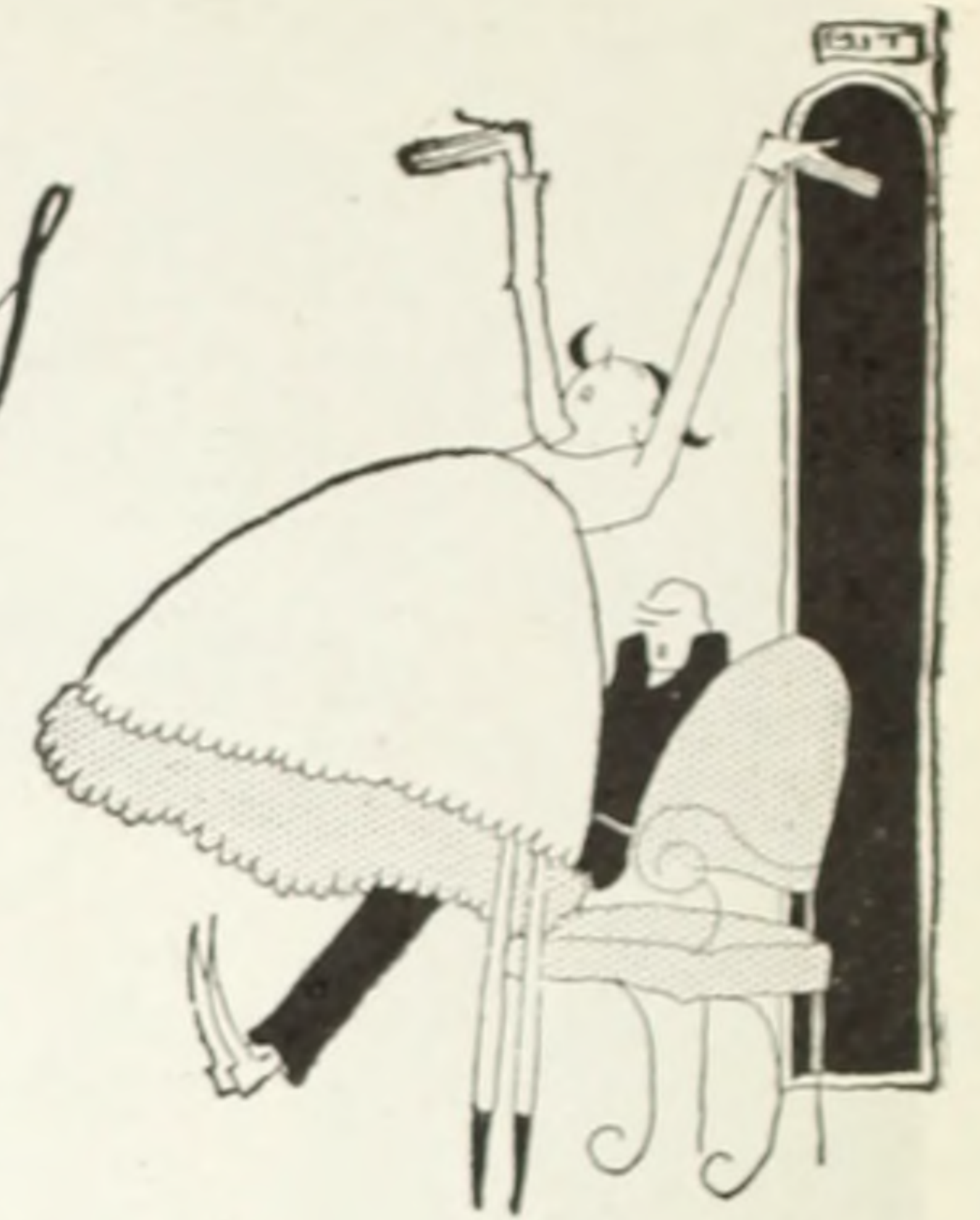
The Car That Made Good in a Day



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.



Here's Two on D. W. G.

I WOULD like to know where Richard Barthelmess kept his valet. He had quite a beard when falling, dead drunk, on the beach, but when—"The Idol Dancer"—with the beautifully marcelled hair—found him the same morning, he appeared smooth-shaven.

"The Idol Dancer's" adopted father tosses a dress into her lap. She picks it up and looks at it. The dress tossed into her laps is white with a plaid in it about three inches square. In the close-up, the dress is a dark color with crossed white lines about one-half inch apart.

C. H. A., JR.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Referred to Our Motor Editor

ISN'T it rather peculiar that no matter how long one stays in a house or hotel—when they come out the engine of an automobile is always running? No self-starter is needed, just put it in gear and ride off.

I will admit that "Marriage for Convenience" was a good story but most all of the picture was taken at night. During the whole time no lights were seen burning on the automobile. Rather a shortage of electricity and an overflow of gasoline, I should say!

NAOMI JAFFE,
Birmingham, Ala.

In Fact, It Started Another Revolution

IN "The World and Its Woman," some soldiers of the Russian Red Guard try to enter the apartment of the singer, *Marcia Warren*, played by Geraldine Farrar. The men batter down the door a second after Gerry has climbed out the window. They enter the room and the door is badly shattered. A moment later Geraldine meets Lou-Tellegen in the hall outside the same door—which now is quite whole again. I should think those Russian Red Guards—good extras, too, would have felt rather badly about it. But then—Russians are rather used to futility of one sort or other.



Immaculate Enid

GIRLS going on their vacation would like to know how Enid Bennett can keep herself so spick and span under all circumstances. In "Partners Three," when she is left in the desert to die of thirst and is wandering about with her hair down, there isn't a hairpin to be seen. After she finds the old man who lives in the desert, the next morning she is seen with her hair fixed properly and pinned securely with hair-pins. She may have had the foresight to carry her vanity case concealed about her because the old man certainly didn't own one. Her duster is carefully torn to shreds, but her coat looks as if it had just been pressed.

All on "The Road Called Straight!"

WHY doesn't a film company pay some attention to detail? In a Louis Bennison picture, "The Road Called Straight"—in the scene where the old lady left the child in Bennison's arms while she stepped off at the station to buy some milk and the train pulled out leaving said baby stranded—the picture of the train leaving the station showed clearly the rear end of a pullman; but lo and behold the train displayed no rear marker lamps. An instant later the same train was shown disappearing in the distance and to our wonder,

we saw the rear car to be a Pennsylvania R. R. suburban coach with its distinctive port-hole rear windows. Also, the train now displayed the perfectly proper rear marker lamps, without which it is absolutely unlawful to operate any train on any road in the U. S.

WILLIAM E. PERRY,
Hot Springs, Va.

'Igh Society

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN in "The Inferior Sex" helped a lot of little incongruities along. She calls the chauffeur while she and her husband are at their country home. The chauffeur exits through door, but his shadow remains. Mildred cooks a meal for her husband to surprise him. They have two cooks but seemingly no other servants. When they sit down to dinner Mildred has her apron on in a long shot, but in a close-up she has no apron on. When he comes home she does not put her arms around him but in a few scenes later he has flour marks on his shoulder. When she does put her arms around him she puts them near his collar while the marks were at the top of the sleeve.

H. M. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

To Save Footage

IN a picture called "The Hand Invisible," a woman calls up on the telephone. She lifts the receiver off the hook and immediately begins to speak to the desired party. This often happens—in the films—and I'd like to know how they do it.

PATIENT WAITER, Milwaukee, Wis.

OBSERVER, Tacoma.



LAWN · BATISTE
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DOTTED SWISS



Keep your cotton blouses as dainty and fresh as your silk ones

JUST because they weren't silk you thought they could be laundered any old way—your dear little blouse all of rose colored voile and the slim French chemise of flesh batiste banded with soft old blue. So you calmly put them in with the regular laundry, with the thick, heavy, strong things.

But how soon they grew sad and worn! How quickly they lost the charm of their freshness!

It was so unnecessary—all the pretty things needed to make them last was the same gentle Lux laundering that you always give your *silk* blouses and underwear.

Fine cotton and linen fabrics cannot stand ordinary scrubbing any more than georgettes and chiffons.

Rubbing roughens them, takes away their nice smoothness. It tears fine hemstitching and works havoc with lovely lace.

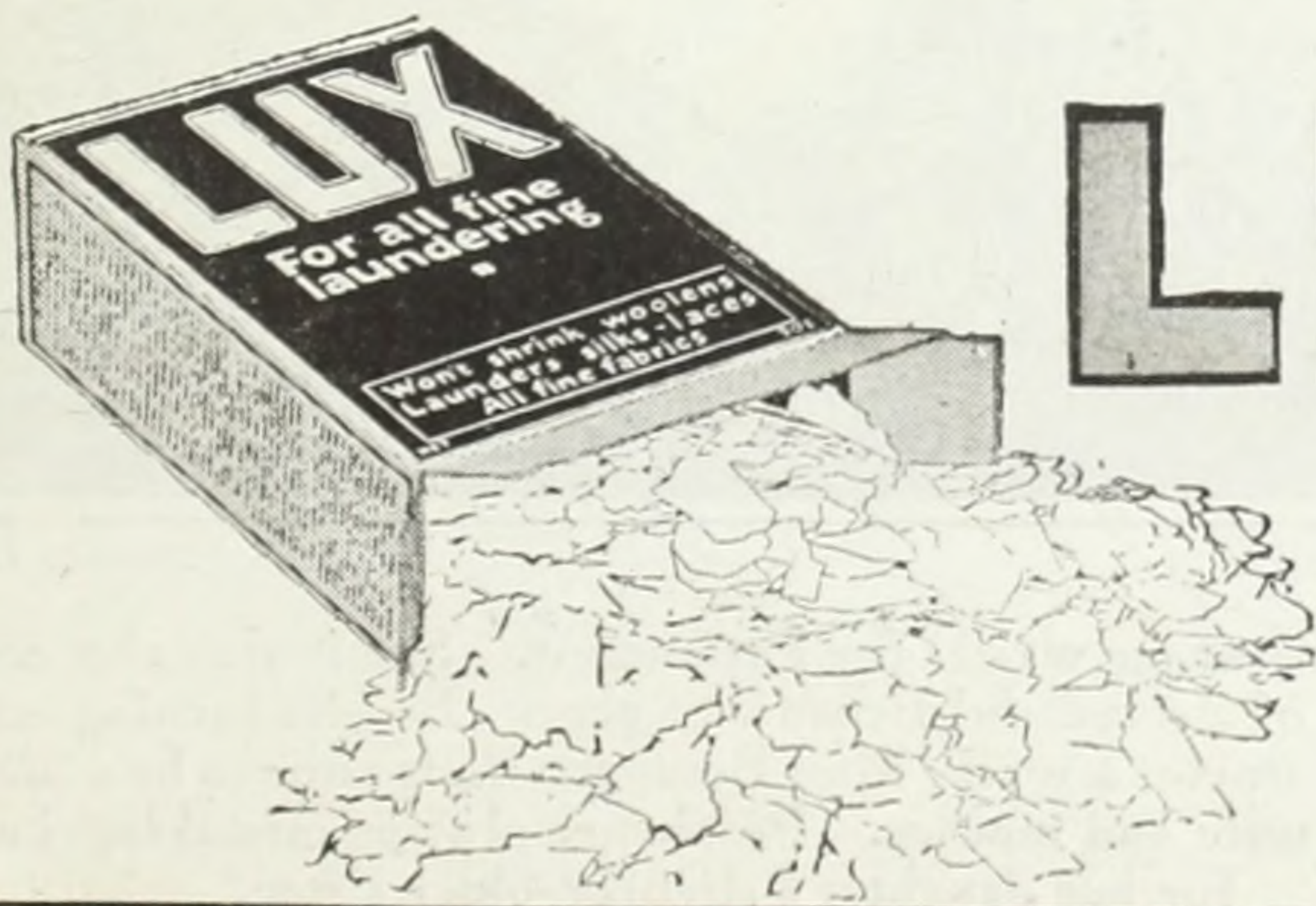
Don't go on washing your voile and batiste blouses, your lawn and lace underthings the old ruinous way. With Lux you can keep them whole and beautiful longer than you ever before thought possible. Just pure bubbling suds to dip them up and down in. And rich lather to be pressed through the soiled spots.

The grocer, druggist and department store have Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder fine lingerie blouses and underthings

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press with hot iron.

FOR COLORS—Add cold water until just lukewarm. Wash quickly to prevent colors from running. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with warm iron.



LUX

"Here Are Ladies!"

Stars seen on the screen in name only. Isn't it a shame their faces never get a chance?



Photographs by Melbourne Spurr and Charlotte Fairchild

Directly above observe Jane Murfin, a charming refutation of the theory that lady writers are sartorial freaks. She has written plays and scenarios and is soon to produce her own screen stories. Center, Anita Loos, star of the satirical sub-title, who writes stories for Constance Talmadge.



Photo by Mishkin

Frances Marion—above—is the empress of scenario emotion. Her "kid" stories for Mary Pickford made you laugh and cry; her "Humoresque" had many heart-throbs. In real life she is noted for her charm, her wit, and her gorgeous gowns. Now she is Mary Pickford's director.



Photo by Bangs

Ouida Bergere is Mrs. George Fitzmaurice in private life. She writes all the scenarios directed by her husband. You remember "On with the Dance." She is at her best as a scenarioist of smart and sophisticated drama. Perhaps it is because Ouida herself is smart and sophisticated.



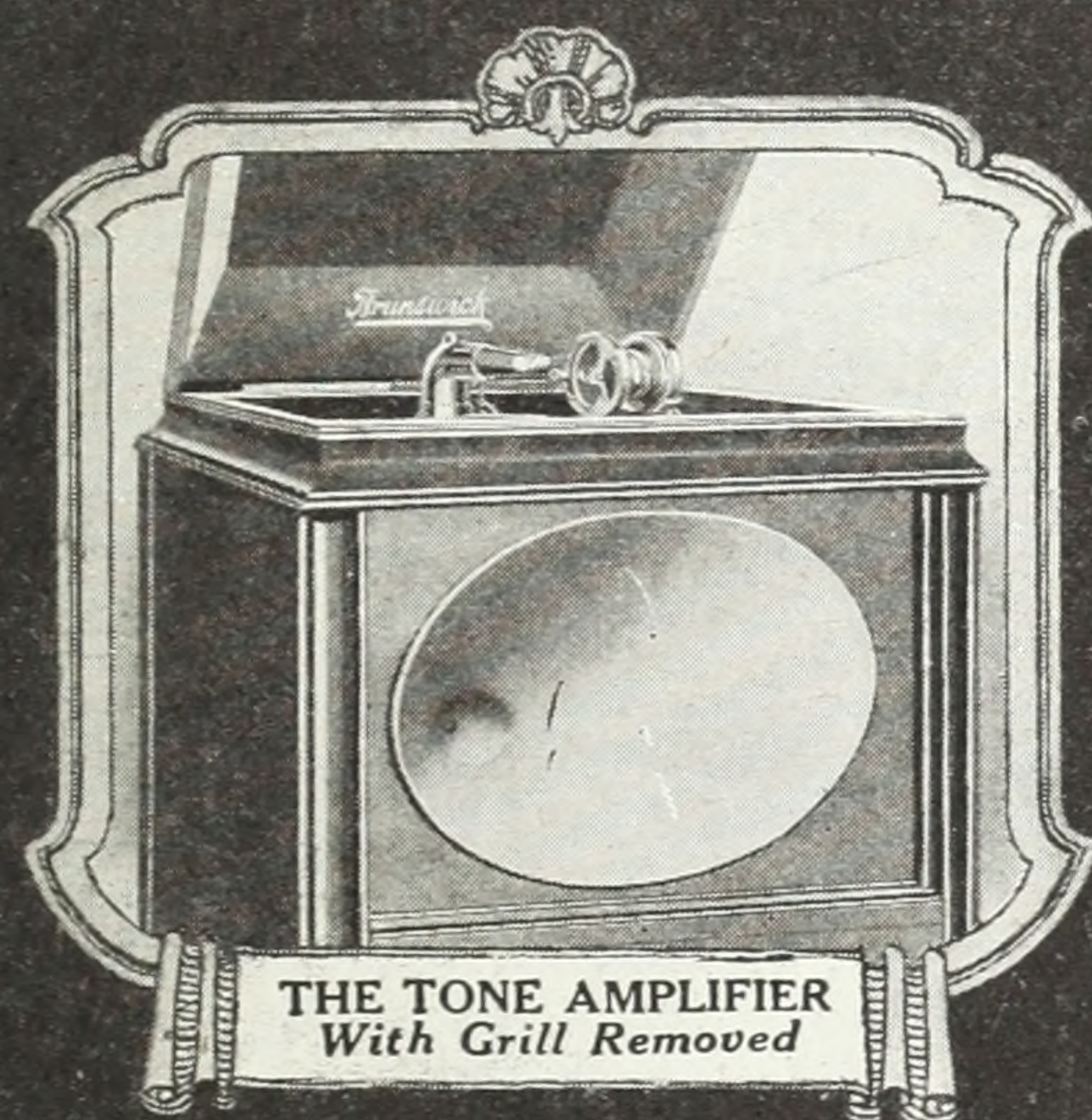
Photo by Bachrach

Clara Beranger writes for Paramount. She is also the co-author of a successful Broadway play. Besides turning out several stories a week, Miss Beranger finds time to be a successful wife and mother. People are always mistaking her for her daughter's slightly-older sister.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



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So if you seek the utmost in a phonograph, be sure to hear The Brunswick first. Visit a Brunswick Dealer. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needles.

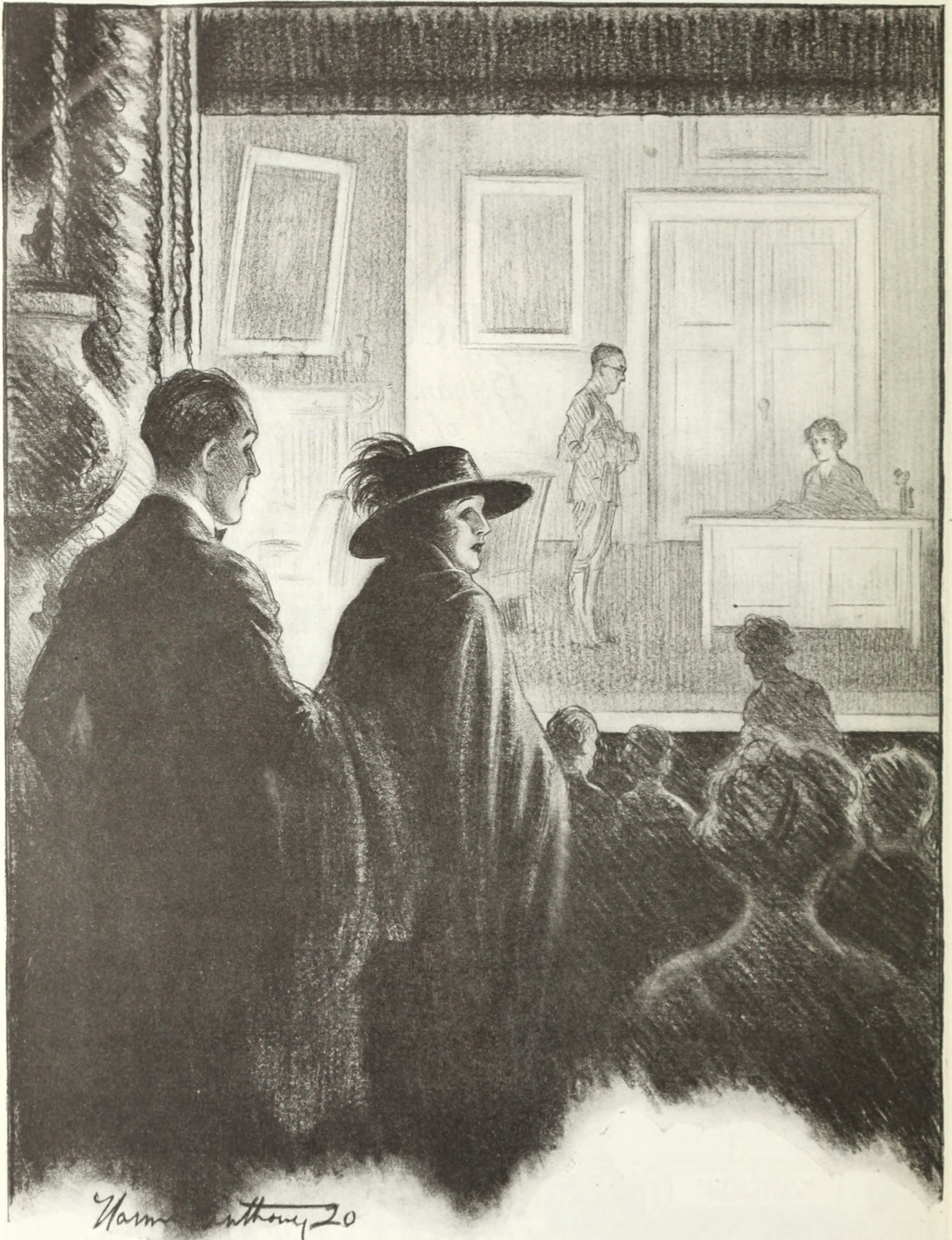
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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Norman Anthony 20

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Mrs. Movie Fan — (entering during first act) "Oh, dear, we're late!"
Mr. Movie Fan — "Never mind, we can stay for the next show."

Is Beautiful, Natural Wavy Hair Worth 19⁰⁰

Read How You Can Obtain the Famous
Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Hair
Waving On a Liberal Trial Basis ☞ ☞



AS WITH most great inventions, necessity was the mother of the Nestle Home Outfit. It was created by Mr. C. Nestle, inventor of the noted Nestle Permanent Hair Wave, its mission being to take care of the multitude of women who cannot come themselves to have their hair permanently waved at the famous Nestle establishment in New York. Even now it is in use in more than 10,000 homes, and is proving a joy and a comfort to every woman who uses it.

On receipt of \$19.00 we will send you the Nestlé Home Outfit, complete, subject to approval within seven days. You can use materials for five permanent curls. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the Home Outfit and receive a refund of \$17.00.

We couldn't make such a liberal offer if we were not confident that you will find the Home Outfit what we know it to be, and that you will wish to retain

it for the lifetime of service it will give you. It is simple, safe and sure—an exact copy of the process used in the Nestlé New York establishment.

After your trial of the Nestlé Home Outfit, your mirror will reveal the beauty of the wave produced—simply washing the hair with soap and water, will prove its permanency. Nothing affects the Nestlé wave, not even salt water.

What It Will Do

The Nestlé Home Outfit gives a soft, luxuriant waviness to the lankiest, straightest hair—a natural waviness that adds tremendously to feminine attractiveness. It brings happiness; it does away with hair worries—the nuisances of curling irons and night curlers. The Nestlé Home Outfit will last a lifetime.



What It Won't Do

The Nestlé Home Outfit will not—cannot—bring the slightest harm to the hair or scalp, for it uses absolutely no chemicals of any kind.

It will not "kink" the hair or make it dry or brittle.

It will not produce successful results on dyed, bleached or white hair.

Send your check or a money order for \$19.00 today—and receive the Nestlé Home Outfit, complete, by return mail. For further information send for our free booklet. Please address Dept. E.

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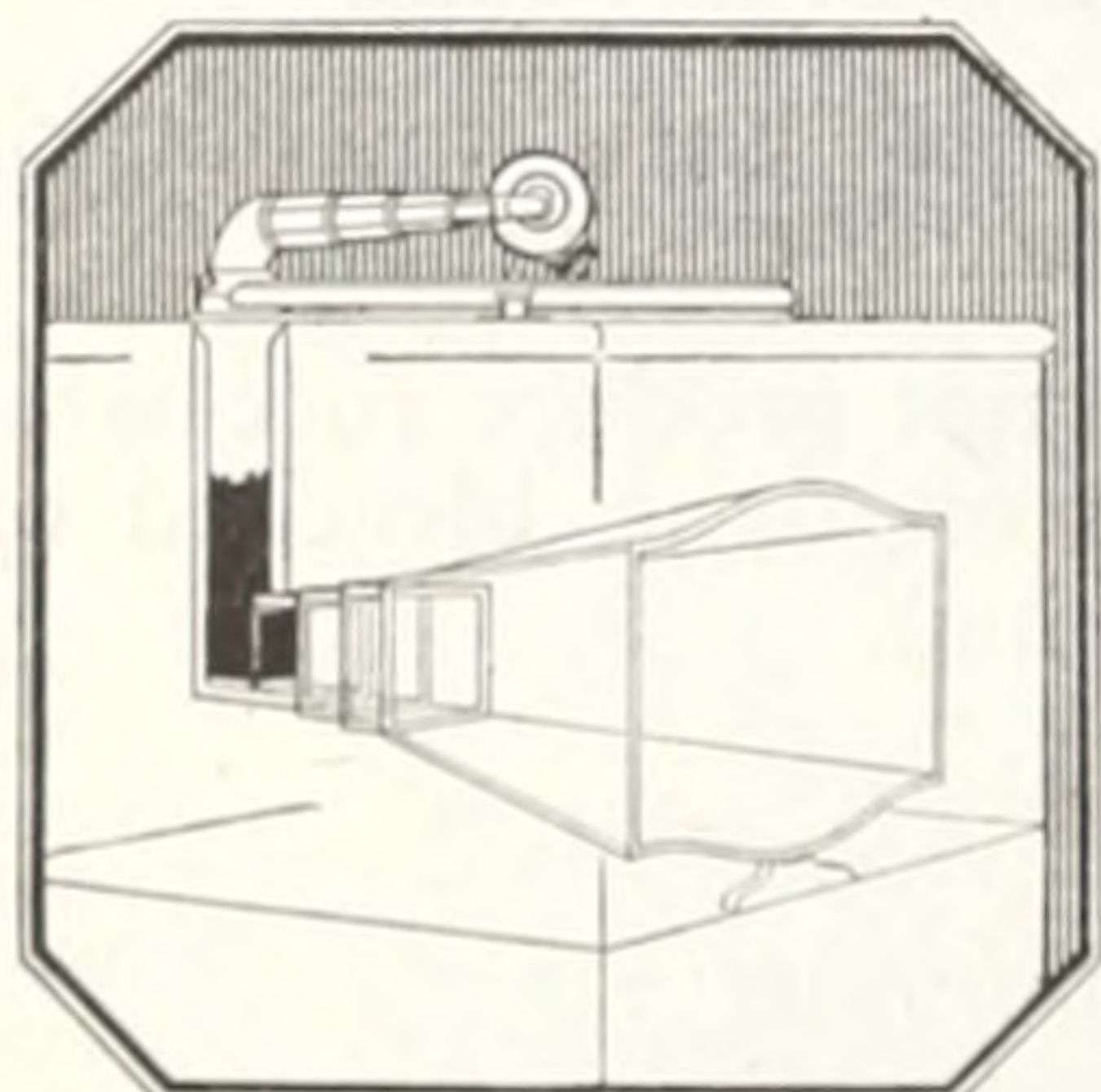
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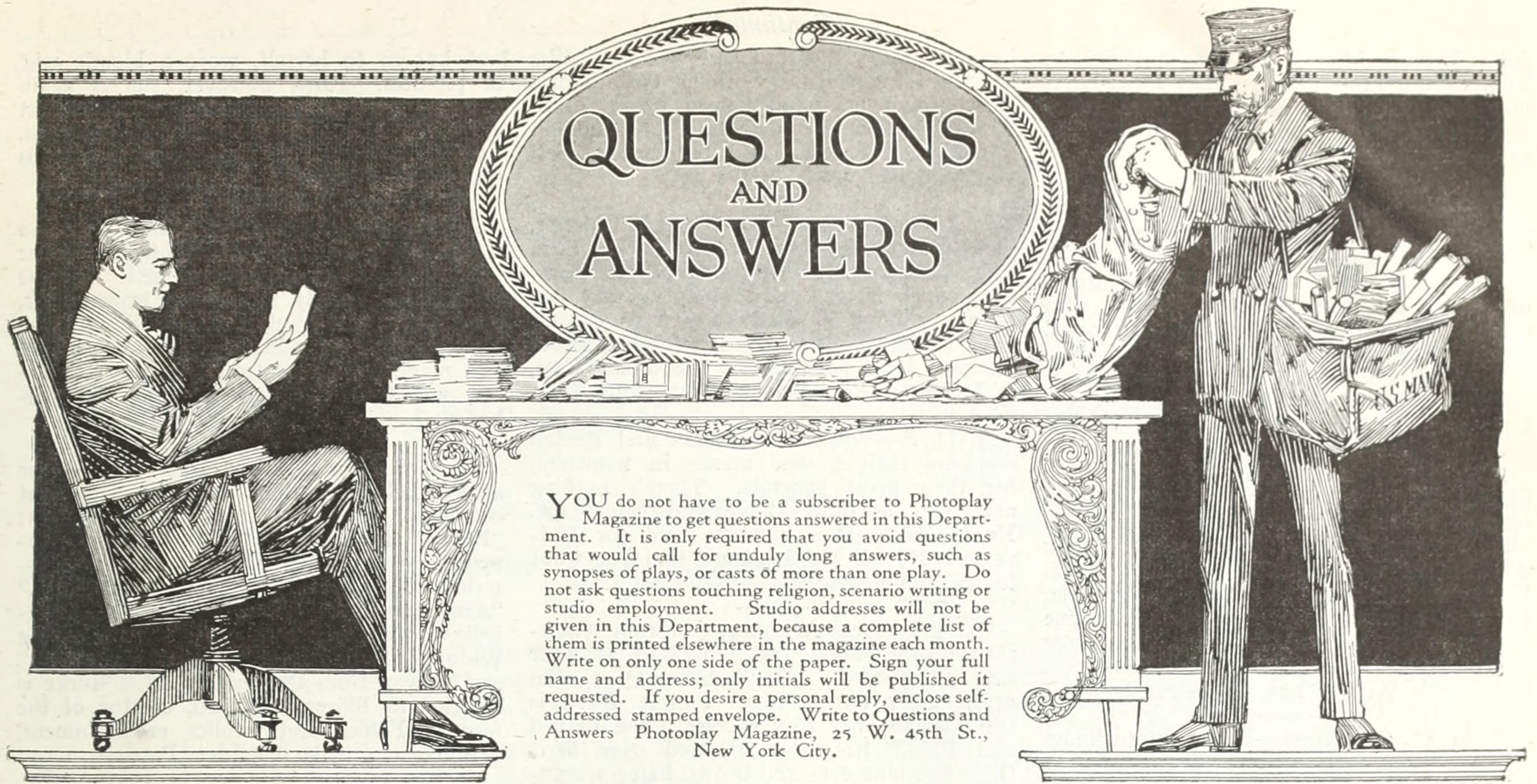
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Just as sounds are gathered and controlled in the living human throat, so are sound vibrations gathered and controlled in the acoustic throat of THE CHENEY.

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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.

ETTA, SPOKANE.—You say I am cold. Well, I once told a woman I would go to the furthest ends of the earth for her and she answered, "When do you start?" That made me a cynic. Niles Welch is doing a second James Oliver Curwood story for Vitagraph. He also makes pictures for Lasky. He is thirty-two years old and is married to Dell Boone. They bungalow in Hollywood.

I. D., HOWELL, MICHIGAN.—Diogenes lived in a tub and Socrates drank hemlock. I live in a hall-bedroom, but I can't get anything to drink. Tom Meighan was born and educated in Pittsburgh; he was a legitimate and stock player, appearing in London and with David Warfield in this country. He is married to Frances Ring; he has black hair, brown eyes, and is a six-footer. His new stellar pictures are "The Prince Chap," "Civilian Clothes," and "The Frontier of the Stars." Harry Carey isn't a heavy; he is a star. In other words, he is the stalwart, upright hero of such Universals as "Overland Red," "Bullet Proof" and "Human Stuff." Your remaining questions will be answered in another incarnation, Ilah.

VAN, CHICAGO.—I am not like the man who said, when asked how many stenographers he had: "Two—one to take dictation and the other to show to my wife." In the first place, that's an old fashioned joke; and in the second place, I haven't any wife. **PHOTOPLAY** still prints in Chicago. The lake breeze is good for the presses.

C. B., TEXAS.—Aren't you afraid you'll run out of questions if you ask so many each time? Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were divorced; she is now Mrs. James Regan. Mabel Normand is her real name; she isn't

married. Richard Barthelmess' second name is Semler. Ella Hall is Mrs. Emory Johnson; she last appeared with Francis Ford.

EXILDA, SPIRITS LAKE.—Your town is out of date now, to say the least. A quart is hard enough to get—but a lake! You say you may be a movie star some day and wish me to be more careful about ages. If you'll only give me your new age every year I'll be glad to oblige you. Dorothy Dalton's age is recorded as twenty-seven. Pearl White says she is not married.

ANYTA S., WISCONSIN.—It is estimated by fur-dealers in America that women purchase three hundred million dollars' worth of furs annually. Most of these are worn in the summer, I suppose. Jack Holt is with Lasky; he is married. Katherine MacDonald is not married; consult directory for her studio address. Sessue Hayakawa, Robertson-Cole. I have lost track of George Fisher; wish he would speak up and come back. Jackie Saunders is with Fox as leading woman.

BENJAMIN ROGERS, NEW YORK.—I can

only give you one cast at a time. Here's "Everywoman," Paramount Artcraft special directed by George Melford: *Everywoman*, Violet Heming; *Youth*, Clara Horton; *Beauty*, Wanda Hawley; *Modesty*, Margaret Loomis; *Conscience*, Mildred Reardon; *Truth*, Edythe Chapman; *Vice*, Bebe Daniels; *Wealth*, Theodore Roberts; *Love*, Monte Blue; *Passion*, Irving Cummings; *Nobody*, James Neill; *Flattery*, Raymond Hatton; *Lord Witless*, Lucien Littlefield; *Stuff*, Jay Dwiggin; *Bluff*, Noah Beery; *Puff*, Tully Marshall; *Age*, Robt. Brower; *Time*, Chas. Ogle; *Dissipation*, Fred Huntley; *Auctioneer*, Clarence Geldart.

MARY, SEATTLE.—So you think being my stenographer must be very exciting. I suppose you think I throw inkwells at her and make her untwist the refractory ribbon of my remingwood. You don't know my stenographer. Don't call me "old thing;" my hair is not even white at the temples. Melbourne MacDowell played *Black Jack* with Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." With Ince in 1917.

CLARICE, FROM MISSOURI.—I'm telling you—I'm telling you, if you'll only stop and listen. Edna Purviance is very much alive. She is still leading woman for the immortal Charlie. It is rumored Edna is to be married to a wealthy young Los Angeles chap, but I don't believe it; Edna would surely tell me. Gloria Swanson is now a star with Lasky; she did not go with Equity, as first reported. She's Mrs. Herbert K. Sornborn.

CLIFFORD DALE GRAND RAPIDS.—It is gratifying to note that little boys grow up and think that teachers ought to be given enough to live on. Owen Moore was married to Mary Pickford, not to

Picture Show

AND still they come and go; and this is all I know—
That from the gloom I watch an endless picture-show,
Where wild or listless faces flicker on their way,
With glad or grievous hearts I'll never understand
Because Time spins so fast, and they've no time to stay
Beyond the moment's gesture of a lifted hand.

And still, between the shadow and blinding flame,
The brave despair of men flings onward, ever the same
As in those doom-lit years that wait them, and have been—
And life is just the picture dancing on a screen.

Taken by permission from "Picture Show, and Other Poems," by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

(Continued)

Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce was married to Tom of the Moore clan. Miss Pickford is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks; Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan. Matt Moore has never married.

DOROTHY K., VANCOUVER.—Yes to all of your questions: Pearl White wears a wig, Dick Barthelmess is married, Constance Talmadge has bobbed hair, Gloria Swanson's first husband was Wallace Beery, who played the villain in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Mollycoddle," and Jack Mullahall played opposite Alice Lake in Metro's "Should a Woman Tell?" Another question: is that all for today?

MRS. HART, BALTIMORE.—A good many of Bill Hart's friends will be considerably relieved to know that you are not THE Mrs. William S. Hart. Now perhaps they will believe I occasionally tell the truth. Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria. He was a newspaper man and magazine writer before he was an actor. He now directs and acts for Universal. His latest is "Foolish Wives," not yet released.

B. M. C., STAMFORD.—You want to know if there is a chance of getting a look at Wallace Reid. If you mean on the screen, step into the nearest theater and you'll have no trouble. If you mean in the flesh, camp outside the Lasky studio in Hollywood every morning from nine to ten, and from six P. M. to midnight and if you're lucky you may run into him. Dorothy Davenport Reid comes back to pictures in "The Fighting Chance," the Paramount picturization of Robert Chambers' novel, with Conrad Nagel and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading roles.

IRENE, SUSANVILLE.—Once a letter like yours would have driven me to drink. In "The Fatal Ring" the priestess was played by Ruby Hoffman. Constance Talmadge is a blonde. Lottie Pickford is making a new picture for her own company according to last reports. Mary has no children; Lottie

has one—Mary Pickford Rupp. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen. Corinne Griffith has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Anita Stewart is twenty-four; she's Mrs. Rudolph Cameron off-screen. Don't tell me that's all you want to know!

R. J. G., CHICAGO.—There are, in Chicago, these film companies: The Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, the Emerald and the Essanay, which latter concern may or may not be active now. I'd advise you to consult your telephone directory for further information. I am no longer in the Windy City, so I can't make a personal investigation.

A. D. S.—Why, the ancients first started cropping their horses' manes in mourning for their great generals. There's nothing new, etc., as others have said before me. Hoot Gibson is a cowboy hero for Universal. I'll tell Mr. Laemmle that you want to see him in features.—Hoot, not Carl.

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER, OLYMPIA WASHINGTON.—So Mrs. Jack Pickford is your favorite goddess. Don't blame you, I'm sure. She's twenty-two. Fannie Ward is still abroad; her new picture, "She Played and Paid," has been released over here. Olive has blue eyes and brown hair—a regular Irish beauty.

L. M., MARION.—I am sure I don't know what you think I am. How am I supposed to know the hobbies of our presidential candidates? Keeps me busy trying to dope out fillum stars. And I refuse to divulge my political preferences. If either of the candidates needs me to help them, I'll be very glad to accept an appointment. I always did want to live in Washington. In this I believe I am a little more honest than most politicians.

ANGELINA AND SARA, DES MOINES.—William Duncan was divorced from Florence Dye, and has since married Miss Edith Johnson. Miss Johnson, who appeared opposite Mr. Duncan in all his serials for Vitagraph, is really a brunette but for some reason,

best known to herself, wore a blonde wig in pictures. Now, however, she is again a brune in "The Silent Avenger," the latest effort, in chapters, of the Bill Duncans. Antonio Moreno is not married; he is thirty-two. Dorothy Gish isn't engaged.

A. R., PORTLAND.—You think you can read me like a book? All right, only never try to put me away on the shelf. Eugene O'Brien is a study in brown: brown eyes, brown hair, and nicely browned complexion. You see, he's an athlete. He isn't married and made his first entrance on any stage—the infant—in Denver, in 1884, November 14.

J. A. S., GREAT LAKE, ILL.—Glad to be able to help you. Billie Burke plays in light comedies. Here is a list of all her pictures: "Peggy," for Thomas Ince; "Gloria's Romance," a serial; and for Paramount; "Mysterious Miss Terry," "Land of Promise," "Arms and the Girl," "Good Gracious Annabelle," "Make-Believe Wife," "Misleading Widow," "Sadie Love," "Wanted a Husband" and "Away Goes Prudence." Miss Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the famous Follies and Frolics entertainment, and has one little daughter, Patricia.

BLUE-EYED BETTY.—I liked your letter. You say you would be a movie actress willingly if you could play opposite Wally Reid. Most girls aren't so particular. Wally works at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. His wife, Dorothy Davenport, returned to the screen in "The Fighting Chance" for Paramount-Artcraft. The Reids have a small son, Bill.

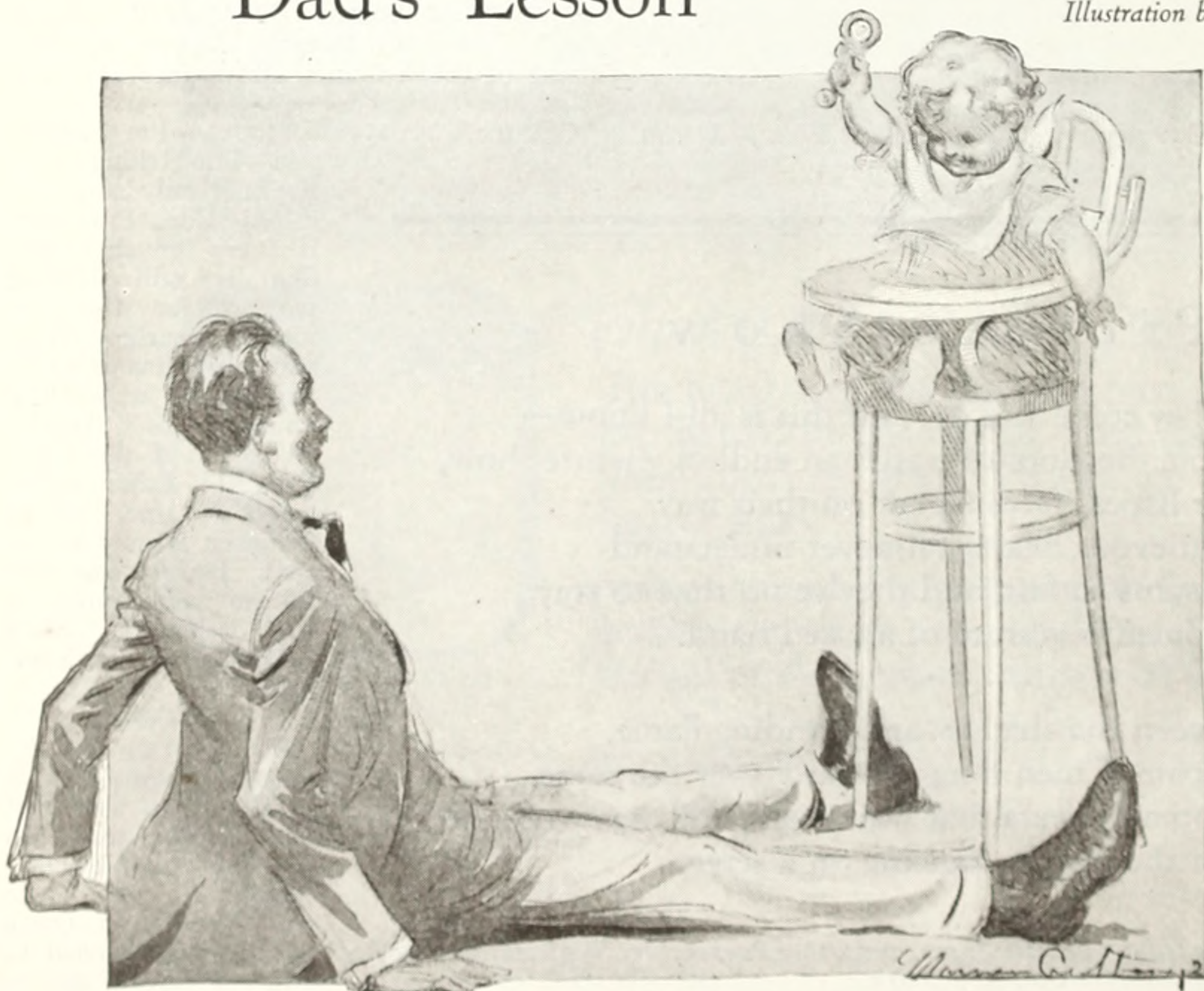
CREAM PUFF, WOODLAND, CAL.—People who live in the past deserve to have no future. Jules Raucourt is in Belgium now. He has played with Marguerite Clark in "Prunella," also in these films: "Somewhere in America," "The Outcast," "Please Help Emily," "At First Sight" and "My Wife." Louise Glaum, J. Parker Read Productions, Culver City, Cal., May Allison, Metro.

(Continued on page 115)

Dad's Lesson

By Strickland Gillilan

Illustration by Norman Anthony



WHEN first I stumbled on the rug
And fell upon the floor—ker chug!
(All done on purpose to amuse
The lad, and heal his new-made bruise)
I thought that he would die of laughter.
And then, immediately after,
He cried: "More, Daddy! Do it more!
Come tumb'in' down upon 'e floor!"

I did it yet again, and he
Laughed most uproariously at me.
"More!" he insisted. I obeyed
And still again a farce I made
Of all my grown-up dignity,
To ease his pain's malignity.
Each time his laughter grew more strained,
Till from my antics I refrained.

But I shall n'er forget the look
Of wonderment that overtook
His childish features, to discover
That when my folly I did over
Again and yet again to please him,
No paroxysm came to seize him.
Some day he'll spend a lot of money
Re-learning: "Old stuff isn't funny."

Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.



BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond's Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store or department store. Every normal skin needs both.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 116-V Hudson St., N. Y. C.

Please send me, free, the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name

Street

City State

Cleo Comes Home

To find things considerably changed on the old vamp-ground.

ONCE upon a time there was a sinuous, svelte, and silky young woman with curly blonde hair, a retrouse nose, and the slenderest, mockingest laughing eyes ever set under long black lashes.

This young woman was a vamp. Of course she was a vamp! She didn't have to wear slinky gowns with trains to be one—she was born that way. She stole hearts whether she was attired in the latest imported negligee, or trim riding togs. She went her way of breaking hearts and wrecking homes without so much as batting one of her long curly lashes.

Cleo was her name. Cleo Ridgely. She was our vampingest blonde vamp—in the films. She was positively pitiless—her ancestress, the first Cleo, had very little on her. Scarcely a working day went by that she did not ruin the life of one of our more prominent leading men. Then, one day, she fell in love. With a young director named Jimmy. James Horne. And married him. And gave up her venturesome career to settle down and keep house and have two perfectly beautiful babies. Twins.

For several years a domestic life satisfied her. It still does. But she looked at pictures the while—and found that the styles in vampires had changed. They still broke hearts and wrecked homes, as in the good old days; but they used finesse instead of ferocity, tears instead of tiger-skins, and preferred powder-puffs to pistols. So Cleo decided to go back and begin all over again.

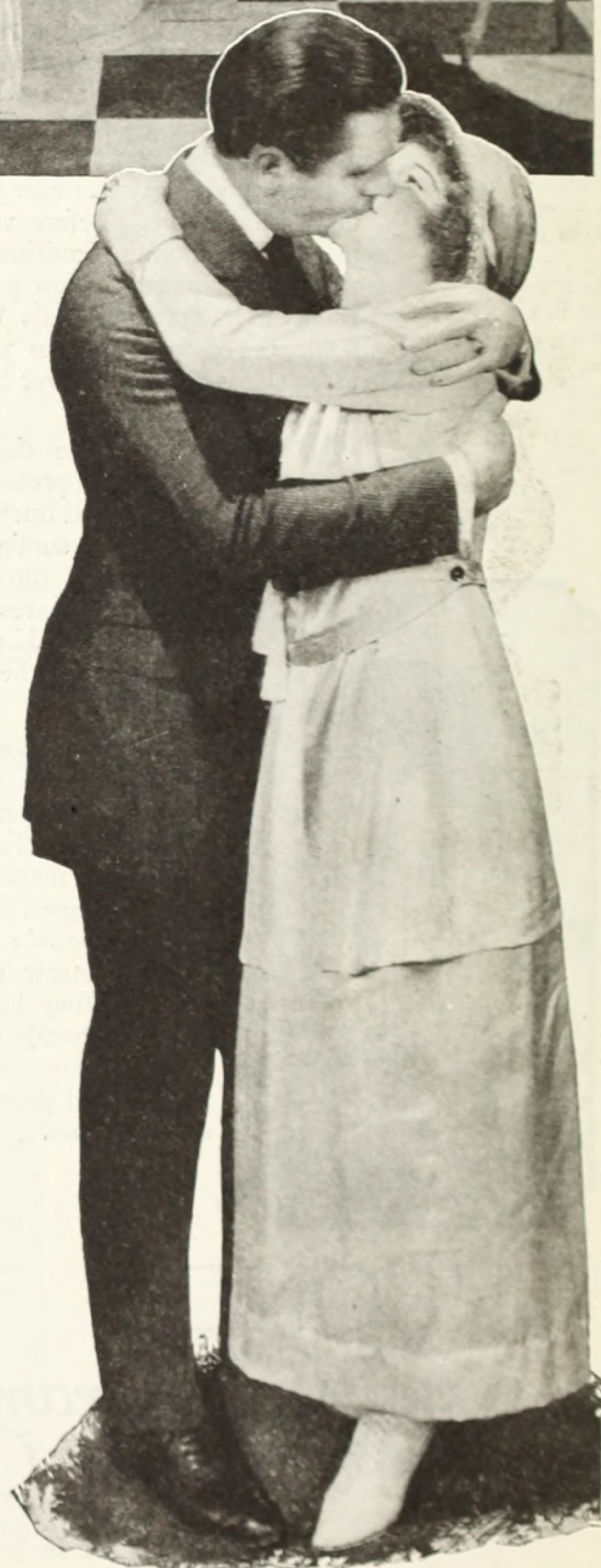
You'll see her after her retirement in "Occasionally Yours," in which she will test her vamping talents with that vampire of the sterner sex, Lew Cody. Cleo has a vamp's boudoir and wears a vamp's pajamas. But you and I know that after the day's work of vamping Lew is over, she'll go home to Jimmy and the kids, tell them all about it, and have a good laugh at our expense.

Cleo was not always a vamp. Oh no. Why, back in the days when you saw two reels for a nickel, with an illustrated song thrown in, Cleo was the screen May Wirth. She used to ride—my land, how that gal could ride! She once made a transcontinental trip on a plucky pony—was the only woman to do it in so many days, or something like that. They called her "The Transcontinental Girl."

She decided to go on the stage in the first place because she saw her cousin, Victor Moore, the comedian, exit to loud applause and she thought how wonderful it must be. Cleo finally made her big hits in houses whose applause she couldn't hear; but she found the life of the studios much more interesting than the artificial footlight existence. You probably recall her as a Kalem star in 1914, as Wallace Reid's leading woman for Lasky in '15 and '16, and in the title role of the film version of "The Chorus Lady." She was a perfectly grand vampette in those days. But then came James Horne to interrupt her promising career as Cleopatra's little daughter, and he carried her away, as Mrs. James Horne, to a Hollywood bungalow. And her favorite role became a decidedly domestic characterization, her director a tiny mite named June Jassmine Horne, and her leading man, James Jr.



There can be little doubt that a vamp's boudoir changes with the seasons. But Cleo Ridgely and Lew Cody—at the right—demonstrate that she still works in the same old way.



Dalion

The Phonograph Instrumentized

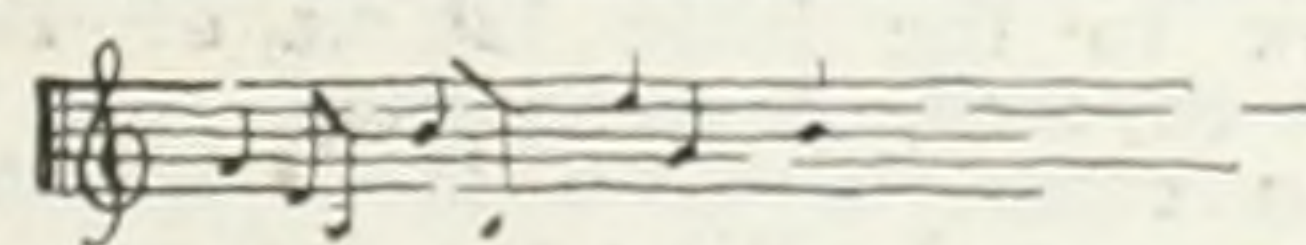


FIVE tests—conclusive and complete—decide the Dalion's right to take first place in the selective judgment of the appreciative buyer. For the Dalion is the phonograph instrumentized, built to music-ideals instead of machine-ideals.

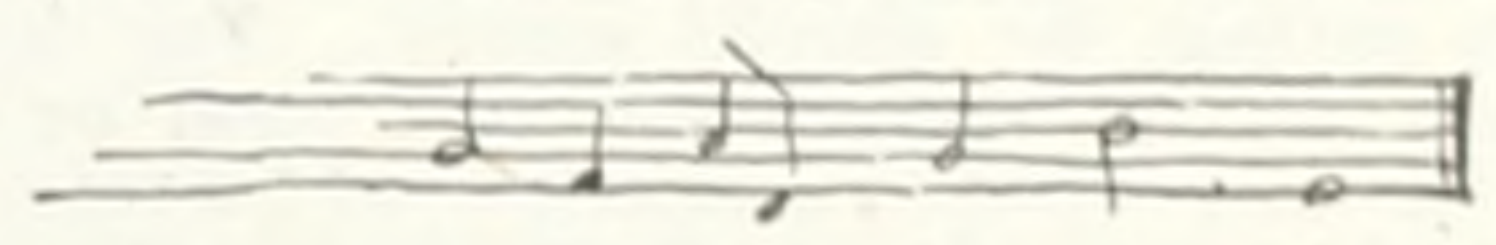
Dalion *Music-Qualities*, distinctly sweeter, more melodious and delightful. Dalion *Cabinets* of exquisite grace and proportion, richly tasteful in their satiny finish. Dalion *Convenience* as found only in the exclusive Dalion Auto File. Dalion *triple Service* from responsible retailers, wholesalers and factory. Dalion *Protection*, full and unstinted, by an almost unconditional warranty.

We *urge* your comparison with other phonograph values to be severe and exacting. You will appreciate the more Dalion's consummate perfection.

"My Five Tests for Phonograph Buyers" is a beautiful, interesting booklet, a helpful, enlightening guide for intelligent phonograph choosing. You may have it free of charge, together with the name of your local Dalion dealer. Write today.



Milwaukee Talking Machine Mfg. Co., Milwaukee





ALREADY the winter coal prices are seeking a new altitude record, but it is likely that before very long we may be snapping our fingers at miners and operators alike. For scientists assure us that we shall obtain all the heat we need and all the power required to run our railways and factories, light our streets and homes, in short, do everything that coal does today at small cost—through utilizing sunshine!

Just before the war, an American inventor made successful experiments in Egypt with a series of rotating mirrors.

Of course, we haven't nearly the sunshine they have in Egypt—pardon; excepting California, of course!—but it is maintained that only three hours of it is required to store up ten days' supply of electricity.

TOUGH on the miners, eh? At Somerset, Pennsylvania, in July, one miner only drew \$602.67 as one month's wages, and he worked eight and a half hours daily.

While in China, where members of the carpenters' guild have been receiving the munificent honorarium of thirty cents Mexican for a day's work, they have struck for an increase of five cents a day.

JUST imagine the surprise notification of their nominations must have caused Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox.

AS the man and the maid strolled through the picture gallery, the young woman stopped before one of the exhibits. "Oh, how sweet!" she breathed.

"I wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow, as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude of love and longing.

"Oh, Charlie, don't you see?" the girl chided tenderly. "He has just asked her to marry him and she has consented. It's lovely! What does the artist call the picture?"

The young man leaned nearer and eyed a label on the frame.

"I see!" he cried. "It's printed on this card here—'Sold!'"

—London Tit-Bits.

ET TU, Scotland! The last place to dream of as dry, but right now the prohibition campaign there is at its height and Glasgow, the home of "White Horse" and "Dewar," will poll on the question of prohibition on November 2.

THE thread of the silkworm is one rooth of an inch in diameter. If you don't believe this, get some silkworm thread and try it!

DO you know what a turtle is? If you do, you have it on a lot of naturalists. He is the strangest of all critters and the most unfathomable—neither fish nor flesh nor fowl, and yet he has the characteristics of all the three. As for his eating, he should worry. For he can remain shut up in barrel—without food or light or water or air—for a number of weeks and emerge at the end of the time apparently none the worse for his experience.

YOU know what "viz." and "oz." are, of course, but do you know why? "Viz." is from the first two letters of *videlicet*, a Latin word meaning "namely." The "z" is a corruption of an ancient sign, something like a "3," that was placed at the end of an abbreviated word. In course of time this "3" has become "z." The same thing applies to "oz.," the abbreviation for ounce.

The letters "lb.," standing for pounds in weight, are the first and third of the Latin word *libra*. "Cwt." (hundredweight) and "dwt." (pennyweight) are also abbreviations of Latin words. "C" is the Latin numeral for a hundred, "d" the first letter of *denarius* (penny), and

descent of a falling body slower. Remember that next time you take a tumble.

WIFE: Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.

HUSBAND: Perhaps she can—but she never does.—*Denver News*.

MISTRESS: Did anyone call while I was out?

MAID: No, ma'am.
MISTRESS: Dear me! A whole afternoon wasted.—*Boston Transcript*.



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

Director: "Wait for an extra strong puff of wind before you shoot. I don't want the audience to notice those telegraph poles in the background."

"wt" is short for the word "weight."

"L," "s." and "d." are the first letters of *libra*, *solidi* and *denarii*, all Latin words, meaning pounds, shillings and pence.

Sic, meaning "literally," *idem*, meaning "as before stated," and *ibid.*, meaning "in the same place," are also from the Latin.

DID you know that you "drop" faster in New York than in Mexico? 'T's a fact. For instance, if you were to fall from a twenty-story building in New York you would descend much more rapidly than if you fell from the same height in Mexico City.

The principle of this is quite simple, even if it does seem a bit startling. It is merely that as one goes toward the Equator the force of gravity gets less and less and the quickness of

AND in Sweden the drinking places are closed only on Saturdays because it is pay day, when the savings banks are kept open till midnight.

"DO you mean to say that Peterkin didn't show you over his new house?"

"No; we never got any farther than the cellar."
—*Life*.

IN Pennsylvania there is a man who has not slept in a bed for twenty-five years. He is Capt. Winfield S. Giles, 70-year-old lock tender for the Schuylkill canal at Manayunk. A quarter of a century ago he read Mark Twain's statement that beds were dangerous, as 90 per cent. of the people died in them. Taking that seriously, Captain Giles has contented himself ever since with "cat naps" in an office chair.

THE German Physical Society has a machine that allows the taking of moving pictures at the rate of 100,000 a second, we are reliably informed. This enormous speed is higher than any previously attained. The fastest machines on the market take pictures at a rate a little in excess of 5,000 a second. Professor Cranz, who invented the new speed camera, states that this limit is not fixed, but that the number can still be greatly increased if it is found necessary. Already his machine is capable of photographing a bullet fired from a pistol, following its course as far as the camera lens can reach.

WITH lengthy nomenclature so much the fashion nowadays, particularly among the English, it is interesting to recall that only some 400 years ago not even a middle name was permitted in England, except for persons of royal rank. For the first offense a person who parted his name on one side very likely would be tied to a whipping post. For a second offense he would endure a more lasting punishment. For a third, they'd just hang him.

IT is odd, indeed, how far-reaching are the effects of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was also a blow to the little Island of Pemba, a low, jungle-covered, feverhaunted spot just off the African coast, between Mombasa and Zanzibar. How come? Why we got most of our clove supply from there.

HOW I FOUND MY FORTUNE IN A MAGAZINE

*An Inspiring Story of How One Girl Solved
the Money Troubles for Her Whole Family*

By ALICE FORMAN

"I guess you can't get your shoes this week, Mary," said Father. There was a choky little catch in his voice, for he knew that Mother needed the shoes.

The fact was that Father's salary and my salary combined would not stretch to the limit of our needs. There were three dear little hungry mouths to feed besides our own, and the six of us to clothe.

And the high cost of living *does* keep fearfully high.

I used to lie awake at nights wondering whether something couldn't be done to make things go better. Poor Father could do nothing, I knew. Years and worry had weighed down his spirit. But I kept thinking that there must be something that I could do to increase my stenographer's salary so that Mother would not have to walk about with patched shoes, and so that the children could all have Sunday dresses.

Sunday dresses for the children! The thought was so delicious, that, although I didn't have enough money in my purse to buy even half of one dress, I picked up a fashion magazine one day to look for little styles that the darlings could wear if they only had some one to buy dresses for them.

A page of costumes designed by Emil Alvin Hartman caught my eye. Beautiful costumes they were, graceful, fanciful, filmy things. Oh, if they were only for me! I choked down a little lump, for I knew they were beyond my reach.

But oh, how I was tempted to picture myself in each of the dresses, walking about with grand airs at gay parties!

Poor me! For a moment I pitied myself. And then I remembered suddenly that it was designs for the little girls that I had opened the magazine to find. I half sobbed and quickly turned the page.

Curiously enough, I saw the name of Emil Alvin Hartman on the very next page. He told a story that made me hope for better things. He told of the work of Fashion Academy, the school of costume and millinery design of New York. *In from three to four months*, he said, absolute beginners were learning fashion design easily and pleasantly during their leisure hours in the comfort of their own homes.

He mentioned names of former students, girls, middle aged women, and even elderly women, who have written to Fashion Academy to report their wonderful success as professional fashion designers. One young woman, for instance, *three months after her graduation from Fashion Academy*, working at her own convenience for different people, earned \$125 a week, and designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). Another, *two months after her graduation*, earned \$100 a week.

And these girls, Mr. Hartman said, were only two of a great many who had almost immediately won marvelous success in the fascinating profession of fashion design.

Stories like these were hard for a twenty-

seven-dollar-a-week stenographer like me to believe. But Mr. Hartman invited any one who wished, to investigate. That same night, although I had no knowledge at all of fashion design, I wrote for the booklet sent out *free* on request by Fashion Academy. It contained not only information about the wonderful opportunities in fashion design, and beautiful costumes and hats designed by Fashion Academy students, but also enthusiastic letters from former students who gave full credit for their success in the designer's profession to Fashion Academy.

Names were signed, and addresses given.



So, to feel absolutely certain, I wrote to the writers of some of the letters. From them personally I received the same enthusiastic recommendations of Fashion Academy. In nearly every case, the writer had been a novice at the time of her enrollment with Fashion Academy.

* * * * *

It is a whole year since I first looked through the inspiring Fashion Academy booklet. I have already lost my speed on the typewriter, for I haven't been a stenographer for eight months. A year ago I enrolled with Fashion Academy. *After a little over three months* of easy, fascinating exercises during my leisure hours at home I received my diploma from Fashion Academy. Several weeks later I began work as a professional designer at \$50 a week. I am now earning much more. And Father no longer has to worry about Mother's shoes or my little sisters' dresses. We have everything we need to make us comfortable now, and my employer tells me that my fine salary now is little more than a beginning.

One of the finest benefits that I have received from Fashion Academy is that now I can dress myself beautifully on a very small

outlay of money. In the first place the Fashion Academy lessons taught me that each woman has a figure, a complexion, a personality of her own. I learned that the costume and the hat should be suited to the figure, the complexion, and personality of the individual. Now I know that it is utter nonsense to expect a dress exactly suited to another woman of entirely different type to look well on me. And I now have for my own a complete knowledge of the artistic principles that govern correct dress. I create charming *original* styles in both dresses and hats for myself. The result is that all my friends keep asking me what I have done to make myself so beautiful. I am not a whit more beautiful now than I was a year ago. It is simply that now I design styles in dresses and hats that conceal my every defect and bring out every little point of beauty that I possess. *My clothes now express my personality.*

What is more, I can make every kind of dress from the drafting of the pattern to the last stitch of the finished garment; and I can make any kind of hat, from the fashioning of the frame to the final bit of trimming. Needless to say, I can now have three or four dresses for the price of one bought in a fashionable shop; I can now have hats for almost every occasion, for the cost of one hat bought from a milliner.

But best of all, I know that my style of dress or hat is not worn by every fourth woman I meet. *I, alone, wear my designs, for I create them myself.*

You, too, can learn fashion design in from three to four months, in easy, fascinatingly interesting lessons prepared in the comfort of your own home. You, too, can learn how to dress, so that your friends, also will wonder to see you becoming more beautiful almost day by day. Or you can learn fashion drawing for illustrations in fashion magazines. Fill in and mail the coupon below or send a letter asking for FREE Illustrative Booklet 2010. You will be placing yourself under no obligation to ask for it.

Fashion Academy, Inc., Studio 2010
103 East 57th Street New York City.

Fashion Academy, Inc., Studio 2010:

Please send me Free Illustrated Booklet 2010, containing information about your home-study courses in costume design, fashion illustration, and millinery design. Also concerning dressmaking and tailoring.

Name

Address

.....

(Continued from page 44)

for he knew he had never mentioned wanting the pendant to anyone else. They were coming too fast for Harry, so he took refuge in the grand old platitude, "It never rains but it pours," and drove off to tell Lenore all about it.

That young person was obviously pleased, but she took it rather more calmly than Harry expected. Excited, Lenore was shrill—almost objectionably shrill. Now she was only gurgly. Was it possible she did not appreciate the honor shown her by his father's practical recognition of her as the future mistress of the Bullway household? However that might be, Harry's pique was soon soothed away by the cuddlesome arts of the siren, and he left her for a tour of inspection of his machinery and live stock, after making an engagement for a trip to Riverview Inn that evening.

RIVERVIEW was one of those spots where the only difference prohibition made was that drinks cost four times as much and only the most expensive ones were to be had. It was quite gay. Harry and Lenore began the evening with a bottle of wine—served in beer glasses and called sparkling cider. The effect on the two persons was very different. The wine did not go to Harry's head, because there was no room for it, his head being crammed to suffocation already. Similarly, it did go straight to Lenore's head, because there was more room in that handsome piece of furniture than anywhere else about her. They had a couple of dances and were starting on another bottle of wine, when the head waiter brought Harry a message. Brewster and some other men were in the grill, and he wanted to give Harry a few tips concerning the polo ponies. Harry promised to be back in a minute.

He had hardly disappeared before Billy Gibson slipped into his chair, helped himself to a glass of wine, and turned to Lenore with a sneer.

"Looks as if you've hooked him," he said. "Don't be nasty, Billy," she retorted. "You and I can be friends, just the same as ever. Don't spoil this. There's a mint in it. Come on—dance with me."

Lenore had her own method of placating Billy, and by the time the dance was half over he was quite tractable. But as it ended he led her out to the indiscreetly shaded verandah instead of back to her table. The wine and the exhilaration of the dance took the edge off their caution. They confidently believed they were talking in whispers, but Harry, going back to the dining room, heard their voices through an open window. He didn't want to eavesdrop exactly, but he stopped and glanced out through an opening in the curtains.

Lenore was handing something to Billy. In the dark he missed it and it dropped on the cement floor, jingling. It bounced into a streak of light and as Billy stooped to pick it up, Harry saw that it was—a key. He jerked back, and made his way to his table as if he had seen nothing. Lenore arrived a few seconds later, on Billy's arm. Her brain was clear enough to tell her at a glance that Harry was angry.

"Now don't be bad," she cooed, as soon as Billy had left them. "You were away so long, and I couldn't refuse to dance with him, could I, when I was all alone?"

"Well, I don't like him. He's a snake. I'd rather you wouldn't have anything to do with him. Promise me that you won't."

"Then I won't—after we're married."

"And when will you marry me, dearest?"

It was a tough problem to decide quickly. If she married him tomorrow she would get a million dollars. If she waited twenty-eight days she would have received, according to Bullway's proposition, upwards of three million, and get the million wedding present as well. It was worth a gamble.

"In exactly four weeks," she promised.

Half an hour earlier the idea would have given Harry a thrill, but now the memory of a key jingling on cement produced a discord.

For the first few miles of the ride home, Harry was silent. Lenore sat close and clung to his arm, until he told her it wasn't safe, explaining that he was not used to the powerful car yet. At last he worked out the idea that had been going through his mind, and drawing up by the side of the road, under the shadow of a big tree, he stopped the car, took Lenore in his arms, and kissed her.

"Dearest," he whispered. "I've got a little apartment of my own now. I got it today, a place where we can get away from everybody. Will you go there with me—now?"

Lenore had been a little worried by his unaccustomed silence, and was afraid he was slipping out of her grasp. This was risky, but she was playing for high stakes, and felt she had to play the game through as she knew it. So she kissed him, and whispered her consent.

Harry started the car again, and again retired into the silences. Lenore was surprised to find the car traversing the streets in the direction of her own home. Soon they drew up in front of her apartment.

"But Harry—I thought—" "I've changed my mind," he said, shortly. "Goodnight."

IN the seclusion of his room that night, Harry indulged himself in a new luxury—thinking. And he did very well at it for a young man who had abstained so long and persistently. After he had finished calling himself names he made better progress. And he went to sleep as full of good resolutions as a raspberry is of seeds.

The resolutions were still with him in the morning when he arrived at his

father's office. Two of them he had already put into effect, the first by having Higden tell Lenore, when she telephoned before he was out of bed, that he was not at home; the second by declining to have his breakfast served in bed. Another he divulged to Prue Winn.

"I've reformed, Prue. I'm going to work," he said, not without a touch of pride.

"Oh Harry, I'm so glad," she exclaimed. But Harry pursued her, and captured a hand.

"I'm glad you're glad, Prue," he said, and went into his father's office.

"Dad, I've waked up," he said. "I'm through with Lenore Pennell—and all that foolishness."

"Did she break it off?"

"No, I did."

"I'm glad, Son. I was sure you would. And now—what?"

"I don't know, exactly. But I'm going to hunt for a job—and when I land one—well, watch my smoke!"

There! It was out, and Harry was elated to realize that his spoken determination gave him even more of a thrill than his shower of good fortune of the day before. He was treading air as he passed from his father's office to the smaller one occupied by Prue.

"I'm going to show him—you'll see," he chortled, and in sheer exuberance danced up to Prue, swung the astonished girl around the room and kissed her.

Prue broke away from him with a sob. Harry looked at her, astonished, partly that she should take a little thing that way, and partly over a sudden discovery that it felt strangely good to have Prue in his arms. As he mumbled an apology, his father's buzzer summoned her, and Harry went out to trail a job.

"It's working," Bullway informed his secretary, gleefully. "Take this letter to Miss Pennell. 'Dear Madam: I enclose my check for one cent, according to agreement. This closes our account. I might add, to save you embarrassment in the event of your trying to sell the jewelry my son gave you yesterday, that it is worth just \$31.75, as I had it made up to order for the purpose.'"

"And so"—did I hear someone say?—"the reformed youth married the pretty secretary, and they lived happily ever after."

Wait a minute. Let Harry tell it.

"I got a job easy enough. Bronson put me to work selling bonds among the men I knew around the clubs. I thought it would be a tough job, but it was a cinch. Wherever I went, as soon as anybody saw me coming, out came a check book. For a week or so, I thought this was just because I was a natural born genius for finance. But as soon as I got on to the ropes I found the best salesmen in the world couldn't get rid of bonds that way. So I quit patting myself on the back and tried to see if I couldn't figure it out. Things were coming too soft. Some day I would wake up and find myself back where I was before—in love with Pennell and everything. It might have taken me a long time to get next, only one day Bronson told me he had decided to take me in as a partner.



And so—

(Continued on page 121)



YOUTHFUL STARS
of America's Stage—and
THEIR DRESSING TABLES



HERE'S another new star in the firmament—Miss Grace Christie, whose Silver Bubble dance is such a charming feature of the John Murray Anderson revusical comedy "What's In a Name."

We never suspected embroidery and knitting contributed anything to Miss Christie's success in her unique dance until, in a moment of confidence, she said, "My Silver Bubble, they tell me, moves with the gossamer lightness of thistle down. It never would if my hands were not velvety smooth—a condition I credit largely to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Curiously enough, I first used this cream to keep my hands from 'catching' when doing embroidery and knitting. Oh, yes! I do a lot of both."

May we send you "A Week-End Package" including all these Toilet Requisites—or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial. See offer below.

Hinds *Honey and Almond* Cream

GUARANTEED LOVELINESS—Whenever you see a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on a dainty dressing table, you may depend upon the owner being a woman of loveliness—the possessor of those attributes so admired and desired by everyone—a complexion of soft, glowing clearness, and hands slender, white and fragrant. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.

FOR TRIAL: Be sure to enclose amount required, but *do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.* Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder sample 2c; Trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap 8c; or a Week-End Package, including all these Toilet Requisites 50c.

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drink
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Ward's Lemon-Crush—a companion drink made similarly by the Ward process—is rich with the tasty and refreshing flavor of California lemons.

at fountains or in bottles

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

Send for Free Book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"



AT FOUNTAINS



IN BOTTLES



Kodak as you go.

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

(Continued from page 70)

and it should be accompanied, wherever shown, by an explanatory lecture, prepared by the young men who made the films and read by a local educator. Too much credit cannot be given William F. Alder and Edward Laemmle for the thoroughness with which they went about securing the pictures, and the fine judgment they used as to their pictorial settings.

GO AND GET IT—Neilan-First National.

THE difference between the average director and the exceptional director is discovered in the treatment they give a commonplace subject. Marshall Neilan is an exceptional director, and proves it again by taking the commonplace story told in the highly colored and rather foolishly exaggerated newspaper yarn, "Go and Get It," and dressing it up and tricking it out with stunts until it has become a "special," as exciting as it is improbable. A young woman who owns a newspaper that is being mismanaged injects herself into its staff as a society editress. During her adventures as a reporter she meets the usual journalistic genius who is being held down by the managing editor, sees that he is given his chance and glories in his success when he makes good. In building up this plot Neilan has deliberately, and with considerable skill, made use of a varied assortment of hair-raising adventures. The assignment the young reporter is given, the story he is told to "go and get," concerns a scientist who has transferred a human brain, that of a murderer, to the head of a chimpanzee. Once the animal's human brain begins to function he starts in murdering all those who have incurred the enmity of the murderer. Before he can land the beast, the reporter is obliged to chase one man in an aeroplane; change to another plain in midair; land on top of an express train, and later on the deck of a steamer at sea and finally shoot the chimpanzee as he is about to add another victim to his list. Improbable stuff, but fairly thrilling, and amazingly well photographed. Pat O'Malley is the Fairbanksian hero, Agnes Ayres the heroine and Wesley Barry adds an amusing touch of comedy as a lively office boy. An impressive makeup is contributed by "Bull" Montana as the ape.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft.

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE" should do some good in a gossiping world. It should teach people that slander is a positive force for evil, and that briefly encouraged it can work incalculable harm. But whether audiences trained to look only for the conventional romance in pictures will be properly impressed by its significance I cannot say. In the Echegaray opus Don Julian has married a wife years younger than himself. She is deeply in love with him, and though she is happy in playing around with his young godson she has no thought of disloyalty. Don Julian's neighbors, however, and his jealous relatives, will not believe this. Teodora, the wife, they insist, must be in love with Ernesto, the godson, because it is only natural that youth should call to youth, and by their insistence on the point, by their sly winks and their pointed innuendos, they gradually poison the mind of Don Julian until he accuses the young people of having betrayed his trust and drives them from his home. Thus are they forced into each other's arms for their mutual protection. Robert Vignola has done good work in the directing, and it is well played by Alma Rubens, she of the pretty face, the startled eyes and the limited dramatic equipment; Montagu Love, Gaston Glass, Pedro de Cordoba and Margaret Dale.

THE INFERIOR SEX—Mayer-First National.

THIS is an elaborate attempt to prove something, I don't know just what, that ends by proving nothing at all, unless it be that movies are movies and nothing more. If its authors, directors, editors and cutters had held to what apparently was their original theme, based on the failure of many wives to go through with their jobs as homemakers and housekeepers, and the minor domestic tragedies resulting therefrom, a good picture might have resulted. But soon after the story is put into action it slips away into the conventional rut of a loving wife's scheme to arouse the jealousy of a husband who is giving signs of sickening on a steady diet of osculation. There is a counter-plot in which a disappointed wife does accept the attentions of the pestiferous idler and escapes discov-

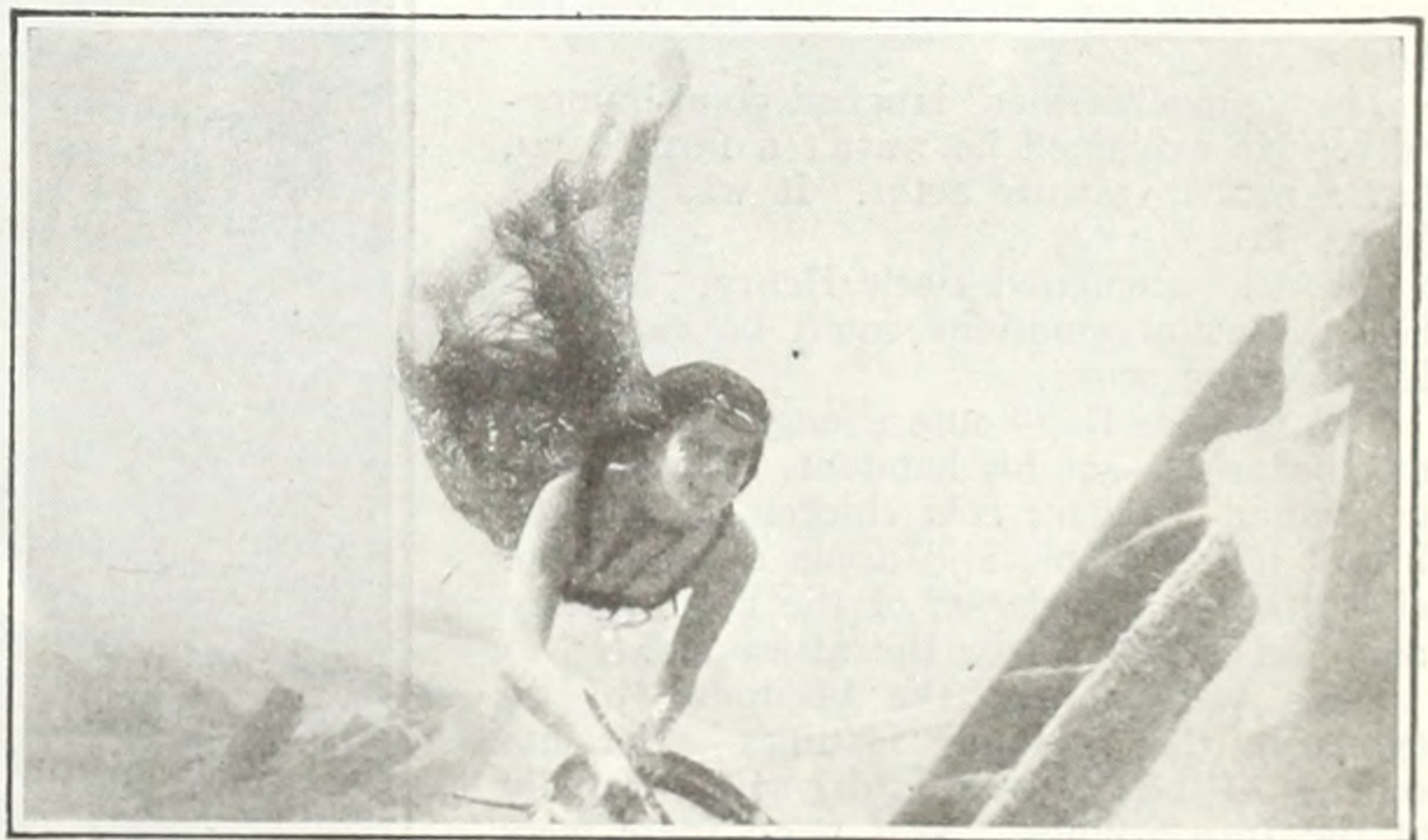
(Continued on page 124)



Involving hypnotism, "One Hour Before Dawn" is interesting melodrama in which Henry B. Warner profits by his training in "Alias Jimmie Valentine."



"Whispers" is the story of a girl who breaks out of society, a becoming vehicle for Elaine Hammerstein who always plays lifelike American girls.



"Girl of the Sea" is, if you can forget the plot, an interesting trip through an aquarium, in which Betty Hilburn appears as a shark.

Entertaining Mary's Beaux

"I AM proud of that little sister of mine," says Margaret Shelby, sister of Mary Miles Minter. "I cannot tell you how proud I am, and besides that would sound egotistical; but I can say from the bottom of my heart that being sister to a celebrity is not exactly a bed of roses. Mary's fans want photographs of Mary's sister; Mary's fans clamor to see Mary's sister in Mary's productions and, last but not least, Mary's sister must entertain Mary's beaux. I can look down the vista of years and I see nothing but Mary's beaux. They began arriving at a tender age in the care of their nurses and governesses and even in those not so far distant days it was Mary's sister who dried their tears. Mary is a young lady now and the infants of yesterday have given way to countless delightful young men and boys, but Mary's sister has merely graduated to a more dignified position. Mary's beaux smother me with flowers and deluge me with candies. I am showered with invitations to lovely dinner parties, 'a deaux' with the usual pink lights, soft music, etc., *ad lib.* Then 'He' gazes longingly into my melting orbs and whispers, 'How is Mary? Tell me about her.'"

"I even dream of a future as the sympathetic wife of one of Mary's erstwhile beaux."



The Ritz-Carleton of Culver City

WHEN Uncle Henry Seymour established his little truck farm near Los Angeles he calculated it would be a fourteen-hour-a-day rattle with Maw Earth to shake her down for a living. During a plowing session one spring he noted excavation going on at the neighboring farm. "Whut's goin' up here?" he asked. "Motion picture studio." "Hm!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. "Wall, I reckon they's room fer both of us," and returned to his plow. One day a young rustic approached Uncle, obviously a farm hand out of a job. "Could I get a sandwich? Piece of pie, maybe?" he inquired.

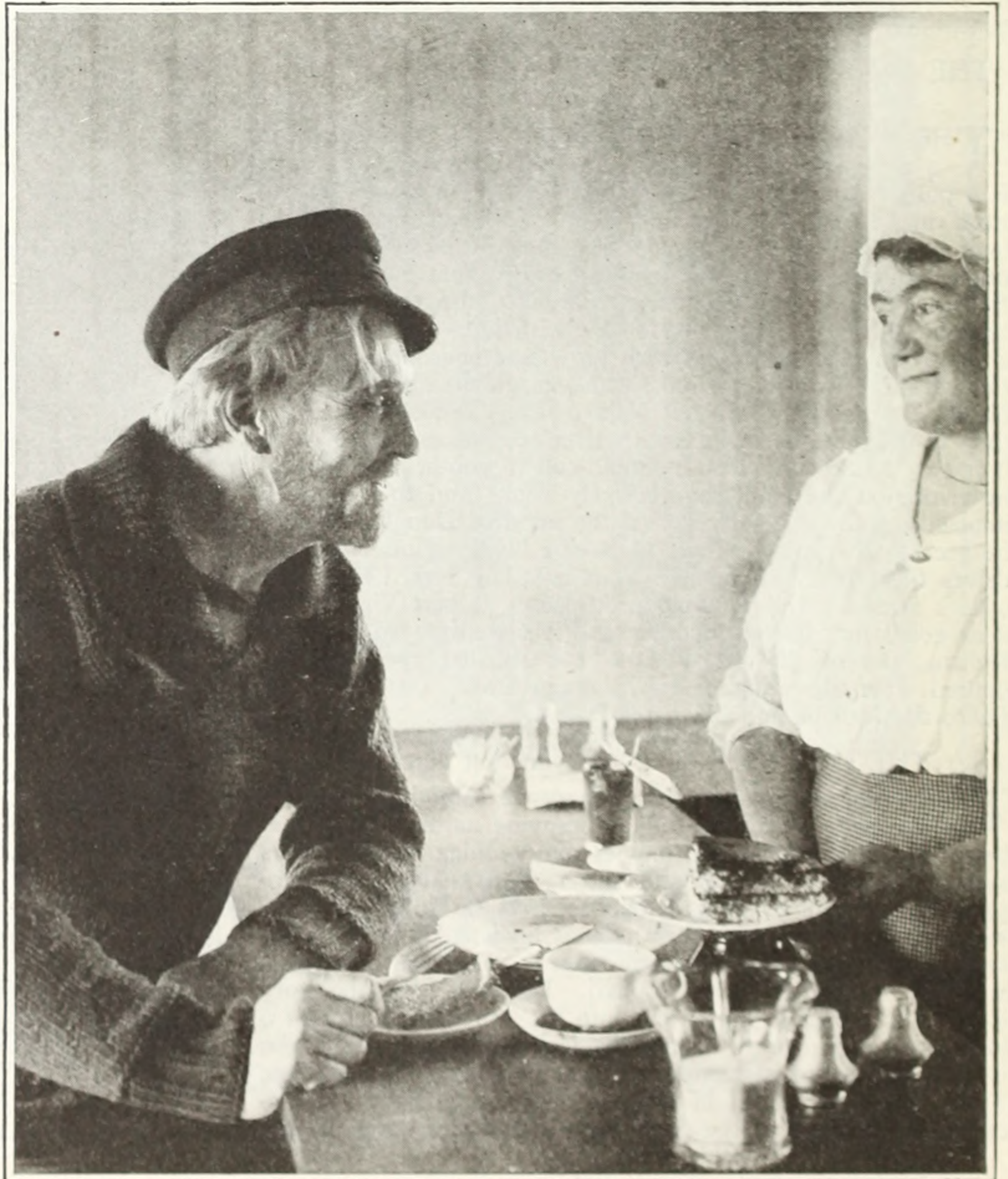
Uncle Henry had a big heart, but his code was "He who eats must work." He told the boy so.

The young "farmer" laughed good-humoredly. He explained he wasn't a farm hand, but a motion picture actor. It was Charles Ray.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. His entire gamut of emotions could be expressed in that one word.

But Charles Ray—sure enough, it was our own Charley—got his handout. And it was a handout de luxe; cold chicken, homemade bread, pumpkin pie and apple cider. Some cider, that! Six glasses of the hard variety and you're groggy for the afternoon.

Thus was marked the beginning of an epoch in the Seymour fortunes. The excellence of the Seymour larder spread rapidly at the Ince Studios. Next noon there were a score of screen folk begging for a snack—for a consideration. Now "Aunt Millie" Seymour nonchalantly serves everybody from rugged sea-captains like Hobart Bosworth on the right, to Russian Grand Dukes.



Pompeian

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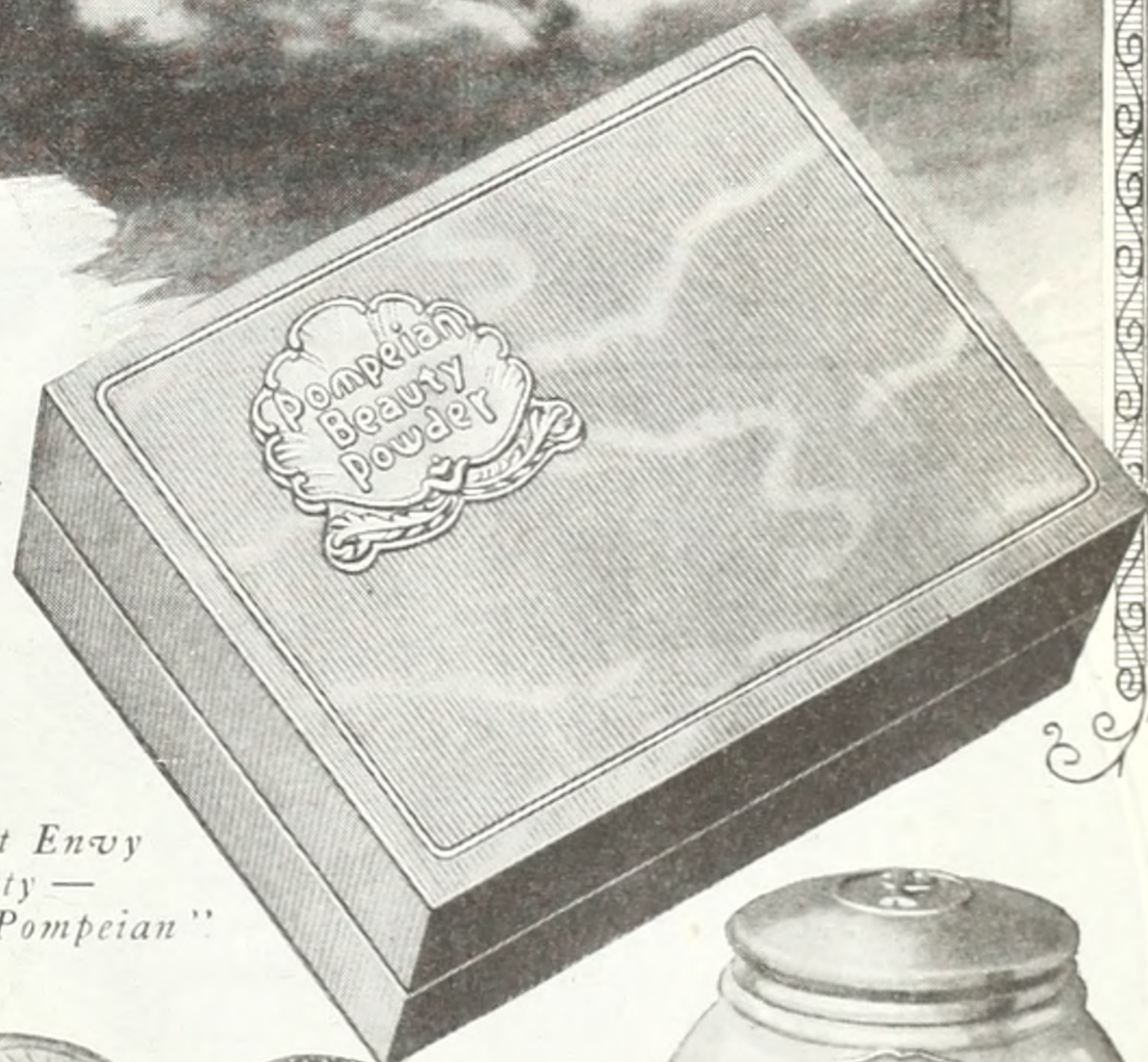
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After Thirty Years— a Real Hosea Howe

AFTER thirty years of successful stage performance, the character of *Hosea Howe*, the central figure in Edward E. Kidder's "Peaceful Valley," finds its truest interpretation on the screen with Charles Ray in the role.

"When Charles Ray's company bought 'Peaceful Valley' I said to my wife: 'Hooray! After thirty years, here is the real *Hosea Howe* come to life,'" said the play's author.

Mr. Kidder declared he felt that Charles Ray would duplicate in the screen version, the wonderful success of Sol Smith Russell, who played *Hosea Howe*, year after year until the character rubbed shoulders with Denman Thompson's own in "The Old Homestead." In the old fashioned photograph on the right we see the original *Hosea Howe*; in the larger picture, the new one.

"Thirty years ago Sol and I tried out the play in Duluth, Minnesota," said Mr. Kidder. We went into a drug store in Duluth where they kept the peg-boards in those days instead of the modern ticket system. When a ticket for the theater was sold, a little peg was stuck in the number of the seat on the peg-board and that was all.

"We were not represented on the peg-board! Lawrence Barrett was almost sold out. Lotta had a good house for her shows as always. Maggie Mitchell was doing wonderfully and Joe Murphy was in the money. As for Sol Smith Russell in 'Peaceful Valley,' he did not appear to exist.

"We almost wept. 'Why are we being discriminated against?' we demanded of the clerk. Where is the 'Peaceful Valley' peg-board? The clerk took another look at us. 'Oh, are you with the show?' he asked cordially. 'Well, you see, your peg-board was sold out three days ago and so we put it aside. Didn't see any use in leaving it lay around.'

"And thus was 'Peaceful Valley' started on its long journey, which has not ended to this day and which seems to be taking a new lease on life in the pictures.

"To my mind, Charles Ray is the natural heir to the role of *Hosea Howe*. He has the one precious thing that Sol Smith Russell had outgrown—youth! Youth—and thirty years," ended Mr. Kidder.

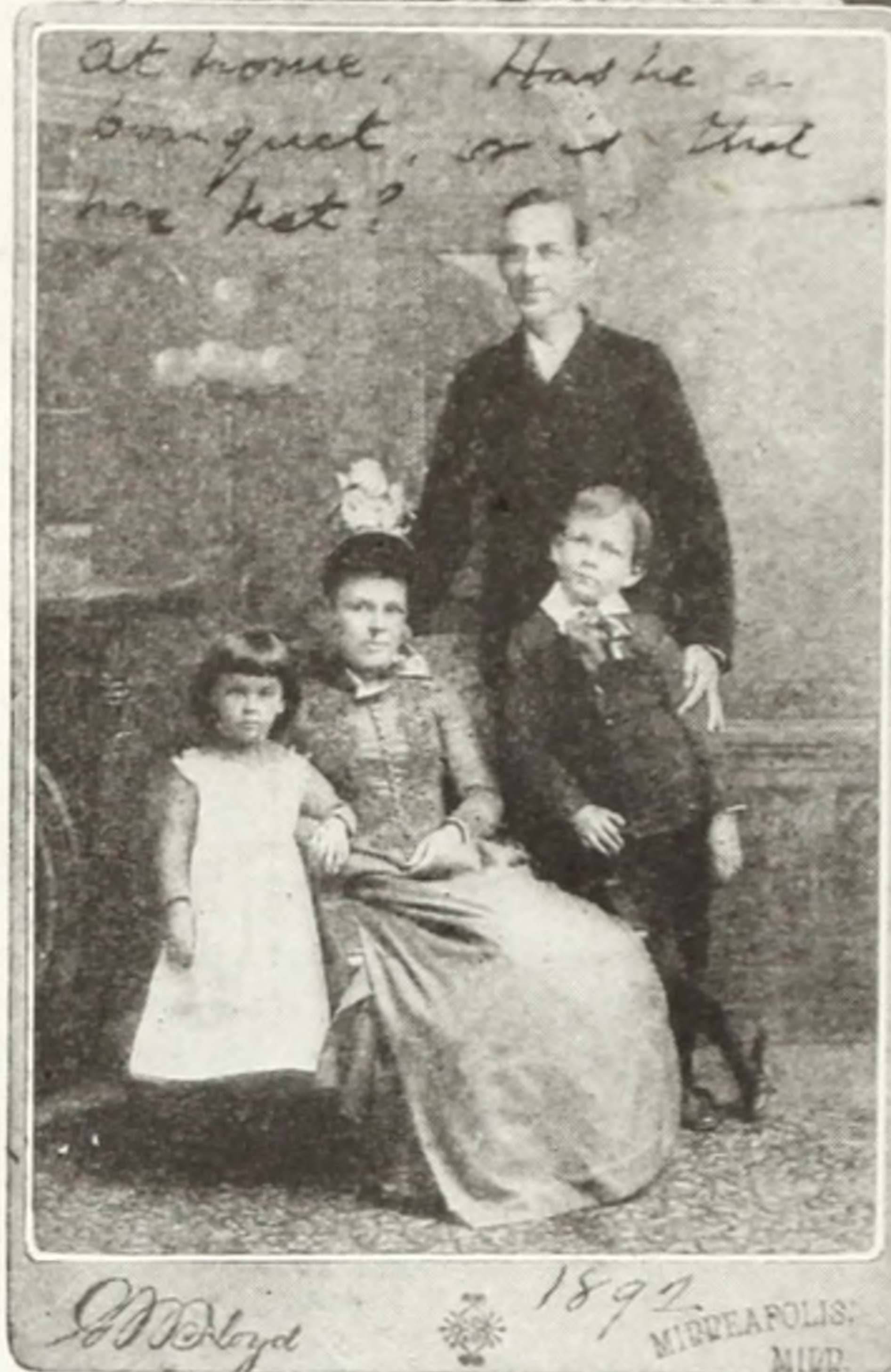


Photo by Apeda

Supposin' You Were She?

SUPPOSIN' you were a pretty girl with a lot of stored-up talent; and supposin' a lot of movie directors had gone to your ma and your dad with offers to put you right into big parts in the movies; and supposin' there was a five-year contract with one of the biggest producers of 'em all, just waitin' for your folks' John Hancocks; and supposin' it meant a great big future and—then supposin' your dad said: "What, at that kid's age? Well, I should say not. She's going to finish high school and then she's going to Vassar and then—well then we'll see about it."

Miss Rosheen Glenister, aged fourteen, agrees with her dad about it.

Mamma Glenister was for having Rosheen jump into the promised stardom over-night. But Papa Jack Glenister (who ought to be an insurance broker instead of a business man—he publishes magazines) believes in the fullest preparedness. Already little Rosheen has many accomplishments. She is an expert swimmer and diver, the pupil of her dad, who in days of yore was the first man to swim the Niagara rapids, English channel and negotiate the famous Boston Light stunt. And Rosheen sings, too.

"But daddie is right," said Rosheen. Obedience—and from a coming movie star! No wonder the directors are all quite mad to have her.

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Old Man Coincidence

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I 'M old man Coincidence,
And I've got a reach
Like an ourang-utan.
I've got the longest arm
That ever snaked out
To slip a girth under a caved-in plot
Before the old girl fell apart.
It's some arm, believe me,
For when Alaska Ike
Strides into the Dance Hall
On the stroke of twelve,
And snatches the cowering Girl who shouldn't be there
From the Bad Man, who's turned up the Ace
(Which, by the Law of the Yukon, means she
must be his'n)
And when Ike tilts her chin up for a Once Over
And stares into the orbs with the beaded lamp-fringe
And gasps out: "Gawd, 'tis my Little one!" —
Why, that's Me, Just Me,
Getting in one of my Long Shots.
And when Timothy Corntassel flaps bye-bye
To the moss-set bucket and the moo-cows
(Because Innocent Susie has fallen again
For the good old perennial City Deceiver stuff)
And carpet-bagged but grim-jawed
Goes off to the Wicked Metropolis
And tries to forget, but makes good,
And runs to white waistcoats,
And pounds the end of the mahogany desk
And becomes District Attorney,
And when the Veiled Lady is led in by the Cops,
And discloses her map, sobbing "Timothy!"
And he sees it is Susie herself,
His long-lost Susie —
Why, that's Me again;
It's Me, with the old Long Arm
Darn near wrenched out of its socket
But still on the Job!

What Happened to Ruth

By BEATRICE IMBODEN

IT was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown lawns a mystic net interwoven of green and gold, of fragrance and sunlight.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden slipping her arm in Ruth's.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. "I'm going to quit college! I'm young, alive—I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!"

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and slip into the back seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes. And that's all! No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and work. Maybe I can save some money."

"For what?" asked Dot.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm haranguing about?" jerked out Ruth. She turned her head away quickly. "I wouldn't care if I could have just one new Spring suit—I wouldn't ask for many clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now," and Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all togged out?" demanded Ruth icily.

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.

"Well, goodbye, I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather thread-bare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville everyone knew and loved the Allison—clothes didn't count. At college they did, it seemed.

"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. "They don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy."

And it certainly was not Alex's fault—he had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her plain white graduating frock, among butterfly girls in tulle and silk, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. And she flung herself on the couch and sobbed.

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth declared she was not coming back.

Dot heard little from her that Summer. But a mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did one crisp Fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue

traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you," he cried. "How dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. "Our frat gives a little dance tomorrow night. May—may I come for you?" And Ruth smiled acceptance.

After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scented a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue paper wrappings a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taupe color, Frenchly set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed.

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored satin and silver lace. Dot gasped. "Pinch me—am I still on earth?" she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"

But there was—a blue silk "for Sundays," exquisitely braided and faintly touched with scarlet; an intricately draped printed voile, all misty grays and lavenders with a violet girdle; a smart brown serge sailor suit and an even smarter checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt.

"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such," said Ruth, lifting out a wonderful evening coat, aero blue with white marabou collar. Then Ruth faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't exceed my clothes allowance of \$100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something had surely affected Ruth's brain!

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette, \$28 (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown \$6.50. The foundation was an old red silk cover for our square piano, laid away and forgotten.

"The evening coat was mother's long-ago party cape. The corn-color silk was an old dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta? My last year's best dress! The other party dress contains three and a half yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace, at a cost of \$21.70."

"Don't dare analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot.

"The traveling dress was my last year's suit, the checked wool a made-over, too."

"But who made them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, I did!" came Ruth's reply. "You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why, after only four lessons I made some dear 'undies,' two waists and this crepe kimona! Then I made over that checked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of course. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some models from a fashionable shop. Then I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my Spring suit!"

"Do you think I could learn to sew, too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text books



"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs", Ruth told herself gloomily.

seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home!"

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends, while he watched jealously, or in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurements, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. What are you going to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make us some bridesmaids' hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 65,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

WHEN he was in New York the last time, Harold Lloyd was bombarded with questions as to whether he and Bebe Daniels were married. Harold denied it. He said he and Bebe were the best of friends, that he liked playing with her and was sorry when she deserted his comedies for the drama—but that as far as their being married was concerned—why, it was ridiculous! To prove it, the young man hauled out a lot of telegrams from some young film ladies on the coast—Lila Lee, Mildred Davis, and others—and said, "If I were a married man, would I get wires from all those girls?" Perhaps Harold wouldn't.

MOLLIE KING is a mother. She is, you know, Mrs. Kenneth Dade Alexander in private life. Kenneth Dade Alexander, Jr., made his first appearance in July. The Alexander romance was—and is—one of the most charming incidents in theatrical history. Mollie is an Irish girl who has been on the stage all her life; she is a fluffy and beautiful blonde with never a care in the world. She met Alexander and promptly fell in love with him. It was a case of first sight with him, too. He is a member of a proud and wealthy old southern family, who might have taken it to heart that their son had married an actress if the actress hadn't happened to be Mollie. The marriage turned out splendidly—Mollie isn't even planning a return to the screen since Kenneth, Jr., has arrived.

AT the time this issue goes to press, Constance Talmadge has not been reported engaged to anybody.

MARC MACDERMOTT tells this one. A certain well-known director who has achieved fame and a Rolls-Royce along with a domineering manner was driving in his high-powered motor along a Long Island road. Fine old homes bordered the roadside. One in particular intrigued the director so that he commanded his car to halt while he got out and walked up the flower-studded pathway. He saw in the fine old place an ideal "Colonial location." He lifted the knocker on the splendid door,



You have often wondered what Billie Burke's husband—and the creator of the famous Follies—looks like. Well, here he is. And here is Billie; and here, too, is Maxine Elliott, celebrated beauty of the stage. Billie first met Florenz Ziegfeld at a dance—it was a mutual case of love at first sight. They have a little daughter, Patricia.

A solemn butler came, stood, and took in the figure of the director—attired in a loud check, with a vivid tie in which was set a sparkling diamond. "Want"—began the director impressively. "Nothing today," said the butler as he slammed the door.

JACK PICKFORD and a friend walked into the library of a club the other day, produced a chess-board, drew up chairs, and bent over the board with the most earnest attention. Several men came up and watched them. Jack and his partner became more and more grave; their attitude was one of experienced application—they were, evidently, scientific players who figured out every move before they made it. Soon quite a crowd had gathered, eager to witness a game between two experts. Half an hour passed—and finally Jack and his friend got up and walked away. They didn't know the first thing about chess.

A WELL-KNOWN actor and his new and equally well-known wife were traveling across the country. The conductor, on his way through the pullman, asked, "Pardon me, sir—but is this lady your wife?" "I don't know," replied the actor, "what state are we traveling through?"

HAS rumor reached you of the devotion of a certain film director to a certain famous vampire? It is no myth, no imagination—but an affection, or should we say

infatuation?—which causes the director in question to refer feeling to his "great love" for the sinuous lady, and which also is the cause of the director's hitherto devoted wife seeking a divorce. Seems a shame, because people who know both parties say the vampire is inclined to be fickle and may not wish to marry the director after he has gone to all the trouble to allow his wife to divorce him. Anyway, the vamp went to Europe to avoid any unpleasantness which might arise. She has had ample training in the films to know just what course to follow in a case like this.

LOUISE HUFF'S five-year Selznick contract lasted about that many weeks. Differences arose over the young star's second scenario, differences which the company labelled "temperament" and Miss Huff undoubtedly labelled something else. At any rate, Louise left Fort Lee flat, and went right over to Metro, where she is playing the leading role in "Fine Feathers." She can afford to be as independent as she pleases—she's married to a millionaire.

YOU may have wondered what happened to Edith Storey. She signed a contract with Robertson-Cole. Everyone thought, of course, that she was to star—she has never done anything else since her splendid work first won her film recognition. But now comes her first completed production—
(Continued on page 100)



He cannot tell you— but you have a right to know

THIS is the feeling I am left after reading the letters men have written me.

Convention has sealed his lips. If the thing of which you are so blissfully unconscious were only a streak of soot across your chin, an inch of petticoat showing below your skirt, a hairpin out of place—even an impertinent wee hole above the heel in your oxford—he might mention it.

But this is different.

It is so personal. And yet, since it is vital to your happiness, you have a right to know it.

That is why I have felt justified in taking up arms against the conspiracy of silence that surrounds the subject, and publishing the facts about perspiration. In doing so, I counted on criticism, and I got it. But all through it, it has been wonderfully gratifying to receive, as I have, scores of letters from both men and women supporting and approving these frank discussions.

An old fault—common to most of us

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a

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

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

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

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

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

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before

retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

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

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 516 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

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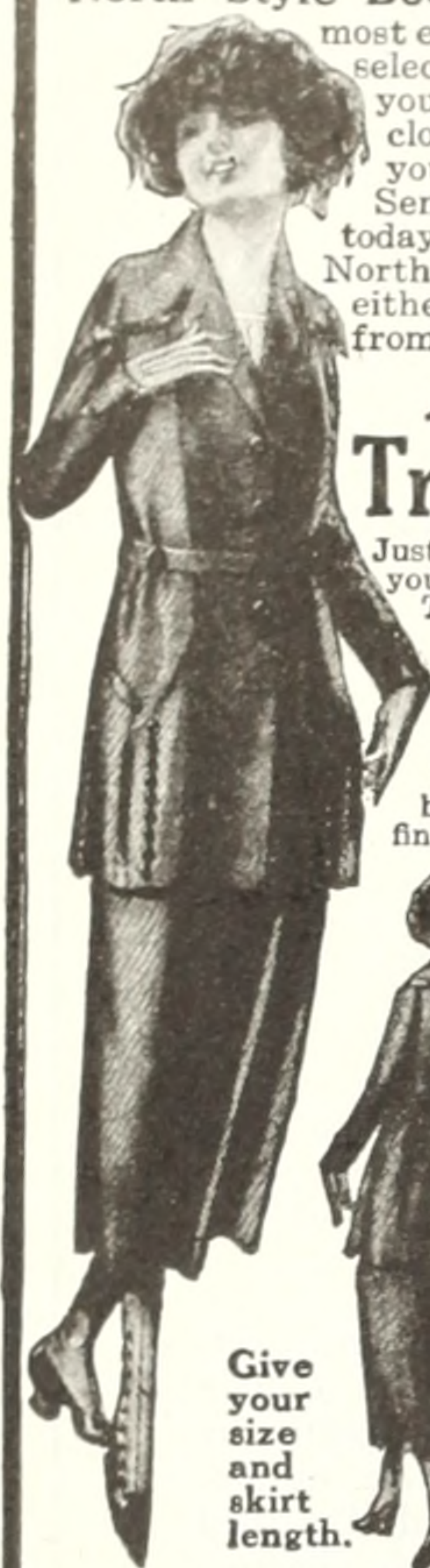
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Just to give you an idea of what you will find in the Style Book: This snappy suit (which you can order direct from this ad) is fine all-wool tricotine. Coat semi-fitted with stylish braid-bound collar, cuffs and pockets. Braid binding lends a trimming touch at back. Lined throughout with fine all-silk fabrics in printed design. Skirt modishly pocketed and belted across gathered back. Women's sizes: 34 to 46. Back coat length, 32 in. Skirt, 39 to 42 in. Misses' sizes: 14 to 20. Back coat length, 32 in. Skirt, 38 in. Color, blue only. Order Women's sizes by No. 11E2001. Misses' by No. 11E2003. Give size and skirt length wanted. Price \$32.50. Postage 16c extra.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 98)



Nowadays whenever a director wants a new location, he catches the next ship to Spain, or France. George B. Seitz and Co. are going to the land of bull-fights and señoritas to make—no, not a serial, but a feature. The pigeon-toed pullet at the left is June Caprice, and the sweet bouquet at the right, Marguerite Courtot, both leading women. (Mrs. Seitz is going, too.)

"Moon Madness"—in which Edith is neither starred nor featured. It seems she didn't please somebody or other out there, so they took her name off the billing. And they do say her work is the best thing about this "special" production!

OLIVER MOROSCO is coming back into the game. He has formed a two million dollar company to film his stage successes. Among them are, "The Humming Bird," "The Bird of Paradise," and "The Master Thief." Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne will return to the screen in their original roles in the latter play.

AT press-time comes the account of Mildred Harris Chaplin's newly-filed bill for divorce. She alleges cruelty, and declares that although their marriage occurred on Oct. 23, 1918, the union was not known for four months, due to her husband's plea that the announcement would interfere with his professional career. Mrs. Chaplin asks that, pending the completion of the suit, her share of the community property be awarded to her and that Chaplin be restrained from disposing of pictures he is making, said to be worth \$750,000. The temporary restraining order was issued by the Superior Court.

LIEUT. OMER LOCKLEAR, noted "stunt" aviator familiar to movie-goers, was killed on August 3, climaxing a 10,000-foot plunge in his airplane while the movie cameras clicked below. Locklear's assistant, Lieut. Milton Elliott, was also killed. The thrill-making fatal plunge occurred in the glare of giant search-lights. Locklear's dar-

ing in "The Great Air Robbery" is remembered by many. During the war he was an aerial instructor at Kelly Field, where he was arrested for "deliberately risking his life and government property . . . by leaping from one aeroplane to another in mid-air."

WONDER if Nazimova will sign again with Metro? Her contract with that company is nearly completed. It is doubtful if Madame is as great a drawing-card today as she was a year ago—due mostly to vehicles which have in no way approached her sensational "Revelation." United Artists would be glad to have Alla join them, it is said; but she declined once before because she would rather be the Big One than one of the Big Four. Charles Bryant is still her leading man, business manager—and husband.

SIR JAMES BARRIE is coming to this country to assist in the production of his first original story for the screen. Arnold Bennett will come to Hollywood to learn to write scenarios. H. G. Wells is studying continuity now in order to adapt his own stories to the screen. Next, I suppose, we will hear that George Bernard Shaw is writing sub-titles for Jesse Lasky.

D. W. GRIFFITH has incorporated. He is the president of a new company with the largest capital of any concern in the industry but one—Selznick's. It is rated at fifty million. Stock is being offered to the dear public for a consideration. That's a lot of money to earn dividends on. It will require many "Birth of a Nations."

(Continued on page 102)

A New Art

is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.



Dorothea Nourse
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try to write that better photoplay?

The thing to do is *act now*—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the proper form for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from \$250 to \$3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these

inducements to *get the stories*, to *develop new writers into photoplaywrights*.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara

Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents *their* ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

by experts in all departments of the art. It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.



Paul Schofield
A novice a year ago. Now earning \$10,000 a year as a scenario writer.

A Free Book Worth Your Reading

IF you are seriously interested, send for free book which explains the course in detail. There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon and completely satisfy yourself.

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GIFTS THAT LAST

COLLEGE DAYS

COLLEGE days ahead! Mother and "the gov' nor," in the coming months, will be present only in dreams. Give the boys and girls farewell keepsakes of jewelry. They will conjure up for them visions of the old fireside and the loved ones at home. Their memory-magic is never failing. They are "Gifts That Last."

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 100)



Jack Mulhall and Conrad Nagel caught in the act of annoying the neighbors. This photograph was taken just before the relief party, headed by the Lasky studio manager, descended upon them. Their wives won't stand for harmony in the home, so they have to exercise their musical talents elsewhere.

ELLIOTT DEXTER has left DeMille and will star for Rockett Film Corporation, sponsored by the brothers Rockett. Mr. Dexter's first stellar vehicle will be "Truant Husbands." The new company should shoot straight up.

RALPH CONNOR'S stories of Canada will be filmed in their original locations. Gaston Glass, of "Humoresque" recognition, will play the leading role in the first production, "The Foreigner." Once an Edison troupe including Mabel Trunnelle went to Canada on location and they are still talking about it up there.

EDITH ROBERTS is no longer with Universal. Two new stars have been added to the Laemmle organization: pretty little Eva Novak, sister of Jane, and Gladys Walton, a Lyons-Moran discovery.

THE opening scenes of the new Cecil B. DeMille special were shot in a butcher shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Heavens, where will the last scenes be?

SOMEBODY asked Anita Stewart for her telephone number the other day. "Oh, goodness, I don't know," said the lovely star distressedly, "Go ask the telephone girl. I never call up myself yu' know."

MARY and Doug spent the fourth of July in Coblenz, Germany, where they were entertained by General Allen and the doughboys. Mary bought all the American flags she could find, to distribute to the

German girls of the town, and Doug did all his stunts. In England, the Fairbankses were entertained at the home of the Duke of Sutherland, who was their guest during His Grace's visit to America. Europe wants them to come again and stay longer. Doug wanted his illustrious wife to remain abroad for a longer vacation, but Mary wrote to a friend that she was crazy to get back to work! The first thing she did after her boat docked was to sign Frances Marion to write all future scenarios for her and also to direct. Miss Marion and Mary should form a fine team.

WHO is the so-called "French" actress being featured by one of the larger producing companies? Can it be that the general manager's recent visit to the French capital had anything to do with the "discovery" of the hitherto unappreciated beauty?

ROBERT GORDON has been the screen love of many ladies—but never before has he had three sweethearts in one picture. He has been signed for the lead in "Three Women Loved Him," the first release of the new Cayuga film company, which operates at Ithaca, New York, under the auspices of J. N. Naulty and Gardner Hunting, former Paramount executives.

THE champion "credit line" has been discovered on the program of a current theatrical attraction in New York. It is, "Sweater worn by Miss Blank made of Minerva Yarn!"

Plays and Players

(Continued)

staff. Reed has a play called "Dear Me" in which Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue are successfully appearing in the legitimate. By the way, after a lot of complications Miss LaRue has become Mrs. Hamilton. The former Mrs. Hamilton, Myrtle Tannehill, when instituting divorce proceedings, named Miss LaRue as correspondent.

BEING a Duke's daughter isn't all that it's cracked up to be, apparently. There's Lady Diana Cooper, before her marriage Lady Diana Manners. She is the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and one of the loveliest—and liveliest—ladies in English society. But Lady Di, as they call her, has always wanted a Career—capitalized. She would like to go on the stage or better still, into the films. When David Griffith was in London he nearly signed her to come over to America and appear in pictures for him. Lady Diana was willing. But the Duke—ah! And the Queen of England is said to have taken a hand and promised her royal displeasure if Lady Di were permitted to indulge her whim. Kings can't cut off heads any more, but they can be very distant when the occasion arises. So Lady Diana, once more, has had to stay at home and be a good girl.

HELEN JEROME EDDY has long deserved stardom. Now she is to have it. The versatile young actress is the latest acquisition of the Smith Syndicate, a Los Angeles concern which also has Zasu Pitts under contract. Miss Eddy isn't a beauty—but she can act all around most girls whose chief claims to fame are Follies figures and a well-furnished make-up box.

HERBERT STANDING, one of the grand old men of pictures, is proud of his son Guy, now Sir Guy Standing, K. B. During the war the young actor was in the Royal Naval Reserve as lieutenant commander and later as commander. He was recently knighted by King George in recognition of his services. All the Standings are English, you know.

WHEN you see Conway Tearle as the leading man of R. A. Walsh's new Mayflower picture, don't be alarmed. Tearle is a star, all right—but Lewis J. Selznick, speaking for National Pictures, loaned him to Walsh for one picture.

MAURICE TOURNEUR has directed Hope Hampton in one picture. Miss Hampton's celluloid debut, "A Modern Salome," was not exactly an artistic triumph. We wonder what the Tourneur-directed "Tiger Lady" will be like. Jules Brulatour is interested in the Hampton company and he is also Tourneur's backer. So for one prospective "Tiger Lady" we already have a "Treasure Island" and a "Victory." Jack Gilbert, young actor whom Tourneur took under his wing and made assistant director, will guide Miss Hampton's screen destinies in the future.

YOUNG JACK PICKFORD has terminated his Goldwyn contract by a mutually satisfactory arrangement. He will have his own company, beginning work upon the completion of his present production. Wonder if Jack and the beautiful partner of his long-distance marriage—Olive Thomas—will ever play together?

YOU might have called this past season scandal summer—if you liked alliteration. There was a divorce suit involving two of our best-known young leading women—one a blonde serial performer, the



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Plays and Players

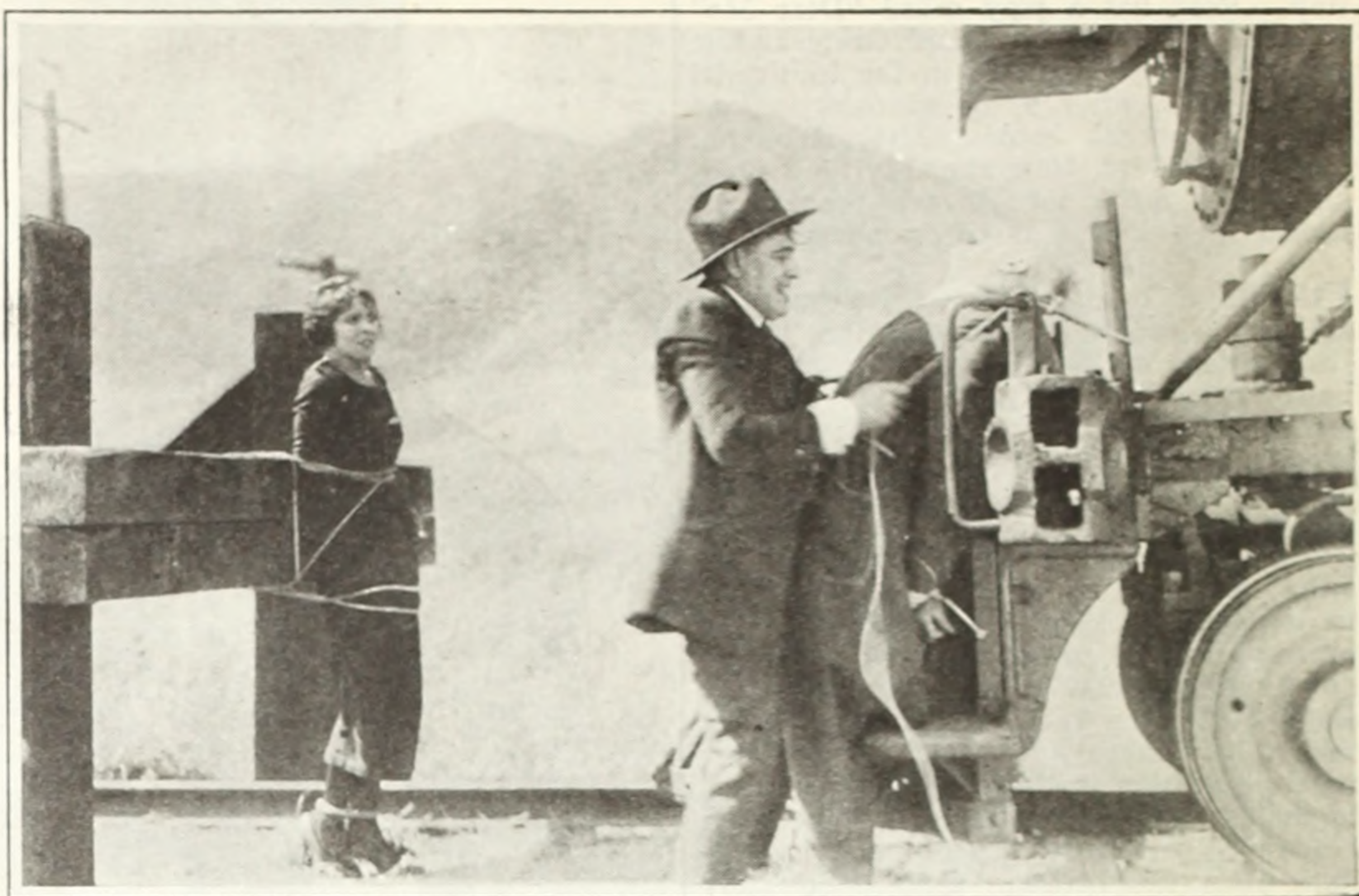
(Continued)

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The helpless gentleman at the right is perhaps the most persecuted father in pictures. You see him in serials, and he is almost always killed off in the sixth episode. Don't pity him; he doesn't have to do it for a living. He's W. S. Smith, western manager of Vitagraph, who performs as short-lived parents just for recreation.

other a titian-haired heroine of screen sex dramas. Both have denied that they had anything to do with a dancing actress' divorce from her dancing partner-husband. A star new to films was sued by her producer-husband for divorce; a prominent film director was named in the action. A matinee idol of yesteryear who is still doing his best to earn a living by his carefully marcelled hair and eloquent eyebrows, has joined New York's famous Alimony Club because he isn't contributing to the support of a former wife and two children. Outside of these little things, not a thing has happened.

JEANNIE MACPHERSON has signed a new contract whereby she will have to write only two stories a year. Miss MacPherson is Cecil DeMille's assistant in the production of his boudoir dramas. It pays to write snappy stories of sex—Jeannie has a Hollywood home, a car—and has even taken up airplaning.

HOOT GIBSON, a young man who rides bucking bronchos for Universal in a manner which nets him many fan letters a day, has agreed to appear hereafter in full-length features.

ANNA QUERENTIA NILSSON is going to Sweden, her native land. While she is there she will probably make two pictures. The lovely Anna has not been home to see her folks since she has achieved film fame, and she will have a real ovation in the Land of the Midnight Sun. By the way, the film people over there work only in summer. But it's not so soft as it sounds—their working day begins at four in the morning, and sometimes they rehearse one scene sixty times!

DOROTHY GISH won't have to wear her heavy black wig for at least a month. No, she isn't going to be a blonde again—but she and Mrs. Gish have gone to Europe for a vacation. Dorothy has three more pictures to deliver on her Paramount contract. She hasn't announced her plans after that.

HOUSE PETERS is a new star. J. Parker Reid, Jr., who is Louise Glaum's manager, and who also presents Hobart Bosworth, is said to have signed the elusive Mr. Peters, for a series of pictures. This actor's stellar contracts have never seemed to take.

BETTY COMPSON'S pictures will all be released by Goldwyn. The girl who played "Rose" in "The Miracle Man" has traveled a smooth glory-road since that record-breaking hit. George Loane Tucker is said to be interested in the new Compson productions. It will be remembered that Tucker was once with Goldwyn as director-general—he personally directed "Polly of the Circus," Mae Marsh's first and best Goldwyn picture.

KITTY GORDON embellishes her vaudeville act with a story reciting that as she was leaving a movie theatre on Broadway, where she had enjoyed the program, an elderly lady, leading a small girl by the hand accosted her hesitantly. "You don't mind if I speak to you, do you?" asked the old lady. "You see, we are so fond of you—and your name has been a household word with us, as you might say, ever since we saw you in pictures." Miss Gordon smiled her delight. "And would you let us have one of your photographs?" "Delighted," said the tall and stately Kitty. Then the old lady turned to her little grandchild and said: "Come, Gertie, come and kiss Madame Petrova."

AND about Petrova. . . . Returning from her triumphant vaudeville tour to New York the other day, she motored in her stunning car to the Talmadge studios which are in a somewhat crowded section of the city. Madame Petrova paid a social call upon the beautiful Norma, who was finishing a new picture, and then started for her car. About one hundred neighborhood kids were climbing all over the big motor and the chauffeur dared not start away with his employer, who vainly begged the children to scamper out of harm's way. The kids refused. With a gesture of despair,

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

Petrova emptied her purse of coins of all denominations into the street and during the young riot that followed managed to make her escape.

GREENWICH Village parties are the latest fad in eastern filmdom. Every week a party of noted stars goes out for a wild, wild(?) time in the haunts of Bohemia. Greenwich Villagers are still talking about the time Mary Pickford took a party of girls down there for a hen party. There were Norma Talmadge and Constance, Anita Loos, Frances Marion, and Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Mary was recognized and almost mobbed by the children; while young girls crowded around asking for autographs. Another time the Talmadge and Gish sisters went to the Village very much incog.; they didn't care to have anyone see them. In a tiny tea-shop a woman came up to Constance and said, "You know, I hope you'll pardon me—but I can't help telling you you look exactly like Constance Talmadge!"

EVIDENTLY the English producers are not going to sit back while American producers invade their locations. Already they are planning systems whereby their productions may be released in this country. Stoll Film Company, Ltd., of London, one of the largest producing concerns on the other side, is arranging for the distribution of its output in America. Hepworth and Alliance Films are not asleep either. Few English productions have been shown over here—First National released one, "Choosing a Wife," which was not a marked success, although some audiences liked it.

LARRY SEMON will leave Vitagraph as soon as he completes two new comedies. It is said Vita will concentrate on "specials" in the future. They have let out most of their scenario staff, oldest of its kind in the business, established for eighteen years. To get back to Semon: he will probably form his own producing organization. His leading woman, Lucille Zintheo-Carlisle, will leave him soon, being destined, as are all comedy queens, for "drahma."

WHERE is Mary Fuller? Nobody knows—but a lot of people seem to care. The Answer Man's mail contains at least a dozen letters a month asking what has happened to Mary, but even the Answer Man is up against it. Mary Fuller has disappeared. Her actor-friends from Edison days have tried to find traces of her, without success. A lawyer who formerly handled her affairs has failed to locate her. No doubt she prefers to remain in seclusion—but why? An intelligent woman, a splendid actress, still young—why should she wish to hide from the world? It is a question no one seems able to answer.

"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?" has just played a successful one-run engagement before a distinguished audience which held a poignant interest in the theme of the DeMille film in which Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Tom Meighan shared honors. The audience comprised the inmates of Sing Sing prison with the front row seats occupied by fifty bigamists. The bigamists were the butts of many a merry quip by the burglars, highwaymen, forgers, swindlers and firebugs while the picture was on the screen.

THERE is "air stuff" in Dorothy Gish's new picture "Up in the Air with Jane" which will be released in the late autumn

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



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Honesty may be the best policy, but Noah Beery says it sometimes pays to be the other way. Noah has been playing crooks, thugs, gamblers, liars, and murderers for years now, and he has managed to scrape enough together to install himself and his wife and little boy in a new home in the California hills.

and her leading man James Rennie doesn't find a bit of use for a "double" in the stunt stuff. He was a Captain in the Royal Flying Corps, a bunkie of the late Captain Vernon Castle, and saw two years service in the great war, a year overseas and a year as instructor on this side of the water.

THE Democratic Convention at San Francisco drew quite a large play from the film colony at Hollywood. Anita Stewart drove up and had as her guest Mrs. Maud Murray Miller, national committee woman from Ohio. Many well-known stars glimmered about the lobbies of the Palace and the St. Francis or procured tickets to the big Auditorium. Tony Moreno went up, too. But he didn't see the convention in session. When he got back somebody asked him about it.

"Go out to the Auditorium to see the balloting?" inquired the friend.

"N-no, I deen't," said Tony with a sad shake of his head.

"Too bad. Couldn't you get a ticket?"

"Si, si, I have a ticket, but you know by gosh they so darn many cute lookin' little girls around San Francisco, I never get time to go out dere!"

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN has been sued in a Los Angeles court for \$375 for a beautiful miniature of herself done on ivory by A. A. Meripol, well known miniature painter. Charlie Chaplin is joined in the suit with his wife by the artist, who claims that he worked for a month on the painting and that Mrs. Chaplin sat to him more than a dozen times. Possibly some of Mrs. Chaplin's admirers would be interested in such a prize, since—

as rumor has it—it will probably never reach the destination for which it was originally intended.

HERE is a terrible blow for some of those ardent fans who delight in raving about Harold Lloyd's "clean, high class comedy."

The man is an absolute rum hound.

Didn't you know that?

But it isn't as bad as it sounds.

He plays it with 52 cards—no, by jove, I believe it's two decks—and it hasn't anything to do with raisins, or yeast, or 5 gallon crocks.

He's quite a shark and his favorite indoor sport is organizing rumm parties for his friends.

ERIC VON STROHEIM'S passion for realism has resulted in a most unique tangle between the Universal director and the Federal authorities in Los Angeles, which haled von Stroheim before a United States court with several of his employees on July 14th, and has not yet been completed. In order to give a dash of reality to some Monte Carlo scenes in his new play, "Foolish Wives," von Stroheim had engraved and manufactured "certain prints in the likeness and similitude of a plate designed for the printing of genuine issues of the obligations of the government of France, and certain engravings, photographs, prints and impressions in the likeness of certain genuine 20 and 1000 francs notes of the government of France."

(So stated the complaint.) Section 161 of the Federal statutes provides that it is illegal to make any similitude of money of the U. S. or any foreign power. It is not

Plays and Players

(Continued)

necessary to show that the making of the counterfeit is intended to defraud. So while nobody intimates in the slightest degree that von Stroheim or anybody else wanted to spend any of this money, the law knows only two kinds of money, "good and bad," and Universal is apt to owe Uncle Sam a bit of honest-to-goodness minted stuff before the director gets out of trouble. Those accused with von Stroheim were Glen De Voe, Froelich, C. J. Rodgers, of Universal, and Clarence Riley of a Los Angeles engraving firm.

THE formation now in progress in Los Angeles of the "Screen Writer's Guild," an organization to be a branch of the Author's League of America and to be composed of men and women actually writing for the screen successfully as a business, is one of the most interesting developments of the writing angle of the picture game that has yet unfolded.

Members of a committee of thirty, appointed at a recent dinner at the Los Angeles Athletic Club where 200 screen writers, photoplay dramatists, original story writers, scenarioists, etc., were gathered, are now formulating plans for the actual working basis of the Guild.

Frank Woods, in a speech at the dinner which started the movement outlined clearly the purposes and benefits of such a Guild, the protection to manuscripts which its affiliation with the Author's League would insure and the increased co-operation between authors and producers.

FASHIONABLE girls' schools and high schools around Los Angeles and Hollywood are in the grip of a wave of "picture collecting." 'Member when they used to collect stamps, and pressed flowers, and autographs and souvenir spoons, and post cards, etc? Well, now it's pictures of stars, favorite actresses and actors. They swap 'em, too. If one girl has two or three Mary Pickfords she might trade one off for a Colleen Moore, or negotiate for a Tommie Meighan in return for a coupla Wallie Reids and a Clara Kimball Young. One girl has two hundred and seventy-one, I believe, and one young woman has 79 of Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford holds her own absolutely as universal favorite. Everybody likes Mary best, it seems, but then everyone has her own special second choice. Oh well, it's an innocent pastime.

THE passport fee to Tia Juana has been raised from \$2 to \$10. "Gee," remarks Jerry Storm, who has been having a brief vacation since he severed his connections with Mr. Charles Ray, "the way they pick on us poor movies is something awful."

FANNIE HURST, having returned from the Democratic convention, is out at Universal writing stories for Priscilla Dean. Don't know whether the terrible shortage of houses in Hollywood is going to have any effect upon her domestic menage or not.

THIS might be entitled "All on Account of a Dog," or "How Fatty Arbuckle Went Wrong." He told it himself. Several years ago he was touring—and it was some tour—with Ferris Hartman in a musical comedy called "The Campus." He was playing a part usually referred to as "O my elbow." In it he sang, danced, did card tricks and doubled for everybody that wasn't feeling well. But chiefly he sang. They were playing Manila, P. I. It was a hot night. A very hot night. A very hot night in Manila. Fatty wasn't in the sec-



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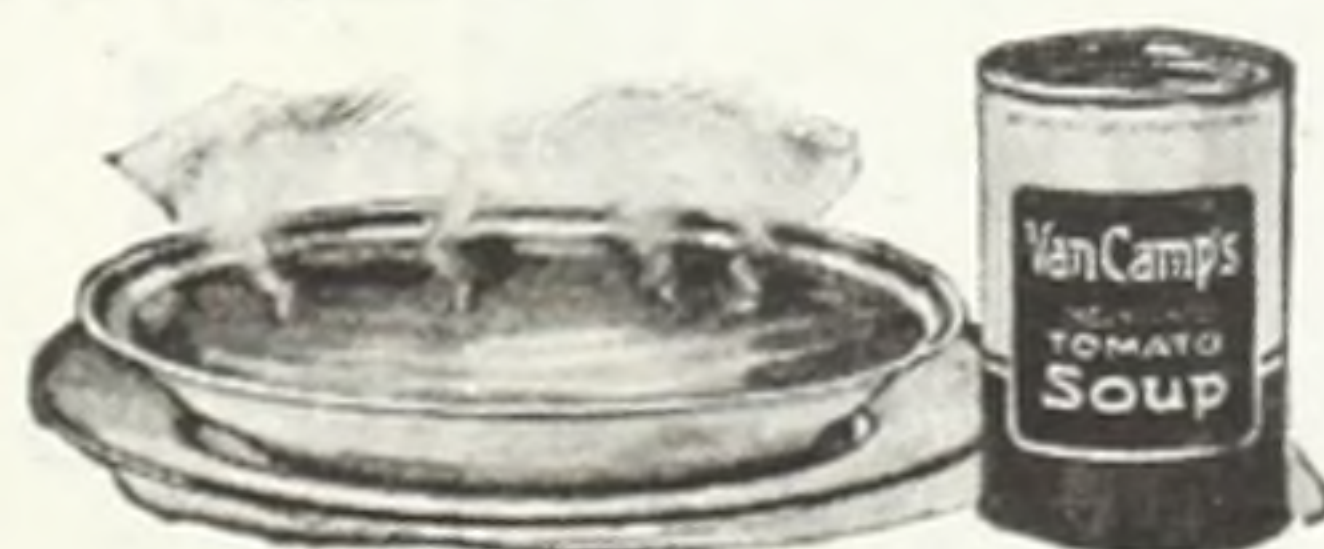
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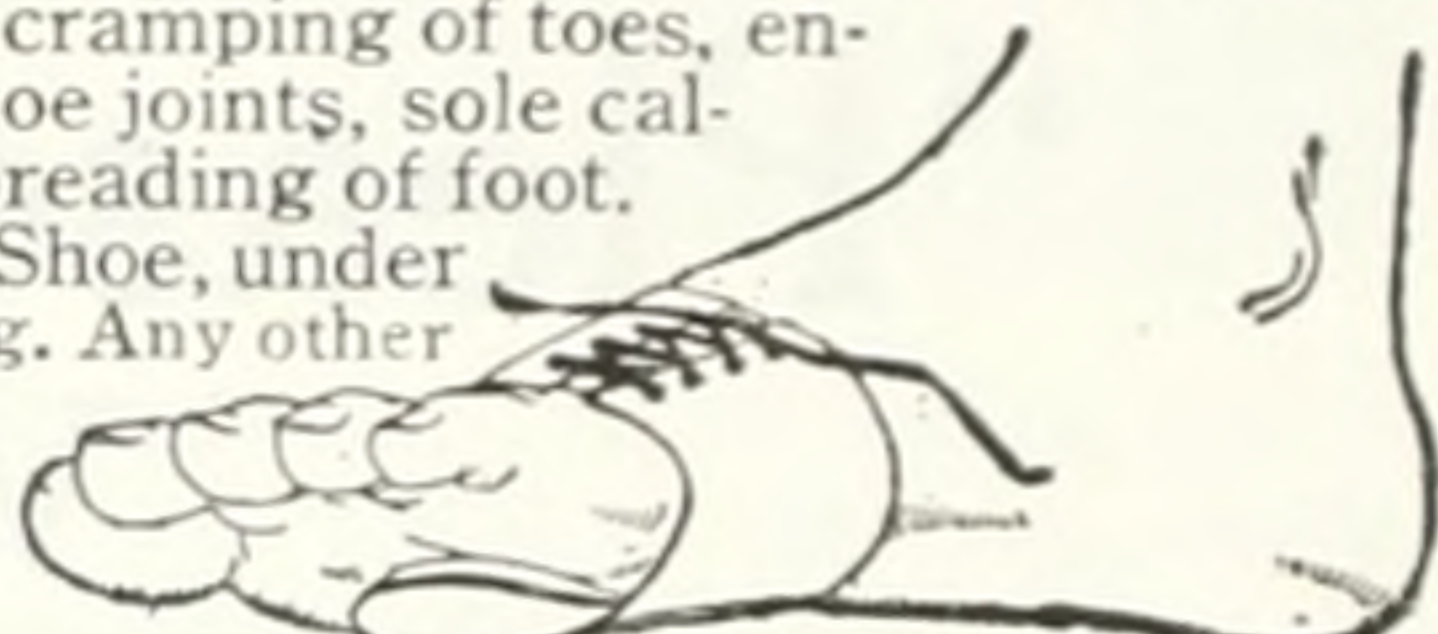
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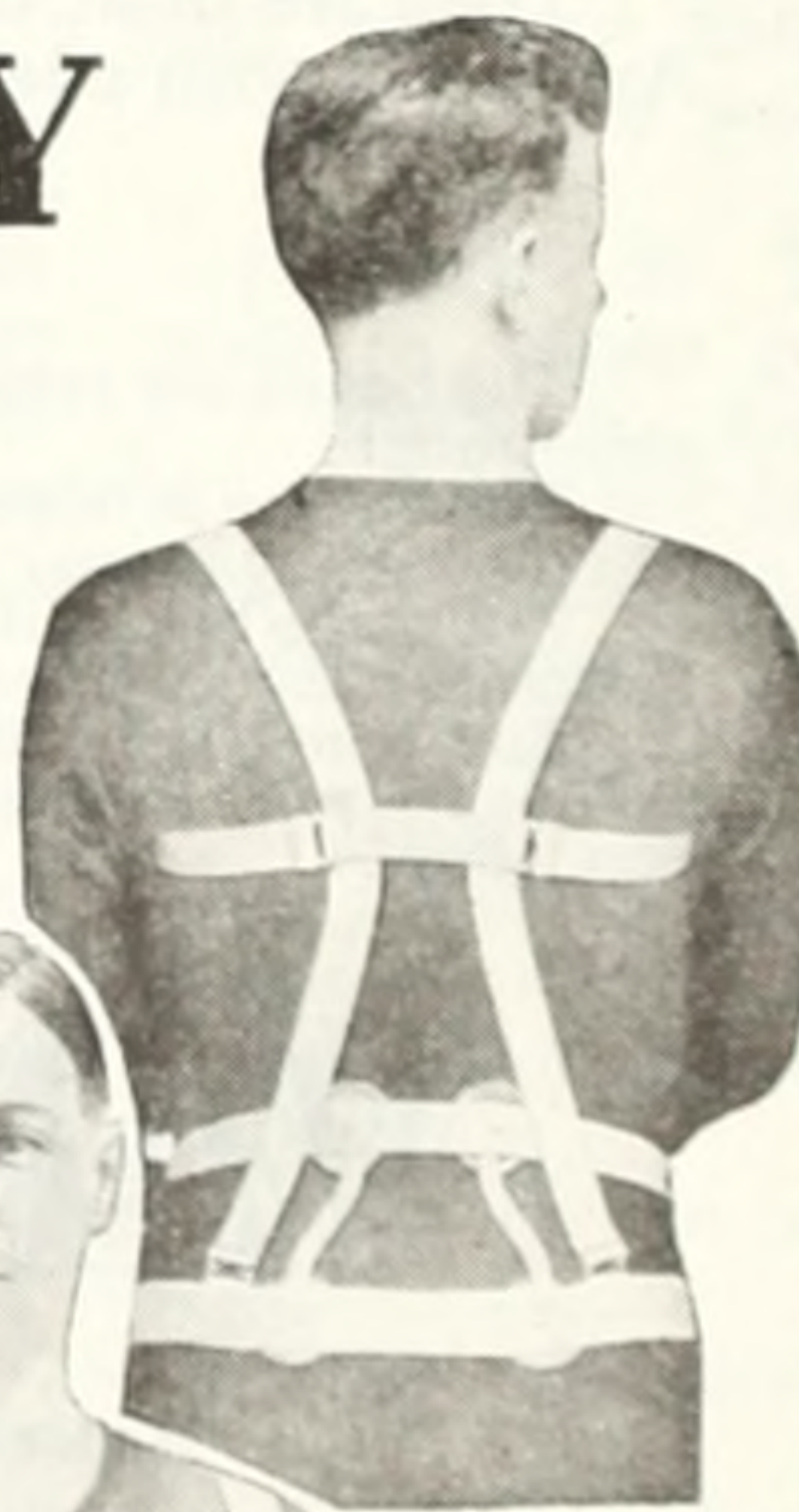
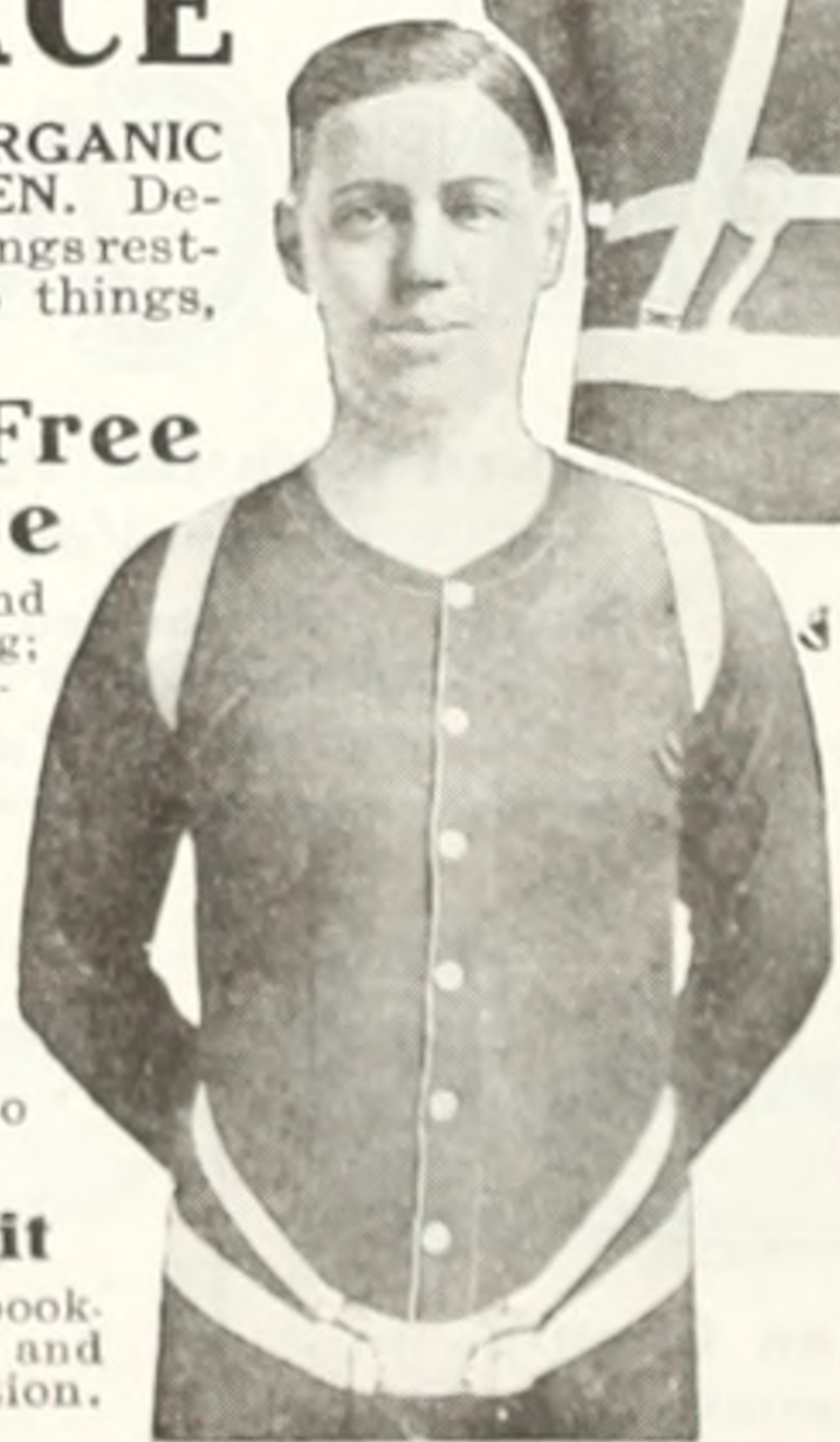
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Plays and Players

(Continued)

ond act, so he went out in a large vacant lot behind the opera house, removed all the clothing art would permit, and lay down on the ground to cool off. Somewhere, a dog howled. It was a complete artistic rendition of Fatty's feeling at that particular moment. So Fatty answered. He howled back. The dog howled. And Fatty howled. The dog howled some more. Then Fatty howled, too. As the ground eased the heat and the dog eased his mental turmoil and profanity of disposition, Fatty howled right well and happily. When he went in for the third act, he'd lost his voice completely. Couldn't sing a note. Never got it back. So, what could the poor boy do but go into the movies? (I don't know whether they found the dog to play the last act for him or not.)

DORIS MAY and Wallie MacDonald are still spending most of their time denying the oft printed announcement of their marriage. Press-clipping bureaus still send it in with startling regularity. And the funny thing is that it doesn't seem to make the slightest impression on anyone—the denial, I mean. Everyone congratulates them on sight. When they lunched together at the Garden Court Tea Room in Hollywood the other day, there would have been rice in the air if there had been any on the menu, I'm sure. Well, Doris shouldn't have worn a drooping pink hat covered with white roses. She sure'y looked bridal.

JULIAN ELTINGE arrived in Los Angeles after many months in the Orient and went to visit his mother and father in his beautiful home at Edendale. "I may be a prodigal all right," said Julian gayly, "but you don't see any fatted calves about me."

DON'T know whether Jeannie MacPherson is making the breeches an excuse for aviation or aviation an excuse for the breeches. Anyway, seeing that she flies every afternoon as soon as the studio can spare her, the scenario writer is wearing the most adorable outfit of flannel shirt, smart riding breeches and shining boots these days at the studio. It's terribly becoming and so convenient to work in—gives the mind a freer tone, I daresay.

LARRY SEMON, Vitagraph's comedy king, frequently uses a herculean colored gentleman in his comedies. He answers to the name of "Zack."

"Zack" formerly worked in the Fox Sunshine comedies, but there were too many lions as co-workers in these comedies to please him, and Zack resigned.

Playing upon his well known aversion to these beasts, several wags in Semon's company made frequent and audible queries as to when Zack was "going in with the lions," for the big thrill scene in a forthcoming comedy.

Larry played in with the jokesters, and called Zack up to him:

"Let's see, now, Zack," he said. "You do animal stuff, don't you?"

Zack hesitated a moment and then made answer, slowly and impressively:

"Yes, chief, Ah do animal stuff all right, and the animals is goldfish, canaries and white mice, and the white mice is the only quadrupeds Ah do!"

OVERHEARD at Betty's on a hot summer afternoon (Betty's being a famous and unique little eating Inn in Hollywood).

Grace Kingsley, of the Los Angeles Times—"My dear, I hear you're engaged."

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

Motion Picture Ingenue—"Yes, dear, I am."

Grace Kingsley—"Well, that's a nice little story."

Ingenue—"Yes, isn't it, but please, Gracie, don't publish it now, because I haven't got my divorce, yet."

DON'T look for the name of Mrs. Morgan Belmont in the cast of "Way Down East," for you won't see it. The society leader has taken the name of "Diana Duncannon" for film purposes. According to everyone at the Griffith studio, Mrs. Belmont was the most popular person out there. She was democratic as the humblest extra girl. On one occasion, an injured dog enlisted her services. A handsome Coach dog fell off the sea wall on the studio grounds and dislocated a joint in one of his legs. Mrs. Belmont knew all about dogs and while other people were wondering what to do, she showed the nearest men just how to push the bone back into place.

RUMOR along Hollywood Boulevard and at the Studio Club appears much concerned with the frequent—increasingly frequent trips of Lew Cody to New York. It is even being predicted and prognosticated that Lew has seen his former Friend Wife, Dorothy Dalton, in "Aphrodite" more times than art could justify. In fact, nobody in Hollywood would be surprised to see an announcement of an intrepid fourth or fifth reunion in that case. But then, nobody in Hollywood is surprised at anything.

CAN an artist's temperament bar a general manager from the set? Is nine A. M. too early for a pretty girl star to face the cruel camera? And has a star a right to take two or three days off at the company's expense if her tooth aches and she is in no mood to laugh and look sweet while the nerves are splitting her head with aches and pains? To these questions Mary Miles Minter says "Yes." And Mary won her nine days' trial in Federal Judge Trippet's court in Los Angeles against the American Film Company to recover parts of her pay which the film company had deducted from her \$2250 a week salary. The jury gave her \$4,000, practically all she asked for, and Mary shook each juror's hand and gave each a smile.

The contention of the defense was that Miss Minter's painful toothaches did not develop until she was at dinner with Adolph Zukor, who at that time told her she might be employed by the Realart corporation if she wished. Subsequently, the defense stated, she was employed by them at a considerably greater salary than \$2250 a week. On one occasion she is accused of laughing into the camera at the American studio and spoiling the scene. For a short time the courtroom was turned into a picture house, and the picture with the alleged laugh of Mary was displayed. Mary denied that she laughed purposely—and the jury, after watching the film, agreed with her.

A question was raised as to Mary's real age, and an affidavit introduced made by Pearl Miles Reilly, Mary's mother, in 1912 in which she then swore that Mary was born April 1, 1892, so that Mary could appear in some picture in New York without violating the child labor laws. But Judge Trippet held to the last affidavit of Mrs. Reilly, that Mary was born April 1, 1902, as the correct affidavit of Mary's date of birth.



Why Teeth Stain

You leave a film-coat on them

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Most teeth are dimmed more or less by a film. Smokers' teeth often become darkly coated.

That film makes teeth look dingy, and most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Millions now combat that film in a new, scientific way. This is to offer a test to you, to show the unique results.

You must end film

The film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Ordinary brushing methods leave much of this film intact. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. You must attack film in a better way, else you will suffer from it.

Watch these new effects

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to dissolve the starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Two factors directly attack the film. One keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent has brought a new era in

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.

Efficient ways

Dental science, after painstaking research, has developed effective ways to fight film. The world's highest authorities now approve them, after careful tests.

These ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use. A ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

teeth cleaning. It fights the tooth destroyers as was never done before.

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

You will always brush teeth in this new way when you watch the results for a week. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

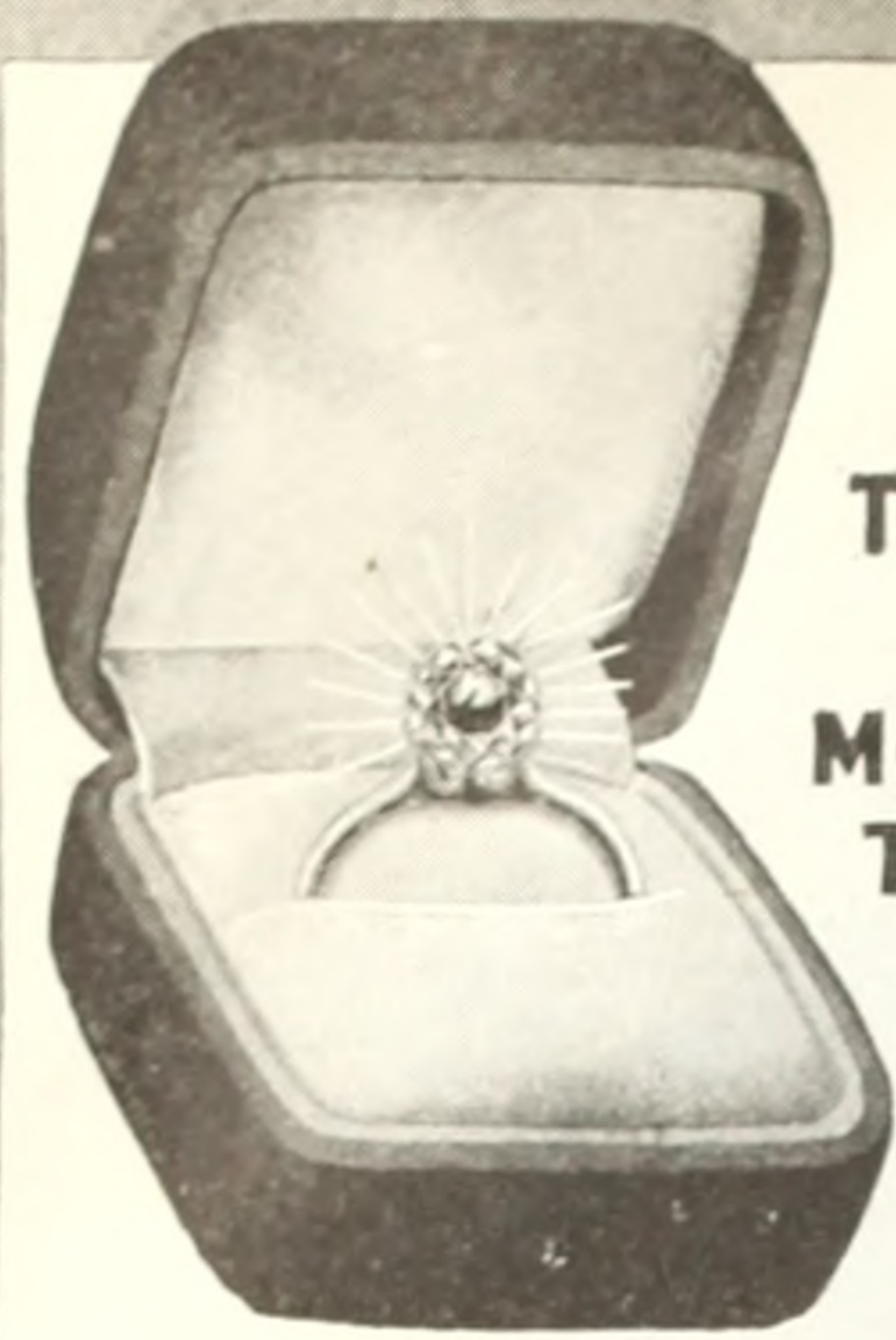
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Something unusual, just
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for. It imparts to the complexion a soft and velvety texture and nourishes the tissues without injuring the skin. Try Roseen Beautifier once and you will be delighted. Price 60c.

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"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs."
By Return Mail FREE. Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. E, Washington, D.C.



David Warfield may be telling Tommie Meighan some secrets of Theodore Roberts' past, at any rate he is enjoying himself with his old, and new, friends.

It Happened in Hollywood

Even a broken leg has its
compensations in California,
says David Warfield.

DON'T break your leg! But if you do, do it in Los Angeles.

David Warfield is that originator of the Irishism. The great actor has just spent many weeks in a Los Angeles hospital, recovering from injuries sustained when an automobile struck him while he was on his way to the theater to fill his Los Angeles engagement. At the mere suggestion that this might have happened any place else, he throws up his hands in horror.

And it isn't because of the sunshine—and the roses—and the palm trees either.

It's Movies.

For you see, in Hollywood, now Los Angeles' most famous suburb, Mr. Warfield found the renowned Movie Colony. And in the Movie Colony he found dear friends of by-gone days and by-gone plays, whose lives had drifted into other channels. He had time for real "visits" with them while his useless leg held him prisoner.

He found, too, the great artists of the screen. He was able, during the period of recuperation that came after his release from the hospital, to see and hear, as a most favored and appreciated guest, all the inner workings of the great picture industry.

He was showered with flowers and gifts until, as he quaintly put it, "I looked like I was keeping a flower shop." The cards that awed nurses removed from these fragrant offerings of love and admiration, might have served as a "Who's Who in the Movies."

Just suppose it had happened somewhere else!

Would he have found "that fine boy," Tommie Meighan, three years a member of his company, always a tenant of his heart and memory, running in every single day with an arm load of roses from his own garden—waiting like an anxious young equerry for orders to execute?

Would we have been regaled daily with a new story, specially invented or discovered, and told in the soft, slurring voice of Tony Moreno, "another nice boy, that Tony"?

Would he have received a royal visit from the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and received, so it is rumored, one of the very rare "bride's kisses" from the lovely Mary?

Could he have spent lazy, reminiscent hours with William H. Crane, with Dusty and Bill Farnum, with Theodore Roberts with Madame Nazimova?

Or have received a morning call from Polly Frederick, clad in smart riding breeches for a ride on her pet mustang and a veritable cure for every ill in her radiance and good cheer?

The night before the accident, Warfield stood on the porch of Tommie Meighan's home, looking down over the fairyland of Hollywood, and said to Mrs. Meighan: "I almost wish something would happen so that I wouldn't have to leave here."

Evidently some little god heard him and laughed.

He told me all this a few days after he left the hospital, when I saw him at the Metro studio. Tommie Meighan, who unfortunately had to work for a living instead of acting constantly as bodyguard and companion to his idol, had left him there for a visit with Joe Engel, Metro's chief executive.

He looked splendid, and as though he had actually been enjoying himself. Save for a slight stiffness in his leg, which necessitated the use of a heavy stick, the results of his misfortune have completely disappeared.

"I have enjoyed myself," he said, with that terribly human smile of his that has helped bind America's heart to him for so many years, "I really have, because it happened just here where I had so many friends and

It Happened in Hollywood

(Concluded)

so many people of my own kind and profession. And you know I believe absolutely in happy thoughts, good thoughts, as a curative agent. The man who is happy and cheerful recovers twice as quickly.

"I have enjoyed visiting the studios. You know there are studios in the East, of course, but if you want to visit them, you have to say good-by to your wife and pack your grip and be gone a long, long time. Here I have seen and appreciated for the first time the tremendous amount of work and concentrated ability that go to make up pictures.

"How it has developed! I believe, too, that it is developing us as a people, making theater-goers out of us, raising rather than lowering the standard of the theater, as competition always raises a standard.

"It gives so much that the stage can never give. It shows the people the beauties of the world. Why, just think how we rave if a man shows a little real water on the stage, a tiny effect of reality and beauty. While on the screen you can see everything—literally everything.

"The world loves beauty. I am not surprised at the enormous success of young and pretty girls on the screen. We all like to look at beautiful pictures.

"As for me—I—I still don't think I shall make a picture. It is not for me. The things I have I am afraid cannot all be put on the screen. The voice, it cannot reproduce. I am afraid to separate myself—'The Music Master' for instance—from my voice. If I could preserve for the future some things the public has been kind enough to love, I would do it. But they were not created for the screen and I fear they would not be reproductions, but skeletons."

Mr. Warfield left Los Angeles for New York, accompanied by Tommie Meighan, when the screen star finished his last picture "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." If David Warfield is glad his trouble came upon him here—if come it must—certainly everybody in Los Angeles, and particularly everybody in Moviedom, has appreciated and enjoyed (and perhaps profited by), the example of his good cheer, his simple, whole-hearted interest, and the gentle warmth of his unassuming greatness.

A Good Prescription

"ONE large dose of motion pictures taken at least three times a week, mixed if possible with light comedy, good music and dancing."

This is not the fantastic idea of a motion picture exhibitor, says the New York Times, but the actual advice of a noted brain specialist.

This specialist, Dr. Carleton Simon, an alienist and a prominent member of the American Psychological Society, is incidentally a recent convert.

He expresses himself as satisfied, that as a mental stimulant and sedative the "movie" had its place in pathology.

"The motion picture," he says, "is the most ready and potent enemy to excessive introspection available. It cannot be overdone. There is no such thing as a 'movie' habit. There is no 'habit' involved in frequently visiting the motion picture shows, except that which makes the individual thirst for more knowledge of human nature. It is an axiom that one-half the world doesn't know the other half.

"It seems a peculiar psychological fact that the books we enjoy most echo the thoughts we think. The motion pictures of today succeed best as they touch a corresponding chord in our own natures."



Gloria Swanson

Star in Paramount Artcraft Pictures, one of the beautiful Stars of the Screen who uses and highly recommends Maybell Beauty Aids.

Photoplay Stars Know the Value of

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It darkens and beautifies their Eyelashes and Eyebrows instantly

thus bringing out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes, which are truly "The Windows of the Soul."

"MAYBELLINE" will make your eyelashes appear naturally long, thick and luxuriant and your eyebrows well formed.

If you have not yet used "MAYBELLINE" you do not know what real beauty is in your eyes. You will be delightfully surprised at the wonderful improvement.

"MAYBELLINE" comes in a dainty purple box which contains mirror and brush for applying. Easily applied in one minute. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Black and Brown. One box will last several months.

"MAYBELLINE" is now used regularly by beautiful women everywhere. Once you use it you will never be without it.

Purchase a box today from your dealer, or we will send it direct, in plain package, on receipt of price, 75c.

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"The MAYBELL GIRL"

LIFE —

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Instant
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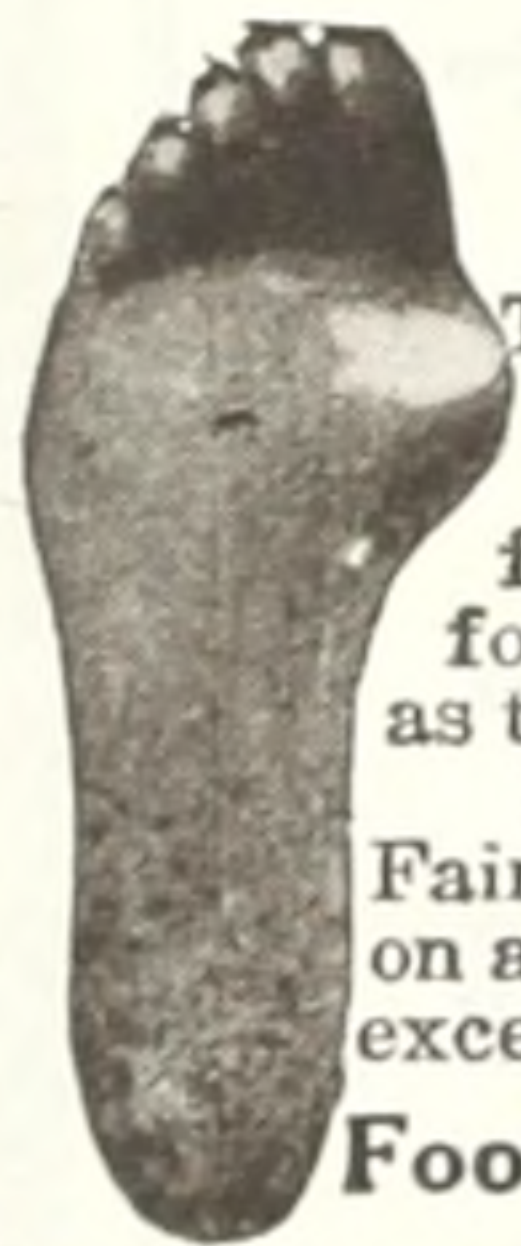
PROVE IT FREE

We want you to try Fairyfoot at our expense and without the slightest obligation on you to spend a penny—now or later.

We want you to experience the wonderfully quick, soothing relief which a single application of Fairyfoot brings, no matter how painful and swollen your bunion may be.

You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, pads, shields, appliances, etc., that you've ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely proved to more than 72,500 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairyfoot does everything we claim for it. And surely you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn't cost you a single penny to do so.

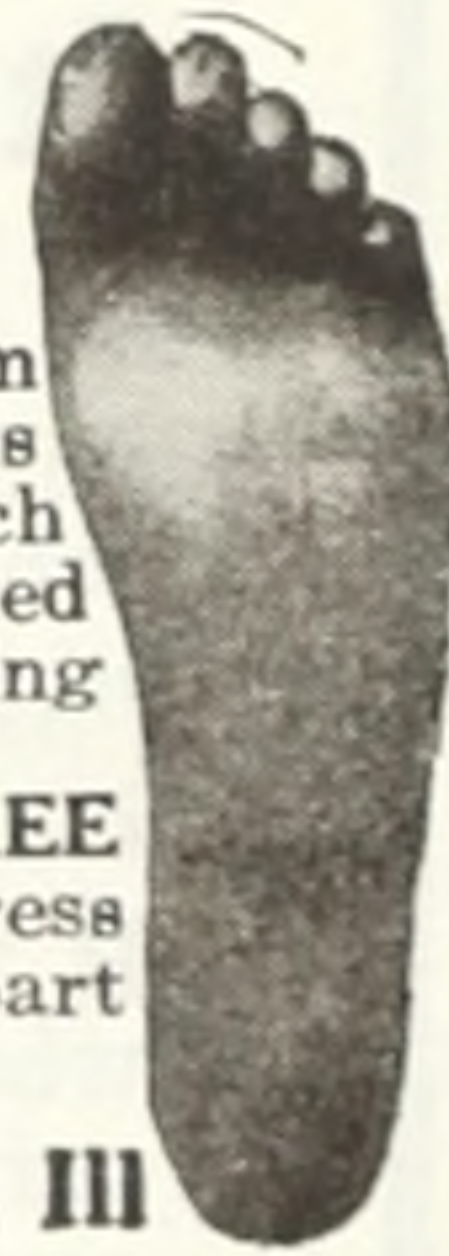
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This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly but from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It softens and literally melts away the accumulated layers of cartilage which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—and all the while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Don't suffer bunion pain another day. Send at once for the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promise or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

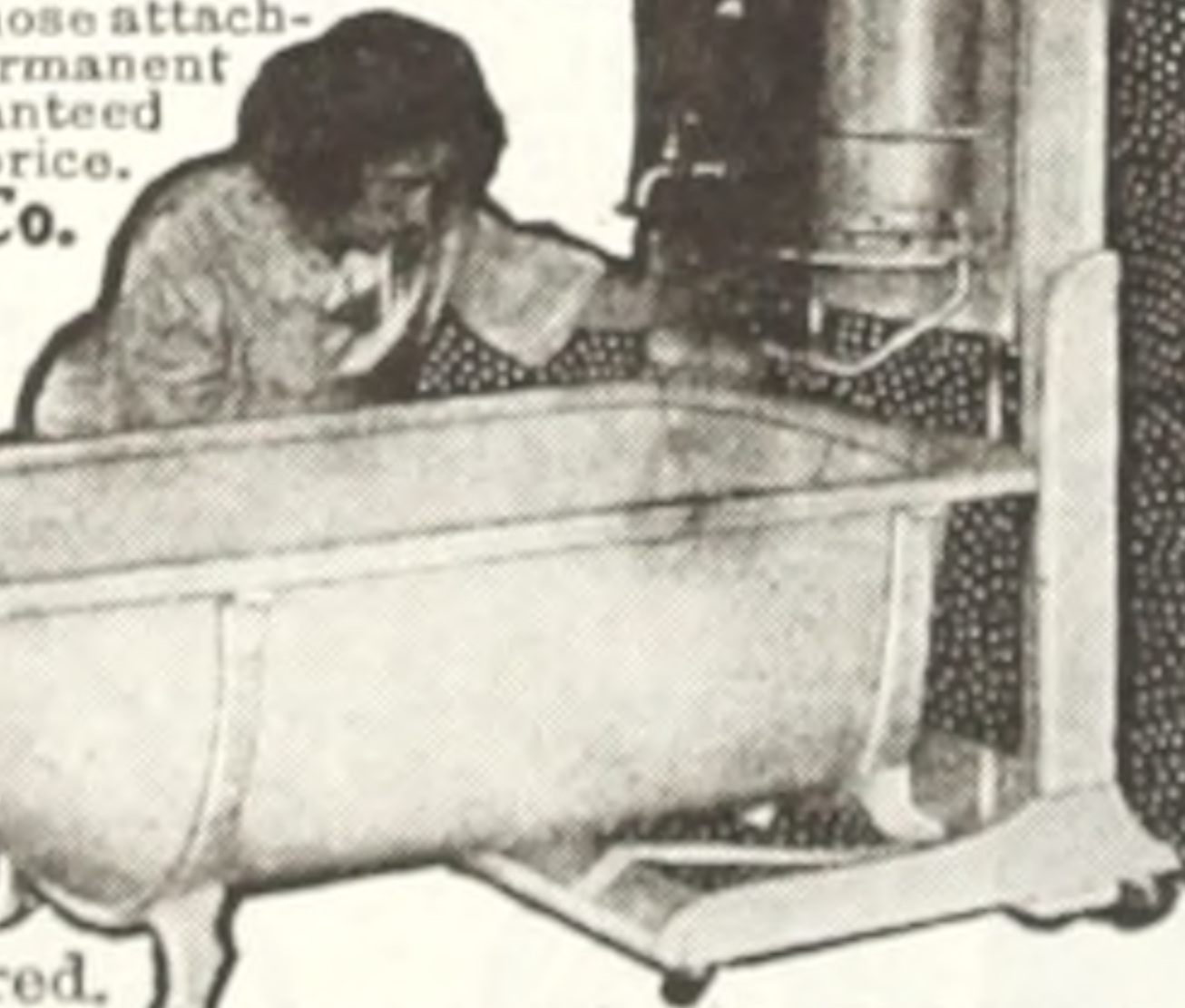
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Full size white enamel tub, nicked 12-gal. tank. Closes up in space 3 ft. square. On castors—roll it anywhere. Heater attachment for kerosene, gasolene or gas. Water heats quickly, waste drains through hose attached to temporary or permanent outlet. Simple. Guaranteed. Write for catalog and price.

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Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send \$2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

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The
Prophylactic
Tooth Brush

Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.



HE was thirty and had come home to the little ol' home town to settle down.

He had been gone a dozen years and he had tasted life. He had sailed before the mast on a lime-juicer that rounded the Horn; he had punched long-horns in the Argentine and had been stranded in Port Said; he had sauntered down Picadilly in right regimentals, and he had slaved in the bowels of a P. & O. liner from Shanghai to 'Frisco; he had won handfuls of gold counters in the Casino in Monte Carlo, and he had washed dishes in a cheap eating house on the Bowery; he had been the accepted suitor of the richest heiress in Melbourne, and he had shared breadfruit and baked bananas with a young lady of copper complexion in Tahiti; he had played piquet in Nassau, and he had won the willing heart of a great actress in Palm Beach; aye, he had done all these things and had come unscathed but for his memories. . . .

He remembered the girl with the hazel eyes and the hair like flame, and he loved her as truly now as he had in the dead-and-gone day when he had kissed her good-bye whilst he fared forth to find fortune.

And she had waited and remembered, too.

THEY both sat silently through the picture that was thrown upon the screen at the new theater that evening.

And when they parted at her gate that night, she held him away when he would have kissed her and she looked into his eyes thoughtfully.

"No, dear," she said slowly, "I can never marry you."

"But, Cleo, you said—" he protested.

"I know, dear," she replied, her face turned away from him. "But the man I marry must be brave and fearless. He must dare to do great things for me. He must be like Douglas Fairbanks or Tom Mix or Eddie Polo or those wonderful men who really do things—brave-hearted heroes who—"

But he was gone.

AND so he went away again and she—well, truth must be served.

She married Eddie Hinkle, who clerked down in the Boston Store.

What Do You Think?

Letters from PHOTOPLAY readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.



Editor PHOTOPLAY,
Sir:

Several years ago I happened in to a theater where "The Coward" with Charles Ray was being presented. The picture was almost finished when I entered and Ray threw out his arm in an appeal for forgiveness from his stern old soldier father (Frank Keenan). That arm did the work—converted both the father and myself. It was the first Ray picture I had seen and from that moment I became his most ardent admirer.

But of late I have been annoyed by the total lack of accuracy with which his director handles the rural scenes. To say they are overdrawn is stating it lightly. I am surprised that a person of Ray's intelligence would allow such nonsense in his otherwise delightful pictures. I lived in the country seventeen years and I happen to know that country people have a small amount of intelligence. The farmer makes it possible for the city people to live, yet the "movies" do not hesitate to ridicule and misrepresent him in every way. "Paris Green" and "Homer Comes Home" were so grossly and stupidly exaggerated that I almost took a dislike to Charles Ray.

Of course, Charles Ray wouldn't care if I ceased to admire him, but why pick on the unpretentious, hardworking farmer?

MADeline GLASS,
1040 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY,
Sir:

Joshua stays not the hand of the sun.

The eternal sun that has tolled off the millions of centuries since the creation of the universe, and created, through its symbol of faith to move a mountain, the thousand inheritances of the Land of Promise.

The same sun whose infinitesimal patient rays of life have penetrated the frigid snows of the mountains and caused the spring freshets to carry the life giving elements to create the prairie grass lands, the valley fruit lands, the lands flowing with milk and honey.

The effulgent orb whose labor for millions of eons has created inheritances that the brutal hand of man has destroyed in a few decades—the God-given inheritances that man, through a degenerate commercialism, might offer his sacrifice at the altar of Mammon.

The same shining sun that back in the dawn of time looked down on the Garden of Eden and saw Cain shed his brother's blood and bring into existence the desire of man to destroy God's gifts to satisfy his passion and glory.

The sun that down through the centuries has seen some of the fairest portions of the earth turned into death lurking deserted by the "Curse of Cain."

Today the whole world is paying the penalty of man's transgression. The depletion of our natural reserves has almost reached the exhaustion point. The whole

world is in a social flux, the symbol of the long-promised economic millenium.

The Joshua of today is the moving picture. Its psychology is speeding the ceaseless order of Destiny. As the sun's radium rays have the power to penetrate the deepest recesses of nature and extract therefrom life, so also has the X-ray of the psychology of the moving picture the power to penetrate the brain and conscience of man and extract therefrom the light of reason. This power and economic necessity are the gift of God to conquer the worship of Mammon.

Thus, the moving picture, God's Angel to preach the brotherhood of man, is making a social melting pot of the peoples of the whole world. Out of this crucible of a social, moral and economic Armageddon will come the pure gold of economic justice and spiritual freedom.

The powers that control the moving picture have an obligation to society—they can use this psychology to alleviate the suffering of the coming Armageddon.

W. R. HOUGHTON.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY,
Sir:

As we are all on the lookout for easy money you will likely be interested in my discovery.

I received your check for \$10, being my winnings in THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Letter Contest. I slipped it to the paying teller in one of our leading banks, saying, "How much do I get?" He consulted his daily memorandum on exchange and percentage and answered, "10.85."

My humble deductions are that if a fellow can earn money in the United States and spend it in Canada, he would put a crimp in old man worry and eliminate, very considerably, the sting from the high price of haircuts.

J. A. SHANKS, "Five Points,"
1281 Fairfield Road, Victoria, B. C.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY.

Dear Editor:—

In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you print a photograph of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink and refer to her as "the world's champion picture-goer." In this assertion, I fear you have "slipped up." There isn't any woman living who can possibly go to motion picture shows more frequently than my wife, with the exception, of course, of those who are directly connected with the cinema business.

Mrs. East attends them three and four times a day and she often finds it necessary to go to one show more than once—because the picture houses do not change the program frequently enough.

In fact, I have thought of having erected one or two additional movie theaters here, in order to have a new performance on at all times, for her particular benefit.

C. H. EAST,
Charleston, W. Va.



LENORE ULRIC SAYS:

"Beauty at your finger tips speaks volumes for you in public. I consider HYGLO the best insurance for well kept hands."—LENORE ULRIC.

AS the little French-Canadian girl in "Tiger Rose," Miss Ulric brought to the great outdoors a figure of superb daintiness, perfect in every detail to the tips of her delicately groomed fingernails.

She and other beauties of the stage, who realize the necessity of a faultless toilette, without qualification endorse

HYGLO Manicure Preparations

Simple to use, yet incomparable in results.

In addition to manicure preparations, HYGLO products comprise compact face powders and rouges in all shades, to beautify without injuring the skin; cosmétique for eyebrows and eyelashes, in black, brown and blonde (remove with water), lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, etc., at 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

Small trial samples of
Hyglo Cuticle Remover
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on receipt of 10c in coin

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Feels Good

and is good for soreness and stiffness—congested tissues due to exposure or over-exertion. Absorbine Jr. rubbed vigorously into the muscles at the sore point will bring about certain relief.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Its immediate application may save a lot of suffering. A powerful and effective liniment, agreeable to use, not greasy and with a pleasing odor. Safe to have around as it is not poisonous—a purely herbal product.

Used by athletic men and women the world over as an invigorating, antiseptic rub-down—keeps muscles right and prevents second day lameness.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
18 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.



Mary Johnson, the Mary Pickford of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Sweden's Sweetheart

They love her, but Scandinavians fight to see Charlie Chaplin.

End Gray Hair
Let Science Show You How



Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

Mary T. Goldman's
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A Free Test

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1797 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1797 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....
Name.....
Street..... Town.....
Co..... State.....

FROM G. L. Frolich, Hudvudsta, Sweden, comes news of the film-makers of Scandinavia. Lately the two principal Swedish corporations, the Swedish Biograph Company—whose product, "The Girl of the Marshcroft" from Selma Lagerlöf's native novel has been shown in this country—and the Scandia Films, have combined. Each will retain its own studios and the activities will be conducted separately as before, each will run its own theaters in the principal Swedish cities, and each will turn out photoplays in competition with the other—but there will be a joint capital and a common board of directors.

The situation so far as Sweden is concerned is thus very much the same as before and the combination has its point directed abroad. The step has no doubt been taken to strengthen the position of the Swedish films market in other countries and mainly, perhaps, in the United States. Nothing definite has been given out but apparently plans are afoot for establishing offices abroad for distribution of their own films and purchasing plays for production in Sweden, acquiring playhouses in suitable places in America and elsewhere and, in a word, take whatever steps are necessary to get a footing there.

The latest photoplay of the Swedish Bio. Co. that is ready for the screen, is a dramatization of a story by Selma Lagerlöf called "Sir Arne's Treasure," an exceedingly

somber and tragic mediaeval tale with plenty of dramatic or stirring scenes but hardly enough dramatic action. It is well staged, however, and the scenes are both historically interesting and very fine sea and landscapes from the pictorial point of view. Mrs. Mary Johnson is very sweet as the unhappy heroine and the other parts are well enough done.

The play will shortly be released in the United States and should prove interesting. The unrelieved tragedy of the piece is a handicap for achieving a popular success but it is on the other hand deserving of the highest commendation and well worth seeing on account of the admirable stage direction, photography, and good acting in difficult parts. The frozen North is beautifully depicted and is not arctic scenery but actually taken where the affair is supposed to have happened, the province in Sweden that gave the name to the Vikings. There is plenty of the soldiery of the day, robberies, murders, and conflagrations, and the only thing really missing is, as stated, a little more of the rollicky side of life, and the lovemaking is cut too short. This is a point shared with other Swedish films; they cling too closely to the sombre and the sorrowful.

The talk of the Swedish filmgoers is Chaplin and his dog. They have had to call out extra police, in many places, to keep the lines in order outside of the houses that have "A Dog's Life" on the program.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

H. I. N., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—I am a perpetual bearer of bad news, it seems. Too bad to break your heart, but Gladden James is married. Mrs. James is a non-professional. (I hate to do things like this—but what other alternative has a poor Answer Man? I ask you.)

MISS VIVIAN, GRAND RAPIDS.—From your picture I should say Grand Rapids turns out some choice furniture. But, you say, you are devoted to Niles Welch. So is Dell Boone, his wife. Among the past releases in which our Nell—I mean Niles has appeared are, "The Luck of Geraldine Laird," "Beckoning Roads," "The Virtuous Thief" (oh Vivian!!) "Stepping Out," "The Law of Men," and "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Welch is an American.

M. F., CINCINNATI.—I don't try to keep up with my expenses; I try to get away from them. I am a glorious failure, my child. Tony Moreno is still making serials for Vitagraph, working in the west. John Barrymore is an elusive young man—last I heard he was vacationing in Canada—but of course that will be old stuff by the time this is read. Address him care Lambs Club, 130 West 44th Street, N. Y. C. He is divorced from Katherine Harris. Elsie Ferguson, care Paramount-Artcraft. She is in Japan right now.

E. K., GREENSBURG, PA.—Why is a woman like a railroad schedule? Because she is never on time, I suppose. I must ask you, in the future, to refrain from telling riddles; it annoys my stenographer. Pearl White, Fox studio, 10th Avenue and 56th Street, N. Y. C. Jane Lee is seven; Katherine is ten. Virginia Lee Corbin has lived eight years; Baby Marie Osborne, nine. The late Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York; he had blue eyes and brown hair, was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed 175 pounds. He was in vaudeville and stock and musical comedies for seven years before he went into films in 1910.

ALBERT KLING, SAN RAFAEL.—You want to help out Harry M. F. of Washington, D. C., by imparting the information that Ted Lorch is the funny fellow who always plays the villains in the Billy West comedies. Rising to speak for the absent Harry M. F., I thank you.

J. C. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Once I was on the point of marrying so I would have someone to sew the buttons on my shirts. But I have waited so long that now I can no longer afford the shirts, so I've never married. Olive Thomas was the girl in "An Even Break." She is twenty-two and married to Jack Pickford.

MRS. M. P., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—You say that when you read your story to that editor, he nodded several times. Perhaps he was asleep. Eddie Polo, Universal. Earl Williams, Vitagraph. Jack Dempsey, Pathe. Don't mention it.

TILLIE, BRIDGEPORT.—Yes, indeed, Cecil DeMille is married; he has a fine family, too. No, he's never changed his wife that I know of. George Larkin is married to Ollie Kirkby, who used to play in Kalem films.

HELEN M., DETROIT.—I certainly have a middle-western majority this month. Write to May Allison care Metro. Howard Estabrook—whom I suppose you mean by Herbert Sesterbrook—may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. Earle Foxe is on the speaking stage now.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

P. M. D., CHICAGO.—I suppose some children wonder what their father's boyhood must have been because the parent always knows just what question to ask when he wants to know what son has been doing. Mary Miles Minter, Realart studios, Hollywood, California. Miss Minter lives with her mother and her sister, Margaret Shelby.

M. N., CATSKILL, NEW YORK.—So you think Wanda Hawley and Winifred Westover look alike. Beyond the fact that both are blondes, I detect no resemblance. Wanda's married; Winifred isn't. Pearl White wears a wig in her pictures. Her own hair is re—I mean auburn.

R. C., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—You ask me, confidentially, what kind of a girl I'm going to marry. I don't usually confide in people—but I'll make an exception of you. It's none of your business—and if I didn't like you I wouldn't tell you that much about her. Certainly, send your letter of reproach to our Wilium. Maybe he'll reconsider his retirement. Who knows?

PROUD FATHER, WILMINGTON.—So your wife is planning a motion picture career for your new baby. Well, be careful to select a nice name for him—so many babies will be named after him when he's a star. Best wishes to all three of you.

C. B., ST. LOUIS.—Don't call me the human ouija board. My goodness—I answer something more than "Yes" or "No," don't I? Jack Singleton played *Jordan* in William S. Hart's picture, "The Toll Gate." Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883; he was on the legitimate before he went into pictures. He weighs 166 pounds, stands five-feet-eleven in the rare occasions when he is on terra firma, has black hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Doug was born in Toronto, Canada; she was a child actress on the stage and was in David Belasco's production of "A Good Little Devil" which she later did for the screen, for Famous Players. Jack, her brother, was born in Toronto in 1895. That's all for you.

SWEET EIGHTEEN, HARRISBURG.—So you would like to meet me but as you never come to New York, fear it is impossible. And I'm sure I couldn't get away to come to Harrisburg—so there you are—and here I am. Tom Carrigan, now playing in the filmization of those fancy Nick Carter stories, was married to Mabel Taliaferro, but they are now divorced. The Carrigans have one small son. Douglas MacLean is married, but not to Doris May. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis; he weighs 170, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is one inch over six feet tall.

BESS, INDIANAPOLIS.—Have I ever talked to Norma Talmadge and wasn't it thrilling? It was for me—I don't know about Norma. Harrison Ford is twenty-eight years old; he is dark as to complexion. Wanda's husband is J. Burton Hawley. She's twenty-three. Shirley Mason is five feet high and weighs ninety-five pounds—nice little armful for a lucky leading-man. Shirley's real-life opposite is Bernard Durning. Your others are answered elsewhere.

FRANCES, N. Y.—Many men marry their stenographers thinking they will take notes after they are married. They do—bank-notes. Lucy Cotton was Eugene O'Brien's leading woman in "The Broken Melody." Mahlon Hamilton was "Daddy Long Legs" in Mary Pickford's picture. So you are taking tennis lessons. Love all!

MARY D., LOS ANGELES.—You sing popular songs? But are they popular with your neighbors? Now, I don't mean to malign your voice; I do some singing myself; but I never never never sing popular songs. I couldn't, you see. Bert Lytell will probably appear on the stage in a new play while he is in New York. His picture, "The Price of Redemption," is released in September. He is making "The Misleading Lady" now. You'll get your Lytell story; just be patient, Mary.

S. F. F., SPRINGFIELD.—Harrison Ford has been married. He is said to have the finest library—first editions and all that—of any film player. Ford lives in Hollywood and works there, too, at the Lasky studios. Lew—whom you formally call Lewis—Cody may be reached care the Gasnier Studios, Los Angeles. His latest is "Occasionally yours," in which he is supported by Betty Blythe and Cleo Ridgely. Robertson-Cole releases the Cody pictures.

ELIZABETH, SEATTLE.—Viola Dana weighs ninety-six pounds and is four feet eleven inches tall. Your letter was as brief as Viola. Why not write again and ask more questions?

LAPERTA F.—I have found that trying to get out of work is the hardest work of all. Besides, it doesn't pay. Creighton Hale in "The Idol Dancer." Hale also plays in Griffith's "Way Down East." No—"Way Down East" isn't the same as "39 East," although both have been popular stage successes. The Griffith play is from Lottie Blair Parker's old record-breaker, while Constance Binney is making the picturization of Rachel Crothers' "39 East" for Realart. The fiction version of the latter appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

E. E., DUBUQUE.—There are some people so ignorant as to believe that Rex Beach is a summer resort. Beach isn't blind—whatever gave you that idea? He is president of the Eminent Authors Film Corporation, which releases through Goldwyn.

NANCY, FROM PHILADELPHIA.—I hate to disappoint you like this, Nancy. But really, I have not got red hair. Neither are my eyes blue. I am awfully sorry. I'd do anything else for you, but I can't lie; I simply have not got red hair. Bebe Daniels is nineteen; Doris May, eighteen; Priscilla Dean, twenty-four. Alma Francis is Mrs. Robert Gordon. Bob is now playing leads for the new Cayuga Film Company, at Ithaca, New York. His first picture is, "Three Women Loved Him." (Wonder what Alma has to say about that? But it's only a picture.) Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart have not dyed their hair. They wore blonde wigs. Norma and Anita and I do not believe in dyeing our hair.

SALLIE SNODGRASS, PASADENA.—Charles Dickens should have known you. I really don't know that Harold Miller is the handsomest man I have ever seen in my life. I've never seen Harold, which is evidently an oversight on my part. He has played in "Upstairs and Down," "World of Flame," "The Peddler," and "The Heart of a Fool."

H. D., KANKAKEE.—I read your article, my dear, and particularly enjoyed your quotations from Shakespeare. Priscilla Dean has appeared in "The Exquisite Thief," "Kiss or Kill," "Wicked Darling," "Wild Cat of Paris," "Brazen Beauty," and "Pretty Smooth." Priscilla is our most adorable crook. She's married to Wheeler Oakman.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DALLAS-NEW YORK.—Why don't you travel more so you can get cosmopolitan atmosphere to use as material for your writings? You have a wonderful style of expression and it should not be neglected.

BLANCHE A., PHILADELPHIA.—No, I don't think a man should become angry when his wife throws things at him. But if she happens to hit him—ah, that's different. Theda Bara is thirty; she was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and she isn't married. At this writing she is in Europe with her sister, Loro. Her last stage appearance was in "The Blue Flame." She will probably do it in pictures some time.

A JAYHAWKER.—You marvel that one small head can carry all I know. I have quite an expansive cranium—but I was born with it, it didn't develop. Elliott Dexter has left Lasky; he is the star of the Rockett Film Corporation, in Los Angeles. He's married to Marie Doro.

M. S. S., TACOMA.—I eat almost any kind of cake, but I prefer chocolate. Of course if you don't make chocolate, I'll eat any other flavor. I'm not particular, really. Mary and Doug sailed for home July 21. Marguerite Clark is thirty-three; she is coming back to the screen, I hear, possibly as the head of her own company. She is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams in private life. A good many of our stars have married millionaires: Marguerite, Louise Huff, Alice Joyce, to mention a few.

T. S., TOLEDO.—The prize-winning question of the month: is Vivian Martin related to Joe Martin? Joe, my dear, is our champ chimp. His only relations in the movies are some of those arrow-collar men who wear tight belted coats and work their histrionic eyebrows overtime. Joe is married; his wife plays opposite him. I'm sure Miss Vivian won't be offended, because how were you to know that Joe Martin is a monkey?

A. W., SILVER CITY.—Ince is not pronounced Inch. The "g" in Thomas Meighan's name is silent. Hope Hampton did not play in "Rio Grande;" she has only done one picture to be released, "A Modern Salome." Hope isn't married. Rosemary Theby in "Rio Grande." June Caprice has gone to Spain with the George Seitz company. She will co-star with Seitz. Mary Miles Minter and Doris May are not married.

SYRACUSE FAN, NEW YORK.—I can't tell a woman's age, but some other woman usually tells me. Yes, Edith Johnson is married to William Duncan and is also his leading woman. Pauline Curley is Tony Moreno's leading woman in "The Invisible Hand." Jean Paige is Joe Ryan's co-star in "Hidden Dangers." All these are Vitagraph serials.

BEAUTY SPOT, BALTIMORE.—Glad to see you're back again, I'm sure. Here's the cast of Goldwyn's "The Slim Princess:" Kalora, Mabel Normand; Pike, Hugh Thompson; Popova, Tully Marshall; Governor General, Russ Powell; Jeneka, Lillian Sylvester; Detective, Harry Lorraine; Counsellor-General, Pomeroy Cannon.

G. I. S., CALDWELL, IDAHO.—It is said hippopotamus meat is as good as pork. But my word—you can't keep a hippopotamus in the parlor. Stuart Holmes appeared in the Pathe serial, "The Isle of Jewels." Toodles, Jr., was not in the cast of "Excuse My Dust." Monte Blue is with Lasky. He's six feet five inches tall.



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Physicians endorse my work—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

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Susanna Cocroft (50)

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

HARRIE, HARRISBURG.—Some women would rather have a new scandal than a new hat. Tom Meighan's late pictures have been, "The Prince Chap," "The Frontier of the Stars," "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "Easy Street." Marc McDermott is now with Fox. This fine actor plays character roles in "While New York Sleeps," and "My Lady's Dress." In both of these pictures Estelle Taylor has the leading feminine part. Mrs. MacDermott—Miriam Nesbitt—is not playing in pictures any more. Tsuru Aoki is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa; she stars for Universal in "The Breath of the Gods" and "A Tokio Siren." Sessue's latest is "Li Ting Lang."

ROSSIE E. BARRET, SPRINGFIELD.—You are a sweet thing to send me that sugar. I ate it just as it was, and enjoyed it. In fact, I got all stuck up with it. Thank you for keeping your promise. Please write whenever you want to and ask some new questions.

K. S. F., PORT CHESTER.—I was in your town once. Next time I come I'll look you up. Alfred Whitman was last with Hodkinson, in "The End of the Game" and "The Best Man." Alfred Hickman is Nance O'Neil's husband; he's in Realart's "39 East" now. While it is Howard Hickman who is married to Bessie Barriscale. You're welcome. Hope this straightens out the relationship tangle.

TILLIE.—Never heard of Bessie Lemon in pictures. I fear, Tillie, that you are trying to spoof me. There are a lot of other Lemons but I've never heard of Bessie. Francelia Billington with Universal. She was the wife of Sam DeGrasse in "Blind Husbands."

FRANTIC FAN, OHIO.—If you wish to understand others, you must first strive to understand yourself. Gale Henry is married. I don't know Viola Dana well enough to consider her a vamp. I suppose she's a very good vamp in pictures. Corinne Griffith often wears a wig on the screen. Shirley Mason isn't engaged; she is married. I haven't the favorite pastimes of all those stars, but I do know that Lillian Gish likes to read, Ethel Clayton's hobby is collecting rare books, and that Priscilla Dean is chiefly occupied keeping house for Wheeler Oakman. I hope you will not be so frantic after this.

VALERIE, TEXAS.—So nice of you to help me earn my weekly wages. I don't know what this column would be without curious girls like you. By curious in this case I mean, of course, inquisitive. Your sketch of Norma Talmadge is very good. Alma Tell, who scored quite a hit in "On With the Dance," doesn't give her age. She is on the stage now in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox," from David Graham Phillips' story. Alma is a sister of Olive Tell. Olive won't tell her age either—ouch! So you had a long letter from Cullen Landis.

H. G., CHARLESTON, S. C.—So you met Dorothy Gish and her mother when they were in your city on location. That's fine. I'll be glad to tell Miss Dorothy that you think she's the most adorable girl in the world. You also met Ralph Graves. No, he and Dorothy are not engaged; you're all wrong about that. Sorry if Dick disappointed you by marrying Mary Hay instead of Dorothy. You have yet to learn, it seems that stars and their leading men very rarely fall in love. Thanks for your sweet praise, as Blanche Sweet says in autographing a photograph.

JUST JEAN, WILKES BARRE.—So Eugene O'Brien has been married, has he? Well, well! And Dick Barthelmess has been married before, and Ralph Bushman is only a cousin of Francis X., not a son? I am sure Mr. O'Brien will be surprised, not to say startled, at your secret information about him; while Richard Barthelmess—but I doubt if you can annoy Dick. He has learned to turn a deaf ear to all rumors. Mary Hay is the first and only Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and they are very happy. As to Ralph not being Francis' son, but his cousin—well, suppose you write to Ralph about that. And in the future don't pay so much attention to idle gossip. I have replied to it in this case because your assertions were so far-fetched as to be funny.

ELSIE JANIS FAN.—Your favorite is in England right now. She isn't and never has been married, and her real name is Bierbower. She is America's greatest mimic. She is in her early thirties.

MRS. I. C. E., ORLANDO.—Thank you for your most charming letter. It is an encouragement to feel that one's efforts, however humble, are sometimes appreciated. You are absolutely right in your opinion of Mary Pickford; she is worthy of your faith in her. Fannie Ward is married to Jack Dean, her leading man. She has a daughter who is the widow of an English millionaire. Geraldine Farrar is married to Lou-Tellegen; she is thirty-eight.

C. B., CHICAGO.—If you and your mother really derive pleasure from thinking me a woman, I shall be chivalrous and forbear to deny you the illusion. But honestly, do you think a woman would have patience enough to answer all those letters? (Now I have put my size-twelve shoe in it.) You may reach your favorite Geraldine Farrar, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. She is, appearing in pictures to be released by Pathe. Her first, now completed, is "The Riddle: Woman" from Bertha Kalich's stage success. Lou-Tellegen is not playing opposite his wife in this; he is on the stage in a new play. The Tellegens are, at this writing, in the Adirondacks for a rest. Call again.

LENA, COLLEGE POINT.—A true artist takes art, but never himself seriously. You may obtain Pearl White's "Just Me" at any bookseller's. Forrest Stanley was in stock before taking up film work. He made his debut in Morosco pictures. He played with Vivian Martin in "His Official Financier" and for Universal in "The Triflers." He was with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderbolt" for First National and is now Cecil DeMille's leading man in the DeMille domestic essays. Ann Forrest is the leading woman. Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins according to my last census.

L. M. S., EAST ORANGE.—Someone, you say, should write a song entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be An Extra." You wish you could be an actor and not start as an extra, either. So do a lot of others, L., but there is no royal road to stardom and the sooner you convince yourself of this fact the better. Rose Tapley was born in Petersburg, Virginia. She is not acting at the present time. Wally Van is a director now. Billy Quirk also—Quirk was last with Pathe.

MR. J. B.—Lillian Rambeau in "Jenny Be Good" with Mary Miles Minter. Address her in care of Realart. Anyone enjoys life; but most people only struggle through an existence.

(Continued on page 135)

The Camera Detects Thought

(Concluded from page 29)

thinking or imagining all the nice things she can about him. If Miss A. thus concentrates I maintain that the result will be a natural expression of love, the more concentration the better. On the other hand, if Miss A. allows her mind to get the better of her and begins to think that she doesn't like the man at all, that he is nothing to her, that he wears atrocious ties and bad clothes or that he hasn't shaved, why it is bound to show in her acting, which will be forced and mechanical.

There was very little action in "Romance." That was a typical "thought" picture. Doris Keane's work was the result of long stage study of her role, it is true, but she was obliged to concentrate nevertheless, for the screen was entirely new to her.

I knew a girl who struggled along in pictures for five years and never rose above being an extra. Her attention was called to this matter of thought. One day for want of somebody else they put her in one little scene with the star. It was an execution scene. This girl just concentrated her whole mind on the thought that the man was the greatest friend she ever had, that if he were killed she would lose everything, and she convinced herself that the whole thing was real. That scene stood out above everything in the picture and gave the girl a start which eventually made her a star.

Just try this theory on yourself before a mirror. First try to express anger without any attempt at thinking yourself really angry. Your efforts will be physical and the result will be a peculiar grimace. Then begin to think of some wrong which has been done you, concentrate upon some person you do not like—and look at the result. You will find you have expressed anger in your own natural way. In other words, you have become an actor.

A Tip on Predestination

(Concluded from page 48)

lively as a grasshopper, with a smile like the soft summer sunshine, a disposition quite divine and a heart as warm as Cytherea?

And then the lady to the extreme left—would you guess from her air of placid detachment, immune as she doubtless was on the historic day when this portrait was made, to the wiles of the tinter and the urgings of a spectator to "look nice now, dear,"—would you guess that she would complete this trio of famous beauties and world favorites within the brief stretch of time that we measure in less than two decades?

As for us, the moment we looked upon the faded, cracked tinter we knew that there was a wonderful story there, living right on the surface and just begging to be written.

We did not study psychology, cause and effect, rationalism, the Freudian theory, predestination or astronomy when we went to school. We have never thought much of the ouija board nor of the effect of Saturn, Venus, *et al.*, upon the fate of the human-kind.

But it takes only half an eye to gaze upon this tintyped likeness of three very young ladies to see it all.

Oh, lucky reader, think of the future of these ladies and how little the shabby tinter, back in 1903 or 4 or 5 or whatever it may have been, realized the good fortune that was his.

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“Do You Want to Reduce”

(Concluded from page 65)

Perfect Thirty-Six to ascertain how one keeps one's lines that, well, we blushed, quite furiously, too, with mortification to think of having committed a *faux pas*.

However, Miss Murray smiled sweetly and proceeded to testify as follows, to-wit, and viz.:

“Why should women want to be thin? Women—all of us will admit it—want above all else that their looks shall please men.” (Murmurs from the gallery.) “If they please other women at the same time—fine! But it doesn't make much difference about that. And I don't believe there is one man in a hundred who prefers really thin women to those who are attractively rounded.”

We applauded softly and in a refined way the useful word “rounded.” Ladies, there is no getting around it; that is a wonderful word—rounded.

Then Miss Murray proceeded: “Some one suggested the other day that it is because every woman is a vampire at heart, and that the general conception of a vampire is a thin mysteriously snaky person, that the majority of women struggle to be, or say they would like to be, thin as a rail. I don't agree with the one who said so. I think that the majority of women are wholesome, and for that reason I can-

not understand why the majority of them should rebel against looking wholesome and strong.

“At any rate, I don't want to be thin. I want my face to be round and well filled out. I want my shoulders and elbows to be dimpled” (they are, Mae, they are) “and show no bones. I don't want to be fat—pray don't mistake me there. Too much fat is just as unlovely as not enough of it. But I want my weight to be in proper proportion to my height.”

And Miss Murray went on to testify that the milk diet does it.

Adjusts one's lines, I mean to say. Keeps one pepped up, but not too peppy. Feeds the tissues and all that sort of thing.

MISSES Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Murray, we thank you.

Our readers thank you. Let us now adjourn to the nearest cinema palace where at least one of you may be appearing on the silver-sheet and beguile, entertain and upholster our minds with practical demonstrations of the lines of which we have spoken so freely, frankly and openly.

The case of the Human Figger vs. Adipose Tissue is adjourned.

When the Dollar Works Overtime

(Continued from page 50)

willing to pay \$60 for a pair of shoes and \$200 for a “simple little frock.” Those are the women who keep prices up. Just remember this when you hear a woman boasting about how much she paid for her new Fall suit and hat. Consider that it is the fault of her and those like her that you have to pay more than you can afford.

Did you ever go through a pile of hats near the end of the season and run across that lovely \$15 shape you saw earlier in the year? Now you will find that it is marked—in the basement—at \$1. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime! Believe me, if you want to combine a good time with real money-saving try becoming a basement sleuth. The dress that the haughty saleslady upstairs tried to give you in exchange for \$80 will be found here at the comfortable price of \$45. The basement has good-looking shoes at eight dollars—they charge twelve for them upstairs. If each and every one of us would decide this season to go gaily past the specialty places and give the basement counters the rush there would be a decided difference in the prices that the brigands of the specialty fetish charge.

And while I am discussing economy, I want to tip you off to the fact that there is money to be saved in dealing with any of the reputable, established mail order concerns dealing in articles for women's wear. One of the girls who plays good parts in the studio, and who is always well dressed, told me the other day that before she came to New York, she bought all of her clothes, even to her shoes, from one of these concerns. When she came to New York and compared prices in some of the so-called smart shops with the prices given in the catalogues of the mail order houses, she kept right on doing her buying by mail.

On the strength of her experience, I made a few experiments with very pleasant results. I was surprised to find that almost every house guaranteed satisfaction.

There are in the concerns many fine lines of goods that are sold at a generally known price, thus preventing profiteers from gouging you. A concern that is making a na-

tionally known brand takes pains to let the public know the prices on its goods for their own protection. I have often seen the same goods sold in the “Smart Shops,” at ridiculous advances.

I am the last one in the world to suggest frumpy, badly home-made clothes, and unless you are clever with the needle and have a bent for putting things together with taste, it is safer to go to the good stores, or the ones you know by reputation.

IN the old days when a dollar in our pockets meant something more than a tip to the waiter most of us used to be ashamed to frequent the ten-cent stores.

But today, ah! today how different things are! When we enter the five-and-ten emporium we are just as likely to jostle Mrs. Van Renssalaer Diggs on her way out. All the world has learned the virtues of the five-and-ten. If you are not acquainted with them try it the next time you want new dish towels, or lead pencils or flowers for your hat. They are all there. The greater number of my hats are trimmed with flowers from the five-and-ten.

We were all frantically ready to help during the war. If we didn't knit ourselves blue in the face, we fox-trotted all night at the “khaki and blue” dances, or we poured coffee and cut sandwiches until every bone in our bodies ached. We were glad to do it. It was our job at the time. Now we are needed just as badly at a different kind of work. It's a kind we haven't been used to and we don't like it. But it may come a bit easier if we just remember that every little economy we practice will help to relieve the situation in these days of scant production. Every cent we save will help to bring things back—perhaps not back to the careless plenty of pre-war days, but back to a more normal basis and a more rational outlook. Unless you start your dollars to working overtime that day is very far off.

Next month Miss Talmadge will discuss some of the problems incidental to “Getting Your Home Ready for Winter.”

The Man Who Had Everything

(Concluded from page 86)

"You can take me in as a partner," I said, "but you can't take me in—entirely. Who's putting up the money?"

"Then I got it in a flash, before he answered. The whole thing was a put up job of Dad's. He was giving me everything I wanted—and I remembered the old blind man's 'curse.' I told him to go to the devil with his partnership, and beat it for Dad's office.

"I knew Prue must be in on it, too. What a mutt she must take me for. That hurt worst of all. I had discovered that of all the fool things I had done, the biggest was to overlook Prue. And it hurt to feel that she was in on the conspiracy to make a boob out of me. I had it out with them both—took Prue into Dad's office and told them straight. I wanted to make a go of it on my own, and Dad had to lay off.

* * * * *

"I wandered down the street, wondering what I could do to make good, and first thing I knew I ran across the old blind man, selling pencils. I stopped and told him what his curse had done. And I thanked him—yes, thanked him. Well, we got talking, and he told me a few things I didn't know. He had been sick, and Prue had been to visit him. I beat it back to the office.

"Prue, I can't do the thing I'm going to do without a partner. Will you go in with me?" I asked her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Get married," I said.

"And I want to say this for myself—I may not be a world-beater as a business man, but I'll make a darn good husband."

Photoplay Technique in a College Course

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that a course in the technique of the moving picture will be included in the curriculum of Columbia University, in New York City. The course is a part of the Department of English and was tried out this summer with signal success—so go the reports received.

"The course is still in an experimental state," said Dr. Hunt, who is in charge of this department. "What we are attempting is to determine for ourselves the value of the motion picture as an aid to instruction in biography, history, industries, English, science, biology and whatever other studies lend themselves to picturization."

The courses in the writing and construction of the photoplay, given under Mr. Patterson, take up the motion picture from an entirely different angle.

"We are going to try to teach those students who show talent the actual technical points connected with the writing of photoplays," said Mr. Patterson. "We have our laboratories for this right in the motion picture theaters of the city and in our own classrooms, where from time to time we show current films and attempt to analyze them from all points that could be of interest to writers for the screen. This will include all of the camera tricks and devices. The student must have a pretty fair knowledge of the limits and possibilities of the camera, the use of the close-up, the fade-in and fade-out in the development of the story, adaptation of story and dramatization of setting."



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"39 East"

(Continued from page 56)



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kisses and young hearts for the first time felt the flame of love.

And then, a little, significant cough barked into their rapture, shattering their heaven, bringing them back to earth, to see a familiar figure looking at them with a righteous horror that was plainly tinted with delight at their predicament.

"Ah suahly am surprised at *you*, Mistah Gibbs! I thought you were too well-bred to fall so easily!" And the intruder swept on, holding her sharp chin very high.

Like a whirlwind, Penelope turned to Gibbs, stamping her little foot in rage.

"Oo-oh! See what you have done to me! Bringing me here like a nursemaid meeting her lover on a park bench! And treating me like that! And letting me be seen and disgraced! *You* offered me money! Is *that* what it means? Now I never can go back there—but I know what I *can* do, and I'll do it!"

And while Gibbs stood helpless, stunned by the suddenness of her passion, she ran from him, out across an open green space, toward the thick growth of trees which fringed the Avenue.

She came out on the pavement and stood for one frightened, dreadful instant on the curb. A long yellow roadster drew up beside her. "Hello, kiddie," said a cheerful voice. "What you doing here without your hat? Jump in with Poppa and we'll go buy a new one."

"Mr. Tillotson!" she gasped, hesitated for the fraction of a second and stepped into the car, which shot ahead, down the long, glittering Avenue.

Just five seconds later, Gibbs, panting, dishevelled, her little white hat in his hand, dashed up, and stood there, staring up and down, in dismay and perplexity.

"Did the earth open and swallow her?" he demanded, aloud, heedless of the curious glances he provoked.

"Keep away from de squirrels, Mister," counselled a grinning urchin, tapping a grimy little forehead significantly.

It was six hours later that Gibbs dashed up the steps of 39 East, and into the parlor where one of Madame de Mailly's musical evenings was in progress. There was something about him that brought the whole company to their feet, breathless.

"Is she here?" he demanded. "Has she come?"

"Oh, is *that* it?" asked Madame de Mailly, icily. "If *you* don't know where she is, who *should* know?"

"Look here," Gibbs turned his back on the Madame and appealed to the men, "she's alone, somewhere, in a cab, with a villain of a musical comedy manager. She's as innocent of what it means as a baby. I tell you we've *got* to do something!"

"Ah'm surprised you-all are so easily fooled," began a soft voice, "the girl knows—"

"Shut up!" thundered the perfect Southern gentleman. "This is a time for something besides talk."

"Right-o, my laddie!" said O'Brien. "Now cool down, and let's get it straight."

"She ran away from me in the park this afternoon — *that* woman knows why," pointing an accusing finger. "At eight I went to the musical comedy where the poor child was singing in the chorus to make money to send home to her family. Just before the curtain went up the stage manager announced that the star was indisposed and her understudy would appear in her part. The audience was disgruntled, of course. Then the curtain went up, and on came our little girl! From the first minute she had the audience with her. At the end of the performance they called her back

twelve times. She's a wonder! And she thought it was a disgrace to sing in a chorus—the little innocent thing, from a country parsonage!"

"But where is she now?" broke in O'Brien briskly.

"I hustled around to the stage door. You see she had told me that this Tillotson had promised to bring her home in his car tonight and lend her money. She didn't know what that meant! I was just a second too late to stop her. I followed in a taxi. I got held up by a traffic cop, and I lost them. We've got to find her and bring her home!"

"Brace up, Gibbs," O'Brien counselled. "We'll find the little girl, all right. In fact, we *have* found her!" he added with a sudden change of voice. "Hello, Miss Penn, we were just beginning to get anxious about you!"

For there, in the doorway, stood Penelope, in a new frock, a new hat, a new cloak over her arm, a new, hard light in her eyes, a new, bitter note in her voice.

"You needn't be anxious," she said, "I'm quite all right now. Here is your money, Madame."

The roll of bills was all that her hand could grasp. A little gasp went up from the whole group. Penelope's eyes went from one to the other, mockingly, and rested at last on the eyes of Gibbs.

"You see," she said, ah, the bravado, the bitterness of the young voice!—"I know now *just* what it means when a man offers a girl money!"

"The brazen little hussy!" breathed one, while men and women alike gasped at her audacity. But O'Brien, keen of sight and perception, trained in the world of men and women, bent forward and looked for an instant into Penelope's eyes. Then he straightened himself with a little smile.

"This way out," he said, authoritatively. "All of you, except Gibbs. We're in the way here!"

He herded them out, through the doorway, into the hall. But, wonders of wonders, Madame de Mailly who had not spoken, nor taken her eyes from Penelope's face since she entered the room, paused, as she passed the girl, and spoke with a queer, grim tenderness.

"Mr. O'Brien's not the only one that can read faces," she said. "My business makes me keen and hard. I'd have sent you away if you couldn't pay—that's my rule and I *have* to stick to it! But this girl's done no wrong, Mr. Gibbs. *Look at her eyes!*"

"I never once thought she *had!*" declared Gibbs, and closed the door on them all.

Outside in the hall stood Tillotson, a twinkle in his small, rather bulging eyes, a half-defiant, half-sheepish smile on his fat, red face.

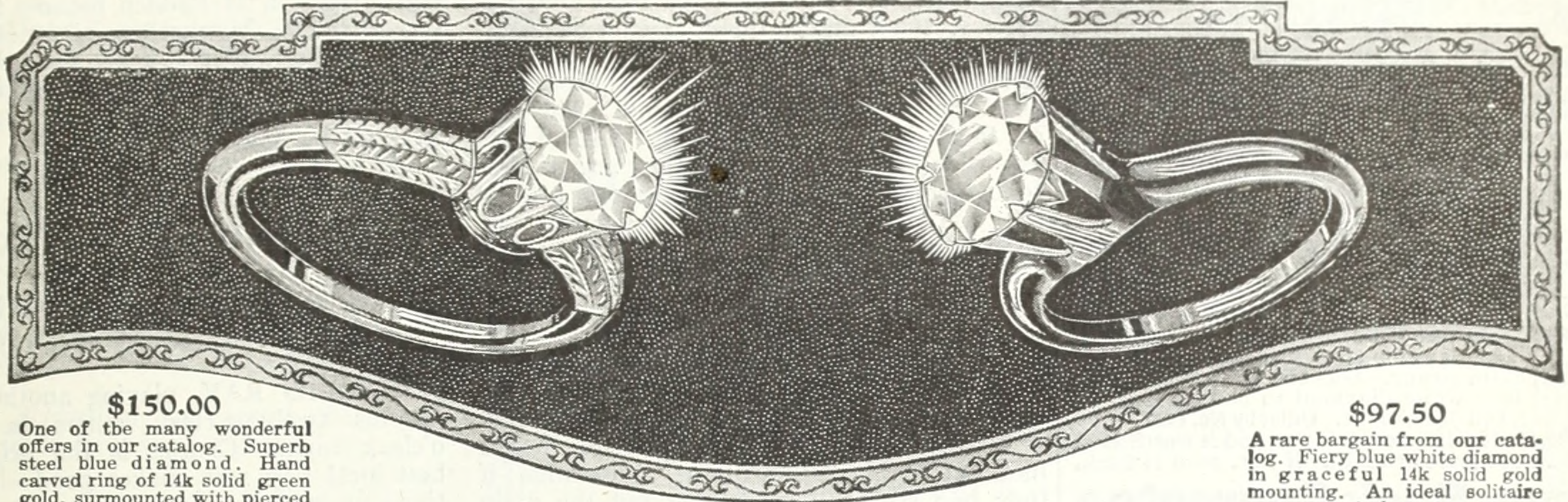
"The kiddie wanted me to wait," he said. "Wanted to introduce me to you all, so you could see what a nice man I am! Well, friends, I may not be the nice man she thinks me, but *she'll* never find me anything else! Put her little arms around me tonight after the big hit and cried and said I was the best man in the world next to her daddy. And he's a preacher! Good Lord, I didn't know anything so sweet and innocent as her was left in the world. Spoil it? Not on your life!"

Somehow, the group melted away until Tillotson was left alone with Madame de Mailly. Deliberately, he opened the door, a tiny crack, and looked into the parlor.

Gibbs was holding Penelope in a manner that showed plainly he never would let her go again. And on their young faces lay the light that comes but once in a whole

(Concluded on page 131)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from Page 91)

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ery with the heroine's help, but it adds little of interest to the story. "The Inferior Sex" is an hour of pretty Mildred Harris Chaplin in a series of attractive poses; a chance to renew a pleasant acquaintance with Milton Sills, the sanest of screen husbands, Mary Alden and James O. Barrows.

HIGH AND DIZZY—Rolin-Pathe

HAROLD LLOYD'S advisers continue to add to the promise of his future by keeping him in the sort of farce that has at least some of the qualities of light comedy. In "High and Dizzy" his amusing adventures are motivated by his experience with the home brew of a friend. The two of them become uproariously full of the explosive and Harold's later experiences following the sleep-walking heroine around the rim of a skyscraper are given just enough plausibility to excuse them, without taking anything from them as improbable but laughable farce.

THE BEST OF LUCK—Metro

ADAPTER LE VINO and Director Ray Smallwood would have had better luck with this Drury Lane melodrama if they had scrapped everything but the main romance. Take a Scottish lord who is obliged to sell his ancestral estates to an American; make the American a pretty American girl who is a distant relative of his lordship's family; bring her to Scotland incognito—and you have the beginnings of a telling romance. But trick it out with bald movie stuff of seductions and seaplanes, driving rains and sea divers, motorcycle wrecks and automobile clashes and the story becomes nothing but another stunt movie that carries no conviction and comparatively few genuine thrills. It is a pity to see so good a story wasted, especially when the intention is so good and the material so plastic. The cast of "The Best of Luck" is one of quality—Jack Holt making the hero person a likely youth and Kathryn Adams doing full credit to the adventurous American who is there with the cash and the spirit. They are capably assisted by Fred Malatesta and Lilie Leslie. Many of the shots are excellent, and the early scenes particularly well directed.

THE CITY OF MASKS—Paramount-Artcraft

THERE is a pleasant overlay of fancy in the screen version of "The City of Masks." It gives free rein to the imagination without seriously belittling the ordinary intelligence. What a city of masks this great city of New York really is. How little anyone knows of his neighbor, and nothing at all of his neighbor's neighbor. The ridiculous becomes almost plausible under the lure of the George Barr McCutcheon romance, frankly fashioned for children grown tall, but not too wise. In this instance a little group of foreign notables, driven from their homes across the sea, make the most of their Thursday evenings off by holding court and resuming for a few hours the positions to which they were born abroad. Thus the pawnbroking lady becomes a princess, and the dealer in antiques a lord chamberlain, the Russian fiddler a count, the corner jeweler a duke of Burgundy, and the chauffeur and governess who carry the love story reveal themselves as really Lord Eric and Lady Jane. There is a touch of poetic justice in Lord Eric's rescue of Lady Jane from the unwelcome attentions of the cheaply veneered aristocracy of the new world. The main parts are

all well played. Robert Warwick is nicely suited to the role of the distinguished chauffeur, and Lois Wilson is attractively modest and supremely ladylike as the noble governess, who had rather work humbly for a living than sponge on her friends or capitalize her social position. There is a good bit of characterization in Theodore Kosloff's shivering but still proud genius, and Edward Jobson cleverly, if not altogether convincingly, differentiates the two roles of the butler and the boss. But can you imagine a McFadden become the political ruler of Manhattan returning voluntarily to his butler job on Thursday nights for the fun of the thing? Arragh, go on! Thomas Heffron did the directing from a scenario by Walter Woods.

By Photoplay Editors

HOMER COMES HOME—Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

CHARLES RAY, playing another one of his twelve-o'clock fellers in a nine-o'clock town. Charles is the original and best local boy who makes good—but sometimes we wish he would play something different. He is as ingratiating as ever, and adds a new name to the long list of charming ingenues he has loved: Priscilla Bonner. This is the last, but one, of the Ray-Paramount series.

JENNY BE GOOD—Realart

THERE would seem to be no reason for telling Mary Miles Minter to be good. She is anyway. We should like to see her be very bad for once, but would Realart let her? If you like Mary, you'll find this better-than-average Minter entertainment. It's not so saccharine as some, while M. M. M. is naive and fairly natural.

THE PREY—Vitagraph

THE same old story. The girl who sacrifices herself to save her brother from disgrace. The honest and upright young district attorney who loves the girl. The oily villain—he dies of apoplexy in the last reel. If he hadn't, the hero would have been obliged to kill him—and a young district attorney should never do that. When the girl is Alice Joyce you can put up with anything, even this moth-eaten theme. The negligee Alice wears is the most attractive costume we have ever seen on the screen. Miss Joyce improves with every picture. Have you ever noticed that she lets her hands act, too?

THE FLY COP—Vitagraph

LARRY SEMON is really funny here. He works hard all the time but somehow does not leave you as exhausted as you usually are after two reels in a slapstick cabaret. There is excellent trick stuff, if you like that; good burlesque, providing fancy dancing done by a low comedian reaches your risibilities; and pretty Lucille Zintheo-Carlisle, if you like her—and almost everyone does.

KISS ME CAROLINE—Christie

THE real bedroom farce of the screen. Al Christie has, with this rapid comedy, achieved painlessly what other producers have attempted in vain with their lavish picturizations of expensive and risqué Broadway hits. They are all the usual com-

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

plications which ensue when Bobby Vernon impersonates his pal's wife to please his pal's father, and pal's sister and her chum come to visit them. Bobby is a continual scream; while Charlotte Merriam, a pretty blonde, and Vera Steadman, who formerly performed in tanks, provide the embellishments. We should call this the best short comedy of the month.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH— Metro

A MAD, mad story. A naughty, naughty farce. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was snatched off Broadway and Forty-Second Street. It should have been allowed to die there. It was fairly funny on the stage but on the screen it is apt to give you a bad case of the blues. The players try so hard to be cut-ups that you begin by hating them and end up by feeling sorry for them. In spite of its reckless display of pajamas and negligees, the story is about as devilish as a midnight supper at a boarding school with all the little girls smoking cigarettes.

Please, gentlemen, be careful about buying any more Broadway farces.

WHISPERS—Selznick

"WHISPERS" is the story of a girl who breaks out of society. As such it is a becoming story for Elaine Hammerstein, who has a real gift for giving life-like pictures of modern American girls. In "Whispers" she is seen as a girl who has been brought up in an artificially colored atmosphere and who nearly becomes involved in a divorce suit. The picture is sentimental but quite charming.

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD—Fox

MADLAINE TRAVERSE disguised as William S. Hart. "The Spirit of Good" is the story of a bold, bad woman of the great West who gets religion and reforms. If you want a good cry,—or a good laugh,—watch "Champagne Nell" sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight."

THE SLIM PRINCESS—Goldwyn

DO you remember when Ruth Stonehouse appeared in "The Slim Princess" for Essanay? George Ade's story was too good to be killed off with one attempt so here is Goldwyn's version of the tale of the Turkish princess who was too thin to appeal to the local bachelors.

The story is ideal for Mabel Normand and it solves her problem of how to be funny although beautiful. In spite of the gorgeousness of the settings and the obvious attempt to make "The Slim Princess" something very nifty in the way of pictures, it is Miss Normand who brings out the real George Ade humor of the story.

GIRL OF THE SEA—Republic

"GIRL OF THE SEA" reminds us of a Coney Island shore dinner. If it weren't for the fish, there would be no point to the thing. The best thing to do is to forget the plot and make up your mind to take a trip through the aquarium. The leading man is an octopus and the leading woman is a shark. Human actors lend them good support, and the Girl of the Sea is attractively played by Betty Hillburn. The spirit of the bounding main is here—so if you like water stuff, swim to it.

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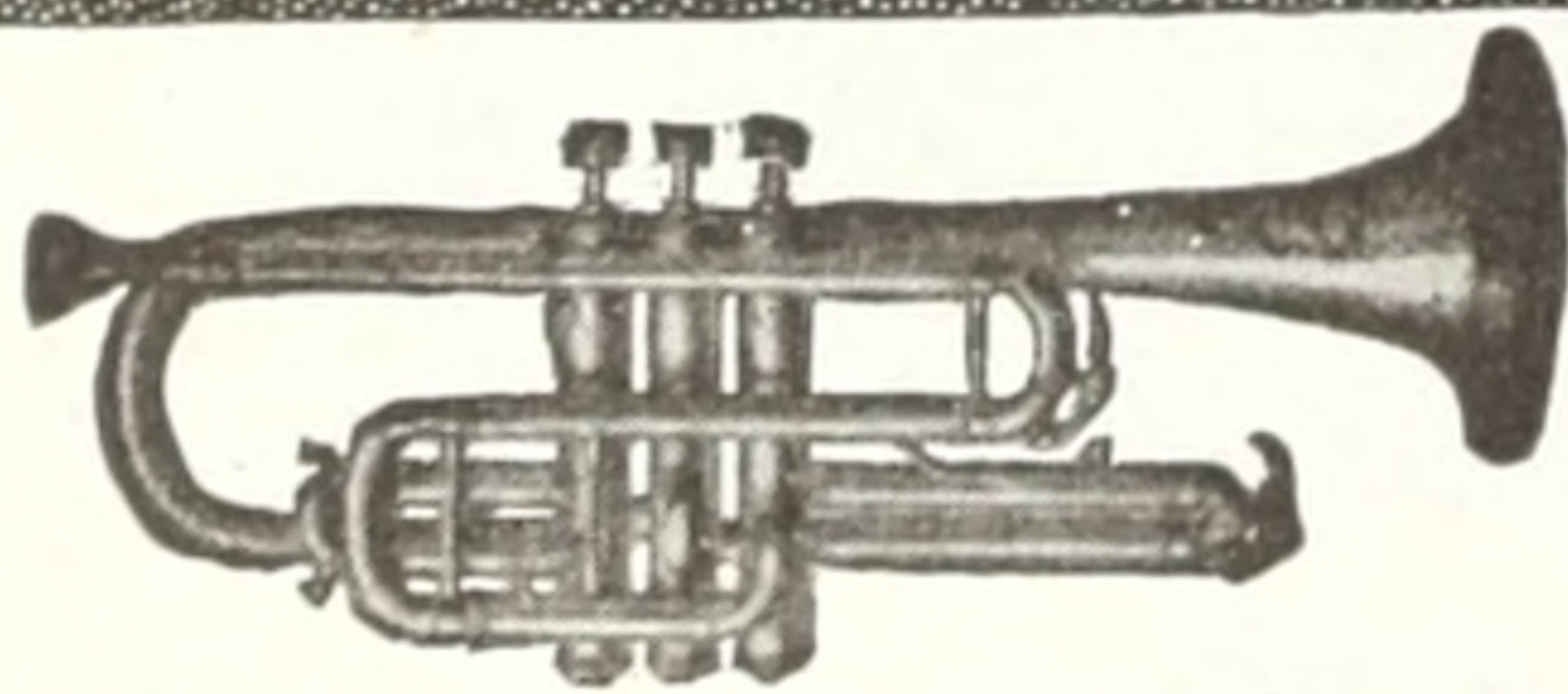
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

MOON MADNESS—Robertson-Cole

"MOON MADNESS" brings Edith Storey back to the screen and so, aside from any question of its merits and its demerits, it is worth seeing. In the old days, we used to watch Miss Storey's acting and think that she had been born too soon,—that the screen was not ready for such a cerebral actress. And now, after an absence during which time the screen has advanced immensely, Miss Storey comes back in the old-fashioned type of picture to which she never was suited.

"Moon Madness" is the story of a French girl brought up by an Arab tribe who goes to Paris and,—well, you know the rest. The picture is attractively staged but the role played by Miss Storey could have been filled by any star. It is a little beneath the dignity of such an able actress.

THE MISFIT WIFE—Metro

WHO does not love stories of poor little girls who marry into wealthy families and, after being snubbed, prove that they are honest-to-goodness heroines with hearts of gold? Alice Lake makes her second starring appearance in just such a Cinderella role. It isn't an original story but it's pleasant. Forrest Stanley is her leading man.

THE ROSE OF NOME—Fox

IF you like to see the villain pursue 'em, then you will like "The Rose of Nome," for it has two villains. Both of them are refined wife-beaters and between them they hound Gladys Brockwell for the conventional five reels. This picture is a melodrama of the Northwest where a Good Girl leads a hard life.

UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTS—
Universal

ANOTHER story of the Northwest. The hero is a member of the Royal mounted. The heroine is a French girl with a heavy subtitled accent. The plot is the same old thing, only a little bit worse. This is a good picture to see if you are waiting for a train and haven't anything else to do. William Buckley is seen as the hero and he makes a pretty eyeful for flappers. Virginia Faire is our lovely heroine.

COMMON LEVEL—Climax

YOU must see it to believe it. It is the parallel history of a wheat magnate and of Attila the Hun. Attila is killed before he hits the righteous path but the wheat magnate, warned by the tale of the hunnish conqueror, reforms and his sweet and uplifted smile marks the happy ending.

Some of the Roman scenes are pretentious but vulgar. The technique of the film, with its old-fashioned vision scenes, will probably strike you as belonging to another and distant day. Edmund Breese and Claire Whitney do the best they can with it.

LA LA LUCILLE—Universal

IN spite of the fact that it is a bedroom farce, it is funny. It has a certain reckless snap that makes you forget that it is ridiculous. Adapted from a musical comedy, it still retains its girlish laughter. Those two jolly boys, Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, play with the zest of vaudevillians while Anne Cornwall is la la Lucille.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

THE DISCARDED WOMAN— Hallmark

THE DISCARDED WOMAN aims to be sensational but, as a matter of fact, it is just the same old sex stuff, crudely produced and presented in bad taste. The story won't bear repeating in a magazine that goes into the home. Grace Darling and Rod La Rocque have the leading roles. Business of blushing for them.

THE GIRL IN THE RAIN— Universal

CROOK melodrama pleasantly sweetened with a large lump of romance. "The Girl in the Rain" is a nice little picture, not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. Anne Cornwall plays the principal role. She is kept busy these days.

THE BORDER RAIDERS— Aywon

BACK again to the great West. "The Border Raiders" is a tale that has been told a thousand times. The settings are picturesque and evidently the real thing. Outside of that we can't say much for the picture.

A Little Domestic Drama

(Concluded from page 47)

"Sounds reasonable," said they in chorus.

"Where were you married?"

"Ha, ha! In Reno. We started there—to take the curse off. We were married last January, and we wanted to keep it a secret. We did, for quite a long time, but—people got to peeking around and—better to be considered married than immoral, isn't it?" said the female of the species.

"I haven't decided," said the man.

"Fact is," said Priscilla, with one of those fascinating smiles, "he acted so darned married he gave the whole show away."

"Fact is," said Wheeler, pulling the little curl over her ear, "no woman can keep from tagging the man that belongs to her."

"To get back to the previous question," said I. "Why did you marry him?"

"I—liked him," said Priscilla, with a blush.

"And why did you marry her?" I asked her other half.

"Thought she had brains enough to make us happy—and she's got such darn pretty ankles."

"You look awfully domestic," said I.

"We are," they agreed.

Gracious, what are the movies coming to, with Priscilla Dean tamed and liking it, Gloria Swanson interested only in baby clothes, and Bill Hart laid up with a couple of busted ribs?

If something isn't done, they'll get so respectable nobody in Hollywood will have anything to talk about.

Incidentally, Mr. Oakman, who made his first big screen hit in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," will be seen opposite his wife in her new Universal starring vehicle, a crook picture which she says is the best thing she's had since "The Wild Cat of Paris" made her a star overnight.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Oakman have been long in pictures, and the bridegroom was in the A. E. F. during the war.



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Author in Wonderland

(Continued from page 39)

every one who has anything to do with it is young—generally young in years, but always young in spirit. The reason for this, I suppose, is that they must move with the time, and the essence of youth is the ability to learn. Every one I have seen in the moving picture business is acutely aware of the fact that they are dealing with a new and expanding human interest, which, if they are not very alert, may move so rapidly as to leave them behind. They all talk of its endless possibilities, how it may turn into a method of scientific discovery, or into a great educational system, or into the most powerful weapon of industrial efficiency—or into all three. The people interested in it are watching very respectfully to see which way the giant is going to sweep them.

This is a very different attitude from that of the stage, which has so long and so powerful a tradition back of it that its eyes turn back more often than forward. It is a very different attitude from the older magazines, which only the other day were still trying to make a paying business of educating the taste of their public along the lines the editors themselves approved. The result of this double object was that the editor used to have inevitably a critical attitude toward his authors—of the stylist because he did not sell the magazine, and of the popular writer because he did not elevate his readers.

There is nothing of this in the point of view of the scenario editor. He is in immediate touch with the exhibitors of his pictures all over the world. He has accurate knowledge of what is successful and what is not. He doesn't scold his authors, and he doesn't usually haggle with them. What he doesn't want, he rejects, and what he does want, he pays for. That is why authors like to deal with the movies.

THE movies certainly have not the hide-bound conventions of the stage, but they have some conventions, of course.

They have, for instance, a language of their own.

Just as I might speak of a cripple or a deaf mute, indicating a human being lacking some of the normal faculties, so the moving picture man speaks of a "still," meaning that kind of a photograph lacking the normal power that every picture ought to have of portraying motion.

Some day some one is going to write an article on the special powers required by directors of moving pictures. In a cursory view of the subject I was struck by the fact that directors require and usually have the ability to enforce their wishes by the mere power of their personality. Leaders of orchestras—great leaders—have the same quality. And yet I saw a director terribly snubbed by a collie dog.

Collies, as every one who has known one knows, are haughty creatures even in everyday life. But a collie acting in the movies is prouder than anything you can imagine. Although I ought not to say this, for the one I have in mind—Jean, her name was—came over in the midst of a rehearsal and spoke to me in the most friendly manner possible. But to the orders of the director she would not pay the least attention. The hero and the leading lady carried out his suggestions with the greatest promptness, even the camera-man obeyed him, but when he said to Jean: "Now, go and get the slipper," she merely raised her eyes to her own master, who was standing out of range of the camera, and gave him a look which seemed to say: "Doesn't that man know that I never pay any attention to anyone but you?" After this had been

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Author in Wonderland

(Concluded)

established, her own would say—far more quietly than the director: "Go and get the slipper, Jean," and she would bound away to get it so fast that the camera-man protested that it would not do at all, and methods had to be devised for slowing down Jean's ready obedience.

It was during this discussion that she came over and thrust her long cool nose into my hand, and made me feel as no one else had, that I was extremely welcome in the studio.

Later I met her on her way out to lunch. She was even more unbending after business hours, and condescended to be even a little bit silly, and whisked her long fringed tail about.

But then great artists must have their relaxation when the strain is over.

Why Girls Don't Leave Home

(Concluded from page 67)

topics of the day so that I can understand when they talk about current events. I don't bore them, at dinner time, by complaining about grocery bills, or the price of meat, or the way the laundress tears the table linen. I talk intelligently about things they want to talk about and, when I can't talk intelligently, I listen intelligently.

"As for my other daughter—my prettiest one—" the Gentle Lady laughed understandingly—"I try to remember my own youth, and to understand, because of that memory, the problems she is facing and the little worries that are troubling her mind. I try to remember, when young men stay rather late in the evening, that times have changed, slightly, since I was a girl. I try to remember that the dresses I wore probably looked as extreme to my mother, in her day, as the styles my daughter wears, today, seem to me. I try to remember that new customs seemed just as radical twenty-five years ago as they do now.

"A girl's confidence is the very easiest thing in the world to lose. She is apt to retire into a shell of reserve, even with her own mother, if she is treated in any way that she considers unfair. It is a mother's biggest job to study her daughter, and she should do it just as an efficiency expert studies a business that he hopes to put on a splendidly successful basis.

"I look upon my daughters as my profession. I try to understand them, to help them, to work with them just as a private secretary tries to work with her chief. If a private secretary doesn't do her work and do it well, she's usually discharged, isn't she? And so it's likely that she tries very hard not to be discharged. If a mother—" the Gentle Lady broke off meaningly and glanced at me. "Well, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Williams are being discharged," she said abruptly, "aren't they? Because they're not giving the profession of motherhood the best that's in them. I don't want to be discharged."

"So your solution," I began, "is—"

The Gentle Lady interrupted.

"My solution," she said, "is a simple one. It's just being as human and understanding as possible; just studying a daughter's personality and needs, quite as a man studies a business problem; just gaining her confidence—and keeping it when it's gained—and," the Gentle Lady touched my hand with light fingers, "and just not forgetting one's own youth!"

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**Foiling the Fictionist
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—"and so, under the circumstances, we feel that we must foreclose."

He said the last word softly.

Miss Billie O'Niel finished the final little circle of the Pitman character that stood for "foreclose" and then, with an odd little sigh, closed her eyes and tumbled off the chair.

(The Editor said that you have got to start off a story with a lot of punch in it. Make a situation with one bold stroke of the brush, although, for the life of me, I can't see how a chappie can write a short story and use a brush. But editors are queer dodgers, at that. Now this one, for whom I am doing this particular masterpiece, insists that he must have business stories that have a love interest seeping through every other paragraph. And then he simply raves if there isn't any dialogue and, of course, the mystery element—that has to be thought of. Let's see. Where was I? Miss Billie O'Niel tumbled off the chair. Really, she more properly crumpled up into a pathetic little heap and slid gently to the floor, but most of the authors are doing that to death. I never saw anybody crumpled up in a pathetic little heap, but I admit it does sound real well, don't you fancy, eh?)

Mr. Porterhouse appeared to be annoyed.

(You see in these six words I hammer two points home. It is a neat example of intensive authoring. By naming the employer, for you will observe this is a business story, "Mr. Porterhouse," I give you a good mental picture of him; "Mr. Porterhouse"—you see—elegance, wealth, arrogance, and all that; ruddy complexion, brutal exterior, and so on. And then, too, you will observe how well I make another vital point; he is "annoyed." See? Not sorry, nor surprised, nor anxious. Just annoyed. What does he care, this fat, opulent, arrogant employer, that poor little Miss O'Niel has fainted or collapsed or something? He is not interested in the personal element of his stenographers. He is just annoyed. That is the word—annoyed. I love that word in this particular place and I am sure it will sell the story.)

He inhaled deeply and his mustache bristled.

"H'm—awkward, rather," he fumed. And he arose, and picked the girl up and carried her to the sofa in a corner of the room. Her face was very white and he wondered if, perhaps, there was something more serious than a mere fainting spell—an overclose room, or—

Mr. Porterhouse leaned over the girl's prostrate form. He placed his ear against her bosom to listen to the heart-beat.

And then—

And then—

And then—

He heard a slight scraping sound.

He straightened up sharply and wheeled to face the door.

A woman, standing upon the threshold, eyed him with a frosty glitter in her eyes.

(What's that? Shucks, you've gone and guessed it. Bah! What's the use of finishing the story? Of course, it was his wife!)



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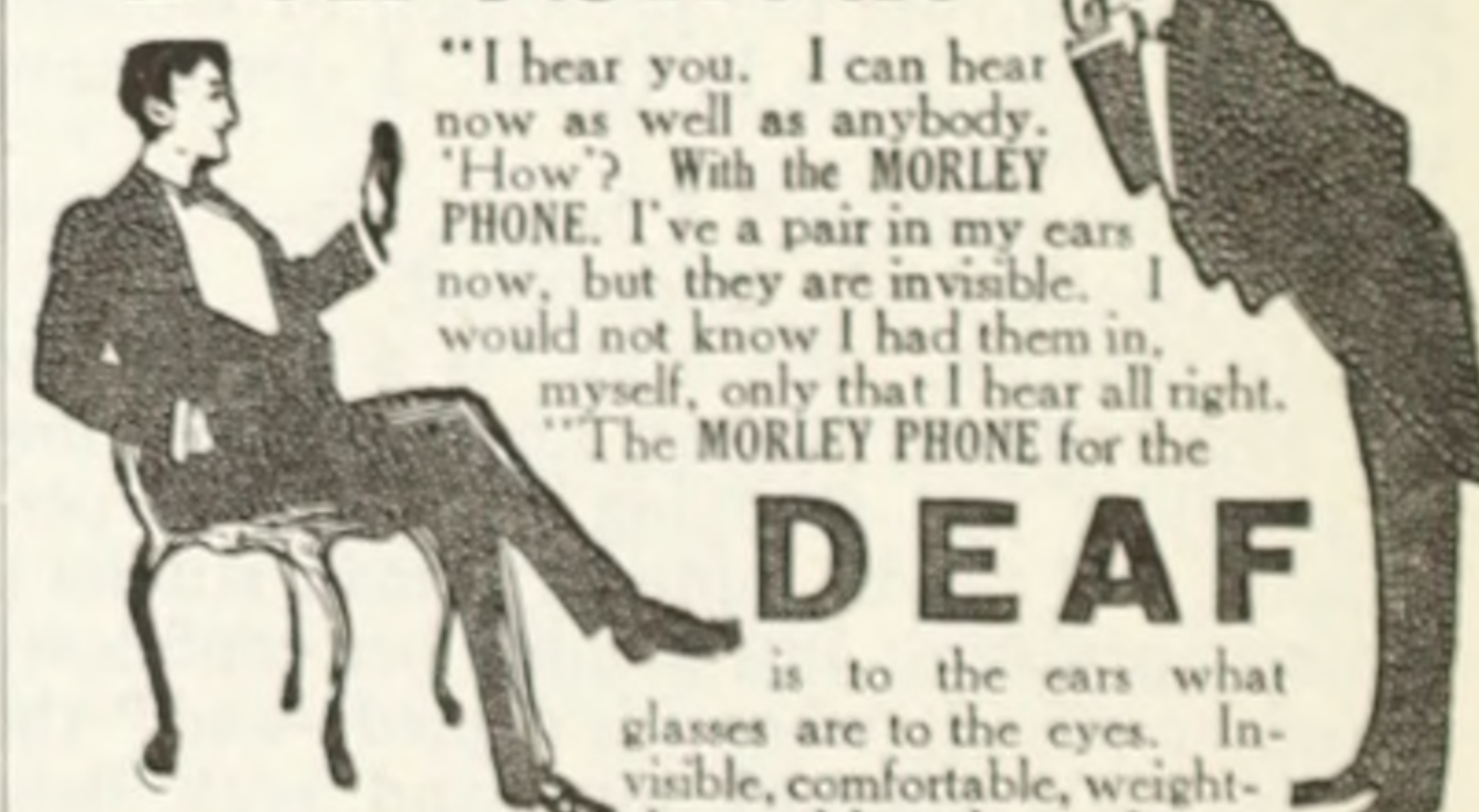
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“39 East”

(Concluded from page 122)

lifetime. As they looked, Penelope sighed happily, and spoke:

“The world is so full of lovely, good people!” she said.

Tillotson closed the door again. He winked his little bulgy eyes very fast, and laughed a bit unsteadily.

“Sort of makes you believe in things again, don't it?” he sighed.

The New Star

PERCIVAL POLISH, the bandolined and brilliantined beau who had long considered himself the bright particular star of the Bandbox Studios, was plainly annoyed.

“Why is it that there is to be a new star in the next picture with Hortense Henna?” he yelped at the casting director.

“Ask the big boss,” replied the other man. “I guess he thinks it will be a hit. They're all doing that stuff now, you know, Percy. Don't get sore about it. It hadn't ought to make any diff' to you. You've got Hortense so id, haven't you?”

Solid!

He was a swagger fellow, and there was swank to him.

For instance, on the very first morning he swung leisurely across the open stage and, after regarding the beautiful Hortense, stepped over to her side and kissed her! True, he did not kiss her on the lips, but upon her dainty, white hand—so bold he was.

And when the set was ready, the director, with a raging glower and his accustomed frown, stepped out with his megaphone and barked at the New Star.

But did the New Star cower and shrink?

Not a bit of it. . . . He barked back at the director and turned abruptly and left the set flat. It was half an hour before he could be persuaded to return. And, give the devil his due, the director forgot his haughtiness and offered to shake, his hand extended with genuine friendliness.

The New Star regarded the Director sternly, sneezed in his face, and turned his back upon him.

The on-lookers waited for the blast, which never came. The Cranky Director had met his match at last.

THE picture was immensely successful. The New Star was better even than his discoverers had said.

But most important of all, the big boss was delighted and sent for the cruel director forthwith.

“That picture with the New Star is a wonder,” said the big boss, fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm.

“I did the best I could,” said the evil-tempered director with an absurd attempt at humility.

“You!” shouted the big boss. “You! Why, you tramp, you never had anything to do with it. This fellow just eats it up. He's the best in the movies today. I only hope we don't lose him—that's all.”

And then he sat down and wrote an order to the treasurer:

“I don't know what you are giving him,” it said, “but double the amount you are spending on the New Star from now on.” And he signed his name.

So that afternoon the New Star feasted royally as he had never feasted before. Instead of the unconsidered trifles to which he was accustomed, he had real beef-steak, nice and raw and with a bone here and there, and topped off with a pan of rich cream. When he had finished he greeted the rest of the company with a joyous bark and a vigorous wagging of his funny little stubby tail.

The New Star had come to stay.

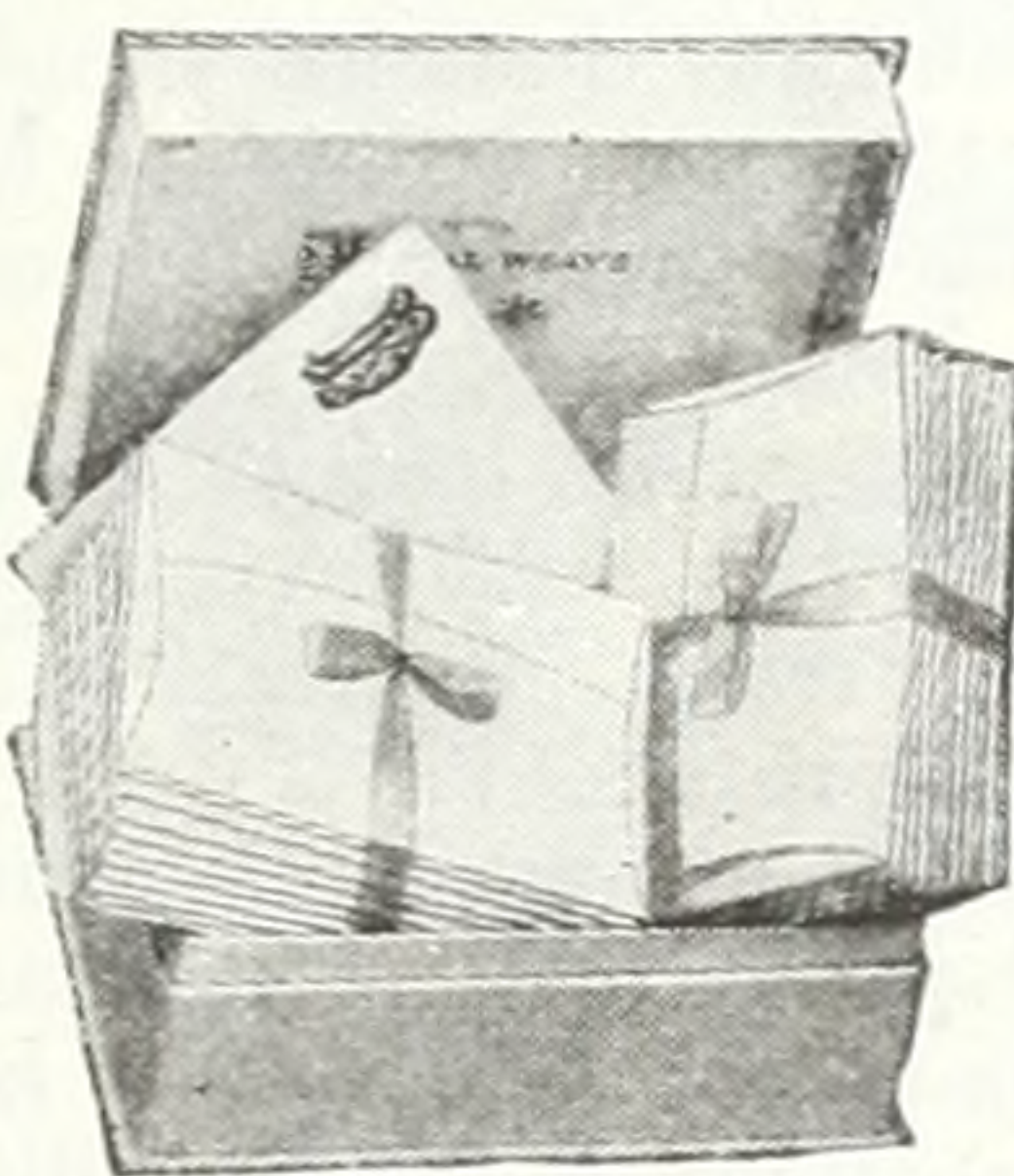
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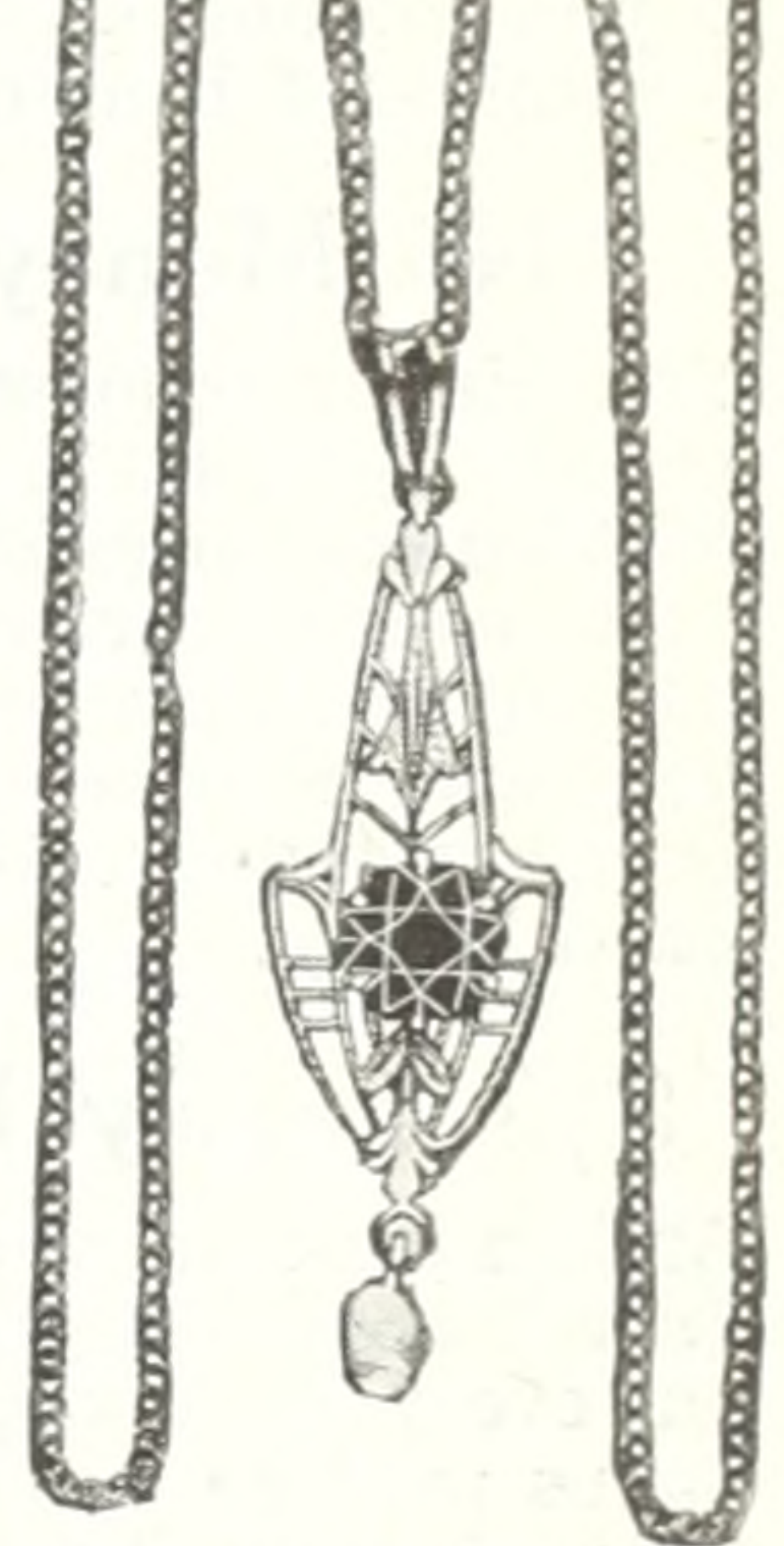
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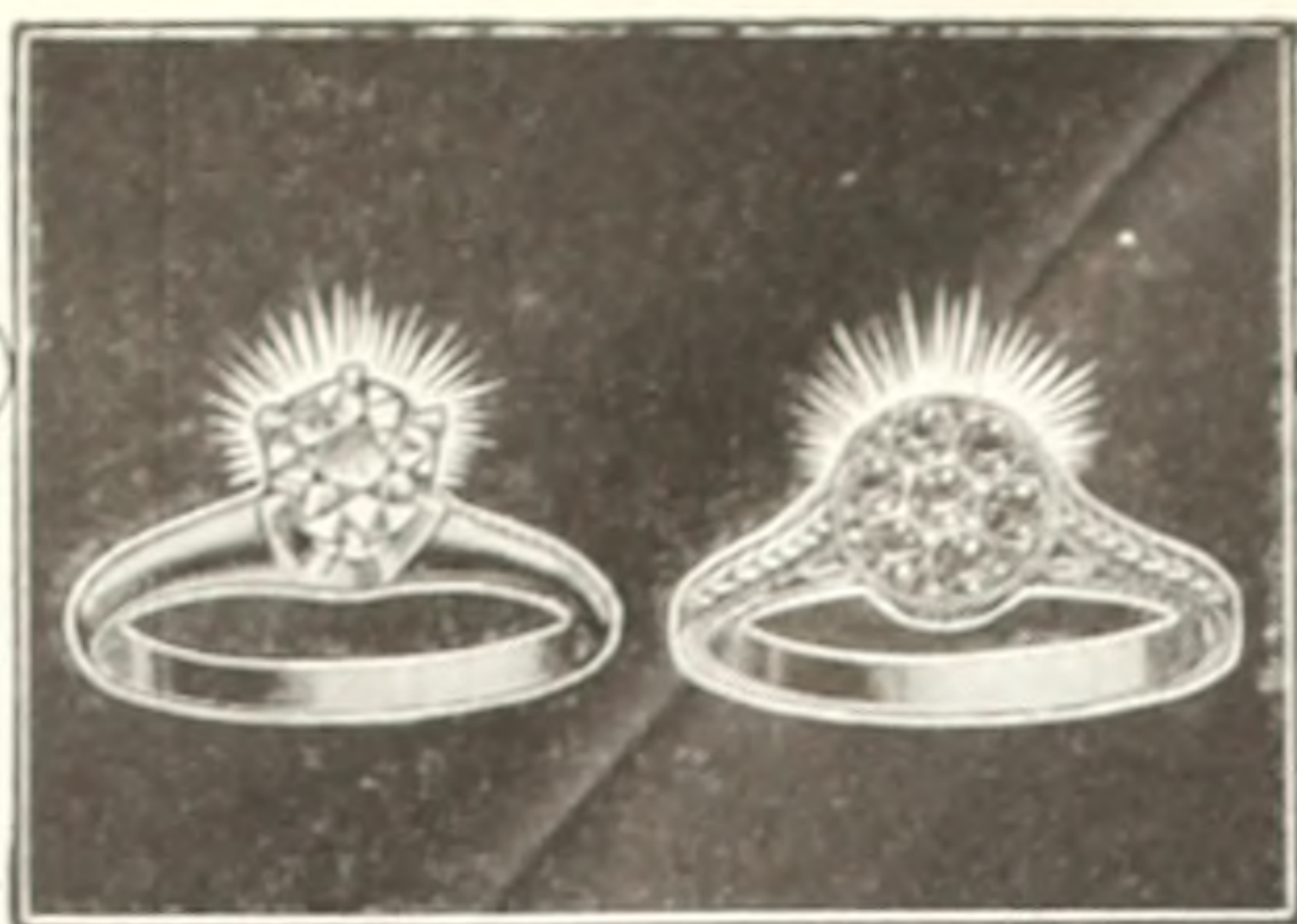
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Marietta Serves Coffee

(Continued from page 33)

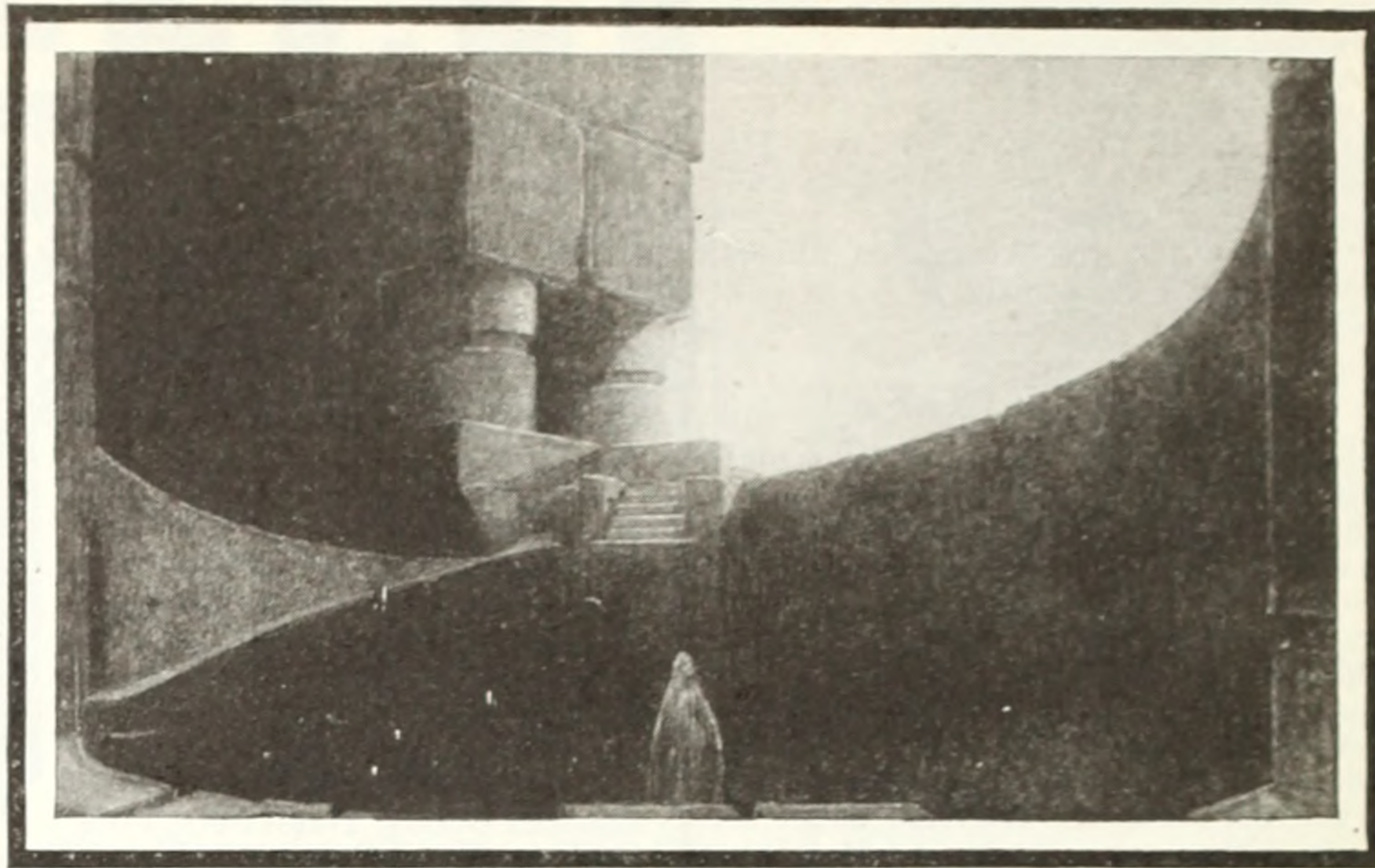


Photo by Peter A. Juley.

There has never been so imaginative and powerful a thing done in America as this battlement of Klingsor's Castle in "Parsifal."

Rubens and Gaston Glass and Montague Love and Pedro de Cordoba and Charley Gerrard were playing. The carpenter, thinking to help and probably distrusting Joseph Urban on anything except "girl stuff," brought this cosmopolite as a guide and set of instructions—a set of picture post-cards! He also found photographs of a house in Southern Spain which he thought should be copied. But when Urban had finished his gentle explanations the carpenter, abashed, discovered that he didn't know what a *patio* was, and further, that he had brought, as an example of the city architecture of New Castile, a new French chateau built in Andalusia by a war-profiteer!

I have described Urban a very gentle man. I must also add that he is a very quaint man, but much of the quaintness adheres to his soft, timorous, and entirely individual dialect. It is the dialect of an educated German, spattered with the terminology of half a dozen languages. He speaks, really, very good English, with a large garden of words to pluck from, but there is an occasional rumbling of Teutonic gutturals and the slurring of one brought up on double-dotted ü's and ä's. I shall not try to reproduce it, for I'd only burlesque it. It can't be done in print.

His quaintness gets into his viewpoint, too.

As I sat conversing with him there entered, for a short but loud argument, a young, prominent, egotistic and quite generally uneducated director whose principal qualifications are force and action—certainly not subtlety. He endeavored to beat down the man who was responsible for his picture's appearance. He had none of his own way, and finally departed, silenced like a large cannon that no longer has any ammunition.

"Well," sighed Urban. "I shan't try to correct him again. I can't be his grandfather."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That's where his education should have started—at least two generations back.

THEY all like to argue with Urban. They all like to tell him how to do his business. The idea of an art-director who knows anything above painting scenery as the director of the picture wishes, and upon sets that he and his carpenter have designed, is quite new to the trade. Too new to be swallowed without a struggle.

Another one came in. He had a modern Chinese story, in which you get a retrospect, in vision form, of a wonderful old Buddhist temple. Urban had attended to this, and magnificently, too. But the director didn't know it. With Urban that temple was a matter of lights and focus and real lens-magic. With the director it was the old-fashioned movie convenience of a more or less clumsy little model on wheels. He busied himself ardently with his own descriptions.

"You build her up right there, about three feet high, and I wheel it up or push it back—she gets big or she gets small, just as I place the platform—you know what I mean!"

"Yes," murmured the long-sufferer artist, in his kindest tone; "I know; you want a rubber temple!"

But quaintest of all, I think, is the story of Urban's first triumphant failure in America. He had cut completely loose from Austria in 1913. A production or two for the Boston Opera made his name known to producers, and he was engaged to construct the equipment for an entirely imaginative production which gave great promise for the metropolis. The move to America had taken practically all of his resources that were not tied up in his new studio, here. He was paid in checks. He lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel. The production failed. He wrote his own check for his hotel bill. It came back—his employer's checks had not been good!

Horribly embarrassed, the artist called the proprietor of the hotel and offered him everything of value on



He is a very gentle man, very tolerant, very enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms.

Marietta Serves Coffee

(Concluded)

his person as surety for the bad debt so unwittingly contracted. Unwilling to accept these, yet sympathetic, the hotel man urged him to tell his whole story to the bank. At this time he could speak no English, yet he made his way to the depository, found a clerk who spoke German, and was just pouring his tale into his ears when the first vice-president—who was a linguist as well as a financier—overheard, and called Urban into his office. He came out with money for his immediate needs and a hundred dollars for his expenses back to Boston—where, of course, he had a studio, and work in abundance quickly to rehabilitate himself.

That vice-president is a bank president now, and he and Urban are fast friends. Urban restored his account there as quickly as possible, still maintains it, and the bank-president's boast is that Urban has never made a stage-setting in New York that he hasn't seen.

The Little Girl in the Parsonage

(Continued from page 35)

field in which he was winning swift recognition. Then the whole family moved to Brooklyn. And there, joy of joys, Doris might go to dancing school.

It was wonderful, but still—Some of the girls had such *darling* dresses! All frilled and fussed up with lace and ribbons and fringe and everything! Especially fringe! Doris would have been glad to go to Heaven if she had been assured of fringe on her angelic robe.

SOON after that, Doris made her first appearance on the stage. The play was "My Aunt From California." It was given by a church society, and Doris took the part of a charming maiden named Felicia. She loved it, with its chance to wear a long dress, put up her mop of shining curls, and use grown-up language. But she had to kiss the hero!

At every rehearsal, Doris faltered when she came to the critical point. "We needn't kiss until the real night," she'd say.

And then the "real night" came, and Doris' courage failed. She simply could not lift her face and kiss the man, impulsively, as she was supposed to do. She grew scarlet, she stood still, she waited, while the prompter hissed from the side, "Go on, Doris! Do it!" The audience "caught on" and began to laugh. The big, blond hero took things in his own hands, bent—and Doris was kissed, while the audience applauded hilariously!

So you can see why I, looking back to this night of Doris' first appearance, marvelled at the bit of daring, sophisticated femininity, which was Doris Kenyon now. I thought of all the years I had known the Kenyons; of the scholarly critic, editor, and poet who is her father; of the dignified, conservative lady who is her mother; of the charming married sister, with her growing family; of the brother who is a member of the New York state legislature. I thought of her quiet home, which has never lost its atmosphere of the wholesome American family that recognizes religion as a vital part of life.

"It's a long, long trail from the little girl in the parsonage to 'The Girl in the Limousine,'" I thought, with a sigh for the girl of long ago.

I had luncheon with her at the end of the season. I'm so glad I did. For at the



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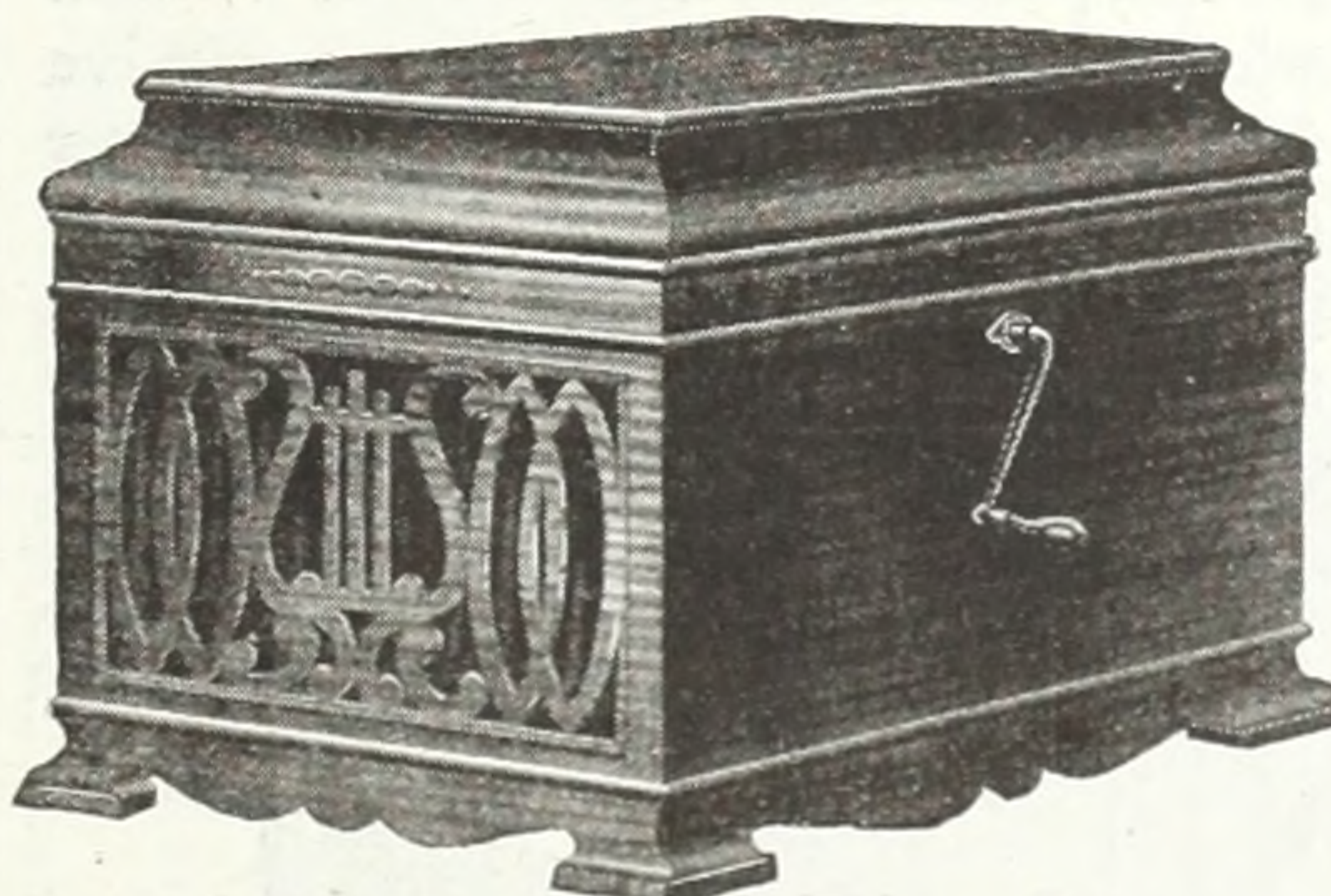
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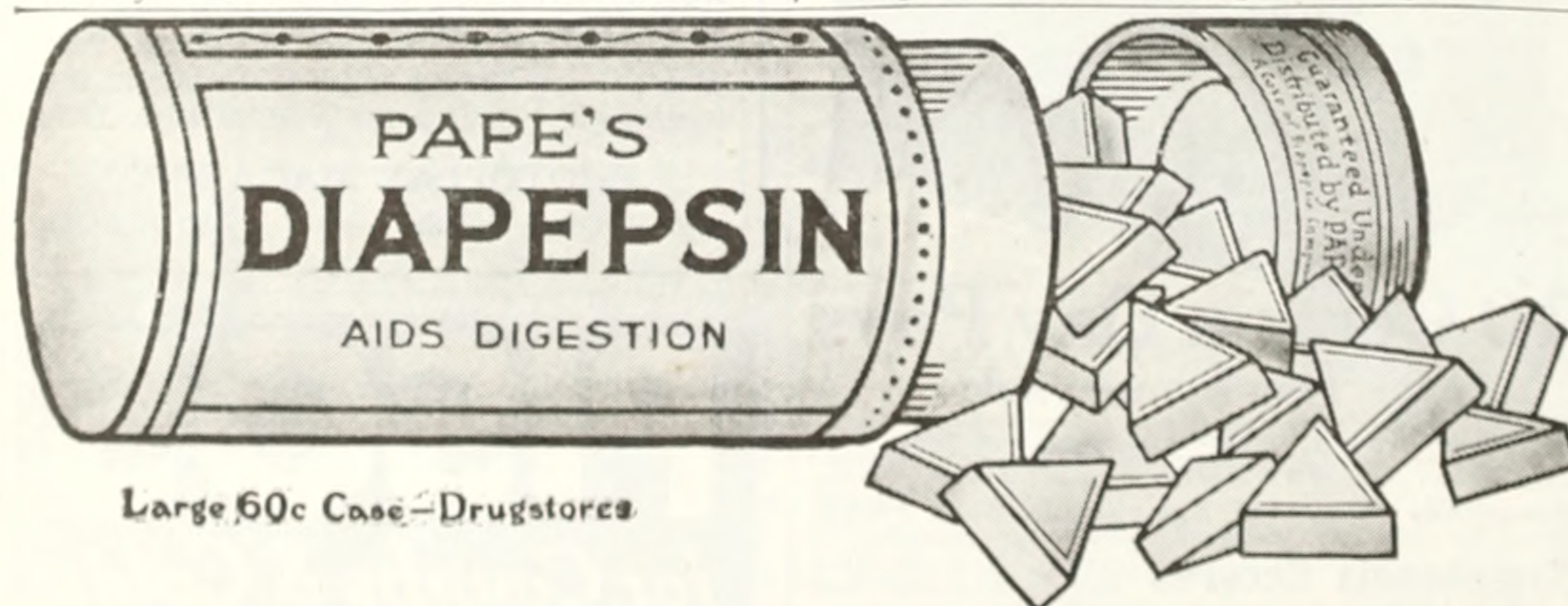
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The Little Girl in the Parsonage

(Concluded)

table in the big hotel, I found waiting for me not the Girl in the Limousine, but the girl of the parsonage. Just the same radiant little girl, with the touch of wistfulness in the shining eyes, the swift transitions from laughter to seriousness, the joyous certainty that somehow, if one does one's best, everything is sure to come right!

"Like it? You don't think I like that part, do you?" she gasped. "Of course I don't like it! But if people only played parts they liked we couldn't have a theater! You have to take your chance when it comes, and do your best with it."

"While I'm on the stage I'm the Limousine Girl, just as truly as I can be! When I come off Well, we don't have to carry our stage selves into real life, you know."

"Yes, my family was shocked at first—especially Father. He never did see the play but once, but poor Mother never missed a night. However, she was in my dressing room, not in the audience, and that helps!"

"And the farce has been a great success," I said.

"Yes, here in New York, from the first night, and also in staid Boston, where we were all afraid for it. But in Chicago it fell flat, in the beginning. Oh, I was so heart broken that first night when nobody seemed to like us. *Nobody* laughed. *Nobody* applauded—or so it seemed to me! I wanted to cry, and I had to keep trying to be bright and funny!"

"After the first act, when my heart was down in my shoes, one of the men told me that the best dramatic critic in the city was sitting out in front. He pointed him out to me, as I was waiting to go on. I studied his face, and I was so scared! I just stood there and said over and over in my heart, "Oh, God, please make him like me! Oh, God, please make him like me!"

"And he did like you?" I asked.

"Yes. He spoke very nicely of my work. And after that first night the play got to going and was a success, there, after all."

"You believe it helps to pray?" I couldn't help the question!

The lovely face of Doris looked a bit bewildered, a bit shocked. It was as if one had asked a child at its first gift-laden Christmas tree, "Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why, you know how I was brought up. My father never taught us to wait for some certain time of day to pray, or for some certain place to pray in. Ever since I can remember I have asked God instantly right on the spot, to help me when I needed help. And I do it yet, in the same little-girl way. And I know it helps!"

"Why," she laughed, "haven't I always gone to church and to Sunday school? Haven't I always belonged to mission bands and sung in church choirs? Haven't I marched *thousands of miles* in those Brooklyn Sunday school parades, standing on one foot and then the other for *hours*, waiting for them to get started? Haven't I had my father's and mother's teaching all my life? You don't forget those things, just because you have a few new experiences!"

And suddenly I realized that I had been mistaken, that it *wasn't* a long, long trail from the Girl in the Parsonage to the Girl in the Limousine; that when the Limousine Girl comes off the stage she shrugs her shoulders and the stage costume slips off, to be replaced by her own clothes, and then she shrugs her soul and the stage character slips away, and there's our own Doris again—the little girl of the old Methodist parsonage, with the green tree in the yard!

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 118)

THE THREE TWINS, CHICAGO.—I have a sneaking suspicion that your other letters weren't answered because you didn't sign your names. But I am really a kind-hearted old fellow, and can't bear to see three young ladies suffering for want of information about Carlyle Blackwell. Your favorite has been married but his wife divorced him. I regret to report, also, that the former Mrs. Blackwell has proposed Mr. Blackwell's name for membership in the justly-celebrated Alimony Club of New York. Carlyle recently appeared opposite Marion Davies in "The Restless Sex." Blackwell is thirty-three.

SYLVIA, OCEAN CITY.—Bebe Daniels isn't married. Her first Realart production is "You Never Can Tell." No, George Bernard Shaw didn't write it. "Oh, Lady, Lady," the popular musical comedy, has also been purchased as a prospective vehicle for Bebe. The Talmadges, their own studio, New York. Wish you'd consult our Studio Directory once in a while.

HARRY CLARK, MADERA, CAL.—If you were a little more observing, Harry, you would notice that I have said Bill Desmond, and not Bill Russell, is married to Mary McIvor and the father of Mary Joanna Desmond. Bill Russell is divorced. In the future, please look again before you criticize. I am often wrong, but once in a while I am right.

M. E. G., VERONA, OHIO.—Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Gibson. Both are exponents of the athletic form of film drama. Hoot is twenty-eight; address him at Universal City. The only record I have of Esther Ralston is her appearance in "Huckleberry Finn" for Paramount. You might address her there. Clyde Fillmore is married to a non-professional. Roy Stewart is thirty-six years old. Will that be all?

BILL, IOLA, KANSAS.—So you are one of these frank persons who always behaves as he feels. Well, I hope you'll be feeling better the next time you write. Enid Bennett is married to Fred Niblo. Both have their own company now. Alice Joyce is still with Vitagraph; her latest release is "The Vice of Fools," in which Robert Gordon again plays opposite her. Antrim Short with Viola Dana in "Please Get Married." He is Blanche Sweet's cousin. Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East;" he's twenty-five.

DOROTHY, TORONTO.—No, I shouldn't call him a great author. Everyone always agrees with him. Irene Castle has not made any pictures since "The Amateur Wife." Nazimova Bryant's new ones are "Billions" and "Madame Peacock." Norma Talmadge in "Branded."

MARTHA, MINNEAPOLIS.—I don't feel that I really know the star you mention. I've only run across him once or twice, and then he was with his wife. Julian Eltinge has been touring the Orient; he may make some new pictures now that he is back in America. Herbert Rawlinson opposite Ann Little in "The Black Fox." Ann is again with Lasky. She recently played a lead opposite Bill Hart.

MIGUEL GALOPE, MANILA.—Thank you for your kind letter. No trouble at all to answer your questions, which are in good taste, to say the least. Lillian Russell is married to a Pittsburgh millionaire. Anna Q. Nilsson, Lasky, Hollywood; Mildred Reardon, Fox, New York; Mollie Malone, Goldwyn, Culver City; Mae Gaston, Broadwell Productions; Jean Paige, western Vitagraph; Marion Davies, International. Your others are answered elsewhere. Be sure to write again.



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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

DODEY, LARAMIE.—Constructive criticism is what you hand the other fellow. When he says the same thing to you, it's fault-finding. Edith Thornton was the leading woman in "The Whirlwind." I didn't see the picture so can't tell you if I admire the leading man's hair-cut. Which reminds me—I need one.

BLUE EYES, CARTHAGE.—So the doctor told you you needed a little change. Why not ask him to give it to you—if he's anything like my doctor he probably has all of yours. Natalie Talmadge very often plays in her sisters pictures. She was with Constance in "The Love Expert," and with Norma in "Yes or No," as the little maid. The Talmadges are all abroad right now—Mother Peg, Norma, Constance, and Joseph Schenck, as well as several secretaries and a corps of maids. Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish crossed at the same time as the Talmadge party; all of them went for vacation purposes only. Your other queries attended to in other items.

L. M. F., PORTLAND.—Talk may be cheap—but you should see my telephone bills! Yes, there is a Gaston Glass in pictures; he played the French officer in "Mothers of Men;" was *Leon Kantor* in "Humoresque;" acted opposite Alma Rubens in "The World and His Wife," and is now in Canada playing the leading role in "The Foreigner," the first of the series of picturizations of Ralph Connor's stories.

E. M., SAN GABRIEL, CAL.—It is the rule of this department—as you will see at the top of the Questions and Answers columns—to give only one cast at a time. Therefore I selected "The Barrier": *Merridy*, Mabel Julienne Scott; *John Gaylord*, Russell Simpson; *Dan Bennett*, Howard Hall; *Lieut. Meade Burrell*, Victor Sutherland; *John Gale*, Russell Simpson; *Poleon Doret*, Mitchell Lewis; *Ben Stark*, Howard Hall; *Runnion*, Edward Roseman; *No Creep See*, W. J. Gross; *Alluna*, Mary Kennevan Car. You will notice that both Simpson and Hall played two parts in this.

K. M., TORONTO.—Ruth Roland is doing a fifteen-episode serial called "Ruth of the Rockies." The first episode is called, "The Mystery Trunk." Jack Mulhall is married and has one child. You lose your bet, don't you? Harold Lockwood died of influenza. Ruth Roland is about twenty-seven.

V. DE B., NEW YORK CITY.—You were very nice to tell me all those pleasant things about my department. Now all I have to worry about is whether or not you mean them. Sessue Hayakawa may be reached care the Brunton studios, Los Angeles. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, who is also a film star. One of her latest pictures, for Universal, is "The Breath of the Gods." Mary MacLaren has left Universal.

MRS. CARROLL A. M., MARSHFIELD.—Many a hard-working husband finds it hard to share his wife's enthusiasm about Bert Lytell. Here is the cast of "The Spenders" (Metro): *Dick Berbie*, Bert Lytell; *T. W. Berbie*, Thomas Jefferson; *Elmer Robbins*, Clarence Burton; *Stetson*, William V. Mong; *Helen Stetson*, Clara Morris. That cast sounds like an indirect advertisement for a certain brand of head-covering.

MARY. SHORT AND SWEET.—Vivian Martin has her own company, as I believe I have remarked before. Eugene O'Brien isn't married, and never has been married. His mother is his best girl.

R. B. B., HOPE, ARK.—Your physician will never tell you which is better, the ounce of prevention or the pound of cure. He sells both. Mabel Normand is with Goldwyn; she isn't married. Katherine MacDonald releases her pictures through First National. Her latest, "The Notorious Miss Lisle," in which she is supported by Nigel Barrie. Dorothy Dalton's new Paramount is "Guilty Love." Miss Dalton works in New York City.

O. J. M., CANBY, MINN.—You are refreshingly polite. Accordingly I hasten to reply in kind. But of course, I couldn't possibly be as polite as you were. Adele Rowland is Mrs. Conway Tearle. Tearle has been married before—several times. D. W. Griffith works in the east altogether now, in Mamaroneck, New York. David Wark lives in New York City.

JEAN, IOWA.—In these days of equal suffrage the widow's mite is now the widow's might. You aren't old enough to vote, are you? But you seem to have your favorite candidates all the same. Here is the cast of "Bitter Sweet": *Farmer Slatér*, George Stanley; *Joan*, his wife, Anna Shaefer; *John*, Webster Campbell; *Ruth*, Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith is now a Vitagraph star—and leading man Webster Campbell is also her husband.

B. D. B., KANSAS.—Yes, the army was excellent training for many of our young men—only some of them can't seem to get out of the habit of charging. Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers." Dusty is still with Robertson-Cole. Eddie Polo is very coy as to his age. He's married. Zeena Keefe opposite Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim." She is featured for Selznick. Victor Moore is in vaudeville now; last seen on the screen in Klever Komedies. Eileen and Josie Sedgwick are sisters.

B. E. W., SALT LAKE CITY.—I haven't the cast of that play. Are you sure that is the correct title? Besides, there are so many young men in pictures who fight well and make love beautifully. You'll have to give me a more complete description.

BILLIE WHISKERS.—I can't shimmy. As a rival of Gilda Gray I am decidedly not in the running. The only thing I can shake is my head, and that works overtime. People are always asking me questions to which I must perforce reply that I don't know. I really have no idea of the middle name of that actress' divorced husband.

BESSIE K. B., CHICAGO.—Conway Tearle is forty. He is a star for Selznick, his pictures to be released under the National Picture Theaters banner. I liked Doris Keane in "Romance." Rod LaRocque is so young that he doesn't like to admit it. That's rather rare for a leading man. He isn't married. Yes.

REX LESLIE, SICAMOUS, B. C.—The last record I have of Gladys Leslie is in February, 1920, when she played in Ivan Abramson's "A Child for Sale." Have no information as to Bryant Washburn's brother but I know he is not acting in pictures. Bryant is abroad right now.

B. F. P., LOUISVILLE.—Emory Johnson may be reached at his home, 1834 El Cerrita Place, Hollywood, California. He is the husband of Ella Hall. I think he will answer you if you write him as sweetly as you wrote me. We leading men are so susceptible.




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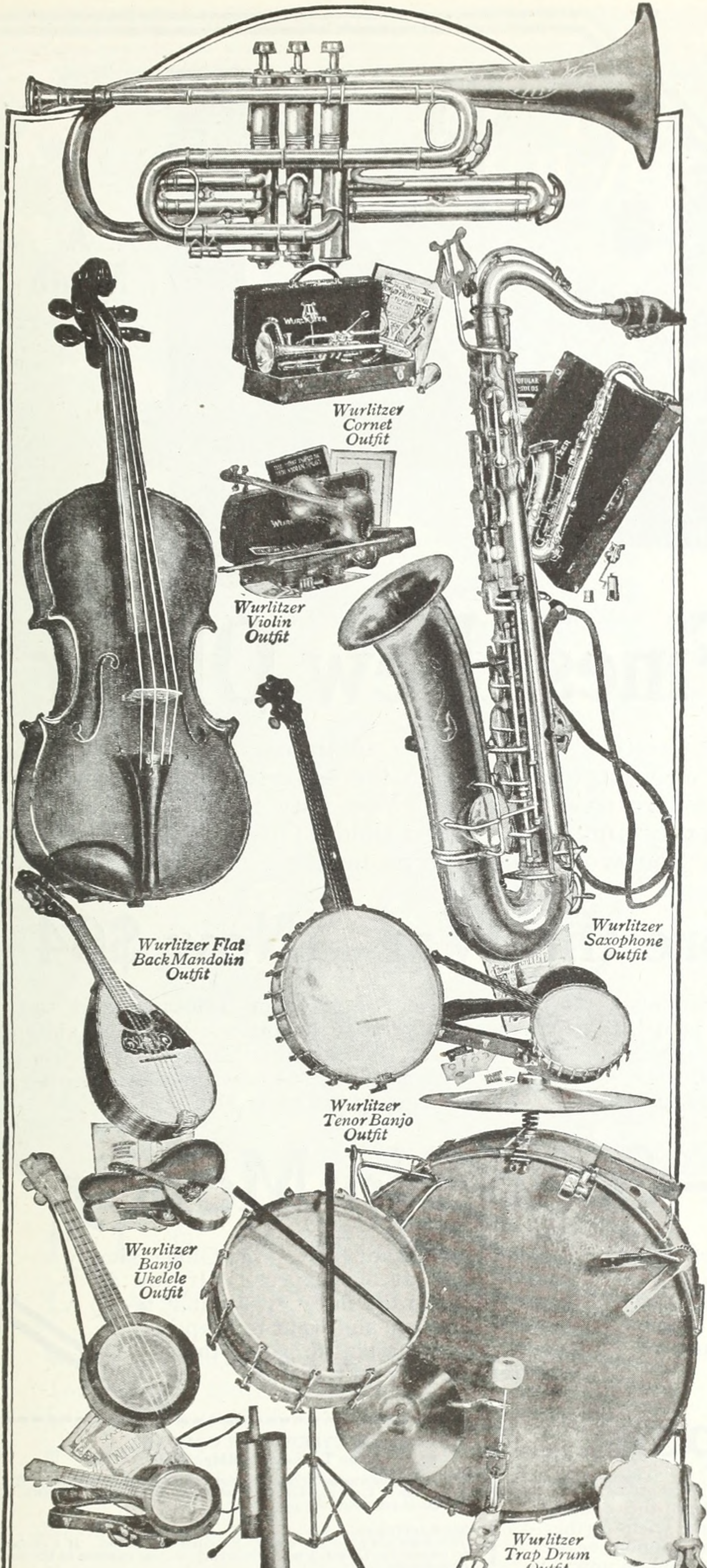
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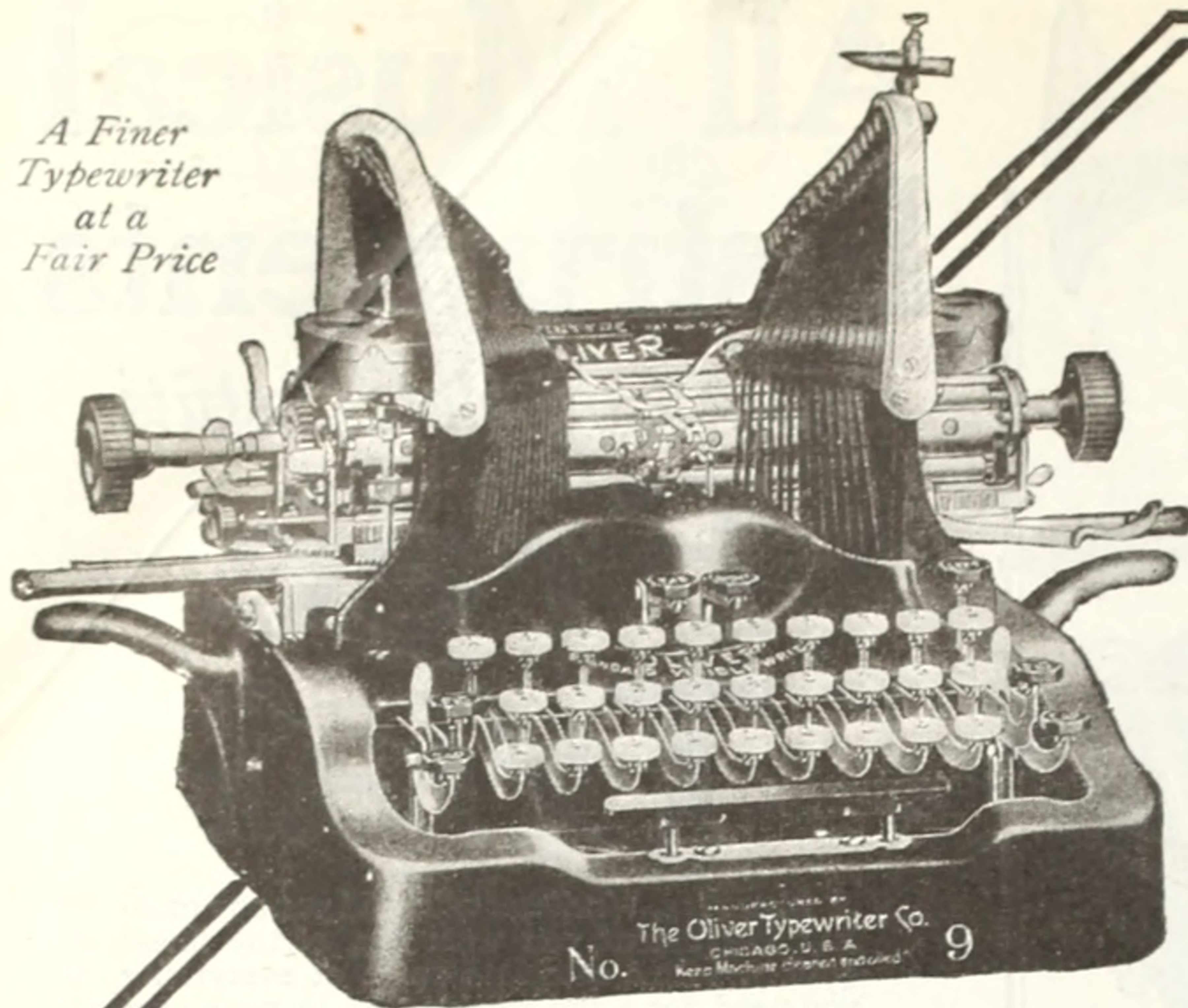
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How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

THE first essential of fashionably manicured nails is thin, fine skin at their base. Cutex, the liquid Cuticle Remover, is especially designed to eliminate the old bungling cuticle cutting and give perfect trimness to the cuticle. Follow the manicuring directions above the small illustration. Cutex, used regularly, keeps your cuticle smooth, your nails fashionably manicured.

For an Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for 6 manicures, mail the coupon below with two dimes, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 710, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

With cotton wound about an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. For snowy white tips, apply Cutex Nail White. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

CUTEX

Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c sizes. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c at all drug and department stores.



Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren, Dept. 710, 114 West 17th St., New York

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Cutex Nail White gives snowy tips.