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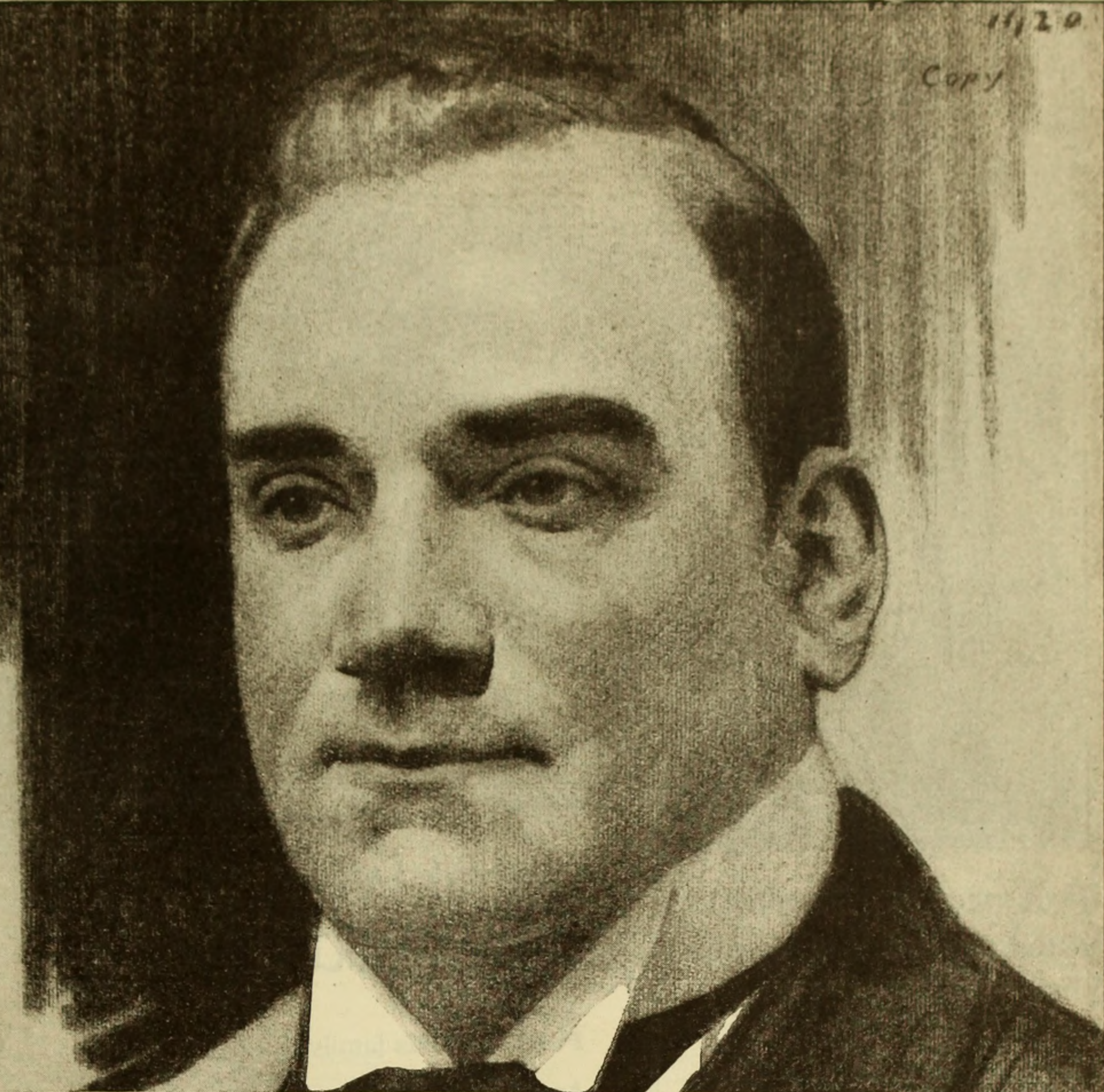
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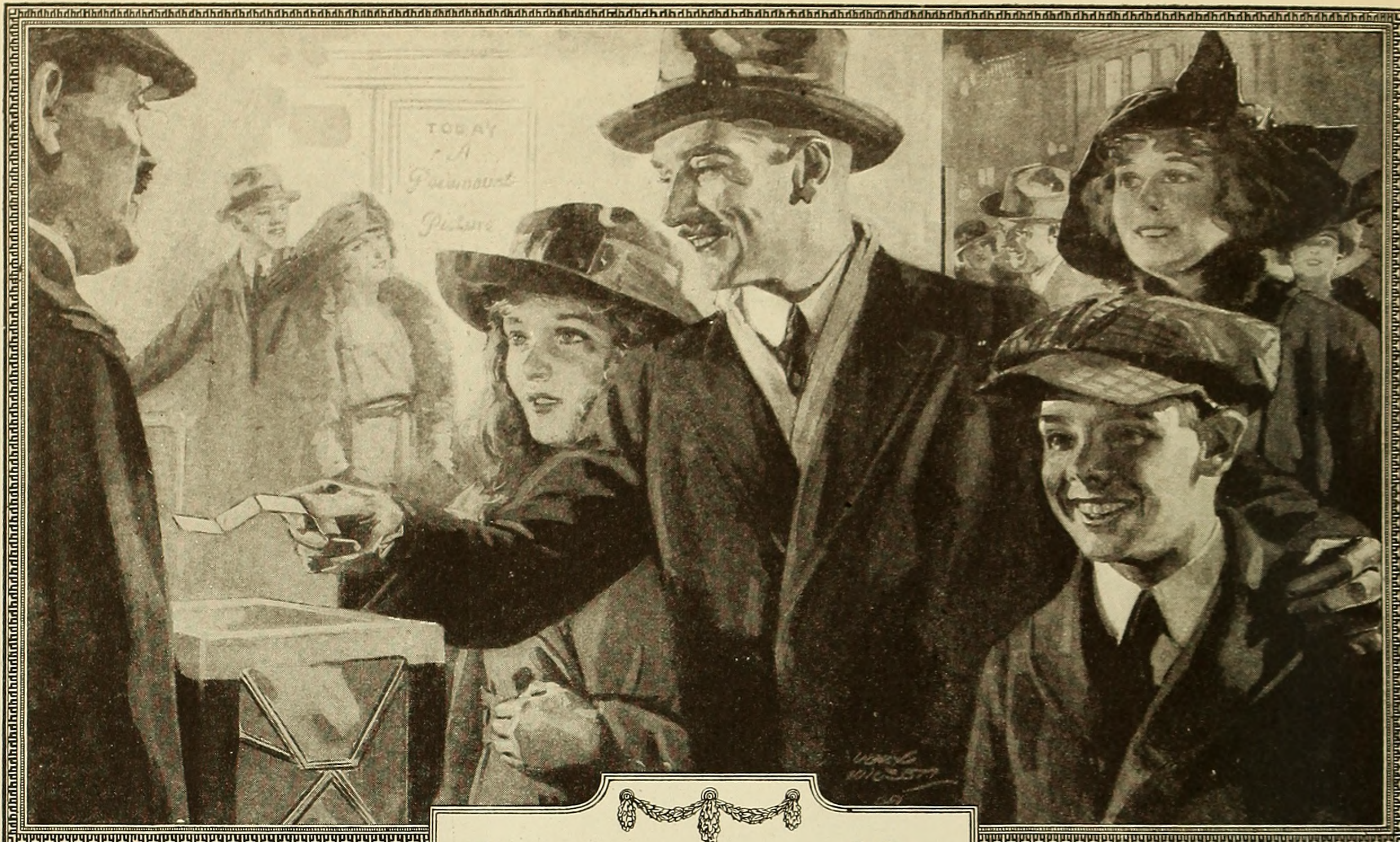
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XIX

No. 3

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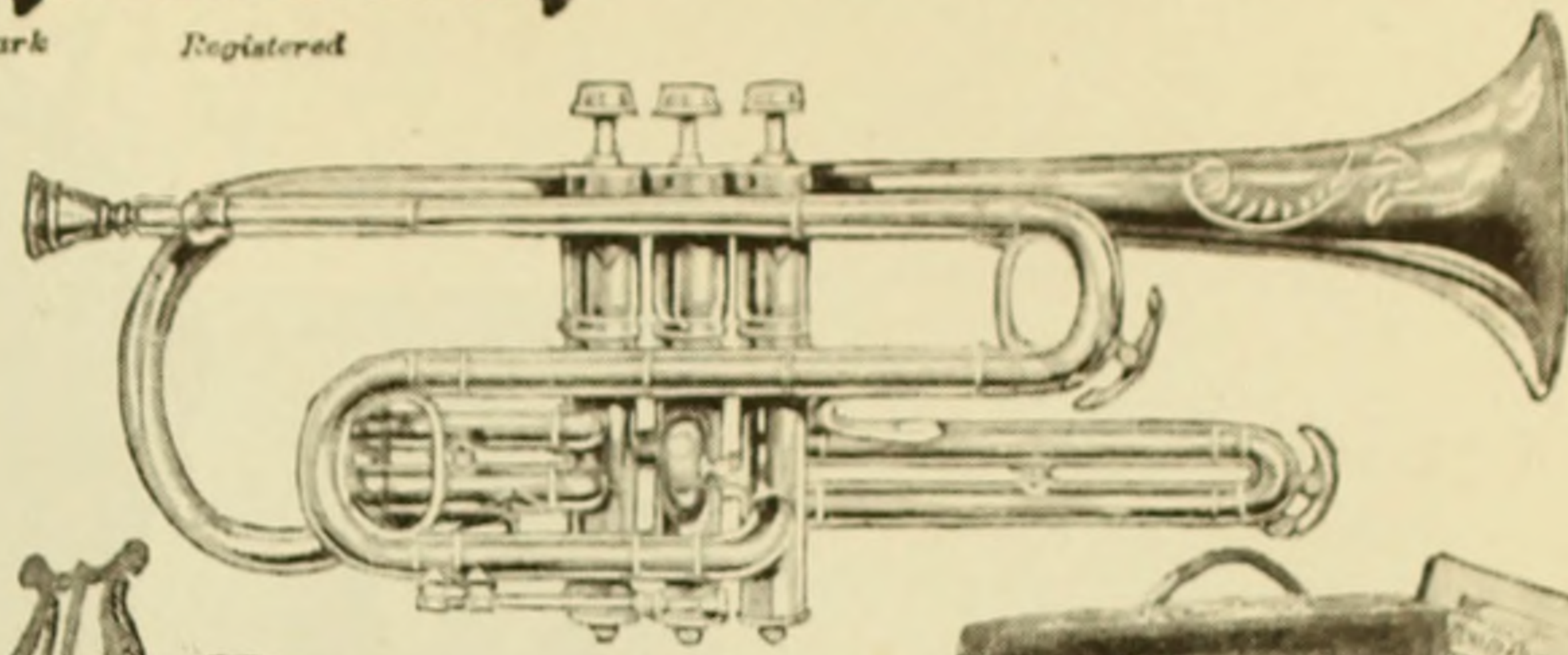
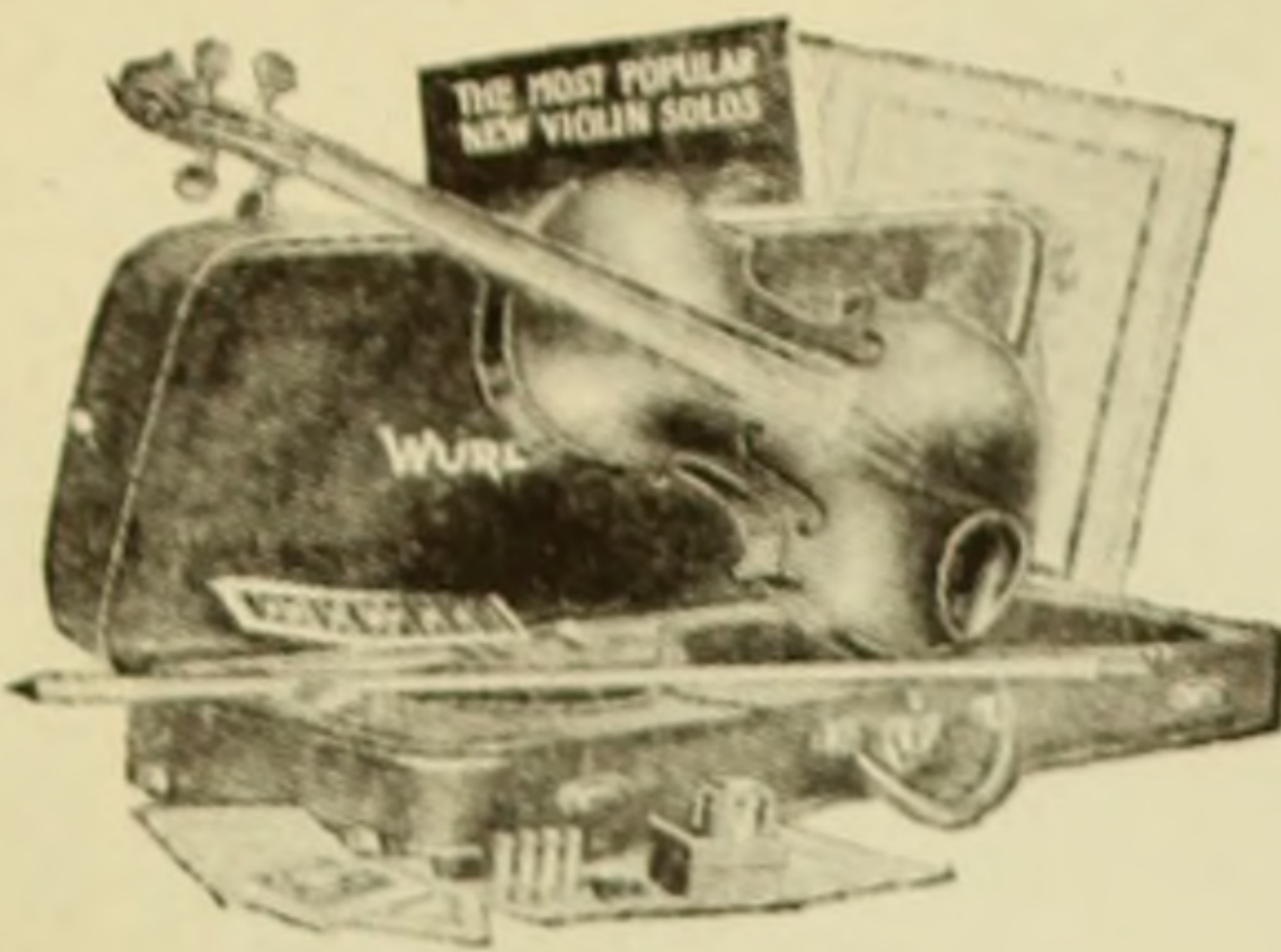
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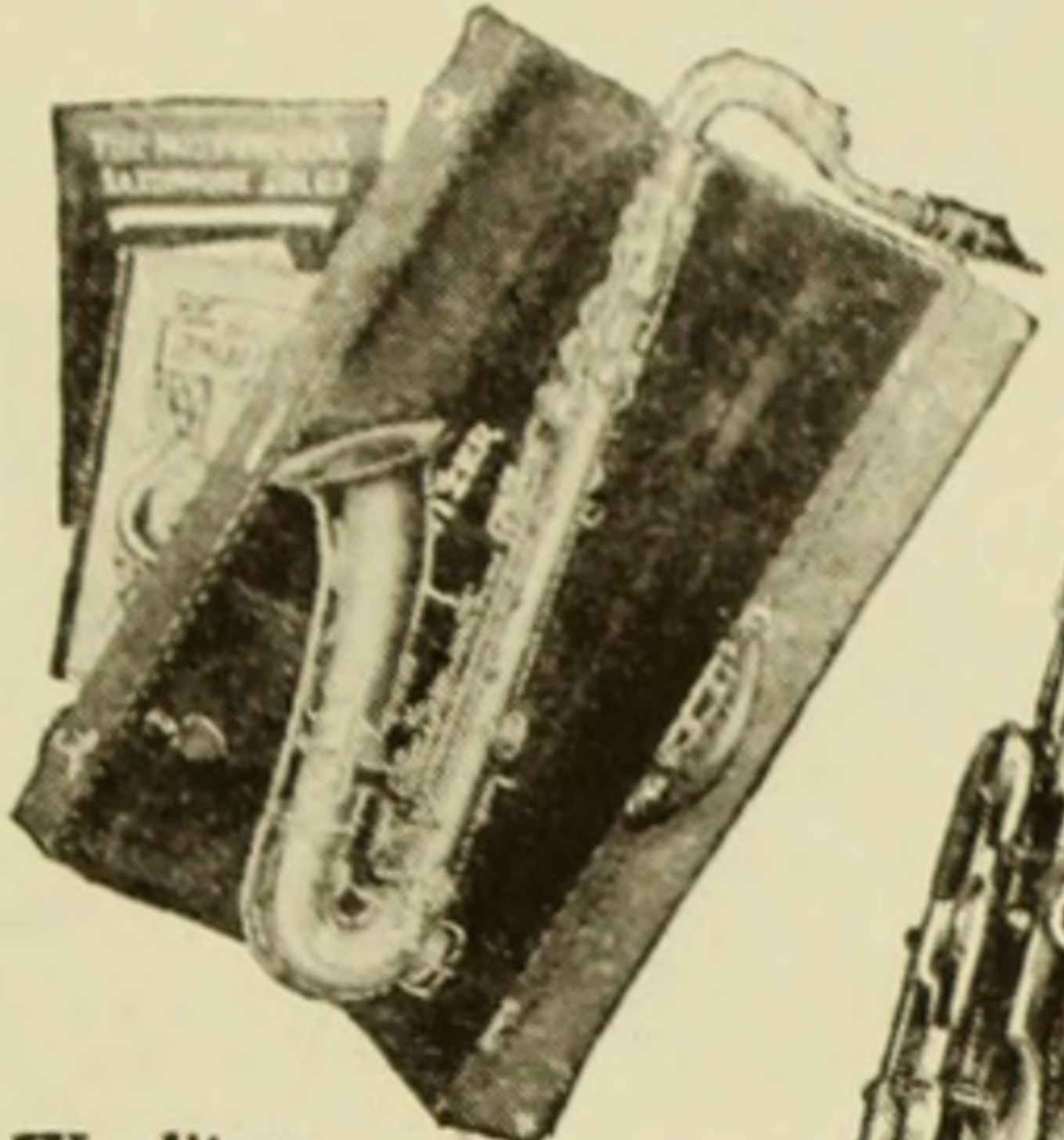
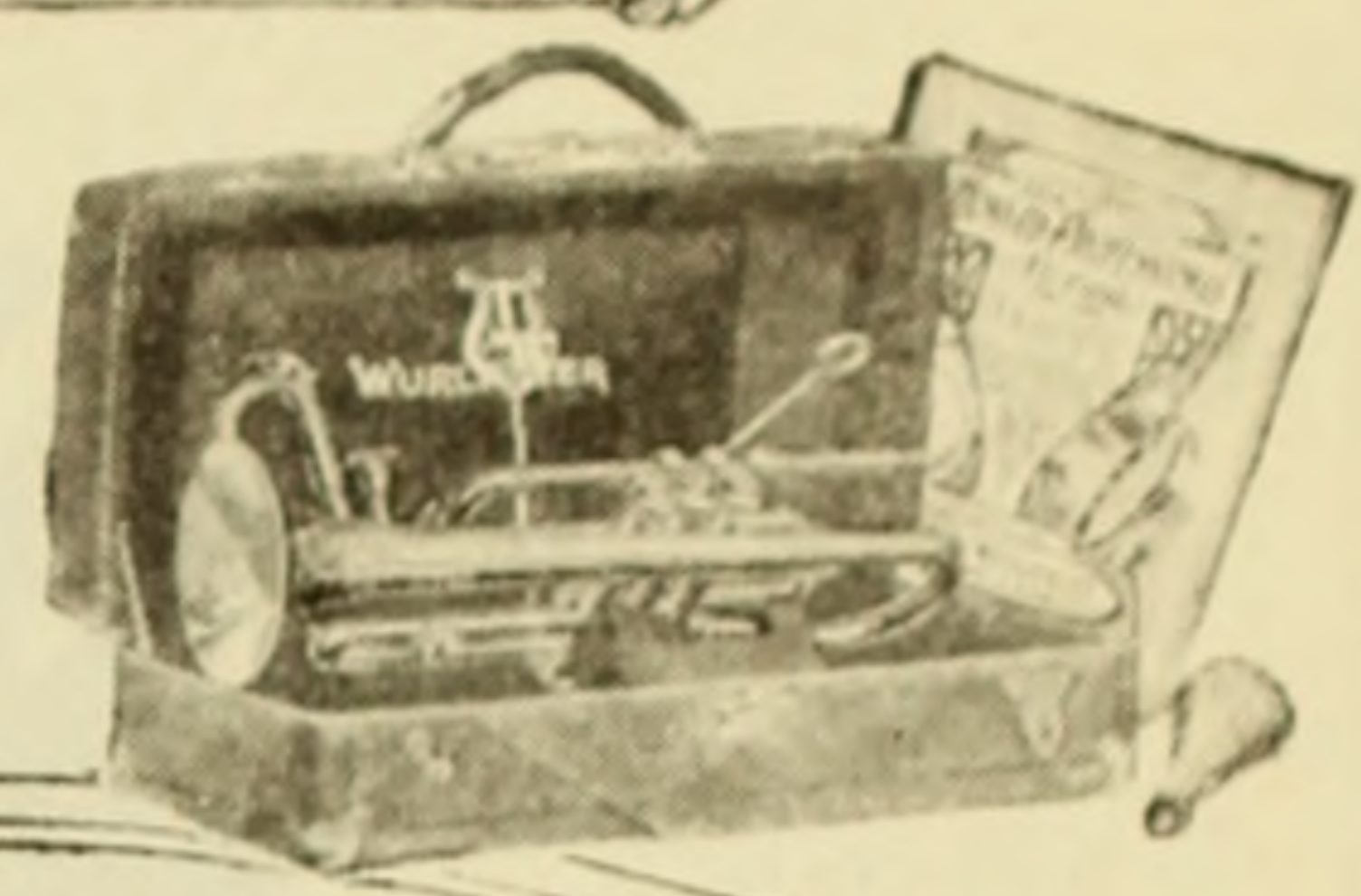
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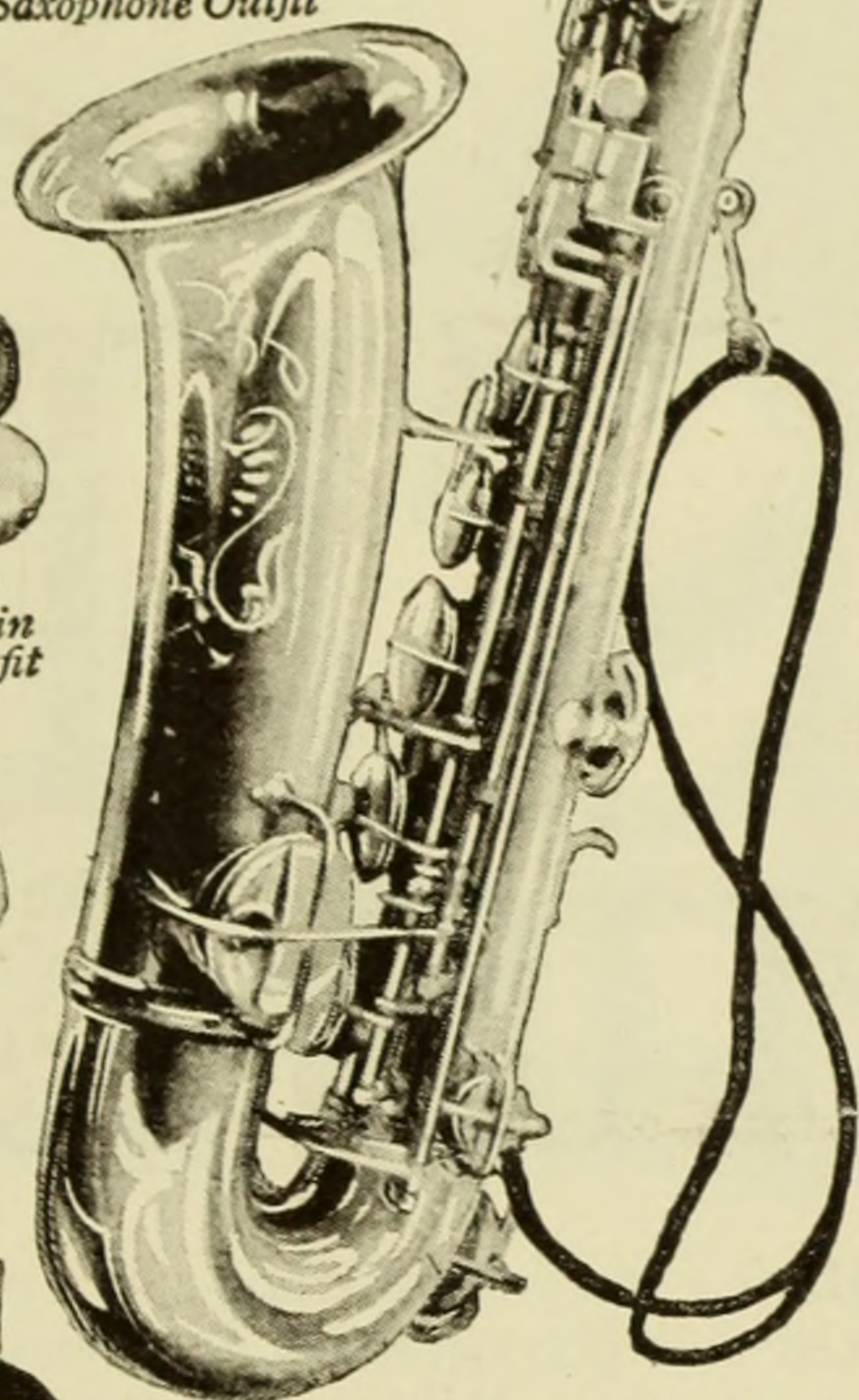
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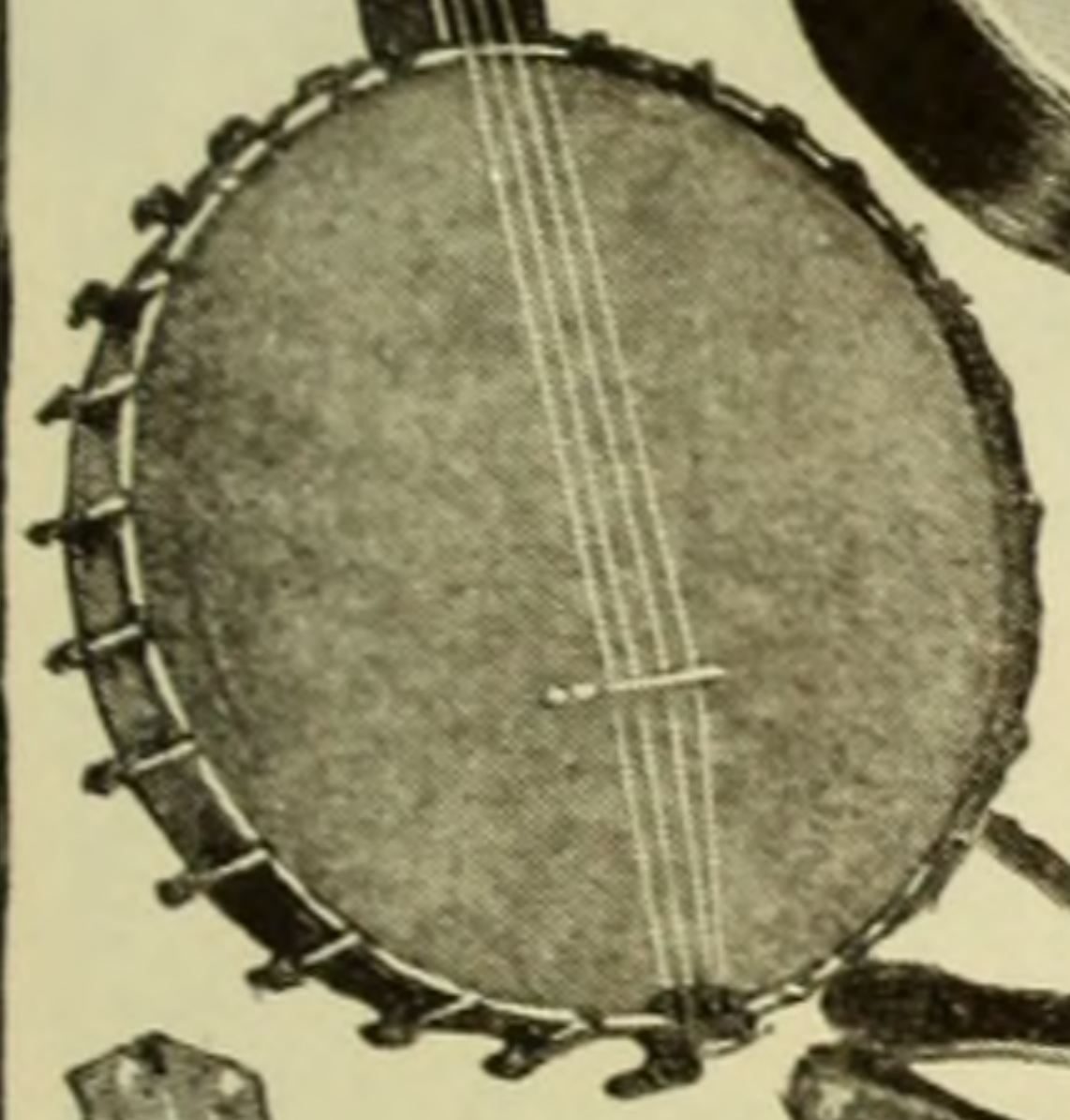
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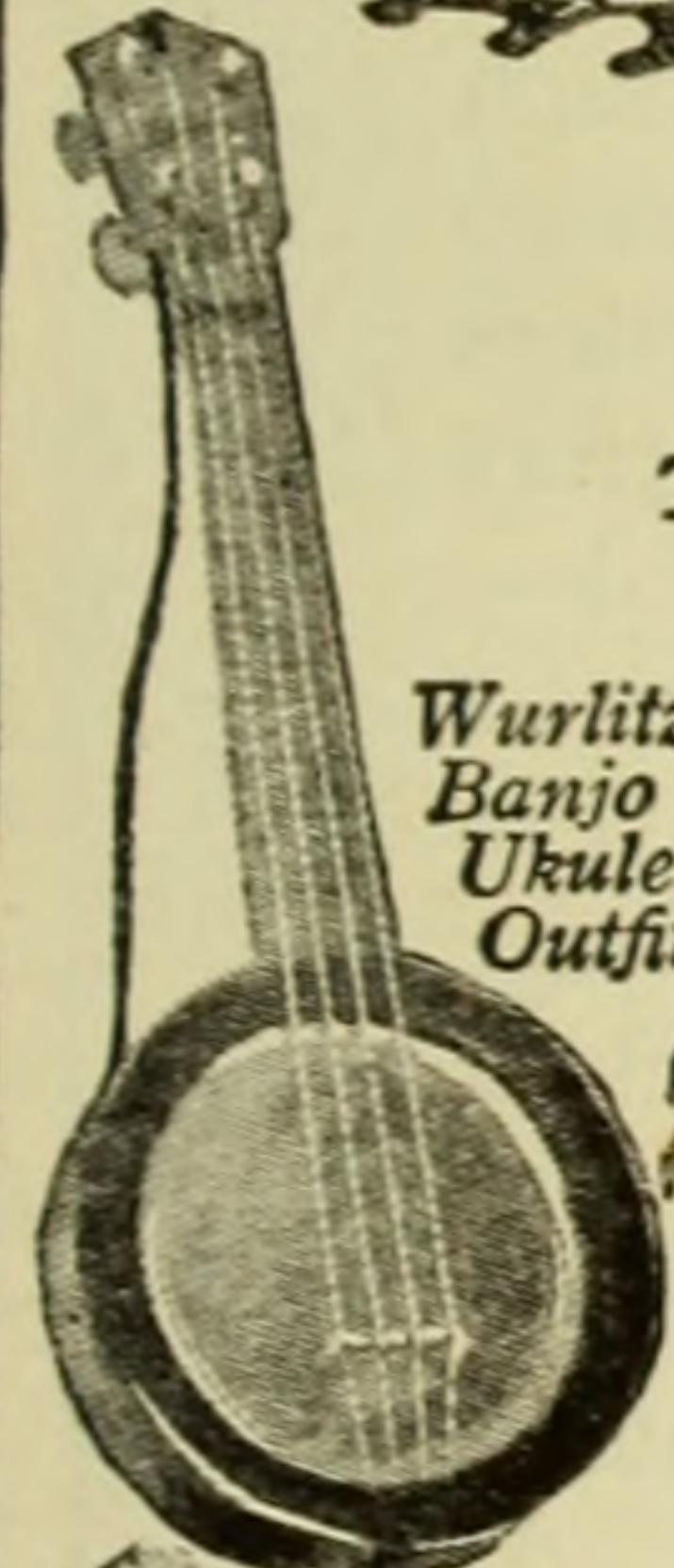
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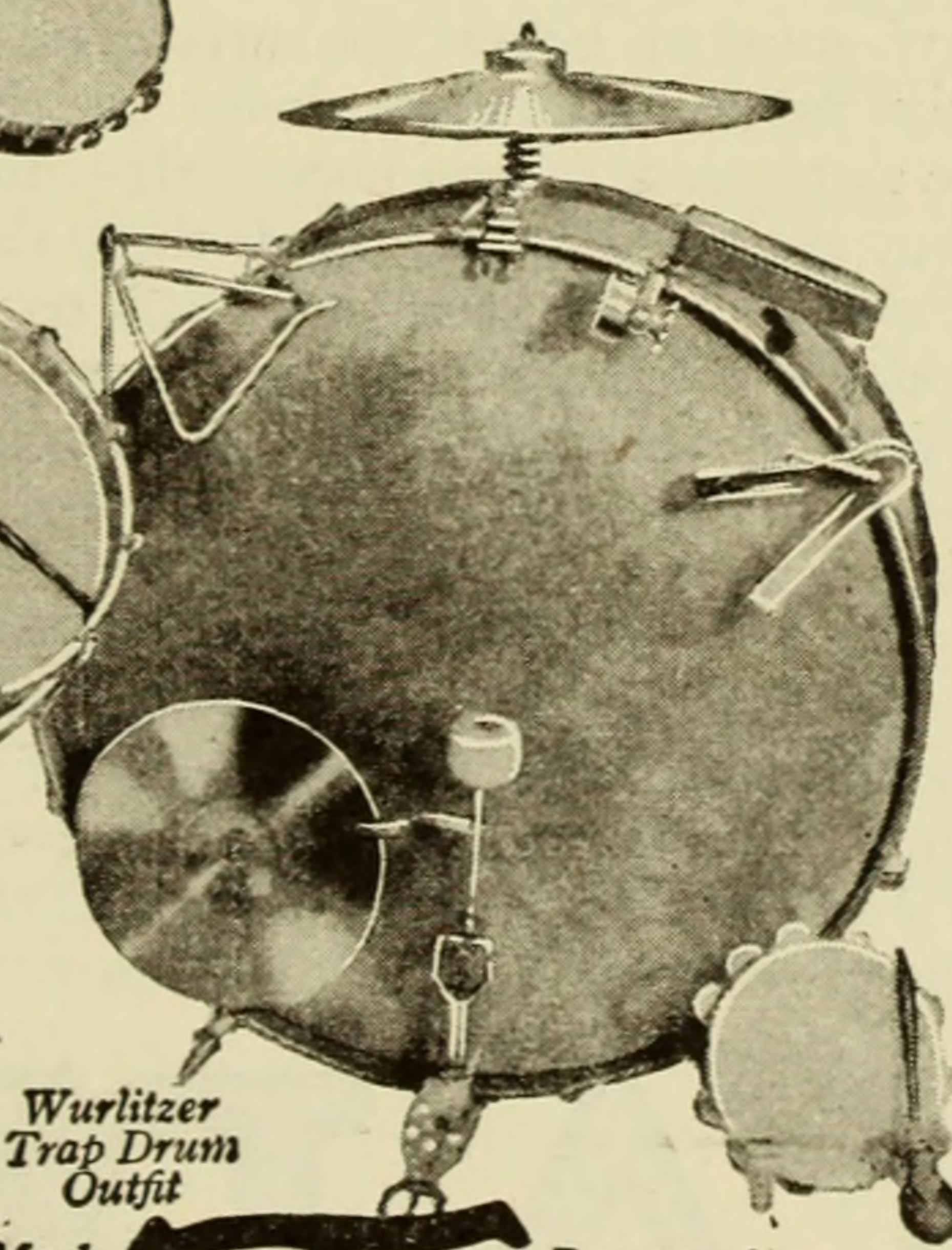
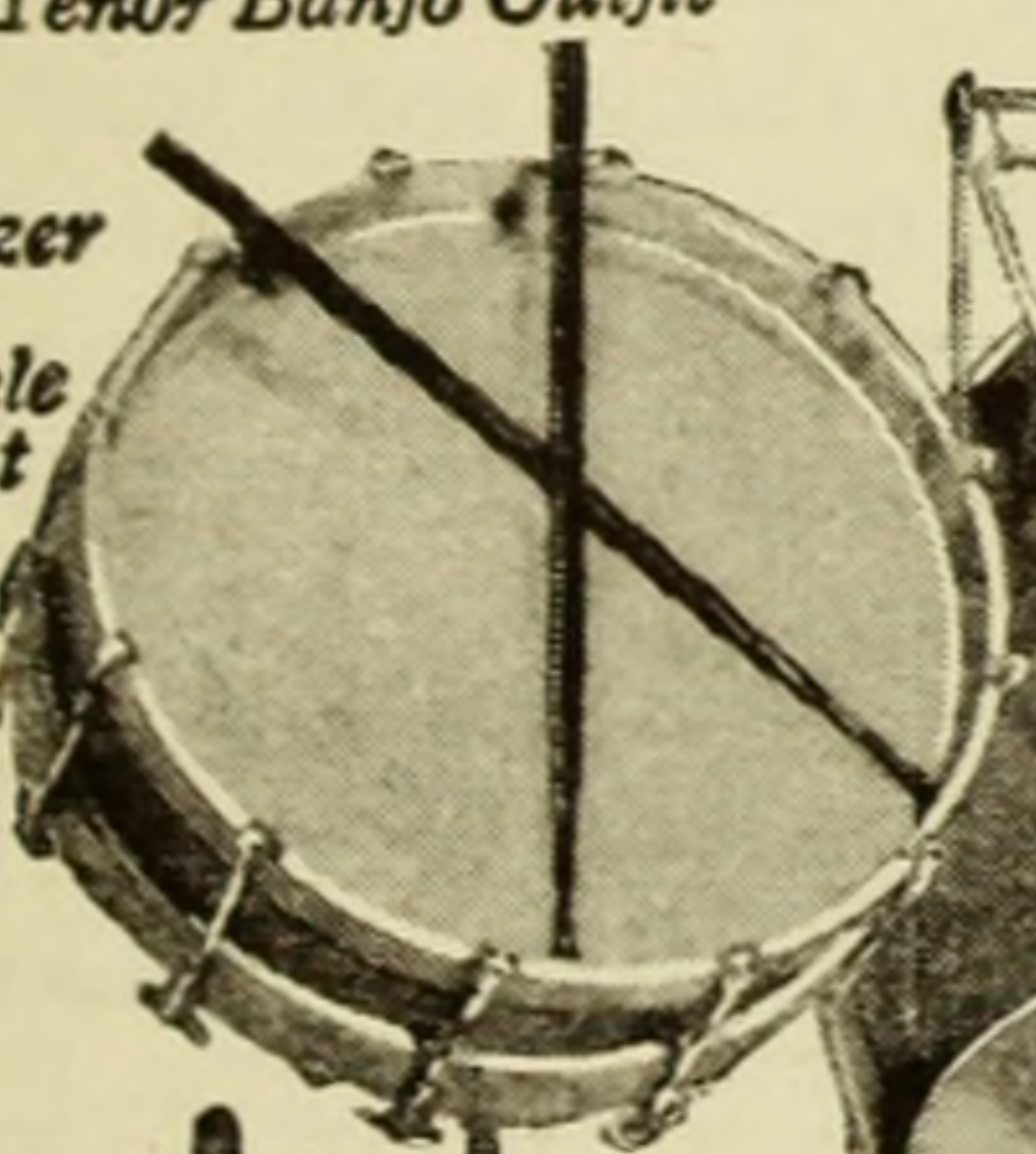
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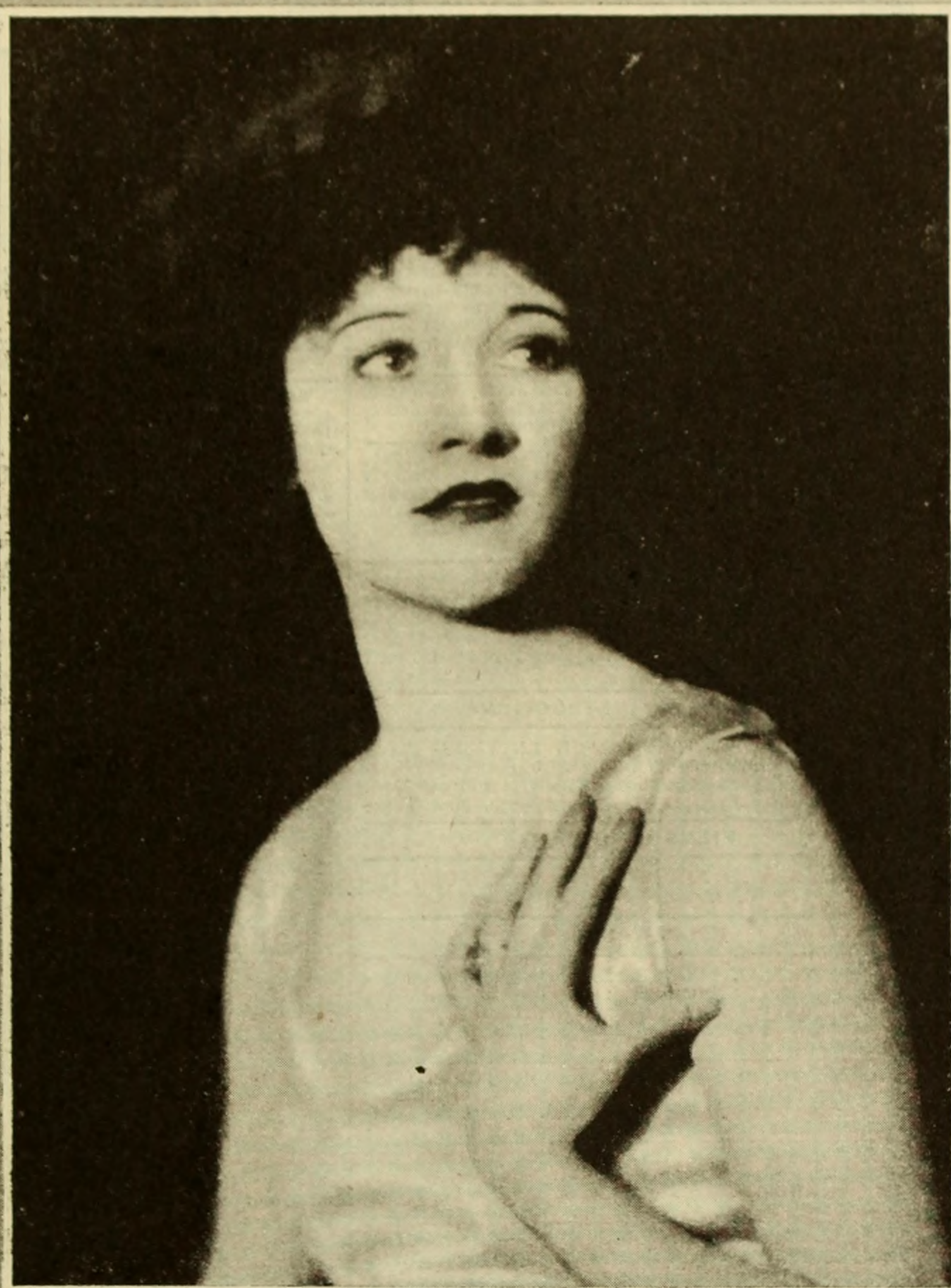
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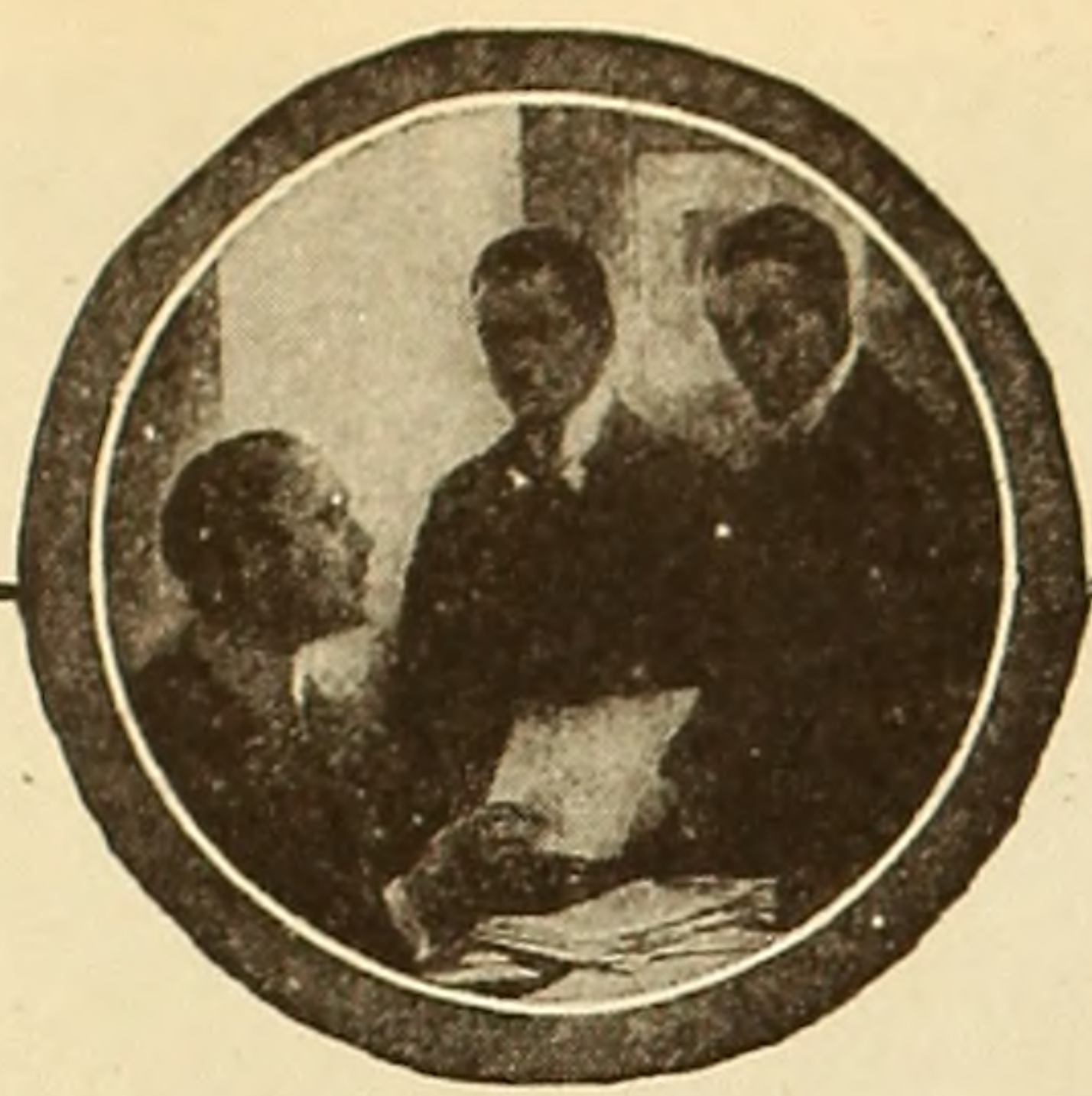
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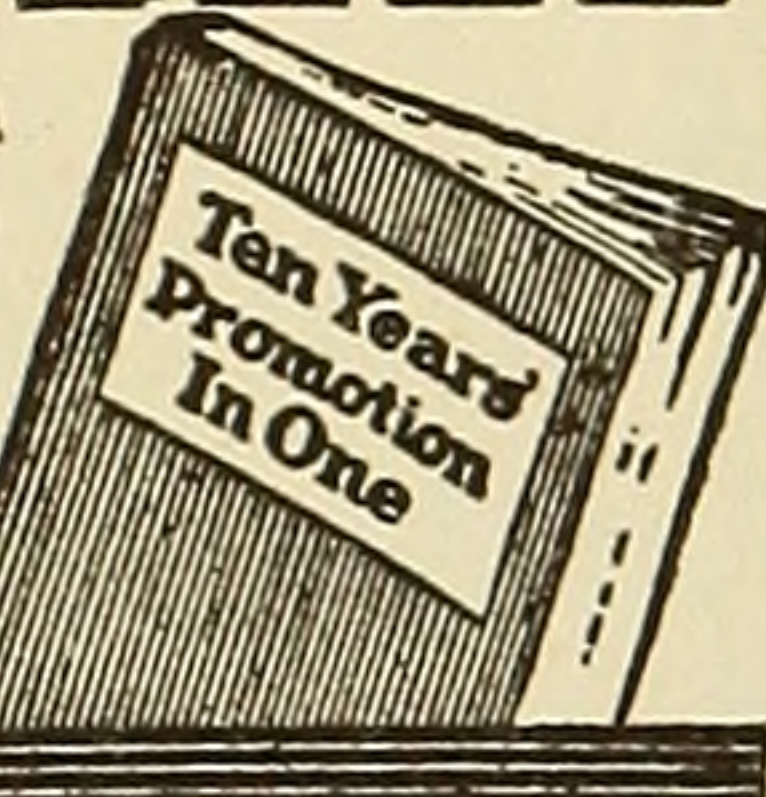
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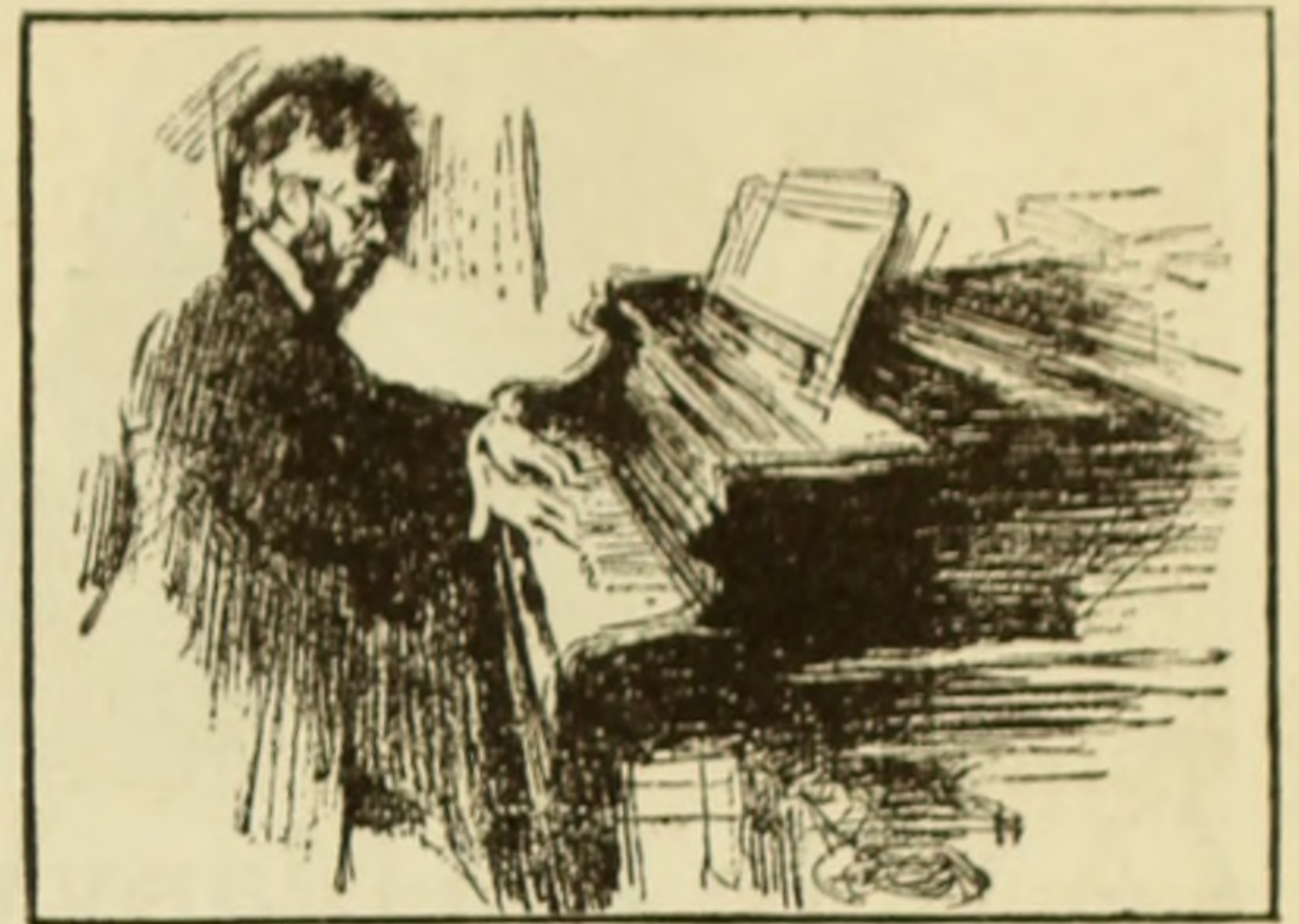
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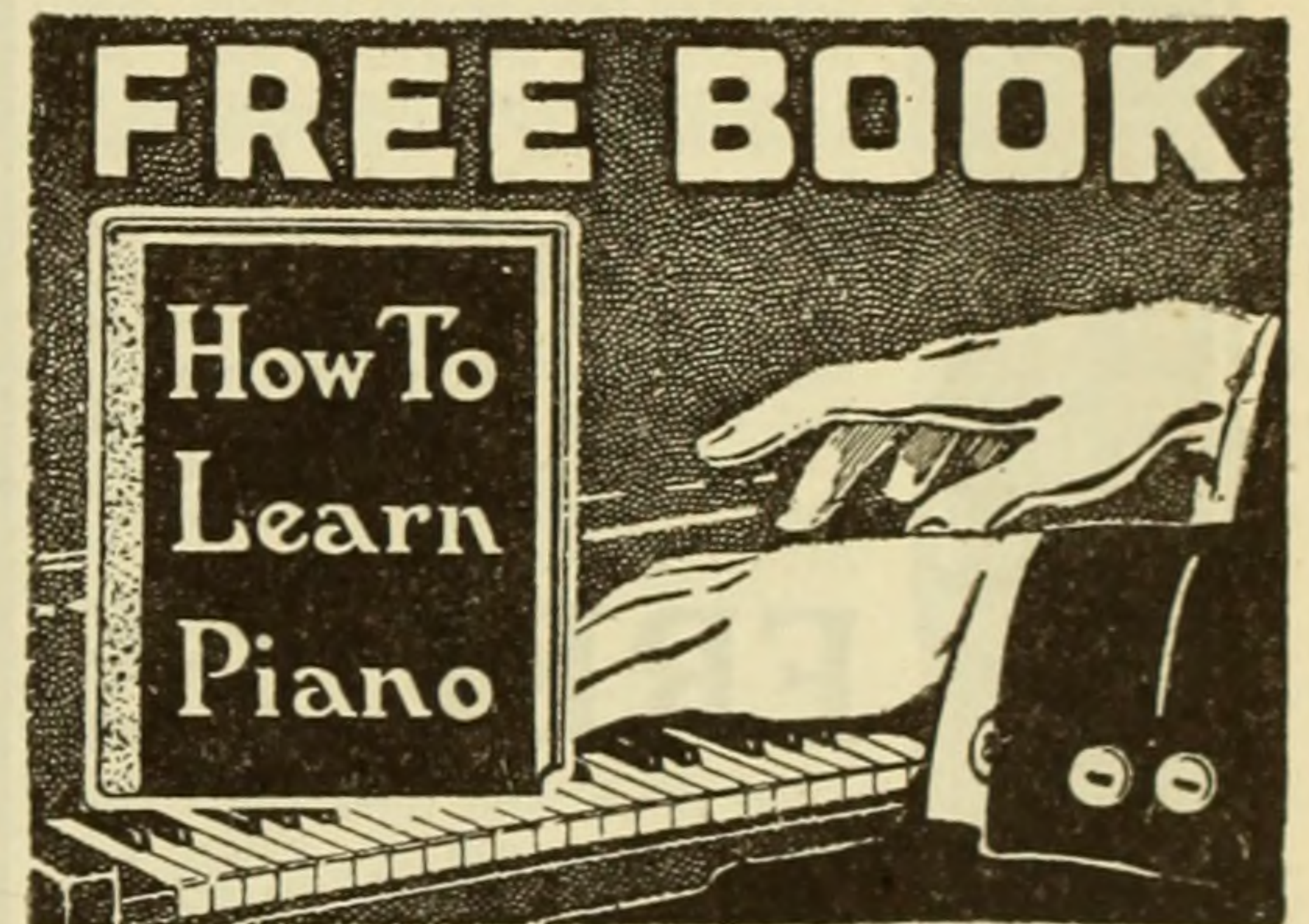
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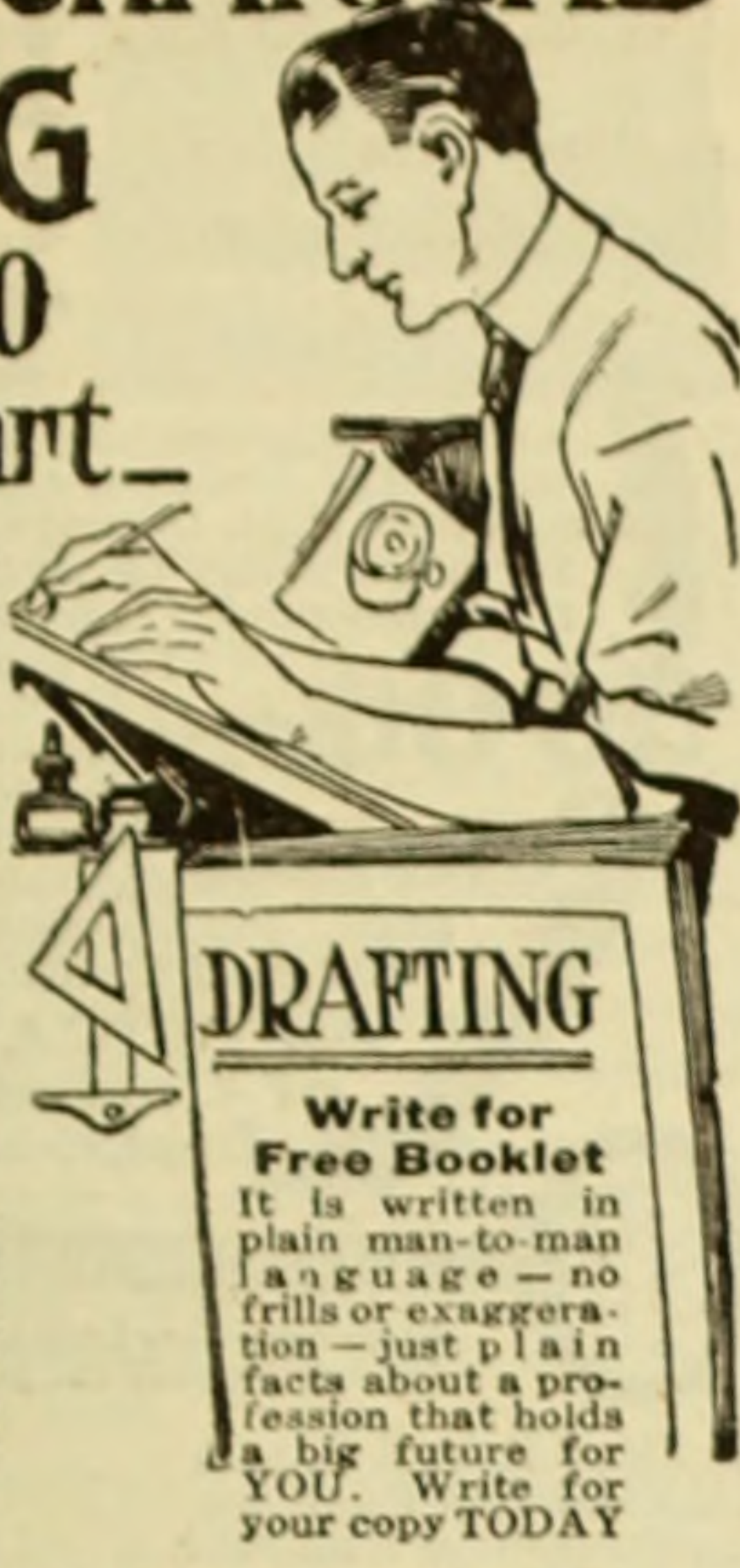
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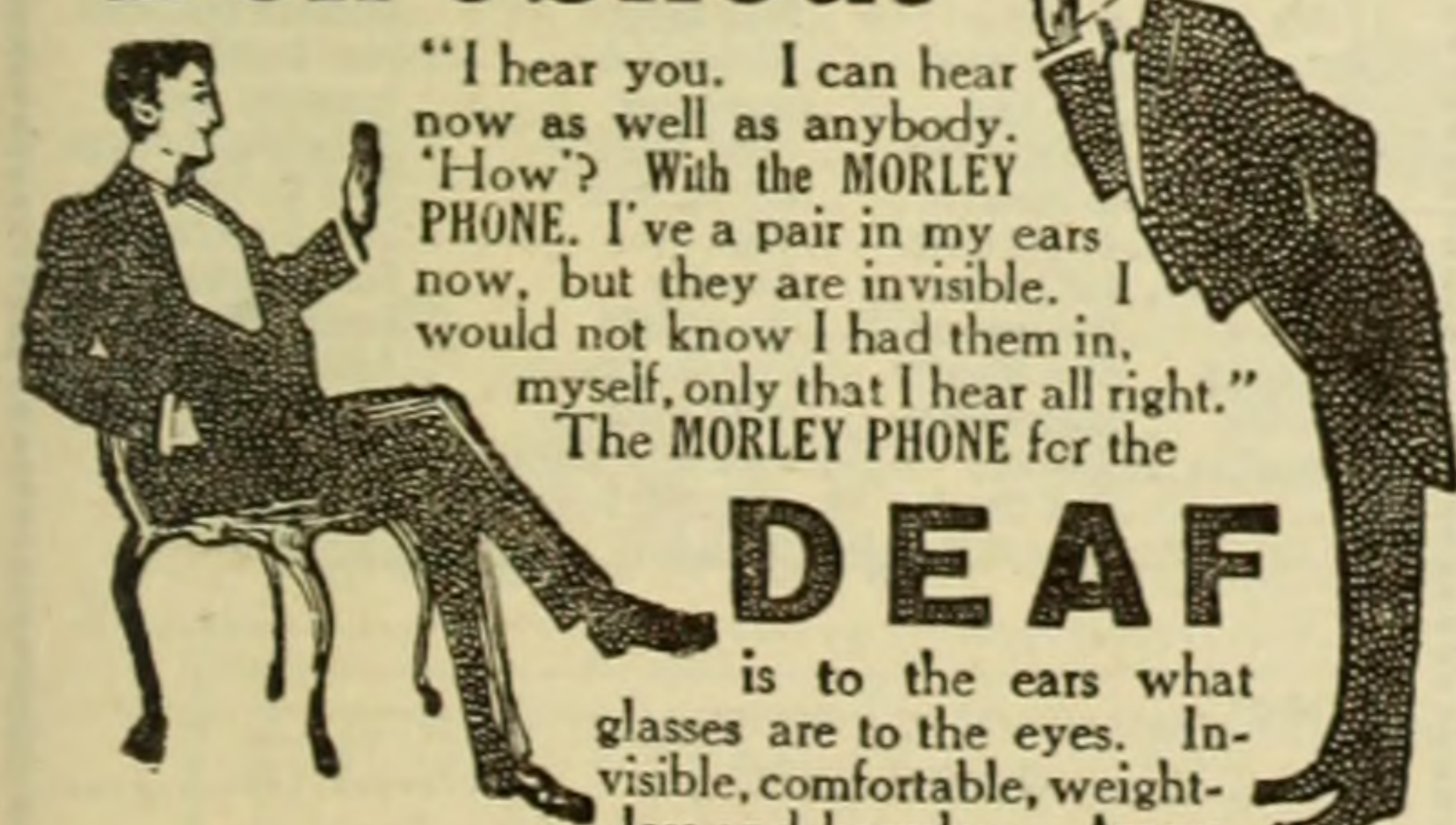
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AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; (s) Santa Barbara, Cal.

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, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City; Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

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

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

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

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.

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

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

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

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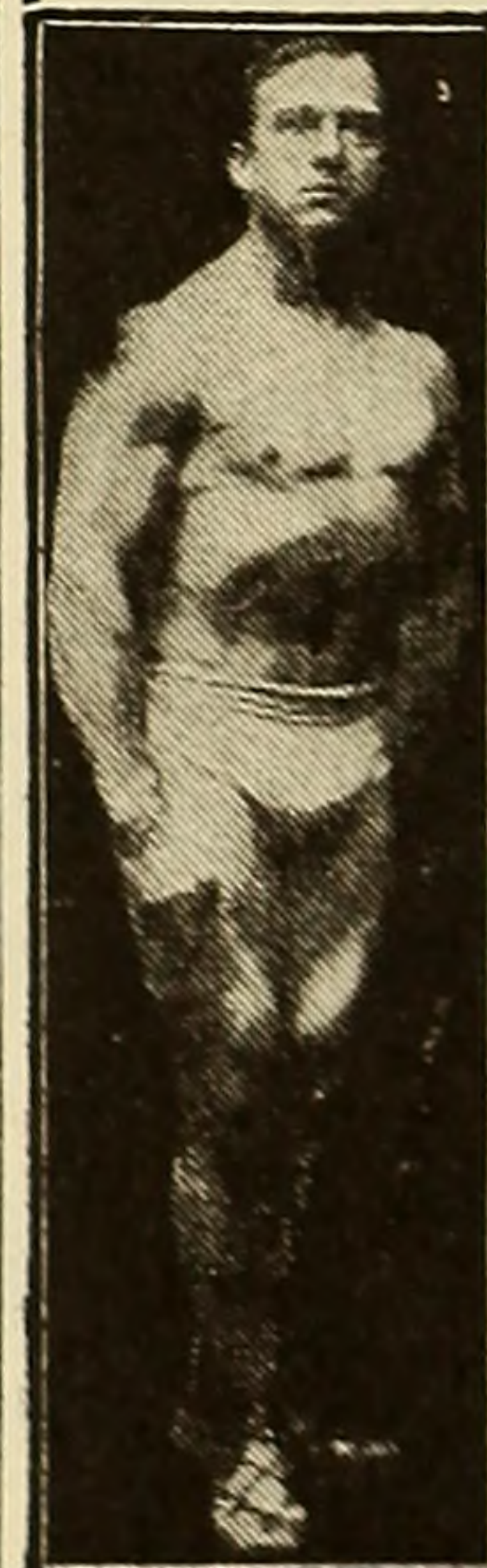
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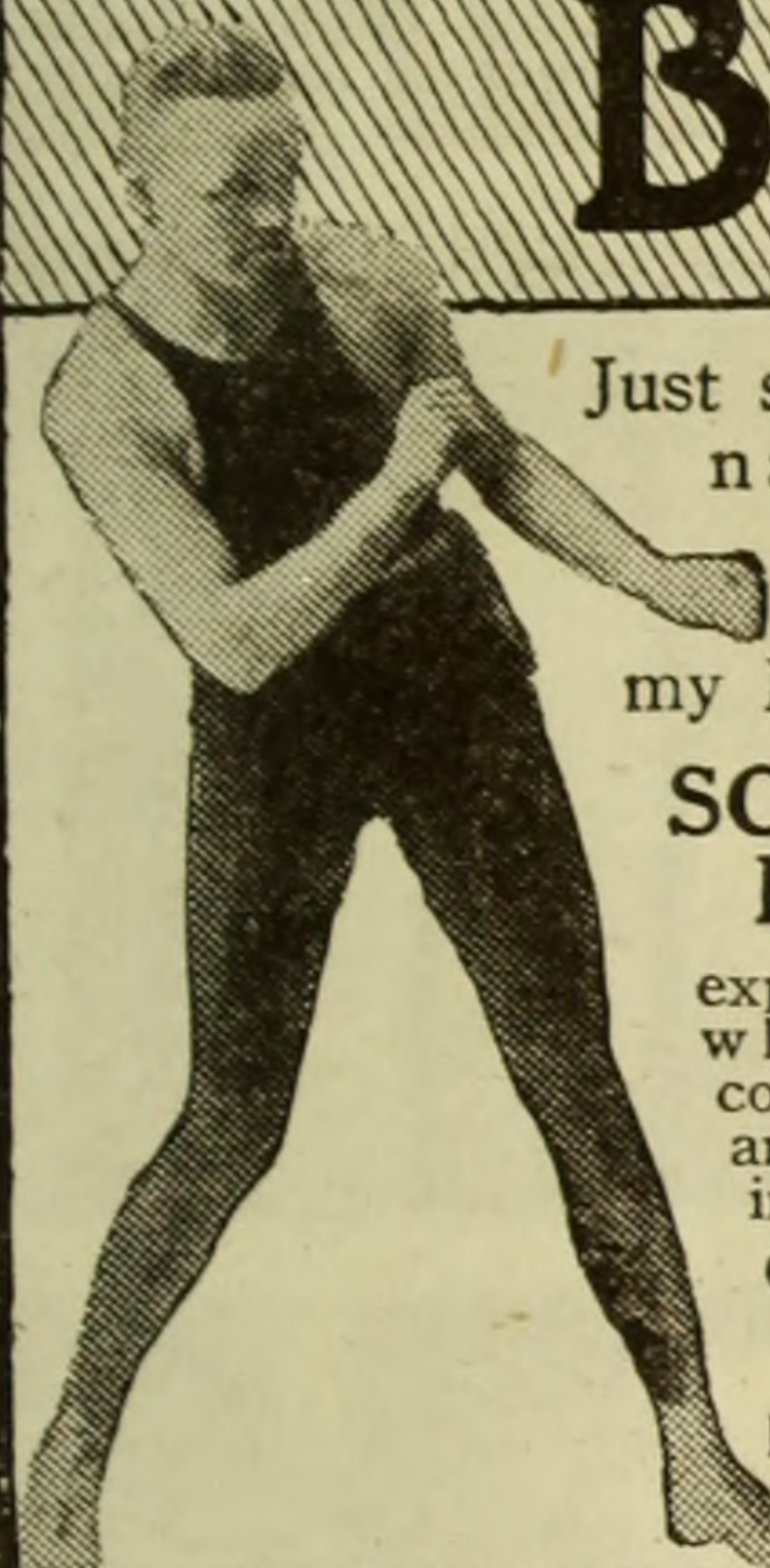
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VOL. XIX

February, 1921

No. 3

“—And Tell Him Not to Do It.”

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

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

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

The Allure of the East

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

By FLORENCE REED

I HAVE felt the allure of the East.

It is a strange, pervading, compelling power. It possesses the one whom long it beckons. It offers rest and refuge. It soothes yet stimulates. It may easily become the strongest influence in a life—an influence for good.

To the Oriental spirit this is comprehensible. To the Occidental it is a strange, at first a terrifying, thing. It is like living amidst the shadows of reality—soft, exquisitely tinted shadows of an immense reality, tremendous yet subtle.

To become interested in the soul of the Orient is like projecting oneself into the infinite. It is a boundless sea. One draws back from it in a kind of enamored terror, as from a mammoth, glistening serpent, the songs of the Lorelei, or the first yielding of the quicksands that may swallow us.

Because it is as hard to explain it as to resist it, I have refrained from telling of my identification with the soul of the East. Those who do not understand it may lift the eyebrow or may jeer. It was only because a friend of mine was importunate that I yielded to her requests and am telling for the first time what the East means to me. I have heard the call of the East. I shall follow it, into the very heart of the East itself. I shall go to Asia to solve its mysteries. I shall go to Japan, to India, to China, into the inner chamber of the heart of the East. I am not sure where I shall find it. Perhaps in the spice-scented groves of India. Maybe in the marbled, jewelled beauty of the most beautiful temple to love ever erected, the tomb to a beloved princess, the glittering glory of the Taj Mahal. It is more probable that I shall find it in the farthest Himalayan heights, where the human voice is seldom heard and where one lives above the snows and amidst the clouds, such a spot as a traveler has called the peak of meditation.

I shall go seeking to complete an incomplete life. This is no protest against my fate. I am successful. I have a

happy domestic life. I have many friends whom I love and who love me. Yet I have been told that I am a dissatisfied soul. It is true. My frequent mood recalls a poem, the lines of which beat upon the chambers of my memory. "Round my restlessness His rest" is part of the refrain. I paraphrase it

to my own needs. "Round my restlessness its rest," meaning the rest, the repose, the ineffable quietude of the Far East.

SOMETIME I, who have never stepped outside the United States, shall go on a self search in the East. I shall be looking for the remaining fragment of my personality, the still missing part of my selfhood. When I go I shall go alone. Only in that way can I concentrate for the search. A merry party of friends or my family would distract my interest, would defeat my search. I do not know what experience awaits me in the dim, ancient East. But I have the conviction that I shall return from it reënforced, completed by some knowledge I now lack. The terms in which one speaks of the East are vague, as a far off shape on the horizon is vague. Though we know that the cloud is real and capable of precipitating a very reality of rain, and that the far off shape on the horizon is a very tangible building or structure, whether a house built by man or a mountain built by the hands of God. Because these terms are of necessity vague they are not understood. They are even the subject of jest. A reason why my best of husbands informs me when I use them that I am "crazy." So I am crazy, perhaps, but not as he means.

I am "crazy" in the sense of having an enormous enthusiasm about the East and all the beauty appertaining to it. I have felt the charm of everything Oriental ever since I can remember. It burst into full flowering while I was playing the Babylonish character Tisha, in "The Wanderer." Five celebrities of the theater, including the highest, David Belasco, sitting in front



Miss Reed in a mood of abstraction and complete relaxation, induced by the oriental objects surrounding her in her bedroom. Even the flowers suggest quiet places in Old Tokio.



Miss Reed in her library beside the bookcase which is covered by Chinese embroidery with the pond lily as chief motif. The small god whose influence she is invoking is the Chinese god of money. The gold lacquer above the arch is a relic of the royal palace of Peking.

and watching me rehearse, said, "Let her alone, don't direct her. She has gotten the character in a flash of understanding. Let her play it as she wishes." To the author, I said: "Mr. Samuels, I don't need any direction. I am, or rather, I have been Tisha. I am renewing acquaintance with my old self."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the mantle in my drawing room, stands when it is not bearing me company on my piano, a fascinating head in natural colors. It is the head of a woman proud as a princess, charming as exquisite women have been since Eve set the

fashion of charm. There's the subtlety of the East in her face. The half smile in eyes and about lips that try to be ascetic but can't, won her the name of the Chinese Mona Lisa. I christened her with drops of perfume of Chinese lilies. The book case in my library is screened by Chinese embroidery that has the pond lily as its motif. Scattered throughout my rooms are Oriental candle sticks that have come from the temples themselves. Had the purloiner of these been detected in his sacrilegious act he would have been beheaded.

At home I always wear Oriental robes. I do this for two reasons. The colors and designs delight me. And when I don them I feel as though translated across the Pacific to a land of delicious mystery. With the touch of the silken sleeves

of a Japanese kimona or of a Mandarin coat I feel as though I am being submerged in rose leaves, lost in a delightful, perfumed temporary oblivion. My mother, sitting in front and watching me play Tisha with a realism that appalled her said: "I don't know where she got it. I can't account for it."

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

I quote from an authority on Asiatic learning. "As is well known, China long ago discovered everything. This fact was not realized by Rosel von Rosenhof, who confidently thought that he had found the first amoeba in 1775. Little did he dream that Fu Hsi—

mythically styled the first Chinaman—had stolen the glory of its counterpart by a little margin of more than 3,000 years. The find was given to the world in a perfectly modern way, with unusually clever advertisement. Fu Hsi declared that while thinking over the knotty problem of the universe, a dragon horse skimmed over the water toward him. The dragon horse bore on its back some mystic symbols, subsequently used in all forms of Chinese art, which contained in their few lines the world and all that is in it, beginning with the amoeba.

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

Yih King, which Confucius edited, explains at great length and convincingly at least to me, that the health, happiness and peace of individuals, nations and the universe, depend on the balance maintained between these two elements. Disease, war and chaos result from lack of balance between them. From Tae-Keih sprang other symbols, known as the Eight Mystic Trigrams. They are made up of straight lines representing the male element, broken lines standing for the female element, or both which signifies a union of the two elements. These eight mystic trigrams are heaven, which the Chinese believe to be completely male. That may be the reason why all of the angels were pictured by the ancients as male. Mist, steam and all (Continued on page 100)



"I HAVE heard the call of the East. I shall follow it, into the very heart of the East itself. I shall go to Asia to solve its mysteries. I shall go to Japan, to India, to China, into the inner chamber of the heart of the East."

"I SHALL go alone I do not know what experience awaits me, but I have the conviction that I shall return from it reinforced by some knowledge I now lack."

"MY mind holds not the slightest doubt that some of us have flashes of memory of another life These memories go as they come, quickly; but by their intermittent light they have enabled me to play the roles of defiant, code-flaunting women."



David Berns

MILDRED HARRIS' baby-days were spent in a studio—she really grew up with the films. It is not surprising, then, that she lately elected to continue her screen career in preference to making an appearance on the stage.



Nelson Evans

ALICE LAKE made the trite transition from comedy to drama with surprising swiftness and grace. She has improved her performances until her slapstick days are now forgotten, and her dramatic future looms brightly.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

IF we were Pearl White's presto-agent, we should not hesitate to acclaim her the queen of camera emotion. She assumes a new personality every time she faces a photographer. She is now appearing for Fox in "The Thief."



Melbourne Spurr

ONE of our finest native screen actresses: Rosemary Theby. She has, in her celluloid career, essayed every conceivable kind of role, and has always acquitted herself with distinction. Miss Theby now has her own company.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

HAROLD LLOYD: a new portrait. This young comedian depends so little upon makeup—not even excepting his specs without glass—that he is never grotesque. Some day, he says, he may take up directing, just as a recreation.



Freulich

KING and coloraturas, poets and painters, may come and go: what concerns us is the latest screen star. Universal answers by introducing Eva Novak, very young and very blonde, as the new addition to their stellar ranks.



Nelson Evans

HOPE HAMPTON is a southern girl who came to the screen from dramatic school. She has made three pictures, the latest of which, "The Bait," directed by Tourneur, reveals her as an actress of undoubted talent and charm.



Miss Mary Pickford, or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. An etching, the fourth of a special series, drawn for PHOTOPLAY by Walter Tittle. Next month, Madame Olga Petrova.



The second stage—the stage of dance programs and frat. pins, matinee idols and misunderstood love. Our Vamp was a Pittsburgh sub-debutante then, with no thoughts of the theater and its myriad opportunities for successful sirening. Plumes and pleading eyes are *always* good.

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

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



The Evolution of a Vamp

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

The present and ideal Vamp may be seen at the left. She is a gorgeous and exotic creature at whose shapely feet men fall, both on and off the screen.

NON-ESSENTIALS

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

By

NORVAL RICHARDSON

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Scotwell nodded, reflective. "Yes—she would."

"You mean?"

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

"I've just met her."

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

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

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

When they reached home that night she followed her husband into the nursery, a habit he had formed in spite of the threats of the English nurse. Watching him as he leaned over the little white-enameled, befrilled bed and gazed at their two year old baby, their only child, she felt the fear which had swept hold of her earlier in the evening return and gradually die away. With very deep conviction she realized how unfounded

all her flying thoughts had been. No matter if she no longer called to life that glow in his eyes, their child did. That was her safeguard and his. No matter what might happen, this little being, lying there calmly between them, would hold them, chain them, together forever. That was the binding tie above everything else.

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

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

"Attractive?"

"Very."

"Are you going to see her again?"

"She asked me to tea tomorrow."

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

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

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

With that clear, acid light that accompanies one's thoughts in the middle of the night, she saw for the first time that her relations were a bit too cut and dried, too much taken for granted, too much a part of everyday life. Adventure was missing, had gone by the board years ago, and with it that expression in his eyes when he looked at her. Was this the normal result of peaceful married life? Were the majority of married women experiencing this gradual drifting away from romance into an existence made up of a calm, satisfying com-



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

He was now talking to another woman, the one on his left, and the disturbing glow in his eyes had gone. Mrs. Scotwell sighed with relief and picked up the conversation with the man beside her.

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

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

He came in late for dinner the next evening.

"You must have enjoyed tea with Mrs. Havilow," she said, with an expression meant to be casual; it was in reality a mask to hide anxiety.

"Yes—she was tremendously interesting."

"An intellectual woman?"

"Brilliant."

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

He looked up with surprise. "Did I say that? Sexless?"

No—I don't think I should say Mrs. Havilow was lacking in sex. But I didn't really have time to think of that."

"Time?"

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

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

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

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

"I'd like to ask her to dinner."

"Then, of course I'll have to call."

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

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

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

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

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

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

could possibly happen in a month; at least nothing that would be important in a period of twelve years' routine.

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

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

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

The first really alarming sign was her husband's continued absence from home. Another was that he was not writing at all; and up to the present he had always been rather methodical about that. And again, his almost exaggerated attention to the baby was carried to an extraordinary extent. She found him every morning in the nursery and after luncheon he would sit beside the little white bed while the baby slipped off into her afternoon sleep. Once she found him (*Continued on page 82*)

Emotional Moments

In the life of Tessie Jazzfoot, Cinema star, showing our curly-haired, big-eyed and long-lashed ingenue registering—



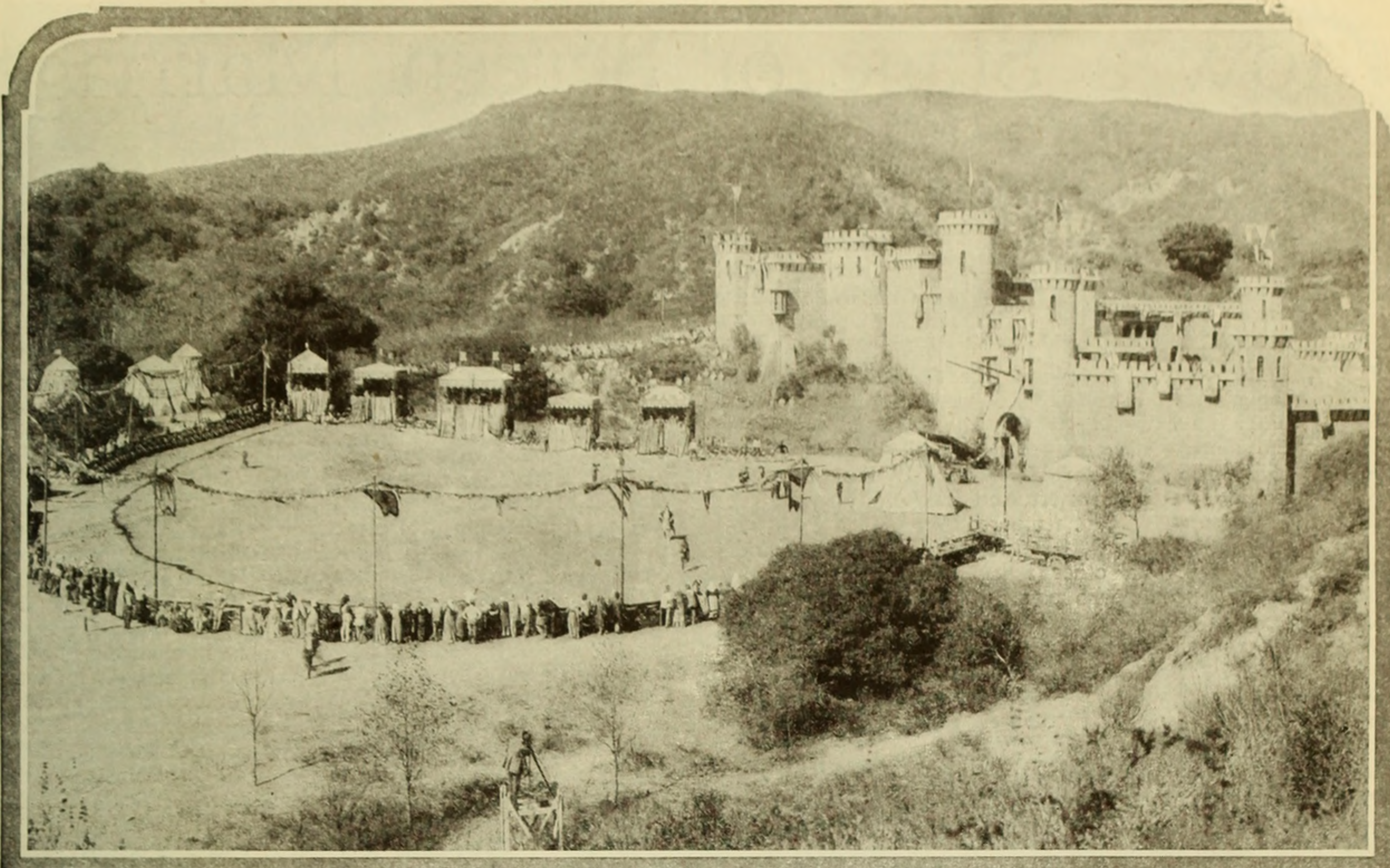
Fear



Love

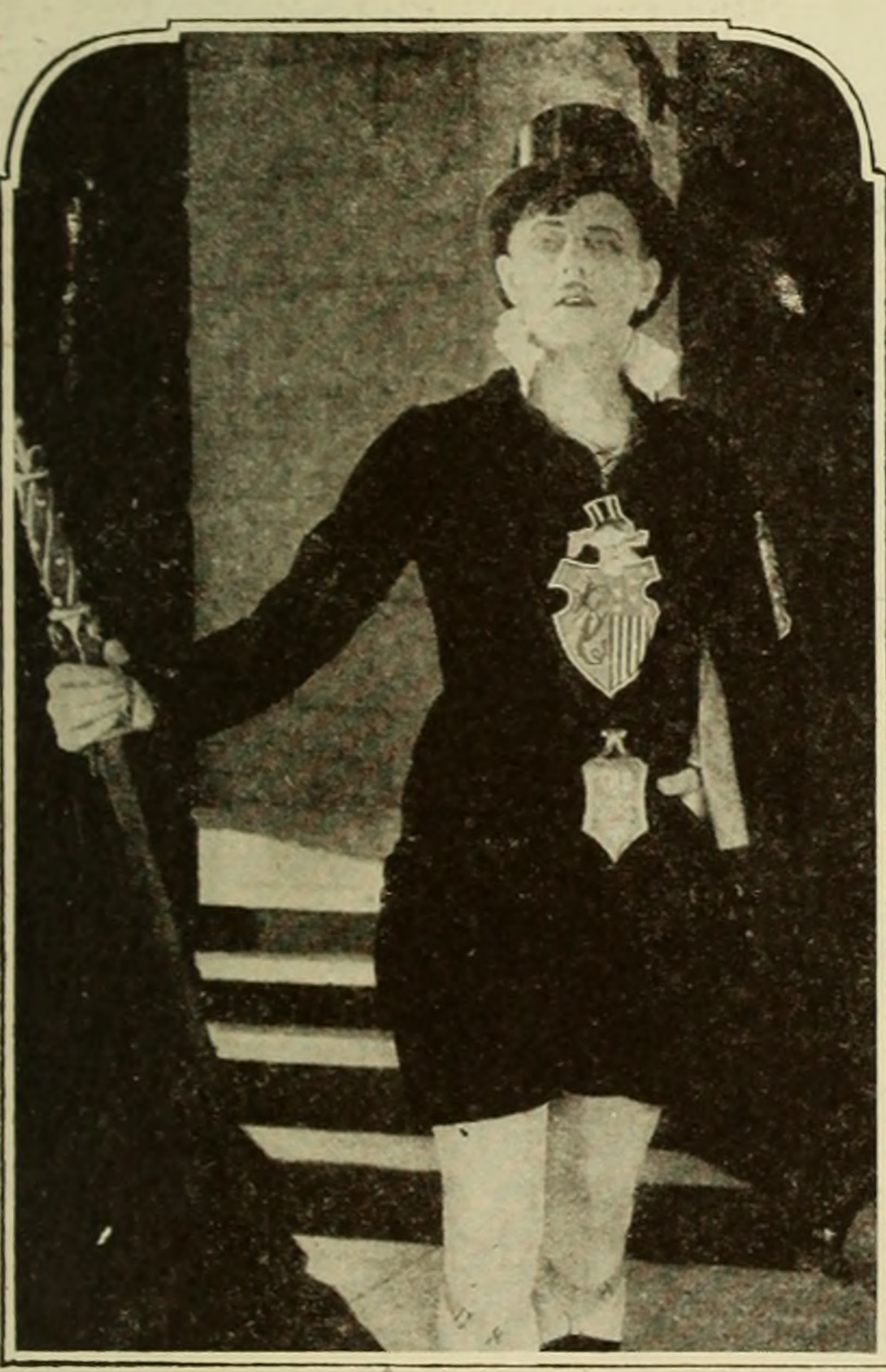


Hate



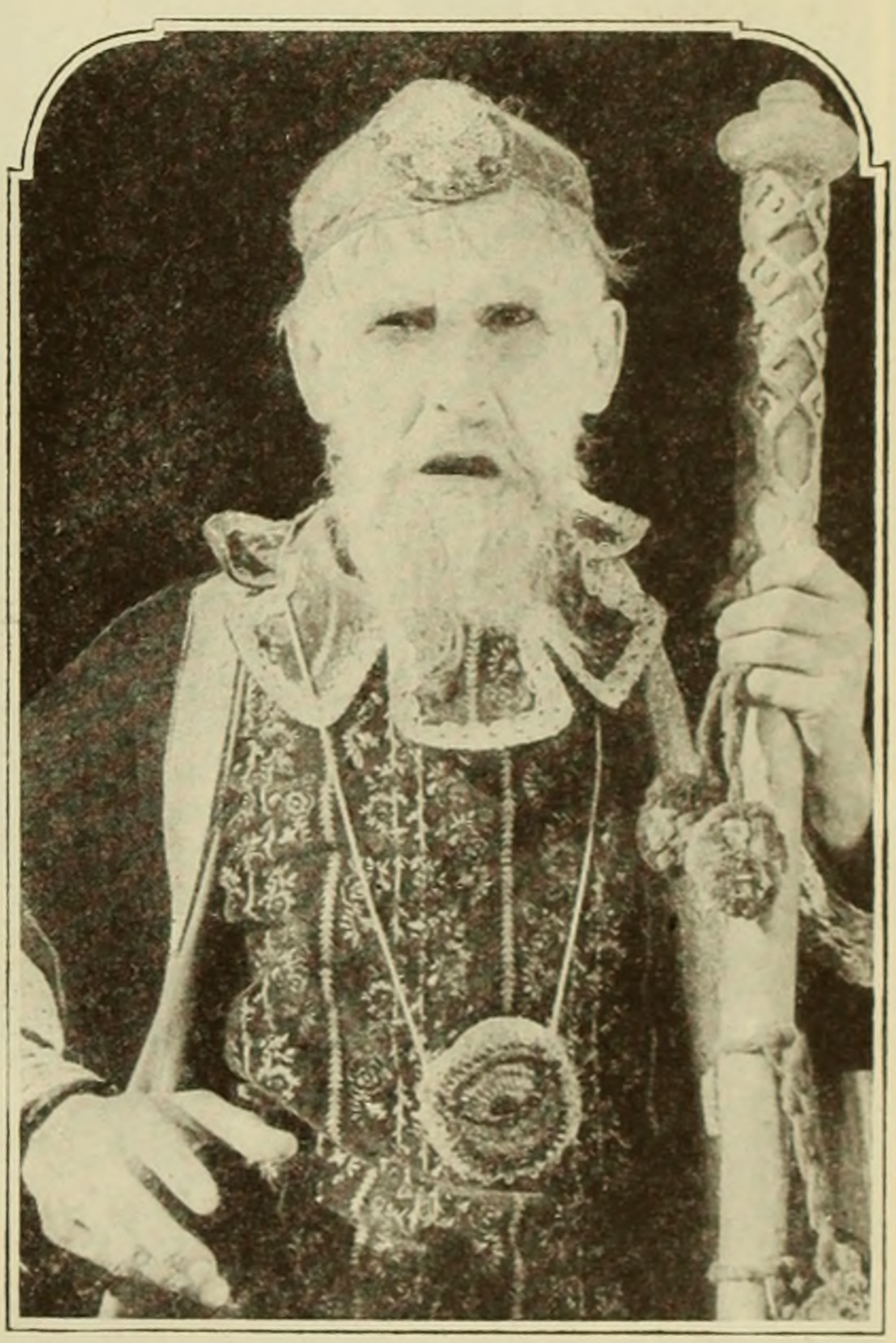
Here is the imposing castle of King Arthur with its nine towers, eighteen feet in diameter at the base and ten feet at the top—the tallest is seventy feet high. Director Emmett Flynn built it on the California plains. The courtyard is 300 by 250 feet. The siege of the ancient castle by an army of armored knights and their followers mounted on motorcycles is an astonishingly weird sight.

King Arthur's Court



A Mark Twain classic turned into a screen farce

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



Here is Merlin, the mighty magician, righteously piqued by the mightier modernities of the Yankee interloper. Of what avail is sorcery against inventions such as automobiles and plumbing for the Royal Bath?

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

How a Stage or Screen Marriage Can Be Made Happy

As Marjorie Rambeau Told It to Ada Patterson.

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

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

The folk who sit out front have the same basic emotions as ourselves. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin." I grant that, but we of the stage and the screen live nearer to the skin as it were. It is easier

to prick us with the pin point of circumstance. Our response is swifter and shriller. We are perhaps more sensitive, more "touchy," and without doubt we are more articulate. What we feel we put into speech. And we do not mince that speech.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To become figurative again, they speak the same language. No strange tongues will fall upon their mutual ear. They have a common basis for life



"I loved my husband the first time I saw him. When he came into the room I felt: 'There is the one man in all the world with whom I could be happy.'"



Abbé

"The marriage of people of the theater should be the happiest in the world—because they understand each other. . . . The rule of the laywoman's life is to repress. The rule of the actress' life is to express."

happiness, the basis of a common, never-ending interest.

I said the chance for happy marriage on the screen is even greater than on the stage. I repeat it. Their lives are even more perfectly blended, for they lead a wholly normal life. They work by day and sleep by night. They can go to a play or see a picture together. They can have a fixed home, the precious privilege allotted the motion picture player, which the wandering actor craves and envies.

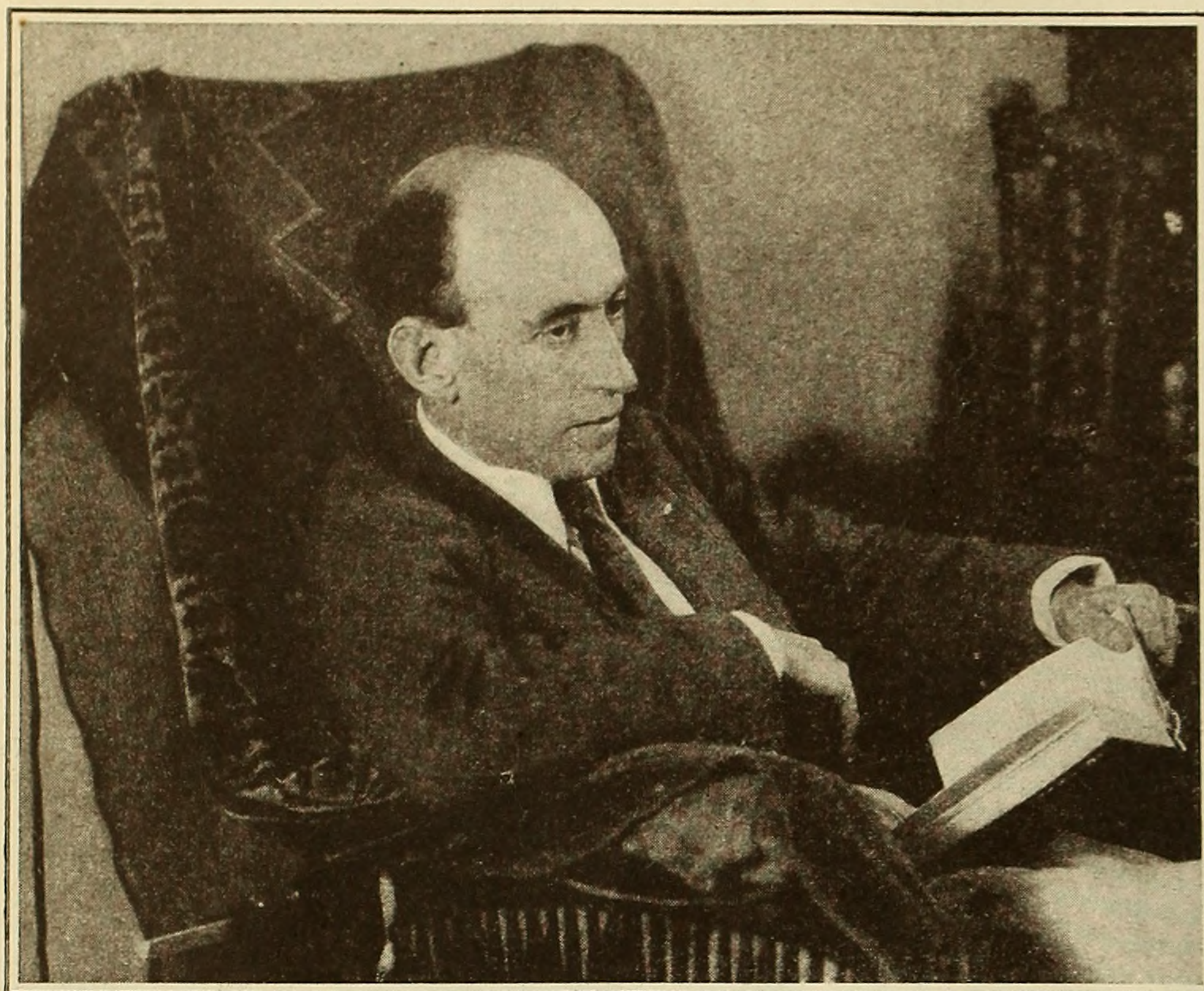
I loved my husband the first time I saw him. When he came into the room I felt, "There is the one man in all the world with whom I could be happy." I don't know why it was. I only know it was. And that it is. If anyone had said to me on my wedding day that I would love Hugh Dillman more than I did then, I would have said, "That is impossible. No one can love anyone more than I now love him." But I do love him more than I did on my wedding day. As the

days and months pass I love him more. We are nearing our second anniversary.

On my wedding day I was as happy as any mortal could be, but I grow happier and happier. One reason is that I have found the right man for me. There is an interesting theory, a mythological tale, that in the beginning human-kind was cut into two equal parts and that all of us are fragments of that dissevered whole. We search the world for the other half of us. If we find it, happiness is our lot. If we make a mistake and get the wrong half we are the reverse of happy. So pitifully many find the wrong half and mistake it for their own! I know I have found my right half, the right man for me.

Another reason is Hugh Dillman's beautiful unselfishness or selflessness. When we were married he said: "My dear, in every theatrical couple there is one who has been gifted with the greater talent. If they know (*Continued on page 105*)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



WILLIAM DE MILLE

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



Abbe'

OLGA PETROVA

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



ELLIOTT DEXTER

BECAUSE he plays husbands with minds of their own; because you would never take him for an actor if you saw him on the street; because he has been for years one of filmdom's foremost leading men and remains modest and retiring; because his Japanese schoolboy cook makes the world's best pancakes; because he has made love to more beautiful women—on the screen—perhaps than any other one man; because he is a star without stellar billing; but mostly because, after a long and critical illness, he staged the most marvelously complete comeback in silversheet history.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW

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

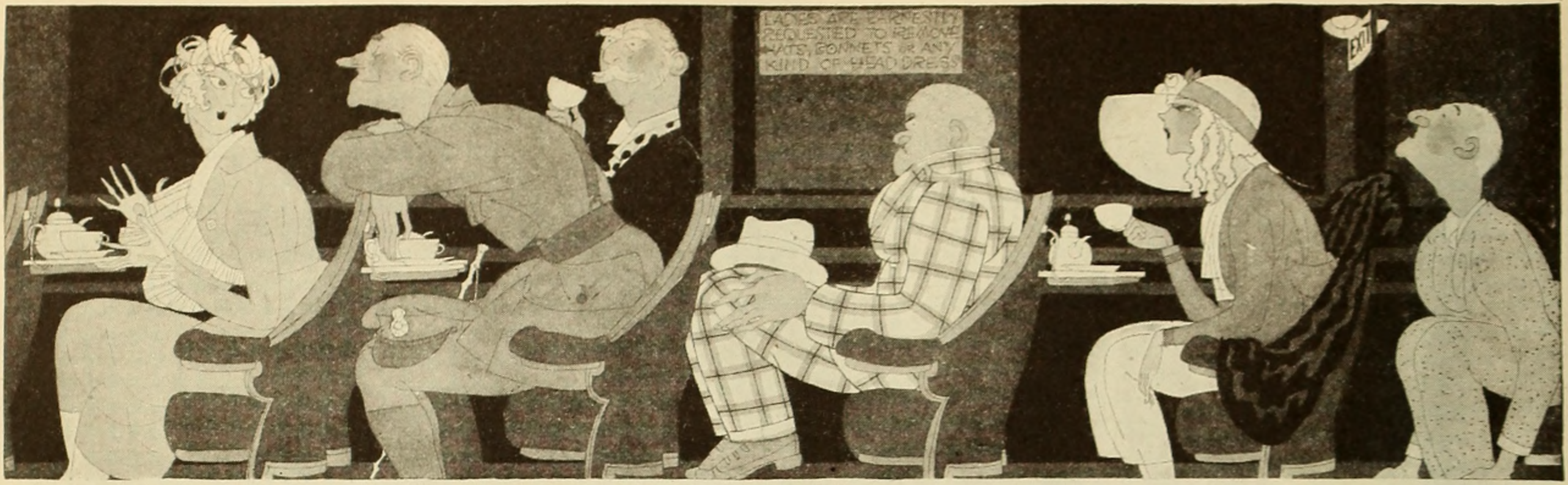


Charlotte Fairchild



Drawn by Norman Anthony

"Is she very gifted?"
Stage Manager — "Gifted! It's a poor day she doesn't get a necklace or something."



Continuous performances would be quite out of the question if they had

PHOTOPLAY'S ARTIST CHAP VISITS A LONDON KINEMA AND TAKES HIS OOLONG STRAIGHT

TIME: tea-time.

No Englishman can think of tea-time and sing "Britons never shall be slaves" with a clear conscience. At that sacred hour workers stop striking, Royalty quits laying cornerstones, clerks leave off trial-balancing, M. P.'s drop dilly-dallying and everyone performs the Solemn Rite of Having One's Tea. This, obviously, so cuts into an afternoon that "continuous performances" would be quite out of the question if they had not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat. A neat tray holding the tea-things is brought in and fixed to the seat in front, as graphically represented above, and there one is.

From left to right, the tea-takers are:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

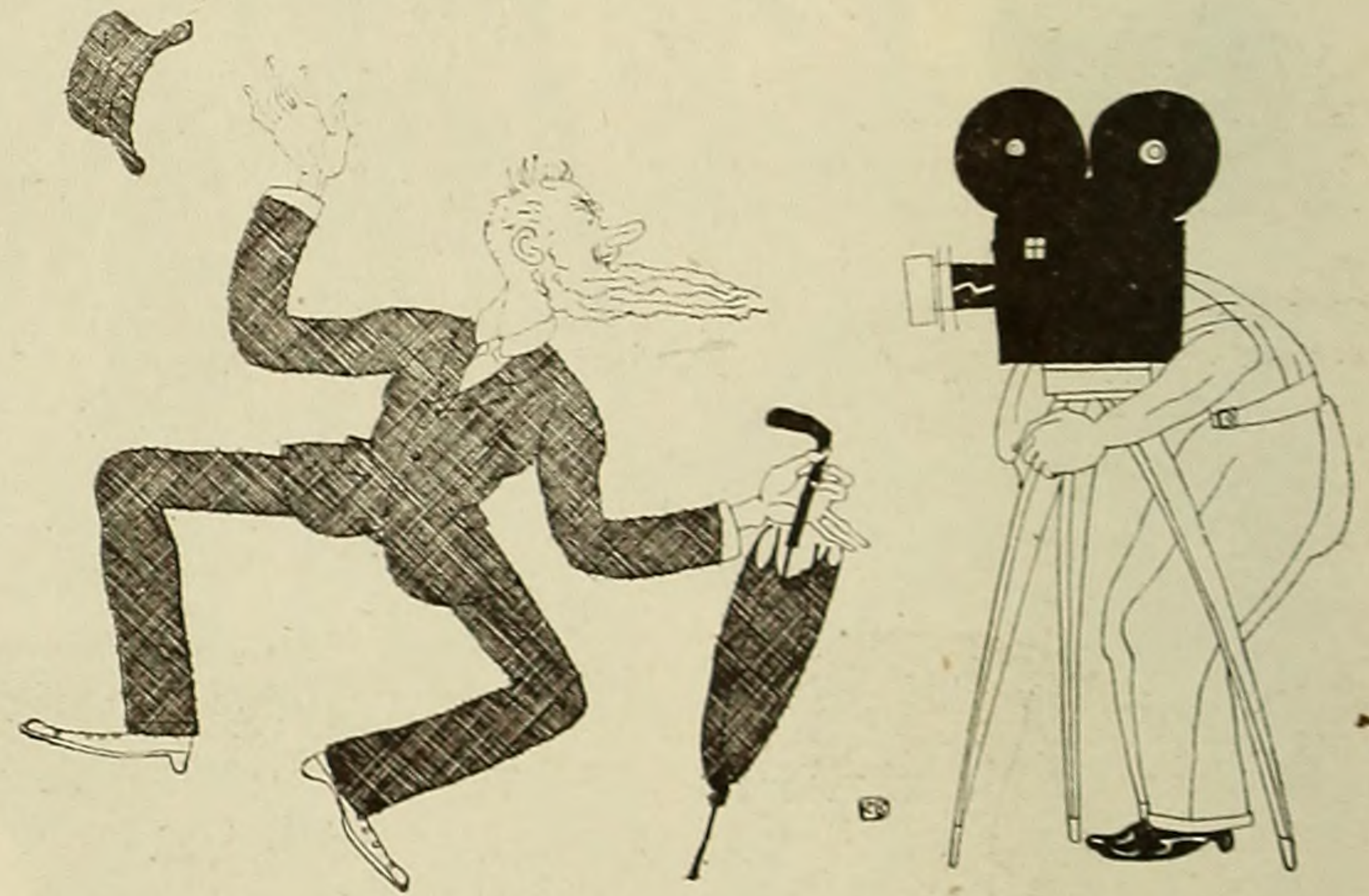
YOUNG ENGLAND, troubled with no such Mid-Victorian queasiness.

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

ENGLISH BEAUTY—frigid type.

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

Having a **GOOD PIPE** where a pipe tastes good and is neither frowned upon nor forbidden.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has at last, as everyone knows, allowed the cinema people to do one of his plays. This is not, however, surprising from one who has said that "the old game [painting] is up" and that "the camera has hopelessly beaten the pencil and paintbrush as an instrument of artistic representation." He could hardly have refrained from becoming, soon or late, a movie-author—but what we are waiting for breathlessly is to see the old fellow act for the films.



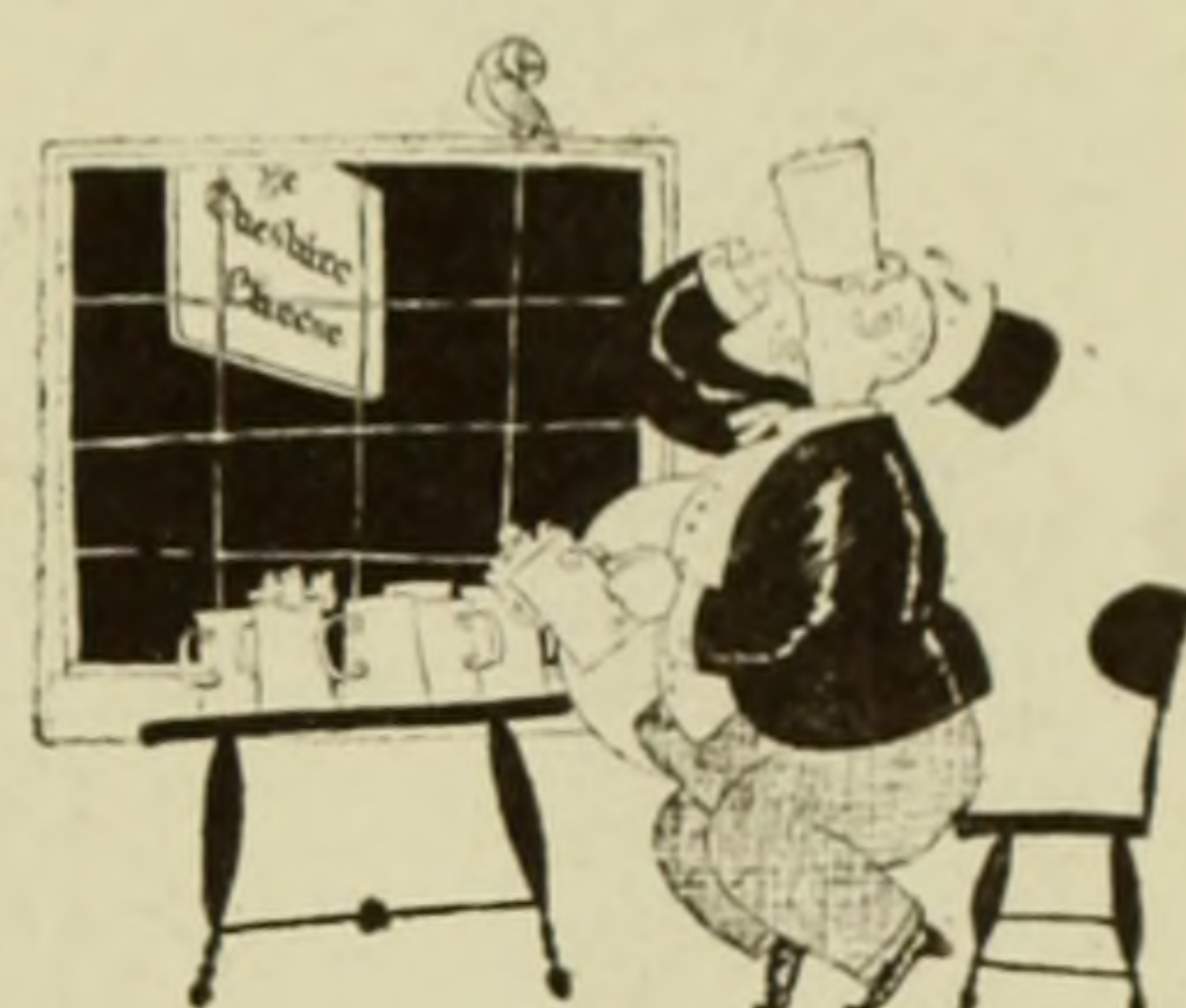
JUSTICE, the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles John Darling, the much quoted wit of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, was approached recently by an American moving picture concern's representative who asked permission to film a genuine murder trial from beginning to end. The cinema person was sent about his business with a few caustic words about there being a time and place for everything and the incident was closed.



not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat.

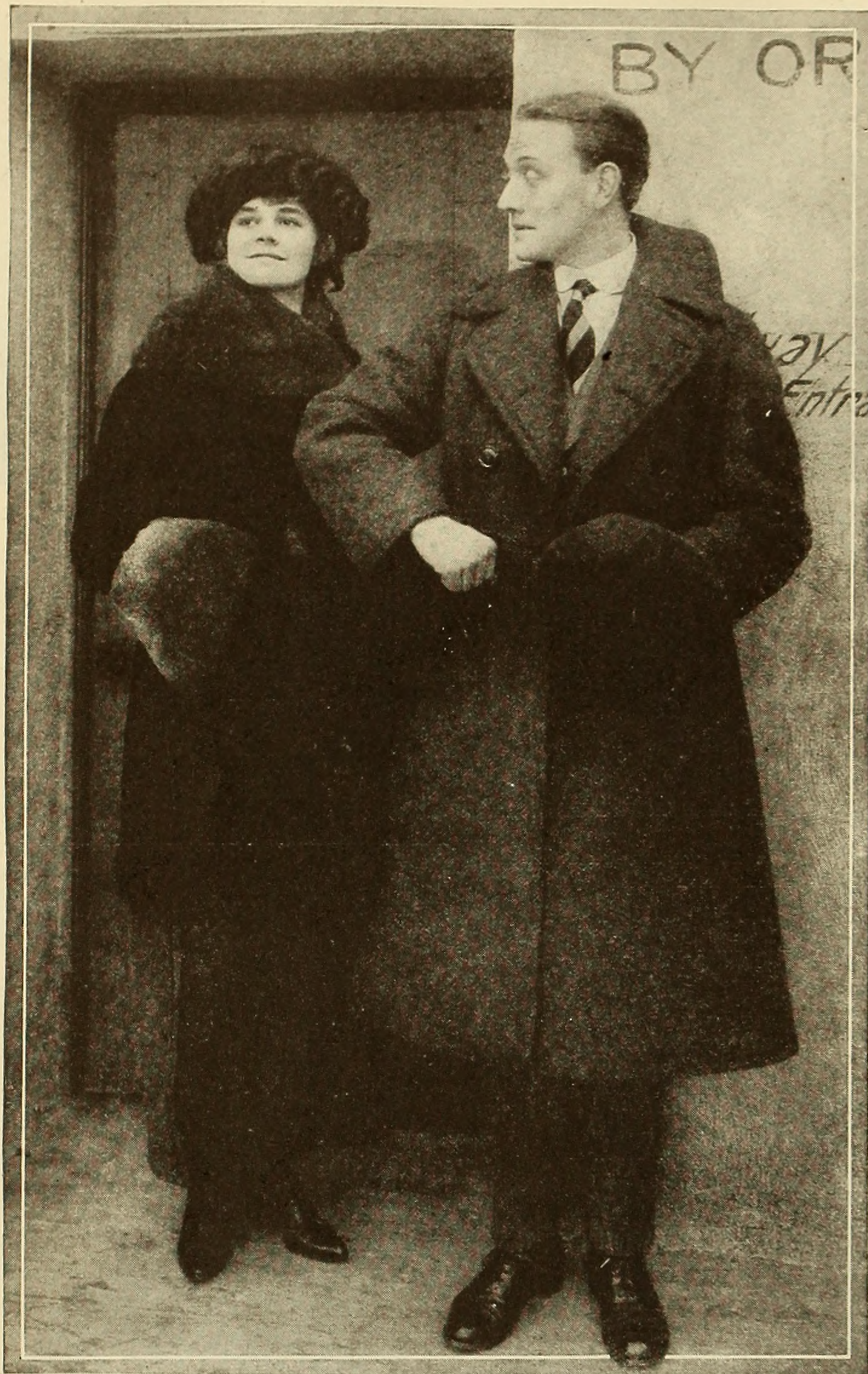
Sugar and Lemon By Ralph Barton

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



MOTION-PICTURE (educational) of a good, 100% American, who, in order to obtain a passport to visit England, took a solemn oath to obey the Constitution of the United States.





Mr. and Mrs. Nagel. The lady refuses to be stage-doored — even by her husband.

CONRAD NAGEL is a nice boy. He is also a number of other things—one of our best young actors, a devoted husband, something of a matinee idol, an all-round athlete and a deep student of religion.

But he is first of all a nice boy.

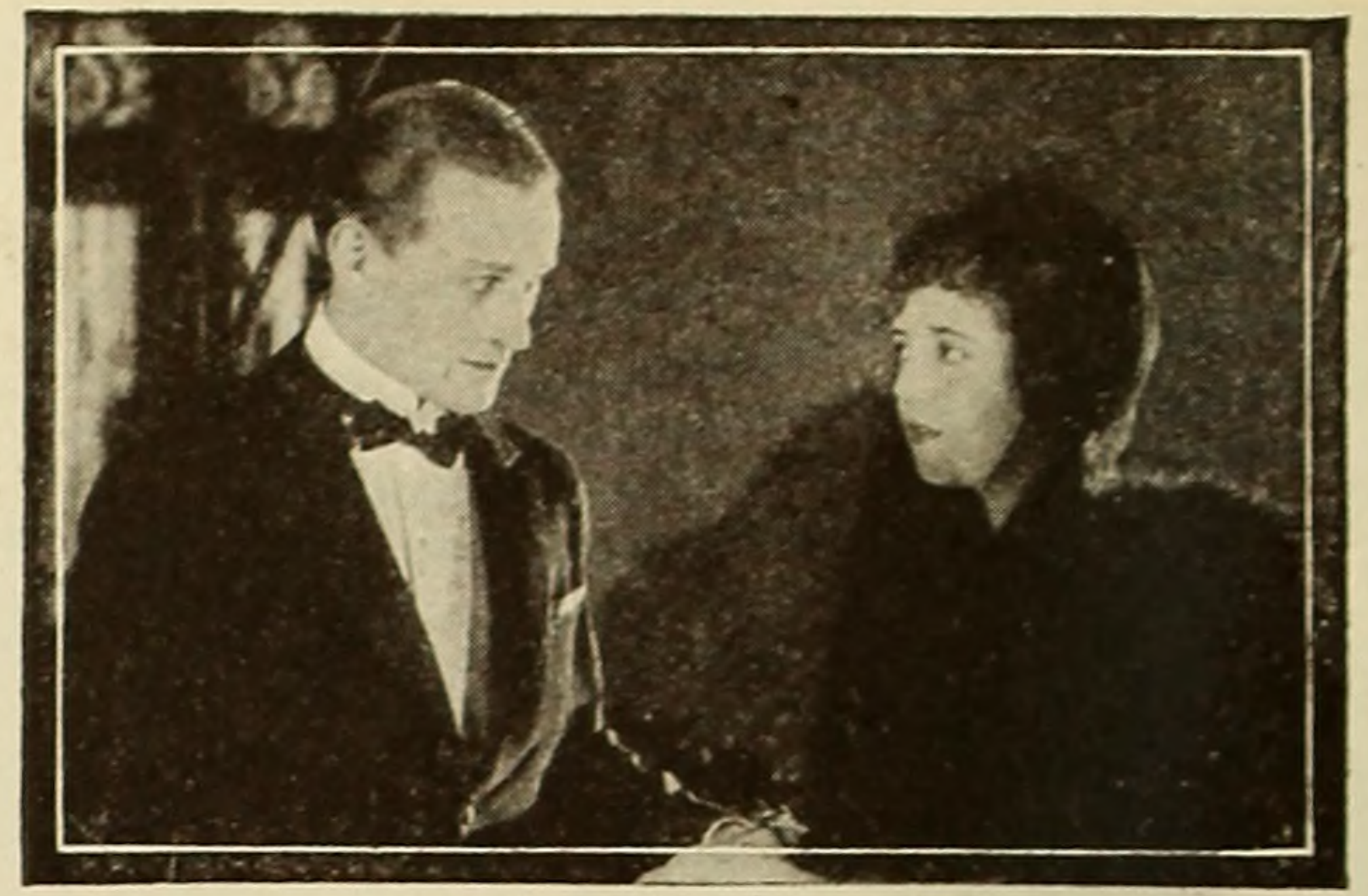
His clean-cut English blondness is refreshing, his quiet, unruffled calmness of demeanor is pleasing and his application of the principle of life, as he sees it, to every thing that touches him is unusual enough to make a lasting impression.

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

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

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

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



With Lois Wilson in William C. deMille's production, "Midsummer Madness."

A Nice Boy, etc.

Referring to Conrad Nagel. (Etc. meaning a devoted husband, a brand spanking new father, matinee idol, etc.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, yes—he claims Keokuk, Iowa, as his birthplace.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "It's me—Ballard," came a muffled voice. She unlocked the door and it was flung violently open. Black Mike stepped inside.



OUTSIDE the LAW

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

By
JEROME SHOREY

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

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

Moll's reckless, half hysterical laugh stopped a little knot of passers-by, who looked in curiously, and went on their way.

"Well, I'll tell you th' answer," the girl said. "I used t' think you was just a smart crook, usin' this honesty stuff to cover up with. Now I know different—yer just a fool Chink, livin' honest because yuh haven't got the brains t' be a crook. Go on sellin' tea an' kimonos to tourists—I'm Silent Madden's daughter, an' I'm out fer th' stuff. Goodbye."

To the patient Oriental mind, the anger of a moment is the fluttering of a leaf in a breeze—it changes neither the breeze nor

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

The tall, grizzled Chinaman, seated behind his counter and puffing lazily at a water-pipe, barely looked up as Moll entered.

"That's what yer 'goin' straight' comes to—they've sent Dad up fer a year."

"American justice is strange—"

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

"It is incredible—"

"Aw, you make me sick. I dunno why Dad ever listened t' you. He was some crook—wanted on two continents an' in seven states, an' they couldn't get the goods on 'im. Then he runs into you, and next thing, his career's ruined. Settles down runnin' a dinky faro an' fan tan joint, an' runnin' it square, barely makin' a livin'. An' th' guy that a whole army of

the tree. It would pass. He watched the girl with unchanged expression as she stamped out of his bazaar, and knew it was not time for him to tell her what he knew. Had he told her that it was not the police but Black Mike Silva who had "framed" her father, she was in the mood to hunt out Mike and fling herself at his throat. This would mean only that there would be no daughter to meet Madden when he finished his stretch, for Mike was well equipped to dispose of any person who might be a menace. His motive for getting Madden out of the way was simply that of the crook who fears a former accomplice who has reformed. From reformation, in the eyes of Black Mike, to active coöperation with the police, was only a step, and Madden knew too much about Black Mike and his gang. The solution was simple—make Madden think the police were persecuting him, and he would not be likely to give them any information.

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

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

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

"I'll say you don't," Silva assured her. "You want t' come in with us."

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

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

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

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

"Meaning what?"

The gang leader leaned across the table and checked off the points of his plan:

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

"Almost. What about girl?"

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

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

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

"Why not croak Chang Lo, then?"

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

It is the business of the gang leader to know everything about his followers, but one thing he cannot always know—what they think. He knew all that Dapper Bill did by day and by night, for he had spies to watch his most "trusted" men and spies to watch his spies. But how was he to know, for who was there to tell him, that William Ballard was secretly in love with Mary Madden? Dapper Bill had no objection to the framing of Moll's father—that was all part of the game. But to frame the girl herself, and leave her for all time, sailing to the Orient while she went to prison—that was something else. Yet to refuse to carry out instructions was dangerous. So he hunted out Silky Moll to arrange a plan of action.

Characteristically, he told her nothing of the game that had been played upon her father. One thing at a time. She was suspicious from the beginning, anyhow.

"Why are you spilling this," she demanded.

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

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

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

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

Moll looked at him, half furious, half interested.

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

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

"No, we'll go through with it, almost," she proposed. "Listen. This Spencer house covers three sides of a block. There's back and front, but there's one side open, too. The cops'll be waiting at the front, an' Black Mike'll be waiting at the back, an' you and me'll be beating it out at the side. We'll rent a flat uptown and lay low fer a couple o' weeks, and then we'll split and beat it. But remember—while we're in this flat, no more of that funny stuff you just pulled."

"You're on," Bill agreed. "We'll beat Mike to his own game, but when he gets wise—oh boy! Look out!"

"Listen, kid, I learned this game from a crook that was

a crook. Black Mike don't spell nothin' t' Silent Madden's daughter."

So carefully had Black Mike laid his plans, with accomplices inside the Spencer house and outside, that the programme proceeded without interruption, and the variation devised by Silky Moll and Dapper Bill was a complete success. While the police, suspicious when they did not receive the signal agreed upon, hurried into the house and found the owner of the jewels unconscious, and while Black Mike fumed and cursed, and finally escaped by a hair's breadth from the police, himself, a fashionably dressed couple drove up to an apartment house not far away, and took possession of a furnished apartment which they had engaged that afternoon, and into which they had already moved a large quantity of baggage, as if they were planning a long domicile. Careful not to hurry while there were others to see, when their door was closed behind them they listened breathlessly for several minutes.

"Well, that's all right," said Moll at last. "And now, listen—"

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



I'm trusting you because you tipped me off to Black Mike. Be careful that I *can* trust you."

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

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

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

It was Chang Lo.

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

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

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

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

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

While the gold the Chinaman had brought, solved their immediate problems of existence, the fact that he had been able to trace them brought a considerable amount of worry. If he could do so, would it not be possible also for Black Mike? The police they did not fear so much, but the necessary trips which Ballard had to make for provisions were nerve-racking. Day after day of this confinement and strain began to tell on their nerves. Moll became quick-tempered and impatient. Bill kept out of her way as much as possible, and finally, prowling about the hall for relief, struck up an acquaintance with a small boy, who lived across the hall and bemoaned the absence of playmates.

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

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

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

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

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

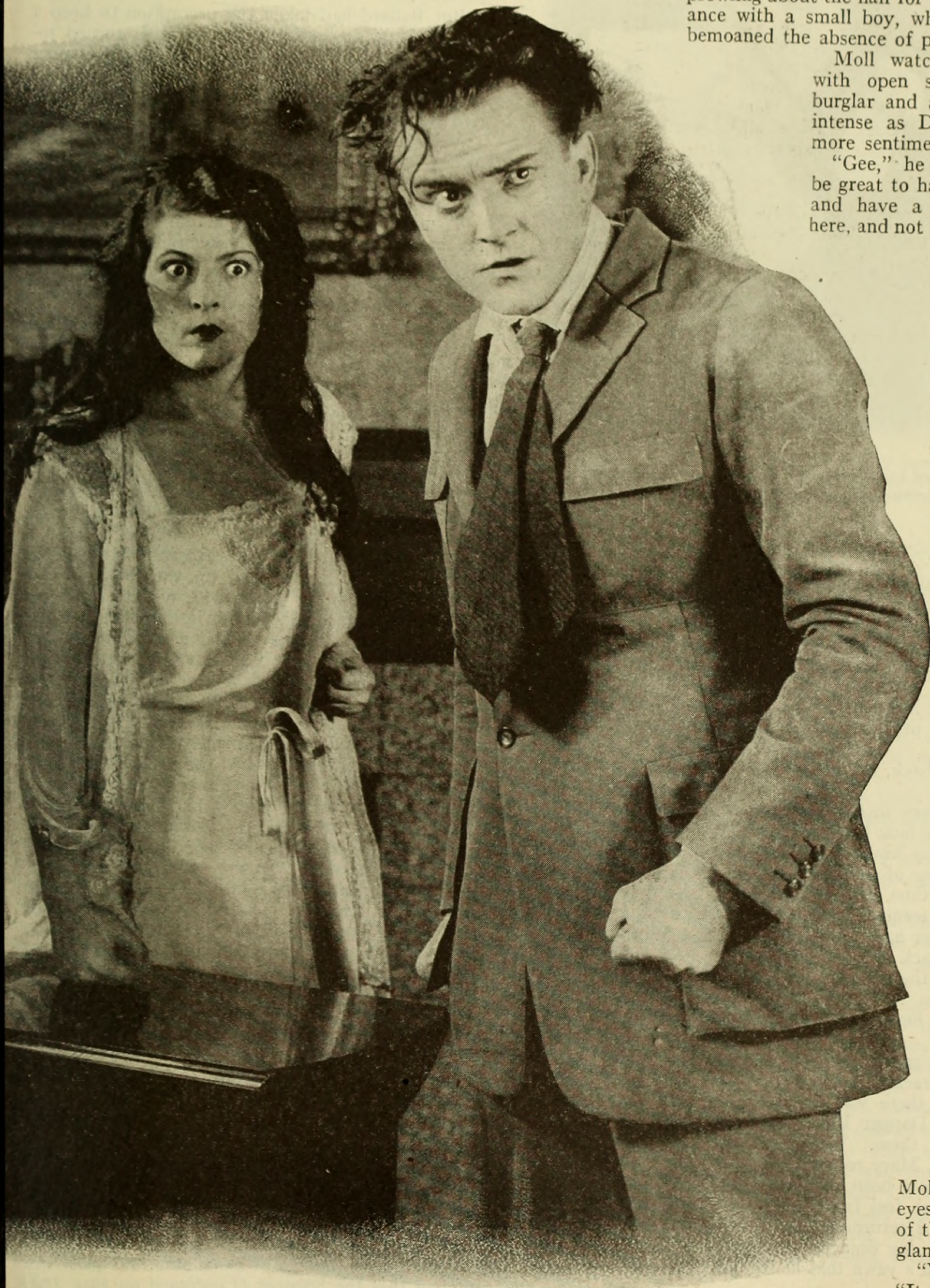
"Pitty yady pway wif Litty Billy?" the baby pleaded.

Moll shoved him away impatiently, and big tears came into his eyes. In an instant all the woman in her was awake, and dropping to the floor beside him she drew him to her, and outwept him with the first tears she could remember having shed in many years. It was thus that Dapper Bill found them, and wisely went on into another room without breaking the spell. In a few moments, Little Bill's mother came to take him home, and as she went out

Dapper Bill and Silky

Moll looked into each other's eyes, and there was no trace of the hardness in the woman's glance, that had puzzled him.

"You're right, Bill," she said. "It would be great."





The necessary trips that Ballard had to make for provisions were nerve-racking. Day after day of this confinement and strain began to tell on their nerves.

"What would?" he asked.

"Stupid! What you said about a home, and—"

The rest of it was smothered. In fifteen minutes they had settled everything of importance concerning their future. They would get married immediately—today. Then they remembered for the first time since their new world began, why they were where they were.

"What about those—" and Mary—she was Moll no longer—pointed at the hiding place of the jewels, beneath a pot of ferns.

"We've got to give them back," she said, firmly.

"Aw—" Ballard began.

"We're going straight," Mary insisted. "Suppose that baby out there were ours, could we look him in the eye?"

Ballard saw the point. They would take the jewels to Chang. He would arrange some way of returning them. Making a bundle of the glittering fortune, they started out. As they opened the door they saw, leaning against the opposite wall, nonchalantly carving his finger nails, Black Mike Silva. Without a word, all three went back into the apartment.

"Never mind the alibis," the gang leader said. "You tried to double-cross me and you didn't get away with it. But you've got a good hide-away here, and I'm staying till I decide what's best to do next."

There was another vacant apartment on the same floor, and Silva surprised them by agreeing to occupy it with Ballard. His instinct told him that there was no danger of the girl trying to get away without Dapper Bill. He could sense the close understanding between them. While the two men were arranging their new quarters, Mary returned the jewels to their hiding place. She would have been willing to let Silva take them, only that she could not feel free for the new happiness she had found until she had returned them to their rightful owner. So the interminable day dragged on, and early in the evening Silva announced with a yawn that he was tired, and led Ballard across the hall.

A few hours later, Mary, who had been unable to sleep, heard a soft tapping at the door, and hurried into a negligee.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ballard laughed.

"Hurry into some street clothes, Mary," he said. "Mike's gun aint loaded. I fixed that while he thought I was snorin'."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



With Gertrude Selby in "It's Easy to Make Money."

A Lesson in Love

By BERT LYTELL

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

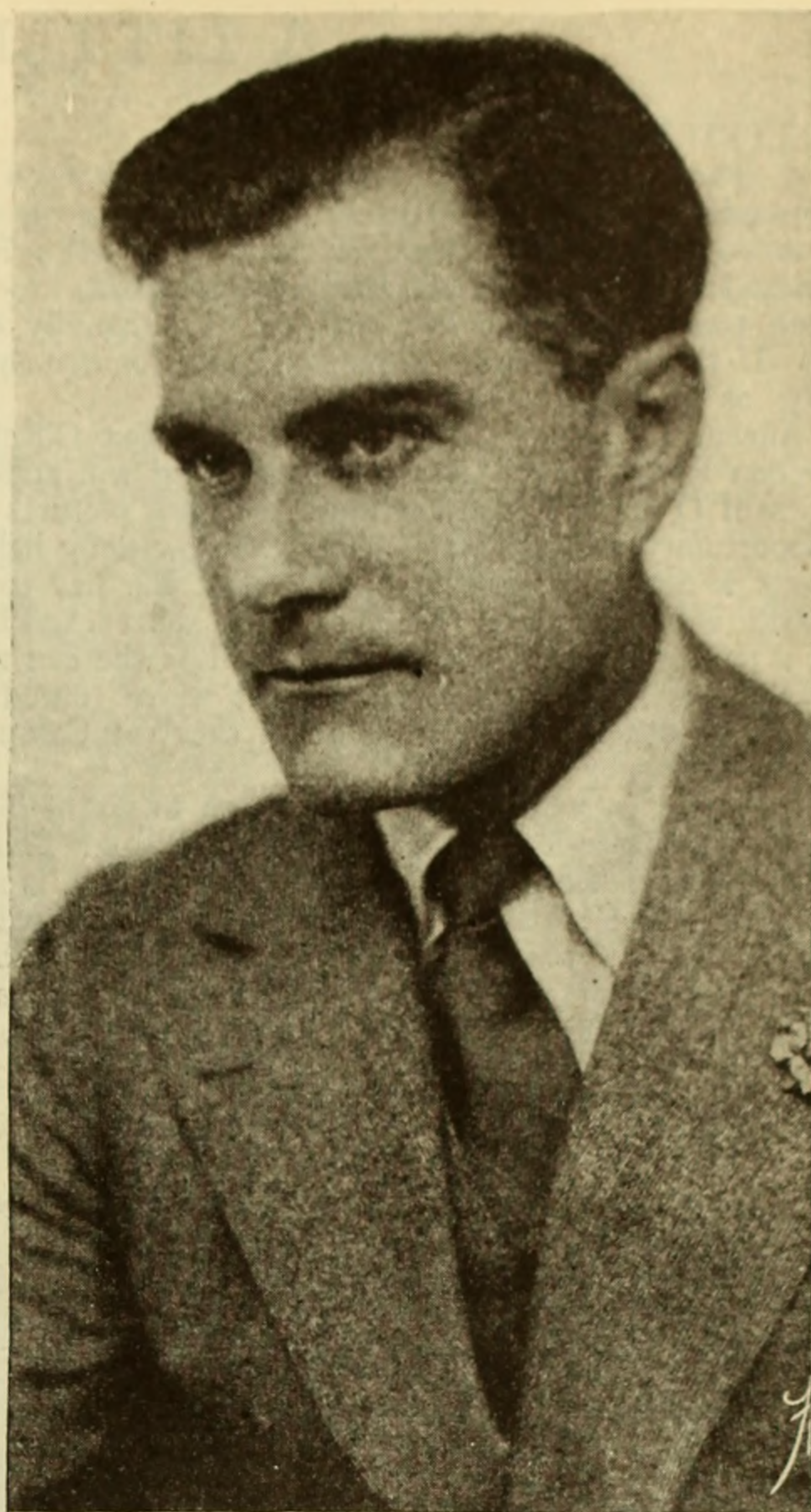
THIS love business is so woefully misunderstood by nearly everyone, anyway! I might as well confess right now that I know very little about it. Of course you might say that no man makes a good lover except our Italian count, who has no land; or a Frenchman, who is eternally bowing; or a Russian with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

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

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

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

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



"The real vampire doesn't wear a leopard skin like a saddle; the real siren is a pink and white little thing with a mint lozenge under her tongue."

and who has a chaperone who's always on the point of turning her head away.

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

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

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

A LITTLE RIDIN' FOOL

"A LITTLE ridin' fool."

That was the verdict of the cowboys when Aileen Ray made her debut on horseback before the camera. Riding comes almost as natural as walking to Miss Ray, for she was born and reared in the cattle land of West Texas.

She can rope and saddle her own horse as handily as any cow-puncher. If the pictures ever prove too tame for her she could earn her living as a "regular hand" on the range.

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

Aileen is a newcomer in the pictures but she has dashed on the screen with a flying start. First came a short experience on the stage as a dancer. Aileen can dance as well as she can ride. During the war she was featured in a dancing act which toured the training camps in the south under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service.

Then came her introduction to the camera in six of Tex O'Reilly's westerns now being released. Then came "Crossed Trails," and the rest—and Aileen of the ponies, both ballet and ranch, is still riding.

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

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



Aileen of the ponies—both ballet and ranch—is now riding for the films.

WHAT A WONDERFUL BLONDE!

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

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

So there you are.

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

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

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

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

She has never worked for anybody *but* Sennett, and has appeared recently in "Don't Weaken" and "By Golly." She has recently signed a contract with Sennett that insures her appearing in comedy for at least another two years.



Harriet Hammond affects you much in the same manner as a big bunch of American beauty roses.

MACK SENNETT said it when she first stepped upon one of his comedy stages. Other directors said it when they first saw her sprightly shadow upon the screen. And finally the public said it, until now—

Harriet Hammond is becoming famous as the prettiest girl in comedies.

But there's another reason why she ought to be fitted with a real nice little niche in the well-known hall of the immortals.

She would without a doubt make the best witness that ever sat in the witness chair.

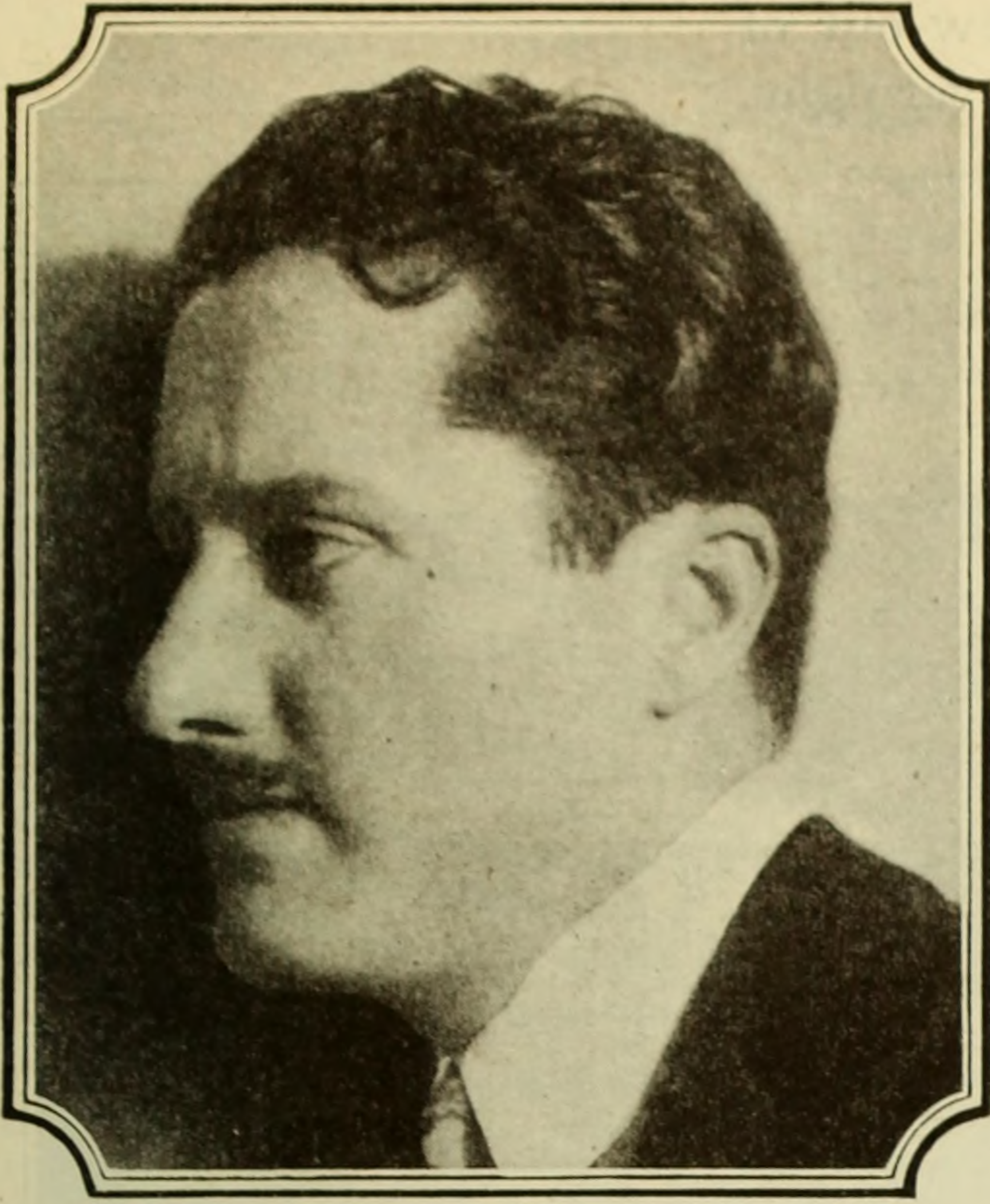
She's forgotten and doesn't know more things than anybody that was ever cross-examined.

But when you look like that—you can get away with anything, that's all.

If you ask her how she happened to go into pictures she smiles divinely and murmurs, "I don't remember." (Good old alibi.)

And if you ask her if she has any ambitions to go into drama, she sighs sweetly and declares gently: "I don't know."

BROADWAY'S HANDSOMEST HERO, AND—



James Rennie, if we are to judge by the consensus of critical opinion, is Broadway's handsomest leading man.

WICKEDEST VILLAIN ON THE SCREEN

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

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

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

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

He graduated to Broadway and then came to the films.

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

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

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

Unlike James Rennie, who was originally intended by his dotting parents to become an architect, Sherman comes of a theatrical family. His maternal grandmother was Kate Grey, who acted with the elder Booth. His own father and mother were professionals and he began when he was only three or four years old, posing in a tableaux. However, his real debut was at the age of fourteen when he appeared in the old Fifth Avenue Theater in a vaudeville sketch. Then, like many another novice with promise, he acted with Nance O'Neil and



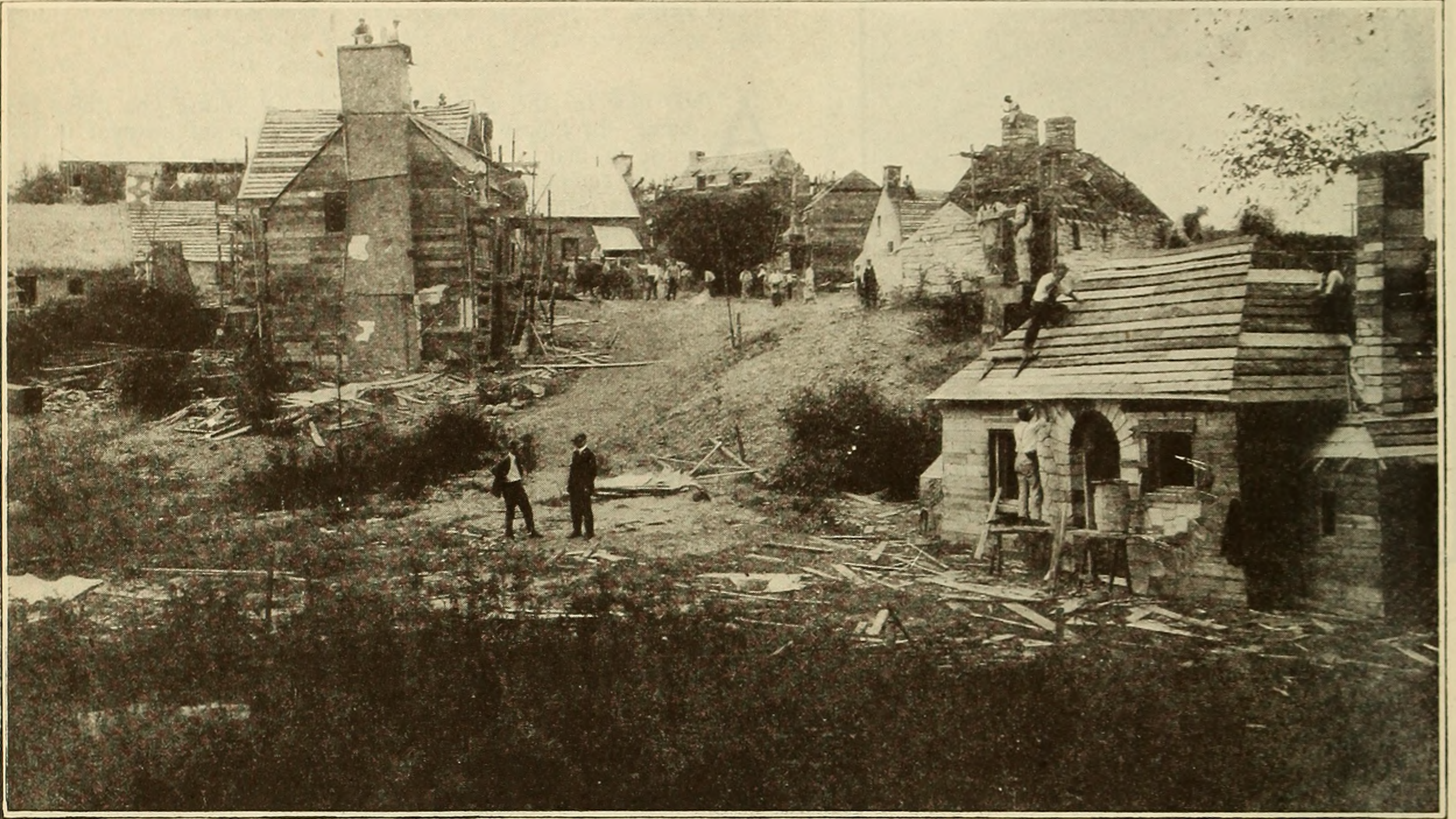
Lowell Sherman practicing his particular methods of villainy on Alice Brady in "The New York Idea."

McKee Rankin. Two seasons ago he appeared in no less than six Broadway plays, in all of them winning the most ardent hisses of any actor on the Rialto. He is soon to be featured in "The River's End"—the dramatic version now in rehearsal on Broadway.

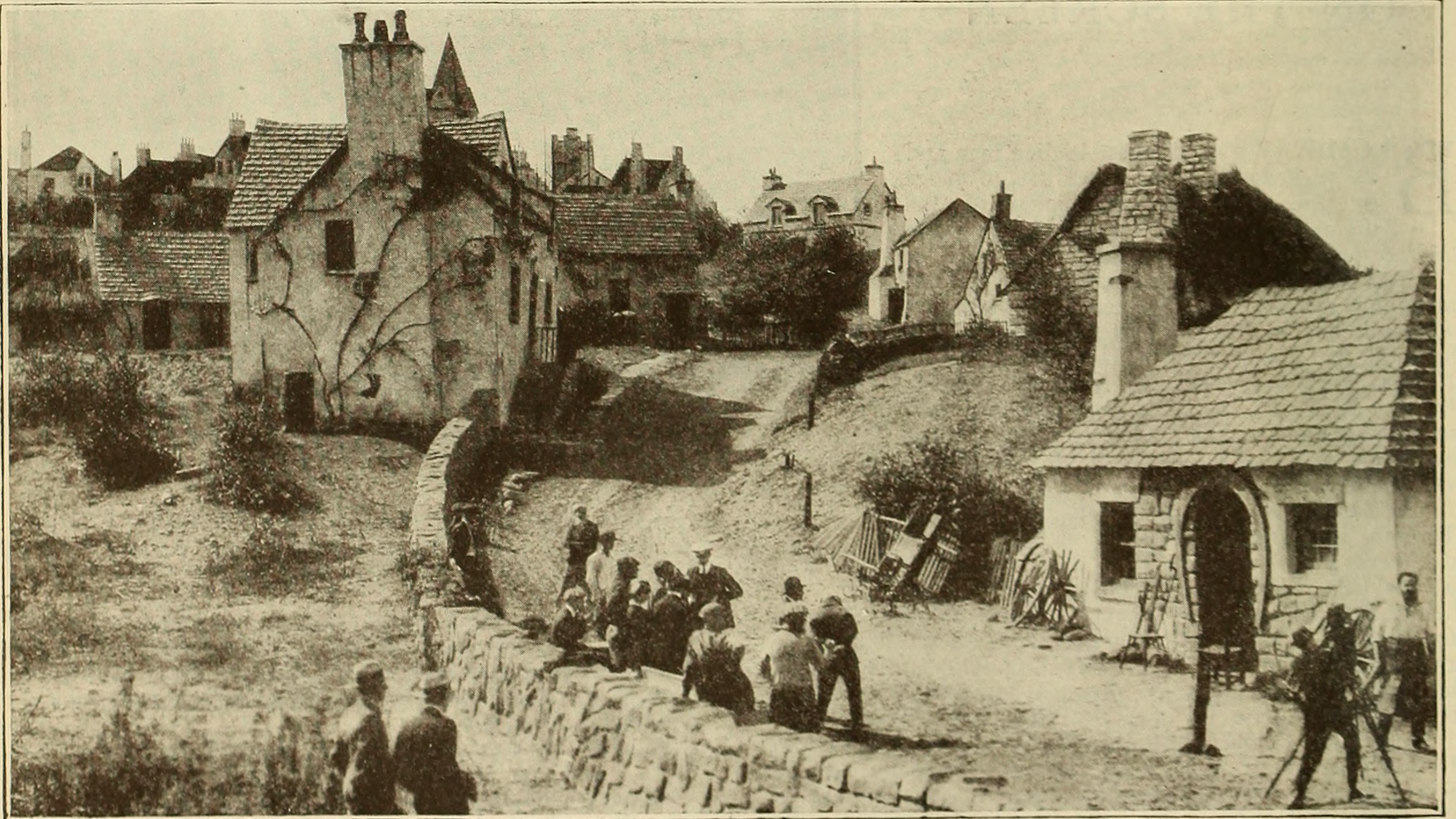
You saw his seducing *Sanderson* in Griffith's "Way Down East." And you will see him with Alice Brady in Realart's "The New York Idea." You will cordially hate him in every one. But villainy is art just as any other form of artistic expression is art. And if you don't believe that villainy is artistic,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

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY, BUT—

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



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



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

Good and Bad Taste in Clothes

Suggestions that will help you progress socially and in business.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

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

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

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

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

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

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

In a previous article I spoke of the uselessness of trying to appear smartly dressed unless one's hair, complexion and teeth were well cared for. I should like to repeat this and to emphasize it in every possible way. The girl who washes her hair at regular intervals and who keeps it satin-smooth with

much brushing will have an adornment that is far more attractive than jewelry. Cold cream judiciously used, a correct diet and a good powder will keep your complexion fresh and charming, and frequent visits to the dentist should be one of your articles of faith.

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

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

sports, there is a totally different set of clothes to be considered.

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

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



Charlotte Fairchild

"If your mind is awake to the possibilities that lie in proper dressing," says Miss Talmadge, "it will also be awake to other things of interest—and therein lies the secret of charming personality."

on one? Certainly not. You'd wear pink or green if you couldn't get anything else, but you *would not* wear blue! Life is serious enough, with men going about in sad-colored blue or gray or black, and hideous hats. We are here to give sparkle and color and beauty to life. Why, if it should be a law that we wear clothes alike we'd turn our coats wrong side out and stick a red feather in our standardized hat—but we would *not* look like everyone else. Women have the individualistic viewpoint. We always have had. When the cave men went hunting for mates, did they find us in groups behind trees? They did not. There was only one of us behind each tree—looking sweetly unconscious, of course, but determined that there shouldn't be any other leading lady when the abduction took place. And we will continue to hold the individualistic viewpoint, it doesn't matter how many babies or votes or careers we have.

I haven't the slightest doubt that Mrs. Stone Axe made her husband bring her a different kind of fur than that worn by Mrs. Many Battles—and she was right in doing so.

Along with the standardization question is always coupled the accusation that women spend too much time in getting in and out of their clothes. It is the favorite argument of the so-called "strong minded" type of women that we should so systematize our clothes that we might get into and out of them as quickly as a man gets in and out of his. But, after all, it isn't method that counts nearly so much as results. If you can't get the time in any other way, try rising a half hour earlier in the morning and give that half hour to adorning yourself. More happy homes are broken up by wives who look unattractive in the morning than through any other one cause. If you go down town each morning to earn your daily bread and butter it is quite as necessary that you take plenty of time to arrange

carefully the details of your dress and hair. No woman can dress in the time that her husband or brother can—at least, if she can, she shouldn't. If she does, she will not look so well-dressed as he does. Our clothes are made that way.

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

If long lines in a dress or suit are becoming to you, by all means wear them. Do not let the fact that it is pretty, or that your dressmaker favors it, influence you into buying a ruffled frock that cuts off your height, makes you look stout and robs your figure of grace. The woman whose figure is inclined

to be ample should make a religion of long lines; trimmings should run up and down, never around, this type of figure. The girdle dropped well in the front will aid in giving the effect of long lines, so will a deep neckline in front. If you are thinner than you care to be, don't emphasize the fact by wearing evening clothes that reveal protruding collarbones and sharp elbows. Low cut gowns and bare arms are not for you, but you may have tulle or chiffon skilfully draped to conceal these defects. By way of compensation, your thinness will permit you to wear ruffy, billowy things that the stout woman may only look at wistfully.

On the decorative side of one's wardrobe the matter of jewelry is an important feature. Some girls may wear necklaces—any kind of a necklace—effectively, while others look like Christmas trees when they attempt this sort of adornment.

Again, your trusty mirror will tell you if you can or can not wear a necklace, also what length it should be to harmonize with the contour of your face. If you have especially lovely arms you may wear bracelets—otherwise it is best not to call attention to them. The same thing holds true of rings, for heavy rings will only emphasize short, stubby fingers.

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

Some women seem to know line and color instinctively. If you have seen Mary Garden on the concert or operatic stage

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

"The erect standing position is maintained by holding the body as tall as possible without actually rising on the toes. In this way the trunk is given its greatest length, all muscles are perfectly balanced and none are overworked."

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

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

There are many tables of (Continued on page 108)

Miss Talmadge Says:

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

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

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

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

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

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

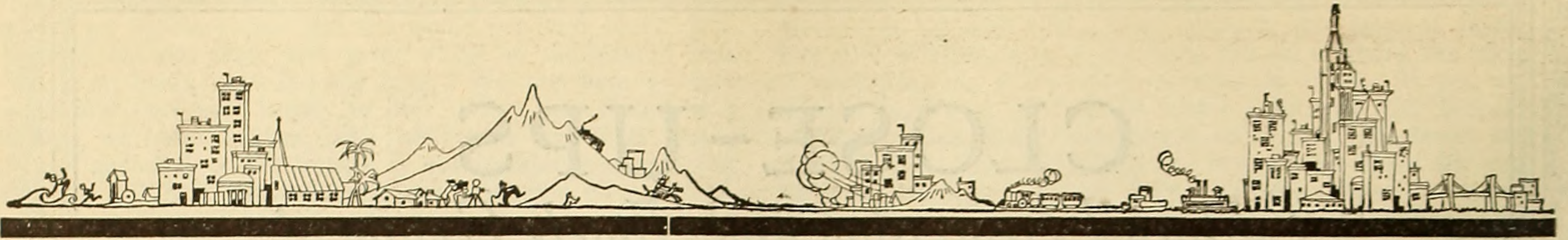
Most tragic of all, he is too often, in the end, unable to help himself. For months or perhaps years, he continues to litter up the scene, shooting millions of feet of film, causing

colossal advertising expenditures, maltreating really great novels and plays, helping, or hindering, this or that acting star. A few of him realize the unbakedness, the crass ignorance of the average young man in the arts—a few of him, learning on foot, so to speak, really *come through*. But not many.

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

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

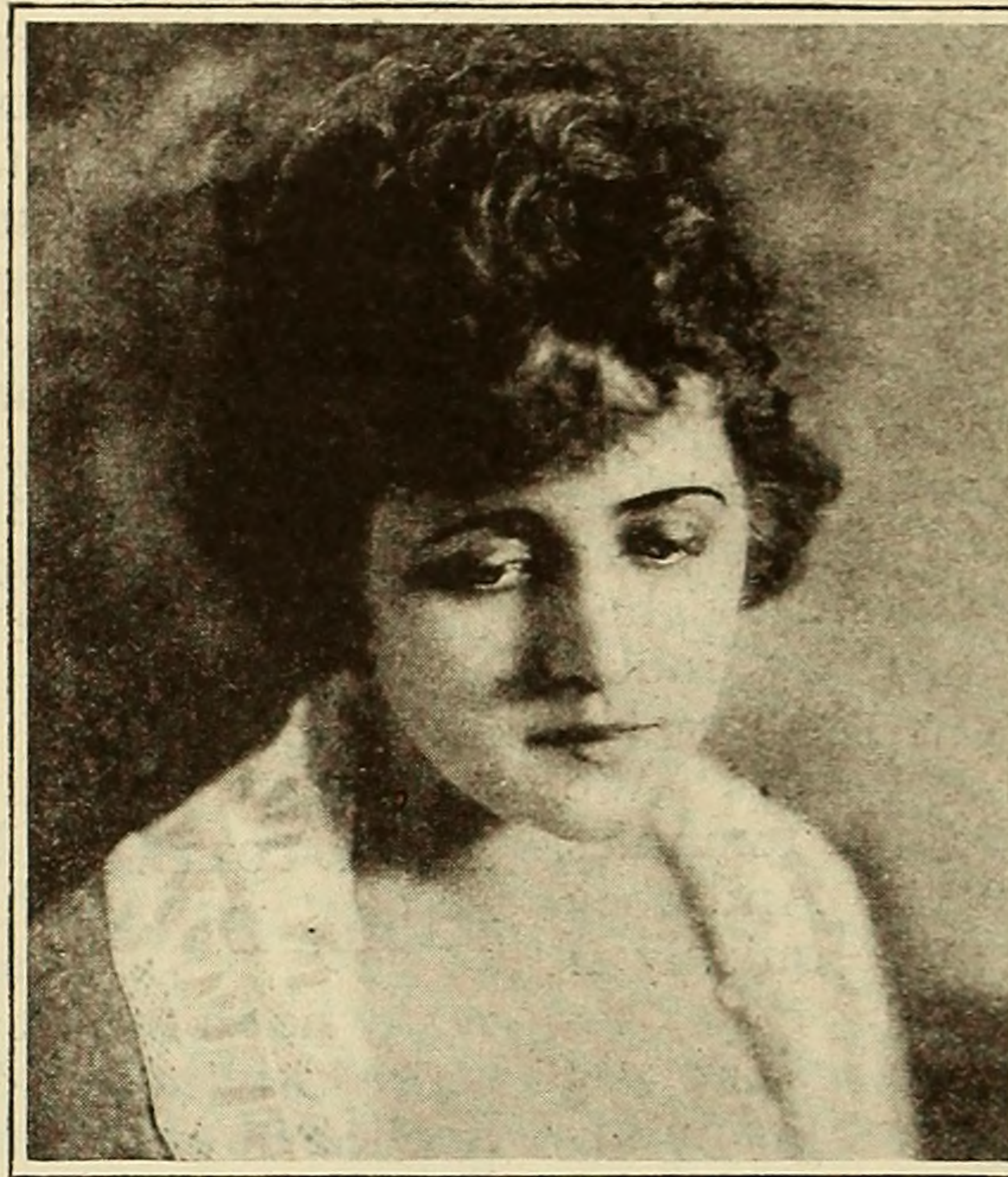
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE long ago pointed out that the possibilities of picture making in Los Angeles afforded practically the only remaining opportunity for a return of the great days of stock playing as exemplified two or three decades ago in the East and only a few years ago in the West. Between the average "stock company" as it is to be found in the inland cities and towns during the summer and the stock company of artists of the old days there is of course a tremendous gulf. But it looks as if deMille were going to revive the old stock glories in the great aggregation he is getting together on his lot in Hollywood, and whose first joint effort will likely be "The Affairs of Anatol." This is reminiscent, too, of the days when Mr. de Mille's father, the late William C. de Mille, was writing "Men and Women" and "The Charity Ball" for David Belasco.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

I NTERESTING Women
Seldom Keep their Appointments.
If they do,
They are Never
On Time.
They always Arrive Breathlessly
After you have Been Waiting
For About an Hour,
And Rush Up
With a Soft Scent of Jasmin about them,
And a Swish of Silk, and
An Apologetic Smile.
"Oh," they Say.
"I am So Sorry.
I Can't Tell You
How Sorry I am.
But you've No Idea
How Many People
I Met on the Way.
A Girl
I Knew at School—and
My Manager, and
Then There was
The Traffic Jam"—
There's always the Traffic Jam—
And so she Goes On, and On.
And Invents Brand New Excuses
And Likes them So Well herself
That she Makes Up Others
To Use
At the Next Appointment
That she's Late for Now.
You Forgive her—you
Always Do. You
Can't Very Well
Do Anything Else.
So, when I Made My Appointment
With Katherine MacDonald, I
Was Prepared
To Tell her
I Really Didn't Mind—
That it was a Pleasure to Wait for her—
And a Lot More Like That.
Because, the More Beautiful
And Feminine
They Are, the Longer
They Keep you Waiting.
So I Took my Time, and Strolled in
The Hotel, and Thought,
"I'll Just Sit Here and
Wait a While" and
While I Sat There, someone
Came Up to the Desk
And Asked for Miss MacDonald, and
Disappeared, and then someone else
Wanted to Know if she
Was In, and
Disappeared, too; so I Thought,
"See—she is late"—and Waited.
And then after a while,
A Very Pretty Girl
Came Up: She Looked at Me, and
I Looked at her.
"Are you by any Chance
Waiting for Miss MacDonald?"
She asked.
"Yes," I said in a Reproachful Way.
"Well," she Smiled,
"I'm so Glad
To See You. I Thought Perhaps
You weren't Coming.



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

I've been Waiting
Half an Hour!"
Stealing my Stuff!

But she Doesn't
Fit In, you see.
In fact, you have
To Reverse
A Lot of Rules
When you Meet Katherine.



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

For Instance, any Other Woman
Who is Known to the World at Large
As the American Beauty, would,
You Suspect,
Begin to Believe it Herself.
Not Katherine.
"I Never have
Taken that Very Seriously,
You Know," she Said—
And she has
A Real Voice—
Not One of the Purring Kind—
"No one with
Any Sense of Humor would.
I Know my Pictures
Could be Much Better.
But I hope that my Acting
Improves a Little
In Every One.
You Know," she Leaned Forward,
"I'd Like to do
Characters. I Wrote
A Story Myself, that we
Are Going to do,
And I don't
Play Pretty in it,
Either."
She Said
She'd Be Glad
To Get Back
To the Country—California—
Because New York
Is Too Rushed.
"I Came to See
Mother and Mary—
(Mary MacLaren)—
And I Haven't had a Chance
To Be with them
More than a Minute.
There's My Contract
To Renew, and
Shopping, and
Theaters—"
And Still
She Keeps her Appointments!

Winifred Westover
Just Came Back
From Sweden.
She Actually Made
A Picture Over There.
Most Stars
Go Abroad, and
Stay Awhile, and Buy New
Antiques and Send
Picture Post-cards, and
Worry about the Weather—
But
They don't Make Pictures.
Winifred Worked with
An All-Swedish Company, and
"I Didn't Know a Word
Of their Language," she says, "and they
Didn't Know Mine. But
Acting—Good Acting—is
Pretty Much the Same
All Over the World, and
We Made 'The Smile That
Was Found Again' without
A Hitch.
I'm Going Again Someday."



"Dead Men Tell No Tales" is pure adventure, not always logical but never dull. It is a well-acted story of the theft of a ship of gold en route to Australia. Catherine Calvert and Percy Marmont play the heroic rôles, with Holmes Herbert as the Squire.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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

By

BURNS MANTLE

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

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

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

Rot? Not a bit of it. That is what makes the movie world so wonderful a place. When you see that country house on Long Island as a part of the Terriss picture you can quite easily imagine anything that the most imaginative press man could write about it—even, that "although having cost \$3,000,000 it was almost immediately deserted," because "the woman

jilted the owner and he shot himself in one of the bedrooms. "No one ever lived in the place," runs this delicious story; "it is presumed to be haunted, and the furniture and beautiful antiques were sold for a mere nothing, leaving only those which could not be removed—"

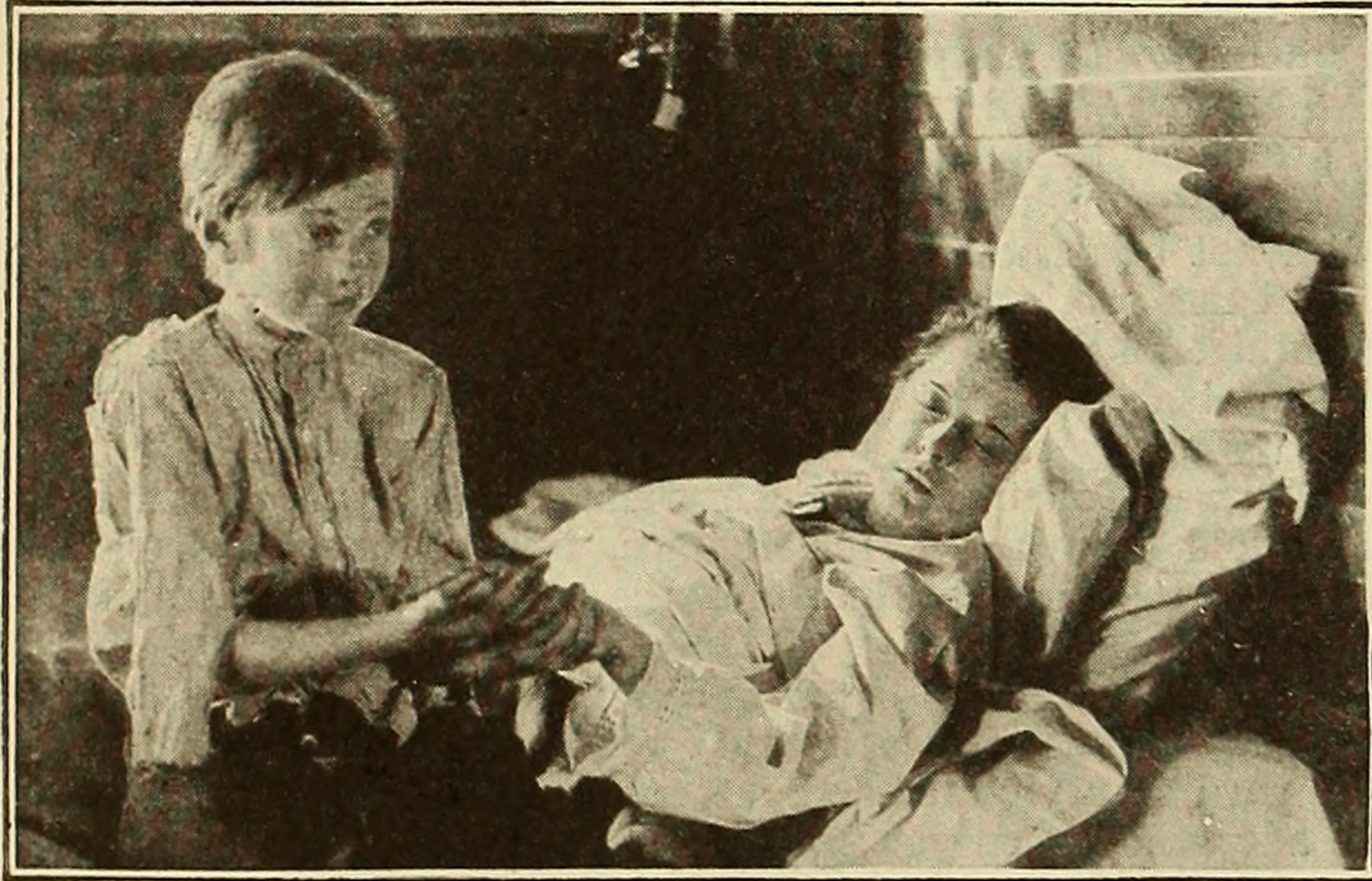
And then we have a picture of the Terriss company going to Penbridge Hall to live, slipping hesitatingly into the chill and ghostly bedrooms, seeing nothing, fortunately, of "the gray ghost which presumably walks the corridors at night," but being aware of many strange sounds—the faint strumming of an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

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

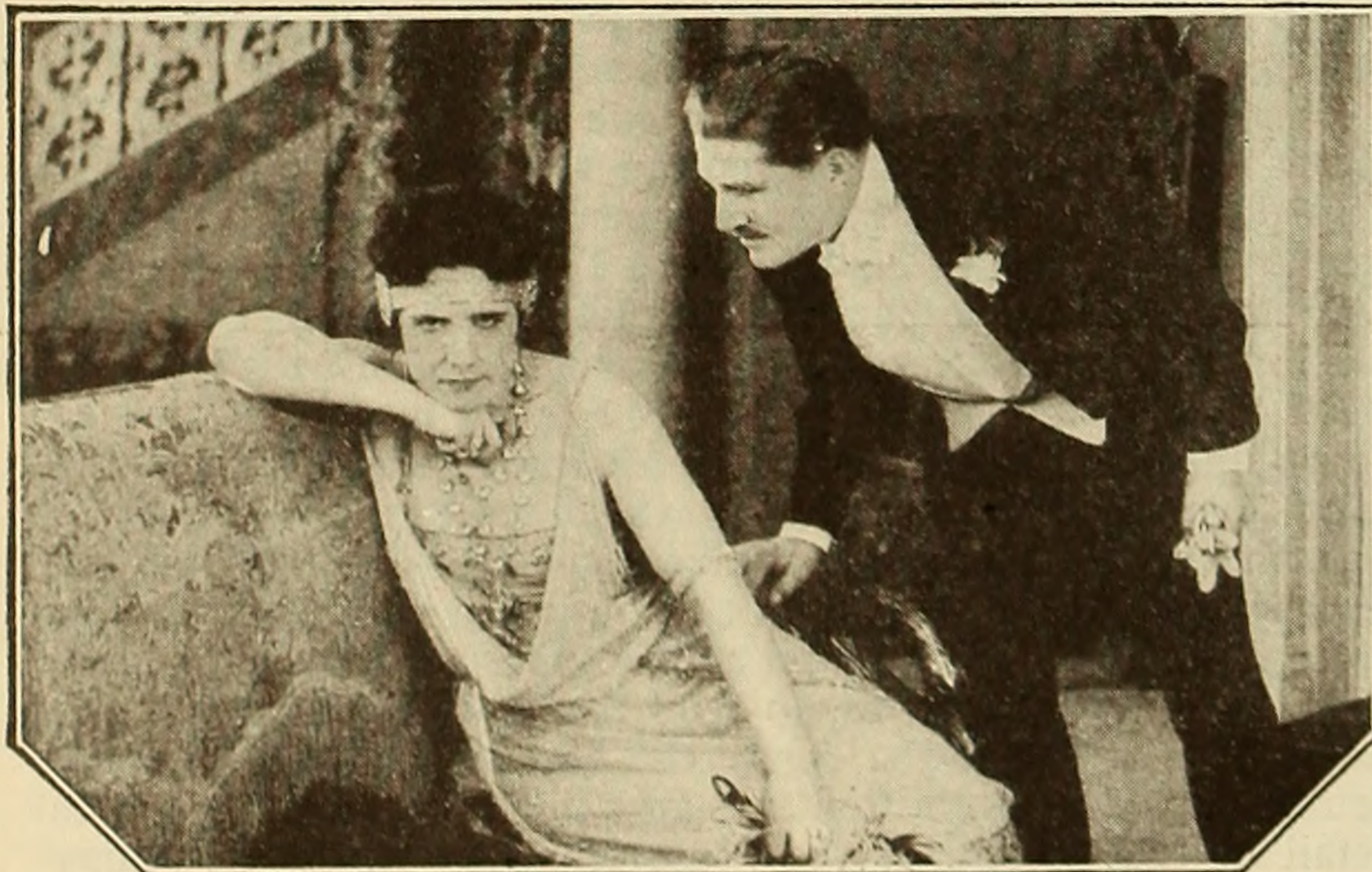
The Terriss picture, made from one of the best of the E. W. Hornung novels, is pure adventure and nothing more. Not always logical. Not always convincing. But never dull and frequently most realistically filmed. The ship wreck is especially well done. According to the plot, the rascally Santos, a subtle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



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



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



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

ceptionally dramatic. And afterward, with the escaped hero on the trail of the Santos gang, there is good dramatic suspense with only a few scattered weak spots when the lack of a reasonable logic is irritating. It is also well acted, which the adventure picture must be to save it from itself. Catherine Calvert is the heroine, stepdaughter to the villain, loved of the squire and won by an honest voyager who escaped the plot. George Von Seyffertitz is a plausible villain, Holmes Herbert a good squire and Percy Marmont not exactly a dashing romanticist, but an intelligent player and persistent lover.

THE THIEF—Fox

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

IDOLS OF CLAY—Paramount-Artcraft

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

DINTY—First National

MARSHALL NEILAN has a fine sense of comradeship with boys, and a human touch that, however obvious and conventional it may become, is usually effective. He is therefore able to direct young Wesley Barry in "Dinty" to that engaging lad's great advantage, even through a story in which Wesley is the freckled and loyal defender of a bed-ridden mother, with all the sob-stuff such a situation suggests. The scenes in which Wesley marshals his gang of newsies, fights the opposition, gets licked or licks the other fellow and finally triumphs, though his sad little mother dies, are sympathetically handled. It is a great picture for the youngsters, and with its melodramatic touches, and its sub-plot of romance is sufficiently interesting to hold the interest of the grown-ups. Young Barry is a natural actor, most natural when he tries least to be so. His homely little mask is eloquently boyish, his happy smile a shaft of sunlight piercing the gloom of artificial plots, his active little body a flash of real drama through even the most theatrical of situations. He is amusingly aided in "Dinty" by that comic smudge of negro black, Aaron Mitchell, and a 6-year-old "Chink" who adds both comedy and pictorial value to the scenes. The grown-ups include Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, J. Barry Sherry, Newton Hall and Noah Beery, and they are all capable.

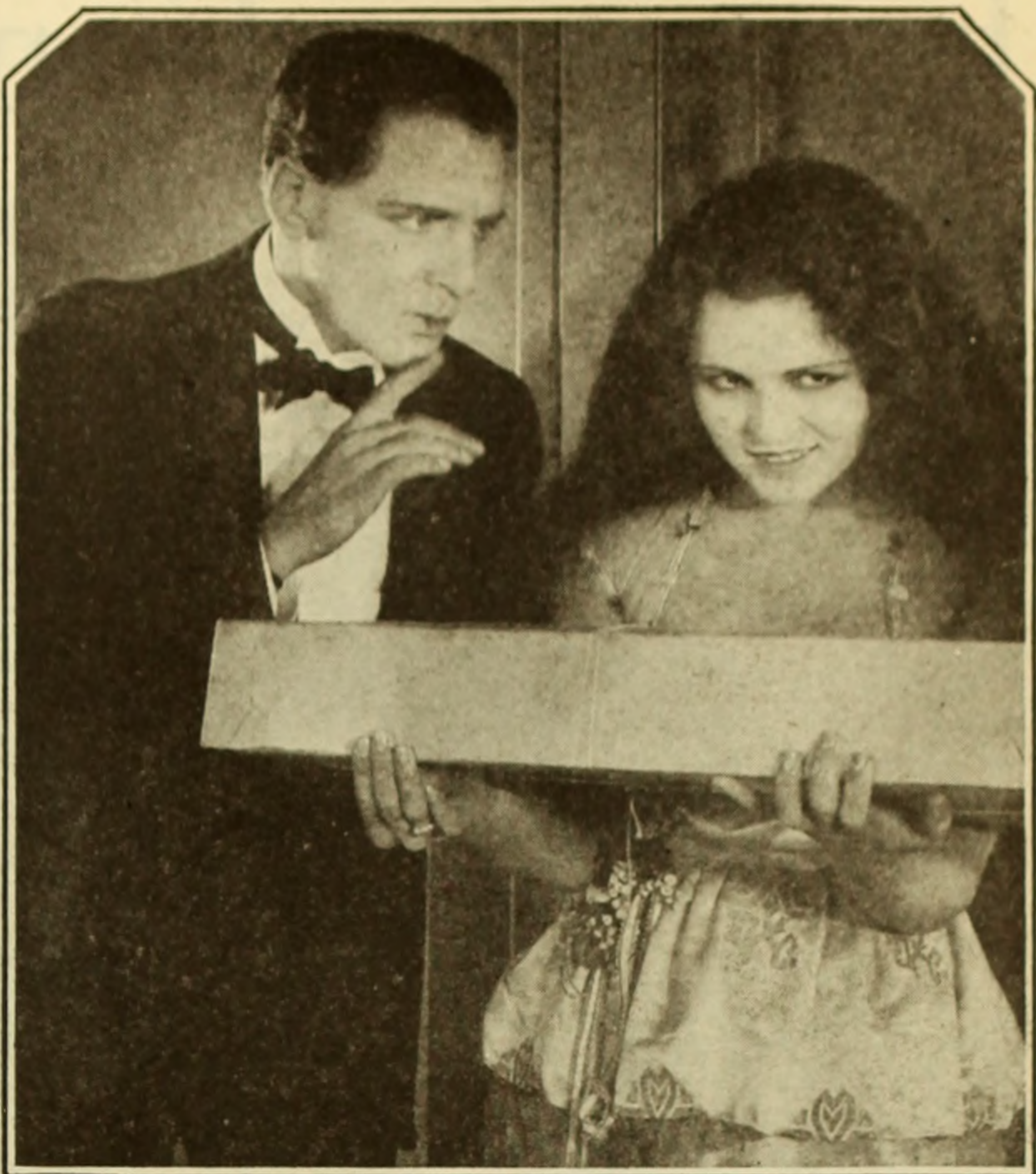
RISKY BUSINESS—Universal

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

HELIOTROPE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft

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

(Continued on page 66)



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



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



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

Famous Families of the



Charlotte Fairchild

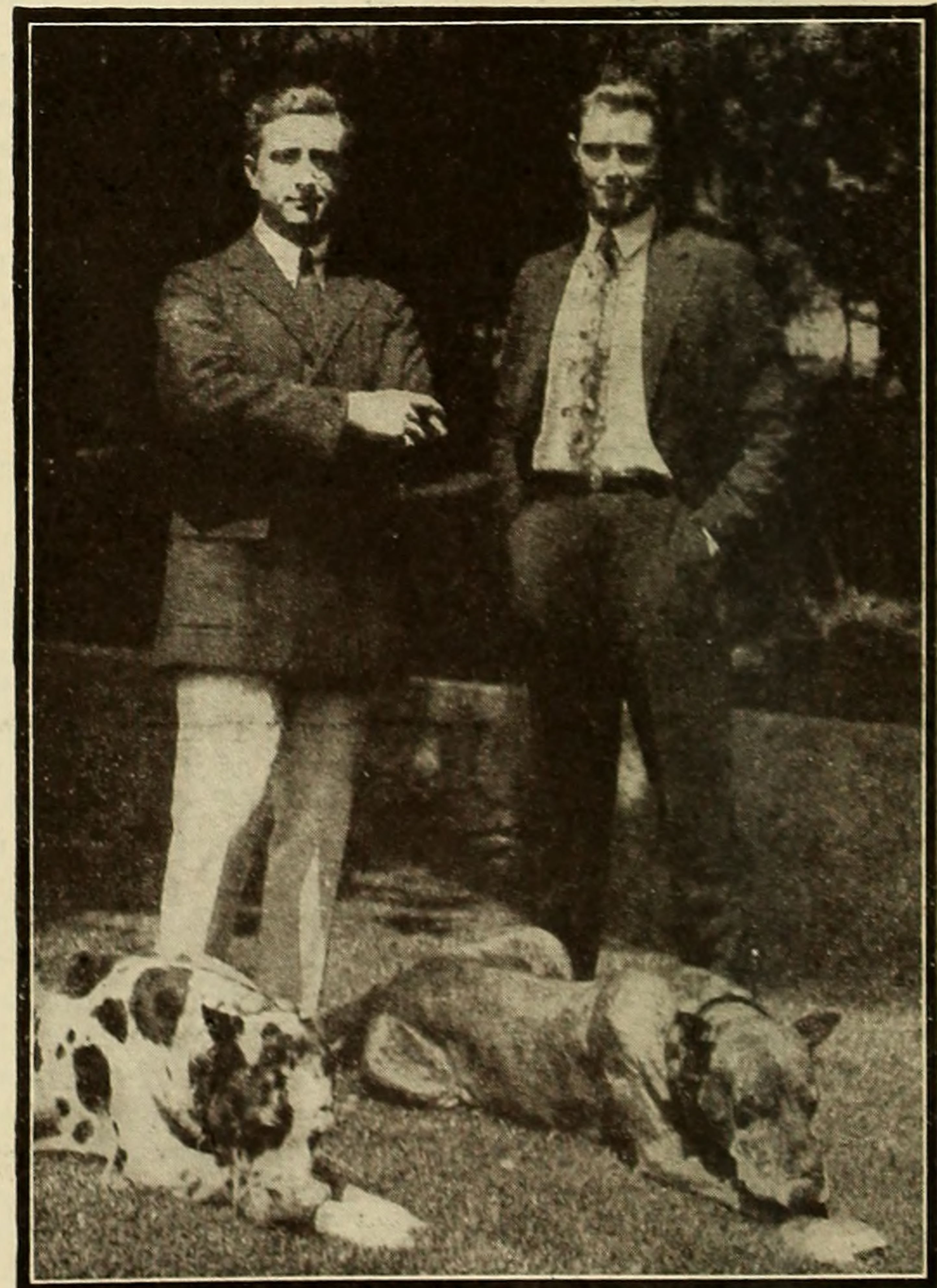
The Talmadge trio—Constance, Norma, and Natalie. They have always helped each other along the glory road—Norma paved the way for Constance, and now comes Natalie. They are chums as well as sisters.

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



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

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



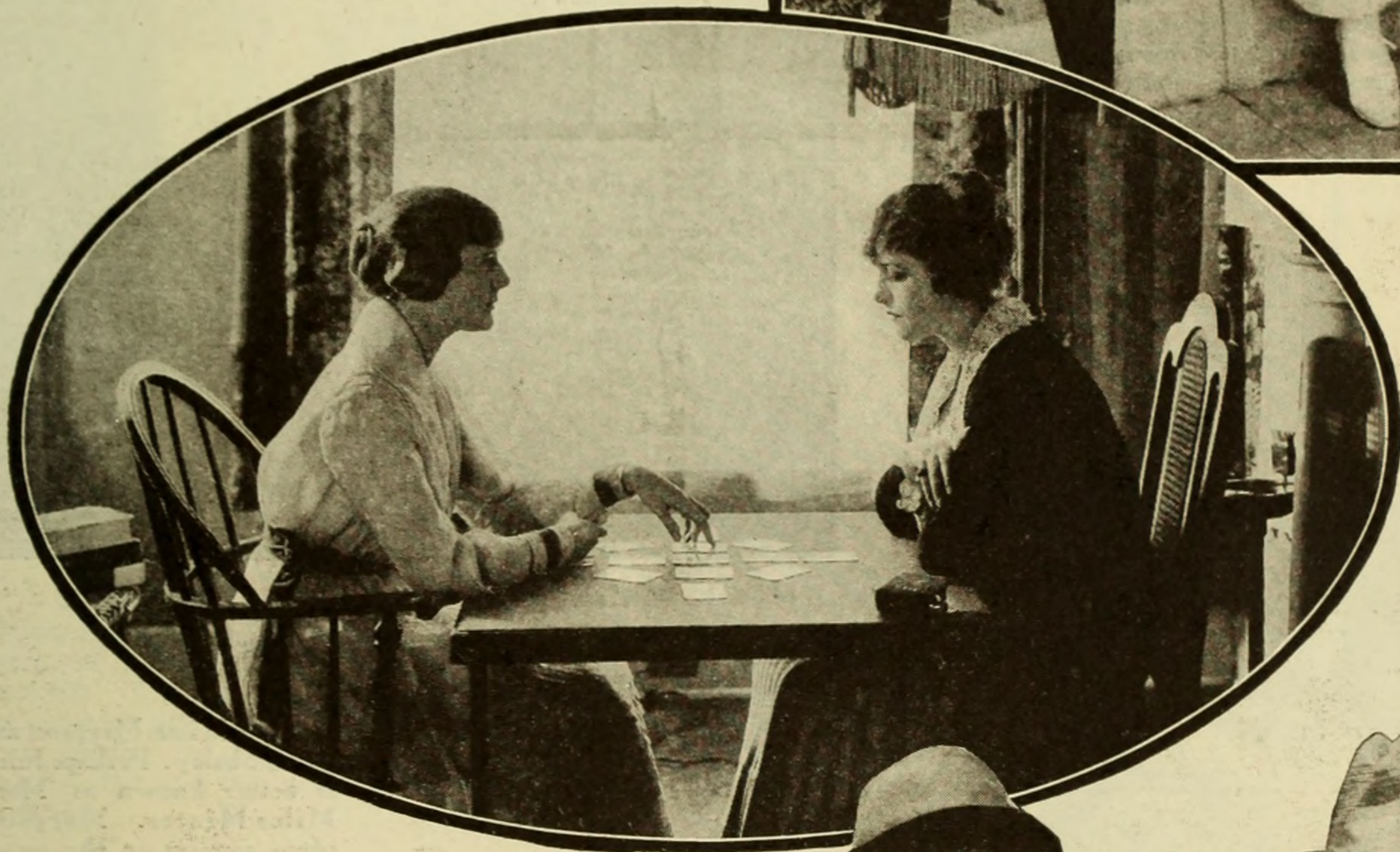
Films

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



Hoover

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



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

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

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





In the circle—those Corsican brothers of stage and screen—Dusty and Bill Farnum. They still spend their vacations together just as they did when they were small boys—and in the same way. They go fishing!

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



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



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



Other People's Dollars

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

By JOHN G. HOLME

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

FIRST SECTION

Pollyanna mounted on a white elephant, Grand Marshal of the Day.

Steam Calliope playing "Hail the Conquering Hero."

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-size lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Float bearing a great canvas with painting of a rainbow on a background of gold.

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-size lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Float with a great canvas showing a painting of a Castle built on a fleecy cloud, on a background of gold.

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-sized lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Motor-truck with printing press turning out at lightning speed beautifully engraved stock certificates.

Two brass bands.

SECOND SECTION

Men and women who believe in Santa Claus and fairies and who have never bought stock in new motion picture producing companies.

THIRD SECTION

One man, looking as lonesome as a bartender, but cheerful. This is the only man out of five million motion picture stock purchasers who still believes that he will become rich on his investment.

FOURTH SECTION

Two brass bands.

Press agents on motor cycles.

Motion picture stars in imported automobiles, each carrying an enlarged photograph of his or her million dollar California bungalow, and receipt for payment of first instalment.

Press agents on motor cycles.

Two brass bands.

FIFTH SECTION

Little four-year-old girls, dolled up in their Sunday best and each carrying a bright red balloon.

You make up the rest of the parade yourself. I had always thought that the happiest creature on this footstool of the Lord was a four-year-old girl in her prettiest dress carrying a red balloon until I met a motion picture magnate dressed like a Grand Opera tenor with a million dollar stock issue and his pockets full of other people's money.

I was struck amidsthips by this foolish fancy after adding up

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

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

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

"Are the people really buying this junk?"

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

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

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

"About fifteen million dollars," answered one man.

"Just about," the veteran agreed. "Give me fifteen million dollars, cold cash, and I'll promise to deliver you within thirty days every gosh-dinged motion picture producing company in this land. Now if the people of

this country are so interested in motion picture making, why don't they chip together and buy up all the old companies?"

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

It would not cost nearly so much to finance such a deal as it now costs to finance all these new companies, most of which start their corporate lives with loan-shark millstones tied around their corporate necks. There is, after all, very little difference between the financial acumen of Bill Jones, brakeman or university professor, who borrows \$100 from a loan-shark, and signs a promissory note pledging himself to pay the \$100 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. a month, 120 per cent. a year, and the Wild Tom Motion Picture Company which sells a \$100 stock certificate, paying from 30 to 50 per cent. to the underwriter and salesman, and promising to pay 8 per cent. dividend on the stock. On the whole, Bill Jones makes a better deal. He gets \$100, spot cash first, and pays the shameful interest later. The Wild Tom pays (*Continued on page 109*)



Keep Your Hands on Your Purse And Ask Us—

IF you desire information regarding the value of any film stock proposition, write to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

The PORT of HIS DESIRES

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

By

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

Illustrated by Will Foster

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEXTER ARNOLD & COMPANY

NEW YORK—CALCUTTA—CAIRO—SINGAPORE—
TIMBUCTOO.

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

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

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

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

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

But a warmth stole into her heart which the acerbity of his manner failed to dispel. For the country of dreams is a land of light that illumines all who approach its boundaries. It was that light that shone in Kathleen's brown eyes—but they might have been vermilion for all Dexter noted or cared. As she passed out of the room she could not forbear a turn of her bronzed head over a plump little shoulder for a glimpse of Dexter in this new light; but for all that Dexter cared, or apparently observed, that hair might have been purple.

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

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

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

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

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

With a whir of winches, a clatter of chains and a tumult of shouts from bustling stevedores, the last bales were being stowed into the hold of the Rio de La Plata. Hatches were being battened, and thick smoke was boiling from her funnels.



"Have you two had it out?" asked Driggs . . . : "Had it out?" stammered Dexter. "What do you mean, had it out?" "Oh, nothing," rumbled Driggs irritably. "I've got good news for you, Dexter."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or, again:

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

extremely long hair and a thick, bushy tail, which is often cut off and sold while the animal is yet alive."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, sir."

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

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

"How do you make that out?"

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

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

"Of course they do; but there's an overcharge of just \$20.75 United States."

"Where does the overcharge come in?"

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

"In the first place, the regular brand of cigars that go into the ship's stores on the Mediterranean route are not Imperiales at \$12.50 a box but Flor de Bridgeports at \$3.50 a box. That's the brand the port captain at Constanza has been smoking for the past three years, and it isn't likely he would jump to Imperiales all at once." (Continued on page 62)

Perhaps—

This story will win the first prize of
\$5,000

Photoplay's \$14,000 prize fiction contest is well under way. Some of the year's best fiction will be published during 1921 in these pages. Turn to page 6 for full particulars of this contest.

In ten minutes— a perfect manicure

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

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

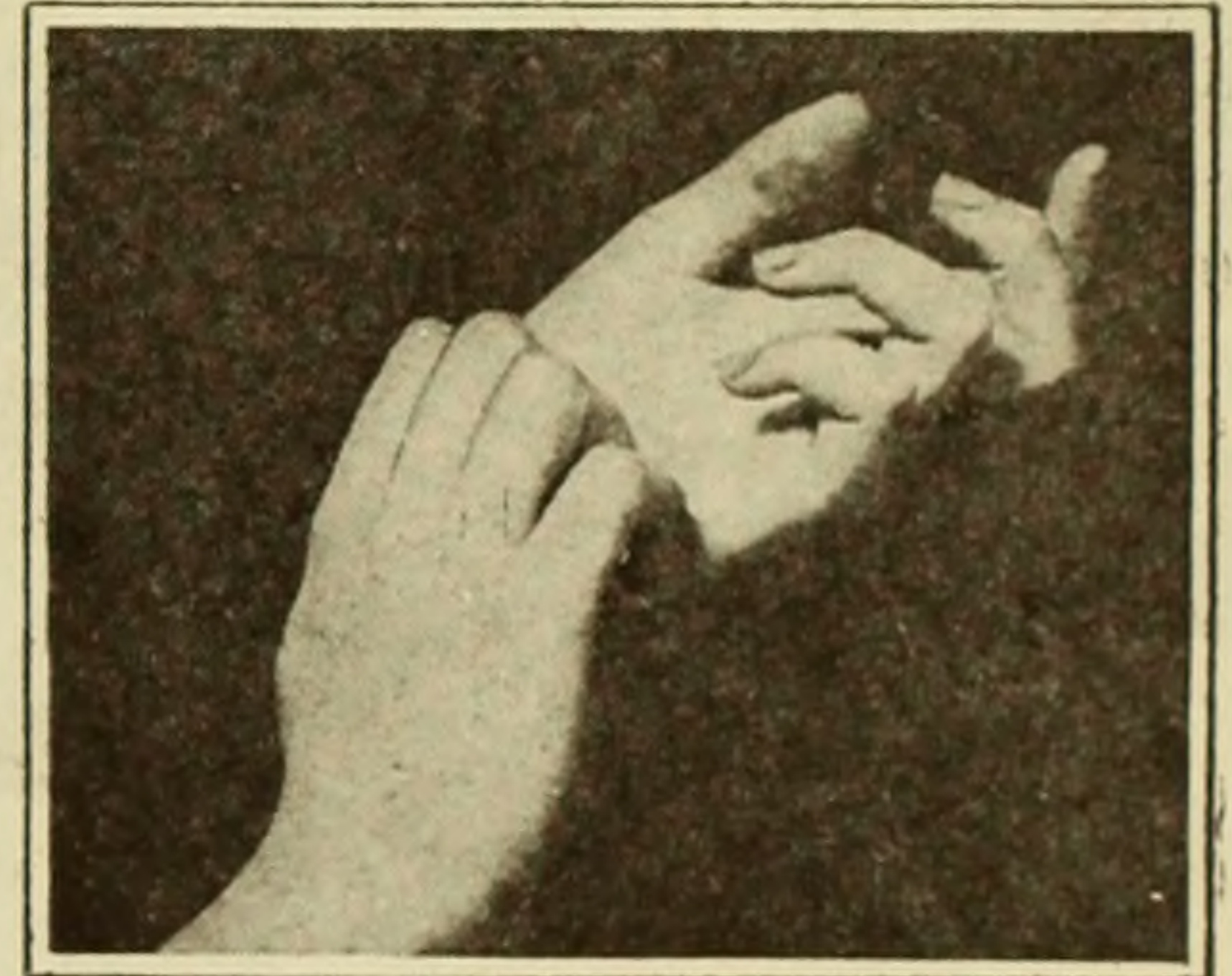
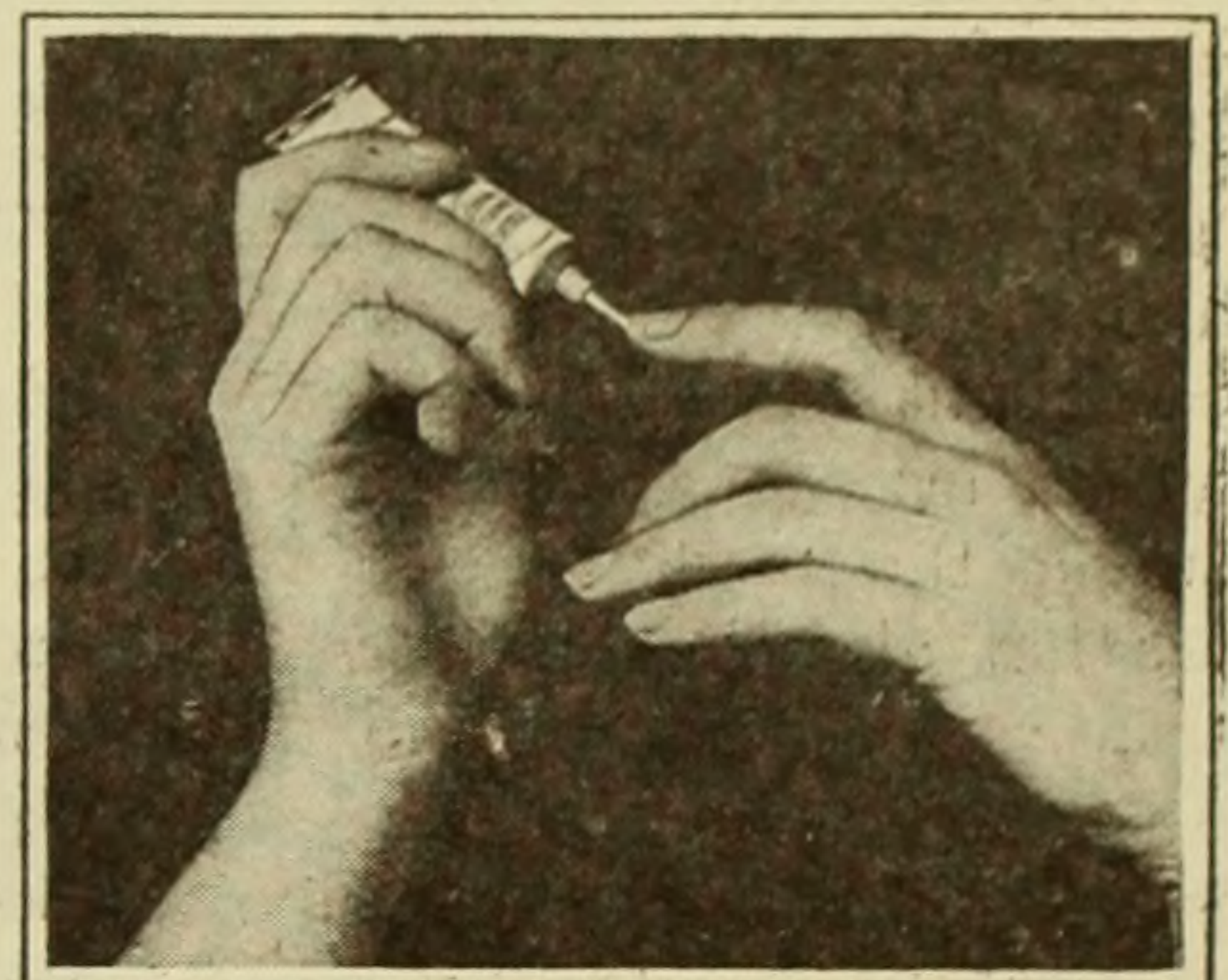
NOW, manicuring is so quick and easy that anybody can have smooth, lovely nails. Cutex removes the dead cuticle simply and safely without cutting. Just a few minutes' care once or twice a week will keep the nails looking always as if freshly done.

This is the way you do it

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

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

FINALLY THE POLISH. For a brilliant, lasting polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and *without burnishing*, one that is also water-proof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish.



First a smooth, shapely cuticle; then snowy white tips; then just the brilliant polish you have always wanted

Make the test yourself

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

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; The "Traveling," \$1.50; "The Boudoir,"

\$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for the Cutex Introductory Set, large enough for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

**NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 702, 114 West 17th Street
New York City**

Name

Street

City and State



(Continued from page 60)

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

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

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

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

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

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

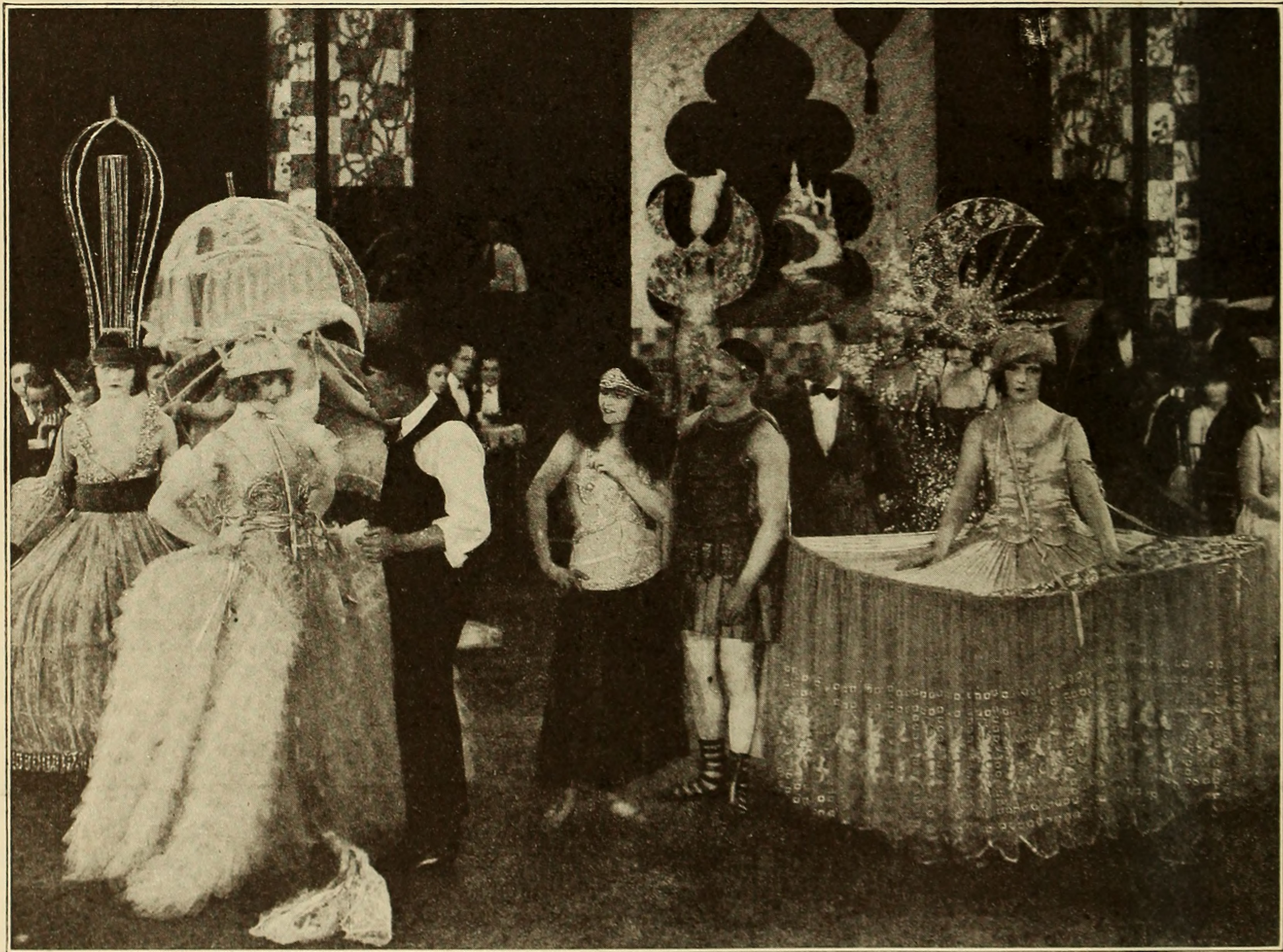
As the fifth year of his employment with the Tropics & Orient Importing & Exporting Company was drawing to its end, a new element crept with growing distinctness into the pictures that limned themselves upon the blank wall.

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

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

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

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



BILLIE BURKE JOINS THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC!

BUT only for an afternoon. When his distinguished stellar wife told Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., that she was playing a chorus-girl in her new picture, the impresario promptly offered to transplant intact from his New Amsterdam Theater roof to the Paramount studio a whole scene from the *Midnight Frolic*: six celebrated beauties, a jazz orchestra, and a carload of scenery. Billie Burke herself led the chorus in a gown of pink chiffon with a turban headpiece surrounded by a miniature pink parasol. And for the first time, under Eddie Dillon's direction, the *Midnight Frolic* really frolicked for the films. Here, from left to right, are Miss Burke; Mr. Dillon; Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily, dancers; and Babe Marlowe.



Launder your silk underwear this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

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

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crêpe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds.

There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them. Lux is as delicate as the most fragile

fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

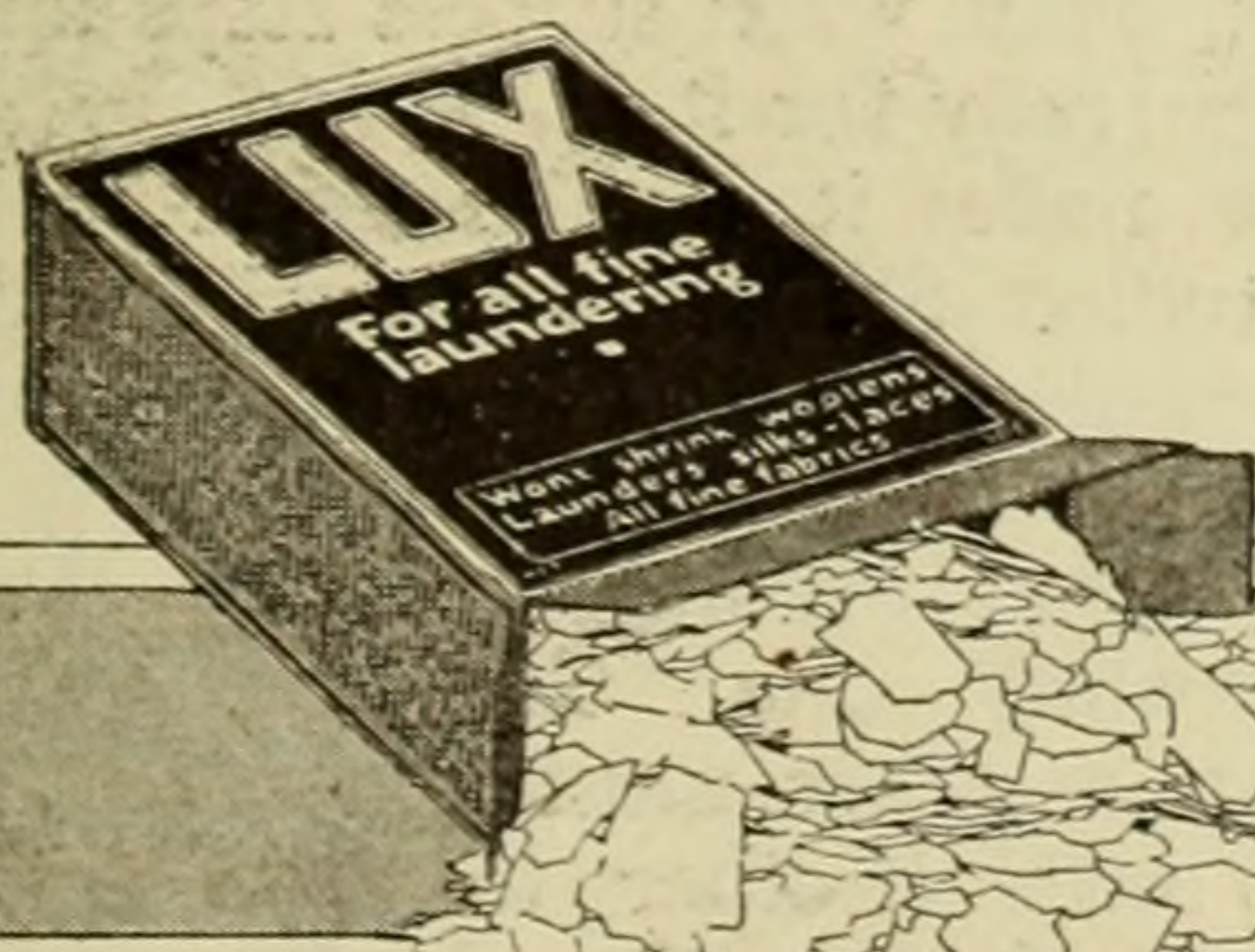
That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings. The careful Lux laundering will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

To launder your fragile silk underthings

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

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

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



LUX

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Waiting for Fame

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

By
DELIGHT EVANS

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

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

For May, to attain success, has merely—waited.

Not for her the early struggles in atmospheric parts. Nor the cold, cruel rebuffs that meet every aspirant.

May was waiting for an actress-friend back-stage when a friend of the friend asked for an introduction to May and, in turn, introduced May to the movies.

She was waiting—to be explicit, in maid parts on feminine stars—when a director selected her to play Madge Kennedy's sister in "The Perfect Lady."

She was waiting for a new job when J. Stuart Blackton engaged her for a series of pictures, as the featured feminine lead.

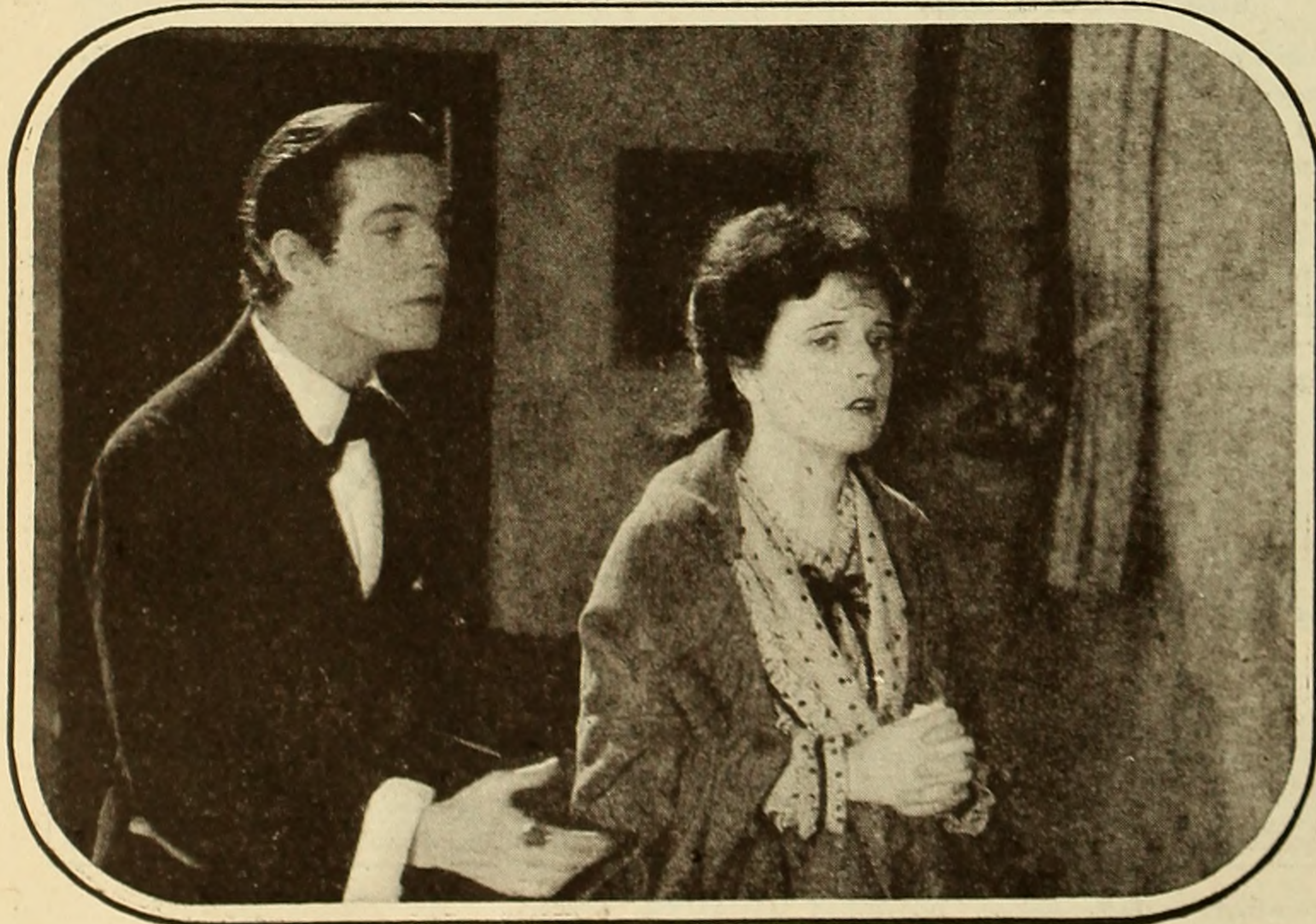
And while she told me about it, to pass on to you, she was waiting—waiting for director John Robertson to call her for a scene. Waiting, a veritable Hebe in hoopskirts, to bring to life Barrie's delightful heroine, *Grizel*, in the Paramount version of "Sentimental Tommy."

Her everlasting luck brought her this latest and choicest part. Another actress was selected, tried out, and failed completely. Robertson dropped into a picture theater and saw May McAvoy on the screen. He saw in her the ideal *Grizel*—and the next day she was engaged.

May is a New York girl with most unprofessional parents, who never dreamed of a theatrical career for their daughter. She was in school when she made her first venture into the land of make-believe, visiting the actress-friend back-stage. Since then, she has been introduced to films, has learned makeup and camera manners, has played leading roles with Lionel Barrymore and is slated



May McAvoy's qualifications were a rose-petal complexion, a perfect mouth, deep blue eyes—and no little talent. Below, as *Grizel*, with Gareth Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy."



for stardom, according to the latest report.

"There's nothing to it," she says. Of course, a rose-petal complexion is an asset. And a small and perfect mouth and deep blue eyes help a little. And perhaps also the fact that she has always worked hard to justify her directors' confidence in her may have something to do with it. In other words, May, when success steps up to her, is always ready for it.

She makes it a point never to be late at the studio. She has a disposition that laughs away klieg eyes, studio waits, and burned bacon for breakfast. She goes to a theater every other evening to study the work of worth-while stars. And she keeps up her French and her music, besides taking long hikes with Brother to keep in condition. Outside of that, though, things have "just come to her!"



*"Then cease to mourn
thy ravished hair."
—Pope.*

Beauty through Harmony

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

INECTO RAPID

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

In New York it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Plaza, Commodore, Pennsylvania and many others.

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

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

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

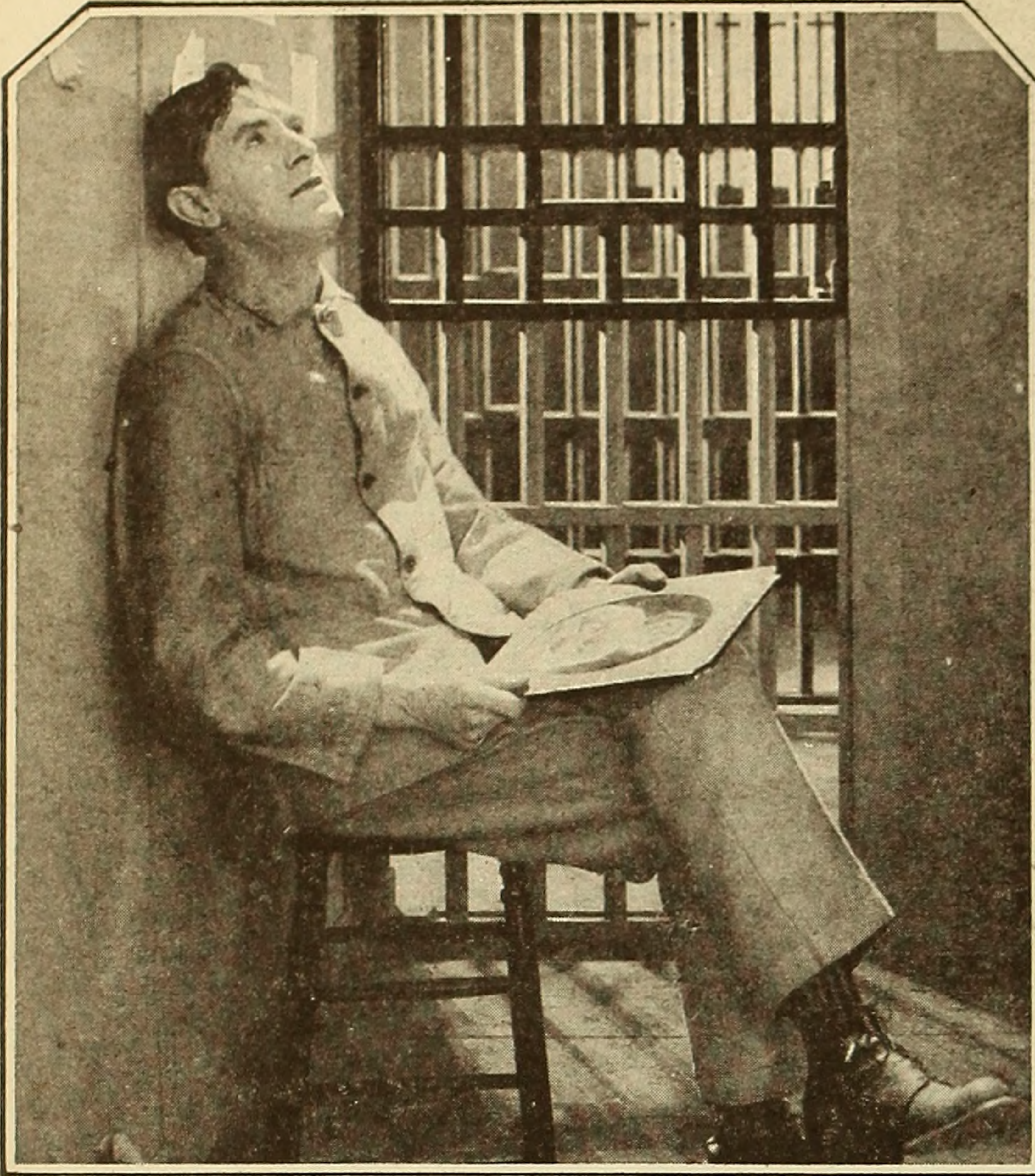
You can safely apply INECTO RAPID in the privacy of your own home if you so desire.

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

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LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS MADRID MILAN

*Gray Hair
banished
in
30 minutes*

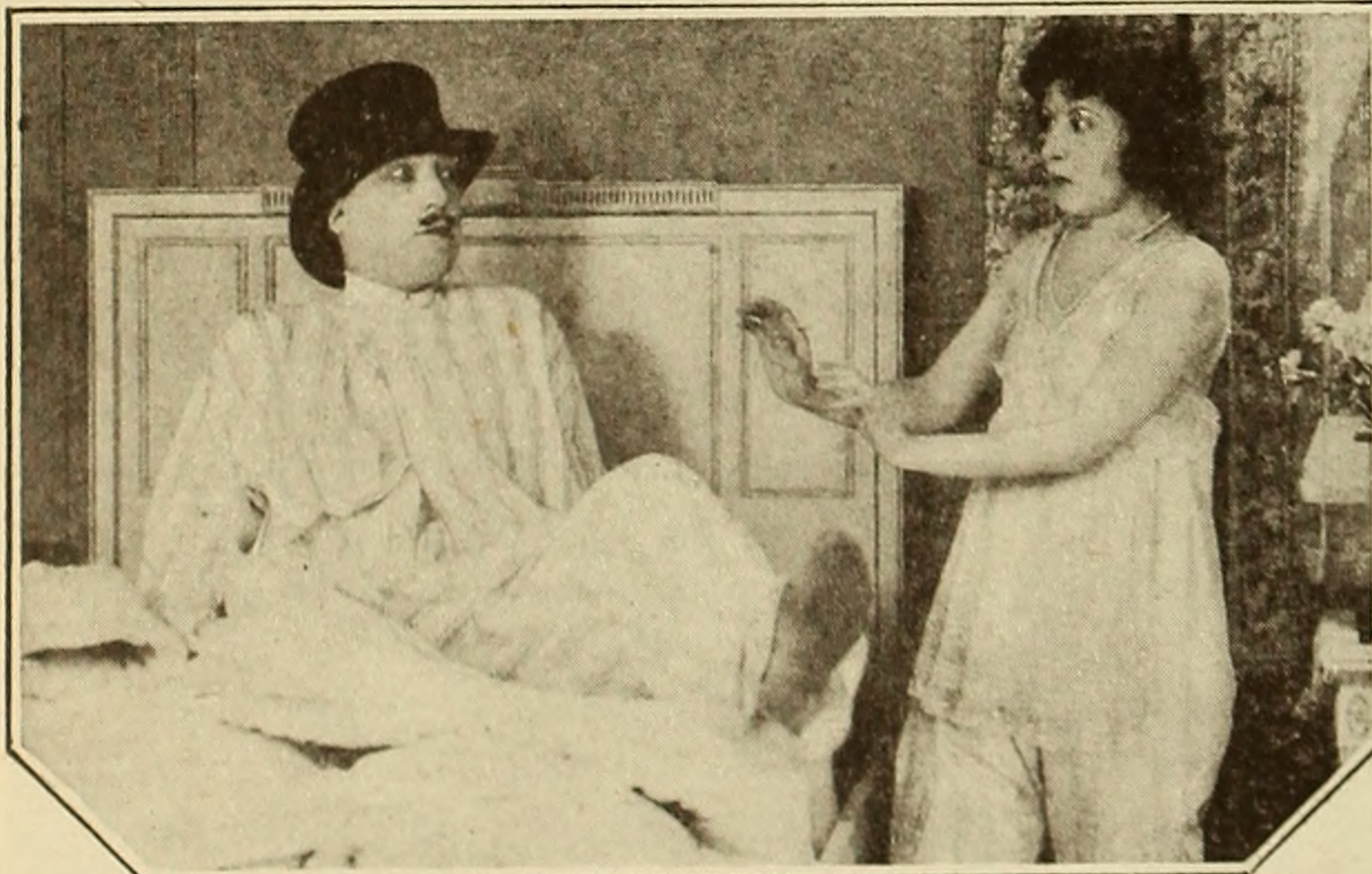
(Continued from page 53)



"Heliotrope" has two outstanding virtues: finished direction and an original twist in story by Richard Washburn Child. There is good performance by Frederick Burton, as the convict, William B. Mack and Julia Swayne Gordon.



"The Forbidden Thing" is a simple tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. It concerns itself with a Puritan who marries a Portuguese girl and later finds her unfaithful. Marcia Manon and James Kirkwood play the leading roles.



"Twin Beds" neither profits nor bores. Carter De Haven, as the Italian tenor in the wrong flat, is lively, and consciously amusing. Mrs. De Haven assists. Twenty minutes of diverting nonsense and a test of patience after that.

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

THE PENALTY—Goldwyn

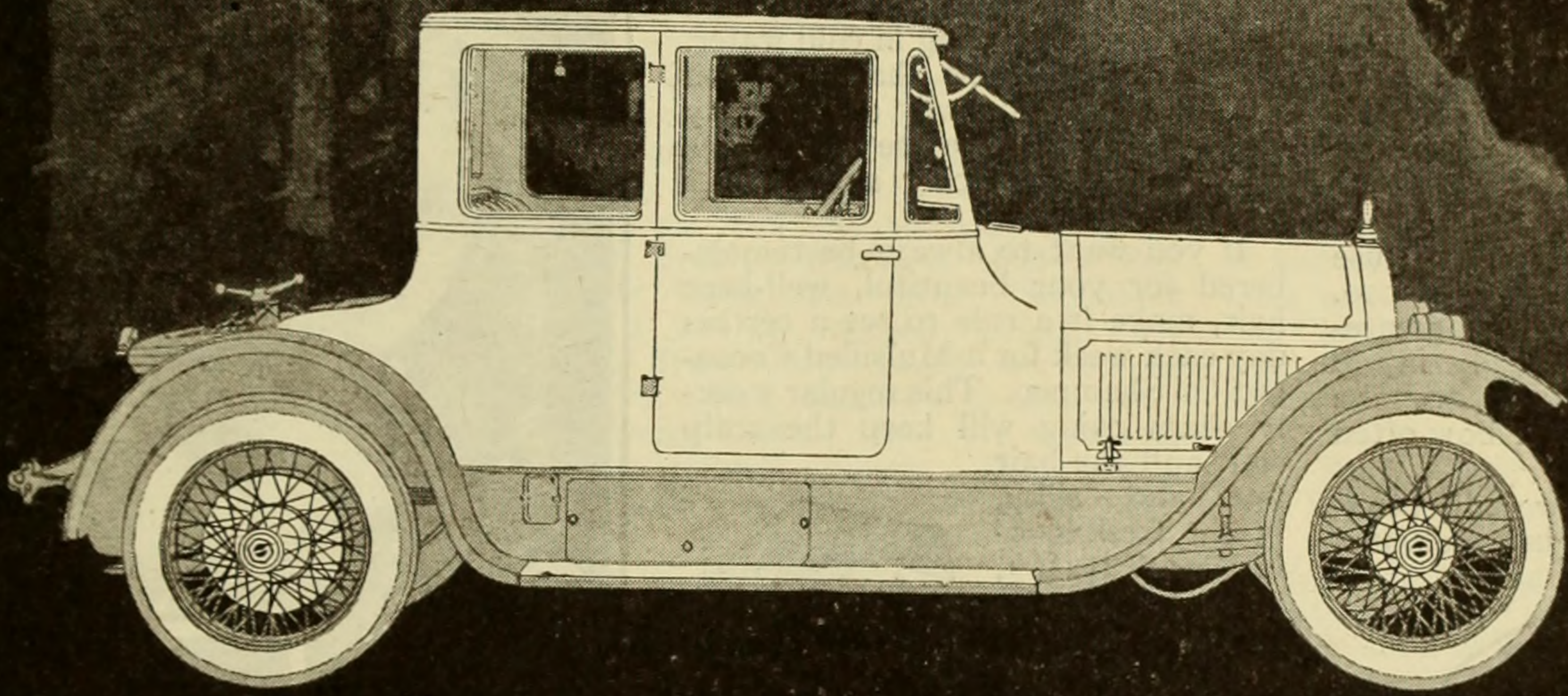
HERE is a picture that is about as cheerful as a hanging—and as interesting. You can't, being an average human and normal as to your emotional reactions, really like "The Penalty," any more than you could enjoy a hanging. But for all its gruesome detail you are quite certain to be interested in it. It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

TWIN BEDS—First National

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

SO LONG LETTY—Robertson-Cole

THERE is considerable variety, a good deal of fun, frequent glimpses of the Christie bathing beauties and not a little domestic philosophy mixed up in the screen version of "So Long Letty." The main story is (Continued on page 94)



There is only one Stutz car—its supremacy
on the road and boulevard is known to all
STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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

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

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

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

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

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

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

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

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

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

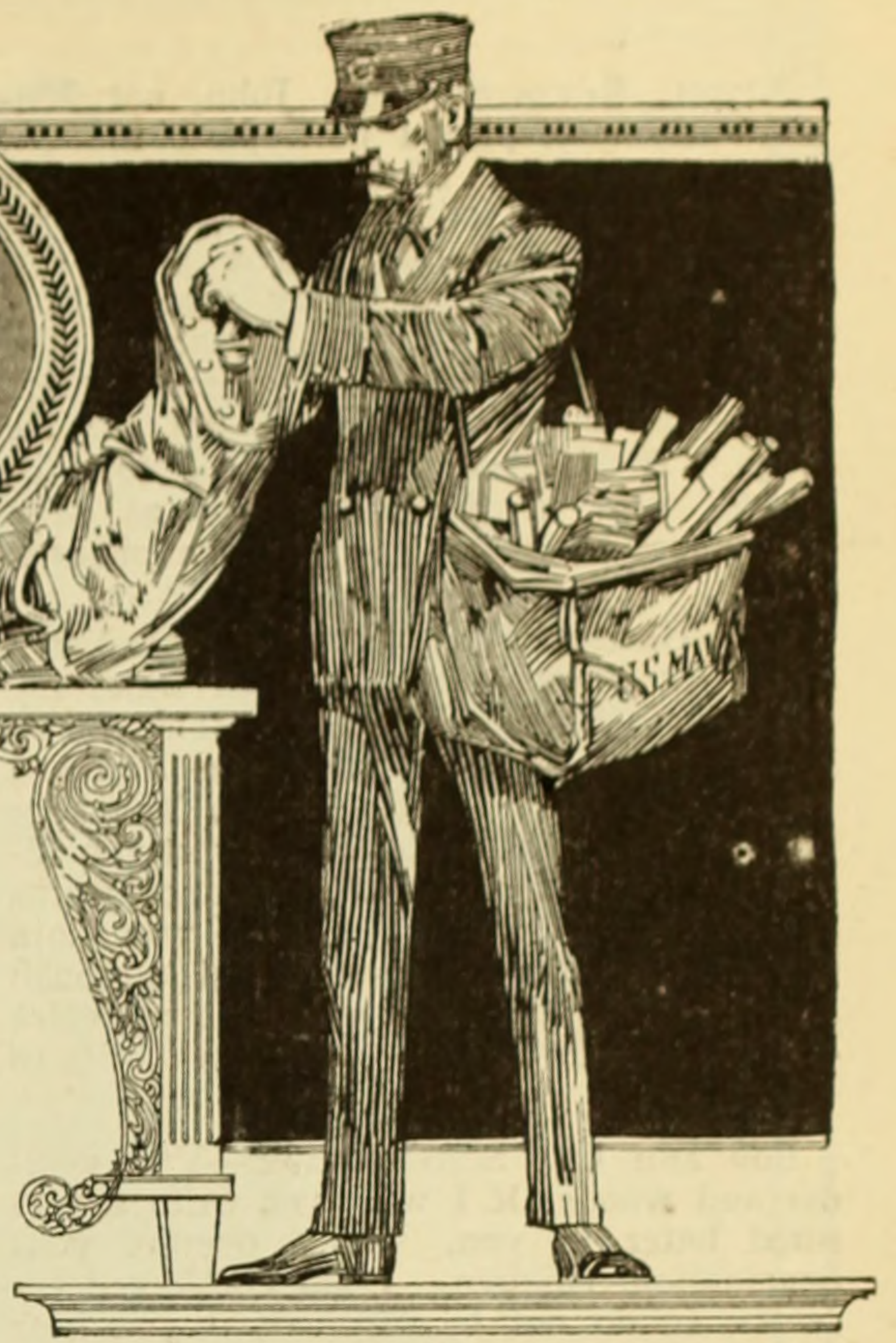
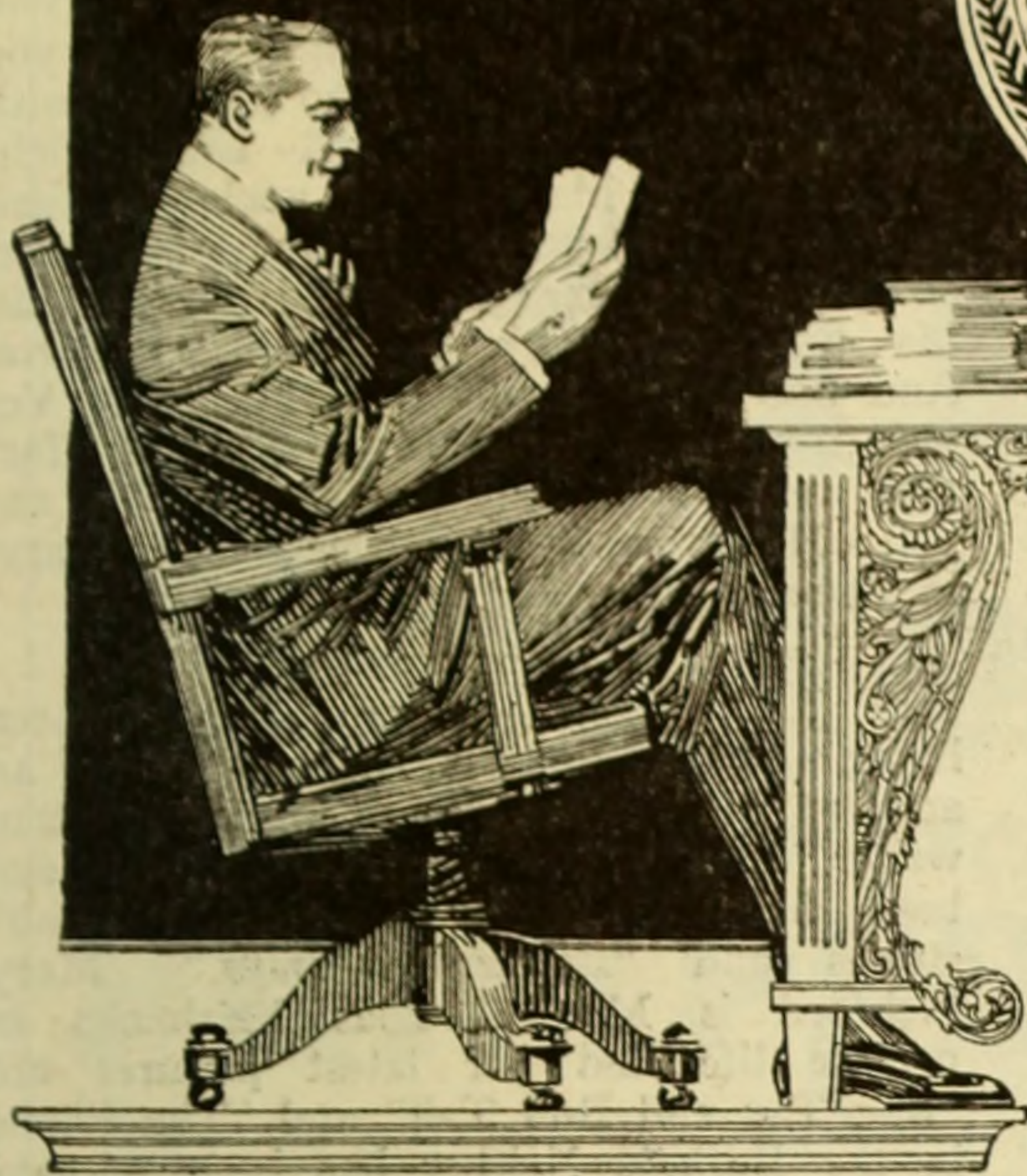
If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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

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



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. A. C. E., CHICAGO.—So you cannot get the baby to sleep nights. Why don't you talk about the League of Nations to it? Or the Irish problem? They always put me to sleep; they might do the same for your baby. Yes, Agnes Ayres does resemble Alice Joyce. They are very good friends, so it won't annoy either of them to be reminded of the likeness. It isn't always so safe. Have no record of Edna Mayo since 1918. I know, however, that she is not working on the stage or screen. Henry Walthall is a fine actor but he is seen only too seldom. Now touring the country in Ibsen's "Ghosts"—in person, that is. Last on screen in Dwan's "Splendid Hazard." Married to Mary Charleson. Regards to *l'enfant terrible*.

D. F. P., PENN YAN.—The most I ever catch when I go fishing is the first train home. But aren't you doing your summer vacationing a bit early? I suppose it's never too early to begin to read the books of views. Louise Huff made only one picture for Selznick, "The Dangerous Paradise"; then there was a disagreement and Louise left. Here's the cast of Vitagraph

"Trumpet Island": *Eve de Merincourt*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Richard Bedell*, Wallace MacDonald; *Allen Marsh*, Hallam Cooley; *Jacque de Merincourt*, Joseph Swickard; *Henry Caron*, Arthur Hoyt; *Hilda*, Marcelle Daly; *Valinsky*, Percy Challenger.

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

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

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

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

BROOKLYNITE.—You think that book of verse was *ex tempore*? I think it's rotten, but then I'm not much of a judge of literature. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. Harry Morey is married to a non-professional. He is playing the lead in a new Selznick production, his first screen appearance since he left Vitagraph. He's forty-one or so. Mostly so.

(Continued)

ETHEL, BUFFALO.—Why, John, not Lionel Barrymore, played both parts in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Suppose you thought John played Dr. Jekyll and Lionel Mr. Hyde? No—unlike "The Jest" this photoplay was not a family affair. Perhaps both brothers will appear in the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" which they—and their sister Ethel—did on the stage. Hedda Hopper is slated to take Ethel's part in the filmization, as Miss Barrymore prefers not to do it in pictures.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE, ZENIA, OHIO.—Yes, I often get discouraged. At such times my friends are worried about me. They don't know what I'll do. They are afraid I might even get married. Norma Talmadge has her own studio—consult our studio directory for the address. Constance works there too. Charles Ray's wife was Cora Grant. She isn't a professional although 'tis whispered that she was once an extra girl, for a brief period. Don't breathe it to a soul.

BOB AND CO., SCHENECTADY.—You wonder and wonder if I will ever write a personal letter to you. Don't overtax your imagination, children. I am considered eccentric so do not be surprised if you hear from me some day, particularly if you sent me a stamped addressed envelope. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Douglas McLean is married and very happily, but not to Miss Doris May. She is still Miss May. Alla Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Carmel Myer's latest picture is "Beautifully Trimmed."

ALICIA.—Oh, I never work for nothing. That's one of my peculiarities. But as for you sending me a fee, it's out of the question. The editor believes I am sufficiently recompensed for my contributions to learning and literature in this Koran of screen culture—and perhaps he is right. At any rate, we don't permit fees or anything like that. Thank you, ma'am, for your solicitude, all the same.

MANOLA, DORCHESTER.—You are a sweet soul, Manola, even if your name does remind me of salad dressing. The pie has not come and I don't know whether to blame the postman, Mack Sennett, or you. Only—send me fudge, next time. I have never posed—for a still or moving picture. The former would be the latter in my case, so what's the use, anyway? Come in often.

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

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

D. E. G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Your initials are the same as Dorothy Gish's. Bert and Wilfred Lytell are brothers. Bert is with Metro and has been for several years. His

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

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

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

(Continued on page 86)

DO YOU BELIEVE—?

(Being a few of the popular convictions concerning motion picture p'ays and people)

By
MAY STANLEY

THAT Theda Bara was born in Arabia?

That all Far North pictures are made in Jersey snow storms?

That babies interfere with a career? (Referred to Billie Burke and Gloria Swanson.)

That "pull" is the only thing you need to get a job in the pictures?

That directors are brutal to every one but the star?

That stars are brutal to every one but the director?

That bathing beauties never know how to swim?

That picture tears are never genuine?

That huge sums are paid for all accepted scenarios?

That life in the studios is just one divorce after another?

That an actress with a pretty face doesn't need brains?

That when you get a scenario back it means the company has stolen your idea?

That no comedy is complete without a custard pie and a revolving door? That the best comedies have both?

That press agents never tell the truth?

That Ethel Clayton is as sophisticated as she pretends to be?

(a) That all the pretty girls in the pictures come from Virginia? (b) That they are only working to make enough money to buy back the old plantation?

That film stars never have time for lunch?

That Nazimova suffers terribly in a big emotional role?

That husbands and wives would appear together if there was as much money in it that way?

That all the pictures of English country life are staged in Los Angeles?

That David Wark Griffith is an Englishman?

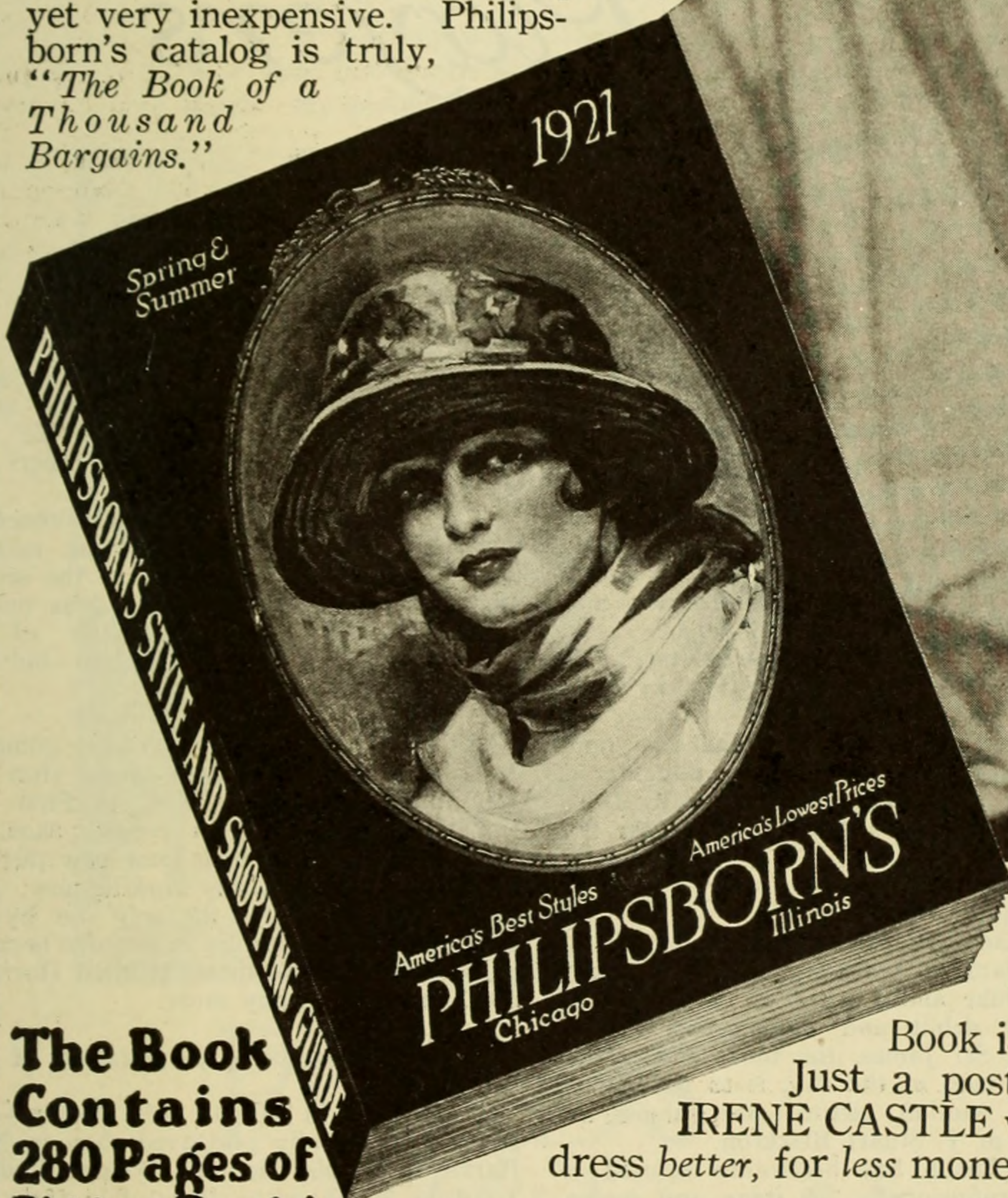
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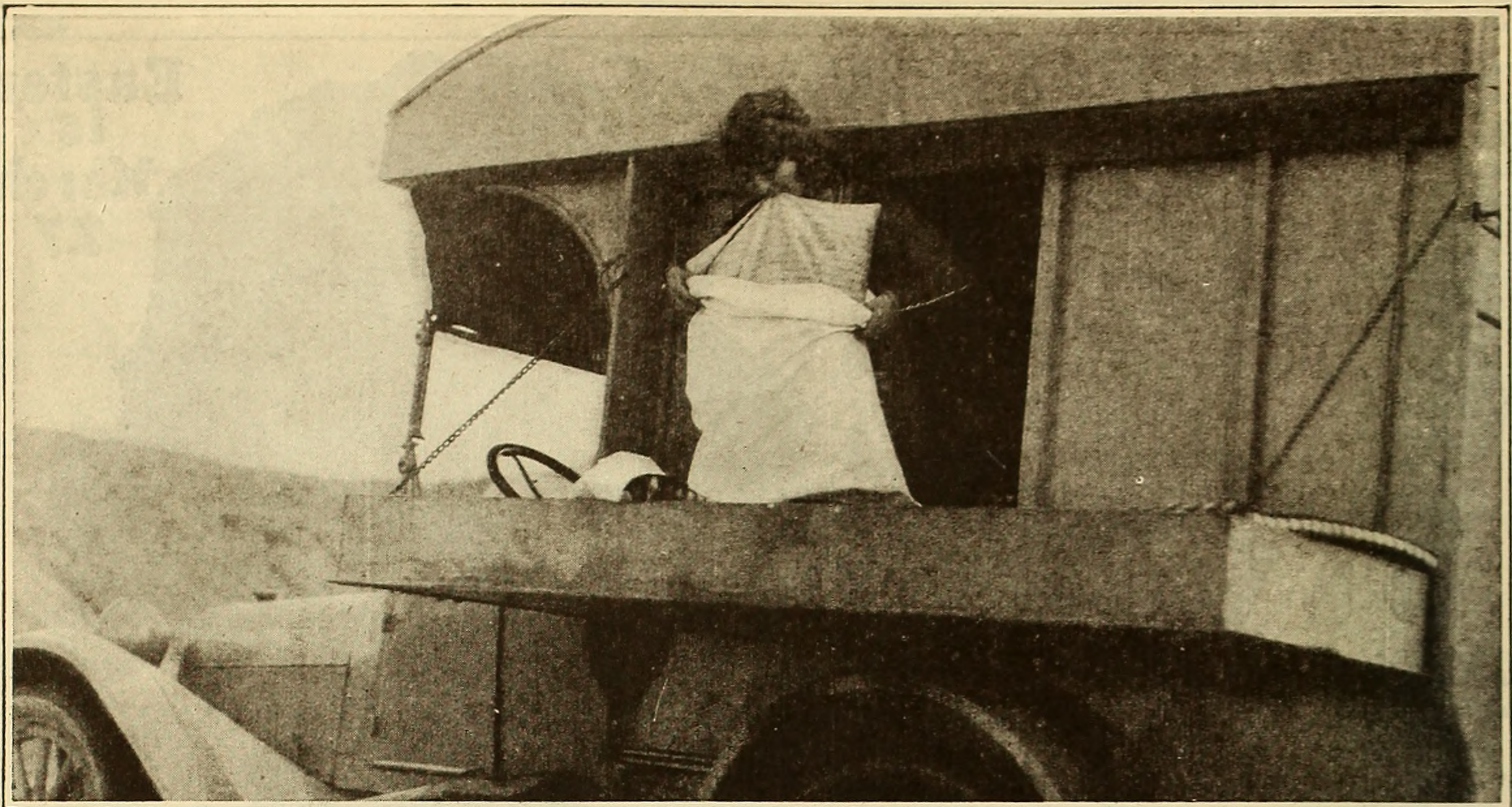


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Our Mary—and her location wagon. Miss Pickford is getting ready to take a nap in this home on wheels, which has a portable couch on which she reclines when she's not on the set, and also contains kitchenette, library, dressing-table and other comforts of home.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

By CAL. YORK

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

It read:

"2,000 volts. Let your conscience be your guide."

THEY'RE telling a good one on Bryant Washburn.

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

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

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

EVERYBODY'S talking about it in the Hotel Seymour in Manhattan where Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Meighan live. About how Mr. Meighan always keeps Mrs. Meighan

waiting because of a certain young lady. In fact, Tommy spends most of his time in the young lady's apartments, only hurrying from them barely in time to meet Mrs. Meighan for dinner. It's an intrigue.

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

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

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

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

WE quote:

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

"Lady Diana has heretofore refused to appear professionally on stage and screen. She has, however, as an actress of much natural talent . . . felt a great desire to do professional work. Lady Diana and her family would never have consented but for two reasons. One was that they had met Mr. Blackton personally, and he knew some of their friends. The other was that, from this acquaintance and his

reputation, they knew him to be an artist of high attainments and intellectual qualifications. Mr. Blackton passed the acid test and won out, where many others had failed."

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

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

THE prize publicity perpetration of the month:

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

(Continued on page 74)

How to prevent the homeliness that creeps upon us unaware

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

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

COLD weather whips the natural moisture out of the skin, leaves it dry and harsh. By giving your skin additional mois-



Before you go out, protect your complexion from cold, wind and dust this way

ture to make up for this, by protecting it before going out, you can prevent the roughening and coarsening caused by cold, wind and dust. For this protection, as for a powder base, you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream has just the ingredients which keep the skin soft, supple and prevent chapping. Always protect your skin before going out by applying a bit of this softening cream.

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

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



The dust specks that work deep into the skin must be removed each night with an entirely different cream—a cream containing oil.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Free sample tubes—MAIL THIS COUPON

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

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

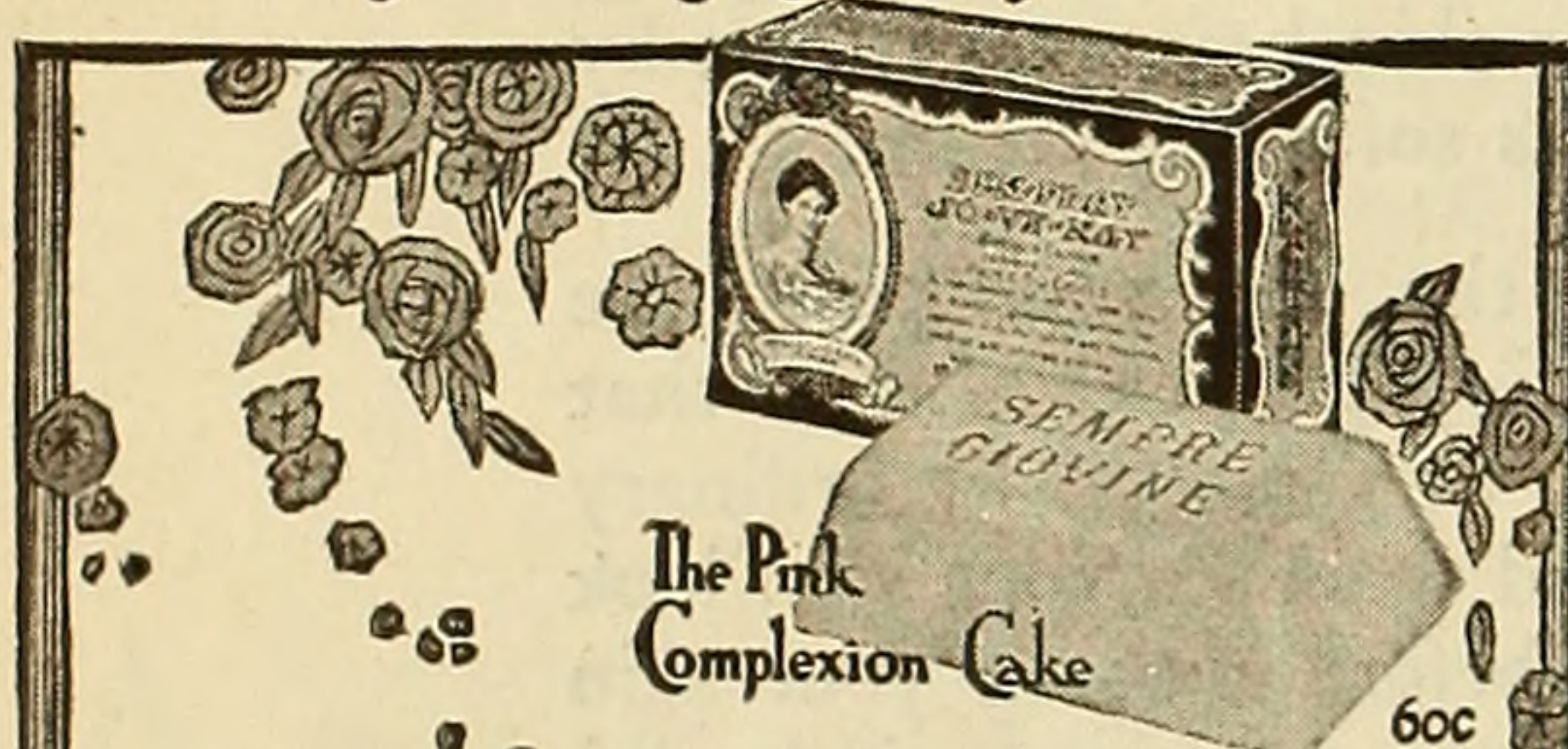
Plays and Players

(Continued)



The
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A Few Minutes a Day
the SEM-PRAY Way
THE greatest of beauty specialists,
visiting you daily, can do no more
to keep your complexion "Always
Young" than you can do alone
with fragrant Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

**SEM-PRAY
JO-VE-NAY**
Sempre Giovine
Meaning "Always Young"



It keeps the skin young by restoring Nature's own oils lost by contact with the harsh, drying winds, by the exhausting strain of the social season that bring those tiny lines that herald the approach of age.

After out-door exposure, before retiring, apply. Smooth gently with the fingers. Leave undisturbed for a few moments. Then remove with a soft cloth, and your skin will be perfectly cleansed, invigorated and glowing with youth.

A seven-day trial convinces. Just send us your name and address and we will gladly forward a week's supply free.

At All Good Toilet Counters

The Sem-pray
Jo-ve-nay Co.
Dept. 1252
Grand Rapids, Mich.



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

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

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the practice of producers changing the titles of well-known books and plays to lurid pack-'em-in billings. A recent instance of this occurred in the screen translation of Henry Arthur Jones' work, "Michael and the Lost Angel," which reached the screen as "Whispering Devils." But consider, folks, what they are doing in Germany. We see advertised in a German

trade-journal "Unchained Passions" and "Irene's False Step." But the title which wins the beautiful tin pen-wiper is "The Vampire from St. Louis." Accompanying it in the list, are "The Inn of Chicago," "The Jewelry Thieves from San Francisco," "The Inheritance from New York." An interesting study in German psychology, isn't it?

THE last chapter has been written in a glittering career, and the book of Olive Thomas' life is closed forever.

The chapter was written in bold-type in many papers—in the form of an advertisement. It announced the auction sale of the effects of the late star, a sale originally scheduled for two days but which required only one, for the bidding was brisk.

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

The proceeds of the sale went to the mother of Olive Thomas.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



If a Price Tag came on breakfasts

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

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

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

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs 6½ cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

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

The One-Cent Dish

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



Calories per Pound		Cost per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	1810	Quaker Oats	6½c
Round Steak	890	Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	375	Average Fish	50c

Quaker Oats

The flavory queen grains only

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

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Plays and Players

(Continued)

Sani-Flush

TRADE MARK. REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

**Surprisingly Easy**

CLEANING the closet bowl is easy when you do it with *Sani-Flush*. Just sprinkle a little into the bowl according to directions. Flush. The work is done. The bowl and hidden trap are made spotlessly white without any dipping out of water, scrubbing or scouring. *Sani-Flush* cannot harm the plumbing.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

**The Hygienic Products Co.**

Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto**COMMERCIAL ARTISTS****PROPERLY TRAINED EARN****\$100 A WEEK UP** MEYER BOTH COLLEGE

(a Department of the Meyer Both Company) offers you a different and practical training.

If you like to draw develop your talent. Study this practical course—taught by the largest and most widely known Commercial Art Organization in the field with 20 years' success—who produced and sold last year over 12,600 commercial drawings. Who else could give you so wide an experience?

Commercial art is a business necessity—the demand for commercial artists is greater every year—today's shortage acute. It's a highly paid, intensely interesting profession, equally open to both men and women—home study instruction. Get facts before you enroll in any school. Get our special book, "YOUR OPPORTUNITY"—for half the cost of mailing—4 cents in Stamps.

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE OF COMMERCIAL ARTMichigan Ave. at 20th St.
Dept. 31 CHICAGO, ILL.

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

HERE'S a hint for exhibitors. Take it or leave it.

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

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

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

MAYBE it isn't quite fair to tell this one on Wally Reid. But it's too good to keep. And besides everybody in San Francisco is talking about it, so what can you expect?

It seems that Wally and his company

went to the Bay City not so long ago to film some scenes for "Always Audacious." Between scenes, as it were, Wally managed to dig up quite a bit of excitement and even discovered some leftover local color on the Barbary Coast where he played the saxophone and the drum and various other instruments at the dance palaces and conducted himself generally like a two-year-old on a vacation.

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

Then they had an idea.

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

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

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

Well, boys will be boys.

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

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

Plays and Players

(Continued)

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

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

GOD bless the Irish!

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

He said:

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

"And a foine guy y'are for apoligizing fer it! It's a grand name. Ye should be proud to own it. Don't come around me excusing yerself fer havin' a name loike Roach. Git out av the way now or a flivver will stip on ye. Good day."

THE month's most unlucky man—Lambert Hillyer.

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

As yet no trace has been found of the villain.

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

SALARY stories—statistical and otherwise—are legion. Here's one from an entirely new angle.

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


Said Tony: "Don't think it's what I'm worth, eh? Maybe not. But if there are no pictures—how much am I worth? I guess I might be getting \$3.00 a day, digging ditches, maybe. I guess I get all I'm worth. I'm not sore. I'm darn grateful!"

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

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

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

JULIAN ELTINGE is coming back to pictures. He is making a photoplay of what was perhaps his greatest stage success, "The Fascinating Widow." Harry Beaumont, who lately left Goldwyn, is directing, and Ann May is the leading woman.



*The Hand
of Ina Claire*

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

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

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


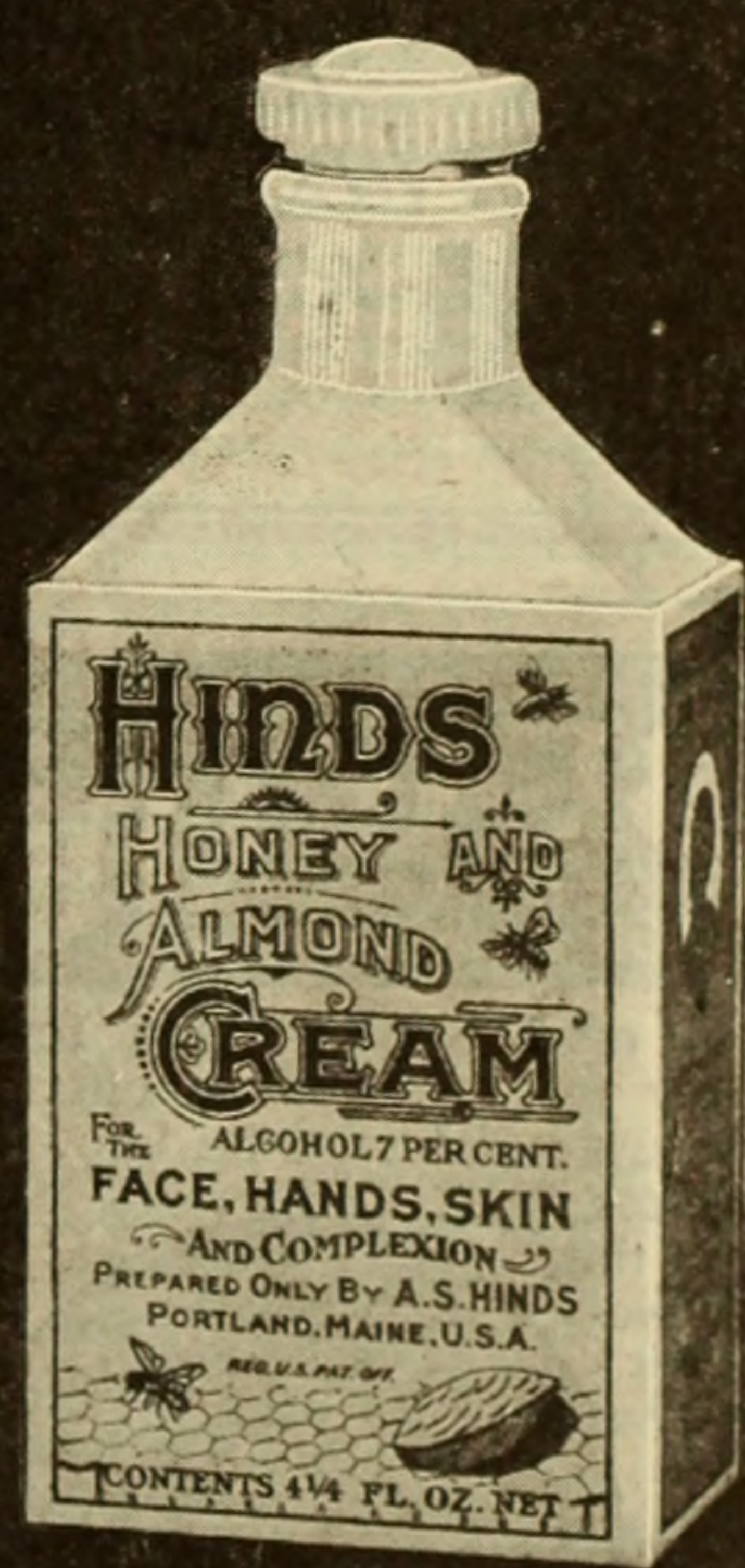
The comfort and charm this snow-white, daintily scented skin lotion brings, makes Hinds Cream the indispensable toilet requisite in many refined homes.

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

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

A. S. HINDS
228 West Street, Portland, Maine

*The HINDS
WEEK-END
BOX*
Six dainty
pink
Packages
in trial
Sizes
50¢

Plays and Players

(Continued)



The Coquetry of Yama Yam.

Posed by Bessie McCoy Davis.

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

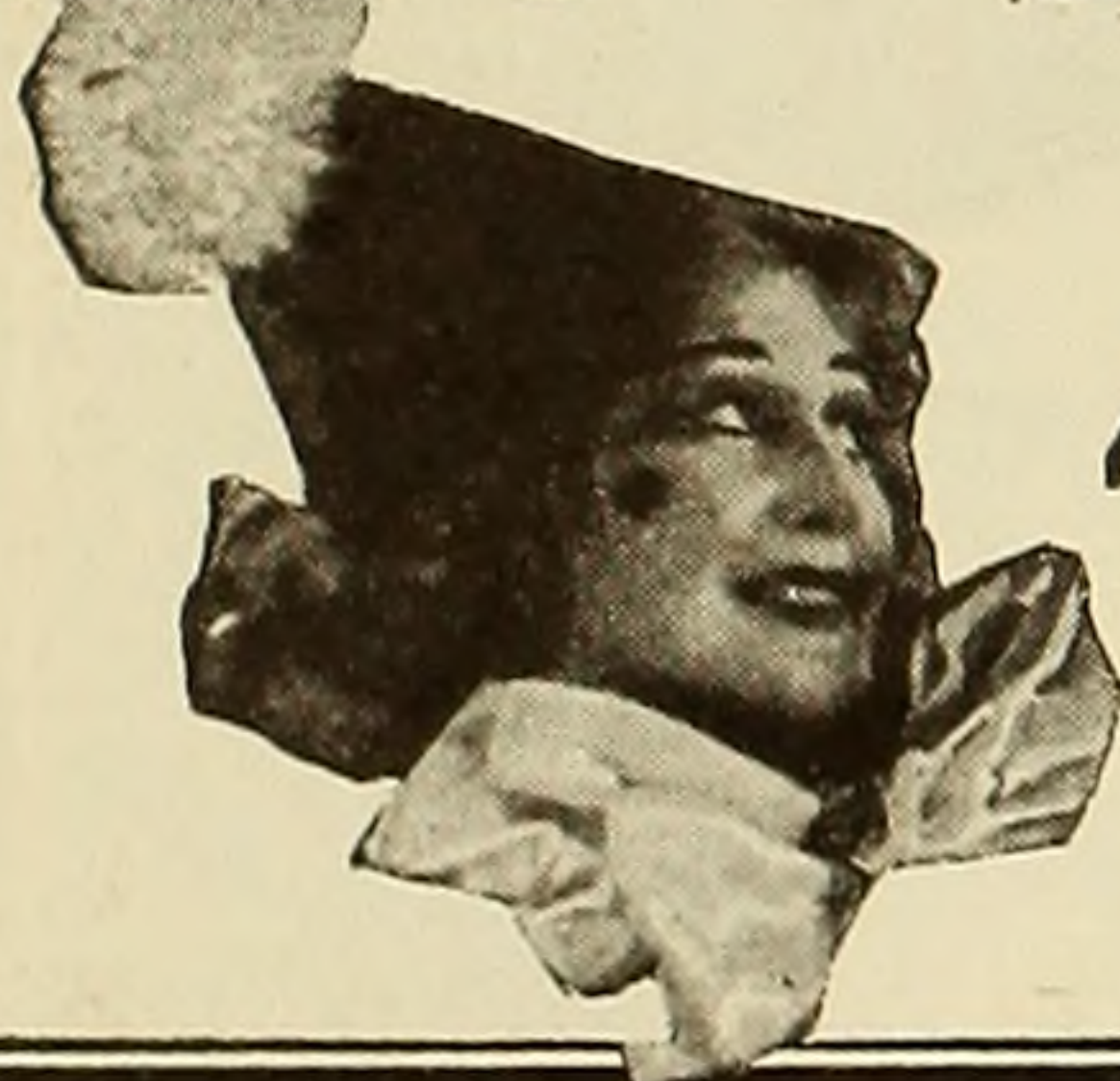
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luxuriant
lashes

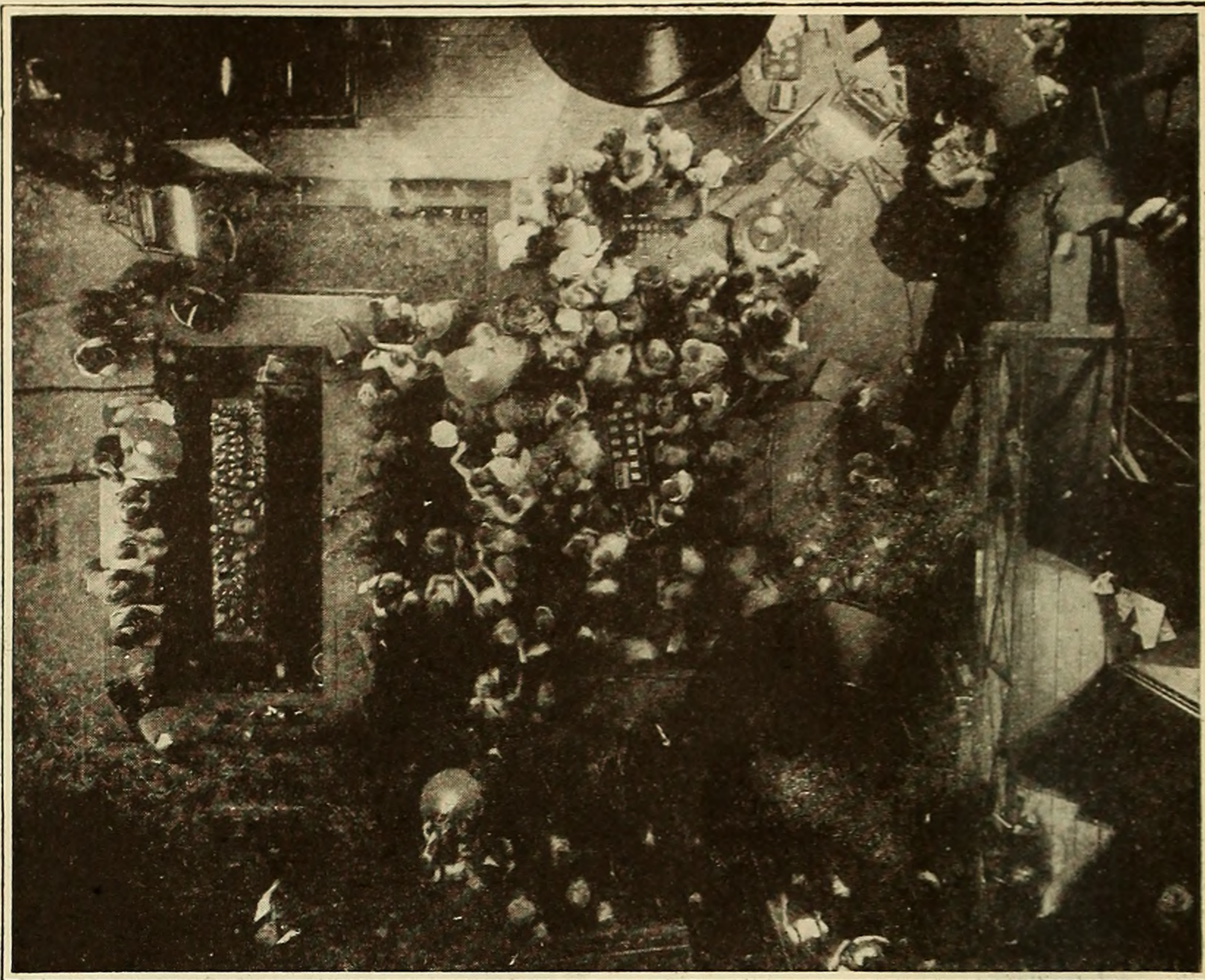
LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

When you ask your druggist for Lablache, why is it he seldom offers you a substitute? Because he knows there is no better face powder, and that the class of women who use it are satisfied—it's so natural.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c, a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 57
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



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

POOR John Wray!

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

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

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

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

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

We haven't the heart to tell any more—

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

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

BECAUSE of the vogue of "Way Down East," several producers are going in for the dear old rural drammar. Hugo

Ballin is making "East Lynne," which, while perhaps not rural, is most certainly drammar. Then too, Vitagraph is doing "The Heart of Maryland," with Catherine Calvert in the rôle made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

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

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

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

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

"Well," said Agnes slowly, in that pathetic voice of hers (the kitty-cats have even been known to call it a whine), "I'm glad you think I'm beautiful. You've got to be something in this world and I've discovered I haven't any brains, all right."

Which leads us to believe Agnes may be deeper than we had suspected.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

DENIALS—vigorous and emphatic—are the order of the day with Allen Holubar. The ceaseless repetition of stories about his forthcoming production—stories as to its moral tone, its sacrifice of human life in the making, its nudity of costuming,—have heaped coals of fire on the director's head, so he says.

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

Like everything else, "time will tell."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It's a long, cold winter.



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Parfum*

Mary Garden

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

Combination Vanity Case
Eye Lash Beautifier
Face Powder (Solid)
Face Rouge (Solid)
Breath Pastilles
Greaseless Cream
Eye Brow Pencil
Talcum Powder
Eau Dentifrice
Sachet Powder
Smelling Salts
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Liquid Soap
Toilet Water
Face Powder
Brilliantine
Cold Cream
Face Rouge
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The Woman You Were Meant to Be!

ONCE upon a time there was a girl child who grew up with the secret of joyful living. Like all heroines, she was beautiful, with the beauty of clear skin, bright eyes, a graceful figure, and soft, thick hair.

Because she was perfectly happy and healthy in mind and body, she was never melancholy, never over-tired. Always she radiated that magnetic force the world calls charm. From the many suitors who surrounded her, she chose the man she loved. The care of children and a household, that came with the years, never dimmed her radiant charm.

She filled her place in the world joyfully and efficiently, and kept her youthful spirits and vigor all her life.

The Charm of Girlhood for Women of 40

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

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

101 Practical Suggestions

You will learn, at once, a number of simple, effective things—how to attract, interest and charm the people you meet—the secret of fascinating eyes—and how to make people strive to please you. You know the charm of beautiful hair, soft, colorful complexions and eyes full of expression. You will learn how to make *your* skin and eyes and hair the things of beauty they ought to be. And all the time your mind and body will be growing in that deep, underlying health and vitality which is the precious secret of happiness and charm.

Investigate Today

Simply send your name and address and we will send you FREE a fascinating book on this *new way of life*, prepared for distribution by the Olympian Society. This great society stands for a better mode of living for the human race. Hundreds of happy women have proved its worth. Learn how easy it is to be healthy, happy and charming, in spite of the cares of children and a home, or the strain of social life. Many vital problems of married life and motherhood made clear. Be the woman Nature intended you to be. There is no obligation. Send coupon *now*.

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Please send me the free book describing the new way of life which will help me to become healthier, happier, and more beautiful. There is no obligation to me.

Name (Miss).....
(Mrs.).....

Address.....

Plays and Players

(Continued)



And they took this in California! King Vidor and Colleen Moore on location in the northern part of the Golden State for snow scenes in "The Sky Pilot." Colleen threw her first snowball since she was a kid back in Chicago.

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

MAY ALLISON is laid up at her home in Beverly Hills with a couple of busted ribs. We admit it seems difficult to connect the dainty little blonde with such a catastrophe. If it were Bill Hart, or Tom Mix—but May Allison!

It happened, according to inside information, while May was holding an hilarious frolic on the lawn with some of the neighborhood kiddies—a frolic including a football.

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

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

The English author, with her red hair, her exquisite jewels, her green eyes and wonderful manner, has been the one topic of conversation in the movie colony.

Incidentally, she is being handled with kid gloves by the Paramount-Artcraft organization, for whom she is to write stories. The lady is forceful and determined, and rumor hath it that her original story is to be presented according to her dictates or not at all.

She has been extensively entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. deMille. Mrs. Lasky, it

seems, won her instant approval, because she "had the most perfect hair and hairdress in America—exactly like Paris."

Her remarks to a young male star—who has been told by some millions of women that he was utterly perfect—were so revolutionary and helpful (?) that the young man appears to be starting life all over again. Mrs. Glyn cryptically stated that he "didn't take enough Turkish baths and Sandow exercises, nor sufficient outdoor sports, that he cut his hair as though he had a ring worm in the back of his neck and wore his boots as though they were made by his butcher."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

FOR a P. A. we think this is pretty good—
“A great psychological authority has stated that there is a great crook play every five years which fastens itself upon the public thought.

In 1900 it was “Jim, the Penman.”

In 1905 it was “Leah Kleschna.”

In 1910 it was “Alias Jimmy Valentine.”

In 1915 it was “Within the Law.”

And in 1920 it is going to be “Outside the Law,” the crook drama just completed by Tod Browning, starring Priscilla Dean, with Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman.

THERE is a big sign just inside the door of one of the famous beach eating resorts near Hollywood, where the luminaries of the screen are wont to gather and frolic.

It reads:

“Have you left anything?”

Sessue Hayakawa regarded it rather sadly the other evening as he was about to depart and then remarked to his wife, “Let’s change it and make it right. It should be—

“Have you anything left?”

Right along the same line was Betty Blythe’s answer to the Mexican official on the Tia Juana border who asked her if she was bringing back anything of value.

“Good heavens, no,” said Betty heartily. “Don’t you worry, old dear. They got every cent of it before they let me start, so I’m afraid you’re out of luck.

“Gee,” she remarked later, “They ought to have an American on the other side to do that when you go down. I could have helped him out a lot.”

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, director of comedies, married Alta Allen, one of the beauties who appears in his pictures, in Los Angeles.

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

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

\$\$\$\$\$

“THERE’S millions in it”—when it’s the real thing. There were seven hundred and sixty-seven millions in it for the motion picture theater box offices of the United States during the year from July 1, 1919, to June 30, 1920, to be exact, \$767,336,470 poured from the public pockets into the coffers of the country’s cinemas. The figures were revealed in the preliminary report of the Department of Internal Revenue; the Government collected from exhibitors taxes aggregating \$76,733,647; and from the distributors of films taxes aggregating \$4,381,410, on the gross distributing business coming to \$87,628,200.



How Pretty Teeth are ruined during sleep

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

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

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

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains and makes the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It

holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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

New methods found

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

Watch it for 10 days

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

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

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

It also keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

These five effects, attained twice daily, have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

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

Judge by what you see and feel. Our book will tell the reasons. This is too important to neglect. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 533

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Dept. 291, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

Non-Essentials

(Continued from page 30)



A half hour ago Peggy had a tight, ugly cough and Mother was worrying about all the troublesome remedies she knew Peggy disliked. Then she remembered the bottle of Kemp's Balsam she had got months ago for just such a time. And Peggy was glad she did. Just enough to moisten her throat and the horrid old cough stopped. The sand man came and Mother heaved a sigh of relief.



You may have just such an experience. Don't forget that

KEMP'S BALSAM
WILL STOP THAT COUGH
Le Roy, N. Y.

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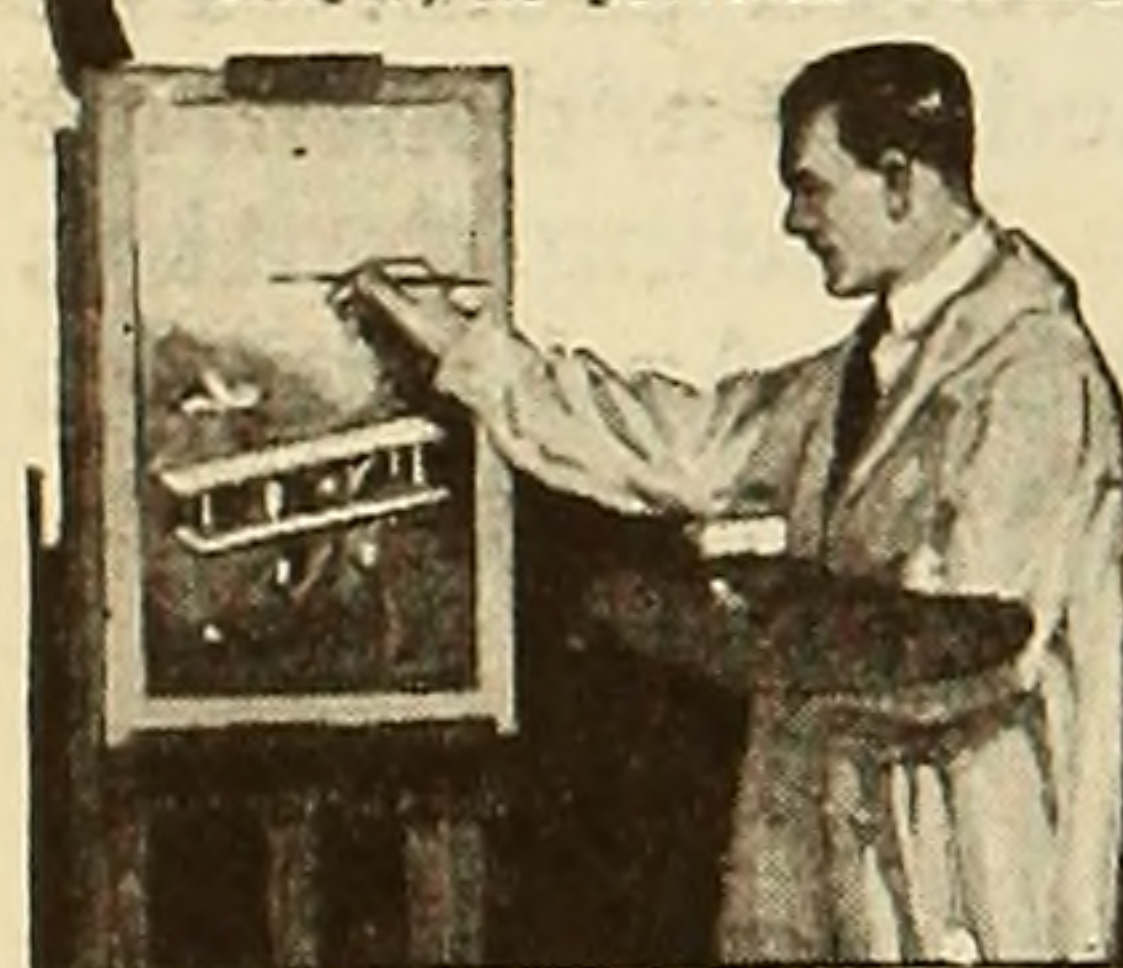
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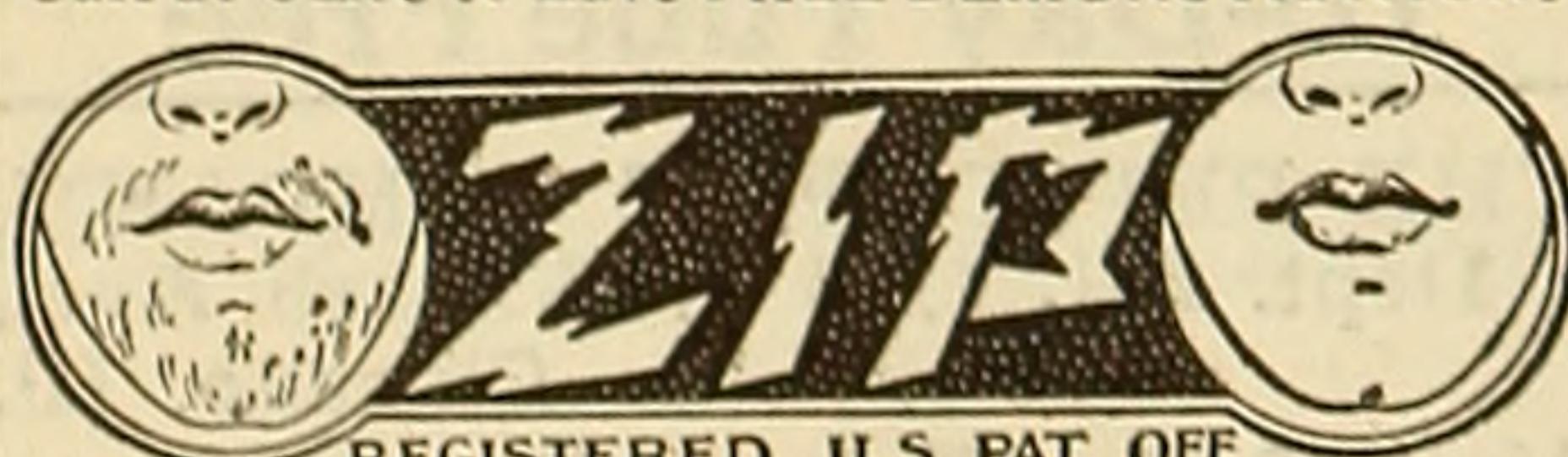
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there with his head in his hands as though an overpowering emotion had taken hold of him.

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

"I think I need a change, Lucy."

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

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

"England?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But—I mean—you'd get along all right. You'd be contented?"

"How long will you stay?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The satisfaction is in overcoming them."

"Ah."

"You've never had that experience?"

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

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

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

"But if one happens to be a sibarite?"

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

"I was not speaking of myself."

"I don't believe I understand you."

"My husband is."

The hard glitter did not successfully hide surprise. "You mean—"

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

"Demands?"

"Well—needs."

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

"You think that possible?"

"I'm sure of it."

"But—how could it be done?"

"By gradually eliminating non-essentials."

Good enough advice, if one were in the mood for accepting it, which Lucy Scotwell was not. On the contrary, she continued furnishing, even creating, non-essentials to such an extent that she went perilously near to over emphasis.

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

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

"For a moment—at the Perkins." His side-long glance was incriminating.

"Did she mention our conversation?"

"No. Why?"

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

"Perhaps she is right."

"Perhaps she is."

After this the climax came quickly.

Scotwell mentioned his decision to leave the next week in a most casual way. As to the length of his stay he said he had not decided; perhaps three months, perhaps longer. Regarding his wife's plans he asked no questions and offered no suggestions. After this statement, he spoke very little of the voyage, and indeed was very seldom in the house. When at home he spent almost every moment in the nursery. His devotion to the baby was deeper than ever. His attitude towards his wife was that of one who rather dreaded her presence. It was very evident to her that meeting her eyes was a real pain to him.

Lucy missed nothing. It was all too obvious for her not to realize that her fight was over—at least in the direction she had gone. Even the tie she had counted on most, their child, would not hold him now. Everything crumbled about her. Still she did not let him know that she knew or suspected anything.

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

The morning he was to leave—he had not come to her room that night—she made no attempt to help him with the packing. This was not intentional on her part; it was due to her fear of breaking down. She waited downstairs until he should come to tell her goodby. She knew he had gone to the nursery and when he did not come and she saw that it was time for him to leave, if he ex-

Non-Essentials

(Continued)

pected to reach the boat, she called from the hall that he must hurry. His hurried kiss, his avoided eyes, brought iron into her soul.

When he was gone, she went up to the nursery, told the nurse to go out and leave the baby in her care and in this way got through the morning trying not to think.

After luncheon, a special delivery letter came from him, sent from the boat. She opened it calmly, read it through to the end and rising, still calm, tore it into bits and threw it into the fire. She had not expected such a letter and yet, in a way, it was characteristic of him. He had always had a certain honesty in meeting every situation and even this one, which he had hidden or at least tried to hide from her, had caused him suffering. He told her so quite frankly in the letter. His idea had been to save her and himself useless suffering. He could not tell her, to her face, brutally, that he had awakened at forty-five to the realization that she was not giving him what he needed mentally; he could not have said this to her and met her eyes; so he had chosen as the easiest way writing it to her. She must not think that he had not resisted this new, overpowering element which had come into his life. He had, he had resisted, and he had found himself overcome. The woman who had come into his life—he did not mention her name—had grown to mean everything to him. She made him happy in a way he had never been before; she stimulated him; she would save him from rusty, dull old age; she would make his next years—probably the best of his life, the most productive—wonderful with achievement. He actually felt it a duty to himself to cast everything else aside and follow her; it would mean everything to him. She, Lucy, after the first shock, would understand. He begged her not to suffer too much—for the child's sake, if not her own. He had left everything for her future comfort with his lawyer. He wished above all that she should want for nothing. He had also instructed his lawyer that he would make any declaration necessary that would facilitate her in obtaining divorce. He was sure that the sooner this were accomplished the happier both of them would be. He asked for her forgiveness. Some day, he felt sure, she would forgive him. She must not think that the step was causing her alone unhappiness. The decision, or at least arriving at it, had been a time of torture for him.

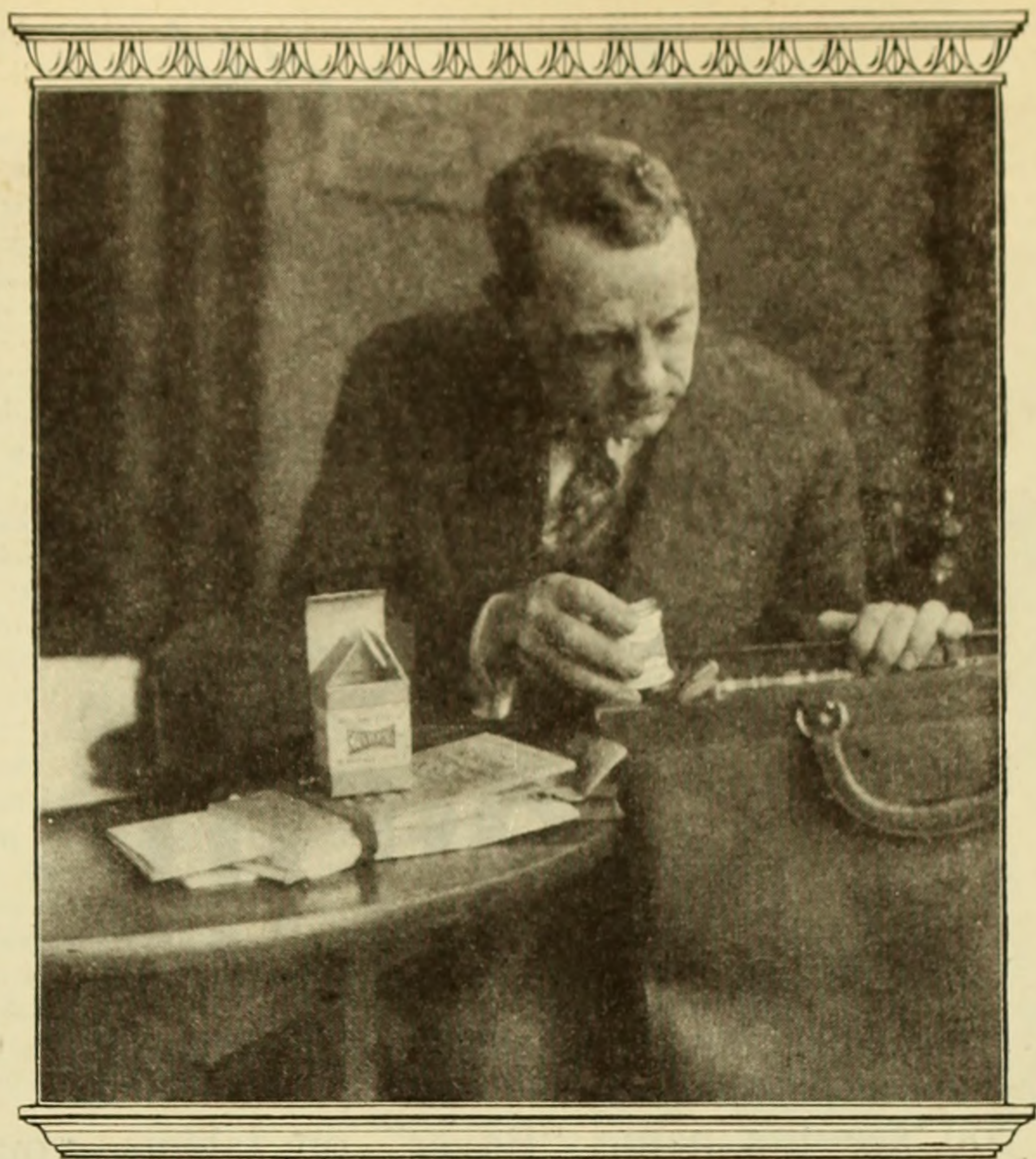
That was all! That was the end of twelve happy years! Not even a word of appreciation! Ah, but she was glad of that! He had at least spared her pride. The future loomed before her, empty, desolate. A phrase she had recently read came back to her. When happiness goes out of the door, contentment comes in. Contentment! She shook her head. At that moment she was more furious with herself than with him. She was tasting the bitterness of failure.

A little later, her thoughts turned to the immediate future. What was she going to do? She sat down at the telephone and called up his lawyer. At her request he promised to call the next afternoon.

When she looked up from the telephone, she saw the maid coming into the room with a strangely disturbed expression on her face.

"Oh, Ma'am, something awful's happened. Mr. Scotwell's left most all the things he needs most. His dressing gown, Ma'am, and his slippers, and his shaving things, Ma'am, and worst of all, his brushes! What can I do about it? The boat must be a long way off by this; isn't it, Ma'am?"

Lucy met the maid's anxious eyes; and for the first time that day, she smiled.



"In Case of Cough or Cold— Musterole"

He takes no chances. On the road or at home, Musterole is his faithful old router-out of colds and congestions. Twenty years ago they used to put a stinging, messy mustard plaster on his chest when he had a cold. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

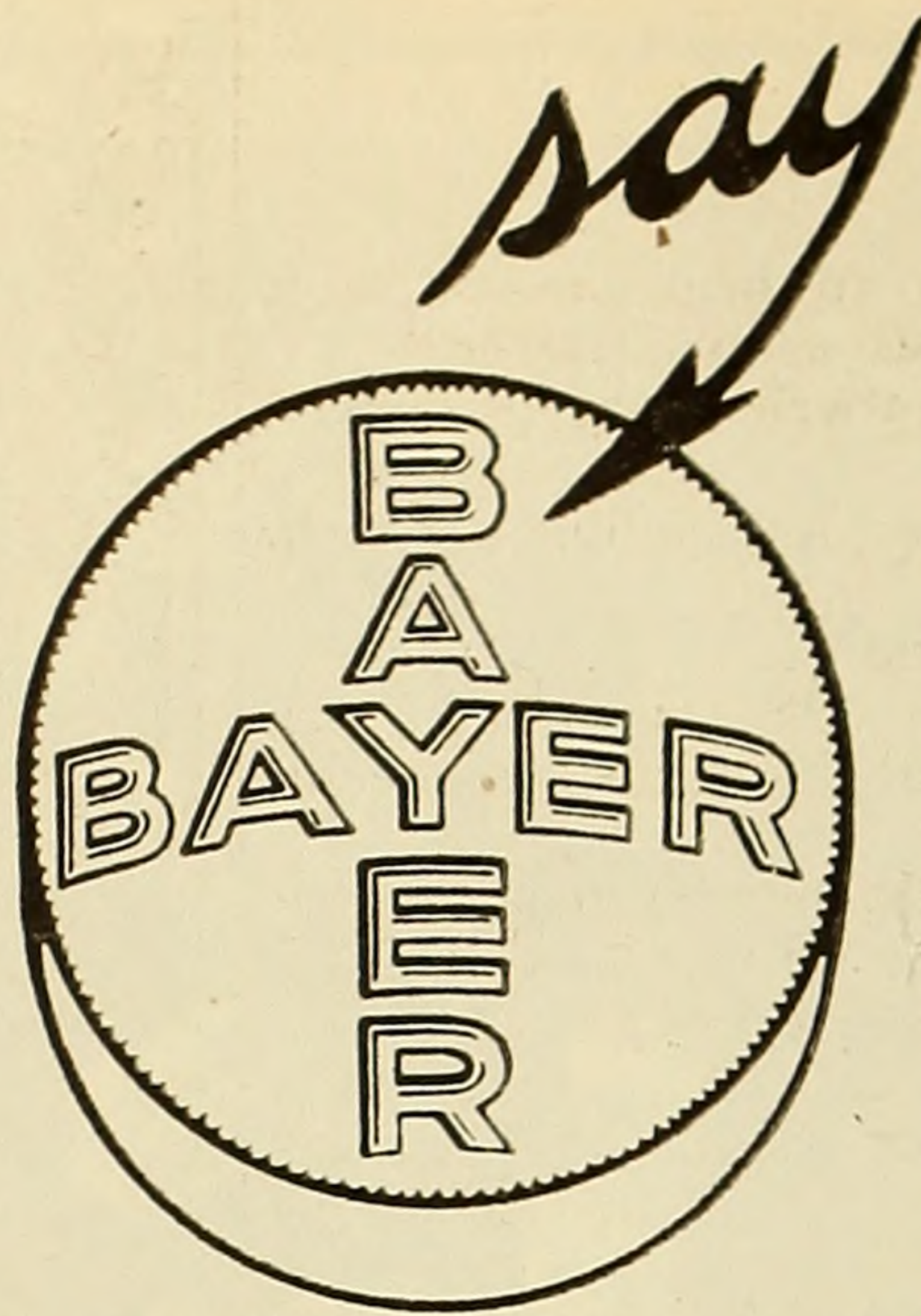
Today he uses Musterole. It does all the work of the old-fashioned plaster, but is without the fuss, muss and blister.

You just rub a little of this clean white ointment over the congested spot. First, there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. But way down deep underneath the coolness, where Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon disperses congestion and sends the cold away.

And Musterole is good for many other things. For twinging joints or aching muscles, for instance. Keep Musterole always handy on the bathroom shelf. At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. \$3.00 hospital size.

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You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

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Non-Essentials

(Continued)

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

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

"I have no intention of asking for a divorce."

The lawyer's expression changed slightly. "But—Mrs. Scotwell—"

"Will you convey this information to him?"

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

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

"But—"

"No—there is nothing further for us to discuss. That is all that I wished to tell you. Perhaps—perhaps I had better write him myself. Have you his address?"

The lawyer nodded.

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

Again the lawyer nodded and rose when he saw that she had risen.

"You refuse to discuss the matter further, Mrs. Scotwell?"

"What more is there to say?"

"Surely—you do not wish to place your husband and Mrs. Havilow in such an embarrassing position!"

"Is their position more embarrassing than mine?"

"At least they cannot marry until there is a divorce."

"Ah! Then I still have some power left!"

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

"For the moment—I think I do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Have you his address?"

"I shall send it to his bankers in Paris."

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

That night she wrote the letter, not carefully and considering every word, but with a certain surety and swiftness that was char-

Non-Essentials

(Continued)

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

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

The third week she wrote another letter, always in the same key; and on and on until five weeks had passed. Then the lawyer telephoned and asked if he might call at once.

His glance this time was neither sympathetic nor stolid; it was frankly curious.

"I had a most extraordinary letter from your husband this morning."

Lucy's hand went to her throat. "Has anything happened to him?"

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

"Ah!"

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

"What he has done?"

"Yes. Exactly that."

"Well?"

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

"To ask me?"

"No—to find out—"

"Surreptitiously?"

"Well—yes."

The lawyer found himself staring into wonderfully glowing eyes.

After a pause: "What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him—tell him that I did not receive it."

"But—I know you did."

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

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

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

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

he was sure of it.

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

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

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

"I don't understand."

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

The old man pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He had had a good deal of experience but this case was quite beyond him.

"At least do it this once," Lucy pleaded. "Later—you may write him that I received the letter. But now—just give me a little more time. I promise that you may write him later. If you receive another letter from him instructing you to tell me, then—then you can say I know—everything. But just now—please—please."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"She never mentioned it."

"Did she ask about me?"

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

Scotwell rose and walked about the room. "Yes—I received them. Wonderful letters they were, too!"

"Wonderful? How?"

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



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BUT PROTECT YOUR SKIN

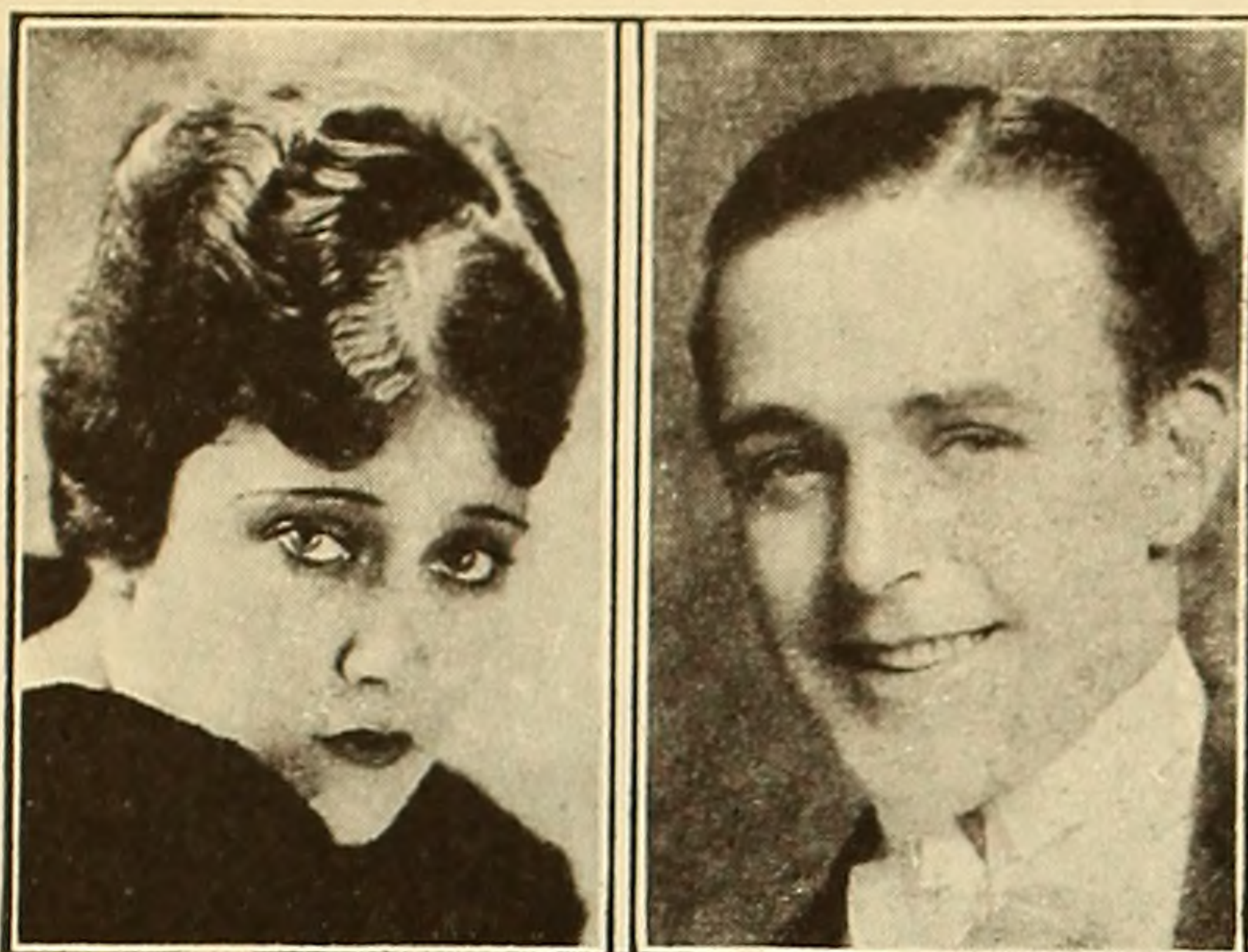
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Non-Essentials

(Concluded)

down, bowed his head on his hands. "Good God, what a fool I've been!"

"You mean—"

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

"Uncomfortable!"

"Yes, uncomfortable—beastly uncomfortable. How under the sun can a man write or think or contemplate if he has to give all his time to thinking of the non-essentials!"

The lawyer smiled. "Isn't your argument rather contradictory. Isn't thinking of non-essentials thinking in the wrong direction?"

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

"Then, why in thunder did you run away?"

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

"Will you be able to now?"

"Will I? Only give me a chance!"

"Well—you have it."

"What do you mean?"

"Go back to your home and begin."

"Good God—if I only could!"

"There is nothing to keep you from it. Your wife is there. Didn't you tell her you would be back in three months? The time is just up."

"She must know."

"When you see her you will find out."

"That's just it. When I see her, I've got to tell her. She would know then even if she doesn't now."

The lawyer leaned back reflective. The drama he had seen played so silently, so well, unfolded before him in a flash of clarity. For the first time he began to see clearly what this man's wife had been doing and he made a mental note to speak that night at a banquet against woman's suffrage. Women were entirely too dangerous to be given any more power. Power! Good Lord, what were men in their hands but mere babies!

Scotwell lifted his head and sought advice. "Tell me—what shall I do?"

"Go home—and say nothing. You have made a trip and you have returned. I doubt very much if you ever make another one."

"You think I can do that?"

"My advice is to try it."

When he was alone the lawyer went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Scotwell. She was out with the baby but was expected in within half an hour. He put up the receiver, ordered his car and drove to her home. He found her coming up to the door.

"Will you come with me—quick?" he said. "Leave the child. I must speak to you a one—and not in your home."

Lucy got into his motor, trembling. When she was beside him and the motor had driven off at his direction, he took off his hat and extended his hand to her.

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

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

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

"You have heard from him?"

"I have seen him. He returned today."

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

"He thinks you know nothing. He thinks you did not receive his letter. When you return home you will find him there." He waited for her to lower her hands. "May I ask, Mrs. Scotwell, what you are going to do now?"

She looked up at him and smiled slowly. "Is that necessary?"

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

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

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

"Thank you. I already have a profession."

He laughed. "I see. And you are making a success of it. Can't you let other women know of it?"

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

"But the vote."

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

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

"I am so glad you are back, John."

His eyes sought hers and dwelt in them. "Will you ever forgive me, Lucy?"

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

"Nothing, Lucy?"

"Nothing, John."

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

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

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

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

"Lucy—you know."

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

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

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 70)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 101)



"Whose every little ringlet thrilled As if with soul and passion filled"

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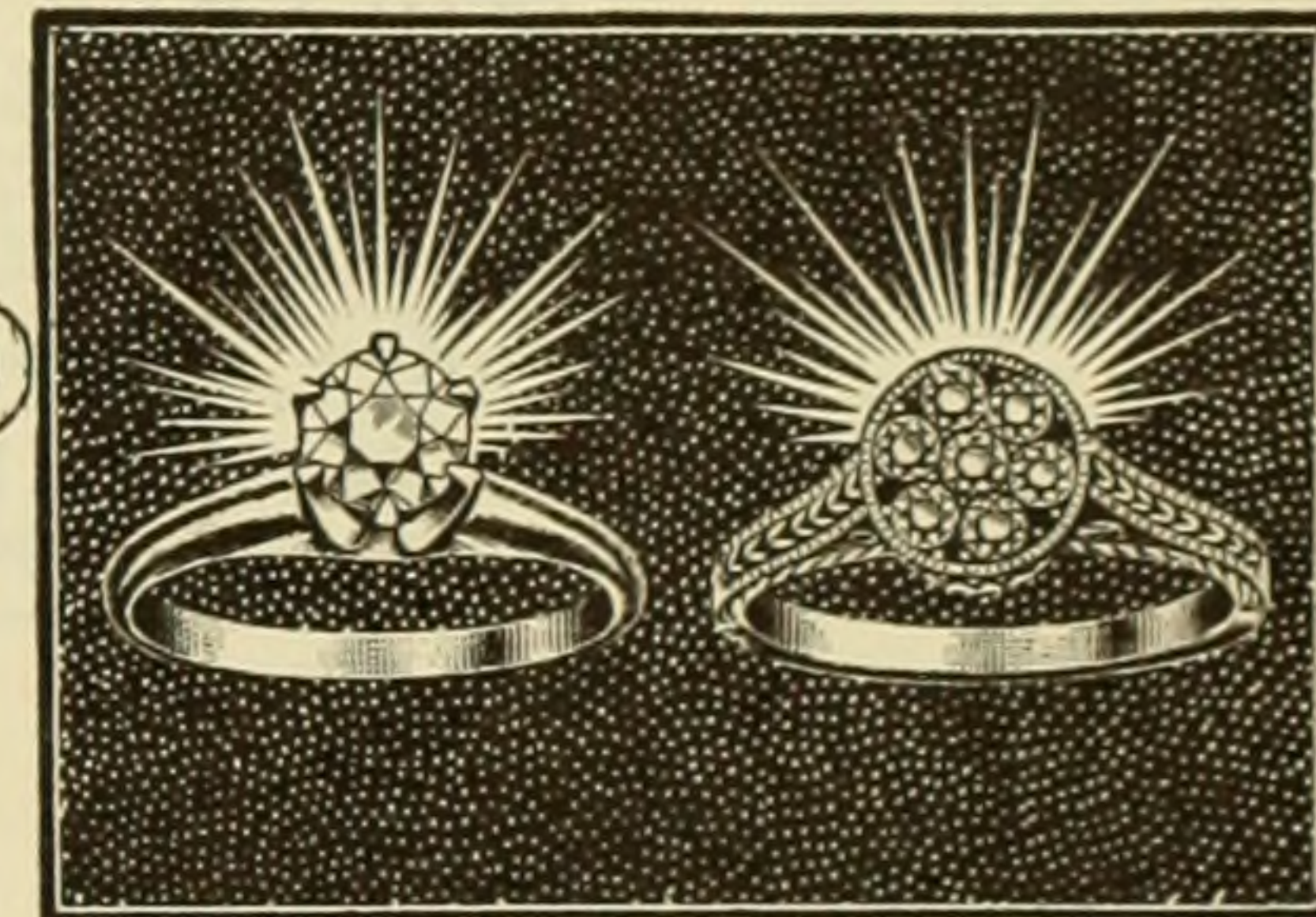
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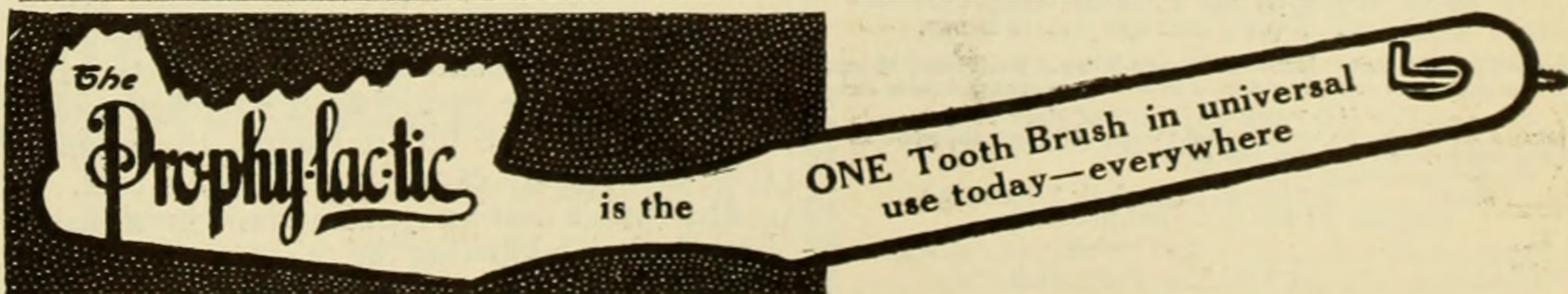
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The Port of His Desires

(Continued from page 62)

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Name.....Street.....
Town.....Co.....State.....

in fancy under the Moorish arch.

But this time, as never before, there was another standing beside him—a woman. He discerned her features and her entire personality with a clearness that first astonished and then vaguely disturbed him. Out of the smoke of his cigar this new creature of his dreams emerged and stood forth with an insistent impression of reality. She was a small, slender creature with a pale face, full red lips, warm brown eyes and wavy dark hair touched with bronze.

At his first mental view of her he could not recall that he had seen her anywhere before. For up to this time women had not entered into Dexter's life. He had seen them come and go. He had talked with them, laughed with them with shy indecision—and then each one of them had gone her way and he had gone his.

But the woman he now beheld through the curling haze of tobacco-smoke was destined, after this memorable evening in spurious surroundings, to figure in all his visions, to run as an ever-present thread through the fabric of his dreams like a warp of fine-spun gold through a woof of silver.

On the next day it fell to him to route the company's shipment to Timbuctoo, by way of the Senegal. It was an invoice of bright-colored cotton goods directed to the Sheik Abu Ben Ibrahim. The name lingered on his lips like the flavor of a sugar plum, with a sweetness long drawn out.

Timbuctoo! Well he knew the story of that ancient city, now rising in new glory and new power out of the sands seeped upon it through the centuries. Well he knew the great part that Timgad had played in the Roman march southward into the heart of Africa—Timgad the magnificent, Timgad the unfortunate, Timgad the hated of the desert and the all but conquered by the desert!

His mind followed the journey over seas and lands which the bales he was forwarding would make on their far way to Timbuctoo. He closed his eyes and saw the caravan as it plodded its way northward and eastward from the Senegal; saw it wearily entering the village of huts that once had been a metropolis; saw the camels as they knelt down with groans and grimaces to be relieved of their burdens.

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

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

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

Yet another day, when he had made the entry of fifty cases of copra from Hilaire, Fils & Compagnie, of Tahiti, his young eyes rested dreamily upon the blank wall opposite his window and discerned by slow degrees a green stoll gleaming in a flood of silver moonlight. The picture was so vivid to his vision that he heard the rustling of the long, plume-like fronds of cocconut palms, and in the distance, where the coral island stretched wide-open arms to the broad Pacific, the muffled roar of breakers came surging to his ears.

He saw a native youth, clad in a scant loin-cloth, clambering up a palm tree with quick, supple movements of hands and feet,

and distinguished the thudding fall of cocoanuts upon the ground—the cocoanuts of which the copra for the candy manufacturers is made.

And then, in the half-shadow of the grove he saw—or he could have sworn he saw—on the bank of a clear stream singing its way to the ocean, a maiden half-covered by the glory of dark-bronze hair.

Presently she sank into the limpid, moonlit water with the slow, graceful motions of a nymph. He even heard her laugh—a laugh that disturbingly reminded him of a voice he had heard somewhere else, at some time before, he knew not where nor when. He saw a hand waved in beckoning to him with the playful, tantalizing spirit of youth and innocence.

Then, at the tread of brisk workaday steps behind him, the picture vanished into the grayness of the wall; but the impression graved deeper upon his consciousness the image of that maiden of his dreams. He named her "The Woman."

The face of The Woman he saw again on that memorable morning when the calendar told him he had been five years in the employ of the tropics and Orient Importing and Exporting Company. She seemed to be smiling mystically into his eyes from between the pages of the bankbook that held the tangible record of his dreams. The end of the last column on the last page, balanced on the previous day, was a verdict of success—the great success of his young life.

The total was large enough to take him, for a year at least, out of the dingy office corner in which he had lived the better part of five years; large enough to send him around the world; large enough to make of his dreams a stirring reality.

Dexter sighed deeply, stretched his long arms, threw his shock-haired head back and laughed an audible laugh of triumph, of happy anticipation. As he gazed at the wall opposite his window with a strange feeling that he would miss the screen upon which the moving picture of his dreams had unrolled itself for five years, he became aware of a light step and the rustle of a skirt. He turned to find Kathleen standing at his side. She held a letter.

"Delivered by mistake to Mr. Drigg's office," she explained. And then, noting the light in his spectacled eyes:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

gathering tears in her eyes. But he was intent upon the task of great importance he had to perform that day.

He began the task by striding out of his dingy office and into the lighter, larger and more commodious room where the bullet-headed authority presided over a large flat desk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"To quit us?" echoed Driggs, rising from his seat and surveying the long, lank figure in the arm-chair. "What's the idea?"

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

"Well, then, why don't you take a couple of months leave of absence?" suggested Driggs hopefully, resuming his seat with an expression upon his heavy features that plainly betokened a cordial frame of mind. "There's a two weeks vacation coming to you pretty soon, anyway."

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

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

Driggs stuck a pudgy thumb in the arm of his waistcoat and uttered a low whistle, returning to the subject in hand:

"At least a year?"

"Perhaps two," volunteered Dexter.

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

Dexter resumed, after another protracted pull at his cigar:

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

He swallowed bitterly and resumed:

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

"You have absolutely made up your mind?"

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

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

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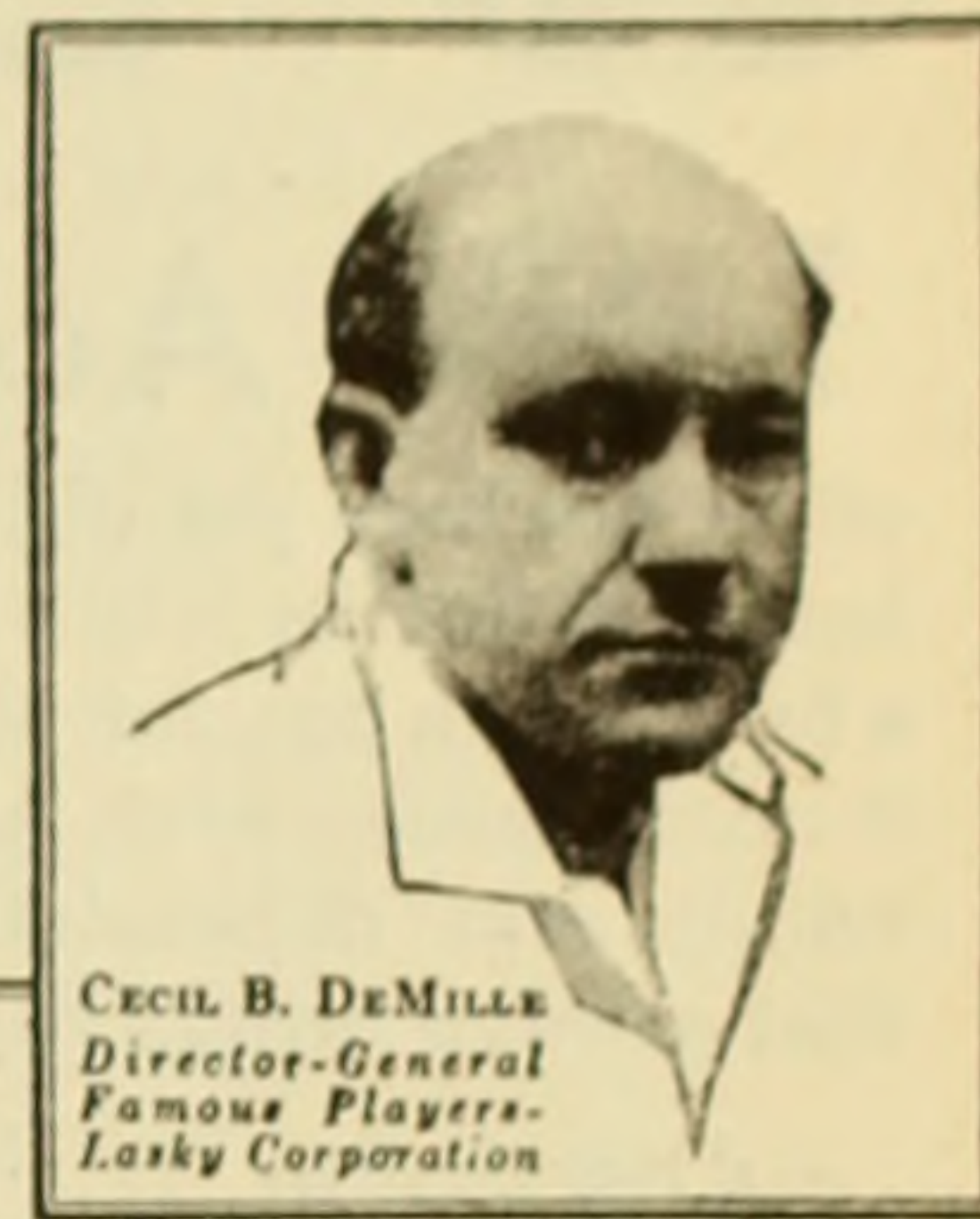
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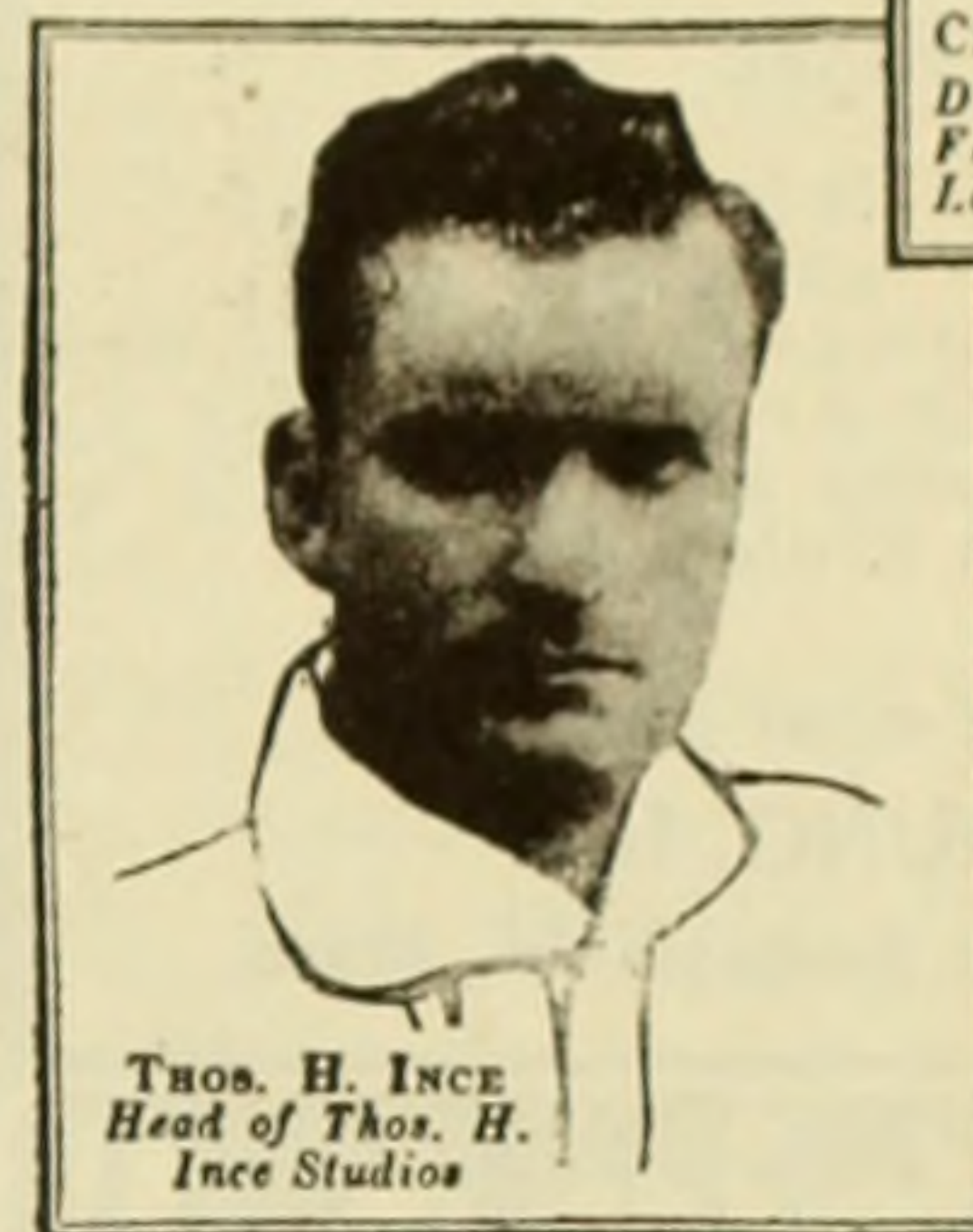
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The Port of His Desires

(Continued)



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

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

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

Hardly had Dexter closed the door behind him, however, when Kathleen's fingers ceased to fly over the keys. She raised her head, surveyed Driggs' face with a furtive glance, cleared her throat and spoke, with cunning approach to the subject that was eating her heart out:

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

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

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

"What do you mean, Miss Sheridan?"

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

"Fire away," he permitted briefly.

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

"There's the vacancy at Calcutta."

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you, Mr. Driggs."

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

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

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

At the lunch hour Dexter walked the three blocks to the bank with an odd feeling that he was treading the silver side of a cloud. He presented himself at the paying teller's window, drew out enough cash for immediate needs, and took letters of credit for the balance of his account. He walked out of the marble corridor of the bank with an even lighter step, signalled a car and swung himself aboard, keeping a guarding hand all the time on the bulging coat pocket that contained his passport to the manifold land of his dreams.

In half an hour, he reflected exultantly, he would be standing at the grilled window of the steamship office. A few minutes after that he would hold in his hand the bit of paper that would open the portals of the world of romance to him. He laughed inwardly at the assured prospect.

Seven weeks from the present moment, he estimated, he would be sitting in a steamer chair on the deck of a dahabié, on the Nile, in the shadow of the ancient temple of Isis. Three days later he would be climbing the pyramid of the Temple of Cheops. In less than a fortnight after that he would be at Constantine, the new city built upon the site of the obliterated ruins where Roman legionaries had scaled the walls of Carthage. And then—Timbuctoo, and Constantinople, and Agra, and Peking, and Tokio!

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

And then the face of The Woman took substance out of the stuff that his fancies were made of. He saw, more vividly than ever, her pale face, her red young lips and her soft eyes, warmly brown. She seemed to be sitting in the car at his side, to be touching elbows with him and returning his smile—to be thinking his thoughts and sharing his elation.

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

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

"I mustn't forget to leave a banker's address for Mother and Dad," he thought as he took the missive out of his pocket, tore off a narrow strip of the envelope with clerkly care, pulled the folded sheet out with casual fingers and began to read.

As he read, the smile vanished from his features, his lips first quivered and then stiffened as he pressed them together, and something very like a groan sounded deep in his throat. He swallowed hard, shifted in his seat and his Adam's apple worked up and down nervously.

He folded the letter, put it back into the envelope with fingers that seemed oddly awkward, restored it to his pocket, signalled to the conductor, tottered from the car when it stopped, and shuffled to the sidewalk.

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

The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

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

"You're obstructin' th' sidewalk in a rush hour, young feller," a policeman warned him.

"What did you say?" asked Dexter vaguely, blinking at the policeman.

"I said you'd better be moving on an' givin' th' rest of th' town a chanst on th' sidewalk," urged the bluecoat with a severe manner.

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

He turned mechanically in the direction of the office, walked dazedly to the building, so different from the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; paced unsteadily through its dingy entrance, so different from the lace-like gate of the Taj Mahal; groped his way to his room and sank into his seat with a groan of utter weariness.

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

His face was flushed and his eyes were bloodshot as he raised them to the wall opposite. There were no atolls, no waving palm-fronds, no slender minarets limned upon it now. It was a dead, blank wall—a hideous thing of brick and mortar and accumulated grime.

Then an idea came to him—a wild desire to tell somebody about it. He must speak to someone at once, must get into human touch at once—or go mad.

He took up the telephone instrument, joggled the hook, got the operator and asked her to connect him with Miss Sheridan.

"Is this Miss Sheridan?" he asked, unaware of the hoarseness of his voice.

"Yes; what's the matter?" asked the voice at the other end.

"Could you possibly come in here for a moment? I—I want to see you," he continued.

The receiver at the other end was so abruptly restored to its hook that he thought the connection must have been accidentally broken. The severance affected him strangely. It seemed to cut him off from all help, all understanding—to isolate him, to place him beyond the reach of friendship and sympathy.

The next moment Kathleen Sheridan entered the room with rustling skirts, hurriedly, almost running. She stopped short as she caught the first glimpse of his face, and stood within the doorway staring at him with large eyes.

"What's the matter, Dex—Mr. Arnold? Have you hurt yourself?"

She came quickly to his side, her pale face drawn, her red young lips tremulous and her warm brown eyes swimming in tears. But none of these things did Dexter see at that moment, for he was struggling to extricate himself from the wreckage of his dreams.

"Read that," he said shortly, almost gruffly.

Kathleen took the letter with a pounding heart, read it through and laid it down on the desk with a catch in her throat that would have been a sob if she had not choked it down.

"It's got to be done," he told her hoarsely. "I can't leave father and mother in the lurch in their old age. I can't let the old home be sold over their heads. And it will take all I've saved but a few dollars."

Kathleen longed to place a hand upon his shoulder; to press him to her heart; to take

How I Saved \$67 on One Dress

A Personal Experience

By ROSE LORENZ

1145 Twenty-third St., Des Moines, Iowa

LESS than a year ago, my sister made all my clothes. I had taken a commercial course and secured a position as stenographer in a Des Moines business office. Besides working eight hours every day but Sunday, I taught four evenings a week in night school. I had never learned to do any but the simplest kind of sewing. And ready-made coats, suits and dresses such as I wanted cost a great deal more than I could afford.

In the early months of 1920, my sister's health became so poor the doctors insisted that she go away from home to rest and recuperate. Her absence, of course, increased my responsibilities at home and I could not imagine what I would do about clothes—as professional dressmakers were a luxury I could not afford and my wardrobe was exhausted.

I finally decided to try and make some dresses myself. But I knew so little about sewing that the three or four simple ones I made all looked alike. Other people noticed it, too, for one day my chum asked me why I didn't sometime get a pattern with a different style.

Then—just when I was almost discouraged—I read the story of the Woman's Institute in a fashion magazine I had bought in the hope of getting some ideas about clothes. It seemed almost too good to be true—that I could keep my position, do my work at home and still learn in spare time, at my own convenience, by correspondence and home-study how to make just the kind of dresses, suits, coats and hats I had always wanted.

But I wrote the Institute and asked for full information. And when I found that thousands of other women and girls had solved their clothes problems through this great school, I made up my mind that I, too, could do it. So I joined the Institute right away and took up the complete course in Dressmaking and Millinery.

When my first lesson came, I seized it and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightfully fascinating way to study! Before I had read three pages I learned things I never knew before. The language was so simple anyone could understand it perfectly and the illustrations were simply marvelous!

I soon began making blouses, skirts and house dresses. And now, after only a few lessons, I have just finished what I call my masterpiece. I saw a dress in one of the large department stores here marked \$85.00. Of course, I could not afford to buy it, so I decided to get the materials and copy it.

I studied the dress carefully, then I came back to the office and wrote a description, making a sketch and all. The next day I went back and studied it again until I had every detail worked out in my mind. I then got a foundation dress pattern and from that pattern cut a pattern for the dress.

Then I measured up the amount of material necessary and bought it. The other day I finished my dress and it couldn't be more like the original. I have copied it to the smallest detail.

Now the wonderful part of it is that by careful buying, I got a splendid piece of serge for \$4.95 a yard, which made the actual cost of the dress as follows: Materials, \$14.85, bright colored yarn for trimming, \$2.13, findings, 95c, making a total of \$17.93 for the dress which is an exact duplicate of the \$85.00 original. In just this one garment I have saved more than the cost of my entire dressmaking course.

And here is another point. Because I made this dress myself, it enabled me to buy a beautiful hat and gloves to go with it. If I had bought the dress at the store, I would have had to wear my last year's hat and no gloves for I believe in paying for one thing before I buy another.



Everyone who sees this dress admires it, for it is so much prettier and more becoming than the dresses I have been wearing.

Long live the Woman's Institute! I have never been happier than I am now, for I know that I can be as well dressed as anyone!

This actual experience of Miss Lorenz, told in her own words, is not unusual. More than 85,000 women and girls, in city, town, and country, have proved that you can easily and quickly learn, through the Woman's Institute, in your own home, during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family and others, at less than half their usual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

Every step is explained fully. You learn how to design your own patterns or use tissue-paper patterns, and how to cut, fit and finish garments of all kinds.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines, or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

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Miss Lorenz

The Port of His Desires

(Concluded)

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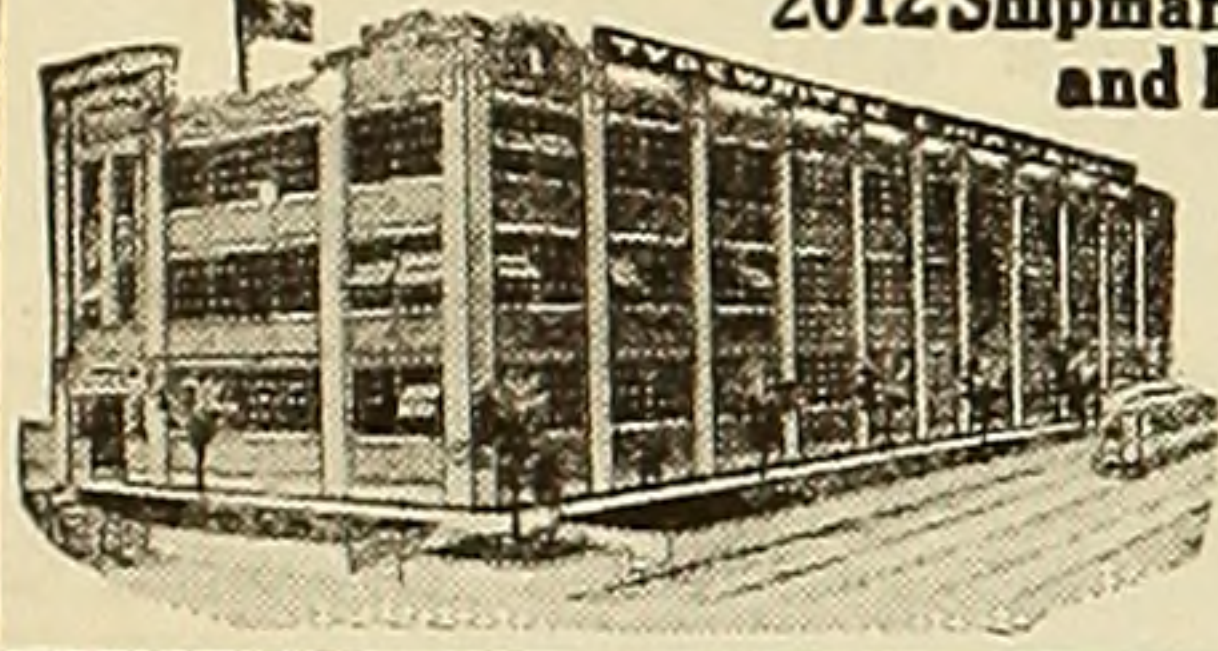
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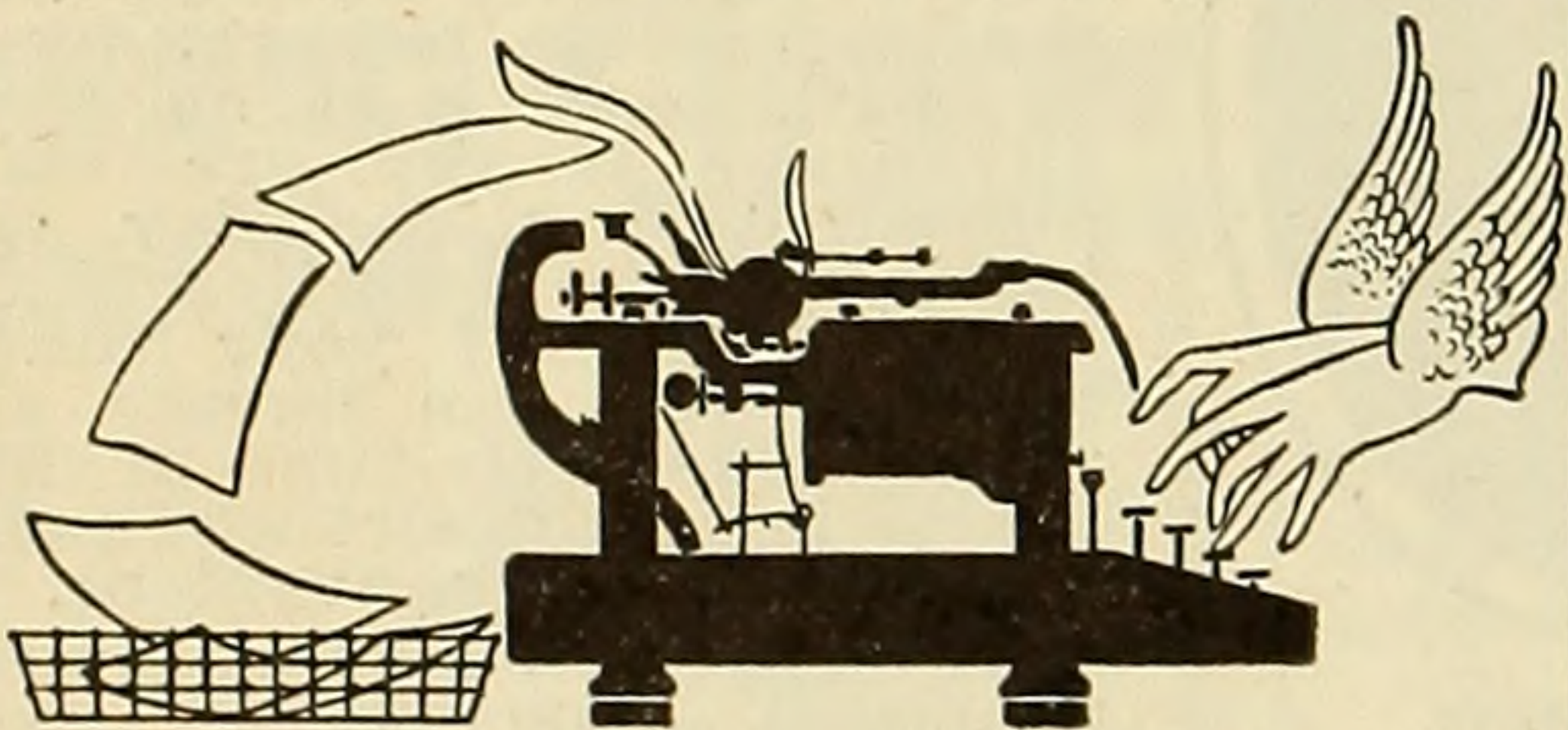
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upon herself the burden that was pressing him down.

"But you've got your job here to fall back on," she sought to comfort him.

"My job? I wouldn't take this job back after I've given it up—not for all the money the company's got," he announced fiercely. "Not after that speech I made to Driggs. No, no!"

The moment of hope that Dexter might remain, that somehow he might know and understand flickered into futility with his bitter refusal to even consider the possibility of remaining at his task. But all the regret in her loyal breast was for him and not for herself.

She held out an impulsive hand to him. He clasped it gratefully.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Arnold. I can't tell you how sorry I am! But you can make a new beginning; start all over again—and get there just the same."

But Dexter shook his head with the dejection of utter defeat and despair.

"I don't see it at all."

And, lifting himself heavily from his chair as if his body were a burden to him, he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and began to pace the room nervously, with baffled movements that reminded Kathleen of the paces of a wild animal in its barred cage in the zoo that had excited her pity.

It was at this moment that Destiny walked into the room in the portly person of Driggs. The bullet-headed authority glanced from one to the other, paused, turned, closed the door carefully behind him and asked, with a smile:

"Well, have you two had it out?"

A flush mounted to Kathleen's pale face. She backed with an instinctive movement of escape to the window that gave on the blank wall—the blank wall on which the hand of Fancy had limned Dexter's day-dreams—and stood with folded arms and drooping head, a figure of desolation, a flower wilted in the sun.

Dexter did not even glance at her. Instead he stared at Driggs with an expression that one might see on the face of a bewildered child. At last he stammered, foolishly:

"Had it out? Wh-hat do you mean, had it out?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" rumbled Driggs irritably, waving a pudgy hand as if to sweep an obstruction aside. "I've got good news for you, Dexter."

"Good news?" echoed Dexter with the same dazed expression.

"Calcutta?" breathed Kathleen.

"Calcutta—nothing!" announced Driggs with a mysterious smile.

Dexter showed the first sign of intelligent participation in conversation by asking:

"What about Calcutta, Mr. Driggs?"

"Oh, the Calcutta proposition was turned down flat. This is a much bigger idea. Mr. Wyman has got on the track of big graft by

Captain Sotiris that's been going on for years. Amounts to fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. He wants somebody to go to every port he's been going to, from Constanza to Zanzibar, and check up every transaction in hides."

"Yes!" from Kathleen, and "yes" from Dexter as if they had one thought between them.

"And he was so impressed with your intelligence in getting on to that little graft in the expense account that he wants you to undertake the job. He wants to see you as soon as you can get around to it."

Dexter tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat and choked him. Kathleen's hands went to her breast as if she found difficulty in getting her breath. Finally Dexter managed to break the tense silence:

"Mr. Driggs, I th-thank you from the bottom of my heart."

And he held out a moist, trembling hand. Driggs ignored it.

"Don't thank me," he announced severely. "Thank Miss Sheridan. She got you the appointment. She's the best friend you've got on earth."

And he turned briskly on his heel, opened the door, let himself out and closed the door carefully behind him.

Dexter turned dazedly to Kathleen and surveyed her with mute questioning in his eyes.

"Oh, all I did was to try to get you the appointment to Calcutta," she explained with a persistent shortness of breath. "But that fell through. I suppose, though, Mr. Wyman may have got from Mr. Driggs's memorandum the idea that you were a good man to put on the other job."

And as she spoke a great light flooded Dexter Arnold's mind. His eyes saw for the first time, against the background of the blank wall on which his dingy window gave, the appealing figure, in living, breathing substance, which so often he had seen in his day-dreams. He saw in the body, outlined in the frame of the window, the pale face, the fresh young lips and the warm brown eyes of his dreams—and he knew that they were the face, the lips and the eyes of Kathleen Sheridan; that it was Kathleen Sheridan his mind's eyes had beheld under the Moorish arch of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, among the tents of Timbuctoo, in the limpid stream of the South Sea Isle.

"You!" he murmured as one who awakes from a reality and finds the reality glorious.

Slowly he moved toward her.

"W-why, Kathleen—you are The Woman!" were the words that struggled to his lips with the poignancy of discovery long-deferred.

The next moment he gathered her in his arms—oblivious to the stuffy office, oblivious to possible prying eyes, oblivious to everything but the deep throb of the realization that he had reached the port of his desires.

And her lips were moist with tears as he kissed her.

Lois Weber's Rival

WE have been so long accustomed to thinking of America as the only country where women put constructive brains as well as beauty and acting talent into motion pictures that the recent visit of Mme. Germaine Dulac, of Paris, had in it something of the quality of surprise.

Mme. Dulac is a director. What is more, she is an independent producer. Just before

sailing for her brief American tour she completed her forty-fifth feature photoplay. Many of her works have been among the most popular French successes since the war. She is a characteristically alert, energetic Parisienne, still in her early maturity, and while a very frank admirer of the mighty picture accomplishments of America, is not at all willing to see her country take second place as a developer of real screen art.



Si
Says:

(Accordin' to
Leigh Metcalfe)

JOSH WIMP has quit going to the movies sence his wife bought the new sofy.

SAM SLOSH, the village p. o., says he can recollect when the only hosiery you seen in the movies was hangin' over the mantel at Xmas. Sam's no yearlin'.

THEY say Harry Lloyd's specs ain't got no glass in them, but Harry's a heap far from bein' blind.

THE farmers decided at pea-meetin' last week to ask the prop. of the Elite theater to change his show to Friday, instead of Saturday, on account of so many folks missin' their baths.

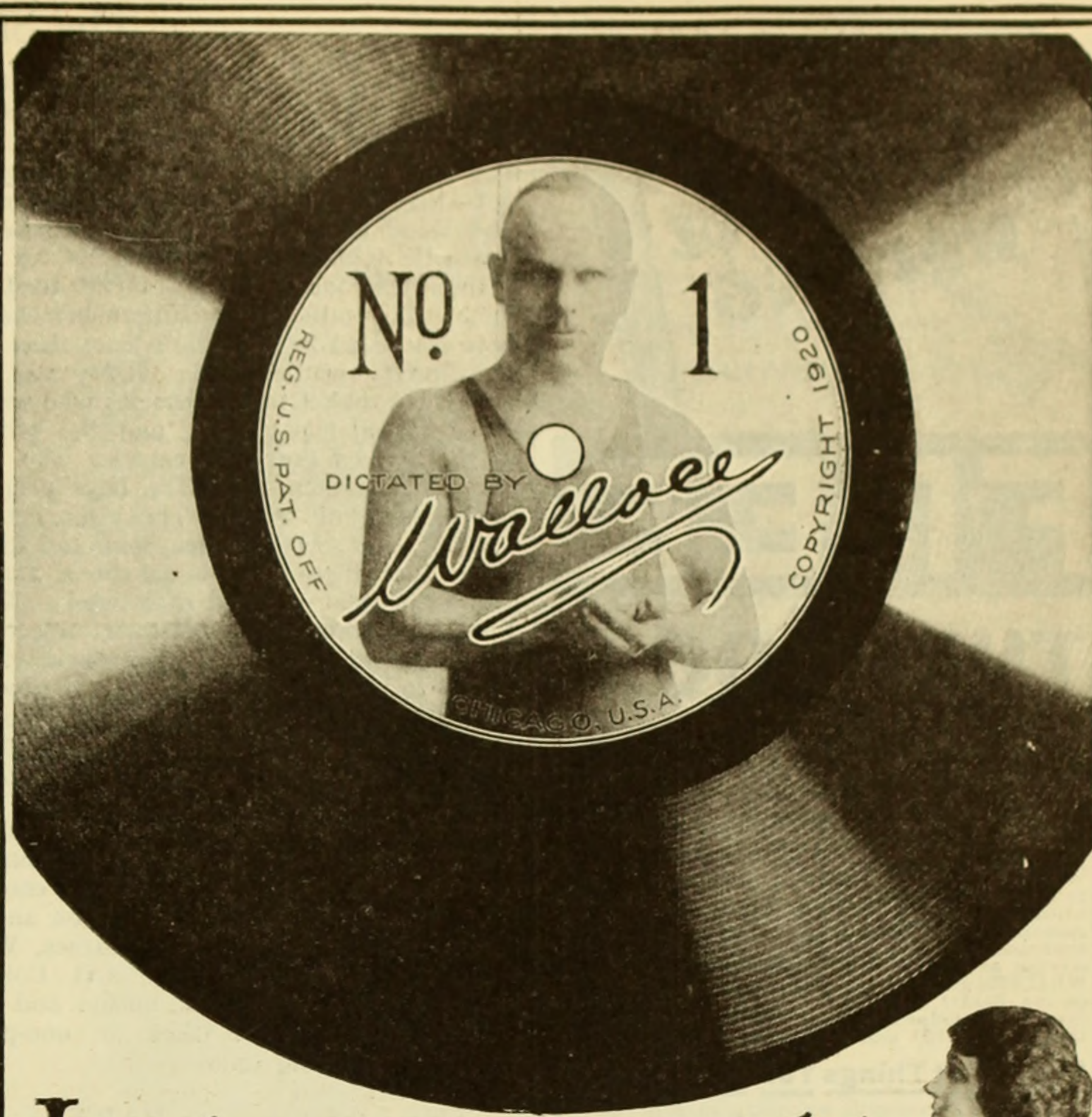
OLD Pete Gridley's half-starved hoss follered him to the show the other night and when he seen a stack of hay in the picture he fell over and died.

THE magazines say that Sennett's ambition is to produce "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea," but I don't guess Mack could find that many girls willin' to get their feet wet.

THE producers that are talkin' 'bout realism oughta practice it by puttin' the crank on the telephone, such as every farmer in Tassel County knows it should have.

SIS BEATRICE says that judgin' by the styles in the films nowadays, the hosiery factories must be over-worked turnin' out gowns and suits.

I SEE by the papers that a N. Y. musical show producer paid \$300 for a pair of fights, but Jed Slocum, of Mud Township, is payin' \$15 a wk. alimony on account of one hairpin found in the buckboard.



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—or where you are too fleshy; my course speedily reduces you to normal proportions. You will acquire grace of form, carriage, poise; a figure easily gowned. If you are but *slightly* overweight—fifteen pounds, twelve, or only five—let me put you at the weight where you will look your best.

My instruction by records with photographic poses is just as direct and resultful as if I stood before you. More convenient, for you take your daily lesson of 20 minutes whenever you like in absolute privacy, without restraint. If you had enrolled only two

short months ago, you might today feel as these women (whose letters are in my file): 'I am 51 lbs. lighter and a new woman' * * * 'The exercise to music is not only delightful, but has made me within six pounds of the right weight for my height' * * * 'Reduction has commenced already and my skin and complexion wonderfully improved' * * * 'My figure was embarrassing but is now almost what it was when a girl' * * * 'I lost 14 lbs. the first three weeks' * * * 'I never appeared or felt so well.'

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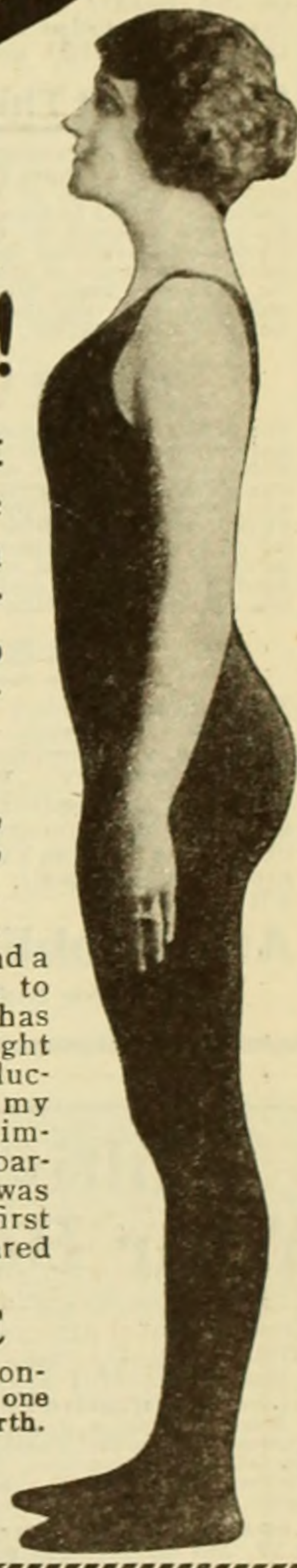
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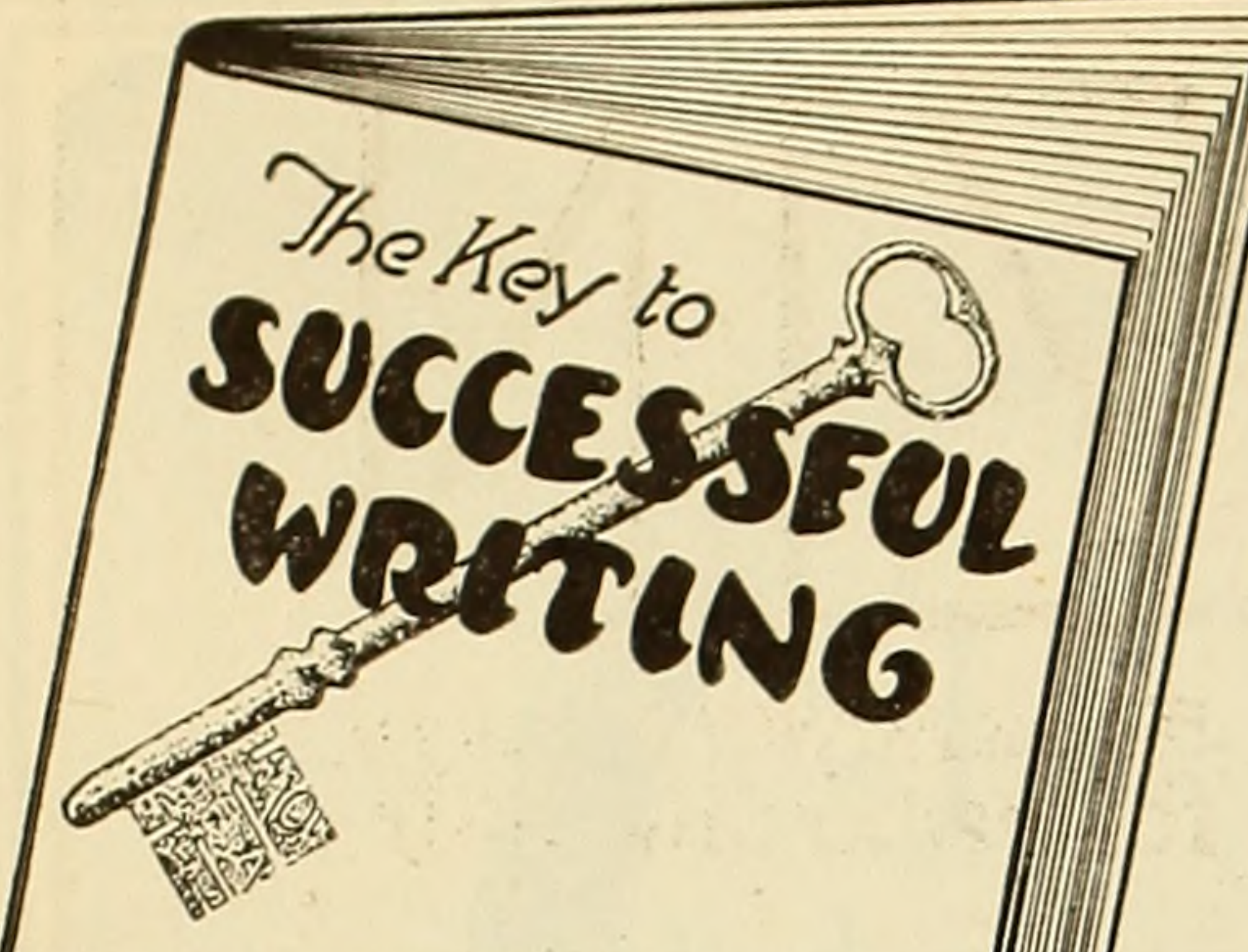
NOTE: Readers of Photoplay will be interested to know that the above advertiser is the same Wallace who took a class of fifty extraordinarily stout women selected by a Chicago newspaper which reported at the end of thirty days, the amazing average reduction of 37 lbs. to each woman.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 66)



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"SO LONG LETTY"—Robertson-Cole

that of the musical comedy bearing the same title—that of two bungalow neighbors in Hollywood who fancy themselves mismated. One wife is flighty and flirtatious, all for a good time outside and canned food at home. The other is a natural homebody, more interested in domestic science than she is in pretty clothes. The flighty girl, of course, is married to a sobersides who wants to be fed and pampered, and the serious girl has drawn the town rounder who had rather dance than eat. The boys propose an exchange of wives. The girls, getting drift of their scheme, agree, with the stipulation that there shall again be a family readjustment at the end of a week. Then they lock themselves in their respective bedrooms, send the expectant "new" husbands to sleep wherever they can find a resting place, and proceed to make life generally miserable for them. At the end of the week the beaten husbands are glad to accept the wives the Lord and the law have given them. It is very well played, and though it is wildly farcical in most of its scenes the story touches closely enough upon human relationships to arouse an interest in the outcome. Roy Barnes, Walter Heirs, Grace Darmond and Colleen Moore are the quartet of misfits and the bathing ladies are all there in one-piece suits and spreading smiles.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY—
Paramount-Artcraft

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE will never be a successful light comedian, speaking by the book—and the scales. And yet, putting aside the evidence of the book, he is already well on his way toward a successful career as a light comedian. If there were any who doubted that, given time and a little encouragement, Roscoe could live down his farcical past as a floundering balloon and proceed through the present toward the future as a legitimate comedian, "The Life of the Party" will do much to convince them they were wrong. He reverts to type a little more frequently in this screening of the Irvin Cobb story, falling upon himself and over himself with more frequency and greater abandon than he was willing to do in "The Round-up." But he still plays the character straight and sustains a legitimate interest in it. In the story he is a fat lawyer who is induced to run for the mayoralty against the agents of the milk trust. In the course of his adventures he is lost in the city streets in the early morning hours in a suit of rompers which he had worn to a "children's" party. It is snowing and hold-up men take his overcoat away from him. His adventures are many, now ludicrous, now serious, but he finally is elected mayor and all is well. I had more fun at "The Life of the Party" than at any other comedy performance I saw last month. Joseph Henaberry did the directing and the cast includes Frank Campeau, Julia Faye, Viola Daniels, Winifred Greenwood and Roscoe Karns.

"THE RIDDLE: WOMAN"—Pathe

THERE isn't much of the riddle about Geraldine Farrar's characterization of the harassed wife in "The Riddle: Woman." She is quite obviously the usual sort of movie heroine; one who has been deceived by the arch deceiver of Denmark and who revenges herself by strangling him when she can no longer stand his blackmailing

practices after she is happily married. In playing the part in the stage version of the play Bertha Kalich, being a tense and highly emotional person, was able to develop an interest in the character that Miss Farrar is not able to create. And so the picture passes as another mildly interesting melodrama of the screen, sans romance, sans thrills, sans everything except some effectively photographed scenes and the acting of a distinguished cast. Montague Love, playing the husband who understood, and William Carleton the bold villain who was a glutton for punishment, kept the plot moving.

"OFFICER 666"—Goldwyn

THERE is much hurrying and scurrying through darkened passages in this picture, with the flashing lights now disclosing one officer and now a dozen or twenty, and again the hero, masquerading as an officer, and frequently the heroine, tense and unhappy, wondering whether she should trust Jerome Patrick, who invited her to the house, or Tom Moore, who was there when she arrived and seemed such a nice man. And when all the scurrying is over, and Jerome is proved to be a notorious "art collector" who had planned to steal Tom's most valuable paintings and elope with the heroine the same night, and Tom turns out to be the real Travers Gladwin Jerome pretends to be, someone says to someone else: "It doesn't seem as though it could ever have happened, except in the movies." And Tom replies: "Believe me, it couldn't." So everybody ducks from under responsibility for the picture. Which is an easy way of getting out of it. "Officer 666" is light entertainment, light and dark entertainment, you might say, that makes little impression but fills in the hour between the news pictorial and the comic. It is a little like taking tea for dinner. It isn't very stimulating, but neither will it keep you awake.

By Photoplay Editors

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—
Paramount-Artcraft

THERE are a few directors of pictures you can depend upon for sane, sensible, and spirited productions. Allan Dwan is one. William deMille, no longer merely Cecil's brother, is another. William's latest photographic essay is not a world-beater, not, perhaps, even a sensation—but it is believable drama, remarkably well executed. From Cosmo Hamilton's best seller, "His Friend and His Wife"—and why did they change such a typical film title, we wonder?—deMille has woven a real screen story, telling it by pictures, not captions, glossing over its unrealities with his sane sentiment, and embellishing it all with some scenes as lovely as etchings, some touches that are heart-warming. The fiction version of this photoplay appeared last month in this Magazine so it will not be necessary to relate the story. It is a good one. Many people will be grateful to deMille for affording Lois Wilson, at last, her opportunity. There is no sweeter nor more able actress on the screen today. She proves her place, here, among the first ladies of the films. Conrad Nagel is superb as the erring Julian. Jack Holt is adequate as the neglectful husband. Lila Lee is inclined to theatricalisms of pose and gesture and expression as Daisy, Julian's wife. Miss Lee needs a strong guiding hand at this point in her career. Some-

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

one has told her she is an actress. All in all, a picture worth seeing. This deMille is a conscientious artist.

THE FORBIDDEN THING—

Dwan-Associated Producers

A SIMPLE tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. That is saying a great deal. Dwan is always interesting; he invariably makes his characters living and vitally human beings. This, his first Associated Producers picture, is unusual because it is consistently and effectively developed. It concerns itself with a Puritan who marries a Portuguese girl and finds her unfaithful soon after. He is finally able to marry the right woman and bring the tale to a happy ending. Dwan has extracted from this real drama. He is immeasurably aided by the stalwart presence of James Kirkwood; the charming and competent Helen Jerome Eddy as the right woman, and Marcia Manon as the siren. Put this on your list of photoplays not to be missed.

WEST IS WEST—Universal

THE more you see of Harry Carey, the better you like him. Not only that his characterization sort of grows on you, but that his work is improving all the time. And that is no mean compliment. This time he deserts the familiar cowpunching complications and keeps things humming in a mine. If you have ever liked Carey you must see him here. Even if you are not a Carey enthusiast, go to see it anyway—there is enough plot to keep you entertained, and a large chance for your conversion.

JUST PALS—Fox

NOT a great picture, but a very human one, Buck Jones' latest vehicle. He is not a cowboy in this, but a lovable loafer, who is accompanied in his wanderings by a small boy. The small boy is little George Stone, who, for a wonder, is an engaging child seemingly unaware of his appeal. "Bim," the loafer, finally loafs his way into a tidy sum and the heart of the village school mistress. Jones is a likable chap, not an actor, certainly, but all the more convincing on that account.

THE DAUGHTER PAYS—Selznick

HOW these women suffer! Particularly Selznick heroines. Poor Elaine Hammerstein is imposed upon in every picture. Just because she is attractive is no reason why she should be saddled with a story such as this, nor that she should have to wander about disconsolately for five reels while a man who hates her mother marries her for revenge. Pleasant little plot.

A BEGGAR IN PURPLE—Pathe

ANOTHER strong man who has risen in the world and has enemies to thwart. Another Edgar Lewis production. However, competent direction makes a little less tiresome this very conventional story which tells of the hero's revenge and his winning of the love of the woman.

WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?—

Pioneer

WIVES who have asked themselves this question may get a few pointers by going to see the picture. And then again, they may not. Just another one of those inquisitive titles which might as well be called "Who Rang the Door Bell?" for all it solves the problem presented. Jose Col-

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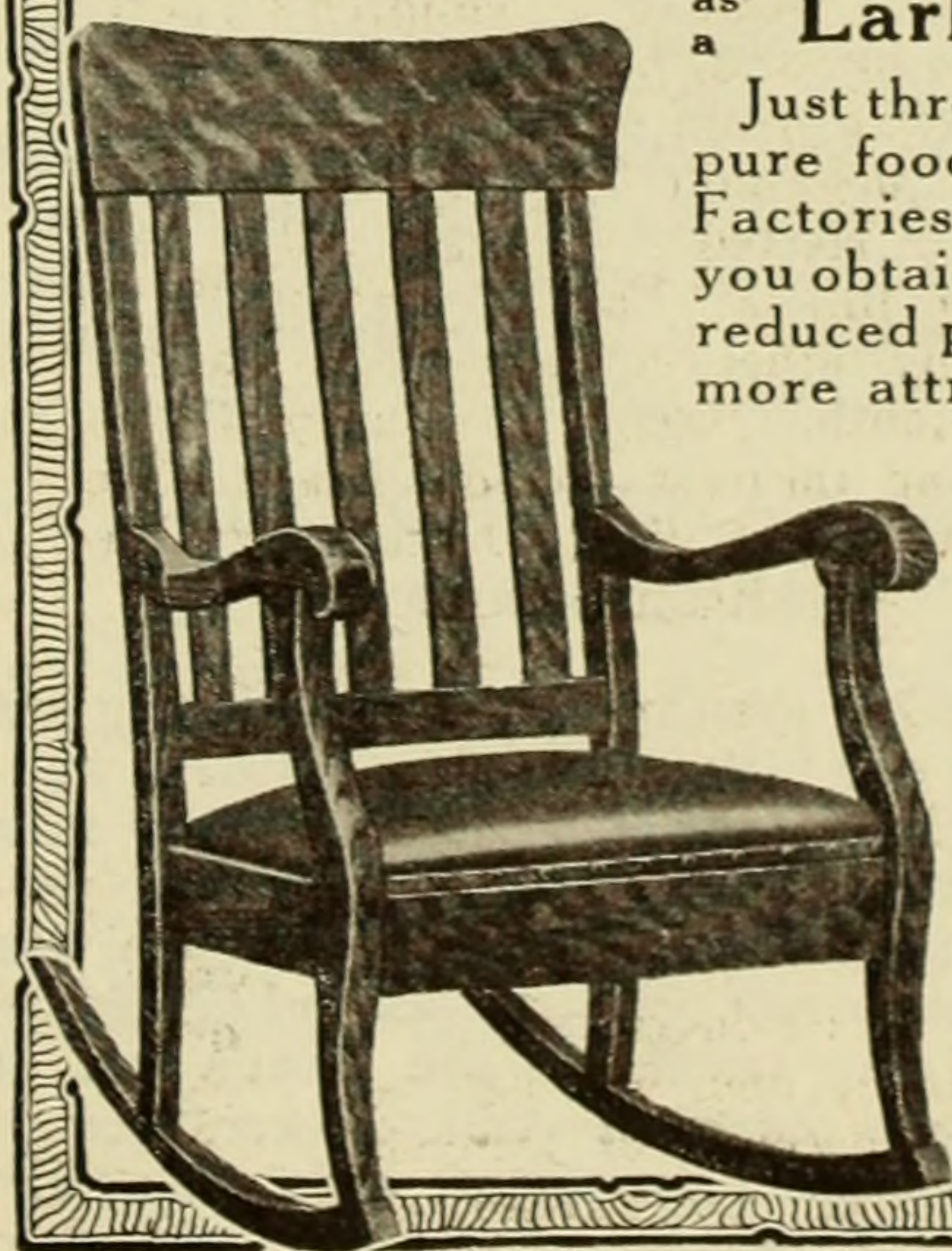
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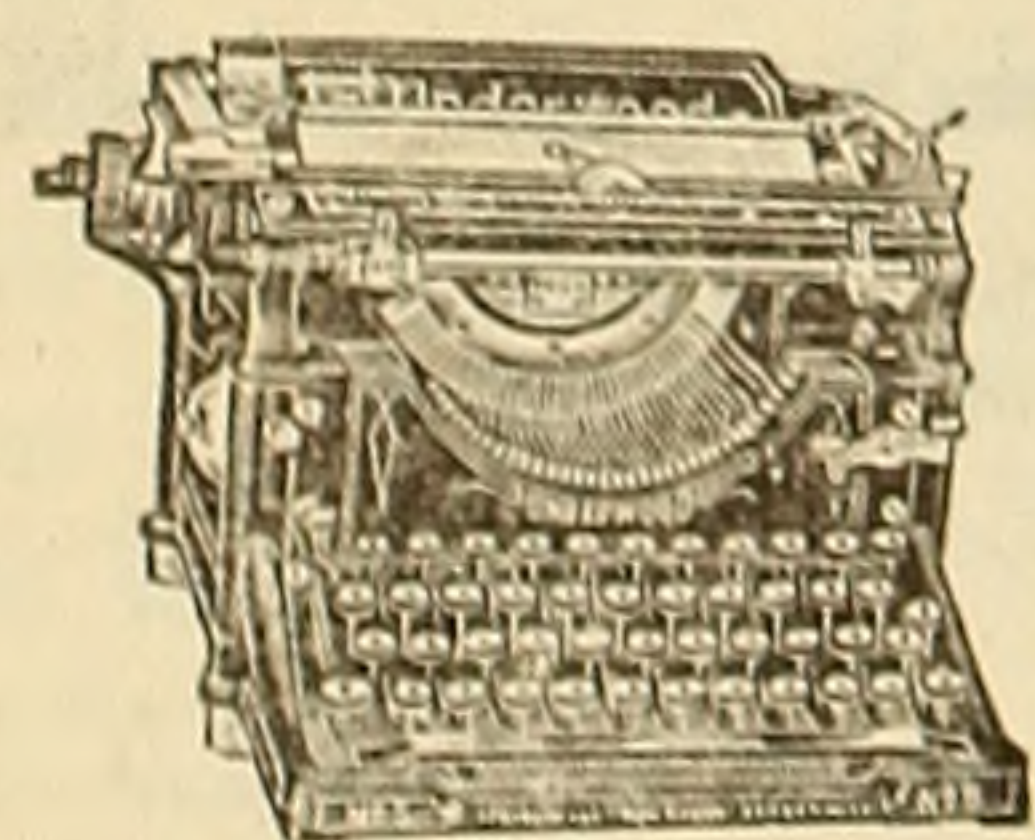
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

lins came from musical comedy to make this picture. Miss Collins made a slight mistake—that is all. Poor direction and photography haven't helped her any. Oh, well—

THE BRUTE MASTER— W. W. Hodkinson

HOW does a caveman behave when he has command of a ship and there is one woman on board? Let Hobart Bosworth show you. He aided Charmian London, widow of the late author, in directing this. Mrs. London has not told a particularly original story, but she affords the virile Mr. Bosworth plenty of opportunity for strenuous fisticuffs. Just how her caveman's better nature asserts itself is shown when the picture develops into one of those desert-island twosomes. What with natives snooping about there is plenty of atmosphere. And the blonde Anna Querentia Nilsson is the woman, so it's all quite all right.

IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU— S. E. Enterprises-Artclass

IT might, but in these days of prohibition the chances are all against it. Are you still seeing lions and monkeys? No. But *J. Worthington Butts*, the leading gentleman in this comedy, has imbibed too well and none too wisely, so that our old friend Felis Leo, King of the Forest, has no mean role, ably aided by an orchestra of monkeys and a set of stray dogs that look as if they came straight from vaudeville to act in this picture. It's one of those things in which the furniture, the scenery, the chandeliers, the lion and the populace get all mixed up. Now you know whether you like it or not.

A CITY SPARROW— Paramount-Artcraft

THE tale of a country girl who comes to the city and goes right. That is, goes on the stage, meets with an accident and goes right back to the country, and marries a gentleman farmer. There is an element of tragedy which enables Ethel Clayton to do some fine work, but outside of that it is meagre dramatic fare.

SEEDS OF VENGEANCE— R. Macauley-Select

"TAIN'T right fer a boy to grow up with murder in his heart," say the natives of the Cumberland mountains—but they say it too late. A d'ing father extracts a promise from his small son to avenge his death. Like Shylock, the youth will have revenge, and there you have the story. Of course he gets it—and also the girl. Nothing new, and very little of compelling interest. Bernard Durning—yes, Shirley Mason's husband—is the featured member of the cast.

SHE PLAYED AND PAID— Joan Film Company

MADE in France. Fannie Ward, long lost to our films, plays a wife with a wandering heart. It peregrinates to a man who has embezzled much money and proceeded to lose it on the races. Fannie tries to help him retrieve his losses and his honor, but it only results in the lover's use of the faithful gun-in-the-table-drawer. Strange as it may seem, the picture ends right there—it isn't a dream, or anything. Proving,

perhaps, that the Frenchmen have the courage of their dramatic convictions.

LIFE—William A. Brady Production

DON'T let the title frighten you. This is not life as it was lived in Paris before the war or any of that sort of thing. But it is life as it is in college, life as it is in the underworld, and life as it is in society, with a murder mystery thrown in for good measure. In fact, you get your money's worth. It made a hit when it ran in New York and it will probably make a hit with you. The cast is as long as the Situations-Wanted-Ads in the Sunday paper and includes Nita Naldi, who gives new aids to vamping Arline Pretty, and Rod laRoque.

AN OLD FASHIONED BOY—

Thomas H. Ince — Paramount-Artcraft

NO little boy or girl will need to be told who stars in this. Who other than Charles Ray? A favorite in-or-outdoor sport these days is blaming it on the landlord, and this picture proves conclusively that apartment houses are the route of all evil. Jerome Storm directed and Mr. Ray provides another one of his pleasant characterizations. A mild, but very human little picture, this one.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN—Pioneer

MANY hands may make light work, but Daniel Carson Goodman is ready to take all the responsibility for what he does. He is the author, director, and the producer of this new Alma Rubens vehicle. Simplicity seems to be Mr. Goodman's aim. He tells about a selfish mother and the unhappiness she causes to her long-suffering family in general and to her pretty daughter in particular. There is a good idea, crudely worked out. Alma Rubens is given her best chance in months as the heroine. She holds the center of this stage and suffers sympathetically throughout, despite the fact that if she had had a little more spirit all those sufferings could have been avoided.

SMILING ALL THE WAY—

D. N. Schwab Productions

POLLYANNA had nothing to do with this picture, although the title may lead you to think so. It is imbued with a far more material outlook, being the account of a chef who throws such a tasty flapjack up in the Maine woods that he wins the heart of a society maiden. It is true, then, that the way not only to a man's heart but a maid's is through the culinary department. Leatrice Joy as the heroine is synonymous with the latter part of her name, and David Butler is featured and has a right to be.

THE STAR ROVER—

Shurtleff-Metro

COURTENAY FOOTE, oh, so spiritual and oh, so put upon, has a terrible time of it. He is suspended in the air by a prison warden and then he gets talkative and tells everything that occurred in his varied existences. In each he is hounded. Whether he was choked to death as a hardy Norseman or hounded to death in ancient China, he was always being sacrificed for our inspection, and the process at times is thoroughly disturbing. Beautiful settings fill the eye when it is not already occupied with salty effusions from the well-known tear ducts. It is so easy to get fed up with this sort of thing, isn't it?

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

HONOR BOUND—Universal

IF it happens to be a cold bleak day when you read this, go right out and hunt the latest Frank Mayo picture. It is laid in the tropics and will undoubtedly warm you up. Not much story, it's true, but the action is stirring and the atmosphere convincing. Mayo is his usual husky self, while Dagmar Godowsky is extremely exotic as a southern siren. In fact, Dagmar could give hints in home-wrecking to many a little bara.

THE IRON RIDER—Fox

HORSEPLAY, gunplay, and brandishing of weapons. Bill Russell, playing a misunderstood hero. Viola Vale, playing a damsel in distress. Really very good for this sort of thing, with, if not a thrill a foot, at least three to a reel and no lagging in the action from start to finish. An "iron rider?" Sort of a solitary Ku Klux Klan, of course.

THE U. P. TRAIL— Ben Hampton-Hodkinson

FOR those who like their westerns straight, we recommend this good old melodrama with dancing girls and Indian massacres and strong romance, all provided by Zane Grey with the vigor characteristic of that author of "red-blooded" best sellers. One of these proprietresses of a dance-hall who turns out to be truly noble is a leading figure in the drama. Her name is Beauty Stanton. So you probably can guess the rest. You know that Roy Stewart, as the hero, couldn't possibly marry a girl whose reputation was not as pure as the driven snow. You know that's why Marguerite La Motte comes along for the final fadeout. But Kathlyn Williams as Beauty does prove that these western dance-hall girls aren't always as bad as they are cracked up to be.

THE PLUNGER—Fox

ADYED-in-the-wool villain, a murder mystery, and George Walsh. Now you know all about it. If you have never seen Wall Street, or even if you have, you will get some glimpses of life as it is lived near the curb, for our hero is one who has risen from office-boy to millionaire—and still keeps smiling. The ticker may have run smoothly for him, but not so his romance. Virginia Valli, with her quiet charm and decided good looks, provides very reasonable cause for George's heart trouble. And—well, you know George Walsh. He is at it again.

Worth While Popularity

IN Bologna, Italy, recently the dressing-rooms of a large cinema company were invaded by thieves. They robbed the leading woman of hundreds of dollars worth of costumes and finished up with authentic props borrowed from neighboring villas for an antique and curio shop scene. About \$5,000 worth of loot was carried off and every room ransacked but the comedian's. Here on the wall above the popular Leoni's mirror was written in pencil:

"We will not rob you of anything because we like you. You make us happy so we will not make you sad."

A grateful touch of Latin sentiment appreciated by the comedian, whose wardrobe was worth about \$1,000.



Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay."

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ing leisure hours into golden possibilities!

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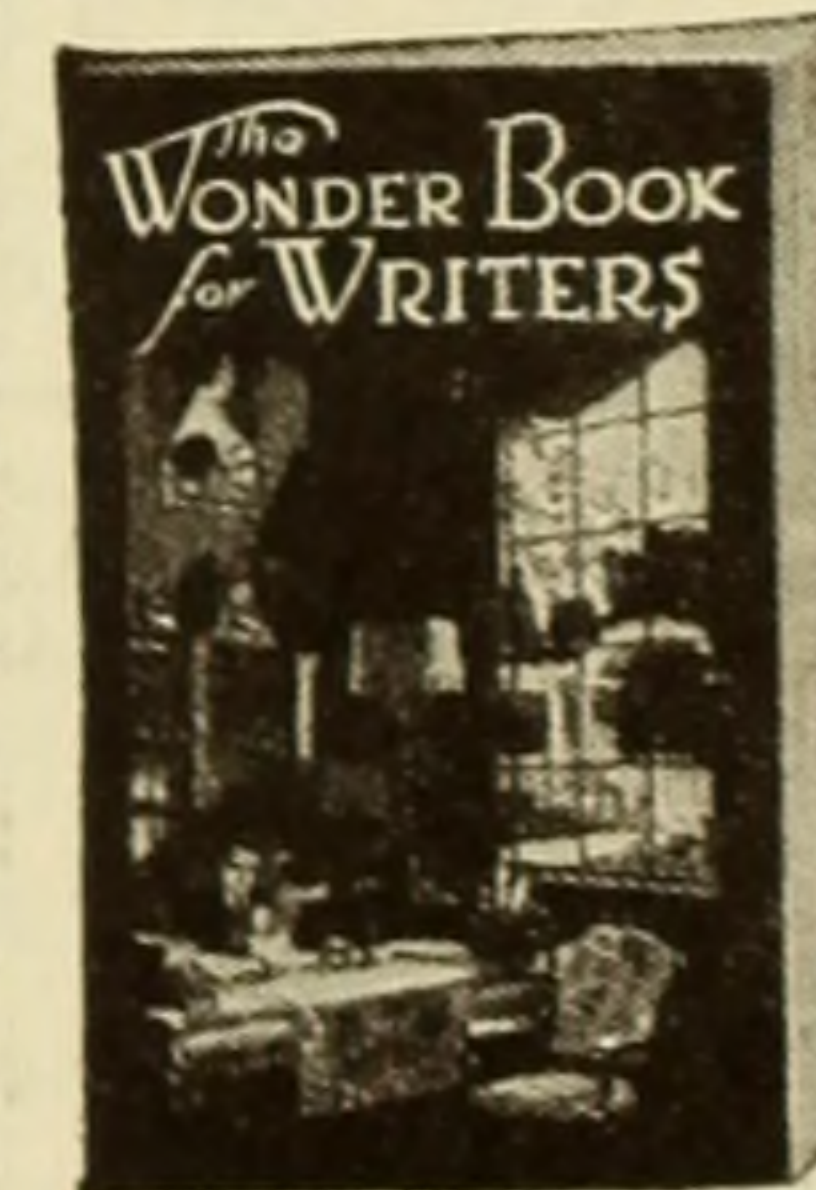
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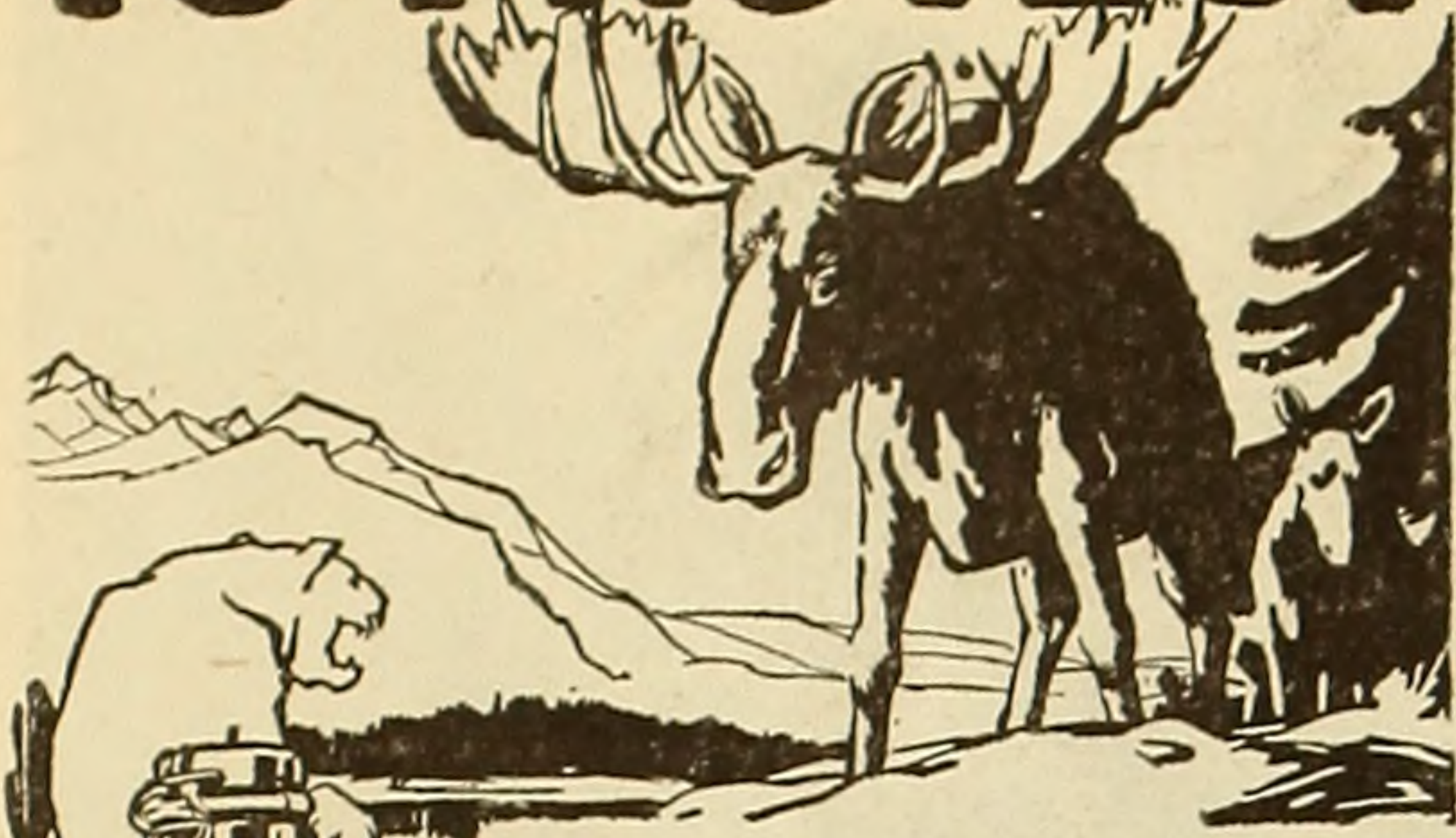
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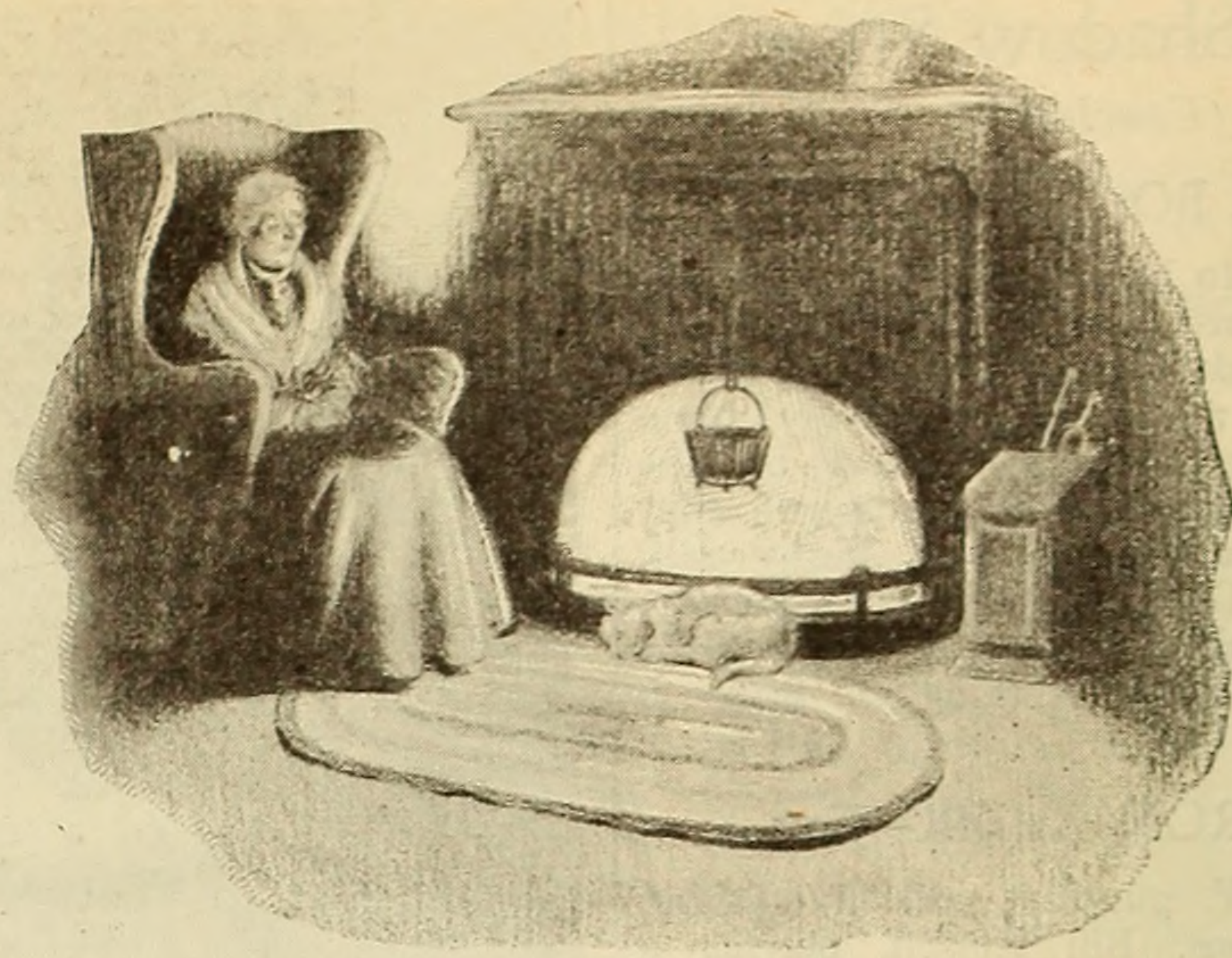
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Road-Building

A Fireside Talk on the Art of Making People Like You

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MANY writers have been honored, respected, and feted. Many writers have been paid exorbitant prices for their work, have been praised by royalty, have even been decorated—with the seal of a great nation—for some particularly brilliant bit of literature. Many writers have been raised to positions of great responsibility and trust and glory. But few writers have been loved as Robert Louis Stevenson was loved.

Few individuals, I think, have done more to make life cheery and beautiful than he. The books that he wrote and the songs that he made were filled with bravery and happiness. No one, reading them, would have guessed that his life was a long battle against pain—no one would have dreamed that, even as a little child, he had known intense suffering. The creed that he preached was the creed of fortitude; the melody that ran through his poetry was the rhythm of strength. No one, who knew his work, would have imagined that he was physically weak.

Because of his illness, Stevenson was forced to live—during the latter part of his life—in Samoa, one of the South Sea Islands. Because he was interested in the natives, because he loved them with a sincere and brotherly love, they were quick to return his affection. And because he gave to them of his failing strength in many ways, they banded together and built for him a road over which he might travel with comfort and ease.

Good roads were scarce, at that time, in Samoa. But the road that the natives built was a good road. "There shall be no jolting of his sick body—ever!" they said. And they promised that the road should be always kept in repair—as long as it should be needed. But they called it "The Road of the Loving Heart."

IT is not possible for many people to build actual roads of appreciation, and affectionate thoughtfulness. It is not possible—there are labor problems and traffic regulations, and city ordinances to be considered.

The average person who wishes to build a Road of a Loving Heart must build it—not of bricks and paving stones—but of kind deeds. He must build it, not by hard manual labor, but by a friendly word, and an outstretched hand, and a bit of help where it is most needed. He must build it carefully—as the Samoan natives built their road—but he can not build it in quite the same way.

When Robert Harron died, the motion picture world was filled with a deep and sincere sorrow. And the general public joined with the world of motion pictures in its grief. Robert Harron's name had stood for splendid art, for achievement, for conscientious work, and for clean living. No one ever heard a breath of scandal connected with him; no one ever heard a whisper of jealousy or belittlement behind his back. He was universally liked, universally admired. And he will be universally missed!

I talked, a few days ago, with a man who is intimately a part of the motion picture business. We were discussing the younger stars—their habits, their mannerisms, and their futures. And, quite as a matter of course, the conversation swung around to Robert Harron, who had been one of the most promising of this younger set.

"He was the one," I said, "that I had always felt I'd like really to know. He always seemed so sincere, so boyish, so appealing."

The man answered:

"The entire picture going public seemed to feel the way that you feel," he told me. "They seemed to appreciate his rare qualities just as you have appreciated them. If the kind words that they've said about him could be strung, like beads, upon a thread, they'd made a chain that would reach all the way from New York to San Francisco—and back again!"

Robert Harron, like Stevenson, had the ability to make people like him. He worked always to emphasize happiness, to show virtue triumphant over vice, to extol the gospel of bravery against all odds. And the people who have watched his work have made, for him, a Road of the Loving Heart—over which his memory may travel!

Road Building

(Concluded)

I am sure that Robert Harron appreciated the love of the public, even more than he appreciated his position at the top of the ladder, and the splendid salary that he earned. I am sure that Robert Louis Stevenson appreciated what his road stood for even more than he loved the comfort and the ease that it brought to his tired body. *People are like that!*



Margaret E. Sangster

I have known times when a pleasant letter from a pen-and-ink friend—someone absolutely unknown to me—has brightened my life tremendously, making my work better and more efficient at the same time. I heard an artist say once that a small but favorable newspaper criticism of one of his pictures saved him from complete discouragement and possible suicide. I know a popular novelist who counts a story a failure—despite a check running up into four figures—if her readers do not show her, in some way, that the story interested and thrilled them! I know actors and actresses who say that the appreciation of their audiences is the only thing that keeps them up to a worth while standard.

Never be afraid to show your approval of the thing that you like and enjoy! Never hold back from the small appreciative comment, the word of "thank-you," the friendly handclasp. Never think that the person you would like to honor is too busy to notice you—never think that he can be bored by too much appreciation.

Any person—and I say this without making one exception—is glad to know that people like him or his work. He's glad to have expressions of opinion, he's glad to know what folk think when they hear his name mentioned.

For he realizes that every word, every expression of opinion, and every letter addressed to him is part of a road that folk are building to make his life a pleasant place—a road that, like Robert Louis Stevenson's, may be called "The Road of the Loving Heart."



Your Beauty Ideals

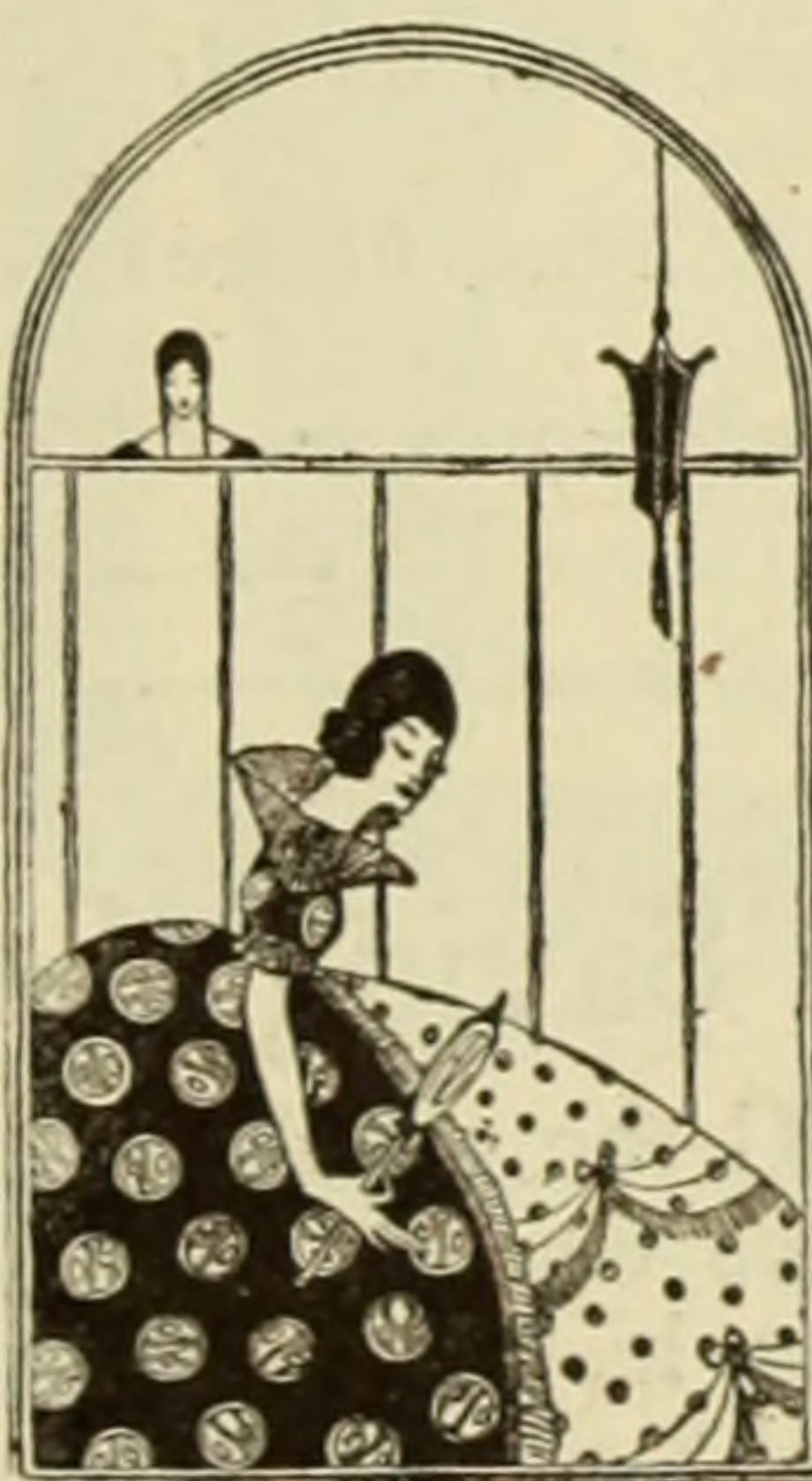
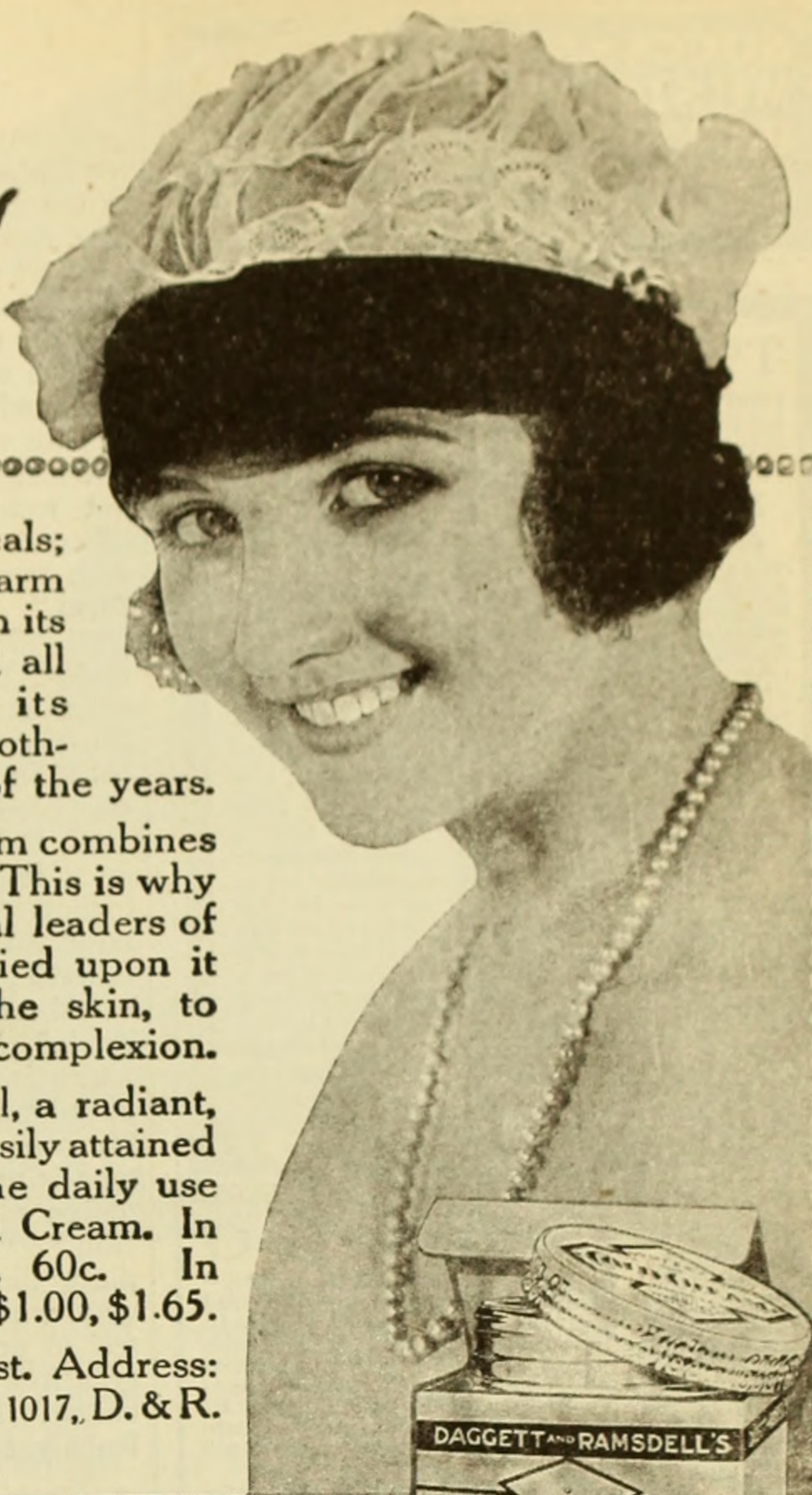
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The Allure of the East

(Concluded from page 18)

vaporous part of nature is represented by the Chinese as having female element largely in the ascendent. Earth is wholly feminine. The mountains, the fluid element, thunder, fire and wind are composed of both.

Confucius has been rightly called the Teacher of Ten Thousand Ages. When asked by one of his followers: "Is there any one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all of one's life?" he answered: "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." And the utterance "What I do not wish men to do to me I also will not do to them." It is the ancestor of the Golden Rule. Mencius, his apostle, said in the Analects: "To advance a man or to stop his advance is beyond the power of other men." What greater bugle call to self reliance, to belief in the powers of one's own soul, was ever blown?

Of Oriental origin was this: "To be a great lover is to be a great mystic. In the highest conception of mortal beauty of the mind and form there always lies the unattainable, the unpossessed, suggesting the world of beauty and finality beyond one's reach." What has Christian Science to teach which is not summed in this from the Bhagavad Gita, The Songs of the Master: "For him who is united when eating and moving, who is united when busy with work, who is united asleep and awake, union destroys all pain." "As a lamp standing in a windless place flickers not, is the seeker of union, who, with imagination controlled, joins himself in union with the soul." Epicures and sybarites loll with their copies of the Rubaiyat. Yet here are lines from a forgotten Rubaiyat written by a forgotten Chinese.

*The world is weary, hastening on its road;
Is it worth while to add its cares to thine?
Seek some grassy place to pour the wine,
And find an idle hour to sing an ode.*

*"You've two score, three score, years before you yet,
And at the end of them your day is done.
A thousand plans you have before you set;
Is it worth while to worry over one?"*

*"Now when the gods have made an idle day,
Take it and let the idle hours go by;
And when the gods three cups before you lay,
Lift them and drain them dry."*

It is the philosophy of the East that claims me. The beauty of its art is as nothing to that.

The poet, Cyril Scott, said with great truth: "Turn not thy face away from the inspired East. From thence has risen every type that held the mortal truth."

A wise man of the East asked: "Through what gates shall I lead my soul to greatness?"

My answer is "Through the gate of the East." That will not be the answer of all souls. I do not advise anyone to voluntarily cultivate a fad for things of the East. If the urge is within him or her it will make itself felt. It will be a command. There is in everyone that urge toward the life, the atmosphere, which is the complement of one's spirit.

I am impatient of the silly idea that one must turn to the East for relief from the carking cares of our Western life. Some souls are at home in the life of the West. Anywhere else they would suffer homesickness.

There is a foolish pose called the artistic temperament. If one is sane and thoughtful and balanced he will be sane and thoughtful and balanced anywhere, be it on the stage or in a kitchen or in a railroad president's office. If he be ill-balanced and tumultuous he will be ill-balanced and tumultuous in any environment. I have known a bank president who was as temperamental as any prima donnas I know. The soul that seeks its complement finds it not necessarily in the mysticism of the East but through an inward urge toward some objective state.

It may be found in Spanish laces and old Spanish romances. Archer Huntington, adopted son of Collis P. Huntington, seems to have found his in old Spain. Witness the Hispanic Museum and the library with its wealth of Spanish beauty. Or it may be found in preserving relics of the stage as did the late Evart Jansen Wendell. It happens that I recognize the missing fragment of myself in study of the oldest civilization of the world.

Saving the Traditions

AMONG the peculiar services rendered by the photoplay to this country may be listed not only a preservation of its history and traditions in visual form, but an actual saving of our ancient physical accomplishments.

A free-for-all rodeo was recently held in Arizona, in which the delicate arts of bull-dogging, bronching-busting, roping and tying were practised by numerous young enthusiasts and participated in by equally numerous and even more violently active young equines and young gentlemen cows.

The prima-donna of the day was a rangy lad whom nobody knew. In awarding the gold plate, or the moustache-cup, or whatever the capital prize may have been, the presentor said, with feeling: "I am proud to meet a son of the real old West—one who is from the plains and of the plains. May I ask what ranch you represent?"

To which the winner replied, with equal feeling but considerably more embarrassment: "Hell, I never lived on the plains, nor I don't come from no ranch. I'm from Mattoon, Illinois, and I had to learn this to hold my job ridin' with the picture outfits in Los Angeles!"

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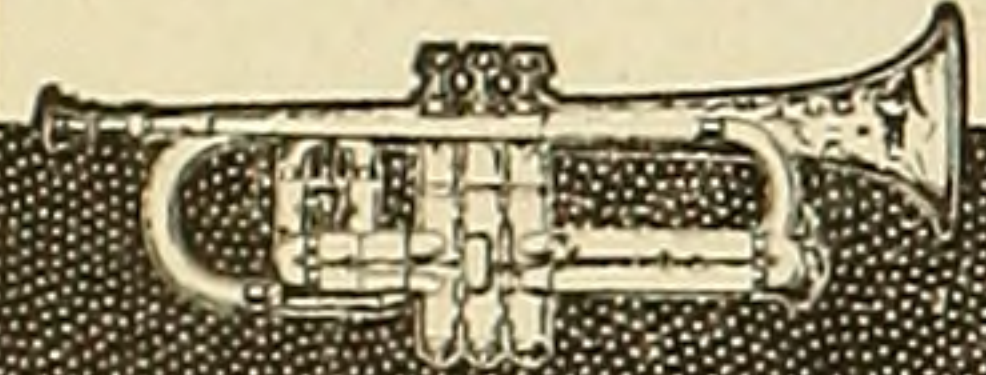


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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 87)

SUSAN DOLORES.—What is Herbert K. Somborn's business? Well, since you accuse me of being impolite I might as well tell you it's none of yours. But I won't. Mr. Somborn, who married our glorious Gloria Swanson, was formerly president of Equity Pictures; I don't know what his occupation is just at present. But doubtless he is still in the film business. Gloria's return to pictures will be staged under brilliant auspices: in plain language, she's coming back in Cecil deMille's production of "The Affairs of Anatole." Then she'll do "Everything for Sale," by Edward Knobloch, and then Elinor Glyn's story written especially for her, "A Sheltered Daughter." Don't blame me if these titles are changed.

K. A., TEXAS.—I tell you, dearie—there's just one thing that movie producers insist upon in the way of realism—and that is a real octopus whenever the scenario calls for one. They may use phoney period furniture and stuffed dogs and tame mice but—fake an octopus? Never! And in closing would say that you have a wonderful imagination, and far be it from me to spoil it for you. Come over again sometime.

ED. E., DAYTON, OHIO.—Lieutenant Locklear met his death in August, 1920. Write to the Fox Film Corporation for photographs of him.

VIVIENNE, B. C.—The most interesting thing I know about Mary Miles Minter is that she isn't an ingenue at all in real life, except as to looks and age. She has the most amazing fund of knowledge of books, of history, of human nature, that I have ever encountered in a girl still in her teens. She is much more attractive off the screen than on, for she has exquisite coloring and real golden hair. I have painted a paragon, perhaps—but she is no ordinary girl. I predict that she will soon grow up dramatically and surprise us all by her acting. Since you asked for personal things about her I have tried to accommodate you. She's about nineteen, her real name is Juliet Shelby, she isn't married or engaged, is now making a new picture called "The Little Clown," and lives in Hollywood, Cal. I ought to get the cast-iron inkwell for all this, Vivienne. I probably will.

MR. I. E. A., MANILA.—For information as to why Bill Hart so seldom wears a dress-suit, whether or not Miss Edith Roberts can rope a running bull, and who picks Frank Keenan's leading ladies, I should advise you to write to the stars themselves, at addresses given elsewhere in these columns.

A TRAINED NURSE, ALABAMA.—I am very, very sure I would not want to get well. You have a happy disposition and a homely, cheerful philosophy of life. I'll wager the twelve reels of "Way Down East" to Biograph's "New York Hat" that you can make good pies. Lois Wilson is indeed a delightful young person. She gets the dramatic chance she deserves in William deMille's "Midsummer Madness" and she takes full advantage of it. Write to her at the Lasky studios, Hollywood Cal. And come again.

GABRIELLA, OAKLAND.—So Bebe Daniels' aunt taught you at the Immaculate Conception School in San Francisco. Surely write to Bebe and tell her all about it and you'll probably not only receive Miss Daniel's photograph but a personal letter, too. Bebe isn't married but it isn't the fault of her hordes of humble swains. She is a Realart star and works in Hollywood.

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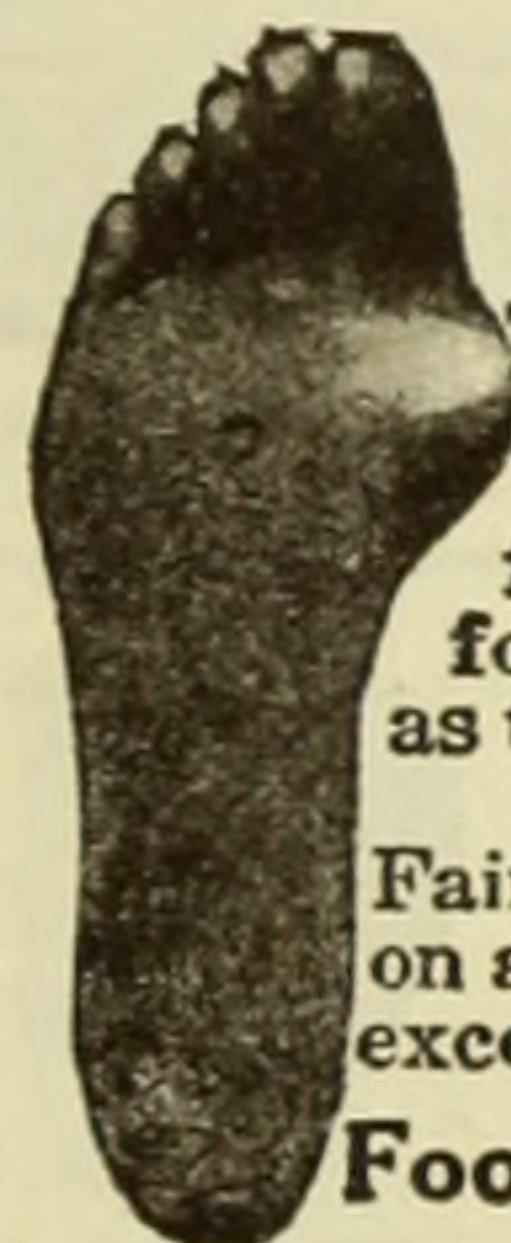
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

C. E. F., SOUTH HAVEN.—Irving Cummings,—Irving of the naturally wavy hair and the genial smile—played the hero in "The Whip." And Mr. Cummings is married and has a son with naturally wavy hair and a genial smile so perhaps you'd better keep your belated leapear ambitions to yourself. No trouble at all.

G. Y. H., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Curiosity, as you so sagely observe, killed a cat—but satisfaction brought it back. I hope it may ease your mind to know that Buck Jones is not married and that he was born in Vincennes, Indiana.

LOLA.—You got it just a bit twisted, that's all. It happens that Julian Eltinge is a man who impersonates women, not vice versa. And he is now making a film version of his stage hit, "The Fascinating Widow." I knew your name was Lola!

J. S., INDEPENDENCE.—There are many fans in your town. And most of them write to me. Mary Anderson de Navarro was one of our greatest legitimate actresses before she retired; she now lives in England. Mary Anderson of the films began her career with Vitagraph and made her latest appearance in "Bubbles," a feature, and in a Selig serial with Franklyn Farnum. Marguerite Clark is about thirty-three.

EDITH, CALIFORNIA.—Even if I had such a thing I should hesitate to send your friend an autographed portrait of William Duncan if you are sure she would go mad over it. Poor child! Tell her to write to William at the western Vitagraph studios. He is not married to Edith Johnson now, but it is said he soon will be. Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studio, New York City. Thanks for your kind wishes.

ELYATA, INDIANAPOLIS.—Admitting "Elyata" to be a handy name, as you so aptly put it, I still cannot fathom its meaning. Would you mind wiring me as soon as you find out yourself? Write to Juanita Hansen care Pathe, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. She is in a new serial now, "The Phantom Foe," with Warner Oland.

SUE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—I haven't any record of Clara LeMonde, whose real name is Clara Lemon. But that's one case on record where an actress is fully justified in changing her name.

V. C., CHICAGO.—The tallest actress in pictures? I should say Charlotte Greenwood and Jobyna Howland, except that both ladies make only occasional silversheet appearances. In fact, neither of them has done more than one picture, that I know about. Miss Howland is the wife of Arthur Stringer, the author, and is at present in the cast of "The Gold Diggers," in the Belasco Theater in N. Y. I can't possibly go about measuring screen stars, you know, so you'll have to rest content in the knowledge that not one of our celebrated artists is much more than average height.

A. K. H., VANCOUVER, B. C.—If you refer to our Studio Directory you will understand what I mean by "western" studios and "eastern" studios. I mean, as usual, just what I say. Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack," a Pathe serial. Dempsey is now making another one. Mae Murray, Paramount eastern. Conway Tearle, Selznick. Wanda Hawley, Realart studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 112)



Gloria Swanson
Star in Paramount Pictures
—one of the beautiful screen favorites who uses and recommends Maybell Beauty Aids.

Other Maybell Beauty Aids
Face Powder \$1.
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Vanity Rouge 5¢
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Eye-lash and Eye-brow Stimulator 5¢

At Your Dealers or Direct from Us

Maybelline
Instantly Darkens and Beautifies Eyebrows and Eyelashes

Apply just a wee touch of this delightful and absolutely greaseless toilet necessity to the eyebrows and lashes. It will darken them instantly and reveal the hidden beauty of your eyes. The darker color will accentuate the brilliancy of your eyes, the graceful lines of your eyebrows and the silky fringe of your lashes.

"MAYBELLINE" immediately improves the appearance of scrawny eyebrows and lashes, making them appear naturally long and luxuriant. Famous actresses of the stage and screen, beautiful women everywhere use and recommend "MAYBELLINE." Use it once and you will never be without it again.

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Avoid disappointment with imitations by accepting only genuine "MAYBELLINE" in the dainty purple and gold box bearing picture of "The Maybell Girl."

75 cents at your dealer's or direct from us postpaid, under plain cover. Satisfaction assured or money refunded.

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SAVE YOUR BODY
Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
"I Would Not Part With It for \$10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit
Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 330 Rash Bldg., SALINA, KANSAS

For Boys and Girls Also



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.



It's Done Every Day

THE hero of "The Law of the Yukon" must certainly have been one of those big-hearted, big-muscled men of the great Northwest you read about. With the heroine, he is taken to the deserted cabin, supposedly unconscious. In fact, he is unconscious from evening until dawn the next day. Then tell me, how is it he has the strength to jump up and break down a door with a padlock on it?

ALICE KIMBALL, Colledgeville, Cal.

Why, Margarita!

IN "The Gamesters" Margarita Fischer has fallen in love with a certain Mr. Andrews who has spoken to her only once. Miss Fischer is shown seated at her dressing-table with Mr. Andrews' photograph staring at her. To fall in love with a man you scarcely know is rather uncommon, let alone having his photograph. She must have had a pull with his photographer.

GEORGE McCLAREY, New York.

The Jools Again

DOROTHY DALTON, in "Half an Hour," is supposed to marry for money. Her jewels are given her by her husband after

their marriage. Yet before she is married, she wears a necklace and two bracelets. Later they play an important part in the story: when she leaves her husband she also leaves the jewels he tried to buy her with. A mere detail, but I heard several people remark about it.

MARIE WEST, Seattle, Wash.

Cruelty to Canaries

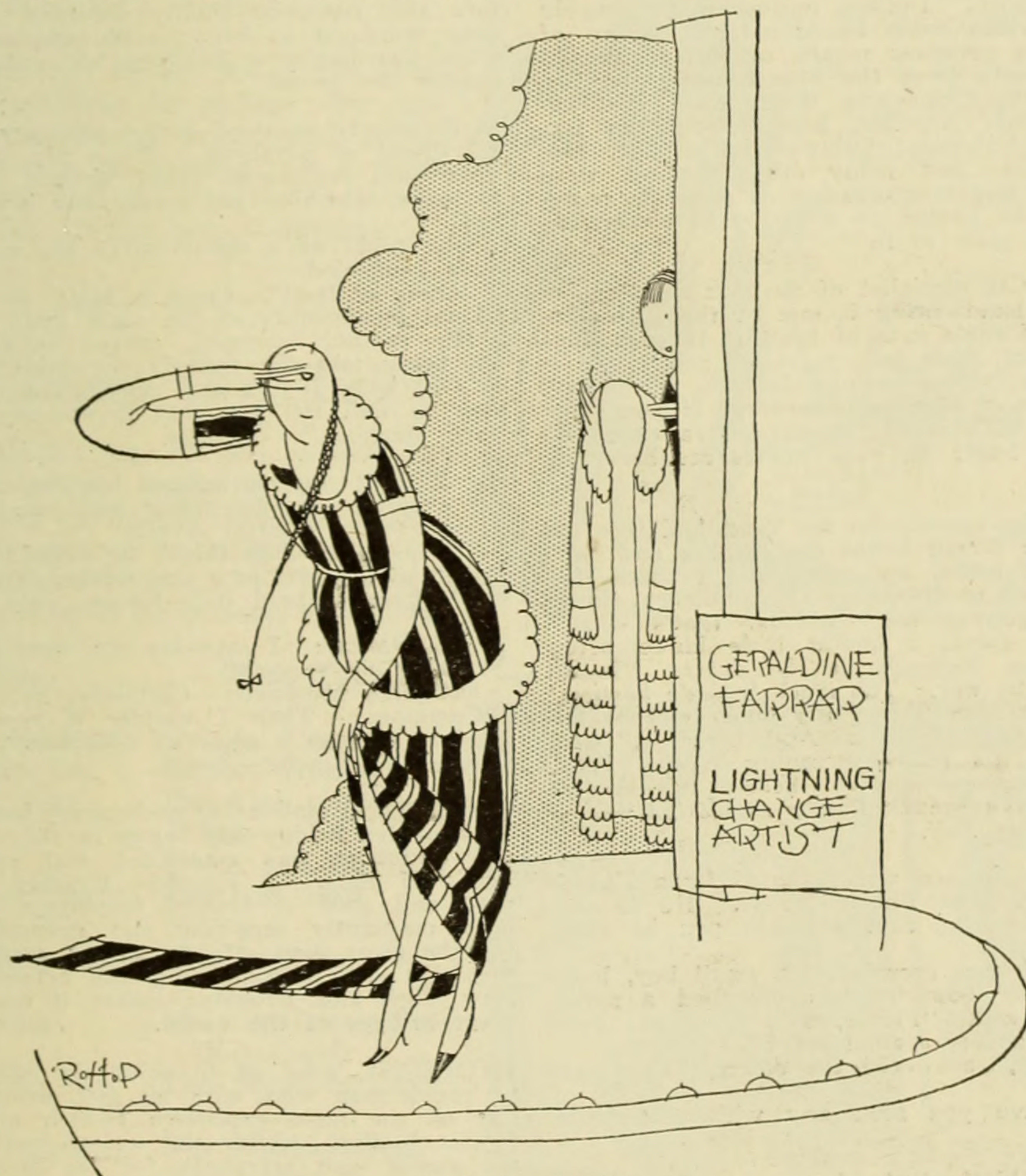
IT is not human, it seems to me, to set a helpless canary free at any time, in a city—but to turn the poor thing loose at night! That's exactly what Eugene O'Brien did in "The Wonderful Chance."

R. G. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Our Old Friend, The Papers

THEY got away with a flock of faults in "Girl of the Sea." In court, the girl proves her innocence by producing "the papers" from an old money belt. Going back a reel or two, we see the mother and daughter swimming after the shipwreck and as they reach shallow water the mother is caught and carried away by an octopus and never seen again. And she had the money belt strapped around her waist at the time.

BYRON C. DUDLEY, Chicago, Ill.



Improving Anatole France.

GERALDINE FARRAR, as the opera singer in "The World and Its Woman," is giving "Thais" on this stage. She is wearing a jeweled gown. A title says, "At the end of an ever memorable performance," with a scene showing Farrar in her dressing-room still wearing the jeweled gown. If I remember correctly, the story as conceived by M. France and set to music by M. Massenet, ends with Thais as a nun.

Francis Duenas, Jr. San Francisco, Cal.

GIRLS! GIRLS! Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair WITH CUTICURA



Make these fragrant super-creamy emollients your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear sweet healthy skin and complexion, good hair and soft white hands, with little trouble and trifling expense. Absolutely nothing better, purer, sweeter at any price.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Malden, Mass.**
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.
Any Instrument Write naming course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ—and we will send FREE CATALOG. **SEND FOR IT NOW!**
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quickly and safely, without drugs or
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DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street
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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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If you are a good dancer write for information about membership in the National Institute of Social Dancing in your leisure time you can learn how to go into business for yourself as an expert dancing instructor. Every detail by mail You can earn

\$10,000 A Year In Spare Time

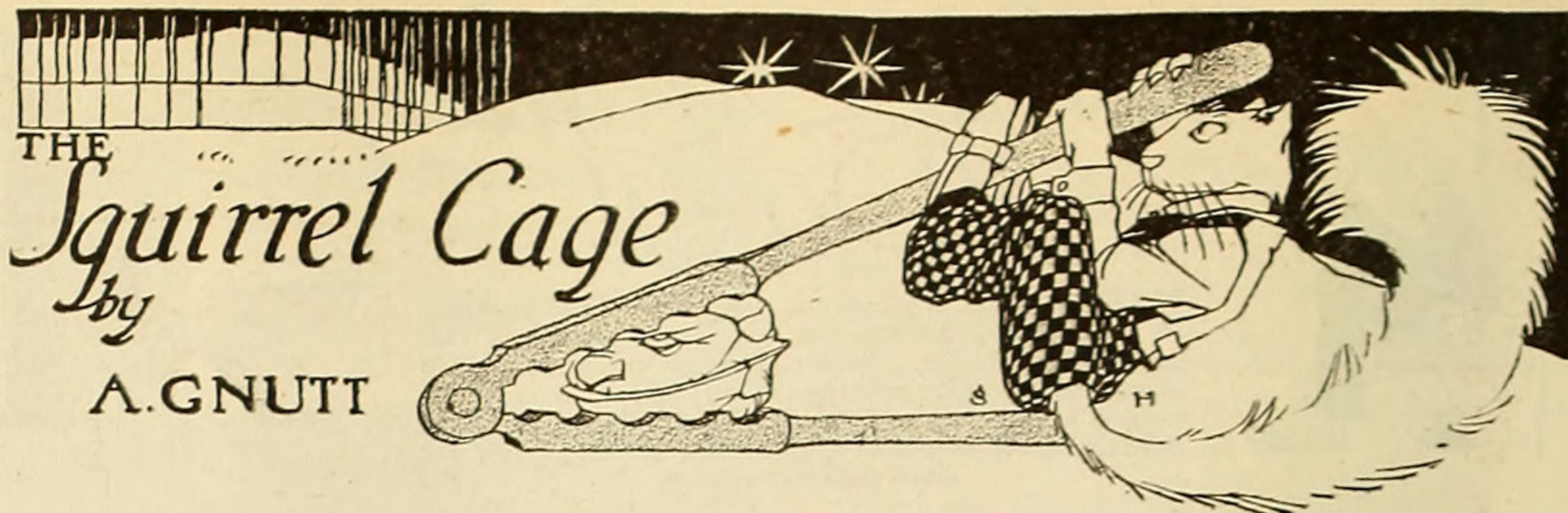
A faculty of America's greatest dancing teachers tell you just how to become the best known and most highly paid teacher in your locality Write for facts today. Address

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Old established school of national reputation offers for sale its course in photoplay writing. This is a real chance for scenario editors and others familiar with the photoplay field. Time payments can be arranged. Write Dept. R-1, care of this magazine.



THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

OWING to the paper shortage in the 15th century (we might almost call it the immortal paper shortage) it was the habit to scratch inscriptions off the parchment and use it again. Consequently many precious records were lost to the world of science. But now, thanks to the camera (which seems to be playing a leading role in all great cultural developments nowadays), a Prof. Perugi of Italy announces a photographic treatment whereby the original inscriptions return distinctive of the superimposed record.

RECTOR: Where are all the choir boys this morning?

Choirmaster: Out on the golf course, caddying for your congregation.—*Life*.

MR. MEERE: "You'll have to be more careful, dear, how you speak to the cook or she'll be leaving us."

Mrs. Meere: "Perhaps I was rather severe."

Mr. Meere: "Severe! Why anyone would have thought you were talking to me."—*Punch*.

REX INGRAM, the director, declares that he had difficulty finding fifty couples who could dance the tango for scenes in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

THE first annual celebration of American Indian day, held under the auspices of the Indian Fellowship League, took the form of a three days' Indian Encampment in Deer Grove Forest Preserve, a few miles out of Chicago, at one time an ancient hunting ground and council meeting place of the tribes who lived in this locality. Indians representing thirty-six different tribes were in attendance, many of them in the gorgeous regalia of full ceremonial dress. Chiefs from the Menominees, the Sac and Fox, the Chippewas, Winnebagos, Pottawatomies, Sioux, Apaches, braves from the Iroquois, the Colorado, Delaware, Cherokee, Mohawk, Kansas and many other nations, were present on this first occasion of a public recognition of the Indian as a factor in civilization and of his gifts to it.

A FRENCH specialist of nervous diseases declares handwriting is one of the surest indications of one's state of health. If your lines slant upward from left to right, your liver is misbehaving. If your lines slant the other way, it is a sign of stomach disorder. If you show a tendency to write big capital letters, especially the capital letter M, your nerves are becoming frayed.

WHEN the guest from the West had reported all the recent births and deaths and marriages back home, and they had reached desert, they fell to discussing these immoral times.

"We're getting too Frenchy, that's what," sniffed the guest, a quaint little kindergarten teacher from Nebraska, to be exact. "It all came with the war. Too much 'grande passion,' as they say over there, too much eternal triangle, too many affinities. And, my dear," with a gesture, "it's really spreading West. Why, even in Omaha—would you believe it?—they've begun to serve French Pastry regularly!"—*New York Evening Sun*.

THE fountain pen was invented by a French engineer, Jean Benoit Mallat. He is said to have made the first fountain pen in 1864.

THE beach was crowded. A small boy, looking rather bewildered, approached a police officer and said, "Please, sir, have you seen anything of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the little chap as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady?"—*Boston Transcript*.

EMPLOYER: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention, didn't you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."—*Tit Bits*.

DINER: "Waiter, there's a fly in the butter."
Waiter: "That isn't a fly, it's a moth; that isn't butter, it's margarine; otherwise your statement is correct."—*Tit Bits*.

THE beautiful wire-haired powder puff is awarded to the press agent, who conceived this month's best publicity story:

"Married men whose pocketbooks still are raw and bleeding from the milliners' bills for fall hats might take heart at the information that Alice Terry, enacting the leading feminine role in Vicente Blasco Ibañez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," could, beginning January first, wear a different hat daily until October seventeenth, without repeating.

"Miss Terry, as any moderately apt mental mathematician already must have figured, has exactly two hundred and ninety hats. Four of these carry \$25,000 insurance because of costly bird of paradise, aigrette and other rare plumage. Income tax officials are in doubt whether to classify Miss Terry as a motion picture actress or a wholesale millinery consumer."

ON the lonely South Sea island of Rapa there are 150 women and only 20 men. The courting is done by the young woman who brings the gentleman fruit and all the delicacies she can think of.

"MR. FLIVVER, I'm Tony, your old bar-keeper. I'm out of a job, and—"

"I don't want to hear your troubles."

"There's gratitude for you. I've listened to yours for hours at a time."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A GROUP of 59 convicts at the Maryland penitentiary engineered a most spectacular riot recently as an expression against bean soup. The guards and policemen fought for hours before the riot was finally subsided and bean soup remained in honor. We can see a time when boardinghouse habits are going to rise against the prune.

AN elderly man of gouty tendency lived in dread of paralysis. When the fear came upon him he would pinch himself frantically to make sure that his enemy had not attacked him.

One night at a dinner-party his worst fears were confirmed.

"Come at last!" Come at last!" he groaned. "Total insensibility of the right limb."

His partner, alarmed, craved enlightenment. On being told the tragedy she said:

"Oh, well, if it's any consolation to you, I may as well tell you that it was my leg you were pinching."—*Tit Bits*.

A YOUNG matron amazed her husband a few evenings ago by giving him one of Señor Blasco Ibañez's latest novels.

"Why do we buy this?" he asked. "It will be out as a movie in a few weeks, and then we won't have to read it."—*Kansas City Star*.

CUSTOMER: I say—Do you ever play anything by request?

Delighted Musician: Certainly, sir.

Customer: Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch?—*Punch*.

FEW people realize that preliminary work on the Brooklyn bridge was begun in 1867 and that the structure was completed and ready for traffic in 1884. A complete foundry, machine shop and staff of trained employees are kept busy constantly repairing and generally keeping the great span safe for human traffic. The fact that it is a connecting link between lower New York and Brooklyn makes it one of the great bridges of the world.

SOMEONE asks us to print the story of a young man who, with his girl, dropped into one of the most expensive (which one isn't) hotels to dine. After the waiter had brought the young man his check for the dinner, and while he was giving the hard luck sheet a close run over, the girl asked: "Well, where can we spend the rest of the evening?" And the young man quickly replied, "Over the Hill to the Poor House."

ALTHOUGH widows of British soldiers, killed in the great war lose their pensions when they re-marry, they are actually re-marrying at the rate of 2,000 a month. It is said that if this rate continues, they will all be re-married by the end of 1927. Pensions have been granted to 224,700 widows, and of these only 140,000 are still receiving pension.

Stage or Screen Marriages

(Concluded from page 33)

this and let the greater talent govern they will get on together. In our case there cannot be the slightest question. You are the one of big talent. I shall devote my life to you. We will do whatever is best for your talent. I shall think of but one career. That is yours."

Such words as these from a clever and ambitious young actor, it is not given us to hear more than once in a lifetime. They touched me deeply. Their unusualness and sincerity deeply moved me. I knew that love prompted them, I realized that I possessed what every woman wants, a deep, lasting, selfless love.

My husband has proved again and again that he meant what he said, that he spoke the truth. When I had finished with the play, "The Unknown Woman," and was transferred to "The Sign on the Door" the manager offered to make Mr. Dillman, who had been the juvenile, the leading man in "The Unknown Woman" on tour. I heard my husband answer, "I know that you mean this kindly and that it is intended as a promotion, but I want to go with my wife in the new play. I would rather be a utility man in her company than a star in any other."

He made the sacrifice with a smile. He denied that it was such. He said that nothing he could do to be with me would ever be a sacrifice.

This rare spirit in a husband is a jewel beyond price. Of course I am supremely happy. Of course with the passing of every day I love him the more.

He believes that he has found the secret of success in marriage for players. He says: "Recognize the greater talent and govern your lives by that recognition." It is worth trying. In our case the trial has been more than successful. It has been triumphant.

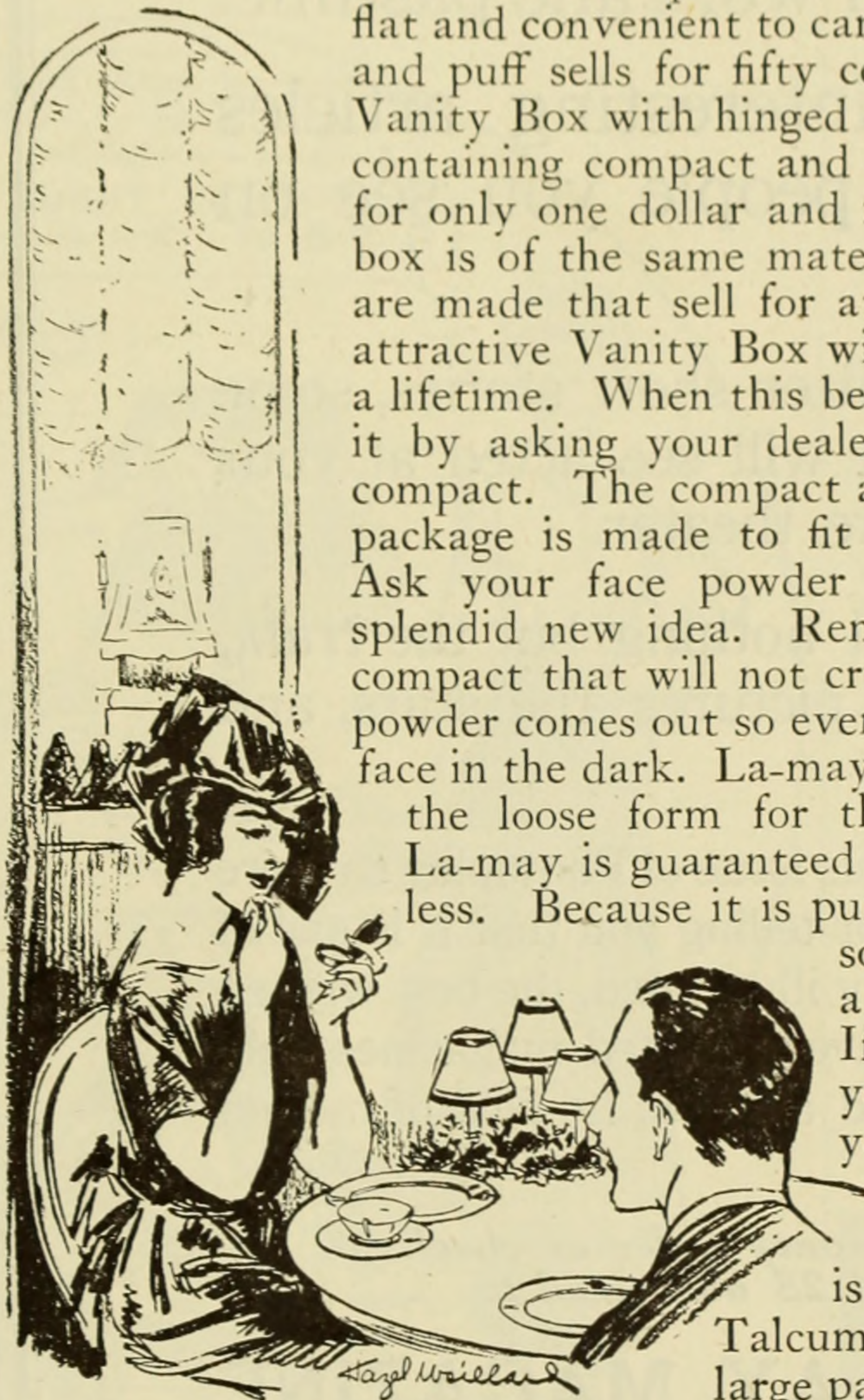
Why Change Your Title?

ALLEGING that his old pictures had been retitled with the view of deceiving the public, William S. Hart lately secured an injunction against the Peerless Film Service whom he charged with altering titles of his pictures as follows:

Old Titles	New Titles
Tools of Providence	Dakota Dan
Cash Parrish's Pal	Double Crossed
Keno Bates, Liar	The Last Card
The Ruse	A Square Deal
Pinto Ben	Horns and Hoofs
Bad Buck of Santa Ynez	The Bad Man
Taking of Luke McVane	The Fugitive
The Roughneck	The Gentleman from Blue Gulch
The Man from Nowhere	The Silent Stranger
Mr. Silent Haskins	The Marked Deck
The Grudge	The Haters
The Passing of Two-Gun Hicks	Taming the Four-flusher
In the Sage Brush Country	Mr. Nobody
Conversion of Frosty Blake	The Convert
Grit	Over the Great Divide
The Scourge of the Desert	A Reformed Outlaw

The New Way to Use Face Powder.

NOW you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. The package contains enough pure La-may Powder to last you for generous use for about two months.



There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a dainty Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful box is of the same material of which vanity boxes are made that sell for at least three dollars. This attractive Vanity Box will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. When this better box is empty you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is a compact that will not crumble and spill. And, the powder comes out so evenly, you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. Because it is pure, and because it stays on so well, it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th St., New York. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.

SMITH BROTHERS'

S. B.

COUGH DROPS.

TRADE MARK

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., U.S.A.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MARR

Put one in your mouth at bed-time

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.

What \$1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

*Send a money order or check
for \$1.25 addressed to*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 7-B, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago

*and receive the March, 1921, issue
and five issues thereafter.*

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the March, 1921, issue.

Send to

Street Address

City

State

"Let's Give a Party"

Here's a suggestion for some winter fun at home.

"GOODNESS, Nell, it's our time to entertain the club next week. We'll have to plan some kind of a party."

"Well," suggested her chum, "let's put some 'pep' in it. The refreshments were about the only thing that saved the men from skidding and leaving us to our fate at the last meeting."

"I have it!" cried Ruth. "We'll give a Movie Party. Everybody's interested in motion pictures."

That evening Ruth wrote the invitations:

You are cordially invited to Movie-land, September the Twenty-first, at eight o'clock. Please come costumed as

In the dotted line, she wrote some well-known Star's name. They giggled as they sent Mary Pickford's name to the old maid of the crowd; Theda Bara's to the jolliest girl; Charlie Chaplin's to a serious young lawyer; Fatty Arbuckle's to the thinnest man and Marguerite Clark's to the tallest girl.

The two hostesses, dressed in high necked, plain, black gowns with a yellow tripod painted on the front, square, black hats cut out of pasteboard and made to resemble cameras, met the guests at the door and gave each man a card with the name of an actress some girl present represented. The attempt to guess their partners by the way they were dressed led to funny combinations.

The couples were then given numbered tally-cards and ushered into the library designated by a large sign over the door—"Movieland Museum."

Here a row of pictures of well-known stars were to be named. Then a table with—1. A pistol. 2. A large, old, turned up at the toe shoe. 3. A marriage license. 4. A pair of rimmed spectacles, without glasses. 5. Pair of overalls. 6. Pair of chop sticks.

ANSWERS

1. William S. Hart. 2. Charlie Chaplin. 3. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. 4. Harold Lloyd. 5. Charles Ray. 6. Sessue Hayakawa.

A question printed on a large piece of cardboard asked what actor was married to—

1. Geraldine Farrar. 2. Alice Brady. 3. Mary Pickford. 4. Marie Doro. 5. Nazimova.

ANSWERS

1. Lou Tellegen. 2. James Crane. 3. Douglas Fairbanks. 4. Elliot Dexter. 5. Charles Bryant.

A sign on another table asked what well-known photoplays were represented by the following pictures—

1. A sprig of blossoms, with Chinese writing? 1. A crutch? 3. A soldier in a rain coat? 4. A Confederate flag? 5. A butler?

ANSWERS

1. "Broken Blossoms." 2. "The Miracle Man." 3. "Twenty-Three Hours and a Half Leave." 4. "The Birth of a Nation." 5. "Male and Female."

The couples were then sent into the living room, rechristened by a large sign over

“Let’s Give a Party”

(Concluded)

the door, “Movieland Studio.” The guests were then divided into groups of four and each group given ten minutes to prepare a scene which was then acted in pantomime. After they had finished a vote was taken and the group that had presented the best scene—one from “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” was given the prize.

In the “Movieland Lunch Room” every-

one helped themselves as they filed past.

The girl who had come as Irene Castle, won the first prize; the man, who had cleverly copied Eugene O’Brien, side smile and all (borrowing his sister’s curling irons to put in the O’Brien wave) won the second prize. To the funniest dressed man, the scatter-brain of the crowd, they gave the third prize. He was supposed to represent the Answer Man.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



—From the Chicago Tribune

A Mob of Bathing Girls, Perhaps

(From the Los Angeles Times)

SOME 200 dangers are being used in the latest feature film of the Mack Sennett studio.

No Trouble at All to Remove Hair with El-Rado

A thorough trial of El-Rado by women accustomed to the highest grade of toilet preparations—actresses and women of social activities—has earned its recommendation as the most effective and simplest way to remove hair.

El-Rado is particularly desirable for the under-arms, where mussy methods are inconvenient and the use of blades risky.

El-Rado is a sanitary, colorless liquid, easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few minutes the hair is seen to become lifeless, then it is removed. After shaking on a little talcum, the result is surprising—clear, smooth skin, ever so cleanly in “feel” and dainty in appearance.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and \$1.00 sizes, with a money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you.

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El-Rado for the “Womanly” way to remove hair

Could You Use More Money

WOULD you like to add from \$10 to \$25 to your income, every week, just by making use of your spare time?

Be financially independent, add to your income. Thousands of women are making money every week as special representatives for

World’s Star Hosiery and Kleen-Knit Underwear

Previous experience is not necessary. We teach you how to make your first sales. World’s Star Quality insures repeat business for you.

More than 24,000 Women Have Made Money as Our Representatives

Many of our representatives make from \$25 to \$50 a week. They enjoy the work, the bigger income.

Write Us Today

WORLD’S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 430 BAY CITY, MICH.

Outside the Law

(Concluded from page 42)



NARRATED, by permission, from the Universal-Jewel photoplay by Tod Browning. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Tod Browning with the following cast:
Mary Madden (Silky Moll)...
Priscilla Dean

Silent Madden.....Ralph Lewis
Black Mike Silva.....Lon Chaney
Dapper Bill Ballard.....
Wheeler Oakman
Little Billy.....Stanley Goethals
Chang Lo.....E. A. Warren

jewels were somewhere in the Madden home, and he knew his time had come—he must leave the city—and he must get this haul or die in the effort.

There were days when Madden had had a gang, greater and more dependable than Silva's. When he learned that Silva was closing in he realized that his situation was desperate, and Mary volunteered to slip out of a secret door and send out the call for the Madden gang. They might not come, but they might. It was worth attempting, and it was their only hope, for without help they could not hope to turn back Silva's superior numbers.

Then hell broke loose in Chinatown, and the night sprouted death. It was over before the riot call could reach police headquarters, and Silva had lost. His men, expecting no resistance, were paralyzed with fear when lead poured upon them in their hiding places, and they fled for their lives.

Silva himself, now hoping only to get away alive, was scurrying through an alley, when he saw approaching the tall figure of

Chang Lo, and paused long enough in his flight to seek revenge, for it was Chang Lo, he knew, who had betrayed his frame-up of Madden to the police. He took careful aim and fired, but his superstitious belief that Chang Lo could not be killed by any living man, disturbed his aim. The next minute the Chinaman was upon him, and with strength that was amazing in his aged arms, closed a grip upon the throat of Black Mike that did not relax until the gang leader was lifeless and inert.

"The gods permit the slaying of vermin," he observed, philosophically, and passed on.

In the Madden home there were wounds to be bound up, and friends to be rewarded, but there was happiness and relief, for the news soon came that the body of their arch enemy had been discovered in an alley.

"We will go straight, won't we, Bill?" the girl asked the man, when they had a moment together alone; and the man said yes.

And in the back room of his bazaar Chang Lo resumed his interrupted reading of the analects of Confucius.

Good and Bad Taste in Clothes

(Concluded from page 48)

measurements published, and from these you may readily learn if you are too short-waisted or too long-waisted, too broad for your height, or too slender for your height. With a knowledge of what your correct measurements should be, it is up to you to practice such exercises as will remedy any drawbacks in your form.

You may think I'm dwelling too much on this question of attaining and keeping a good figure, but let me tell you that there aren't any questions that are more important to women—whether we are stars of the stage or stars of some one's home. Every woman's a prima donna. Your audiences may include thousands, or they may be limited to "him," but if you don't succeed in maintaining your position as "his" leading lady you're a failure.

If you are a home girl I hope you have

realized the value of early morning impression. No, I don't mean that you should make an elaborate toilette while the bacon burns and the oatmeal sticks to the kettle. But you can have a pretty pink or blue wash dress, something that's easy to get into and pretty to look at. If your hair is the sort that requires time to make it attractive you should have some saucy little caps to match your frock. Then a dab of powder on your nose will complete a get-up that will be as pretty and fresh as the morning sunlight itself. His morning impression of you is the one that he's going to carry through the day. This has been said a great many times before. I hope it will be said a great many more times, for the woman who isn't attractive in the morning is losing one of the biggest opportunities of her life; she isn't making good on the job.

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For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
No Deposit—No Expense

Just write, saying that you are hard of hearing and will try the "Acousticon." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

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 Send Money Order for \$1.50. Sent Post Prepaid.

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Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin by a new treatment called CLEAR-TONE (use it like toilet water.) Send name today for my FREE Booklet "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

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SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS

PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 54 Chicago, Ill.

Other People's Dollars

(Continued from page 57)

the shameful interest first, and is lucky if it gets \$50 in cash into the treasury for every share of stock of \$100 face value.

No matter how charitable we want to be, the fact is that both Bill Jones and the Wild Tom are financially irresponsible. That is the reason they have to pay such ungodly prices for the money they need. Neither of them could borrow any money from any bank.

If you think I am exaggerating consider the story of the Fidelity Picture Plays Syndicate of Cleveland, Ohio.

The outfit was incorporated for \$500,000, and proposed to film a stupendous drama exposing the iniquities of Mormonism. The scenario, said to have been written by a Chicago journalist, was based on a book written by a prominent citizen of Utah. The officers of the company, Frank W. Packer, president, and Miss Harriet E. Mills, secretary, had disposed of nearly \$60,000 worth of stock, when they were arrested charged with violating the Ohio "Blue Sky Law." After their arrest the Post Office authorities became interested, and as this is written a Federal Grand Jury in Cleveland is trying to find out whether the Fidelity and its officers have violated the laws regulating the use of the mails.

The Post Office authorities ordered an audit of the Fidelity's books, and the result showed that out of more than \$58,000 taken in, only about \$7,000 remained in the company's treasury. Expensive financing that. It cost the Fidelity more than \$50,000 to sell less than \$60,000 worth of stock.

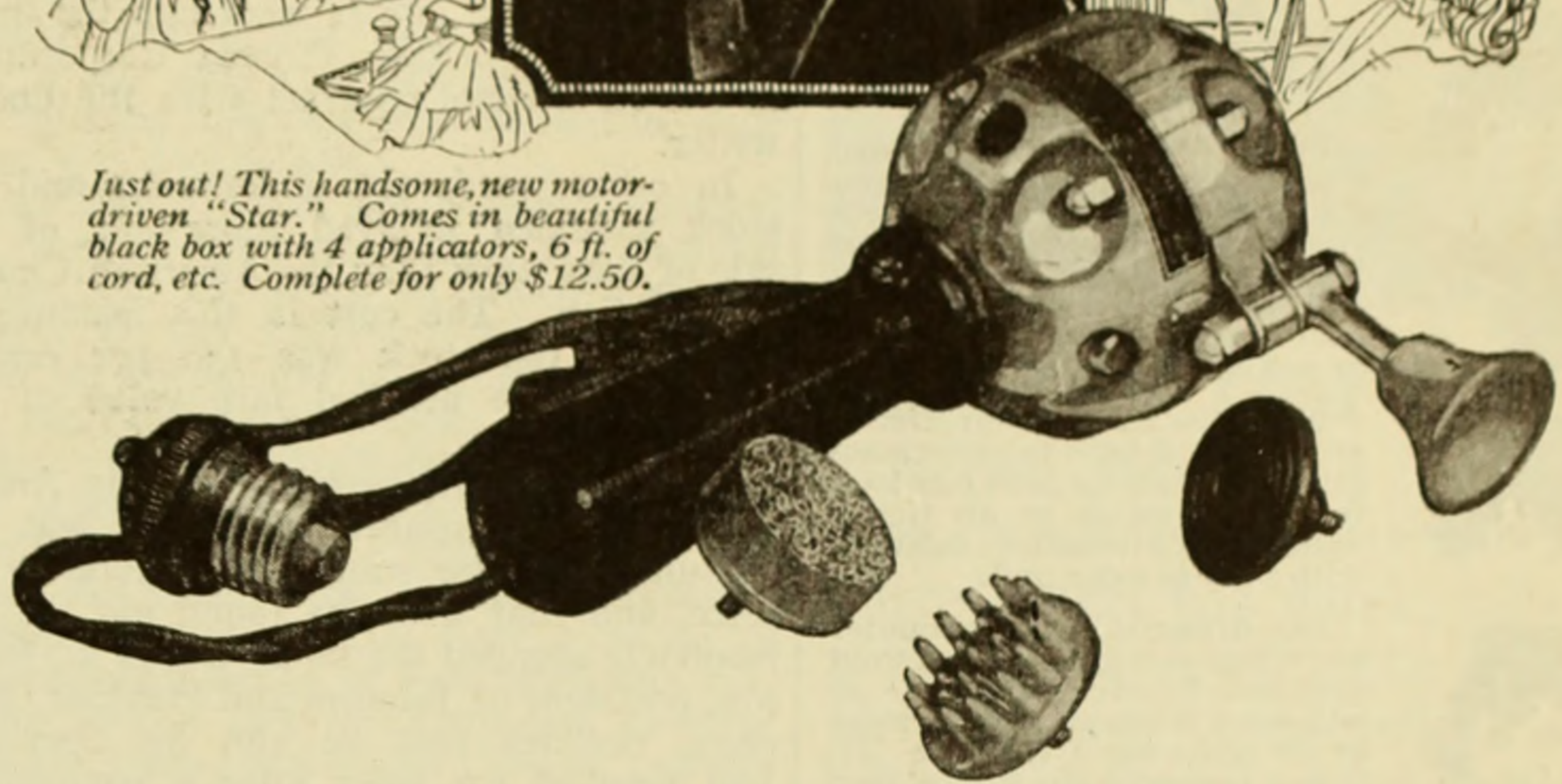
As soon as Packer and Miss Mills regained their liberty on bail, they left for New York City, the hub of the film industry. Here they immediately set about to recoup their fortunes by organizing another motion picture company to be financed by the public. The name of the Fidelity's successor is Gladiator Photo-Dramas, Inc. It is to complete the mission of the Cleveland company and show the world the menace of Mormonism. The Gladiator is incorporated for \$1,000,000, and through letters signed by a few faithful Fidelity stockholders, all holders of Fidelity stock are offered the privilege of exchanging their certificates for shares in the Gladiator company.

Only a trifle less costly was the stock sales campaign of the American Cinema Corporation of New York, organized nearly two years ago. A considerable block of the American Cinema \$600,000 stock issue was underwritten by a New York brokerage house on a 20 per cent. commission. The par value of American Cinema stock was \$5, and the underwriter sold some stock at that price, but sublet a block to the Johnson and Hopkins Company, brokers and organizers of several motion picture companies of their own. Johnson and Hopkins agreed to sell American Cinema stock on a commission of 15 per cent.

Probably Johnson and Hopkins did not feel that they had an especially lucrative contract on their hands. Anyway, they were convinced that the stock was worth more than \$5 a share, so they doubled the price. I am not intimating that in so doing, Johnson and Hopkins did not act in good faith, but I am saying that increasing the price to \$10 increased the commission, and everybody knows that it is no more difficult to sell stock of wholly speculative value for \$10 a share than \$5 a share. There was probably nothing illegal in doubling the price, the stock being the property of the underwriter. Both Johnson and Hopkins and the underwriter were greatly benefited. The parties that were not benefited



Just out! This handsome, new motor-driven "Star." Comes in beautiful black box with 4 applicators, 6 ft. of cord, etc. Complete for only \$12.50.



Her Pink-and-White Loveliness Blossoms all Winter Long

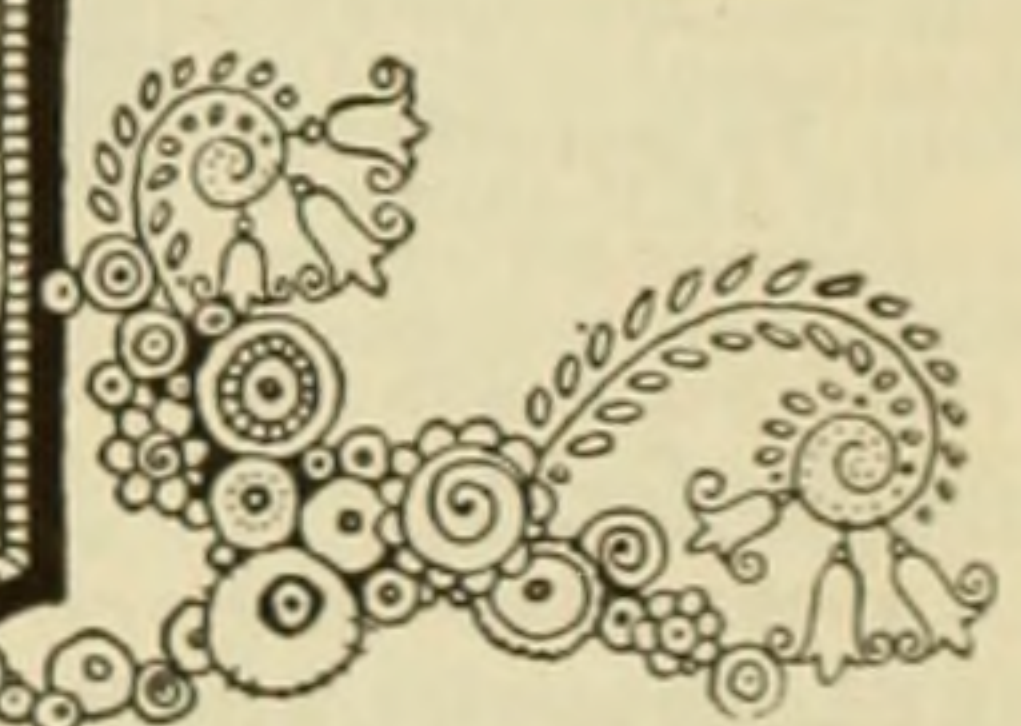
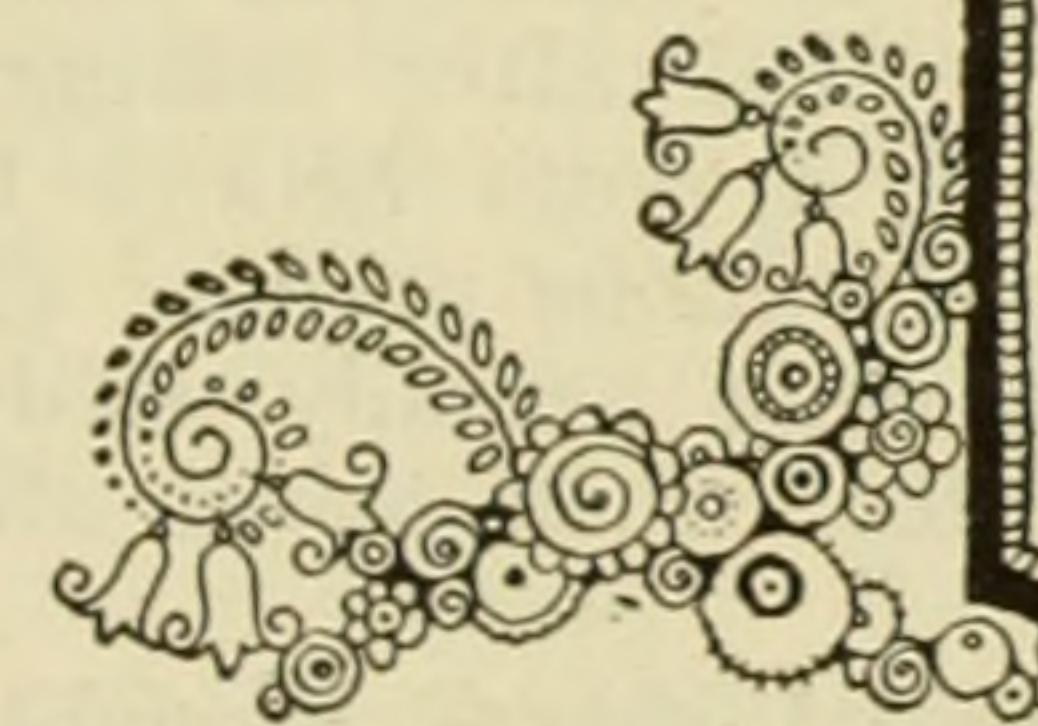
Cold winds, rough weather, even time itself leaves no marks on the freshness of her skin. Satiny of texture, transparently clear, bewitching with come-and-go color—you can have a skin like that, too. For not clever artifice, but perfect skin health is the basis of a lovely complexion. And every woman can have perfect skin health who uses the Star.

Its vibration stirs up every sluggish

skin cell, sends the blood racing along carrying off the impurities that blemish the skin. Restores youthful contours, banishes wrinkles and keeps the skin petal-like. Fine for headaches, fatigue, sleeplessness. At Drug, Department, Hardware and Electrical Goods Stores. Or sent direct on receipt of price. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn. Star Universal \$12.50 complete. (Canadian Price, \$17.50.)

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

The Star Universal—big, handsome, powerful—yet light in weight—is an adjunct to the smartest vanity table. Sturdily made, finished in sparkling nickel, provided with a trouble-proof motor that uses any current. Has start-and-stop button right in the handle. Four specialized applicators, facial-massage, hair-and-scalp, cold cream applicator and the general-purpose applicator, make the Star useful in dozens of ways.



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If you are suffering from any kind of Spinal Trouble, there is hope for you in the PHILO BURT METHOD. No matter how old you are or what caused your affliction. No matter how many years you have suffered or how hopeless you consider your case to be. Over 40,000 cases, comprising every known form and condition of spinal trouble, benefited or cured in our experience of more than 20 years.

The PHILO BURT METHOD consists of a firm but comfortable, supporting corset Appliance together with a course of special spinal exercises.

The PHILO BURT APPLIANCE is made to measurements and to meet the requirements of each individual case. We will send it to you on a Thirty Day Trial. Your money refunded if it proves unsatisfactory.

This Appliance successfully replaces the old-style Braces and Jackets of Plaster, Steel, Leather and all unyielding, rigid apparatus.

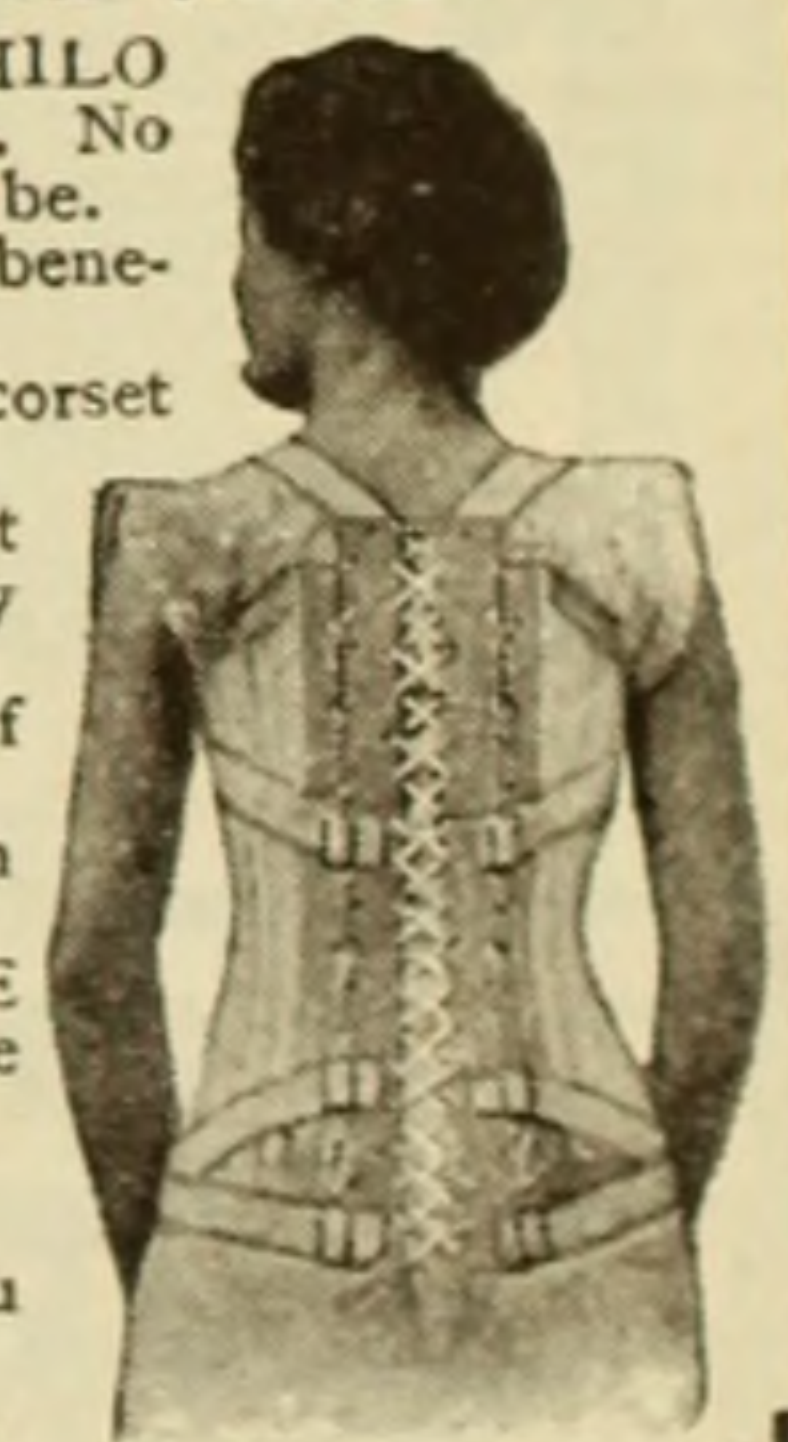
It is worn like an ordinary Corset, is flexible and comfortable and gives an easy, natural support to the weakened or deformed spine.

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN; the PHILO BURT APPLIANCE not only relieves and strengthens but has accomplished many remarkable cures. WE WILL SEND YOU SWORN-TO PROOF.

Write at once or our helpful book on Spinal Troubles, Sent Free.

Describe your case, or have your Doctor do so, and we can give you more definite information.

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HERE is a complexion blessing for every woman who values her appearance. Just think of it—a dainty face powder **cold creamed**. Something new! Something Different! A marvelous blend that enjoys the distinction of a United States Government Basic Patent.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder in the morning and you are **sure** of a soft, velvety smooth, powdered finish that lasts all day regardless of weather or perspiration. A skin charm that gives no overdone or artificial suggestion.

While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and sweet at all times, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a full size jar. Three tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Send 12c. for Guest Size Jar

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Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the _____ tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.) **PP2-21**

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Other People's Dollars

(Continued)

were the American Cinema Corporation which issued the stock and the persons that bought the stock. The division of the \$10 which John Smith paid Johnson and Hopkins for one American Cinema share was as follows:

Fifteen per cent., or \$1.50 went to Johnson and Hopkins as sales commission.

Forty-five per cent., or \$4.50 went to the underwriter.

Forty per cent., or \$4 went into the treasury of the American Cinema Corporation, as per its original contract with the underwriter.

In other words the underwriter and the stock salesmen received more out of the sale of each stock than the American Cinema Corporation. The cost in this instance of marketing the stock was 150 per cent.—more than the nominal face value of the stock.

Walter Niebuhr, president of the American Cinema Corporation said he was not consulted on the subject of doubling the price, and that when he found out, he immediately stopped the sale. Walter L. Johnson, president of Johnson and Hopkins Company, declares that he and his associates had doubled the price after a particularly inspiring interview with Mr. Niebuhr, in which the latter had thoroughly convinced Messrs. Johnson and Hopkins that American Cinema stock was being given away at \$5, and that any price under \$100 a share was dirt cheap. When it comes to deciding fine points involving difference of opinion between "movie magnates" it takes a genius with a seer's vision and wisdom to decide who is right. Far be it from us even to attempt such a task.

Besides, we are not interested. We are passing no opinion on American Cinema stock. Whether the stock was worth one cent or one hundred dollars a share, the fact remains that the company was starting on its career with a millstone tied around its young neck. Mr. Niebuhr states that he and his associates will present one share for every share bought by his stockholders at \$10, so that all stockholders shall be treated alike. He emphasizes that he and other officers of the company will do this, personally, out of their private funds, as the company can not do so. Mr. Niebuhr is a man of unbounded enthusiasm, seeing nothing but good fortune ahead. His company has produced some pictures that have won favorable comment and are now being exhibited.

The oddest part of the American Cinema stock sales drama is that after talking to all persons concerned, I don't believe that anybody actually made undue profits. Only about 1,600 shares were actually sold at \$10. The underwriter, when asked about the deal, said:

"The sixteen hundred shares brought in \$16,000, and what do you suppose it cost me to market those shares? I'll tell you and I can show you my books to prove it. It cost me just \$29,000. I am the lad that got stung, and I am blaming nobody."

After questioning all parties and investigating all phases of the careers of some movie companies, one generally is forced to the conclusion that nobody in particular is to blame for the appalling waste of funds, and that the financial stars are merely set against the success of movie ventures which are undertaken by men of limited experience and financed through sale of stock to the public.

The operations of Johnson and Hopkins during the past two years have been extensive, and not free from public criticism voiced in at least one daily newspaper and

one financial publication. Walter L. Johnson, president of the company and Earl H. Hopkins secretary, are young men, vigorous and ambitious. They are the organizers of the Motion Picture Producing Company, capitalized for \$500,000, the Stereospeed Productions, Inc., capitalized for \$100,000, controlled by the Motion Picture Producing Company, and the National Exchanges, Inc., capitalized for \$5,000,000. They are actively selling stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company and the National Exchanges, Inc.

Mr. Johnson declined respectfully to state how much stock his company had sold when I approached him on that subject. He denied the correctness of figures published recently in a financial journal stating that his firm had disposed of between \$150,000 and \$250,000 worth of stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company, alone, up to October of this year. The same authority stated that the company had 3,700 stockholders, 2,200 of whom had paid for their stock, and 1,500 were paying on the installment plan. These figures, Mr. Johnson said, were exaggerated. He declined, however, to give the correct figures.

Of the half million dollar capitalization of the Motion Picture Producing Company, \$410,000 is common stock, and \$90,000 preferred. The par value of both stocks is \$1, but it is now being sold at \$2.50. This rise, Mr. Johnson said, was warranted by the assets acquired by the company, and its increased earning power. The company has some assets, but its earning power remains to be tested. It has produced some comedies, twenty-six in number, but none of them have been sold. The Motion Picture Producing Company also claims control of a slow motion picture camera through its control of the Stereospeed Productions, Inc., owner of the camera, but this latter has yet to prove its real merit. Besides, Johnson and Hopkins had not obtained any patent rights on their camera up to the latter part of November last. There is some question as to whether they can do so. Their right to the manufacture and sale of their slow motion picture machine and the exhibiting of its films is being disputed in the courts by the Novagraph Film Corporation. The slow motion films of the latter company are now being exhibited.

The ownership of two dozen comic films, not yet released, and a slow motion picture camera without a patent, does not insure any great earnings. It is, therefore, hard to see how the assets of the Motion Picture Producing Company with its prospective earnings can warrant charging two and a half times the par value for the stock.

Last summer one of the big selling arguments in the Johnson and Hopkins circulars was that the Educational Film Corporation, "one of the largest film distributing companies in the world, has signed a year's contract" for their slow motion pictures. A good "sales" argument, but not lasting enough. Mr. E. W. Hammons, then vice-president, now president of the Educational, told the writer that his company had actually contracted with Johnson and Hopkins for the slow motion productions providing they are "equal to the Novagraph released by Pathe or better."

"We accepted three of these pictures, none of which were up to the standard," Mr. Hammons said. "We finally refused to accept any more, not only because they were not equal in our opinion to the Novagraph but they were not up to the standard as called for in the contract."

Mr. Hammons also expressed indignation

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You admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG ONES. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail a dozen portraits, original poses by the Stars and Autographed, your own selection? Size 8x10, 50c each—12 for \$5.

Make Your Selection From This List

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or any of the other popular stars.

50 Cents Each—12 for \$5.00

Check those you want and enclose money covering your purchase together with this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly thereon and mail TODAY to

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Any Garment
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EACH package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

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Other Peoples' Dollars

(Continued)

over the use made of the Educational Film Corporation's name in the Johnson and Hopkins sales circulars inasmuch as the contract was cancelled. Mr. Johnson stated that the circulars were changed and all reference to the Educational contract deleted as soon as possible after the cancellation of the contract which of course led to another suit, still in the courts. Now Johnson and Hopkins may be right in both suits involving their camera, but the outstanding fact is that this wonderful machine is thus far hatching only law suits instead of dividends for stockholders.

Last May Johnson and Hopkins organized the National Exchanges, Inc., a \$5,000,000 corporation, the stock of which they are offering at \$10 a share. This corporation is to distribute the slow motion pictures and the twenty-six comedies owned by the Motion Picture Producing Company and any other pictures which the distributing company may acquire. Apparently the National Exchanges, Inc., is doing "rousing" business, for its circulars state it to be "a national organization of established and successful motion picture distributors covering both the United States and Canada, and doing business through approximately 10,000 theatres."

Now turning the first page of the National Exchange circular, we come to the red balloon optimism of Johnson and Hopkins.

"The parent office of National Exchanges, Inc., will operate its own exchanges in New York state, a territory representing at least 14 per cent. of the entire United States. This means that on any productions doing business on a basis of a \$300,000 gross income, we should gross in our own offices at least \$42,000 per production. This amount, alone, done by our Exchanges practically covers the entire production cost of a picture for domestic distribution, after the foreign rights have been disposed of. It is very apparent from these figures that the National Exchanges, Inc., will never show a profit of less than \$100,000 per production."

All of which means precisely nothing. There are not so many pictures which gross \$300,000, and every motion picture man knows that the industry is not well enough stabilized to make it "very apparent" to any exchange company that it can net one-third of the gross income of any picture.

My acquaintance and influence with "movie magnates" is most limited, but I'll guarantee Mr. Johnson a higher yearly salary than has ever been paid to Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks or any other dramatic, screen or opera star, if he can show any picture exchange how to net one-third of the gross business done by film plays. And Mr. Johnson can write his own contract.

Johnson and Hopkins have been criticised severely for the following clause in their installment-payment stock subscription contracts:

"It is also agreed that you (Johnson and Hopkins) shall not be obliged to refund any money paid hereon, and that if default is made in the payment of said installments for a period of more than thirty days, it shall be optional with you to forfeit all payments made hereunder and all interest I may have in said stock, as fixed, specified and liquidated damages, subject, however, to my right, at any time before such forfeiture, to assign my interest herein to some other person upon payment of any installment or installments that may be then in arrears."



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(Concluded)

But Mr. Johnson avers that this clause is merely inserted in the contract to protect the company and give it some power to enforce installment payments. He also states that never has his company exercised this power. There have been complaints filed against Johnson and Hopkins with the District Attorney of New York, and in each case, according to Assistant District Attorney Kilroe, have they reimbursed the complaining investor. Nevertheless, the

contract is not an attractive one under which to buy stock of any sort. A stock subscriber living in Oregon might get sick or lose his job or become subject to sudden and unforeseen expense. It would be both troublesome and awkward for the Oregon subscriber to convince Johnson and Hopkins of his good faith and his need, and obtain a settlement, either reimbursement of the money paid in or stock to the amount paid for.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 102)

CLARE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—You are a decided relief from the usual facetious flapper whose contributions flood my mail. Is the gentle manner and the unassuming grace your everyday dress or your party frock, I wonder? In other words, do you help your mother with the house-work or are you only polite when there are guests? Neither Norma nor Constance Talmadge was ever on the stage. Both began in films, with Vitagraph, Constance as a comedienne with the late John Bunny and others, and Norma in drama and occasional character work.

GERTRUDE, KANSAS CITY.—You're a devoted slave of Madame Petrova. I am, too, but I don't dare express my admiration so openly. Madame is now touring the country in vaudeville, where she is breaking the records. There is a charming page from her pen in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. She can write as well as she can act.

M. S., HOUSTON.—Don't see why I should describe myself. If I told the truth you'd be disappointed, and if I lied you wouldn't like me. I never lie to a woman. They are so much more expert in the art that they could always detect it. Of course, I mean some women. Tom Moore has blue eyes and light brown hair. Mabel Normand will send you her picture. She is still with Goldwyn. Consult our Studio Directory once in a while.

W. J. W., POUGHKEEPSIE.—I must say you do very well for a beginner. But do young ladies require experience in asking questions? I think not. Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. She didn't leave Thomas Ince's company after all, although she is not co-starring with Douglas McLean any more. Bill Hart's latest is "The Testing Block." Bebe Daniels' real name is—Bebe Daniels.

F. V. F., PINCKNEY, ARK.—You say you are sure I have been asked, and have answered, every question under the sun, and then you proceed to dig up one that I can't answer. But I liked your letter, old top, and wish you'd look me up if you ever come up to this bustling Babylon. None of those ladies you mention is married with the exception of Gloria Swanson and Wanda Hawley. The latter's husband is J. Burton Hawley of Hollywood. Dorothy Gish will send you a picture, I'm sure. You're dead right about Ethel Clayton and Anna Q. Nilsson. Both charming girls—and good friends, too—did you know that? They're both in New York now and they have both presented the old Answer Man with their autographed photographs. Don't you wish you had my job? Be sure to write again.

A. C. J., COTULLA, TEXAS.—Of course I know the difference between lightning and electricity. You don't have to pay for

the lightning. The best way to reproduce lightning on the screen is to scratch the negative with a pin. Allan Dwan and other directors use this method. Bill Hart isn't giving up screen work. He's making new pictures right along. The latest to be released is "The Testing Block." Don't blame you for liking Bill; he's a fine fellow, and sincere actor. Did you read "Bill Hart's True Love Story" in January?

RUFUS, MINETTO, N. Y.—Dear sir is a good way to address me. It is impersonal and to the point. But most of my readers don't want me to be impersonal and to the point. The Willard Mack who was once married to Marjorie Rambeau is the same Willard Mack who was divorced from Pauline Frederick and rumored to be engaged to Barbara Castleton. Douglas McLean and E. K. Lincoln each has a wife. Louise Huff obtained her divorce from Edgar Jones a long time ago. She was awarded the custody of her little daughter. Miss Huff later married Edgar Stillman. Norma Talmadge wore a blonde wig in certain scenes for "Yes or No?" Louise Lovely is Mrs. William Welch. If they have been divorced I have no record of it.

VIOLET, KEDLEY LAKE.—I haven't been back to Chicago, so you couldn't have seen me in Lincoln Park that Sunday. The gentleman you went to such trouble to immortalize with your little Eastman Kodak was doubtless a very worthy subject—much more worthy than I. But don't paste him in your Photograph Album under "The Answer Man." Some poor professor from the wilds of Evanston, I'll be bound. Why do you insist upon my having a beard? And I can't help you to get in the movies, either. So I'm an all-round disappointment, I suppose.

R. G., DETROIT.—Don't quite see how they can film George Bernard Shaw. Yes, I like him—I like him so well I even read his prefaces. Harrison Ford is to play with the Talmadge sisters for one year. He will be Norma's leading man first and then will act opposite Constance. Charles Ray's studio is in Hollywood, California. He is married. Only once. No children.

A BLUEBIRD.—I agree with you in just one particular. That is when you say you believe you have written enough. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn; Anita Stewart, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; Marguerite Clark, Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Robert Harron was not married.

MISTRESS MAY.—You ask if I am old, young, or middle-aged. I answer, yes. John Barrymore is your favorite, is he? Well, you show good taste. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone; they have no children. Have no record of Mrs. Walter McGrail. I believe there is no such lady.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

T. M. S., DETROIT.—I should advise you to write direct to the stars in care of their companies, enclosing twenty-five cents for the photograph. Nazimova and Viola Dana, Metro; Ruth Roland, Pathe; Shirley Mason, Fox.

CLARA L., BOSTON.—My own little ouija board informed me of your wishes and I immediately set the editorial wheels in motion. As a result you doubtless saw your Ethel Clayton story in the January issue. Speaking of service, is there any other little thing you would like?

BORED BETTY.—Can't imagine why you're bored. Not when you have piles of old PHOTOPLAYS in the house. Why, you can always read my answers. You say I'm funny as a pig's whisper. That's the best yet. Charles Chaplin hasn't released any pictures lately for the plain and simple reason he hasn't been making any. He completed his first five-reeler, "The Kid," some time ago, but there has been considerable difficulty over releasing arrangements and goodness only knows when the Poor Kid will have a chance to perform. Norma Talmadge never said she bought all her hats at the five-and-ten-cent store. I've no doubt she would if she wanted to, but—she doesn't.

G. E., BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.—You ask if film stars must be artistic—such as painting, drawing and singing. I don't believe their managers care much about how they draw, except, of course, at the box-offices. Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope," with Frank Mills. Doris Kenyon and Thomas Holding had the leads in "The Great White Trail." Miss Kenyon isn't making any pictures right now, but undoubtedly will soon. She is not married.

CONNIE, LONDON.—There are people who are too much themselves ever to be able to sympathize with other people's emotions. I hope I am not one of these self-engrossed beings; I try not to be. Here are the twelve latest productions of Norma Talmadge, beginning with the newest release and going back: "The Branded Woman," "Yes or No?" "Daughter of Two Worlds," "She Loves and Lies," "The Isle of Conquest," "The Way of a Woman," "The New Moon," "The Probation Wife," "The Heart of Wetona," "The Forbidden City," "Her Only Way," and "De Luxe Annie."

D'ARTAGNAN, U. S. A.—I don't know how many women started to register and then gave it up when the clerk bawled out, "Your age, please?" After keeping it a secret from the neighbors all these years, what woman wants to give it away now? President elect Warren Gamaliel Harding has many friends among the film people. The stage and screen sent a delegation to the World's Most Famous Front Porch to pledge their support. That company is now extinct. Conway Tearle played *Mr. Maxwell* in "Two Weeks." Others answered elsewhere. Come again.

W. E. A., HELENA.—The street scenes of "Crooked Streets," in which Ethel Clayton and the other principal characters appeared, were taken in the Lasky studio, Hollywood, California. But there were several shots actually made in the real Shanghai and inserted in the film to lend atmosphere. You can depend upon it that both the real and built scenes were accurate, for Miss Clayton spent some time in the Orient and saw to it that they were correct. You're welcome.

L. E. P., BRIDGEPORT.—Your letter did not make me curse woman's curiosity. I was cursing the curiosity of both sexes long before you wrote to me. Alex Onslow was *Jerry O'Farrell* in "Footlights and Shadows." Robert Walker was *Sam Warren* in "Shore Acres." Otto Hoffman was *André Robinet* in "Paris Green." William Riley Hatch was *Mike O'Hara* in "The Inner Voice."

MISS T. F., ROCHESTER.—Photography is one hundred years old. Although Niepce was the first to produce what might be called a photograph, in 1820, it was not until 1839 that the photograph became a practical possibility. Daguerre succeeded in producing the first real photograph, and daguerreotypes were common in every American town before 1850. Hope this answers your question. Joe King supports Corinne Griffith in "The Broadway Bubble."

F. H., DULUTH.—Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, of English parents. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada. He began his screen career with Vitagraph, and has since appeared in "The Common Cause," "Too Many Crooks," "The Glorious Lady," and "Out Yonder." He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes.

R. A. C., SOUTH AMERICA.—Yours was a very charming letter. If you write Miss Talmadge one like it I am sure you will hear from her. The Talmadges went abroad for a vacation, not to make pictures. They are back home now. I have passed along your suggestion to the Editor and you may hear about it before long. Thank you for your good wishes. Same to you.

MISS P., HEAVENER, OKLAHOMA.—A New Town! What is a new planet, a new picture star, a new tie to me, when there's a New Town among my correspondence? Is that the correct way to spell it? Sure the last two letters belong? Clyde Fillmore played in "Nurse Marjorie" with Mary Miles Minter and also in von Stroheim's picture, "The Devil's Pass Key." He is under contract to Paramount. Edith Roberts isn't married. She is just twenty and a mighty sweet little girl. She came in to see me on her recent trip east.

A. K., IOWA.—You send me your sympathy. That's all anybody ever sends me. Still, I thank you, for I know you mean well. I am always tolerant of kind intentions although they never do me or anyone else any good. Yes, that's the correct address. Go ahead.

WILLAMAE.—At the last report I assure you I was bearing up nicely. In fact, I think in a month or so I'll be up and able to answer another letter from you. But please do not tell me any more about yourself. I know now that you have brown hair, natural, wavy, very long, brown eyes as velvet with lashes so long you have to trim them, a little small to your age but well proportioned, and quite a dancer and piano player, also singing. Reading on I discover you are fourteen years old and Long to Act. If I were your mother I'd spank you and send you to bed without any supper. You had better finish school before you begin to think seriously about Longing to Act.



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"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

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NEW YORK

The Letter that Saved Me 36% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising

before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay \$100 for Any Typewriter"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for \$64?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off \$36 of the \$100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the \$64 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of \$4 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I

was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth \$100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Olivers, saving the company a nice \$36 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month.

Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me \$36 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of \$4 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
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Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$64 at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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"How well you look tonight!" Such compliments are the daily joy of the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge correctly. Here is the Pompeian way to instant beauty:

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

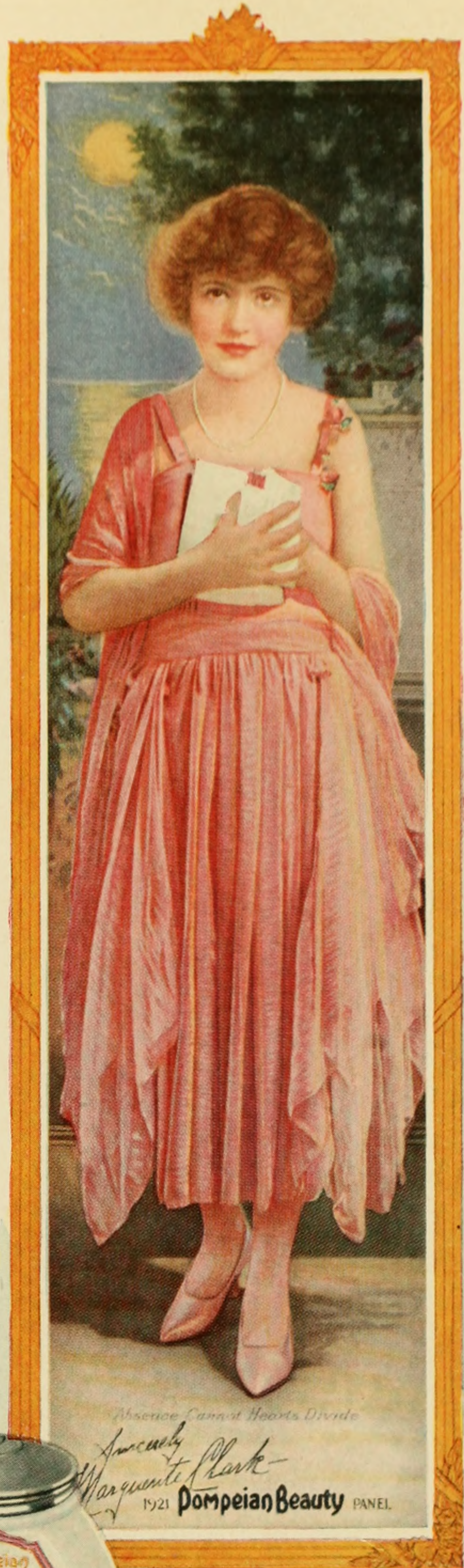
Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant!

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing) softens the skin. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, rachel (formerly called brunette). Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with an exquisite new odor.

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A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for daily cleansing.

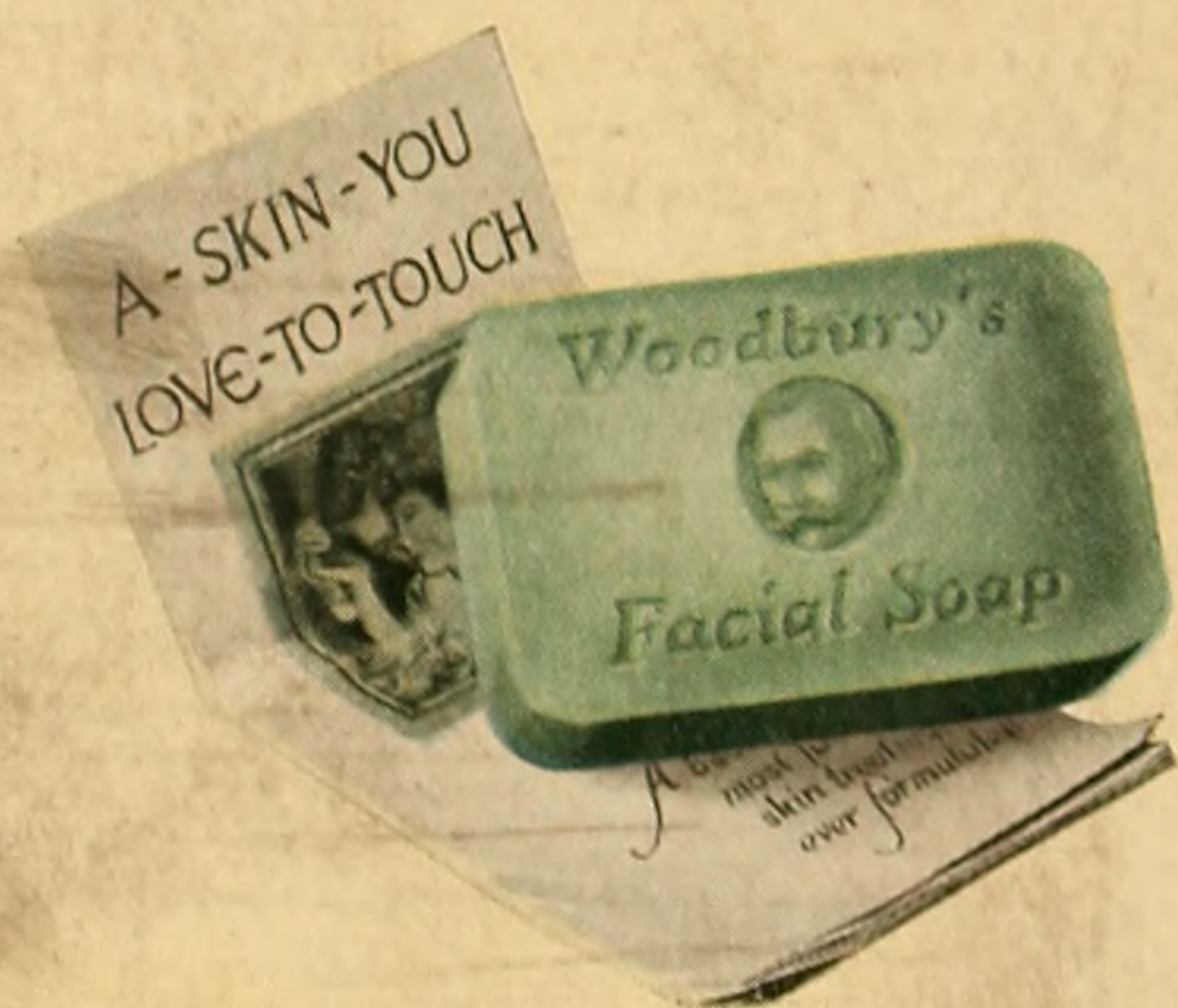
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