

# PHOTOPLAY

*Magazine*



HAROLD  
RISTON

Pearl White

*April 25c*



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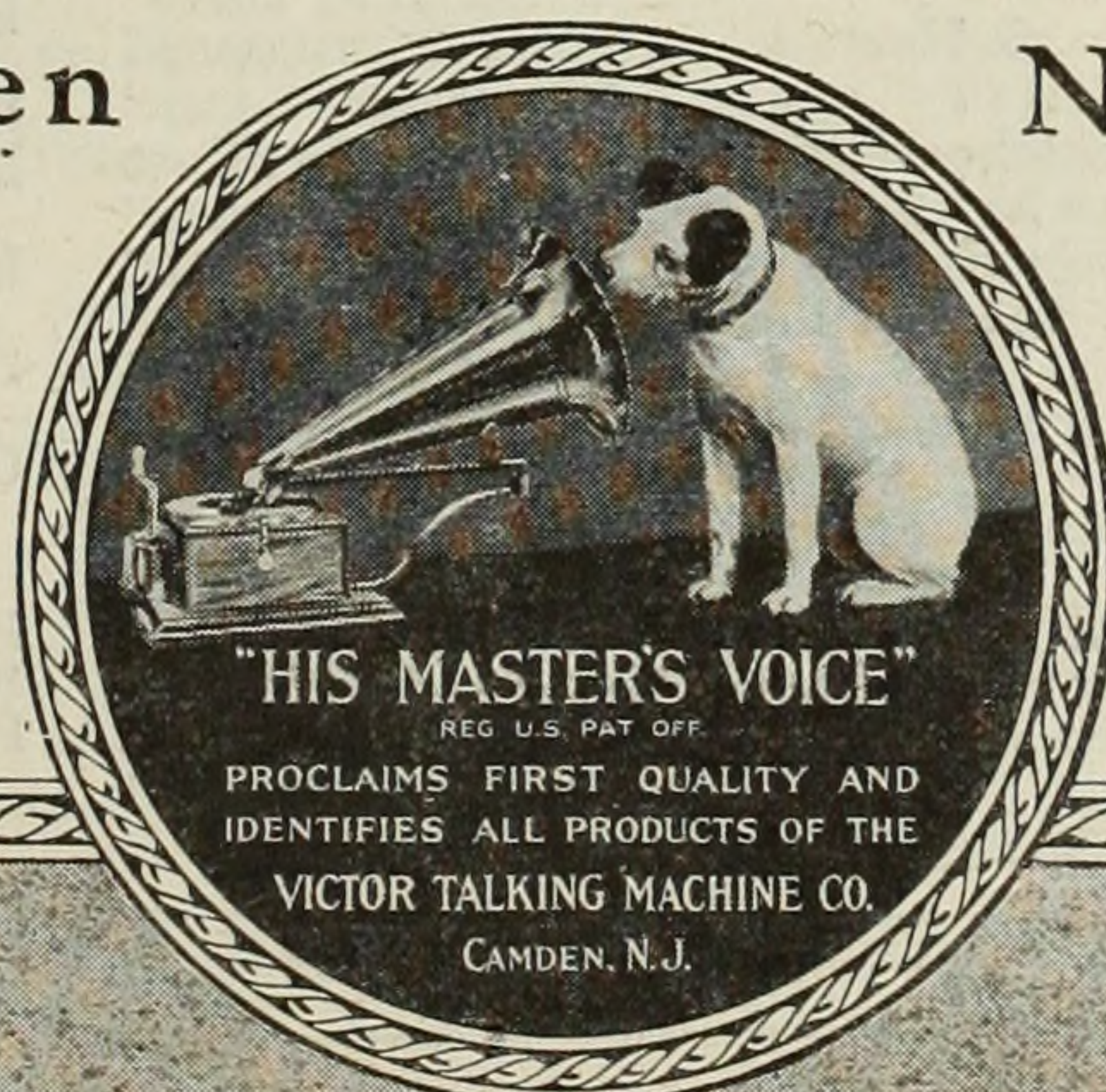
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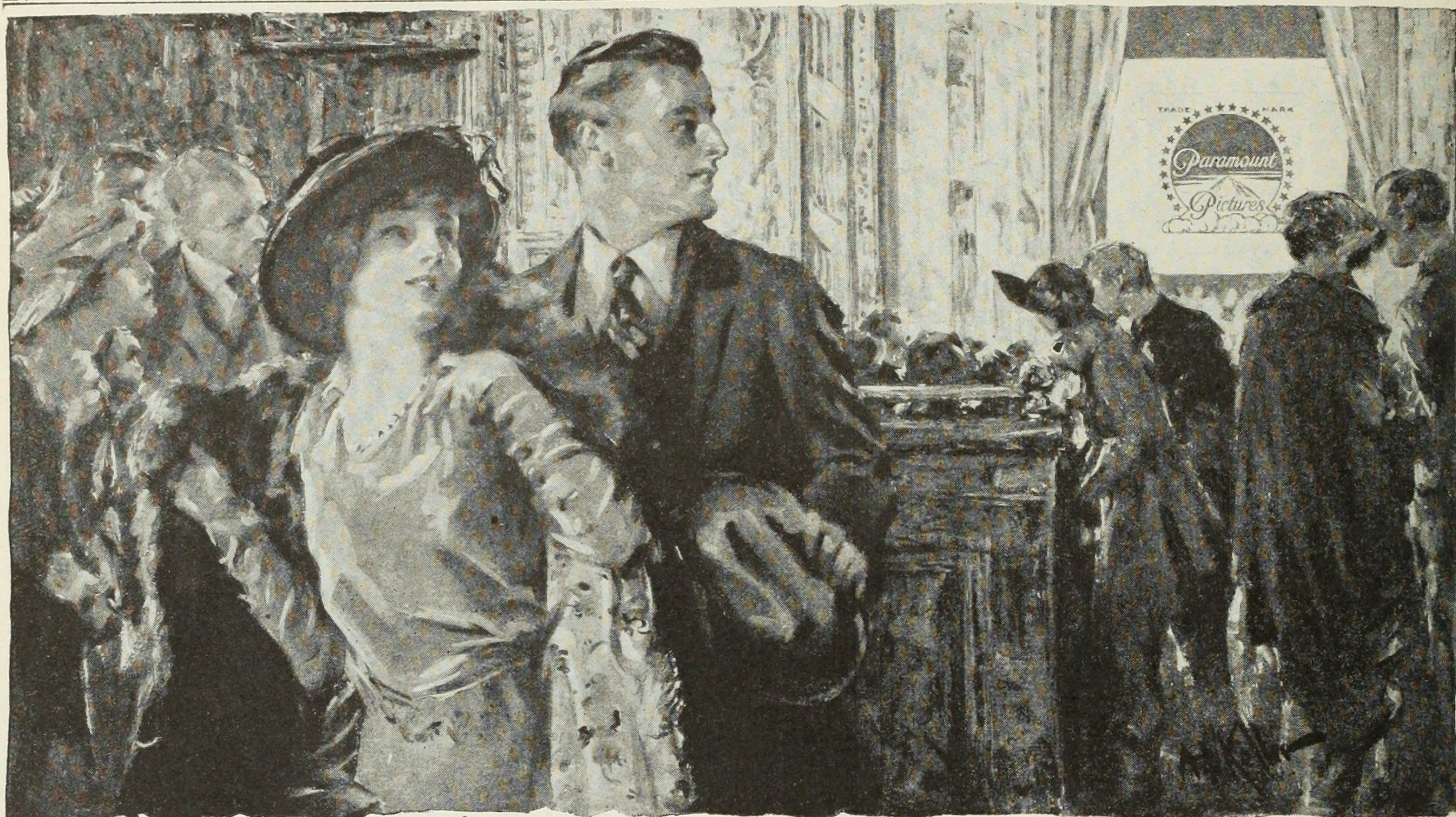
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“THE CINEMA MURDER”

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“Everywoman”

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Travel

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVII

No. 5

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*Turn to page 76  
for full details.*



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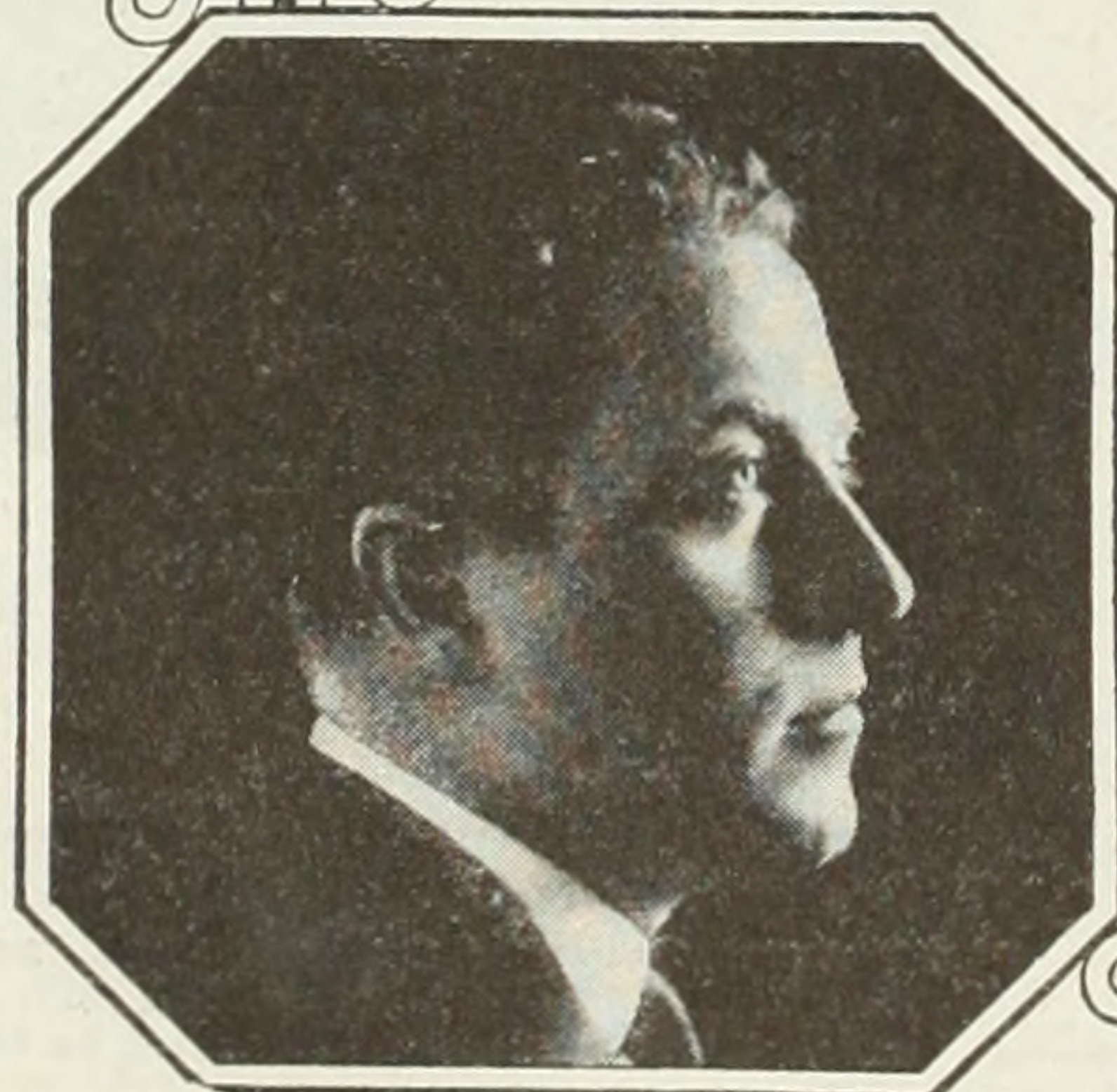
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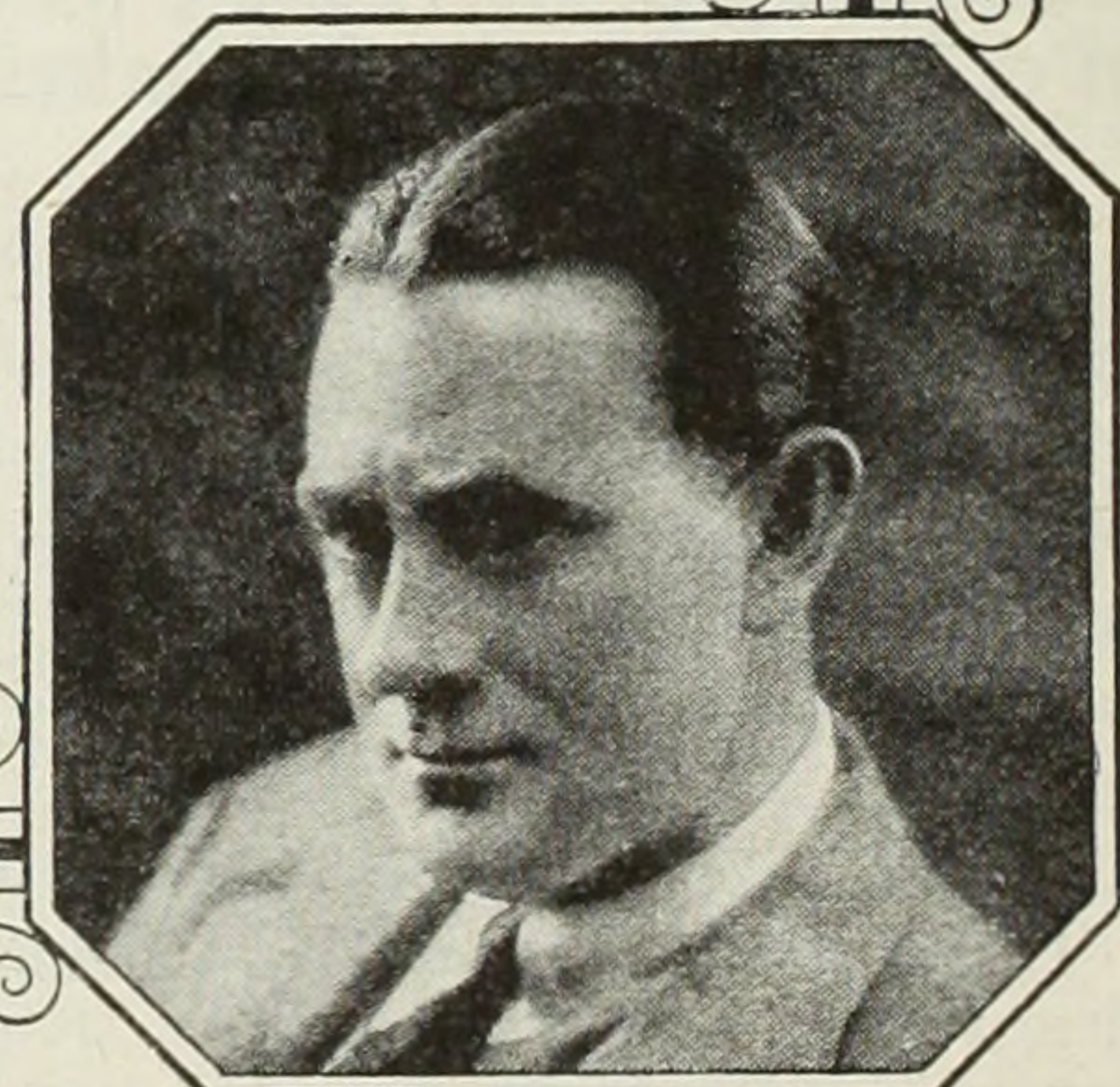
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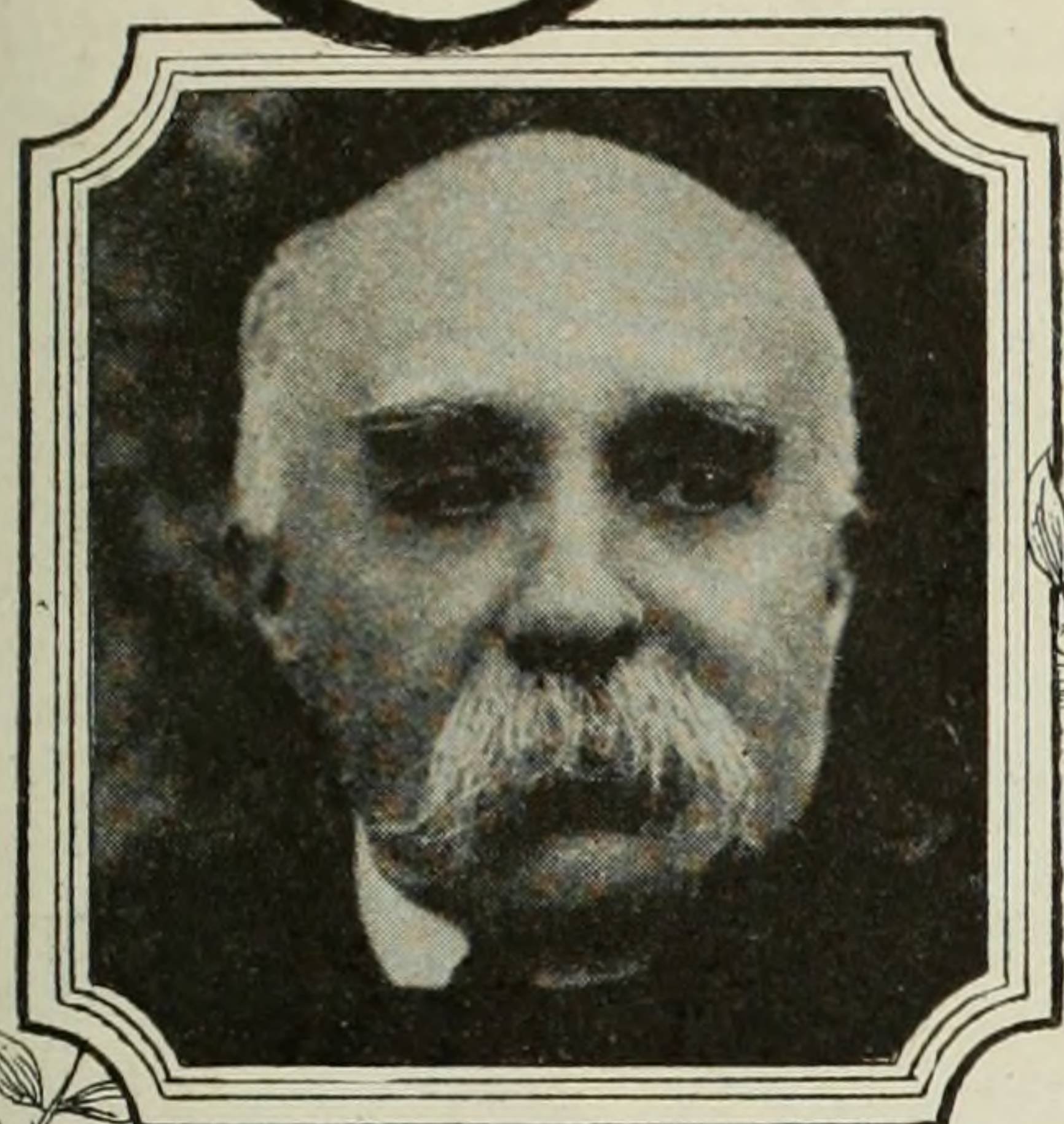
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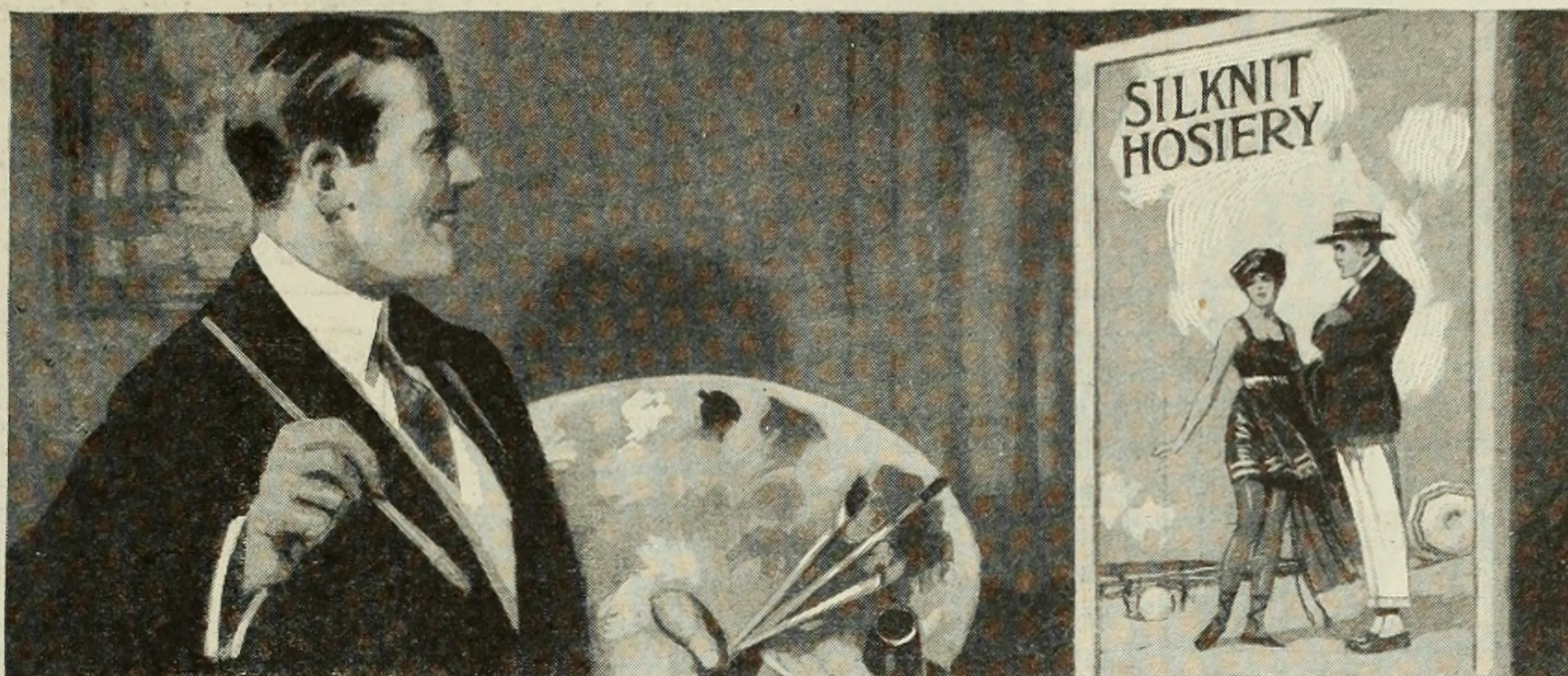
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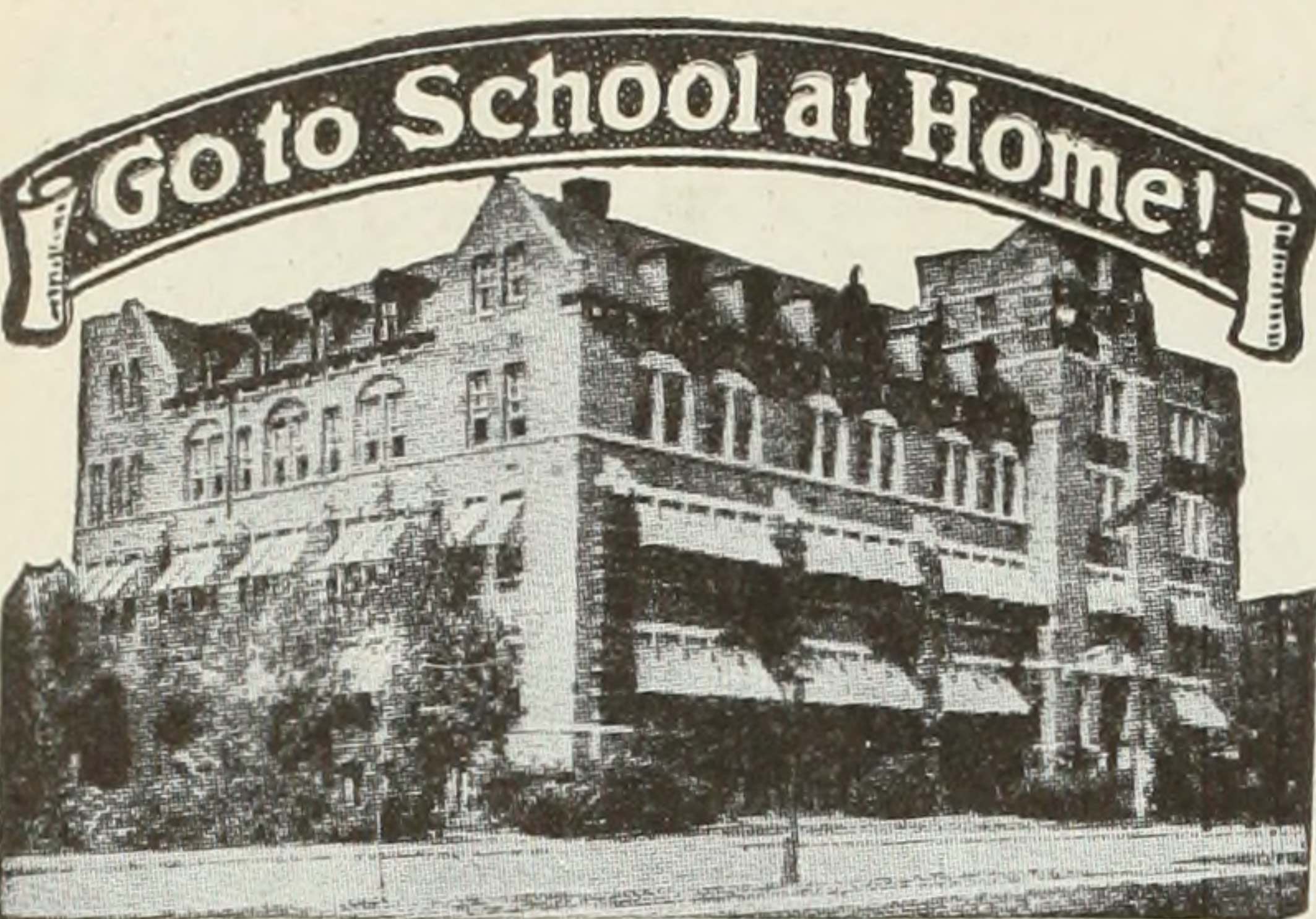
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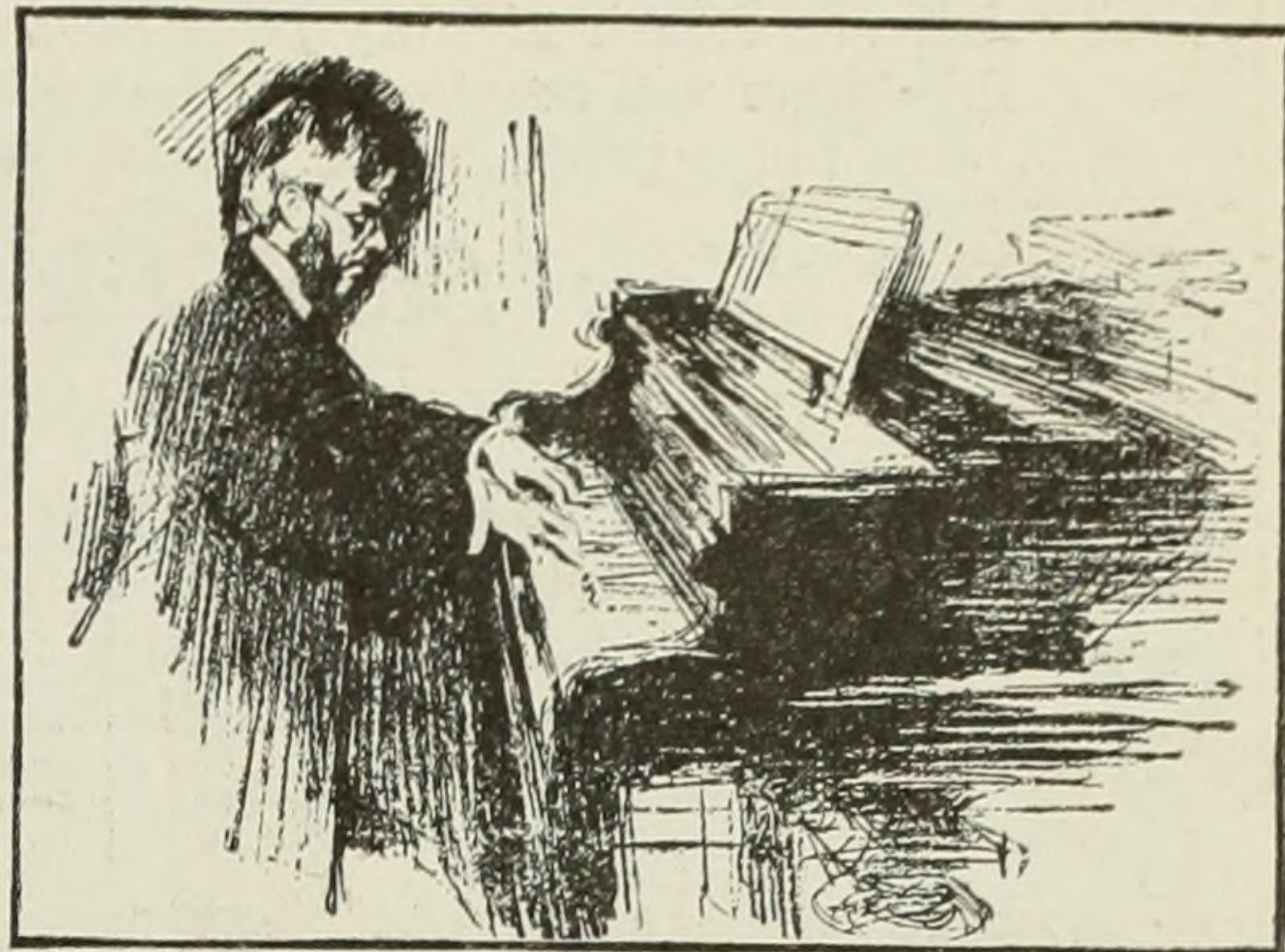
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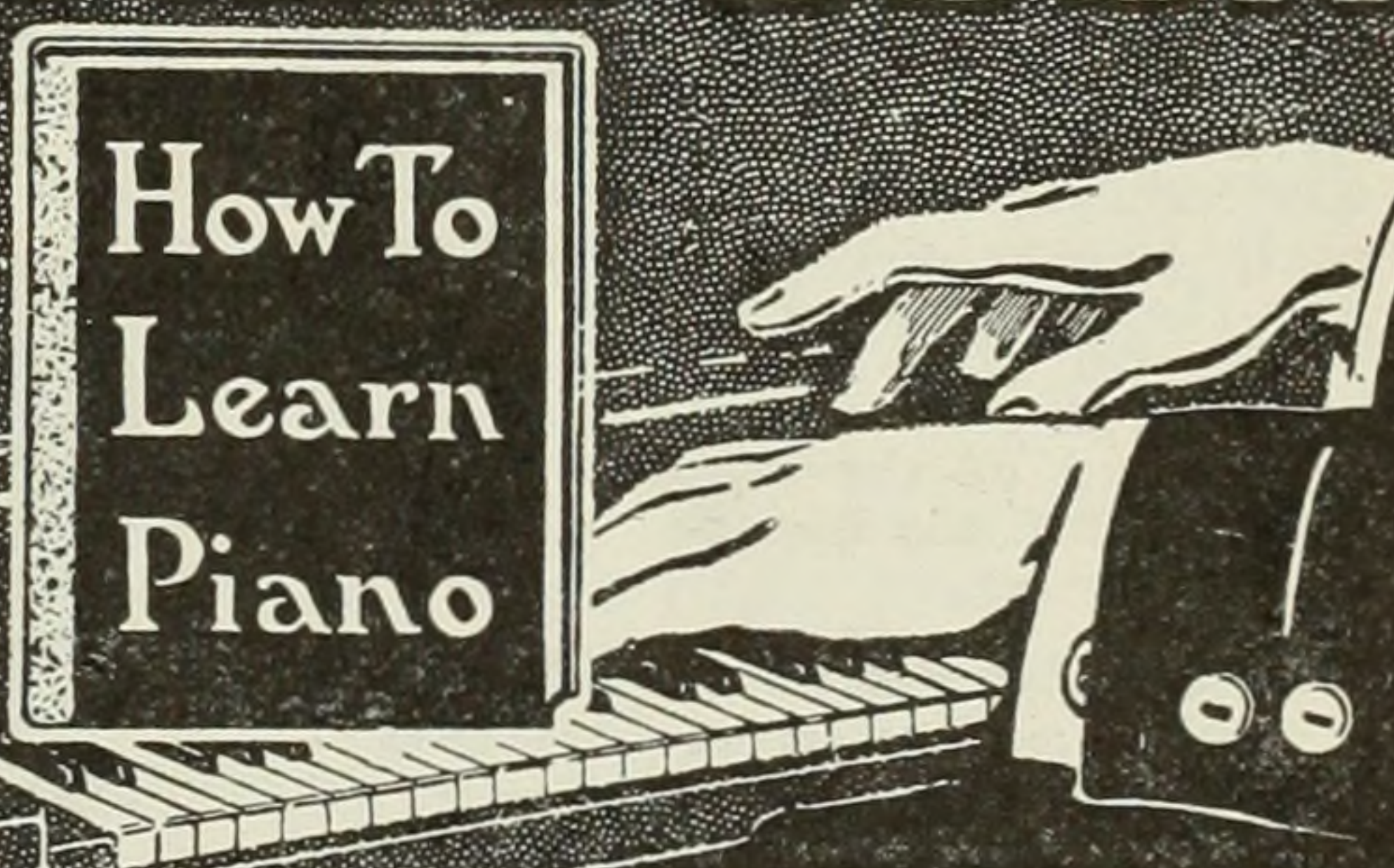
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## 5,000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for clever comedies, and \$250 to \$2,000 each for five-reel dramatic

scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

### In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

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### Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lectures cover every phase of motion picture production. Among others, these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Cliff, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch

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with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

### \$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

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We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art seriously—this book will be mailed to you free.

### At Least Investigate

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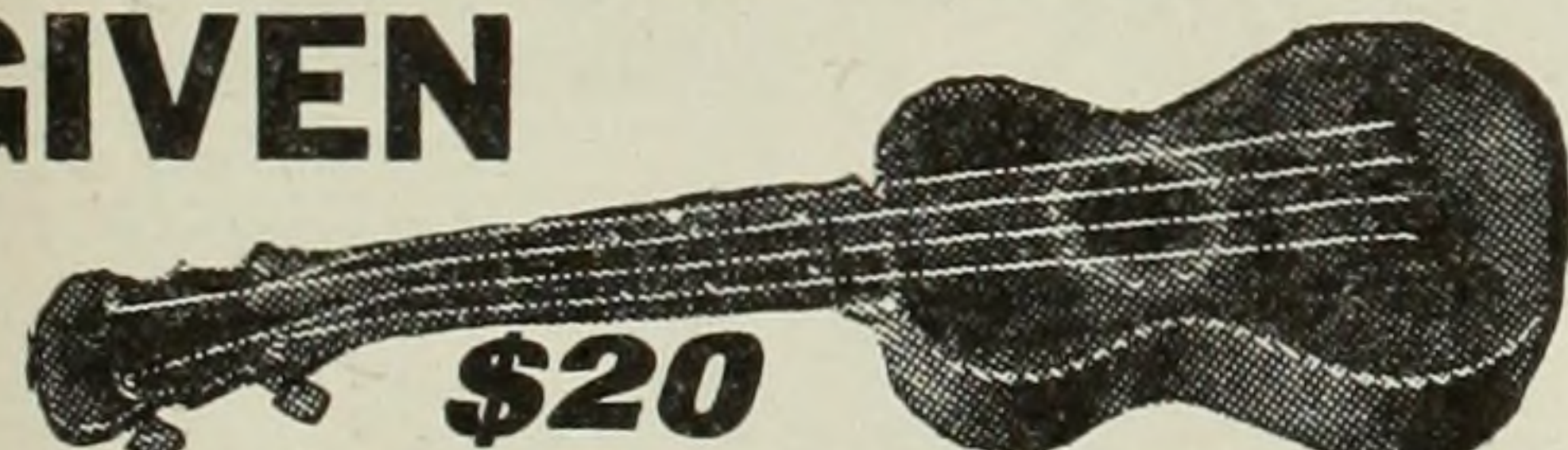


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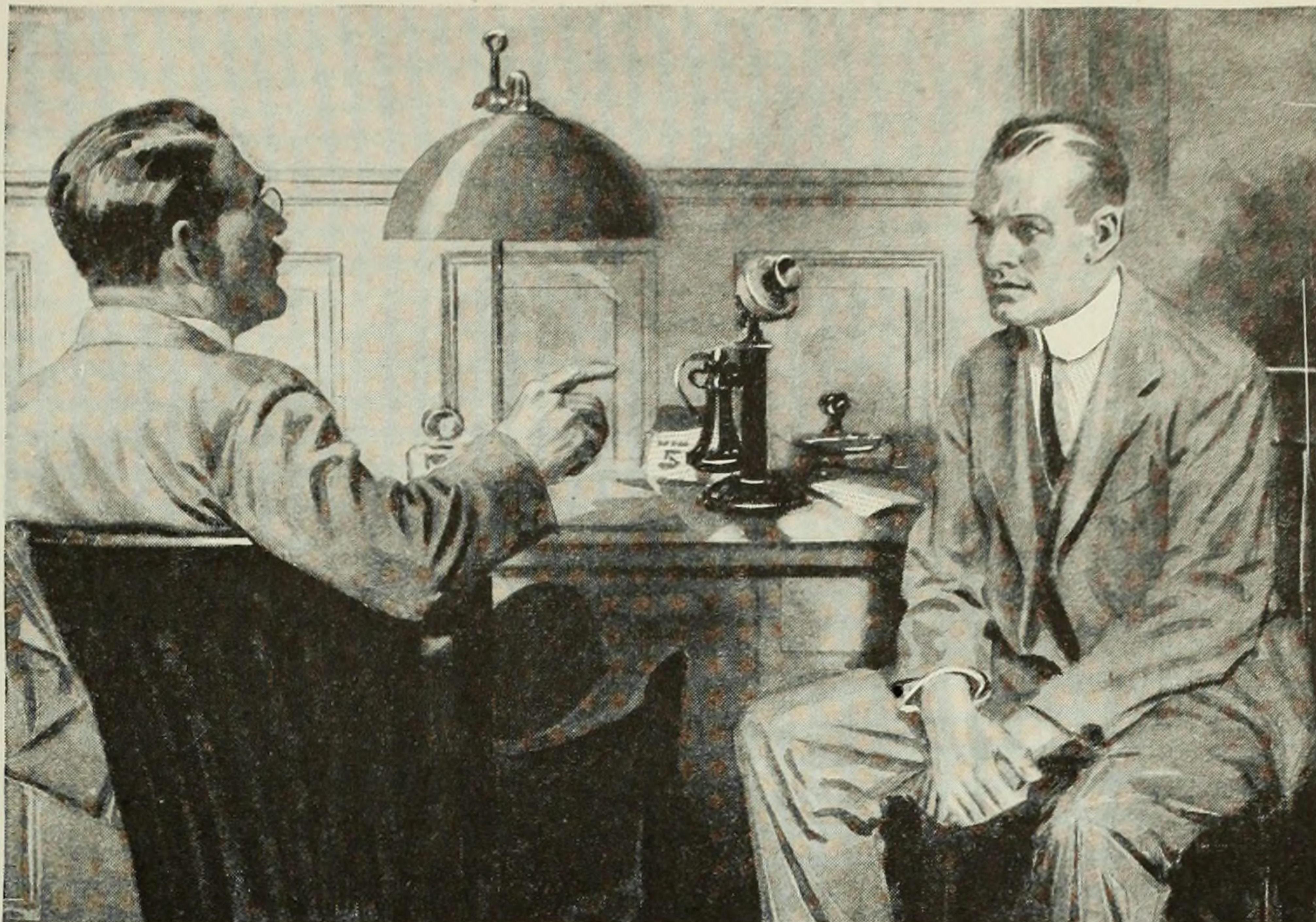
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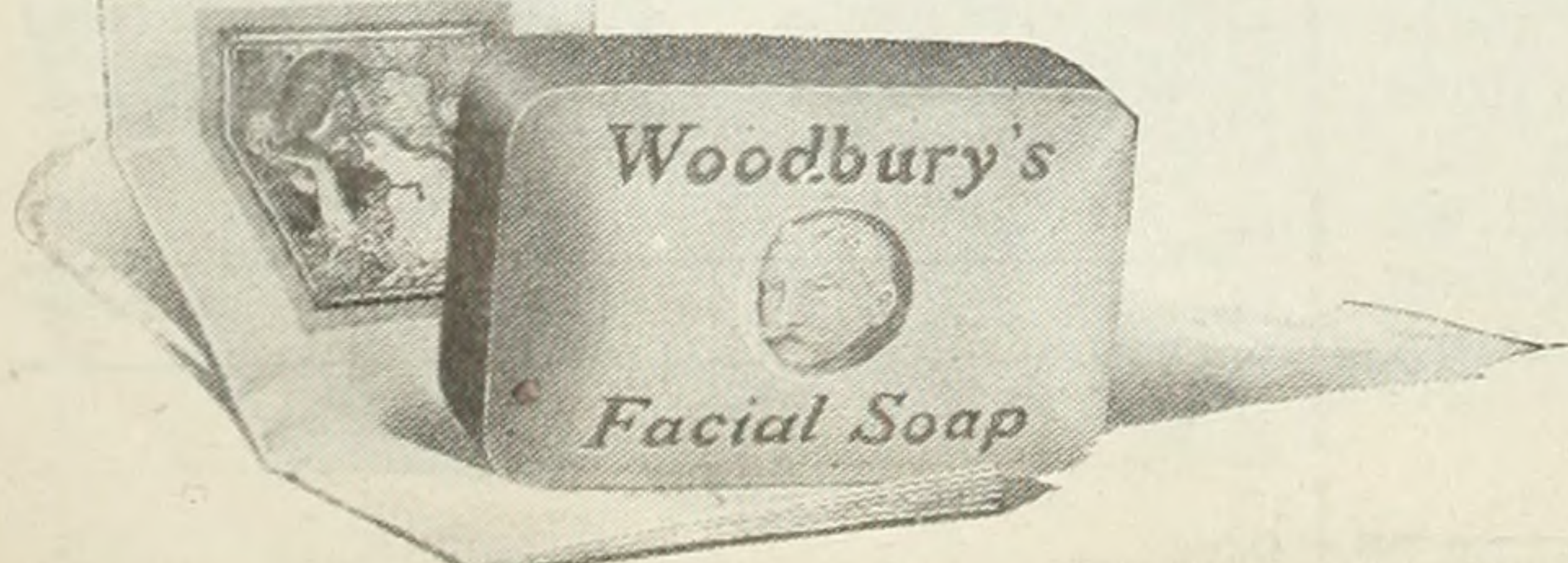
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A-SKIN-YOU  
LOVE-TO-TOUCH



THOUSANDS WILL WANT  
THIS PICTURE. WRITE  
TODAY FOR YOUR COPY





Hoover

**M**OTHERHOOD has not only lent her a more mature charm, but it has given Mildred Harris, the girl who married Charlie Chaplin, a dramatic depth she never had before. It wasn't long ago that Mildred was a child actress for Reliance.





Hartsook

**W**E know him as Major Robert Warwick, who gave his best services in the war, without telling everybody about it. A romantic actor of considerable renown on the stage, Warwick seems to have found his true metier in the silent drama.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**“SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW!”** The old nursery rhyme supplied Margaret House, then an extra girl, with a screen name. Margery is a sincere youngster who, now that she has attained stardom, is determined to work harder than ever.





**M**ARIE WAL-  
CAMP went  
to Japan to make a  
serial. And while  
she was there she  
fell in love with  
Harland Tucker,  
her leading man,  
and married him.



**O**UTSIDE of working at the studio all day, starring in a stage play in the evening, and doing a little shopping, Alice Brady has absolutely nothing to do.







Apeda

**H**ERBERT RAWLINSON was the original Raffles. Having learned all the tricks, he took the part of Craig Kennedy, scientific detective. Now that he has fully reformed, Herb can answer his fan letters with a clear conscience.





Evans

**D**ORIS MAY, better-half of the team of McLean-May, those heavenly twins of comedy. She is just the sort of girl everybody knows: a sub-deb with a sense of humor. Thomas Ince made her leading woman for Charles Ray, and then, a star.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**S**HE graduated in the same screen class as Gloria Swanson, this Chicagoenne who by sheer perseverance was given parts to play at Essanay. Agnes Ayres came to New York, and made good. She is a free-lancette, and is now in California.

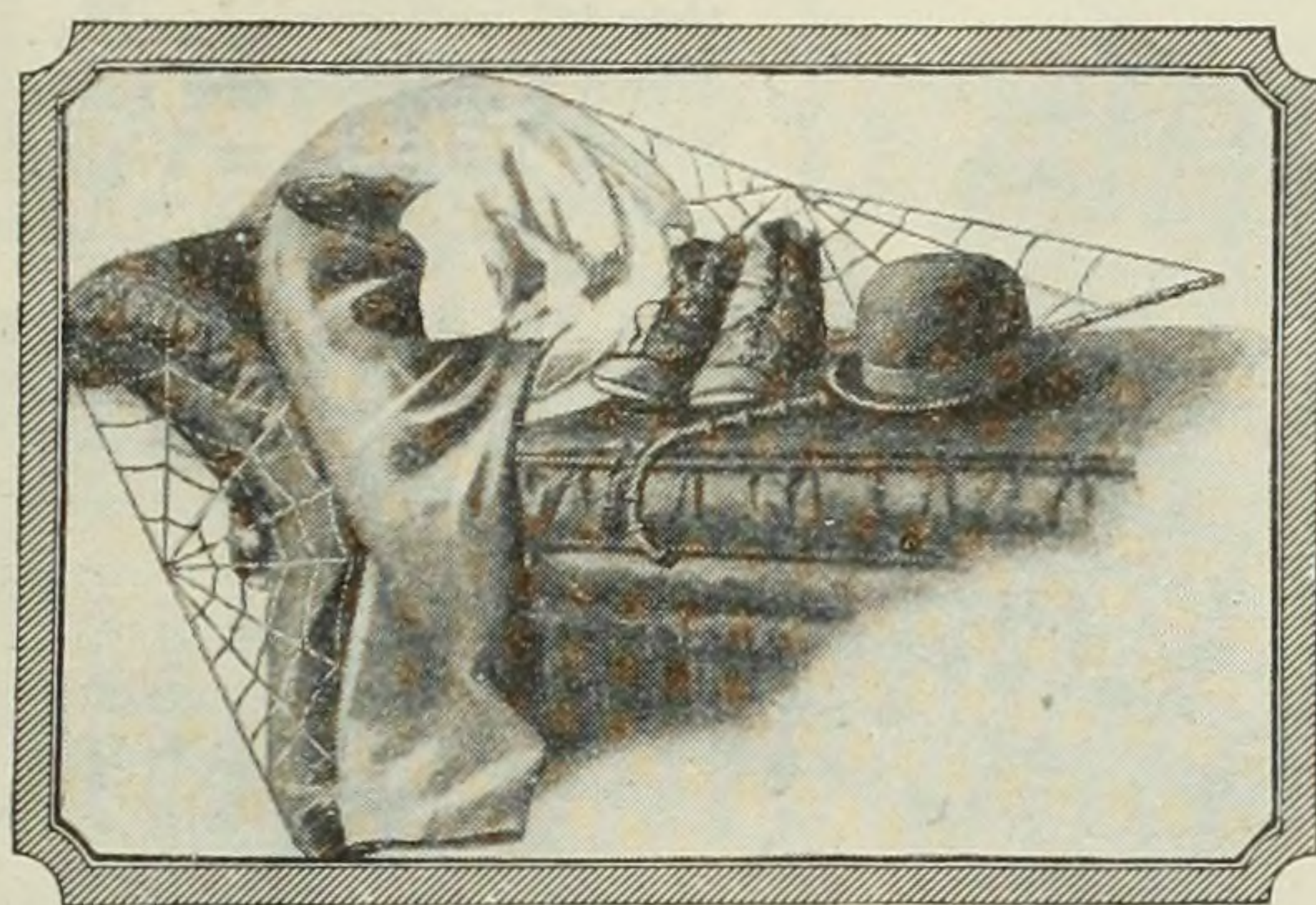


# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVII

April, 1920

No. 5



## A Letter to a Genius

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN:—

It is a daring thing to call any man a genius, for that word, like fame, is a tremendous description, almost always absurdly applied. But we will venture to call you a genius, for your performances are unique and your renown has girdled the world in an inflammable band embroidered with sprocket-holes.

Yet, we must call you a genius-on-vacation. And we must add that it is time your vacation were over. How many people are wishing that now!

We haven't really seen you since "Shoulder Arms." "Sunnyside" was anything but sunny. "A Day's Pleasure" certainly was not pleasure.

Perhaps your contract is irksome—you may think it unfair. Perhaps your remuneration seems very little as an emolument to your illustrious talents and a recompense for those diamonds, your working hours.

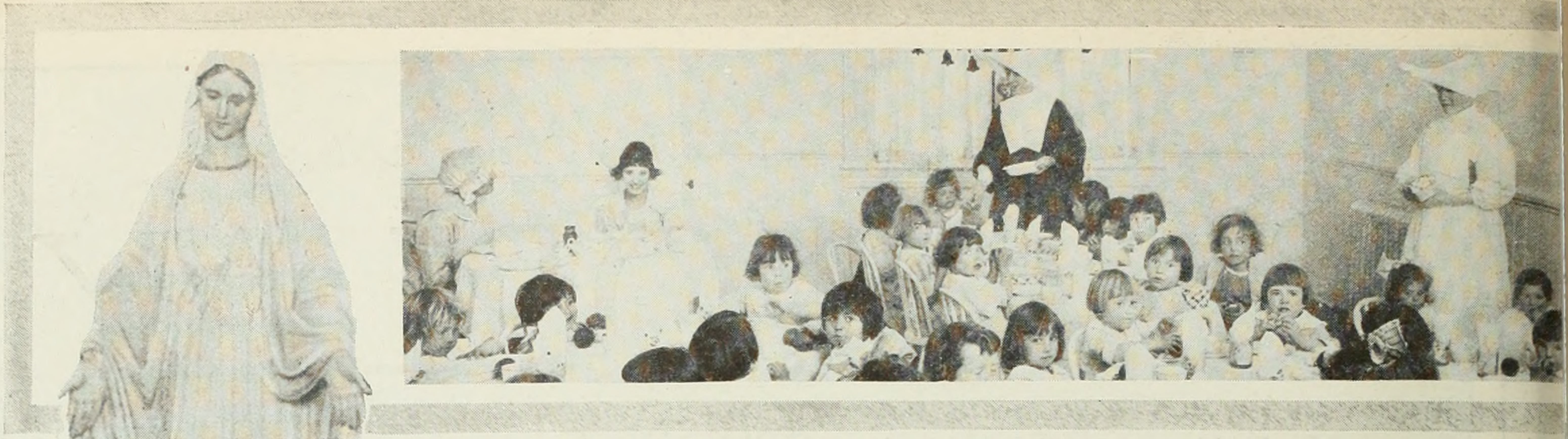
But you didn't think that agreement unfair when you made it, not so long ago. To most of us, who have to grub and grind for what is a pittance to you, it seemed a very wonderful thing. But that is not for us to decide—pardon!

What is plain to anyone is the manly alternative in such a case. Be quit of your self-made fetters by honest, sportsmanlike effort. If your present ties are shackles, break them with your best blows—these weak ones are not only unavailing, but these half-laughs you have created recently hurt no one half so much as they hurt your truest friend, The Public. And the half-laughs must hurt you also.

Charlie!—we have no part in your quarrels; we have no will to meddle in your business. But all of us, from North, East, West and South, from as many sides of the water as there may be, are imploring, because we are doleful and bewildered in a bewildered and doleful world. Give us again those magic hours of philosophic forgetfulness, that you once set out so charitably, like beacons of a kindly neighbor.

We are not commanding nor advising nor even criticizing; we speak because we need you—because you made this turbulent God's marble a better thing to live on—because since you have been out of sorts the world has gone lame and happiness has moved away. Come back, Charlie!





It's meal time and the photographer is tying things up considerably. Sister Cecilia in the rear; Sister Patricia at right.

# Mary,

In which the wishes of Miss Pickford are ignored, and one of the most beautiful of her life interests related.

By  
**RANDOLPH  
 BARTLETT**

A quiet hour often comes when Sister Superior, Cecilia, gathers about her a group of the older girls and reads to them. The curly-haired child on the piano stool might have stepped from an artist's canvas of young-girlhood.



**W**E stood at a sun-flooded window on one of the upper floors of the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, standing on a high knoll and overlooking a lovely California valley toward the snowcapped peak of San Antonio. Sister Cecilia did not at once answer the question I had just asked. It was the sort of question a reporter is always asking because it leads toward facts and comparisons, and gives him a solid nail upon which to hang his story. The Mother Superior looked out across the valley, but she could not have seen much of its beauty through the film of moisture I could see gathering in her eyes. At last she turned and spoke:

"How much money in a year? I have never counted it in that way. We do not think of Mary Pickford in terms of figures, but in terms of the love she brings. If some great misfortune should remove her from us, we would miss her splendid benefactions, of course, but we would miss still more—ininitely more—herself. We might find some man or woman of great wealth whose checks would accomplish what Miss Pickford's charity does for us, but where is there to be found another heart like hers? Do you remember Lowell's poem, 'The Vision of Sir Launfal,' in





# the Well Beloved

which Christ appears to the impoverished knight who has shared his last crust with a leper, and says,

Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

It is because Mary gives herself with her alms that she means so much to us. Do not think that I am minimizing the importance of her financial help. That has been magnificent. But even if she were to come to us empty handed, we could not love her less."

We turned from the window and entered a little room—a recreation room, where there were books, pictures, a piano, but most noticeable of all, two large frames of various portraits of Miss Pickford, and two smaller pictures of her in separate frames.

"The children simply cannot get enough pictures of her, from those who are so little that they just call her 'Mawy' to the older ones who are a little more backward about expressing their affection, because they know something of what a noted personage she is."

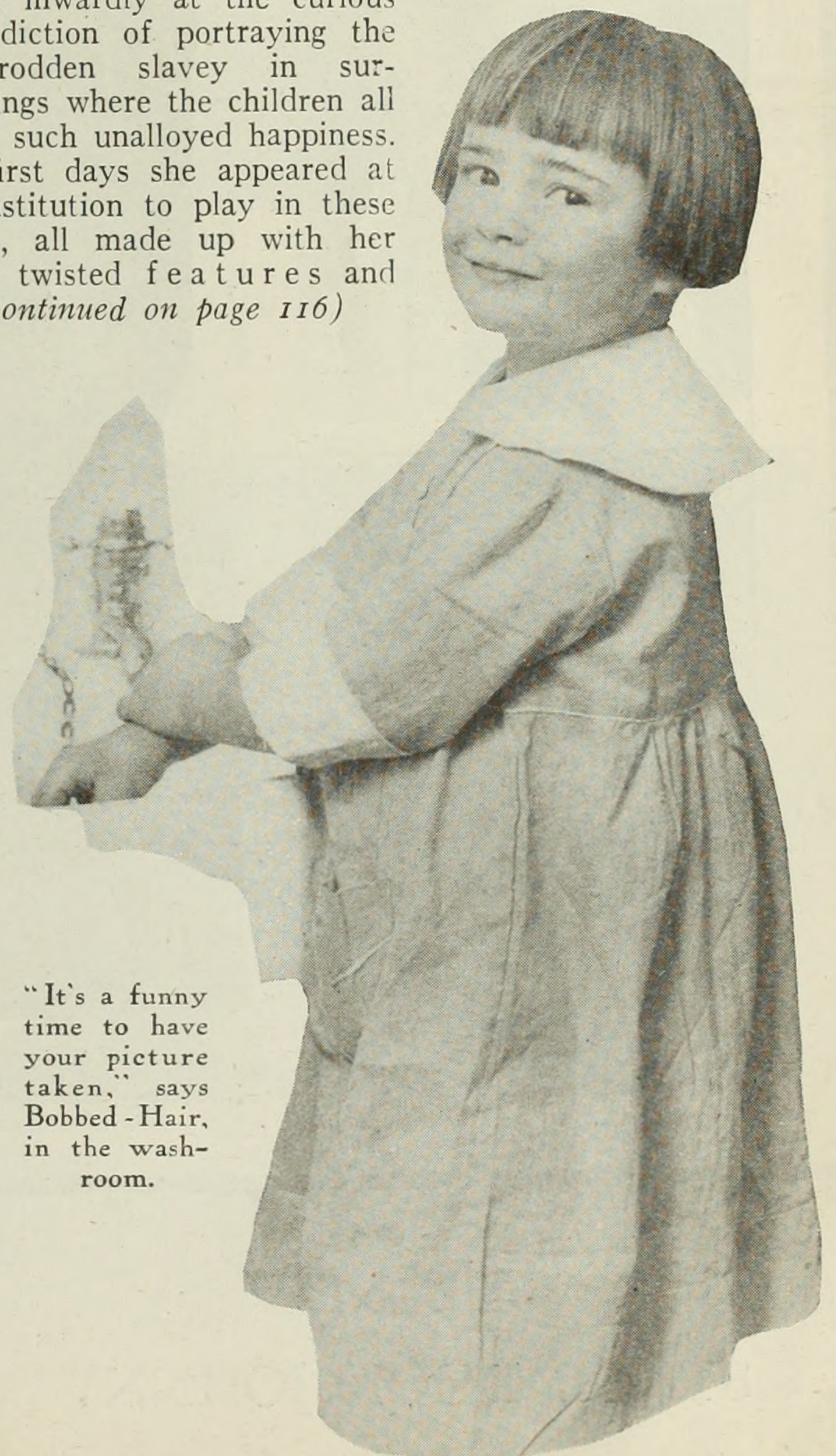
It is nearly five years since Mary Pickford discovered the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum and took it to her heart. It was here she conceived the story which was later put upon the screen as "The Foundling," and it was here that she made the

MARY PICKFORD did not know this story of one of the biggest interests in her life was being written. If she had, she would have done everything in her power to keep it out of print. She has, over and over, told those who knew the circumstances, she was anxious the matter should have no publicity.

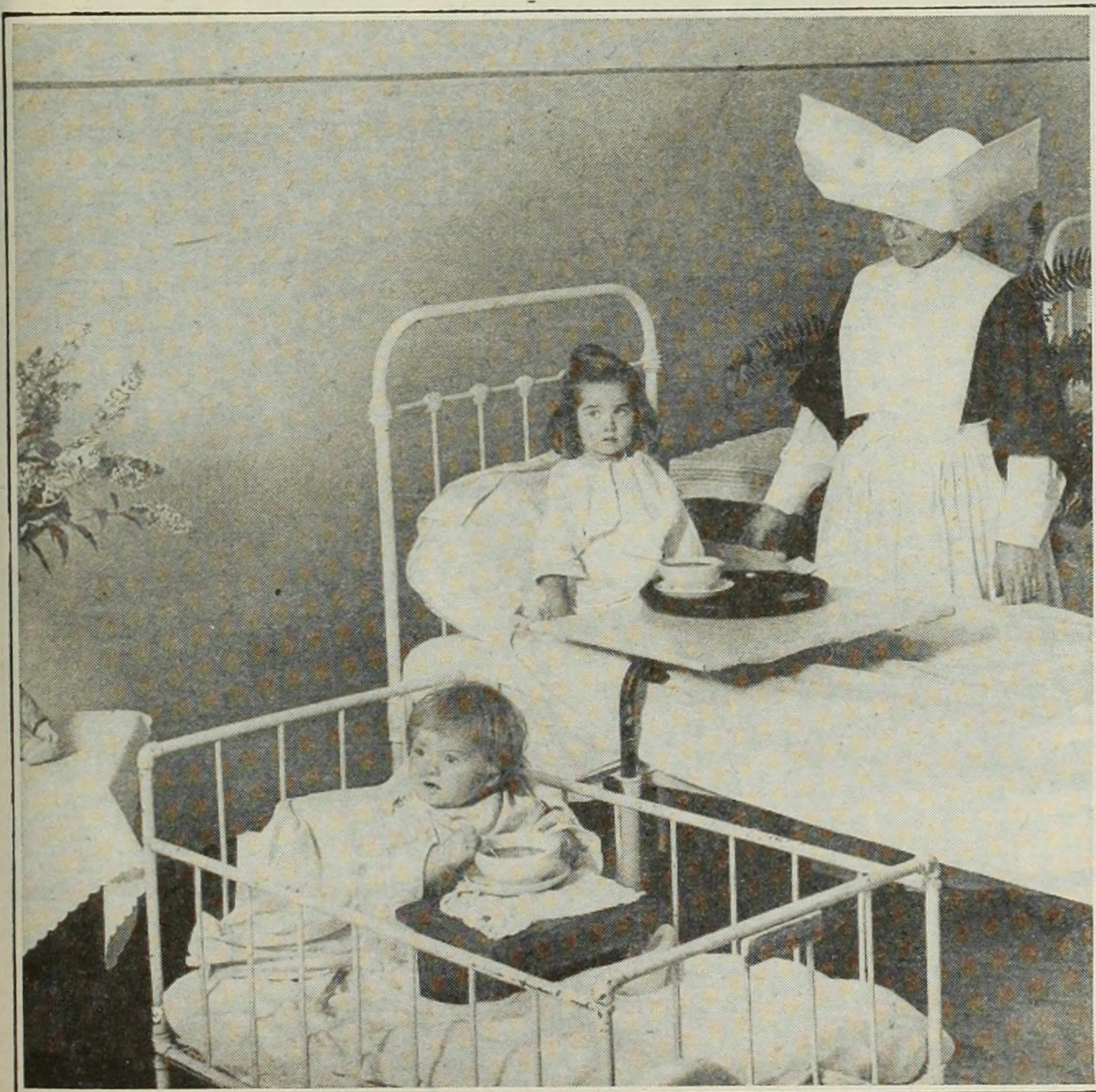
But PHOTOPLAY believes that justice to one of the most beautiful characters in public life today demands that her splendid efforts in behalf of several hundred little orphans be made known, not merely that the public may know Mary Pickford a little better, but also that others whose hearts are not so open to the cry of the little children may be inspired to go and do likewise.

orphanage scenes for "Stella Maris." And Mary must have smiled inwardly at the curious contradiction of portraying the downtrodden slavey in surroundings where the children all reflect such unalloyed happiness. The first days she appeared at the institution to play in these scenes, all made up with her funny twisted features and  
(Continued on page 116)

Photography  
by Stag



"It's a funny time to have your picture taken," says Bobbed-Hair, in the wash-room.



A corner of one of the hospital wards with two of the little invalids partaking of bean porridge hot, under Sister Cecilia's kindly supervision.



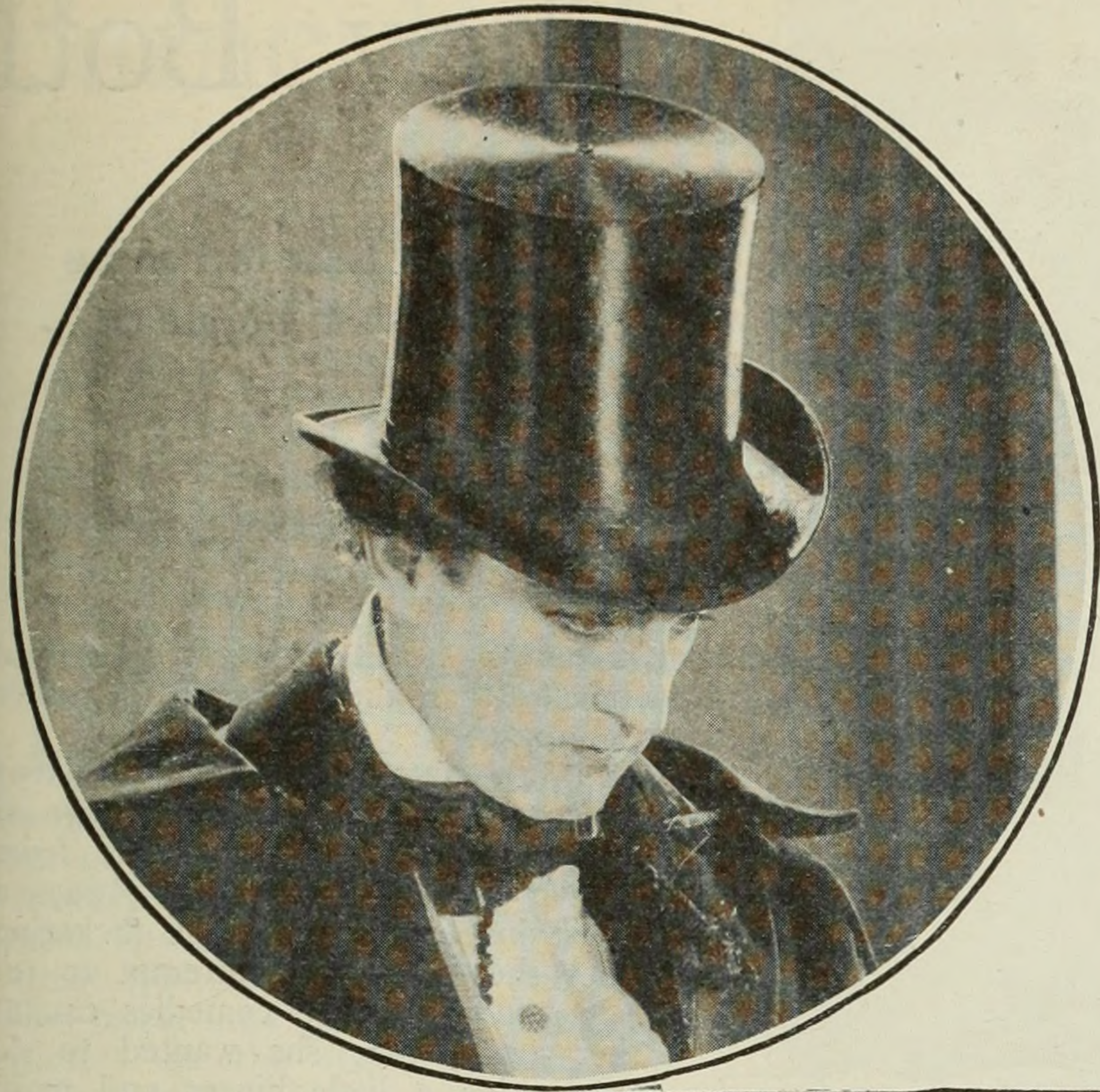


Drawn by Ralph Barton

## THE NEW STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

"The show's been over —  
hic — an hour and she —  
hic — hasn't come out yet!"





**E**VEN if you have never read Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or if you never saw Richard Mansfield interpret this famous dual character on the stage, you know the story is shivery. There probably has never been a story written which made so many people afraid to go up the dark stairs alone. Right now John Barrymore is jekyl-and-hyde-ing all over the Paramount-Artcraft lot. Get out your shivers and dust them off.

**W**HO but those of us who know would ever guess that the stringy-haired, wicked eyed, talon-fingered beast above and the kindly gentleman in top hat across the way are one and the same John Barrymore. A few years ago people thought that John Barrymore could play only light roles—then came that amazing Galsworthy drama, "Justice," which proved him a master of woe. He has been adventuring in dramatic depths ever since.

# Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde





# They Both

Mildred Reardon came back with fame at 19.

By  
ALLEN CORLISS



Mildred was a blonde embellishment of DeMille's "Male and Female." Here, with Raymond Hatton.

"I'LL come back here famous some of these days," said sixteen-year-old Mildred Reardon when she said goodbye to the folks at the station at Ottawa, Ill., three years ago. At that time her name was Lou Riordan. The rechristening was due to the difficulty of some people in learning that Riordan was as much Reardon as is Reardon and to the additional fact that Lou is generally used as a male appellation.

At any rate Lou, or Mildred, shook the dust of Ottawa from her dainty pumps and went to the big city, viz.: Chicago. Through the good offices of a friend she got a job in a film comedy cannery at three-and-a-half a day. Being informed that she was to wear pajamas in the scene, Mildred invested the huge sum of twenty dollars in a suit of silk nighties. The first scene consisted of a comedian heaving a blueberry pie at the newest girl on the set and the silk pajamas were a total loss with no insurance.

Mildred's next move was to New York. Manhattan, the mecca of all brains and beauty; Manhattan, where there are more pretty girls to the square inch than to the square mile in any other city in the world, perhaps, and where they are most appreciated. And Manhattan, where Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld maintains his national institution—the Follies.

Now, a pretty girl like Mildred was destined for the Follies. At least, for a fling at them. Besides, she had had some experience posing for pictures—the still kind. She had acquired some prominence as a photographic model. Being, into the bargain, genuinely young and agile and graceful, she naturally gravitated into the Follies. She wore her gorgeous costumes with more than ordinary grace and put into her per-

**TODAY**  
**MILDRED**  
**REARDON**

**ALSO**  
**"FATTY" ARBUCKLE and**  
**MARGUERITE CLARK**

Already—in her home town paper at least—she has been featured over greater luminaries. Below—as "Fatty" Arbuckle's leading lady in "The Sheriff."

performances a little more pep and spontaneity than did some of the other girls.

Result, the fate of all Follies girls of real talent: there was the usual siege of big cinema guns. The call came from California; and as Mildred had always a soft spot in her heart for the flickering gelatines she didn't even attempt to resist the call. The comedies caught her again, too; she wanted to do something a little bigger and more serious, but an agility such as hers appeals greatly in pie-farce, and so she was, for a while, a beautiful target for custards. She did a number of funny films with indifferent success, earned her salary and just performed to suit her director, with no satisfaction to her own ambitions. Then—Fatty Arbuckle saw her, and engaged her for a couple of pictures, "The Sheriff" and "Camping Out."

And that's how she came back to Ottawa, famous—and the papers advertised her in bigger letters than they printed "Fatty's" name, or that of Marguerite Clark who was also on the bill.

And after that—success came her way, and stopped over. Back in California, Cecil DeMille cast her in an important role of "Male and Female." No sooner had she finished in this picture, than she went to the Garson studio to play opposite House Peters.





# Came Back

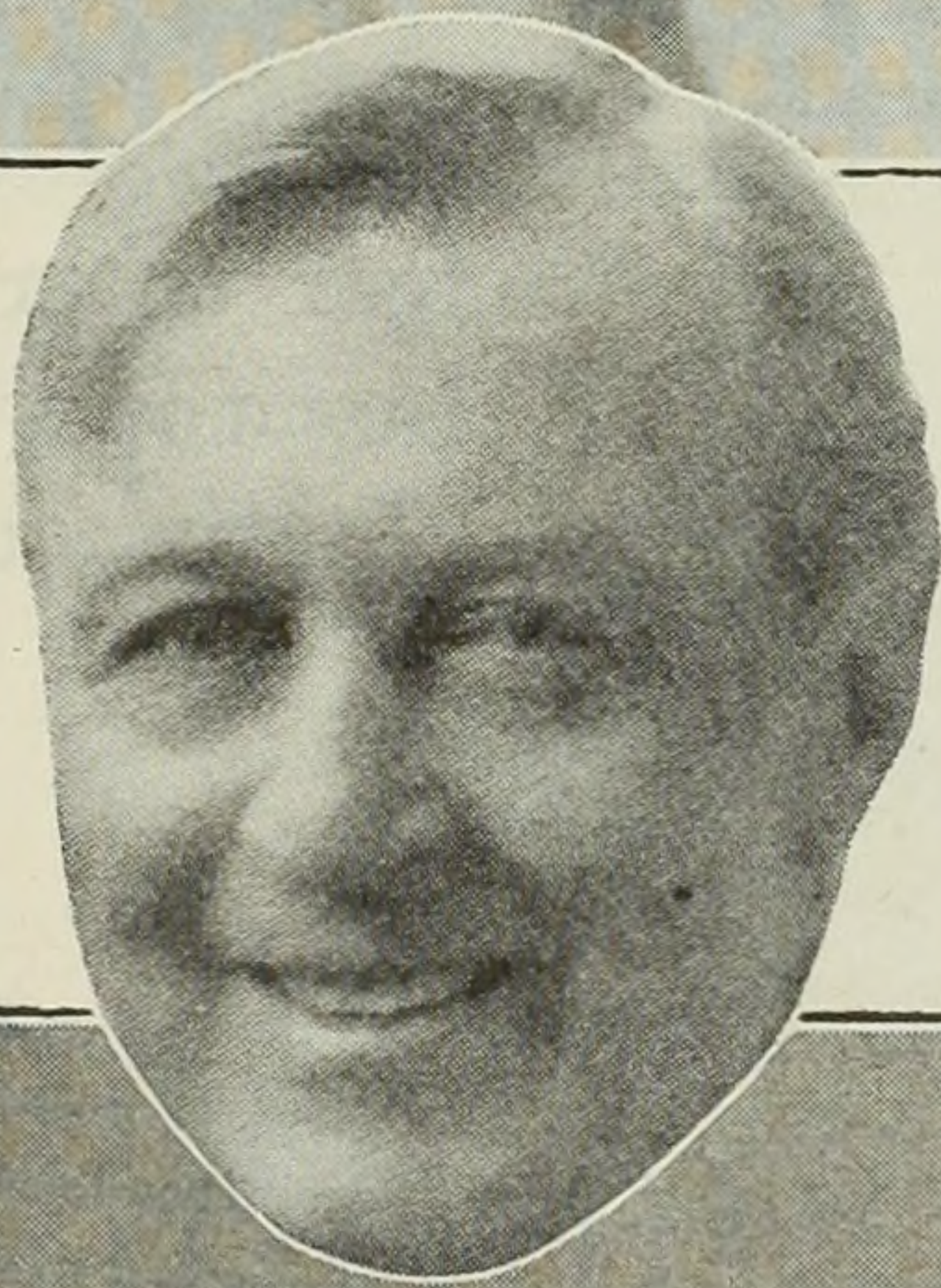
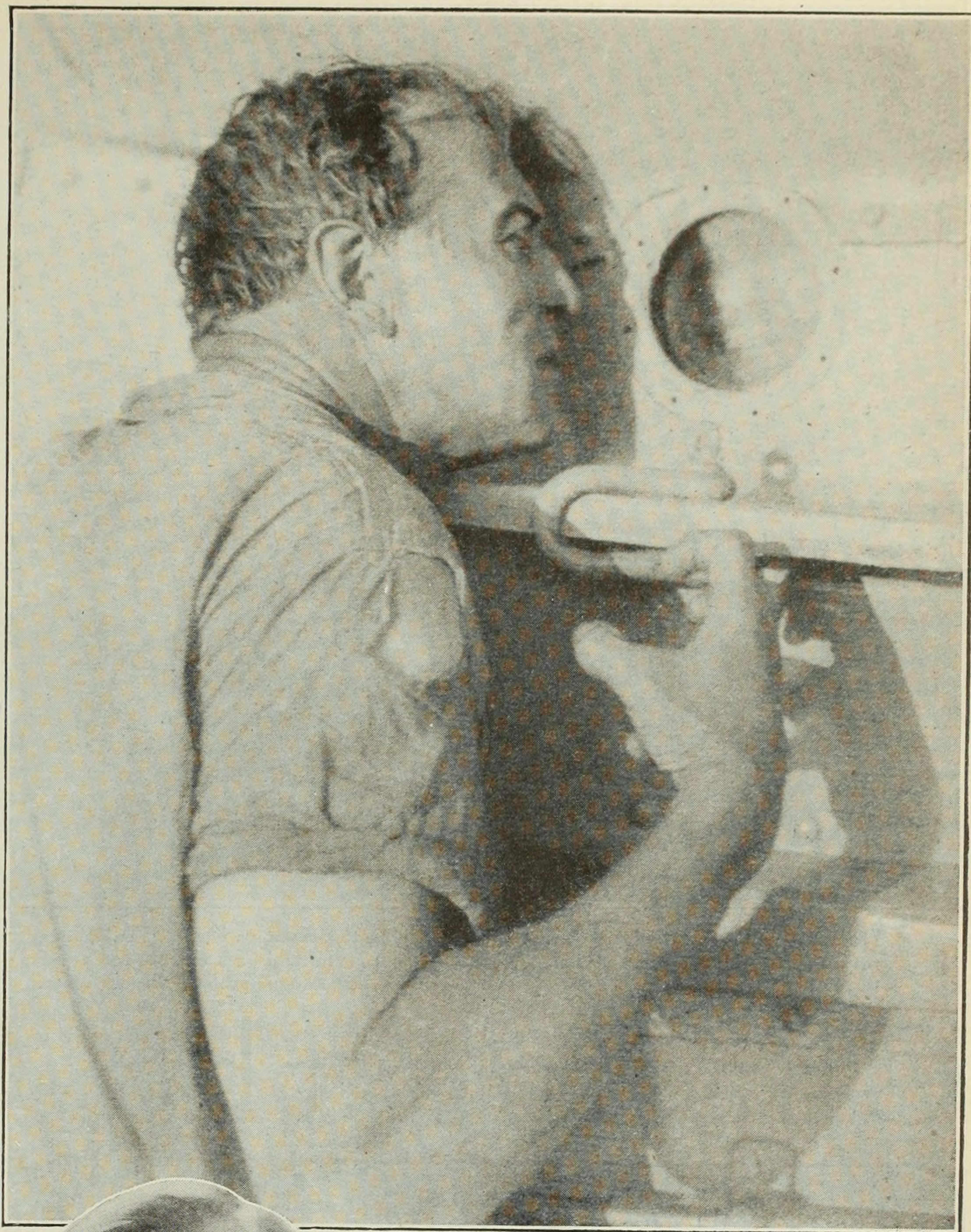
Hobart Bosworth came back to health at 52.

By  
RANDOLPH BARTLETT

**I**N the early days of the present century a young man in his prime was sentenced to death—not the swift clean death of knife or gun, nor the equally swift though more sordid death of rope or chair—but the horrible, lingering, painful death of what has come to be known as the Great White Plague. The young man was just a little past thirty, a brilliant success on the stage, apparently a young giant physically, but the doctors shook their heads and remarked, "The bigger they are the harder they fall." That was about twenty years ago.

Last week, in the projection room of the Thomas H. Ince plant at Culver City I saw a picture in which this same man, now middle-aged, fought a terrific fist battle for about half a reel, and performed thrilling feats on land and in the ocean. It was not trick stuff—it was the job of a 100 per cent man. I knew Hobart Bosworth had fooled the doctors but I had no idea that he had developed so that at fifty-two he looks capable of chasing Jack Dempsey into limp obscurity. Let any frightened individual, scared half to death by a hacking cough and a pessimistic doctor, consider well the magnificent comeback of Hobart Bosworth and know that tuberculosis can be roped, hogtied, flung into the limbo

Below—a study of Bosworth twenty years ago, when he was a brilliant success on the stage—before he fooled the doctors.



Hobart Bosworth has always played fighting roles, from his "Sea Wolf" to his present film part in "Behind the Door." He puts up a better fight at fifty than he ever did before.

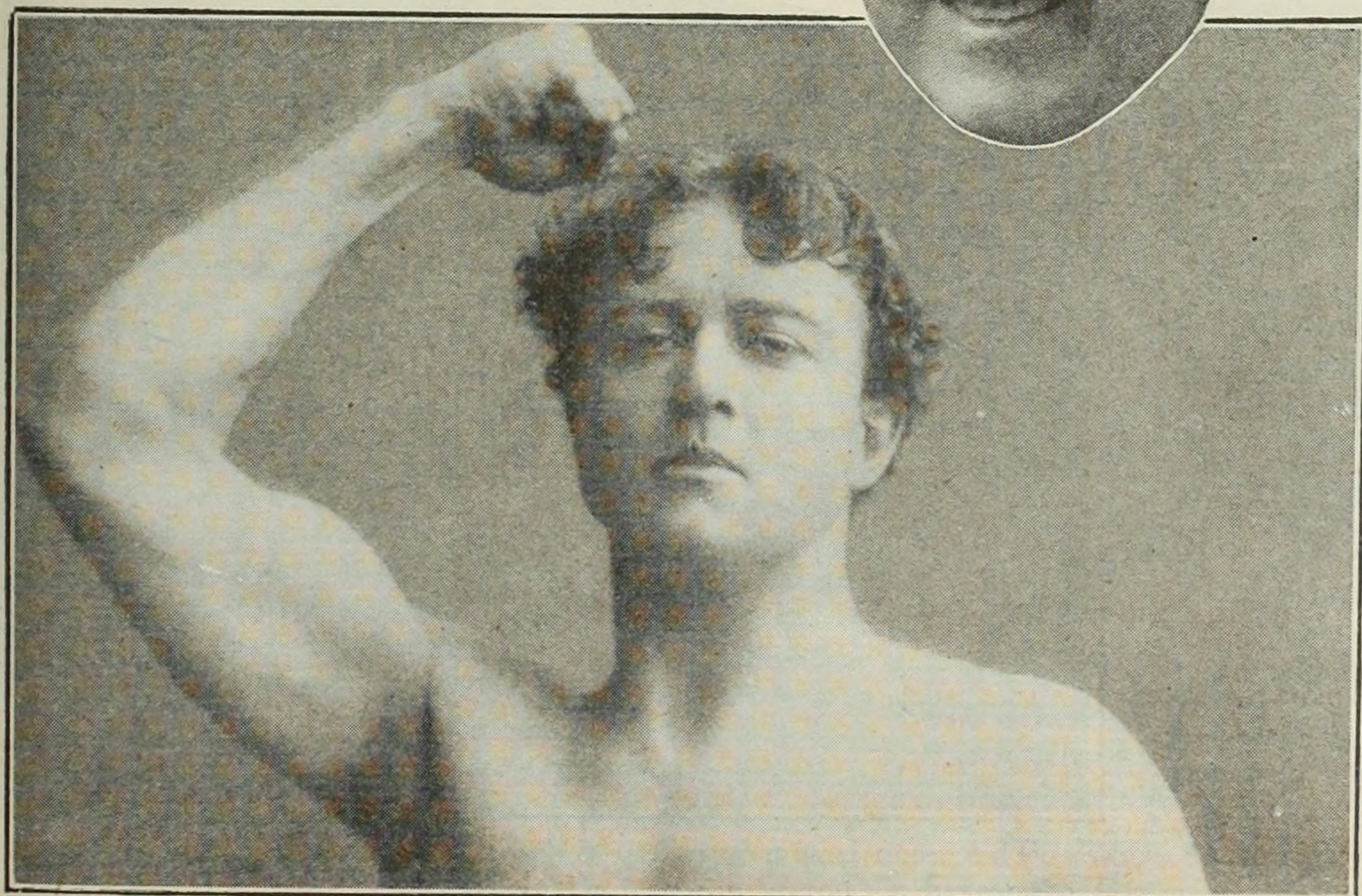
of things forgot, and remain nothing but a family jest.

Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1867, and without much preliminary sparring for position, made his way to the stage. Step by step he climbed the ladder, from stock company to leading parts with Julia Marlowe, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Walsh, Minnie Maddern Fiske. It was the chronicle of a young man of brains and ambition, rapidly reaching the top. And as the big prize seemed within his grasp, the medical trombone in B flat minor told him he had only a short time left to live.

"You will live longer in Arizona than anywhere else," they told him, so he went to Arizona.

Curiously enough, when Bosworth reached Arizona he did not feel like a dying man. He looked about, rather enjoyed the novel scenery, and decided he wanted a job. He found employment guarding irrigation ditches, riding about the semi-desert country, living in the open, and forgetting that he was sentenced to death. Then, because this did not keep his mind sufficiently occupied he tried painting, and turned out a

(Continued on page 118)



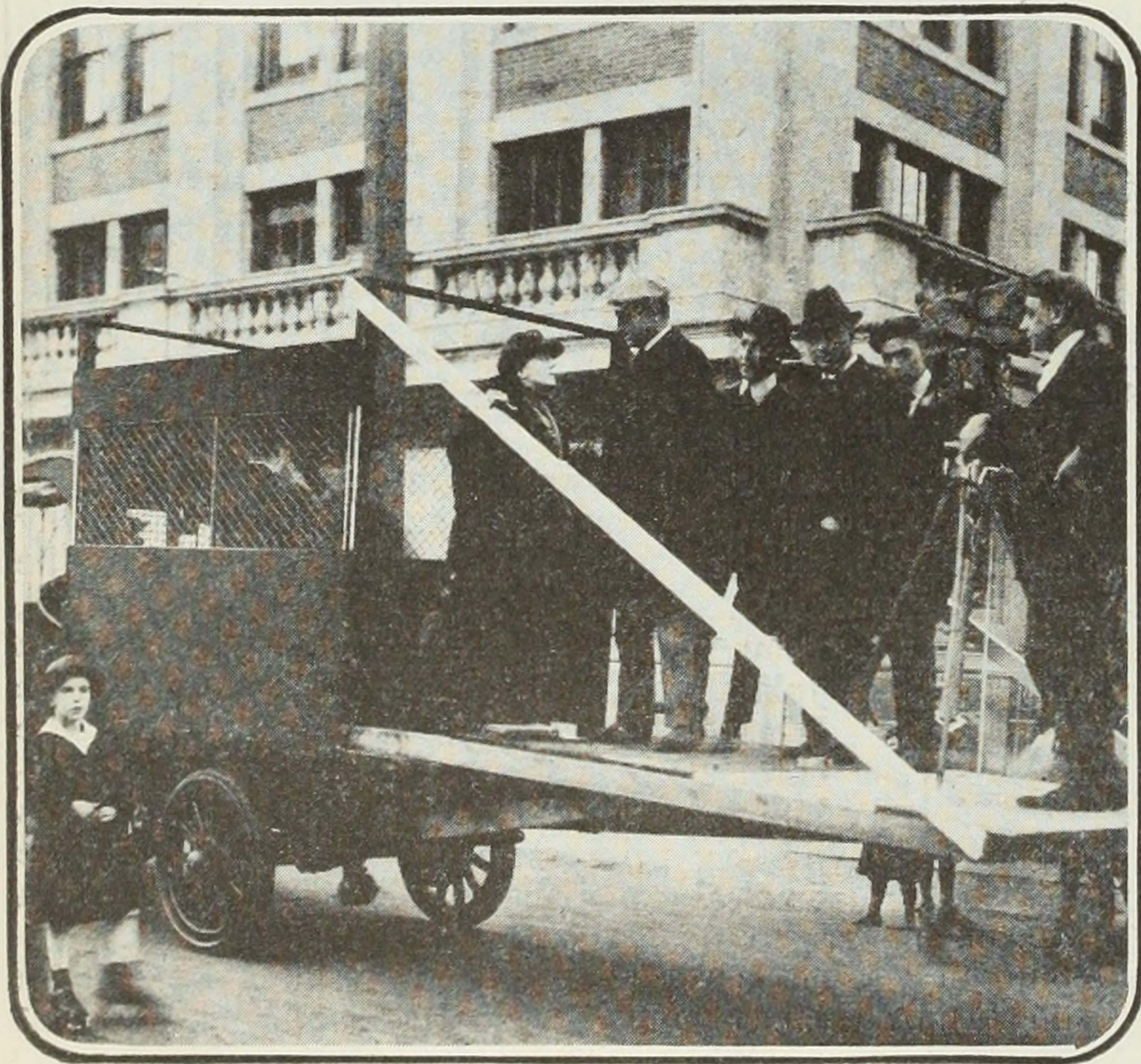
Photograph by Morrison





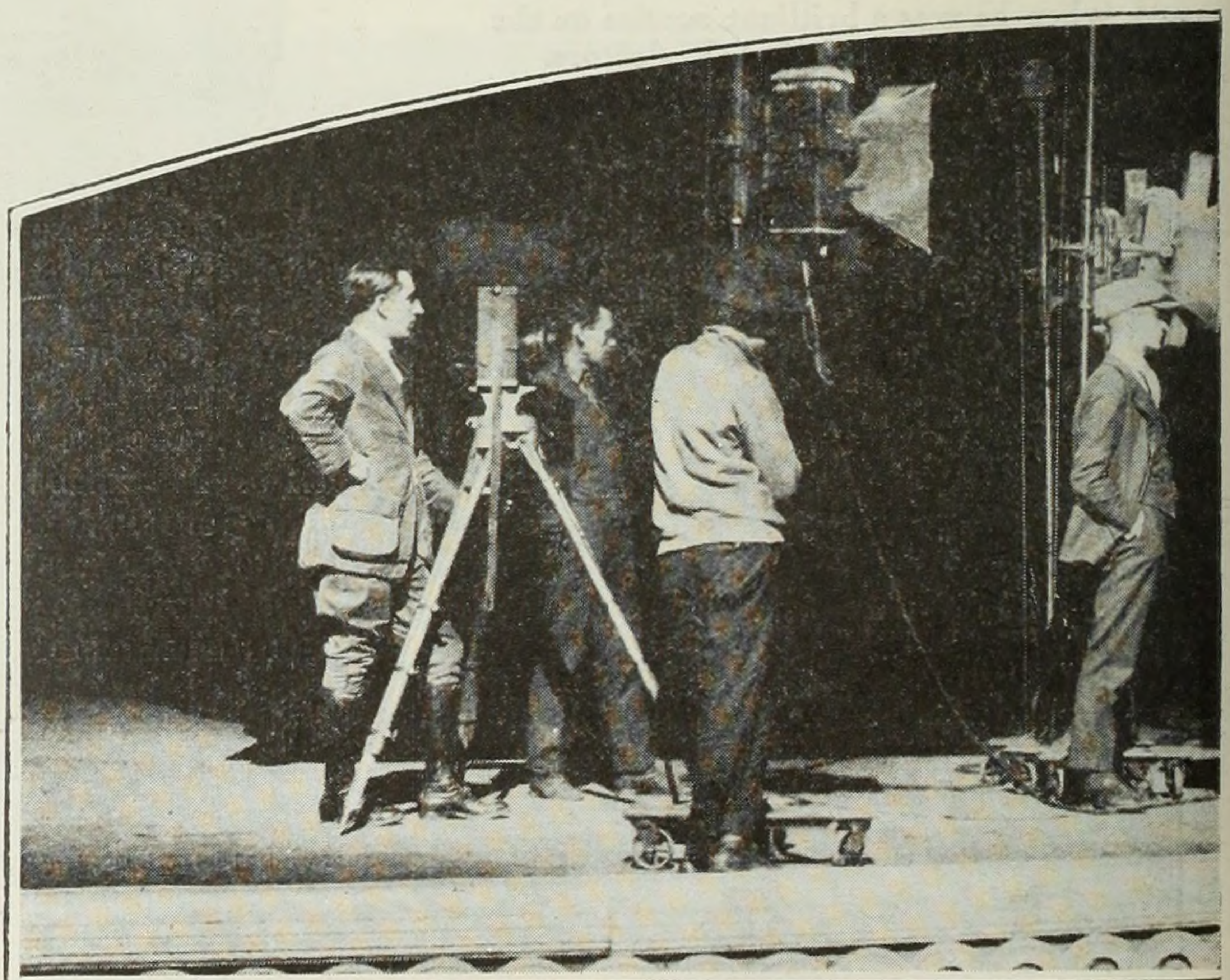
Here is one camera, for instance, discovered right in the act of registering the "sunset finale." It has been said that the thing that makes a dictatorial cameraman maddest is his inability to hold back old Sol for a retake Eugene O'Brien and Lucy Cotton are the couple. The dog is probably a sun-setter.

# Chasing the Camera



As the Follies-fiend sitting in the gallery admitted, you can't always tell from where you sit. On the screen this shows Elsie Janis in a police bus, rattling down the street. You wouldn't have realized that this old oaken annex rattled along behind her, creaking under its load of director, cameraman and assistants.

Cameramen rush in where even flivvers fear to tread. On mountain-tops and bus-tops, under the water and over the clouds—they leisurely grind the silence.



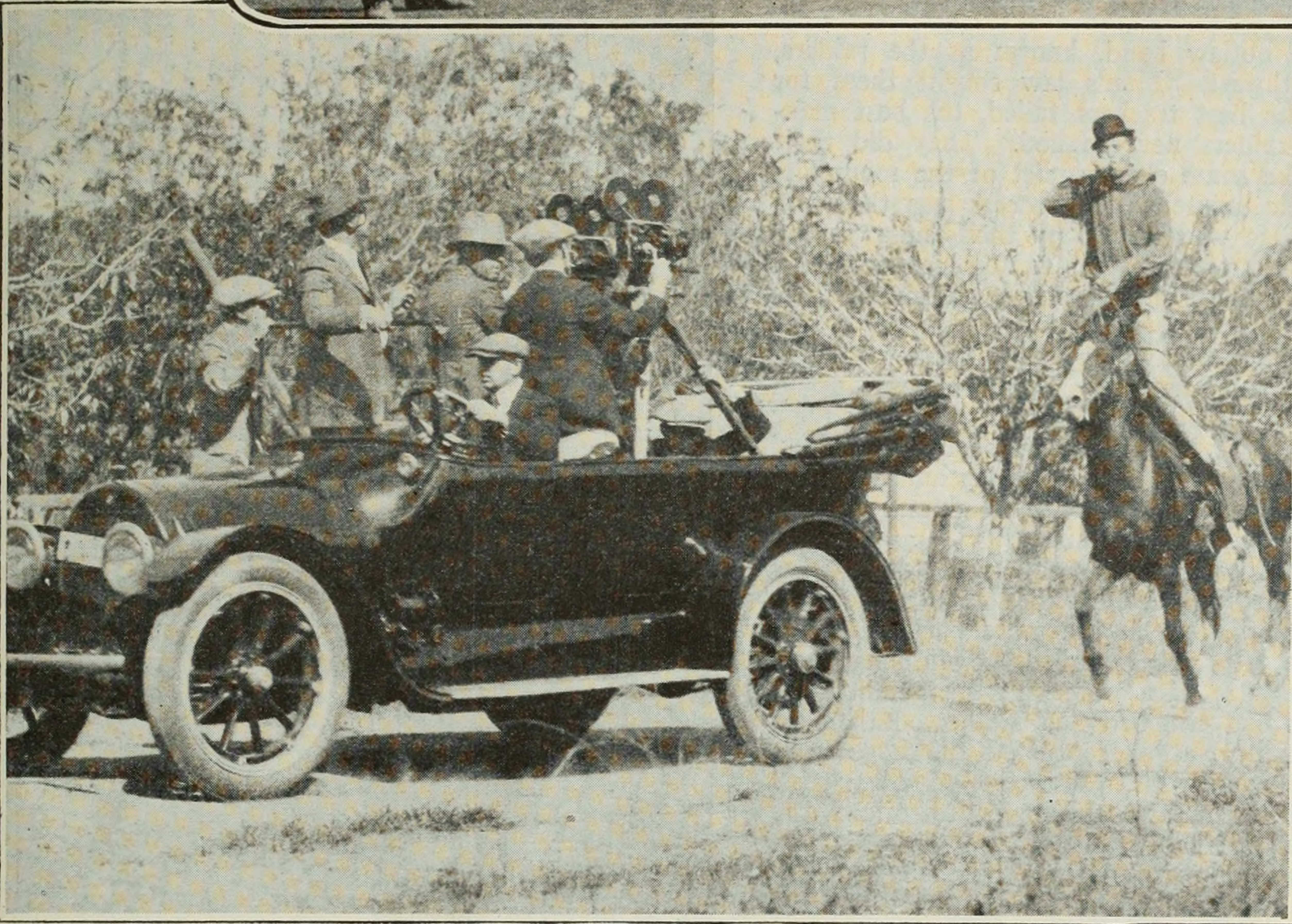
This scene is warranted to make any anti-movie critic and pro-sneaked a camera onto the stage! If this be treason, let's film the New York. Elaine is just about



Photographs by  
A. T. Random

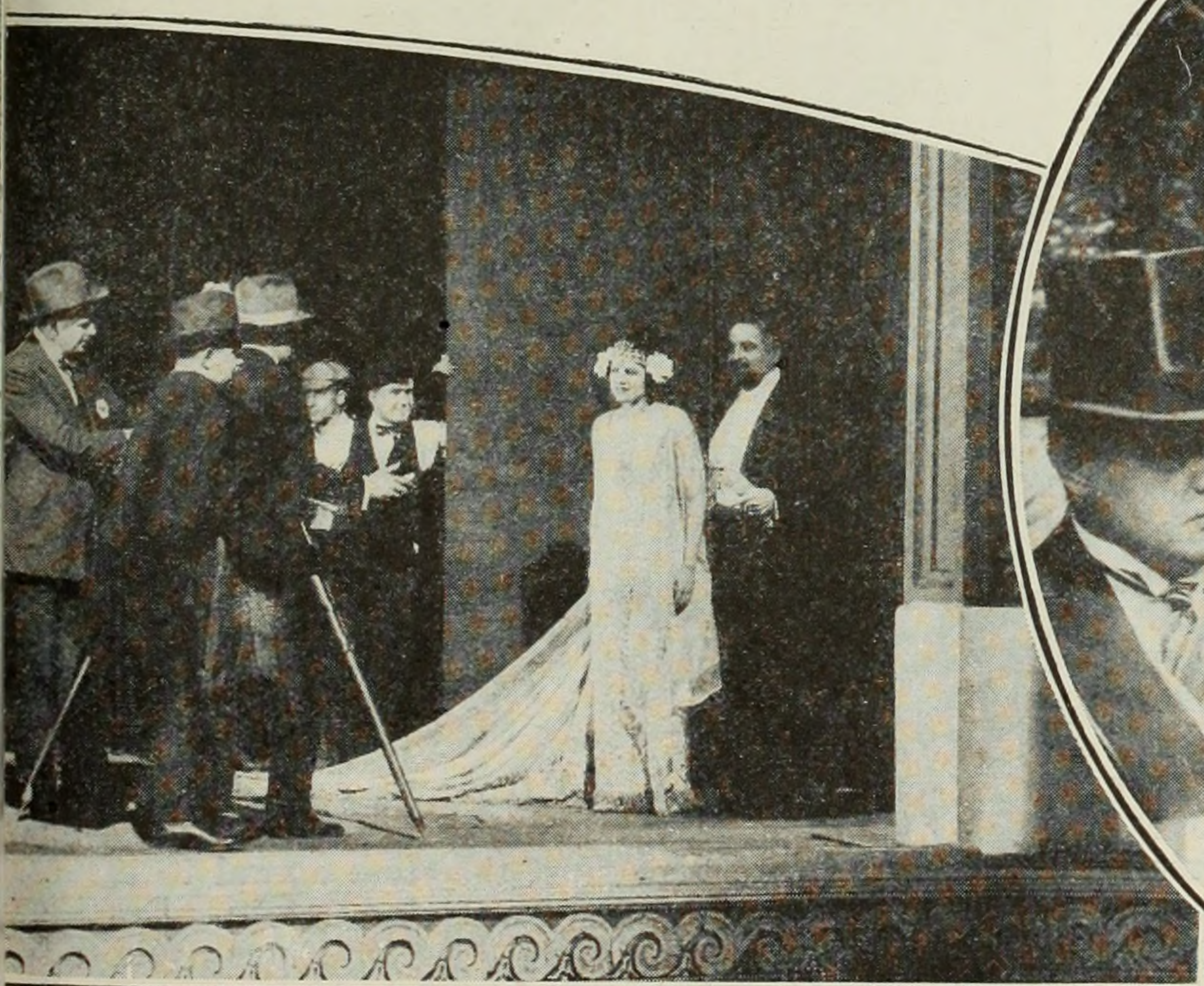


Although the cameraman cannot make the sun stand still, he can arrange to turn it around and make it shine the other way. The white reflectors achieve this, in the hands of the property men for Ruth Roland's company. Ruth is holding the megaphone.

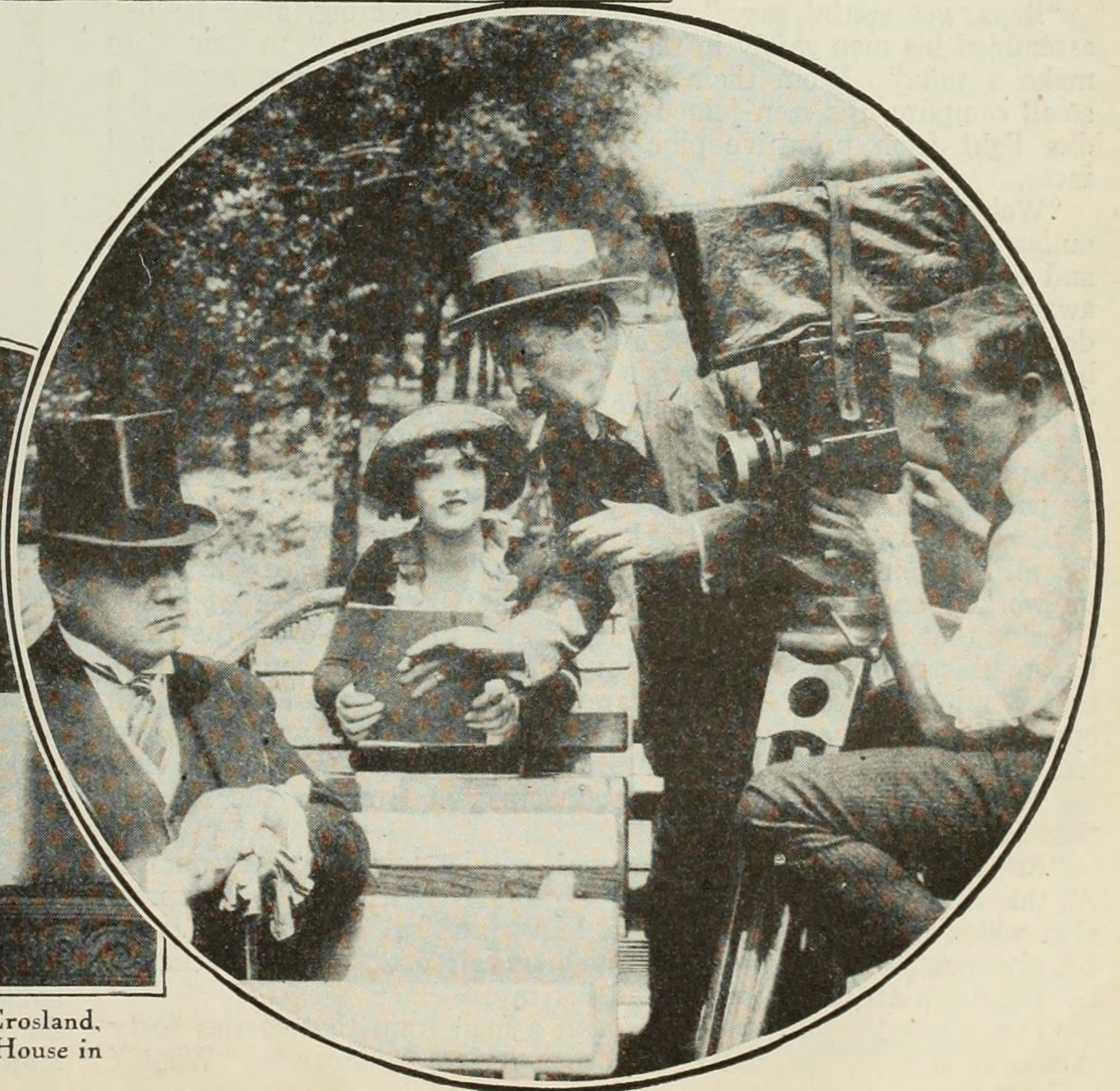


A cameraman has to feel at home any place, in a millionaire's garden, a tenement fire-escape, or, as in this case, atop a Fifth Avenue bus, where he carted his camera at George Baker's direction, to shoot villain Anders Randolph, at the left, and heroine Marion Davies.

It must give a horse a wonderfully superior feeling to observe an automobile giving way before him. In the machine are Will Rogers' cameramen and director. Will is on—generally speaking—his horse.



legit. hound mad. Elaine Hammerstein's director, Alan Crosland, most of it. This is the interior of the Manhattan Opera House in to do some silent singing.





# The TOLL GATE

By  
PAUL  
HUBERT  
CONLON

THERE were men in the West and they made it  
A home for a man and his gun.  
They called life a game, and they played it  
Clear through with their face to the sun.  
Some stole from their fellows, then sowed it  
In drinking and sinning their share,  
But the meanest damn outlaw that rode it,  
Had a streak in his soul that was square.

IN the early 'eighties, an outlaw band, known as the raiders, ranged through the Southwest. Man's law sought them for three years—in vain. The best trackers failed, the best man-hunters failed; yet the raiders never failed. They did their unlawful work and escaped like some elusive mist of the mountain. The one great reason for their uninterrupted success was the man, Black Deering, their leader. He was hunted by thousands; yet no man outside his own followers knew his face. It was his power and personal fearlessness that held the band together and made their depredations possible.

Not only was Black Deering an outlaw; he was a thinker. There came a day when he realized that the whole Southwest was up in arms against him. Ranchers on all sides had loaned the sheriff their riders, the commander at the fort had given his scouts. In fact, three counties had quit work to rub out Black Deering and his gang. They were worth about five thousand dollars a head and nobody was particular how their heads were brought in.

When the supreme efforts of the law made the chase too hot for even the wily outlaws, Black Deering led his men to a rendezvous which had never failed to shield them in the more perilous times. A water trail was the reason all trackers failed. Swimming their horses through a river to the edge of a waterfall, the bandits disappeared as though the river had clutched and swallowed them in its icy maw. By the waterfall, Nature concealed the huge cave which served as the raiders' rendezvous. In these strange, weird surroundings the worst band of outlaws that ever terrorized the Southwest assembled to hear the latest plans of their chieftain, Black Deering,—the man who had carried them through a daring existence without the loss of even a single member.

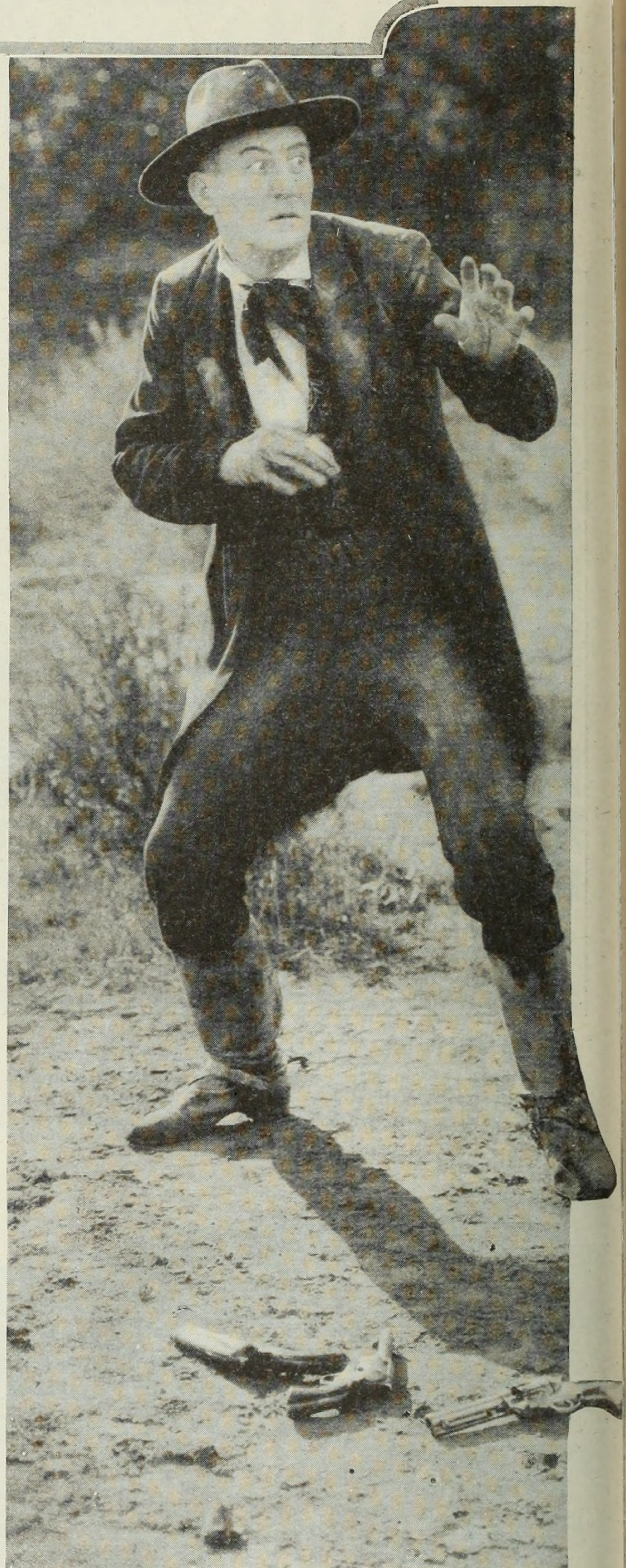
"Boys, get settin' easy," announced Black Deering, after he had assembled his men safely in the subterranean abode; "I'm figurin' to make a talk." From their lounging places, rude bunks around a small campfire, the men joined the new arrivals in a tense group, the dim light from primitive pine torches playing softly on hardened faces.

"We've been workin' together for a long time," continued the outlaw leader. "We've been chased by sheriffs' posses, vigilantes and even United States soldiers. We've always made a clean get-away, but this here country is gettin' too populated." Throwing down a bundle of reward papers before the eyes of the puzzled men, he warned them: "Boys, there's three counties that has quit work to run us out. We're worth about five thousand dollars a head an' they ain't particular how they bring us in. I don't figure to lead into nothin' I can't lead you out of, and this here meetin' is for the purpose of a split-up. Boys, we've made our last haul."

Black Deering's words struck consternation among the outlaws. To all but one,—Jordan. This man was "lieutenant" of the gang; he worked on the "outside." It had only been his fear of Black Deering that had kept him from attempting to double-cross the chief before this moment. Possessed of a certain, rat-like courage and a crafty mind, Jordan,—white man gone "Mex"—seized this golden opportunity. The outlaws were confused. Black Deering had always led them right. They wanted to obey him, but—sure at last that his time had come, Jordan stepped across in front of the men to face Black Deering.

"An' I say different," he blustered, with a fair show of courage. At this defiance, into Deering's face came a cold, murderous expression which gradually faded into a half-whimsical smile as he faced his opponent, and demanded: "Well, say it all." Greatly relieved by Deering's attitude, Jordan had his say.

"I've planted a job for Monday on a mail train that carries forty thousand in gold," he stated, and then added significantly, "What I



say is, one more haul an' then we can quit with a stake." Well did he know that the men had very little saved and that the plan must therefore appeal to them. He was quick to follow his obvious advantage. Despite Deering's warning that "if we don't quit now, we're all liable to be standin' on nuthin' an' lookin' up a rope," the gang sided with Jordan. They voted to make one more haul,—and quit. The chief, alone, voted against



this plan. But Jordan, imbued with the triumph of his scheme took the chance of taunting the defeated leader by assuring him nastily,—“Of course, if you want to quit now—” which was as far as he went. A smashing fist fairly drove the insult back into his mouth before he crashed to the floor of the cave unconscious.

“You boys have made your pick an’ it goes—we can start making plans for Monday,” calmly stated Black Deering, which was his way of telling the men

“I’m a-goin’  
to kill you,  
Jordan — for  
two reasons!”



the slopes above the tunnel the ambushed outlaws waited Jordan’s signal. And, when the mail train came to a full stop,—they charged.

It was the raiders’ last hold-up. The mail train was filled with United States soldiers—cavalrymen. When the outlaws came swarming down the slopes upon the train, volley after volley of withering fire poured from the windows and platforms upon them, literally cutting them to pieces. Jordan and his three Mexicans joined the soldiers in shooting down their former companions, whom they had betrayed for the big rewards.

But one outlaw escaped the slaughter. It was Black Deering, who had been stunned by a blow from the butt of a heavy musket. He was dragged into a baggage car where the triumphant Jordan revealed his identity. But, when a grizzled, old army sergeant tore the hat and mask from the fallen outlaw’s face, the soldiers received a shock when they gazed for the “first” time on the features of Black Deering,—outlaw.

Some of them, particularly the Major, remembered a lonely army post in the Apache country. To their memories came a rider who one day flashed through the gates on a stumbling horse, himself exhausted, but in time to warn them that the dreaded Apaches had put on the war paint. They remembered the terrible onslaught of the bloodthirsty savages; the women huddled in the interior of the fort but who gave them the courage to make the fight they had made;—and they had not forgotten that unknown cowpuncher who had fought like a demon,—and who had disappeared when the fight was over without giving them a chance to express their gratitude.

The lone rider and the unmasked outlaw were the same man—Black Deering.

When Black Deering regained consciousness a Wells Fargo agent was paying Jordan his reward for betraying the gang. The fallen outlaw’s eyes swept over the scene, and he then clearly understood those ripping volleys of fire that had cut down his men.

Like some wounded animal he sprang, his clutching fingers gripping the craven Jordan about the throat as they crashed to the floor of the baggage car. The soldiers hurled themselves upon the struggling men but as they tore Black Deering away from his betrayer his burning words shriveled the soul of the traitor—

“In my baby days my mammy told me about a man named Judas, an’ I reckon you’re him.”

When Deering had been securely tied up, the coward Jordan poured abuse at him, and even attempted to strike down the defenceless man, but the soldiers, filled with loathing and disgust for this traitor, threatened to turn Deering loose.

It was hard for the Major to send Black Deering, the man to whom he and his kind owed a great debt, to the gallows, but duty was duty.

that even if they did go against his wishes, he was with them to the end.

The day of the hold-up came. A stretch of railroad track just in front of a tunnel had been selected. Dressed as section hands, Jordan and three Mexicans who worked with him, flagged the train from a hand-car. In the brush and rocks on

An outlaw believing in no man, and a woman who trusted him, together learn the great lesson of renunciation.





When he came out, the lad in his arms, the young mother was trembling happily on the bank.

"There ain't nobody," said Deering, grimly, "but there's a Pinto horse in that outfit, an' I'd thank you to keep him for yourself." The officer assured him that he would care for the Pinto always, and gripped the outlaw's hand in farewell,—a sign of one man to another. The officer gone, Jordan again tried his baiting, but the grizzled old sergeant thrust him aside with a carbine: "Get out, you traitor," he commanded, "an' let a game man alone. This car is for white men."

When the mail train again resumed its journey the soldiers held a whispered conversation in one corner of the baggage car. To a man they agreed that it was nasty work, shooting men down like sheep. They fell to reminiscing on the old Indian days at the post—and silently they decided. A crap game was started, the door of the car was opened because the sergeant claimed the air was so close it interfered with the game. Apparently they paid no attention at all to their prisoner, but when the train was going up-grade, the sergeant hinted that it was going "awful slow." And Black Deering did not need a second tip. He maneuvered to the door, rolled out onto the steep slope and went hurtling to the bottom. Strange to say, the soldiers were so absorbed in their crap game that they never noticed the escape of the prisoner.

Considerably nearer the border than the scene of the hold-up was the town of Rincon,—where a man could do a killing and get either a decent hanging or a vote of thanks, the punishment depending wholly upon the quality and local status of the deceased. There was a saloon called "The Ace" which had been Rincon for a long time—a sort of melting pot for ranchers, cowpunchers, gamblers and border ruffians. Here they drank and gambled and fought. But, in Rincon there was another drinking place, recently built and labeled—Jordan's Place—Cantina. The traitor, Jordan, had gone into business. He had bought his chance with the blood of his own fellows. A peculiarity of the town of Rincon was that it had never housed a white woman; there were Mexicans, squaws, but a white woman never entered.

On a high ridge overlooking the town of Rincon, waiting the coming of night was Black Deering—broke, half-starved and

hunted in his attempt to escape across the border. He was riding a stolen horse and his gun held but two cartridges. He realized that it was necessary to enter the town, but as he expressed it to his four-footed friend: "Horse, you're borrowed an' it's best we ain't seen together 'till night."

Night was the only time in which Rincon really lived, and as the little town took up its activity of the darkness, Black Deering stole in, tied his horse in an available position, and entered "The Ace." His last two-bits went for a drink, and the opportunity to inquire if there were any ranchers present. The bartender directed him to a group of boisterous cowmen. Singling out a man Deering applied for work, although he was broke and afoot. The genial gentleman addressed inquired the location of his last job, and unfortunately Deering picked a ranch that had a representative present. "Ever meet up with Hank Simmons over that way?" asked the genial cowman, and when Deering admitted that he knew the gentleman the entire group of men burst into boisterous laughter. "Pardner, I'm Hank Simmons an' I never did see you before," said that worthy, but they had a desperate man to deal with. He called them: "My geo'gr'phy may be bad but I ain't aimin' to be laughed at." The mirth ceased at this dare to go for their guns, but finally the cowmen decided that although the stranger might be a liar, he certainly was not a coward.

Before the outlaw made his departure from "The Ace" he caught a flash of the well-filled money bowl which was used as a cash register in those days. Outside in the night, Deering came to the bitter realization that the road of the outlaw closed all others. Determined to take one last desperate chance, he spied through a side window to get the exact lay of the saloon—and his astonished gaze fell upon the man he called "Judas,"

—the traitor who had sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Then and there, Black Deering became killer. Capture meant nothing now, revenge everything.

But Jordan had experienced an equally electric shock for as he had entered "The Ace" with his Mexicans he had glimpsed Black Deering departing. It was with a vast relief that he learned from the bartender that the dreaded Deering had not been seeking anyone special.

"Jordan, you're goin' to pay now."

Out of the darkness these words came as a bolt of lightning to Jordan who had made tracks with his followers to the sheriff's office where he intended to reveal the outlaw's identity. Jordan acted for his life. He hurled a Mexican in front of him just as a flash spit out in the gloom, and still another unfortunate Mexican got the lead intended for him with the second shot. Jordan made his cantina safely. The avenger had had but two cartridges. They were gone, but he had matches. While Jordan collected his Mexicans at the scene of the tragedy, the avenging outlaw crawled beneath the cantina. Carefully he set it afire in many places, fanning the flames until they insured the doom of the newly-built structure.

Jordan and his Mexicans could get no satisfaction out of the Sheriff, who was an icy-proposition of a man, square-jawed and not afraid of anything that walked. He loathed Jordan—a white man gone Mex. "Jordan," he stated coldly, "I'm figurin' the more killin' you have among yourselves the less trouble we'll have later on." With this he turned on his heel and went back to his office.

"Cantina's burnin'," sounded the cry throughout Rincon. And while jabbering, excited Mexicans were scurrying to safety with Jordan threatening and fuming, but powerless, Black Deering secured his horse, threw on his black coat, and masked, held up the first man he met and took his gun. The Sheriff's laconic comment as he took one brief glance at the doomed cantina was to the effect that the fire did everybody a good turn. The patrons of the bar in "The Ace" rushed to the fire but the gamblers stuck to their tables—much to their sorrow, however, because there came a grim command from a masked man who suddenly entered the side door.

"I aim to drop the first man who reaches for anything but the sky."

After the bandit had collected the money bowl, he made each man walk past an open trap door where they tossed their hardware away. In a second, the bar lamps followed—and "The Ace" was on fire. The masked outlaw left as suddenly as he had arrived, vaulted from the steps into his saddle, whirled his horse about and was gone in the night. The spell in "The



Ace" was broken. Men rushed for their guns but the gaining flames through the trap door drove them back. "Black Deering held up 'The Ace' and set it afire," shouted a breathless messenger to the Sheriff. This news was different and the Sheriff acted pronto. He called for a posse of twenty men, and he got them quickly. But a few moments after the posse rode out of Rincon, Jordan and a larger number of Mexicans followed, bent on revenge.

Two days later, the horse-killing chase towards the border was still on. The outlaw had discovered that the Sheriff who followed him was the cleverest trailer he had ever matched wits with. Again and again the Sheriff had fathomed his tricks to elude pursuit. Close behind the Sheriff's posse came Jordan, working craftily. He was letting the Sheriff do all the work, while he saved his own men and horses.

Now that they were closing in on the quarry, Jordan was ready to beat the Sheriff to the catch. When the two outfits finally confronted each other, both sides fingering their guns, Jordan pretended friendliness. He very kindly offered to go ahead and get Black Deering, if the Sheriff and his men were all in. But the doughty Sheriff was not to be tricked.

"We're huntin' a white man," he stated, coldly, "an' we'll do all the huntin' that's done this side of the border." And, when Jordan incited his Mexicans to insist, the Sheriff threw down the gauntlet; "Jordan, keep your dirty bunch out of this, or I'll let the boys do the country a real favor." The shifting of a horse or the flicker of a hand towards a gun would have precipitated a general killing. But Jordan was in front of the Sheriff, and he knew the latter's gun-play. He backed down—and the Mexicans rode off to follow the hunt as best they could.

On the high cliffs overlooking the border Black Deering sought cover where he could make his last stand. But his roving eyes caught a sight that made him forget even the pursuit. At the border river's edge there sat a little, rough-board cabin. A woman worked in the yard, and a little boy played at the water's edge with bow and arrow. So interested was the little fellow in playing "Injun" that he did not feel the dirt bank crumbling beneath his feet, and as the outlaw watched from the high cliffs, the boy fell screaming into the river.

Black Deering did not hesitate a moment. He was risking capture by showing himself, but he took the long chance. Leaping from a sixty-foot crag into the water his powerful strokes carried him to the boy in time. When he came struggling out with the lad in his arms, the young mother was trembling happily on the bank.

"Little feller got too close to the edge and tumbled over," he explained after he had carried the boy into the cabin. He was receiving the mother's gratitude modestly, when the "little feller" opened his eyes and suddenly asked his mother: "Is this daddy?"

The woman was badly confused, and the situation revealed to the outlaw that they were alone in the cabin. It might be his one chance,—and somehow, he was becoming strangely interested in this woman, the "little feller"—and the missing husband.

Mary Brown was a woman who had known no good man.

Black Deering was a man who had known no good woman.

After he had explained that he had lost his horse and outfit in a quicksand, the woman offered him her husband's clothes until his had dried out. As he gained her confidence, the woman, unafraid, told her simply tragedy. Her husband had disappeared a year before; she reckoned he must have been killed. Her obvious purity brought the

man shining out in Black Deering; he believed that no man could have deserted such a wife and baby. Even as they talked came unmistakable sounds of pursuit. The man disappeared, and his place stood the outlaw, hunted and desperate, cold and merciless.

"I'm an outlaw," he told her, gripping her cruelly, "an' them men comin' are after me. I figure to use your husband's clothes an' his name. When you talk to them, I'm your husband. Get that straight an' tell it straight."

Mary Brown realized that this man was fighting for his life. He had saved her son. He was a branded outlaw but she was in his debt. But when the outlaw was changing clothes she hugged the "little feller" to her breast as she cried: "Little son, are all the men in the world outlaws and murderers?"

When the Sheriff and his posse rode up to the door of the little cabin, a man and his "wife" stood in the doorway. To all the Sheriff's queries came the rebuffing answers of the usual sour, cantankerous squatter. The Sheriff

doubted but he could do no more for the present. Once alone, Black Deering warned the woman: "Remember," he said, "I'm watchin' every move you make." "You can trust me," she promised, fearlessly. He studied her cynically. He had had his fill of trusting people. Right now he was bucking terrific odds. "I ain't trustin' nobody," he told her.

There weren't enough boot marks around the yard to convince the Sheriff that everything was all right. So, when the outlaw in keeping with his role as husband, came out to chop wood, the officer tried a new dodge. His horses and men were all in. They had even left so hurriedly that they had forgotten blankets so they would have to "bed down" on the floor of the cabin for the night—if their host had no objections. There was nothing else for Black Deering to do but accept the test because he knew the Sheriff surely suspected that something was wrong.

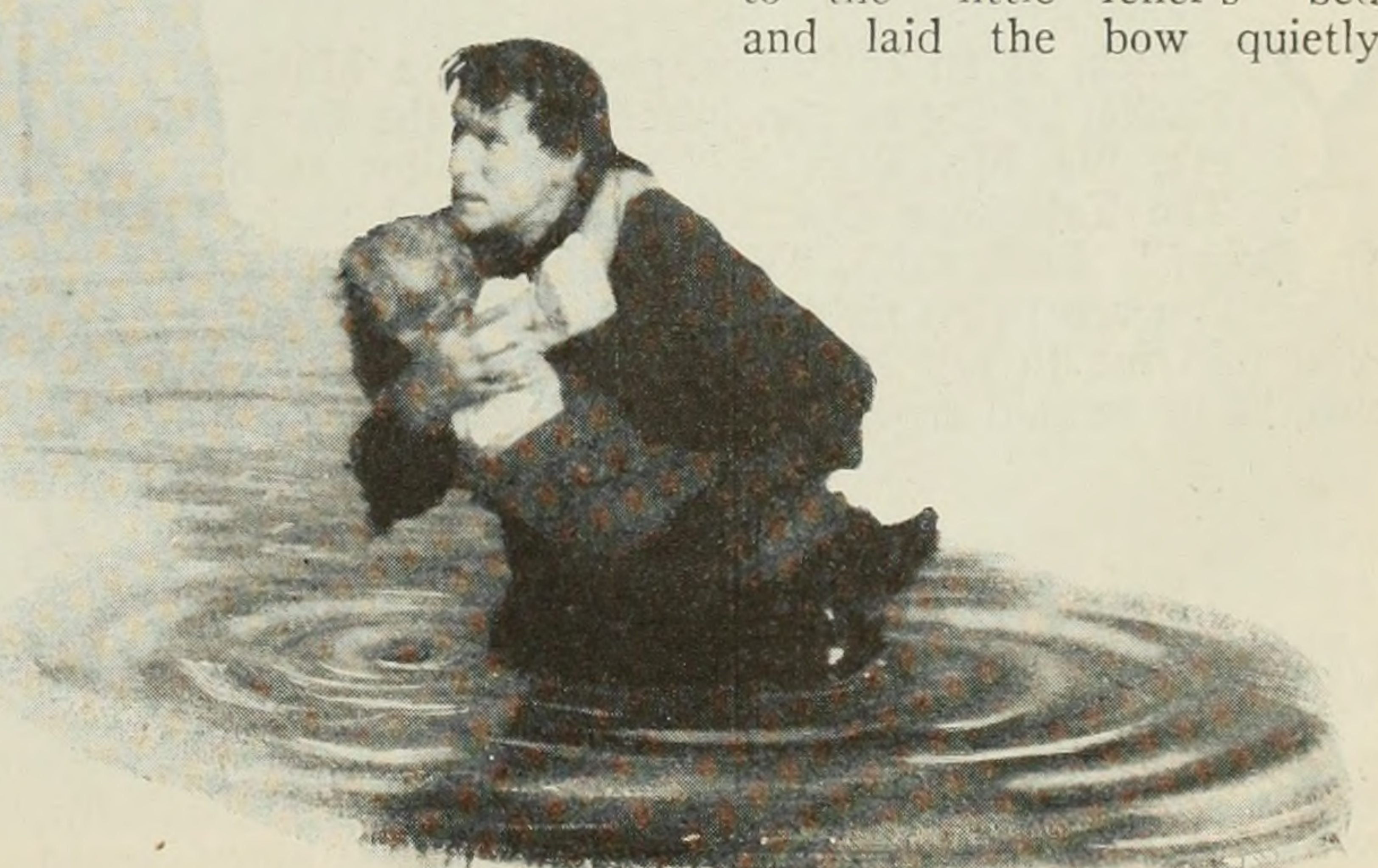
When the outlaw returned to the cabin he experienced a new emotion—the woman was instructing her little boy to call him "daddy." Again came the flash of manhood. He confessed to her that he was wrong when he said he trusted nobody. And Mary Brown, somehow, smiled and believed in this man.

The Sheriff and his men had bedded down in the cabin. As they slept, Black Deering sat before the log fire completing the making of a bow he had promised the "little feller," who slept so peacefully in the next room. The outlaw knew that the Sheriff was not asleep. He knew that they were waiting for him to enter the little room where slept the woman and her baby. His whole frame stiffened as at last he turned the door knob and entered the room. Softly he tiptoed to the "little feller's" bed and laid the bow quietly

## The Toll Gate

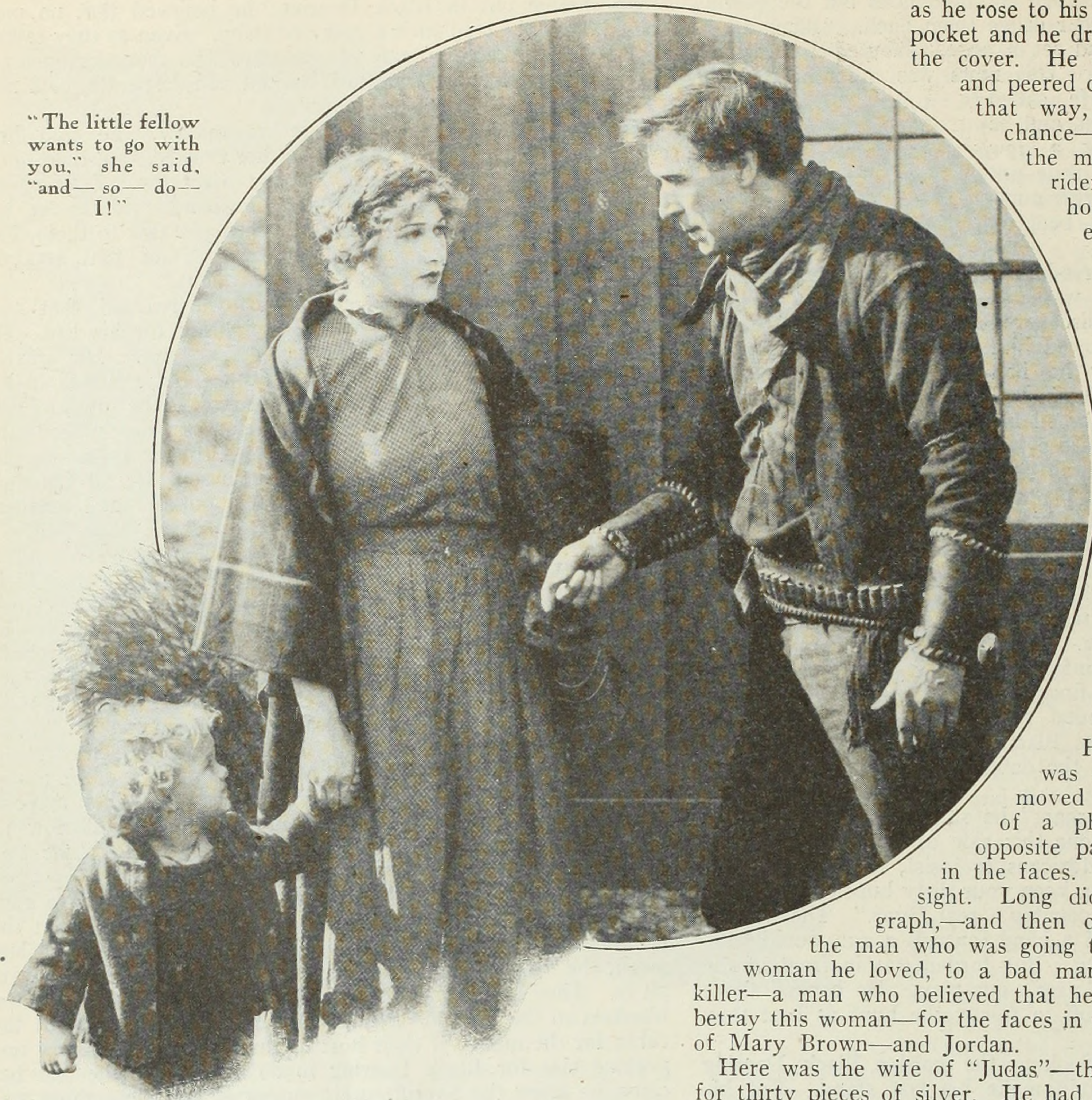
NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by William S. Hart and Lambert Hillyer, directed by Lambert Hillyer, and produced by the William S. Hart Company, for Artcraft, with the following cast:

*Black Deering*.....William S. Hart  
*Mary Brown*.....Anna Q. Nilsson  
*Jordan*.....Joseph Singleton  
*The Sheriff*.....Jack Richardson  
*"The Little Feller"*.....  
 .....Master Richard Headrick





"The little fellow wants to go with you," she said, "and—so—do— I!"



as he rose to his feet, his hand went to his pocket and he dropped a roll of bills under the cover. He went over to the window and peered out. He had decided to go that way, to take this desperate chance—but silhouetted against the moon he saw a motionless rider sitting guard upon his horse. There was to be no escape.

The test had come. In the outside room the Sheriff and his men had raised themselves to convenient positions. They were ready.

As Black Deering's hand dropped from the window it fell upon the pages of an open book. Unconsciously, at first, the outlaw looked down and saw—the Holy Bible. A line struck his eye; it burned its message into his brain:—

*"By their fruits ye shall know them."*

He made his decision. It was good. But even as he moved his eyes caught glimpse of a photograph laying on the opposite page. Idly, his eyes took in the faces. He could not believe his sight. Long did he gaze at this photograph,—and then came the transition from

the man who was going through hell's fire for the woman he loved, to a bad man, worse than outlaw and killer—a man who believed that he had every right now to betray this woman—for the faces in the photograph were those of Mary Brown—and Jordan.

Here was the wife of "Judas"—the man who had sold him for thirty pieces of silver. He had vowed to kill this traitor. The respect and consideration he had felt for the woman and her child was gone. They were wife and offspring of the man he hated beyond anything else in the world. Black Deering had become a machine set in motion for vengeance; he was about to extract payment for his own suffering from another, because they were allied to the one who had caused his

*(Continued on page 116)*

beside the sleeping boy. He passed on into the little cubby-hole where he had first transformed himself to the "husband."

When he emerged he turned to Mary. In appearance he was once again—Black Deering. He gazed down at the sleeping girl, knelt and kissed her golden tresses reverently, and then

## The Buck's Progress

By CHARLES E. WHITTAKER  
(With respects to Hogarth)

### I

**Y**E Buck, at an early age, goeth into a Motion Picture Studio, having an appointment with the Boss. He asketh, "Is Mr. Boss in?" The Janitor saith, "Noe." The Telephone Operator heareth and saith, "Is this Mr. Buck?" Buck saith, "Yes, it is indeed." The Operator saith, "You are to go right in and wait." The Janitor saith, "You told me to say Mr. Boss was not in." The Operator saith, "I never said anything of the sort."

### II

**M**R. BOSS, hearing the noise of Buck waiting in the waiting room, telephoneth to the Operator and saith, "What the h— do you mean by telling Buck I am in?" The Operator saith, "You told me you wanted to see him." Boss saith, "Nothing of the sort. I said if I wanted to see him I would telephone to him." Then he goeth into the waiting room and saith to Buck, "We are waiting to hear from New York about

that matter. My representative there is arranging things. But go on the stage and look around."

### III

**O**N the stage Buck findeth a Director quarreling with an Extra. The Director saith, "Ye came in with your hat on because ye are a detective." The Extra saith, "But, sir, I took it off in the hall scene and laid it on a table." The Director growleth, "Send for the print of the scene." The Cameraman saith, "It is not yet printed." The Director saith, "Why not? Today is Wednesday and we shot it on Saturday." The Cameraman saith, "I told Jimmy to take the cans to the factory but he didn't do it." The Director calleth Jimmy and saith, "Why did the cans not go to the factory on Saturday?" Jimmy saith, "There was no car to take me." The Director calleth the Chauffeur and saith, "Why didn't you take Jimmy to the factory on Saturday?" The Chauffeur replieth, "Mr. Bazingus wanted me to take his wife to the ball game." The Director saith, "Who is this Mr. Bazingus?"

Then saith Buck, "He is the efficiency expert."





## “Who’s Your Tailor?”

A sartorial time was had by all when Max Linder visited the Chaplin studio.

“WHO’S your tailor?”

That’s what Charles Chaplin wanted to know the first time he laid eyes on Max Linder, his fellow comedian, when Max called at Charlie’s Hollywood studio after an absence in his native France for about three years.

Max wanted to know what had become of Charlie’s “moos-TACHE.” You know how important clothes and appearances are to comedians!

Max dressed up in his latest French sartorial confection—patent leathers trimmed with kid tops, stick, tie with suit to match—and tried to sneak in on Charles and catch him in his old clothes. “The funniest man in the world,” however, saw him coming and slipped one over on “the funniest man in Europe.”

“Hold him a minute while I doll up,” said Mr. Chaplin. He retired to his dressing room and removed his famous mustache. Then he allowed Linder to be ushered in.

Charles knocked off work for the rest of the day, and though they couldn’t understand each other very much, since Max only parlez vouses and Charles confines his conversation to English, they had a swell time.

Linder, you will recall, was forced to break a comedy-making contract with Essanay about three years ago and return to France because of ill health. His widely advertised elegance and ease will be seen again on the American screen in the near future. It is said that he has a thing or two up his sleeve in the way of nifty clothes that he’s going to spring.



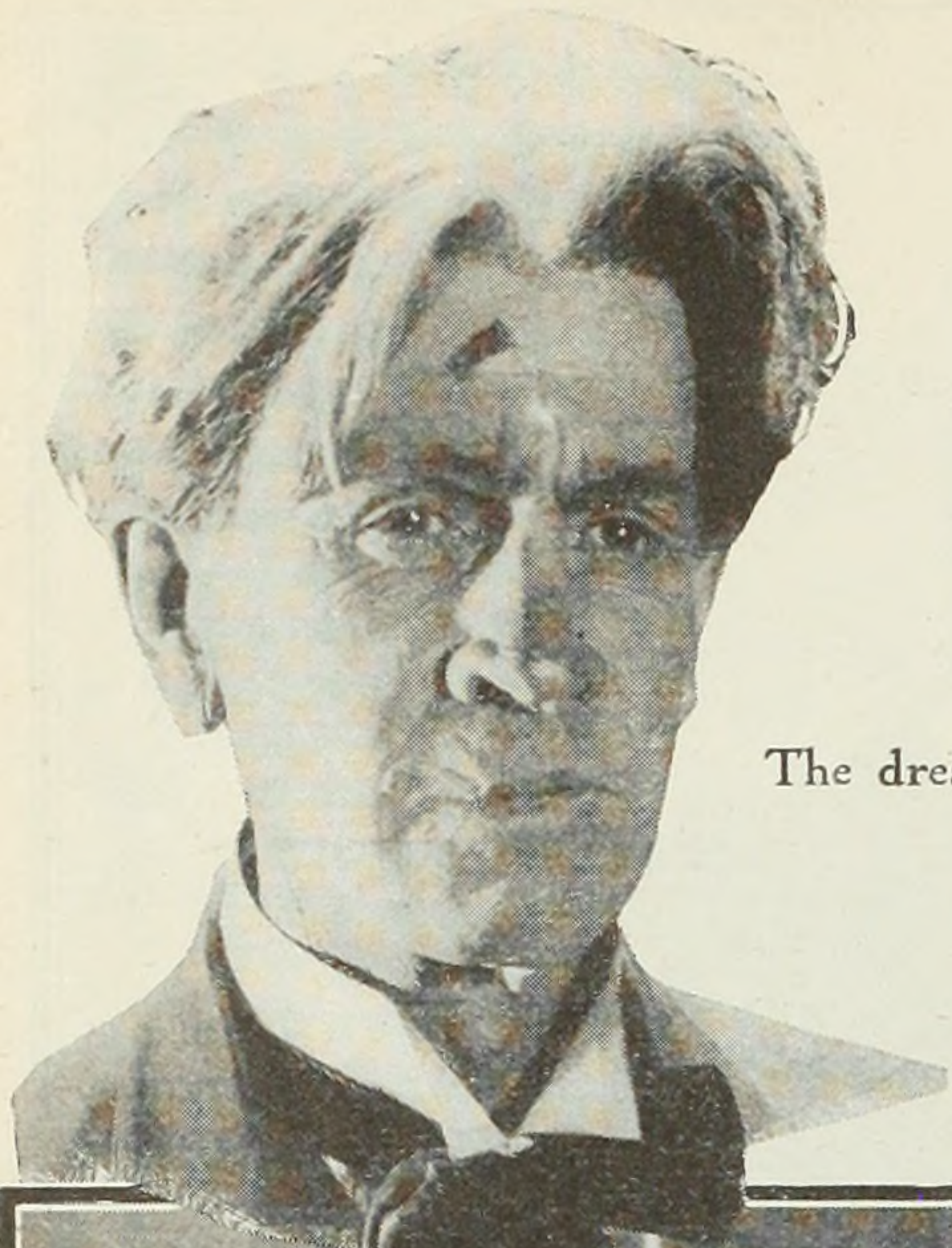
Two popular models for 1920.



# Enemies of Society

Bolsheviki as the screen interprets them.

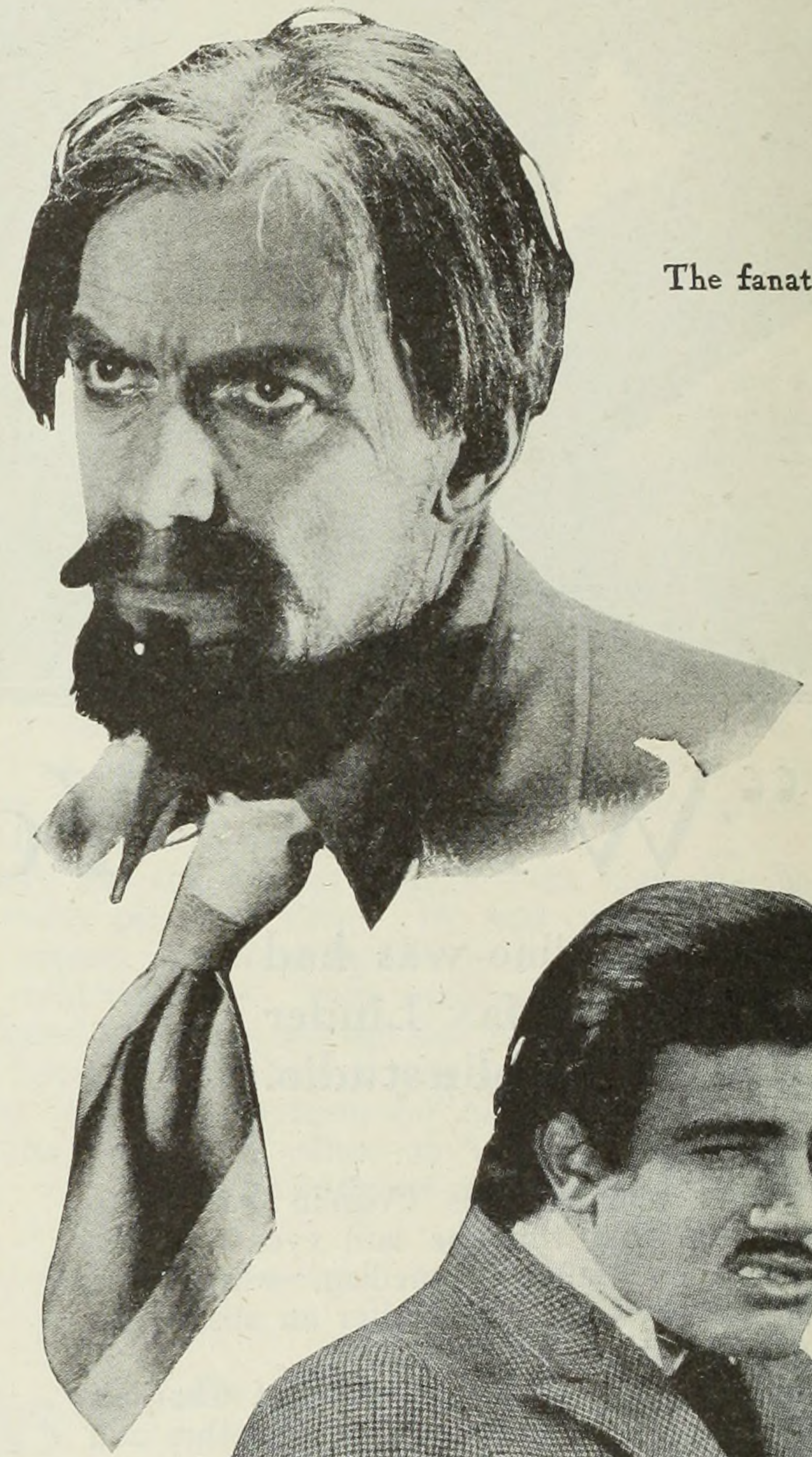
WHEN you say "Bolsheviki," most people think of a Russian party with long tangled whiskers and a bomb in his hip pocket. There are as many types of Bolsheviki as there are kinds of human beings, and a good assortment of them has been assembled for the Thomas H. Ince production, "Dangerous Hours." The film colony of Los Angeles was combed for players who could and would impersonate these enemies of society. The accompanying photographs show samples of the results that were obtained.



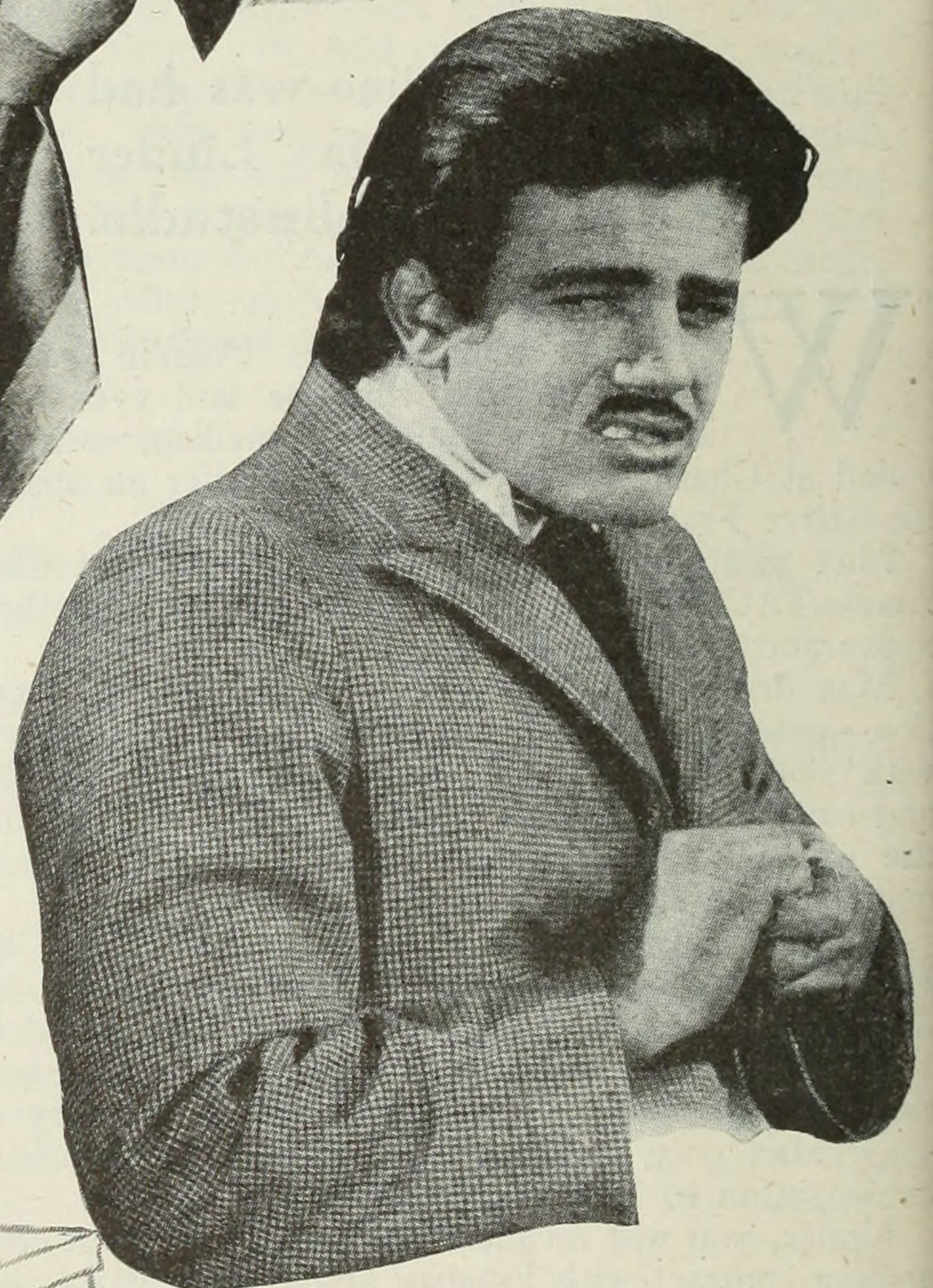
The dreamer.



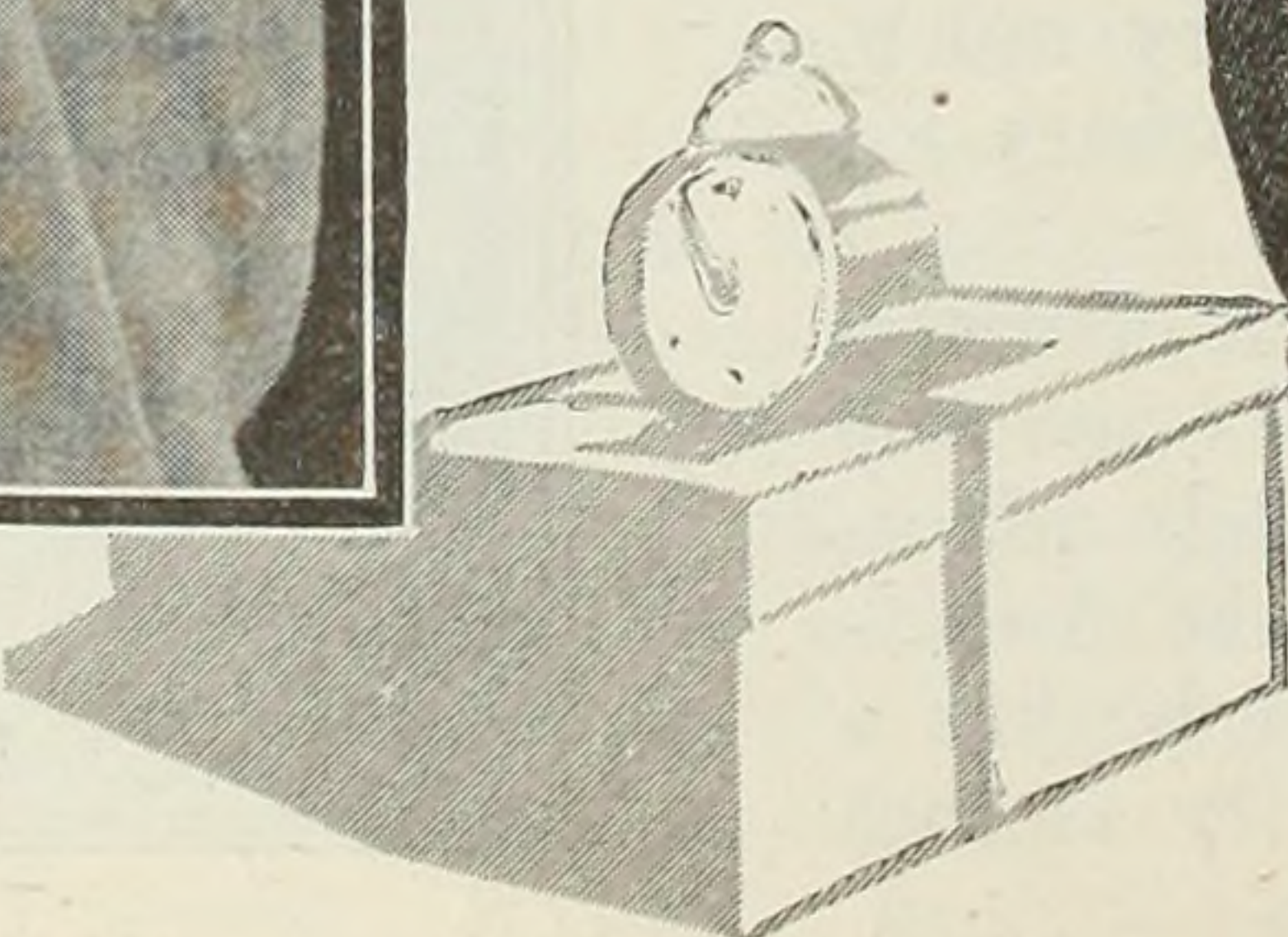
The siren.



The fanatic.



The sneak.





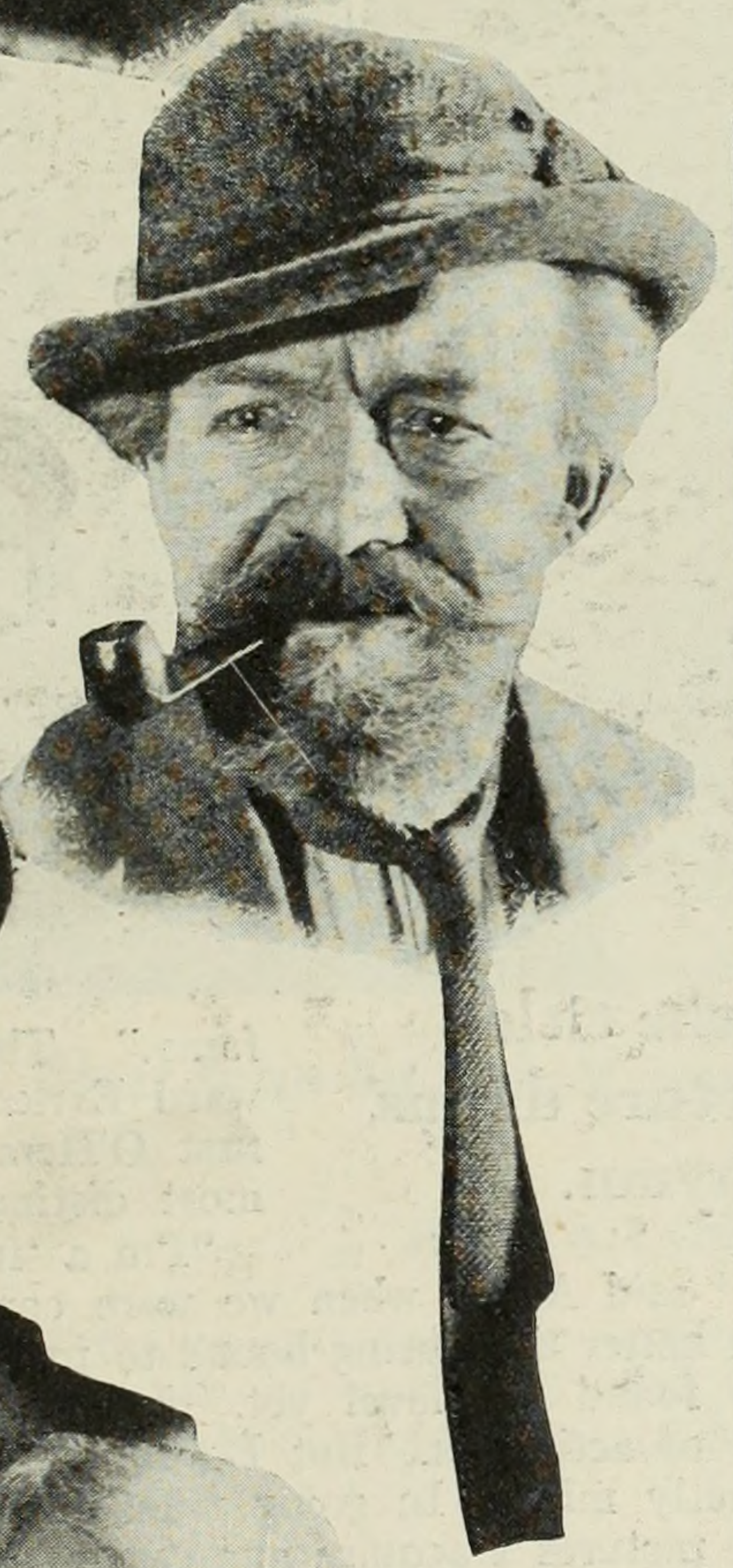
The street woman.



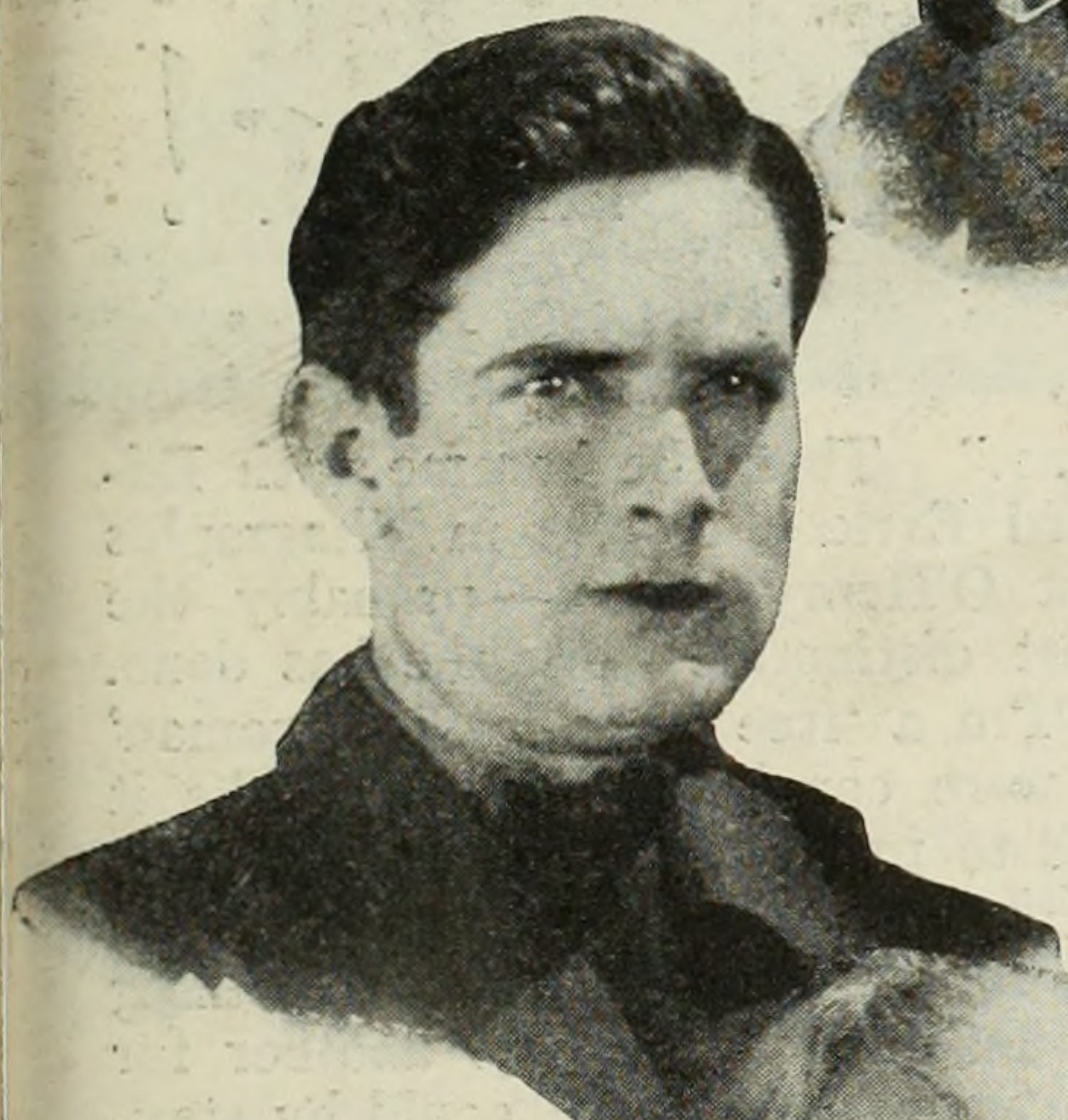
The coward.



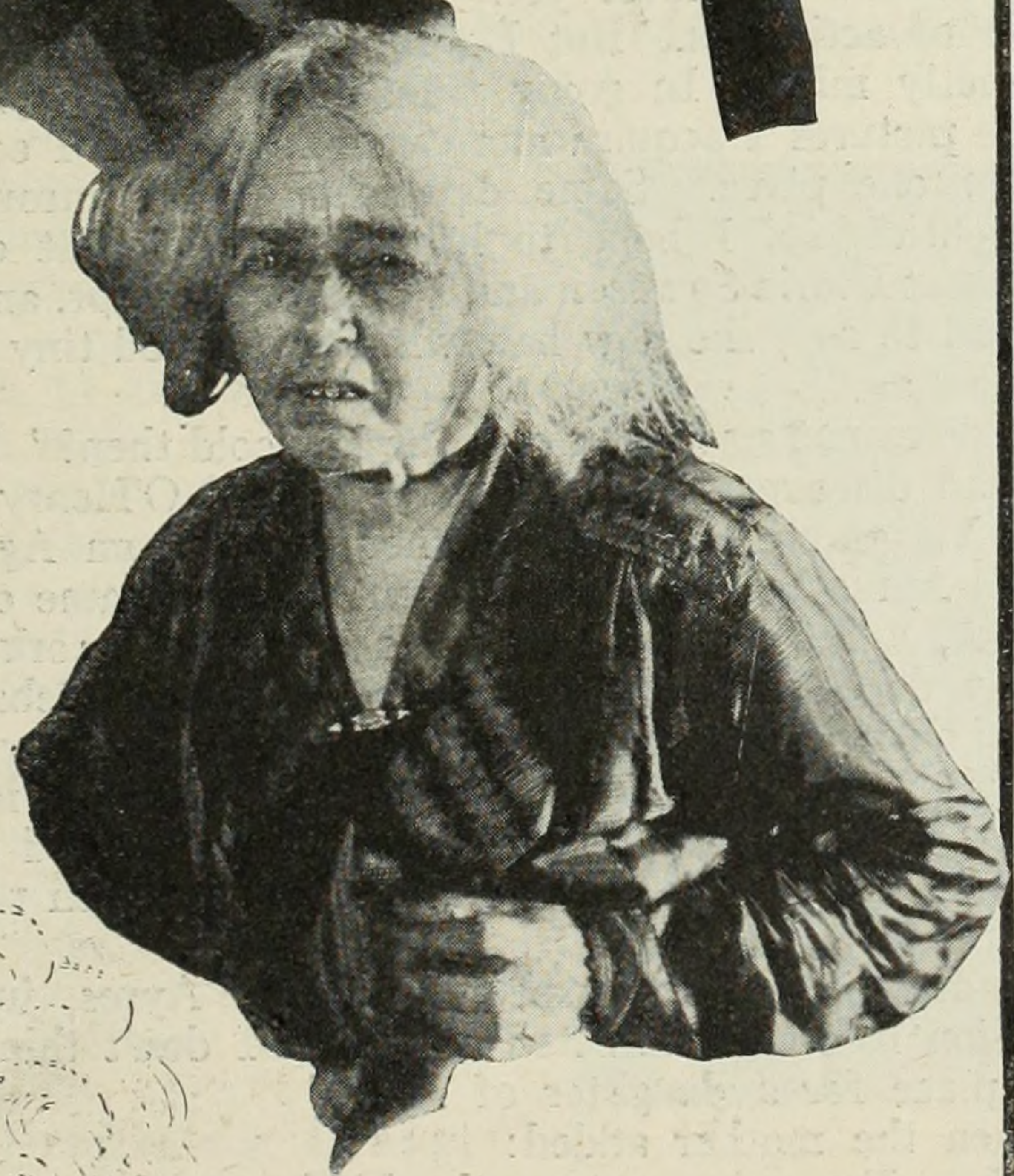
A good-natured dupe. Easy going.



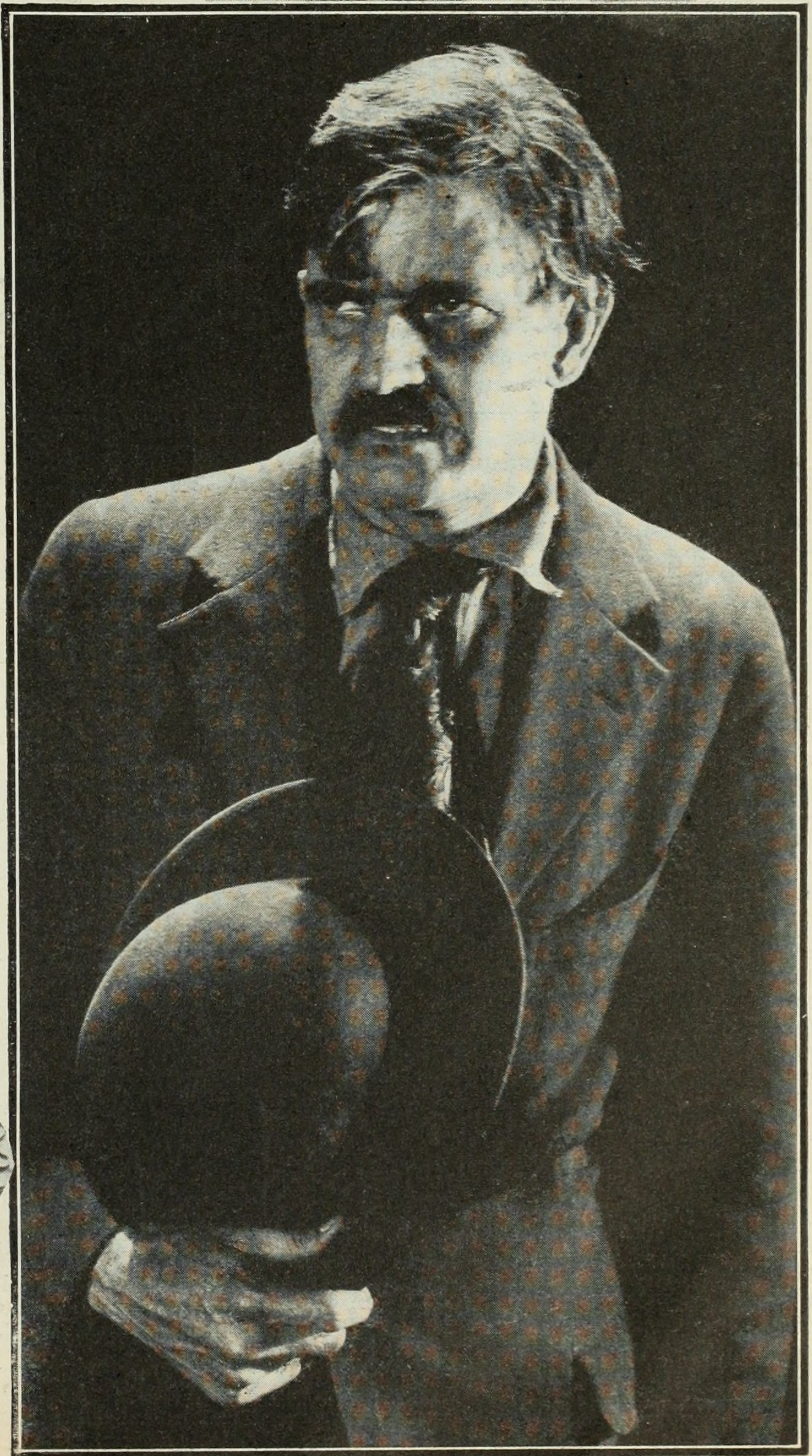
Misguided youth. The student type.



The most dangerous type of all because she excites pity.



The bully.







Alfred Cheney Johnston

One time when Agnes Ayres was on the train James Montgomery Flagg induced her to pose for the sketch below.



## Rescued from the Bar!

The above is not the title  
of either a motion picture drama  
or of a gospel hymn.

**P**ERISH all thoughts of beautiful damsel being rescued a la Thomas Meighan from watery grave, or of father being led home from his cups by gentle Nell.

The bar mentioned is the one on which the classic beauty of Agnes Ayres would have been stranded if nature—or that which she took to be her nature when she was a Chicago schoolgirl—had been permitted to take its course.

Heaven knew what made her want to—her family didn't—but the fair Agnes got the notion along in her last year in high school that she wanted to become a lawyer.

It was an Essanay casting director who saved her for ingenue leads and O'Henry heroines. He was casting about one day from his place near the studio door—just a short while before that terrible law school that was going to turn Agnes Ayres into a stiff-collared, bespectacled modern Portia was to begin—to find a pretty blonde, also an intelligent one, to do maids and nurse girls and eventually ingenue leads. Came Agnes, who lived near by, to look over the plant. The director, after a brief inspection, mistook her for a motion picture actress out of work.

"Where have you been working?" he demanded.

"I haven't been," answered Agnes, almost adding, "and I don't want to, either," though something stopped her just in time.

"Come Monday and play an extra in a ballroom scene. I want to see how you screen," commanded the casting man.

And you know the rest. Blue eyes, fluffy hair, sweet smile photographed like a million dollars—as they still do—and that law business went to, well you know where it went to.

It wasn't long until Agnes was down in New York playing ingenue roles with Marjorie Rambeau in such pictures as "The Dazzling Miss Davison," "The Mirror," and "Mary Moreland," and with Nance O'Neil in Gertrude Atherton's "Mrs. Bal-

fame." Then she became with Edward Earle a co-star in Vitagraph's first O'Henry series—probably the most distinctive work she has done.

"I'm a 'free lance leading woman' now," said Agnes when we were comfortable, "and I like it much better than being bound to just one company. I haven't quite found my level yet. I don't know exactly what my 'style of acting' is. But I want it to develop into something distinctly mine. In going from one company to another for single pictures I acquire more versatility than I could by staying in one place. Some day when I am through with my 'apprenticeship' I hope to have a nice big fat contract—the kind that Gloria Swanson and I used to hope for, and which, I'm so glad to say, she now has, when we played tiny bits together at Essanay."

"You're not sorry you quit the law cold then?" I asked after we had discovered that we both adored O'Henry stories, and that Vitagraph had changed her name from Agnes Eyre to Agnes Ayres because they thought the last name easier to pronounce, and that she has ideals about her work, wanting to always do characters that inspire rather than debase, and that one time when she was going to Washington to appear in person with a James Montgomery Flagg picture in which she played the lead, Mr. Flagg was on the train and asked her to pose for him. (The result was the small sketch reproduced on this page.)

"Indeed I'm not," answered Mother Ayres, just as if the question had been directed at her. "I don't think the bar is any place for a daughter of mine."

Then the mother added:

"Now I'm going out to the kitchen and get you some of that home-made fruit cake of mine, and some home-made grape wine. I didn't make that myself but a friend of a lady I know did, and I know it's all right."



# Complacent Husbands!

King W. Vidor shows Charles Meredith just how he may make love to Florence Vidor, his wife and leading woman in the latest Brentwood production: "The Other Half."



Men who let other men make love to their wives

By  
EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

**W**HAT would you do if you caught your wife vamping a strange man—divorce her the same day? And if you came upon your wife being tenderly kissed by another male of the species, would you shoot him on the spot or would you give him time to say his prayers? Furthermore, if you saw the wife of your bosom being pounded over the head by a man with a club—would you rush to the rescue and wring the villain's neck?

No doubt you would, gentle gentleman readers, but there are those in our best masculine circles who would consider such primitive actions as the worst of taste, and who, instead of stopping such scenes by violent measures, actually encourage them, and egg their better halves on to amorous embraces with other men. They are considered model husbands, too, who love their wives and everything—they are movie directors, and their wives are movie stars.

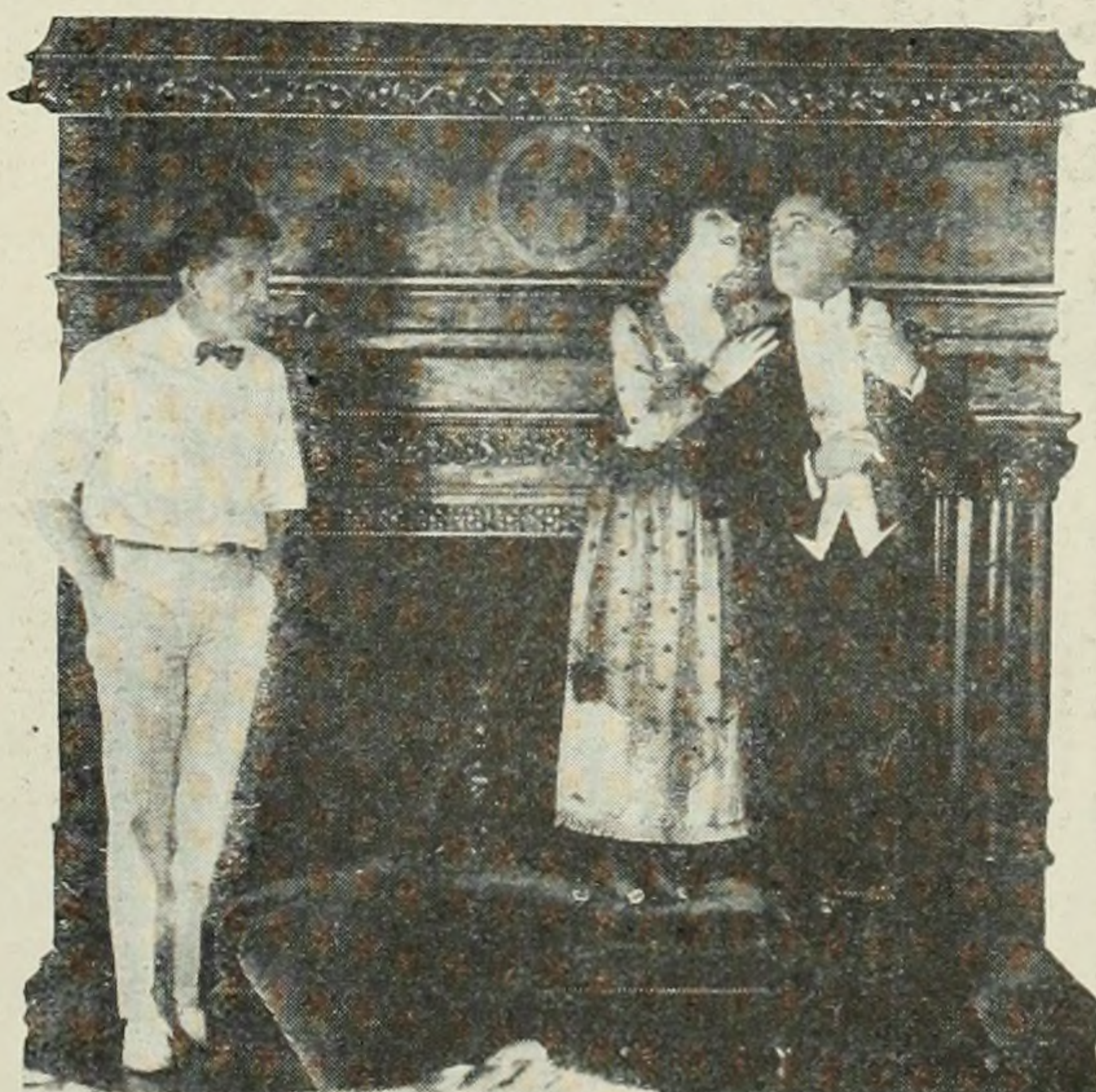
There is Allen Holubar, for instance, who is married to Dorothy Phillips, one of the Universal's most scintillating stars. I am told that the two are devoted to each other and to their

small daughter Gwendolyn, yet recently when Mr. Holubar came upon his wife being embraced by Robert Anderson and returning his embraces in kind, did he fly into a rage and denounce the treacherous pair? Yes he did—not; he said, "Come on, put a little more life into it. Go on and hug her, Anderson, don't act as if she were a poor relation!" He explained his conduct by saying that the love making was necessary to "Ambition," Miss Phillip's latest screen feature; and as for Dorothy, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said it was all in a day's work.

Then examine the conduct of Howard Hickman, who is Bessie Barriscale's husband and director; he not only permits other men to press Bessie's blonde loveliness to their polished shirt fronts, but shows them exactly how it should be done to be most effective.

"Hold her like this;" he was saying to Jack Holt, as I came upon the trio at the Brunton studio where Miss Barriscale was making "Kitty Kelly, M. D."

Jack registered attention while Mr. Hickman enfolded Bessie in his arms



Fred Niblo isn't angry at William Conklin for vamping his wife, Enid Bennett—in fact, he is just a bit provoked because the lover isn't putting enough enthusiasm into his work.



and told her how wonderful she was.

"Now *you* do it." Com-manded the complacent husband, and Jack did it;—a triangle situation, you might call it, where all the angles are right angles.

And as for Raoul Walsh, who directs Miriam Cooper—yes, they are married, very much so; but that didn't prevent his allowing Albert Roscoe to whisper impassioned speeches into his wife's attentive ear, neither did Miriam's affection for Raoul prevent her from following Albert Roscoe about for the greater part of thirty years—in "Evangeline." I mean. You'd think that such conduct

might furnish excuse for a trip to Reno, but all that Director Walsh said about his wife's conduct was, "Tell him you love him, dear—say it again—that's fine!"

Again think of Enid Bennett and her director-husband Fred Niblo—they've been married for so short a time that they still count it in months instead of years, and Enid told me herself that she had no interests outside of pictures except her husband and her home—but, you should have seen her vamping William Conklin in a scene from "The Woman in the Suit Case." She put her arms around him—with Friend Husband looking on all the time—and though Mr. Niblo's expression seemed to infer that he hoped she wouldn't carry things *too* far, yet he never said a word, beyond reminding Mr. Conklin that he should put his hand up to cover Enid's. If that isn't connubial amiability for you!

And of course everybody knows how devoted Florence and King Vidor are to each other. She has never taken any screen name other than the one she got at the altar, and King, who directs her, is said to be the most attentive of husbands. But, would you believe it, when he saw Charles Meredith holding the fair Florence's hand in a scene from the Brentwood production "The Other Half," the only thing he was peeved about was that Charles didn't have his arms around her. He said that you couldn't register impassioned love by merely grabbing a girl's wrist, and advised the lover, as man to man, to put a little "pep" into his wooing.

Then take the case of Harry Beaumont, directing for Tom Moore; he is married to Hazel Daly, one of Goldwyn's little

Bruno Becker, on the right, doesn't appear to be a brute, but how else could he permit his wife Gale Henry, to be pounded on the head for comedy purposes?



brunette actresses, and he allowed her—even *ordered* her, to vamp Tom Moore in "The Gay Lord Quex."

"Put your arms around him, Hazel," he urged, "Put your face close to his—go on, dare him for a kiss—you can't resist her, Tom—" and of course Tom couldn't—and didn't. He responded in the most enthusiastic manner imaginable, and all that Director-Husband said to his vampish wife was—"Try it once more for luck."

If that isn't an expurgated triangle!

And worse than the husbands who deliberately allow their wives to be made love to, are those who allow

their wives to be roughly handled by members of the stronger sex without so much as protesting against the outrage.

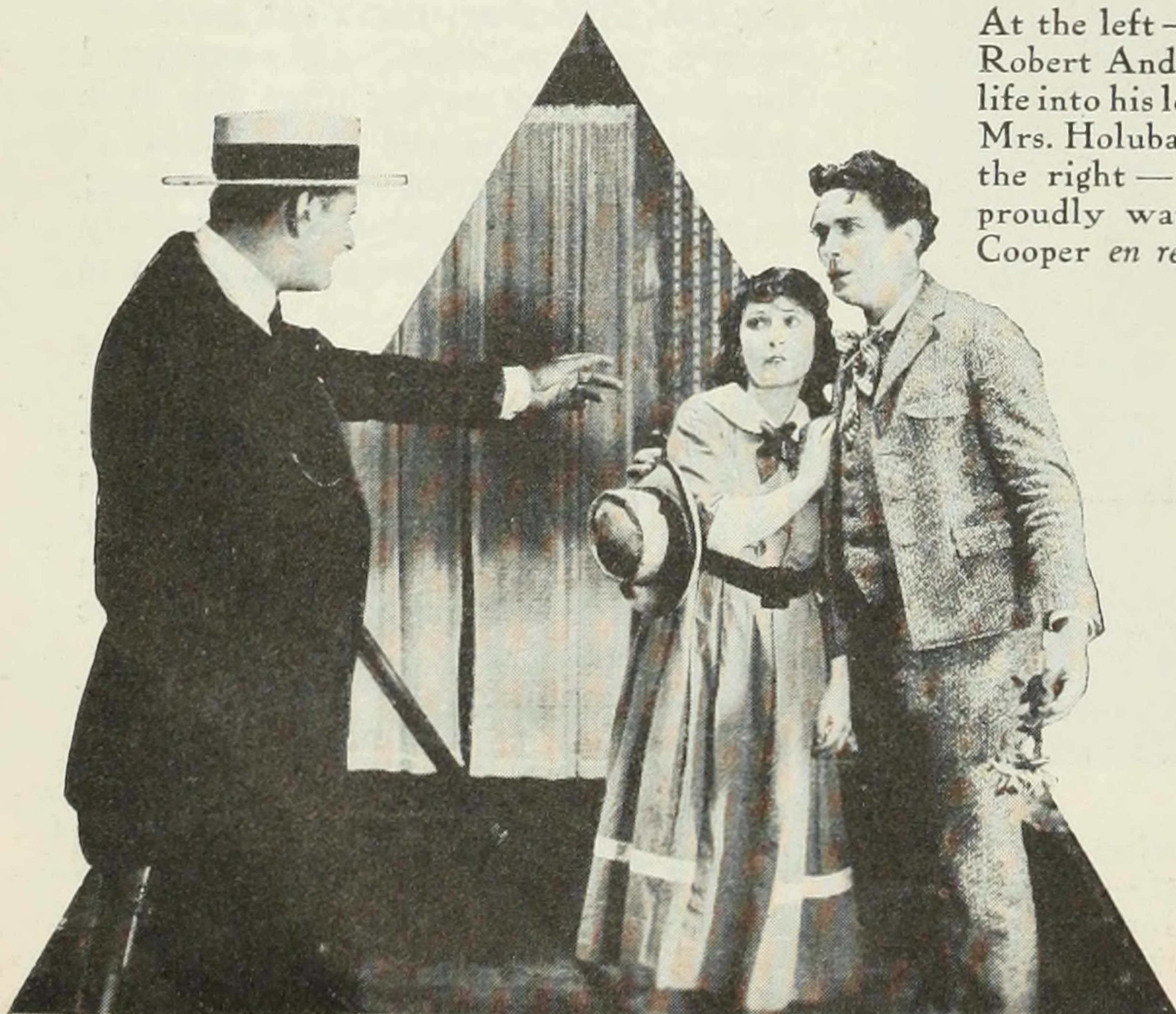
Such a one is Bruno Becker, the life partner of Gale Henry, the elongated comedienne of the Bull's Eye Film Corporation, who has her own studio and company. It didn't seem to bother Husband Becker at all when Milton Moranti took a whack at Gale with a club—in fact, he told him just how to go about it and when to do it.

"She comes down stairs, all unsuspecting," he confided to the comedian, who was "winding up" with the big stick, "And when I drop my cap—*hit* her! Come on, Gale," he commanded perfidiously, "come right down the stairs—ready, Milt—one, two, three—*NOW!*" And all that Gale said after she rubbed her head was, "You ought to be a ball player, Milt, you have such a wonderful swing!"

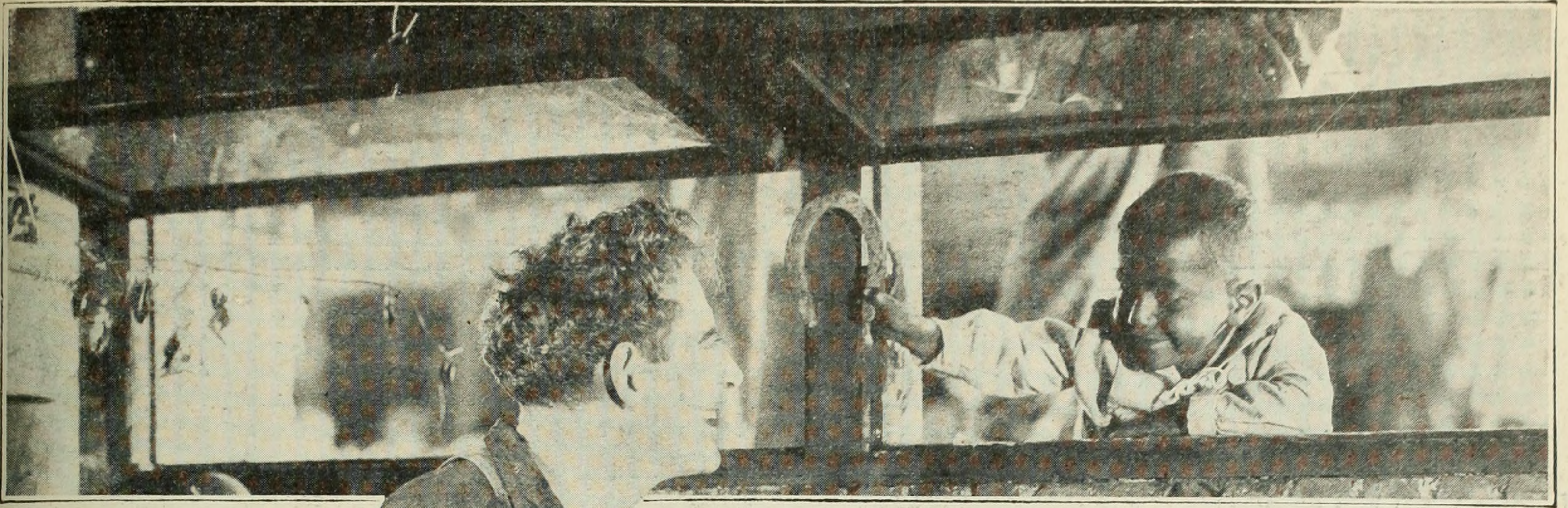
Even Annette Kellerman, called by some atrocious punning person the "diva" of the screen, has for a director—and a husband, a man who makes her do all sorts of near-impossible stunts, such as driving a golf ball off of Overhanging Rock, in the Yosemite—said rock being not more than ten feet wide or long, and with a sheer drop of four thousand feet, diving into Emerald Pool, filled with snow water, and walking a wire across Vernal Falls. Yes, James Sullivan told her to do it—and she obeyed him—because she's making pictures under her husband's direction.

Such husbands, you may say, ought to be locked up where they can't hurt anyone; but in *reel* life, they are considered quite au fait. I know, because I have the testimony of those who ought to know best about it—their wives.

At the left—Alan Holubar is telling Robert Anderson to put a little more life into his love-making—the girl being Mrs. Holubar, (Dorothy Phillips). At the right—the putteed gentleman so proudly watching his wife, Miriam Cooper *en rendezvous*, is Raoul Walsh.







Above, Jim with one of the principal performers in "Luck of the Irish." Below, in a scene with Anna Q. Nilsson, his leading lady.

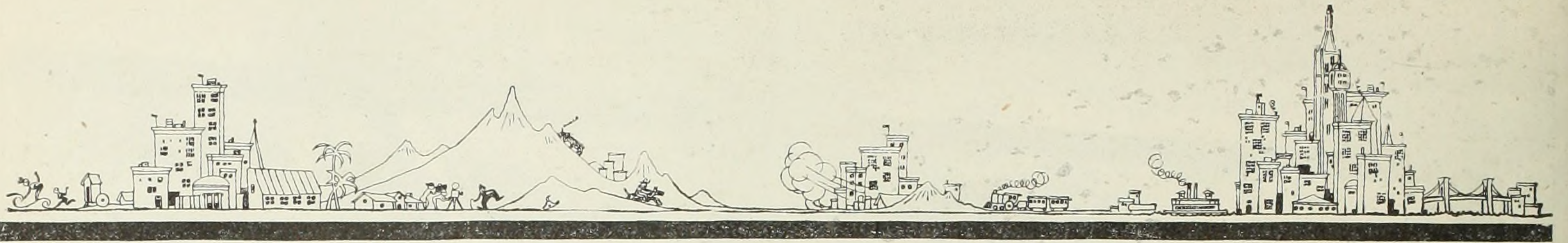


## The Return of "Jim" Kirkwood

**J**IM KIRKWOOD has set aside his director's puttees and megaphone to go in for the grease-paint again. He was an actor before he was a director, anyway, and dramatic training will tell. We—most of us—remember stalwart Kirkwood as Mary Pickford's leading man in "The Eagle's Nest" and "Behind the Scenes"; he directed these pictures too. His earlier directorial successes were the old Biographs, "Classmates" and others. He was Mary Miles Minter's dramatic conductor for a long time, with American; later he directed two of Jack Pickford's best pictures—"Bill Apperson's Boy" and "In Wrong." Then Allan Dwan began to look around for a man to play the lead in "Luck of the Irish"; and nobody would suit him but Jim. So, Kirkwood came back. And he thinks he will stay, as an actor.



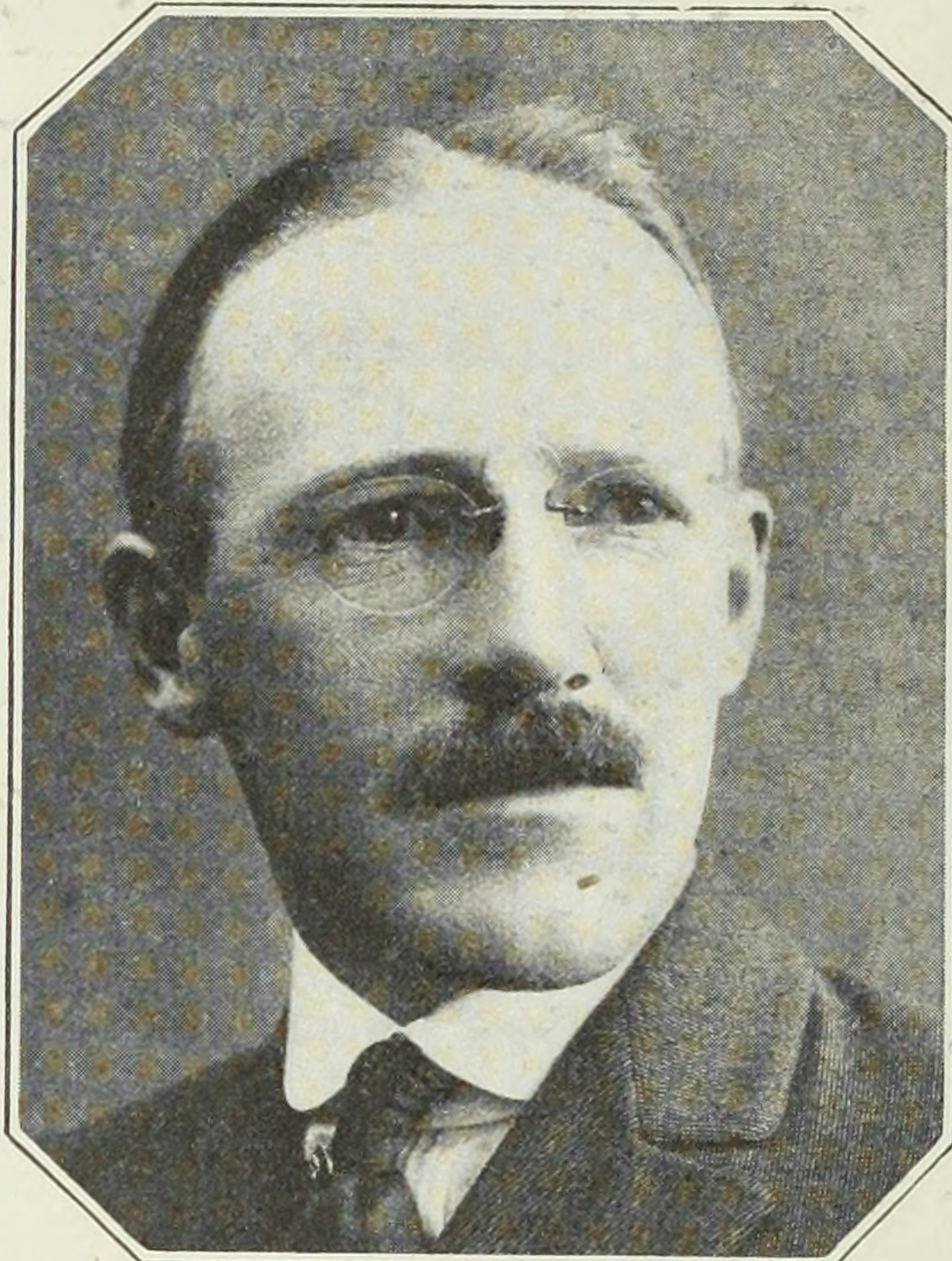




# WEST IS EAST

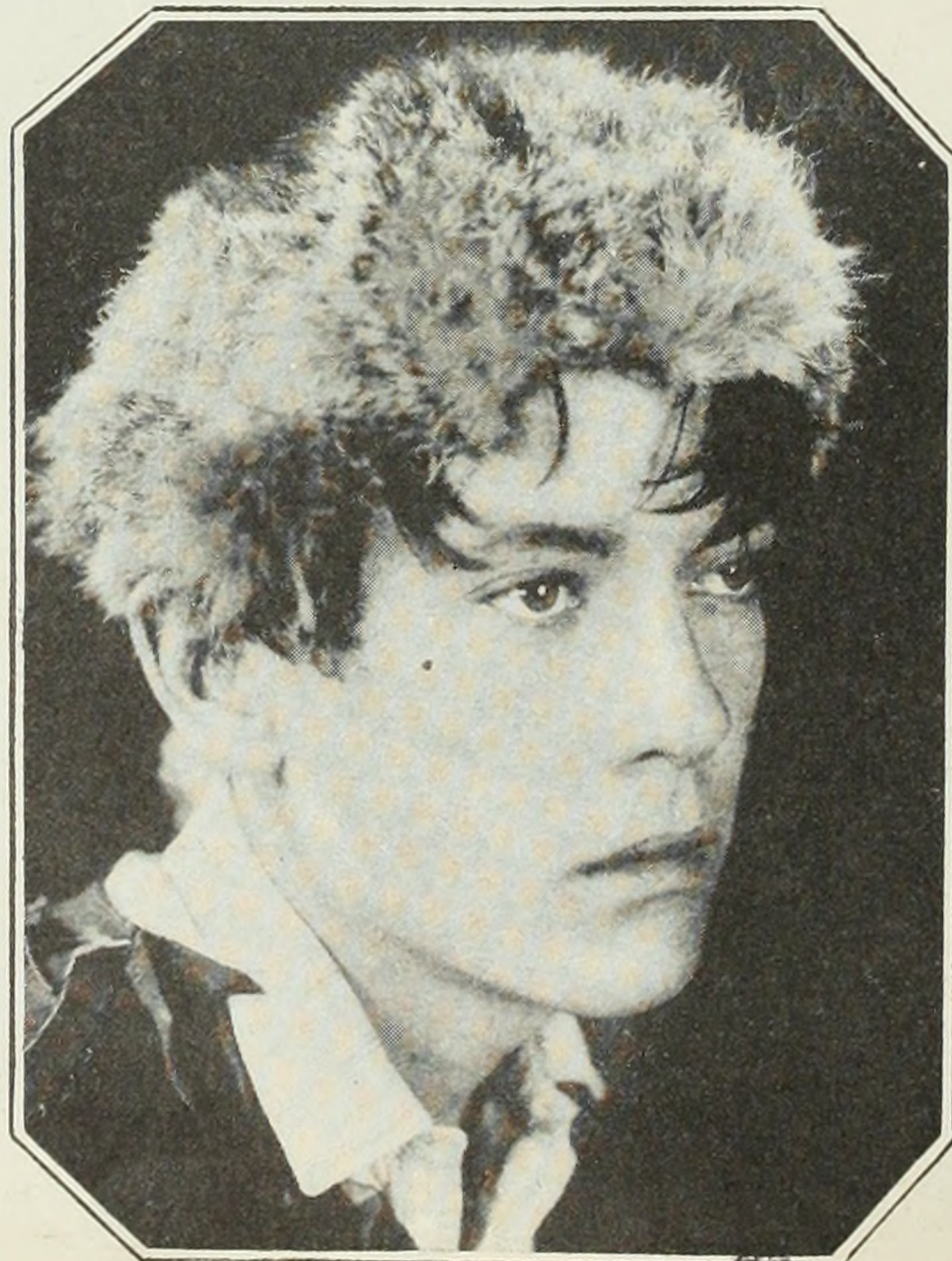
A Few Impressions  
By DELIGHT EVANS

**I** JUST talked with the Man  
Who has More Women on his Hands  
Than any other Man  
In the World.  
That is, he's Paid  
To Take a General Responsibility  
That would Make Brigham Young's Personal  
Order  
Look Like the Value of a Shrunken Dollar.  
He's the Editor  
Of the "Ladies Home Journal."  
He has built Expositions, Credit Mail Order  
Establishments, Film Companies, and  
Other Little Things Like That.  
Managing a Film Company  
Is a Joy to him.  
Now  
He is Editing  
The Magazine  
That Goes into the Homes  
Of Nine out of Every Ten Women—  
I think that's Right—  
And Instructs them  
In Everything  
From House Building to Baby-tending.  
You Might think  
That from Films to  
Fact and Fiction  
Would be Quite a Change—  
Until you've Met H. O. Davis.  
"No," he says,  
"It's Perfectly Simple.  
Just Study Human Nature, that's all.  
It's always Changing and Yet  
It's always the Same.  
Heart Interest Appeals  
To the Middle-western Woman and  
The Woman Living on Riverside Drive  
In New York, in  
Exactly the Same Way.  
Study Your Human Values," he Thundered  
at Me.  
"Fiction or Films—  
Expositions or Big Business—  
It's all Alike."  
He has always Had for his Motto  
This little Sub-title:  
"Interesting People  
Must Do Interesting Things.  
Take," he'll Say,  
"Any interesting character—  
One of the Dozen you Pick From a Crowd,  
Write about him,  
Build a Play around him—  
Do Something about him.  
If you're writing a Story,  
Don't worry about Plot;  
Don't Scheme for Startling Situations.  
Select your Interesting Character,  
Make a Mental Character Synopsis of him,  
Then Begin to Pin him down and he'll  
Say and Do Interesting Things.  
You Mark my Words."  
He Looks  
Like a College Professor,  
Talks like a Business Man, and  
Wears Gray suits and Glasses.  
He hasn't Forgotten about Pictures.  
When he ran Universal City,  
He Made the Bluebird Pictures—  
He didn't have a Star if he could Help It.  
He Made Ibsen's  
"The Doll House" and



He believes in "sub-title-less movies."

He didn't Let it Discourage him  
When a Film Man  
Suggested he Might Liven it up  
With a Snappy Cabaret Scene.  
He'd Take a Character, for Triangle,  
Like "Little Red" and a Good-hearted  
Chinaman; or a Character like  
Bill Desmond's "Honest Man":  
A happy-go-lucky knight of the Road—  
And Let them Act Natural.  
That's what they're doing today.  
Davis Made one Picture



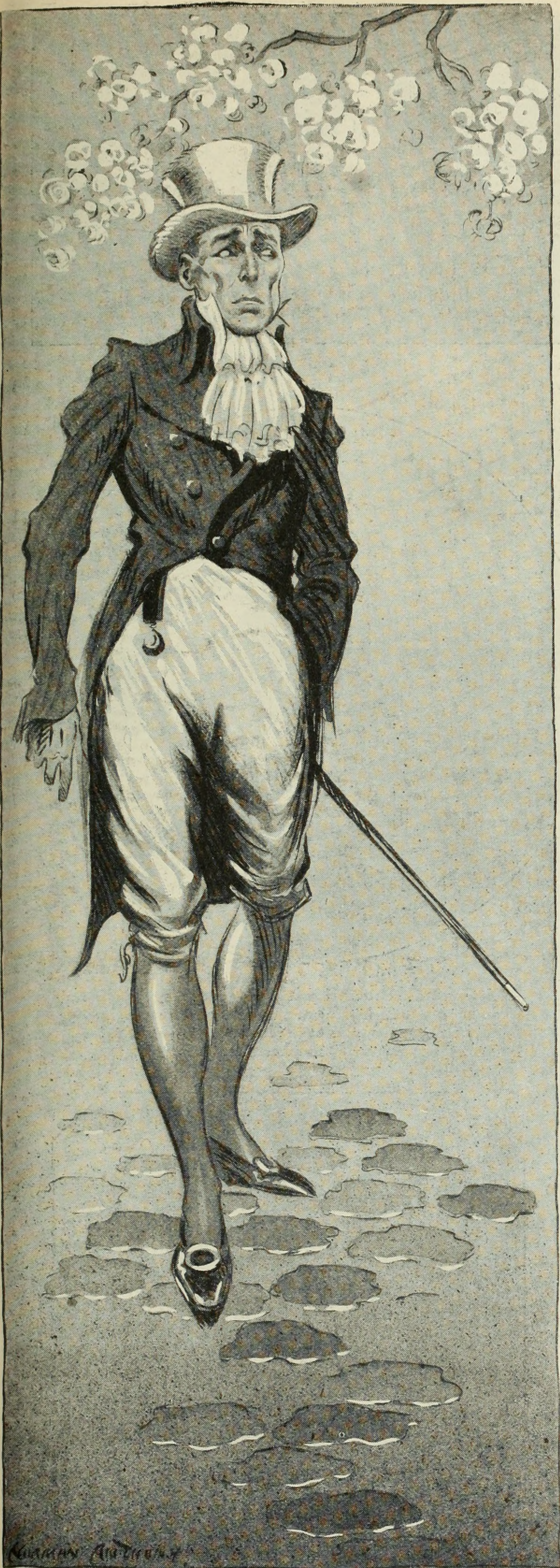
Jack looks more like Mary than ever.

Without a Single sub-title—  
"Why have Sub-titles?" he Demands.  
"The Time is Coming  
When we Won't Have 'Em.  
I sent out this Picture—  
It Flowed Along as Smoothly as  
A Good Poem—  
Without a Caption.  
I didn't need it.  
There were Kicks, of course,  
And I had to put some in."  
The Picture was "I Love You,"  
With Alma Rubens.  
He Made "The Servant in the House."  
Try to see it.  
He Said he'd have to be Going.  
I looked after him  
And hoped  
He would come back  
To Moving Pictures—

**I** SAW Theda Bara on Broadway.  
She didn't See Me.

**J**ACK PICKFORD  
Looked More like Mary than Ever.  
He Said,  
"I'd Like  
To Get Olive  
And Take a Vacation;  
Go To——"  
Bang!  
They were Pounding Something  
In the Office Upstairs.  
"Honolulu!" said young  
Mr. Pickford, Flushing.  
"I am Sure  
I'd like Honolulu.  
I always Thought  
New York was the Place for Me,  
And I Left California  
In Order to Come Here and  
Spend the Holidays with  
My Wife and then I Decided  
(We had a good Time and  
All—even though Olive did lose  
The Diamond-and-Sapphire Bracelet  
She Got for Xmas)  
That New York, as a Place to Live, was——"  
Bang!  
"You Should See," said Jack,  
Raising his Voice,  
"My New Picture. Great kid stuff.  
I'd rather do that  
Than Anything. It isn't work To me.  
We went up  
In the San Jacinto Mountains  
To make this 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom  
Come'—  
A Fire Broke Out,  
Burned the camp, held up work,  
And Wiped Out Some Squirrel Skins I had  
Bagged—"  
Bang!  
"I wanted them," roared Mr. Pickford,  
"For My Wife."  
Bang!  
Then Mr. Pickford,  
Rolled Up his Sleeves,  
And Went Out the Door,  
Muttering to Himself as he Went—  
I Felt Sorry  
For that Amateur Carpenter.





*Drawn by Norman Anthony*

### Photoplays We Don't Care To See

William S. Hart as Beau Brummel.

Theda Bara in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."



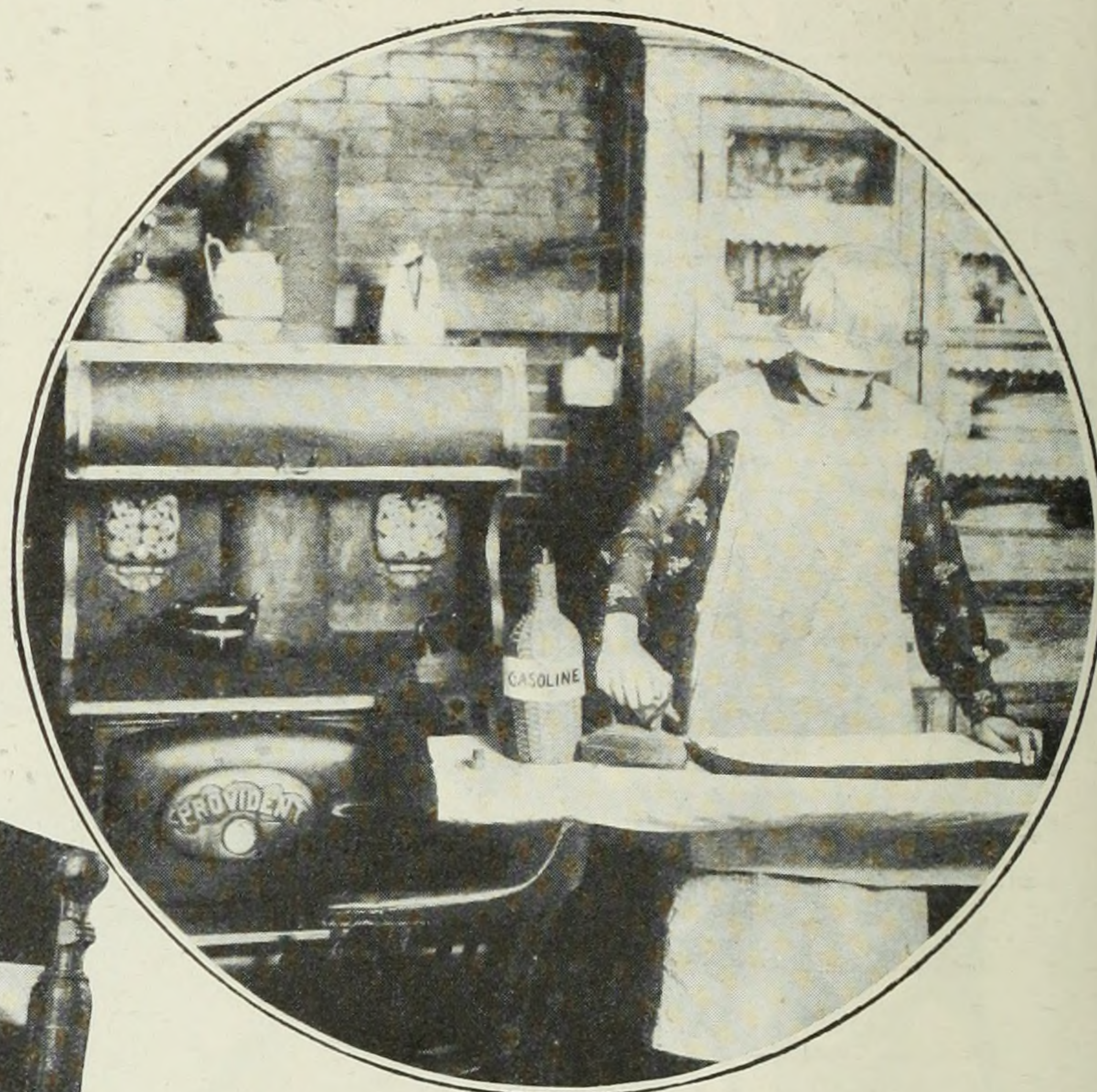
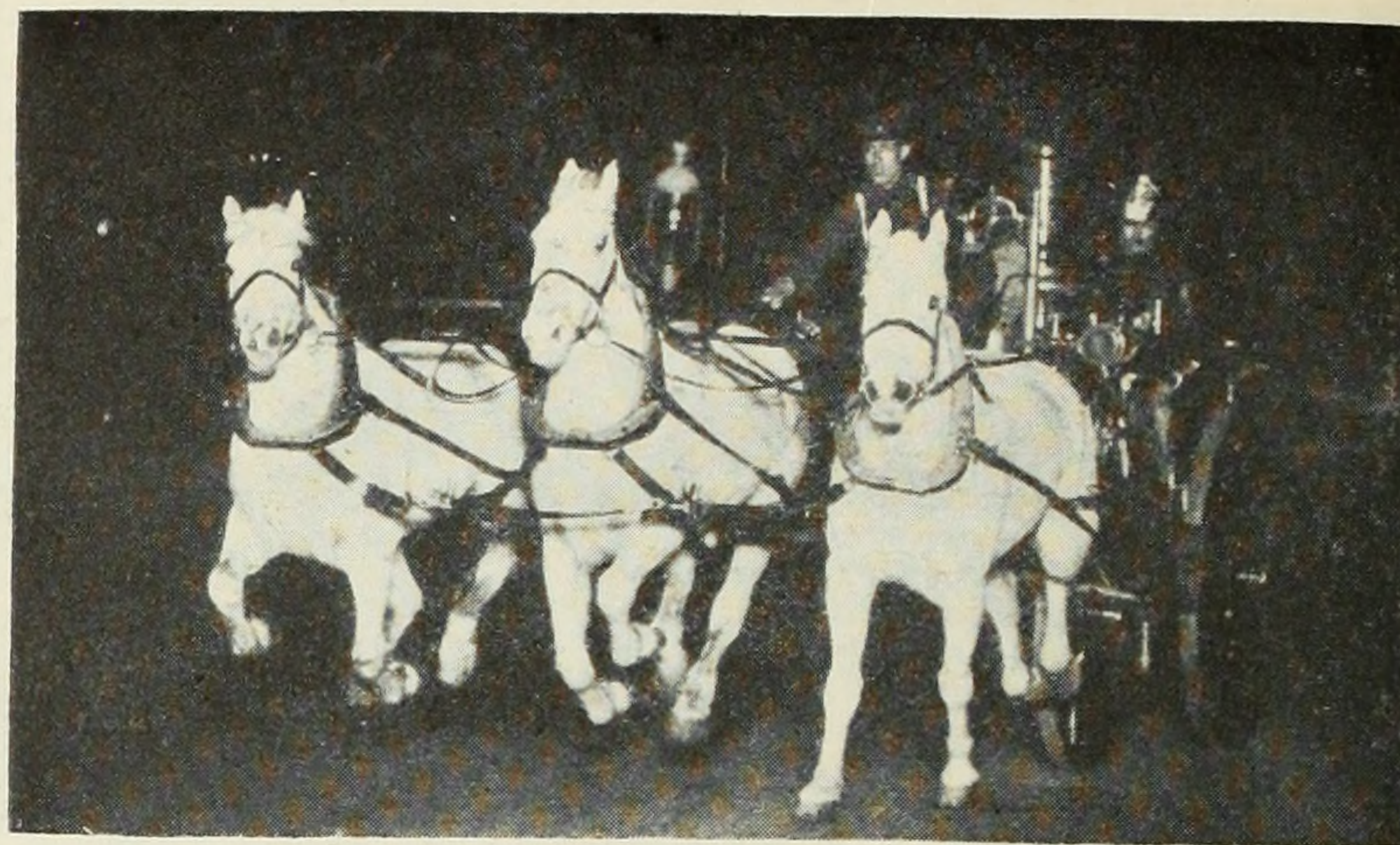
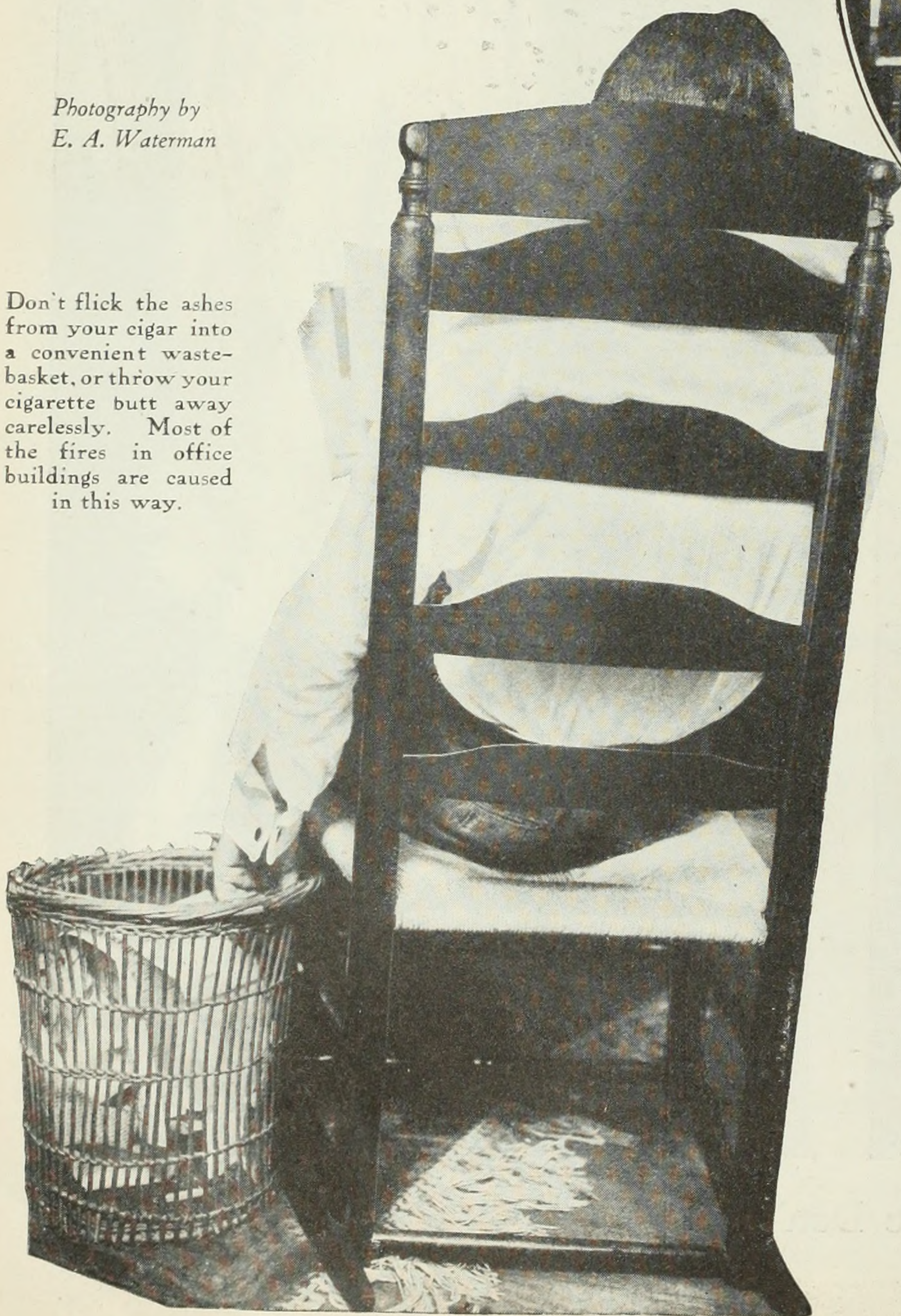
# Fire Prevention

Preventative propaganda, preached by the Fire Prevention societies, illustrates the dangers we can avert by employing precaution.

**N**INE out of every ten conflagrations are avoidable. By the simple method of a little caution, many lives could be saved every year. The National Fire Prevention society is working to acquaint people with the dangers which bring about fires, urging preventatives rather than the cure. We have efficient fire departments but no matter how efficient, untold damage is done. If you would only be a little more careful about that not-quite-extinguished cigar end; if you—busy housewife—would not use a lighted candle in a closet crammed with inflammable fabrics—it would save much horror and many lives. If you can't afford a fire extinguisher, be on the safe side and keep a bucket of water around. And go to some of the film theatres where fire prevention pictures are shown; the moving picture, as always, has come to the rescue with especially-made movies illustrating fire-prevention methods.

Photography by  
E. A. Waterman

Don't flick the ashes from your cigar into a convenient wastebasket, or throw your cigarette butt away carelessly. Most of the fires in office buildings are caused in this way.



A dangerous domestic practice is to employ gasoline in cleaning and ironing at the stove at the same time. The fire departments have found this to be the cause of a surprising number of serious fires.



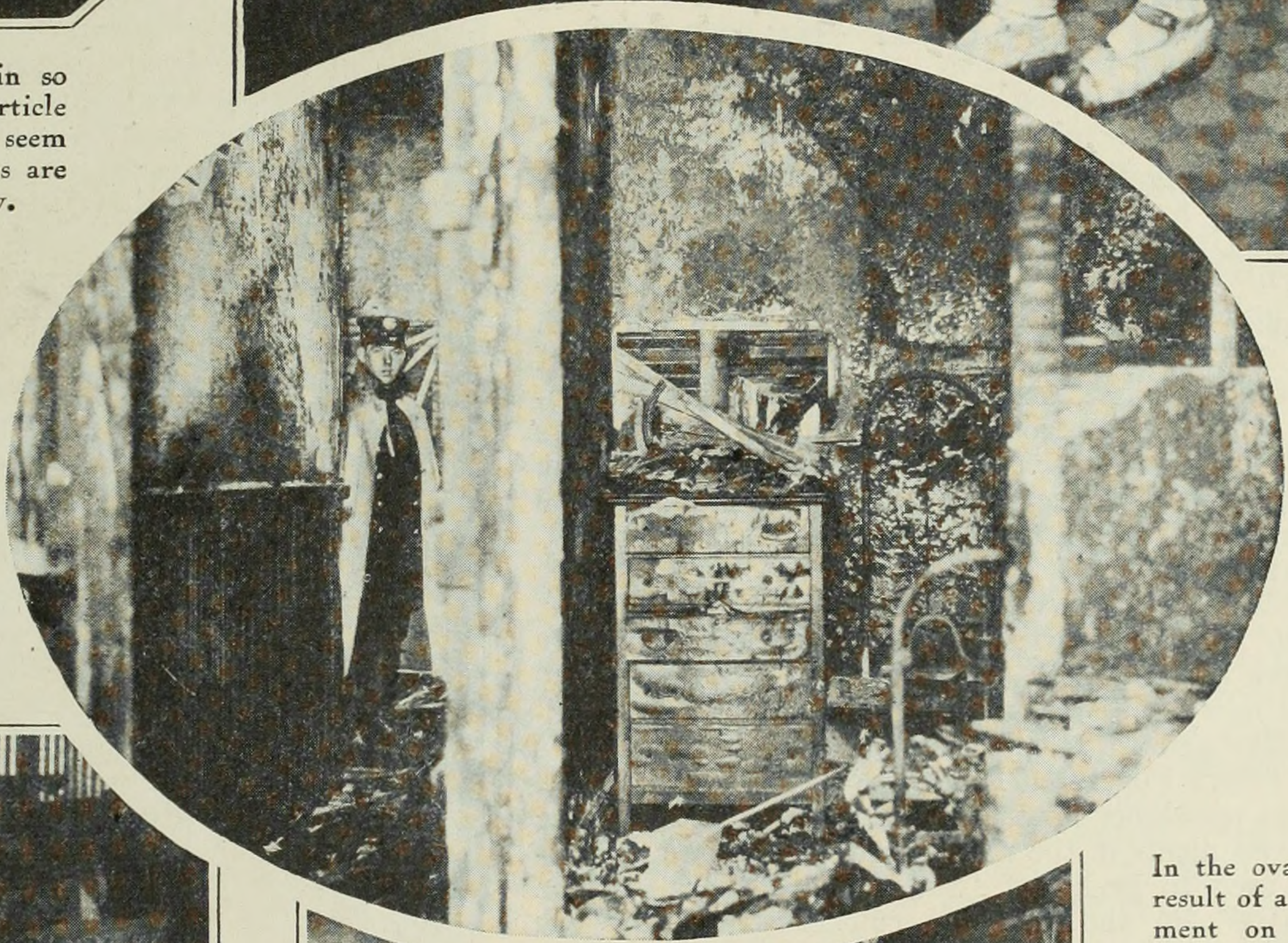
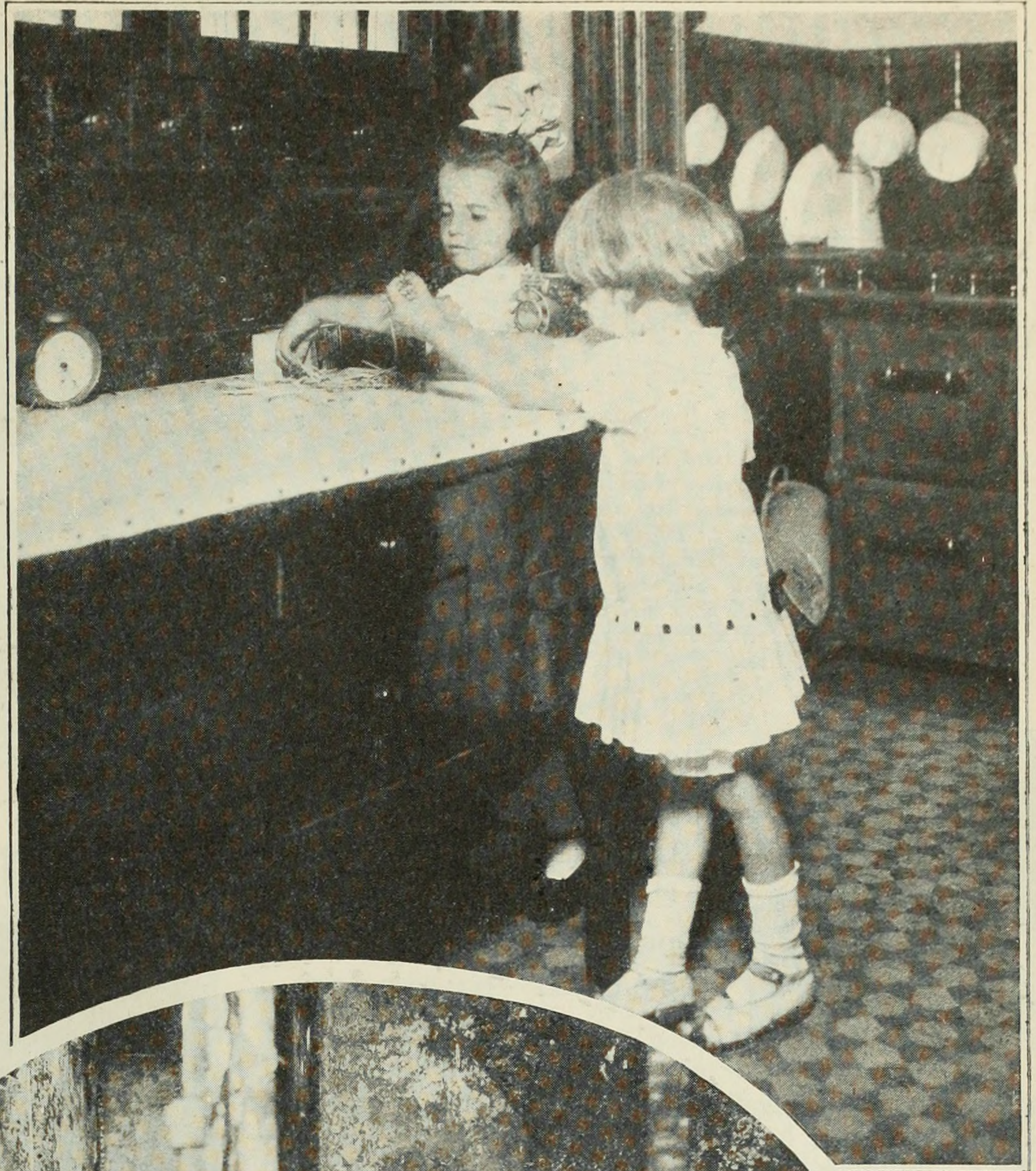
The folly of using kerosene oil to start a fire in a stove has been preached over and over again, but some housewives persist in such antiquated and fool-hardy methods.



Children have much more fun with matches than with dolls. (At right) They seem harmless enough, but the youngsters often drop them and step on them, or unconsciously strike them. The results are usually disastrous.



A lighted candle that "comes in so handy" while looking for some article of clothing in a dark closet, may seem innocent enough. But many lives are lost each year in just this way.



In business and other public buildings, janitors are required to put ashes into a metal receptacle, but the picture below shows the result of a fire when ashes, supposedly cold, were dumped into a wooden barrel.



In the oval you see the result of a fire in a tenement on New York's lower East Side. Five lives were lost through careless use of a small stove.

Firemen fighting an oil fire — one of those conflagrations that puts up a stiff scrap before it is knocked out. Despite efficient fire departments, most fires have their own way with victims.

Photograph courtesy Graflex.



**BEAUTIFUL STAR OF HEAVEN.**  
 REVERIE. LOUIS A. DRUMHELLER.

You remember "Beautiful Star of Heaven," the favorite piece of Edna, the Chickering pounder at the movies ten years ago. Today if you don't know your "Arietta" by Grieg, your Chopin and your Brahms it is because you prefer musical comedy to the motion pictures.



Four years ago Griffith started something that put the pinky-panky movie piano out of business.

# Owed to

**U**NTIL they hitched the photoplay to music the latter art was a luxury indulged in for the most part only by people who wore their hair long and owned dress suits.

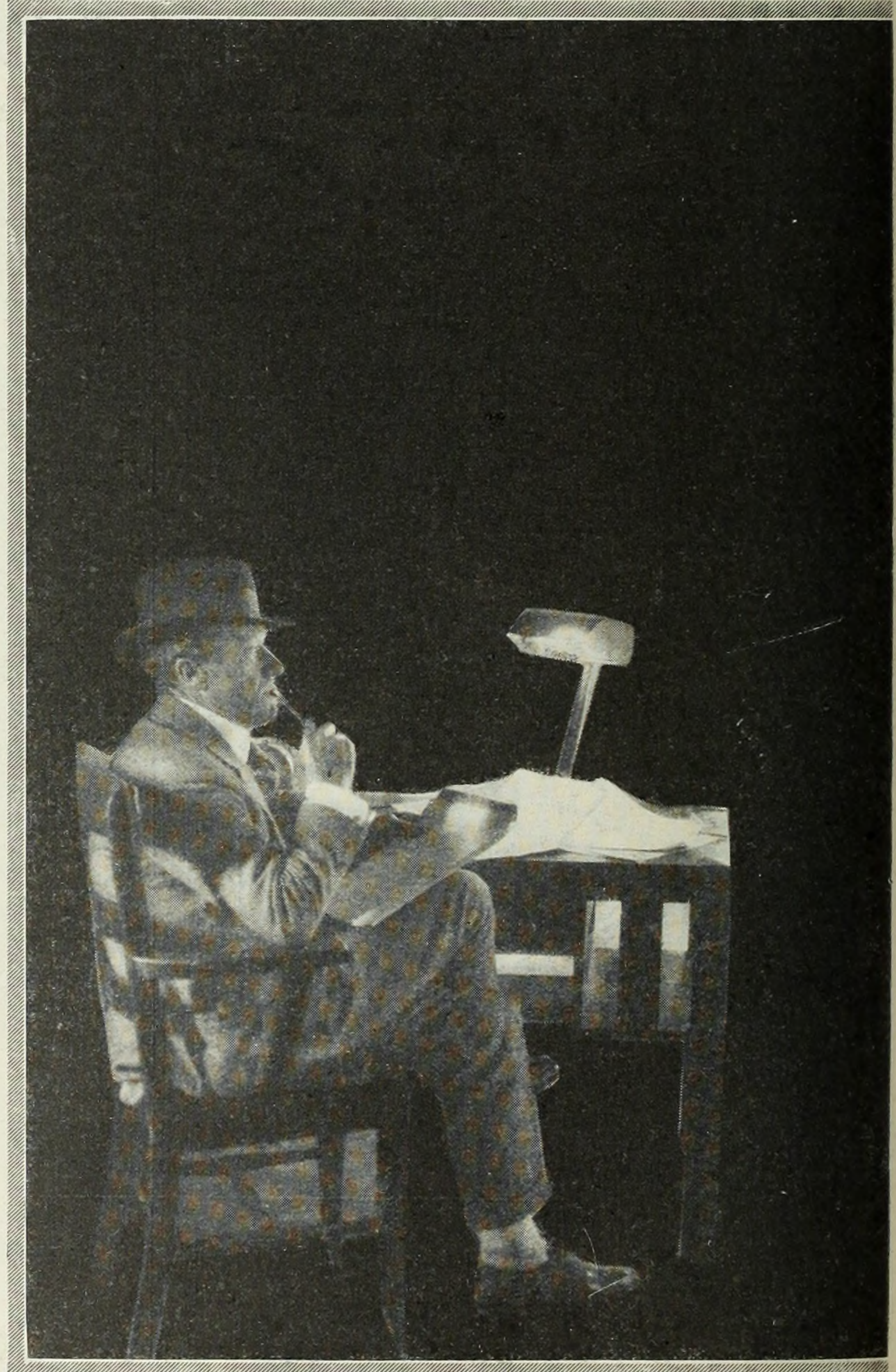
It took a play like "The Birth of a Nation" to put such gentlemen as Mr. Chopin, Mr. Beethoven and Mr. Mozart in the American limelight, and with subsequent screen productions not only the foregoing three worthies, but others of different schools have been dragged from their places in dusty corners, given a public renovating and put on the old family bookcase with the pictures of Charlie Chaplin and St. John the Baptist.

And now it isn't at all uncommon to hear our dear friends, the ladies who purvey lingerie, tell each other on their way home from work how *grand* that Grieg thing was at the Strand last night, and how Mr. Theophile Risenfall—made a tremendous hit two days ago with his new adaptation of Massenet's "Elegie" to "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Girls, do you remember how you used to envy your fortune sister who played nights in the picture show? Do you remember how she used to peck out "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Angel's Serenade" on the ancestral chickering? Can't you picture her flurried excitement when the manager of the little-show-around-the-corner told her that he had a sensational new two-reeler coming and that she'd have to 'get up' a particularly spectacular program? And then she'd look through the files in the old music cabinet and drag forth the overture "Poet and Peasant?"

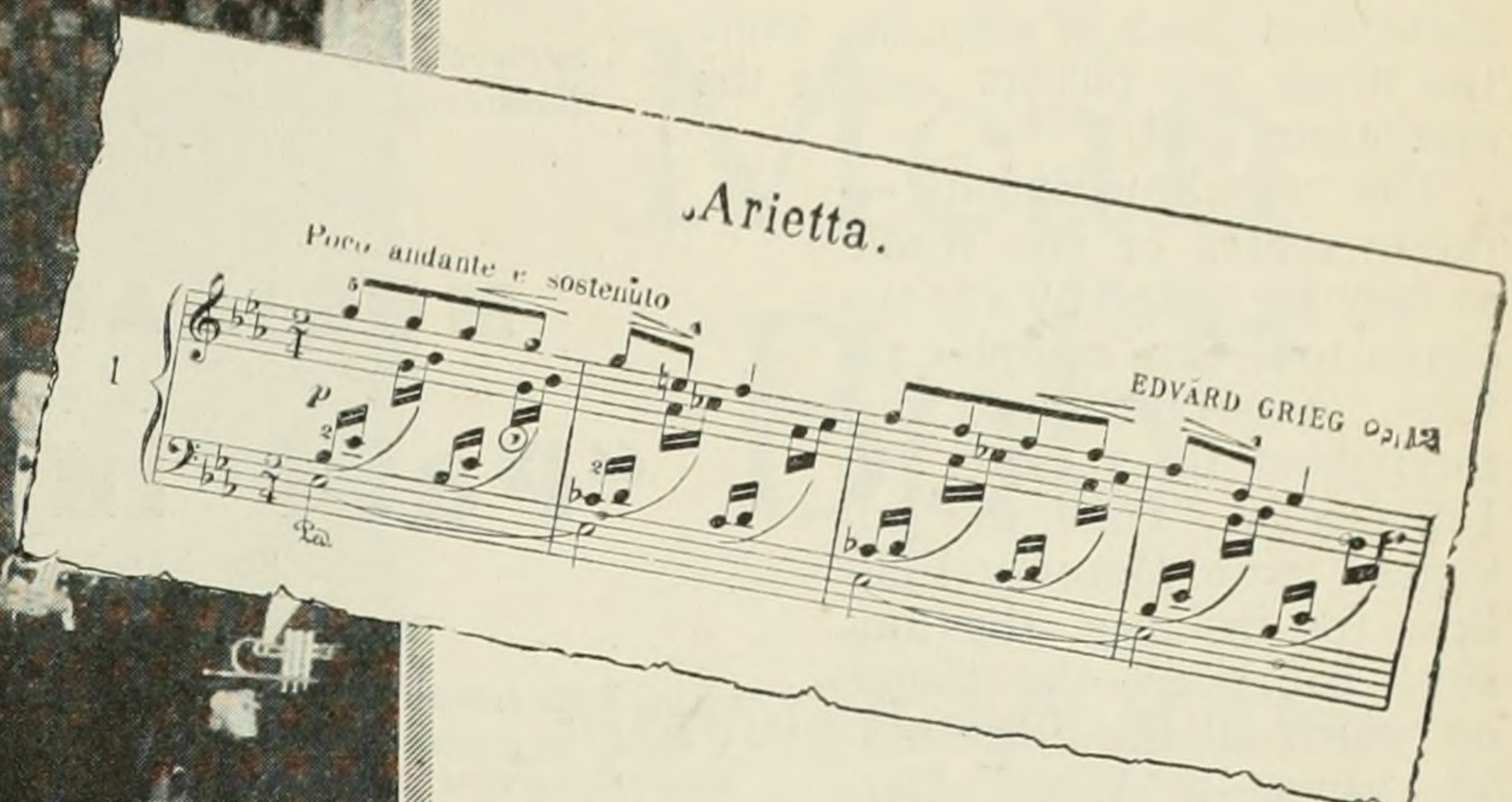
And, if you rack your memory, perhaps you will recollect how sister-in-question used to get 'way down front in the theater, right under the nose of the heroine on the screen, and tickle the ivories. How she'd pound out such standbys as the "Maiden's Prayer" and "The Rosary" and the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and get all excited sometimes and forget to be highbrow and lurch into the "Oceana Roll."

And remember, don't you, how Edna sometimes got fussed and rambled on with "The End of a Perfect Day" while the villain cruelly proceeded to choke the defenseless heroine en scene, or how she effused and thrilled with "The Elixir of Love" or "You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'" when Mrs. McGinnis's remains were shown being hoisted to their last rest? It used to be quite a problem for Edna to select her



The exquisite musical setting for "Broken Blossoms" was largely the tory to compose "The Chinaman's Love Theme" than try to embody ten. He composed





The orchestra at Grauman's Theatre, Los Angeles, is typical of the larger picture theatres today. Arthur Kay (with baton) used to conduct symphony orchestras. He and his twenty-eight men prefer picture theatre orchestras because they offer all year work.

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

# the Pictures

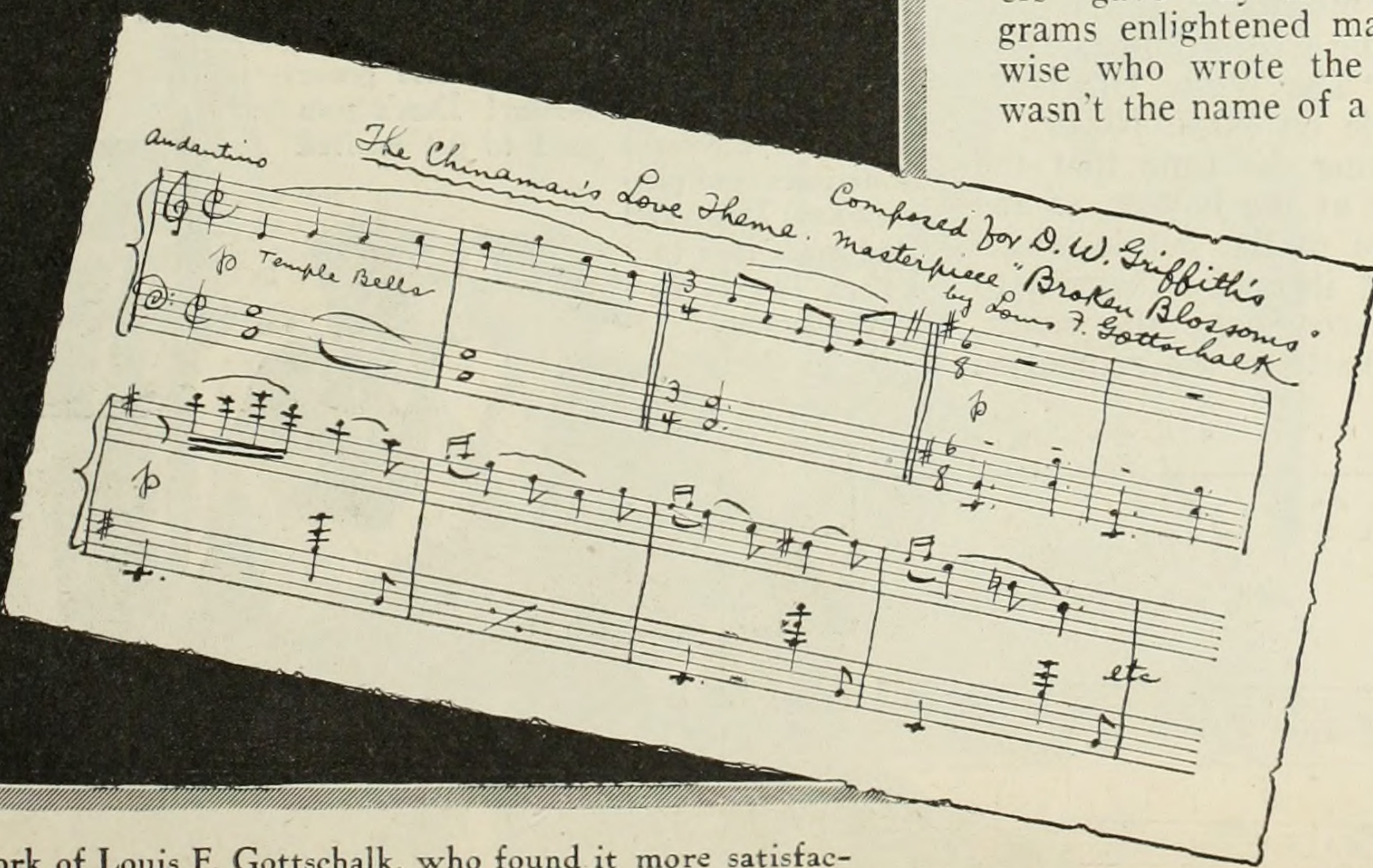
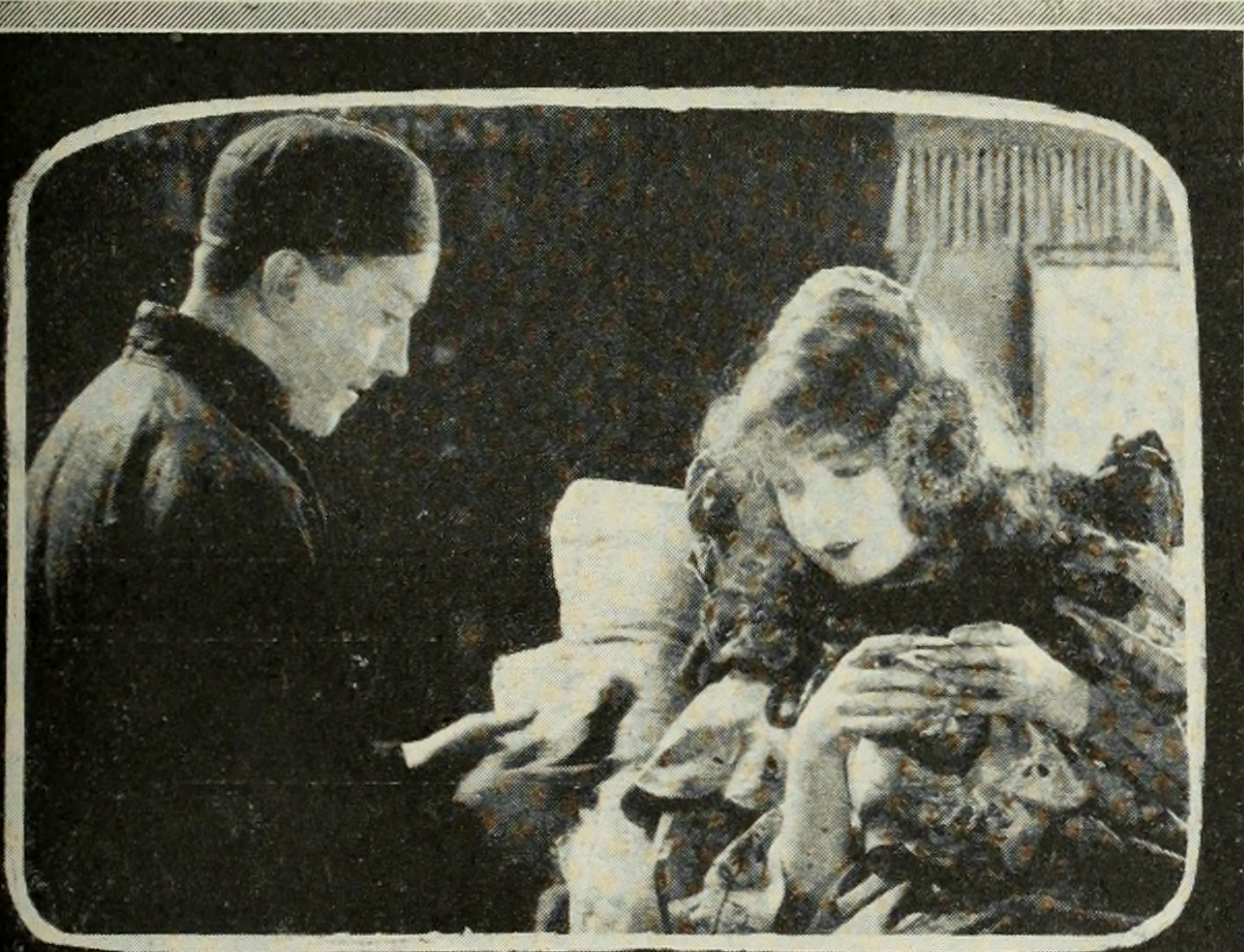
"programmes," and still more of one for her to play them, and then she was always getting her comedy pieces, mixed in at intervals when the fillum was a tragedy—the deep, dark kind that they always used to inject into the pictures of the vintage of '14 or so.

Pretty soon, however, the manager came to her and said that he'd hired Victor, who played the violin, and he was going to have an orchestra. They bought a folio of duets that went well with the popular screen successes of the day, and then they'd go to the flicker emporium and give a recital.

Along about four years ago, however, a man named Griffith startled the reading public by stating that "The Birth of a Nation" would have an especially-arranged musical score. It was a sensation, with its battle din and its "Call of the Clans." This was revolution. From New York to San Francisco, theater owners began to sell their automatic organs and reinforce their piano and violin pairs.

Then somebody who wielded a baton in one of the pits dug out a bit of Chopin—a nocturne or something like that—which he proceeded to fit to the picture of that week. He only gave his audience a very little bit of the good stuff at first, but curiously enough it went! And the manager hired a few more violins and perhaps a cornet and flute. Edna, who had been hammering the ivories for the last three years, lost her job because her fingers simply wouldn't take the runs that Mr. Liszt wrote in his pieces, and the man who gave music lessons to perspiring young America, and who knew the difference between a mazurka and a polonaise took her place.

He commenced an internal revolution. "Hearts and Flowers" gave way to Liszt, Donizetti and Bizet. And the programs enlightened many who might never have known otherwise who wrote the sextet from "Lucia," and that Brahms wasn't the name of a new kind of chicken.



original work of Louis F. Gottschalk, who found it more satisfactory atmosphere of Griffith's great picture in music already written as he watched.

**T**O-DAY, every progressive film distributor has a musical director who makes a complete score for each production. There are, moreover, on each score, at least eight names of classicists that are comparatively well known to the public. Grieg isn't any longer a bugbear; Weber is not by any means unknown, and some of the matinee girls even know how to spell Tschai-kowsky—and to pronounce him.

Music is one of the big moments of a photodrama. It can bring out phases of the picture that pantomime cannot express. In other words it helps the action, and suffices, for a large part, for the dialogue of a stage play. A skillfully played composition by one of the symphony orches-



tras of to-day can "work up" an audience to an erstwhile unthought-of pitch of emotion, while the music-less picture leaves the spectators cold.

The synchronizations — music scores or cue sheets as they are called by various conductors—are complex affairs. A certain theme runs throughout the picture. In Universal's "Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips, for instance, the musical backbone—the theme on which all the other music hangs—is Victor Herbert's "Land of Romance." In presenting this film, or any other, the orchestra reverts again and again to a familiar theme or setting that has been played at a crucial moment of the play and that corresponds to the play itself. In the "Paid in Advance" production, the cue-sheet states that Laurentideau's "Laurentian Echoes" is given by the orchestra—or organ—at the time the title is first flashed onto the screen. A Saint-Saens work, "Rouet d'Omphale" follows, which is in turn followed by the Canadian national march, "Maple Leaf." In the production, which is an average five-reeler, out of thirty-seven different musical compositions listed on the cue-sheet, eight are by standard composers, including Saint-Saens, Bizet, Schubert, Grieg, Grainger, and Mendelssohn. Of the total, twelve are popular numbers, including Friml's "Tumble In," "Mary" and "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." The rest are semi-classical pieces by either living composers who have not yet attained the classical standard, or deceased musical writers whose opuses have not as yet been accorded a place in the hall of fame.

THE synchronization of a musical score is no easy matter. Take a Griffith production, for instance, such as "Broken Blossoms." The score, when it is delivered to the orchestra conductor, looks like any grand-opera libretto, except that a cadence may suddenly be broken off in the middle and followed by a strain of entirely different setting.

The synchronized work is a series of musical cut-backs and flashes that correspond to the action of the screen drama. During the climax of Maurice Tourneur's "The White Heather," the orchestration of Rubinstein's "Etude on False Notes," a chromatic, weird work, was played during the time that the divers were shown in the death-struggle at the bottom of the sea. When the picture suddenly flashed to the hut in which Angus lay on his death bed, the music instantly changed to "Annie Laurie"—the last strains that accompany the words, "I'd lay me doon and dee." Flashing back to the submarine

The orchestra leader at Amityville knows that when the above scene from "Paid in Advance" is flashed on the screen, he should have reached "No. 34" on the musical synopsis and that they shall play Herbert's "Land of Romance" for 1½ minutes. Universal supplies a "Musical Synopsis" with each picture.

## MUSICAL SYNOPSIS FOR "Paid in Advance"

By JAMES C. BRADFORD

Musical Director, Stanley Theatre, New York

No.	Min.	(T)itle or (D)escription.	Tempo.	Selection
1	3½	AT SCREENING	4-4 Maestoso	Laurentin Echoes—Laurendeau (Medley)
2	1½	T. BATEESE	2-4 Lento	Rouet d'Omphale—Saint Saens (J. to K.)
3	1½	T. THE TRADING POST	2-4 Tempo di Marcia	Maple Leaf—Canadian March
4	2	T. THE LIE	4-4 Moderato	Dramatic Tension—Borch
5	1½	D. SANDY LEAVES CABIN	2-4	Faendole—Bizet
6	2½	D. FIGHT		Torch Dance—German
7	1½	T. I DEMAND		Earl King—Schubert
8	2½	T. IN THE NO		Erotik—Grieg
9	2½	T. AND TO		Grieg (Sigurd Jorsalfar)
10	1½	T. THEIR		Saskatchewan—Caryll
11	1½	T. DAWSON		vtne (Fast One-Step)
12	3	T. SWEET R		Rosy O'Grady—Harris
13	2	T. JIM BLO		ry—Frey (One-Step)
14	1½	D. JOAN ENT		Frjml (Fox-Trot)
15	1½	T. WHERE IS		ian Pansy—Langey
16	1½	D. BARKER LE		Bob—Kaplan
17	2½	T. AFTER A NI		at—Frey (Fox-Trot)
18	3	D. JOAN ENTER		Melancolie—Grainger
19	2½	T. INCENSED BY		Tumble In—Friml (Jazz Fox-Trot)
20	1½	D. JOAN RECOGN		Fourteen Fathoms—Lake (Tension)
21	1½	D. BATEESE ATT	4-4 Allegro	Furioso No. 1—Langey
22	1½	T. A MONTH PASS	2-4 Moderato	*Evensong—Martin
23	1½	D. BARKER AT DOOR	2-4 Allegro	Hurry No. 2—Langey
24	3	D. JOAN CHANGES CLOTHES	4-4 Moderato	Baby Doll—Friml
25	2½	D. JOAN JUMPS ON TABLE	4-4 Molto Allegro	Athalia—Mendelssohn
26	1½	T. I. O. U.	4-4 Moderato	Fourteen Fathoms—Lake (Tension)
27	1½	D. JIM AND JOAN ENTER CABIN	3-4 Valse Lente	*Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
28	2½	T. ACCORDING TO THIS	9-8 Allegro	Turbulence—Gorch
29	1½	T. IF YOU WERE ONLY A MAN	3-4 Valse Lente	*Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
30	2	T. THE CUR HAD NO RIGHT	4-4 Allegro	Agitato No. 1—Langey
31	1½	T. SHE'S RIGHT	4-4 Allegro	The Tempest—Lake
32	1½	D. JOAN IN SNOW	3-4 Valse Lente	*Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
33	2	T. MONTHS PASSED	4-4 Allegretto	Whispering Willows—Herbert
34	1½	T. AFTER DAYS	3-4 Valse Lente	*Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)
35	1½	D. SOLICITOR ENTERS	3-4 Allegretto	Air de Ballet—Herbert
36	2	T. SEVERAL YEARS PASSED	6-8 Andantino	Memories—Kaiser
37	1½	D. JOAN ENTERS OFFICE	3-4 Valse Lente	*Land of Romance—Herbert (Theme)

THE END.

\*Theme.

fight, the organ burst forth with a Czerny study in chromatics, or half tones, that gave the impression of a terrific windstorm. Which put the audience in a mood receptive to action of the picture, filled the hearts of the spectators with terror, and worked them up to a state of tense emotionalism. In fact, so high-strung were they that when one of the divers suddenly cut the air-tube of his adversary and the orchestra and organ came together in a terrific minor chord, the more nervous spectators gasped, and during the performance that I viewed, one woman screamed.

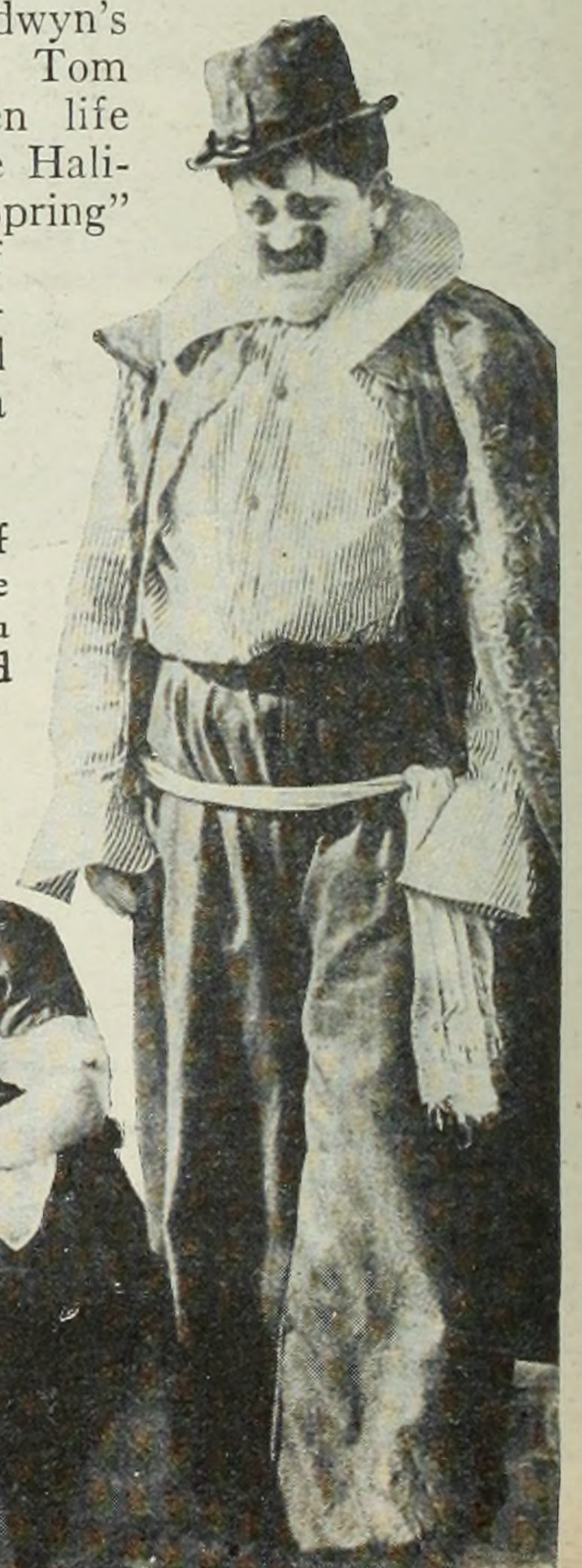
The average orchestra of the more progressive theaters,—the ones where the ushers are costumed and the seats upholstered,—has anywhere from fifteen to forty pieces in the orchestra,—violins, 'cellos, bass viols, flute, clarinet, but only such brass,—French horns, alto horns and trombones,—as are indispensable. The organ makes up for the rest. The cornet and trumpet are losing out.

THERE are some standbys the public never seems to tire hearing. The Massenet "Elegie," Grieg's "Album Leaf," Rubinstein's "Kammenoi-Ostrow" and

Chopin's Nocturne in E are always on tap for situations where the action is slow and the picture theme melancholy, such as in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" where the unloved wife, (Katherine MacDonald) takes leave of her lover (Milton Sills), or in Goldwyn's "The City of Comrades" where Tom Moore is shown hovering between life and death in the hospital after the Halifax disaster. Such works as "To Spring" by Grieg, Chaminade's "Scarf Dance," and the Schubert "Serenade" can always be depended upon to put the audience into a

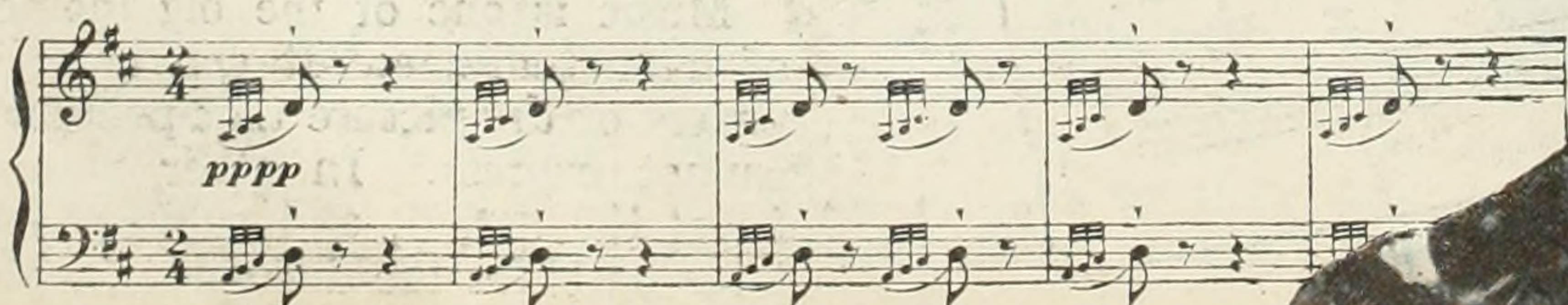
(Continued on page 119)

"American Patrol" was another of Edna's standbys—with all those grace notes, T-r-rum! T-r-rum! Don't you remember how she used to get excited sometimes and play it when Ham and Bud made love to Ethel Tearle in the Kalems?



### AMERICAN PATROL

F W MEACHAM, Op 92







Mrs. Bob McKim: "If you don't come across I'll tell the world you write plays!"

# "Mean Bob"

Meaning Robert McKim, who has stopped singing in church choirs for quite some time.

Kim, herself not unfamiliar to them who sit in darkness and look upon the lighted screen.

"Bob" writes, too. Not scenarios—but plays. Short ones, pithy and dramatic. Some day he is going to take one of his one-act creations on a vaudeville tour.

McKim was an advertising salesman in those days when he sang in the San Francisco choir. On week days he labored strenuously to convince advertisers of the value of printer's ink. The voice which sold space in the dailies on weekdays pleased hundreds on Sundays and came to the notice of the theater managers.

Then McKim left the advertising business, and never returned to it. Behind the footlights, in stock, at the San Francisco Alcazar, he played many roles. He toured the Orpheum circuit three seasons with Lily Langtry, "The Jersey Lily."

In 1915 he heard the call of the clicking shutter, started pictures as *Doc Hardy* in "The Disciple" with Bill Hart, and has been playing villains ever since, with increasing success. Some of his best recent work has been seen in "Wagon Tracks," "The Westerners" and "Out of the Dust."

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates, And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors."

**T**HUS in rotund baritone did Robert McKim proclaim the art that was in him in the years 2 to 5 A. Q. (A. Q. and B. Q. being the notations of time on the San Francisco calendar, meaning respectively After and Before the Quake.) McKim was soloist in a church, but now—

"Cut out the weep stuff. That don't get you anything with me. I'll show you who's master here. Go on—pray as long as you like. I can wait. That fine lover of yours is a hundred miles away with a crippled flivver and before he gets here—"

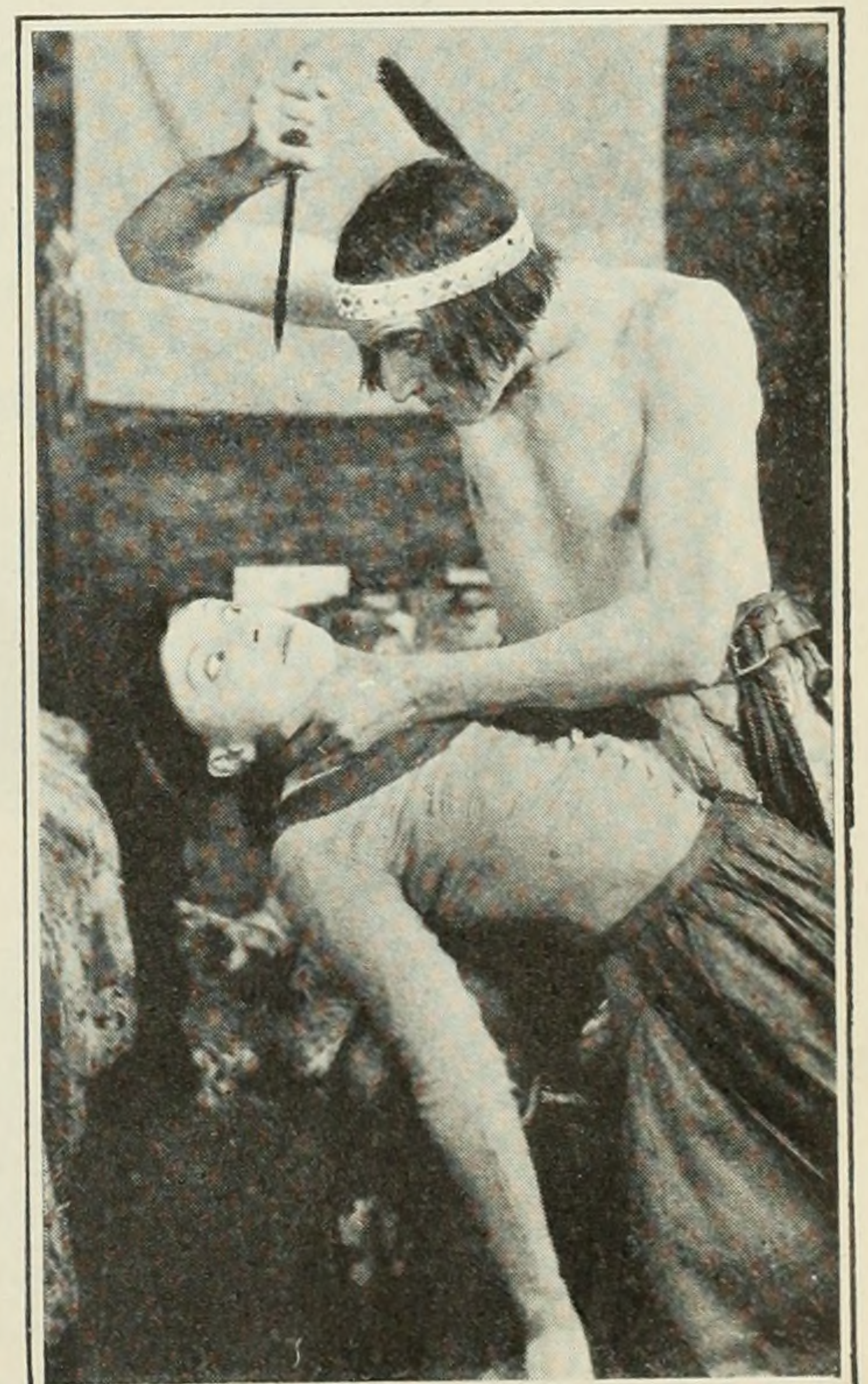
You know the line of stuff. "Mean Bob"—that's his ticket in the casting director's card index. He's been at it ever since 1915 and has such a good reputation for badness that Goldwyn has taken a long lease on him. And then again—

"Now, dear, you go out on the lawn and take your knitting. Just because it's the maid's night out you're not going to make a slave out of yourself. I'll wash up the dishes and feed the cat and water the ukele bush and everything. No, I'm not a bit tired—didn't do a thing all day but sit around and swap stories."

The lady on the receiving end of the conversation is Mrs. Dorcas Matthews Mc-



As the painter in "The Disciple" he treated Enid Markey cruelly and made Bill Hart mad.



One of his best bad roles—the Indian in "The Westerners" with Mildred Manning.



# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

**Wall Street.** That the greatest money interests in the world shall eventually come into control of the business element of any activity so profitable as moving pictures has been predicted from the beginning. Rumors of a constant spreading of this interest arise from week to week. The word "trust" is bandied about, sometimes with hope, sometimes with resentment. Whatever influences are at work, there is nothing for the public to fear. No matter who makes the pictures, no matter who distributes them, no matter who owns the theatres, you, who provide the sole revenue upon which these activities operate, can always stay away when the results are not to your liking. And the moment you begin staying away, there will at once arise a new Moses to lead the pictures back out of the wilderness. You are at the mercy of a trust which can control a necessity, but the trust which controls a luxury is at the mercy of its customers.

The gentlemen who have the resources and the intelligence to bring together a number of warring interests and unify them for the improvement of business conditions, are not so blind as to be ignorant of this fact. So whatever manipulations may come and go, whatever combinations may be formed, the picture will remain as it is desired by its public. There is no other factor in modern life so directly and completely controlled by the public as motion pictures.

**Two For One** The scenario editor of a moving picture company bought a certain very famous novel and dealt it over to one of his continuity writers to be turned into a manuscript for the screen. When the continuity man brought in his version of the story, the editor read it with growing amazement. At last he said:

"This is a cracking good story, but it isn't much like the original. Tell you what we'll do, we'll give your story a new title, call it an original, and give the book to another member of the staff to make the real adaptation."

And so they got two stories for the price of one.

**Exit the Fantastics.** Throughout the comings and goings of the moving pictures of today, one characteristic is manifest, not only among the best but among the mediocre and largely also among even those films which are far below grade. This is a definite determination to cling as closely as possible

to that which is humanly possible in plot and character. The straining after the fantastic has almost entirely ceased. There was a time when scenario writers and producers seemed to be asking themselves persistently, "How far can we get from actuality?" They strove for sensationalism — not so much the sensationalism based upon tremendous emotions, but that which is based upon a nightmare of imagination running riot.

It had to be. The whole foundation of the moving picture structure rests upon this solid fact — that the people whose millions of dimes make possible the advancement of pictures, are not readers of exotic European literature, not men and women who dream of worlds far different from this, but real folks who know only this world and its social laws, regardless of what they may hope for the life to come. With irresistible force they compel the producer of pictures to show them that which has counterparts in their experience or their knowledge of the experience of others, or coldly abandon him to an inglorious fate.

The fantastic is fast disappearing. In its place has come the humanly recognizable.

**What Are Your Hands For?** You don't check your hands at the door when you go to see pictures. There is no reason why you shouldn't use them.

You know what they are for when you go to a play, or musical comedy, or a vaudeville show. You slap them together just to let the entertainers know you like them.

Did it ever occur to you that applause is much more important at a picture theatre than it is at a play?

The manager of a theatre where the "speakies" are seen and heard has many ways of telling whether or not his players and his play please his audiences. The play runs a week or more in most instances, and the audiences increase or decrease accordingly as the piece is unpopular or not. Applause is nothing but noise — gratifying noise, of course, but unimportant in results.

The moving picture goes into the average theatre for a day or two. It gets its patronage from a combination of the reputation of the house and the popularity of the star. The only way the manager can tell whether or not his patrons are pleased, is by their applause. The only way the producer can tell whether or not he is on the right road to your approval is by the manager's reports.

Remember what your hands are for, and don't be afraid to use them.



Miss White found a warm friend and champion in Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish author, while a guest at her place at Bayside, Long Island, pictured below.

# The Girl on the Cover

Pearl White — who, having achieved Fame and Wealth, is now a victim of Ambition.

By

JULIAN JOHNSON



Sound. It was very cold outside, and the light from the windows fell upon untrodden snow, gleaming like diamond-dust in the sharp, still air. The correct and noiseless butler had just served the last course of a very correct and simple dinner. At the end of the table the actress-proprietress sat. She had, but an hour before, returned from a strenuous day in the Fox studio in Manhattan, yet all traces of her working hours had been removed. She had gowned herself in the sim-

**T**HIS is no account of Pearl White's "career." She has told her own story, probably more simply and honestly than anyone else will ever tell it, in "Just Me," that frank self-revelation in which she idolizes her dead mother, heartily assails her father's weaknesses, expresses the step-child's usual opinion of her step-mother, and continually, in an easy flow of slang and colloquialism, holds her own character and her own acts, and their consequences, up to pitiless scrutiny.

Rather, these lines are a chronicle of unprecedented celebrity and success; a survey of a career crowded before thirty with adventures such as Dumas might have conceived for a female D'Artagnan, marked with world-wide celebrity, and secured by a self-won fortune.

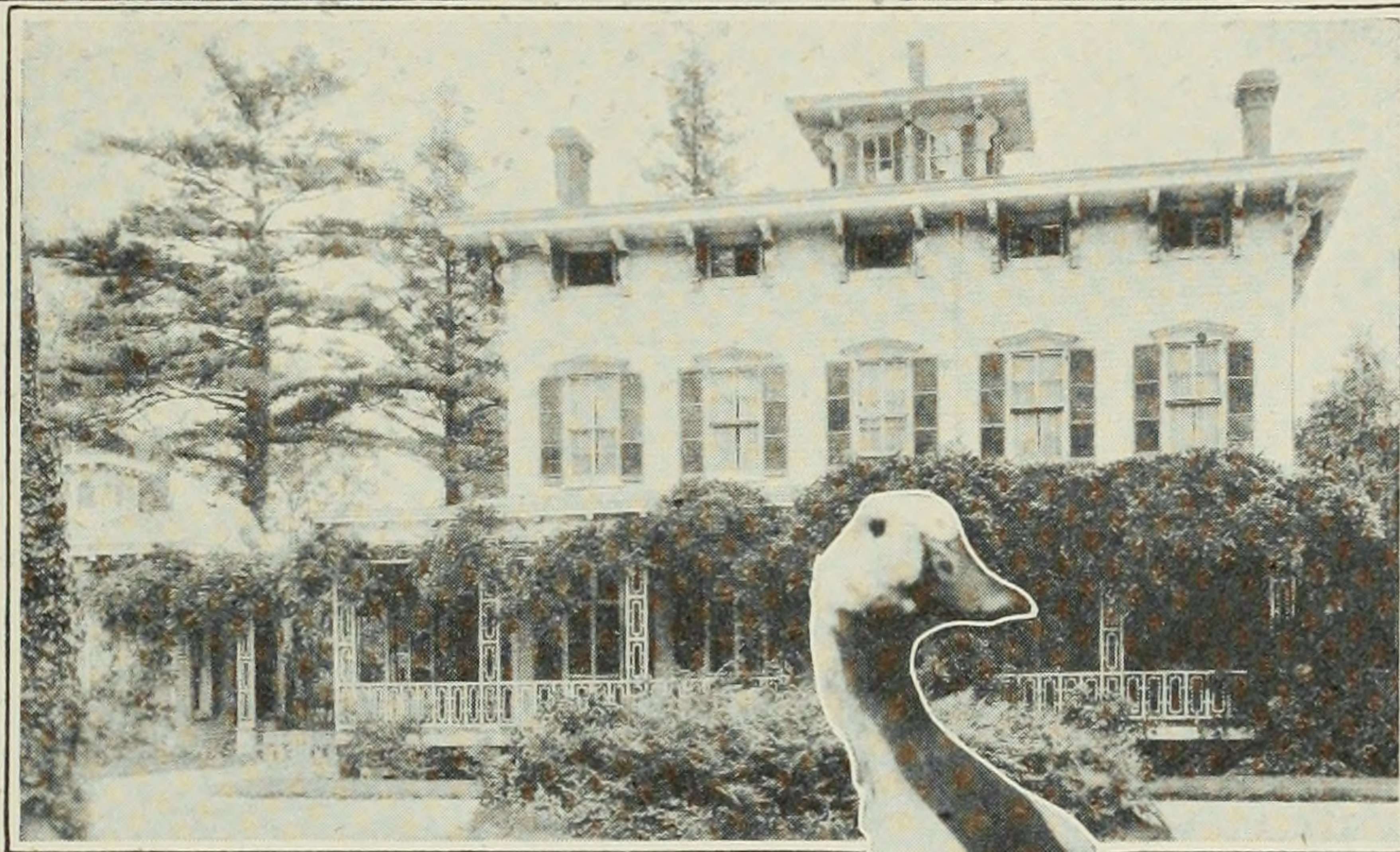
There are two things responsible for the famous and rich Pearl White of today.

Moving pictures.

And Pearl White.

Success needs only two things: ability and opportunity. The early years of the twentieth century brought to American women the same vast, almost fabulous chances that came to their grandfathers in the middle of the century preceding. What the expansion of the West and the great organization of industry opened up to many a young man, the motion picture spread before such young girls as were alert enough, and husky enough, and apt enough to take advantage of it. With the exception of Mary Pickford, I can think of no girl who has reaped her field of chance so completely, opulently, securely, as Pearl White.

On a January evening we were sitting at Miss White's dining-table in the right wing of her great house near Bayside, a Long Island suburb of the metropolis, thirty-five minutes from Broadway by train, and less than that by motor. Yet for seclusion we might have been in the Canadian woods or the Florida Everglades. In the front of the house a great lawn ends in a garden edged with a grove of towering trees, and only beyond them runs the road. Back of the house are fields; at the side, a private beach and the quiet waters of Long Island



Here's sauce for the gander, if we are any judge of lip-reading. The fowl is part of her Long Island sovereignty.



plest of blue frocks; her hair was brushed straight back; around her lips and eyes and on her cheeks not a trace of make-up or even of powder or rouge remained. In the *salon*, across a wide hall, a tall clock with a low voice chimed eight. A light from a shaded lamp fell across a grand piano, and bathed a library table, heavy with books and manuscripts, like an author's work-bench, in a soft reverie of light. It was a quiet place for luxurious dreams, and somehow, it was a little melancholy. The girl-woman at the table's end put her cup gently back into its saucer, and it seemed to me that even that made too much noise. As I looked at her I thought of a female Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer.

I had in mind several questions, any one of which I might have asked. I had ready several observations, more or less philosophic, and all of them, questions and answers, rather inapropos.

I was saved from asking or stupidly remarking by the butler, who came back to ask a question of his own.

"The letters, ma'am. There are four hampers of them now. Hadn't you better—"

"Why, yes! Thanks for reminding me." And to me: "Want to see my mail?"

It was with no particular thrill that I followed her into a white chamber adjoining the dark-paneled Department of Food. I had seen the correspondence of a movie actress on sundry occasions, and had always wondered, thereafter, if the world were worth making safe for democracy.

But I had never seen such an enormous, cosmopolitan, world-wide representation of attention. My first thought was that a stamp-collector would have paid her a hat-checker's privilege

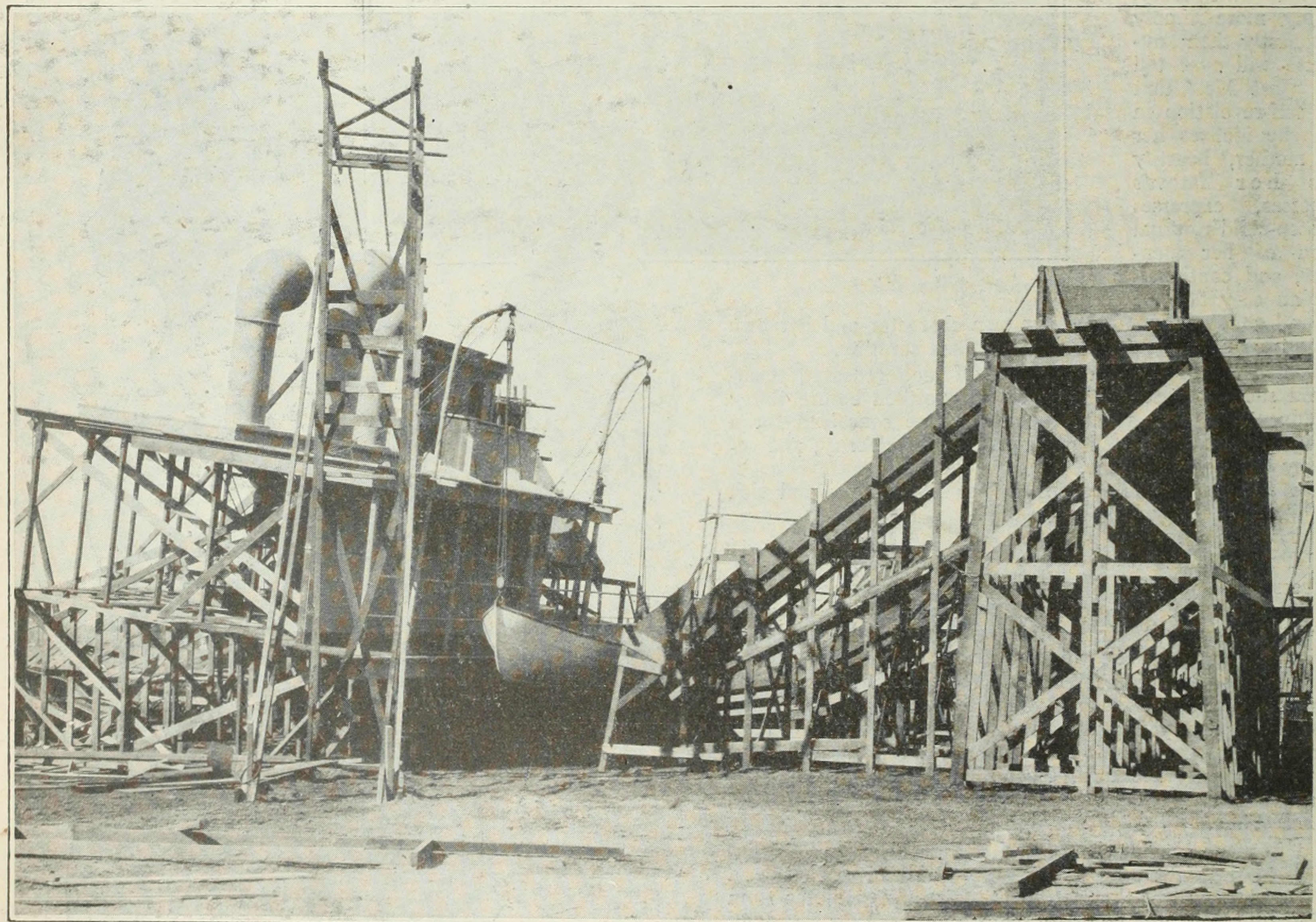
price merely for a secretaryship. There were letters bearing the stamps of countries I had never heard of—commonwealths given birth by the Peace Commission in Paris. All of the older governments were in Congress assembled by their postage. There were postal cards from Annam and Java and Czecho-Slovakia and Duquoin, Ill. Mostly from women. There were few mash notes. The letters from boys were merely the hopeful ebullitions of the stage-struck, or respectful solicitations for photographs.

"Since New Year's," said the recipient. January was at that moment two weeks and a half old.

And so they pile, until, every two or three weeks, a bevy of stenographers is carted out from town, and they are respectfully and appreciatively acknowledged. If *you* are a letter-writer, do not expect to get a genuinely personal note from Pearl White unless you have genuine business upon which to write her.

Pearl White has her splendid home at Bayside not solely because she is a movie queen, highly in demand and marvellously paid, but because she possesses that which is really the quality of few men: the true financial instinct. She began saving her pennies when she sold papers, at the age of eight, in Springfield, Mo., and though she spent these savings many times over, and was generally, in her independent early career, upon the verge of walking to save an eighty-cent railway fare, she saved money whenever she had a job strong enough to hold together for more than a few weeks, and on the second of July, 1913, had banked enough from tank shows and primitive movies to sum up, in several deposits, six thousand dollars—which she promptly

(Continued on page 115)



### Who Put The Ocean So Far From the Shore?

THOSE clever film directors, of course. Now we know where they get that nautical phrase, "quarter deck." But so long as the finished picture provides all the thrills of a real ship in a real storm at sea, what are a few port bows and mizzenmasts among friends. This shows how many of those exciting sea pictures are arranged when there isn't an ocean handy. Here you see the ship built for "The Tower of Ivory." Note the rain machine at the left—the falsework—from whence tons of water were discharged while a wind machine blew it down the chutes, dashing it across the finished side of the deck.





Count de Strelecki

**G**ERRY AND LOU--not to mention the pet of the Tellegen menage, the Pekingese. Miss Farrar is one of the most enthusiastic women in the theatre: when she is not singing at the Metropolitan, she is in California making pictures.





**M**ARY MacLAREN. It is hard to picture her in the Winter Garden chorus, yet that is where she had her theatrical beginnings. She didn't like it at all: but curiously enough some of her best picture parts have been show-girls.





Paramount-Post Nature

The canvases of nature are more enthralling than any painting. So for a picture gallery we recommend any of the good scenics we have on the screen, for the camera has caught the best in landscapes. One can almost hear the rustle of the trees and the soothing swish of the water over the stones.



We might say that Pauline Frederick's collection of feather fans is almost as large as her human collection; but we'd rather tell you that Polly's pet hobby is collecting these, from the curiously carved fans from the Orient to the huge plumes which add the finishing touch to any woman's evening ensemble.





J. C. Milligan

COMEDY has another kick coming against the drama, since Mildred Reardon went in for the serious stuff. A foil for Arbuckle and a former Follies beauty, she was discovered by DeMille, and is now a full-fledged featurette.

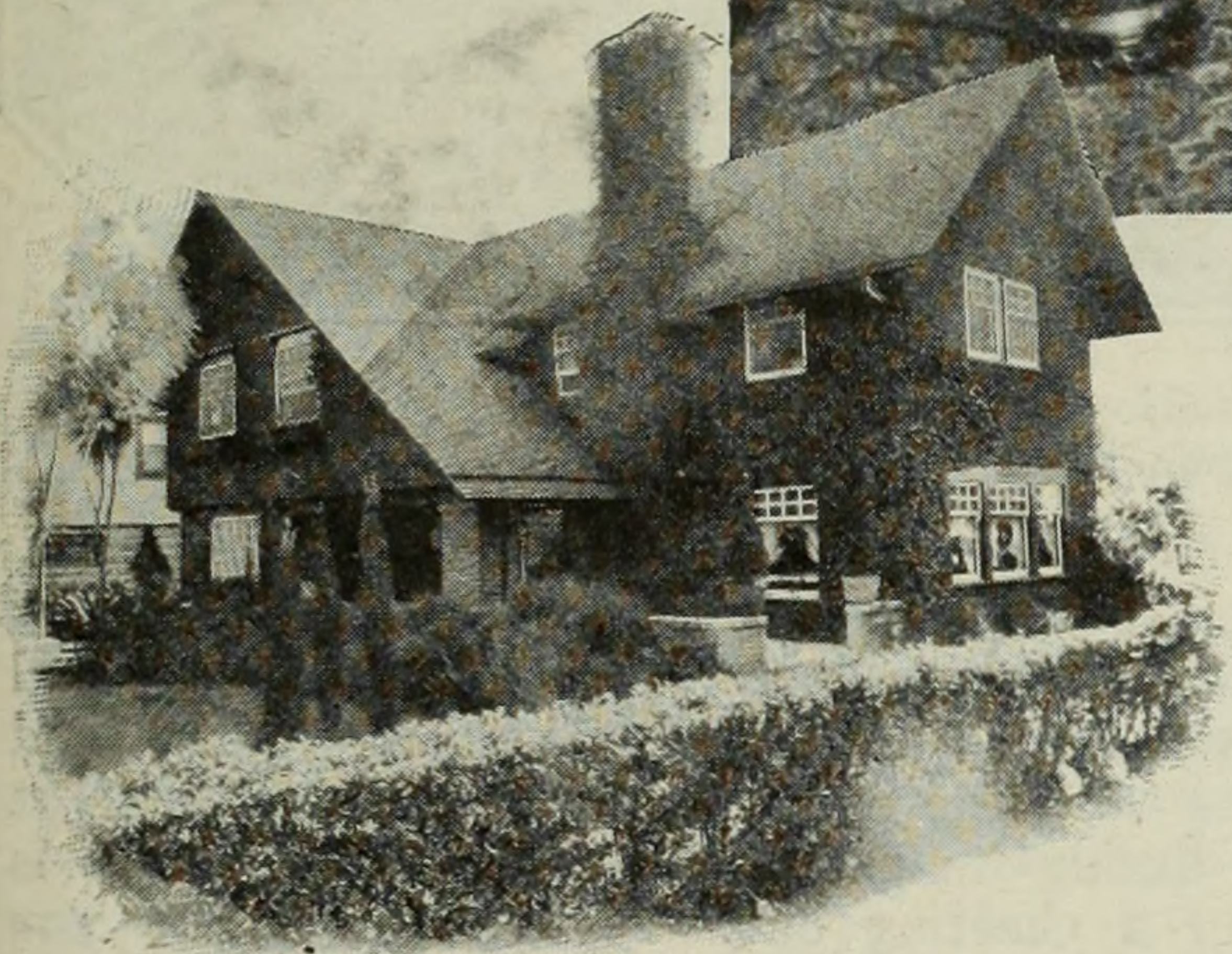


# More Comfy Than Japan

After a vacation in Nippon, declares Ethel Clayton, one's very own American home is indeed restful.

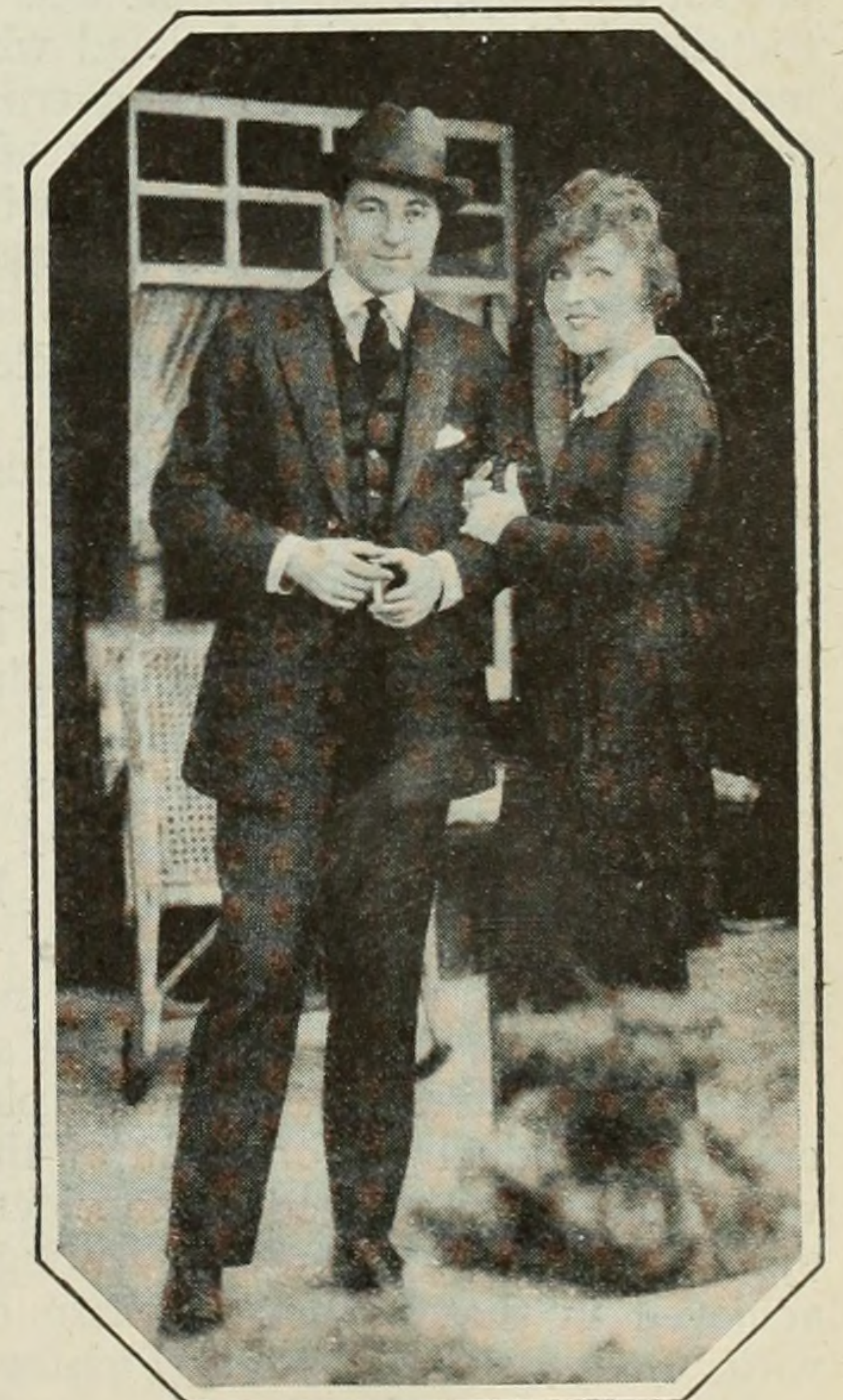
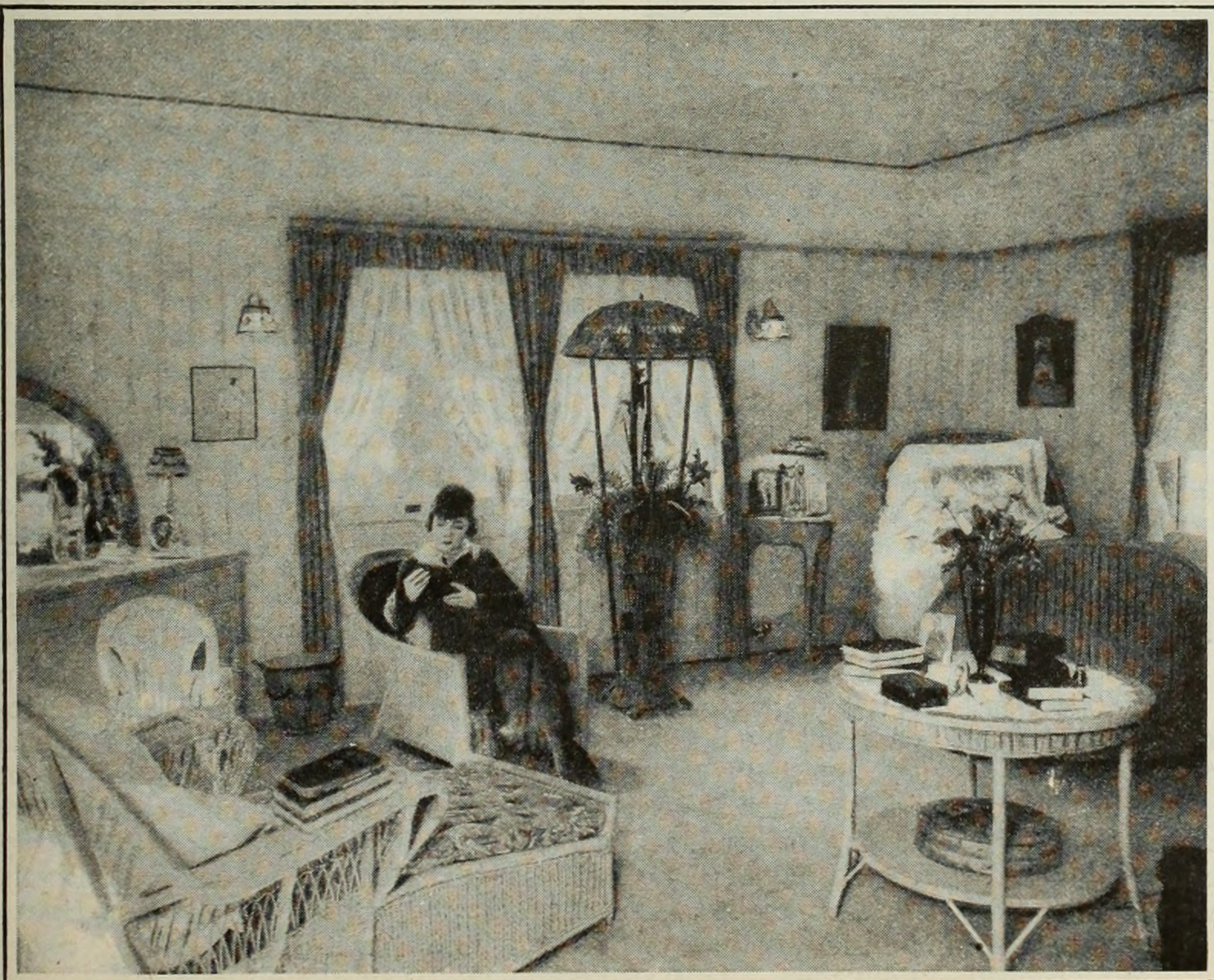


A grand piano—plenty of books—flowers—these are the soothing friends of Joseph Kaufman's widow.



The bungalow rests in a secluded corner of Hollywood.

**E**THEL CLAYTON, upon her return from a trip to Japan, on a long vacation following her period of mourning for her late husband, Joseph Kaufman, settled down in a duck of a bungalow in Hollywood. It is in a secluded spot, this Clayton home, nestling in a small hill with plentiful shrubs. Here Ethel and her mother spend their hours outside the studio. A woman of thoughtful turn of mind, the star finds her library more engrossing than almost any other recreation. She spends much time out-of-doors, in a lovely garden that is one of her "show-rooms" about the place. The haunts of Hollywood—the Broadway of the west, and its cafes—don't know Ethel Clayton; she is seen seldom. After her day at Lasky's she is ready and willing to go home and seek a sheltered spot to read, or dream. We wish her artistic future would bring back to us the old Ethel of the Lubin domestic dramas. She's a charming "wife" on the screen.



Miss Clayton with her brother, a frequent visitor.





"The Luck of Geraldine Laird" brings back Bessie Barriscale in the best thing since her Ince-Triangle days.



Such combinations as that which produced Miss Pickford's "Pollyanna" will prove the saviors of the screen.

THE popular pose, I know, is to make light of tears in the theater—to declare that anything that inspires weeping must necessarily be cheaply sentimental; that all the tears of all the actresses are crocodile tears, and all their suffering the most artificial sort of make believe.

Probably the heroine with the moist cheek is smeared with vaseline, and rises from her bed of pain to curse her cameraman for not having given her more footage in the close-up. (Incidentally, I loathe that death stab to illusion, the tearful close-up.) And if some one were to tell me that the crippled lad who is made straight and sound by a trusting faith, once he hears the shutter of the camera click, skips off the lot with a raucous cheer of joy to beg the loan of a cigarette from the venerable healer who has performed the miracle, I should believe it.

Still, under the spell of the illusion, I weep for him, and am unashamed. To me, for the moment, he stands for all other miserable souls who suddenly have been plunged into a great happiness. Twenty years of playgoing did not save me from an embarrassed exit when they turned up the lights on the acted performance of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and I was caught sheepishly dabbing a pair of red eyes with a moist handkerchief as I stumbled up the aisle.

Naturally, therefore, the acted play, or the incidental scene, or the individual performance of the trained emotionalist that wins what I am pleased to consider the tribute of tears from me appeals to me as representing a measure of perfection achieved in that particular phase of playmaking. So it was with "Pollyanna" and Mary Pickford's performance therein.

Analyze "Pollyanna" and you find it conventionally sure fire. The plight of the "glad" girl is the hokum of the theater at its hokumist. The "glad" game itself, robbed

of the thing it stands for, which is the beautiful optimism of youth and the earned rewards of "playing the game" and "being a thoroughbred," is a deliberate bid for your kind applause. It reeks with the sentimentalism of the theater at its baldest. But during its performance in the theater it is a good game, and a cheering one. A week of it and you might strangle Pollyanna. For one afternoon or an evening she is an inspiration.

Miss Pickford, too, has the supreme gift of the artist—which is the gift of compelling your belief in her. You hear much of the great actors who submerge completely their personalities in the characters they assume. But you may have noticed you never see them. You always hear about them. They are like the hoop snake of youthful memory. It was your uncle or your grandfather who saw one. The personality that is strong enough to focus and hold your attention upon it is too vital, too vivid, too real a thing to be submerged. And the great actors, of either screen or stage, are those possessed of such commanding personalities that in place of being able to submerge themselves in a character do exactly the opposite. They so envelop and emphasize the character that they substitute their own personalities and literally force your acceptance of them as the person they pretend to

be. Their art, and the quality of their art, is in the completeness and the fineness of the substitution. If this were not true the Booth "Hamlet" would have been little, if any, different from other "Hamlets," and the Mary Pickford heroines no more than a professional model for her imitators. Not, that I am comparing Mary with Booth. That would be unfair to Booth.

Miss Pickford is, for example, probably old enough to be the mother of the lad who plays Jimmy Bean to her Pollyanna. This suggestion may vaguely obtrude itself when

### By Burns Mantle



Keystone View Co., Inc.



# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



"Six Best Cellars" starring Bryant Washburn, relates the departure of John Barleycorn from an exclusive suburb.

they are placed next each other in the close-ups. But the spirit of her performance is as convincingly youthful as his, and though her waistline is more mature, her heart is as light, and the sparkle of her eyes as bright. So far as your impression of "Pollyanna" is concerned, she is the best little playmate he ever had.

Miss Pickford's division of the United Artists' Corporation has done well with "Pollyanna." It is sweet, but not drippy. It tells an interesting story without recourse to conventional drama. The cross aunt (Katherine Griffith) to whom Pollyanna, the orphan, is assigned, is neither a brutal shrew nor an animated New England conscience. The "glad" game with which the heroine sandwiches her adventures is emphasized, but not unduly stressed. And Howard Ralston's Jimmy Bean is a delight.

It requires a director with taste, a star with intelligence, to obtain these results. Working together harmoniously, such combinations will prove the saviors of the screen. More, and more, and still more power to them, say I. The trick is to find directors of taste and stars of intelligence. In this instance Paul Powell is the gentleman concerned.

"OVERLAND RED"—Universal

THOSE who know him best tell me that Universal Harry Carey is himself responsible for most of the better features of his own pictures. His the human touch, his the sound horse sense, his the logic and the humor, his the determination to play men straight and to treat his audiences as at least fairly intelligent.

If this be true, I tip a new fuzzy hat to Harry Carey. "Overland Red" is the best "Western" I have seen since Hector was taught to beg. And it is the best because it is the most

human, the most reasonable, and therefore the most appealing. The effort here has not been to stress the wild adventures of a story book people, but to trim with reasonable adventure certain arresting episodes of their intimate lives.

Thus "Overland Red," who was by way of being a bum, took up with Collie, a lad who was scrubbing out western barrooms when they met. Leaving town together these two happen reasonably enough upon a series of adventures that are far from

a severe tax upon the credulities of the spectator. They find the body of a prospector, dead in the desert from starvation; on his person, a bag of gold dust and the map of his mining location. They are arrested and charged with murdering the old man by a sheriff who suspects their possession of the maps. They escape and, beating it 'cross country, are helped by the daughter of a ranchman. She stumbles upon their camp, rather likes the looks of Collie, and offers aid. "Overland" gets away on her horse. Collie stays and accepts a job on the ranch. After that the discovery of the mine; the attempts of the sheriff and his gang to jump it; the hesitant but reasonable development of the young people's love story, with which Carey refuses to interfere, even though he is the star; and finally a momentary employment of the elastic arm of coincidence to make the dead

miner the live girl's father, followed by the picture's end.

A holding story for which neither excuse nor alibi is necessary. "Overland Red" is a man's picture in which the women will take a great interest, and it does the star, the director and the scenarioist much credit.

"STRONGER THAN DEATH"—Nazimova-Metro

I SUPPOSE Alla Nazimova has the most impressive masque of any of the screen sisterhood. She has, at least, the most

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

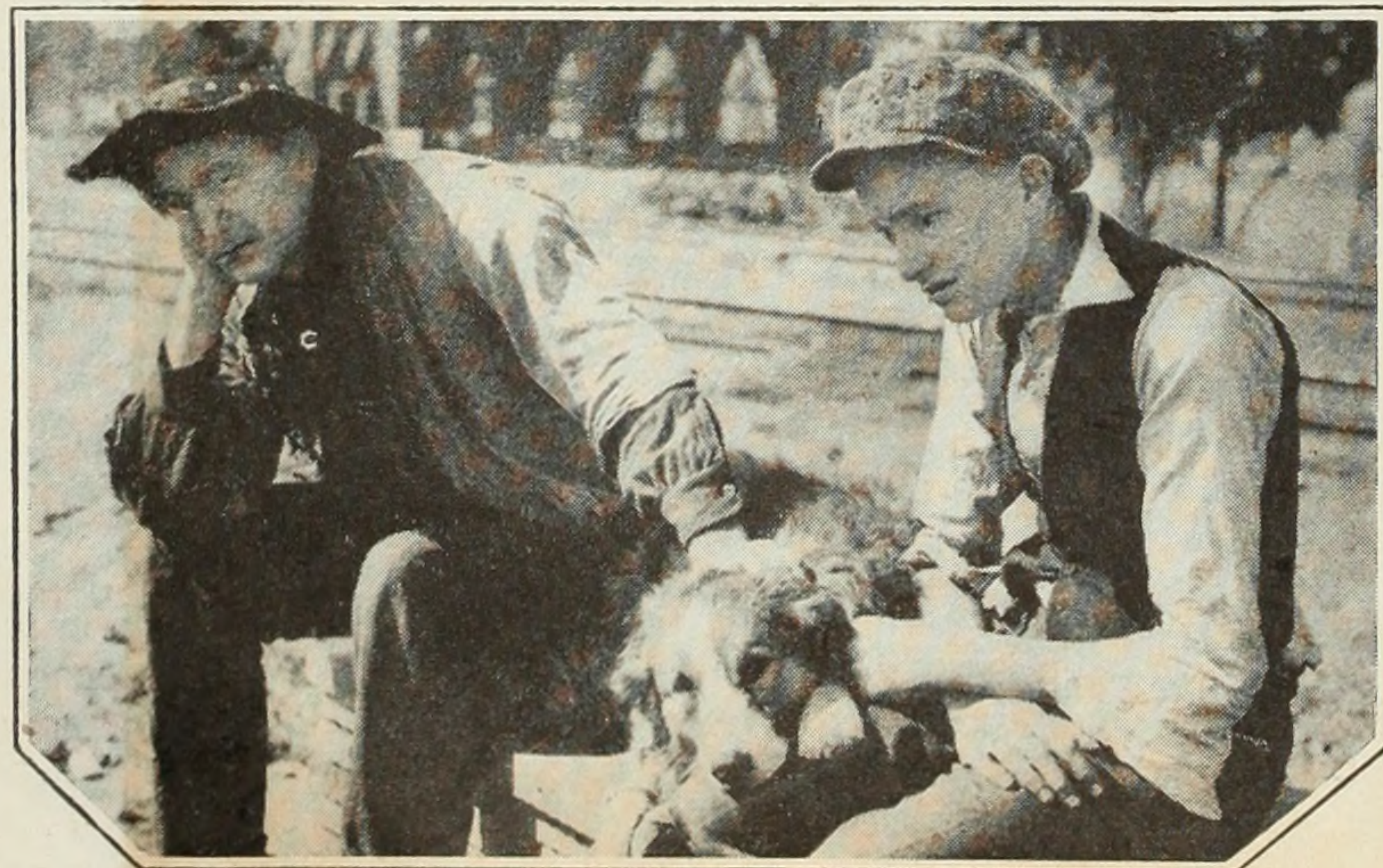




"Slaves of Pride" is a modern allegory featured by the fine acting of three players, Alice Joyce as *Truth*, Percy Marmont as *Pride*, and Gustav von Seyffertitz as *Deceit*.



"Double Speed" presents Wallace Reid in half an evening's blithe entertainment. Speed stuff, robberies, Wanda Hawley's gorgeous cinderella foot - these are noteworthy features.



I tip a new fuzzy hat to Harry Carey. "Overland Red" is the best "Western" I have seen since Hector was taught to beg. It is human and has a most reasonable story.

expressive masque of any I've seen. Also she commands a distinctly unique, a weirdly fascinating personality, and as facile a technique as any of her sisters of the spoken drama. But—

These are negative virtues when the pictured story is dull. No audience can force an interest in a heroine merely because it is expected to do so. She, or her author, must provide an excuse. No excuse, no interest. In "Stronger than Death," for which Husband Charles Bryant provided the scenario, Nazimova walks into the action "cold." With all the mystery of all the ages she looks out upon a scene in India. The imagination leaps to meet her as a goddess of the temple, or a worker of miracles in a strange land, or at least as an active disciple of the fascinating mystics. Yet when the titles speak for her she is no more than a Russian dancer whose dancing days are over because of a weak heart, and who has come to India from London in search of a rich husband. Discovering that they do not grow on bushes, she is reduced to choosing between a villainous, though rich, half-breed, who hopes to gain social recognition by marrying her, and the son of the commandant, who is wholesome and heroic, but poor. She loves this young man, however, and to save him when he finds himself in the power of his wicked rival, she marries the half-breed. Later, when the natives revolt, she holds them spell-bound by dancing for hours at the temple of Vishnu, which gives the hero time to bring up the relief and the conclusion is mildly happy. Old George W. Alibi speaks of "Stronger than Death" as a good picture pictorially, and one that will satisfy though it may not thrill the Nazimova following. The star is rather placidly her familiar stage self.

The mass scenes of the rebellious natives and those of the populace flowing in an undulating mass toward the vision of the dancing heroine are well handled.

#### "DESERT GOLD"—Hodkinson

REMAINING in the west for another paragraph, there is Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" to consider. A handsome series of exteriors through which the fresh air sweeps, even on the screen. Also a series of thrilling incidents with strong men clinging leechlike to perpendicular rocks and courageous ladies riding bravely into a night filled with dangers. A fine rough and tumble barroom mess, too, in which E. K. Lincoln, a fearless lad and a nifty scrapper, makes short work of Rojas, the bandit, otherwise Walter Long.

But, past the beauty of its background and the spirit of its incidents, "Desert Gold" is found to be another western with the familiar assortment of contrasting characters enjoying an equally familiar series of adventures. The hero is old sure-shot Bill, an amiable youth with good teeth and a captivating smile; his faithful friend an untutored savage with the face of a Carlisle professor, at least. Gazing at W. Lawson Butt as this magnificent aborigine, and trying to read into his classic features something of the historic Yaqui character, I could think of nothing but the story of the eastern lady tourist who, spying an Indian squaw and her papoose on an Arizona station platform, sought to open a friendly conversation with the polite query—"Injun baby?" To which the squaw replied, frankly—"Ugh! Half-Injun; half-injuneer!"

Neither does "Desert Gold" sweep along as plausibly as the man in front is always convinced it might have been made to sweep. However, I am not at all sure a lack of plausibility means much to the real movie fan these days. He has been so long fed on improbabilities that his critical senses have been sadly dulled. And the Zane Grey pictures are never extreme offenders. In "Desert Gold" Mr. Lincoln, agreeing to help an old college chum out of a scrape in which a Mexican bandit seeks possession of his (the chum's) fiancée, lets himself in for several open and a few closed fights with the bandits, and a love romance with Eileen Percy, a ranchman's daughter. He, with a little help from the cast, and the director, whips the bandits, outwits and outfights a sneak who tries to jump the Belding ranch and finally achieves the heroine.

#### "SIX BEST CELLARS"—Artcraft

INDETERMINATE endings are seldom satisfactory. Every man expects, every woman hopes, the hero will "go through." And because Bryant Washburn balks at the big jump in his life in "The Six Best Cellars" (which is the one best title of  
(Continued on page 68)



# TOM MIX

—the greatest fighting man



him. He was Tom Mix, first of the great cowboy stars and a figure well remembered. He didn't always play a cowboy, though. Here, with Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clark, he's in "Back to the Primitive."



(Continued from page 66)

the month) some folks are going to be disappointed in this clever Famous Players-Lasky picture.

This is a timely, a human and a consistently told story. It relates the final departure of old John Barleycorn from an exclusive Californian suburb. The six best cellars are owned by the six best fellows and their six exclusive wives. At least that is the supposition. Young Mr. Washburn knows, however, that his particular "cellar" contains no more than the makings for six rounds of cocktails.

First, he tries to cover his alcoholic poverty by manufacturing a little yeast-and-raisin stuff, even as you and I, but this spoils on him and blows up a close-up. Then he tries to buy a little from the amiable Elk who lives across the way and has barrels of it, thinking the ambition of the Lady Elk to get into exclusive society will help him out. But the Lady Elk gets in—without parting with more than her husband serves to his now eager guests. Then, his gods being with him, Bryant falls heir to several cases of a rare old vintage (worth hundreds of dollars a case) only to find the bottles empty the night of the party.

So his alcoholic and social fortunes ebb and flow until, finally, he decides the best way out is to assume a virtue though he likes it not and pretend to indorse prohibition. At which crisis, and just as the prohibitionists have accepted him and given him all their law work, and offered to run him for mayor or something, his aunt really does find a cellar full of the rare old stuff, and asks him to take it over.

What's he to do? Refuse the liquor—and lose money and prestige and a future? Or, take it—and make friends?

He puts it up to the audience: "What would *you* do?"

Indeterminate conclusions, as I said, are seldom satisfying. But, in a similar situation, what *would* you do?

Washburn is quite as immaculate as usual as the worried hero. Wanda Hawley is his pretty wife, and the long cast includes people of better than average competence.

#### "SLAVES OF PRIDE"—VITAGRAPH

VITAGRAPH has had the courage to offer in Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chester's "Slaves of Pride" a picture dependent largely upon the intelligence of its actors and their acceptance by the audience. In both plot and theme it is conventionally ancient. In fact, it is practically a modern allegory—with Alice Joyce playing "Truth," Percy Marmont "Pride," and Gustav von Seyffertitz "Deceit." They are talented players, these three, and each has the gift of projecting with a modicum of conscious effort, the points he or she wishes to make. You never catch one of them out of character, nor find yourself doubting his or her reality.

The story of these slaves is of a young Mr. Howard who was most particular about the honor of his name and his line. He married the heroine, first because her grasping mama threw her at him, and, second, because his secretary and social mentor approved of her. Once married, the new Mrs. Howard found conditions in the home of pride rather difficult, and after her husband had said to her, with some severity, "Mrs. Howard, your behavior displeases me," she determined to run away with the secretary—not with any intention of being a bad girl, but to humiliate her too proud husband. Young Mr. Howard followed after, and learning that the deceitful secretary had escaped continued in pursuit of him until he (the fleeing sec) backed into a railroad train and was squashed. Then the husband went home and contemplated shooting himself, seeing that his stubborn pride had made a hash of his life. But visions of his wife, who really loved him, followed him from room to room until she herself appeared, and all was forgiven.

The Howards were, you feel sure, considerably less proudful after that, and much more human. Save for an occasionally strained formality—as in the case of "Mrs. Howard, your behavior displeases me," etc., the titles are carefully edited, preserving both the character and flavor of the story. The pictured background, taking in sections of another of those million dollar estates, is fine. Von Seyffertitz is a suave and dignified deceiver, Miss Joyce her usual lovely and perfectly poised self, and Percy Marmont an excellent choice for the proud Howard. Fine actors all. It cannot be sure of wide popularity, this picture, but it is worth praising for the quality of its editing and its production.

(Continued on page 106)



"On With the Dance" is a picture of New York City—crammed with color and vivid sets and real acting by a company that includes Mae Murray.

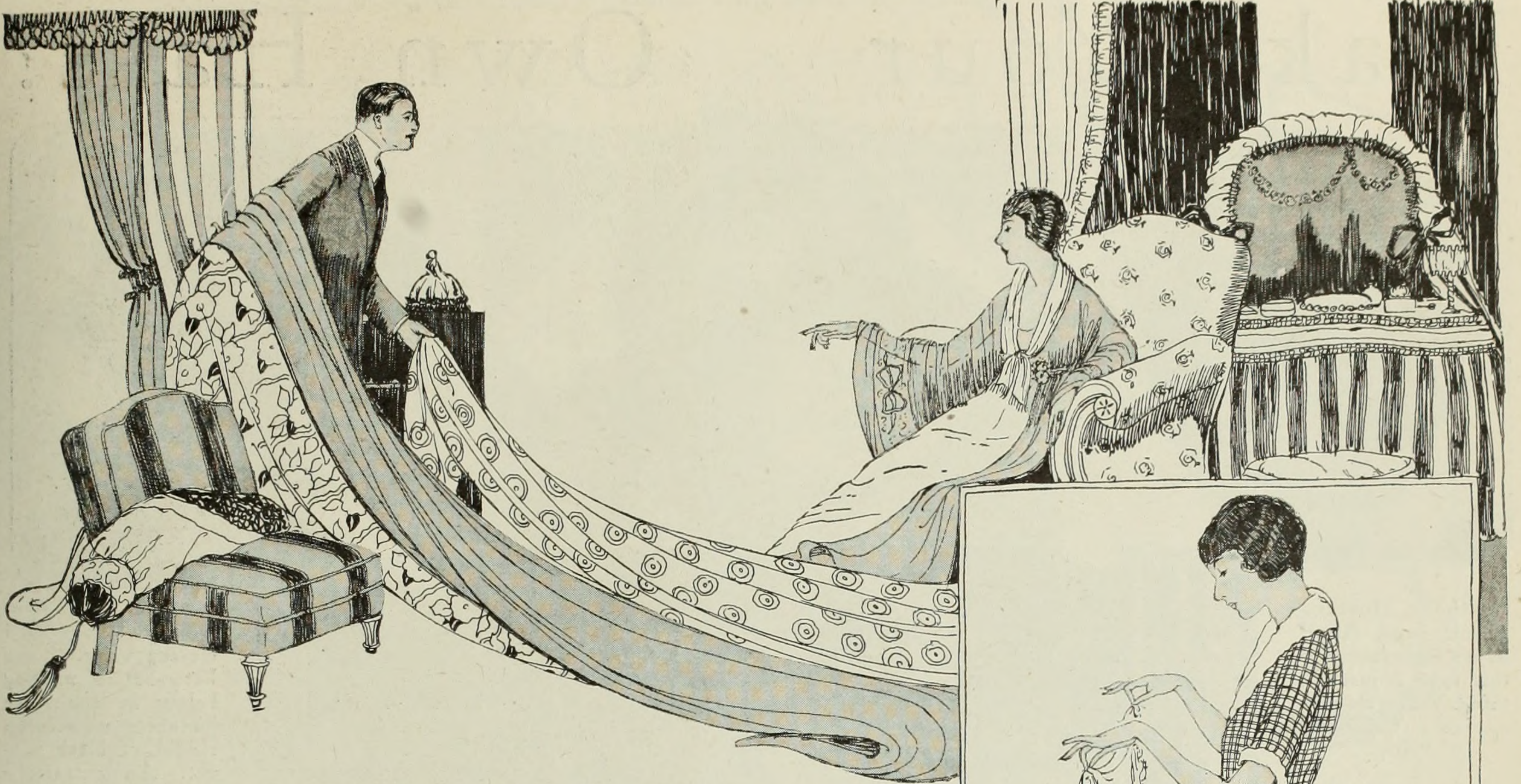


Alice Brady has never been seen to greater disadvantage than in "The Fear Market." The plot, taken from a story by Amelie Rives, presents nothing new.



"Other Men's Shoes," directed by Edgar Lewis, drips with sentimentality, but will appeal to very many, especially to the sort of ladies who dote on ministers.





*You can buy the loveliest  
the decorators have to offer*

“Do you like this soft gray chintz scattered with sweet old-fashioned nose-gays? Or this silk from China?—very ‘different,’ with its large vivid birds on queer boughs. And for your own boudoir, madame, these filmy lengths of mauve and rose chiffon—”

Be sure that you choose just the fabric you like. No material is too exquisite, none too delicate to wash the gentle Lux way. The laundry, the cleaners’ bills—these are but silly fears of the past. You can trust to Lux any material that water alone will not hurt.

Cretonnes, silks, satins, the merest clouds of chiffon, come from these wonderful suds unharmed. No cake soap to rub in. No rubbing to get the soap and dirt out. Just pure bubbling suds that whisk the dirt away and leave the colors clear and bright.

*Never let a fine fabric really get soiled*

Dirt that is allowed to stay in actually cuts the tiny fibres. If you even suspect that striped taffeta slip cover or those yellow silk hangings of looking less bright, slip them into a big bowlful of the pure Lux suds. Let Lux take care of all your beautiful draperies and find out how long they can last. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



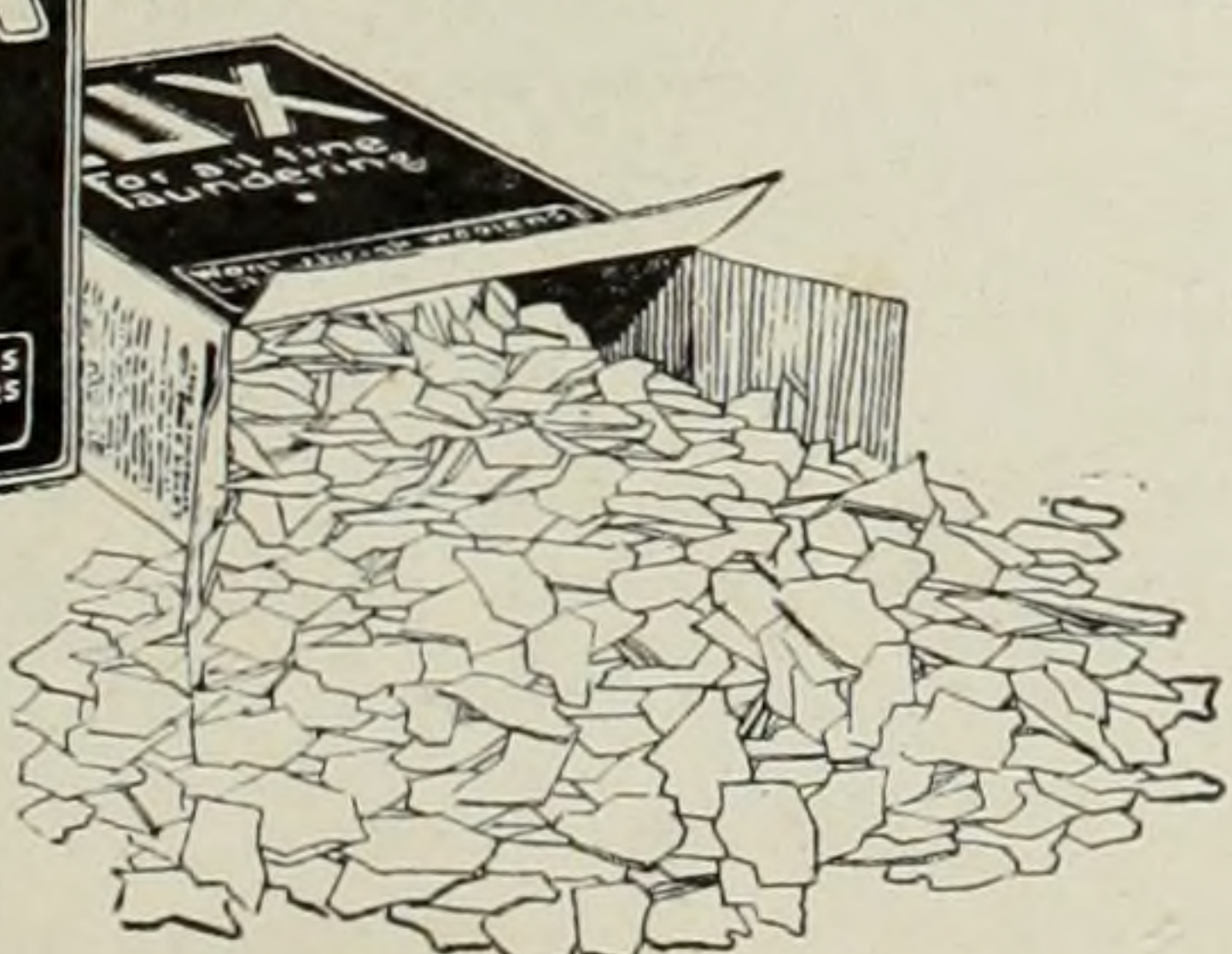
*How to wash silks and  
colored fabrics*

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water, then add cold water till lukewarm. Colors should be washed quickly to prevent running. Dip the fabric up and down in the toamy suds. Squeeze the suds through the soiled spots—do not rub.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. When possible, roll silks in a towel to dry. If colored fabrics are hung up to dry, they should be hung in the shade. Press with a warm iron.



*There's nothing like Lux  
for fine hangings*



**LUX**



# Make Your Own Hats?



In these blustery March and April days a little turban of this type is just the thing. Velvet flowers encircle the short brim.



In the diamond above—a home-made hat whose crown consists entirely of fringed ribbon. The brim of this hat is blue silk; it is built on a light frame, and the ribbons are a soft brown.

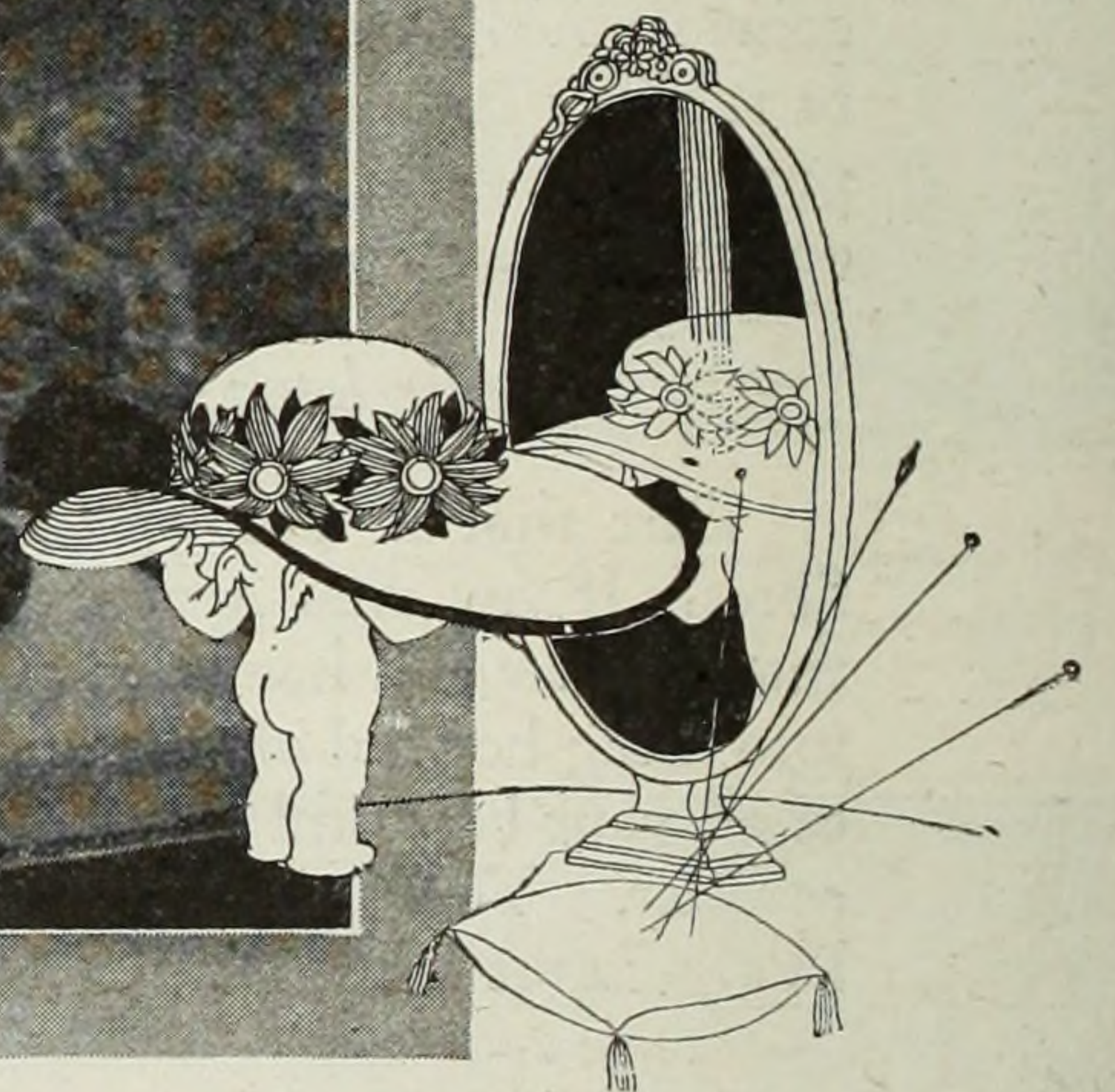


Directly above is a closeup view of the hat she is making below in the large picture. A mid-season model, of black velvet. An extremely youthful young person herself, Constance saw an even smaller girl, of high-school age, wearing a hat trimmed with a jet tassel.

Days making movies and evenings in "39 East" give Constance Binney plenty of time to cheat the milliner.



Made up as "Little-Miss-By-the-Day", she spends her spare time between scenes in the studio, trimming her own hats.



Photography by Apeda

Here is a flower hat. The brim is a huge petal; the crown is of violets; and a deep red rose of velvet with life-like petals peeps over the brim.

ALMOST any little girl likes to fuss with dolls. And one of the things that is most fun to a make-believe mother is "making doll clothes"—collecting scraps from some sewing-basket and, with many painstaking finger-pricks, wrinkling of brow and screwing up of nose, evolve a tiny garment, or a hat. Hats are much more fun than dresses. One's imagination may be let loose and allowed to soar. A hat is such a light, frothy adjunct to a wardrobe. It should have flower trimmings, and bows, and ribbons galore. And it is a decided asset to any doll-baby's sartorial ensemble.

Constance Binney used to love to sew. Doll-clothes (Continued on page 72)



# APPERTS SOON

## CREATIVE GENIUS

Creative genius, whether it builds cathedrals or motor cars, is never satisfied, never at the end of its endeavor. Year by year the creative genius of Apperson Brothers has enriched the motor car industry; mechanically and artistically.

Creative genius made them the trail blazers with the first side door car; first double opposed motor; first float feed carburetor; first electric ignition. The marvelous Apperson motor of today, simplified with eighty less parts, is the culmination of Apperson creative genius.

As a result Apperson rushes from one mile an hour to 40 miles in high in 20 seconds; brakes to a dead stop from 40 miles in 4 seconds; turns on 130 inch wheel base in a 38 1/4 foot circle.

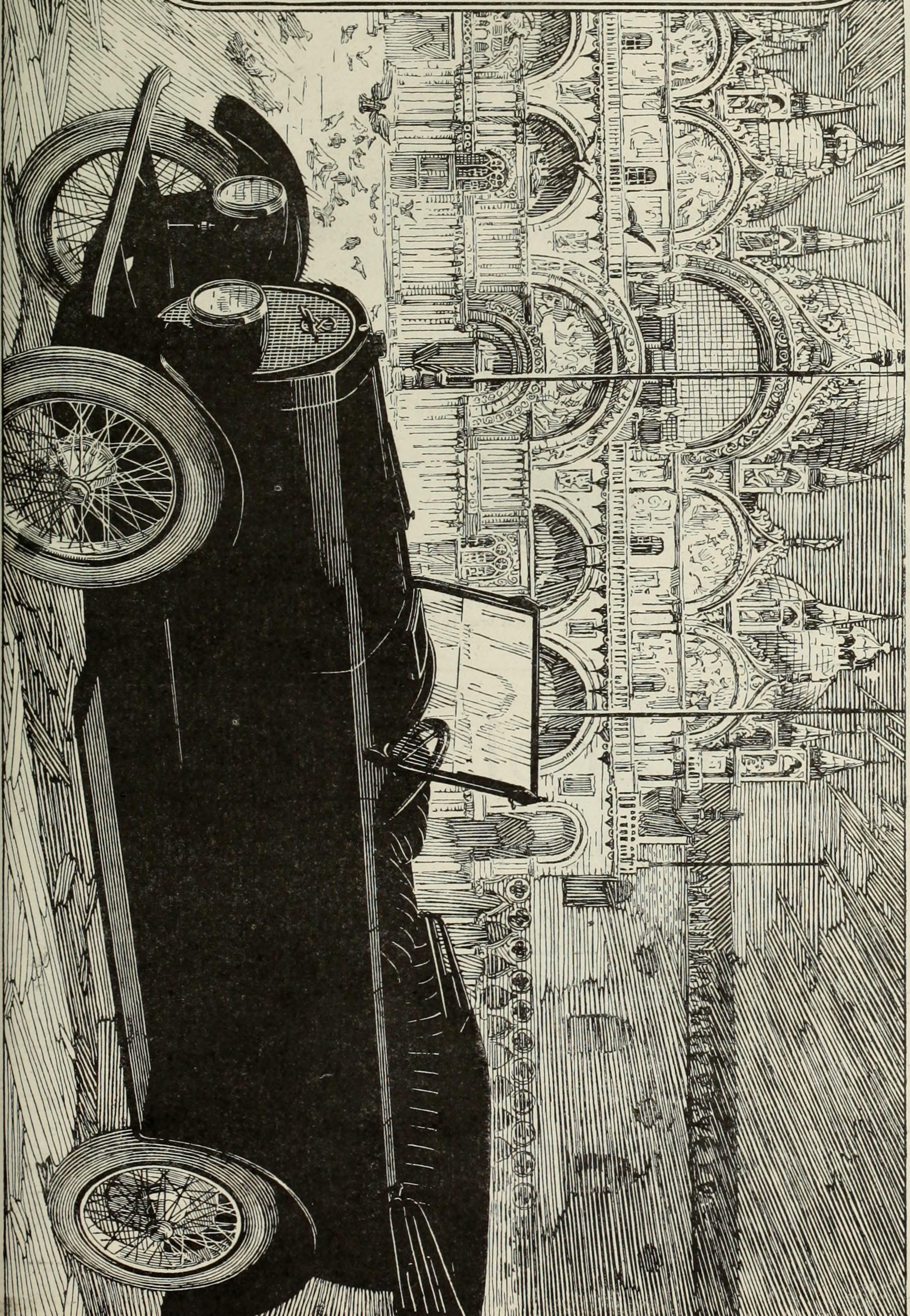
The surface beauty of the Apperson is apparent to every beholder, but the beauty of its performance must be experienced by personal contact. Drive an Apperson first—then decide.

*Dynamic America Demands Results  
Apperson Produces Them*

**APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.**

Kokomo, Indiana

Export Department:  
One Hundred W. Fifty-Seventh St.  
New York City





(Concluded from page 70)



This is a luscious hat. There are cherries, and apples, grapes and other fruit. It isn't close-fitting, but perches on the top of the head.

and playing in "Thirty-Nine East" in the theatre every evening. It was between scenes—and there was Constance tucked away in a corner, looking for all the world like the tiny girl she used to be, not very many years ago, either, finishing a smart little hat she had conceived and started the day before.

"All you need," said Constance, "is a frame, some idea of the kind of hat you want, a ribbon or two, and a needle and thread. Of course you have to like to do it, to be able to do it well.

were her hobby, next to dancing. And as she grew up she turned from clothes to hats; whenever her mother would buy her a new one she would take it all apart, and retrim it to suit herself. When she was completely grown up she hardly ever visited a hat shop. She collected bare skeletons of hats, and trimmed them herself; made them bloom from bits of silk and ribbon, and fancy flowers she had saved. Today, Constance Binney is not only earning enough money to send that overworked wolf away from her door never to return—but she could walk in a Fifth Avenue hat shop and purchase several dozen creations without injuring her pocketbook to any appreciable extent. But—does she spend money on hats? She does not. She still makes all her own, and the results are original, economical, and simply in keeping with Miss Binney's demure personality.

She doesn't believe in freakish headgear. She hates what she calls "musical comedy hats"—those, for instance, with the tall aigrettes shooting up smartly in front. Her tastes run to toques and turbans—because, she remarks, she doesn't have much time for fancy hats. And she never rushes the seasons by wearing a flowery hat in March or April. She has a hat for every day, mood, and expression, and a set for every season.

PHOTOPLAY found out about Miss Binney's hat trimming talents one day in her studio. She was, at the time, enacting the charming character of "Little Miss By-the-Day" at the film studio



Her favorite late winter hat. She made it herself, having collected all the materials, in about forty-five minutes, waiting for her scene to be called. (To be quite truthful, it was the director who waited for her to answer the call.)

I 'VE taken my jobs where I found 'em;  
I've mobbed and I've suped in my  
time;  
I've had my pickin' of sweethearts,  
An' four of the lot was prime.  
One was a Merry-Widow,  
An' one was an Ingenue,  
An' one was the "mate" of some poor extra  
"skate,"  
An' the other?—She "acted" too.

Now I ain't no hand for the pitchers;  
For, takin' 'em all along,  
You never can tell till you've tried 'em,  
Which maybe'll land you wrong.  
There'r times when you think you are  
lucky,  
An' there's times when you know you  
are not;  
But there's things you can learn from the  
wimmin an' girls,  
That'll sure help you out on the "Lot."

I was a young guy at Scranton's,  
Dodgin' the girls to begin;  
But Mamie de Vernon she seen me,  
(An' Mamie was clever as sin)  
Older than me, an' a wise one—  
Sorta "promoter" she were—  
But she showed me the way to get five bucks  
a day,  
An' I learned about pitchers from her.

Then I went over to Scoldwyn's,  
Mobbin' an' stickin' around,  
An' I got me a "regular" chicken,  
Who didn't weigh more than a pound.  
Pretty, an' cute, an' deceitful,  
Regular doll-face she were.  
But she knew the Big Guys, an' she sure put  
me wise,  
So I learned about pitchers from her.

## School for Extras

By  
Jane Bernoudy

(With apologies to Kipling)

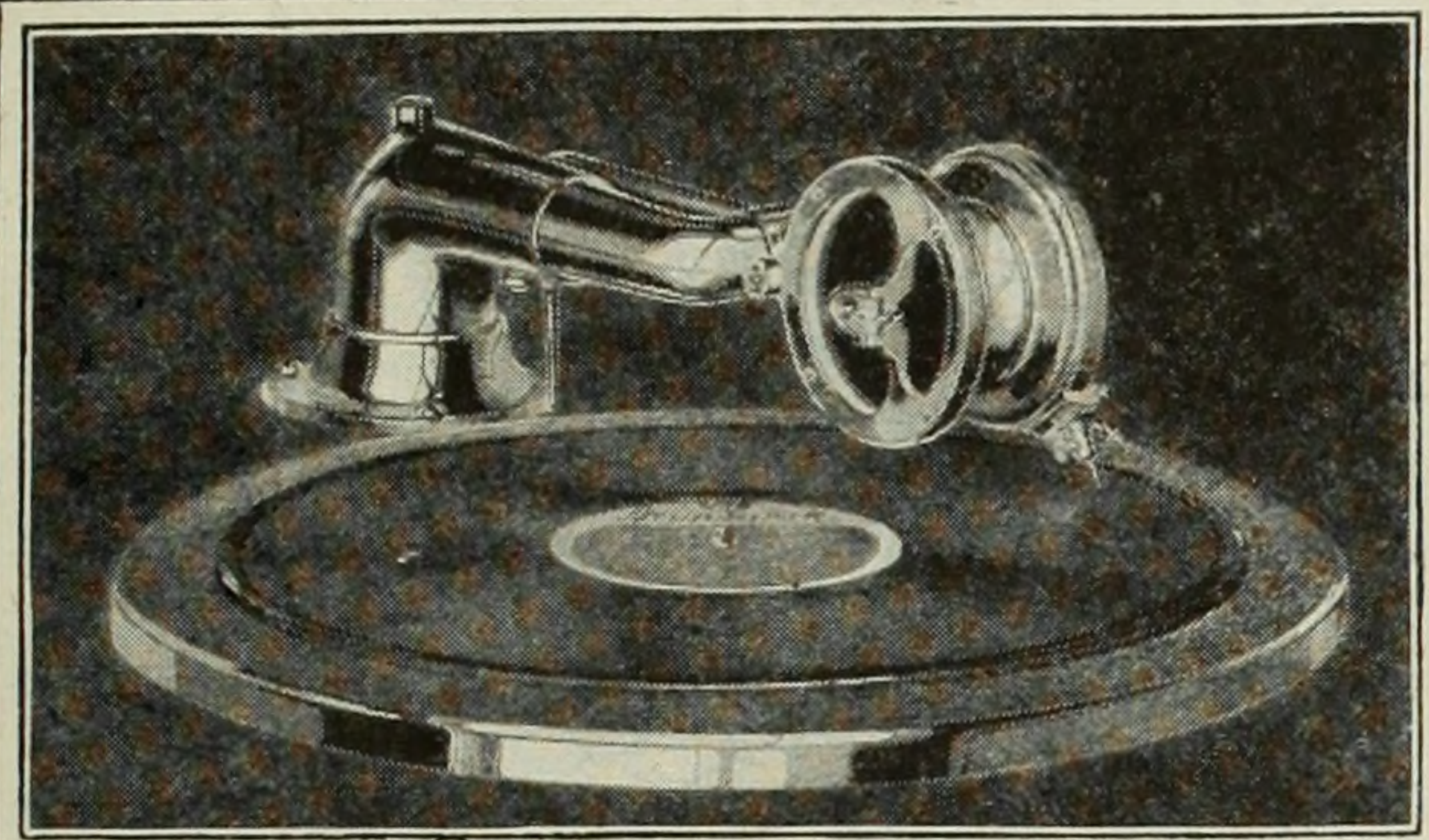
Then somehow I drifted to Nasky's,  
(Or she might have had all that I got);  
Met up with some black-eyed "Salome,"  
The wife of a guy on the Lot.  
Knew all the Leads in the business,  
Regular "mixer" she were,  
But she gave me some "tips," an' it got me  
some bits,  
An' I learned about pitchers from her.

Then one day I worked in a Dance Hall,  
'Long of a girl of sixteen—  
She was just new in the Movies,  
An' didn't "get" half what she seen.  
Stage-struck an' young, was her trouble,  
She didn't know what it were,  
So I biffed the Star's lid, who got fresh with  
the kid,  
An' got canned outa pitchers for her!

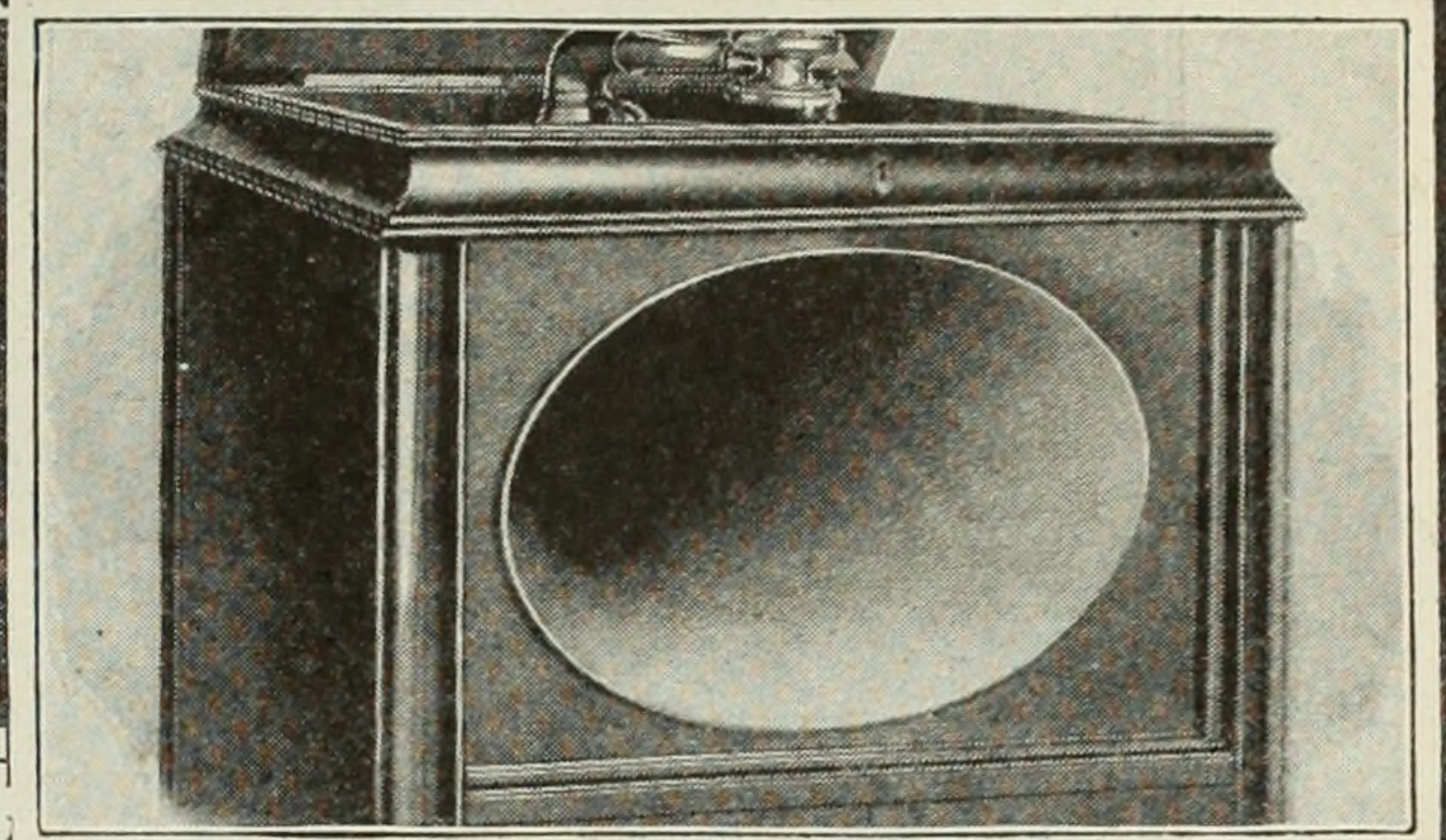
I've taken my jobs where I've found 'em,  
I've mobbed an' I've suped in my time,  
An' for all of the good it has done me,  
I wouldn't give half a thin dime.  
An' the end of it's sittin' an' cussin',  
Fer tryin' an actor to be—  
So be warned by my lot (which I know you  
will not)—  
An' learn about pitchers from me.



# The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



*The ULTONA*  
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD.



*The Amplifier*

## How to judge a phonograph

Follow this way of Brunswick owners

Before you buy a phonograph, we suggest hearing several. It will be to your advantage to make tone tests for yourself.

Please do not think that this is difficult or that it takes a musically trained ear.

In over 300,000 homes music-lovers en-

joy The Brunswick because they have followed the above advice. Critical people have chosen Brunswicks because they have come to appreciate the betterments afforded by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

### *A Brunswick creation*

We introduced the Ultona and it created a sensation, for up to its coming no phonograph could play all records properly.

The Ultona was the only all-record reproducer which, at the turn of a hand, would present to each make of record the proper diaphragm and the proper needle.

Then came as a second advancement, the Brunswick Tone Amplifier. After a long study of acoustic principles of phonographic reproduction we departed from the old-time idea of a cast metal throat. We moulded rare woods into an all-wood projection chamber and thus gave tonal vibrations that freedom of action which ended harsh and strident notes.

### *Now Brunswick records*

We bring now as a further contribution to the phonographic art, our own make of records. We include all the fine

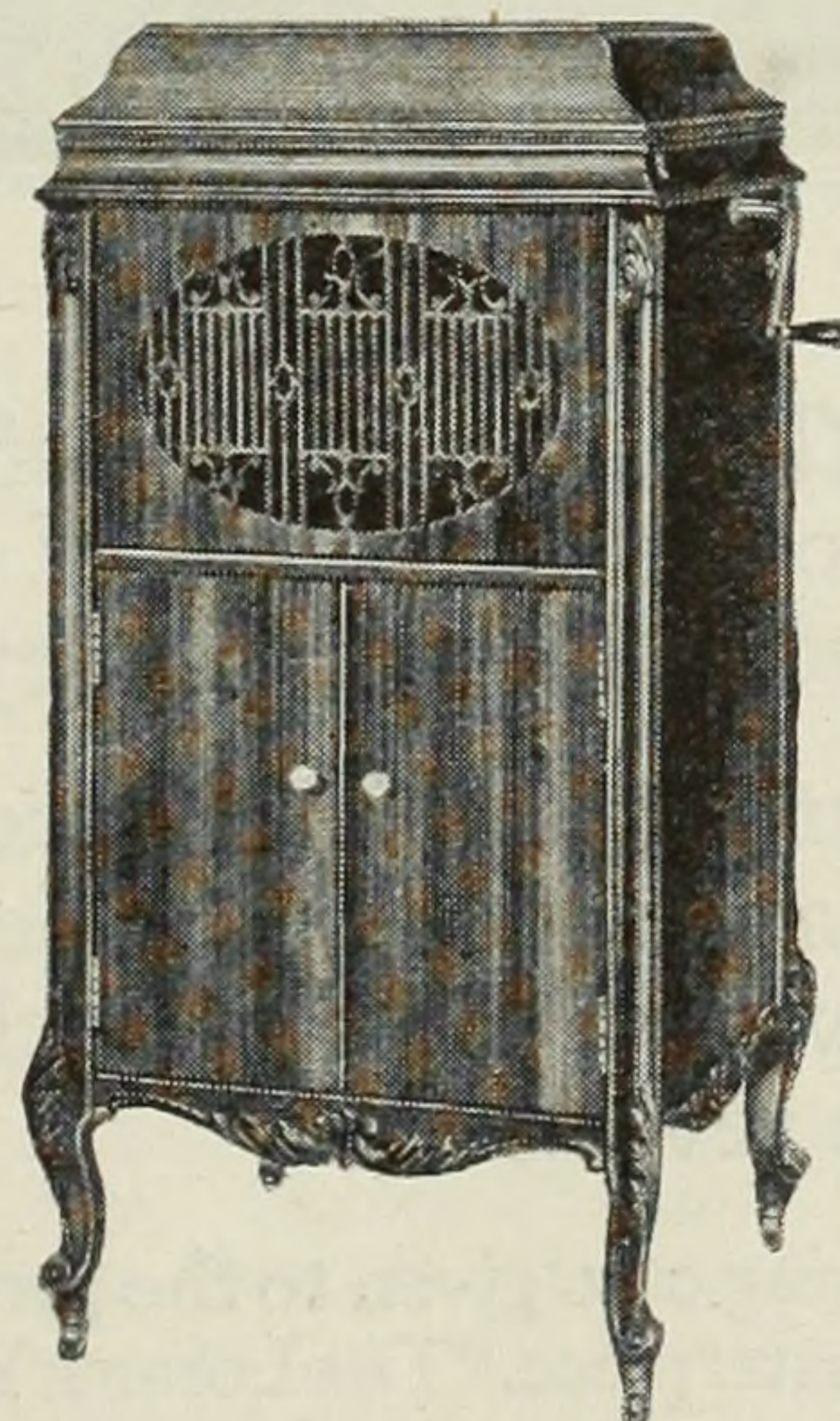
standards of today, yet add what we consider a vast improvement. And this we know will be the verdict of the public.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording. Thus we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. Thus we bring an additional element into record making.

We want you to judge Brunswick Records by those same severe tests with which people have judged Brunswick Phonographs. And that is by comparison.

Remember Brunswick Records will play on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

A Brunswick dealer will be glad to play The Brunswick for you, with Brunswick Records and with others.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

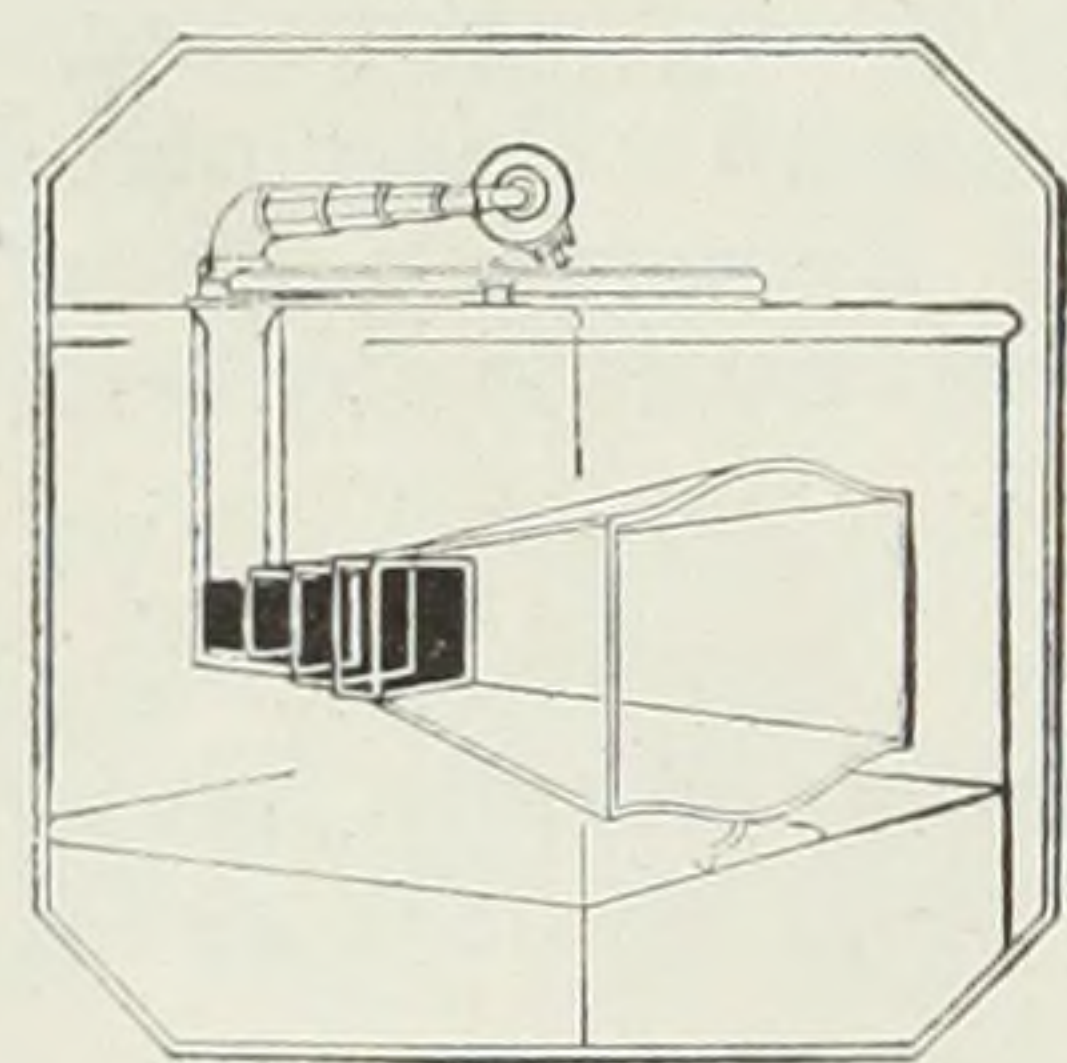
General Offices: 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

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**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS





*Through a series of orchestral chambers, The Cheney gains complete mastery over its tones, and gives them that rich quality which distinguishes the original from a mere reproduction.*

*The Master Touch* of the virtuoso, searching out rare harmonies in a score of music, has its counterpart in the pure voice of The Cheney.

Through an original application of acoustic principles, The Cheney has made a wonderful contribution to music. Records awaken to new loveliness. Overtones heretofore hidden are revealed.

The painstaking care given to the perfection of each detail in The Cheney stamps it a masterpiece. "THE LONGER YOU PLAY IT, THE SWEETER IT GROWS."

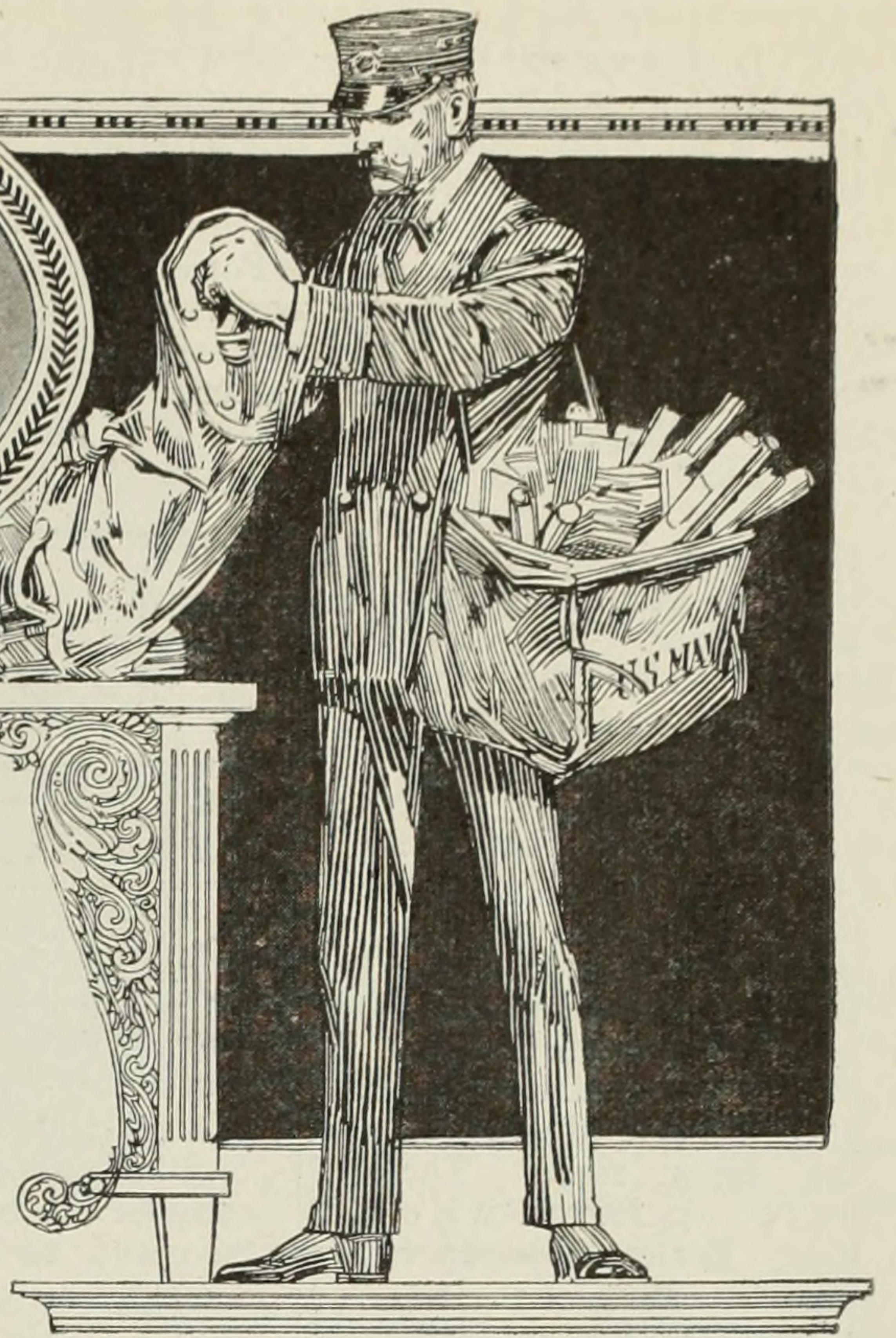
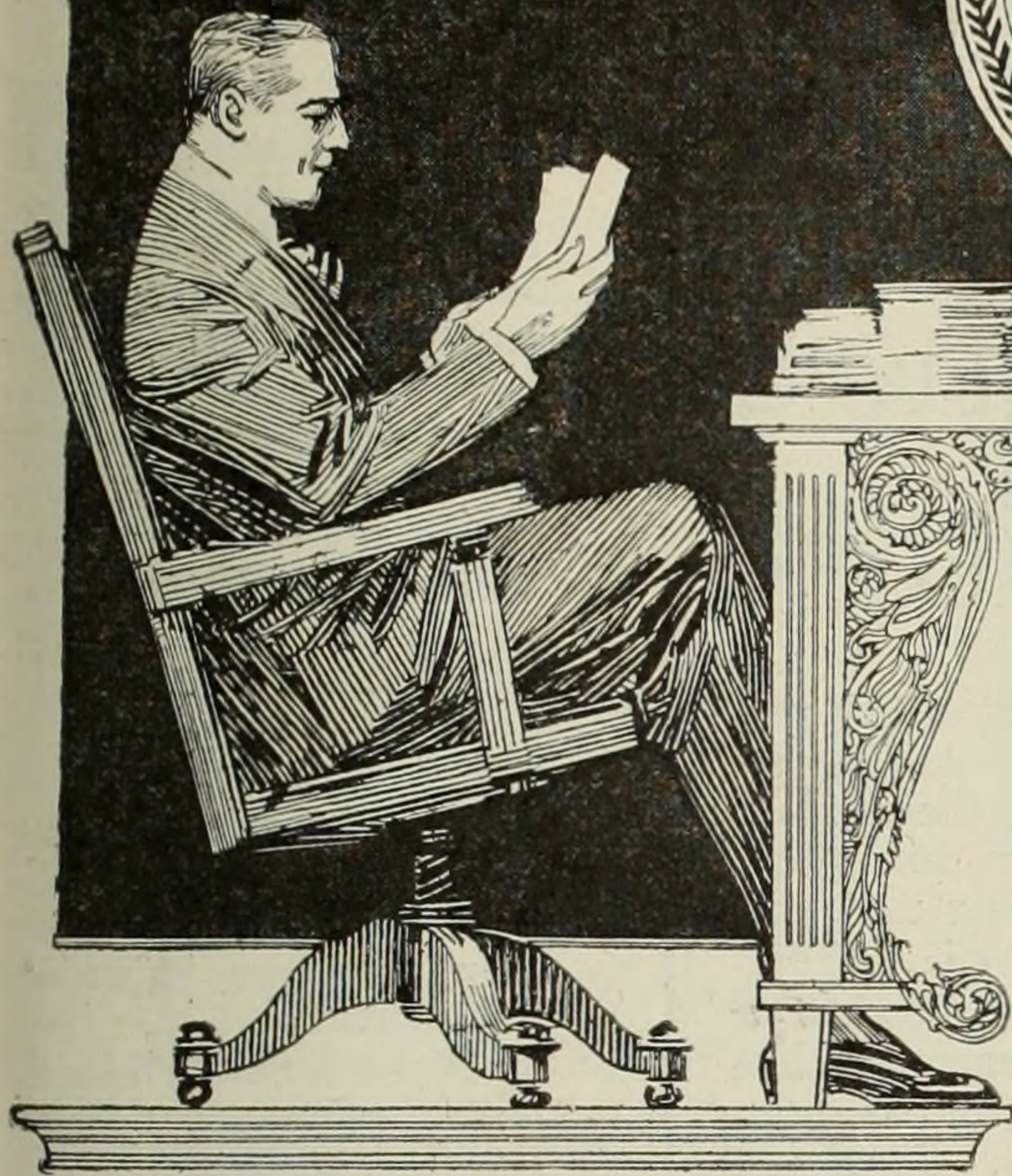
CHENEY TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, CHICAGO

*Dealers Everywhere*

*The*  
**CHENEY**



# 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 which 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.

**MISS J. P., CHICAGO.**—If cooking is a woman's work, as you say, then it is often true that woman's work is never done. But I don't mean to discourage you; I'll be only too glad to sample your cookies. I can't send you Constance Talmadge's photograph, my child; but I would advise you to wait; you will surely receive one from her. The Talmadge mail, collectively and individually and every other way, is exceedingly abundant.

**CLARENCE F. COOK, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.**—Harold Lloyd, that brisk young comedian, is with Pathe-Rolin; address him care Rolin studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Mildred Davis is his new leading woman; she is a blonde, while the beautiful Bebe was a brunette baby.

**L. W., BROOKLYN.**—So you want to give your fiance a surprise for his birthday. Well, I should suggest that you tell him your age. I have no record of a Mildred Allen. Dick Barthelmess will probably get around to answering your letter in time—but maybe not in time to keep you from transferring your affections to Harrison Ford. Ford used to be married, which is my gentle way of saying that he is now divorced.

**E. T. S., DAYTON.**—So this is the third time you've tried writing. You do exceedingly well at it, I must say. And to think, say you, that Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton. Yes, just think of it. But the really interesting thing about it is that she was born in Dayton so few years ago. Dorothy is only twenty-one. You think Ralph Graves is a dream. Yes, but the questions you girls ask me about him makes it more like a nightmare. Lew Cody's first stellar effort is "The Beloved Cheater." I have heard that Lew has every leading lady in films working with him in this, but the report may be exaggerated. Cody isn't married—right now.

**MARION S., BROOKLYN.**—Many, many congratulations. Just think what I have missed: not having a brand-new baby boy named after me, because I am not at liberty to tell its mother, one of my favorite correspondents, my real name! Anyway, the best of luck to you and the boy; may

he grow up and prosper. Nazimova may send you her picture if you write her care Metro studio, Hollywood, Cal. I haven't her age; but like many Russian women of the artistic type, she has no age, for art is eternal. Best wishes to you always; please write again.

**DOLORES AND LESLIE LA DELLE, JACKSON, MICH.**—Madge Evans hasn't left the screen; she is with Prizma, which company took over her World contract on the passing of World as a producing organization. She appears in the natural-color pictures. Madge is growing up fast. She was on the stage before she went on the screen. Come again, kidlets.

**SUNSHINE OF THE PLAINS, FAIRMOUNT.**—I don't want to discourage you, but I believe a little hard-hearted advice will do you good. Why don't you try writing about real things and human beings, rather than mighty joys and perfectly colossal sorrows of story-book people? Don't make all your heroines beautiful and virtuous; don't draw your male characters like Gibson men. Good heavens, woman, look around you! Robert Harron is with Griffith, Mamaroneck, New York. He isn't married.

**M. M. ST., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.**—You say you thought you saw a wedding ring on Dorothy Gish's hand in a picture she sent you and want to know if she is married secretly? Not secretly or any other way. She's still enjoying the blessed state of singleness. Tom Moore played with Alice Joyce in the old Kalem days. Write to Goldwyn enclosing sufficient stamps for a picture of him. Naomi Childers, Hazel Daly, and Gloria Hope in "The Gay Lord Quex." Tom's sister, and Owen's and Matt's—Mary Moore—died while abroad.

**B. B. TAFT, CALIFORNIA.**—Yes'm, your letters are very absorbing—but then so is my blotting-paper. I always answer you, in full and in high, do I not? Please, please believe that Theda Bara did not succumb to the 'flu. See her in her latest picture and be convinced of it. She is now rehearsing for a stage play. Wallace Reid? No, I don't think he is conceited. Charles Ray's wife is a non-professional. Mrs. Wallace Reid, Dorothy Davenport, was a screen

actress and is going to make a re-appearance in a new Lasky picture. I believe she is in "The Fighting Chance" with Conrad Nagle. There's a Wallace Reid, Jr. See Barthelmess answer elsewhere.

**MRS. SHERMAN J. L., RADCLIFFE, IOWA.**—Isn't it dreadful, the price we pay to have laundries remove the buttons from our shirts? There isn't any reason why I should not give you Dorothy Dalton's personal address; it's the Hotel Des Artistes, New York City, N. Y. Mabel Normand has returned to Culver City, and is again making pictures for Goldwyn. Mabel's a great girl; we are very good friends indeed. Mary MacLaren, Universal City, Cal. Others elsewhere, please.

**FRANK MCG., TOLEDO.**—I've heard from you before, not? Meseems that handwriting has a familiar ring. I never had whiskers, my boy. And I will never have them, so help me Gillette! Douglas Fairbanks has always been an athlete, since he was a small boy. He did not, of course, jump over the props on the stage as he does Nature's scenery in the movies, but he was a farce comedian of a high order. "He Comes Up Smiling," "Officer 666" and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." were some of his legitimate entertainments. "The Lamb" and "His Picture in the Papers" were two of his first photoplays. I suppose he must exercise in one way or another every day to keep in trim. His work in itself is excellent training. I have been to Toledo; in fact, you can tell me little about that town I don't know.

**H. J. T., GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS.**—Your wish came true. Betty Compson had her cover and story in PHOTOPLAY. Usually we can justly take the credit for the first heralding of any new star. Among our eminent "discoveries" have been Mary Thurman and Florence Vidor. Miss Compson also plays the leads in George Loane Tucker's second production "Ladies Must Live." As Tucker and the Famous Players-Lasky and Mayflower companies are now involved in considerable litigation it is doubtful when you will see this picture,—and the fair Betty. I'm with you hoping the time will be soon. Write her care Tucker company, Los Angeles.



(Continued)

C. D. ROCKFORD, LIVERPOOL, N. Y.—Frances Marion usually does adaptations; but there is no doubt she can do original things, too. I have heard that she is at work on a book. Her latest work is "Pollyanna;" she made a corking scenario of the Porter book. She and Mary Pickford are together again; great friends in real life, their respective talents aid and abet one another on the screen. She is married to Lieut. Thompson. Most of the pictures shown in foreign countries are American-made productions. We lead the world in film output, both as to quantity and quality.

MARY CARR, CHICAGO.—I do not look like the free-verse Greenwich Village nut you drew in the upper-left-hand corner; neither do I look like the matinee idol with the deep-dimples in the upper right. The bald gentleman who looks like a newspaper reporter does not resemble me in the least. —Because, you see, I HAVE A CHIN. I don't care how you libel me; insult me if you will. But—I have a chin, and don't you forget it. Otherwise, you're a mighty nice child, and I want to hear from you often. I don't think you're quakerish. Mahlon Hamilton, not Milton Sills, in "Daddy Long-Legs." Both gentlemen use their own names as far as I know.

BABE.—You are "just dying" to drop in and see me; and you are "simply wild" to know if Wallace Reid has one or two sons. I would absolutely pass away if you dropped in on me, and I am crazy to let you know that Wallace has one son, Bill. Realart Pictures' home office is at 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley, L. A., automobile man; address her Lasky studios, Hollywood. Elliott Dexter will be back soon, if he isn't by the time you read this.

MARGARET G., CHICAGO.—Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sanborn. He is president of Equity Pictures Corporation, which releases Clara Kimball Young's films. Gloria will continue to act as a DeMille heroine. I have never said that Dick Barthelmess was married. Unless your sense of humor had gone astray, you never would have misread that paragraph. Gloria Swanson was born in America.

ADELAINE M. W.—Marie Walcamp is in Japan right now, which should provide good and sufficient reason why you have not heard from her. Besides, she is Mrs. Harland Tucker now. He's her leading man in

her new serial. Ruth Roland and Pearl White will probably get around to your letter in time. Cultivate a little of my best quality: patience.

HILDA O. W., CANTON.—Modern innovations have played the deuce with romantic novels. For instance, once when an author wrote pathetically that "she (the heroine)

M. M. M., DETROIT.—Now, yours is the kind of a letter that brightens me considerably. Mary Miles Minter's new address is the Lasky studios in Hollywood, where she is making her new pictures for Realart. Her sister is Margaret Shelby, who sometimes lends her dusky beauty to Mary's films.

O. P., INDIANA.—My dear girl, I am as moral as an upright piano. Ruth Roland is with her own company, making serials for Pathe. She works in the west. "The Adventures of Ruth" is her latest. William Duncan is still Vitagraphing; so, too, is Edith Johnson. Carol Holloway is not with them any more.

RUBIA, ARGENTINA.—What a very charming name, and more charming letter. Are there any more like you, down in Argentina? I am not at all sure that a blonde with gray eyes and freckles wouldn't make a good screen subject. Are there many film studios where you reside? If so, have your father take you to one of them and try to get a test made. That's the only way to tell. Your small brother should write to Bill Hart at his Hollywood studio.

B. M., BUFFALO.—I appreciate your asking my advice in a matter that means much to you. Until I know all the circumstances, however, I should hesitate to advise you one way or the other. There would seem to be no reason why you should not try your wings, your vocal wings, if you really have talent in this direction; but, on the other hand, if it would cause your family a great deal of sorrow, it would not be the thing to leave them for an uncertain career in New York. Don't be afraid of New York; it is hard only on those who fear it. I really wish you would write to me again. Meanwhile, don't get rusty on your dictation. Stenography's a handy thing to know y' know.

BILL'S FANS, BROOKLYN.—Good old Bill Farnum is as reliable among actors as Bull Durham is among tobaccos—although Bill may not fancy the abrupt comparison. So you want his picture in the rotogravure-art section. You shall have it as *pronto* as possible. His first picture was made some years ago, for Famous Players: "The Sign of the Cross." He also made "The Nigger"—although for another company—and others. His latest for Fox, is "Heart Strings." See him soon in "If I Were King." He is married, and has an adopted daughter, Olive.

(Continued on page 122)

## Photoplay Magazine's Second Letter Contest

**D**URING the years that you have been going to see motion pictures, you have been unconsciously weighing them, and sifting them, and gathering them together in a list of what you consider the best shadow plays you have ever seen.

"This picture was better than a sermon," you confess at the close of some inspiring drama.

"I never laughed so hard in my life as I did at that comedy. It made me feel like a youngster again"—or "it gave me a new lease on life"—or "it made me forget all about my troubles," is your verdict another time.

"I think this picture is the most beautiful one I have ever seen," you say again.

If you analyze the "because" back of your liking for these pictures, you will find that there was

something in them that lifted you out of yourself, that took hold on you, that brought to the surface some sleeping impulse for good, that gave you the feeling that you had spent your time well.

These pictures have become a part of you. Your memory has written them down and has been keeping them for you. They are not forgotten for the reason that they are expressions of sincere work, they are real, they are worth while.

Those pictures which have been mediocre, dull, unworthy, have faded away into oblivion. They had nothing to give. They have not met the test. They are gone out.

It is so with everything in life.

How does this list of 12 pictures, printed below, compare with the list of 12 pictures which you consider the best?

**Cabiria**  
**The Birth of a Nation**  
**Stella Maris**  
**Manhattan Madness**  
**We Are French**  
**Les Miserables**

**The Miracle Man**  
**The Cup of Life**  
**Revelation**  
**The Spoilers**  
**Shoulder Arms**  
**Blind Husbands**

Perhaps you do not feel that these are the best motion pictures yet made. Perhaps you think that "Judith of Bethulia," or "The Vagabond," or "My Old Dutch"—or still others belong in the places of these pictures named.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants you to write and tell your list of twelve best motion pictures. PHOTOPLAY wants you to tell why you think they are the best, for what reasons they are worth while, why they deserve to live.

For the BEST LETTER OF NOT OVER 500 WORDS on this subject, Photoplay will pay \$25. For the second best letter it will pay \$15. For the three next best letters, it will pay \$10 each.

*All Letters must be in by April 1, 1920*  
*The Prize Letters will be published.*

**Watch for ANOTHER Announcement Next Month**

*Winning letters in Photoplay's first letter contest will be published in the June issue.*

would never hear those dear footsteps coming down the hall any more" one would drag out the old kerchief and cry thereinto. Now, however, one laughs and deduces that "he" wears rubber heels. See the ad. in any magazine, subway, or street-car. Your mother was right when she said you were at the inquisitive age; but please ask your mother for me when a girl stops being at the inquisitive age? Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, also a Vitagraph player. He was with his wife in "The Tower of Jewels."



# HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

**Y**OUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricky breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

**E**XPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a cold cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

**Y**OU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder founda-



To foil wind, sun and dust, use a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out



The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

## YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.

**FREE SAMPLE TUBES**  
Mail this Coupon



Before retiring remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream

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Please send me free the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of 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

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

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tion is essential if you are to stay powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glisten than ever.

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

**D**UST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.



Tiny deepening lines can be kept at bay with a Pond's Cold Cream massage

# POND'S

## Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil





Granny had taught Polly to read from an old worn Bible.

# Polly of the Storm Country

Granny Hope had said,  
"Love is stronger'n hate."  
And so it proved to be.

By

NANON BELOIS

SHE was "Pollyop" to the rough, weatherbeaten, always hungry squatters who had invited themselves to a bit of worthless, rocky land on the west shore of Lake Cayuga, along the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks, at Ithaca, New York. Her real name was Polly. She was the daughter of Jerry Hopkins. Every one in Ithaca was familiar with Jerry's burly form, topped by a shaggy head, and with the figure of wee Jerry, the little motherless son, who sat perched upon his father's shoulders in all sorts of weather, legs twined about the corded neck. Jerry Hopkins was known as the mayor of "The Silent City," as Ithaca complainingly spoke of the drab assemblage of tin patched huts along the tracks. And Pollyop—Poilyop was everything good and generous that could be found in the hearts of all the inhabitants of the Silent City gathered in one slender, vibrant body. She was the cherished of all her ignorant, hard working people, who gathered their food by fishing or hunting—or as they could. And they thought of her, racing about with curls flying back over her shoulders in fair weather or rain or snow, blue eyes alight with eager love and helpfulness, as a sort of angel.

She was the friend of every unhappy creature. And that is how it came that Granny Hope was occupying the little niche in the corner of the Hopkins shack. Polly had found the old woman sick in her lone cabin, and had led her home—just as she had led the goat which she had found strayed and lost back in the Storm Country. Granny's appetite was not large, fortunately for Daddy Hopkins, who had a hard time finding fish and beans enough for his family of three. And she had brought sunshine with her and love—and she had taught Polly to read from her old worn Bible. Then she had helped Polly make a sign to put over the door: "If your heart is loving and kind, come right in; if it ain't, scoot."

And today it had come spring. And with spring had come a thaw and a rain which pelted the roof of the unpainted cabin under its huge budding willow with great drops, that found their way in steady streams inside where Pollyop tried to keep everything clean and warm and cozy for her loved ones.

Pollyop sang and patted Granny Hope as she went about setting out pans to catch the drip. Then she dashed out into the rain, and was soon at work stopping up the leaks in the roof

with pieces of straightened out tin. But her tin-smithing was soon interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices. She flattened herself on the slippery shingles, and worked her way to where she could see the road, while she was yet protected by the tree. Pollyop's body stiffened as she recognized in one of the horsemen the thick set person of Marcus McKenzie. "Old McKenzie," as the squatters called him though he was not old, was the owner of the land on which they had built the Silent City. He had been gone away from Ithaca for some time and the inhabitants of the Silent City had been free to come and go as they wished, without persecutions. Pollyop's eyes flashed as she thought of Larry Bishop, whom McKenzie had "framed" and sent to Auburn prison just at the time his wife Mary needed him most—and how both she and the little one had died without his love and care. Her heart contracted in fear—the fear of the hunted—as she saw him again.

Then, as the men drew nearer, she heard distinctly the voice of McKenzie's companion. It was young and kindly in tone, and the girl craned her neck in surprise to see its owner. Polly's heart gave a queer little leap as she saw that the second horseman was young and good to look upon. He was slender and tall and tanned by outdoor life. There was gentleness and human kindness written on his clear cut features.

"But you wouldn't turn a lot of folks out of their homes, Marc. Where would they go if you did? Have you tried buying them out?" he was saying.

"No, and I don't intend to. I'll force them out, Bob," McKenzie answered. He wheeled his horse about and pointed to the Hopkins shanty. "One of the worst of them lives there," he said. "His name is Jeremiah Hopkins and he's a sort of mayor to the outfit. He has a worthless, filthy girl and a little boy, and they've taken in an old hag named Hope. They live like pigs"—disgustedly.

"Poor things," said the young man named Bob sympathetically. Then, "Look, Marc, at that sign over the door, 'If your heart is loving and kind, come right in; if it ain't, scoot.' That's beautiful. There must be some one worth while living there. I'd like to help them if I could."

The two men rode off. To little Polly it was as if the skies





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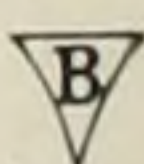
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STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING Co., BOSTON, MASS.

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(Continued from page 78)



Larry Bishop had been sent to prison just when his wife Mary needed him the most—before she and the little one had died.

had opened to drop an angel down into the heart of the Silent City. Never in her life had she heard any one of Marc McKenzie's class say anything kind about her people. And this young man had wanted to help them! "He's an angel," Polly repeated to herself as she climbed down from the roof. Yet the fear of Marcus McKenzie sent her dashing off up to Hog Hollow to warn Daddy Hopkins and Larry Bishop that their enemy was home.

As Polly jumped from rock to rock along the ragged shore, she heard a familiar voice calling her. It was Evelyn Robertson, an elegant young woman of more than Pollyop's age, who lived in a large house near that of Mr. McKenzie back from the lake. Pollyop ran back to meet her.

"Oh, Polly," gasped Evelyn, "Mr. McKenzie has come home and my cousin Bob has come with him"—so the beautiful angel who was going to help the squatters was Evelyn's cousin—"and, oh dear, I'm in such trouble again.

Polly was used to this. For two years Evelyn had been in constant trouble, and because of her own folly. Two years before in a moment of weakness for Oscar Bennett, a rough yet rather handsome farmer who owned the rich land adjoining the Robertson estate, she had married him in secret. It was only by paying him money whenever he demanded that she had succeeded in keeping him from announcing to the world that she was his wife. Polly had been their go-between.

"Listen, Polly," said Evelyn nervously, "I want you to go

to Oscar for me today. Tell him he mustn't write to me any more—and tell him I just can't get any more money. Oh dear, what shall I do?"

Evelyn was almost in tears. Polly looked sympathetically into her weak, selfish face, but she had no suggestion to offer. Love and marriage among the squatters lasted for life. She did not understand this way of doing things.

"No one must ever know about Oscar and me, Polly, because—because—" Even Evelyn blushed to say it to Pollyop, "—I'm in love with a rich man and he loves me. My cousin Bob owns the house we live in. Mother and I haven't a cent. I must marry a rich man."

"But you can't be takin' another man when you got one," said Polly in a shocked tone.

"That's what I want you to tell Oscar about," the rich girl said. "Here is some candy I've brought for wee Jerry. Now you'll do just as I say, won't you, Pollyop?" Evelyn always brought something nice for little Jerry when she wanted Polly to do something for her.

"Sure," Pollyop assented willingly, "now scoot." With a toss of her head, she ran on her way to Hog Hollow and to Daddy Hopkins.

Oscar Bennett was in the milking shed when Pollyop arrived with Evelyn's message, late that afternoon. A flickering lantern lit the inky interior, though it was still not quite dark outside, and threw fantastic shadows everywhere. Polly, slipping quietly in, shivered, and wished that she were home within the protective arms of Daddy Hopkins. She carried a milk pail on her arm—knowing that Oscar would give her some if she asked for it in return for what she brought. This time she wheedled from him two warm white eggs as well. Then they came to the point.

"Your lady said you wasn't to write her any more," Polly said.

"What did she say about the money?" Oscar glowered.

"She said she just can't get another cent—and she's feeling awful bad."

Oscar swore. "Tell her it's either come home with me, or she pays up, see?" he spit out viciously. Polly knew he meant it. "An' tell her," he continued, "to meet me tonight at nine at Granny Hope's old shack. We'll settle this."

Polly rushed from the barn out into the clean spring night, glad to be gone.

Larry Bishop was there when Pollyop arrived at home. He and Daddy Hopkins sat with long, serious faces before the fire. Pollyop invited Larry to partake of supper with them. After the dishes were cleared away, her father turned toward her grimly.

"We're tryin' to figger out a way to git rid o' old Marc," he began.

"Oh, daddy," Pollyop breathed, slipping her hand into his, "you ain't planning to gun him. Don't, daddy."

There was something in the faces of the two men which told her that she would have to have supernatural aid to point them away from what they were determined to do. Marcus McKenzie had been unscrupulous with them. There was no way under the law that he could force them from their homes unless they went of their own free will. His cruelty had known no bounds. According to the laws of nature there was no reason why they should not strike back. But Granny Hope had said "love is stronger'n hate." And Polly believed that Granny Hope was right.

"Somethin' beautiful is going to happen to us squatters,"



Polly went on with a mysterious air. "I heard about it today. It's a angel. After a while you can hunt an' fish an' be happy just as if there weren't any old McKenzie—when *he* gets to workin'."

"What's eatin' ye, brat?" grunted Jerry, interested in spite of himself, though he took no stock in angels.

Pollyop told them of Evelyn Robertson's cousin and what he had said that morning as he rode through the Silent City with old Marc. Perhaps his words would not have meant much to an older and less optimistic person, but Polly believed them utterly and she wove them into a shining promise which she held before the eyes of her menfolks.

"He's richer'n old Marc, Polly," said Jerry visibly influenced, but still not entirely convinced by her oratory. "It's just that we don't happen to be a settin' on his ground that he ain't wantin' us off."

But Pollyop would none of his doubts. She picked up Granny Hope's tattered Bible. "I know he'll help us," she said, "an' you both got to promise me now, right on Granny Hope's good book, and kiss it, and swear to God that you won't hurt old Marc."

Pollyop was used to being obeyed—and the two grizzly men who adored her were used to obeying. So they did as she said—even though it was no mean thing to do. For when a squatter swore an oath, he kept it.

When Pollyop whispered to Evelyn, out in the Robertson arbor a little later, that Oscar demanded to see her that night at nine at Granny Hope's deserted shack, the rich girl shuddered, and grew pale, then whined that she was afraid to meet him all alone.

"Pollyop, you must meet me there too," she whimpered. "I'll do something for you some day."

"All right," answered Pollyop.

And as Polly Hopkins raced back through the dark to Daddy Hopkins, Evelyn Robertson listened apathetically to Marc McKenzie's threats to wipe out the Silent City, to send its men to jail, and its children to orphanages.

Pollyop, escaping from her father's cabin a few minutes before nine, was the first to reach Granny Hope's old cabin set by its lone in the rocks. She went in and lighted a candle in the kitchen and sat down to ponder on this strange affair. Pretty soon she heard crunchings on the gravel, and the evil Oscar leered inside.

"I come to see that she got home safe," said Polly swiftly in answer to Oscar's frown. "She'll be here soon."

"I'm thinkin', Oscar," went on Pollyop, as gently as she could, "that she isn't loving you any more."

Oscar looked at the floor sullenly for a moment, then at Polly. "I bin a fool, Poll. I'd a done better by marryin' you. Maybe some day when I get Evelyn's cash—"

Oscar left his sentence unfinished for Pollyop's eyes flashed scorn at him. "Don't you be talkin' about love to me," she said.

Oscar looked at her amazed. Then he rose suddenly and made a step towards her. Here was something to his liking, "By God, you're a pretty brat," he broke forth. "I'm going to kiss you." But he didn't, for just then Evelyn entered the door, and Polly went quickly to her side.

Oscar's rage, at finding out that Evelyn really had no money, was terrible to behold. Polly feared that the man's violence of passion would destroy them all.

"You want to be free?" repeated Oscar with scornful lips. "Some other guy, I suppose. Well, it's easy enough—all you got to do is make it worth while."

"But I haven't any money—I can't live with you—I loathe you—I must be free," Evelyn said distractedly. The brute lifted his powerful fist to strike her, and he would have done so if Polly had not adroitly crowded in between them. It did not occur to her that Oscar would strike her—he had no right, since she was not his wife.

But Oscar was seized with an overwhelming

desire to crush, to beat the slender girl who defied him. Here was some one worth taming, some one worth loving and being loved by! He raised his hairy fist and brought it down. Polly reeled backward and lay still.

"Both of ye keep mum about this, see?" Oscar said sharply, thinking of the terrible vengeance the squatters would have if his blow should prove fatal to Pollyop. "I'm off." He ran from the door.

"Polly, what can I do for you to even up things?" murmured a conscience stricken Evelyn as she left Polly, limp and suffering, at her door.

"Scoot home," said Polly simply. "I am goin' in."

Two days later spring smiled down from unclouded turquoise skies on peaceful lake and verdant shores. And in the Silent City the squatters' wives took advantage of the day to air their blankets on the lines.

Daddy Hopkins had to go to Ithaca. So Pollyop took wee Jerry and Billy the goat, and Nannyop, the lamb, tethered to her wrist, for a walk. As she walked with her loved ones on the road, she suddenly halted and slipped wee Jerry from her shoulder. There on the fence was the picture of a woman with great sad eyes which looked appealingly straight into Pollyop's. In her arms she held the form of a sick man, and Polly knew instinctively that she was protecting him from some enemy who had hurt him—perhaps as old Marc wished to hurt the squatters.

A sound roused her, and she turned to find the "beautiful angel" Evelyn Robertson's cousin Robert Perceval jumping from his horse and coming towards her. He looked at the picture, then on to Polly. Then he read the words beneath the picture, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

"Does that mean that she was a mother to the squatter boys who were hurt in the war?" she asked. The question was too serious to invite levity.

"She is the mother to every hurt person in the world," Bob Perceval replied.

"She's some mother," said Pollyop soberly.

(Continued on page 85)

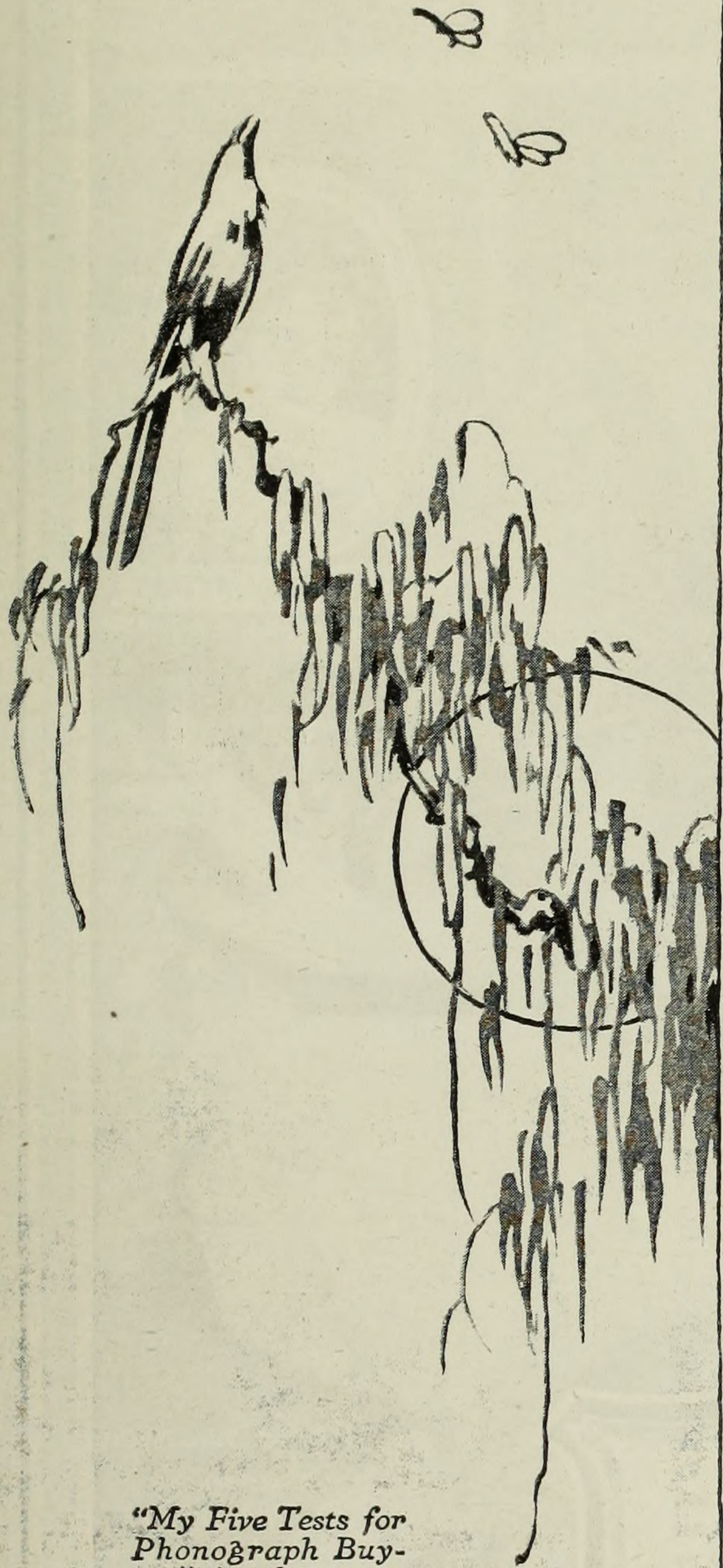


"You're bigger than old Marc—make him leave us alone!" she said suddenly.

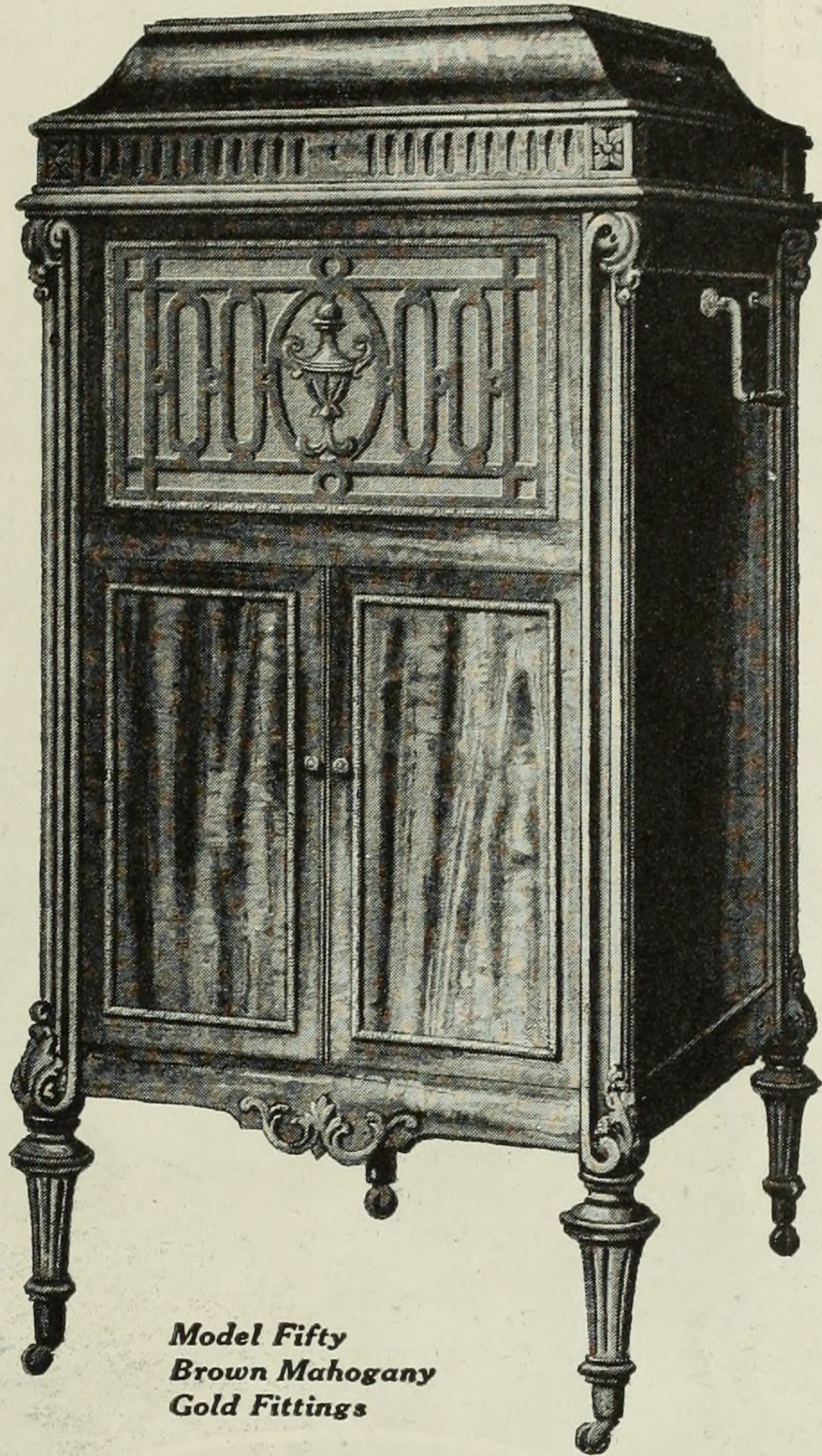


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PICTURES



(Continued from page 82)

Robert looked closely at this strange girl with her tawny curls, her wide blue eyes, her strange assortment of companions, and sudden interest sprang up within him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Polly Hopkins—Pollyop they call me," she answered. "My dad's the mayor of this settlement."

The name brought memories to the young man of his ride with Marcus McKenzie through the Silent City, and of the invitation over the door of the Hopkins' hut. He had thought this girl with her straight young shoulders would be disgusting and worthless from Marc's description. But he found her freshness enchanting. He plied her with questions and was rewarded with the story of Pollyop's life, her hope, her loves and her fears.

"You're bigger'n old Marc—make him leave us alone," she said suddenly. Perceval caught a flash from the girl's eyes and a strange new emotion gripped him.

"No," he laughed, "Marc is my friend, but I will help you."

Perceval laughed again, then pointed to the poster on the fence. "She is the greatest mother in the world," then he turned to Polly, "and you are, I think, the littlest mother in the world."

Something in this scene touched his heart. Perhaps it was the fact that he had been on the battlefields of France and knew the fathomless love of the greatest mother in the world.

"Just help all the poor folks of the Silent City," she pleaded, "and I will love you forever."

A few days later old Marcus McKenzie called at the Hopkins' cottage, and offered, in a meeting at which all the Silent City men were present, to give each man twenty-five dollars to sign over his squatter's rights and get out. He offered them money, he explained, because Robert Perceval had insisted upon it. They could take it—or go to hell! And when Pollyop told him they refused, he whipped out his gun, leveled it at the cowed men, while he struck her twice with his riding whip.

Pollyop comforted her distressed people by telling them that Mr. Perceval would save their homes and restore their happiness. They put so much faith in her words, that they decided to draw lots that very night to choose some one to go to their new friend and lay their woes before him.

The lots were drawn—and that evening as Bob Perceval sat alone in the library, he was surprised by a tap on the window.

"Mr. McKenzie was over today, and he is going to turn us out," Pollyop said huskily pushing the window open and stepping in. "There isn't another place in the world for squatters but Ithaca. We can't go. I was telling them of you, an' I got the lot to come to see you."

"I've said everything I could to Marc," said Perceval unhappily. "I—"

Just at this moment there were steps outside the library door, and Polly felt herself pushed by a strong hand behind the heavy curtains covering the bookshelves.

"Evelyn sent me for a book," said Marc McKenzie apologetically.

Bob rose and preceded McKenzie to the bookshelves, and then shoved aside the curtains still concealing Polly Hopkins, and stood beside them.

McKenzie found the book. Bob dropped the curtains, leaving, as he did so, two gentle taps on Polly's shoulder.

"I'll bet you I'll have every squatter off that shore in three months," said Marc, dropping into a chair. "I've only to catch Hopkins and after I do that it won't be twenty-four hours till I've got him in Auburn. I've got twenty-five men on his trail now. Hopkins is a bad actor—and that girl of his is a saucy baggage."

"I think she is a very good girl," said Robert feelingly, "and a very pretty one."

"Pretty enough, I suppose—but bad clean through like the rest," Marc declared as he sauntered back to Evelyn.

"Come here," Bob called tenderly to the miserable little person behind the curtains. He held out his hands, and Polly, knowing that here was a friend, bent forward and covered them with kisses. She swayed towards him ever so slightly. Bob's arms went about her waist and he drew her tired head to his breast.

"Poor little Polly," he murmured. Then that overwhelming emotion which had ever taken him each time he had seen Pollyop welled up in his heart. He kissed her hair—and Pollyop looking up and seeing something in his face she did not understand, rushed through the window.

"I'll marry you," Evelyn Robertson was

Polly of the Storm Country

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay, produced by First National from the story by Grace Miller White, and presented with the following cast:

- Polly Hopkins...Mildred Harris Chaplin
- Robert Perceval.....Emory Johnson
- Evelyn Robertson....Charlotte Burton
- Marcus McKenzie.....Harry Northrup
- Jeremiah Hopkins...Maurice Vanentin
- Granny Hope.....Ruby Lafayette

saying to Marc's pleadings in the other room, "when you buy the Bennett farm."

"And get rid of the squatters, so our land can be beautiful way down to the lake," added Marcus.

\* \* \*

Though Oscar Bennett was willing to sell his farm to Marcus McKenzie—he refused unless Polly Hopkins would consent to marry him. Evelyn Robertson broke the news to Pollyop, prefaced with an appeal to the girl's great ambition to help her people. Think what she could do for her people with the money Oscar would make from the sale! Polly's marriage with Oscar would free Evelyn to marry Marc McKenzie. She herself, Evelyn, would then see to it that Marc let up on the squatter question after they were married.

"But I couldn't marry Oscar," Pollyop kept repeating. The face of Robert Perceval, for some unknown reason, swam before her eyes.

"But you'll think about it, won't you?" asked Evelyn determinedly as she went. "I'll bring him to see you."

Polly ran down to the creek, which was her favorite place, to think over her problem. As she flung herself on the rocks, she heard her name. Close behind her was Robert Perceval. He had followed her from the road. In his hand he had a copy of the poster on the fence which had brought them together for her to hang on the walls of her home.

"You ran away so hurriedly the other night that I did not have a chance to tell you that I would really do something to help your townspeople," said Robert, placing his strong hands on her glistening curls. The same look which Polly had run away from the other evening, now shone again in his eyes.

"I have come to love you, little Pollyop," he whispered softly. "Look at me." She flashed a look at him of believing beauty, and he caught her to him sharply. "You are my little dear one," he said tenderly. He kissed her again—this time on the rosy mouth.

As they walked back to the little shanty,

Robert told his loved one of his plans for her and hers—how he hoped to take them all far away, Pollyop and Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and Granny Hope—how he would help Pollyop with her reading, while she helped to teach him what she had learned about love and kindness, how they would travel, what pretty things she should have to set off her lovely hair and eyes.

"I can't marry Oscar, even to help out Evelyn," Pollyop kept saying to herself as she watched Bob stride away. "I'm going to help the squatters some other way."

\* \* \*

But there were dark days ahead for Pollyop Hopkins, the lover of sunshine. First of all, Daddy Hopkins was taken by the strong arm of Marc McKenzie's law. He had shot a bird. One of McKenzie's hirelings "planted" him with a rabbit, and in spite of the tears of Pollyop and the shrieks of wee Jerry he was whisked away to the Ithaca prison, and from there to Auburn. McKenzie was so strong politically that Robert Perceval could do nothing to save him.

Next Granny Hope found peace and rest, and left Polly and wee Jerry mourning for her love.

Then Robert Perceval's faith in her was stolen from her.

Evelyn Robertson took Oscar Bennett to see Pollyop in the storm which shook the world on the night after Daddy Hopkins had been sent to Auburn. Polly sat thinking of Daddy Hopkins and how she needed him, when there came a cry of terror in the night, and Evelyn burst in the door.

"I was bringing Oscar here to see you," she panted. "Something's hit him in the road—he's out there dead." She seized Polly's hand and pulled her to the spot where Oscar lay and together they dragged him into the house and put him in Polly's bed.

Polly started out for a doctor. When she got outside she heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and gave the shrill, piercing squatter's call. Robert Perceval answered her.

"I got some one sick in the house," Pollyop said simply. In her trusting nature was no knowledge of the deceit and subterfuge of the more experienced worldly woman.

"Eve dear, you're not sick," Bob said anxiously, on seeing his cousin.

"No," she answered nervously, "there's a little boy here and I came to bring him a box of candy, and this man,"—pointing to Oswald—"was sick, and I told this girl she ought to get a doctor."

"It's Bennett," said Bob approaching the bed. "What's he doing here?"

"He's in love with Polly Hopkins, and it's really none of our business," said Evelyn with great self possession. "Every squatter woman has a man."

Bob's face went white, and he swept his hands over his face as if to brush something terrible away. But he had no reason that he knew of to doubt his cousin's words. Pollyop said nothing to deny them. She was too stunned to speak. So he took Evelyn from the house with hard, unforgiving face, then went on for the doctor. But there was nothing that could be done for Oscar Bennett. In the tin patched house of Daddy Hopkins his evil life went out. And before summer had shone her heart to the world, Oscar Bennett's farm was in the possession of Marc McKenzie, and the wedding day had been set for Evelyn Robertson's marriage.

Evelyn, in the midst of her happiness, had only one fear. That was that Pollyop would some day tell the truth about her. So she went down to the shabby Hopkins shanty one day to see if there was not something she could do for Pollyop.

"I promised not to tell—and I won't," Pollyop said sadly.

(Continued on page 114)



# Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

**M**ISGUIDED producers thought that by starring the director instead of the actor they were letting themselves out of a lot of worry. Instead, some of them seem to have let themselves in for a lot of litigation. The Famous Players-Lasky and Mayflower companies are among the sadder-but-wiser: George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," in January filed a suit alleging violation of contract. Various were his complaints. That these companies have not used him justly is the tenor of the suit. His name, says Mr. Tucker, did not, as agreed, appear in the same size as the production type and three times as large as the name of Mayflower. He also states that the unfinished negative of the second Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live," was unlawfully seized by Mayflower. You see Tucker agreed in an unguarded moment to make a series of six pictures. He was given *carte blanche* to make the "Miracle Man" the great picture it is, and without that

backing which the Zukor organizations afford it is doubtful if he ever would have attained his present vogue.

**W**HEN "Doug" was little, he was a short, stocky lad. His small stature worried him a great deal, because his one aim and ambition was to be an actor, a serious actor, if you please; and a fellow can't do a Booth or an Irving when he's undersized. So young Fairbanks, as he grew in years but not in stature, used to try every conceivable trick to add an inch to his height. He would practice his exercises by the hour; he even put weights on his feet. His athletic career really began at this time, for he went in for every sport and kept right at it. A neighbor tells how he used to spend the rest of his time on the back porch, imitating the delivery boys.

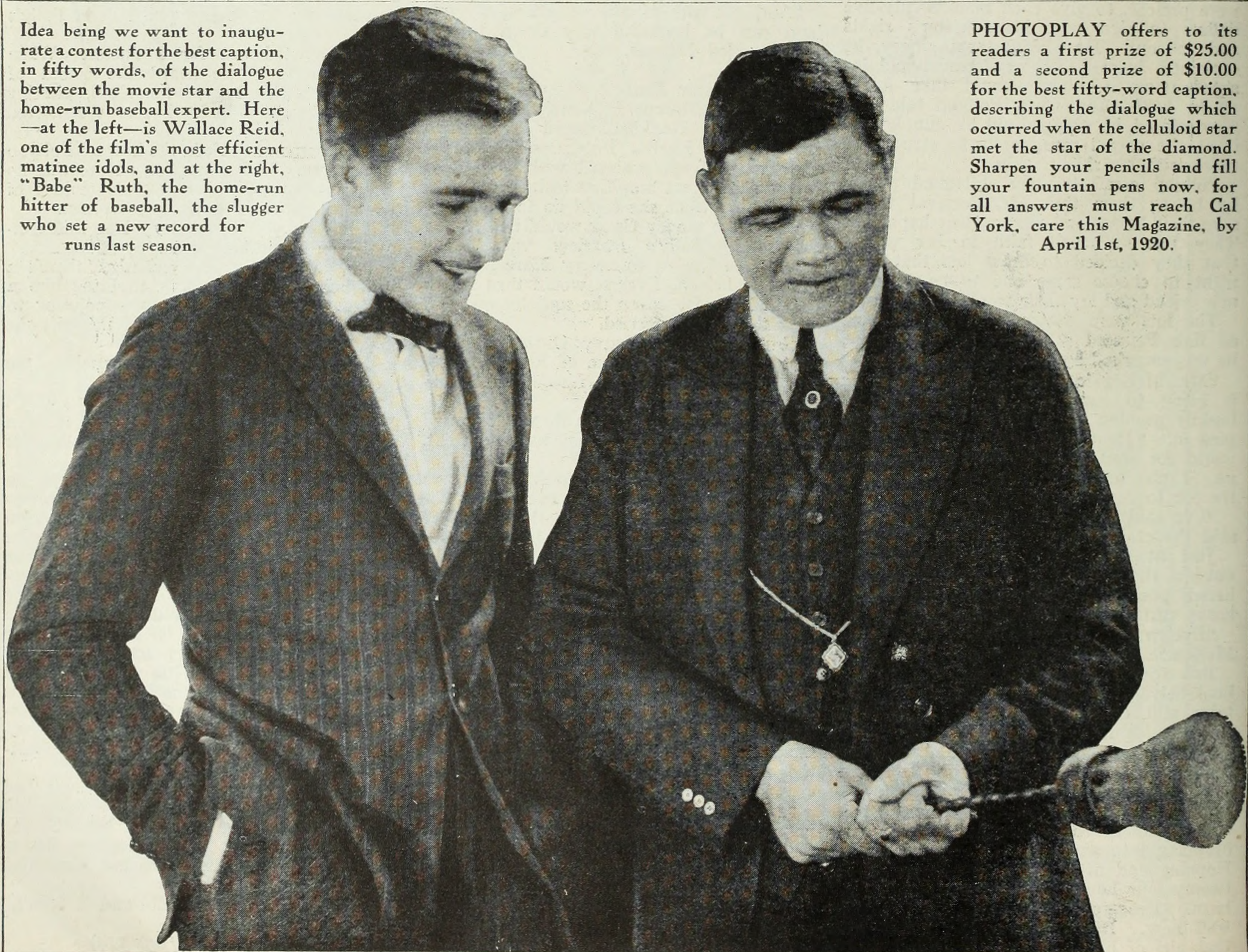
**F**LORENCE VIDOR is much more interested in being Mrs. King Vidor, her husband's wife and her daughter Suzanne's de-

voted mother, than in the film career she has ahead of her. Florence had no more started on the glory road, beginning when PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE helped discover her in "A Tale of Two Cities," to her fine part in "Old Wives for New," with DeMille—than she retired to become the mother of small Suzanne. Now that her husband is an independent producer and Suzanne older he wants her to come back. So in "The Family Honor" Florence Vidor will appear in the leading, but not the stellar part. There are no poster "stars" in Vidor's productions.

**L**ET there be national rejoicing in all female boarding and day-schools. Jack Holt, who as a villain has made more friends for himself than most heroic actors, will play leads at last. He has just signed a long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky. His first work will be in "Held by the Enemy." Holt has come up to the front from the ranks; he used to do bits.

(Continued on page 88)

Idea being we want to inaugurate a contest for the best caption, in fifty words, of the dialogue between the movie star and the home-run baseball expert. Here—at the left—is Wallace Reid, one of the film's most efficient matinee idols, and at the right, "Babe" Ruth, the home-run hitter of baseball, the slugger who set a new record for runs last season.



PHOTOPLAY offers to its readers a first prize of \$25.00 and a second prize of \$10.00 for the best fifty-word caption, describing the dialogue which occurred when the celluloid star met the star of the diamond. Sharpen your pencils and fill your fountain pens now, for all answers must reach Cal York, care this Magazine, by April 1st, 1920.



PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK



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Mavis Rouge blends perfectly with your complexion.

Mavis Talc is the largest selling talc in the world!

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*Irresistible!*

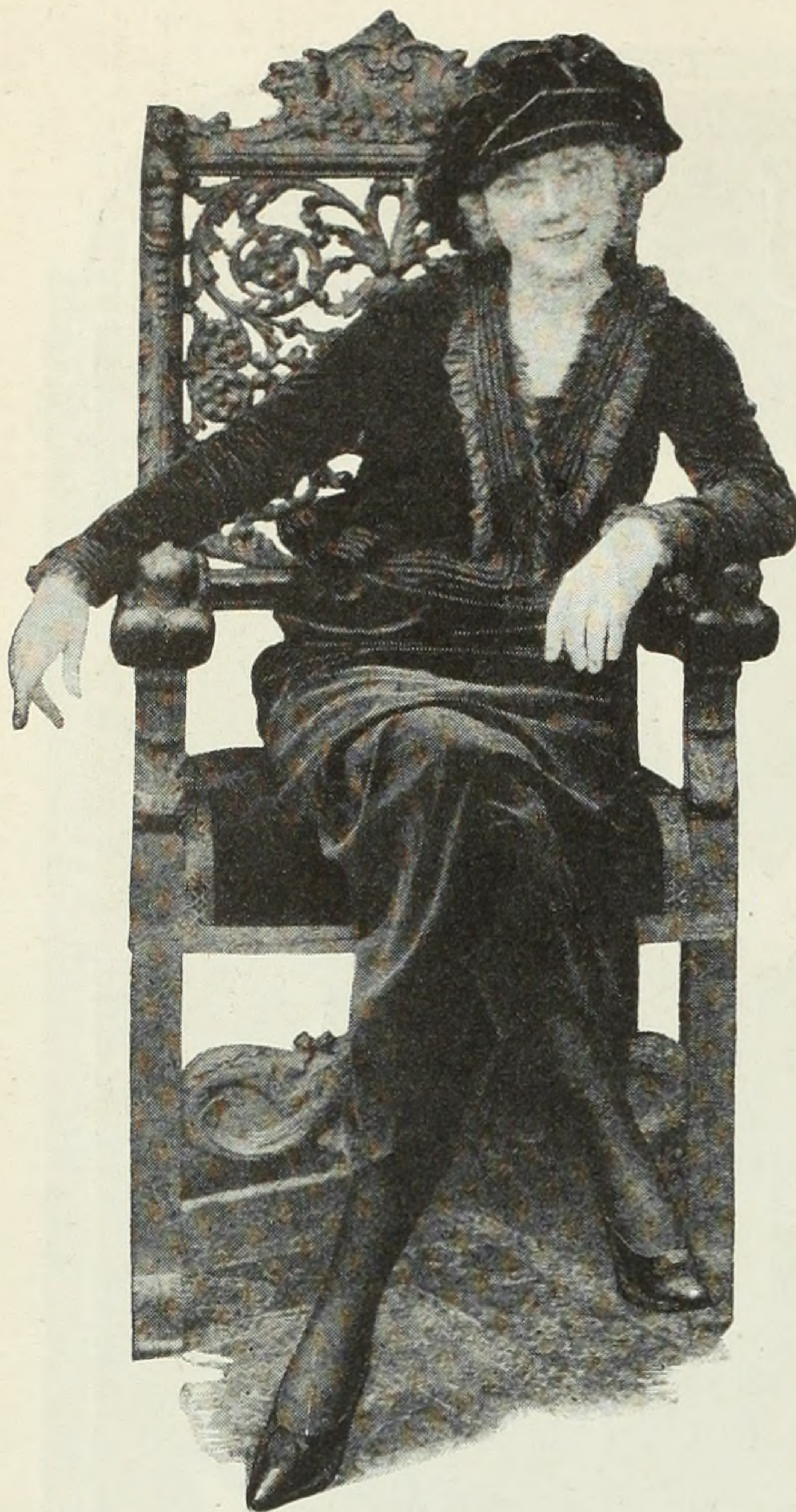


Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Bldg., N. Y., for a generous sample of Mavis perfume—or better still, ask for any one of the delightful Mavis preparations at any toilet goods counter.



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)



**P**RESS-AGENTS have learned one serious lesson from the D. W. Griffith trip. The alarms in the press over the temporary disappearance of the Griffith party were justified, for it was a bona-fide experience, not a cooked-up publicity scheme. If there had been the slightest move on the part of any press purveyors to use a similar disappearance stunt on any of their stars or directors, they would have been kidded to death. So when Marshall Neilan and his company went up to Bear Valley in the San Bernardino mountains, and it snowed, and snowed, until it snowed Marshall's company in, in a one-room shack near Bluff Lake, and they built a fire and cut a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and they didn't have a bite to eat and stayed up all night listening to Mickey and Lewis Stone telling stories; and it kept on snowing, and finally Matt Moore went back alone over the mountains and walked for fifteen hours through the snow, to get help; and brought back guides and food—when all this happened, they couldn't use the story!

**A**BOUT two weeks after the story of David Wark's disappearance, cables came all the way to New York from Sicily telling about Herbert Brenon's disappearance on Mt. Aetna. It seems he was up there making pictures with an Italian company and wandered away from the party at lunch time. Set upon by brigands he was held for ransom until the beastly fellows discovered he was an American citizen with his Government backing the search for him. He turned up safe and sound. Oh dear!

**W**ITH so many brand-new "Lincolns" appearing overnight on stage and screen, Ralph Ince decided to get out his Emancipator make-up and let them see how

he played the part in one of the first impersonations photographed by the camera for Vitagraph, years ago. He will take the role of Abraham Lincoln in one of his own pictures.

**I**T was a great party that a group of motion picture and theatrical celebrities pulled at the Ritz-Carlton, one of the most exclusive of Manhattan hostelrys, after a Sunday meeting of the Sixty Club. A famous little comedienne, coming east from California picture-making for a holiday, was there, with one of the officials of her company; a former Follies and present film queen, known for her charm, her beauty, and her ability for livening up any little gathering, was one of the party, escorted by a Britisher high up in military circles; one of the blondest of New York's blond beauties, with her reported fiance, a theatrical magnate—they all started at the club, and wound up in the middle of the dance-floor where the little comedienne had suggested they start a merry game of ring-around-the-rosy. The Britisher, when he managed to extricate himself, was heard to mumble something about "those bally Cinemes," but the game went right on until it included everyone in the hotel and all along the way to the respective homes and hotels of the merry-makers. Now the little comedienne is working hard in the west; the film queen is completing her umptieth picture for the Utopia Company, and—well, anyway, to quote the blonde, who'll say that they should not have their little fun occasionally?

**A**LICE BRADY has signed a three-year contract with the Zukor organization. This means she will continue to make pictures for Realart, which is merely an arm of the giant Paramount-Artcraft octopus.

## Wanda Hawley

likes to wear "Burson" because they fit so nicely and yet have no seams.

**BURSON****FASHIONED HOSE**

The method of knitting Burson Hose is different—they're made by improved, patented machines that "knit-in" the proper shape and fit, without the customary seam.

No homely stitching up the back of the leg. No seams to walk on—just a soft smoothness that gives real comfort. The fit is snug and firm everywhere—no room for wrinkles.

Burson Hose also have a Narrow Hem Garter Top, of extra elasticity, that prevents the destructive runs so often caused by garter clasps.

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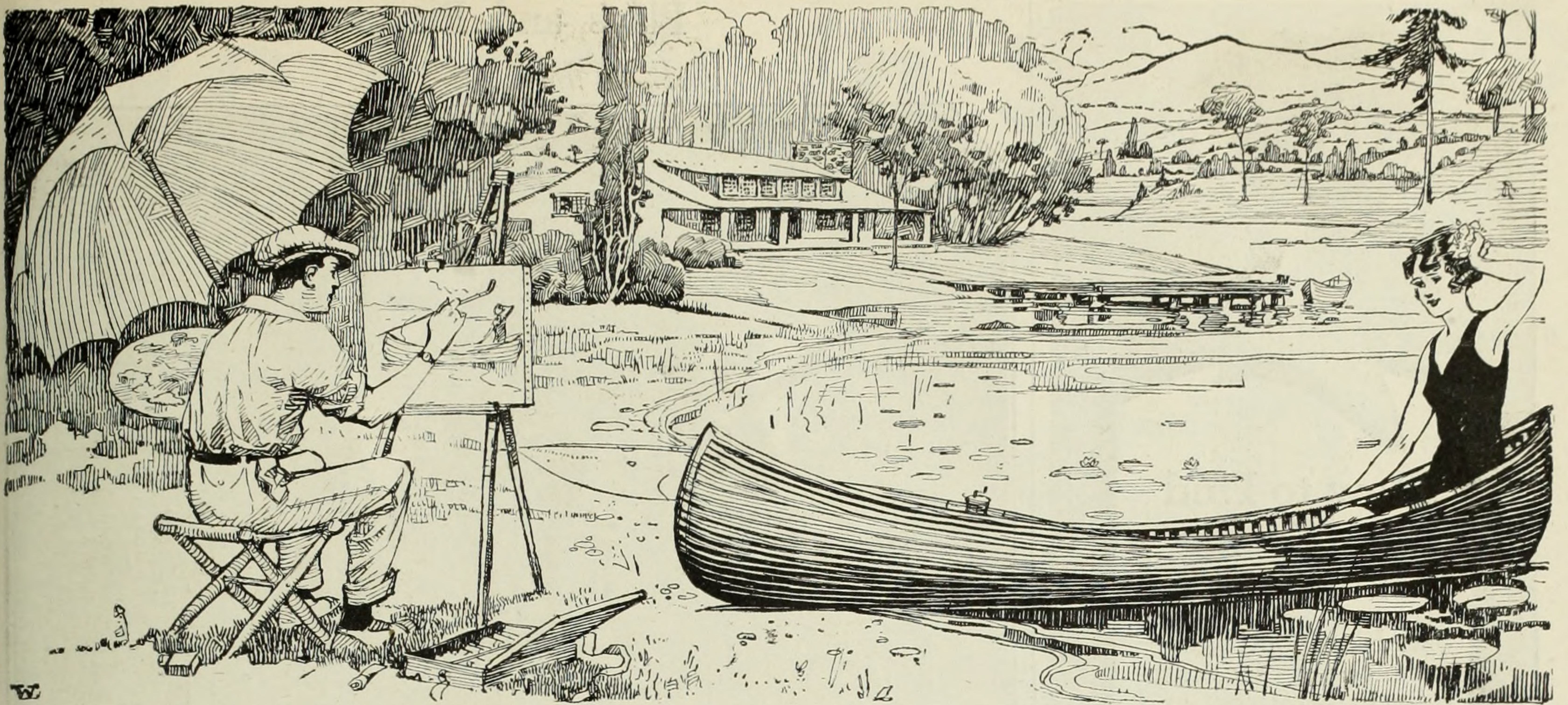
**Burson Knitting Co.**

24 Park Street  
Rockford, Ill.



Who would ever think that Marguerite Clark and her devoted husband, H. Palmerson Williams, would ever let anything come between them? But it's only the Williams family dog, and this picture of the three was snapped while Marguerite was vacationing in her husband's home in New Orleans.





# Become an Artist

Our wonderful NEW METHOD of teaching art by mail has exploded the theory that "talent" was necessary for success in art. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. We start you with straight lines—then curves—then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making drawings that sell for \$100 to \$500. No drudgery—you thoroughly *enjoy* this method. It's just like playing a fascinating game!

## Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Never before has there been such an urgent need of artists as there is *right now!* Magazines—newspapers—advertising agencies—business concerns—department stores—all are on the lookout for properly trained artists. Take any magazine—look at the hundreds of pictures in it! And there are *48,868 periodicals in the United States alone!* Think of the millions of pictures they require. Do you wonder that there is such a great demand for artists? Right this minute there are over 50,000 high-salaried positions *going begging* just because of the lack of competent commercial artists.

## The Ideal Profession

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks!

## Beginners Earn \$50 a Week

Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the *personal* criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in commercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities on this subject. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that *sell*. Many of our students have received as high as \$100 for their first drawing! \$50 a week is often paid to a good beginner!

Our course covers every possible angle of Commercial Art! It does away with all the superfluous technique and entangling hindrances of the ordinary art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing right down to fundamentals. In a word, you get all the benefits of a three year course in art at a residence school right in your own home—and for just a few cents a day. Your spare time is all that is required. A few minutes a day will accomplish wonders for you! Read what Frank Godwin, well known magazine cover illustrator, and one of our former students, says about our course. And this high-salaried artist's letter is typical of the hundreds of letters we receive from our students.

### What a Prominent Artist Says About Our Course:

"I shall never cease to be grateful for the foundation you and your school gave me. I have all the work I can handle and more. I feel that my present success is due almost entirely to your course and your wonderfully efficient method of instruction.

"FRANK GODWIN,  
"Philadelphia."

## Free Book and Artist's Outfit

Mail coupon *now* for this valuable book, "How to Become an Artist." It's just full of interesting pointers on drawing. Reveals the secrets of success in art! Shows drawings by our students. See for yourself what amazing progress they have made through our course. Book explains course in detail, and gives full particulars of our FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT. Fill out coupon *NOW!* Mail it *Today.*

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book. "How to Become an Artist."

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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

## How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

### Study this Chart

**Acne Cream**—for pimples and blackheads.

**Astringent Cream**—for oily skins and shiny noses.

**Combination Cream**—for dry and sallow skins.

**Foundation Cream**—for use before face powder.

**Lettuce Cream**—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

**Motor Cream**—for skin protection, before exposure.

**Tissue Cream**—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

**Whitening Cream**—for freckles and bleaching.

You do not experiment when you use Marinello Creams. Their value has been established by use in more than 4000 Beauty Shops and employment by millions of women.

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366 Fifth Avenue  
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# MARINELLO

*A Beauty Aid  
for Every Need*

Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.



Here's Harold Lloyd minus his specs—without-glass, and plus his partner in fun, H. M. Walker, newspaper man who writes all those Lloyd sub-titles. Once Walker was up against it for a funny caption. Harold was being "fired", in a scene. He was thrown out; his coat, dog and dinner-pail were thrown out after him. Here Lloyd raises his hand and speaks. The title man tried for two days and nights to find suitable words to suit the action. None came. He began to think of the six best ways to commit suicide when a thought arrived. When Lloyd raised his hand to talk back to his irate ex-employer this title was flashed on the screen, "I quit." It made 'em laugh, Walker decided to live a little longer, and—he's still writing more titles like that.

**D**ID you know that the South Americans have their Pathe Weeklies and their Kinograms? Sure; things happen down there, too. The moving picture concerns of those big little countries send their cameramen scouting over the continent to find news stuff, even as Tracy Matthewson and the Pathe people.

**T**HE month's puzzle: Why did Universal change the title of "The Primrose Path" to "Burnt Wings?"

**S**PEAKING of engagements and rumored engagements, which we were not, is there anything in the report that the leading farceuse of the screen, blonde younger sister of one of our foremost emotional stars, has decided to shed her radiance, in private life, on a fortunate popular composer of typically American songs? She says not; and she has been the subject of so many false reports anent matrimony that one can almost believe her, particularly when she looks at you with those big brown eyes of hers. Once it was her leading man; again,

and more recently, the leading man of her best friend, another screen comedienne. She remained single. But this time: there she is, with a handsome ring, on the appropriate finger; a perfectly willing mother, and a seeming willingness to go to every new play or opera or roof entertainment with the equally willing young man. He gave her a sapphire and diamond bracelet for Christmas.

**O**F course you can get rid of your old clothes by selling them to the old clothes man, or handing them down to little sister. Geraldine Farrar has her own way. She holds sales twice a year and all those gorgeous gowns which you see in her pictures, or which she uses in concert or in private life are sold at a very moderate figure. It is said that Miss Farrar rarely wears her gowns more than two or three times, and that when she goes out on concert tour she takes a regular case, like they use in a store, to carry them in. On one trip she was accompanied by 75 gowns.

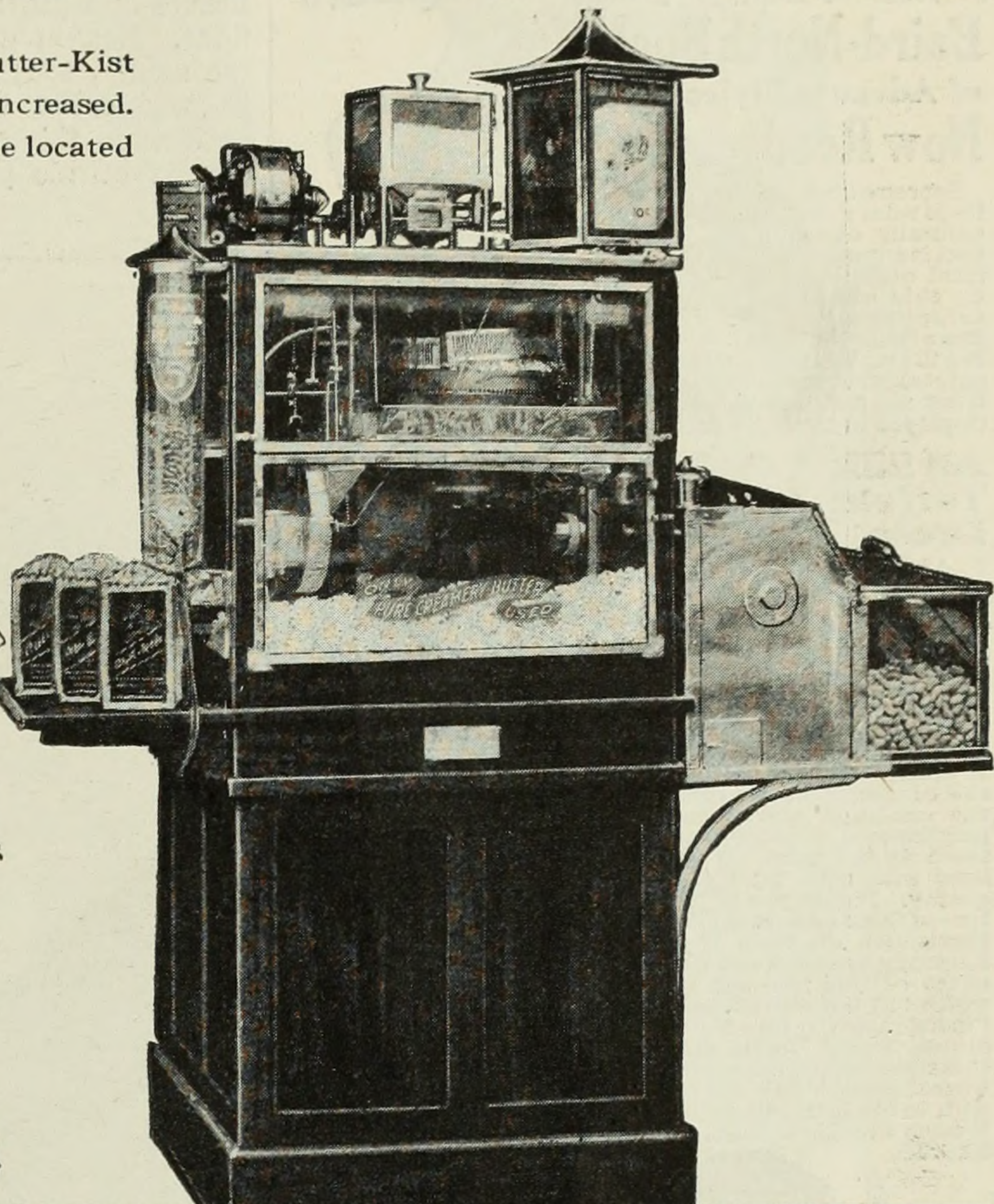
(Continued on page 92)



# We Took in \$597.00 In One Month

**That's the statement of a drug store in Cleveland. We quote from their letter to us.**

"We were very much surprised at the amount of business our Butter-Kist Machine did from the very outset. . . . And business has steadily increased. In one month we did a business of \$597.00." (Written to us by drug store located in Cleveland, Ohio. Name gladly given on request.)



**\$600 to \$3,120 From a Little Waste Space**

**The Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine brings new profits and new trade to stores and theatres**

We keep records on what storekeepers and theatre owners are making with the Butter-Kist Machine. And we have the actual figures to prove that the return in net profits is from \$600 to \$3,120 a year. This means an extra \$600 to \$3,120 in clear cash profits! And all from the use of a space 26 in. by 32 in., that has been going to waste.

But that is not all you can count on making with the Butter-Kist Machine. It draws trade. It multiplies all your other sales. It will amaze you to see the full possibilities. Let us tell you all that this wonderful machine means to you. We'll send you proof of profits, photos of stores with the machine, etc.—all free and postpaid.

**Let Us Send You Letters Like These**  
**MAIL THE COUPON**  
**49,015 Sales**  
"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first year," writes W. O. Hopkins, a storekeeper in Evansville, Ind., "also my magazine sales increased 97 per cent through new patrons brought in."  
**Over \$1200 Profits in One Year**  
"Profits in 12 months bought me a \$1200 motor car and also paid for machine," writes owner in Electra, Texas. (Population 640.)

## BUTTER-KIST POPCORN AND PEANUT MACHINE

**Pays Four Ways**  
1—Motion makes people stop and look.  
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.  
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.  
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

You know how fond every one is of pop corn and peanuts. The Butter-Kist Machine makes these goodies doubly inviting. You only have to average 90 nickel bags of Butter-Kist a day to make about \$1,000 a year profit. For on every sale you make 150 per cent profit. The Butter-Kist Machine runs itself. Requires no operator—no extra help or expense.

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452 Van Buren Street  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA  
Full particulars sent free to established merchants.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

**Mail This Coupon for Free Book**

We sell the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine on easy payments. A small amount down puts the machine in your store. You can pay the balance a little at a time out of your profits. Write us today for all information and prices. No obligation. Mail the coupon—NOW!

**HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY, 452 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.**

Name.....  
Business.....  
Address.....



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)

"THE butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker"—And now the baker has come into his own, on the screen. When they wanted a realistic bakeshop scene in Madge Kennedy's new picture, director Beaumont went out and hired the neighborhood baker. In one scene he bakes twenty-five loaves of bread, and in other scenes puts over the idea merely by rolling up his sleeves and putting his hands into a bowl of flour. Beaumont got many good tips about the scenes, too; and says that in the future he will enlist the personal service of any craftsman the script calls for, to get the benefit of his practical advice.

GEORGE FAWCETT said, when he left the Griffith organization, that he "surely would miss Dorothy Gish." He went to Vitagraph to direct Corinne Griffith in one picture. Then Dorothy began work on her new comedy, "Her Majesty"—went through the script and started rehearsals—all without a director. For Chet Withey was assisting D. W. Griffith. So Mr. Griffith, to make up, called Fawcett back to the fold and assigned him to conduct Dorothy. They are working together again at the new Griffith studios, with a cast which includes young Ralph Graves and George Siegmann, our admirable villain.



Married? Well, maybe only engaged. Persistent reports on the west coast say that Priscilla Dean is soon to change her name to Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Oakman—who first became known in pictures in "The Spoilers" for Selig, and who lately regained his position as a leading man upon his return from U. S. A. service—plays in Miss Dean's new pictures. Mrs. Dean, mother of Priscilla, has confirmed their engagement.

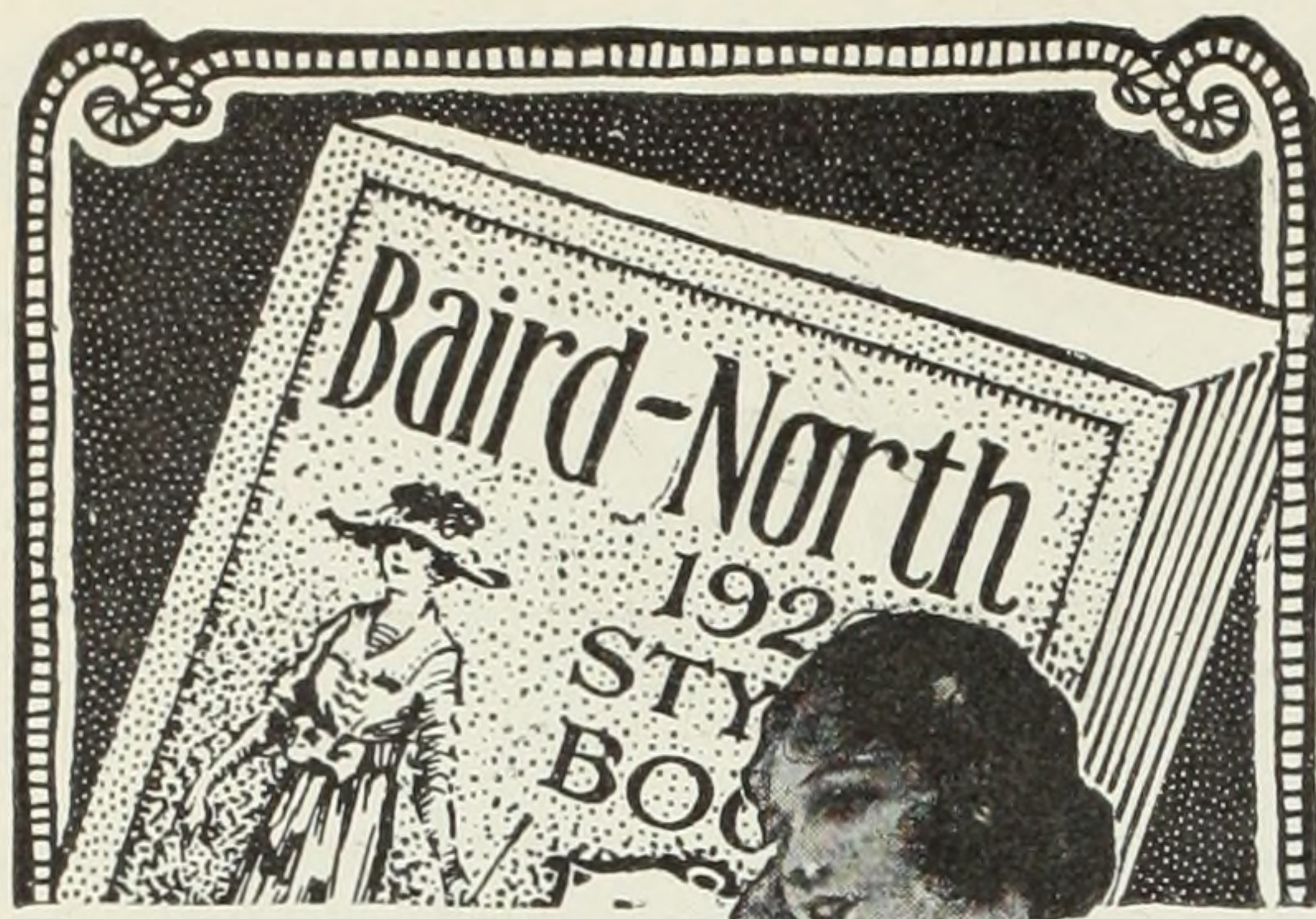
WATCH out for Roscoe Arbuckle! This portly comedian is going in for big things: deserting for a while his own series of slapstick comedies, he will adventure into the Lasky studios to do *The Sheriff* in the feature production of the stage play, "The Roundup," which George Melford is putting on. This will be Fatty's first attempt in the field of legitimate comedy.

SOMEONE in Hollywood started a story that Viola Dana is to marry Lieutenant Orme Locklear, formerly of the A. E. F. aviation service, but now giving exhibition flights in California. Miss Dana denied the report promptly, but her denial as quoted in a Los Angeles newspaper had a curious phrase. She is quoted as saying, "We are not even thinking very seriously about it." If this means that Miss Dana and Lieut. Locklear are thinking about it but not seriously, the question arises, how serious are thoughts about marriage which are not serious? Still, as Locklear is said to have a wife, the story hardly seems plausible. It is about a year since Miss Dana became a widow through the death of her husband-director, John Collins. Incidentally, she has been wearing a rather magnificent ring since Christmas.

HAVE you ever wondered why picture producers depend so much upon artificial lighting in the shooting of scenes when so many of them have the benefit of the sunshine of California? You know that, with your own kodak, natural light is much more effective than inside stuff. But the motion picture man has another angle to consider. The sun never stands still, whatever a certain Biblical gentleman may have done about it. Therefore, when a set is in work in the morning, and the company keeps right on working through the afternoon, the light necessarily changes. Night work is often essential and so the artificial light is resorted to anyway. If a company begins in the morning, inside the studio, under the arcs and with the spotlights, they can keep right on going until late at night with good and uniform lighting.

HERE is good news for any filmgoer who likes to see real things in celluloid. Raymond Hatton, the French king of "Joan" for Lasky, who recently joined Goldwyn, is to do William J. Locke's "Septimus." If you know "Septimus" you'll rejoice. If you don't know him, we advise you to see Hatton play him.

(Continued on page 94)



## Baird-North Book of Advance Styles Now Ready

Supreme quality is what you naturally expect in any garment offered by this old established firm of Baird-North Co. You will be more than agreeably surprised at the very latest and most beautiful styles displayed in our Style Book.

### All Silk Taffeta Dress \$29.75

12A311 Navy Blue.  
12A315 Black.  
12A313 Copenhagen Blue.

This beautiful, latest style All Silk Taffeta Dress is made in the artistic and fashionable basque effect. This lovely dress has the gracefully flaring short sleeves now so much in vogue. A special original feature of this handsome taffeta dress is the cordings which lend a peculiarly distinctive style touch to the skirt. Waist is lined with silky mull of fine quality. Double row of 12 buttons in front adds to the finish. Illustration discloses the delightfully graceful and dainty effect of this pleasing style, which has the distinct note of "individuality" that commends Baird-North dresses to discriminating women everywhere. Sizes: 14 to 20 for Misses with 36-in. skirt; 34 to 42 for Women with 39-in. skirt. Price \$29.75.

Shipping weight 1½ pounds

## All Wool Men's Wear Serge Suit

11A205 Navy Blue.  
11A207 Black.

A typical Baird-North offering, combining high quality and low price in a way characteristic of this old-established house. One of the most stylish and attractive

\$39.75

In this Spring's showing of ultrasmart suits, developed in all wool men's wear serge, a popular and extremely serviceable fabric.

Coat has semi-fitted lines at front, and artistic clusters of fine plaits at back, disappearing under the button-trimmed panel, as illustrated. Lower part is richly braided all around. Stylish narrow string belt of self material. This handsome coat is lined throughout with fine quality peau de cygne.

Skirt is plain, as required by the latest prevailing style; has pockets, and is gathered at back under all-around belt. Sizes: 34 to 42. Coat length at back 32 inches. Skirt lengths 39 to 42 inches. Price \$39.75.

### Send for FREE Style Book—Today

You will be delighted with the beautiful things shown in the Baird-North Style Book at prices amazingly low for guaranteed high quality. Coats, suits, dresses, lingerie, millinery, hosiery, shoes, etc. Postal or letter request brings you a copy of Style Book without cost or obligation. Send for it today!

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344 Broad St.

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*Makes Your Hair  
Look Its Best*



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

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

Be SURE it's

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*If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"*

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

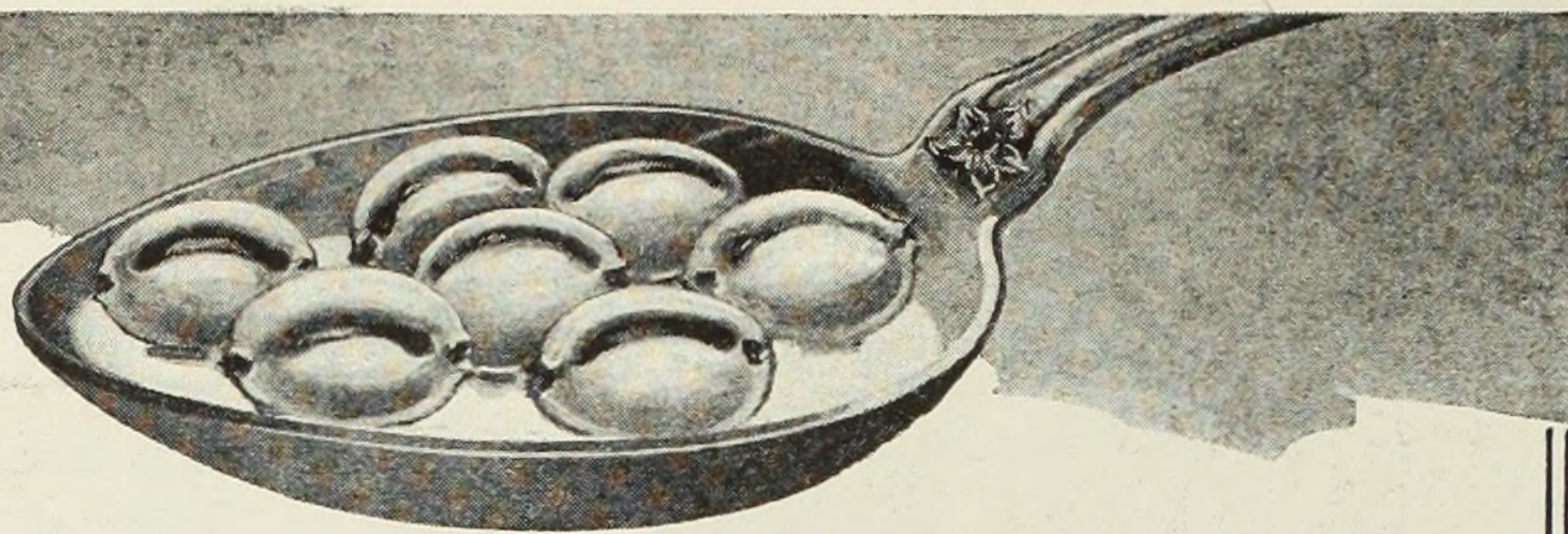
This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children*

**THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio**





# Like Nut Bubbles

## Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

The grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

## Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights. They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

## Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

**Puffed  
Wheat**

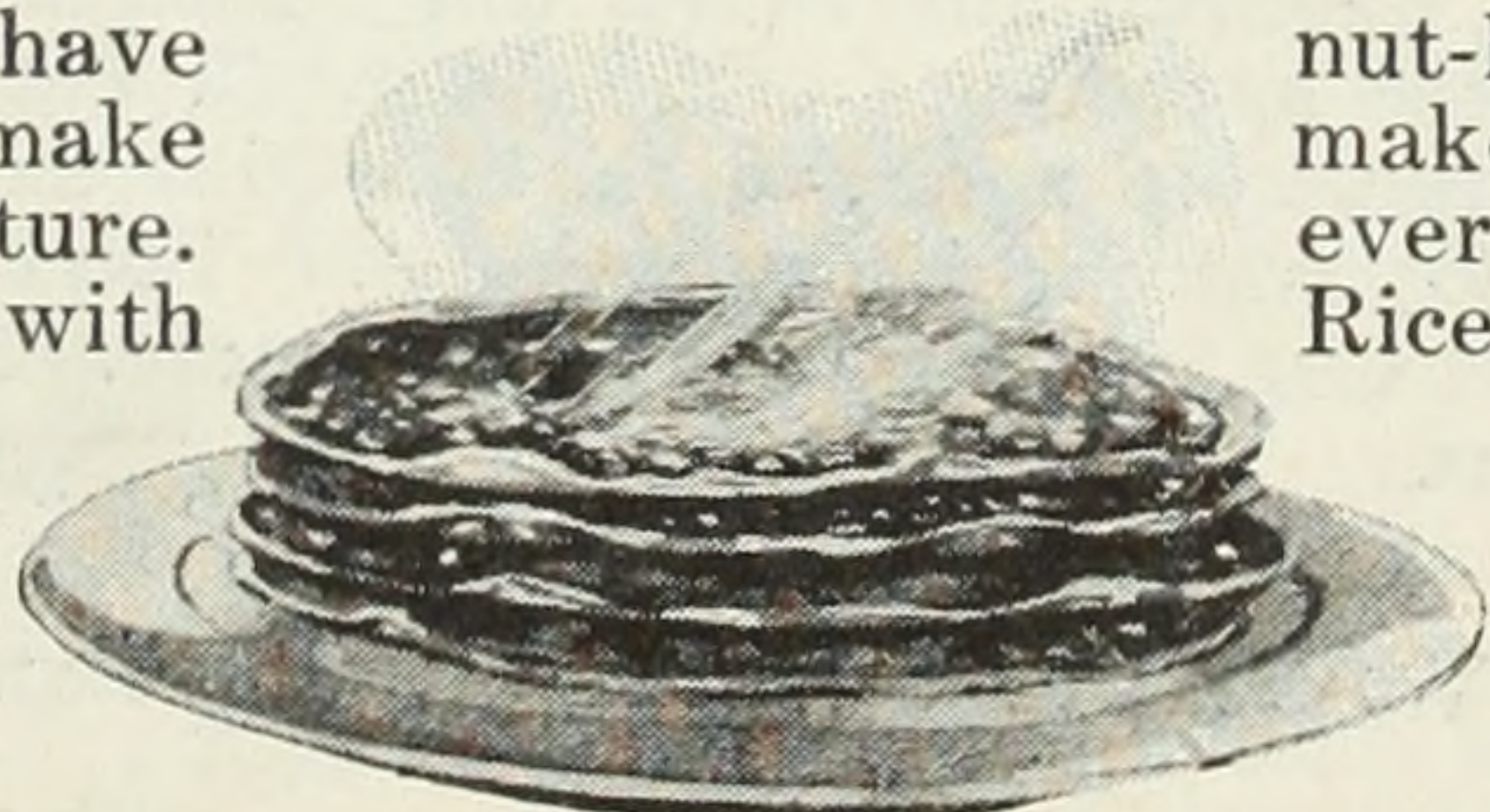
**Puffed  
Rice**

**Corn  
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

## To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a



nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.

3244

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

**CHIC SALE**, the young man who counterfeits old age so admirably in the Winter Garden entertainments, and in vaudeville, will give some of his impersonations on the screen. Irvin S. Cobb wrote a story, "A Smart Aleck," built around the old man character that Sale plays; and it will be seen soon.

**THAT** brilliant brunette, Florence Deshon, has come back to New York to take part in a new play. She made "The Cup of Fury," a Rupert Hughes photo-novel, on the coast. Miss Deshon will continue her film work in the East, living meanwhile in the Washington Square downtown district she much prefers to the shiny new apartment places uptown.

**THERE** are almost as many pugilists in pictures as there were prima-donnas. James J. Corbett was the first fighter to go in for films; he made a real success. But then Jim was an actor always before he was a "pug." Now Jack Dempsey has thrown the well-known hat in the better-known ring, and will make a serial called "Daredevil Jack" for Pathe. Dempsey, while not exactly handsome, is a husky chap and not bad-looking. Jess Willard made one picture. Bennie Leonard is going to make a serial. That's all.

**A** SOMEWHAT intriguing situation is found out at the Robert Brunton studios in Los Angeles. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are working on the same lot. Miss Pickford has been making her present pictures there and will continue to do so, while Moore left Manhattan the first of the new year, to make his future Selznick films in the West, and space was engaged for his company at Brunton's big plant. Because of the reported domestic differences in the Moore alliance the gossip hounds are hanging around waiting to pick up any little morsel like "they walked right past each other and never spoke." Remember when Moore was *Prince Charming* to Little Mary's "Cinderella?"

**DOROTHY PHILLIPS** and Allen Holubar have left Universal City—but not, says Carl Laemmle, the Universal company. They have a legal contract with that producing organization, but for one reason or another desired to break it, and abruptly left the lot with bag and baggage one day. According to Mr. Laemmle, they are going to be subjected to a stiff legal fight if they refuse to make the remaining pictures in the agreement. Universal has always been more or less subjected to this sort of thing from stars; once made, they turn from the old company to fresher, smarter fields, only, in some cases, to come to grief—or back to Universal City. It is said the Holubars want to sign up with Famous Players.

**WHILE** on this topic, we might mention that Eric von Stroheim, whom Laemmle picked from obscurity, risking many scores of thousands of dollars, to direct his own conception, "The Pinnacle," ("Blind Husbands"), has become dissatisfied and contemplates taking some step or other to get himself out of the annoying contract obligations. Laemmle was right when he said it was a cruel and ungrateful world.

**I**N recognition of his services in producing a film showing means of fire prevention, Thomas H. Ince was elected honorary member of the Fire Chiefs Association of the Pacific Coast at a recent convention in Los Angeles. A gold badge set with diamonds went with the official action, but, as yet, no red shirt and no helmet.



## Plays and Players

(Continued)

**M**ARCUS LOEW, head of the Loew theatrical enterprises, and Metro Pictures Corporation have effected a business affiliation. Loew, Inc., has purchased Metro stock, in a transaction involving several million dollars, and the large circuit of the Loew theaters will provide for the exhibition of the pictures which Metro will produce. Metro has been buying stage successes and well-known novels, and this policy will be continued; while Richard A. Rowland will continue as president of Metro. The deal means, in brief, an expansion of the producing organization and a greater facility in distribution and exhibition.

**A**SIDE from being an eminent actress, a poetess, and a writer of short stories which sell (if you've ever tried to sell one you know it isn't any joke), Mme. Olga Petrova is a composer of music. She has written the words and music of "The Road to Romany," a song just published, and a song which she has just sung into phonograph records. "The Dawn of an Indian Sky" is another of Madame's musical compositions which has been made into a record. On her vaudeville tour during the winter Mme. Petrova appeared at twenty-three vaudeville houses in which Sarah Bernhardt played on her vaudeville tour of the United States a few years ago. In eighteen of these she played to larger audiences than did the Divine Sarah. She was recently called back to New York for a few days business conference, and it is said that she will soon again be seen in pictures.

**S**PEAKING of clothes reminds us that recently Norma Talmadge turned down \$2,000 worth of new clothes just as coolly as if she were refusing another helping of butter at the table. It seems that a foreign manufacturer who wished to introduce a certain weave of goods into this country, offered to furnish the material and pay for the making of \$2,000 worth of sports clothes if Miss Talmadge would wear them on her trip to Cuba and Palm Beach. She would not.

**T**HE STORY is being told on Broadway of how a prominent literary agent called at the office of a well known film company, the other day and asked to see a gentleman whom she had good reason to believe was in his private office. He had been avoiding her on the telephone for several days. The girl at the information desk came back with the announcement that the gentleman had not come in yet. "Very well," the caller returned, "knowing this company and Mr. ——— in particular as well as I do, I just brought my lunch along with me and I'll sit here until he comes in." She planked herself down in front of the door where every one coming in would have to pass her. The information girl disappeared for a moment, then came back saying, "The funniest thing has happened. Mr. ——— has just come in the back way, and he will see you at once." The literary agent now carries her lunch.

**J**OHN EMERSON and Anita Loos are going abroad in May. The little human sub-title and her directing husband have been turning out scripts for Constance Talmadge with a regularity that has somewhat sapped their energy and they are to do England and "the continent" to rest up. While it is an avowed vacation, the couple will take along David Kirkland and a camera, which may or may not mean some Emerson-Loos foreign-made productions. Don't be gone too long, 'Nita and John.

(Continued on page 100)



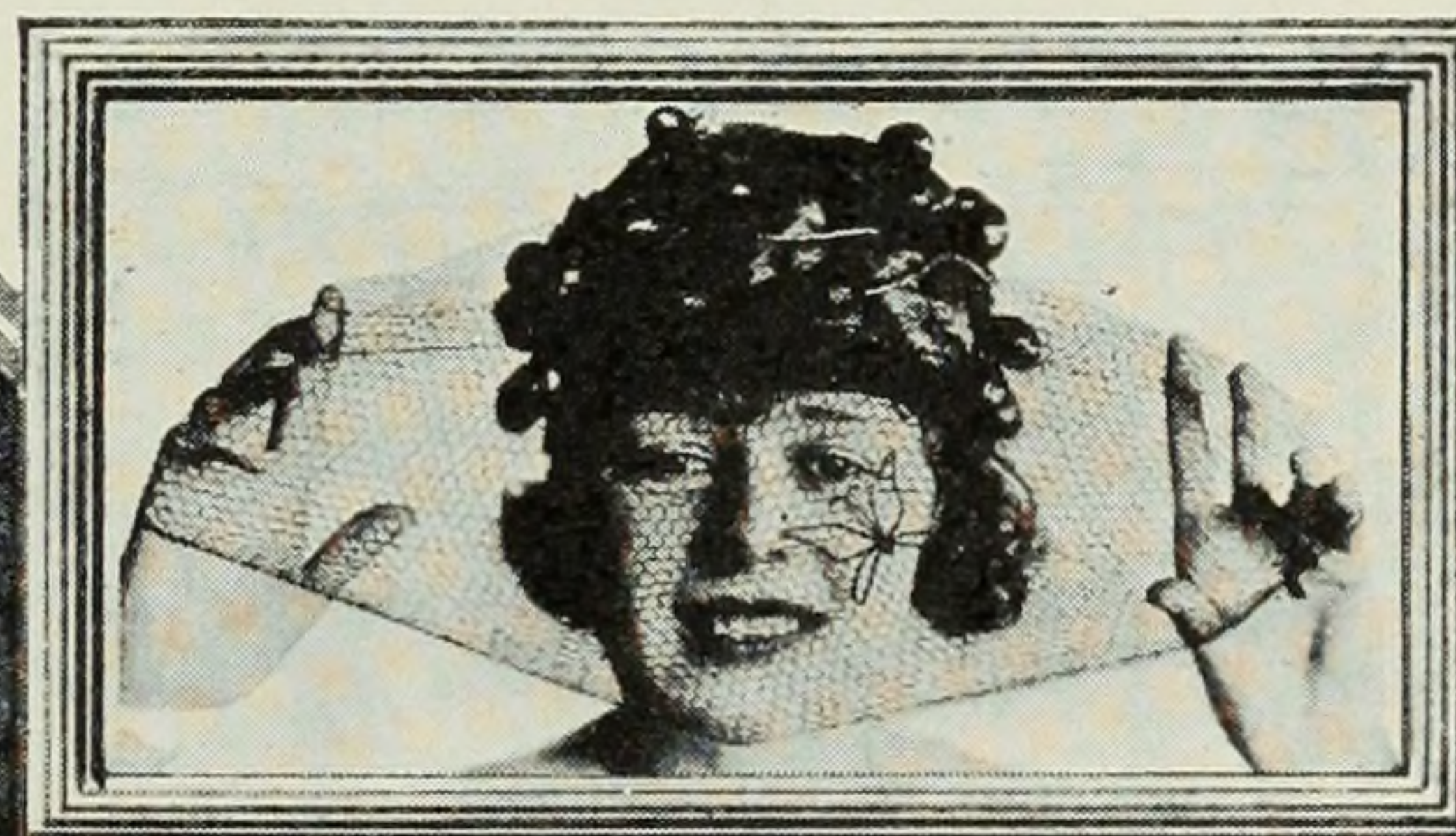
## Anita Stewart

### Wearing a Real French Veil

From Paris come the exquisite *Bonnie-B* Veils in countless fascinating patterns and newest French designs. These are the famous Veils that you "Just Slip On"—no tying—no pinning.

If your dealer cannot supply you send 25c for the Veil Miss Stewart is wearing—Pat. No. 127.

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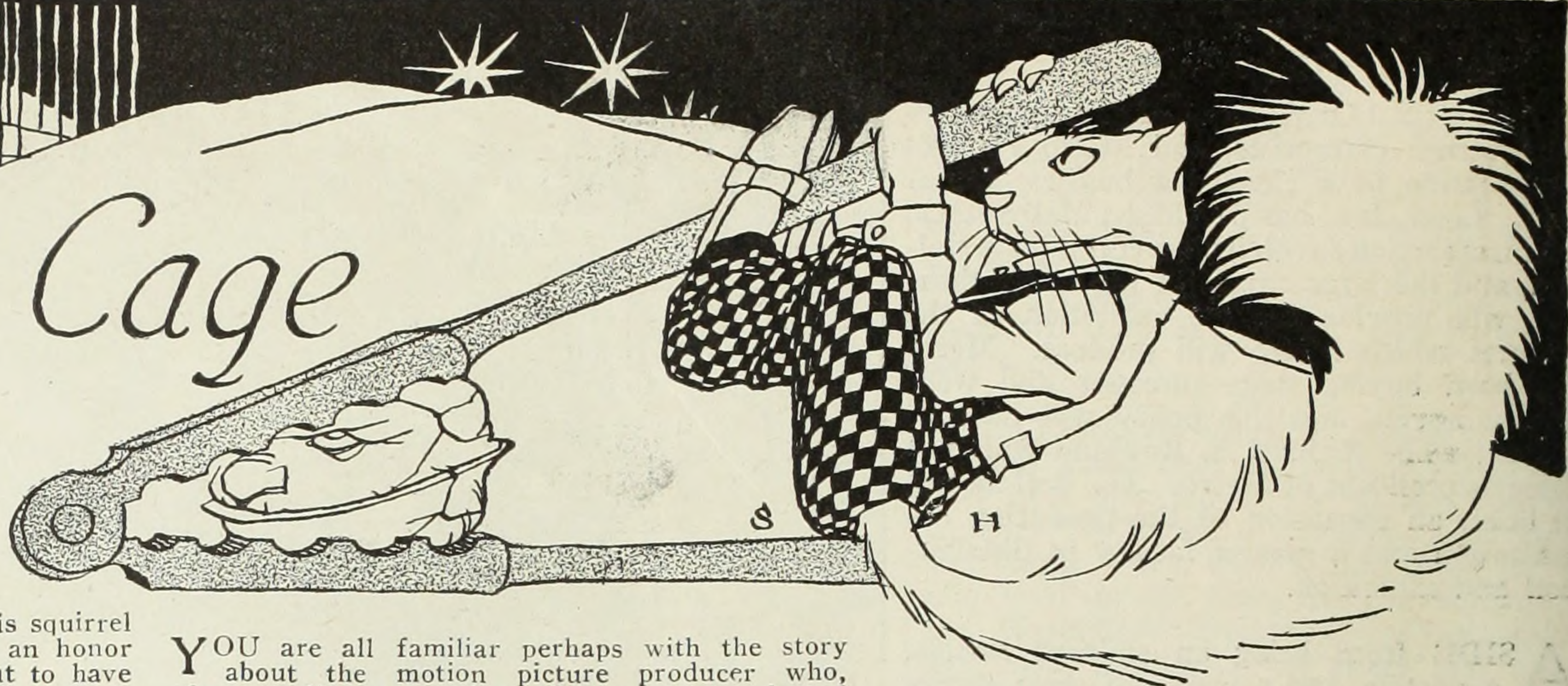
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

## "Just Slip it on!"



# THE Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT



**N**EVER before in the history of this squirrel cage have you readers had such an honor thrust upon you as you are about to have thrust upon you in the next few paragraphs.

Up till now you have only been invited to read the jokes and kernels of useless information that ye editor of this squirrel cage has gathered for you with great labor and many blisters to his scissors and paste pot fingers from the leading journals of the world. You have never been encouraged to write in saying that you first read our choicest chestnuts in "Fudge," twenty-five years ago. And you have never done so.

But now ye ed has hit upon a great scheme—a super-nut idea. Perhaps you have noticed all the contests they are having in the other pages of this movie mag.—caption writing contests and letter contests (though, thank Heavens no more beauty and brains contests!) and everything. Well now the Squirrel Cage is going to have a contest too.

You are going to be honored by being invited to contribute to this page, and to the one who writes the best last line to the following limerick, ye ed. will turn over his five years' subscription to this afore-mentioned movie mag. (i. e. Photoplay) which was given him last Christmas. (The 5-yrs' sub., he means.)

A. Gnutt.

P. S. This limerick idea also gives the man who runs this movie mag. a chance to see how much it would mean in your lives to get a five years' sub. to it (the mag.) for nothing but writing the finishing line to a foolish poem that doesn't have any sense to it anyhow. It also gives him a chance to see how many of you read this page.

A. G.

P. P. S. That five years' sub. to this magazine would cost you ten bones.

a. g.

**T**HIS is the limerick, the best last line to which will bring its author a five years' subscription to Photoplay Magazine:

I married sweet Alice  
Malone  
And fed her on cheese and  
bologne,  
Till she said, "I shall scream  
For some chocolate ice  
cream

(The dots mean that you can fill in the last line as you like, just so's you make it rhyme with "Malone" and "bologne," and as has already been remarked the one writing the line which is considered best by every body in the office, including the editor, will be given a five year's subscription free of charge.)

**"W**OMEN must abandon the traditions of generations and no longer dress to capture the fleeting fancy of the male or to be prettier than others of her sex," says a middle-aged single lady who edits a club woman's magazine. Her argument is that all women should dress alike. Imagine Madame Petrova in Mary Pickford's clothes, and on the other hand Mary Pickford in Madame Petrova's!

Keep the suggestion from Lucy Page Gaston, the deadly enemy of the cigarette. If she ever gets to be president that's just the sort of thing she'd rush through Congress.

**H**E: "So she has lost her husband. Has she recovered from her grief yet?"

She: "Not yet. You know how slow these insurance companies are in settling."

**Y**OU are all familiar perhaps with the story about the motion picture producer who, after reading a motion picture script adapted from one of Charles Dickens' novels, said, "Dot is pretty goot. Vire Mr. Dickens und ask him to do us a serial."

He had nothing on one of the employees of the Fox Film Company (Not Adv.) who was heard to say in an elevator the other day, "We got Clemenceau working for us now." "The Tiger of France" would no doubt be interested in knowing that in putting forth arguments as to why the American public should want to see "his one and only work for the first time in motion pictures," the producer says that "no name is so greatly advertised today" as the author's. The novel, now picturized, is "The Strongest."

**O**UR idea in nothing to be is "the worm holer" recently advertised for by some manufacturer of antique furniture in a New England newspaper. "Worm holing" is quite a business—just as is the manufacture of raspberry and strawberry seeds to be used in dolling up apple jam to make it look like the real stuff.

The "worm holer" shoots a spray of shot into the wood that he is making look ancient. The seed manufacturer uses wood, too, as a usual thing, though some who have a more conscientious regard for the stomachs of future jam eaters than others, use grass seeds.

**"W**HERE in the world," cried the orator, "do we find wrongs righted, virtue rewarded, and happiness assured us?"

"At the pictures!" was the sharp answer of some Mary Miles Minter Fan.

—Fragments.

**W**OOD'S boom has started off spiffingly. A well known brand of alcohol has been named after him.—(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

**T**HE shoe dealers advise people to shine their own shoes. "Aside from the saving of expense," stated the same report that said the cost of shoes was going right up, "it is important to know that the heat or friction burning caused by the savage onslaught of the professional shoe shiner is responsible for most of the cracking of the uppers."

It shows a very helpful spirit on the part of the shoe dealers in convention assembled, that they should be willing to let the public in on any secrets that will make shoes last longer—especially as there are probably a great many more people who have never been inside a shoe shining parlor than those who have.

**T**HE anniversaries we always remember are those we would rather forget.

**"A**REN'T you ready dear?" called hubby from down stairs.

"As soon as I fix my hair, Henry," came the reply.

"Haven't you fixed your hair yet?" came from Henry an hour later.

"Fixed it?" shouted the female voice, "I haven't found it yet."

**A** WRITER on hygienic subjects declares, "A young man should kiss a girl either on the left or right cheek." "As the option of either cheek is given," remarks Punch, "many young men will no doubt hesitate between the two."

**MISS PRIMROSE:** "Don't you ever give your dog any exercise?"

Miss Hollyhock (fondling a fat pug dog): "Of course. I feed him with chocolates every few minutes just to make him wag his tail."—N. Y. Telegraph.

**T**HE proprietor of the largest dance hall in Chicago has startled the World (N. Y. Morning) by saying that ugly girls are better dancers than pretty girls. "They are more graceful than pretty girls because they work harder to make up for their lack of facial beauty. Pretty girls are as a rule, beside being conceited, lazy and indifferent," says this gentleman who has a chance to watch thousands of girls every day.

**NEW Authors For Old Fiction:**

"To Have and to Hold," by Samuel Gompers.

"Paradise Lost," by William Jennings Bryan.

"The Trimmed Lamp," by John D. Rockefeller.

"In His Steps," by William G. McAdoo.

"Why the World Laughs," by Charlie Chaplin in collaboration with Secretary Burleson.—Life.

**T**HIS is all for this time. In closing ye ed wishes to say that no last line ending in Salome will be considered for the limerick contest.



**T**O all appearances this is a family of fat rascals on its way to the circus. Are we right? *Non*—the two fat rasclettes, distinguished by lollypop and balloon, are corn-fed natives from the tall peaks of the Sierras, who were found by Paul Powell, Mary Pickford's director, in time to make this scene for "Pollyanna." The plump gentleman is F. E. Benson, manager of Mary Pickford's studio, and he was called into the cast because they were shy on actors with sufficient avoirdupois to balance the children. "Now every time I feel myself weakening towards bananas or French pastry or potatoes au gratin," he says, "I shut myself up in the projection room and look at this picture. It strengthens my morale."



# LA DORINE

*The Imported Compact Powder from Paris.*



*The Tea Hour at Palm Beach*

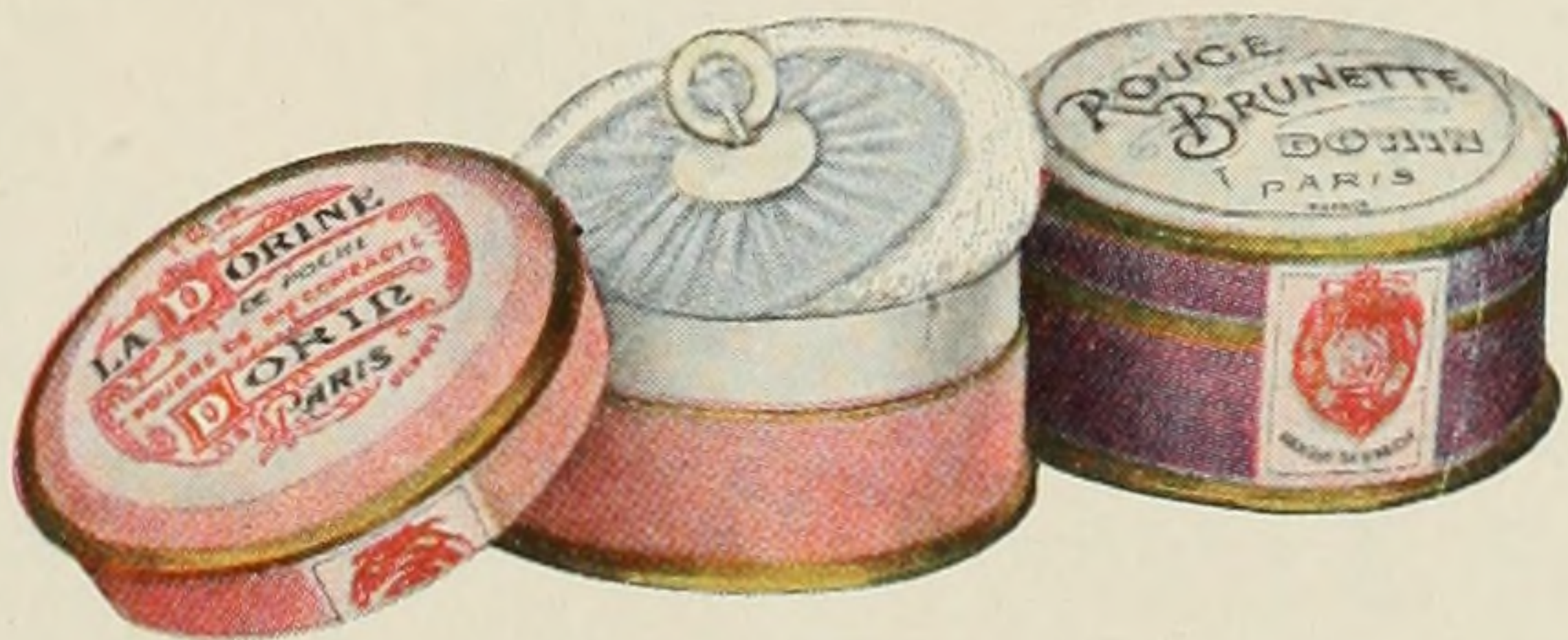
THE most picturesque time of day at this famous winter resort is late afternoon when society gathers at the hotels for tea and gossip. At such close range under the tropical sun every imperfection of the skin is magnified; but the wise sojourner in the South has invariably provided herself with Dorin's

Compacts to soften the surface of her complexion and to reduce or enhance the natural coloring as she requires. Dorin's Compacts are to be found at all famous resorts, not only in the smarter shops but in the bags and vanity boxes of the great majority of the guests.

#### WHAT IS YOUR COLORING?

Send description of your hair, eyes and complexion with **25c in stamps**, and we will send two miniature *compacts*, La Dorine, and one of Dorin's Rouges. Also booklet reproducing, in full color, seven exquisite types of beauty with directions for choosing the correct *compacts* for each type.

Or for **10c in stamps** we will send the booklet with generous samples of La Dorine and Dorin's Rouge *en poudre* instead of the *compacts*.



#### FOR YOUR PROTECTION

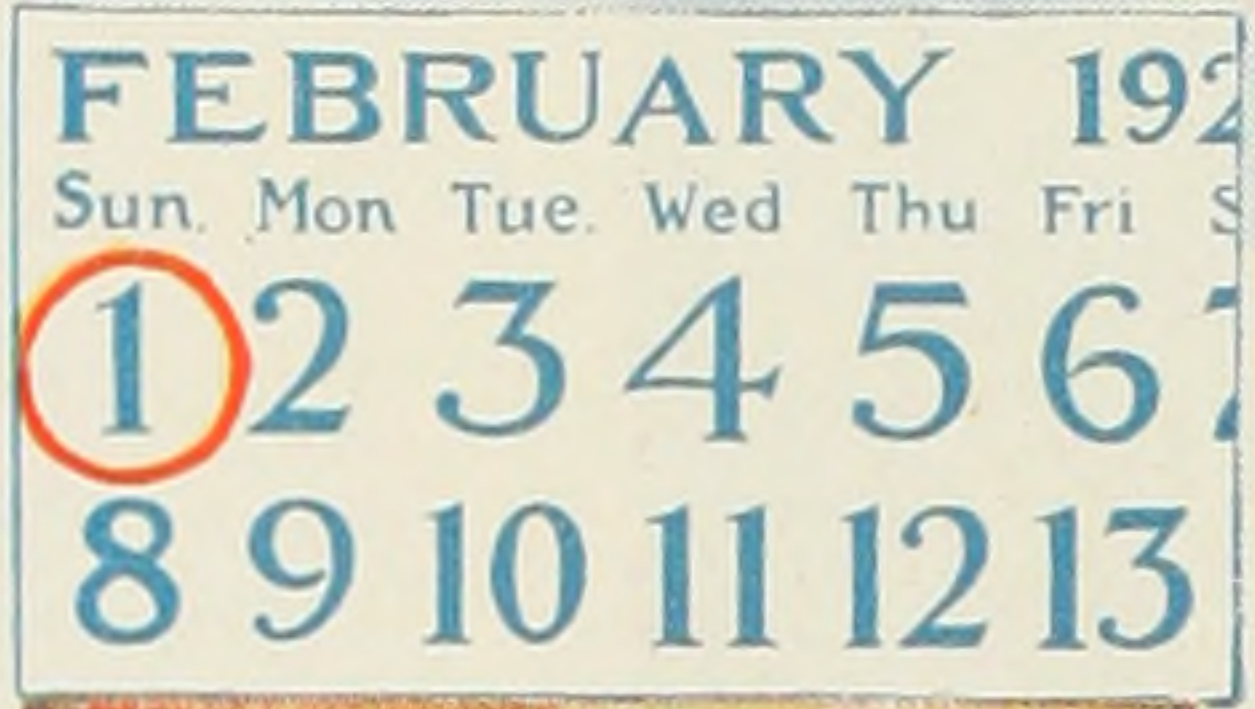
DORIN'S preparations are sold only in containers marked, "DORIN, PARIS"

LA DORINE comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Large dressing table size, \$1.00.

For arms and shoulders, use the Companion Powder, La Dorine *en poudre*. Box \$1.00.



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On the First Day of Every Month  
a Prudential Check Can be Put  
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Hundreds of American Homes  
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## PRUDENTIAL DAY THE NATIONAL PAY DAY

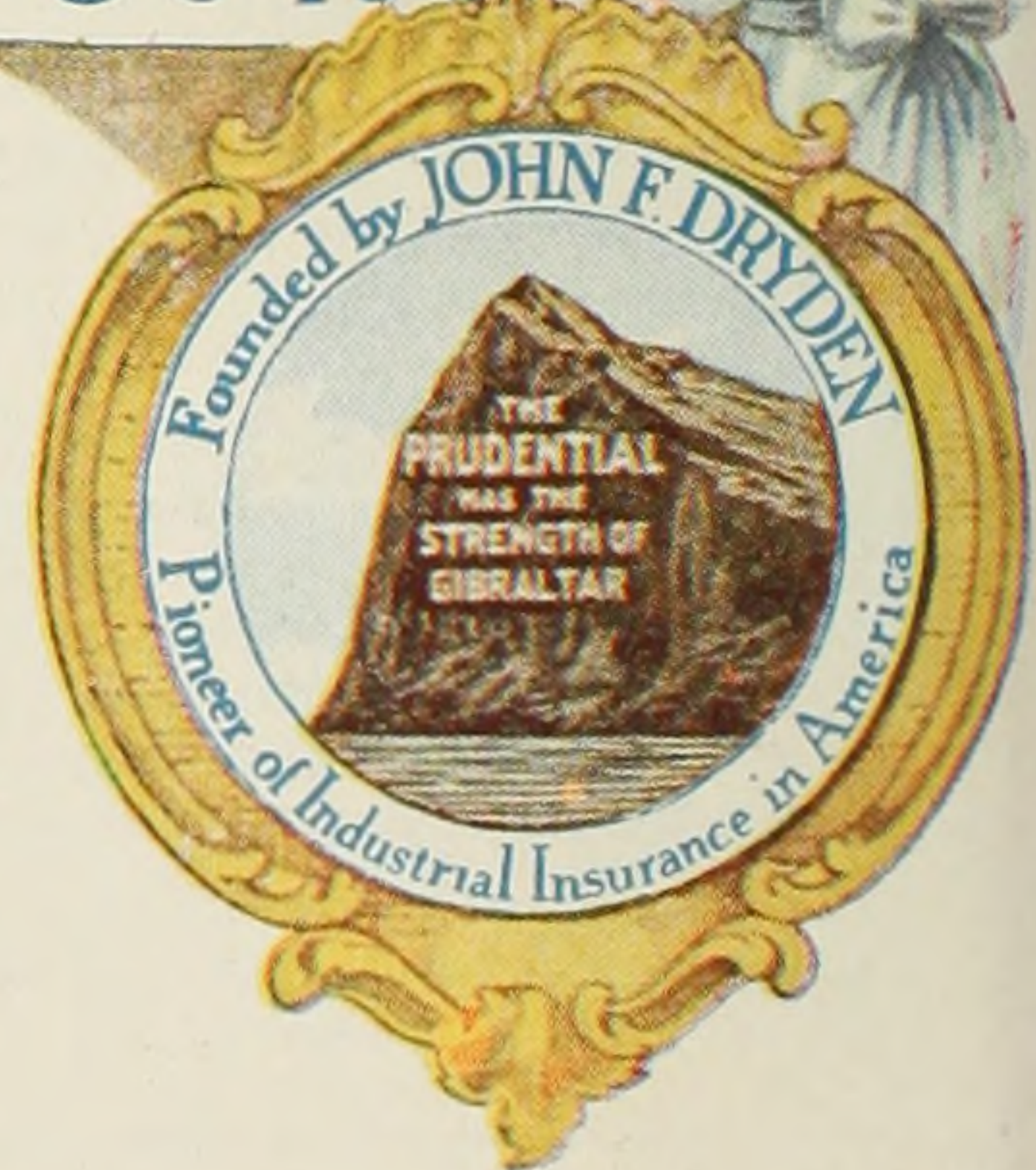
Your Life and Memory Can be  
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# The Prudential

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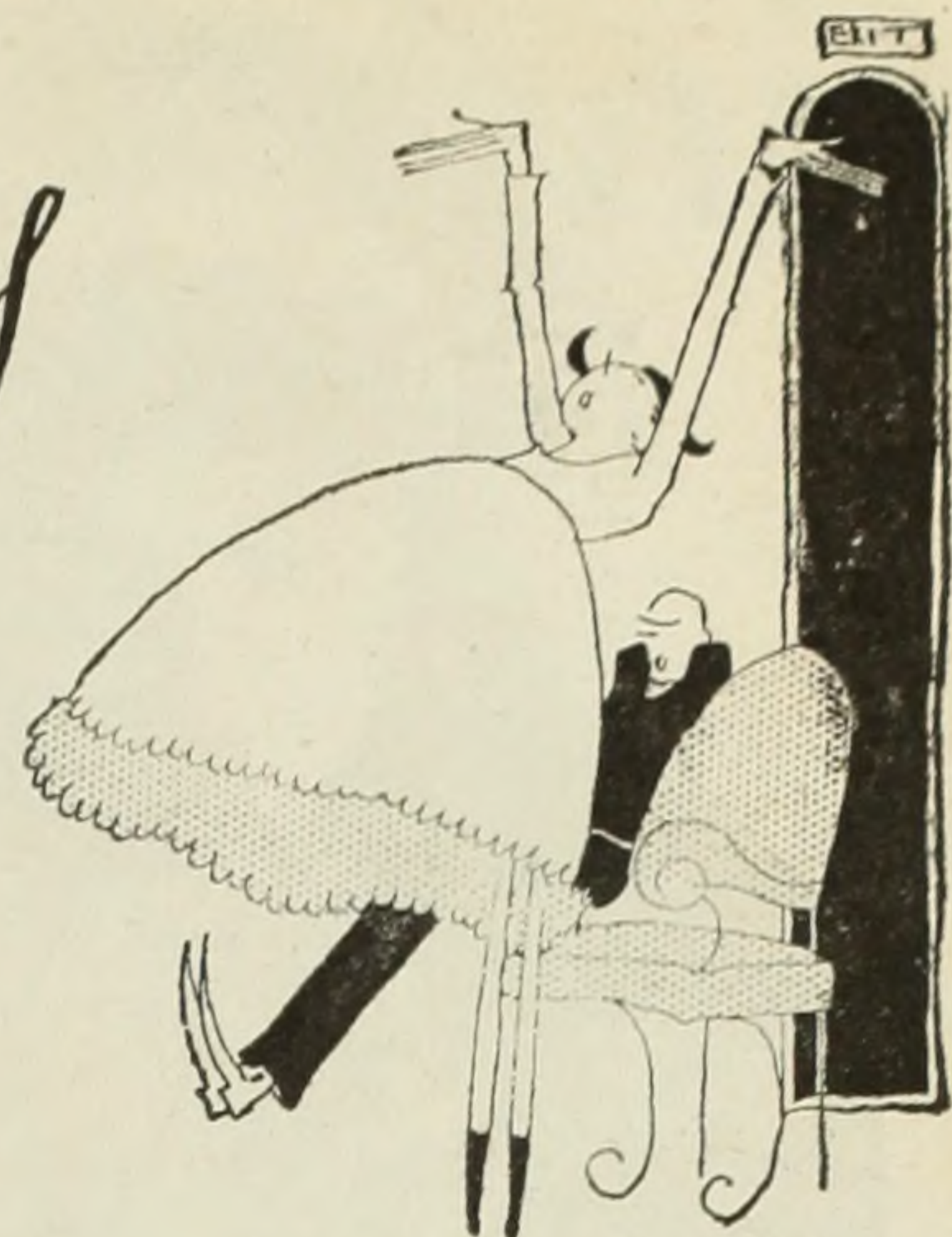




# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which 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.



## Maybe She Met the R. F. D. on the Way

**I**N Charles Ray's "Crooked Straight," his leading lady is given a letter by her father presumably to be mailed. She places it in her hat and wears the hat to the next scene, where Ray is. There she removes the hat and we were all expectantly waiting to see the envelope flutter to the ground. It didn't.

J. H. P., New York City.

## "The Papers" Again

**T**HAT must have been a long letter that Lord Grimwood was supposed to have written to his wife Marion (Dorothy Dalton) in "His Wife's Friend." Dorothy is shown with the letter in her hand, and it is seen clearly to be closely covered with writing on four sides. Then it is shown on the screen as a very short one-page letter. Later when the friend (Henry Mortimer) reads it, it is seen to cover only two pages.

C. G., Jersey City.

## A Rising Young Actress

**I**N "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," the "dream garden" of the little princess is surrounded by a wall so high that it takes the help of a tree on one side and much scrambling on the other, for the lengthy and agile Wallace Reid to surmount it—and yet no sooner has the American roadster started off, than Lila Lee appears head and shoulders above the wall, in a delightfully reposeful and unruffled attitude. No ladder or other means of support was in view on the garden side at any time.

S. G. F., Washington, D. C.

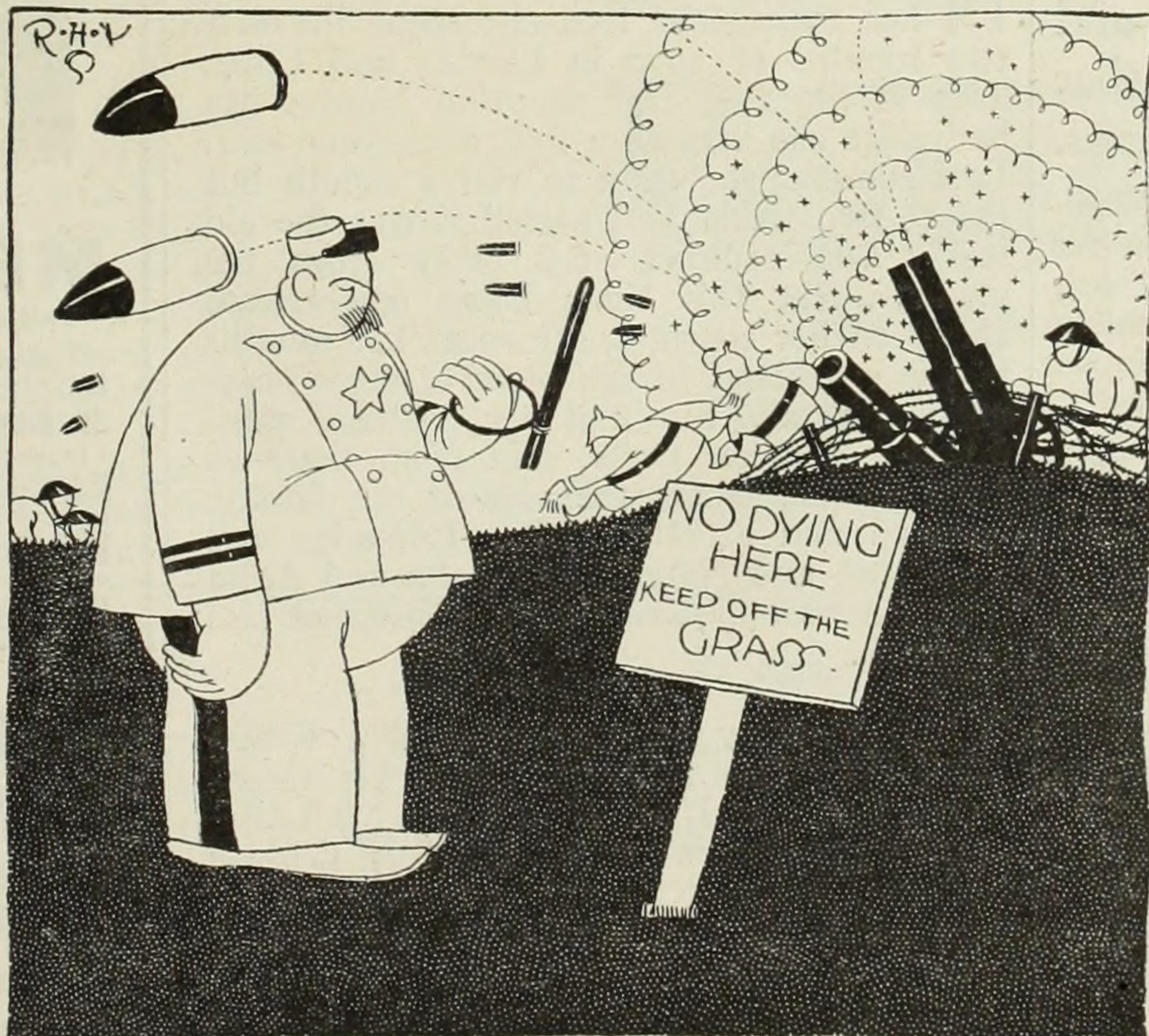
## The Sennett Invasion

**"THE WESTERNERS"**—I always thought it was a period picture—is certainly up-to-date. It was supposed to carry us back to the days of the small mining towns where the men carried revolvers in their belts and whisky and other drinks were sold in saloons and dance-halls. On the wall, however, in one of the scenes, were two pictures that drew my attention. They were both copies of the *Police Gazette*. One was a picture of George Burns of the New York Giants and the other a striking likeness of a Mack Sennett bathing-girl.

PHILIP C. HALPER,  
New Haven, Conn.

## Keep off the Grass

**"THE UNBELIEVER"** is probably an old picture to you Americans but I can't resist registering a kick against it. The scenes are supposed to be of "battle-torn France;" most of them "No Man's Land." Did the director ever see France? There were no lawns in No Man's Land; nor were soldiers allowed there without their gas-masks. Not a gas-mask was seen throughout the film, not even on the



German soldiers—and who ever saw a German at the front without his mask? Who would take the trouble to saw down trees at the front? No need of sawing them, they came down anyway. Who ever saw civilians living in No Man's Land, who—like the rabbi in the picture—would stand in the middle of the street and not blink an eyelash while shells were bursting all around? There were *houses* that—after the bombardment—still had glass in the windows! I've seen a good many incongruous war pictures, but this is the limit and therefore worth recalling.

H. E.  
U. S. S. Gazelle.

## Anything May Happen in a Fog

**I**N "The Better Wife" Kathlyn Williams was in an automobile with wire wheels and electric lights. She rode through the fog and later on, she and her car turned over. We see a close-up of the car with wooden wheels and gas lights.

K. M. L., Crawfordsville, Ind.

## Maybe He Developed a Tooth-ache

**I**N "Sage-brush Tom" the hero hit the villain in the chest. This is plainly seen. But in the next scene the villain had his jaw bandaged.

A. K., Canton, Ohio.

## That Carey Is a Smooth Feller

**I**N a late Harry Carey picture, "The Gun Fighting Gentleman," Harry wanted to get even with a certain retired rancher, by holding up an automobile containing the monthly payroll. As soon as the auto left, Harry jumped from the fence where he was sitting by the gate. The gate was closed. He ran for his horse nearby, and the next minute he was going through the open gate full-speed ahead.

C. R., Sioux City, Iowa.

## It Had to Be a Good Wreck

**I**N "The Wreck," the president's train starts out three coaches in length. Later, in another view, at least six larger coaches are on the train.

H. JONES,  
Fort Madison, Ia.

## Scared Out of His Boots, You Might Say

**MR. HART**—beg his pardon — Bill, in "John Petticoats," threw off only his hat before jumping from the wharf to rescue Rosalie, but when he emerged from the water with the young lady it was noticed that he was in his stocking feet.

F. W. H.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## The Caption Writer Had a Cold

**I**N "The Thirteenth Chair," the name Grossby is often changed to Crosby and back again.

F. Duenas, Jr.,  
Pasadena, California.





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Campbell  
Studio,  
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### Listen to Marion Davies:

"Hyglo packages are so handy to carry when traveling, and they do their work so satisfactorily I would not be without one."

*Marion Davies*

The public likes Marion Davies. An atmosphere of charm, simplicity and beauty surrounds her that endears her to us all. Like all stage and screen stars, she knows what toilet and manicure preparations best preserve and heighten her charms—her judgment is an expert one. To keep her nails pretty and attractive Marion Davies uses

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Hyglo Manicure Preparations are sold individually at leading drug and department stores at 35c to 65c. **This Outfit \$1.50**

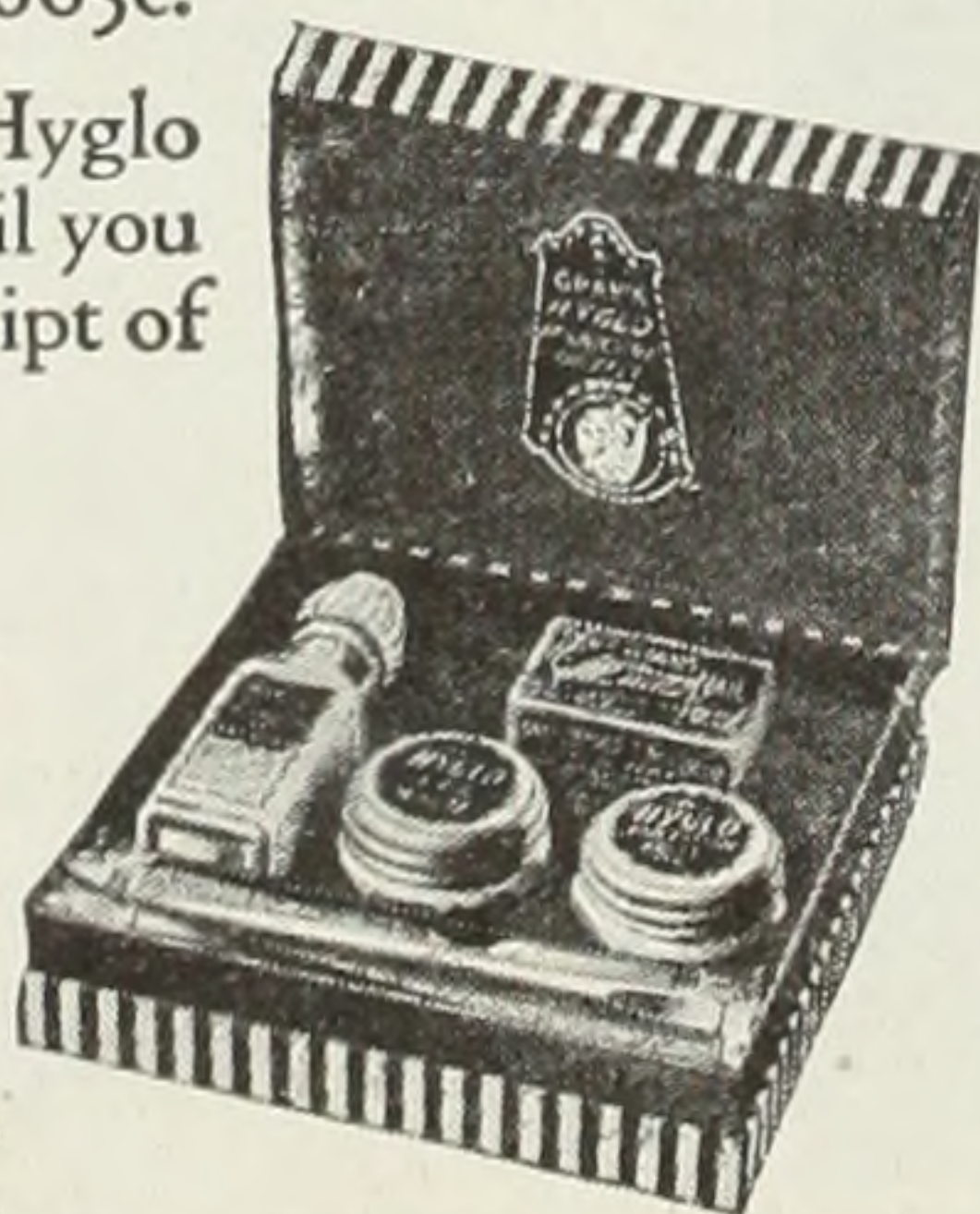
To enable you to try Hyglo preparations, we will mail you small samples, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.

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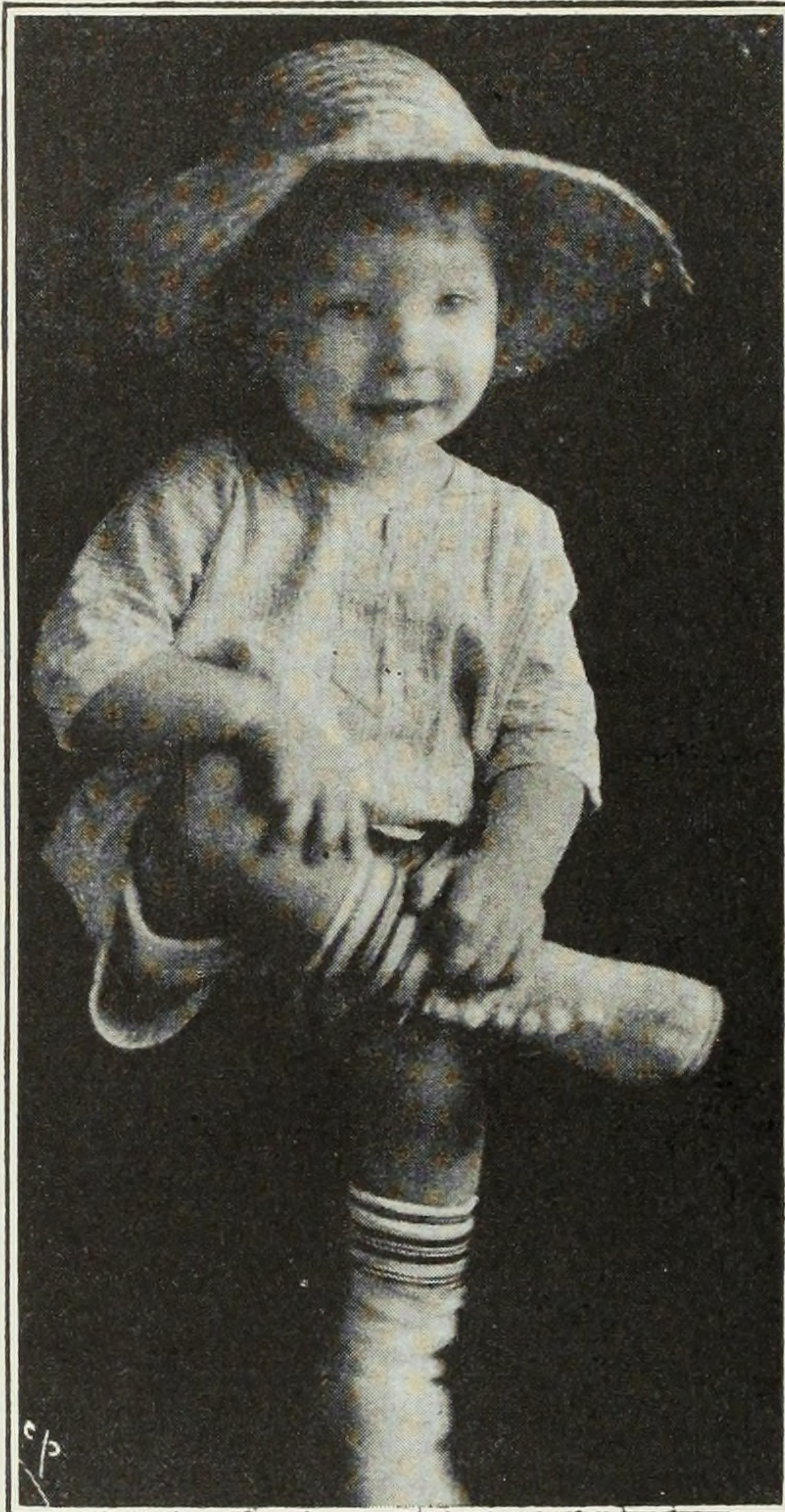
171 Madison Ave., N. Y. and  
10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 95)

**O**LIVE TELL, the exquisite blonde who used to be with Metro, will appear in Jans Pictures Inc., the first of which will be "Love Without Question," an adaptation of C. Wadsworth Camp's novel, "The Abandoned Room," James Morrison will be her leading man. Miss Tell appeared in "Civilian Clothes" on Broadway this winter.



Remember that page we had, "Hey Little Boy, What's Your Name?" About the little boy comedian who strayed away from Sennett, and Mack went out to look for him? He must have seen his picture in the papers, for he came back and has been working hard ever since. His name, he says, is Don Marion.

**N**ORMA TALMADGE SCHENCK and her managerial husband spent the first two months of 1920 in Florida and Cuba. This is the first real vacation Norma has had since she became a first magnitude star. Last summer she tried to rest a month but before two weeks had passed it was the old story: she couldn't stay away from the studio. But this time, being one release ahead on her contract, she spent her months in the southland in the most carefree manner she liked. She and her husband went first to Havana, Cuba, and from there to Palm Beach, where the rest of the family, personal and artistic: Mrs. Talmadge and Constance and Natalie, and John and Anita Loos Emerson, joined them. Constance had to work.

**T**HE monthly announcement that Elliott Dexter has recovered from his recent severe illness and will soon begin his Lasky starring engagement, which has been delayed since last summer, is now accompanied by the information that Mr. Dexter will be well enough to make a trip to New York and back, and anyone who can stand that is believed to be in condition for picture acting.

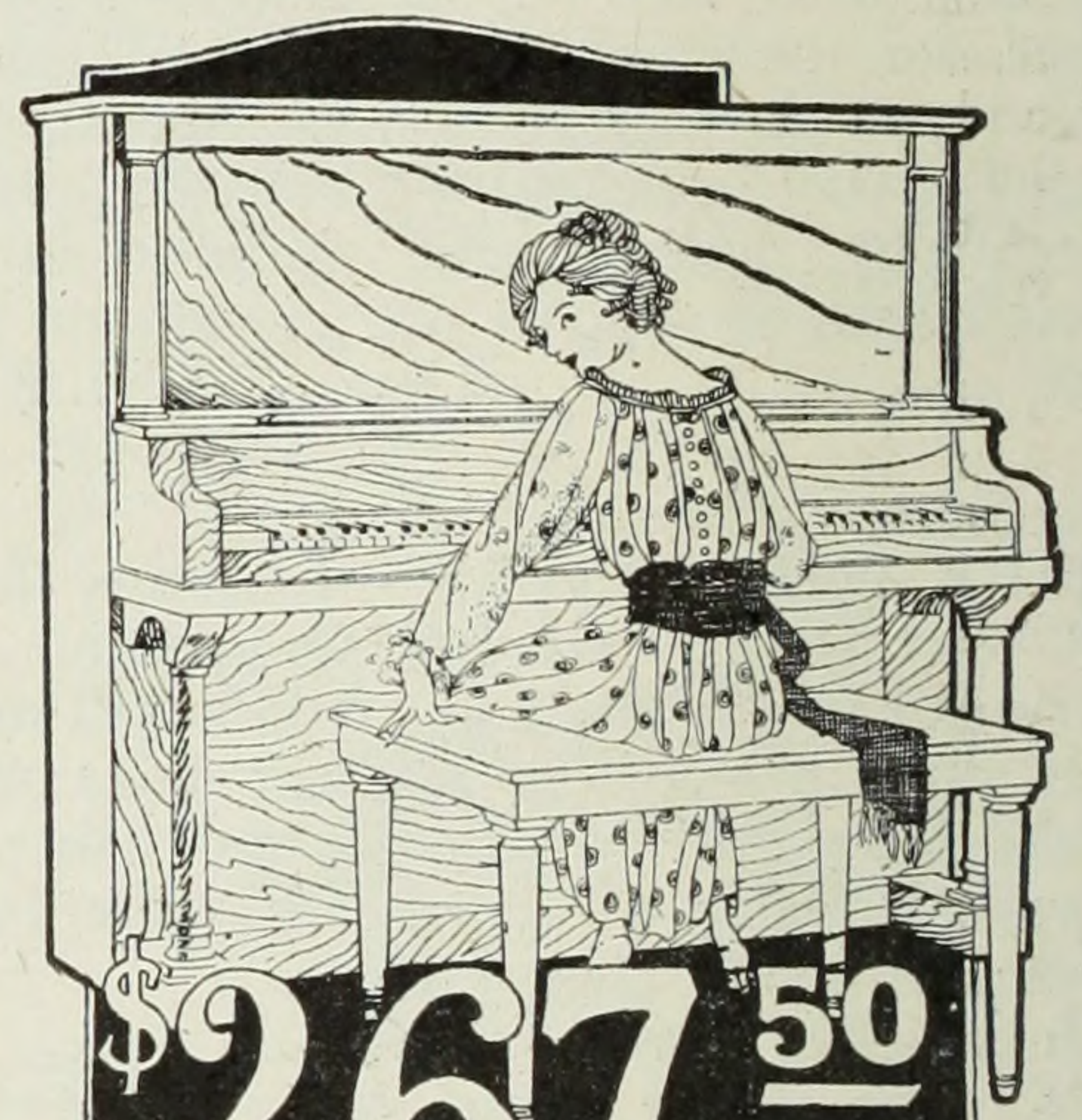
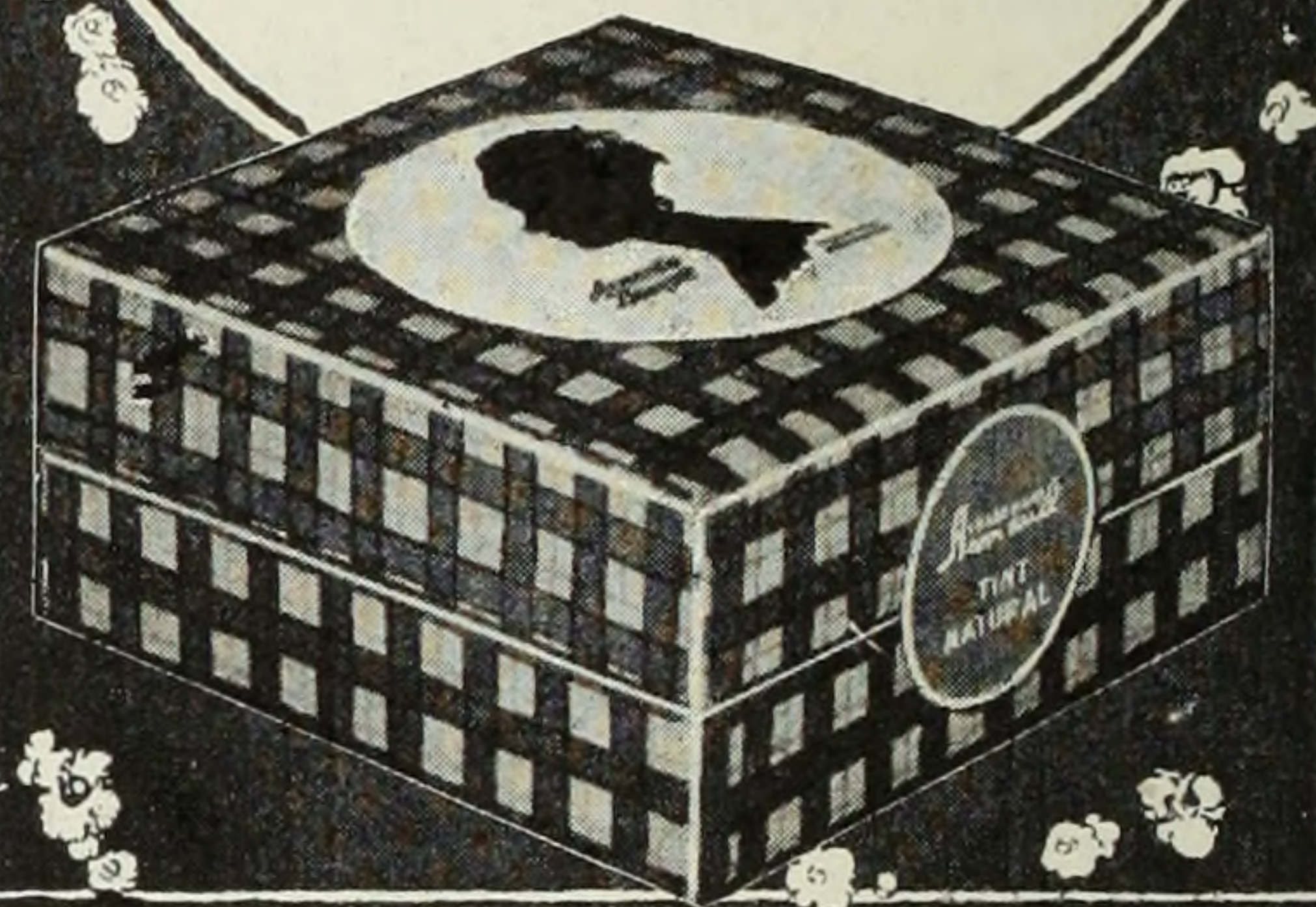
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You will find Armand at all the better shops in several delightful fragrances. The Bouquet is a fairly dense powder which comes in the square box, at 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder is wonderfully dense and clinging and comes in a miniature hat box, at \$1. If you'd rather, send us 15c and your dealer's name, for three samples. Address

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YEARS  
TO PAY**  
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WAY TO SECURE  
A SATIN SKIN  
APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM,  
THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER**



(Continued)

WHOEVER believed for a second that Irene Castle, the adored of all who dedicate their hearts to those who trip the light fantastic would settle down in a small town and really like it? It is hard to believe that one who had danced before the King and Queen of England, who had been entertained in the most brilliant society, who has had more attention from the smart magazines than perhaps any other young woman of this generation would find a great deal to amuse her in Ithaca, New York. But it is reported that when she gets home with her husband, Robert W. Treman, she forgets totally the white lights and the Famous Players-Lasky studio and it is all they can do to get her back. According to every indication, the former Mrs. Castle is very much in love.

ANOTHER little girl has been made the star of her own company, without any previous stage or screen experience. She is Hope Hampton, whose productions, made by the Hope Hampton company, are sponsored by Jules Brulatour. The first release will be "A Modern Salome." It does seem that Miss Hampton might have chosen a more modest vehicle for the debutante display of her talents; but then we suppose if she played a country girl or something simple like that she couldn't wear her pearls and silk stockings.

ALMA TELL is the sister of Olive. Like most sisters of well-known beauties, she is a sort of understudy, never considered quite so pretty as the first Miss Tell. But of a certainty her brunette good-looks showed up to advantage the other day in a scene directed by George FitzMaurice at the Famous Players 56th St. studio, New York. She seems very willing, nay, eager to work; and she wants to get on. Alma is a good foil for the blonde Mae Murray Leonard, featured in this production of "The Right to Kill." It is, by the way, originally a French story, from a novel by Pierre Louys, author of "Aphrodite," but the locale has been switched to Turkey and with the exception of one big situation, the yarn bears no resemblance to the original of the adaptation. Anyway, it gives the men of the cast a fine chance to wear those military capes which moving picture custom decrees should be worn by Turkish officers.

LOTTIE PICKFORD has come back, making the third Pickford to be manufacturing stellar pictures. While Jack has thoroughly established himself in the film field, Lottie, perhaps because of her infrequent appearances, has dropped out of recent years as far as filmgoers are concerned. Any Pickford packs 'em in, I suppose; but the mere fact that the brunette sister returns with her own company, producing independently, doesn't mean so much as her consistent future accomplishment and its harvest of possible popularity. Meanwhile Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's little girl, remains in strictest seclusion as far as the studios are concerned; she has not appeared before the camera, and her mother and her devoted aunt Mary do not intend that she shall, at least not for some years to come.

A SCENARIO romance to culminate in a spring wedding, is that of Frank A. Dazey and Miss Agnes Christine Johnston. Miss Johnston is doing continuity for Thomas H. Ince, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" being one of her big successes. Mr. Dazey is the son of Charles T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky," and is handling the Underwood for the Louis B. Mayer company.

# A Woman's Smile Should Reveal Glossy Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



## It is Film That Clouds Them

That slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it continues to mar the beauty and to wreck the teeth.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. 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.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. So dental science has for

years sought a way to end it. Now an efficient film combatant has been found. It has been proved by careful tests. And now leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

## Supplied to All Who Ask

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to show its effects a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks. This to urge that you get it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

Compare the results with the methods you are using. See the change in ten days. Then decide for yourself if this new method is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists.

Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

### See What It Does

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. These effects are most important—prove them.

### Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Your Appearance and  
Your Skin Demand**

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Cold Creamed Powder**

If you start for a day of shopping, or on a motor trip, or for an evening of dancing and want to look your best for hours to come without further attention—make your toilette with wonderful LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER.

For face, neck, arms, and back. Not effected by wind, rain nor perspiration, yet gives no over-done or artificial appearance.

LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER protects every tiny crevice of the flesh with a velvety film of powder, giving your complexion that delicate freshness of a young girl's skin.

Highly beneficial and recommended for constant, daily use. Tints: Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65c for a large 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 a 2 cent stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12 cents stamps if more convenient.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I usually buy my toilet goods from.....



**Plays and Players**

(Continued)

**S**YLVIA BREMER, that dusky jewel of many Ince pictures, and later a decided adornment to J. Stuart Blackton's films, has gone to Mayflower, where she will be starred under the direction of Sid Franklin.

**G**RACE CUNARD would seem to have given up serialing. Another one of her "come-backs" will be staged as the lady-director of a new series of two-reel comedy-dramas, for National.

**S**EENA OWEN, the lovely blonde discovered at Fine Arts, and more recently leading woman for Tom Moore, is in the east now. She is playing opposite another Moore—Owen—in "The Woman Hater."\*

**C**OLES—I'm afraid I snored terribly in the theatre tonight.

Mrs. C.—Nobody noticed it, my dear. It came right in the middle of the third act, in the storm scene, and everyone clapped because they thought the thunder so realistic.  
—California Pelican.

**"G**OT to have a colored quartette for our cabaret scene," the director said to the studio manager. "All right, but don't have too many in it," was the reply.

**H**ELEN HOLMES made a rapid recovery after an operation for appendicitis in December and in January began making a serial, "The Danger Trail," under the direction of Gilbert P. Hamilton, for Warner Brothers. It will not be a railroad story, though it will have some engines in it to make Miss Holmes feel comfortable.

**S**OME New York filmgoers have been heard to remark that in preference to attending the Capitol, said to be the world's largest theater, and assuredly Manhattan's biggest picture-house, they would go to a neighborhood theater where they would see a good picture and a comedy or scenic, without having to while away an evening watching a tiresome and seemingly endless "revue," such as The Capitol presents to its patrons. Since its inception, the policy of this theater has been to stage elaborate "song and dance" tabloid entertainments, featuring show-girls, fancy electricity, and popular songs. The entertainment usually lasted three-quarters of an hour. By the time the picture you came to see was thrown on the screen, you were too dazed to enjoy it. Ned Wayburn, a well-known stage director of revues, put on the non-cinematic show at the theater until recently, when he resigned. Now they are planning another revue. How long will it last—the new revue, we mean?

**L**ON CHANEY, who played "The Frog" in "The Miracle Man" has been engaged to instruct Jack Dempsey in the gentle art of making up. It is said Jack's nose had to be considerably altered before it looked good to the camera man.

**H**UGE advertising campaigns, prominent jewels, a good modiste and a faithful financier don't make screen success, so some little Broadway belles are busy discovering right now. One pretty girl in particular has had a chance that other girls of talent have waited aeons for: her name in letters of three feet on the White Way, her own press-agent, the best stories and directors—everything money could buy; and still she isn't a star. And the funny part of it is, she doesn't know it. Her press-agent has kidded her so that she actually believes she could make good on her own. Not being particularly hard-hearted, we wouldn't like to see her try it.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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FACE POWDER  
ADORABLY FRENCH  
EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT  
AT YOUR DEALER—A LARGE BOX—50 CTS.  
ABOURJOIS & CO.  
PARIS, FRANCE NEW YORK  
ALSO MAKERS of the ROUGE  
of UNIQUE NATURALNESS—  
"ASHES of ROSES"

**Money**  
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First National Bank  
Pay to the order of **you** \$ 200.00  
Two Hundred and 00/100 Dollars.  
P.K. FILM Co. Treasurer

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No doubt right at this minute you have a good idea or plot in your head that would make a good "movie." Perhaps you are under the impression that it needs special talent to write scenarios. Dismiss that wrong idea because it is costing you money—possibly preventing you making big money and a name for yourself.

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Just as the lawyer prepares his "briefs" in legal language so it is necessary for you to follow the "technique" or style and language of the photoplay studio in submitting your plots. Correct technique enables the Editor to "get" your plot at a glance. You can quickly master the art of writing scenarios with the help of "PHOTOPLAY WRITING"—an up-to-date and simplified course of instruction. This course will enable you to sell your photoplay ideas. It covers all the fundamentals of scenario requirements. Send for descriptive booklet. It's free.

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Without obligation you may send me your free booklet describing course of instruction in Photoplay Writing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



# Plays and Players

(Concluded)

**T**HEDA BARA has gone in for drama. She will do "The Lost Soul" in the legitimate, having agreed to lend her expert vampire services to A. H. Woods, producer. But her new part, we are assured, will not be vampish all the way through; rather, Theda will have a chance to differentiate her dramatic talents. When will she come back to pictures? Oh! When this stage play is off her mind, she will make a picture version of it.

**M**AURICE TOURNEUR has moved his base of operations from the Goldwyn Studio at Culver City to Universal City, in order to get more room. He has extensive plans in view, but has three or four more pictures still to make for Paramount before he will begin independent production as a member of the Big Six, the new organization of moving picture directors.

**C**REIGHTON HALE, as soon as he finished the D. W. Griffith picture for which he was specially engaged, went into vaudeville in a dramatic sketch.

**S**OME scenario writer should use the story of the gay lady from Paris who swindled some film men out of many thousand dollars' worth of film. She came over here, purporting to be the representative of a most reliable Paris firm, and ran up accounts with New York exporters amounting to more than \$200,000. She ordered prints of various pictures and at the last moment sent out a hurry call that she must catch a certain steamer and that if the prints were sent post-haste to the dock payment would be immediately forthcoming. She got away with it. The prints were delivered and stowed away on board but the exporters never saw the money. Any number of clever actresses we know of could play that part.

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his malamute dog Rex went for a walk in the Santa Monica mountains back of the new Fairbanks home one day in January, and were attacked by a pack of half-starved coyotes, according to a report from Los Angeles. Fairbanks was carrying a heavy stick and between him and Rex they routed the pack. If you don't believe this story, there is a picture of Doug and Rex to prove it. The coyotes are not in the photograph, but that is a small matter anyhow.

**C**ONSIDERABLE time may elapse between "Pollyanna" and Mary Pickford's next picture. Shortly after "Pollyanna" was completed, Miss Pickford suffered from a nervous collapse, and a long rest was ordered. She had planned to begin work at once on Barrie's "Hop o' My Thumb," Jack Dillon directing, but this was delayed. Another plan of Miss Pickford's is to go to Europe in the spring to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "True Tilda," both English stories. Furthermore, it is said she is considering an invitation to play in the annual British pantomime of "Cinderella" next Christmas. All these matters are undecided pending the star's recovery to perfect health.

**C**ONWAY TEARLE, who has been in great demand as a leading man for several years, will be starred for the first time in a production now being made by the Equity Pictures Corporation, "Michael and His Lost Angel," from Henry Arthur Jones' play. The same company will make a screen version of the comedy, famous half a generation ago, "Old Jed Prouty," starring Edward Kimball, father of Clara Kimball Young.

## Sweet Forget-me-nots

**I**T is just about as impossible to forget the palate-charm of NABISCO, RAMONA, or ANOLA Sugar Wafers, as it is to forget a famous masterpiece or a wonderful sunset.

Whether eaten simply for themselves, or for added enjoyment with other good things, each wafer registers a gentle reminder to have another.

Sold in the famous  
In-er-seal Trade Mark package

**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY**



### ANOLA

Two chocolate flavored wafers enclosing a creamy chocolate layer.

### RAMONA

A creamy cocoanut filling nestling between chocolate flavored wafers.

### NABISCO

Queen of dessert. A delicious, cooling layer between delicate strips





## Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. **Hurry, Girls!**

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Made by L.T. PIVET Paris France

Fragrant in its Greeting—  
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EXTRACT  
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15 cents brings a dainty  
BEAUTY BOX with generous  
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**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY**  
6239 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Illinois

## The Girl on the Cover

(Continued from page 58)

took to give herself a comic trip to Europe. Her house is splendidly furnished, but it is not, as many of her ardent devotees probably believe, the upholstered answer to a dizzy outpour of gold. She has a marvelous side-board which would grace any home—yet she drove a bargain for it at an auction—an old estate. A dealer hunted many months for her wonderful set of old China. Her glass service, some of which is of rock-crystal comparable only to the displays in the Metropolitan Museum, was the chance treasure of a dusty auction-room. Her books, many of them rare volumes and first editions, she has picked up in the same way in this country and abroad. I wonder how far most women, or even most men, would have gotten in acquiring the fine things of mere living had they been given Pearl White's money *carte blanche*?

But it was not in a recounting of bargains, a resume of property or a look through a pile of world-gathered mail that I was particularly interested.

It was in the psychology of a woman who has garnered, before thirty, more fame than a queen, and more actual adventure with life than the wildest of her serial heroines.

What next?

What, of interest, *can* be next?

The answer I found in Miss White's healthy, red-blooded interest in life just as—life. How much she has done that other successful young women have not done, or have neglected to do! In the first place she is, I suppose, in about as good physical condition as Mr. Dempsey when he entered the Toledo ring. She eats sparingly. She lives quietly. She has many acquaintances, but her circle of real friends is limited to very few. The jazz of metropolitan existence does not appeal to her at all. About once a week she stays in town to see a new play, merely to keep up with the times. Two or three evenings a week friends in the neighborhood come in to play bridge. She sleeps seven hours every night. She is always on hand, at her studio, early in the morning. Sometimes it is the chauffeur and her Rolls-Royce, at the Bayside door at eight a. m. Other times she drives her Stutz into town, herself—for the girl who saved her pennies under an old jug in a Missouri cellar until she had fifty of them against the possible arrival of a circus can now, without any cheap ostentation or vulgar extravagance, select her car of a morning as many an envious and infinitely less worthy woman selects her dress.

For one thing, her literary career did not end, as it began, with "Just Me." I think I am telling, for the first time, that she is half through a novel! What it's about she doesn't want to say. In fact, she doesn't want to say anything about it at all, for the literary works of non-professional writers are wisely not counted in the incubator.

But she has made a great friend—a pal, almost—of a man who has written several worthy things, and who, if properly encouraged, should be a credit to his community and his home paper. This man is Vicente Blasco Ibanez, and, during several visits paid her at her place, they talked, as Miss White says: "In gestures, his Spanish, my bum French, and my eight words of Italian." But this is not doing justice to her French, which would carry her anywhere that the international language of courtliness is used.

One of Ibanez' most amusing stories, which he told on numerous occasions during his New York visit, was of seeing people, during an air-raid in Paris, running wildly to a theatre. Thinking it an unusually safe place, probably, the portly author ran the

(Concluded on page 105)

The Prophylactic  
Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it  
and profit by it



## The Girl on the Cover

(Concluded)

same way—and found that the attraction was not dynamite sanctuary, but a Pearl White serial. He laughed so heartily, he says, that he almost forgot to look at the screen, but he resolved that he ought to know any foreign woman who could so occupy the minds of people in jeopardy. And now that they do know each other, Ibanez, with his customary energy, is plotting a novel of his own that shall have as its base that marvellous mushroom of the arts, the *cinema*, and I believe that a transcription of Pearl White will be the heroine.

She welcomed her Fox affiliation because it should, theoretically, give her a real chance to play real parts. She deplored it because it removed her from the kindly and pleasant associations of many years at Pathe. But in the Pathe organization she was bound to the wheel of the serial, and as long as she remained a Pathette there seemed to be no escape.

She went into the movies, first, because her voice failed on the melodramatic stage, but her voice returned to her, long ago. So I asked her if she had any ambition to return to the footlights.

"You bet I have. It is a question of the play—and the money. But I do want to play a human part—a real part—a real American woman—on the stage. And I shall."

As the stage and the screen are affiliating, now and rapidly, this should not be difficult of accomplishment.

Pearl White's motion picture career is entirely encompassed between the year 1912 and now. In that year, playing with a stock company in South Norwalk, Conn., she abandoned a none too lucrative profession which had been unkind to her throat, and came to New York. Two studios had no work for her, but she finally found a small part at the Powers' filmery, at 241st street and Broadway, and was carefully instructed in her first scene by Joseph A. Golden. She was an indifferent success, and afterward, for more money, she went to Lubin's, in Philadelphia, where she played briefly with Florence Lawrence and the late Arthur Johnson—and was let out, finally, because Lubin could not see her as an actress. Then, a brief visit to the Pathe studios, where she was leading woman for Henry Walthall, and a longer session as a pie-slinger in the old Crystal comedies, after which came her self-made trip to Europe, and on her return, the first of her serials: "The Perils of Pauline." This was the first of her "always-in-danger" pictures which have become known in every town and hamlet in the world.

### Believe It Or Not—

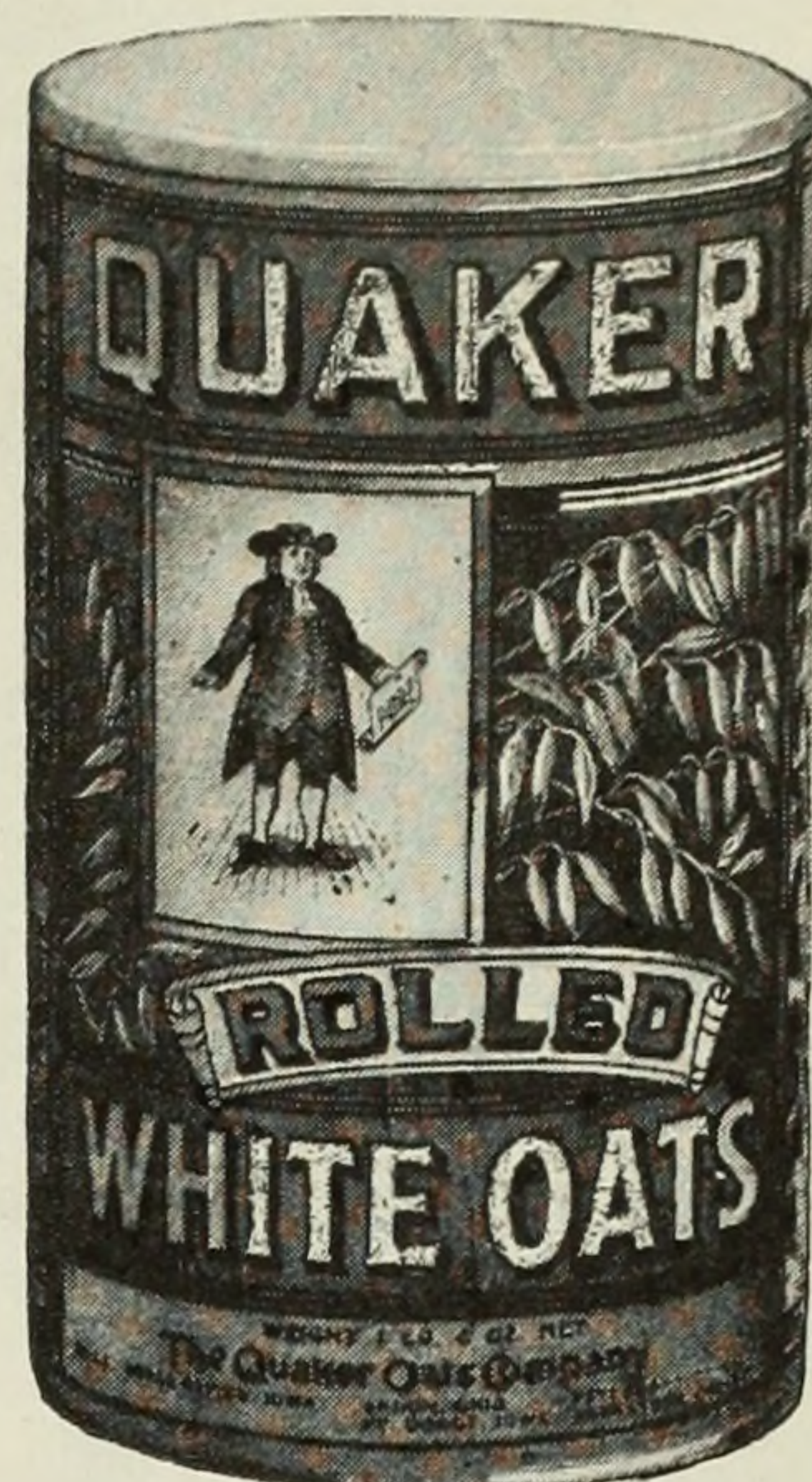
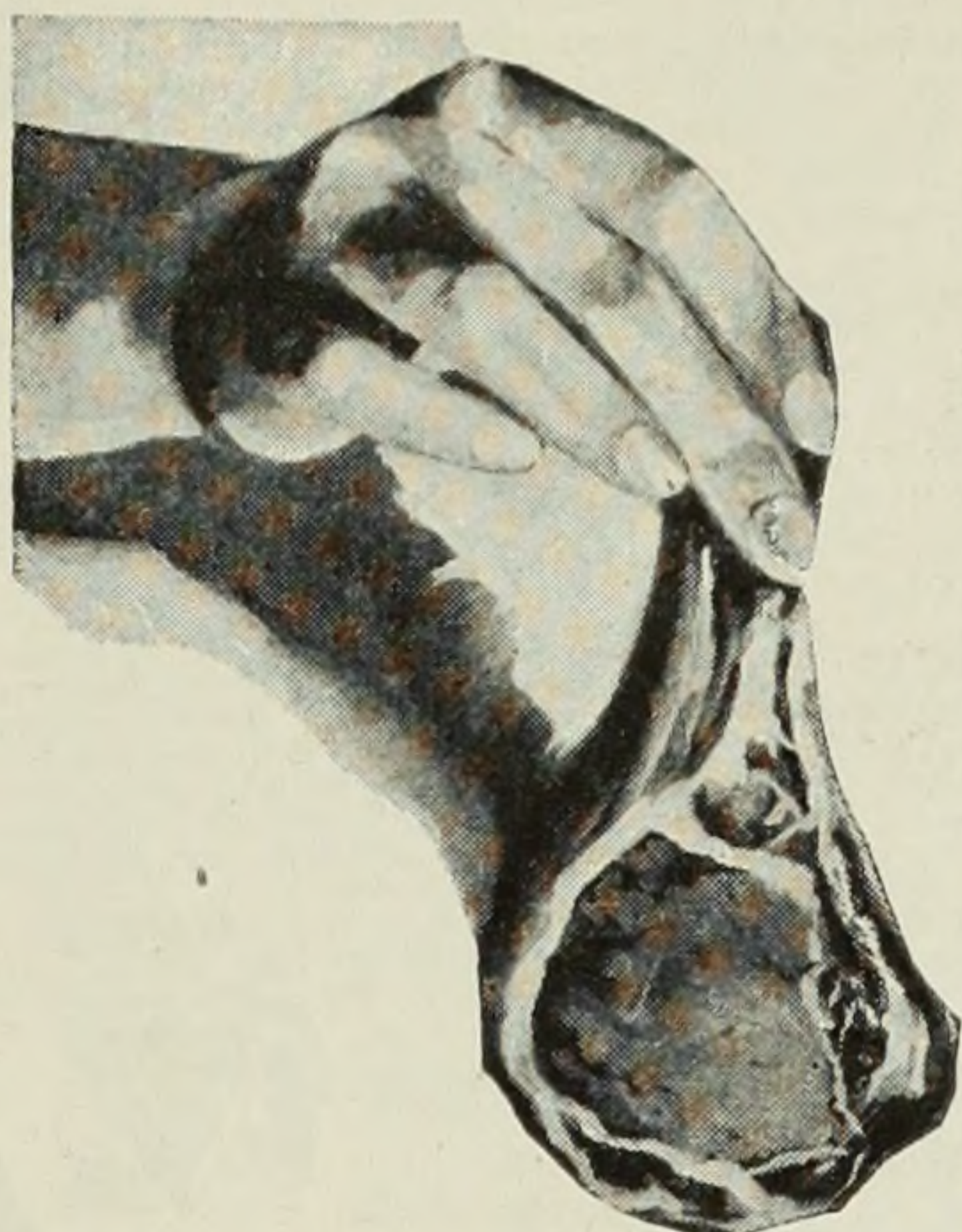
CHARLES M. HUGO, a representative of the Outing-Chester Company, writes of a new kind of alarm clock he has discovered in the wilds of China.

It seems that Mr. Hugo stayed over night in some little inn in the interior of China. He wanted to be on his way about 5:30 the next morning, so he left a call for 5 o'clock. Imagine his distress when the proprietor, bell boy, chambermaid, cook, waiter—all in one—came up to his room as he was retiring and set a rooster inside the door. He rebelled. "This ees five o'clock rooster," they said. And sure enough, at four minutes before five the next morning, the big bird flapped his wings and crowed until Mr. Hugo got up.

It seems that at this hotel they kept three, four and five o'clock roosters. A six o'clock one isn't necessary for every one is up by that time.

Well—anyhow—there it is.

# One Chop Will Buy 12 Dishes Of Nutritious Quaker Oats



# Save 90%

## And Serve Vastly Better Breakfasts

One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as \$10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

So a Quaker Oats breakfast, compared with a meat breakfast, saves you some 90 per cent.

And in oats you get the supreme food.

You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

And you get the needed minerals.

### What \$1 Buys

Note how much \$1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same \$1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what \$1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

### What \$1 Buys

At This Writing in Calories

In Quaker Oats . . .	18,000 calories
In Average Meats . . .	2,200 "
In Average Fish . . .	2,000 "
In Hen's Eggs . . . .	1,400 "
In Broilers . . . . .	600 "

One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.

That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

# Quaker Oats

With That Exquisite Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make this dish delicious. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has brought Quaker Oats world-wide supremacy.

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**SAVE  
\$300 to  
\$1000**

## Avoid Lumber Shortage

Lumber shortage—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate that it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never so low as they are at present. The demand was never so great as it is now. **This Means Still Higher Lumber Prices.** It means that prices will go upwards rapidly—that it will possibly take \$150 in six months or a year to buy \$100 worth of lumber. Will you be forced to pay these prices? Will your need of a home in six months cost you a 50% or a 100% penalty?

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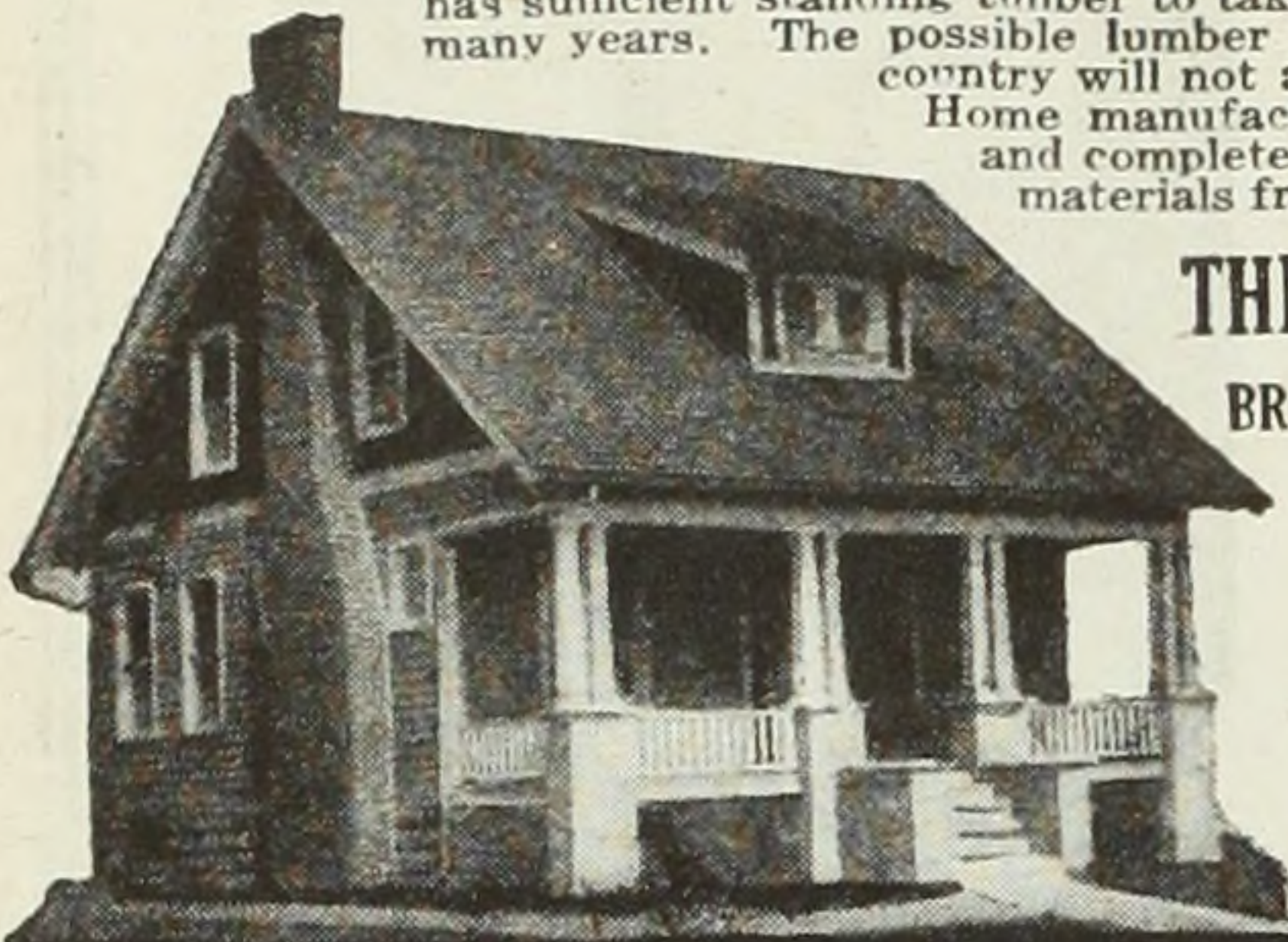
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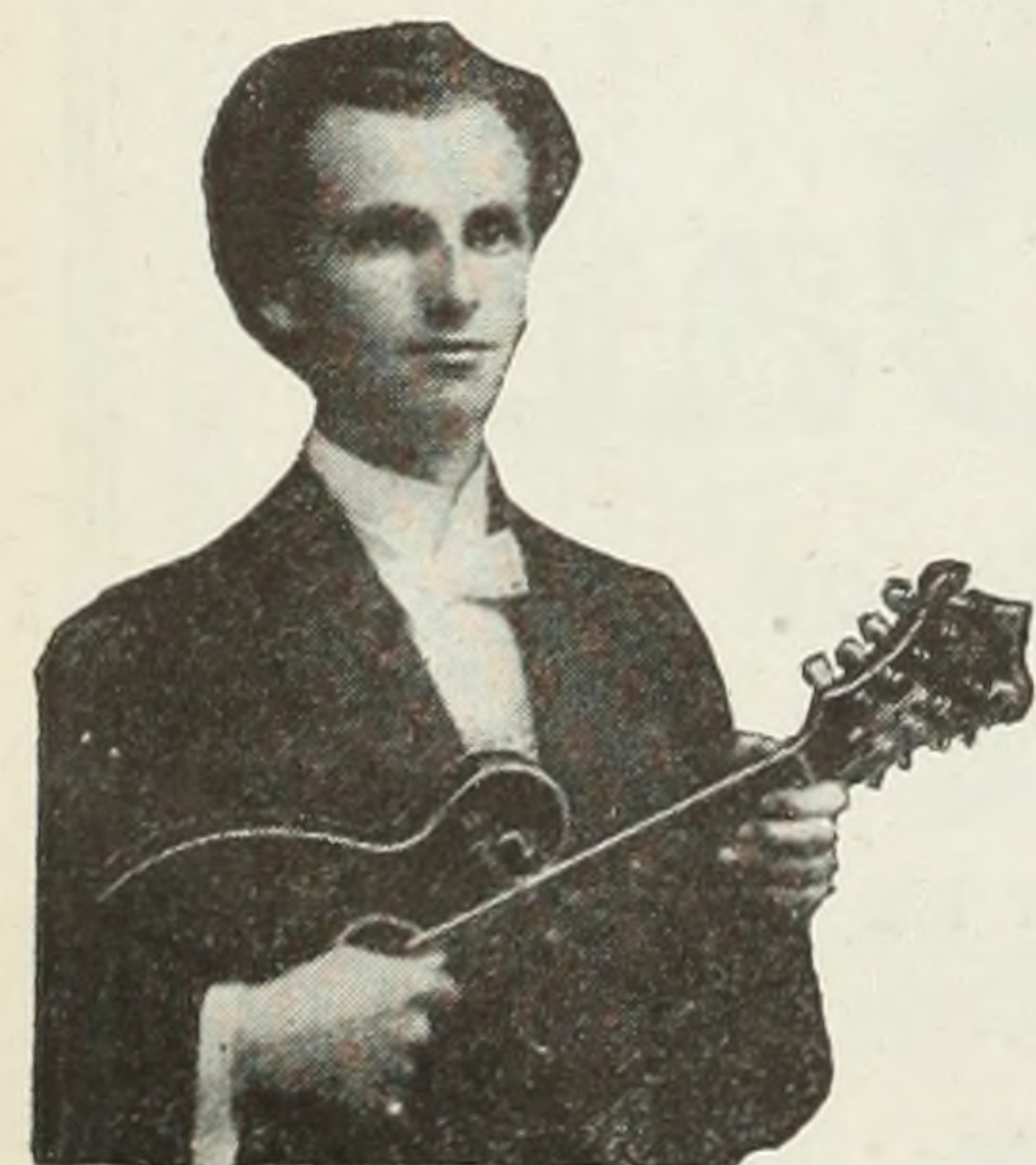
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

### THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

—Artcraft

THE impression might easily be gained from the printed announcements that Theodore Kosloff and Yvonne Gardelle appear in person at each showing of "The Tree of Knowledge," to dance an Edensque prologue between the overture and the first reel. But they don't. They are merely a part of the picture. Mlle. Gardelle appears as Lillith, the legendary predecessor of Eve, and the lady, who, some aunties believe, put all the bad thoughts into Adam's mind. She is clothed in an atmosphere of apprehension and a long, thick, Lady Godiva wig. M. Kosloff, as Adam, a gent of shreds and patches of excelsior, seeks the interesting Lillith's acquaintance and is thereafter damned because of all the things she could tell about him if she wanted to.

Thin as this little prologue is it is the one original sprig growing out of "The Tree of Knowledge." Even workers as capable as Margaret Turnbull, who made the adaptation from R. C. Carton's play, and Wm. C. De Mille, who directed it, could not, or at least did not, save it from a soggy conventionalism. Nigel Stanyon (Robert Warwick), a modern Adam who had devoted his youth to a profiteering Lillith (Kathryn Williams), discovers her finally to be interested only in his money and not at all in his soul. He returns then to his old home town and to a sweet faced girl (Wanda Hawley) who insists on loving him in spite of all. The wicked Lillith turns up again as the wife of Nigel's best friend and does her best to provoke a scandal, an enterprise which happily for most of the company is unsuccessful.

"The Tree of Knowledge" is to me of negative. A good, husky "heavy" is wasted whenever they cast Robert Warwick as a hero. Miss Hawley is again decorative as the innocent heroine. Irving Cummings adds another to his list of passionate pilgrims and Tom Forman capably assists.

### THE GARAGE—Arbuckle

THE gentleman who exhibited "The Tree of Knowledge" at the theater I attended had the excellent judgment to show on the same bill the first of a new series of Paramount-Arbuckle comedies called "The Garage." I, who detest most of the slapstick farce of the screen, mention it here because, to me, it is so far ahead of the Sennett and Sunshine brands that any comparison greatly favors the Arbuckle creation. And yet the fun is as broad as "Fatty" himself, and the pace as swift as any of them. Even the oft-quoted pie of custard has a smashing exit in one scene, though it lands against the side of a limousine, and not against the face of an actor.

"The Garage" is superior slapstick stuff because someone connected with the creation of it has had the courage to use his wits as well as his Rabelasian instincts. Good farce has as rightful a place on the screen as it has on the stage. Even good rough farce. But when it is permitted to degenerate into the pictured ravings of vulgar half-wits is becomes a menace. This first Arbuckle sample is at least a heartening promise. I hope sincerely that all the would-be farce directors see it.

### MARY'S ANKLE—Ince-Paramount

IT isn't easy to preserve the spirit of an extravagant farce on the screen. So much depends upon the personalities of the players—their voices, their facial contortions, their studied fear of the consequences hinging



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

upon their actions. "Mary's Ankle," however, seems a more convincing adventure in pictures than it did in the theater. This is partly true because the screen comedians and their director accept the story as being frankly preposterous and play it only for the fun that's in it, while the talking actors and their director were always trying to convince audiences that both story and characters bear some relation to reality. Which they do not.

Three improvident young men conceive the scheme of announcing the wedding of one of their number, a physician, hoping thereby to extract a few solid silver wedding gifts from distant friends and a check from a tightwad uncle. Their scheme is a complete success, excepting insofar as the gifts and the uncle's donation are concerned. The distant friends send lingerie in place of silver and uncle comes in person to meet the bride.

Mary is providentially picked up outside the door of the hero's office. She has twisted her ankle and needs help. It then transpires that both her name and address tally perfectly with those sent out on the bogus marriage announcement. Complications follow until a real marriage is substituted for that which was phony. The financial embarrassment of the young men is made amusingly real by Douglas McLean, Victor Potel and Neal Burns. Doris May and ankle are a success as Mary, and a lot of fun is had with the animated titles that dance to express the elation of the conspirators. This title feature, which is growing in popularity, can easily be overdone—so the boys had best beware.

### THE LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER— Hodkinson

NOT the least of the war's influences was to make an honest man of Louis Joseph Vance's friend, Michael Ledyard, otherwise and usually known as "The Lone Wolf." Some time after the trouble started in France it appears Michael became a respected member of Scotland Yard and took a hand in running down the plots of that naturally wicked person, Prince Victor.

In "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," which is Mr. Vance's sequel to "False Faces," the author has been to considerable pains to develop an exciting story at the expense of such plausibility as barred the way. Delving into the Lone Wolf's past, he presents him with a daughter whose mother was the Princess Sonia, wife of Prince Victor. The girl is reared in ignorance of her parentage, and eighteen years later, when she is threatened by Prince Victor, is rescued by her father.

As a story of adventure "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" holds together as well as need be. The attempt, however, to take the interest away from the Lone Wolf himself and center it on the daughter is nullified by the fact that he is much the more interesting figure of the two. Louise Glaum has difficulty in sustaining interest in the girl. This weakness, added to those forced situations in which underground passages, Chinese criminals and boats that seem to plow through the streets of London figure, minimizes the picture's chances for anything resembling a lasting popularity. Miss Glaum is an attractive heroine.

### THE BEAUTY MARKET—First National

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S beauty is of a kind that makes a good picture great and saves a poor picture from being dull. Although "The Beauty Market" is the conventional story of the society girl who feels she must sell herself to the highest



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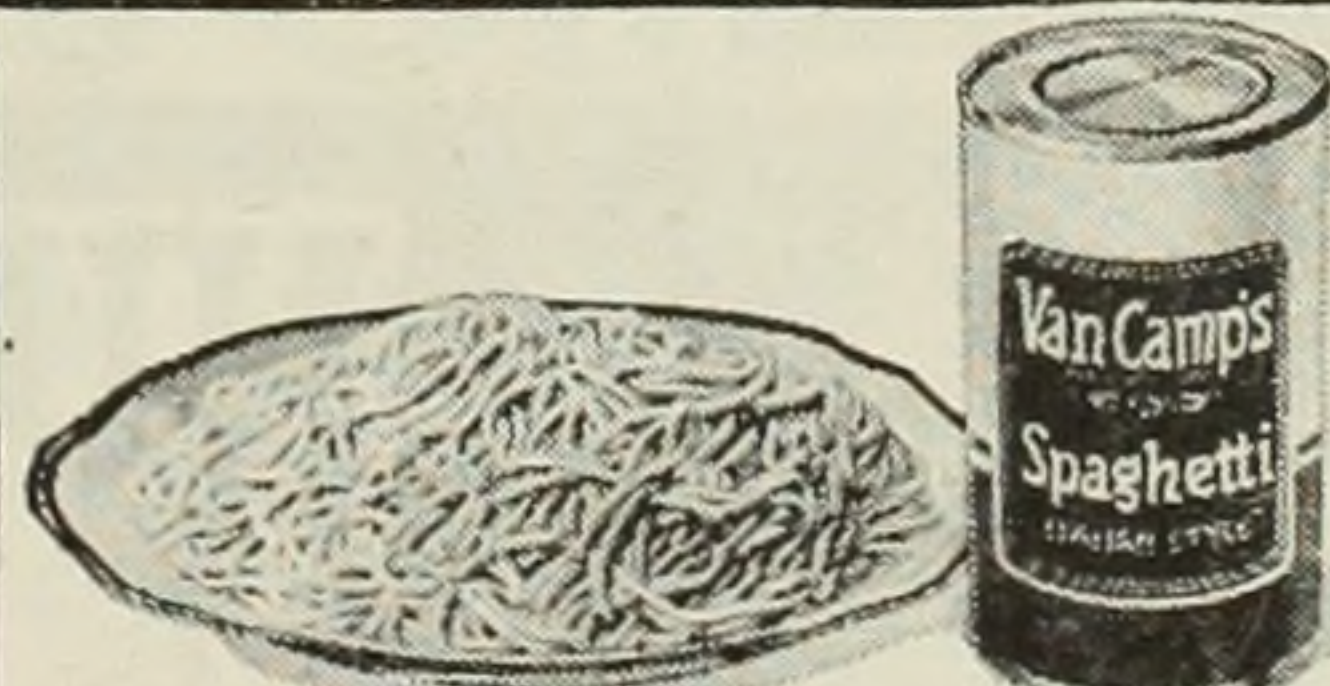
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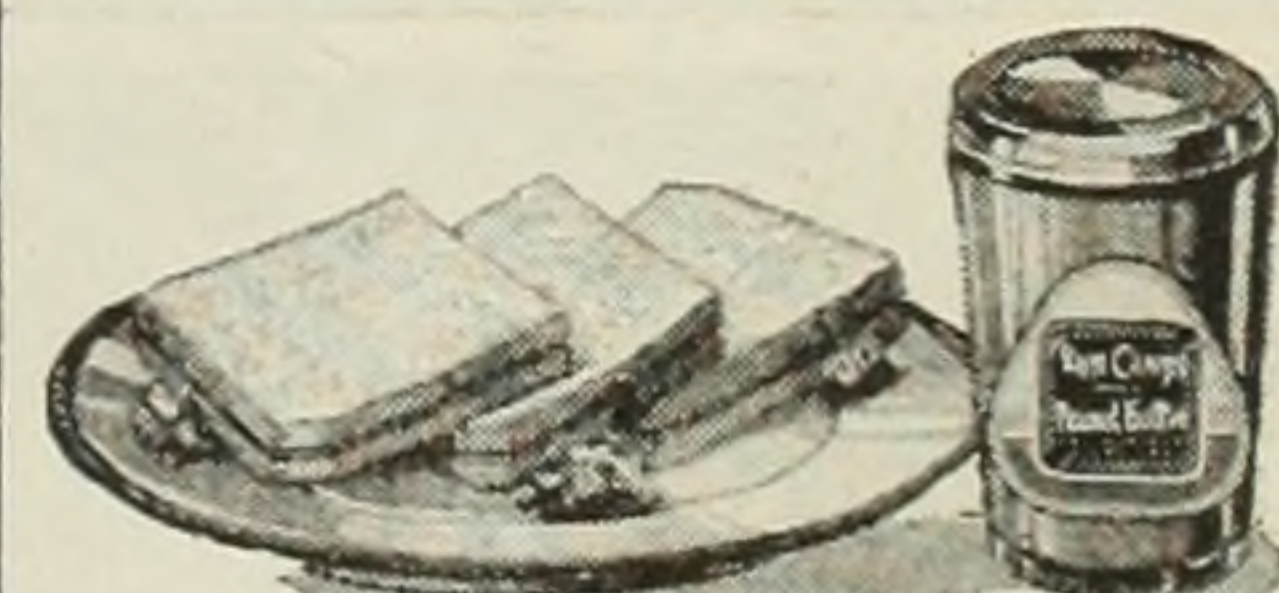
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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

bidder in order to live comfortably, it is lifted a little away from the commonplace by the gorgeousness of the star. In trying to remain honest with herself, the heroine confesses her need of funds to the usual poor young man who loves her for herself alone. He, reflecting the attitude of his cave men ancestors, decide that she also needs a lesson, as a result of which decision he first loans her money on the engagement gift her rich suitor has provided and then marries her himself. He delays the lesson until some time in the suggested future, however, and thus the pleasant ending is guaranteed.

Miss MacDonald suggests the Maxine Elliott of twenty years ago and she is also blessed with an intelligence and a poise that give character to her performances. Her supporting company in this instance includes Winter Hall as the rich but lonely millionaire, and Roy Stewart as the handsome youth with cave-man instincts.

## GEORGE LOANE TUCKER AT THE BAR

I AM glad to read that Mr. George Loane Tucker is making so valiant a fight for his rights as a director. As the producer of "The Miracle Man" he certainly is entitled to his part of the fame resulting from the success of that picture, and the advertising campaign conducted in its behalf. So far as the screen version is concerned, he is practically the creator of the best picture of the year.

And if it happen that Mr. Tucker wins the suit and is thereafter properly mentioned in the publicity, I trust it will at least suggest to him the rights of another gentleman—one, Mr. Frank L. Packard—who first wrote the story of "The Miracle Man," and whose name I fail to find printed, even in the smallest type used, in most of the advertising of this particular feature.

If it had not been for Mr. Packard, neither "The Miracle Man" nor Mr. George Loane Tucker as its gifted director, would ever have been heard of, and I'm sure any man who will go to the Supreme Court in search of redress for his own wrongs is certain to be inspired with generosity toward the wrong he may have done others, even unwittingly.

## By Photoplay Editors

A MODERN SALOME—  
Hope-Hampton Productions, Inc.

IT never would have happened if she hadn't had her portrait painted—as "Salome." Leaving the projection room after viewing this picture my mind was in a daze—but I was sure of one thing: she shouldn't have had her portrait painted. Then Hope Hampton, who played the part of Salome, wouldn't have had to go through all she did—just what it is I don't quite collect; and she wouldn't have had to heave so painfully in the close-ups or perform that hula-hula before Herod. The title is justified in a very brief biblical allegory. A trade-paper, reviewing this production, the first of the Hope Hampton, Inc., releases, said: "The star . . . who is as well known for her acting ability in handling the light and shade of difficult situations, as she is for her appearance . . ." As Miss Hampton has never made an appearance before, on stage or screen, this is interesting. She is a pretty woman with an extraordinary coiffure and poor taste in clothes. Manifestly an amateur, her willingness to work herself up to the climaxes—in which this picture abounds—is apparent. The story is one of the wildest you ever saw; if you like a lot of at-



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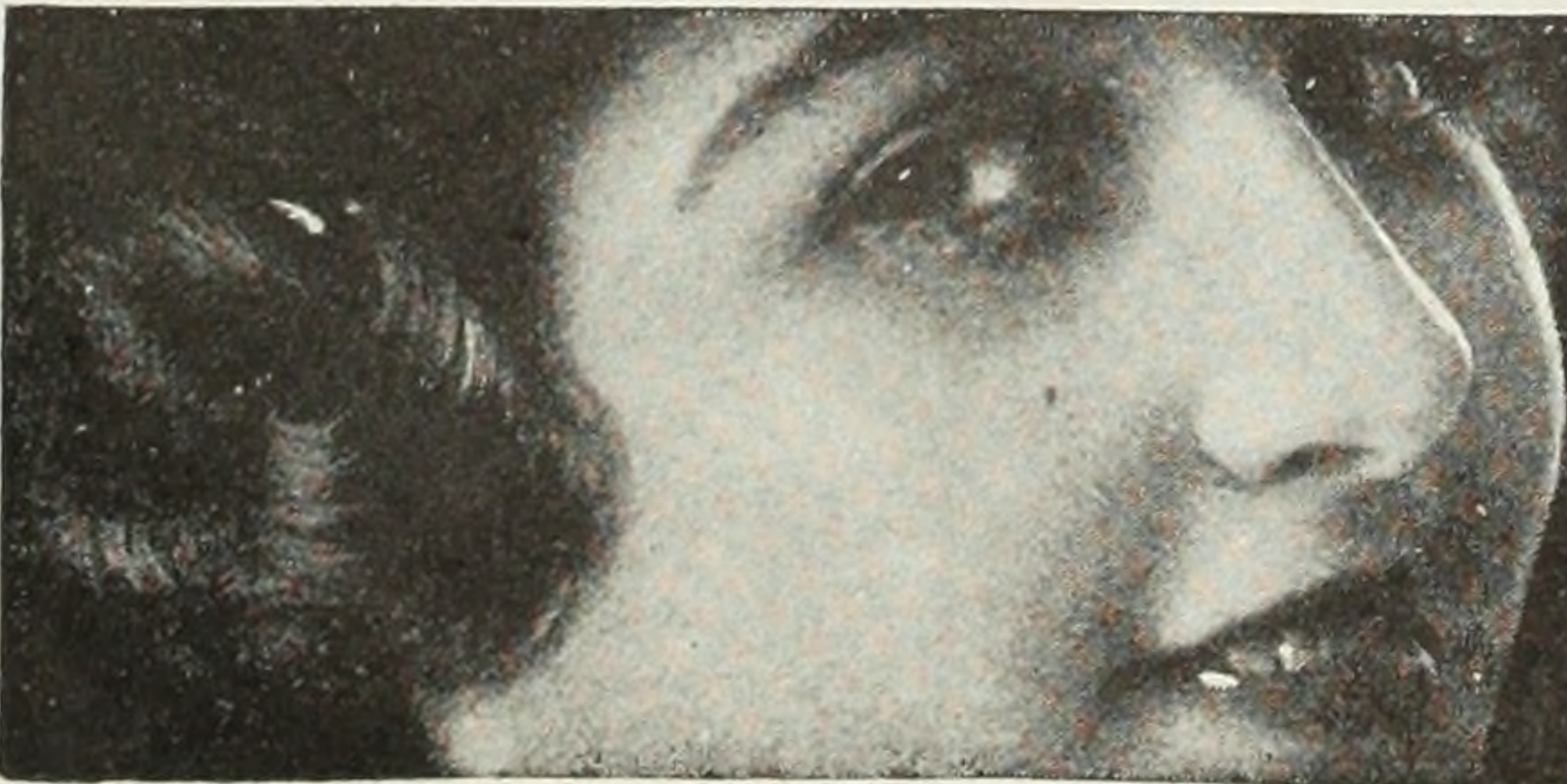
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

tacks and quarrels and degenerations and regenerations and semi-bohemianism and so-called "society" stuff, you may sit through this. Leonce Perret, who according to the caption is the "adapteur et directeur" (Oh, Lord!) of this, simply piled on the lavish settings and took so many close-ups of the star that she occupies most of the footage; which was evidently the desired objective. Miss Hampton strives valiantly; someone should tell her not to pant. She is always dressed as for a party. Wyndham Standing is here, there, and on a park bench. He is a wizard at make-up; you'd never recognize him. Agnes Ayres plays his down-trodden wife in the usual crestfallen fashion. Another Standing, Percy, is the impossibly good husband who believes in his wife all the time and who finally kicks the villain into the fountain before he takes Salome in his arms for the final fadeout.

### HIS ROYAL SLYNESS—Rolin

THIS is the most pretentious of all the Harold Lloyd comedies, but I don't think you are going to like it as well as his first ones: "Bumping into Broadway" or "From Hand to Mouth." It only goes to prove that Lloyd himself is the whole show and as long as he is provided with a reasonable situation or two, an involved story isn't necessary. This is another mythical kingdom story—my word, where will it ever end? The film producers seem to be as keen about mythical kingdoms as the legit. is for China. Lloyd makes the most of everything that comes his way, from a beautiful princess to a lot of bolshevik bombs. His new little leading woman, Mildred Davis, is an appealing child—but not, alas, a Bebe Daniels. Snub Pollard is one of the genuinely funny grotesque comedians in films. We have Mr. Lloyd's brother here, too; he is a ringer for resemblance but he is fortunately not called upon to be funny.

### RESPECTABLE BY PROXY— Blackton

WHEN we named "The Fear Market" the worst picture of the month we hadn't seen J. Stuart Blackton's latest. Beyond a doubt it is one of the dullest things ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting screen. If it weren't for Sylvia Breamer—but there is Sylvia—dusky, fragile, and always interesting. There is dramatic depth in Miss Breamer that has never been sounded; she should have her chance; she should do much better things. The story of this is laid in the Old South—and if you have always cherished a sneaking fondness for the Old South you will change your mind. The captions are plentifully sprinkled with so-called Southern dialect; all the men kiss the women's hands upon coming into the set; and a black "mammy" is eternally muttering voodoo incantations over an open fireplace. Robert Gordon is continually miscast in these Blackton affairs. The story is far-fetched and impossible.

### THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13— Goldwyn

Unfaithful husband; upright wife; divorce. Re-marriage of wife to worthy, upright young man. Entrance of scheming employer who wants wife. Re-entrance of first husband, who schemes against wife. Murder of employer in Room 13 by upright second husband. Certain conviction until wife tells on husband No. 1. Verdict Not Guilty; wife and husband No. 2 go home happy. This melodrama-with-a-murder was a play by Samuel Shipman and Max Mar-

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

cin, and we rather suspect there was more suspense in the legitimate version than in the screening. Frank Lloyd's is the credit for a swift and fairly creditable production. Pauline Frederick's is the credit for a fine and sincere performance, as is always the case when Polly does a picture. John Bowers has never done anything nearly so good as Husband No. 2; Charles Clary was simply horrid as Husband No. 1; and the cast welcomes back such old favorites as Marguerite Snow, the real "Woman in Room 13"; Robert McKim, and Sydney Ainsworth. There is also a youngster named Emily Chichester who looks as if she might do something in an acting line, some day.

### THE FEAR MARKET—Realart

This, the prize celluloid lemon of the month, might be re-named "Don't Waste Your Evening." It might just as well never have been done or have remained in nice seclusion on Realart's shelves. Alice Brady has never been seen to greater disadvantage; good settings are lost in an inadequate sequence of scenes; and while Kenneth Webb's direction is doubtless fair, it presents nothing new. From a story by Amelie Rives, a mechanical scenario has been constructed, with the "plot" apparent from the first reel—and the "plot" not worthy of anyone's time or trouble in the first place. Frank Losee is the owner and publisher of a scandal sheet, and he doesn't want his daughter, played by Alice Brady-Crane, to know about it. So he makes her live abroad. She is involved in a near-intrigue over there by an unscrupulous opera-singer, Henry Mortimer—and helped out by a kindly woman who is at the moment being black-mailed by the father's agent, so that an affair in her past—in which she was entirely blameless—will not be printed in the sheet. The woman refuses to be coerced; and, reading the nasty item sometime later, dies by her own hand to escape the shame and notoriety. Alice comes home to America, to avenge her friend. The climax, of course, arrives with Alice when her search leads her to her own father's home. Like the brave girl she is, she denounces him, father promises to mend his ways, and at the end we see Alice in the arms of a young man who at decent intervals in the course of the picture has made decorous love to her. Is there anything in this to induce a first-time picture-goer to pin his flag of faith to the silent drama? A thousand nevers! Alice Brady acts in a dispirited way which doesn't help the piece along. She might have brightened it considerably.

### NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Holmes-Metro

Taylor Holmes' genial personality, rather obscured in past months by poor vehicles, is again up to the "Ruggles of Red Gap" standard in "Nothing but the Truth." Not that this first picture from his own studios is nearly as good as "Ruggles," but it gives Holmes a chance to demonstrate his skill as a neat farceur. He paid a very fair price for this Willie Collier stage success—you know the story of young Robert Bennett, who makes a large wager to tell nothing but the truth. There are many chuckles in this, and a few stomach-laughers. Holmes is funny—and the thought occurs that he would make a good romantic actor; he is more polished, more sincere and better-looking than many of our leading men. Ned Sparks, who played in the stage version, is the best thing in the cast. Marcelle, little French wife of composer Earl Carroll,

should screen well—but doesn't. Elsie Mackaye, Holmes' leading woman, must be an acquired taste, like olives. Having heard her on the stage, we rise to thank this drama for its silence. Edna Phillips Holmes is a good actress and deserves a better part than that of the partner's wife. No expense was spared on the sets, but the scenario wasn't good. It would seem, too, that everyone worked but the title-writer. David Kirkland has not bolstered up his artistic reputation by his part in this; the direction is irregular. Holmes will do "Nothing but Lies" later on.

### DOUBLE-SPEED—LASKY

Here is half an evening's blithe entertainment. J. Stewart Woodhouse wrote it for Wallace Reid, and it tells the story of young "Speed" Carr and the adventures that befell him when, set upon by tramps, he is robbed of everything but his watch—and he has to pawn that. The best part comes after he has got a job as a chauffeur, fallen in love with the pretty daughter of the house, and is suddenly prevailed upon to masquerade as Speed Carr, when he himself is that worthy. It's all cleared up and Wally gets his watch back after some good speed stuff, some gorgeous glimpses of Wanda Hawley's cinderella foot in a small-size slipper, some ingratiating shots of Wally, who is one man who can look ingenuous without taking on the general aspect of an ingenue; and fine characterization by our old friend Theodore Roberts and his partner in intrigue Tully Marshall. A new director—to us—Sam Wood, handles this well. The puns in some of the titles are terrible.

### THE STAR BOARDER—Sennett-Paramount

All of Sennett's late comedies follow the same formula. This two-reeler is pulled out of the usual rut by the tiny star boarder himself—the new Sennett baby, Don Marion. He's funnier than Little Davy; his queer little bobbed head is good for a laugh from any one of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Editors, any time. He is aided by Teddy, the greatest canine performer of all time; Louise Fazenda, who contributes another one of her justly-celebrated lady-boob acts; and Ben Turpin, who does a loaded-cigar stunt in the first part of the picture that leads you to expect the rest of it will be up to the same standard. It isn't. But Harriett Hammond is awfully pretty, isn't she?

### ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY—Lasky

Shure an' this Marguerite Clark has a way with her. She's not only blessed with perennial beauty, but perennial charm as well. Her present material has been nowhere near the high-water mark of her first screen efforts, such as "Still Waters," but she has managed to bear up very well. In this, a little better than the average comedy-drama, she essays the role of impish Peggy O'Mara, daughter of a mother whose chief interest in life is the "Life of the Spider." They are the guests of a titled British house whose foolish young bug-hunting Lord loves Mother O'Mara, whose crotchety lady-mother doesn't approve of the O'Maras, and whose nice younger son, played by Jack Mulhall, falls in love with Peggy. Mulhall, by the way, looks like Eugene O'Brien and Wallace Reid without acting like either of them. All through five frothy reels Peggy loves Jimmy without knowing it, finally discovering she wants very much to marry Jimmie—all-of-a-sudden! Mother O'Mara



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

is delightfully described by Lillian Leighton. Walter Edwards directed in his dependable stately style. Edith Kennedy made a good scenario from the play by Ernest Denny.

### THE WALK-OFFS—Metro

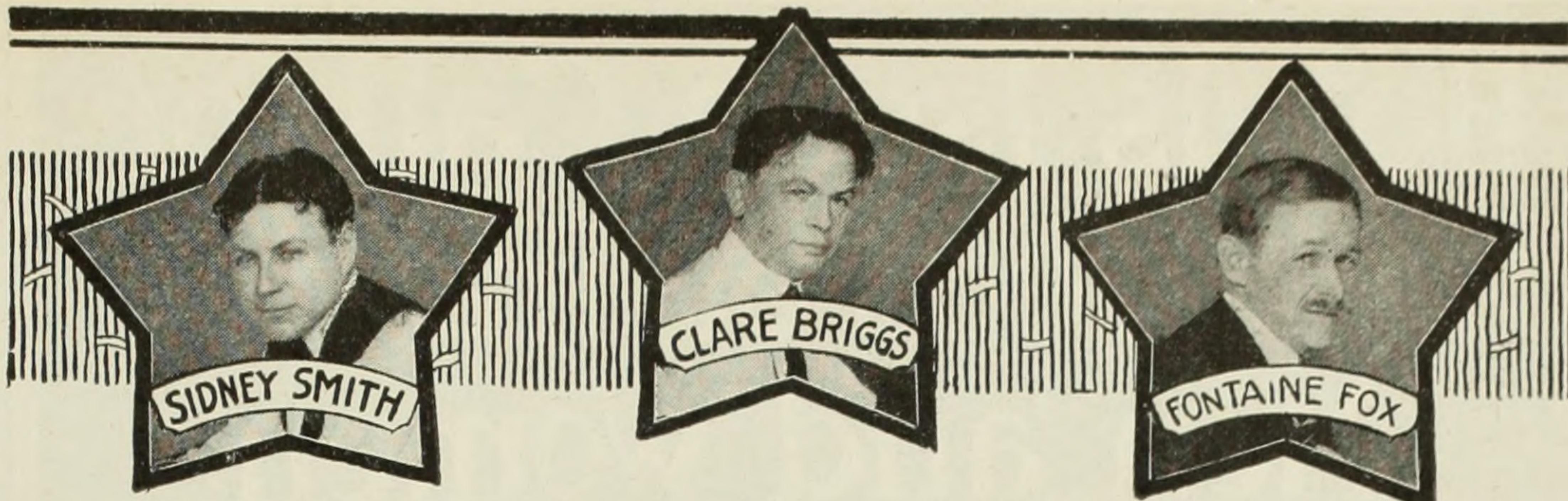
Frederic and Fanny Hatton saw their comedy on the screen the same time I did, and if they didn't complain that the real satiric spirit of it was lost, I suppose I shouldn't. It is very mild entertainment, and it seems to be played a little too seriously by its star, May Allison. A word of praise for May however: she is one of the most sincere of our celluloid actresses; one of the prettiest, and one of the least self-conscious. If you know the story at all, it is a light satire on the shams and foibles of the "smart set"—and a very motion-picturish smart set, here. It gets its name from an old darky story that the Creator made people without brains, went away, and forgot to come back; the people walked off—and the darkies always call high-falutin' people "Walk-Offs." May, as Kit Rutherford, is one, but she finally agrees to stay put and love a young Lochinvar with lots of money. Emory Johnson plays that part, and we wish he might be seen more often. Darrell Foss is good as Schuyler Rutherford; Joseph Kilgour impressive as usual as Murry Van Allan—such an exquisite name for a society heavy! The Hattons are great satirists and the screen has somehow never been able to reflect their philosophy.

### THE RIGHT OF WAY—Metro

It is extremely doubtful if this most excellent transcription of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel will ever be popular. It is heavy, slow, and it has an unhappy ending—Parker's own ending. But it is one of the most thoughtful things that has ever emanated from a studio, and certainly it is one of Metro's most faithful film adaptations. It brings Bert Lytell as an actor of surprising force. I knew Lytell could act—but I never suspected him of such dramatic discrimination and reserve. As Charley Steele, the brilliant but inebriate young English-Canadian lawyer, with his supercilious, blasphemous viewpoint, his monocled indifference, he is a new Lytell. Rather, he is not Lytell at all; he loses himself absolutely in his character. Long scenes with him alone on the screen, are neither tiresome nor unconvincing. There are no fireworks. Jack Dillon's direction was never sensational but always logical. Antrim Short is Billy. Leatrice Joy, a comparative newcomer, is sweet and sane as Rosalie. And the guide of "The Blind Husbands," H. Gibson-Gowland, contributes a real characterization as Joe Portugais.

### THE LUCK OF GERALDINE LAIRD —Robertson-Cole

We may have called "The Pinnacle" "Blind Husbands"; we lent weary assent to the changing of "The Admirable Crichton" to "Male and Female." But Kathleen Norris' "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" remains "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" in these pages. What do you suppose they re-christened it? "Woman and Wife!" Seemingly forgetting that a Select version of "Jane Eyre" done by Alice Brady masqueraded under that very title. This brings back the old Bessie Barriscale of "The Cup of Life," in a big-time story of small-town life. Not since her Ince-Triangle days has she had a better vehicle. Not even the stilted posing of Niles Welch could spoil it. Its psychology is that of the people who read the papers but never believe that "such things can really happen"—to them. The director could



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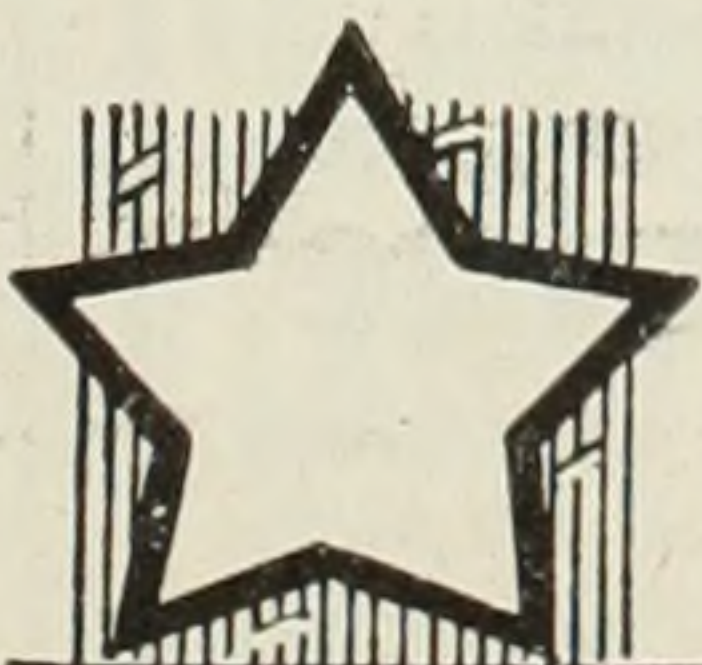
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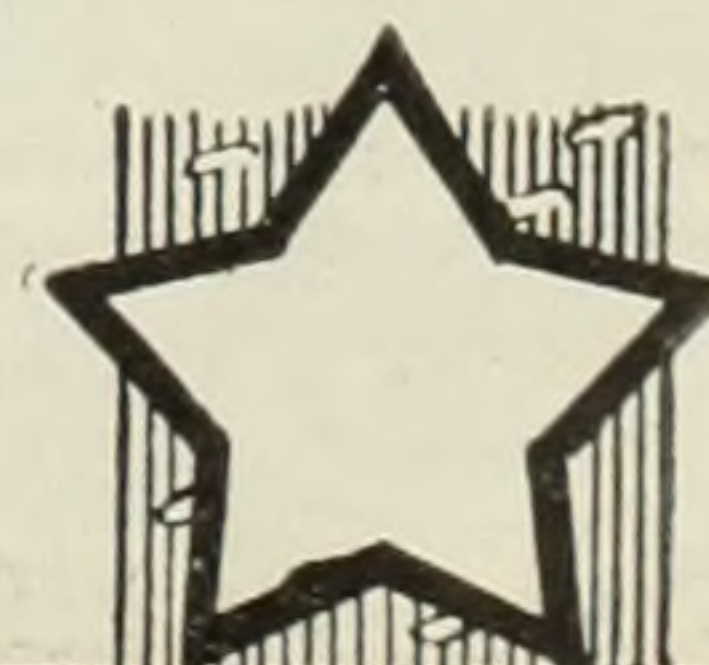


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### The Shadow Stage (Continued)

hardly have done better if his name had been Tucker or Dwan or Powell or Franklin. Kathleen Norris and Bessie Barriscale together provide a one-hundred per-cent woman appeal.

### THE BLOOMING ANGEL—Goldwyn

A nice little picture. Particularly if you happen to be one of those who consider no Thursday evening complete without the Sat. Eve. Post. If so, you will enjoy seeing one of your favorite romances brought to life by Madge Kennedy, who is a delicious farceuse if there ever was one. The story by Wallace Irwin has been pretty faithfully followed and while it isn't nearly so funny in pictures, it is bright, and then there is always Miss Kennedy. We like her new coiffure. Pat O'Malley, remembered from old Edison days, plays Chester Framm. Margery Wilson is Carlotta, the scholarly, behind high tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. The elephant wasn't a bit funny. Why aren't elephants ever funny in pictures?

### ON WITH THE DANCE— Fitzmaurice-Artcraft

Here is a picture we have been waiting for. It is a picture of New York. The story—and there is a story—is a melodrama, curiously lifelike. It's too long to tell. Ouida Bergere made the scenario from Michael Morton's book, providing the background upon which Fitzmaurice built his glittering panorama. This is a Fitzmaurice-Star production, and makes one wonder why no producer has ever thought to recognize Fitzmaurice's talents before. This Irish-French maestro has made it at once a pageant of our greatest city, and an intimate drama of personalities. He has a satirical, yet kindly philosophy; and he really does understand men and women. There isn't an inch of excess footage in this; it is crammed with color and vivid sets,—you can fairly see colors in Fitzmaurice's black-and-whites—logical and yet melodramatic action, and acting. David Powell's fine sensitive delineation of Mr. Peter is as good as anything that has ever been done on the silversheet. Alma Tell, sister of Olive, is a womanly Lady Joane. Mae Murray does her best work as Sonia, the sensuous little Russian dancer; she is Sonia. Don't be fooled by the advertisements; it isn't Mae's dancing you'll stake to see; it's her acting. And—just watch Fitzmaurice!

### STARVATION—Fred Warren

"Starvation" has many, many reels and titles calculated to infer that the picture will show how Mr. Herbert Hoover, with the co-operation of the United States, has been feeding a starving, wartorn Europe. The picture, decidedly a compilation and not in any sense a production, is made up of scenes dealing with the unloading of food ships, soup kitchens, emaciated hungry people, executions of Bolshevist persons by German authorities and views of some prominent public buildings in European capitals. The "punch" at the end shows two prisoners compelled evidently by the Russian Bolsheviks to climb the gallows and hang themselves. The picture is calculated to make you want to help feed the starving nations. It very likely will.

### OTHER MEN'S SHOES—Pathe

Many directorial roads for some time no doubt will lead from "The Miracle Man." Whether Edgar Lewis in making his first Pathe production was conscious of it or not, one feels that he took his cue for a great many of the incidents of "Other Men's

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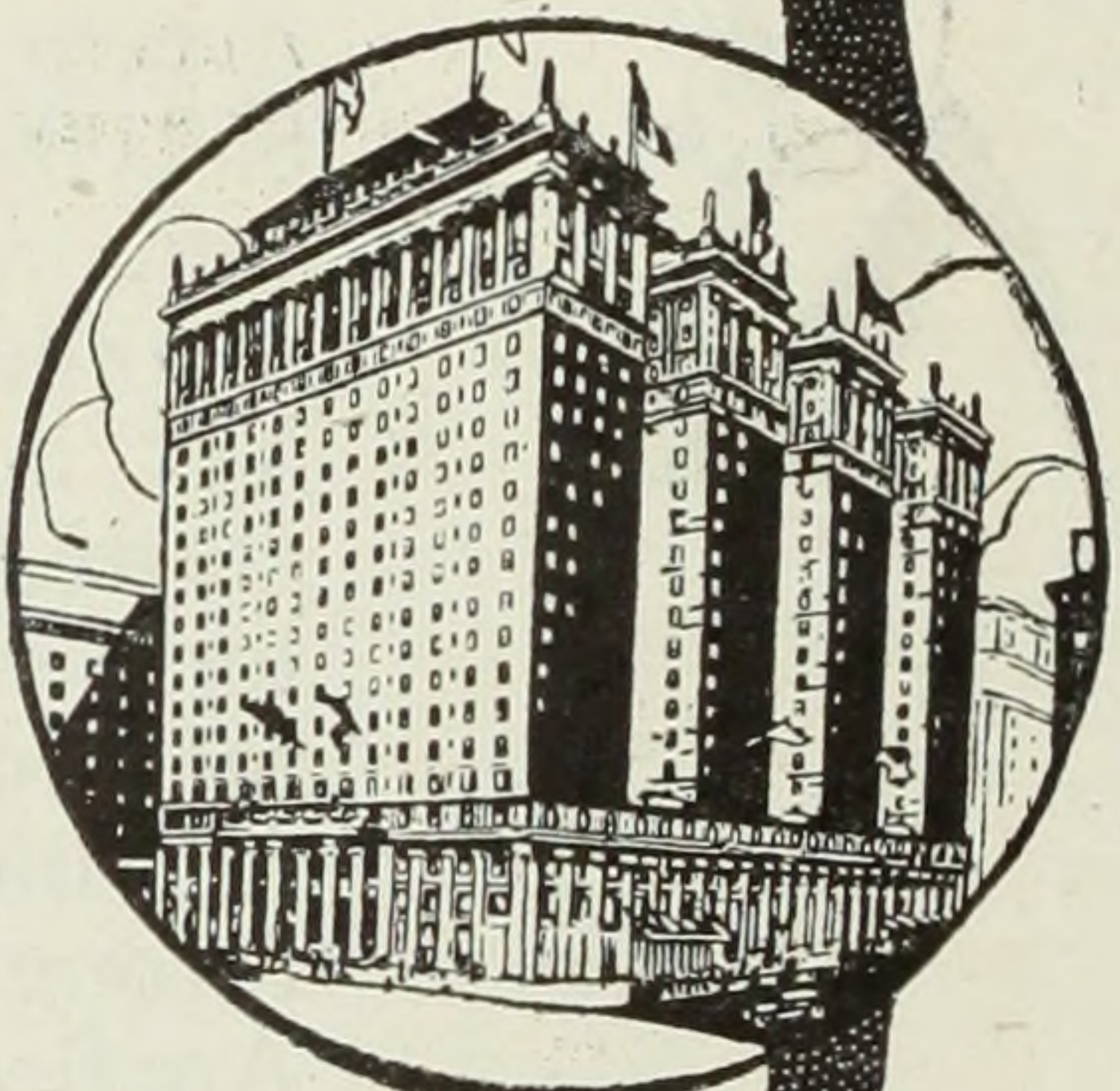
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# The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

Shoes" from that established success. One of the great differences in the pictures is, though, that "The Miracle Man" never sank into mere sentimentality,—unless perhaps for a moment at the end. Mr. Lewis' picture drips with it. He hangs a bit of it on every possible peg. Nevertheless, "Other Men's Shoes" will appeal to very many, especially to the sort of ladies who dote on ministers—for the hero is a handsome clergyman. And since the minister develops from a coward into a person of punch and virility, commanding the respect of his congregation, men will like it. The catch in the picture is that the strong, aggressive parson and the weak-willed one are two distinct persons. Craufurd Kent plays the dual role of the clergyman and his weak brother. If you don't mind slush, go to see him.

## TREASURE ISLAND—Fox

This is not *your* "Treasure Island"—the one you have read and re-read these many times. There could be only one "Treasure Island," of course. This Artcraft picture is Maurice Tourneur's "Treasure Island." He has maintained much of the charm of Robert Louis Stevenson's magic words in the atmosphere of the picture. But the plot—aside from a general semblance to that of the classic pirate story—is Mr. Tourneur's own. It might be said that he has been very free in his translation of "Treasure Island" from literature to the screen. It is Mr. Tourneur's version which suffers. He has juggled the plot and has introduced a great deal of action of his own—some of which is very ingenious. But in attempting to paint the lily, he has cheapened it by more than one tawdry stroke. Nevertheless he has made a very entertaining story of a hunt for buried treasure.

Tourneur's reputation is largely based on a genius for artistic detail. Except for occasional slips, his genius works wonders in this picture of old England, pirates, sailing vessels and powdered wigs. Such scenes, such settings, such a Jim Hawkins! Where is there a player of boy's parts who could have endowed the role of Jim with such a delightful, fiercely boyishness as Shirley Mason? The director's choice of Miss Mason for the boy here, might be called another inaccuracy in the translation, but it is one we do not mind. Heaven forbid a motion picture production without a woman. Charles Ogle, as "Long John Silver"—a considerable tamed and much less changeable and oily villain than the original due to the change in plot and limitations of the screen,—is another candidate for honorable mention—as was the entire admirable cast.

## THE BEGGAR PRINCE—Haworth

Some producers just can't be happy unless they have a mythical kingdom or two in a current production. You would think they had run out of real-life stories, whereas they have scarcely sampled them. It seemed to me to be really too bad to waste Sessue Hayakawa, lavish settings and good scenery on such comic-operatical material as this. It's called a fantasy, and if a fantasy means a jumble of far-eastern islands with cruel princes and poor but noble fishermen and lovesick grand viziers' daughters and beautiful net-menders' daughters—then this is it. Hayakawa plays two parts: that of the cruel prince and the fisherman, Niki. They exchange roles so that the prince may learn true contentment in poverty and Niki may reform the kingdom and go back to his nets. Chubby little Sosad, who loves the prince, is Thelma Percy, Eileen's pretty younger sister. Beatrice LaPlante plays Olala, Niki's sweetheart.

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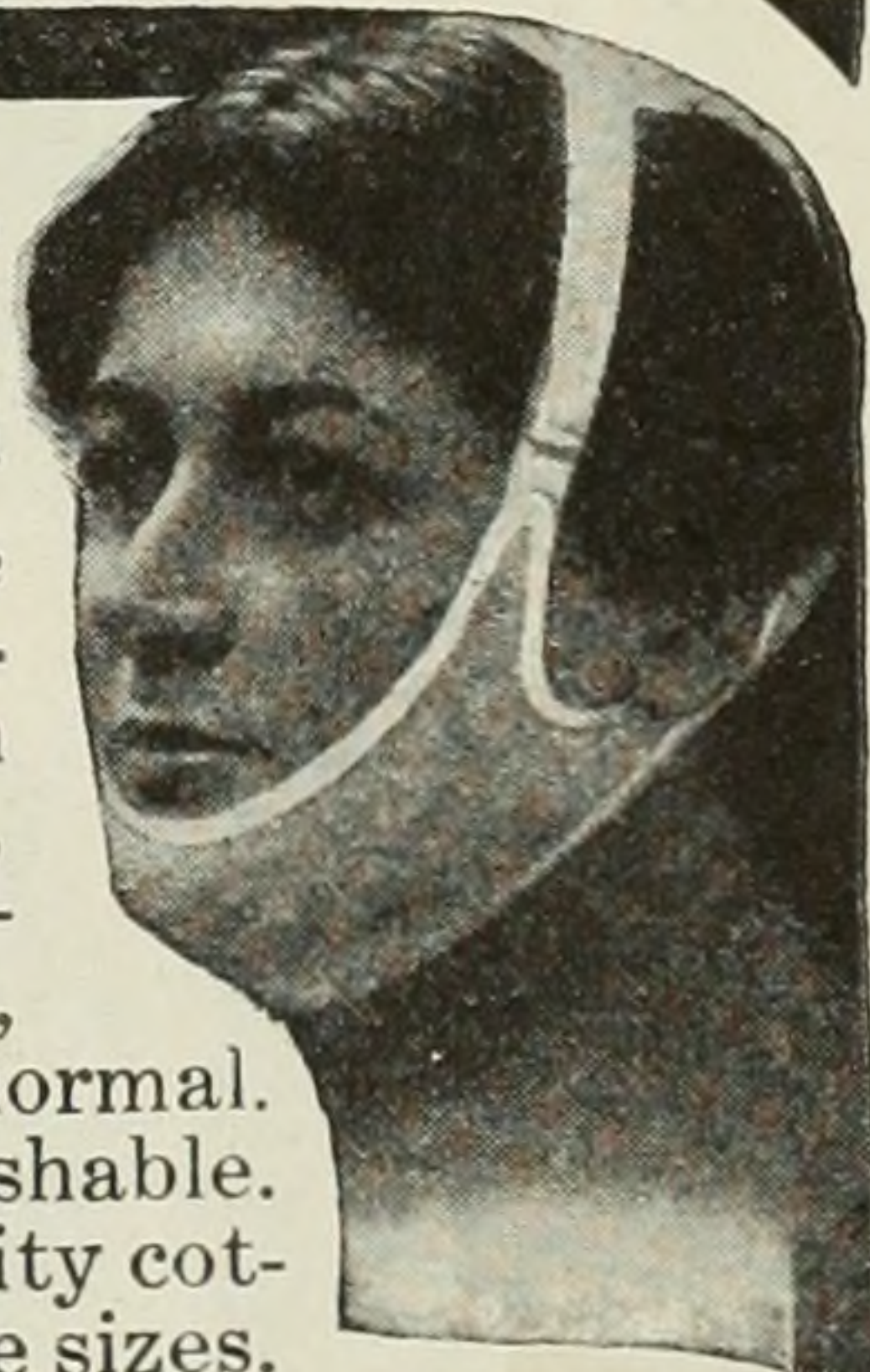
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## Polly of the Storm Country

(Continued from page 85)

Feeling under the circumstances that she must promise something else, Evelyn said that she would try to persuade Marc to let Polly and little Jerry go to see Daddy Hopkins—that Polly might have any one of her dresses that she wanted. She could come and select one that night.

Polly got her dress—but she also received a note after she got home from selecting the gown saying that Evelyn could not arrange the trip. So Polly decided to take things in her own hands.

When Evelyn Robertson and her mother, with Robert Perceval and Marc McKenzie, seated themselves in the drawing room on the Auburn coach the following day, they did not guess that snugly tucked away under the seats in which they sat were a curly headed girl in one of Evelyn's gowns covered with a man's rough coat, and a little boy wrapped in one of Granny Hope's old shawls.

They would not have found it out at all, in every probability, if a heavy boot had not come in contact with an acquiline nose. There was a short exclamation from above, and Polly Hopkins, in agonized embarrassment and quantities of dust was dragged into view. She proclaimed her right to go see Daddy Hopkins. McKenzie said she was a thief—stealing a ride. Mrs. Robertson brought forth evidence that the girl wore one of Evelyn's dresses, stolen without a doubt. Evelyn, though Polly looked at her beseechingly, did not deny the charge. And there Polly stood, in utter, abject misery until Robert Perceval said that he would stop the train and take her home. They were still in the outskirts of Ithaca. The conductor complied willingly to Bob's request to signal the engineer on sight of a green-back. The women gladly stepped aside while Pollyop fished out wee Jerry from under their seat, and the weird little couple dashed after Robert and out of the train.

"Try and be good," Bob said to Polly almost savagely as he rowed her across the lake. It was a long time before he finished his sentence, "because—I—I—love you."

Shortly after the marriage of Evelyn Robertson and Marc McKenzie took place.

\* \* \*

Then came the moment that crucified the loving heart of little Pollyop Hopkins and left in its place only hate and loathing for any but her own people.

Marc McKenzie did what he had long threatened to do—though Polly knew nothing of his threats. He took away wee Jerry to a children's home.

And with that all her sweetness died within her. Her face grew sullen.

The night before Thanksgiving Larry Bishop and several squatters dropped a heavy bundle on Polly's bed.

"We had a hell o' a time gittin' her, Poll," Larry said. "But there she air."

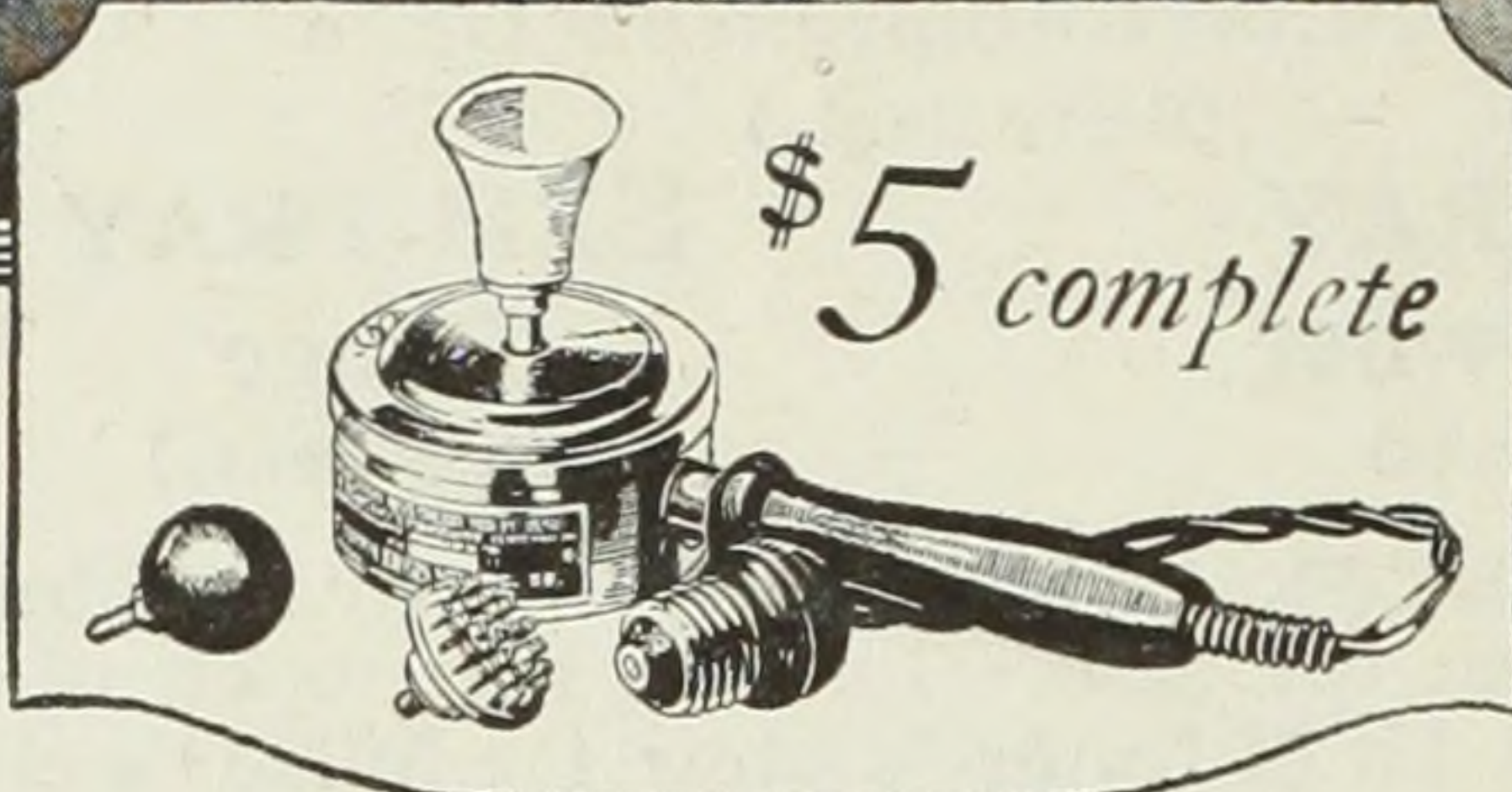
"Scoot out and keep watch," the girl commanded. Polly leaned over and untied the wrappings of the bundle on her bed and exposed the pale, terrified face of Evelyn McKenzie. She was bound and gagged, so she could neither move nor make a sound.

"I'm goin' to kill you," Polly gloated savagely. "You lily-livered—" apparently she could find no name to express her contempt for the woman before her, so she did not try.

"Marc McKenzie's in the town lookin' for his gal," came Larry's voice from the door.

"Come in," Polly invited, "come in, an' we'll laugh at him when he comes here till our sides split."

"I guess the squatter people know how to pay their debts," hissed Polly as she



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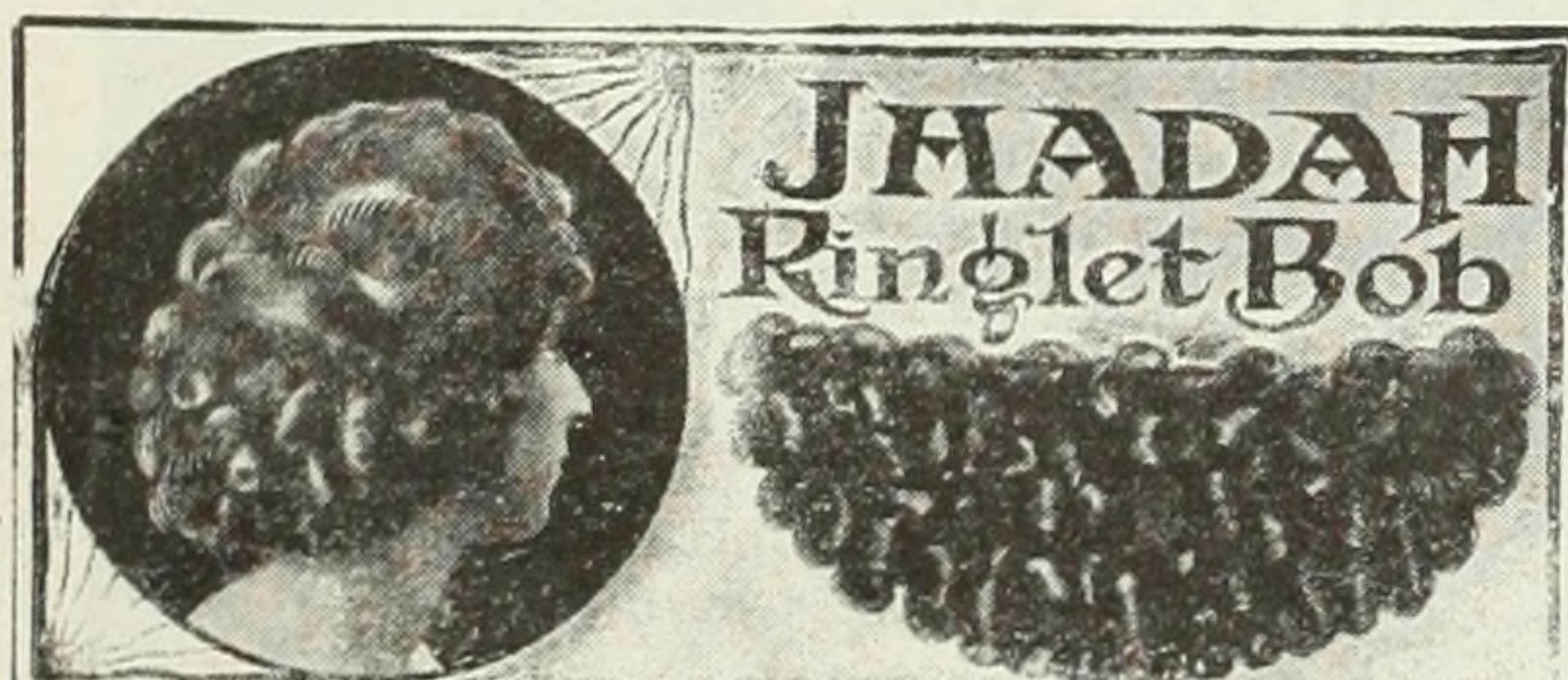
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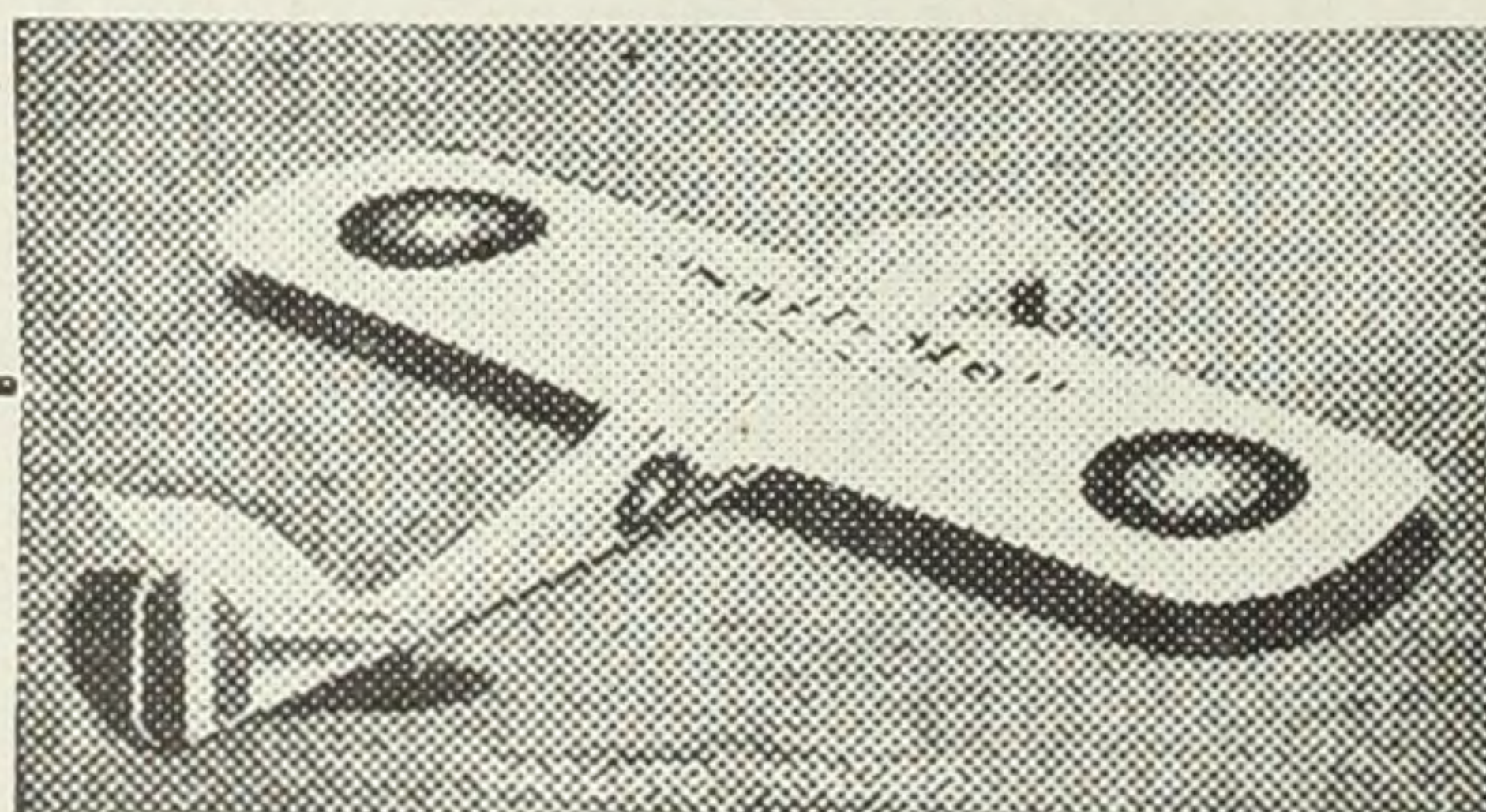
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## Polly of the Storm Country (Concluded)

covered Evelyn's body with pillows and laid down beside her in bed.

McKenzie came into the house. Grief had left his face white and drawn.

"My God," he said, "my wife's gone. She's gone. I want you to help me. I'll pay you for it"—what a different McKenzie!

But Polly and Larry only laughed cruelly. "Maybe your woman's freezing in the snow," suggested Polly heartlessly. McKenzie left the house frenzied, followed by harsh laughter.

"You're going to die," Polly kept repeating over when Larry had again gone out, and she lifted the covers that hid Evelyn from sight. "But I'm going to tell you something before you do. D'ye hear?"

Then Polly told the story of Larry Bishop and his wife and babe, of Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and herself. "Now you see," she said, "you're the one thing that can hurt old McKenzie like he has hurt us—an' you're goin' to get it. Maybe old Marc won't be so mean to us for a while."

For many weeks now, Polly had kept a coat hung over the picture of the greatest mother in the world which Robert Perceval had given her. Tonight old McKenzie had brushed against it, and the coat lay in a heap. As Polly glanced about the room her eyes became riveted on one spot. There from the wall the great sad eyes with their message of love looked straight into hers. Against her will, the picture of the slim straight boy who had called her "the littlest mother in all the world" swept into her heart for the first time in days and days. Then old memories, old emotions, old sensations came flooding back. She went closer to the pleading mother and stood looking at her for several moments. Then she turned back to Evelyn McKenzie and took off the ropes which bound her.

"I'm going to take you back to your man," she said simply. And she did—on Daddy Hopkins' old sled, up to the great house where light poured forth from every window.

At the door Pollyop turned to go, but Evelyn McKenzie pulled her into the library where Mrs. Robertson and Marc McKenzie sat in agonized silence.

"I was going to kill her," said Pollyop—the old Pollyop always ready to take the blame.

From her place in her husband's arms, Evelyn told her story, and for the first time in her life, she told the entire truth.

Finally Polly thought she must be going, but Evelyn would not hear to her staying alone in her shanty overnight.

"Marc, you go with her and bring her back," she asked, "and mother, bring down my fur coat and hat—Polly must be warm."

When Marc McKenzie and Pollyop arrived at the Hopkins shanty, a bright light streamed across the snow to welcome them. Polly's heart stopped beating at what she saw inside the window. There, against the wall, stood Robert Perceval, and opposite him was Daddy Hopkins with wee Jerry on his shoulder.

It was not easy for Marc McKenzie to enter the little place and admit that he had been wrong—but he did so. And when Daddy Hopkins and wee Jerry and Pollyop had hugged enough, and kissed enough and wept enough, and when Marc had repeated the story from beginning to end that Evelyn had told, Bob Perceval reached out his arms and drew a shining Pollyop to his heart.

Then she thought, did Pollyop, that this was Thanksgiving time, and they had much to be thankful for.

"Granny Hope said 'Love is stronger'n hate,'" said Pollyop, "and she was right."

# Look Your Best at Easter

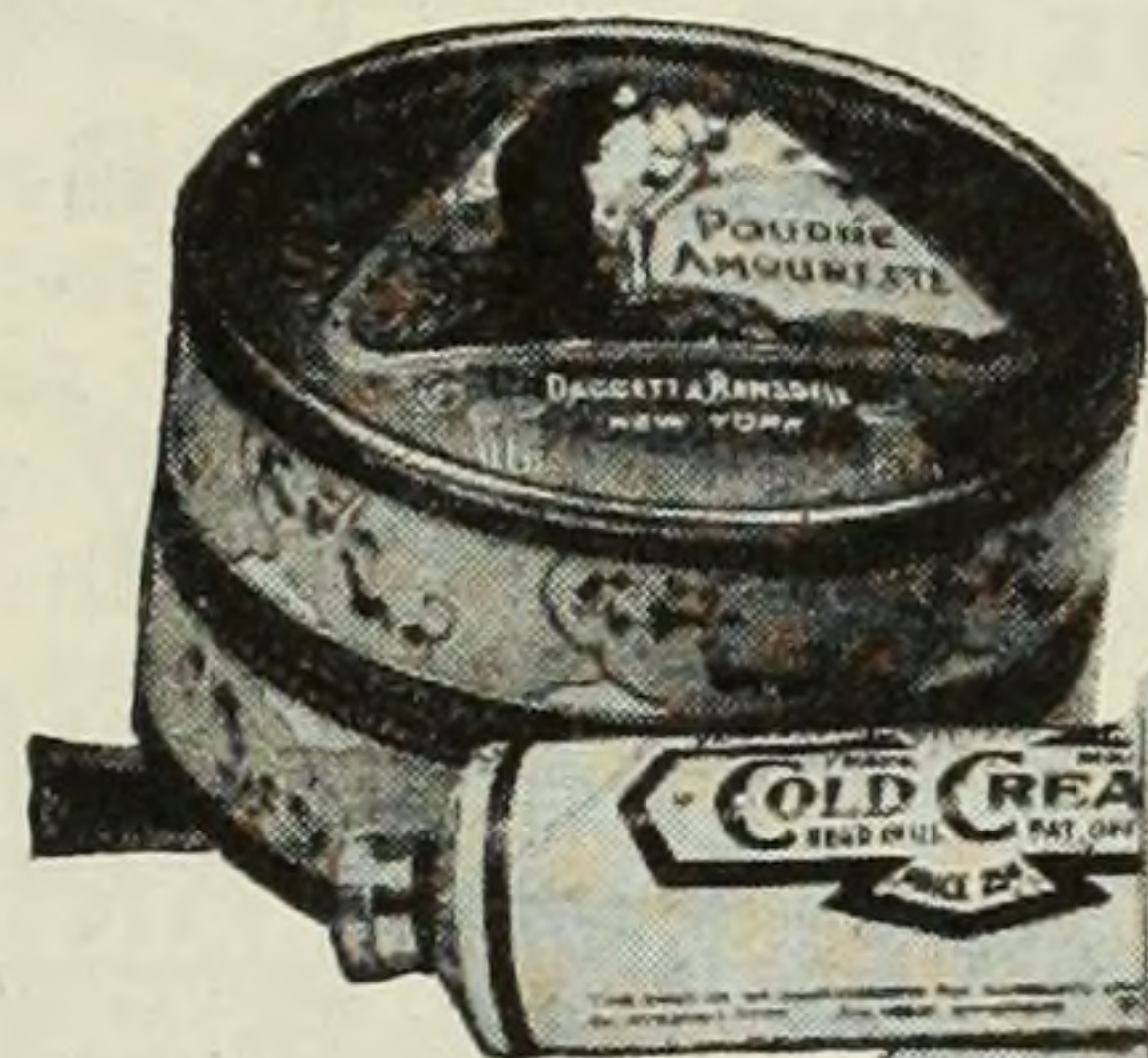
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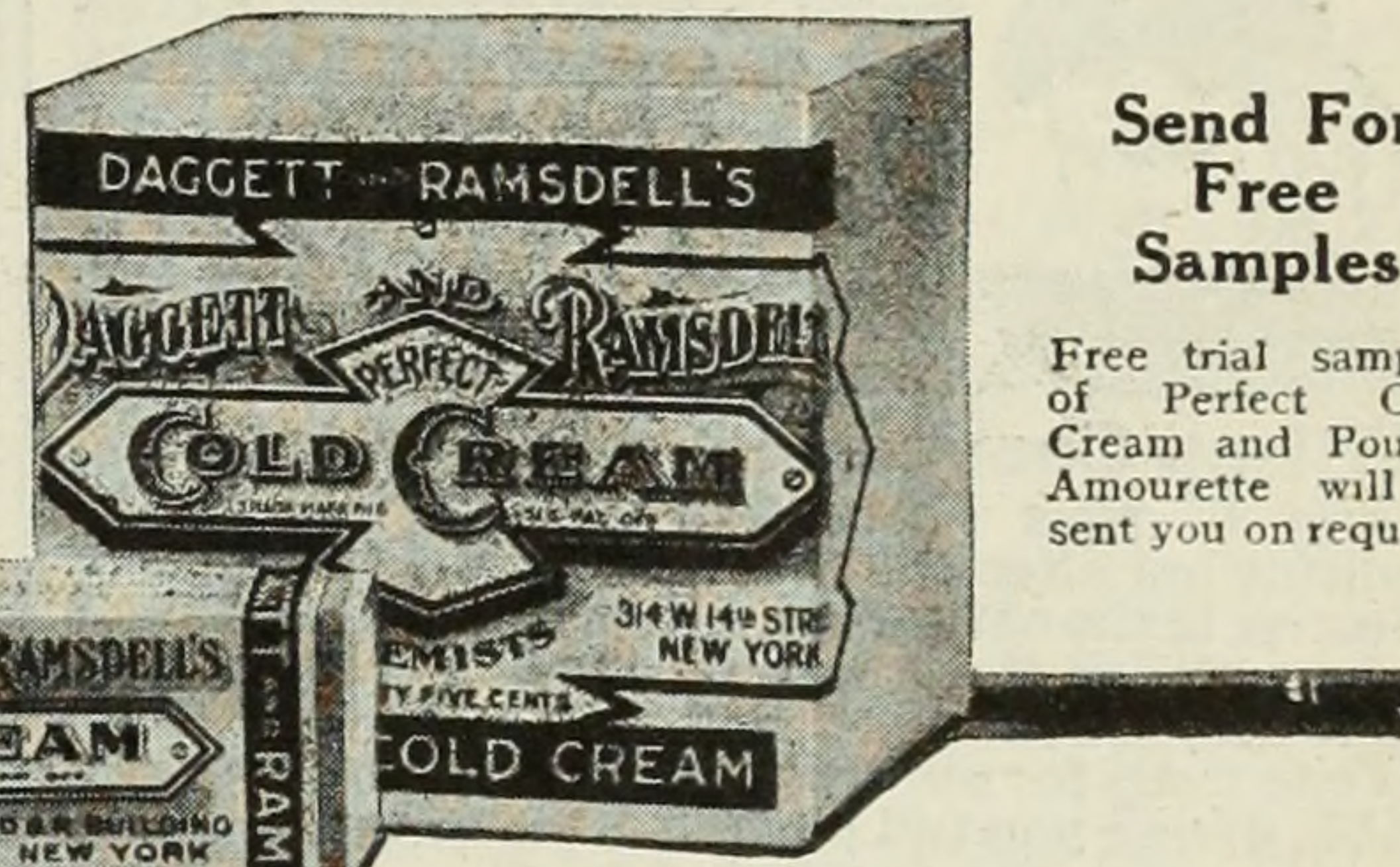
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is firmly fixed in the mind's eye of discriminating women, even if they have only tried this toilet necessity but once—so impressive and apparent is its quality and purity. To massage your face, hands, arms and neck every day with D & R Perfect Cold Cream will ensure your having a soft, smooth skin and a complexion that radiates charm and youth. In tubes and jars, 10c to \$1.50.

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I build you up or reduce you to normal—all in your own home. In a few weeks you can surprise your family and friends.

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Mary, the Well Beloved

(Continued from page 29)

straight hair pulled back grotesquely, the children stood around and gazed from one to another of the players. They had been expecting their Mary, but did not recognize her. Finally Miss Pickford singled out a diminutive cherub intimately known as Mousie, an especial favorite of hers, and picked the baby up in her arms.

"Dat id too Mawy Pitford," Mousie declared emphatically. You couldn't fool her with any kind of makeup.

For more than half a century this institution has been caring for orphans, for thirty years the present building has towered above the city upon one of its highest hills, for six years the present Mother Superior, Sister Cecilia, has been watching with deepest love the welfare of the flock, and the five last years, since Mary Pickford has taken a personal interest in the children, have been the golden ones in the history of the home. What has she done? Ask rather what she has not done. She has had a hand in all matters that have contributed to the happiness of nearly three hundred children, ranging from toddlers to girls who have been taught some trade or profession and ready to go out into the world and be self-supporting. Not only has Miss Pickford herself contributed to these things but she has interested other members of the California moving picture colony.

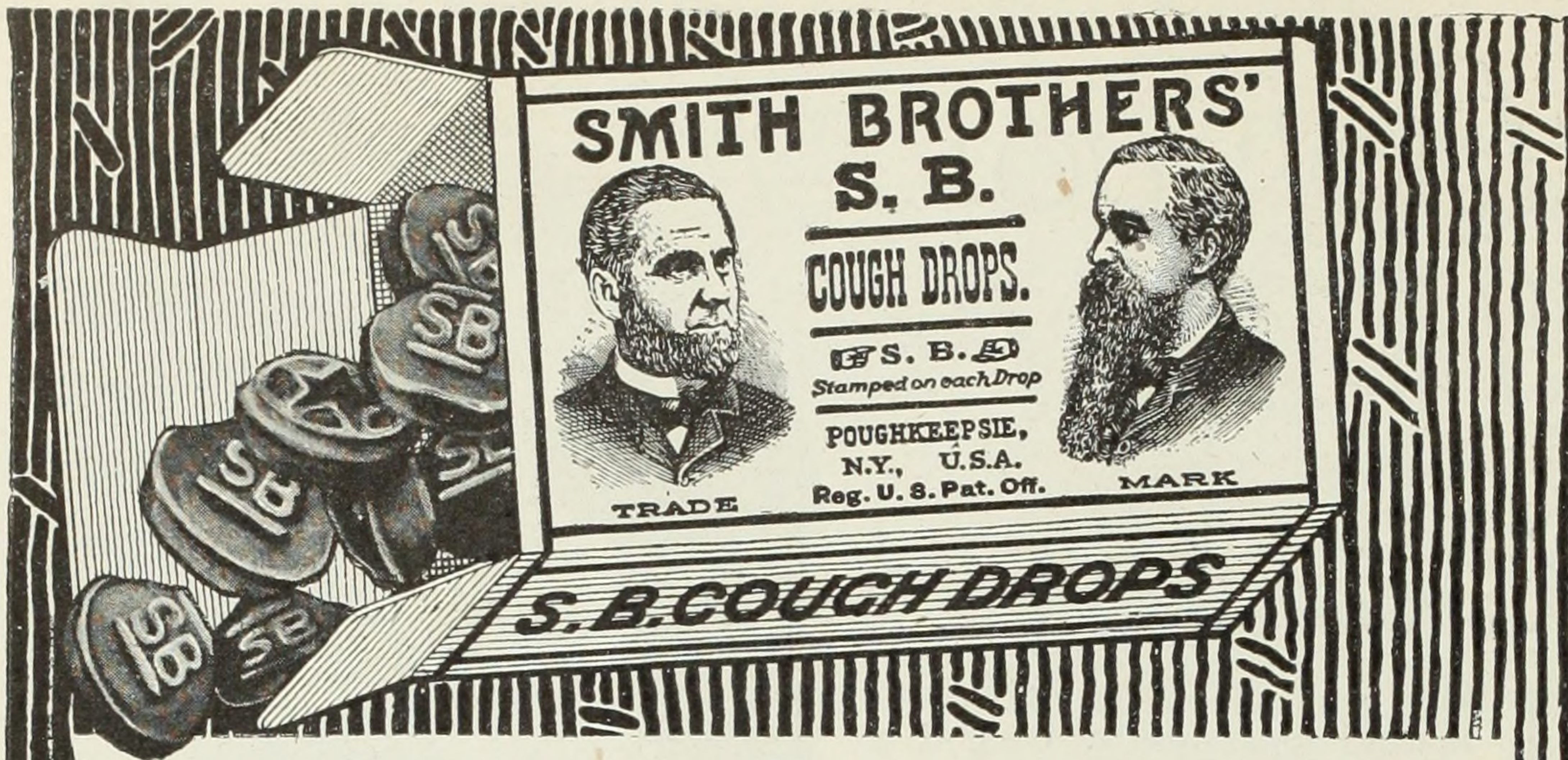
It is a little thing, perhaps, that the children in this institution are not garbed uniformly. Little, but how big to the tiniest girl, the bow in whose hair is a little different in shape or size or color from that of her playmate. Nor are gay colors barred nor laughter nor any of the merry din of childhood.

It is a little thing, perhaps, that the children are not all herded into one huge dining room for their meals, big, little and medium at long tables like rabbits in a hutch, which is the customary way one imagines the eating arrangements at such places. The littlest ones have a little room of their own, with little tables, from one right close to the floor for the babies, graduated upwards. And in other rooms are served the larger girls and the girls who are neither little nor big but just in between. Moreover, illustrating the thought which is expended to make the children feel that they are not just peas in a pod, these small tables are not arranged in long rows in mathematical regularity, but there is a carefully studied disarrangement, breaking the long monotonous lines.

And there are books from which the good Sisters read to little rapt audiences, and hours of play in the sunlight, and wash basins set close to the floor where the tiny ones can paddle to their heart's content and make toilet time a merry occasion, and the little hospital room, happily seldom occupied by anything more serious than a "tummy ache" or case of mild sniffles.

Into all these corners of this hospitable home for homeless babes the presence of Mary Pickford has crept, and the love that she has given has been poured back upon her a thousand fold.

"She never forgets anything," said Sister Cecilia. "One day when she came to call on us she noticed that I was looking a little glum, and asked me what was the matter. I told her I had just received notice of an assessment for street improvement, \$3,700 we were required to pay. I did not know where the money was to come from. 'I'll take care of it,' she said. A few days passed and I thought perhaps she had forgotten, because she is so very busy. But soon I heard from her about it. She was organizing a benefit perfor-



**THE ACTOR** on the screen won't be bothered by your coughing, but the people in the theatre will, especially those sitting near you. Remember that S-B Cough Drops relieve coughing, and always have a box with you. Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

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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.

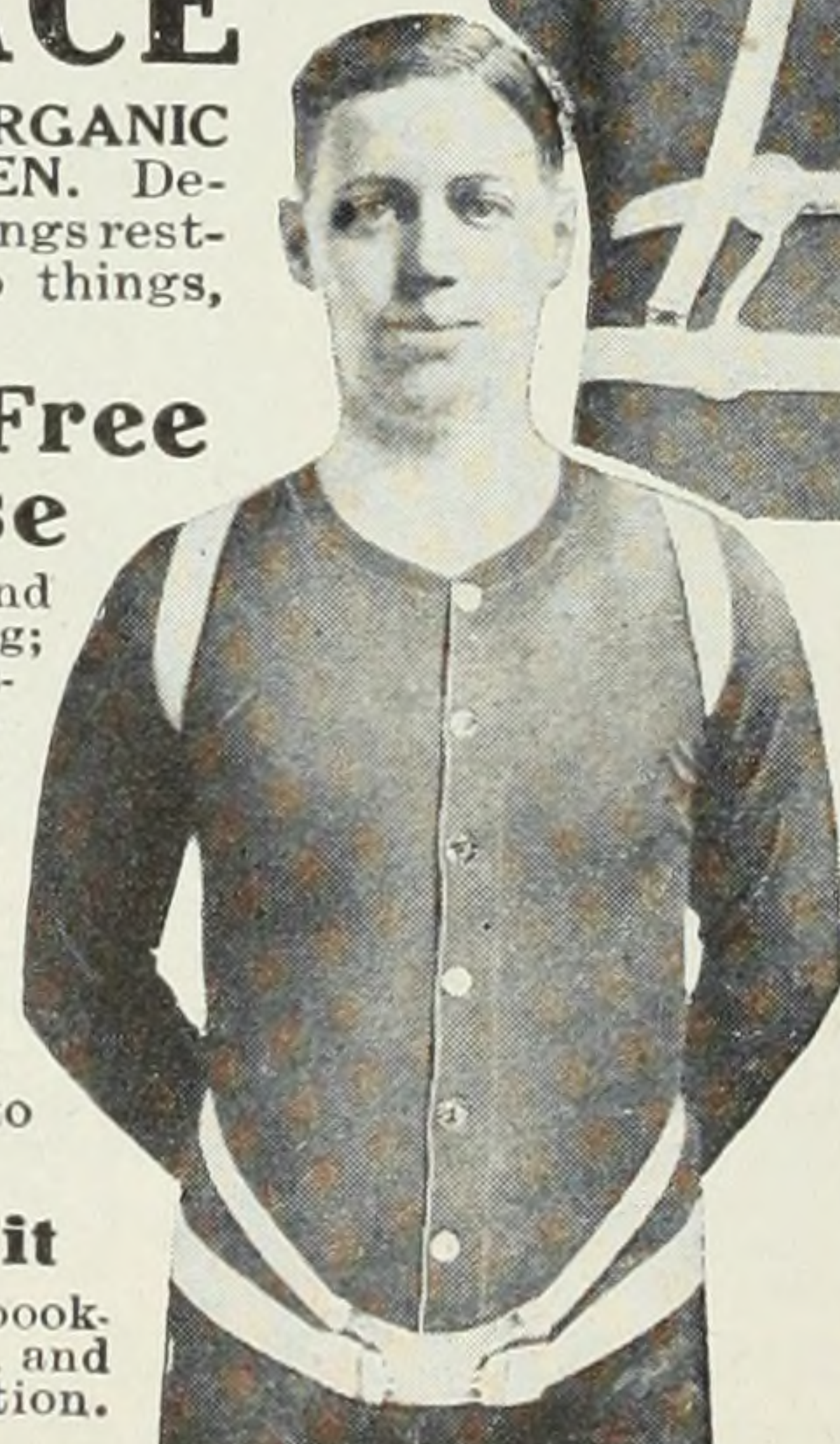
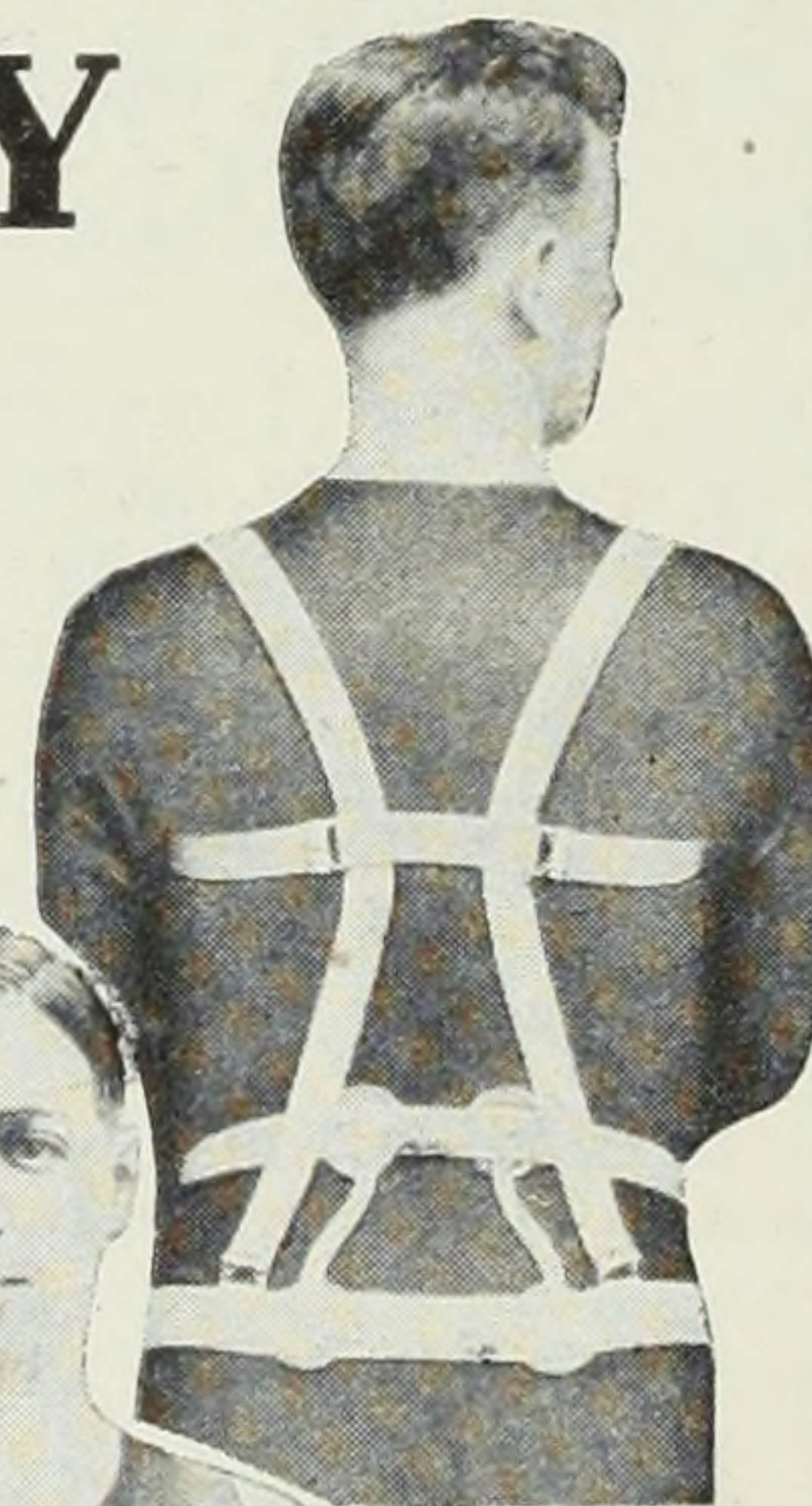
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**For Boys and Girls Also**



# Mary, the Well Beloved

(Concluded)

mance at once of the Los Angeles theatres, and sure enough, we received our badly needed money."

And there was, among innumerable other incidents of Mary Pickford's interest in these children, the most wonderful picnic that ever was—all arranged by Mary herself. It was away out in a beautiful spot in the foothills of the Sierra Madres—first a ride on the interurban cars, and then automobiles to their destination. And there was a band and a regular outdoors festival of every imaginable delight. But guess what was best of all. Mary was there too. And it cost her something to be there. She was in the middle of a picture and the people who insist that pictures must be made by a certain date were

hurrying and hurrying, so it was impossible for Mary to be with the children all day. So she had things arranged in such a way that she could be absent from the studio for three hours in the middle of the day, and by defying all the speed laws managed to motor to the picnic, spend an hour with the children, and get back on time. How easy to give checks, when you think of this little woman, every energy needed for her work, finding time and strength to give a few poor orphans a little hour of joy!

When Mary was making "Daddy Long-legs" she used the Orphan Asylum for the childhood scenes. One of the children was quite ill at the time, but seemed to improve considerably while Mary was with her, for the hospital ward, when it has any occupants, is one of her first interests. When she had left, the child, half delirious, cried for her to come back, and she did so. While she held the baby's hand it slept and rested comfortably, but the instant she tried to release herself the baby woke. And so she sat there, ate her dinner with one hand, and finally, aided by the sisters, made herself as comfortable as possible and slipped beside the little patient remaining there all night. In the morning the baby was almost recovered.

Stop a moment, you who think of the movie stars as devoting their nights to hilarious gaiety, their only thoughts in the hours when they are not working being

of vast extravagances! Picture this scene—the highest salaried woman in the entire world enduring a night of discomfort—merely because a baby cried when she took her hand away. You who have wanted to know why Mary Pickford is a great favorite and why her popularity never wanes—can you not see in this little story some clue to the mystery?

It would be unjust to many other generous persons to leave the impression that Mary Pickford is the sole support of this great institution. There are several other screen notables interested likewise, but as one of them said, "What all the rest of us do isn't a patch to what Mary does—not a patch." But just the same—we were compelled to swear not to divulge these names—a certain

genial Irishman who recently has been elevated to stardom by Lasky, and a certain other genial Irishman who used to be a director but who is scoring a greater success as leading man in Allan Dwan productions, and still another genial Irishman who has long been one of the chief funmakers in Mack Sennett comedies—these three for example provided one of the most glorious Christmas trees that ever was for the delectation of the orphans. There was a stocking for every one, with her own name on it, and the tree was lighted with hundreds of little incandescent lights and flying birds and silver streamers, 'neverything. And the same lads sent over more turkey than the whole lot of them could eat, 'neverything. And one of them—the Mack Sennett one—played Santa Claus. And Fatty Arbuckle has promised to go over and play with them one day soon. 'Neverything.

But that sacred little shrine which every girl cherishes in her heart as the place where she keeps the thoughts of the best beloved of all, is Mary's own, or perhaps Mary shares it, as she would wish to share it, with Sister Cecilia with her kind smile and her "God bless them, who could live with them and not love them?" And in their dreams—I am not of the Church and I hope this is not irreverent—I believe that the Madonna with the Blessed Babe, and Sister Cecilia, and Mary, all look very much alike.

The children also sing to the melody of "The End of a Perfect Day" these words:

**M** is for Mary, the children's friend  
and the friend of the soldiers too

**A** for the ardor with which she has served  
our glorious "Red, White and Blue"

**R** for the Rosary we whisper for her  
in the tranquil hour of prayer,

**Y** for the years that we hope she will  
live scattering love everywhere.

## A Distressing Result from Reading Too Many Subtitles

By HARCOURT FARMER

<p>"<b>T</b>HAT Night" "While All Is Still", "She Keeps Her Tryst", "He Waited with the Papers" "In the park" . . . ; "The Hand of Fate Gives Life Another Twist", "Her Truant Spirit Slips into the Dark."</p> <p>"Their Little Child", "A Gleam of Saving Sense", "The Touch of Goodness" and the other stuff; "Give Me a Thousand Kisses" "And—Ten Cents"— "His Grasp was Brutal," "She Recoils" "You're Rough!"</p>	<p>"And So It Goes"; "Life Dances Down the Street"; "What Does it Matter if the Child is Spared?" "The Morning Glories Smile and Roses Greet" . . . "And So, as Hours Sped By, Angela Dared."</p> <p>"I Do Not Know Exactly What You Mean . . ." "I Cannot be Your Lover, But Your Friend!" "Oh, Miss Carruthers, What—What—Might Have Been!" "And Now I'll Tell You Everything" . . . "The End."</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

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## Used by Daintiest Women

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Not by crude and distasteful dyes. But by a scientific hair color restorer.

Now that way is found. And women no longer hesitate. For simply by combing this clear, pure, colorless liquid through your hair, in from four to eight days every gray hair is gone.

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Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. It will bring you a free trial bottle of this remarkable hair color restorer and our special comb.

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The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....  
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....  
Street.....  
Town.....  
County..... State.....





**"You're Afraid"**

"I ain't afraid." "I ain't."  
"You are." "You are."

What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

# MARK TWAIN

25 Volumes

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

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To get the black, half-leather binding, change terms to \$6.00 within 5 days, and \$6.00 a month for 13 months. Photo 4-20

## They Both Came Back

(Concluded from page 33)

number of beautiful studies of the country round about Phoenix and Tempe.

Back on Broadway they spoke of Hobart Bosworth with hushed voices and dolorously wagging heads. What matter if he wrote that he was feeling great, and would soon be back among them.

One day Bosworth went to see one of the specialists in that sort of thing in Phoenix. "Wish you'd see if you can find anything wrong with me," he said.

The specialist looked him over, inside and out, several times, and subjected him to all the tests there are. In the end he had to admit that, somehow or other, Bosworth had cheated the germs, ejected them from his physiology, and was, in the parlance of a later day, "top-hole." But the wary man of medicine warned him against the east, the cruel east with its wet cold winters, popularly supposed to be fraught with pneumonia germs and other bacilli of destruction. Bosworth wasn't scared, but he thought Southern California might be worth looking over a bit, and a new stock company was being opened there by Fred Belasco, brother of David, and so to Los Angeles went the recovered and rejuvenated Bosworth.

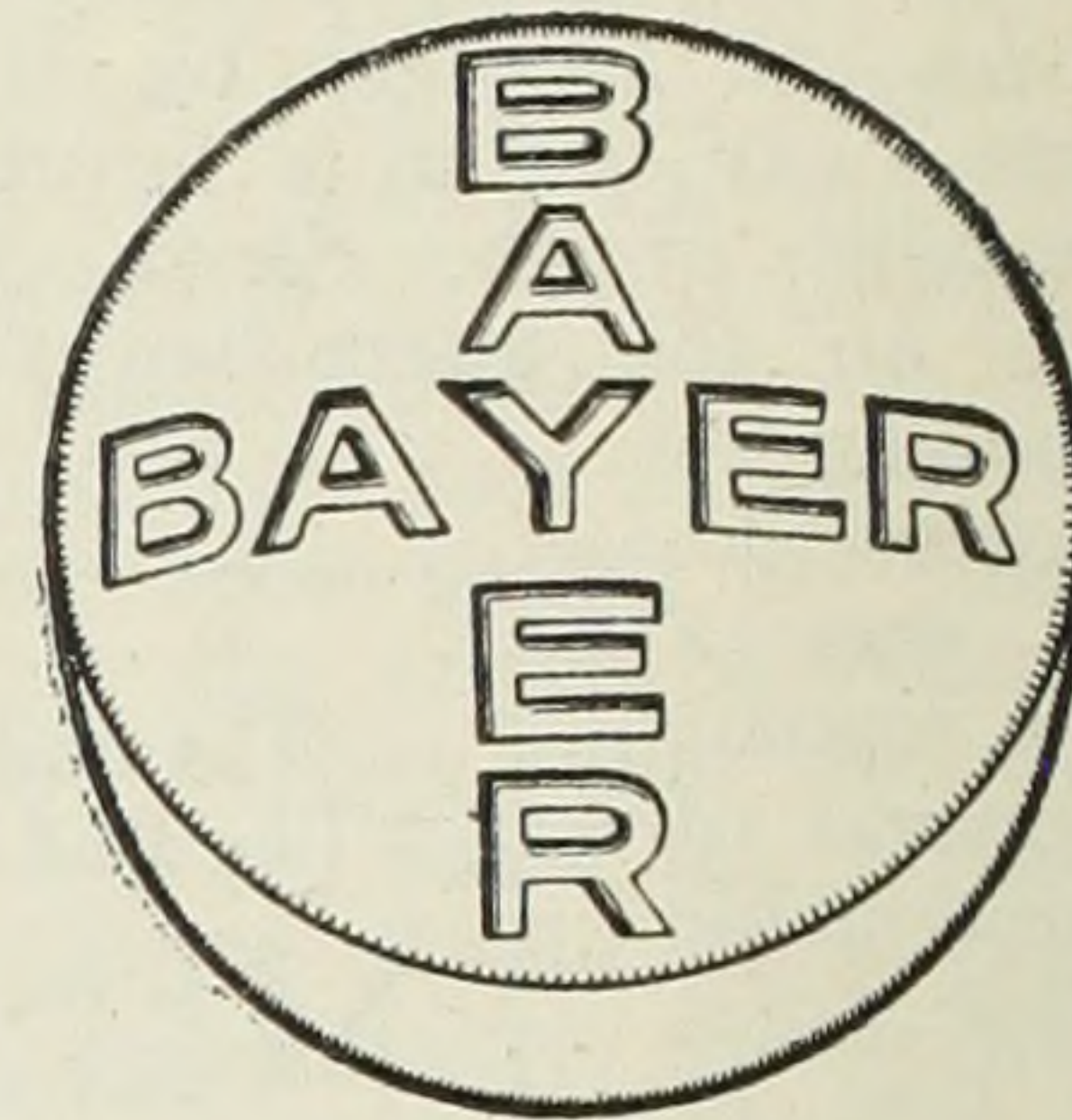
At first the theatrical colony wouldn't believe it, but the fact soon was established and so was Bosworth, as director of a company that made a national reputation for the excellence of its productions. From this company came such notables as Lewis Stone, Fay Bainter, Lillian Albertson, Charles Ruggles, and the scenic artist was Robert Brunton, founder some years later of the Brunton studios. Florence Reed played there, and Mrs. Fiske gave a special performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," with Bosworth as Rosmer. Then came the pictures to the southland.

The thing that Bosworth expresses most intensely is power with geniality—a sort of rollicking mastodon. Although he is six feet tall and weighs more than two hundred pounds, there is nothing heavy or bulky about his appearance, and the mildness of his blue eyes, whose assertion of kindness is corroborated by his light wavy hair—touched a bit now with distinguished grey—tells of a joviality of spirit concerning which his friends do not need to be told. And as I watched his powerful arms thrashing out in every direction in the big fight scene in "Behind the Door" I could not help wondering what he would be like if he started fighting in real earnest. Probably he would hate like the very dickens to get into it in the first place, but once in—oh boy!—I for one would want to be outside looking in.

He had just finished "Behind the Door" when the Ince organization handed him another rough bit of work, "Below the Surface," in which he is called upon to play the part of a master diver. Then came a moment of hesitation, and finally the death wallop for the last shadow of fear that his battle with tuberculosis had left implanted in his mind. This fear was something of a nightmare that he would some day die of strangulation. His apprehension was with him right to the last minute, and as the glass plate was being fastened over his face on the diving helmet he involuntarily gave a gasp, fearing that the supply of air coming in through the air line would be inadequate and that he would be unable to breathe under the conditions. However, once the adjustment was made and the air pump started, he experienced no difficulty in breathing at all, and he had won the final victory.

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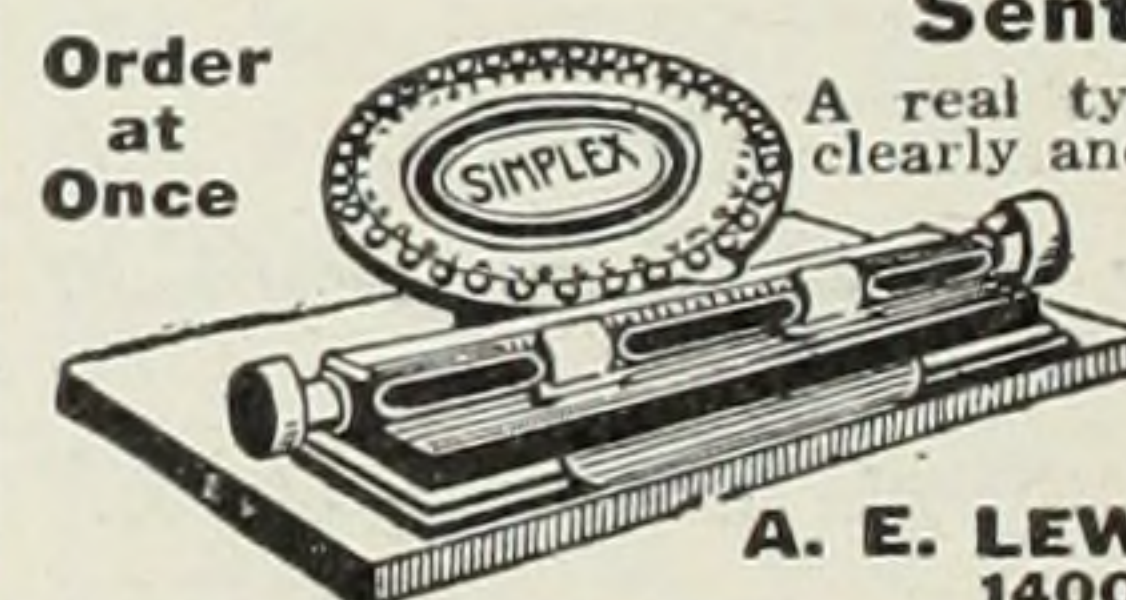
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## Owed to the Pictures

(Concluded from page 54)

joyous mood in anticipation of a coming love scene or a family reunion, while the playing of the Rachmaninoff "Prelude," or "The Storm" or "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" senses impending tragedy, and the orchestration of the cigarette girls' ballet or "Habanera" from the opera "Carmen" or the joyous music of the second act of Puccini's "La Boheme" denotes that a scene of reckless merrymaking is in progress.

"We shall use more and more of the works of such men as Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Schuman, Schubert, Cesar Franck, Bizet and Godard as time goes on," says Arthur Kay, the conductor of the orchestra of Grauman's Theater, Los Angeles, "because it is more consistent. One can take a whole movement of a piece of this sort,—a quartet for instance,—and keep up the same mood. Set exclusively for strings it maintains a sustained value that is foreign to an operatic work. It is more like specially-composed music,—the kind that every picture needs."

Louis F. Gottschalk, who wrote the music for "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" and other stage successes, daily works upon the scores that accompany the Griffith pictures. His work for "Broken Blossoms" is largely original.

It will be this specially composed music that will accompany the big pictures of the future, one may predict. Too often has an audience had to sit through a splendid photodrama ruined by its musical score.

In elevating musical taste the photoplay has sung the death-knell of its own poor accompaniments and moulded the public taste in such manner that musical tawdriness is quite as impossible as Elsie Ferguson in a slapstick comedy.

## Dressing on \$5 Per

CAN girls dress on \$5 a week? The answer, right off, is a decided "No" from any girl or any girl's father. However, Alice Brady, acknowledgedly one of the best-dressed girls in professional or private life today, says it can be done. "Why," said Alice, "if I were a girl who had to live on \$20 a week, I wouldn't try to dress like a little daughter of the rich. Suppose your living expenses cost you \$15; that would leave you \$5 for clothes, wouldn't it? I would get only the most sensible and serviceable things. If I had \$250 a year to spend on clothes I wouldn't buy georgette blouses and silk underwear. I'd buy a good suit, for \$50. Two hats, for \$10 each. But suppose I itemize:

1 suit .....	\$50
2 hats .....	20
Storm coat .....	50
Gloves .....	10
Shoes .....	30
Stockings .....	6
2 corsets .....	6
6 union-suits .....	6
Petticoats .....	10
Lawn blouses .....	12

Total .....

"You see, that leaves \$50 for incidentals!" said Miss Brady triumphantly. "Such as veils and hairpins and umbrellas and rubbers and things like that. Or maybe a light summer dress. The point is, spend carefully; buy good things, not cheap shoddy things, such as flimsy silk stockings, cheap underwear, and elaborate hats. Anyone finds that no matter how much money she has to spend, it is the simple things that are most appealing."



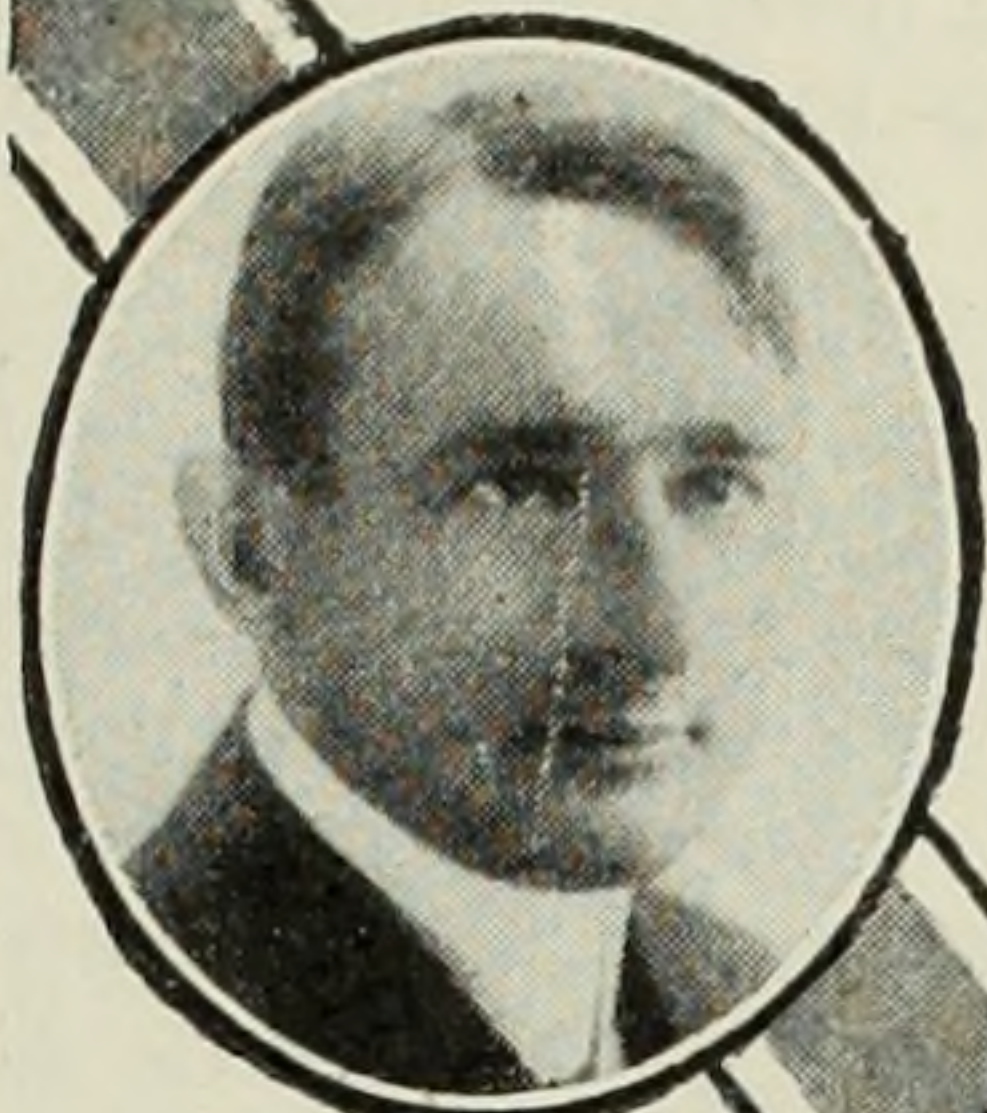
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A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to **double your income**, double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once. **Buescher is the oldest maker of Saxophones** and makes more of these instruments than the combined products of all other manufacturers.

Easy to Play

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### Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. Ask for your copy.



Will F. Newlan

### Buescher-Grand Cornet

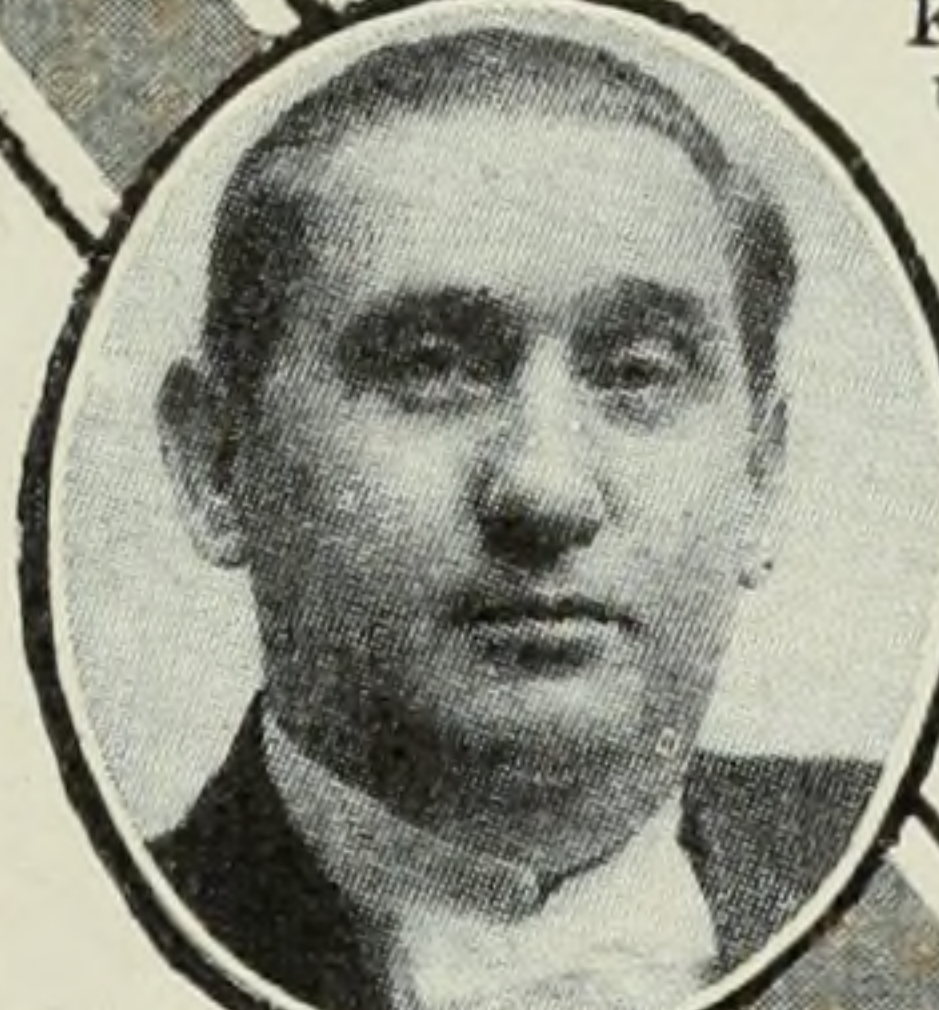
is a graceful and classic model of art that completely fulfills the requirements of the Cornetist. Any player with fair ability can play from low to high C or vice versa with accuracy and produce F (5th line), G (1st space above) and B (2nd space above) clearly and distinctly without extreme effort or pinching. The tone is smooth and even throughout the entire compass. Its valve action permits the utmost agility to rapid passages.

**Buescher-Grand Trombones** enable you to do bigger things musically. Possess an unrivaled smoothness and velvety ease in slides and perfect balance. Let us send you illustrations and descriptive matter. All True-Tone Instruments are equipped with our patented Split-No-Tone Bell.

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**Will F. Newlan**, Director of Newlan's School of Music, Chicago, and former director of the famous Kilties Band: "I have been using a True-Tone Saxophone for 10 years. I recommend them to my friends and pupils because I candidly believe they are the most perfect saxophones made."



Clay Smith

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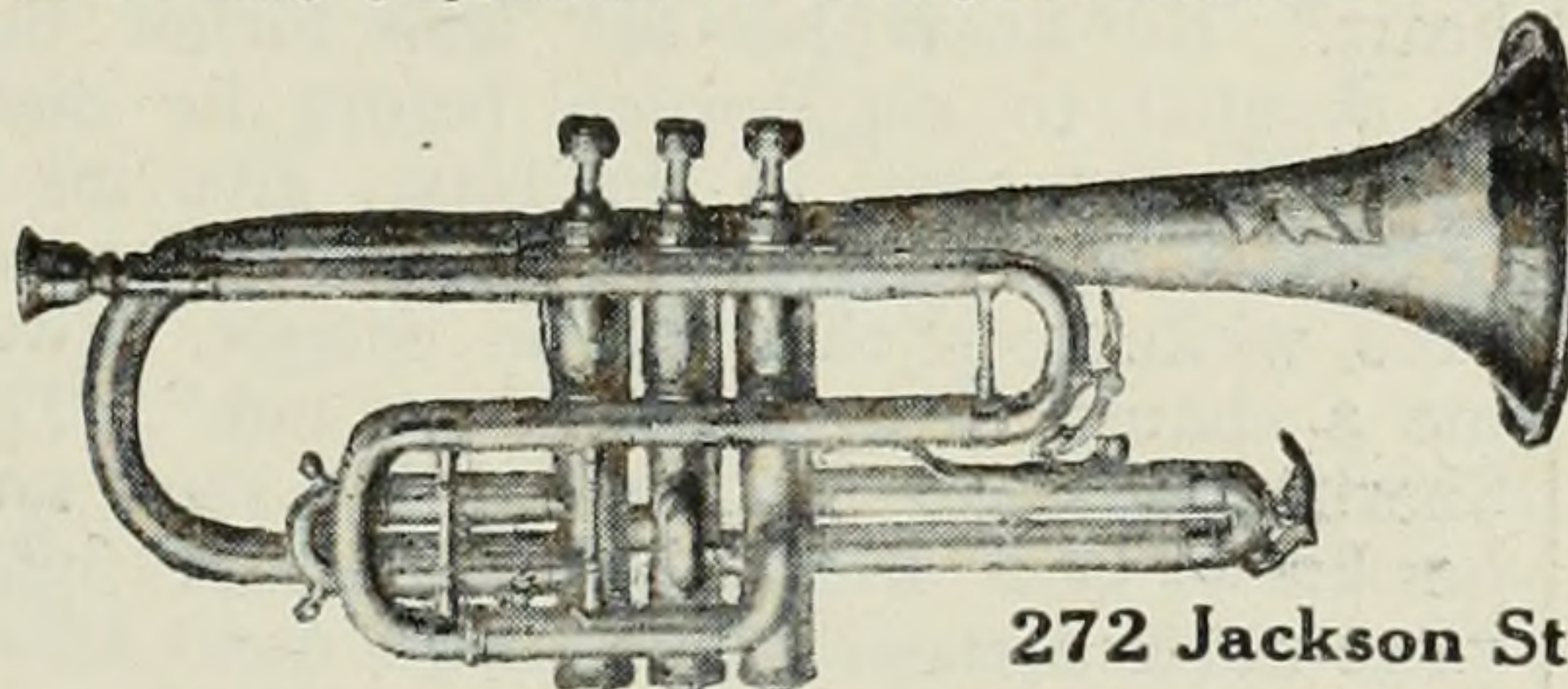
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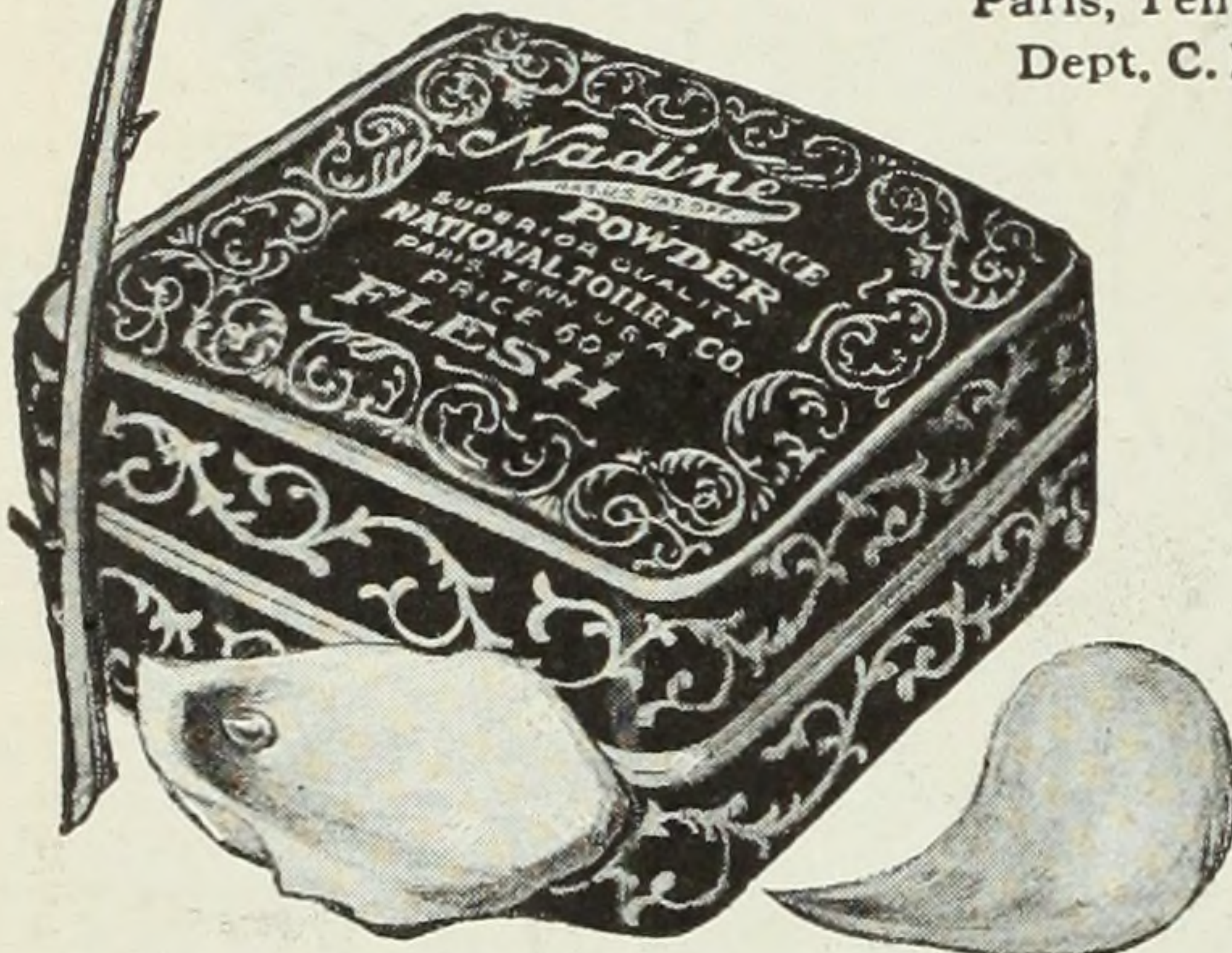
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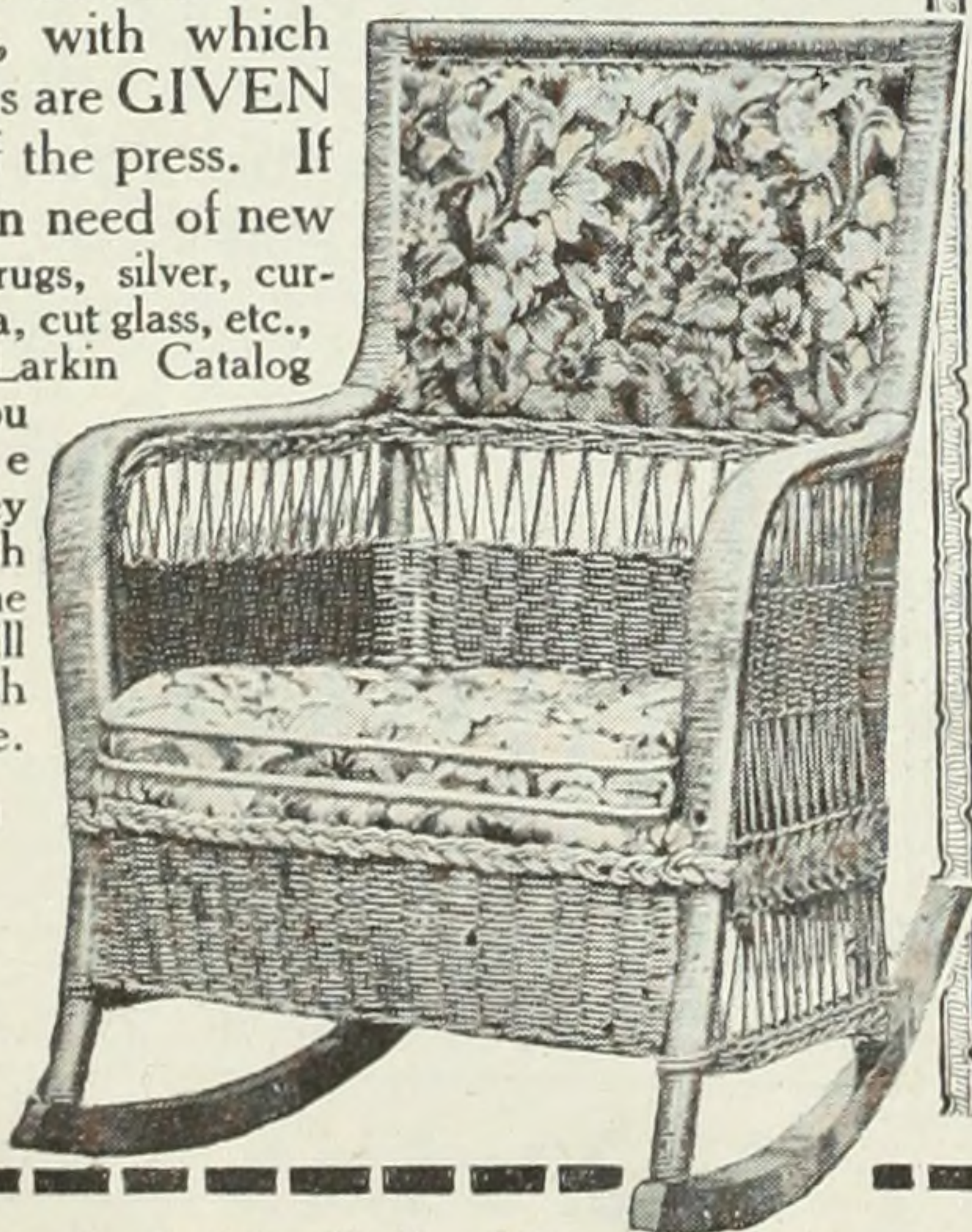
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**The Toll Gate**

(Continued from page 40)

suffering. But Mary Brown was not asleep. She hadn't been. She had faith and trusted this man, but when he moved toward her bed she sprang up in a crouching position, badly frightened, but still brave. The man's hands went to the lapels of his coat; his face was set in merciless, blackened cast of revengeful thought; he was a black shadow of vengeance.

"I'm still trusting you," she said, with unmistakable faith shining in her upturned eyes. Man-killer and outlaw was held by that which he could not dominate,—the square streak in himself. Slowly, the danger passed. Black Deering's soul became white. He turned from the girl and passed slowly to the door, bestowing one last glance at the "little feller" sleeping beside his bow. The Biblical quotation still burned in the mind of the outlaw; he opened the door, quickly:

"Roll out, boys," he called, "I ain't Jim Brown. I'm a liar. I'm Black Deering."

Suiting the action of his word the outlaw presented his guns butts first to the astounded Sheriff, then he handed over the money he had taken from "The Ace." Facing this paradox of bad men, the Sheriff looked upon a man who had fought a terrific fight with himself—and won,—and admiration showed in the officer's face, as he told Deering:

"They may call you Black Deering, but, by God, you're a white man."

At this juncture, the cabin door was flung open and one of the posse staggered in, badly wounded. He was a messenger. "Jordan's gang's got the boys cornered," he explained, "an' if we don't get there before them Mex's" can see to shoot, they'll be wiped out in half an hour." Before the deputy succumbed to exhaustion, he warned the men that if they didn't reach the rest of the posse by dawn the trapped men wouldn't have a chance. Leaving two men behind to care for the wounded deputy, and to guard the prisoner, the Sheriff prepared for fight.

One wish burned in Black Deering's heart. He knew his life was forfeit but he wanted to get Jordan before he died. "Sheriff, I'm goin' to the rope; give me a chance to die like a white man," he pleaded. "It's white men that are in danger. Give me a chance to help pull them out." The Sheriff was hard up for fighting men and he knew how Black Deering could fight. "I've never been any good and I don't know nuthin' but how to handle a pair of guns, but Sheriff, I can sure do that," continued Deering. The Sheriff looked into the outlaw's face and was convinced. He would play square. His manner of saying was to hand back Deering's guns, turned his back and led his men out the door. With great relief the outlaw slid the guns back into his holsters, and as he followed, Mary Brown stood in her bedroom door. He hesitated.

"I'm hopin' you'll try to think I ain't all bad," he ventured, and the girl, her lips a-tremble, with tears welling in her eyes, revealed the pride and trust she had in him. Silently he kissed her hand and was gone.

Dawn found a few desperate men waiting beside a smoldering campfire among their rock refuge for the rush that meant the end. With the word from Jordan the Mexicans came on them fast. The posse and Black Deering arrived on the cliffs above at the same time. The Sheriff took his men around the trail behind the cliffs to cut the attackers off, but the outlaw took a short cut. He leaped and rolled down among the rocks, alighting in the little group. Under the outlaw's leadership they rallied desperately and attacked the Mexicans with a fury that demoralized them. Superior numbers were telling, however, when the Sheriff and



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# The Toll Gate

(Concluded)

his men fell upon the Mexicans from the rear. The fight was soon over.

Like the rat he was, Jordan deserted his men and made his getaway on a fast horse. But one man saw him go—and that man was Black Deering. He left the fight in pursuit. A member of the posse attempted to stop him with rifle, but the Sheriff struck it aside. "He'll come back," he promised.

In the running gun fight which ensued between Black Deering and Jordan, the latter was brought to bay when his horse fell under him. The rat was cornered. This was the reckoning and the craven Jordan cowered in the face of death. Before the "Judas" stood a grim avenger of justice, who tossed his gun away in contempt, and spoke in the cold measured voice of an executioner:

"I'm goin' to kill you, Jordan, for two reasons. One of 'em you know, and the other I reckon you'll never know."

Jordan begged for his life, then treacherously drew a knife, but like a great panther Black Deering leaped upon his prey, his great hands clutching eagerly. A little later, the buzzards circled over some carrion laying in the bottom of the canyon.

Back with the posse, Black Deering again handed in his guns. There was no word spoken. These men were alike—except that one was the law and the other the outside.

The North Trail began at the little cabin. Black Deering approached Mary Brown and the "little feller" who had prepared to go with the posse. They both knew and understood what was in each other's hearts. They also knew that the man was going North to his death.

"We're all goin' the same way," he said, "Let me carry the little feller." But the Sheriff and his men had reached an understanding. "Deering, we ain't all goin' the same way," said the Sheriff as they faced each other. "We're below the Mexican border line and I can't take you." The outlaw stared at the Sheriff, scarcely understanding. The girl realized the other's meaning first and a glad light came into her eyes.

Apparently without the slightest friendship the Sheriff stated: "As long as you stay South of that line, you're safe, but don't cross it, Deering, for my sake." The outlaw's eyes traveled off toward the hills. The Sheriff's words meant life and freedom, and the girl was looking up at him with her heart in her eyes.

Black Deering felt a tug at his boots; he looked down upon the "little feller"—and Mary Brown faced him, confusedly. "The little fellow wants to go with you," she struggled, and suddenly the words came in a great sob—"and—and—so do I."

Mary's words hit Black Deering like an electric shock. The greatest thing that had come into his life had been offered him, and yet he was held back by many barriers. He had killed her husband, he was an outlaw without a home, he was going to a country that was no place for a woman. He knew he must go alone. There was love in his eyes and love in her eyes as he told her very gently: "The Sheriff's goin' to see that you get to your own people—that's best. An' down there is no place for a woman an' a kid."

He realized he was hurting the girl deeply, but he could not help it. Suddenly leaning forward, with the greatest reverence, he kissed her. Then he caught up the "little feller" and hugged him tight in his arms for a second. Black Deering, outlaw, mounted his horse quickly, his hand went up in a good-bye salute to the Sheriff and the posse, he whirled his horse toward the border and was gone.



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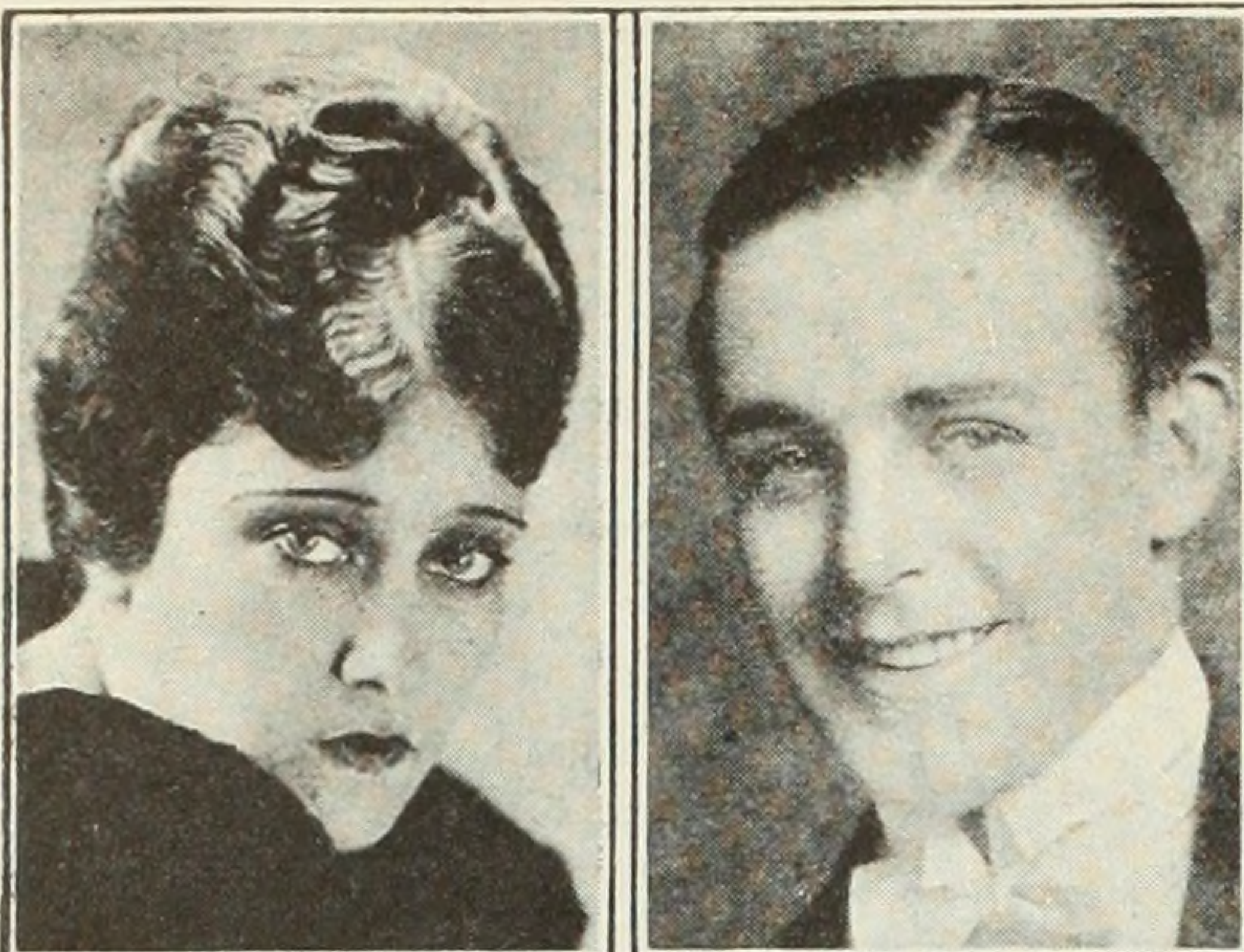
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

W. O. G., WORCESTER.—They say—although I have never met the lady, therefore cannot give the report credence—that Phyllis Haver's audible giggle is even more diverting than her optical glances. I hope Phyllis never deserts Mack Sennett and me, to go in for that horrid dressed (up) drama. She is awfully young, apparently and really; and you may write to her at the Sennett studios on the west coast. She and Louise Fazenda are the best of friends. I'm stronger than onions for Louise, myself.

E. F., WASHINGTON.—I never received the one very small piece of almond cake and one rather small piece of fruit cake. But it makes my mouth water to read of them and I wish, if possible, that you would send me a detailed description of each crumb, so I can mourn over what I've missed. Thanks for wishing me new patience for the new year. I need it.

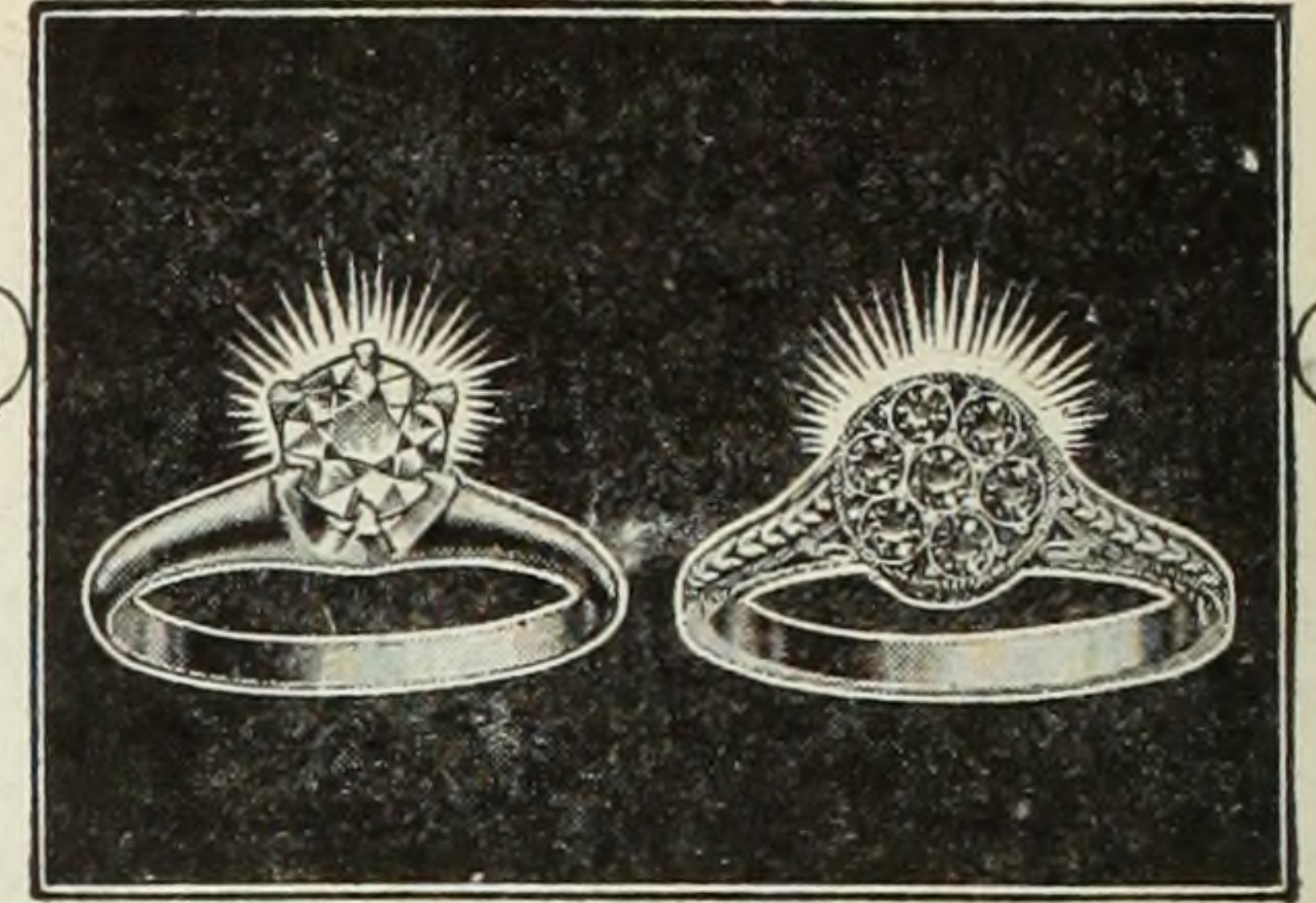
INQUISITIVE PEGGY, VANDERGRIFTS, PA.—It should be Piggy. I never saw anyone so greedy for information—and I have been an Answer Man lo, these many years. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana share the family name of Flugrath. But they selected their present nom-de-plumes as being more euphonious. Viola is a Metro luminary; small Shirley a Fox featurette. The latter's first new picture is "Her Elephant Man," with Shirley not in the title role. Julian Eltinge is very much alive; he is still impersonating beautiful women on the stage. Your other questions are rather silly, don't you think?

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Some one once said a play is like a cigar: if it's good, you want a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw. Could I tell you how to get a book published? Yes—write a good one. House Peters in the Harry Garson picture, "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives." We have had a story about him lately. Others already answered.

H. B., TAYLOR, TEXAS.—You say I am so ugly to you. I don't see how a good looking man can be ugly to anybody. You say, too, that you might as well have addressed your last letters to "Santa Claus" as to the Answer Man, as I never answered them. I'm sorry; so I'll answer everything you ask from now on, including this time. Theda is not dead. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life, the wife of the theatrical and moving picture manager. Constance is never in one place long enough for a mere man to propose to her, much less slip the ring on her finger. As to your last question: "Why don't you ever come to Texas?" I never saw any reason why I should come to Texas—before.

CECIL ILER, VANCOUVER, B. C.—So you knew Wallace MacDonald while in training at Halifax. He is a nice chap, lives in Los Angeles at that city's Athletic Club, and has played opposite Anita Stewart, and other feminine stars. Not married. Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood. His latest is "Double Speed." Cullen Landis in "The Girl from Outside." Landis is coming along rapidly.

PEROXIDE BLONDE, MO.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-three. She was married in November, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. Constance is rumored to be engaged but not to the man you mention. Theda Bara is not in pictures just now. Look elsewhere for mention of her. I'm not certain about how many letters I receive a day, but I do know that the mail men on my route have become stoop-shouldered. Am I married? Oh, I'd rather not tell!



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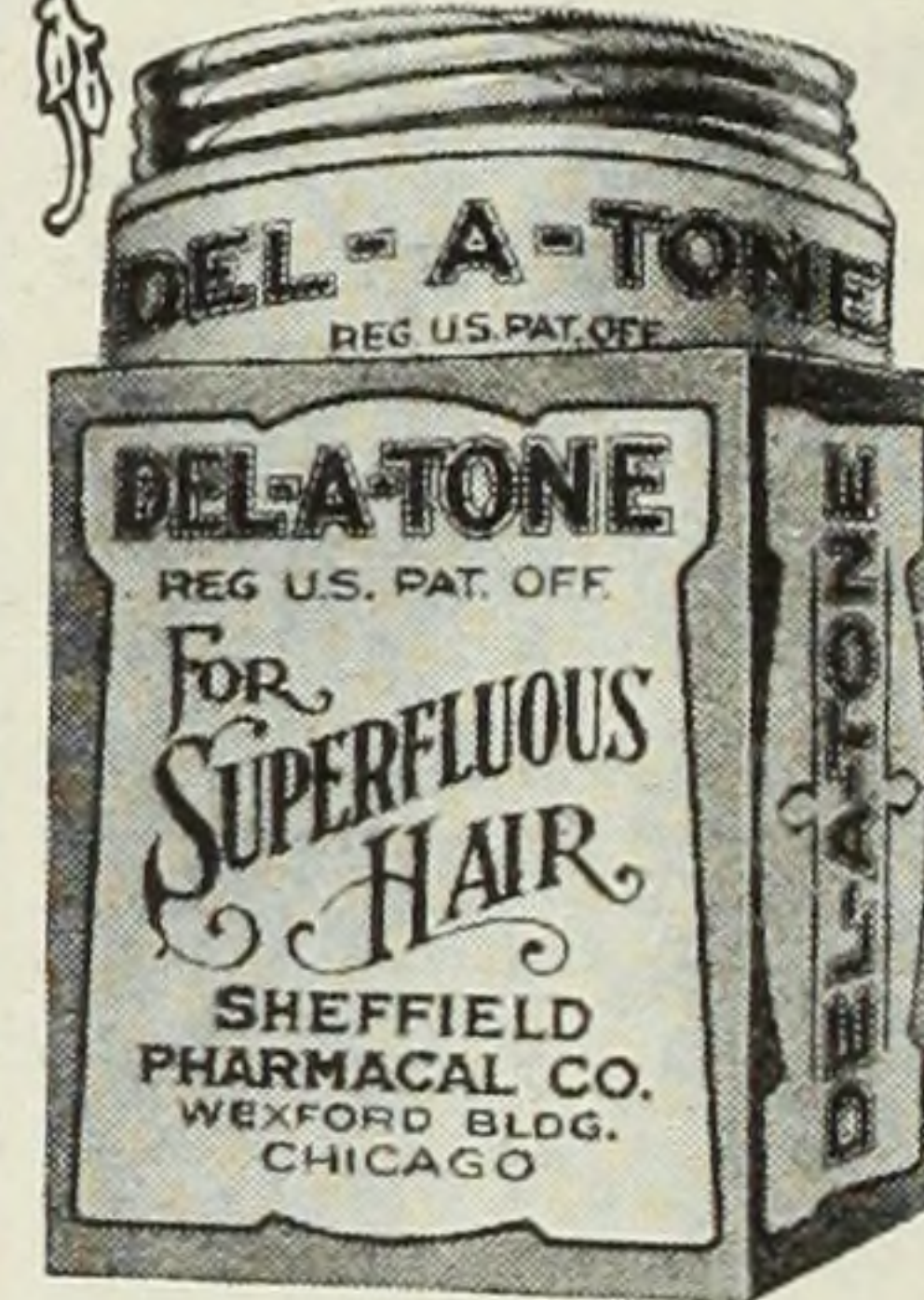
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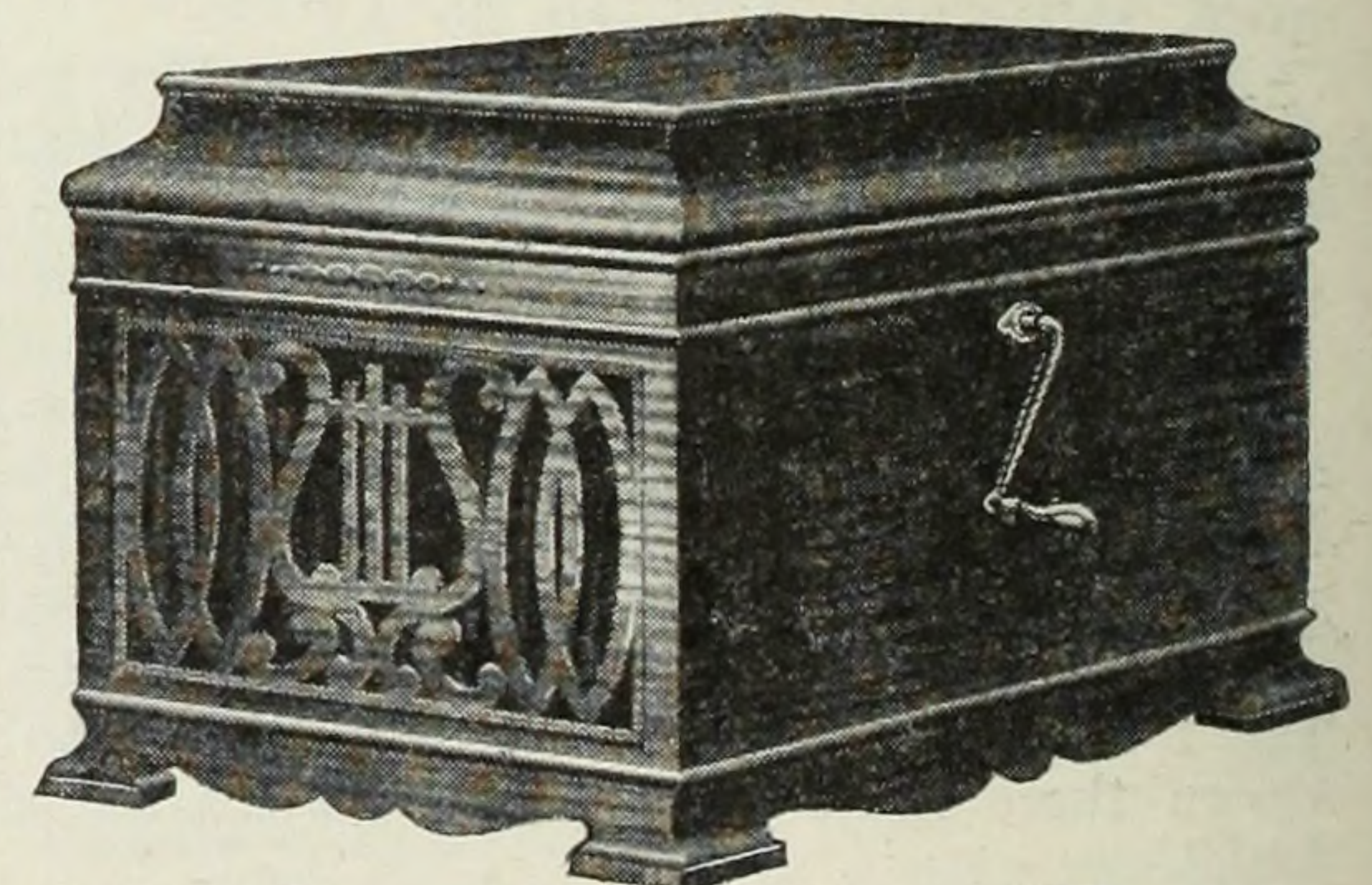
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JINNY, AUSTIN, TEXAS.—You ask if I am in love with my stenographer, implying that it would be interesting if an Answer Man might love an up-to-date amanuensis. I am not, but I might. And I don't think you are rude, as you happen to be a stenographer yourself. Ormi Hawley hasn't been doing much picture work in the last year. Florence Lawrence has been retired for some time; she lives over in Jersey. I "got" "For Husbands Only" as a satire essentially; I wasn't able to make any character definitions. It was all delicious to me. Fred Goodwins, now in England producing comedies, was the husband; Mildred Harris Chaplin the little wife, with Lew Cody holding all male vamp honors.

CLARE, ALGIERS.—I have never been properly impressed by the motion-picture Manhattan. To me, Sixth Avenue is always more interesting than Fifth, while the Bowery is ten times as fascinating as Broadway. Bebe Daniels' real name is—Bebe Daniels.

C. M., CHICAGO.—If I were you, I should weigh my opinions before committing them to paper. Nothing looks quite so sick as a half-baked opinion, done in black-and-white. Mary McLane's half-baked potatoes had nothing on it. By the way, what's become of Mary? Or, to be picture-correct, what's happened to her? Dick Barthelme, Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mary Pickford is and always has been The First Lady of the Films, in my humble estimation.

GUNNER'S WIFE, N. Y.—My wit, what there is of it, comes quite naturally. If I carried a pad and pencil around with me, as you imagine, jotting down all the clever things that occur to me while riding to the office—or walking occasionally to save carfare—I'd bring home a blank paper. Clever things never occur to me. Always, I am afraid, to the other fellow. You would be very much disappointed in me; I am as wild as one of the poets of Saffron Park and as exciting as an evening at home with the Sat. Eve. Post. Tom Mix, our rough westerner, may be reached care Fox.

GENEVIEVE M., ERIE, PA.—No, no—the true test of devotion comes with the Christmas bills. If instead of showing the future son-in-law the family album some mother would show him the daughter's bills, there wouldn't be so many coos. I have heard it rumored that Dorothy Gish has a sister, Lillian. Mary Pickford is said to have a brother Jack, and report has it that Norma Talmadge has a sister Constance. Charles Ray is, married, to a non-professional.

KATHLEEN, BROOKLYN.—You can't bore me with a short note. Short notes, however, usually lead to long ones. Then is the time for apologies you don't really mean. I don't read Victoria Cross—at least, not often; the only Cross I know is Charing. So I must have missed her masterpiece, "Five Nights." Will you always catch me up on little things like this?

MARGARET O. C., WASHINGTON.—You and your brother, above, have entirely too much curiosity for one family. At that, you go him one better, exercising your feminine prerogative for wanting to know nothing but the truth. Conway Tearle is with Garson. Tom Moore, Goldwyn, Culver City; Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick, West Fort Lee, N. J.; Eugene O'Brien, ditto Hammerstein. Hope you get so many pictures your mother makes you throw most of 'em out. (Of course I don't really mean that.)

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# Studio Directory

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

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

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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

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

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

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

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORPORATION, West Ft. Lee, N. J.

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

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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Chin Reducer, \$2.50 (Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East)

**Questions and Answers**

(Continued from page 123)

**HARRIETT S., VALLEY CITY.**—Don't be so sure that I'll forgive you. A woman's forgiveness is usually forthcoming immediately if she means to forgive one at all; but a man—particularly an Answer Man—can cherish a long, long grudge. Oh, you'd be surprised. Did you know how Irving Berlin got his inspiration for that clever song of his? Constance Talmadge and her chum Dorothy Gish used the expression so often that Irving wrote his own musical version of it. Phyllis Haver, Sennett, Los Angeles; Margery Daw, Marshall Neilan Productions, Hollywood. Miss Daw isn't married; she lives with her young brother in a pretty bungalow; has a car of her own and everything.

**ESTHER, IOWA.**—Is Ben Turpin really cross-eyed? It's a good thing you didn't write Ben himself and ask him that question. He is the only artistic cross-eyed actor in captivity, and proud of it. He is very funny in "The Star Boarder." Someone said that Ben is to appear in "The Cross-Eyed Bachelor" but I have heard, since, that it isn't true at all. Enid Bennett will send you her picture, I presume, if you write her pretty, care the Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, California. Have I found a friend, or made an enemy?

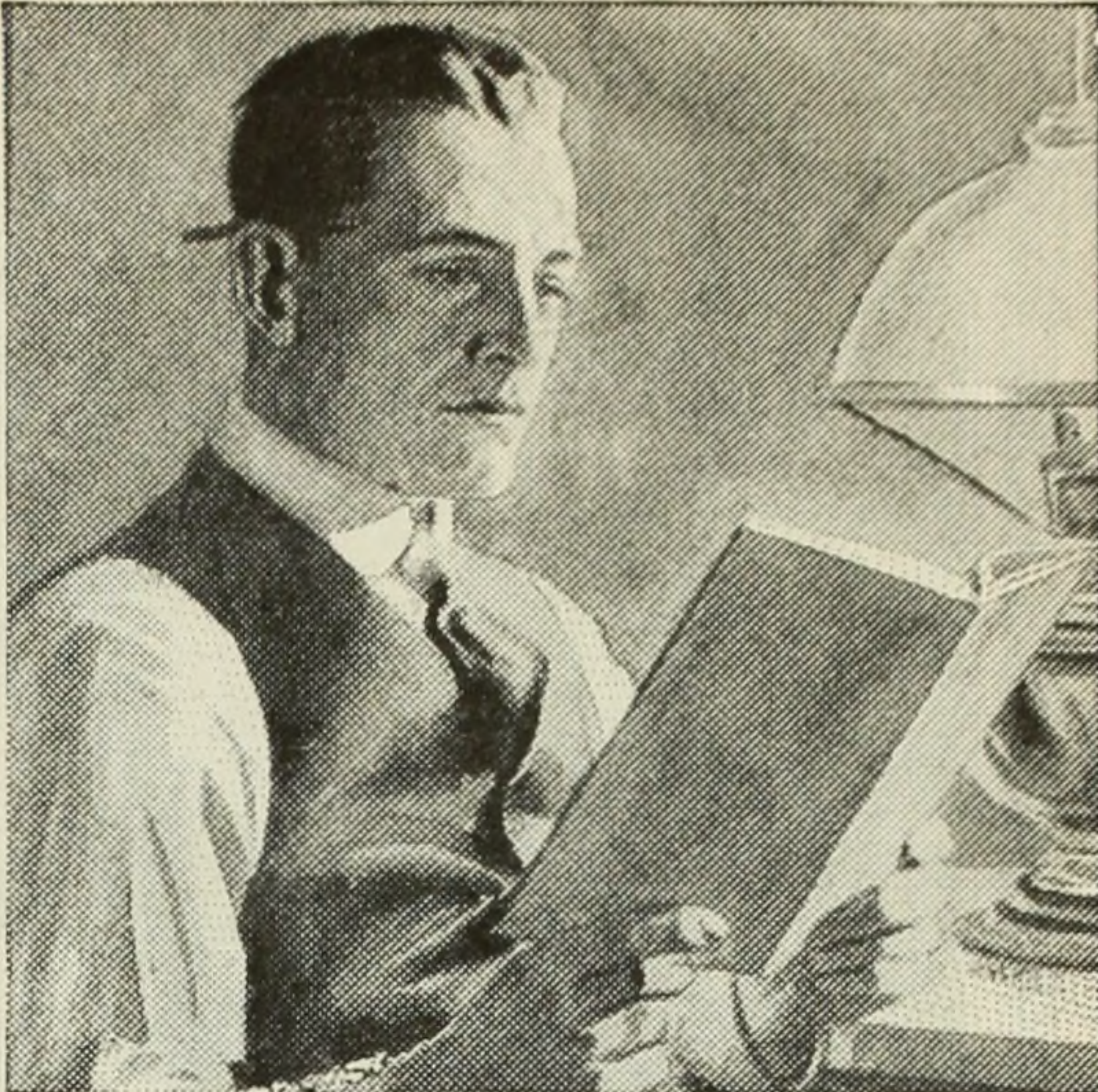
**TOOTS BECKER, ONT.**—Douglas MacLean has never announced his age, but I do know that he was born in Philadelphia and had a university training. He is married and may be reached care Ince, Culver City, California. His intentions are good about answering his mail, so with this as your inspiration try some of your sky-blue ink on him. Address Dorothy Gish, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y., and Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood.

**VIOLET KEMP, CHICAGO.**—Constance Talmadge is not married, though her engagement is buzzed about. Address her Talmadge Corp., 318 East 48th Street, New York City. Neither is Dick Barthelmess married. Bachelorhood still has him in chains. He is with Griffith at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Lastly, Jack Holt is with Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

**G. E. S., PA.**—Well, on the third try you won out. Here's your answer. Valeska Suratt was born in Terre Haute, Ind. She is an out and out American and darn proud of it. PHOTOPLAY had an interview with her in March, 1916. Fox is the only film company she was with. There she starred in "Jealousy," "The Victim," "She," "The Slave," "The Siren," "Wife No. 2," "The New York Peacock." At present she is in vaudeville. Not married.

**SIGTHORA JOSEPHSON, MINN.**—Well, for a mite of twelve, and considering you have only been to four movies, your acquaintance with stars is remarkable. Now I shall set about to answer your questions. Write Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y., mention your tender years and I am sure a picture will be forthcoming. Norma Talmadge is married but has no kiddies. Look elsewhere in column for her address. Pearl White is unmarried. Vernon Castle died from an aeroplane accident and Irene is now Mrs. Robert W. Treman, living happily at Ithaca, N. Y. Jack Pickford served in the navy, not in the army. He is now back in pictures.

**H. J. S., PASADENA.**—The nice blond man whom you are stalking is Robert Gordon. And be it known to Robert's credit he donned the khaki when his country called him. This should enhance his man-value with you, and if I'm any judge of girls it does. In our war-time days a girl fell for a uniform like a cookbook cake.



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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CARL STAFFORD, MICH.—That story you heard in England about Mary Pickford was made out of whole cloth. "Our Mary," so lovingly dedicated by the country, is very much alive, dispensing sunshine and cheer in lavish measure, particularly in "Pollyanna."

VIOLET, L. I.—You ask for an answer in an early issue, but darn it all, in your raving about Eugene O'Brien you didn't ask me anything, except perhaps about your type-writing (written by hand). Ask me some real questions, or I'll lose my job.

JEFF OF BALTIMORE.—Your outburst about bobbed hair was amusing and diverting. Yes, it is being done this year, and I suppose that even our staid old senators have come to recognize it. Try it some time on your cold-hearted boss—the worst he can do will be to fire you. You asked for enlightenment from my great and boundless wisdom and here it is.

MIRACLE MAN, JR., ILL.—What a bear you are on ages. Norma Talmadge is the oldest of the Talmadge girls. Natalie is the youngest and Constance slips in between with nineteen years to her credit. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-five and Robert Harron is twenty-six. I'm glad you are getting acquainted with PHOTOPLAY. Here's to a long and lasting friendship.

FLORA TEMPLE, MICH.—Yes, Johnny Hines was on the stage eleven years ago. Before his screen career began, he had eight successful years on the stage. Frank Campeau played *Bull Madden* in "The Man from Painted Post." Richard Travers never left the screen, except to go to war—he was a captain. His latest picture is "The House Without Children," released by Argus Enterprises, Cleveland, Ohio. Too, he played with Pearl White in a late Fox production, "The White Moll." All companies will pay for ideas that have the germs of stories. You will find a list of companies in any issue of PHOTOPLAY.

W. D. M., MONTREAL.—May Allison's golden hair is not bobbed, though of late she has cut it to a fashionable shortness which curls delightfully. I think her pretty and know you will agree with me when you get her picture. Write her at Metro studio, Hollywood, Cal. To be on the safe side you would better send the customary twenty-five cents.

GERTRUDE SUHR, CAL.—I was feeling particularly sprightly this morning until I read your salutation to "dear old man," and then the sunshine went out of the day and I wearily switched on the electric light. Priscilla Dean is with Universal, Universal City, Cal.

B. H. C., MINN.—Awfully glad to hear from you after two years' silence. Has the world been well with you? I have something to be grateful for to Eugene O'Brien in that he is the confessed cause of your comeback. While with Norma Talmadge he played in "Safety Curtain," "The Right of Purchase," "De Luxe Annie." Arnold Daly is at present in London. Yes, that's his real name.

HARRY GILBERT, CAN.—Your Query about Miss Arline caused a furrowed brow for a moment, and then I knew you meant Arline Pretty. And Pretty, by the way, is not a screen name; it's her real name, and appropriate. Yes? Age twenty-six, single father English, mother American. Address Wistaria Productions, Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.



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PERFUME & TOILET WATER  
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**PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods



Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MISS EDDIE, WASH.—Your French-English effusion left me in doubt as to whether I got from it all you intended I should. Anyway, I did grasp that you make fudge, which left me hopeful, as I carry insurance. Our artist is very much rushed making beautiful covers, so I can't burden him with a plea for a new pose. Alice Brady has recently completed "The Fear Market" and "Sinners." Yes, light comedy is Constance Talmadge's forte. So you would like a new cover of her. Well, keep watching.

N. S., SYRACUSE.—Theda Bara is scheduled to appear in a stage production of A. H. Woods' "The Lost Soul"; so just at present she is out of pictures. Alice Brady and Mary Miles Minter are with Realart, N. Y. C.; Mary Pickford, Brunton Studio, Los Angeles; and Norma Talmadge has her own company at 318 East 48th Street, N. Y. C. Watch out for Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna"; it will be coming to your town very soon. Our subscription rate is \$2.00 a year. Come on in!

V. C., ALA.—Pearl White is not married, and when asked about her age on one occasion replied laconically she was neutral. We'll have to let it go at that. Anent your question as to whether any of the movie stars originated from poor parentage, Pearl White is an outstanding figure. Helen Holmes has her own company—the S. L. K. Serial Corp., 112 West 42d Street, N. Y. C. "Please Get Married" and "The Willow Tree" are two of Viola Dana's recent releases. The man you ask about must be suping. He's not known.

R. R., ST. PAUL.—Of course I have felt like *Billy Baxter* in Tarkington's "Seventeen." Love is a fire that burns and sparkles in men as naturally as in charcoal. Henry Walthall was born in Alabama in 1878 and played in stock for a time. His screen career started in 1910. He has been with Essanay, Paralta, Biograph, Pathe, Reliance, Fine Arts. At present he is with the National Film Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

ARLEEN N., CAL.—The man you ask about is known to me neither by his real or reel name. I'm sorry, but if he is in pictures then he can't have brought himself out of the extra class. Is there anything else I can help you on, little Arleen? That's a pretty name.

ALTA LOCKWOOD, CHICAGO.—Yes, Elinor Field and Cullen Landis have gone stepping off alone. Elinor is now with National Film Corp. at Hollywood, Cal., and Cullen Landis is with Goldwyn. I'm all with you when you say they were a good couple. Such a modest question as yours should have been answered before now, but the old Answer Man is not as young as he used to be.

JACK HOLT ADMIRER, ORE.—So you want another interview with Jack Holt. I say "another" because we had an interview with him in our August, 1918, issue. Great boy, isn't he?

W. D. W., PA.—Zoe Ray was born in Chicago, 1910. While this little lady has been a featured performer in many productions, she has yet to ascend to leads. But the future, we hope, is long and bright for her. Mary Jane Irving is not a star. Francis Carpenter has been out of pictures for about a year, due primarily to the fact that he is neither hay nor grass; in other words, at nine years he is slipping beyond the young child age and yet is scarcely mature! Shirley Mason is with Fox, 126 West 46th Street, N. Y. C.

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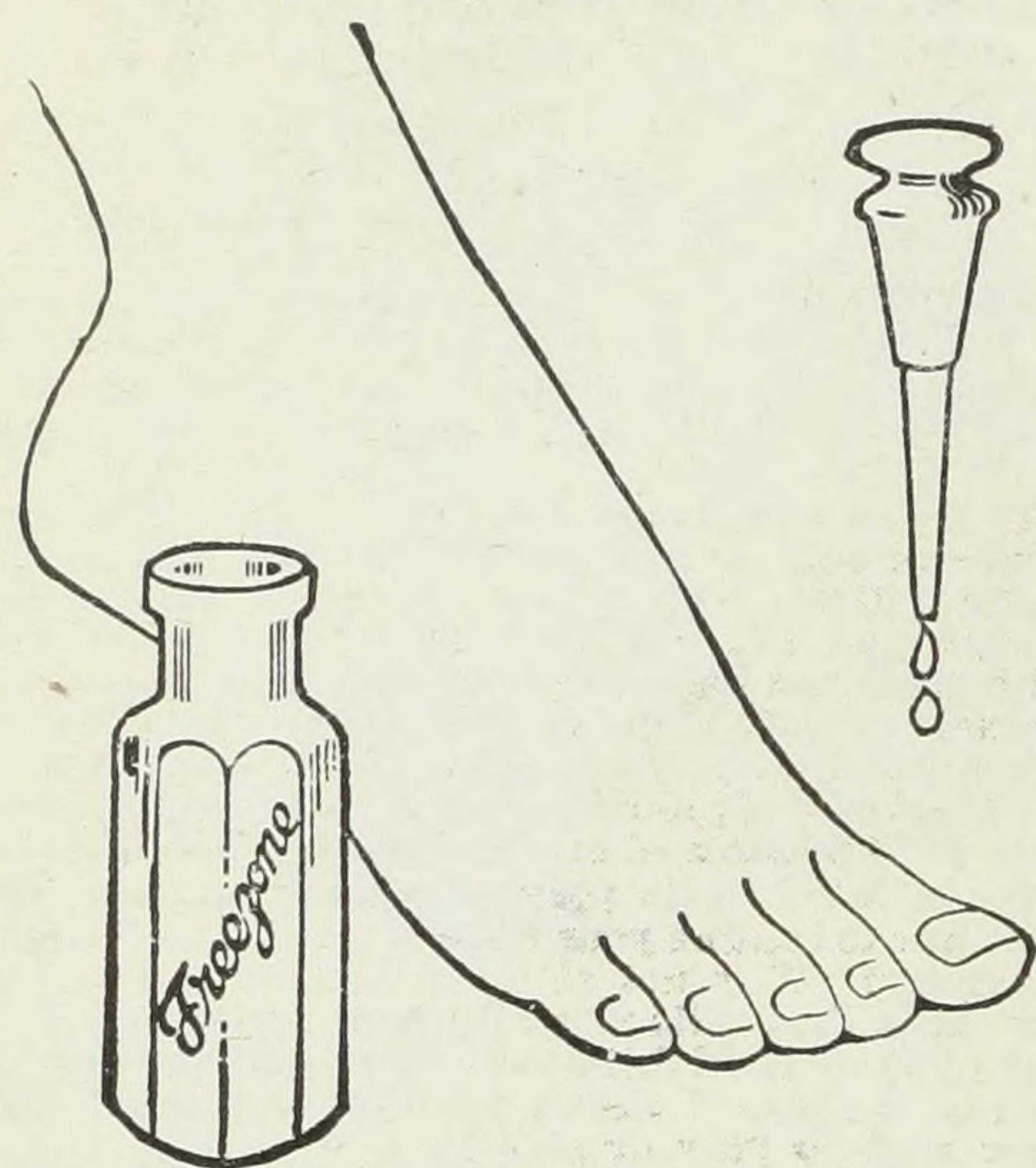
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VINCENT L. MULVIHILL.—You ask for my friendship and it's yours—always. Which reminds me that out of Russia comes the proverb that an untried friend is like an uncracked nut. You sure cracked me with your address bombardment, but crack me again, any time, please. Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber, Universal City, Cal.; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Edith Johnson, Earl Montgomery and Joe Ryan, Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal.; Mildred Harris, Mayer Productions, Hollywood, Cal.; John Barrymore, Famous Players, 130 West 56th Street, N. Y. C.; Irene Castle, ditto on Barrymore; Charles Ray, Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Anita Stewart, Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood. William Russell, Fox Studio, Hollywood; Pearl White, Fox, 130 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. Johnny Hines has left the screen for the legitimate stage. He played this season in "Just a Minute." Violet Palmer played *Ginger* in the picture of that name. Address World Studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

C. S. M., TULSA.—I've taken a new lease on life since you sketched my stooped, worn back, and now I can walk without a brace, and admire with the first flush of youth your lovely violet ink. I hasten to tell you that Fay Wallace played opposite Robert Edison in "The Cave Man," though for a whole jelly roll I can't imagine what you previously asked me about Lois Weber and Philips Smalley. It might have been anything from plays to preference in puppies or cigarettes. I confess I'm curious.

GERTRUDE AND MARTHA, MICH.—What a joy it is to answer a shy, winsome note from two little bashful friends. Bashful flappers are rather a rarity, and I hope you'll write me again. Mary Pickford's hair is golden and her eyes hazel. Her adopted regiment was in California. Tom Forman is divorced. When he was released from the U. S. service, where he reached the rank of lieutenant, he was given a two year contract with Famous Players. Address him Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

MAE JOHNSON.—March PHOTOPLAY answered your queries anent salaries, and the size of some will probably take your breath away and sweep away your skepticism. Film stars do come high! Margarita Fisher's hair is brown and her eyes are gray. Why not write her at 1888 State Street, Santa Barbara, and tell her you think she and Elliott Dexter would make a *tres jolie* combination?

JOHN AVENUE, MANILA.—Here is the cast of "The Black Secret": Evelyn Ereth, Pearl White; Kay McKay, Walter McGrail; Frederick Vaux, Wallace McCutcheon.

# Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

Nellie Burt played *Sunbeam* in the "Lightning Raider" and Ruby Hoffman played *Lottie*. Notwithstanding her hair-raising escapades Pearl White is still very much alive and so is Marie Osborne. Bessie Barriscale, Brunton Studio, Los Angeles; Kathleen Clifford, Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood; Bebe Daniels, Lasky, Hollywood; Casson Ferguson and Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. *Richard* in "The Society Sensation" was played by Rudolpho de Valentina. Neither Bebe Daniels nor Kathleen Clifford have vowed to love, honor and obey any man, proving they have wisdom as well as charm, I suppose. Address Gladys Hulette, care Hallmark, 130 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. Perhaps some of the stars who have not sent

you their photos on request require twenty-five cents. Many have found it necessary to ask this small amount, so overwhelmed have they been with requests.

LOUISE RUTHERFORD.—Linda A. Griffith is the wife of D. W. They were married a good many years ago. Mrs. Sidney Drew claims birth in Sedalia, Mo., 1890. Whether this is bona fide or part of a woman's prerogative you may judge for yourself. Here is the cast of "Let's Get a Divorce": Mme. Cyprienne Marcey, Billie Burke; Henri de Prunelles, John Miltern; Yvonne de Prunelles, Pinna Nesbit; *Chauffeur*, R. La Roque; *Adhemer*, Armant Kalise; *Mother Superior*, Helen Tracey; *Calvignac*, Wilmuth Merkyl. Louise Huff, charming young person that she is, is not with Jack Pickford in his late pictures. To sum up your questions, Edna Purviance is still with Chaplin. The inimitable Charlie still has four pictures to make under his contract with the First National Exhibitors Circuit. Then he starts with the "Big Four," where his schedule is to produce four pictures a year. All right, Louise?

MARIE PROVOST FAN, PORTLAND.—Brother! I, too, missed Marie and Phyllis Haver when the so-called "original Sennett bathing beauties" came to town. You see Mack Sennett can't spare his stellar squabs to go on such a long journey; they appear in every other picture put out by the comedy plant. Harriett Hammond and Mildred June are the newcomers. Or we might just say comers. Write to all of them at the Mack Sennett studios, Hollywood, California.

A. J. B., CHICAGO.—I can't be much of a prophet; the letters are coming in thick and fast from my home country. Chicago and environs are waking up; staid Evanston, up there, cast convention to the winds and wrote to a strange man; Hubbard Woods took its aristocratic pen in hand to write to me; while you should see the epistles post-marked Winnetka! Larry Semon, Joe Rock, Western Vitagraph; William Russell, Fox (West); Jane Novak, Neilan Company.



Washington newspaper dispatches state that the movies are regarded as a cure for bolshevism.

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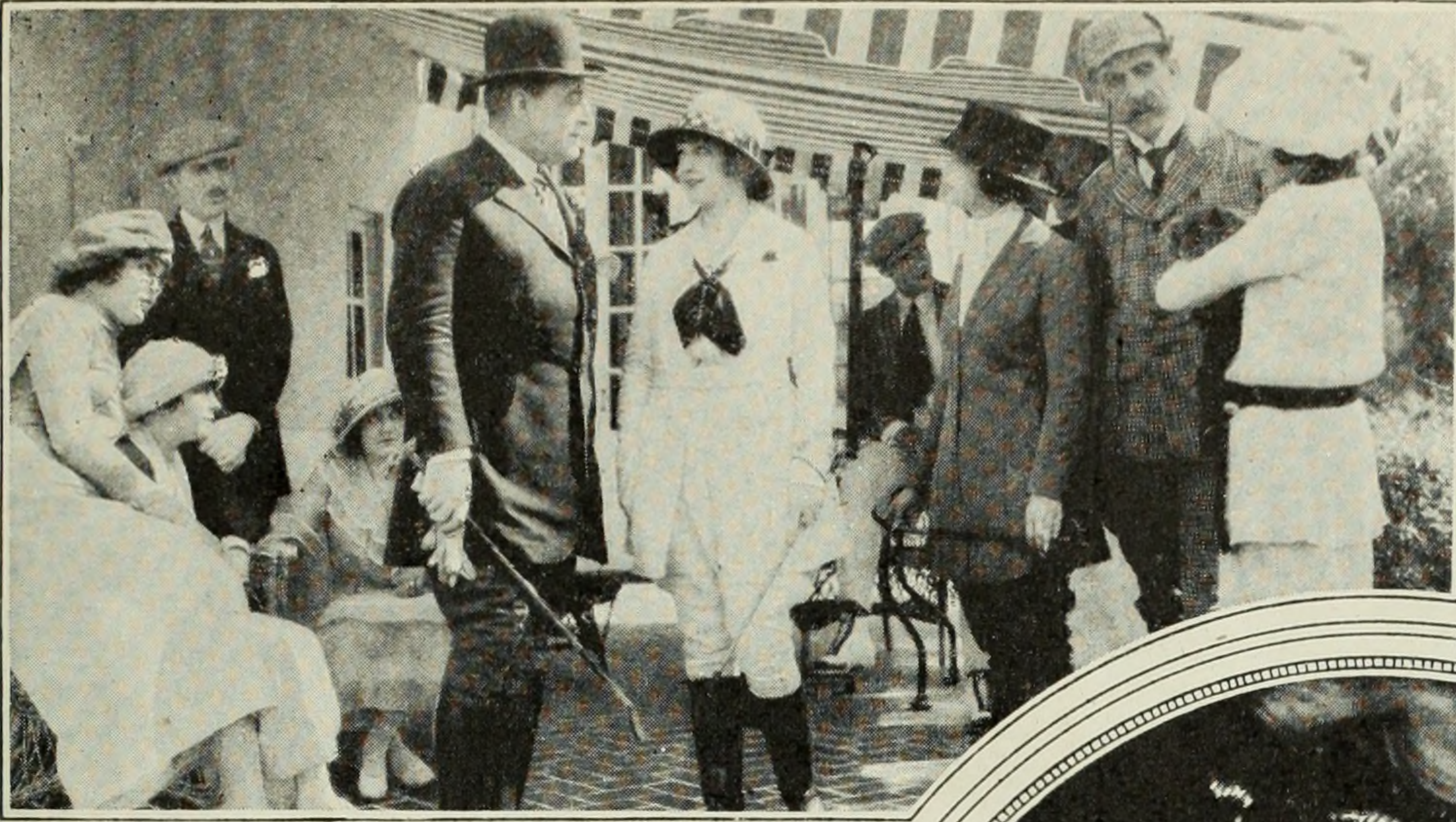


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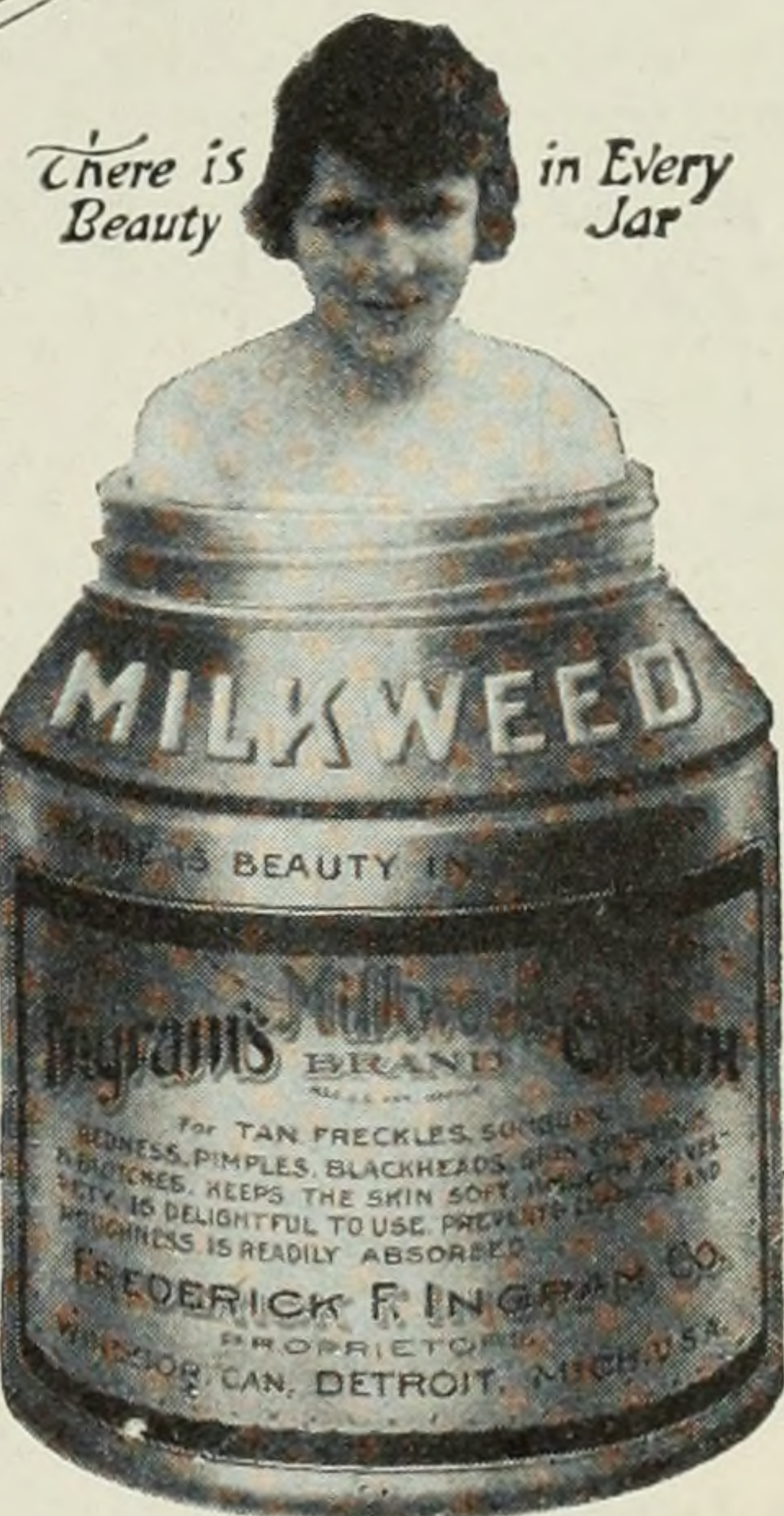


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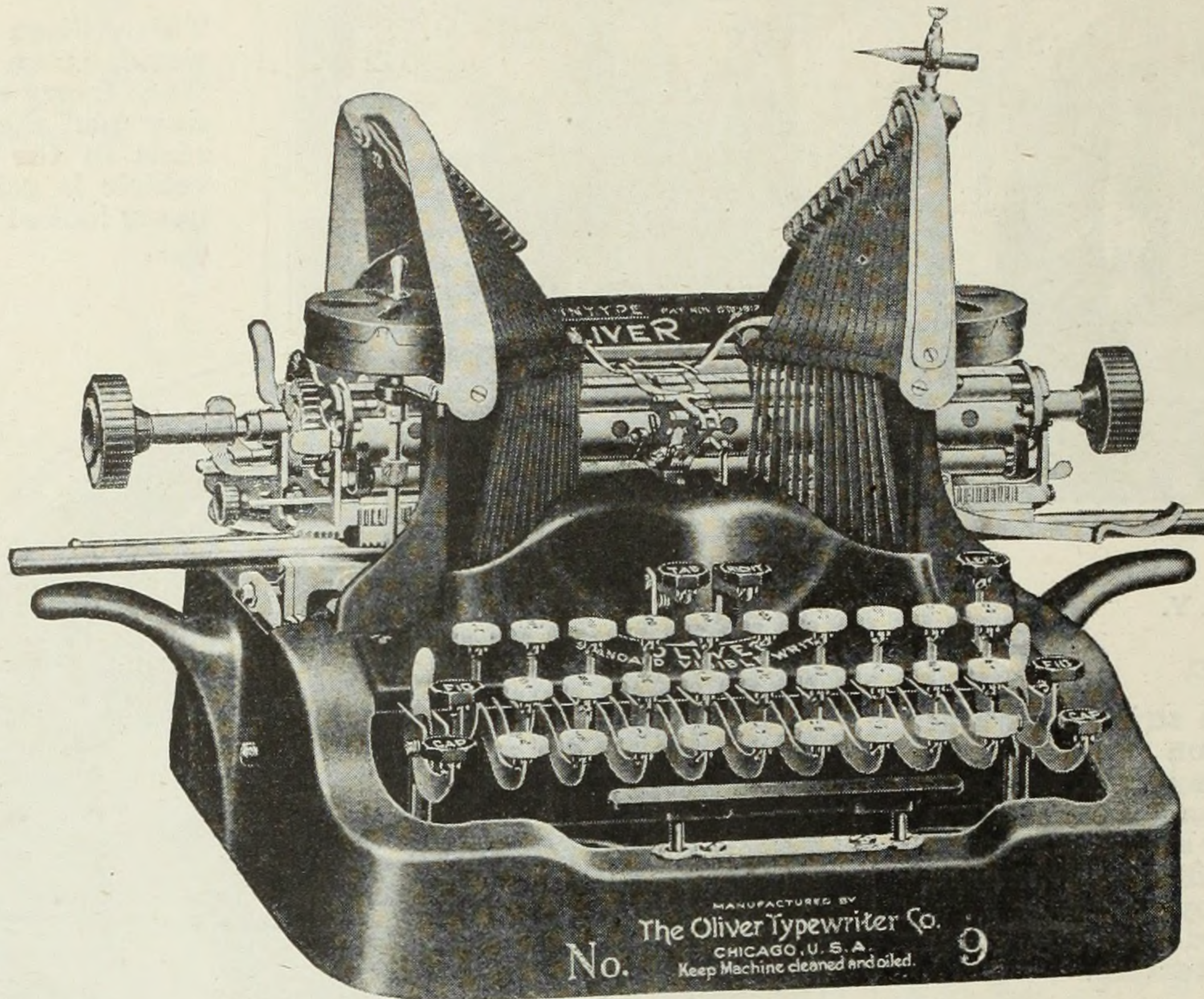


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