

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

June 25c

*Katherine
MacDonald*

*The Pickford-Fairbanks Wooing
Confessions of Theda Bara
In This Issue*



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A H S Co
1920

A une sorcierie féerique seulement pouvez-vous attribuer le charme de mon talc Djer-Kiss — captivant dans son exquisité, captivant dans son charme français. — Kerkoff, Paris.

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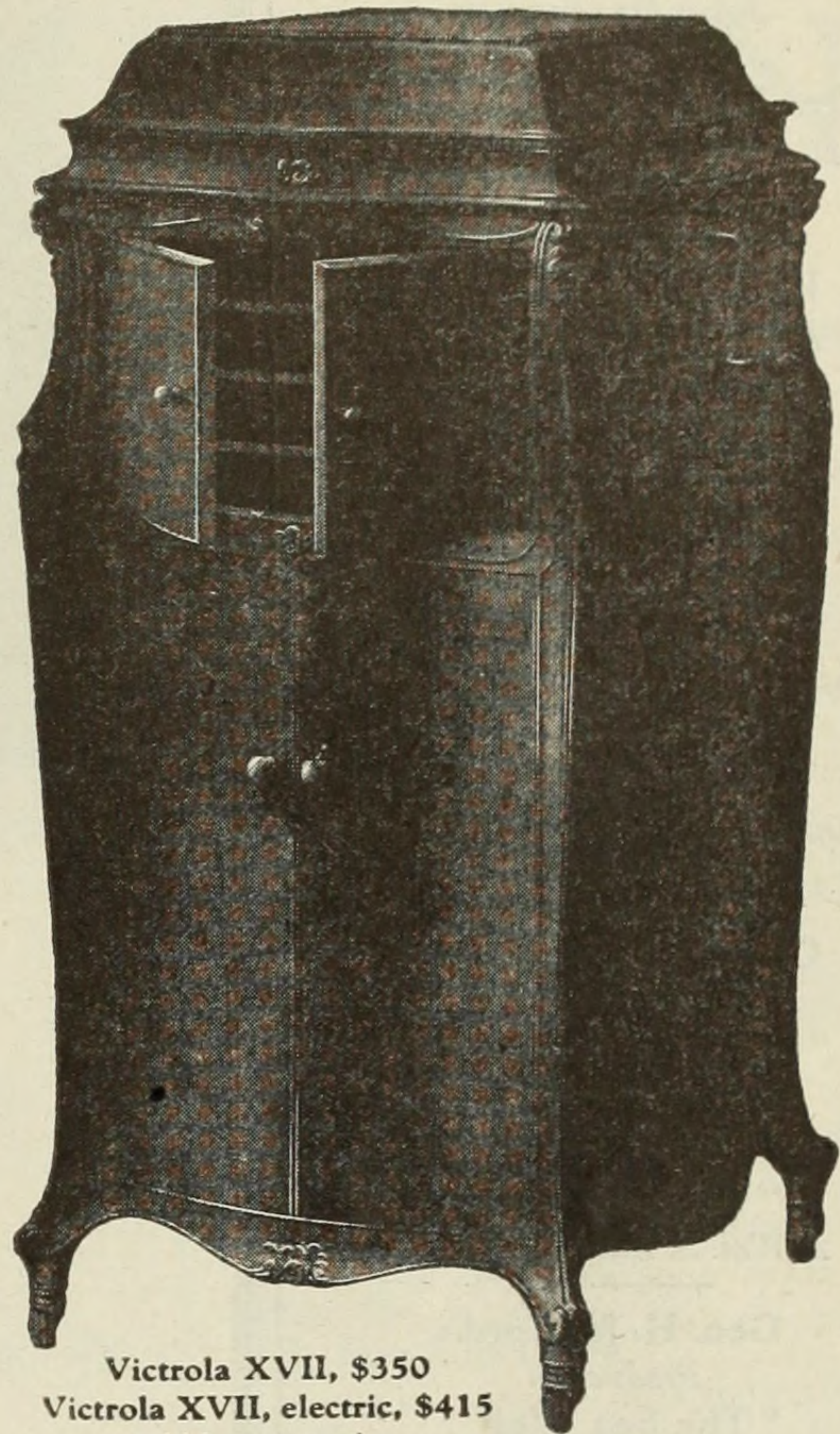
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SOME OF THE
LATEST PARAMOUNT
ARTCRAFT FEATURES

Listed Alphabetically



John Barrymore
in
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"The Copperhead"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Male and Female"

Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Everywoman"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice's
Production
"On With the Dance!"

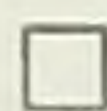
Wm. S. Hart in
"The Toll Gate"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

Geo. H. Melford's
Production
"The Sea Wolf"

William D. Taylor's
Production
"Huckleberry Finn"

Maurice Tourneur's
Production
"Treasure Island"

George Loane Tucker's
Production
"The Miracle Man"



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 1

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Movies is Movies

A brilliant satire on the motion-picturization of successful novels, by that inimitable author of "Pigs is Pigs"—

Ellis Parker Butler

—will delight thousands of readers of the July Photoplay.

The Fashion Articles

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How Would You Run a Motion Picture Theater?

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You may read all about it on Page 78 of this issue.

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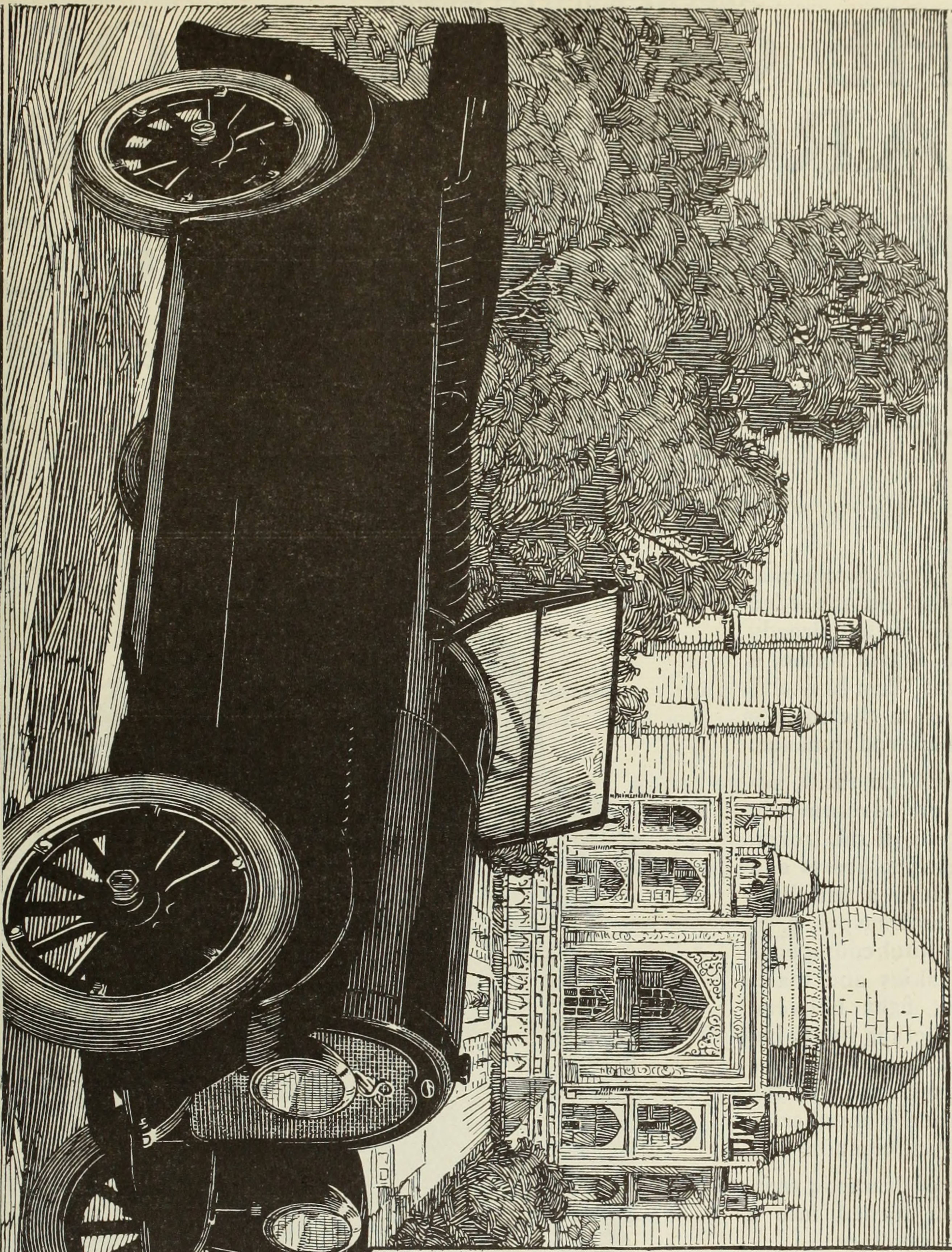
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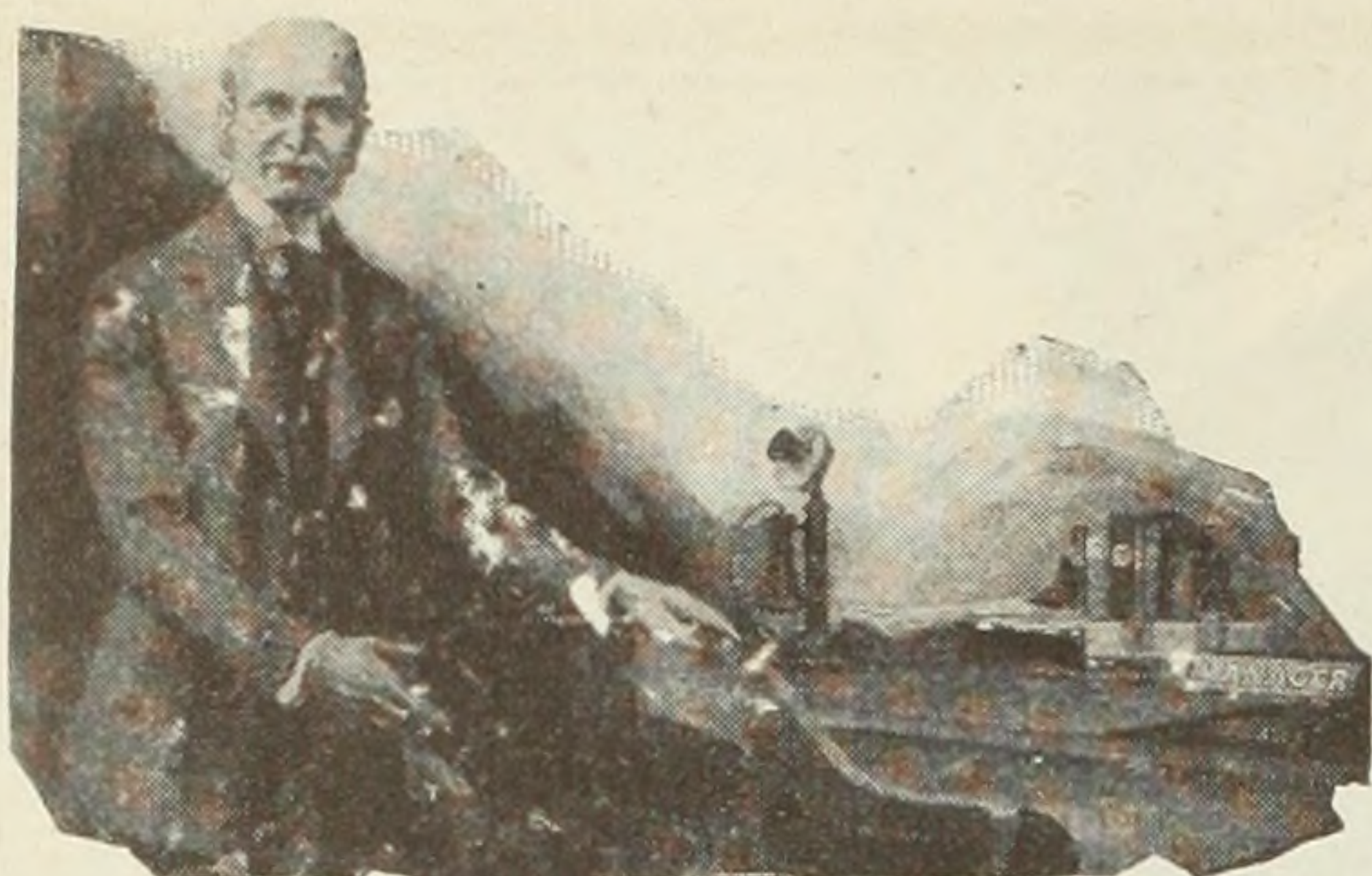
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Remarkable invention—Combination hose-supporter and pant-leg Straightener—Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs; as easy to put on and comfortable to wear as any ordinary garter—no harness or padded forms; just an ingenious special garter for bowlegged men—improves appearance wonderfully.

Bowlegged men everywhere are wearing them; enthusiastic. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

S-L GARTER CO.

790 Trust Co. Bldg.

DAYTON, OHIO

LEARN PIANO TUNING

MAKING TRIALS OF TRUE TONE

By TUNE-A-PHONE



We furnish our accurate teaching device with tools, Action Model, lessons, and analysis of business advertising which makes you a master of the tuner's art. Diploma given graduates. 16 years' experience in teaching the most independent and lucrative profession by correspondence. **SIMPLER and BETTER** than oral instruction. Write today for **FREE** illustrated booklet.

NILES BRYANT SCHOOL OF PIANO TUNING
402 Fine Art Inst., Battle Creek, Mich.



Cartoon Stars make big money

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over \$50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than \$125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as \$15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold you back. Capitalize your cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

Send Six Cents for "A Road to Bigger Things"

This book shows studio pictures of the 32 greatest American cartoonists who are on the staff of the Federal School. It tells how in one course you can learn cartooning, animated cartooning, chalk talking, and window card writing. One of these is your big field. It shows how, by home study, you can learn the skill, stunts, short-cuts, and the professional touch of these famous cartoon stars on the Federal Staff.

These stars make big money from simple cartoon ideas. Do you want their fame and incomes? Just fill in your name and address, and mail the coupon with six cents postage for this book that tells you how. Be sure to state your age and present occupation. Do it Now.

Federal School of Applied Cartooning
068 Warner Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.



"Andy"



"Sis"



"The Toonerville Trolley"



"Min"



"Skin ray"



"Powerful Katrinka"

TEAR OUT COUPON ALONG THIS LINE

Please send by return mail my copy of "A Road to Bigger Things." I enclose six cents for postage.

NAME.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

ADDRESS.....

068

CITY AND STATE.....

A Voice of Magnetic Power and Beauty

Yours Through This Wonderful New Method

A strong, clear, forceful voice is one of the greatest business and social assets you can possess. People are instantly attracted to the man or woman whose voice reveals a rich quality of resonance and power. Don't envy the perfect voice when it is actually within your reach! A few moments a day in your own home devoted to the remarkable Feuchtinger Method will quickly bring surprising results. If your voice is harsh, husky, droning, weak, stuttering, stammering or lisping, this new method can work wonders for you.



Voice Culture Book

FREE Write today for our free illustrated Book on Voice Culture which we will gladly send you without obligation. Explains the amazingly simple secret of the Feuchtinger method. Learn how your voice can easily be made stronger, clearer, richer in tone, wider in range. Read the endorsements of European opera stars, speakers, and hundreds of other delighted students.

SEND A POSTAL TO-DAY
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A153,
1922 Sunnyside Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



BIG MONEY in this game

Write us today. Let us show you the big money there is in American Box Ball. Scores of men are making \$100 a week from just two alleys. C. T. Patterson of Illinois opened three alleys and cleaned up \$800.70 the first two months. Now he operates eight alleys and out of the proceeds has paid for a beautiful 3-story home.

Wonderful automatic features

American Box Ball becomes the rage wherever it is started. More fun than ordinary bowling. 5 cents per game and practically 100 per cent profit. No helpers and no wages to pay. Pins are reset and balls returned automatically. Wonderful automatic electric lighted scoreboard. Write for full description and particulars of our special proposition to live men.

We help you start

Very little cash is needed. We let you have the equipment on easy payments. Pay out of the alleys' profits.



Write us today for our liberal proposition and full description of the equipment. No obligation. Write at once. A postcard will do.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.
658 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW WAY TYPISTS
 LIGHTNING SPEED ACCURACY EASE OF OPERATION
 80 TO 100 WORDS PER MINUTE PERFECT COPY LESS PHYSICAL STRAIN

Earn \$25.00 to \$40.00 Per Week Because They Can Guarantee Their Employers 80 to 100 Words Per Minute!!—Highest Possible Degree of Accuracy!!

A wonderful new method of acquiring speed and accuracy on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost overnight it has revolutionized the entire Typewriting situation. The NEW WAY has blazed a wide trail to success for every ambitious stenographer—to the \$25, \$35, \$40 per week positions—the Private Secretaryships, the Department Managerships—then the Higher Executive positions at salaries that pass the hundreds and run into thousands per annum.

**LEARN BY MAIL
10 EASY LESSONS**

**80 to 100 Words Per Minute
or Money Returned**

Don't be inefficient. Don't be satisfied to write 35 to 40 words per minute—making frequent errors. Don't struggle along on a salary of \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week—never finding it possible to lay aside that \$5.00 or \$10.00 per week you had hoped to deposit. Become an Expert! Write 80 to 100 words per minute. Earn \$25.00 to \$40.00 per week—easily meeting rapidly rising living expenses—depositing regularly \$10.00, \$20.00 or more per week to your savings account—sure of the next promotion and salary increase when it becomes necessary to move an employee up from the Stenographic Department in your office. Already thousands of typewriter users—so called "touch operators" who never exceeded 40 to 50 words per minute are writing 80 to 100 words with infinitely greater accuracy and their salaries have been increased \$300, \$500, \$1,000 and more per year.

VALUABLE NEW WAY BOOK FREE!!

We cannot describe here the principle of this New Method, based on Special Finger Exercises which bring results in days that old way methods will never bring. But we have prepared a big 32-page book telling all about the course which is free to those interested. This book is brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. No instruction book ever written told so plainly the real "How and Why" of EXPERT TYPEWRITING.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want more money in your pay envelope—NOW is the time. Employers all over the country are in need of efficient typists. Not nearly enough Experts to supply the demand. This is your opportunity—write for the book now. It will be a revelation to you as to the Speed and the Salary that is possible to typists. Money Back Guarantee to every student.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
7576 COLLEGE HILL, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Please send FREE "New Way" book to

Name.....

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Mail coupon at once

Promotes Accuracy and Puts Wings on Your Fingers

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



The Landon School
of CARTOONING and ILLUSTRATING
1207 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

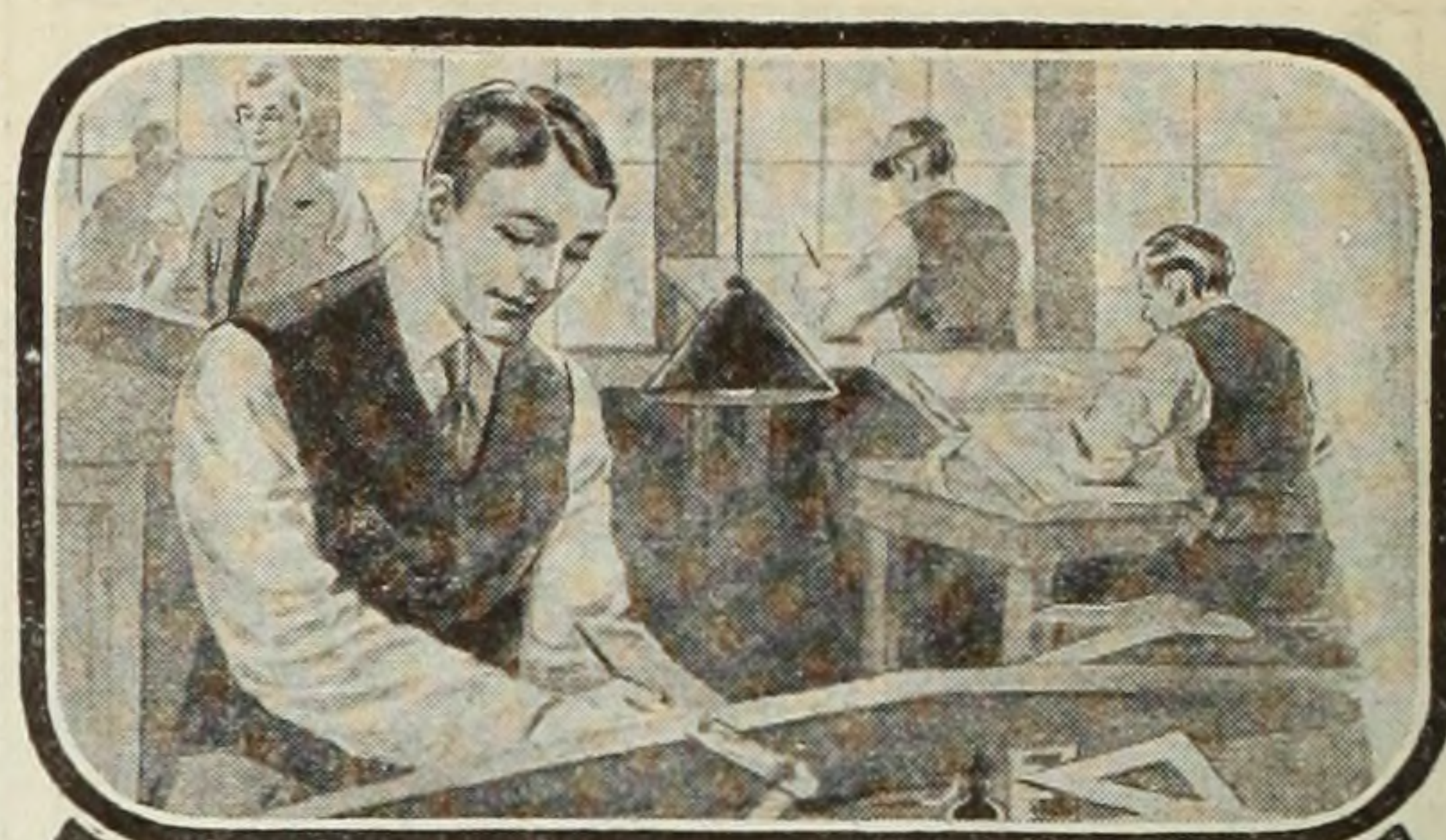
FREE BOOK Learn Piano

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOK
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 Buy at Big Saving or rent one of my rebuilt-like-new Standard Visible Underwood Typewriters, fully guaranteed. Equipped with back spacer, two-color ribbon, tabulator, automatic ribbon reverse, etc. Looks, writes and wears like new. Try one for 10 days FREE. Pay only when fully satisfied. Easy terms, big discount for cash, or earn one FREE through my agency plan. No canvassing. 200,000 satisfied customers. 27 years experience. Act quick and save money. Ask for offer No. 53.
E. W. S. Shipman
 President
 TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
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 CHICAGO

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Every Advertisement in *Photoplay Magazine* is Guaranteed.



LEARN DRAFTING

at home in spare time as you would in actual practice. Men and women in great demand for permanent positions as mechanical draftsmen. Our comprehensive Home Study Course qualifies you to secure and hold one of these desirable positions. No previous training is necessary to become a practical, mechanical draftsman by our successful method of home instruction. We have hundreds of successful graduates now holding good positions.

Earn \$35 to \$100 a Week

Many of our graduates have reached high salaries rapidly owing to their practical training. They have secured excellent salaries at the start—as high as \$2600 the first year. Usual pay of draftsmen is \$35.00 to \$100 a week. Advancement is rapid.

Drawing Outfit Furnished

We supply every student with a Drawing Outfit for use throughout the course. There is no extra charge for this and it becomes your personal property when you have completed the course.

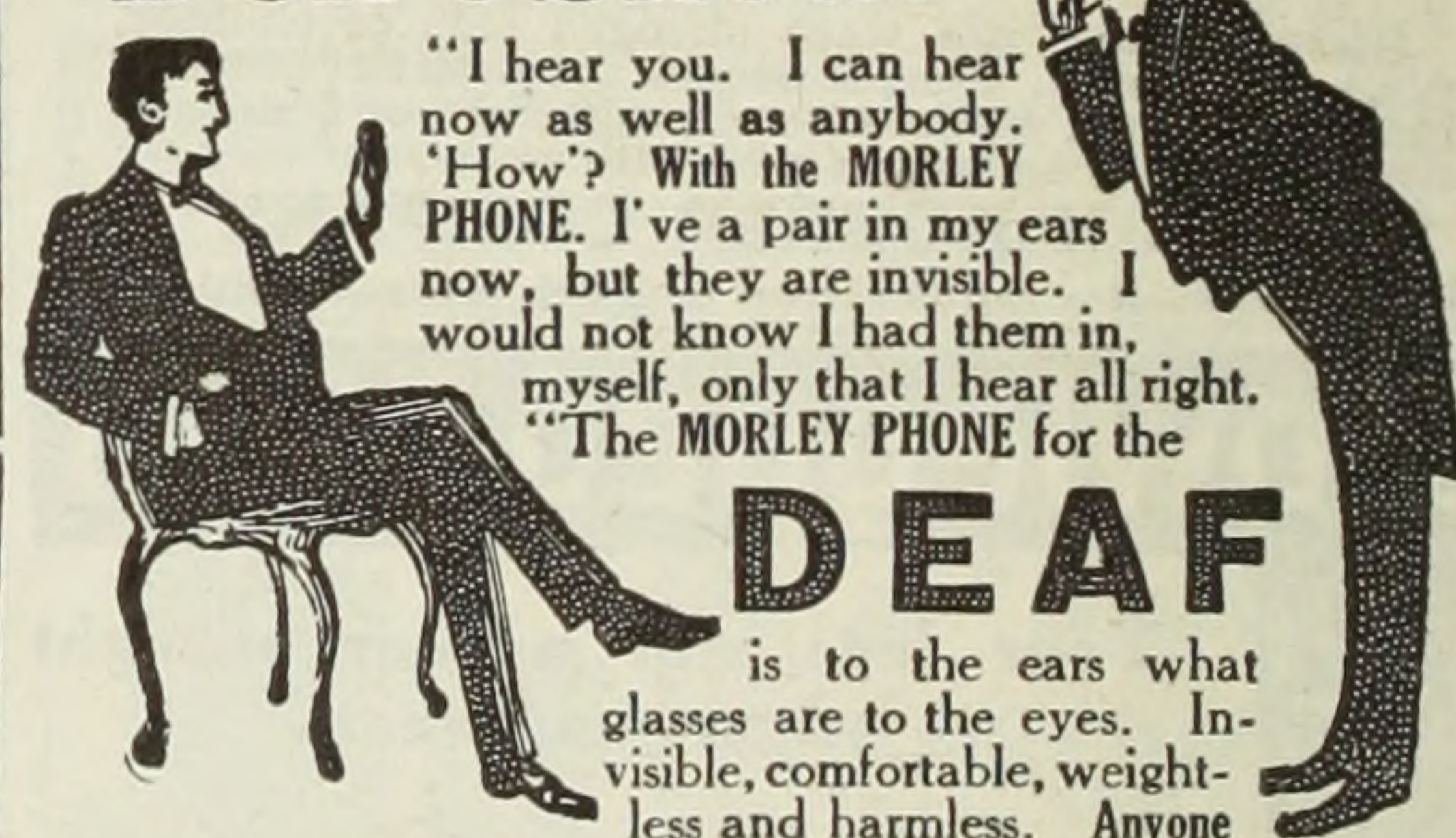
Help You Secure Position

We are frequently able to place our Students in good positions sometimes before they complete the course. Many concerns write us offering positions to our graduates. The demand for trained draftsmen is greater than the supply. The training we give enables students to secure positions easily on completing the course. Write today for Free Book of particulars.

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 Dept. 1133
 14th and T Sts. Washington, D. C.

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. 'The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it." Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

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"Diamond Dyes" Make Old, Shabby, Faded Apparel Just Like New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

Be a Big Man In the Office

The Expert Accountant is consulted in all business affairs. He is a confidential adviser in all matters of finance. His reports and recommendations are sought after by every business man. He is highly paid. Some Accountants earn \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year. Think of this in planning your future.



BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

The Profession That Pays Big Incomes

The tremendous commercial growth of this country has created a rich field for the expert. There are only 3000 Certified Public Accountants to do the work of the half million concerns needing their services. The expert Accountant is also needed today in every executive organization. We train you by mail for one of these big positions.

Knowledge of Bookkeeping Unnecessary

to begin. Our course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A.M., C.P.A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, and other experts who will give you whatever instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any extra expense to you. Our FREE Book explains how we train you from the ground up according to your individual needs. Send now for full information regarding our Home Study Course in Accountancy, C. P. A. Examinations, etc.—also how you can qualify for a high-grade accounting position and pay for it, a little each month if you wish. We have helped over 200,000 ambitious men—learn what we can do for you. Write today—NOW.

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Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairyfoot treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 33 Chicago

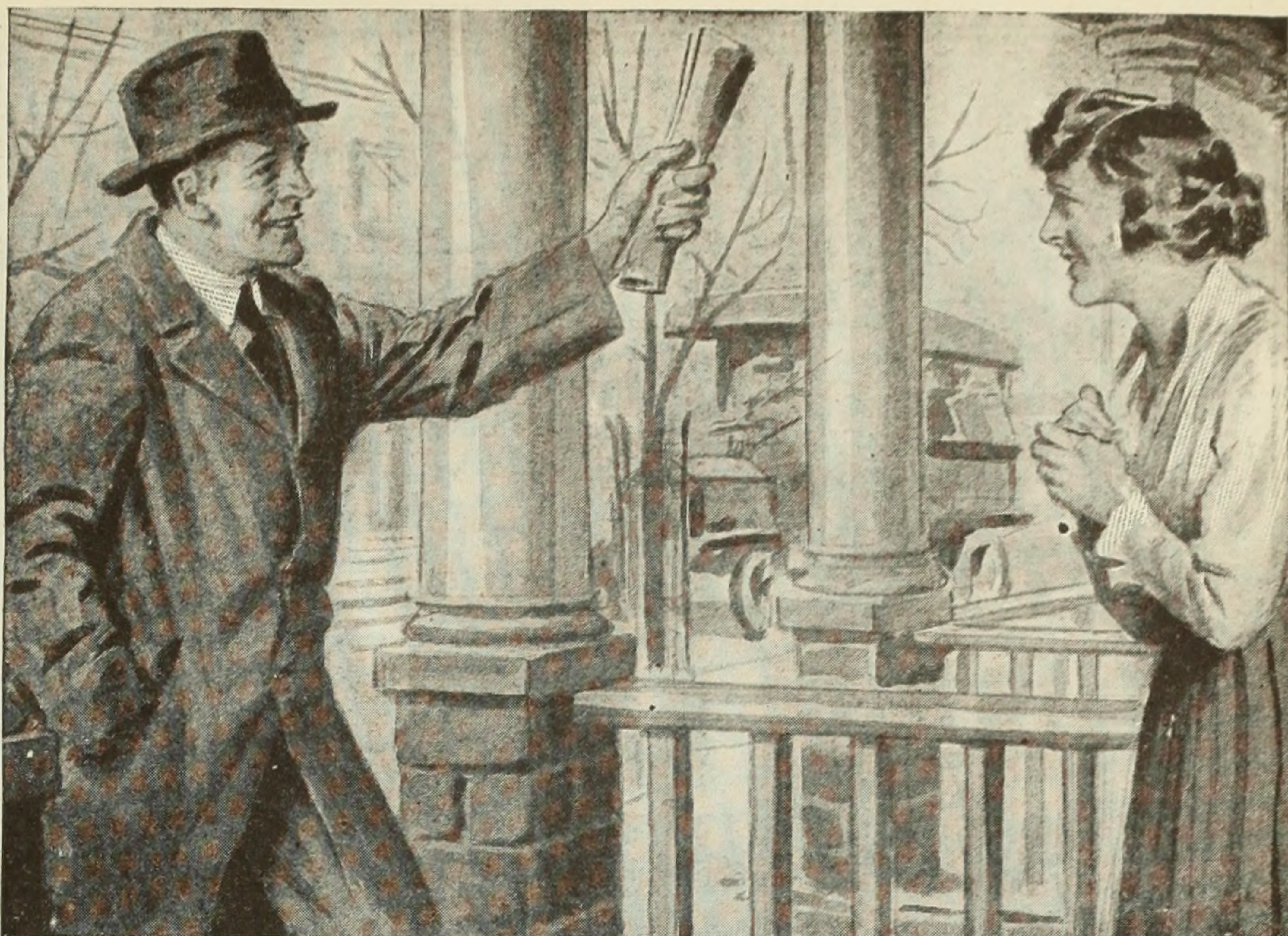
"He Loved Her at First Sight"

"Why?" Because she had a satin skin. First impressions are lasting, so make them pleasing. Everyone admires a satin skin in man or girl; it is captivating, irresistible, and the secret of a satin skin is hidden in Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, the truest friends your skin can ever know. They do the things you most wish for, bring changes that add to your attractiveness. Your skin needs Satin, so start now enjoying the blessings brought by Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder. Sold at the best toilet counters. There is no substitute for Satin, and imitations bring disappointment, leave one dissatisfied. Seek the store that sells Satin.

"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

Send for Booklet showing photos of men with and without THE PERFECT LEG FORMS.

PERFECT SALES CO., Dept. 54
54 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.



"\$100 a Week, Nell!"

Think What That Means To Us!"

"They've made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we've dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Nell, and no more worrying about the cost of living!"

"The president called me in today and told me. He said he picked me for promotion three months ago when he learned I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. Now my chance has come—and thanks to the I. C. S., I'm ready for it!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, mills, mines, factories, on railroads, everywhere.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation!

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-eight years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without cost, without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 6517 SCRANTON, PA.

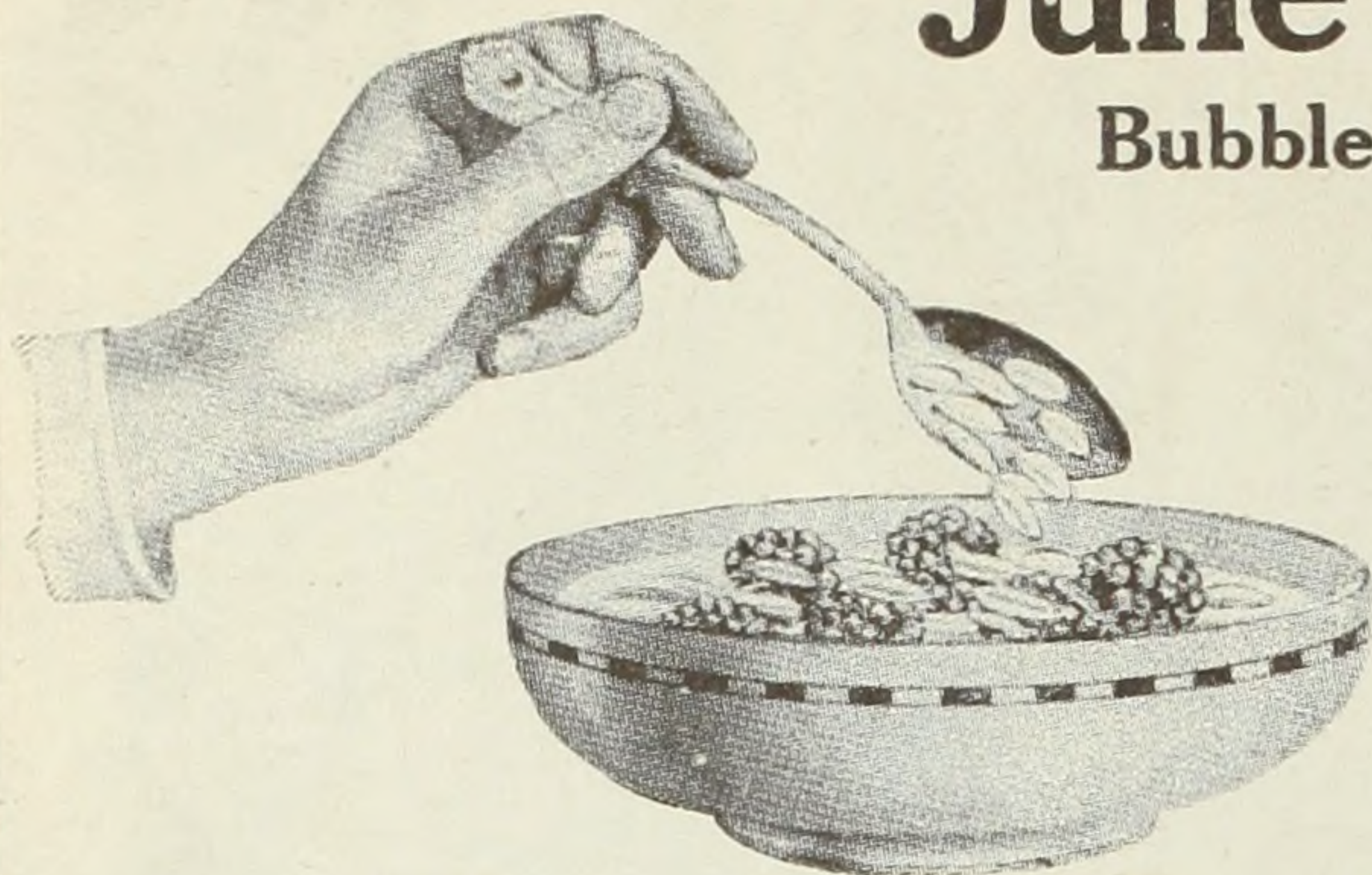
Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Rys. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENG'N | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
 Present Occupation _____
 Street and No. _____
 City _____ State _____

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries



Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat, steam exploded

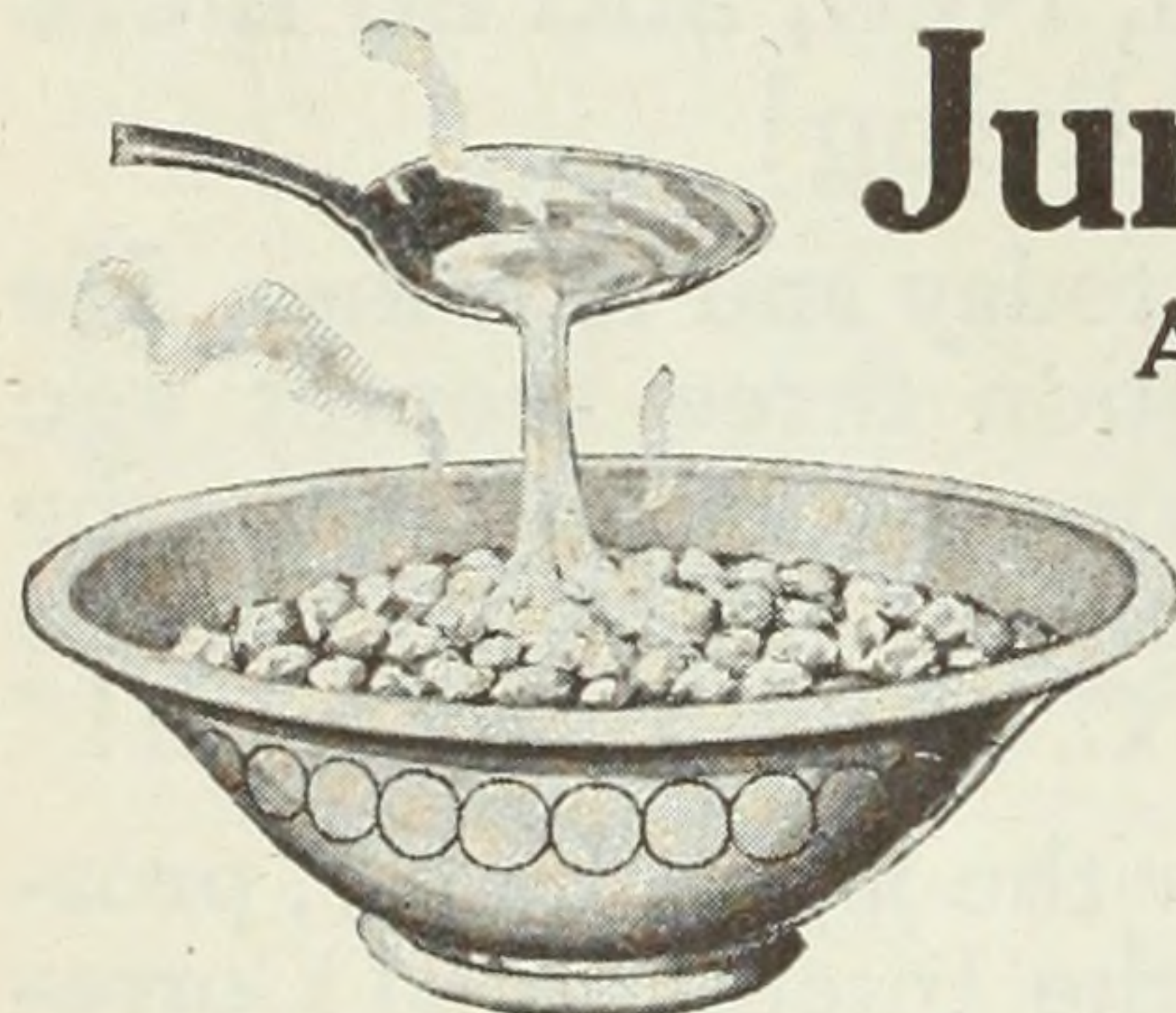
For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tid-bits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.



June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections



For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Prof. Anderson's creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

—But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3369

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., 10th Ave. and 56th 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.

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

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).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORPORATION, 807 East 175th St., New York, West Ft. Lee, N. J.

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

KING W. VIDOR PRODUCTIONS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK PICTURES

EUGENE
O'BRIENELAINE
HAMMERSTEINOLIVE
THOMASOWEN
MOORE

YOUTH, Beauty, Romance,—these are the very soul of picture art.

SELZNICK PICTURES are made with a practical understanding of this great principle.

The qualities you seek in friend or lover, you find in these productions, and that is why—

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours
At Theatres Where Quality Rules

Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?



An unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring? Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—But these things can be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as the old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried

into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

The booklet containing full directions for each one of the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using it tonight.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap,

Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





ONE glance at Helene Chadwick and you don't wonder that the camera is kind to blondes. Once in serials, drama sought her out. Now she is a bright star on Broadway—Los Angeles. Chadwick, New York, was named after her.



PEGGY O'DARE is the heroine of a real romance. An oil magnate saw her on the screen and decided there was nothing else in life for him. He went out to Universal City, met Peggy, and married her. Lost: another perfect serial-ette.



DeGaston

MOTHER likes his sweet-rough smile; father saw him in "The Littlest Rebel," in the legitimate; brother decides not to mind his own curly hair, while sister wouldn't miss a Bill Farnum film for anything. Remember "Les Miserables?"



Hoover

IT wasn't Helen Ferguson's youth or her brunette vivacity which won her a position in our cinematic younger set. It was her complete willingness to become a stenographer to earn enough money to continue her career in celluloid.



Bull

CALLING any actor "great" involves a lot of explaining. But is there anyone in your recollection who has played such a variety of finely-delineated characters as Raymond Hatton? He was the King in "Joan" and is to play Locke's "Septimus."



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARION DAVIES is one nationally-known beauty who doesn't believe that pulchritude is everything. She works as hard as any extra with snub nose and scraggly hair. Marion is the filmed heroine of many popular novels.



Bull

THE screen has many pretty professional martyrs whose studio life is just one struggle after another. But Jane Novak contrives to play her parts with a degree of humanness which makes us wish she might rebel. She's married!



White

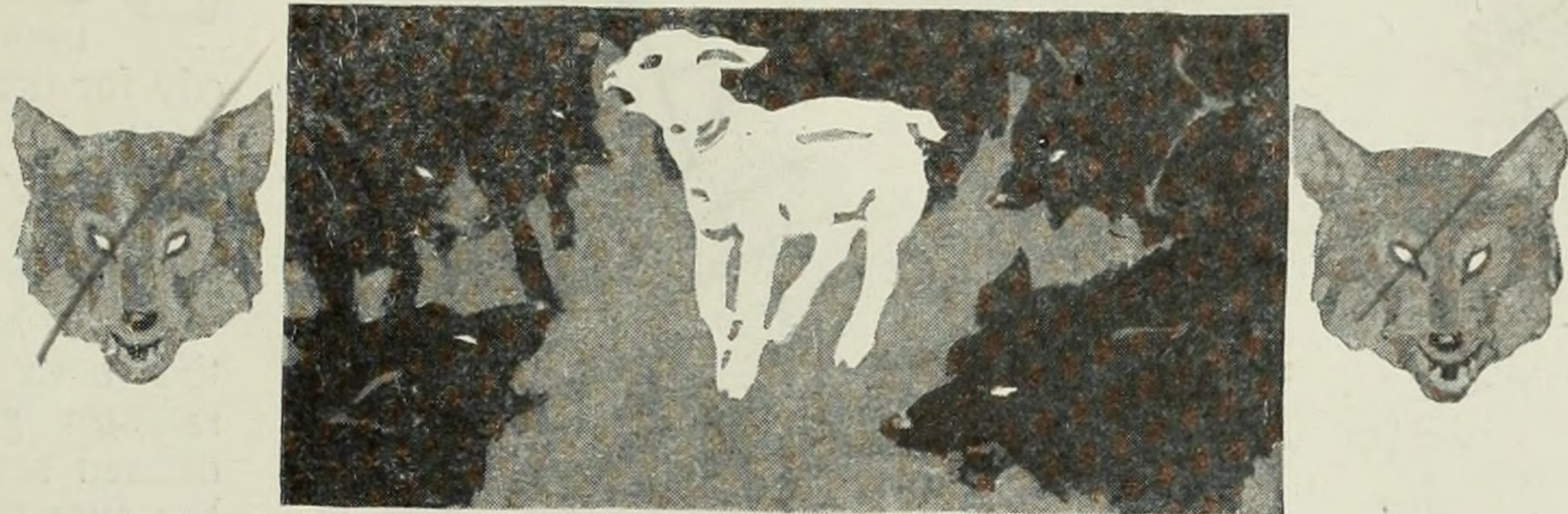
DOROTHY GISH is that rarest combination: a young girl with a sense of humor and considerable brain. She has the calm of the philosopher and the joy-of-living of a Little Disturber. And some day she wants to do very serious roles.

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII

June, 1920

No. 1



The Welcome Wolves

A CHICAGO newspaper reporter possessed of remarkable patience and ingenuity extracted from a pious and prosperous mail-order fakir a detailed account of the system that had brought him riches—and the fatal interest of the Postoffice Inspectors. “I must thank you for the story,” said he, “since in giving it to me you have made it impossible ever to come back.”

“My boy,” murmured the ancient sinner, with a benevolent shake of his gray head, “how little you understand human nature! My—my customers will not only permit me to come back; they are waiting for me to come back!”

So it is with no expectation of really disarming the dishonest picture promoters and stock-sellers who are again bestirring themselves that Photoplay calls attention to their trickery. Rather, we remark it as news, and beg merely to chronicle regret that so beautiful a thing as the New Art has vermin on its gleaming body.

One scheme now afloat is the promotion of a manufacturer too well established to stoop to such a thing; he advertises a vast stock expansion of his business, shares for sale, in restricted quantities, to fans only. Another concern is beginning a second harvest in the West, where, a year and a half ago, it gleaned a tremendous reward by selling stock on a miserable picture which was actually taken and released, thus keeping within the letter of the law. Their returns so far—and they are about all in—are said to be nearly six cents on the dollar. A third film Wallingford works from Washington, where he promises the world or any part of it, for—what have you?

The crux of flim-flam, which makes it endure from age to age, lies in the fact that no man was ever skinned in one of these games who did not expect to skin the skinner. Therein is the humor of the three shells and the little pea. The manipulators are wolves—but they are welcome wolves.

Verily, in the metallurgy of quick profits the dominant minerals are jasper and gypsum!

They Both

Edith Roberts performed the familiar right-about-face from comedy to drama.

SHE was a comedienne, and she wanted to make people cry. Edith Roberts performed the usual stunt of forsaking comedy for drama, following in the footsteps of Alice Lake and Mary Thurman—only she didn't really follow them; she decided it just about the same time Miss Thurman did.

Edith has the sparkling face of the born comedienne. She fairly radiates good humor. A clearly-defined sense of fun is expressed in her eyes that turn up ever so slightly at the corners, in her brisk little nose, and her wide, laughing mouth. She's slim and energetic and snappy—simply made for farce.

And she went in for farce from the first. She was a tomboy whose mother had the worst time imaginable keeping her within bounds. She was the life of every fudge-party at the school on the Hudson where she spent her intermediate years. It was as a dancer and a sprightly singer that she made her stage debut; but she soon decided there wasn't enough variety in the varieties to suit her, so—she discovered motion pictures.

She was a Lyons-and-Moran leading lady, and everyone knows an actress has to possess a natural gift for comedy to keep up with those boys. They were saying that Edith

She fairly radiates good humor, but she'd rather make you weep.

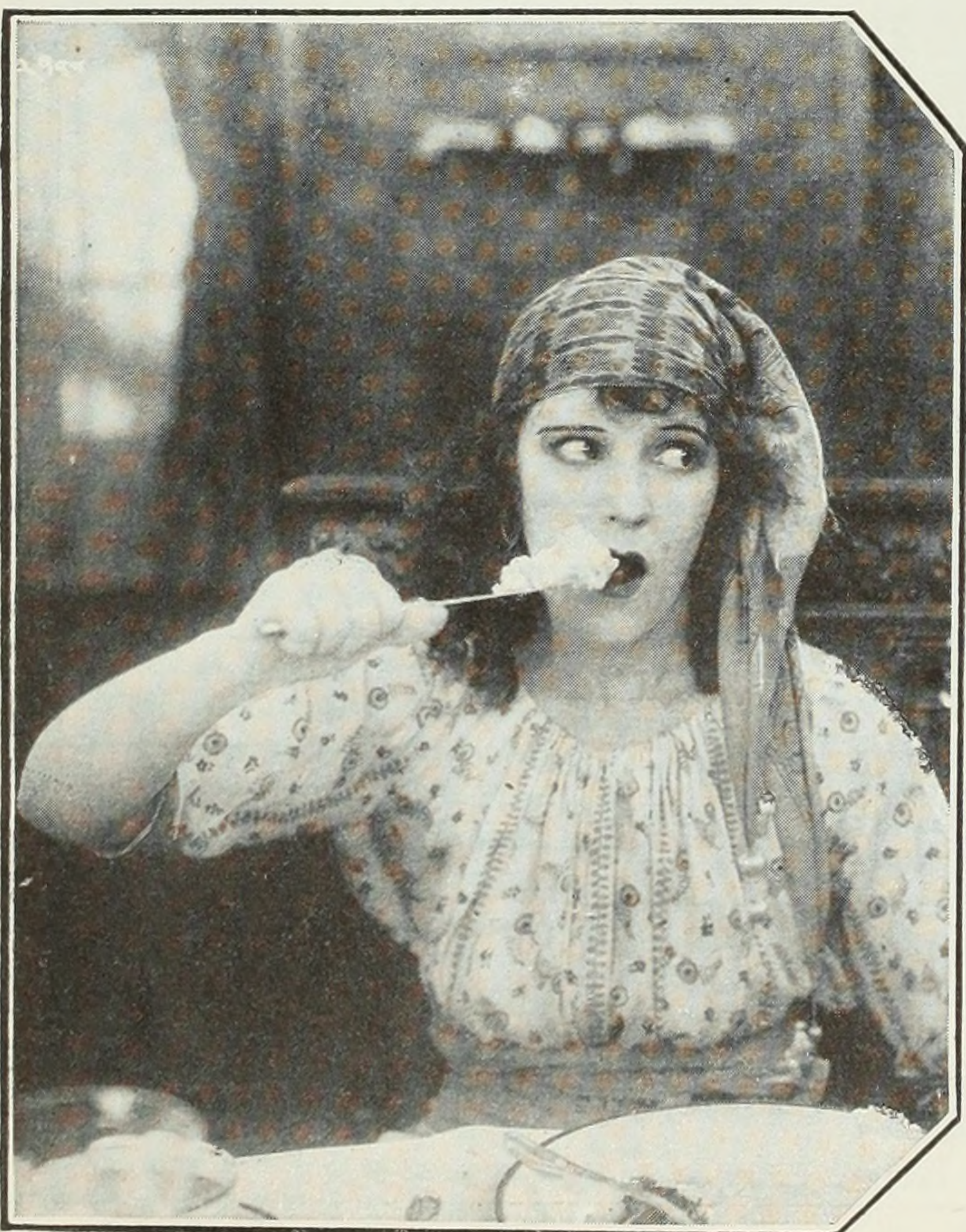
would develop into another Normand then. Came the time when Miss Roberts was restless, and yearned for another fling at the stage. Universal gave her leave of absence, and she and her mother journeyed East, and Edith became a musical comedienne.

Did Edith like it? Edith did not. It's one thing to be a comedy queen on the coast, and quite another to be just one of the girls in a Broadway musical show. Edith and mother soon journeyed West.

But the stage fling proved fatal. Edith developed a surprising disinclination to go back to comedy. True, she was never obliged to act as a target for custards or anything like that. But the dramatic yearn was born in her, and after a series of funny pictures, she decided that life held nothing more for her unless she could be a serious actress.

Fortunately, Universal City agreed with her. She was given, not long after, the title role in "Lasca," in which she emoted to her heart's content, and became, after that opportunity, a full-fledged dramatic artiste, with other intense parts promising to come her way.

When The City read a story called "The Triflers," a comedy drama, they could not visualize anyone but Edith in the amusing leading role. So they approached her in considerable trepidation, inquiring in meek tones—for film men—if she would mind going back into her former phase just this once—because it was such a good part, and such a perfect vehicle for her. Edith isn't unreasonable, so she did "The Triflers," and was very sweet and funny in it, and it's proven one of her most popular pieces. But just wait, she says, until she finds something tragic enough for her talents. Well, you'd better bring an extra handkerchief, that's all!



Rebelled

Colleen Moore decided reprisals were in order and left drama for farce.

SHE was a sob artist, and she wanted to make people laugh. What, then, was surprising about Colleen Moore's desertion of drama and alliance with Christie comedies?

Colleen had always been told that she had the tragic face, the full, drooping mouth, the sad Mona Lisa eyes that seemed wise beyond her years. She wept through "Little Orphant Annie" and many Fine-Arts tragedies, and finally became so wearied of her gloomy existence that she formed a little soviet of her own, sought fresh fields, and blossomed out as a real comedienne in such farces as "A Roman Scandal" and "Her Bridal Night-mare." Thus reversing the familiar situation which has robbed the comedy concerns of so many of their leading luminaries.

It is said that once a bard tried to write a poem to Colleen Moore. The logical lead, thought the poet, would be her eyes. He had seldom seen lovelier, more living orbs. So he began, "Oh eyes of blue that thrill you through—" and then, he looked at her again. Surely he had been mistaken: Miss Moore's eyes were not blue, but brown. So he made another start, "Brown eyes that seem a poet's dream"—

And then he gave it up—which was just as well, as it would have been a rotten poem anyway—because he discovered to his dismay that Colleen's eyes were neither brown nor blue—that is, *one* was blue and one was *brown*—and what's a poet to do in a case like that?

She was born Kathleen Morrison, in Port Huron, Michigan. She was living with an uncle and aunt in Chicago when she met David W. Griffith, who came to the Windy City on business. She met him at a very formal luncheon, where perhaps her youth and her naivete produced a welcome relief. He asked if she would like to go to California and play in his pictures. Inasmuch as she had wanted to be an actress ever since she was old enough to know anything at all, she accepted his offer and soon became one of the ingenue class at the Fine Arts studio. She played many of the parts scheduled for Mildred Harris, before the present Mrs. Charlie Chaplin departed for picture pastures new. Colleen did "The Bad Boy" and "An Old-Fashioned Young Man" with Bobby Harron; and "Hands Up" with Wilfred Lucas. Then Selig sent for her to come back East—as far as Chicago—to be "Little Orphant Annie" in their production of the Riley poem. She also did "Patience Thompson" in "A Hoosier Romance." With these parts, she graduated into stellar distinction.

But such a little girl as Colleen was hard to fit as to star vehicles, so when she returned to the West coast—Fine Arts-Triangle having been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things—she was given ingenue leads to play, with Universal—opposite Monroe Salisbury and others; with Charles Ray, and more recently, Sessue Hayakawa. Then, after a funny little bit of "business" she injected into one of her pictures, Al Christie sent for her.

"How," he asked, "how'd you like to join my company and be a regular comedienne?"

Colleen is being featured, now, in a series of Christie Specials.

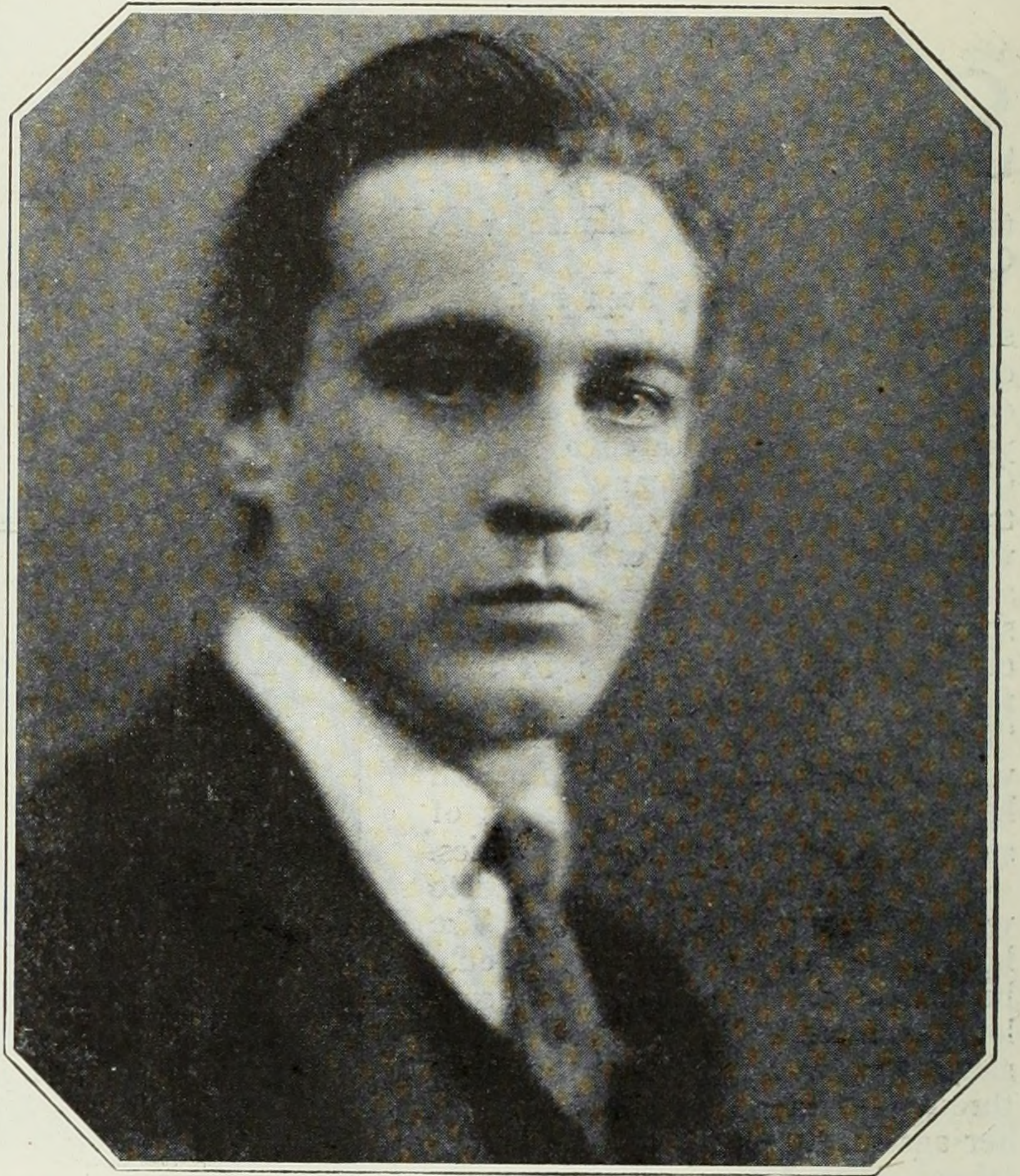


One eye's brown, the other blue.
Maybe that accounts for it.



Broad

The real story of "The Three Musketeers of the Rialto."



John

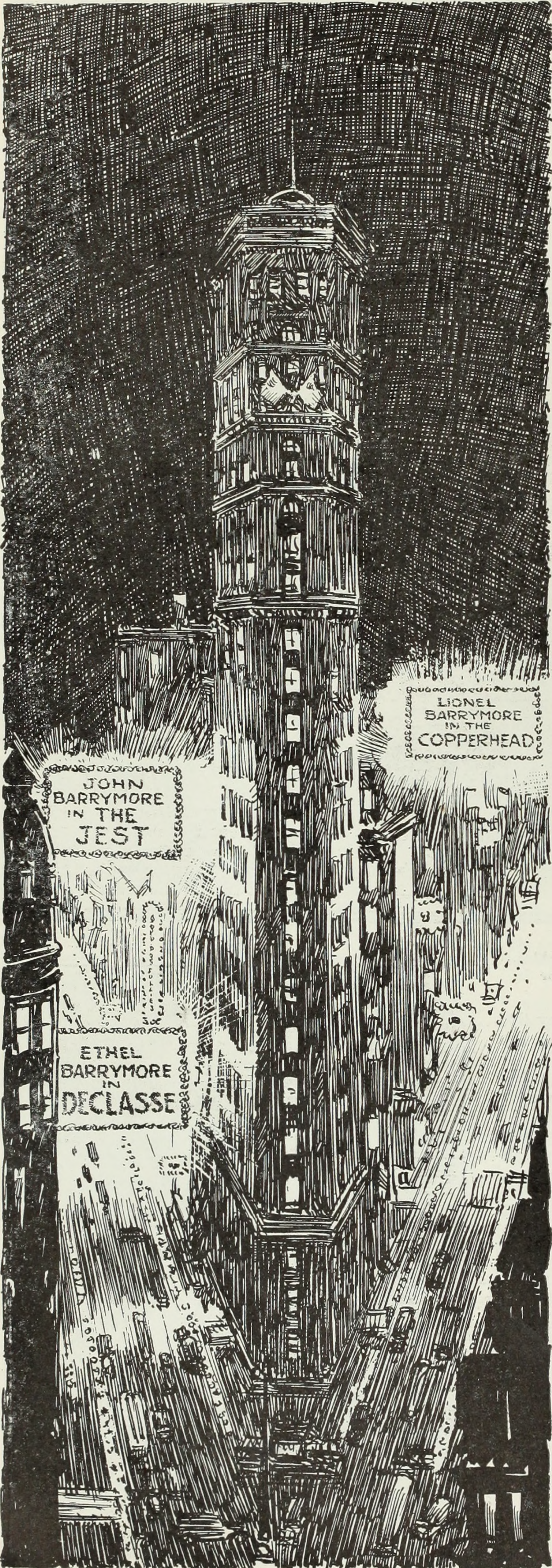
IT is a curious commentary on the strange tricks life plays upon us that the reigning family of Broadway is a disappointed trio—or was. Ethel Barrymore, who plays in tear-conjuring "Declasse" around the corner from a billboard bearing a critic's pious ejaculation: "God knows when we have seen such good acting!" wanted to be a pianiste. She says it was because she "had to have money at once" that she went on the stage.

Her elder brother, Lionel, the star of "The Letter of the Law," studied painting in Paris. He would a painter be! But in common with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, he found the returns slow and the landlord's demands rapidly reiterative. He sought the place of quick returns—the stage.

The youngest of the trio, he who still answers preferably to "Jack," wanted to be an illustrator. He drew strange pen and ink sketches of Dorean themes and treatment. He says he was "fired" from the newspaper that employed him. He says it blithely, for it was that fact that drove him to the profession that yields a weekly pay envelope. John Barrymore followed his disappointed sister and brother upon the boards. He, too, shines in stellar dignity in Richard III.

A distance of but four blocks separates the busy Barrymores, Ethel at her established theater home, the Empire; Lionel at the Criterion; Jack at the Plymouth. The three musketeers of the Rialto! "One for all and all for one!" Greater loyalty hath no family than this.

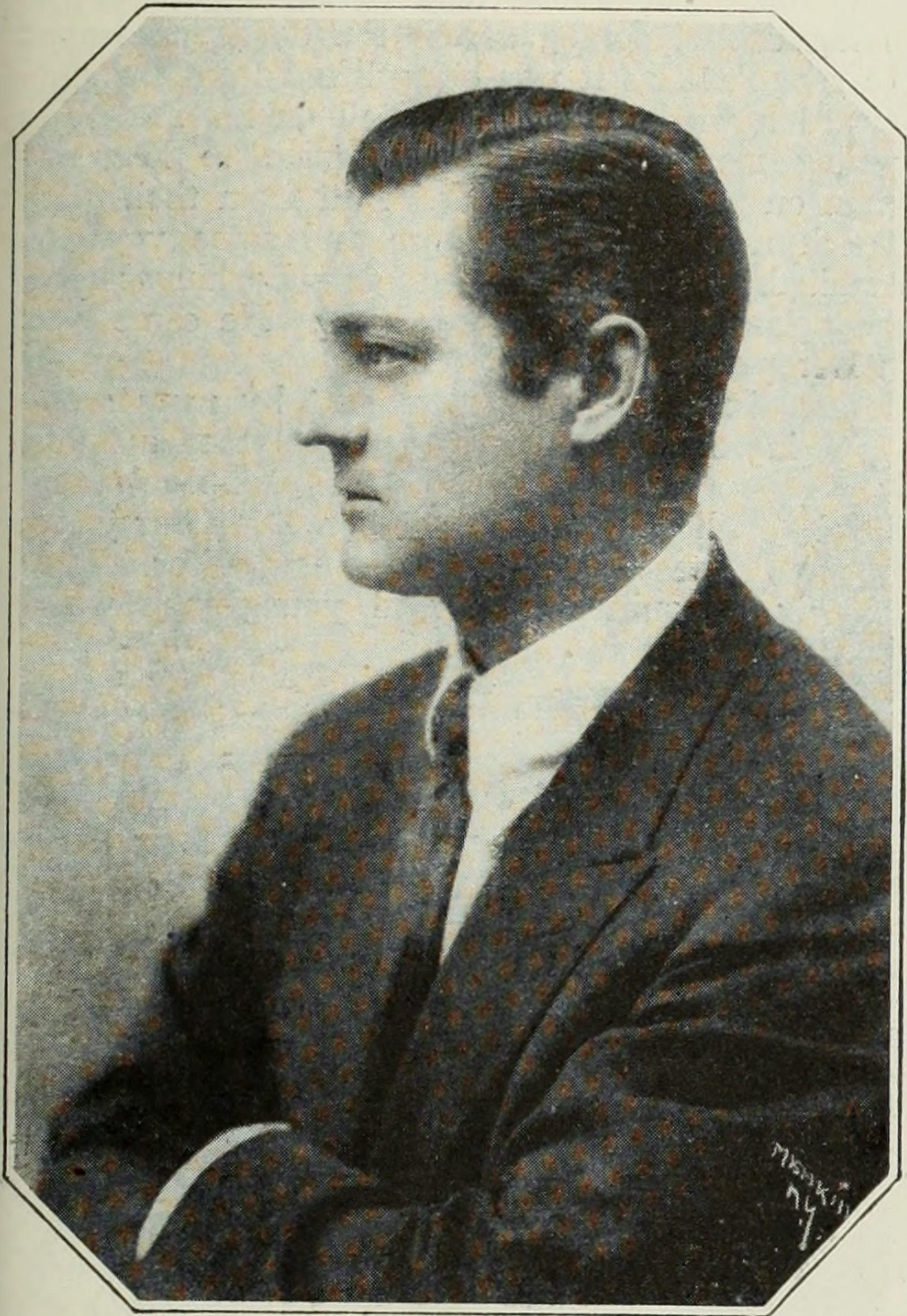
Turn the corner from the Empire and Uncle "Jack"—John Drew—playing in "The Cat Bird" turns a complacent glance down the street.



way's Royal Family

By ADA PATTERSON

Decorations by R. F. James.



Lionel



Ethel

"Do you keep up with my youngsters?" he asked the Good Queen Bess of Broadway, Elisabeth Marbury.

"Of course I do, John," was the answer in Miss Marbury's high power delivery. "Haven't I seen them grow up? Didn't I all but see them born?"

The present generation of the reigning stage family wished to avoid sovereignty before it began. It was like a brood of princelets and princesses who wanted to sign away their rights to the crown. They were of a mind with De Wolf Hopper, who in a musical comedy weeps elongated tears, asserting the while: "I don't want to be king."

Backgrounded by three generations of actors, the urchins and maiden were early disillusioned. Not one of them wanted to buy grease paint and a rabbit's paw. They knew not only the glorious but the inglorious phase of a mummer's life. They were born and grew partially up in the period of individual management and frequent strandings. They wanted art, but they preferred other forms of it.

Ethel, the eldest, was the first to yield to the pressure of necessity and of fate. Because she had to have money at once she ceased her piano lessons at fifteen, bought the grease paint and made her way into and out of the stage door as a professional in 1894. The place was the Empire Theater. She entered reluctantly the play house in which a little more than ten years later it was her destiny to star. The play was "The Rivals." The chief players were John Drew and Maude Adams. She was fifteen then, or, more properly, fourteen and a half, for her birthday is recorded as August 15, 1879.

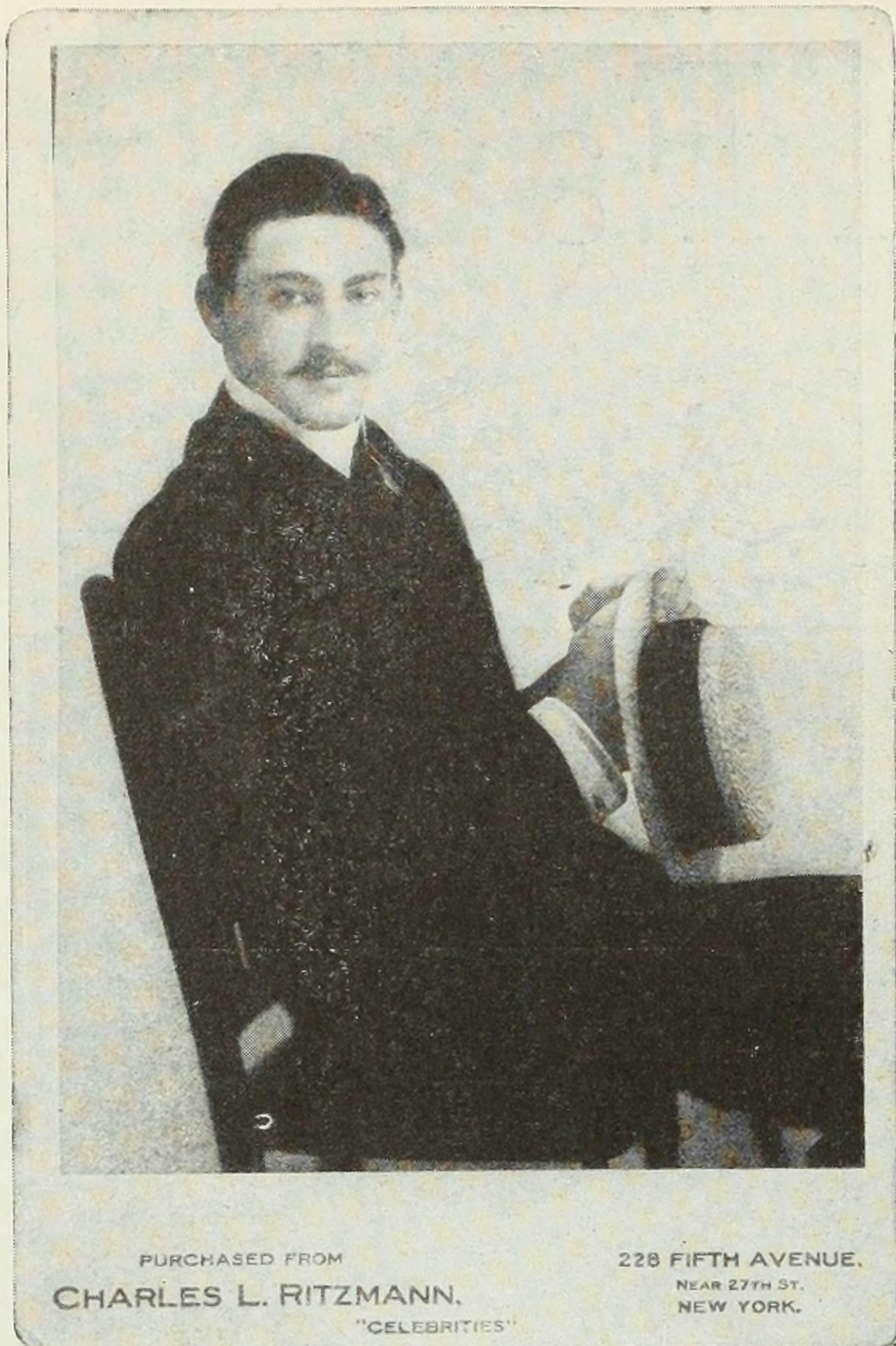
She was seventeen when first I saw her. She was playing

the customary maid, the only role that is the open sesame to the stage. She was in her uncle's supporting company, with Maude Adams, in "Rosemary." Her stage name was Priscilla. She wore a short, striped skirt, a tight, low bodice, and a starched cap. She was a plump and comely young person.

One less gifted with dramatic intelligence would have considered her part a colorless bit and made no attempt to inject vividness into it. But Miss Seventeen did. Hers was to make love to a ponderous, many-syllabled person. Standing at a table, at some work for her mistress, she turned her glorious young eyes upon the elderly object of her admiration and praised his pedantic speech.

"Your words r-oll and r-oll and r-oll," she said, naively tender. That was the first evidence of the since famous Barrymore drawl. The audience applauded her entrance and exit. It was not the first intimation she had received that she is a member of the royal family of the stage.

I met her first when she had returned from England. She had turned into her twentieth year and was already in her own



PURCHASED FROM
CHARLES L. RITZMANN,
"CELEBRITIES"

228 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEAR 27TH ST.,
NEW YORK.

When he was
23, John was
not known to
the stage.



And how brother,
Lionel has changed
in 15 Years.

right a celebrity. She had gone to London to play *Miss Kittredge* in "Secret Service" with William Gillette, had toured the provinces with Henry Irving as *Annette* in "The Bells," and had played with the future knight at the Lyceum in London. She had been the *Euphrosyne* to Irving's *Peter the Great* in what was then the world's metropolis. London had discovered that she had beauty and distinction. It had stamped her with social success. The Duchess of Sutherland had taken her under her wide spreading, guaranteeing wing.

She came out of a rear room, the landlady's sleeping chamber, where the young woman had been paying a bill. She looked very tall and straight and slim in her white cloth suit. Under the broad brim of her wide hat she looked with a smile that was bewitchingly shy and girlish. She crossed the room with a slow grace that seemed almost motionless. She stopped to join the chat, but she said little. She never does. She has always seemed to me the almost wordless woman.

We lived in a theatrical boarding house opposite the Lambs Club on West Thirty-sixth Street. Maude Adams, who owned a mortgage on the house was an occasional tenant. Her mother occupied her rooms when she was on tour. Ethel Barrymore and her brothers lodged there when she was in town. Ida Conquest, who had followed Maude Adams as John Drew's leading woman, and was an artist in Boston before she became a Thespian, was her fellow lodger. Maude Hosford, who plays an anxious wife of a politician with Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law," lived there and heard Miss Adams read her lines in *Juliet* before the ingenue star dropped them upon Charles Frohman's listening ears at rehearsal. Lotta Linthicum was one of the lodgers, as was Gladys Wallis before her marriage and retirement. Kitty Brady Harris lived there briefly, too, ten years before she became the mother-in-law of John Barrymore. The landlady, a costumer and dressmaker, managed a business in the basement.

Naive and girlish was Ethel Barrymore in those lodging-house days. A memory picture remains of her sitting beside a window mending her lingerie. She had learned needle-craft at the convent school in Philadelphia. The incongruity of patching and darning while she sat in a glittering sequin-covered

black evening gown escaped her. Or if it didn't escape her she defied it with her slow, smiling dignity.

She was plying her needle not rapidly—she is of deliberate habit—but with precision, when some of us asked her whether we might wish her lifelong happiness.

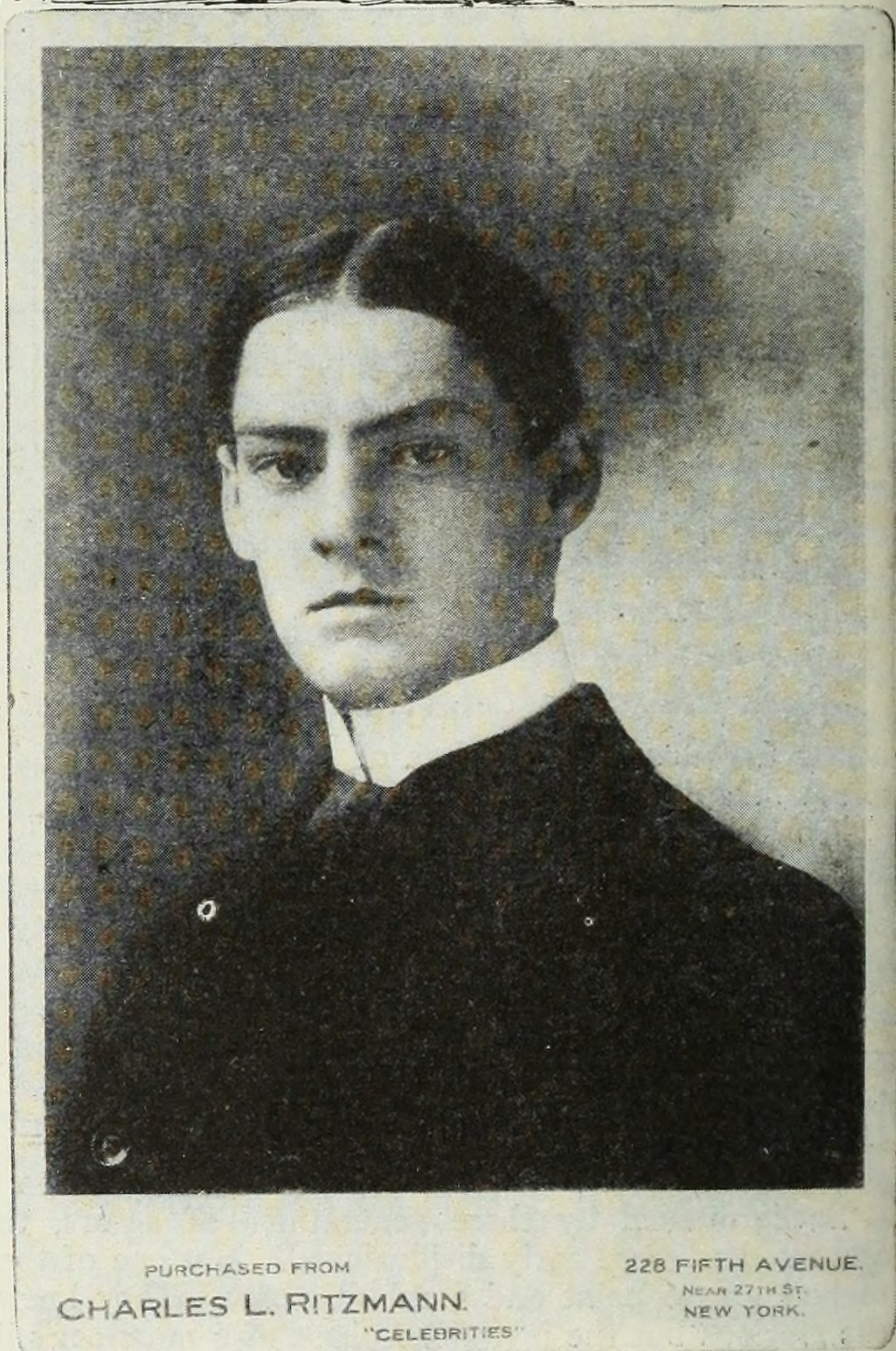
"Such a wish is always welcome," she answered serenely, "but what is the reason?"

"Your engagement."

"I'm not engaged. Mr. Blank seems to find me companionable. That's all."

The next Saturday she sailed for Europe. Mr. Blank, scion of a family of wealth and long antecedents, made a striking entrance. He arrived in a cab drawn by a horse that looked as if some sportive wretch had scattered a tub of soap-suds over him. The young man tossed a coin to the fast driving cabby, sprang across the dock and leaped upon the gangplank as it was being lifted from the ship. The steward howled as the plank fell on his fist. The eager young man staggered as he tried to keep his equilibrium on the moving plank. And from their place at the deck rail Ethel Barrymore and some voyaging friends smiled. Yet the ocean-crossing *Lochinvar* from New England did not win her hand. He came back from Europe alone and puzzled.

Inquisitive reporters sent by news scenting editors climbed often the steps and rang the bell of the old-fashioned brown stone house to ask whether Miss Barrymore was engaged to some new suitor. Their inquiries concerned young men whose



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names appeared in the society columns of New York and London polite prints. Occasionally a name known to the stage or to literature was coupled with hers. Usually she did not see the Mercuries from Park Row. She sent brief notes—"No thank you," or "Not this time." Now and then these repeated queries rasped her nerves. While she was playing in Buffalo, in "His Excellency the Governor," she telegraphed me: "Please, for friendship's sake, deny latest report that I am engaged. I don't know this man."

Nevertheless suitors thronged the small reception room of the lodging-house kept by a dressmaker. In this capacity, the fellow lodgers believed, came Richard Harding Davis. They

knew that his earliest visits had been paid to Maude Adams. But Miss Adams' vows to celibacy would not be broken. The novelist carried his disappointment to the youngest member of her company. Whether Davis' name was on the list in the Barrymore romantic archives we were not sure. But if it was they agreed to forget it, for Ethel Barrymore was a bridesmaid at his first wedding, when his bride was Miss Clark of Chicago.

When Bessie McCoy had replaced her in the domestic circle, Miss Barrymore was a frequent guest at their home at Mount Kiscoe. During that domestic interlude in her hard dancing life, Miss McCoy showed strong student propensities. While she sat with the library glasses slipping from her dainty nose, her once restless feet inactive, a book held before her in both hands, her husband exclaimed to their guest:

"I married a dancer, and look at that!"

In those days of many wooings it was said that Ethel Barrymore received at least one proposal of marriage a week. Some came wooing with gems. She showed us a magnificent solitaire ring.

"I shall have to write a note and send this back," she said.

"Why not accept it as a tribute to your art? I hear that is being done in London." I mentioned a musical comedy star who had invaded Mayfair and was receiving jewels by every messenger.

"But this isn't a tribute to my art." She grasped the shining thing with determination and went to the second floor back to write the letter.

Already, though she had not come into her dramatic own, she was admired of young girls. They studied her gowns and copied them. At a tea in a Fifth Avenue drawing room—for the Knickerbockers had followed the example of the Britons and Miss Barrymore was "invited everywhere"—a woman who poured the tea admired "the sweet simplicity and absolute charm" of her frock.

"I bought it for fifteen dollars," was her answer to the compliment.

Her superb height, her slow, graceful carriage, emphasized the beauty of the dress. These and her girlish slimness.

It can never be truly said of Ethel Barrymore

that her slenderness was a blessing that brightened for her only when it took its flight. I remember that she stood before a full-length mirror in the dining room surveying herself in a new peach colored taffeta and appreciatively stroking her hips.

"I am so glad my hips are flat," she said with admiring candor.



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Ethel was little different in 1906, when she played the title role in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

At this time, while she was ripening into twenty-three, Miss Barrymore was ambitious in a relaxed, serene way. Not tensely, aggressively, pugnaciously so, but wistfully, hopefully, in a minor key.

"I think I have played all the bad parts that were ever written," she said reflectively once at a gathering of the lodgers.

"What kind of part would you like to play?" asked an animated question mark among them.

"Any kind that is good. I would play a Hottentot if it were a good part," was her answer.

"Juliet?" asked the human interrogation point.

"No," she answered with a slight smile. "Rosalind."

Opportunity came in the guise of Mme. Trentoni in "Captain Jinks." The girl who wanted any good part welcomed the opportunity, in her gentle, unworldly way. But three generations of actor inheritance had made her sensitive to conditions. She mentioned the name of an actor who would play opposite her in one of the climaxes of the Clyde Fitch comedy.

"He intends to 'hog the scene,'" she remarked in her even manner. "I can see that coming."

It was characteristic of her that no tirade against the poacher followed. She had made a statement. That was enough. It is her habit.

Ethel Barrymore is of gregarious habit. She likes her kind. When some of the lodgers in what the newspapers familiarly termed "Maude Adams' Adamless Eden" had gathered together

for a chat before they fell into dreams, the girl, coming home from the Garrick, would stop and tap on the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and her lovely face appeared.

"What's going on here?" she would inquire and would join the group for a chat. Occasionally the chats were pointedly

(Continued on page 120)

Beauty

But Katherine MacDonald wouldn't Trade It—She Hopes to Overcome It.

such a little while ago after winning fame as an artist's model in New York, possesses to an extraordinary degree that extraordinary thing called beauty. When you look at her, you wish the whole human race could have been made perfect, as it was intended to be.

But Miss MacDonald, while she is intensely grateful for her beauty, while she has learned in a surprisingly clear way to look upon it as an outside possession, like a diamond necklace or a bad disposition, nevertheless declares that it's a difficult thing to live with.

"There are three things that people always say about a woman whom the world calls beautiful," said Miss MacDonald, with a serious little pucker between her brows. "She is a fool, of course; she certainly can't act, and she's at least improper, if not openly immoral."



IT is not to be denied that beauty is only skin deep.

But since that is about all the General Public is likely to see in this life—unless we are to consider X-Rays, ouija boards and such factors—would not the average woman lump all her other possessions and trade them for beauty?

If every woman could write her own ticket for the fairy godmother who presides over our destinies, I am convinced that the beauty factory would be flooded, to the exclusion of brains, virtue, and even gold.

Statistics prove, I believe, that only three persons in a million are possessed of beauty, as differentiated from mere prettiness, good looks or charm. Also, that it would be easier to pass the lunacy commission tomorrow if you were left a million dollars tonight than if you suddenly discovered that instead of being a bit difficult to look at you were perfectly beautiful.

Now certainly, these things being true—and one advantage about writing is that nobody can contradict you without going to a lot of trouble—it would hardly occur to anybody that beauty could have any handicap—that, as it were, there could be a fly in its ointment.

But there is.

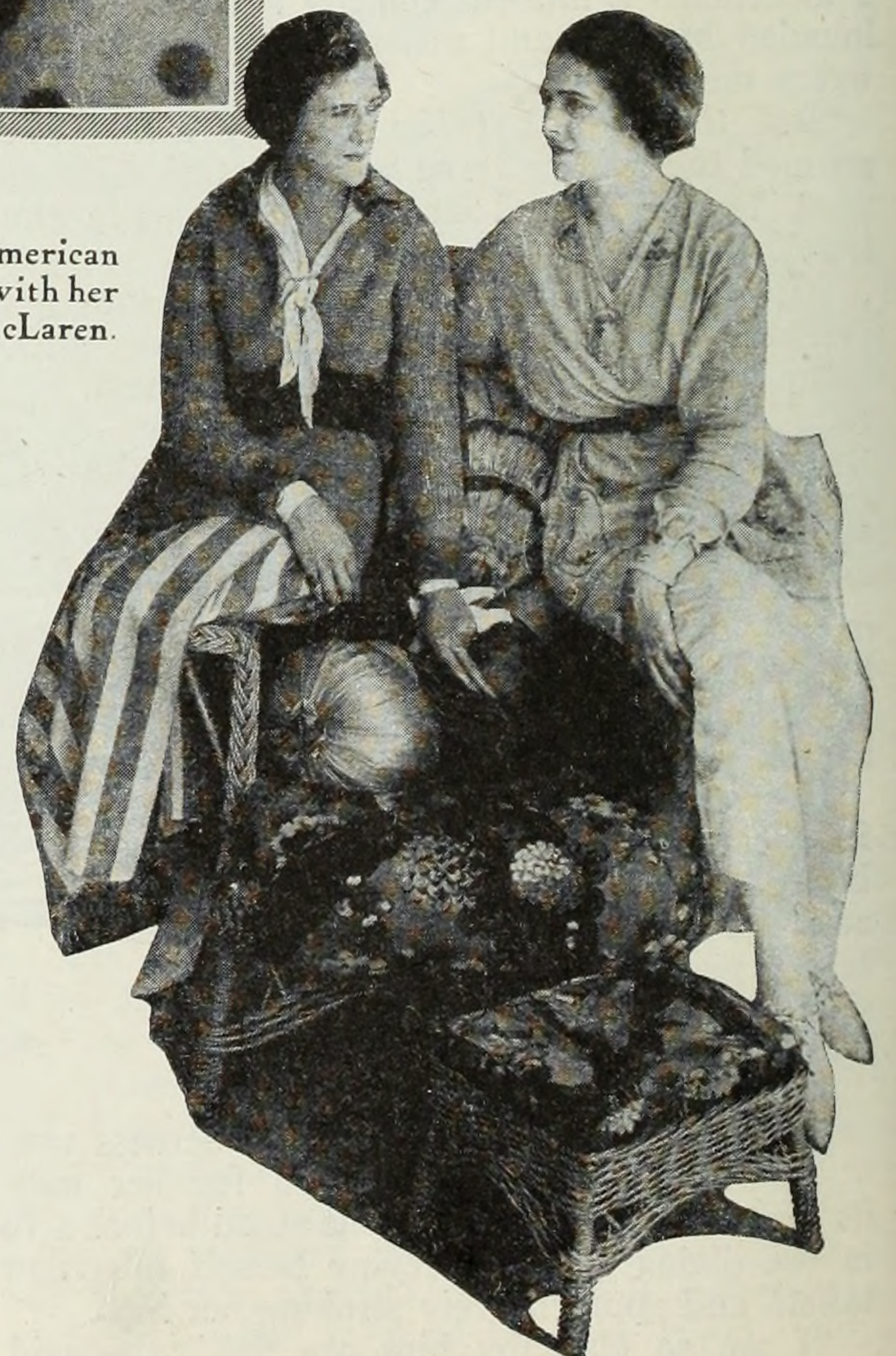
Katherine MacDonald says so, and Katherine MacDonald is a beauty.

Not so long ago, she might have followed the profession of being a beauty, as did Lillie Langtry, and longer ago have rocked thrones as effectively as Nell Gwynne or Du Barry.

There are many who contend that, so far as the physical fact can be judged by standards, Miss MacDonald is the most beautiful woman on the screen.

As a matter of fact. I believe that this star, who came to the movies

The "Ideal American Girl." Below—with her sister, Mary MacLaren.



Her Great Handicap

By
JULIA REGIS

Now isn't it true?"

She was sitting on the end of a wicker divan, painted gray, in the lovely home in Los Angeles Wilshire district, where she lives with her mother, her sister-star, Mary MacLaren, and her at-home sister, Miriam MacDonald. A mass of bright colored cushions supported her lovely head and framed the ivory shoulders that orchid folds of chiffon and creamy old lace left bare. There was just the hint of a smile in her radiant blue eyes.

"Isn't it true," she repeated solemnly, "if a girl or woman is considered beautiful that everyone immediately concludes that she hasn't anything *inside* her head? It seems to be traditional that a beautiful woman doesn't need to be clever. Of course it is wonderful to be thought beautiful, but, gracious, one doesn't like to be elected an idiot on that account.

"Then, of course, she can't act! Why should she? That's the way they seem to figure it. She gets by on her looks. People only want to see her.

"As for her morals—" she held up two slim hands, "every humorist in the world has written a variation on how hard it is to be good if you are beautiful.

"So you see all the things you accept when you receive beauty."

"Still," said I, "would you trade it for everything else rolled into one?"

She nibbled the end of a chocolate cream and inspected the interior to determine its flavor.

"No," she admitted at last, raising honest young eyes, "but truly, I don't want it to be the end of my existence. I do want to act. I am so sure that I can. I am so happy to have the opportunity. And I am determined to overcome the handicap of—beauty!"

Katherine MacDonald and her sister Mary, known on the screen as Mary MacLaren, came from Pennsylvania. She started her career as a beauty by posing for Malcolm Strauss, a New York artist, whom she later married. She was divorced from him two years ago. She followed her sister into pictures and for three years has done regular small part apprenticeship.

She began producing her own pictures shortly after making "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Her first independent release was "The Thunderbolt."

One of the best-dressed women on the silversheet, Miss MacDonald is a tailor-made girl rather than the fluffy ruffles type. She typifies perfectly the healthy, wholesome, ideal American girl.

She adores camel's-hair mufflers, as is evidenced by her generous assortment. One of her favorite costumes is a tan tweed tailored suit, with narrow belt and pockets; her blouse of finest handkerchief linen, daintily finished with collar and cuffs of the same material, knife pleated—the muffler thrown over her shoulder.

Miss MacDonald's fourth production is an adaptation of C. N. and A. M. Williams' story, "The Guests of Hercules," calling for thirteen changes of costume.

She's a tailor-made girl and adores camel's-hair mufflers.



Dollars and the

Every married man and woman who prizes the happiness of the home should read this story.

By NANON BELOIS



Their social friends believed that Dan and Madge went South. Instead, they sold most of their possessions and went East—way over east in a part of New York City unknown to their friends.

IT was after that gay holiday party at the Hunts Club that Madge Hillyer found out for the first time how they really stood in a money way—Dan Hillyer, the boyish but brilliant young inventor whom she had married, and herself.

It had never occurred to her to inquire into Dan's financial status. All the men she knew had money. After a few seasons of judicious flirtations, in which she had been sought by some of the most desirable bachelors of New York, she had met Dan Hillyer and discovered that she loved him. That was enough.

It would have made no difference in her final choice of him if she had known that he was what would have been termed in her set a poor young man. But she would have started out on their little matrimonial venture in a very different way. She would have taken a modest apartment in Brooklyn or in one of the cheaper districts of New York City, for she was a sensible person. She would have worked out an economical household budget system that would have made the money Dan did have last them a long time. Madge was that kind of a girl.

It had been Dan's fault that they had set up in a smart and expensive apartment house overlooking the Park, and had proceeded several months on a season of quite unnecessary extravagance before the subject of dollars arose between them.

Dan had a youthful, stubborn pride, which was one of the things that made him lovable, but this pride, coupled with the usual delicacy of feeling that besets young people about to be married, had kept them from coming down to brass tacks on the matter of the wherewithal on which they were to live after they were wed. He had indicated that he had realized importantly on a mine windlass patent; but had never told her that the extent of his realizations had been only \$15,000—a large enough sum in some circles, but nothing in theirs. Madge had taken it for granted that they had plenty.

Arthur Crewe was at the Hunts Club ball. He had been one of Madge's most persistent suitors—a handsome, serious, somewhat older man of cultivated tastes and the money to indulge

them. He was a worshiper of beauty, and Madge's fragile loveliness had always appealed to him as a rare flower he would like to own and cherish. Immediately after Madge's marriage he had hied him off for a trip half way across the world—but the restless longing to talk with her again, to be where she was, to give himself the exquisite pain of seeing her, though married to another, brought him back for the annual club affair at which they had danced each year since she had been old enough to be out and about. He felt—he knew—that he would never love another.

Dan Hillyer, watching his wife dancing with Arthur Crewe, read all the older man's thoughts in the dark brown eyes that bent on her. Dan could see the misery—yet pleasure—that Crewe felt in her nearness. He was seized with a violent jealousy, joined with a sort of vague fear of the money and the power that Crewe possessed—which served to make him a

little bit irritable after they reached home. A most inopportune time to expose the fact that the household had accumulated bills—a whole teapot full!

"I just stick them in there," Madge laughed as she pulled them out of the silver pot so that she might put Dan in a more cheerful frame of mind with a cup of tea, "and when there isn't room for any more, I pay them. Simple, isn't it?"

When Madge returned from the kitchen with fresh water for the kettle, she found her Dan seriously counting up the bills. She stopped in surprise.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" answered Dan. "Heavens, Madge, how could we have spent so much money?"

Madge stiffened perceptibly. Dan had always insisted on her buying all the things she wanted. She told him as much.

Dan's eyes fell in embarrassment—then he raised them and looked shamefacedly at his wife.

"When I won you from—from Crewe and the rest"—it was agony for him to confess it—"from all the men who had plenty of money—I—I couldn't bear to let you think you had suffered through your choice. I never told you the whole truth about my finances, Madge. It was not a fortune I got from my mine windlass patent. It was only fifteen thousand dollars. I was sure I could sell the new smelter process before that money was gone—but—but I'm not so sure now."

"Oh, Dan, Dan, why didn't you tell me before, my dear?" Madge went over to her husband and put her arms about him. The thought that he had been working on and worrying without her sympathy and help, while she had been practically throwing money away, that he had been discouraged perhaps, and all because he had not known how willing she was, how anxious to be a real inspiration in his life—hurt her more than Dan's weakness in not telling her the truth before.

"But you still have faith in the smelter process, haven't you?" Madge's practical mind, given a chance, reached out to tackle their problems.

"It will be very valuable to the copper industry," Dan answered with certainty. "But it takes time to work out the details—more time than I thought."

"Well, we still have a little money left," said Madge. "We'll sell most of our things, and we'll save all we can while you finish your work. Why—it will be fun to be poor, and to

Woman

Ninety-nine per cent of the world's domestic discord is caused by money or lack of it. That was the one false note in the love-harmony of Dan Hillyer and his worshipping wife. This gripping narrative of their fight teaches a lesson that should not be lightly cast aside.

help you, Dan. But my dear"—a flood of tenderness for this foolish boy of hers rushed over her and filled her eyes with tears—"my dear, if you had only told me in the beginning. Now Dan," Madge's cheeks flushed and her voice grew soft, "now we *must* win out, you and I—because—because—"

Dan raised Madge's drooping head, and forced her to look at him. There was a tender mother love in her eyes. He clasped her to him.

THEIR social friends believed that Dan and Madge Hillyer packed up and went South the following week. Instead, they sold all but a few of their possessions and went East—way over East in a part of New York City as unknown to their friends as the heart of Africa—even less.

On the edge of the East Side with its crowded tenements, its seething, dirty streets, its push-cart markets, its jargon-ing bargainers, Madge found a tiny apartment in a rather new house watched over by a kindly dispositioned janitress, Mrs. Sherman. It was clean, it was comparatively cheap, and its handiness to the curbstome vegetable dealers and the inexpensive stores, where those who were really poor could find things within their means, made it desirable from Madge's new viewpoint. At any rate, the novelty of the experience wooed her into forgetfulness of its sordidness, at first.

And how she economized! How she scrimped and saved! How she planned—while Dan put the finishing touches to the invention on which they had staked everything they possessed and helped her with the housekeeping all he could.

One day, several months after they had entered upon their new existence, a letter arrived at the Hillyer flat addressed to Dan. It came just at the moment when Dan, clad in pajamas and bathrobe, was pressing the one and only business suit that remained.

Madge was out marketing. Returning, she found her husband frisking about like a little boy. He rushed to her, grabbed her in his arms for a resounding smack—but not before she had managed to slip a box she carried behind the bedroom door—then handed her the letter. It was from the secretary of Colonel Elijah Barnard of San Francisco, president of one of the largest smelter plants in the world. She read:

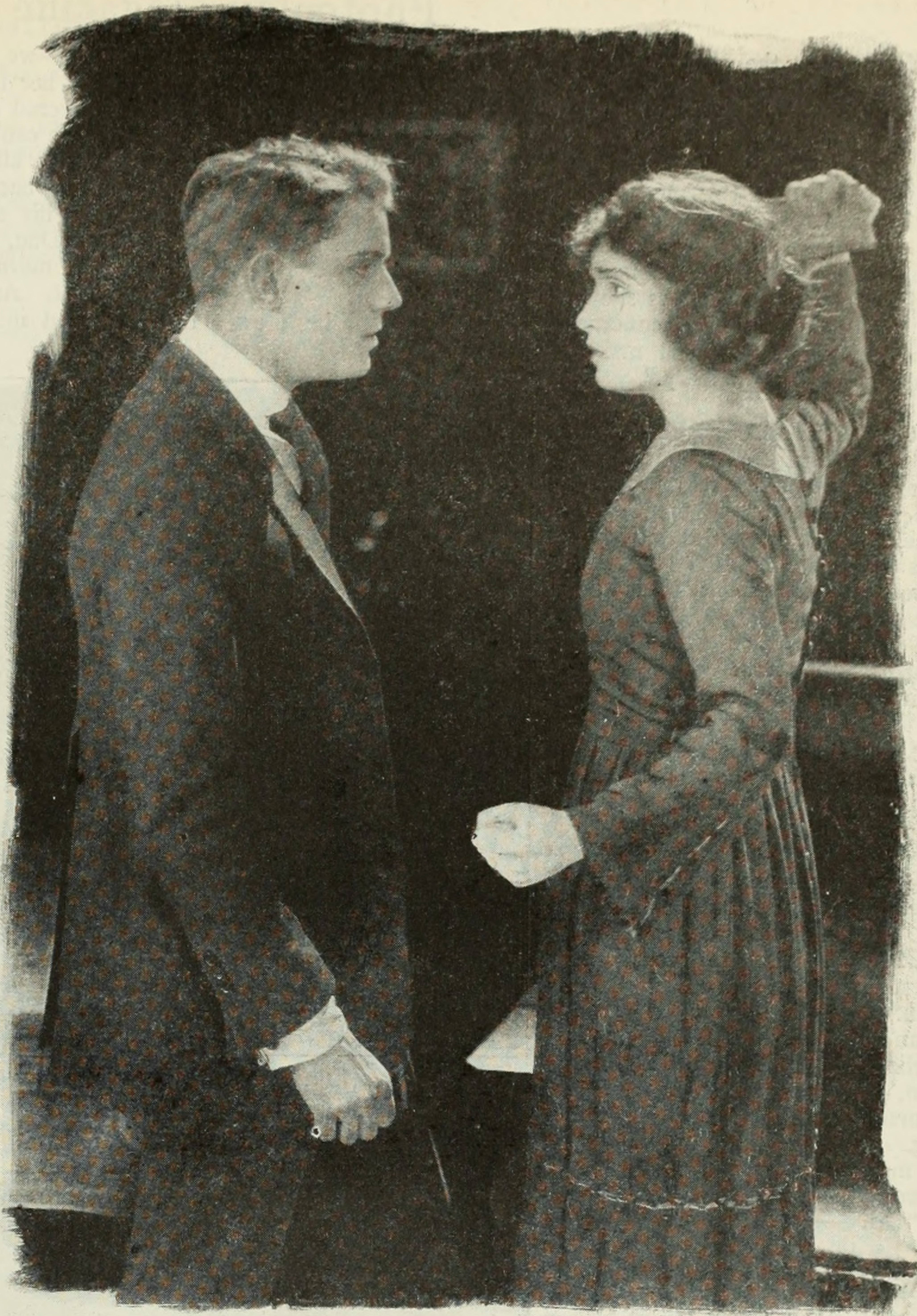
"Dear Mr. Hillyer:

"Colonel Barnard directs me to say that he is much interested in your smelter process and will be pleased to see you at the eastern offices of the Coast Smelting Company at your earliest convenience.

"Very truly yours,

"THOMAS J. MARTIN."

"Dan," Madge exulted, taking his face between her hands, which had become calloused and worn during her months of unaccustomed work, "I am so proud of you, dear."



Madge looked into his white face and blood-shot eyes. "Go!" she said between taut lips. "If you don't I—I think I shall kill you!"

Dan went back to his pressing, but as he looked down on the worn trousers spread out on the board, he gave a grunt of dismay.

"Oh, Madge," he despaired, "look at these. Like the one-hoss shay, I'm going all at once."

Madge picked up the trousers to examine them more closely, and as she stretched the thin fabric out to see the extent of the worn place, it gave way.

Madge looked at Dan in horror. A sudden burst of anger—anger at circumstances, at Fate—seized Dan. He jerked the trousers from Madge's hands and tore them to pieces, then stamped on them.

"I wore out that suit in their confounded chairs, awaiting my chance, and now"—he snorted, pacing up and down—"now—oh, it's too ghastly! Madge, we're ruined, unless"—a sudden hope springing up in him—"you can do something."

Madge had accomplished so many things these past few months—had produced so many needed things out of thin air, that Dan had acquired an almost childlike belief that her powers were unlimited. And indeed, though Dan did not know it, Madge already had done something to replace the now ruined garment. That afternoon she had gone to the little second-hand shop where Anton, the friendly Jewish tailor, made old clothes look as good as new.

Dan's eyes opened wide in happy surprise when that box slipped surreptitiously behind the bedroom door appeared draped on the end of a broom through the partly opened bedroom door a moment later. The box held a dark gray suit.

"Remember the old suit you scorched with acid?" Madge demanded between kisses, when she had been dragged with the broom handle from behind the door. "I had the tailor rip it apart. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Marvelous," agreed Dan. Then a disquieting thought struck him—even this must have cost money.

"I found that I didn't need lunch, Dan. Two meals a day are more than enough for me—so when you've been gone at noon, I've just saved the money—and in other ways." She said nothing of the clothes she had gone without.

"Madge, dearest!" Tenderness swept Dan, and he drew Madge very close. "I'll make it all up to you some day."

COLONEL BARNARD listened with real interest to what Dan Hillyer told him in the Eastern offices of the Coast Smelting Company. Beside them was the model of Dan's smelting process improvement. But in the midst of their conversation the Colonel pulled himself up sharply, took out his watch, then rose with outstretched hand.

"It's most interesting, Hillyer," he said. "But I've an important meeting in ten minutes. I'm sorry. I wish I might have a longer talk with you before I leave for the West tomorrow."

His tone was encouraging, friendly. Dan could not bear to let this moment slip without making an effort to bring the Westerner to some sort of bargain. An idea entered his mind—an idea which a few months earlier would have occurred to him, perhaps, as a matter of course. Today it was very daring. This one meal would cost as much as it took them to live a week, or maybe two.

"Can't—can't you have dinner with me tonight,"—Dan gulped—"at—at the St. Croesus?"

Dan paused in scared silence. The Colonel accepted his invitation.

Colonel Barnard seemed to enjoy his dinner immensely—and ate, as Dan afterwards complained to Madge, like a poor relation. But the meal was a miserable one for the young inventor. Through it all he was haunted by the fear that the Colonel would go away without giving a definite promise in regard to his patent—and that would mean the price of the dinner wasted. Then, too, the picture of Madge came to take the cheer out of his heart.

She had been so horrified at first at the money it would take for this one act of propitiating Fate—then, poor child, she had broken down and wept because she could not go to the St. Croesus too. She had laughed through the tears at herself for being a silly baby as she handed over the household emergency fund. Dan understood the heart hunger for a taste of her old life that had swept over her—and he hated the brilliant hotel, its music and its audacious price-list, which had made it impossible for him to bring her along.

The upshot of the dinner was a terrifying bill and an invitation for Dan to come to the Coast to demonstrate his invention to the Colonel's board of directors. Barnard offered to pay Dan's expenses, but he neglected to advance the money.

Madge, starting from the big chair where she had curled up, a shawl about her shoulders, to wait for Dan, found black despair written on every feature of his face on his return.

"But Dan—we still have money in the bank," she said when he had told her the evening's story.

Dan answered firmly: "I know, dear, but we're saving that for you. We can't touch that."

"But I'll be all right," Madge insisted. "I'll leave enough, and you'll be back long before—before—" she hid her face a moment on his shoulder, "and then we'll be rich. It's your big chance, Dan. We mustn't let it slip."

The next morning Madge Hillyer drew the \$300 from the savings bank. As she left the bank, a man, by seeming accident, stepped into the same revolving door compartment as she. When she reached the corner she discovered her handbag was gone. Involuntarily she cried out. A crowd gathered—but the thief had disappeared.

WHAT should she do? She must act somehow without letting Dan know. For some reason her thought went to Crewe—perhaps it was because he, back in his apartment after another unsatisfying trip into strange new countries, was thinking intently on the Madge he had one time loved. She determined to crucify her pride and go to him for help.

Yamadichi, Crewe's Japanese servant, admitted Madge into a living room rich with soft woven hangings and vivid with many colors. The fragrance of flowers came to her nostrils, and a plaintive melody, played with Crewe's touch on a piano, crept to her from another room.

Yamadichi disappeared for a moment, then came back to say that his master would see her. Madge trembled as she followed the silent Jap, trembled at the audacity of her coming here, trembled more at the memory of happier days. Of a sudden the stuffy, smelly apartment, the unattractiveness of her luxury-stripped life, repelled her. She became faint.

At the sight of the pale Madge in her shabby garments, Crewe's expectant manner changed to one of frank disappointment. He had expected to see the graceful, vivacious creature of his dreams.

"What can I do for you?" he said stiffly, after an embarrassing pause.

"Arthur"—she was the practical, self-controlled new Madge

again, "I want \$300—as a loan for a month." She shrank from the coldness of Arthur's look, but she forced herself to tell him of their struggles—hers and Dan's.

"We'll pay you interest—eight or nine per cent if you want it," she finished.

"Thanks." Crewe's tone was frigid. "I'm not a loan shark. Why not go to one of them?"

Madge smiled bitterly.

"I thought of that—but we have no security to offer."

"Then what security could you offer me?"

Madge looked the man who had one time loved her straight in the eye, then gathering all the scorn she possessed in her voice, she said, "Myself."

Arthur Crewe winced perceptibly. For an instant the flame of old desires leaped up in his eyes, and died down again, to a look of hurt misery.

"Madge, you might have spared me this!" he cried. "You have wrecked my dreams. The very sight of you—worn, hag-



Lack of absolute confidence means the wreck of many a beautiful romance—



—While with perfect understanding, "nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

gard in your slavery to that man—shattered all that was left to me, my memories, and now—this!”

He came closer, his face growing white. “Why should I waste money on a woman whose looks and vivacity are gone—who is frankly selling herself—”

As the significance of his words sank into her dazed consciousness, at the knowledge that any man who knew her as well as had Arthur Crewe could so have misunderstood her, Madge drew herself up to her full height.

“You beast! You dared imagine that I meant—”

“What did you mean?” asked Crewe in honest bewilderment.

“I meant *myself*—myself with all the power for working, and saving and starving. I’ll work my hands to the bone until the debt is paid.”

“Madge! Forgive me. I didn’t know—” Crewe was humbly apologetic.

“There are some things a woman never forgives,” Madge said quietly. “Let me tell you that no matter what you decide to do, I shall never forget the abominable insult you have offered me today. I tell you that, so we may be above board. If I had not been desperate, you may know that I would never have come in the first place.”

DAN HILLYER got safely away to San Francisco that afternoon, without guessing what the cost had been to his wife.

“God help us both,” Madge whispered to herself as the train pulled out of the depot. Then she started wearily back to the East Side and the shabby apartment.

ARTHUR CREWE spent the most unhappy hours of his life the night after Madge’s call. Now that the first shock of seeing her had softened, he was tormented with the knowledge of her poverty. He was tortured with the thought that he had misunderstood her, that he had insulted her. And he knew that though the old fairy Madge had disappeared, it was the soul of her that was beautiful—that he loved.

In the morning he left the house to see if walking would relieve his mental distress, and almost without knowing it, he found himself at the address Madge had given him as hers.

With some difficulty he ferreted out the door to the Hillyer apartment and rapped. From within came the sound of some one walking, then there was a dull thud and all was very still. Crewe rapped again and again, each time louder, until the janitress heard him and came running.

When Mrs. Sherman had opened the door with her keys, they found Madge lying still and white on the floor.

Arthur Crewe picked the unconscious form up in his arms and laid her gently on the bed, then rushed out to call an ambulance.

“Poor dear, poor dear,” sighed Mrs. Sherman when he was back again. “Many’s the time I told her she should be more careful of herself—not work so hard.”

“What are these?” inquired Crewe, noticing a pile of envelopes on the table. They were addressed to “Daniel Hillyer, Care Coast Smelting Company, City Bank Building, San Francisco, Calif.”

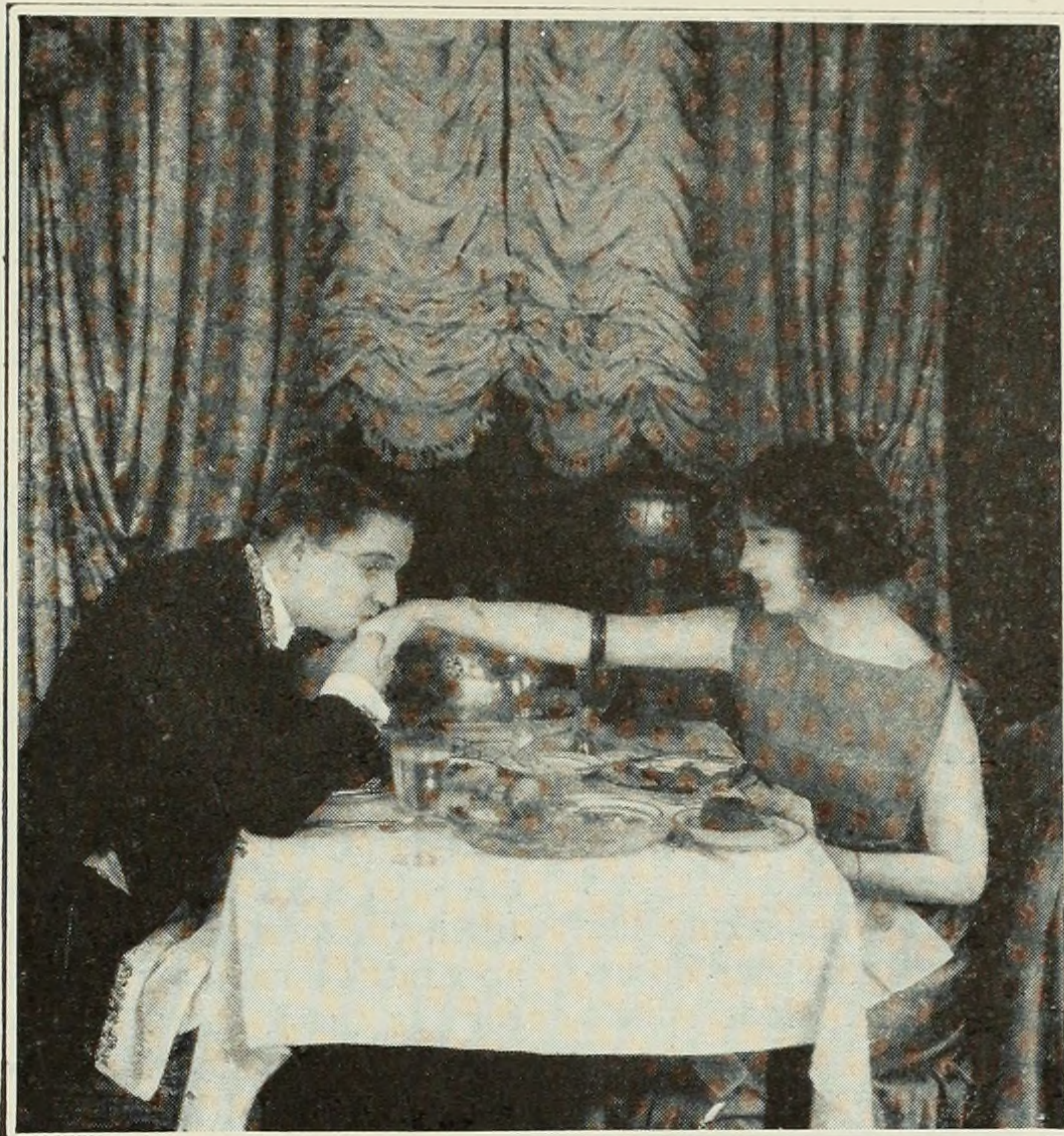
“She wrote a letter for each day,” answered the woman.

wiping her eyes. “It was the last thing she had the strength to do. I’m to send one to him on every morning’s mail—so he won’t worry.”

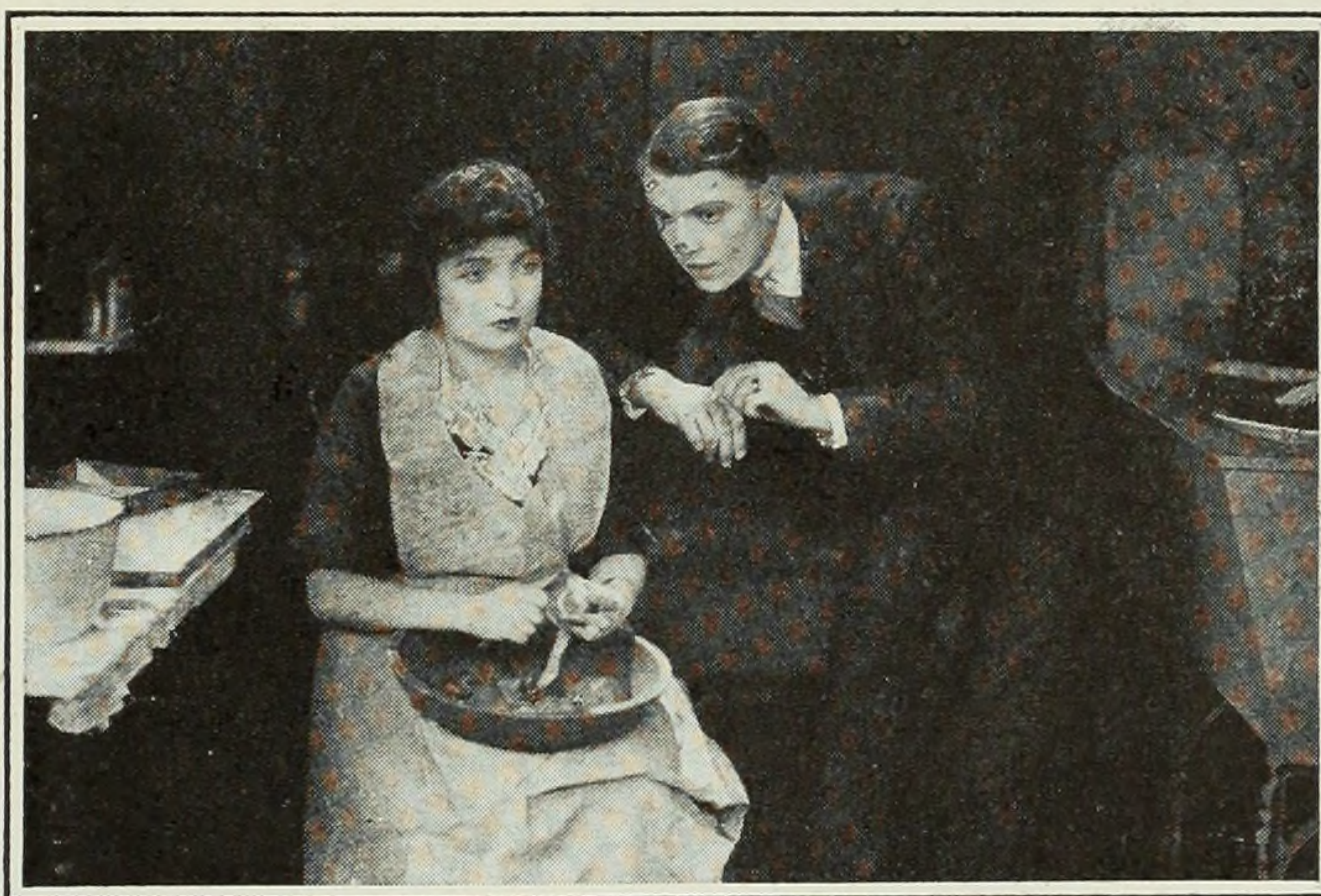
As the ambulance bearing Madge Hillyer to her hour of trial clanged out of sight, a telegraph messenger arrived at the apartment door. Arthur Crewe was just leaving. He opened the envelope, addressed to Hillyer.

“If not started,” the telegram read, “postpone trip. Must delay action on patent until vice president’s return from South America next spring. Am writing.—ELIJAH P. BARNARD.”

Crewe folded the envelope with a grim smile on his face. What fateful irony this was.



When a husband pays, as interest on the bonds of matrimony, pretty little attentions to his wife —



— The “K. P.” of the home ceases to be a drudgery and the bluebird of happiness flies in.

ARTHUR CREWE hovered in the background the next few days while Dan Hillyer’s wan young wife hung between life and death. He saw to it she had a private room and paid for extra nurses. But she did not improve. She took no interest in anything—not even her baby.

“She hasn’t the will to live. Her vitality’s been sapped. The fight has gone out of her,” the specialist said.

To Crewe as he heard this there came an idea for forcing the young mother to save her own life. But when told of the plan, the doctor stared at Crewe as if he were mad.

“Why, man, she’d hate the very ground you walk on if she should live.”

But Crewe was firm. “She does anyhow,” he mused. Then aloud: “It will make her fight.”

A moment later the doctor bent over Madge’s drawn face and spoke her name very harshly. When the dark lids stirred, he said slowly, but sternly: “Mrs. Hillyer. Listen to me. Your husband has failed. Do you hear me? They won’t buy his patent. And Mr. Crewe wants to know when he is going to get his money.”

Madge’s eyes opened wider.

“The money you borrowed,” continued the doctor. “Mr. Crewe wants to know if you are going to cheat him out of it.”

“Tell—him,” the doctor had to bend low to catch the faint words “—I’ll—pay.” Madge’s brown eyes closed.

“By Jove, Crewe,” said the specialist, coming into the corridor, “you’re a better doctor than I am.”

WHEN Madge Hillyer returned home with baby Dan, three letters—registered—awaited her. As she opened them, a perfect shower of money orders fell to the floor. Mrs. Sherman, who had brought the letters, picked up the pieces of paper. There were ten of them for one hundred dollars each. A fortune!

“I followed Barnard to Butte and back again—and was as welcome as the hives,” read one of Dan’s letters. “He said I was just wasting my time and his. Then overnight he changed—Heaven only knows why. The next day he received me with open arms. Bonus of \$15,000 and a royalty guaranteed not to drop below \$10,000 a year for the next fifteen years.”

“We’re rich, Danny boy,” cried Madge, holding her baby tight to her heart. “We’re rich.”

Before Dan’s return she had deposited the money orders and mailed Crewe a check for the \$300, wishing to wash her

hands of this loan that had haunted her out of the valley of the shadow. She wanted to put Arthur Crewe from her life forever.

JACK LONDON tells of a man who, escaping starvation in the frozen North, after his rescue used to steal crusts from the dinner table and hide them away in fear of starvation again. And so, in a different way, it was with Madge Hillyer.

Her suffering in so critical a time had left its mark deep upon her. The thought of a return to poverty made her shudder in terror. She could not bear to spend or enjoy the money that had come to them as a result of her toil and sacrifice. Dan's happy recklessness — occasional flowers, a beautiful ring, toys for little Dan—filled her with dread instead of pleasure.

"Dan, we must save," she would repeat. "The horror of what we have gone through haunts me. It must not return. It would kill me to go through it again!"

"I mean to save within reason," Dan would reply, irritated by her insistence. "But we don't have to be silly about it."

And so the question of dollars—always dollars—even now came to loom between them and threaten to destroy their happiness.

It would seem that dinner at the St. Croesus, the opera, supper at a gay cabaret—these should have aroused Madge's late love of gayety and luxury. Dan insisted on taking her out to these places one evening, when he felt that her obsession for saving was driving him to distraction. Her spirits

rose when she donned her evening gown, which had lain idly in her closet for so long. The color came back to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. Dan's old time impetuosity returned and he caught himself kissing her hand over the table. But before the evening was over they were jangling again.

"You didn't hesitate to spend money on yourself when you needed it at the hospital," Dan remarked. "Not that I regret it—I'm glad you did."

"It was all free—furnished by the city," answered Madge heatedly. "I didn't spend a cent."

"Then who did spend it?" asked Dan. "You can't tell me the city gave you a private room and two nurses for nothing."

As they left the café, angrily, they passed close to a table where Arthur Crewe was seated. He had been watching them. He started to rise, but Madge only nodded at him coldly and passed on.

The unnatural relation which had arisen between Madge and Dan Hillyer over money led them both to do despicable things, which neither would have done under ordinary circumstances. Driven by a sort of

inexplicable doubting and jealousy, Dan went to the hospital where Madge had been ill and demanded to know about her bill. It had been paid, but when Dan asked by whom, "Ask your wife," was the superintendent's calm answer.

He hurried home. Madge was out and being alone, he sat down to work out plans for a laboratory in which to work out further experiments. A question of the price of a piece of apparatus bought by Madge came up in his mind, and he turned for her check book. As he glanced through the stubs, his eyes suddenly became riveted on a certain one. His hand began to tremble, and he let the book drop from his fingers.

Weakly he went to the desk and ran over Madge's canceled checks till he came to the one she had sent to Arthur Crewe.

His manner was cold and accusing when Madge came in from her afternoon's marketing. (Continued on page 118)

Dollars and the Woman

NARRATED by permission from the Vitagraph production, adapted from the book by the same name by Albert Payson Terhune, and directed by George Terwilliger with the following cast:

Madge Hillyer.....Alice Joyce
Dan Hillyer.....Robert Gordon
Arthur Crewe.....Craufurd Kent
Mrs. Sherman.....Jessie Stevens



"Why did you give my wife this?" Dan held out the check.

The Family Circle

First of a series of monthly heart to heart talks

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE term "Family Circle" has always drawn a vivid mental picture for me—the picture of a cozy hearth fire with an easy chair or two standing in front of it and a great dog, or perhaps a fluffy kitten, dozing in its warm light. It isn't a startlingly original picture, but it's comfortable and satisfying. It's comfortable and satisfying because it typifies a home.

A Home is the most important thing in the world, I reckon. It is the foundation that world civilization is built upon, it's the reason why men fight—and die—in wars. It's the reason for the great fundamentals of life and for the little, seemingly unimportant trifles.

If it wasn't for the Home there probably wouldn't be books or magazines or theaters or moving pictures. Because the real audiences—the worth-while audiences who buy magazines and books, who go to theaters and motion picture shows—are home people. They are home people though some of them live in lonely hall bedrooms with never a fireplace, though some of them have only a geranium on a window sill for a garden, though some of them will never have a real conception of home except in their souls. Every one in the world, underneath his own particular veneer of sophistication or ignorance or carelessness, is a home person.

And, back of every home, is the family circle, the meaning of it all—the circle that groups itself around the hearth fire (even though that hearth fire is an imaginary one) and talks over its troubles, and confesses its perplexities, and asks, unashamed, for advice.

It's the tender memory of such a family circle that has kept many a weary heart alight with hope—it's the dream of such a family circle that has snapped many a chin up, made many a spirit courageous.

So it isn't strange, at all, or out of place, that every theater where plays or motion pictures are shown should have a definite number of seats which it calls "The Family Circle." And it's typical that, while those seats are not the most expensive seats or the most prominent seats in the house, they are in the center of the theater, filling a certain gap and holding the other seats together.

I AM a newcomer to the pages of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. But, for a good many years, from a magazine that is primarily a home magazine, I have watched PHOTOPLAY and the great industry that it stands for. And I think that I can understand what moving pictures have come to mean to home people—people who have hearth fires and easy chairs and all the rest of it.

Take my own home, for instance. Every night at dinner

THE name of Margaret E. Sangster has held a peculiar place in the hearts of American readers for fifty years. It is because the owner of the name has devoted her understanding, kindly, philosophic pen always to the cause of humanity and its problems.

The first Margaret E. Sangster died about ten years ago, and her mantle fell on the shoulders of her granddaughter, who inherited her name as well as her genius. Ever since she was fifteen years old, Miss Sangster has been on the editorial staff of one of the religious magazines. At the same time her poetry, her stories and her essays have been appearing in other periodicals and in books.

Photoplay takes great pleasure in bringing you the gift of Margaret E. Sangster, second, through its columns. Miss Sangster has been given a page. She is going to fill it up each month just as she wishes—but she will always touch on some phase, some problem, some thought that has to do with the motion pictures.

Miss Sangster tells you in this, her first article for Photoplay, what she plans to do. She invites you into her friendship. She will be glad to consider your own perplexities.

time, my mother and my brother and I sit down at the dining-room table and take up our soup spoons (or grapefruit spoons, as the case may be) and look into each other's eyes and start to talk.

My brother and I both have our work, work that is interesting and absorbing to us, but work that my mother in no way understands. And my mother has housekeeping problems that, though they go to make up her whole life, seem small and insignificant to us. If she talks about the outrageous price of sugar, or the advance in the cost of beef steak, or the way that laundries tear linen sheets, we are apt to be bored. And if we talk about making up pages, and printers' strikes, and free verse, she is interested—on the surface—but there is a vague question in the depths of her eyes.

And so we have come to talk, across our dining-room table, about the movies—a subject that we are all interested in—that we can all look at from the same point of view. It makes the dinner hour easier, chummier, more pleasant for all three of us. Mother is just as eloquent on the subject of her film favorite as my brother and I. She can argue a point with as much intensity and logic as we can.

We are all puzzled at the same technical triumphs, we are all enthusiastic over the same successes. The motion pictures have come, in a very few years, to be our common meeting ground, our big common interest. And I fancy that they mean the same thing to many other families.



Margaret E. Sangster

THAT'S the side of the motion pictures that I want to write about in PHOTOPLAY. It's the home side, the family side, that I want to emphasize. I don't want to tell you intimate details about high salaried stars (I don't know any intimate details about them!) and I don't want to discourse learnedly on dramatic effect, and continuity, and picture values (the terms don't mean any more to me, really, than they do to you!). I want to talk with you, *from the outside*, about something that we're both interested in.

And I want to talk with you, not as an authority who knows the ins and outs of the business, but as an acquaintance of yours—as some one who sees things in your own way. I want to be as close to you as the woman next door, as the girl who shares your luncheon table in the restaurant, as the young person who has the apartment on the floor above your own.

This is going to be a home page. And it's going to be more than that! It's going to be a real family circle if we can make it so, you and I. It's going to be our common meeting ground and our big common interest. *And through it we're going to be friends!*

SOUP

OUT on the lot where plays are made
 In picture form with light and shade,
 The golden gateway to our nation
 Sends forth a royal invitation
 To those whose steps would be waylaid
 To where the photoplay parade
 Furls forth its banners, decked with braid.
 The coast—the land of cinemation—
 Out on the lot!

“And how much is this actor paid?”
 “In what productions has she played?”
 “I hear he’s good at aviation!”
 “How old is Ann?” with agitation
 They gossip movies, young yet grayed,
 Out on the lot!

APOLOGIA

The brilliant authors of this page



Confess that they are movie fans.



If now and then they seem to rage
 And curse a lot
 In verse (a lot)
 Attribute this bad taste to badness,
 Don’t look for method in their madness.
 Ignore satiric
 Bits of lyric
 Provided that the metre scans.

We go to pictures now and then
 To get the wherewith for our pen
 We listen with attentive ear



To what the people say around us—
 The things that oftentimes we hear
 Combine to puzzle and astound us



And when we sit us down to write
 We say “What have we heard tonight.”
 And so we put a little joke in
 Which some one at our left has spoken—
 Who knows—perhaps your bright remark
 Delivered in theatric dark
 Right on these pages may appear?

Noncen

By Howard Dietz



It is remarkable, not that the percentage of movie-goers in this
 when you consider that, after all, the very worst thing
 country” picture and have to watch “Nature’s unspoiled



For instance—only yesterday,
 While we were in some hippodrome,
 We heard a witty female say:
 “This picture’s rotten—let’s go home.”
 (We’ve got to print remarks like these
 Or else our stuff will never please.)
 Another time we heard a voice
 Exclaim: “O, look at Alice Joyce!”



(We ask you, can a bard resist
 To put such comments in his list?)
 And so it goes (as “it” will go)
 We’ve laid before you detailed plans
 Of all the wares we seek to show.
 Peruse them carefully and know
 That though we criticize severely
 We love the photodrama dearly—
 And, as we’ve said—we’re movie fans.



s o r s h i p

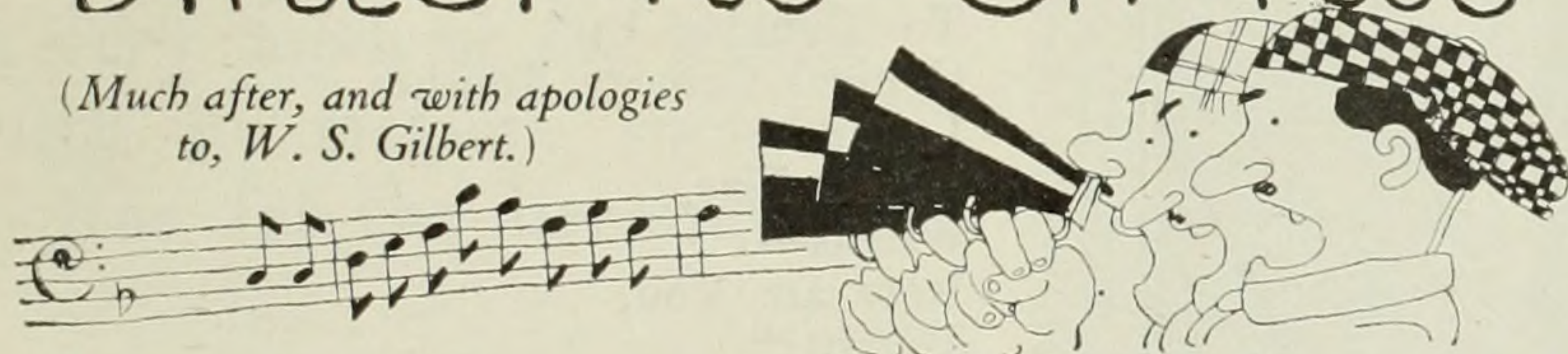
and Ralph Barton



country is so high, but that the entire population are not devotees, that can happen to you in a cinema is to run into a "hill-child" peering at the handsome city-chap through the foliage.

DIRECTORS' CHORUS

(Much after, and with apologies to, W. S. Gilbert.)



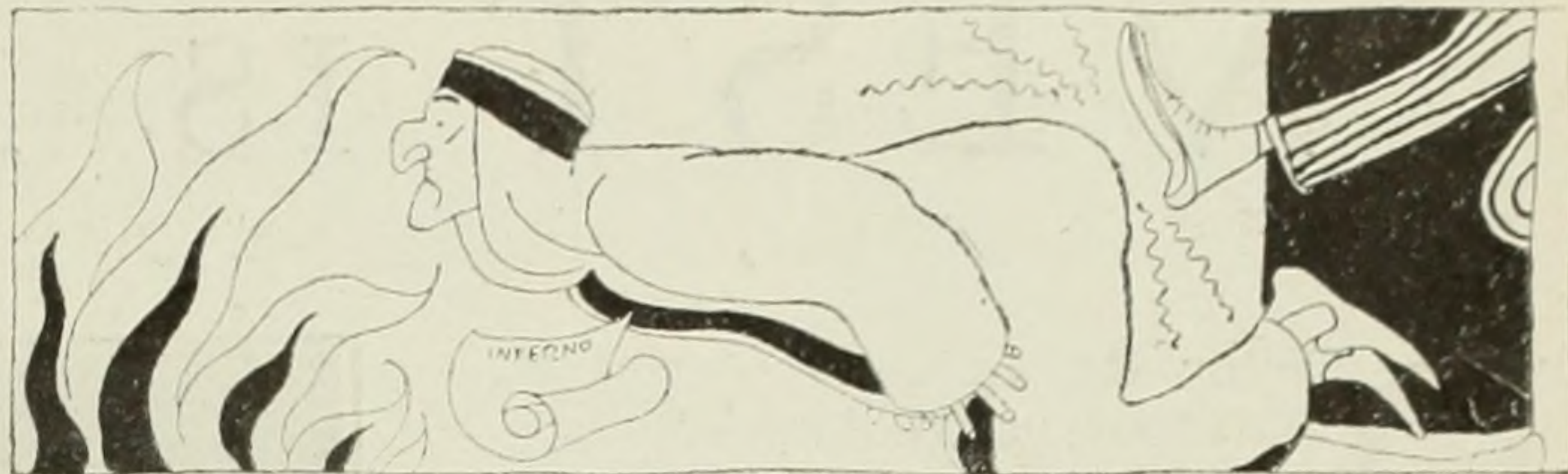
When the villain cannot make the right expression
To register his bitterness and hate,
Or the ingenue's not seized with the obsession
That her part is just a little too sedate,
Then the star is busy talking to her mother
And delaying all the work that's to be done. . .
O, take one consideration with another,
A director's lot is not a happy one.



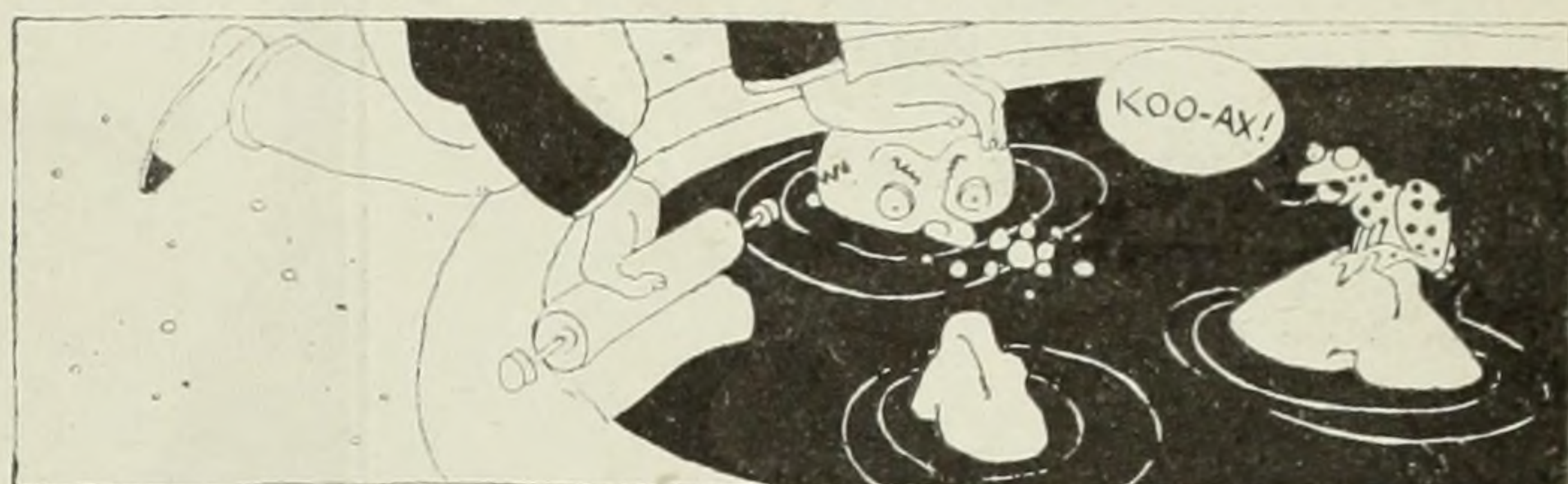
Now the camera is not in proper focus,
Or perhaps they're having trouble with the set.
Now the lights are wrong and raising hocus-pocus
And obstructing the effect one wants to get.
Now the leading man's supposed to have a brother,
But the make-up's got him looking like a son. . .
O, take one consideration with another,
A director's lot is not a happy one.

HISTORY

When Dante wrote his primal script
To stave off all his frenzied creditors,
And via Burseson it skipped
Into the clutches of the editors,
The judges in the movie faction
Said "Send it back—it needs more action."



When Aristophanes was signed
To write his stuff in continuity,
His comic captions were declined
For insufficient incongruity.
His work was finally rejected
As plot that could not be directed.



When Goldamount sought Sophocles
To write a few refined scenarios,
They found the stories didn't please
The stars and their Lotharios.
They couldn't see him in the west—
His stories lacked "love interest."

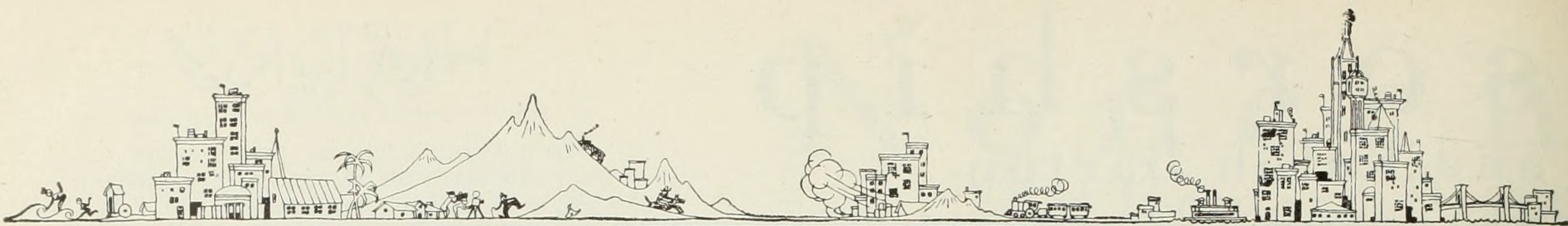


And that is how it came to pass
That men whose names live though eternity
Were found unworthy for the mass
Of picture-goers of modernity,
And had to yield the better places
To Arthur Reeves and Louis Tracys.

NUTS

Out on the lot—we started so,
And things that start must end, you know,
So let us hasten this refrain,
That you may turn the page again
And say: "Here you noncensors—blow!"
So ranging rhymes in proper row
And turning them both sweet and lo,
Once more we strike the golden strain
"Out on the lot."

Once more the cry is: "Westward ho!"
And Presto! Here's the studio—
The land where only pictures reign—
The land of stars that never wane
"What, never?" echoes this rondeau—
Out on the lot.

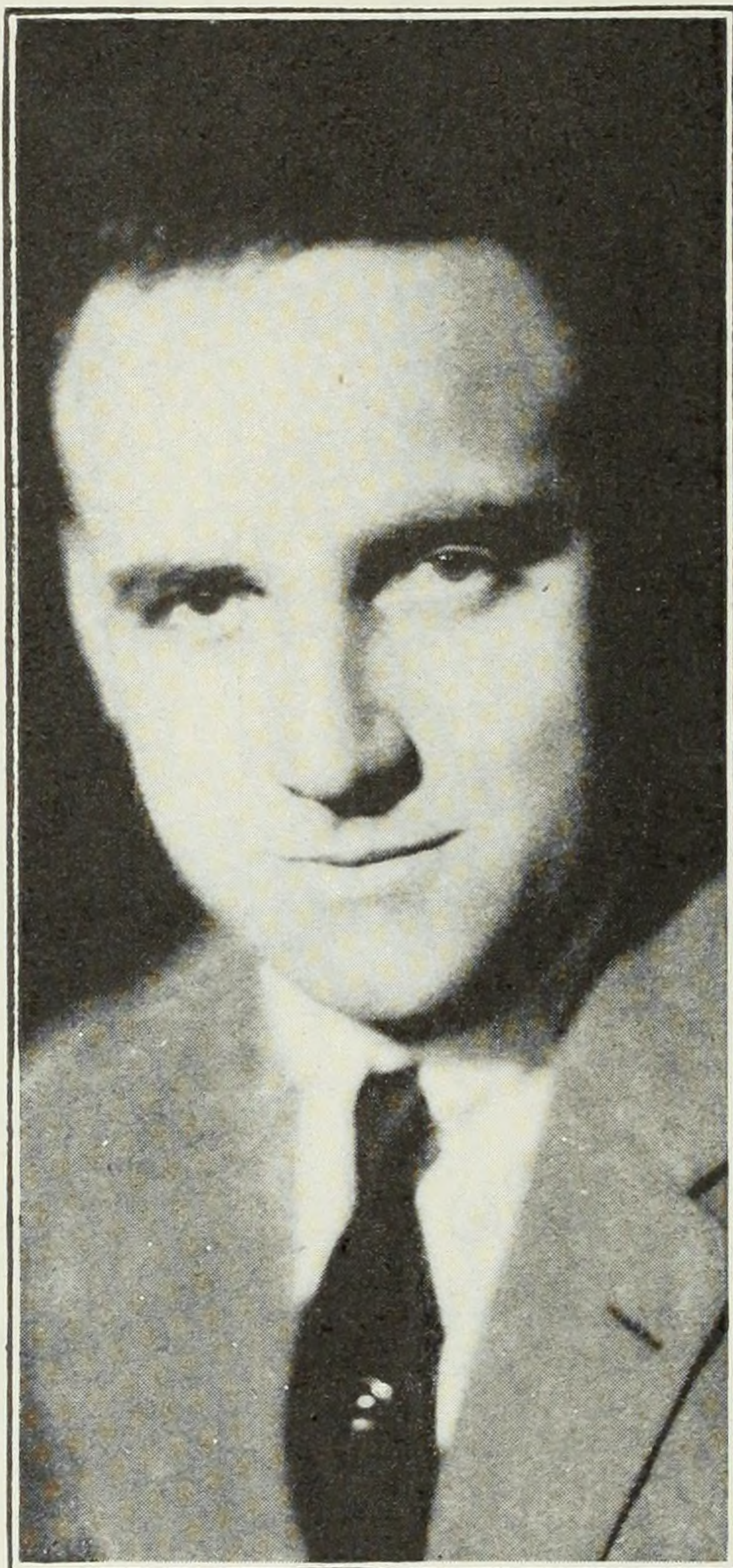


WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

DO you Remember
"Manhattan Madness?"
The Picture
That Allan Dwan Directed,
With Douglas Fairbanks
As a Westerner
Who is Initiated
Into the Wild Life of New York?
He Ran Into
Everything in the Way
Of Wickedness
That Manhattan had to Offer.
Somebody Bet Allan Dwan
That Nobody could Really
Be Framed
The Way Poor Doug was.
Allan Took him.
He Got a Magazine Editor,
Some Nice Girls,
An Artist and Other People,
And Staged a Picture Party—
With Bevo for Booze—
And an Unsuspecting Publicity Man
From the West Coast
To Fall for it.
He did.
Dwan had Sold his Interest
In the Mayflower Corporation
To the Magazine Editor—
(Playing a Crook)—
For a Mere Song,
And had Gambled Away
His Hollywood House and Lot
To One of the Ladies, when
The Publicity Man Stepped In
And Said,
"Stop—Dwan, you
Can't Do That!" and
Drew him Aside, and
Told him
He was Being Buffaloeed—
And Advised him
To Get Out Quick,
Before he Lost
His Watch.

DWAN Kept It Up
Until he'd Almost
Proved to himself
That he isn't Such
A Bad Director.
He Offered to Sign Up
The Editor for Pictures
(He Played his Part So Well)
If he Would Leave his Magazine.
Dwan has Attended
At least
Thirty-six Banquets
Since he Enrolled as
A Charter Member
Of the Associated Producers.
You Know, and I Know,
That Mr. Thomas Ince
And Mr. Allan Dwan
Can Make Good Pictures, and
That's Why they Organized
This new Combination—
But Just Now
It Looks as if they Did It
To Brush Up
In their After-Dinner Speaking.
But Say—



© Evans

Not such a bad Director.

That Publicity Man
Isn't Quite Sure Yet
That the Frame-up was a Joke.
He's Going
To Tote a Gun
Next Time he Comes to New York.

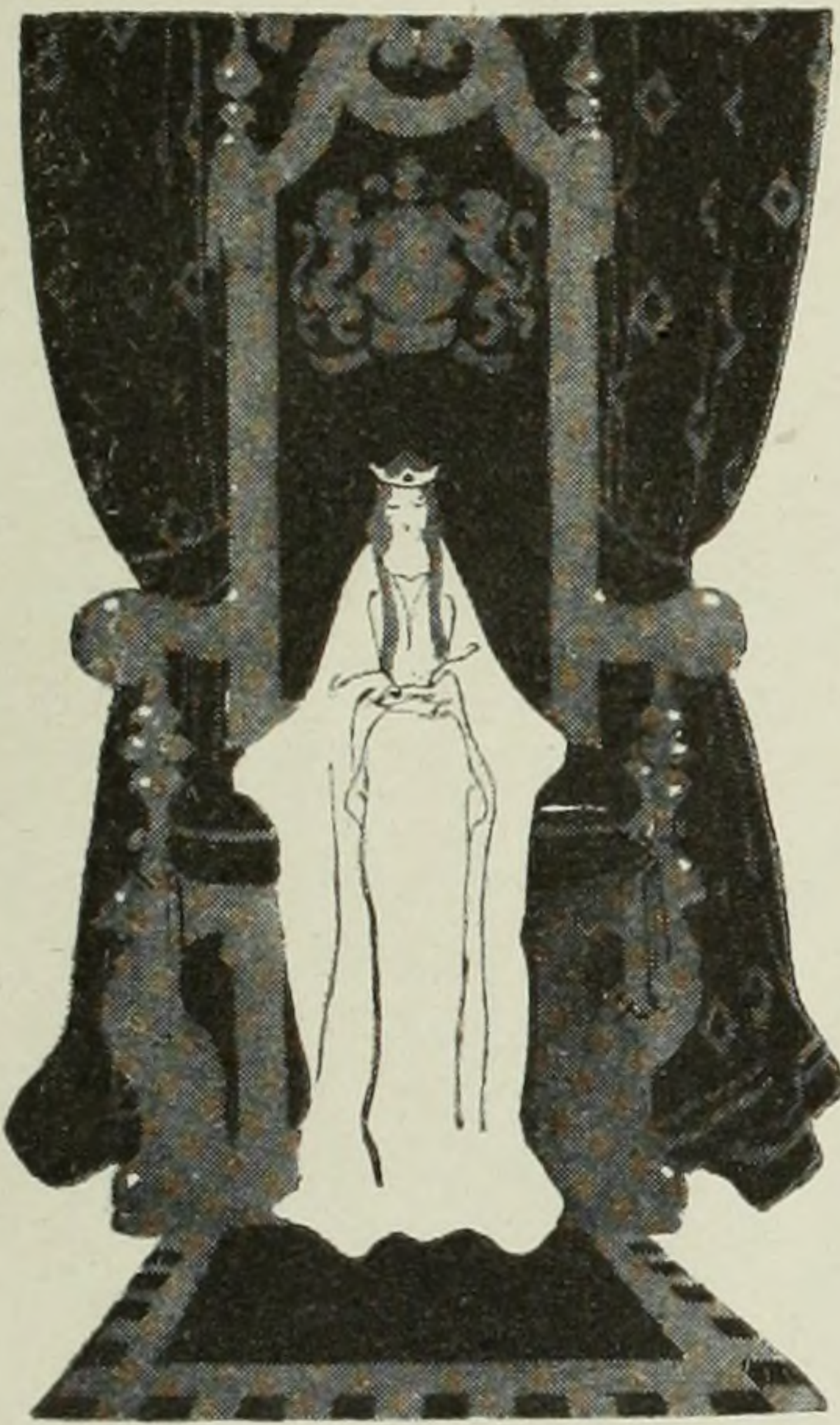
* * *

MY intention had been
To have a Quiet, serious Talk
With Roscoe Arbuckle.
I see Now
How Wrong I was.
Just as we Entered the Dining-room,
Fa— Mr. Arbuckle
Sneezed.
He Couldn't Help it.
Neither could You.
But—
It Came just at the Wrong Time—
And I'm never Going
To Criticize Again
That Old Film Situation
In which the Hero and Heroine,
Successfully Hid from their Pursuer,
Spoil it all with a Good, Healthy,

Old-fashioned Kerchoo.
That's what Roscoe did.
Immediately
It was as If
He was the Only Customer.
The Captain and
The Waiters Came Running and
Fairly Begged him,
With Tears in their Eyes,
To Accept the Best Table.
"Hello, Roscoe!"
It was Joseph Schenck—
Mr. Norma Talmadge.
He Stayed awhile.
"I'm giving up slapstick,"
Said Roscoe,
"I've signed a New Contract
To Make Only Features
In the Future.
I'll Do
'Brewster's Millions'
and 'The Travelling Salesman'
Instead of
The Two-reelers which Take Me
Twenty-four Hours a Day to Make—
(And I Can't Sleep Nights
When I'm making one.)
No—I'm going to let the Other Fellow
Have the Trouble of Directing—
And Devote my Own Time
To Thinking Up
Original Comedy Touches.
Luke?
Luke's Fine.
Weighs—
How are You,
Marcus?"

MARCUS LOEW,
The New York Exhibitor,
(His son married
Adolph Zukor's Daughter)
Sat Down at our Table
And Told us How
He Isn't Going to Let
Any Poor Pictures Get
Into his Theaters, if he
Can Help it—even if
He Produces 'em himself.
And Roscoe Said Dreamily
The Show he'd Enjoyed Most
Not Even Excepting the
New Ziegfeld Roof,
Was "Abraham Lincoln."
And that After All, it was
Serious Things that Counted—
You have to Take Things Seriously
To Make Good. And that
He's Never Going to Let
Anything Unlifelike Creep Into
His Comedies.
And
He Likes Harold Lloyd's Work—
And
I Never Did Find Out
The Weight
Of Luke,
The Dog.

The Lonely Princess



A very modern fairy-tale,
with a motion picture
star for the heroine.

By
FRANCES DENTON



She would have made a good school teacher, too.

ONCE upon a time there was a fairy princess. She was a regulation princess with golden hair that didn't come out of a bottle, blue eyes, and a sunkist disposition. She was only nineteen or thereabouts; she was a very human princess—she even had freckles and a sense of humor. She would, in fact, be too conventional to write about, except that—

She was lonely. She had a big white palace, maids, and butlers at the door. She had a lovely blue car with her monogram on the door, in gold-embossed letters. She had pretty dresses, and a diamond ring. She had other jewels that she would wear when she was grown-up. She had everything she wanted—but she was the loneliest girl in the world.

Her mother looked after her. She scarcely ever went outdoors without her mother; or, at least, her grandmother or her duenna. Her mother always inspected everyone who came to see her, before the princess was permitted to know them. That way, of course, she missed meeting an awful lot of interesting people. She was given beautiful books to read; beautiful books—that is, the covers were pretty. The insides were all about science, or art, or literature. While all the time the princess would love to have read some French novel.

Ever since she was a baby, her life had been lived by rules. Certain standards were set; she couldn't do this and she couldn't do that, because she was studying to be a queen and her life was, therefore, not her own. She was to be great—and lonely, and miserable.

But once in a while the gates were let down. Persons with passes and certificates were let in to talk to the princess. Once, one of these persons was even permitted to see her alone; to spend a day—several days—with her alone. When there were no mothers and grandmothers and duennas; not even a maid!

MARY MILES MINTER had been working hard. She probably works harder than any young girl of her age in the world. She is, perhaps, one of the most envied children in this or any other country. And she is the loneliest.

I saw her one day—one rainy miserable day. It was the middle of the week, and Mary, just returned from a tedious location trip, had been working for three nights to catch up on interiors. I had, I was told, arrived at the wrong moment; Mary was busy on the floor, and Mary's mother and grandmother were away. Mary was all alone. So I watched her work a while.

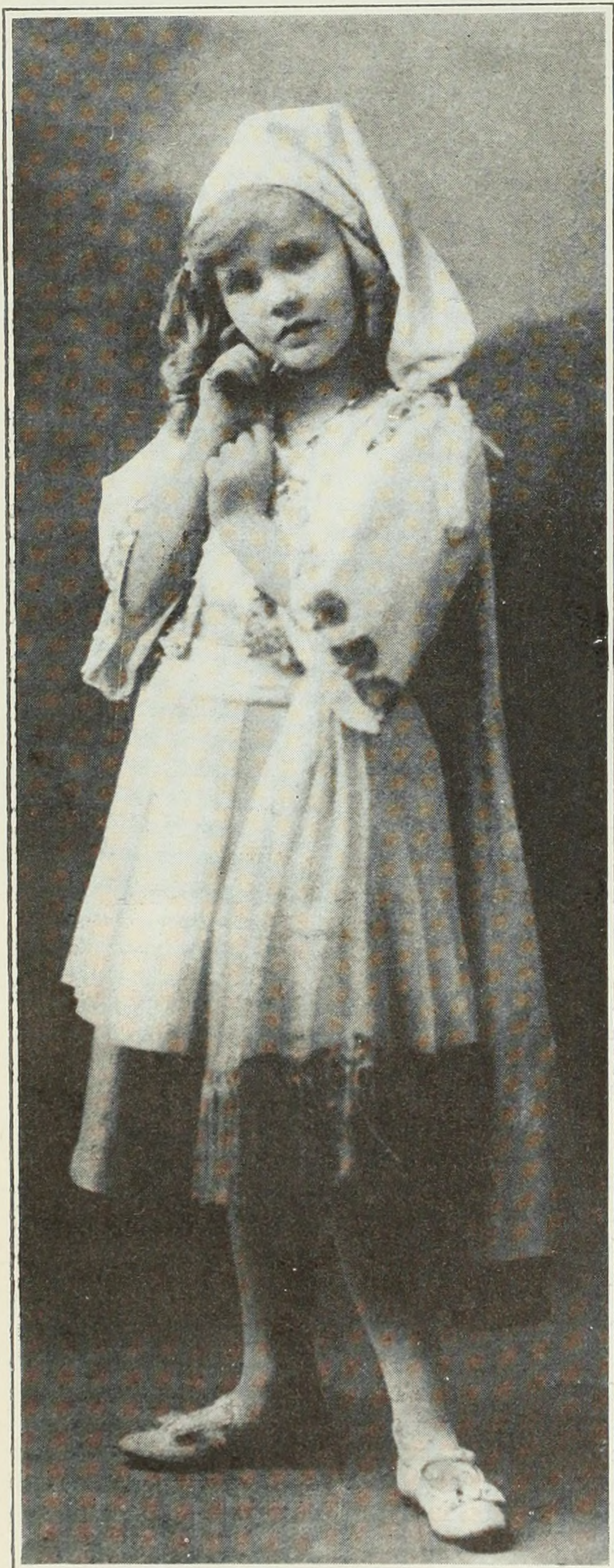
I think Mary is much more than the ingenue many people think she is. Her life has always been mapped out for her; the sunny-haired child has always taken dictation. And she has managed, somehow, to keep within herself a separate shell, which holds her own little individuality, her distinct personality—a personality few know about, a whimsicality few suspect, a depth which would surprise you. Mary Miles Minter is subtle.

She is one of the best actresses I know. She has the greatest art—that which conceals art. To the casual observer, she is a pretty child, very much intent on "getting there" but not quite knowing what she is going to do when she does arrive. There, I think they are wrong. When Zukor took her under his managerial wing, she made up her mind she would not only come up to his expectations, she would exceed them. She is working night and day to do this.

But between times, Mary comes to. To herself, the real, little, lonely girl. She, of all the acting women I have known—and she is a woman, with a woman's mentality, a woman's sanity, and the physical aspect of young girlhood—has two selves—one, for her work; the other, for herself.

She had a white house on upper Fifth Avenue while she was working in New York. She had attendants, personal and domestic, galore. She had a million-dollar contract, which brought her the blue car, and the jewels, and the dresses. Yet, none of these were really hers. Her mother signed her contract, and holds it. Her mother draws her salary. She has no car of her own. And all this is because she wishes it to be so. Of her own volition, she turns over to Mrs. Shelby her earnings; of her own volition, she has nothing of her own beyond a few essentials.

She dresses, except on rare occasions, in the simplest possible fashion. Her tastes are luxurious; so she permits herself only the simplest things.



Like Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter was a stage child. Even then she was gifted with poise.



Her success seemed to come so easily that the professional world unconsciously cherishes a resentment.



She deliberately denies herself; subjects herself to rigorous campaigns of spartanism. Understand, she has the longings and the inclinations of all young girls, for other youth and youths, and a good time. She loves pretty things—she loves them too much, she says. She is a virginal youngster with a woman's understanding. But she does not believe in revealing herself; therefore, she is unpopular.

If you would take an inventory, she would find how few people in her profession,—pictures—know her. They have heard about her; she is a subject for speculation. Prejudiced against her beforehand, the young women of that somewhat exclusive "younger set" of the film world pass her up. Mary is super-sensitive. She would never set out to win anyone's regard if she thought they mightn't like her. She does not share the activities and the gayeties of the Hollywood colony; she keeps to herself and earns the reputation, only half-just, of being "particular" and "a little snob." She isn't. But she knows they say that, and the knowledge hurts her.

Within her is the spark that means success. She could be happier perhaps in some other profession. It is quite within the realm of possibility that she might marry before she is thirty, and settle down to raise babies. She loves babies. She was intensely interested in making baby-clothes for her namesake, Juliet Whitney, wee daughter of her secretary, Mrs. Charlotte Whitney. Mary is a domestic little soul; she actually loves to sew and does make very nice things—for other girls' babies.

She would have made a good school teacher, too. But from her first thinking moment, she has been of the theater. She was a real stage-child. She loves it, and she could never do anything else.

She has never dreamed, either, of ever being anything but a star. It is

(Continued on page 119)

Teddy, the Great Dane, is pretty disgusted with his job. A movie hero at \$100 a week, and what does *he* get out of it? One bone—out of one hundred! And John Henry, Jr., heartily wishes the whole thing over with too. He'd stacks rather be playin' with th' fellers. Gee, if he were only growed up like the directors, so's he wouldn't have anything to do but stand around and smoke and swear!



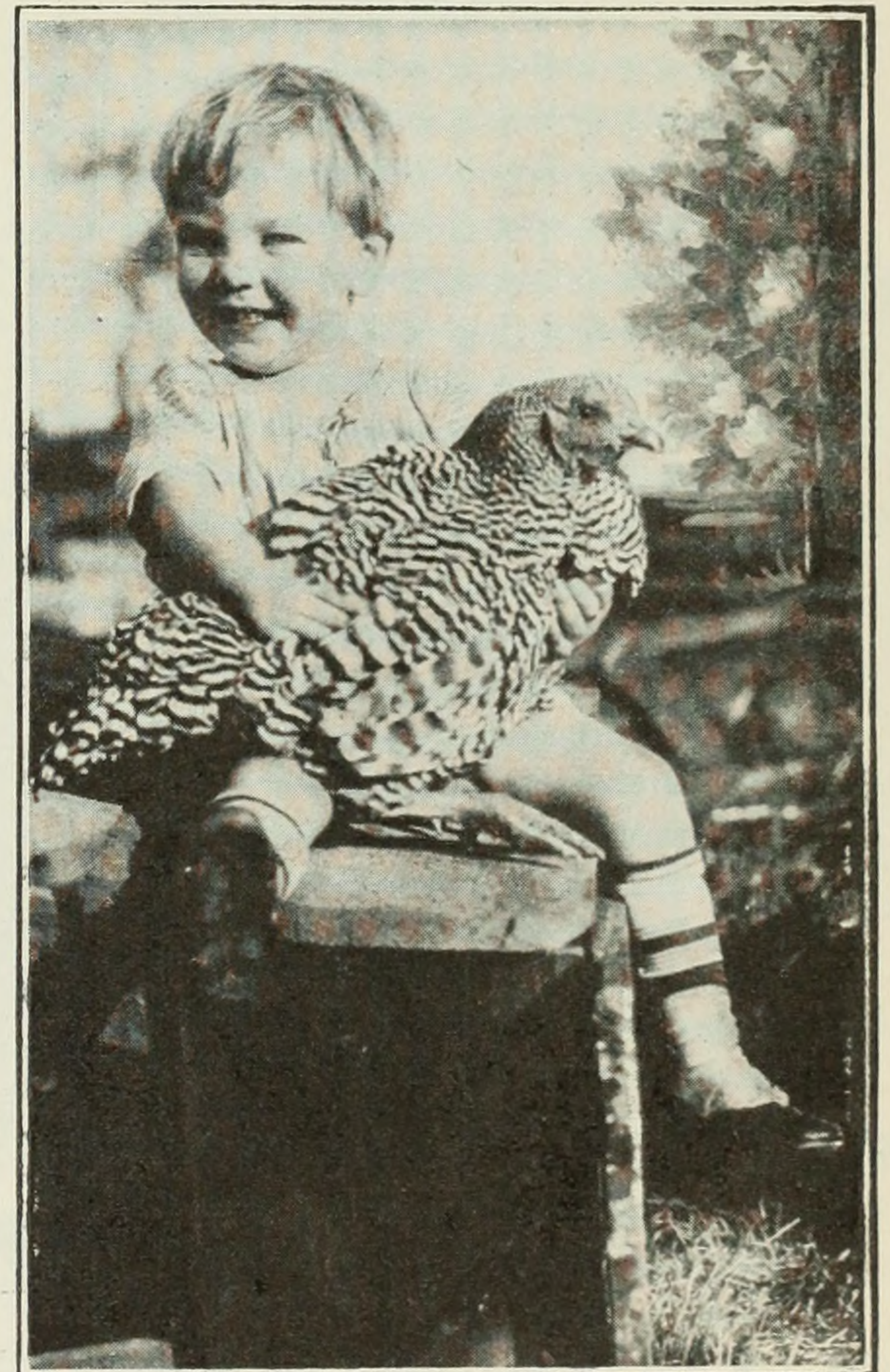
With apologies
to
Clare Briggs.

Wonder What They Think About?

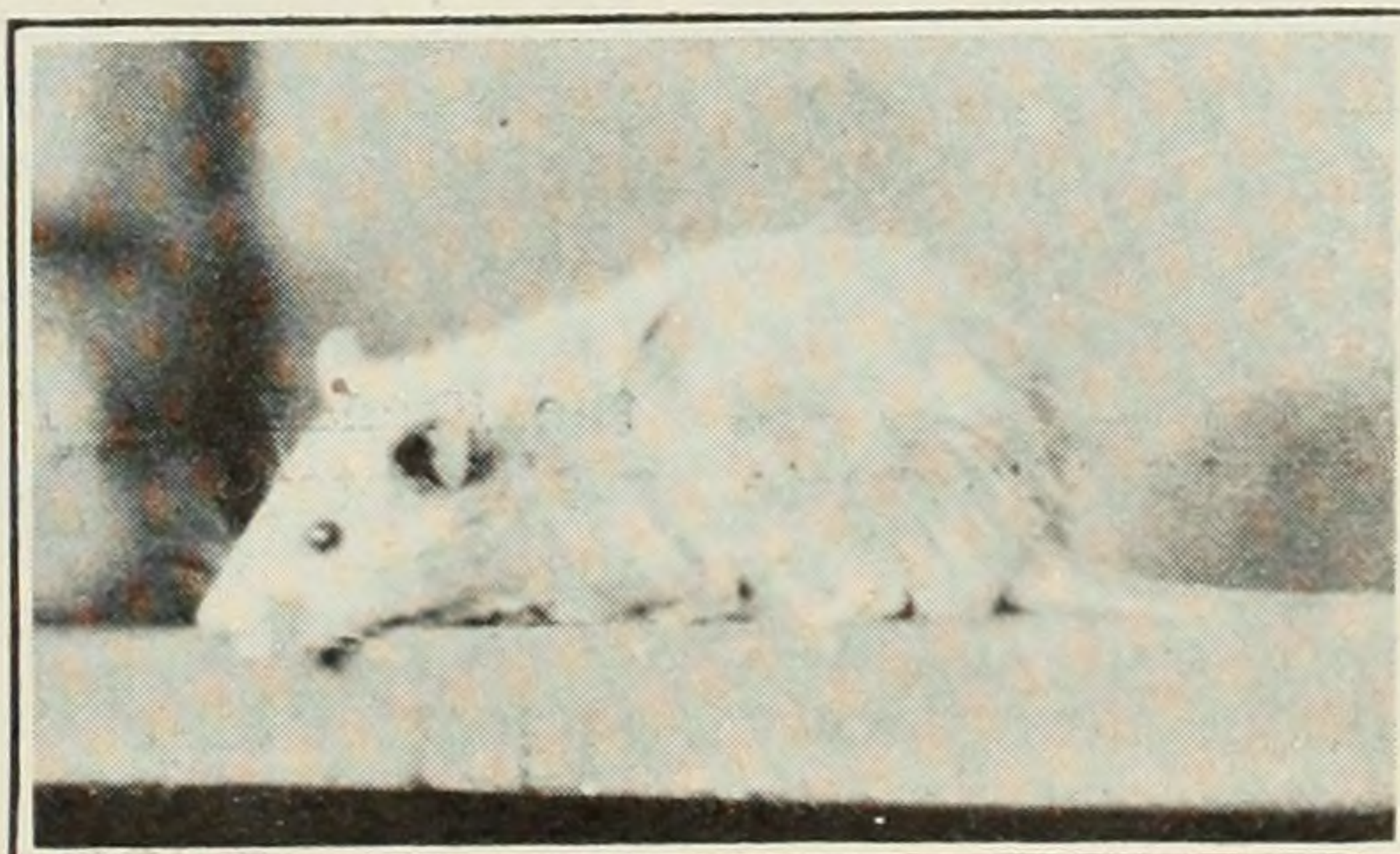
No wonder Mack Sennett's Pet Menagerie gets the wrong slant on life.



Oh dear, but it's a thankless job for Madge, catching the same rat day in and day out and then only getting a saucer of insipid milk. Why, do you know, she's only a cat's paw for those directors. That rat must be about as sick of it as she is. She could end *his* worries in a flash, but every time she even licks her chops somebody throws her a wicked look. Just imagine nine lives of this!



Whew! It's a gay life if you don't weaken, opines Frederick Willum. Stardom may have its fine points, but so have that cat's teeth. Why, the poor little fellow's hide is all calouses now. He doesn't quite know what to make of that cat. She's nice and playful and he's getting used to it now; in fact he's acquiring a sort of an affection for her, but somehow he can't get over that feeling of distrust. Someday—oh, suppose those teeth should slip! No, Frederick Willum can't help smelling a rat.

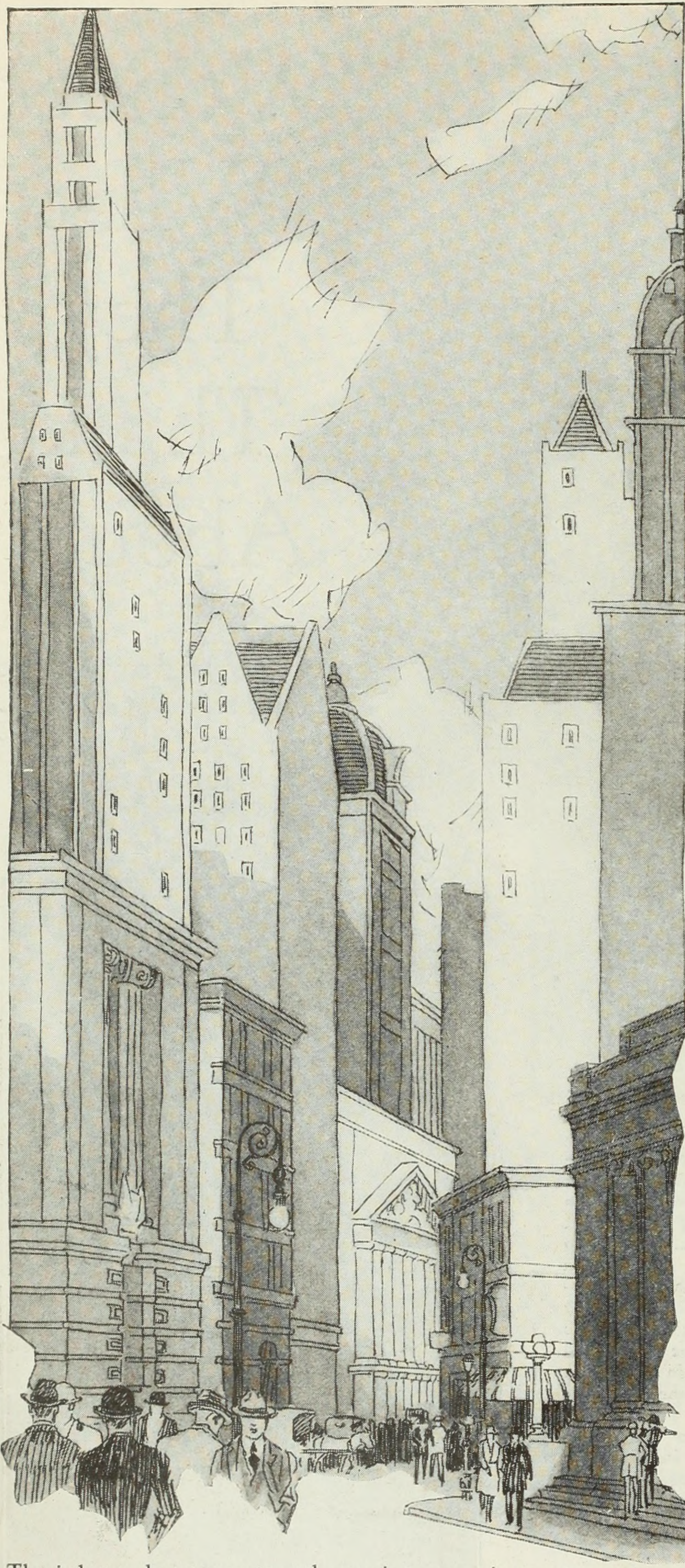


Now, this is more like it, thinks John Henry, Jr. Playing with Carrie Nation's not so bad, but then *Carrie* doesn't like it worth a cackle. She doesn't know what to make of it. Such nonsense, this continual bustle, being shoed all around when she should be off tending to her household duties and laying her eggs. She just loves babies, but what chance has she: If they don't draw the line at this movie business *some* place, it's going to drive the country to race suicide, you mind what she clucks!

The Gold

By
O. R. GEYER

In the dusk of the
the Sailor, now flash
the equally wonder-



The industry has grown to such amazing proportions as to spread far beyond the confining walls of American business.

HAVING successfully passed through the various stages of infancy, the American motion picture industry today stands on the threshold of a new epoch, which promises to make an even greater contribution to industrial romance than its mushroom growth of the last decade. During the period of twenty years since its birth, the motion picture has completed its conquest of America, with 15,000 theaters catering to the millions who depend upon the screen for their entertainment.

But, unlike Alexander, the industry does not have to waste time in sighing for other conquests. The other worlds are here, ready to be conquered. And the period of conquest already is well begun. Unless all signs fail, the next twenty years will witness a repetition, on a much larger scale, of the

sensational rise to prosperity that carried the motion picture into the billion-dollar class of American industries.

Just as the old international boundary lines and racial prejudices and alignments were cast aside some six years ago, so has the motion picture cast aside its swaddling clothes and prepared itself for a world existence. The World League of Movies came into being on April 6, 1917, the day America tossed its hat into the ring of the World War. And before the war was half over the screen had won its international spurs, having become universally recognized as the most powerful medium of molding public opinion in the world. For the first time in the history of wars, the great nations of the earth attempted to visualize for their peoples their national and international aims and the reasons for the war. Before they were aware of it, the chancelleries of the Allied nations had opened wide the door for the development of a universal, living language—the movies.

The manner in which the American-made motion picture acquitted itself in the face of tremendous responsibilities, made it impossible for the country's motion picture art to retire within its own borders and to resume its former position of world aloofness. In fact, almost before the industry's leaders were aware of it, the industry had embarked upon a period of world expansion and development that promises to more than eclipse the wonderful romance of the rise of the motion picture industry to a position as the nation's fifth greatest enterprise.

In the days before the World War the exportation of film was a business of more or less puny proportions. Except for those portions of the globe most intimately related to America, the fans in foreign countries enjoyed but a meager acquaintance with the high grade American motion picture. Until three years ago, the South American public was being asked to find entertainment for itself in American pictures worn with age and with the marks of incompetent operators. With very few exceptions the class of American pictures shown in Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago, Valparaiso and other large cities might be classed as junk. Many of those pictures were four or five years old, and had been withdrawn from the American market for several years.

The war quickly and unexpectedly opened the door of opportunity for the exporter, and before it was half completed, this business had grown to enormous proportions. In 1919, the foreign business of one of the largest companies had grown to \$5,000,000, a 300 per cent increase in three years, which is remarkable when one recalls the hazards of commercial shipments in the days when the submarines were making the world unsafe for commerce, and when governmental requirements were making shipping space unobtainable except under the greatest difficulties. This one company shipped

more than 50,000,000 feet of film abroad during the war, and not one single foot failed to reach its destination.

Italian, French and English producers and exporters were forced by the exigencies of war to suspend business. Four years ago, the South American film market was dominated by the European film interests. This was due to the fact that the South American, because of blood and temperamental ties, preferred to do business with Europe, and for the reason that the French and Italian films, in particular, were looked upon as the latest and best visualization of fashions and social usages, matters in which the average South American is keenly interested. Thus the Old World producers were able to get a strangle-hold on the market which it seemed impossible to break.

en Age of the Pictures

Arabian Nights, whence came Haroun-al-Rashid and Sinbad in brilliant light and shadow the new American Nights, with ful adventures of Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

TODAY this state of affairs has been reversed. More than two years ago, American exporters entered the South American field in earnest and gave the Latin-Americans their first taste of up-to-date motion pictures. The effect was magical. Almost overnight the far-sighted business men became convinced that the Americans were not so awfully busy chasing dollars that they were not able to keep abreast of the times insofar as fashions and other matters were concerned. And from that time on, the American photoplay has reigned supreme in the South American field.

When the war ended, the European producers found themselves at the bottom of the ladder, in exactly the same position occupied by the Americans for so many years. And although months have passed they have failed to make any inroads upon American prestige, for the South American is no longer satisfied with the exotic brand of film produced in France and Italy. Instead of murderous rage, buckets of emotion and tragedy, he had come to demand the delightful intrigues and graceful romance of the so-called high society picture, with its happy ending. Swiftly moving, clean comedy, he discovered, was much preferable to highly colored, stodgy Old World stories. The result is that the South American exhibitor is no more willing to return to the old business ties than he was willing to hearken to the American missionaries. Prominent exhibitors have declared they could not return to the old days without losing their patrons.

The vampire and over-sexed type of American picture, which was among the first to be shown in South America, has long since waned in popularity. To satisfy and please the exacting Latin-American in the larger cities, photoplays must have a preponderance of

cleanliness, and they must be up-to-date. The fans quickly detect an out-of-date picture and manifest their displeasure by leaving the theater.

THE old type of exhibitor has not surrendered to the new order without a struggle. Shortly after the war closed, a former exhibitor of prominence in Buenos Aires opened a new house in which he advertised that he would show European pictures exclusively. He made a great fuss in the papers
(Continued on page 117)



The American photoplay has established itself firmly among the minaretted mosques of the Broadway of Bagdad.

Who Is Houdini?

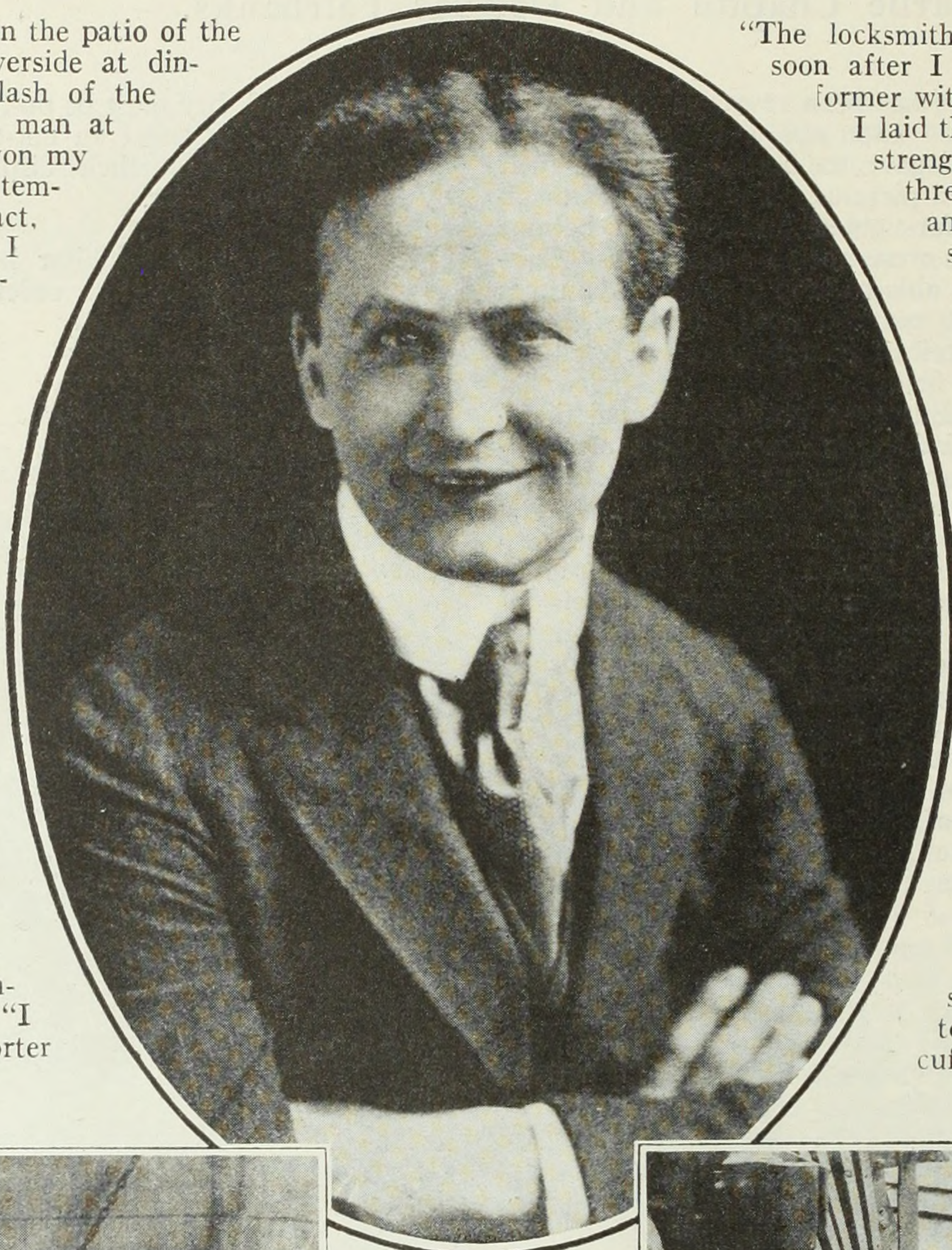
The only thing secret about him is his friendship with handcuffs.

By
FRED LOCKLEY

A FEW days ago I sat in the patio of the Mission Inn at Riverside at dinner. Above the splash of the fountain, I heard a man at an adjoining table say: "I won my bet. He thought it was a temple bell; as a matter of fact, it's a swallowing bell. I doubt if there is another, except the one I have, outside of China. The knowledge of how to make these bells is the secret possession of a family of famous Chinese acrobats and jugglers, who pass the knowledge down from generation to generation. These are bells within bells. The jugglers swallow them, then they allow people from the audience to hit them on the stomachs, making the bells tinkle."

The speaker was Harry Houdini, handcuff king and film player. Through certain connections I was introduced to him.

"Sure, I'll give you an interview," said Mr. Houdini. "I used to be a newspaper reporter

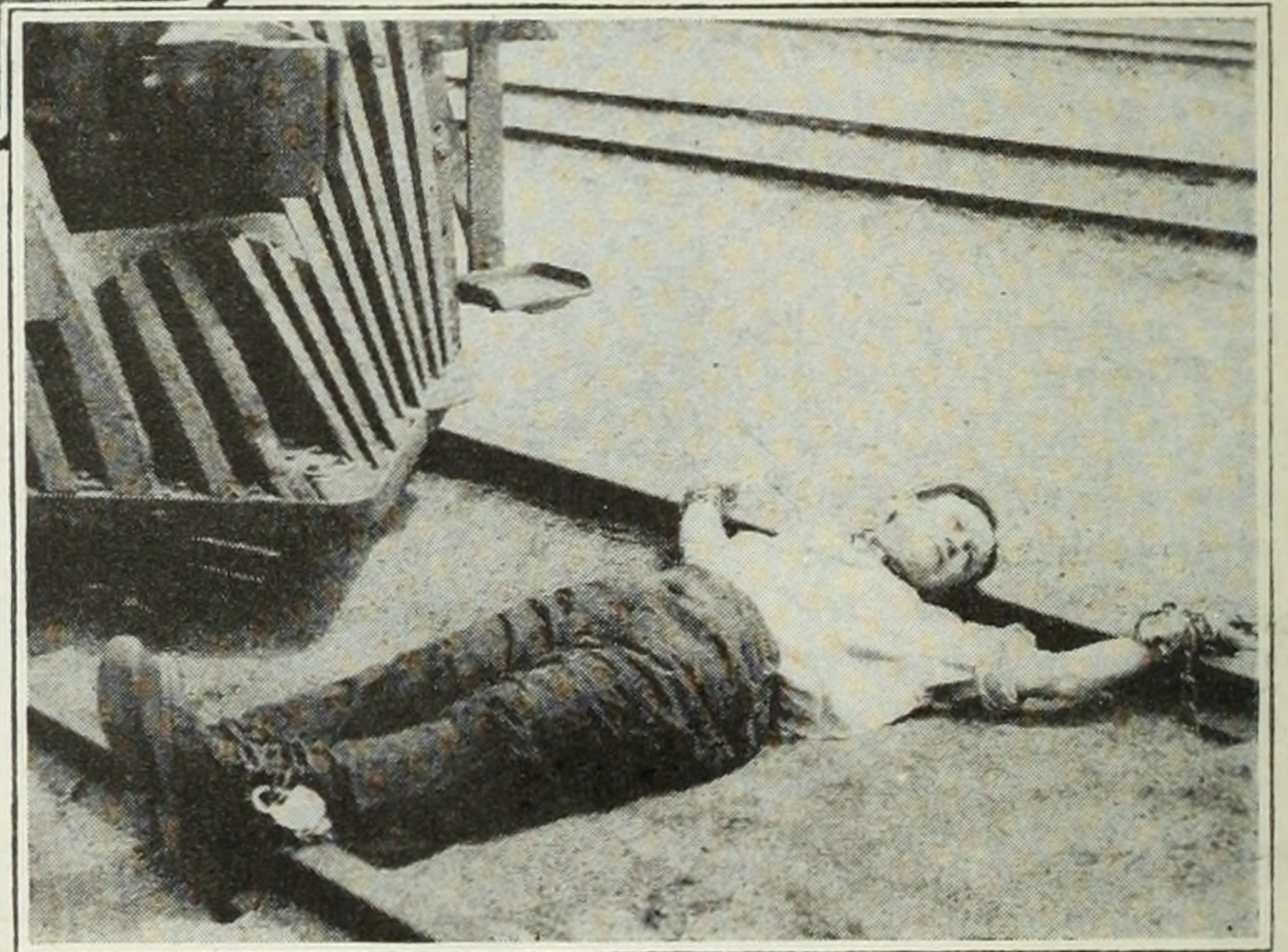


"The locksmith business tired of me, and soon after I got a job as a trapeze performer with a circus. There was where I laid the foundation for my feats of strength. After a few years I threw up my job with the circus, and took a job with a medicine show which traveled from city to city. I would let any one from the crowd tie me securely and then offer to forfeit twenty-five dollars if I couldn't release myself.

"One evening a deputy sheriff at Coffeyville, Kansas, watched me for a while, and said, 'Will you give me twenty-five dollars if I can fix you so you can't get loose?' I couldn't afford to let him get away with it, so I told him to come on up. There flashed into my memory the way in which I had unlocked the handcuffs from the banker's son, the time I was working for the locksmith. The deputy sheriff took care to see that the handcuffs were on tight. Two min-



These are the kind of stunts that make him famous among the thrill-lovers. At the left—a scene from his Paramount-Artcraft picture, "The Grim Game."



myself. I was born in Appleton, Wisconsin. I ran away to Milwaukee when I was nine years old. For a while I was a newsboy, then I carried a route; later, I broke into the game as a cub reporter. I used to run a magazine, called the 'Conjurors Magazine,' and I have written several books which have had a fair sale.

"At one time I apprenticed myself to a locksmith. One day the son of a prominent banker came in with several of his friends, to have a pair of handcuffs removed. For a joke, they had slipped the handcuffs on him, but were unable to release him, as they had no key. I found that they had broken off a bit of wire in the keyhole. By the merest accident I discovered a way in which I could unlock the handcuffs without a key. I took them off and thought nothing more about it.

utes later I handed them back to him.

"One day I was hired to give an exhibition at a children's party in Brooklyn. At the close a little girl, about sixteen, said to me, very bashfully, 'I think you are awfully clever,' and then with a blush, 'I like you.' 'How much do you like me?' I said, 'enough to marry me?' We had never seen each other before. She nodded. And so, after talking the matter over, we were married.

"Shortly after our marriage, hard times struck us good and plenty. A great many actors were out of work. Now luck is coming our way—Mr. Lasky is making motion pictures very worth while for me.

"My father is a Rabbi. I have four brothers and one sister. My sister is editor of a magazine for the blind."

The Round-Up

A tale of love and adventure in the Southwest, narrated by permission from Edmund Day's play.

By GENE SHERIDAN

DICK LANE stood over the embers of his campfire as the low gleaming rays of the setting sun illumined the cathedral peaks of the Ghost Range, spreading purple-black shadows across the desert and wind-sculptured badlands.

He was nearing the last lone bivouac of the long trail home and back to God's country up there across the American border. And such a homecoming as it would be, he pictured—a homecoming to Echo Allen, the fairest daughter of all sunlit Pinal County.

Close by the prospector's fire were his packs and their precious burden of good, yellow gold, hard won and gleaned as the fruits of Lane's long quest in the wilds of the Mexican mountains. He had come at last to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Now he was going back to make that gold prove its worth in dividends of happiness.

Lane smiled under his matted beard as he recalled that day so many months ago when he bid farewell to the folks at the Bar-1 Ranch. He saw them again standing before the ranch-house—Uncle Jim Allen and his wife Josephine watching with eager sympathy his parting with their daughter Echo—and his brother Bud, young, ardent and impetuous—and Polly Hope, Echo's orphaned cousin—and Jack—yes, his good pal Jack Payson. The yellow gold over in the packs made Dick Lane feel especially glad for his life-long friend Jack, who had put a mortgage on the Sweetwater ranch to grubstake the prospecting expedition.

Lane's saddle horse, abandoning the society of the pack mules, came nosing up to the fire, seeking companionship and attention.

"Come here, Pete." Lane reached out and patted the horse on his friendly neck. "Only three days more, Pete, and then we'll see *her*. We'll pay old Jack back his three thousand—and then I suspect we'll be taking a leadin' part in a first class wedding."

And there was good luck in his homecoming for Bud and Polly, too, Lane reflected with a glow of generous happiness. For he had promised that if he made a strike Bud should have a stake to buy a business and marry Polly.

While the lone prospector was busy with his anticipations and making camp for the night, a few rough mountain miles to the south, desperate and hard-pressed by the Rurales policing the border country, rode Buck McKee, half-white, half-red, a renegade, at the head of his band of Apache outlaws. They were riding hard to make the temporary safety of the American border.

Sheriff William Henry Harrison Hoover—more familiarly known as "Slim."



Abruptly McKee pulled up his galloping mustang to a sharp stop and leaped to the ground to examine the trail. His redskin comrades pulled up beside him. He squatted over the hoof marks left by the passage of the last traveler over that lonely defile, studying each imprint intently. Then he arose, holding out one finger to indicate to his band that it was the trail of one man, and pointed off up the gorge in the direction he had taken. There were a few sharp clucking words in Apache, an apprehensive look back for sign of the pursuing Rurales, and the redskin horsemen with McKee at their head were off again, following the trail as wolves follow the deer.

A snort from Pete, browsing nearby, awakened the attention of Dick Lane, busy making camp. He looked off in the direction that held the curious attention of the horse and made out the tiny spot of desert dust in the distance which spelled the approach of galloping horsemen.

He kicked apart the remains of his fire and stamped them out, hurried to drive his pack mules into the cover of an arroyo, hid his gold-laden packs and stood by to await any possible attack.

McKee and his band came clattering up the trail under the keen-eyed observation of Dick Lane, hidden, rifle beside him, behind a sheltering rock. The prospector gasped as he recognized the outlaw. His decision was swift and inevitable. There was only one way to deal with Buck McKee.

Lane rested his rifle in a notch of the rock and fired.

One of the Indians stiffened up in the saddle and plunged off, rolling down the slope like a spinning log.

With a cry, the Apaches dismounted and scattered to cover. There was a tense silence as they advanced, creeping as si-



"You must bring him back to me."
Echo drew back from her husband.

lently as the desert rattler moves over the sand.

An Apache yell rose from a dozen directions at once and Dick ducked as bullets rained about him and spattered on the rock.

In a flash he rose and fired.

A rifle barked behind him and he felt the sting of a bullet in his arm. As he felt the rush of warm blood under his sleeve he knew it was a losing fight. He moved around the rock to the spot where he had tied down Pete, his faithful horse. Painfully reaching around with his good arm, Lane pulled out his six-shooter, then pressed the muzzle close to Pete's head.

"So long, Old Timer—it's all up with us—and you're too good a horse for any damned Apache to abuse. I'll be following you right close."

Dick Lane shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. Pete was safe from the hideous, torturing Apaches—but not his master.

THE Apaches rushed. Lane threw aside precaution and stood up, firing point blank into them as they came—one—two—three—four cartridges. Then Dick turned the gun to his own forehead.

Before he could pull the trigger an Apache dropped on him from the rock and bore him to the ground. In a moment the Indians had him tied and their leader came to stand over him, grinning.

"I might have expected this from you, Buck!" Lane, twisting with the pain of his bonds, looked his scorn at McKee.

The half-breed toyed with his beaded vest and grinned wider.

"Well—you and your honored sheriff of Pinal County made it hot for me." McKee was deliberate and confident. "So you see I had to come to Mexico for my health—to that you owe the pleasure of this meeting." The white half of McKee could speak excellent English.

But while the half-breed stood taunting his victim, far back down the trail the Rurales were examining the tracks where the Apaches had come upon Dick Lane's trail. The marks in the desert dust told their own story to these vigilantes of Mexico and swiftly they continued up the course taken by McKee's renegade band. McKee seemed to have half-forgotten his flight, so intent was he on hectoring his prisoner.

"Before I kill you, I'd admire to know where you've hidden your dust—Mr. Lane." He was mockingly polite.

"I'll die before I tell you—you dirty half-breed!"

"So?" McKee leered at him. "I'll make you talk—glad to talk."

At a motion from their leader, the Apaches tied Lane up to a sahuaro cactus and brought up a smoldering brand from his expiring campfire. They pulled off Lane's boots and McKee placed the fire under the prospector's naked feet.

Lane cursed and writhed in pain.

"We are waiting for you to say something—something pleasant—where did you say the gold was?" McKee beckoned to one of his redskins to bring more wood.

The flames were licking at Lane's tortured feet. He could stand no more.

"In God's name! Stop! The dust is under that flat rock yonder."

Lane fell limp against the rawhide ropes that held him, fainting. An Indian kicked aside the firebrands and McKee ran to the stone and uncovered Dick's cache of gold dust.

The half-breed was covetously hefting the weight of the bags when a half dozen rifles cracked at once about him. He flattened out on the earth and rolled for cover. In a flash the Indians were in pitched battle with the Rurales.

McKee and his bucks worked their way around a protecting wall of the mountain, leaped aboard their ponies and fled as the Rurales closed in.

The Rurales were in time to rescue Lane and bring him back to consciousness, but Buck McKee and his red outlaws were free and on the open trail again. With Lane's gold in his possession, and leaving Lane, he was sure, as good as dead, McKee conceived a daring plan.

When Lane came back to consciousness he found himself in a Mexican hospital in Chihuahua. He was fighting himself back to life, but not back to reason and sanity. The Apache ordeal had taken heavy toll of his resources.

Back in Pinal County, up in the States, the folks Dick Lane had told good-by a year before were becoming increasingly anxious about him.

Dick was overdue and the reports that filtered in out of the Indian country were disquieting.

Echo Allen spent hours on the veranda of the Bar-1 ranch-house looking down the road. Bud Lane went daily to Florence, the budding capital of Pinal County, hoping for news. There he met Echo, with Polly Hope.

"Any word from Dick?"

"No." Bud shook his head gloomily. "I'm getting worried. They say Geronimo is on the warpath again, too. If Dick don't show up in another week I'm going looking for him."

Polly's face filled with alarm.

"I won't let you go, Bud. Why, you might get killed!" Polly stood with downcast eyes, embarrassed at her own display of feeling.

Jack Payson, approaching, overheard and joined the group.

"It's no more than right that Bud should go," he observed quietly. "I'll go with you, Bud."

Echo, in turn startled, started to speak, then bit her lips in suppression of her newly discovered emotion. Why should she care if Jack went? Echo was questioning herself. The silent inner answer was disconcerting. Filled with anxiety and loyalty for Dick Lane, she suspected herself in love with Jack Payson, his pal.

It was the morning that Bud and Jack, outfitted and ready to start in quest of Dick Lane, were bidding farewell at the Bar-1 ranch, that Buck McKee, the half-breed outlaw, rode through the Bar-1 gate.

Jack Payson intercepted McKee as he approached.

"What's your business here, Buck McKee?" Jack's voice rang out crisp and sharp.

"Keep your shirt on, Mr. Payson." The half-breed was smiling and self-possessed. "I am here to fulfill the last request of Dick Lane."

McKee strode by Jack, who stood astonished, and approached Echo with a deep bow.

"I was with Mr. Lane at the last, ma'am, and he wanted I should bring this to you as a little keepsake." McKee dropped

his head as one in sadness, then held out Lane's watch to Echo.

Echo slowly reached out for the watch, awe-stricken and wide-eyed. Jack was still suspicious.

"We are waitin' to hear the details, Buck McKee."

McKee replied to Jack with a faint smile, then launched into a graphic story of falling in with Dick Lane in the mountains, of standing shoulder to shoulder with the prospector in a fight against the Apaches, and how Dick fell at last, shot through and through.

"And that's the way it was, Miss. I done my best by him, but the odds was too heavy." Buck McKee ended his story with a heavy sigh.

The outlaw's dramatic recital won his audience. Bud was the first to speak. He crossed over to McKee and held out his hand.

"You put up a game fight to save my brother, Buck—and from now on I'm going to stand by you—even if the whole world is against you."

WHILE this scene was being enacted at the Bar-i ranch in Pinal County, far to the south and over the border Buck McKee's victim, Dick Lane, lay staring at the ceiling in the Chihuahua hospital, wondering who he was.

But soon the snows of winter passed from the banks of the Sweetwater and in the joys of the spring old sorrows faded. The love of Echo and Jack Payson bloomed with the coming of the spring and the dimming of the memory of the Dick Lane that was. And meanwhile Buck McKee and Bud Lane were fast becoming comrades with results that promised ill for Bud. Much too often they were together at the bar in Florence and more than once William Henry Harrison Hoover, more familiarly known as "Slim" because of his three hundred genial pounds, acting in the capacity and office of sheriff of Pinal County, had to start them on their road home, incurring as often the resentment of McKee.

In a flash Slim covered the half-breed with a revolver and swept the mob with its mate.

"Now, you come off your high horse, Mr. Halt-breed, or you'll be leaving for Mexico again, right away," Sheriff Slim warned. And he it said Slim's word was known to be backed by a stout heart and the most remarkable ability with the instrument known as Colonel Colt's patent ventilator. The sheriff could sign his name in bullet patterns on a shed at fifty paces.

The anemone was blooming in the uplands when Echo and Jack Payson rode in at the Bar-i and announced their engagement to her parents, Uncle Jim and Josephine. The wedding date was set for June, "the month when the swell folks back East do their hitchin' up."

When Jack rode back to the Sweetwater ranch that evening he found a pile of newly arrived mail on his desk. He fumbled it over, with his thoughts still awirl with his coming marriage. He came across an envelope addressed to him in a familiar handwriting and postmarked "Chihuahua, Mexico."

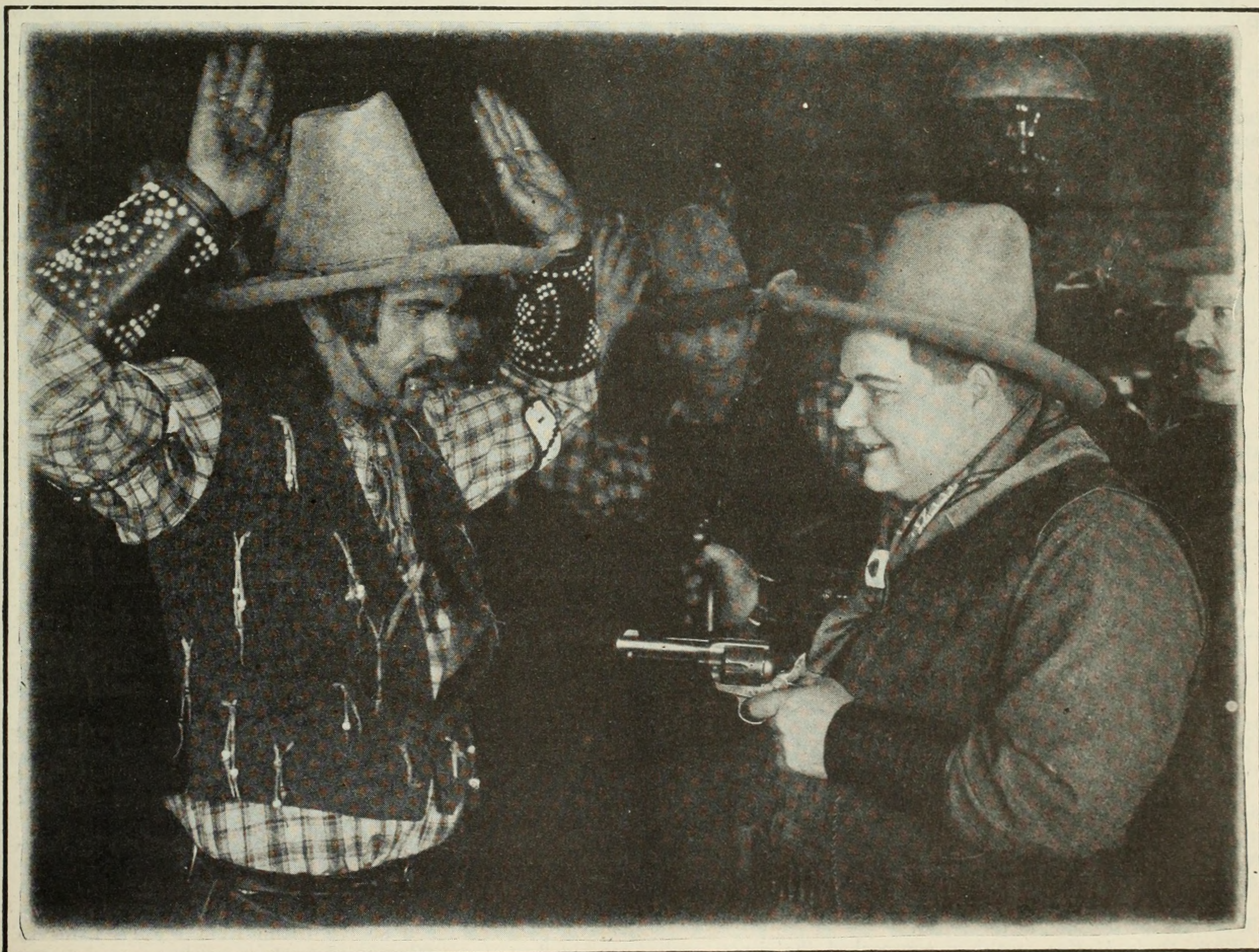
Trembling and assailed with a flood of misgivings, he tore the letter open and read it feverishly. It closed:

"—Buck McKee and his gang of Apaches. But am better now and as soon as I can arrange to sell one of my claims, will be home. Please break it gently to Echo and give her the letter I enclose. Your old bunkie,

"DICK LANE."

Jack Payson stood long at his window staring out across the Sweetwater acres with dazed eyes. A terrific inward battle was raging. He was confronted with the necessity of choosing between the happiness of himself and the woman he loved, or that of his best friend. The selfish cause won. Slowly Payson tore the two letters into tiny bits.

Out in the ranch yard Jack caught sight of Bud Lane, staggering in from his latest debauch with Buck McKee. Recalling with a mingling of blazing hate and burning remorse what Lane had written him of Buck McKee,



Jack swiftly determined that Bud's friendship with the half-breed should be broken off at once. He called Bud to him.

"I tell you now for fair you've got to shake Buck McKee. I've got it straight that he's been with Geronimo, torturing and robbing lone prospectors."

"That's a damn lie!" Bud blazed back. "It was Buck McKee that stood fighting off the Apaches trying to save Dick. You were glad enough to take his story when it left you a full swing to court Dick's girl."

Jack flared with anger at this.

"Either you give up Buck McKee or you leave Sweetwater ranch—now."

"To hell with your job—I'm through with you." And with that Bud left. Soon after, Bud, with Buck McKee, was telling and drowning his troubles over the bar at Florence.

Jack Payson felt many misgivings. He sought out Echo in the garden at the Bar-1.

"Echo, tell me that you love me—that you will always love me—no matter what happens—and that you never loved until you loved me."

The girl stared at him, puzzled, sympathetic, then smiled.

"Just what do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean Dick Lane—I am jealous of him—even of his memory."

A look of hurt flashed into Echo's eyes. She was perilously near to anger, but her new love triumphed.

"I know now I only loved poor Dick as a brother. I really love only you, Jack."

"If Dick had come back would you have kept your promise to him?"

"Yes."

Jack stood in crestfallen silence at her answer. Echo came quickly to the rescue of his mood.

"Don't be a silly goose. Dick is dead. There is no need of this argument."

"Then why wait until June to be married?" Jack urged, speaking with a renewed fervor and cheer in his voice. "Let's be married right away."

"No—there's my trousseau, Jack—but I'll hurry. I'll marry you in a month."

THE day of the wedding arrived with magic speed and mighty were the preparations out at the Bar-1, and many were the comings and goings at Florence. Sheriff Slim Hoover met both the daily trains at the depot seeking the arrival of a "store-built" suit to wear to the wedding, and at last snatched his parcel without at all waiting for the routine attentions of Old Man Terrill, the express agent.

Buck McKee and Bud, now inseparable comrades, sat idling on a baggage truck as Terrill busied himself about the station. McKee observed with narrowing eyes that a money box had been deposited from the train. He watched Terrill carry the heavy package into the station.

Ensnared in the back room of the village saloon, Buck began warily to unfold a plan to Bud.

"What do you say to picking up a little extra change? It's easy. 'Member that box Terrill took off the train? Everybody will be busy getting ready for the wedding. We can stick him up and get away with that money easy as pie."

Bud shook his head. Buck replied by pouring the lad another drink.

"All you need to do is hold the horses and keep an eye peeled, so I can make a clean getaway—and I'll give you half." The half-breed's voice was low and persuasive. Bud, nerved with another drink, nodded assent.

Out at the Sweetwater ranch the cowboys, including the picturesque Sage Brush Charlie, Fresno and Parenthesis, were groomed in the best and most flashy attire, mounted and waiting to ride to the wedding with their employer, Jack Payson. Jack emerged, much preoccupied.

"You boys go ahead. I have to stop at the express office. I'll see you pretty soon at the Bar-1."

When Buck McKee stealthily approached the depot, with

Bud waiting with the horses in the ravine below, he saw Jack Payson inquiring of Terrill. As Buck watched through the window, Payson opened the package and proudly displayed a locket to Terrill. It was Jack's wedding present to Echo. As Jack rode away Buck slipped into the depot, unseen from without. He sauntered to the express window and engaged Terrill in conversation. Then suddenly covered the express agent with his gun.

"I'll trouble you to open that express box, pronto!"

Terrill swung and clinched with McKee across the window counter.

There was a shot and Terrill fell, done for.

A hundred yards away at his shack Sheriff Slim was fighting his way into the store clothes that he was to wear to the wedding. He paused with an expression of mild interest at the sound of the shot, leisurely finished dressing, emerged to look about, then headed for the depot.

When Slim entered the depot he found Terrill's body on the floor and the express safe rifled.

Buck and Bud rode pell me'l down the ravine and into the shallows of the river, covering their tracks. Well up the river they paused. Buck took his roll of looted money from his shirt and divided it into two parcels, handing a half to Bud.

"I won't take it. You promised there'd be no killin'." Bud was plainly stricken with remorse and terror.

"It was him or me." Buck was sneering and cold. "You take your share or I'll blow it into you." The half-breed touched his six-shooter significantly. Bud pocketed the money.

"That's better." The half-breed grinned. "Now we'll double back on our trail and go to the wedding. That's our best alibi."

At the depot Sheriff Slim stood puzzling over the situation. Robbery and murder. Outside he followed tracks to the river, then decided to return for a posse.

Affairs at the Bar-1 with its merry preparation for the wedding were in gala swing when Slim arrived.

"Sorry I must break up your fun, boys, but I've come for a posse. Somebody has killed and robbed Ol' Man Terrill."

"Now sheriff—we kin have killin's any time, but weddin's is scarce here—let's wait," Sagebrush pleaded as spokesman.

"After the wedding we'll all go with you," spoke up Uncle Jim Allen. So Slim had to assent. Also the day was fading.

Bud and Buck McKee, heavy with drink, rode in. Jack Payson intercepted McKee at the door.

"You were not invited to this wedding and you're not wanted."

There was a clash and Jack threw the half-breed into the yard. He re-entered the house and Sagebrush took up watch at the door to keep the uninvited guest outside. The minister arrived and the ranch-house was made bright with lights.

RIDING out of the sunset hills of Sweetwater valley came Dick Lane, homebound at last, to claim his own. There was a great joy in his face as he rode up the familiar lane to the Bar-1 ranch-house. Here was to be his reward for all his suffering, perils and privation.

Dick took note of the many horses in the ranch yard as he dismounted and stood looking at the brightly lighted house.

"Must be some sort of party going on," he decided. "Won't do to take Echo too much by surprise. I'd better see Jack first."

Dick approached the door and was not recognized by Sagebrush, on guard.

"I'm a friend of Mr. Payson's," Dick explained.

But Dick declined Sagebrush's cordial invitation to enter.

"No, please tell him an old friend from Mexico wants to see him."

(Continued on page 114)

The Round Up

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced by Paramount Artcraft. Scenario by Tom Forman from the play by Edmund Day. Directed by George Melford, with the following cast:

Slim Hoover, the Sheriff. Roscoe Arbuckle
Echo Allen. Mabel Julianne Scott
Jack Payson. Tom Forman
Dick Lane. Irving Cummings
Bud Lane. Edward Sutherland
Polly Hope. Jane Acker
Uncle Jim. Guy Oliver
Aunt Josephine. Jane Wolfe
Parenthesis, a cowboy. Lucien Littlefield



"Nobody loves a fat man."



Alice in Wonderland



Theda Bara and one of her "victims" in "The Blue Flame," her first stage production.

White

The Confessions of Theda Bara

And all the time she didn't believe her own press agent.

By AGNES SMITH

HERE is the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx. Here is also the answer to the question propounded by Delight Evans several months ago in *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*.

Theda Bara did not believe her press agent.

The story of Theda Bara, as told me by herself, the story of her success in motion pictures, her strange notoriety, is the weirdest—and funniest—tale I have ever heard. It beats Barnum and Doctor Cook.

Frankly, I was afraid to meet Theda Bara. Delight Evan's story weighed on my mind. I had heard of other interviewers who had found her a woman smothered in incense and black velvet, who prattled orientalism and hocus pocus, who maintained a remarkable and ridiculous pose and who defied any sort of human understanding. I remembered all the Theda Bara legends about the strange woman who had been born within the shadow of the Sphinx. I didn't believe them, but I was afraid Miss Bara still did.

Then, too, the day set for the interview was only a few days after the opening of "The Blue Flame" in New York. The audience that had assembled to greet Theda Bara was divided into two factions,—her friends and those who had come in the same spirit that sends people to bull fights. It was a terrible opening and a terrible play. It was considerably worse than anything Theda Bara attempted in motion pictures. It looked like a stage burlesque of one of her films.

"You know how it is," said *The New York Times*, the day after the play opened, "when you have visitors from out of town who are possessed to go on a perfectly delightful slumming party down on the Bowery or somewhere to see one of those killing melodramas—Oh, come on, won't it be fun?—and you take them, and, after all, the melodrama is not bad enough to be funny and you come home disappointed. Well, 'The Blue Flame' is the kind of play you always expect the cheap theaters to show, and they never do."

In the face of all that I wondered if Theda would still burn incense.

She didn't. About her apartment were the floral tributes of the opening night. The windows were up and open. There was no incense.

Miss Bara lives up on West End Avenue where she shares an apartment with her father, mother and sister. It reminded me of a chapter in "Jurgen." A nice, respectable girl has the serious misfortune to die. On her way to the cemetery a black cat jumps over her coffin. That, of course, makes her a vampire. So she goes to Hell, venturing forth to practice her sinister calling. But she has no real taste for her work, so she fits up a little corner in Hell to look

like her old home. When she isn't vamping, she enjoys the comforts of respectable home surroundings.

Theda Bara has fitted up her corner. It isn't luxurious and no interior decorator had a hand in it. Most of the furniture belonged to father and mother. The only traces of Theda's fame are a statue of Buddha on the table and large pictures of Theda on the walls. However, the record on the phonograph is John McCormick singing "I hear you calling me."

Miss Bara herself came in. She was wearing the sort of frock that social workers recommend to working girls—plain, serviceable and neat. She looks younger off the screen than on. She wears her hair becomingly. She has a charming voice and speaks with an accent that has just a touch of the middle west about it. I was embarrassed. Only a few nights before I had heard her pronounce in a hideously strained voice these immortal—and immoral—lines: "Let's get married. All I need is a legal pretext and then I will show you how cold I am. Kiss Me, dearie."

And here was a pleasant young person who had just ordered tea, who had a dog named Petey—"known as a bull terrier because he is part bull"—and who wished she had time to go out and buy herself some new clothes.

WHO made her a vampire? It wasn't Miss Bara's own doing. It wasn't William Fox. It wasn't even the press agent. It was the public—or rather it was the public's imagination. A vampire is a national superstition. Miss Bara capitalized the superstition.

"Of course, there is no such thing as a vampire," she told me. "No women are like that. That is why you can't get good stories for vampire pictures. They aren't real. As for 'The Blue Flame,' it is only meant to be a melodrama. I chose it because it gave me an opportunity to play the sort of part the public wants to see me play."

It was with shrewdness and humor—yes, she has humor—that Theda Bara traced the story of her five years in motion pictures. She talked about it casually. She had no particular motive in making up stories about herself. There wasn't a press agent in the apartment. She spoke as an impersonal and disinterested spectator of her own career.

The best authorities give Theda Bara's birthplace as Cincinnati, Ohio, and her name as Theodosia Goodman. She came to New York about seven or eight years ago because she believed she could act. She played small parts on the stage as Theodosia de Coppet. Her parents had some money and so they allowed Theda to try her luck at finding fame and fortune.

What the New York Dramatic Critics Said about "The Blue Flame."

At the end of the third act Miss Bara said that God had been very kind to her. Probably she referred to the fact that at no time during the evening did the earth open and swallow up the authors, the star and all the company. However, it has often been remarked that the patience of Heaven is infinite. Still, as we remember it, Jonah was eaten by a whale for much less.
—Heywood Brown, *New York Tribune*.

Miss Theda played her part of it seriously and with average competence. But despite all anybody could do, "The Blue Flame" was plainly edged with yellow.
—Burns Mantle, *New York Evening Mail*.

"Did you bring the cocaine?" demanded Miss Theda Bara, as the heroine of "The Blue Flame," in the Shubert Theater, last night.

It was such a determined, bold-faced intention of being an immediate and unmistakable vampire that the audience fairly shouted in gleeful recognition that the vampire of vampires on the screen was going to be just as devilish on the boards in the spoken drama.
—*New York Evening Telegram*.

"The thing is not indecent, it is only offensive in its silliness.

"The most encouraging feature of the evening's exhibition was that it was received with derisive laughter by the curious audience which packed every corner of the large theater."
—*New York Evening Post*.

Perhaps "The Blue Flame" is not a perfect title for Miss Bara's play. Why not: "Tenting on the Old Vamp Ground?"
—F. P. A., *New York Tribune*.



"To be good is to be forgotten. I'm going to be so bad I'll always be remembered."

White

Like thousands of other young girls, Theda Bara camped in the offices of agents and managers. And like thousands of other young girls, she went to the motion picture studio to make a little extra money in the dull season. There, in the studio, like the girl in "Jurgen," the cat jumped over her and she became a vampire.

She was discovered. The picture was "A Fool There Was." At a time when most pictures were pretty crude, it wasn't conspicuously bad. And it was conspicuously successful. A few weeks after its release, Thedabarism was causing considerable havoc among the young and impressionable.

According to Miss Bara, it was the original intention of the company to star William Shea, but when the picture was completed it was obviously Miss Bara's picture.

Miss Bara was properly excited because she had landed so quickly and so completely in the golden realm of the movies. In those days, she confesses, she felt a little "set up." Consequently she was a bit irritated when she was told that she wasn't to star in her next picture. Instead she was given a part in Nance O'Neil's film, "The Kreutzer Sonata." She protested, but, being still a newcomer and having no particular influence, it didn't do her any good. So she played in "The Kreutzer Sonata." She repeated her first success. The company didn't star her, but the exhibitors did.

Then the press clippings began to come in. Theda Bara learned a lot of things about herself that she didn't know before. She had been born in Egypt. She had a long line of ancestors. She had played at the Theatre Antoine in Paris. She was "that strange, wild woman," as the side-show barkers say. She worshipped slant-eyed gods.

She used to read her clippings at breakfast, over her coffee and sausages. She says she loves sausages. She and her sister would laugh over the "stories of her life." When the clippings denounced her as a terrible influence on the youth of the country and when the critics waxed vicious, she didn't laugh. She wondered then, as she does now, why people who do not know her could hate her so.

When she was offered a contract, she had to make her choice. This was the choice:

On one side she might have money and notoriety; she might have all the chances she wanted to act; she might have the position of star and the deference that comes to a celebrity. In return for this she must allow herself to be exploited as the strangest sort of freak.

On the other hand, if she gave up the opportunity to take advantage of her first success, she would be obliged to go back into oblivion, to go back to looking for parts, to go back to living on the bounty of her parents.

As they say in sub-titles, a soul hung in the balance. Theda Bara took the contract and lived up to it for five years. She stirred up considerable excitement. She started a school of acting. Every company looked for a rival vamp. She got herself thoroughly denounced. At times it seemed as if there would have to be another amendment in the constitution to check vamping.

All that time Theda Bara "lived her own life." She went on eating sausages for breakfast, instead of live snakes. She had the option of reading her own press stories before they went out, but she says that sometimes she got around to them too late.

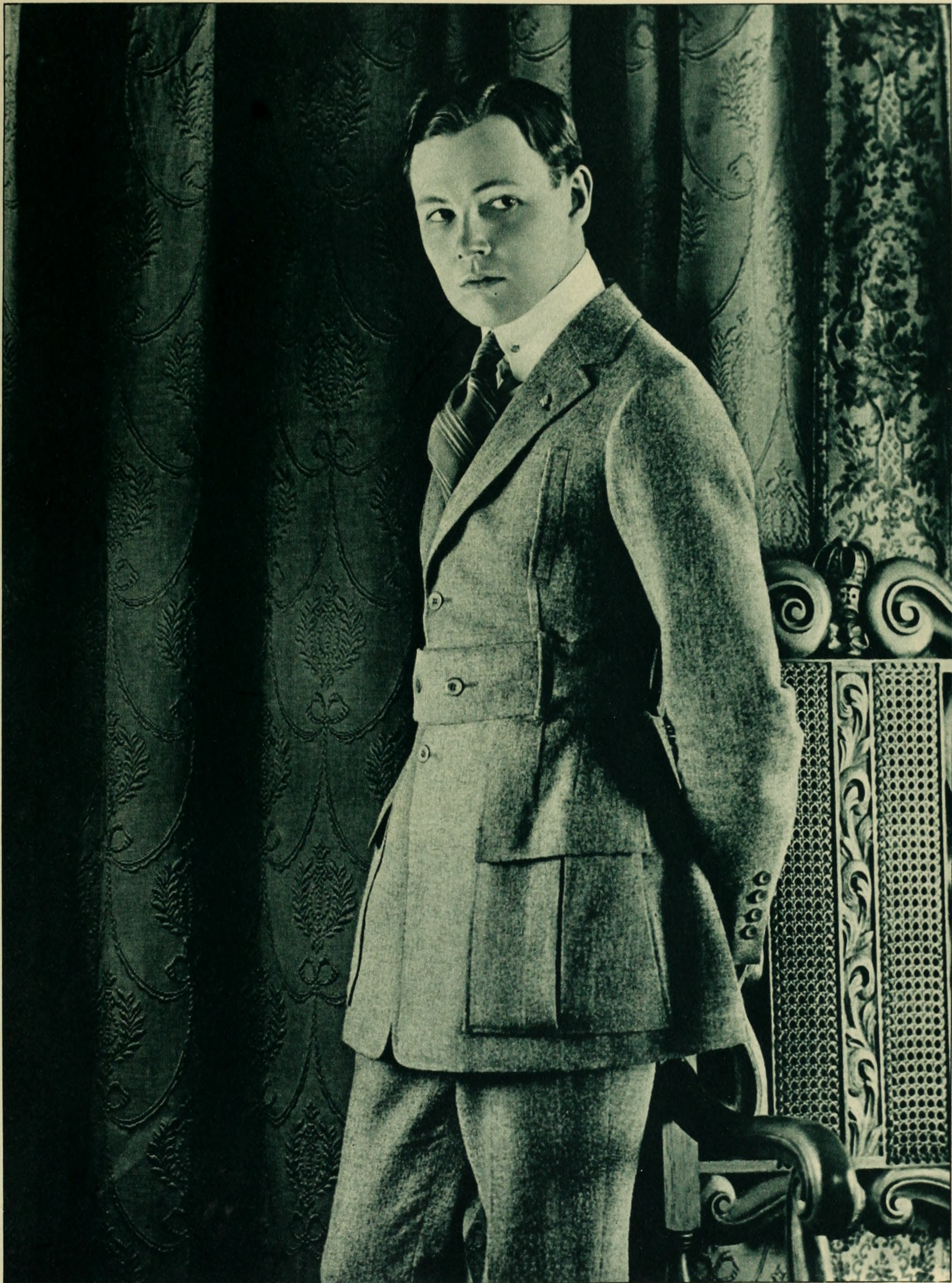
"Anyway," she told me, "some of them were so wild that we didn't think they would be printed or that, if they were printed, they wouldn't be believed. But they were printed; all right, and they were believed, too, I suppose. The wildest press stories are the most successful ones. A lot of young ex-newspaper men wrote them. I think for a while I kept a whole publicity staff working nights.

"And then the interviews. They were staged. It took me hours to get ready for them. I had a special dress made that I never wore at other times. I remember one interview out in Chicago. My dress was black velvet and was made high at the throat. It was a terribly hot day and all the windows were down. When the interview was over, I tore off that dress and my sister and I sat down and laughed about it."

LAUGHTER was what made those vamping years fairly pleasant ones. For instance, there was an interview out in Kansas. A young reporter came down to the train to meet Theda Bara and was admitted to her stateroom.

"Naturally, I held out my hand, but he refused to shake hands with me—dropped my hand as though it had been a snake. After he had gone I made a little bet with the press agent. 'That reporter,' I said, 'thought I was going to kiss him.' I was right. When the interview came out, the man told how I had put out my hand. 'But I didn't take it,' the story went on. 'Because when I met Anna Held, she kissed me. And if Anna Held kissed me, what would Theda Bara do?'"

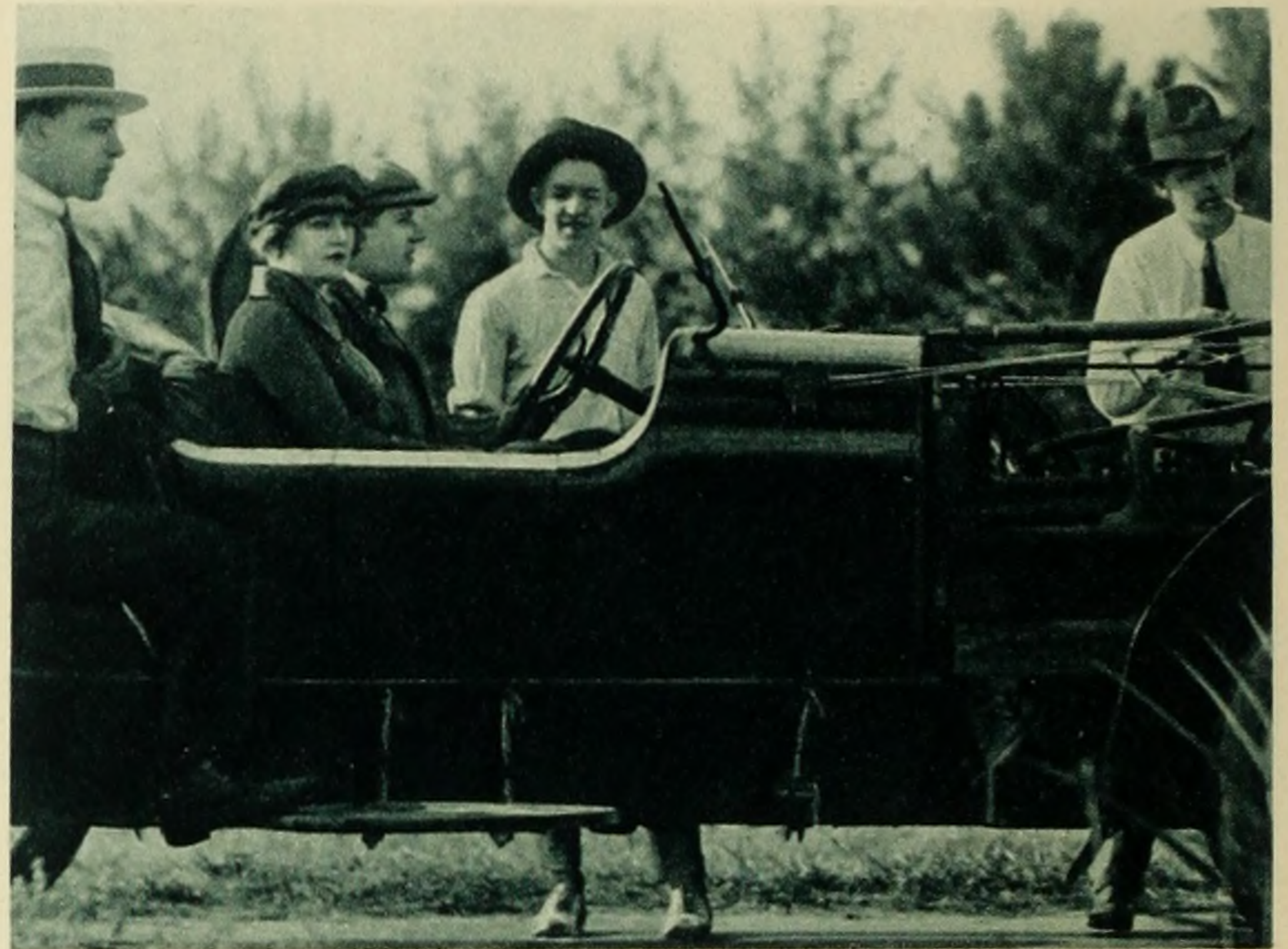
(Continued on page 110)



IT may sound funny to call Charles Ray a sort of male Maude Adams of movies, but it's true. His popularity proceeds untroubled in the midst of fly-by-night reputations. Ray's new one is Cohan's "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway."



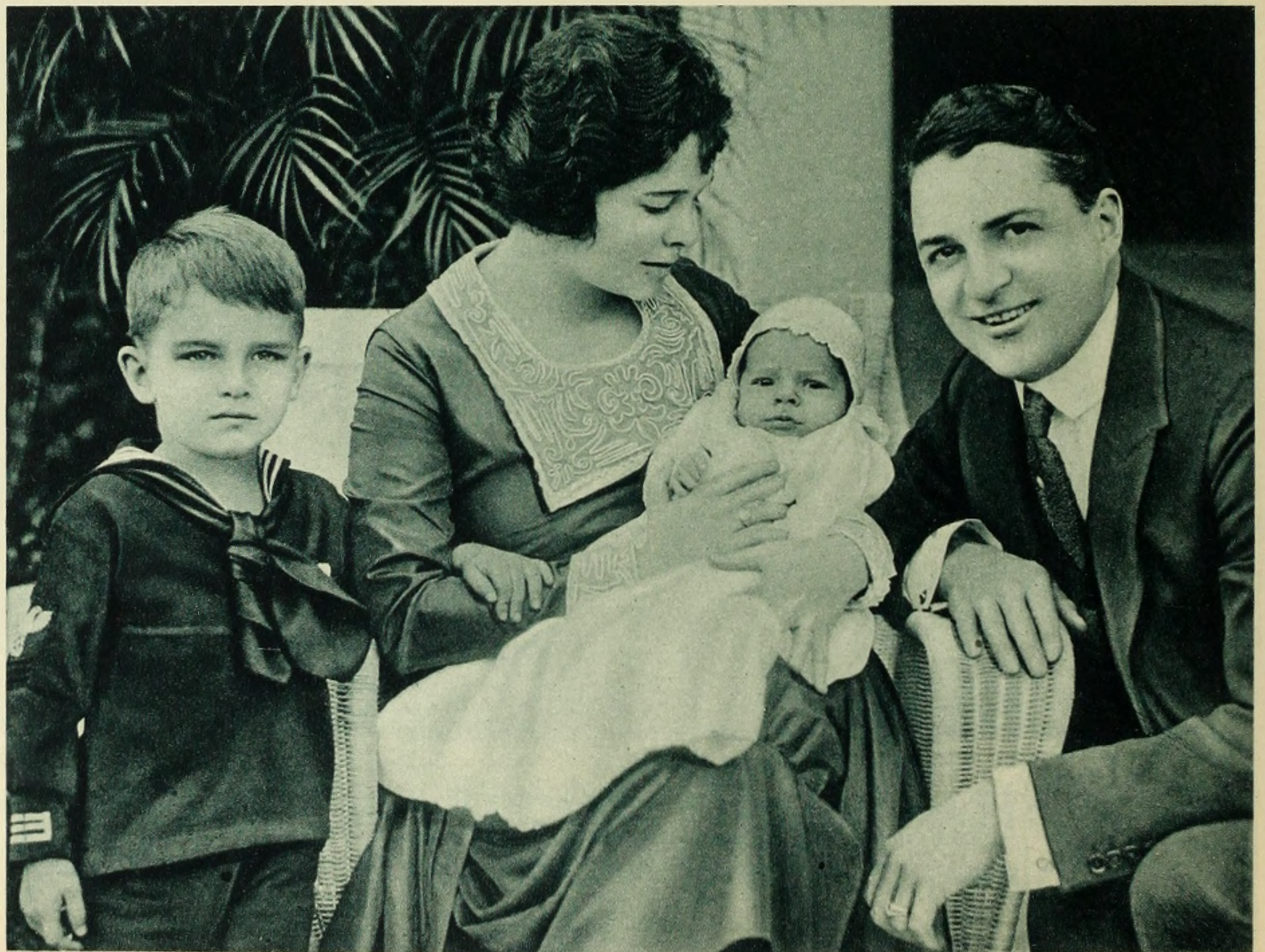
Above: Constance Talmadge caught at her favorite indoor sport: bobbing. She practiced on Norma, then she bobbed Natalie, her younger sister, shown here, and Dorothy Gish is in daily terror for fear Constance will creep up on her and cut her locks with one fell swoop of the scissors.



The young lady in the circle above is strangely averse to having her picture taken. You would think that with H. B. Warner for a father, and Rita Stanwood for a mother, she would take to it like a veteran. But Joan Warner will probably go in for literature, or interior decoration, or some really exciting profession.

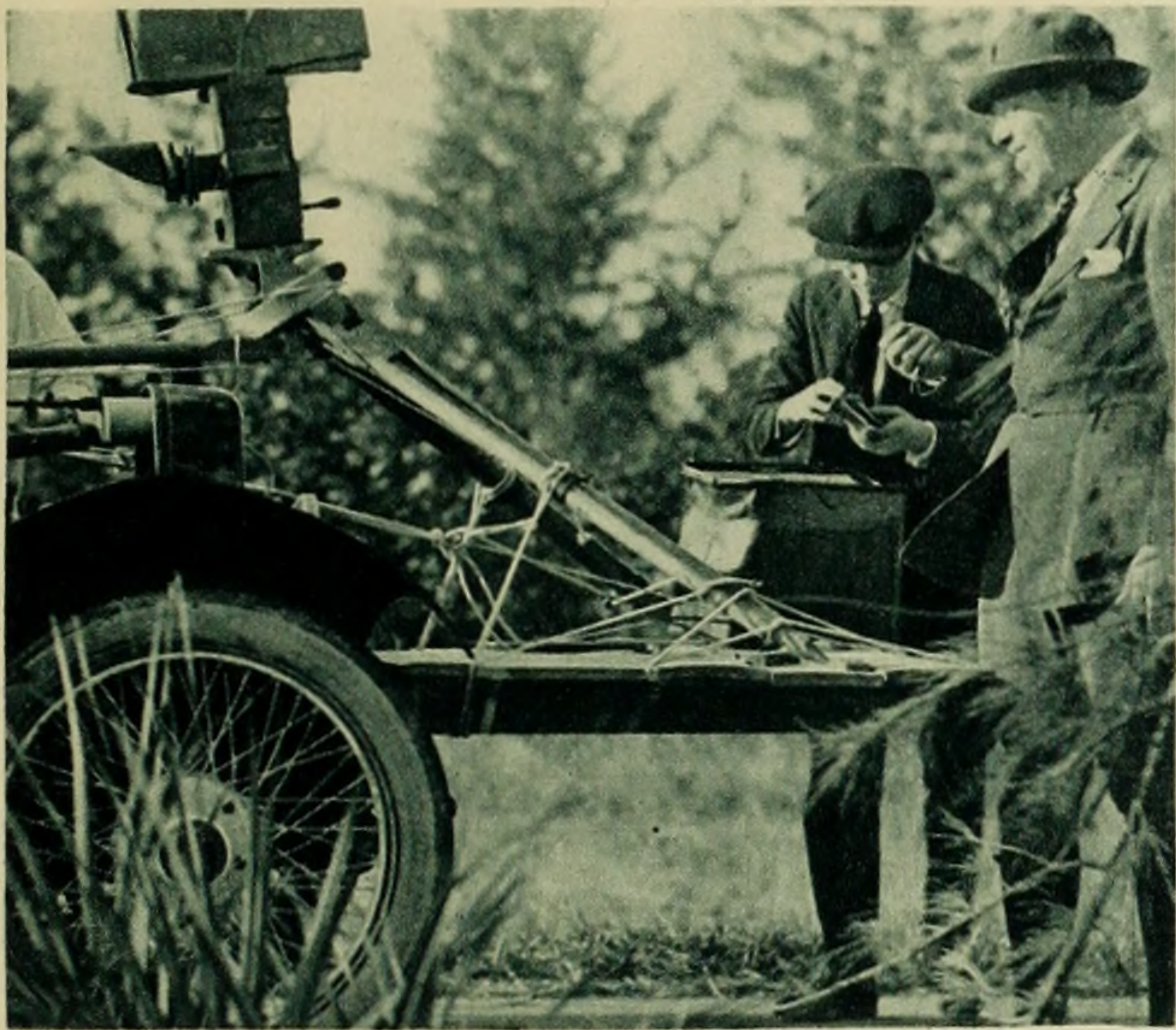
If it were not for the rest of the center picture, on the opposite page, you might think we had snapped Marion Davies out for a little motor ride. But she is working, poor child—for beside her is her leading man, Carlyle Blackwell, and across the page is director Robert Leonard, with his camera.

Sonny Washburn is very proud of the newest member of his family: Dwight Ludlow. In fact, Sonny is a self-appointed guardian of the latest arrival, and presents Pop with daily reports of his progress. Bryant, Sr., and Mabel Forrest Washburn complete this group.

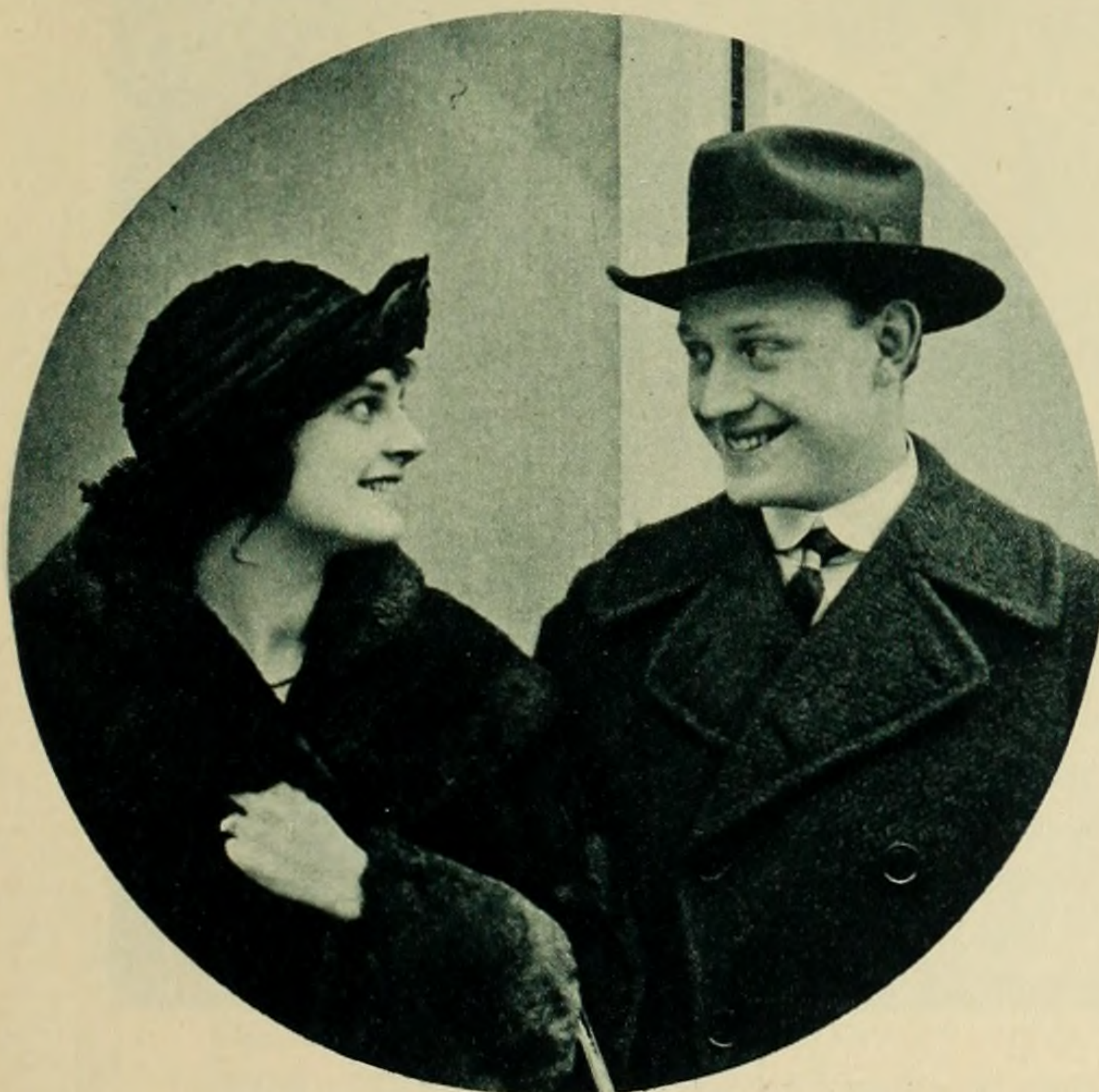




Above: Photoplay offers its first Puzzle Picture. Madge Kennedy assures us that this is a genuine likeness of one of the members of her menagerie. It looks like a tiger-cub with a false nose; Mrs. Kennedy, Madge's mother, says it's a Caola bear, one of Australia's native sons. And—yes, you're right: an admirer of Madge K. Bolster sent it to her, all the way from Melbourne to Culver City.



At the right: Elizabeth France, a seventeen-year-old discovered by Goldwyn. Elizabeth gained entrance as an extra, and has been working ever since. Will she show her stellar temperament by refusing to make anything but chocolate fudge in the future?



Conrad Nagle and Mrs. Nagle, who used to be Ruth Helms. When she went out to the Lasky studio with her young husband, Mrs. Nagle had no intention of becoming an actress. But director Maigne gave her a part in "The Fighting Chance," much to the surprise of friend husband.





INTRODUCING Norma Talmadge in her latest role—as Fashion Editor for Photoplay. Miss Talmadge's good taste in clothes is always evident. The first of her discussions of the whys and wherefores of attractive and practical dressing follows.

CLOSE-UPS

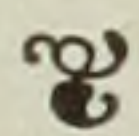
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Draining the Old Hokum Bucket. The movie museum of anthropoid freaks, including the "sis" preacher, the fur-whiskered doctor with his bag of screw-drivers, the big business man who can't eat a home dinner without his Tuxedo, and the cowboys who never work—this anthropological collection, we started to say, is about to welcome a new member: the conventional picture college man.

The fraternities are after him, the Greek letters are going to get him, whether he watches out or not. Pi Delta Epsilon, for one, raises its classic arms in defense of the outraged undergraduate. Philip C. Pack, Pi Delta Epsilon's former national secretary, says:

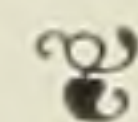
"Despite the fact that now and then a college man kicks over the traces and lands in the newspapers, he is, on the whole, a pretty sober, earnest sort of chap. But the picture producer exhibits him on the screen as a sartorial nightmare, a cross between Lothario and Beelzebub, strangled in fire-risk cravats, suspended in high-water trousers, hiding behind an enormous letter on an enormous sweater, living in a den of pipes and pennants, and dividing his time equally between scrapes and scandals, touches on the old folks at home, and snake-dances at 2 A. M. The college man of today is not a drunkard; he is not a ruffian; he is not a loose spend-thrift; he is not an irresponsible animal. On the contrary, the college man of today, with few exceptions, is a temperate, gentlemanly, conservative young fellow with a real ambition in life."

Slowly, but surely, the old hokum bucket is being drained. May it never be refilled!



The Towel-Throwers of the Orient. A Chinaman, they say, will buy a rosary of rice or a clean collar—but he won't pay real money for something he cannot see. So: he never buys a ticket upon entering one of his native cinema-theatres. He goes in, takes a seat, and watches the picture up to a certain point. If he is, as we say in our vulgar Occidental fashion, "sold" on the proposition, he purchases his ticket and stays to see the rest of the performance. If it happens to be hot in the theatre, during the course of the entertainment ushers will pass through the aisles with wet towels. They fling these towels into the audience when a spectator signifies a desire for temporary relief from the heat; and, as this towel-throwing contest natu-

rally interferes with a vision of the screen, the picture is stopped at regular intervals to allow for it! But if these customs are or seem to be clumsy, consider the up-to-date higher-class houses, where a Chinese lady of good standing may meet her escort in the lobby and dine in the supper-room, which is a feature of all the best cinemas.

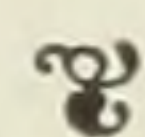


A Mile-Stone. The most important thing about a play is . . . the play. Or, to modernize Shakespeare's immortal remark, the author.

The author is far more important, as far as a novel is concerned, than the man who illustrates it, the editor who prints it serially, or the publisher who issues it as a book.

Yet, it took nerve to do what the Goldwyn picture publishing house did on the title frame of "Partners of the Night"—give entire and supreme prominence to author Le Roy Scott, to the exclusion of the entire scenarioizing, consulting, assisting, photographing, developing, printing, cutting, releasing, exploiting and advertising regiment who usually come in for croix-de-guerre honors in type.

It wasn't a very great picture. It wasn't by any means the best of Le Roy Scott's stories. But in authorial credit it rose up and slapped old tradition right in the face.



Trusting to Irish Luck—Perhaps. Two worthy Hebrew gentlemen, who, in the film business in Hollywood, had vastly expanded a modest stake hardly and honestly earned in New York suits and clothing, acquired a snappy motor-car as a joint possession.

They also acquired a snappy Irish Chauffeur, who took them, as a try-out, for an exceedingly snappy ride.

As the car went faster and faster, tearing over busy crossings without as much as a hesitation, missing passing fenders by microscopic fractions of an inch and taking curves on two wheels, Aaron began, naturally enough, to get timorous.

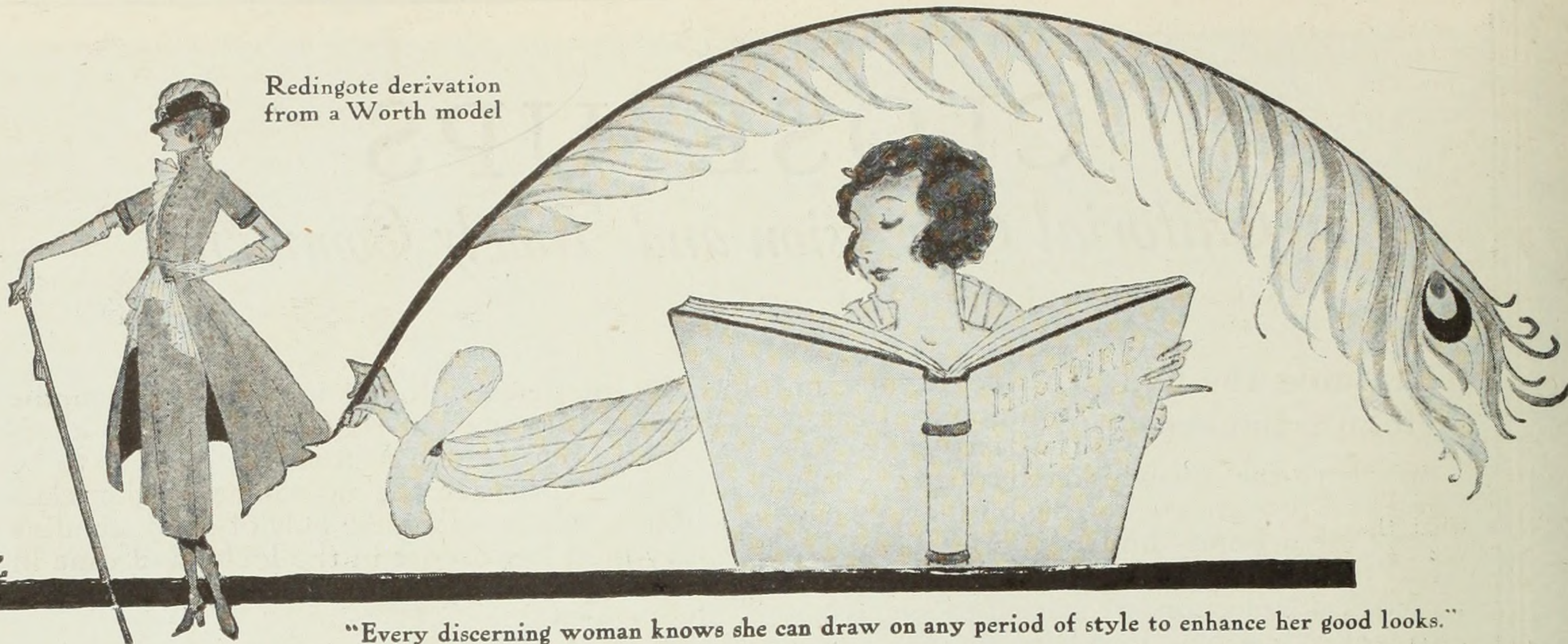
"He'll kill us both!" he shrieked to his partner.

"Nonsense!" answered David. "Ain't he got his own life to look out for as well as ours?"

"But," protested Aaron, "what does an Irishman care for his life if he can kill a coupla Jewish fellers?"

The leading designers of New York and Paris today admit the movies are *creating* the styles — not merely following them.

Redingote derivation from a Worth model



"Every discerning woman knows she can draw on any period of style to enhance her good looks."

What "Fashion" Really Means

The first of a series of articles by the screen's acknowledged leader of fashions.

By NORMA TALMADGE

WHEN I was a very small girl I used to shut myself up with my dollies on a rainy day and discuss clothes with them. Very gravely the dolls and I would go over the subject of new clothes—with me as the active spokesman—or, maybe I should say spokeswoman.

If we weren't interrupted we generally got the winter or summer wardrobe fairly settled before it was time for me to set the table for supper.

After settling *what* we should wear it was up to me to get into mother's good graces for the necessary materials. Many a sinkful of dishes have I washed for the sake of a coveted bit of lace or scrap of silk that meant a party frock for Arabella.

The opportunity to make my first appearance in pictures came just about the time I was through playing with dolls, and for quite some time the only chance I have had to talk clothes has been in regard to my own wardrobe or the gowns of Mother or Constance or Natalie.

And then the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me one day if I didn't want to be his fashion editor, and talk once a month to all you people about clothes and style, and why one wears a certain gown for certain occasions and what fashion really means.

Would I?

I should say so!

I'm awfully grateful to Mr. Quirk for asking me, for, between you and me, I have lots of ideas about fashions that aren't usually put into print, and every time the editor isn't looking I'm going to tell you some of them.

In the first place I think it might be a good idea if we look at this word "fashion" and think what it really means. You say it is the "fashion to wear embroidered dresses" just as our grandmothers used to say it was "the fashion to wear bustles."

But why are certain things "the fashion" at one period?

Why do styles recur at certain intervals?

Where do fashion influences have their origin?

If you want to be a well-dressed woman—and every normal woman does—you should learn the answers to these questions.

I had to find out the answers for myself when I was studying style from the standpoint of the screen.



The history of this suit may be traced back to the ruffles-and-lace days of King Louis XIV.

Now, this matter is not of much importance to the woman who can afford to engage the services of a great stylist to dress her. But most of you girls can't do this—I certainly couldn't during the first years I was in motion picture work. A great number of my dresses during that period I made myself. And even today, when I am in a position to spend quite a bit of money on my wardrobe, I frequently design my own gowns, and then find someone who can grasp my ideas and translate them into clothes.

Do you mind if I say a very serious word right here? A word meant for you girls who "can't sew a stitch." Sometimes you seem to be proud of it. I wonder why? I had just as soon be proud of a cross eye or any other infirmity.

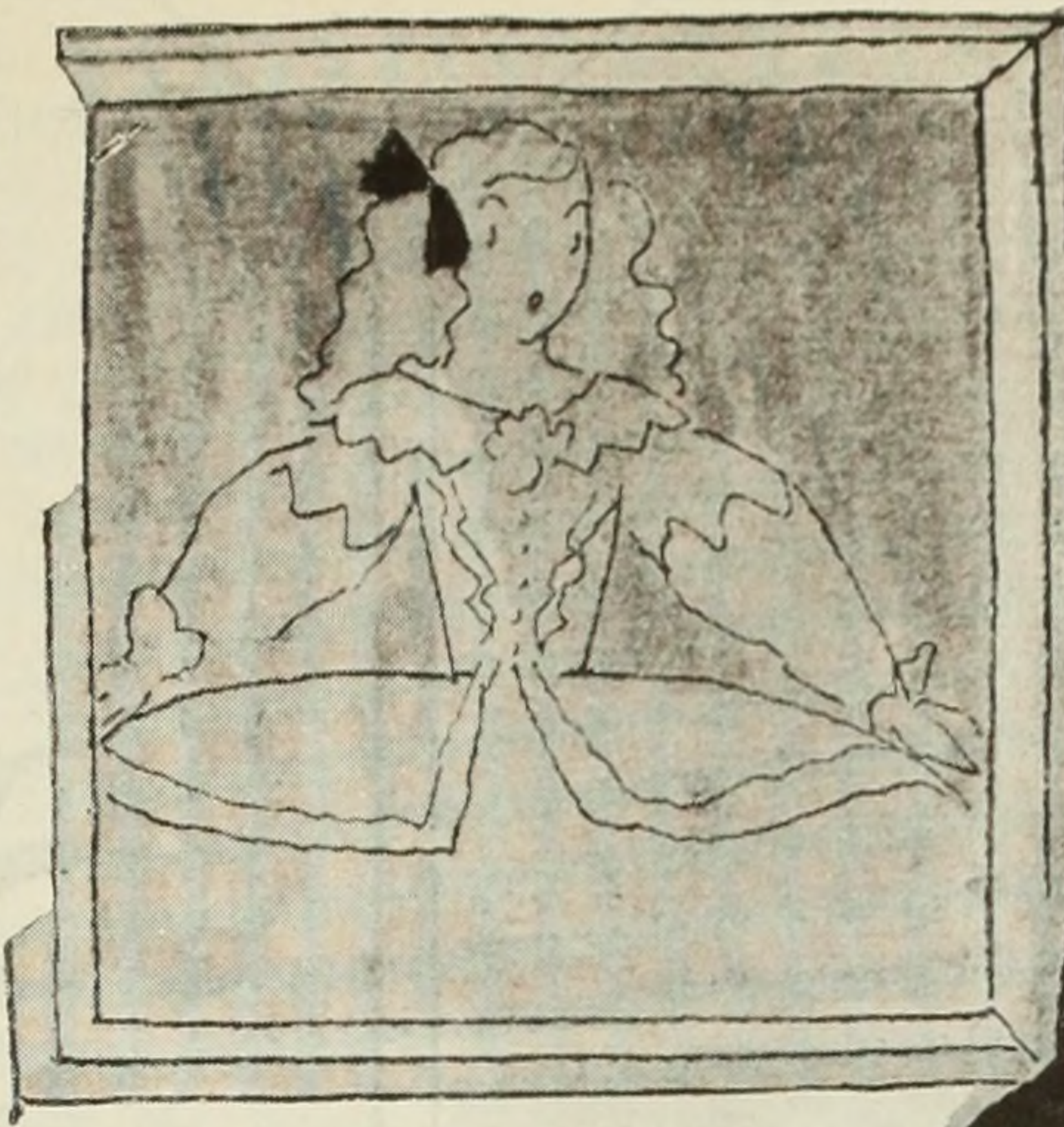
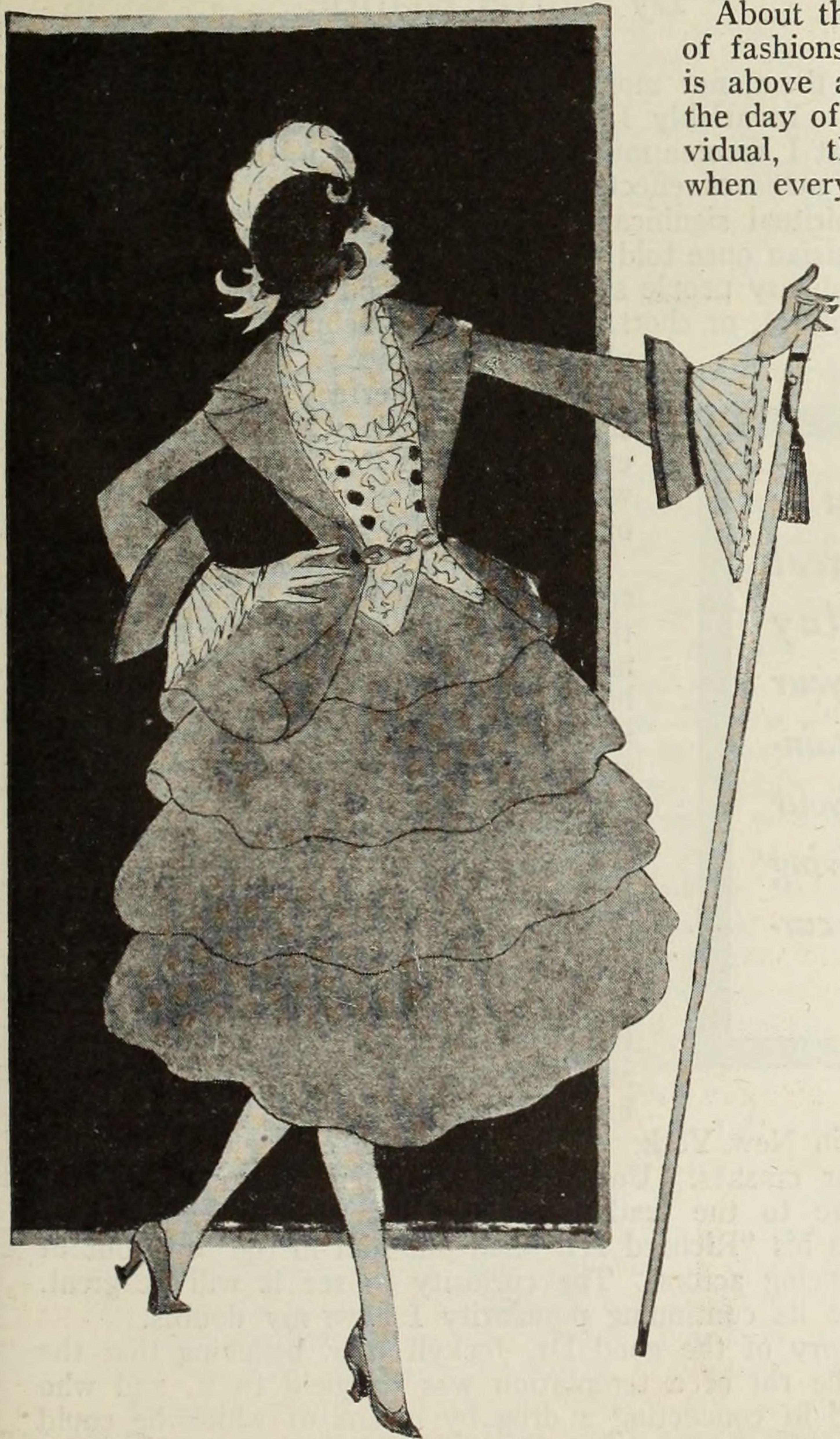
Do you know, you girls who can't—or won't—sew, that this helplessness leaves you at the mercy of the shopkeeper or the dressmaker? You have to take what they give you, not what you want. A pretty little party frock costs you from \$30 to \$40 and up—mostly up. You could make the same thing yourself for \$10 or \$15. More than that, you would have the joy of creating something—and you'd find your hands were good for something besides doing up your hair.

Every time I hear someone adding up the great natural resources of this country I wish with all my heart we could include women in the list. Of course we could add *some* women, but not the big majority, and that worries me.

And I wish the people who make up the qualification list on marriage licenses would add "Can you cook and sew?" to the questions the girl has to answer—and not issue a license until she could prove her claim. My stars! Think of all the bachelors who would be rushing girls to the altar if they had any reasonable hope of obtaining an asset instead of a liability.

But, as I was saying—

About this matter of fashions! Today is above all others the day of the individual, the time when every discern-



Some Paris creators studied the portraits of Velasquez last year. As a result — the basque.

thrown jauntily over one shoulder, or he may embroider a dress in Chinese patterns.

Why is it that we today are breaking away from uniformity in style and seeking to take the best from history and tradition that we may apply it to modern uses?

The World War is one reason. Most of the nations that were fighting with the Allies sent representatives to France. And the French style creators borrowed inspiration from the national dress of the peoples who fought shoulder to shoulder with their own men.

Jean Patou, great soldier as he is great stylist, came back to Paris from the trenches last year and brought with him the Algerian inspiration. The bright colored embroideries of this season, the deep sashes and "harem" skirts we are seeing everywhere today, are the result of Patou's genius.

The cavalry inspired Agnes to feature the redingote dress. Now, redingote means "riding coat" and was popular about 1800. In its modern development the silhouette is buttoned from throat to hem and shows an underskirt of one material worn under a long coat of a contrasting fabric.

Some of the other Paris creators studied the portraits of Velasquez last year, and today we have the basque as a result. Remember this when you see one of those quaint little taffeta dresses with the long tight basque and full skirt. If you have clever fingers you can make one for yourself this summer. They are reproductions of the costumes worn by the Spanish Infanta when Velasquez painted her.

In suits the French creators went back this year to the

(Continued on page 112)

ing woman knows that she can draw on any period of style to enhance her good looks—that her individuality but needs the proper medium of dress to give it expression.

For fashion is the fruit of history, the fruit of romance.

Today a costume artist may take an idea for a blouse from an ancient portrait, and the drape of a skirt from an Indian sarong. He may portray a Spanish cavalier in a wrap that has its fulness





The beautiful Clarine Seymour dances hula hulas and otherwise conducts herself with Richard Barthelmess in fiery South Sea fashion as "The Idol Dancer."

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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

By Burns Mantle

I HAVE a friend, a wise little friend, who insists that John Barrymore's "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde" will be numbered with the classic productions of the screen and, years and years from now, be regularly taken from its tin boxes to be run before the astonished eyes of students of the pictured drama as a perfect sample, not only of what once was accomplished by a great actor before the camera, but of what all actors of even that advanced time should strive to achieve. That is one popular opinion.

I have another friend, not so little and it may be not so wise, who insists as strenuously that "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde" gave her a most terrific attack of the movie blues, from which she has not yet recovered, nor expects ever fully to recover. Its very excellences as an acted horror, says she, have set her advising all the mothers she knows to keep their children away from it and to guard themselves accordingly as their condition and belief in pre-natal influences may suggest.

My own reaction to this cinematographic *tour de force* strikes somewhere between these two. I left the picture cold, not to say clammy, but eager to sing the praises of J. Barrymore and his sincere and quite amazing performance in this famous dual role, by which he reaches the peak of his screen achievements. Eager also to declare it to be the finest bit of directing John Stewart Robertson has ever done, and a job that places him with the first half dozen intelligent directors in the field.

But I felt a lot like the friend who would keep her children away from it and suffer nary a pang of disappointment if I were told I should never look upon its like again. Frankly I do not care for horrors, either on screen or stage. If they possess a soul-purging virtue that does us good it must work subconsciously in my case, for never a satisfying thrill do I

get from them, nor more than a fleeting suggestion of entertainment. Invariably I am so very conscious of the actor's acting that I become much more interested in the facility with which he achieves effects than in the effects themselves. Or in the spiritual significance involved.

A physician once told me that medical men never see a person as ordinary people see him; as a good looking, or homely, or thin, or fat, or short, or tall human being, but always as a physical specimen; as one whose features are perfectly assembled or slightly scattered; whose shoulders are evenly squared or curiously twisted; whose legs are sympathetically aligned or humorously mismated.

In somewhat the same way I see actors playing abnormal humans. Sometimes they succeed in stirring my imagination, often they hold my interest, but usually to analyze these emotions is to discover that they are inspired by something commonplace, something plausible, something suggestive of a reasonable human action in the story they are illustrating rather than in the perfect pictures of abnormality they are creating.

So much for "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde." It will easily become the most talked of picture of the time. A door and two windows were broken by the crowds that tried to see it on its first showing in New York. It may tour the country to the tune of similar crashes. Unquestionably it has lifted young Mr. Barrymore to the leadership of his contemporaries of the screen, as his "Richard III." had put him in the forefront of the advancing actors. The curiosity to see it will be great. But as to its continuing popularity I have my doubts.

The story of the good Dr. Jeckyll who, believing that the way to be rid of a temptation was to yield to it, and who succeeded in concocting a drug by means of which he could

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.

transform himself into the brutal and loathsome Mr. Hyde, in which state he was free to revel in all manner of bestial excesses, is too well known to bear repetition. The screen version takes a few more liberties with the Stevenson original than did the Mansfield acting version, but does not overstep cinema license. Hyde is a little more brutal than he was on the stage, Jeckyll far more handsome and soulful (pictorially) than any other actor of our time could make him. The cast is chosen with rare good judgment and includes Martha Mansfield.

"IN SEARCH OF A SINNER"—First National

THE trick of being sanely extravagant in producing comedy is shared by John Emerson and Anita Loos. No one, for instance, will take seriously the premise of their newest Constance Talmadge picture, "In Search of a Sinner." Georgiana Chadbourne's determination to ensnare a styleplus caveman for her second mate, after having lived unhappily for several years with her unco guid first husband, (a geologist who never knew whether she was wearing shadow hose or alpaca bloomers), is palpably overdone. And yet it is so entertaining in its extravagances, and so soundly based in human nature, that even those with just a wee bit sense of humor are happily entertained by it. It is also a use, rather a free use at times, of what the gentlemen of the trade know as "sex stuff" legitimately employed. Georgiana's desires may be suggestively exaggerated, but they are never offensively dragged in for the sake of the sensation they may create. Which marks the difference between the sex theme handled by a normally clean-minded director and one made by a dirt hound. Some day I'm going a-gunning for dirt hounds. Miss Talmadge is gorgeously amusing as this exhibit from her collection of virtuous vamps. A good actress, a good comedienne and a nifty dresser, this young woman.

"THE IDOL DANCER"—Griffith—First National

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH still has his whip in "The Idol Dancer," but he uses it sparingly and only on a slave person who probably was used to it. Many of my confreres report this a disappointing picture, but I suspect if anyone else had made it they would have considered it very good. You can't help expecting a lot from D. G. Merely because he is D. G. I quarrel with him as frequently as any gent whose business it is to comment upon the work he does, but between ourselves the quarreling is largely inspired by the hope that it may make him so doggone mad some day he will take it seriously and double back to the time when he was at once the leader and the promise of the screen. He went all the way to the Bahamas for the local color needed for "The Idol Dancer" and brought precious little back that he cou'd not have ordered in his Westchester studio, or found in Florida. Unless it be the native canoe in which the men of the threatened village paddle umteen miles in umteen minutes to save Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess and the other worth-saving persons of the cast from manhandling, arson and sudden death. However, better a real background that seems a waste of money than an imitation that could be recognized.

The only really disappointing feature of "The Idol Dancer" to me is the commonplace and familiar story—familiar in the sense that it is the old complication of the lost sinner and the hopeful saint with their horns locked in a battle for the girl. It has a little new color in this instance because one boy is a beach-comber, an atheistical youth who is willing to let the faithful worship what god they will so long as they leave him his gin and room on the sand to sleep off his excesses, and the other a New Englander with weak lungs who comes suddenly upon the beauteous Seymour dancing the hula-hula and straightway wants to live. For which neither you nor I could blame him. The Seymour herself is a native girl adopted by an old English salt, to excuse her speaking English tites, and renamed Mary. She wears not so very much in front and a little less than 'alf of that be'ind, as the gifted Rudyard phrased it, and she is a beauty bright from the bells on her toes to the permanent wave in her hair (a wave she never learned to do in the South Sea Islands.) Moreover she not only negotiates the hula with considerable grace, but she plays the dramatic scenes with enough fire and sincerity almost to convince you that she is what she pretends to be, a dusky island belle. Richard Barthelmess is the heavy-eyed beach comber, a youngish youth to carry his philosophy of life, but handsome and a good screen actor, with personal appeal plus.



Jack Barrymore by his sincere and amazing performance in the dual role of "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," reaches the peak of his screen achievements.



Seeing "Dangerous Days" is to be thrilled again by those stirring events that gripped us during war times a couple of years ago.



When you've seen Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss," maybe you'll go home and have a good cry over the way her beauty and talent are wasted.

"DANGEROUS DAYS"—Goldwyn

THE thrills in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Dangerous Days" have been reduced to pleasantly reminiscent titillations by the element of time. Seeing the picture is a little like picking up a war-time copy of Philadelphia's favorite weekly and re-reading the introduction to a story we recall as having stirred us profoundly a long time ago. But I, for one, find myself still interested in stories of the late war, if they are good stories, and I am quite convinced that there are certain things in connection therewith, certain passions and certain ideals at that time aroused, that no American, now made or being remade, should be permitted to forget, even if it is his confessed desire to forget them. Therefore I endorse "Dangerous Days" as memory-stirring propaganda. It quite frankly recalls the plottings of the enemies within in its pictured blowing up of an American steel mill when the war first broke, but more importantly it presents the influences that were brought to bear upon the youth of the country to weaken their patriotic and manly impulses, and glorifies their strength in overcoming them. Hokum to some, but to me a needful and worthy inspiration that cannot too frequently be given an opportunity to register. "Dangerous Days" is splendidly acted and sanely screened. Lawson Butt, than whom there are few more intelligent leading men of middle years in our cinema lists, plays the leading role, and he is ably assisted, particularly by little Ann Forrest.

"A CHILD FOR SALE"—

Ivan Abramson

IVAN ABRAMSON'S idea of how the rich—the oppressively rich—live, move and acquire their frightfully biased opinions respecting the sufferings of the struggling poor, are rather extravagantly set forth in a melodramatic opus called "A Child for Sale." Also Ivan Abramson's idea of what constitutes a coherent and convincing dramatic story, taking this picture as a sample, offers many opportunities for the raucous hoot and the mirthful snort. But Ivan Abramson's belief in himself as a propagandist, and the honest impulse that inspired his attempt to expose the worst of the profiteers and the most shallow of philanthropists protects him from the stabs of this particular pen. His picture is an inartistic jumble of unrelated incidents to me, but to Mr. Abramson it represents the sincere protest of one who would take a hand in setting the world straight by proving, among other things, that striking laborers as well as profiteering capitalists, are responsible for much of the prevalent misery. And I admire his courage.

"THE FAMILY HONOR"—Vidor-First National

KING VIDOR could profitably have given a little more thought to what the experts speak of as the "motivation" of "The Family Honor." Did he wish to emphasize the recovery of that sacred trust by the sweet Southern heroine? Or the fall, and ultimate rise, of her brother, who became a gambler and a waster at college, returned home too proud to work and didn't care a hoot for family honor or anything else? Or the benign influence of a trusting child who, walking blithely into a courtroom at the crisis of a murder trial, immediately so

influences everyone concerned that perjured witnesses insist upon reversing their testimony, guilty men are inspired to reform, villainy is completely unmasked and the sun shines in glorious benediction over all? Using all these themes, he rather scatters his best material and just another prettily pictured but plainly manufactured screen story is the result.

"MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN"—Paramount-Artcraft

ELMER CLIFTON, who put Dorothy Gish through her star's paces in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," was forced to work with considerable cinema chaff to get five reels out of his subject. The unsophisticated maid who, clerking in a country store, dreams of the big city and is simply dying to go on the stage, is not one to lift a director to his toes with enthusiasm. But, thanks to Dorothy, who certainly has a way with her, "Mary Ellen" fills in quite satisfactorily in the feature position on the bill. A pleasant trifle, well done. Dorothy's personality and smile are attractive. Ralph Graves is a clean-looking good boy, Charles Gerrard an excellent weasel. The Cabaret is familiar, the raid ditto, but a majority of the scenes are well posed.

"EXCUSE MY DUST"—

Paramount-Artcraft

I LIKED Wallace Reid's "Excuse My Dust," first, because it is a good short story, attractively screened, and second, because its creators have not tried to make it anything more than that. One of the eleven or fourteen things we all find to object to in pictures is the obvious effort of scenarioist and director, the one usually abetting the other, to build a mansion out of the material laid down for a bungalow. When the thing is finished the foundation is fairly solid, but the superstructure is so very wobbly and thin you can plainly see through it.

"Excuse My Dust" relates a plausible and interesting incident in the life of "Toodles" Walden, erstwhile demon driver of the good old Darco bus that won the Los Angeles-San Francisco road race in "Speed Up."

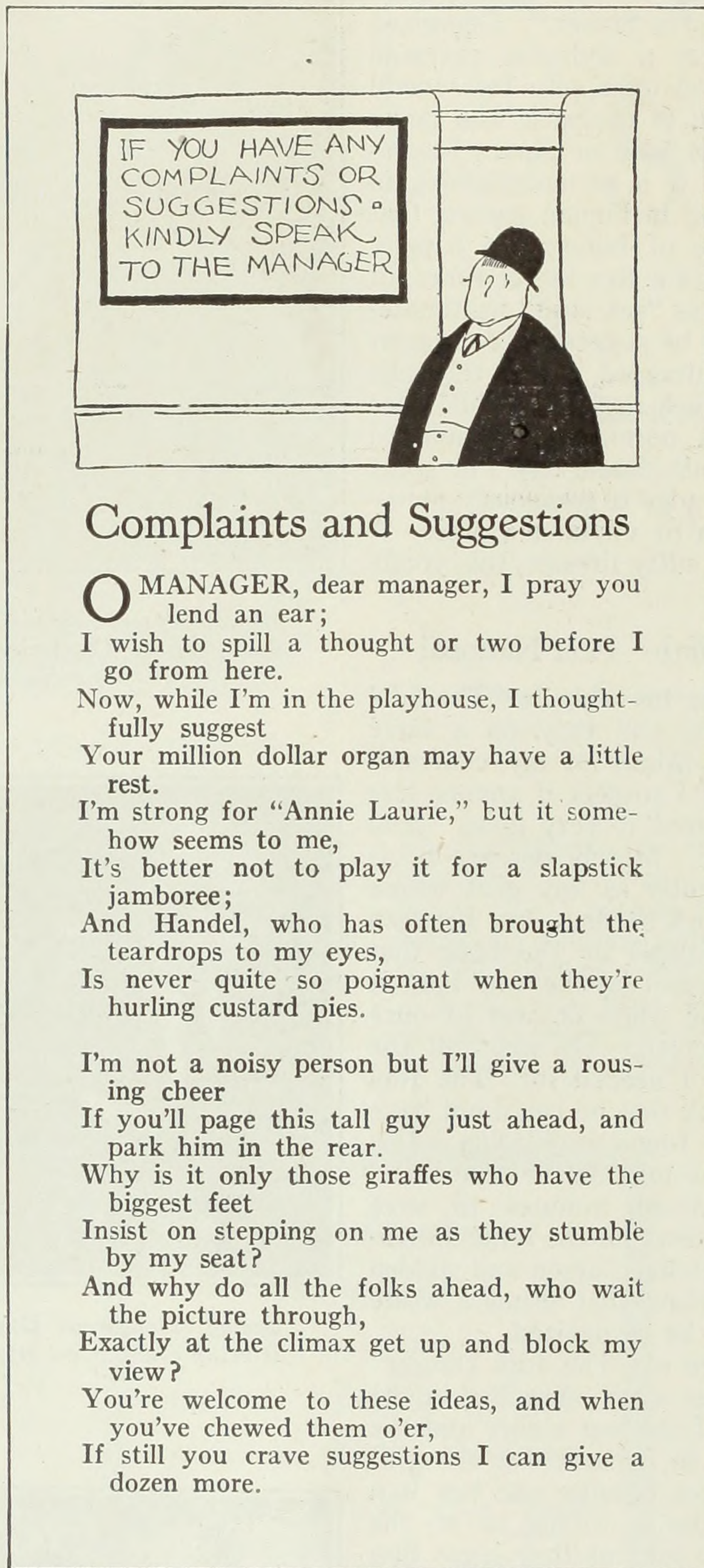
No sex stuff here, and no suave young villain. Just a good, interesting, at times exciting, and always well told short story. The ingratiating Reid is as cheering a screen hero as usual. Theodore Rober's is excellent as the blustering "J. D.," and Ann Little is a lovable wife.

"OLD LADY 31"—Metro

I DON'T suppose the president of a motion picture concern could reasonably bring suit against one of his own directors for having failed to extract full value from the picture material given him to work with—a jury of picture fans to render the verdict.

But if Richard A. Rowland of Metro ever wants to sue Supervising Director Karger and Working Director John E. Ince for having missed a fine chance in their screening of "Old Lady 31" I'll serve as a witness for the prosecution. To my way of thinking, there has not been less intelligence, not to say less plain common sense, shown in the adapting of any other picture I have seen this month.

(Continued on page 95)



Complaints and Suggestions

O MANAGER, dear manager, I pray you lend an ear; I wish to spill a thought or two before I go from here.

Now, while I'm in the playhouse, I thoughtfully suggest Your million dollar organ may have a little rest.

I'm strong for "Annie Laurie," but it somehow seems to me, It's better not to play it for a slapstick jamboree; And Handel, who has often brought the teardrops to my eyes, Is never quite so poignant when they're hurling custard pies.

I'm not a noisy person but I'll give a rousing cheer If you'll page this tall guy just ahead, and park him in the rear.

Why is it only those giraffes who have the biggest feet Insist on stepping on me as they stumble by my seat?

And why do all the folks ahead, who wait the picture through, Exactly at the climax get up and block my view?

You're welcome to these ideas, and when you've chewed them o'er, If still you crave suggestions I can give a dozen more.

Your hands express your real self—Be sure you manicure them the right way

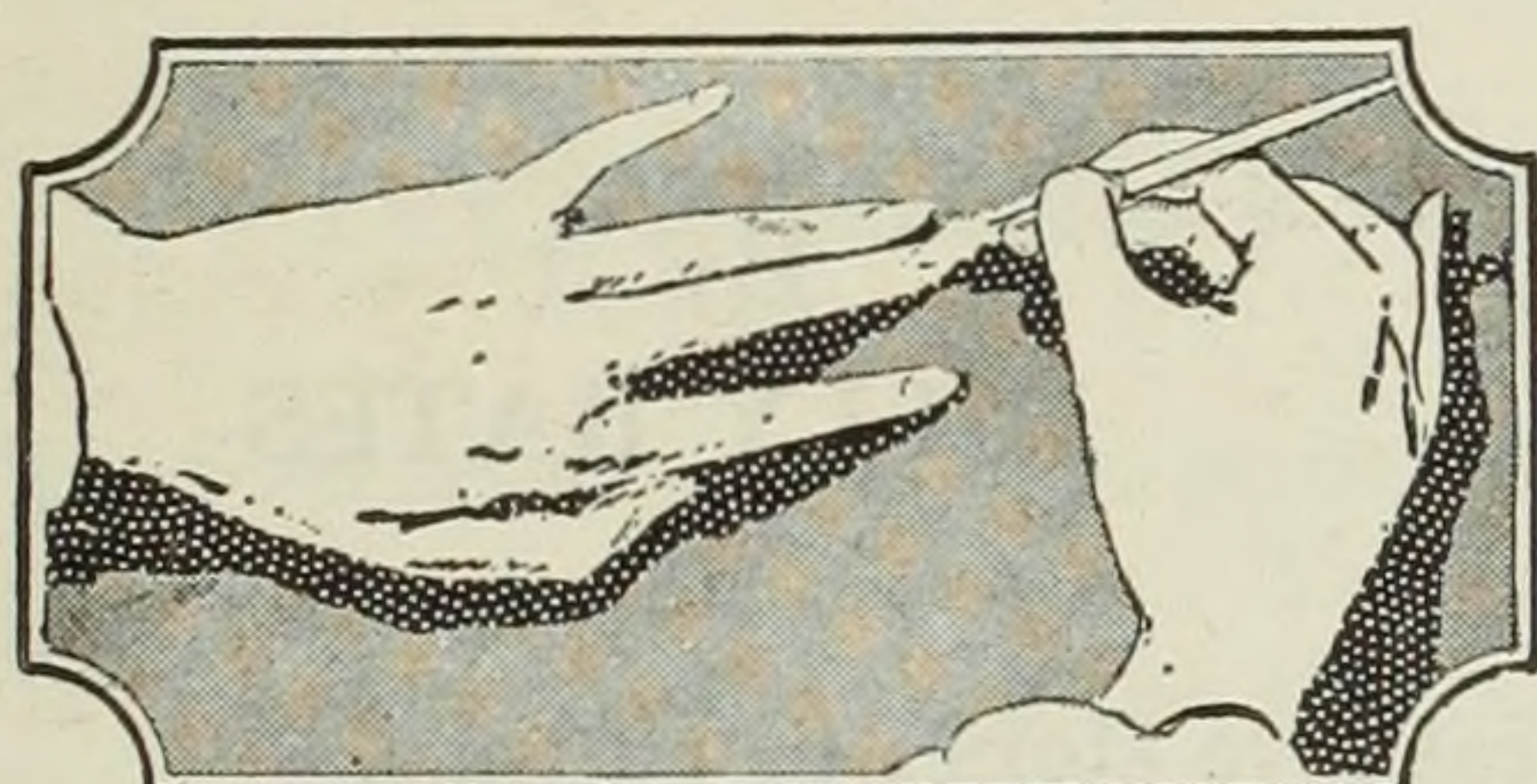


How you can have hands as well groomed as these

THE consciousness of unbecoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next

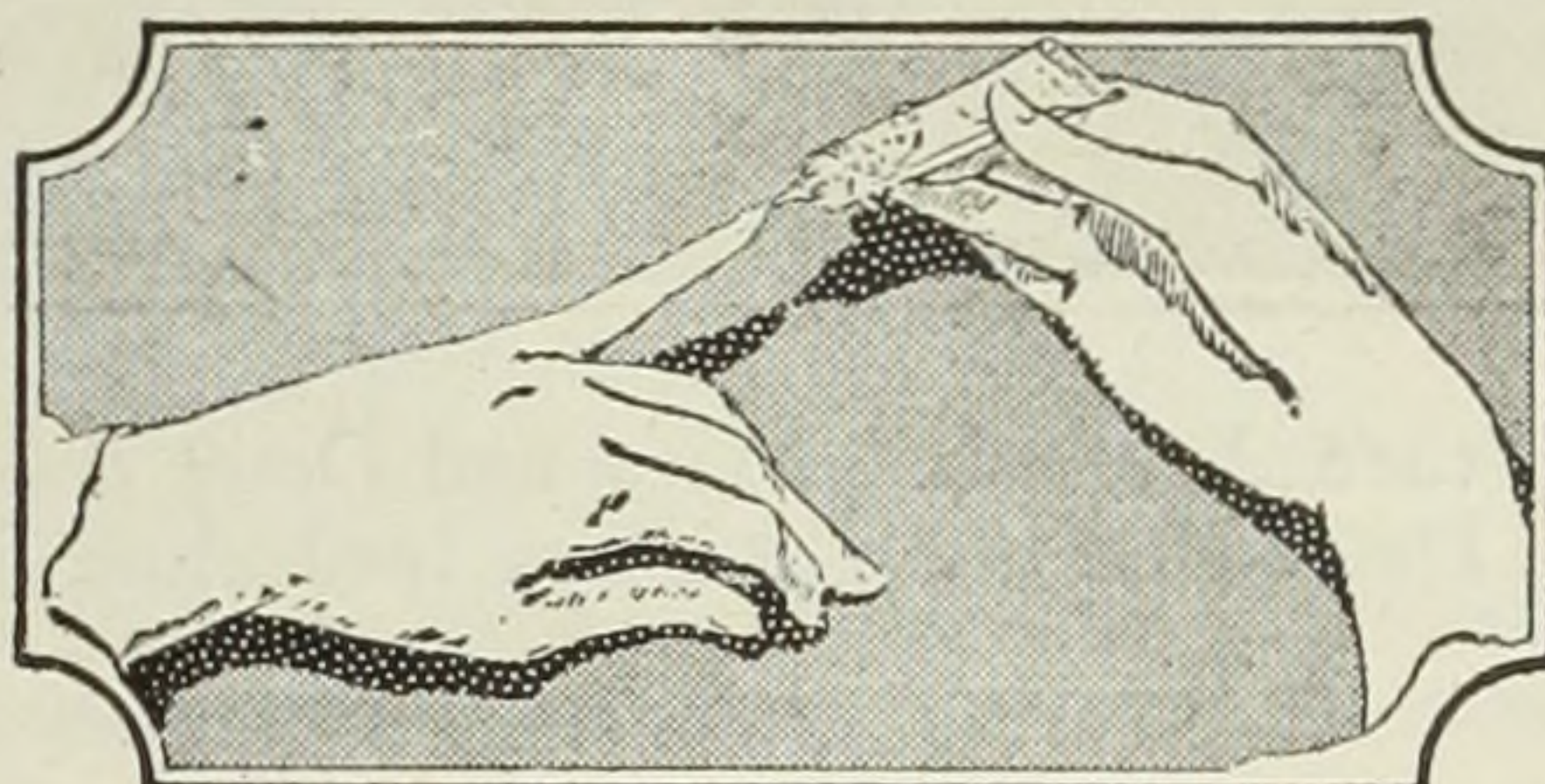


Cutex quickly and harmlessly softens and removes surplus cuticle

to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the

manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex



Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail

way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of

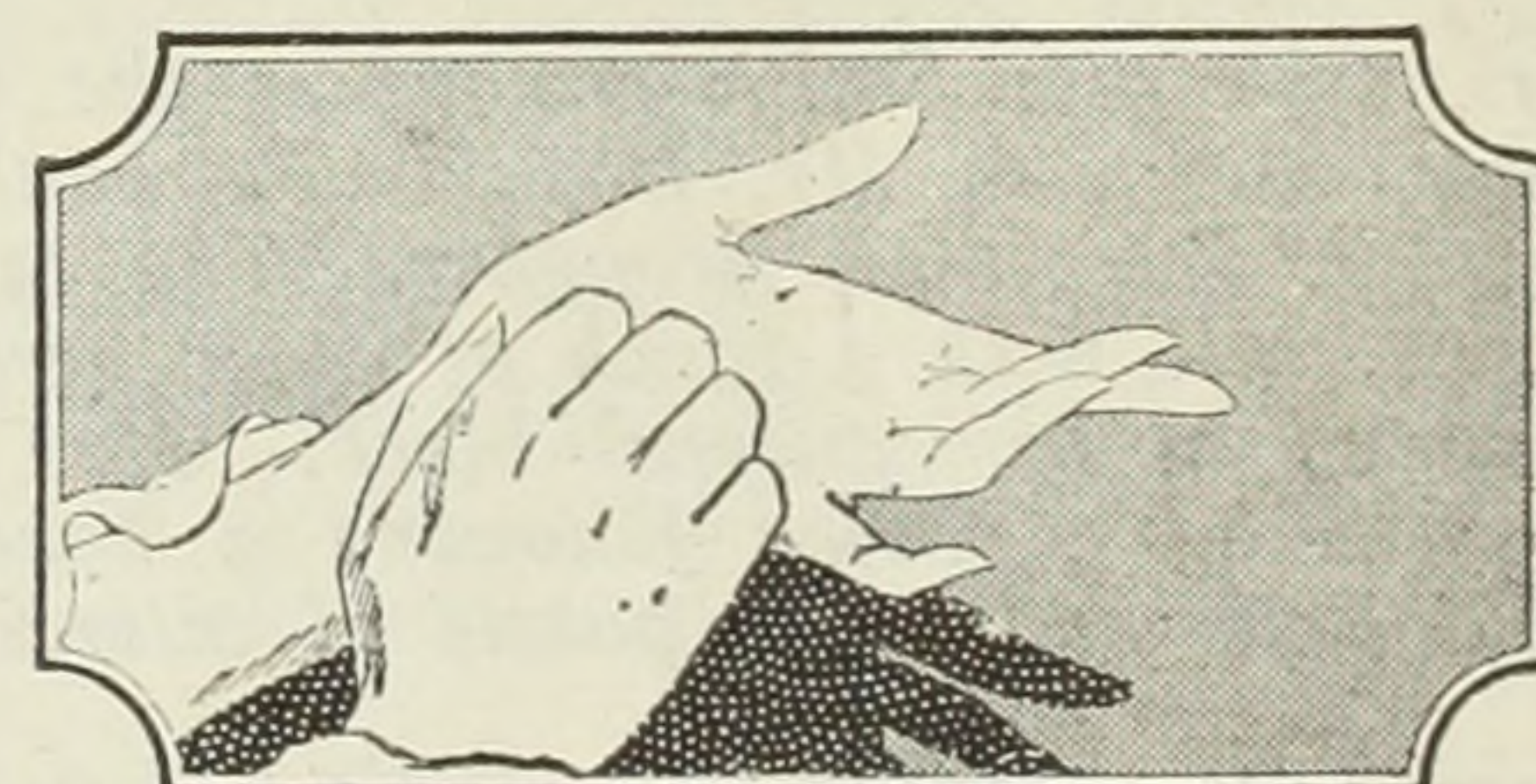
Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

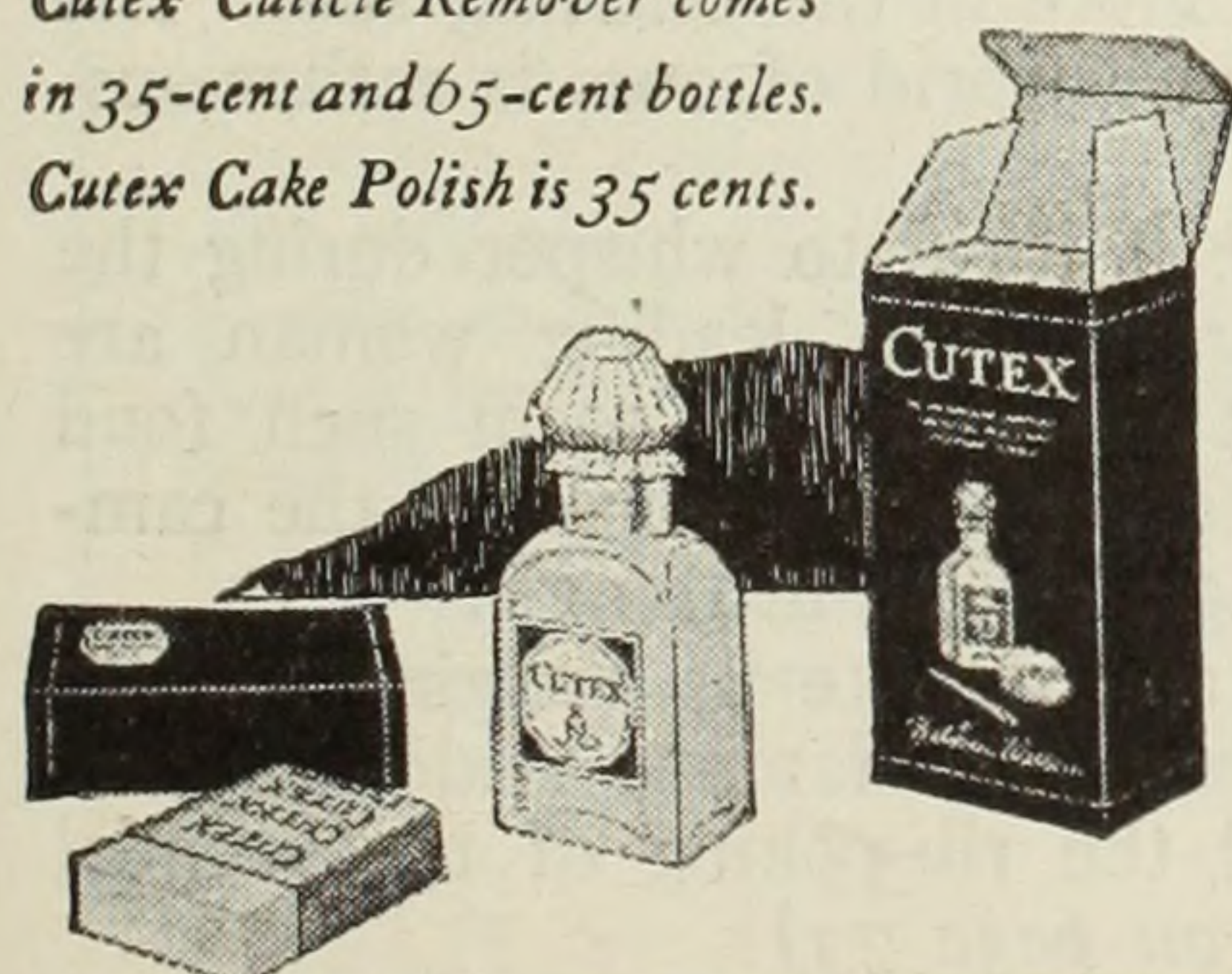
Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West



Put a bit of Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it

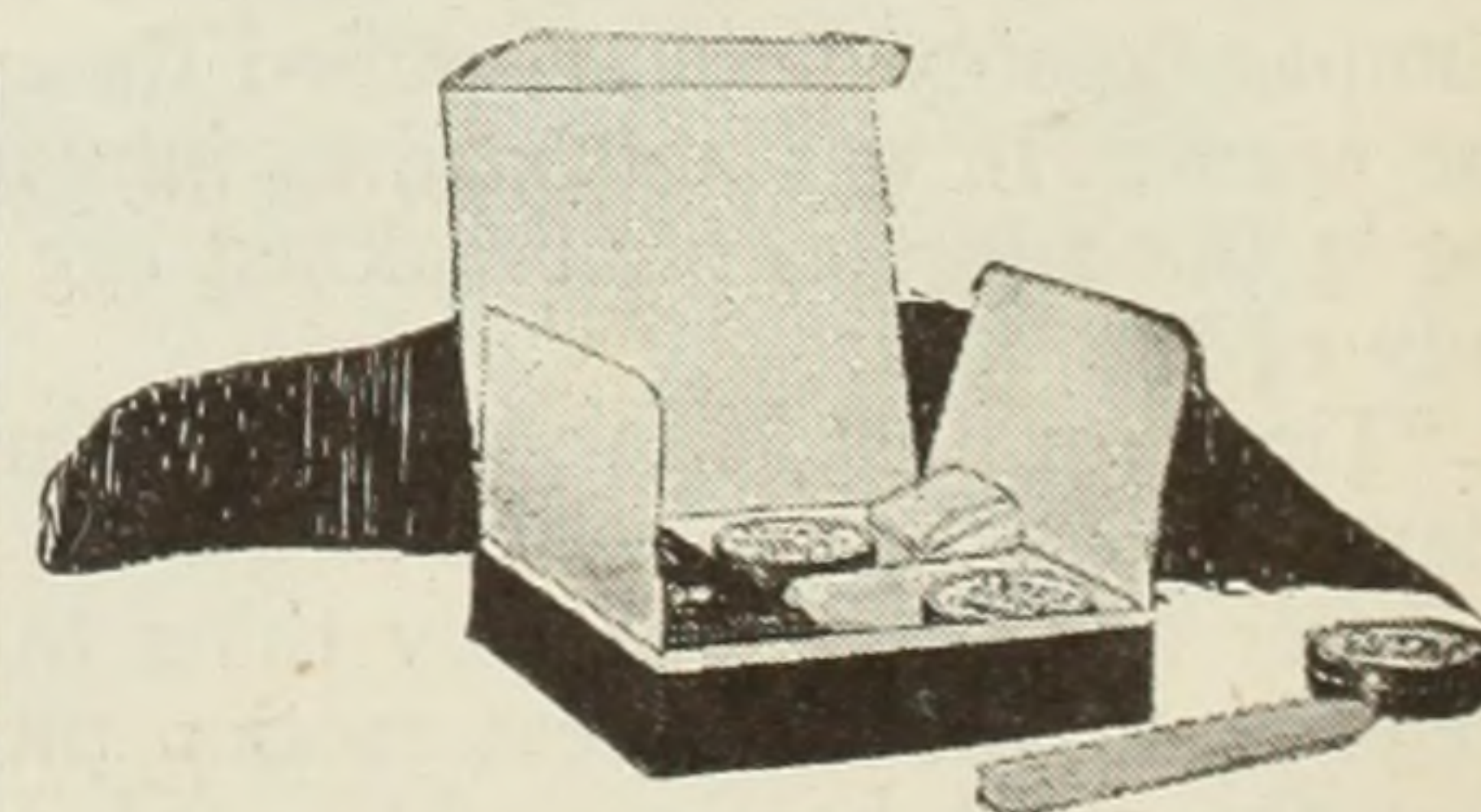
17th St., New York City. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 706, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*

Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35-cent and 65-cent bottles. Cutex Cake Polish is 35 cents.



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

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When friendship turned to love. Mary and Doug doing their bit in the Liberty Loan Drive that brought them into close companionship.

The Pickford-Fairbanks Wooing

The story of filmdom's greatest real life romance with a moonlight fade-out.

By
BILLY BATES

"Mrs. Charlotte Smith announces the wedding of her daughter, Mary, to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks at the home of Rev. F. Whitcomb Brouger. The bride wore white satin and tulle with a touch of apple green. The groom was garbed in conventional black. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will be at home following a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls and other points of interest in the East."

THAT'S the way they would have liked to see it in the papers. Just a quiet little ceremony, with the bride smiling—and perhaps weeping a little, as brides do—and the groom blushing and clumsy and nervous, as any plumber might be, facing the future and the installment plan collector with a high heart, a steady job and the woman of his choice.

Instead of that, astonishing newspaper headlines shrieked out the story in giant type. Telegraph and cable wires ticked the details across the world. In every home mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers chatted over the precious news. Cynical, worried old Wall street, harassed by an upset world and a humpty-dumpty market, smiled its cynical, worried smile over the event. It was not hard to imagine President Wilson pausing in the midst of his breakfast egg and remarking to the first lady of the land:

"Think of that, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are married."

After all, it was the only thing to expect. The wooing and wedding of the two great motion picture stars was a romance that the most hectic scribbler of scenarios might have hesitated to tap off on his wheezy typewriter.

It is one of the great love stories of all time.

Well may the two of them—Mary and Doug—long for the pure rays of the moon to silver their romance. It is the moonlight they will seek when they go far away from everything—just the two of them, alone. And it is high time the film of their narrative is tinted with the sentimental blue of eventide that so long has been lacking.

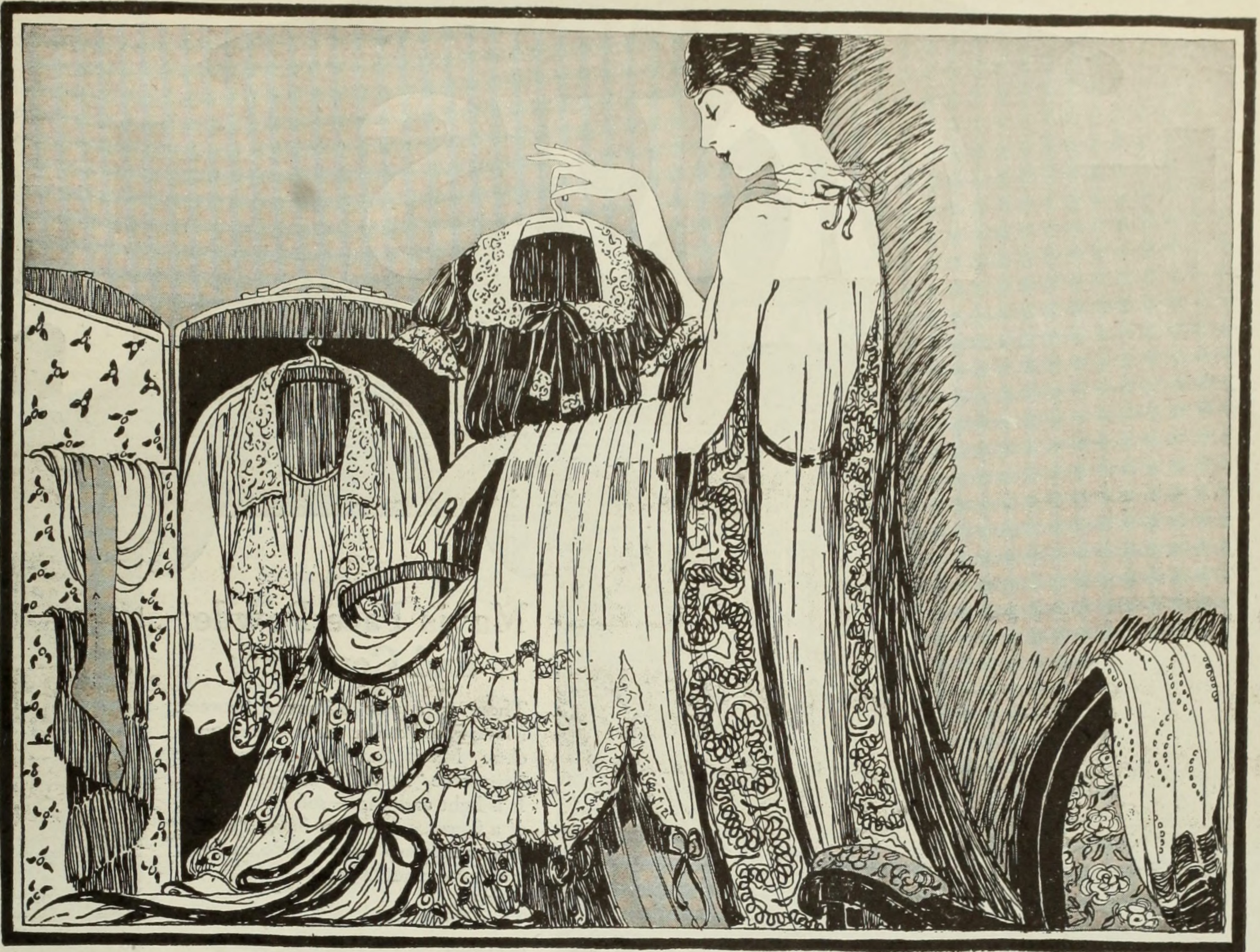
Instead of that they have been forced to their love-making in the glare of the mid-day sun of publicity. To them it has been as if their most intimate and personal moments were lived under the harsh light of noon with the relentless eye of the camera recording their slightest gesture and a case-hardened director criticising their action. To say nothing of the world and his wife, brimming with gossip, waiting for the screening of the scene.

There has been much talk already of the final fadeout. There are those skeptics who are whispering their expectation of still another reel, done once more in the blinding sun. The sad fact remains that this too wise world of ours is rather suspicious of moonlight.

It has reached the age where it loves to whisper during the emotional scene that the tears of the leading woman are achieved by glycerine and that the pair who seem such fond lovers on the screen do not speak to each other once the camera man ceases to mark his magic circles in the air.

But despite the cynic world and despite its wagging tongue, there is a great love story behind this famous wedding. Far above the sly eye-winking and the rib-poking of the scandal

(Continued on page 73)



SILKS—SATINS—LACE

Kept dainty and new through the longest vacationing

MADAME has given instructions to pack only the finest, the filmiest. The silk and valenciennes underthings and the sheerest of the stockings. The georgette frocks with their extravagantly simple air. Two favorite negligées and the loveliest of the blouses.

Always Madame refuses to be bothered with the great number of her possessions—only the most adored. For with Lux these few can be kept so fresh, so exquisite.

At the first speck of dinginess in filet collar or cuff, Marie tosses the beloved one into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The foamy bubbles cover it. The rich lather presses through and through it. Every tiny thread is searched out and cleansed snowy white.

In half an hour the pretty thing will be bright and sweet and summery again, looking as calmly new as if it had just come out of the specialty shop's tissue wrappings!

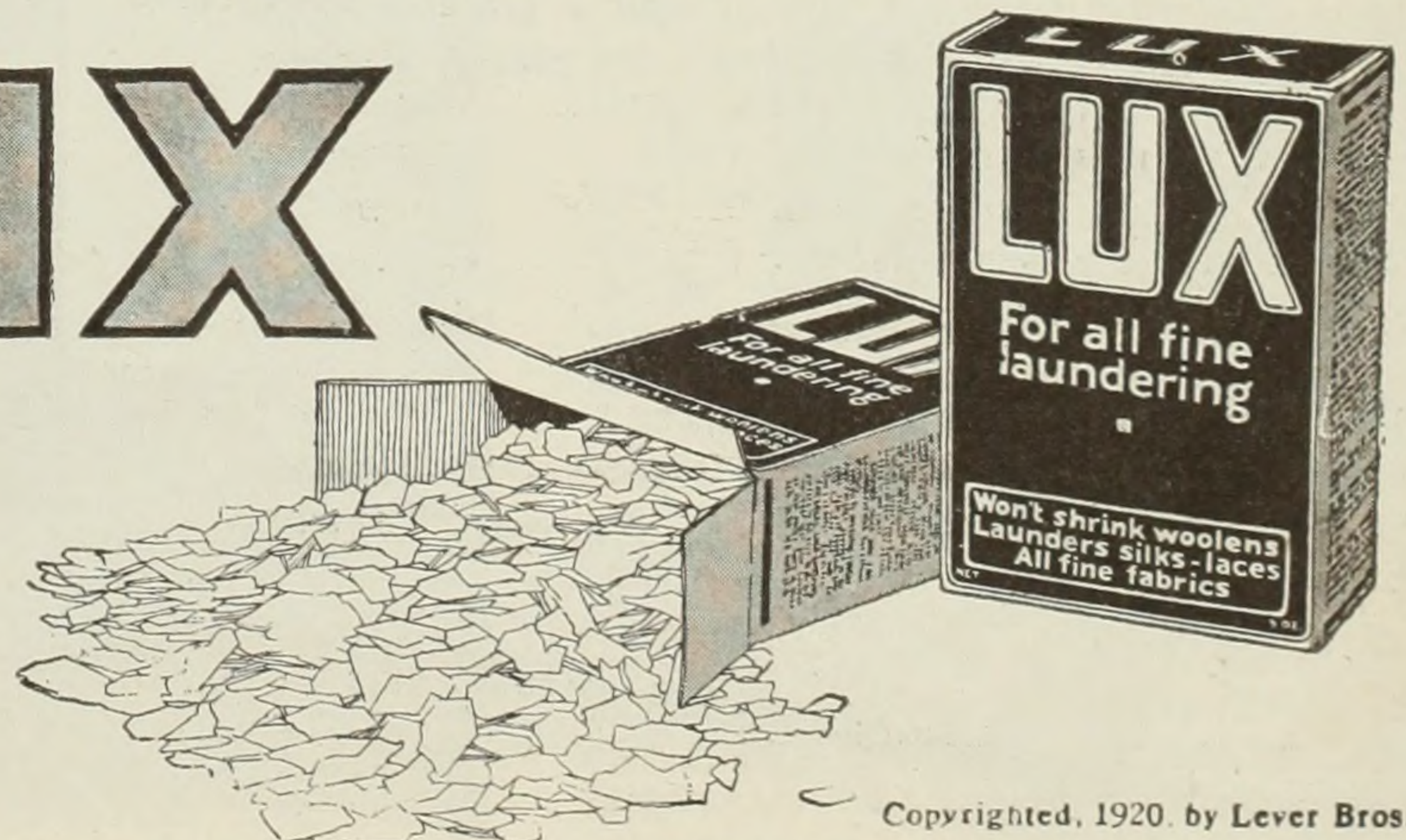
The old way of washing was so heartless. Many a fragile blouse has Madame wept over in the old days—actually scrubbed to death! But the Lux way is so different. It is so gentle, so careful with her fine things.

There's never a bit of pasty cake soap to stick to the silk thread and be ironed into it! Never a thought of a cruel rub! The pure suds just whisk the dirt away and leave the fabric whole and new, the color clear. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready for Madame. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder silks

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down in the rich lather. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron. Jersey silk and georgette crêpe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron.

LUX



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PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

MAVIS

-TALC-FACE POWDER-PERFUME-TOILET WATER-



NAOMI CHILDERS
© FLOYD N.Y.

Mavis Face Powder and Compacts

There is a vast difference between Mavis Face Powder and ordinary powders. Mavis Face Powder does not have to be "heavy" to make it stay on. It is light and pure—soft as the petal of a flower. It cannot injure the skin as some "heavy" powders do, and yet, it stays on unusually well.

That Mavis Powders are far superior is proven by the fact that millions of women prefer them. They know that the difference in powders shows in their complexions.

Do not be misled by extravagant claims of inferior products.

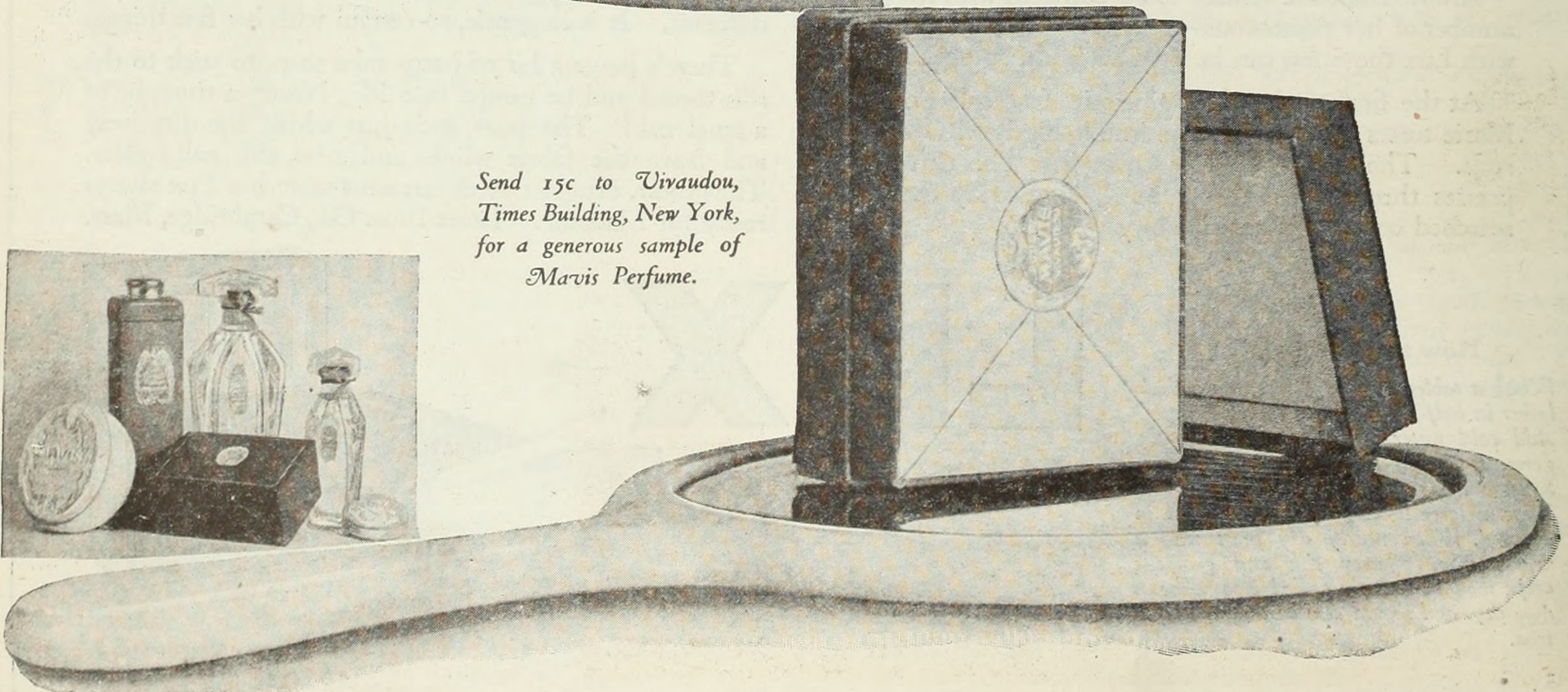
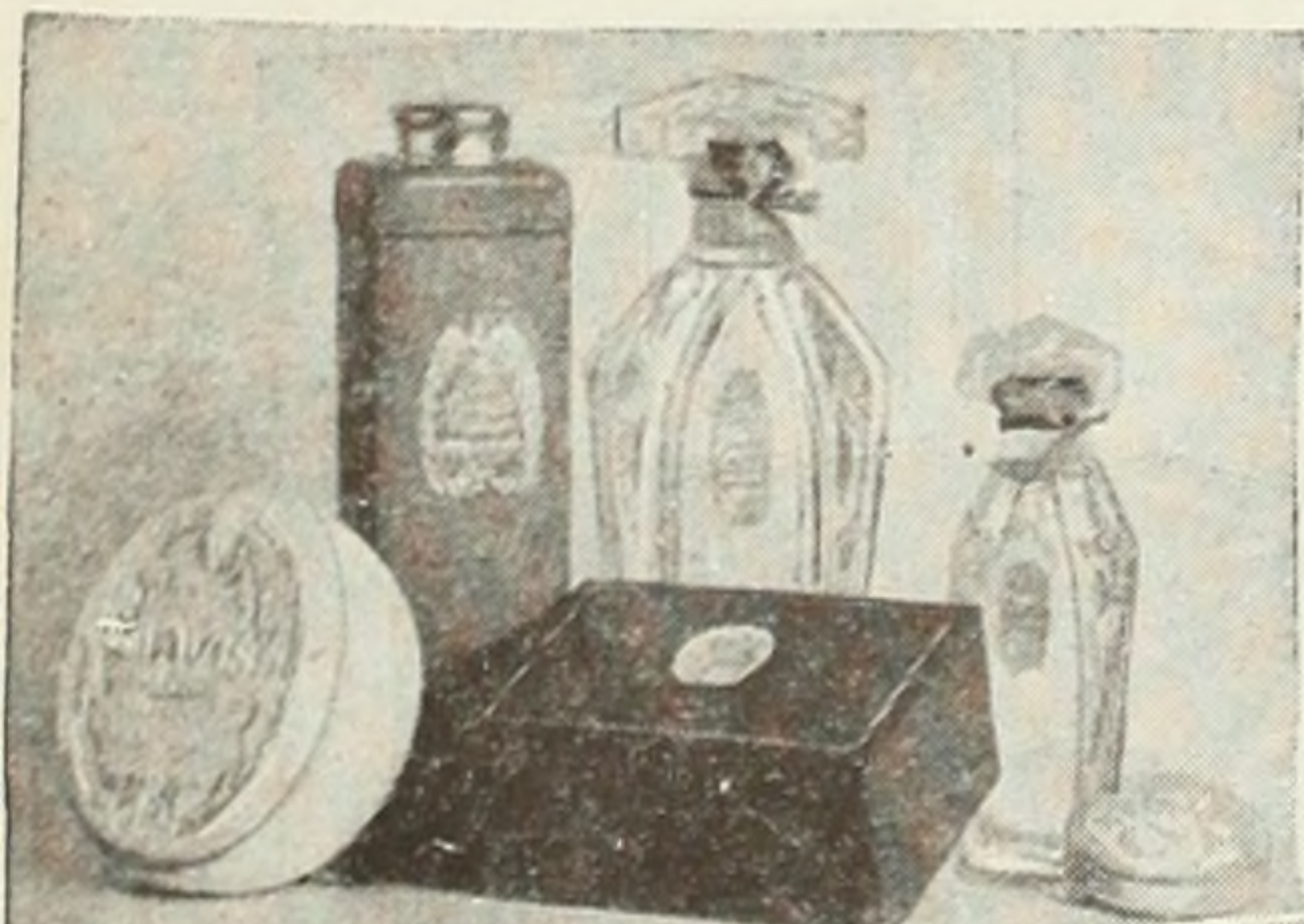
The Vivaudou name is a guide to quality.

Have You Heard the Mavis Waltz?

A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be mailed to you for six cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

Irresistible!

Send 15c to Vivaudou,
Times Building, New York,
for a generous sample of
Mavis Perfume.



(Continued from page 70)

monger and the rumor-peddler, is the love of a woman—a love that has come after great sorrow; a love that would willingly sacrifice the fame that came before it; a love that brings with it the promise, at last, of the errant moonbeam's soothing luster.

When Mary Pickford stood before the minister she stood there as any woman might stand, radiant with love for the man at her side, a bit tearful perhaps for the tender memories left behind, but with smiling hope for the future. Except for the sensation-hungry world waiting just outside the door she might have been the plumber's bride looking forward to the honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls.

If the wily world will not believe this maybe it would consider the viewpoint of the film folk on the lot. Usually the moving picture lot is a place for gossip and careless chatter. Under ordinary circumstances, such a wedding would have the vampire snickering in the camera man's ear, the leading juvenile saying things confidentially to the electrician, and the director smilingly whispering to the animal trainer.

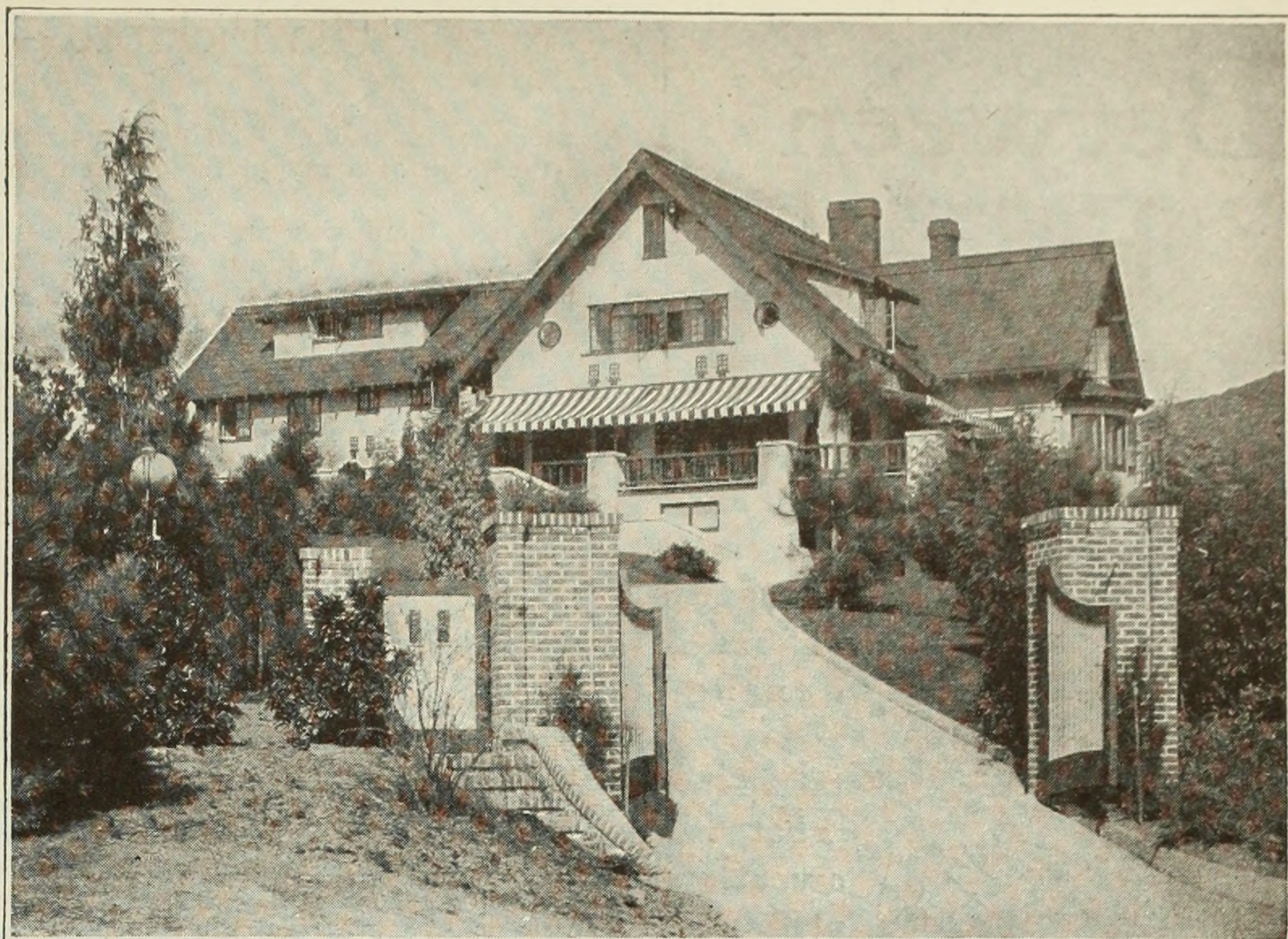
The film folk know all the story. And film folk, from property boy to producer, are hoping that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have found lasting happiness.

For all the fame and fortune that has come to her, "America's Sweetheart" has lived a life tinged with poignant sadness. There has come stalking on the trail of success an unhappiness that sometimes is reflected in her pictures in a way no coaching director could invent. There has been always a heartache and sorrow that might have broken a woman of less capacity.

It is not necessary to dip deeply into the girlhood of the actress. That story has been told and re-told. Just enough, then, to recall when she was only five her widowed mother was forced to go on the stage to support the family—Mary, Lottie and Jack. It was shortly after this that Mary first appeared on the stage as the child in "Bootle's Baby."

Players in the Princess theater in Toronto, Ont., speak today of their memory of her big, sorrowful eyes. Young as she was, she seemed to share her mother's worry over straitened family circumstances. To help her mother, she threw herself into her work with the fervor of a finished actress. The effort was rewarded when she was engaged by Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia." But the big struggle still was ahead.

Then came the chance in motion pictures.



The "little gray home in the West" of which Mary Pickford Fairbanks becomes mistress.

At once, real fame began to form for the young actress and it seemed that an end of the worrying, sad days was at hand. All over the country she became known as "the Biograph blonde." That was in the day when the names of film actors and actresses were not featured. But the Pickford charm and ability rose above such anonymity.

On the Biograph lot with her was Owen Moore. He acted as her leading man. Their love on the screen soon became the love of their life. It was while in Havana with the Biograph company that Moore proposed and was accepted. When she accepted Moore, Miss Pickford accepted the Catholic church.

Film folk saw in the union a perfect mating. They returned to their work before the camera. Day by day the fame of Owen Moore's talented young wife grew. But the folk on the lot saw that the true measure of happiness was not yet to be Mary's. Ugly rumors and malicious stories began to circulate.

It soon became known that what had

started out as glittering romance was ending in bickerings and quarrels. Mrs. Pickford remained always close to her daughter. There can be small doubt that she was jealous of the little girl she had guarded since the days of "Bootle's Baby." That's the way film folk looked at it. One story went the rounds that, during a visit to New York, Moore had engaged a suite of rooms at the Biltmore. Mrs. Pickford and Mary followed him. Mrs. Pickford, the story runs, surveyed the suite and said:

"Very fine, Owen; you take that room in there and Mary and I will sleep in here."

Similar stories came on the heels of this. The full force of the sun began to beat on the two. Moore had no word of complaint, even to his intimates. During this time, he arranged the terms of the first big Pickford contract. But the final reckoning was not far off. Sadly, Mary Pickford surveyed the wreck of her high hopes. Mournfully, she saw the coming of the end. She was a disappointed woman. The glory that had come to her through the living camera made her matrimonial failure the more ironic.

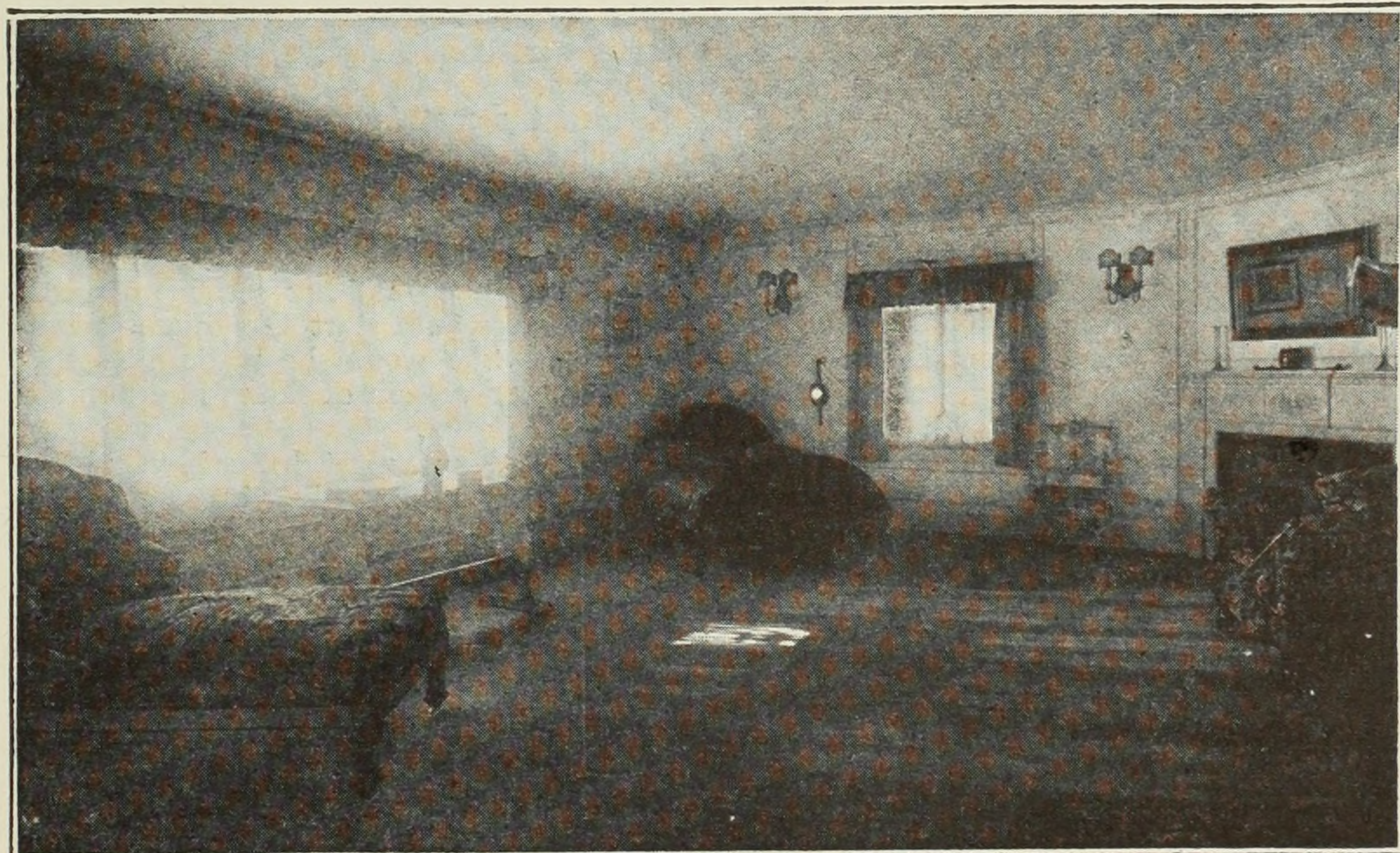
About this time another star began to glitter brilliantly on the moving picture horizon. The bounding personality of Douglas Fairbanks began to win the athletic young actor his place in the history of the silver screen. His career had been of the dashing sort. He had married Beth Sully, daughter of "Cotton King Sully," and had left the stage. Reversals in the "Cotton King's" fortunes had caused his return to the footlights and finally a venture in "the movies."

Under his bubbling optimism and limitless vigor there was a hint of sadness, too. Some spoke of domestic difficulties.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks first saw each other while they were working on the Lasky lot. He bounded on to the lot and saw her in a character in which she is familiar to millions. She looked up and saw him.

Thus the romance may have had its start—under the full glare of the sun—although the two saw little of each other until the Liberty Loan drive, in the interest of which Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin toured the country. At least, the budding of sentiment began with the whole world looking on. Mary Pickford, the saddest and the greatest motion picture actress, had found

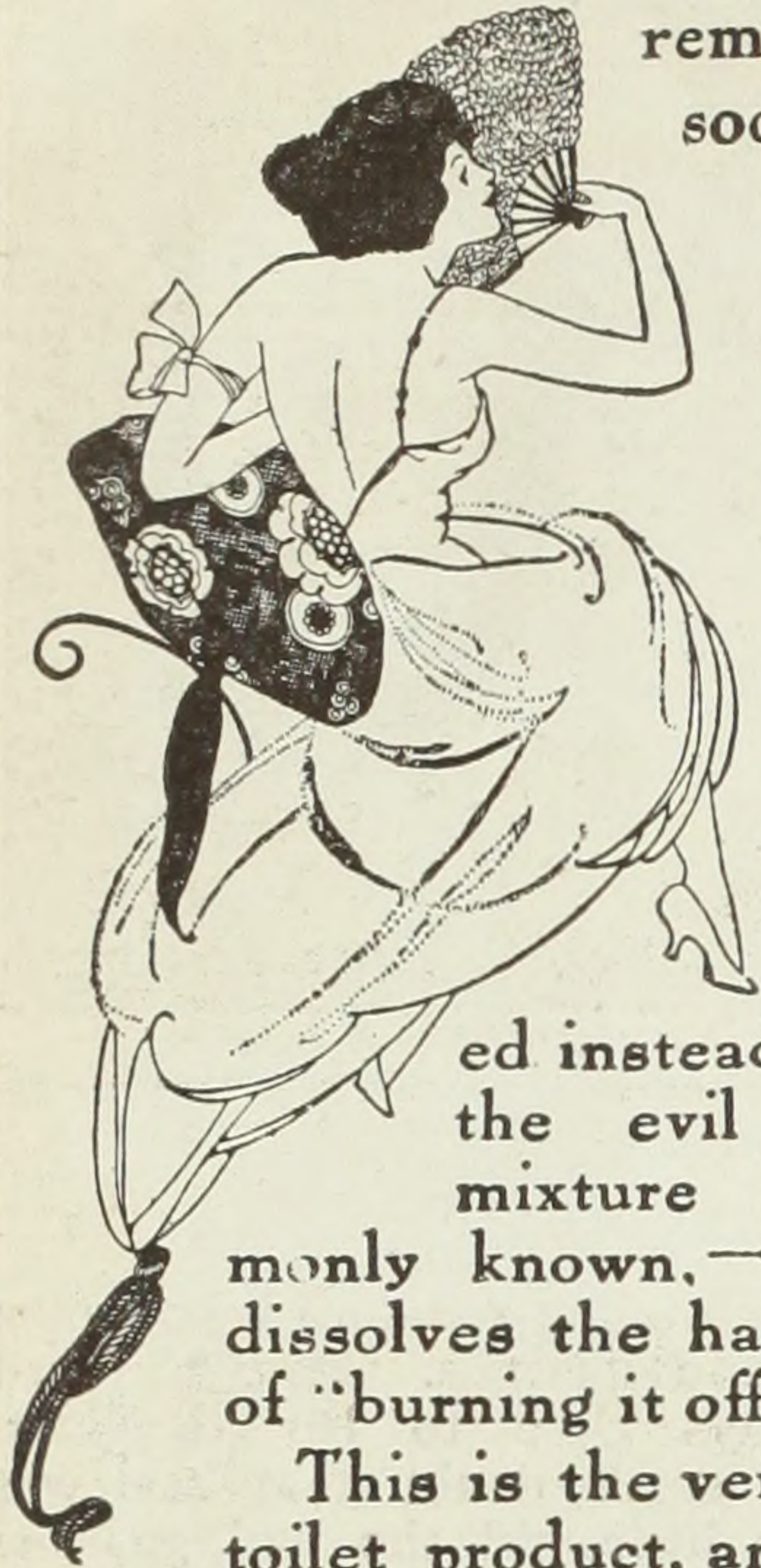
One of the spacious bed-chambers of the Fairbanks home at Beverly Hills, California.



Between Friends—

Let me tell you about a hair-remover that soothes and softens the skin instead of reddening and irritating it. That is sweetly perfumed instead of being the evil smelling mixture so commonly known,—and that dissolves the hair instead of "burning it off."

This is the very newest toilet product, and is certainly the last word in refinement and daintiness.



YOU know what the present styles are, and how embarrassing it is to have your arms or armpits disfigured by a growth of hair.

And the more you shave it off the worse it gets—just like a man's beard. So of course it is absolutely necessary to use some kind of a depilatory.

Fresca Hair Remover

Comes to you in a beautiful glass stoppered bottle and looks and feels more like a skin lotion than it does a depilatory.

You apply it to the hairs to be removed—using the finger tips or a little wad of cotton. Almost immediately the hairs dissolve completely and you wipe them right off, leaving not a trace of hair growth. No redness, no smarting, no irritation whatever. No matter how thick or bristly the hairs were, there isn't a sign of them left.

The price of FRESKA Hair Remover is One Dollar. Any druggist can get it for you—but some of them are not yet supplied.

If you wish just send the coupon and receive FRESKA direct by mail.



Fred W. Scarff Co.,
586 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, postage paid, a bottle of Fresca Hair Remover—for which I enclose One Dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

The Pickford—Fairbanks Wooing

(Continued)

a true companionship. And once more she saw the hope of a ray of moonlight in her life.

One day there was an accident on the Lasky lot. Miss Pickford was suspended high in the air at a rope's end. It began to spin and twist. There was grave danger that she would be injured. Fairbanks, acting on instinct, climbed to her rescue. He carried her to safety and her arms went about his neck.

The story of the rescue and the tableau that finished it was made public. The eager tongue of the gossip began to wag. The friendship of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks was given a sinister significance. That the gossip might be downed, it seemed wiser that their friendship be abandoned. But it had been too strong. Both were too hungry for the comradeship and sympathy they found in each other.

Then there came a supper party at the Algonquin in New York. By this time mutual business had drawn the two closer together. Miss Pickford gave a party for Fairbanks. That capped the climax as far as the gossips were concerned.

Stories flew about that Moore had vowed to challenge Fairbanks to a duel. It was reported he had armed himself and was looking for Fairbanks. Moore is known as a very handy man in a rough-and-tumble affray. Fairbanks, the athlete, was not reckoned as averse to this test of strength with the love of the film star as its inspiration.

Half a dozen times friends intervened and stopped a desperate meeting between the husband and the man he looked upon as his greatest enemy. These stories, of course, went to Miss Pickford. Each time she was put to the torture of suspense and fear. The moonlight she had hoped for seemed a vain promise.

The strain began to tell on her. Fairbanks became worried. It was at this time that the world came close to losing its chosen stars. That their love might unfold its wings, Fairbanks and Miss Pickford had almost decided to leave the world behind, abandon their careers, disappear from the screen and begin life anew in the Orient.

About this time there spread the story that Fairbanks and Moore had met in a hotel lobby and that Moore had drawn a gun on his rival. In the struggle, the story said, Fairbanks was shot in the hand. One of the first versions was that Fairbanks had been killed.

The tragic course of her romance almost caused Mary's complete collapse. She went nowhere unless she was heavily veiled. She chose for her companion Margery Daw. Margery was usually with her when Mary met Fairbanks during discussions made necessary by their business affiliation.

"The Big Four" of the motion picture world—Griffith, Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin—had been formed. It is moving picture history that on the night that combination was discussed, friends prevailed upon Fairbanks to leave the dining room of the hotel in which he was stopping to avoid a scene with Moore.

But there never has been a clash. Owen Moore still cared for his wife and did nothing to cause her added trouble. Fairbanks, on his side, did his best to avoid an unpleasant encounter that might bring more pitiless publicity and add to Mary's burden.

"My whole life is ruined," Mary told Miss Daw, shortly afterward. "Just at a time when I should be at the height of my career I am surrounded by misery and sorrow. I can't stand the worry and strain much longer."

From an unexpected quarter there came a new promise of the moonlight. Mrs.

Fairbanks obtained a divorce from Douglas. At the time she made bitter accusations against "a certain woman." The name was not mentioned in the newspapers, but the gossips looked after that. By this time Mary Pickford had stopped weeping. She could only call upon her love of her art to rescue her from her melancholy. At other times they would find her sitting in her room, staring blindly with unseeing eyes.

Mary Pickford was fighting her greatest battle—with herself.

She was facing the whole troubled situation once and for all. She was nerving herself for the final ordeal—the move upon which she staked her future, her fame and her fortune.

The world learned of her decision on the day she obtained her divorce from Owen Moore in Nevada, and the world smiled a bit when it read that Miss Pickford appeared in somber clothes and heavily veiled. They saw in this an affectation and a pose, but it wasn't either. The black of Miss Pickford's garments matched the black sorrow in her heart. Not even the cynical world, had it seen within her heart, would have suspected glycerine in the film favorite's tears.

The gossips were not through with her yet. She was hounded and harassed. If she appeared on the same lot with Fairbanks, which her work required her to do, there was a fresh outburst of rumors.

Into the situation came another distressing point. That was her relation to the church whose faith she had professed when she married Moore. What her plans were at the time of her divorce from Moore cannot be flatly stated. It may be recalled that shortly afterward a story circulated that she would be excommunicated if she married again.

"Then I shall never be excommunicated," said Miss Pickford. "Only today I received a beautiful letter from the priest who knows me best. In the eyes of the church my divorce is not illegal. It sanctions such an act but would not sanction my second marriage, although recognizes my legal separation from Mr. Moore."

She was asked if she intended to marry Fairbanks.

"That rumor is absurd," she declared. "My divorce does not signify that. I just wanted to be free—free as I have wanted to be for years."

As has been stated, it is impossible to judge whether she meant what she said. But there can be no doubt that she was aware of what her move meant on the day she consented to marry Fairbanks. There can be no doubt that she realized she must consider herself no longer a communicant of the church.

It meant something more, too. Among her millions of admirers are many of the Catholic faith. In leaving the church, Miss Pickford realized that she might be risking their friendship and their support.

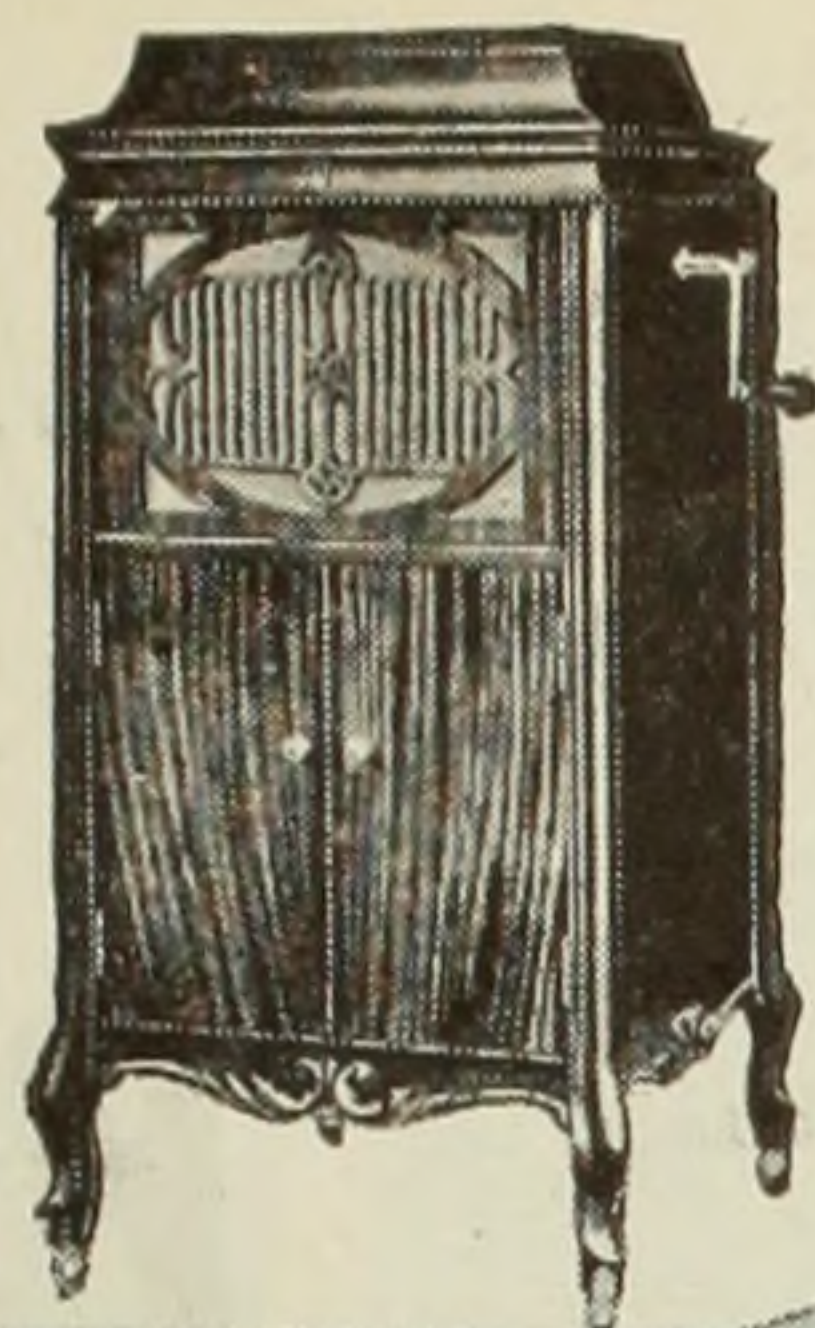
She knew, too, that her second marriage in any event would start the tongues wagging again. She would be made a symbol of the popular version of faithlessness on the stage.

All these things must have been placed in the balance against the yearning of her woman's heart—the longing for the light of the moon. But Mary made her choice.

That is why it was written in the beginning of this narrative that there is a real love story behind the most famous wedding of the century.

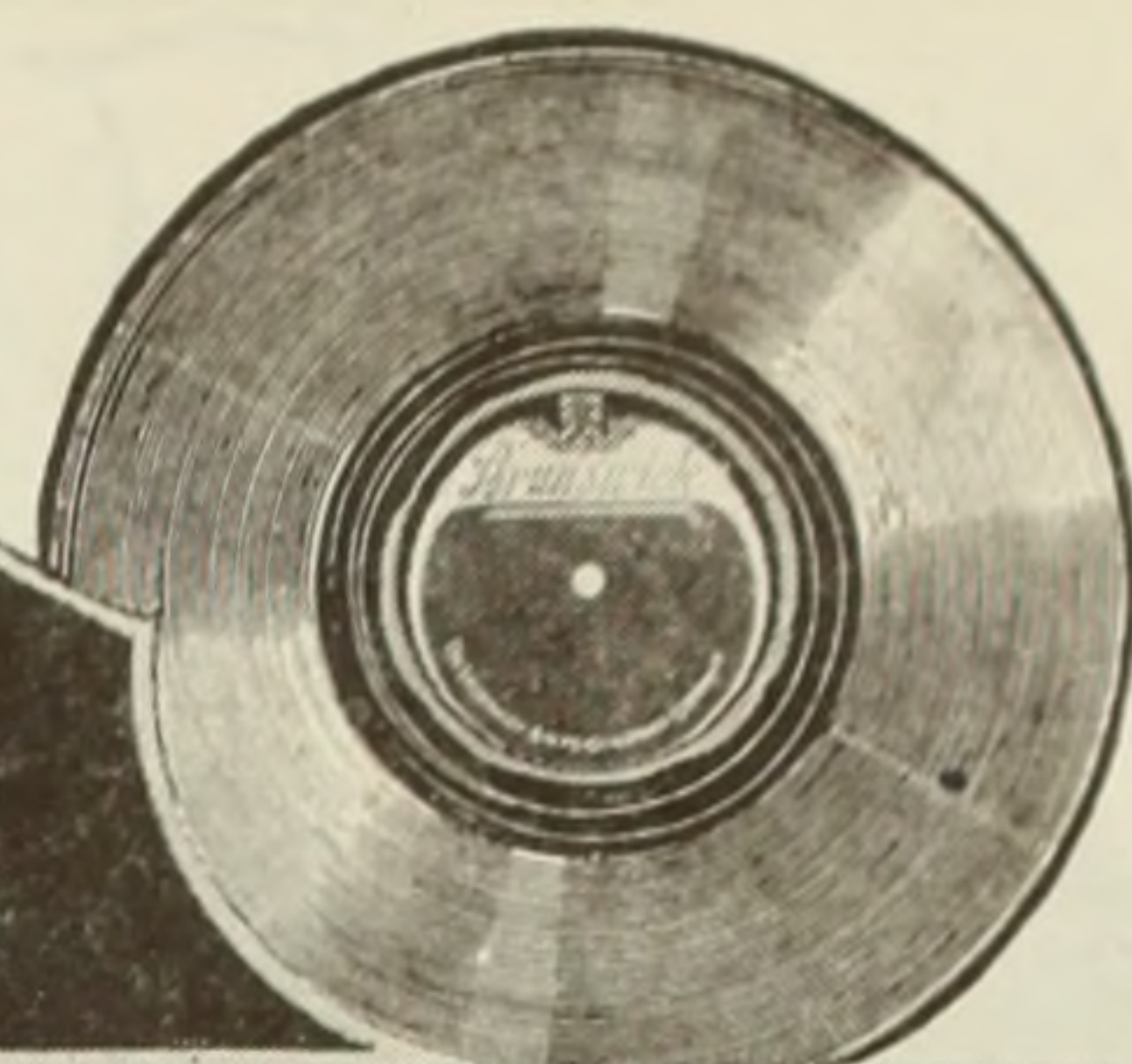
From the studios comes word that Mary Pickford already is a changed woman, infecting everyone on the lot with her buoyancy. At Beverly Hills they are busily

(Continued on page 113)



Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



A great welcome for Brunswick Records

Music lovers overwhelm us with orders. Tremendous eagerness shown for this latest Brunswick Triumph

HARDLY had Brunswick records been announced than orders came in from all parts of the country—an avalanche of orders.

We had planned and made preparations for what we considered a very large production.

But the instant approval and the enormous demand compelled us to greatly increase our production facilities.

This reception of Brunswick Records has created a sensation in the phonograph world. No welcome could be more sincere—nothing could prove more certainly the place of the House of Brunswick in the hearts of the people.

Something different in records

JUST as we brought advancements in phonographs when we introduced The Brunswick several years ago, so do we again contribute to better music through improvements in recording.

We come with Brunswick Records at a time when reproduction seems to have reached perfection. But you will quickly appreciate the betterments. We felt 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

Pictured here are some of our great artists—famous the world over. Their selections on Brunswick Records set new standards. Hitherto hidden qualities are now brought out sympathetically.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording.

Thus we bring that rare charm into Brunswick renditions which you will recognize instantly.

We invite you to join the thousands of critical music lovers now judging Brunswick Records. Hear them. Make comparisons. Note their superiority.

■ We're sure you'll want to add many Brunswick selections to your collection of records.

Remember, Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada
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Leopold Godowsky
Pianist



Dorothy Jardon
Prima Donna Soprano



Archer Chamlee
Tenor



Elias Breeskin
Violinist



Max Rosen
Violinist



Irene Pavloska
Mezzo-Soprano



Theo Karle
Tenor

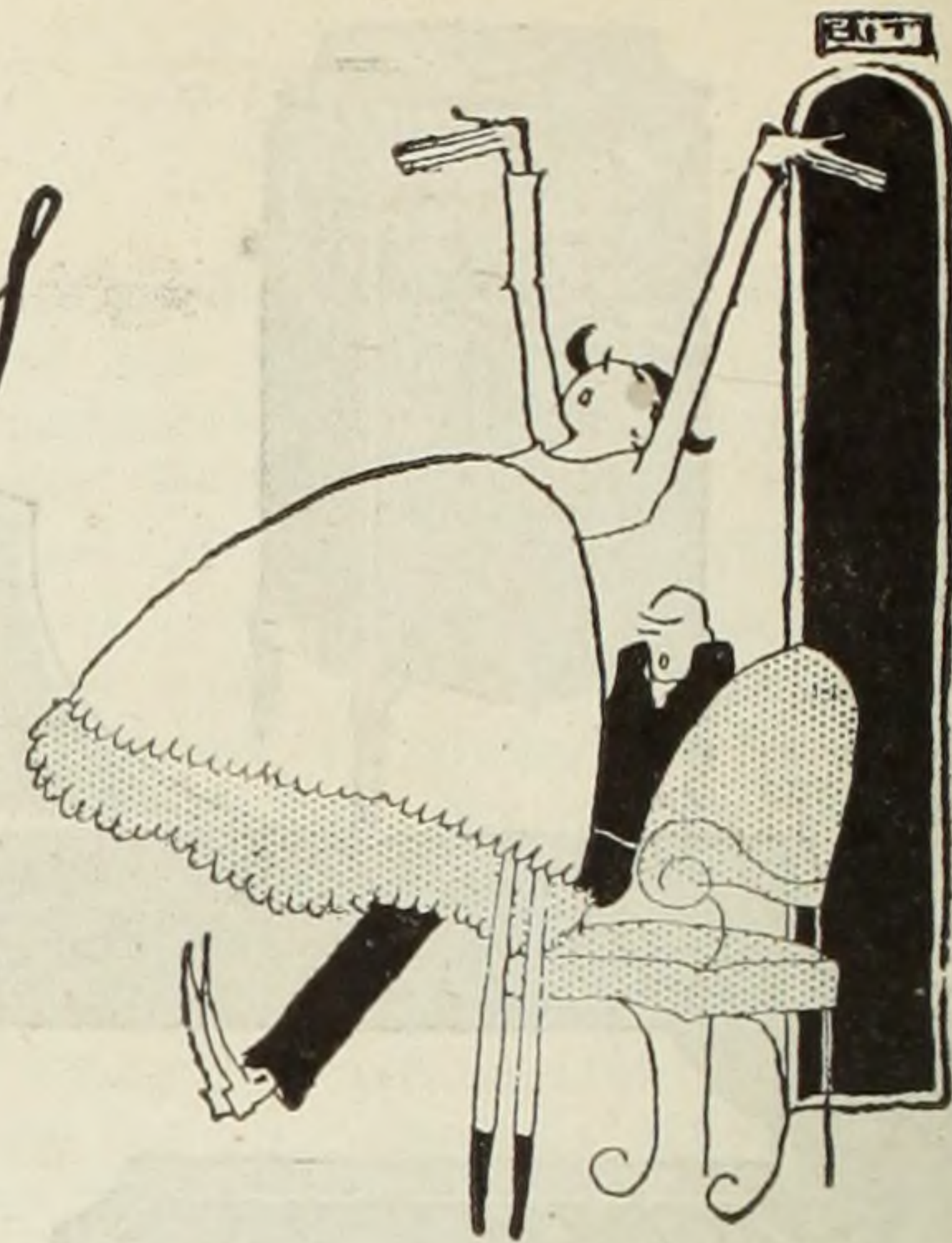


Virginia Rea
Coloratura Soprano

Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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



Let Her Be Different

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, when she and her employer go to a cabaret, is the only one that has a hat on.

J. B. M., New Orleans.

"Yo Ho Ho—"

IN "Piccadilly Jim," we see Owen Moore and his leading lady standing well forward on the starboard side of an ocean liner. The weather, we are told, is keeping most of the passengers below. There is a strong wind blowing from the starboard quarter, whipping the lady's veil, into Jim's face. Such a wind would make even the Aquitania not only pitch, but roll; but you couldn't even make a match roll on that deck, it was so level!

Dorothy C. Dodd,
Chicago, Ill.

Sears-Roebuck Mountaineering

IN "Heart of the Hills," Mary Pickford's charming picture, Steve smooths his oiled hair down with a silver-backed brush. Neither he nor his cabin fit in with that brush, somehow.

M. V. P., Malden, Mass.

We'd Like to Know, Too

IN "Checkers," a fellow named "Push" buys shoes, suit, and straw hat for \$5.00. Where?

D. G., Media, Pa.

A Question of Time

ANTONIO MORENO, in "The Invisible Hand" has been thrown into an underground tank and is swimming around for probably twenty minutes and then is let out into a sewer by Pauline Curley. He swims to liberty through that sewer and as soon as he gets out of the water he pulls his watch out of the vest pocket and says, "I have just five minutes to catch the train the bandit is on." I'd like to have a watch like that.

J. A., Slidell, La.

An Improved Model

IN "Double Speed" Wanda Hawley is seen jumping into Wallace Reid's car in a very becoming little hat and coat to match; at the end of the ride she has an automobi'e bonnet, street suit, and large cape fur. That car must have been a wonder.

Mrs. H. F. E., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Thrifty Hostess

IN Norma Talmadge's picture, "She Loves and Lies" Conway Tearle and Norma, dressed as an elderly lady, have tea together. Norma pours—but strange to say she doesn't offer her guest any cream or sugar. Lots of us noticed this.

Edith W., Corona, L. I.

No Wonder They Were Seasick

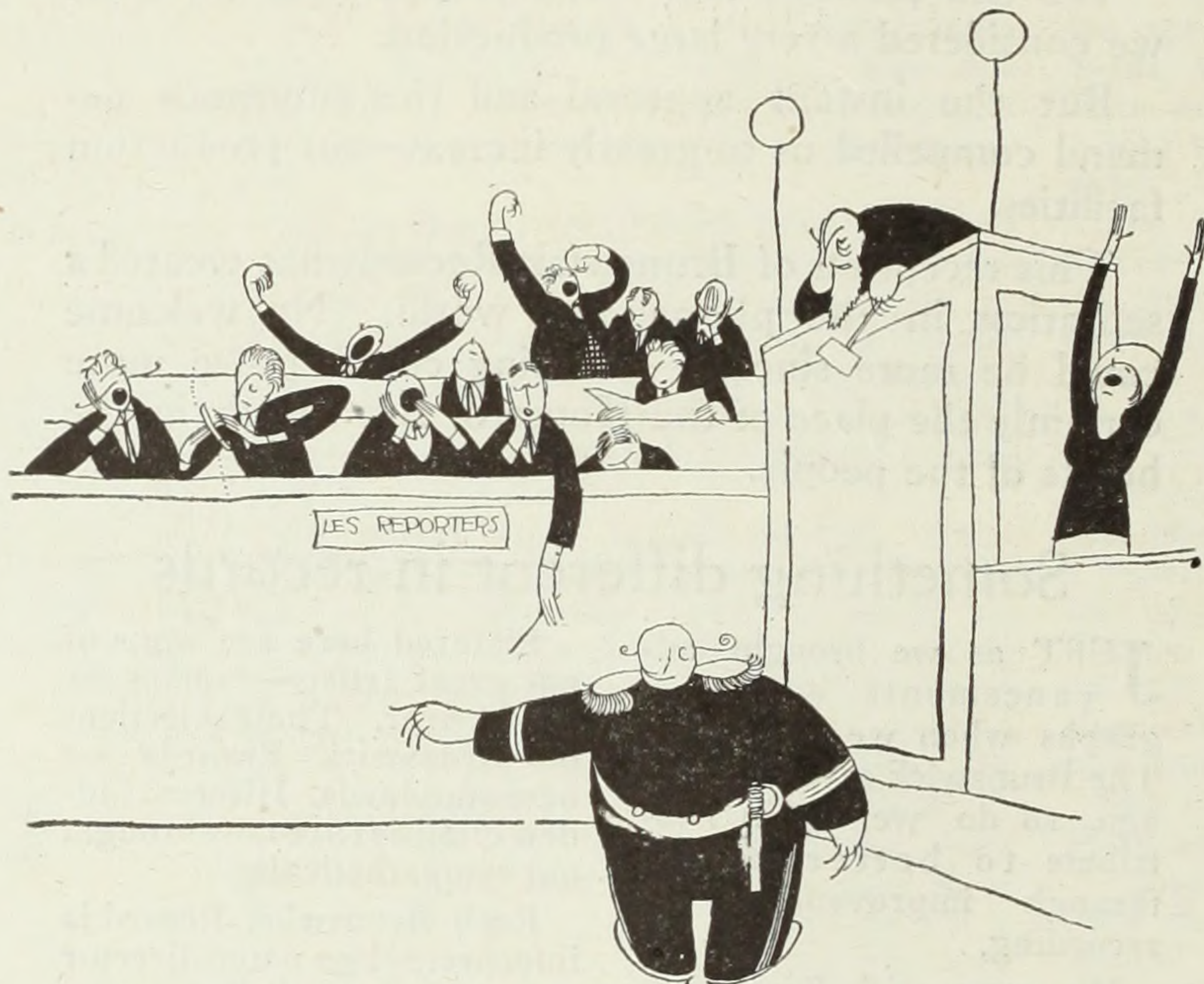
I NOTICED, in watching the Charlie Chaplin picture, "A Day's Pleasure," that not only the boat rocked, in the excursion scenes, but also the entire ocean and horizon!

A. T. Shearer, Sierra Madre, Cal.

"It Was Back In—"

I SAW "Beyond the Law," with Emmett Dalton. The scenes and plot date back to the Eighties. In the scene on the ranch, on an old cabin (in which the boys are roughing it) appears in big blazing numbers the year "1918."

R. J. C., New Mexico.



'S All Right: The Shero Didn't Do It

SPEAKING of movie reporters, in Dorothy Dalton's "L'Apache" about twenty French newspaper men scribble excitedly during the trial of the star on a murder charge. When a policeman rushes into the courtroom with the news that a dying man has confessed to the crime, do the reporters beat it for the nearest telephone or hike for the office with the "big story?" Gosh no—they yawn and polish their finger nails.

Dick Harrison, Saskatoon, Sask.

"Suite 16." On her door I plainly saw "Suite 23."

DONALD FISHER, Crawfordsville, Ind.

There Is Something New

BILL FARNUM rescues a box of rifles from a rocky pinnacle and floats them to shore in "The Wings of the Morning."

F. G. Mc., Iowa City, Ia.

Correspondence School Art

WE see Sessue Hayakawa painting in "The Dragon Painter." He smashes his first through the picture and casts it aside. A few moments later his bride runs in, in grief, and picks up the picture. It seems to be in perfectly good shape.

And in "The Broken Melody" Eugene O'Brien takes a canvas painting on which he had just been working and tucks it under his arm to convey it to another room. His colors must have possessed some magic drying quality which all artists would like to know about.

C. H. S., Oklahoma City.

What Kind of a Houdini is O'Brien?

EUGENE O'BRIEN, in "Sealed Hearts," goes upstairs to see his dad (Robert Edeson). He wasn't wearing a vest when he started up the stairs, but when he got to the top, he had one on, and all buttoned, too.

E. M. J., Los Angeles.

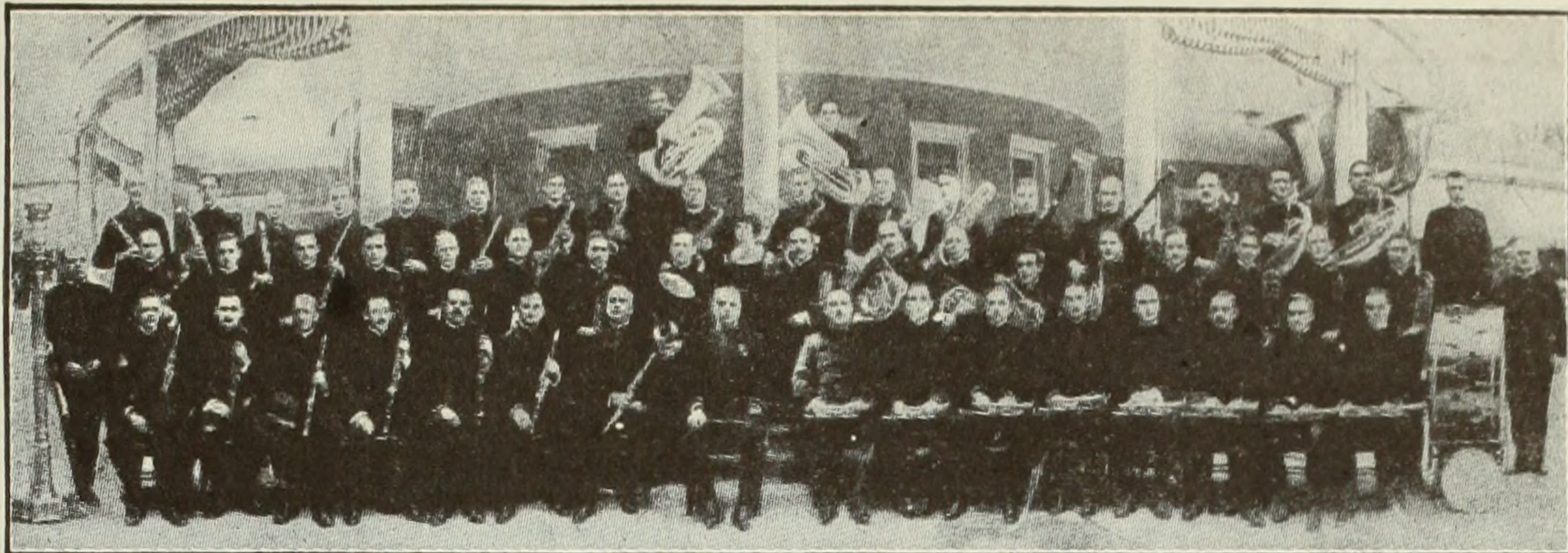
Even the Walls Quivered

I KNOW that the scene where Lionel Barrymore rests his hand on the wall while looking at the mask of Lincoln, in "The Copperhead," was a fine emotional one, but why should an ordinary wall "give?" Why didn't they cut those few feet of film where the wall shook instead of allowing it to creep into such a good picture?

A. D., Denver.

This Sounds Suspicious

IN "The Lost Princess" I read in the sub-tit'e that the heroine said she had



Sousa and His Band 1919-1920



Ernest Pechin, Cornet Virtuoso, Soloist with Innes' and Conway's Concert Bands, pronounced the greatest living Cornetist by both bandmasters. "I find the C. G. Conn, Ltd. Victor Cornet most wonderful in every respect easiest blowing, most perfect in tune, richest in tonal quality. No other cornet can compare with it."



Ralph E. Corey, Trombone Virtuoso. Soloist with Sousa's band. "I attribute the success of my career in very great measure to the use of the Conn Trombone, which possesses everything a performer could hope for. I could not possibly do the work on any other make of instrument that I find easily rendered on the Conn."



H. Benne Henton, Saxophone Virtuoso. Soloist with Sousa's and Conway's Bands and Victor Talking Machine Co. "The Conn Saxophones are used almost exclusively by capable Saxophonists. They are superior in every detail, possessing improvements not found on any others and a rich tonal quality—a mechanism that is a work of art."



John J. Perfetto, Euphonium Virtuoso and Soloist of Sousa's Band. "The Euphonium manufactured by C. G. Conn, Ltd. stands in a class by itself, far superior to any others I have ever tried, easy to play, rich and powerful in tone, perfect in intonation, reliable in valve action."

A Band Like This = And You

TEN times as many bands as have ever been organized in any one year of American history will be organized this year. People are hungry for bands. Election time is coming on. Here's opportunity for you; get busy.

Any number of renowned virtuosos have built their fame with Conn Instruments. Nine-tenths of the brass instrument artists of all the leading American concert bands and symphony orchestras use them.

They are famous for their ease of

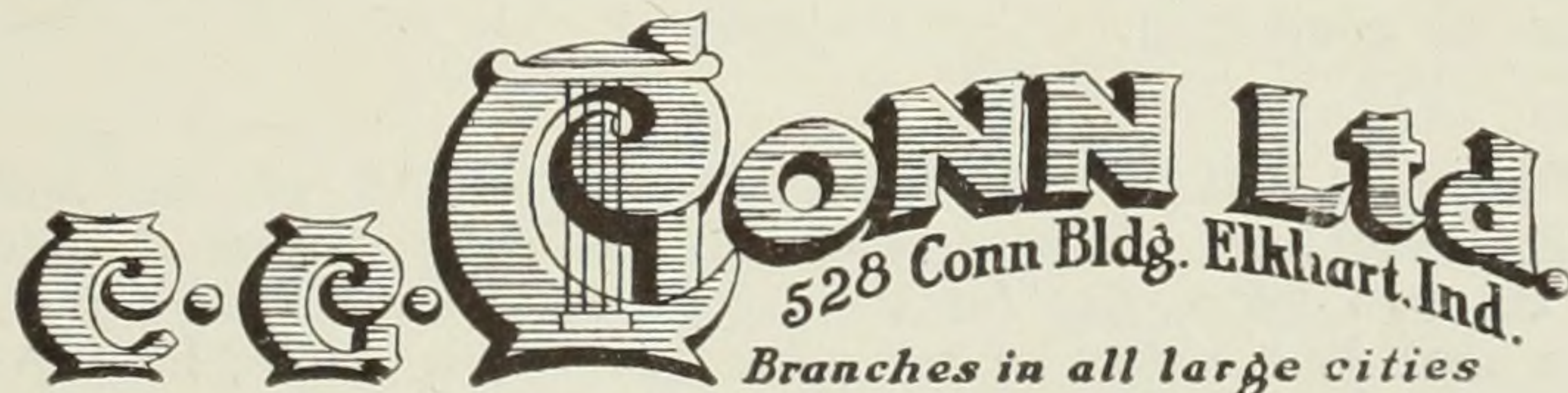
blowing, lightness in action, perfect intonation, exceptional tone quality, artistic design and finish.

They are made with the best instrument-building facilities in the world and embody all of the finest and latest improvements. A guarantee bond accompanies every Conn Instrument sold.

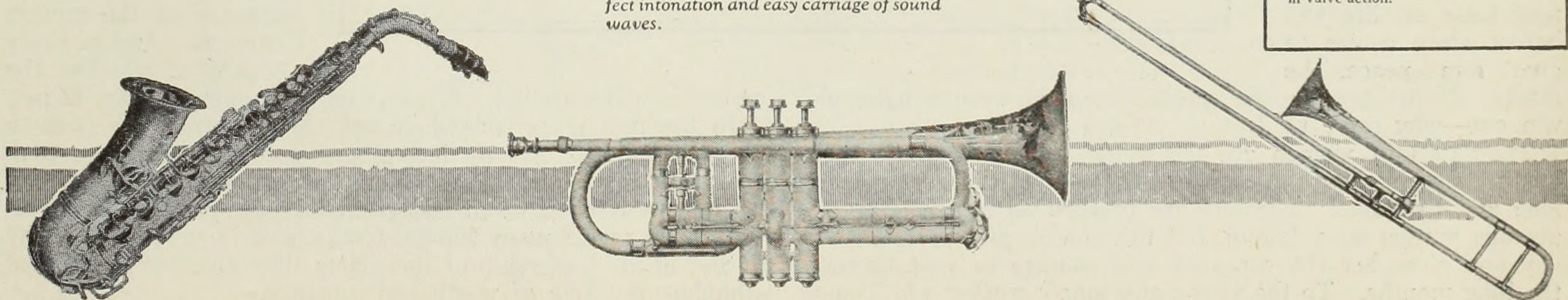
Free Trial--- Easy Payments

Choose any instrument from the 3,000 different classes we manufacture for six days' free trial. If you keep it you can pay for it on our easy payment plan.

FREE BOOK NOW is the time to prepare for a summer band. Get a Conn Instrument NOW; you can quickly master it. Just mention the instrument in which you are interested and we will send a special booklet and beautiful photo of it, free.



ONLY in Conn Instruments are the taper branches expanded by hydraulic pressure. This makes them smooth as glass inside which means perfect intonation and easy carriage of sound waves.



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me

Winners of First Photoplay Magazine Letter Contest.

IF a person thinks of suicide and first goes to a motion picture, he changes his mind. And I ought to know—I've tried it."

That is the gist of one among the thousands of letters received in response to our question: "What Moving Pictures Mean to Me." They came from Alaska, from Mexico, from California, from Newfoundland; but whether the writer was from "a drab little Western town of less than 6,000," or the largest city, the one dominant note sounding above the chorus of these thousands of film devotees is—loneliness. It eats into the heart of the man in the backwoods of Kentucky as it wears down the spirit of the young waitress who retires to her hall bedroom only "to look out upon a dirty alley where garbage cans stand in the muddy yards of tumble-down shacks."

But those who "feel the world is about to crumble about you, and everything is blue-blue-blue" are not the only ones to whom the pictures mean more than they are capable of expressing in words. There are the patients in the tubercular sanitoriums, in the deaf asylums and in the hospitals for the hopelessly crippled to whom a picture, shown once a week, is all the pleasure and connection with the outside world they have. One patient from a tubercular sanatorium writes: "Once a week the patients gather in the assembly hall and are treated to a moving picture. A sufferer is naturally downcast and glum, but these weekly pictures give him a new lease on life and before sleep comes to give him peace, he thinks: 'If the hero on the screen can make such a fight and win out—why can't I?'"

Thousands of women are left alone for weeks while their husbands are touring the country and to them the evenings are long and lonesome. Theaters are prohibitive in price for the average mother of a family, but the motion picture saves her day and gives her the company and courage to wait through the long months. To the young and lonely worker who comes to the larger cities friendless and, figuratively speaking, homeless, there is *only* the photoplay to fill these two great wants.

Dreams become realities and the happy face of the Prince of Wales nods from the screen and gives the impression that he is glad to know you.

Sometimes friends fail and you "feel yourself slipping down, down, down—to you don't care where, and you go into a moving picture theater mostly because it is dark and the dark is in tune with your spirits," then—*presto!*—the happy smile of

Charlie Chaplin is directed straight at you and good-by blues; before your eyes is a friend who has not failed you, one who has entered your heart and to whom you can always turn and be sure that he'll be waiting for you with the same humorously pathetic antics and the same old smile, which, even across the span of years, knows no location or longitude. Oh, it is almost worth being down-hearted and lonesome to find "the best friend you ever had, except your mother."

From an "Old Maid" Who Loves Mankind

FIRST PRIZE

I COULD never in the allotted three hundred words give full justice to "What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me," but I *can* give a few very concrete facts.

I am an old maid, as you might say, full of experiences and possessor of a flood of tender memories, associated with a college, surrounded by the acme of literature and ideals, leader of a group of adolescents—in full bloom of life, friend to the good and the wicked, and a faithful devotee of the motion pictures. And in every branch of my life, the

motion pictures are my most advising and understanding helper.

In the first place, they help me to forget my age (not so easy a thing to do) by letting me live the yesterdays over again; in my college association they intensify my capacity for human sympathy and understanding; in my world of literature, they reveal many hidden truths, and they strengthen my ideals; in my leadership of the young they give me power, and stimulate my love of youth and romance.

Besides this, motion pictures are a tonic for keeping afire
(Continued on page 100)

How Would You Run a Motion Picture Theater?

This is the subject for *Photoplay Magazine's Third Letter Contest*

WHAT sort of a motion picture theater?" you will ask, no doubt, when you read this question.

And you are justified in asking it.

There are so many sorts of picture theaters—

The magnificent down-town palace with its gorgeous stage effects, its symphony orchestra;

The less pretentious, more friendly neighborhood house;

The small town "show" which is open, perhaps, two or three times a week.

Each type of picture theater fills a distinct need. There is an ideal way in which each one of them may be conducted.

Run over in your mind the picture theaters you have known.

Some of them have been small, almost shabby, perhaps—and yet, and yet. What was it about them that made them the choice of every one who lived near?

Others have been fitted out with every known success-making device that money could buy—and yet they have been unsuccessful.

Every one who enjoys motion pictures has said, no doubt, at some time or other, "I should like to run a motion picture theater."

What sort of a motion picture theater would you like to manage, and what would you do with one if you had it on your hands?

PHOTOPLAY WILL PAY FOR YOUR IDEAS of the most attractive, useful and effective way of running a picture theater: \$25 for the best letter, \$15 for the second best letter; and \$10 for the three next best letters of not over 300 words telling how you would play manager. All letters, addressed to Letter Contest Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York, must be in by July 1, 1920.



Painted by R. K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

In White and Colors

Vode
KID

The Leather
for Fine Shoes

FOR snug fit, style, comfort, and service, there is no better leather than Vode Kid. It has a soft, uniform texture and a depth of color possible only in kid leather made of the best skins carefully treated with pure dyes, by skilled workmen.

It is these qualities of Vode Kid which are responsible for its increasing vogue among discriminating women.

Vode Kid is found in all fashionable styles, from the walking boot with Cuban heel to dainty slippers for evening wear. Vode Kid is made in all the shades demanded by the smartly-dressed woman—Camel, Gray, Chippendale, Tan, Blue, Black, and White.

Your shoe salesman will be glad to show you shoes of Vode Kid. Write us for an illustrated booklet.

Ask for shoes of Vode Kid to be sure of getting genuine Kid Leather in your shoes.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., BOSTON, MASS.



-like oranges?
drink
ORANGE-CRUSH

THERE is a lingering charm in the chilly deliciousness of Ward's Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush—a suggestion of fruit-laden groves in wonderful settings of sunshine and color. All the refreshing flavor comes from the delicate oils pressed from the freshly gathered fruit combined by the exclusive Ward process with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of oranges and lemons.

in bottles or at fountains

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

Send for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"



G.H. Mitchell.

Plays and Players

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

By CAL. YORK



A recent picture of Charlie Chaplin. His wife is threatening him with divorce.

WILL ROGERS has an endless supply of two things—ropes and stories. He was explaining the other day why he had so many ropes.

"You never can tell when you may be unable to get any more rope," he said. "Of course it wouldn't seem anybody would prohibit rope, but they might—some folks just love to prohibit, you know. Don't make much difference what it is, so long as somebody else wants it.

"Anyway, once I couldn't buy any rope. I went into a store in a part of a town where a lot of Bohemians and Poles and Lithuanians and other folks like that lived. They were noted for being a gloomy bunch and about the only way any of 'em ever seemed to die, was by suicide. Well I asked the man for some rope and he looked at me hard and said:

"You don't get one inch of rope in this store without a doctor's prescription. See?"

"Since then I never miss a chance to buy a little rope."

WANDA HAWLEY is to be starred. There would seem to be no reason why this up-and-doing young blonde has not attained stellar prominence before this. Realart, an arm of the Zukor octopus, reached out and grabbed Wanda off the DeMille tree, where she has been doing faithful leading business for Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn, and where she cel'uloided J. Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart" which, by the way, we hope will soon free itself of litigation and be released. Miss — or Mrs. — Hawley's first individual vehicle will be "Miss Hobbs," a screen translation of Jerome K. Jerome's play.

THE little daughters and almost-grown-up nieces of the girls who used to worship at the shadow-throne of Francis X. Bushman, may have a new idol in Ralph Bushman, husky son and heir of the ex-Essanay king. Ralph, a Christie leading man, isn't exactly handsome, but he seems an athletic and personable enough boy.

THE Harold Lloyd company was on "location" in a small Southern California hamlet on the San Gabriel river. All work

was stopped for a few minutes to watch an old fashioned colored baptismal service. Producer Hal E. Roach, Harold Lloyd and Harry "Snub" Pollard moved up close that they might see and hear all that was taking place.

One by one the candidates waded waist deep into the water for the solemn ceremony. Finally all had been baptized but one lone mammy. She moved cautiously down to the river's edge, touched her hands in the cold stream and then started walking away.

"What's matter, Martha?" shouted the deacon, "Yo' hasn't got cold feet is yo'?"

"No, sah," she answered, "An' that ain't all; ah ain't gonna have."

GERALDINE FARRAR has put an end to her Goldwyn activities. According to her present plans, she and Lou Tellegen will go abroad sometime this summer. As to her future film plans, a persistent rumor has it that she is going with the company that Theda Bara made famous. Farrar made one of the greatest successes of a career studded with personal triumphs when she created the role of "Zaza" in the operatic version of this drama in the Metropolitan opera season of '10-20.

THE frisky heroine of "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath" and "Breakfast in Bed"—Miss Florence Moore—soon will make her flicker debut with Metro.

YUP, you're right—Lillian Gish will be "Anna Moore" in Griffith's production of "Way Down East." The heroine of Lottie Blair Parker's famous old melodrama is the real original, we might say, of all those persecuted girls Lillian has been playing in her screen career. Richard Barthelmess will have the leading juvenile lead opposite Miss Gish. Robert Harron, whom many thought the logical hero of the rural piece, is a candidate for individual stardom.

IF everybody on Broadway, New York, doesn't see "The Virgin of Stamboul" it won't be the fault of Universal's publicity department. The astute gentleman comprising it—by name Mr. Harry Reichenbach—recently concocted one of the best

campaigns ever "pulled" in Manhattan. An Arabian Shiek, seeking Sari, a virgin of Stamboul, descended upon a surprised and flattered metropolis, registering at one of the better hotels with a retinue of servants and all sorts of mysterious-looking luggage. Sari, you see, was reported to be the missing heiress to several millions of Arabian dollars, and the fiancee of some Amir, or something, of Persia. Almost all the newspapers fell for it.

BRYANT WASHBURN is round telling all his friends the latest cute remark of his well-advertised heir, Bryant Washburn IV., generally known as "Sonny."

"Sonny" was to speak a piece at an entertainment. His mother toiled long and hard in an effort to teach him his lines, but in all his rehearsals he stumbled over them boldly.

The night of the entertainment, however, the five-year-old youngster's inborn histrionic talent came to the surface and he conducted himself like a little hero.

When the Father Washburn returned from his studio, his wife told him of the lad's success. But Washburn wanted to hear the story from his son's lips.

"How did you get along, son?" he asked.

"Oh," the little fellow answered. "The act went over big! They called me back!"

AN interesting phase of photoplay development is the recent purchasing of old plays first produced some years ago on the screen, for reproduction by different companies.

Paramount bought "The Witching Hours" and other Frohman plays from Frohman Amusement Corporation, or Wm. Sherrill. Christie bought "A Texas Steer," "A Bunch of Keys," "The Milk White Flag" and other old Hoyt comedies from Selig. All of these will be given new and much more elaborate presentations.

Paramount will make over "Snobs," "The Travelling Salesman" and "Brewster's Millions" for Roscoe Arbuckle, and has already revived "The Sea Wolf." Universal will do "Jewel" again. The new "Jewel" of Clara Louise Burnham's book is Edith Roberts; the first one was Ella Hall.

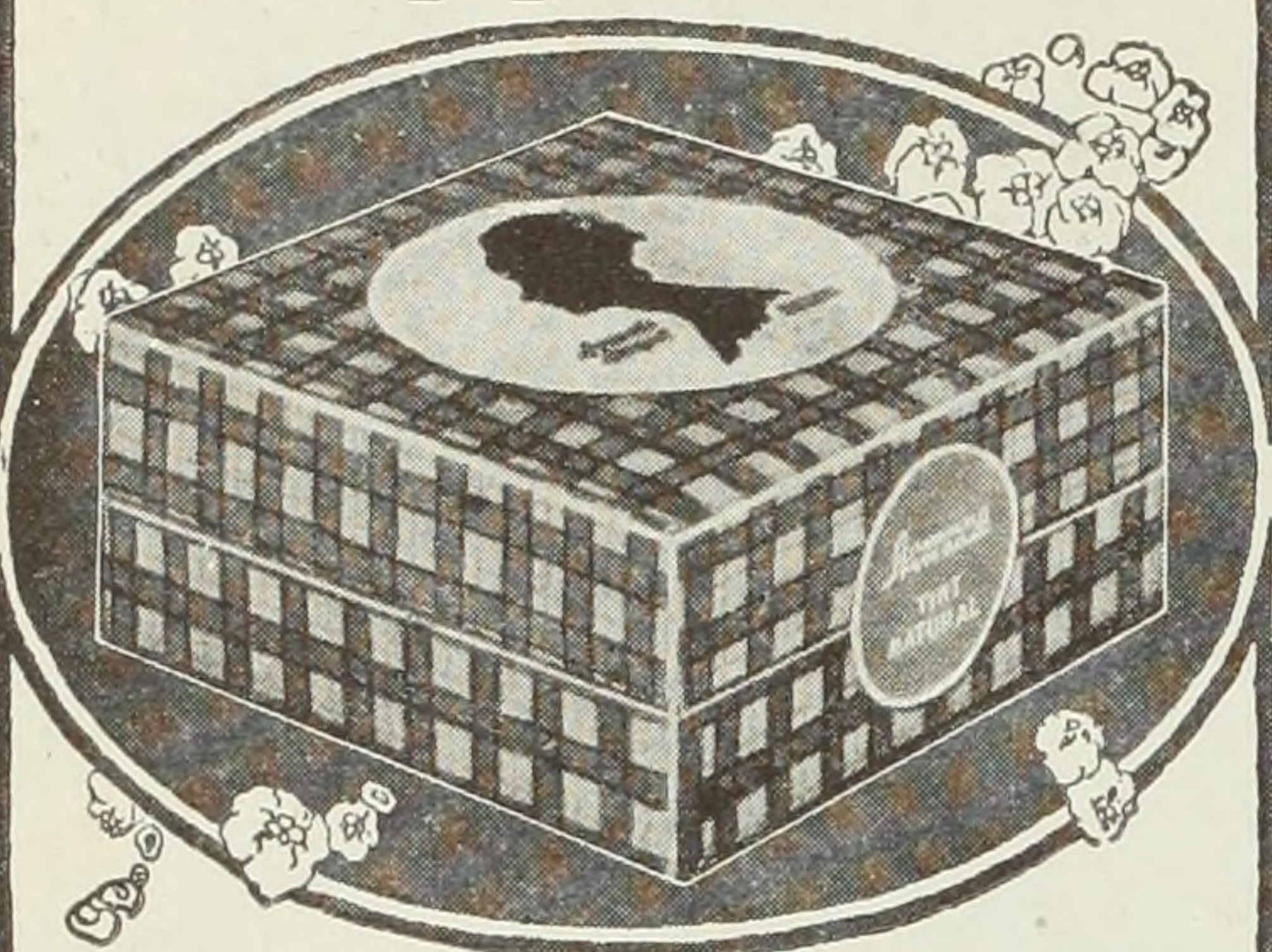
Plays and Players

(Continued from page 81.)

ARMAND**COMPLEXION POWDER**
In the **LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES**

ARMAND Complexion Powder speaks for itself. One trial will prove to you how wonderful it really is!

Buy a box of Armand at any of the better shops. Armand Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, at 50c, and Armand Cold Cream Powder, very dense and clinging, is \$1.



Or send us 15c and your dealer's name for samples of Powder and Rouge. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines
Canadian Address
ARMAND, St. Thomas, Ont.



Somebody out in Oklahoma City wrote and asked for a photograph of Bull Montana, holder of the world's handsomest cauliflower ear—since Bat Nelson had his fixed up, so here's Bull. Bull was a truck driver when Douglas Fairbanks "found" him. Now he's a very important member of a Universal cast. The marcelled young lady is Claire Anderson.

"GOLD MEDAL"
Folding Furniture

is known the world over for its neat appearance, comfort, convenience and strength. It's the ideal Folding Furniture.

"Gold Medal"—"The Cot of Many Uses"—for emergencies, porch, camp and summer home, there's nothing better. Light, compact when folded, quickly set up.

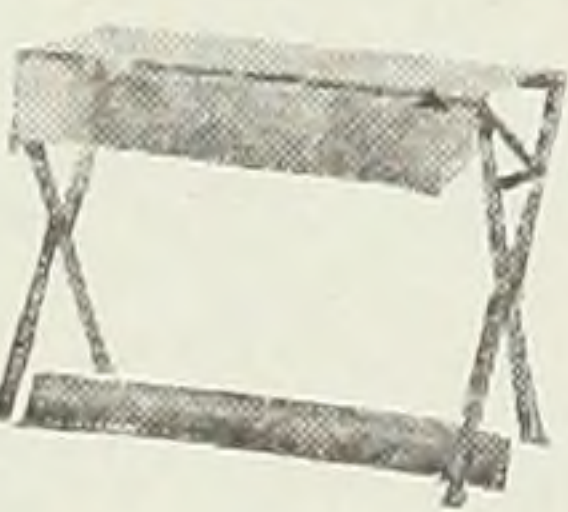
Sold by Furniture, Hardware, Sporting Goods Dealers—and Tent-Makers—everywhere.

Write for complete catalog.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1733 Packard Ave., Racine, Wis.



A comfortable porch or camp chair. Weighs only 14½ lbs. and folds to 4' x 21" x 27".



For washing and dressing the baby—a convenient, strong dressing table. Has pockets for powder, brushes, napkins, etc. Weighs only 8½ lbs. folds to 37" x 27" x 4".

"GOLD MEDAL"
Furniture For Home and Camp

Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement—*Glimpses of the Players in Real Life.*

REMEMBERING her "Cherry Melnotte" of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," we're glad to hear that Kathlyn Williams, the emotional blonde, is to be a feature in the B. B. Hampton productions of well-known American novels. She will only play parts which particularly appeal to her.

IT must be gratifying to an actor to be cast for the star part in a picture called "Determination." But Richard Travers has a strong chin and a rugged disposition; he was in the Army for thirty-two months, so we suppose he can stand it.

"HE has his Captain working for him now" is true of Joseph Henaberry. Henaberry is directing Major Robert Warwick at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. While Henaberry was in the army, Warwick was a Captain. And Joe is the sixth director "Bob" has had since the war.

HOW old is—not Ann, but Mary? This eternal question of the movies has been revived again, in the Federal Court this time, when Mary Miles Minter will swear that the American Film Company owes her \$4,125 in back pay and expenses. The contract with "Flying A" was made by Mrs. Shelby, mother of Mary, and gives Miss Minter's age as seventeen years. The attorney for the defendant was mean enough to say that Miss Minter is more than twenty-six years old!

THE Presbyterian Church and the Methodist are planning the publication of a "white list" of pictures, which they will recommend to picture patrons. Church officials of both denominations say they have no wish to make a wild crusade against the films; rather they hope to discover sufficient wholesome plays to enable them to give a real guide. (Continued on page 86.)

How famous Movie stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



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



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



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

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

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

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



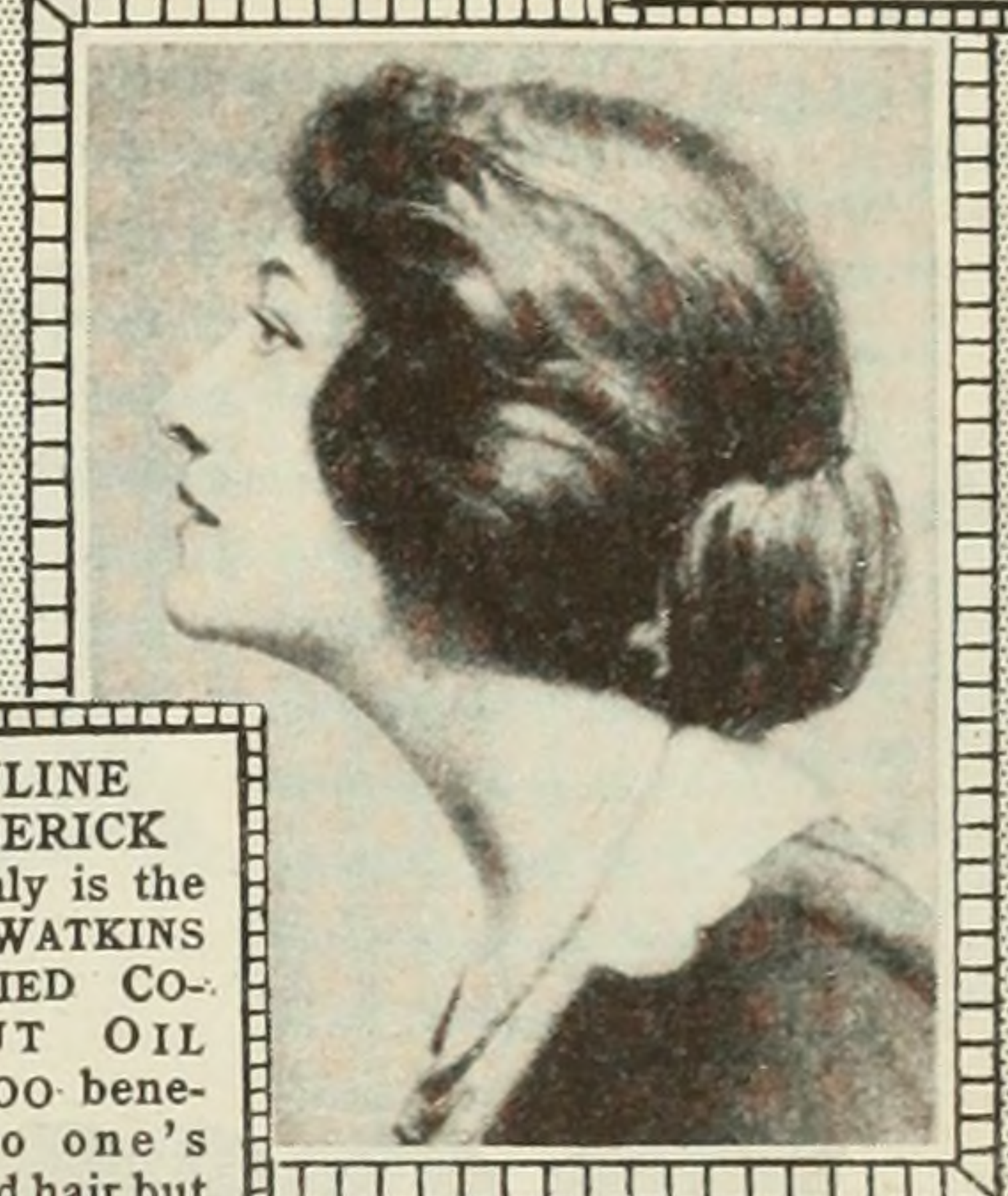
This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

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

Splendid for Children
THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
Cleveland, O.

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



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



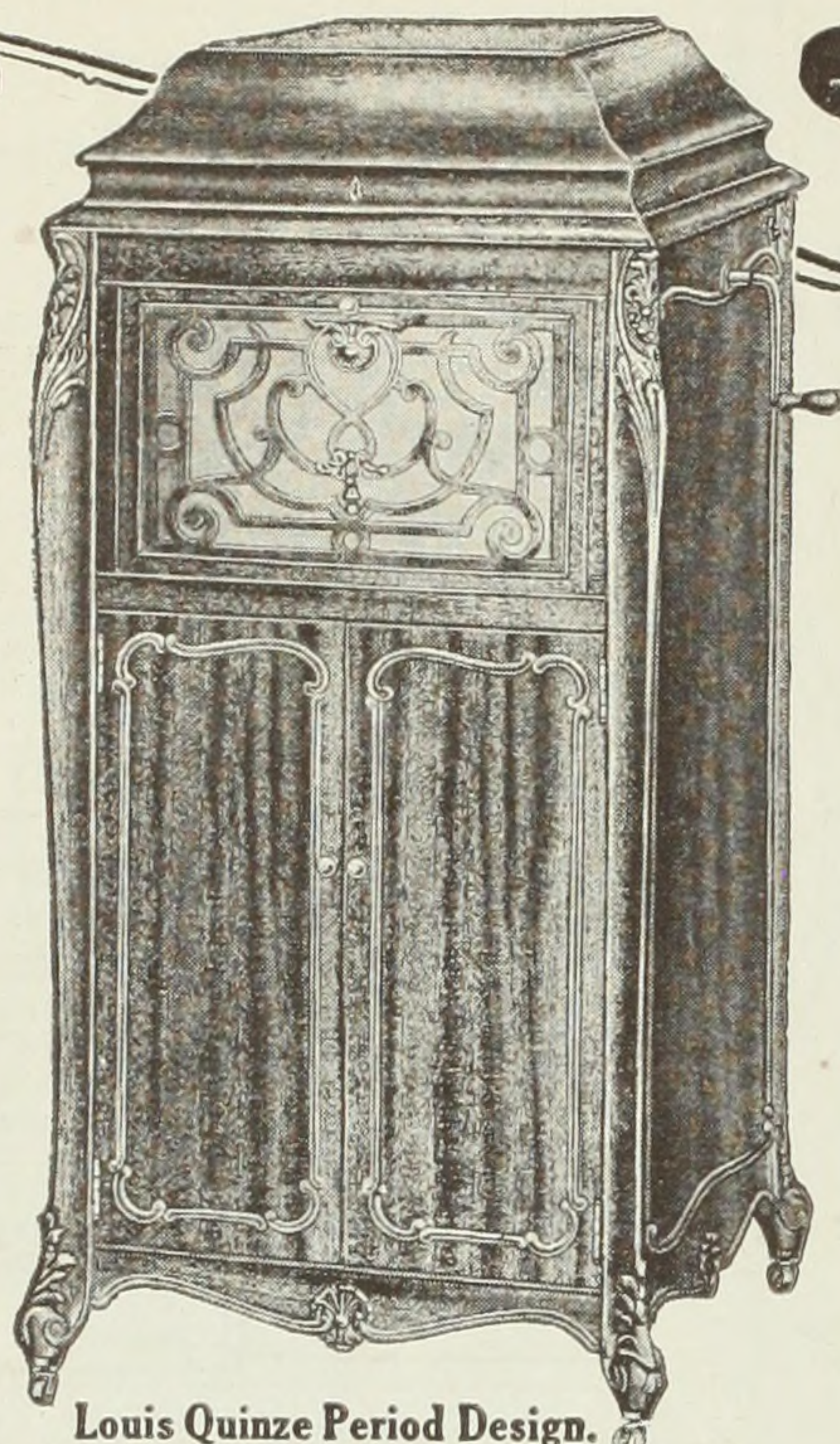
MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."



ETHEL CLAYTON
"I like WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO because it leaves my hair so soft and lustrous and easy to manage."

Silvertone

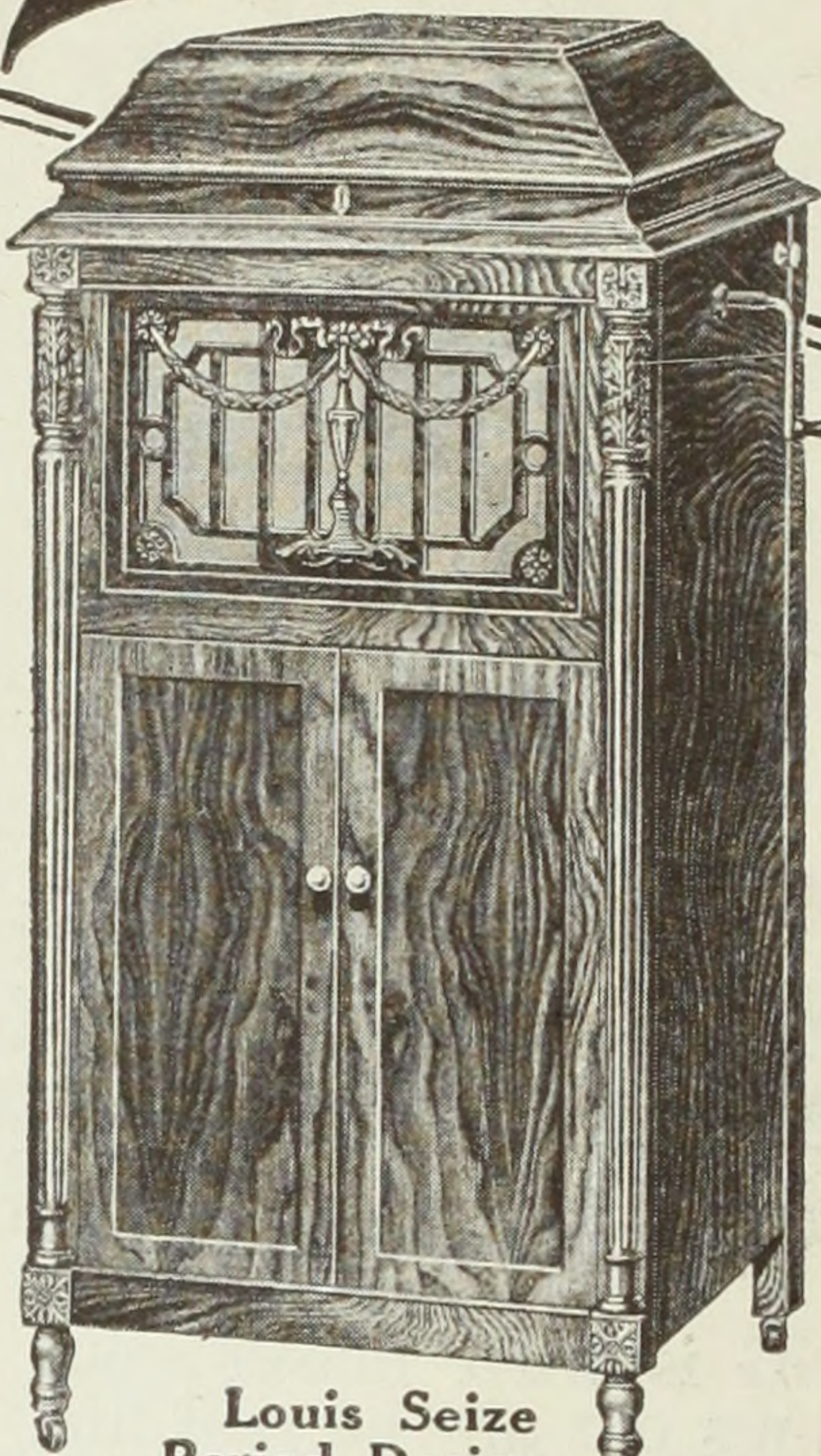
**The Better
Phonograph For
Less Money**



Louis Quinze Period Design.

Mahogany or Walnut. Gold Plated Metal Parts.
Model XVI Price, \$195.00
Dimensions over all, 50 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches high, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide and 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 120 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. Assortment of needles included.

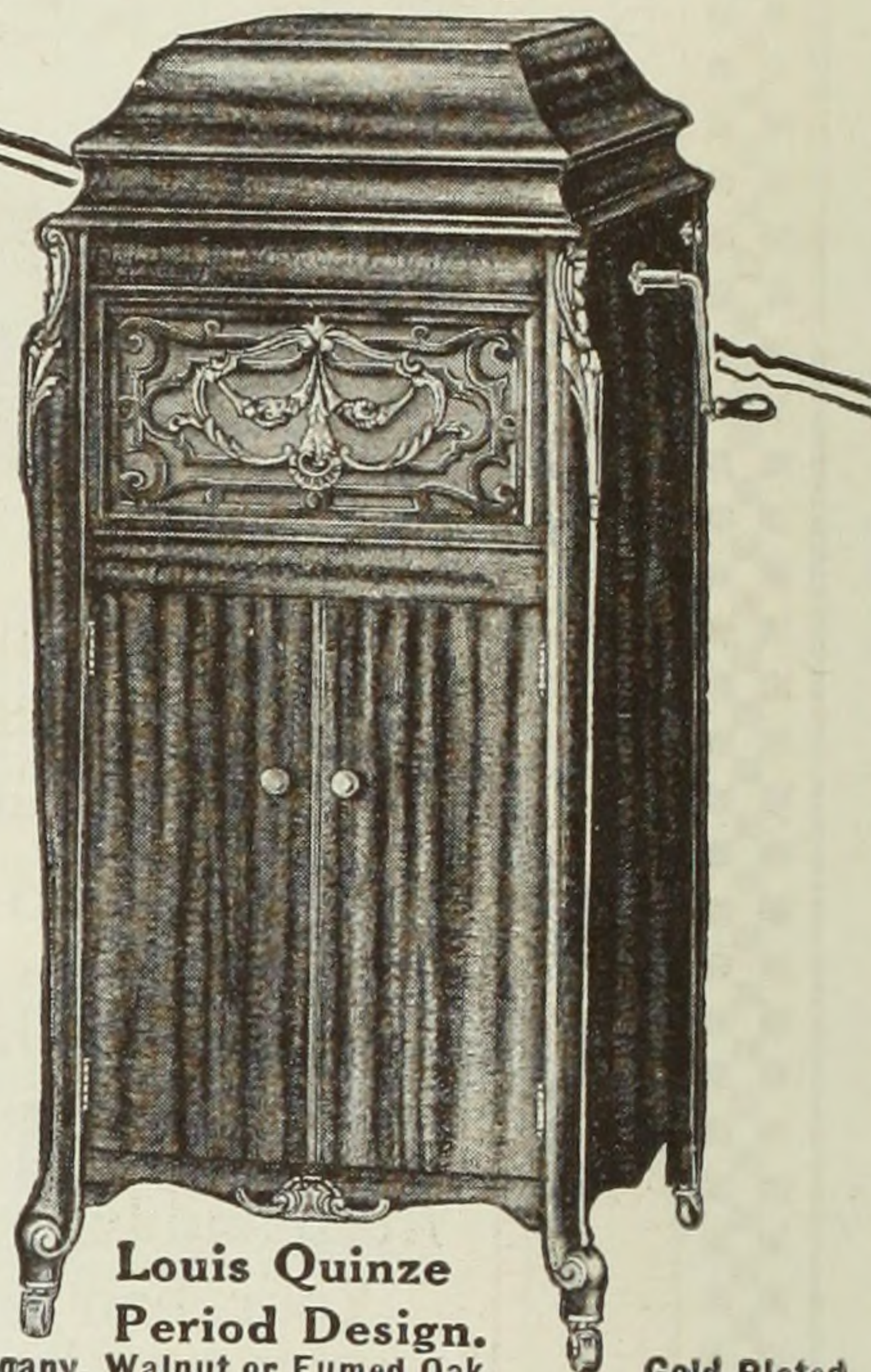
\$6⁰⁰
A Month



**Louis Seize
Period Design.**

Mahogany or Walnut. Gold Plated Metal Parts.
Model XV Price, \$175.00
Dimensions over all, 49 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches high, 23 inches wide and 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 108 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

\$5⁵⁰
A Month



**Louis Quinze
Period Design.**

Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak. Gold Plated Metal Parts.
Model XI Price, \$145.00
Dimensions over all, 46 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in mahogany or walnut and 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in oak. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

\$5⁰⁰
A Month

Send No Money

THE SILVERTONE Phonograph was designed and built to meet the demand for a good phonograph at a reasonable price. That it succeeded in fulfilling these requirements is proved by the fact that over two hundred and fifty thousand satisfied owners are unanimous in their praise of the SILVERTONE.

No effort or expense has been spared to make the SILVERTONE the best phonograph we could build. Experts in acoustics and mechanics have been kept constantly at work developing and perfecting new and better phonograph devices and mechanisms for use in the SILVERTONE. Skilled furniture designers have created cabinets worthy of SILVERTONE quality—artistic, harmonious and dignified. None but the finest of woods and other materials enter into SILVERTONE Phonograph construction, and they are fitted and finished with exquisite care and perfection. SILVERTONE quality is supreme.

And we have kept the price of SILVERTONE Phonographs within the reach of all. Building phonographs in enormous quantities, as we have to do to meet the requirements of our six million customers, has enabled us to reduce the manufacturing cost per phonograph to the very minimum. And selling them direct from factory to customer makes it possible for us to offer SILVERTONE Phonographs at prices which are much lower than those of any other instrument of the same high quality.

We believe that when you see the SILVERTONE and hear it play, you will be convinced of the truth of our claims for it. That is why we are making this liberal trial offer. We want you to try a SILVERTONE in your home for two weeks without the payment of one cent, and without obligating you in any way. Here is the offer:

No Money Down—Two Weeks' Trial

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank at the bottom of this page, and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill. **Send no money with it!** We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. This trial will not cost you one cent, nor obligate you in any way. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough trial. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work and finish. Try it with any records you desire and note its beauty of tone, how faithfully and accurately it restores every delicate shading of tone quality, every minute variation of volume, every sound vibration. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, quality and musical excellence. If at the end of this two weeks' trial you are not fully satisfied with the phonograph, if you do not believe that mechanically, musically and in workmanship, material and finish it is the equal of any other phonograph on the market selling at from 25 per cent to 50 per cent higher in price, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph at our own expense, and will return any transportation or cartage charges you have paid.

Small Monthly Payments
If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, send us the price of the phonograph you have selected in equal monthly payments until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment is shown under the illustrations of the various models. There is no interest or extras of any kind to pay.

Fill out the order blank today, before this paper gets out of your hands, and let us send you one of these beautiful 1920 SILVERTONE models for two weeks' trial in your home, without having to pay a cent down on the phonograph, and without obligating you in any way. You are to be the sole judge of the quality and value of the SILVERTONE.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

The Reproducer.

Tone quality is dependent upon the reproducer, tone arm and amplifying chamber. Each must be designed and harmonized in its relation to the other two in order to produce a sweet, pleasing tone. The SILVERTONE reproducer restores every sound vibration. Designed so that all scratching and mechanical noises are reduced to the minimum.

Plays All Disc Records.

The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm permits the playing of any make of disc record. A universal joint in the tone arm makes it possible to adjust the reproducer at will so that it will play either vertical or lateral cut records. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Amplifying Chamber.

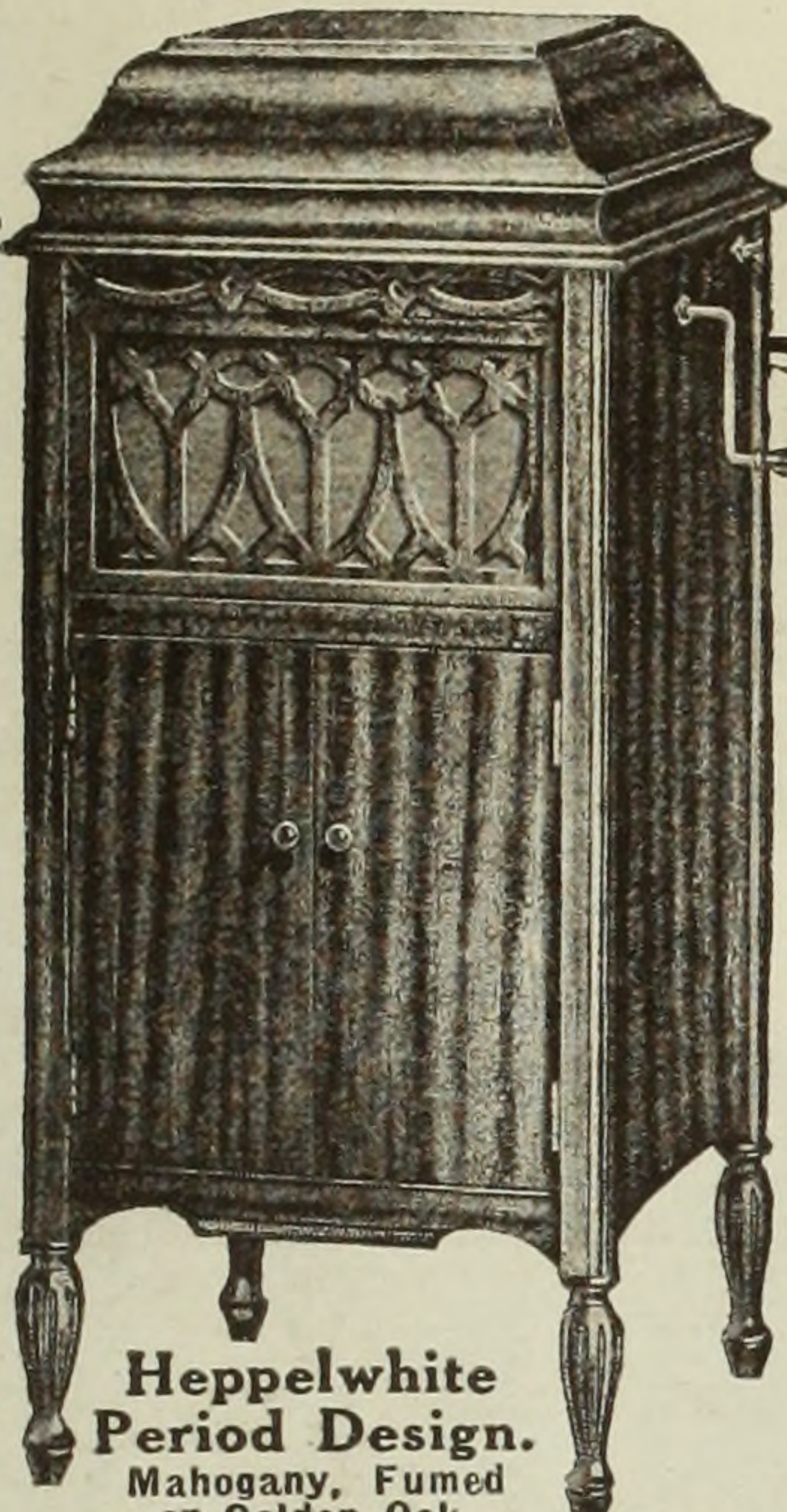
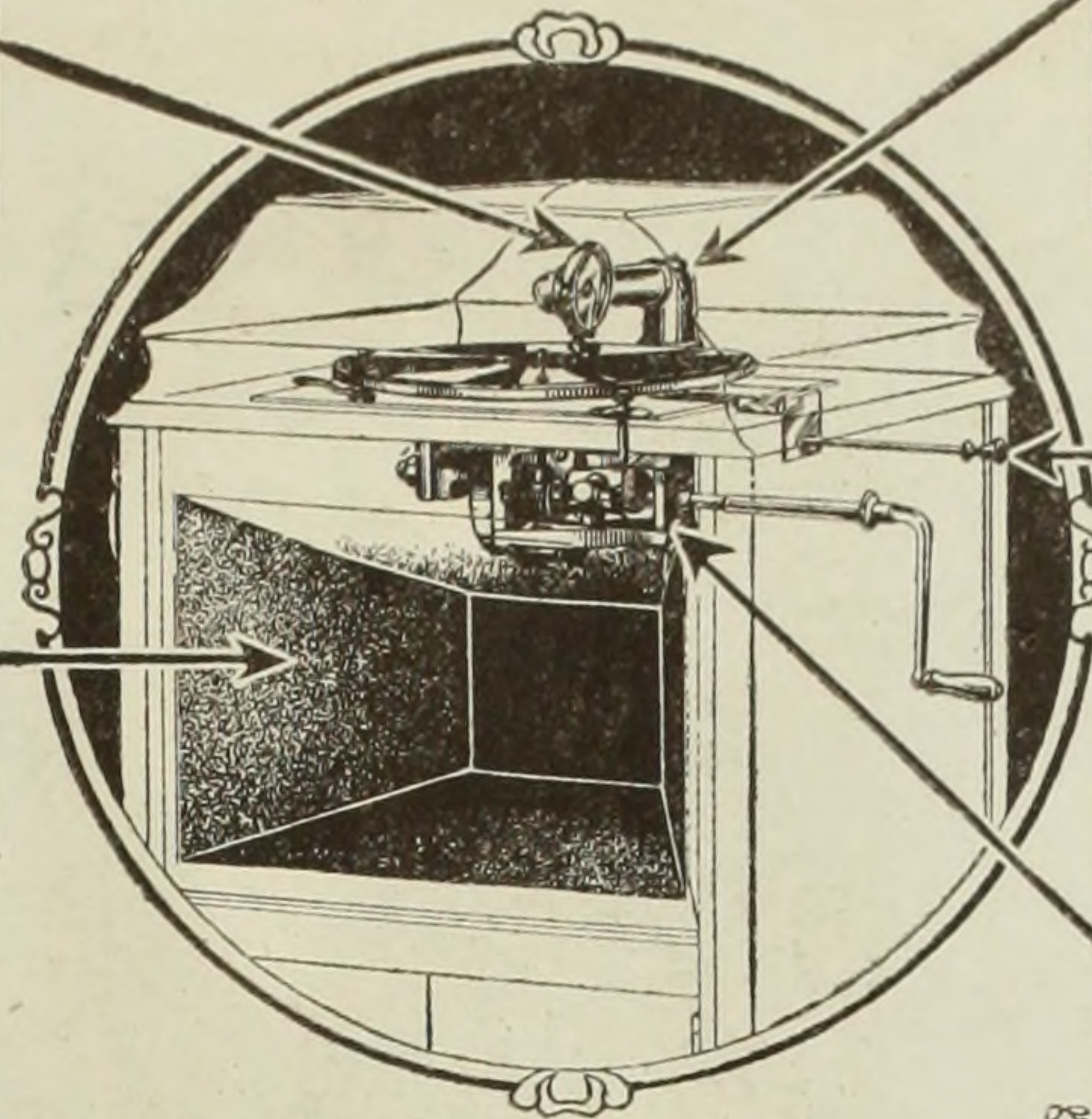
The sounds carried from the reproducer through the tone arm are given volume and resonance in a scientifically designed amplifying chamber or horn. This chamber is built of carefully seasoned wood and, like the sounding boards of a fine violin, imparts to the reclaimed sound vibrations sweetness and resonance.

Tone Control.

The tone modulator with which each SILVERTONE is equipped gives complete control over the volume of sound. You may set the modulator at any desired point, thus giving a uniform volume of sound, or the modulator may be manipulated while a selection is being played, thus enabling you to impart your own interpretation to the music.

Powerful, Silent Motor.

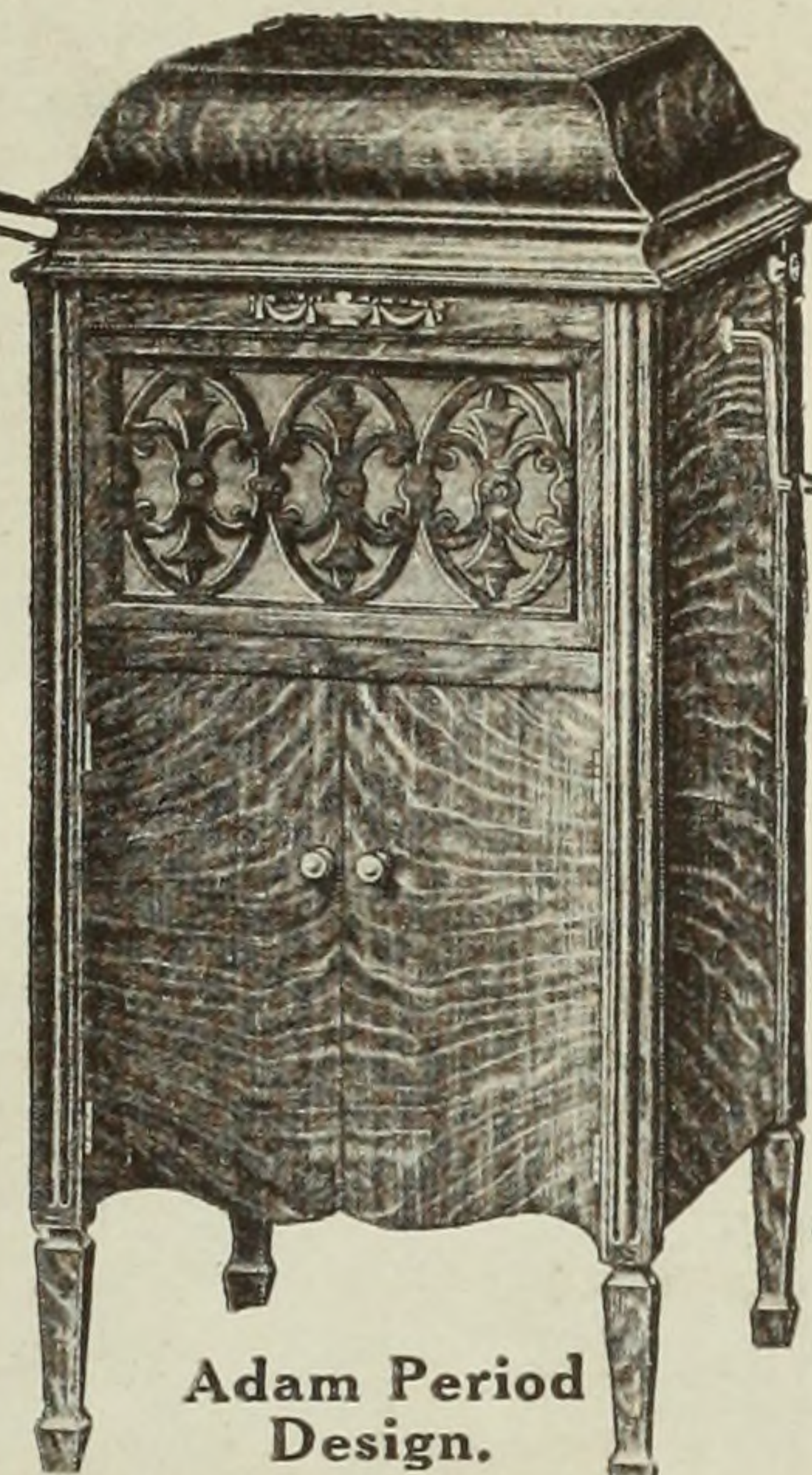
Every part of the SILVERTONE motor is made and fitted with care and precision, and gears mesh silently. Powerful springs furnish an abundance of power, and a perfectly designed governor keeps the turntable speed absolutely uniform. The motor is equipped with a silent winding device and cranks with very little effort.



Heppelwhite Period Design.
Mahogany, Fumed or Golden Oak.

Model IX Price, \$100.00
Dimensions over all, 46 3/8 inches high, 20 inches wide and 22 inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 69 pounds in mahogany and 74 pounds in either fumed or golden oak. Metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

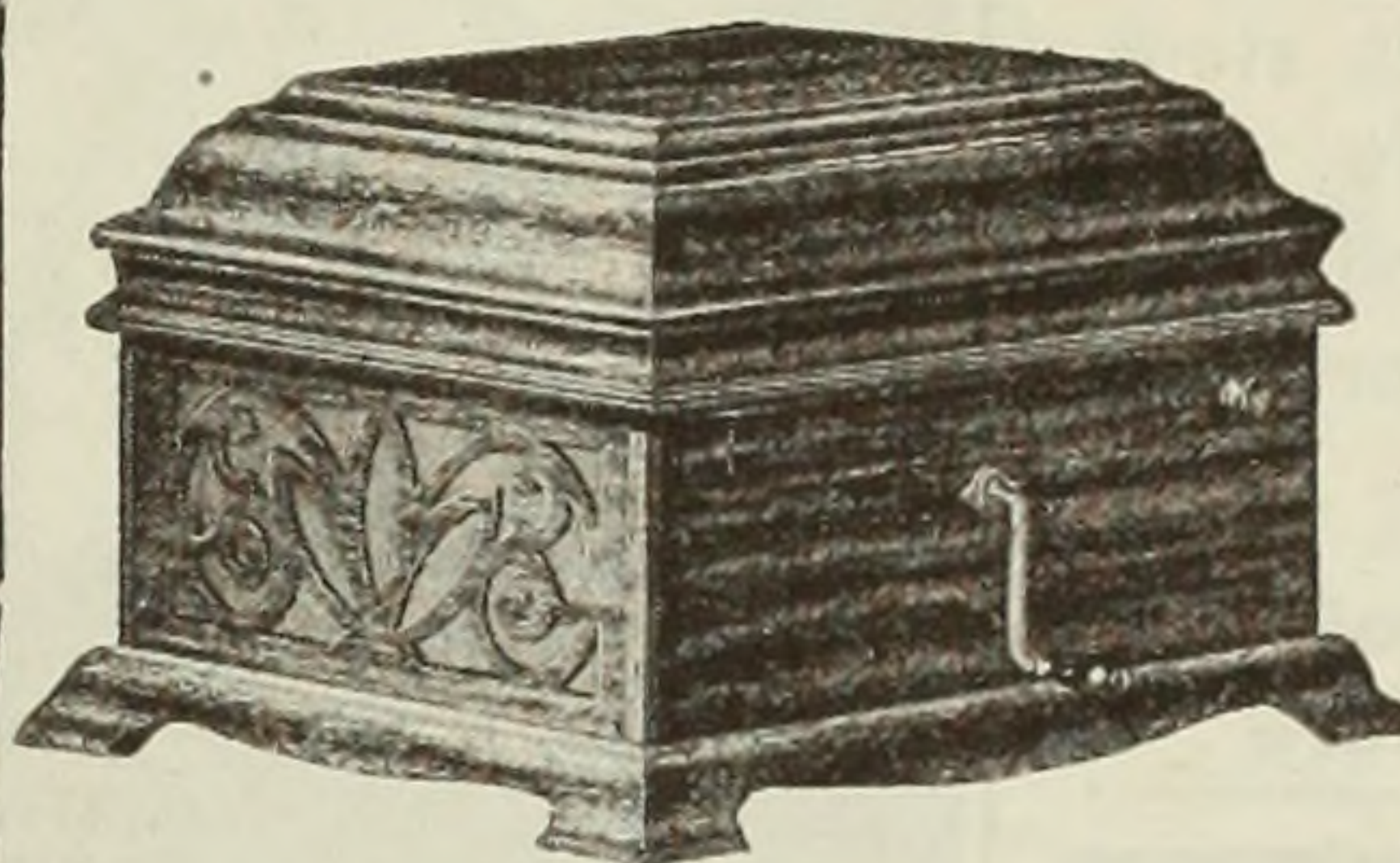
\$450
A Month



Adam Period Design.
Fumed Oak.

Model VIII Price, \$80.00
Dimensions over all, 42 3/4 inches high, 19 7/8 inches wide and 22 in. deep. Net weight, ready to play, 76 1/4 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

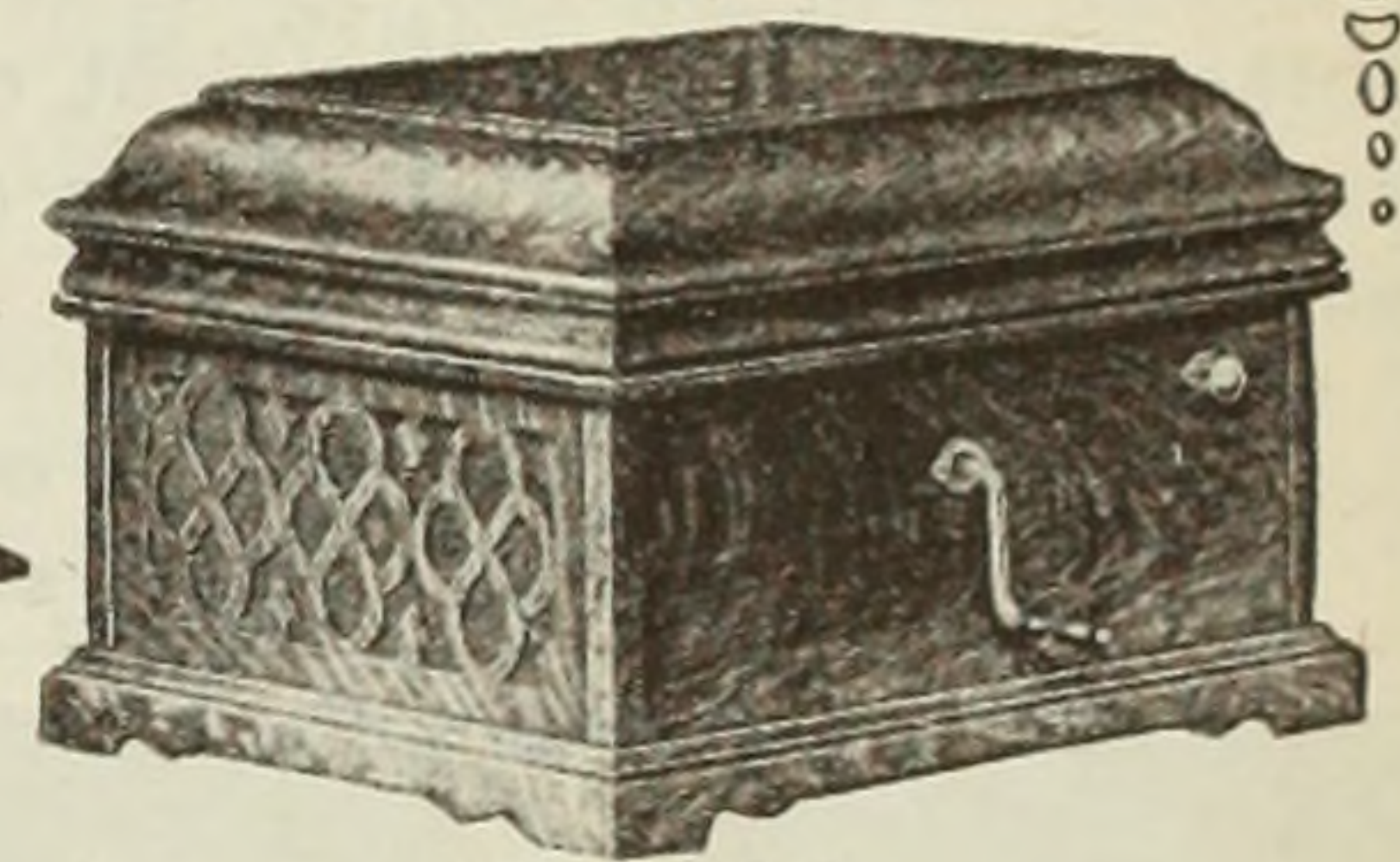
\$400
A Month



Queen Anne Period Design.
Mahogany.

Model VII Price, \$57.00
Dimensions over all, 14 3/4 inches high, 19 3/4 inches wide and 23 3/4 inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 39 1/4 lbs. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

\$350
A Month



Golden Oak.

Model VI Price, \$48.00
Dimensions over all, 14 3/8 inches high, 18 3/8 inches wide and 22 1/8 inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 42 1/4 lbs. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

\$300
A Month

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Period Design Cabinets.

SILVERTONE Cabinets are the finest product of the skilled cabinetmakers' art. Made in the most popular period designs, every one is a handsome piece of furniture—dignified, graceful and artistic in appearance. Only the finest selected woods are used in their construction and they are finished and fitted with that exquisite care and perfection which mark the work of the painstaking artisan.

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Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago. Date _____ 19__

You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an [X] for two weeks' trial.

If, after two weeks' trial, I decide to keep and use the instrument, I will send you the first payment for the phonograph, and pay the same amount each month, until paid in full; then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you, and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return to me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

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(Sign your name here plainly and carefully. If under age, some member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.)

R. F. D. _____ Box _____ Street _____
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I have been located in _____ If less than 5 years, _____
this town since _____ give former address _____

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Name of head of household _____
(Please give names of TWO references.) REFERENCES: \$5P85

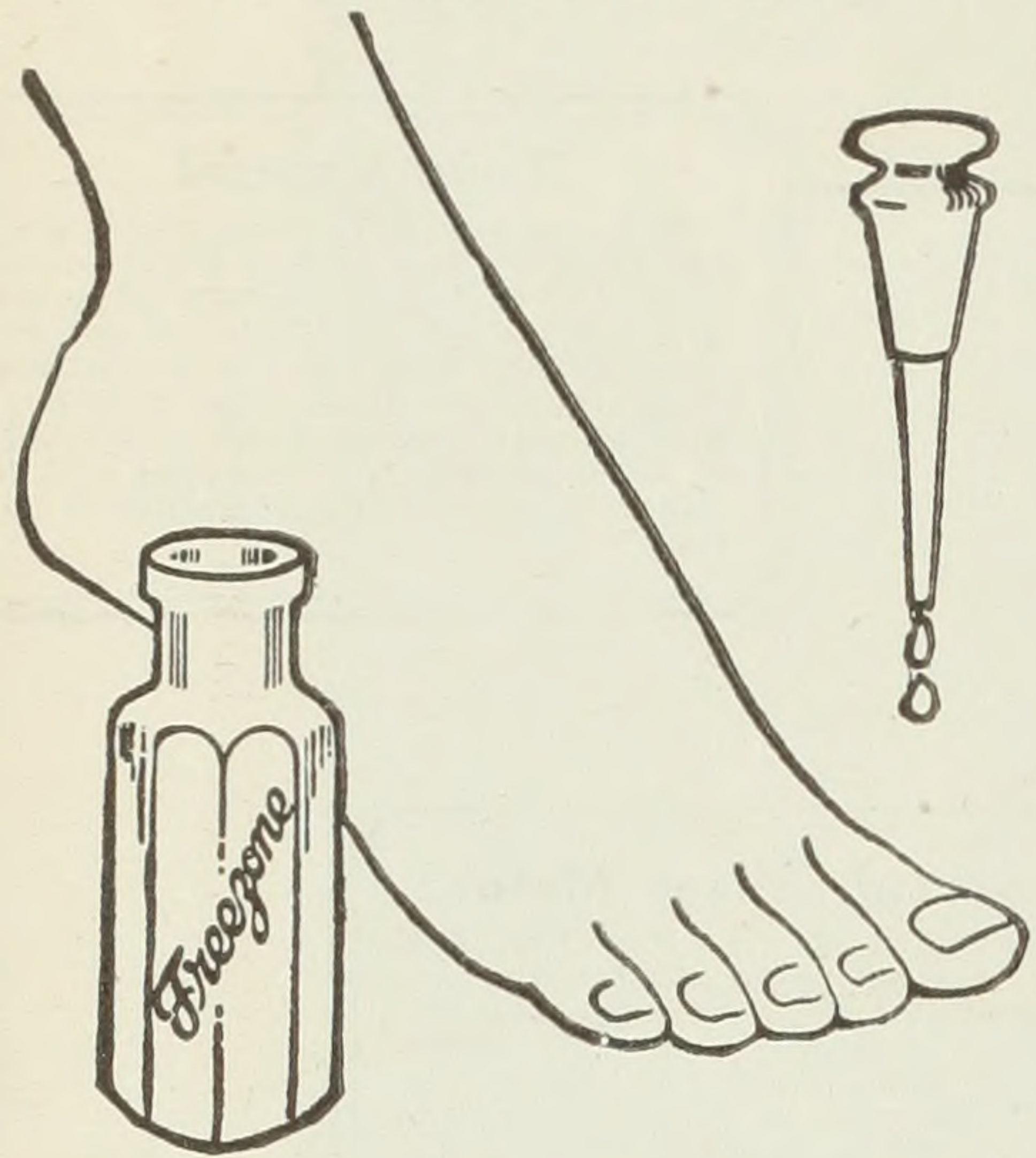
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- Model VI Golden Oak.**
Price, \$48.00 \$3.00 a Month
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Price, \$57.00 \$3.50 a Month
- Model VIII Fumed Oak.**
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- Model IX Mahogany.**
Price, \$100.00 \$4.50 a Month
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Price, \$175.00 \$5.50 a Month
- Model XVI Mahogany.**
Price, \$195.00 \$6.00 a Month
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Price, \$195.00 \$6.00 a Month

Chicago

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet. Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store



The Final Touch

Fear no criticism—be sure of admiration—if you use Carmen. It stays on. White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the New CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade.

CARMEN Complexion Powder

50c Everywhere
Trial Offer—Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with 3 weeks' supply—state shade preferred.
STAFFORD-MILLER CO. St. Louis, Mo.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Give a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows, long lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, lengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all free.

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
17, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
(A Branch of Susanna Cocraft's Work) 2428A



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)



Is your grandmother a good sport? Bebe Daniels' came to the studio to watch her enact some scenes in a picture opposite Wally Reid—and when Grandma saw Bebe dressed as Eve she never even batted an eyelash. Bebe says that's the kind of grandmother to have.

A SLIGHT reversal of the usual procedure occurred recently when a local church of Brownsville, a thriving town in Oregon, selected a picture it wanted projected in a local picture-theater, and the manager of the picture-theater, after viewing the selected subject, branded it as "unwholesome, unworthy of a place on the theater program, and neither clean nor entertaining!"

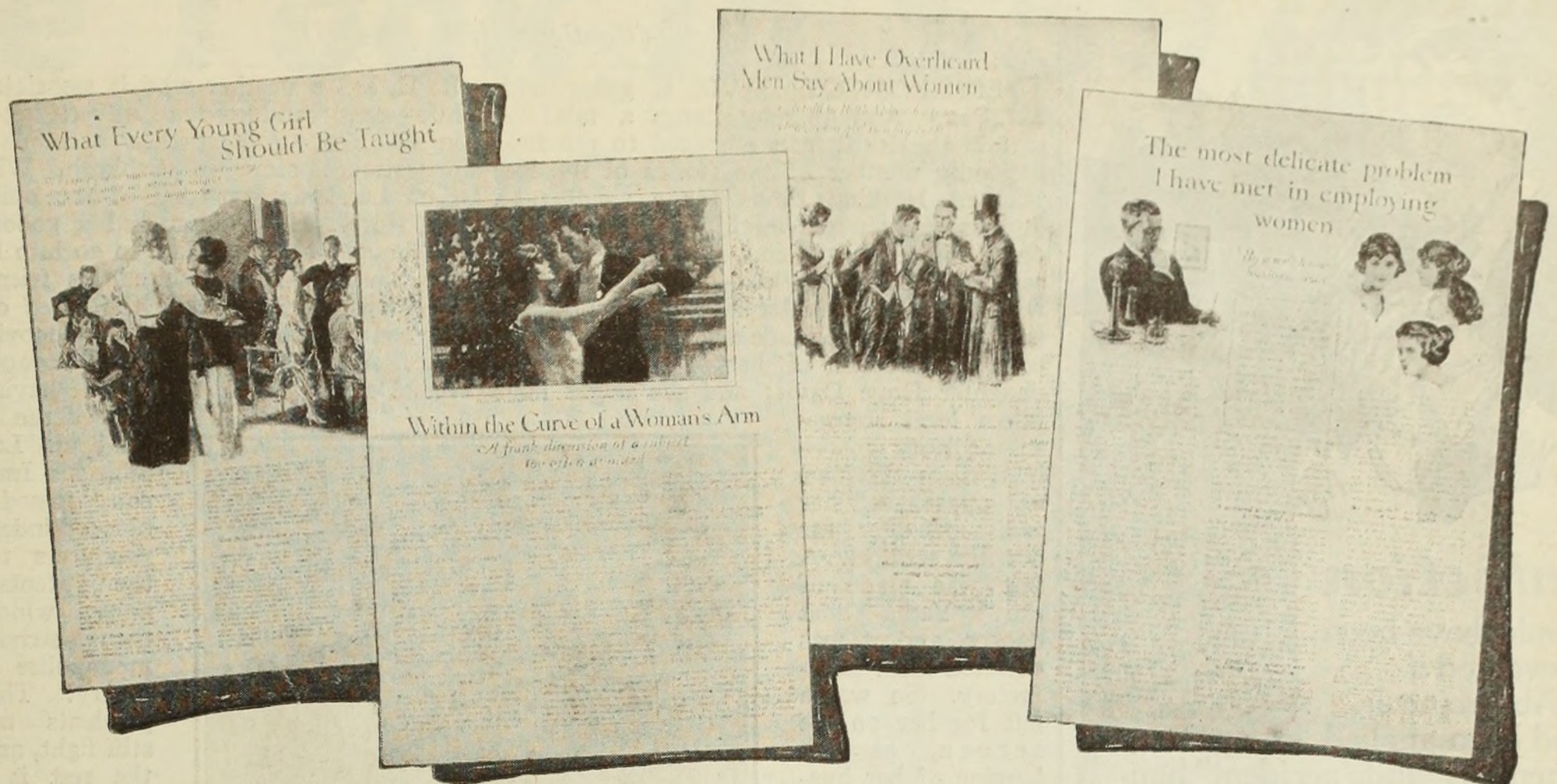
THE three Barrymores appeared together in a benefit performance given for the S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion, in April. S. Rankin Drew was a brilliant young director who met his death in the air, in France; the son of Sidney and the nephew of John. The Post is composed of ex-service men who are affiliated with the theater or the screen.

DESPITE the fact that help is scarce on the western coast, the companies are flocking there in droves. From all that we have heard, the warm weather came east just in time to prevent D. W. Griffith from leaving New York forever.

MARION SWAYNE must have had a good laugh all to herself at Mr. Golden when she heard him call her a "kid." And another one when she read Mr. Wolfe's column. Five years ago we remember we had an interview with Miss Swayne when she was playing in pictures made by the Gaumont company. At that time she was a grown-up lady, though we must admit she didn't look grown-up, and she had a husband Joseph Levering, who played with her.

THOUGH he does not say so, there was strategy in the move that Rev. J. E. Price, of the Universalist Church in Auburn, N. Y., made a few Sunday nights ago. He announced for the topic of his evening service, "The Storm." But he kept to himself the secret that "The Storm" was a motion picture. If he had let it be known before hand that he intended showing pictures in his church, very likely some of the dear sisters would have made it so unpleasant that he would have had to give up his plans.

(Continued on page 88)



“YOUR ARTICLES ARE UNFAIR TO YOUR SEX!”

Criticism and commendation, abuse and applause, poured in on Ruth Miller after the publication of these stories. Did you read them? What do you think?

WHEN I started these discussions I knew I would have to tread carefully in addressing women on such a delicate personal subject.

I have received an immense amount of both commendation and condemnation.

But what has surprised me has been the attitude taken by those women who resented my remarks.

The burden of nearly all such letters has been: Get after the men. They, not women, are the real offenders in this matter.

One New York woman, for instance, writes: “Your articles are an insult to your sex. What kind of women are you addressing, pray? Not a single woman whom I know intimately fails to guard herself as you recommend, against even the *chance* of offending in this matter. But men—there are the real offenders. Address your remarks to them and you will do your sex a very great favor indeed.”

I replied: “I know, my dear, how you feel about men. But I can only hope to reach them through the standards set for them by women. And I know, of course, that many, many women do maintain this standard. Where they do not it is simply because they are unconscious of the facts about perspiration, and it is to such women I am trying to bring home the truth about themselves.”

An old fault — common to most of us
It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But

Arnold Bennett says:

“Discord exists between the sexes. It always has existed and it always will. . . . The sex discord may be the most exasperating thing in existence, but it is by general agreement the most delightful and the most interesting”

the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

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

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

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

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

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that

absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

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

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

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

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

The Odorono Company
512 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)



Infection

would have been prevented if Absorbine Jr. had been applied when this "little accident" happened and the wound would have healed promptly.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It cools and soothes, takes out the pain and soreness and helps the injured tissues to heal. And being a positive germicide it makes any infection quite impossible.

Absorbine Jr. is especially good for all the little hurts the children are constantly getting, being made from herbs and essential oils and therefore perfectly safe.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
18 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.



What Do They Use

to have that beautiful, soft, silvery-white baby-skin and those "Pretty Little White Noses" They use Pure and Exquisite

Lila

A wonderful preparation. 75c and \$1.25 sizes at dealers or direct by mail.
ANSEHL PHARMACAL CO.
17 Preston Place, St. Louis, Mo.
Send 2 dimes for a Miniature Wedding Day Beauty Box containing Seven Wonders for Beauty.

Kill The Hair Root

method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
J. MAHLER, 196-X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

BESSIE McCOY DAVIS is going with Fox. And thereby hangs a tale. A certain theatrical man managed to purchase a goodly number of the stories of the late Richard Harding Davis for a small sum. It was known he could not make use of them himself. He couldn't—but he could sell them to William Fox—and he did. The widow of the popular novelist complained that the sale was made without the knowledge or consent of herself or her small daughter Hope Davis; and she might have taken legal steps—so the story goes—if William Fox had not approached her with an offer for her film services. A test was made of the Yama-Yama dancer, and it was declared most satisfactory. So watch out for her on the screen, as the heroine of her husband's stories.

ETHEL BARRY-MORE is taking another flier in films. She has agreed to make a picture for a new concern headed by Joseph Byron Totten, an actor and author who was once affiliated with Essanay. Miss Barrymore's camera work will not interfere with her performances in "De-classe," her most popular play in years.

INASMUCH as many ministers have been doing it, the announcement that the Reverend C. C. McLean will show pictures as a supplement to his religious services is not of extraordinary interest—except for the fact that this pastor of the Lincoln Road M. E. Church in Washington, D. C., is the father of Douglas McLean. McLean, Sr., says he will show Mack Sennett films in future, as well as offering of the O. Henry and Mrs. Drew type. As yet he has not exhibited any of his son's celluloid efforts. If he shows Sennetts, what's the matter with "Mary's Ankle?"

THE films had another Eternal Triangle—this time an executive rather than a dramatic triangle. But it was broken when P. A. Powers, treasurer of the Universal Company, sold his holdings in the concern to Carl Laemmle and R. H. Cochran, president and vice-president respectively. Powers, it is said, has other interests that claim his attention. The position of Universal in the world of film companies is a unique one; and its rise to prominence is worthy of a passing word. The Cochran brothers—for

R. H. has a brother who is associated with him—once conducted an advertising agency in Chicago. Among their accounts was a department store in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Carl Laemmle was one of the officials of the store. Having amassed a goodly sum, he thought he would like to go into business for himself. He consulted his friends, the Cochrans; and together the three of them entered a brand-new field—the moving picture. With Vitagraph and Biograph, Universal shares the distinction of having been



One of the winners in PHOTOPLAY'S first, and last, Beauty and Brains contest four years ago, was Claire Lois Butler Lee. Now just Lois Lee, she provides piquant support to some of our best known he-stars, notably Bill Russell.

among the first in the field. Laemmle, with his Imp company, joined a combine of independent producers to fight the Patents Company, which was then striving to monopolize the industry. The independents made a stiff fight, and won; the rest is picture history. Universal today is not only a producing organization; it distributes as well. Its slogan has been: "The Play's the thing." And it believes firmly that advertising—in large letters—pays.

ISN'T there an appalling waste of beauty and talent right now in film production? We can call to mind three young women of promise: not mere promise of beauty, they have that in abundance; but, one of them, with more than the usual amount of acting intelligence; another, with a decided fund of humor with which proper coaching might develop her into a fine comedienne; a third, with a power of pathos rare indeed in dramatic circles. And yet: the youngest of these young women is forced to do meaningless "Pollyanna"

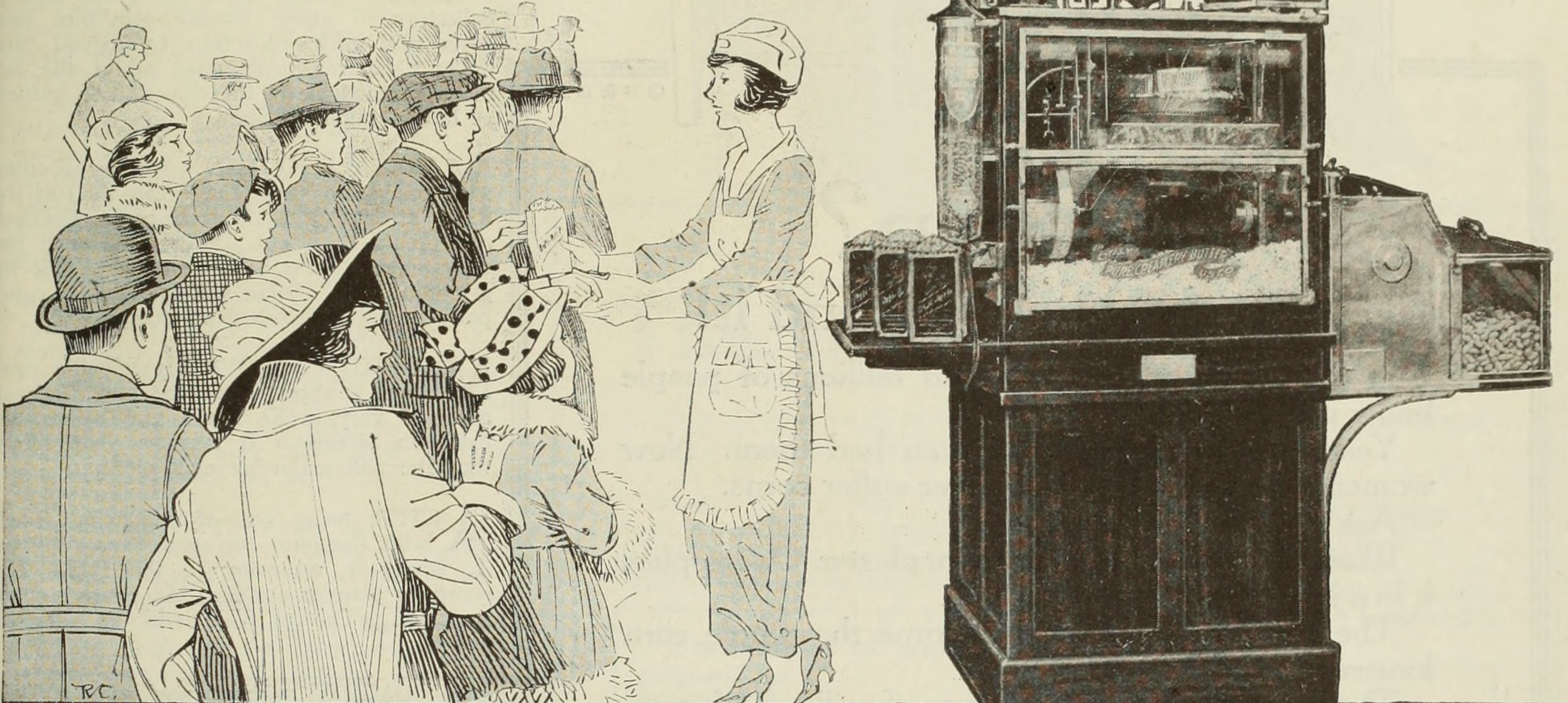
imitations in which she registers abounding love for everything and at which the spectator registers proportionate disgust. The potential comedienne is sadly directed, her sense of humor gone astray. While the dramatic actress is so loaded down with good-looking gowns, duly advertised, and mediocre vehicles that she hasn't a chance. What's the matter? Their producers have only one object in view, apparently: to make money. Why, then, do they not realize that to make money they first must make capital of the appealing points of the three young stars?

CONRAD NAGLE evidently made a good impression in "The Fighting Chance." He has the opposite lead to Sylvia Breamer
(Continued on page 90)

We Took in \$597⁰⁰ 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.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
568 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.

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

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, 568 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



A Corn?

Why, a touch will end it!

A corn today is needless, and millions of people know it.

Years ago nearly every woman had them. Now women who know Blue-jay never suffer corns.

Ask your own friends.

Blue-jay comes in liquid form or plaster. One applies it in a jiffy—by a touch.

The pain stops. In a little time the whole corn loosens and comes out.

The proof is everywhere. Tens of millions of corns have been ended in this simple, easy way.

This is the scientific method—the modern way of dealing with a corn. It was created by this world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects.

One test will solve all your corn problems. Make it tonight. Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

B & B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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DIAMOND BUYING 10 Months To Pay

DON'T BUY Without This Book

It's filled with solid facts about the values of high grade Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry that will double the purchasing power of your purse

Write for the Royal Catalog

A wholesale jewelry house in a nutshell; goods at prices minus middlemen's profits. Get a copy NOW; it is FREE; learn how to open a charge account and pay monthly or weekly, if you like. Liberty Bonds accepted. Ask for edition 142.

1014 \$125

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH Co
ESTABLISHED 1892
35 Maiden Lane - New York

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

WHAT are the hairs of Napoleon compared to the locks of Pearl White? A few weeks ago, according to "The Comediant," a small lock of the Emperor's hair brought at an auction in London the miserly price of one hundred dollars while a blonde curl of Pearl White, which it was claimed she had sold for a benefit, brought eight hundred dollars. The other locks brought the standard after-war prices and one sees that the H. C. L. has entered into the field of souvenir collecting. A lovely ringlet of the late Gaby Deslys brought two hundred dollars but one of Adelina Patti went at two hundred and fifty.

The Astor family seem to be the largest collectors of these strange souvenirs and it is said their collection catalogued and under glass, represents most all of the famous personages of the day and is valued at half a million dollars.

MARSHALL NEILAN will take his company and cross the ocean in July to make at least two productions in England and on the continent. Margery Daw is the only player so far named to go. While he is abroad, Mr. Neilan will maintain a company in his Hollywood studio.

MADAME PETROVA'S vaudeville contract is about at an end and Madame and her very svelte figure are to be seen again in pictures. It is more than likely that she will make her own pictures.

AFTER being out of producing touch with the films for some time, William A. Brady is returning to the fold. His company plans to produce Mr. Brady's stage successes. Travers Vale will be director general.

A COMEDY without any subtitles has been completed by Ward Lascelle in Los Angeles. It is called "Uneasy Feet." There has been a great deal of discussion recently about the importance of subtitles anyway.

WHAT do you think about Wallace Reid's return to the stage? He received \$1,000 weekly for appearing as the chauffeur in "The Rotters" for a three weeks' run in a west-coast theater. It's been a long time since Wally has heard applause.

RENNOLD WOLFE, theatrical columnist on the New York Morning Telegraph, writes this:

"John Golden, the theatrical producer, in company with Wallace Munro, who imagines things for him, dropped in one evening at the Broadway Theatre, where The Deemster was being shown on the screen. Golden, admiring the work of the young girl in the picture, remarked to Munro, 'Where do these picture people find these wonderful kids? That girl would be great as the ingenue in 'Howdy, Folks.'"

"Howdy Folks" has since been put on in Chicago.

"A voice came out of the dark nearby muttering: 'I'd like to have a chance at that. I'm getting a little tired of being shot, and wouldn't mind letting the public know I am not a mute.'

"Who are you," stammered Golden.

"Hawkshaw, the detec—," the voice stammered. "I mean I'm Marion Swayne the kid you seem to like."

"Golden a moment later had the girl out in the lobby, and there he jotted down with a pencil a memorandum of a contract of two years with the youngster."

Of course, Marion is in the leading role.

The World Shortage of Theaters

By O. R. Geyer

DUE to two causes—the cessation of all theater building operations for six years in the leading countries of the world and the enormous increase in the number of fans—the world motion picture industry today finds itself confronted with a shortage of high-grade motion picture theaters numbering from 10,000 to 15,000.

This is the second year of peace, but as yet little or no progress has been made towards a reduction of the shortage of motion picture theaters. The nations more or less directly affected by the war have had to turn all of their building resources to the construction of such necessary buildings as homes for workers and factories and office buildings for the industries.

Great Britain, according to conservative estimates, has urgent need of at least 1,000 motion picture palaces of the type now more or less common in the large cities of the United States. France needs an equal number, as many of its cities of from 10,000 to 50,000 are practically movieless.

Germany and Central Europe, also, are movie hungry. In Berlin, more than 600 new theaters have been improvised from store rooms and other buildings, and in Frankfort there is a movie theater for practically every street. Central Europe, including Germany, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan nations, could make good use of several thousand new theaters.

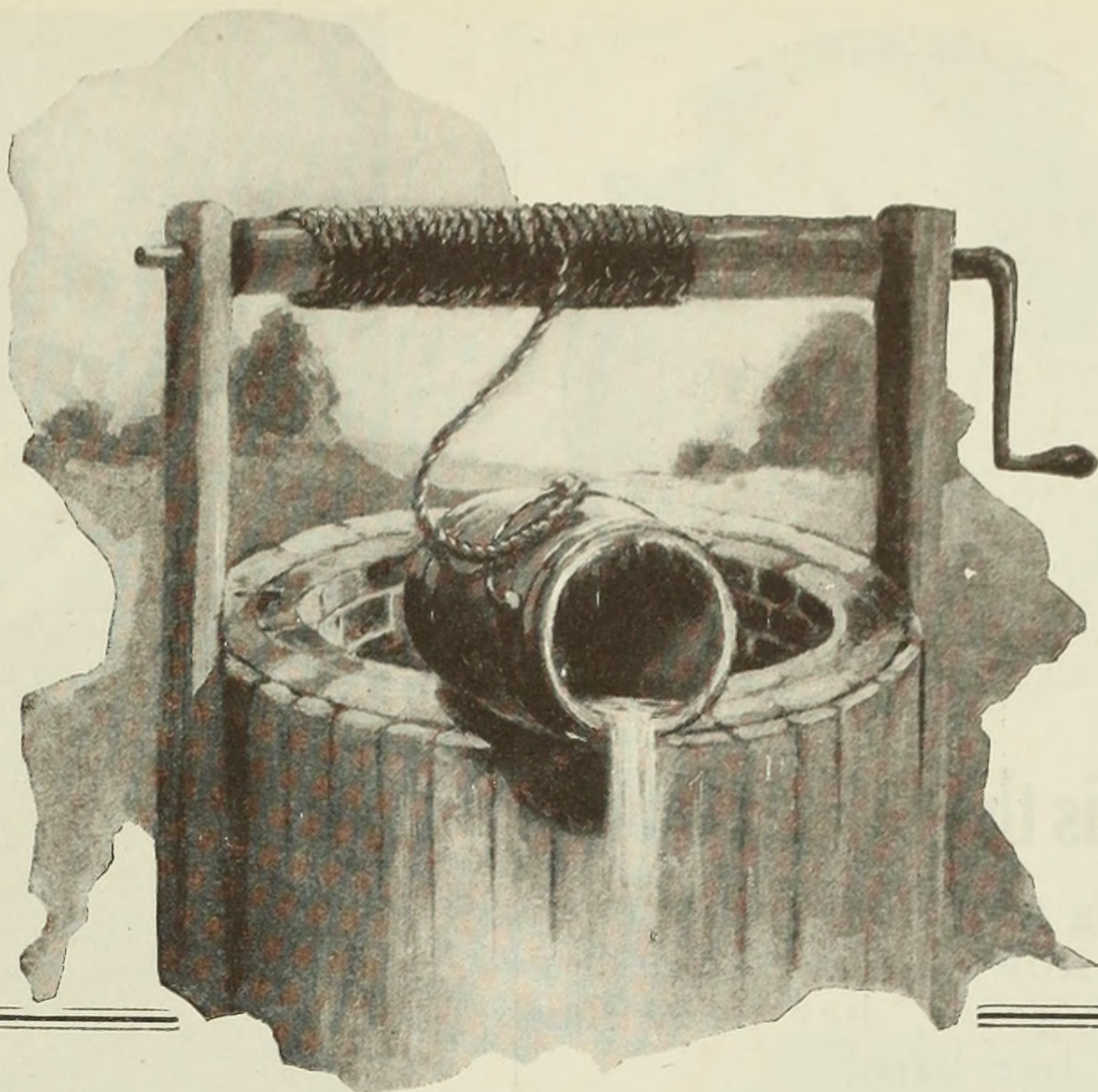
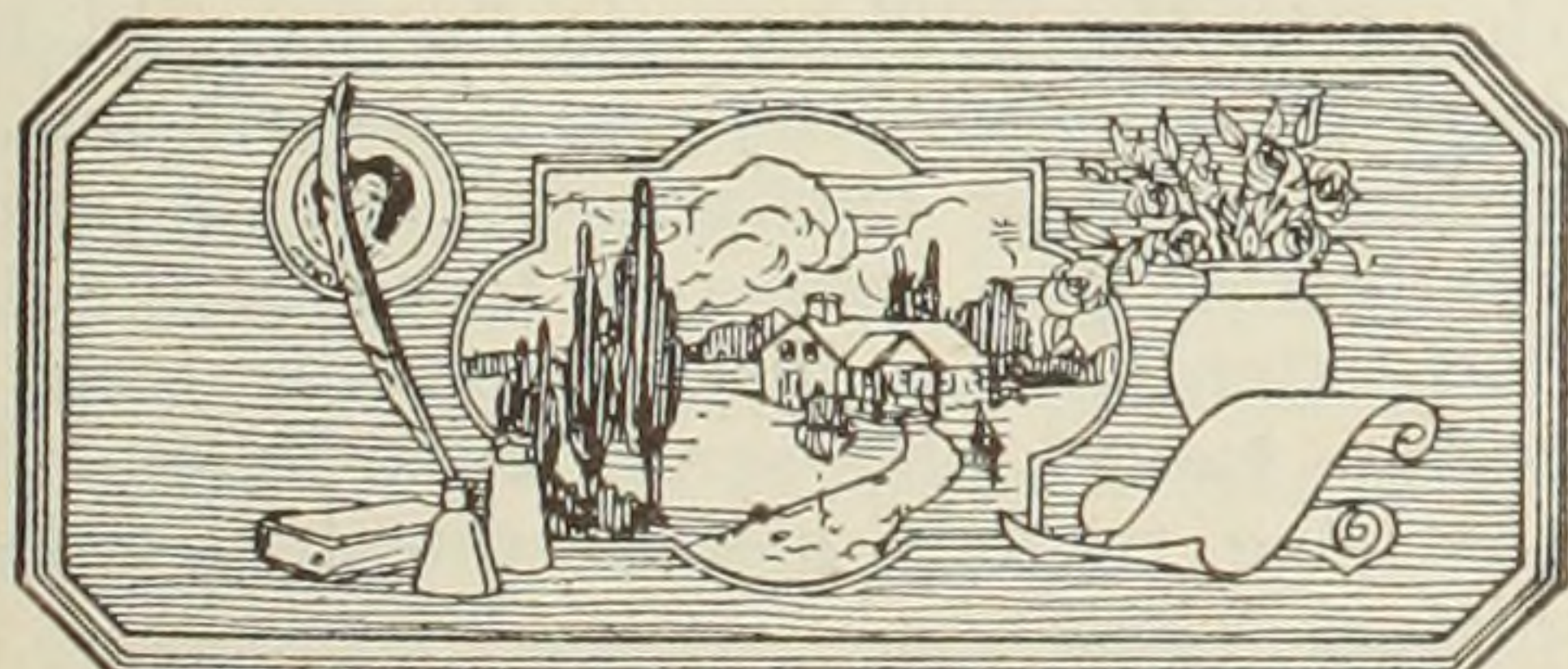
Spain, Italy, Switzerland and other small European nations have either been too busy fighting or trying to keep neutral to build high-class motion picture theaters, and today find themselves from six to ten years behind the times. In the days before the war Russia was just beginning to turn to the motion picture for surcease from its sorrows and troubles. It is estimated that when peace and order are restored that many hundreds of new theaters, seating from 1,000 to 5,000 will be required there to care for the millions who have become interested in motion pictures.

China, with its 400,000,000 population, has about sixty theaters, located principally in Shanghai and Hong Kong. When interior transportation is improved, hundreds of new theaters will be required to stem the tide of new fans. Already Japanese, American and European capitalists are casting hungry eyes upon the millions to be made from entertaining the Chinese with screen plays.

South America did little or no theater building during the war, and today Argentina, Brazil, Chile and the other republics could make use of several hundred fine new theaters.

India, with its huge population, Asia Minor, as yet undeveloped, but which will be exploited on a large scale during the coming year, Africa, Australia, and the other nations of the world are turning their attention to the building of houses for the proper presentation of the best motion pictures of the day.

Despite the resources now available for the construction of new theaters, it will be a matter of many years before the standing room only signs are abolished from the larger cities of the world.



The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water	
In Quaker Oats	7%
In round steak	60%
In veal cutlets	68%
In fish	60%
In hen's eggs	65%
In oysters	88%
In tomatoes	94%
In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving	
Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

Quaker Oats dominate because of the flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3365



June is the Bride's Month

by long tradition. What care she bestows on her trousseau — her gown, her veil, her shoes, her hair!

But after all, it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon! Not only for this "day of days" but for every day, the use of

HYGLO

Manicure Preparations

will make the hands beautiful.

The HYGLO Complete Manicure Outfit costs only \$1.50. It contains full size packages of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, HYGLO Nail Polish in cake form, HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink), HYGLO Nail White, with a flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. These and other HYGLO preparations, including rouges, powders, lip stick and mascarine, may be had separately at 25c, 35c, 50c and 65c each. Trial samples of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, and HYGLO Nail Powder, emery board, orange stick and cotton will be sent you on receipt of 10c in coin.

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Selling Agents

171 Madison Avenue,
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10 McCaul Street,
Toronto, Can.



The Stage and the Screen

Albert Parker knows
some things about both.

By BETTY SHANNON

WOULD you be *too* upset if you learned that David Wark Griffith did not make the first "close-up" after all?

It appears that the "close-up" and the "fade-in" and the "fade-out" and the "cut-back" and those two flighty sisters "iris in" and "iris out" have not been, and are not now being, true to the motion pictures by any means. As a matter of fact, most of them — under other names, or without names at all—were jazzing about with the stage before they ever met the screen. And all the while we've been saying, "O yes indeed, yes indeed, Griffith invented the 'close-up' and introduced it in 'The Adventures of Dolly' in 1908," we've been wrong.

It may be that the first "close-up" known to history came into being on the walls of some vanished Egyptian city. Perhaps some Cleobara Patra, wanting to give the populace a treat, permitted herself to be gossiped about in hieroglyphics, and posed while the press agent chiseled out the "close-up" in a good, big likeness.

Albert Parker cannot remember that far back, but he can tell you about the "great close-up of 1899," which appeared nine years ahead of the adventurous Dolly. Only it wasn't called a "close-up." That name had not been invented then.

"It was in 'Sherlock Holmes' with William Gillette," says Mr. Parker, peering

back into his memory files. Mr. Parker was an actor before he became a motion picture director, and he has always noticed things like that.

"At the beginning of each act, the curtain went up in the darkness on an unlighted stage which gradually brightened. At the end of each act, the stage lights dimmed again and the curtain rang down in the dark. The house remained dark for several seconds before the lights were turned on again. What would you call these lighting effects but 'fade-ins' and 'fade-outs'?"

"Then—as the stage lights went out on the last act, the spot light was left on at its full intensity. It was directed at the heads of William Gillette and his leading woman, framing their faces, which were close together, in a circle of light, while their bodies were blotted out in the shadow that gradually enveloped the stage. Now I ask you, what was that but a 'close-up'?"

"Though the faces of these two people were not actually enlarged or brought up closer to the audience, as they would have been in a screen 'close-up,' nevertheless, by fading out the background full of objects to distract the eye, and focusing the light and attention on their faces, the stage director gained the same intensifying effect that the motion picture director seeks in picture 'close-ups.'

"Playgoers who saw Richard Bennett in

The Stage and the Screen

(Continued)

'For the Defense' during the past season," says Mr. Parker, "will recall many 'motion picture effects' adapted to the stage in this melodrama by Elmer L. Rice, the same young man who, under the name of Elmer L. Reizenstein, wrote 'On Trial' several years ago.

"For instance, the sets were all shallow, or at least gave the appearance of shallowness, and were set in a plain strip of dark canvas frame, which looked like the border to a motion picture theater screen. A flatness of impression was given by the lighting, which, in the case of every set but one, came from the back. Too, as in the case of 'Sherlock Holmes,' the curtain went up and down at the opening and closing of each act in darkness, in the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out' effect that is now quite common to the stage.

"The chief bit of dramatic construction that linked the technique of this play with the technique of the popular motion picture drama was a 'cut-back' in the last act. In the judge's chambers, the woman who had committed the mysterious murder of the piece commenced to tell her story of the murder in order to save the woman unjustly accused of it. As she began, the stage lights snapped out, the scenery was hurriedly shifted, and the audience was transplanted back to the room where the murder took place, and her story was given in action. When the mystery was thus cleared up, there was again a moment of darkness while the stage hands brought back the judge's court room set, and the play ended there.

"'On Trial' was a much talked of play for the reason that Mr. Reizenstein 'wrote it backwards' as critics said. In other words, he began with the court room scene which was really the climax, and switched back to the action which had brought this trial about.

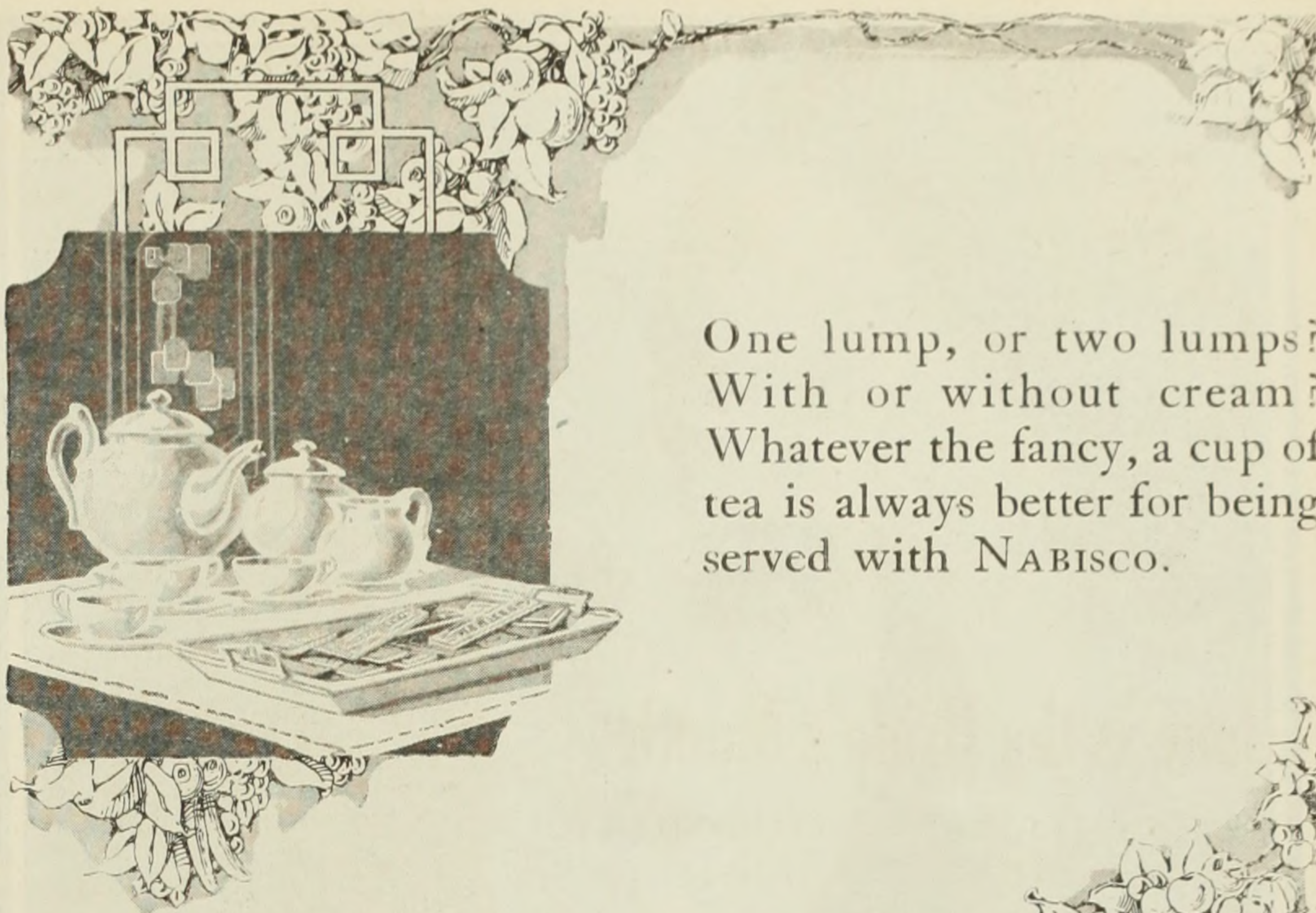
"Of course this particular trick of dramatic novelty is not new. It was a feature of Israel Zangwill's play, 'The Moment of Death,' produced in New York in 1899. 'Romance,' Doris Keene's stage success, starts out with a clergyman telling the story of the romance of a beautiful singer and a young clergyman to his grandson—and his tale is what makes the chief action of the play."

"Irene," the musical comedy in which Edith Day has appeared all season, is very unique and entertaining because of its "iris" curtain. This curtain rolls away from the center in the form of an ever enlarging diamond—disclosing the fire escape of the Irish Edith's Ninth Avenue tenement home, and closes together again. It is decidedly a steal from the motion pictures.

Mr. Parker himself borrowed and adapted from the stage in "The Eyes of Youth," Clara Kimball Young's recent successful photodrama, which he directed. He used "curtains" throughout the picture.

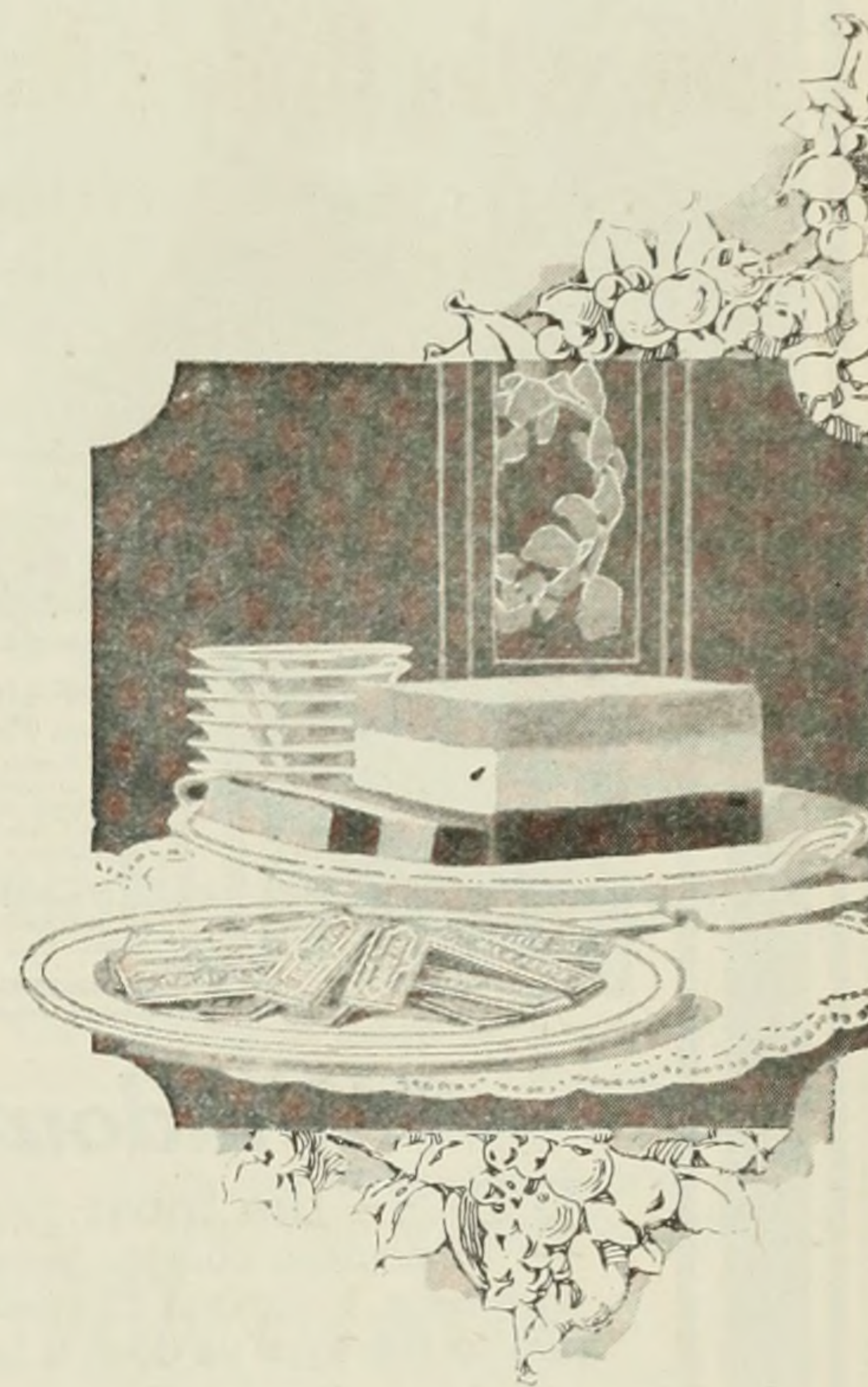
The "curtains" were momentary darkenings of the screen after all intensely dramatic or poignant moments. To many, these "curtains" might seem just ordinary "fade-outs." But what made them "curtains" was the fact that they gave an end to impressions, they closed the action, for a few seconds. They were like the silences that follow tense moments on the spoken stage—or any like situations in real life. They emphasized and heightened effects. They gave the spectators a chance to dwell on an important scene or sub-title for a long enough time for it to sink in before they must turn their attention to something new.

One of these "curtains" was especially dramatic. It was after the court scene in which the heroine was being tried on a

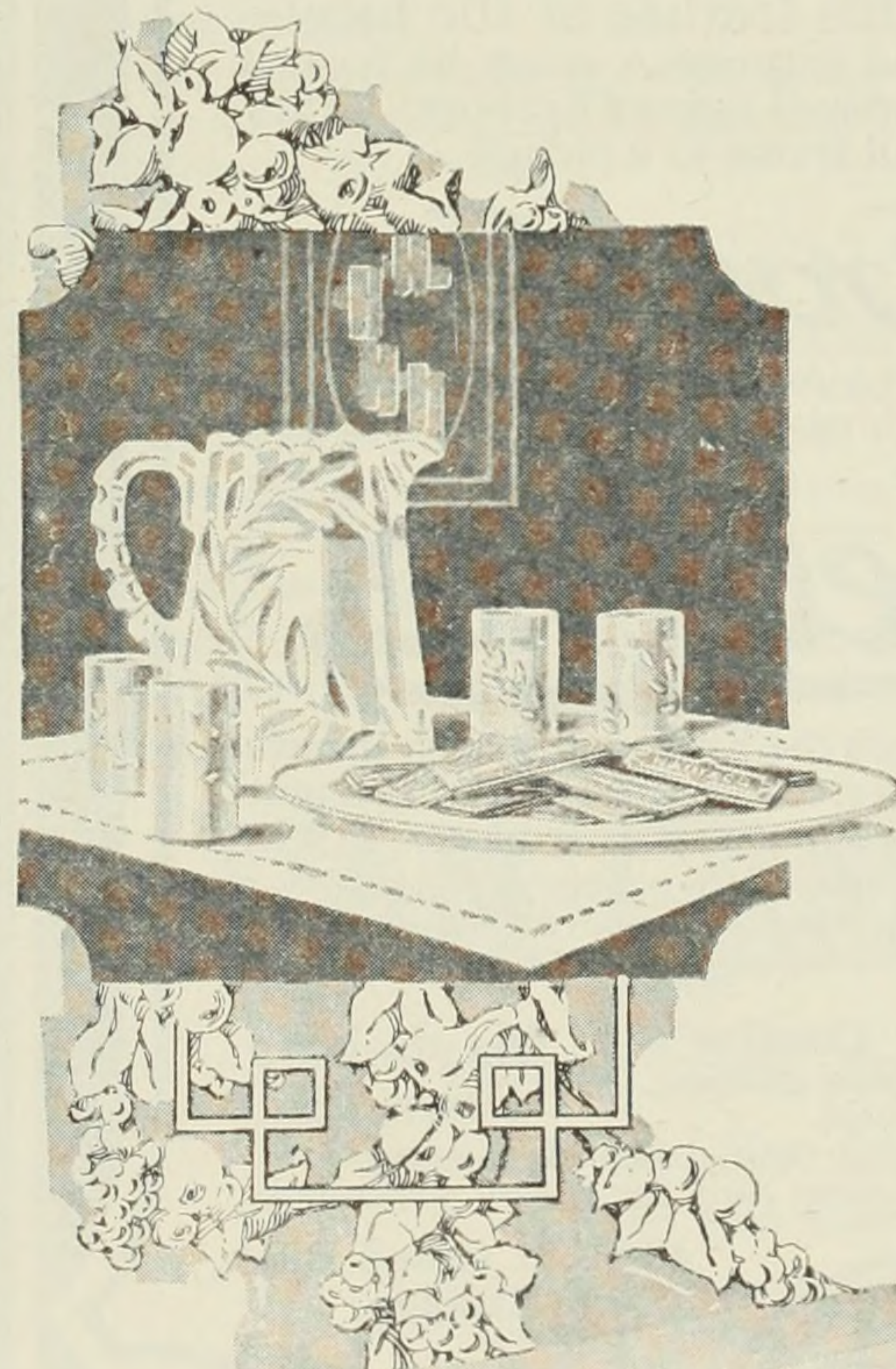


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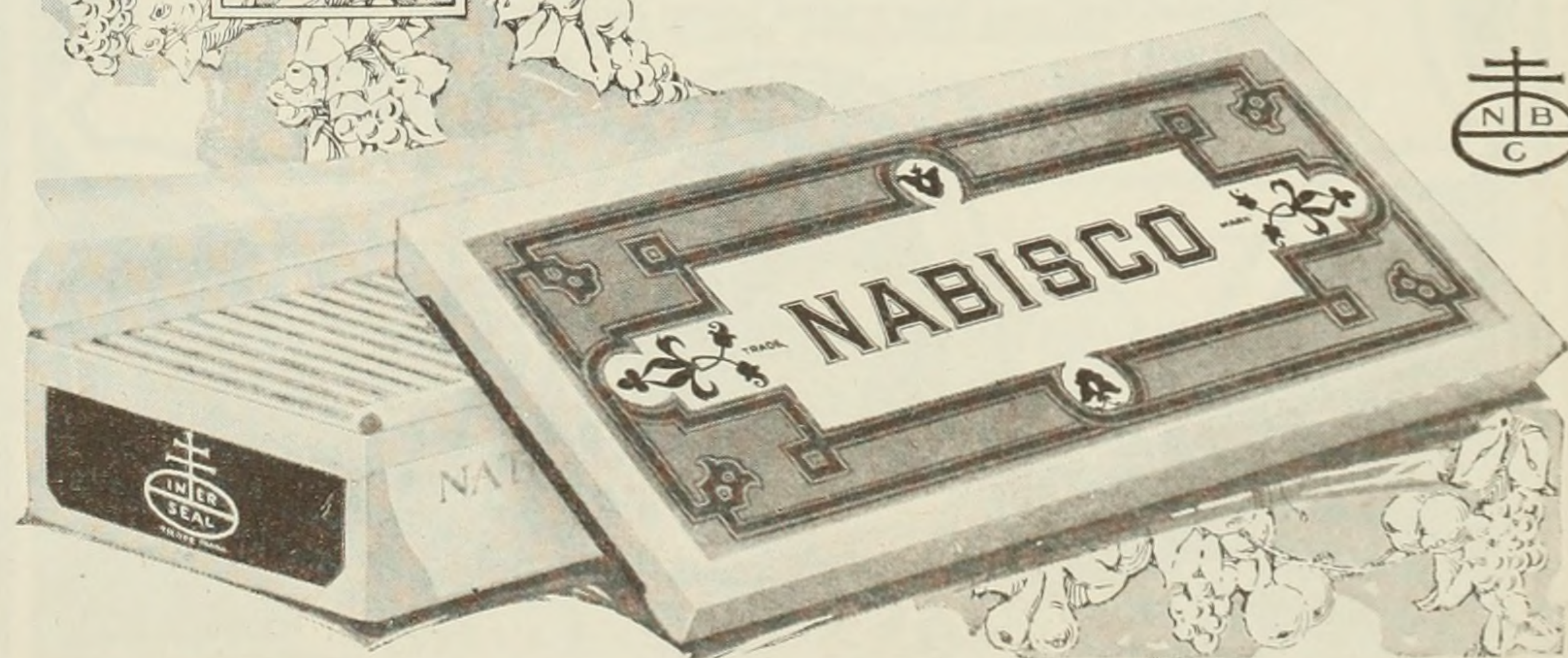


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The Stage and the Screen

(Concluded)

framed up charge of her husband. She said, "If this be justice, then God pity all women!" Dramatic silence would follow these words in the court, or in a courtroom scene on the stage. The careless or unknowing motion picture director would not have stopped for the "curtain." He would have gone right on without giving the mind of the spectator the equivalent of silence, a moment of blankness from fresh impression. But we have said that Albert Parker has a mind for details.

"The stage and screen are becoming more and more inter-dependent and supplementary," says Mr. Parker. "Though, of course, there are still prejudiced motion picture directors who rail against stage actors, and who say that they would rather have players with no experience and train them in picture technique than to take people trained for the stage.

"There are stage producers who say the pictures are going to be the ruination of art and the stage and everything—but that isn't true either, I believe. You only have to look at the prosperity of the theater during the past season to mistrust what these people say. If they give the public what the public wants, and look to their art, instead of wasting their time decrying pictures, they will get along all right."

Mr. Parker believes the pictures are suffering from a super-abundance of noisiness on the part of the public.

"Would bankers, would manufacturers, would men in any other line of business under the sun stand for the poking into it, and the criticism of it from people who don't know anything about it, that the motion picture industry does?" he asks. "It has been a mistake to let visitors into the studios wholesale as has been done.

"Oh, isn't the waste in a motion picture studio terrible?" yowls some choir leader from Peoria, Texas. "Why, when I was in California I went to see them make pictures at the Toogood studio, and they had to sit around two hours, make up on and all, while somebody went and got a pistol. I think it's a sin. The government ought to do something about it."

"You do not hear people howling about the waste on the stage. There is just as much time lost. The difference is this. A play rehearses for weeks and weeks. During this spell of rehearsing a play can be rewritten five times, recast again and again, and fitted out with any number of different sets of scenery. Each rehearsal is a 're-take.' The screening of a picture is a constant dress rehearsal. And when this dress-rehearsal has been recorded in celluloid it is usually too expensive to take it over, even if, on looking at the film after development, the director finds that a re-take would greatly improve the finished production."

There is one other thing that ought to be said about Mr. Parker before we close. He does not believe that a director has any right to be temperamental.

"It's a director's business to harmonize, not upset, and if he gets temperamental and snappy and peevish how can he expect to get good work out of people?" he says. "I remember how, when I was a young actor, I used to get terrified when people shouted at me, and I have always tried to spare people I have since worked with the embarrassment I suffered at the hands of thoughtless people."

Mr. Parker started his directing days under Allen Dwan at Triangle. Among others he has directed Douglas Fairbanks and Clara Kimball Young.



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"The MAYBELL GIRL"

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

Here is excellent picture material. The values, sentimental and dramatic, are so simple that it is difficult to understand how they could have been missed, or so shabbily treated when recognized.

Mr. Ince's use of the leads is conventionally extravagant. And he had only to be simple and human and reasonable. It's a great pity so fine a chance was thrown away by Metro. Miss Emma Dunn, by the fine art that is hers, plays beautifully such episodes as are properly built up for her.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER— Paramount-Artcraft

THERE are indications in "His House in Order" that Elsie Ferguson was already tired of the studio and the screen when the picture was made. She is quite as beautiful as usual, and as effectively dramatic when drama is called for, but she is lifeless and heavy in many of the episodes—notably those of the fancy dress party in Paris. She could have attended her father's funeral with quite as much joy as she puts into this adventure. Any young woman with the spirit to go to the party, in defiance of her husband's orders, would have extracted a little fun out of it. Like so many of the later Pinero plays, "His House in Order," even as an acted drama, developed a negative rather than a positive appeal. In the screen version it is saved by the distinction with which Mr. Ford has cast and directed it. The players are ladies and gentlemen of quality, the settings are in splendid taste and there is a human note sounding through the story. Miss Ferguson, as said, seems tired and lackadaisical. Her scenes with the child, however, are well played and he is, as always, extremely decorative.

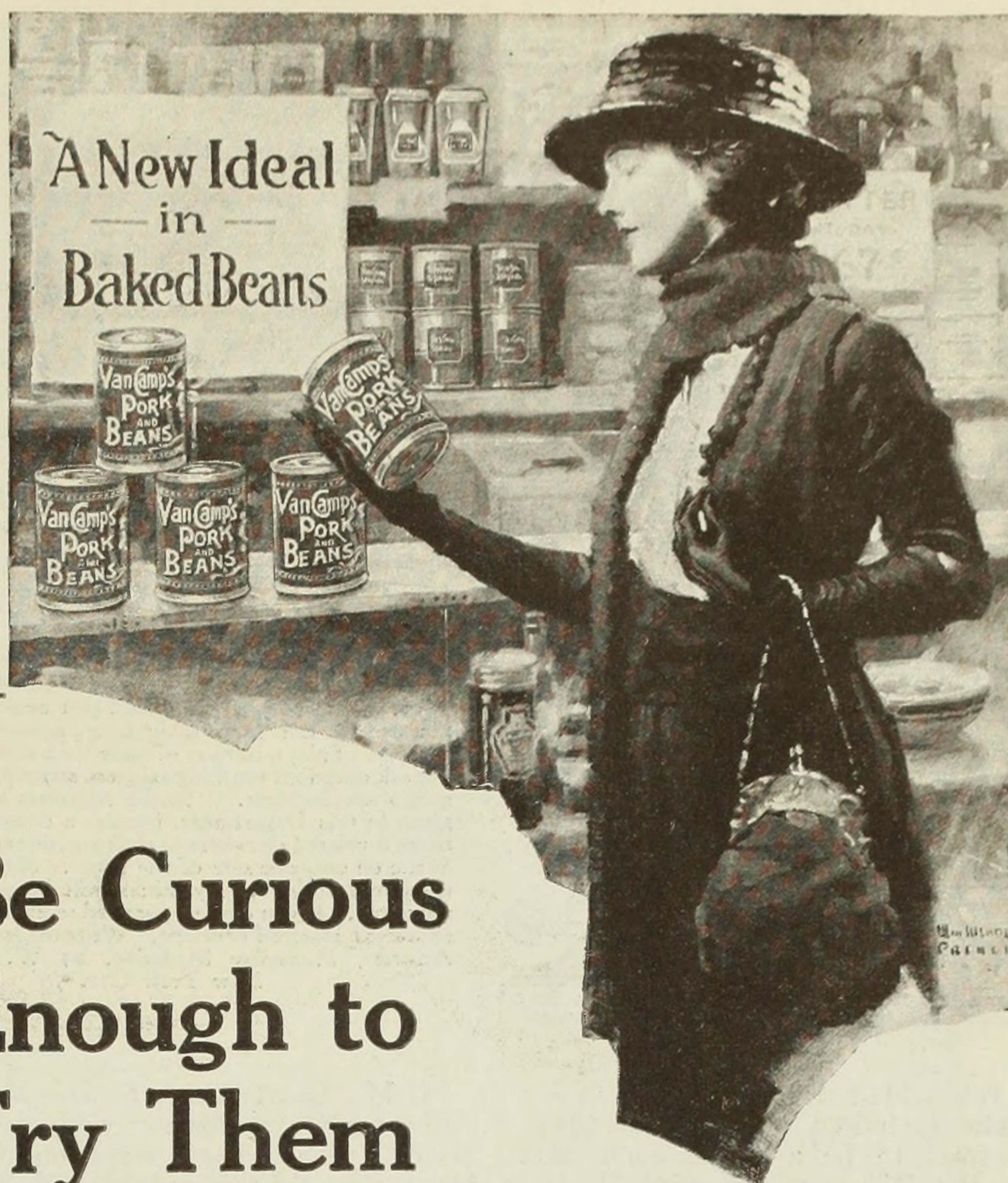
DUDS—Goldwyn

ANOTHER incidental picture, saved by the star, is Tom Moore's "Duds," made by Goldwyn from an S. E. P. story by Henry Rowland. An incidental picture, in the sense that it will inspire neither the rousing cheer nor the sibilant hiss, but hold its audience reasonably interested during the hour of its showing. Thomas is a detective in this one; a capable soldier back from the wars with nothing on his mind but his snappy little officer's cap and the disquieting thought that soon he will have to go to work. Strolling down the street one day what should Capt. Tom run smack into but a raid on a gem smuggler's den. And then into a pretty girl trying to escape from the den. Into a taxi, immediately thereafter, and away on the trail of Romance and Adventure. An engagingly self-assertive hero is Tom Moore, and Naomi Childers the alluring type of heroine who justifies a hero's sticking on the job until she is his'n.

THE VILLAGE SLEUTH— Paramount-Artcraft

TO an amateur detective, all things are criminal. In "The Village Sleuth," Charles Ray continues his series of the adventures of a country boy. This time he is a bucolic Sherlock Holmes and the world just seethes with clues and crimes. He works as "hired man" in a sanatorium and uses all his best disguises in trying to solve a murder mystery, which is neither murder nor mystery, but only a practical joke. Like all the Charles Ray pictures, it is the best kind of amusement, although it hasn't the appealing pathos or the dramatic quality of some of his films.

(Continued on page 99)



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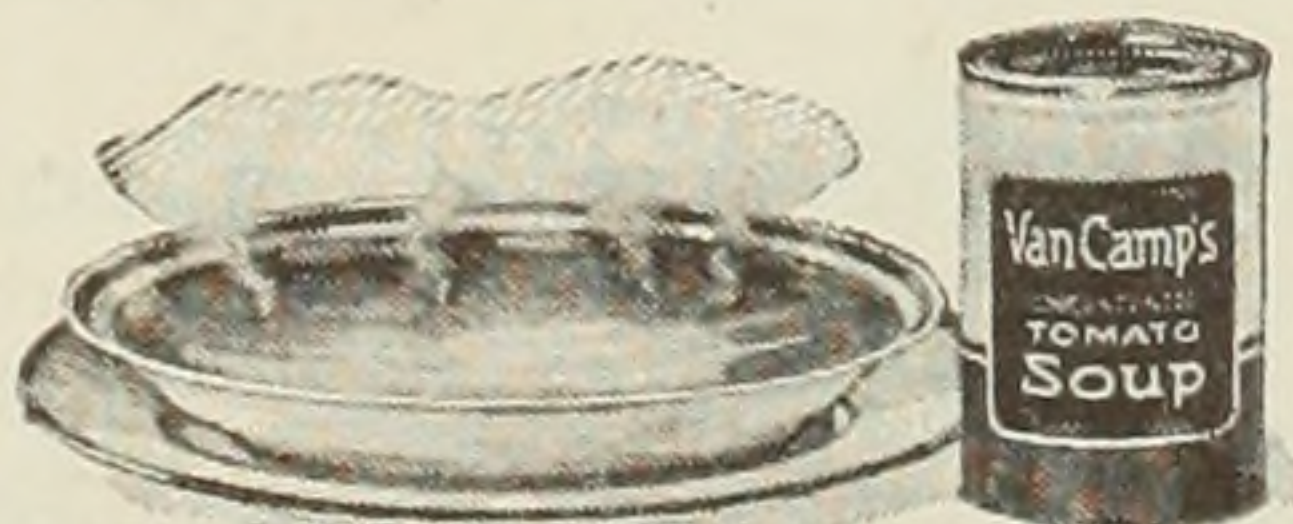
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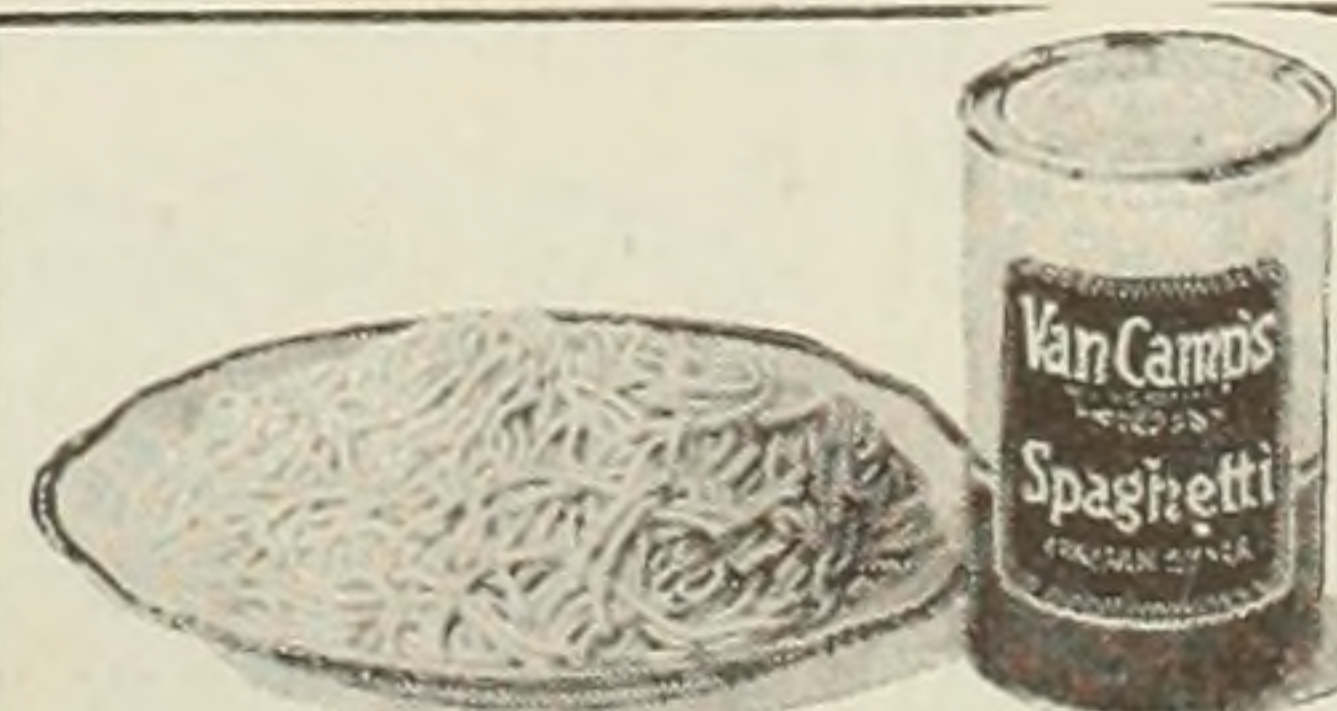
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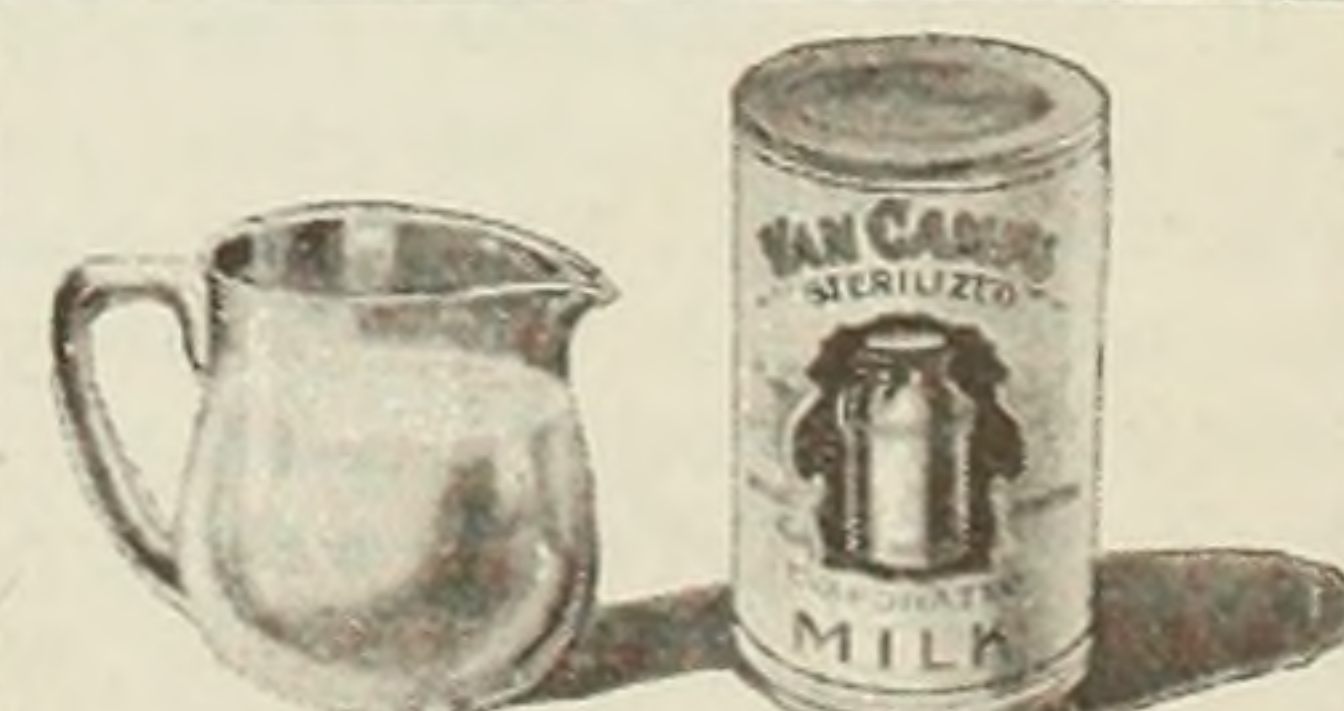
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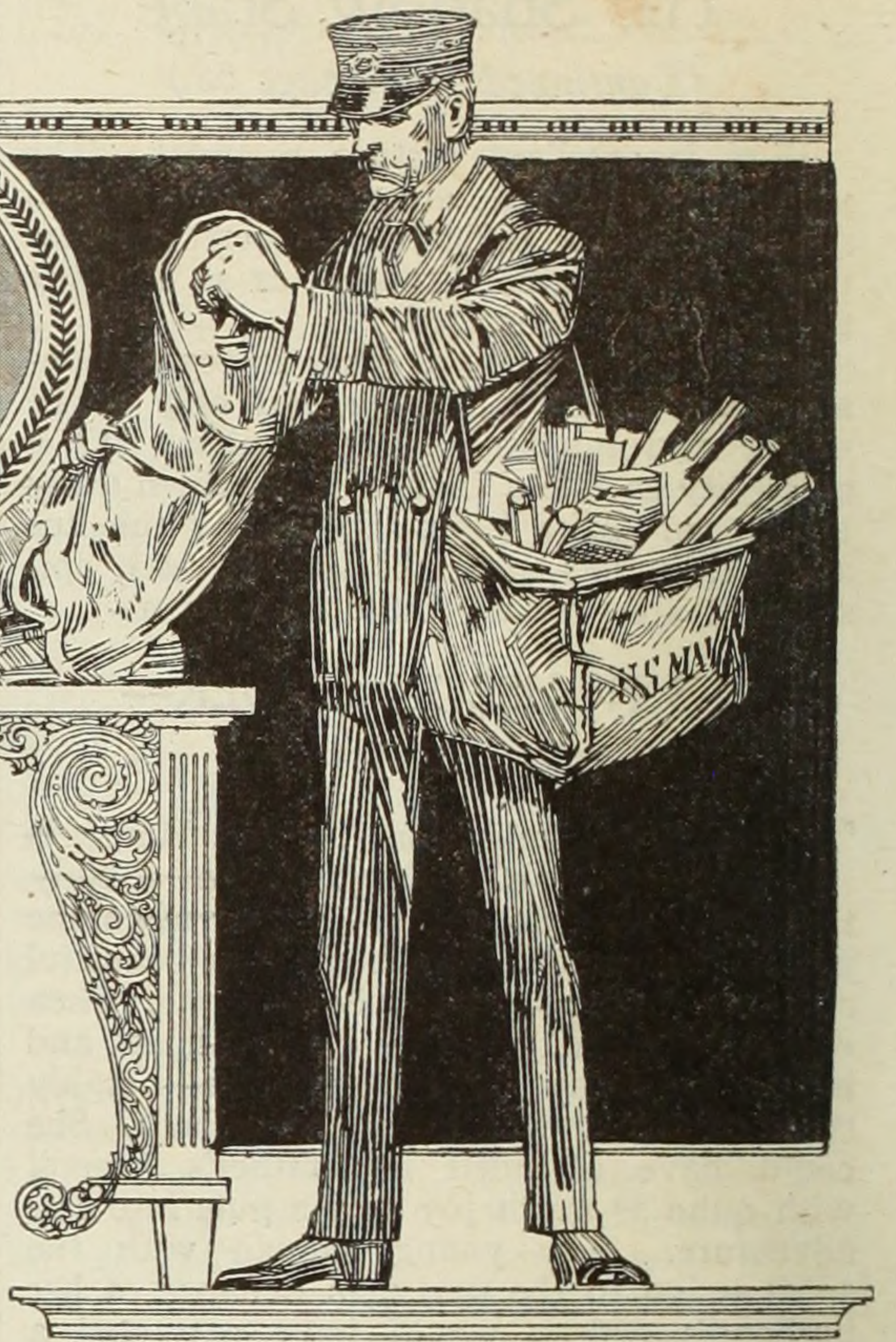
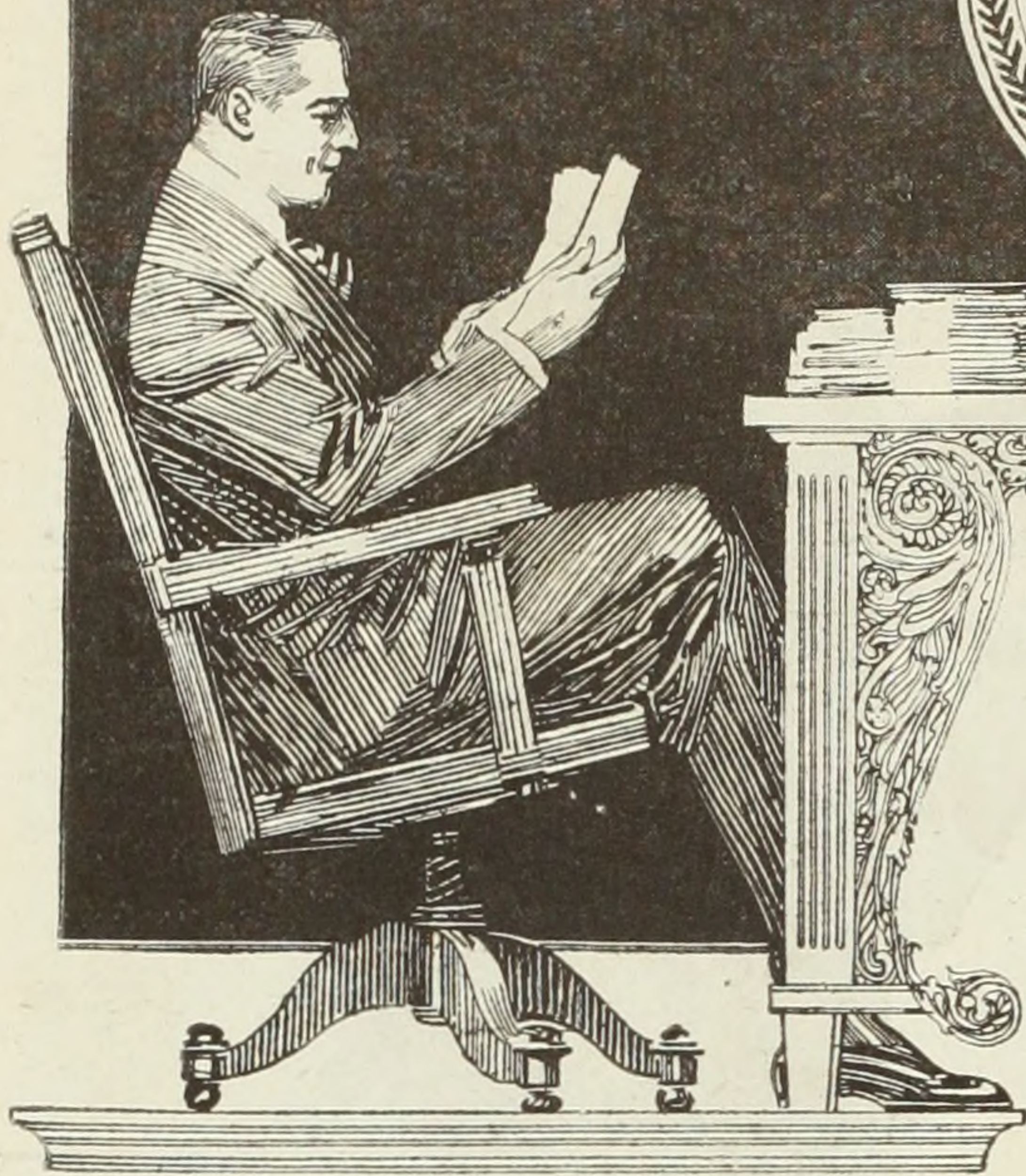
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



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PEARL JEAN, McALESTER, OKLAHOMA.—A little widow is indeed a dangerous thing. So you expect to be a genius some day. So did I. Ben Wilson was married, the last I heard. The Wilsons have several children, too. I don't know how "The Trail of the Octopus" ends; I don't even know how it begins.

F. B., BUFFALO.—Your rainbow letter received. Please wire me when to expect more. I have ordered a pair of smoked glasses. It was really too much trouble for you to hunt up all those variously-colored stationaries; I don't want to put you to so much trouble again. I can't help it; it's true: Dorothy Gish is not married to Dick Barthelmess and I don't know what you or I can do about it. Neither of these youngsters is married at all. That's flat!

THIRTEEN, SANDY CREEK.—My three favorite correspondents? Let's see: The Mystic Rose, and Donald, and—what did you say *your* name was? I may add, if I care to be truthful, that my favorite correspondent is always the last one. Or the considerate one who typewrites his letter, asks a sensible question sans matrimonial conjectures, and doesn't call me Old Lady or Old Man. I shouldn't be surprised if Mary Pickford really likes little girls; I would advise you to hurry with your letter—addressed to her in Hollywood—because it is said Mrs. Fairbanks is going abroad soon.

C. S. F., BUCKNER, LA.—Suppose they will be abolishing spirit-lamps, next. "That wonderful" Billie Burke may be reached at the 56th Street, Manhattan, studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Company. Still playing in pictures; still married to Florence Folli's Ziegfeld.

B. E. B., OMAHA.—In calling me down for an alleged mistake, you say, "If it weren't for me, you'd be the biggest liar in the world." I wonder if you know how funny that sounds. Read it over. The small son of Francis X. and Beverly Bayne Bushman is not the one who's appearing in Christie comedies. That's Ralph Bushman, son of F. X. by his first wife. He's nineteen. Eugene O'Brien hasn't been married since the last time you wrote. Sorry to have to disappoint you.

M. M., CASTLEWOOD, S. D.—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were divorced in March, 1920. They were married when Mary was only seventeen and both were with the old Imp motion picture company. Moore is with Selznick on the west coast. His latest is "Stop That Man," by George Hobart. The other Moore—Tom—was di-

not "Lowee." What do I know about him? Well, he is a well-known exhibitor in New York, his son married Adolph Zukor's daughter, and he is interested in Metro Pictures, having bought a very large share in that concern. That's all.

NELLIE, BROOKLYN.—You women are wise. I know, you are only flattering me, but I can't help having the pleasant glow that comes from fulsome praise. Buster Keaton is playing in the Metro version of "The New Henrietta." Now that Arbuckle is going in for features, wonder what'll become of Buster? He'll probably become highbrow, too. Ruby Lafayette was with Universal. So you want pictures of some of the older players, in other words, character actors, in our art section. I'll speak to the editor about it right away.

BERNARDINE, WILMINGTON.—You're absurdly literal. Reminds me of the young man who, when asked by the girl's father if he could keep her in clothes, replied that he wasn't worrying; he could keep her in gloves—he'd only asked for her hand. Thomas J. Carrigan in "Checkers." Charles Meredith was recently married. He's with Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls."

EDWARD E. JENKINS, PHILADELPHIA.—I have handed your poems to the Gish girls—that is, to Lillian, who will see that Dorothy reads the verses you dedicated to her. You will probably hear from them. So you adore Theda Bara!

MRS. G. G., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Some leave town for a rest; some leave to avoid it. I do not know the details of the Nicky Arnstein case—but Mrs. Nicky, or Fannie Brice, has never been seen on the screen, except—if my memory serves me—in a brief flash in the cabaret scene of a Norma Talmadge picture. Madlaine Traverse is with Fox, in that company's western studio. She does drama—very heavy drama; one of her best was "The Hell Ship." I don't know.

J. H. P., ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—You are absolutely right. Valeska Suratt is now touring the varieties in "Scarlet," a playlet. Except for one Lasky picture, "The Immigrant," she always appeared for Fox.

Poor Gish!

By S. KING RUSSELL

Will they stop hounding Gish?
(You know which one I mean,)
La pauvre belle Gish.
Every time that I see
Her perform on the screen
I shudder, and wish
They would treat her kindly;
Will they hark to my plea
And stop hounding Gish?

She's such a weak child—
Such a pitiful prey!
But as soon as she's smiled,
The men all run riot
To chase and to seize her—
She drives villains wild.
They hunger to squeeze her
(It's done on the quiet)
And then steal away.

Now I really wish
They would do this for me,
(Or else it's her fate
For being kow-tish)
It's D. W.'s fault
(He directs her, you see,)
If they don't call a halt
Before it's too late—
And stop hounding Gish.

divorced from Alice Joyce, who is now married to James B. Regan, son of the proprietor of one of Manhattan's largest hotels, the Knickerbocker. She has a daughter, Alice Mary Moore. Connie Talmadge isn't engaged to Harrison Ford. She isn't engaged to anybody.

H. R. F., NEW ROCHELLE.—Marcus Loew pronounces himself and his theaters "Low,"

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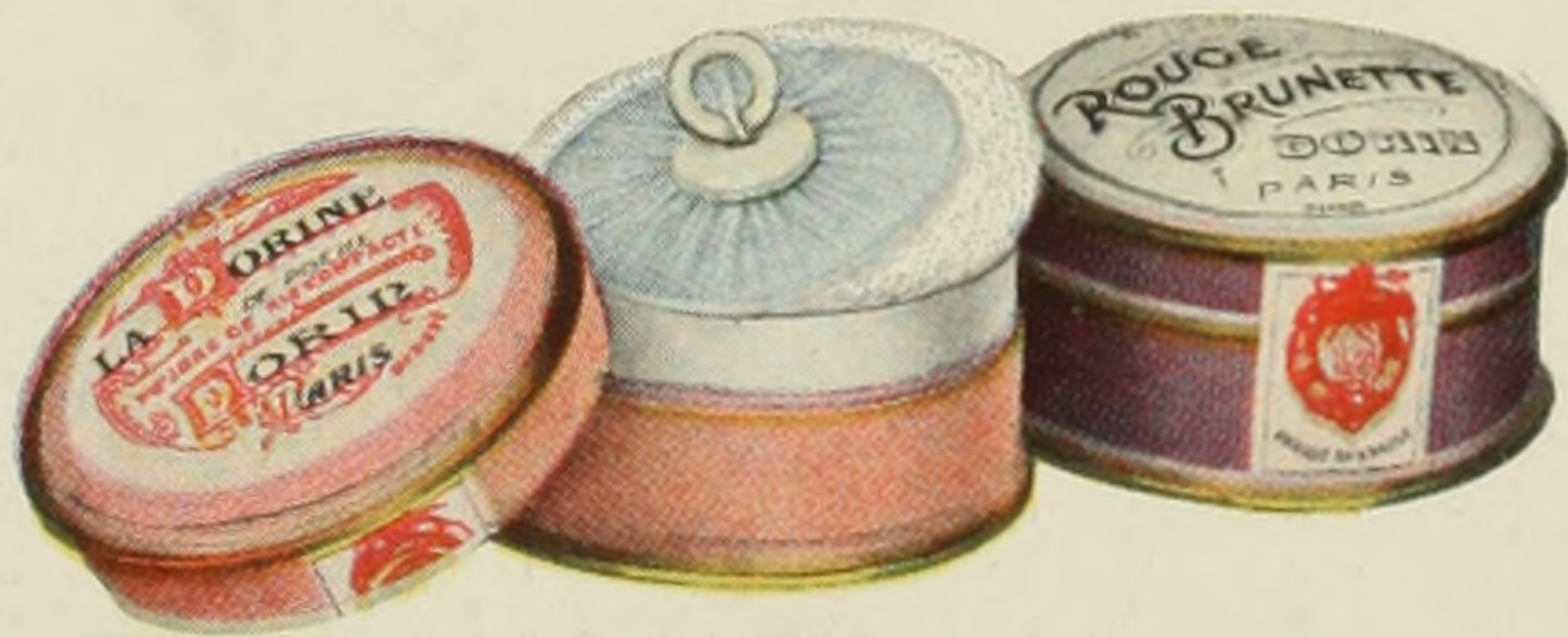
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(Continued from page 95)

THE HARVEST MOON— Gibralter-Hodkinson

JUST why this very nicely photographed photodrama featuring Doris Kenyon is called "The Harvest Moon" is difficult to determine from the picture—unless it is that Miss Kenyon's silhouette in the arms of her young playwright-lover against a very big and round moon is very satisfying to look at in the final fade-out. The theme of Augustus Thomas' play from which this picture was adapted is the power of mental suggestion. Miss Kenyon is pretty but more screen experience would help her.

DAREDEVIL JACK—Pathe

MR. JACK DEMPSEY became automatically world famous in about two minutes in the course of a debate over in Toledo one afternoon. It looks like he had become a finished screen actor with about the same celerity. Considering how Mr. Dempsey was drafted for the films most largely because of the ready-made value of his name, you might be expected to hold some large questions about his merits as an actor. The prize ring is not classified among the "required courses" in dramatic training—though it is true that many pugilists are coming into pictures. But a screen examination of the opening chapters of the Dempsey serial proves a rather pleasing experience.

LOCKED LIPS—Universal

TSURU AOKI'S accomplishments as an actress and her frequent beauty on the screen call for a dramatic mounting chosen with peculiar and particular taste. A very thin line divides intense drama from trashy improbability and in this picture it is feared the story has crossed to the wrong side of the line. The story gives Tsuru Aoki the role of Lotus Blossom, a mission teacher on the island of Hilo, who salvages a human derelict and then through propinquity and loneliness marries him, with disastrous consequences.

THE TORCHY COMEDIES— C. C. Burr

INTRODUCING Torchy, the office boy. He is life-like in every respect except that nothing can make red-hair register on the screen. The Sewell Ford stories make pleasant additions to the two reel comedy productions. Johnny Hines plays Torchy.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—Rolin-Pathe

A GOOD many of you people seem to think Harold Lloyd is just a naturally funny young man who walks out on a stage and does a lot of tricks. See this latest exposition and admit you're wrong. Lloyd has done it again, this time a little more ingeniously than ever before. Such bits as the gentleman of Hebraic extraction in an automobile which Lloyd, in his flivver, vainly endeavors to pass on the road, mistaking their gesticulatory conversation for signals, are not made up on the spur of the moment. And the rest of this scream of a two-reeler is filled with other "gags" just as funny. Mildred Davis is just as nice as Bebe ever was; she is increasingly deft and correspondingly charming. Much of the credit for this comedy belongs to H. M. Walker, who wrote the titles. If Harold Lloyd keeps up this hard and fast work, there's no limit to his possibilities.

ALARM-CLOCK ANDY— Ince Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is the only Charles Ray picture at the conclusion of which we wouldn't go right out of the theater and stop anyone on the street and say: "Go in and see it—you'll like it." And the scenario seems to be the fault. It is built on an idea that was much more interestingly illustrated in "Skinner's Dress-Suit." Agnes Johnston, when she is older, will probably look back on this effort with a studied tolerance. For it is amateurish and Charles Ray does all he can to make Andy engaging and plausible.

THE STOLEN KISS—Realart

ANY sympathetic person, having seen this, would go home and have a good long cry. The picture isn't so bad; it's just the feeling that's bound to come over one of the appalling waste of talent and beauty on such lukewarm stuff. If Constance Binney isn't pretty and capable, who in—filmdom is, and why don't they ever let her illustrate? So much charm going to waste in so much dull direction and draggy scenario is a real crime.

THE LOST CITY— Warner Brothers Serial

HERE is an up-to-date edition of the "Adventures of Kathlyn." If you like serials, you're going to love this one. If you don't like them—and I don't, as a rule, you'll sit through seven reels without flinching. Reasons: Selig, who made it; Mary, the monk; costly sets and well-dressed extras; Juanita Hansen, and the character of a happy-go-lucky Irishman who always makes just the humorous remarks you would make if you could think of them in time.

POLLY OF THE STORM COUNTRY—First National

A GAIN "gladness" triumphs over all in the end. Again the poor and illiterate heroine of the curls and Pollyanna spirit marries the rich and cultivated young hero. This story is supposed to be a slice right out of Ithaca, New York, life. But you can count on it that the Ithaca Commercial Club will not try to tie up an advertising campaign to it. Neither will Cornell University. As Pollyop, the squatter's "glad" girl, Mildred Harris Chaplin is effective with the sun shining through her hair. She is all right so long as they do not show her close-up crying.

MOLLY AND I—Fox

"MOLLY AND I" might have been called "The Unknown Wife," because it concerns a girl who, to help a young novelist who has lost his eyesight, poses as a rich old maid and marries him to give him the money he needs to consult a specialist. The story is a good sentimental romance. But it has been produced in slap-dash fashion.

LOVE WITHOUT QUESTION— Jans

"LOVE WITHOUT QUESTION" is a mystery story. Several murders take place in a haunted room and naturally the owners of the house are considerably worried. The story, which was produced by B. A. Rolfe, is improbable but it is interestingly told. Olive Tell is an attractive star and James Morrison is her leading man.

THE EMOTIONAL MISS VAUGHN —Pathe

IF a susceptible, rotund and slightly bald married gentleman believes he has fallen in love with you and bores you with his attentions—offer to defy conventions, insist on flying with him to some distant clime and live with him as his unwedded wife, and see him edge toward the door. The emotional Miss Vaughn did so with great success. If all of Julian Street's "After Thirty" stories, which Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing with John Cumberland in the leading role, are as filled with the foibles of the middle-aged male as this, they will indeed prove excellent entertainment to those who want their comedy subtler than slap-stick.

SIMPLE SOULS—Pathe

PROVING that satire, unless expertly handled, cannot "get over" on the screen. In book form this was an excellent piece of satirical writing; in translation by a too faithful scenarioist, it loses everything it had of satire and becomes merely a simple tale of a simple English shop-girl who marries a simple English Duke and who lives simply, and we hope happily, ever after. Blanche Sweet, a thoughtful actress and a good one, isn't a comedienne, and fails absolutely to make you believe in her shop-girl.

SHORE ACRES—Metro

THE real star of this picturization of James Herne's stage classic is Edward J. Connelly. His "Uncle Nat" is a finely drawn study that no other actor in our collection could have accomplished as well. The melodrama which your mother or grandmother could tell you about has been carefully, almost too painstakingly done by Rex Ingram. Alice Lake does not equal her fine appearance in "Should A Woman Tell?" All in all, it's a praiseworthy production.

THE WOMAN GAME—Selznick

MARRIAGE, says the heroine of this picture, is a woman's game. And all is fair in love and business. Consequently, Elaine Hammerstein, to win the love of a rich man, pretends that she is an old-fashioned girl, instead of a sophisticated young society person, and makes a slight story interesting.

A MANHATTAN KNIGHT—Fox

THIS George Walsh picture must have wandered far and wide from the original plot, written by Gelett Burgess. For the story is just about as active as the star. And the star is so active that he makes you think of nothing so much as a squirrel in a cage. Mr. Walsh is supported by Virginia Hammond.

SOONER OR LATER—Selznick

A BASHFUL bachelor, who is helping a careless friend to find a missing wife, kidnaps the wrong woman by mistake. This is the principal, and about the only, comedy situation in "Sooner or Later." It is not a merry comedy and Owen Moore is not particularly funny in it. Seena Owen plays the role of the kidnaped girl.

PARTNERS OF THE NIGHT— Goldwyn

LE ROY SCOTT'S entertaining stories of the underworld are the basis of "Part-

(Continued on page 116)

A New Art is Calling to People With Story-Ideas



G. Leroi Clarke
After studying the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing he sold his first story for \$3,000. Mr. Clarke was formerly a minister.

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new, workable story-ideas. Never before in the history of the industry has such a demand for story-plots confronted them. New writers must be developed if the industry is to survive. Learn how you can now write for the screen.



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
Wrote the photoplay "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan, one of scores of new writers we are developing by correspondence instruction.

A Famine In Photoplays

5000 New Motion Picture Stories Wanted

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 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; \$250 to \$2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts.

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.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service have now been indorsed by practically every big star and producer.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them by correspondence how to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook, with cross references to three stories already successfully produced.

The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

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 Clift, Fox scenario edi-

tor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Advisory Council

Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. De Mille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

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

One student, G. Leroi Clark, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a booklet, "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 booklet will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,
Department of Education,
536 I. W. Hellman Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education,
536 I. W. Hellman Building,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued from page 78)

my own wit and sense of humor; they are a cure for satisfying my ever alarming wanderlust nature, and spirit of adventure. And then, motion pictures, in making others happier, in refreshing and interesting tired minds, in educating the unfortunate ones, in helping to ease heartbroken mothers, in making little tow heads chuckle and old grey heads shed tears, and in uplifting and restoring weary souls in general, make me happier, because—I love Mankind.

CELESTE HUNTER,
Box 430, A. C. W., Greensboro, N. Carolina.

A Future of Dreams to a Tired Husband SECOND PRIZE

TO sit in a cozy chair, lie back and with closed eyes let my thoughts wander back over the past, with its joys and sorrows, just as my forefathers used to do, is very relaxing after a strenuous day, but it requires a certain amount of concentration, and, as a usual thing ends up with "Joe! go to bed—You are snoring horribly," from my wife.

To sit in a cozy chair with wide open eyes, see somebody else's thoughts wander back and forth over somebody else's actions, which coincide and dovetail with my own—all this in vivid life-like motion pictures accompanied by appropriate music from a good orchestra—what a comparison!

To one of my temperament, inclined to give my imagination full play at all times, the motion picture is the elixir of life. It means the lengthening of life to two or three times more than its usual span. It requires no concentration and no effort of the imagination. I look with wide open eyes, as a child, and not as the "wise guy" who can see the photographer turning the handle all the time, and who knows all about make-up, lighting effect, and fake scenery. He does not know enough not to know anything.

The pleasures of anticipation, of realization and reflection, are all there. Moving pictures mean this much to me—that without them I should have to look forward to a life of empty dreams all with the same sad ending "Joe! go to bed—You are snoring horribly."

JOSEPH B. ROSS,
5 Chelsea Bank Apartments, 1315 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

A Mother of Four Finds Courage at the Movies THIRD PRIZE

DO you ask me what motion pictures mean to me? Well, then, I shall endeavor to answer. But I am afraid words can't fully express their value.

They mean rest to my tired body and comfort to my troubled soul. They drive away cares and renew my hopes.

I am the mother of four children. We are too poor to hire help, so I am obliged to run both the day and night shift of the home. During the day I am wash-woman, scrub-woman, cook, dish-washer, seamstress, nursemaid and many other things too numerous to mention. Then night comes and still my work isn't ended, for a good share of my time I am giving soothing syrup, greasing the croup and calming fears. When I think I have things quieted and I can rest, some baby's shriek announces the dreamman with his mad-cows, lions, monkeys and bears. I have to trot myself out of bed, light the lamp, and waltz through the house to make sure the dreamman has gone.

What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued)

TIRED, TIRED, TIRED, that is I. Evenings when hubby toasts his feet by the fire and has his nose in a newspaper, I ask him for the price of the movies and away I go to find rest. I am never disappointed. Through the excitement and thrills that follow I forget my cares, my body relaxes and I am rested.

In comparing my troubles with the troubles of the people on the screen and seeing how they are conquering and make good, I find comfort. I take courage again and new hope is kindled within me. I go home a different woman than when I went to the movies.

MARGUERITE HURST,

Wray, Colorado.

Pictures are Friends to the "Lonely Sisterhood."

THIRD PRIZE

THE shepherd of the plains is held to be the symbol of utter loneliness. Until the moving pictures appeared, I considered myself his rival.

My husband, an employee of a great corporation, is likely to be transferred with out warning. I grew up among friends and relatives who filled my days with sociability. Then I married, and went a thousand miles away to a big city. No one ever rang my telephone. Only the postman ever whistled up the tube. How I rushed to get that mail from home! What voluminous answers I wrote, about nothing!

I walked miles that winter, on sunny days; when it stormed, more letters, or I took the long ride down town to the reading room at the dingy public library, or wandered in the shops. Once we ventured to church, for back home that was the way strangers got acquainted, but the chill smugness of the congregation froze our enthusiasm; we did not go back.

Spring came, and in the park near our apartment, I made friends with the young mothers, airing their babies. But the first of that long series of messages sent us to Arizona, and I began all over. Do you wonder I became a "movie fan" when I discovered the first little theater? Think what it meant to me!

Nowadays, when we land in a strange place, we hunt for the moving picture directory, and there are our own friends. Mary's smile is as sweet in Davenport as Austin; Fatty just as funny.

This little letter cannot express what a desolate void these genial folk have filled in my life, as well as thousands of other members of the Lonely Sisterhood.

GRACE VANDEVENTER DYKE,
685 Maryland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

He Became an Outcast, the Pictures Reclaimed Him.

THIRD PRIZE

FROM a far eastern part of Canada I came, some years ago, to this port of the Far West. My objective point was the Klondike, but I never gained it. Here I settled and went to work in a shingle mill. Motion pictures then were young, so was I. Gambling was an open sport in this "neck of the woods," also was the free-and-easy dance hall. My home training had been strict, this condition of moral looseness was new to me, I proved susceptible, I fell and fell far.

Once a week, regular as daylight, came a loving and scripture-filled letter from



Teach Them
To Say
"Hires"

HIRES is good for all ages—at all times. Every one of the sixteen Hires ingredients is a product of Nature from the woods and fields, collected from all parts of the world.

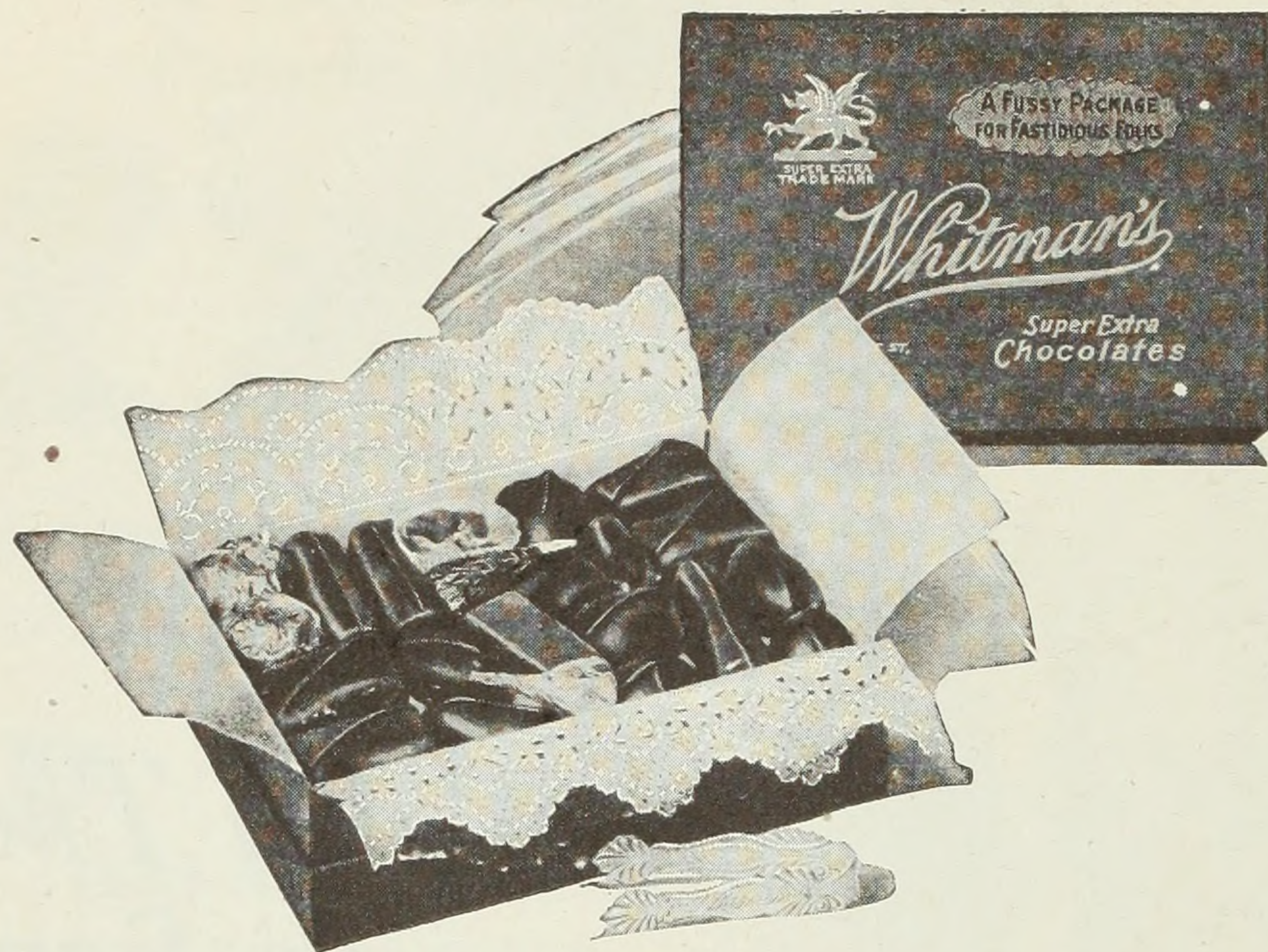
Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries — and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased cost of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you say "Hires" to get Hires. At fountains, or in bottles, at your dealers. Keep a case at home and always have Hires on ice as first aid to parched palates.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Hires

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries



"Fussy" Chocolates

FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS. An assortment of chocolates without cream centers which has helped to build for Whitman's a nation-wide reputation as makers of good chocolates—famous since 1842. An aristocratic package in green and silver, prized for gift-giving but also bought regularly by those with a special fondness for pure, rich chocolates with nut and hard centers.

These include Honey White Nougat, Hard Nougat, Pecan Nut Caramels, Amaracenes, Almonds, Filberts, Caramels, Double Walnuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Marshmallows, Molasses Blocks, Nut Brittle, Nut Molasses Chips, etc. The "Fussy" and other Whitman's packages are sold by selected agents everywhere—usually leading drug stores. Every package guaranteed.



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

What Motion Pictures Mean to Me

(Continued)

mother; she warned me in her gentle way. She cautioned me against bad companions and strong drink, the only horrors of her limited knowledge. I smiled at her simplicity. "O! Mother o' mine you never knew."

The degradation to which I sank eventually made me a bum. Yes, that's the word. I had no job, no home. I was kicked out of the joints where I had spent all my money, I hadn't a friend.

One day I dropped into the old Searchlight Theater. The film I saw there put me to work and cured me of my dilatory habits.

The story was: Young man comes to city from farm, honest, clean-cut, meets bad companions, falls, arrested for stealing, does time, three months later is released, old companions endeavor to persuade him to further crime, he refuses, he swears on the name of his sainted mother that he will hereafter follow the straight and narrow path. Picture shows him back at decent labor in which he finally rises to a position of importance.

I left the theater resolved to make a fresh start. I did. Therefore, the motion pictures mean *uplift* to me.

J. A. SHANKS,
1281 Fairfield Road, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Making People Want to Read

IN an effort to entice the people of America to read more books, the America Library Association is urging the librarians of the country to co-operate with the motion picture exhibitors of their towns. Co-operation has been tried out in many places during the past few years and has been found mutually advantageous to the libraries and the pictures.

When such a picture as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Huckleberry Finn" or "Treasure Island" is announced at a local theater, the librarian puts copies of the novel and all the material she has about the author or the subject together on reserved shelves. Then she posts some such sign as this: "Last Days of Pompeii Coming to Fairview Theater. Brush up on your history. Get Books Here Telling All About Pompeii," or: "You will want to know Mark Twain's story of 'Huckleberry Finn.' The picture is coming to the Fairview Theater."

Certain St. Paul, Minn., librarians co-operated in this manner with the theaters running special matinees for children five years ago.

Miss H. I. Scranton, of Ellwood, Indiana, discovered several years ago that four exhibitors in that town of 15,000 were just as willing to co-operate with her as she with them. When pictures of especial literary or historic interest were to be shown, they ran slides saying: "Get books about this picture at the library."

The librarian at Gary, Indiana, induced one theater to put on Saturday Morning Children's entertainments at five cents admission. The librarian and his assistant chose the picture, advertised it in the branch and school libraries, sold tickets and ushered. All the money went to the theater, but the librarians felt fully repaid for their efforts by the increased interest on the part of the townsfolk in what they had to offer—books.

Similar cooperation in other cities has done wonders both for the libraries and for the picture theater.

How to Put on Flesh

I can improve your figure—
—build up your strength—
—fill out your neck, chest, etc.

I KNOW I can because I
have helped over 40,000 women
gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One
year ago I weighed only 100
pounds—now I weigh 126,
and oh, I feel so well and SO
rested!"

I can help you attain your
proper weight. In your room.
Without drugs. By scientific,
natural methods, such as your
physician approves.

If you only realized how surely,
how easily, how inexpensively your
weight can be increased, I am
certain you would write me at once.
Tell me your faults of health or
figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free,
showing you how to stand and walk correctly.



Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 35

624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 96)

I. S., GEORGIA.—“The Wildersness Trail” is a Fox production, and was filmed on the Coast. Write Dorothy Dalton at the Century Theatre, New York City, where she is at present starring in Aphrodite—a naughty tale of old Alexandria days.

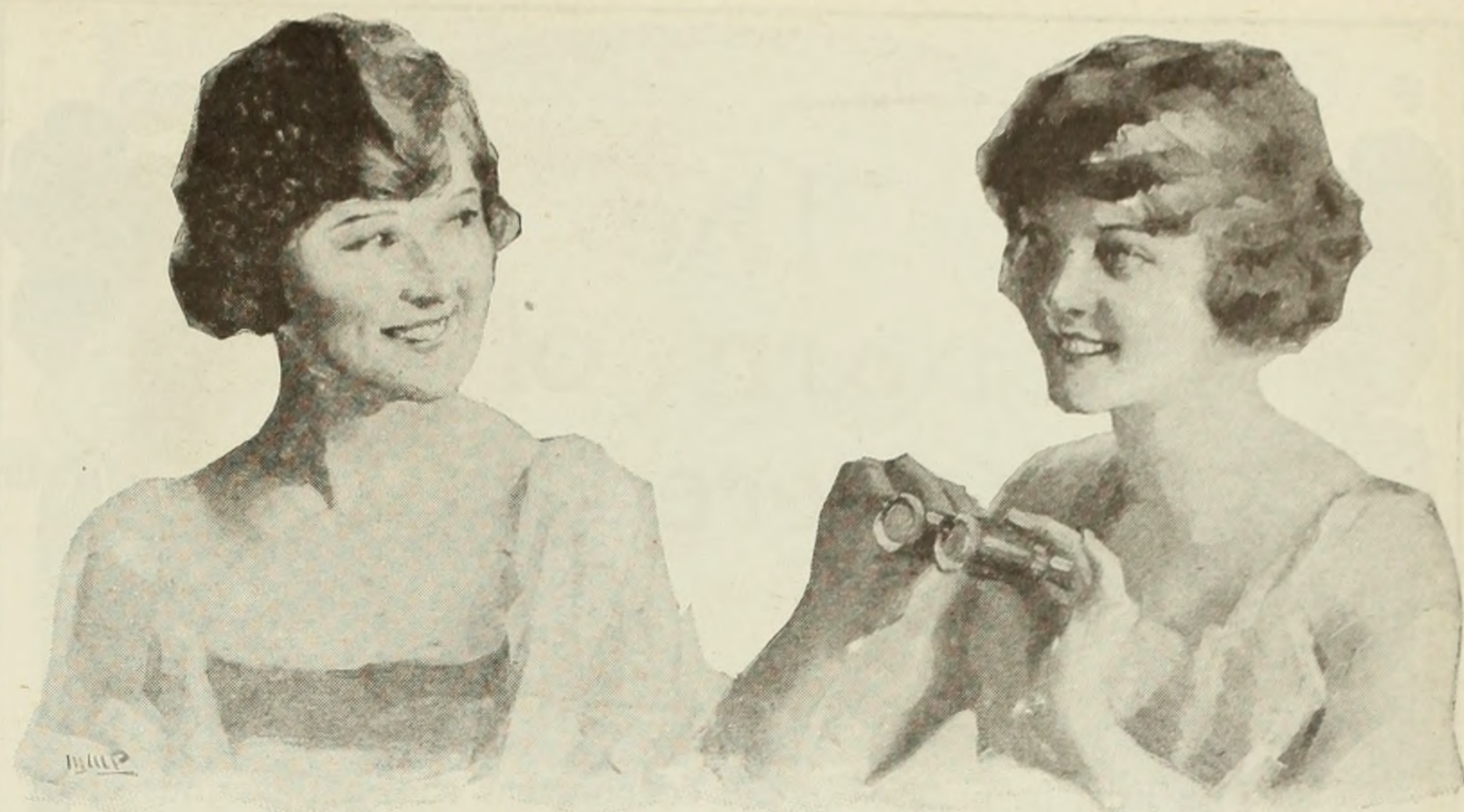
MISS BILLY, BOSTON.—I am amazed that you dare refer in such flippant fashion to those department store duchesses. I am afraid to approach any of those young ladies who lean so gracefully upon their glass counters and stare so scornfully at the mere male who presumes to ask to see a selection of choice hairpins or something equally prosaic. Fortunately—else you grow suspicious instantly—I don't need hairpins. I have never been rich enough to ask for any of the valuable articles such as silk stockings mention of which invariably brings a welcome smile to the cold lips of the salesladies. Jack Mulhall is married; yes. There is a Jack, Jr.—also a picture of Jack, Sr., in this issue of the Magazine. Have not heard from George Fisher, former American leading man, for the age of one of the proverbial dark-complexioned gentlemen. Where are you, George? (Pretty soon I'll be running one of these “Advice to the Love-Lorn” Columns, I am becoming so sympathetic.)

FRENCHY, HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.—I am neither a Graybeard nor a Bluebeard. I shall threaten to tell all if you girls don't stop pestering me. And then you would be sorry—because I wouldn't interest you any more. Suppositions are so much more intriguing than facts. Charlotte Burton is divorced from William Russell. Zena Keefe opposite Eugene O'Brien in “His Wife's Money.” Alice Joyce is divorced from Tom Moore. Neither has married again.

ESTELLE CLAIRE, HOBOKEN.—There are some people I should never attempt to argue with, even though I am convinced that I am in the right you are one of them. But I nathless repeat that Dorothy Dickson-Hyson was a member of the cast of George Cohan's musical comedy “The Royal Vagabond” when I saw it in New York. When it left Manhattan, the dancer doubtless stepped out, inasmuch as she seldom if ever leaves her home and fireside—which is the Algonquin Hotel on 44th St., N. Y. And all these theatrical facts are quite outside my province, too. Your own name is so much more fascinating than any nom-de-plum—particularly Buddie; so why not use it?

BEA, OAKLAND, CAL.—Right pert and snappy, young 'un! The story, “Oh, Annice!” was changed for Viola Dana's Metro use to “The Gold Cure.” *Annice Parish*, Viola Dana; *Michael Darcy*, Wm. B. Davidson; *Vance Dunton*, John McGowan; *Dr. Rodney Parish*, Howard Hall; *Edna Lawson*, Elsie McLeod; *Michael Connors*, Franklin Hanna; *Dr. Dumbbell*, George Dowling; *Cord, the Detective*, Fred Jones; *The Gardner*, Ed Muck; *The Gardner's Wife*, Julia Hurley. That's what I call a complete cast. Buzz around again soon.

TAN SWEE, PARIT BUNTAR.—Good of you to send me a letter all that distance to tell me you liked my column. I am sorry, but I do not send out photographs of screen stars. Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman are playing on the legitimate stage at present. When they will return to films is doubtful, just now; but I will let you know when it happens. They have a baby son. The name of their play, is “The Master Thief.” Thanks once more.



A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

[All statements approved by high dental authorities]

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors —

not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

Aten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

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, so ac-

tive pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free ³⁹³

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 461, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The Charm of a Powdered Skin

The Trial Jar pictured in the coupon, has shown thousands of women the La Meda way of applying face powder to the skin.

If you have not as yet sent for yours, there is a dainty little jar of

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

awaiting your request. When you use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder you will realize, possibly for the first time, what a charm there is in a perfectly powdered skin.

Applied with the finger tips, there can be no unevenness — for every tiny crevice receives its protecting film of velvety freshness — yet there is never the slightest suggestion of an artificial or overdone toilet.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder is not affected by wind, rain nor perspiration — so is an especial boon for those who motor, golf, dance or engage in any sports out-of-doors. One powdering with La Meda will last for several hours and you will not need the continual retouch of a powder puff.

Being highly beneficial to the skin, it is 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 65 cents for a large jar.

Send for This Trial Size Jar



La Meda Mfg. Co., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago

Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the..... tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. [Or 12c stamps if more convenient.]

Name

Address.....

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

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS



Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufacturing Co.
First National Bank Bldg., Dept. 35, Milwaukee, Wis.

WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Naturally wavy hair is within the reach of every woman.
Water-Maid Wavers
(Patented)

Will produce a natural beautiful ripple wave that will remain in the straightest hair a week or longer, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo. Send for the Water Wavers today and stop burning your hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which tends to break the hair. Absolutely sanitary. Put up six individual wavers to a set, and sent by mail to any address in the U. S., with full directions upon receipt of \$2.00. Order today.

WATER-MAID WAYER CO.
125 West 7th Street - Cincinnati, Ohio



Lounge in Style!
Faultless
SINCE 1881
Pajamas & Night Shirts
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"
Rest assured-
E. ROSENFELD & CO. MAKERS BALTIMORE - NEW YORK - CHICAGO

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MACK E. R., EUGENE, OREGON.—Another new one! Louise Huff isn't playing just at present, but she is just resting between engagements. She recently married a Manhattan millionaire, by name Edgar Stillman. She has a little girl, Mary Louise, by her first husband Edgar Jones, once a Lubin director. She lives on Park Avenue. Conrad Nagel is playing in "Athalie." Ralph Graves still with Griffith. Gaston Glass has a contract with International.

VALENTINE, PEOTONE.—You remind me of the little boy who, when he saw a zebra for the first time, asked his mother if it was a white horse with black stripes or a black horse with white stripes. Dorothy Gish wears a wig on the screen, but not in real life. Lillian does not wear a wig at all. I asked Lillian what you asked me, and she laughed. Her own hair is very nice, so why should she change it? Dorothy wears one so that she can play different types from her sister. Two blonde Gishes would be distracting.

GREG E. A., MANILA.—Ah—you and I both! Where, oh where, are those peaches of the beaches of yesteryear, you wail? I'll tell you: Bebe Daniels has gone to act in DeMille's little domestic dramas. Alice Lake has forsaken comedy for tragedy at the Metro studios. Gloria Swanson never did like slapstick, anyway. Juanita Hanson prefers thrilling serial stunts to high-diving. Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd's new leading woman—but who can replace Alice, and Gloria, and last but not never least, our glorious Mary Thurman?

K. A., TORONTO.—Bert Lytell is an American; married to Evelyn Vaughn. No to your children query on Mary Pickford and Elsie Ferguson. Alice Brady is doing both screen and stage work, plus posing for photographs and doing the shopping necessary for an extensive wardrobe. Outside of this, she has nothing to do. Lillian Gish is still heartwhole and fancy free. Our March issue gives the answer to Mae Marsh. It is six months old Mary Marsh Arms. Your "how many" on Mary Pickford amused me. Never. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five. Rumor has Constance engaged, but as an engagement is as uncertain as a stock transaction, I'd rather keep mum on the lucky man's name until the wedding bells do chime.

KATINKA, IND.—Caesar's ghost, what a Wallie Reid fan you are! I'm breathless from your impetus questions. In our June and April, 1918, issues we had interviews with this Adonis. Write to our Chicago office for copies of the magazines. Dorothy Davenport is his wife. She is twenty-five, has red hair and is confessedly proud of it. If Wallie has a middle name he hasn't told the census man about it. A letter to the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal., would reach him. The cute little girl with curly hair you refer to is Mildred Davis. Thurston Hall came back to the stage in "Civilian Clothes." Write and tell Wallie's director that your warm youthful enthusiasm demands a longer fade-out on his kisses. His screen kisses.

MARIA LUISA.—Swarthy toreadors in the arena, black-eyed, gayly scarfed women, artistes of the castanet, flashed before my eye when I came upon your note. Eugene O'Brien will doubtless be glad to know of his Spanish admirer. His address is appended elsewhere. Wallie Reid's address you will find in another spot in this department. Your visit to Mexico interests me. You might give Carranza, side-swipe for me.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

NEWPORT MAID.—By the day, or week? I couldn't give you lessons in make-up. That comes naturally to most women. Your other questions answered elsewhere.

FRANCES P., TERRE HAUTE.—Rockcliffe Fellowes' latest picture is "In Search of a Sinner"—Rockcliffe being the good young man whom Constance Talmadge finally diverted into wicked ways. You want a story about him? Maybe.

HENRY, CHICOPEE.—I'm glad to hear of your town. For a while I had been pretty cocky, telling myself there wasn't a town I hadn't heard of. It doesn't pay to be so conceited—somebody from Luskaloo, Ohio, or Chicopee, Mississippi, is sure to come along and take me down. Harry Carey in "Overland Red" and "Marked Men," both corking pictures. Universal City, Cal., is Carey's address. He and his wife live on a big ranch near there. Bryant Washburn, Lasky studio, Hollywood. Washburn is a comedian for Paramount-Artcraft; lately seen in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

MISS JOHNNIE, HOUSTON.—I like your name; it's different. Don't be ashamed of it. Olive Thomas is in her very early twenties; she is a really beautiful girl, with creamy skin and deep blue eyes with long, long lashes—every one of the ninety-six of them—and a piquant nose, and a mouth—well, you've seen Olive, yourself. She lives on 59th Street in New York City, and has a nice brother, who is an assistant director. Olive has been called the prettiest show-girl in the world and is Irish as they make 'em. Incidentally, she is Mrs. Jack Pickford. She works for Selznick and one of her latest pictures is "Youthful Folly"; working now on "The Flapper" from an original story by Frances Marion.

LILLIAN, ONTARIO.—I am not a grandpa, but I am glad to write to you anyway. If I were a Daddy-Long-Legs I should adopt you. Baby Marie Osborn's pictures are released through Pathé. She must be about your age, isn't she?

PETER, MOUNT VERNON.—I was up your way the other day, brother Pete. But I was on my way to the thriving town of Mamaroneck, and couldn't drop in to see you. About Douglas Fairbanks—he is mentioned elsewhere. Charles Ray is married.

BOBBIE, SHAWNEE.—I don't give funny answers to girls who write to me when they are eating divinity candy, knowing that I like it and then not offering to send me any. I am strictly business, young lady. Herbert Rawlinson IS married! (Ah—sweet revenge!). To Roberta Arnold, an awfully nice girl to be married to, I should judge. She's an actress, and pretty. Mary Miles Minter, Realart star, is working at the Lasky studios in California.

TAXI, SALINA.—I happened to be looking over a batch of new popular songs the other day. If some of those critics who rant and rave at the motion pictures would take the trouble to investigate some of these "songs" they would find something new to reform. They correspond only to the very worst of our pictures. And I mean the "program" songs, not some of the tuneful things that come from our modern comic opera, the higher-class musical comedy. I whistle those myself. Constance, not Norma, Talmadge in "A Virtuous Vamp." Norma is an emotional actress; Connie, the comedienne of the family.



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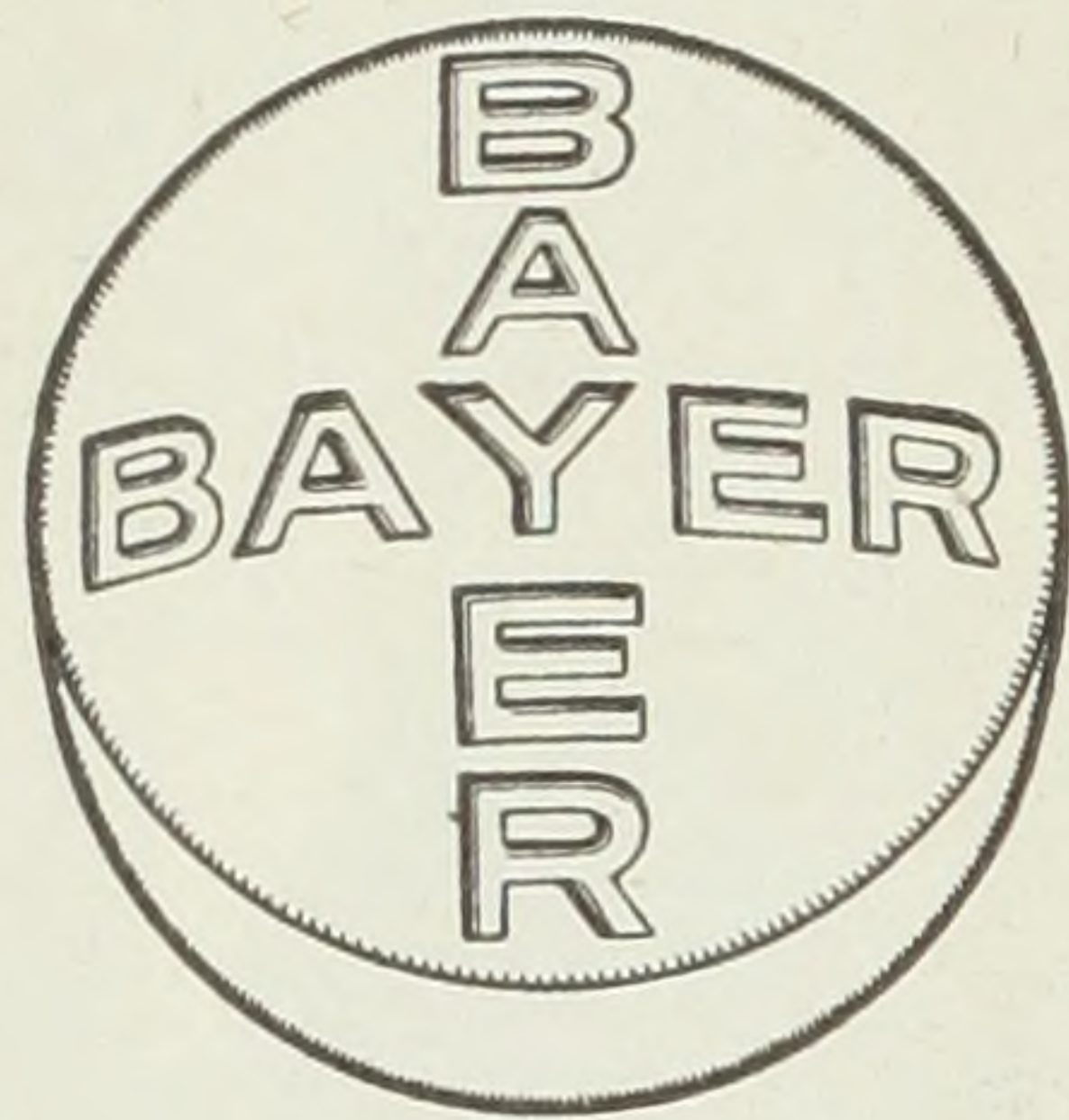
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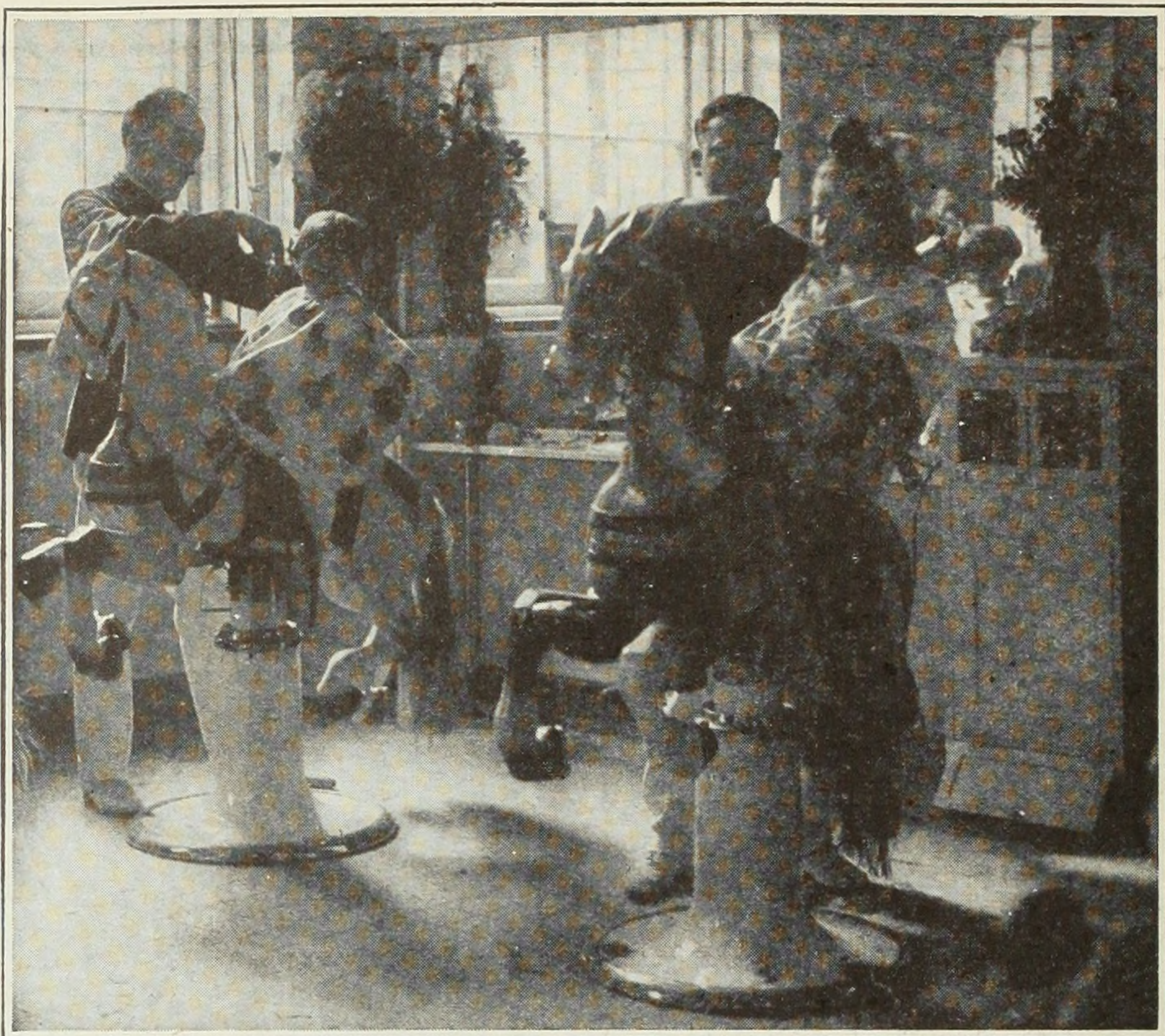
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TIMES have certainly changed! When grandmother was a little girl, Johnnie and Annie sat under the old bowl while mother snipped neatly around the edge of it without a murmur. Children knew their place in those days. But look at them now. The juvenile heads to the modern family have taken to making such a fuss about hippity-hopping to the barber shop that the ingenious managers of a department store hair cutting establishment in New York have hit upon the cheerful idea of removing the stiff old straight-back chairs and installing merry-go-round hobby horses in their stead. Now New York children cry for a hair cut.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MALCOLM LOCKHART, DECATUR, GEORGIA.—Glad to hear from you. You can reach Raymond Wells, the director who has undertaken the task of filming the Bible in fifty-five reels, at 407 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California. The Historical Film Company is handling his enterprise. You neglected to enclose customary stamped addressed envelope; hence your question is answered in these pages. Please write again.

GLADYS R., BUFFALO.—When a wife assures you proudly that her husband never goes out looking for trouble, you can safely bet that he gets all he wants of it at home. I am not married. I doubt if I ever will be married—this is Leap Year, yet nobody has asked me. Norma Talmadge always sends her pictures to admirers, without any charge, I believe. Don't know about Gloria Swanson. Write her care Lasky studio, Hollywood, and see.

A. C. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.—I don't wonder that you get mixed. You see the Paramount-Artcraft Corporation has many different branches, the film output of which used to be listed as Famous Players-Lasky, etc. Now, however, all the photoplays released by the Zukor organization go out under the one brand name of Paramount-Artcraft. There are Ince Paramount-Artcrafts; Sennett Paramount-Artcrafts—but no more Lasky or Famous Players pictures. The big Hollywood studios are still known as the Lasky plant, however; and the New York studio on 56th Street is still the Famous Players for all practical purposes. Mary Miles Minter is with Realart, working in the West. Eileen Sedgwick is a Universal seriallette; she was recently divorced. Bert Lytell's wife is Evelyn Vaughn.

ELLA V., MILWAUKEE.—I am having a flood of Wisconsin correspondence this month. Some film favorites, must have stopped over in your city and reawakened your interest in the silent drammer. J. Warren Kerrigan is an American; he isn't married. Mary Pickford question answered elsewhere.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—Charlotte Burton is divorced from William Russell. You have not seen her lately because she has dropped out of pictures. Look around for another star to adore. Anna Q. Nilsson is or was married to Guy Coombs. I heard they were divorced. That you are a blonde, rather pretty, with blue eyes and curly hair will never get you into pictures. There are a great many other essentials—adaptability and flexibility to the camera being among them.

M. W., WASHINGTON.—You are right—that's David Powell in "On With the Dance" and "The Man Who Killed," both George Fitzmaurice productions. David is a modest young man with an English accent and a French moustache. I know and like him very much. Marguerite Clark won't make any more pictures for a while, I believe. She is now down in New Orleans, her husband's home, and there are some rumors in connection with a stork. They say there is no more devoted couple than the H. Palmer-son Williamsses.

ELAINE, BAY CITY.—Lloyd Hughes is the man you ask about in "The Turn in the Road." Did you land that year and a half contract? In the evolution of time, I suppose I shall be answering fan queries about you Good luck, sweet Elaine.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FASHION DANCER.—You are pretty—I'll say that much for you. But for one but seventeen how comes that wistful look in the eyes? Anyone who can earn the munificent sum of seventy-five dollars a night ought to look like a burst of sunshine. Or is it wistful you are because it was not one hundred a night? Jack Gilbert was born in Utah in 1895. Before going in for pictures he played in stock for three years. He is five feet eleven, with brown hair and eyes. We'll keep your suggestion about him in mind.

AUSTIN M., NEW HAVEN.—Harry Ham may be reached c/o Christie, Hollywood, Cal. Any suggestion of food makes me hungry, persistently hungry. Oh, I wish I had reached this "Ham" epistle a little nearer dinner hour.

MILDRED K., BUFFALO.—Dick Barthelmess will certainly be all upset when I tell him you do not think him good-looking. But before I upset him, here are the addresses you ask for. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Wallace Reid, Famous Players, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Norma Talmadge, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.

A FLATBUSH GIRL.—Lew Cody was Ethel Clayton's leading man in "Men, Women and Money." Dick Barthelmess has his own special typewriter to answer fan mail, so I am sure not only a picture would come to you but possibly a letter with his very own signature. I've heard that when Dick is too busy to answer all his mail his best sweetheart helps him with it. No, I haven't let the cat out of the bag; I mean his Mother.

ELSIE ANDERSON.—Clara K. Young is divorced. James L. Crane is Alice Brady's husband. Both Ethel Clayton and Irene Castle are still being "shot." That's a teknickle term, as they say in the Dere Mable letters. Mebbe in her new stage production, "The Blue Flame," there will be more money spent (in quantity bought) for Theda Bara's wardrobe. With apologies to W. S. Gilbert, "A vampire's lot is not a happy one."

DEAK.—That "please, please, please" stirred my heart, and my stenographer jumped at the splash from the large salty drops which landed on your letter. I hope that one please will get a rise out of the Answer Man in future. No, Beverly Bayne was not married before she wedded Francis Bushman. David Powell did not play in "Stella Maris." Please write me again.

JUST RUTH.—I'll have to watch my p's and q's if you are such an authority on film stars that your family stand in awe of you. It must be great to have one's family stand in awe of one. Almost as good as being a genius. Marion Davies has not a brother in pictures. Did Mary Pickford convert you to being a Pollyanna for the rest of your life? Margarita Fischer has been married. I might add laconically, "divorced."

JACK KERRIGAN FAN.—In your case I laughed. How could I cuss with your winsome face looking up into mine? That's not a bad sentimental line, is it? Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. But, ah, the fascinating Eugene. That's another story—he escaped. That was a very intimate question you asked me. I hope my stenographer didn't see it, poor child. While in my sanctum, I hold myself custodian of her morals.



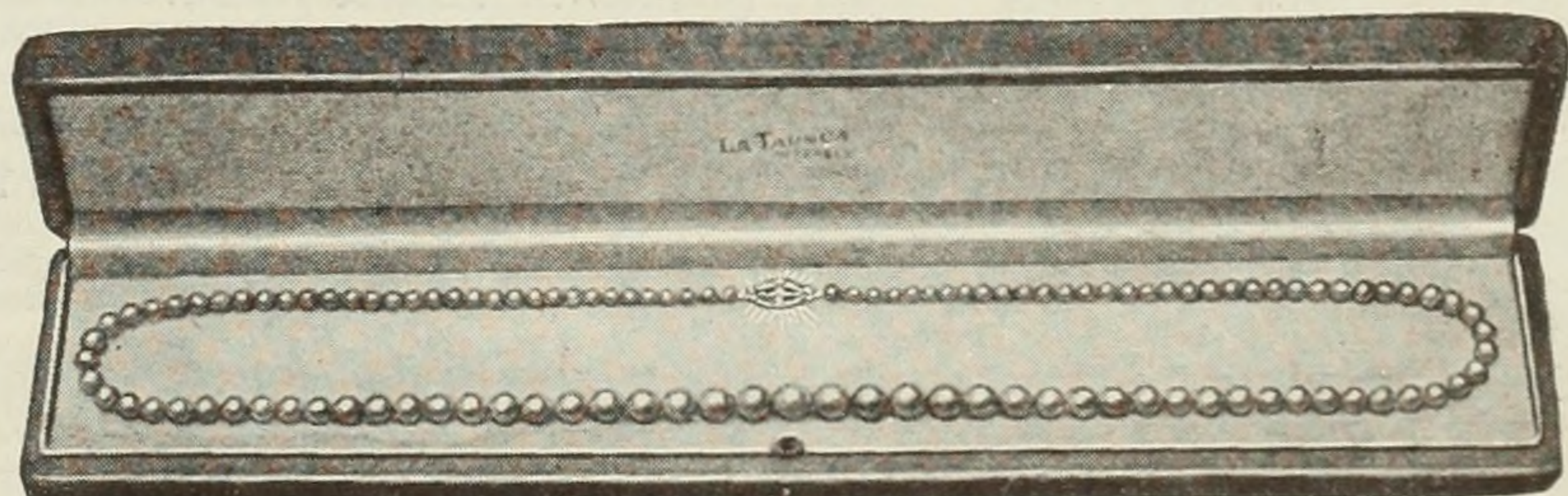
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

I. W., NEW YORK.—Dorothy Gish works in the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, and lives in Mamaroneck, too. Dick Barthelmess may be reached care same studio; but he has an apartment in New York and commutes. Dick may be a writer some day as well as an actor; he has literary leanings—but don't tell him I told you so. Naomi Childers, the Grecian Girl that was, is now a Goldwyn Duchess in Culver City, Cal.

MABEL S. G., PEORIA.—You wrong me; I do not have a contempt for sixteen-year-olds. That's a glorious age to be—ask any actress of thirty. Norma Talmadge's hair is not bobbed; it is shoulder length. Constance and Natalie have short hair, however. I never said Constance was engaged. I said she might be, for all I know. So you would hate to have been my high-school teacher. I may say that your detestation is not reciprocated; I should love to be yours.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—You're the first woman I ever knew who became incensed when accused of being in love. But perhaps you were only camouflaging. I take it back—the vampire is not dead; she will never die, any more than the ingenue. But some of the Cleopatra counterfeits are so bad, I sometimes wish they would. I join you heartily with your enthusiasm over Pearl White's picture. I am sure if she sent me one I'd be tickled to death. No, no—Dick hasn't married anyone. I think your White surmise—the first—is right. Lift the old knocker again soon.

BETSY JANE, RED OAK.—You know, you got yourself in awfully wrong in the beginning. I resent being called Mrs. Questions and Answers, just as the old newspaper man who conducts the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column must resent it when the letters come in saluting him as "Dear Lady." I smoke a pipe, not big black cigars. Cullen Landis is married; he's the father of a little girl. He's with Goldwyn on a long-term contract. That's his real name. That's all.

J. D., RICHMOND.—My dear lady, you misread me entirely. I didn't say Richard Semler Barthelmess is married, for I know he is not. I didn't say I had an aversion to answering questions about him, for I haven't. It took a lot of bravery—it must have—for you to ask me that age-old question about Dick—again. Don't worry—when Barthelmess marries, or gets himself engaged, I'll use all my influence to have the Editor carry the announcement on the front cover. If the Editor won't do that, I'll wire you. Is that a bargain? Shake!

BETTY GRAY, DETROIT.—I am not in Chicago any more; I'm sorry. Manhattan is holding me. A young lady of twenty-seven is not too old to embark upon a screen career.

B. H., UTICA.—I should say about you that you had good taste. You wish to know how to reach Phyllis Haver, Kay Laurell, and Lucille Zintheo. Kay is on the ocean right now sailing to Europe. Her personal address is 125 East 56th Street, New York City, from whence her mail will be forwarded to her. I am sure she will send you her picture. Lucille Zintheo-Carlisle is with the Larry Semon comedy company, care Western Vitagraph. She was a PHOTOPLAY Beauty-and-Brains contest winner. Phyllis Haver—also Mister Ben Turpin—may both be reached care Mack Sennett studio, Los Angeles, California. Ah, there, B. H.!



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CADET JOHN C. J., CORNWALL, N. Y.—I commend you for your choice of favorites. Bill Hart has his own studio in Los Angeles. Tom Mix is with Fox, Western. Mildred Reardon is in New York right now; that story we had about her is really true. Wallace Reid, Lasky studio, Hollywood. Charles Ray, his own studio, Los Angeles. Roscoe Arbuckle, care Lasky studio. Owen Moore, Selznick. Pearl White, Eastern Fox. See other answers elsewhere. Drop in again.

ELEANOR-MARGARET-BESSIE, NASHVILLE.—You think I am about twenty-one, with dark brown hair, slightly wavy, brown eyes, and a very pleasant voice. All right—that description suits me. I don't know how to judge whether a player is conceited. However, I am sure that those you mention are not. Lillian Gish is not dead—whatever gave you that idea? She is playing now in "Way Down East." Jack Pickford married Olive Thomas.

VIRGINIA, MONTROSE.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for writing to the Editor in my praise. Maybe now I shall get a raise. Bobby Vernon is with Christie Comedies. George Chesebro plays opposite Juanita Hansen in that blonde star's new serial, "The Lost City"—which is by the way reviewed in the Shadow Stage department. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville now, in a spoken sketch called "The New Director."

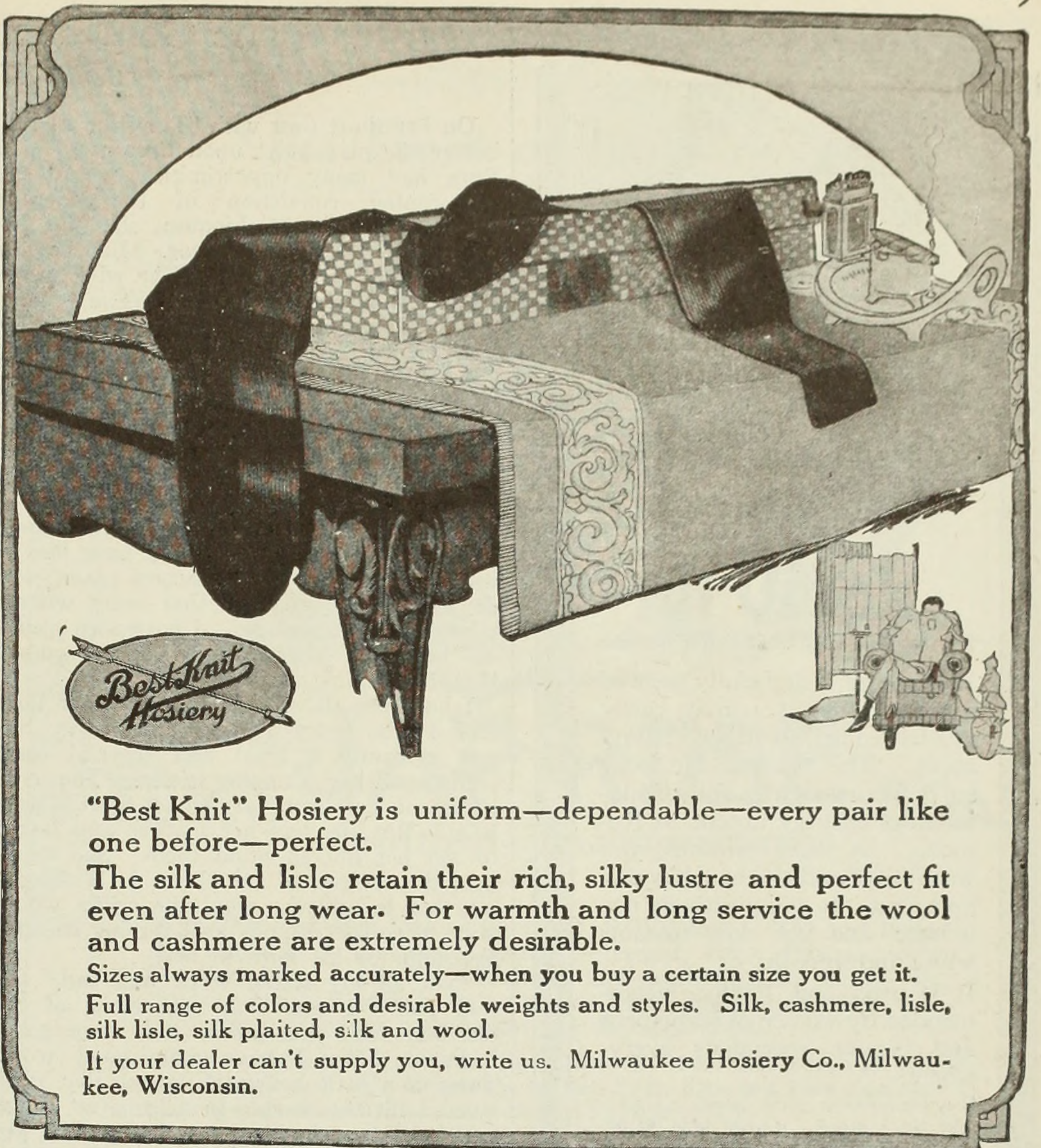
G. W., TORONTO.—Go to any reliable bookshop for Pearl White's life story, "Just Me." Pearl is in Europe now—not picture-making, but taking a five or six weeks' vacation. ("The Mystic Rose" please note.) She sailed the middle of March on the Savoie. Sorry I can't tell you Pearl's exact height—I'll find out this important point and let you know later.

MERRIE, MEDFORD, MASS.—You are quite correct. In fact, if all who write to me were as correct as you, I would have no fun at all. You ask, mostly, about people who are not cast. Kay Laurell only had a small "try-out" part in Wallace Reid's "The Valley of the Giants." She had the lead in "The Brand" and is the star in "Lonely Heart," a story written for her by Edgar Selwyn. Mary Pickford Fairbanks is twenty-six. Hazel Dawn may do more pictures some day—who knows? Right now she is touring in "Up in Mabel's Room."

MARJORIE S., MOLINE.—You can just bet I'll be good to you. I have no way of illustrating right now, however, for most of your questions are answered elsewhere. You use suitable stationary, writing on only one side, so I am not showing favoritism by refraining from reprimanding you. I don't quite see, however, how you can remind your friends of Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Gish at the same time. They are not at all alike. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce question answered elsewhere.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—The best thing to do, if you don't like the musicians in your theater, is to come early and avoid the overture. Richard Barthelmess in Griffith's "Scarlet Days," "The Idol Dancer" and "Way Down East," now in course of completion. In the first two plays he acts with "Cutie Beautiful" or Clarine Seymour; in the latter, as in "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish. Harrison Ford has signed a new contract with Paramount and may be reached at the Lasky studios.

(Continued on page 113)



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The Confessions of Theda Bara

Continued from page 58



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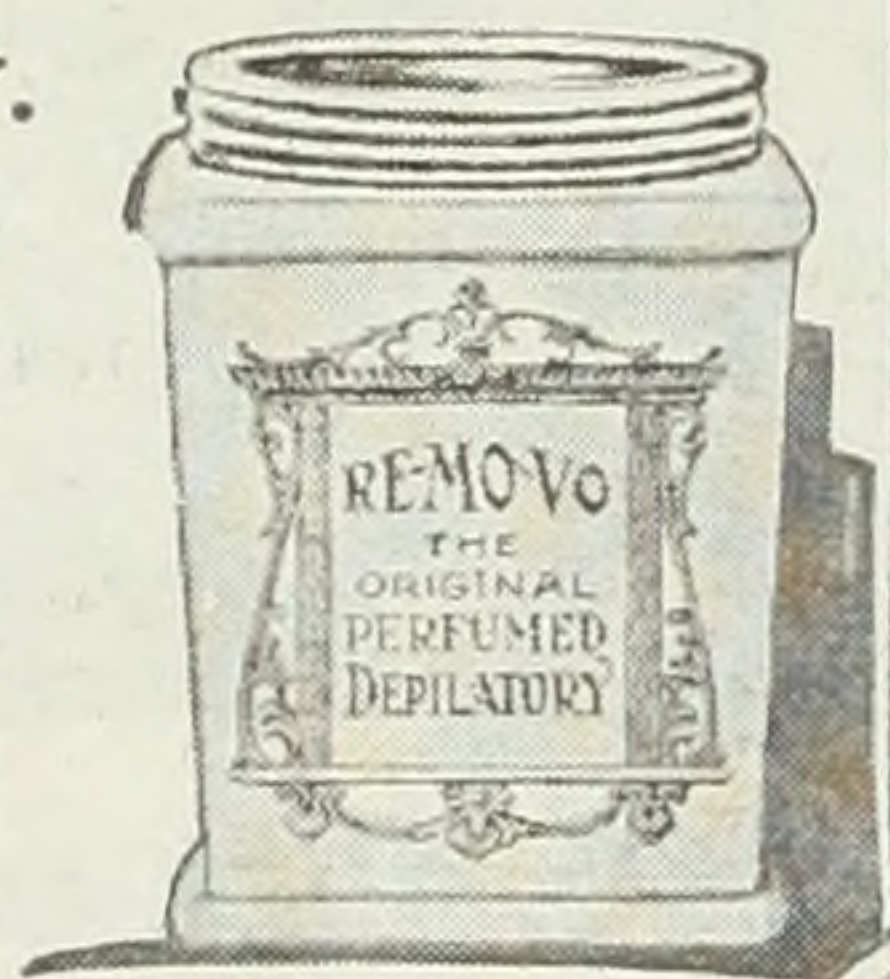
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On her short tour with "The Blue Flame" before the play burst upon Broadway, Miss Bara had many opportunities to test the deep-rooted conviction of the vampire superstition. In Washington, she and her sister got into an elevator. In the car were a man and his wife. The wife looked around and saw Theda Bara. She ordered the elevator to stop at the next floor, seized her husband and gave him a terrified shove, out of the elevator and harm's way.

Esther Bara, the sister, asked Theda exactly how she would go about vamping the man in the elevator. Theda didn't know, but she was interested in the attitude of the wife.

"In the first place," she said, "what could I have done to him? I would have had to work fast: And in the second place, why do women always think that every woman is after their husbands. I have seen plenty of husbands belonging to other women that I wouldn't even look at."

I had seen the pretty, young Esther Bara and I was sorry I didn't meet her. She was evidently a loyal and cheerful companion to her vamping sister. The criticisms of her work sometimes hurt Theda Bara. But she had her mother and father to tell her not to mind them. She didn't read the reviews of her play. A. H. Woods told her in advance what the critics would say. She likes Mr. Woods for his friendliness and for his faith in her.

"Not all my screen work was bad," she told me. "I can look over some of the old films and find scenes that were good. I know when I have done good work. There is a little bell inside of me that rings when I hit the mark. In 'Cleopatra' I was criticized for showing my legs. The reviewers said the costumes were all wrong. But I studied with Mr. Lithgow, the expert on Egyptology at the Metropolitan Art Museum, for several weeks in order to get the costumes and settings correct. Liberties were taken with the story, but not with the settings. And if you will look back on my pictures, you will remember that I did not go in for undress parts.

"A funny thing happened in the opening night of 'The Blue Flame.' In the first act, I am killed by an electric shock and my fiance puts me on a couch that brings me back to life without a soul. Allen Dinehart, my leading man, picked me up and threw me down on the couch so that my skirts went up to my knees. My first impulse was to sit up and pull them down. Fortunately, I remembered that I was dead. And so I lay there and said to myself, 'Now everyone is saying that I want to show my legs.'

"After the performance, I told Mr. Dinehart to be careful about pulling down my skirts, that I am supposed still to be a good girl with a soul. Now, he is so conscientious that he nearly rips my skirt off.

"The first night was a terrible ordeal. I had a cold and I was so nervous that my voice went back on me. I thought I wouldn't live through some of the long speeches. My throat was tight and I felt as though I couldn't make a sound. Some one told me to go out and apologize for my voice. But I wouldn't. I suppose my fighting blood was up. Many of those in the audience were people who hated me. I don't know why they hate me, but they do. They do not know me personally and I haven't done anything to them, but they hate me. And I wouldn't go out and apologize to them.

"I am going to stay on the stage and I am going to make pictures, too. In two years—well, you will see. After all I have

been through, do you think that I would give up now?"

When Theda Bara left the screen there were plenty of rumors about her. She was going to be married. She had fallen in love with a minister and had "reformed." She was temperamental. She had lost her hold on the public.

This is what Miss Bara says:

"My health was bad and I needed a rest. I had been getting wretched stories. Studio life was beginning to get on my nerves. The inefficiency is appalling. I stopped reporting for work in the morning. Nothing was ever ready. We would wait for hours and hours until some carpenter had corrected a mistake in the setting. And all about you there is a grinding and a pounding. The mechanical staff have a way of blaming all the delays on the star. The star has no come-back because she cannot go and tell tales on men who need their day's wages. Mr. Fox seldom came to the studio: he was busy at the home office. I only saw him a few times a year. Directors spend a great deal of money on unimportant things and then they economize in small ways that prove expensive in the end. It used to hurt me to see money wasted.

"J. Gordon Edwards was the nicest director I ever had. He was kind and considerate. Some of the directors are wonderful. They give you such funny advice on manners and deportment. One time I asked my director about a certain scene. 'Do I repulse the advances of this man or do I lead him on?' I asked. The director was stumped. He hadn't any idea of what to do. Finally he hit upon a lively answer. 'Oh, just keep the audience guessing,' he said."

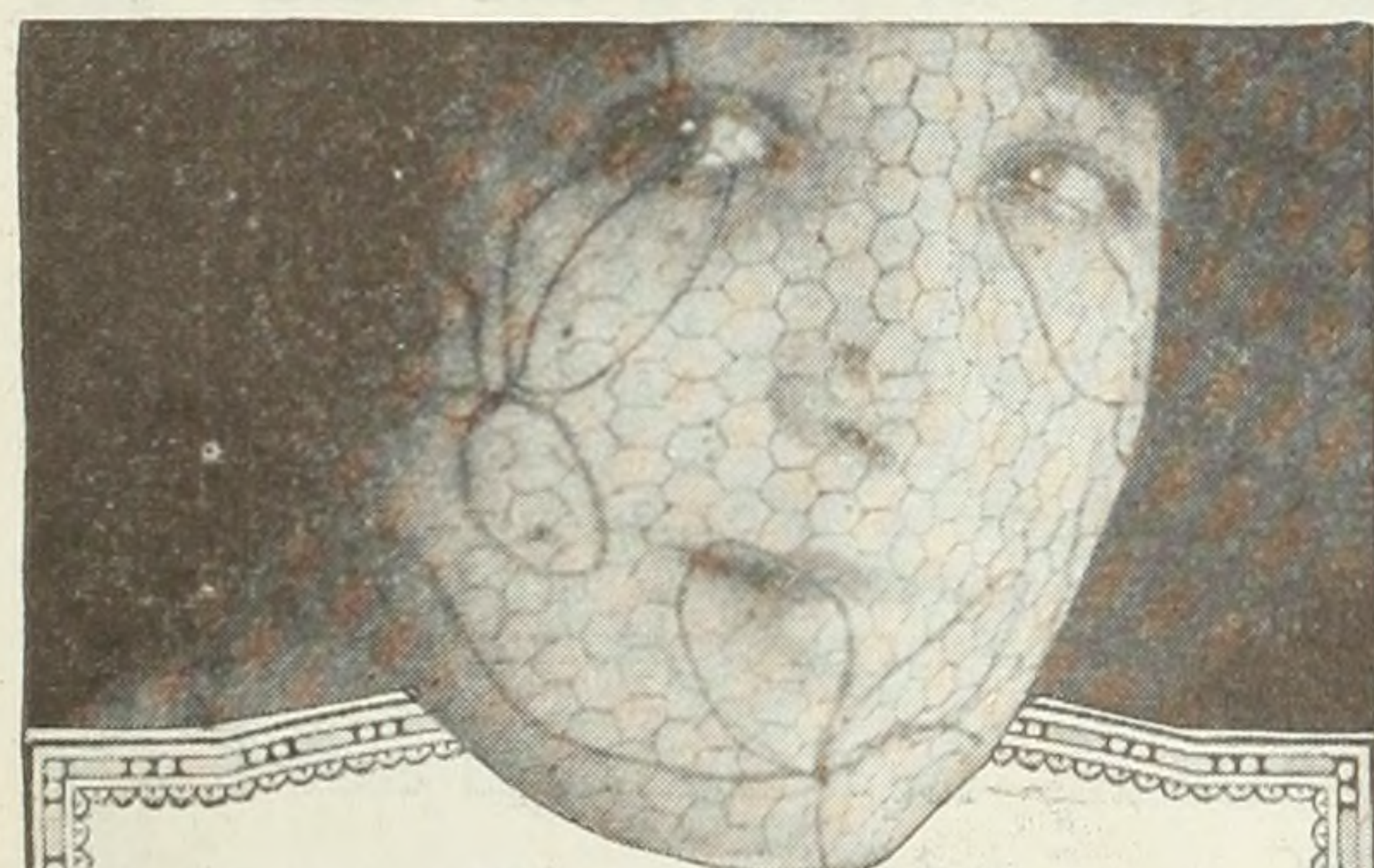
Like Susie Jones, star of the plays in the Zanesville High School, Miss Bara wishes that she had worked under D. W. Griffith.

THERE is no use claiming a sensitive soul for Theda Bara. If she had possessed one, she couldn't have done what she has done. Her manufactured personality seems to have had no effect on her real self. The criticisms hurt her only when they touched upon some bit of sincerity that came through the fantastic pose. Personally, she is not insincere. She is the sort of girl who is "good to her folks." I suspect her of being an excellent business woman.

For five long years she appeared in nothing but the most blatant sort of sex stories, and yet you cannot get a sex interview from Theda Bara. She won't talk about love, marriage or any of those delightful subjects that make such spicy yet refined reading on the magazine pages of evening newspapers. Neither will she talk about anything occult. In fact, I think she is heartily sick of sex and the orient as subjects for publication.

Theda Bara's artistic sins have been many. In "The Blue Flame," she hasn't reformed, artistically. She still blames it on the public. That is her greatest sin—this taking for granted that the public likes the cheap, the impossible and the vulgar. It is her biggest failing. When she lives it down, she won't have to wonder why people who do not know her, hate her.

One of the curious things about the first night audience was that those who knew Theda Bara defended her. The many friends of her family proclaimed her goodness, her charity, her desire to be kind to her motion picture public and her pleasant home life. Somehow, when you meet her personally at a press-agent-less interview, you find yourself being shocked at the enormity of the hoax on the public and yet



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The Confessions of Theda Bara

(Concluded)

condoning the woman who, almost in spite of herself, permitted it.

In shedding the snake skin of the vampire and telling the story of five years of organized deceit, Theda Bara did not pretend to emerge as a lamb. She says nothing is so restful after a day of hard work. Moreover, she didn't say she had the dearest mother in the world. She didn't say it hurt her to be misjudged because she is really so good and pure. She didn't say she wanted to get married and be the sainted mother of six children.

Her sense of humor is her saving grace. Perhaps it was cruel of her to laugh during all those years, but if she hadn't she would have emerged an impossible person—much worse than a vampire. After all, she was ridiculous—a sacrifice to the Great God Bunk on the altar of publicity. And I am glad she laughed.

Allah Il Allah

I

THEY were sisters in the movies. Priscilla, the elder, and Patsy, the younger.

Priscilla played in pictures in which she wore cambric frocks, black velvet sashes, sandals with ankle ties, baby-blue hair-ribbons and always and always the director threw in a lot of animal stuff; you know, puppies and kittens and ducks and chickens (not the Mack Sennett kind) and old Dobbin in the one-hoss chaise. And there were close-ups of Priscilla in Reel V kissing the Hero in a nice chaste way.

Now Patsy, the younger, has orange-flame hair and her pictures are *that* kind. Studio stuff, you know; Greenwich Village fluff and iris-in and iris-out on Patsy posing for Venus-at-the-Bath; and sometimes a wronged wife in the background and always and always the pistol in the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table.

And yet, Priscilla and Patsy smoke the same brand of cigarettes.

Allah il Allah!

II

Saidee was born in Manitowoc, Wis., and just adored Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter and Marguerite Clark and all the pretty and proper posies in the pitchers.

When they had a Saturday matinee at I. O. O. F. Hall with any of Saidee's favourites on tap she was always on hand and sat through both shows.

Finally Saidee's great-aunt died and left her a thousand dollars and Saidee hastened to the great city and bought herself some swell raiment and fared forth to the studios.

But Saidee forgot that she had black hair and eyes that somehow could not behave, for they put her in a Custard Comedy and now she has a Jelly-Rolls car and a Pekinese and wears those shimmie shoes 'nevery-thing!

Allah il Allah!

III

Once upon a time a kind-hearted Director saw a good-looking little minx among the Extras who was doing soup-and-fish in an Uncle Tom show.

"I will her into stardom," he muttered.

And so he worked and worked and worked, and presently the little minx was indeed a screen star of the uttermost importance. Ah! Then she quit the kind-hearted Director, huh?

No, she kept right on feeding out of his hand and doing just like what he told her. (Yes she did!)

Allah il Allah!

—Justin Fair.

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Golden Transparent

HOW the kiddies do love their JAP ROSE bath! The gay little bubbles of pureness—pearly, iridescent, elfish things—what joy they bring. All the distemper and grumbling, so natural to children when a bath is in order, are gone completely when the pretty cake of golden transparent JAP ROSE is used.

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More than that, JAP ROSE soap is so absolutely soluble in any kind of water, that almost at once, like magic you have the most profuse, bubbly lather which rinses quickly and easily. No undissolved soap left in the delicate skin pores to clog them and cause skin trouble—not when you use the pure, golden cake of transparent JAP ROSE soap.

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What Fashion Really Means

(Continued from page 65)

picturesque periods of Louis XIV. But don't be awed when some exclusive shop advertises its "Louis XIV styles." It simply means they are showing suits with full ripple skirts and jackets that have wide revers opening over a double breasted waistcoat of fancy weave. If they are true to the period they will show these suits with three-quarter sleeves, wide at the hand, with an inset lace ruffle.

When you saw those pretty little dancing dresses last winter that were wired to stand out at the hip and had the wiring covered with artificial roses, did you know where the style originated? It came from the old Roman days when the victors in a great battle were wreathed with flowers. Logically it appeared last year. It will not be due again until the year after another great war.

Just because I have talked about these styles you mustn't think I believe all styles originate in France. On the contrary. Sometime—if you have the necessary time and patience—try getting a tailored suit in France! That is the time when your mind will turn yearningly to the good old U. S. A. for the kind of tailoring that "keeps its shape." Little old Paris may beat the world at creating dresses—and she does—but when it comes to tailored things and sports clothes you have to come back to your Uncle Samuel's land.

Now, this matter of clothes is much more than a matter of money. Some of the badly dressed women you meet are women with lots of money and the idea that money can get one everything in the world. It can do a lot of things, naturally, else we all wouldn't be after it so hard. But some women with money remind me of the woman whose husband "struck it rich in oil" last year. The lady in question discarded the old house and had a rococo sort of palace built. There were a lot of windows to the thing and she had each window decorated with a red and white striped awning that bore the family monogram!

A lot of the clothes I see make me think of this Oklahoma lady. There's money to burn, but mighty poor results from the bonfire.

Good dressing is in its last analysis a matter of line, a matter of studying one's own figure, learning the good and bad points,

and then finding out the styles that will make the most of the good points and minimize the bad ones.

For example, if your arms are thin you should wear long sleeves that are rather full. If your heart is set on short sleeves you should have them cut so as to reach at least an inch below the elbow. Don't, please don't, wear things that will call attention to sharp elbows.

If your legs are short in proportion to the rest of your body, don't wear a flounced skirt or a skirt of two colors set horizontally. Build your skirts with the thought of length of line in mind. And if you are a short-waisted woman don't cut yourself off with a deep sash. The short-waisted woman wears best the long, loose type of dress that has the sash dropping well down on the hips.

If you are working hard and are tired you would better keep away from the little hats that turn sharply off the face. Try a hat that droops a bit with a soft line about the face, if you want to take ten years off your age.

One of the best things this year's styles has brought us is an abundance of bright colors. Brown runs the whole gamut from the palest sand tint to *tête de negre*; reds and coppers and brilliant yellows abound. Champagne is a favorite color this year with the French, but we probably sha'n't wear it. There's no use in stirring up painful memories.

People from other countries used to think women in America had a "navy blue uniform" from the amount of that color they saw in the streets. This year, however, we are turning to the brilliant things, the delicate pastel shades, everything that is bright and gay. Doesn't it make your fingers just tingle for a needle? Mine do. And I am glad we are getting over our dread of bright-colored clothes. Bright colors have the same effect on the wearer's mind as sunshine has on the flowers. Sometime this year I'm going to talk a whole lot about color and the shades that bring out the best in different types of women.

Incidentally, I've a good joke to tell you about color, but I'm afraid I shall have to leave it over until next month, when I intend to talk to you about sport clothes and other things.

"PICTURE-HOUSES jump prices."—*News item.*
"All the world's a stage and we are only payers."

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Of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1920.

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County of Cook, }
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Photoplay Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Editor, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)
R. M. EASTMAN,
Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1920.
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The Pickford-Fairbanks

Wooring

(Continued from page 76)

packing up for the journey along the honeymoon trail to Europe in June—away from the sorrowful past.

The film folk are hoping that the sensation of the marriage will quiet down and leave the two to their work and their happiness. They hope Mary's days of trial and trouble are over, and they are sure the two great idols of the screen living their new life together, will bring a new charm to their art. Their hopes may seem optimistic with the gossips reluctant to leave so toothsome a topic and with an investigation of Mary Pickford's divorce from Moore started twenty-four hours after her marriage to Fairbanks.

But it hardly seems likely that her millions of friends on the other side of the silversheet are to turn from her and consign the one who once was "America's Sweetheart" to the limbo of forgotten loves. It would appear more reasonable that her pictures and Doug's—like their future—are to be just what they make them. But that is for time to decide.

After all, life is just one cross-roads after another, and this is probably the greatest problem of Mary Pickford's life. We must all choose our own roads to happiness. Friends or advisors can be of little help.

May the judgment of the future be gentle, and may the coming reels bring her the moonlight of romance she has so long sought. Whatever is ahead, the present seems the time for a suffusion of blue on the sympathetic screen.

For Mary Pickford has made her choice.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JENNIE ALLEN, DEVILS LAKE, N. D.—You are indeed a tonic for this tired business man. Your consideration for my feelings touched me deeply. The best I can do in return is to give you the sorry information that Gladys Leslie is no longer with Vitagraph; however, you may be able to reach her care Ivan Abramson, for whose company she made a picture recently. She is not permanently affiliated with any company at present. I'll look it up for you.

B. B., ALBANY.—I have a good many "Tomboy" noms-de-plume among my correspondents, so we'll just let yours ride by. No no—you're wrong. The Wally Reids have only one child: his name is William Wallace Jr. You were under the impression evidently that they had two sons: one named William and one named Wallace. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley; she's a Realart star now.

ROBERT A. STONE, RALEIGH.—Mary is divorced; I am sure I do not know if she has any intention of marrying again. She has no children. She is twenty-six years old and will send you her picture. So you are not looking for a wife as you already have one and experience has taught you—or is it experience teaches all of us—that one is beaucoup at a time.

ALENE W., ST. LOUIS.—I am sure I don't know whether Eugene O'Brien reads his mail himself or lets his secretary do it for him. The best way to find out is to write to him and see if he answers personally—although he might even fool you then. I know this much: his wife doesn't act as his secretary because he hasn't any wife. Louise Lovely plays with Lew Cody in "The Butterfly Man."



... who could withstand
The charms seen in the mirror she holds in her hand?—Jami

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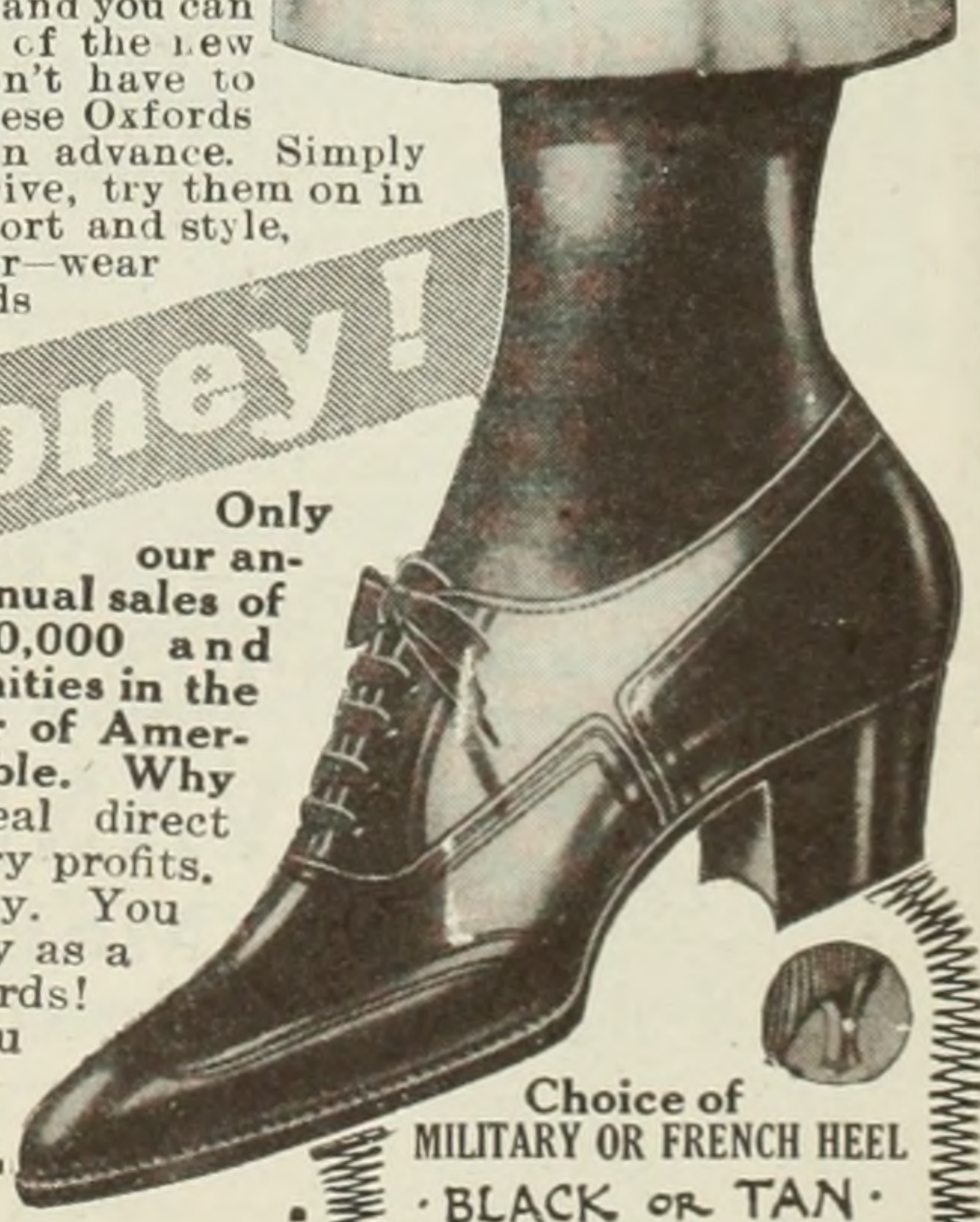
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I recommend the use of Vanita to all who are troubled with any facial blemishes.
RUTH STONEHOUSE.

C. PARK HUMPHREYS
4867 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia

The Round-Up

(Continued from page 54)

Sagebrush looked at him curiously, then went to call Jack.

Jack emerged and stood overwhelmed at seeing Dick standing before him. In a moment he recovered and planned. He seized Dick's hand and tried to seem cordial and joyous. Dick Lane read a message of perturbation in Jack's shaking voice.

"What the matter, Jack?" he demanded. "Where's Echo?"

Dick started for the house. Jack quickly stepped before him and raised a warning hand.

"You mustn't go in now—you see, she's not been well. The shock might be too much for her."

"You are right, Jack," Lane responded. "You tell her I'm here and I'll wait in the garden. And say, Jack, I promised to pay up for that grubstake the minute I got back. Here's the money." Dick pressed bills into Jack's unwilling hands and turned him toward the house. "Tell Echo I am waiting."

Buck McKee, sulking by the hedge, saw and overheard.

At the door Jack paused and drew Sagebrush aside.

"I want you to stand there and don't let anybody at all in. Echo's happiness is at stake."

Dick, wandering in the garden, impatiently walked about the house until he was in range of a window. He stood frozen at what he saw. The wedding ceremony was in progress. He could almost hear the words.

"For as much as John Payson and Echo Allen have consented in holy wedlock—"

Dick turned and walked to his horse. His face set hard in the hour of his torture, he rode back into the hills from where he had come.

WEEKS passed and no clue to the slayer of Old Man Terrill had been found. It was still the matter of gossip everywhere, more especially at the Florence saloon. Slim there overheard Buck McKee drunkenly declaiming:

"Well, for my part, I think Jack Payson did it—he was the last man that saw Old Man Terrill alive—and where did he get that three thousand he paid off the mortgage on the Sweetwater ranch with?"

"You lyin' halfbreed, I'm a friend of Jack Payson's," Sheriff Slim broke in. "You're coming with me and face him."

Bud Lane accompanied the Sheriff and McKee. It was a curious group that gathered on the porch at the Sweetwater ranch, Echo and Sagebrush, standing by Jack Payson, facing the sheriff.

"Jack, there's a few questions, I—" Slim cleared his husky throat, "a few questions I want to ask you. Where did you go by yourself that day you were married?"

"I went to the express office and got my wedding present for Echo." Jack was firm and cool.

"And where'd you get the three thousand you paid off the mortgage on this ranch?"

Jack flushed, went cold and stood silent.

"Why don't you tell them, dear?" Echo spoke ever so softly.

"I—I can't."

"In that event I'll have to put you under arrest." Slim spoke with evident pain at his official necessity.

"Slim—I can explain this thing to you—but first I must have a few words alone with my wife."

Slim nodded assent. Savage Buck McKee objected.

"It's a frame-up, men," he shouted to the gathering cowboys. "It's a frame-up to let this guilty man escape. Let's take

the law in our hands and have a little necktie party right now."

A mob was born of the moment. But they did not justly measure Slim the sheriff. In a flash he covered McKee with a revolver and swept the crowd with its mate.

"You'll deposit your shooting irons with Mr. Sagebrush there and leave peaceably or the sheriff of Pinal County will take action immediate." Slim's blue eyes blazed. He won. They left.

Inside the ranch house Jack poured out his confession to Echo, of his duplicity about Dick Lane, of Lane's coming the night of the wedding, the payment of the money and all.

"You must bring him back to me." Echo, dry-eyed in her grief, drew back from her husband.

In the hard silence of his misery, forgetting quite the waiting sheriff, Jack Payson seized his rifle and saddle bags, stalked out and, mounting his horse, rode away, on the long trail in quest of Dick Lane.

Echo was dumfounded in her emotions and grief. She ran calling into the yard. Sheriff Slim appeared.

"Jack has gone—Jack has gone—I sent him away—please, please, bring him back."

"That's what I'm sheriff of Pinal County for," answered Slim. And shortly a posse was riding on Payson's trail. But Lane joined the posse.

It was a long hot quest that led at last to Fort Grant, the outermost post of civilization in the lava bed country.

"Payson outfitted here a week ago and struck straight into the Indian country," the officer in command told the sheriff. "Troop F is leaving tomorrow to round up a bunch of renegades out there. You'll stand a better chance of finding your man if you go with them."

OUT in the hell-blazing rocks of the lava beds at the Apache spring Dick Lane lay unconscious, his life all but gone, when Jack Payson overtook him.

Riding again at the head of his red raiders, Buck McKee crossed the two trails leading toward Apache Spring. An evil light came to his eyes. He reconnoitered and saw Jack Payson bending over Dick Lane with his canteen in hand. McKee read the story at a glance and grinned. Here, out under the desert sun in the wild waste, he had the two men of all the world whom he wanted most in his power. He signaled his waiting Indians and they closed about the spring in a circle.

Jack leaned close to Dick as he revived.

"I've been hunting you for weeks—to bring you back, Dick. Echo wants you. I lied to her—she thought you were dead."

Dick, weak but hot with hate, flamed up. "Jack, I ought to kill you for this."

Payson spread his arms in a resigned gesture.

"All right, I'm ready."

Dick shook his head. The men faced each other with their problem between them.

"Dick—you'll find my horse there, and the pack mule, loaded with grub and water. You take them and go back to her—I'll stay here."

"It's justice, and I'll do it," Jack answered and rose.

Buck McKee peered over a rock, raised his rifle and fired. Dick fell with a bullet wound in his leg. Together, they took cover of the rocks at the spring and stood battle with the Indians.

A lull came. Again Payson urged Dick Lane to go, while yet he might.

"No, I'll stay and fight it out beside you."

The Round-Up

(Continued)

"If you don't go, Dick, I'll stand up and let them get me."

Payson sprang up and Dick pulled himself up beside him.

The Indians shouted and fired in volley. Both men went down, Jack with a broken arm, Dick shot through the lungs.

The Indians were creeping up for a rush when they heard the clatter of hoofs and the sounds of a bugle. The Fort Grant cavalry had come. The rattle of carbines swept the scene. Swiftly the troopers rounded up the Indians, among them desperate Buck McKee, badly wounded.

They gathered at the spring, the troopers, Sheriff Slim and his posse with Bud Lane. They found Dick Lane dead, and Jack Payson, wounded and grieving, beside him.

Bud drew Sheriff Slim over to Buck McKee.

"Now, Buck, you're 'bout done, tell the sheriff all about it—all about Old Man Terrill."

Haltingly and with pain, the halfbreed told of the express robbery. He ended with a plea.

"And don't be too hard on Bud—he's a good kid."

The sheriff looked at Bud, then down at the halfbreed. McKee was dead.

Without a word Bud handed the sheriff a roll of bills, carried concealed in his shirt. The sheriff felt the body of McKee and discovered a similar roll tied with a rawhide thong.

"Bud—" Slim spoke slowly. "Only you and me know about this little deal. Go straight from now on and I'm forgettin' I ever knew it."

When the homebound posse neared the Sweetwater, Jack Payson spoke to the sheriff.

"I'm going straight home—you stop by the Bar-1 and tell the folks."

Payson found Sagebrush at the house when he entered.

"Where's Echo?"
"Boss, she's been living at the Bar-1 ever since you left." Sagebrush averted his face.

Jack went slowly into the house and threw himself into a chair with bowed head. So this was the end of it all—to lose everything.

AT the Bar-1 Sheriff Slim was telling his tale to Uncle Jim Allen and Polly and all the rest. Echo lingered inside the door listening.

"—And Now Jack's gone right home to Sweetwater," Slim concluded.

Echo, riding crop in hand, emerged from the door, looking neither to right nor left.

"Where you going, Echo?" her father called after her.

"I am going home to my husband."

Sheriff Slim rolled a cigarette and sighed—

"Hell! Nobody loves a fat man."

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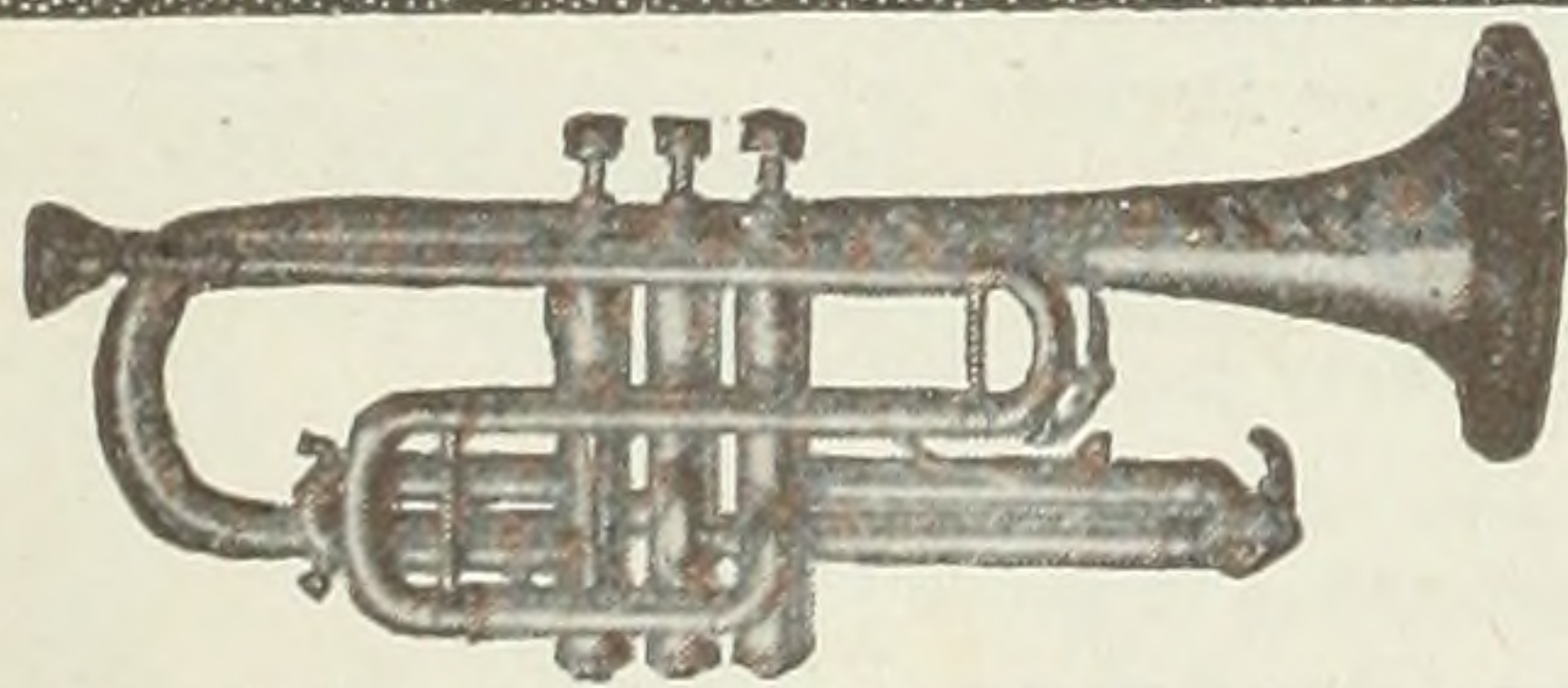
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 99)

ners of the Night." Mr. Scott, like other well known writers, believes that a crook is almost always a dramatic success when presented as a sympathetic character. In this case the crook is a woman who helps a detective trap the real villain. The picture keeps you wondering. The plot contains a great deal of entertainment and has been presented in good style by Paul Scardon. The real star is Pinna Nesbit.

THE BELOVED CHEATER—

Robertson-Cole

KISSING is a great art. And so Lew Cody is undoubtedly a great artist. A kiss is the entire plot of "The Beloved Cheater." A timid man, engaged to a chilly girl, calls upon a gay young bachelor to assist him in his wooing. Posing as the fiance, the bachelor kisses the girl. And, having known the original, she will accept no substitutes. Who can blame her?

THE SPORTING DUCHESS—

Vitagraph

THE SPORTING DUCHESS" was presented on the stage years and years ago with Rose Coghlan as the Duchess of Desborough. It is a melodrama of high life and low tricks. The high life is furnished by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. The low tricks are the work of Gustav Suysteritz. The horse race climax is very well filmed; in fact, the whole picture has the proper gallop for a melodrama.

THE DAREDEVIL—Fox

TOM MIX at his very best, as a tenderfoot who makes the west too wild for its native. It has action, it has humor, and it has stunts. The picture gives him plenty of opportunities for landscape gardening—that is breaking up the scenery. And he doesn't have to emote. Once we saw Tom Mix emote and we shall never forget it.

THE EVIL EYE—Hallmark

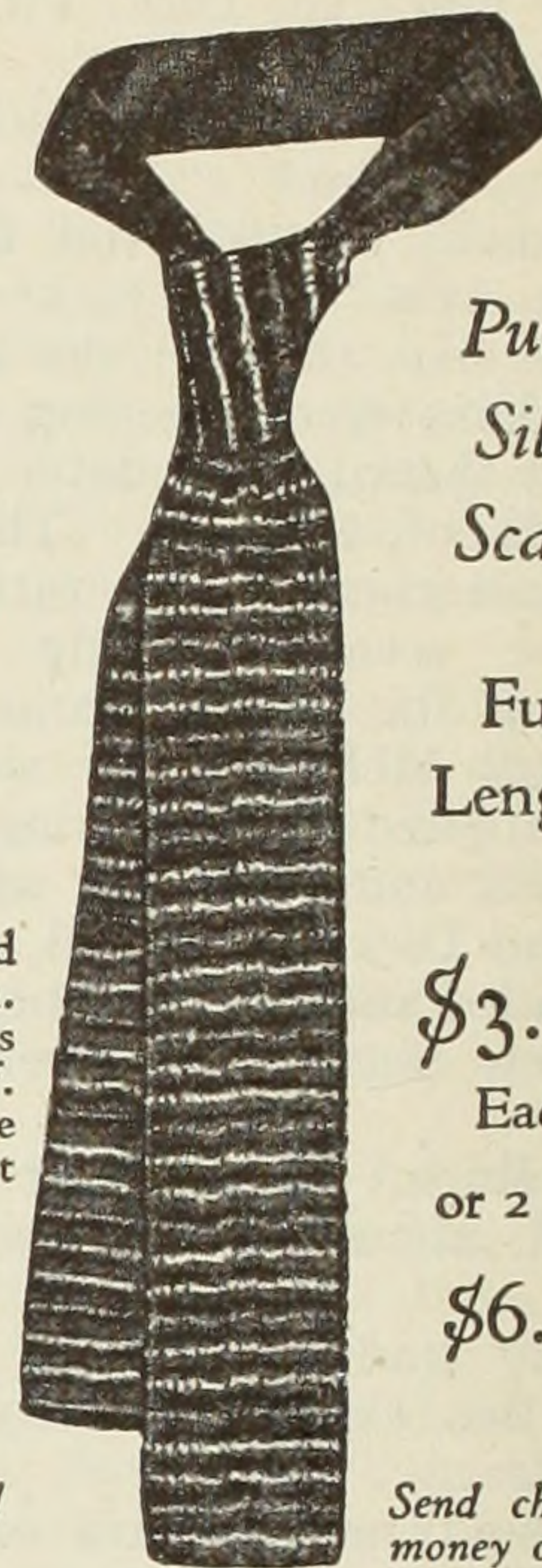
MEET our friend Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion, who is starred in a serial. Roy MacCardell wrote the story. Don't ask us what "The Evil Eye" is about. We only saw the first three episodes and we only saw them once. Benny is a heroic bank messenger whose aim in life it is to protect a million dollars' worth of bonds. Stuart Holmes is working with a band of crooks. Benny doesn't look like a prize fighter and you rather like him but he isn't going to snatch any acting honors from John Barrymore.

THE FALSE ROAD—

Paramount-Artcraft

IF you ever get a picture crook into the country—the nice, clean, wholesome country, where he or she comes under the influence of a sweet old lady—his or her life of sin is done for; you can count on that. In this picture a young man and a young woman were started down the false road with a gang of crooks—but the false road led to the grand and glorious country and a simple-souled old woman. So they were saved, and settled down in the country for life. Enid Bennett and Lloyd Hughes play the leading roles. The picture is no world beater, but a nice little evening's entertainment for those who like their crooks, and like them reformed.

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The Golden Age of the Pictures

(Concluded from page 49)

over such matters as the so-called superiority of European productions, and sat down to wait for the return of the prodigal fans. Having been wined and dined upon swiftly moving, high grade motion pictures from North America, the prodigals were a bit wary about returning. A few did visit the theater, in memory of the old days, but they came away to return no more. Cobwebs quickly covered the ticket window, and the exhibitor threw up the sponge in the first round.

THE popularity of American pictures in Europe has grown on an enormous scale despite the fact that Europe is America's chief and only competitor in the world's film markets. Great Britain, with millions invested in the producing business, continues to exhibit a fondness for American pictures, approximately 90 per cent of the productions being shown having come from America. So great is the demand for the high grade of American photoplay and so few are the theaters in which they can be exhibited that the British exhibitor is compelled to book far in advance to get the pictures he wants. The average theater is booked from one to two years in advance, and booking for 1922 soon will be under way.

A new departure for American producers has been the establishment of a large studio in London by a prominent company for the production of the American type of picture on Old World locations. The foremost American and European stars and artists will co-operate in making these productions. The stories of the greatest writers of Europe will be produced upon the locations actually described in the stories, instead of hand-picked California and New Jersey exteriors.

By far the most far-reaching development from a distribution standpoint, however, is the opening of the huge territory in Central Europe, which has been closed to American pictures for six years. More than 8,000 theaters and approximately 200,000,000 people are included in this territory—Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. Although Germany and Austria have been important producers, American pictures are expected to duplicate their enormous success in other European countries once the ban on the importation of films is removed.

Another important step in the worldwide conquest of the American movies will be taken this year when Western Asia and India will be exploited on a large scale. The Garden of Eden, the valley of the Tigris, and the ancient cities of Mesopotamia and Persia will shortly be viewing the latest and best American motion pictures. India, while it has been developed on a small scale, will be the center of important film activities, which will radiate in all directions.

The countries of Asia Minor obtained their first view of American pictures during the war, when adventurous Y. M. C. A. men came to entertain the Allied soldiers. Bedouins, Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Jews and Greeks quickly forgot their differences once they were fortunate enough to squeeze their way into an improvised motion picture theater, and their grunts of satisfaction would have been sweet music to American producers had they been able to hear them.

Bagdad, with a population of 200,000, has three theaters and is building others in anticipation of an enormous increase in the importation of films. Mosul, a city

of 100,000, also has several motion picture theaters, and there are a few other cities fortunate to possess a theater of this sort. A rattling good detective story, provided it has no complication that conflict with the teachings of the Koran, makes an instant hit. Screen vamps and romantic matinee idols with kissing tendencies and who persist in clasping exotic heroines to their bosoms are strictly taboo, for they run counter to the Koran, and that ends it.

HUNDREDS of high-grade theaters will be required to entertain the great masses of Orientals once they become acquainted with the motion picture. Capital to develop such enterprises soon will become available for the producers and distributors are quick to visualize the vast profits of those fortunate to get in on the sand floor, as it were. The dearth of theaters is exemplified by Teheran, capital of Persia, which is without a single movie house for the entertainment of its 70,000 population. Hundreds of other cities and towns are in the same position, and to keep abreast of the times they must begin soon, for a leisure-loving people must have its entertainment.

Although it is apparent that the dove of peace will scarcely find a resting place in what was once the Russian Empire for months to come, far-sighted producers already are making their preparations for the opening of this vast territory. They readily appreciate the profit awaiting those who can induce the Russian to forget his Bolshevik sentiments for a saner view of the world, and are preparing to put themselves in the way of the high voltage prosperity that is to come.

Scandinavian countries offer an excellent illustration of the tremendous hold American photoplays have in Europe. The productions of one American company, it is said on good authority, are shown in practically everyone of the 1,300 theaters in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Long runs are regular occurrences in those theaters exhibiting American pictures. One theater in Christiania was compelled to show one American picture continuously for six weeks before it could satisfy the public's desire to see it.

The city of Bergen, Norway, having a population of 100,000 and desiring a short cut solution of its revenue problems, has taken over the seven motion picture houses and is now operating them as municipal theaters. Under private ownership these seven houses last year did a business of \$650,000, an average of \$6.50 from each fan. This was an increase of 200 per cent in two years. Nine-tenths of the films shown in this territory are made in America.

Far-sighted producers and exporters now have their eyes on the juicy melons to be cut when Africa and Eastern Asia are ready for exploitation. It is expected that another year will see the opening of an intensive drive upon China. Once the sleeping giant is awakened, American producers believe they will have their hands full catering to the 400,000,000 potential motion picture fans. Except in the larger coastal cities, motion pictures are unknown in China. But that part of China that has had its taste of the movies is showing such an increasing appetite as to bring joy to the American producer, who can see millions of dollars ready to be harvested from films that long since have lived out their allotted span of usefulness in America and other countries. The Chinese fan looks upon the dashing cowboy as America's foremost citizen, which accounts for the popularity of this type of film in the Far East.



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Dollars and the Woman

(Continued from page 40)

"I learned at the hospital that someone paid your bill, Madge. You told me that no one did it. That was not true."

Madge looked at Dan in silence.

"And then I found this," Dan continued, producing the cancelled check.

"I paid nothing at the hospital. Neither did Mr. Crewe. That check was for—another matter." For a moment she was tempted to tell him the truth, but decided not.

"Some one paid, I tell you! And why not Crewe? He was your old sweetheart," Dan continued, beside himself with jealousy and rage. "But how did you repay the rest? This would not have paid your bills for a week. Men like Crewe don't pay bills for women they love without a reason—and wives don't lie without—"

Madge looked into the white face and the blood-shot eyes of her husband with evident loathing.

"Go!" she said between taut lips. "If you don't, I—I think I shall kill you!"

Dan took his hat, and went out, leaving her alone.

* * * *

ARTHUR CREWE, arriving at the Hillyer door a few minutes later, came just in time to interrupt Madge in the act of throwing all her clothes and those of the baby into bags and trunks. Dan's distrust of her had killed all the love she had for him. She was going to leave him—to find a place where she might have peace.

"Why did you come?" Madge asked angrily of Crewe.

"Because I cannot bear to see you unhappy in spite of my sacrifices," he answered quietly. "It was to save your life that I demanded the \$300, Madge. I made you despise me, so that you would fight for your life. Otherwise you never would have pulled through. I never would have told you—in my heart I had given you up forever—but Madge, Madge, I saw how unhappy your were last night. You must come with me, dear. You could not earn a living. I want you to go to my sister till you can get a divorce. Then I want you to marry me."

Madge's expression changed from loathing to wonder as Crewe talked, then her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't ask your love. I won't force mine on you," Crewe added gently. "I just ask for the right to make you happy."

Dan, entering the hall door with his pass key, heard the last words.

"Your wife is leaving you," Crewe said, turning to Dan. "I have asked her to divorce you and marry me."

Dan turned to Madge. His walk in the air had calmed him.

"Yes," she said hysterically, "I am going. I wanted to get away before you came back."

Dan went to the desk and got his revolver, then broke it, took out the cartridges and handed the gun to Crewe.

"My temper is none too sweet at times," he said. "There will be no scene unless you make it, Mr. Crewe. Now as I understand it, you wish to marry Mrs. Hillyer to atone—"

"I wish to marry her because I love her. In her case there can be no question of atonement, and if you were not an utter fool you'd know it," answered Crewe.

"But why did my wife give you this?" Dan held out the check.

"It was money she borrowed to send you West. The money she drew from the bank was stolen on the way home."

"Then who paid the hospital expenses?" Dan demanded.

"I did," answered Crewe. It was Madge's turn for bewilderment now.

"That was a matter of which your wife was entirely ignorant."

There was silence in the little room, then Dan Hillyer spoke.

"Crewe, if Madge decides to marry you, she'll get a man, a real man clear down to the ground."

It was several moments before Madge raised her voice.

"You will understand, Dan," she said, "that when I leave you, I shall go wholly out of your life. If the baby is to be with me, you can never see him."

"He belongs to you. You would not be happy without him," Dan replied. "I have been selfish enough. I have nothing more to say."

Madge looked for a moment at her husband. The thought that Dan was willing to make this sacrifice for her, that he was willing to give up his child as well as her for her happiness' sake, proved that he loved her—and her old love for him came tumbling over the barriers.

"Arthur," she said, turning to Crewe, "you have sacrificed much for me, but could you do—what he has done?"

Arthur Crewe was too honest to pretend. He turned away and went out silently as Madge found her old happy place in Dan's arms.

"I don't care if you spend everything you have," she whispered in his ear.

"Spend? Why, I'm a miser from now on. I'll choke the Indian on every penny I get," answered Dan Hillyer. And he kissed her.

* * * *

BUT neither Madge nor Dan ever knew that the reason for Colonel Barnard's change of mind over night in regard to the smelter process patent was an order that came from certain directors of the company in New York, who demanded that the deal be closed—and that the reason back of the directors was a rich young man named Arthur Crewe.

Ave et Vale

THE great clock in the courthouse struck the mystic hour of twelve. The city was as silent as the age-wreathed column of Karnak or the sad-eyed lion that keeps constant tryst with the immortal dead upon the sand-strewn plains of Troy.

Hushed was the plaint of traffic; mute the voice of discord and stilled the clamor of golden commerce. Policemen stood upon the streets as motionless as the marble caryatides that forever guard the pulseless sleep of the great Napoleon.

A shower was falling, such a rain as chilled the ardor of the noble Ten Thousand ere the glad cry, "Thassala! Thassala! The sea! The sea!" burst from the home-hungry hearts and sand-parched lips of the followers of Thucydides. Still the rain fell! It was Niobe, the great Nature-mother mourning over the death of her loved and lost. All earth felt the solemnity of the hour: the halcyonic calm, for the great photoplay actress had lost her wad of chewing gum and nothing could be done in the studio until it was found.

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The Lonely Princess

(Continued from page 46)

not conceit. But consider that she was New York's best-known child star in "The Littlest Rebel," with these Corsican brothers, William and Dustin Farnum. She was in other classics of the old legitimate with such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Robert Hilliard and Kalich. But if you think Mary never had any but an easy row to hoe—

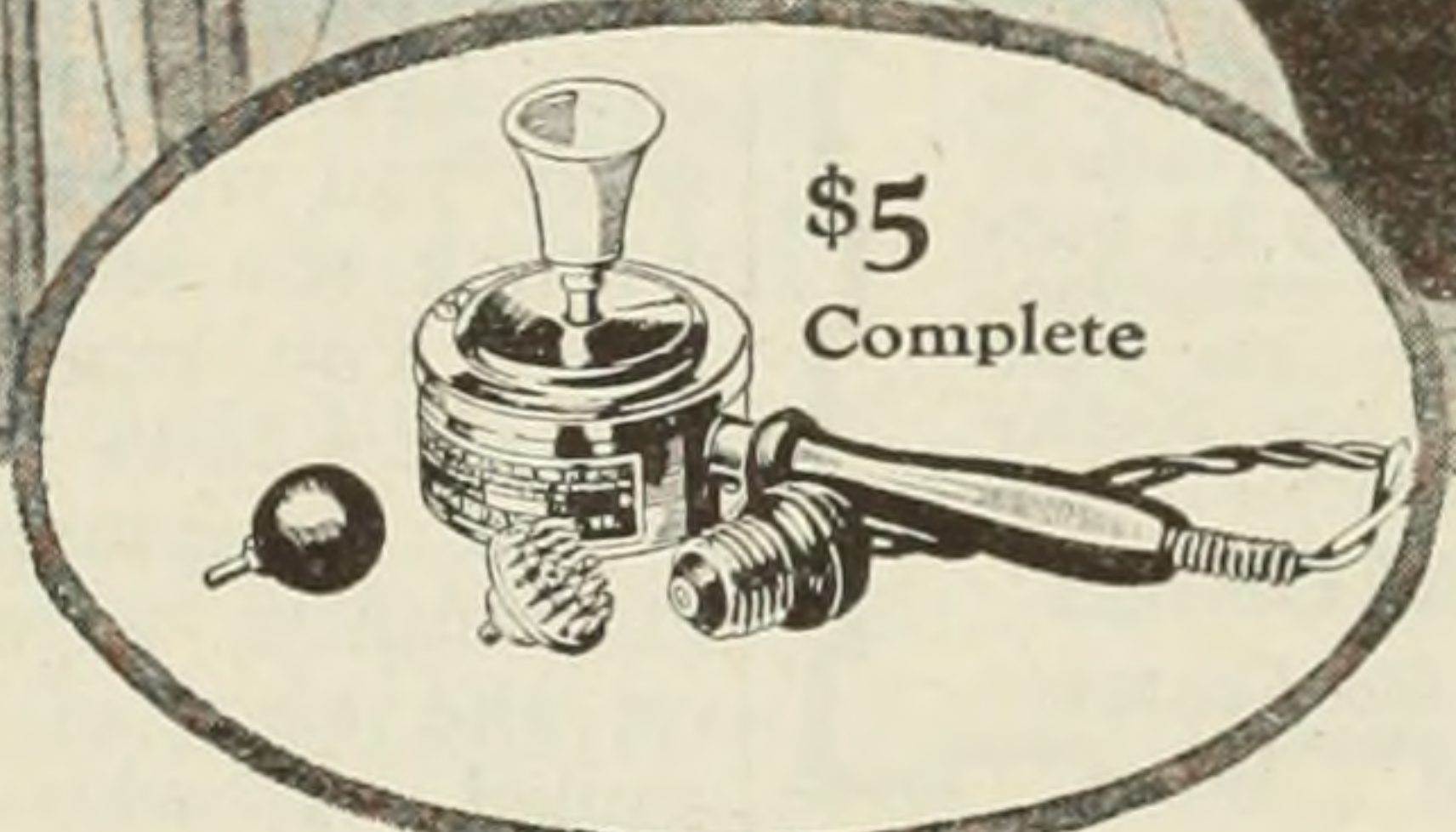
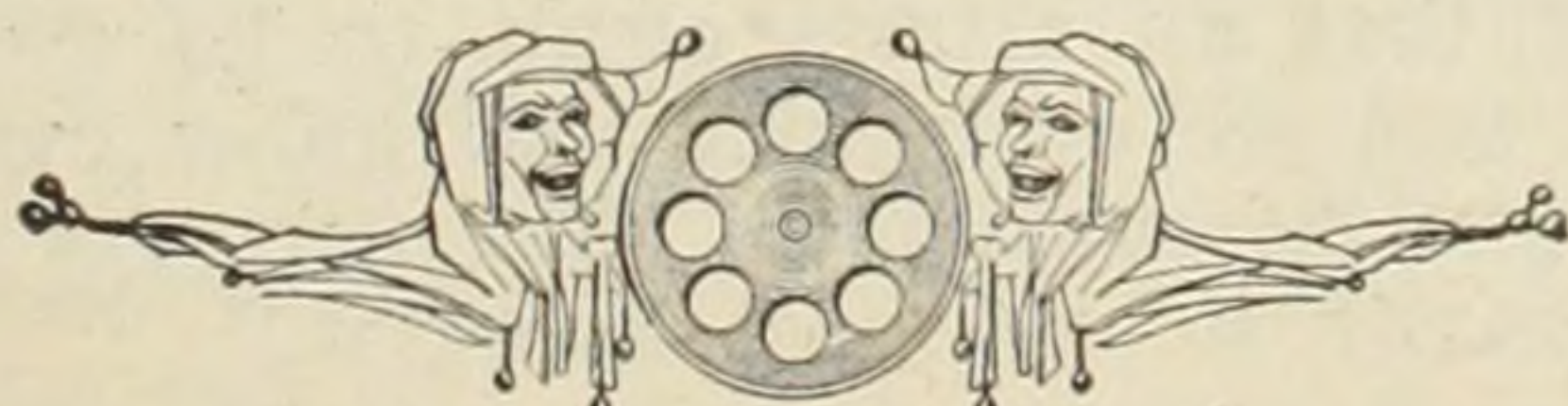
Mary's only real hobby is her sister, Margaret Shelby. Mary is convinced she will some day be a singer in the Metropolitan. Margaret is to go abroad, to study music. The things Mary herself would love to have, has dreamed about and denied, turned over and over in her serious mind, she has given to Margaret. Last Christmas, she gave her an automobile she wanted herself. She admires Margaret for her sense of humor and her youthfulness. Mary herself, the personification of youth, is not young at all. Of course if she were really young, she could not portray youth so well.

An odd little mind she has, too. She knows more about the law than some lawyers. She knows her ancient history, her medieval and modern history. She can give you dates and statistics. Talk to her, for an hour, and you will leave her feeling that it must have taken more than a hundred years to learn all that she knows. She has a well-oiled mind, but she is not a parrot. Anyone can recite dates and statistics; not everyone can argue about them.

The world in general, particularly the professional world, unconsciously cherishes resentment against Mary Miles Minter. Her success has seemed to come to her; she has risen so easily. She has never gone through a period of theatrical idleness; her services, once she was established, have always been more or less in demand. And she has always been guarded, cherished, protected. But don't think that she has not struggled—though her "struggles" may have been mental. It has been harder for her, surrounded and protected always by a good and devoted mother and family, to keep her own viewpoint, her own individuality, than it would have been had she starved to succeed. She has a fine mind; she has her own ideas—not for the world; she has protected her personality even as her mother protected her material being. That she has succeeded up to this point would seem to mean real success; she is well on the way to do some good honest work, to attain some good honest ambition.

She may never be great; but when I sit and talk to her I feel that there is in her the indomitable quality which makes for greatness. Such a tiny little girl—and such a fund of knowledge, of common-sense! Fluffy ingenue she is not; that she acts the part now does not mean that she will always act it.

Her career is pretty well-known; besides, it is not with Miss Minter's past performances with which we are concerned. She has proved her place in the theatre and in the films. It is with her future—the future of the girl in whom Adolph Zukor has such faith that he predicts for her a throne like Mary Pickford's—that we are concerned. Will she be a future queen of the movies? Will Mary Miles Minter live up to the prophecies made for her? Or will she, like our conventional princess of the fairy-tale, listen to the wooing of some future fairy prince (note: he will *not* be an actor) and ride off with him to a conventional kingdom of her own and live happily ever after?



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Broadway's Royal Family

(Continued from page 33)

personal, but Ethel Barrymore was never censorious.

She had returned from a week-end at a magnificent country estate. She told the story of the visit. She told us of the magnificence of the house, the splendor of the furnishings.

"But the hostess?" we asked.

"She is very charming, but she is one of the kind of women who is always expecting compliments and trying to extract them from the men. It is tiresome." She added contritely: "But I shouldn't have said that."

Even the lodging-house cat, a huge, lumbering beast in a Maltese coat, that had been brought from England, was the object of her scrutiny and interest. I passed her one day on the stairs. She held the beast in her arms and admonished him.

"You are more like a dog than a cat. You must remember that you are a cat," she adjured. "We must all remember what we are."

Anyone of the horde of admiring girls she accumulated might have studied Ethel Barrymore as a model of tact. Her smile was always ready. If she said little she never said the wrong thing.

A whirlwind woman caught her up in a storm of enthusiasm.

"A girl who crosses herself when she speaks your name has been raised to a seventh heaven. She is transported because while you were away she rented your room. I think she said her prayers to your picture. You remember her of course? She says she knows you. Her name is Carey?"

The Barrymore smile and Barrymore graciousness were in evidence. Ethel sat on the edge of her bed and smiled and smiled. I, who witnessed the breezy call and the speaker's exit, was sure Miss Barrymore had known the woman who rented her room and slept in the bed made sacred by her. Not knowing the breadth and depth and height of her tact I was unprepared for her calm inquiry:

"Who the devil is Carey?"

Outwardly serene, the young actress whose future loomed larger and more brilliant than she knew was a victim of inward nervousness. She played *Mme. Trentoni* with firmness and authority while older members of her company marvelled at her poise. She would hurry home and order a cab.

"I can't sleep. I must drive and wear off this nervousness," she would say. Her cousin, Georgia Mendum, who had begun her stage career as maid in "Catherine," and who abode with her, was her companion on the sleep-wooing drives. Or one of her brothers, the big one Lionel, or the boy Jack, would climb into the hansom beside her to woo the air that quiets aching nerves.

In consequence she was not visible before noon. She breakfasted in bed on fruit and coffee. She ate an orange and sipped her coffee while reading her letters. There was a huge heap of the letters, invitations for the most part, but bills too, for she was the self-constituted treasurer of the family. Lionel was not then launched in his successful career. Jack was a slim, pale, handsome boy, an inveterate borrower of quarters.

Her father, who had transmitted to her his brilliance and good looks, was slowly dying in a hospital in Long Island.

"It's a shame that that girl should bear the heavy expense of Barry's keep at the hospital," said a Lamb looking out the window and across the street. "Let's do something for him ourselves, if only in memory of his jokes. They were priceless."

The offer was repeated to Maurice Barrymore's daughter.

"No," was her answer. "Thank you, no."

No one had the temerity to urge.

"It's like her. She's a thoroughbred," said one of the most famous Lambs. "Don't you remember her cross-continent funeral journey when she was fifteen? She had been in Southern California with her mother. Georgie Drew Barrymore was dying. She wanted her daughter with her. The boys were in school. Barry was playing in the East. The girl started back to Philadelphia alone with her mother's body. At every long stop she would get out and go back and stand beside the baggage car. She made the journey alone. When she arrived with the remains and persons talked to her about the experience she only said: 'Mrs. Modjeska was in California. She was very kind to me.'"

Deep inborn reticence is one of her dominant characteristics. No dowager of Mayfair dislikes scenes more than does she. Our landlady of the memorable lodging-house had a peppery temper and a rebel tongue, as Miss Barrymore, with all other dwellers beneath her roof, knew.

Came the time when Miss Barrymore had prospered sufficiently to justify her in moving to ampler quarters. A servant brought the news: "Miss Barrymore is packing up to go away."

The landlady climbed the stairs. She rapped resoundingly on the door.

"I hear you are going to move, Miss Barrymore."

"Move? Not at all. I'm going to lie right here where I am for a long time," was the smiling answer.

That afternoon she arose and dressed and went for a walk. The walk ended at her new domicile. A half hour after her departure a drayman called for the trunk. The landlady, exasperated, climbed to the Barrymore door once more. Three trunks were packed, locked, strapped. On one of them lay a letter. Beside the letter was a box of the long stemmed roses which, as often happened, the popular young actress had not opened.

The landlady opened the envelope to find a check for her reckoning and a card bearing the message: "So sorry. But I hate to say Goodbye."

Out of this girl of soft speech and conquering smiles gradually evolved a definite woman, yet one in whom the girl's characteristics endured. One sees her at roof restaurants after a play. I saw her at a dance given by Blanche Bates at the Club de Vingt, where she did not sit out a dance. In the garage which Mrs. William Courtenay (Virginia Harned) periodically converts into a ball-room I have seen her sit long at the piano playing for a hundred of the Courtenay's dancing friends. She goes to teas for charity and teas for chat. She and Grace Weiderseim, the artist and creator of fantastic child figures, met and embraced at a Fifth Avenue home.

Daniel Frohman escorting Miss Barrymore said: "I want you two to know each other."

"O Uncle Dan," Miss Barrymore said with her fascinatingly dragging speech, "I know that girl. How I know her! We knew each other in school in Philadelphia umptyum years ago. She hasn't changed a bit except in length of skirts."

Mingling is obedience to her creed. "I believe that an actress ought to go everywhere and see everything and know everyone," she informed me. "She portrays life. To portray it she must know it."

Ethel Barrymore is quite capable of ad-



"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

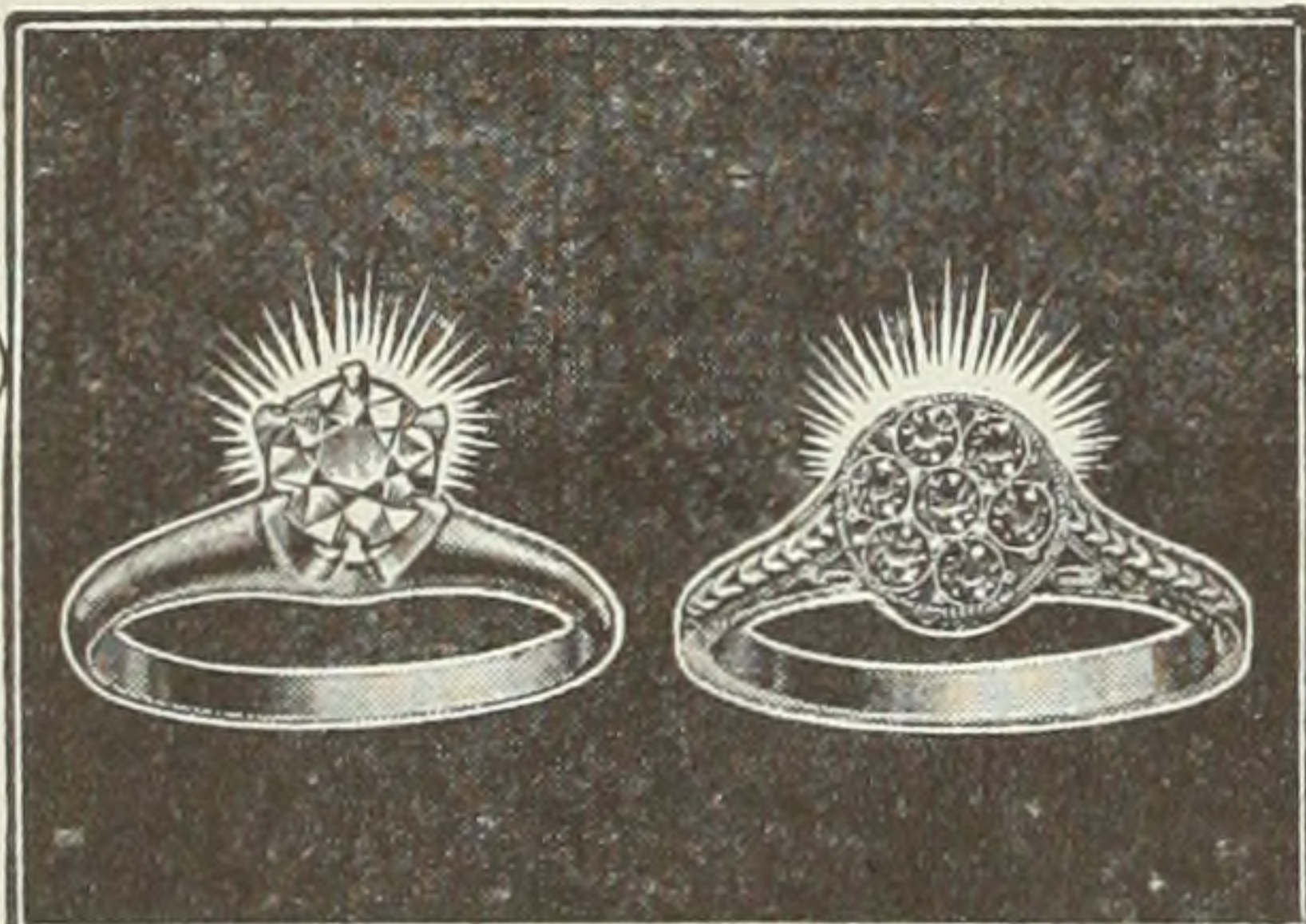
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Broadway's Royal Family

(Concluded)

miring other women. And generous enough to express that admiration. Seeing Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," she said: "The Venus de Milo has found her arms."

Maxine Elliott's beauty is one of Miss Barrymore's enduring enthusiasms. Miss Elliott's midnight orbs being a subject of discussion, the question was raised about the reality of the dusky shadow that lies ever beneath them as though cast by their purple blackness.

"Certainly it is real." She spoke more quickly than usual and with more emphasis. "I have seen her wake up. I know she does not make up."

A survival of the girl Ethel Barrymore in the woman is her habit of rest. "The way to rest is to lie in bed. A doctor told me that. When I am tired I go to bed. And I stay there until I am rested."

A habit that has caused anguished folk to cry "anathema!" The habit of remaining in bed until rested cannonades her day's programme and rends her engagement book as the Huns rent the Cathedrals of France.

Very amiably she consents to pose for special photographs. The person who has arranged the appointment with the photographer arrives at the agreed upon studio. He and the photographer pretend to entertain each other with anecdotes, the while casting occasional furtive glances at the clock. A half hour passes. An hour. Another half hour.

"Ought we not phone?" asks one.

"Perhaps we should. There may have been an automobile accident. You know she has to come from her home in Mamroneck."

Anxious phoning. A British butler's voice answers with a butler's majesty.

"Mrs. Colt is still in bed. No sir. I cannot call her. She left word that she was not to be disturbed."

The recording angel would never enter in the celestial ledger the virtues "system" or "punctuality" after her illustrious name. If these were the keys to heaven she could never pass her celestial life in Paradise.

(In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Miss Patterson will tell more of Ethel Barrymore's remarkable character, of her children and of her brothers, Lionel and Jack.)

Just Speechless

ROY BARNES is working out on the T. Goldwyn lot in Culver City. When he isn't on the "set" playing he can be found with a group around him, telling a funny story of which the following is a sample:

"A man rushed into a wet goods place in Mexicali the other day, giving every evidence of having made a quick trip across the Mexican border. He ran up to the bar, and scribbled on a pad which he pulled from his pocket:

"Give me a drink of whisky."

"The bartender followed instructions and almost immediately the man wrote:

"Give me another drink of whisky."

"The second drink followed the first. Then the man wrote on the pad:

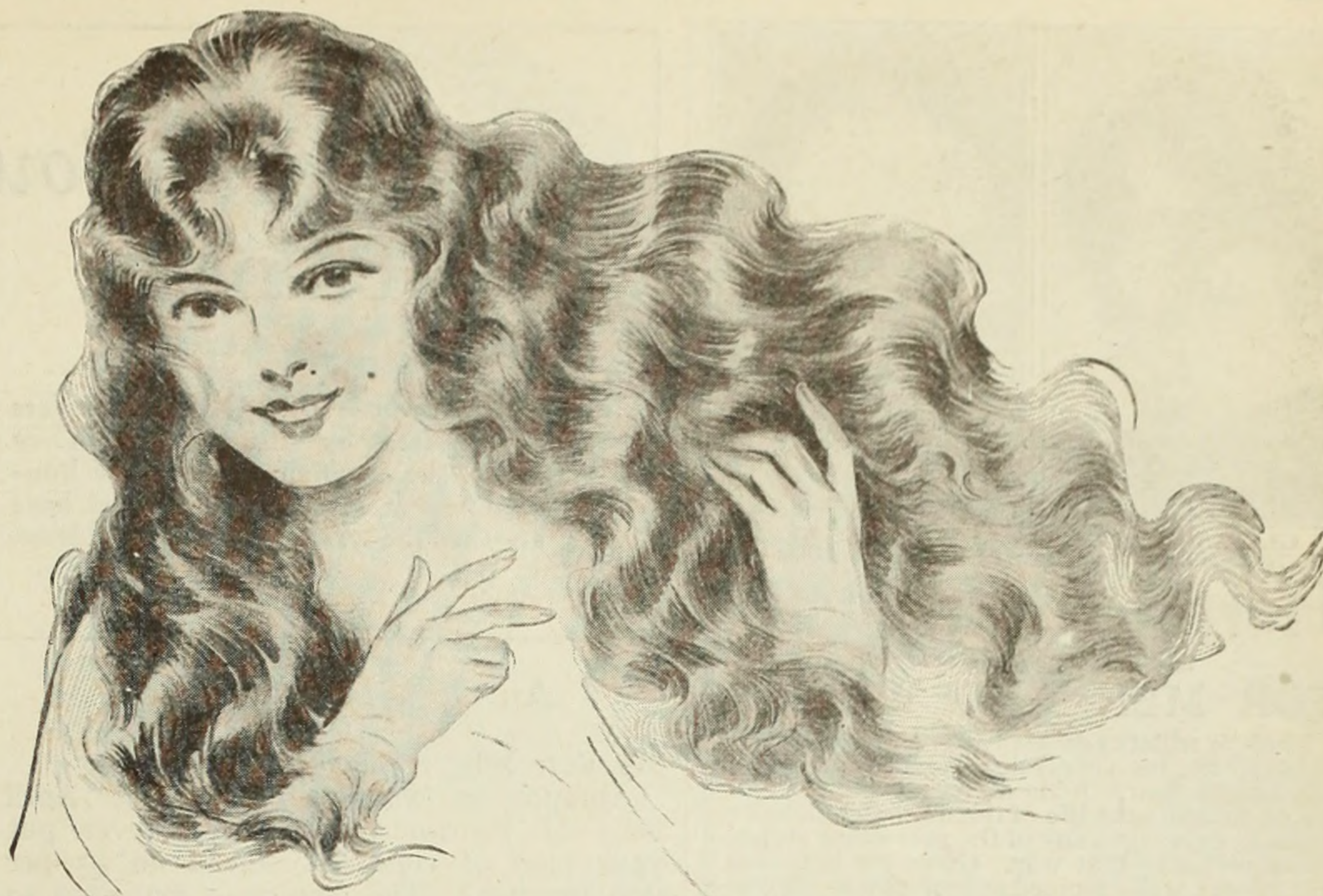
"How much do I owe you?"

"The bartender took the pencil and wrote under the question:

"That's all right. I don't want any money from deaf and dumb folks."

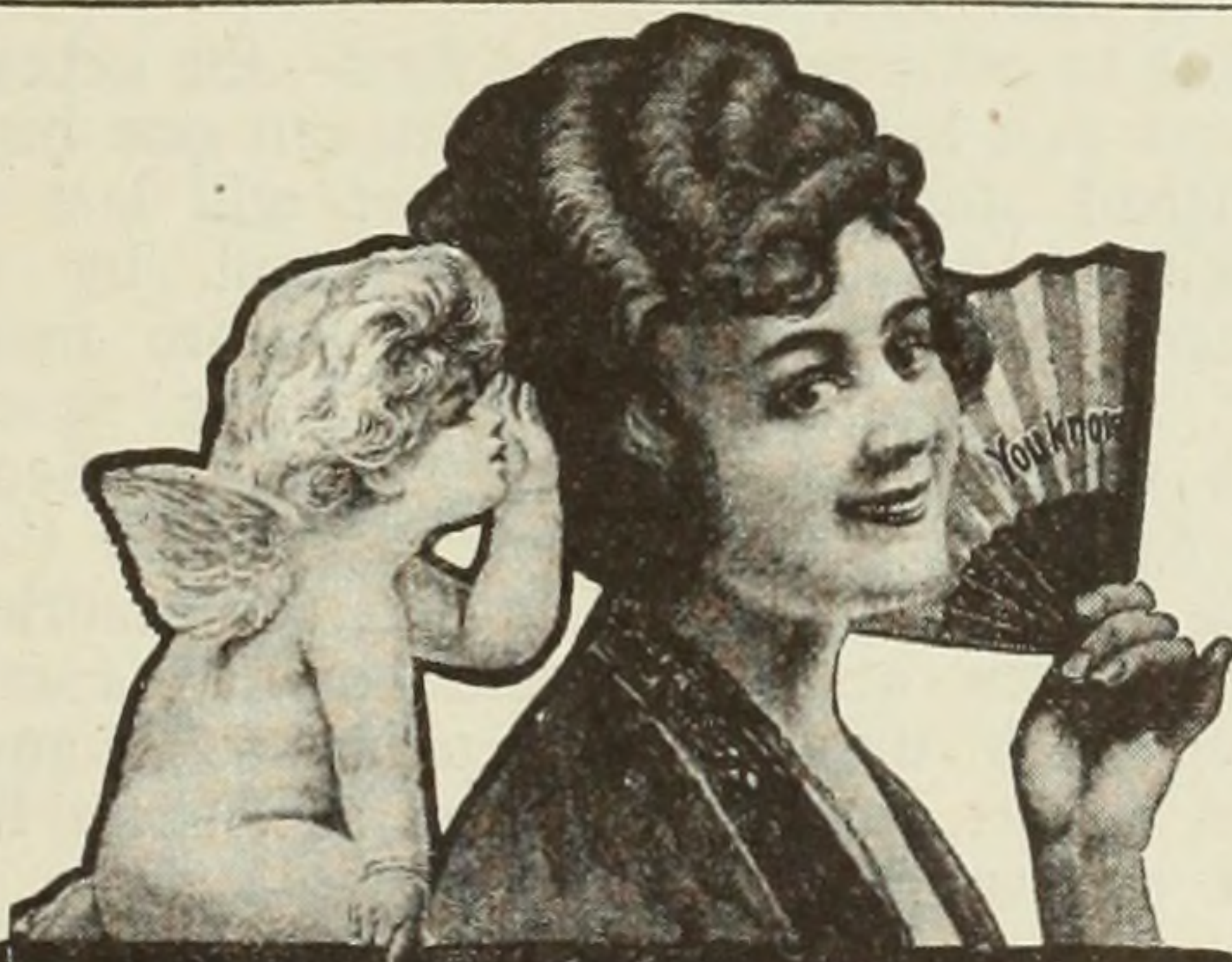
"The man made a desperate effort to speak and finally managed to say:

"Deaf and dumb nothing! I'm from Los Angeles and my throat was so dry I couldn't talk."



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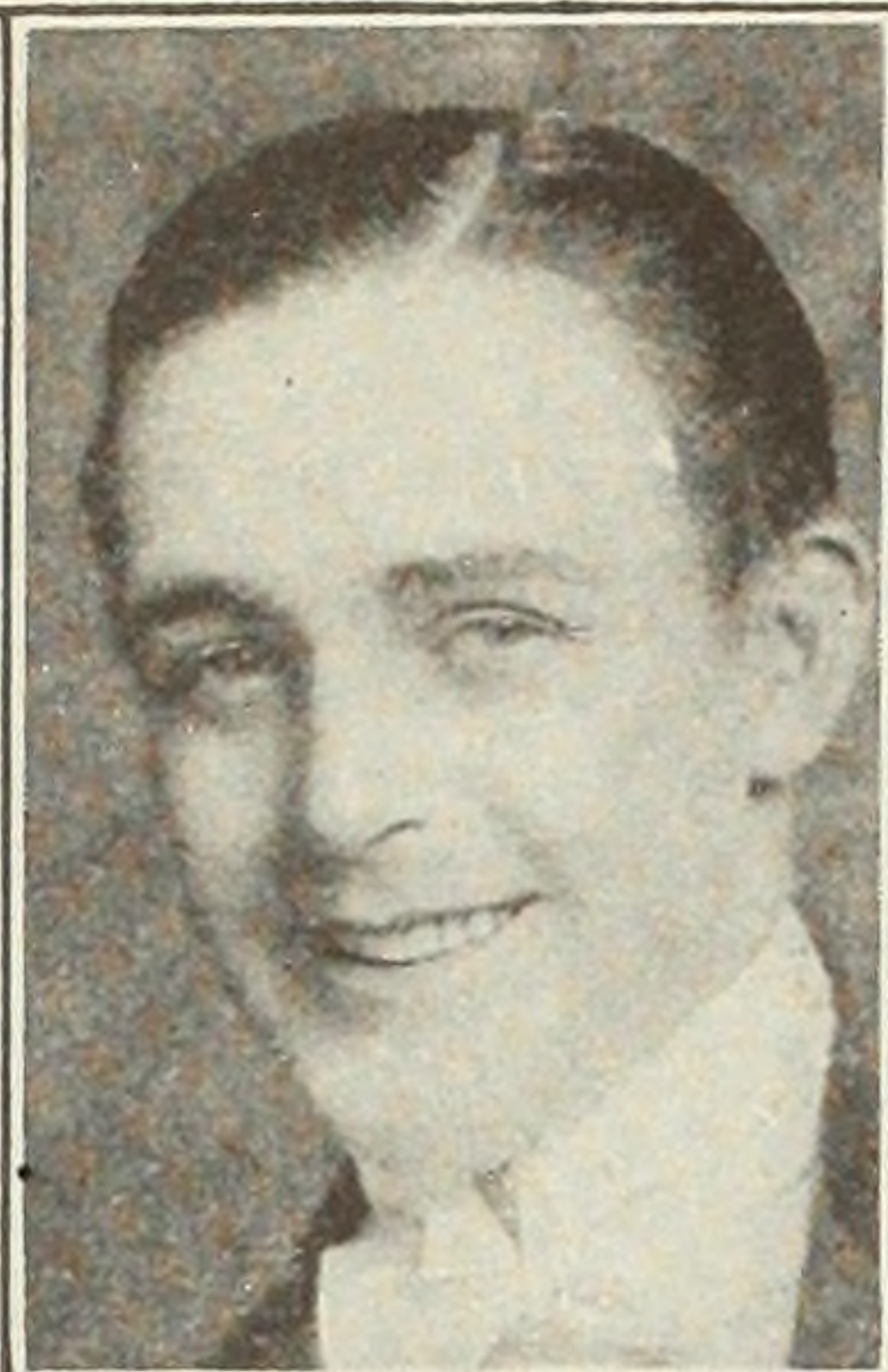
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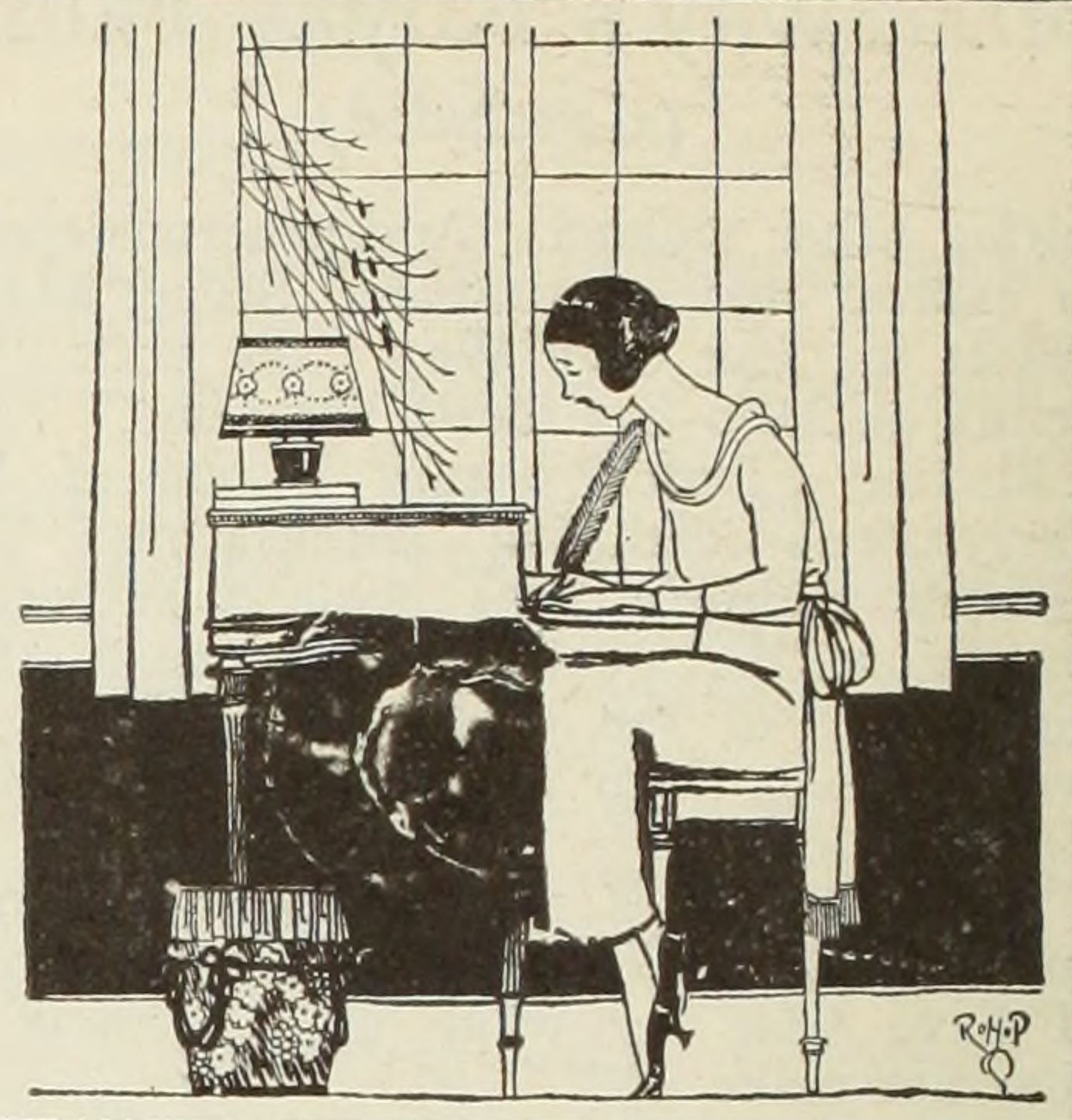
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What Do You Think?

Letters from PHOTOPLAY readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.



An Open Letter to Alice.

My dear Miss Brady:

Apropos of your letter in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, have you ever put your plan of clothing yourself on \$5 per into practice? The figures, to me, were so absolutely ridiculous and inconsistent I wondered if that was just a press-agent yarn or the result of actual experience. If the former—well, the story hasn't aroused much enthusiastic comment from anyone I know, and if the latter, I should be only too glad to learn the details, for, you see, I myself have tried to devise ways and means to make ends meet without much success, and these helpful suggestions one reads now and again in various newspapers are rather amusing, to say the least.

Because a girl longs for something more than a mere "union suit at \$1.00 each" and Georgette waists instead of the attractive lawn ones you suggest, does that necessarily imply that she aspires to be a "little daughter of the rich?"

But to get down to bare facts—the actual figures you have down—where can one buy sufficient stockings for \$6 that will last a year? And just what is meant by a "storm coat?" Where is the store now that sells comfortable, well-wearing shoes that will guarantee to keep you in them for \$30 yearly? The storm coat and the \$10 hats are to be considered luxuries rather than actual necessities when compared with the aforesaid union suits and lawn waists. Does one eat and sleep in that one suit?

And what does one do the first year while the \$5 per is accumulating? Ten weeks savings to buy a suit, if one takes one item at a time, and at the end of that ten weeks what is the condition of one's wardrobe? Pleasant prospects! It is so easy to juggle with a handful of figures and map out other people's expenses when one is drawing a most comfortable income, but would you—and could you honestly put your scheme into practice?

More information on this most interesting problem would be appreciated by

One who is still struggling to solve it—
KATHLEEN HUNT.

No Discrepancy Hound, BUT—

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Sir:

In justice to "high brows, and those who think they are high brows," is it not a fact that unfavorable comment and "brick throwing" at motion pictures is not confined exclusively to the incredulous, but is indulged in to a considerable extent by the confirmed picture-patron and others as well?

Education, a knowledge of literature and the fundamentals from a-b-c to the classics, or arithmetic from simple addition to quadratic equations, or higher mathematics,

have nothing whatever to do with the case, but inconsistencies in the pictures themselves are mainly responsible, and for obvious and well defined reasons.

As an instance: there occurred, not long ago, in a prominent motion picture theater, a visualized play, very mediocre in character, in which the heroine is represented to be on an errand of mercy, when suddenly she poses in a doorway to the home of a supposed to be indigent family, bearing a large basket of eatables and other essentials. The costume of this particular character consisted chiefly of a modish coat and a most conspicuous picture hat of huge proportions, trimmed with a fringing of small white feathers, the affair topped off with an enormous white plume that shook serenely in the onerous silence. The scene was so amazingly ridiculous, that a small boy in the audience, quickly comprehending the significance of the absurd situation, piped out in a loud shrill voice: "Merry Christmas!" His interpretation of the vision was quite infectious, and it became necessary for the management to turn on the lights before the uproar that followed was quelled.

In tropical pictures we sometimes find the heroine comfortably walking about clad in a becoming costume seen any cold day on Fifth Avenue, New York, while the native populace find it difficult to keep cool in a paucity of clothing. In the frigid North, the heroine occasionally appears unconcernedly moving about in the snow, thinly gowned and minus a coat, while others close by are clad "Eskimo" fashion to keep them from freezing.

It quite frequently happens that the hero, having rescued his sweetheart from a watery grave, triumphantly carries her dripping to a waiting automobile in which they ride "bone dry" to a safe haven of refuge. In arid regions of the West we find sometimes the cattle ranch surrounded by an attractive fence, while in the yard and about the premises there is a profusion of shrubs and trees indigenous to the Middle States, or the East.

However, these discrepancies in the motion picture are not regarded seriously by most people, but are attributed, of course, to a lack of knowledge, or carelessness, on the part of an incompetent director. Nevertheless, occurring frequently, they are exceedingly harmful to the art, and cannot be dismissed with the excuse that they are "bent poker" incidents, or typographical errors of the business; they are too glaring for that, and the "discrepancy hound," always on the alert, is quick to grasp the significance of the situation, and the prestige of the begetter suffers in consequence.

To picturize successfully the writings of Scott, Hugo, Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray, and scores of other inspired authors can be, with a few exceptions, but a futile effort. The sublime expressive sentiment, the pathos, and "technique" of these noble

What Do You Think?

(Continued)

old masterpieces of fiction would present only an incongruous vision of the idea the author intends to convey; hence it is by word of mouth or reading that they are elaborated and understood in the mental picture so vividly drawn by these gifted writers.

The motion picture of today is a magic and most pleasing diversion, bringing to the very doorstep instructive and interesting features, that many people could not see or experience in any other way or fashion.

As a scientific achievement the motion picture stands on a firm pedestal of its own, and any adverse criticism leveled at it should have as little effect on its future as the yapping of a vicious dog can have on a rapidly moving express train, with which it runs and races, hoping to overtake and annihilate.

HENRY C. PAIGE.

It Sometimes Happens

INTO a picture show I went, to spend an hour or two,
The lights went out, and on the screen,
there flashed upon my view—
Gazoophus Piddle Papp presents, Miss Sassafrassa Crow,
Assisted by Jules Stoopple Gunk—in—"Did she love him?—No."
Scenario by L. Wopper Guff
Adapted from "It's all a bluff,"
Directed by Chimpazzle Chuff,
The photos by Jazz Snow.

Art titles made by Guzzle Flitt,
And ladies' hats by Lott,
The gowns by Zeetle, Zigg, and Zitt
(Their gowns are such a perfect fit)
"Vamp" shoes, "Bears" furs, that ended it,
but here's what they forgot.

They mentioned nothing of the make,
Of collars, sox, or Christmas cake,
No word of whether Jules S. Gunk,
Packed all his wardrobe in a trunk,
No mention of the Author's wife,
Or story of their married life,
They missed a lot as can be seen,
But then scene one, came on the screen.

The Good Old Days

A THEATER manager in Milwaukee—manager of the Alhambra—got sick and tired—just the way we do—when his patrons after seeing a new picture would go away sighing "for the good old days"—when Griffith began at Biograph, Mary was making "The Mender of Nets" and the Gishes were extras. So the manager decided to arrange, in conjunction with the showing of the newest Pickford picture, a collection of some of the old time-worn celluloid gems, such as the above-mentioned Pickford, old Biographs, Imps and Vitagraphs. These old ones sent the audience into hysterics. The acting was crude, the direction clumsy, and the costumes a scream. Then, too, the manager had his orchestra removed to substitute the old-fashioned tin-pan piano, wheezy violin; and after every reel the old slide came on, "Just a Minute Please; the Operator is Changing Reels." He even had the hefty soprano render an illustrated song, in colors. Then—he brought on his modern picture. And perhaps the audience wasn't glad to see it.



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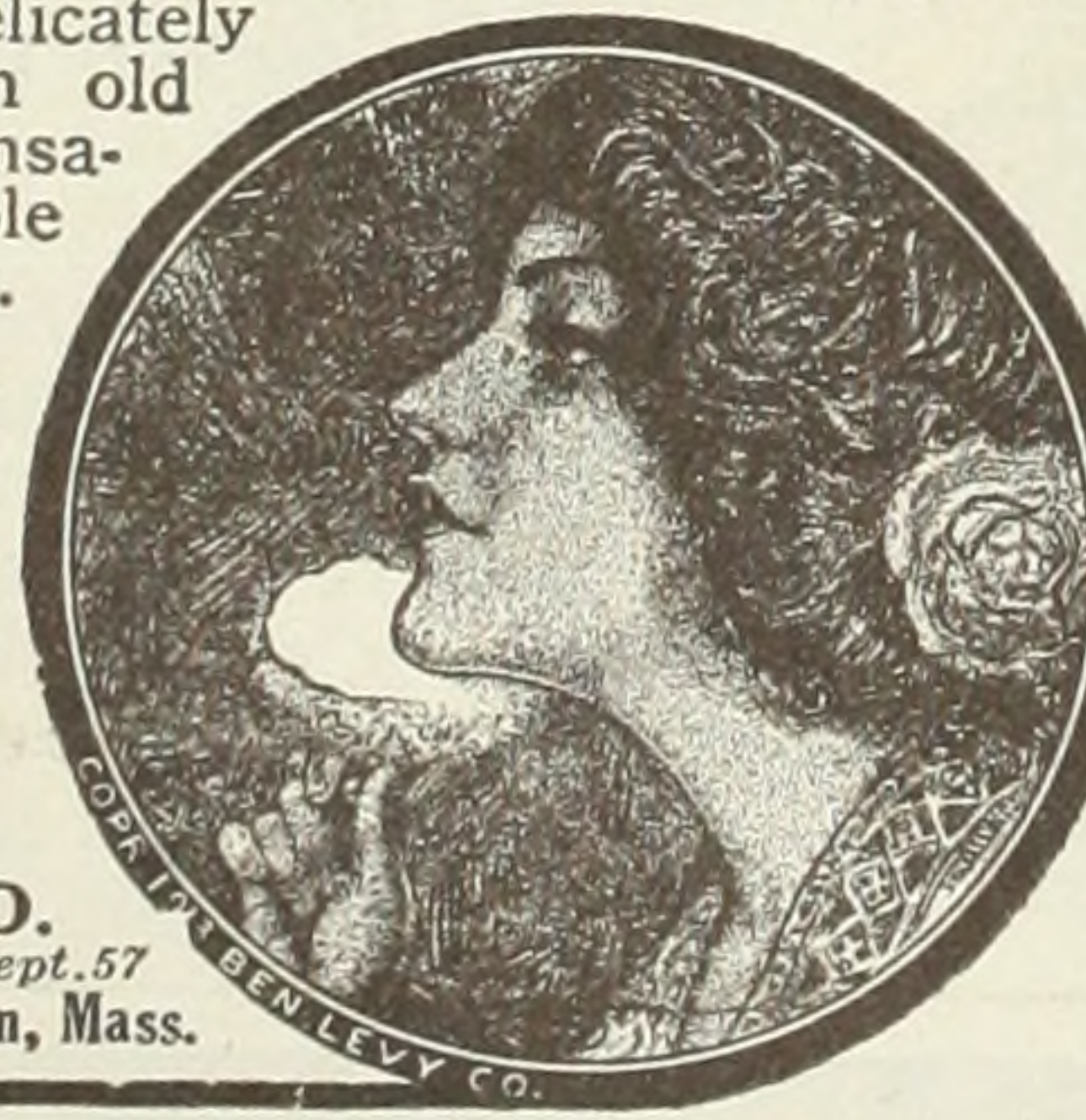
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And She was a Viking's Daughter

By A. B. BERND

THREE volumes of "art" photographs got a job for the Baroness Brunhilde de Retz. One hundred and fifty pictures of herself, posed in the flowing veil and the glowing hair, finished in black and white or sepia or red or mellow blue, snapped by the most renowned camera artists of the world, handsomely mounted and glued in her big leather scrap-books,—these little things urged Terry Donovan into making the contract to which she affixed her signature.

The Baroness was "there," Donovan argued. Beauty and grace of form were proved in those pictures; if she "screened" half as well, a fortune awaited the producer who signed her. With the double attraction of a noble name and a noble figure, she could make even a poor picture profitable.

Whereupon it was stipulated in the bond that she should make one photodrama for Donovan at a good salary. If he liked it, he had the option of signing her for a term of years at a four-digit sum. She should be starred in the production under her name of the Baroness de Retz. Terry, knowing human nature, realized the attraction which a title exercises over us democratic Americans.

"Give me something that's half naked," he said to his scenario chief. "Her title will attract women and her figure attract men. If her first film succeeds, she's made."

"I've been working on Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*," said the chief. "We'll play up the ocean and beach stuff, change the name, refuse credit to Ibsen, and magnify sex interest. I can do it."

And he did. As "A Mother's Trial," the feature was handed to Director Jimmy Batty, with instructions to "make it snappy." The Baroness, her husband, her dog, her maid, several non-essential members of the cast, the director, his staff, a scanty wardrobe, and a couple of cameras, moved to Bar Harbor. They were going to start the film with ocean scenes.

Three days later they were back in New York.

"Say, she's a hunk of cheese," confided the director's assistant as soon as he could rush to friends in the publicity office. "Legs? She ain't got none. Act? She never heard

the word. Brains? You could put 'em in your eye. But nerve,—well, that's all she has got."

Under a rapid fire of questions from editors, writers, stenographers and office boys, he told his story:

No one had asked the Baroness whether she could swim. When she made no objection to the story offered her, natatorial ability was taken for granted. On the first day of filming, she was instructed to dive from a rock into the ocean. It was the sort of thing any seashore child could have done. And the Baroness Brunhilde de Retz was said to be descended from a long line of Scandinavian sea-rovers. (Her scrap-books announced that the Baron had proposed o'er the grave of the melancholy Dane.)

Without objection Brunhilde dived. Rather, she jumped; for the most amateur Kellermann would have been shamed at such a leap. She struck the water, cameras grinding. She disappeared. A moment later, she came up, gasping for breath, and crying to those on shore. They didn't understand. She went down again. When she came up, almost senseless, the Baron himself leapt in, seized her and dragged her to safety.

Then the truth appeared. She could not swim.

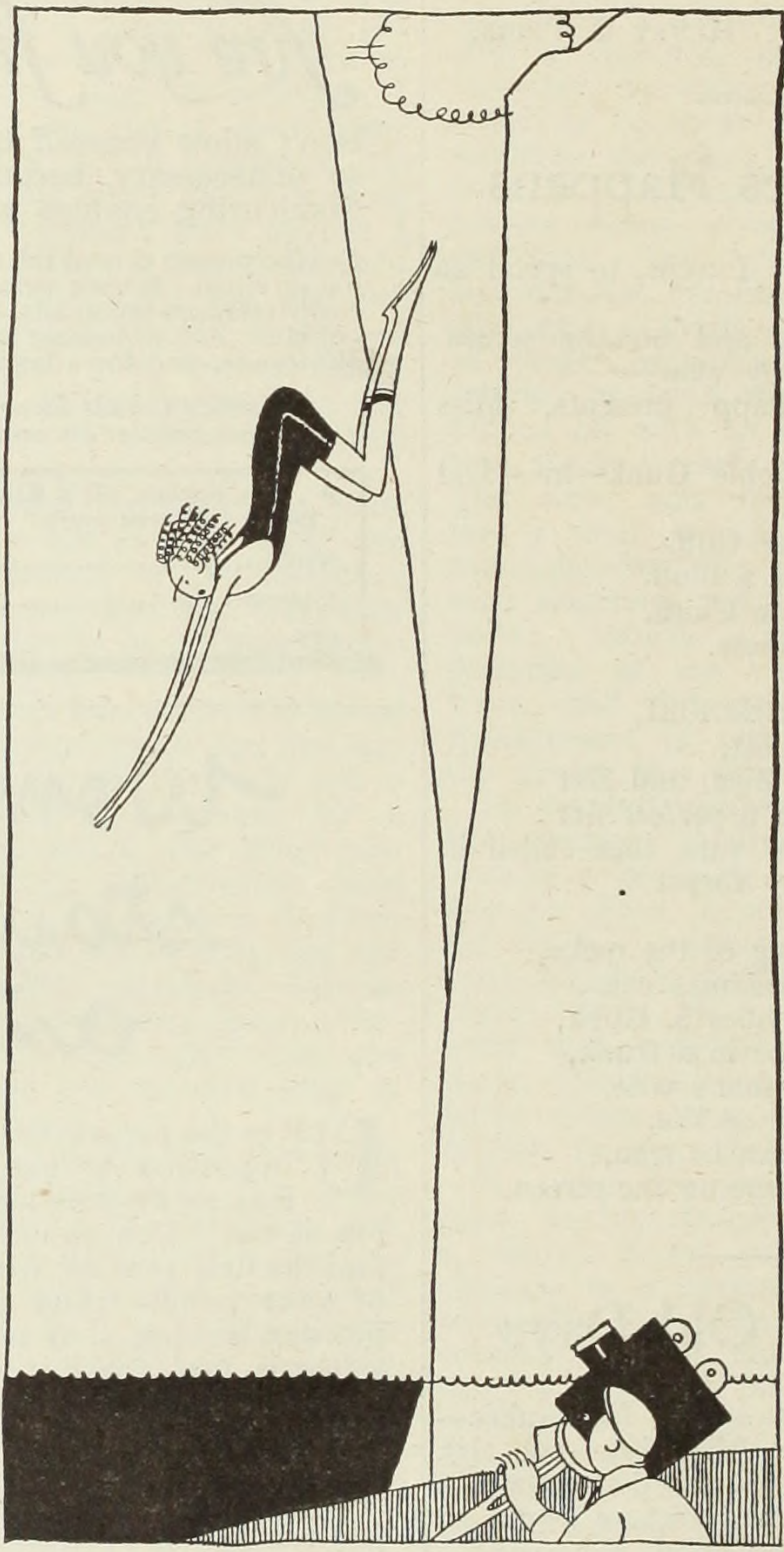
"I won't change the picture," said Donovan when he heard the story. "We'll teach her to swim. She'll need to know it for other features."

Palisades Amusement Park was not far from the Fort Lee studio. To it, the Baroness began going each morning. An instructor taught her the gentle art of keeping afloat. In the afternoons, she worked before the camera on indoor scenes. The ocean episodes were postponed until the last.

One afternoon, Donovan walked into the projection room to see some of the work she had done. He came out wild-eyed.

"Where is her beautiful figure?" he wailed. "Where is the grace and charm she showed in her scrap-books?"

He found the answer when he saw the books again. The retoucher's pencil had aided. Ugly lines had given place to luxurious curves; bony ankles had been filled out; a close scrutiny revealed how the



She was descended from a long line.



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And She Was a Viking's Daughter

(Continued)

photographer's artist had made beauty grow where there was none. Donovan began to think that the Baroness would not be the enormous success he had hoped.

Then came the climax. Publicity department had been busy for weeks preparing elaborate press books on "A Mother's Trial." They had emphasized the highly titled lady who played its leading role. The first copy of an expensive advertising sheet lay on the editor's desk when the Baron and his wife entered the office.

They looked at it.
"Donovan Films, Inc., present the BARONESS DE RETZ in 'A Mother's Trial,'" they read; and immediately retired to a corner for consultation.

"You musn't say that," cried the Baron to the editor. "Don't call her 'Baroness.' We don't like to commercialize our title. Call her 'Brunhilde,' and omit 'Baroness.'"

"Sorry," said the editor. "Orders. From the front office. You'll have to see Donovan."

Which they did. They saw him for two solid hours, two golden hours during which various press sheets were being printed which were later to be destroyed. At the end of that time, Baron and Baroness took the elevator to the street. Terry Donovan burst into the publicity office. Because he had shifted his quid of tobacco from left jaw to right, the editor knew he was angry.

"Tear up all your copy on 'A Mother's Trial,'" he stormed. "If you've printed anything, throw it away. I'll send you down new billing."

In the calmer hours, it came.
"Donovan Films, Inc., present 'A Mother's Trial,' with Warren Grande and an all-star cast."

Furthermore orders stipulated that all mention of the Baroness was to be deleted and all pictures of her thrown out. In the cast of characters she was to be mentioned merely as 'Brunhilde.' No other reference was to be made.

"Warren Grande?" the director's assistant said when asked about him. "Oh, he's some unimportant slob that plays in three or four scenes. Of course there ain't no stars in the thing. The biggest part is played by the Baroness."

"Only she ain't a Baroness. She got scared when she saw it printed in your advertising book. She was a Swede servant girl and her husband was a life saver at Coney Island. Sure, Donovan knew it all the time."

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARIE, CANADA.—House Peters is still in pictures. His recent release was "Love, Honor and Obey" in which he starred. Address Brunton Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Elsie Ferguson is thirty-seven and married to a man in private life. Ah, Marie, thank you for your expression of love. I am quite, quite fussed. I know not ze French.

M. L., PITTSBURGH.—Your Irishman, Eugene O'Brien, was born in Denver—but write to him anyway. If one went to Fort Lee would one meet the film stars? I don't know about stars—but I do know about ferries, and rocky roads, and slow street-cars—I went to Fort Lee once. O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.



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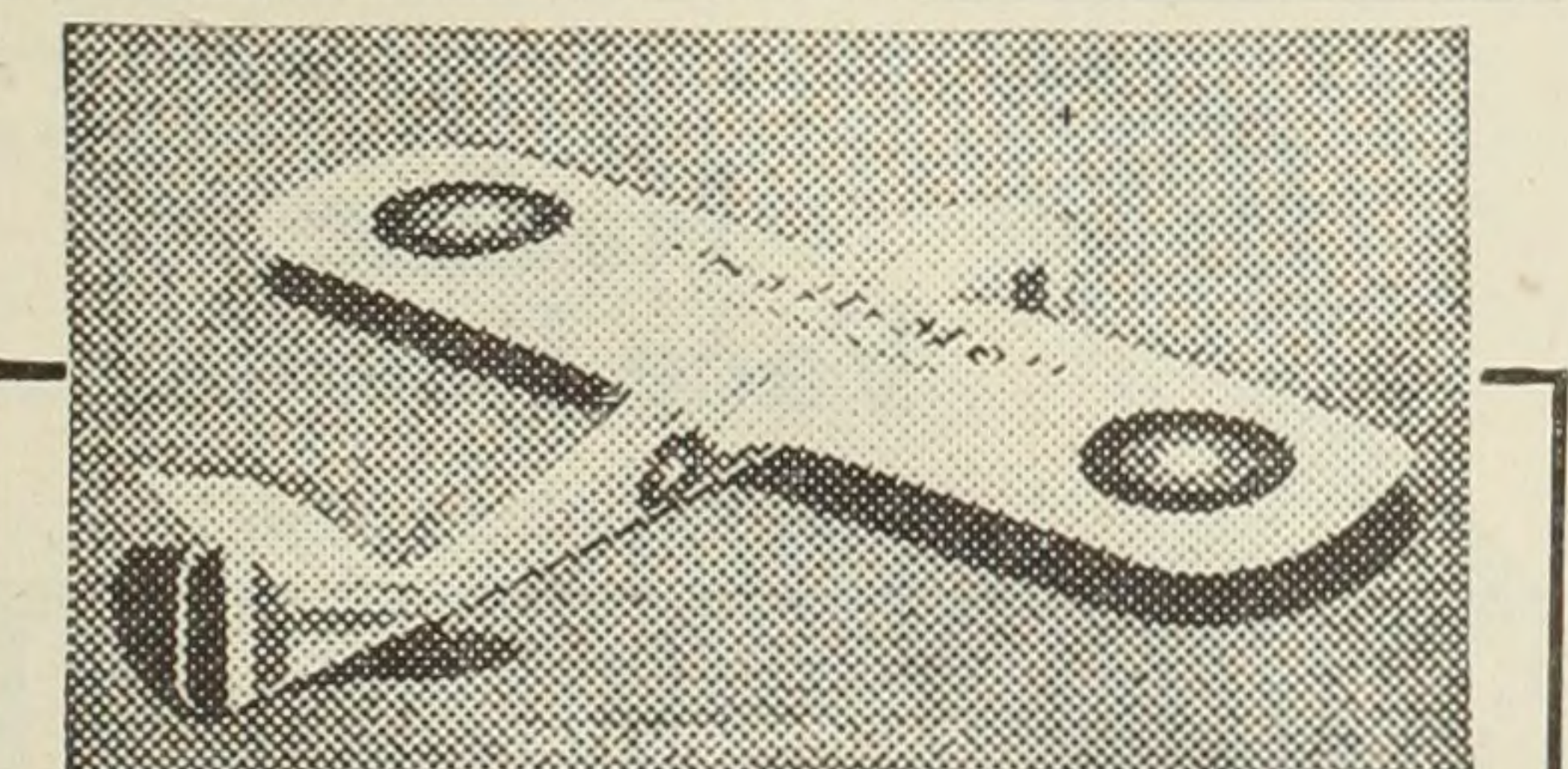
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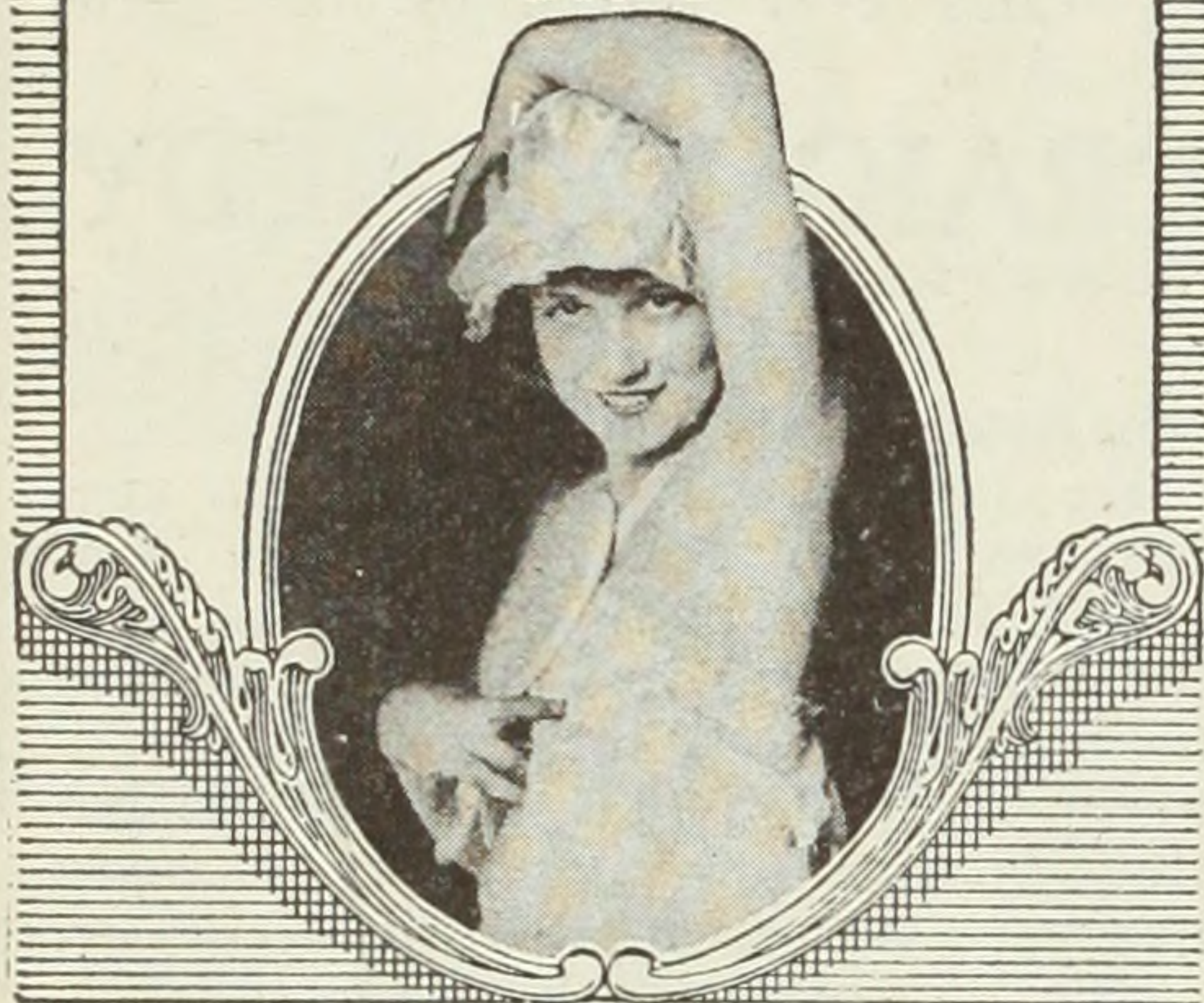


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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

GOLDEN GLOW.—Elsie Ferguson is married to Thomas B. Clark, Jr. He is not of the theatre or film world. I can't account for that wistful expression except that she is a deep thinker in life, and all deep thinkers are inclined to be wistful. Life's a hard nut to crack. Elliot Dexter has been ill, but he's now in great shape and coming back to the screen. I side-step expressing opinions about lovely ladies. Let me out on this, won't you, golden glow?

S. B., MANILA.—Bebe Daniels is not married. I'm all with you in your admiration. Nor is Pearl White married. She never told the old Answer Man her age. Suppose you write her at Bayside, Long Island, and ask her? It isn't a case of who is the most beautiful actress; rather, it's who *are* the most beautiful actresses.

S. B., ENGLAND.—Come, come—you don't really expect me to remember you when you identify yourself simply and solely as "the young lady who wrote you a month ago asking about Sessue Hayakawa." The Japanese actor is a good deal more sought-after than you would seem to imply. He was born in Nippon and educated both in his native country and in America. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, the charming little Universal star. Hayakawa is an intelligent and well-read man, I hear, and takes an interest in music and other arts besides his own profession. I don't know him personally. Thanks for wishing PHOTOPLAY continued popularity. Same to you.

M. L. S., IND.—Yes, a third sister is Natalie. She is going to have an important part with Constance in "The Love Expert." In answer to what you ask about Norma, I would say most emphatically "Rather not." She'll enhance the screen for an aeon to come, we hope. I don't know how he has escaped, but Eugene O'Brien is not married. Harrison Ford is divorced.

M. RUBY S., ENID.—Almost every play has its dope-fiend. We might call him, if we care to be facetious, the playwrights' protest against prohibition. After asking me about two dozen questions about the lady, you confide to me that you are simply crazy about Norma Talmadge. Kitty Gordon's play, "Lady Kitty, Inc.," didn't get very far; it failed. You cannot have my picture.

MARY CARR, ANN ARBOR.—Your letters always cheer me; you are a delightful—writer, at any rate. I should certainly follow my artistic talents if I were you, Mary. If a man can build a better mouse-trap—you know the rest. But I am sure I would never get well if you were administering to me in your dainty cap and apron. Let me know which you decide to be: if a nurse, I'll get sick immediately. If an artist—I'll start a new magazine and buy all your stuff. Please write to me soon again.

JESSIE, TORONTO.—That was Jim Kirkwood you liked so well in "The Eagle's Mate" with Mary Pickford. Jim is a fine upstanding Irishman; he has the leading role of the Irish shoe-maker in "The Luck of the Irish," the Allan Dwan production, and he may be seen soon in Goldwyn's "The Branding Iron." Kirkwood is as good a director as he is an actor, but he is always so much in demand as a leading man, he doesn't have much time to handle a megaphone. He directed "The Eagle's Mate," too, you know; also Mary's "Behind the Scenes" and Jack Pickford's two pictures for First National, "Bill Apperson's Boy" and "In Wrong."

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—I never heard of Eugene pronouncing his last name as they pronounce potatoes in fashionable restaurants, "O-bri-enne." However, I suppose it can be done. I certainly think your getting two photographs and a personal letter each from Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin is good and sufficient proof of your prowess with the pen. But then I didn't need any proof. Pearl White has several cars of her own. I know this is so, although I have never had a ride in any of them. (Adv.) As to your question: when any gossip repeats a slanderous story, I—stare her—or him into silence. Try it sometime. Don't stay away so long, again.

WAYNE EDSON, OGDEN, UTAH.—Don't worry about your letter not being friendly enough. Most of them are too deuced friendly to suit me. I weary of the eternal "Sweet Rips" and "Old Dears." Gladys Brockwell in "Flames of the Flesh." I note your suggestion about her. Write to our Circulation Department in Chicago for that information.

HELEN J., MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—My dear child—you are most disturbing! Honestly I don't write books. Call me anything you like; say I am a hopeless low-brow who wears glasses and pink shirts and green ties; but, for Shakespeare's sakes, don't accuse me of being an author. So, you saw Jean Sothern in vaudeville and you want a great big darling picture of her in the art section. That's up to the editor. You'll get your Jack Holt prayer answered in this issue.

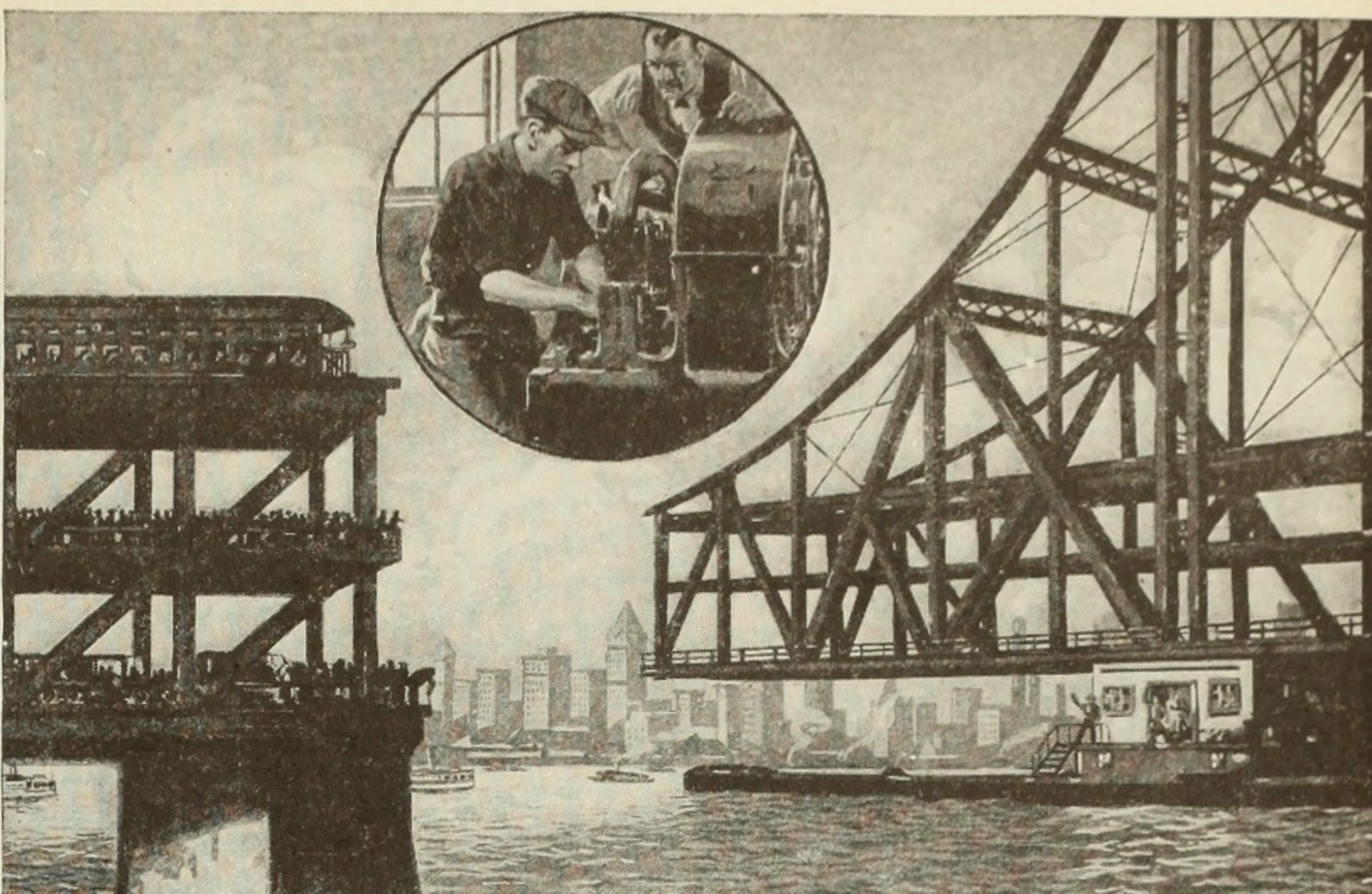
ROWENA, L. I.—Where is Ivanhoe? I don't see why some enterprising producer doesn't recreate this Walter Scott romance; it is very adaptable to the screen. We have a series of fashion articles by Norma Talmadge, beginning in this issue. The Elsie Ferguson story on "Good Taste and Clothes" was not a part of the regular fashion department inaugurated by Miss Talmadge. Norma is, I believe, generally considered the best-dressed star on the screen. I don't know much about such things, but Norma always looks good to me.

DOROTHY JUNE, OHIO.—The longest dinner party I ever heard of was one given by a monarch of France and which consisted of 160 courses. I believe this was Louis XIV. Nowadays, we eat a little and dance a little; then eat a little and dance some more. I never get enough to eat. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone, who sometimes appears in pictures. Mabel Normand is not and never has been married. Mabel's latest is "The Slim Princess."

GWENDOLYN, CHICAGO.—I am not staying awake nights worrying about whether we'll be able to communicate with Mars. If it were Venus, now—Conway Tearle is to be starred by a California company; his wife is Adele Rowland, at present appearing on the New York stage in "Irene," which musical comedy role Edith Day created.

IRENE, NEWTON, MASS.—I have seen John Barrymore in "Richard III." He gives an impressive performance. But as one critic remarked, "I enjoyed the first five hours of Richard." It's an exceedingly long play. Pearl White questions answered elsewhere.

M. V., NEWARK.—You ask if Mary Pickford didn't take off two parts in "Stella Maris" and, presuming that you mean did she play two roles, my answer is yes.



Scenes from the Universal Feature Film "Heads Win!"

"Heads Win!"

Traffic jammed at the rush hour! Crowds thronging station platforms! A mile of stalled trains! The swing-bridge would not close and all because down in the power house something had gone wrong and nobody knew what—until Jim came to the rescue.

Each night thousands are seeing unfolded on the screen the thrilling story of Jim Godfrey, who, in the hours after supper, with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, had put a trained head on his shoulders—a head that knew what to do in an emergency.

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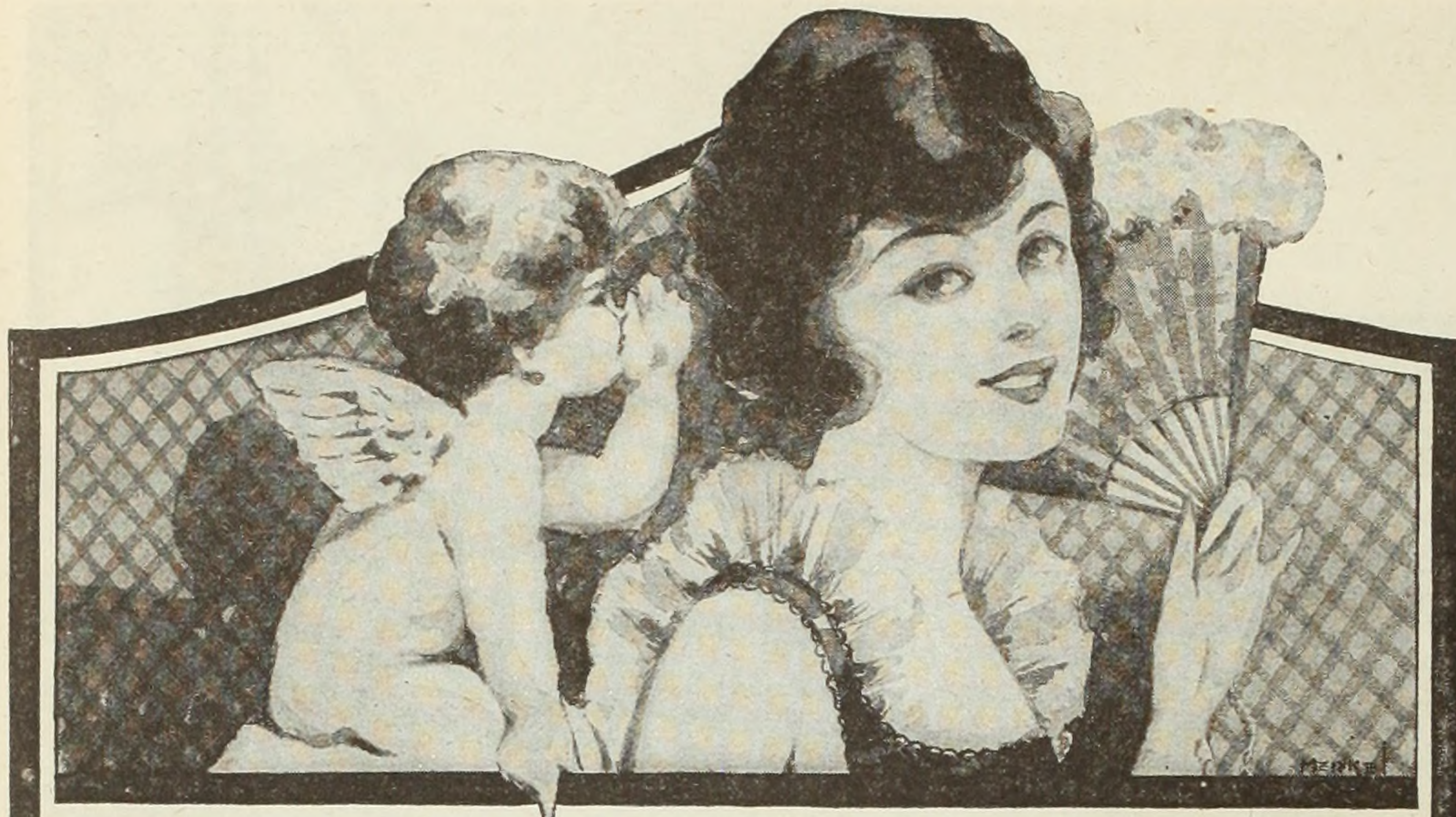
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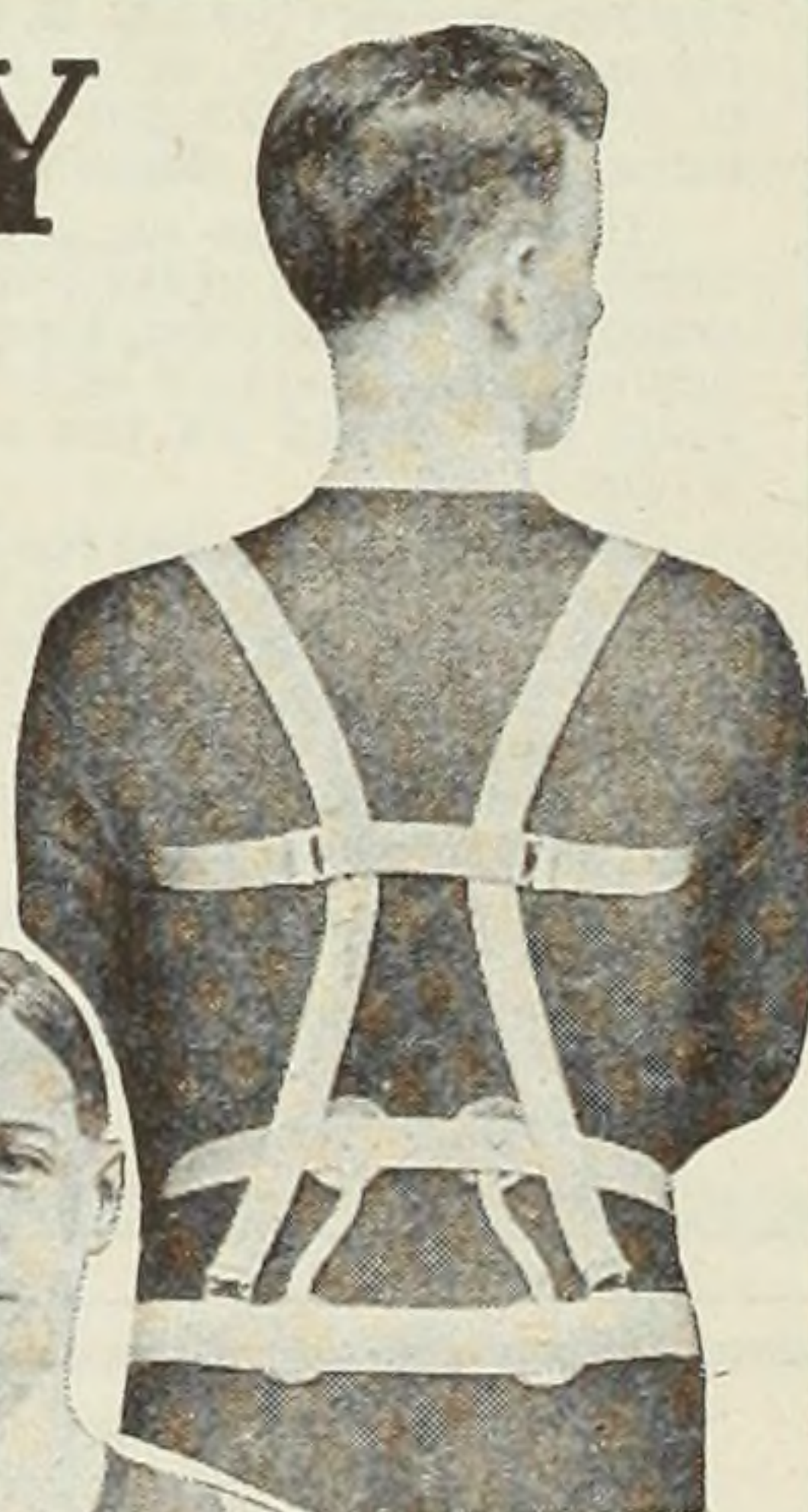
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For Boys and Girls Also

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MERCIA, SIOUX CITY.—There's a woman in almost every case—that is, watch case. We do not answer questions about religion. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are not related. Clarine Seymour, Griffith studios, Mamaroneck. Ethel Clayton, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

B. LAMB, HAYWARD, CAL.—Where can you go to learn all about how to become a movie star? I don't know, little Lamb.

LOIS, OF IDAHO.—Why, the largest airplane I have heard of, carries one hundred passengers. I have been up, but only once, and we didn't do any spiral twisting or nose-diving or looping the loop, so I might just as well have spared the aviator his trouble, and gone to see "The Great Air Robbery" again. Robert Ellis, now a director with Ollie Thomas in "The Spite Bride." Nazimova has no children. Grace Cunard has come back—again—in a series of two-reel comedies. Yep—I know Antonio Moreno. He's one of the most eligible young stars on the screen—but he's very elusive, Tony is.

MARY B., CARSON, IOWA.—I haven't even been able to buy myself a new necktie this spring. I have been so harassed by collections of various sorts. I have sympathy for the needy, I assure you—in fact, have *nothing* but sympathy for them. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman; Tom Mix to Victoria Forde, daughter of Eugenie. George Walsh was married to Seena Owen; they have a little girl. Divorced. R. A. Walsh is Miriam Cooper's husband—Miriam, the dusky "Evangeline" and "The Friendless One" of Griffith's "Intolerance."

SUSIE, VICTOR, COL.—What do you mean—will I "let a stranger ask a few questions?" Do you honestly think I am personally acquainted with everyone who writes to me? I'd like to be, but I really haven't the time. William S. Hart isn't, has no intentions of being, and never was married. I am very sure he will send you his photograph. He writes books in addition to scenarios. His newest screen story, "The Toll Gate," which PHOTOPLAY carried in fiction form, is by Hart and his director Lambert Hillyer.

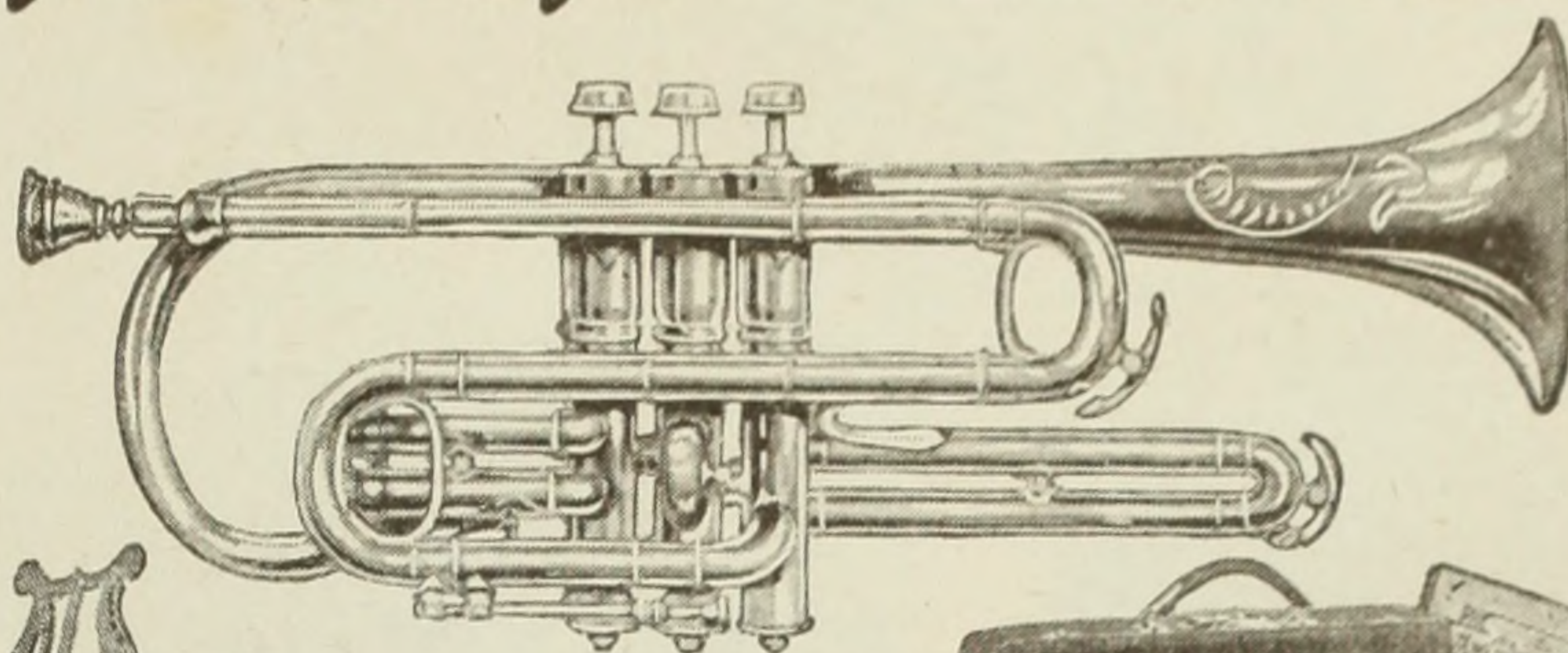
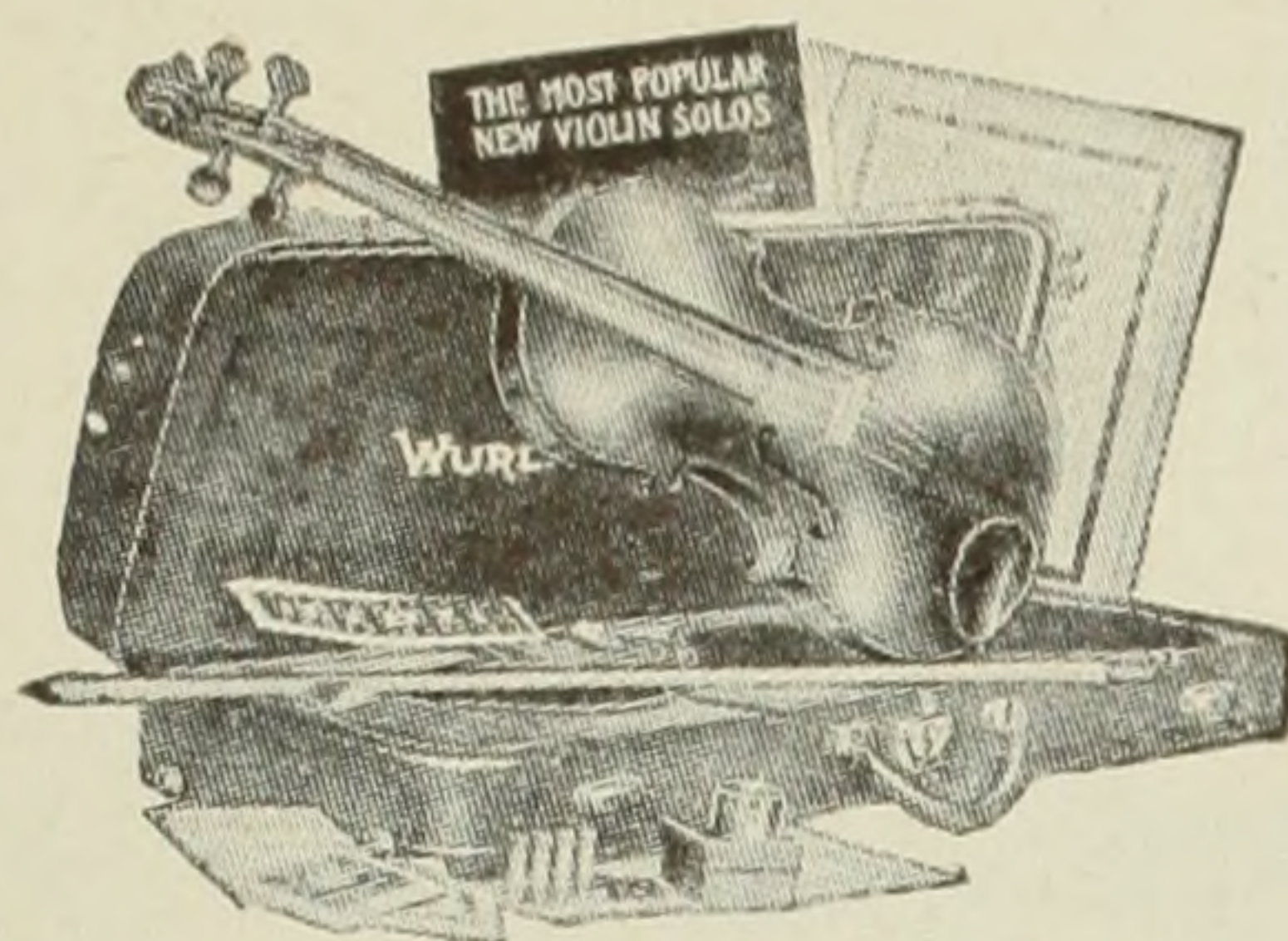
FRANCES BRAWNER, HOPKINSVILLE.—You ask me if I can detect any signs of genius in your handwriting. My dear girl, I am not a detective, but an Answer Man. Anita Stewart, who is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life, lives with her husband, her mother, and her younger brother George, in a nice home in a mountain-top within motor-ing distance of Los Angeles. Brother George, by the way, has been doing a picture with Douglas Fairbanks. Cameron played in a Vitagraph picture or two with his wife; he is now her business manager. Constance Talmadge has her own company, working at the Talmadge studios, which she shares with sister Norma. Joseph Schenck, Norma's husband, manages both the girls, but they release their pictures through First National. Now I hope I've told you everything you were thirsting to know. I'm glad I can do something in that direction—not many thirsts are quenched these days.

M. BETTY A., CAIRO.—I have heard the song and tasted the corn-syrup, but I have never been in Cairo, Illinois. I see I shall—now that I have heard from you—have to mend my ways. I can't answer your question; I'd advise you to write to the Postmaster, Los Angeles, California.

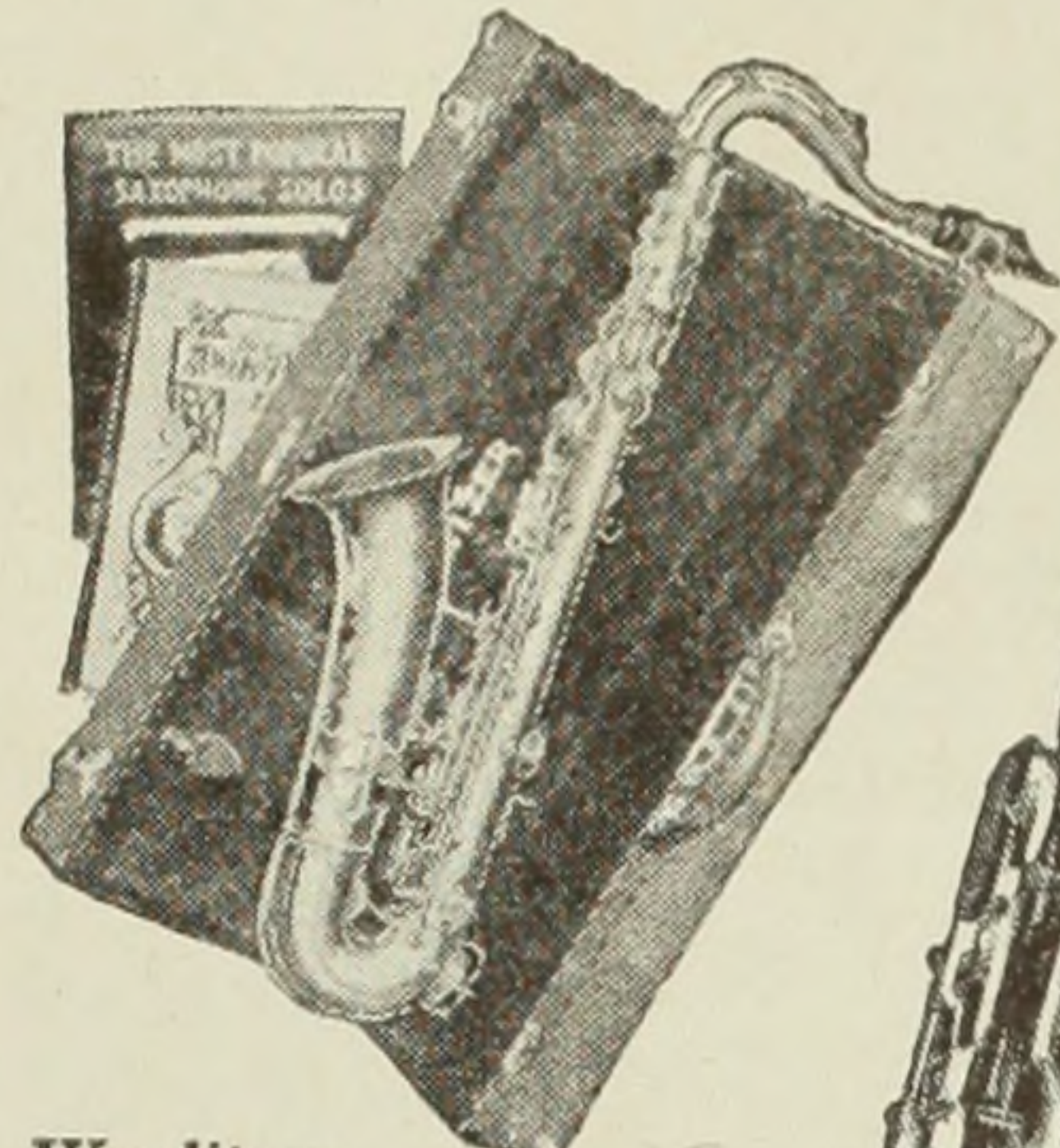
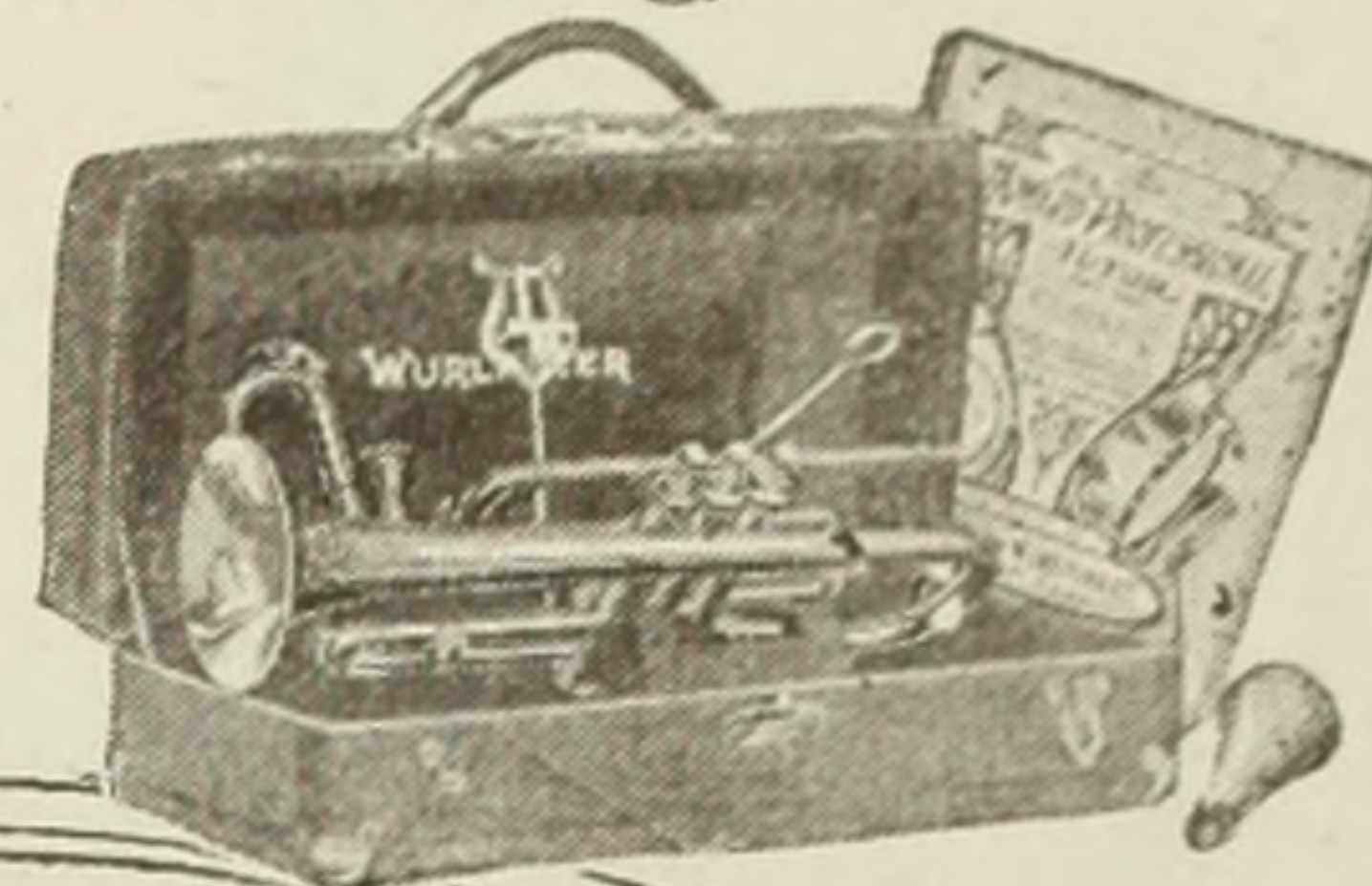
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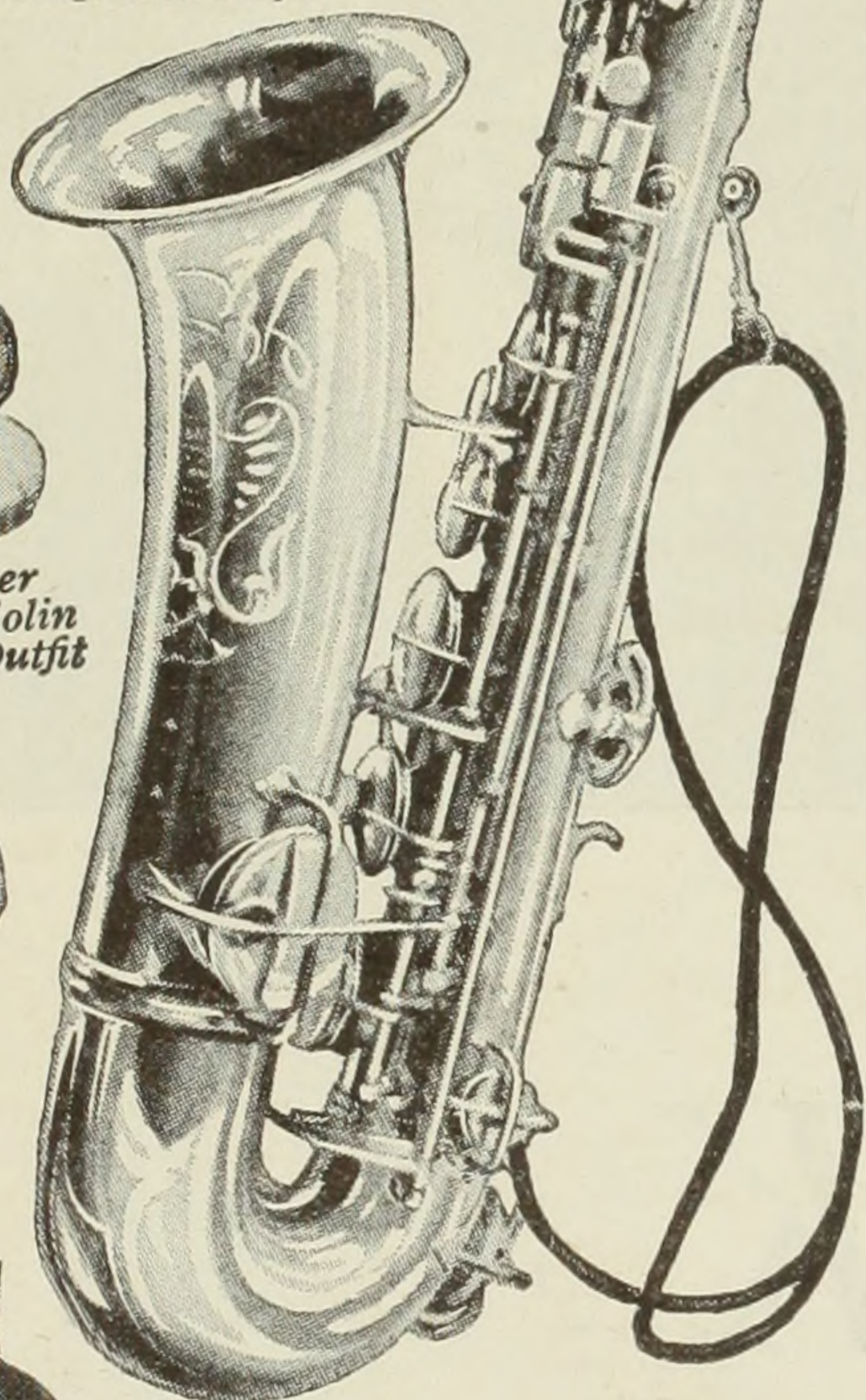
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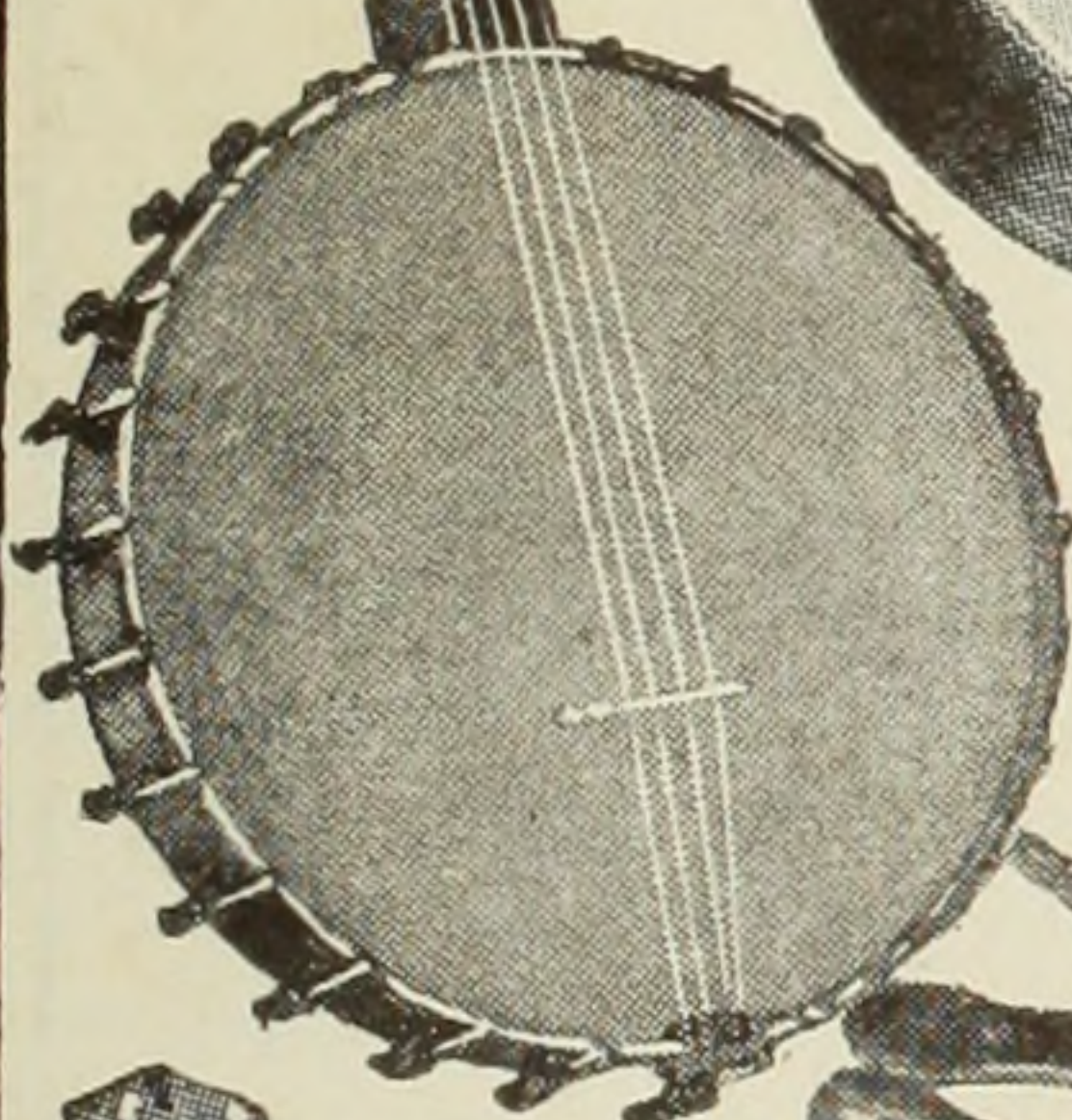
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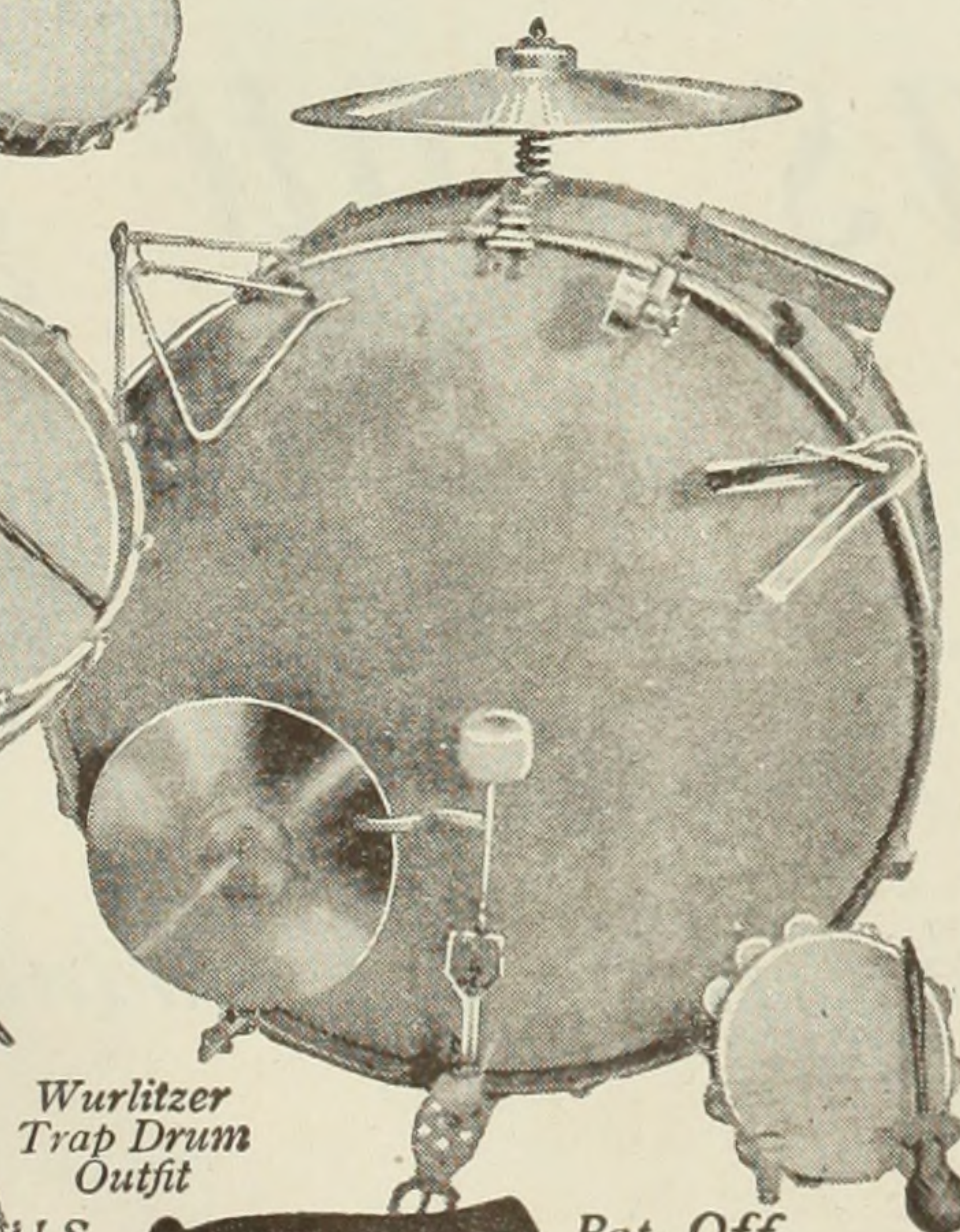
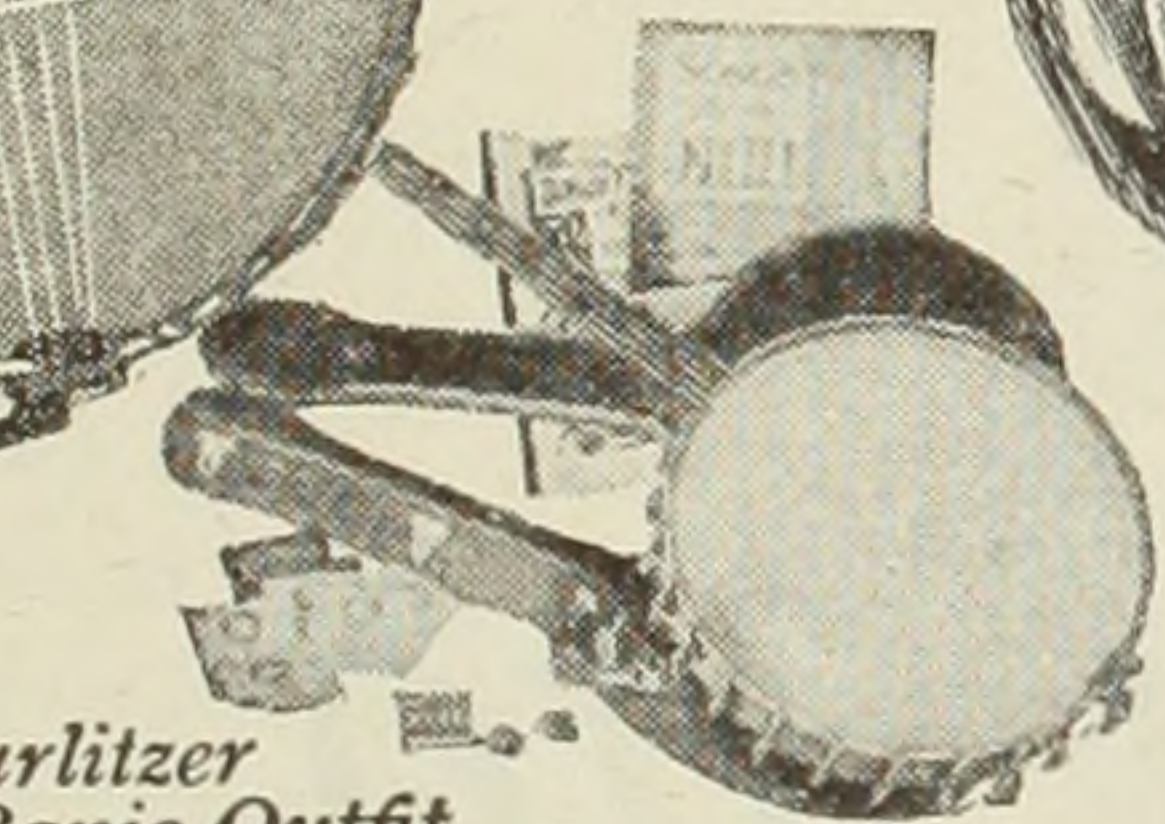
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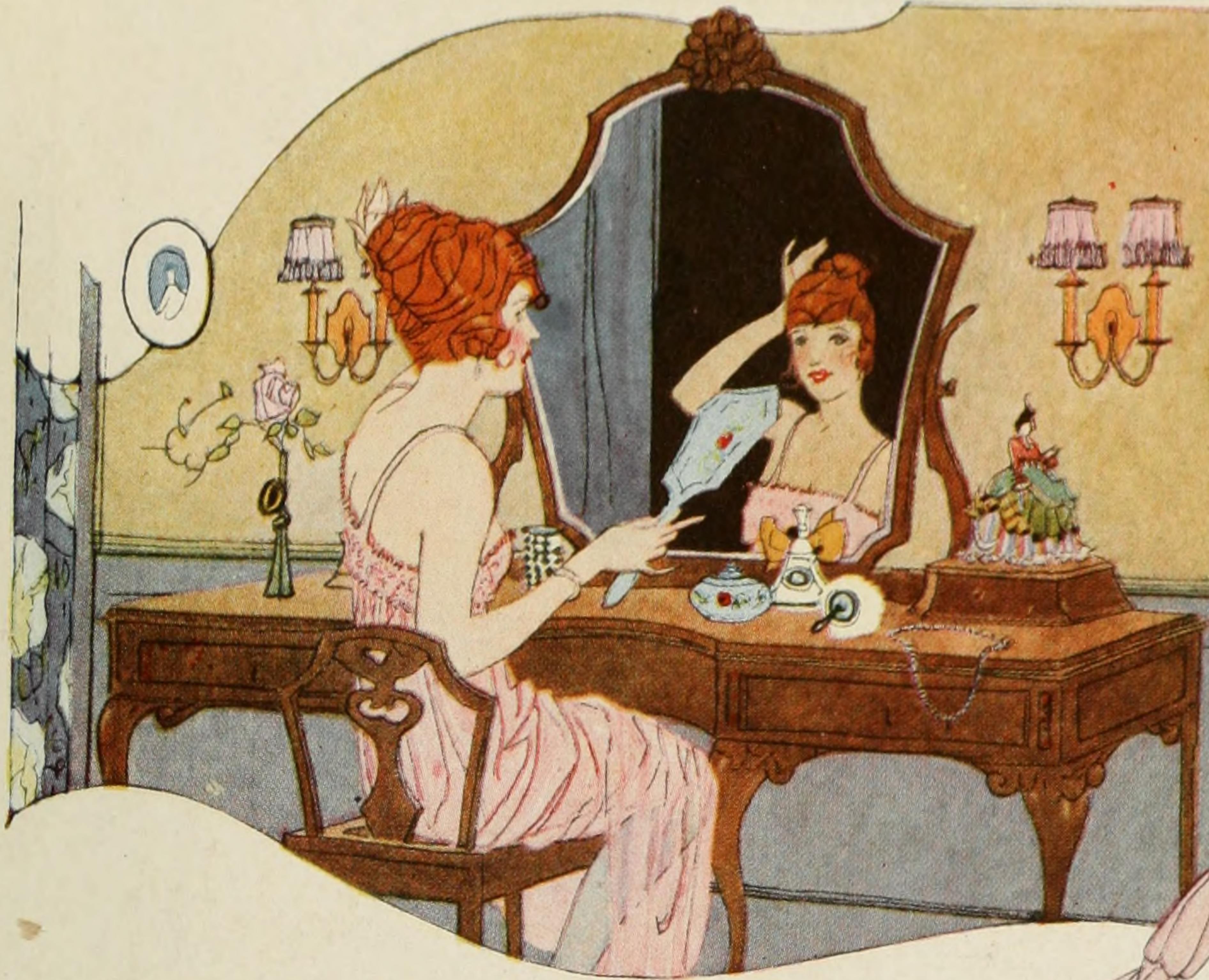


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