

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

September

25 Cents



*Constance
Talmadge*

*WOLF
RUSTROM*

*Confessions of
A Caveman*



GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.



"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

In a moment, she has added the warm color of healthful youth—her complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Don't envy her beauty. Have it, too, by the Pompeian Instant Beauty method.

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream

(vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color.

Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, at all druggists. Also Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum).

Special Offer—Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
BEAUTY POWDER

THE POMPEIAN CO.,
2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Send this coupon to above address. Enclose 10c (dime) for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder. Or 5c (nickel) for handy can of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum). Or 15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

Name _____

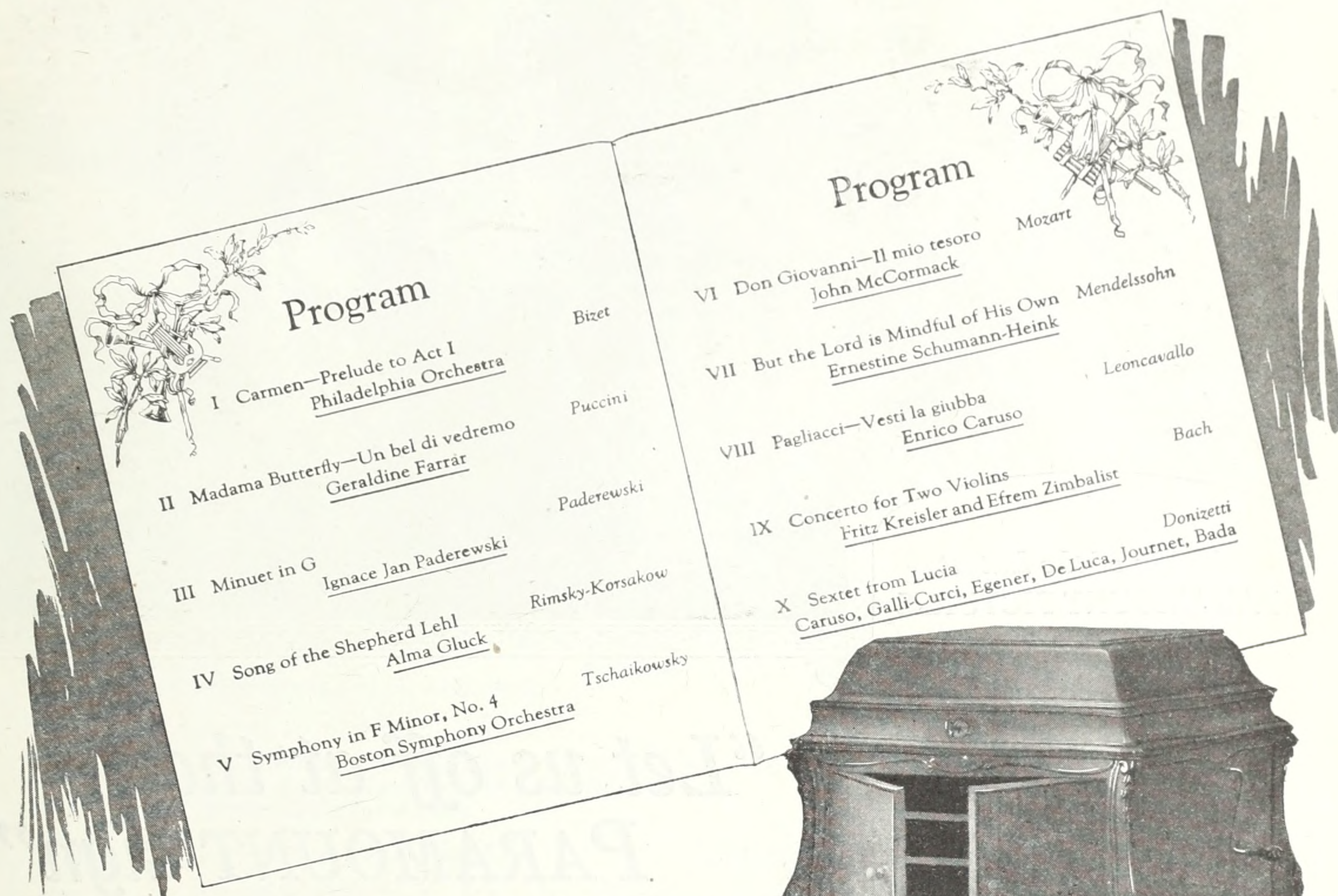
Address _____

City _____

State _____

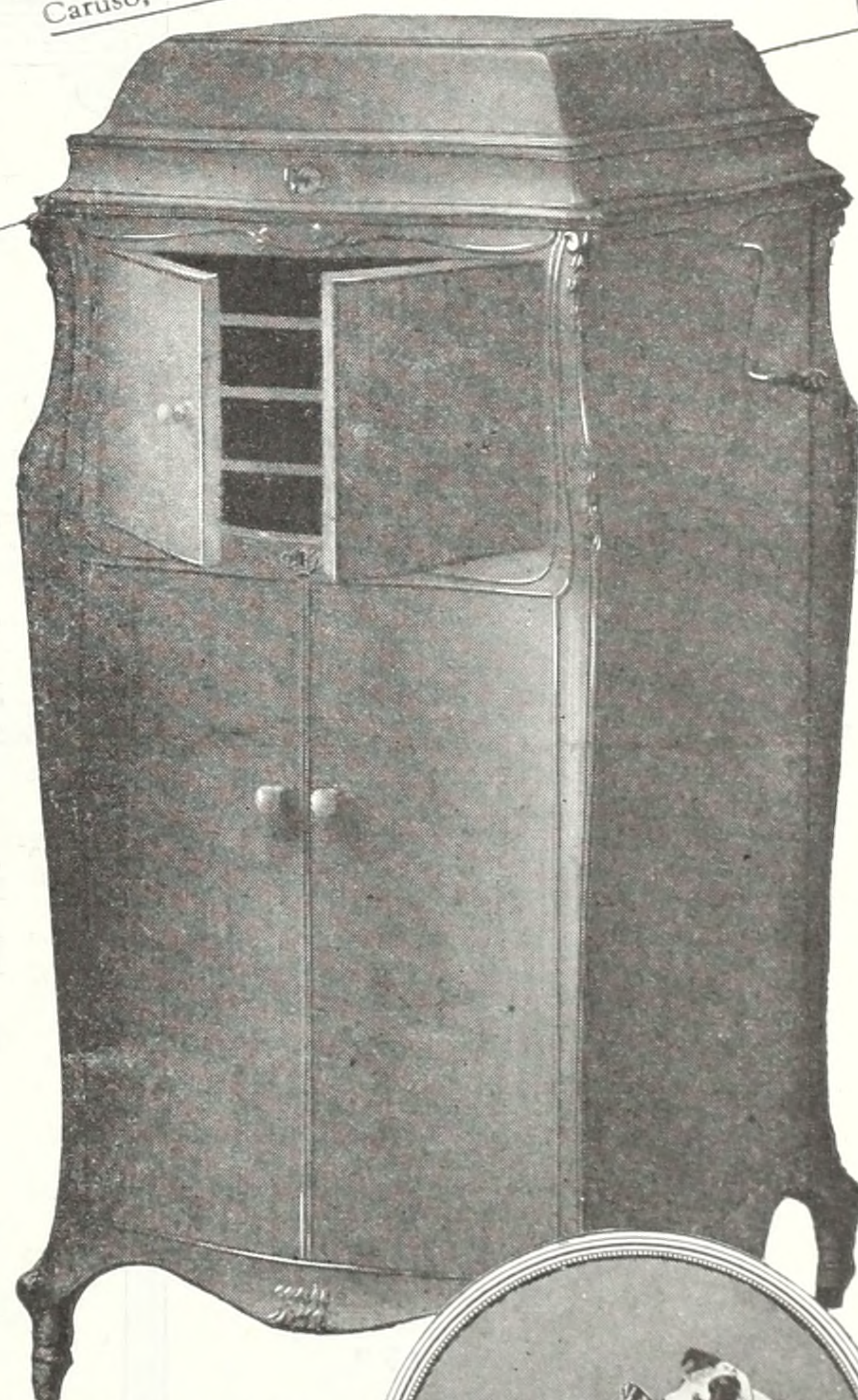
Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested

Look at this for a program!



It is possible on the Victrola only! For only with Victor Records on the Victrola do you get the subtle shades of color, tone, and interpretation which mean pre-eminence. When you hear Victor Records played on the Victrola, you hear precisely what each artist heard and approved as his or her own work. Any other combination must necessarily be less than the best.

Be sure you get a Victrola and not an imitation. \$25 to \$1500. Victor dealers everywhere. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.



Victrola XVII, \$350
Victrola XVII, electric, \$415
Mahogany or oak



This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO
Camden, N. J.

VICTROLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co.

Camden, New Jersey



A Few of the Latest
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

ALPHABETICALLY LISTED



JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'
Greatest Novel
"THE FIGHTING CHANCE"
Directed by Charles Maigne

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

WILLIAM DeMILLE'S
Production
"THE PRINCE CHAP"
With THOMAS MEIGHAN

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

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WILLIAM S. HART in
"SAND"
A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"The SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

*"Let us off at that
PARAMOUNT sign"*

DOESN'T matter where you get *on*. The thing is to know where you get *off*. All trolley cars stop at theatres showing Paramount Pictures.

That's where they unload the pleasure-loving families. That's where the coins tinkle merrily on the little brass plate that passes you into the witching time with Paramount.

The eleven thousand or so theatres that are lucky enough to have Paramount Pictures, announce it in lobby, poster and newspaper.

Keep your eye open for the name. That's what tells you where to find the kind of entertainment you seek.

Paramount Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JERER L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director-General
NEW YORK





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 4

Contents

September 1920

Cover Design, From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.	Constance Talmadge	
Rotogravure Sylvia Breamer, Wanda Hawley, Roberta Arnold, Bessie Love, Irene Rich, Dorothy DeVore, Enid Bennett and May Allison.		19
Great Themes—Great Photoplays	Editorial	27
The Day of the Deb The Very Young Binney Sisters' Fling With Fame.	Arabella Boone	28
Marsh and Company Mae's Little Sisters Follow Her Into the Films.		30
An Interview With a Baby Mary Johanna Tells Why She Picked Bill Desmond For a Daddy.	Adela Rogers St. Johns	31
Gone Completely to the Bow-Wows Gladys Brockwell's "Dog Heaven."		32
She Changed Her Coiffure Settling a Dispute About Gloria Swanson.		33
Their Beginnings How Our Movie Magnates Started—Mostly on Nothing.		34
Society in the Films Mrs. Belmont Sets the Pace and Isn't a Bit Up-stage.		36
The Misfit Wife The Story of a Girl Who Made Herself Wanted.	Nanon Belois	38

(Contents continued on next page)

Pictures Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

Page 66	
The Mollycoddle	United Artists
Page 67	
Suds	United Artists
Mme. X	Goldwyn
Page 72	
Madonnas and Men	
.	Jans Pictures, Inc.
The Branding Iron	Goldwyn
The Wonder Man	Robertson-Cole
Page 74	
The Return of Tarzan	Numa-Goldwyn
Human Stuff	Universal
Sand	W. S. Hart Productions
Page 104	
The Great Accident	Goldwyn
Married Life	Sennett
Miss Hobbs	Realart
Page 105	
A Double Dyed Deceiver	Goldwyn
Velvet Fingers	Pathe
Bab's Candidate	Vitagraph
Page 106	
The Cheater	Metro
The Third Eye	Astra-Pathe
The Invisible Hand	Vitagraph
The Silent Avenger	Vitagraph
Object Matrimony	Hampton-Pathe
The Grocery Clerk	Vitagraph
Remodeling Her Husband	
.	Paramount Artcraft
Daredevil Jack	Pathe
Sick-a-Bed	Paramount Artcraft
Pride and Pork Chops	J. M. Flagg
The Restless Sex	Cosmopolitan
Page 108	
Midnight Gambols	Pioneer
The Desperate Hero	Selznick
Twins of Suffering Creek	Fox
The Woman God Sent	Selznick
The Street Called Straight	Goldwyn
It Happened in Paris	
For the Soul of Rafael	Equity
The House of Toys	American
Under Crimson Skies	Universal
Page 112	
The Trail of the Cigarettes	Arrow
Wits vs. Wits	Hallmark
White Lies	Fox
The Man Who Lost Himself	Selznick

Editorial Offices, 25 W. 45th St., New York City

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice Pres. R. M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.
W. M. HART, Adv. Mgr.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter Apr. 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1920, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.

Contents—Continued

<p>"Not That Kid!" That's What <i>You'd</i> Say About the Remarkable Frank Borzage</p>	<p>Delight Evans 42</p>
<p>Harold Astounds the Musical World With His Genius Drawing.</p>	<p>Norman Anthony 44</p>
<p>Confessions of a Caveman (As told to Adela Rogers St. Johns) Kipling Might Learn About Women From Tommie.</p>	<p>Thomas Meighan 45</p>
<p>The Scoffer A Powerful Story of the Battle of a Strong Man's Soul.</p>	<p>Gene Sheridan 49</p>
<p>A Date With Connie Tex Makes One as Miss Talmadge Prepares to Sail.</p>	<p>Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly 54</p>
<p>West Is East Intimate Impressions of Filmdom's Folk.</p>	<p>Delight Evans 56</p>
<p>Dual Lives Raoul and Miriam Cooper Walsh Lead Them—But Together.</p>	<p>57</p>
<p>Rotogravure Harold Lloyd, Ward Crane, Frank Mayo, Norman Kerry, Rosemary Theby, Conrad Nagel, Robert Cain, Mary Thurman, Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey.</p>	<p>59</p>
<p>Close-Ups</p>	<p>Editorial Comment 63</p>
<p>A Page of Hats A Few of Norma Talmadge's Favorites.</p>	<p>64</p>
<p>The Little Things That Count Photoplay's Fashion Editor Gives Some Valuable Advice.</p>	<p>Norma Talmadge 65</p>
<p>The Shadow Stage Candid Reviews of the Latest Pictures.</p>	<p>Burns Mantle 66</p>
<p>Dick's New Contract Miss Hay Becomes Barthelmess' <i>Real</i> Leading Woman.</p>	<p>Frances Denton 68</p>
<p>Why Do They Do It? What's <i>Your</i> Pet Peeve About the Pictures?</p>	<p>76</p>
<p>Questions and Answers</p>	<p>The Answer Man 78</p>
<p>Metcalfe? Who's He? Now That He's Back From the War, He'll Show Us.</p>	<p>81</p>
<p>The Squirrel Cage A Nut Sundae for Weak Days.</p>	<p>A. Gnut 83</p>
<p>Marie Doro: An International Ingenue What Has Happened to the Ivory Goddess.</p>	<p>84</p>
<p>The School House Another Heart-to-Heart Talk With the Family Circle.</p>	<p>Margaret E. Sangster 86</p>
<p>Plays and Players What's Doing Behind the Silversheet.</p>	<p>Cal. York 88</p>

(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 16)

Author in Wonderland

A FAMOUS woman writer was invited to witness a murder!

She accepted the invitation—wouldn't you?

You would if the murder was scheduled to happen in a film studio. Everyone who hasn't been initiated into the wonders of the land of Klieds and Cooper-Hewitts wants to visit it—and this writer was no exception.

She had as many adventures as Alice in Wonderland. She saw other things besides the murder; fascinating things and beautiful things. And she wrote about her experiences.

She'll make you want to visit the nearest film studio right away. The mysteries of movie-making are told in this story in the October number

of
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

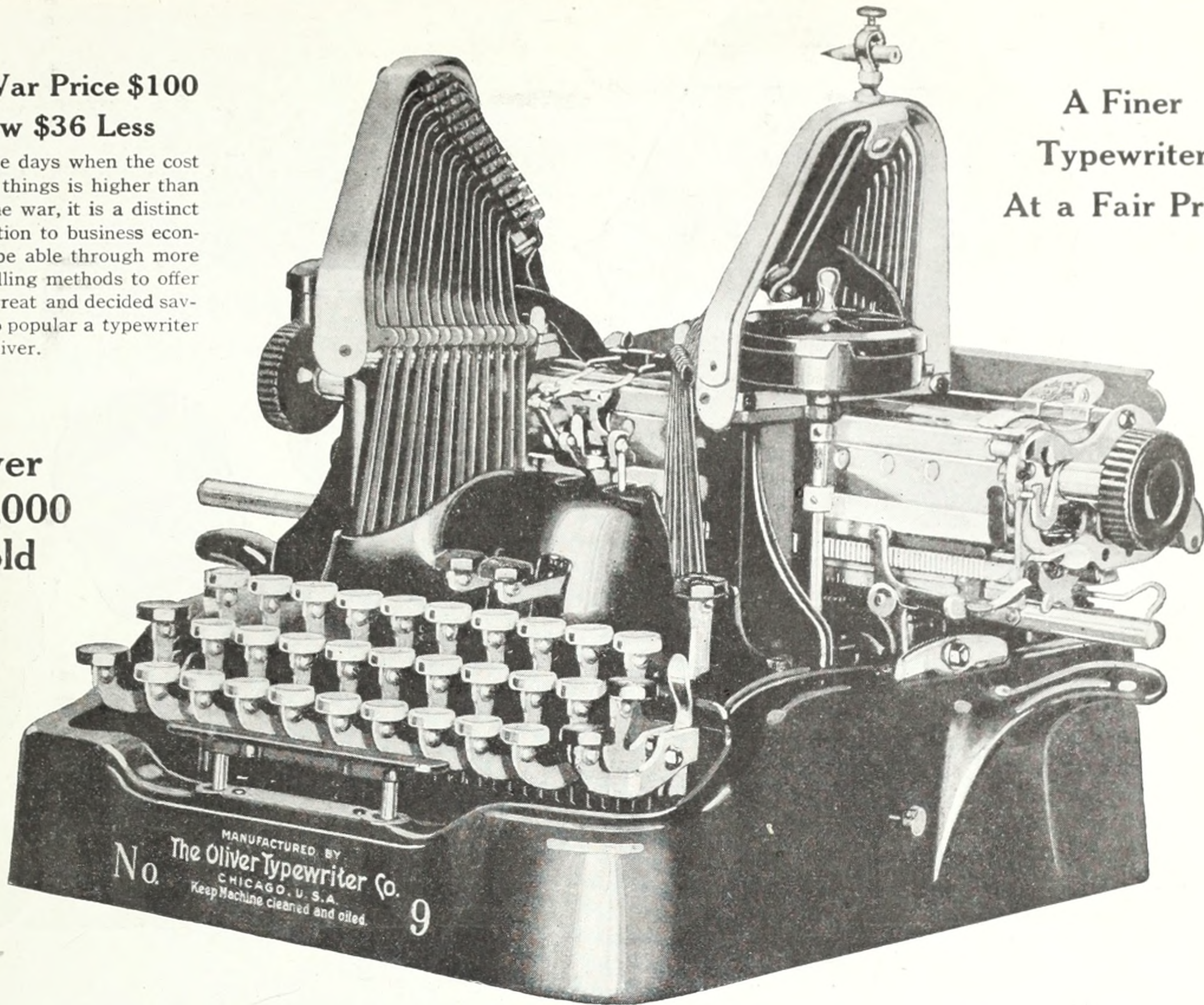
by

Alice
Duer
Milier

**Pre-War Price \$100
Now \$36 Less**

In these days when the cost of many things is higher than before the war, it is a distinct contribution to business economy to be able through more direct selling methods to offer such a great and decided saving on so popular a typewriter as the Oliver.

**Over
800,000
Sold**



**A Finer
Typewriter
At a Fair Price**

Save \$36 on \$100 Oliver

**New Olivers direct to you at 36% saving
Free trial—No money in advance**

Let us send you the Oliver for free trial. The coupon brings it.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, pay for it at the rate of \$4 a month. We ask no payment in advance. You have over a year to pay. And you'll have the Oliver all that time. There is no need to wait until you have the full amount.

The free trial does not cost you a penny. For, if after trying the Oliver you wish to return it, we even refund the transportation charges.

Our new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling more Olivers this way than ever before. Over 800,000 Olivers have been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

You save \$36

For \$64 you now obtain the identical Oliver formerly priced at \$100. We are able to save you over a third because of our radically new and economical method of distribution.

During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. The result—we can afford to sell at \$64 the very same Oliver formerly priced at \$100.

Mail the coupon now

Remember, you need not send any money with the coupon. Send the coupon only to get the Oliver for five days' free trial in your own home.

If you wish to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog and our astonishing book explaining why typewriters have been expensive heretofore. Check the coupon for free trial Oliver or the catalog just as you wish. *Clip the coupon now and mail at once.*

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
147-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
147-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$64 at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

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

Occupation or Business.....

608.02



Pathé Comedies

Harold Lloyd—From Coast to Coast the Trail of His Comedies is Swept With Gales of Laughter!

Real comedy is the hardest of all forms of motion pictures to write, enact and direct. Is it not remarkable, then, that many dramatic critics and theatre men state in positive terms that the Harold Lloyd comedies give more entertainment and are more popular with audiences than the "feature" pictures which are supposed to be the backbone of the average motion picture show?

"Lloyd is a big league comedian, his company is big league, and whoever does the directing is big league," says a magazine critic of these wonderful comedies.

"Lloyd is the chief bulwark of the Strand (New York) program this week in 'An Eastern Westerner,' a two-reel comedy," says Variety, a leading theatrical magazine. "In this laughing delight not a foot is wasted from start to finish. One laugh chases another constantly up the throat. In short this issue is a corker and should continue Mr. Lloyd on the pleasant trail of ten thousand weeks, which is understood to be his speed."

"Astonishingly fresh and diverting."—N. Y. Tribune. "Lloyd made a hit."—N. Y. Globe. "The audience roared. 'Haunted Spooks' is the funniest comedy of the season."—N. Y. Sun. "The man who discovered Harold Lloyd deserves a vote of thanks."—Minneapolis Tribune.

What so many have found to be astonishingly clever and diverting is worthy of special effort on your part to see; ask the manager of your theatre the days on which he shows a Harold Lloyd!

Pathé Comedies—Motion Pictures at their Best

HAROLD LLOYD TWO-REEL COMEDIES, masterpieces of mirth, one every month, produced by Hal Roach. MRS. SIDNEY DREW TWO-REEL COMEDIES, clever screen portrayals of the famous "After Thirty" stories by Julian Street. JOHN CUMBERLAND as "Jimmy Wickett"

is scoring an even greater success on the screen than in various theatrical productions in Broadway theatres. ROLIN COMEDIES, featuring "Snub" Pollard and the funny little ducky, "Sunshine Sammy." One one-reel comedy every week, produced by Hal Roach.



PATHÉ EXCHANGE, INC.

Paul Brunet, Vice-President and General Manager

25 WEST 45th STREET

NEW YORK





How You

Will Laugh!

Joseph M. Schenck presents the screen's most winsome comedienne

Constance Talmadge

in her funniest comedy-drama

"Good References"

Love, Romance, Intrigue, and the most comical situations ever imagined—full of pep and spice—and a million laughs!

By E. J. Rath

Picturized by Dorothy Farnum

Directed by R. William Neill

Watch for It at Your Theatre!

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION





A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail,

every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching this Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE POE 10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only.

Two Shelves of Books
HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817 NEW YORK

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

Harper & Brothers, 18 Franklin Square, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 14 months.

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....

Photo 9-20

LEARN WIRELESS

At Home Quickly and Easily

Interesting and attractive positions for men and women at substantial salaries are always ready for trained wireless operators. Salaries start at \$125 a month, plus board, lodging, and laundry, which means a total of \$200 or more a month. One of our recent Graduates is getting \$6,000 a year. Get in line for a big position at a big salary! Let us help you! Write for information and we will send you this Free booklet, full of valuable information.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 286, 14th and U Sts., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

LEARN INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY

Learn how to cut costs; how to eliminate waste; how to speed up production; how to handle the important problems entering into Industrial Management and you can name your own salary.

Business today is suffering from under production. Great organizations are ready to pay almost any price to men who can increase the output of shop, office or factory. Good management is based on 48 factors of efficiency. These factors and their practical application, you can quickly master by the LaSalle Problem Method of Home Training, under the direction of our large staff of industrial efficiency experts. Low cost. Easy monthly terms. Write now—for free particulars about this salary raising course.

LaSalle Extension University
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 9302-M Chicago, Illinois

The Key to Success

Stop forgetting

Make Your Mind a File—Not a Pile

The Key to Success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can instantly select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, forgetfulness, address an audience. Easy. 20 years' experience developing memories of thousands.

Write Today for free booklet, "How to Remember" and Copyrighted Memory Test, and how to secure Free my \$3.00 book, "How to Speak in Public."

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL
Dept. 1741 1041 Chicago Av. Evanston, Ill.

Free Book on PATENTS

Contains valuable information and advice to inventors on securing Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. 20 years' experience. Write today.

TALBERT & TALBERT, 4724 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENT-SENSE

"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs."
By Return Mail FREE. Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. E., Washington, D.C.

For 65 Cents

You can obtain the next three numbers of Photoplay Magazine, delivered to you by the postman anywhere in the U. S. (Canada 80c.) This special offer is made as a trial subscription. Also it will avoid the old story of "Sold Out," if you happen to be a little late at the news-stand. Send postal order to Dept. 17C.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
350 N. Clark Street CHICAGO



Finish This Story for Yourself—

New York had seemed so wonderful—art had seemed so big—but New York turned a cold shoulder—art proved hard and bitter. Alone in the big city, at the end of her resources, she was too weary to cry. This special day she went out to seek—not glory or fame—but just for something to eat. She found—but let the story be told by

O. HENRY

274 Complete Stories
One Long Novel

He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—in the street car. He laughs when he preaches, and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before.

FREE Conan Doyle 7 Volumes

The Only Complete Set of Sherlock Holmes Stories Ever Published

Problems that have baffled the most vigilant of police—crimes that have left no slightest trace of the criminal—false clues that have led trained detectives off the scent—all these he has probed with that super-human genius that has thrilled all the world.

If you want excitement, adventure, mystery, and the most skillful unraveling of tangled threads the world has ever known—if you want complete relaxation from the problems of your workaday world, get the complete series of Sherlock Holmes stories that is here given you FREE—the only complete set that has ever been published.

Your Last Chance

Giving away books in these days of high priced paper is giving away dollars, and we can assure you that if we had to buy the paper for these books today we could not give them to you; but it happens that we did buy a limited amount of paper some time ago which we set aside, and this paper is to be used for these Sherlock Holmes stories.

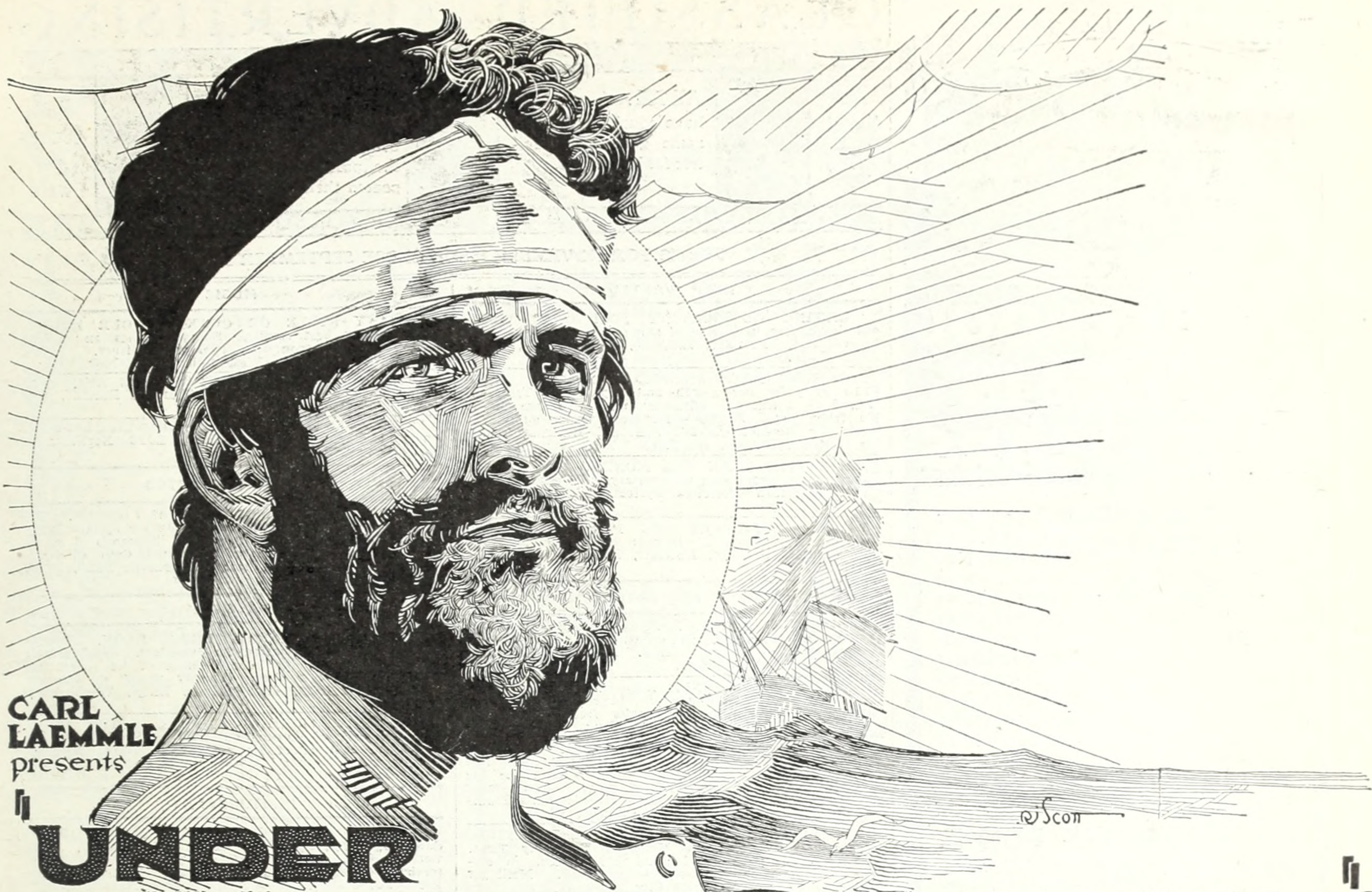
Your chance is now—now, while you are looking at the coupon—tear it off and mail it today—now—at once.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, N.Y.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO. Photo 8-20
30 Irving Place, New York City

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, bound in silk cloth, with gold tops. Also the 7 volume set of Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" stories, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit \$1.50 in 5 days, and then \$2.00 a month for 14 months for the O. Henry set only, and keep the 7 volumes of Sherlock Holmes FREE. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
The more sumptuous three-quarter Keratol binding of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite. For a set of this more luxurious binding, change the terms to \$2.00 in 5 days, and then \$3.00 a month for 12 months.



CARL LAEMMLE presents

UNDER CRIMSON SKIES

A Glorious Romance of Love and High-Sea Adventure

TRULY, a great picture. A rousing, stirring picture. A romantic picture. A story that sweeps you up out of your humdrum life and carries you off to sea—to fight with strong, silent Elmo Lincoln against the perils of mutiny on the high seas—to fall in love with a beautiful woman and sacrifice liberty for her sake—to make a miraculous escape from the fetid dungeon of a southern republic and become master of a colony of beach-combers, conquering them by might of fist and brain and then—to save the one woman from a terrible fate in the midst of red revolution. Splendidly acted by a great company in outdoor scenes of tempest and sunshine rarely equalled for their marvelous photography.

Starring

ELMO LINCOLN

One of the few big productions of the year.

Directed by REX INGRAM *Story by* J.G. HAWKS

UNIVERSAL-JEWEL SUPER-PRODUCTION



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

YOU ARE BADLY if you lack **HANDICAPPED** High School training. You cannot attain business or social prominence. You are barred from a successful business career, from the leading professions, from well-paid civil service jobs, from teaching and college entrance. In fact, employers of practically all worth-while positions demand High School training. You can't hope to succeed in the face of this handicap. But you can remove it. Let the American School help you.

FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and meets all requirements of a High School training. From the first lesson to the last you are carefully examined and coached.

USE SPARE TIME ONLY

Most people *idle* away fifty hours a week. Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove your present handicap within *two years*. You will enjoy the lessons and the knowledge you will gain will well repay the time spent in study.

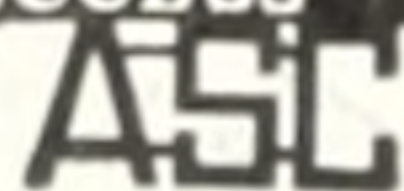
YOU RUN NO RISK So that you may see for yourself how thorough and complete our training is, we invite you to take *ten lessons* in the High School Course—or any course of specialized training in the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full. *We absolutely guarantee satisfaction.* On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-671 Chicago, Illinois

TRAINING—THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Explain how I can qualify for the position checked.



-High School Graduate
-Electrical Engineer
-Elec. Light & Power Supt.
-Hydroelectric Engineer
-Telephone Engineer
-Telegraph Engineer
-Foreman's Training Course
-Architect
-Building Contractor
-Civil Engineer
-Structural Engineer
-Mechanical Engineer
-Shop Superintendent
-Steam Engineer
-Draftsman and Designer
-Lawyer
-Business Manager
-Certified Pub. Accountant
-Accountant and Auditor
-Bookkeeper
-Photoplay Writer
-Fire Insurance Expert
-Sanitary Engineer
-Employment Manager
-Heating & Vent. Engineer
-Automobile Engineer
-Automobile Repairman
-Airplane Mechanic
-General Education Course
-Common School Branches

Name

Address

Rate 40cents per word		All Advertisements have equal display and same good opportuni- ties for big results.		This Section Pays 85% of the advertisers using this section during the past year have re- peated their copy.	Rate 40cents per word
--------------------------------	--	---	--	--	--------------------------------

FORMS FOR NOVEMBER ISSUE CLOSE SEPTEMBER FIRST

HELP WANTED

"GETTING GOVERNMENT POSITIONS" VALUABLE book, free to interested men—women—girls. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A204, Rochester, N. Y.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN FROM \$110 to \$200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for Booklet CM-26. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. EXCELLENT opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

WOMEN—GIRLS — BECOME DRESS-GOWN DESIGNERS. \$150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-866, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

\$40 TO \$100 A WEEK. FREE SAMPLES. GOLD Sign Letters anyone can put on windows. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431-K N. Clark, Chicago.

"INSYDE TIRES—INNER ARMOR FOR AUTOMOBILE tires; prevent punctures and blowouts; double tire mileage. Liberal profits. Details free." American Accessories Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 129.

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELLING. EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$1,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment services rendered Members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 138-M, Chicago, Ill.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guaranteed Bond 8000 Miles. Wholesale Prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 977 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS \$60 A WEEK SELLING GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, sizes and colors including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over \$2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages \$60 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made \$25 in one day. Write quick for agency and samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3564 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

MUSIC

IN ANY STYLE OR QUANTITY—OUR EQUIPMENT insures best results. Sample Copies and prices submitted on request. Prompt Delivery. Music Publishing Press, 203 West 40th Street, New York.

"THE RED ROSES SECRET" WALTZ AND 1920 Campaign Song. Send 50c to Charlotte Ratcliff, Box 257, Chillicothe, Illinois.

"THE HERO'S PRAYER," A BEAUTIFUL SONG, postpaid 25c. Anthony Ketroy, 1618 North 11th St., Springfield, Illinois.

OLD COINS WANTED

WATCH YOUR CHANGE FOR OLD COINS. WE buy all coins. We pay up to \$80.00 for certain Large Cents. We offer cash premiums on thousands of coins. Send 4c. Get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It will pay you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 75, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONTAINS valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4724 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE BOOK and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch for opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 763 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SPECIAL OFFER—YOUR NEXT KODAK FILM developed 10c, and first six prints 2c each. Best workmanship. Enlargements a specialty. 24 hours' service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "26." Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, 451 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

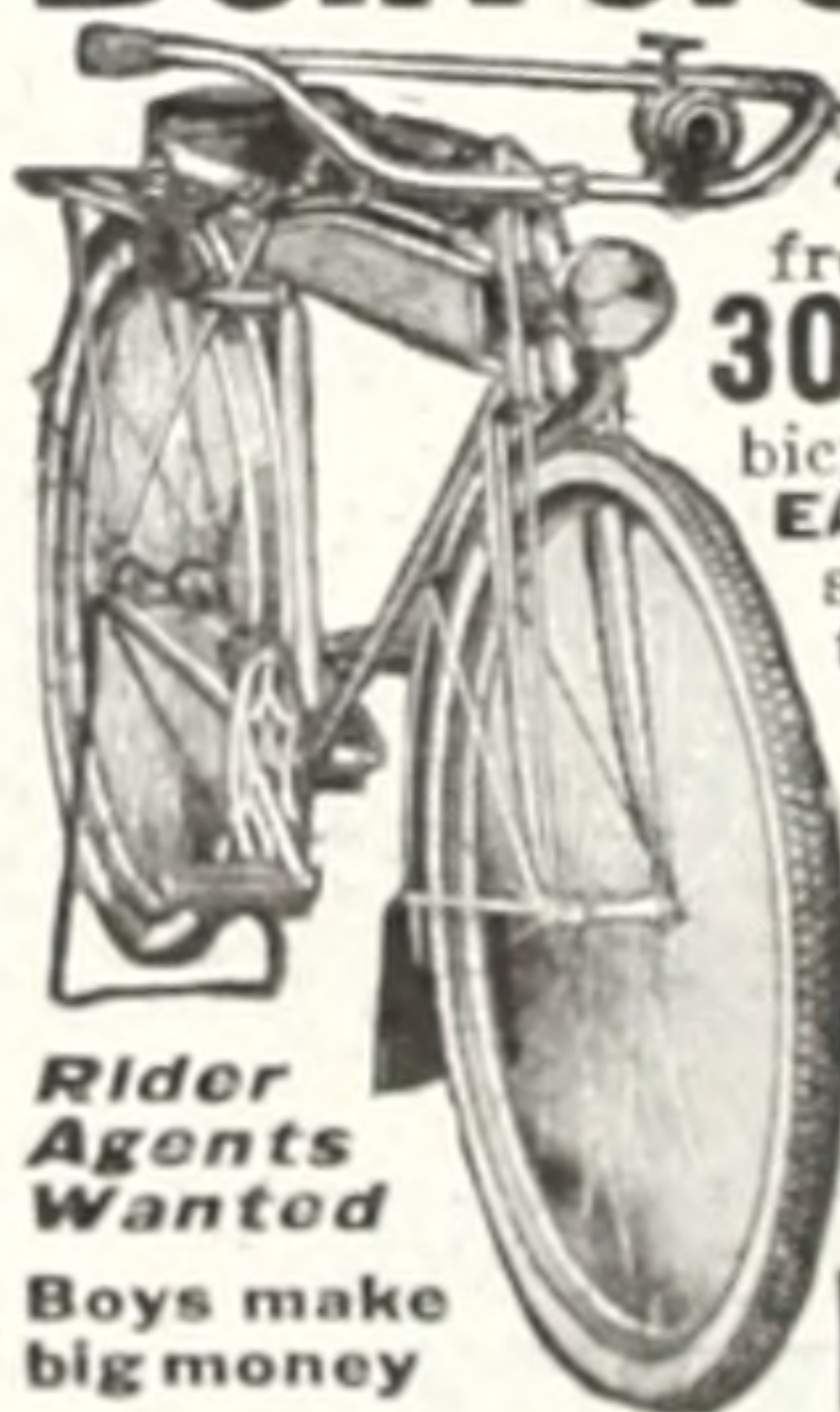
Copy this Sketch

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 Illustrating and Cartooning, 2107 Scholfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Delivered TO FREE



Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town. **30 Days Free Trial** allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test. **EASY PAYMENTS** if desired, at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices. **TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog.**

Rider Agents Wanted Boys make big money

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. B-40 Chicago



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

CARTOONISTS ARE WELL PAID We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning 850 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Earn \$35 to \$100 a Week

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER Big Opportunities NOW. Qualify for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches:

Motion Picture—Commercial—Portraiture

Cameras and Materials Furnished FREE Practical instruction; modern equipment. Day or evening classes; easy terms. The school of recognized superiority. Call or write for catalog No. 37.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY 141 W. 36th St., New York 505 State St., Brooklyn

"Don't Shout"



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

Pick Yours Quick!

LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S PRICE Speak quick—for these rebuilt Underwoods are getting scarce. U.S. Gov't bought 100,000 Underwoods. Genuine Visible Underwoods at big saving. 5 Year Guarantee. Try it 10 Days' Free. Rent or buy. Write quick for Offer No. 63.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM 34-36 W. Lake Street, CHICAGO



Double Your Present Salary!

What Would an Increase of \$1,000 to \$5,000 or More a Year Mean to You?

TAKE a pencil and jot down the things you would like to have, the things you would like to do, which could easily become realities if you were to double your present salary.

If you could double your present salary the high cost of living would solve itself—wouldn't it?

You could buy pleasures for yourself or your family which now are impossible; you could associate with business men among whom you now feel ill at ease; you could enjoy many of the good things of life which always accompany success.

You can *never* double your salary by continuing in the work and sticking in the job you have today. The *only* way you can *double your salary* and earn promotion and success is to *prepare* and *train yourself* to fill a position in which you can earn more money.

It Is Not Difficult

Thousands of other ambitious men have proved it. Are you willing to pay the price—a little spare time? You surely are willing to invest a few of your evenings at home to gain a big increase in earning power.

More than 225,000 ambitious men have already been helped to promotion, increased salary and success because they have traded some of their spare time for the knowledge and training offered by one or more of the thirteen specialized home-training courses in higher business subjects as taught by LaSalle Extension University.

Study the list of names in the center column of this page. These men and hundreds of others reported increases in salary during a period of only six months. They did it right at home. The increases reported range from 100% to 400% and the average is 145%. We can give you the names of such men from every state.

Each month brings hundreds of reports of advancement from LaSalle students and graduates. Many who report such increases have not half completed the home-study training course in which they have enrolled. They were able to cash in on the knowledge and training long before they completed their courses.

You Can Do As Well

All that is necessary is that you have ordinary intelligence and the ambition and the courage to be willing to spend part of your spare time in training by mail under the personal direction of LaSalle experts. It is the quickest, surest way to prepare yourself for the big job ahead.

The training you receive thru LaSalle is a real training. You are not asked to memorize a lot of principles and theories and then turned loose to practice them as best you can. On the contrary, the new and interesting LaSalle "Problem Method" by means of which you work out for yourself actual business transactions, makes you feel as though you were at the very desk and on the very job you are training to fill. It is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern business executives, assisting them in the solution of their daily business problems.

You are, in effect, taken behind the scenes of big business; taken into every department of business; shown the relation of each department to every other department; trained to look upon business as the great, smooth-working machine that it is. Under the LaSalle "Problem Method" you are not risking your position, your money, nor the

These Men Increased Their Salaries From 100% to 400%

—You Can Do the Same if You Will Train in Spare Time Under the LaSalle "Problem Method"

N. A. Borgen rose from \$87.50 a month to \$5,600 a year. He says:

"Less than a year ago, when I enrolled, I was earning \$87.50 per month as a clerk with the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

I am now managing the promotion department of the Standard Oil Company, but in addition I am promoting sales, criticising correspondence, and gingering the salesmen of the White Salmon Development Company, The L. C. Smith Company, and the Northwestern Marmon Company. My present salary is approximately \$5,600 per annum, or an increase of over 400 per cent.

I am writing this to show what a good course of study planned along specific lines can do for a man."

Cordially yours,
(Signed) N. A. BORGEN
Minneapolis

C. Deusch, New York, N. Y.	400%
M. C. Kockman, Norwood, O.	400%
E. M. Burleson, San Antonio, Tex.	300%
W. F. Strumke, Racine, Wis.	300%
C. H. Puenhagen, New Lebanon, O.	300%
G. E. O'Brien, Akron, O.	300%
J. H. Mack, Denver, Colo.	300%
Mr. Schmidt, Springfield, O.	250%
H. E. Cabaniss, Memphis, Tenn.	235%
L. S. Meyers, Boston, Mass.	233%
F. Wunder, Cincinnati, O.	227%
C. Lausch, Whitehall, Mich.	220%
R. E. Urfer, Decatur, Ill.	200%
G. H. Tibbets, Clintonville, Wis.	200%
F. G. Brumund, Joliet, Ill.	200%
H. Freichofer, Dayton, O.	200%
R. W. Hoff, St. Marys, Ga.	200%
H. G. Almand, LaGrange, Ga.	200%
F. H. Hamack, Washington, D. C.	200%
O. Lambdin, Marshall, Ill.	200%
D. B. Holwell, New Rochelle, N. Y.	200%
W. M. Taylor, Columbus, O.	200%
J. H. Worman, Greenville, Mass.	200%
H. M. Hillgardner, Memphis, Tenn.	200%
H. R. Cox, Knoxville, Tenn.	200%
L. P. Taillon, Manitoba, Can.	200%
A. H. Satterlee, Gilroy Calif.	200%
L. C. Whitten, E. Las Vegas, Mex.	200%
C. Laitsch, Whitehall, Mich.	180%
W. R. Pope, Schenectady, N. Y.	175%
L. R. Christie, Columbus, Ga.	166%
E. S. Davis, Chattanooga, Tenn.	150%
H. C. Barker, Houston, Tex.	150%
A. L. Schwab, New Philadelphia, O.	150%
E. Hoover, Lansing, Mich.	150%
E. L. Brown, Sumter, S. C.	150%
G. W. Carus, Battle Creek, Mich.	150%
S. C. Harkness, Springfield, Mo.	150%
B. N. Ward, Rock Island, Ill.	140%
R. A. Moore, Macon, Ga.	133%
C. R. Passapae, Baltimore, Md.	130%
R. G. Fellows, Lansing, Mich.	125%
W. Eisenhuth, New York, N. Y.	125%
F. L. Leslie, Riverhead, N. Y.	125%
F. H. Liedike, Albany, N. Y.	122%
H. S. Leigh, Memphis, Tenn.	105%

You will find LaSalle trained men holding responsible positions with large business firms and corporations everywhere—and what Borgen, and Deusch and O'Brien, Schmidt and *thousands of others* have done, is a fair indication of what you can do if you will follow the plan they have found so effective.

time and money of your employer on untried schemes, ideas and methods.

LaSalle organization comprises more than 1,150 people, including 450 trained business executives, traffic experts, certified public accountants, efficiency experts, trained business correspondents, bankers, lawyers, business authorities, text writers, lecture writers, instructors and assistants. You are carefully and painstakingly coached in every duty of the position you are training to fill.

Help That Insures Success

During your enrollment and also after you have completed your course you have at your command, 8 hours each day, the University's big staff of highly specialized experts to help you make good, not only in your present position, but when promoted to the bigger job. This consulting service is not paralleled by any other educational institution and enables you to bring your problems, at any time, to men of practical business experience for their help and advice.

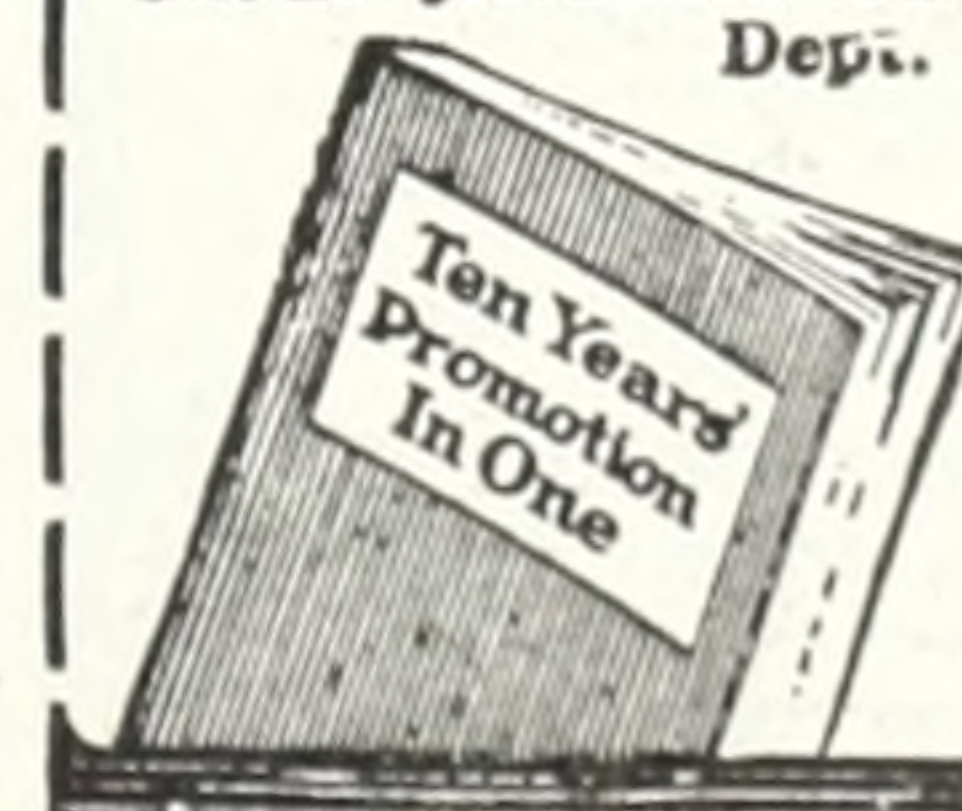
Decide to train now and in a few months you, too, will have greatly increased your earning power. The first step is to fill in and mail the coupon below marking the course which would fit you for the high salaried position for which you wish to train. We will send you full information as to the LaSalle Problem Method of Training, the reasonable cost, the convenient terms of payment, and a copy of our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have obtained in one year promotion which without the aid of this training they could not have realized in ten.

Which course shall we tell you about?

COUPON

- HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:**
Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:**
Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive Positions.
- TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC:**
Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- LAW:**
Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- COMMERCIAL LAW:**
Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- PRODUCTION EFFICIENCY:**
Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- BUSINESS LETTER-WRITING:**
Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors, and all executive letter-writing positions.
- BANKING AND FINANCE:**
Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- BUSINESS ENGLISH:**
Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- COMMERCIAL SPANISH:**
Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:**
Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:**
Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:**
Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.

LaSalle Extension University
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dep. 9302-R Chicago, Illinois

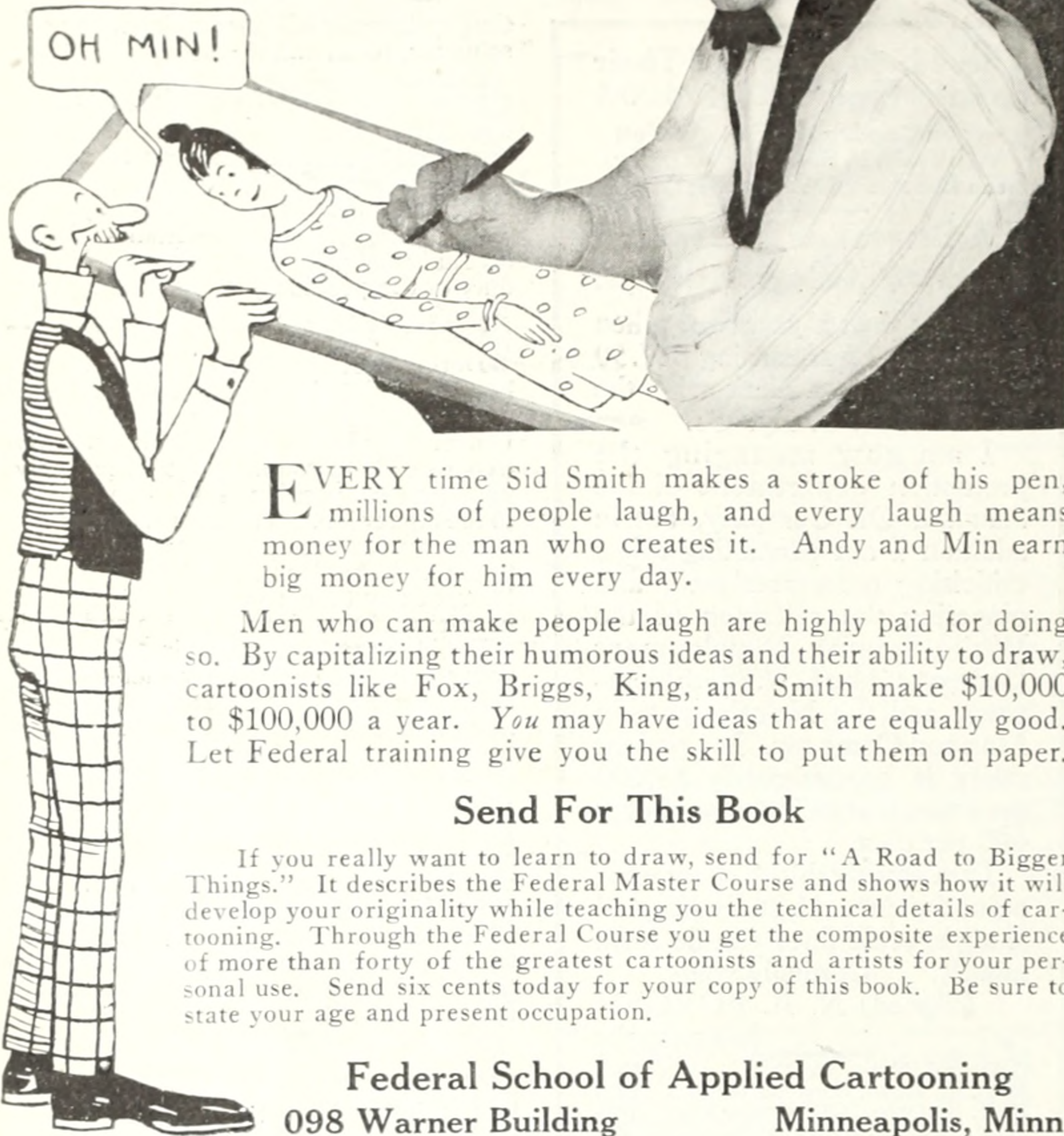


[Name]

[Present Position]

[Address]

Cartoonists Make Big Money



EVERY time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh, and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

Men who can make people laugh are highly paid for doing so. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Fox, Briggs, King, and Smith make \$10,000 to \$100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

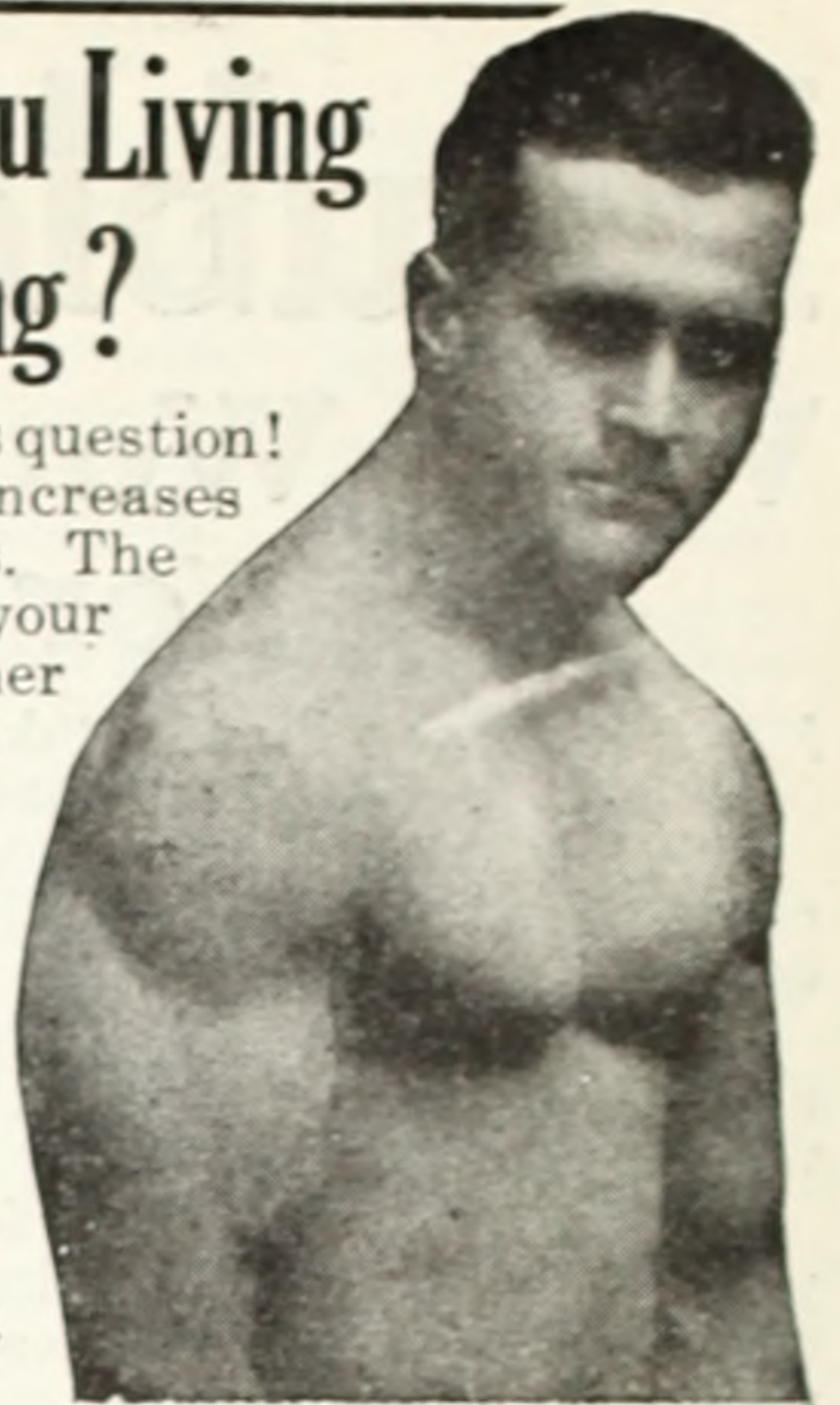
Send For This Book

If you really want to learn to draw, send for "A Road to Bigger Things." It describes the Federal Master Course and shows how it will develop your originality while teaching you the technical details of cartooning. Through the Federal Course you get the composite experience of more than forty of the greatest cartoonists and artists for your personal use. Send six cents today for your copy of this book. Be sure to state your age and present occupation.

Federal School of Applied Cartooning
098 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn.

Are You Living or Dying?

Answer this question! Life either increases or decreases. The tissues of your body are either growing stronger and multiplying or are being devoured by the millions of germs lying within you, ready to become active just as soon as your vitality weakens.



Earle Liederman The Acme of Physical Perfection

Exercise Means Increased Life

Daily exercise builds up and increases the tissues. It puts the entire lungs into action, making better blood, quickens the activity of the other vital organs, throwing off the hidden germs and filling the whole man with renewed life, vigor and ambition. Exercise then means increased life, while the lack of it causes a weakened internal as well as external body which slowly but surely spells DEATH.

Be Properly Guided

The enthusiasm and sudden desire for the riches of perfect health and a powerful muscular physique have led some men without investigation to adopt the first method of physical development which presents itself—this is a fatal mistake. Food means nourishment, but some foods do more harm than good. Certain courses of exercise cause hardening of the arteries, a weakened heart and other dire results. Physicians claim that the Liederman method strengthens the heart and generally improves the entire organic system. Come then, let this day mean the beginning of new life to YOU.

Send for My New Book "Muscular Development"

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 709, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 709, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Popularity Follows the UKULELE

If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We give you a genuine Ukulele. Absolutely Free, with an inexpensive course of lessons. No extras! Ukulele, music, etc., free! Write at once for free narrative of Hawaiian music and offer. No obligation! Send now!
The Hawaiian Institute of Music
1400 Broadway, Dept. 52-A, New York

Learn How to Write Short Stories

There is a big demand for short stories, photoplays and feature articles. You can learn how to write at home in spare time. Jack London said so. He and other great writers have endorsed our home study course. The course is fascinating and takes only a few of your spare hours.

Write for Free Book and details of our Limited Introductory offer. No obligation.
HOOSIER INSTITUTE, S. S. Dept. 1726 Ft. Wayne, Indiana

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 player. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted.
WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOK
Quinn Conservatory, Studio Pl, 598 Columbia Road, BOSTON 25, MASS.

FOR THE HIGHEST PRICES send us false teeth, old and broken jewelry, platinum, diamonds, watches, old gold, silver, War Bonds and Stamps. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied.
Ohio Smelting & Refining Co., 204 Lennox Bldg., Cleveland, O.

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.



Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. Real teaching.

One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish The Writer's Library, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish The Writer's Monthly, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 20 cents, annual subscription \$2.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. Please Address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 95, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904



Music Lessons

UNDER MASTER TEACHERS

At Home

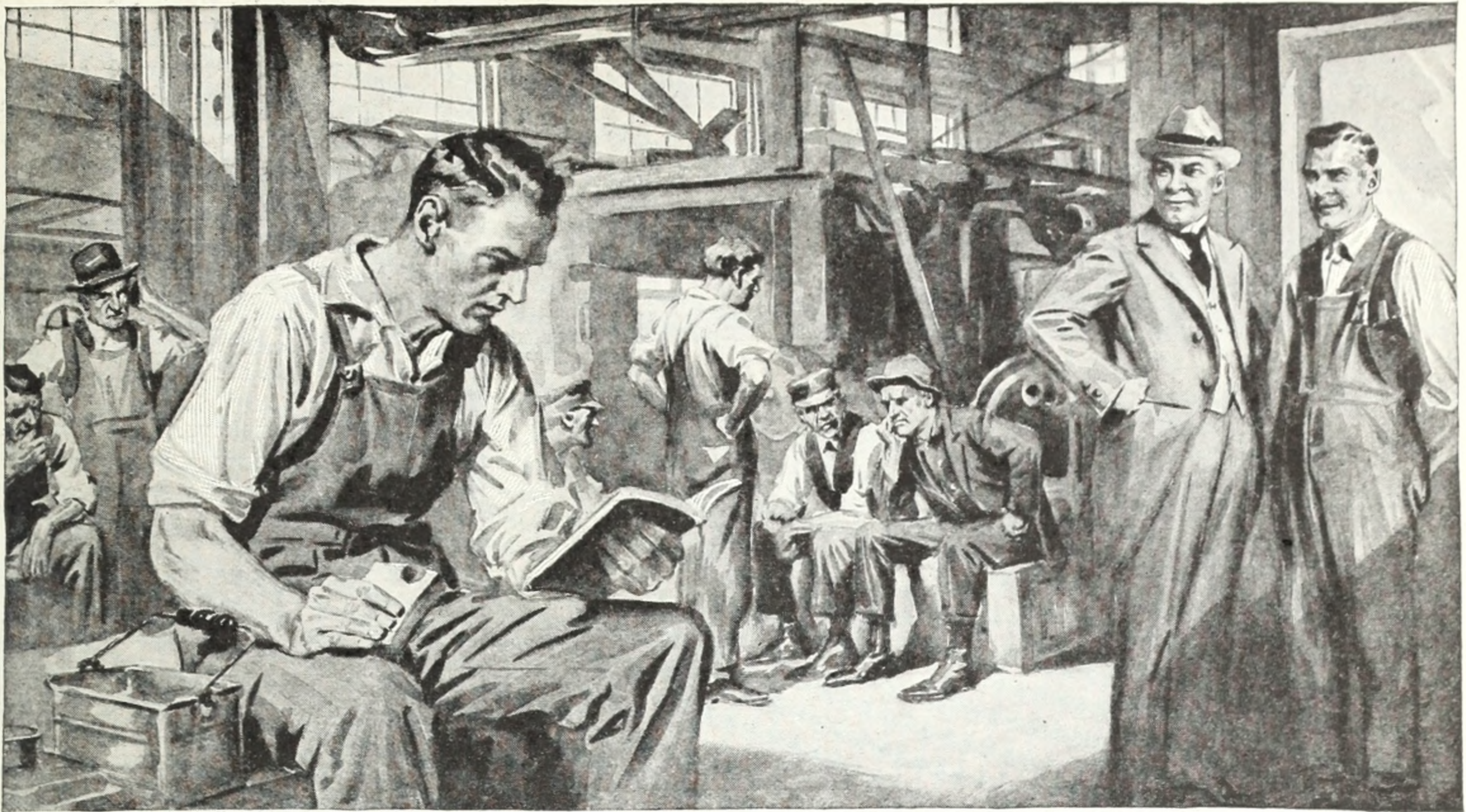
A Complete Conservatory Course

By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
108 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Home Study Course in SPANISH

Salesmen, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Stenographers, can increase their earning power thru a knowledge of Commercial Spanish. The South American field, now opening up on a tremendous scale, offers splendid inducements to men and women who understand Spanish. The LaSalle Home Training Course gives you a mastery of Spanish in a surprisingly short time. Instruction can be carried on during your spare time without interference with regular work. Every week you let hours slip away in which you could easily learn Spanish and qualify for a responsible position with some large American exporting firm desirous of increasing their Latin-American business. Write for catalog completely describing our Home Study Plan and the opportunities open to those having a knowledge of Commercial Spanish.
LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 9302-S Chicago
"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"



“Keep Your Eye on Jim!”

“It’s not alone what a man does *during* working hours, but *outside* of working hours—that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they’re at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they’ll always be just that—ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.

“But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won’t stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He’ll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he’ll get there, because he’s the kind of man we want in this firm’s responsible positions. You can always depend on a man like Jim.

“Every important man in this plant won out in the same way. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The factory superintendent was at a lathe a few years ago. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

“All these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

“That’s why I say that Jim there is one of our future executives. Keep your eye on him. Give him every chance—he’ll make good!”

Employers everywhere are looking for men who really want to get ahead. If you want to make more money, show your employer that you’re trying to be *worth* more money. If you want more responsibility, show him you’re willing to *prepare* yourself for it.

For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes after supper, or whenever they had a little time to spare. More than two million have stepped up in just this way. More than 110,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without making *your* start toward something better? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligation, mark and mail this coupon. It’s a little thing that takes but a moment, but it’s the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 6524, SCRANTON, PA.

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

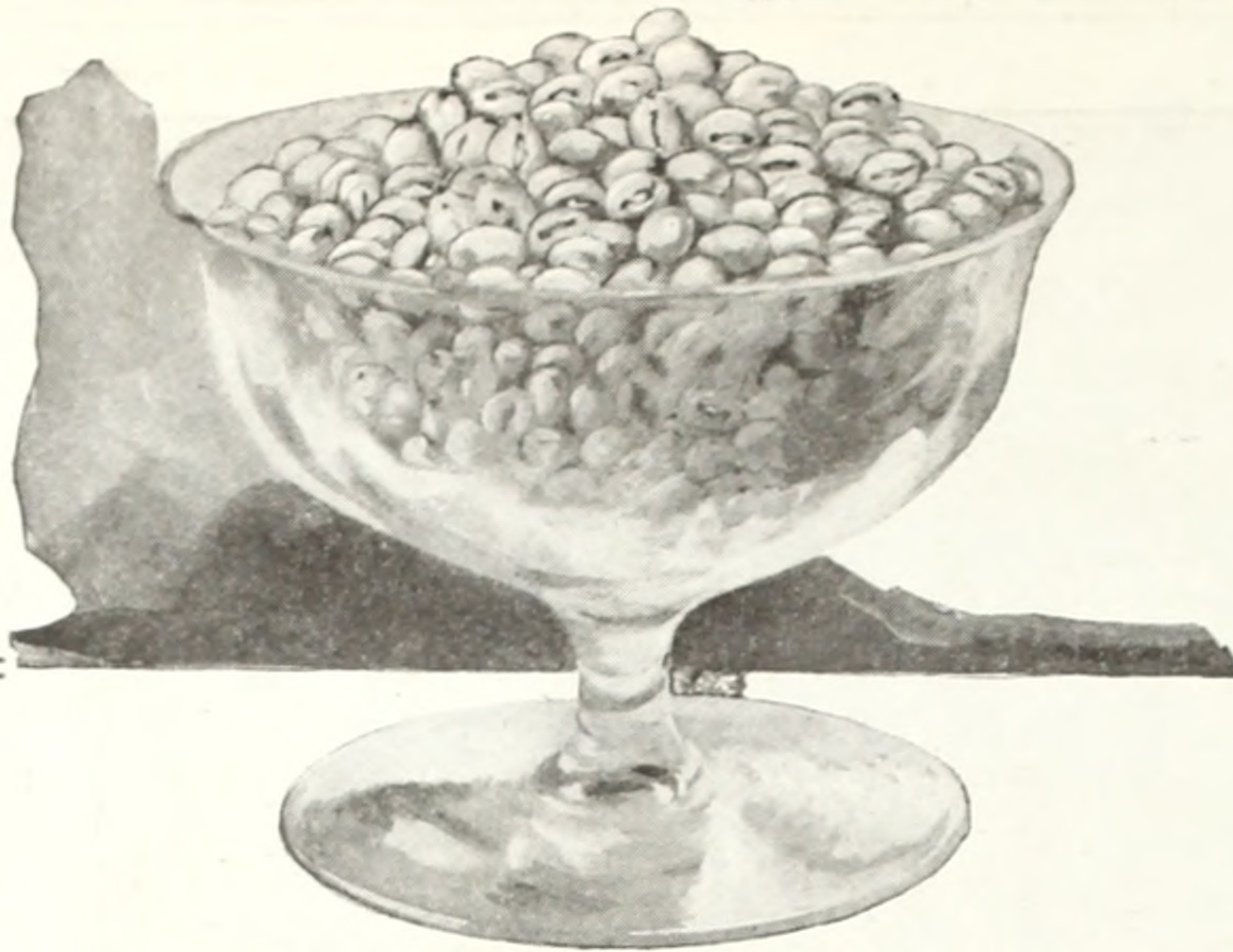
- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input 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 ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public 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"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____



A thousand separate joys

Each serving dish of Puffed grains contains a thousand separate joys.

Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each, blasting every food cell.

The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut-meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

Yet, these are the utmost in scientific foods. Two are whole grains, with every food cell fitted to digest. They are the foods that children like best, and the best foods they can get.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat, the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



The new pancakes

Now we have Puffed Rice Pancake Flour, self-raising, mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice flour tastes like nut-flour, and it makes the pancakes fluffy. This new mixture makes the finest pancakes that you ever tasted. Try it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Studio Directory

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

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

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

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

Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

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

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

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

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.

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

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

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

Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.;

Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.;

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

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

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

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

SELZNICK PICTURES



SELZNICK PICTURES

CREATE HAPPY HOURS

TO secure these stars who have won your favor was only half the battle.

But the battle for picture supremacy has been won by presenting these stars in productions exactly suited to their individual talents.

Selznick Stars are all different—Selznick Pictures are all distinctive.



Your complexion tells a story to the world

HOW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant—you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm.

Don't let your skin tell a story of neglect or thoughtless habits. Even if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have, you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls' complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, if given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

Special treatments for every type of skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and

use the treatment for your individual type of skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," then a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Hoover

SYLVIA BREMER, born the daughter of a British ship's commander, came from Australia and is now gracing our films. And she proves that she is an internationally-minded young woman by her subtle facility in any kind of exacting role.



Northland Studios

WE have lost one of our most charming leading women—but gained a new star. Wanda Hawley, who has been the partner of Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn in screen domestic dramas, seems to have found herself as a light comedienne.



Charlotte Fairchild

ROBERTA ARNOLD first scored on the stage in "Upstairs and Down" and is now repeating that success in "Adam and Eva." A gifted girl with a sense of humor, she is, besides, the wife of one of the screen's best bets—Herbert Rawlinson.



Stagg

THAT tragic child from old Fine Arts; Bessie Love, has blossomed into a star. The debutante boss of her own company, she is doing the sort of thing she likes best: tales of young love in its most refreshing and humorous aspect.



Evans

IRENE RICH is the wholesome young woman you have seen with Will Rogers. She's the sort of a girl who always makes Will feel—just before the satisfying final fadeout—that sometimes it is decidedly worth while to be a homely man.



Evans

DOROTHY DEVORE of Christie is an apt illustration of the new era in screen comedy. She never wears a one-piece bathing suit, and seldom serves as a target for custards—yet somehow or other you always like to see her pictures.



ENID BENNETT has formed her own company, and so has her director-husband, Fred Niblo. Enid's progress—since she first appeared in celluloid for Thomas Ince—has been a record of real achievement. We have Australia to thank for her.



Evans

YOU may have wondered why any girl with more than her share of beauty and charm should want to be a good actress. Go to see May Allison and find out. Do you remember her as leading woman for the late Harold Lockwood?

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII

September, 1920

No. 4

Great Themes—Great Photoplays

NO photoplay can be greater than its theme.

In the age-old discussion as to the comparative merits of story, acting and direction, the story has won its rightful first place, but the time has come when we are thinking back of the story—or beyond it, as you choose.

“Theme” does not mean “sermon.” Dramas primarily intended as ethical lessons usually fail, as they should. Unless an artistic work intrigues the senses—to put it more plainly, unless it entertains—it is not an artistic work at all.

The themes of the photoplays that have been memorable, from “Stella Maris” to “The Miracle Man,” from “The Birth of a Nation” to “Madame X,” have been based on the deep-down things which are every man’s inheritance; the simple things which it takes neither book-learning nor artful accomplishment to appreciate and comprehend.

American life, we admit, was once lived too easily, too superficially. But we are no longer a childishly happy, snugly contented nation; we are a nation in manhood as resolute as it is restless, bearing our share of the world’s burdens and sorrows, as well as partaking of its fruits of victory.

The day is past when we can consider as “good stories” many of the mechanical contraptions of young love, hero and villain, small complication, easy triumph and happiness forever, which were, quite honestly, “good stories” yesterday.

We have, as we said, gone beyond childish things, and as men and women reaching maturity we see that the fundamentals, the greatneses of life, are always simple, old things that have been with us always, even while we kicked them aside in our search for new sensations.

The trust of a child, the devotion of a mother, the faith of a wife, the grim determination of honest ambition—these are among the foundation stones of humanity, which endure unchanged from age to age, while the shallow waves of society, luxury and fashion advance and recede, and the clamor of war dies and comes again and dies once more.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Constance danced her way to recognition, then became the satisfying ingénue.

The Day of the DEB

Youth is being served
in the persons of Constance
and Faire Binney

By ARABELLA BOONE



And now both the Binneys are famous and

“THERE they are!” exclaimed the woman with the red hat, in Delmonico’s, “over there, at the corner table. Constance is the older—but they look almost the same age, don’t they? No—you’d never dream they were actresses. They don’t look at *all* theatrical. Such *nice* girls—the Boston Binneys, my dear!”

Conjuring a mental vision of two nice little girls who never tore their frocks, never got their faces dirty, never had to be told to wear their rubbers in bad weather—one is given a most distressing portrait of those bantams, the Binneys. Now listen:

Two little girls from Boston went on the stage. One of them danced her way to recognition; then, when it had come, stopped dancing and became the satisfying and never saccharine ingénue of a perfectly nice play written by another New England lady. The other little girl followed in her footsteps and found a place, too. And then both of them came to the screen—because all little girls from Boston who go on the stage must come to the screen eventually. And they came to be known by people—perfect strangers—to whom they had never been introduced; and the mailbox of the New England home in the East Sixties in New York began to receive letters from others than intimate friends and polite creditors and relations.

And now the debutante or even sub-deb Binneys—at very early ages indeed—are famous. And Constance, the first little girl, who danced, is a film star whose face is known from

the Atlantic to Alaska; and Faire is travelling along the glory road as fast as her little feet can carry her.

It is Constance who has been the directress of the Binney destinies, who is the First Binney, the young conqueror of Manhattan. She might have been another Marilynn Miller, the idol of Mr. Ziegfeld’s costly entertainments in and on top the theater; but after a trial she decided she didn’t like it and started all over again in something different. Something different proved to be “39 East.” That she made good in it, is attested to by the fact that she has just returned from a lengthy season “on the road” with it, and is soon to do it in pictures.

She came home to the transplanted Boston household with a plain cold. I didn’t know stars ever had plain colds; but Constance said she had and then proved her place among the immortals by tilting a nose that was not red, and using a voice that was not muffled. You have to be a Boston Back-Bay Binney to do that.

“I was in Chicago,” she said quite clearly, “the guest of honor at a ladies’ luncheon. All very nice ladies, you understand. But fancy having to eat a quantity of food for which

you have no appetite and answer a lot of questions that are silly, anyhow! Women who have seen perhaps one moving picture will ask me how it feels to be a movie actress and don't I have a queer feeling when I see myself on the screen. And others will wonder if I use make-up and does my director beat me. Women," concluded Constance, "who have nothing to do, and pity me because I *have* something to do! It is hard to imagine an idle existence. I couldn't live without work."

JUST a little past twenty, she has only been working for a very few years—but, by youthful nerve and verve she has climbed until she is very near to that shining thing called Success. It wasn't "pull" that got her there; it wasn't the family name or fortune—it was young Constance herself, who, bubbling over with optimism of the less offensive sort, and inspired by her own good spirits and good looks, stormed the defiant citadels of theatrical Manhattan and emerged a tiny Winged Victory—with two perfectly good and perfectly beautiful arms.

Constance says—and believes—that the day of the youthful actress, the actress of unspoiled viewpoint and wholesome philosophy, is here.

"You don't have to be a tragedy queen to succeed nowadays, necessarily," she says, "or you don't have to be a comedienne of the kind the press-agents call 'sparkling.' The young girl of today who possesses a fair amount of good looks and talent

child, the screen, are still uncharted seas, in which she will be, she is sure, an entirely original Columbus.

Faire should be called Fritzi all the time because of the nose that in Susie Jones of Sioux City would be called a snub; because of her short refractory hair, which she is permitting to grow again; because Constance is always correcting her impulsive "sure" to a more sedate "surely"; because her mother tells her to pull down the skirt of that tight short dress when she sits down—and finally because she has a penchant for personal dignity which even Constance's kidding and the playful puppy of the Binney menage cannot ruffle.

I HAVE heard of actresses looking for engagements, but I never heard of so many engagements looking for one actress. Faire was in demand, but because of her extreme youth some shrewd gentleman hoped to put something over on her. He reckoned without Faire, who seems to be the business woman of the family. (Mrs. Grey, their mother, is artistic, but not financially shrewd, I suspect. She may understand Chopin but not contracts. Constance isn't exactly what you would call business-like, for all her youthful wisdom.)

Faire believes, with the quite correct self-confidence of her years, that she is going to mean something in pictures some day—and her next contract will be stellar or nothing. If I know Faire, it will be stellar.

(Continued on page 116)

Faire followed in Constance's footsteps and found a popular place, too.



both have played with John Barrymore.

and common-sense who wants to win recognition on the stage or in pictures—with circumstances being fairly favorable—should not find it hard to do so. It's youth they want—natural and unspoiled youth."

Well, anyway, Constance ought to know.

She has the composure of middle-age but hardly the sophistication. She is naive as well as poised. She superintended the entrance of Faire into the theater, but Faire, in her short apprenticeship, has become shrewder and more sophisticated than Constance will ever be. Both provide in their joint career one of those wonderful and simple chronicles of conquering youth whose struggles have been easy to meet because the prospective rewards have seemed so great. To Constance, the stage has become a pleasant and profitable way of earning a luxurious living. To Faire, the theater and its step-



Photo by Albee

Marsh and Company

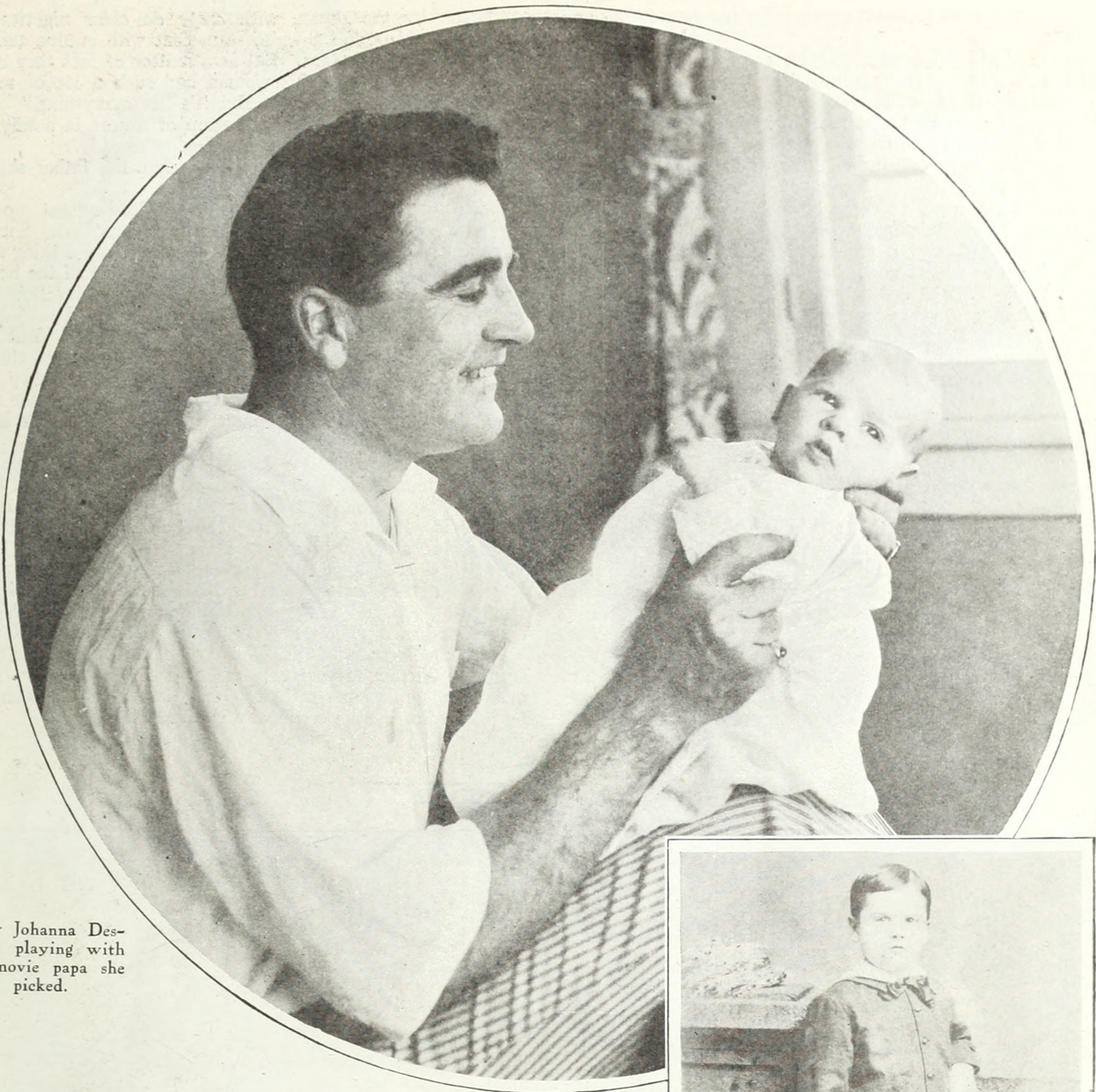
OF course there is only one Mae Marsh—but did you know there also are a Leslie Marsh and a Mildred Marsh? Mae followed her big sister Marguerite into films; and now her own cousin Leslie and her younger sister Mildred are following *Mae* in! Just before Mrs. L. L. Arms—to speak of Mae in formal fashion—left for the Coast to begin her first picture since the arrival of little Mary Marsh Arms, Mildred decided that beaux and dates and lessons were all a bore—that she would simply expire if she didn't do a picture. You see, Mildred had acted in several pictures with Mae, and was not new to the camera. So when Dorothy Gish was looking for a maid of honor—for the wedding scene in "Remodelling Her Husband"—Mildred applied; and being a chum of Dorothy, got the job. And Leslie, who is a very little girl indeed, played the flower-girl. Mildred is a beautiful blonde with gray eyes and red-gold hair and an ingratiating giggle—she looks like Mae. Some day we may have two more Marsh stars—well, the more Marshes the merrier! And here they are.



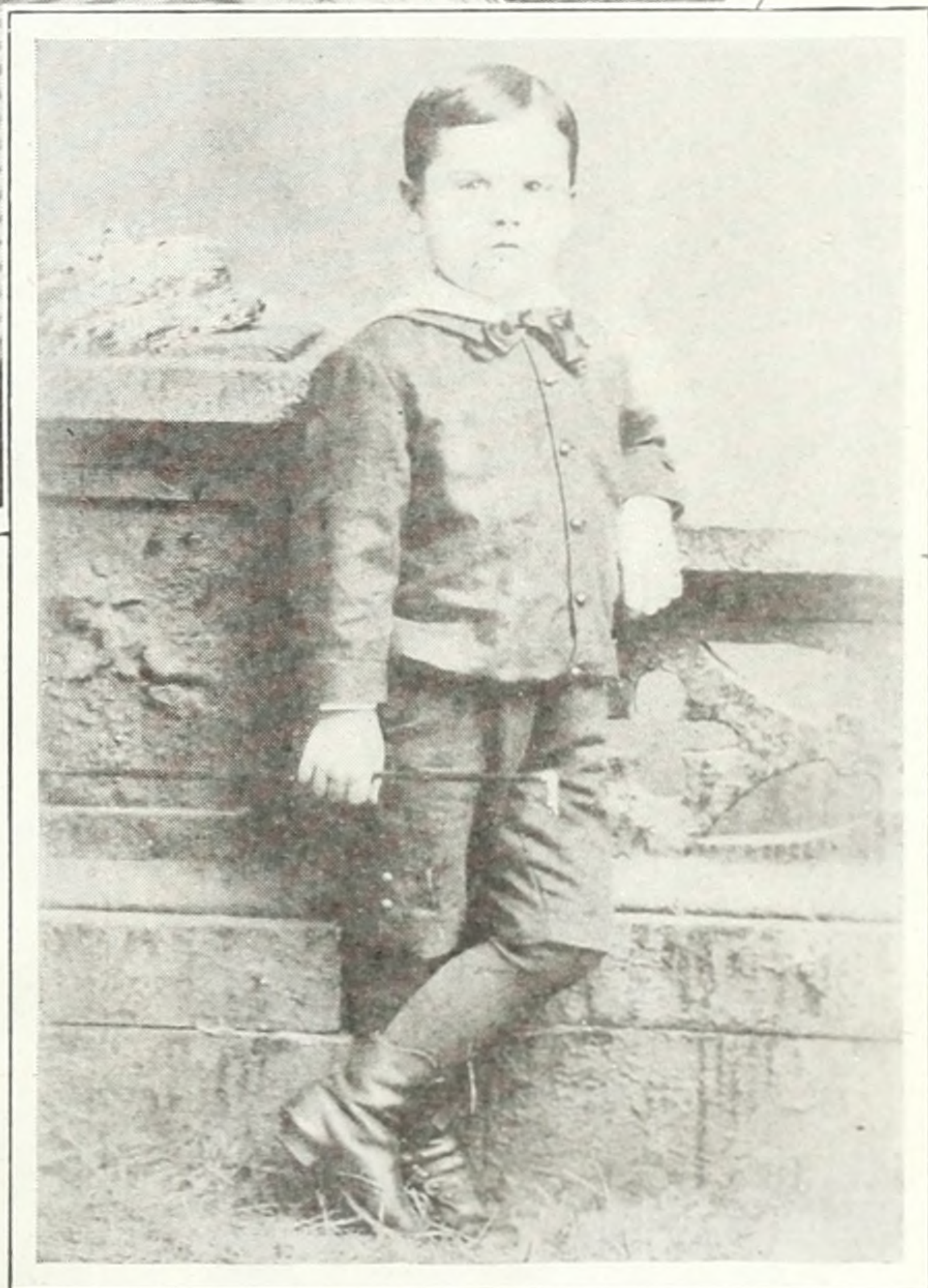
Leslie Marsh (on the left), Dorothy Gish and Mildred Marsh.



Mae Marsh Arms at work in the studio of her California home. If Mae ever tires of acting, she can always earn fame as a sculptress. The figures in the foreground are examples of her work.



Mary Johanna Desmond playing with the movie papa she picked.



When Bill was quite a youngster himself.

An Interview with a Baby

Future applicants
for infants should read what this new
arrival has to say.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"Is this the William Desmond residence?" I asked respectfully.

"Yes, miss," said the butler.

"I wish," said I, "to see Miss Mary Desmond."

The butler raised his eyebrows until they registered well-bred surprise.

"Oh, no, miss," he corrected coldly, "I daresay it's Mrs. Desmond you want to see."

"Oh, no indeed," I said positively, though I am rather afraid of butlers, "Miss Desmond, Miss Mary Johanna Desmond."

She was curled up like a pink kitten in a rosebud bassinet that absolutely frothed with lace and frills and ribbons. I think she was taking a wee nap, but when I approached she opened one blue eye and cocked it up at me inquiringly. Then she opened the other and smiled—actually—and such a toothless, companionable, interesting smile you never saw.

The butler had disappeared. The nurse, in her white apron and perky cap, was sitting in the next room. We had things quite to ourselves, Miss Mary Johanna Desmond and I.

"Tell me, Mary Johanna," I began softly, "how in the

world did you happen to select movie folks for your father and mother?"

"Well," said Mary Johanna, taking a comfortable wet thumb out of a mouth that curled up into dimples at the corners, "if you really want to know, I'll tell you all about it."

"Of course I want to know," I said impatiently. "Why do you think I climbed up to the top of this mountain if it wasn't to ask you that very question? Lots of babies all over the world will be interested."

The day I got ready to come down here, about five weeks ago," began Mary Johanna, wriggling one pink toe in an infinitesimal bootie until it stuck out from beneath the pink silk quilt that was tucked about her, "there were a lot of applications. While I'm the last person in the world to talk about myself, I dare say I could almost have had my pick. Everybody up there in Babyland thought I ought to do very well, there's such a demand for pretty girl babies with curly hair and blue eyes and dimples.

"Personally, I never could see why there's such a crush for the pretty babies. We're asleep so darn much of the time, and the pretty ones grow up ugly oftener than not. And I can tell you the second time they send up, they're much more fussy about the disposition and the comfortableness than they are about the looks."

And Mary Johanna chortled gleefully.

"Why, there was even a Princess sent for. Of course Princesses aren't up to what they used to be, but this was quite a good one, very secure in a social way, and not so apt to get kicked out as some. That wasn't bad, you know. But still, in some ways it's a great handicap. While you're a great swell, nobody takes much time to love you, and after a while they marry you off to just anybody and I shouldn't like that. I'm a great believer in marriage through choice myself.

"There was one woman who wrote most of her application about the layette. It certainly sounded luscious. Everything

handmade by the dozen, with *crepe de chine* nighties and Italian silk shirts and a white satin coat with ermine tails on it. I nearly fell for that. But as a matter of fact they aren't half so comfortable. This woman had such a lot of money and money is nice, isn't it? But it's not everything."

Mary Johanna wrinkled her button of a nose in a way that I knew she had caught from her Daddy already.

"To tell the truth, though, I didn't like the father she had picked out for me.

"Then there was a famous suffrage leader sent up and wanted a girl. My goodness, she wanted one bad. She had its college all picked out, too. But she didn't say a thing about looks and it seemed such a good chance for one of the homely girls. Besides, we slipped in a boy, too, just to see how she'd take it. We didn't want her to get narrow-minded.

"There were several nice—just average ones, too. But some were poor and some were dull and some had a lot of children already. Everybody in Babyland said I had a pretty good disposition, but still I'm not goody-goody like Angel nor noble like Baby Bunting, to stand poverty and having other babies use my things.

"I just couldn't stand a family where they shoved you off in a silly, tame old nursery where you had to look at a blank wall all day, and never had any excitement or gossip or saw any people. Heavens, don't they think a baby ever gets bored? Not talking all that first year makes it even worse. That's one thing I adored about this place—the nursery.

"Look at these sweet walls, with all the stories and pictures about Bo-Peep and Little Miss Muffet and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. See the lovely birdies and butterflies.

"One couple sounded nice, but they were awfully young and I was afraid they wouldn't know how to bring me up. There wasn't any grandmother there, either, and I couldn't think of a place where there weren't any grandmothers."

(Continued on page 111)



Gone Completely to the Bow-wows

These little pigs will some day go to market to buy Gladys Brockwell's poor dogs some bones. But right now the squealers seem quite content to hog the camera, from their privileged position in Gladys' floppy hat.

Miss Brockwell owns a ranch out near Los Angeles that she calls "Dog Heaven." It gets its name from a two acre plot in the center of her land. In honor of Hobo I., who was killed in France, Miss Brockwell has devoted this patch as a permanent abode for all unloved and unwanted dogs of whatever previous position in society. Any dog is accepted and no questions asked. Hobo I. was the father of Hobo II., seen in the picture, the largest Airedale in the world.

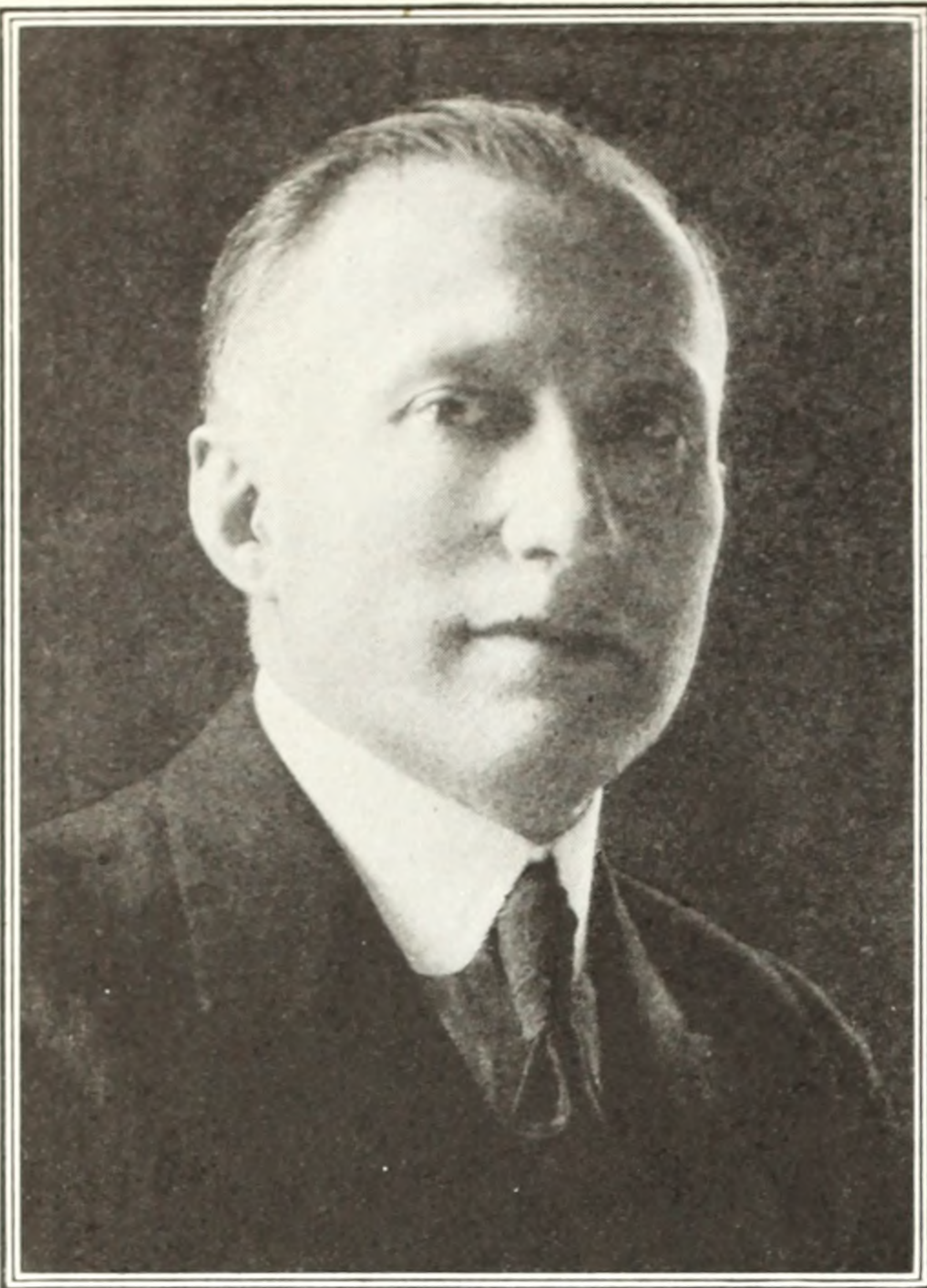


She Changed Her Coiffure



ALL those disputes as to whether Gloria Swanson's oriental head-dresses or Gloria Swanson herself is responsible for that young star's success, will be settled as soon as this page is in circulation. Take one look at the picture directly above. Yes—that's Gloria—but not the Gloria of the peacock coiffure and Far-Eastern gowns. Remember when she smoothed her hair back in "Why Change Your Wife?" She completes the transformation in Cecil DeMille's "Something to Think About"—a new problem-play of purpose rather than passion; sincerity, not sex. Those lovely beckoning eyes are sunken; those smooth cheeks hollow; while that coiffure—there's nothing left of it at all. Now that Gloria has successfully settled the argument as to her acting, we hope she'll keep right on in gowns like that at the upper left—a mole-skin affair with ermine tails and the usual glittering train. You see the real Gloria at the left, below, with Elliott Dexter in a scene from the picture which marks Mr. Dexter's screen return after his long illness—and Gloria's last appearance before her temporary retirement as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn.

Their Beginnings



Photograph by Apeda

HORATIO ALGER'S newsboys who became great men and millionaires single handed have nothing on the gentlemen on this page, from the heart of our own little motion picture industry. Take Adolph Zukor, for instance, president of Famous Players. He counts the week lost in which he does not sign up somebody for a million or so. He began life the son of poor parents in Hungary. At 16 he arrived alone at our shores, got a first job sweeping fur scraps out of a fur store, invented a patent fur snap, saved money enough to go into the Penny Arcade business, and from that to the pictures was only a matter of time.



WILLIAM FOX will always have the cloth sponging business to fall back on if films ever go completely out of style. His first couple of dollars a week were earned sponging cloth on the lower East Side of New York. From workman he gradually progressed to owner of the establishment. His start in films was as organizer of a film rental company. Dissatisfaction with the kind of films he got from producing companies was the little acorn from which sprouted the idea of making pictures for himself by himself. The branches of the Fox Film Corporation now spread all over the world.



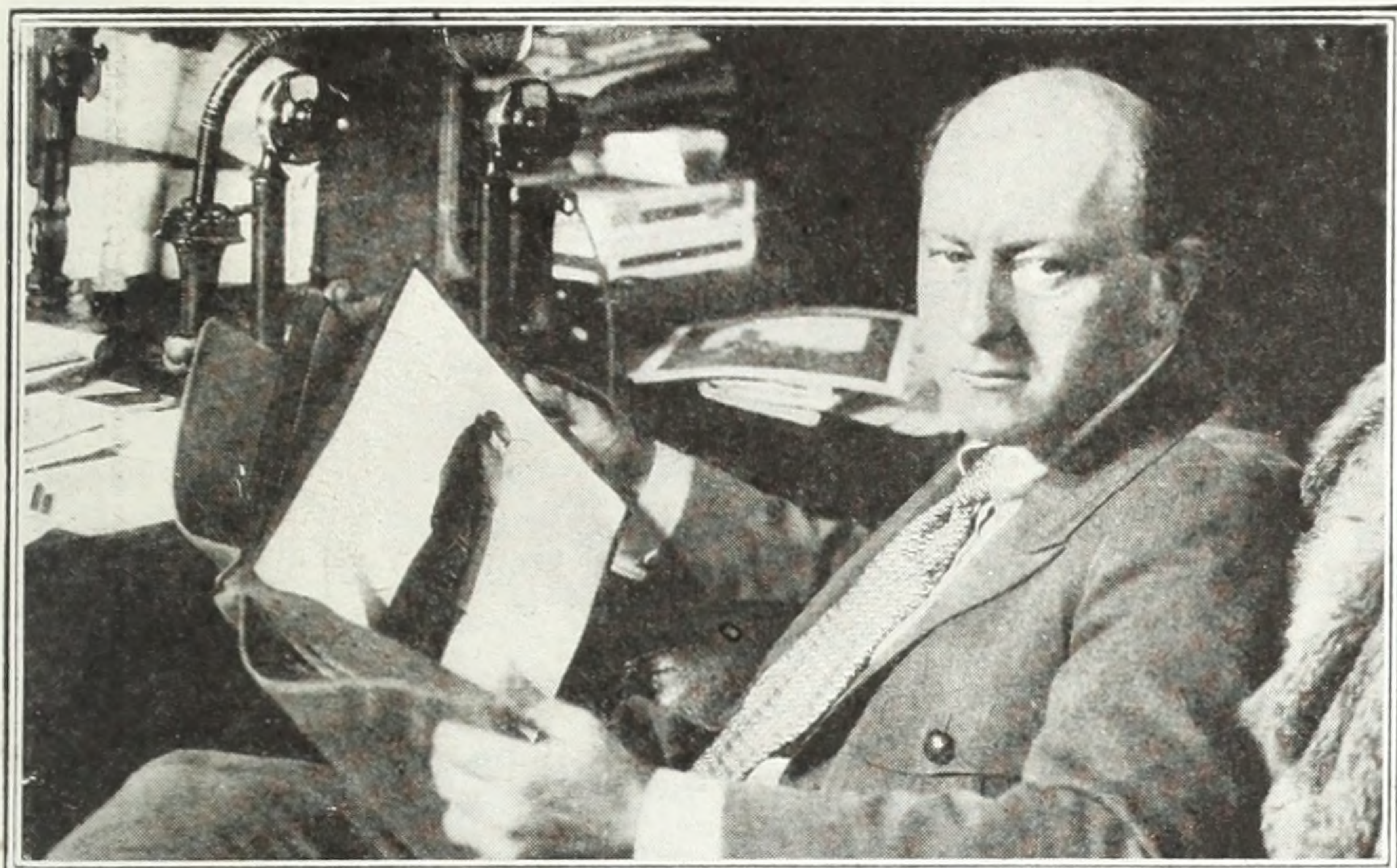
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, when a mere boy, was a canvasser for the "Baptist Weekly" and covered the hills of Kentucky in quest of subscribers. Born near Louisville Mr. Griffith found it necessary to "go to work" at an early age, as his family with many thousands of others never really recovered from the impoverishment following the Civil War. From his job as reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal he entered the theatrical profession, and it is interesting to note that he earned \$5 a day as an actor at the Biograph before he became the chief director there!



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

PAIRING gloves in a glove factory may not be such exciting work as chimney sweeping, but it offers as many opportunities to a bright boy to climb up in the world. Samuel Goldwyn found so much time to think as he measured glove tips as a boy that pretty soon he thought himself something better to do. At 38 today he is head of a several million dollar corporation bearing his name and he tells Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rex Beach and Maurice Maeterlinck what sort of picture stories he'd like to have them write, and Will Rogers, Mabel Normand and Madge Kennedy how he'd like to have them act.

If Zukor was store sweeper, and
DeMille a carriage washer,
perhaps there's a chance for you.



CECIL B. DE MILLE'S father was a partner of David Belasco and a playwright, but that didn't keep Cecil from going to work early. He quit school and went into the army before he was 18, but his mother didn't think the army was the place for a boy destined to become one of the motion picture industry's snappiest directors. She exposed his age, and the army authorities did the rest. This made her son so mad that he started washing carriages in Jersey out of revenge. Later on he went to art school and college for a while. Now, with a corps of able assistants, he thinks up titles like "Why Change Your Wife?"

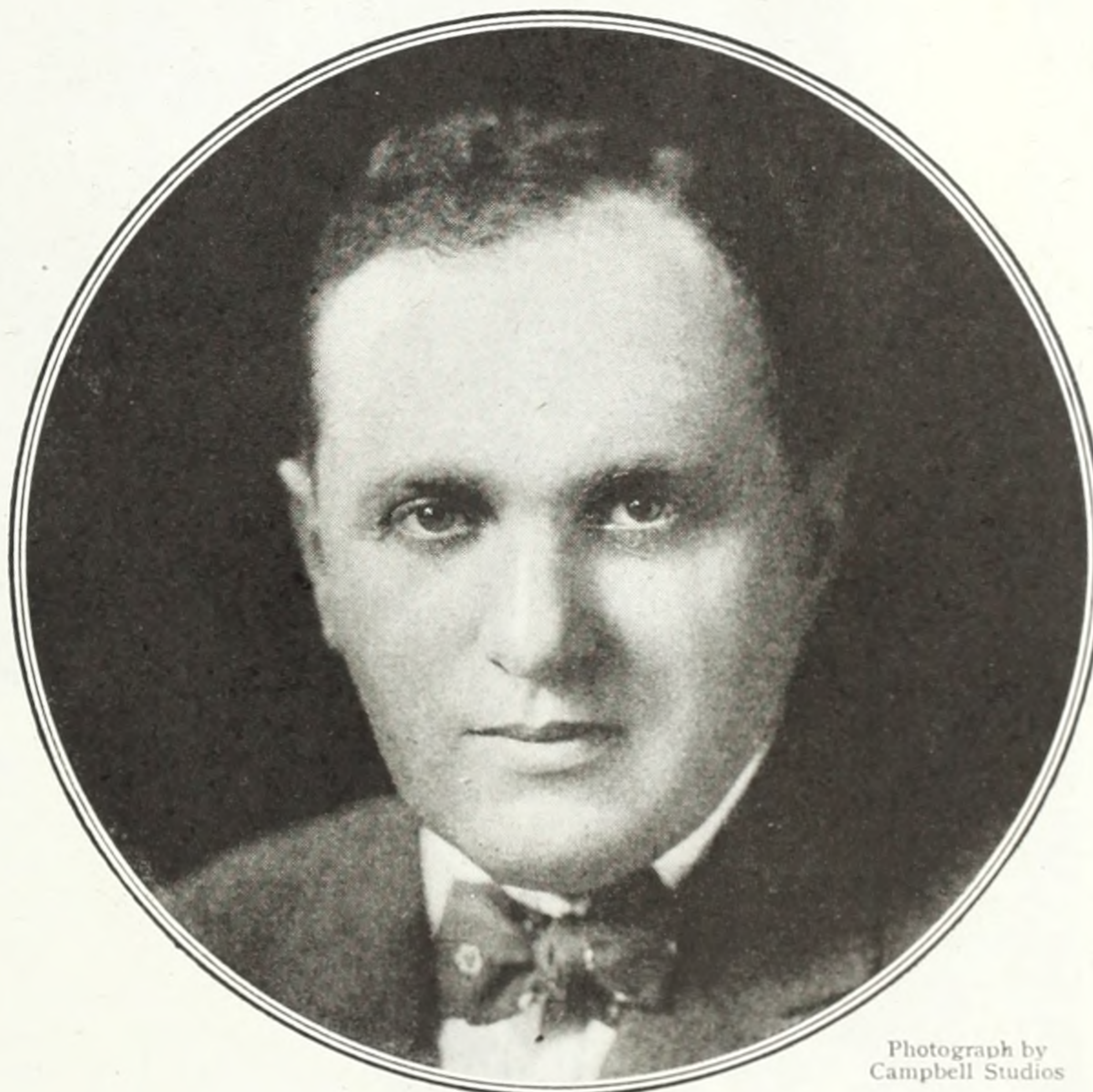


Photograph by Campbell Studios

THE first job of Richard A. Rowland, president of the Metro Pictures Corporation, at the age of twelve was as his father's assistant in a Pittsburgh theater playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From his post in the gallery, center, young Dick was required to keep his calcium trained on Eliza while she kept ahead of the leashed blood hounds. When he was eighteen his father died, and the young man drifted to motion pictures. He then struck up a partnership with J. B. Clarke, starting a system of exchanges in a small way, laying the foundation of the chain of motion picture theaters they now control.



J. D. WILLIAMS, Manager of the First National Exhibitor's Circuit and Associated First National Pictures Inc., started his meteoric flight toward fame and fortune in the motion picture art by practicing the motions of a grocery clerk taking and filling orders for beans, sugar, eggs and stick candy in a store at Parkersburg, W. Va. His entry into the motion picture world consisted in his chartering the curtain of the local motion picture theater, and soliciting ads. He eventually became ticket chopper, assistant doorman, usher, operator and eventually manager of the said local movie before he became a film broker.



Photograph by Campbell Studios

SAMUEL L. ROTHAPFEL—in other words "Roxy"—was a cash boy in a store at 13. But he wouldn't stay put. So he joined the marines, became a book agent, sold insurance and eventually found himself bartender at Forest City, Pa., where he became father of de luxe presentation in motion picture theaters. He believed that pictures set to good music and artistically presented would be worth more money. He tried it out in the dance hall back of the saloon and quit bar tending. His idea later brought him to Broadway, where he is recognized as the peer of picture showmen. He presides over the Capitol.



Mrs. Morgan Belmont is American society's first contribution to films. She is seen here, at the left, with Lillian Gish, whom she met when both were appearing in Griffith's "Way Down East."



Was Mrs. Belmont "up-stage"? She was not. She made a friend of every member of the company from Lillian Gish—center—to Pete Props. Mrs. Belmont at the right.

Society in the Films

A FRIEND called the residence of Mrs. Morgan Belmont, prominent member of that exclusive circle known as "the four hundred" in New York society.

Mrs. Belmont's butler informed the friend that Madame was out. "Madame is working today," he said.

"What?" gasped the friend at the other end of the wire, "working?"

"At the David Wark Griffith Film Studios," came the urbane voice of the family servitor.

There was something sounding like a muffled, well-bred shriek from the other party; a receiver clicked—that's all.

It was almost as bad as the scion of an aristocratic family going in for trade! Friends couldn't believe it. Other people, not so fashionable but no less skeptical, branded the announcement from the Griffith offices that "Mrs. Morgan Belmont is appearing in 'Way Down East'" as a press-story. But it proved to be true. Mrs. Belmont is working in "Way Down East," playing the part of the Boston society woman; Mrs. Belmont is made-up every morning and on the set at eight o'clock and often works until midnight. What's more, Mrs. Belmont loves pictures and says she intends to go in for them. What do you think of that?

A queen was Griffith's star and innumerable Countesses and Duchesses and Ladies have posed for his camera in England. But American royalty never capitulated to the lure of the camera until Mrs. Belmont set the style. Now it would not surprise us to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor are to co-star in a domestic drama written especially for them; that Clarence Mackaye is going to do a race-horse story, or that

the entire Vanderbilt connection is appearing in a serial written by Mercedes D'Acosta, direction of George Gould, with artistic effects by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Society's first contribution to films was Margaret Andrews, daughter of Paul Andrews, distinguished millionaire of New York and Newport, before she married Morgan Belmont, son of August Belmont. She has an enviable position in that upper strata so-called "society;" she has wealth; she could spend her time in London as the house-guest of half the nobility if she had a mind to; she can live in Manhattan or she can pack up her jewels and take one of her many motor-cars to her luxurious "country" place on Long Island. But Mrs. Belmont says she is having a better time working in pictures than she ever had in her life before, although the hours are long and the rehearsals hard.

A great admirer of Mr. Griffith, she proved herself a particularly apt pupil under his guidance, acting with the greatest ease and naturalness. The assembled company watched her with ill-concealed curiosity. What would she be like? Would she be "up-stage?" Would she hold herself aloof from the regular thespian strugglers or ignore them completely?

She would not!

She met them all. She became a friend of Lillian Gish, playing *Anna Moore*, the little country girl who comes to the Boston lady's house. Mrs. Belmont learned that Lillian possessed as much dignity and charm as any New York or Newport debutante, and infinitely more brains than some. She liked to talk to her; asked her many questions about her work.

(Continued on page 103)

Peter Crandall, the son of wealth, grasped the slender arms of the manicurist and ex-laundry worker in his two strong hands.



The Misfit Wife

By NANON BELOIS

The story of a girl who
made herself wanted.

IN a way you could not blame Peter Crandall's mother, nor his sister Edith, nor his brother-in-law, Henry Gilsey. Neither could you blame Dr. Merton, the family physician, nor the household butler, for the part they played in trying to keep Peter and his wife apart.

All of them—even Peter Crandall himself up till the time he met Katie—were victims of an inherited attitude toward life—the attitude that dominated Gilcrest, their home, and that dominated the other homes like Gilcrest, which, solemn, enormous, terrifying in their grandeur, decorated the beautiful streets of the neighborhood.

Peter's family, for generations back, had "belonged." Peter's dowager mother made and broke aspirants for social recognition with a flourish of her lorgnette. Peter's dainty, slimly aristocratic sister had entrenched the family position still more deeply, if such a thing were possible, by marrying Henry Gilsey, a man of vast wealth, prominence, and prestige.

The feeling of superiority to all who did not move in their circle, all who did not have money, was as inbred in all of them as a distaste for red and white table cloths. And in their ways, Dr. Merton, the family physician, and the butler reflected the same snobbishness.

Peter and Gilsey, being men, and men of the world, were aware that roses even more beautiful and sweet than grew within the confines of their own social borders blew along despised lanes and in simpler meadows. But they never mentioned their discoveries at Gilcrest.

Even Peter's utter worthlessness, his selfishness, his absolute lack of serious purpose were excused in the society in which he had grown up. He was young. There was time for him to sow his wild oats. When he was settled down there would be plenty of young women, rich young women of the most exquisite bringing up and breeding, who would welcome him, not only for what the Crandall name meant in society, but for Peter himself. Peter was abominably good looking. Peter was fascinating. There were many hearts in the vicinity of Gilcrest that sighed for dashing Peter Crandall.

And Peter went out and threw away all this family glory and position. Peter put a knife in the hearts of his mother and sister Edith and disturbed the snug complacency of his sister's husband.

Peter married a manicurist—a manicurist from Paris, Wyoming! And her name was Katie—Katie Malloy!

IT happened logically enough. One morning Peter did not show up at the breakfast table. Had it not been for the fact that Peter had not shown up at the breakfast table for several weeks previously, the members of his family would not have been particularly annoyed about it. As it was, Peter's inclination to late hours and dissipation and heavy sleeping it off in the mornings was beginning to get on the family's nerves.

After the meal, Gilsey went up to Peter's room. He was disgusted at what the harsh morning light, streaming in through the closed windows, revealed.

Peter, still clothed, lay in a heap on the counterpane of his bed, heavily asleep. The air was charged with the odor of stale liquor. On the floor, where it had slipped from Peter's pocket, tiny heel pointed in the air, lay a brazen gold slipper.

"Come on, old man," Gilsey said sharply, propping Peter up against the pillows. "I'm going to tell you a few things."

Henry Gilsey did tell Peter a few things, and the upshot of the whole interview was that Peter Crandall departed next day for the town of Paris, Wyoming—since Paris was the name that first met his gaze on looking at a map. He departed amidst the tears of his mother and his sister, and the earnest supplication of his brother-in-law that he buck up, make something of himself, and learn how to be a man.

Katie Malloy—like Peter Crandall and his immediate relatives—was also the victim of an inborn attitude toward life. Katie was an orphan. Her parents had been as fine and self respecting a couple as ever left the ould sod. They had left her nothing but her pride and a ready wit, and the knowledge that if you are to get anywhere in life you have to work, and work hard. Katie believed in work. She liked it. She despised everyone who avoided it.

Katie Malloy never associated with persons she considered beneath her. She was continually reading, studying and trying to get ahead. As a matter of fact, it was her ambition that brought her to Paris, Wyoming. She had gone to work in a laundry so that she might earn enough money to take up the manicuring business. She was an excellent ironer, but one day she became so interested in her "Instructions on Manicuring," which she always kept handy so that

she could snatch a few sentences here and there, that she left the iron standing on the silk shirt on which she was at work. Not even the smell of scorching fabric distracted her from her reading. But the foreman called her attention to it soon enough.

"You'll pay for this, and you'll get out. You're too smart for the laundry business," he sneered, while the other girls gathered about.

Katie Malloy looked in horror at what she had done. But no situation was too much for her long. With a maddening little twist, she put one hand saucily behind her head, and the other on her hip, and looked the foreman in the face.

"You needn't be worrying," she said. "I've been saving my money to go to Paris."

She drew several bills from a safe hiding place, threw two of them on the ironing board, took her hat and coat down from the peg on the wall, and walked out.

Katie's arrival at Paris, a few weeks later, set that dusty little town agog. No queen ever descended with more regal dignity from her throne, than our Katie, togged out in new clothes from sailor hat down to buckled slippers, stepped down from the Paris depot bus when it pulled up before the Travelers' Rest Hotel.

The Paris gentlemen who gathered about the vehicle gasped openly and unashamed, too overcome, at first, to move. Then

there was a general scramble, led by Duff Simpkins, for her suitcase and her camera. From that moment on, Duff Simpkins considered that the new "manicurist kid" was his girl. He helped her get her nook established in the corner of the lobby at the Travelers' Rest. And he saw to it, too, that none of the rough, uncouth men who crowded about her table disclosed too personal an attitude toward her, though Katie her-



Stamping angrily through the door and up to the table she denounced the card sharps and dragged the stupefied Peter to his room.

self would have disposed of them soon enough if they had tried.

KATIE was firmly established in Paris when Peter Crandall arrived. It was a case of love at first sight—on Katie's part. From her corner of the lobby she saw Peter approach the wooden desk and ask for room and bath. She heard the laughter of the men gathered about to listen to what the stranger might say, and filed through the skin on Duff Simpkins' hand as she watched. Duff demanded a kiss for the hurt. It was Duff's little way of making it clear that he would not stand for any interest in a new arrival. Katie refused the kiss, whereby Duff proceeded to take one. But as he reached out for her, he was jerked from his feet and whirled backwards to the floor over a pair of strong young shoulders. Simpkins leaped angrily to his feet again to face Peter Crandall, who looked him calmly in the eye.

"After this when I'm around, I beg you not to kiss young ladies who object. There is so little satisfaction in it. It isn't being done," Peter advised mockingly. Peter prided himself on his chivalry.

Duff reached for his gun, then changed his mind and turned on his heel, muttering all sorts of vengeance as he strode from the room.

Katie Malloy looked with undisguised rapture on the face of her defender. The other Paris gentlemen drifted out of the lobby after Duff, leaving Peter alone beside her table. He asked her many questions about herself, and Katie told him, and they were friends.

In the days that followed, Crandall might have become broken beyond all hope in the rough mining town had it not been for Katie Malloy. When he came back tired, miserable and disgusted, with blistered hands and aching feet, from his first day of shoveling dirt, Katie was there to greet him and cheer him on, and put healing lotions on his hands. When the miners and the cowboys

made fun of his city ways, she flung herself at his defense.

When she saw through the swinging doors into the bar room one night that card sharps were taking advantage of the fact that Peter had been drinking to cheat him out of his money and valuables, she stamped angrily through the door and up to the table, told the men in no uncertain terms what she thought of them, and dragged the stupified Peter to his room. There, before his eyes, she proceeded to pour out the contents of several half empty bottles.

So day by day, almost hour by hour, Crandall came to depend on the slip of a girl who was the only true ally to the cause of Peter Crandall—a cause that Peter himself had not yet learned to espouse.

She shamed him into refusing to accept money from his relatives, who, now that Peter was gone, were wiring frantically for his return or for him to permit them to send him funds. At times she pled with him to make a man of himself. At times she lashed him with her tongue and ignored him for his weaknesses. At times tenderness laved the wounds inflicted by her eagerness to make him realize the unworthiness of himself.

"Oh God," Katie would pray at night, "he's a good boy, but he hasn't had a chance at all with this fool rich family of his that wants to spoil him. Don't let him go to the dogs."

In time the girl and her prayers and the great outdoors, which is a healer and a leveler as well, did for Crandall what all the power and wealth of his family and home environment could never have done. From one who scorned work and felt himself superior to those who were born less privileged than himself, he came to see how weak and futile his life had been, how inferior he was to those who had met life honestly and with determination.

One evening he learned that Katie had advanced money for his hotel bill so that he would not be thrown out. She had told the proprietor that Crandall had given the money to her to keep for him. That was the real turning point in Crandall's career. He went to Katie's door, the proprietor's receipt in his hand. He could not find words to tell her how he felt.

"Oh, that's all right," Katie laughed. "That was only a loan. You don't need to think I was giving it to you. When you have the money handy you can pay me back."

"Mother," Peter's eyes plead with her to understand, "this is Katie, my wife. Edith, this is your new sister."



She laid her hand on Peter's arm. Her eyes were like two stars.

Up until that moment Crandall had not thought of Katie Malloy as a woman—a real, live, warm, lovable girl. He had not even thought of her as a person. But there outside her door, with her hand on his arm, and her eyes like stars looking up into his, his heart beat unevenly. Of a sudden, his inherited notions about family and breeding and wealth, which had come down to him from long lines of stern ancestors, were forgotten.

Peter Crandall, the son of wealth, without premeditation grasped the slender arms of the manicurist and ex-laundry worker in his two strong hands.

"Katie Malloy," he choked, and he was as astonished as she was when he said it, "you are going to marry me just as soon as I am worthy of you."

Katie did marry Crandall, of course. Duff Simpkins kept pretty quiet during all the preliminary days, which was a bad sign, as every one who knew Duff should have recognized.

On the evening after the wedding ceremony, when Peter and Katie returned to register as Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crandall at the Travelers' Rest, Duff Simpkins, standing near them, pretended to drop his gun. There was a loud explosion, and Peter toppled over on the floor.

Katie, as she thought it her duty to do, wired to Gilcrest that Peter had been hurt. On the next train Dr. Merton and a trained nurse left for Wyoming to fetch Peter back with them.

At the desk of the Travelers' Rest, the doctor learned the story of Peter's marriage. A few minutes later, at Peter's bedside, he was introduced to the new Mrs. Peter. Katie realized when she looked into the unsympathetic face of the Crandall physician, and felt the disapproval of his attitude, that the tide of affairs in her young life was taking a new turn. She refused to leave Peter's side, though she was actually worn out, until Peter himself, believing that it would smooth matters out if he could explain the circumstances of his marriage, asked her to go and rest.

It was late at night when Katie's exhaustion spent itself, and she awakened with a sense that something was wrong with Peter. She slipped on a negligee and ran to his room. It was empty. Taking advantage of her exhaustion, and an unconscious spell that came over Peter, the doctor had surreptitiously started back to Gilcrest with Katie's bridegroom on the evening train.

Katie Malloy Crandall had ideas on matrimony. It was her creed that when two persons married, they got married to stay married because they loved each other and needed each other and wanted to be with each other. She did not intend that a stuck-up city doctor and a putty-faced nurse should take her own husband away from her.

So the eastbound special out of Paris, that evening, bore her away forever from the little manicure desk in the Travelers' Rest lobby into a life that she had never dreamed of.

ACCORDING to the standards of the Crandalls and their set, it was much more disgraceful that Peter should have married a poor, self-respecting manicurist with ideals and am-

bitions than for him to waste his precious young manhood in riotous living, fall back on his mother's fortune, marry a girl with a fortune to meet his own, and grow to be an unhappy, dissatisfied old man with never a single useful thing to his record.

That was their accepted method of reasoning. So it is not necessary to say that when Mrs. Katie Crandall, nee Malloy,



"This is a secret for you alone." Katie read the letter while the maid unhooked her gown.

arrived at the front door of Gilcrest she was not met with loving arms and kindly hearts.

Mrs. Crandall did not believe that Peter's wife would have the audacity to follow her son, when Dr. Merton had made it plain to her how they would accept her. But she was just a little bit hazy in her mind about manicurists. More than once she had read scandal about that sort of young person, though she recalled that the girl who did her own nails was quiet enough, and she was ready for any emergency.

The butler was informed that no one calling and asking to see Mr. Peter should be admitted. And so when Katie arrived, travel worn and pale from anxiety, at Gilcrest's heavy front door, she was told that no one could see Mr. Peter. The

(Continued on page 120)



Helping little Miriam Batista to put heart throbs into her part in "Humoresque."

IT WAS a first night, a new kind of first night; just as brilliant as any premier of the legitimate in a Broadway theater and with a well-dressed audience—but the actors were silent, and there were no calls for "author—author."

It was the first night of "Humoresque," Fannie Hurst's story put in pictures by Cosmopolitan. In the black mass of the audience were many celebrities: Morris Gest, of the theater; Matt, the only unmarried Moore, with a nice, quiet, dark-haired girl who slipped her hand into his when the lights went down; Rosa Ponselle, the dusky prima-donna of the Metropolitan; Gail Kane—and countless others. I sat between a smartly-dressed woman of mature years and a very tired business man. The business man, three times in the course of the picture, took out his handkerchief and blew his nose noisily. The woman at my right sent out a faint lilac fragrance as she used a bit of lace to wipe away a stealthy tear. Came the satisfying finale with *Leon Kantor* in the bosom of his family—the closing scenes of a great picture.

The audience cleared its collective throat. The tired business man sat up in his seat and tried to look bored. But there was a sort of gleam in his eye. The woman at my right sighed. The theater began to empty for the next performance. Someone in front of me clutched her neighbor.

"There he is!" she said, pointing rudely.

The woman at my right followed the direction of the pointing finger and so did I. And pretty soon everybody was looking at a youngster with curly hair and an unspoiled grin coming up the aisle. He was acclaimed by friends on both sides. He clasped hands in all directions, blushing a bright red as he countered such compliments as "Fine picture, Frank!" "Great stuff"—and more like that.

"Frank Borzage!" confirmed the original Columbus in front of me.

The woman at my right looked again. "Not that kid!" she exclaimed incredulously.

He is only twenty-seven. His record is unique even in an industry where rare records are common-place. He

"Not That Kid!"

has had much to contend with and his achievements have been many. But that isn't the remarkable thing about Frank Borzage. It is that, after his early discouragements and heartaches and hard work and hard knocks, he could still direct such a homely, human story as "Humoresque" and make it live.

LATER on he told me all about it. I should like to tell it to you as he told it to me, but I can't. Nobody could. To begin with, he has a sort of crinkly hair that, if it belonged to an ingénue, male or female, would be called red-gold. He has deep-set eyes of the same shade that crinkle, too, when he laughs—which is very often. He has white teeth and dimples, which might annoy some of our best-known matinee idols if Frank ever decided to return to acting. He is, in short, an extremely boyish individual whom you might mistake for a juvenile if you didn't know better.

He came from Salt Lake City, Utah. He was one of a family of fourteen children of Italian-Swiss parents. His father and mother will someday provide living portraits for one of Frank's pictures; his accounts of them are tender and human to a degree. He was only thirteen when he left school and went to work in the Park City mines. His father was a

Frank Borzage directing the audience for the



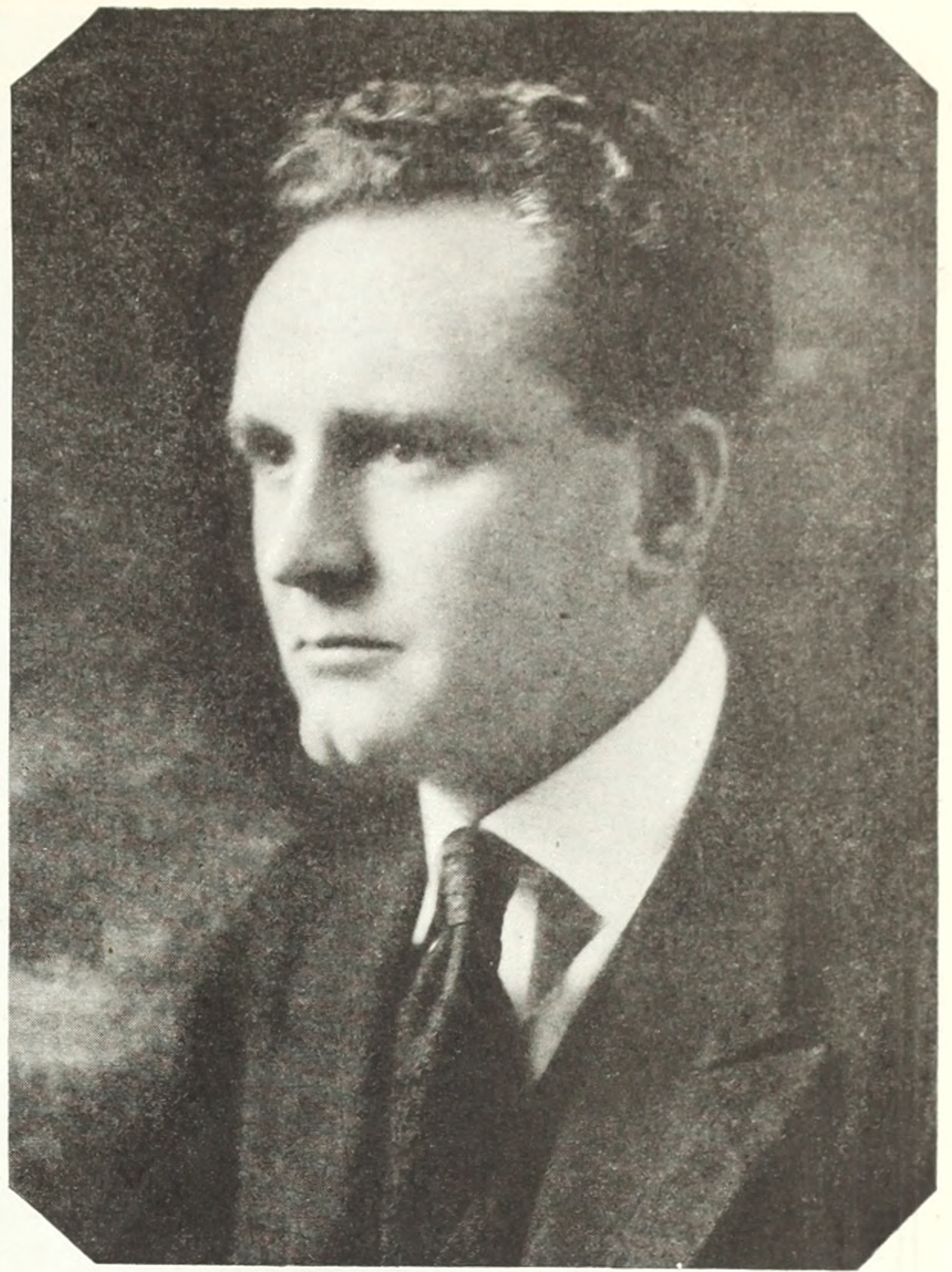
Frank Borzage often receives that appellation—but he hopes to live it down.

By
DELIGHT EVANS

stone-cutter and contractor and Frank was expected to follow in his footsteps. But they reckoned without Frank. He wanted to get out and see the world—preferably as a member of the theatrical profession. So at a rather immature age he informed his father and family that he was leaving home. He packed his few possessions and made ready to go. His father accompanied him to the door.

"Frank," he said, "if you go into this play-acting business, you may never call me father again." The boy looked up and saw that his father meant it. He wavered—but only for a moment. He turned to go. "But Frank," his father called him back, "here is fifty dollars. I don't want any son of mine to be in want. If you ever need any more money, let me know!"

Frank says the finest portrait in his gallery of recollection is of his father as he stood there with tears in his stern old eyes, bidding his son goodbye, yet loath to see him go. Another—of his mother, whom he kissed for the first time in his life at the station where she was waiting to welcome him home—after he had become well-known as an actor and his home town was proud of him. Even his father was at the station to welcome him. Frank looked over the shoulders of the crowd of former neighbors and acquaintances who wanted to shake hands with him—and saw his



An unspoiled, curly-haired youngster—he's only twenty-seven.

father, looking on. He had come and gone from the station no less than ten times, trying to make up his mind to welcome his prodigal son home!

But we have been skipping. On his first engagement, Frank (received one dollar from the management. Later the management went broke and asked Frank for a loan. "How much you got, kid?" "Fifty dollars," beamed Frank, pulling out all his money. He had to walk home.

He started out again, and this time met with better luck. He got a job as general utility man with a repertoire company. The manager was perpetually drunk; the other members of the company were in various stages of b. p. joy most of the time, and at all times lazy. Frank wanted to learn. He did. He made up as a clown for the show, rustled props, was sole stage-hand, managed transportation, said his ten lines, scattered "dodgers" from door to door. When the other actors didn't feel like working, he learned their lines and doubled and tripled for them. In short—Borzage learned to "troupe."

He is one actor who would be justified in writing "The Story of My Life." It's some life. Before he was through he had played every part from butler to burglar and grand-duke to grandpa. He has slept in parks and petrified holes—meaning empty sewer-pipes. He has partaken of free-lunch in Denver and lived on five cents a day in El Paso, Texas. He knows the West and Far-West like a book. What is more, he has learned human nature and turned himself out not a cynic but a philosopher.

Finally, after a long, hard apprenticeship, he became identified with character parts. And it was as a character man that he first went into pictures—at the ripe age of twenty. Thomas Ince, then making pictures for the old Kay-Bee, looked him up and down. "You're no heavy," he declared, "you're a leading man."

Frank, much against his will, was assigned to heroic roles and had to display his even, white teeth, his crinkly hair, and his dimples all for the delight of young ladies throughout the United States, who still remember him as

(Continued on page 113)

Jewish concert scenes in "Humoresque."





Drawn by C. W. Anderson

Harold astounds the musical world with his genius.



As the essential materialist in "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism, Tom Meighan and Betty Compson.

Confessions of a Caveman

As Told by Thomas Meighan

to Adela Rogers St. Johns

MOTHER EVE invented the alibi. She was the kind of a lady who liked her champagne, but could put up a good line about its being ordered by the doctor."

Tommie Meighan leaned over and tapped one finger emphatically on the broad arm of my chair.

"And that," said Tommie, with a bit of Ireland peeping out of his eyes, "is the secret of the rough lover. He's a combination alibi and recommendation, that's all."

Now, Tommie is naturally supposed to be something of an authority on rough lovers. He's treated more ladies rougher than any other man on the screen. From a "King in Babylon" who tamed a beautiful slave and then threw her to the lions, to the essential materialist of "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism, he has shown motion picture audiences a character almost Balzac-ian in its frankness.

Out in Los Angeles the other night in a packed theater that watched this handsome young man with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth back an intentionally-enticing woman against the wall and make her like his kisses, a woman in the

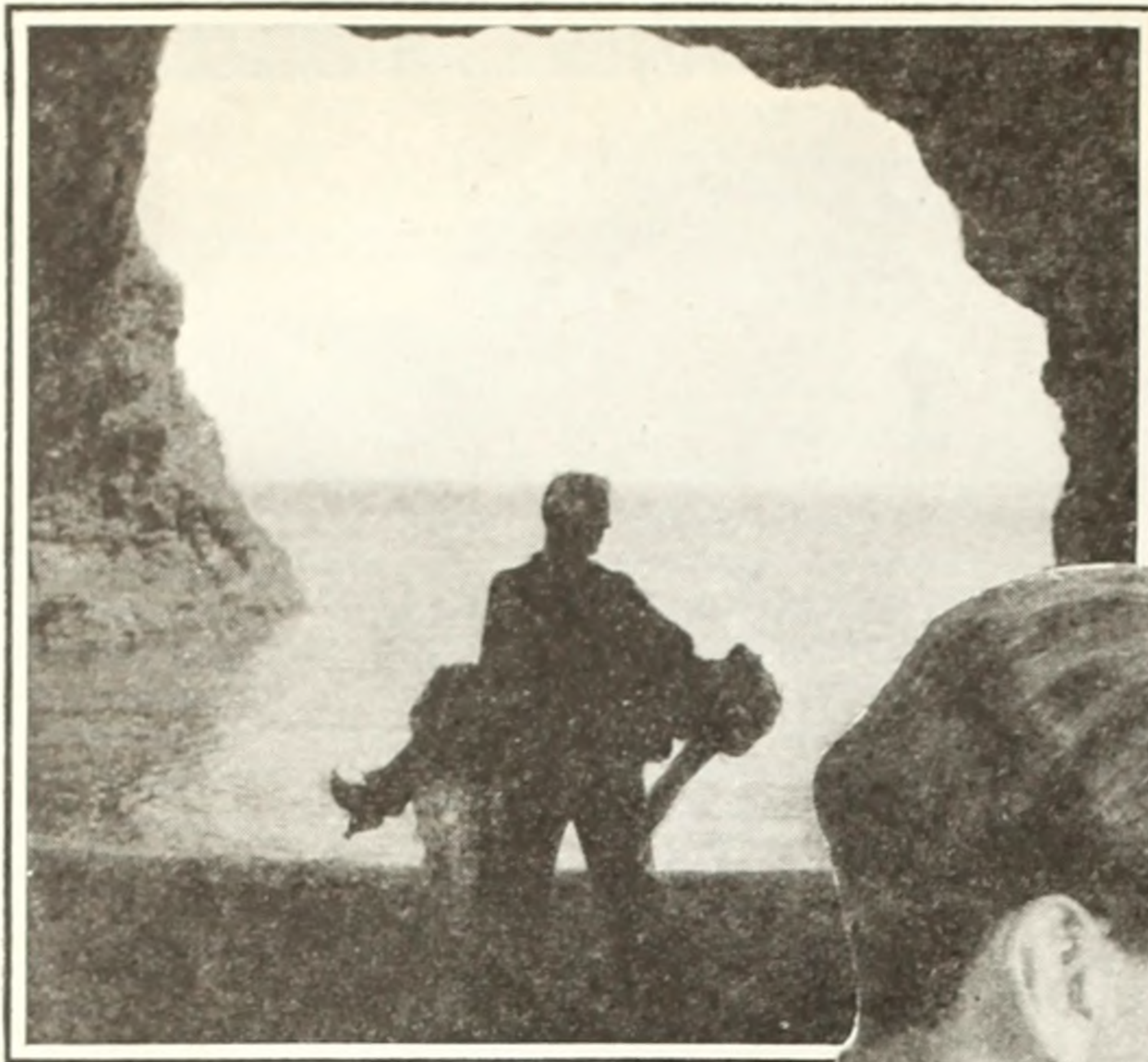
audience fainted—possibly from the dramatic suspense of the picture.

Be that as it may, the world and his wife—and not even especially his wife—have signified vast approval of the caveman sort of lover that Tommie Meighan has given the silent drama. Therefore it seemed safe to assume that they would like to know something of the philosophy of his work.

The confessional was the most delightful room in the world—William DeMille's library out at the Lasky lot. The studded walls, the old books, the candles under their yellow parchment shades, the paned windows added just the right touch of inspirational background. And Tommie Meighan in a brown suit that matched his hair and a brown shirt with one of those smart collars that match, lounging in a big brown leather chair in the pale, bright light that sifted through the scarlet curtains, a cigarette comfortably alight between his fingers.

(Life—even that of an interviewer—has its compensations.)

"I want you to understand," he said quite unpleasantly for such a very pleasant, human, good-natured sort of person, "that, personally, I don't know a darn thing about women. I've been married to one woman for so long that she won't let me



A real caveman, the *Admirable Crichton*, carries *Lady Mary* into his cave. Gloria Swanson and Meighan in "Male and Female."

tell how many years it is, anymore. My philosophy of a caveman has been worked out from a purely professional basis, and is based on that good old saying about

"A woman, a dog, and a hickory tree; the harder you beat 'em the better they be."

"Was it *Eve* you accused of inventing the alibi?" I asked.

Cecil DeMille once told me that the great difficulty in directing Tommie Meighan—whose work he admires tremendously—lay in his abnormal fear that somebody might think he "liked himself" or was ridiculous.

"It's a bit difficult to figure out why the popularity of the caveman, the treat-'em-rough guy, seems to have increased instead of declined with the advancement of women. But the way I figure it out is something like this—

"You can't have everything, but you can't take everything away, either. Turkey's a prohibition country, too, but at that I expect they still have a lot of fun over there.

"That's the way it is with women. As a matter of fact, time hasn't changed women a bit, ever. The so-called freedom of woman is the Frankenstein of the 20th Century. Woman fought to gain the thing she didn't want simply because somebody told her she couldn't have it. Anything now that will slay this monster of her own creation and still save her pride

is as welcome as a bottle in the American Sahara. The caveman that just grabs her and shows her—and everybody else—that she hasn't got a chance to get away from him, is the one prize excuse for returning to the dear departed days of her slavery.

"Of course, there are lots of advantages to the view from a pedestal, and she generally can't make up her mind to climb down voluntarily, but in a wicked world nothing is so lonesome as unappreciated virtue and it's apt to get a bit tiresome up there. If anybody will rock the altar and tumble her down into a good, strong pair of arms, she's naturally grateful.

"Constant posing, masking of emotion, veiling of thought, even from herself, has been the portion of woman since time began. It is her method of protection. And the protection of woman will be necessary just so long as the propagation of the race is necessary—don't forget that. Therefore, she pretends ignorance and innocence concerning things that are as easy for her as the prohibition amendment for Sing-Sing. That's

merely again her method of self-defense, since while man is credited with many potential virtues, woman has only one that appears to be worth losing.

"The caveman forces her to do what she actually desires to do, but has not the courage to do without the excuse of coercion. He wins nine times out of ten because her real nature and feminine instinct are his allies.

"Nobody can deny that the court of last appeal declares that woman was made 'for man.' And she is still for him.

"The myriad laws of convention and custom, which she will never be strong enough to lay wholly aside, have made things very complex for woman, who is naturally exceedingly direct and simple, and whose desires are exceedingly strong and undeniable. Therefore, the best of them turn with unconscious relief to the man

Bebe Daniels played a direct descendant of Mother Eve in "Why Change Your Wife?" but Tommie won her, too.

The rough lover tactics are employed with great success with Martha Mansfield, Tom's leading lady in "Civilian Clothes."



whose force makes the decision not only easy but unavoidable. It saves such a lot of time, stress, and suspense—not to mention some disappointments.

"The most active fear of the woman who says 'No' is that you will take her at her word.

"Most of woman's tears are shed over sins she never committed.

"Then, again, woman is expert in the thought of love, but her execution is poor. She is too self-centered through the very object of her creation to fear being thought ridiculous, but she is—among the so-called 'good women' intensely afraid of being thought immoral. Man, on the other hand, doesn't care how immoral you think him, he doesn't want to be laughed at. In fact you can do anything in the world to a man but laugh at him, anything to a woman but take her seriously.

"The purgatory of the female is the state of the unsought—of the male, the state of the unseeking.

"Emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of all women, emotion for the sake of action is the aim of all men. But women forget that the basis of life itself is the desire for expression. They have the subtle ecstasy of omission, men the crude privilege of commission, in matters of love. And a woman's love happiness may have to be forced upon her.

"Understand, of course, that everything that can be said concerning the type that has been familiarly styled caveman must apply where there is a mutual, possible attraction. No man can force unpleasant or entirely impossible advances upon a woman.

"The truth is that women are actually much more innocent than men believe them. They have less knowledge of sex wherewith to defend themselves from the terrific power of love that men direct against them." Meighan as Gloria Swanson's husband in "Why Change Your Wife?"



Photo by Apeda

"Personally," says this handsome young caveman with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth, "I don't know a darn thing about women."

"If woman surrenders her prerogative of yielding, she surrenders her greatest weapon and she makes the love game a sort of a 2.75 affair. The modern woman abrogates her greatest strength in denying her weakness. It is only the sweetness of her continued surrender that sometimes holds a man forever from that state of pursuit, which is his natural one.

"Unconsciously realizing this, woman today accepts the old role of the mastered with good grace, glad to relinquish the trying compensations of her emancipation. Woman knows that she has sold her birthright for a mess of theories and traded a master who was her slave for a thousand masters who are her equals.

"The domestic virtues have no relation to romance. Conscience has no more to do with love than it has with—art. A woman longs for a man who can demonstrate this forcibly. She is naturally intensely impatient in love affairs. She is impatient



of the longer game of sparring, subterfuge, attentions. She is in constant fear lest the methods of self-protection, which society has taught her, may prove effective. But she is adept at concealing what isn't there, so she must wait for the man to use force in breaking down the barriers.

"But it is the marvellous, unparalleled flattery that he uses which is the actual club of the caveman.

"Nobody ever heard of a bald-headed woman being dragged to anybody's cave by the hair of her head. An unattractive woman is pretty safe from the rough methods, you'll notice.

"The end and aim of woman's existence is to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. Why else was she created so beautiful, so exquisitely more delightful than man? Heavens, what more could she ask? But the burden of proof that she has fulfilled this aim rests upon her. The caveman convinces her—and everybody else—that she has achieved her destiny. The unleashed, uncontrollable or slightly controlled emotion which she has aroused is more flattering to her than an immortal sonnet.

"The danger of the widow's attractions are historical. Incidentally the divorcee is always in the money somewhere. Usually she has the advantage of coming well recommended.

"To the intellectual woman, boredom is the dread spectre. There can be no *ennui* in anything so intensely personal as passion. The primitive is the last resort of the cultured.

"To the average inarticulate mind, the caveman lover is a perfect medium of expression.

"To the girl, he is the open door to the unnamed mysteries

that lure and fascinate her, but to which she can give no name, even to herself. He is the vibrant answer to all her questions.

"But the man who uses the caveman method must always remember that if woman has a narrower sense of life, she has also a finer sense. Those inner visions, even when the most earthly, have a soft, clear, beautiful radiance that man never knows. She owns from the day of her birth what few men can hope ever to achieve—the beauty of service to mankind. We men are apt to smile at what seem to us subterfuges on the part of woman, without realizing that she is able to lose herself in a cloud of blankness where she can actually refuse to know, to understand, to acknowledge, what seems most obvious.

"The truth is that women are actually much more innocent than men believe them. They have much less knowledge of sex wherewith to defend themselves from the terrific power of love that man directs against them. This betrays them much more often than wickedness. That is one of the chief holds of the caveman—his method arouses the impulse of life and love which this unfeigned ignorance leaves a girl utterly unable to combat.

"The type of man who is a 'rough lover' generally needs reforming somewhere along the line. All women are naturally reformers. The only kind of a husband that would be fatal to most women is a perfect one. They wouldn't have a darn thing left to do."

"What is the defense—if there is one—for the caveman stuff?" I asked, as he paused.

"A sense of humor. No man can get rough with a woman who laughs at him."

(Continued on page 107)



FOR the first time in film history, a galaxy of great screen-stars appeared together in a stage production. It was for the benefit of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion, which will now have its own club-house because a million dollars worth of talent assembled for four productions of "Arizona," Augustus Thomas' play. The production was staged by Theodore Roberts, who also appeared in the cast. In the scene above, from left to right, are Clara Kimball Young as *Estrella Bonham*, Charles Murray as *Sergt. Kellar*, Bessie Barriscale as *Bonita Canby*, Dustin Farnum as *Lieut. Denton*, and William Desmond as *Tony Mostano*, a vaquero. Among others who appeared were Roscoe Arbuckle, Sessue Hayakawa, Howard Hickman, Jack Holt, Tom Forman, and Monte Blue.

The Scoffer

An account of the adventures of a man's soul and the triumph of love and a simple faith.

By

GENE SHERIDAN

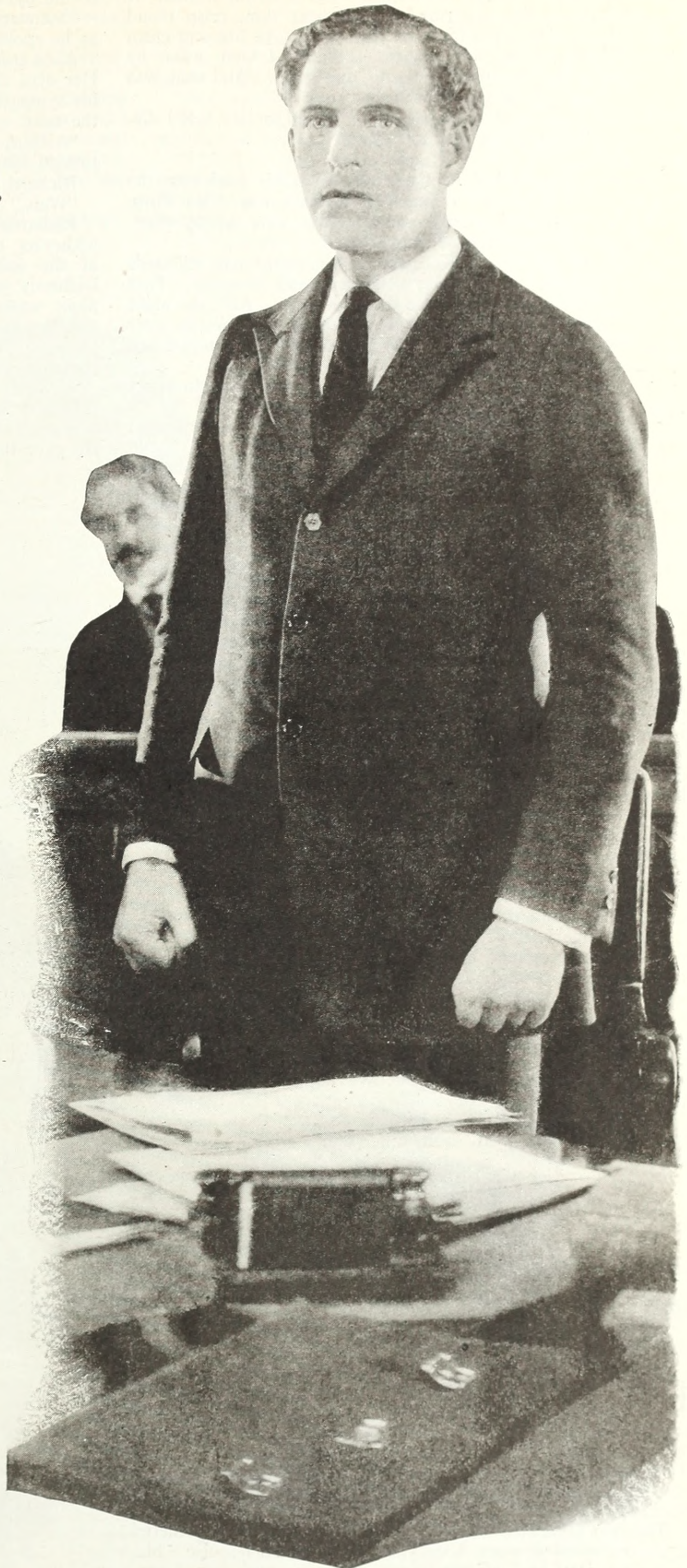
AS I sit me down in these days of 1920 to make record now for the first time of the full and true account of the curious experiences of my friend Stannard Wayne, I find persistently arising these time-honored words—"Faith, Hope and Charity—"

All of which, indeed, have a meaning of exceptional significance in the affairs of our tale. And which of them, I wonder, signifies the most? Of Faith there was much in the beginning, less later. Of Hope there came to be little. Of Charity there were times when there was none in the hearts of any, except, mayhap, one woman. She, beautiful, young and beloved of God, was either too young to know better, or else not yet old enough to have lost her wisdom, like the most of us.

Still these are questions, being purely matters of understanding, which I must ask each of my readers to decide, each for himself. If at times the accounting seems faulty and the way of our narrative tediously beset, I must beg of you to bear with me as one tracing obscure paths through the valley of the shadow, where the torch of faith flickered pale and feebly, guttering in the winds of distrust, deceit and contention. Eventually we shall find our way back to the Land of Belief, with a bright and shining faith reborn.

It was in 1914, as I recall it, that the events which concern us most began and the place was a certain midwestern metropolis. There, each a success in his own light, were three professional men, still young enough to be bound to each other with the friendship of college days spent together. I can see them now while they sat chatting together as the curtain rises on our story.

First there was Dr. Arthur Richards, physician and, perhaps, a bit of a social darling. Dark, alert and dapper. There were whisperings about him, even then; his name went about in low voices wherever women sought to evade the natural mission of their lives. But of such things as that friends are always last to hear.



Stannard Wayne's faith ended with the verdict that sent him to prison for five years with hate in his heart for all mankind.

Then there was Dr. Stannard Wayne, a scientist of attainment and with skill of more than local renown, a man of earnest belief. His towering stature, clear skin, crisp blond hair and clear blue eyes told their story of clean life and clean thought. Wayne rejoiced, as the servant of God, when he ushered a new pink little soul into the world. And that was the contrast between the two men.

Third in the group was Carson-the-Parson, a two fisted dispenser of religion, practical and sound.

DR. RICHARDS had kept a secret from his conferees, the physician and the parson. That secret was Alice Porn. She was neurotic and quarrelsome and there were stormy evenings indeed in her velveteen apartment.

Alice Porn was forever asserting an ownership over Richards which he found increasingly distasteful and irksome. That there should come an end of it was inevitable. And one night it came, with little warning. There were tense words over trivialities. Alice strode the floor, flaming with impatience and anger.

"You know I am nervous—yet you do everything to upset me!"

Richards, swept with annoyance to desperation, withered her with contempt.

"This is the end—I won't be back." And he was gone.

Alice, distraught with her ails—ails of soul and mind and body—sought the ministrations of Dr. Wayne, neither knowing of the other's acquaintance with Richards.

Wayne ministered to his new patient with all his professional zeal and his usual success. His treatment was mostly psychotherapeutic. Slowly and mostly by his faith, the shadows lifted for Alice Porn and her soul was healed. And as those shades of disordered depression vanished the beauty of Alice Porn revived.

Out of the relation of patient and physician grew something deeper. All that was spiritual—not much, it is true—responded to the qualities of Wayne, the man of exceeding faith.

There was drama in their meeting that day when Alice appeared at Wayne's office and he pronounced her cured. She stood swept with emotional gratitude and her eyes told a story that Wayne was eager to read. He stood before her in an attitude of vast tenderness and questioning silence. At last he spoke.

"I love you—if those tears are for me—I love you."

So at Stannard Wayne's home they were married quietly. It was a day of great joys for them both.

It was not long after that Arthur Richards came back from abroad and of course at once heard of the marriage of his friend Wayne. Richards naturally was very eager to make the acquaintance of the bride. He had not expected this romantic step from his solemn and staid friend Wayne. This would be interesting, he felt.

It was at a bit of a party at Wayne's house that the discovery came. In a hallway apart from the guests Richards and Alice Porn came face to face. They stood staring at each other, he curious, she defiant.

"What are you doing here?"

She answered him with simplicity. "I am Mrs. Stannard Wayne,—do you know him?"

"Yes—" Richards' eyes narrowed as he spoke. "He's my friend."

Alice shuddered, then supplicated with her eyes as she squared herself to face Richards.

"His friend—then, of course, you won't tell him about—about us."

BUT before their honeymoon days were over Alice Porn was caring less for her husband. She was disturbed by the echo of an old emotion and she was worn with the monotony of her husband's idealism. If Arthur Richards had stayed away forever perhaps she might have grown into a deeper appreciation. But Richards was back with all his wiles and guiles.

The trio of Richards and Carson and Wayne had gathered again one evening when Alice yielded to the old impulse. She excused herself and left the room. Richards, with casual pretext, followed. Where they stood they could overhear the voices of Carson and Wayne as they talked.

"I tell you, Carson, when these hands of mine rest to the dying, I know they are the instruments of God." "Stannard," and Carson leaned over, aglow with emotion as he spoke, "your faith is beautiful."

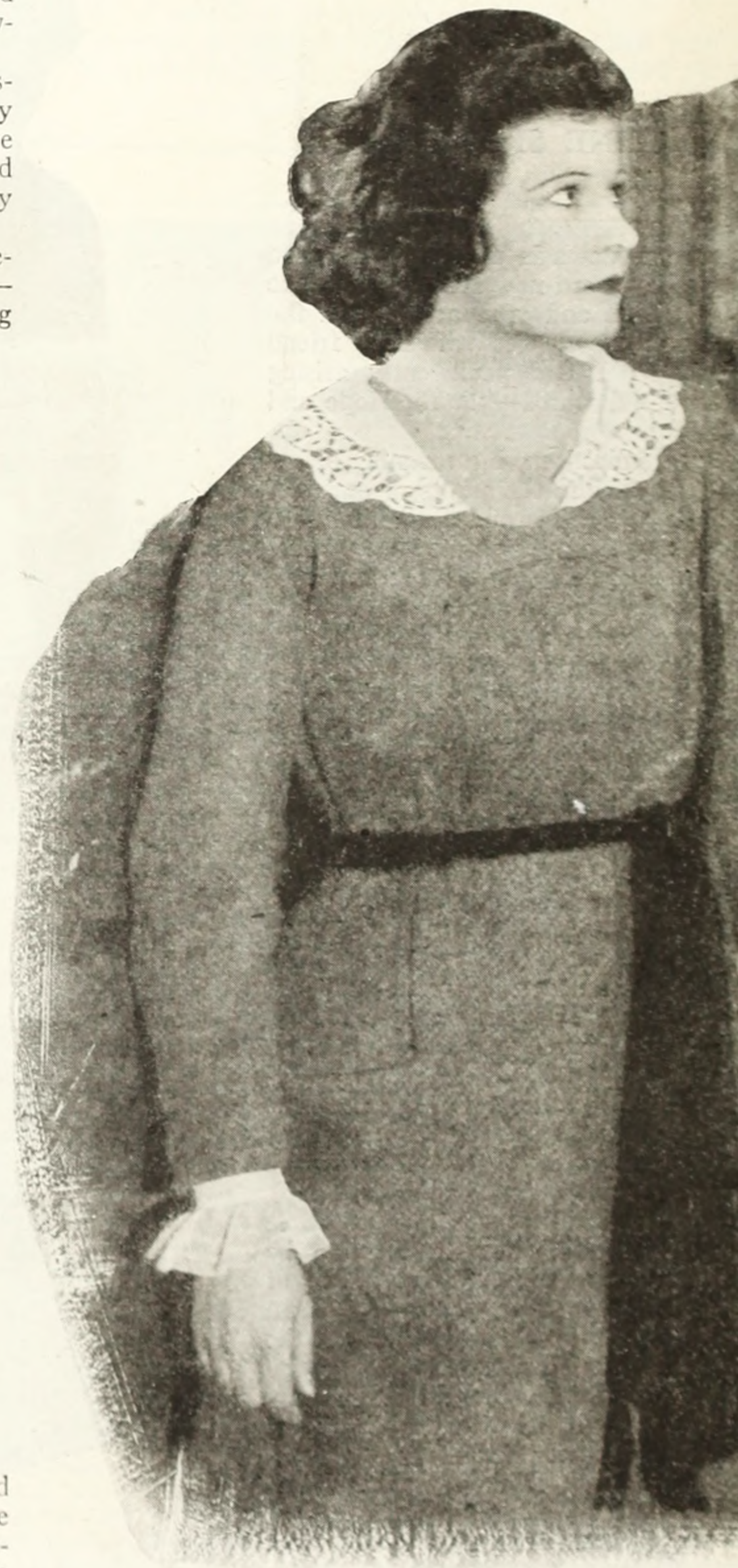
Alice stood bored to pain. It was to her the same old story. Her eyes told her feeling and Richards, hovering over her, as he gave her his sympathy for her in one moment, his scorn for her in the next.

"Arthur, Arthur, I can not live without you." She turned toward him. "Take me away."

Richards caught Alice in his arms and held her tight. "Wait." The one word was a promise of deadly earnestness.

Richards resumed his practice, like the deadly and withering, destroying, killing, the studied and premeditated of the unborn. His perilous trade had its perils. Richards' paths followed devious ways. There came one night when an unhappy woman hidden away alone in a suburban cottage died under Richards' ministrations. With swift stealth he left, formulating a plan to cover his crime.

Richards paused at a telephone booth and called Dr. Stannard Wayne, addressing him with a disguised voice and a borrowed identity, with an appeal to help a woman in distress. He gave the number of the house where his victim lived.



"God did t

"And hurry, doctor, for it's a case of life and death."

Wayne would go; Richards knew he could count on that. With watch in hand, the plotter waited, then again addressed the telephone, this time calling the police.

"Never mind who I am—investigate this. I suspect a criminal operation."

The police arrived in time to find Stannard Wayne standing over the scene of death. His protests, his good name could avail him nothing, and Stannard Wayne went to a cell accused of the criminal operation, bearing the smile of his boundless faith. His lawyer, be it said, was not a man of such limitless faith and belief.

"The Coroner's verdict is 'Death from an illegal operation.' It will be difficult to square you."

"I have no fear—the law will protect me."

The lawyer turned his head away.

"I hesitate to tell you, Dr. Wayne, that your wife has gone away with Dr. Richards."

Wayne writhed under that. His lawyer was trying to be tender. He waited a long time to speak further.

"She was—she was his mistress before she married you."

"I see—thank you." Wayne threw himself down on his cot and turned his face to the wall.

"It may be some satisfaction to you to know that the postal authorities will get Richards for sending injurious drugs through the mail," the lawyer continued, but Wayne was not listening.

And a letter was handed to Wayne.

Dear Stannard:—

I have always loved Arthur Richards—long before you came into my life. I am going away with him, God knows where, but I am happy. Forgive me.

ALICE.

Wayne stood crushing the letter in his powerful right hand. He raised his hands to the light streaming in the grated cell window.

"Oh God! And I believed in you!"

The trial came quickly, which was its only merit. The evidence, circumstantial as it was, was damning and final in the mind of the jury. The sentence imposed was five years. And that was the end of the faith of Stannard Wayne. Before his commitment to the penitentiary Wayne was visited by Carson, the minister friend since boyhood.

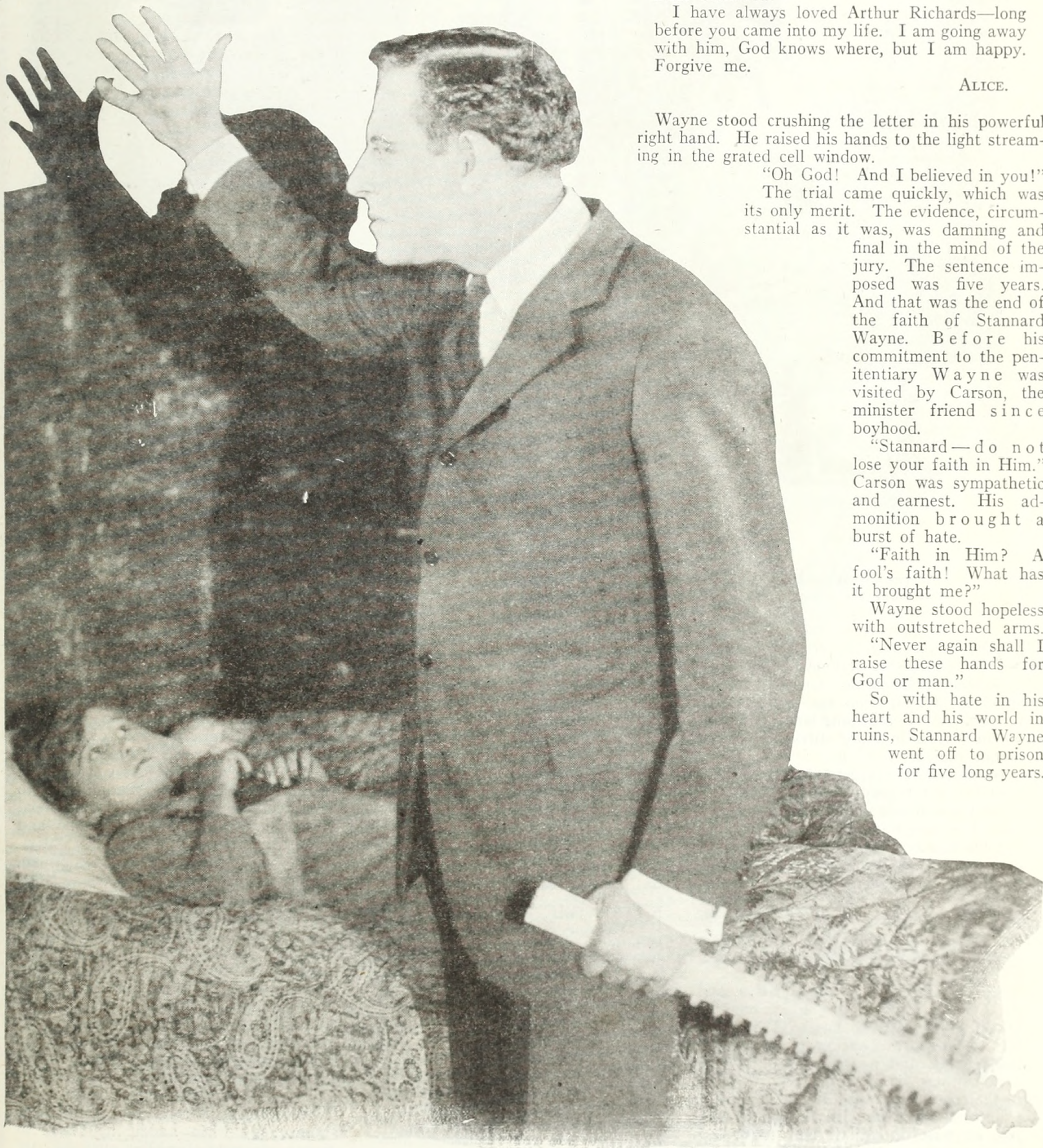
"Stannard—do not lose your faith in Him." Carson was sympathetic and earnest. His admonition brought a burst of hate.

"Faith in Him? A fool's faith! What has it brought me?"

Wayne stood hopeless with outstretched arms.

"Never again shall I raise these hands for God or man."

So with hate in his heart and his world in ruins, Stannard Wayne went off to prison for five long years.





Boorman went inside and stood, hat in hand, watching the completion of the operation.

OUT on the northwestern coast of America was and is the meager, lonely settlement of Buena Vista, a community of simple, God-fearing, superstitious people. Back of them stood the forest, deep and mysterious, and before them lay the sea. It was a healing land of the out-of-doors, destined to be the setting in more stirring scenes of the eventful course of our romance.

In diligent years gone before, John Hadden founded and brought to prosperity the North West Company, dealing in general merchandise with a series of outpost stores serving the woodsmen and trappers.

John Hadden had died and left his thriving business to his daughter, young and engaging, with a hard little head for business and a big, soft heart for the world. She was patient with the profligates, kind to the needy and cheerful to everybody. She represented the spirit of things good in the settlement.

On the other side of the equation, and on the other side of the street, was the saloon of the Albany Kid. The Albany Kid was a rat-eyed slicker, given to audible raiment and poor liquor.

Somewhere between the two in value to the community was Old Dabney, medicine man and faith healer. Dabney was full of good intentions and faith, but he had no medicine of moment. However, since the folk of Buena Vista

lacked a regular physician, Dabney and his curious treatment of charms ministered to their ills. At least it did not keep natural processes from making people well; and enough recovered to sustain his reputation in the circumstances.

Among the victims of the Albany Kid's dispensary of social poison was one Boorman, a great towering hulk of a woodman, a gentle ox in normal state, a raging Berserker when drunk. And it happened on the evening of our concern that Boorman was exceedingly drunk. He went staggering home to his cabin in a state of violent eruption. For reasons trivial or none he knocked down his wife, beat his boy Laddie, and set about wrecking the home.

And so in the night Mrs. Boorman, carrying her injured boy, ran to the home of Margaret Hadden for refuge and aid. Boorman, a destroying demon, followed after. Intent on nothing but the destruction of wife and child, Boorman broke in, in the face of a lashing from Margaret's riding quirt, and she hurried the imperiled mother and child out to lead them to new shelter and hiding.

On the way through the woods in the night, along the high trail that led to Old Dabney's cabin, Mrs. Boorman's dazed and terror-stricken brain went awl. Following a memory phantom of another day when Laddie had been in danger, she went stumbling over the cliff and down into the pounding sea below.

The Scoffer

NARRATED by permission from the story by Val Cleveland. Scenario by Lillian Ducey. An Allan Dwan production presented by Mayflower with the following cast:

Margaret Haddon.....Mary Thurman
Doctor Stannard Wayne.....
 James Kirkwood
Doctor Arthur Richards.....
 Philo McCullough
Alice Porn.....Rhea Mitchell
"Old Dabney".....John Burton
Boorman.....Noah Beery
Boorman's Wife.....Eugenie Besserer
Boorman's Son.....Georgie Stone
Carson the Parson.....Bernard Durning
The "Albany Kid".....Ward Crane

Margaret stifled her horror and hurried the boy to Old Dabney's cabin. The aged medicine man, perturbed but kind and professionally mystic, swung open the door and bade them in. No one ever questioned Margaret Hadden in Buena Vista.

"Hide Laddie—he's hurt—don't let anybody know he's here. Boorman's drunk again and Mrs. Boorman fell over the cliff." All of which was explanation enough for anybody.

Out on the cliff Margaret found Boorman, gesticulating, battering the trees with his great fists and cursing at the sea. He staggered up to her.

"Where is the boy?" Boorman thundered.

Blanching white, Margaret faced him, and then turned to point over the cliff.

"The waves carried him out," she said.

At last the truth filtered into the liquor-steeped mind of the woodsman, and he fell on his knees, staring at the windswept sea. Margaret went back to her home and the store to set things in order again and so ended the night. For the time at least Laddie was safe from his father's outbreaks and Mrs. Boorman was beyond his power to harm.

OUT in this primitive region, lost to the accusing eyes of the law and those he wronged, was Dr. Arthur Richards, a doctor no longer and now the manager of outlying stores for Margaret Hadden's North West Company. It was Richards' day to report to Margaret. Clad in frontier fashion, with little about him to suggest the dash and pose of other days, he made his way to the Buena Vista store.

"Your wife is ill again. She fears that she is dying." That was the first message that greeted him. For Alice Porn had fled with Richards into this wilderness. The flight that had put Stannard Wayne and his wholesome influences behind her had left her prey again

to the nervous ills that once had made her his patient.

The mystic ways of Fate were still at work. Five years had elapsed since that day when Stannard Wayne had faced the court and received his sentence. And now he came through the forests along the sea into this primitive region, sick of soul at the veneers of civilization and with hate in his heart at its injustices. He sought the healing of open places.

Stannard Wayne was not a broken man. He walked as one unrebuked by experience, cold, aloof, hard. The hate of all things was in him. He looked about him with the same level, grey-blue eyes, but the glint of a frozen despair was there. He had believed in God and with reverence; and that God had let him go to prison blackened before the world for another man's misdeed. That was the final answer in the mind of Stannard Wayne. He had enough of God and Man.

His first contact with the village of Buena Vista was significantly eventful. As Wayne turned a corner and found him-

self in front of the North West Company's store he came upon Margaret Hadden bending over an injured dog in the street. Quite automatically he stepped up and regarded the little patient. A moment later Margaret and Wayne were bandaging the dog's broken leg, while a gallery of almost the entire population of Buena Vista looked on.

"That guy's a regular M. D.; don't let 'em tell you different," was the sage observation of the Albany Kid.

Their task of mercy done, Margaret and Stannard Wayne stood looking at each other. She murmured thanks.

"Oh, don't thank me. I did it for the dog," he replied crisply. "Now I want to get lodging—not a hotel. I want to get away from people."

Margaret looked at Wayne thoughtfully and decided that here was a man who knew exactly

"Thank God!" cried Wayne, the Scoffer. And faith came surging back into his weary soul.



what he wanted and would have it. Also she thought of crippled Laddie Boorman, lying paralyzed at Old Dabney's cabin.

"Perhaps Old Dabney will take you in," she answered Wayne. "He's always trying to be helpful."

They were interrupted by the approach of a group of village folk. A crippled man was among them.

"Say, doc, patch up Pete's arm, will you?"

"I don't mind helping a dog, but I won't stoop so low as a man."

The crowd recoiled at Wayne's response. He shook his head firmly and waved them away. Then he turned to Margaret, who stood puzzling over this enigma-man, kind to dogs, cruel to men.

"Would you be so kind as to direct me to this Dabney person you mention?"

Margaret led the way to Old Dabney's cabin. She led him in to the bed where Laddie Boorman writhed in pain.

"His back has been hurt; he can't walk," she explained simply.

Wayne turned away apathetically and picked up a bit of swordfish jaw he found laying near.

"That's Dabney's charm; he cures people with it," she said.

(Continued on page 118)



Photo by Marceau.

Constance Talmadge

A Date with Connie

A double-barrelled interview with the lady on the cover, who is sailing for Europe soon.

Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly is the author of "Roving and Fighting," which has just been published by the Century Company. One of America's greatest short story writers, he has served in numerous wars and knows the Orient almost as well as the Big Bend country of Texas, his native range. Mr. O'Reilly has been a cowboy, newspaper reporter, soldier under five flags, a lieutenant of Pancho Villa, Texas Ranger, Chinese army drill instructor, editor of the San Antonio Light, Philippine scout, school teacher in Japan, chief of artillery in the Venezuela rebellion, still holds the world's record for long-distance horseback riding, and is now a successful producer of motion pictures in Texas.

BY EDWARD S. O'REILLY



"THAT time I went callin' on Miss Constance Talmadge—" say, I can scarcely wait to get back to Texas to tell the boys about it.

You see Miss Constance is mighty popular with the cow hands down in the Big Bend country and when they hear that I actually went visiting at her house they'll elect me sheriff or something.

It all happened because of a wild notion that hit the editor the other morning.

"Got a job for you," he says. "Want you to go over to the Savoy hotel and interview Miss Constance Talmadge."

I started to kick, but it didn't do any manner of good. This fellow is a regular Pancho Villa among editors and most usually gets his way.

There's two things I admit I'm no good at; one is writing interviews and the other is talking to women. Somehow I've always been afraid of the ladies. For years I've tried to conquer this bashfulness, mingled freely with them, read all about them in books and got a lot of advice from men more experienced than me, but it don't seem to help much.

So, in obedience to orders, I set out the other morning to find Miss Constance. First I went to the Talmadge studio, where a mighty nice young lady named Miss Livingston agreed to act as interpreter and body guard on my visit to Miss Constance. We went to the Savoy hotel, which is bigger than the court house in El Paso.

An admiral in a lot of gold braid piloted us upstairs and a maid opened the front door to the apartment. We

wandered down a couple of hundred yards of corridor into a room big enough to break a horse in, and there we found her, curled up in a big chair.

Right then I realized what a job I'd tackled. It would exhaust the languages of the world, and bankrupt the imagination of Bill Shakespeare to do half justice to that gracious little lady.

In my best parlor manner I shook hands with Miss Constance, backed up gracefully and knocked over a chair, dropped my hat and stepped on it; then sat down jauntily in a chair which was about a foot nearer the floor than I'd figured.

"Won't you have something to drink?" she invited.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," I says, "if I don't refuse."

"What will it be, tea or coffee?" she asked.

"Coffee," I gasped, trying to conceal the sorrow in my voice.

So they brought a cup of coffee, and from then on I had my hands full, trying to talk and juggle that cup.

It was up to me to start that interview or die trying, so with my usual tact I said the wrong thing first.

"How old are you?" I asked, tryin' to smile blandly.

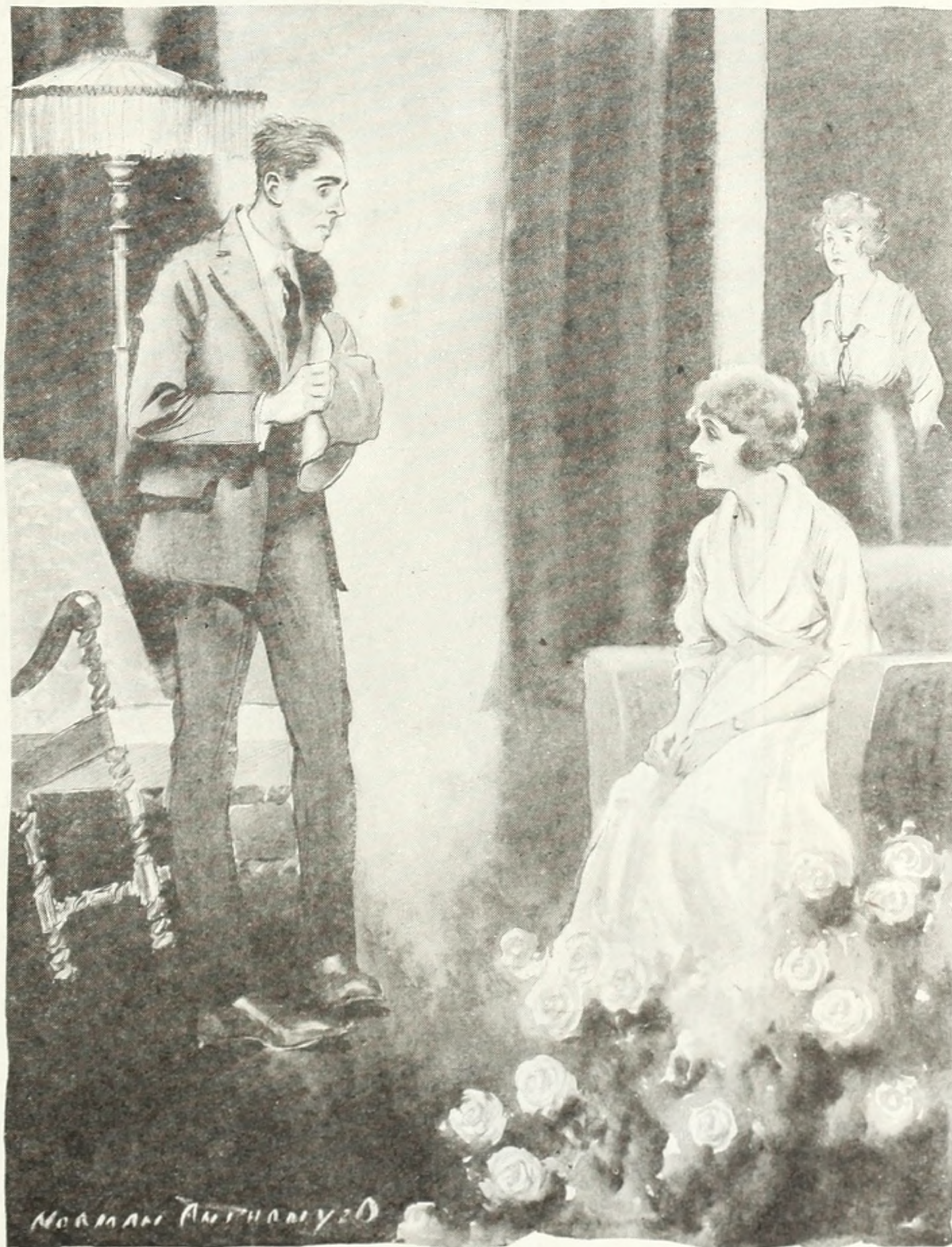
"Oh, not so very old," she laughed. "But you are not to interview *me*. I have orders from the editor to interview *you*."

The trail of that editor is sure hard to anticipate.

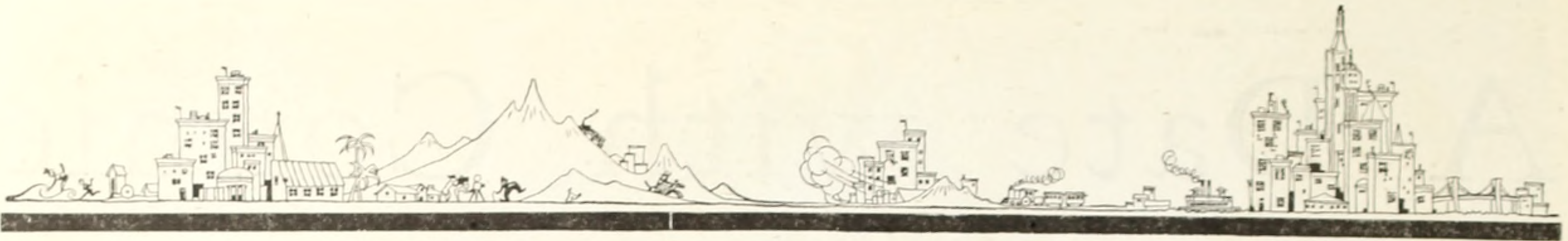
"They tell me that you have been a cowboy," she went on. "How did you happen to select cowboying as a career?"

"Well, it was this way, Miss Constance," I said, daintily winding up my coffee with the spoon. "My family started to move across Texas in a wagon when I was a

(Continued on page 102)



"I backed up gracefully and knocked over a chair."

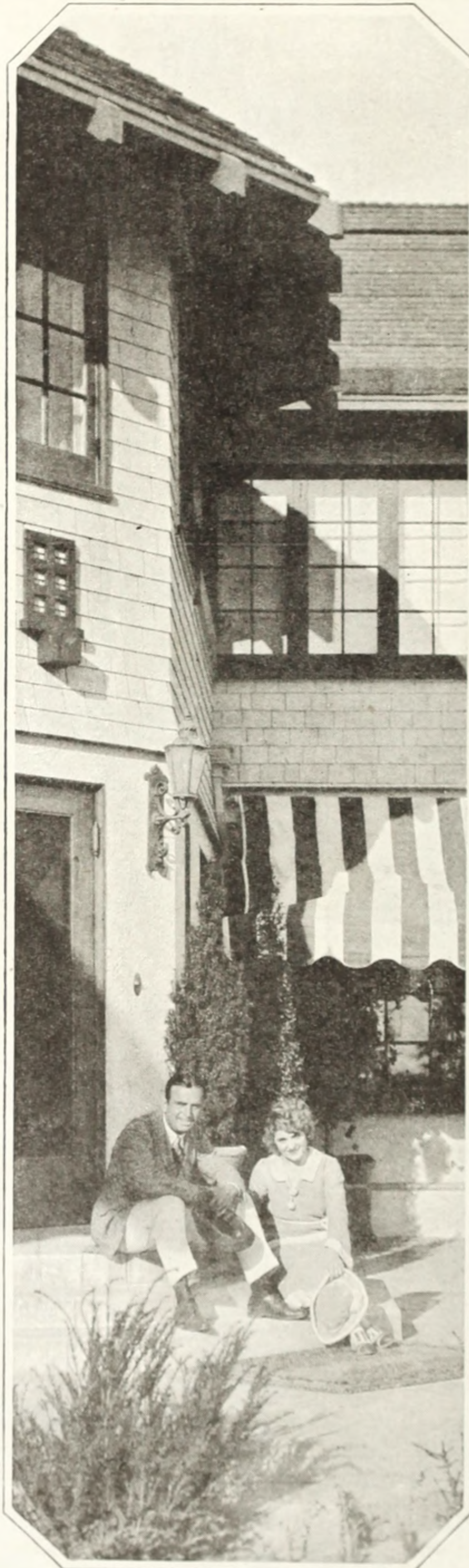


WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

I WAS on Fifth Avenue
One Day in June, when
I Noticed a Crowd at the Corner.
Pedestrians were
Pushing Each Other and
People in Motors were
Leaning Out and
Others on the Buses
Were Craning their Necks.
The Traffic Cop
Almost Forgot to
Give the Signal, and
A Little Girl
On the Edge of the Crowd
Began to Cry.
"I Want to See!" she Said.
So I Knew
That Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks,
Of Beverly Hills, California,
Were in Town,
On their Honeymoon.

I WENT to the Hotel
To See Mary; and
I was in the Lobby when
Mary's Husband Came Out
Of the Elevator.
He Said "Hello" and
Two Boys were
Sitting There
And One of them
Was Saying,
"They Wouldn't Let Me
In," and the Other Said
"I Told them
I Had an Autographed Picture
Of Doug One time, but
They wouldn't Let
Me In, Either;" and
They were Both Talking Away
When Mr. Fairbanks Heard them;
They didn't see him, and
He Picked Up One of them
By the Collar, and
Grabbed the Other One
By the Hand, and Said,
"Howdy, Boys—
How are you?"
One of them
Just Set There and
Stared and the Other
Almost Fainted.
We went Up
To the Bridal Suite
And Doug Told Me
How he and Mary
Stopped at the Hopi
Indian Reservation
On their Way to New York
To Show the Indians
Doug's New Picture.
I
Like Doug—
Always Have—
But
I Wanted to See Mary,
And Could Just Catch Glimpses of her
Through the Half-open Door
Into the Bedroom, where
She was Showing Someone
Her Trousseau.
"Yes," Doug was Saying,
"I'm Mighty Happy,
I'm Sort of a Happy Guy,



Mary and Doug: At Home.

Anyhow. And—"
(I Saw Mary
Holding Up
A Pink Negligee)—
"And Have You Seen
Bull Montana Lately?
Bull's Great. I Think
I'll Have him
Run for President
Of the United Artists."
Just then
Paul Rainey Came In
And he and Doug
Wanted to Talk About Africa—
Rainey Shoots down There—
Pictures and Lions—
So I Got Away and
Went in to See Mary.

SHE Sat Down
On One Twin Bed and
I Sat on the Other, and
She Showed Me
All those Lovely Things
Of Georgette and Lace, Close-Up—
And I Wondered if any Bride
Ever had Such a Nice Trousseau—
And Mary Said
She's Going to do
"Little Lord Fauntleroy,"
Playing Both the Mother and
The Little Lord himself.
She Told Me
About "Suds" where she is
Made-Up Homely—she says!—
All the Way Through.
And Mrs. Pickford—
Mary's Mother—
Said Douglas was Just Like
Her Own Son, and
Always Sent her Orchids
Whenever he Sent Mary Some.
Then Mr. Fairbanks
Came In—
Mary Calls him
Doug, and
He Calls her
Dear—
And they Talked
About their House in
California, with its
Own Swimming-Pool
For Doug and
Projection-Room
For Mary—and
Their Mutual Malamute Dog—
But they Don't Fight About it.
And Maybe, they Said,
Looking at Each Other
Just Like any Ordinary
Bride-and-Groom—
Maybe, Someday,
If they Can Get
A Good Story,
They will Play Together.

NEW YORK
Went Back to Normal
When Mary and Doug
Sailed. Yes—
They Sailed, but
Not for their World Tour; just
Jumped Across
For a Month's Vacation.



"If a wife is going to keep her husband's love and respect," says Miriam Walsh, "if they are going to accomplish things together, she must be his playmate as well as his helpmeet." Above, the Miriam Cooper of "The Birth of a Nation;" below, Raoul Walsh, her husband; at right, the Walshes at home.



Dual Lives

THE average woman would have nothing less than conceptions if she thought her husband was leading a dual life.

And Miriam Cooper *helps* her husband lead one.

But unlike Fannie Hurst and some other very modern ladies who believe that husbands and wives should lead their lives—whether double, triple, or quadruple—independently and should meet each other only by appointment, Miss Cooper leads her husband's dual life with him.

When a man is willing to let his wife criticise his work without getting (1) hurt, (2) angry, or (3) insulted—

When a woman is willing to listen to her husband say, "Darling, your acting is rotten this morning," and be as pleasant about it as if he were telling her that she put Sarah Bernhardt in the shade—They'll get along!

There are other proofs that Miriam Cooper, her husband's leading woman, and Raoul Walsh, his wife's director, are worthy and extraordinary young people.

During those hours and days when they are at work on a picture they do nothing but eat, sleep, breathe, talk, think motion pictures and forget that there is anything else in the world.

On Sundays, holidays, mornings before nine o'clock and "between films" they golf, fish, entertain, buy clothes, read and refuse to admit that pictures mean anything at all in their young lives.

"A wife should see to it," says Miss Cooper, "that her husband's personal life and the life he gives his work should be as different as night is from day—just on the 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' theory. And if she is going to

keep her husband's love and respect, if they are going to accomplish things together, and if she's a wise girl, she'll insist on being a playmate as well as a helpmeet (an old-fashioned term but still a very good one) to her own husband."

AND so, if some Sunday you overhear a dark, good looking young man with a ruddy skin and Irish eyes, on one of the golf links near New York City, snap his determined jaws together and say, "No, we will *not* talk about motion pictures!"—ten to one it's Raoul Walsh.

And if there is a slim, dark-eyed, serene-faced young lady with one of those faultless profiles and a brow like a madonna's, in a bright colored sport sweater, with him—then it is Raoul Walsh and the young lady is Miriam Cooper.

The Walsh-Cooper alliance is a development of the earlier Griffith days. Raoul was an assistant to some assistant director to Mr. Griffith, and later became a first assistant. Some times he played parts, too—such as that of John Wilkes Booth in "The Birth of a Nation." Miriam belonged to the Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge, and Gish sisters school of Griffith actors. She played in "The Birth of a Nation," too, and was the Friendless One in "Intolerance." After "Intolerance" was completed Miss Cooper and Mr. Walsh were married and came East, where Mr. Walsh became one of Fox's star directors. It was he who guided Theda Bara through the vampish mazes of "Carmen." It was he who first directed his brother, George Walsh. Miss Cooper played in many of these pictures, her most notable performance, perhaps, being "Evangeline."

Today Raoul Walsh is a director for Mayflower, under an agreement to make four pictures a year in the East. Recently he completed "The Deep Purple." Miriam Cooper had the most important role.

The feminine lead of the Walsh-Cooper domestic drama might not meet the approval of the matrimonial ultra-

modernists in still another way. She prefers having her husband the star of their combination, and has turned down more than one perfectly good offer that would make her a luminary in her own right, to remain in her husband's company.

"The best results in any pictures are obtained when the director and the leading members of his cast work harmoniously together. My husband knows me well enough to get the best work out of me, and I understand him so well that I know what effect he is striving for before he tells me. He is the best director I could possibly have, and of course I think he is the greatest—director—he and Mr. Griffith," says Miriam.

"She is the easiest person to direct I have ever worked with," says Raoul. "She's not easy to please, though. She is a harder critic of me and my work than any one else. That is one thing Mr. Griffith does for people who work for him—he develops their critical faculties by having his people sit with him in the projection room and find fault with his pictures as they are being completed."

So you see there is every indication that the Walsh-Cooper alliance will be a permanent one.

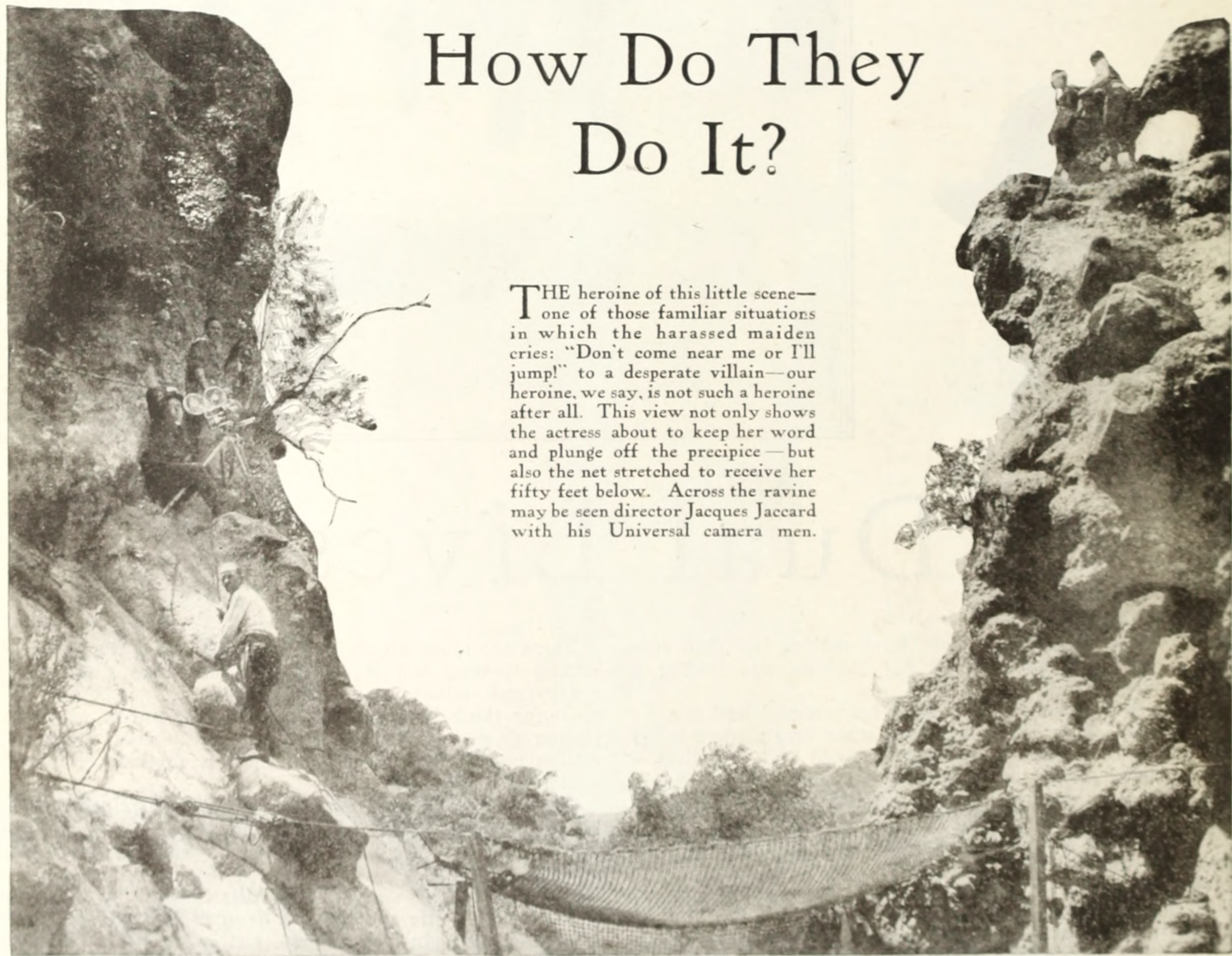
And there is another thing that enters into their happiness together. They both love children and often find themselves sad because they have none. So one day Miriam ran across a tiny little boy—a beautiful child with a winning smile, a sunny disposition, a sturdy little body and fine mind. She brought him home.

"We're going to have him adopted," she announced to Raoul. "I've always wanted a baby—and here's a boy who's just begging to be ours."

Did Raoul agree? He was just as eager to welcome the child into their household as Miriam was. And today the boy calls Miriam "Mother" and Raoul "Dad." Some day we may see him in pictures, who knows?

How Do They Do It?

THE heroine of this little scene—
 one of those familiar situations in which the harassed maiden cries: "Don't come near me or I'll jump!" to a desperate villain—our heroine, we say, is not such a heroine after all. This view not only shows the actress about to keep her word and plunge off the precipice—but also the net stretched to receive her fifty feet below. Across the ravine may be seen director Jacques Jaccard with his Universal camera men.





Sarony

HAROLD LLOYD would make an acceptable hero, but he'd rather be funny. Lloyd is one comedian who behaves naturally in slapstick situations.



Woodbury

AS the champion of Anita Stewart's screen adventures, Ward Crane found many followers. Now he performs creditably as leading man for Allan Dwan.



FRANK is the third Mayo to become an actor. But he left the legitimate theaters for good to do his acting in the open air of the California film studios.



Evans

WITH a name like that, Norman Kerry was bound to succeed. He supported Uncle Sam—but came back to make silent love to Anna Q. Nilsson.



ROSEMARY THEBY'S apparent displeasure is not brought about by the fact that her dinner-table for two is only half a table supported by rough boxes and boards. She simply cannot get along with Conrad Nagel. Sidney Franklin is directing.



We knew very well that when we published the picture at the left, particularly in the good old summer-time, anyone engaged in the ancient and honorable occupation of book-keeping or baby-tending or house-cleaning would be certain to throw down the pen, bottle, or broom, as the case may be, and say, "Oh shucks—I always was cut out for a movie actor, anyway!" But don't be too sure it's as easy as it looks. If Robert Cain and Conrad Nagel and Rosemary Theby had a few good times like this while they were up in snowy Truckee, in the Sierra Mountains, on location for "Athalle," they had to work when they returned to civilization and sunshine—and their Hollywood studio, as the picture above will convince you.



MEASURING Mary, for the camera's requirements. We didn't need Allan Dwan and his assistant to tell us that Mary is a perfect thirty-six. We bet more people have looked at her than at Venus — and with a great deal more satisfaction, too.

Mary Venus — sometimes called Miss Thurman — may be said to have completely mastered a new technique. You remember, of course, when she was a decided adornment to comedy; then she decided that pulchritude wasn't everything, and went, or was washed into drama. She has more than made good, although some people still persist in commenting on her looks as well as her acting. At the right, you see Mary with two supporting canines in Allan Dwan's picture, "The Scoffer." Teddy, a well-known performer, has a twin, Jack, who is lame. So they doubled in the scene where the brute kicks one of them. "breaking" the dog's leg, which will rouse all good members of the S. P. C. A. until Mary assures them, here, that it was only a clever trick of the cameraman.





Freulich

INTRODUCING Mrs. Harry Carey, the real boss of the Harry Carey ranch—and of Harry Carey. She is a golden-haired little girl who used to be in Universal pictures herself—her name then was Olive Fuller Golden.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The Moral Force. Hundreds of ministers who attended the annual conference of the Southern Baptist church held in Washington recently have returned to their homes with a somewhat modified aversion to the motion picture. For it develops that the motion picture entertainment is not responsible for the alarming prevalence of the divorce habit in America—no less an authority than the committee on temperance and social service of the South Baptist Conference having so decided.

As a matter of plain unvarnished statistical fact (for we must turn to statistics once in a while), the motion picture has been one of the greatest antagonists of divorce, the saloon, and vice in general, and most ministers are prompt to admit it. Half the divorces that clutter our courts find their first incubation in a husband being fed up on his wife, or a wife being bored to tears by her husband. The adjacent movie palace offers surcease from humdrum homes. No observing citizen will dispute that even before the enactment of the 18th Amendment, the movie theater was pulling away the sit-around-and-laugh-and-drink-another-kind-of-customers the saloon needed in its business.

Our young men and women, eager, restless spirits, have found their natural craving for adventure, excitement and romance satisfied with the motion picture.

M. Honnorat's Proposal. M. Honnorat, the French Minister of Public Instruction, proposes government endowment for the art of the photoplay.

According to the New York Times, which published this news, M. Honnorat's Twentieth Century *Conservatoire* would develop pantomimic play scientifically to its highest point, study the replacement of spoken words by gesture, business and general pictorial detail, engage in experiment and investigation along all the mechanical lines of picture-making, and provide for a congress of the best writing, consulting and directing opinion from all over the world. Although his would be a governmental institution, the minister would not saddle any new taxation on the public to maintain it; its expenses, he believes, ought to be divided between the great picture concerns of France. This is no more than just, for the established firms would be first to reap the pecuniary rewards of an officially fostered art.

All this is interesting. Now let's see if it comes to pass. In the meantime, let us not

forget that the first genuine photoplay endowment in the world was in America, and came from an American—George Eastman.

A New Eruption. A few years ago the shiny new prosperity and over-night importance of a certain type of photoplay favorite manifested itself, mostly, in freak attire. Chromatic shirts, shouting knickerbockers, flowing collars, mushroom or toadstool caps, "putts" which their owners probably wore to bed, and positively dangerous scarfs were to be encountered at every Hollywood corner.

The latest excrescence is by way of change, as the seasons and styles change. It goes deeper, wider, and farther. It affects not so much the delicious and delicate one's personality as his intimate surroundings.

One celluloid gentlemen in Hollywood has added a barber-chair to his bathroom, and an alleged English valet so necessary to his mahster that that person is said to have forgotten how to comb his own hair. When he rides abroad it is in a benzine-burning contraption equipped for "two men up"—i.e., coachman-chauffeur in front and footman behind, both in a most liverish livery. Yet another keeps several dog experts and a veterinary, as a staff for his kennels. One young woman, long an equal rage in Tarrytown and Timbuctoo, is acquiring a national collection of maids: she already has French, English, Scotch and Italian hair-curlers crowding her boudoir, and since we are a bit conciliatory to revolutionary Germany, she will probably be adding a *fraulein* before summer.

The Root of All Film Evils. The Christian Herald has been very fair toward pictures compared to the attitude of some papers of the religious field. In a recent issue it declares the film companies are digging their own graves by the continued production of salacious pictures. It says:

The real beginning of the bad film is in the mind of the scenario writer, who outlines his plot and produces his scenes and situations without much consideration for the probable effect on the mind except so far as it may stimulate the imagination and lead to a sensation towards which he is constantly striving. And the sensual is the easiest way to produce the sensational effect he is after.

Why blame the lieutenant? His superior is entirely to blame. As PHOTOPLAY has often said—a picture is no better than its source—and back of it all, its source is the *producer*.



Photo by Marceau



Photo by Puffer

Raw Ostrich feathers and monkey fur provide the decorations for this very smart street hat shown above. Miss Talmadge thinks of hats in terms of her own individuality.

One of the advantages of the American type of face is that it looks best when the hat is simple. On the left is a girlish hat of taffeta with a fluted edge.

A Page of Hats



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Photo by Marceau



Every woman could not wear the French creation shown above. If you are past the thirties and want to look your best, avoid a hat with sharp angles. This one is trimmed with wooden beads.

A youthful hat—for the very feminine woman who has a good complexion. A hat like this sets off any costume, lending just the right air of distinction to one's ensemble.



Photo by Marceau

A hat that turns squarely off the face is hard to wear, but Miss Talmadge has accomplished it in this hat of her own design. It is of taffeta, with a charming design embroidered in gold.

It's the Little Things That Count

The screen's authority on fashion discusses those accessories that may make or mar Milady's wardrobe.

By NORMA TALMADGE

I WAS trying on hats one day in the shop of a woman to whom millinery is a science, when I heard a customer across the room from me indignantly exclaim:

"But *why* can't I have this hat? I like it."

The saleswoman in attendance shook her head.

"We could not sell that hat to you, madam," she said firmly. "I am very sorry that you like it, because it is really not becoming to you."

After the customer had indignantly departed, I said to the young girl who was showing hats to me:

"Why couldn't that woman have the hat she wanted?"

"Because we never sell a hat unless we are sure it will improve the appearance of the wearer," came the surprising answer.

I couldn't help wishing as I went away that all makers and sellers of clothes might adopt that creed.

After all, there is no middle ground about clothes or hats—they either improve or detract from the appearance. Haven't you all seen the fat lady who attempts to wear floppy, flower-trimmed hats? Or the thin girl who will wear stripes running up and down her tall person? Or the girl with a sallow complexion who dons an emerald green sports hat? Yes, we've all seen them. And that is why I want to chat with you today about the things, the "little things," that may so easily make or mar one's appearance.

Say the word "clothes" to the average person and in nine cases out of ten they will mentally conjure up the vision of a dress. Yet one's dress alone, no matter how handsome, will not give that well-dressed appearance that some women always have and that others, apparently, can not attain.

I used to meet a girl on the street near my home last summer who always struck me as being very smart, although her suit was at least two seasons old. Her hats were plain, but they were always well brushed and poised on her head at just the right angle. Her shoes were always polished and the heels perfection. Gloves and veils never showed rents or careless adjustment. Finally, it dawned on me that her smart appearance was just the sum total of a hundred little things—the thought and care that she gave to accessories.

In this day of high prices one may not be able to afford many pairs of shoes each season, but the one or two pairs should visit the shoe-shining place frequently. Turned-over or worn heels on one's shoes will ruin the smartest costume, and keeping them perfect means only the expenditure of a very small amount of time or money. A small piece of adhesive tape placed in the back of low shoes will prevent slipping up and down, with the resultant wear on stockings. And,

returning to the matter of shoes for just a moment, do you know that you may double the life of satin shoes by keeping them in a box when not in use? There again is where dust works havoc. Trees in the shoes when they are not in use will preserve the shape until they are worn out, and the five-and-ten cent stores carry these trees in all sizes.

So much depends on personal appearance these days that I

(Continued on page 114)

Such little things as a sash, a headdress of pastel buds, and the new double-strapped sandals help this costume along.



Photo by Marceau



Goldwyn and Frank Lloyd have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mme. X." It is tremendously effective and Pauline Frederick's finest screen performance.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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

By BURNS MANTLE

IT is amazing how a little thing—or a couple of little things, to be exact—can throw a great big city out of its stride.

We were going along fairly well in New York, so far as surface indications could be counted. We had solved a lot of traffic problems, for one thing, particularly the problem of Fifth Avenue, where we had erected tall skinny towers from which the continuous streams of motor cars moving north and south, east and west, are not directed. You may not know it, but in the old days to ride from 23d to 59th street on the famous avenue strongly suggested a cross-country gallop on the back of a grasshopper. You might get two blocks and you might get three, but usually you were hopping along a block at a time. Now, when the man in the tower gives the signal the traffic of the entire street moves in two steady streams and continues to move for two or three minutes before it is stopped to let the cross streets have a turn.

We had, as said, just solved this problem and were going along nicely, when along came Mary and Doug and stopped at the Ritz. Everytime they went anywhere they had to cross the avenue, and everytime they crossed the avenue the street crowds gathered around their car and the traffic policemen forgot their signals. With one crowd gathered, other crowds farther down the street, thinking there must be a fire or a fight, began moving toward the original group with the consuming curiosity of all sophisticated boobs until frequently the whole street was choked with people and the new traffic system for the moment thrown completely out of gear. If his jumping highness and his youthful consort had stuck around here another week there is no telling what they might have started. Three or four days of these street receptions, however, a dozen or so newspaper

interviews and they were smiling their way up the gangplank of the steamer that carried them overseas.

Mary and Doug were with us in spirit and closeups, however, for quite a spell. First, Douglas was shown at the Strand as the hero of "The Mollycoddle," and a fortnight later Mary came in as the heroine of "Suds." Without any desire to start trouble in the Fairbanks household, but in the cause of truthful reporting, I must say that Douglas had considerably the better of the argument in comparing these two pictures.

One thing you must credit this young man with, and that is the possession of a working set of brains. He knows as well as the next fellow, and probably a little better, that if the Fairbanks pictures are to retain their popularity they must come to stand for something more than a series of stunts. His jumping days are not over, by several years, and he may find a few new leaps in Europe, but he has pretty well covered those in his own, his native land. Therefore I think he was a wise Douglas to do "The Mollycoddle." It indicates his determination to stand on his own as an actor as well as a handsome athlete.

He isn't much of a mollycoddle, really. When the American tourists find him in Monte Carlo, an expatriated American who has forgotten what his homeland is like, he wears spats and a monocle, but there isn't much that is suggestively English about him except the titles. And when he lets the society diamond smuggler slap his face without physical protest, you know he is just doing it as a sort of joke on the camera. But his reclaimed Arizonian is a workmanlike attempt at definite characterization and lays the foundation for other and better types.

"The Mollycoddle" has those characteristic touches of

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.

comedy that always distinguish a Fairbanks picture—the hero's experiences as a coal passer, his escape through a fish house, his pursuit by the village cats and his shimmy with a Hopi Indian belle; it boasts a bit of originality in introducing a Bray cartoon effect in the elucidation of the plot and it goes as far as realism can go in presenting a Hopi Indian village as a background for the latter half of the story. It has the best landslide effect, coupled with the best rough and tumble scraps, with Doug and Wallace Beery mixing it ad lib, that our experience of the screen recalls. Discounting all the tricks of the camera, whatever that man Beery is paid he earns. In this instance he is dropped through the branches of a tall tree, into the center of a sliding mountain and over the edge of a fair-sized precipice into a rushing mountain torrent, the while Doug claws the heart out of him and simply ruins his best suit of fighting togs. The support is adequate, Ruth Benick playing the heroine and Charles Stevens a bad Indian, despite a Carlisle past. The reservation shots are interesting and splendidly filmed and the whole picture good screen entertainment.

SUDS—United Artists

MISS Pickford's *Amanda Afflick*, the pathetic drudge of "Suds," is the better performance of the two. Her histrionic instincts are truer than Doug's, and she has a better sense of character. But I found the picture not particularly good entertainment. The pathos, for one thing, is laid on a bit thick, forcing the suggestion of its unreality. It is all artistically screened and beautifully pictured; the dream of the little laundry girl, who sees in the clouds of suds that rise from her tub visions of the grand young gentleman who is one day to raise her from her lowly estate, is amusingly set in the narrative and kept nicely in key with the slightly extravagant tone of the story, and the broader comedy incidents of *Amanda's* turning her room over to *Lavender*, the poor old delivery horse she saved from the glue factory, delight the children. But "Suds" is an effort to compromise between the real and the unreal, and to me such compromises are never entirely successful. Little Mary proves herself a fine little actress, however, and perhaps that is triumph enough for one feature. Neither curls nor smirks nor Pollyanic aids to sympathy are dragged in to help her, nor is she granted the solace of an altogether happy ending. Jack Dillon did the directing and the supporting cast is competent. The story was taken from the one-act play, "Op o' My Thumb," which Maude Adams played a dozen or fifteen years ago.

MME. X—Goldwyn

GOLDWYN and, more particularly, Frank Lloyd, the director, have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mme X," which it would not surprise me in the least to see better all the records made by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a conventional picture in its approach toward the big scene, as the play itself was conventional, but it is tremendously effective once the big scene is reached. It is also Pauline Frederick's finest screen performance, a characterization aided mightily by the situation in which the heroine figures, but one which a less skilled actress could easily have ruined. As Frederick plays the unhappy mother, arrested on a charge of murder after she has been turned adrift by her husband and sunk to the gutter as a drug addict, later to be defended in court by her own son who believes her to be dead, she does not depend upon the pathetic situation in which the woman is placed to carry the scene. To the contrary, she invests it with a spiritual quality that reaches through its physical ugliness. Nor is she suffering the pure overlay of an emotional actress' tricks. She is convincing in the sincerity of her performance and in the discretion she employs in the most telling of the episodes. Her court scene is splendidly played, and as effective melodrama as the screen has offered. The fact that a second unusually good performance by Casson, Ferguson as the son does not take the scene away from her, as the sons frequently did in the acted drama, is a further tribute to the actress and her director. Excellent performances in support were those of William Courtleigh and Maud Lewis, and the photography was especially good, the detail of the court scene being particularly well staged and handled. I think you should see "Mme. X." (Continued on page 72)



He was a wise Doug to do "The Mollycoddle." Like most Fairbanks pictures, it stands for something more than a series of stunts. And there's a wiz of a fight.



As the lively hero of "The Wonder Man," Georges Carpentier is a good deal of a screen surprise. Europe's champion pugilist plays a good part well.



If you want to learn how to kill lions with your bare hands and feet, just go see "The Return of Tarzan." His adventures are nothing if not thrilling.



Photo by Geisler & Andrews.

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess



Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. He married her in June—and here they are.

Dick's New Contract

Mr. Barthelmess is Mary Hay's leading man for life.

By FRANCES DENTON

IT all happened just as Richard Barthelmess had planned. He wanted a nice, quiet, formal wedding and he got it. He got it in spite of all the rumor experts who insisted on having him engaged to different girls at intervals of every six weeks. He got it in spite of tons of letters from girls who begged him to consider "yours the undersigned" as the "one and only" in the world. He got it in spite of indiscriminate feminine admiration that would have driven most men to polygamy or the monastery.

Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. She is eighteen-year-old Mrs. Barthelmess,—formerly Mary Hay, and before that Mary Hay Caldwell.

To get right down to brutal facts, the marriage took place on June 18th at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City. It was a most proper and correct wedding. Miss Hay and Mr. Barthelmess were married by Dr. Herbert Shipman, the esteemed and conservative rector. The Church of the Heavenly Rest is squeezed in between office buildings on Fifth Avenue in the Late Forties. It is scarcely less fashionable than St. Bartholomews' and less spectacular than St. Thomas' where so many society weddings take place in the presence of the Deity, many guests and a force of detectives to guard the jewels.

Only the intimate friends of the bride and groom were in-

vited. The bride wore the conventional white, the groom the conventional black. It was more like an exclusive society wedding than the marriage of a movie star to a Ziegfeld favorite.

Misses Dorothy and Jane Caldwell, sisters of the bride, were the bride's only attendants. Mr. Barthelmess's best man was H. Montgomery Smith, a classmate at Trinity College. David W. Griffith was among the guests. He had "personally supervised" the romance.

Richard Barthelmess's engagement to Mary Hay had been rumored about a month before they were married. Both Miss Hay and Mr. Barthelmess denied it. Mr. Barthelmess afterward explained his little fib.

"It wasn't anyone's business," he said, "I wanted my marriage announced in the usual way. When the bride's family send out the announcements to their friends, then it is time enough for outsiders to know about the ceremony. Marriage is a personal affair. It is most embarrassing for everyone to ask if you are going to be married. And it is bad taste to start any sort of engagement rumor until the girl's family makes it known."

You see, Mr. Barthelmess is old-fashioned. He doesn't believe in elopements or "trick" weddings. And when he was hounded with engagement rumors, he felt like a young millionaire or the Prince of Wales. And it made him mad.

As for Miss Hay, she, too, is old-fashioned; she believes that getting married is serious business. And, in every other way, she embodies all that Mr. Barthelmess likes in a girl. She is quiet, charming and well-bred. She has good manners and she is well educated. She is not theatrical in her dress or bearing. Although she has been a member of the Ziegfeld Follies company for more than a year, she hasn't become stagey. Not that we mean to insinuate that Mr. Ziegfeld has a way of turning a little daisy into a night-blooming cireus. We merely want to say that, after several seasons in the chorus girl's Paradise, Miss Hay neither looks nor acts like a chorus girl. And Mr. Barthelmess likes breeding and good manners in young women, old women, stenographers, telephone girls and interviewers.

Miss Hay is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill Caldwell. Her father is a graduate of West Point and that means that he belongs to the army's aristocracy. Mary was born at Fort Bliss, Texas, and has spent a good part of her life in army camps. As daughter of a colonel we may suppose that she had plenty of advantages. Daughters of army officers, like daughters of diplomats, acquire their social education when they are still in their 'teens.

But Mary wanted to be a dancer. So she went to Los Angeles and studied under Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn. The Denishawn dancers, as you know, are often called upon to appear in motion pictures. The West Coast directors naturally turn to them when they want artistic dancing scenes.

Miss Hay is a D. W. Griffith protegee. She appeared in "Hearts of the World." It was then that she met Richard Barthelmess. The director selected her from all the Denishawn pupils to appear as the little dancer in the French dug-out scene. Griffith liked her work and encouraged her to become a screen actress. But he told her to go on the stage and get a little experience before audiences. So Miss Hay came East and obtained an engagement in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1919. She had a small part. If you saw the Follies of that year, you will remember her as the little girl who came out and did tricks with a "dog." The "dog" was Phil Dwyer.

The astute Mr. Ziegfeld saw that Miss Hay had both personality and charm and gave her an engagement in the Nine O'Clock Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof.

When little Clarine Seymour died suddenly, Griffith needed another actress—a small, dark girl—to play her role in "Way Down East." Miss Hay told him she had gained her stage experience and reminded him of his promise. She got the part. Mr. Barthelmess will be seen in the same picture. He is the farmer boy hero. The heroine is—no, not Miss Hay—but Lillian Gish. Miss Hay is said to have made such a success of her role that the fact that she is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess will not be her only claim to screen distinction.

As in all stories about weddings, the bride is getting all the

attention. Even when the groom is Richard Barthelmess, you cannot expect him to hold the center of the stage.

But we shall be just. The groom deserves a few lines of credit.

Do you remember the old-fashioned matinee idol who was afraid to get married because he wanted to be thought of as single-hearted and fancy free? He just loved to tantalize the girls by remaining a bachelor. And do you remember the other sort who thought it was "bad business" to let the public know he had a wife and three children? He was the sort of actor who picked his roles for the same reason that he chose his clothes—because they made him look young and slim.

Richard Barthelmess has had enough admiration to turn him into a matinee idol of the most obnoxious sort. But he would rather be an actor—a good actor. Flying in the face of the tradition that says a screen favorite should stay unmarried, he marries. And the wedding took place just before Mr. Barthelmess left Griffith to begin work on the first picture that made him a star "on his own."

So, after all, perhaps all the flattering letters from girls about his soulful eyes did not mean much. Perhaps all the admiration was merely the foam on top of the ice cream soda. When he left Trinity College, in Hartford, and became Marguerite Clark's leading man, he probably got a little bit of excitement from the first few letters. Then he got a little tired of them. And then—well, he deliberately entered into matrimony with the girl he had known all along—with the girl who liked him before he was one of the greatest responsibilities of Mr. Burleson's mail service.

Being target for all sorts of matrimonial gossip made Mr. Barthelmess extremely wary. And it also made him particular. He hates theatrical gossip and scandal.

"Stage people are as moral as the public will allow them to be," he said. "Most of them like to be let alone so they can enjoy their home life in peace. You see, I know how nice theatrical people can be. My mother is Caroline Harris, an actress, and she is also a mighty fine mother.

"Even if you do happen to work in a studio instead of an office, you can have a quiet, domestic life. If you do your best when you

are working, you are entitled to freedom in your personal affairs. Miss Hay and I have the same ideas on the subject. I know we shall be happy because—well, because this is the right sort of marriage.

"And in my new pictures, I am going to try to get away from 'type' parts. Mr. Griffith taught me that all roles should be character roles. When I was offered the part of the Chinaman in 'Broken Blossoms,' my friends warned me against it. They said that my 'following' wouldn't like to see me as an Oriental.



Photo by Geisler & Andrews

Mary Hay dances in Ziegfeld revues, but she doesn't look or act like a chorus girl.

(Continued on page 123)



Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

WHAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

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

Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 709, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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



Name

Street and Number

City and State

(Continued from page 67)



She's a new Mary Pickford in "Suds." As the pathetic drudge of a laundry girl, Mary's performance is good, but you may not find the picture particularly good entertainment.



The veteran George Fawcett robs Corinne Griffith of first honors by his acting as her father in "Bab's Candidate." The Southern scenes are beautiful—and so is Corinne.



"Remodeling Her Husband" is a woman's picture. A woman wrote it, a woman stars in it, and a woman is its director. But Dorothy Gish makes the men like it, too.

MADONNAS AND MEN—Jans Pictures Inc.

THE features of "Madonnas and Men" that, aside from the title, will attract attention to it are its "big" scenes, and these, as we frequently have had occasion to contend, are the weakest foundation on which to build a picture. There are so many "big" scenes shown on the screen these days that without a convincing story back of them they have little value. Griffith's "Intolerance" was two or three times as big as Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," but the one had a convincing story and the other had a battering ram and the walls of Babylon. And one made millions and screen history and the other made thousands and is already practically forgotten.

Everything that money could buy has been bought to make "Madonnas and Men" a sensation. Its private showing in New York, preliminary to its release, was perfect in its arrangements. A large theater was engaged, a numerous orchestra played the incidental score, there was a treadmill chariot race to intensify the atmospheric appeal, a reception committee to receive the invited guests, and embossed programs to acquaint them with the parties responsible for the production. But soon the story shifted from ancient Rome to the Twentieth Century, in the vision of an ancient soothsayer who was peering into the future to convince the son of a brutal Roman emperor that the super-race yet to come would not debase its women nor indulge those "unrestricted moral standards" which were responsible for the decline and fall of Rome. He proved it by showing that the super-race was, in fact, revelling in these very sins, and the minute he did the story became no more than another attempt to pump up interest in that which was not true. The further fact that in the vision a widowed father took his son into his confidence when he sought to be revenged upon a woman who once had jilted him by abducting and forcing her daughter into marriage with him was a further weakening factor. Yet, as we say, the big scenes, which are well handled, and the exceptionally competent cast, which includes Anders Randolph, Edmond Lowe, G. Von Seyferritz, Raye Dean, Evan Burrows-Fontaine, Faire Binney and Blanche Davenport, may save "Madonnas and Men."

THE BRANDING IRON—Goldwyn

A SECOND fine picture to come from the Goldwyn studio last month was "The Branding Iron," which offers further illustration of what applied intelligence can do to make interesting even the most familiar of screen material. The story here is that of a girl upon whom the sins of her mother have been visited. Imprisoned in a mountain cabin by the dissolute father who sought to keep her from contact with the world, she is rescued by an uncouth but basically noble mountaineer who grows suspicious when he learns of her past. Returning to the cabin to find that another man has been taken in out of a storm and befriended during his absence, he accuses his wife of unfaithfulness and in a drunken rage sears the imprint of his cattle brand upon her shoulder, that all the world may know her to be his woman. From this scene she is taken by a city pagan who shoots the drunken husband and later convinces the girl that he is dead. The husband recovers and finally traces his wife and the man with whom she has been living to New York, and there learning the truth, yet blaming himself for the consequences of his brutality, he forgives her. The improbabilities encountered in the telling of this story are so skillfully handled as never to weaken its holding quality, and so well is the suspense sustained and so intelligently are the various characters played that not until the end of the picture is the outcome absolutely foreshadowed, which I insist is the test of a good picture's adaptation and direction. I am not easily interested in this type of plot, but I thoroughly enjoyed "The Branding Iron." James Kirkwood gives another of his forceful, human and technically finished performances as the mountaineer, Barbara Castleton is excellent as the heroine, and Russell Simpson, a fine character actor, and Richard Tucker strengthen the cast greatly. The photography is beyond criticism, Percy Hilburn being the camera man in charge, and Reginald Barker's direction does him much credit.

THE WONDER MAN—Robertson-Cole

DRESS clothes cannot a gentleman make, nor muscle arms a star. Not, that is, as a general thing. But Georges Carpentier, champion pugilist of Europe, is an exception. As the

(Continued on page 74)



For her exquisite blouses

—the most careful laundering there is

A TAILORED China silk rides out with her before breakfast. Then she's off for the links with a frilly, fluffy one under her low-cut sweater. Her afternoon suit is but a poor, plain, dark affair without its favorite georgette. And even dinner condescends to a costume blouse of coral chiffon and embroidered filet.

For her blouses so distinctive she could not tolerate ordinary washing! A bit of hard rubbing and their delicate charm would be forever ruined. But with Lux she never knows a moment of worry.

Delicate, transparent flakes that whisk into a wonderful lather. No hard cake soap to rub on. Just bubbling suds to dip the fine things up and down in.

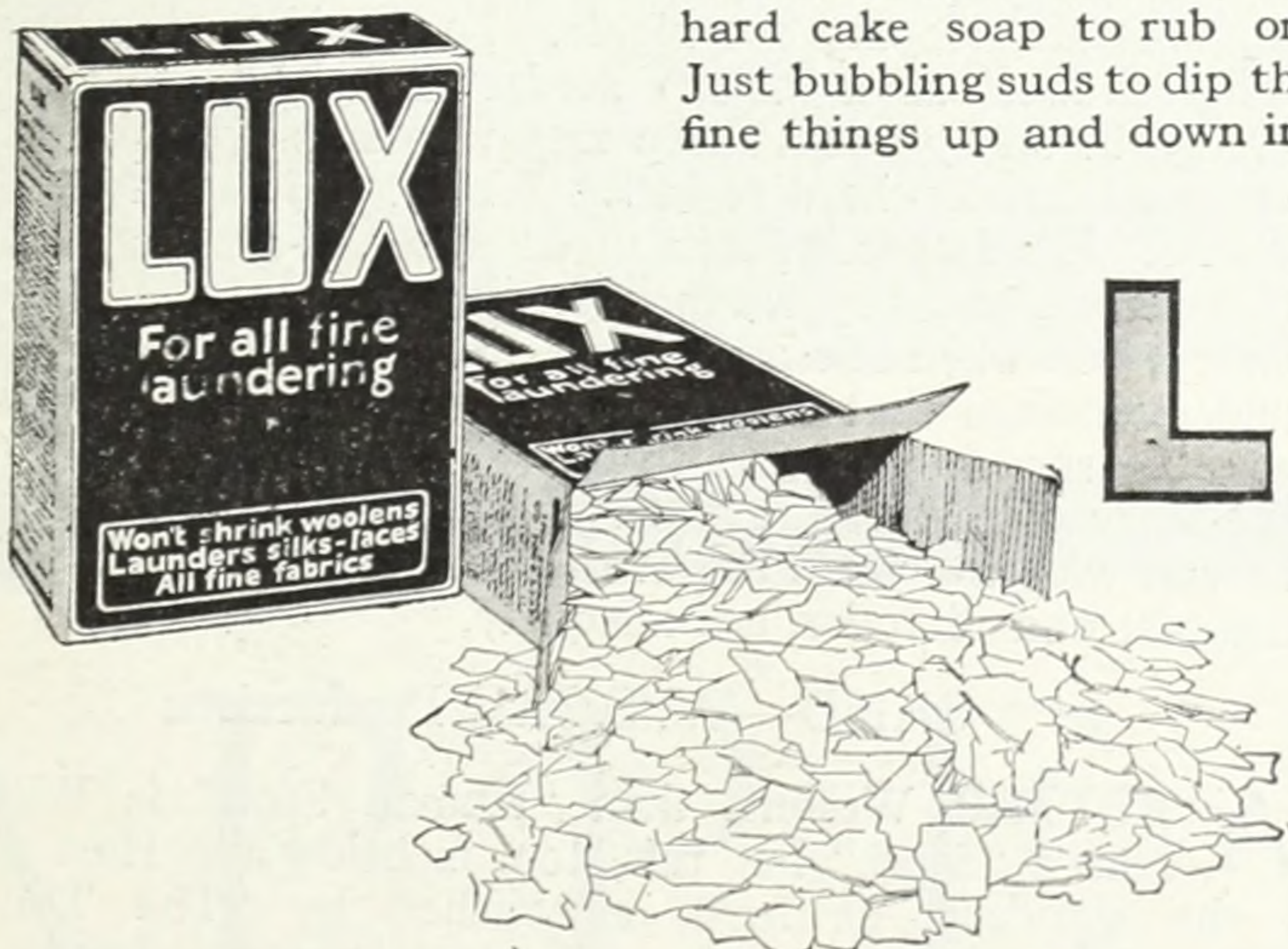
Rich lather to be pressed again and again through the soiled spots.

In half an hour the most intricate blouse is ready to wear!

Not a thread pulled out of shape, not a color dimmed—for Lux cannot harm any fabric or color that pure water alone will not hurt.

Every chic little blouse is a miracle of freshness! Each tiny handmade tuck serene in its proper place. Every lacy ruffle soft and whole. These blouses have been known to deceive even you, yourself—you cannot believe that the adorable ones have actually been washed.

The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



How to launder fine blouses

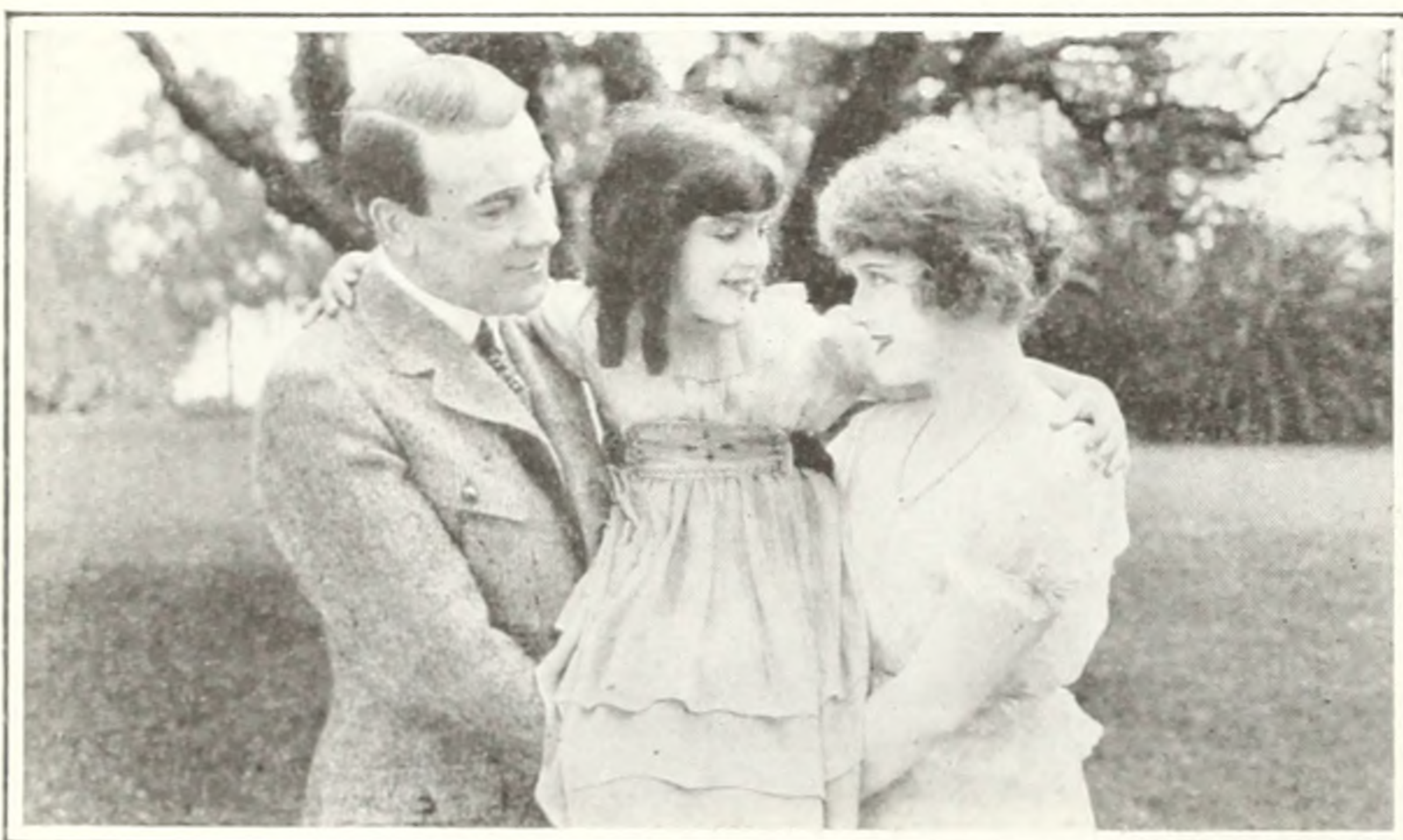
Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a bowlful of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip blouse up and down—squeeze suds through—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with warm iron.

White lingerie fabrics—use hot water for washing and rinsing. Dry in sun.

(Continued from page 72)



"Object Matrimony" reveals a hitherto unsuspected Blanche Sweet, a sort of a devilish combination of Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish.



May Allison is a sort of Miracle Girl in "The Cheater," and if you want to know all about the way spirits work, go see this picture. It gives the whole thing away.



"The Restless Sex" suggests money and plenty of it and the restless and expensive Marion Davies fits perfectly into this artistically and colorfully staged Chambers story.

lively hero of "The Wonder Man" Georges is a good deal of a screen surprise. He is good looking, he is modest, he does not try to "act," he has an intelligent face and a good presence. Furthermore, those who put him on the screen were wise in that they selected a reasonably good story for him, and surrounded him with a competent cast. As the special agent of the French government on a secret mission to America, he waded through the opposition, fought a good fight with the club champion who was seeking to show him up, and gave Faire Binney, as the heroine, reasonable excuse for loving him. Robert Barrat was the opposing fighter and a good one. John Adolfi did the directing, Joseph Farnham the scenario and Daniel Carson Goodman the story, all creditable jobs.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN—Numa-Goldwyn

I AM not sure "The Return of Tarzan" should not be listed with the educationals. Certainly in no other picture can one learn how best to kill lions with the bare hands and feet. Seriously, have you the least idea of what to do if you should come face to face with a lion in the jungle? No, you haven't. Well, in the first place you glare steadily at him, the while you shift from one foot to the other to distract his attention. Then you maneuver until you are either able to get in back of him or in a tree above him. This accomplished, the rest is comparatively simple. Leaping suddenly upon the animal's back, you apply what the wrestlers know as the body scissors by winding your legs around him and at the same time place both thumbs directly back of his ears. Then you frown fiendishly, and press the thumbs nearer and nearer the base of the ears, which is the most sensitive spot on a lion's body. In a moment the animal's struggles are over. The tickling of the thumbs so amuses him that he just naturally laughs himself into a state of coma, where you leave him until the next reel.

The adventures of Tarzan are all exciting. In "The Return" the ape man is back in civilization and a good looking fellow. But he has a natural gift for getting into trouble. Soon he has inspired the enmity of a card sharp and is accused of being the lover of a lady he merely hoped to befriend while her husband was absent. Later the villains push him off a South African steamer, and when he swims boldly to shore he recognizes his old jungle. Soon he has found himself a leopard's skin and established communications with his old friends, the monks and the elephants. Then the heroine is wrecked, fortunately near the same island, which makes it possible for Tarzan to rescue her two or three times and finally to return home with her. The thrills are carefully staged and guaranteed and the acting and direction are as good as need be. Gene Pollar is the lion tickler, Karla Schramm the heroine and Armand Cortez a persistent villain.

HUMAN STUFF—Universal

UNIVERSAL has wasted good talent in using Harry Carey as the star of "Human Stuff." It is a sketchy little story that does not hold well together and the audience is forced constantly to fill in with its imagination. It concerns a somewhat wild youth (and not so very youthful in Carey's case) who is banished to the West by a father who objects to his drinking and staying out nights. In the West the boy establishes himself as a "sheep herder" according to the script, though he really was a sheep man who employed sheep herders (they hate sheep herders in the West), and then sent East for a wife. His father induced a girl who had always liked Harry to go West and buy a ranch, hoping the two would decide to marry, but when she arrived there was one of those silly misunderstandings that could have been cleared up with a single sensible speech that had to be scrupulously avoided to keep the story going and provide two more reels. Carey does what he can with the yarn, the Western exteriors are attractive and the cast and direction are adequate.

SAND—W. S. Hart Productions

A BETTER Western than "Human Stuff" is William S. Hart's "Sand," but this, too, is below the Hart standard—the standard, at least, established by "The Toll-Gate." There is intelligence and good entertainment value in all the Hart pictures, because the star is not only a good actor,

(Continued on page 104)

ALMOST any "eight" is a good performer. For the multi-cylinder principle operates like running oil—smoothly and silently.

That's what everyone requires. But—

Has it occurred to you that there are radical and fundamental differences in eights?

The Apperson design gives to the world eight-cylinder performance, *plus*.

For this motor, while possessing all the virtues of the Eight, operates with the thrift of the Four.

It's all in the design. Eighty parts have been eliminated.

For example, there is but one cam shaft and only a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

This motor is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

Result! A rare combination of Eight smoothness with the advantage of the strictest Four economy.

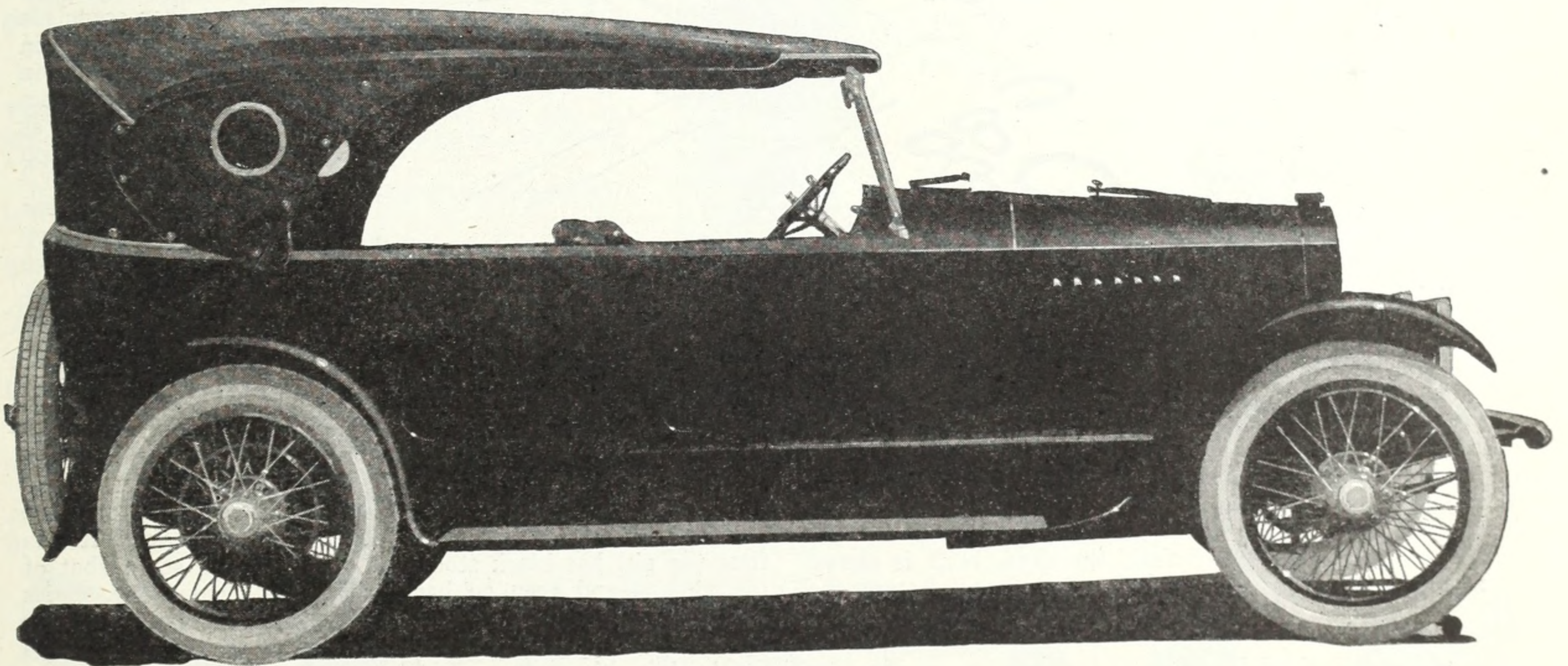
Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.



Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.



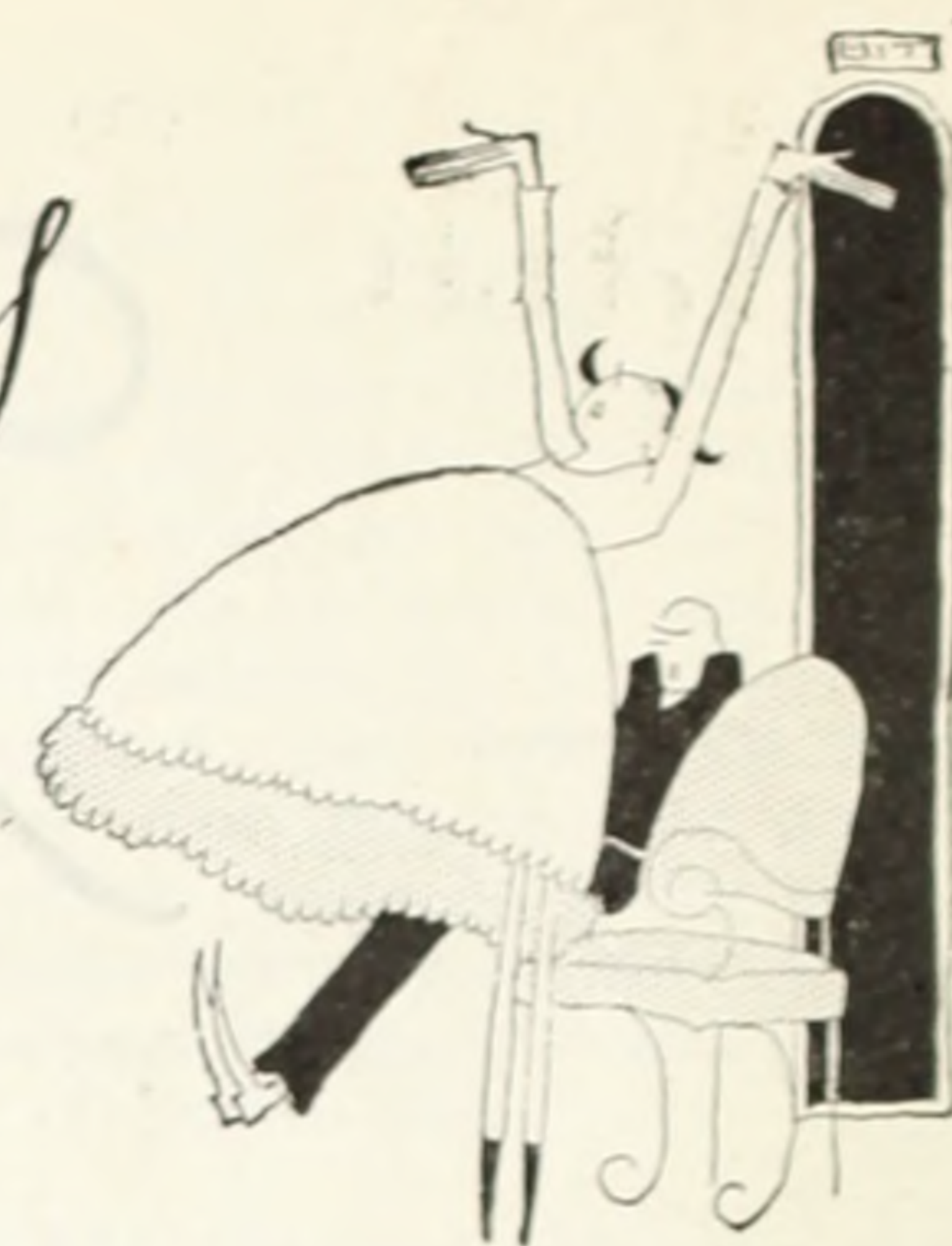
APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

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.



Kidnapes Gowned Free Of Charge

IN "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" with Douglas Fairbanks, when Marjorie Daw is kidnapped by bandits, she is wearing a suit; when we see her again in prison she has on a black dress with a Spanish mantilla over her shoulders. Do western bandits kindly supply kidnapes with complete outfits?

V. H. VENNOR, New Jersey.

Viola's a Precocious Child

IN "Dangerous to Men" Viola Dana assumes the role of a child. She is seated on the floor supposed to be telling fortunes with cards. Nearby is Milton Sills, sitting on a lounge watching her with interest. Upon close observation I noticed the cards were strewn about in confusion. But when the close-up is shown the cards appear in perfect formation, with Viola retaining the king of diamonds in readiness to place it on the top lines with the other kings, depicting a mass attack of cupids, which is meant for Milton Sills. It would turn a veteran at this game green with envy to see the way that "child" plays!

H. ROBERT NEWMAN,
New York City.

Fifty Reported This

WHOEVER directed "In Old Kentucky" certainly never was in old Kentucky. The character of the Kentucky Colonel was overdrawn; besides, a Kentucky Colonel has never been known to drink a mint julep in one gulp. A colored jazz band, with trombones, furnished the music for the reception scene. But the worst blow came when, after we have seen the villain set fire to Queen Bess' barn and Anita Stewart lead Queen Bess from the burning building without having blindfolded the horse's eyes, mind you—after that, the same barn is shown later intact, even with the same roses growing 'round the door!

GEORGE DEDROIT, New Orleans, La.

We Never Even Noticed It

FAR be it from me to quibble over trifles but in "The Miracle Man" Rose arrives in Fairhope clad in fur-trimmed velvet, and is driven straight to the sun-bathed cottage of the Patriarch, where the rose-bushes are blooming. Later, Claire arrives on the scene in a heavy cloak weighted with fur, and is met by Rose, in sheerest organdie. What do you think of that?

D. G. B., Toledo, Ohio.

An Educated Arab

IN "The Auction of Souls" a band of Arabs came up to the door of the monastery. A monk looked through a hole in the door. It showed the Arab on the other side and as his lips moved one could see that he spoke, in perfect English, "Open the door."

GEORGE M. MORRISSEY, Seattle, Washington.

Safety First at Selig's

THE "wild" animals used in Colonel Selig's serial with Juanita Hansen, "The Lost City," were much maligned by the cast. There was a wild elephant who chased the tigers away just as they were about to eat the hero or something—but strange as it may seem the wild elephant had had his tusks cut off.

MASON FOSTER,
Kansas City, Mo.

Insult To Injury

A SCENE in "The Cup of Fury" shows Sir Joseph under arrest by British secret service agents. He asks permission to take a few clothes with him; they consent; he goes into another room, and beckons to his wife to join him, whereupon they both take poison and die. Later on in another scene his adopted daughter is shown in America, visiting friends in Virginia. There is a guest from England who denounces her as "the daughter of Sir Joseph who was shot in the Tower." Poor Sir Joseph: not content with his death by poison, they must needs take him to the Tower of London and shoot him!

D. FRANKLIN FISHER,
Norfolk, Va.

An Extravagant Heroine

IN the fourth episode of "Elmo the Fearless," the hero and the girl are climbing down a steep grade. At this time the girl has black stockings on. Next we see a shot of the villain—and then go back to the girl again—and she is wearing white stockings. In still another scene, she has the black ones on again. She must have more hose than Carpentier has shirts.

RAY COUTURE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perhaps She Went Back After It

IN "Below the Surface," Hobart Bosworth literally drags Grace Darmond from the restaurant without her evening wrap. But later, when both are seen on the night boat to Boston, she is holding her wrap about her.

LOUISE MEREDITH, Bayonne, N. J.



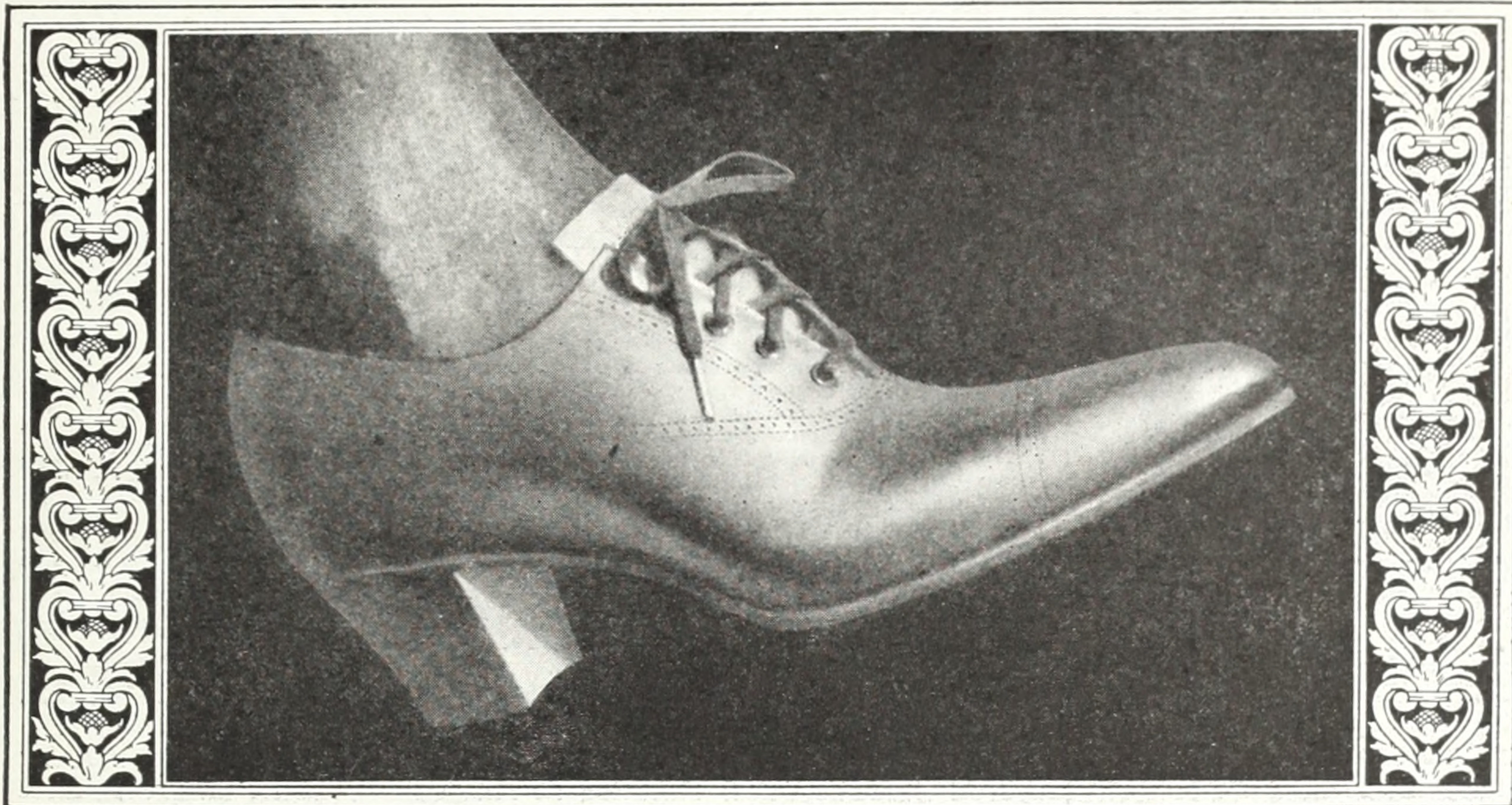
He Should be a Strong Man in Vaudeville

THE escaping convict in "Devil McCare," when he breaks away from the chain gang, sits by the side of the road and breaks the chains binding him with his fingers.

H. R., Cosmopolis, Wash.

Made to fit the foot IN ACTION

The secret of smart shoes that *stay smart*



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

It was once said of a celebrated French actress that each night she appeared on the stage wearing a pair of new shoes.

"Ah, the new shoe—it is so beautiful!" she exclaimed to inquiring friends. "So chic, so graceful, so shapely—but alas, here today and gone tomorrow!"

That was many years ago. The art of shoe making since then has advanced wonderfully, yet even today we hear bewailed the short-lived beauty and shapeliness of the modern shoe.

So trim and dainty when you wear them first, so beautiful of line . . . and then, all too soon, an unsightly crease here, a bulging there—and your shoes have "lost their shape!"

And what causes the trouble? The shoes are still good, the material unmarred, the seams intact.

What moving pictures show

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

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

It is the strain and stress of *the foot in action* that distort the line and alter the shape of shoes.

The secret of real and lasting shoe style

THE designers of The Red Cross Shoe recognize the principle of the foot in action as the secret of the beautifully shod foot.

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

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



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

Then they test each style thus created—on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance.

The result is a shoe that retains its beautiful lines and shape and moves naturally *with* every movement of the foot—not *against* it.

Permanently trim-fitting, graceful models that *stay* trim-fitting and graceful as long as you wear them.

And wonderful comfort, too

THE Red Cross Shoe is as comfortable as it is lastingly beautiful. Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping—it needs no "breaking in."

And coupled with this is the famous "bends with your foot" feature of the Red Cross Shoe—a sole so flexible that it "gives" with the step as a perfect-fitting glove yields to the hand.

The new styles are ready

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

Among them you will find just the model to give your foot the chic daintiness you want for it.

Perfect comfort—from the *first!* Perfect style—to the *last!* *Straight through* wearing qualities! Such is the footwear satisfaction you can obtain—today—at the Red Cross Shoe store in your town.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide

—sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 810 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



610
Model No. 610. The "Oxfordette." A snappy, sporty up-and-coming model. It is a beautifully rich copper Russia Calf Brogue, made on a new low heel walking last that gives solid comfort



561

Red Cross Shoe



Model No. 561. The "Ventura." Of soft black kid, on a combination last to fit your heel and allow your toes plenty of room, this model is one of the season's favorites



Look for this trademark on the sole

Model No. 613. The "Collegian." A combination of style, comfort and wearing qualities unusual. It is dignified in style and yet has an up-to-the-minute air. In Havana brown kid

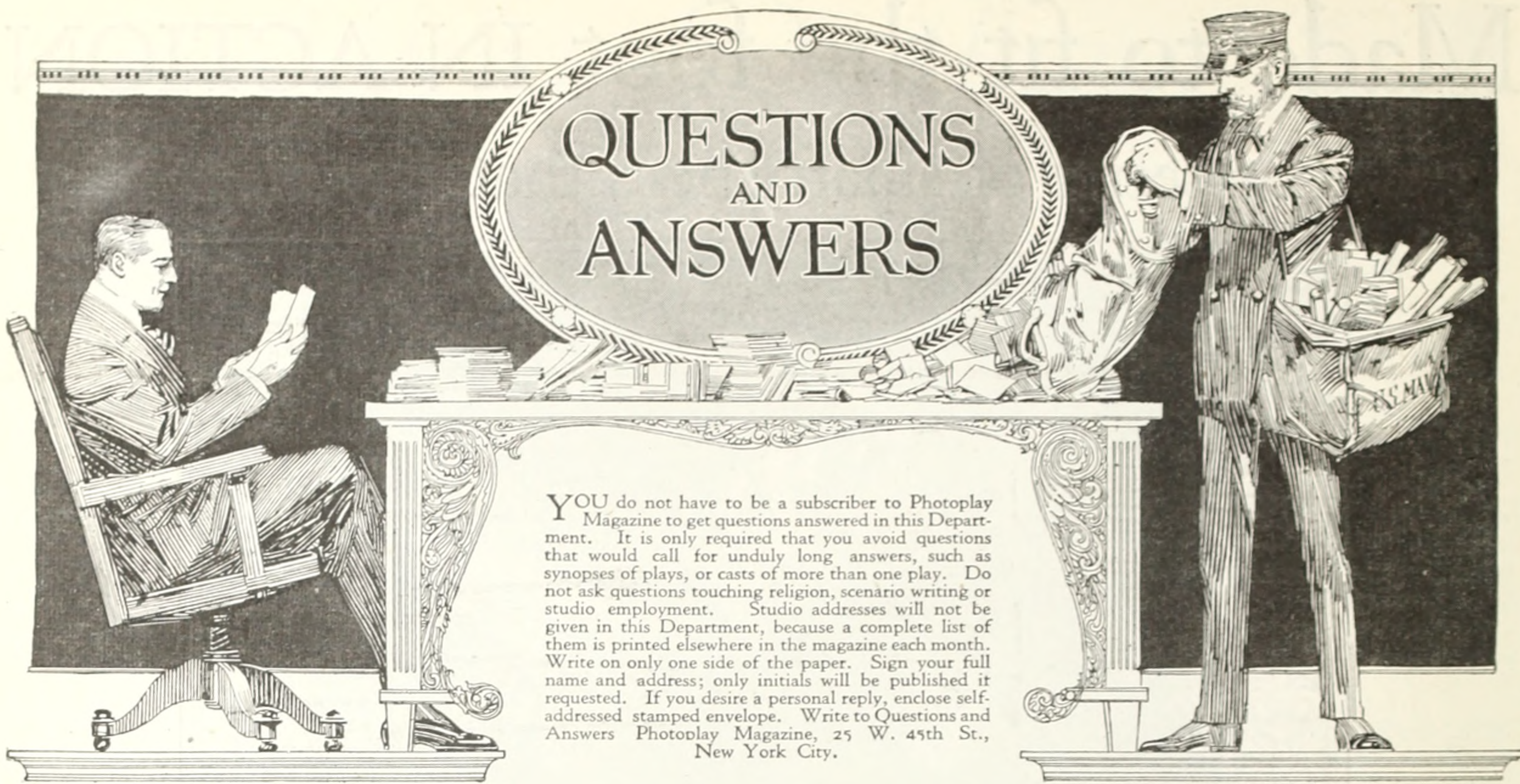


613



614

Model No. 614. The "Stepper." Quite the niftiest little shoe on the boulevard. Because it is made, like all Red Cross Shoes, to fit the foot in action, it holds its shape. In dark brown kid



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

SHEILA ROOKER, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—Films in this country are released soon after they are made, in most cases. The companies have schedules far ahead. A star is the individual luminary of a picture, one who enacts the best—meaning the fattest and also most virtuous—and highest-paid part. A feature player is the actor most prominent in the star's support and usually is mentioned in the billing. Mary Pickford is a star. Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson—when she was with DeMille—are not stars, but featured players.

M. W., SOUTH VANCOUVER.—If the kiss is the language of love, how does it happen that our drama is silent? Mary Pickford is of Irish descent; she was born in Toronto, Canada, but has lived and worked in the United States. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, the man who presents the "Ziegfeld Follies." I always knew Mr. Ziegfeld's taste was perfect, but when he married Miss Burke I was doubly sure. They have a little daughter named Patricia, and they live at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Manhattan and at Burkely Crest, Miss Burke's country place on the Hudson. You're quite welcome.

FRESH, MEMPHIS.—You are very skeptical, aren't you? Too bad, because you skeptics get so little fun out of life. You must rival Ben Turpin in vision; you see things in my pages that I never wrote. Better be sure your criticisms are correct in the future. Now that I've lectured you, let's get on. Eugene O'Brien is not, and never has been married. Conway Tearle's wife is Adele Rowland. Theda Bara is abroad at this writing, on a vacation and for the purpose of looking over the European play market. Her sister, Loro, had a romance on the ship that carried them across; she is now engaged.

HARRY, FROM BIRMINGHAM, (STEEL CITY).—You sound like a dime novel. Never mind, dime novels have been known to sell. Don't set yourself up as a reformer—reformers are so unpopular. Besides, they seldom have any effect. Calvin Coolidge vetoed the long-disputed Massachusetts censorship bill, so you can understand why that film man you mention is boosting him, can't you? I am no theatrical authority, but I can tell you that the play you mention is worth seeing. Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No?"

IDA, WASHINGTON, D. C.—There are three plays on Broadway now featuring as many Chinese ingenues who say "damn." All three plays are successful, so I suppose our favorite film ingenues, dressed in oriental pajamas, will soon be reciting "damns" and "hells" to entranced audiences via the subtitle. Doris May, who played with Douglas MacLean, is the same Doris Lee who played with Charles Ray. Thomas Ince changed her name for film purposes. So you don't like that heavy Fox sex stuff in warm weather. No need for you to leave your happy home for Richard Barthelmess. He's married now.

The Technical Director

("Around Our Studio")

He makes most intricate designs
And worries over curves and lines.
And while the supers roll the bones,
He's puzzling out the shades and tones.

If there's a trap-door that they need,
They call on him for double speed.
What hats they wore in '94—
He knows all that and much, much more.

He works so hard on every fillim,
His tasks, I fear, will some day kill him. . . .

And when the picture's done and ended,
The people say, "The star is splendid!"

—Morrie Ryskind

CHERRY, LYNN, MASS.—Sydney Chaplin's first five-reel comedy has not yet reached release. It is called "One Hundred Million," and parts of it were taken abroad. Syd is married. He doesn't look like a comedian ought to look; he is a polished and witty chap—a good friend of mine. Yes—Charlie's brother.

JUST MARIE.—The man who doesn't think airplanes will ever come into general use is the grandson of the man who didn't think automobiles would ever be popular, or that moving pictures would ever last long. Here is the cast of "Little Women," produced by

William A. Brady: *Mr. March*, George Kelson; *Mrs. March*, Kate Lester; *Aunt March*, Julia Hurley; *Jo*, Dorothy Bernard; *Meg*, Isabel Lamon; *Beth*, Lillian Hall; *Amy*, Florence Flinn; *Hannah*, Mrs. Anderson; *Laurie*, Conrad Nagel; *John Brooke*, Henry Hull; *Mr. Laurence*, Frank de Vernon; *Professor Bhear*, Lynn Hammond. Can't give you the addresses of all of these actors, as Miss Bernard and Miss Lamon are not in pictures just now and Miss Flinn is on the stage. Lillian Hall, care Edgar Lewis Productions; Conrad Nagel, Lasky Hollywood.

SAVEDINA, PORTLAND.—It was Sir Philip Sidney, the "flower of chivalrie," who said, "Give it to him; his needs are greater than mine," on the battlefield when he gave the water to the wounded soldier. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. There will be a story about Bert soon. Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Viola Dana is in California.

THIRTEEN, CHICAGO.—I am sorry, but I do not look in the least like Conway Tearle. But after all, you need not worry about my looks, you know; I am not in pictures and if you should ever happen to come into the office when I am there, I'll hide under my desk and you will be spared the disappointment of seeing me. Ruth Roland is appearing in serials for Pathe. Clara Kimball Young is divorced from James Young. Her latest picture is "Mid-Channel."

I. M. R., SIOUX CITY.—I never got your letters. I've never heard our post-master speak, but they say he has the same slow delivery. Hope it didn't inconvenience you to be kept waiting to know that Helen Ferguson is not Elsie's sister, that Natalie Talmadge played *Dorcas Winthrop* in "The Love Expert," her sister Constance's comedy; that Robert Gordon was *Dan* in "Dollars and the Woman," and Louise Lovely was Bill Farnum's leading woman in "The Orphan."

IRENE SCOTT, NEWMAN, ILL.—Do actors marry just pretty actresses? Sometimes. And then sometimes they marry plain actresses and sometimes they don't marry actresses, and sometimes they don't marry at all. Niles Welch is thirty-two.

(Continued on page 98)



Rigaud

16 Rue de la Paix
PARIS

A Perfect
TISSUE CREAM
fragrant with

Mary Garden
Perfume

This fragrance enriches the entire series which includes

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Breath Pastilles | Lip Rouge |
| Brilliantine | Liquid Soap |
| Cold Cream | Nail Polishes |
| Eau Dentrifice | Powder (Solid) |
| Eye Lash Beautifier | Sachet Powder |
| Eye Brow Pencil | Shampoo |
| Extract | Talcum Powder |
| Face Powder | Tissue Cream |
| Greaseless Cream | Toilet Water |
| Hair Tonic | Tooth Paste |
| | Vanity Case |



Perfumed with the
Wonderful New Odor
of 26 Flowers®



Posed by
Helene Chadwick
Motion
Picture Star

Face Powder Jonteel, flesh, white, or brunette, 50c.

FACE POWDER onteel

What Makes This Lovely Powder Stay On So?

WHY doesn't it blow off? Or brush off with every passing touch? What makes it give your complexion such a smooth, clear, brilliant look?

Examine this powder, and you'll quickly find out the reason—

Face Powder Jonteel has *body*. A delightfully firm—not coarse, but exquisitely *fine*—texture. *Body* is the only word that describes it.

Body is what makes Face Powder Jonteel adhere so evenly and smoothly, removing the shine and blending into the color of your skin.

Absolutely pure—no harmful chemicals. Try it. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

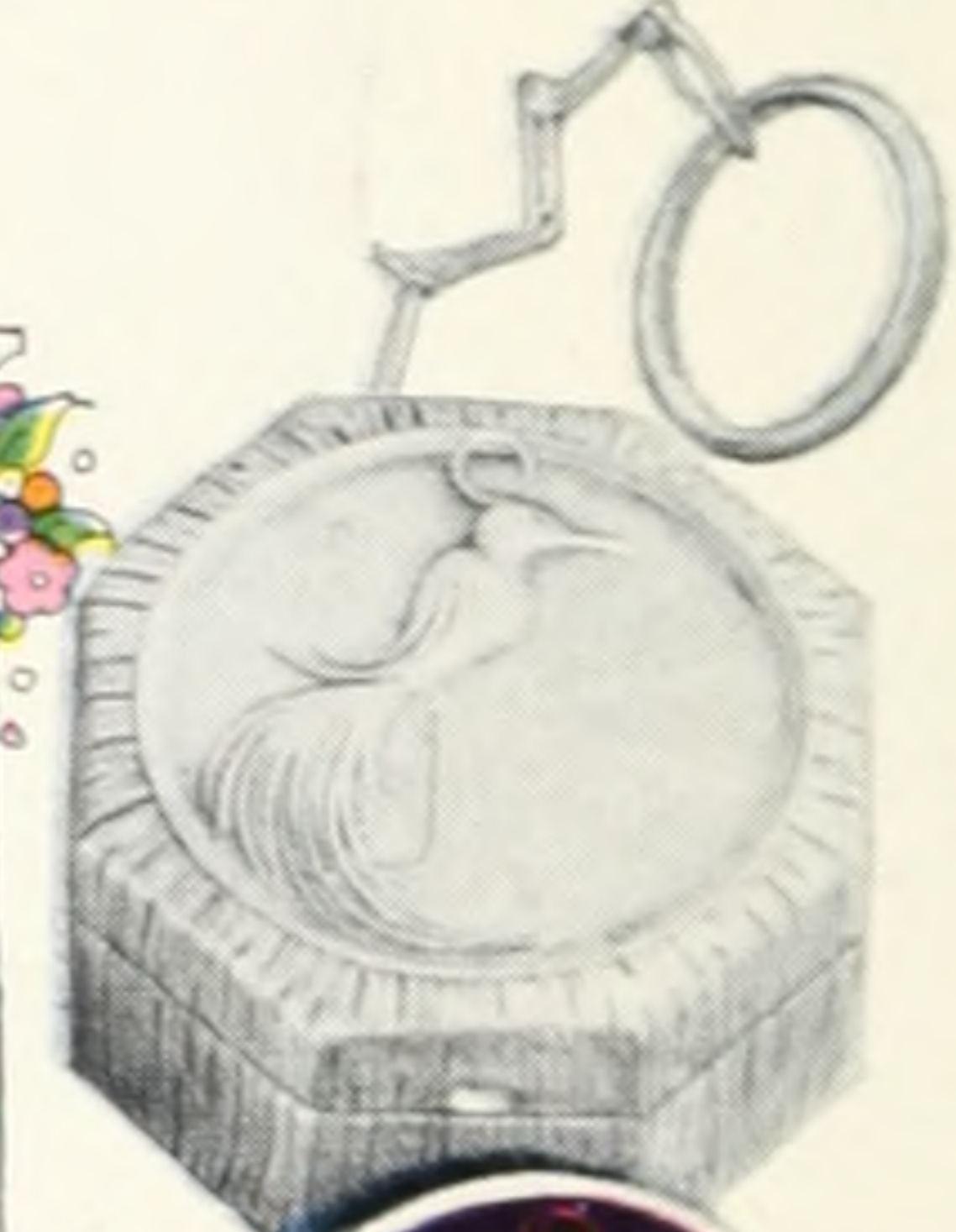
N. B. Obtain a generous sample of Face Powder Jonteel, by sending 10c to Liggett's—Dept. 1656, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City. State whether you desire flesh, white, or brunette.

OTHER JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

- Odor Jonteel, \$1.50
- Odor Jonteel concentrate, \$3
- Talc Jonteel, 25c
- Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c
- Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c
- Soap Jonteel, 25c
- Manicure Set Jonteel, \$1.50

(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher)

Vanity Case Jonteel, repoussé silver finish. Just the right size to hold a Jonteel compact. Complete with compact, \$1.



Face Powder Compact Jonteel, in flesh, white, brunette, "out-door," 50c.



For the usual light complexion Rouge Jonteel, light, 50c.



A tint for general use. Rouge Jonteel medium, 50c.



For dark complexions, Rouge Jonteel, dark, 50c.



Lip-Stick Jonteel, 25c



Eyebrow Pencil Jonteel, 25c

He went quietly off to war, and when he came back, everybody asked—

“Metcalf? Who’s He?”

THERE was a little boy with black hair and blue eyes who lived down in Newport, Kentucky, in the later '80's. He was a bright little boy, and his mother was very proud of him. She used to send him to Sunday school. One day, she ran across his teacher.

“How is Earle Metcalfe getting along?” she asked.

The teacher looked puzzled. “Metcalf? Who’s he?”

He would be given pieces to learn to recite. He would learn them, all right, but when called upon to get up and deliver, he would slouch down in his seat and pretend he wasn't there. The same way later on, when Earle was at the high-school and awkward age of the “first long ones.” His instructors had a terrible time with him. They wrote notes to his mother. “Your son,” they said, “is a bright boy. He would get good marks. But he simply will not get up and recite!” His mother smiled. She had given up long ago. She knew he was too bashful.

This bashful, blue-eyed boy, some years after, went to war. He enlisted with little ceremony, was sent across with less. For nineteen months his world—the theatrical world—heard nothing of him. He came back, a lieutenant, having spent one year in the thick of it in France, a member of the Fighting Sixty-ninth.

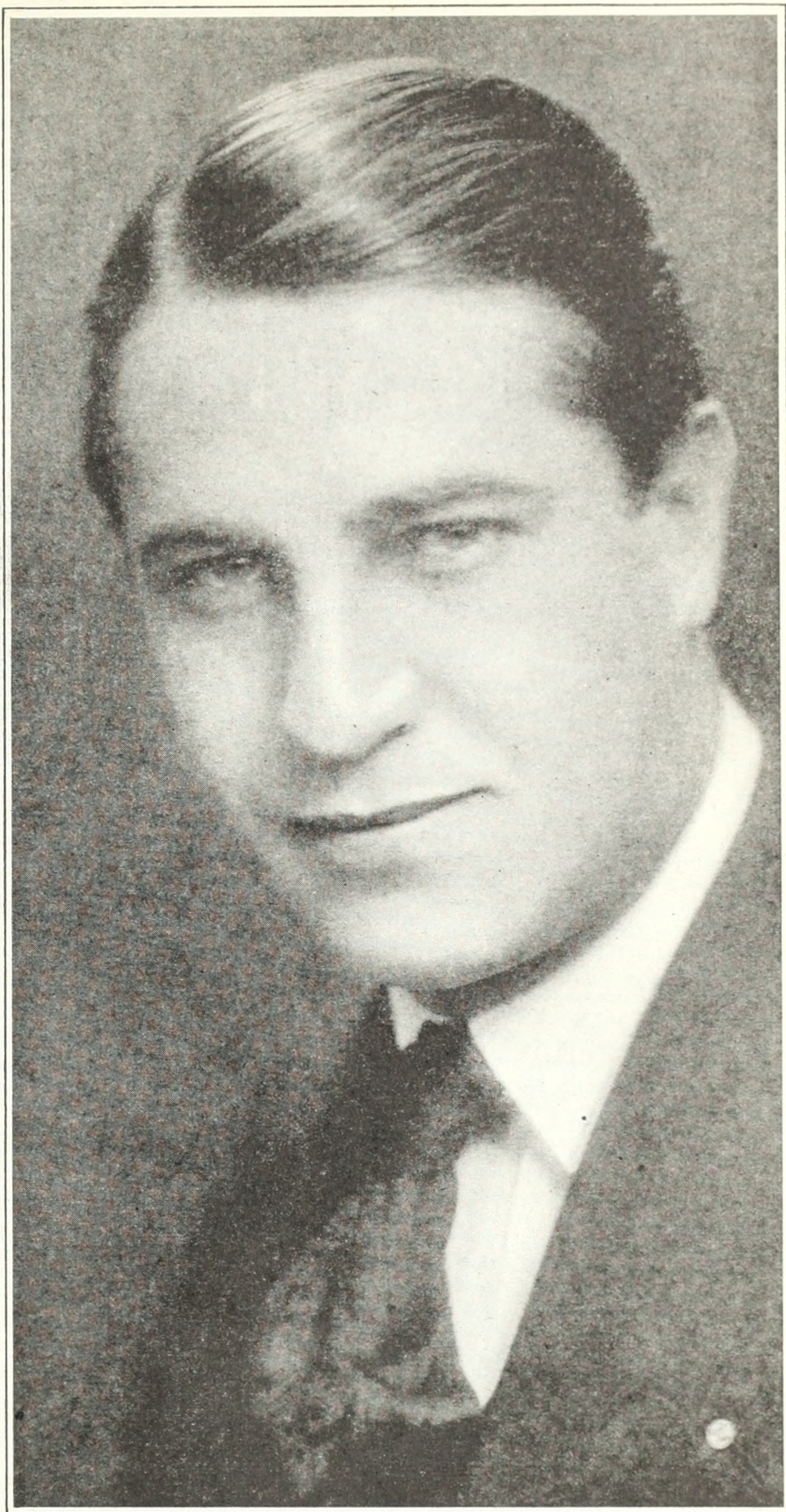
He made the rounds of the theatrical offices.

“Earle Metcalfe? came the question, “who’s he?”

And Metcalfe, blushing brightly, would give a most incomplete and sketchy account of his years of achievement. When he left, the offices knew less about him than they had before.

He is re-established, now. But it wasn't the rosette in his coat lapel, or his military title that re-established him. He doesn't count those among his business assets. He happens to be the kind of hero who would stammer when asked for an account of his thrills abroad. He confesses the biggest thrill he had over there was when—after those squeaky French train whistles—he heard a genuine shriek from a Real American Locomotive. “Boy, that sounded good to me!”

Earle Metcalfe can't explain why he ever went on the stage in the first place. Perhaps he did it because it was the last thing on earth anyone expected of him. Besides, anything was better than having to get up and be graduated in front of a lot of people. So he ran away in pursuit of the elusive thespia at the age of sixteen. An agent took all the boy made for the first year. At the end of that period he was earning the rather munificent sum of \$18 a week, which he had, to spend or to save, all by himself. His training he got in stock, where he learned make-up and to prefer to play old men parts and characters. Now he would rather play characters than leads, but try—if you are only thirty—to make any money playing characters!



But he's re-established now, and is answering those several thousand letters that have piled up.

PERHAPS you have read Pearl White's story of her life, “Just Me.” Perhaps you remember the story of how Pearl, on her first theatrical adventure, alone and lonely, and hard up besides, ran into a nice boy with a friendly smile who lent her money and helped her out. That boy was Earle Metcalfe. It was his first really big engagement, too, and he hadn't any too much money himself.

Over in France he saw Pearl White about once a week, in her serial incarnation. And now he works in the same studio that harbors the White company—the huge new Fox plant in Manhattan. He played the leading role in “While New York Sleeps,” which sounds like a typical Foxy melodrama, and is now working in an eight-reel picture of the American Legion—a really big thing that is taking six months to make. It will be a part entirely to Metcalfe's liking. Besides these two

(Continued on page 116)

-like oranges? Drink
ORANGE-CRUSH



AS A DRINK in itself, Ward's Orange-Crush is irresistibly delicious—an ideal thirst-quencher. But did you ever try an Orange-Crush ice-cream soda? Here, is a treat of surpassing delight.

Put a portion of ice-cream in a glass. Pour a bottle of Orange-Crush over it—or ask for Orange-Crush ice-cream soda at any soda-fountain.

Two more happy suggestions: Orange-Crush malted-milk or Orange-Crush sundae!

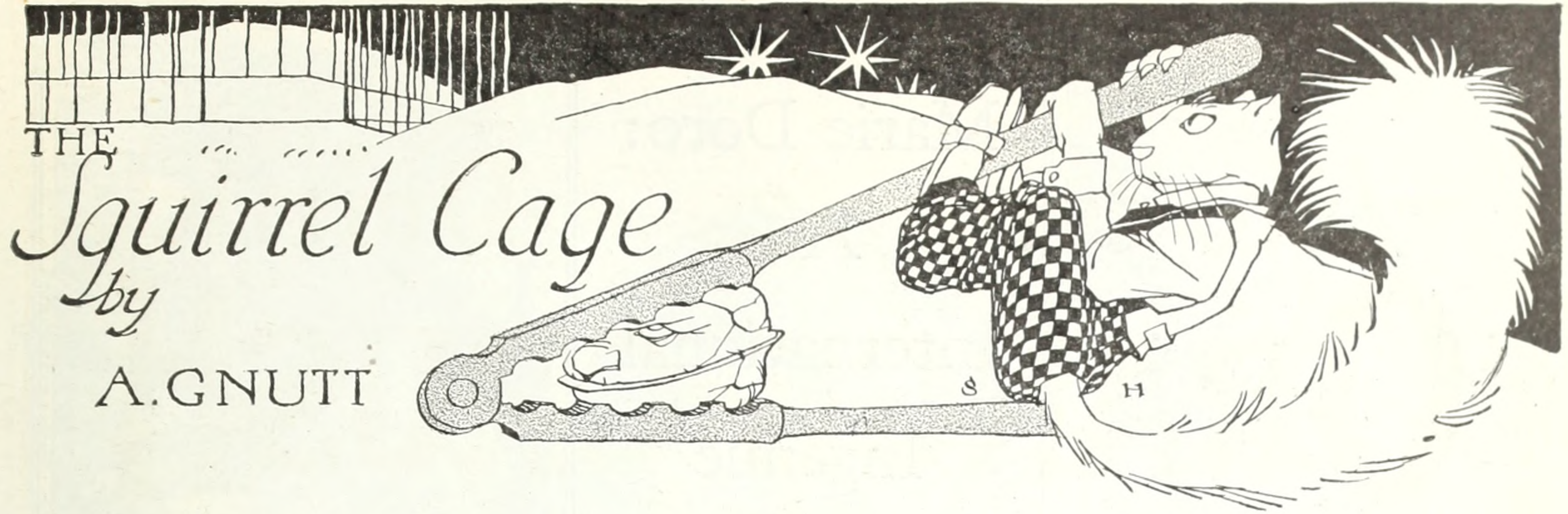
Ward's Lemon-Crush is equally delicious.

The tempting flavor of these drinks is from the delicate oil pressed from the fruit itself, combined by the Ward process with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of citrus fruits.

in bottles or at fountains

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

Send for free book, "The Story of
 Orange-Crush"



DID you know that it would take a train, traveling at a snail's pace, 19,685 years, 2 months and 19 days—not allowing for stops—to make a trip over all the world's railways? These are estimated at 500,000 miles. Now, how fast does a snail travel?

EVERYBODY—well, perhaps not everybody—is wondering what General Pershing, now that he's asked to be retired from the army but wasn't nominated for President, intends to do with himself. He, like President Wilson, has had many offers. One, with six figures tacked on, was made by a vaudeville magnate for a series of war talks.

The General did not reply, and a fortnight later received the inquiry: "Have you entertained my proposal?"

"No," curtly answered Pershing, "but your proposal has entertained me."

WE might bear in mind that the General films mighty well. And with Bill Hart talking about retiring forever!

I'D rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an
Are;
For a Could Be is a May-
be,
With a chance of touch-
ing par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have
Been by far;
For a Might Have Been
has never been,
But a Has was once an
Are.
—Stanford Chaparral.

IT is said that American brewers are invading China and are setting up "free lunch" counters there. One missionary writes: "I had to disband my girls' school the other day because of one of the parades. Machinery which had just arrived for the brewery was being hauled through the streets with an escort of honor! One of those terrible American brass bands had been brought over to lead the procession."

THE minister met Tom, the village ne'er-do-well, and, much to the latter's surprise, shook him heartily by the hand.

"I am so glad you've turned over a new leaf, Thomas," said the good man.

"Me!" returned Tom, looking at him dubiously.

"Yes—I was so pleased to see you at the prayer meeting last night."

"Oh," said Tom, a light breaking in on him, "so that's where I was, is it?"—Tit Bits.

HOW about a fancy dress ball to reduce the high cost of living, suggests B. L. T. Or a pageant?

SHE: Did your two college mates marry well?
HE: I'm afraid not. One got a girl who can cook and insists on playing the piano; the other got one who knows how to play the piano and insists on cooking.—Boston Transcript.

THERE are times, says London Impressions, when nothing exasperates so much as perfectly reasonable argument.

ACCORDING to Professor Simp, one year's supply of coal for New York City, if shoved into 50-ton freight cars, would make a train reaching from Salt Lake City to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 2,452 miles. Be-

cause of the difficulty of obtaining a permit to borrow the coal, however, it is doubtful whether this computation will ever be verified.

FOR fifty years after the death of James Watt, the man who made the steam engine a practical possibility, the garret in which he worked remained unopened.

And, today, it is exactly as he left it.

The piece of iron he was last engaged in turning lies on the lathe. The ashes of his last fire, where Watt used to do his own cooking because of his wife's objection to seeing her husband "looking like a blacksmith," are in the grate; the last lump of coal is in the scuttle. The Dutch oven is in its place over the stove,

with Egyptian mummies thousands of years ago have been planted out in the Twentieth century and have germinated in the ordinary way."

Microbe Methuselahs have been found in documents dating back into ages of the past. Dr. Galippo of the French Academy of Science announces that in Egyptian papyrus twenty centuries and more old he has found living microorganisms. These were subjected to the usual test of heat and although the temperature was carried to 248 degrees Fahrenheit, they hopped about like two-year-olds in spite of their 2,000 years.

There is fear now that those germs of centuries ago might convey the old Egyptian plagues or the Black Death—the most terrible epidemics in the history of the world. But don't lose a lot of sleep over that! They may not.

PANSY, Philadelphia—
Thanks. Thought of you July 1st. No, I didn't show your picture to my wife. If you'd sent one with your play—but you didn't.

CAROLINE, Asheville—Yes—with the possible exception of the Talmadges, Gloria Swanson, Marguerite Clark, Katherine MacDonald, Mary, Clara Kimball Young, Betty Blythe, Molly Malone, Olive Thomas, Ethel Clayton, Alice Brady and a couple score of others—Theda is our favorite actress.

SHE—Fancy! A man with your income, and I've only one decent dress.

HE—Well, I wish to goodness you'd wear it!
—London Opinion.

AT last the very smallest things in the world have been discovered. At least the scientist says they have, claiming to have weighed and measured

them, although they are too tiny to appear upon the field of a microscope—and the microscope reveals objects so minute that more than a million billions of them could be crowded into a cubic inch. Each of those in turn is composed of millions upon millions of molecules, every one of which contains two or more atoms.

What, then, possibly could be tinier than an atom? Until recently it was thought that nothing could. The atom was considered the ultimate subdivision of matter, it taking at least twenty billions of atoms to make up the smallest particle of matter that is to be seen under the most powerful microscope.

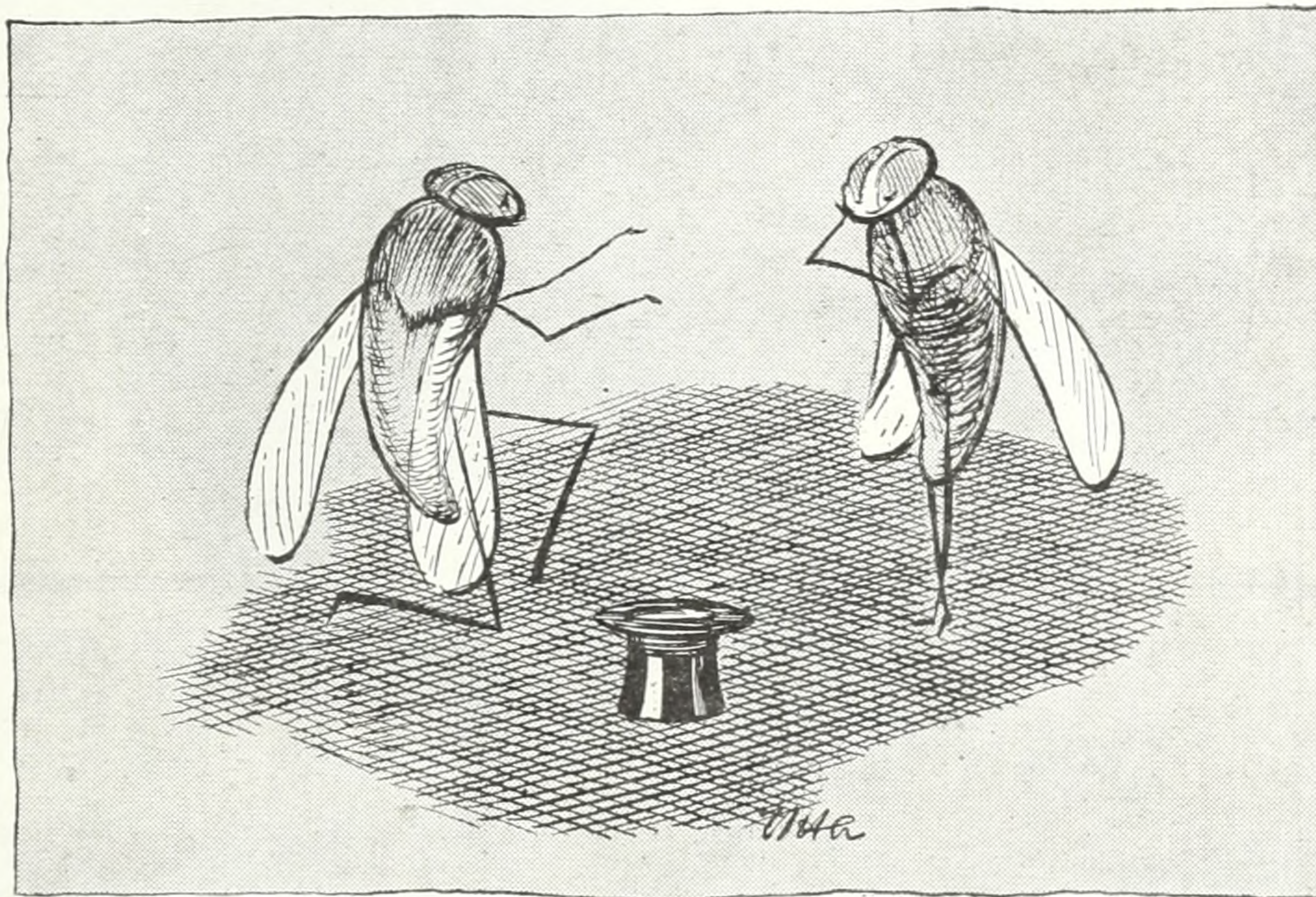
But we are progressing. We now know that an atom is a veritable sphere in which thousands of lesser particles are revolving. These are called electrons, and they are in perpetual motion, flying hither and thither through their atoms or dashing madly from atom to atom.

Those "little drops of water" are as oceans and the "little grains of sand" as vast continents by comparison. But, as insignificant as the electrons may seem, where should we be were it not for them? For they are the basal substance out of which all matter is built.

"AND just as the German let go of his machine-gun, and howled 'Kamerad' I recognized him as an old restaurant waiter."

"Oh, and what then?"
"I tossed him a bomb and told him to keep the change."
—The Home Sector.

HAVE you a little "slightly moist plank" in your home?



Drawn by Norman Anthony

A Screen Romance

and the frying-pan in which he cooked his last meal is hanging on its accustomed nail.

This garret is at the top of Heathfield Hall, the old manor house at Handsworth, near Birmingham, England, where Watt spent his last years.

"THE new ice cream dipper hound at the fountain will have another advantage over the old bartender," says Will Rogers. "He won't have to listen to the same story over and over again."

OH, well! As the New York undertaker advertises—"every coffin has a satin lining."

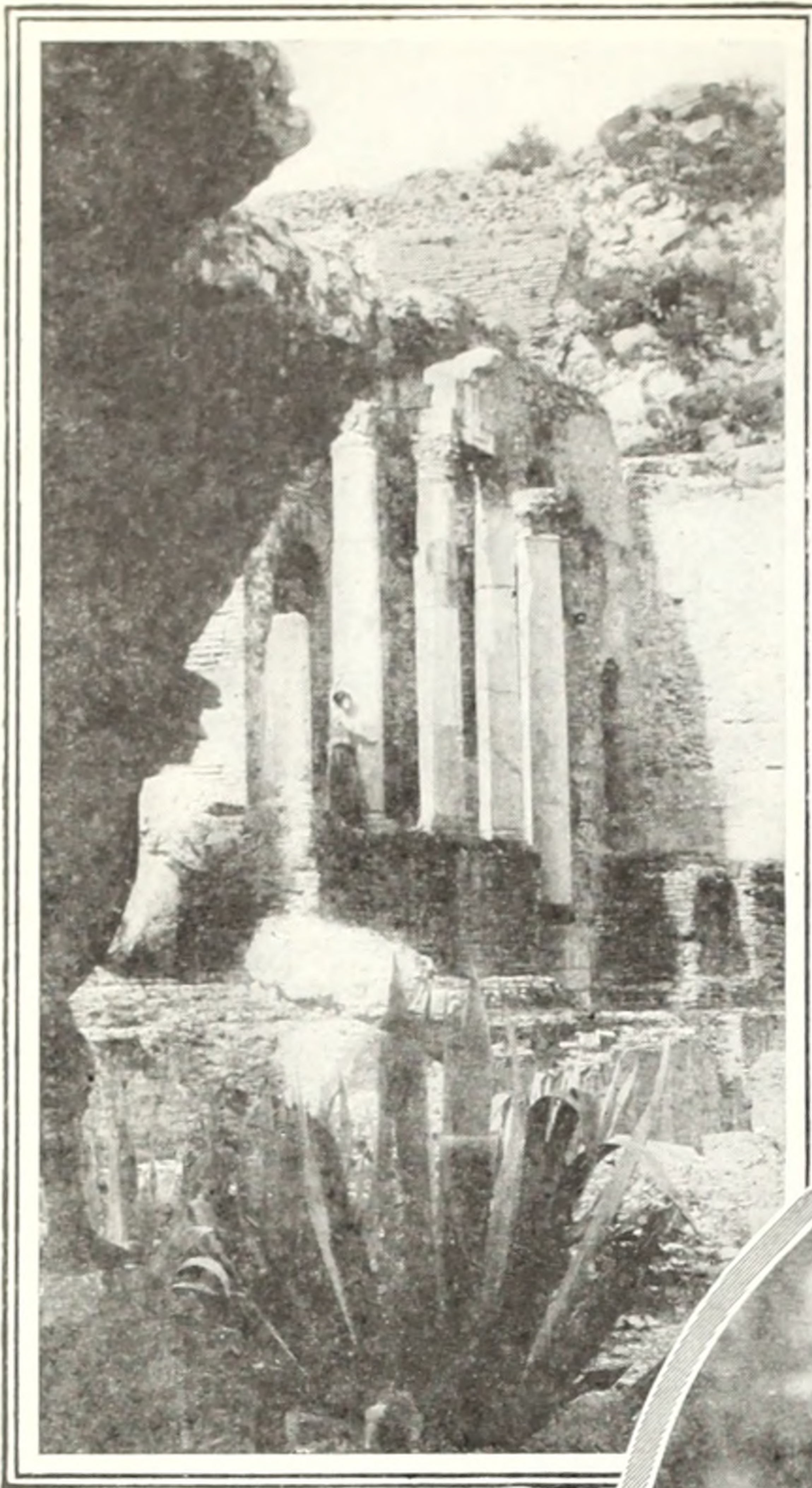
AN old lady in church was seen to bow whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the clergyman met her, and asked her why she did so.

"Well, sir," she replied, "politeness costs nothing, and—you never know!"

AMONG the souvenirs brought home by a number of after-the-war sightseers are strange flowers plucked on the battle-fields of France and Belgium—flowers hitherto unknown. Botanists have become interested in the discovery of the plants, which, it is believed, have sprung from seeds buried in the depths of the earth for decades past, perhaps centuries.

A famous botanist in London, discussing the phenomenon, said there is evidence that seeds may be buried for a great number of years awaiting the time of germination.

"Seeds of corn and wheat," he said, "buried

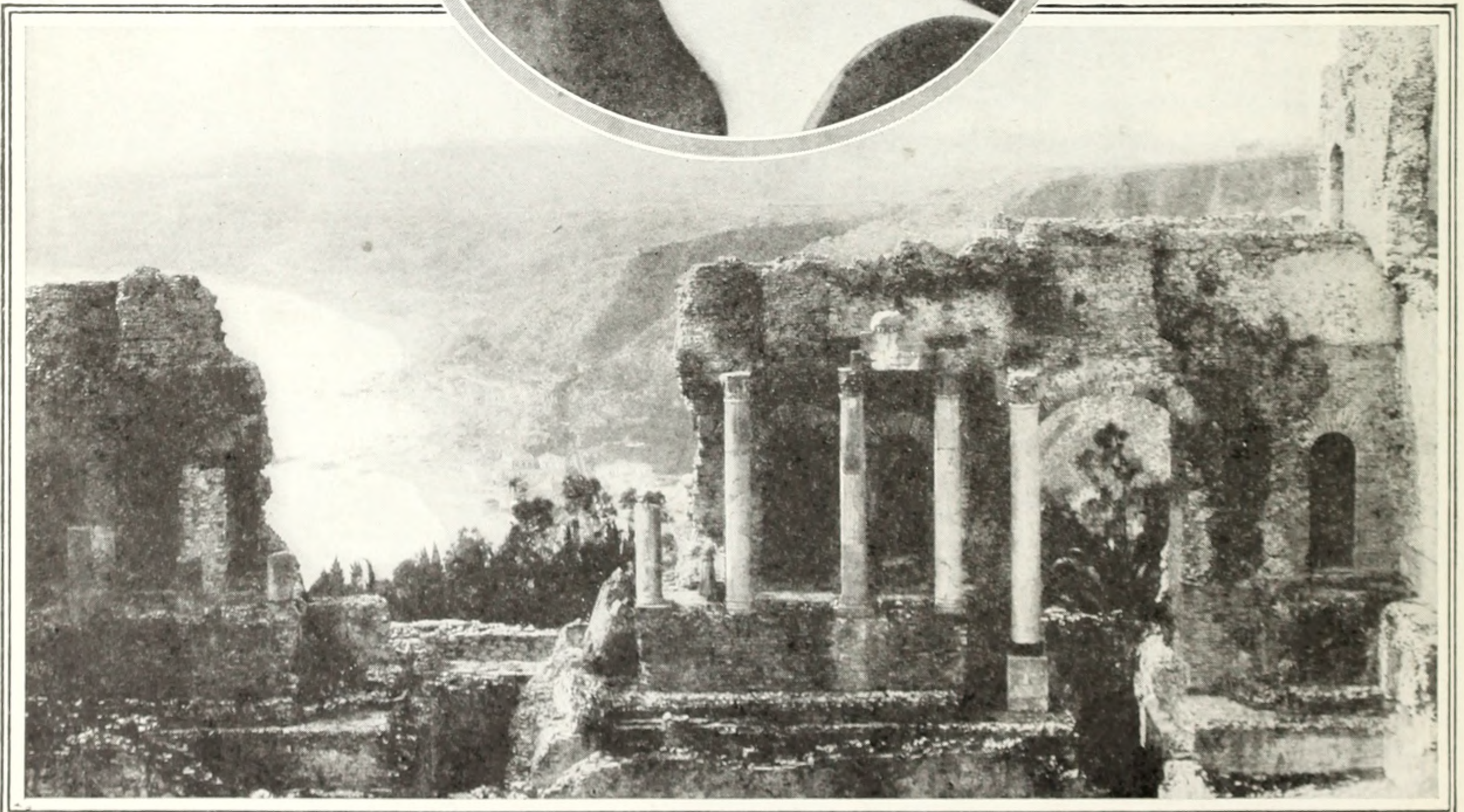


Marie Doro:
An
International
Ingénue



The answer to the question "Where is Marie Doro?" She is in Europe making pictures for Herbert Brenon. Here, the ivory goddess is supporting a column of a theater 2,000 years old.

She is truly an ingénue of all nations; she has been filmed in the best locations the continent affords. Her leading man in Italy was Alexander Salvini, grandson of the great actor. Photograph by Count J. De Strelecki.



With the last crumbling ruins of a glorious Greek day for her back-drop, and a view of the sapphire seas from Taormina, Sicily, for inspiration, Marie Doro's charm is more elfin than ever.



“Irene Castle” Herself
 Designs for Philipsborn's

Dainty IRENE CASTLE, film star and dancer, is now *Philipsborn's* Designer. The new *Philipsborn Style Book* brings you hundreds of her lovely Style Creations—garments *actually designed* by IRENE CASTLE herself.

Book of “Castle Creations” free on request

The charm of IRENE CASTLE's artistic genius and the attractiveness of *Philipsborn's* low prices make this the most wonderful Style Book we have ever issued.

We foresaw the drop in prices. We waited until they touched bottom—then bought! That's why *Philipsborn's* prices are absolutely rock-bottom—THE LOWEST IN AMERICA.

Philipsborn's prepay all charges and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Send postal for free 280-page Style Book TODAY.

PHILIPSBORN'S
 Department 307 · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

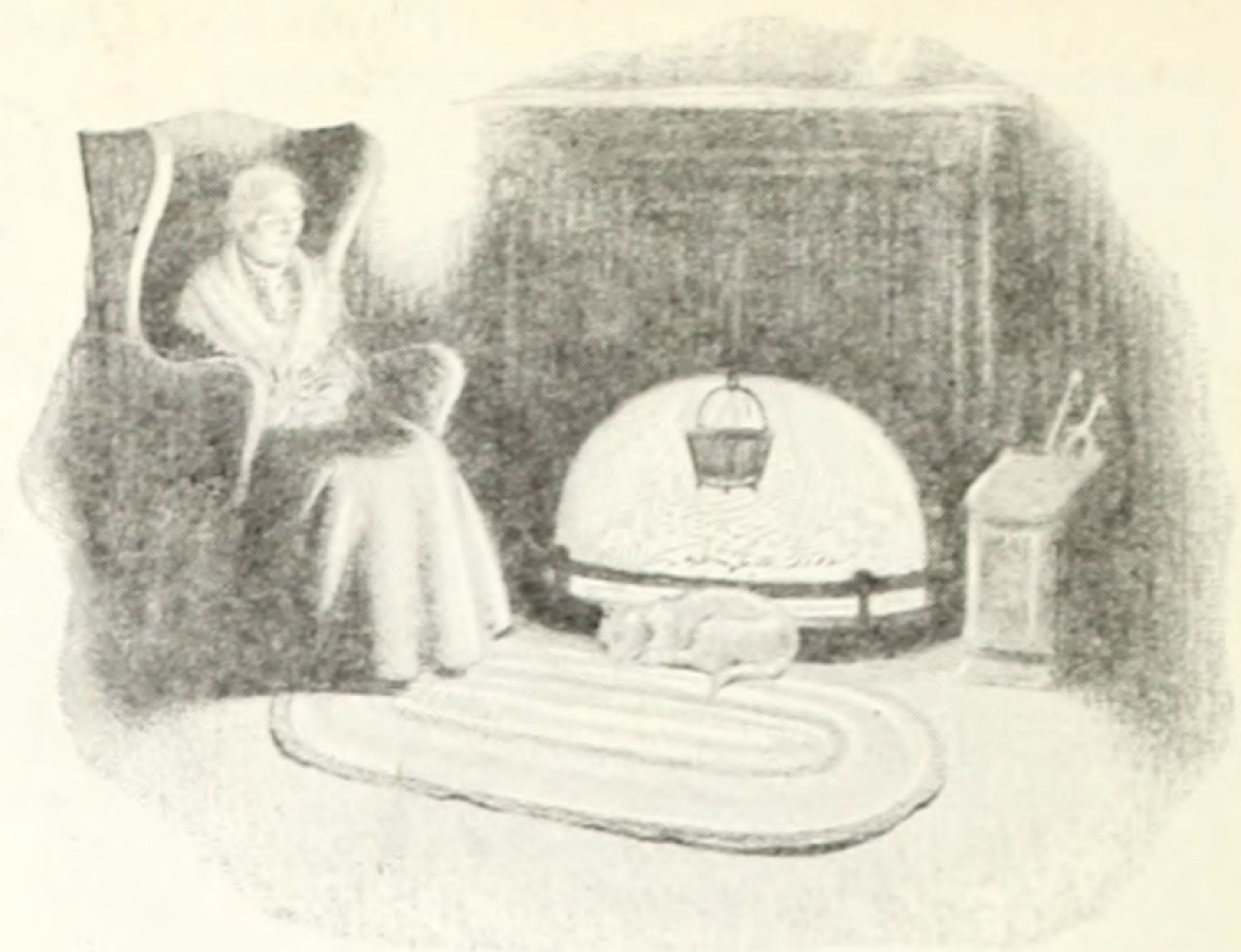


RUSH a
 POSTAL
 for BOOK
 Owing to the
 Paper Short-
 age the Edi-
 tion is Limited

The School House

A heart to heart talk
with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



WHEN I was a little kiddie in school I had a teacher who boasted a certain talent that had to do with blackboard and white chalk. I know, now, that she could only draw indifferently well—but then she seemed a great artist to me! And I was wont to gaze at her wide-eyed—with the respect and deference that are the due of all great artists.

The first day of each month was a red letter day on the calendar of our class. For on that day teacher always suspended lessons and, with her pupils gathered about her, drew pictures upon the blackboard—pictures that we naïvely suggested, pictures that told the story of the month.

Perhaps that is why, even now, I never think of March without seeing, in my mind's eye, a crudely sketched child with her umbrella blowing inside out. Perhaps that is why May means to me a group of boys and girls—also crudely sketched—picking violets. Perhaps that is why July will always be connected with a prematurely exploding firecracker and a startled youngster in overalls—the overalls smudged, a bit, by too much erasing. And perhaps that is why September comes with the vision of a box-like school house and a line of over-eager children waiting to be ushered in. That is why, as I start to write an article for the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, the picture of the school house is in my mind—and the message of the school house is in my heart.

YESTERDAY, the lady who manicures my finger nails told me that she had always wanted to be an actress.

"You'd think," she sighed, "that it would be awful easy to get on th' stage or in th' pictures. But it ain't."

"What," I questioned, "have you done about getting on the stage—or in the pictures?"

"Oh," said the manicure lady, "I've been to a whole lot of studios an' agencies. But th' agencies turn me down—they say I ain't had experience—an' th' men in th' studios don't give me no encouragement. They tell me that, p'r'aps, I could get on as an extra—*But who wants t' be an extra?* Look't all th' girls that have regular parts; that git t' be Stars right off—" I interrupted.

"Mighty few girls," I told her, "get to be stars right away. Mighty few girls get even small parts without a good deal of very hard, disagreeable work."

The manicure lady looked at me with quizzically raised eyebrows.

"Don't you believe it!" she said firmly. "Those women that play leads—they gotta pull with some director—every one o' them has! Don't *you* tell *me*—I've heard how every good job is give out to some personal friend o' some big guy. There's no chance fer a girl with nothin' but talen to recommend her!"

"If," I said, speaking quietly, "if a girl has real talent nothing can really keep her down. But she's got to go to school, first."

The manicure lady laughed, a shade scornfully.

"School?" she questioned. "What kind of a school?"

"The school," I told her, "of experience. And of grit. And of purpose. The school of determination to get ahead and real ambition and worth while motives. The school of—" I stopped, suddenly, and regarded a bleeding finger with rueful eyes.

"Sorry!" said the manicure lady. She seemed to speak almost blithely. "You were talking about schools, weren't you?"

But I didn't go on. I swung the conversation, more or less skillfully, into safer channels.

The manicure lady was ever so wrong in her assumption that getting to be a star is easy work. And so are many other people who think as the manicure lady thought. Being a success in anything is seldom easy work. It means a great deal of schooling. And the schooling must go on, and on—even after the success is attained!

I read an unpublished interview with Mary Pickford not long ago. In it the interviewer had asked numerous questions of the star—questions pertaining to her playtimes—her pet amusements. The answer to these questions was something of a surprise to me for I, with a great many other people, had pictured Mary Pickford's life as one long, idyllic period of earning huge salaries in a rather easy, joyous way—and of spending them just as easily and joyously. But—

"I don't have many playtimes," answered Mary Pickford, a shade wistfully. "I'm busy all through every day. Making pictures is hard work, you know—hard *physical* work as well as hard *mental* work. Of course—" one can imagine here that she brightened, a bit, "of course, I go shopping sometimes and buy pretty frocks. But I don't have very much chance to wear them. I'm too tired for parties when the evening comes."

To see an athletic young actress romping through a sunlight-splashed picture—well, it looks easy! But there is mighty hard work behind the apparent fun and ease of the thing. Back of each star lies a long period of preparation—weeks, months, and sometimes years, of doing extra work and toiling tirelessly over small parts. Even after the stellar dignity has been attained there is, I reckon, an hour of rehearsing for nearly every second of picture. And there are always bits of bad film and spoiled negative to be remade when the actress is tired and out of the right mood.

It's that way, too, with any work. To be a good musician requires daily hours of practice. To be a successful writer one must study one's job—and keep on studying. A painter can never dare to be really idle—not any more than a professional ball player can afford to get out of splendid physical condition. Even a good stenographer must learn a great deal before she can become efficient—and she must keep on her toes always so that she will not loose that efficiency. For efficiency is the easiest thing in the world to loose.

Some folk think that popularity, once gained, is always kept. But they're wrong. If an author's first enthralling novel is followed by a series of commonplace ones he will soon lose his vogue. If the painter of a charming picture does a series of cheap daubs they will kill the charm of his former work. And if an actor makes more than one bad picture he will drop very far in the public's esteem. *The schooling must go on!*

ALWAYS, when I think of September, I find myself picturing a box-like school house and a line of over-eager children waiting to be ushered in. That is why, I reckon, that I'm writing today about lessons and studying.

But, after all, the school house idea doesn't apply only to September. It should go on, really, through the whole year—*through the whole of every year!*

For, in the last analysis, what is the universe but a gigantic blackboard? And, when the Great Teacher takes a bit of chalk in hand, what are we but children—more or less crudely drawn and, perhaps, a bit over-eager—waiting to be ushered in to the School House of Life?



How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

THE khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown V of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

How to overcome the tendency to glisten induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special

cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before.

How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened and protected from further injury. It will make your skin finer and finer in texture.

How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various germs which cause skin troubles. To restore clearness to the skin and bring it back to normal, you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base—to dissolve the dust. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond's Cold Cream thor-



Do not live in terror of the powder coming off, revealing a shiny face. Hold the powder on with the right greaseless powder base.

oughly into the skin, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.



Deep into the pores the crafty dust-specks work. You need a different cream to get them out—a cream with an oil base.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil, and one with an oil base

Mail this coupon today

Pond's Extract Co., 116-U Hudson St., New York
 Please send me, free, the items checked:
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
 Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
 A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....State.....

Plays and Players

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

By CAL. YORK



Tex O'Reilly, as the gun-fightin' "heavy" of his own picture, "Free Grass," a real Western with real cowboys and real riding, taken down in the Big Bend country. Eileen Ray is the girl.

TEX O'REILLY, that quiet chap who wrote the Constance Talmadge story in this number of PHOTOPLAY, is in a fair way of becoming a film celebrity himself. He is making some of the best and truest "Western stuff" ever put on the screen, working down in the Big Bend country on the Texas border. His associates are Bob Townley, who directed Irene Castle's serial, "Patria," and who is now supervising the O'Reilly pictures, and the greatest bunch of cow-punchers that ever rode together. Several of them have six notches in their guns. O'Reilly himself—who used to be a cowboy—plays the heavies. Named by some magazine editors as the logical successor to O. Henry because of the striking simplicity of his short stories, he is trying to get out of his magazine contracts to devote all his time to pictures. If you see "Free Grass" or "Crossed Trails," two of his completed productions, you'll understand why.

LAST month it was announced that Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were not going abroad after all. But they changed their minds at the last minute and sailed for a month's vacation. John and Anita Loos Emerson assured us their European trip was postponed indefinitely—but then John was elected to the presidency of the Actors' Equity Association, and had to go abroad on Equity business—and he took his demi-tasse wife with him. David Kirkland crossed too; and Norma and Joseph Schenck and Constance Talmadge joined Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie in London in late summer. Norma may make "The Garden of Allah" over there. Bryant Washburn, who is "through" with Paramount, parked his two sons in Hollywood with their grandparents, took Mabel Forrest Washburn and went to England to make the first picture for his own brand-new company.

THAT honeymoon trip of the Fairbankses, by the way, was a series of ovations. London turned out en masse to greet them; everywhere they went, a crowd followed—a crowd that acclaimed Our Mary as their Mary, too; a crowd that shouted to see "that million-dollar smile of Doug's." Visiting royalty, presidents or premiers never made a more triumphal tour. But Mary and Douglas said they were mighty glad to see the Statue of Liberty again.

HAROLD LLOYD has joined the big-league stars in contract as well as popularity. Associated Exhibitors bought his release from Pathe for something like a million dollars. Lloyd is expected to make six two-reelers a year for Associated for a period of two years; then he will in all probability enter the feature field. Since Pathe promoted him from one to two reel comedies, the young man has worked hard, his clean fun and unique characterization of the spectacled and serious chap proving a welcome diversion to a public fed up on slapstick. Lloyd has been mentioned more than once as the successor to Chaplin's previous popularity; and his rise is gratifying not only to his audiences, but to professional fun-makers, such as Roscoe Arbuckle, one of Lloyd's most enthusiastic fans, and many others.

FREDERICK ROGERS, three-year-old son of Will Rogers, died of diphtheria a few weeks ago. Rogers' two other sons, Willis and Jimmie, who appear in pictures with their father, were also dangerously ill, but recovered. Rogers' devotion to his family is well-known, and the sympathy of everyone is extended to him and Mrs. Rogers in their loss.

JOSEPH SCHENCK has more than one iron in the film fire. Besides his supervision of the Talmadge family, he is associated with Albert Kaufman in Kaufman's contract with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar (Dorothy Phillips) and director Sydney Franklin. He is said also to be "back" of Whitman Bennett, who manages Lionel Barrymore productions. It is rumored that Schenck has his eye on Dorothy Gish, as that little comedienne's contract with Paramount expires soon, and she will not renew it. Neither does she care to continue under Griffith's supervision, it is said. Dorothy is "Connie" Talmadge's very best friend, and Connie is Schenck's sister-in-law, so it's all in the family, you might say.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE is now a star. Realart is presenting the young lady whose blonde beauty dazzled Manhattan when she was a member of the Follies, other

musical entertainments, and the hostess of that famous Little Club. Justine, you see, married Walter Wanger; and Walter Wanger has been appointed production manager of Paramount, succeeding Whitman Bennett. Realart is a step-child of the Zukor family—so there you are.

DORALDINA, who deserves the credit—or blame—for introducing the hula-hula to an unsuspecting American public, and who is said also to be quite adept in the performance of the shimmy, has gone to California to make pictures for Metro. Miss Doraldina's films are guaranteed to be as frank as her dancing. Anyone who witnessed her speaking performance in Thomas Dixon's fiasco of last season, "The Red Dawn," will be more than glad to hear that she will do her future shimmying in silence.

AMONG late releases we have noticed:
"Sin" (Fox)
"Sinners" (Realart)
"Sins of Men" (Fox)
"The Sin That Was His" (Selznick)

SOMEONE wrote to Tom Moore the other day as follows:

"It was a pleasure for me to learn that my favorite movie actor had written so fascinating a poem as 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.' It has also been set to music and is sung here very often. Allow me to congratulate you."

Tom is willing to take all the congratulations he can get on that poem and song. The Tom Moore who wrote it only died about 68 years ago.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS had a town house and a country-place, many motors and a tidy fortune tucked away—but he wasn't satisfied. International Films, half-brother of the Hearst Magazines, had essayed some screen versions of Chambers' stuff, without much success. So he formed a film company. A film company all his own, to give to the world in celluloid form his own version of his sexy novels. Messmore Kendall, one of the owners of Manhattan's huge Capitol Theater, is associated with Chambers. (Continued on page 90)

In Sweet Lavender

*A story of sweet memories hovering
about a blue georgette dress*

By Alice Kane

"There's mystery in that chest." I laughed, but I meant it, too. There *was* mystery in that odd little Japanese chest of Lola Kirk's. I had never seen the inside of it, although I was intimate enough with Lola Kirk to be in her home at least once a week. Always, I had the unexplainable but nevertheless thoroughly real feeling that that little Japanese chest was more than merely a Japanese chest to my friend.

Lola smiled wistfully. "It's so, isn't it?" I asked, with just a little insistence in my tone.

"Well, not mystery," she replied softly. "Just sweet lavender—I mean memories."

I like memories; memories are old dreams dreamed all over again.

"Secret memories?" I questioned.

For reply, Lola flitted eagerly to the chest and opened it. The fragrance of sweet lavender floated out from a georgette dress. And then she held it up with a caress in her touch—a delicate filmy thing of light blue.

"My little blue dress in sweet lavender," she said simply.

"That's not just any dress, is it?" I asked.

Something tender came into Lola's eyes. "It's the dress Tom fell in love with," she said. "That's literally true, I'm sure. I had been mad over Tom for ever so long, but he just didn't seem to care—until he saw me in this dress. I remember he said to me, 'How beautiful that dress looks on you!' And my heart beat fearfully because he had never said anything like that before. And then, after a terribly silent moment, he said, 'I think it's not the dress at all; it's just you, Lola, that make the dress seem beautiful.'"

"And Tom is an awfully good husband, isn't he?" I asked jokingly.

"But I've kept an awful secret from him all this time just the same," Lola said. "It was really the dress, and not I at all. For I made that dress myself just after I had

learned how to design costumes and sew. In my course in costume designing, I had learned how to create charming original styles. I had learned how to design a costume in just the lines and in just the colors to conceal every slight defect and intensify every point of beauty in the wearer.

"The dress Tom fell in love with was made for just me and nobody else in the world. I planned every single line of it to beautify my figure and express my personality, and I chose the colors to set off my complexion and the color of my hair and

costume design, including dressmaking, the other in millinery design and practical millinery. I am sorry to say I haven't as yet a Japanese chest and a georgette dress packed away in sweet lavender. But Fashion Academy has already meant a great deal to me just the same. Not only have I learned just how to dress in order to show myself at my very best, but I have become a professional costume designer. \$55 a week, I think, is pretty fair pay for a person with only a few months' experience at her work.

Really, the salaries that are commonly paid to professional costume designers seem unbelievable to those who follow other callings. Fashion Academy furnishes inquirers with the names and addresses of many graduates who have made amazing successes as costume designers. One woman, for instance, *three months after her graduation*, earned \$125 a week, and designed a number of costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile).

You, too, can take any of these Fashion Academy courses in your own leisure time at home and prepare yourself in a few months to learn just what kinds of dresses, just what kinds of hats you should wear; and you can learn to make beautiful hats and dresses of your own original design, from the first stitch to the last, at from one-third to one-tenth the cost of hats and dresses of similar quality in the shops. Or you can learn to be a professional designer or professional fashion illustrator.

And the beauty about these courses is that you don't really work on them at all; the whole thing is just like playing—the lessons are so interesting and so wonderfully simple.

Fashion Academy will give to you, FREE, a beautiful illustrated art booklet that contains full information about all of its courses and tells the stories of great numbers of Fashion Academy graduates who have attained marvelous success as professional designers and illustrators.

Fill out and mail the coupon below or send a letter to Fashion Academy asking for FREE Booklet 209.

FASHION ACADEMY, Inc.
103 East 57th St. New York

Fashion Academy, Inc., Studio 209,
103 East 57th St., New York

Please send me Free Booklet 209, containing information about your home-study courses in costume design, dressmaking, fashion illustration, and millinery.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



"It's the dress Tom fell in love with."

my eyes. I had no affect on that dress, but *that dress made me beautiful.*

"And just think!—I learned my designing in only a few short months at home. I spent only two hours a week on my lessons, and every minute of these two hours was as interesting as if I were playing at a fascinating game. Indeed, 'playing' is just the word; there was never a moment during my entire course when I felt that I was *working.*"

"What course was it?" I asked eagerly. I began to think of sweet lavender in a little Japanese chest of my own.

"Fashion Academy."

The episode of Lola Kirk's Japanese chest happened a year ago. Since then I, too, have taken a Fashion Academy home-study course. Indeed, I took two courses—one in

Plays and Players

(Continued)



INSURE HAPPY DAYS
for those you love

A Prudential
Monthly Income
Policy

is like a radiant burst of sun-
shine thru dark clouds.

A Prudential Check can be put
into the hands of your loved
ones on the first of every month.

Hundreds of American homes
know this day as

PRUDENTIAL DAY
THE NATIONAL PAY-DAY

Insure in

The
Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



A prominent member of the Hollywood film colony in his new custom-made Fierce-Sparrow, f. o. b. California—Wesley Barry, whose freckles are his fortune. Also meet Miss Virginia Rothacker, daughter of Watterson R. Rothacker, whose plant prints all the pictures that Wesley, and many other stars, make.

WILLIAM WALLACE REID, Junior, is generally called "Bill" by his mother, father, and friends. The other day he was playing in a neighbor's yard with the neighbor's little boy. Mrs. Reid—Dorothy Davenport—sent the maid to call him to lunch. The maid came back, reporting that Bill said he was too busy to eat. So Mrs. Reid went to the back door and called firmly: "William!"

No answer.
"William Wallace, come here!" she called again. Then she heard Bill regretfully part with his playmate in this fashion: "Well, Jim, I gotta go now. When Mother calls me by my regular name, she means business!"

GLORIA SWANSON is remaining with Paramount after all. She will be an individual star in the future instead of a DeMille actress. Her husband, Herbert K. Somborn, is no longer president of Equity Pictures Corporation.

THAT active young man, Craig Kennedy, will hereafter conduct his scientific detections under the auspices of the Arthur B. Reeve Pictures, Inc. Reeve is Craig's literary papa. Just who will succeed Arnold Daly and Herbert Rawlinson as Kennedy's screen incarnation has not been decided, but Goldwyn will release the results.

PAUL CHALFIN, prominent architect and interior decorator, has given up his exclusive clientele in Manhattan to go West, where he will act in a supervisory capacity

to Cecil DeMille. We thought the DeMille drawing-rooms were about the best in artistic effects that could be obtained, but now that Gloria Swanson has left him to be a lone star, DeMille probably can use all the additional decoration he can get.

THAT handsome villain, Irving Cummings, is a villain no longer. He has become a hero under a new contract, which provides that he make six features and three serials of fifteen episodes each. Query: Will Irving's interesting eyebrows and wavy hair continue to thrill when his admirers can no longer say with delicious shudders: "Isn't he the wickedest man you ever saw?"

THE latest lucky little girl to win first honors in a film beauty contest is Gertrude Olmstead, of La Salle, Illinois. She was adjudged the most beautiful girl in the \$10,000 Elks-Hearst-Universal contest held in Chicago. Carl Laemmle, one of the judges, had a trial test made of her and said she screened like the proverbial million. Miss Olmstead has gone to Universal City, California, with her mother, where she will eventually star.

CAPTAIN BOGART ROGERS, of the Royal Flying Corps, who returned from a year's service at the Front with two decorations for distinguished service, has been added to the publicity department of the Ince Studio, under Hunt Stromberg. He is a brother of Adela Rogers St. Johns, who writes those entertaining stories for PHOTOPLAY.

(Continued on page 92)

As a matter of fact

Your first R-E-A-L cigarette pleasure will come with Camels!

YOU'LL swing into the Camel procession as easily and as delightedly as any of the thousands of smokers who have found these cigarettes an absolute revelation in quality, in refreshing flavor, in mellow mildness and in body!

Camels are unlike any cigarette you ever puffed. They are a creation—an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. As sure as you are a foot high you will prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels fit in with your cigarette desires just one hundred per cent! The satisfaction they impart to smokers is simply joyous.

Camels will not tire your taste! And, Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty after-taste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor.

You'll prove out our enthusiasm when you compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.



Camel

CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

GIRLS! GIRLS!

Purify and Perfume Your Skin With CUTICURA



TALCUM

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of all powder perfumes. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing, fragrant and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. Convenient and economical, it takes the place of other perfumes for the person. A few grains sufficient. One of the indispensable **Cuticura Toilet Trio** for keeping the skin clear, sweet and healthy.

Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c everywhere. Sample each free by mail. Address post-card: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. Z, Malden, Mass.

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.



As a matter of fact, this poor little Ritz girl has nothing to be so up-stage about. Today she may be Bessie Billions, daughter of the buckwheat king; but tomorrow she may be cast as a beggar child. Anyway, Viola Dana borrowed sister Shirley's slippers when she visited Miss Mason's studio for lunch.

NAZIMOVA has discovered that overalls are a very convenient garb for cutting a picture and startled the Metro studio the other afternoon by appearing in them. Madame, however, can be dignified even in overalls.

BETTY BLYTHE, who recently married Paul Scardon, declares that her wedding might have been filmed to serve for a shimmy ceremony.

"I was so scared," said lovely Betty, "that I actually shimmied all the way down the aisle of the church."

ANN MAY, Charles Ray's leading woman, has the distinction of having the smallest bathing suit in the motion picture colony. And it isn't only because Ann is such a little girl, either.

"I may get pinched," remarks Ann nonchalantly. "But I'm always getting pinched for something—parking on the wrong side of the street, or letting my tail light go out, or driving more than ten miles an hour, so what's the difference?"

CHARLES BLACKTON, small son of J. Stuart, who has an important part in his father's picture, "Passers By," was taken to the Capitol theater to see himself on the screen. In the lobby he was recognized and surrounded by women who all wanted to kiss him. When finally Charles managed to escape the crowd, he said:

"Wasn't that a terrible woman?"

"What woman?" asked his father.

"Why, that funny woman who tried so hard to kiss me," said Charles. Then, with a grin, "She had a face like an elephant, so when she tried to grab me I crossed my eyes like Ben Turpin, opened my mouth—and when she saw all my teeth were out, she ran away!"

GEORGE B. SEITZ, the energetic young man who writes, directs, and stars in Pathe serials, is taking a company to Spain to make a feature there. His first venture in the longer form of film entertainment will present Seitz and June Caprice as co-stars, and will feature Marguerite Courtot.

(Continued on page 94)



She never knew how close she came to happiness

*Between the lines of his letter
I read the whole unfortunate story*

SOMEWHERE there is a girl who will never know why "Dick" (which is not his real name) suddenly stopped coming to see her—when he so apparently had been quite interested. Perhaps she wonders sometimes what it was—but he could not tell her and she will probably never guess.

He wrote me the story and it made me gladder than ever that we have dared to publish these articles about perspiration. In spite of the sharp comment they have aroused!

She was, he said, a pretty girl and an intelligent one. She knew how to dress and was blessed with personal charm. But—she had overlooked one weakness.

A moment's impression several times repeated and the thing was done. Never again could he think of her quite as he had before.

How many girls, without knowing it, have had a similar experience?

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 of perspiration, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make

perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

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

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

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

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before

retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

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

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 515 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 requests 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
515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Women Should Know the Latest Way to Remove Hair

RE-MO-VO

The Daintily PERFUMED Hair Remover

Relieves you of embarrassing self-consciousness and enables you to enjoy that poise and graceful charm so much desired by every woman of refinement.

Removo is a pure, delightfully scented powder which you simply mix with a little warm water, apply and in three minutes wash off. The disagreeable odor so pronounced in some depilatories is entirely absent in Removo. You'll find the hair growth has entirely disappeared and the skin perfectly white and smooth.

Is used and highly recommended by women of refinement and beauty specialists everywhere.

Buy Removo at toilet goods counters and drug stores. Large size \$1.00, small size 50c. Results guaranteed or money refunded. If not obtainable, remit direct to us and we will mail in plain wrapper. Give name and address of dealer.

THE REMOVO CO.

Dept. PP

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Makers of Carmichael's Gray Hair Restorer. Used by thousands. Price \$1.00 per bottle. At toilet goods counters and drug stores.



There are places where the bibulous may still crook a wicked elbow. One of them is Tia Juana, Mexico, where Edith Roberts, her mother and director recently went on location. The gentleman with the white carnation is a musician at Sunset Inn, lecturing on the Eighteenth Amendment.

TIA JUANA, that famous Lower California resort of rare wines and races, is certainly very popular with the moving picture stars. If you say, "He isn't working," somebody immediately replies "Oh, he's gone to Tia Juana." It has solved the problem of vacations to some extent.

Speaking of vacation, King Vidor, just returned from a few days rest, following the completion of "The Jack-Knife Man." But he says next time he's going to wear false whiskers, or else stay on a movie lot, to get away from "shop."

"I went to a famous hot springs in Northern California," said Vidor. "All the way up people tried to show me locations, the hotel keeper had written ten scenarios he wanted to read out loud, the postmaster had a daughter who was the coming Mary Pickford, the waitress at my table had worked extra in a picture of mine once and the chauffeur wanted to be a cameraman.

"So it didn't do much good to leave Hollywood."

RUPERT JULIAN is making four specials a year for Arthur S. Kane Pictures. He will star as well as direct, which should not be any effort for the creator of that horror of the late war, "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin."

ALICE BRADY is always having trouble with her press-agents. They recently issued an announcement from Realart that Miss Brady was giving up the stage to devote herself exclusively to pictures next season. This Miss Brady emphatically denies. She will, she says, make pictures and appear in a new play as well. After working in the studios all day and the theater at night, Alice would find time hanging heavily on her hands if she gave up one or the other. She and husband Jimmy Crane seem to be as devoted as ever.

GEORGE WALSH will go through his athletic exercises for First National in the future instead of Fox.

MR. and Mrs. Bill Desmond (who was Mary McIvor) have purchased a beautiful new home in Hollywood and have instituted Sunday afternoon "open house." One Sunday Bill Hart occupied the seat of honor, with his two busted ribs, chaperoned by his charming sister, Miss Mary Hart. The calling list for the afternoon included Lew Cody, Tony Moreno, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Louis Weadock, the scenario writer, and his wife, Jacques Jaccard, Hayden Talbot, Ann Forrest, Mrs. Harry Mestayer, wife of the well known actor, who is visiting her mother in Hollywood, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, with their small son, William Wallace Reid. Perhaps the fact that the cellar is one of the best furnished rooms in the house has something to do with the success of these afternoons.

HARRY MOREY, who has never acted for any other company than Vitagraph, has finally left the Albert Smith organization. It is thought that he will form his own company.

BILL DESMOND has been loaned to the Carter DeHavens for an important role in their screen adaptation of "Twin Beds."

WILLIAM S. HART has received the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Hood River County, Oregon. Hart has notified his boosters that he will be glad to accept the nomination if he can still live in Los Angeles and fulfill his duties by periodical visits to Hood River. Bill ought to make a good sheriff; he has outwitted so many of them in his good-bad-man pictures.

AFTER directing fourteen successes for Charles Ray, Jerome Storm has quit the Ray company. The star and his former director parted without hard feelings. Storm's complaint was with certain officials of the new Ray organization. Now the director may form his own company. It's a habit with directors.

Multiwear Veils

Clara Moores, Now playing in "Shavings" says—

"There is an elusive charm to

Multiwear Veils

that is hard to describe."

Write to Dept. E. for "Veiled Faces" showing many leading actresses, sent free.

FULD, TRAUBE & CO., Inc.
103 Fifth Avenue New York

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WELL, mates, it is an awful blow and maybe Al Christie and Mack Sennett are to be blamed for it. At all the sea-side bathing resorts within the corporate limits of New York, to say nothing of a number of beaches along the California coast, the edict has gone forth that no matter how delightful their lines, all feminine lower limbs, in the manner of speaking, must be duly stockinged henceforth. There are those who aver that the generous display of—ah—feminine lower limbs in the moving pictures of such distinguished pickers as Christie and Sennett is the cause of the ban on bare legs. Others see a base and brazen plot of the silk stocking trust to add to its increment by this enforced false fussiness. No, the ban will have no effect on the future productions of Messrs. Christie, Sennett, *et al.*

WILL IVAN ABRAMSON, J. Parker Read, Jr., and William Fox kindly rise and sing Ed Wynn's song: "Keep the Vampires Earning?"

HERE is a story that comes from England. A writer, noted for his whimsical sense of humor, gave a garden party. Among his guests were men prominent in politics, women of title and social position and a group of well-known writers. The party was a huge success and was oh, so jolly, Bohemian and informal. The guests enjoyed themselves hugely. But—The next day some of the statesmen and ladies of title learned that the author with a sense of humor had stationed several motion picture cameramen in the shrubbery. In spite of the proverbial English fog, the doings of the guests had been filmed with great accuracy. The picture has never been released. The author still has it. Perhaps the producer who gets the motion picture rights to his works will succeed in capturing it.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is raving about Betty Compson's gorgeous new limousine. The first day she rode down Hollywood Boulevard in it there was almost a riot. It's a royal blue Cadillac with a special built body that suggests equerries in livery announcing "Her Majesty's carriage awaits," you know. The upholstery is a royal purple velour and the windows are exquisite plate glass. What with Betty's blonde loveliness framed in its blue grandeur, and Anita Stewart's brunette beauty inside a mahogany red, velvet lined Locomobile limousine that runs it a close second, it's no wonder that traffic conditions in Hollywood and Los Angeles are causing the C. of C. a lot of concern.

MISS LORO BARA, sister of the immortal Theda, is the heroine in a real-life romance. While on board the good ship Vestris with her sister, on her voyage from New York to London late in June, Miss Loro was wooed and won in jig-time by Frank Getty, a New England newspaper man. They are to be married soon, it is reported. Getty comes from a "prominent Winchester, Mass., family," and served in the Aviation Corps during the war. Loro—well, she is Theda's sister.

RUMORS concerning the engagement of Edna Purviance, the blue-eyed, pearly blonde who plays opposite Charlie Chaplin, to a wealthy young polo player of the Los Angeles' smart set, a war hero, too, by the way, are being strenuously denied by the young lady. Too strenuously, say many of her friends. Certainly Edna would make a June bride that anybody might commit matrimony over.



High Living

which costs only one cent per dish

The Quaker Oats breakfast is the height of good living, for the oat is the greatest food that grows.

Practically every element the body needs is there in right proportions. And in a luscious food. No price could buy a better breakfast for the grown-up or the child. Yet you serve a large dish for one cent—the cost of a bite of meat.

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. It supplies sixteen elements in well-balanced form. A pound of round steak yields 890 calories, and of eggs 635. One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

Food Values

Note how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

Cost per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats	5½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's eggs	60c

85% less for breakfast

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves 85% compared with the average meat breakfast. It supplies supreme nutrition for the first meal of the day. It saves the average family about 35 cents toward costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

The choicest one-third of the oats

In Quaker Oats you get just queen grains flaked. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker. Yet these rich, flavory oat flakes cost you no extra price. Be wise enough to get them.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

STENOGRAPHERS CLIP THIS COUPON



AND EARN BIGGER PAY

THE NEW WAY

course will positively give every stenographer a speed of 80 to 100 words per minute. New Way graduates earn \$35 to \$40 a week. Learn by mail in only ten easy lessons. If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want more money in your pay-envelope—send for booklet, telling all about this wonderful method and what it has done for thousands of others. Use the coupon NOW!!

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL

7579 College Hill Springfield, Ohio

Please send FREE Typewriting Book.

Name

Address

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 32 Aurora, Ill.



Master Letters in Business

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BUSINESS FROM ONE LETTER. You'll find the facts in this book. You'll find also many actual examples of letters that made good and letters that failed, together with A PRACTICAL PLAN by means of which YOU can improve YOUR business letters. Write NOW for a copy—**FREE**

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 9302-W Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c, and \$1.00 at druggists. Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Plays and Players

(Continued)



You've heard how exacting stars are. Note the temperament displayed by Alice Joyce as she and her leading man, Bob Gordon, are kept waiting on the set while the cameraman grabs a bite and a bottle, if only of ginger-ale, the assistant director asks for a raise, or the second lead powders her nose.

MRS. FRED TALMADGE and daughter Natalie received something of a shock recently on their arrival in Paris when they learned that David Kirkland, who directs Constance Talmadge, had run afoul of the law. Mr. Kirkland sailed for Europe a month before the Talmadges with a special camera to take photographs of certain famous historical spots to be used later as a guide in the building of sets. The director, however, was unacquainted with European laws, one of which makes it a very serious offense to take photographs in certain public places in France without a permit. Kirkland hired one of those picturesque open hacks of Paris, set up his camera on it, drove around from place to place taking pictures as he went. All went well until he arrived at the Tomb of Napoleon and placed his picture taking apparatus in position. Just as he was about to "shoot," a gendarme tapped him on the shoulder and placed him under arrest. The Talmadges, however, arrived in time to support the statements of the director that he knew nothing of the French laws governing photography, and that in America there were no such restrictions. Thus Mr. Kirkland escaped jail and got off with a judicial reprimand.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and Mary Hay made their wedding too exclusive to please the press agent of the D. W. Griffith organization. Just before the marriage, the press agent wrote letters to all the newspapers asking them to cover the wedding and also intimating that photographers would be welcome.

But when the well-meaning reporters arrived at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, they were informed that they were not welcome. Naturally the news gatherers were surprised, because they had been received with open arms at the Vanderbilt-Littleton wedding, which took place only a few months before.

Which only shows that motion picture and theatrical persons can teach society how to be really exclusive.

LILLIAN GISH has begun work on her first stellar picture after completing her role of *Anna Moore* in her last Griffith production, "Way Down East." She signed with Sherrill, who is trying to sell stock for his concern, pointing out the big profits in the industry and heralding his acquisition of Miss Gish to prospective stock purchasers. The little blonde says she went out on her own because she "wanted to keep mother and myself out of the Old Ladies' Home. There was a time when mother and I thought if we had \$300 and a black silk dress, we'd be alright. But my ambitions have broadened since then."

Lillian told Mr. Griffith of her more ambitious plans for the future, and he said he would help her all he could, but would not try to dissuade her, as he has won his reputation as a director who places the picture first, never the player. Consequently Albert Grey, manager for and brother of D. W., let it be known to a few persons that Miss Gish's services were available, and before anyone else had time to think, William Sherrill came forward with a contract, according to which Lillian will receive over \$400,000 in the next two years, and \$300,000 more during the third year if Sherrill exercises his option on her services.

"I've been working in pictures a long time, and have very little to show for it," says Lillian. "As for leaving Mr. Griffith, I don't like even to think about it; I don't know how I shall get along without his direction. But I'm hoping I'll have success."

And everyone who knows the real Lillian Gish—the conscientious, sincere actress, and the gentle girl—hopes so too.

THE first story from the Famous Players-Lasky studio in London was to have been Marie Corelli's novel, "The Sorrows of Satan." Miss Corelli, however, is said to have suffered from a burst of temperament and so the company decided to allow Satan's sorrows to remain untold. Instead "The Great Day" will be produced as the first of the English productions.

Plays and Players

(Concluded)



Harold Lloyd has signed a new contract, which insures the success of this young comedian. We wonder if little Mildred Davis—the sweet screamer at the top of Harold's ladder—will continue to be his leading woman?

WILLIAM FOX is cutting down on his list of stars. Madlaine Traverse, Gladys Brockwell and Buck Jones are some of the players said to be leaving the organization. Vivian Rich, suddenly elevated to stardom, has also been dropped, it is said.

FOLLOWING the lead of Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter and Eugene O'Brien, Conway Tearle is going to stop being a leading man and in the future will be starred in productions for National Picture Theatres. Mr. Tearle's salary demands have been mounting at such a terrible rate that he has become too great a luxury to be classed as mere "support."

"THE Sign on the Door," Channing Pollock's play, which has been running all season in New York, has been sold to Norma Talmadge for \$75,000. Mr. Pollock originally wrote the play as a scenario and sold it to a large producing company for \$1,600. The company shelved it and, after two years, Mr. Pollock bought it back and made it into a melodrama.

Rita Weiman had the same experience with "The Acquittal." The story was originally published in a magazine. Several companies bid for the motion picture rights, but the only company to which Miss Weiman was willing to sell it refused to consider it. Now that "The Acquittal" has made a hit as a drama, the company is anxious to purchase it at the author's price.

You can make your own joke.

SOME women seem to think that Mrs. Wilson films better than Mrs. Harding. Also that Calvin Coolidge is a better camera subject than Senator Harding. It is important that the political parties select candidates who film well.

ANN FORREST, the little blonde whose work in "Dangerous Days" attracted favorable attention, is Cecil DeMille's choice as successor to Gloria Swanson in the leading feminine roles of future DeMille dramas. Forrest Stanley will be leading man.



WHEN young appetites and any N. B. C. product meet—both quickly disappear. And wholesome nourishment follows great enjoyment.

ZU ZU GINGER SNAPS

Round, crisp, spicy morsels that whet the appetite as no other ginger snap ever did.

N. B. C.

GRAHAM CRACKERS

Crisp, golden squares of nourishment that appeal to the most delicate appetite.

UNEEDA BISCUIT

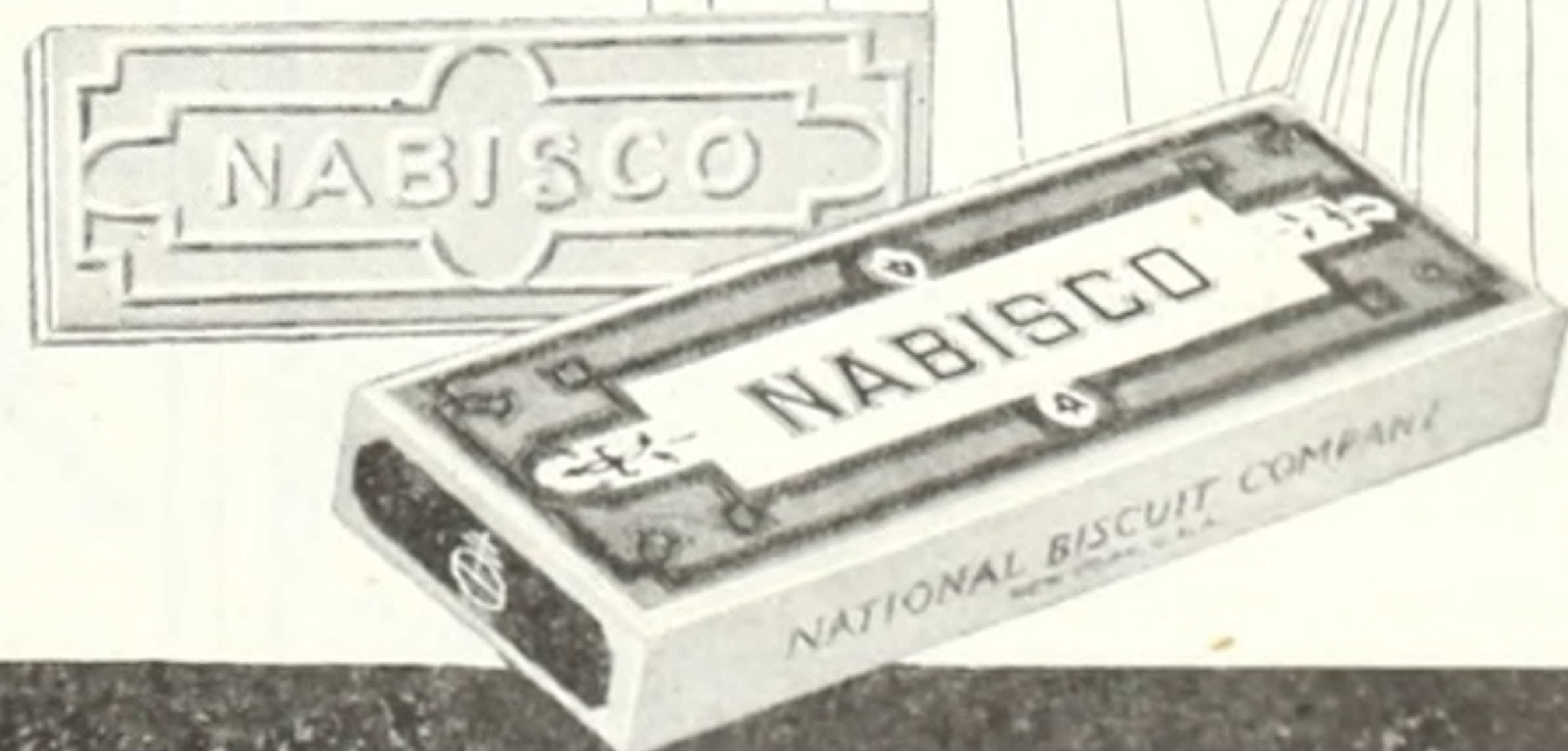
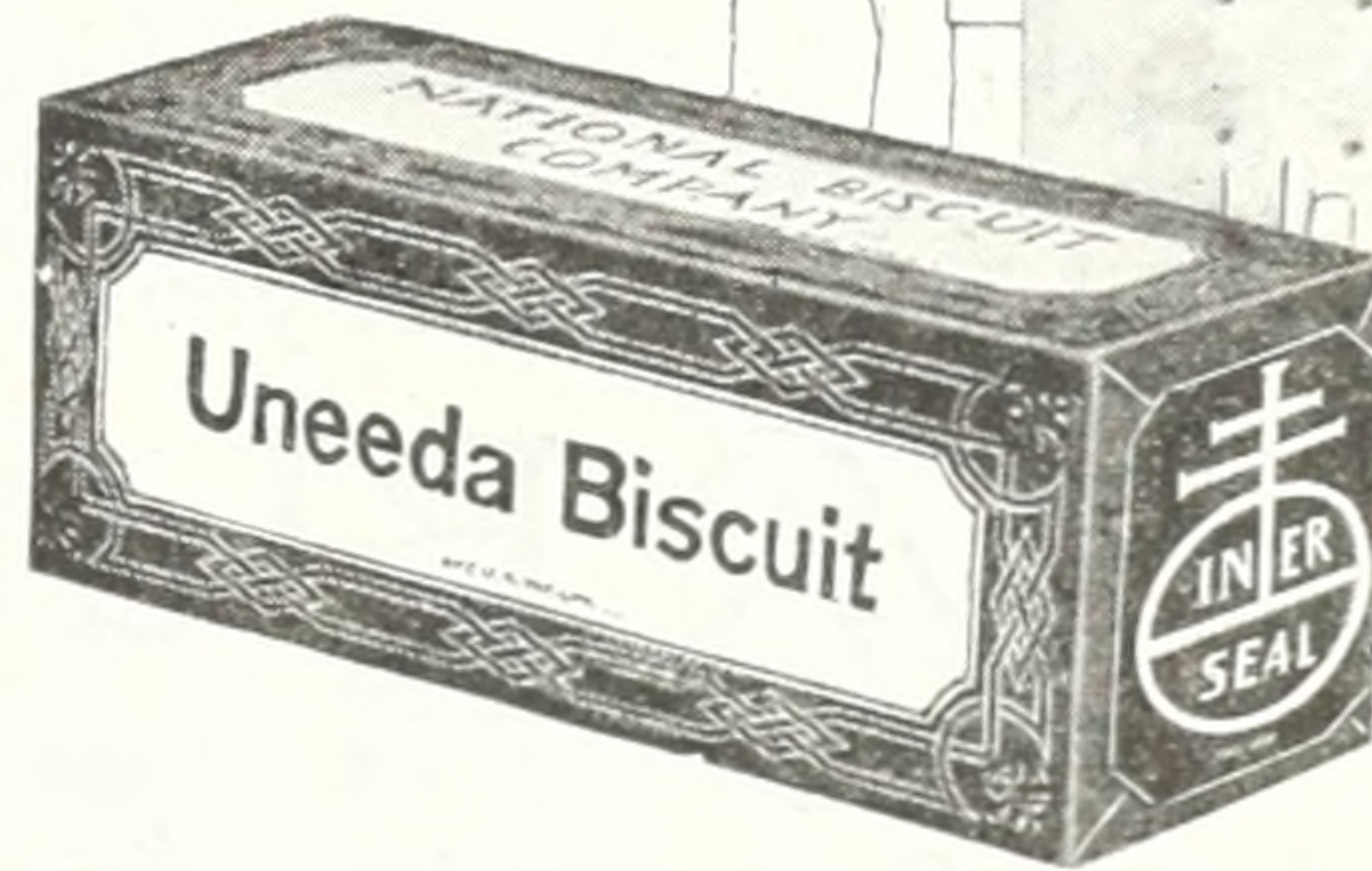
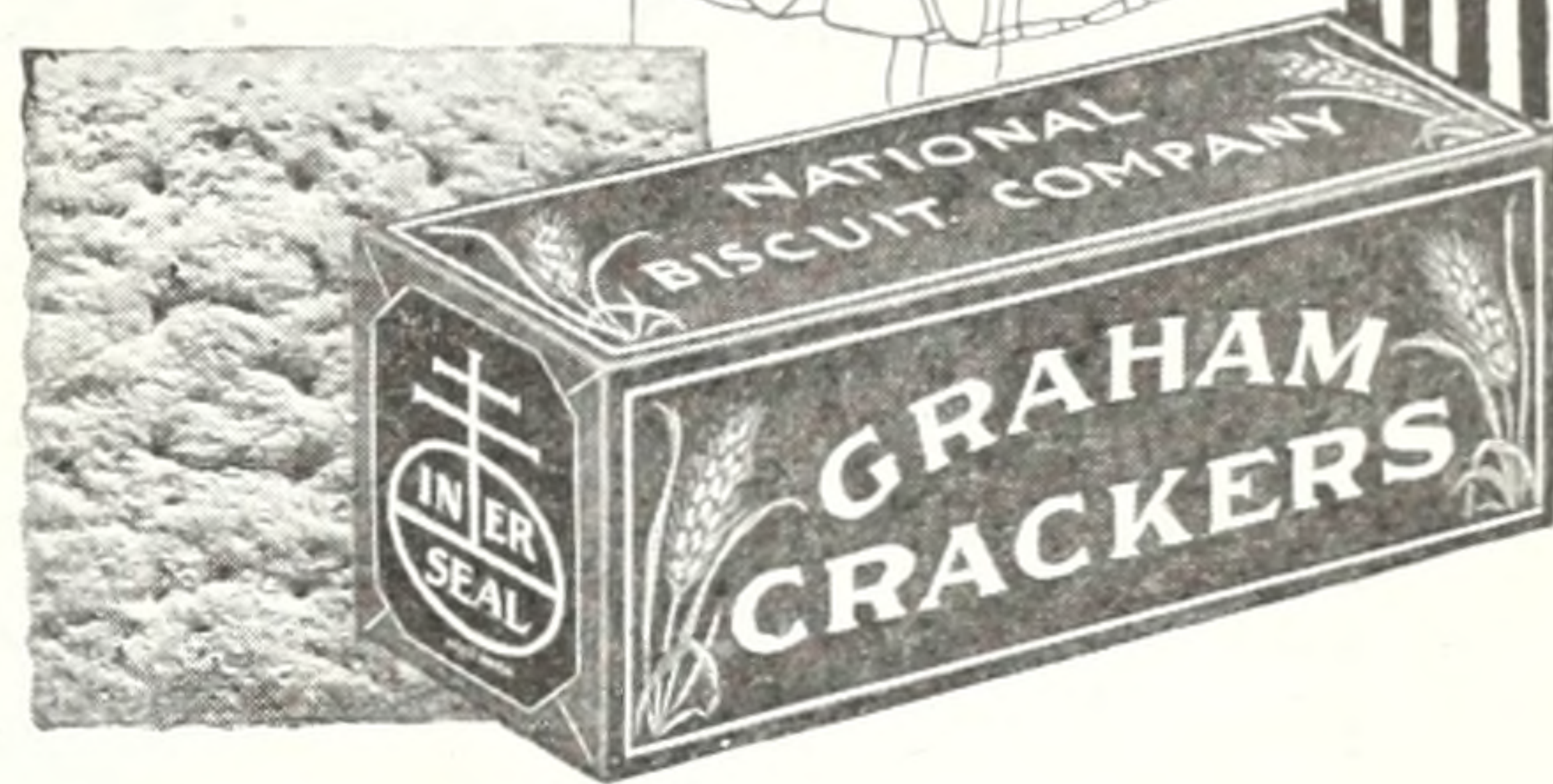
The world's best soda cracker, whether measured in terms of crispness, flavor, nourishment, or popularity.

NABISCO

The nation's dessert wafers. Delicious accompaniments to fruits, ices, beverages, sherbets.

*Sold in the famous
In-er-seal Trade Mark package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





Ten years without a corn

Countless people boast that record now.

Years ago they started using Blue-jay. Never since has a corn pained twice. And never has a corn stayed a week.

You can quickly prove that corns are needless. Millions have already done it.

Think what it means.

No more paring, no more pain, no more unsightly pads. Dainty shoes without unhappy hours.

Apply a touch of liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster.

The corn pain will end. And soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

The action is gentle but sure. Blue-jay is the scientific method, created by this world-famed laboratory.

It is not like the methods which are harsh and crude.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Buy it tonight from your druggist. Live the rest of your life without corns.

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

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 78)

DOROTHY, RACINE, ILL.—Well, I don't know—are you a good cook? I don't know whether the modern kitchens can come up to those of ancient times, but I do know that the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City has a kitchen that can cook dinners for more than 3,500 persons at one time. The Bon Marche in Paris has a roasting pan that holds no less than 300 cutlets and pot that holds twelve hams and sixty fowls. Whereas the wealthy ones of the world can eat in these places, all the Answer Man wants is somebody to make him a good lemon-meringue pie. Perhaps you people think I have forgotten that some of you promised to make me that pie; but I haven't seen it yet. Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan Productions; Viola Dana, Metro; Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn; Ethel Clayton, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

E. E., BELMONT, MASS.—So you think PHOTOPLAY has ignored Jack Warren Kerrigan. I'll have to tell the Editor about that right away. He's a Kentuckian and unmarried. (J. W. K., I mean.) Wish I were a Kentuckian; but if I were I suppose I'd be an actor or a model for a collar ad and not an Answer Man, and then who would answer questions about Kerrigan?

MARY N., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—What a mix-up! Lila Lee and Doris Lee are not sisters and Frankie Lee is not their brother. Because you see that isn't Lila's real name, nor Doris' either. Doris Lee is now Doris May; both are *noms-de-theatre*. Lila Lee is really Augusta Appel. Little Frankie is not related to any one in pictures that I know of. Sylvia Breamer is not dead; whatever gave you that idea? She's with Syd Franklin's company playing "Athalie."

FRANK J. L., TOLEDO.—There was a story about Seena Owen in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY that is the first real story ever published on this elusive lady. Delight Evans has nothing on me; I met Seena, too. If I had written the story, I'd have said less about her career and more about her eyes. Nellie King is older than Mollie. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph—eastern. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harriett Hammond are all with Mack Sennett. The latest Sennett feature, not a two- but a five-reeler, is "Down on the Farm." Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, and Marie appear in it, to say nothing of Teddy the dog and Pepper the cat and a lot of trained mice.

MURIEL, PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE.—Do I think it's better to act in pictures or be a chorus girl? It depends upon how you act. However, if it must be one or the other, I'd unhesitatingly choose the pictures, for the work—providing you get it—is less arduous. Suit yourself—you will anyway. Anita Stewart has light brown hair.

HELEN, CINCINNATI.—Harold Bell Wright is not associated with Rex Beach in any film venture, or in any other way for that matter. Beach is the leading Author of that Eminent Authors Corporation, which releases and produces through Goldwyn—a branch of Mr. Sam Goldwyn's organization, in fact. The Eminent Authors include Beach, Mary Roberts Rinchart, Leroy Scott, Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, and Gouverneur Morris. "The Girl from Outside" was a Beach adaptation, made in an excellent manner by Larry Trimble. Trimble made that fine old classic of the screen, "Old Dutch," with Florence Turner, in England years ago. Also, he likes dogs; also he likes Answer Men. He's a friend of this one. You're welcome.

DIAMOND DELIGHT
Your Credit is Good
10 Months to Pay The ROYAL Way

AMAZING Bargains in Every piece of Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches at wholesale prices. Our buying in large quantities and selling by mail saves you 15% to 25%.

Your Credit Is Good Engagement Rings \$25 up

ROYAL Diamonds carry a Guarantee Certificate with an exchange privilege at full purchase price.

Royal Catalog Edition 181 FREE

Send today for our FREE 96-page catalog, showing in beautiful halftone reproduction hundreds of rare values in Diamonds, Watches and other jewelry. Liberty Bonds accepted. 10% discount for cash. Get your copy now by addressing Dept. 181.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ESTABLISHED 1888
35 Maiden Lane - New York

None Better No matter what the price

Genuine artistic photographs of your favorite movie stars. Size 8x10. Yours for 50c each or 12 for \$5.00. You will be delighted with the beauty and artistic finish of these genuine photographs. Make your selection from the following list:



Theda Bara	Anita Stewart
Carlyle Blackwell	Norma Talmadge
Beverly Bayne	Pearl White
Francis X. Bushman	Ben F. Wilson
Alice Joyce	Earle Williams
Jack Kerrigan	Crane Wilbur
Mary Miles Minter	Clara K. Young
Mabel Normand	Constance Binney
Olga Petrova	Gloria Swanson
Mary Pickford	Thomas Meighan
Blanche Sweet	Shirley Mason
Marguerite Snow	John Barrymore
	Wanda Hawley

or any of the other popular stars

50c Each — 12 for \$5.00

Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to
S. BRAM, Dept. 82, 209 W. 48th St., New York City

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY-AT-PIEDMONT.—I'm not like the man who said, when asked to meet the brightest girl in the senior class at—college: "Oh, I wouldn't care to meet anyone so homely as that." When are you sending me that picture of yourself? Don't blame you a bit for liking Charles Ray. As Burns Mantle said, "I have come to the point when I caught myself wanting to write him a fan letter"—or words to that effect. So your brother wants to write to Natalie, the most thoughtful of the three Talmadges. He can reach her at the Talmadge studio in New York; she may answer him, and then again she may not.

BLUE BIRD, TROY.—William Farnum is married; he has a little adopted daughter, not a son. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play with Norma Talmadge any more because he's with Selznick and she's with First National.

MISS M. M. W., OKLA.—Eugene O'Brien has reached thirty-six and so far escaped marriage. Rather an achievement—what? Pearl White whizzed through the "Perils of Pauline" with her usual happy abandon. The McDonalds you name are not related. Sylvia Breamer is divorced. Gloria Swanson is engaged in her second matrimonial venture. Some men are as coy about announcing their ages as women; so this will have to let me out on Thomas Meighan. Of course I could guess, but then you're as good at this game as I would be. Women have been keeping men guessing for centuries.

JUST LIZ.—Shucks, Liz, don't upset me again with so endearing a salutation. Theda Bara has vamped a score of men (on the screen), but this scarcely justifies you in crediting her with the murder of a husband she never had. Harry Morey is married, but there are no little Moreys. Carol Hallway tells the census man she was born in 1892. Of course Sylvia Breamer is as good looking off the screen as she is on. Which is quite a pulchritudinous record. Norma Talmadge is older than Constance. What makes Jack Mulhall so good-looking? Oh, ask some real authority like the iceman.

ANTHONY JR., NEW ORLEANS.—I can't tell you to whom Constance Talmadge is engaged as she didn't ask me to announce her engagement for her. I don't know that she is engaged to anybody. You'll hear about it soon enough if she is. Lila Lee isn't, and that's a fact. This brunette youngster is working at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, California, playing opposite Paramount-Artcraft stars. Olive Thomas will send you her picture; address elsewhere. Call in anytime you like.

M. H., HEMPSTEAD.—I'm sorry I disappointed you by not answering your letter. But perhaps if I had answered you'd have been even more disappointed, so why worry? Like Pollyanna, I can always find something to be glad about. The one thing I find it hard to be joyful over is the fact that I have to work on such a small salary. But I suppose if the Editor raised me, I'd become so cocky I would refuse absolutely to answer any more matrimonial questions. I sometimes wonder if all you people appreciate the way I aid and abet you in breaking the rules? Antrim Short was that cute boy in "Please Get Married," but when you write him, care Metro in California, don't call him that. He's very young, having only recently graduated from small-boy to juvenile roles; and accordingly, from knickers to long ones.

Dama Sykes
one of the most popular and most beautiful members of the Sextette.

Beatrice Swanson
as lovely as her sister—which is saying a great deal. Both are famous beauties.

Fay Evelyn
The success of the Sextette would be impossible without this English beauty.

Marcella Swanson
whose blond beauty adds immeasurably to the success of Florodora.

The Four Most Beautiful Members of The Famous Florodora Sextette Wearing the

Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
"Just Slip it on!"

All Paris knows the loveliness of these flattering Veils. And now the four leading members of the Florodora Sextette find in them a charm which supplements their own beauty. These are the famous Veils which you "just slip on!" No tying—no pinning—no knotting.
At the better shops and drug stores everywhere—10c, 15c, 25c and 50c.

The Bonnie-B Co., Inc.

222 Fourth Avenue New York
Also Importers of the famous Bonnie-B Hair Nets

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

J. G., SEDALIA, Mo.—It disrupts my day. I tell you, I'm sick and tired of it. I assure you that when Eugene O'Brien makes up his mind to get married, and I learn of it—you will be the first flapper to know. But you tell me you read me every month—and then want to know if 'Gene has entered the holy bounds of matrimony. NO! Blanche Sweet has made several pictures for Jesse Hampton, releasing through Pathe. They were, "Fighting Cressy," "The Deadlier Sex," "Simple Souls," "The Girl in the Web," and "Object Matrimony." Blanche isn't married. Bill Hart is single. William Courtleigh, Jr., is dead. Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood.

M. L., NEW YORK.—Yes, I am stationed in Manhattan now. I am higher up than I've ever been in my life, and find it hard to accustom myself to it. From my office window I can see Selznick's signs, God's Hudson River, and, when it's dusk, the lights twinkling on the opposite shore. That's Jersey. Ever been to Jersey? So was I—once. Nazimova never makes "personal appearances" except on the legitimate stage, in Ibsen or other dramma. I hardly believe she writes letters to her admirers. It would take up so much of her time, don't you know. Stars seldom divulge their home addresses; why should they? As I have oft remarked before, the poor souls are only human and crave some privacy. They don't get much, goodness knows. New York, however, is generally immune to celebrities; the natives see so many, they have ceased to be impressed. Of course, if it's Mary Pickford, or President Wilson, or some Prince or something, they turn around and take another look. Bill Hart is a great guy; I know him and like him. Gladys Leslie is married. Geraldine Farrar is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

ADA W., OHIO.—We don't say any more that a man is after a girl's money; he may be after her vote. Any company will buy a good idea if they like the idea. It's up to you to get the good idea and put it on paper, then to select the company whose needs might induce them to buy it. Further advice I cannot give you.

HARRIETT, LOS ANGELES.—One of those rare beings: a film-curious resident of the City of Studios. Bebe Daniels, Lasky studios, Hollywood. Clara Kimball Young, Garson. Pauline Frederick, Robertson-Cole. Owen Moore, Selznick. Charles Ray, his own studio, your town; Mae Alison, Metro.

M. B. H., COLUMBUS.—I don't usually straighten out plot entanglements, but in this case I can tell you that, in "The Woman in the Su'case"—Ince-Paramount-Artcraft picture—Clarie McDowell played Moreland's wife, while Enid Bennett was his daughter. Does that make it clearer to you?

NOMDY PLUM, EVANSTON.—I haven't that red-haired stenographer any more. And if you had known her you never would have called her "titian" hair red. How do you know that my office-chair squeaks? I just had it oiled. John Barrymore's "Mr. Hyde" was indeed horrible—but very well done. Sorry if I maligned your French. Perhaps it was because I couldn't understand it. Come again, won't you?

ESTELLE.—It must be another Mary Hay, as Mrs. Dick Barthelme came from Fort Bliss, Texas, and has lived in Los Angeles and New York. They were married June 18th, in New York.



Viola Dana
 One of the beautiful Stars of
 the Screen who uses and
 highly recommends Maybell
 Beauty Aids.

**You, Too, Can Have
 Sparkling, Expressive Eyes**

Long, thick, dark eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows give charm, beauty and wonderful expression to any eyes.

Maybelline

darkens eyelashes and brows instantly and makes them appear naturally long, thick and luxuriant. Applied in one minute. Perfectly harmless. Two shades, black and brown. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE," apply it, and you will be delightfully surprised at the wonderful improvement.

"MAYBELLINE" comes in an attractive purple box which contains mirror and brush for applying.

Lash-Brow-Ine

another Maybell beauty aid, has long been recognized as the most beneficial preparation for nourishing and promoting the natural growth of eyelashes and brows. "LASH-BROW-INE" and "MAYBELLINE" are used regularly and highly recommended by stage and screen stars and millions of beautiful women throughout the world. Why not you?

"Maybelline"	At your dealer's or direct from us	"Lash-Brow-ine"
Price 75 Cents		Price 50 Cents

NOTICE—To avoid disappointment with imitations, always look for the picture of "THE MAYBELL GIRL," same as below, which adorns every box of "MAYBELLINE" and "LASH-BROW-INE." We assure satisfaction or refund price. Tear out this ad now so you will not forget correct names.

Maybell
Laboratories,

4305—21
Grand Blvd., Chicago



"The MAYBELL GIRL"

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BABS, DENVER.—Yes, there's a lot of love on the screen; but I have seen a lot more in the audience. One of the hardest questions I have ever refused to answer is yours—"Compare the Gish sisters in beauty." Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman, who was an actor and director of Miss Clayton's pictures for Lubin. They were to have formed a star-director combination for Paramount. Miss Clayton is abroad right now; she will make a picture in London, I think, for Paramount.

FRANCES, BERKELEY.—I don't know that Theda Bara has bobbed her curls because I didn't know she had curls. In "Romeo and Juliet" she wore long dark curls, though, didn't she? But she didn't have curls the last time I saw her. They would scarcely seem to fit in with our Theda's personality. She is nothing if not a vampire. Alice Joyce has long locks; she has never been bobbed. Natalie and Constance Talmadge have bobbed hair. Anita Stewart has not. I should think bobbed hair would be most convenient in the good old summer-time. Why don't you try it?

FIREFLY, LANCASTER.—The only waves I am acquainted with are heat waves, also those in the city pavements. I envy you at your mountain camp, where mere males are not allowed and the beaches rival Mr. Sennett's. Roscoe Arbuckle is not working in Niagara Falls, but in California, at the Lasky studio. You can't call him Fatty any more. His new picture is a feature, Irvin Cobb's "Life of the Party."

JESSIE, COROWA, N. S. W.—So you are sixteen and wish you were older. When you have gained your wish, you'll make another: to be sixteen again. Conrad Nagel is twenty-four; he is with Paramount, playing at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California, and is happily married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional.

L. M. B., OAKLAND.—It is interesting to note that Tokio laborers are threatening to strike if they don't get 18 cents a day. I suppose Japanese Answer Men barely get enough to live on. Tom Moore is thirty-four. Alice Brady weighs 108 and Marguerite Clark tips the scales at 100.

R. M. S., CANADA.—You had always pictured me as a very old man with a long beard and white hair, but guess you were mistaken? You were never more so. I cannot send you my picture or tell you my name. Anonymity is my curse, although chaps like Dick Barthelmess and Wallace Reid would call it a blessing. Dell Boone is Mrs. Niles Welch; she sometimes appears in pictures. Beatrice Prentice was Mrs. Harrison Ford; they are divorced. Charles Ray's new pictures are "45 Minutes from Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley."

CORPORAL J. R., CAMP TRAVIS, TEXAS.—Jessie Bartlett Davis died at the age of forty-four, May 14, 1905. She was on the stage for years, in "The Bostonians" but never appeared in pictures. Many thanks for your verses; I don't have poetry dedicated to me very often. I get a lot of limericks and reams of rhymes but very little poetry.

JANE MARGARET, CLEBURNE.—You needn't have added that postscript, "I want to be a movie actress." I knew it without being told. There was something about your letter—Juanita Hansen is not married. Since "The Lost City" she has made a serial for Pathe not yet released. Write her care Pathe in New York.

(Continued on page 109)



Baked for You By Van Camp's in a Palatial Kitchen

The Van Camp kitchens are the finest ever built. Our latest kitchen cost \$1,700,000. They are directed by scientific cooks—men with college training—masters of the culinary art.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans is a masterpiece of cookery. Able experts devoted years to perfecting this ideal dish. Modern apparatus aids in every process. This dish has given millions a new conception of Baked Beans.

It comes to you ready-prepared, in three sizes. It makes Baked Beans a delicacy. Yet it costs about one-third what meat costs for the same nutrition.

The expert way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done by modern steam ovens, so high heat can be long applied without crisping or bursting the beans. So the beans are whole and mealy, yet easy to digest.

The flavor is kept intact by baking in sealed containers. The sauce is a supreme creation with a zestful tang. And we bake it with the beans.

This dish is distinctive—not like other baked beans. Compare it and see how it differs.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

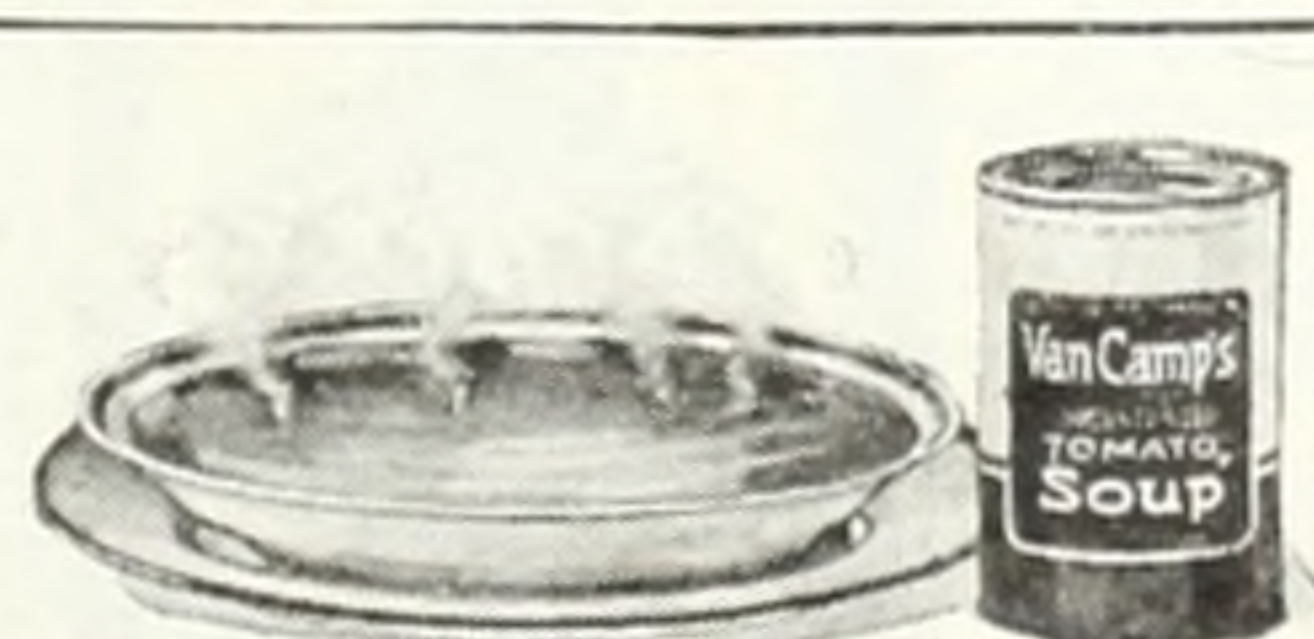
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's
Tomato Soup

One of 18 kinds—the finest soups created.



Van Camp's
Spaghetti

Italian style, made with the rarest ingredients.



Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk

About twice as rich as milkman's milk in butter fat.

A Date with Connie

(Continued from page 55)

baby. There were ten or twelve children in the family and I was one of the runts of the bunch.

"Out west of the Pecos I fell out of the wagon and they drove on, never missin' me for two or three years. So I grew up with the coyotes and for a long time I thought I was a coyote too. Used to run around with them and sit howlin' on the hills at night.

"When I got to be a good sized youngster I met a man one day and he told me I was a human.

"I know better," I told him. "I'm a coyote, and I'm goin' to stay with my own people."

"He got help and they hog-tied me and brought me down into town, an', sure enough, it wasn't long before I found out I was a human. So I lived among these humans from then on, and kept sinkin' lower and lower until finally I became a cowboy."

Miss Constance looked like she kind of doubted me, but she was too polite a young lady to impute my veracity.

"Now, Miss Constance, won't you tell me somthin' about yourself," I asked her. "What are your plans for future pictures?"

"Work? I'm not thinking of work. It's vacation that is on my mind," she laughed. "Just think, I am going to Europe as soon as we finish the present picture.

"My mother is over there now and I am to join them in about six weeks. Naturally, I am wild with impatience, as I have never crossed the water before."

"What kind of work do you like best?" I queried, determined not to let her do all the hard work of this interview.

"That class of stories I am working in at present—light comedy," she replied. "Although at times it is a little rough," and she ruefully displayed a blue bruise on her elbow.

I had been watching that elbow for some time, but was scared to ask about it. Thought maybe she had been in a fight, and when I remembered the fight she put up as the Mountain Maid in "Intolerance," I felt sorry for the other fellow.

"In the picture we are making now I have to fall through a coal hole," she went on to explain. "One can't fall through a coal hole cautiously. When they suggested a double for the fall I refused and did it twice, but it did bruise me something scandalous."

Some of these directors ought to be shot in the foot. If that coal hole had to be fell through, why didn't he fall through it himself?

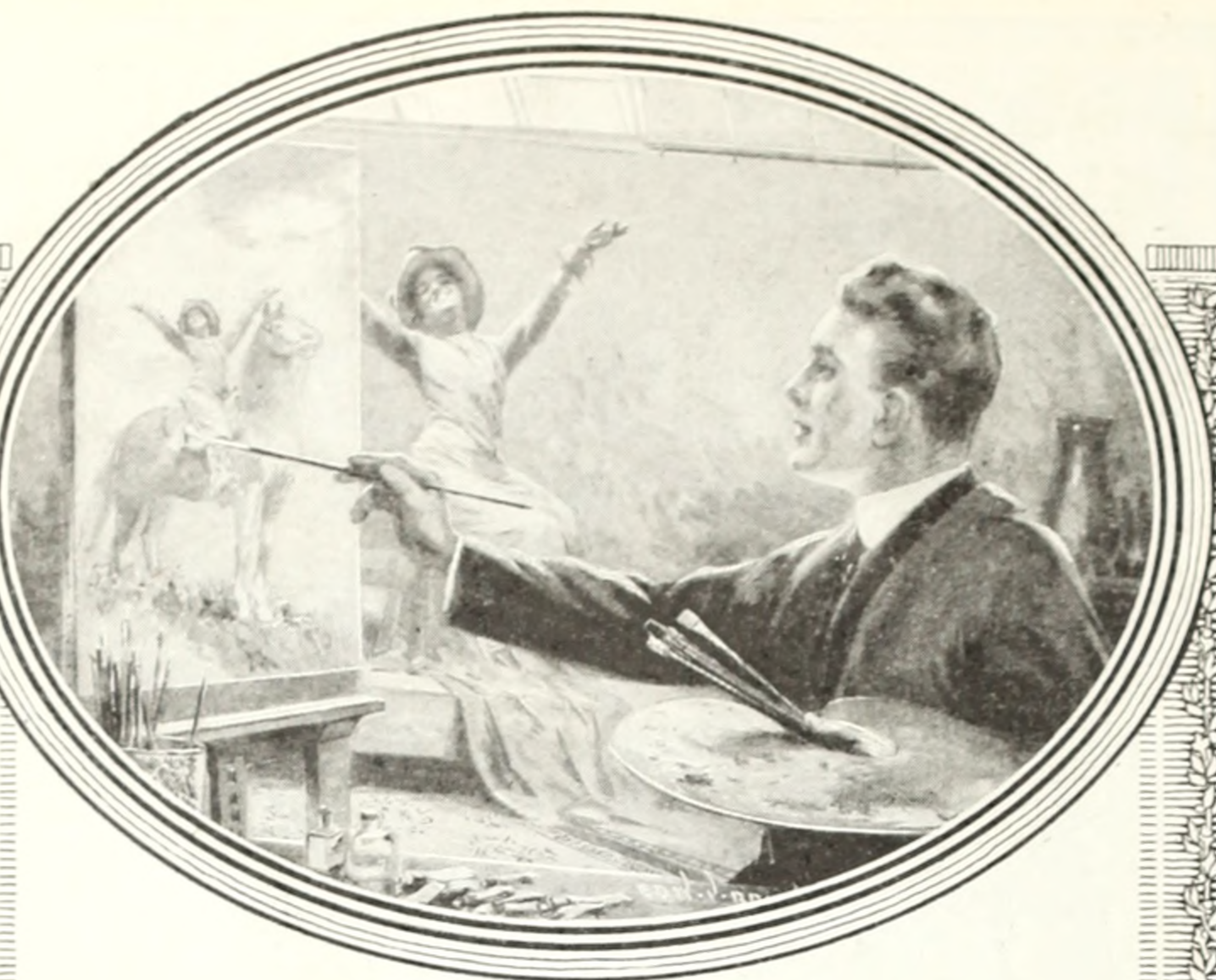
Speaking of "Intolerance," that picture has always stood out in my memory like a Pike's Peak among pictures. I first saw it in Chihuahua, Mexico, and it thrilled me with wonder, like the first glimpse of the Grand Canyon. The one feature of that picture that I admired most was the work of Miss Constance Talmadge as the Mountain Maid.

It was hard for me to realize that the Mountain Maid was sitting opposite me, chatting in friendly fashion of her work.

There is no pose or artificial mannerisms about Miss Constance. She laughs as she talks and there was a suggestion of the tomboy in the way she bounced around the room, dancing from chair to chair as she talked.

She is the very spirit of sunny-hearted American girlhood.

As she talked she made constant references to her family, her mother and her sisters, Miss Norma and Miss Natalie. The Talmadge family is evidently a mutual admiration society. Mother and daughters are good chums.



\$1000.00 FOR

A SINGLE DRAWING

IT is nothing unusual for able commercial artists to receive \$250, \$500, \$1000 and *more*, for single magazine covers or illustrations, or to advertise such products as Ivory Soap, Luxite Hosiery, Velvet Tobacco, etc.

Everyone may not achieve such remarkable success—but the opportunities before you now in this profitable profession *have never been excelled*. Commercial artists who have developed their ability *through proper training* readily earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and up.

Millions Paid Yearly for Commercial Art

The demand for high-class commercial artists cannot be met. Thousands of advertisers, periodicals and publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of designs and illustrations every year. Good commercial art is vital to modern business,—and artists who can produce it *earn extraordinary incomes*.

Develop a High-Salaried Ability Through Federal Training

If you like to draw, learn in your spare time through the Federal Home-Study Method, a proven result-getter by the success of hundreds of Federal Students. The course is fascinating, easy to learn, and leads directly to practical work. It is strongly endorsed by leading illustrating companies, designers and commercial artists as *America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing*. On the Federal Advisory Council are such nationally recognized artists as **Charles E. Chambers**, Magazine and Story Illustrator; **Franklin Booth**, "Painter with the Pen" of wonderful line drawings; **Harold Gross**, for many years designer for the Gorham Co.; **D. J. Lavin**, formerly Head of the Chicago Tribune Art Dept.; **Edw. V. Brewer**, a well known advertising illustrator; **Matlack Price**, an authority on posters; **Charles Livingston Bull**, the prominent animal painter, and others. You can now profit by the advice, experience and success of men who have produced and sold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of commercial art,—for they are authors of original lessons found exclusively in the Federal Course.

Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

What about *your* future? Every young man and woman who seriously considers their life work should read this book. It is beautifully illustrated in colors, shows remarkable work by Federal Students, tells of their successes, and of opportunities in this field that will open your eyes. In the modern business world the trained specialist wins out—as sure as the sunrise. If you would succeed, every day is precious to you. Why hesitate? Get this book—send 6c in stamps with the coupon right NOW, stating your age and present occupation.

Coupon: Federal School of Commercial Designing
3217 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me your "Your Future," 6c in stamps enclosed.

Name

Age Occupation

(Write your address plainly in margin.)



A Date with Connie

(Concluded)

The European trip seemed the subject of most interest to Miss Constance.

"Our vacation is to be a real family celebration," she said. "Mother, Norma and Natalie have already sailed. I am to follow when my picture is finished. Then for a month we are just going to play around together. We are not going to do any work on the other side. It is my first trip across and I want to see it all."

Personally, I think it would have been a fine idea to have sent Miss Constance over to the peace conference. The delegates couldn't have developed so many grouches.

For some minutes I had had a growing feeling that I had visited long enough. Adroitly, I signaled Miss Livingston and she came to the rescue. So we stood up to say goodby.

With a splendid gesture I upset the coffee cup with my hat and retired toward the door in picturesque confusion.

Miss Constance shook hands in farewell, and said:

"You must come to see me again."

"When?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, when I return from Europe," she replied hastily.

So you see, I got something wonderful to look forward to. If that boat don't sink, or a horse don't fall on me, or anything happen, I got a date with Miss Constance—when that ship comes in.

Society in the Films

(Concluded from page 37)

Once when they were enjoying a between-scenes chat in the studio, Mrs. Belmont produced from her bag a gold-and-jeweled lipstick with which to freshen her make-up. Lillian exclaimed with delight at the pretty trinket.

"Please accept it," said Mrs. Belmont eagerly. Lillian demurred, but was finally persuaded to possess the stick, which is a real treasure.

Mr. Andrews made a trip to Mamaroneck to find out what was so interesting to his daughter. He became an interested spectator, and soon decided he would like to be in pictures, too. As a result, you will see a real "millionaire clubman" instead of an actor made up to look like one. Mr. Andrews invited several friends to see him work and it wasn't long before they were in it, too!

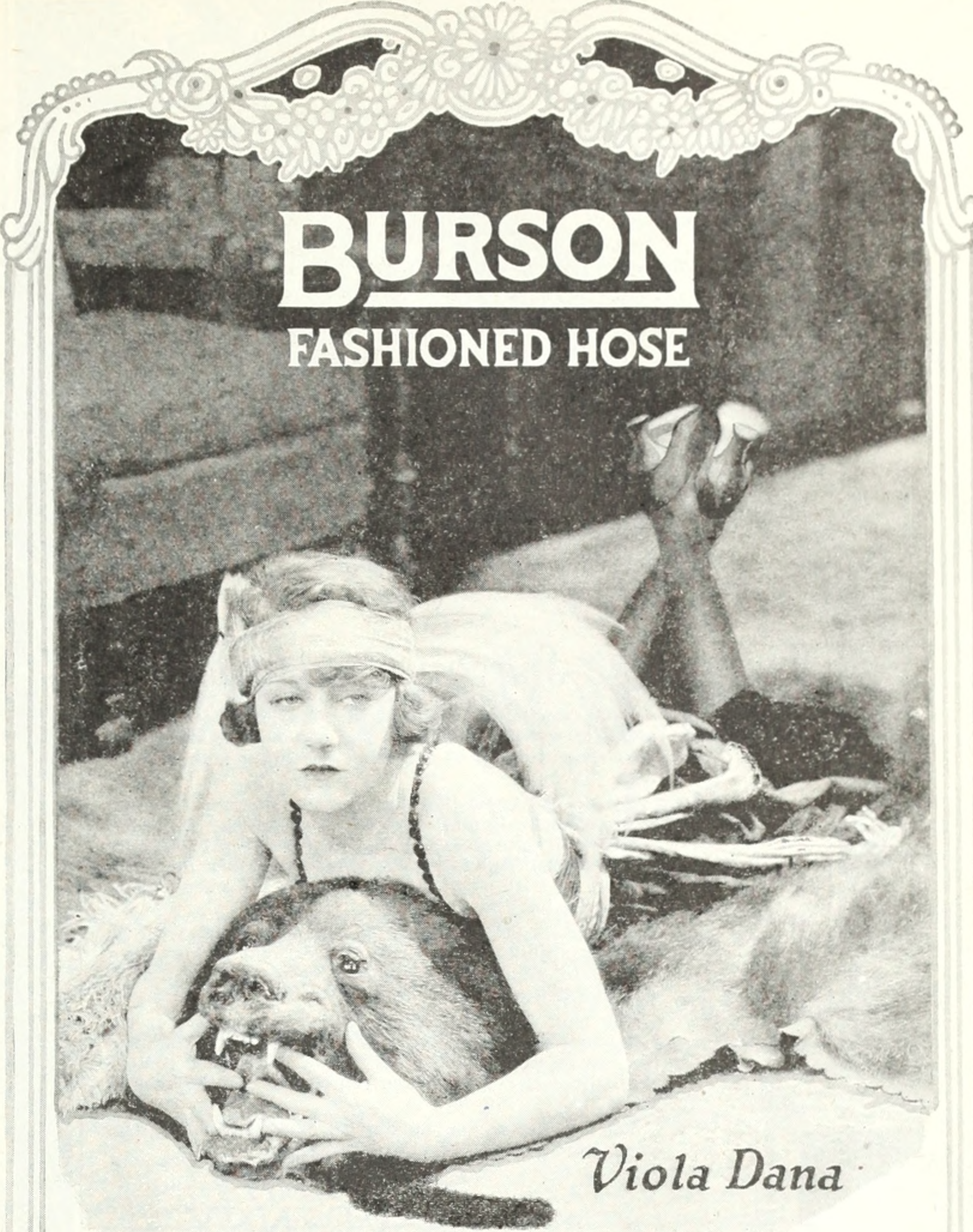
It is really one of the property men who can give you the best "line" on the actors from society. An ex-sailor who has a "game leg" that bothers him in bad weather was trudging along the road to the studios one stormy day. A motor stopped and a voice called, "Hop in." Pete Props hopped. His benefactors were a pretty woman who sympathized with his affliction, and a genial man. When Pete got back he told somebody about it.

"Why, that was Mrs. Morgan Belmont, that society dame, and her dad," he was informed. Pete Props was stunned.

"I'll be—!" he remarked. "Well, they're regular guys, anyway!"

She Travels Fastest—

MARION DAVIES has gone to Los Angeles, where she will make one picture. Except for three maids, a cook and a chauffeur, she was all by herself.



BURSON


FASHIONED HOSE

Viola Dana

You won't have to
go to the hosiery
counter so often
if you buy "Burson"
when you do go.
Economy is the buy
word now-a-days

Sold at
Leading
Stores

KNIT-TO-FIT



WITHOUT A SEAM

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

60c **The Pink Complexion Cake**

That End-of-the Season Complexion

Take your mirror to the light. That roughened, tired appearance of your skin is the end-of-the-summer-sign that spells the loss of the skin's youthfulness and freshness.

But do you know that SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY will restore your complexion's pink and white smoothness? The pink complexion cake gives to your skin the natural softening oils it needs. Rub it into your face, and then presently wipe it off with a soft cloth. It cleans, refreshes and rejuvenates the skin.

Now add a delicate touch of Sem-pray Rouge with its elusive, subtle coloring. And then—a light touch with a fluffy puff dipped into Sem-pray Powder—fairly thistle-down of delicate fragrance.

One more look at that mirror. Now you give just a little sigh of satisfaction. Your smooth, clear complexion can stand the closest scrutiny. It has been treated with the perfect complexion combination—the Sem-pray way!

You'll recognize Sem-pray by the dainty pink and green packages. At all good toilet counters.

50c

50c

50c

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY
Sempre Giovine
MARIETTA STANLEY COMPANY
Dept. P, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAMPLE OFFER
Send 6c for generous samples of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay and Sem-pray Face Powder.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 74)

but a sane one as well. He is seldom guilty of silly lapses. His hero on this occasion is a railway telegrapher who is fired from his job when he interferes with the plans of a village crook who is secretly doubling as a Mexican outlaw and doing a little train robbing on the side. Hart traps the gang, and catches them in the act of robbing a train by forcing his faithful pinto pony to leap from a high cliff into a river. The hero's love for his horse is overplayed a trifle, but his love for the heroine is genuine enough to earn him the clinch and fadeout. Mary Thurman is the lady embraced, and the cast includes G. Raymond Nye, Patricia Palmer, Hugh Sackson and William Patton. Lambert Hillyer did the adapting and directing. President Wilson liked this one.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT— Goldwyn

THIS may or may not be a "Goldwyn year," as the letterheads of that firm insistently proclaim, but it certainly has been a Goldwyn month with me. I also liked Tom Moore's "The Great Accident" immensely. It is a trifle extravagant as a story, but basically it is human and it has an original idea to help it materially as entertainment. The careless son of a straight-laced father takes to liquor rather strenuously after prohibition has been declared in force, haunting the blind pigs and the best of the private cellars. Only a "great accident" can save this lad, and the accident happens when father is nominated as a mayoralty candidate. By substituting "junior" for "senior" on the ballots, the boss of the opposition elects Tom, and that surprised young man wakes up after an election night debauch to find himself mayor. Father puts him out of the house, which hurts Tom's pride and stirs him to action. He goes after the boss who perpetrated the joke, and the other "wets" of that town with a vengeance, cleans out the traffickers in rum and proves his worthiness of Jane Novak, who is always worth any hero's fight. Moore, to me, is advancing as fast as any of the young men of the screen, and I expect to see him doing a really fine picture soon. Andrew Robson, Ann Forrest (another potential star) Lillian Langdon, Edward McWade and Willard Louis are in the cast and all good. Ben Ames Williams wrote the story.

MARRIED LIFE—Sennett

THERE is no reason that I can see why Mack Sennett should not do well with five reelers—better in fact than he has been doing with short comedies. His "Married Life," with just a bit of a story, is a good start. And if his next one has a little more story, and a little less repetition, he will be realizing the promise he has always given of being the greatest director of screen farce the pictures have produced. It keeps Ben Turpin pretty busy looking both ways for Sunday and also a new place to fall for five reels, but fortunately for him and for us neither Ben nor his pathetically comic eyes are overworked in this particular opus. The incident of the operation in which Turpin inhales illuminating in place of laughing gas and proceeds to float all around the hospital is sure to threaten any audience with convulsions.

MISS HOBBS—Realart

"MISS HOBBS" is a pleasant comedy and Wanda Hawley an equally pleasant screen personality. I do not know whether this is her debut as a star, but if it is it

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
Bathing Apparel of Distinction

ACKNOWLEDGED as the "Smartest Togs on the Beach"—wherever fashionable swimmers congregate—by reason of their classic loveliness of line; their clinging perfection of fit; their superb knitted fabrics and glorious colorings. To be sure of obtaining the genuine Annette Kellermann Suits or Tights, look for the label—on every garment—showing her name *Woven in Red!*

* * *

The stunning "Two-in-One" models—knitted suits with tights attached—and distinguished "Slip-On" models, which are worn over tights, are on sale at all better shops in all sizes, including Children's. If not easily obtainable, communicate with us.

ASBURY MILLS
New York Office, 200 Fifth Avenue
SOLE MAKERS

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

neither advances nor retards her progress. To emphasize the comedy contrasts, Director Donald Crisp has stressed somewhat extravagantly the idiosyncrasies of the young woman who insisted on being a freak. The Greenwich Village type is funny enough as she exists without making her more freakish, but possibly she would not seem so on the screen. The romance, in which Harrison Ford makes a wager with the other juveniles of the cast that he will kiss the freakish Miss Hobbs within a week, they thinking her impossible of approach and very, very homely, and he finding her altogether peachy, provides a nice little love story that is well played by Miss Hawley, Mr. Ford, Jack Mulhall, Walter Heirs, and Helen Jerome Eddy. Elmer Harris adapted the scenario from the Jerome K. Jerome story of the same title.

—By Photoplay Editors—

A DOUBLE DYED DECEIVER— Goldwyn

THERE is color and romance in "A Double Dyed Deceiver," even if it is a little difficult to accept Jack Pickford as a bad young man of the West, abnormally quick on the draw and a terror among his kind. There is also a pretty story of a mother's love for her son, whom Jack has killed in the states and then purposed to impersonate so that he can rob the family. Of course he doesn't go through with the scheme, because the mother wins him over and rather than break her heart a second time he throws down his rascally partner, an American consul, and stays on in Mexico as, young Don Urique. That good and always dependable actress, Edythe Chapman, does much to make the mother an outstanding character, and James Neill gives an excellent performance as the father. Young Pickford is a likeable lad, and not overly assertive, even when the opportunities to be so are tempting. Marie Dunn plays the heroine and Sydney Ainsworth is good as the crooked consul. The story is one of O. Henry's, and Al Green did the directing. The exterior and interior shots are all good and all convincingly Spanish.

VELVET FINGERS—Pathe

GEORGE B. SEITZ is the promoter of an entirely new kind of entertainment. He has made serial-seeing a pleasant and painless pastime principally because he not only writes and directs his own, but plays gentlemanly crooks as well. George is a remarkable young man—of an ingratiating, easy manner, a pleasant smile, and a Carpentier attack. He always turns in time to divert the villain's blow from behind. But he does it so nonchalantly that this new chapter thriller of his is almost plausible; he adorns it with sets worthy of Fitzmaurice, lights these sets in a Tourneur manner, and bounds through them with the agility of a Fairbanks. His story is a good one, and when it stops in exciting places to permit the "Continued Next Tuesday," slide to be shown, you can scarcely restrain your impatience. His leading woman is that charming child, Marguerite Courtot.

BAB'S CANDIDATE—Vitagraph

THIS only proves what we have long suspected—that George Fawcett is our favorite actor. With all due respect to that most delightful of all stellar ingenues, Corinne Griffith, and her young acting husband, Webster Campbell, Fawcett walks away with

How well it pays

To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

They combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this 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.

Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

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.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harm-

less activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

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.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free ³⁹⁴

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 714, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

this show. He can't help it; he has robbed some of our nicest girls of first honors and I daresay they forgive him for it. Fawcett has good material in this light comedy as the heavy Southern Senator, Corinne's dotting papa, who does his best to spoil a good romance for her, and does spoil a bad senatorial nomination for Webster. The Southern scenes are beautiful—and so is Corinne.

you have this comedy. When the Persian cat of high degree steps in the fly-paper and does a real shimmy across the screen, you'll forget the rest of it and only remember this, than which there has never been a better bit of "business" put into pictures.

REMODELING HER HUSBAND—
Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is a woman's picture. A woman wrote it, a woman stars in it, a woman was its director. And women will enjoy it most. It does an unusual and daring thing; it presents the feminine point of view in plot, in captions, in sets and acting. Our worthy contemporaries of the various film trade journals took a good crack at it. They have to take a good crack at something. But at the Rialto in New York, where this review was accomplished, the audience just sat back and howled—and there were men there, too. Lillian Gish has gone back to acting, but we'd like to tell her that she is almost as good a directress as she is an actress—and that's going some. Little things count in this picture; details are not overlooked. Dorothy Gish is just—Dorothy Gish, which is enough for most people. There is no one like her, and when she gets good stories she should lead her class. James Rennie, recruited from the legitimate, is a gratifying leading man.

DAREDEVIL JACK—Pathe

STILL another kind of serial. Not exactly subtle, this one. But if you are a small boy of any age, you'll enjoy Jack Dempsey, who certainly can stand an awful lot of punishment. We are disappointed to learn from someone who has somehow seen the last episode that Jack doesn't marry that nice blonde, Josie Sedgwick, after all. Something ought to be done about it right away.

SICK-A-BED—Paramount-Artcraft

THIS farce was funny in the legitimate. It is anything but funny here. One goes drearily back to one's desk after seeing it, asking the old corona "Can such things really be?" Sam Woods is usually a good director; but here he was working on the principle that there has got to be a guffaw in every scene, boys. He didn't do a thing to Wallace Reid, who, over-made-up, at times looks positively pretty. There's a nurse in it—a beautiful nurse who never got any diplomas in nursing, but a lot of them in looks. Bebe Daniels. No wonder Wally didn't want to get well.

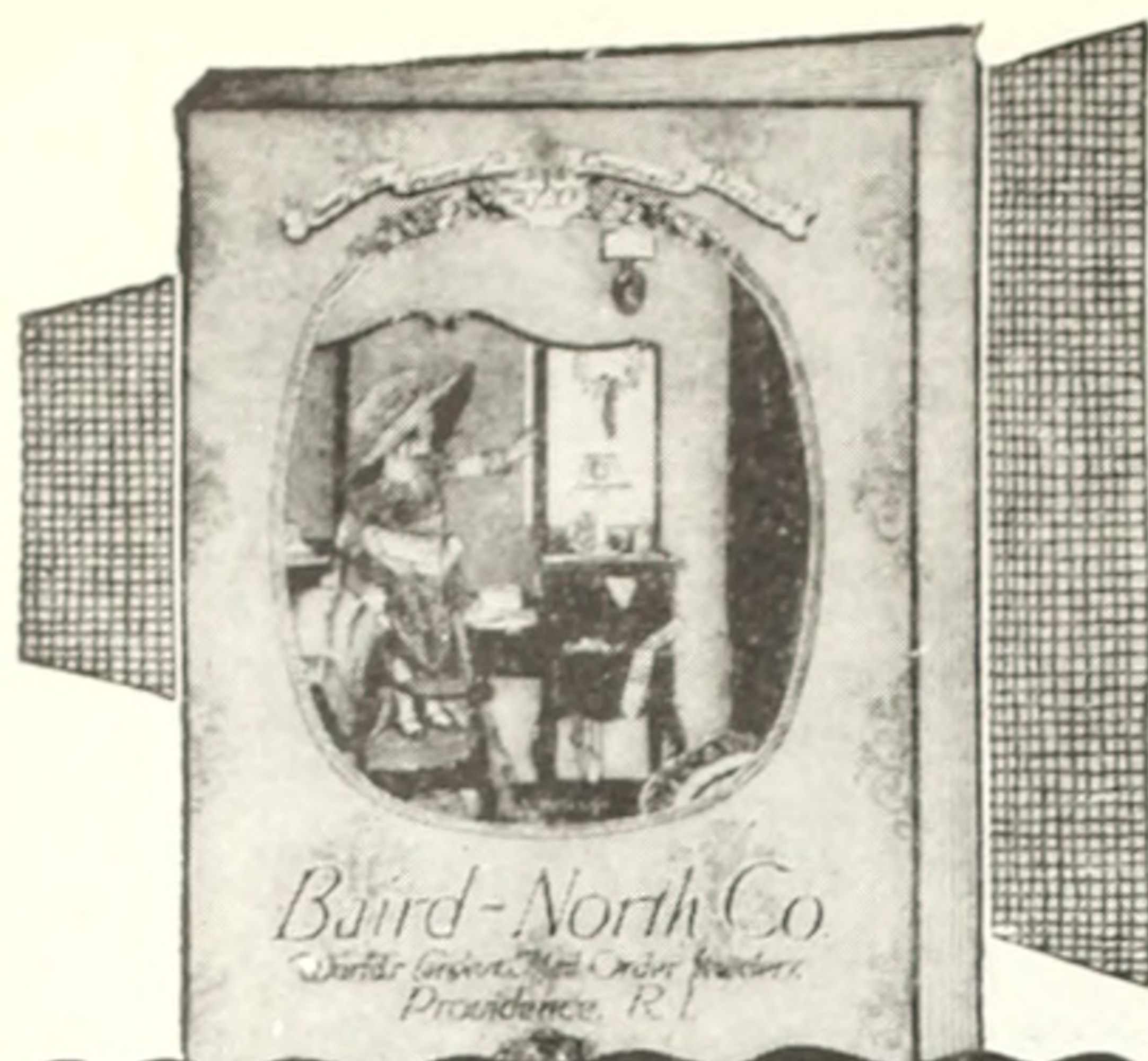
PRIDE AND PORK-CHOPS—
J. M. Flagg

AFTER seeing this, one wishes Mr. James Montgomery Flagg would stick to art. When it's announced the showing of one of the most vulgar comedies ever projected, the Strand Theater in New York called it a "satire"—and gave itself away. It's amazing to discover how few people know what "satire" really means. This is burlesque, served raw, with some subtitles which seriously offend good taste. How will it be received in the South, whose well-born natives it ridicules?

THE RESTLESS SEX—Cosmopolitan

MARION DAVIES in a Robert W. Chambers story. The orchid in the limousine. The restless and expensive sex. Miss Davies, as usual, acts just like Marion Davies. But then most Robert W. Chambers heroines act like Marion Davies.

(Continued on page 108)

**FREE!**

A Postal Brings This Big 175-Page Jewelry Book from World's Largest Mail Order Jewelers

Just your name and address on a postal brings you this big, new 175-page Baird-North Co. Jewelry Book. It is just filled with unusual money-saving offers in Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Novelties, etc., all of which are sold direct to the user at prices which mean a real saving and on a money back guarantee.

10,000 Articles to Choose From

Every article shown in this great book is a real bargain in the finest jewelry for the money offered in America.

Save Money on Jewelry

Prove for yourself that you can save money by dealing with the old, time-tried, reliable house of Baird-North Co. Order any article shown here and, if not completely satisfied, we will refund your money.

Send NOW for FREE Jewelry Book Get this big book today—direct from Providence, the very heart of the American Jewelry trade. Deal with Baird-North Co.—world's largest mail order jewelry house—established more than 25 years. Just send name and address on postal.

BAIRD-NORTH CO.Established 1895
Dept. 416Capital \$1,000,000
Providence, R. I.

No. 609A
Solid 10K
Gold Soft
Collar Pin.
Beautifully
engraved.
Strong and
durable.
Price only
\$2.00.



No. 611A—
Solid 10K
Gold Scarf
Pin.
Imitation
sapphire
center with
imitation
pearls.
Specially
priced at
\$2.00



No. 707A—Presto
Wind Shield Cloth.
A wet wind shield or
window wiped with this
cloth will remain clear.
Useful gift for autoist
or motorman.
Price only . . . 85c.

Bourjois' **JAVA**
FACE
POWDER

ADORABLY FRENCH
EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT

Also makers of the Rouge
of Unique Naturalness—

"ASHES OF ROSES"
(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
New York Paris



THE CHEATER—Metro

IT'S a safe bet that Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Judah," would never have come to the screen if "The Miracle Man" had not stampeded the box-office. It was probably written and acted first—but Metro's screen version is not noteworthy. A Miracle Girl is not nearly so effective as a Miracle Man. May Allison is the girl, who pretends to heal by faith—and finds faith in the end, even as Tom Meighan and Betty Compson. If you want to know all about the way spirits work, go to see this. It gives the whole thing away.

THE THIRD EYE—Astra-Pathe

THIS serial by H. H. Van Loan has everything—absolutely everything. It commences with a murder and there's a fight in every foot. Pretty Eileen Percy is in it, running around with her hair streaming most of the time, trying to escape that high-brow heavy, Warner Oland. Personally we prefer Oland to the hero.

TWO VITAGRAPH SERIALS

"THE Invisible Hand" endeavors to introduce Tony Moreno as a scientific detective, rounding up a gang of desprit crooks. One may say that Tony gives an entirely original interpretation of the duties of a scientific detective; he jumps chasms, rides right into the villains' trap door, disguises himself as an old man, and generally cuts up. Pauline Curley is a brave young woman; she can sit in at a crooks' conference as if she were attending an afternoon tea.

"William Duncan: In Prison and Out," is the subtitle of "The Silent Avenger." We all know that William was unjustly accused of embezzlement, even though the law and the heroine (Edith Johnson Duncan) believe the worst. We trust you, William. (To be continued.)

OBJECT MATRIMONY—
Hampton-Pathe

REVEALING a hitherto unsuspected Blanche Sweet, an animated young lady who wears gorgeous gowns, hats, and hose, and wears them well, and who glides through her scenes in a manner at once piquant and passionate. Blanche, in this amusing and rapid story from "Leona Goes A Hunting," makes herself over; she is not languorous, but energetic; she sprints on the sands; she runs races with a dog; she is a sort of devilish combination of Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish. Splendid production has been given her; a good director who is also a good leading man, Henry King; and a wonderful bull-dog who works overtime to prove himself—next to Teddy—the king of canine actors.

THE GROCERY CLERK—Vitagraph

TAKE all the gags that Roscoe Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin have used, including that of the cheese that skids and the refractory Ford, warm them over, add another that seems to be Larry Semon's own—and

Confessions of a Caveman

(Continued from page 48)

I deliberated a bit over his penance. He looked provokingly undisturbed amid the blue clouds of his cigarette smoke.

"What's it to be?" he asked with a grin.

"To admit that you're in love with your own wife!" I pronounced solemnly.

"Oh, heavens! Yes, dreadfully."

"And that she has a sense of humor?"

"Marvellous."

"Then I'll just give you probation and turn you over to her for future reference."

"After I've told you that all women are natural reformers?" he groaned.

But you see, I know his wife. (She's Frances Ring, sister of the remarkable Blanche.) And she's quite one of the nicest wives I've ever known. And since she's stopped to some extent allowing us to see those brilliant, smooth, refreshing characterizations of hers, I guess she'll have to make up to us by taking special care of "our Tommie." Eh?

Tommie Meighan is to be starred in forthcoming Lasky productions, his latest releases being "The Prince Chap," "Civilian Clothes," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

Meighan has been in pictures for some time and will be remembered as leading man with many feminine stars, two of his finest characterizations being with Pauline Frederick in "Sappho" and with Billie Burke in "The Land of Promise"—where he played his first movie caveman, by the way.

King's Homey Office

THE new studio built in Hollywood by King Vidor, which is an exact reproduction of a New England village, has administration offices in a separate house, painted gray with green shutters, that looks like a charming Southern mansion.

The other day a nice old lady in a little gray bonnet knocked at the door, which was opened a few seconds later by a pretty blonde stenographer.

"You the lady of the house?" asked the old lady, then, seeing no signs of a denial, she hurried on. "I'm selling some of the very best dish mops on the market—just put 'em over your hand like that, see, and put soap on top of the rough part, and your dishes are clean without a bit of effort—"

"But I don't—" began the stenographer.

"I'm sure you'll be happier washing your dishes than you've been in a long time," went on the old lady fervently. "Just let me step in the kitchen and I'll show you."

"There isn't any kitchen," said the desperate steno.

"No kitchen? Now look here, young woman—"

"This isn't a house. This is a motion picture studio. These are the offices in here."

The old lady gave her one paralyzed look and started away mumbling something about, "Never did—motion pictures—going to ruin—"

That He Could Obey

IT was an educational film of a religious character and obviously unfitted for the screen by reason of its lack of dramatic action. It dragged its weary way along before the bored audience to the point where a "lead" came out boldly with the Biblical injunction "Love thy neighbor."

For many seconds the audience stared at the three words. Then suddenly the center of a group of men rose and a penetrating voice broke the silence.

"Will someone in the audience," came the question, "please tradeneighbors with me?"



Complexion is Not a Question of Age—

"You, too, can have a youthful complexion like mine. A few touches of Carmen Complexion Powder daily and soon your skin will regain its lovely smoothness and fascinating tint of blushing girlhood."

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

Carmen is the name of the powder so many lovely women say not only enhances Nature's gift of beauty by perfectly blending with the skin—but softens the skin and builds the texture wonderfully. And so quickly, too! You'll really be surprised and delighted.

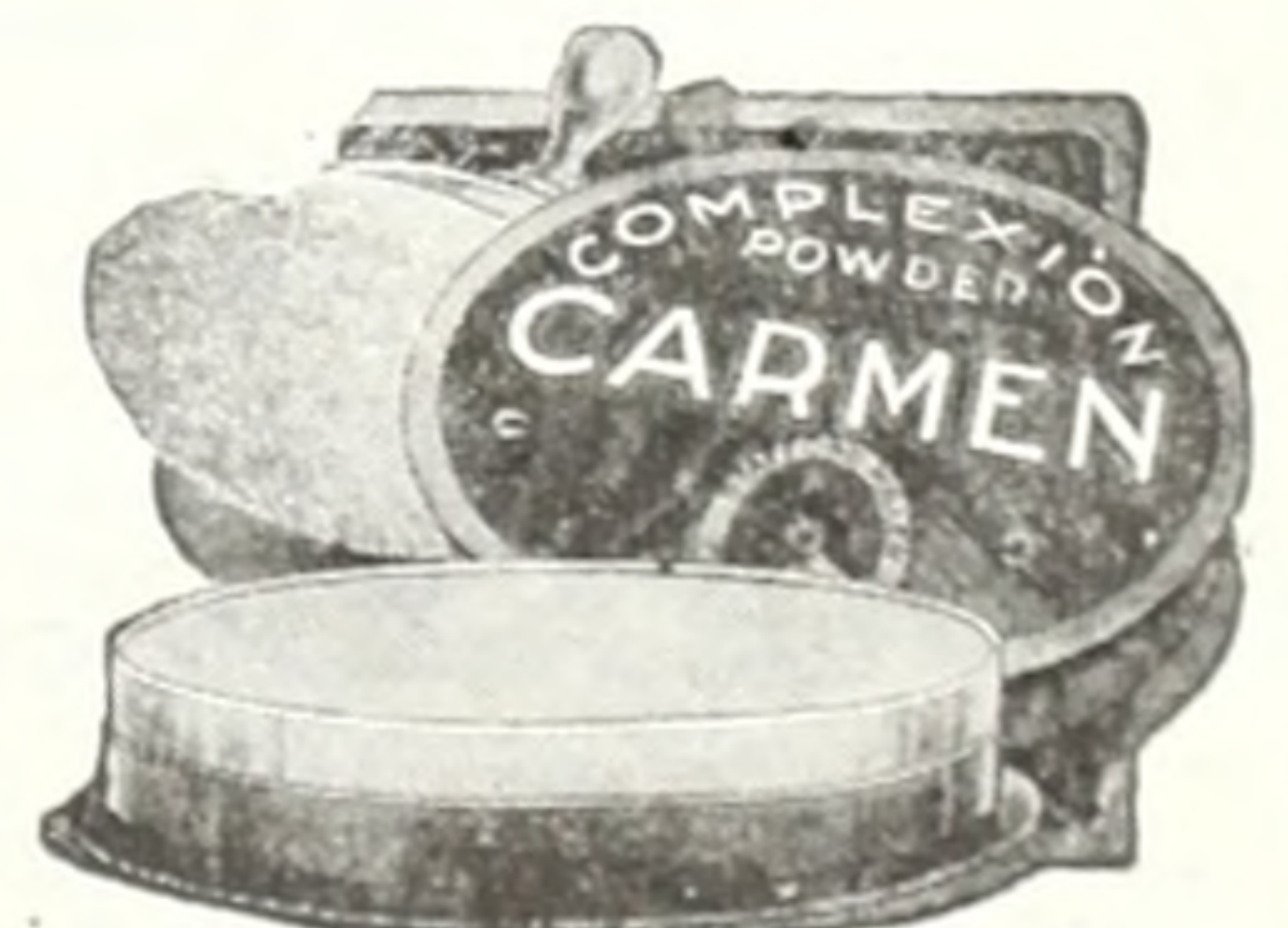
Its genteel, delightful scent is still another reason why so many really smart women prefer Carmen.

*White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the exquisite New
Carmen Brunette Shade — 50c Everywhere*

Trial Offer

Carmen Brunette—the new and popular shade will be sent in a purse size box containing two or three weeks' supply for 12c to pay postage and packing or we will send any other shade you prefer.

Stafford-Miller Company
St. Louis, Mo.



The Final Touch

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

The part, therefore, suits her perfectly. The picture suggests money and plenty of it. One scene is a riotous example of how to throw away the "easy come, easy go." It is a masquerade ball scene. Ten dollar bills must have been used to make the confetti. As directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it is artistically and colorfully staged. It hasn't much to do with the story, but you will enjoy watching it because it is a magnificent pageant. And it proves what an extravagant place New York is—in the movies.

MIDNIGHT GAMBOLS — Pioneer

IS it a story about gay night-life? Not exactly. Is it a merry girly, girly comedy? It is not. "Midnight Gambols" takes the prize for misleading titles. It is a serious story about a girl whose dual personality leads her to haunt strange restaurants by night when her family imagines her safe at home. There are lots of girls with such dual personalities. "Midnight Gambols" is a rather ordinary and unconvincing melodrama with Marie Doro absolutely thrown away in the role of the night-roaming beauty. The picture was made in England, but the much-sought-after English atmosphere figures only slightly in the picture. Godfrey Tearle—a branch off the same family tree as our Conway—is a very British leading man.

THE DESPERATE HERO — Selznick

FUNNY, but foolish. Owen Moore as a young newspaper man, is the leading figure in a lively farce. The story doesn't mean much, but it is attractively acted and presented. Gloria Hope is the leading woman. We love all Glorias.

TWINS OF SUFFERING CREEK— Fox

ADAPTED from a novel by Ridgwell Cullum, "Twins of Suffering Creek" is one of the few cases on record in which a producer has not changed the name of a book. But it is a pleasant, human interest Western melodrama with not much about the twins. William Russell hasn't a strenuous part; he only figures in one fight. Louise Lovely is.

THE WOMAN GOD SENT— Selznick

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB wrote this story and it carries a message, as Miss Loeb is a purposeful writer. The plot deals with the efforts of a young woman and a young Senator to enact a law forbidding child labor in factories. The hammer of propaganda is skillfully wielded, for the picture is well told and holds your interest. Zena Keefe is the featured player and does intelligent acting in an intelligent part. Larry Trimble's direction is chiefly responsible for a good picture.

THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT —Goldwyn

IN filming Basil King's novel for the Eminent Author's group, Goldwyn ran into several snags. In the first place, subtle spiritual conflict is rather a difficult thing to impress on motion picture audiences. In the second place, "The Street Called Straight" is one of those admirable novels that cannot be made into a photodrama without a great deal of violence on the part of the scenario writer.

The scenario writer used no violence. The picture is a literal and condensed version

of the novel. It leans heavily on the subtitles. The average motion picture patron is going to find it lacking in action. It is remarkably conversational. And then, all the characters are so noble that you find yourself rather missing the dear old villain who makes the plot go round.

Naomi Childers, who looks like the lady on the silver dollar, plays the role of *Olivia Guion* who has to choose between two unusually superior suitors. Milton Sills and Lawson Butt are the irreproachable. Lydia Titus Yeamans as an amusing aunt gives a touch of snap to the picture, while Alec B. Francis and Charles Cary also have important parts.

IT HAPPENED IN PARIS —

FROM the title you might think this was one of Mack Sennett's two reel cheerers. But it stars no less a person than Mme. Yorksa and it is presented by the celebrated Sarah Bernhardt. As you know, Yorksa was once a protegee of Mme. Bernhardt and she received her training under the tutelage of the imperishable Sarah. All actresses unfamiliar with screen work try dual roles. Yorksa essays the usual "twin sister" stunt. One sister is kidnaped by gypsies; the other remains in her inherited aristocratic atmosphere. The story runs heavily to operatic melodrama. You think of the characters as tenors, baritones and basses. But the detail is so good that it all might have actually happened in Paris. Yorksa is an eloquent actress and she has been wise enough to adopt a subdued style before the camera. She is supported by W. Lawson Butt. And, by the way, the story was written by Mme. Bernhardt, who evidently thought that it was the sort of thing wanted in the movies.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL— Equity

THE point of it is, was Rafael's soul worth saving? Decidedly not, for the Spanish husband of the lovely heroine was the worst specimen we have seen, on screen or off, for a long time. And so Clara Kimball Young is seen as a beautiful martyr with nothing much to do in the struggle for the soul of Rafael. The picture is so slow that you even grow a little tired of its picturesque beauty. Miss Young looks like a lady stepped from a painting. The picture is a thing of beauty so far as settings—and Clara—go. But somehow it got wound up into reels without any plot.

THE HOUSE OF TOYS—American

"THE House of Toys" is a sensible triangle play. Yes, such things can be. In making it a plausible and sympathetic story of a mild marital disagreement, the director has failed to make it very exciting or very dramatic. But it is interesting. The picture has two charming leading women, Seena Owen and Helen Jerome Eddy, both of whom deserve nice shiny medals for intelligent acting. Seena will get hers in the shape of stardom; like the heroine of the melodrama; she has come into her own at last.

UNDER CRIMSON SKIES — Universal

THIS would be a good picture except for the fact that the hero is a durn fool. A story of South American revolutions and life on the tropical seas, it is filled with slashing action and good scenic effects. But what
(Concluded on page 112)



"Is My Nose Shiny?"

Yes—it probably is, if you depend upon ordinary old-style face powder. But not if you made your toilet with wonderful

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use LA MEDA COLD CREAMED powder in the morning and you are sure of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overdone suggestion. Heat, cold, rain or perspiration will not mar it.

Guaranteed. Can not promote hair growth. Tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent post-paid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

Send for a 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.....

A Double Chin

—destroys the lines of an otherwise beautiful profile. Usually a double chin is the first warning of approaching overweight.



Chin Band, \$1.50

Bailey's Rubber Chin Band restores the lines of beauty—quickly, safely. And there are Bailey Rubber Garments

for reducing any part of the figure to fashionable slenderness.



Hip Belt, \$10

Brassiere for reducing bust. Back of fine coutil; front of fine red rubber. Give bust measure..... \$ 6.00

Reducing Shirts or **Pants**. Each..... 13.00

Hip Belt of fine red rubber, 15" long. Give waist and hip size..... 10.00

Abdominal Belts, 10" wide in front.
32"-42"..... 7.50
44"-48"..... 8.50

Send for circular — or order direct.

C. J. BAILEY CO., Dept. A, 11 Avon St., BOSTON 9

Est. 1888.



The Best Diamond Bargains in 75 Years

Never in nearly 75 of a century business existence have we offered such amazing bargains as against prevailing prices. This diamond banking house rated at over \$1,000,000.00 lends money on high grade jewelry. Unpaid loans must be sold.

Why Pay Full Prices

Customers letters prove tremendous savings. Everything sent on approval. Try to match for 60 per cent more. Write for Latest Bargain List. Send your name and address for latest bargain list. No obligations. Write today—now.

Jos. De Roy & Sons, 3566 De Roy Building

Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

References by permission: Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., Marine National Bank, Union Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)

CHARLOTTE, TEXAS.—That reminds me of the small boy who defined stability as taking care of a stable. When ignorance of your idol's age is bliss, 'tis folly for me to disillusion you. Phyllis Haver hasn't worn a swim-suit for ever so long; she is the trusting wife in Mack Sennett's new five-reeler, "Married Life." It's not a war picture—it's a scream. Write to our Circulation Department for that information.

SUE, DALLAS.—All my contributors make mistakes, but few repeat them. Still, some keep asking me if Bill Hart or Eugene O'Brien is married and if Constance Talmadge is engaged. I let you know just as soon as Richard Barthelmess married Mary Hay, didn't I? Then don't be so suspicious. Dorothy Dalton began with Ince; she had been on the stage, in stock, before that. She appeared in "Aphrodite" last season in the legitimate.

D. McD., WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS.—Why is Charles Ray a woman hater? He isn't. He is married and fond of his wife and very nice to all ladies—even telephone girls and interviewers. Theda Bara is on the stage, but undoubtedly will return to pictures before long: William S. Hart is well now. The accident didn't lay him up for long. Chorus: "You can't keep a good man down." Norma Talmadge is twenty-three.

RUTH C., BROWNWOOD.—Write to the Griffith company at Mamaroneck for a picture of Clarine Seymour. Her death is the saddest thing I have ever recorded. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two; Lillian is two years older. Dorothy's latest is "Little Miss Rebellion." So you wish they would get better stories for Dorothy and let her wear her own hair. Well, she still wears her own hair but there's a black wig over it. Robert Gordon's wife is Alma Francis, a pretty blonde who appears in musical comedy and vaudeville and occasionally in pictures. Pell Trenton with Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree."—(Metro.)

JAZZ.—Wallace Reid plays the saxophone for pleasure, but he acts for a living. He was born in St. Louis; began his screen career with Vitagraph and Universal. He stands one inch over six feet, weighs 170, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married to Dorothy Davenport. Address him Lasky, Hollywood.

M. R., BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—Of the old-timers you mention, Alice Hollister, formerly with Kalem, is now with Goldwyn in "Milestones"; Mary Fuller is retired; the Fairbanks Twins are with Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York City; Ruth Stonehouse is with Metro in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and Flora Finch was last in "Oh Boy" and may be reached care Edward Small agency, N. Y. C. Lottie Briscoe seems to have left pictures for good.

F. D. S., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Wheeler Oakman married Priscilla Dean. It is said he proposed to her when they were making one of the love-scenes for "The Virgin of Stamboul" in which Wheeler played the heroic soldier who marries the beautiful beggar, played by Priscilla. At any rate they are very happy, and live in Hollywood. Address them both at Universal City—they are playing together in Miss Dean's new picture. Dorothy Dalton, Paramount Artcraft, New York; Jack Holt, Lasky, Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan (Edith Johnson), Vitagraph, Los Angeles, California.

THE EASIEST PLAYING INSTRUMENTS MANUFACTURED

Better instruments are not made. Thousands of letters of praise from leading artists all over the world testify to this. Awarded highest honors at World's Expositions.

Conn valve action is unusually quick and light. Tone quality is matchless. Design and finish are works of art. Perfection of tubing, hydraulically expanded (an exclusive feature) makes intonation perfect and assures greatest ease of playing.

Cultivate Your Musical Bump

EVERYBODY has a musical bump. Cultivate yours—be the envy of all your friends. Conn Instruments make this easy. You can quickly master one to your entire satisfaction. Conn Instruments are highly responsive; they produce and sustain a tone with practically no effort; they encourage you to play. Get a Conn Saxophone, Cornet, Trombone or Baritone and play in your orchestra or band—school, lodge, factory or theatre. There's no end to the pleasure and extra profit this affords. Write for particulars.







928 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.
Agencies in all large cities
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS



John Dolan

THE celebrated Cornet Soloist of Sousa's Band this season and for many years Soloist with Pat Conway's Band, has played a Conn Cornet for many years. He plays the Victor.

His Letter

"What could I say more than to state that your latest model, THE VICTOR, has proven quite beyond my expectations. It is a wonderful cornet. Possesses a rich, large and wholesome tone, an even scale, a perfect one, is easy to play in all registers and particularly on the upper, so that all in all I consider it by far the greatest triumph you have won in the art of instrument building."
(Signed) JOHN DOLAN



Simon Mantia

IS the musicians' idol as a Trombone and Euphonium Soloist. For many years Soloist with Sousa's and Pryor's Bands and at present Assistant Director and Soloist of Pryor's Band. He has used nothing but Conn Trombones and Euphoniums.

His Letter

"If it were possible for me to find another make of instrument that could give me more satisfaction and pleasure than a Conn Trombone or Euphonium I would adopt it at once. I do not believe it is possible to equal your instruments in any particular. They are simply the last word in perfection."
(Signed) SIMON MANTIA



Joe Green

THE world renowned Drummer and Xylophone Soloist of Sousa's Band has delighted thousands by his remarkable playing.

His Letter

"Have tried out the Victor Drum you sent me and can honestly say it is the best I have ever seen. You surely have something new. This drum has more power than any other I have ever played. It also works easy. The workmanship is wonderful. The best all around drum I have ever used."
(Signed) JOE GREEN

Free Book

VALUABLE information concerning instruments and ease of playing that every musician should have. This instructive book is yours for the asking. Just mention the instrument in which you are interested.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Right care means good-looking hair

Men and women both should have it

Authorities agree that regular wisely directed care is the secret of good-looking hair. They agree on the use of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Its important ingredient, "Euresol," is recognized by the Council of the American Medical Association for the treatment of dandruff and other scalp affection. No other hair tonic possesses such distinguished approval. Apply "La Creole" two or three times a week, rubbing it into the scalp with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is stimulated; hair roots supplied with needed nourishment, and a beautiful, vigorous growth of hair results.

Shampoo regularly also

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo brings a combination of delightful, stimulating, cleansing qualities never before attained in a shampoo. Its formula, based on mentholized coconut oil, is a new achievement. It keeps glands and pores of scalp glowing with clean health and vigor for proper functioning, and makes hair look its best. After shampooing always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic.

"LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the natural dark color of hair that has grown gray, gray streaked, or faded. It must not be confused with dyes. Refinement approves its use.

La Creole Hair Tonic, 75c. La Creole Liquid Shampoo, 50c.
La Creole Hair Dressing, \$1.00

At drug stores and toilet counters.

*If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct.
We will see that you are supplied.*

LA CREOLE LABORATORIES

349 Tenth St.

Memphis, Tenn.

The glorious hair of the Louisiana Creoles is a mark of their pure French-Spanish blood, an inheritance from their distinguished European ancestry. For generations "La Creole" hair treatments have been favorite among them.



Mademoiselle La Creole

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ZOE, CINCINNATI.—I can't believe that you're only twelve. Are all young ladies so sensible at that tender age? So you got the most votes for being popular. I suppose you are very much disliked. Corinne Griffith has brown hair; she sometimes wears a blonde wig in her pictures. She does so, in fact, in "Bab's Candidate." Corinne as a blonde is rivalling the brunette Miss Griffith in my affections. I like them both. Webster Campbell is the husband of Corinne blonde and Corinne brunette. Katherine MacDonald's likeness adorned the cover of PHOTOPLAY'S June issue.

CLARENCE, ATHENS, TEXAS.—New York isn't a city—it's an experience. Why, Queen Marie of Rumania is said to be thinking of making her film debut, but she struck for more money right away. Marie is one of the most democratic of all modern rulers. She is quoted as saying the royalty business is going out of date but she hopes to keep her job. Zasu Pitts works in Los Angeles, releasing through Robertson-Cole. Her latest is "Heart of Twenty."

ROY L. H., MINNEAPOLIS.—Edith Day and Beverly Bayne hail from your city. Harold Lloyd came from Nebraska; Charles Ray from Jacksonville, Ill.; Douglas Fairbanks from Denver. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.; Mary Miles Minter in Louisiana; Ruth Roland and Mabel Julienne Scott in San Francisco. Roxanna MacGowan, former Sennett bathing girl, is now Mrs. Albert Ray. He used to co-star for Fox with Elinor Faire and is now freelancing.

BOBS, TERRE HAUTE.—I would like to see myself as others see me if I could pick the others. Bebe Daniels is not married, or engaged, to Harold Lloyd, although it has been rumored that she was. Bebe is now a Realart star. Harold Lloyd is with Associated Exhibitors, although he is still affiliated also with Pathe. Anna Q. Nilsson is not a star, but a featured player. However, she is always one of my favorites and is a real stellar attraction, it seems to me.

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who was Mary Hay, appears in "Way Down East" with her distinguished young husband. Lillian Gish plays opposite Dick in the principal feminine role.

MAUDE S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You say I am the last man on earth you'd fall in love with. Well, Maude, that's all I ask of any woman. Romaine Fielding has returned to the screen in a picture entitled "A Woman's Man." No, the scenario was not by the Answer Man, Maude. You may address Mr. Fielding at the Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

H. T., WATERTOWN.—Sylvia Breamer is with Director Sydney Franklin's company. Robert Gordon, Vitagraph. Marion Davies, International. The blonde and beautiful Marion's leading men are Carlyle Blackwell and Ralph Kellard in "The Restless Sex," which you say your "witty friend" always calls "The Sexless Wrecks." It must be wonderful to be witty. Gloria Swanson, Lasky, Hollywood.

A. B., CANADA.—So the ouija board said you were to be Bobby Harron's wife. What an obliging ouija you must have. I'd like to come up and use it sometime. Baby Marie Osborne is nine years old, according to our official statistics. Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?" Miss Elaine Hammerstein doesn't divulge her age but my guess is that she's in her early twenties.

(Continued on page 125)



"X-Bazin made the sleeveless gown possible"

X-BAZIN

Famous FRENCH Depilatory for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also \$1 size which includes cold cream, mixing cup and spatula. At drug and department stores. Send 10c for trial sample and booklet.

HALL & RUCKEL, 112 Waverly Place, N. Y.

"We Have Three in Our Home"

"My mama says she couldn't keep house without them."



The Quality Plug



Gives double service from every single electric socket.

"Every wired home needs three or more"



3 for \$3.50 OR \$1.25 EACH At your Dealer's

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO. Chicago New York San Francisco

An Interview With a Baby

(Continued from page 32)

"Have you grandmothers here?" I asked. Mary Johanna puckered up surprised blue eyes at me until they looked like dewy spring violets through green leaves. "One Scotch and one Irish. The Scotch one says I look like Mary and the Irish one says I look like Bill. It's great fun.

"Well, they finally read this application: 'Wanted—a sweet little girl that looks exactly like my husband, except I should like her to have my hair because Bill thinks my hair is so pretty. He is William Desmond, and he is a moving picture star, besides being the best man in the world. I am awfully young myself, only nineteen, but I am so crazy for a baby I know I shall love it better than any baby was ever loved before. Please do let it be a girl, that's all. I should like her to be good but not so good that she wouldn't be interesting and I don't want her to sleep all the time because I shall want to play with her. And I want her to like pretty clothes and being dressed up in them. It would be nice if she had temperament, and maybe she will grow up to be an actress, like me. Whatever she is she will be Bill's and mine and I know we can make her happy and she will make us happy.' (Signed) Mary McIvor Desmond."

"Why, do you know, I could hardly get out to that stork fast enough.

"Movies are so interesting. A pal of mine came down to Mae Marsh's home not so long ago. I always had kind of a secret ambition to be an actress, anyway. And, do you know, I always liked Bill Desmond better than anybody on the screen, but I certainly never thought I'd be his daughter. He's got such a nice sense of humor he ought to make a great Dad. As for my mama, she's so pretty I feel as proud as can be already.

"I knew, you see, that there would be lots of interesting people and I'd get shown off a good deal. All the stars would come to see me and send me presents—I adore presents—I knew they'd have a smart car and I thought maybe they wouldn't want me to sleep nights all the time, because you know I adore staying up nights. I like something doing and I don't care how they hold me or even if they forget to feed me, if I can be in things.

"I wanted some place where they'd have my clothes fit and not make them miles too big so they'd be sensible. I do hate sensible things. So does Dad. Besides, I like being pointed out as the Bill Desmond baby when Nurse takes me out. I sure think I picked a winner when I came here."

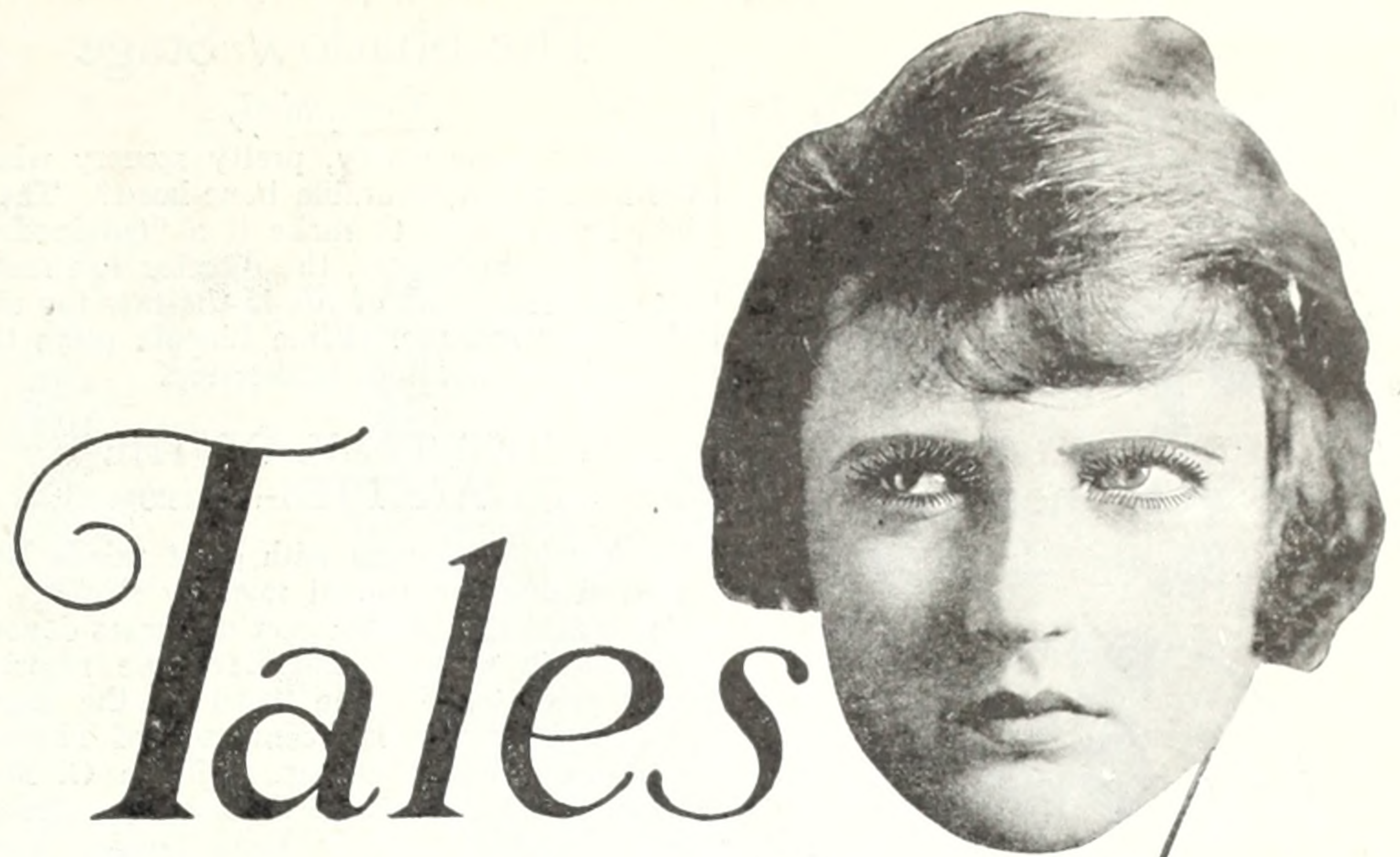
I looked out and saw the beautiful Hollywood hills sloping away to the plains below that were dotted with the white, g'inting roofs of studios. On the green, terraced lawn I saw Bill Desmond, wearing a special edition of his Irish smile, strolling with his pretty girl-wife, whose sweet pallor was beginning to show traces of youthful roses again.

I decided that Mary Johanna was a baby of great sagacity and discernment.

As I was leaving she beckoned me back.

"I don't want to betray any confidences," said Mary Johanna into my ear, with a soft chuckle, "but just before I left Babyland to come down here, I took a last peek into the Book of Records. And I saw a new application signed by—guess who? *Gloria Swanson!*"

THE following excerpt was snatched bodily from a press agent's glowing blurb: "The Stella role will be assumed by Mr. Blank who formally played lovers for Keystone."



Tales

The Lashes Tell

REGISTERED BY CARMEL MEYERS
(UNIVERSAL FILM STAR)

FASCINATING tales of coquetry, of humor, of intrigue, may be read in your eyes if they are shadowed by long, dark lashes. Use LASHLUX. It is a wonderfully effective dressing cream applied after powdering, to darken the lashes and make them glossy and beautiful. LASHLUX supplies the natural oil absorbed by powder and cultivates long curling lashes. Makes eyebrows smooth and shapely.

Dark and Brown; also Colorless for use on retiring. Tiny brush with each dainty, brown box, 50 cents.

At drug stores and toilet goods counters, or direct from the makers. Address Ross Co., 29 E. 23rd St., N. Y.



LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes

ROSS COMPANY 50¢
29 East 23rd Street, N. Y.



Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!



Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper containing enough for 6 months. Lilac or Crabapple \$1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet \$2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20 cts. stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25 cent bottles—five different odors.
P/UL RIEGER CO. (Since 1872) 189 First St., San Francisco

Send \$1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

FRECKLES
Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as **OTHINE**—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of

OTHINE

double strength— from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones, have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength OTHINE, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Do You Want a Youthful BLOOMING COMPLEXION?
USE
Roseen Beautifier

Awarded 2 Gold Medals

Something unusual, just what you are looking for. It imparts to the complexion a soft and velvety texture and nourishes the tissues without injuring the skin. Try Roseen Beautifier once and you will be delighted. Price 60c.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail it to you postpaid on receipt of 63c.

ROSEEN TOILET CO., 1299 McAllister St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

matters all the pretty, pretty scenery when the hero is an incurable bone-head? Then, too, in an effort to make it a "red-blooded, virile, he-man" story, the director has made some of the scenes of life-in-the-raw too unpleasantly realistic. Elmo Lincoln plays the role of the chivalrous timber-top.

THE TRAIL OF THE CIGARETTES—Arrow

IT is said that men with great minds love lurid and sensational mystery stories. It is also said that Wall Street magnates devour paper-back novels. Therefore, we respectfully recommend "The Trail of the Cigarettes" to an audience composed of Thomas A. Edison, Lloyd George, William G. McAdoo, Frank Vanderlip, Clemenceau, George Bernard Shaw and Sir Oliver Lodge. They ought to love Tex, the great sleuth. Unless you have a great mind, you are apt to think that the doings of Tex are rather funny.

WITS VS. WITS—Hallmark

SHE is caught in the act of picking a man's pocket. But is she really a crook? Not by the immortal pen of Max Marcin. She is merely trying to get the goods on a band of exceedingly dishonest persons. "Wits vs. Wits" is a snappy little melodrama with plenty of speed and a good deal of suspense. Marguerite Marsh is a pleasing young amateur detective.

WHITE LIES—Fox

AFTER seeing "White Lies," the average person will probably go home, rent a typewriter and start in writing scenarios. For if this is the sort of story the public wants, then it is too, too easy. At the end of the first reel you can guess the rest of the story. And after that, what is there to keep you in the theater? Gladys Brockwell, being an emotional actress, must needs appear in a story with a French background. Lately Miss Brockwell has been trying her hardest not to overact. Sometimes she succeeds.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF—Selznick

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM follows the present mode and plays a dual role, in one of the best pictures to be offered for a long time. The story is not only splendidly presented, but free of those oddly exaggerated mannerisms that most stage stars of the larger caliber, in which Mr. Faversham occupies his rightful place, assume when they act before the camera. The leading feminine role is played by Hedda Hopper and her restrained, artistic work strengthens her claim to a position among the best legitimate women players of the screen world. George D. Baker directed the picture, which was adapted from a novel by H. De Vere Stackpole. It is by all odds one of the surprise treats of the year.

Ernest—the Giant!

ERNEST TRUEX, who stars in Paramount-Truex comedy films produced by the AyVeeBee Corporation, is only five feet two inches tall. He has two little sons, Philip and James, who are regular American boys. The other day at luncheon, five-year-old James was loath to eat all the mashed potato on his plate. So Mother Truex told him that it would make him grow to be a big man.

"Will I grow big and tall like pop-pa!" exclaimed James.

Father Truex gasped.

UNSIGHTLY HAIR
on the
Face, Arms, Limbs, & Underarms
DESTROYED
permanently with the Roots

NU-ART
Destroys Superfluous Hair

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS ADORABLE
Destroys permanently any growth because it lifts out the root easily and painlessly. No electricity nor caustic. Formulated by a physician. Pleasing aroma. Satisfaction guaranteed. One application will instantly and completely remove all undesirable hair. \$1.00 at your dealer or direct by mail in plain wrapper. Dept. P

NU-ART LABORATORIES
SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

What \$1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$1.25 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 7-K, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

and receive the October issue and five issues thereafter.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-K
350 North Clark Street, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the Oct., 1920, issue.

Send to.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

"Not That Kid!"

(Concluded from page 43)

one of the first matinee idols of the movies. Frank was answering fan letters before Francis Xavier Bushman was ever called upon to deny that he had a wife and five children.

Borzage's first picture was "The Breath of the Gods." When he wearied of leading business, he went out and formed his own company, in which he was both star and director. Later, he went to Triangle, where, under the Davis regime, he made "Toton," which still stands as the best picture that luscious little Irishman, Olive Thomas, ever made. He also turned out a picture that "made" Pauline Starke: "Until They Get Me."

All this while Frank used to blush if they asked him his age. It was the same way when he used to try to get jobs. (There was only one occasion when he really spoke up and that was when he was reduced to his last cent and answered an advertisement which requested an actor to "answer by letter for appointment." Frank went in person. He got the job—which lasted for two years and ended with him as stage manager and the *Colonel* in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the same time—by replying, when asked for details as to his wardrobe, "I've got it all on!")

WHILE he was with Triangle he had his family visit him. His mother was mute at the wonders of movie making revealed; but his father stood on the sidelines a long time. Frank, in an old sweater and corduroy breeches and boots, with his hair ruffled, and without a hat, was directing a ball-room scene in which all the extras and principals were in evening clothes. His father finally came up to him.

"Frank," he said uneasily. "Frank, it doesn't seem right, somehow. You're the boss—why don't you dress up, too?"

He later directed Fred Stone in two pictures, which have not yet come to release: "The Duke of Chimney Butte" and "Billy Jim." He decided to send for his family to come out to California, so his mother and father and several little Borzages packed up and made the westward journey. Frank bought them a house and had just installed them therein when the call came from the East to direct Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque."

With "Humoresque" came Frank's first "first night." He has had others as an actor and director—but for the first time he has seen his creative child on Broadway; he has had strangers point him out; his friends have become friendlier and as for enemies, he has none. But Borzage is a wise boy. He recently refused to direct another picture until he could procure a story on a par with "Humoresque." He next will direct Marion Davies—in California—in a human little tale that should bring out Marion as a charming actress of real appeal; others by Miss Hurst, and one by James Oliver Curwood and Peter B. Kyne.

He gave up acting because he had only one role to play. As a director, he lives all the parts. He was Abram Kantor—for the fatherhood of Abram reminded him of his own father. His mother, with differences of race and situation, might have been *Mama Kantor*. Some day he will present his parents in a picture in which laughs will crowd the tears. And it will be a good picture.

He is also a good husband. His wife, a pretty blonde whose name was Rena Rogers, has given up acting to devote herself entirely to being Mrs. Borzage.



GOOD taste in dress implies a well-clad ankle. True pride demands it. Let your hosiery be Holeproof and you'll never fear the verdict of the critical glance. Holeproof is the hose of exquisite texture, beautiful lustre and phenomenal wear. Look for the trade-mark when buying.

For Men, Women and Children in Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

Holeproof Hosiery

© H. H. Co.

The Harmless Way to Use Face Powder.

THOUSANDS of women have poor complexions because they do not know the harmless way to use face powder. It is putting powder over face cream that is so bad for the complexion. This foolish method clogs the pores, coarsens the skin, causing enlarged pores and blackheads. A good face cream used properly is an excellent beautifier, but, it should be used only at night when retiring. The cream should be thoroughly washed out of the pores of the skin before powder is applied in the morning. The trouble is most powders are made so light they will not stay on except over face cream. But it is now very easy to get a pure, harmless, face powder that will stay on by itself, that will stay on until you wash it off. The best pure powder we know of that will really stay on is pure La-may. Every time you use this pure La-may Face

Powder you will give your skin a real beauty treatment. It contains an ingredient that doctors recommend to beautify the complexion. You can put La-may on as heavily as you like or very lightly, according to how much you wipe it off. If you really value the blessing of a lovely complexion you will always use this pure La-may. There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the box, certifying that it does not contain rice powder, white lead or any harmful substance. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on perfectly, without the use of a cold cream base, it is now used by over a million American women. When you see how wonderfully this pure, harmless, and inexpensive La-may beautifies your complexion, you will understand why it is the most popular beauty powder sold in New York.

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.

It's the Little Things That Count

(Continued from page 65)

GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft PlayerWALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussed, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and greaseless.

Two Sizes—50c and \$1

\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 19, CHICAGO

A Single Drop Lasts a Week



Flower Drops, the most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week. Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac \$1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet \$2.00; Romanza, our very latest Flower Drops, \$2.50. Send 20 cts. stamps or silver for miniature bottle. Flower Drops Toilet Water, 5-oz. bottles, \$1.75; Talcum glass jars, 50c; at druggists or by mail.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour per ounce \$1.50; Garden Queen \$2.00; Alcazar \$2.25; Parfum Rienzl \$2.50, nothing finer; Honolulu Boquet \$1.00. At druggists or by mail. Send \$1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER & CO. (since 1872) 187 First St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20¢

Reduce Your Flesh
Exactly where desired by wearing
Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated
Reducing Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians.
Send for illustrated booklet.

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter
Bust Reducer, \$6.00 353-5th Av., N. Y. (Billings Bldg., 4th Floor)
Chin Reducer, \$2.50 (Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East)

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all free.

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
Dept. 17, 209 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
(A Branch of Susanna Croff's Work)



wonder how any one can be careless about it or underrate it. You would not willingly hang an ugly picture on your walls or buy a disfiguring bit of furniture for your home. Then why appear in any article of clothing that makes you less attractive?

However, I started talking about hats and I am going back to them, for they are one of the most important items of dress. A handsome and becoming hat need not be an expensive one. An old silk or tulle scarf that has done duty during the winter season may be cleaned, or dyed if necessary, and do duty on a hat for sports wear. There are all sorts of dyes that one may obtain now for freshening up last year's hats and trimmings, and velvet hats may be steam-cleaned to bring them back to smartness. One of the delights of my life is to go to a shop in New York that specializes in children's clothes and buy a plain little untrimmed child's hat. Then I put on it whatever I want in the way of trimming, and there you are—or, rather, there I am—with a pretty hat for a couple of dollars.

Sometimes when I am walking along the street I wonder what it is that the greater number of women look for in buying a hat—certainly many of them do not think of hats in terms of their own individuality, else we should not see badly-fitting hats, and hats that are the wrong color for the wearer's complexion, and hats that do not harmonize with their owner's characteristics.

The woman whose features are beginning to show the tell-tale lines of "past middle age" should never wear a hat that turns squarely off the face. If you are past the thirties and want to look your best at all times you would do well to avoid the hats that have sharp angles. Wear a hat with soft, cloudy lines and that is inclined to droop a bit about the face. Also let me whisper in your ear that a flesh-colored facing in your new hat will take a surprising number of years off your age.

One of the advantages of the American type of face is that it looks best when the hat is simple. It takes self-restraint to abolish that extra bow or flower from your new hat, but the result is worth it.

If you are the feminine, clinging-vine type of woman you may wear feathers and flowers and lace within reason. They are planned for you. Also let me remind you that it is the feminine woman who wears earrings to the best advantage.

If your avoirdupois is causing you some anxiety don't attempt much trimming and keep the brims of your hats narrow. Also, you should wear such trimmings as you select piled high on the hat, preferably toward the back on the left side. If you have nerves—and who hasn't in these strenuous times?—you would do well to avoid dangling trimmings.

The question of suitable hats is, after all, merely a question of studying one's own personality and dressing up to it. In practically every town there is an opportunity offered to take a course in hat trimming, and the wise girl or woman who takes advantage of this chance will save many dollars and have a pretty hat for every season. But the prettiest hat in the world will not look smart unless it is cared for. A velvet or cloth hat should be brushed when one takes it off and placed in a box away from the all-destroying dust. If you will make yourself a set of hat boxes they will last many seasons and will prolong the good looks of your hats indefinitely. Common pasteboard boxes may be covered with chintz, cretonne or English prints and

become quite an addition to your bedroom.

I saw an unusual hat closet recently, designed by a clever girl to fill up an awkward alcove in her bedroom. A dressing table was placed in the center of the alcove and a hat closet built in the space on either side. These closets were built like kitchen cupboards, but each shelf was just high enough and wide enough to hold a hat. Lined with cretonne similar to that used in her bedroom, the result was lovely. If space is a problem with you, try lining your closet door with cretonne to which is attached bags for your shoes and slippers.

SPEAKING of hats brings one to the subject of veils—and I think the veil is one of the most fascinating bits of raiment, for its history as well as its beauty.

To some races, especially the Persians, the veil represents a canopy that covers the head of the bride at her marriage. When marriage by capture prevailed, the veil took the form of a huge sheet, the idea being to wrap it about the bride that she might more easily be carried off.

Mohammedan women and the women of other Eastern races wear the veil to protect them from the curious glances of men. East Indian women wear the veil to indicate their rank. The sari, as it is called, may be made of plain white muslin or gorgeous silks and each fabric shows to what station in life the wearer belongs.

The veil was first adopted by European and American women as a protection against sun and wind, but gradually it became merely a means of adornment—except in the case of motor veils. Colors play an important part in veils, and if you wish to have your complexion show to the best advantage you will choose a veil of navy blue mesh rather than a black one. Taupe is another shade that is especially favorable to the complexion and that has the added merit of harmonizing with almost any color used in hats.

To prolong the life of a veil have a cylinder of pasteboard in your dresser drawer and wrap the veil around it when you take it off. This keeps the veil in shape so long as it remains intact.

And right here let me say that the prettiest veil in the world will not hide a bad complexion. You know one isn't to blame for a badly-shaped nose or a too generous mouth, but every one is to blame if the complexion is faulty. Yes, let me tell you that it is your own fault if your skin is sallow, or rough or oily. It may be easier to get up in the morning and dive into your clothes and then to breakfast and work, but if you value your complexions, do get into the habit of taking some "setting-up" exercises to start the day. You probably have a man in the family who learned his in camp. He can tell you how to go at them. Constance and Natalie and I have our exercises every morning to begin the day, rain or shine. No matter how busy we are, that morning tonic is never neglected. Morning exercises will clear out a sallow skin better and more quickly than all the medicine in the world. And an oily skin will be cleared up quickly if you forego pastry and candy and sodas for a while. And if you can manage a brisk walk some time during the day, both your complexion and your general health will be the better for it.

RETURNING to the subject of "little things," I wonder if you know what a romance is connected with the history of gloves? No one knows when gloves were first devised—they probably go back to the times of the cave-dwellers. Homer described

It's the Little Things That Count

(Concluded)

a man wearing gloves when walking in his garden. Down through all the pages of history are stories of kings, prelates and nobles who wore richly embroidered and bejewelled gloves. But so far as authentic records go, it was not until the Thirteenth Century that they became common and ladies began wearing them for ornaments. They reached the height of elaboration in the days of Queen Elizabeth. When she visited Cambridge in 1578 the vice-chancellor presented her with a "pair of gloves, perfumed and garnished with embroidery and gold smith's wourke, price 60/s."

Of the symbolical use of the glove, one of the most widespread and important during the Middle Ages was the tendering of a folded glove as a gage. This gage was originally a chattel of value and the glove was chosen because it was the most convenient loose object at the time.

According to an old proverb, it took three countries to make a good glove—Spain for dressing the leather, France for cutting it, and England for dressing it. Today the making of gloves is one of the important industries of the United States. It began here in 1760 when Sir William Johnson brought over from England several families of glove makers who settled in Fulton County, New York.

Gloves are almost as elaborate today as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and are brilliantly embroidered in contrasting colors. The sensible girl, however, will wear silk gloves in summer and leather or fabric gloves in winter.

It may interest you to know that one of the reasons kid gloves are so scarce and high priced is because the East Indian soldiers serving in France during the war bought and ate nearly all the kids—their religion requiring that they eat that kind of meat.

For furbishing up last year's suit or cloth dress there is nothing that helps so much as neckwear. No matter how old a suit may be, the sight of fresh white frills peering out from the front will give it the necessary touch of smartness that it needs. Sheer white organdie and batiste make charming collar and cuff sets, and if you are deft with your needle you may have ever so many sets at very slight expense. Plain white organdie may be hemstitched for collar and cuff sets, and this is an admirable way to use up bits from a last summer's gown that is past the wearing stage. I saw a lovely set that was made from red and white checked gingham, hemstitched in red, and that quite made over the navy blue dress with which it was worn.

If you are a business girl and find that the laundry bills seriously cut into your week's salary there is a way to avoid a portion of them. Lovely underwear can be made of the cotton crepes that are inexpensive and do not require ironing. These may be washed out at home and have the double advantage of being economical and wearing well.

It seems to me that there would be many earlier marriages if girls would only be satisfied to make the best of little things, and get out of the way of thinking that expensive gloves, silk underwear and imported hats are essential to their happiness. How many of you girls actually know how much it costs you to dress yourselves for a year? Not many, I am afraid. Don't you think it would be a good plan to make a budget—and then see how much you can save from the estimated amount? If you will do this, I pledge you my word that I'll help. And I shall begin next month by telling you of some of the ways in which you can make the dollar work overtime.



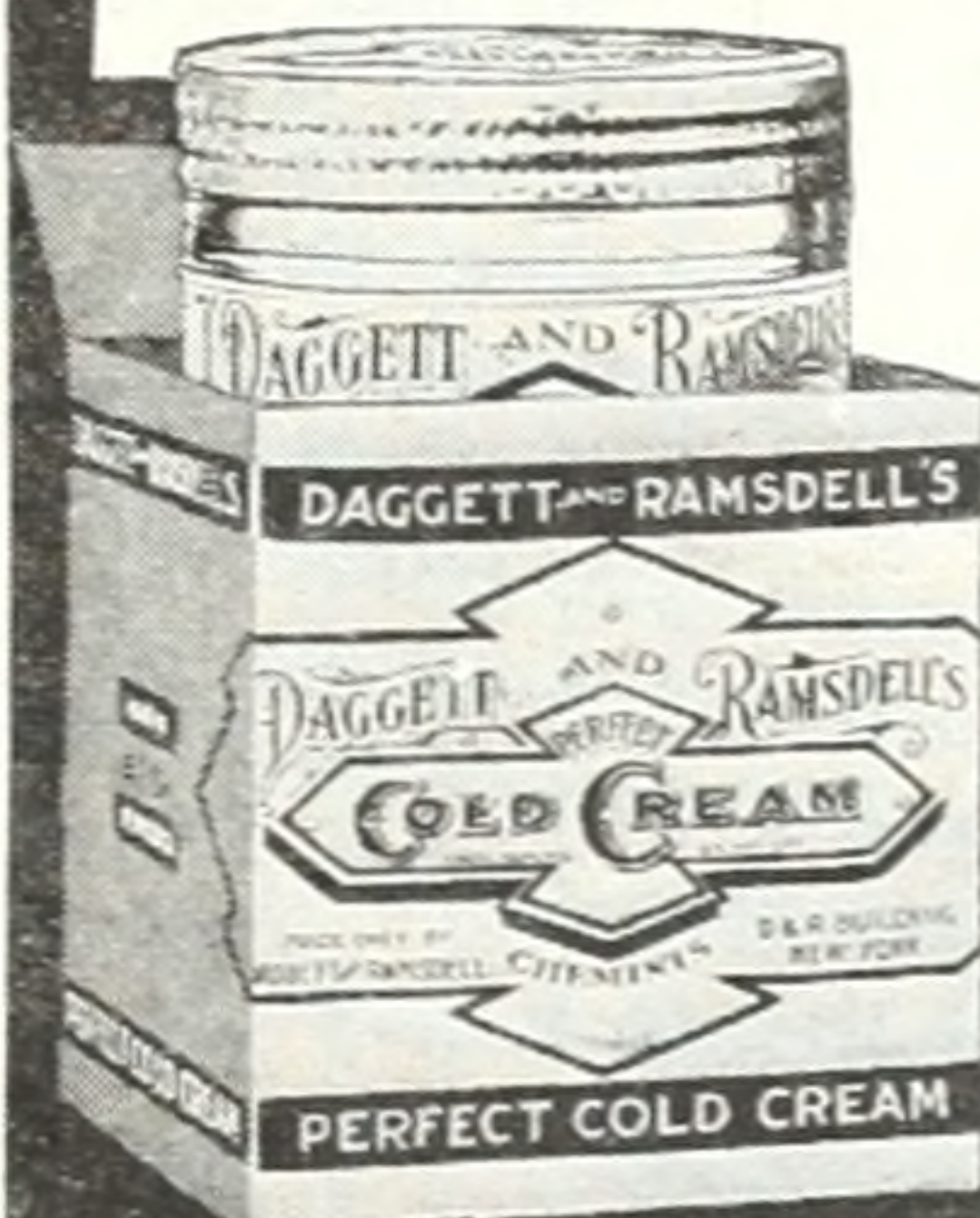
The Secret Revealed

Did you ever look at a beautiful flower and try to fathom its beauty and fragrance?

Did you ever see women, returned from seashore and mountain, still retaining their wonderful flowerlike complexion, even after the tan of the hot Summer suns and the rough winds and dust of Fall and wonder what was their secret?

This beauty and fragrance of the flower is the secret of Mother Nature but the charm of a Wonderful Velvety Skin is the secret of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream.

The secret is yours for the asking. Just drop a postal to Daggett & Ramsdell, Box 1612, D. & R. Building, New York, and a sample of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will be mailed free, with our compliments or your dealer will supply you D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, in tubes and jars at 12c to \$1.65.



**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM**
"The Kind That Keeps"

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how

without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 958 Garland Bldg. Chicago Illinois



Popularity — Through Music

REMEMBER how — with palms a tingle from vigorous applause and with the joy of music permeating your very soul — you have envied the players their ability to produce such harmony — such a blending of tone. Thrilled as you have been, you can know the still greater thrill which comes when you, yourself, produce such music.

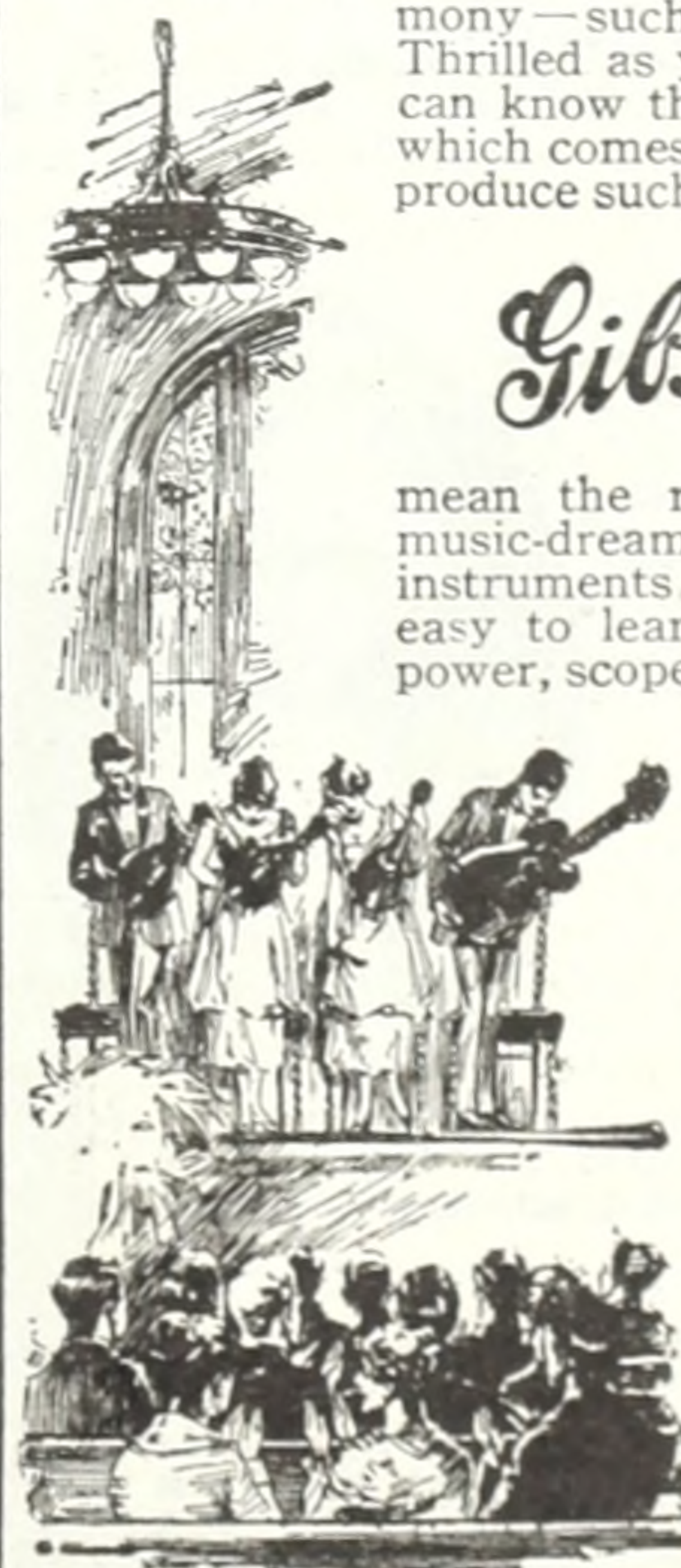
Gibson
Instruments

mean the realization of your music-dreams. These wonderful instruments are surprisingly easy to learn, yet unlimited in power, scope and quality of tone.

Truly, the GIBSON is the ideal medium of music expression for amateur or professional. Send for YOUR copy of the GIBSON Booklet.

Teacher Salesmen — men or women — wanted everywhere. Write for details.

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR CO.
469 Parsons Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.





"—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.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
3334-3338 W. 38th St., Dept. 986 Chicago

Learn to Dance!

You can easily learn Modern Ballroom Dancing now in your own home—no matter where you live—by the famous

Peak System of Mail Instruction

Fox-Trot, One-Step, Waltz, Two-Step and latest Ballroom dances taught. Courses constantly revised to include the newest dance ideas.

We Guarantee the Peak System to teach you to be an easy, graceful and accomplished dancer. Equally successful with beginners and with dancers seeking to improve, and learn the latest society steps.

New Diagram Method: The result of forty years' practical experience. Easily and quickly learned. Thousands taught successfully. I can teach you.

Send Today for FREE Information: Write at once for surprisingly low offer.

William Chandler Peak, M. B., President
The Peak School of Dancing, Inc. Established 1880
Room 37 821 Crescent Place Chicago



ZIP

It's OFF
Because It's OUT
Destroys permanently the heaviest growth on arms, face or body, because it eradicates hair and root.

No caustics. No electricity. ZIP is the rapid, safe, painless, reliable and fragrant compound used by leading actresses, debutantes, beauty specialists.

At better class stores or direct by mail. Write for Free Booklet. Call to have Free Demonstration. Correspondence confidential.

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist
Dept. 9, 12 W. 40th Street, New York

The Day of the Deb

(Continued from page 29)

Constance is signed with Realart, Adolph Zukor's pet company, which is gobbling up all the promising youngsters in the field. Constance, because of her interesting work opposite John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor" for Famous Players (Barrymore is her artistic idol, by the way) was made a star; and she has done two pictures released by Realart, "Erstwhile Susan" and "The Stolen Kiss."

She had had comparatively little picture experience; she and Faire both made their screen debuts in the same picture, "Sporting Life," for Maurice Tourneur. It was a neck-to-neck race for stardom between the two sisters—and Constance won. For one thing, she was a bit older, a shade more poised, somewhat surer of herself in front of the camera. Besides, her theatrical experience, although in only two productions besides her brief Ziegfeld engagement—"Oh Lady, Lady" and "39 East"—served to make her better known than Faire. Meanwhile the younger sister had played in several "flivvers," "flops," or whatever you choose to call Broadway plays that aren't successes. The last of these, by Rachel Crothers, also the author of Constance's success, "39 East," was called "He and She" and though it lasted only a short while, Faire scored a hit. Her film performances have not offered much opportunity so far. Consider "Madonnas and Men"; "The Wonder Man," in which she was Georges Carpentier's leading woman, and others. At the time I write, Faire has not yet signed the contract that will decide her artistic future for the next three years; but there will be an announcement as soon as Faire, Faire's mother, Faire's sister, and Faire's lawyer make up their minds.

Beaux aplenty visit the little house presided over by the charming Mrs. Grey, some calling on Constance and some on Faire. But Faire is still so young that men don't matter so awfully much; while Constance is much too busy to bother right now. The girls like to go up to the family farm in Lyme, Conn., and play at farming.

"And we pay for our fun, too," smiles Constance, as she pats the big red puppy called Mike, "because we romp around with Mike and spoil him for the city. He hasn't any drawing-room manners at all."

And to prove it Mike did a most ungentlemanly thing: he jumped up and kissed her.

"Metcalf? Who's He?"

(Concluded from page 81)

appearances, his after-the-war performances included the difficult assignment of the vaudeville partner of Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl," for Vitagraph.

He probably will return to the stage in the fall. Meanwhile he is composing popular songs in his off-hours. He says none of them is revamped from Chopin, that all are conceived quite honestly in his own imagination and musical brain. His new song is called "Day o' Dreams."

Young ladies contemplating requests to Mr. Metcalf for his photograph must wait patiently. While he was away, the companies may have forgotten him, but the public remembered. Remembered him from the old Lubin days, when he played with Ormi Hawley in such things as "The Phantom Happiness." He was with Lubin four years. Later, he co-starred for World with June Elvidge; and directed the James Montgomery Flagg-Paramount comedies.

And the war, which put such a crimp in his career, also set him back in his correspondence. He has several thousand letters in his desk which he is answering as fast as he can. To save him the trouble we'll tell you, right here, that he isn't married.

Send No Money!

Ladies' Solitaire—
Examination Free
—10 Months to Pay

Examine ring FIRST, then if you decide to keep it pay only \$2.00. Buying direct assures you the Rock Bottom Price.

A perfectly cut blue-white Diamond in ladies' solid gold setting at only \$2.80 a month!

Take Advantage of this amazing offer to-day. YOUR MONEY BACK if you are not satisfied. No Security—No Red Tape.

A Postal Brings You the Greatest Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Book Ever Published

Whether you order this ring or not, let us send you this De Luxe Catalog FREE, containing descriptions of rings, watches, diamonds and other articles of jewelry. Everything sent on FREE EXAMINATION. Address Dept. 42-P.

Capital \$1,000,000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Copyrighted, 1920, by L. W. Sweet, Inc.

BECOME A LAWYER



Study At Home. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen-volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them—NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 9302-L Chicago, Ill.

A FREE SATIN SKIN

All admire a satin skin. Its captivating daintiness lures glances that linger longingly. This beauty boon is now within your reach. The maker of Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder generously gives readers of Photoplay trial sizes of four of the famous Satin Skin Specialties. Just send an addressed stamped return envelope and your own druggist's name to Satin Skin Laboratory, 46 Wood Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION

ACFIELD'S Perfection Toe Spring
Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, Dept. 33
1328 Broadway and 47 West 24th Street, New York

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 223, 70 5th Avenue - - - New York City

Screening Kentucky

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky and the South have been signally honored on stage and screen this season and, no doubt, are duly appreciative. Louisville is the theme of a song and dance skit on Broadway. The song was written by a woman who never was in Louisville, but has visited in Omaha. The song is sung by a young lady who has only a scant education in the negro dialect which New York believes is used by the charming girls of this city; but she has pretty legs.

The South figured in two screen plays which will give great pleasure to all Southerners who are familiar with the grandeur of the mountains of the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and the queer manners of Southern gentlemen. In one of these plays a cultured Southerner, who feels that his delicate sense of honor may be offended by his daughter's attachment to a neighbor's son, has to be forcibly restrained from giving the young lady a hiding with a buggy whip. Incidentally it is pleasing to note that the role of the young woman is played by a descendant of a Southern family—from Southern Europe.

New light on Kentucky is thrown by the motion picture show depicting life amid the flora, fauna and other things of the Bluegrass Mountains. Very seldom, if ever, have the stately pine forests of Fayette County been so impressively displayed. In no other play of recent years has the beautiful custom of training mountain girls to ride race horses been so prettily portrayed. Thanks to this practice, it becomes possible for the mountain girl to impersonate the best-known jockey in the country and, substituting for him in the Kentucky Oaks Handicap, win the race with her lover's mare, thereby saving his fortune and his sacred honor.

The young man who is the beneficiary of this piece of shrewd practice is so charmed over having his honor saved that he is untroubled by the thought that in real life he would be ruled off the turf for life. Speaking of real life, a marvel is accomplished in the play. The barn in which the racer is parked is burned just before the race. Just after the race the villain and the heroine have a terrific fight in the barn, which has grown up as good as new and not even scorched. Rich soil in Fayette.

And then, the Night Riders; wonderful men, wonderfully mounted. Summoned suddenly they instantly respond and in a few minutes ride from Lexington to the top-most peak of the Cumberland Mountains.

Kentucky offers marvelous possibilities for honest and decent dramatization. The mountains afford scope for the best efforts of the scenic photographer. There is no prettier pastoral scenery in the world than in the Bluegrass and Pennyryle; and Western Kentucky has a charm all its own. As for the people, the men and women of Kentucky are not clowns and dowds, but rather good-looking folks who pride themselves on being normal Americans.

If there is no other way by which inane and insulting characterization of Kentucky people can be discouraged, The Times will favor the formation of a union of playgoers and movie patrons, demanding censorship for plays and films depicting Kentucky and Kentuckians as they are not and never were. The continued misrepresentation is not only injurious, but very stupid and tiresome.—Louisville (Ky.) Times.



Your Skin Tells Your Age

unless you know how to retain its beauty by use of proper creams. To find exactly the cream your skin needs—to restore the complexion charm of Youth, stand in a good light—examine your face critically—select and use the cream indicated in the Chart. Advice of Marinello Experts may be secured at our

CHART OF MARINELLO CREAMS

Proved By Use In More Than 4000 Beauty Shops

- Acne Cream**—for pimples and blackheads.
- Astringent Cream**—for oily skins and shiny noses.
- Combination Cream**—for dry and sallow skins.
- Foundation Cream**—for use before face powder.
- Lettuce Cream**—for cleansing in place of soap and water.
- Motor Cream**—for skin protection before exposure.
- Tissue Cream**—for wrinkles and crow's feet.
- Whitening Cream**—for freckles and bleaching.

MARINELLO
A Beauty Aid for Every Need

At Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops

Western Office:
1404 Mallers Bldg.
Chicago

Eastern Office:
366 Fifth Ave.
New York



“I Don't Enjoy Society Because This Hair On My Face Is So Unbecoming”

IF you are miserable because your face is made ugly and unsightly by a growth of superfluous hair don't give up hope and let yourself grow bitter.

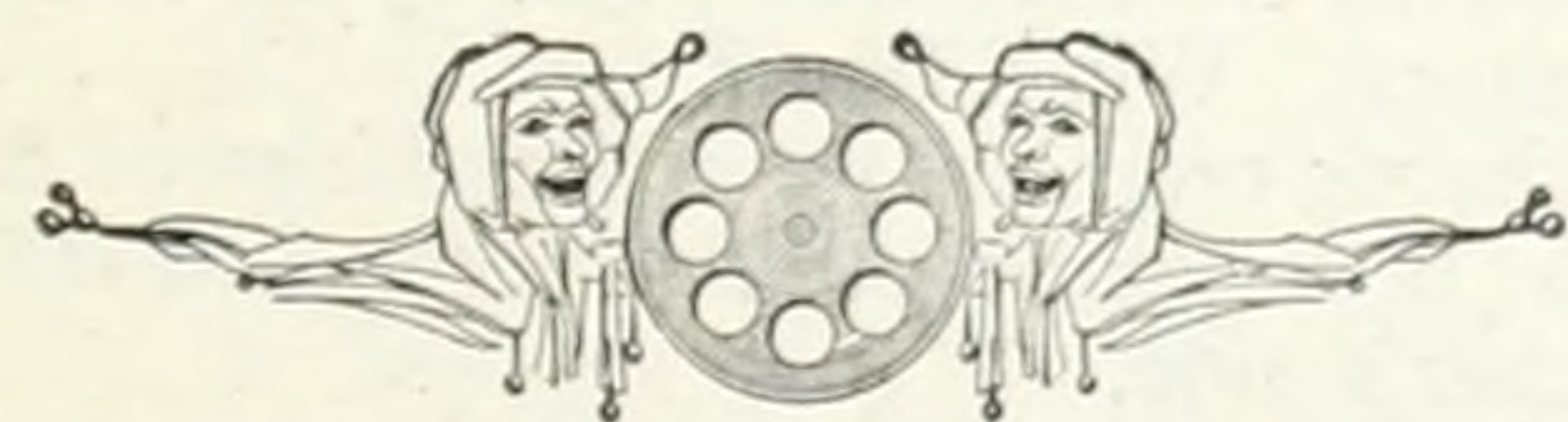
There is a method that will permanently relieve your trouble.

It kills the root so that it is impossible for the hair to grow again. There are depilatories which temporarily remove superfluous hair from the skin,

but grows again thicker and stronger than ever.

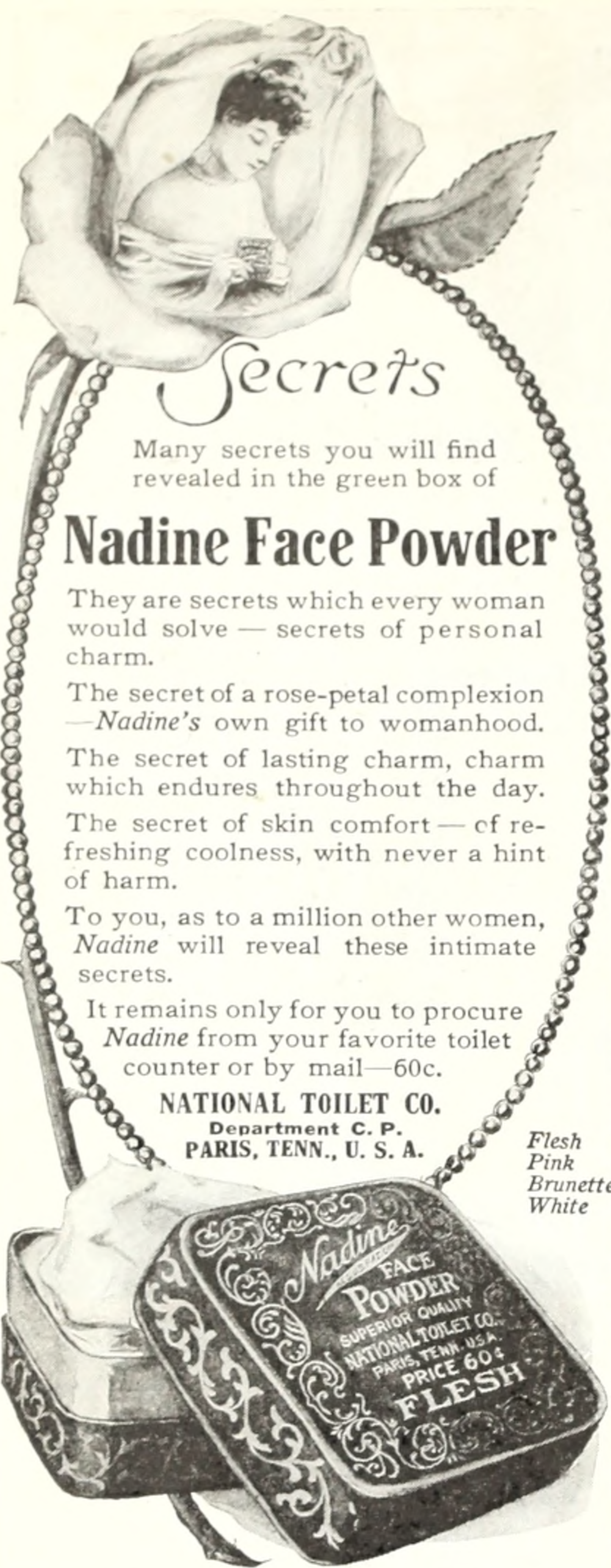
There is one method which kills the root of the hair, making it impossible for it ever to reappear. It does not injure the skin, and is comparatively inexpensive. You can use it in the privacy of your own home. This is the MAHLER Method. Send three stamps for information sent in plain sealed envelope. We Teach Beauty Culture. Write today.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 199-F Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



The Scoffer

(Continued from page 53)



Secrets

Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of

Nadine Face Powder

They are secrets which every woman would solve — secrets of personal charm.

The secret of a rose-petal complexion — *Nadine's* own gift to womanhood.

The secret of lasting charm, charm which endures throughout the day.

The secret of skin comfort — of refreshing coolness, with never a hint of harm.

To you, as to a million other women, *Nadine* will reveal these intimate secrets.

It remains only for you to procure *Nadine* from your favorite toilet counter or by mail—60c.

NATIONAL TOILET CO.
Department C. P.
PARIS, TENN., U. S. A.

*Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White*

Nadine
FACE
POWDER
SUPERIOR QUALITY
NATIONAL TOILET CO.
PARIS, TENN., U. S. A.
PRICE 60¢
FLESH

Fashion says the use of DEL-A-TONE



is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.



Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. L. V., 339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CASTILIAN BEAUTY CREAMS

SKIN AS DELICATE & FRAGRANT AS A ROSE IS YOURS. CASTILIAN BEAUTY BLEACHING & SMOOTHING PASTE, DOES NOT PEEL—SMOOTHES & WHITENS ROUGHEST SKIN. HAPPINESS IN EVERY JAR—TRIAL SIZE 50¢ POST PAID. CASTILIAN BEAUTY MFG. CO. WESLEY ROBERTS BLDG. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Wayne turned again and looked at the boy casually.

"An operation might restore him," he remarked.

"Will you perform it?" There was pleading in her voice.

"Do you believe in God?"

"Why surely." She looked Wayne firm in the eye.

"Well, He did this thing. Let Him undo it if He can."

At this juncture Dabney entered the cabin, overhearing the conversation. The old medicine man was enraged at the profanation of his charm, in the hands of this blasphemous man. Margaret drew the old man aside and whispered rapidly.

"Let him stay, Dabney, please. Maybe he will cure the boy."

Dabney had never refused Margaret Hadden anything. In a moment she stepped over to Wayne.

"Dabney says you may stay."

OVER at the cabin home of Arthur Richards, Alice Porn was tossing on her sickbed, tortured of soul and pursued by conscience. She was sorely in need of the healing that only Stannard Wayne might have given.

A last despairing call was sent to Old Dabney, the worker of charms. Stannard Wayne, once famous surgeon and scientist, watched the old man pick up his charmed swordfish jaw and depart. Wayne, overcome with curiosity, followed Dabney through the woods toward the Richards cabin.

In the energy that often comes to those near death, Alice Porn struggled out of bed and pulled herself up at a table, desperately trying to write in a tiny black book, the diary of her accusing soul.

"Little book, I am fading, crushed. The end is near. I must make retribution, so God grant me strength to clear Stannard—"

Alice finished her writing and crept back to her bed.

Old Dabney arrived with his charm, and Margaret, called by the neighbors, came to do her ministering bit at the bedside. Alice Porn's malady was one that poor old Dabney's charms could not reach. Curious, half-smiling, Wayne stood at the door, watching the medicine man.

Margaret went to him.

"The woman is very ill. You must help."

Wayne shook his head.

"But she is dying."

Wayne was obdurate. "She is fortunate," he said.

Dabney was still waving his futile wand over the dying woman. Wayne stepped into the door to draw closer and see the old man at his silly endeavors.

Alice Porn, with a struggle, raised her head and stared full into the face of the intruder. With a terrible cry, she sprang out of bed and called his name.

"Stannard Wayne!"

Then she stood wavering a moment and fell—dead.

Old Dabney fled the scene. Margaret stood spell bound with a sense of tragedy. Wayne spun about at her.

"Where is the man who was with her? Tell me, quick."

Margaret motioned toward the village street and Wayne ran out.

On her saddened way through the house, Margaret came upon the little black book that Alice Porn had left on the table as she ended her writing. The ink was hardly dry, and Margaret read that last inscription.

"—I am married to Stannard Wayne. This man I am living with is guilty of the crime for which my husband was sentenced—"

Margaret hastily closed the book with a feeling of sympathy and understanding.

In the village street Wayne and Richards came face to face.

Wayne halted, rigid, looking at Richards. Richards, recognizing Wayne, fell back, startled, horrified. He wanted to run, but he could not. The two men stood in silence. Cold sweat came out on Richards' face. Wayne stood with jaw set.

"Stannard, for God's sake, speak!"

Wayne made no reply.

Richards' flesh crept under his skin.

Wayne's hands shot out and seized Richards by the throat and choked him down to the ground, tossing him crumpled into a helpless heap.

When Wayne turned about Margaret Hadden was at his elbow.

"Do not kill him. Remember, vengeance belongs to God alone." She spoke ever so softly.

Wayne gave her but cool reply.

"No. I will not kill him, not as you think—not quickly."

Margaret saw the black look in his eyes and shuddered. In her heart she made a vow that with the help of God she would save the soul of this man.

Then Stannard Wayne began a course of revenge with mental torture for Richards, worse than death.

IN the Albany Kid's saloon, where once Boorman had served the cause of the Devil, the big woodsman now nightly preached the word of God. He had builded a cairn and erected a cross to the memory of his wife and the boy whom he believed also dead and carried out to sea.

There was that cautiousness in her canny head that told Margaret to keep the injured Laddie hidden away at Dabney's cabin. She had seen lumbermen reform before, and if Boorman should backslide it was just as well that he should not know where Laddie was.

It was at eveningtide, with Boorman's nightly meeting in progress, that Wayne played a typical card in his vengeance campaign against Richards. Richards was sitting in the saloon, cowering and trembling under the manifestations of Wayne's hate that had come before. As he sat, Wayne stepped up silently behind him and tossed a crumpled bit of paper on the table; then withdrew. Nervously—quaking with fear—Richards unrolled the paper. It bore one brief sentence.

"The end will come at 8 o'clock."

Richards shook as he looked at the watch on his wrist. It was 7:30 o'clock.

Boorman was leading the singing of a hymn, standing in the glow of a great oil lamp in the middle of the room. The Albany Kid and his bartender stood with pained tolerance at the end of the bar. Richards slunk up to the bar and ordered whiskey. He gulped it down and looked at his watch. It was 7:33 o'clock. Drink by drink and minute by minute, he marked away the time.

It was five minutes of the hour. Eight o'clock was at hand.

Boorman was expounding the Word.

Richards listened to the rude woodsman's sermon with eager hungriness. Richards wanted to live. It was 7:58. Just two minutes more. What then?

Richards crept between the chairs of Boorman's little audience and crouched at the preacher's side.

The Scoffer

(Concluded)

It was 8 o'clock. Slowly the saloon door opened and Stannard Wayne looked in at the cringing Richards. A grin spread over the persecutor's face. He lingered in the door a moment, then tossed another paper pellet at Richards' feet.

Richards slowly unrolled the little paper ball. One more sentence.

"Eight o'clock comes twice a day."

Days followed days, Richards feeling himself in hourly peril; Wayne relentless; Margaret watching the two with pity in her heart for them both and prayers for Stannard Wayne. She was dreaming girlish dreams about him—and praying with all her heart.

Wayne was himself dimly conscious of something between them. But he fought love, for he hated everything, even the possibility of loving this girl.

At Dabney's cabin she argued and pleaded with him for the operation that would restore crippled Laddie.

"Won't you please help the boy? You see there is only you to do it."

Wayne smiled.

"What is the matter? Has God failed you?"

"How dare you, a man, speak lightly of God, here amidst all the wonders of His work?"

Wayne pointed down to the stump he leaned against.

"It took your God a century to grow this tree. A man felled it in an hour. With this wood a man housed himself against the elements and built a boat to ride the storm of your God's wrath. And yet you boast of your God and speak lightly of Man."

An idea flashed into Margaret's head. She snapped back a challenge.

"You scoffer—you say God crippled this child. Prove your strength then; undo what God has done!"

"I will." Wayne spoke with determination.

They sent back to civilization for surgical supplies. And Margaret prayed and waited.

The preparations for the operation were all made. Margaret had kept their plans secret, as secret even as the survival of Laddie. Old Dabney was sent away on an errand. The lights were lit and the work begun. Margaret, clad in a nurse's apron, went bravely at her work, with an efficient, diligent air and bravery that made its impress on the mind of cold Stannard Wayne. There was no measure of excitement or perturbation about Wayne. For the moment again he was the scientist and surgeon. He knew exactly what he was going to do and how to do it. Also he would prove to this earnest girl that he could undo the work of God.

A STORM rose up from the sea and shook the village. At the nightly saloon meeting Boorman held forth and pointed a moral with the raging storm, while all the villagers gathered in fear of the terrific blasts.

"I fear God's wrath against me for my sin!" Boorman shouted, raising his voice against the roar of the wind.

"That old gink's preachin' has put an awful nick in the cash register of this joint," the Albany Kid observed to his bartender.

Up in the circle of the audience gathered around the stove sat Richards, again waiting in fear as the hands of his watch neared eight o'clock. He had not seen Wayne that day. What was to come?

At Boorman's word on the wrath of God, Richards got an inspiration.

"It is Wayne, the scoffer, that arouses the anger of God," Richards cried out.

The crowd had all turned to look at Richards when Old Dabney ran breathless into the room. He was drenched with the storm and shaking with excitement. He had made a discovery at the cabin.

"Come, come quick!" he shouted. "They are butchering a boy!"

The crowd surged out into the storm, following Old Dabney.

At the cabin they stood for a moment, faces pressed against the windows. Margaret was busily moving about the room, at the instructions from Stannard Wayne, who bent over the operation on Laddie with a vast professional concentration. It was going well.

The display of instruments, the glint of steel, the ether cone, the white aprons—all these gave proof to Old Dabney's words in the minds of the ignorant villagers.

They stormed the cabin with terrific onslaught.

Margaret ran to the door.

"Boorman," Margaret called out. "That boy is your son. I have kept him hidden here since the night you crippled him. If you interfere with Dr. Wayne, Laddie will die."

Boorman heard and believed. It was God restoring his son to him. He tried to stop the mob. The crowd divided, some for Boorman, some for Richards, who spurred on the attack. If the mob did away with Wayne, Richards saw hope for himself.

A club hurled from without shattered the lamp and darkness filled the cabin. Wayne, hitherto unmoved by the hubbub, paused in his labors, helpless.

"Bring the lantern from the stable," Boorman shouted.

Someone came bringing the lantern and a kick from Richards demolished it.

Stannard Wayne stood at the cabin window with his face turned to the storm-torn sky. His patient was laying there with the operation half done. Seconds were precious.

"You've beaten me, O God! Be merciful now. Send me light!"

The scoffer was praying.

A burst of lightning crashed out in the blackness of the night. It shattered a great pine by the cabin window, and under the wreckage fell Arthur Richards, stricken by the same act of Providence. In the shower of sparks that followed, the big tree caught fire, like a great torch.

There was light.

"Thank God!" And Wayne went back to his work.

The sudden lightning stroke and Boorman's words quieted the mob. Boorman went inside and stood, hat in hand, watching the finish of the operation. He murmured prayers as he watched. Quickly Wayne finished, with a new spirit of deftness.

In the days that followed, Laddie swiftly recovered, and walked again. Boorman lifted his voice in praise and evangelized the community anew.

The Albany Kid, disgusted with the growing Godliness of the community, closed up his bar and bade the community a scornful good bye.

Meanwhile, since the scoffer had turned to prayer and found it answered, a new chapter was in the writing between him and Margaret. They were often together and there were long strolls in the woodland pathways. Hate was gone and the world was beautiful again for Stannard Wayne.

It was toward the hour of sunset when a stranger came striding toward them out of the distance. Margaret looked questioningly up at Wayne.

"It is Carson, my friend. He has come to marry us."

Send for Your FREE Copy



Ready now! The wonderful Baird-North Style Book for Fall. Shows

most exclusive fashions, how to select the style best suited to you and how to get quality clothes at prices which give you best values. It is free. Send coupon or a post card—today. Two examples of Baird-North values given here. Order either or both of these direct from this ad.



All-Wool Tricotine Suit

Just to give you an idea of what you will find in the Style Book: This snappy suit (which you can order direct from this ad) is fine all-wool tricotine. Coat semi-fitted with stylish braid-bound collar, cuffs and pockets. Braid binding lends a trimming touch at back. Lined throughout with fine all-silk fabrics in printed design. Skirt modishly pocketed and belted across gathered back. Women's sizes: 34 to 46. Back coat length, 32 in. Skirt, 39 to 42 in. Misses' sizes: 14 to 20. Back coat length, 32 in. Skirt, 38 in. Color, blue only. Order Women's sizes by No. 11E2001. Misses' by No. 11E2003. Give size and skirt length wanted. Price \$32.50. Postage 16c extra.

Baird-North Values

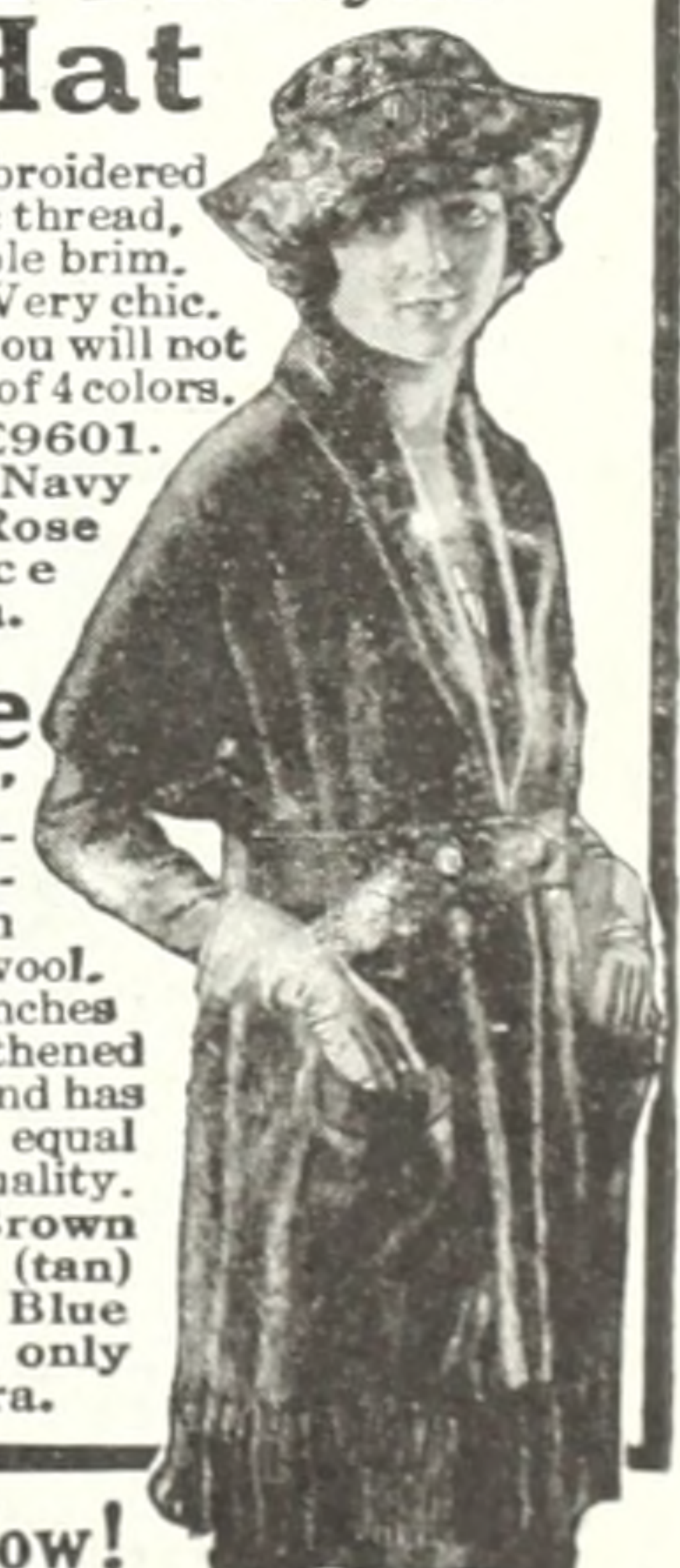
In Baird-North values you find not only exclusive styles but exceptional material and thorough workmanship—you find every Baird-North garment a super-value—a garment which not only dresses you fashionably but which will give you the best wear. Send for the Style Book which tells you in detail how this extra good apparel is designed and made and how it gives you the most for your money.

Embroidered Duvetyne Sport Hat

Soft Duvetyne—richly embroidered all over in floss and metallic thread. Close fitting upturned flexible brim. Drop ornaments at front. Very chic. Look where you will and you will not see a smarter model. Choice of 4 colors. Order Orange by No. 19E9601. Brown by No. 19E9603. Navy Blue by No. 19E9605. Rose by No. 19E9607. Price \$9.75. Postage 10c extra.

Scarf Coatee

No need to "look around" if you want a stunning overgarment. Look at this shaggy scarf coatee, knitted on soft, lustrous camel's hair wool. Very warm. About 72 inches long, 22 inches wide. Lengthened with close fringe. Belted and has 2 pockets. See if you can equal it for class and serviceable quality. Choice of 3 colors. Order Brown by No. 14E5937. Buff (tan) No. 14E5939. Peacock Blue No. 14E5941. Price only \$10.98. Postage 6c extra.



Mail This Coupon Now!

You will be delighted with the beautiful things shown in the Baird-North Style Book at prices amazingly low for guaranteed high quality. Coats, suits, dresses, lingerie, millinery, shoes, etc. Send TODAY!

BAIRD-NORTH CO.

406 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your book of advance styles.

Name

Address

The Misfit Wife

(Continued from page 41)



Retain the glowing tints and satin softness of youth's fair skin. Protecting, wholesome, clinging

Freeman's FACE POWDER

has been in favor for 40 years.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

The Freeman Perfume Company
Dept. 101
Cin'ti, O.



Leg Comfort

You may think that true leg comfort is possible only when you're not wearing a garter. The

E.Z. GARTER

"Wide for Comfort"

scientifically made for comfort, gives you this same freedom.

The wide soft band fits the leg without binding.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will tell you who can.

The Thos. P. Taylor Co.
Dept. P Bridgeport, Conn.



ON CREDIT DIAMONDS WATCHES



Diamond Rings Latest Designs

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS
A diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one.

All the popular Rings are shown in our Catalog—plain and fancy engraved, Green, White and Yellow Solid Gold. Very special at \$85, \$100, \$150 and up.

Send for Catalog

There are 128 pages of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, all priced unusually low. Whatever you select will be sent prepaid by us. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Liberty Bonds Accepted. Send for Catalog today.

LOFTIS The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. D502 108 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
BROS & CO. 1858 STORES IN LEADING CITIES



butler was just shutting the door in her face, when she drew herself to her full height, pushed him aside, and swept in.

"I am Mrs. Peter Crandall." The dignity of Katie's tones outrivaled anything ever done by Mrs. Crandall, Senior.

The servant looked about him nervously. He had not been informed that there was a new Mrs. Peter. He was confused, at a loss, and was about to show the strange and forward young person into the drawing room, when Mrs. Crandall and Peter's sister Edith arrived.

"You will pardon us," began Peter's mother icily. But she got no further. Dr. Merton, who had been in consultation with Henry Gilsey, came out of Peter's room at the top of the stairs and started down. Quick as a bird, Katie was past them all and up the stairs kneeling beside Peter with tears in her eyes.

"Katie, I was afraid you would think I had gone and left you, and they wouldn't let me write—just yet." Peter sighed contentedly, and lay quiet, with Katie's head pressed hard against his breast. Then, becoming suddenly conscious of a social responsibility, he beckoned his brother-in-law closer.

"Henry, this is Katie. She is my wife," he said simply.

At this moment Peter's mother and sister entered the door. Peter sat up. Katie threw her arms about him, partly to support him, but just as much to support herself.

"Mother," Peter's eyes plead with his mother to understand, "This is Katie, my wife. Edith, this is your new sister."

There was a terrible silence—broken at last by Henry Gilsey. He saw what the two women refused to see—that though this shrinking, cheaply-dressed girl whom Peter had brought home was not of their kind, she loved Peter. He smiled at Katie as kindly as he could. "Suppose you tell us something about yourself," he said.

Katie looked at Peter, and he nodded his head, and she began, quite shyly and falteringly at first, to tell the story of her life. Her eyes grew harder and harder as she proceeded with her story and her manner more and more belligerent. As she got over her fright, she seemed to take a great delight in painting the misery and the barrenness of her life before these soft, selfish women.

When she was done Peter drew the trembling young body that leaned against him closer to him, and together they waited for the storm of family wrath to break on their heads.

Again Henry Gilsey was the first to speak. "Don't think that we do not appreciate what you have done for Peter, my dear," he said. "It is not that you are not as good

as Peter or any of us. It is more a matter of permanent happiness for both of you. Do you think that people who have such different backgrounds and outlooks on life, who come from such entirely different worlds, can be happy long? Do you think that Peter could be content to work as hard as he has been doing the past few weeks all the rest of his life, and be entirely cut off from the fortune that would some day be his—as it is very possible that he will be if his marriage with you continues?"

Katie looked helplessly at Henry for a moment. Then she said, falteringly, "The last thing I want to do is stand in Peter's way—". Her head went down in sobs on her husband's shoulder.

"Henry—Mother—Edith," said Crandall in a very cold voice, "I'm sorry to find how selfish and narrow-minded you are. I am disappointed in you. My marriage to Katie is the biggest thing that ever came into my life. It was Katie who made me get on my feet, Katie who made a man of me when I was going to the dogs because no one else cared enough, or had enough sense to see to it that I found out what life

was really about. Mother, if you people can't be decent to Katie, I shall call a doctor and have him move me away."

"Come, come," Henry stepped forward quickly. In spite of himself there was a mist before his eyes. An entirely new sentiment burst over the staid conservatism that had bound him. He began to see Katie in a new light. Turning to Edith and her mother, "I know why it is that Peter loves this child," he said. "And I have a plan. I will tell it to you when Peter is better."



The Misfit Wife

NARRATED by permission from the Metro photodrama based on the play by Julie Herne, adapted by Lois Zellner and A. P. Younger, and produced with the following cast:

Katie Malloy.....Alice Lake
Peter Crandall.....Forrest Stanley
Henry Gilsey....Edward Martindel
Edith Gilsey.....Leota Lorraine
Mrs. Crandall.....Helen Pillsbury
Bert MacBride.....Jack Livingston
Duff Simpkins.....Billy Gettinger
Dr. Merton.....Frederic Vroom

AMONG the properties owned by Gilsey and his partner Bert MacBride, was some oil land that had been adjudged unproductive. But in spite of the reports of experts, Gilsey still had faith in the property.

His plan was that Peter should go to this oil territory, investigate it, take charge and see if he could not make both the land and himself produce results.

While Crandall was gone, Katie was to stay on at Gilcrest under a corps of instructors who would take her education and finishing in hand. When Peter should return, the crude little manicurist would be metamorphosed into a person of poise who could take her stand beside her husband in any society.

Crandall was incensed at first at Henry's suggestion. But Katie saw the wisdom of it. So Peter went to the oil fields alone, and Katie Malloy took up her abode under the high eaves of Gilcrest.

The months that followed were heart-

The Misfit Wife

(Continued)

breaking. Many times Katie cried herself to sleep in her lonely room. If it had not been for Peter and her faith in him she would have run away—away from Gilcrest and back to Paris and the manicure table, any place, any where to be gone from the coldly censorious eyes, the frigid voices, the unsympathetic hearts that surrounded her.

Henry Gilsey tried to be friendly in his way. But he could not make up for the cruelty of the womenfolk. Then Katie suddenly was burdened with another sort of persecution.

Edith Gilsey, tired of Henry's devotion to business, and looking for excitement, fell into a little flirtation with her husband's partner. Not that she cared especially for MacBride. But her life, she decided, was getting too monotonous.

Katie became conscious of the state of affairs one afternoon at her dancing lesson. In trying to manage her train, accept imaginary refreshments, and carry on a conversation with her dancing partner, she stumbled over her gown. She went to the mirror to adjust her dress. It was set at an angle that reflected the driveway, and as Katie stood before the glass, she saw Edith and MacBride come up on their horses. When the groom's back was turned MacBride kissed his companion.

Just at this moment Henry Gilsey came into the door, and for fear he should see, Katie feigned a great distemper at her stupidity, hurled her glass at the mirror, and as the glass shattered into splinters, threw herself in a chair, declaring that there was not the faintest possible hope that she could ever become a lady.

When Edith came in, and they were alone, Katie told her what she had seen, and reproved her. For her pains, Edith told Katie to mind her own affairs.

Katie's unhappiness would certainly have resulted in her departure for Peter and the oil fields, had she not found a letter from her husband awaiting her in the hall. She read it while the maid unhooked her gown.

"I am dead lonely," Crandall wrote, "but I am working hard. I believe that the experts made a bum report on this property, and I am going ahead on the well. This is a secret for you alone."

It was easy from then on for Edith to place many suspicions on Katie's innocent shoulders, particularly when she feared herself in a tight corner. When Henry would ask on arriving home, "Where is Katie?" as likely as not Edith would answer, "Out with some man, as usual." When flowers would come for Edith herself, she often told the maid, in her husband's presence, to take them to Katie's room.

She even suggested to her husband that Katie was flirting with MacBride. And so affairs went on until the day of Edith's birthday.

Henry had promised to give Edith a birthday dinner down town. But at the last moment a telegram arrived which interfered with his plans—it was a telegram from Crandall. He asked Henry to keep his arrival secret and meet him at the office at 7 o'clock. There was nothing to do but call the dinner off without going into details about the reason. Henry rushed home late in the afternoon with Edith's gift, a fur coat. But Edith pouted and would not listen to his attempts to explain his sudden change in plans.

In the hall Henry met Katie. Remembering that Peter would be home that night, and thinking to make sure that Katie should be there, Henry told her he would be back soon and asked her not to go out that evening.

As soon as Henry was gone, Edith tele-



Surely You Will Want This Delightful Five-Dollar Vibrator

To make your hair thick, lustrous and with all the beauty of its natural waviness, use The "Star"

EVERY girl should realize that even though her features are good, her beauty is hopelessly marred if her skin is faulty—if it is not entirely free from blackheads, blemishes, sallowness and unwelcome furrows. Home treatment with The "Star" keeps your skin absolutely clear, fresh, smooth and glowing with natural color. It stimulates the blood and recreates the texture. Many famous actresses know this and depend solely on The Star Vibrator.

You, too, should discover the remarkable health-and-beauty treatments that The "Star" offers. Why not go to your favorite drug, department or electrical store today and get a free demonstration? Or send \$5 to us. We send direct. (Canadian price, \$7.50) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 219 Torrington, Conn. Makers of the Star Massage Shower Spray, the ideal Summer Shower. It's portable! Costs only \$5. Get one!

The STAR VIBRATOR Electric Massage

For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" and Dull, Colorless Complexions!

To You TRIAL On Normandy Pearls

This beautiful full 15" string sent without money. Normandy Pearls are the most exquisite, synthetic pearls ever created. They have soft delicate shadings, are perfectly blended—correctly matched, uniformly graduated and fasten with 14K solid gold clasp

Send No Money!

Just write for a string. Pay the postman \$4.75 as a deposit of good faith. Wear them for five days and if satisfactory send us \$1. each month for four months. If not satisfactory return them and your money will be refunded. You risk nothing. Write today.

NORMANDY IMPORTING CO.
Dept. B, 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago

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.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
989 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

DeMiracle
Every Woman's Depilatory

Removes Hair Immediately—safely

ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.

To devitalize hair you must use DeMiracle. Being a liquid it permits absorption. Therefore it is totally different. It attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Only the original sanitary liquid DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c. \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

DeMiracle
Dept. R-23 Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

The Misfit Wife

(Continued)

phoned to MacBride. He invited her to dine with him in his apartment. The telephone connection was cut off before MacBride had finished his directions. Thinking he was through, Edith went upstairs. When the telephone rang again, Katie answered.

"Don't let them announce you—come right up," she heard a voice, and recognized its owner.

Katie found Edith already gone when she knocked at her door.

"She deserves to be punished. It would be a good thing if Henry came back and discovered where she's gone," thought Katie, "but I'll help her this once."

She hastened at once to MacBride's rooms.

THE reason for Crandall's secret return was that he had discovered that MacBride was not playing straight with Henry in the oil fields. Peter had no sooner disclosed this fact, than Henry determined that they should go to his partner's home at once to face the truth out.

And so—Katie had only walked in on Edith and MacBride at dinner, and explained the advisability of Edith's returning home at once, when Peter and Henry knocked at the door.

The two young women whisked themselves into MacBride's bedroom, but Edith had the stupidity to leave her new coat behind. This article of apparel caught Henry's eye immediately. He picked it up, looked at it thoroughly, then faced his partner.

"This is Edith's coat. How did it come here?" he demanded.

When the bedroom door opened a moment later, on Henry's insistence, it was Katie who stood revealed. She had given Edith her own coat, shoved her out a side door, and stood ready to take the blame for her sister-in-law's indiscretion. But she had not planned on Peter's presence. When she saw him, she stood like one petrified for a moment, then flew to him, but Peter pushed her away. He was too stunned for words.

"Peter and I are going home, Katie," said Henry. "You may come with us, or you may stay and come as you planned to." His tone was sarcastic. It hurt Katie beyond description. She turned her face away and stood silent as they departed.

Henry went straight to Edith's room on returning to Gilcrest and they agreed that Katie should have a severe talking to. Even if there had been no harm committed in her going to MacBride's rooms, she had acted unwisely. It showed a decided lack of humility and appreciation of what the family had done for her.

But Peter Crandall stood by the door in the big, unfriendly hall. He felt that he could not wait until Katie came, and yet he did not know how he would face her when she did. He felt that the very bottom had dropped out of his life. He had built so much on Katie—and she had failed him. Or had she failed him? There must be some explanation to her presence in MacBride's apartment. Peter shivered when he heard her foot on the porch. He opened the door before she could ring. In a moment her arms were about him, and his about her.

"Oh, Peter, Peter," she cried tenderly, "you wouldn't believe that of me—you couldn't, Peter." Between kisses she told him what had happened.

When Edith and Henry came down stairs to give Katie her lesson, she listened to what they had to say in all seriousness and meekness. Even when Peter joined them, she remained still, with downcast eyes.

When she raised her eyes at last, it was to those of her sister-in-law. They were in no wise accusing. Indeed they were filled

PEZZO'S
"Hair-Dress"

Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive

Miss Betty Parker Jay Dillon

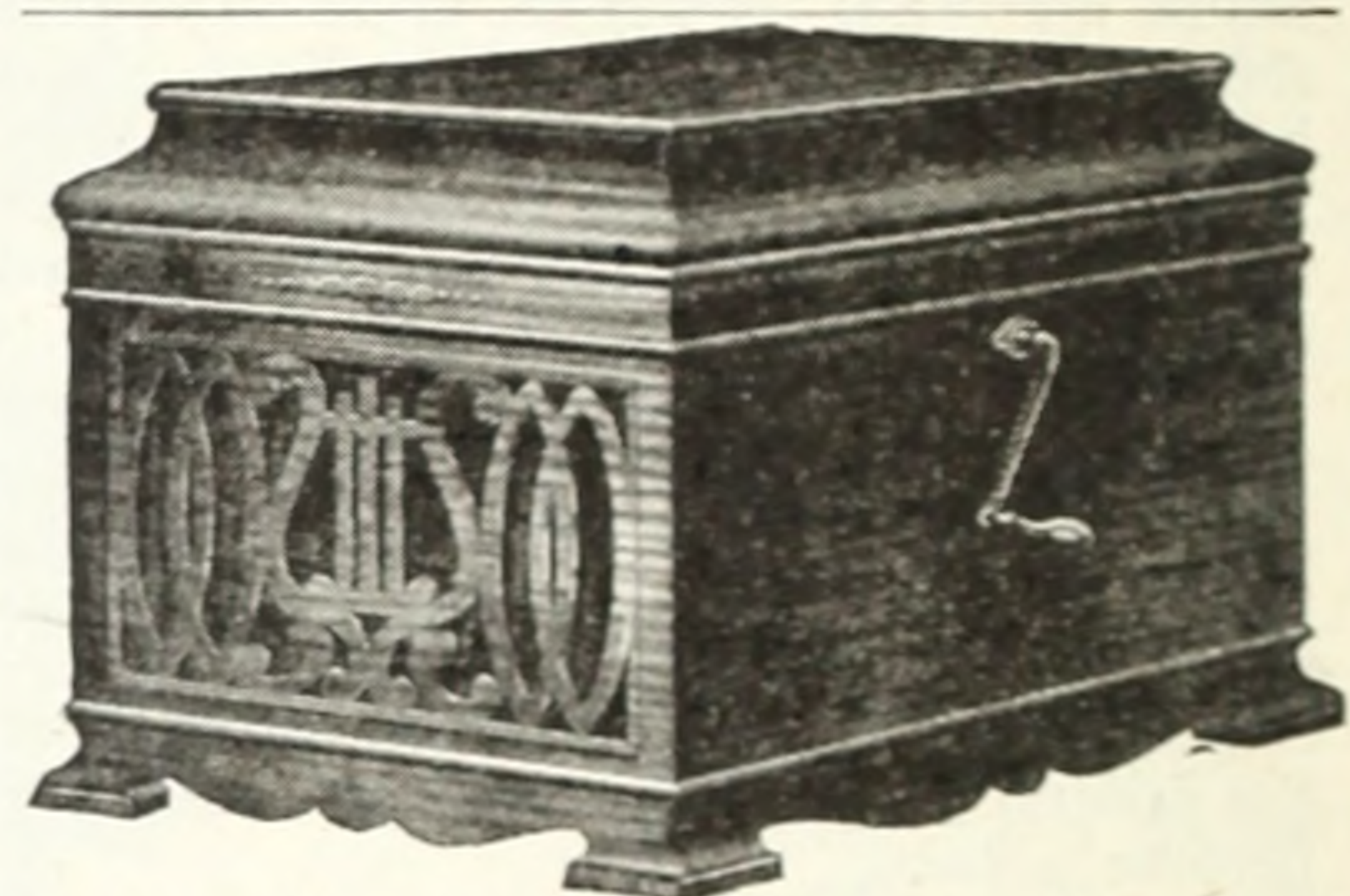
Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. Is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

Send for Trial Jar Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today. Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. 19, 920 Windsor Ave., CHICAGO



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Symphonola, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take over a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the

Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE Shows this and larger Symphonolas, sold on easy payments.

Symphonola Records Get our list of the latest song, dance, popular clear sounding, full toned disc records. Playable on any Phonograph.

Larkin Co. Desk SPP-920 Buffalo, N. Y.

BUY THE BEST

It Will Be The Cheapest in the End

Buying a band instrument on price is like buying a cheap pair of shoes. They look pretty good at first but they won't stand up. If you want the best band instrument that money, brains and master craftsmen can build, then write for our big, free book on **MARTIN BAND INSTRUMENTS**. It tells all about Martin cornets, trombones, saxophones and other band instruments—how their wonderful timbre, full rich tone and superlative mechanism is built right into every Martin instrument by experts.

Write for this big free book today and let us prove to you on our Six Day Free Trial Offer that Martin Instruments are the finest, cheapest and best you can buy.

MARTIN BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
504 Baldwin St. Elkhart, Ind.

Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

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.

810 Trust Co. Bldg.

DAYTON, OHIO

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Ask her with the adorable complexion what magic charms away the tell-tales of time and leaves her fair face so free from blemish. She will tell you Lablache—

—a word you so often hear among discerning women.

Refuse Substitutes

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

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



FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment; Your druggist or by mail, 65c Free book. **Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.**

The Misfit Wife

(Concluded)

only with sweetness. This was more than Edith could stand. In a moment she was telling the story of her resentment of her husband's devotion to his business, of her flirtation with MacBride, and the truth about the evening.

Both wives sighed with happiness as the arms of their respective husbands went about them. Then all four looked at one another and giggled rather foolishly.

"And now," breathed Katie, "this is just like the happy ending to a motion picture. Let's all live happily ever after."

Dick's New Contract

(Concluded from page 70)

"It was the biggest chance I ever had. It gave me an opportunity for real character study. In 'Way Down East,' I am a farmer. I don't look like a farmer, but Griffith gave me the part because he knew that I would have to work to make it convincing.

"So I want more character parts—that is to say, parts that have character. It is the success you make through your work and not the personal sort of success that counts."

You see, the moral of this story is quite apparent: It is best to love them for their Art alone.

Pictures As a Part of Church Service

By Stanley Baird Reed

THERE is one of the cities of the southwestern part of our country that every Saturday carries, on the pages of its four largest newspapers, more church advertising than is carried throughout an entire week in all the papers of New York City combined.

Not only does this city have more church advertising than New York, but it gets results from it. People read this page as carefully as they read other advertisements, and in this city they attend church.

One Saturday, shortly after my arrival in Los Angeles, I glanced over this page to select a church to attend on the morrow. As I read through the advertisements, I was surprised to see the following:

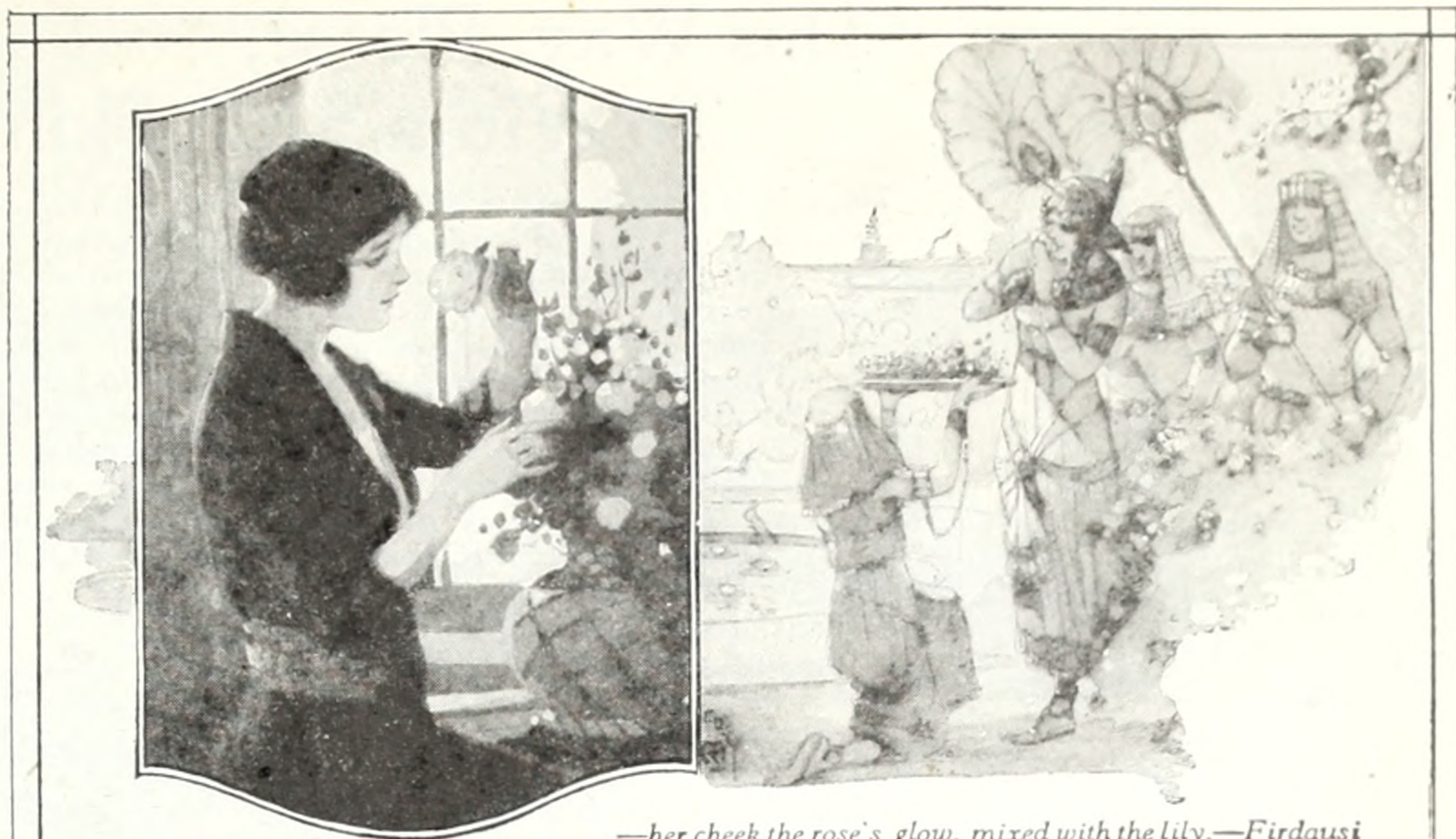
TEMPLE BAPTIST—5TH AND OLIVE ST.

Dr. Frank Divine, Great New York Preacher, and Dr. Brougner both speak both services.

11 a. m.—"Investments and Big Business."

7:15 p. m.—Moving Pictures—"Wonders of West." Interesting Travelogue. Big Musical Program.

Not that the advertisement itself took me by surprise, for it was worded much like any of the others, but that one line, "7:45 P. M.—Moving Pictures," that excited my curiosity. Movies as a part of the regular church service. I determined to see for myself just what that advertisement did mean, so Sunday evening found me at the large auditorium that houses Temple Baptist Church. This church has the same interior as that of a theater. In fact, during the week it is a theater, and houses some of the best shows that come to town. I was shown to a good seat down in the Orchestra Center. I glanced around. People were entering the building from all sides. It is a large one, and seats more



—her cheek the rose's glow, mixed with the lily.—Firdausi

If on your skin there be a reddened trace of sun's burn or wind's lash, a fleck of tawny discoloration, or disturbing shine, touch it but lightly with

NYSIS FACE POWDER

and lo! as at the wave of a wand enchanted, it fades from view

NYSIS FACE POWDER blends invisibly with even the finest skin, and stays on.

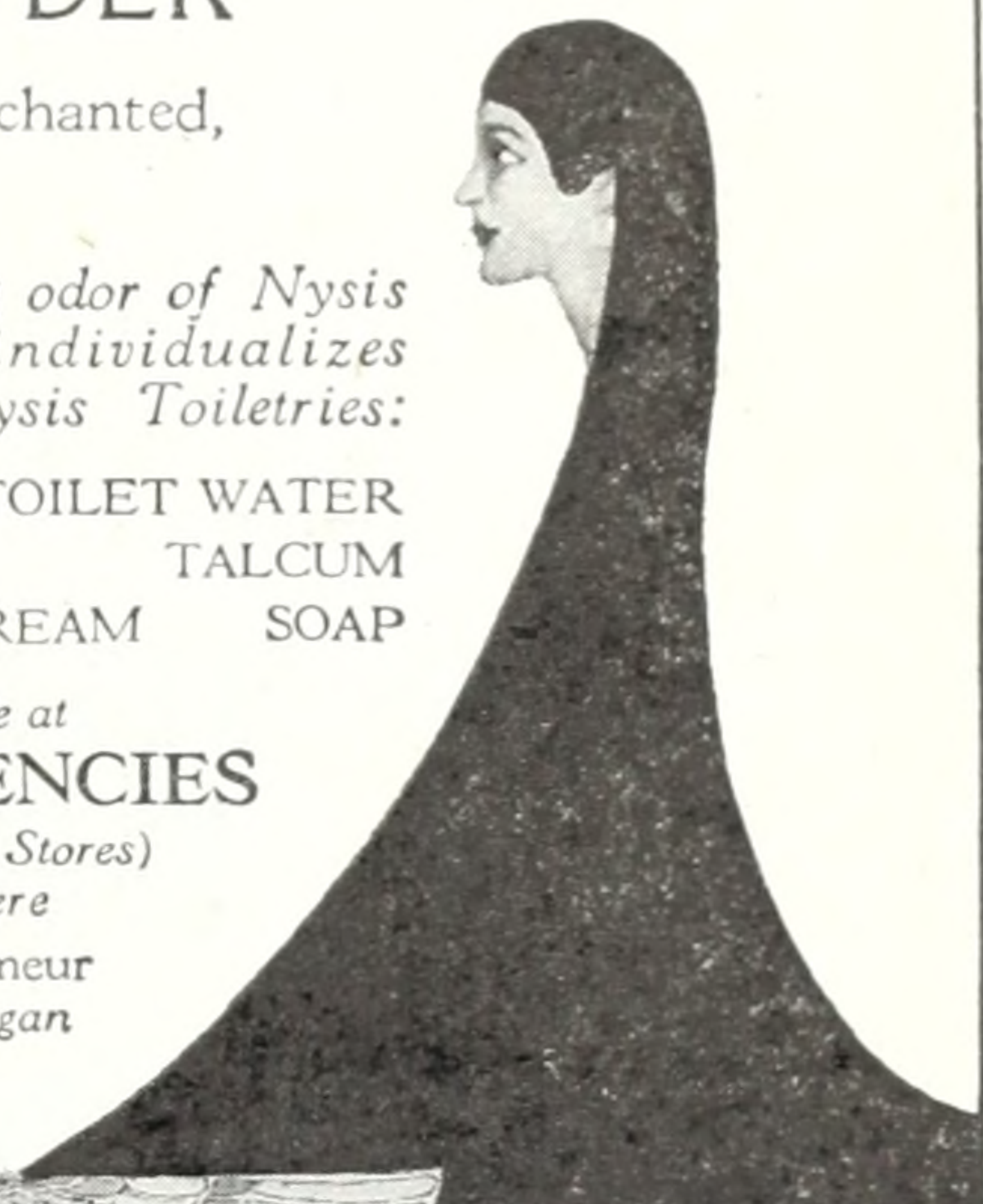
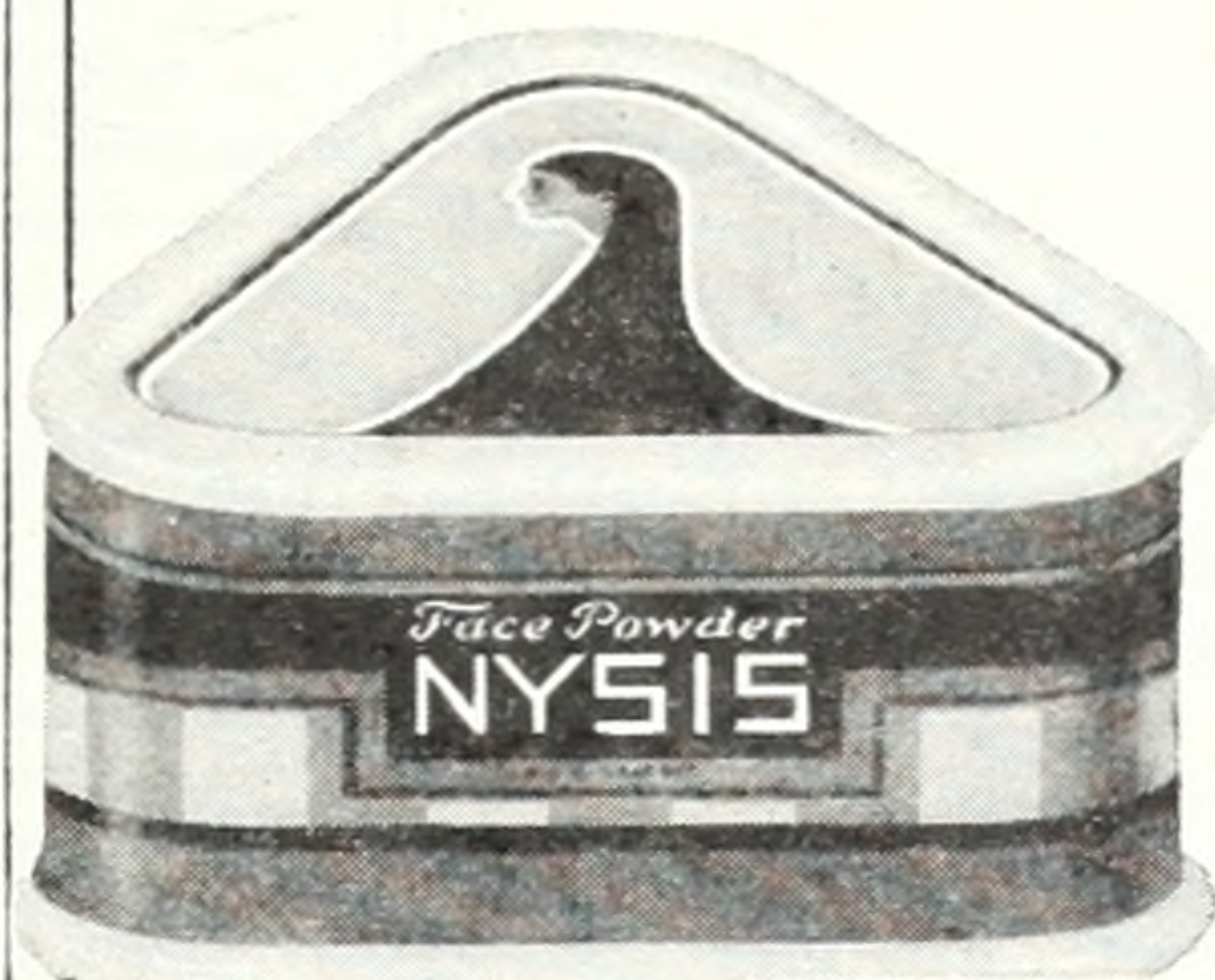
The entrancing odor of Nysis Face Powder individualizes these other Nysis Toiletries:

PARFUM TOILET WATER
COLD CREAM TALCUM
VANISHING CREAM SOAP

Obtainable at
NYAL AGENCIES

(12,000 Drug Stores)
Everywhere

AGRA Parfumeur
Detroit, Michigan



Free Book
Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

**Easy to Play
Easy to Pay**

SAXOPHONE

This Book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes or in band; how to transpose cello parts and things you would like to know. Unrivalled for home entertainment, school, church and lodge. In big demand for orchestra dance music. Most beautiful tone of all wind instruments. You can learn to

PLAY THE SCALE IN ONE EVENING
with the free chart we send you, and in a few weeks you will be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure because of quick results. Send for copy of book.

THE FAMOUS
Buescher-Grand Cornet

The biggest tone and the most perfect of any Cornet made. Double your pleasure, popularity and income by playing a Buescher-Grand Cornet or Trombone.

6 Days' Free Trial
You can order any Buescher Instrument and try it 6 days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments. Ask us to send you names of users in your locality. Big illustrated Catalog of True-Tone Band and Orchestra Instruments sent free.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
225 Buescher Block ELKHART, IND.

DIAMONDS
For a Few Cents a Day

SEND your name and address and we will send you our 128-page book of diamond bargains. It is the result of nearly 100 years' experience and shows you millions of dollars' worth of jewelry to choose from—and pay for at the rate of only a few cents a day.

No Money Down
The diamond you select will be sent upon your simple request—without a penny down. Then if you do not think it the greatest bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, your credit is good.

8% Yearly Dividends
You are guaranteed an 8 per cent yearly increase in value on all exchanges. You can also earn a 5 per cent bonus. The book tells how.

Write Today
Send your name and address today—NOW. You will be under no obligation. You will receive our 128-page diamond book by the next mail. Send your name and address NOW to Dept.

J. M. LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.



“This Way, Please, To Win a Satin Skin”

Dear Reader: Everyone admires a satin skin. Its captivating daintiness lures glances that linger longingly. Just think, you can now make your skin a satin skin. The discovery of Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, offers the one way, the fulfillment of deferred hopes, the only way to secure a satin texture skin. Satin Skin Cream is a benevolent balm with a blessed healing, reviving touch. As dew refreshes the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life to the skin, a wondrous satiny softness of alluring attractiveness. There are two kinds of Satin Skin Cream: First, “COLD,” second, “GREASELESS.” Both different from other so-called creams and you need BOTH. The “Cold” for night nourishment; “Greaseless” for day use and to hold powder.

SATIN SKIN POWDER, “Perfection for complexion,” is the refined finish, the artistic, fascinating finale. Yes, Satin Skin “shows.” It is plainly visible in one’s improved appearance; tells you aren’t using any ordinary, but a superface powder, which bestows a smart a la mode satiny finish. There is a true tint for every type, blonde or brunette, brown eyes, blue or gray; a harmonizing blending shade, the last word in distinction and elegance. No matter what powder you are now using, you need Satin Skin at once to bring you a classy complexion. Tints: Pink, flesh, white, brunette, naturelle. The new shade, “Naturelle,” is stunning for street use. There’s only one way to secure a satin skin: Use Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

Complimentary samples upon receipt of your druggist’s address and stamped, addressed, return envelope.

SATIN SKIN LABORATORY, Mfr., DETROIT, U.S.A.



Pictures As a Part of Church Service

(Concluded)

than three thousand. Soon there was not a vacant seat in the house. I wondered more. This must be a wonderful service to attract so many on a Sunday night.

A man had appeared upon the stage in front of the curtain. He raised his hand, and all the house was silent. “Brethren,” he said, “we have tonight a picture showing some of the wonders of our great West. I hope that after seeing this picture and the wonderful scenes that it contains, your hearts will be filled with a greater feeling of reverence towards the God that created them.” He turned and left the stage.

The curtain rose, and there followed a beautiful scenic picture. Its scenes were marvelous, and I felt, as the speaker had said, inspired with a feeling of reverence towards the God that could create such things, and work such wonders in nature.

At the picture’s conclusion, there followed a splendid organ recital, and then the regular services of the evening. I could not but note the reverence with which the congregation followed the lead of their pastor throughout the service.

Next morning found me closeted with Dr. J. Whitcomb Brouger, the pastor, in his study.

“Dr. Brouger,” I said, “please tell me why you use moving pictures as a part of your church services and how you find that they aid you in it.”

“Some day all churches will use them,” he said. “It is bound to come.”

“When you go to a play is there not always an overture? When you go to hear a prominent speaker is there not always a preliminary programme before he begins to speak? Is there anything that is of any importance that does not have some preliminary? Why? Because it is a necessity. People must be warmed up before a play commences. They must be ready to listen when the speaker commences his topic. You enjoy a show more if you get there before the overture.

“And so it is with the church. People come in from the street. Now is there anything in the streets of a city that makes a person feel reverent? If so, I do not know of it. They come in from the streets, and they are not warmed up to receive the word of God, nor join in His services as they should be.

“That is where the movies come in. We show them a reel of nature pictures that displays the wonderful works of God. It inspires them with a feeling of reverence, and when the services commence, they are in the proper mood to receive His word.”

“Do you find that this really helps you in drawing and holding your congregation?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, “it does. For example, the Auditorium holds more than three thousand people. Every Sunday night it is crowded to the doors. The remarkable part of this is that over seventy-five per cent of these people are not members of our church, and fifty per cent of them are not Baptists. Now I do not claim that they come alone for motion pictures, for that would be absurd. No, but it helps to draw them. This is a large tourist city. We draw a large part of our congregation from them, but I do claim that the moving pictures are in a large way responsible for our success.

“What is their future in the church? I can not say for sure, but I think that there will be a time soon when many of the churches will put them to the same use as we have. It pays.”

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Established 1810
110 Years of Making
Good Brushes

Replaced foreign brushes in the U.S. in 1812, and became soon the leading manufacturers of Brushes in the United States. Later, and now, the largest manufacturers of Brushes in the world. Excellent quality; infinite variety of all kinds of Brushes.

Send for Illustrated Literature

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co., Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 110 Years and
the Largest in the World

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
“I Would Not Part With It for \$10,000”

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. “Worth more than a farm,” says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit
Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

For Boys and Girls Also

HOWARD C. RASH Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
330 Rash Bldg., SALINA, KANSAS

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

MRS. J. W. EROE, CHESTERTON, IND.—You may write to Evelyn Nesbitt at 201 West 54th Street, N. Y. C. You're quite welcome; come again.

S. DANIELS, OTTAWA.—Would the fact that you have a ruddy complexion be a drawback to acting for the movies? Ah—you were born to blush unseen, I fear. However, makeup may do wonders for you. You'll just have to follow the usual procedure: that is, apply in person at some film studio for a job.

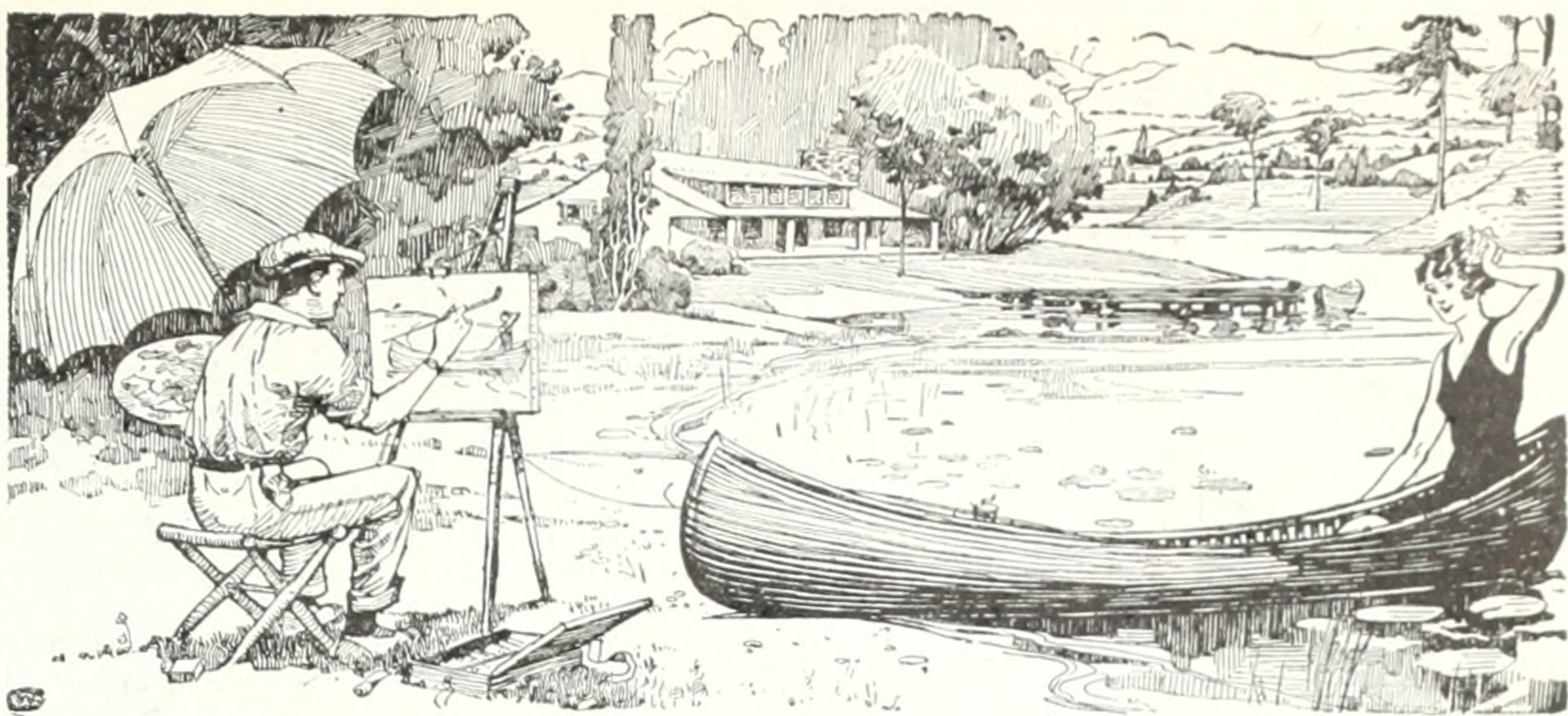
MARJORIE SHEEHY, NOVA SCOTIA.—I don't mind your "pack of questions" when they are so nicely tied up with the pink ribbons of flattery. I am still susceptible, you see—the older I grow the bigger my bump of conceit becomes. Lillian Gish played in "The Birth of a Nation," but she was not the little sister who jumped off the cliff to escape the villain. It was Mae Marsh who earned your sympathy for such a hard fall. Undoubtedly Mr. Griffith's assistants provided a net for her to fall into as Mae has been seen in pictures since and is working hard right now. The Gish sisters are Ohio girls; they were educated by tutors and in boarding school; they were both on the stage when tiny tots and in their early teens when they first went to Biograph. Neither Lillian nor Dorothy is married.

R. R. R., REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.—That thirteen-year-old girl who solved six problems of addition in forty-seven seconds should be made to juggle the birth-dates and present ages of some of our best ingenues. Peggy Hyland is in Europe now, making pictures for Samuelson Film Company, a British concern. Mae Murray is with Invincible; Madaline Traverse is to have her own company; Shirley Mason plays for Fox, and Earle Williams for Vitagraph.

INCOG., CHICAGO.—You're awfully mysterious, aren't you? You never made that promised visit to my office and now it's too late—we've moved, mail-bags and all. David Powell is married; I haven't his wife's maiden name. Here's the cast of "The Brat" (Metro), with Nazimova in the title role: *McMillan Forrest*, Charles Bryant; *Mrs. Forrester*, Amy Vanesse; *The Fiancee*, Bonnie Hill; *The Bishop*, Frank Currier; *Stephen Forrester*, Darrell Foss; *Manager of the Show*, Herbert Prior.

R. W. C., CANADA.—I haven't really been overworking so. But I feel I need a long vacation to keep up the illusion that I have been working. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith in Toronto, Canada! Pickford is a family name. Bill Hart is fifty years old. He will answer your letter, I believe. Tom Mix is a real, not a make-believe cowboy; he was born on a Texas ranch. Maciste was the strong man in "The Warrior." Mary Fuller is not dead, but she is not doing any picture work.

F. S., GALVESTON.—A New Jersey judge has barred from his court the low, drooping hats which hide the faces of women when they testify. Too bad all men haven't the power to regulate woman's headgear. Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill, now playing in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." Jane and Catherine Lee are in vaudeville now. So are Virginia Lee Corbin and Ben Alexander, the little boy whom Griffith discovered. Little Miss Corbin is a cunning child—a golden-haired baby who played in Fox's "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other of the fairy-tale series. Eddie Polo is making a circus serial for Universal.



Become an Artist

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

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

No Talent Needed, Anyone Can Learn in Spare Time

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

Beginners Earn \$50 a Week

Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the *personal* criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in com-

mercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities on the subject. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that *sell*. Many of our students have received as high as \$100 for their first drawing! \$50 a week is often paid to a good beginner!

Our course covers every possible angle of Commercial Art. It does away with all the superfluous technique and entangling hindrances of the ordinary art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing right down to fundamentals. In a word, you get all the benefits of a three year course in art at a residence school right in your own home—and for just a few cents a day. Your spare time is all that is required. A few minutes a day will accomplish wonders for you!

Free Book and Artist's Outfit

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

The Washington School of Art, Inc.,
1129 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
1129 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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

Name.....

Address.....

The Secret of a Perfect Voice

Amazing new easy method quickly gives you a voice of surpassing beauty for singing and speaking. Makes your voice stronger, clearer, wider in range. Through the wonderful FEUCHTINGER secret of vocal control, anyone can now have a perfect voice. Simple, silent exercises in spare moments at home. Stuttering, stammering, lisping banished. **FREE BOOK** explains the wonderful Feuchtinger secret of a perfect voice. Write for it today. See how you can easily have a beautiful singing and speaking voice. No cost or obligation. Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1536, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

Two sizes, 50c and \$1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. DEPT. P.P. NEW YORK CITY

Enjoy Your Outing



Whether you are motoring, golfing, playing tennis or baseball, swimming, fishing, hunting, or indulging in any other form of recreation, you can protect your skin from sun wind and weather by applying our marvelous

SUN CREAM

an antiseptic, soothing, toilet cream which heals and soothes the skin after exposure to sunburn or other burns. Prevents chapping in cold weather. Get a jar right away and acquire your summer coat of tan without injury to skin. All who work or play out o'doors need Sun Cream. Preserves and protects skin at all seasons.

Large Jar, by Mail, prepaid, \$1

If not entirely satisfactory after thorough trial return, and your money will be promptly refunded.

TRIANGLE CHEMICAL CO., INC.
3620 No. Kimball Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

START A BEAUTY PARLOR

Under our system it is easy for an inexperienced person to enter this most profitable profession. We teach you everything. WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET GIVING FULL PARTICULARS.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
LINCOLN PARK HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't Be a Sickly Grouch!



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Nobody loves a grouch—nobody likes to meet him in the street, do business with him or have him around. And you can't help being a grouch, if your internal machinery is running wrong; if dyspepsia or biliousness make your life miserable; if headaches and backaches take the tuck out of you; if constipation is poisoning your blood and beclouding your brain

GET RID OF YOUR AILMENTS

You are only half a man, when you stagger along under such handicaps; you can't win out, you can't make a success of anything; you are bound to be a failure—you know it, your wife knows it and all your friends know it. Don't lay it on your stomach or liver or lungs—take hold of YOURSELF—build yourself up into a MAN again; turn over a leaf and live life as nature meant it should be lived.

STRONGFORTISM WILL SHOW YOU HOW

Strongfortism is nature's way, has put vigor, vitality, hope, happiness into men who felt they were hopelessly down and out. Strongfortism will help YOU, as it has helped them; will show you Nature's safe simple, sure way back to health and strength and mental vigor. Don't delay a single day; learn about Strongfortism—the one way to happiness for you.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy", tells you all about Strongfortism. It tells how I became the strongest man in the world by practicing it, and how my pupils in every part of the world have freed themselves from the handicaps that held them back and are forging ahead in the world. Send three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I'll mail you a copy at once. SEND TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1365 Strongfort Institute NEWARK, N. J.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

A. G. F., DALLAS.—I have a sneaking admiration for Will Rogers myself. Perhaps it's a fellow-feeling; we are neither of us handsome. Will's son, Jimmie, plays with him in "Jes' Call Me Jim," a fine picture, by the way. Address both care Goldwyn, Culver City, Viola Dana, Metro. Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Bryant Washburn. Look for your other answers elsewhere in these columns.

MISS D. W., BALTIMORE.—A cynic would say that one can't understand great poetry and doesn't care to understand poor poetry. I only know I have successfully evaded my Muse on every occasion, so have no poetical flights to be sorry for. Harrison Ford, Lasky. Niles Welch, western Vitagraph.

G. W. SMITH, ST. BONIFACE, MAN.—The Editor has asked me to tell you that your letter was much appreciated by all of us who are working to make PHOTOPLAY. It was a charming letter—would I had more like it to answer. Your favorites are well-chosen—particularly the favorite who you say always cheers you when you need cheering: the Answer Man, your humble servant. Again thanks, and please write again sometime.

M. G. F., WASHINGTON.—Welcome to the family circle. Did you bring your knitting? Or your tatting would do just as well. Nazimova's leading man is her husband, Charles Bryant. He always appears with her on the screen. The Bryants have no children.

E. H., CUMBERLAND.—I don't blame you for liking David Powell. I suppose if I were a flippant flapper I'd rave about him too. As it is, I like his work very much. Address him care Paramount-Artcraft, Eastern. Since "On With the Dance" Powell appeared in other Fitzmaurice productions "The Right to Love" and "Idols of Clay," again with Mae Murray. He is married, Elizabeth!

LIBBIE, QUINCY, MASS.—That's nothing. I've heard of a dancer who wears a wig of spun gold. Honest. Or rather, from the press-agent's definition of honesty. Sorry, but Richard Barthelmess wouldn't be interested if I told him you were mad about him. Richard takes his work very seriously and would consider that tribute to his personality an insult to his art. But he might, if properly approached—on paper—send you his photograph.

C. M. A., EVANSVILLE.—I'll wager you are one of those persons who believe a man may renew his youth by adopting a flippant attitude toward middle-age. I am not old enough to worry or philosophize about old age yet. No, Delight Evans isn't a film company, but a young lady who writes for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; she is on the editorial staff. Bill Hart has blue eyes and brown hair, weighs 190 and is one inch over six feet tall. He has his own studio in Los Angeles. Grace Cunard is a brunette; she is twenty-nine, and lives at 1623 Gardner Street, L. A. Tom Mix married Victoria Forde. Is that all?

J. H. F., FRISCO.—Ladies of the harems of Bagdad are permitted to view American films—but the films must first be censored so that all love-scenes are eliminated! Most American girls would rather not see the film at all. Josephine Hill is married to Jack Perrin, a serial player for Universal. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold, a well-known legitimate actress who is now playing in "Adam and Eva" in New York.

MYRTLE, GRAFTON, ILL.—Good girl—you only wrote on one side of the paper this time. I see some of you do read the rules, after all. Wheeler Oakman, who is Mr. Priscilla Dean in private life—played opposite Mabel Normand in "Mickey." Mabel is now with Goldwyn; her new pictures are "The Slim Princess" and "Rosa Alvara" (the title of the latter may be changed for release). Others answered elsewhere.

ROBERTA, BOSTON.—Sometimes I become discouraged and think I will give up my department and go and write things to the dawn. Then I get a letter from you and decide to stick it. For, Roberta, how you would laugh at the thing I would write to the dawn! No man can stand ridicule—least of all I. I would rather you didn't send me your photograph, Roberta. Don't ask me why. Your newest shadow-flame, Jere Austin, is from Minneapolis. He was a stock actor before he went into pictures. Same height as Bill Hart—and weighs five pounds more. Address him at the Green Room Club, New York City. Pretty stationery, Roberta.

V. B., MORGANTOWN.—Many women I see have such fresh complexions, I am often amazed at such young heads on old shoulders. George Walsh is not married now. He is divorced from Seena Owen. He works for Fox, so address him care that company.

A GIRL'S CLUB.—So you are the girl who promised me a comb of honey and never came through. You can hardly expect me to say sweet things to you. I feel very sarcastic at such times as this. Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, only appears in pictures once in a while. She was one of the bridesmaids in Dorothy Gish's picture, which Lillian directed, "Remodelling a Husband." Leslie Marsh, a niece of Mae, was the littlest girl in the wedding scene. Visitors are not encouraged in most film studios. You must have a permit or a pull to get past the guardian at the gate. I am sorry but I can't give you either of these requisites.

MISS BLUE EYES, BEDFORD, MASS.—There are no studios in Bedford that I know of, but as you live there and I live in New York City I should think it would be simpler for you to investigate. One should know one's own town anyway. Eddie Polo may be reached care Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York.

MRS. F. A. A., ATLANTIC, IOWA.—Some plays end happily. In others, the muscular hero marries the marcelled heroine. Mitchell Lewis in "King Spruce" for Hodkinson and "Burning Daylight" for Shurtleff-Metro. Address Mr. Lewis in care of Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.

RED-HEAD, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—"That glorious" Valaska Suratt is in vaudeville now. Marguerite Courtot in "Bound and Gagged," a George B. Seitz serial for Pathe. H. B. Warner is married to Rita Stanwood; they have a little daughter, Joan. Warner may be reached at the Hampton studios, Hollywood, Cal. Lucille Lee Stewart is the wife of Ralph Ince, the director. Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore, Selznick. Tom Moore, Goldwyn, Culver City.

ELIZABETH, THOMASVILLE, GA.—Funny you should miss Wallace Reid's pictures. He has been releasing them regularly and the latest one is "The Charm School." The Reids have only one son, William Wallace Reid, Junior, familiarly referred to as "Bill."

All Musical Instruments

With Complete Outfits

Free Trial

A New Plan. Wurlitzer will send you any musical instrument you wish for, of the finest quality, with a complete outfit of everything you need, for a full week's trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. If you decide to keep it pay in small monthly sums. Wurlitzer makes complete outfits cost little more than instrument alone. You get factory price on everything.

Outfits include handsome carrying case, velvet and plush lined; self instructor, instruction aids; all attachments and extra parts, books of musical selections, etc.

Wurlitzer plan gives you everything you need at once, on free trial and on easy payments, and at a tremendous saving, Wurlitzer is the largest musical firm in the world today. Wurlitzer musical instruments are standard of the world. Buy the Wurlitzer way. Send for the instrument you wish on trial and judge for yourself.

Convenient Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for your instrument. Have it now and enjoy it while you make the easy monthly payments. These Complete Outfits are ready. Send for yours on free trial.

Violin	Clarinet	Mandolin	Banjo-Guitar
Cornet	Piccolo	Tenor-Banjo	Ukelele
Saxophone	Flute	Banjo-	Hawaiian-
Trombone	Bugle	Mandolin	Guitar
Mellophone	Fife	Banjo-Ukelele	Viola
Trap Drum	Guitar	Banjo	Cello

Beautiful New Catalog Free Write For It Today

Full details of all instruments and outfits and details of free trial and easy payment offer. Illustrated in color. More pictures and more information about musical instruments than in any other book published. A veritable musical encyclopedia. Free, no obligation. Send for catalog today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1726
117 E. 4th Street 329 S. Wabash Avenue
CINCINNATI CHICAGO

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1726

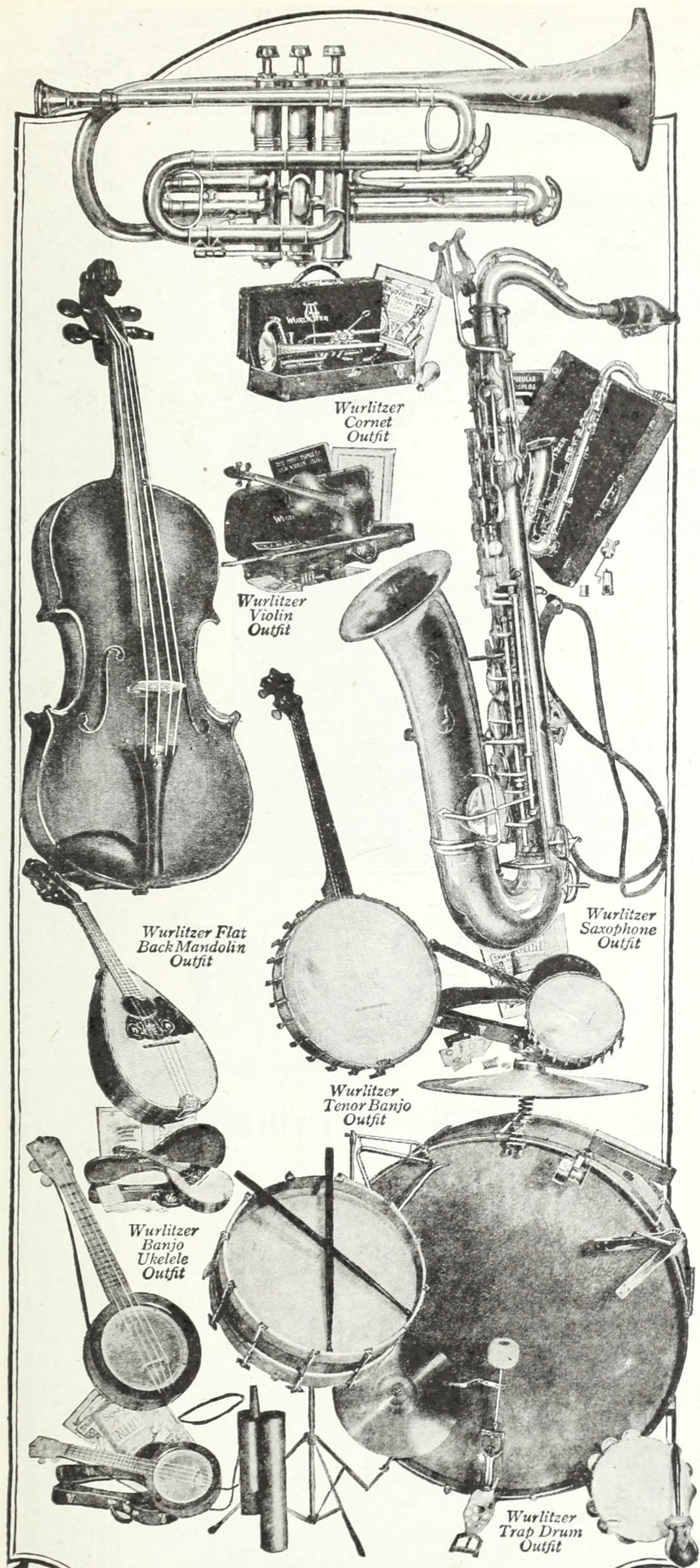
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.—329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(Musical instrument in which I am especially interested)



Wurlitzer
Cornet
Outfit

Wurlitzer
Violin
Outfit

Wurlitzer
Saxophone
Outfit

Wurlitzer Flat
Back Mandolin
Outfit

Wurlitzer
Tenor Banjo
Outfit

Wurlitzer
Banjo
Ukelele
Outfit

Wurlitzer
Trap Drum
Outfit

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Myran K. Nelson,
Clarence, Ills.

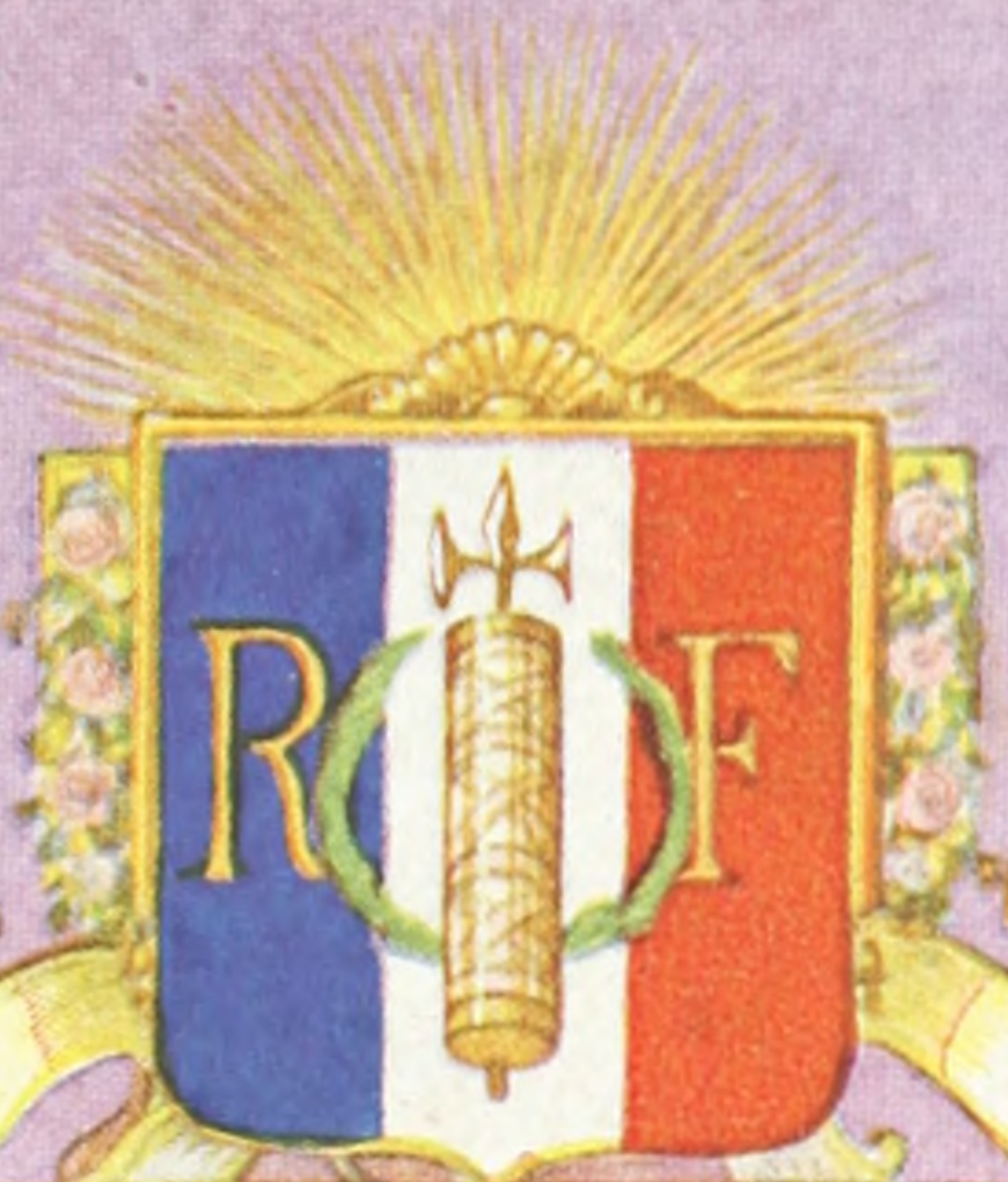
Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food, properly prepared, furnishes every element a baby needs to grow and develop as Nature intends. That is why Mellin's Food babies grow strong, robust and vigorous.

Send today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company,

Boston, Mass.



What is Your Coloring?

This is the essential fact to consider in choosing those "first aids to the appearance" which every woman finds necessary. The most radiant complexion is affected by fatigue, humidity or harsh winds and should be protected by carefully chosen powder on the lighter tones and by a harmonizing rouge for those touches of warmer color which add so much to the effect of health and vitality. This powder and rouge should exactly match the natural tones of the complexion.

However unusual a coloring may be it may be reproduced exactly, in Dorin's Compacts—a Dorine for the lighter tint and a Rouge for the warmer one. La Dorine comes in *Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee* and *Rachel*, also in a few rare special tones for very exceptional types. *Rouge Brunette, Rouge Framboise, Rouge Blondore* and *Rose des Blondes* give a range of warmer tones that will harmonize with every skin.

If you will send us a description of your hair, eyes and coloring with 25 cents in stamps we will send you two miniature compacts, one of La Dorine and one of Rouge, with a copy of our booklet "What is Your Coloring?" This booklet shows seven distinct types of beauty and the correct combination of compacts for each type. For 10 cents in stamps we will send samples of one Dorine and one Rouge *en poudre* with the book.

In buying Dorin's Compacts be sure that the words "Dorin, Paris" are on every box, as these exquisite preparations are widely imitated. For samples and booklet address

F. R. ARNOLD & CO., Importers
P5 West 22d Street New York



GOLDEN BLONDE



WARM BRUNETTE



ASH BLONDE



DARK BRUNETTE



AUBURN BLONDE



PALE BRUNETTE



CHESTNUT BLONDE



DORIN'S Compact Powders and Rouges

MUNSING WEAR

Union Suits
for Men
Women
Children



Munsing Union Suits for Men, Women and Children are popular because satisfactory. They are fine in quality. They give unusual service. There is a right size for everybody; also a style and fabric to suit every taste. For sale by one or more leading merchants in every town and city of importance in the United States. It is worth while to locate the Munsingwear stores in your town.

