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Magazine



Anna L.
Nilsson

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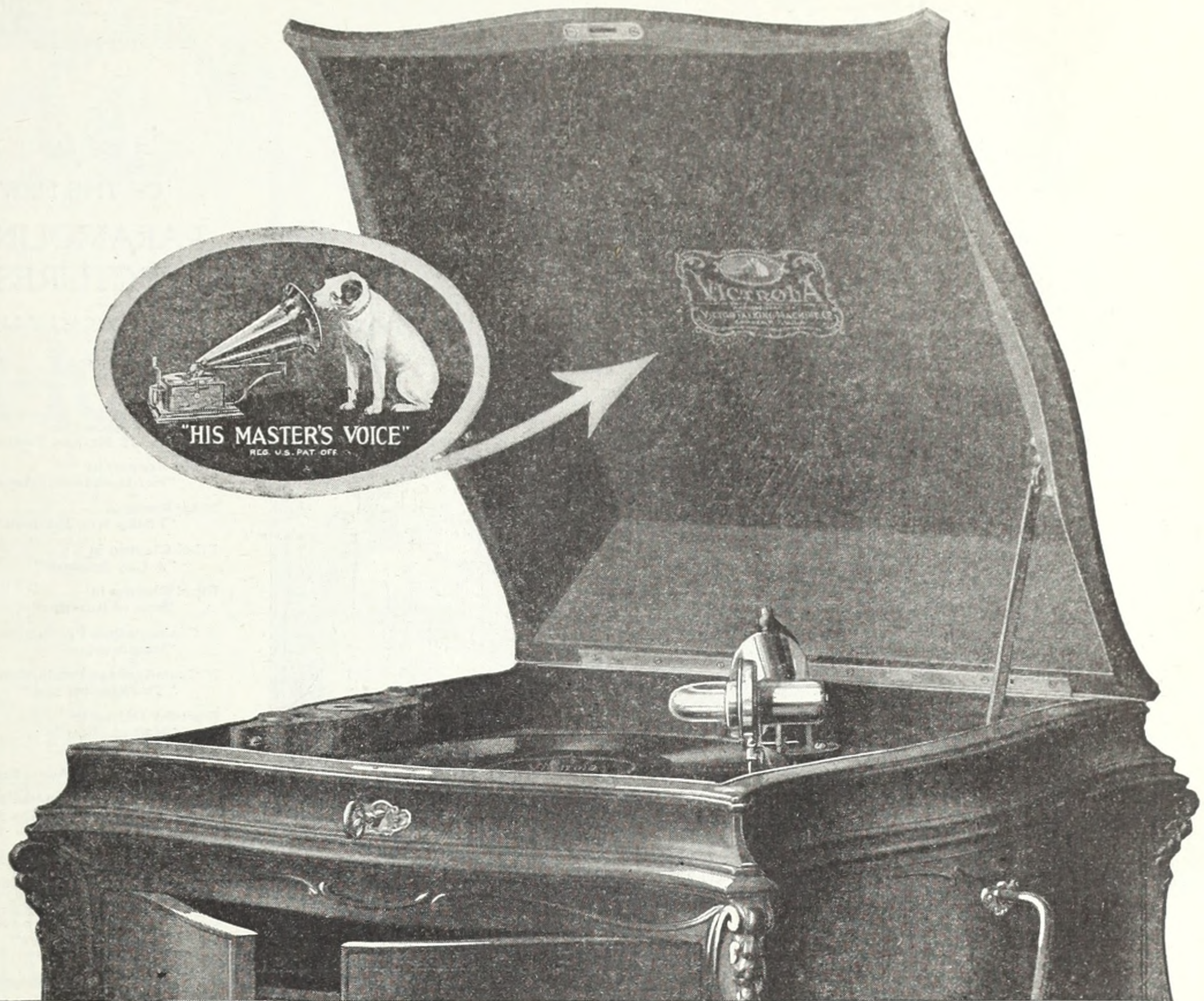
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A few
OF THE NEW
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- *Enid Bennett in
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- Billie Burke in
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"
- Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"
- Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Humoresque"
- A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Restless Sex"
- Dorothy Dalton in
"Half an Hour"
- Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Something to Think About"
- Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"
- George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"
- George Fitzmaurice's Production
"The Right to Love"
- Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"
- William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production
- *Douglas MacLean in
"The Jailbird"
- Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"
- George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"
- An All-Star Production
"Held By the Enemy"
- *Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"
- *Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"
- Wallace Reid in
("Always Audacious")
"Toujours de l'Audace"
- Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
- Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"
- Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"
- Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"
- *A Thomas H. Ince Production

Paramount Pictures





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 6

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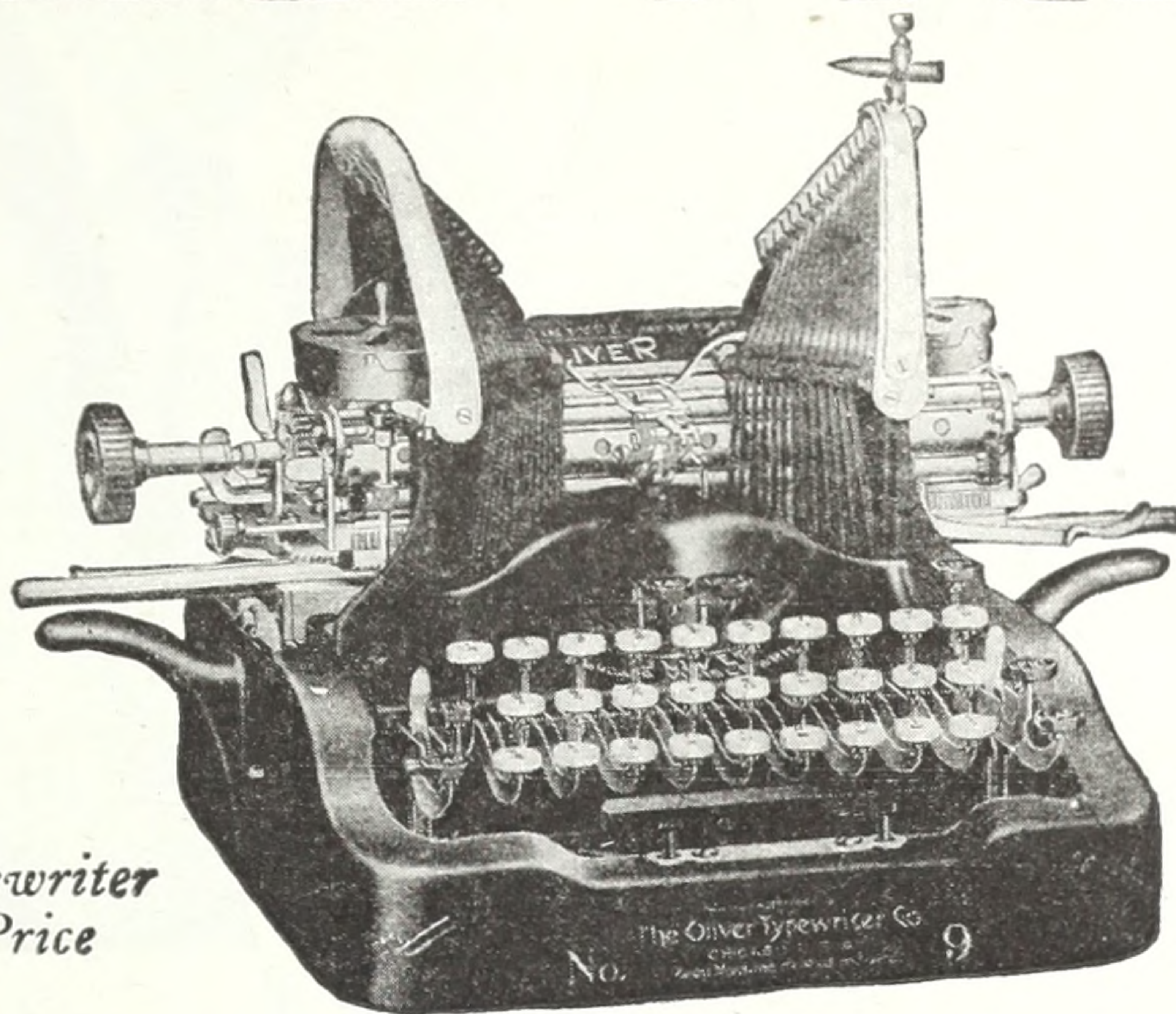
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- FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
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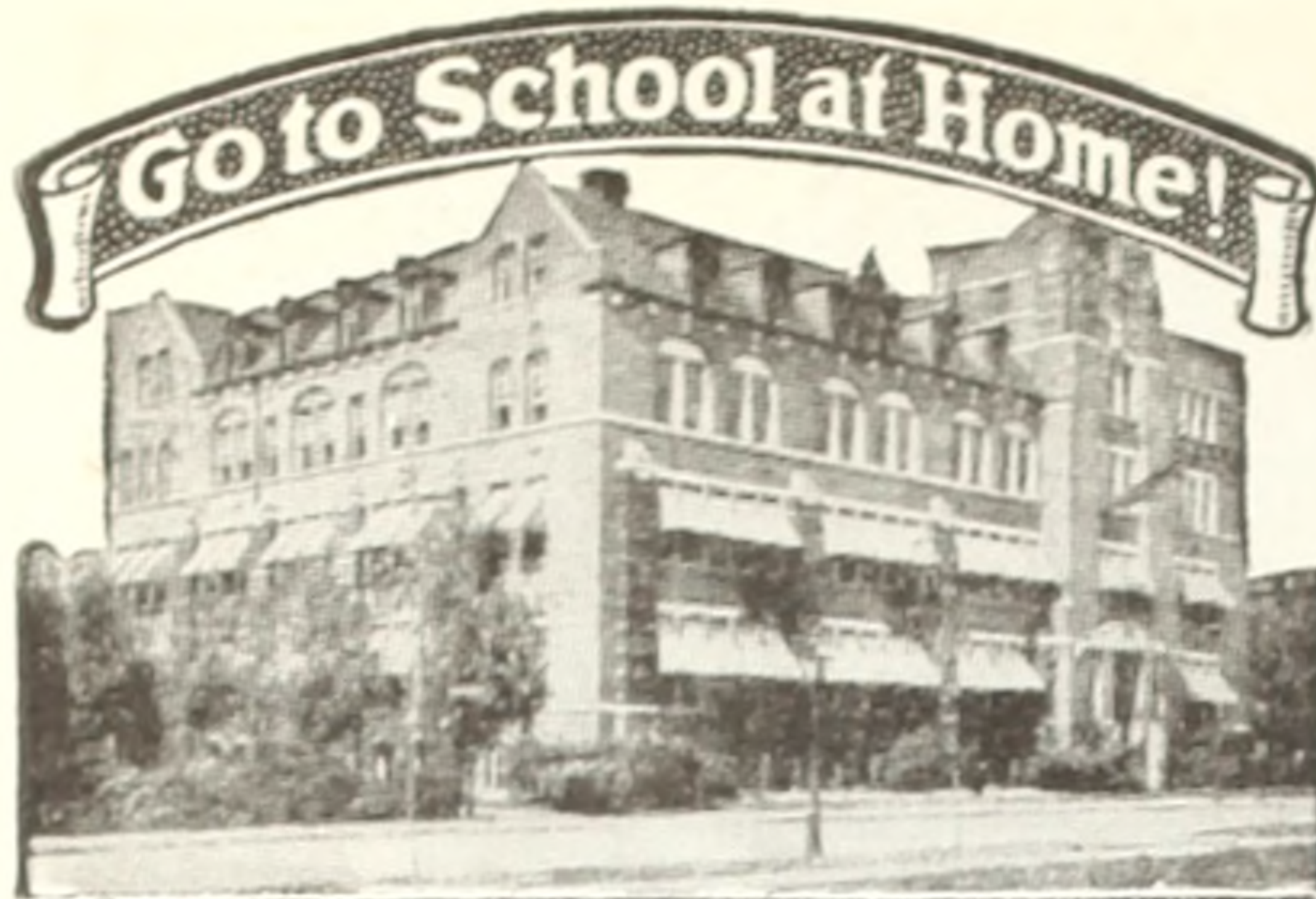
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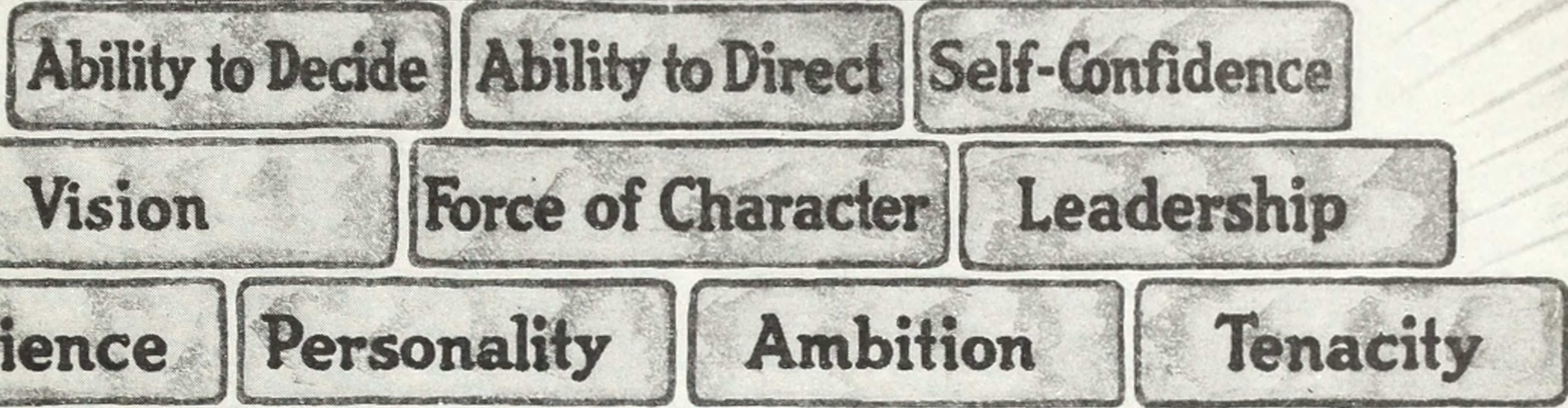
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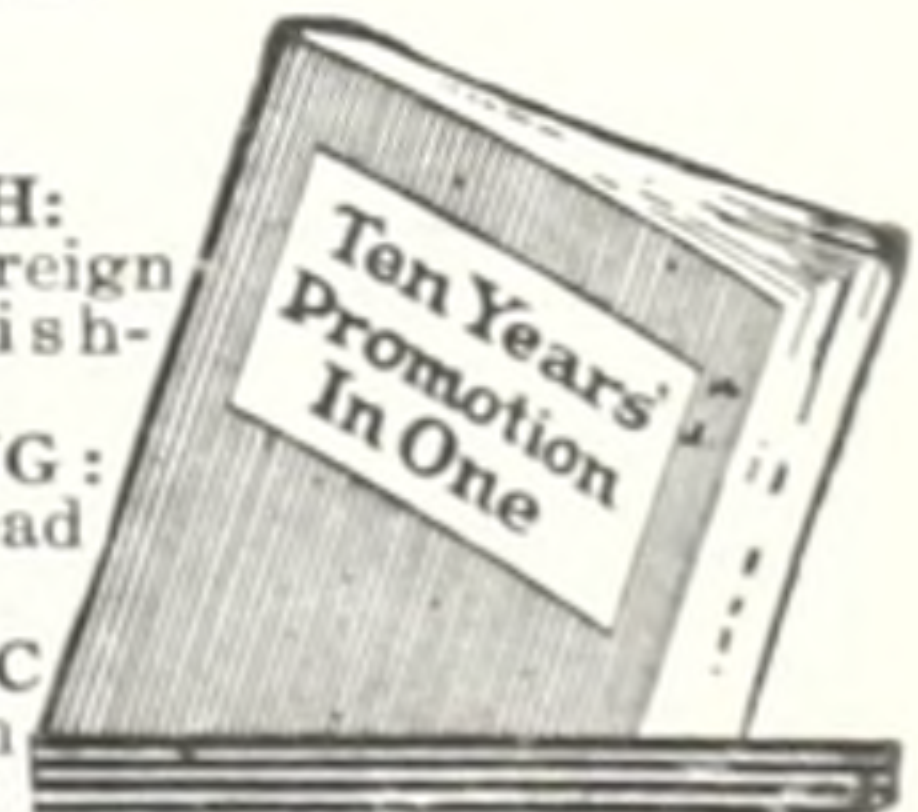
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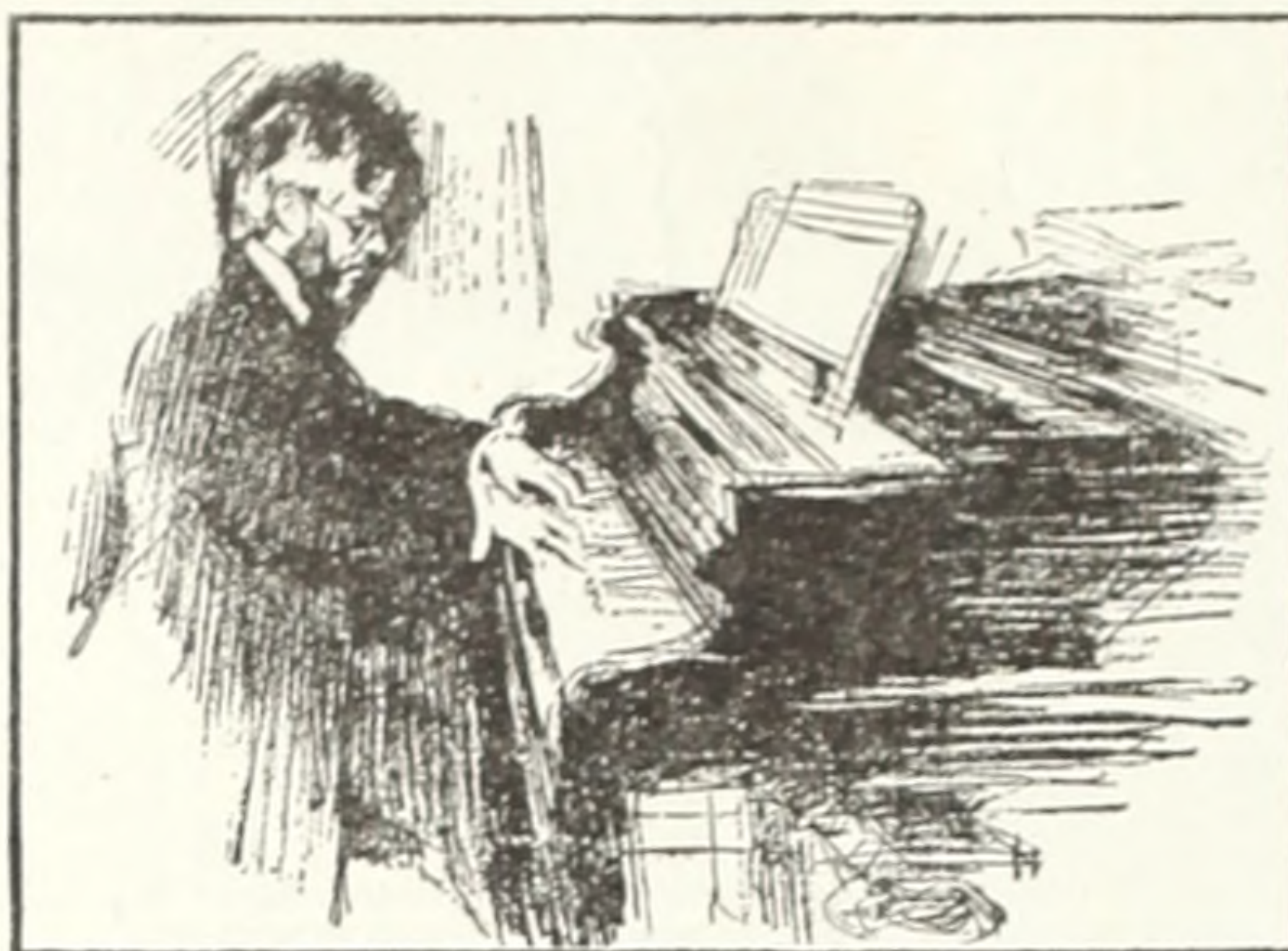


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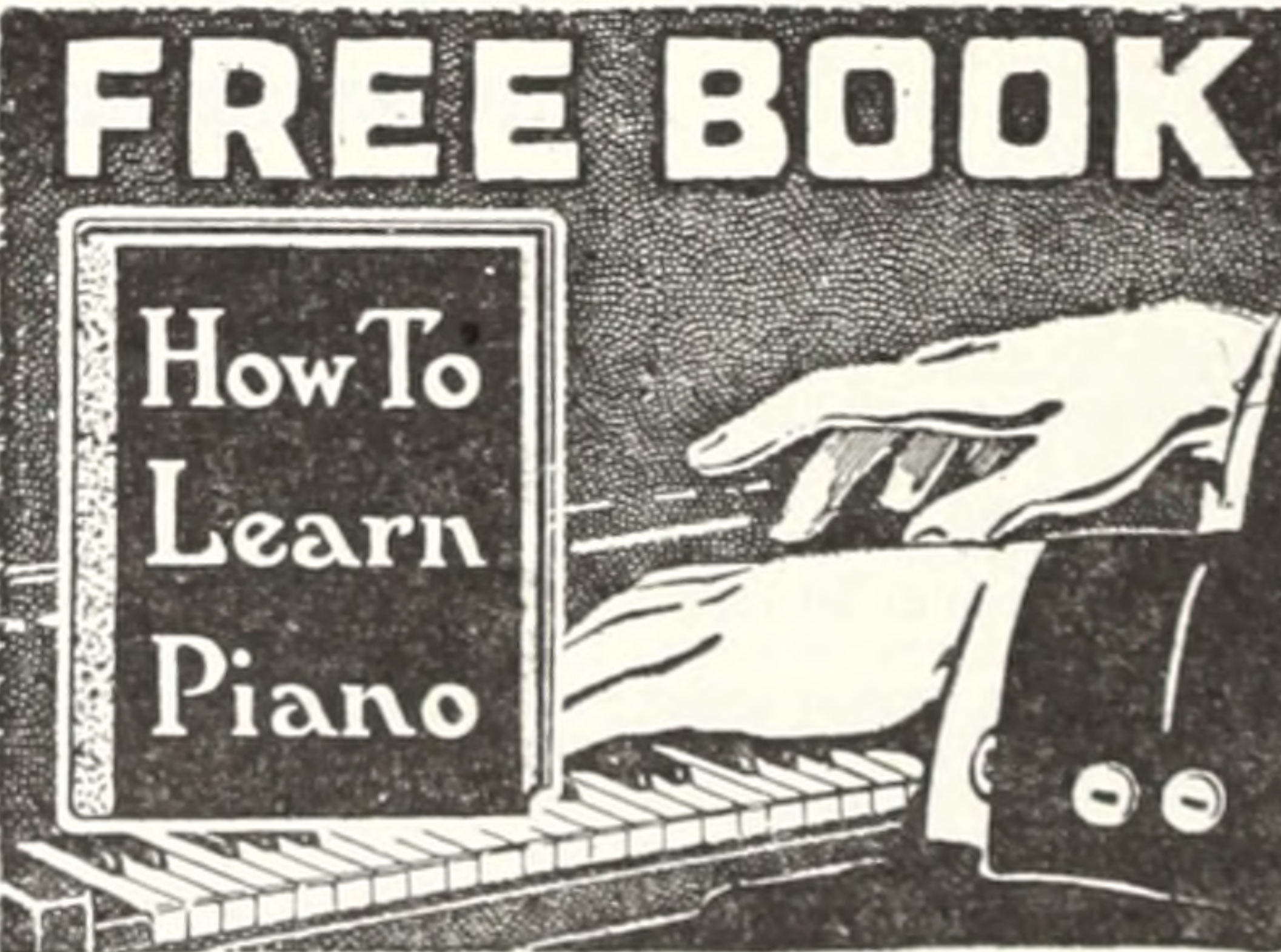


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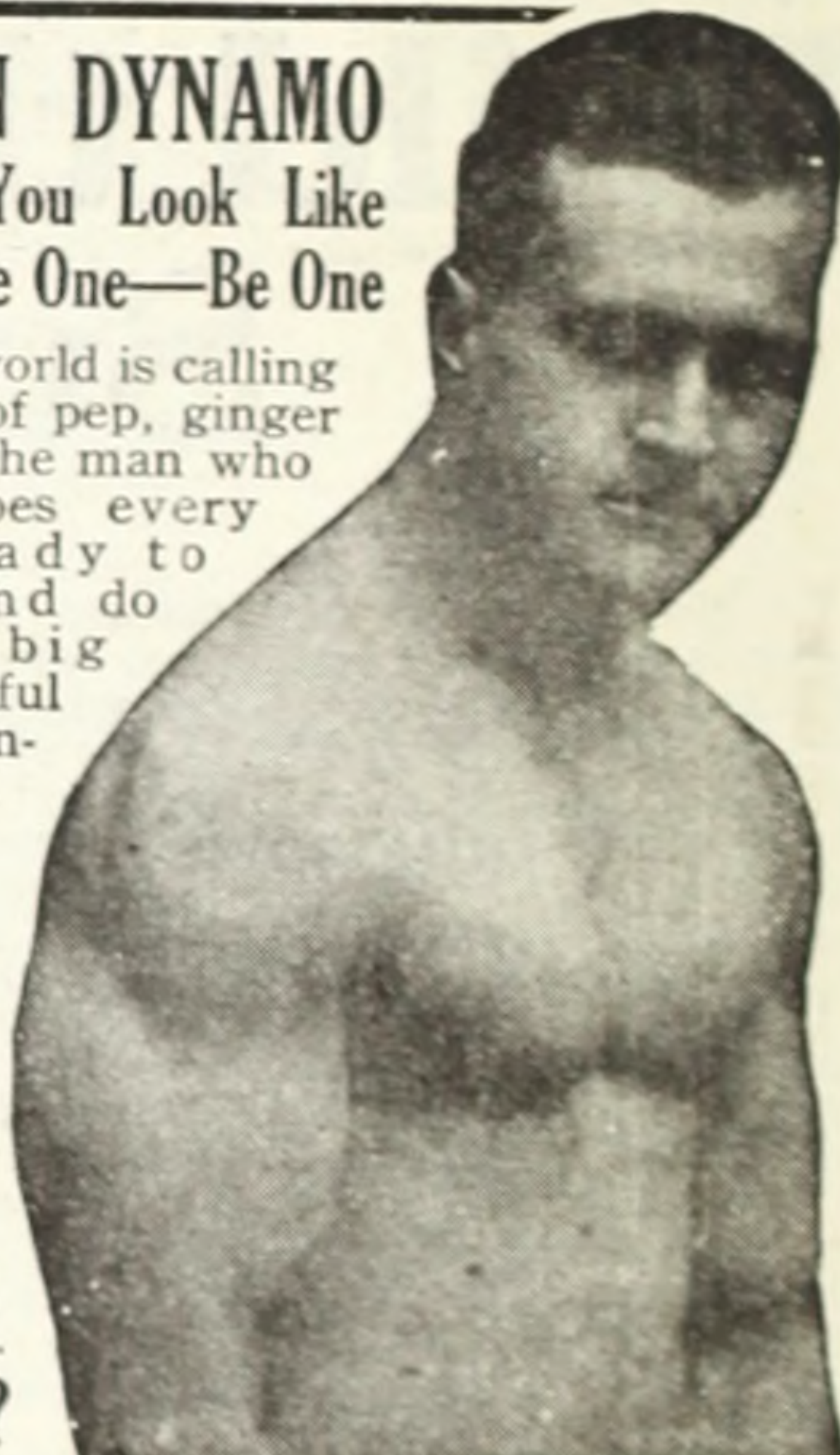
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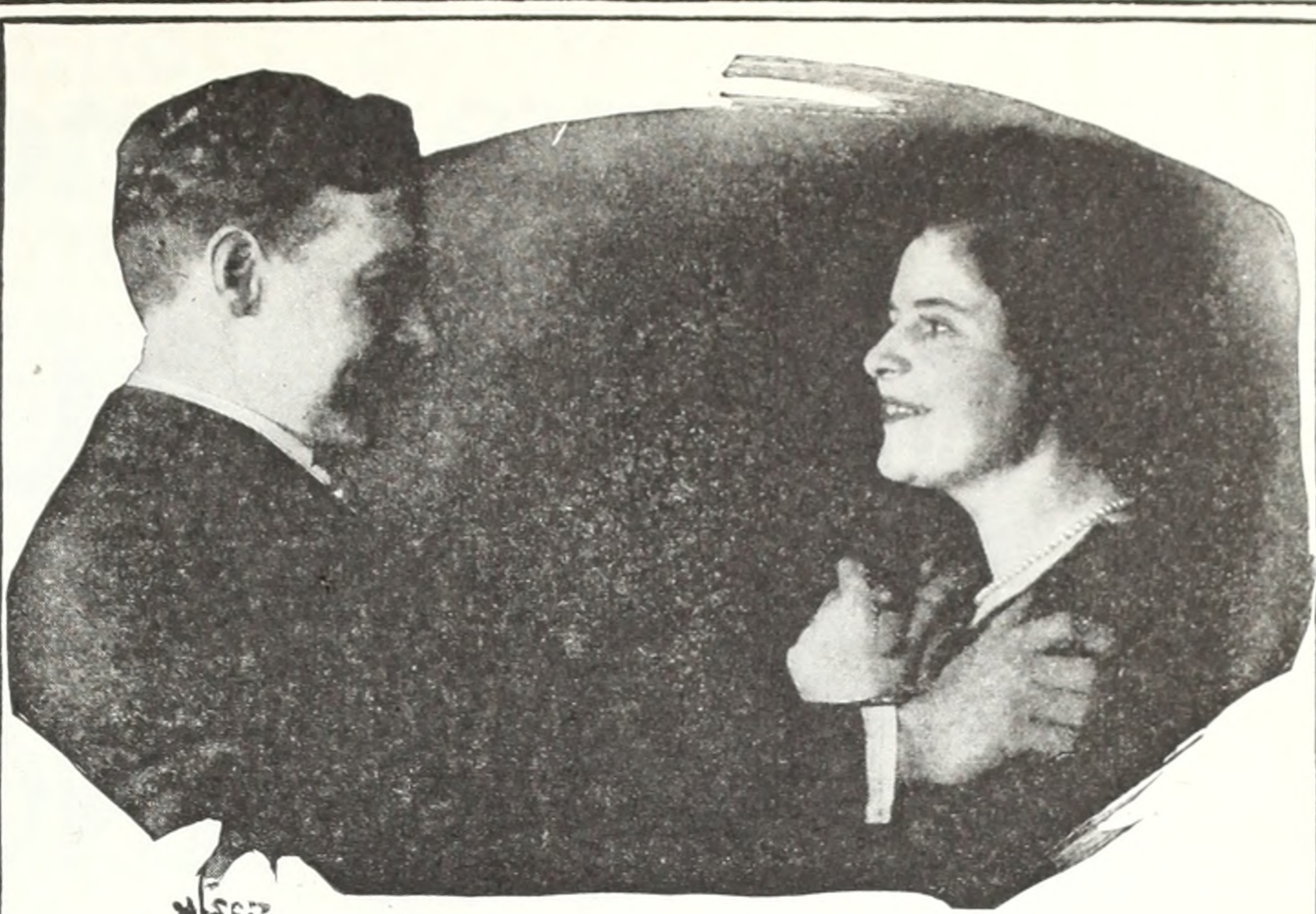
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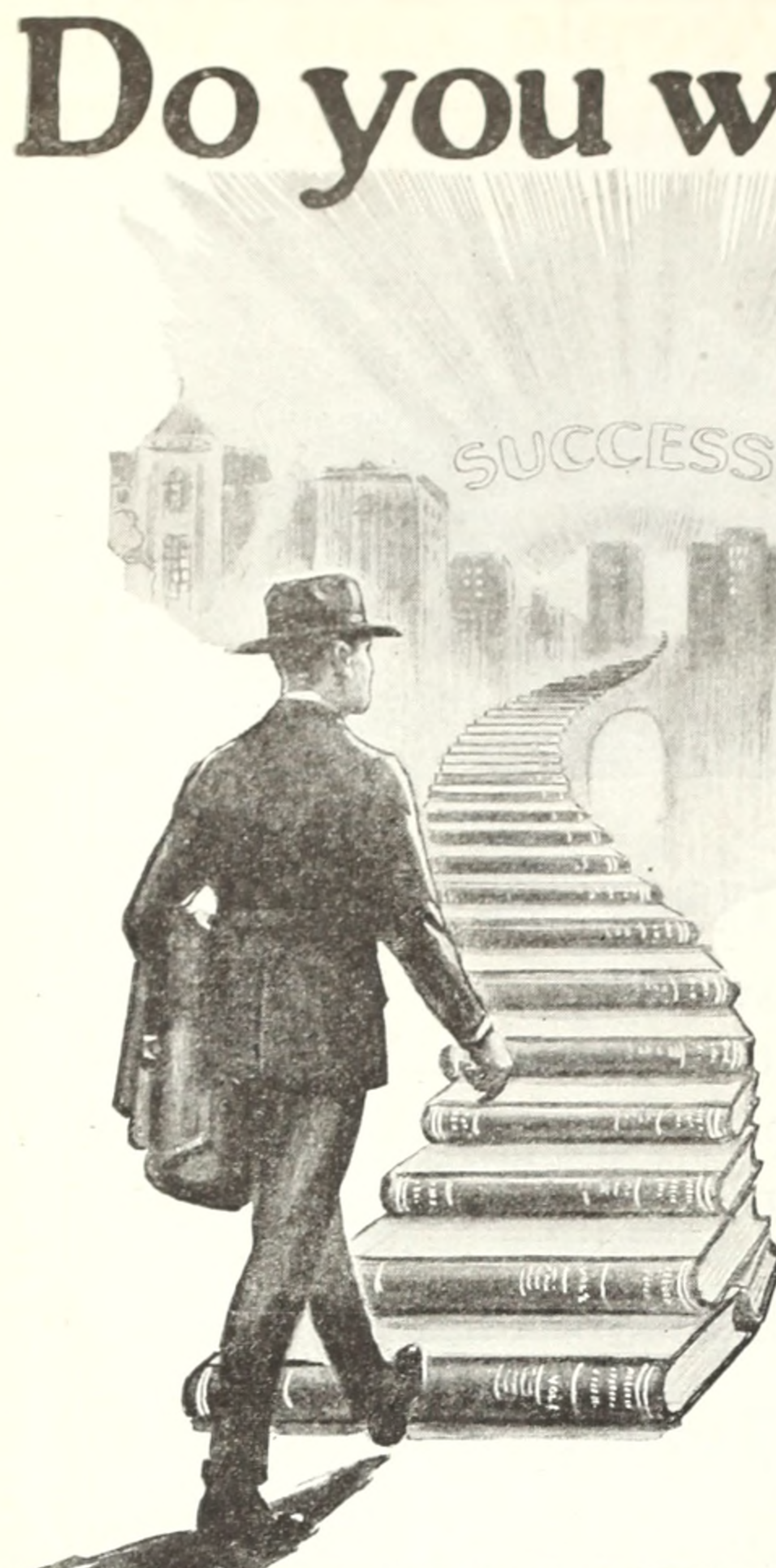
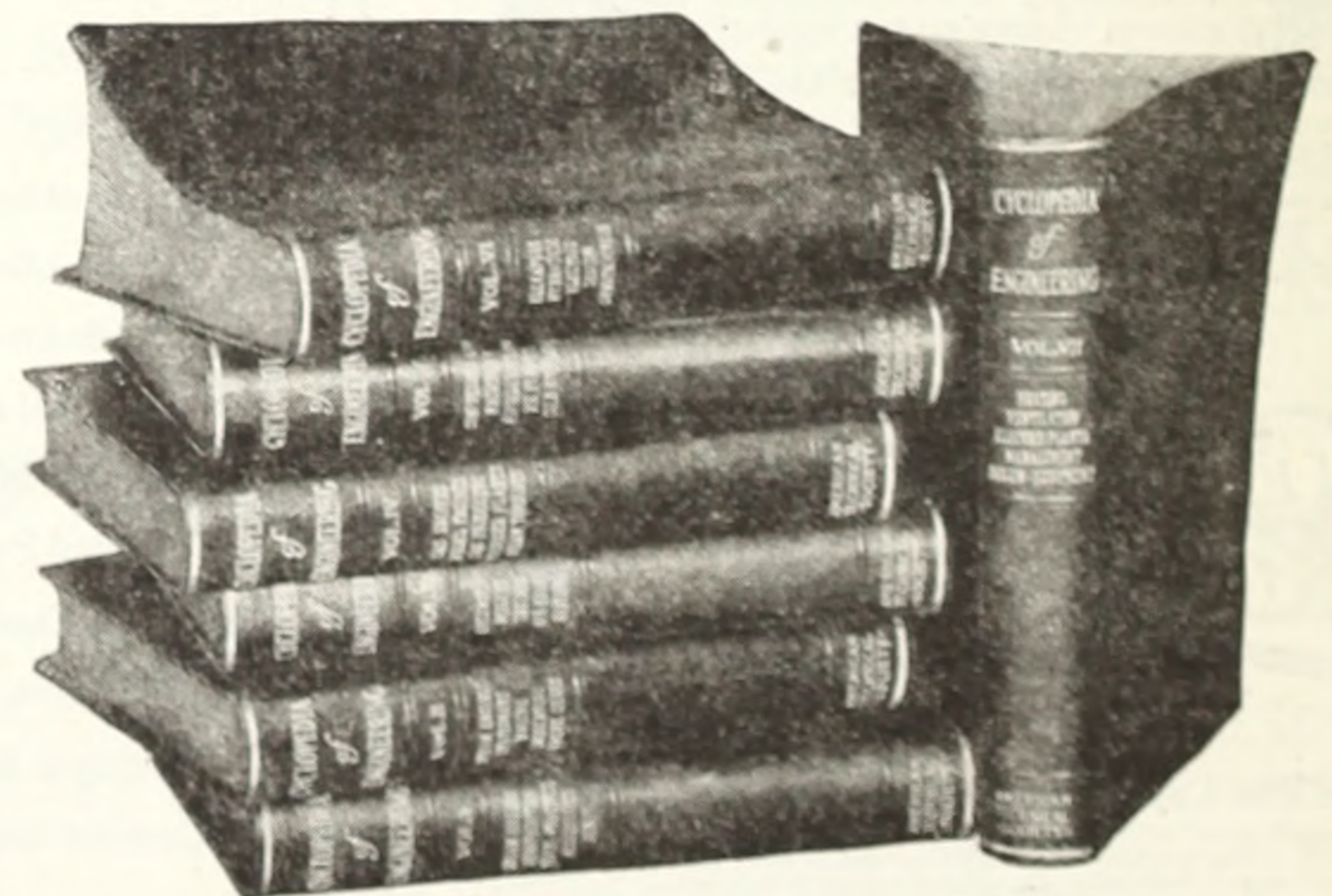
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STREET
CITY STATE

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're thorough. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "knowhow." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?



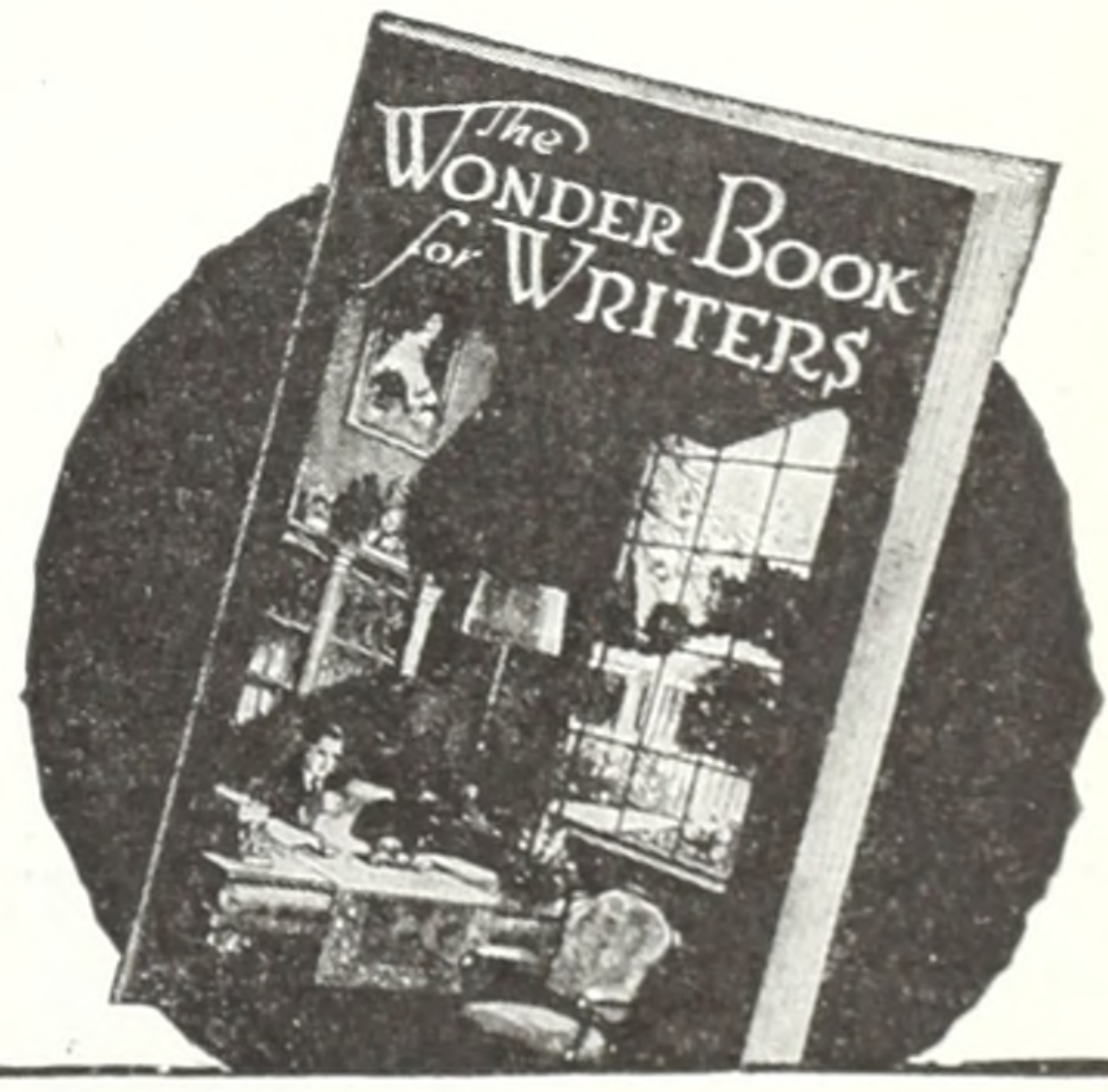
Miss Helene Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not BUYING anything, you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women, young and old may learn to turn their spare hours into cash.

Get your letter in the mail before you sleep tonight. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New Tomorrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 215 Auburn, New York.



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Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE, "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

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LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!
"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLEROI, PA.
"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photo play writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.
"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLER, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.
"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINNON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

The Subtle Art of making the foot look smaller

It is all a matter of shoes; if they are made to fit the foot in action, their lines will give that small, trim look



THERE was once a beautiful Princess, so the old story goes, whose feet were the wonder and admiration of all in her father's kingdom.

So small, so dainty, of such slender grace were they that artists loved to draw them. So high was the shapely curve of her instep that water could run under it without wetting the sole of her shoe.

Story-book, rather than flesh-and-blood feet, they were.

And yet—where is the woman who does not wish her feet to appear small and shapely; who does not love to wear smart shoes; to be always snugly fitted, trimly shod?

It is such a natural, feminine desire—now so easily possible of attainment.

The secret is in shoes made to fit the foot in action.

What moving pictures show

The strip of moving picture film shows the foot in various positions of action. It illustrates how different the moving foot is from the foot at rest.

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

The secret of making the foot look small

The outline of an object determines its appearance of size. And a moving object has different lines than it has at rest.

Shoes designed for the foot in action have *different*



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

lines—soft, snug, clinging lines that move naturally *with* every motion of the foot—not *against* it.

The designers of the Red Cross Shoe recognize these principles. They base their measurements upon a study of the foot in every possible position, as shown by hundreds of movie photographs.

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

The result is a shoe that is different—a shoe that retains its lines and gives to the foot in action that small shapeliness so much desired.

And there is wonderful comfort, too. Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping—it needs no “breaking in.”

The new styles are ready

At Red Cross Shoe Stores everywhere the smart new models await your selection. Among them you will find just the one to give your foot the dainty charm you so desire.

Perfect comfort—from the *first!* Perfect style—to the *last!* *Straight through* wearing qualities! Now is the time to get this satisfaction—in Red Cross Shoes.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide Book—sent without charge. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 812 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Model No. 606. “The Patroness.” Here is a shoe you are always seeking and seldom find—a winning combination of trim style and comfort. Black kid on an unusually fine combination last

No. 606



No. 615

Red Cross Shoe



Model No. 615. “The Chummy.” Of mahogany Russia calf, with medium round toe and military heel, this model is the kind of shoe no active woman can get along without

Model No. 620. “The Radcliffe.” Just the shoe for any time, any place, any occasion! This Blucher model in copper colored antique Russia calf is wonderfully trim and shapely



No. 620

Look for this trademark on the sole

Model No. 622. “The Blenheim.” Combine with the style and comfort of this black kid Blucher model, its unusual wearing qualities and it will be welcome, indeed, to every woman



No. 622



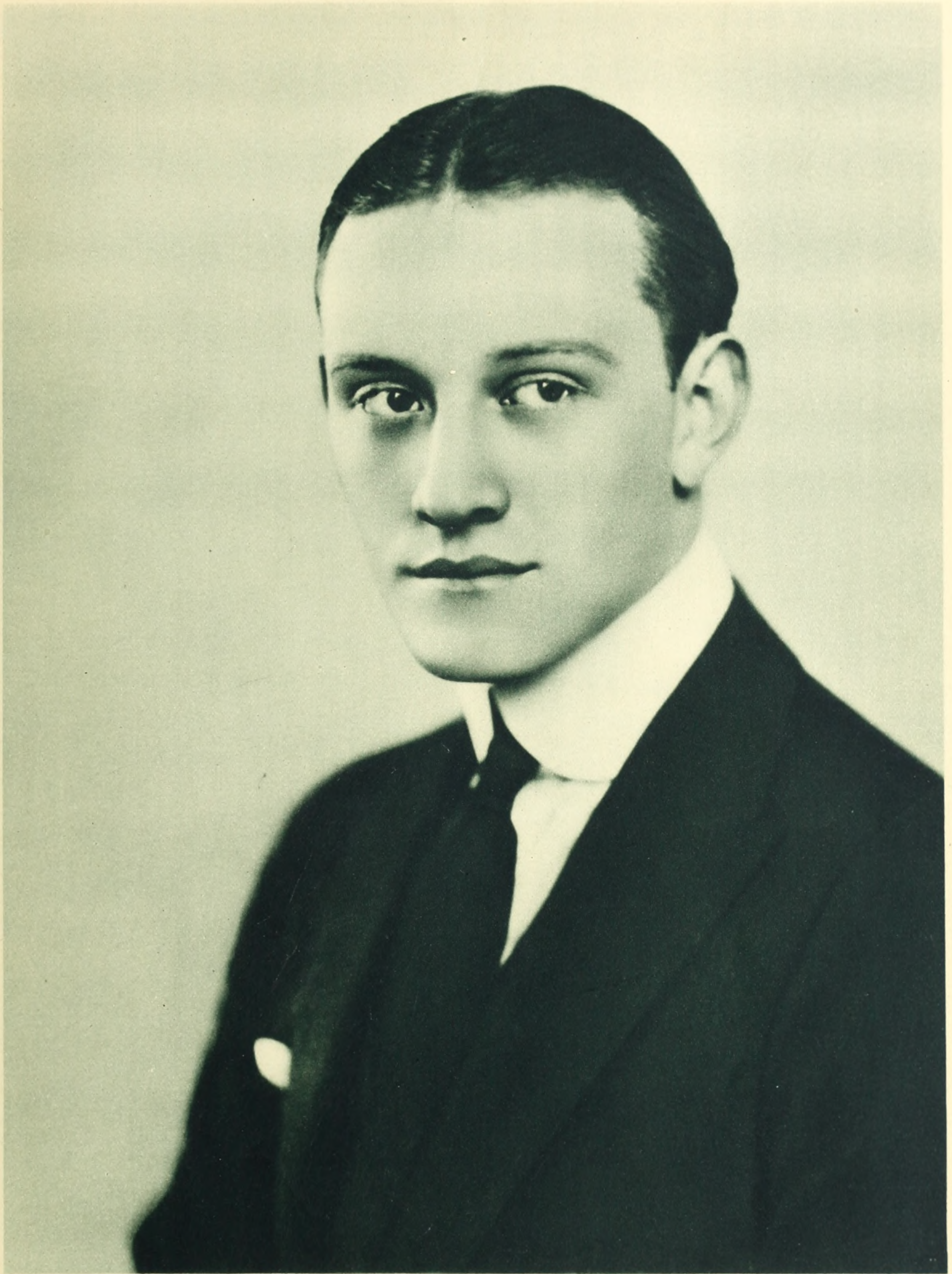
Bangs.

WE tried to publish one issue of PHOTOPLAY without running a picture of her. But we got so many letters complaining about it, we had to square ourselves right away. We present Alice Joyce: the very latest portrait of the lady.



Hoover.

IT is easy to imagine why they nicknamed her "Polly." Of staid Boston ancestry, she went on the stage via the chorus route. Did she remain in the chorus? She did not. Have you seen Pauline Frederick's finest effort, "Madame X?"



Evans.

PORTRAIT of a Young Man. It wasn't long ago that Conrad Nagel was playing Romeo to some high-school girl's Juliet—in amateur theatricals. "The Man Who Came Back" on the stage is now a permanent fixture in films. He is married.



Edward Thayer-Monroe.

ONE would like to write a sentimental poem to Louise Huff. She is so fragile, so flower-like—but then whenever we get to the second stanza we are certain to remember that she is happily married and the mother of Mary Louise.



Alfred Cheney Johnston.

JUST look at Estelle Taylor! Would you not say she was straight from sunny Spain—perhaps Paris? With those so-ravishing eyes, and the fiery grace? But this new little celluloid ingenue was really born and brought up in Wilmington!



Witzel.

EVERYONE has been wondering who will take the place of Thomas Meighan and Elliott Dexter as the hero of Mr. DeMille's domestic dramas. We refer you to Forrest Stanley, whom you may recall as a leading man in Morosco days.



Hoover.

YOU are always writing in and asking if Nazimova really has bobbed hair. The enigmatic Alla—who beat Irene Castle to it—here speaks for herself. She came from Russia and married an Englishman, Charles Bryant, her leading man.



Evans.

MARY THURMAN used to be our favorite sea-going goddess. And now that she is Allan Dwan's dramatic leading woman, we have decided that any time Jim Kirkwood wants to throw up his job, we'll step right in and fight for her.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVIII

November, 1920

No. 6



For Mabel and Jack

WOULD you, day after day, send your eight-year-old Jack into a luxurious restaurant and let him choose at random, brandishing a little boy's barbaric appetite to his own eventual destruction, or at least serious discomfort?

Would you permit your ten-year-old Mabel to wield her wild will in the shops of ready-made apparel, emerging thence to amaze the pedestrians, humiliate you and frighten the few remaining horses in our streets?

Would you encourage either child to read, or attempt to read, all our literary classics, or would you countenance a detailed study of every narrative in the Holy Bible?

You know you would do none of these things.

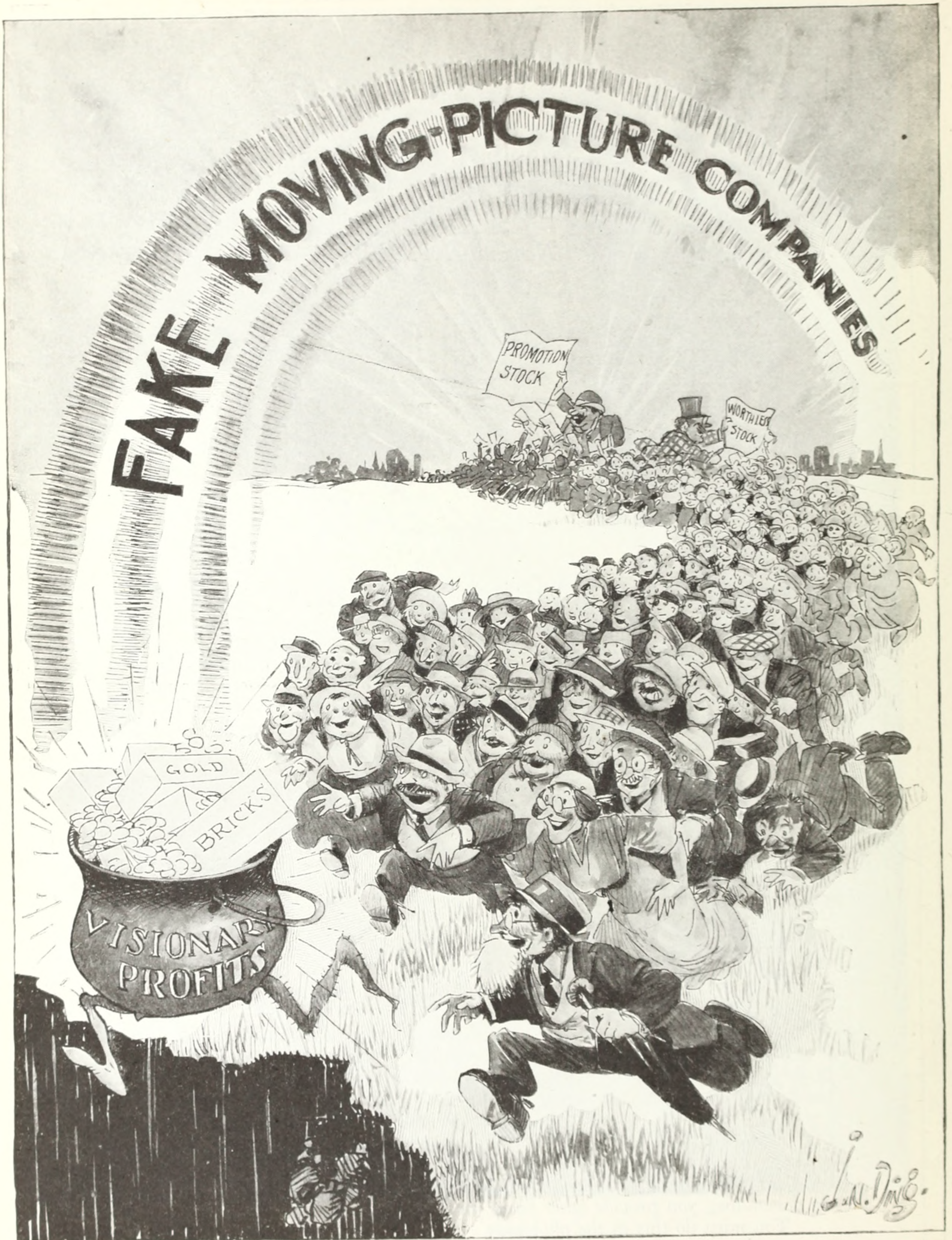
Yet, in a general way, you make few attempts to guide them in their film diversions. And every now and then, in consequence, some quack doctor of public morals talks about the "pernicious movies"

The mind of a child is the most susceptible, sensitive, permanent record in the world. There ought to be films especially for children, both educational and entertaining. There are such films now, but not enough of them, and there are no concerted attempts at children's evenings, children's afternoons, or children's programmes.

Your exhibitor is a business man. Prove that you want film education and film entertainment especially for your child, and you will get it. Many an enterprising picture-man has actually started children's days, only to abandon the practise because of neglect and non-appreciation.

You never will shut out the honest, though oftentimes tragic stories of real life. Real life is the basis of art in shadowland as well as in literature and the drama. But you don't cry down "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Easiest Way" because you know they are not proper pabulum for little sister and her brother. By demanding, you provide other books for Mabel and Jack.

You must do this in the photoplay.



Drawn by J. N. Darling

Rainbow Chasers

The Parasites of the Fifth Industry

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is on the trail of the Fake Motion-Picture Stock Promoter.

By JOHN G. HOLME

THE movies have never hidden their lights under bushel baskets or light-proof receptacles of any sort. The industry has always gladly and frankly admitted its genius, influence and amazing growth. Thus movie fans hear every so often in the course of every twenty-four hours something about the marvels of the movies. They hear, for instance, quite frequently just now that the motion-picture industry has become the fifth greatest industry of the country—fifth greatest in point of capital invested, in money expended, the greatest in influence exerted.

And this magic structure has sprung to its high eminence from nothing in less than twenty years.

This new industry—this new art—has developed this amazing growth because America has been able to summon to its call a new type of business genius, men who combine an artistic appreciation and imagination with sound business judgment and vision of the future possibilities of the movies. These leaders of the industry have established big corporations on reasonably firm foundations, some of them listed with the safe and sound industries in the financial markets. Some of the leading banking institutions of the country have invested in the stock and bond issues of these enterprises.

No wonder the men whose genius and hard labor helped create this miracle of art and mechanical skill swell their chests in pride. Only a few years ago the industry was a sort of an ugly duckling, spindling, mangy and squint-eyed. And behold, now it has become a beautiful swan. But every now and then these fathers of the movies may be seen scratching their polls with worried look in their eyes. That is when they hear, as they often do, that the motion-picture industry seems to be battling for first place among American enterprises in a less enviable sense. It is mighty close to outstripping any other industry in the number of unscrupulous financial adventurers that have collected about its fringes.

Every day of every week sees new motion-picture companies organized, big stock issues thrown on the market, and new and wonderful plans disclosed to coin vast fortunes. The public is invited and cajoled by promises and pledges of great earnings to invest its money. While these new companies are being organized and financed, other companies, which were new and full of pledges and promises a few months since, are going into bankruptcy while their promoters who were going to perform such miracles, actually do succeed in performing one miracle. They disappear—fade out, as they say in the movies—and with them disappear all the hard-earned dollars of the trusting investors.

Practically all of the companies whose stock is being sold to the public through alluring circulars and newspaper advertisements are being promoted and officered by men of little or no experience, technical, financial or executive. Yet these men hold out promises of fabulous profits in an industry which is known to be one of the most technically complex and financially hazardous of any modern commercial venture. These promoters assume and the public takes for granted that it takes no more skill to make moving pictures and make them pay than it takes to sink a shaft and erect a derrick in an oil field. The fact is that the motion-picture industry is more

than a commercial venture. It is more than an industry. It is an art, a new art, elusive and mercurial. The brainiest men of the business world have not yet succeeded in stabilizing it and bringing it fully under control of standard business principles. It has no fixed standing. It is changing from day to day—changing so fast that even the acknowledged “wizards” of the profession have a hard time keeping up with its developments.

PHOTOPLAY is daily flooded with letters of inquiries from its readers asking for advice on stock issues offered by men of whom the oldest veterans in the industry have never heard. Scores of other letters come in from readers of PHOTOPLAY telling of new companies promoted by men who have never

touched anything in the motion-picture world without blighting it. PHOTOPLAY has in its files the circulars of these adventurers. These circulars are generally alike in one respect. Novices and wreckers, alike, promise hundred and thousand-fold profits on a few dollars' investment. They all cite the great successes of the craft. They all tell about the fortunes made out of “The Birth of a Nation,” “The Million Dollar Mystery,” “Traffic in Souls,” etc. The writers of these circulars have fairly bankrupted the generous deposits of laudatory adjectives of the English language in dilating on the future of the movies, and the growth of the movies. They tell of the millions who attend the movies, and the number of movie theatres now filled daily and nightly, and the number of theatres now being built, and the number of millions of persons who will see the movies this year and next

THE prosperity of the movies has attracted a flock of promoters who are fleecing the public through the sale of worthless stock in motion-picture companies of their own creation. These men promise to perform film miracles. The only miracle they have ever been known to perform is a fade-out with the money of the gullible public.

year and the year after.

And every line in most of these circulars is distorted with exaggerations. No mention is made of the many failures, no mention is made of the millions lost. No, judging from these circulars, every person who has gone into the movie business is a magnate. The fact is that these promoters have gazed on the splendor of this new art till they are blind, and so they have to lie to themselves and to their victims about its splendors. They have become like the patrons of Fultah Fisher's boarding house who

*“lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread.
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead.”*

And millions of persons, uncritical, unthinking, and gullible beyond words, are induced by these fakers to part with their money to become “partners” in this miracle of art and celluloid. What are the results?

The motion-picture industry—the legitimate industry—to which honest business men have devoted their brains and money, to which thousands of actors and actresses, playwrights and novelists are devoting their genius and conscientious labor, is besmirched by these swindlers and hated by the victims of the swindlers who assume after they have been fleeced that all motion-picture ventures are built on fraud.

The files of the state and federal prosecutors bear many unsavory records of motion-picture fakers who have robbed

(Continued on page 120)

Seriously Speaking

A very solemn
consideration of Dorothy Gish.

By DELIGHT EVANS

IT is a terrible thing to be misunderstood. The fact that Oscar Wilde and other eminent authors have repeatedly assured us that to be misunderstood is often to be great, carries little or no weight with the heroine of this brief essay.

Dorothy Gish is our particular Little Nell. She is perhaps the most misunderstood star in pictures. Popular tradition has not, decidedly, done right by her. And I think it is only right that you should know about it.

I have no doubt you think she is a sort of female Fairbanks who delights in performing facial gymnastics after office hours,

to the horror of her gentle mother, Mrs. Mae. That she wears her black wig all the time, not even removing it when she retires. That she does little in her spare time but stand before her mirror and practice new ways to act funny—

Well, she doesn't.

The youngest Gish, Dorothy, is not gay, but grave. She never laughs on Sunday; she could never be accused of impersonating Pollyanna; she is rather, a pessimist. Anyone who has to be terribly funny six days out of seven is a pessimist, I suppose. And a comedienne is expected always to be funny. People watch her with a broad grin all ready to use, waiting

for her to say some screaming thing, or make a funny-face. Dorothy gets a lot of fun out of being a pessimist; she wouldn't be one if she didn't enjoy it. She's an optimistic pessimist. She is pretty nearly always disappointed with herself on the screen and yet she is forever telling funny stories she hears on herself in the audience, as for instance when a man behind her said, "She's funny—but she certainly can't act."

She hates the words "personality" and "ingenue." So when you write her, eschew the two. Her motto is "The Worms will get you" and she believes they are particularly on the lookout for "ingenues" with "personality."

Dorothy is one of these individuals we call, for want of an apter name, "highbrows." She can talk about such things as the progress of psychoanalysis or the prose of Pater. But she believes, too, that too much study is worse than none, and finds hilarious relief in such mirthful moderns as Stephen Leacock. She wishes, by the way, that she were a writer instead of an actress because writers can write after they are old and gray, but most actresses are good only so long as their appearance pleases. When she speaks of old age—so many, many years distant for her—her mouth droops and her eyes grow very serious indeed, and you wonder if she can be the same baby who, a minute ago, was telling of her own "infant" days in the theater when she heard someone call her a "little comedienne." She burst into tears because she thought a comedienne had to be an extremely ugly person with a red nose and whiskers.

She is one of those natural-born leaders who would always be the presiding spirit of her own coterie. In boarding-school, where she spent a brief period, I've no doubt she was the undisputed princess of pajama parties, the empress of inter-class athletics. She would be—she was



Hartsook.

She wishes that she were a writer instead of an actress because writers can write after they are old and gray, but most actresses are good only so long as their appearance pleases.

born that way. It is quite unconscious, this imperial quality about the littlest Gish; she is charmingly oblivious of it. But I have noticed that whether it is at home bantering big-sister Lillian, or at the studio superintending a set, or at a dancing party where every man present wanted to dance with her, she is the ruling spirit. A very tiny, blonde-haired and gray-eyed ruling spirit, but none the less independent and impressive. She thinks she is afraid of burglars and earthquakes, bad directors and cruel cameramen, but she isn't.

I've seen her, on the other hand, cry when she didn't like one of her own pictures. She's as conscientious and uncoincided as that. She has never made the usual mistake of believing herself a tragedienne, but she would like to do something besides broad comedy; something a little deeper, a little truer to life. She has a keen understanding, a subtle sympathy with all the world, and she should be permitted to give full expression to it. As a matter of fact, Dorothy is not an actress of grotesque exaggerations; she would fare far better if she could ease up a bit, throw away the wig, and act herself. If you saw "Old Heidelberg," one of her old Fine Arts films, or "Betty of Greystone," you know what I mean.

She says she can't imagine herself married. Of course she will marry some day. It would not be possible for Dorothy Gish to go through life unmarried; she's far too feminine and too pretty, and such a good pal that all the men she knows adore her. The girls and boys she plays to, all over the country, have been disappointed because she hasn't married: (1), Dick Barthelmess; (2), Bobby Harron; and (3), Ralph Graves. Dorothy isn't engaged. When she is, it will all be announced in the accepted fashion and she will be married in a regular church and have a wonderful wedding. And I'll wager she will stay married—and—everything.

It is Mrs. Gish, her mother, who deserves the credit for Dorothy. The Gishes never make up except for the "set;" they dress quietly; and they have a real home. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish have gone to Europe for a two months' vacation. No work, no worry, no heavy black hairing for two whole months. "Think of the quiet, peaceful time we'll have!" said Dorothy, just before she sailed, "no war, no air-raids. You know when we went over before to make 'Hearts of the World' it was nerve-racking. We were in eight air-raids. We will go to Italy this time. I've always longed to see Italy. And Constance is crossing on the same boat!"

Constance, of course, is Constance Talmadge, Dorothy's chum. They are the Two Inseparables. Whenever any friend of theirs meets Dorothy without Connie or vice versa, he asks, "What's the matter—is she sick?" Dorothy sincerely believes that Constance is as pretty, as charming, and as clever as



That black wig she wears in most of her pictures is the bane of her existence.

it is possible for a girl to be. Constance is—but not many other girls admit it.

It's been an uphill struggle for fame for Dorothy, who was a little girl in a little Ohio town. Only her own determination and her mother's carried her and her sister to New York. When they were child actresses they met Mary Pickford, and later Mary introduced them to David W. Griffith at the old Biograph studio. They had very tiny bits to perform at first.

"Everybody in Massillon, Ohio, turned out to see us," says Dorothy, "and those who didn't watch the screen every minute missed us altogether."

And now the home town turns out en masse to welcome the sisters when they make one of their celluloid visits. And they have not forgotten old friends, by any means; they play personal engagements in Massillon whenever their work permits.

Still Waiting

SHE was a waitress in a railroad restaurant in a small Montana town. She was a good waitress. One day a traveling man came in and happened to look at her.

"Say, kid," he said confidentially, "you ought to make good in the movies."

She saved her tips and in a year had hoarded enough to get to Los Angeles. She had her name on the extra list of a large studio, and one day she was called. It was her first chance, and she became confident when she was given a cap and apron to don, and told that she was to have a bit as a waitress in a restaurant scene.

The assistant director took the trouble to explain the scene to her. "We want somebody to look like a real waitress. Deft, efficient. You and Miss Truelove have this scene alone. You ought to photograph. Go to it." She did; she spilled the soup down the star's back.

John

The story of the wooing of America's leading young actor and Mrs. Leonard Thomas.

By

ADA PATTERSON



Helleu, the etcher, says she is the most beautiful woman in American society.

ON the gusty March night of John Barrymore's premiere in "Richard III" a tall, a beautiful young woman wrapped in luxurious furs, stepped from her limousine. Followed by a woman companion she made her way beneath the gay striped awning stretched by the Plymouth Theater for the "limousine trade." Yet though the sable-wrapped young woman manifestly belonged to the "limousine trade," from her shining black coiffure, to the Eiffel tower heels of her satin pumps, she did not make her stately way to a box nor down the aisle to the coveted twelfth row. Arriving early she had tendered the door-keeper a ticket for a balcony seat, smiled at his apparent surprise, and made her way to the high seat of the gallery gods.

From that unaccustomed seat she watched the play as though she had never seen the tragedy of the ill-favored king. She watched the minutest movement of the star. When the curtain fell and rose again and again while the crooked-back king came forward gloomily to bow his acknowledgment of the audience's approval, she settled back into her furs and smiled as though the triumph were her own. And that in a measure it was.

She had gone over each line of the play with him. She had watched the rehearsals from the dusk depths of the Plymouth auditorium. Often the young man whose shriek of demoniac laughter in one of Richard's rages will be quoted as a masterpiece of "stage business" by commentators on the stage for generations, left the stage after one of his scenes to confer with her. Yes, she was keenly interested in John Barrymore's

production of "Richard III." Not solely because of its dramatic artistry and intensity, but because she intended to marry John Barrymore.

And she has!

The beautiful young woman with the brilliant black eyes and the flashing smile was Mrs. Leonard Thomas. Quietly she had taken steps long before to secure a divorce in the Paris courts. It would be granted. There was no question, no doubt of that, but the law is tedious. Its steps drag with maddening slowness. The divorce was assured but certain documents were yet to be signed, certain seals affixed. Therefore Mrs. Thomas deemed it wisest to sit in the balcony and avoid the banter and the questions of her set that was so near to filling the lower part of the little theater.

In her seat among the "gallery gods," with them but not of them, the brunette beauty known to society as Mrs. Leonard

Thomas, to the reading public as Michael Strange, author of poems on life and love and disillusion, some published stories, and a few plays not yet produced, had a few uninterrupted moments in which to look backward. An unwise habit, if too

Two Poems by Mrs.

From a book of verses in a collection entitled "Miscellaneous Poems," published by Mitchell Kennerly.

WHAT does it mean to have lived?—
To have cried at the pain of our lot.
What does it mean to have loved?
To have sighed for the things that are not.

What does it mean to have wrought some glow
For the gods to inhale?
Only the aching of thought with woe
That is silent and pale.
So if in this summing of mine
The only adventure is death,
Let us walk through the sea toward the line
That chokes and dissevers the breath,
To greet the adventure or—Death.

Barrymore's Romance

greatly indulged. Recall Lot's wife and her conversion into a monument of salt for that same backward turning. But no such menace hung about Mrs. Thomas. She could look back upon the girlhood of Miss Blanche Oelrichs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs of New York and New York and Newport. A gilded girl she had been, for society's exclusive summer capital had no more admired denizen than brilliant Blanche Oelrichs. Some of the millionaire youths of the millionaire colony were a bit afraid of her because the whisper had gone round that she was really clever, don't you know, had even admitted that she wrote verses now and then. One youth had seen the verses and swore that they rhymed. All save one that stumbled its way along a bit, "like the Walt Whitman stuff that Prof. Eyeglasses fed us upon in the literature period at college." But the lure of her smiling black eyes and her flashing smile had outweighed the fear of her blue stocking propensities.

The young men came wooing in battalions. Leonard Thomas, son of a Philadelphia banker, partner of the Drexels, won. The most exclusive set in America was well represented at the wedding. "It seems to be a love match," whispered Mr. High World to his wife, who whispered back: "There is no reason why they should not be happy."

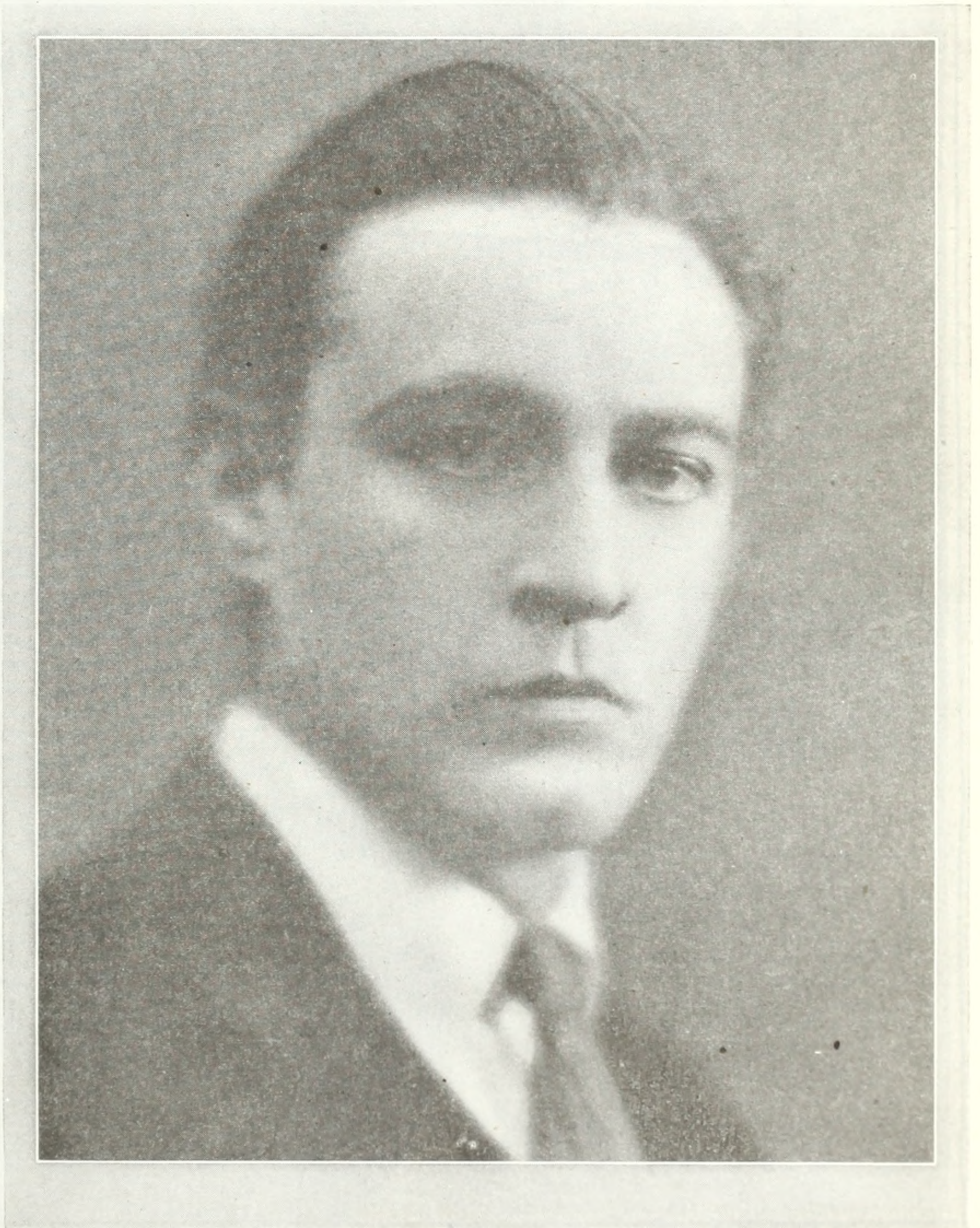
At first they seemed to be. Mr. Thomas, who dabbled in music for amusement, composed a waltz, dedicated it to his wife, and called it "The Blanche." It was reported that Mrs. Thomas took a studio, as narrow, as cheap and as dimly lighted as others of its kind, in an ancient building on Fifty-seventh Street. She sought seclusion in which to set down her thoughts without interruption. Apparently Mr. Thomas had no objection to her frequent withdrawals to flirt with the muses. His was not the stand of a New York lawyer who, failing to dissuade his wife, a fairly well known author, from writing, told her that if she wouldn't divorce herself from the pen she must divorce herself from him.

Mrs. Thomas had been married ten years before. Since that event she had been declared by Helleu, the visiting etcher, to be the most beautiful woman in American society. She had led the suffrage parade through Fifth Avenue. There was a book of "Miscellaneous Poems" signed *Michael Strange* and known to be hers. And there were two small sons, Leonard Moorhead Thomas, aged nine, and Robin May Thomas, aged five.

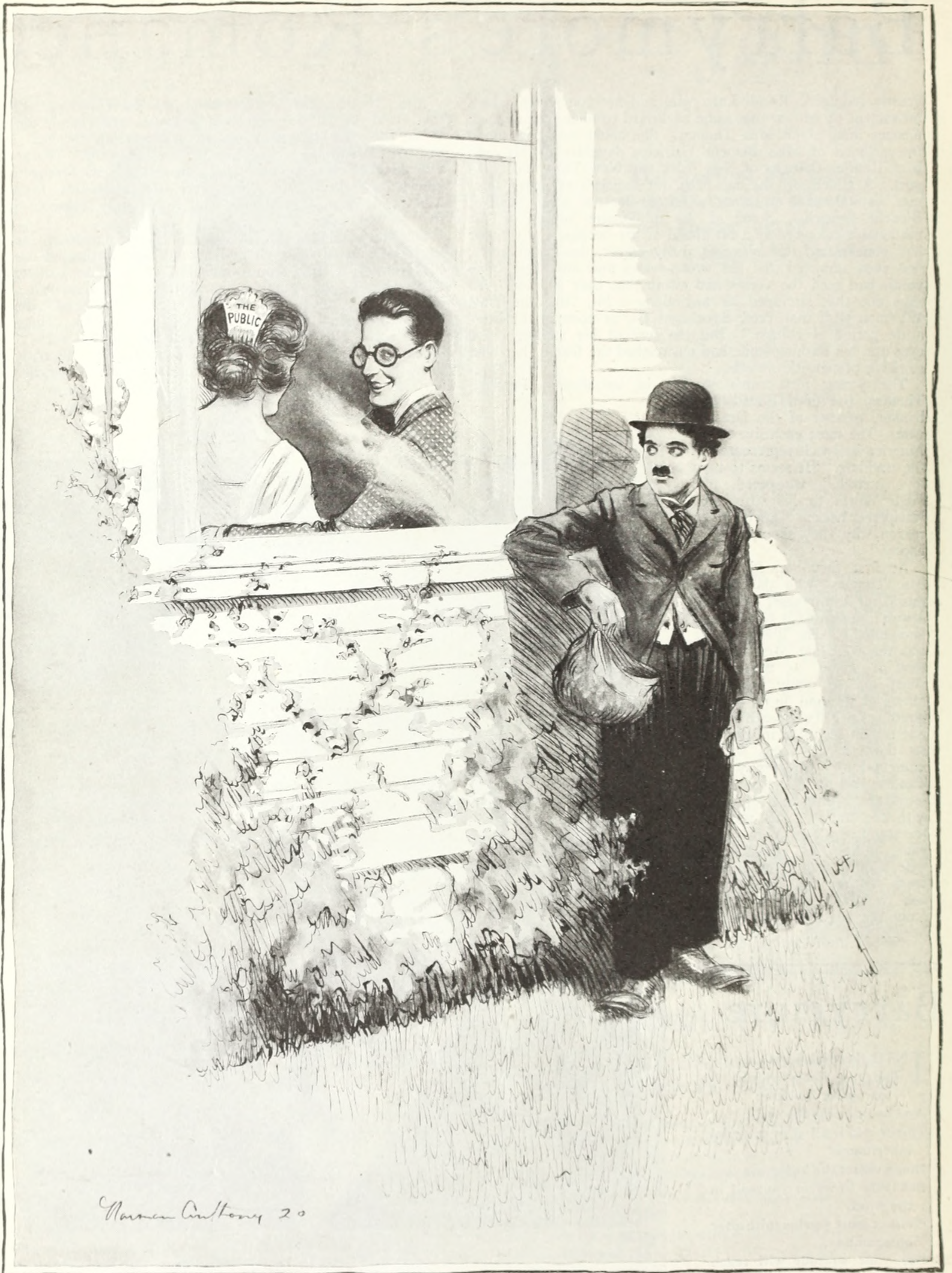
She was distinguished for original entertainments. One of the fetes given by herself and her husband displeased one of the Newport clergy, who fulminated at it. The ball which stirred him to denunciation was given on Saturday night. It ended Sunday morning at six o'clock with Moncure Robinson in the costume of an Apache chief leading Mrs. Thomas's guests across the golf links while some devout ones were going to early church service. She smiled a little reminiscently at this. She had defended the ball vigorously as a typical and harmless Newport affair. (Continued on page 124)

Barrymore

INTO the Fields with me,
The grey windy fields of
complete freedom;
And as you pass the well,
Throw into it all your material
inheritance!
Don't regret the hot sun,
But learn to warm yourself in
the wind.
Neither must you languish after
companions,
For your solitude will teach
you to find out someone.
Run into the fields with me,
The grey windy fields of com-
plete freedom.



John Barrymore—a very recent portrait.



Norman Anthony 20

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Enoch Arden

Homes the Movies Built



ACTORS have long been considered a migratory race, nomads wandering from hotel to railroad station in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp, public favor. Because of that very fact they have always been a home loving people. Every actor has at some time dreamed of settling down on his, or her, own chicken ranch.

The coming of the motion picture brought the actor a chance to build his castles in Spain. The pictures offered a permanent place of abode, and money enough to enable the actor to indulge his passion for home building.

As a result, Los Angeles, capitol of filmdom, has become a city of beautiful homes. The little chicken ranch of the wanderer's dreams has become a real castle at the touch of the new Aladdin's Lamp.

How strange are the contradictions of the pictures. Charles Ray, the poor country boy of the screen, designed this home himself. It contains many real antiques and is set in the artistic background of the Beverly Hills. It represents to Ray and his charming wife a real home of dreams, for they have planned it for years—ever since Charles made his first screen success in "The Coward." Its simplicity is striking and typical of all the Ray characterizations



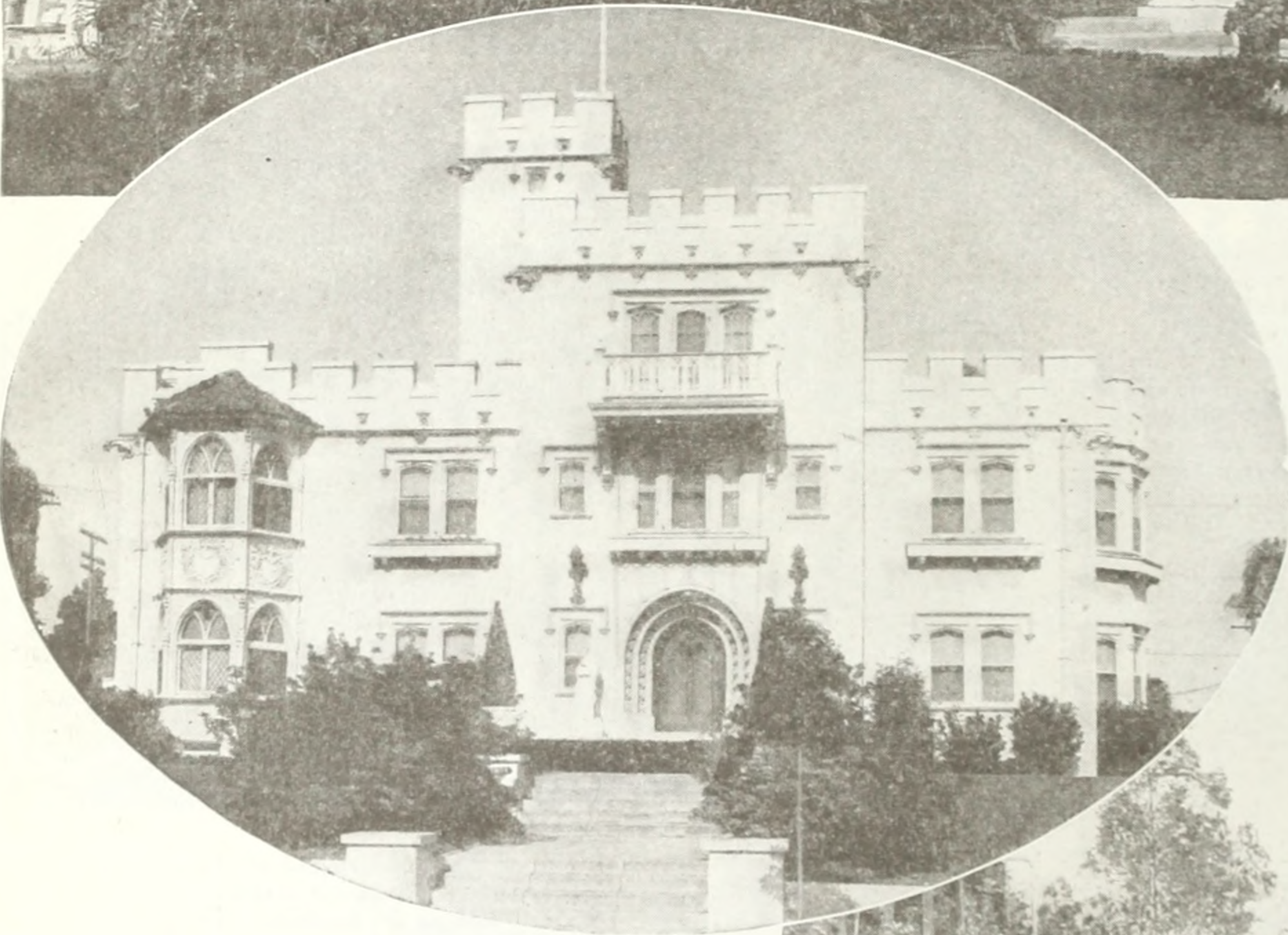
Plain and rugged as the face of William S. Hart himself, is this old fashioned home among the foothills: The grounds are in process of construction. Bill lives here with his sister, Miss Mary Hart. There will be not only a garage for the Hart motors, but—whisper—a very modern stable for that prince of pintos—Bill's own horse that he has ridden in so many films and has now retired to spend the rest of his equine life in green pastures.



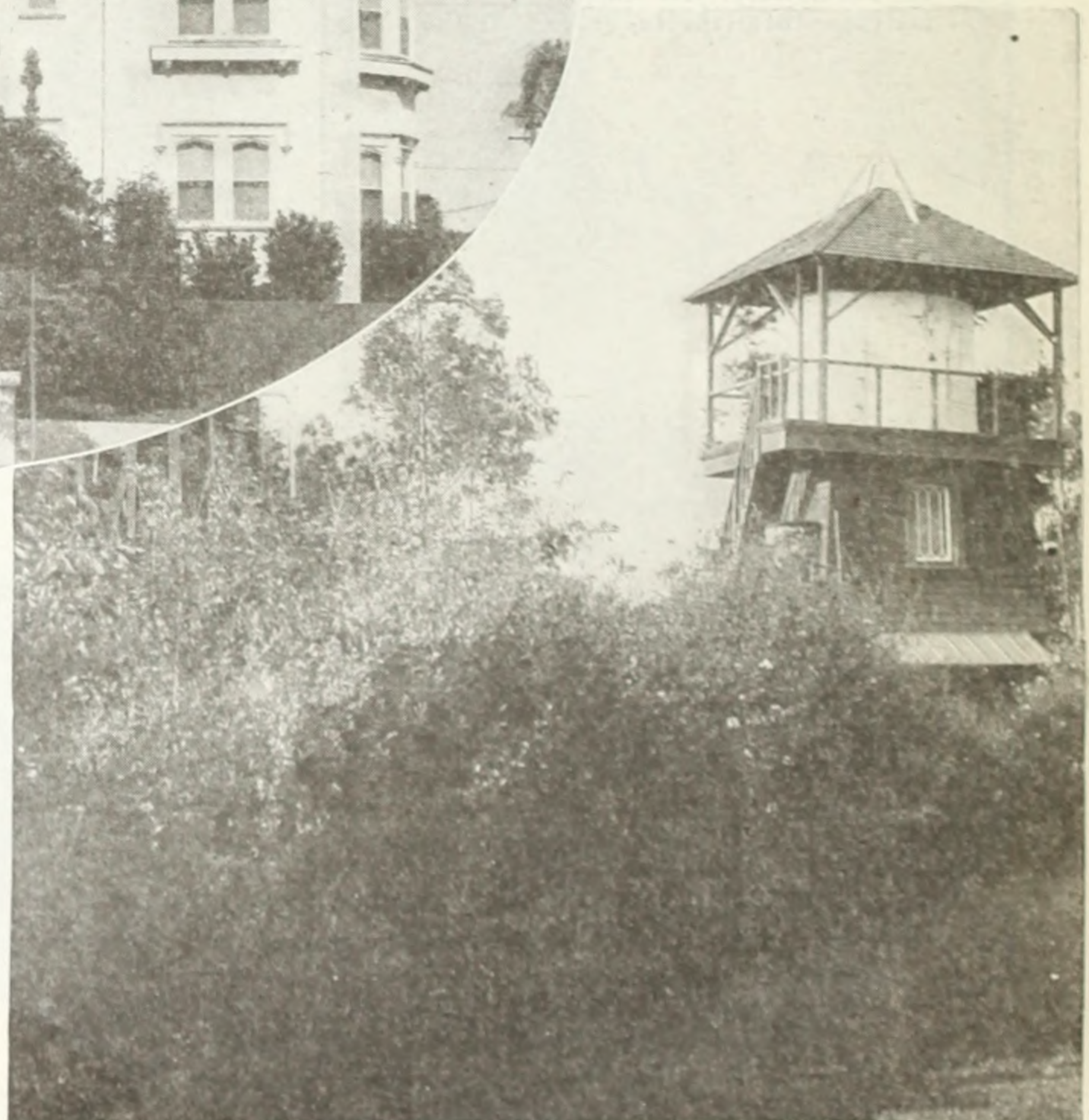
Two generations have laughed with the famous Canby of "Arizona," as interpreted by Theodore Roberts. This is the modest mansion of Canby's creator, in Hollywood, near the studio where Roberts works. They say Roberts has a larger menagerie than any celluloid celebrity. He has not only kennels for his blue-ribbon dogs, but an aviary which houses many varieties of birds. And Mrs. Roberts has a family of cats.



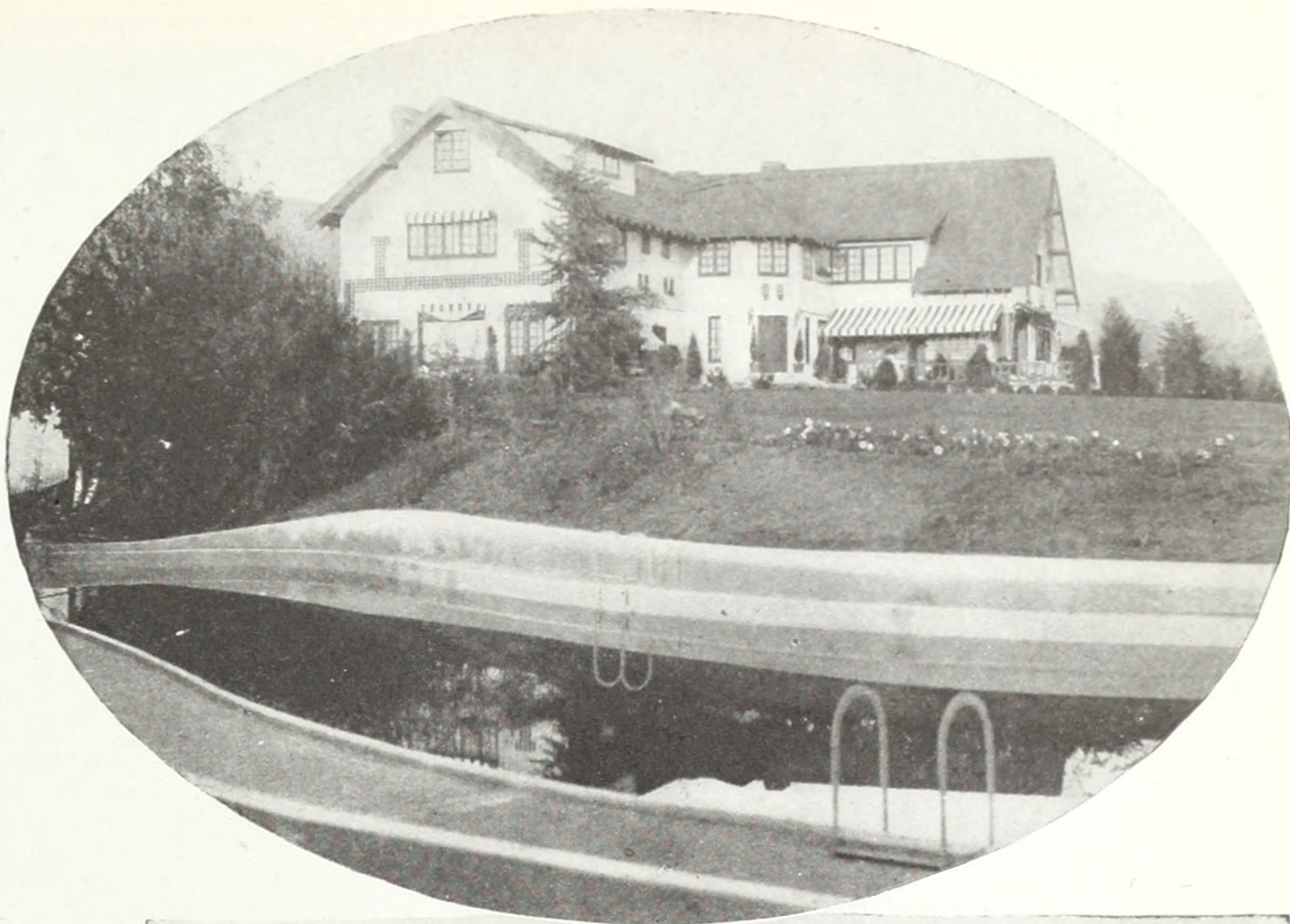
The castles built by the movies do not all belong to the actors. Cecil B. De Mille's mansion on Laughlin Park is one of the show places of Los Angeles. It is valued at a quarter of a million



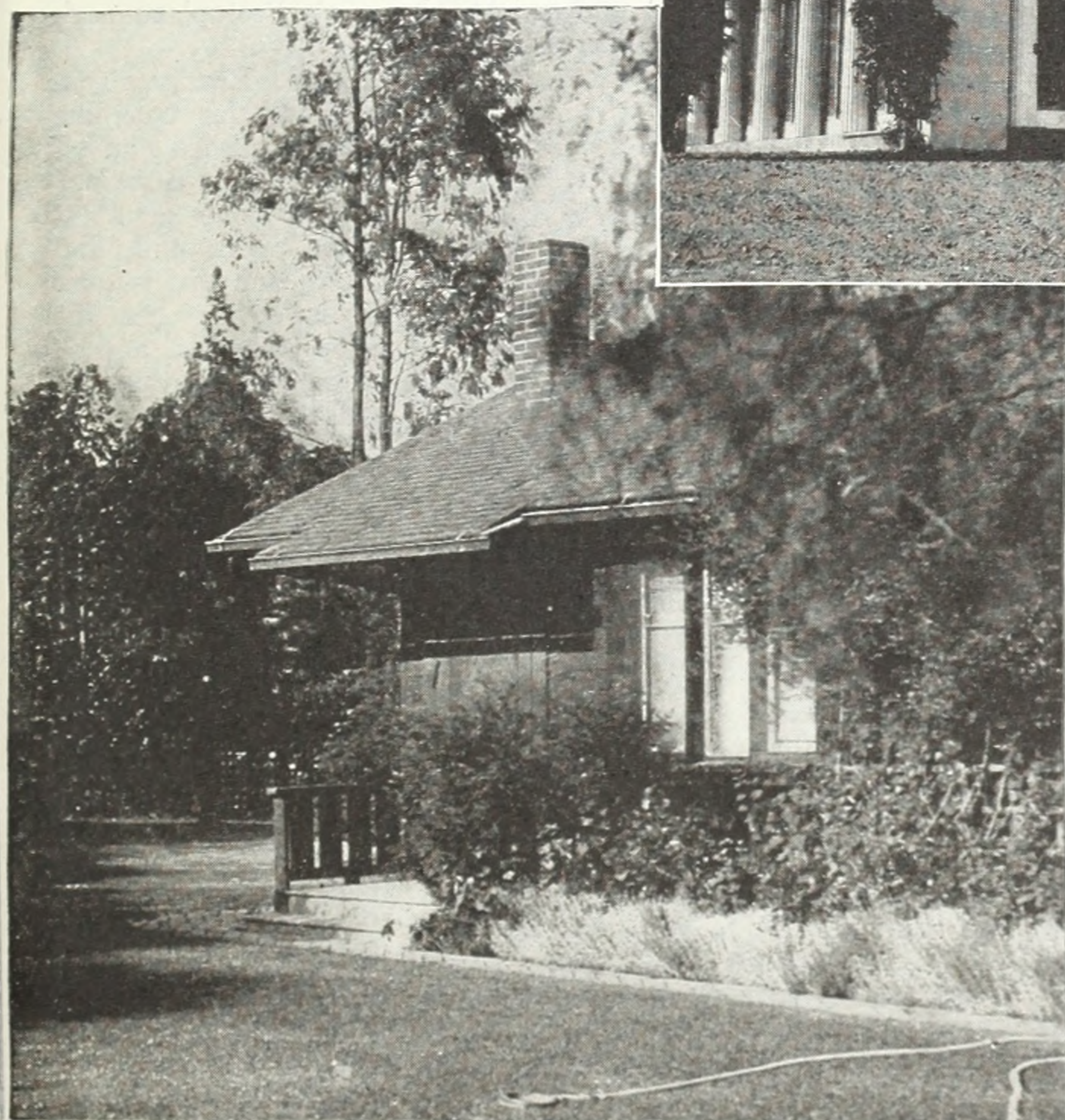
No, this is not a chateau built in the feudal days of France. It is the new home of Sessue Hayakawa, purchased from a wealthy society leader, and rearranged for the Japanese star. It is said to be modeled from an ancient French ancestral home, but its furnishings constitute the contributions of many nations. Rare tapestries a museum might envy, fine period furniture, and vases from the Orient make it a veritable treasure-house. Tsuru Aoki added to their collection on her recent trip to Japan. Their dog? A Boston bull!



When they are not visiting the King and Queen of England, their Majesties Douglas and Mary Fairbanks, King and Queen of the photoplay, hold court in this chateau in the Beverly Hills. Doug's swimming pool is in the foreground. Mary has said that they have room enough for the largest house-party ever assembled—and as a matter of fact, the world-famous newlyweds plan to do a lot of entertaining as soon as they return from their honeymoon. One of the features of the dwelling is a spacious sun-parlor; another, the projection-room Mary built so that she could see the films of her friends whenever she pleased. Of course there are kennels for Doug's dogs.



Pauline Frederick's new home is not yet completed. In contrast to some of the structures erected by movie money, this is a gem of architectural beauty. It adjoins the famous Doheny estate. Polly lives here with her mother, who is also her pal; and they love to give wonderful dinner-parties, to which some of the most celebrated stars of the screen are bidden—and most of them come.



No, Louise Glaum does not live in a spider web, as you may have thought. The trail of the vamp has led to the beautiful country home pictured on the left with an old mill adding a quaint, picturesque touch to the spacious grounds. The Glaum place has perhaps the most old-fashioned atmosphere of any of the celluloid palaces. Louise has to perform in elaborate boudoir "sets" at the studio all day—and naturally she enjoys the spacious grounds which remind one of the old homestead. She can ride and swim and tennis—all within her very own domain. Nice, isn't it?

Film Reviewing from the Press Box

(The Editor's failure to tip his mitt handicaps the film critic.)

By WEED DICKINSON (John Handshaker)

READERS:

WELL, Readers, I will certainly tell the world that I am the Toughest Luck Guy in the Universe, bar none! At catchweights I would make Job (the Baby in the Bible, you remember, which is invested with Boils, Bunions and Unwelcome Advise) look like he was born with a silver service in his mouth, believe me! Was hard luck colors, I would put rainbows right out of bizness, by comparison!

Well, the other day I am called up by the editor of this PHOTOPLAY paper and routed away from a ball game I am covering for my paper. It seems this baby is hot on the trail of a guy to review some films, and sort of help out Burned Mantle who dopes out the Shadow Stage, so he gets me. Well, I figure he has done a pretty good daze work for himself at that, and tell him so saying I will take the job and no questions ast. It looks pretty soft for me, too, because Hay Broun which used to write baseball right alongside of me, is now calling actors and actresses names around town instead of balling out ball players, and has it softer for himself than a guy working in the Mexican Mint!

Well, as I am saying, this baby calls me up and says will I review a picture a month for this sheet, and he says I may as well start off on "Romanse." Well, he does not say anything about what this "Romanse" is—which I later find out to my sorrow and horror he should do! It is not right to send a guy out on a new job like this and not tell him is he going to a Funeral or a Frolic, Reader, hey? Did this Editor tip his mitt a little and leave me grab off the signals, I would know what kind of a game I am up against; but as it is I am more in the dark than President Wilson is on when Congress is going to cross him next! However, of that anon, as we reviewers say.

Well, I take it right out of there on the lam, being anxious to get my work done, and hurry around to the Theatre where this "Romanse" is being showed up, and sit through it "in wrapped attention" (Keats, I believe). I do not like the layout because I half to score the plays in the dark and can not read my noats after I get out (which never happens in a ball game at the Polo Grounds, believe me!); but I am a Game Guy when I undertake a job, and I figure I can go back and see the show a couple of more times and then I will not need any noats. I am full of ideas, that way!



The other day the Editor of this Photo-play gets me to review some films.

Well, Reader, I do not want to miss any bets (as I am very anxious to make a Impression in the Editor of this sheet the first time out), so I go back and see the show three more daze hand running. It is all about the Infernal Triangle with a grate Souprana in it named Cavil Leany, which makes a very suspicious Debew in New York singing in "Filet Mignon," the Grand Up-roar piece. This is in the 6oies, or Thereabouts, in the Uncivil War period—or about the time Bull Ran. Well, the Debew gives her a big drag with all hands, so far as I can make out, and she is Fated and Dined all over the lot.

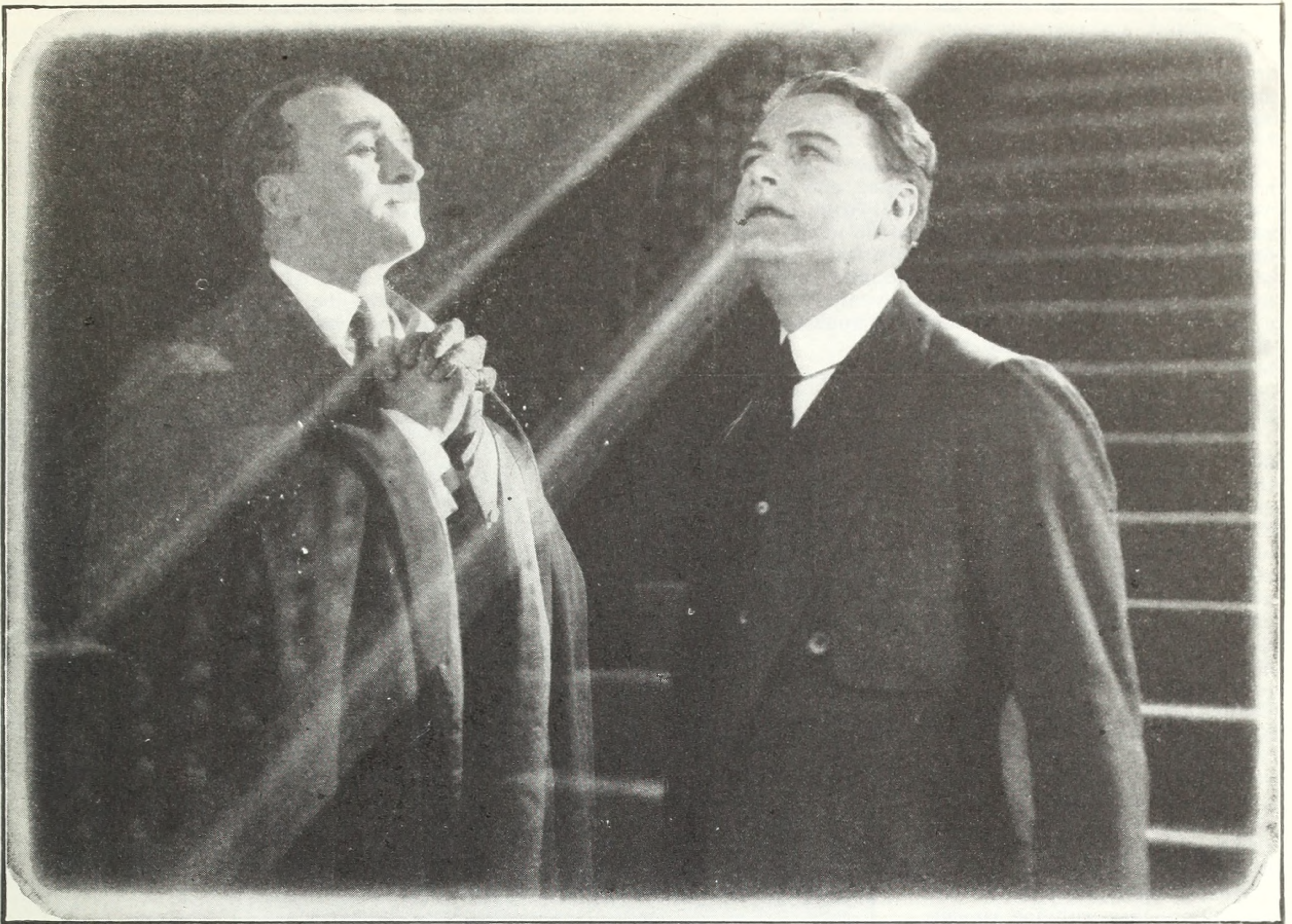
Of course, this Cavil Leany is the heroine of the show, and the hero is Tom Armstrong, a Skripture Slinger, which looks at first like he is going to be the kind of minister which spits on his hands before offering Advise! Well, this baby meets Miss Leany at a tea-fight which is pulled off in her honor, and he does not know right away what he is up against; but he finds out later, believe me! It seems one of the Male Sowing Circle of the Gotham of that period, as we reviewers say, tips Tom off before that Cavil is a Demi-Mundane sore of dame which has the late Gavvy Debris looking like a piker. Well, this bird tips Tom, as I am saying, that Cornelious Van Tile (one of Tom's friends and the clean-up guy in the battling order of Tom's Church!) builds Cavil a castle in Southern France, or Somewheres, some time back; but of course Tom does not take many stocks in this, figuring perhaps this guy is a Gossip—which is a high order of Feminine Life, of course, Reader, but a very low form of Masculine Protoplazum, as we geologists would scientifically labell it.

Well, Reader, Tom falls for this jane like she has pushed him off the Flat Iron Building! It is "Love at First Night" with him, and before one real is over he is giving her his Baby Shoes and a couple of Tintipes of himself — which is a tip off on what a A-1 Sap he is! I do not know how he expects to get by with a dame which has been given castles to on a pair of old shoes and these Degarriotypes; but I suppose Ed Sheldon (the author) sticks this in to show what a simple, unworldly mug he is. He is simple, all right enough; but not so awful unworldly, as developes later when he comes around to Convert Cavil, and ends up in a clinch



I turn this in to the Editor and he is madder than a politician deprived of his voice.

(Continued on page 84)



Nick looked at Jim, his face full of yearning, sorrow, and pleading. He spoke, not in a human voice, but a message from his spirit. "There's only one life, Jim, and it's eternity."

EARTHBOUND

A powerful story of the struggle
of a man's spirit to pass in peace from the earth.

By JEROME SHOREY

"I UNDERSTAND Jim Rittenshaw has forgiven his wife," one of the gossips of the New Netherlands Club observed to the idlers in the lounging room.

"Say rather that God has forgiven Jim Rittenshaw," Harvey Breck retorted.

"Still talking in riddles, Harvey," the first speaker said, with the sort of tolerant smile they all used when speaking to or about Breck. He was regarded as something of a lunatic—harmless, of course. No danger of him going off his head and creating a scandal like Rittenshaw did, though of course Rittenshaw had provocation. But Breck—well, Breck was a privileged character, moony, dreaming, always dragging God and the future life into the most commonplace, worldly matters. Sometimes amusing, sometimes a bore—and yet you couldn't help liking him in spite of everything.

"Perhaps you would like to know the inside facts of the Rittenshaw affair, in words of one syllable, without any of what you call riddles," Breck suggested to the gossips.

This was promising. There was a murmur of eager anticipation, and chairs were edged nearer to Breck. Everyone knew that he was closer to both Jim Rittenshaw and Nick Desborough than anyone else, and it was generally supposed that it was he who had persuaded Daisy Rittenshaw to testify vol-

untarily at her husband's trial. If he would tell what he knew, it might be worth hearing.

"Of course, there'll be a good deal of this that you know already," Breck said. "But I'm going to tell it from the start, and if I wander off into the occult, well, you'll have to forgive me, for the dividing line between what you call real and what you call unreal is sometimes pretty hard for me to see."

* * * * *

The thing really started when Nick Desborough, Jim Rittenshaw, and I, were at college. I don't know how it happened that I ever became a close friend of two such hard-headed fellows, but probably it was for something the same reason that a big woman is sure to marry a little man. Opposites attract each other. They were all for the practical side of education. Fortunately—or unfortunately—my ancestors had made it unnecessary for me to earn a living, and so I went in for philosophy. Nick and Jim used to try to figure some way that I could make a living out of what I was learning.

One night, in my rooms, I turned on them. I told them that philosophy was the only way of discovering what we really live for, and everyone must be living for something. I challenged them to express their idea of life in a creed, and after a long discussion they wrote one down. It read:

"No God, no sin, no future life. Nothing but the survival of the fittest, and every man for himself."

It was only a schoolboy display of egotism and youthful arrogance, and yet, having written it down in so many words, and signed it with great bravado, they could not escape being more or less influenced by it. There the Rittenshaw tragedy began.

That seed lay in the ground, dormant to all appearances, for nearly sixteen years. We were graduated, and Jim and Nick went into business. Both succeeded, both married, both seemed to have everything any man could want. Nick's wife, Caroline, was devoted to him. She accused herself, for a while after the tragedy, of neglecting to make herself as attractive as she might have done, especially after their daughter, Connie, was born. But I don't believe it would have made any difference. Nick and Jim were both so well satisfied with their creed of "every man for himself" that they were headed for disaster.

Jim's wife, on the contrary, never overlooked any opportunity to make herself attractive, for Jim, or for anyone else. Daisy Rittenshaw had absorbed her husband's idea of life—that everyone was entitled to all that was within reach, no matter to whom it might happen to belong. And Nick happened to come within reach of her brilliant fascination. It's all very well to say that, regardless of beliefs, the first clause in the code of honor of a gentleman is to hold sacred the home of his friend. But I tell you, there can be no code of honor with such a clause as "No God, no sin, no future life." Both Nick and Jim were living by this creed, and Daisy had learned it too.

What I am trying to make you see is this—that with the circumstances reversed, Jim would undoubtedly have acted exactly as Nick acted, and so he shared equally in Nick's guilt. Nick and Daisy attracted one another, met secretly and made love to one another, and finally decided to run away together. Caroline loved Nick so deeply that her intuition warned her, and she, in her desperation, not knowing which way to turn, warned Jim.

Well, you all know what happened. The afternoon that Daisy was waiting for Nick to come to take her away, Jim met him on those stairs and shot him through the heart.

According to Nick's own creed, that was the end of him—a heap of dead flesh at the foot of the stairs, to be taken away some place, buried, and more or less forgotten. Within an hour I had double proof that Nick had discovered that life was not something which begins and ends with the body.

Being the most intimate friend of both men, the task of breaking the news to their wives fell to me. Rittenshaw's home was on the road to Nick's. Daisy was waiting in the hall, and the instant I looked into her eyes I knew that Nick had been there before me. She had seen something, she did not know what, and had received a message from the man for whom she was waiting. As soon as she saw me, she understood. I did not need to speak.

"Jim has killed Nick!" she screamed, and fainted.

There was nothing I could do, and I was anxious to reach Caroline before the news came to her from elsewhere. This was a harder task, for I knew how devoted Caroline was to her husband, though I did not know that she had suspected the state of affairs between him and Daisy. As I went up to the door a curious sensation came over me. You know how you feel when someone approaches you in the darkness—the absolute knowledge that a person whom you cannot see and who is not touching you, is very near. Well, I knew that Nick was beside me—knew it so well that, involuntarily, I looked around, and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to say, Nick," I implored.

And somehow I received the assurance that Nick, with the clearer vision that now was his, would give me the right word



Nick's wife, Caroline, was devoted to him. She neglected to make the other hand, believed herself entitled to all that was within

when the moment came. Caroline, too, seemed to be prepared for my news, but she was stronger than Daisy. There was no hysteria, no outbreak of grief, but only a slight quivering of her lips as she turned away silently and went up the stairs to her room.

Dr. Roger Galloway, the rector of St. Mary Magdalen's, Caroline's uncle, was there, and Connie. The child was bewildered rather than grief-stricken.

"But I saw papa, just now," she insisted, plaintively.

Dr. Galloway was equally puzzled by the child's remark. He said that just before I arrived, he and Caroline were in the drawing room, and heard Connie, out in the hall, say, "Hello, papa." The child then went to the door of the room and called to them, "Papa's come, but he looks—different." Dr. Galloway and Caroline went out into the hall, but saw

nothing. Caroline put her hand on her daughter's brow.

"She's feverish," the mother said anxiously. "I hope she's not going to be ill."

"But mother, I saw father, and so did Leo. Look!"

Connie's constant playmate, Leo, a big wolf hound, was standing in the hall, looking, seemingly at nothing at all, but the hairs on his neck were bristling, and he was trembling.

As they stood there, wondering, I came in to tell them that Nick had been killed.

Make what you like of it—I'm telling you the facts. But I'll tell you what I believe, and this accounts for all that happened, both then and later. What we call death is simply the line that divides one phase of our life, the life we know, from the other life we cannot know. If we cross that line at peace with ourselves and our fellow men, we pass at once to the other

life. But if we have done wrong and are not forgiven, or have caused troubles which we have not righted, we are earthbound. We cannot go on to that other life until we have been forgiven, or have straightened out the tangle we have left behind. In this transitory stage, we seem to be visible from time to time, only to those who are in sympathy with us, who understand our trouble, or who love us deeply. Daisy saw Nick, though only vaguely, because she really loved him, in her way. Connie saw him, because she loved him. Caroline could not see him because her heart was still bitter against him and Daisy. With Jim in jail, accused of murder and estranged from his wife, and Caroline unforgiving, Nick's spirit was earthbound. All that happened subsequently was due to his efforts to extricate himself, and pass on to that other life.

I don't mean that, all of a sudden, Nick's character changed, and he began trying to do good instead of evil. That came gradually. At first he was just bewildered at the circumstances in which he found himself. He wandered around the familiar scenes and among familiar people, because he didn't know what else to do. He had to learn, like a child. And little Connie, with her clear, child's vision, seemed to understand best of all of us. She followed her mother upstairs to try to get some light on the thing that was troubling her.

"Mamma, you are driving papa away from you," she said.

"But Connie—I loved him so!" Caroline moaned.

"Yes, mamma, but you don't believe he loves you and wants to be near you," the child persisted.

She couldn't have understood what she was saying, herself. She was just a voice for some influence she could only feel. But it broke her mother's cold reserve, and the tears flooded down for the first time since she heard of Nick's death. Yet she could not find forgiveness in her heart.

To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking of Nick at all, up to this time, but of Jim. He was in the clutch of the world's oldest law—a life for a life. There was a good defense—the unwritten law—and I supposed he would use it. I said as much when I went to see him.



herself as attractive as she might have done. Daisy Rittenshaw, on reach—and Nick happened to come within reach of her fascination.

"I shall make no defense," he said.

"But Jim," I said, "if you don't, you'll hang."

"I killed my best friend over a foolish misunderstanding," he replied slowly and with significance. "I am prepared to take the consequences."

"I know why you killed him," I began, but he interrupted me.

"Her name must not be brought into it," he said. "I know what you are thinking, but you are wrong."

There was no use in arguing with him. His jaws were set, and he would not budge. He declared he would not take the stand in his own behalf, nor would he ask Daisy to testify. Unless she spoke voluntarily, Jim would hang. There wasn't much hope, but I decided to see her myself, and put it up to her straight—whether she wanted two lives on her conscience instead of only one.

Unfortunately, I met her at the church where Nick's body was lying. I had intended leaving a wreath on his coffin, before going to see Daisy, but as I was entering the church I met her coming out. This was unfortunate, because she and Caroline had just faced each other across Nick's coffin, and Caroline had glared her down. She had regarded Daisy's presence in the church as hideous effrontery, bordering on sacrilege, and said as much in a half dozen biting words. This hurt Daisy all the more because her visit to the church was half affectation. She was fond of Nick, of course, but it was half her sense of the picturesque that had led her to St. Mary Magdalen's. The unexpected encounter with Caroline had put her in a bad humor, and she tried to avoid me. But I was too full of my determination to be diplomatic, and I led her to one side, insisting that she hear what I had to say.

"Jim isn't going to make any defense," I blurted out. "He is determined to protect your name."

"To protect my name? What do you mean?" she demanded in a steely voice.

"He insists that you had nothing to do with his quarrel with Nick," I told her.

"Of course he'd say I had nothing to do with it, if I hadn't, wouldn't he?" she replied, and I could see a flash of something like elation in her eyes.

"Hadn't you?" I asked her, point blank.

She turned away with a great pretense of offended dignity, but I stopped her.

"Why did you scream, 'Jim has killed Nick,' when I went to tell you about it, and before I had a chance to say a word?" I asked her.

"Because," she gasped, "I—saw—him!"

I thought she was softening, and I followed it up.

"You are the only person in the world who can save Jim," I pleaded.

She stiffened again.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said coldly, and walked past me, out of the church.

I came back here to the club, wondering what there was that I could do, and my thoughts turned to Nick. I realized how unhappy he must be, seeing now as he must see, what a mess he had left behind him. Sitting over in that corner, in his favorite chair, suddenly the same feeling came over me that I had experienced at his door when I went to tell Caroline of his death. I looked up, and there he stood before me, as plain as any one of you is this minute.

I never want to see the face of a man, dead or alive, with such an expression as there was upon Nick's then. All the suffering in the world was written there, and an unutterable appeal for help. Then, in a flash, I understood the whole difficulty, and understood, too, that the solution of the problems of the next world was the same as the solution of the problems of this. You were here, Rhodes. You remember, I spoke to him. I said:

"Love, Nick, love. Not love mistreated and gone wrong, but pure love is our salvation, in this world, and in yours."

He seemed to understand my meaning and was trying to ask me what to do, Rhodes, when you broke the spell, and he disappeared. You seemed to think I had gone crazy, and came up and slapped me on the back. I told you I had seen Nick, and you thought it was a tremendous joke, and asked me what he looked like. Do you remember what I said—

"He looked like a man—damned!"

It was Dr. Galloway, though, who finally set Nick on the right path. It was shortly before Jim was to come up for trial, and Dr. Galloway was troubled. One evening he went to the church to pray for guidance, and he found Nick there—saw him as I saw him, an agonized soul. Roger Galloway's entire life has been passed in close communion with God; his is a great soul. He understood Nick's need.

"My poor boy, you're suffering," he said.

Nick bowed his head, and Roger continued:

"You'll always suffer unless you take the right way. As long as you cling to our world, you will suffer the torment that our world never fails to inflict. The creed by which you and Jim lived has led you both to catastrophe, but catastrophe is not final ruin. There is a world that would welcome you, that would teach you through this very agony to begin again at the bottom, and climb toward the heights."

As Roger was speaking, Nick seemed to be undergoing some tremendous struggle.

It was his effort to readjust himself to a new outlook upon life—his new life as well as his past.

"You are earthbound, Nick," Roger said. "Square your accounts, and go!"

Slowly the apparition faded away, as if in obedience to Roger's command. Dr. Galloway told me afterwards that it seemed as if he had been dreaming, but as he awakened he could not doubt the reality of the experience. Nor will you doubt, when I tell you how Nick set about it to square his accounts.

Daisy had gone to stay with an aunt, who had been an invalid for years. She lived in seclusion, on a big estate, and it was in a little summer house near by that Daisy and Nick had had most of their secret meetings. The day of Jim's trial, Daisy was sitting with her aunt in a little arbor, when a strange restlessness came over her, which she could not explain. Telling her aunt she was going for a short walk, she strolled away into the woods. Hardly realizing what direction she was going, she soon found herself at the summer house. She had not been there since the last time she saw Nick—the time she agreed to run away with him. She tried to turn and go back to the house, but something held her there. She did not see Nick, and as she afterwards described to me what followed, she said it seemed like the sudden awakening of her conscience. Something said to her:

(Continued on page 128)



Earthbound

NARRATED by permission from the Goldwyn photoplay adapted from the story by Basil King. Scenario by E. A. Bingham. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter, with the following cast:

Nicholas Desborough.....Wyndham Standing
Jim Rittenshaw.....Mahlon Hamilton
Caroline Desborough.....Naomi Childers
Daisy Rittenshaw.....Flora Revalles
Doctor Galloway.....Alec B. Francis
Connie Desborough.....Billie Cotton
Harvey Breck.....Lawson Butt
Miss De Windt.....Kate Lester

They're off!



Photo Underwood and Underwood

When the Emperor left the Statue of Liberty behind, it carried Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford to Europe on their honeymoon. Yes—Olive and Jack have been married several years, but they never had time to take a vacation together before. And Europe is infinitely more interesting than Niagara Falls.



Wide World Photos

Bryant Washburn, buttonholed by a British flower-"girl" in Piccadilly Circus, London. Bryant and Mabel Forrest Washburn crossed to take scenes for "The Road to London". They are "shooting" and honeymooning at the same time.



Photo Underwood and Underwood

Everybody's sailing—here are those celebrated sisters, Norma and Constance Talmadge, about to depart for a hard-earned vacation. Both worked night and day to finish their new pictures in time to catch the boat. Joe Schenck went with them and they met Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie on the other side.



Photo Underwood and Underwood

And here is Dorothy Gish. When she went to Europe before it was as "The Little Disturber," to take pictures in the war zone for "Hearts of the World." Now, with her mother, she is traveling in Italy and France. Whatever happens, Dorothy's latest trip will be comparatively peaceful.



"She is a tall, graceful, pretty, nice, entrancing, ruddy haired girl about five foot seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds dressed."

A Misplaced Interview

The famous writer of Texas stories loses his notes but becomes a great admirer of Miss Nilsson.

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

BY the way," said the editor nonchalantly, "Want you to interview another movie lady?"

"Mighty sorry," I announced hastily, "but I got an important appointment."

"What is it?" he wanted to know.

"Have to give a Chinaman a music lesson," says I, not having time to think up a better one. "It will take all day and most of the evening."

"What day have you got this Chink booked for?" countered the editor.

"Tuesday," said I, taking a chance on a seven to one shot.

"That's all right," he chuckled. "You have an engagement for Monday."

"Who is the lady?" I asked surrendering to the inevitable.

"Miss Anna Q. Nilsson," he admitted.

I felt a little better about it then, because I have always heard Miss Nilsson spoken of as an awful nice young lady. She worked in a picture down on the Texas border once, and the boys all favored her highly.

Therefore on Monday I shaved, put on my green necktie and wandered up Fifth Avenue to the Netherland House where Miss Anna Q. is boarding. It is a fine hotel too, with plenty of furniture and decorations, and staff of ex-crown princes in uniform to show you around.

When I got out of the elevator I was met at the door of

Miss Nilsson's flat by a maid. It is queer how these stars always have a maid standing around in the background when they are getting interviewed. Sometimes they even have the house detective when I arrive.

Miss Nilsson sure seemed glad to meet me, even though we were as you might say, practically strangers. She invited me into the parlor and set me down in one of these big stuffed easy chairs, with padded arms that just fit your knees.

While she was taking her corner I stole a sly look at the famous lady. She is a tall, graceful, pretty, nice, entrancing, ruddy haired girl about five foot seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds dressed.

Her gown was a creation of dark cloth with a kind of mosquito nettin' of white lace sewed on the outside of it. She wore sorrel silk stockings and bay shoes. I may not get the description of her costume just right but the effect was sure swell.

"Well, I'm ready to be interviewed," she said, settling herself daintily in the corner-of one of them lounges they make in Davenport, Ia.

When I had started up on this interview I wrote down a lot of questions I intended to ask, but when I dug down in my vest pocket I discovered to my chagrin that I'd lost it. It sure put me up a tree but I had to say something so I began:

"Is it true Miss Nilsson that you are a Swede?"

(Continued on page 118)



Woodbury.

"I have always heard Miss Nilsson spoken of as an awful nice young lady. She worked in a picture down on the Texas border once and all the boys favored her highly."

How To Hold Him

By DOROTHY PHILLIPS
(Mrs. Allen Holubar)

The famous motion picture star gives a few pointers to wives. The reverse side of this interesting question will be told in a future issue of Photoplay.

GOOD wives often do a great deal of harm in this world. They make badness so extraordinarily attractive by contrast.

Women are matrimonial ostriches. They hide their heads in the sands of virtue and moral law and refuse to admit that marriage is a competitive game in which *getting* a husband is merely the first trick.

And it is my absolute conviction that more men are driven from the path of marital virtue than are led. Marriage is a woman's game.

I never heard of a man deserting a good audience, did you?

That is my personal idea of the prime requisites of a good wife. It typifies the woman against whom Salome might dance with or without her seven veils in vain. Man may want but little here below, but part of that little is to be listened to. I am more afraid of the woman who knows how and when to ask intelligent questions than I am of the one who wears a heart-shaped beauty spot on her eighteenth vertebra when in evening dress.

There is one thing dearer to a man than home or mother—more powerful than sex instinct “tiger-tiger”—and that is the sound of his own voice. Clever women have used that weapon against him since Ninon de L'Enclos was wildly adored at 70.

Women are always puzzling about the sort of women that attract men. When they've analyzed that successfully they've solved the problem of how to retain a husband's affections, circumvent the wildest vamp and reduce the divorce average.

A man may be infatuated with anything that wears petticoats—but there is only one kind of a woman that inspires lasting devotion, and that is the woman who always makes a man feel good.

The other woman wouldn't have a chance in the majority of cases if the wife didn't stage manage the affair for her. A husband is as hard to drive away from a *good* home as a bull dog. But he'll follow the first stranger that whistles if he doesn't get enough to eat, a good place to sleep, his own comfortable reading chair and light, and a little petting now and then.

You see, when you come right down to it, there is no such thing as a “good wife” or a “bad wife.” Wives are either successful or unsuccessful. And I want to tell you right now

that nothing that keeps a man from breaking any of the commandments is beneath a woman's dignity. Pink crepe de chine will sometimes tie a tighter matrimonial knot than sheepskin or clean linen.

Don't let anybody kid you that it's mid-Victorian to fetch your husband's slippers. If he gets his shoes off, his slippers on, and his feet comfortably settled on a foot stool, it'll be a lot more effort to go out to meet some chicken.

First of all, be frank with yourself. Don't pose and pretend you are superior to the task before you. The trouble with a

lot of good wives is that they aren't working at it. Admit that you love your husband, that you want to hold him. A woman with a good looking husband is in the same position as a woman that owns a diamond necklace. Possession is nine points of the law but she mustn't leave it lying around loose.

The first thing a woman must learn is that all men are exactly alike. Some are fat and some are thin, but that's as far as it goes. Men get older, but they never get better. Age is the Great Reformer. Don't let yourself believe that “John” is any different from any of the rest of them. You can always tell a woman who trusts her husband by the unhappy look on her face. Men are like babies. They have to be taken care of.

But the very psychological facts that have made marriage a permanent institution give you an 80% handicap if you'll only take it.

Man is naturally a domestic animal. Every man has a secret hankering for marriage. He is afraid of the emotional excitement of single life. He knows

he'll get caught sooner or later and the uncertainty is unpleasant to him. He wants a home. He is primarily a victim of the “woman legend”—the dear old legend that represents woman as “an helpmeet for man.” He craves rest from the turmoil. He dreams of a tender breast where he may gain strength to carry on the battle of life.

Does he get it?

Not always. Not often, even. But when he does Cleopatra herself couldn't wean him away.

Marriage is a habit. Nothing is so hard to break as a habit. The wife who becomes a pleasant sort of habit with her husband can heave a long sigh of relief. It's a hard thing to find someone that you like to live with, that doesn't either bore



The author of this article and her husband, Allen Holubar, one of the most successful directors.

or antagonize you. When you've established it, it takes a lot of vamping to break it down.

Men are tired. It is almost chronic. We are living a terrific pace. The man of the house comes home almost every day physically, mentally, morally tired, worn out. It takes a lot of unpleasantness to rouse him to the effort of going out to look for some other woman to help him recover his sense of the joy of life.

But dear Heaven, how unpleasant women can be!

I wonder why. I often wonder why. I have been wondering why for years. A woman seems often to have an impulse of cruelty toward the man she loves that expresses itself in sulking, in coldness, in unkindness. But she purchases this wine for her pride at a terrific price!

It is only love-experienced men that are led on by coldness and indifference. Most men need to be encouraged. They like the subtle flattery of being chosen, singled out. Their ideal is the woman who always expects victory of them but to whom they can express their failure with every assurance not of censure but of comfort. Whatever the tradition, women are always the stronger. They are the mothers, not the creators but the perpetrators. That is—or should be—"what every woman knows."

A man may forgive a woman forty lovers, arson, theft and treason, but he will never, never, never forgive her for humiliating him in public. Don't make your husband out a liar for a couple of miles or a few thousand dollars. Let him get away with it. It isn't necessary to contradict him, even if he claims that Hiram Johnson wrote the League of Nations.

Men are lazy, generally. They haven't much social instinct. Many a woman has stood over her husband with a club to get him to go to some party where he met the pretty girl that started the trouble.

Economy is the one thing for which a man never forgives his wife.

The woman who saves money for a man at the expense of her personal appearance is merely starting a bank roll for some other woman to spend. Men do not admire fashions, but they insist upon charm and no woman can be charming without pretty clothes.

Have dainty clothes—not necessarily creations, nor extremes, but pretty things. I don't care if your husband declares you're heading the bark of matrimony straight for the Bankruptcy court—that's better than the Divorce court, isn't it?

The sex instinct of a man may have been polygamous in the old days when a harem was easy to get and inexpensive to keep, but nowadays a wife who always looks charming, whose hair is bright and attractively dressed—whose skin is soft and delicately tinted—whose figure is graceful and vital—whose clothes gratify his eye even if they put the fear of God in his pocketbook, will make her husband look as monogamous as Adam in the garden of Eden.

The ancient courtesans of Alexandria laid aside a certain part of their income for perfumes—a sum nearly as large as that which they paid for their homes. (Perhaps they figured it wasn't much use to have a home if you had to live alone in it.) I've never seen a man who wasn't susceptible to delicate, discreetly used fragrance.

There are three things a successful wife has got to be—a good cook, a good listener and an inspiring sweetheart. She can hire a substitute for the first, but Hubby will do the

selecting if there have to be any understudies for the last two.

Always encourage your husband to say pretty things to you. Men are apt to believe what they say rather than to say what they believe. When a man gets out of the habit of saying nice things to his wife he gets out of the habit of thinking them. And it's nature for a man to be thinking nice things about some woman. The only way to encourage him is to be appreciative when he does say them and to give him some cause.

Don't use the words "always" or "forever" if you can help it. Those two words send an actual chill to every man's heart. If he gets the idea planted that this is apt to be his last romance, he'll start on a still hunt for adventure. Women shorten their romances by starting to make them last forever. The only way to make romance last is to make it so pleasant it cannot be forsaken.

It's a mighty hard thing to tell a man his faults without directing particular attention to your own. Human nature is ever on the defensive. Would you rather make a perfect husband for somebody else or keep a medium one for yourself? The happiness of a lot of these pretty little No. Twos you see nowadays is built on some woman's attempt to reform a man. The finest line in the world lies between what a woman can actually do to help a man in his development and what she can do that will drive him from her.

Remember, if a man is happy, he is apt to be good.

A happy love, a pleasant home, a contented companionship are a man's best protection against vice of every kind. The

vampire seldom finds her prey in the man who is happy at home. She steps in usually when discord, trouble, nagging, petty quarrels—the little foxes that eat away the vines of matrimony—have made a man mentally ready for her advances. Happy love insures its own fidelity.

But if you have let some other woman step into your love life—you've still the upper hand if you will take the time and patience to use it.

There are three things that you must never do.

Don't cry. The only time a woman can cry successfully is in the dark and even then it isn't the most effective thing to do.

Don't make scenes. Men hate them unless they can play the star role.

Don't let him know you know. You can stand a lot of things if the world believes you in ignorance of them.

A woman should try to analyze the charm this "other woman" has upon her husband.

If it isn't because of her own failings—as I believe it is in nine cases out of ten—it's probably novelty. So have her around as much as you can. "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady"—you know. She soon wont be so much of a novelty after all.

The secret of success at a time like this is to take it very, very easily. Dynamite is quite harmless unless you light the fuse. He'll come back, and next time she'll have better sense than to let him get away from her.

Don't try to compete with the "vamp" at her own game. Too many women do that. As a matter of fact, the average wife cannot expect to compete with the professional beauty, the studied coquette. Anyway, men are generally little intrigued by beauty or so-called seductiveness.

A man generally has just one essential for his second wife—a good disposition.

(Continued on page 122)

A HUSBAND is as hard to drive away from a good home as a bull dog.

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Marriage is a habit. Nothing is so hard to break as a habit.

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A man generally has just one essential for his second wife—a good disposition.



William Conklin isn't sure that actors are as essential as the camera in the making of a picture and maybe he's right, at that. Here is William gossiping with Enid Bennett in "Hairpins."

Which—Actor or the Camera?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"LISTEN; that guy has been married five times and now he's looking for a—"

"My dear, he may be a perfectly good actor, but you will never make me believe that he—"

"Say, that girl acts as if she was about sixteen instead of—"

"Don't repeat it, Lillian, but he tried to date me up, and his wife hasn't got a decent rag to her back, and—"

What is it?

Aw, you know . . . *Gossip!*

Really, though, super-plus-gossip. That is the special kind that one hears when hanging around a studio, and hanging around a studio out here in the City of the Angels, i. e.—Los Angeles—is the greatest of all 'round sport there is. It has even shaded the Pursuit of the Lonesome Pint which, right after Mr. Volstead's sad sacrifice, was quite a popular pastime.

So hanging about the charming rose-clustered courtyard of Thomas H. Ince's Culver City studio I lent ear, as the saying goes, to William Conklin who was favoring lovely Florence Vidor and myself with his various opinions concerning—the moving picture, or course. Miss Vidor and Mr. Conklin had just finished with a scene for the new picture "Beau Revel"—the gossip as truthfully set down above was mere studio atmosphere.

We, too, gossiped. Various things. Enid Bennett leaving to have her own organization; the great success of the Douglas MacLean comedies; Edwards of New Jersey for President. And then somebody—maybe I did it—started the old

round of chatter to the effect that one thing is as important as another in the production of a picture.

Then William Conklin barked.

"The camera is the most important thing for a picture."

And I made a mental note right there and then that he had said a mouthful.

"The way they talk about pictures now-a-days reminds me of the story about the little boy whose mamma gave him a good whaling one morning for shooting B-B shots at a neighbor's cow. The spanking rankled in Willie's bosom and he burned for revenge. When night came he sat at his mother's knee and his face held a beautifully chaste and innocent expression. His list of blessings was unusually long and included all from S. Claus to the new kittens. But when he rose at last he faced his mamma triumphantly and shouted:

"Doggone it, I hope you noticed you weren't in it!"

"That's what they'd like to do to us actors, I wager. 'I hope you noticed you weren't in it.'"

"But, although I was a stage player for years and years—I made my debut with Grace George twenty years ago—I am strong for the photoplay no matter what they do to us."

Conklin is just closing his second contract with Ince.

He has played prominent parts in many big Ince pictures. His most recent successes were "Sex," in which he played the lead opposite Louise Glaum; "Hairpins," with Enid Bennett; "The Woman in the Suitcase" with the same star; "McNier" with Hobart Bosworth and now "Beau Revel," with an all-star cast, including Lewis S. Stone, Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes and Kathleen Kirkham.



Madame Petrova is known in many lands; she is an international celebrity. But she always comes "home" to a simple estate in Great Neck, Long Island, where she really keeps house for her husband.

Chez Madame

WHICH means, if you know your Ollendorf at all, that you had previously been invited to attend a personally-conducted tour of the sumptuous Long Island estate of Madame—of course, Madame Petrova. She of the Continental figure, eyes, and wit. She whose first name is Olga, certainly the name of names for one born in Warsaw, Poland.

You have accepted. And you are greeted on the velvety lawn of the Great Neck home, by Madame herself—dressed all in white, so *charmant*, so *chic*, as she lowers her brilliant blue sunshade at your approach.

She is an international personage, Madame. Born in Poland, educated in France; a student of literature in London, a thespian struggler there also. Now a triumphant goddess of the stage and screen in America. She speaks many languages, preferring the French. She writes—poems, satires. She sings, and her voice, on the black discs, has penetrated almost every other home in America. She had just returned from a tour of the States, where she broke all records in the varieties. She sang a little and recited a little—her own songs and poems. A far cry from "Panthea," the sensuous lady from abroad who vamped Broadway.

Now Petrova is planning a trip abroad. And then she will come back to America—for she is a citizen of the United States, having married a famous American surgeon—and return to pictures.





WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN
Looked at Me Sadly.
"Pearls—" she Said,
In a Low Voice—

"Pearls—I Love Them.
I Would Love to Own
Many Pearls. See—
This is My Favorite Ring—
A Pearl.
I Have this Little Pearl Necklace—
But They Say
Pearls Mean Tears.
Mine have Meant—
Tears."

I Thought she was
Going to Cry, but
She Didn't.
"Charlie's Picture
Is Playing here this Week,"
She Said, Still Sadly,
"An Old Picture,
A Re-issue, and
It is Just as Popular
As if it had Been Made Yesterday.
Of all Charlie's Pictures,
I Like 'The Bank' Best.
Please," She Said,
"Do Not Ask Me
About My Domestic Troubles.
Isn't This
A Lovely Cameo?" She Sighed
As she Sipped her Soup.
"It Belonged to my
Grandmother—no,
My Great-Great-Grandmother."

"And your Diamond Wristwatch—
Is that, too, an Heirloom?"
She Paid no Attention to Me.
"I Love Fords," she Said Instead,
As she Buttered a Roll.
"They are Such Fun.
I Don't Know Whether
To Get a Cadillac or a
Loco. I'm Having
The Most Terrible Time
Trying to Decide."
She Wrinkled her Lovely Brow
In Thought.
"In Future I Hope
To Spend Six Months of the Year
In California, Making Pictures.
And the Other Half
In New York.
I Love
My Next Picture—
I Play
A Society Girl in it.
Oh," she Stopped a Minute,
"That Reminds Me.
I am Going to Meet
Reggie Vanderbilt
Next Week."
We were Awed into Silence.

"I May Go on the Stage.
Mr. Woods Wants Me to.
I'll have to Have My Voice Trained."
She Gazed Reproachfully
At Her Ice-Cream with Chocolate Sauce,
Which, in Turn,
Gazed back at her Reproachfully
For Not Eating it.
The Poor Girl
Hasn't Had Time
To Shop, even, she
Has Been So Busy in Manhattan
Appearing in Person
In the Theaters and
Meeting Mayors and
All the Best People.
But she Seemed Bored—
Bored with it All.
She Rose—and
Walked Out, Slowly and Sadly,
And as I Followed her
I Heard People Say,
"That's Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—
She's Suing him for Divorce."



"Don't ask me about my domestic troubles," begged Mrs. Chaplin.

When I Said Goodbye to her,
She Let her Limpid Blue Eyes,
That Always Look as if
She were About to Burst
Into Tears,
Rest on Me a Moment,
Contemplatively.
But all she Said was,
"I'm So Glad
You didn't Ask Me
About My Domestic Troubles."

This is Just to Remind
Charles Meredith
That he Broke His Promise.
He Promised Me
To have his Picture Taken
To Go with this; admitting
At the Time, that he always Felt
An Awful Boob
Sitting for a Photographer
And Always Put it Off
As Long as Possible.
He Certainly Did.
There's No Reason Why
He Shouldn't Have his Picture
Taken, Except
That You Would Never Say
It was a Good Likeness
Of An Actor—
He Doesn't Look Like one.
He Started Out to be
An Architect.
He Went Back-stage
At Stuart Walker's Theater
In Indianapolis, and
They Thought he was an Actor
Looking for a Job—and
Engaged him on the Spot.
He's been a Leading Man
Ever Since.
He has Ideas of his Own
About Picture Production,
And Tries them Out
After Office Hours.
He's a Young
Jekyll-and-Hyde
Who Makes Love to
Nice Ladies like
Ethel Clayton all Day,
And then Comes Home
And Puts on a Character Make-Up
And Astonishes the Neighbors
By Beating a Film Wife
On the Front Lawn.
(He's Married—Happily.)
But
He Went Back
To California without
Having his Picture Taken.
So How Can I Write
Anything about him?

Your Home and Its Winter Clothes

Household suggestions, particularly interesting to servantless women, brides and flat-dwellers.

By **NORMA TALMADGE**
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

I READ once of a woman whose life had been passed on a farm, and who suddenly fell heir to quite a sum of money. Some one asked her what she was going to do, now that she needn't work so hard. "Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I reckon that I'm going to get me a good comfortable rocking chair and set it here by the window where I can see the sky, and then I'm going to set and rock for quite a spell."

You see, in the sort of home she had there hadn't been time to "set and rock for quite a spell" and I think this is true of a lot of our homes, it doesn't matter how handsome they are. Most women in this servantless era are inclined to think that the time to rest will never come again. In my opinion one of the big advantages of this disturbed period is the incentive it gives a lot of us to put our mentality at work in figuring out ways to simplify this serious problem of running a home and making it a lovable, livable place.

I believe a home should be the place for good times for every member of the family, and—it doesn't matter how industrious you are—good times aren't associated with a place in which you have to work all the time.

The four walls of our home will see more of us in the coming six months than they have in the six months just ended. Those who have been away for the summer are back from mountain or seashore with a renewed interest in the spot in which they will spend the winter. And for those who haven't been away it is highly important that the home should seem "different" than it was during the summer. It doesn't matter if your home is a spacious edifice with many rooms, or a tiny apartment—one of the chief joys of a home is the fact that its size doesn't matter, it is *our* place, and that's all that counts.

I know a woman who gets, I believe, as much fun out of changing her house around every spring and fall

as some people do out of a trip to Europe. There isn't any danger of a person like that getting into a rut, or finding her home monotonous. And it is the inspiration of the good times she has that has made me want to chat with you this month about the homes we are going to live in this winter.

Personally, I like to have a bit of home with me wherever I go. In the studio I have one—a two-room-bath-and-kitchenette. The latter is fitted up with all sorts of electric things and is the dearest place in the world to prepare a lunch—or tea, if the director lets us off in time for the latter. In the closets in this tiny apartment we have worked out a plan whereby everything may be found at a moment's notice. A set of boxes, labelled plainly with their contents, helps one to find any hat, furs, or similar articles without loss of time. The different clothes needed in making a picture are arranged in the order in which they will be needed.

If you are storing away the summer things, you will save much time and wear and tear on your temper if you devise a system for your attic or store room. Do not, if you value your patience and strength, use the family trunks to store things in. If yours is a traveling family, likely to flit at a moment's notice, make things easier for everyone by having all the trunks, empty, placed nearest to the door. Store all summer things in boxes, that are labelled with a list of their contents, and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.

Another time-saver for the servantless woman is a sewing closet. Try if you possibly can, to devote one closet to this purpose. Again provide yourself with a group of boxes, pasteboard ones of convenient size to store on the closet shelves. In these boxes place the different articles that will be needed in the sewing room, thread in one box, laces in another, materials, hooks and eyes, etc., each one with the list of



Store all summer things in boxes that are labeled with a list of their contents, and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.

contents pasted on the end of the box that is toward the closet door. This is a big time-saver, for you are able to tell at a glance just where any of the different sewing materials are. Speaking of sewing makes me think of an old lady I used to hear about when I was a little girl. She was looked up to as the greatest example of thrift on our street, because she always saved the basting threads when she pulled them out of a garment.

A lot of the girls who were June brides are beginning their first serious attempts at housekeeping this fall, and let me tell you, girls, you are going to have some wonderful times putting that new home to rights—as well as some tragic ones when the cake falls and the oven burns. A lot of you are going to be called good housekeepers. It's a splendid title and you'll be proud of it, but I hope that every one of you will be prouder if you are known as home-makers. There is such a difference between the two! And it is such a marvelous thing when one can combine them.

A certain man of my acquaintance frequently calls at a friend's house and goes through a procedure that has come to be a rite with them. First he solemnly seats himself in a comfortable chair, pulls up another one to put his feet on, then pulls out an old and very black pipe which he proceeds to "load." The smile on his face when that pipe is going well and his feet are up on the other chair is wonderful to behold. You see, he is married to a "good housekeeper," the kind of woman who wouldn't dream of letting him smoke in the house or put his feet up on chairs. I don't suppose that woman ever heard of the "two bears." My Sunday school teacher used to tell me that the bears were "bear" and "forebear" and somehow I always wish every girl had learned about them when she went to Sunday school.

Perhaps if they had, more of the big girls would try to make home a comfortable place for their husbands. Of course, it is a bit trying to have your window curtains all smoked up and you *don't* like ashes on the living room rug. Perhaps you won't mind it so much, however, if you remember that curtains will launder and ashes are good for rugs. Besides, and this is something that a few married girls seem to overlook sometimes, it's his home, too, as well as yours. So when your home is donning its winter clothes this year I *do* hope there won't be any ban against smoking, or any cushions too nice to use.

Going back for a minute to this matter of time-saving through systematic arrangement, let me tell you that it is the one thing that makes the difference between the woman who has plenty of leisure and the woman who works all the time. One of the clever, labor-saving contrivances that I saw recently was devised by a woman who has taken to doing her own housework during the time that prices stay at their present

altitude. This invention was a box for the bathroom, to hold soiled linen. It was made three feet long, two feet wide and thirty inches high. This box was covered on the outside with blue and white oilcloth, to match the blue and white fittings of the bathroom, and was enameled on the inside. Partitions on the inside divided it into compartments for different kinds of clothes. These were put in their proper places when removed, and there was no lengthy sorting of the laundry.

Where space is at a premium—and high rentals have made this a vital problem with most of us—the clever girl or woman will turn her attention to utilizing the inside of closet doors. Cretonne to match that used in the bedroom may be used to cover the inside of the door and to this may be attached pockets

for slippers and other incidentals that are better in receptacles than lying about. And if you want to add an additionally dainty note to your room, try lining your clothes closet with the same cretonne that is used to embellish your bedroom.

Eliminating unnecessary articles of furniture and making those that are used attractive is the keynote of beauty for the small room or apartment. One of the most attractive homes I have seen recently has been remodeled from an ugly narrow house. Its transformation is the work of a great scenic artist, who has given the same thought and skill to making a gem of this tiny house that he gives to arranging the most elaborate stage picture.

There was no practical way of enlarging the living room, so the problem of its size was solved by installing just one dominant piece of furniture—a great davenport placed before the fireplace, around which, back and ends, was built a table.

the artist, and was stained and polished by the artist and his wife. The completed cost of it was less than fifteen dollars. The top of this table bore two large reading lamps and was wide enough to serve as a tea table, work table or any other desired purpose. The only other articles of furniture in this unique room are a large lounging chair and a built-in window seat piled high with many-colored cushions. To give a greater effect of space in this room rugs have been abolished, and a narrow strip of velvet carpet in dull blue runs around the davenport and table. This room combines the maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort in taking care of it.

By the way, the narrow dining room in this house has been made strikingly lovely by means of a long, narrow table in black oak that runs down the center, with pedestals at either end of the table for holding wide, low brass bowls for flowers. Like the living room, the floor has narrow strips of carpet, that

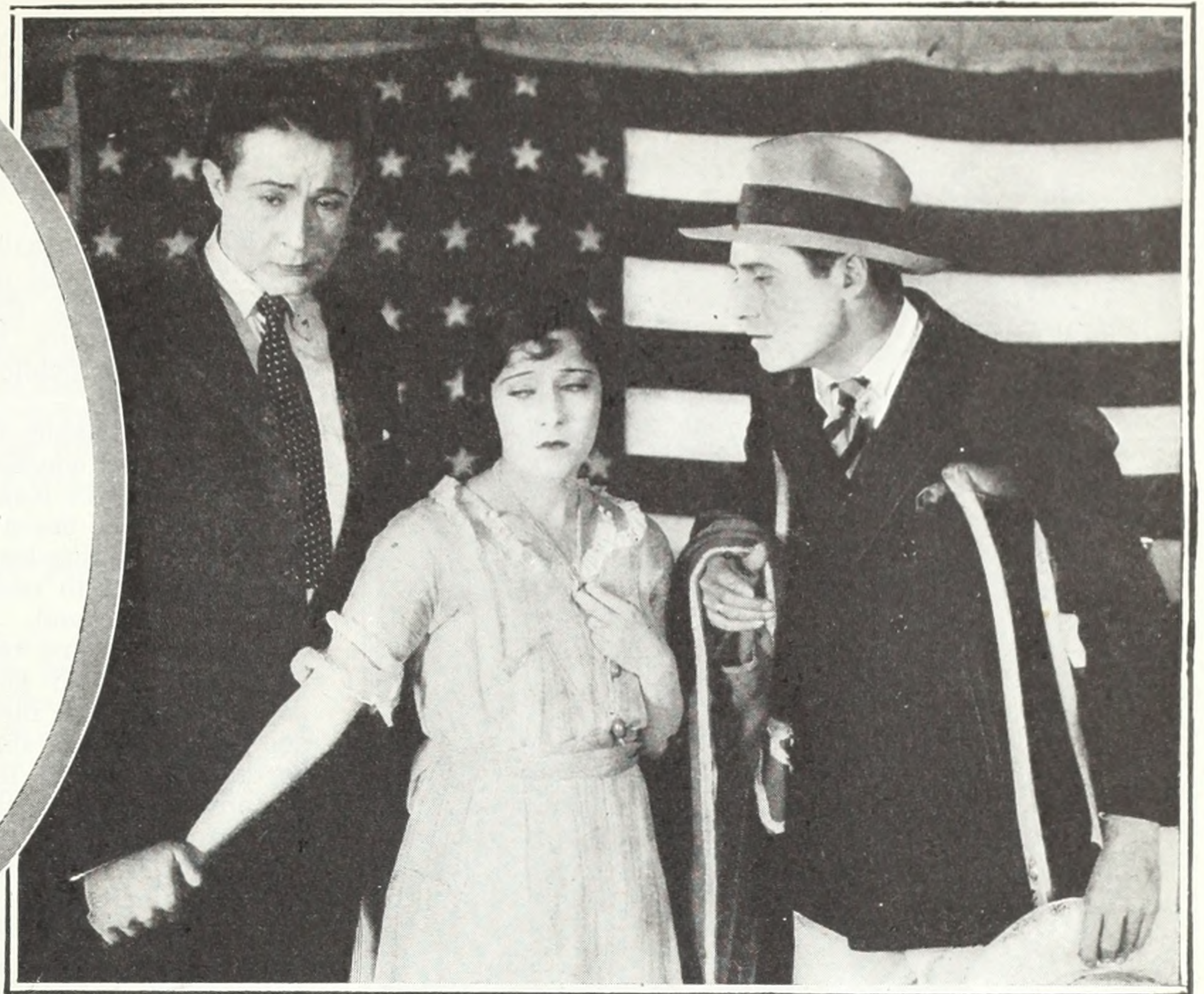
(Continued on page 122)



There was no practical way of enlarging the living room, so the problem of its size was solved by installing just one dominant piece of furniture—a great davenport placed before the fireplace, around which, back and ends, was built a table.

The Shadow Stage

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



The theme of "Something to Think About," is that love can conquer all human ills, with Elliott Dexter as the patient and Gloria Swanson as the potion. It is a good picture, interesting, and beautifully screened.

By Burns Mantle

ADDING their bit to the revenues of the postoffice department are those who write to inquire of the editor why, in the name of all that is reasonable, this picture, or that picture, is permitted on the screen; why, in fact, there are any poor pictures shown, and when will the cheap and the vulgar exhibition cease to irritate a faithful but fretful moviegoing populace?

Occasionally the queries are varied. One gentleman recently inclosed a stamped envelope to carry back to him an answer which would tell him just where to lay the blame for a poor picture. He was not discouraged with the average quality of entertainment his home theaters offered him, but he was puzzled. When a picture was not quite up to snuff whom should he blame? "Is it the producer's fault?" queries he; "or the scenario writer's? Or the director's? Or the star actor's? Or the exhibitor's? Or the fans?"

The ready answer to which is that not knowing, we cannot say. It may be the fault of any one of these—or of none of them. They have all been party to the picture's production, but no one of them has been directly and absolutely in control of its making.

Frankly, the more I see of pictures the less patience I have with the complaints about them. Not because there is not plenty of reason for complaining, but because the general improvement has been so marked of late that that seems of vastly more importance. True, there are still many poor pictures being made, just as there are many poor plays being produced, poor books being written and poor pictures being painted. The poor we have always with us in more senses than one. But the improvement in pictures is steady. There were more good pictures made last year than in any other twelve-month period since genius fitted a crank to a camera. There were more good pictures made or begun in the last six months than in the six years previous thereto.

True, the improvement to date is mostly confined to the larger and more ambitious companies. But they are the

leaders, and the standards they set are certain to be followed. Goldwyn is accomplishing wonders with its Eminent Authors' series, not in its productions under this trademark alone, but in the influence the series is having, and has had, on the output of the regular staff. And as each of the competing companies recognizes the quality and importance of this competition they, in turn, have tried to better it. Famous Players long since decided that the old Paramount cry of quality above everything, which was lost in the various amalgamations, is after all the best slogan to tie to and is making valiant attempts to recover from the effects of

hurried and careless production into which its working staffs were allowed to slip a year or two ago. Metro is still struggling earnestly to make good with "Fewer and Better Pictures." Cosmopolitan, which, heaven knows, has produced its share of cheap pictures, has given its staff a new mark to shoot at with "Humoresque." The William Fox interests are in the market for better material than they ever have bought before, and Universal leavens their poorer productions with an occasional special that does the new order credit.

No, it is a time for cheering rather than complaining. And doubling in the role of cheer leader now and again adds variety to a critical gentleman's life.

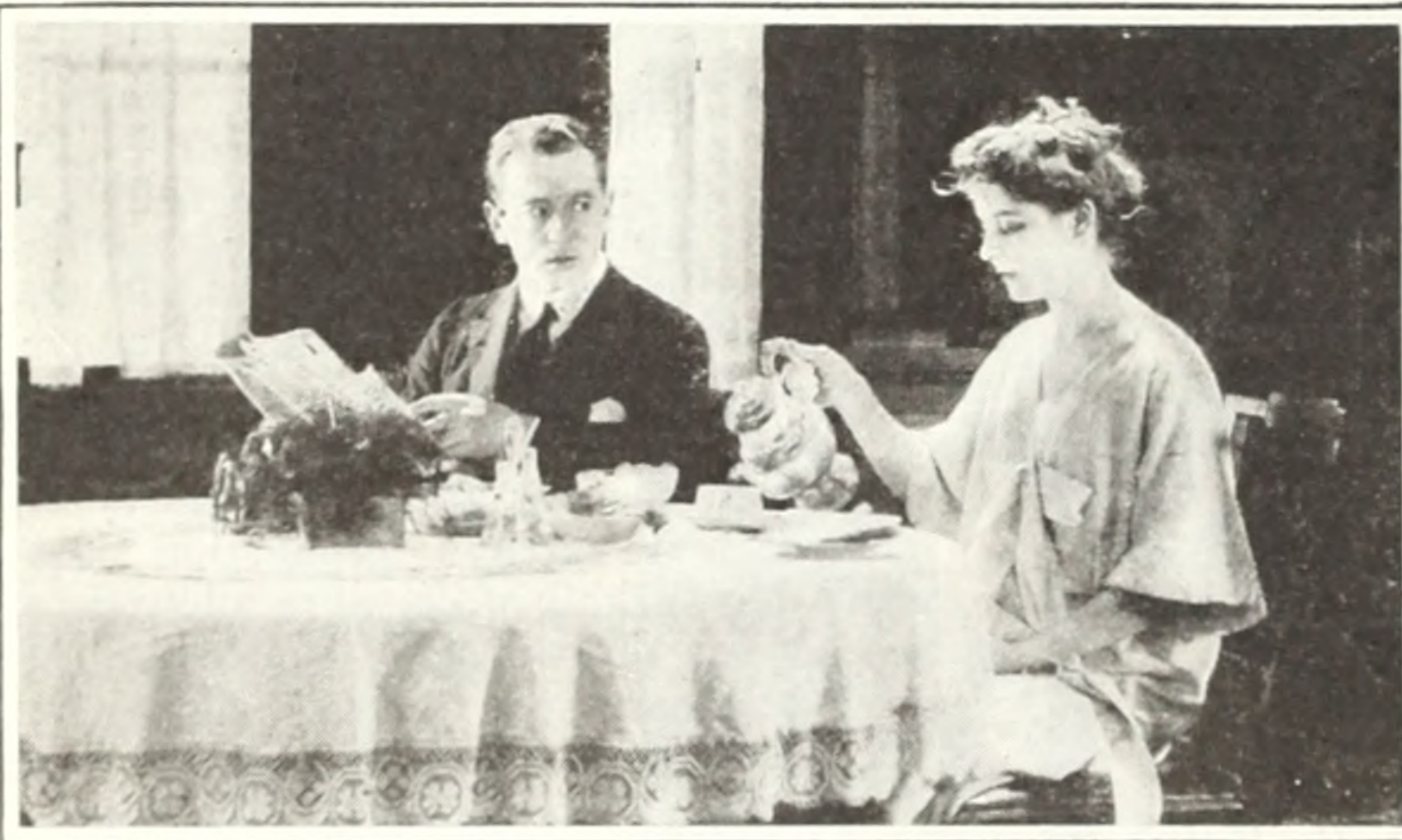
But, to get back to our correspondent and his bewilderment as to whom to blame, this much is to be said against the system of picture making: No industry in the world makes so brazen a practice of hiding behind an alibi. No one is responsible for anything. The bad picture is always some other fellow's fault. The good picture may be credited to this man or to that one, but there is always the whispered information that it really is the work of a struggling unknown, or the result of a half hundred suggestions from various members of the staff.

If title cards told the exact truth, nine out of ten would in effect read: "Mr. Hiram Bazam presents Miss Stringa Pearls in 'Her Second Set of Uppers,' written by Thompson Underwood from a suggestion by Grace Remington, and rewritten

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



"The Jack-Knife Man" is a homely story of a gentle old man brought into contact with the love of a nameless child. The atmosphere is of the old Mississippi River days. Fred Turner and Bobby Kelso head the cast.



In "Hairpins" the producers re-create the slovenly wife who blossoms forth into beauty when she realizes her husband is slipping away. It is a human little story, featuring Enid Bennett and Matt Moore.



"Trumpet Island" is a Gouverneur Morris romance, which will be one of the talked-of pictures of the fall and winter. Marguerite de la Motte is the heroine and Wallace MacDonald her companion.

six times by our own scenario staff to meet the approval of Mr. Bazam and Miss Pearls, and later completely revised by the director, Hokum Smith, with the assistance of Cutting Murphy, and finally edited, assembled and titled by the Messrs. Bazam, Sutcliff, Underwood and Smith, their wives, neighbors and intimate friends, and approved by Miss Pearls and the office force."

You cannot reasonably blame the producer, for he is almost as wax in the hands of his associates, after he has furnished the money to buy the original story. He must please his star and his director, his distributing agents and what he conceives to be his public if he is to make money for his stockholders.

You can't blame the scenario editor or the continuity writer or the production editor, for they are beholden to the director who will make the picture if he likes it, or refuse to make it if he doesn't, and the star, whose contract includes a clause permitting her to accept or reject any story or scene submitted, and to order the rewriting of any character she does not understand.

You could blame the director if you knew nothing of his handicaps. But if he doesn't take liberties with the script no one will accept the picture as being his! And if he does not please the star she (and often he) will not act. And if he does not do the things, or at least a few of the things, the producer suggested he should do he will be unpopular in that quarter. And directors are human.

The star is responsible for a lot, but, my dear, doesn't she know positively that there is a conspiracy on foot to "ruin" her reputation as a star by not giving her the right kind of parts, so they can cut her excessive salary! Doesn't she? You ask her, and see.

You could blame the exhibitor for wiring his exchange to send him another of those hot ones—if you hadn't gone in great numbers to see the last one because you had heard it was a little off color. And you could blame yourself and the other fans if you did not know that the movies are the only moderately-priced entertainment left you and that every normal human being is curious and restless and craves some sort of relief to the deadly monotony of merely living.

And so it goes. But this situation is clearing, too. It is the system which is really to blame, and the system is gradually changing. Just now there is a superfluity of cooks and the broth is frequently scorched. But one by one the cooks are getting their two weeks' notice. The production unit is growing smaller and pictures better. First the producer was everything, then the director, now the writer is in the ascendant. Eventually the three will work in sympathetic coöperation—these three and no others—and then you will see—what you will see!

No one can see as beautifully screened a picture as "Earthbound" without being conscious of, and grateful for, the steady improvement the screen drama is making. The dignity with which the subject is handled is on a par with the impressiveness of its photographic beauty and its technical perfections. Its message is provocative of helpful and sane discussion, whatever one's personal convictions may be concerning spiritism and its attendant theories. And yet the underlying drama is basically as simple as it is sound. One who has lived by the creed that there is "no God, no sin, no future life" betrays his friend and is unfaithful to the woman he has married. He meets a violent death at the hands of the friend and his soul remains earthbound until the wrongs he has committed are righted in the light of the knowledge acquired "over there." Thus his unhappy spirit haunts the scene of his untimely taking off while he attempts to get the message across to those whom he has wronged. Until they understand and forgive him he cannot go on. The thing we call conscience, Basil King, the author, suggests, may reasonably be no more than the whispered warnings of those who have passed on and then been drawn back through love of us to show the way. Through the influences of the restless spirit of the dead man the temptress who was mainly responsible for his sins of the flesh voluntarily takes the stand at the trial of the man accused of the murder and, by her confession, frees him. A little less reasonably, but still with dramatic effect, the injured wife is made to understand and to forgive. And then the earthbound spirit is released to seek the higher realms of the spirit world. It is not essentially a sympathetic picture. I found, for example, that my own interest in it broke somewhat with the appearance of the ghost. Someway he seemed to me richly

to deserve his purgatorial experiences, and to treat rather shabbily the devoted wife whose forgiveness was so necessary to his progress heavenward. But it may be I was led to concentrate on the cleverness with which the director, T. Hayes Hunter, has manipulated his double exposures, rather than on the story. Probably I should see the picture twice to do it full justice. I believe, too, it could be trimmed to good effect. The actors are wisely chosen for their competence, but they are given too much chance to act and then hold up the story doing it. A few feet of suggestion is worth yards of pantomime in the footage of a tense story. The performances of Wyndham Standing, both as man and ghost; of Mahlon Hamilton as the friend who shot him; of Naomi Childers as the wife, Flora Ravalles as the wicked lady and Lawson Butt as a sort of chorusing friend who served as the author's spokesman, were all good. Elfrid Bingham is responsible for the excellent scenario.

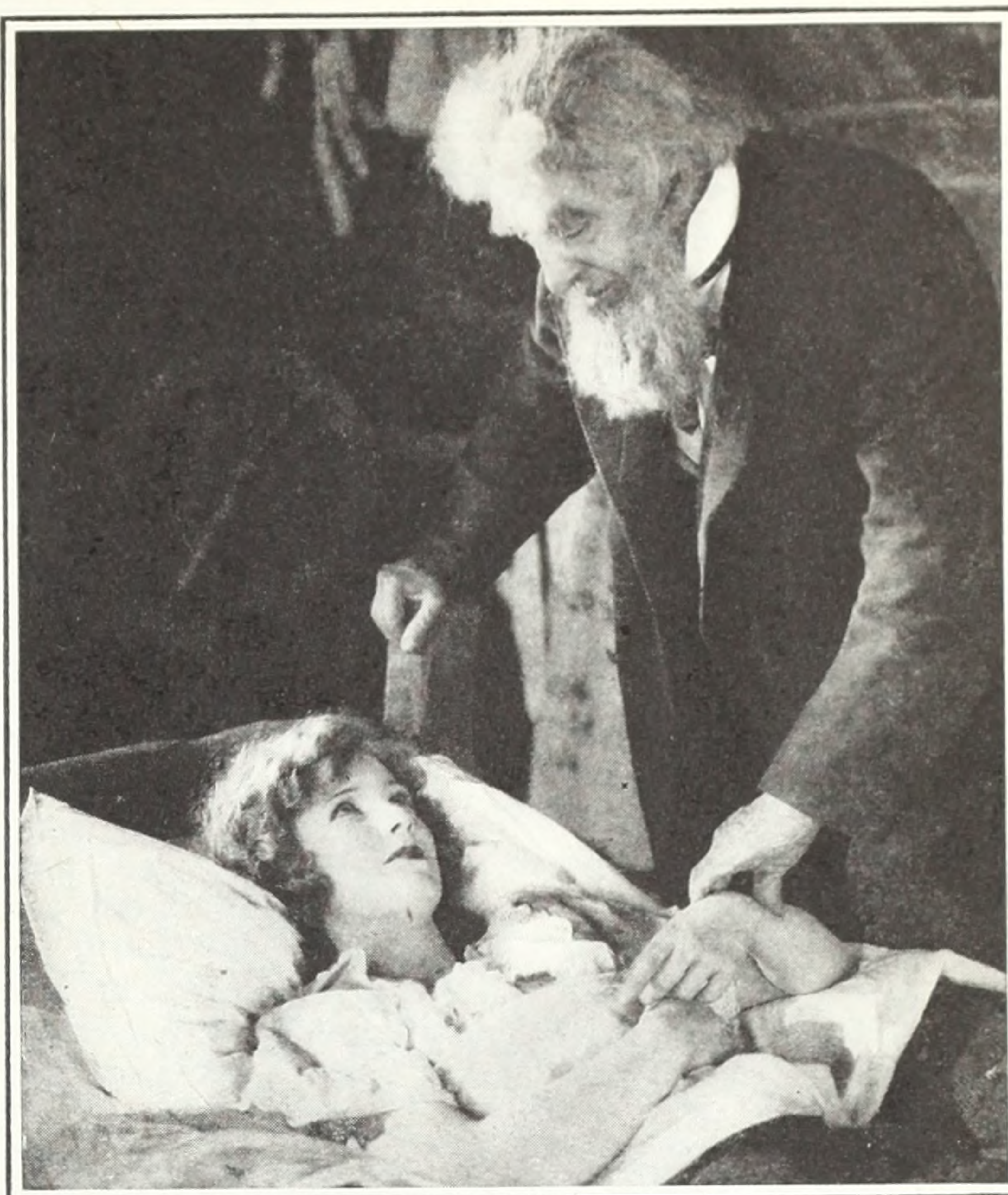
"SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT"—Paramount-Artcraft

I AM pleased to report that, temporarily, at least, Cecil De Mille has moved out of the lingerie department into the storybook section of the Famous Players' studios in Hollywood. His newest picture, "Something to Think About," is as old as "Hazel Kirke" and as new as a novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart. But it is a good picture, an interesting picture and beautifully screened. The "something" of the title will be accepted as Christian Science, I suspect, by the scientists, but it is broadly a sermon on the text that love can conquer all human ills, and not likely to excite controversy. A wealthy young man living in the big house on the hill becomes interested in and pays for the education of the blacksmith's little daughter, who lives below him. When the child returns from college, with her hair up and her skirts of fashionable length, the wealthy young man falls in love with her—but he is lame and cannot ask her to marry him. Then the little girl, out of gratitude and to please her father, proposes to the lame man and he is very happy. But she runs away with her schoolboy sweetheart next reel, and darkness settles over the big house. Only the kindly philosophy of the gray-haired housekeeper helps the lame one stand up under his disappointment. "Right will triumph," she preaches, and holds love thoughts over everyone. Sure enough, years after, the blacksmith's daughter returns, a widow and in rags. And though she is turned out by her angry father, and contemplates suicide, the lame boy finds and saves her. After her fatherless child is born he still cares for the two of them, and by the time the lad is three or four, and both the gentle landlady and the grateful heroine have held love thoughts over everybody, the lame boy is able to throw away his crutches, grandfather becomes forgiving and the ending is beautifully happy. The De Mille sense of beauty of scene, and his care in the selection of the decorative and significant detail, help immensely to cover the obviousness of the story's development. The visit of hero and heroine to the county fair is an illustration, with its ironic clown and his reiterated sneer that "the strong man always wins." The cast is as perfect as casts can be. Theodore Roberts is a masterful figure as the blacksmith. Elliott Dexter is entirely sympathetic but never maudlin as the lame man. Monte Blue is excellent as the schoolboy lover, Gloria Swanson plays the heroine with great earnestness and considerable dramatic power, and Theodore Kosloff serves the story admirably as the clown.

"A CUMBERLAND ROMANCE"—Realart

THE one-man producing unit is a great success so far as Charles Maigne is concerned. He writes his own scenarios and directs his own pictures, and as a result he is able to take a simple story and develop it as it appeals to him, without the interference of a producer with a star to exploit or a star with nothing more important than her own ambitions to serve. "A Cumberland Romance" is a pleasantly told, consistently developed little drama, prettily decorated with the scenic beauties of the open landscape and an occasional dash into the rougher mountain country. The John Fox atmosphere is admirably preserved, and the mountain-folk characterizations not unduly exaggerated. An easterner, working in the southern mountains, meets a maid taking her corn grits to mill. He is much the grandest man she ever has met, and she falls in love with

(Continued on page 86)



"A Cumberland Romance" is a John Fox story, featuring Mary Miles Minter as the barefoot heroine, modestly portrayed, and with some unexaggerated mountain folk and scenic beauties.



"In Folly's Trail" Carmel Meyers returns to the screen. The picture tells a trite little story of an artist and his "inspiration." Thomas Holding, a good actor, is the leading man.



In spite of the melodramatic beginning, "The Great Redeemer" achieves dignity and distinction, telling a story of redemption at the gallows. It is really worth seeing. House Peters and Marjorie Daw are featured.



Drawn by Norman Anthony

Imaginary Interviews

MABEL NORMAND

GENTLE Reader, after you read this you will probably murmur, "some lyin'"; but I assure you Daniel had nothing on me when I interviewed Miss Normand!

When I was ushered into Miss Normand's drawing room, the sounds that reached my interviewic ears led me to believe the latest jazz record was being played but when I

looked around I thought I had wandered by mistake into Bronx Park! Believe it or not, G. R., there was Miss Normand sitting calmly in a chair stroking the brow of a rumbling lion! She smiled sweetly and said, "Pray, be seated!" I prayed all right, and seated myself gingerly on the edge of a chair, with one eye on a window. After I could catch my

breath I stammered, "Are these y-your p-p-pets?" She laughed and patting a leopard, crouched on her other side, said, "Yes, I'm just crazy about wild things! I only need two more now to complete my collection—a Director and an—"

Before she could say "Interviewer" and "Sic 'em," I Fairbanked out the window!

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Labelling Them. There is a fault, common to most of our directors and scenarioists, which they inherited, more or less legitimately, from the less subtle part of the old speaking stage. And the less subtle part is by far the greatest part of the speaking stage, as anyone knows. The reference is to the practise of artlessly labelling vice and virtue, personified, by the attitude of the surrounding characters.

Let us explain in particular.

The villain of the average piece needs no designation from his first entrance. From the first he is unsuccessfully besieging the heroine. From the first he is, somehow, opposing the hero. From the first he is always performing against the grain of the audience. On the contrary, the Good Boy Who is Going to Get Her is always doing the right thing, though his compatriots on the screen may not realize it at all. As we write we have in mind an excellent photoplay, not yet released, in which two sisters, running a parallel course of life, are so plainly Right and Wrong, personified, that from the middle of reel one there cannot be the slightest doubt as to the romantic outcome.

This is wrong not only because it destroys suspense and dramatic interest for the intelligent, but because, as well, it is a violation of the laws of life. Not one of us is all good, and there are very few people in the world who are all bad. Moreover, the leading percentages in female virtue very seldom tie up with a correspondingly high ratio of masculine honor, and vice-versa. The best subjects for photodrama are not fairy tales and allegories of good and evil, but selections from the infinite and factful variety in the drama of life. And nothing is lifelike, nor even highly interesting, which is plainly labelled, like preserved fruit, at the moment it is pickled in celluloid.

The Gospel of Americanization.

There is one artist to whom no call of fashion or vagrant or hysterical sex furore has ever appealed or shadowed her work upon the screen. She has not sold her birthright of true American womanhood for a mess of wanton scenes to jack up the satiated palate of the film fan.

The true standard of patriotism is built upon racial instincts derived from social customs. These customs become part of us and form the basic principles by which we guide our daily conduct and upon which we have built our ideas of American Womanhood. Miss

Pickford has standardized and definitely outlined a type and spread it throughout the world to the lasting benefit of the rest of us. This little woman in ten years has done more to spread the gospel of Americanization than any other living medium. In every part of the globe she has represented American womanhood to its best advantage and we women owe her a debt for never having proved recreant in her latest pictures to the trust which she invited in her earlier efforts.

Wherever a Pickford picture has gathered and held firm admirers it has recruited just that other part of the world to the banner of Americanization.

That Super-fluous "Super." The original use of the word "super," theatrically and pictorially speaking, was to designate a person of the cast of so little importance that he was not even classed as an actor. Now, like a poor relation who has struck oil, "super" has become prominent and important, omnipresent and annoying, a verbal creature of many aliases and as busy as a card-sharp among immigrants.

"Super" has also become very cheap. It is, now, just a brass-plated superlative.

"Super-features," "Super-productions," "Super-stories," "Super-direction," "Super-acting"—and so vaingloriously on.

These only remind us of a flirt's protestations of love. It is a pity that the publicists and the labellers of the movies cannot exercise more ingenuity—to say nothing of taste—in the adjectival side of their proclamations.

The old excuse that the reading and buying public wants nothing but standard goods and the old stuff in words doesn't go any more. A real science of sensible advertising has risen around crackers and leather belting, motor tires and ladies' hosiery, steel saws and tooth-paste. This tempered, sane and consistent though persistent advertising is effective and enormously profitable. In the sense that it depends upon cash sales for its continuance the motion photoplay is as much a ware as Akron rubber, and its buglers should be aware that they are not sounding their calls to fools. In description and characterization it is probable that the photoplay is susceptible of a more diversified and more interesting range of expressions than any other form of artistic or industrial activity. It gets less than any other—much less. It almost seems as if nowadays they were trying to do it with one word: super.

The Art of Dry-Point

An appreciation of the medium of
portraiture reproduced on the opposite page.

By W. H. de B. NELSON

Editor of the *International Studio*

IN the good old days (which were not really good except by virtue of 20th century patronage and tradition) when the sum of all learning could be grasped by one man and inscribed into one volume, people knew quite a lot or else nothing at all . . . there was no compromise between intense ignorance and surpassing knowledge, with a decided leaning toward the former condition. Today, however, *nous avons changé tout ça*, and so many and devious are the paths of learning and information that every one is, perforce, a laggard behind the chariot of progress, in the nigh hopeless task of attempting to keep pace with the infinity of pursuits, each demanding a certain amount of expert acquaintance with the mechanism, even to understand something of the matter if it should only chance to be the subject of conversation. Which explains how the degrading institution of administering tabloidal intelligence, or knowledge-in-a-nutshell, has come into being and grown into real significance! It is more than likely, therefore, that quite a number of well-informed people are unacquainted with Walter Tittle, dry point portraitist, and his unusual dexterity in his chosen medium.

First, then, a word or two about the artist.

Before taking up etching, Tittle served a strenuous apprenticeship to illustration, running the entire gamut of the principal magazines, to all of which he has amply contributed, besides finding time to write and illustrate books that have met with good success. All this endeavor, however, has been subservient to his love of portraiture, in every medium including oil.

For years he has been a frequent exhibitor at first-class shows, including (Mr. McBride notwithstanding) our National Academy. Two years ago he tempted Providence by holding a one-man show of some thirty-six etchings and dry points at the Art Institute of Chicago, where he had the satisfaction of discovering that, besides the Institute itself, several private collectors and a number of public galleries felt the necessity of acquiring examples of his work. This growing interest in Tittle's portraiture on the part of leading museums and libraries has carried his prints into the collections of such important institutions as the New York Public Library and the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C.

Unfortunately for picturesque biography Tittle was not born in a log cabin nor were his parents unselfish enough to be tomahawked or even part-scalped by vindictive Indians; he did not measure tin tacks and treacle in a country store, nor since taking up his residence in New York has he so far yielded to the time-honored urge of selling newspapers; and consequently he is a biographical disappointment.

He sat at the feet of the late William M. Chase and the very present Robert Henri, excellent masters of distinct outlook, and as far removed in their pursuit as one could well conceive. Between their conflicting ideas of art Tittle has interposed his own, and with the grammar and syntax of his profession at his fingertips, he possesses a wealth of endurance, vigor and individuality more than sufficient to bring his bark into good anchorage. And from the "bark" it is a short step to the "bite," which is after all the essence of etching, be it dry or wet. An etching is achieved by corroding the copper plate, that is, biting into it by the aid of acid in contradistinction to a dry point where no acid is employed, but where the drawing is done direct on the plate with a steel point, or a diamond. With the etching, the longer the exposure to the acid, the deeper and richer the portion of the plate acted upon, during which action the other parts of the plate are protected from the acid by a coating of etching ground. The etcher works out a time-table of exposures that his drawing calls for, and the most delicate lines receive, of course, the shortest bath.

In a dry point the point cuts into the surface of the copper making faint or deep lines as hand and wrist dictate. When taking a proof, the ink is spread upon the plate and the artist proceeds to wipe off the ink by a horizontal application of the rag, leaving a deposit of the tough ink on either side of the furrow, resulting (after printing) in a line much wider than the actual line incised. Besides width and blackness this line presents a "feathery" edge. A black tone made of such lines suitably separated yields a quality luminous and velvety, of an intensity that lovers of this medium find intensely alluring. The "burr" sometimes is scraped away when delicacy of line is required.

When a variety of tone is wanted, grays within grays, in subtle gradation, dry point is not the best medium to employ . . . hence we find the great masters of the past, only to mention Durer, Holbein, and Rembrandt, combining etching and dry point on the same plate.

In conclusion, one cannot but notice with delight how Tittle brings out a charming and distinct quality in each sitter. Emphatic blacks in each face are well distributed and make a unit; in the language of the studio, nothing "punches a hole." Good visible shapes of dark give "class" to his drawings. Walter Tittle has of late been pleasantly occupied with portraits of Billie Burke, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and other celebrated stars that have found time to dazzle him in his workmanlike studio at No. 3 Washington Square, North.



Walter Tittle in his Washington Square Studio.



Miss Norma Talmadge: the first of a series of six dry-point etchings drawn especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Next month, Miss Billie Burke.



Muriella.

A DIVINITY of the dance was Diana Allen. But like many of her pretty Ziegfeld Follies sisters, she found an opportunity in films and recently made her silversheet debut. Diana from Sweden has been an American since the age of five.



Edward Thayer Monroe.

MADGE KENNEDY has joined the "Own-your-own-company" movement. After a vacation trip abroad, she went to work on her first independent picture, and will also make her long-awaited reappearance on Broadway in a new play.



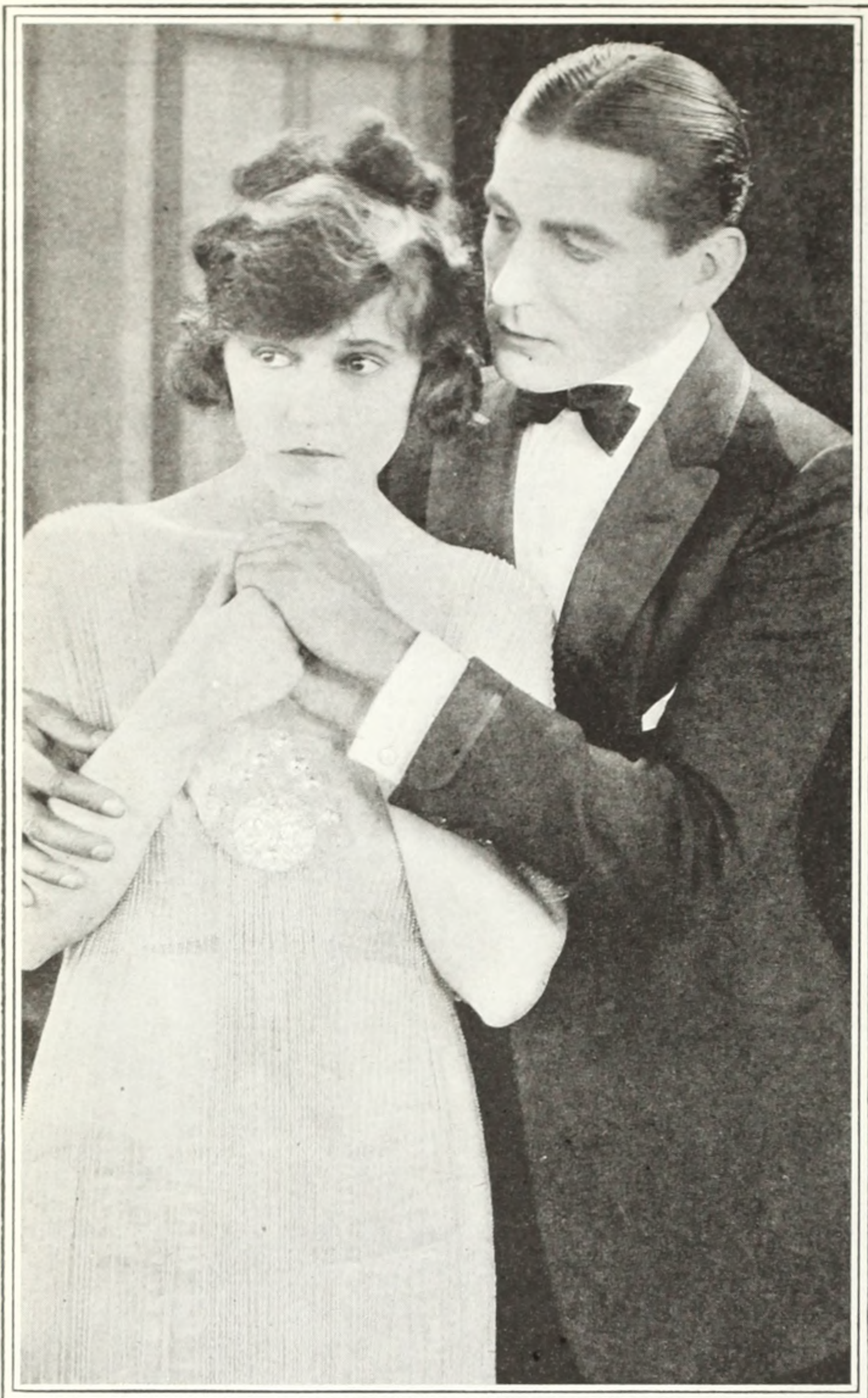
MISS JOAN WARNER, here seen in her Hollywood home, says she is not yet ready to announce her future plans, but is glad to say that she will permit her father, H. B., and her mother, Rita Stanwood, to make new pictures.



NORMAN ANTHONY 24

Drawn by Norman Anthony

To Be Shot at Sunrise



Alice and "Jimmy" in "Sinners."

Keeping Up With Alice

Devoting a day to the
undertaking, only to dis-
cover it can't be done.

By
ARABELLA BOONE

the door marked exit. Someone is, as usual, using it for entrance. The commotion becomes a crowd, moving in the general direction of the Brady set. Miss Brady's director, Mr. Stanlaws, Miss Brady's maid, and several assistant directors add themselves to it.

You hear a very determined feminine voice say, "Not today. I've got a thousand appointments I haven't kept, anyway. Some other time. No close-ups—I'm tired. No—I DON'T know where that hat is. Maybe tomorrow. Is that the new camera"—etc., etc., etc.

The crowd parts; the commotion subsides. Out of it walks a small straight figure in brown, with brown hair and brown eyes. It is Miss Brady—Alice Brady, daughter of Bill, wife of Jimmy Crane. Very much the wife of Jimmy Crane. Married a good many months and more in love than ever. You can tell it to look at Alice when she talks about him. She's not a sentimental person, Alice, but she does love Jimmy. Wouldn't have married him if she didn't.

You may think that because Alice is within speaking distance one can keep up with her. You don't know Alice. She meets an assistant director's friend and discusses clothes with Hedda Hopper, the vamp in her new picture. She kids Lowell Sherman,—you have to be a fearless heroine to kid Lowell Sherman. She goes off in a corner for two seconds with Mr. Stanlaws—the artist chap—and comes back bringing a lifelike sketch of herself. If you aren't out of breath you follow her up to the projection room while she watches several new feet of her latest film. Then she settles down to talk about—Jimmy.

"I didn't have anything to do for a week," she says, "so went over to Atlantic City to see Jimmy's new play—tryout, opening night and everything. Then I traveled around with him for the first week of it. Awfully funny. I said to my father, 'To think I should come to this—to be the faithful wife of a traveling actor!' It's going to be a great success, that play. See if it isn't."

"No, Jimmy won't play with me next season on the stage in 'Anna Ascende'—title will be changed, by the way—and he probably won't be my leading man in pictures, either. You know there is usually only one good part in every play and I always get it in my own, and that's not fair to Jimmy. I'd got a wonderful joke on Jim. We were leaving the theater in Atlantic City where he was playing and three girls were hanging around waiting for the hero of the occasion to appear. They saw Jimmy first and just as they were about to mob him caught sight of me.

"They forgot all about Jimmy. 'Oh, there's Alice Brady!' they yelled. I certainly stole that show!

"We've got a new apartment. That's why I was so late.

(Continued on page 124)

FIRST, you call up her press-agent to find out what time she will—or will not be in. It really doesn't matter. Then you make an appointment—for any old time. And you go. And you wait.

Then you call up her press-agent. "Miss Brady hasn't shown up," you say. There will be many excuses from the press-agent. Then she will suggest, "You might call up her home."

You do that. Her secretary answers. "No, I don't know when she'll be in. You might try her at the hairdresser's—she may be there, and then again, she may not."

She isn't. You remind yourself that Alice's husband, James Crane, is opening that very evening in a new play, at the — Theater. You go over to the — Theater. You ask to see Mr. Crane. He appears—affable, smiling, urbane. "My wife?" he says. "No, I haven't seen her since lunch. She may be at the modiste; then again, she may have gone to the photographer's. If she isn't there—"

But you have gone.

The studio. Miss Brady's director directing Miss Brady's company, but not Miss Brady. Miss Brady's maid in Miss Brady's dressing-room wondering where Miss Brady is. Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, artist, looking for Miss Brady—he had an appointment to make a sketch of her. You sit down by the side of the camera—and wait.

There finally comes a small-sized but noisy commotion from

A Peep Into a Man's Diary

By
MARY WINSHIP

THIS is a shameful confession. But it's all Harrison Ford's fault. Not even a leading man should be so trusting and guileless.

He never should have left me alone in that apartment!

Nor should he have worn those horn-rimmed sun glasses. For while they undoubtedly protected his eyes from the glare of the Hollywood sun on the Lasky lot, they also screened "the windows of his soul" from my investigatory eyes. It's just impossible to actually judge a person if you can't see his eyes.

So when he left me in that wonderful library of his, one of the finest, most carefully selected collections in California by the way and the result of years of search, study and investment, I fell.

On the antique desk I saw a little black book. Like a good many other little black books, it started all the trouble.

I didn't intend to more than peep. But I caught a word or two, and I always did adore diaries, and the masculine scrawl seemed so much more the real Harrison Ford than the man behind the glasses, that as I have confessed, I fell.

This is what I saw;

July 3rd.—I stumbled across an old magazine in a book store today. On the front page was the explanation of some sort of contest, or selection idea that President Eliot of Harvard was working out concerning the five books a man would most want to take with him if he were going to be cast away on a desert island. What strange ideas people do have, even college professors. But that struck me as not uninteresting. It might prove a rather good chart of character, if one could have a list of one's friends' selections.

I've been looking over my books. Of course I should probably insist on taking at least twelve and so get sunk before I ever hit the island.

However, I weeded out five. "Lord Jim" (Conrad), the Doves Press Bible, Shakespeare's works complete in one volume (I have one that I'm quite fond of, though I prefer to read him in separate volumes) Alice in Wonderland, and Dan Beard's Out-of-Door Handbook. (One must have some utility, eh?)

Yes, that list isn't bad. I should miss my "Soldiers Three" dreadfully, and all Shaw—why isn't he complete in one volume, and my early English plays? . . .

But it is a bit of an idea.

July 4th.—This is a strange Independence Day. However, my port is holding out nicely and getting mellower every day. I am becoming convinced that a bit of implied philosophy can turn all things to account—even 18th amendments. Socrates had Xantippe. I've a new thing on the Russian Ballet, with illustrations by Rene Bull that is a magic carpet into the heart of Persia. One can find a kick in many things besides liquor.

Such a funny thing happened to me last night. I discovered that I am probably the only living screen actor who hasn't any stills of himself. It never occurred to me. In some ways, I have a very strange mind. I wonder why I never kept any



Harrison Ford in the library he'd like to take to Eliot's Island.

stills? I wonder why I am not interested in motion pictures? I felt quite stupid at this dinner party because I could not talk intelligently about motion pictures. Someone asked me questions about films and film people, and I couldn't answer. . . .

Only there was one old duffer who was a bit of a whip on Renaissance morals. *We* had a go. The girl next to me, quite a pretty thing but with very few clothes on, it seemed to me, remarked that she didn't know they had morals during the Renaissance. What odd ideas women have! I don't wonder I've remained a bachelor. I'm much too timid to venture upon such unknown and turbulent waters. Ethel Clayton is one of the few women I've met who understands books. We talked for hours during the two pictures I just finished with her.

July 5th.—I have been reading a description of the Shalimar Gardens, near Lahore. Found it in an odd little book, a collection of letters written by a girl on her honeymoon around the world to her mother at home. It never occurred to me that one would write letters on a honeymoon. But when I analyze it, it seems quite sensible. This book says that on the gateway at Shalimar are these words in Persian, "Sweet is this garden; through envy of it, is the tulip spotted. Its lamp is the rose of the sun and moon."

I like that. It awakens a wanderlust. Why don't I go to see the places I read about? Someday I shall. I feel sure of it. I will make pictures for a while more, then I will go to see Greece, the places where things happened that I love.

Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan. It will all be so changed that I—"

It ended there—the page. I wanted desperately to go on. But I couldn't just deliberately turn a page, could I?

But I did want to know more about this young leading man,



IT was spring in the smooth green stretches of the park, all flecked with violets and daffodil-bordered; spring in the long, cleanly-washed miles of the most interesting thoroughfare in the world; spring in the faint notes of the hurdy-gurdy floating over from the next avenue—a block away, geographically, a thousand miles removed, socially.

But it wasn't spring in the heart of Rex Van Zile, striding across the park with nothing but a savage, decapitating flick of his cane for the smiling daffodils. It was November, or possibly late February! Bleak and raw, with a cold, drippy fog creeping up from a moaning sea; with a wind shrilling plaintively through bare, creaking branches; with oceans of ice—sloshly, slithery, soggy, soft ice—spread over everything, but especially over Rex's spirit.

He swung into the Avenue, glowering at a flock of innocent babes whose kiddy-carts and prams cluttered the exit. For twenty blocks he gloomed along. Then some mental string gave a sharp jerk and brought him to an abrupt stop before one of those recent marvels of architectural achievement, a Fifth Avenue apartment house.

"Oh *all* right!" he answered the reflex half audibly. "I might run up and see the fellows. A bit too early for them, maybe, but they won't mind if I wait and smoke. If I paid twelve thousand a year for an apartment I'd want it used every minute, day and night!"

The ebony bird confined in the gilded cage that lifted him to the tenth floor assured him the young gemmun would be in any minute now *suh*, receiving for this valuable information a ferocious scowl and an absent-minded half-dollar.

"Curious how some folks is free-handedest when theys mad!" commented the blackbird as the cage shot downward, leaving Rex standing, a bit uncertainly, at the apartment door.

The uncertainty came from the fact that the door was ajar, just the width of a book which kept it from slamming as the breeze from the river romped through. Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing in a joyous, lilting, unmistakably *young* voice, snatches from old ballads that Rex's mother had sung to him, at bedtime, several thousand years ago!

"Have they got a lady visitor?" he wondered, his mind making a running survey of the families of Clay Cullum and Harry Richardson. "No sisters, no cousins, no young aunts! I feel it my duty to investigate."

His light touch at the bell brought silence, then light, swift footsteps tapping to the door. "The singer is opening the door herself," he thought. But the door, swinging wide at that instant, showed only a girl in the black dress and white apron of a parlor maid.

But *such* a maid! A face that was all fresh, dewy innocence, all pink and white wild-rosiness, all wistful, dark-lashed eyes, full-curved, rosy lips, and fluttering waves of color, running up from creamy satin throat to hide in the cloud of dusky hair.

"Come in, Mr. Van Zile," she invited, "Mr. Cullum and Mr. Richardson will be in any minute now."

"How did you know my name?" he demanded.

"I've been here three months," she answered. "You've called often in that time."

"But I never saw *you*."

"You mean you never happened to notice me," she corrected. "That proves I am a perfect maid, neat, useful, unobtrusive. Like a door mat. Now, your hat there, your stick *there*. Will you wait in the music room, Mr. Van Zile?"

POLLY

It was manufactured for her, so she didn't have to live it down—just turned it into a Future.

"There's company," he demurred, hanging back. "I heard her singing."

Her eyes took on a startled expression. "Don't tell them, please. I oughtn't to have done it, with the door open. But Thursday's the housekeeper's day out, and I couldn't resist."

"Nonsense. The boys are a good sort. I fancy they'd like a singing maid."

"Oh, please don't say anything about me! I promised Mrs. Mason, the housekeeper, that I'd be just a regular, well-behaved maid."

"And what were you before you began maid-ing, may I ask?"

"Nothing interesting. Just a girl from the country who couldn't make her dream come true."

"Dreams don't come true!" The gloom that had lifted for a moment, settled again over the face of Rex Van Zile. The girl laughed out, like a gleeful child.

"Mercy! What a thundercloud! What's *your* dream, Mr. Man-with-a-grouch?"

Quite innocently, perhaps, but not the less effectively, she had taken the one never-failing way to a man's heart. Never since the dawn of creation has there been a male being who would fail to respond when asked to talk about himself. Rex drew a long breath, and settled down comfortably on the divan. She perched on the piano bench, nervously alert, head tilted, like a bird ready to dart away at the slightest warning.

"My dream is a girl—the most wonderful, beautiful girl in the world," he declared, solemnly.

She took this as seriously as if it were unusual for a black frown and a pessimistic tongue to spell girl-trouble.

"You love her and she doesn't care for you, yet?" she suggested.

"She never will. She's different. She doesn't care about anything other girls fall for. Dances, tennis, motor-ing, teas, country clubs, theaters—none of them mean anything to her."

"Gracious! She isn't a girl, she's a—*a mummy!*"

"She's worse than that. She's a reformer!"

"A reformer?" The girl frowned inquiringly. It's amazing the difference in frowns! Van Zile's had been a black disfigurement, but this one had an absurd, provocative appeal. Then she laughed, and when she did that her nose wrinkled up in the funniest little grimace. "You're laughing at me," she accused.

"I'm not," defensively. "Reforming is a disease. A slow, lingering, incurable disease! Those who get it can't do or think of anything else. Nothing interests them unless it needs reforming. For instance this girl might go to a cheap dance hall, to do something about it, you understand, uplift it, or put it out of business. Or she might attend a rotten show for the same reason. Or be friendly with a man because he was bad and must be made good. You see what I mean?"

"And you are so perfect you can't be improved, so she's not interested. I understand," said the girl, demurely.

"Oh, come now, I'm not such a conceited fool as I sound. But I haven't any glaring vices, any ways that are wild enough to make her see me as a 'case'. I'm just an ordinary chap in her own walk of life."

Polly with a Past

NARRATED by permission from the Metro photoplay adapted by June Mathis from the David Belasco stage play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced under the supervision of Maxwell Karger and directed by Leander de Cordova with the following cast:

Polly Shannon.....Ina Claire
Rex Van Zile.....Ralph Graves
Clay Cullum.....Clifton Webb
Harry Richardson...Harry Benham
Myrtle Davis....Louiszita Valentine

with a PAST

By
LULIETTE
BRYANT

"Well, can't you *get* any wild ways? Seems to me you might be able to acquire some vices, temporarily," the girl began. Quite suddenly, she flew from the edge of the piano bench and alighted on two trimly shod feet, some distance away, where she stood, impassive and demure, as two young men came in. Then, having given them a bunch of letters on a tray, she vanished, without a glance toward Van Zile who was staring after her rather foolishly.

"Who's that girl?" he demanded. "Where'd you get her?"

"The maid? Darned if I know," said Cullum. "Where'd we get her, Richie?"

"Mrs. Mason picked her up somewhere. Name's Polly. That's all I know about her. But by all that's unusual, what does this mean? Has the irreproachable Van Zile, the perfect specimen of American manhood in its pristine purity, been flirting with our maid?"

"I have not!" snapped Van Zile. Remembering the scared eyes as she said "*Please* don't tell . . . I promised to be a regular maid!" he went on hastily: "She looks like a girl from the country—unusual type, you know."

"Ahem!" coughed Richardson, suspiciously. "Van Zile, the immaculate, is beginning to sit up and take notice. Well, you let our little Polly alone. She's a deft, efficient, self-effacing little creature, which is all that a maid should be."

And suddenly, unreasonably, hot anger flared in Van Zile's heart. "Don't be such a darned snob!" he snapped. "You mention a maid as if she belonged to another order of humanity. After all, the girl is flesh and blood like the rest of us, you know."

"It's the spring weather!" declared Cullum with mock solemnity. "It's gotten into his blood! They always begin that way—seeing pretty girls where once they saw but serving maids."

"Or maybe he's caught the reforming fever," ventured Richardson. "They say it's contagious. He's going to uplift the lower classes, beginning with our Polly. How about it, old man, does the fair Myrtle still play 'round with the submerged tenth and fail to notice your existence?"

The black frown came home to roost between Van Zile's brows. "She does," he confessed, "won't even go to the Club dance. Says it's a waste of time!"



Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing in a joyous, lilting, unmistakably young voice.

"Positively! Why waste time with a man like you when she might be associating with a burglar?" jeered Cullum. "Look here, old man, why don't you fall from grace and need reforming?"

"You're the second person to make that suggestion this afternoon," Van Zile said. "Pol—er—that is, a girl I know said the same thing to me. In fun, of course."

"Well, it might help, at that." Cullum was warming up to the idea. "Take the downward path and little Myrtle will come dashing after you!"

"By George, it might work," said Richardson. "Let's see, what can he do? He can't start a career of drunkenness very well, it's too hard to get the makin's. It's got to be women, my boy. That's the best way!"

"Sure thing!" cried Cullum. "Works two ways: makes Myrtle jealous and at the same time proves you're going to the dogs. You've got to fall into the toils of a regular dashing, devilish, dangerous female who'll make you notorious. Preferably French. The French ones never shy at a little publicity!"

Van Zile was horrified.

"But I couldn't!" he protested. "And even if I could get into a thing like that, how could I get out when I wanted to? No—it wouldn't work."

"Lord, that's so!" groaned Richardson, "the poor, helpless baby! His vamp would hold him up for a couple of million! Listen! I have the inspiration now—a make-believe vamp! One who'll play the game with us, for a consideration, and then go peaceably away."

"But where are we going to get this vamp-person?" demanded Cullum.

A peal of the door bell interrupted. The demure Polly appeared, answered the ring, brought a special delivery letter, stopped to straighten some breeze-tossed papers. Richardson tore the letter open and gave an exclamation of dismay.

"It's from Duquette, and he's written it in French! Rotten luck! I'll have to wait till morning to get it translated at the office."

"I will read it, sir, if you wish me to!"

They all stared at Polly, who had come forward looking more demure than ever as she made the offer. Too amazed for speech, Richardson handed her the letter. She read it aloud, translating as she went, without the slightest hesitancy.

"Are you French?" asked Cullum, as she finished.

"My mother was," she answered. "I learned French with my English, from the time I could talk."

Polly's voice had grown wistfully reminiscent. For a self-forgetful instant she stood quite still, a little flush staining her soft cheeks, her eyes staring at something far off, something beloved. The others were silent. They could not know that little Polly saw a shabby, rambling country parsonage with a garden at the back where a child and a laughing, sunny-haired mother had played; with a pansy-bordered path at the front, down which the winsome mother was carried one day, leaving the child to comfort the gentle, broken-hearted parson until God heard his prayer and let him follow her; with a little white bedroom where a girl had packed an old trunk, and sung, and sobbed, and started off to make her dreams come true. They could not see all this, yet, as she came back from her reverie with a little shrug, half-apologetic, half-saucy, but wholly, adorably French, Cullum saw a great light.

"There!" he exclaimed, "is our French vampire!"

"Of course!" cried Richardson.

"Of course!" echoed Van Zile, turning to her with a smile.

Thereupon they all fell to explaining, elaborating, assuring, cajoling, bribing, and finally pleading. But Polly was obdurate. Masquerade in wonderful clothes, at a fashionable inn on Long Island as a fine French lady of international heart-wrecking fame? Go to dinners and balls and club events with Rex dangling after her as if he were bewitched. Be coached on all social points by the chaperone they would furnish her? Stir up the whole colony by her daring flirtations? Pretend to be saved from drowning by the well-known millionaire clubman, Rex Van Zile?

Oh no, thank you sirs, not little Polly! Half of Polly's blood was Parisian-actress, but the other half was Methodist-parson.

It was Van Zile who had the winning inspiration, just as they were ready to give up in despair.

"Miss Polly," he said, "what is your real ambition? The thing you've dreamed about and hoped for and prayed for all your life? The thing you meant to do, when you came to the city?"

And as he spoke gently and sincerely, so did little Polly answer, out of her frank, innocent heart.

"To cultivate my voice, first here and then in Paris. To be a great, *great* singer!"

"And for the sake of making that dream come true, couldn't



Thereupon they all fell to explaining, elaborating, assuring,

you play the part we ask? After all, your deception would be harming no one, and if the plan did work as we hope, you would know you had started two people on the path to happiness before you took the road to fame."

There was a seriousness in Van Zile's voice, that surprised even himself. A few minutes before the plan had been a mad prank. Somehow, it had become a thing of immense import. He wished, desperately, that little Polly should be willing to play this strange part for him.

And little Polly's gaze, searching his, wavered suddenly, and fell, and rose again, bravely.

"I'll do it," she said, "to make my dream, and yours, come true!"

If the most fashionable set of the most fashionable colony on Long Island was not always bored to the point of extinction by mid-summer, and ready to welcome any interesting newcomer as a relief from the season's monotony, the mad plan could never have had a chance at success. But a carefully planted item or two in the news sheet that chronicled society's doings, and a still more carefully circulated whisper of the expected arrival of Mademoiselle Paulette Bady, a mysterious French siren who had wrought havoc with countless lives, to say nothing of a throne or two and pecks of crown jewels, set the rocking chair group to buzzing, the tennis group to conjecturing, and everybody else to prophesying.

Mlle. Paulette made her first appearance at the Giltwick Inn, whose register bore her dashing unscrupulous little signature, on the evening when the Life Savers' Association was being given a benefit performance. Everyone was there. Even the severe and purposeful Miss Myrtle Davis had graciously lent her presence to the noble cause. She was sitting with Rex Van Zile, Cullum and Richardson near by, when Paulette came down the broad, open sweep of stairs, quite alone.

A little flutter of excitement ran along the assembly room at sight of the regal little figure, audaciously gowned, wonderfully coiffed, descending the stairway, as unconcerned, apparently, as if there had been no staring eyes focused on her movements.

"The brazen creature!" whispered the women, "not even a pretense at modesty. Do you see how low that gown is?"

"The plucky little thing!" muttered the men, "holds up her head and takes the women's once-over without a tremble! Do you see that throat and those shoulders!"

Paulette, coming on through the whispers and the murmurs, had a little mishap. The clasp which held her superb string of pearls, slipped its fastenings somehow, and the necklace would have fallen had not Rex Van Zile suddenly sprung forward and caught it.

"Well! I never saw Rex so observing or so dextrous!" exclaimed Miss Myrtle, rather tartly.

"He hasn't often had anything like that to observe," laughed Cullum, who had moved nearer. "Look at that, now! Old Rex is making progress with the fair one!"

For Mlle. Paulette had paused, let her eyes rest full on the face of Rex for an instant, then smiled and murmured something for his ear alone. And he, with but a backward glance at his friends, had turned and walked beside her toward the conservatory.

To Miss Myrtle's utter amazement she did not see Rex again that evening. At twelve o'clock she went home filled with surprise, rage and a queer feeling of chagrin which she was unable to classify. Next morning, out early to collect subscriptions for her Mission, she heard nothing but talk of Mlle. Paulette. And through all the comment ran allusions to Rex Van Zile's capitulation to her wiles.

By evening she had begun to worry about Rex. She went so far as to telephone his home, only to hear that he had a dinner engagement with Mlle. Paulette. "I suppose he couldn't refuse to dine with her, after he had saved her life," cooed Rex's sister sweetly. "Oh yes, this afternoon. The whole colony is talking about it! Wonderful of him, wasn't it? They say she is irresistible—she *must* be, to take our Rex off his feet so completely. Yes, it *does* worry me a little, but what can I do?"

Miss Myrtle's thin, rather colorless lips were set grimly as she turned from the telephone. "I rather think I can do something about it!" she thought, and for the first time in her life began to think earnestly about Rex and his affairs.

And while Miss Myrtle planned her campaign for reclaiming Rex from his wicked infatuation he sat with the siren at a conspicuous table in the Giltwick dinner room, while all the fashionable world looked on and wondered.

"It's going wonderfully, isn't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, they all think you're quite mad about me," said little Polly. There was the faintest touch of something—was it wistfulness, or fatigue, or what?—in her voice. Under her eyes lay faint violet shadows. Rex looked at her closely.

"You're too tired," he said, authoritatively. "I'm going to carry you off for a long, moonlit ride. It will do you a lot of good."

"And give them something fresh to talk about," she said.

"They'd better not talk about you!" he

(Continued on page 108)



cajoling, bribing and finally pleading. But Polly was obdurate.



Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



It's Easy When You Know How

ONE of the scenes in "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath" shows an automobile with a 1920 license, yet our hero is able to get all the champagne he desires at a hotel.
J. B. P., Boston, Mass.

Hollywood H'Aristocracy

MARY MILES MINTER'S picture, "Nurse Marjorie," is laid in upper-class England. But when a man-servant brings Mary a newspaper, it is plainly seen to be *The Morning Telegraph*—a New York theatrical publication.
H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beg Your Pardon

In answer to J. A. E., New York City, I would like to say that the mug used by William Farnum in "The Adventurer," supposedly bottomless, was really quite all right. Just the common pewter pots, with glass bottoms, are often seen in Europe; they are used in any first-class hotel. I own several myself, but evidently they are not generally known in the United States. That director must have lived abroad.

Charles F. Walling,
Toronto, Canada.

Never Mind—The Snow Was Only Salt

IN "Just a Wife," Mary is giving a Christmas party for a crowd of little children from the slums. When they leave, several are seen to have no hats, and one is actually bare-foot. I pitied the poor children.

Mrs. S. A. Pratt,
Des Moines, Iowa.

A Little Wet Weather

TOM MIX, in "The Daredevil," after shooting up the robbers' den, rides through the water from the falls above and a few minutes later is pursued by the villains, none of them wearing raincoats, yet their six-shooters are going like thunder.

The hero in "Captivating Mary Carstairs" after running on a wet pavement, gains the house, enters, sits on the arm of a chair and calmly strikes a match on the sole of his shoe.

Jack Kerrigan, in "Convict 99," escapes in a stray machine and finally runs it into a pond. He leaves the submerged car and obtains entrance to a mansion and is discovered by the daughter of the house. When he throws off his dripping outer raincoat his clothing is perfectly dry.

C. L. Burlingham, Evanston, Ill.

Doris Does a Little Sleight-of-Hand

I NOTICED this in "Romance." The young rector shows the opera-singer his mother's necklace of many strands of pearls with a locket containing his baby picture. She removes her own long chain with its pendant cross and places it on the mantel-piece while he puts his mother's necklace around her neck. In the next instant, as she crosses the room, she has on her single-strand chain, although it is supposedly still on the mantel-piece because she takes it from there in a few minutes and gives him back his mother's. How did she do it?
E. B. A., Stamford, Conn.

He Lost That, Too

IN a scene in "The Man Who Lost Himself," William Faversham is wearing a dotted tie and soft collar. He then rushes into the next room wearing a black tie and a starched collar. What became of the dotted tie?

J. C., Springfield, Mass.

Pretty Chilly Up There

IN Selznick's "The Valley of Doubt," a story of the northwest, it can be plainly seen that there is no glass in the windows of Hilgrade Lodge.

H. M. S., Akron, Ohio.

"The Last Straw"

ONE of the most glaring incongruities I have ever seen in pictures occurred in Fox's "The Last Straw." Buck Jones is hog-tied and his guns are taken away from him. He gets loose and later on in the picture he is seen crawling up on the villains with both guns on his hip!

E. J. G.
South St. Paul, Minn.

A Mere Matter of History

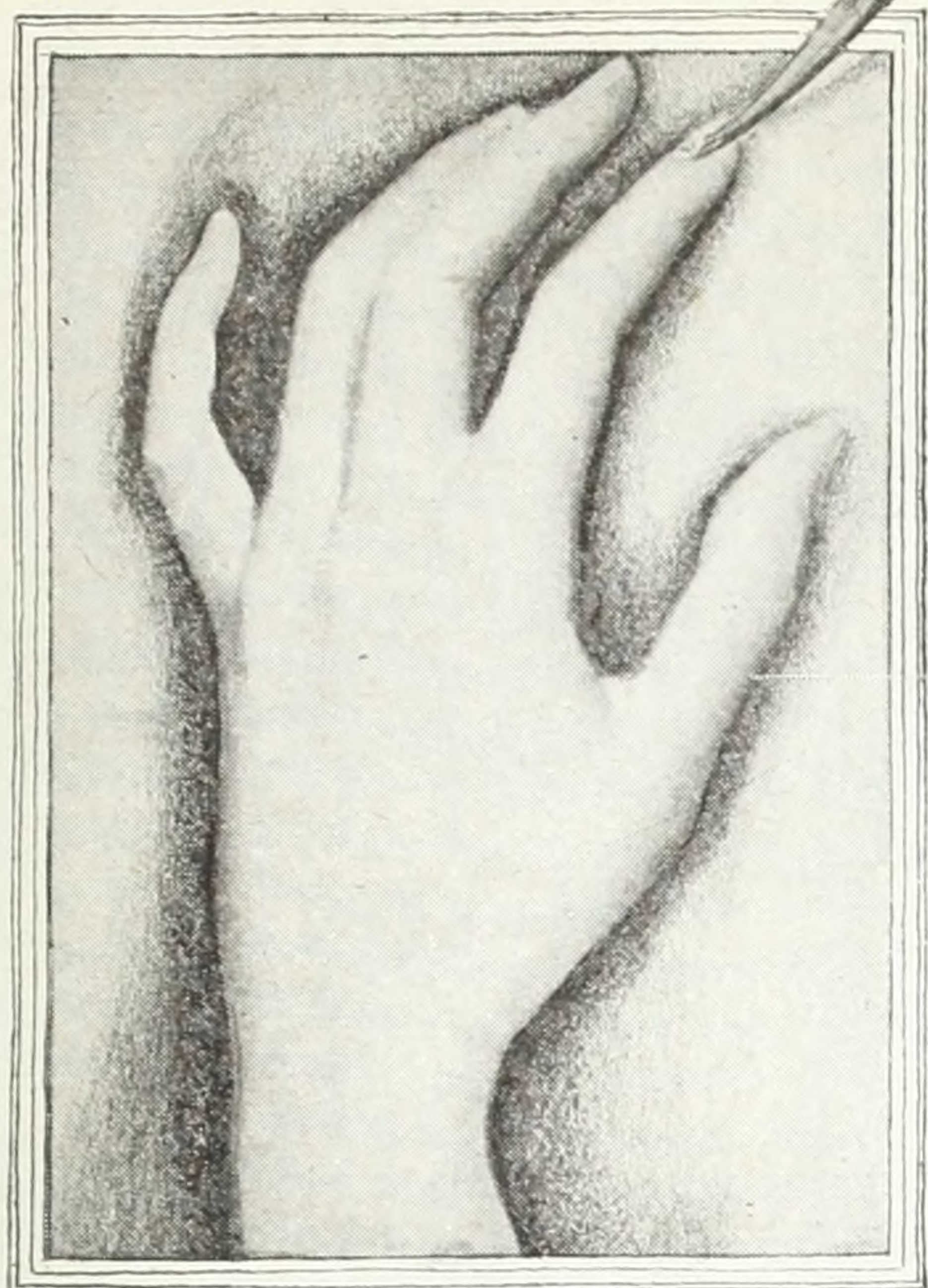
IN a splendid picture—"The Splendid Hazard"—an old manuscript is unearthed bearing the date "November 5, 1821." The aged writer of the manuscript, once an adherent of Napoleon Bonaparte, lamented the fact that the little King (Napoleon II)—François Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, was not alive. As a matter of fact the younger Napoleon was then very much alive. His death did not occur until July 22, 1832.

R. P. M., Wake Forest College, Raleigh, N. C.

Bad Bebe!

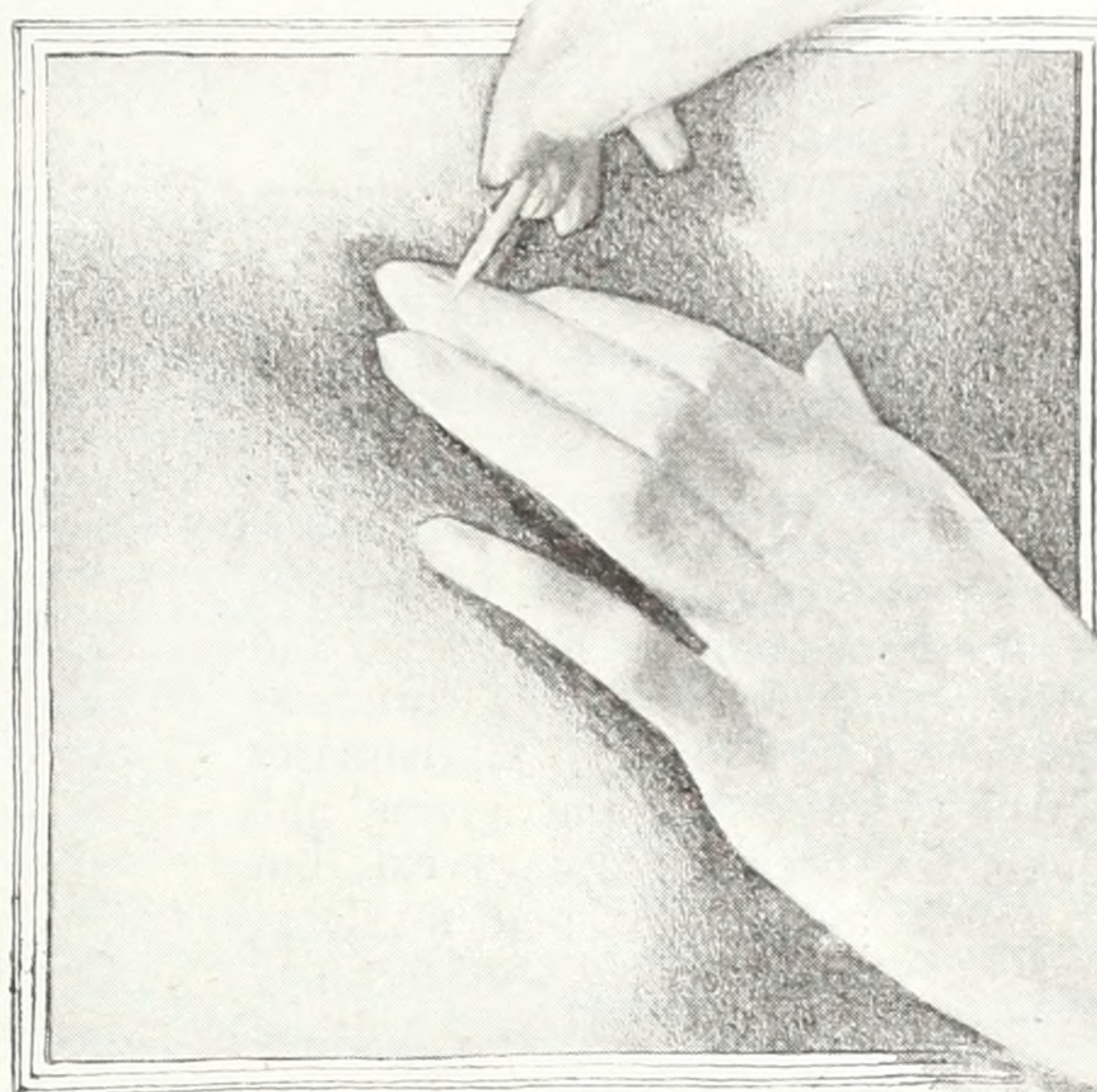
AS nurse in Wallace Reid's picture "Sick Abed," Bebe Daniels puts her pencil in her mouth. No real trained nurse would do that. A Real Trained Nurse, Philadelphia, Pa.





When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which becomes sore, rough and ragged

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives your cuticle without cutting



The wrong and the right way to manicure

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work

around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

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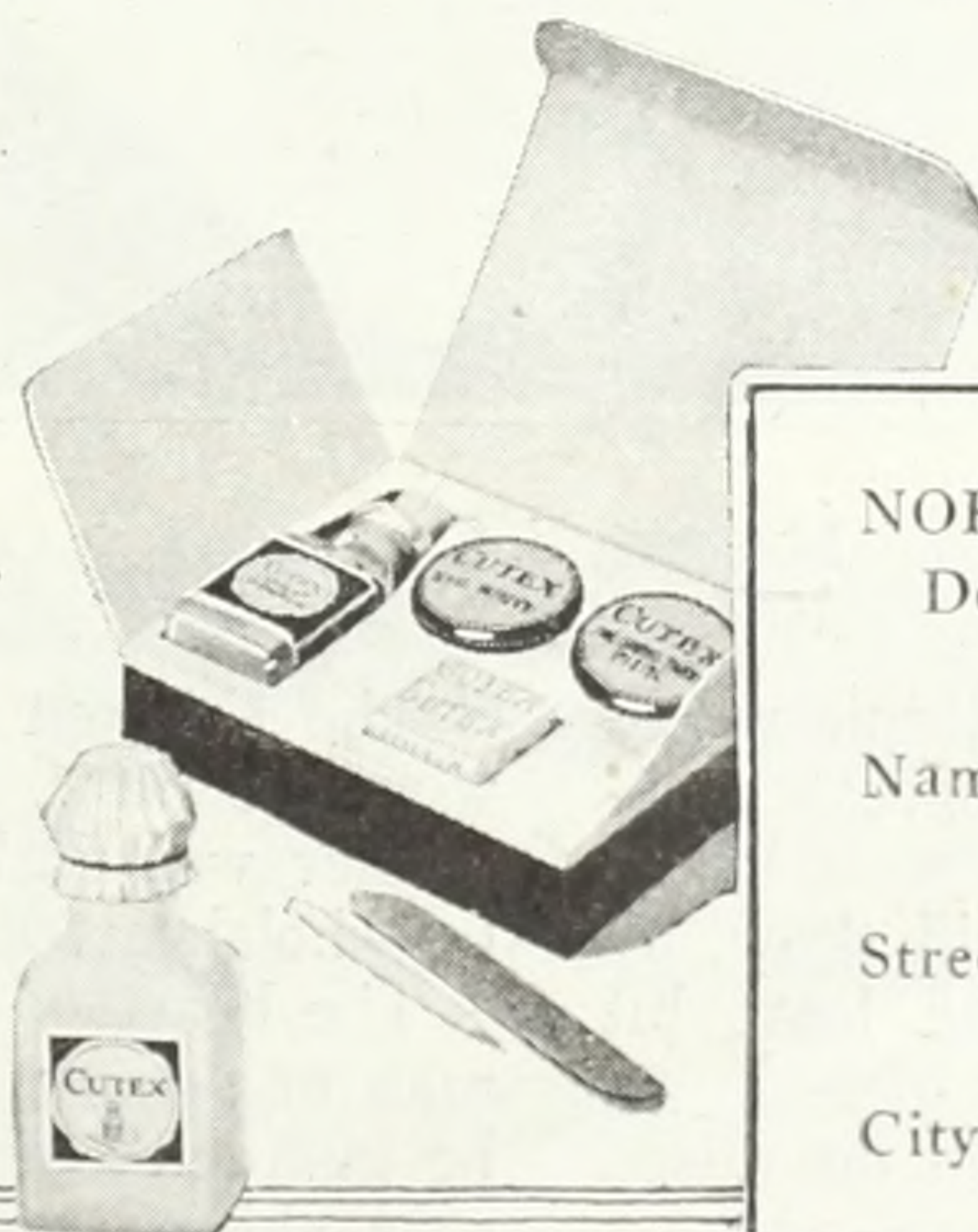
Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

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Street and No.....

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

Bobbing for Apples

A heart to heart talk with the
Family Circle

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was a little kiddie I used to look forward to Hallowe'en with nearly as much happiness and nearly as many anticipatory thrills as Christmas or a birthday awoke in my breast. Christmases and birthdays were wonderful times of present giving and joy and congratulations and extra-special things to eat, but Hallowe'en was a day of mirth and magic and mystery! Hallowe'en was a day when you wore your old frock—a day when you could tear stockings and lose hair ribbons without being scolded. Hallowe'en was a boisterous day—a day when spirits were high and laughter was the king of the universe.

I remember the Hallowe'en parties I used to go to; not conventional parties—in the real sense of the word—not the sort of parties that made starched white frocks and blue sashes and squeaky shoes and ultra clean hands at all necessary. They were cordial, informal parties and one went to them cordially and informally robed in gingham—often faded gingham—and barefoot sandals, like as not.

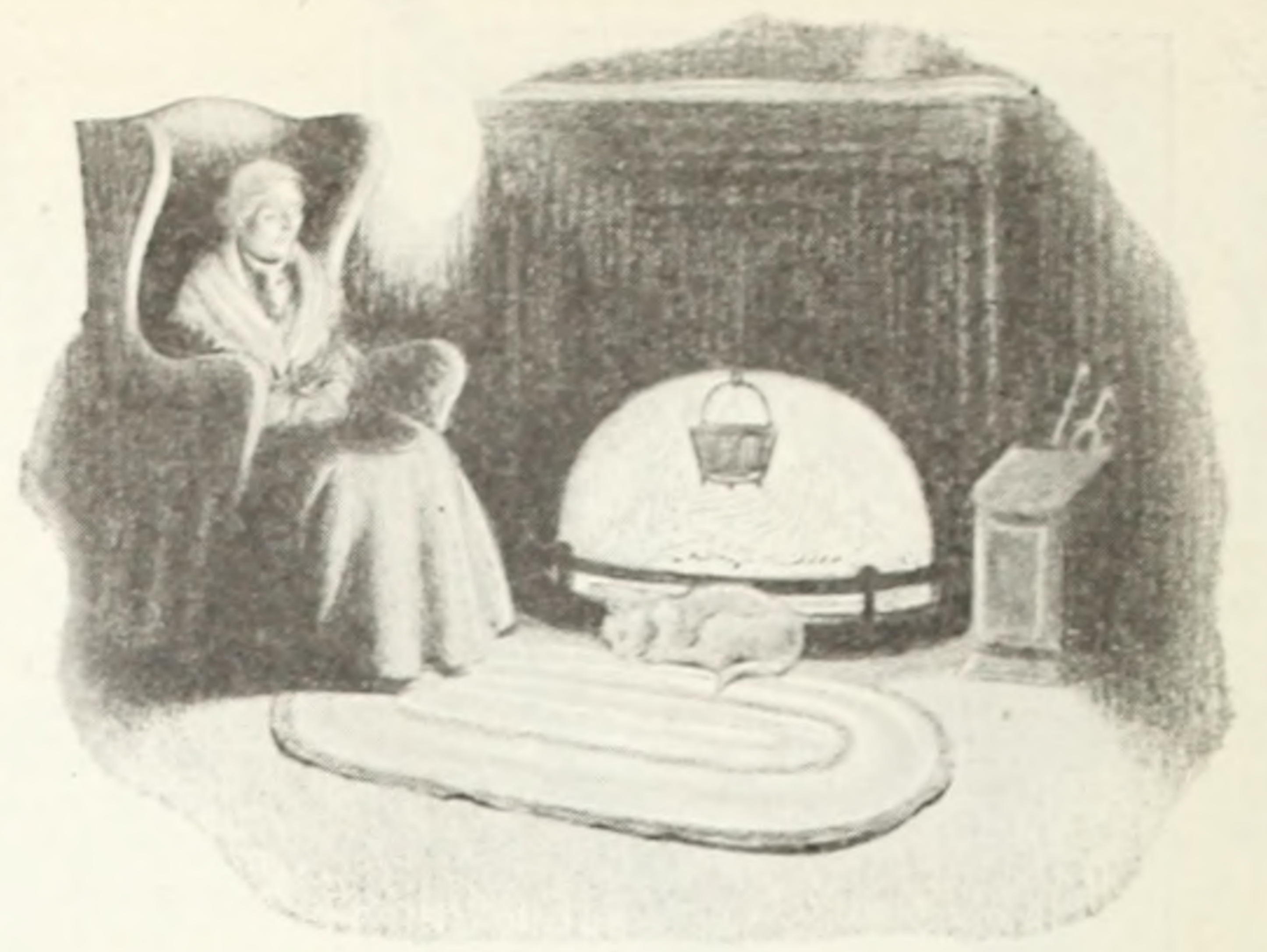
The games played at the Hallowe'en parties were not polite games, either. They were more or less rough and tumble—more or less hit or miss. We weren't interested, somehow, in the lady-like games of "Drop the Handkerchief," and "London Bridge" and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." We played "Blind Man's Buff," and "Old Witch," and "Tag." And then, when every other game was exhausted, we bobbed for apples. And that, somehow, was the crowning point—the climax—of the party.

Who hasn't bobbed for apples? Everybody, I reckon, who has had a real childhood has known the fun of seeing a great wooden tub filled with water and floating with red fruit. And everyone, with his hands held tight behind him, has ducked into the tub and tried to capture an apple in his eager white teeth.

Curiously, there was never any cheating in the game of bobbing for apples. If a child could not capture the wary prize he retired laughingly to the ranks—and another child took his place. No youngster—that I can remember—ever tried to encourage the apple with his fingers. He came up with his eyes and ears and mouth full of water—but he came up good-naturedly!

And then, once in every score of chances, some kiddie would get an apple. He usually got it after hard and desperate bobbing—but he got it. And when he did the others would clap their hands in whole-hearted appreciation and would show, by their unclouded faces, that they were not in the least bit jealous of his prowess. There were no whisperings of—

"It was only luck!" There were no sneers—and no raised eyebrows.



TO play Life's game with childhood's joyous laughter,
And childhood's disregard of doubt and fear;
To play without the dread of what comes after,
Will make the victories you gain more dear!
To never win a single point unfairly,
To praise the points that other folk have gained,
Will make you meet the Final Test more squarely,
With childhood's vivid banners all unstained!

One cannot help wishing that folk were like that in the big game of Success. For, after all, the game of Success is not unlike the game of Bobbing for Apples. And we who long for some heart's desire, that spells success to us, are like eager children—with much of the naivete, and often the good sportsmanship, of childhood left out!

We gather around a tub filled with water—we grown-ups. And the water is bitter with the salt of tears—tears that were shed for a broken dream or a disappointment; and floating upon the water are the apples of desire. And some of them are labelled "Happiness," and some are marked "Money," and some are tagged with the label of "Fame." And we watch the particular apple that we want with wistful eyes; and often we crowd forward, not waiting for our right turn. And when we do that there is confusion and chaos. And oftentimes heads are bumped and nobody gets anything—not even a bite of the fruit!

The pity of it is that the ones who fail in the game of Success—who come up with ears and eyes and mouth full of nothing but water—do not retire laughingly to the ranks. The pity of it is that sometimes they try to cheat—that sometimes they endeavor to win by using methods that are barred out of the game. And the greatest pity of all is the fact that the ones who win are sometimes sneered at by the crowd—that often the whisper of—"Oh, for his luck!" follows the victor as he bears away the fruits of victory.

It's like that in every field—in art and music, in poetry and business, on the stage or on the screen. Folk are often too ready to discredit the winners—often too anxious to reach their own victory by any method at all. They are too willing to take another's place, to crowd forward. And they are too anxious to dig out some hidden fact, some unpleasant secret, in the life of those who have won.

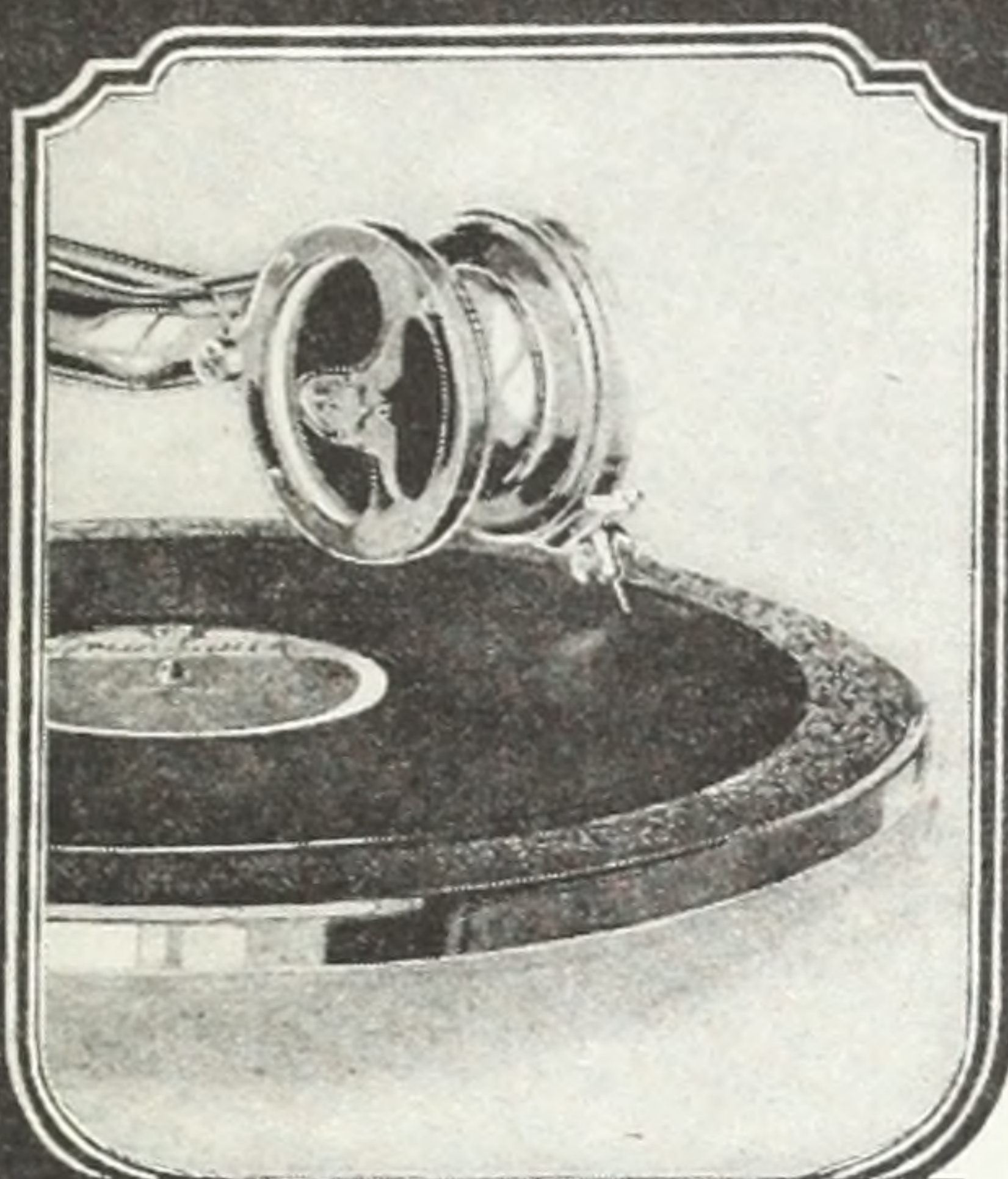
The children at a party are seldom jealous of the one who wins the prize. Neither are they anxious to believe that the winner was unskillful or a cheat. They're much more apt to be wholeheartedly glad when somebody comes out ahead.

The heart of a child is something to be desired by the wise man or woman. The soul of a child is a priceless treasure to be guarded against the world. And the ability to play games as a child plays them, is one of life's greatest gifts!

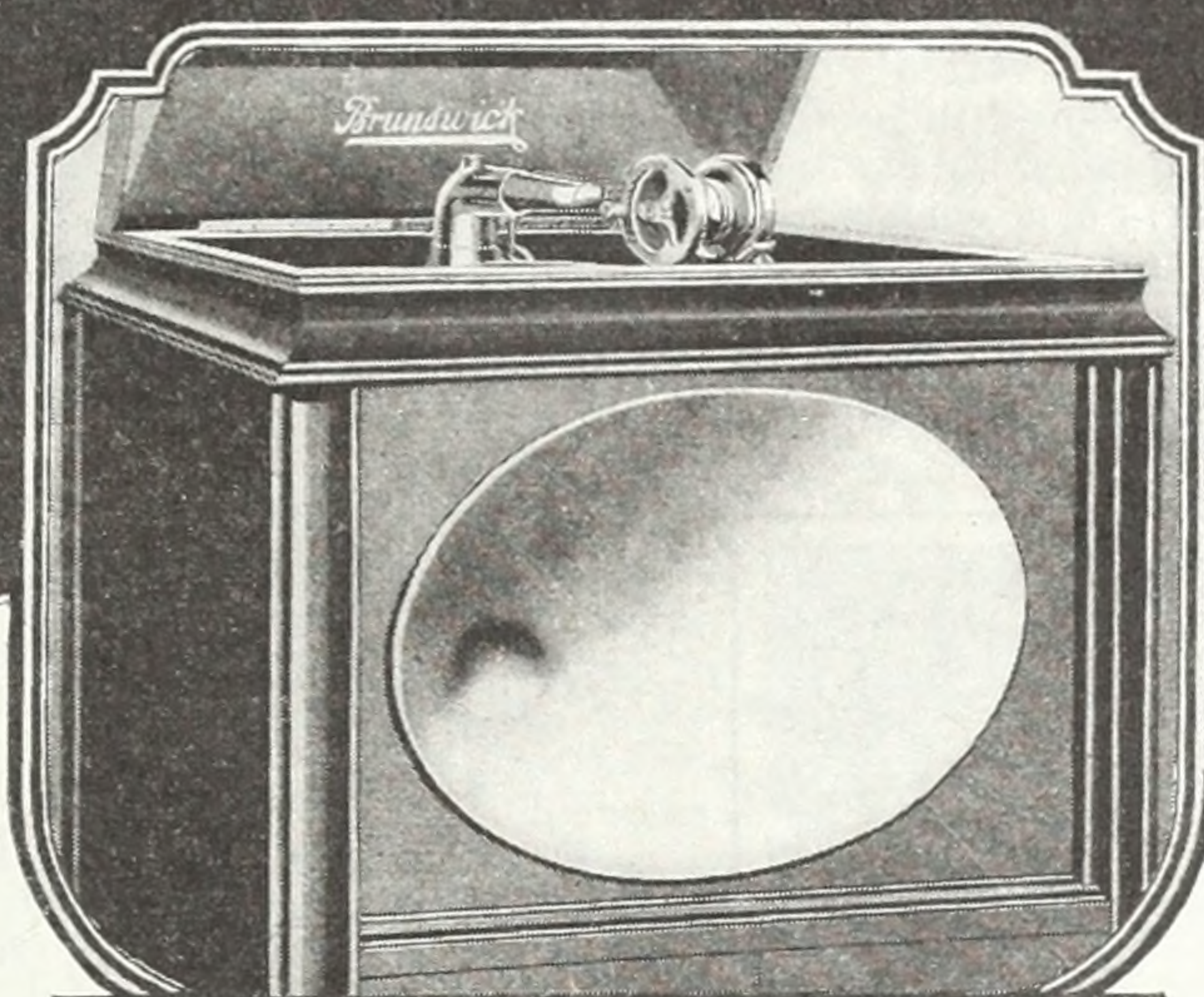


Margaret E. Sangster

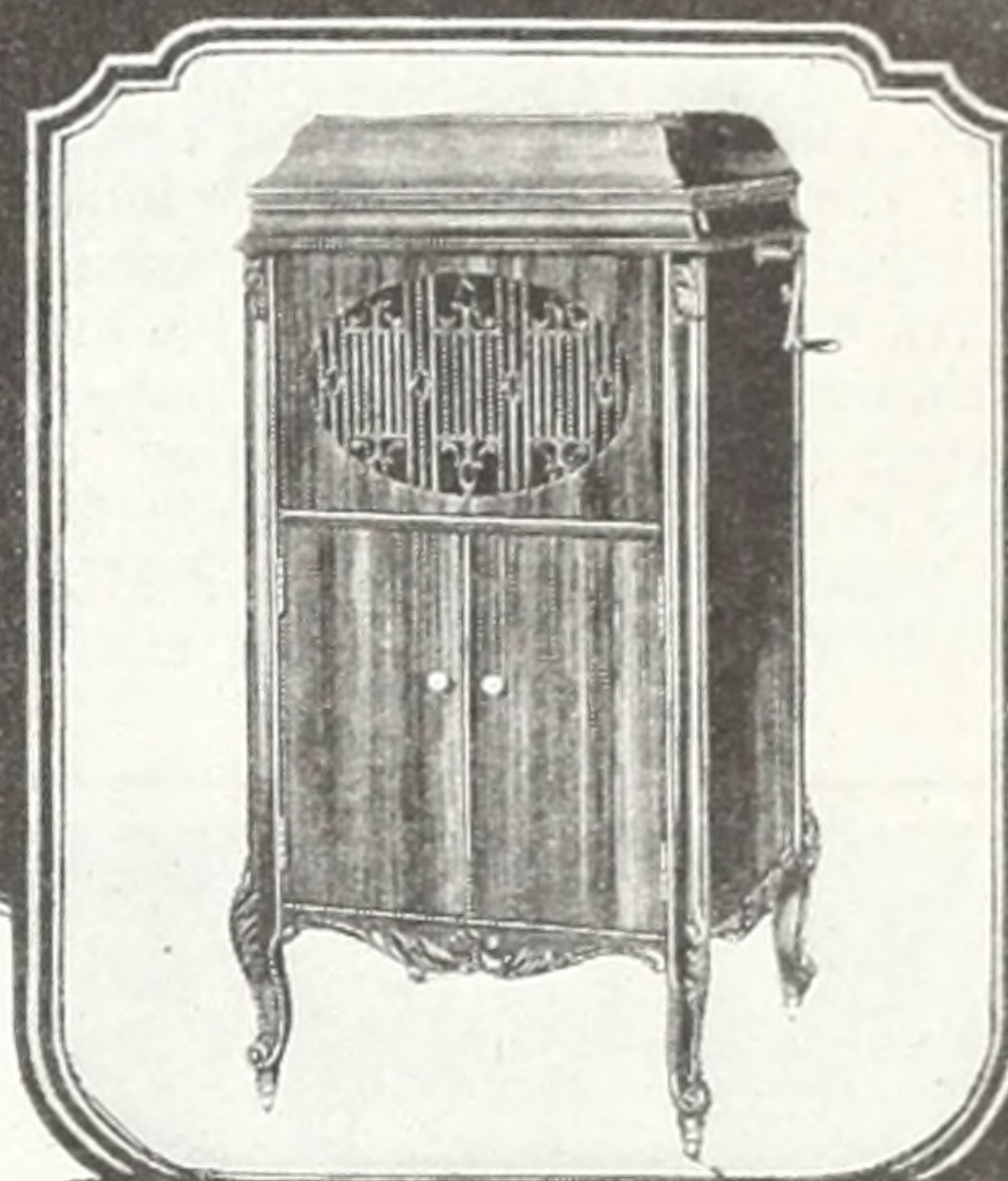
The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



An exclusive feature on The Brunswick—plays all records at their best.



The Brunswick Oval Tone Amplifier, built to conform to acoustic laws. A great improvement in tone projection.



Among many models, there is a size, price and finish to meet your requirements.

Remove the Grill

Examine the Oval Tone Amplifier

WHEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above.

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of

record better, but it is the *only* one that is counter-balanced. This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

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Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 79 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

Their Dressing Rooms

YOU know yourself how it is about dressing rooms. From the very beginning, as Mr. Kipling would say, the very word has been something to conjure with, not only for stage-struck girls, and college boys, but for everybody that loves the stage. What a lot of perfectly good novelists would have done without it, is difficult to conceive.

There's been just lately a bit of an eclipse. What with censors and the high cost of building, dressing rooms have had a tendency to become staid and small. The glamour has faded a bit, the wit and the gossip and the excitement have died.

But you've got to hand it to the movies. With them has come, somehow, a surprising revival of the social element of the dressing rooms—its innovation as a sort of "petite salon." Stars invite their friends to tea—husbands and wives working on the same lot manage quite a bit of home life over the electric coffee pot—members of a company congregate over the chafing dish, and gossip—there are even little dinners brought in hot from home by smiling maids when "Madame or Monsieur" is too tired to drive home between day and night sequences.



FLORENCE VIDOR'S dressing room in King Vidor's (her husband's) studio, suggests her taste in every line of its quaint old-fashioned paper and cretonnes, and the old mahogany furniture that came with her from the south. But she has one distinctly modern innovation in the shape of an electric waffle-iron on which she bakes marvelous waffles with honey. Here's her waffle recipe:

One cup sifted flour, one tablespoon cornmeal, one tablespoon lard, one tablespoon sugar. Thoroughly mix and stir well before wetting the mixture. Add enough cold water to make a good batter, then add yolks of two eggs, also the whites beaten stiff. Put into this batter two teaspoonsful of best baking powder just before cooking. Bake in hot waffle-irons, well-greased.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has a dressing room designed after the mission architecture and set in the midst of a most exquisite garden, where she sits under a striped umbrella and has her tea. Friends—intimate friends—sometimes are accorded the privilege of dropping in and occasionally having their fortunes told in the tea-leaves, Miss Young having a great reputation as a fortune-teller. When she wants to rest between scenes Clara Kimball ushers her guest into her tiny parlor and presides in gorgeous Oriental negligee as she tells about "that dark man who is soon to come into your life."



IN Colleen Moore's dressing room at the Christie studios there is always a gay and festive atmosphere. Colleen likes to give tea parties. Here she and Dorothy DeVore are indulging in a thrilling game of checkers—it looks as if Dorothy has just made a disastrous move. But before they go back to the "set" they will have fudge, cakes, and tea—Colleen makes delicious tea by putting a bit of dried orange peel in the tea pot. Try it some time.



ANITA STEWART and Mildred Harris Chaplin have adjoining white California plaster bungalows, that cost \$6,000 apiece. They are three-room cottages equipped with kitchenettes. Anita is a gracious hostess; if you are lucky enough to be invited to visit her dressing room, you will have your selection of Anita's good-looking husband, Rudolph Cameron, or her leading man, Ward Crane, for a dancing partner while Anita turns on the phonograph and takes up the persians.

Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, lines—requires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.



The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil base*. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Give your skin this cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream *regularly* and you can keep your skin clear.

Mail this coupon today
Free sample tubes

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
116-W Hudson St., New York City.
Please send me, free, the items checked:
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
 A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Never permit your face to look shiny

Powder—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder do it to *last*. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment's concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To go out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream *without* oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your handbag so that immediately before and after motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.



Catch the little lines before they grow deep

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. For this, too, you need a cream *with* an oil base, a cream that will work into the skin *gradually*. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Every normal skin needs both of these creams. Neither cream will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each at any drug or department store. See how quickly they make you look your best.

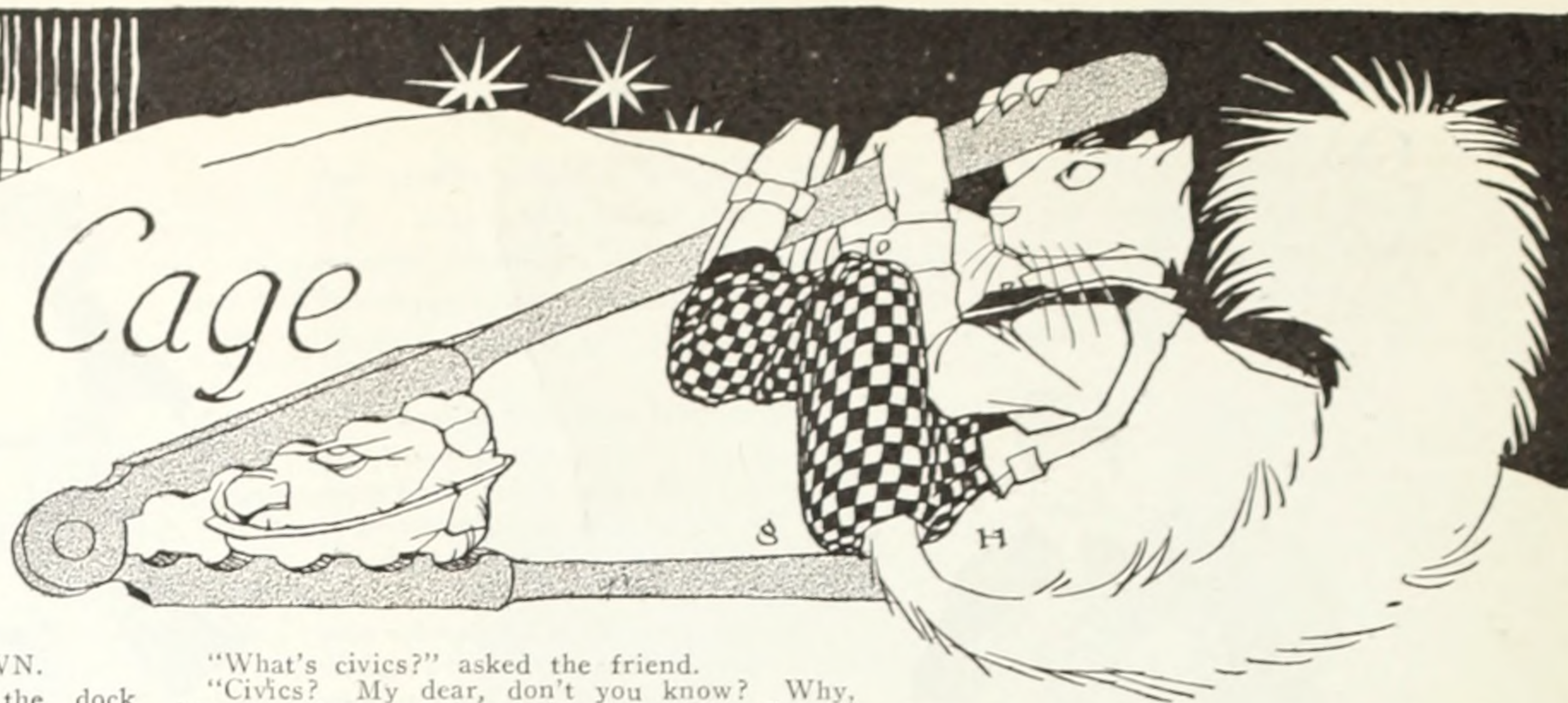
POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil



THE Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT



MIGHT NEVER HAVE KNOWN.

AN Irish farm laborer was in the dock charged with stealing a watch.

His employer, a Mr. O'Malley, testified to the prisoner having been an honest fellow in the past, but other evidence went against Patrick, and he was sentenced to imprisonment.

As his wife left the court in tears a friend stepped up to her to comfort her.

"Och, now, Kathleen," he said, "don't take on so. Just think what a splendid character Misther O'Malley gave Pat. Why, if he hadn't stolen that watch we should niver have known what a foine fellow your man was!"—*Tit Bits*.

COMPARE these last words of great men—Lord Nelson's last recorded words were "I thank God I have done my duty."

Rabelais said: "Let down the curtain, the farce is over."—Vespasian's last words were "A King should die standing!" It was General Wolfe who exclaimed, "What! Do they run already? Then I die happy. Charles II's last words were of Nell Gwynne, "Don't let poor Nelly starve." Goethe cried, "More light!" Byron, dying, said "I must sleep now."

DIRECTOR: You run to bridge, look up and jump!

Young Actor: But I can't swim!
Director: Oh, that's all right. You'd spoil the film if you did.—*Life*.

SHORT Vamps, says an ad., are in style now. One would think the tall kind would film better.—*N. Y. Sun*.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"MORE discussion about free seeds from Congress. Do you think farmers really care for the free seeds?" "I dunno. Most of 'em would rather have automobile parts."—*Life*.

WHAT is the difference between a man and a woman?—A man and another woman.

COULD you name, offhand, sixteen great American inventions? Try these, Cotton Gin; Planting Machine; Grass Mower and Reaper; Rotary Printing Press; Steam Navigation; Hot-Air Engine; Sewing Machine; India rubber industry; Horseshoes manufactured by machine; Sand Blast for Carving; Gauge Lathe; Grain Elevator; Artificial ice making on a large scale; Electric magnet and its practical application, the telephone, the aeroplane.

WHY be superstitious about 13? Richard Wagner had thirteen letters in his name; he was born in 1813; he wrote thirteen operas; he finished one of his greatest operas Sept. 13th, 1860 and this same opera Tannhauser was produced on March 13th, 1861.—Edmond Rostand also has thirteen letters in his name, and he was elected the thirteenth member of the French Academy. And what about the thirteen colonies?

MRS. ANNE ROYALL, born in Maryland, 1769, was the first American woman journalist. Incidentally she was the first "Interviewer" male or female. If one subscribed to her paper the interview was a favorable one, otherwise, not. Anne Royall was sentenced to a "ducking" for some of her "write-ups" but just before the event the jury modified her punishment.

EXECUTIVE ability has been variously defined, but the following, from an executive with a sense of humor, seems to cover the whole subject. He said, "Executive ability is the ability to hire some one to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slipup, having some one at whose door to lay the blame."

"MY dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics, if you please."

"What's civics?" asked the friend.
"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."
London Post.

DO you know why you throw salt over your left shoulder when you spill some? All because the old Romans used salt in their sacrifices and therefore regarded it as sacred to the Penates, and to spill it was to incur the wrath of these household divinities. By throwing some of it over the left shoulder the ancient Roman believed that he was calling down the displeasure of his household gods upon himself rather than his neighbor.

"WE get a good many queer customers at night," said the policeman, "and we have to keep a close watch for suspicious characters. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of a good many other officers, there's one fellow we don't have to worry about. That's the man who walks along the street whistling or singing to himself. Crooks don't do that."

"The same thing is true of the parties of young fellows we get walking along the streets

at night and trying out their voices. They're sometimes a nuisance to other people who want to sleep, and we have to tell them to put the soft pedal on the melody sometimes, but they're all right so far as lawbreaking is concerned. Crooks don't sing when they're on their way to a job or coming from it."

POLICEMAN—You've been loafing round this corner for a week watching that building. Now beat it.

Citizen—I'm not harming anyone, officer. There's a sick man across the street and if anything should happen I want to be on hand to rent his apartment.

"ENGAGED at your age! Why, you can't get married for fourteen years yet."

"That's all right, muvver—we can't get a house till then."

THERE is a celebrated lecturer at a local university who is said to command the awe not only of his students but of the dean of his department. His famous "busting" course comes at an inconvenient hour in the afternoon and recently his students petitioned the dean to change the time of meeting. The dean, they say, summoned the lecturer and mentioned the matter.

"What would be a better time?" asked the lecturer.

"Eleven o'clock would be excellent," suggested the dean.

"It's a good hour," agreed the lecturer.

"That's fine!" said the dean. "I'll have the announcement changed on the presses."

"All right," remarked the lecturer.

The dean, it is said, congratulated himself on the ease with which the change had been made until the next morning, when the lecturer telephoned.

"Concerning that 11 o'clock class," he said, "who's going to teach it?"

So the announcement went through the press without alteration.

ACCORDING TO TIT-BITS BEFORE

IRATE father: "I distinctly saw you kiss my daughter under my very nose."

Jack (calmly): "Excuse me, sir—under her very nose!"

AND AFTER

AMINISTER meeting a parishioner who had been recently married, and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said:—

"Well, John, and how is all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough!" returned John. "I'm glad to hear it—you know there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rows!" said John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows. Whenever she sees me she catches the first thing to hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me, she's happy; if she doesn't I am! Oh, we're getting on fine!"

IN HER HANDS

FIRST Flapper—Jane compares her husband to a promissory note.

Second Flapper—How's that?
First Flapper—She says she gets tired of meeting him.—*Columbia Jester*.

TRAMP: "Is it here where a reward is being offered for a lost dog?"

Householder: "Yes, I'm offering ten shillings. Have you any news of my terrier?"

Tramp: "No, not yet. But as I was just going in search of it, I have come to ask if you will give me a little on account."



Photograph by Harry Beardsley

RUSSIAN SUBSTITUTE FOR "MOVIES"

IN the market places and on street corners in many Russian villages and cities, the "Peep show", forerunner of the moving picture, may still be seen. A miniature stage is arranged in a light proof box, with a series of colored scenes like the "drops" in a theatre. By pulling strings, the showman causes a series of these colored pictures to appear before the spectator who peeps through a stereoscopic lens. A small oil lamp inside the box provides illumination.



The Message That Every Morning Brings:—

The daily bath—with its stimulation of the skin to renewed activity.

Do you realize that, when you wash your face, it is not enough simply to *cleanse* it—that your skin needs a soothing, restoring influence to keep your complexion fresh and free from blemishes? Resinol Soap fills this need, combining

as it does ideal cleansing qualities, with the power to soothe parched, irritated skin, and protect the constantly forming new skin—preventing blotches and other defects. Here, indeed, are most valuable helps to rounding out the beauty of every day.

A generous sample of Resinol Soap will be sent you on your request. A postal will do. Please address Dept. 7-X, Resinol: Baltimore, Maryland.

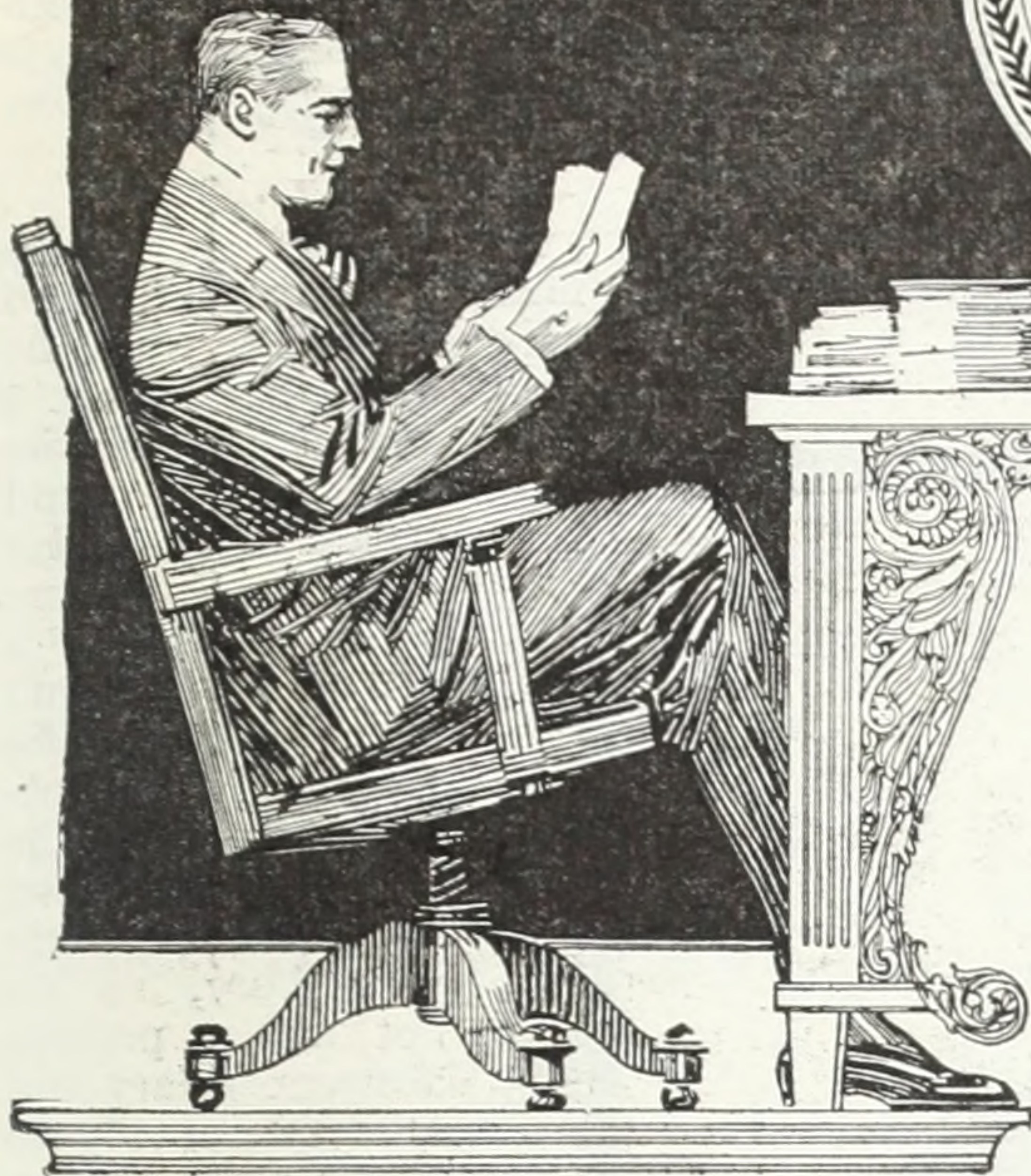
Resinol Soap





The Car That Made Good in a Day

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



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

TG. MANILA.—If I ever marry, I should like to marry a good cook. But she'd leave me, like as not—they all do. Have no record of any serial called "The Fatal Fortune." I have all other brands of serials; some with even more terrifying names. There were Pearl White's "Black Secret," Leah Baird's "Wolves of Kultur," Jack Dempsey's "Daredevil Jack" and a few more like that. The cast of "Soldiers of Fortune" reads as follows: *Robert Clay*, Norman Kerry; *Hope Langham*, Pauline Starke; *Alice Langham*, Anna Nilsson; *Mr. Langham*, Melbourne McDowell; *Mendoza*, Wallace Beery; *Pres. Alvarez*, Wilfred Lucas. It was directed by Allen Dwan, for Mayflower.

TRAVIS, W. S., PANDORA, TEXAS.—If fiction magazine writers were wise they would publish the last pages first, to save lady readers from turning back to find out how the story ends. May Allison was born in Georgia; she isn't married. Alice Lake is twenty-three; she was born in Brooklyn. Viola Dana, one year younger, was born in the same borough. Miss Dana is the widow of John Collins, who was her director. Marie Prevost is twenty-two; Natalie Talmadge, twenty. Looks as if we have had a peek into a good many family Bibles lately, doesn't it?

BOBBIE, ST. PAUL.—I am still a cynic—very still. But I emerge occasionally to enjoy a sunset, a lemon pie, or a Sennett comedy. Not all in one evening, however. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, my child. Have you been in the wilds for the past six months? The news of the Pickford-Fairbanks marriage traveled to every civilized country. Bebe Daniels was born in this country but I think she has a dash of French ancestry. She works in California. Marguerite Clark will come back to the screen soon, I hear.

JANE MARGARET.—So when you saw your answer a cold, chilly thrill came over you. I'm sure I had no idea of affecting you like that. You will probably get a colder one this time when I am obliged to tell you there are a good many girls who look well in bathing suits and still haven't been able to swim into pictures. Even Mr. Sennett's studio hasn't room for all the pretty girls who want to break in. Juanita Hansen is making a new serial now, for Pathe, under the direction of George B. Seitz.

L. M. S., SHANGHAI.—Chinese typewriters are now being manufactured—that is, writing machines with Chinese type. Since the new Chinese language was adopted in 1918 it has become possible to print the simplified form. I get a good many letters from China and always enjoy them. Here is the cast of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room": *M. Stangerson*, William Walcott; *Mlle. Stangerson*, Ethel Grey Terry; *Joseph Rouletabille*, Lorin Baker; *Frederick Larsan*, George Cowl; *M. Robert Darzac*, Edmund Elton; *M. de Marquet*, William Morrison. No trouble at all.



The Crabbed Scene

THE director was ready to shoot the big scene.

Goldine Gladgirl patted her sequined bosom and prepared to smile upon the he-vamp who was to call upon the stroke of midnight.

"All set?" shouted the director, through his rusty megaphone.

"Aye, aye, cap," quoth Props, who personally preferred water stuff to this.

But suddenly Goldine Gladgirl screamed.

"There ain't any—" she cried.

"Ain't any what?" shouted the director.

"There ain't any chay-long—" True.

There was no chaise-longue.

And what clandestine rendezvous can be held without one?

—The Close Observer.

MILDRED, KENTUCKY.—Your questions weren't too long—there were too many of them, that's all. Six answers is about my limit. I've got to protect myself some way, you know. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio; she is in her late twenties. June Caprice is not dead; she has gone to Spain with the George B. Seitz serial company to make a picture. She'll be back soon. Marguerite Courtot went, too. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick. Dick Barthelmess, Griffith.

FLORENCE, WASHINGTON.—Wanda Hawley is her married name—J. Burton Hawley is her husband. Wanda used to be known on the screen as Wanda Petit when she played for Fox. Her eyes are gray-blue, and she is just twenty-three years old. Realart is starring her. They do say she makes wonderful lemon-cream pies.

SUSAN DOLORES, PALO ALTO.—There is no doubt that most criminals have a good side, but it isn't that good side that lands them in jail. And we wouldn't have any drama on our screens if the scenario writer, in introducing Pesky Pete, informed us that he was really good at heart. James Crane is Alice Brady's husband. You say he wears enough make-up to cover three actors. He plays with Alice in "A Dark Lantern." Yes—and write again.

LILLIAN, NEW YORK.—The Mayflower would have had to be ten times its size to accommodate all the people who claim to have come over in it. J. Barney Sherry is your favorite. He's a fine actor. Sherry was born in Germantown, Pa. He commenced his screen career with Thomas Ince; he has also been with Universal. He is five feet nine and weighs two hundred pounds. Also, his hair and eyes are gray.

BLAND, BROCKWAYVILLE, PA.—A Danish princess has received the degree of doctor of philosophy. The princess is said to be the first college girl among European royalties. She probably won't be the last. Royal ladies are becoming quite modern posing for moving pictures and everything. Ann Little is with Lasky, playing leads opposite the various male stars. She co-starred with Jack Hoxie in "Lightning Bryce," a serial for another concern. She was the Indian girl in "The Squaw Man" for Paramount. Wish they'd give Ann another part like that.

(Continued)

LILLIAN, STANCHFIELD.—I am overcome. So many nice letters bring the blushes. I surely appreciate what you say. You want an art section picture of Shirley Mason. Her latest, to be released, is "Love's Harvest." Margery Wilson is directing her own company now. Jack Richardson's wife is Louise Lester, who used to be the "Calamity Ann" of those old Flying-A pictures. Haven't a record of that film; when was it released, please?

A. B. H. S. G., BROOKLYN.—It was so long ago you first wrote to me, I should think that "Bad High School Girl" would have been graduated by this time. Walter McGrail is thirty-one. Address him Lambs Club, N. Y. C. Buster Keaton is a Kansas product. He doesn't say when he was born. He was on the stage for sixteen years before making his screen debut with Roscoe Arbuckle. Keaton lives in Long Beach, Cal.

IONE, OSHKOSH.—I find most audiences more interesting than the actors. I like to overhear the scraps of conversation about the ingenue's adoration of Wallace Reid, the middle-aged spinster's fondness for Bill Hart and the small boy's noisy admiration of Eddie Polo. Emory Johnson is married to Ella Hall. Address them both at 1834 El Cerrita Place, Hollywood, California. No trouble at all.

QUESTIONAIRE, BROOKLYN.—Please do not flatter me. The best of us never survive over-estimation and I want to live—in these columns—a long, long time. Mae Allison would rather not tell us her age, so unless you can get a peek at the Allison family bible, you'll probably never know. Evelyn Vaughn, Bert Lytell's wife, is not in pictures. Buster Keaton co-stars with William Crane in "The Sap-Head," Metro's picturization of "The New Henrietta," Winchell Smith's play.

CHICK 17, OWOSSO.—You needn't fear that because you don't use perfumed paper you won't be welcome. You are thrice welcome because you don't. Bill Desmond, Hampton. Eric von Stroheim, Universal. So you love villains and vamps. But only in the abstract, I suppose. Real-life is seldom as wicked or as beautiful as the movies make it. Bless 'em, anyway—the movies, not the villains and the vamps.

JANE, SHELburnE FALLS, MASS.—Ann Forrest, that dynamic little blonde actress of "Dangerous Days" was Hetty with Tom

Moore in "The Great Accident." She also played the slavey in Tom Meighan's "The Prince Chap." She does fine work and I am not surprised to hear that Cecil DeMille has signed her for five years to play leads in his dramas. Here's how—he said recently—here's how high each of these young ladies stands in her onyx (no ad): Bebe Daniels, five feet four inches; Irene Castle, five-seven; Dorothy Gish, five feet; Constance Talmadge, five feet five; Betty Blythe, five feet eight; Corinne Griffith, five-four; and Gloria Swanson, five feet three.

"Footlights and Shadows." Write to him care Selznick. Ralph Graves, Griffith, Mamaroneck.

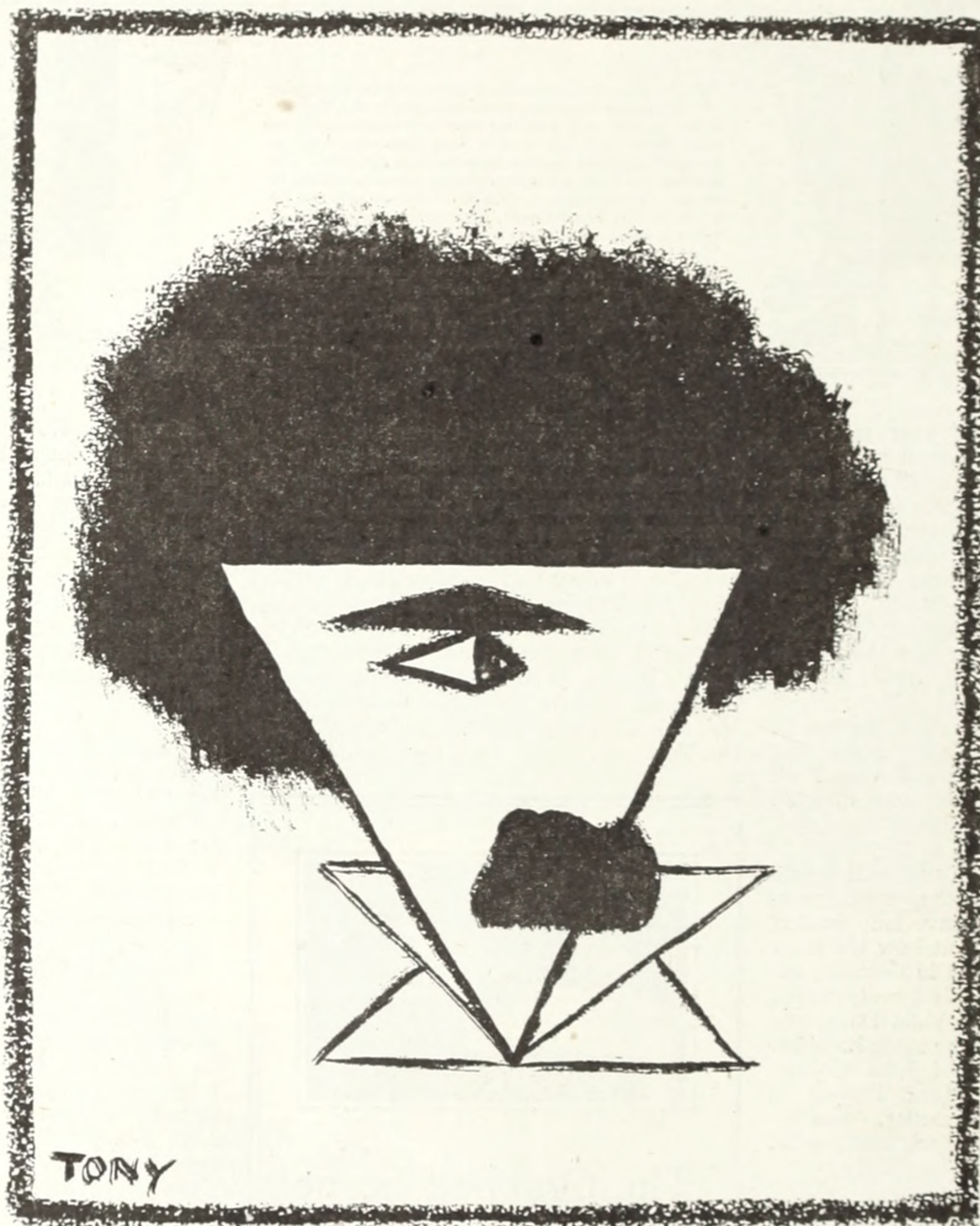
ED., BUFFALO.—Mae Murray undoubtedly lent distinction to that courtroom in "On With the Dance." But she must have been a difficult thing to cross-examine. She is married to Robert Leonard. Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood.

D. M. F., BRITT, IOWA.—The new woman is one who can make her husband stand meekly by while she casts her vote against his favorite candidate. I would enclose twenty-five cents for a picture when writing to a player. A few send their photographs free, but you'd better slip in the stamps to make sure. Most of them are very busy, so do not expect prompt answers. Mary and Doug were only in Europe for a month's vacation.

ELAINE.—Those actresses you mention are chorus-girls in some musical comedy and I haven't them in my directory. I can only give you information on film celebrities—with an occasional exception. Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Betty Compson's pictures will be distributed through Goldwyn. Helen Ferguson, Metro studios, Los Angeles. Doris Keane is not making any more pictures, but United Artists Corporation will probably forward your letter to her. She is married to Basil Sydney, who played the young rector in "Romance." Here's the cast of "Eyes of the World": Sybil Andres, Jane Novak; Mrs. Taine, Kathleen Kirkham;

Aaron King, Jack Livingston; Conrad LaGrange, Monroe Salisbury; Brian Oakley, Fred Burns; Edward Taine, Jack MacDonald; John Marston, Arthur Travares; James Rutledge, Edward Peil.

H. S. JORDAN, HARRISBURG.—Sorry your other answers were delayed. Perhaps your queries had been answered before. Juanita Hansen is twenty-three; she is working in the east now, for Pathe. George B. Seitz directed her new serial. Eva and Jane Novak are sisters; Jane is a well-known leading woman for Goldwyn, Marshall Neilan productions, Lasky, and others; while Eva, her younger sister, played in "Up in Mary's Attic" and other comedies, is Bill Hart's leading woman in a forthcoming Hart release, and is now a new Universal star. Eileen Percy, Fox. George Walsh, First National. (Continued on page 126)



A Cubist Portrait of Chaplin.

MARJORIE, DENVER.—I don't notice many people making pie of raisins any more. Lottie Pickford is Mary's sister; she is the mother of the little girl—Mary Pickford Rupp—whom you have seen pictured with Mary and with Olive Thomas (Mrs. Jack Pickford). Theda Bara, care A. H. Woods, New York City. June Elvidge is in "The Girl in the Spotlight," a new musical comedy.

S. T., BROOKLYN.—Please consult our studio directory, which will give you all the addresses of the companies you asked for.

VERA, SOMERVILLE.—So you saw Lou Tellegen in a Simplex. That's nothing—I have seen him in a Cinema. Alex Onslow was Jerry O'Farrell opposite Olive Thomas in

How I Make Money —Right at Home!

“LOOK at this check for \$26.50—payable to me.

“I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

“Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband’s salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to

a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven’t kept pace!

“But now we have more than the necessities—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

“How did I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but by using *The Auto Knitter*, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

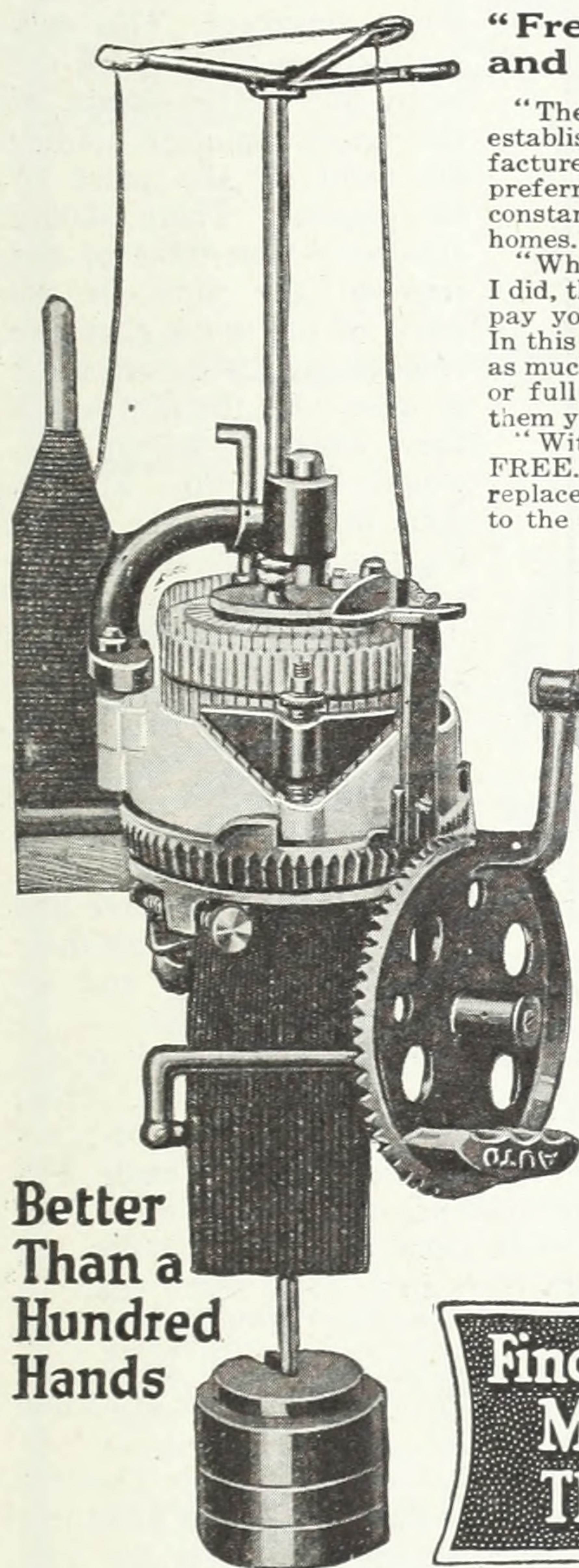
“And the best part of it is that I have a guaranteed, constant market for every pair of socks I make, at a guaranteed price. I simply send *The Auto Knitter* Company the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.

“Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks”

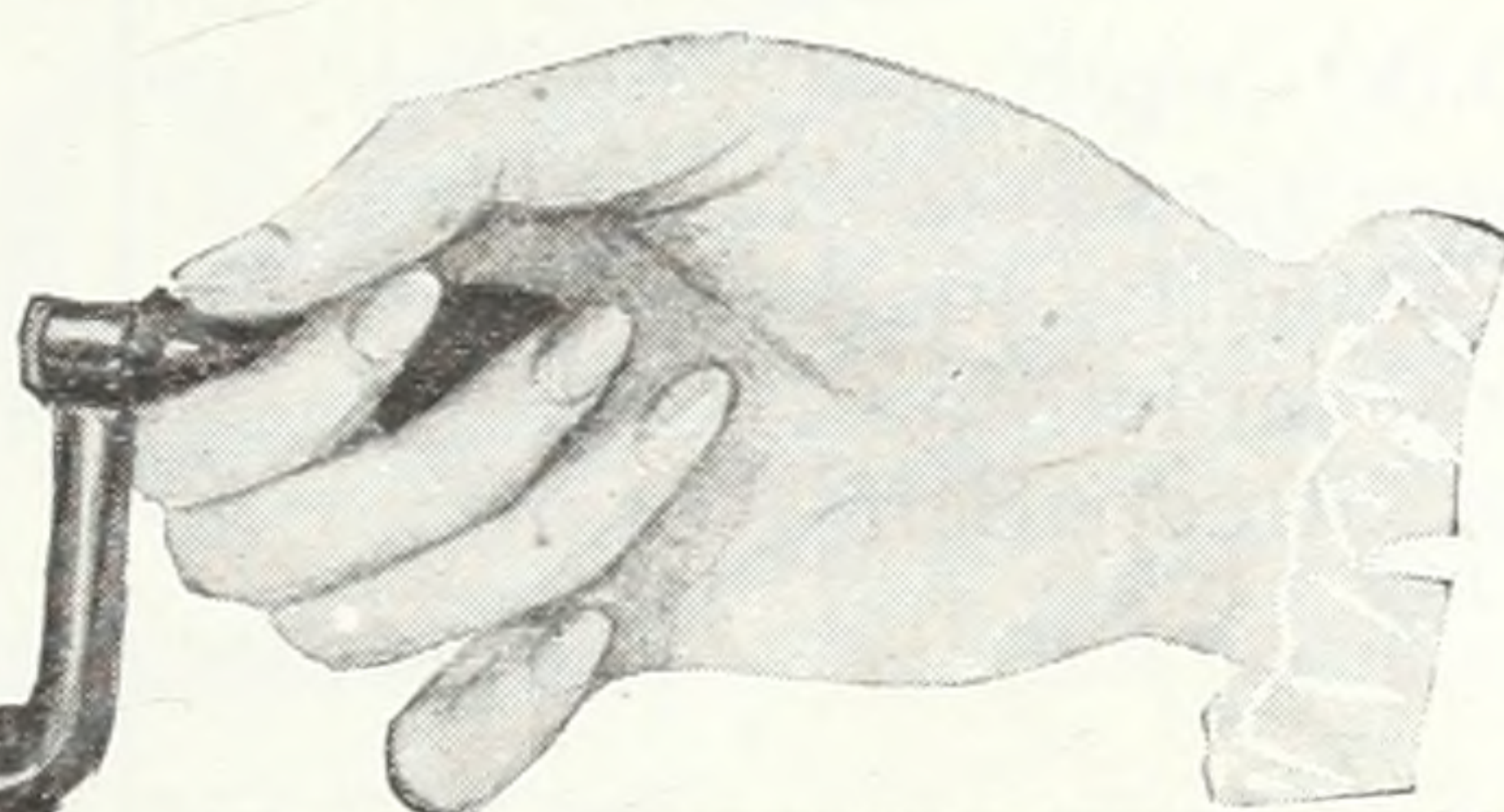
“The *Auto Knitter* Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They constantly need more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you.

“When you decide to become an *Auto Knitter* worker, as I did, the *Auto Knitter* Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

“With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.



Better Than a Hundred Hands



The Auto Knitter

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. The *Auto Knitter* makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions are sent to every worker. The *Auto Knitter* is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about *The Auto Knitter*. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with *The Auto Knitter*.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements

of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The *Auto Knitter* does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 5511K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.



“You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your *Auto Knitter* as you see fit; you can also use the *Auto Knitter* to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

“But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.”

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The *Auto Knitter* gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised “canvassing scheme,” “agency” or “open a store” proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The *Auto Knitter* has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The *Auto Knitter* is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the *Auto Knitter* Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.

Berlin, N. Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.

Gays, Ill.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery.

Limestone, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my *Auto Knitter* with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Send Coupon Now

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. 5511K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

Photoplay 11-20

"How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater"

Winners of Photoplay Magazine's Letter Contest

THE third PHOTOPLAY Contest—"How to Run a Motion-Picture Theater"—revealed the secret desire of thousands of readers and motion-picture devotees. But whether the dream was being nursed in Mexico or Maine, the dominant desire was to have the motion-picture theater a community center.

The larger palaces and auditoriums are admired but not desired. The picture theater of today must have the intimate note to make it a success and anything which will tend to make the audience feel at home creates a new friend for the box office. In the smaller cities the majority of the audience is composed of women and so women have been the most critical in their suggestions. True to the fact that the theater must be comfortable above all else, the consensus of opinion made the following deductions final:

- 1—Comfort
- 2—Ventilation
- 3—Atmosphere
- 4—Pictures
- 5—Music

In the first class there was a unanimous demand for comfortable seats with plenty of room between the rows. The disturbance caused by the late comers suggested a remedy in using the center aisle for exiting and the side ones for entrance only. Thus, as the audience arrived, it would move to the center, leaving the ends of the rows free for the later arrivals who would not then disturb any one by passing. Another suggestion was also made for larger chairs to be placed in the center rear at a higher price for those desiring or needing extra room and comfort. Courteousness of employees seemed as important as comfortable seats and in this respect the preference was given to young women both in front of the house and in its management.

The second most important asset was fresh air in winter and summer.

The impression that in the dark one feels the need of better air circulation is true of the theater as in the home where the windows are always opened wider during the night. One must feel the fresh air in the theater when seated in the theater.

Third—The atmosphere of the auditorium must communicate a restful impression. The motion-picture theater is the only one of its kind to which people go to rest body and mind and the decorations can spoil or produce the atmosphere of quiet and rest more than anything else inside the theater. Garishness jars and lessens the hygienic effect of the interior but simple tones in mural and lobby decorations will attract more than gaudy lights and violently colored display bills. The motion-picture theater has passed the circus-carnival stage and the less of this about a theater the better. The house should look as though a good housekeeper was running it as she would her own home and no good housekeeper packs up her house with artificial flowers or guilds her banisters.

Fourth—There is a universal demand that certain types of pictures be shown on stated days. Thus Monday would be shown Western films; Tuesday a feature; Wednesday a serial and so on throughout the week until Saturday brought the slap-stick comedy for the kiddies who had come for their

money's worth of fun and could shout themselves hoarse in getting it. If this regime were followed the suggestion of season or weekly tickets is a good one. In this way a regular attendant could buy a book of coupons at the beginning of the year and pass them on to any member of the family who desired any particular kind of film on a regularly set day. A slight reduction for the year or monthly book would be advantageous to both manager and patron. In connection with the pictures there could be a slip supplied to be filled in by the patron stating his favorite brand of film, actor or suggestions for the betterment of the management of the theater itself.

One will often write a criticism when not able to tell it or have the time to register a complaint. This suggestion box could be in the lobby and be the means of the house manager holding his hand on the pulse of his patrons. There should also be a time-table of the runs of the films in the front of the house that one could know before entering at what hour the film which they have come to see, would be shown. This is done in the vaudeville houses and should be adopted by the moving-picture theaters where the greater majority of the audience drop in between trains or appointments. An illuminated clock over the proscenium arch would be an inestimable help. The European theaters have had these time pieces in all their theaters for years and we

need them more here where the clock is king.

Fifth—The expensive orchestras are not appreciated or desired by the regular patron of a motion-picture theater. Here again, the home effect is preferred by a small number of players who are stronger on the right theme for the right film than determined to make the audience to see how well they can tear a symphony to pieces in between pictures. The old violin and piano brought more tears in a snow scene than all of the fifty-piece orchestras could extract in a year. This symphony idea is a refinement of the old carnival bally-hooing idea and costs more money to the manager than gratitude from his patrons.

A few women would like waiting rooms for their children and nurseries where they could be left while the mothers watched the show in peace to themselves and to the surrounding patrons. These nurseries could be attended by young girls in exchange for their admission or if a slight fee were charged, by a regular attendant. But whatever the worry of the manager is today to get and keep his patrons it is proved by this contest, that the "play's not all the thing" by any means—it is the house and its management and intimate atmosphere which encourages and holds the little individual who forms the great majority and backbone of this country—the moving-picture patron.

And No Censorship, B'Heck!

THE motion-picture theater is the Place of Forgetting—forgetting tired feet, tired hearts, loneliness, or Friend Husband's latest grouch. Hence the theater itself needs:

(Continued on page 105)

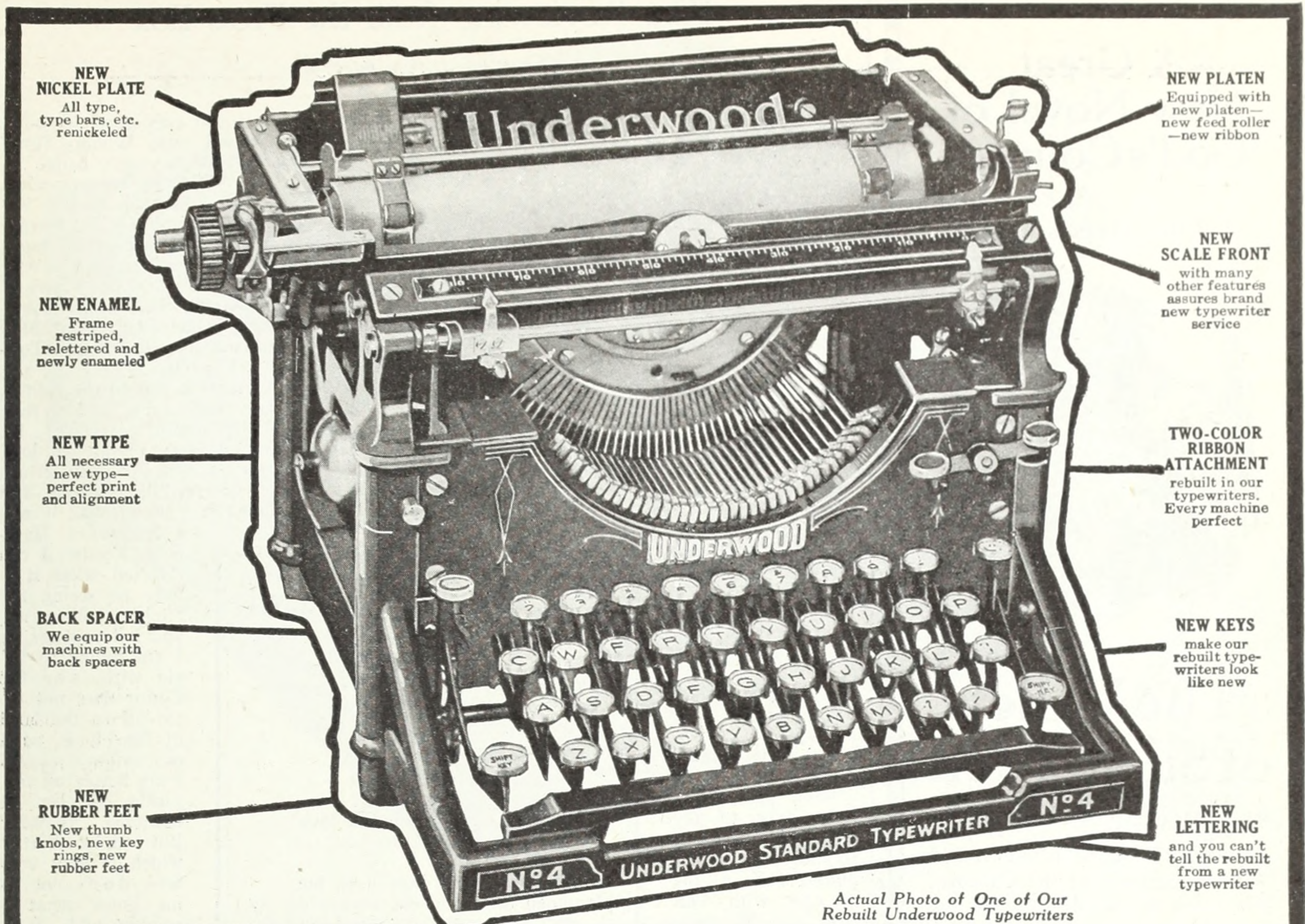
PRIZE WINNERS

Following are the lucky contestants in PHOTOPLAY'S letter contest, "How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater," as announced in June PHOTOPLAY.

First Prize, \$25.00 — Adelaide F. Brown, 97 Union Street, Rockland, Maine.

Second Prize, \$15.00 — Edna M. Newman, 3819 Hays Street, Dallas, Texas.

Third Prizes, \$10.00 each — Crawford Wheeler, Monument, Colorado; Vera Williamson, 2523 Gettysburg Avenue, Sawtelle, Calif., and Janie Maurine Hagy, 1906 Buena Vista Street, San Antonio, Texas.



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Equipped with new platen—new feed roller—new ribbon

NEW ENAMEL
Frame restriped, relettered and newly enameled

NEW SCALE FRONT
with many other features assures brand new typewriter service

NEW TYPE
All necessary new type—perfect print and alignment

TWO-COLOR RIBBON ATTACHMENT
rebuilt in our typewriters. Every machine perfect

BACK SPACER
We equip our machines with back spacers

NEW KEYS
make our rebuilt typewriters look like new

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New thumb knobs, new key rings, new rubber feet

NEW LETTERING
and you can't tell the rebuilt from a new typewriter

Actual Photo of One of Our Rebuilt Underwood Typewriters

\$5.00 Brings You This Standard Underwood Typewriter

DOWN Yes, only \$5.00 down brings you this Standard Visible Writing Underwood, factory rebuilt from start to finish like new, just like the picture above. Then only a little monthly while you are using it makes it yours. New genuine Underwood parts wherever the wear comes—thoroughly tested—guaranteed for five years. Our supply is limited. At our exceedingly low price and on our liberal terms, these will go with a rush—so act now while this easy payment bargain offer is open.

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Free Trial—Easy Payments

Remember, you don't even have to buy the machine until you get it and have used it on ten days' Free Trial, so that you can see for yourself how new it is and how well it writes. After you have decided, you pay only a little each month, in amounts so conveniently small you will hardly notice them, while all the time you are paying you will be enjoying the profits from the use of the machine. You *must* be satisfied or else the entire transaction will not cost you a single penny.

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NAME

STREET or R.F.D. NO.

POST OFFICE.....STATE.....

Film Reviewing from the Press Box

(Concluded from page 38)

A Great New Novel of God's Country

By the Author of
"The River's End"



The Valley of Silent Men

by James Oliver Curwood

A STORY of the manhood and womanhood of the Canadian Northwest in the days before the railroads came.

As you travel the long water trail of this wild Tree River Country you will come to know men and women who meet a thousand perils—whose eyes glisten with the love of adventure. Men and women whose hearts are big, whose blood is rich and strong, whose souls chant themselves to the skies.

You will not only read but you will *live* the story of Sergeant James Kent the best man trapper in the Royal Mounted who lied gloriously to save a friend, and of Murette, that wonderful little goddess of

The Valley of Silent Men

A most thrilling story as well as one of the most beautiful romances it has ever been your pleasure to read.

Hit the trail to God's Country with James Oliver Curwood in *The Valley of Silent Men*—

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Get your copy today, wherever books are sold—\$2.00

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119 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

that would make a couple of Polish Wrestlers look like they was no closer together than Hindoostan and Harlem! Before this comes off, however, he asks the dame right in this Van Tiles' presents whether everything is on the Up and Up between them, and is there any strings attached on to this castle bizness—which also proves, Reader, that he is a A-1 Sap all right; because anybody with any cents would know this Van Tile is no architect and is not building Castles for dames for practice! It also shows this Bird Tom is a smooth worker, like a file, asking questions like that before the jane herself, hey?

Well, she confesses right there some ropes was tied on to the French Shattoe he builds her, at that; and of course she breaks down and Tom breaks out, and there is a Big Enunciation Seen where he tells her to take it on the lam right out of there! She says she will "Take the Vale," whatever that is; but anyway Tom believes her—and so do I, Reader, because I think she is a jane which will take anything Portable that has less than two mortgages on it!

Well, she goes right over to the joint where she is staying and is just pulling off a big party with Van Tile, and is smoking Between the Acts and throwing the butts over the balcony down on poor Tom which is standing in the snowdrifts outside, when Tom is the proud receptacle of the idea that he will run right up stares and Convert her! Believe me, Reader, as a Converter he is a Terrible Bust;—because you can not Convert women by biting them in the neck! As a Converter, "one muzzle is more to be desired than much fine molars" (Skripture, I think). However, I will state that for a minister this guy is pretty well posted on the best Strangle Holds!

Well, he gives her the Bums Rush at the Finish, and marries himself off to Van Tiles' Neace, or Something; which delights his spinster sister—the sort of a Skirt of which the poet wrote when he indibted "Lavendar and Old Face." And that ends that, Reader!

Well, I am very pleased with this comedy, at that; and think it is one of the funniest shows all together I have ever scene! I see it once or twice more to be sure I have got all the Details correct, and then go and write a review which Bill Shakespeare himself would be proud to have a "by-line" hung over, as we reporters say! It is very amusing, as I point out, except perhaps the leading woman is not slapped-stick enough, and bokays of orchards and other hot-house flowers is thrown at her in her Song Seens, instead of property pies;—but probably the producers run out of pies lately. There is a big demand for them these daze, at that, and no 20 percent reductions in sight!

I am also handed some hearty laughs over the hero, which wears his hands mostly in his hair, tearing it as careless as was he Ed Pinnaud or Old Dr. Herpicide and knew he could get it all right back again! He is very funny, as is it all, and much heaving is done by all! The expressions of some of the guys' shoulders is enough to make a Prohibitionist laugh.

The costuming is also very good comody; Cavil running around with Whoop Skirts below the waste, a Policeman's badge to hold the corsage of flowers on her stommick, and a Bar Sinister across her back! She has on White Sable and All, and is further equipped with a rope of pearls which looks like garlic strung on spagetti! It is a very funny film, as I am saying, and I give it a good write-up, saying there is new producers in the field which will make Max Senate Comodies look like they was a Topical Review of a Funeral.

Well, Reader, I turn in this to the Editor, and I give you my word he is madder than a Politician just deprived of his voice! He says I am so Dum I make a Half-wit look like Soloman, and that this is a very serious Drama, and a Powerful Film, and all; and here I have handed it a review like it was

a Keystone! However, Reader, I can not tell what it is only be seeing the pitcher, believe me, and I do not see, as I am saying to begin with, why the Editor does not tip me off to the kind of film it is, so I can review it easier! I am better on technique criticism of Drama anyway! But this Editor, which is now very sore, does not let me know what is coming off! It is really all his fault. I do not see how come he does not

The Double Standard

I

WHY is it, gentle reader,
That upon the silver-sheet
The croo-el double standard
Doth prevail when sexes meet?

II

Adventurers are heroes bold
Beloved by all, we guess;
But no one but the blindest love
The brune adventuress.

(We don't know how it is, but
blondined adventuresses always get by.)
—Justin Fair

tell me this is real Heavy Heart Stuff; unless perhaps he thinks it is the Author's Secret, and that he should not spill the beans on the guy which writes the show, hey, Reader? That is it, probably.

Well, I am pretty sore over this, of course, because I am figuring I will make a Big Rep for myself off of these artickles I am to write, so I tell this Editor I will do them for nothing will he only print them. I am after Fame, Reader, more than Money, as the poet says. Well, he says the artickles are good for nothing all right, but that he will run a few and see can his sheet stand the strain. He says he always wants to put the magazine to a good test, so he can prove to the advitizers what a good Medium it is, as we publishers hath it.

This is the ausensible reason he hands me, but if you ask me I will say that this guy is willing to run the artickles because he is getting them for nothing. Was somebody to release the copyright on Webster's Work you would probably see the Dictionary being run in installments by this baby, believe me! He is a good enough guy, as I am saying; but tight. Was he to "cast his pants upon the waters they would return to him after many days" with the pockets filled with freshly caught fish on each rusty fish hook, I will bet! This baby is so tight he makes a Enraged Oyster look wide open as the Grand Canyon of Arizona!

However, I am going to write the artickles for nothing, as I am saying, and I am always wanting to write for the magazines for a living, so I will not kick for a while. I at least break even; which is better than these Fish do which hire Carnagie or Linoleum Hall for musick recitals and pass out free duckats or Annie Oakleys "for capacity," thereby putting themselves in a swell financial hole, hey?



In **SQUARE** *cornered* box 50 cents

Guaranteed to contain **DOUBLE** the quantity of former round cornered 25-cent box

ON the stage or in the audience—with the stars of drama or the leaders of society—Freeman's Face Powder has always been a prime favorite.

Clinging, dainty, and with an exquisite, delicate fragrance, Freeman's gives to the complexion that soft, velvety look and feel of a baby's skin.

*At all toilet counters or send
5 cents for miniature box*

THE FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY
2509 Norwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Freeman's FACE POWDER

(Continued from page 55)

him. He realizes that he shouldn't marry her, but hasn't the heart to tell her so, and the wedding is arranged. Then there is a threatened tragedy that straightens things out admirably, with the right boy getting the right girl in both sections of the country. Mary Miles Minter plays the barefoot heroine modestly and effectively, and there are good performances by John Bowers as the "furriner" and Monte Blue as the mountain native.

WHAT WOMEN LOVE—First National

THE Doug Fairbanks of the Screen Girls' Athletic association is Annette Kellermann—or would be, if there was any such organization. She is the sturdiest of the feminine athletes, and, poised for the dive, the stunningest as well. In "What Women Love," which is her newest picture, she opens the meeting by boxing with the butler. After that she takes a swim in the lake, stealing the bait from off the hook of a mystified fisherman and twirling his boat about like a merry-go-round until he throws his home brew into the water and pulls for the shore. Later she joins a lot of other bathing girls on the beach, displaying her prowess as a manipulator of the giant ball, and goes from there to diving from a stern and excessively rockbound coast presumably into the seething whirlpool below. Finally she dives from the crosstrees of a schooner into the bay and there, under the water fights with the villain of the play and kicks him in the stomach until he is not only willing to cry quits, but probably to lay off playing villain for several weeks. Connecting these activities of the tireless Annette is a story which seeks to prove that even a goggle-eyed mollycoddle may win a heroine if he will mend his ways and learn how to fight and whip Walter Long. What women love is a fighting man. It is a fine picture for the Kellermann fans and an entertaining picture for anyone. The swimming and diving exhibitions are quite wonderfully screened by the trick of showing the start of the dive and then cutting to Annette under water in her tank. Wheeler Oakman, Walter Long and Carl Ullman are in the cast.

HAIRPINS—Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

IT must have taken quite a little courage for Fred Niblo, as director, and C. Gardner Sullivan as author, to try again with the familiar theme of the slovenly wife who blossoms forth as a fashionable beauty when she realizes that her husband is slipping away from her. But it is greatly to their credit that they have proved again by the trite but true observation that it is not what you do, but the way you do it, that counts on the screen. "Hairpins" is as simple a story as any Cinderella romance. The heroine keeps her household accounts in perfect shape, and is a perfect wonder with dust-cloth and sweeper. But she looks a frump, and can't see that it matters. She's married, isn't she? She's made her fortune—such as it is. She loves her husband, and he loves her. What is there to worry about more important than saving money, and keeping the house clean? So husband begins casting his eyes at his nifty little stenographer, and is beginning to think of a separation and that sort of thing when his careless wife comes to. She buys herself some clothes, acquiring a "fast" friend, goes on "parties" and finally, when her now outraged mate demands an explanation, succeeds in convincing him that they are both wrong—and both right. A human, consistent, psychologically sound, well told little story, admirably directed by Mr. Niblo, among the sanest of his tribe, and as carefully and prettily played by Enid Bennett. Matt Moore, too, is a reasonable sort of protesting husband.

CUPID THE COWPUNCHER—Goldwyn

MY twenty-year-old niece assures me, with polite condescension, that Will Rogers is much too old and too homely ever to be a popular movie star. Not for me. And I have as much right to my heroes as she has to hers, haven't I? Better six reels of Rogers (with titles), say I, than whole cycles of the pretty youngsters who don't know how to do anything but make puppy love to vacant-faced flappers.

Still, I confess Rogers has his limitations. So long as his scenarioist keeps him just outside the circle of romance, without daring to venture inside, he is as holding a hero as any of

(Continued on page 109)



Justin McCarthy's novel, "If I Were King" has been filmed with spectacular dash. There are enough thrilling scenes to satisfy the most greedy. William Farnum has sufficient ease and poise to interpret the difficult part.



There are few comedies to be seen these days as good as "Cupid the Cowpuncher." Will Rogers is a fine matchmaker and a holding hero so long as his scenarioist keeps him outside the circle of romance.



"What Women Love" features the Fairbanksian prowess of Annette Kellermann and discloses that women love a fighting man. It is an entertaining picture for anyone. Wheeler Oakman plays a supporting role.

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(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher.)



Posed by Helène Chadwick
Motion Picture Star

Plays and Players

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

By CAL. YORK

LESS than a week after the death of Robert Harron (a story concerning which appears on page 90), the film world of artists and fans were shocked anew by the death in Paris of Olive Thomas. Her death occurred early in September following mercurial poisoning, a fatal potion which was taken by mistake for headache sleeping powder. She and her husband, Jack Pickford, were in the midst of their honeymoon trip which had been planned repeatedly since 1917, the year of their marriage. Jack Pickford made a heroic effort to save his wife's life by forcing her to swallow thirty-two glasses of water as first aid treatment. Miss Thomas' real name was Olive Elain Duffy. Hard work in the Ziegfeld Follies chorus won her distinction in both Follies and the Midnight Frolic. She was at one time one of Gotham's most favorite artist models, and was declared by Harrison Fisher to be "the most beautiful girl in the world." She was a full-fledged Broadway favorite when the movies "got her." Her first try-out was in a Famous Players Owen Moore Picture. Later, with Triangle, she found real screen success and her marriage to Jack Pickford followed. Their marriage was kept secret for more than a year. This was as she wished as she did not want anyone to think she was trying to win prominence on borrowed celebrity. She was 22 years old at the time of her death.

HIS friends in the Hollywood and Beverly Hills motion-picture circles are much regretting the change in a youthful male star, whose sudden rise to fame equaled only by Fairbanks and Chaplin, seems to have spoiled a natural sweetness and simplicity which were his chief charm both on and off the screen. Anyway, his household in the exclusive circles of Beverly Hills, is about to go provisionless as a result of the royal methods of existence which he and his hitherto charming little wife have assumed. Beverly Hills, though the most fashionable suburb of Los Angeles, is small and boasts only one grocery. This grocery boasts only one small, flivver delivery wagon.

A few days ago the grocery boy drove the truck up the white gravel driveway of the star's home. After the manner of Ford trucks, it spit a bit of oil on the entrance



Can a leading woman love her director even if he chances to be her husband? We judge so by this photograph, which would indicate that Florence Vidor will even stand by and watch friend husband fizzle on the fifth hole without laughing. That's the supreme test. Florence is the young lady who has since justified PHOTOPLAY'S stellar predictions for her, made when she was doing bits. King Vidor is perhaps the youngest successful director of the present-day screen.

way. Whereupon Mrs. Star appeared upon the step within a few feet of the delivery boy, accompanied by her English butler. She regarded the boy firmly, then turning to the butler, she said, "James, will you please tell this young person that he is never, never to drive up our driveway again? If he does, I shall have him thrown out." "Young person," said the butler, turning to the boy, "Mrs. Star wishes me to tell you that you are never to come into our driveway again. If you do, she will be compelled to have you thrown out."

"By golly," said the boy, relating the incident to the cook of another Beverly Hills star later in the day, "they'll starve before I ever deliver 'em another load of groceries." Funny, of course, but of such stuff are Bolsheviks made.

GWENDOLYN is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Holubar—Dorothy Phillips. Gwendolyn had been naughty and her father, as he kissed her goodnight, told her to ask God's forgiveness when she said her prayers. After she had been tucked in bed, Mr. Holubar asked if she had obeyed him. "Yes," said Gwendolyn, "I asked for God's forgiveness and now I'm sorry I did. Mr. God wasn't home and I asked Mrs. God, and I expect it's all over Heaven by now."

JOHN BLACKWOOD, acting as representative for Thomas H. Ince, came to New York looking for beauties. He picked several of Broadway's choicest chorus girls, gave them contracts and tickets for Los Angeles. (Continued on page 90)

Plays and Players

(Continued)



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Every Womans Depilatory

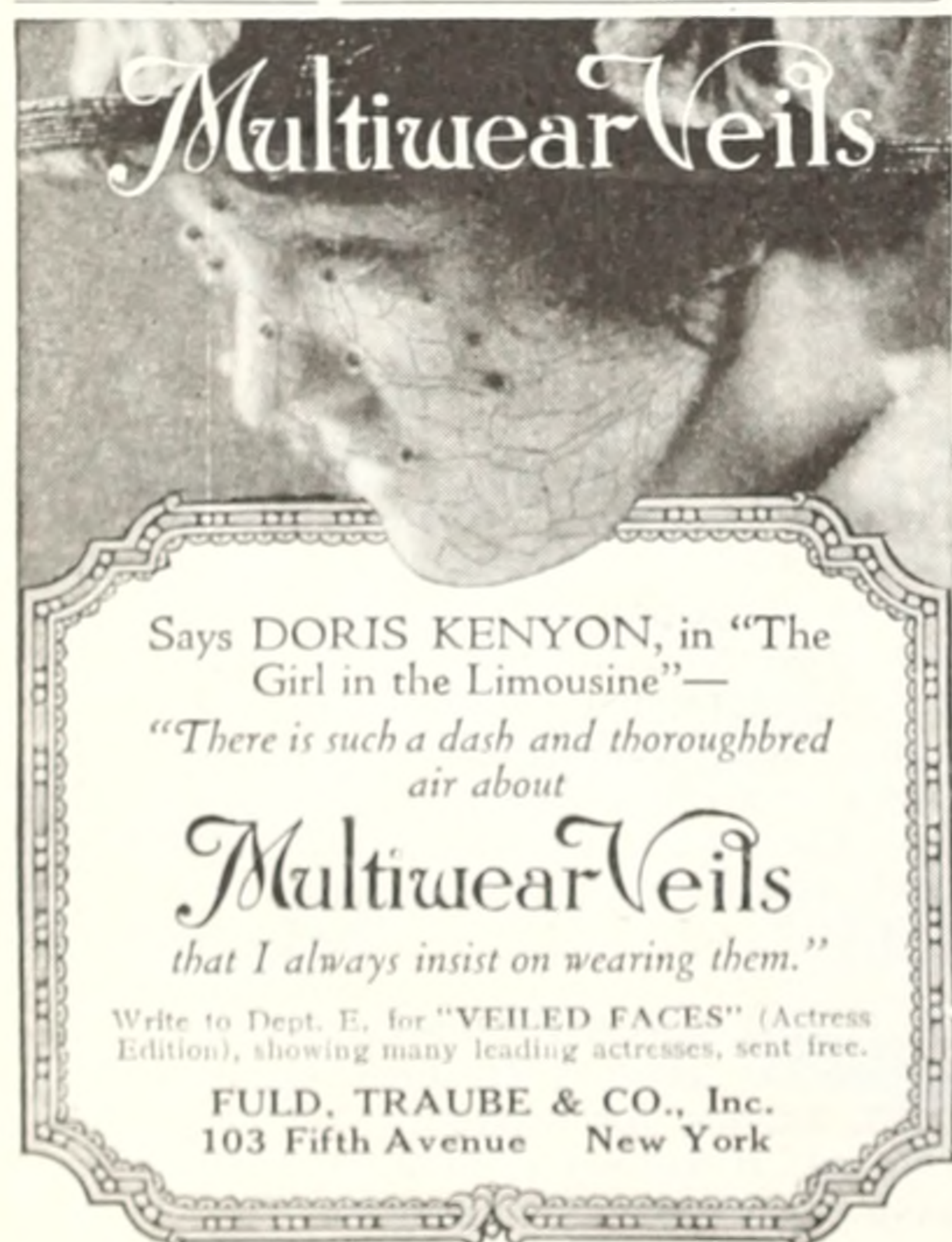
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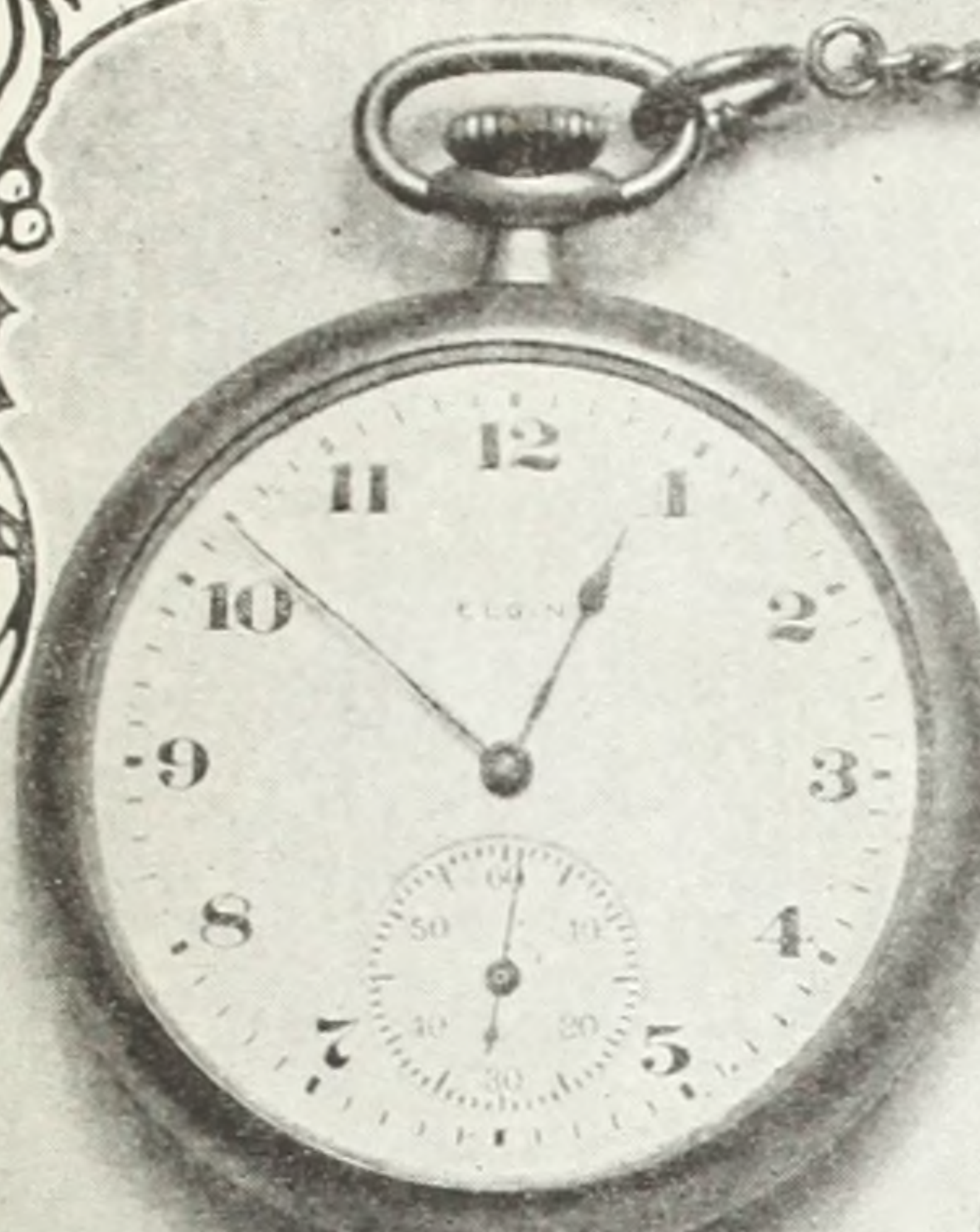
Here are two Mary Pickfords—I and II. Mary Pickford Fairbanks has a new sister and namesake, for Mary Rupp, daughter of Lottie Pickford, has been legally adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Lottie, and Jack. The child's name has been changed to Mary Charlotte Pickford. The two Marys and the mother of one and the grandmother of the other are seen here in the garden of their Beverly Hills home.

FOLLOWING the accidental discharge of a pistol, Robert Harron passed away in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, Sunday morning, September 5. The fatal injury was received late Friday night while the young film star was unpacking his trunk in the Hotel Seymour. The revolver exploded when it fell out of some clothes. The bullet passed through Harron's chest but he was able to get to the telephone and notify the hotel desk. He was rushed to Bellevue Hospital. Robert Harron's screen history is well known among movie goers. From office boy in the old East Fourteenth

street Biograph studios he climbed, by winning personality and sure-fire dramatic talent to an eminent position that was only really beginning. Many will remember his enthusiastic work opposite Mae Marsh in those wonderful old Biographs. They will recall him when Griffith aspired to greater productions—"Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" and others. "Bobby's" pictures were to be released by Metro; he had just started production of one with a dominant comedy strain, in the studio at Mamaroneck. He was unmarried.

(Continued on page 92)

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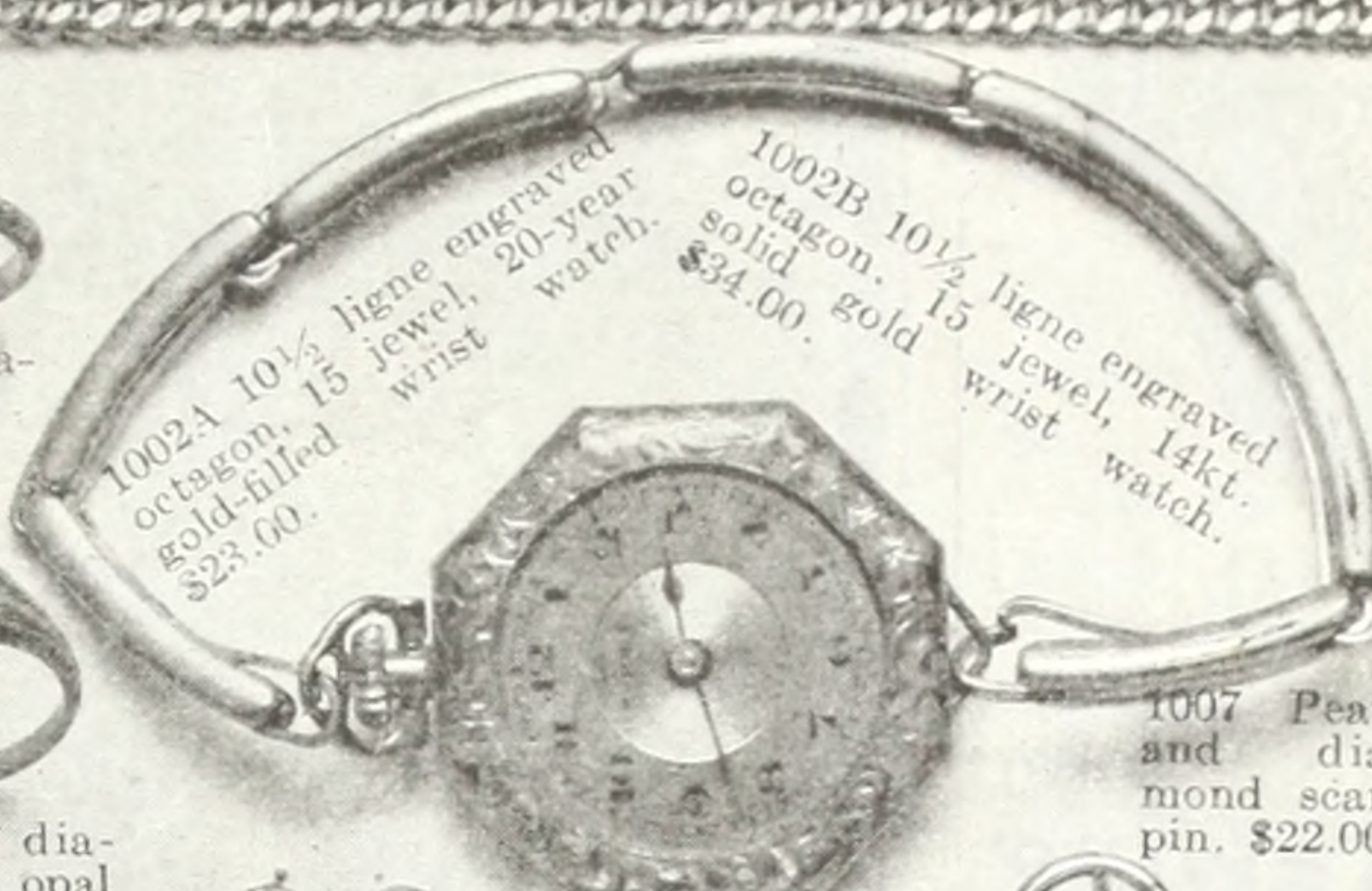
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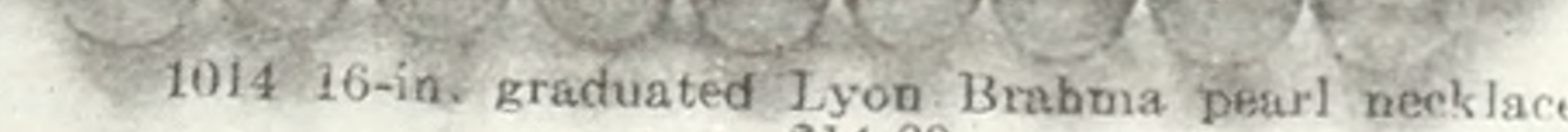
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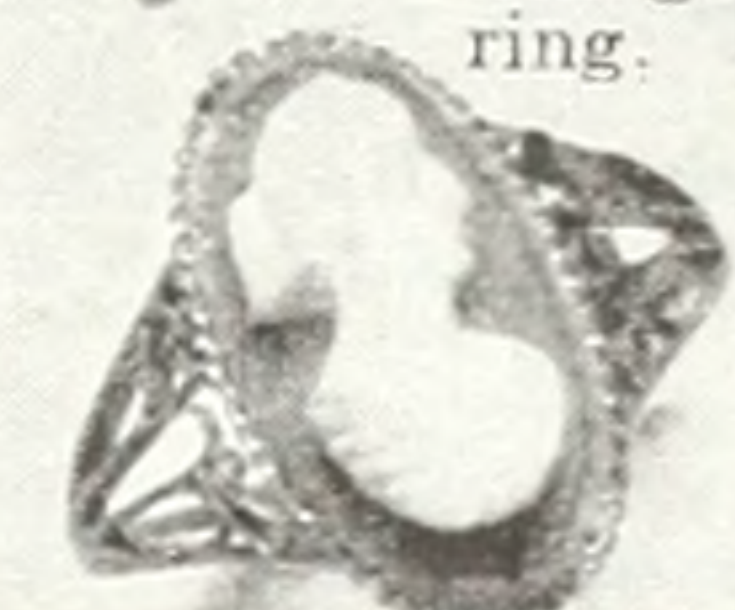
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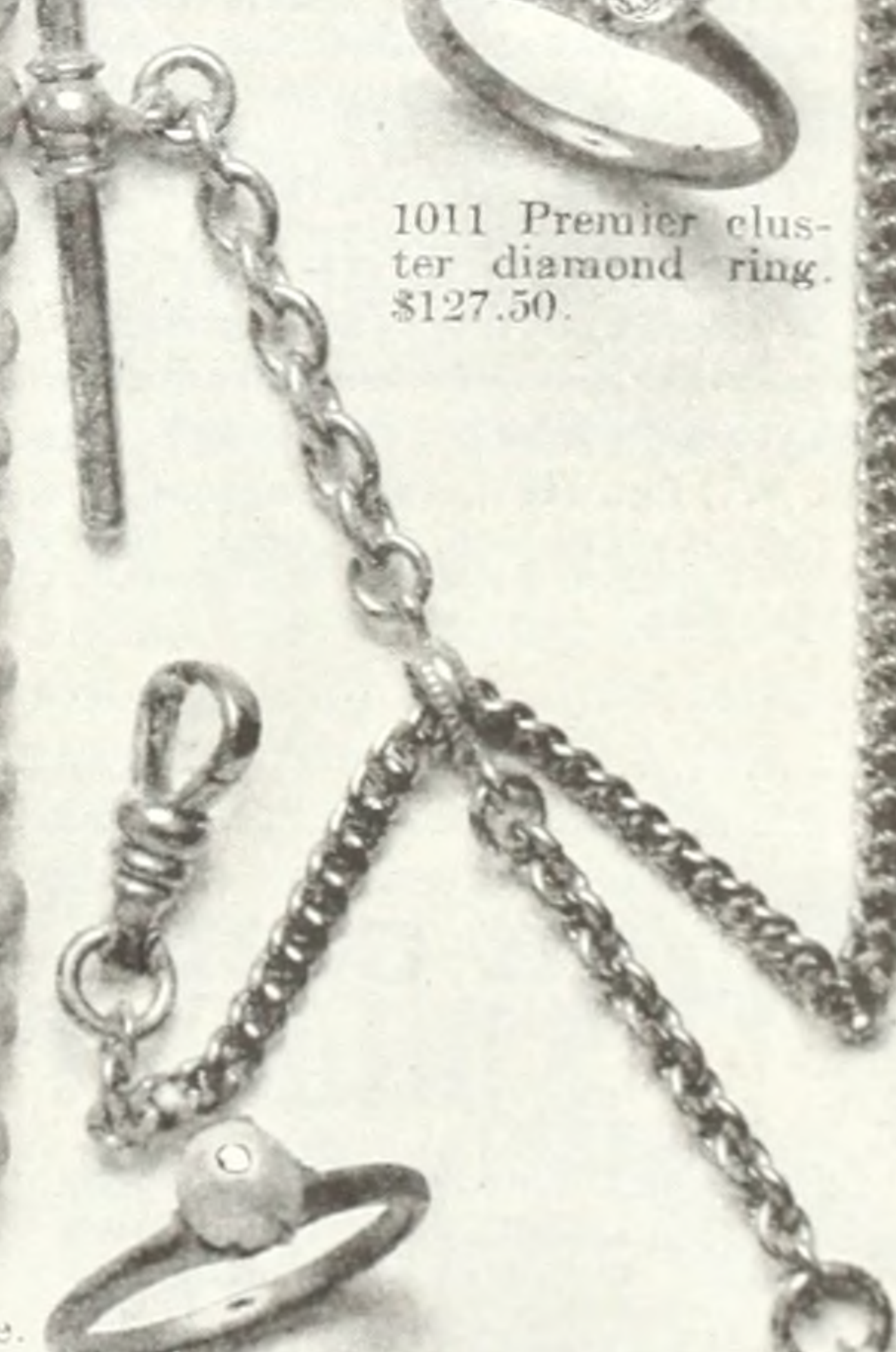
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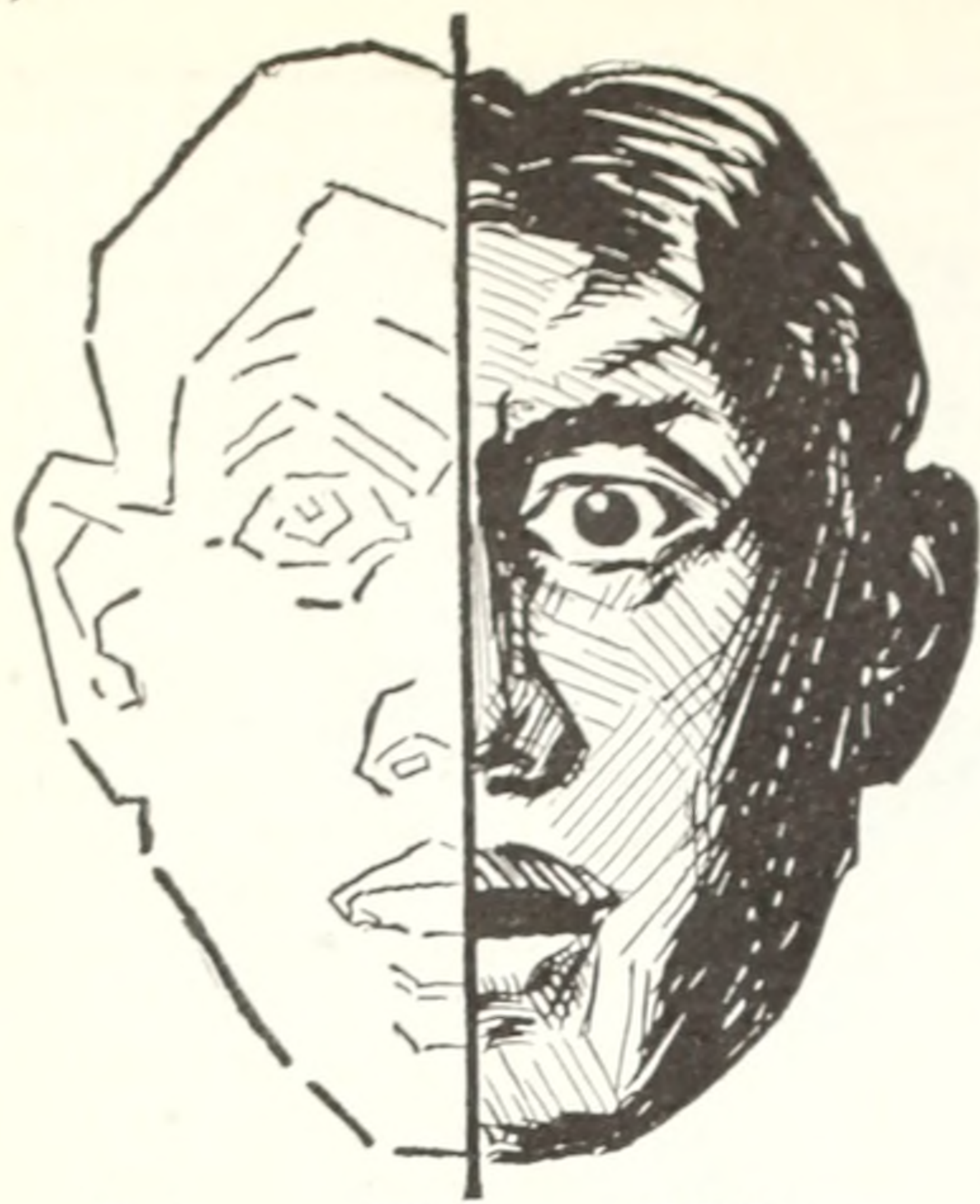
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)



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"Neither Julian Eltinge nor Polly Frederick count a day complete until they have had a canter in the park." That's the way the society journal would phrase it. We only know Julian and Polly were glad to renew an old acquaintance when the vigorous impersonator of bewitching widows returned from his trip around the world.

IF YOU heard that rumor that Mary Miles Minter, or Juliet Shelby, really Reilly, was to change her name again, don't you believe it. It seems that a childhood friend of the young star visited her and her mother recently, and they were seen together frequently, and Dame Rumor got busy, so that Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, had to issue the following denial: "Percy Helton (for such is the young man's name) is a childhood friend of Miss Minter, the two having played together as children of the stage. Because of this long friendship I personally invited him to come west and spend his vacation with our family. We are all good friends of Mr. Helton, but as for an engagement, that is absurd."

PAULINE FREDERICK has filed suit against Willard Mack, for divorce. Mack's real name is Charles McLaughlin. Miss Frederick charges him with misconduct, mentioning "an unknown woman." The Macks were married in 1917, shortly after Mack was divorced from Marjorie

Rambeau, who named Miss Frederick as co-respondent in her suit.

GEORGE ARLISS is, at last, positively to appear for the first time on any screen. The occasion will be "The Devil," a play which Arliss acted on the stage. About three years ago it was announced he would make a picture of his legitimate success, "Disraeli," but the deal fell through.

EVERY Thursday night is "Photoplayers' Night" at Sunset Inn, a popular seaside resort at Santa Monica, within a few miles of Hollywood. You have to reserve tables about two weeks in advance because it's well worth seeing.

One night not long ago Viola Dana entertained with a supper party of about twenty congenial spirits. They favored the rest of the gathering with an impromptu program that brought down the house. Buster Keaton did a Salome dance, in a costume concocted mostly from the kitchen utensils,
(Continued on page 94)



How We Solved the Clothes Problem in Our Family

By IRENE STEVENSON

A YEAR ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but to a solution of the clothes problem in our family. What is more, I found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to our happiness that I am sure other women will be interested in it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother, "Sister," just six, mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evenings after I had finished my day's work. But soon my troubles began! I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when we canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, I read in a magazine the story of a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make just the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life that I read every word and mother agreed that it was surely worth finding out about, at least. So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes. The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, and I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is most convenient.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

But the biggest thing my Woman's Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money.

More than 70,000 delighted women and girls have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the coupon below, and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought happiness, savings and independence to women and girls all over the world.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)



We wish we could call this the first domestic disturbance in the new serial, "The Married Life of the William Duncans." Mrs. Duncan is Edith Johnson, the lovely heroine for whom Bill performs all those daring deeds in chapters. But here it's only a case of not enough gas and neither of them seem to take it seriously.

that will forever remain a classic in the minds of those who saw it. Viola Dana and Alice Lake played a game of strip poker, which was unfortunately interrupted at the psychological moment by "Fatty" Arbuckle garbed as a cop. Teddy Sampson gave a remarkable imitation of the good old days before we went dry. Fatty also made a speech, announcing some of the coming releases:

Such as: Mildred Harris Chaplin in "A Dog's Life."

Mack Sennett in "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea."

Charlie Chaplin in "The Price of a Good Time."

Earle Williams in "The Price He Paid."

Jack Pickford, star of "Everywoman."

Miss Fitzgerald (Mr. Arbuckle's supper partner) in "I Know I Got More Than My Share."

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "Married Life."

FORDS have become a fad in filmdom. Every star who is a star has her limousine, of course, and sometimes a roadster in addition. But just for fun—for larks to the beach, picnics and such—some of our loveliest leading ladies have purchased Henry's

product. Blanche Sweet has one; so has Anita Stewart. The Gishes are seen every day—off on the roads of Mamaroneck in their flivver. And all of them probably get vastly more enjoyment out of this mode of travel than they do in their custom-built chariots.

IF WE are to believe all we hear, Helen Ferguson will become the bride of William Russell in December. Helen started out as an extra in Chicago for Essanay; then she proceeded to Manhattan and thence to California, where she is now in great demand as a leading woman. She has played with Bill Russell in several pictures. He was divorced from Charlotte Burton some time ago. Helen is still in her teens.

WE'D like to see any other company try to take any of its stars away from Vitagraph, we would. So, it seems, would Albert Smith. Alice Joyce and Larry Semon were reported to be about to leave, but President Albert E. has let it be known that he will protect his contract rights in the courts on the slightest provocation. He has issued a "warning" to the "trade" in which he says Comedian

(Continued on page 96)

Camels ring true!

They'll give you new notions about how delightful a cigarette can be



YOU get to smoking Camels because you appreciate their fine, refreshing flavor! And, you like them better all the time because they never tire your taste!

Camels quality makes Camels so appetizing, so continuously delightful. And, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos gives them that wonderful mildness and mellow body.

You have only to compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price to know *personally* that Camels are a revelation!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)

BROWNATONE

Tints Faded, Streaked
GRAY HAIR
to any shade

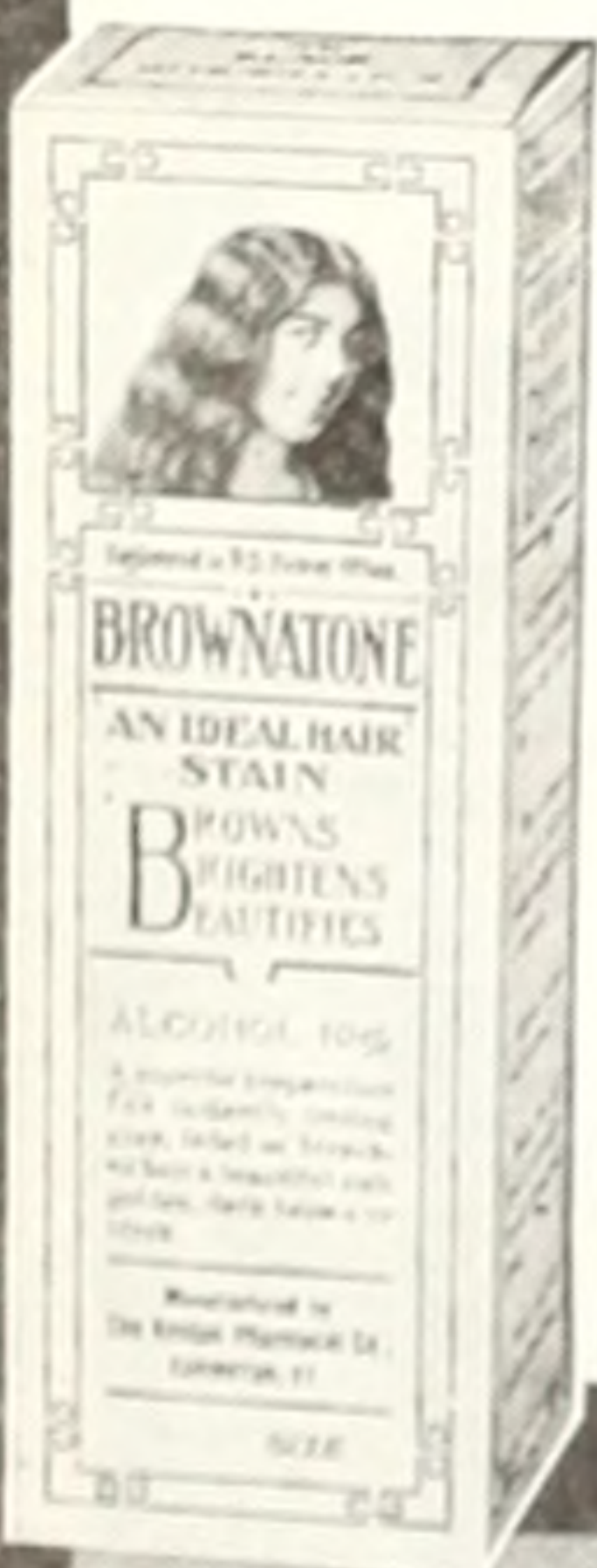
WHAT woman of forty, or fifty, does not prefer to receive the deference everywhere paid to feminine beauty rather than the reverence the world accords to old age?

How many women entering at forty upon the golden period of woman's life with all their other attributes of beauty and loveliness preserved, have seen their brightest dreams shattered by the premature graying of their hair?

Fortunate those thousands who have learned how BROWNATONE eliminates mouse-gray streaks and restores to leaden dingy hair the colorful beauty and life that makes even the plainest young girl attractive.

BROWNATONE

Many a woman has found the whole course of her life changed by this truly wonderful preparation that brings back to gray, faded and streaked hair the raven black, light golden tint or exact shade of brown it had in girlhood. Absolutely harmless, it is easily applied, instant in results does not rub off and cannot be detected.



Send 11 cents
for
Trial Bottle

and valuable booklet
on the care of the
hair.

Two colors: "Light to
Medium Brown" and
"Dark Brown to Black."
Two sizes; 50 cents and
\$1.50.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
559 COPPIN BLDG.
COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.
CANADA ADDRESS—WINDSOR, ONT.



Winifred Westover was reported to have gone to Sweden to star for a Scandinavian company. The report happened to be true. Here is Winifred in a scene from "The Smile that Was Found Again," her first film to be made in the land of the midnight sun. She is supported by an all-Swedish cast.

Semon is under contract for thirty-six pictures and has made only five so far, and that Vitagraph has not spent money to boost Semon only to have him lured away just as he is winning considerable recognition. And, after all, you can't blame Vitagraph for feeling that way about it.

IRENE CASTLE TREMAN may yet be a senator's spouse. Her young husband has been nominated for state senator. He is Robert Treman, son of an Ithaca, New York, banker.

SINCE Irene Castle left the stage, Dorothy Dickson has become the acknowledged favorite of dance-loving Broadway. She came from the Middle West and married Carl Hyson and the two of them danced their way through Chicago cabarets to Manhattan musical comedy. And now George Fitzmaurice has persuaded Miss Dickson to make her debut in celluloid. There is a role written for her in "Money Mad," an original scenario by Mrs. Fitzmaurice—Ouida Bergere—which will give the dancer an opportunity to display her talents. The Hysons have a home at Great Neck near that of the Fitzmaurices, so it's a friendly affair.

BUSTER KEATON declares that his ambition is "to have money enough to travel and amount to absolutely nothing." Anybody who saw "The Saphead" in

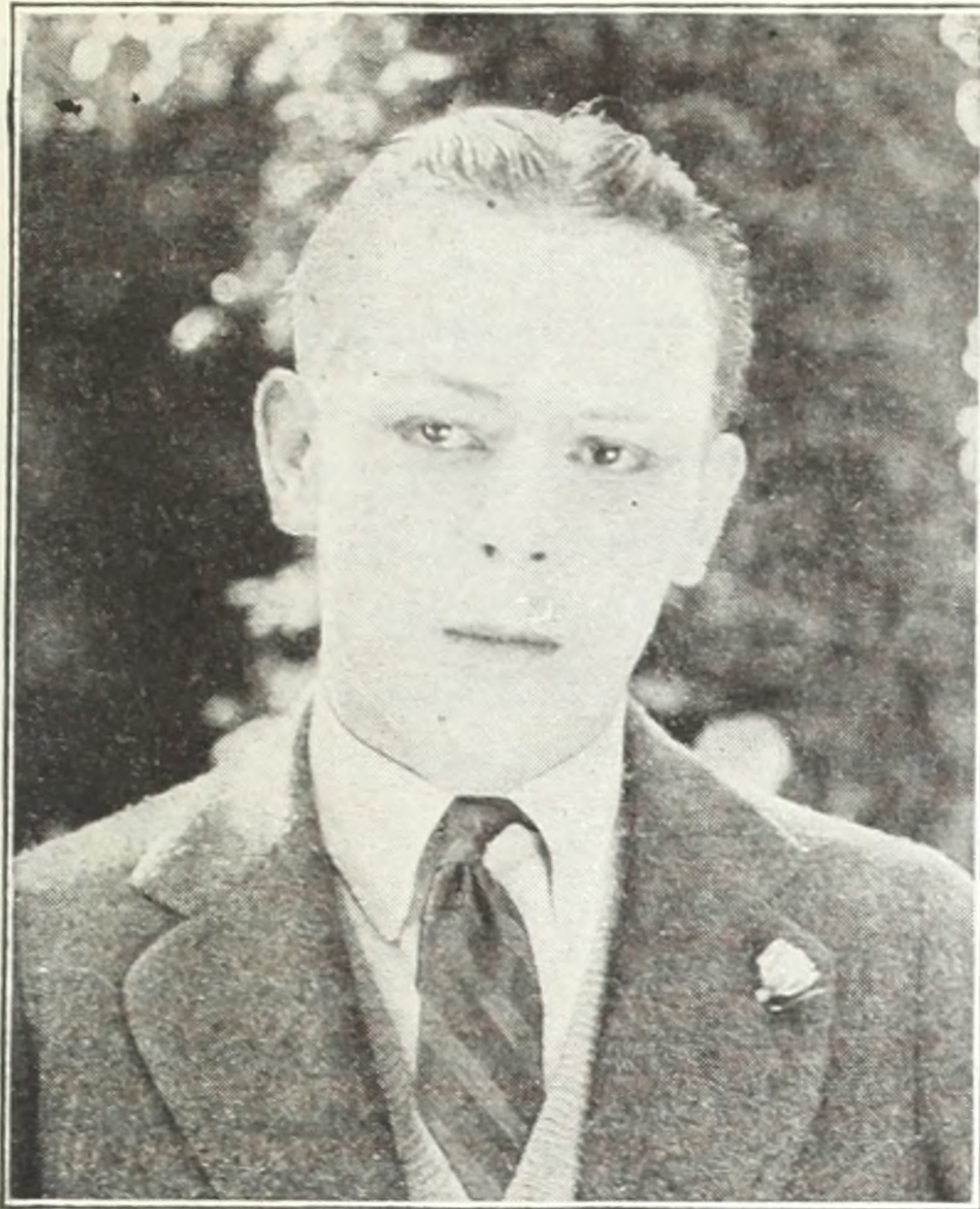
preview recently, however, will declare absolutely that Keaton is going to run Harold Lloyd a close race for the honors that Charlie Chaplin appears to be about to relinquish.

DO YOU remember Pauline Bush? She hasn't been in pictures since they served two reels and an illustrated song for five cents. She used to play for American and later starred for Universal. Then she married and retired. She's coming back soon.

IT takes quite a bit to stop traffic—or even a pedestrian in Hollywood. Eve herself would probably be passed by as a new movie version of Aphrodite, or something like that. But one very beautiful star, of queenly stature and delightful candor, who shall be nameless, managed it the other day without malice or intention. The star was in one of the smart little shops on Hollywood Boulevard trying on some new models. She saw a friend drive up to the curb in her limousine—a friend she hadn't seen for some time and particularly wanted to speak to. She dashed out of the shop and perched on the step. But her welcome was coldly repulsed. "My God, Betty," shrieked the friend. "Oh, heavens, quick!" The star fainted across the sidewalk and fell into the shop. She had forgotten that she had removed everything except her shoes and stockings and a chiffon teddy-bear for the purpose of "trying-on!"

Plays and Players

(Continued)



George Stewart is our latest leading man. Perhaps we should say juvenile, as he only recently left school. He is Anita's only brother, and you may see him as Mildred Harris Chaplin's leading man in "Old Dad."

THERE is an empty place in the happy Hollywood motion picture clan. We miss "Lock." We miss the sound of his dashing, brilliant aeroplane, that at last betrayed him to an untimely death. We miss his smile and his quiet, pleasant voice, and his good fellowship. We miss him, bare-headed and grinning, so often with his little "pal," Viola Dana, at his side—at every party, in all the fun and work of the picture game.

An aviator who saw the fatal plunge declared that—blinded by the glare of the searchlights and the reflectors on his wings and the confusion of coming out of five spins—Locklear and his pilot Elliott, evidently thought the lights on the oil wells were the stars and that they were headed upward as they drove into the ground 150 miles an hour.

Many of his friends followed the flag-draped casket beneath the squadron of airships that paid him honor. And many a gay party is hushed while they "turn down an empty glass."

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN is suing her husband for divorce—again. She is said to want half the proceeds of his unreleased picture, "The Kid"—a five-reeler into which Charlie has put his best recent efforts. At this writing, Mrs. Chaplin is in New York, while Charlie is in Salt Lake City, Utah, where papers cannot be served on him. He intends to hold this picture of his in spite of First National's warning that it has contract rights to it and will prosecute any company which tries to buy it direct from Chaplin. Charlie is quoted as saying, "I have spent \$300,000 on 'The Kid' and two years' hard work; my best has gone into it. I am willing to give Mrs. Chaplin her divorce, and a dignified and substantial settlement, but I will not permit her to restrain me from selling the picture. I will remain here until the picture is sold and there will not be any divorce until it is sold." Mildred Harris meanwhile is making plans to further exploit her married name on the legitimate stage. She charges Chaplin with mental cruelty and failure to provide in her suit—charges that will be denied.



\$18²⁵ Per Year

Serves Quaker Oats each morning to a family of five

Quaker Oats, the food of foods, costs one cent per large dish. The price of one chop serves 12 dishes.

Five dishes daily cost \$18.25 a year, while just five eggs a day would cost you \$82.

Quaker Oats supplies 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's the energy measure of food value. Round steak yields less than half that.

A boy needs 2,000 calories per day. They would cost 13c in Quaker Oats, in eggs about \$1.30.

These costs mean little in a day. But note what they mean on a year of breakfasts for a family of five.

Cost per year for serving five, based on this year's average prices

1 chop each, per day, \$219	Average meats, \$146
2 eggs each, per day, \$164	Average fish, \$146

\$125 Saved

Quaker Oats breakfasts, compared with these other desirable breakfasts, save at least \$125 per year. The Quaker Oats forms the supreme food, almost the ideal food, the greatest food that grows. It is rich in elements growing children need. As vim-food it has age-old fame. The best food you can serve in mornings is a dish of Quaker Oats. Serve other foods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to cut the average cost.

Quaker Oats

Extra-flavory flakes

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The delightful flavor has won millions the world over. It is due to yourself that you get it, for it costs no extra price.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover.

Plays and Players

(Continued)



\$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth \$95 to me! My position, my \$5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Two million have proved it. For 23 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. More than 100,000 men and women are getting ready *right now* with I. C. S. help for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

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There are thrills you never see on the screen. The danger is not when the stunt is accomplished, but when it misses. Jean Paige was supposed to be picked up by this rider in a swift serial abduction—but he failed to reach her as he dashed by.

SPEAKING of the Great Neck actors' colony—the Albert Parkers recently gave a wonderful birthday party for their little daughter at their country home. The sons and daughters of neighboring celebrities were guests—little Miss Hyson, Dorothy Dickson's daughter; Philip and Jamie, sons of Ernest Truex; John Drew Devereaux, grandson of John Drew, and many others. Norma Talmadge was there, and a lot more famous grown-ups, but they didn't spoil the fun.

THEDA BARA, when reported by the newspapers on her return from Europe, was hailed not as the vampire but as the "emotional actress." We should say Miss Bara is making tremendous strides. Her sister, Loro, was married to a newspaper man in Europe.

WILLIAM DESMOND has gone to Cleveland, to make a couple of pictures, to be gone several months, leaving his six months old daughter, Mary Johanna, for the first time. "Won't he miss her?" asked Mrs. Wallie Reid of Mrs. Mary McIvor Desmond, mother of the Desmond heiress. "Yes, but he took about 5,000 feet of film of her along and he can run that whenever it gets too awful," said Mrs. Desmond.

AMONG our film stars there are many wise ones who have amassed considerable fortunes. They save their salaries and so do not have to worry about wrinkles—either facial or those of public favor. Mary Pickford is a rich woman. So is Geraldine Farrar. While Bill Hart has just added sixty-five acres more to an already large estate at Westport, Conn. Some day when he retires he will make his home on his eastern acres. Consider Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn—young stars who have tidy sums tucked away. With the advent of motion pictures, acting became a business.

WE hope you won't take it too hard, but you are not going to see Hope Hampton as Tourneur's "Tiger Lady," after all. No. She will be "the lion lady" instead. Here's how, as we used to say. They got a tiger, a perfectly splendid tiger, for the picture. The tiger was reputed to be ferocious only in appearance—really a nice, gentle beast. To prove it he nipped his trainer's neck. So, as they weren't filming the far-famed story of the "Lady and the Tiger," they were forced to use a lion instead. The story may not be as exciting as planned, but then one cannot sacrifice everything to realism, can one?

SUPPOSE you were a pretty girl who lived in Milwaukee and always wanted to go into pictures. And that when you went to a film ball you were chosen the most beautiful girl in a contest. And you were told it was the Christie company that had chosen you and that you were to get ready to go to California to start your career. But then—suppose your mother and father wanted to make sure, and wrote to the Christie film company in Los Angeles asking for particulars. And the Christie company wrote back and said the contest was not authorized, that they would investigate and charge the false promoters with misrepresentation—what would you do then? You'd probably do just what Myrtle Moran did. When she found out that the contest in which she was declared winner was only a fake, she decided to save her money and go to California anyway—and try for a career on her own.

MADAME ELEANORA DUSE, one of the greatest actresses of modern times, is said to be a pauper in Rome. She has been forced to apply to the government for a pension as an officer's widow to support herself. And not long ago she was the idol of audiences all over Europe, hailed as a su-

Plays and Players

(Continued)

preme tragedienne, honored and feted and admired!

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, who is famed for his wit among other things such as novel writing, big game hunting and soldiering, journeyed from his home in Burlingame to the Ince studios at Culver City to see the film version of his famous story, "The Leopard Woman," the latest Louise Glaum starring vehicle. According to his description, he sat for a while watching the screen. Then he leaned to his nearest neighbor and said: "This is very nice, but I came to see my story. When are they going to run that?" "This is it," said the neighbor. "Oh, is it?" said White meekly. When it was over he staggered forth, so he put it, and remarked meekly to a friend. "It's a wonderful picture. I was completely fascinated. But you see my book was 436 pages long. I devoted two pages to the Leopard Woman's past and four hundred thirty-four to her present. While they've given four and three-fourth reels to her past to one-half a reel to her present. But then, I don't say I'm right. It's certainly a wonderful picture. Perhaps it would have been better if I'd written the book that way."

THE Pickford Family now seems to be fairly well established. Jack Pickford took out naturalization papers this month in Los Angeles, Cal., when the process that made him an American citizen was completed his name became legally Pickford instead of Smith. Mary's brother, like herself, was born in Canada, and Mary became an American citizen only when she married Douglas Fairbanks. Just think, she can cast her first vote this fall!

Following this, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of Mary and Jack, petitioned the California courts to change her name legally to Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, stating that all her children now bear the name Pickford; that one of her daughters is known as Mary Pickford Fairbanks, the other as Lottie Pickford Rupp and her son as Jack Pickford; also that she has an adopted daughter legally named Mary Charlotte Pickford (the child of her daughter Lottie), and that therefore for business and social reasons it would be a great relief and aid to her to be Mrs. Pickford, and could harm no one. Undoubtedly the courts will grant her request, the Pickfords will be a part of American history as are the Barrymores, and the name Smith lose forever its cinematograph glory.

ANN FORREST has been shifted from the leading role in the new Cecil de Mille production to a remarkable star role in "The Faith Healer," the George Melford special now in construction. Agnes Ayres is to play the role in which Miss Forrest began the De Mille picture. The news rocked studio circles for a day, but the explanation seems fairly simple. The new De Mille picture has a portion laid in the tenements, a portion of action which calls for infinite sympathy and pathos, for the kind of acting that wrings the heart and catches you by the throat—the kind of exquisite work that Ann Forrest triumphs in. The other portion calls for the type of physical beauty, appeal and loveliness De Mille has made famous—the type crowned by Gloria Swanson. As the story developed under De Mille's magic wand, the pathos element slipped into the background, the plot swung another direction, and little Ann with her big, simple eyes and her gentle ways, seemed miscast. Her spiritual appeal and her delicacy were lost. De Mille saw this—Melford was clam-



Never Sleep

With a film-coat on your teeth

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest all starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so

It is the film-coat that discolours, 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.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found effective ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Together they bring, in modern opinion, a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. And a ten-day tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
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 ⁴⁶⁷
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
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Plays and Players

(Continued)

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Here is the Style Book that surpasses even the wonderful book we issued last Spring—your reliable guide to what is correct in dress for this Fall—a marvelous exposition of what the fashionable world will wear, and it is free to you. A book you must have to make the best choice in clothes. No other book like this. Just mail coupon or post card—today.



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 in. to 42 in. Misses' sizes: 14 to 20. Back coat length, 32. Skirt, 38 in. Color, blue only. Order Women's sizes by No. 11E2001. Misses' by No. 11E2003.

Give size and skirt length wanted.
\$32.50

Postage, 16c Extra

Baird-North Values

In Baird-North offerings 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 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.

All-Wool
**Tricotine
Dress**

Made in the fashionable Tricotine and smartly tailored. Note the distended hip line which gives such an attractive silhouette. Embroidered in floss and metallic thread on shoulders of the kimono-cut waist and on the vestee. Similar embroidery covers the slipper pockets and finishes the three-quarter length sleeves. Metallic buttons lend a stylish touch. Belted with self material. Invisible front closing. Waist lined with Jap silk. A dress surpassingly graceful in every line. Sizes for Women, bust 34 to 44. Skirt 39 in. For Misses, 16 to 20. Skirt, 36 in. Color, Blue. Order by No. 12E3001.

Order Dress Direct from This Ad

Be sure to give size.

Price **\$35**

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SEND TODAY!

Now—today—get the Baird-North Style Book. Don't miss seeing these advance fall fashions and the wonderful values offered in every garment. Just send post card or letter today.

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
408 Broad Street, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Will Rogers—and Will Rogers' kids. Mrs. Rogers is trying to hide behind Jimmy—whom we all know—astride the pony. Rogers owns a ranch in California and maybe you think all the little Rogerses don't know how to swing a rope, and ride!

oring for her services for a regular "Ann Forrest part," in "The Faith Healer," so the switch in leading ladies was effected.

GAIL KANE is now Mrs. Henry Iden Ottman. They were married at Ottman's country place in Saratoga. Miss Kane is appearing now in "Come Seven," Octavus Roy Cohen's comedy of negro life in which Earle Foxe has the leading male role.

JUNE ELVIDGE comes back to the screen in an important role in "Fine Feathers." Louise Huff decided she didn't want to play in it, after all; so Metro called upon Clair Whitney and June Elvidge to fill the gap. The statuesque June has been playing in a musical comedy on Broadway since her desertion of the flicker drama.

EDNA FERBER is said to be considering a Universal contract to write her imitable stories in scenario form for Priscilla Dean and other stars. Fannie Hurst is on the coast now conferring with U officials preparatory to preparing her first original story for the screen.

AGNES AYRES, a beautiful young woman who has done some good work with Marshall Neilan and others, should fill the exacting De Mille role to perfection. She has been "loaned" to the De Mille company by Al Kaufman, who manages her career. Incidentally Goldwyn has been endeavoring by every known means to borrow Ann Forrest from her five-year Lasky contract, to star in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," but without success. She was originally with Goldwyn.

THE following telegram was received the other day by Robert Gordon's dotting parents, who live in Hollywood: "Am leaving for Ithaca on location with three women who love me and my wife—Everything going fine—Bob."

"What does the boy mean?" gasped his

father, while the mother began to wring her hands. The telegraph company, being careless of caps and quotes hadn't given "Three Women Who Love Me" the attention proper to specify that it was the title of the new Robert Gordon picture. But homes have been wrecked on less.

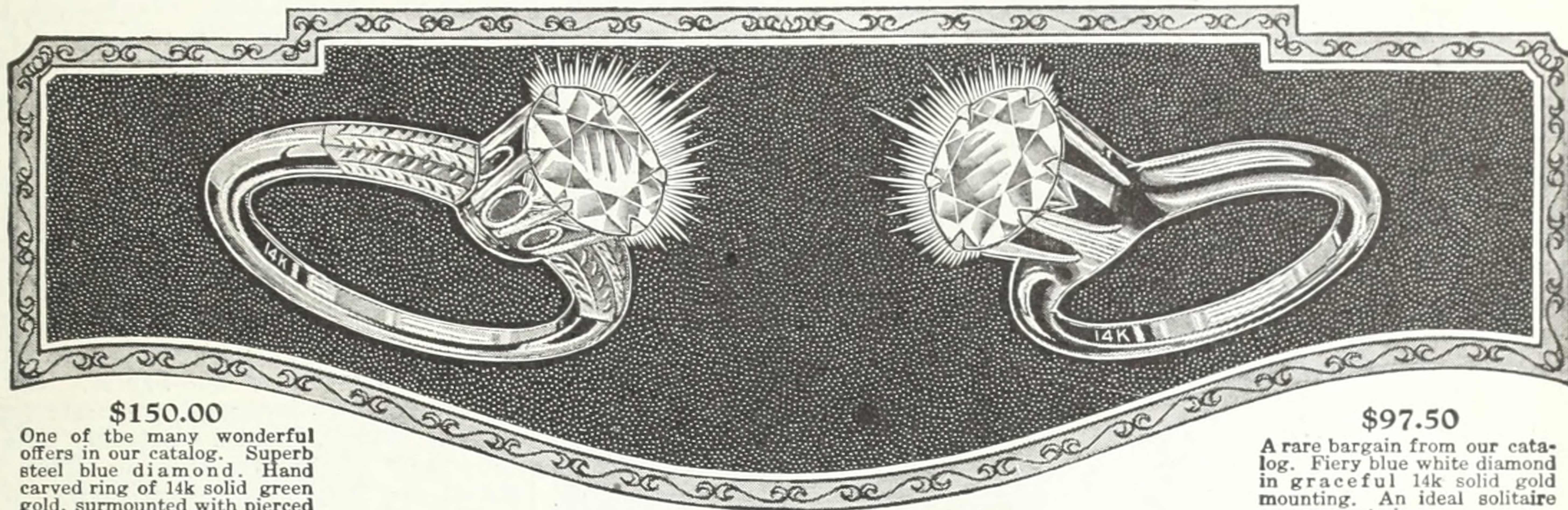
WHILE they were in New York, Mary and Doug attended a performance of the Follies as guests of Florenz Ziegfeld. There is a dance performed by two principals named "The Mary and Doug" after the famous honeymooners. They were watching the stage with interest when Mary noticed a pretty little girl with dark eyes and curls in the chorus. "She would make a good leading woman for your next picture, Doug," Mary said. "She certainly would," agreed Fairbanks, "providing she photographs well." Ziegfeld was decidedly averse to surrendering still another of his famous beauties to the films but when Mary Pickford did some of her best persuading, Flo couldn't say no. So Kathleen Ardelle—that's the little girl's name—packed up and caught the next train to California. She'll have a film career if she photographs anywhere near as good as she looks.

HOLLYWOOD is having an epidemic of dark sun glasses. All the pretty movie girls are hiding behind them. Katherine MacDonald is disguised in a particularly vicious-looking pair. Because she declares that the Hollywood sun actually faded the color of her eyes!

THE recently terrific gasoline shortage in Los Angeles hit the motion picture people hard. For days cars lined up fifty deep at the few stations that had gas to be portioned out three gallons. One fine evening May Allison said to her Japanese chauffeur as he polished her new limousine: "Well, Tom, have you gasoline enough to take me for a little spin?" "Madame," said Tom, "I

(Continued on page 102)

Importers Prices Direct On DIAMONDS



\$150.00

One of the many wonderful offers in our catalog. Superb steel blue diamond. Hand carved ring of 14k solid green gold, surmounted with pierced filigree platinum setting.

\$97.50

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

have four gallons. I pleasure to ride you for three."

T. HAYES HUNTER, who directed "Earthbound," which is a great picture despite the fact that there were practically but five principals in the cast, tells this one. A well-known director was filming "The Last Supper" as an insert for a picture. The president of the corporation came on the set and counted the thirteen figures in the scene. "What's this?" he howled, "only thirteen men in that great big set!" "Certainly," replied the director, "the Twelve Apostles and the Master." "That won't do; you'll have to fill it up," retorted the manager, "add some extra apostles."

MARY PICKFORD FAIRBANKS is at home in Beverly Hills. However, nobody but her family has seen her. Because Mary is resting from her vacation.

A LOS ANGELES paper recently printed a story that Tony Moreno's youthful ambition was to be a bull-fighter. The following day two indignant and irate gentlemen of evident Spanish extraction called at the studio to see Mr. Moreno. They then stated that they were representatives of the bullfighter's union (or words to that effect in Spanish) and that they had heard he claimed to be a bull-fighter. "If so, where and what bulls have you fought?" demanded they. "My goodness," said Tony, "I never fought any bull. But I guess at that I could fight these little bits of calves I see you guys fighting all the time in the movies. If you're such good bull fighters as all that, why don't you go back to Spain where they raise real big cows, eh?"

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, the novelist, whose works have been successfully screened, was married August 5th, in San Diego, to Winifred Mary Potter Duncan. The wedding was very quiet and news of it did not leak out for some days after the ceremony. Wright was divorced from his first wife about a year ago.

BABE RUTH has made a picture called "Headin' Home." Ho-hum.

SOME years ago—we won't say how many—Bill Hart and Tom Ince were sharing pot-luck together in a hall bedroom in a New York boarding-house. Now when Tom passes Bill on the street he barely nods. Ince put Hart into pictures; later Bill went his own way. Now J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince's business associate, is suing Hart for \$64,000 alleged to be due Read for services.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and Beverly Bayne and the youngest Bushman—fourteen-months-old Richard Stansbury—have arrived in California. They have settled down in a bungalow and expect to appear soon in a new play by Oliver Morosco and at the same time transfer "The Half Breed" and "The Master Thief," the latter their legitimate vehicle of last season, to celluloid. The Bushmans have been decidedly popular in the provinces but have not yet ventured to come to New York in their stage play. The nearest they got to Broadway was the Bronx.

HENRY WALTHALL is playing in San Francisco, on the stage, in Maude Fulton's new play, "The Humming Bird." Oliver Morosco will probably make a picture of this later on. Nazimova is mentioned as the star who will probably play the leading role in New York.



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Offered in Pure Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle styles for men, women and children.

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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

PRESIDENT WILSON has become a candidate for the honor of being world's champion picture fan. Almost every day, we hear, he calls for his projection machine and operator and in the East Room of the White House has a little performance all his own. His favorites are Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks and Charles Ray. In fact, the "wild and woolly" western picture have even supplanted his once-favorite diversion, reading detective thrillers.

HOBART HENLEY has married Corinne Barker, last seen on the screen in "The Silent Barrier." And where do you suppose they went on their honeymoon? To Europe!

IRENE RICH has just secured a divorce from Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Rich in Buffalo. This will be a surprise to many who did not even know she was married. She is, you know, the young woman who always admits in the final reel of a Will Rogers picture that handsome is as handsome does.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is back at work again. He is being directed by Fred Niblo, who will not begin work on his own productions until he has completed the Fairbanks' feature, "The Curse of Capistrano." Mary Fairbanks, too, is buckling down to work after her triumphant honeymoon tour, and Frances Marion is directing her. The story? Oh, that's a dead secret.

ZASU PITTS eloped with her leading man, Tom Gallery. The pair, chaperoned by King and Florence Vidor, left Los Angeles for Santa Ana, where they were married, the Vidors witnessing the ceremony. Zasu and Gallery played opposite each other in two pictures and decided they'd like to keep it up in real life. He's the son of a former Chicago chief of police, while Zasu is the quaint child whom Mary Pickford discovered and gave her first part in "The Little Princess."

CATHERINE CALVERT has returned to the screen. The handsome brunette—in private life the widow of the late playwright, Paul Armstrong, and the sister-in-law of Rolf Armstrong, who paints PHOTOPLAY'S covers—makes her reappearance in a Vitagraph special. She has signed a three-year-contract with the Smith organization. Miss Calvert has one small son to whom she is devoted.

PATTI HARROLD, sometimes erroneously designated as "Pattie," but in reality named for the great singer, Adelina Patti—is about to make her film debut. She is the daughter of Orville Harrold, the opera and concert singer, and recently filled with great success the role of "Irene," left vacant by Edith Day and Adele Rowland in the popular musical comedy of the same name. Patti was in the chorus at \$75 a week when Miss Rowland decided she didn't want to play any more; Patti was hustled into the leading role at a moment's notice, also at \$75 per; she made a hit—and it's safe to say she's getting considerably more than her original salary now. David Griffith took a film test of her and she passed. She's a petite brunette.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW is to write scenarios and direct Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. Miss Joyce consulted her lawyer not long ago as to the advisability of breaking her contact with Vitagraph—it has two more years to run. Her lawyer told her she must



Discovered!

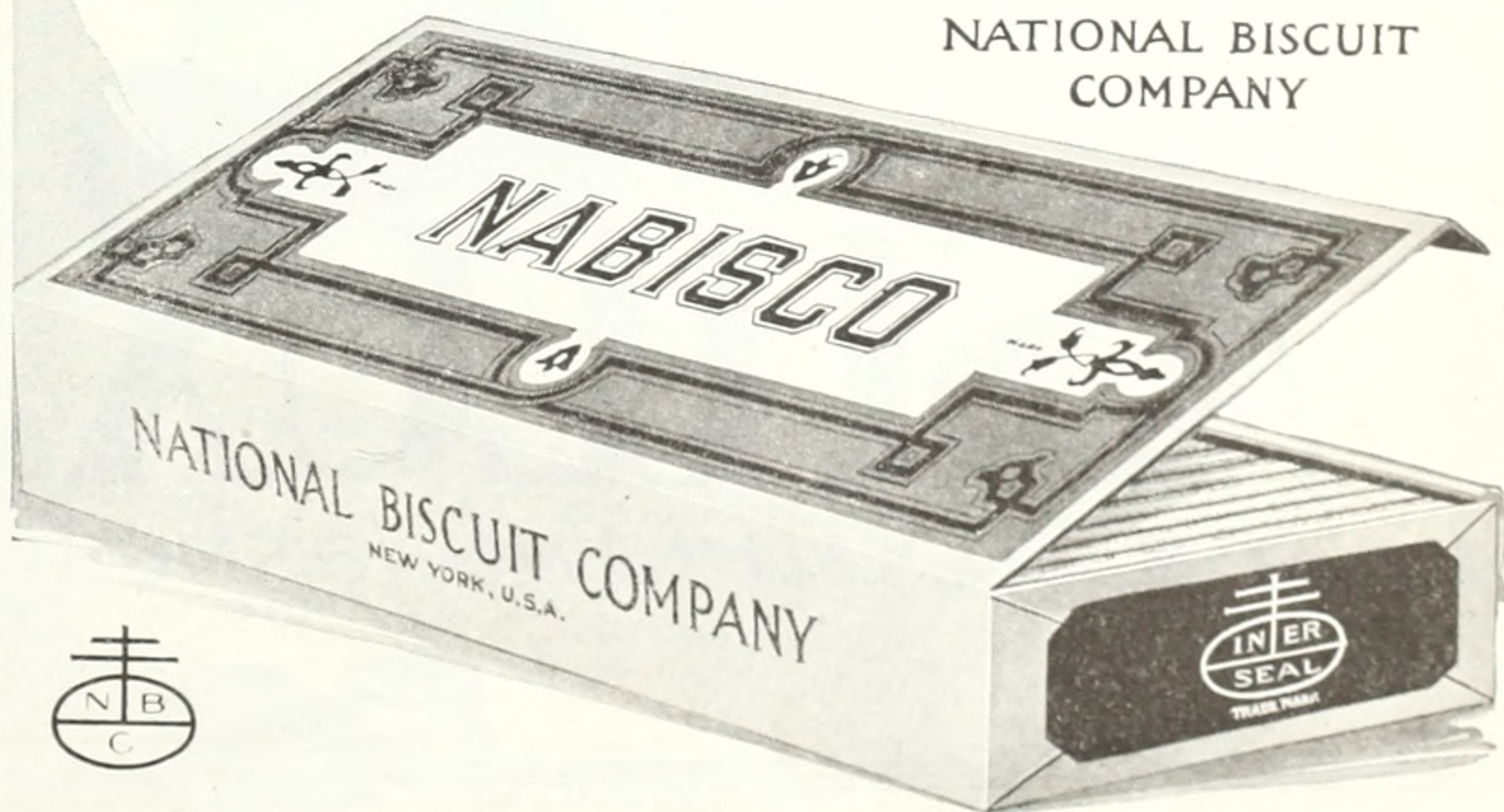
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EYES that mirror emotion, eyes that attract attention—their beauty is emphasized by luxurious lashes. Eyebrows and lashes darker than the hair accentuate the piquancy of your face. Lashes that are glossy reflect a sparkle in your eyes.

Use LASHLUX after powdering. It darkens the eyebrows and lashes, makes them lustrous and well-groomed. In addition, it nourishes the lashes with a delicate oil and stimulates their growth.

LASHLUX comes in two shades, Dark and Brown. Also Colorless, for use on retiring. In a dainty brown box, with a tiny brush, 50c.

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LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes

50¢



Plays and Players

(Concluded)

MRS. SIDNEY DREW is to write scenarios and direct Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. Miss Joyce consulted her lawyer not long ago as to the advisability of breaking her contract with Vitagraph—it has two more years to run. Her lawyer told her she must honor the agreement. Now Albert Smith has purchased an Ethel Barrymore legitimate vehicle of some seasons back for Miss Joyce's use, and other well-known plays. By the way—Alice's husband, James Regan, Jr., is interested in several hotels in which Alice's brother, Frank, has been set up as manager. Frank used to be a vaudeville actor. Regan, Sr., was the manager of the Hotel Knickerbocker, now only a place of pleasant memories along Broadway.

ELLEN TERRY will make her farewell dramatic appearance on the screen. Anyway, she says that after one more motion picture she will leave both stage and studio. Her daughter, Edith Craig, and sister of Gordon Craig, the artist, is art director for a London film producer.

How I Would Run a Theater

(Continued from page 82)

Wider seats and more space between rows. Better indirect ventilation.

More thought and money expended on restful and harmonious coloring.

A crèche where children under four can be cared for largely by school girls paid with free tickets.

A box into which requests and criticisms may be dropped.

I should want my town theater also a Social Center, hence:

A tea room where young people might meet for dancing or other social affairs.

A rest room where out-of-town women may meet, open all day, where classes in citizenship, domestic science, etc., might be held.

And last, the very best line of plays I could possibly afford—and no censorship, b'heck!

ADELAIDE F. BROWN.

97 Union St., Rockland, Maine.

Would Think With the "Fans"

SUCH a delicious subject! And only three hundred words to discuss it with.

First, comfort. One cannot enjoy the best picture ever screened, if one's legs are threatening to snap across a miserably sharp-edged seat. Nor if one's back is breaking against a regiment of gate-legged lattice work. Warmth to be maintained in winter from the opening of the doors to the closing of the same. In summer, fans to run so long as the show runs. This playing to the regulation after-dinner crowd almost exclusively has become a nuisance.

Second, service. A corps of polite young persons, able to see some sort of a connection between "pep" and seat-hunting. In the box office, a lady, neither a flapper nor a spinster. With a reserve stock of patience and human understanding.

Third, atmosphere. Built out of service, courtesy, a square deal, and giving my patrons a "clean" run for their money.

Down to the heart of the matter. I would cater neither to the highbrow nor the block-head. I would think with my people, not for them. Therefore, being an average normal human being with an average normal taste, the "flash" on my screen would appeal to the average normal American public. That happy medium, that overwhelming majority that goes to make up the larger part of our national life.

How I Would Run a Theater

(Concluded)

I would sacrifice "narry" an offering on the altar of "bunk." I would give the eternal lie to the pet notion that the people want rotten pictures. We do not. We do not ignore such pictures, and leave the show, it's true. Because when we have paid over our precious "quarter" we are determined to stay and see the thing through. It's grit, folks—not taste.

When I get my ideal show started, everybody drop around.

EDNA M. NEWMAN.

3819 Hays St., Dallas, Tex.

Co-operate With Schools and Churches

IF I were to undertake the operation of a motion-picture theater somewhere, I should wish to build or remodel a moderately large theater in a city of about forty thousand people. I should then base my policy of management on the following principles.

First. A roomy, well-ventilated theater interior, equipped with comfortable seats. Quiet decorations, in which harmony, simplicity, and symmetry might be combined. An entrance and foyer free from flashy colors, blinding light, and too-numerous mirrors.

Second. A staff of employees who could develop a real interest in their work and whose courtesy would attract patrons to the theatre.

Third. An orchestra in which ability should outweigh numbers. A musical director who could place the musical program on a high level.

Fourth. A well-balanced program of pictures unqualifiedly clean, inspiring, and true-to-life. Selection of feature films on the principle that "the play's the thing." No lurid sex dramas, stories of extravagant social life, or portrayals of crime in its various forms. A news or topical weekly every day, and once a week two or three special informative films on matters of education, health, and industry. Clean, sparkling comedies as often as they could be found. . . . Clear, steady projection.

Fifth. Suggestion boxes in the foyer, with blanks available on which patrons might write their comments upon the programs shown and present suggestions for better service.

Sixth. Coöperation with schools, churches, libraries, and public welfare institutions in their efforts to promote civic progress. The presentation of special films during campaigns, on holidays, and at the various seasons.

In conclusion, I would endeavor so to manage my theater that it would be counted as a civic asset and would be patronized as such by the families of the city.

CRAWFORD WHEELER.

Monument, Colorado.

No Vaudeville or Amateurs Here

IF I were running a neighborhood theater I would consider these two big essentials the foundation for success. First—the selection of only high-class pictures, and, second—the faultless presentation of same by means of a perfect screen and up-to-date equipment in projection room. These two essentials should be combined with the following refinements:



May Allison

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FASHIONED HOSE

You must wear Burson Hose to appreciate the comfort they give.

No seams, yet they are strictly fashioned by a patent process of "knitting-in" the proper shape.

Sold at leading stores

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Enticing, Alluring, Fascinating Beauty

HERE is a complexion blessing for every woman who values her appearance. Just think of it—a dainty face powder *cold creamed*. Something new! Something different! A marvelous blend that enjoys the distinction of a United States Government Basic Patent.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder in the morning and you are sure of a soft, velvety smooth, powdered finish that lasts all day regardless of weather or perspiration. A skin charm that gives no overdone or artificial suggestion.

While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and sweet at all times, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder is a really wonderful preparation of distinctive originality and merit. Scientifically correct. Made by a special process. Absolutely pure. The toilet requisite of exquisite refinement.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a full size jar. Three tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Send 12¢ for Guest Size Jar



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Cold Creamed Powder in the _____ tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.)

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A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also the new economical \$1 size containing complete mixing outfit. At drug and department stores. Send 10c for trial sample and booklet.

HALL & RUCKEL, 112 Waverly Place, New York

How I Would Run a Theater

(Concluded)

Extra fine ventilation—even John Barrymore cannot hold the breathless attention of a yawning, headachy patron.

Comfortable seats—wide enough that your neighbor's elbows will not encroach on your territory, and spaced far enough between rows so that your knees and feet will not suffer as your neighbor goes past you to his seat.

Music closely interpretative of the picture, yet unobtrusive, and distracting not one iota of the attention from the story on the screen.

Attractive lobby. The neighborhood theater must reflect hospitality, and this should be most apparent in the lobby.

Different garb for the theater winter and summer. Most of the patrons are "steady customers" and a change of hangings, lighting effects, etc., will have a stimulating effect upon their interest. An unobtrusive perfume used throughout the theater gives a delightful and restful effect.

Restraint in the use of advertising posters at the entrance would reflect good taste. A very few carefully chosen sheets, artistically framed, give an inviting appearance to a theater not to be obtained by placarding as though for a circus.

No amateur nights, or vaudeville. The mixture of vaudeville and pictures is not satisfying, and as to amateur performances—the only spectators who do not actually suffer are the relatives of the performers.

By considering patrons as guests, and training employees to be courteous, efficient, and hospitable, I believe a neighborhood theater conducted along these lines would be highly successful.

VERA WILLIAMSON.

2523 Gettysburg Ave., Sawtelle, Calif.

How a Little Girl Would Conduct a Theater

Of all the many movie houses in the United States, the ones which show the best pictures are the most popular.

The movie theater of my dreams is not in the crowded streets of some large metropolis; it is in a remote town, in the western part of the continent, where the people are uneducated and without the means of cultivating the arts and sciences which are increasing around them.

Sufficient ventilation would make my theater comfortable in summer and winter, and according to the health laws, it would be considered a clean place. Plain in design and pleasing to the eye would be the interior decoration. I would employ the best of films to educate my patrons, while an electric piano would furnish an added attraction for those who loved music.

I would try, through my theater, to bring joy and happiness into some lonely cowboy's life and to lighten the monotonous labor of the western girl.

Then, by way of educational advantages, I would show twice a week, News Reels, tours, slow motion films, and any other showing the progress of the world.

How happy I would feel to know that my theater, simple and plain as it would be, might be the foundation of a large, thriving city.

JANIE MAURINE HAGY.

1906 Buena Vista St., San Antonio, Texas.

Ten Rules for Humor

The author of "Pigs Is Pigs" gives them for aspiring humorists.

By
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "The Jack Knife Man," and other humorous stories, has Ten Rules of Humor as clearly defined as the Ten Commandments.

This fact became known the other day in California, where, with Mrs. Butler and all the little Butlers, four in number, he is enjoying the weather, writing a new novel, and overseeing preparation for the screening of his novel, "The Jack Knife Man," a First National attraction, for the picture rights of which King W. Vidor recently paid \$13,000.

"How do you make people laugh?" Mr. Butler was asked.

"Well," said he, "y'know you can get just as big a laugh by poking a baby in the ribs as you can by composing the finest line in the world. There isn't much degree in laughter. Humor is largely mechanical. It has certain paces, rules, systems. All humor is merely a variation of these methods.

"Wit, however, is different and originates in the mind. Goethe once said that every bon mot he coined had at least \$25 worth of education, reading and knowledge behind it."

Mr. Butler outlined his Ten Rules of Humor as follows:

"The first Method of Humor is what I might call a breezy exaggeration. It predominates in American humor. It is an inflated chest expansion. You take something only slightly important and permit it to grow, to wax large, until it is extremely important. A slight variation from the normal, aggrandized, enlarged tremendously, is a sure-fire success. Mark Twain was fond of this style. I used it in my article "Movies Is Movies" in PHOTOPLAY for July.

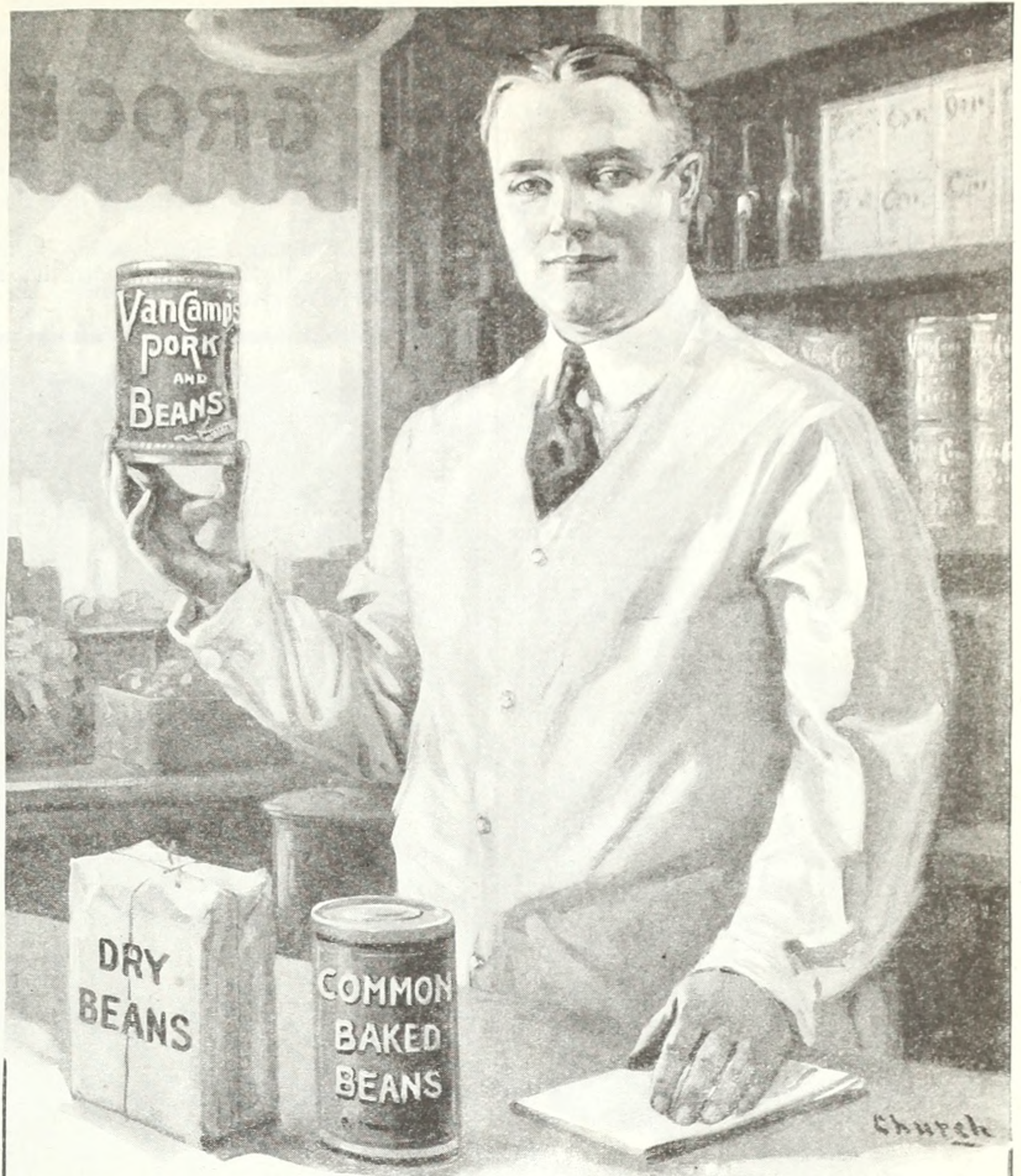
"Second, we have the use of the other person's real or pretended ignorance. Almost all child humor is founded upon the child's ignorance of something we fully understand. International and rural humor of various kinds emanate from this. Wrong use of words, or, even to go further, another person's faults or peculiarities, may be classed here.

"Third is what I call the naive mode, which Barrie so often employed in his early Scotch stories. By that I mean a seriousness, an alertness, about something that is really impossible, absurd or ridiculous. For example, I read a story just the other day about a postage stamp society which, at a meeting called to deplore the unornamental designs of postage stamps, appointed a committee to do away with the plain stamp now in use in the United States and persuade the government to issue a series of stamps displaying the scenery of California. That is the height of naive humor.

"Fourth is the ridiculous, the calling direct attention to something we consider impossible in connection with ourselves—the fat man, in the silk hat, on a slippery pavement for instance. This is probably not funny to fat men in silk hats on slippery pavements.

"Fifth, the repetition of something more

(Concluded on page 123)



Decide, Madam, After you try Van Camp's

We cannot hope to win you to Van Camp's if there are better Baked Beans in existence. But we deserve a test. We have spent years and fortunes to perfect this dish. Scientific cooks have done their utmost in it. The finest kitchen in the world has been built for it. Compare it with ordinary ready-baked beans. Then decide, once for all, between Van Camp's and others.

The Ideal Dish

Scientific cooks, famous chefs and domestic science experts have perfected here the ideal baked bean dish. The beans are selected by analysis. They are cooked in water freed from minerals. They are baked in modern steam ovens, where high heat can be applied for hours without bursting or crisping the beans. They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a matchless sauce, which gives to every granule delicious tang and zest. They come out mealy, whole and zestful. The skins are tender—the beans easily digest. Find out for your own sake what such Baked Beans, ever ready, mean to you and yours.

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Three sizes, to serve, 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It
Other Van Camp Products Include

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Van Camp's
Tomato Soup

One of our famous 18 soups, each a prize recipe perfected.



Van Camp's
Spaghetti

An Italian recipe made up with matchless cheese and sauce.



Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk

Twice as rich as milkman's milk in butter fat and solids.



The Ideal
Christmas Gift
fragrant with
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Write for
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la Toilette"
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10 Rue de la Paix
PARIS

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK

Polly with a Past.

(Continued from page 69)

burst out, savagely. "Meddling old gossips!"

"But we *want* them to gossip, don't we?" she protested, her eyes rounding in their absurdly childish way.

"Of course," he conceded, hastily. "But do you know, little Polly, I'm afraid it's a rotten deal we're giving you!"

His face was troubled, but Polly laughed, with her queer little nose-wrinkling grimace. "Never mind," she said, "if it only brings your dream and mine to pass!"

"Yes, that will make it worth while," he assented, but if Polly had been a little more observant, she might have felt a distinct lack of enthusiasm in his tone.



Rex, with a backward glance at his friends, turned and walked beside her, audaciously gowned as she was, to the conservatory.

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 1158 Garland Bldg. Chicago Illinois



They lingered over their coffee until a tall, rather angular young woman, beautifully gowned, in a quiet sort of way, came up to them. She had a serious face and very deep, earnest eyes.

"My dear Rex," she began, "where *have* you been all day!" She turned to the wide-eyed Polly with kindly condescension. "I am Myrtle Davis, one of Mr. Van Zile's oldest friends. And I wondered if you would not sing for us."

Van Zile trembled at the unexpectedness of this move. But little Polly remained quite calm. "If it will give pleasure, I shall be most glad," she said; and went with them both over to the little group around the piano.

Introduced to this circle, Polly remembered her part and played it so well that the men were frankly captivated, the women almost as frankly shocked. A dashing, daring song she sang, another one, still bolder, then she stopped, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"This one I must not translate," she said. "Your blunt English is *difficlé* for these things! You understand French, you men? *Tres bonne!*"

And then she caught the look in Rex Van Zile's eyes and stopped, a little catch in her breath.

"After all," she said, "I will change my mind—like a woman! I shall sing a ballad!"

Polly with a Past

(Concluded)

Around her waist was a trailing scarf of some soft, shining stuff. She caught it up, now, and drew it deftly over her shoulders, covering her scrap of waist and jeweled shoulder straps, folding it into a quakerish fichu that transformed the brilliant siren into a quaint, country maiden. With a word to the accompanist, she lifted her face, fixed her eyes on far-off things and began to sing, in a voice of wistful, tremulous sweetness, a simple, goodnight song, almost a hymn. And to all these men and women, as she sang, came memories trooping—white trundle beds; low-roofed rooms with the sun peeping through dormer windows; villages set in woody spots; tender, wrinkled mother-hands.

In the silence that followed, she turned with a little bow, gave her hand to Rex and slipped away. But not too soon to hear the voice of Myrtle Davis: "Quite a wonderful actress, is she not? Well, Rex's uncle will be here tomorrow, and none too soon! The girl can be bought off, of course!"

Van Zile whirled, angrily, but Polly's small hand held him back.

"After all, it is what I want! To be bought off! Two thousand dollars I shall ask. Then, my dream will begin to come true. And as for yours—Miss Myrtle surely is interested now. Our little plan has succeeded admirably. Come, you promised me a long, quiet ride."

He did not trust himself to speak, just then. He helped her into the waiting car, took the wheel, and they were off, down a fairy trail of road sprinkled with dust of stars. On, on they went, out through the open country, while little Polly smiled and dreamed, and the moon laughed on ahead. At last, when the road ran down to the sea, they stopped, and the waves came up to meet them, singing of age and youth, of dreams and dangers, of sorrows and gladness, of death and life and love! And as they listened the wise old sea gave to both of them peace and wisdom and understanding.

"Little Polly," he said, softly, "my dream wasn't what I thought. I'm awake. And it's you I want,—just you! Could you love me, little Polly?"

The round child-eyes looked up, sweetened, deepened. The funny grimace crinkled the sweet, fair face. He bent, until her lips, fresh and full and incredibly innocent were almost touched by his. Then—

"I meant to have you love me!" said demure little Polly.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 86)

them. But once the course of true love smooths out for him he is practically gone. In "Cupid the Cowpuncher," for instance, the early scenes are all but perfect. William is a good matchmaker—for everyone but himself; a homely, humorous philosopher of the range, heart whole and fancy free. Then comes the rancher's pretty daughter, and "Cupid" falls. The beginning of this romance, too, is fine—so long as there is doubt as to the outcome. But pretty soon the story's ended before it is well begun by the plainly established preference of the girl, and the attempt to pick it up again by having her decide she must go to New York and try for a career is only partially successful, and not at all reasonable. Despite this break, however, there are few as good comedies to be seen these days as "Cupid the Cowpuncher"; few as rich in detail and incident, few with as well handled scenes as those of the medicine show and the

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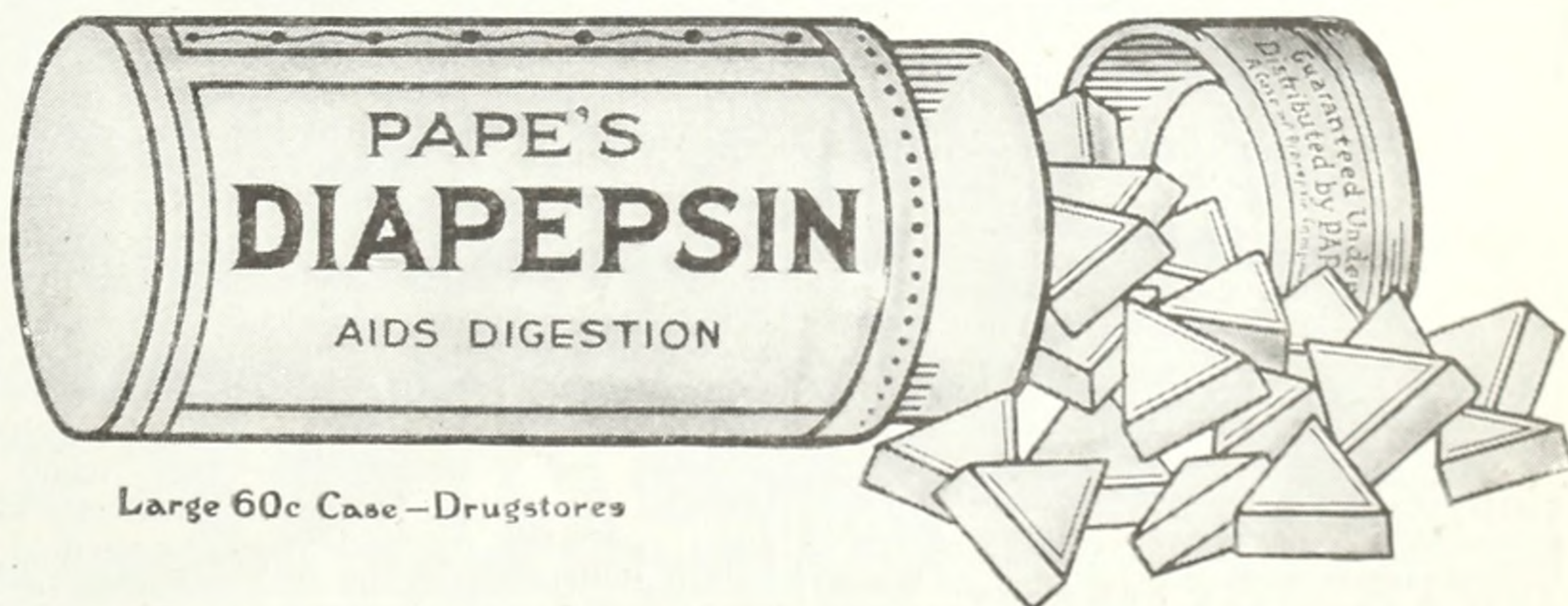
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

lassoed Ford and mighty few with as many honest laughs in the titles. Helene Chadwick, who has talent as well as beauty, is the leading woman. Clarence Badger did the directing from an Edfrid Bingham scenario and an Eleanor Gates story.

TRUMPET ISLAND—Vitagraph

"TRUMPET ISLAND" will be one of the talked about pictures of the fall and winter. It is easy to believe that Tom Terriss and his cast spent months and endured all manner of hardships that this might be a super-feature in fact as well as in the advertising. The "air stuff," as the climax of which an airplane is sent hurtling through an electric storm and ends with a crash in the treetops of a lonely island, however it may have been obtained, is much the most realistic of any similar scenes to which we have been witness. The story is a Gouverneur Morris romance, which is sufficient to stamp it with a certain originality and charm, and the scenario and titles are by Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester, which is something of a guarantee of quality. A young girl, convent reared, falls in love with a soldier boy back from the wars. Her father decrees, however, that she shall marry one of those withered roués of the drama who can bring her wealth but no love. The soldier boy acquires sudden wealth and loses his head, and then seeks to recover his equilibrium by going to live on that good old abandoned island of the movie seas. The girl, dutifully agreeing to marry the roué on promise of being taken in an airplane on her wedding tour, from which she expects to dash herself to death, is eventually dropped at the boy's feet on "Trumpet Island," her memory gone but her sweet self miraculously preserved. Together the youngsters live through several happy weeks, and then they are found and threatened with a separation that you very well know never takes place. A big picture in the true sense, and an interesting picture, rich in adventure, not too extravagantly illogical and pictorially arresting. Marguerite de la Motte is an attractive heroine, Wallace MacDonald a plausible and likable hero.

THE JACK-KNIFE MAN— Vidor-First National

THE family will indorse "The Jack-Knife Man." Mother and the girls will like it because it is homely and true and sympathetic. Father and the boys will approve because it is shot through with bits of adventure on a Mississippi houseboat. There is wholesome comedy and a strain of sentiment that is not permitted to become cheap or maudlin, and what the sophisticated fanatic may dismiss as hokum is honest hokum. In addition to these commanding virtues it presents King Vidor at his atmospheric best in his treatment of Ellis Parker Butler's story. The scenes are effective, the landscapes beautiful, the rain a little thick but very real and the river shots true enough to suggest that they were taken along the shores of the old Father of Waters itself. The story suggests all the other stories of gentle old men brought into contact with the love of a child. Peter Lane, something better than a tramp, considerably less than a gentleman, falls heir to "Buddy," the four-year-old offspring of a careless lady who dies while she is escaping from a life of which she has grown weary. The little fellow snuggles down close to the old gentleman's heart and when the authorities, represented by an avaricious agent of a home-finding society, attempts to take him away Peter de-

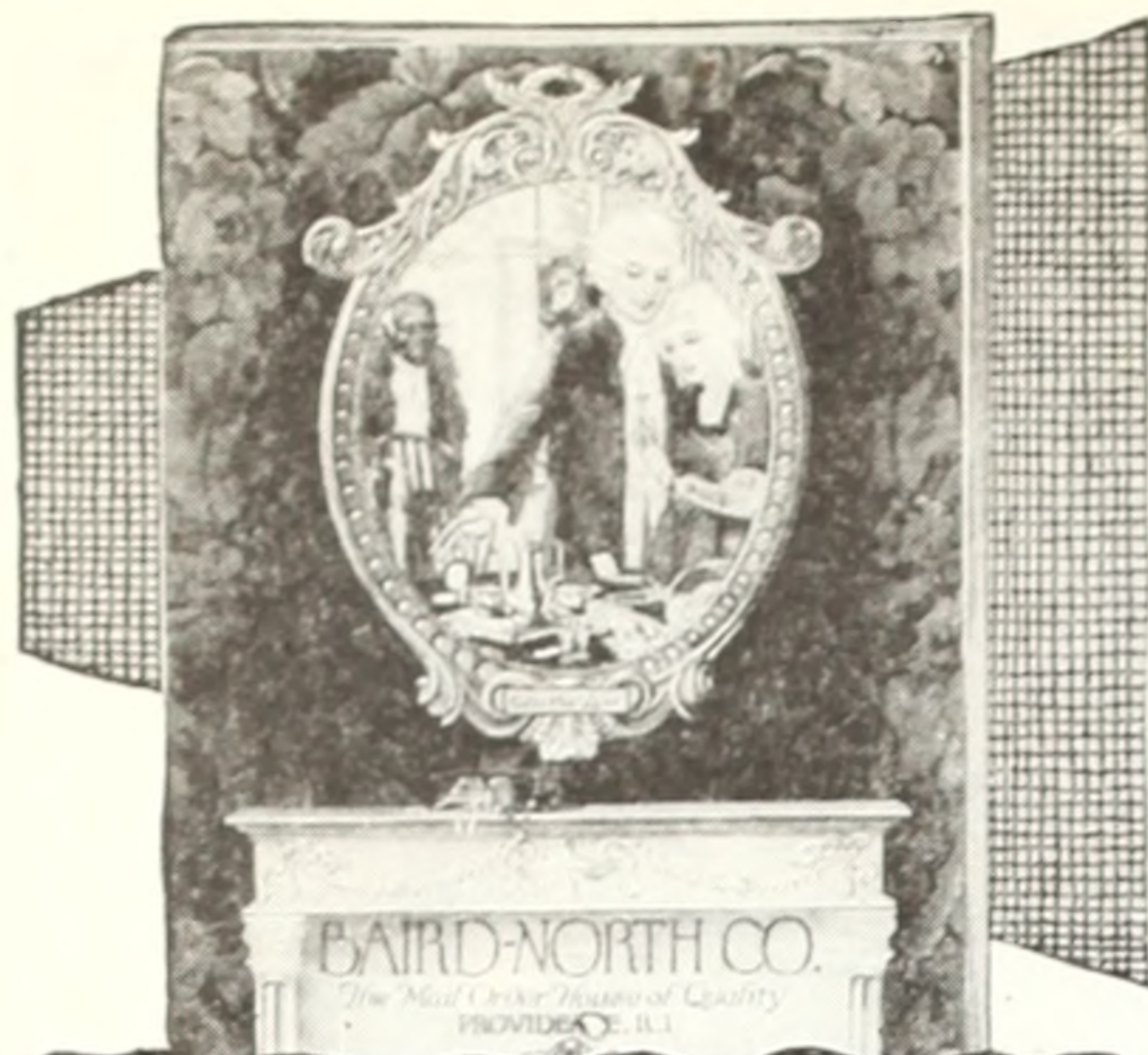
mures and likewise decamps. To amuse the boy he whittles toys for him out of soft pine sticks and is happy—until "Booge" comes along. "Booge" is another ne'er-do-well with the true paternal spirit, and Peter's jealousy of Buddy's love for him is both pathetic and amusing. The ending sees all parties to the adventure happy, with Peter marrying a widow lady that he may have a real home for the boy and "Booge" taking again to the open road. The cast is headed by Fred Turner, whose characterization of Peter is excellent, Harry Todd, an equally good Booge and Bobby Kelso as the boy. Florence Vidor and Lillian Leighton lend capable support.

THE PERFECT WOMAN— First National

YOU can always depend upon the John Emerson family, the other sixty per cent of which is Anita Loos, for an idea. And upon Constance Talmadge for the carrying out of an idea, if she has even a little help from her director. But you can't always depend upon the idea lasting through six reels of snappy comedy. "The Perfect Woman" has a wonderful beginning. The most attractive Mary Blake, determined to become the secretary of James Stanhope, whom she admires extravagantly, applies for the place and is rejected as ranking somewhere in the zero class, according to the tests of character applied by the Stanhope expert. Buying a textbook on character development Mary determines to reverse the decision. She slicks back her hair, sticks out her chin, hides her laughing eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles and goes back for the job. This time the same expert reports her 100 per cent the perfect woman and she is engaged. Follows a rush into farce, with three camera bolsheviks threatening Stanhope, and Mary vamping each of them into forgetfulness preparatory to knocking him senseless with a statuette and packing him away in a clothespress. There is some fun in this scene, and the titles, as usual, help a lot, but it is not nearly so good as the opening scene promised. Good-natured Constance doesn't care, however, whether the idea holds up or not. She goes skipping through the scenes with the most attractively nonchalant comedy method the screen knows, and getting the most she can out of every shot. Charles Meredith is the leading man, and David Kirkland did the directing.

CROOKED STREETS— Paramount Artcraft

"CROOKED STREETS" is a baby travelogue with a man's story added. Most of the scenes are supposed to have been taken in Shanghai, China, and by cutting in little sections of the actual Shanghai and matching them skillfully with the studio scenes an unusually convincing sense of atmospheric location is obtained. The development of the atmosphere, as a matter of fact, is considerably better than the development of the story, which is slow in starting and frequently blurry. In this one Ethel Clayton is a secretarial young person who applies and obtains a job with an importer of antiques. She accompanies him to Shanghai and there decides to inaugurate a tour of inspection of the city's slums during which she shall be unaccompanied. A foolish decision that plainly foreshadows a surprise finish. During her visit to the slums she is insulted by a huge French sailor and defied by a smaller but more intense Englishman. The two agree to fight for the
(Continued on page 112)



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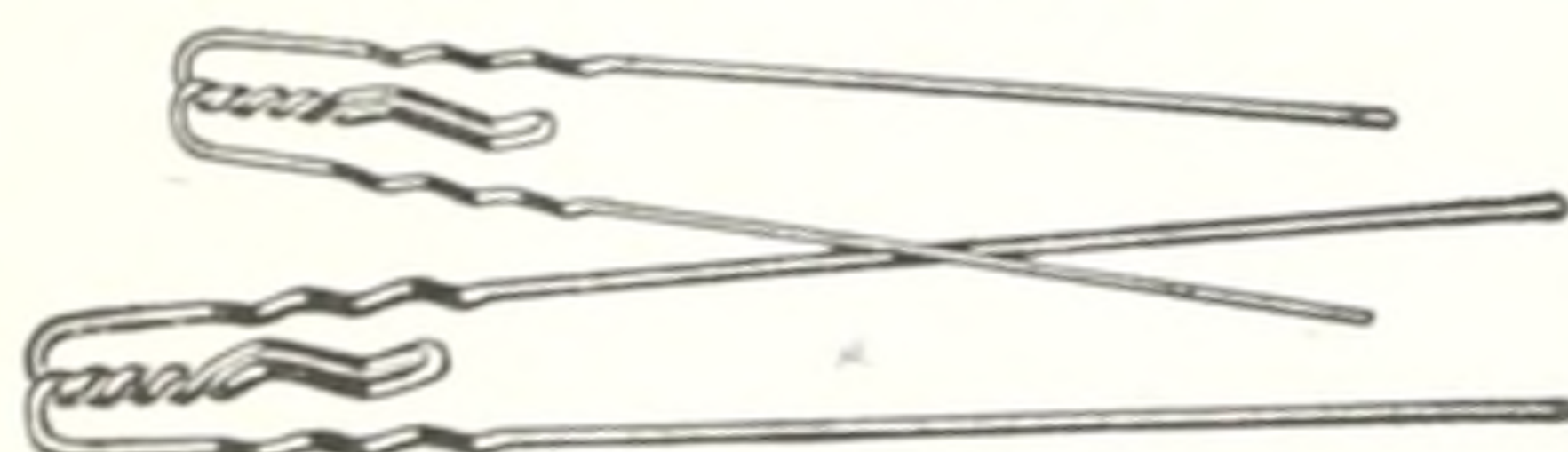
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 110)

possession of Ethel, and the resulting bout is, for all its familiar features, both pictorially and dramatically one of the best of the last eighteen or twenty similar scenes we have seen in movieland. There is a real interest in the outcome, and a well sustained suspense. In the end Ethel reveals herself as quite a different sort of secretary than anyone suspected, and the Englishman proves to be a British Secret Service agent worthy of any heroine's admiration. Jack Holt, who continues to improve as actor and plausible hero, plays the English chap, Frederick Starr is excellent as the sailor, and Miss Clayton is an agreeable heroine.

THE WHITE MOLL—Fox

THE Pearl White fans, than whom, I understand, there are none fannier, are going to enthuse over "The White Moll." It is the serial queen in ten reels in place of forty, and it can all be seen at a single sitting. It is the first appearance of Miss White as the heroine of a feature picture. Usually she has been left from week to week hanging by her eloquent eyebrows to the skylight above the villain's den, or suspended over the cauldron of boiling oil, or just on the point of shooting a succession of holes through the miserable carcass of old man Nemesis. But in "The White Moll" she starts and she completes her portion of the evening's entertainment without interruption. Her adventures are much the same as they have been in the serials, but the story is a better story than most and the settings and direction are much above the average. The heroine in this instance is a girl of the underworld who is led to reform when her father, a master crook, is shot and killed while trying to rob the poor box of a church. The girl's repentance is sufficiently sincere to inspire a wealthy man to finance her as a settlement worker. As "The White Moll" she circulates among her former pals, and though she labors earnestly to convince them that crime doesn't pay, she never "squeals" on them to the police. Her chief adventure concerns her efforts to prevent the leader of a gang from dragging a released convict who wants to go straight back into crime. It is an exciting story and holds well together in the scenario prepared by E. Lloyd Sheldon from a Frank L. Packard original. Miss White is convincing, a courageous and frequently a very pretty heroine, and her serial experiences have developed her sense of melodrama. She is most ably supported by Richard Travers, Thornton Baston, Walter Lewis and Eva Gordon, and Harry Millarde's direction is excellent.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES— Paramount-Artcraft

THE effort to rewrite George Broadhurst's farce, "What Happened to Jones," for Bryant Washburn turns out rather sadly. What there is left of the old plot inspires the sort of a laugh that ends in a yawn, because it is a palpably forced comedy with nothing resembling a reasonable situation on which to hang the story—or the star. Washburn successfully escapes marring his handsomeness with the side-whiskered makeup allotted to the fake reformer he is forced to impersonate, and there is a bit of humor in the effort of two dry young men to get a drink despite the Volstead act. But most of the tricks are as old as the farce itself, and the net result is disappointing. Three or four as uninteresting pictures as this one, I should say, would completely obliterate a star and leave a big black mark against the sponsoring firm of producers.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

A DARK LANTERN—Realart

IT is a turgid sort of romance that is unfolded in "A Dark Lantern," adapted from a novel by Elizabeth Robins. Alice Brady wears some beautiful clothes but even the most modern fashions cannot disguise the fact that this is an old-fashioned story. What modern girl falls in love with a Balkan prince? What modern girl suffers a nervous breakdown because she is disappointed in love? The picture is the sort that is devoted mostly to conversation about obscure problems and you come out wishing that the whole cast had dashed over a cliff in an automobile. James Crane is Alice Brady's leading man. The author says that he has a face like a dark lantern, from whence comes the name of the story.

THE GREAT REDEEMER—Metro

"THE Great Redeemer" is one of the new pictures that is really worth seeing. In spite of a conventional melodramatic beginning and a rather cheap and weak ending, the picture achieves a certain dignity and distinction. H. H. Van Loan is said to have taken the story from real life. Briefly it tells of a bandit who is serving his term in a state penitentiary. Near him is a murderer who, facing death, refuses the consolations of religion and hurls the Bible from his cell. The bandit picks up the Bible and in it he finds a painting of the crucifixion. Having some skill as an artist, he copies it on the wall. In the dead of night, the living Christ takes the place of the painted figure. The murderer goes to his death at peace with his Maker and the bandit goes back to the world, a man with a soul.

The production was directed by Clarence Brown under the supervision of Maurice Tourneur. For the most part it is fine and sincere and beautifully acted. House Peters, as the bandit, and Joseph Singleton, as the murderer, have moments of inspiration. Marjorie Daw brings real feeling to a conventional role. "The Great Redeemer," like "The Miracle Man" and "Earthbound," proves that religion, properly presented, is a stronger theme than sex.

IN FOLLY'S TRAIL—Universal

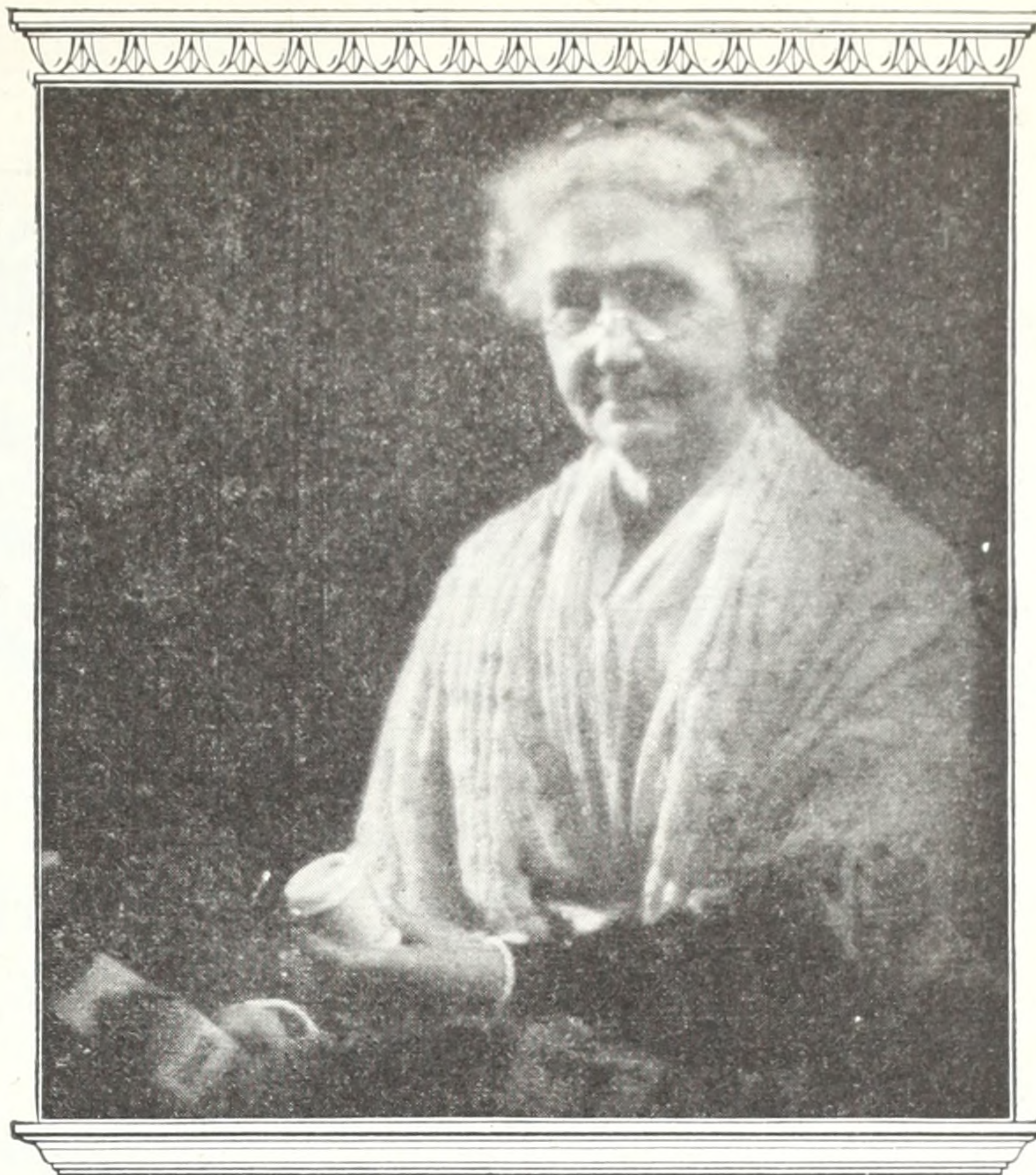
CARMEL MEYERS returns to the screen "In Folly's Trail," which isn't meant to be a joke. The picture tells a trite little story of an artist and his "inspiration." Except for the attractive presence of Miss Meyers and some pretty settings, it is just an "evening killer." Thomas Holding, a good actor, is leading man.

HER HONOR THE MAYOR—Fox

IT is a short-sighted policy that selects a poor vehicle for a new star. Eileen Percy is the star. We don't know why. But then again we don't know why not. Anyway, "Her Honor the Mayor" was adapted from a weak and foolish stage play and it is no better on the screen. Outside of that, Miss Percy is welcome to her front row seat.

THE POOR SIMP—Selznick

OWEN MOORE plays another "silly ass" role in "The Poor Simp." It isn't a dazzling comedy and the humor doesn't exactly gush up as a gift from nature, but still Mr. Moore is funny as the man who is a hopeless nut until he is forced to fight. And then he tears to it and gets a lot of pleasure out of it. Nell Craig, who has been off the screen for a long time, is Mr. Moore's leading woman.



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The Shadow Stage

MARY'S ATTIC—Finearts

WHAT burlesque shows are to the theater, pictures of the "Up in Mary's Attic" type are to the screen. Their public is that which is attracted by the appearance of a diving girl in a one-piece suit—and more numerous attracted by a row of diving girls in several one-piece suits. The adventures of Mary in this instance are merely an excuse to introduce the girls in the gymnasium of her college, and though the comedy peg is legitimate enough—having to do with Mary's attempt to conceal the fact that she is married to the athletic director and the mother of his months-old baby—it is employed to give the slap-stick boys and the pursuing comedians who fall over everything in sight, including themselves, a chance to perform. It is, to employ an ancient illustration, exactly the kind of picture you will enjoy if you enjoy that kind of picture. Howard Donaldson wrote it, W. H. Watson directed it, Jane Novak and Harry Gribbon play its principal roles. The bathing suits form a fitting background.

By Photoplay Editors

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—
Paramount

A PICTURE that would have appealed to maiden ladies of the mid-victorian period is this latest vehicle of Elsie Ferguson. It is from a story by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and it is very, very English—that is, we suppose it is English. It has a crochety old Lady, and a wicked Captain with a mustache and medals, and a good young Lord, and Elsie. Elsie has to pay, and pay, and pay, because twice in the first part of the picture she ran away from her husbands—she plays her own mother and grandmother, you understand. She really feels badly about it, poor dear, and heaves, and blinks her eyes, and finally takes poison. It doesn't kill her; just makes her realize what a good sort the young Lord is, after all, and what a blasted blackguard the fortune-hunting Captain. He dies. Since he was well played by David Powell, we were sorry. Hugh Ford has done nothing in his direction to help things along. Burns Mantle is blamed for the scenario but we believe the original fault goes back farther than that. Whoever thought this story would make a good picture ought to be made to sit through it.

THE LOVE FLOWER—
Griffith United Artists

FIVE years ago David Wark Griffith kept his own counsel and made "The Birth of a Nation." Today he takes double-page advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post to tell about "The Love Flower." This new Griffith release is, admittedly, a "short story"; it makes no pretensions to greatness. But even so it is not Griffith. It might have been done by any one of our lesser directors. It has beautiful moments in photography, a heart-throb or two, a bit of young love. It has vague references to "the Law." On the other hand it has no real drama, small suspense. As is usual in the later Griffith essays, we have a careful introduction to our principals; a painstaking planting of atmosphere—and then, for three reels, nothing. Nothing, that is, but some gorgeous scenery and one gorgeous girl. If Mr. Griffith wishes us to become well acquainted with his latest discovery he will not be disappointed. We have seen Carol Dempster through the misty close-up and under water; we have seen her outlined against the sky, the wind

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

whipping her filmy costume about her. We have seen her one expression for love, hate, fear, and the other cardinal emotions. As an actress Miss Dempster is an excellent high-diver. But she may have doubled; we never thought of that. There is one thing to be thankful for: the villain, such as he is, does not desire the heroine. He confines himself to hounding her father, who is finely drawn by George McQuarrie. Richard Barthelmess plays a young man of wealth who is sailing round the world looking for adventure. Does he find it? Perhaps not—but he has an opportunity to win Carol and many close-ups. Griffith really went to a southern isle to get atmosphere for this, but his "Broken Blossoms," made in Hollywood, had more of the breath of the Orient than this has of the South Seas. That delicacy and poetry he used to give us are absent. You will go to see it; perhaps you will be entertained. But in a year which also presents "Earthbound" it will make no great impression.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION— Paramount Artcraft

LONG, long ago we cherished a hope that sometime they would let Dorothy Gish play a real girl again. Every time we see a new D. Gish picture, that hope goes glimmering. It went out altogether during this one—the story of a pigeon-toed princess of a mythical kingdom overthrown by the bolsheviks—it's bad enough to read about them in the newspapers every day without having their make-believe activities thrust upon you. And we can't help but think that the real article doesn't strut and pose like George Siegmann, here, as the chief bolshevik. There are several moments when you'll laugh, and laugh—that's Dorothy. Others when you'll want to have a good cry—that's the plot. Ralph Graves, the most beautiful boy in pictures, plays the lead. Let's do something about Dorothy. Sign a petition or something. One more like this and—goodnight, Gish.

IF I WERE A KING—Fox

WILLIAM FOX walked right into the lion's den when he produced "If I Were King," for Justin Huntly McCarthy's story calls for the sort of odds-bodkins atmosphere that the wise ones say will not do on the screen. For his bravery Mr. Fox is being rewarded with success. The public likes a change and "If I Were King" furnishes the proper relief from modern, realistic dramas.

Mr. McCarthy's novel has been filmed with spectacular dash. The picture has enough big scenes to satisfy the most greedy. J. Gordon Edward's direction is adequate without being inspired. You never get the impression of seeing the France of Louis the Eleventh, but you do feel that you are witnessing an excellent reproduction of the times.

The adventures of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, have been too sufficiently well celebrated in song and story and by E. H. Sothern, to need recounting. In fact, he is one of the truest and most real of romantic figures. There is whimsy and humor in the tale of his meeting with the King and there is romance in his winning of Catherine.

To speak frankly about William Farnum's performance of the role, we think that the part should have been intrusted to a younger and slimmer actor. But to be strictly fair to Mr. Farnum, he knows his business and his long stage experience has given him a certain ease and poise in a part that demands virtuosity. Betty Ross Clarke is a charming, although placid, heroine while Fritz Lieber gives an impressive picture of the king.



(Picture side of record, talking record on other side)

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No. 81	"My Ambitions" by Anita Stewart
No. 82	"Who Would Change Places with Me" by Mildred Harris Chaplin
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE WHITE RIDER—Masterpiece

MORE MOORE. The star of "The White Rider" is brother Joe, who is a mere child. However, he can do stunts and in this picture he seems set on breaking his neck. The thrills provided by young brother are the only things in the picture that will make you glad you parted with your dime and war tax. Eileen Sedgwick is co-starred with Joe Moore.

LOVE MADNESS—

J. Parker Reid-Hodkinson

AND still we have another picture with a Moore in it. This time it is Matt. He is not starred because Louise Glaum is the lady in electric lights. C. Gardner Sullivan wrote the story and it is a good one, once you have forgotten the hectic title. It provides Miss Glaum with an angel-and-devil role. She is a good woman who turns vampire to save her husband who is on the brink of being hanged as a murderer. The story keeps you interested and it is splendidly acted and presented.

AN ARABIAN KNIGHT—

Robertson-Cole

THIS is an improvement over previous pictures starring Sessue Hayakawa because it gives the Japanese actor a real chance at character drawing. He is seen as a lying, likable Arab who is mistaken for the re-incarnated soul-mate of a rich American spinster. The melodrama is routine but the humor has the flavor of the Oriental fairy stories.

BRIDE 13—Fox

WOOFF! Wooff! Oh, to fly even higher in higher criticism, Bow! Bow! Here is William Fox's very first serial. Although the reviewer only saw the first five episodes, it is easy to tell that the plot is a hardy one that will have to be killed with a club in the fifteenth chapter. The serial is all about a gang of pirates, the United States Navy and the glory of American womanhood. As in all pictures of this kind, the characters are just sheer nuts. But if you love death-defying feats of unparalleled heroism, then you will rush through dinner on Saturday night to go see "Bride 13." Marguerite Clayton and Jack O'Brien play the leading roles but they moved so fast we couldn't see them.

CONVICT 13—Metro

WHILE we are on the subject of unlucky numbers it will be well to mention "Convict 13." It isn't a serial, it is merely a two-reel comedy; but it is so bright and clever that it deserves a friendly word. "Buster" Keaton has something of Willie Collier's gift of humor plus a wonderful ability for clowning. The burlesque golf game is recommended to all those who swing a nasty club.

THE LITTLE WANDERER—Fox

IF you want to marry a millionaire, all you have to do is to run away from home, dress as a boy and enlist the sympathy of the first nice-looking young man who comes along. It's done all the time in the movies. The story of "The Little Wanderer" is shop-worn. The picture depends on the charm of Shirley Mason for its success.

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To allay coughs, to soothe sore, irritated throats and annoying colds, depend upon PISO'S. Its prompt use protects you by keeping little ills from becoming great. Buy PISO'S today—have it in the house ready for instant aid. It contains no opiate—it is good for young and old.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

A CHORUS GIRL'S ROMANCE—

Metro

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S story has an original idea and so the author can't be blamed if the picture is not better than it is. It presents, however, two human beings. One of them is a shimmy dancer and the other is a young student, a mental prodigy. This strange romance of "head and shoulders" is presented with humor and feeling. Viola Dana drops her obvious funmaking and gives a good straight performance while the acting of Gareth Hughes is so excellent we wonder why film producers aren't better acquainted with him.

Kid McCoy Gives a Temperance Lecture

KID McCOY is pretty well known to photoplay patrons. Sometimes he is announced under the ring monicker which he wore while he swatted his way to early fame; in very dignified shadow passages he has occasionally been catalogued according to his christening, Norman Selby.

People have borrowed his celebrity at various times, but he had to wait until last month, in California's Venice, to have anyone actually borrow—and get away with—his fistic prowess.

Among his admirers was an anemic little fellow, with ten times as much money as health, who became a protégé of the Kid's while in the Southland searching for muscles and lungs. Visiting the famous film resort, "The Ship," the protégé slyly dragged a bottle from his hip and in a very few minutes was much more than half-seas over. This was too much for McCoy's system of physical reconstruction, and he promptly seized his subject by the hand and led him, unresisting in the iron grip, toward the door. The check-room for hats and coats abutted on the dance floor, and without meaning to do it, the little fellow jostled a burly chap fox-trotting with his partner. The burly one stopped dancing and roaringly demanded an apology. McCoy explained, for his patient was now somewhat incoherent.

"Who asked you to butt in?" bellowed the big one. And not recognizing at all the man he addressed, he continued: "If you really want to mix in this I ain't at all unwillin'!"

"Now be a good little fellow, and run right along selling your papers," grinned McCoy, half-turning away.

For answer the giant gave McCoy a resounding open-handed slap on the cheek, audible all over the room.

* * *

McCoy's reply was a lighting-like right to the jaw. The challenger went down, completely out for at least a double count of ten. McCoy stepped quickly over to the manager to put himself at his service, and to explain.

But the "patient" was left tottering and bewildered, above his would-be annihilator.

Presently that gentleman opened his eyes.

"What happened to me?" he said weakly.

The little drunken man smiled a wry smile and wobbled more than ever. He doubled up a pair of small fists.

"You lie right where you are," he threatened, "or I'll do it again!"

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Women No Longer Hesitate

Gray hairs are the first tell-tale sign of age. Yet they are often premature.

Women have long suffered their hair to become gray because they did not want to use greasy, distasteful dyes.

Now women no longer hesitate. For science has discovered the way to end gray hairs without resorting to the old-time, crude dyes.

It has given to women this scientific hair color restorer. In from four to eight days it restores gray hair to its natural color.

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer has proved itself in hundreds of laboratory tests and to thousands of women. Leading hair dressers and beauty specialists use it.

This scientific hair color restorer is a clear, colorless liquid. It is pure and clean as water. And is applied simply by combing it through the hair. It doesn't interfere with shampooing, nor with curling and dressing, as usual. And will not fade or wash off.

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This Test Convinces

Women now use Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer with as little reserve as the powder they use daily.

However, we want women to first be convinced of the wonderful results of this scientific hair color restorer. And to know the pleasure of using it.

Our method is to offer free a trial bottle and special comb. Try this on a single lock of your hair. Note the results. How easily it is applied. And how it differs from dyes.

Cut out the coupon now. Simply mark the exact color of your hair. Or better still enclose a lock of your hair.

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212

A Misplaced Interview

(Concluded from page 44)



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"Yes, I was born in Sweden," she admitted. "Where were you born?"

"Texas," I confessed.

"You know I worked in a picture in Texas," she volunteered. "It was Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sunset.' I loved the border and the great desert spaces. Oh, those rides over the mesas, and the ranches and wonderful sunsets.

"The desert was very dry, hot and deserted though. All it needed was water and good society."

"That's all hell needs, ma'am," I said before I thought how bad it sounded. Overwhelmed by confusion I retired behind my hat, but she laughed right politely. Seeing that I was speechless Miss Anna Q. came to my rescue.

"How do you like moving pictures?" she asked, with a quaint touch of originality.

"Not so bad," I answered. "Everybody has to fall for them. Even old Hank Laidlaw."

"Who was Hank, and how did he fall?" she queried.

"Hank was the meanest man west of the Pecos, and one of the richest," I told her. "Got his start hiring a bunch of Mexicans to haul wood to the railroad and paying them half of the wood for their work and the use of their teams.

"Never was known to overlook a dollar or get beat in a trade. Used to charge the prairie dogs rent for their holes. Owned a big ranch and fed his cowboys on jack rabbits. In the morning he'd send the hands out before breakfast with three rocks and if they didn't come back with two rabbits they got fired.

"In this way he piled up a stack of money so high it would take a run to jump over it. One summer he went to El Paso to do his winter drinkin' before the fall round up, and there trouble followed him.

"Saw a moving-picture company workin' and got kind of hypnotized with the idea. Hired the whole outfit and brought them back to the ranch to get rich quick. He had a highly original idea. Wanted to produce Shakespeare's drama in cowboy costume. Thought the public wanted novelty.

"Six months later he was busted. Anybody is liable to fall for the pictures."

As I talked my eyes had been scouting around the room. It was different from the usual ranch of a movie lady. There wasn't a Pekingese pup on the place nor a picture of Miss Nilsson on the walls. Books lined the room and I discovered that most of them were in foreign languages.

When I asked her she admitted that she spoke German, French, her native Scandinavian, and of course English.

"How many languages do you speak?" she questioned.

"Five," I boasted, not wanting to be out-topped by a lady, "Tagalog, Japanese, pigeon Chinese, Chihuahua Spanish and some English."

When she first landed on this side from the other side, she was selected by the artist Penrhyn Stanlaws as the most beautiful American girl. From posing as a poster girl she went to the old Kalem company and stayed there four years.

I ain't well posted on the biography of pictures so I muffed most of the names of

the photoplays she made famous. One I remember seeing in San Antonio once was called "The Auction of Souls." It was all about the time the Armenians were massacred by the Turks, and the Kurds and Wheys.

"What are your plans for future work?" I asked. That's always a good question when you're looking for information and knowledge.

"They are rather vague," she confided. "I'll tell you a secret, however. There is a probability of my returning to the stage for a time. I am considering an offer to appear in a Broadway production now. Of course I will never desert the pictures altogether."

For some time she had been glancing at her wrist watch, so I



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

He came—He saw—She conquered.

thought I'd better go.

"Please don't hurry," she pleaded, putting on her hat and picking up her parasol.

"Sorry, but I must go," I insisted, although I hated to disappoint her.

So we rambled down stairs and she invited me to ride to Forty-second street in her car. First thing I knew there I was floating down Fifth Avenue, sitting right beside Miss Anna Q. where anybody could see me. I felt mighty proud.

Alas, all too soon, as the authors say, we came to Forty-second street.

Sadly I watched her enter the building and step into the elevator. I was saddened by the thought that perhaps I might never see her again.

Just then I found that cigarette paper with the questions on it. Waving it wildly I dashed after her.

"Just a minute," I beseeched. "Tell me what does that Q. in the middle of your name stand for?"

"It means Quirientia," she shouted back.

"Are you married?" I yelled, referring to my paper.

But the answer was lost as the elevator shot up into the vaulted gloom of the upper floors.

If I ever see her again I'm going to have them questions written on a shingle.

How To Hold Him

(Continued from page 47)

Most men are vamped by some woman not nearly as attractive as their wives. Wives ought to be smart enough to deduce from this that it's because they don't play their cards right. The history of war shows that a strategic general with a few men often defeats superior forces.

But the great thing—the ever, all important thing for every wife to remember is this—men are always disarmed, controlled, won—by *flattery*. It is the one thing they never outgrow—the one thing they are never proof against—the one thing that they never learn to combat even when they desire. It's impossible to give them too much.

Men can resist everything except temptation. And it's "no disgrace to run when you're scared." Take a little trip with him—manage a vacation, go away from the scene of disaster.

Serenity is the jewel in the crown of womanhood.

Remember I am writing all this for *wives*. I am not saying it is as it should be. But it is as it is. I'm not writing a defense of wives nor a condemnation of husbands. One could do that, too. I am simply telling you a few of the things I have learned in studying women and men and the world.

But as I said in the beginning, marriage is a woman's game. If she doesn't like it, let her stay single. But if she marries, she must accept the fact that the responsibility for its success is 99 per cent on her shoulders.

The Movie Broncho

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I'M the pinto
 You see in the Pictures.
 I'm the double-cinched goat
 That the she-star mounts
 And rides like a Spring-Bok
 To reach—(O Gawd, is there time?)—
 The Governor's home,
 Before some Hank in hair-pants
 Gets the noose in the neck.
 That's what I've come to—
 But a time there was
 When I unraveled a mile
 In a shade over three,
 And a seven-barred gate
 Was fun to me,
 But, hully-gee,
 Those good days went
 When they made me into a ferry-boat
 For Breeds and Moors and Mexicans
 And Arab Chiefs and Texicans!
 I'm a mattress now for their tumbling
 stunts;
 I'm a target now for their pistol blanks,
 And a racing mate for the old Way Freight;
 I'm a back-drop now for the Cupid stuff,
 And a balustrade for the Hero bluff;
 And at every mile
 There's a worried boob with the same black
 box,
 And all the while
 There's a clicking sound that gives me
 shocks,
 As I'm straddled by stiffs and jerked up
 short,
 And loaded with ladies in dire distress,
 And confronted by Sheriffs with leveled
 gats,
 And sent racing up in the nick of time
 To save the Blonde from the Outlaw Bird.
 I'm beginning to wish
 That these poor fish
 Could get a touch
 Of what, by gol,
 I'm proud to call
Horse-Sense!



Hermo "Hair-Lustr" Dresses the Hair Keeps it Dressed

is the secret of the well-dressed hair of the most brilliant stars of the Stage and Screen. A *Harmless, Greaseless, Stainless* preparation, beautifies and benefits the hair and scalp. Gives to the hair that beautiful, soft, glossy, well-groomed appearance so necessary to Stage and Screen stars and to men and women of refinement. Hermo "Hair-Lustr" does away with mussy, stubborn, untidy looking hair. Preserves and beautifies it.

For Men, Women, Children

Hermo "Hair-Lustr" can be used by the entire family because it is absolutely harmless, is beneficial to the hair and scalp. Wiry hair becomes soft and silky. Enables everyone to wear their hair in the most becoming style.

Guaranteed Harmless

Greaseless, Stainless. Use Hermo "Hair-Lustr" 5 days. If you are not delighted with it we will cheerfully refund your money in full. Once you use Hermo "Hair-Lustr" we know you will never be without it again.

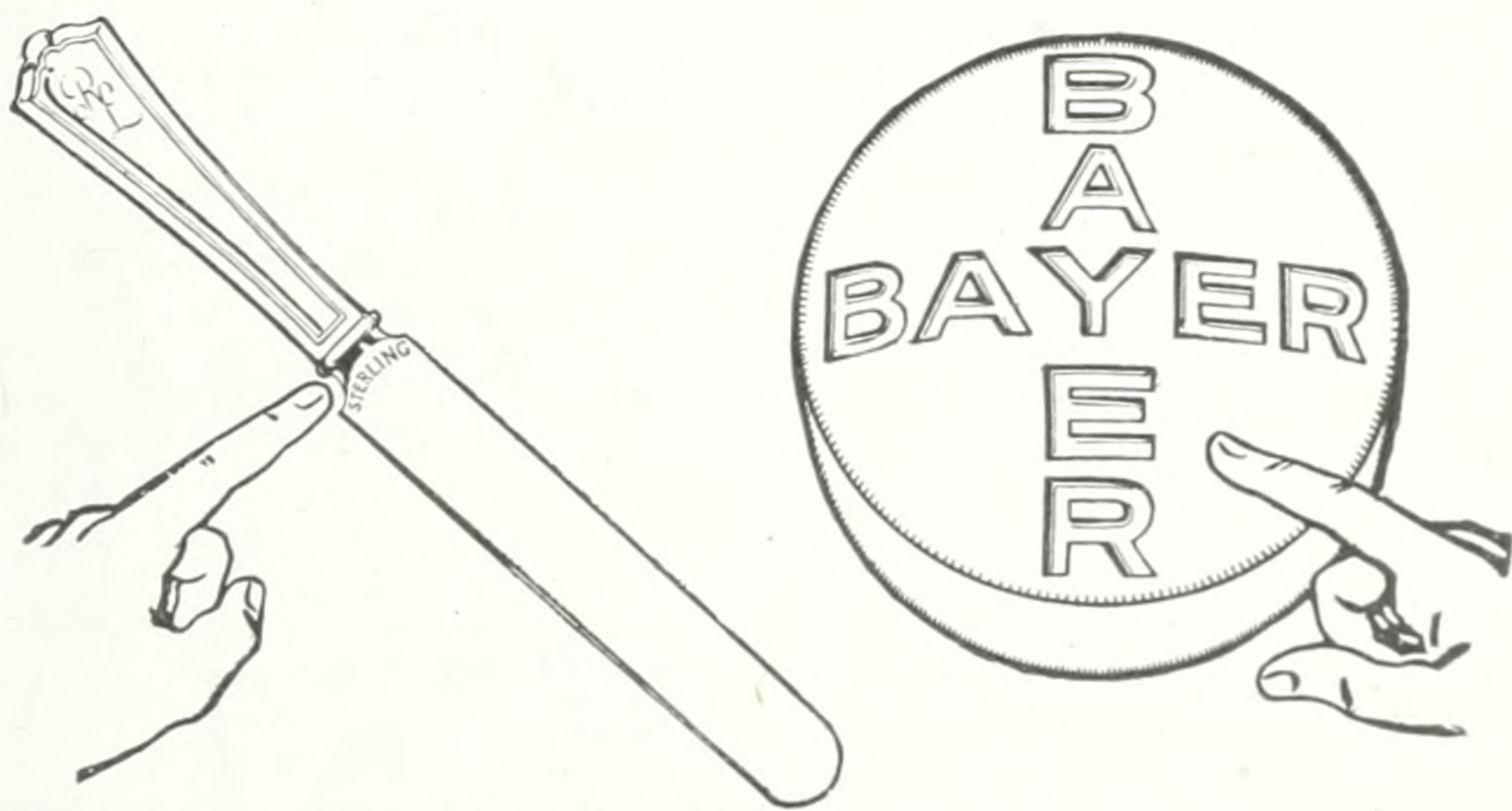
Two Sizes 50c and \$1 at Your Dealers

If your dealer can't supply you we will send it direct, prepaid upon receipt of price. Get your bottle of Hermo "Hair-Lustr" today without fail. Thousands sold daily. Remember your money back if dissatisfied.

HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd Street, Dept. 111, CHICAGO, ILL.

Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as "Sterling" on silver. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each

"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

The Parasites of the Fifth Industry

(Continued from page 29)

widows, orphans, waitresses, stenographers, and other wage-earners of their savings.

The Post Office Inspectors throughout the country are busy trying to keep fraudulent advertisements and circulars out of the mails.

Advertising associations having for their object the exposing of untruthful advertisements in the press divide their time between the oil and the movie fakers whom they are trying to chase out of the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines.

The honest motion picture companies are by far the heaviest individual losers. Their losses are heavier than those of the persons who give their cash to the fakers. The latter lose only their money. But the reputation and credit of every reputable motion picture producer and exhibitor suffer every time a movie bubble bursts and the details of the robbery of women, children and wage-earners comes to light.

PHOTOPLAY has undertaken to expose some of these parasites of the motion picture industry. It promises to be a messy and rather an unpleasant job. But somebody has to do it. It has got to be done. This magazine is fairly conversant with the motion picture industry since its inception. It is PHOTOPLAY's business to know what is going on in the moving picture world.

But PHOTOPLAY does not know of a single instance of a company, promoted by popular subscription through circulars, newspaper and magazine advertisements, that has ever paid one cent of dividend. Nor does PHOTOPLAY know of a single company thus promoted that has paid back one cent of the capital invested to the investors.

And although the editors of PHOTOPLAY know most of the leaders in the motion picture industry, they know of no person who has ever heard of a company, promoted through popular subscription, that has made a success.

And why should the percentage of failures be so high?

Because the motion picture industry is an art. Because it is so highly technical. Because it requires high-salaried directors, high-salaried actors and writers, and to operate and capitalize this combination of artistic skill and the highly complex mechanics of film production, the motion picture craft requires hard-headed financiers and experienced distributors of the finished product.

"But," say the promoters, "Wall Street and the great masters of finance in this land of great financiers are investing in the movies."

Well, Wall Street has been known to gamble in the past. Our big financiers are not above taking a chance with their coin. But when they sit in a game, they examine the cards and the chips, and before they take a hand they learn something about the game.

The big banking houses of Wall Street are in the movies, but before they invested a cent they carefully audited the books of the companies in which they invested, and when they did invest they sent along their own trusted representatives to look after their money bags. Wall Street has invested in a few of the soundest of the motion picture companies, but only after Wall Street had looked into every nook and corner of said companies.

Moreover the big banking houses which have invested in motion picture companies expect no amazing profits for the very simple reason that the motion picture industry can show no such thing as amazing profits in the long run.

There are few millionaires who have made their money in the business. One picture

Ruth Roland

Famous Serial Star, says:
"I find 'MAYBELLINE' far superior to anything I have ever used to beautify my eyelashes and brows. I use it regularly, with the most satisfying results."



Greatest Aid to Beauty Maybelline

will darken and beautify your eyelashes and eyebrows instantly. You will be delightfully surprised at the great added beauty, charm and expression in your eyes after you have applied "MAYBELLINE." Your eyelashes will appear naturally long and luxuriant and your brows well-formed, thus bringing out the deep, soulful expression of your eyes. No matter how light, short or thin your eyelashes and brows may be, "MAYBELLINE" will improve them wonderfully.

"MAYBELLINE" is now used regularly and highly recommended by beautiful women everywhere. Once you use it you will never be without it.

In a dainty purple and gold box containing mirror and brush for applying. Easily applied in one minute. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Black and Brown. 75c at your dealer's or direct from us in plain cover. Avoid disappointment with imitations by accepting only genuine "MAYBELLINE" as illustrated above.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-21 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

Other Maybell Beauty Aids

Face Powder \$1.

Beauty Cream \$1.

Vanity Rouge 5¢

Lip Stick 5¢

Depilatory \$1.

Eye-lash and Eye-

brow Stimulator 5¢

At Your Dealers
or Direct from Us

Be Well why not?

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you should weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! Enjoy life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. As sure as sunrise

You Can Weigh exactly what you Should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 98,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 35, 215 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.



58

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture. D. J. MAHLER, 191-X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



PATENT-SENSE

"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs."
By Return Mail FREE. Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. 2, Washington, D.C.

The Parasites of the Fifth Industry

(Concluded)

may reap a fortune, but the next one loses half of it. The third picture eats up one half of what remains, and at the end of the year, the producing company officers pat themselves on their weary backs if their books show a net profit of seven or eight or ten per cent. on the capital invested.

As we pointed out in the beginning of this article, the promoters of motion picture companies who seek financial support from the public always harp on the great individual successes of filmdom and never mention the failures. They always cite the case of "The Birth of a Nation." Now "The Birth of a Nation" was produced by a company which has never produced any other picture. To David Wark Griffith's genius and the genius of his well chosen assistants the phenomenal success of this film epic was largely due.

But the stock promoters never mention Triangle Films, which gave us some excellent screen dramas, but failed, nevertheless, to live up to the glowing advertisements on which its stock was sold. Instead of the brilliant promises made to investors, Triangle stock is now floundering in the market at less than fifty cents a share.

In its next issue, PHOTOPLAY will offer its readers some concrete examples of motion picture companies which have cost the public dearly in cash. PHOTOPLAY believes in a square deal for all engaged in this great industry, having no financial interest in any motion picture company. In these days of high cost of paper, the publishing business is not the easiest in the world, but it is a whole lot safer than the motion picture business.

In the meantime, if your curiosity is tickled beyond endurance, if some hypnotic motion picture promoter should get a conversational half-Nelson on you, and pour into your ears the magic tale of gold to be minted in the movies, just break away for a few minutes. Extract from your pocket-book two red copper pennies, invest them in a postage stamp and write PHOTOPLAY for advice.

Loves of a Leading Man

THE women I have loved—in pictures. . . . Alas!

There was Dorothy who loved the parts of the thwarted virgin. She fancied herself quite in love with me (modest me!) but when we came to write *finis*, she scorned me and said I was a weakling and a clinging vine, whereas I should be the sturdy oak. . . . I left her unashamed.

Came then fair Lady Lydia who loved the luscious things of life and who delighted in pictures of the tiger-skin, the divan with lemon coloured *moiré*, and silver lanterns, and pomegranates. At the end she wept and said I was a good sport. For which I did not care, since there are so many of them.

And the delightful Virginia. Dear girl, she flattered me and said I was a waster and a *roué*. I was only twenty-seven and who ever heard of a *roué*, I ask you, at that tender age? . . . She said, when I kissed her farewell beneath the stars, that I would never forget her. What man ever does forget any woman he has kissed?

Came Camille!!! . . . Exquisite as pain; cruel as Herod; cold as a winter dawn; intoxicating as crimson wine; clean as crystal and chaste as Diana. . . . And when we whispered good-byes, she said: "You have been a perfect gentleman!" . . . I can never forgive her.

W. L. Douglas

THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES



The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.



BOYS' SHOES \$4.50 \$5.00 and \$5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

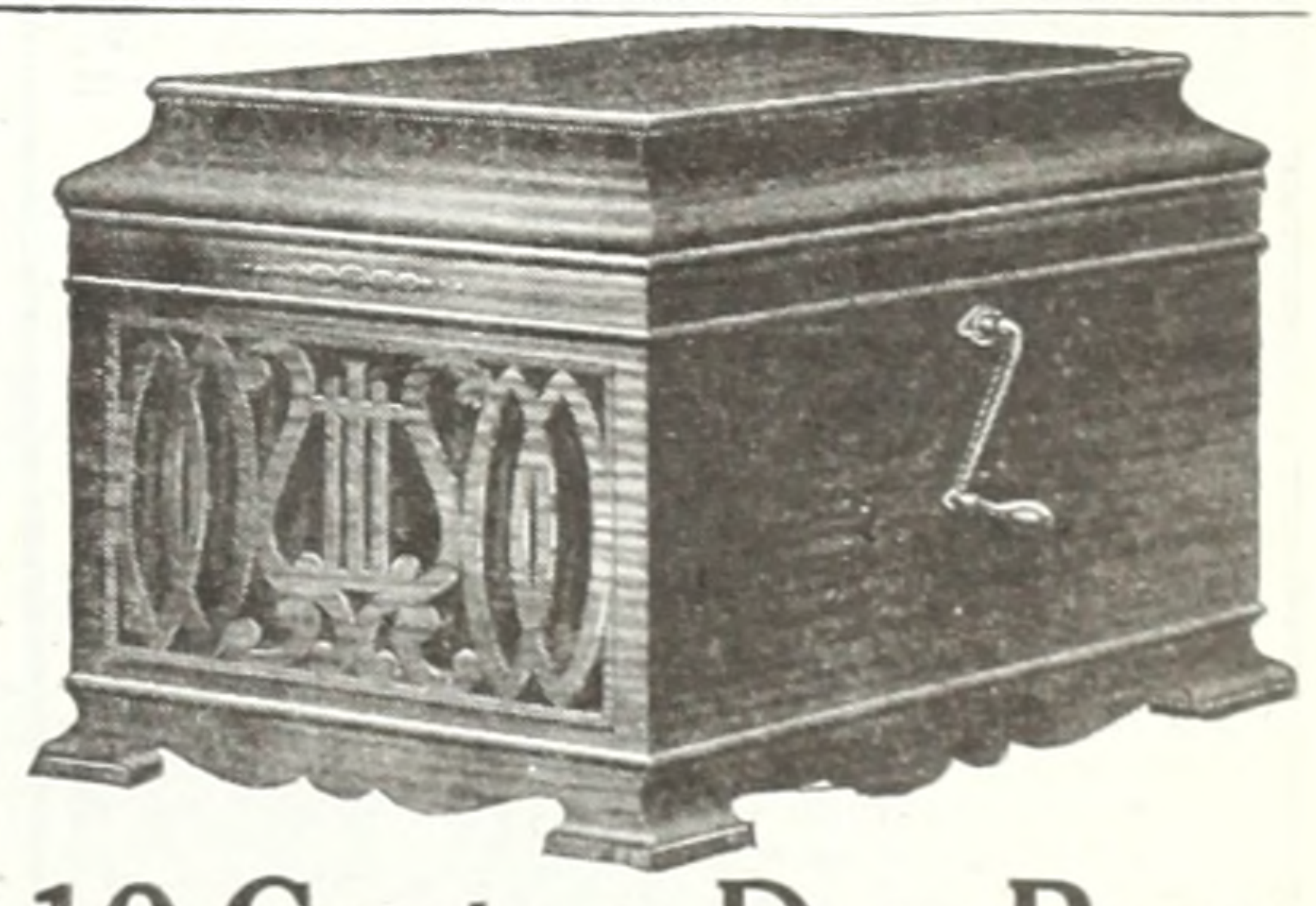
President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 126 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Those to the manor born sense the quality appeal of Lablache—the powder supreme. Like old friends, it wears best and is closely clinging. A dainty toiletrequisite for dainty women who really care for their complexions. 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.



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.

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Be a Taxidermy Artist

Marvelous Book Sent FREE

You can now learn Taxidermy, the wonderful art of mounting birds, animals, tanning skins, etc. Learn at home, by mail. The free book tells how. Mount your own trophies. Decorate home and den. Interesting, fascinating, big profits. Join our school. 65,000 students. Success guaranteed. Get our free book without delay. Send right now.

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1728 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS

PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 54 Chicago, Ill.

Why Creams and Powders are Necessary

Science has proved that fifty percent of all skins are too dry;
 Ten percent of all skins are too oily;
 Twenty percent of all skins are dingy or freckled;
 Ten percent of all skins are pimpled or covered with blackheads;
 All skins become darker, dryer—have a tendency to wrinkle and develop age spots unless nourished by proper creams and protected by the right powder.

How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light; examine your face carefully in a mirror; then study the chart.

The advice of Marinello Experts may be secured at our

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 1404 Mallery Building
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 366 Fifth Avenue
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Marinello Company



CHART OF MARINELLO CREAMS

- Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.
- Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.
- Combination Cream—for dry and sallow skins.
- Lettuce Cream—for cleansing in place of soap and water.
- Foundation Cream—for use before face powder.
- Motor Cream—for skin protection before exposure.
- Whitening Cream—for freckles and bleaching.
- Marinello Face Powder—the kind that stays on—real skin protection.

At Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops

Your Home and Its Winter Clothes

(Concluded from page 52)

run around the table at just the right distance to support the chairs. One of the innumerable clever touches in this house is the insertion of mirrors in the paneled walls, at the right spot to give a reflection of the opposite room and thus enhance decidedly the desired effect of space.

If your table lamps are too bright for working or reading by during the winter evenings, there is a clever convenience now in the way of tiny Japanese screens that break the light sufficiently for comfort. These pretty screens are made in just the right height to set about a table lamp and in colors to harmonize with any room.

A girl I know recently inherited a lot of that golden oak furniture that is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Moreover, it came just at the time when she was planning on furnishing a tiny apartment for herself and having visions of a few nice bits of mahogany. Well, the golden oak arrived and the girl pluckily gave up her dreams of mahogany and set to work with a paint brush. Two coats of dull black paint worked wonders on that stuff. Then a stencil pattern was brought into play, and glass knobs used in place of brass handles. The result was one of the prettiest apartments that you can imagine, the dull black furniture and soft yellow curtains harmonizing beautifully. Yellow curtains, I would like to add, are the best color for a north room. In this way you make your own sunshine and may laugh at dark days.

If you kept your eyes open during your summer trip I am sure you must have brought back some notable additions for your home. In spite of the talk that our country people make nothing distinctive, you will find plenty of things that are unique and lovely. Go out far enough among the farm houses and you will find braided rugs that will be lovely in your bed rooms. Patchwork quilts may also be had, and if your vacation took you south, you will find lovely examples of handwoven materials for curtains, table covers and rugs. The Southwest will give you Indian pottery in many patterns and colors, while there is still pewter and bits of brass to be had in out of the way corners, if one searches.

With the present prices of everything relating to the home, the wise housekeeper who is getting ready for the winter months will study the matter of reducing her electric light bills. This can be effectively accomplished by supplying two sizes of light bulbs. For a general illumination in halls, closets and other overhead lighting use ten-watt bulbs. Then for reading lamps, or where you want other strong light, use fifty or seventy-five watt lights. You'll be surprised what a difference this makes in your light bills.

But no matter where else you save about the house, I hope you'll be extravagant about one thing—do have long, heavy curtains that may be pulled over the living room and dining room windows. When there is a storm howling outside, think what it means to pull those soft, red curtains over the windows, poke up the fire to a brighter blaze and turn the reading lamp at just the required brightness! Try it, if only to find out what a delightful nest your home in winter can be if you make it so.

Deformities of the Back



Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 40,000 cases we have treated in our experience of over 19 years are absolute proof of this statement.

So, no matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers this method has made happy. And, more—we will prove its value in your own case by allowing you to

Use the Philo Burt Appliance 30 Days at Our Risk.

Since you need not risk the loss of a cent, there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.
 829 W. Odd Fellows Temple
 Jamestown, N. Y.



A Clear Skin

OR MONEY RETURNED

20 DAYS' TRIAL

Young's Victoria Cream will improve your skin more than any cream you have ever used. Be fair to your skin and try this wonderful Home Treatment. It is guaranteed to clear up your skin and take away freckles and brown spots. Results will surely surprise you. We send enough for 20 days for this adv. and ten cents in silver.

Large jar 75 cents, of your druggist or direct from us.

F. H. YOUNG & CO., 63 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

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.

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Bust Reducer, \$6.00 353-5th Av., N. Y. (Billings Bldg., 4th Floor)
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23-KARAT GOLD NAME



\$1.00 Postpaid

Satisfaction Guaranteed Fits any Pocket For Ladies and Gentlemen

Guaranteed GENUINE LEATHER Pocketbook

The "American Bankroll"—1921 Model. Combination Bill-fold, Coin purse, Card and Photo case, 3x4 3-4 inches closed, of Embossed Black Genuine Leather for only \$1.00 postpaid (\$10.80 per doz.) Any name engraved in 23-Karat Gold free (city 30c, street number 30c, Fraternal Emblems 40c extra). Places for currency, coins, cards, photos and check book. 48-page Memo-Diary, brimful of necessary and interesting information. Also sold in a Very High Grade Black Morocco Grain Genuine Leather at \$2.00, Brown \$3.00—your Sunday Pocketbook. Send stamps or money order. We insist on returning your money if not satisfied. Fifteenth annual catalog free with orders or sent alone for 10c postage.

U. S. LEATHER GOODS COMPANY Established 1906
 106-B-10 W. Lake St., Dept. 41-E Chicago Incorporated 1910



Ten Rules For Humor

(Concluded from page 107)

or less unexpected. 'Pigs is Pigs' is a good illustration of this. It starts as a sane story about an express company, an express man and a pair of expressed guinea pigs. Due to the well known rapidity of guinea pigs in multiplying, every time the express man comes around there are a few more pigs. Then there are a lot more. Each time, it's funnier. This is what I call beating upon the drum of humor.

"Sixth is the sudden let down from the extremely serious to the extremely frivolous. Mark Twain uses this where he is describing a young man who receives a severe calling down. The arraignment is noble, serious, solemn. But when he described the young man, he says he reminded him of a spider dropped on a hot skillet. First, a look of wild surprise, then he shrivelled.

"The sixth example likewise explains the seventh method, the use of extreme analogy, calling attention to an agreement or likeness between things in some circumstances or effects when the things are otherwise entirely different. This is the basis of many cartoons.

"The eighth is the more or less disguised practical joke, horse play, physical humor—the custard pie in the face. Strangely enough, if this is led up to in the right way, it is not raw or coarse, but is apt to be more effective than any other form of humor.

"Ninth is the gradual expansion of an idea that has ridiculous possibilities, on the theory that if a little of a good thing is good, more is better.

"The tenth is intempestivity, untimeliness, something that has no particular humor in itself happening at an opportune time—mal apropos humor. For example, things happening at a funeral, a wedding, a christening, or a gathering of a serious nature.

"Of course, it is understood that the author and the reader set themselves up as a superior set of persons. Humor is always laughing at something and the author must convey the impression that he and the reader are laughing together at something.

"Characterization is not humor. Characterization is the setting for humor. The better the setting, the more effective the humor. The contrast of action is more sharply defined. Things are often funny because of the character of the person who does them.

"The after dinner speaker who starts out by saying 'Mike and Pat were walking down the street one day' is the bunk. Everybody at the table knows instantly that he has taken a stock setting—or no setting—for some words. There is no humor.

"The great American novel? A myth—a symbol—an impossibility. None can write THE great American novel any more than he can describe the spectrum in one word."

A LARGE—speaking both as to corporation and avoirdupois—producer is very strict about the "No Smoking" signs on all the stages of his huge studio. Heaven help the poor actor caught smuggling a fatima or corona-perfecto. Whenever the producer leaves his luxurious office to take a trip around the plant, he deposits his black cigar in a convenient cubby-hole in the wall. A little ingenue had watched him hide his smoke in that place several times. One day, when he was carefully watching the scene, she found the cigar and carefully laid it on the floor in the producer's path. Of course he found it—but could he raise a row? He could not—and the actress knew it. He was the only man in the place who smoked a cigar like that.



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 affections. 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 you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

LA CREOLE LABORATORIES
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

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

Keeping Up with Alice

(Concluded from page 64)

Well, not because of the apartment, but trying to get it ready in time for a dinner party tomorrow night. Wonderful, having a home of your own, but an awful bother, isn't it?"

(You forbear to remind her that interviewers seldom experience the sensation of having homes of their own.)

"I may do 'Forever After' sometime on the screen. Don't know yet. I'm having a grand time studying for my new part in 'Anna.' I have the role of a little Assyrian girl—broken English and all that. I have to sing, like this"—and Alice aired her voice. "And I've got to cut out this"—and Alice lit a cigarette.

A telephone call for Alice. "Yes—oh, was that for four o'clock? It's only four-thirty now. I'll be right over—"

Back to you. "Awfully sorry—simply have to rush—always late for something or other—goodbye."

And then, as you're leaving, you overhear a third-assistant-director and a cameraman

Alice Brady has a charming *camaraderie*, a piquant good-humor, an ever-ready wit. She's too busy to be up-stage, too sensible to be over-modest. She's Bill Brady's only daughter and Grace George's step-daughter. She's been on the stage ever since she was a sub-deb, and she will probably always be on the stage. She wouldn't be at home doing anything else, and she couldn't stand doing nothing. But as for keeping up with Alice—it simply can't be done.

John Barrymore's Romance

(Continued from page 33)

The stage had interested her. She with Mrs. Norman Hapgood produced "Magic," Gilbert K. Chesterton's play, and "The Little Man," by John Galsworthy. Maxine Elliott's theater was secured for the purpose. Since she was interested in the stage it was natural that it should have been a red letter day for her when she met the then fast being recognized greatest of the younger American actors, John Barrymore.

It had come about with such ease and naturalness that fate did not reveal even one designing little finger in the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thomas took a cottage "down Eashampton way," as the natives put it. The smart little colony in the Long Island town where John Henry Payne lived in a weatherbeaten house for which he longed when he wrote "Home Sweet Home," and where the great popular preacher, Talmage, lived, was denized by gentle folk. It was healthful for the two young sons as well as their elders.

There Mr. and Mrs. John Drew lived in Kyalami (Kaffir for "Where we live"), a substantial villa on the sand dunes near the ocean. Mrs. Russell Colt (Ethel Barrymore) came often with her children to visit "Uncle Jack" and "Aunt Dodo" and "Cousin Bee." There came, too, John Barrymore for week end visits to his distinguished uncle. Mrs. John Barrymore, once Katherine Harris, and a member of an old and honored New York family, was conspicuously absent. There were rumors of an estrangement between the pair. Mrs. Barrymore elected to remain in Los Angeles, where it was said she had frequent conferences with lawyers.

The meeting? It came about in the cozy way of summer cottages. There was a neighborhood tea. Followed the daily gathering



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John Barrymore's Romance

(Concluded)

of the smart clans on the beach at the fashionable hour of eleven. Everybody was there. Everybody included the Thomases, the Drews, the Barrymores.

The acquaintance thus pleasantly and informally begun in the summer was vitalized into a friendship in town in the winter. Mrs. Colt (Miss Barrymore) always a favorite with New York society, went about now and then to homes where she met Mrs. Thomas. Sometimes Brother Jack accompanied her. Mrs. Thomas, being deeply interested in the theater, there was much shop talk when the trio met. Mr. Thomas preferring golf to tea, and horses to the stage, was absent. Already, at Easthampton and in New York, rumor had said that in the Thomas ménage there was not complete harmony. The pair who had been married seven years were discovering incompatibility of tastes and temperament.

Early in 1918 Fate's finger was perceptible. Mrs. John Barrymore had secured a divorce in Los Angeles. She had alleged desertion. Her plea was granted. Mr. Barrymore was free to resume his bachelor life.

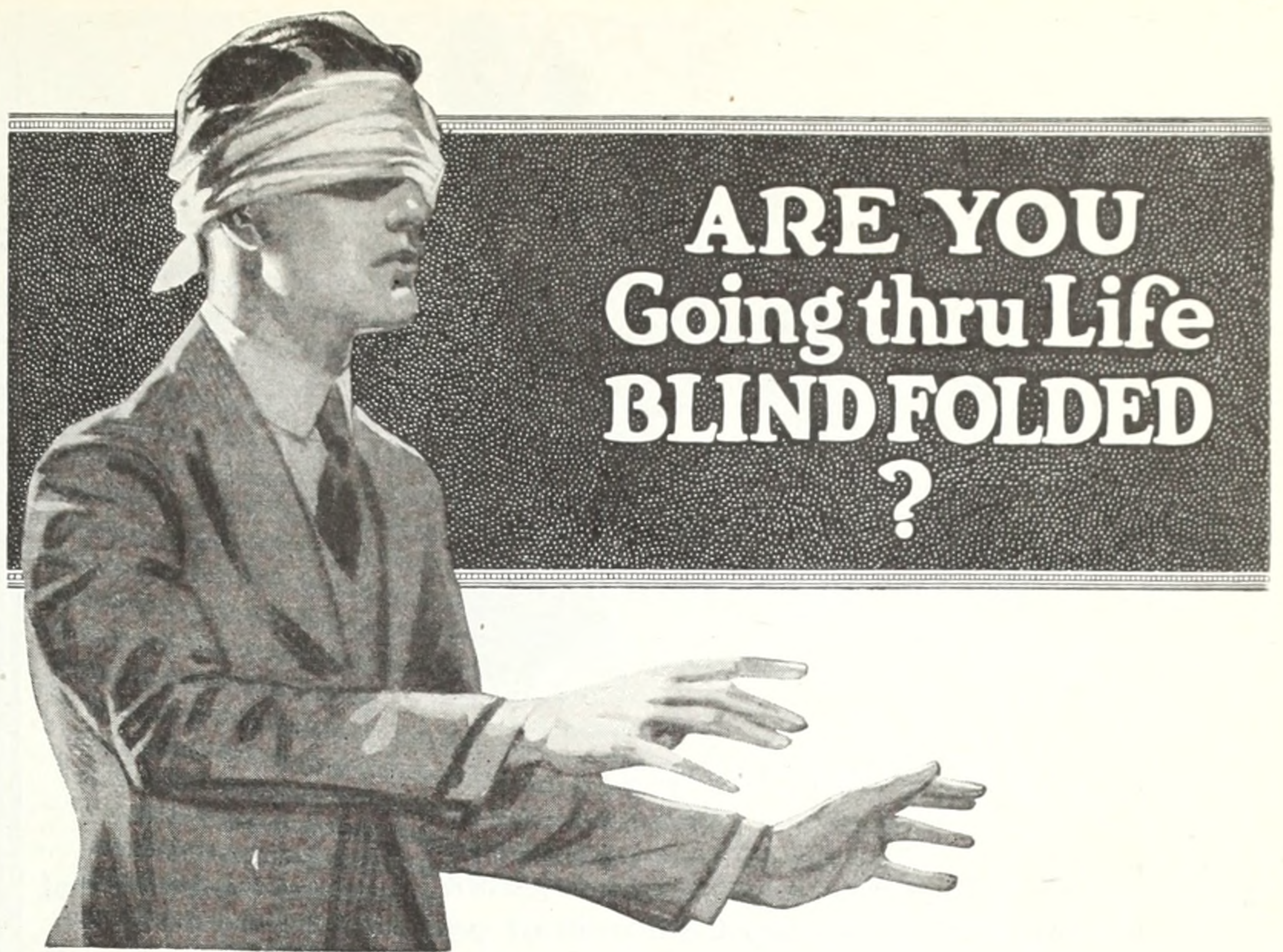
It was predicted that soon again he would become a Benedick. But gossip had no target for her willing tongue. For two years the young actor devoted himself with fierce assiduity to his art. By rungs of "Redemption," "Peter Ibbetson," "The Jest" and "Richard III" he had swiftly mounted to eminence. Yet for all this full and frank review of the past Mrs. Leonard Thomas could not foresee the future. That the young actor, who had plainly overworked and was painfully nervous, should break down utterly at a performance of "Richard III." That good Uncle Muldoon should take him up to the favorite farm at White Plains. That for five weeks he should be kept incommunicado.

"My boy—ye seem that to me because I knew your father and mother before you were born," said the granite remoulder of men, "I believe you are in love. Nobody told me. I know the symptoms. When a man is in love he is at his worst in every way. His reasoning is defective. He is whimsical. His judgments are bad. You must not go to the telephone. Don't I remember that your brother, Lionel, was in love when he was here? His favorite stunt was to draw up a chair and use my telephone for an hour and a half at a sitting. You must receive no messages so that I may cure you the sooner."

But there was one bit of news that the unbending Muldoon did not keep from his patient. One of the numerous calls that rang over the wire to White Plains concerned the final signature to Mrs. Thomas's long delayed Paris divorce. Mr. Muldoon had no reason to regret letting this bit of gossip seep through his guards. His patient's recovery increased with amazing swiftness after that news. The news came on April 19. Mr. Barrymore left Muldoon's on or about the first of May.

They were married in a friend's apartment at the Ritz Carlton August 5. Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore were present to bestow the approval of the bridegroom's family. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs smilingly witnessed their daughter's plighting of her vows to the actor. So these two, both of whom had been married ten years before, assumed new ties in a new decade.

They left New York in an automobile. The bridegroom made a vague reference to the Adirondacks. But they went to the smart little seashore town where they had met. They teaed and golfed with John Drew and Ethel Barrymore, with Mr. and Mrs. John Devereaux (Louise Drew). The romantic cycle was complete.



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The other boy was a dismal failure at school. Finally he entered an art academy, but did not show any ability. A business college failed to drive into his head the fundamentals of a business education.

Discouraged, he took a place as a packing clerk in a large wholesale shoe firm,—where brawn and not brains counted. But on this twelve dollar a week job he failed to make good, and one day found a notice in his pay envelope, "Services no longer required."

How One Brother Won Out

Finally he drifted into a position as salesman for a large advertising company. He was deeply impressed with the remarkable personality of the head of this firm, and resolved to study him and his methods. It was the turning point in his life, for soon he realized that his idol possessed in an unusual degree such powers as *concentration, memory, constructive imagination, and faith.*

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After thirteen long years he had proven himself, had torn away his blindfold. He is now a director and manager in one of the largest firms in its line in America, and at the age of thirty-three his income is *more than one thousand dollars a month.*

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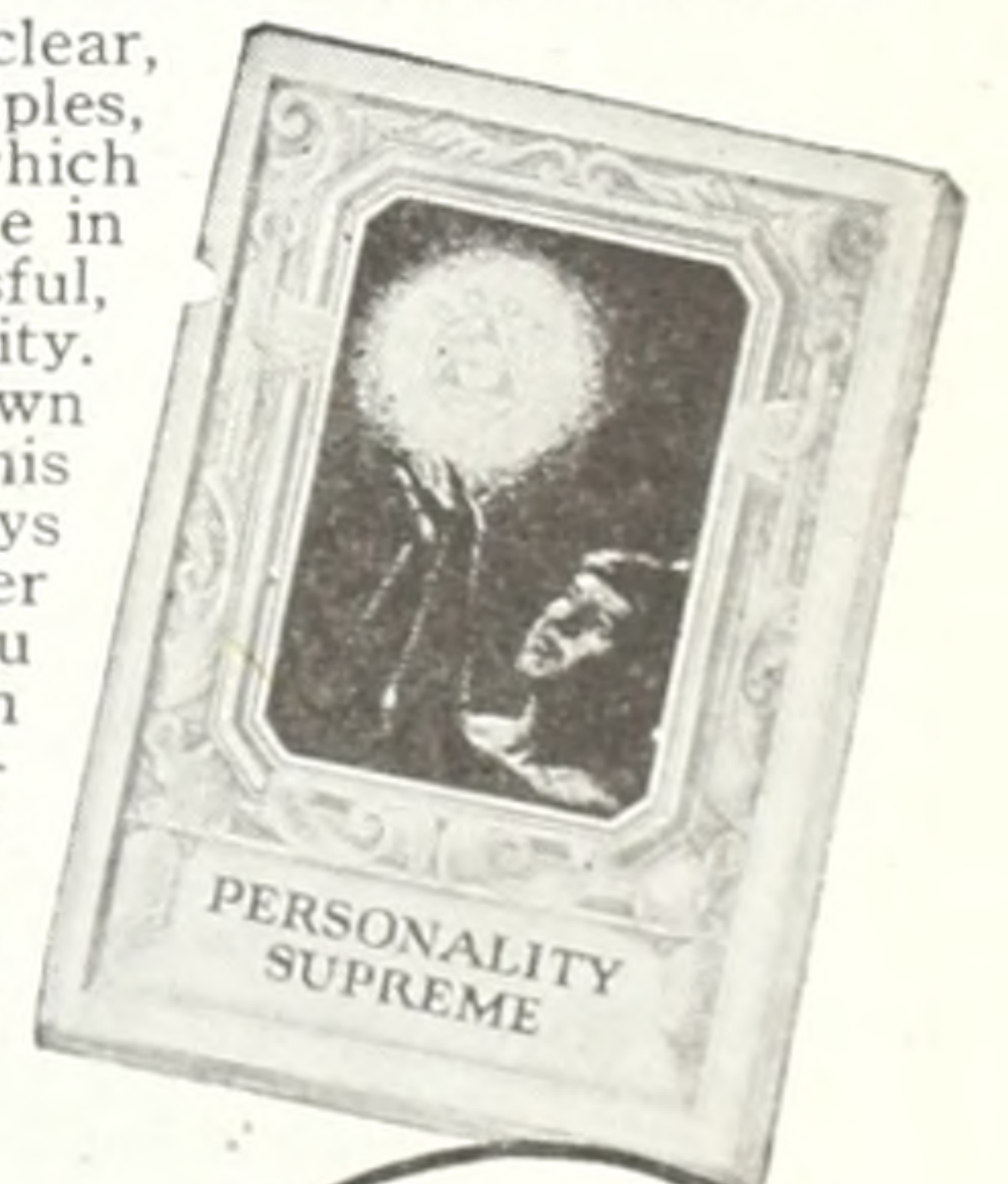
The hidden powers you possess are like the gold in the mountain, the seed unplanted, the unborn invention,—wasted and useless until you bring them to light and put them into action. *You cannot afford to let them lie idle a moment longer!*

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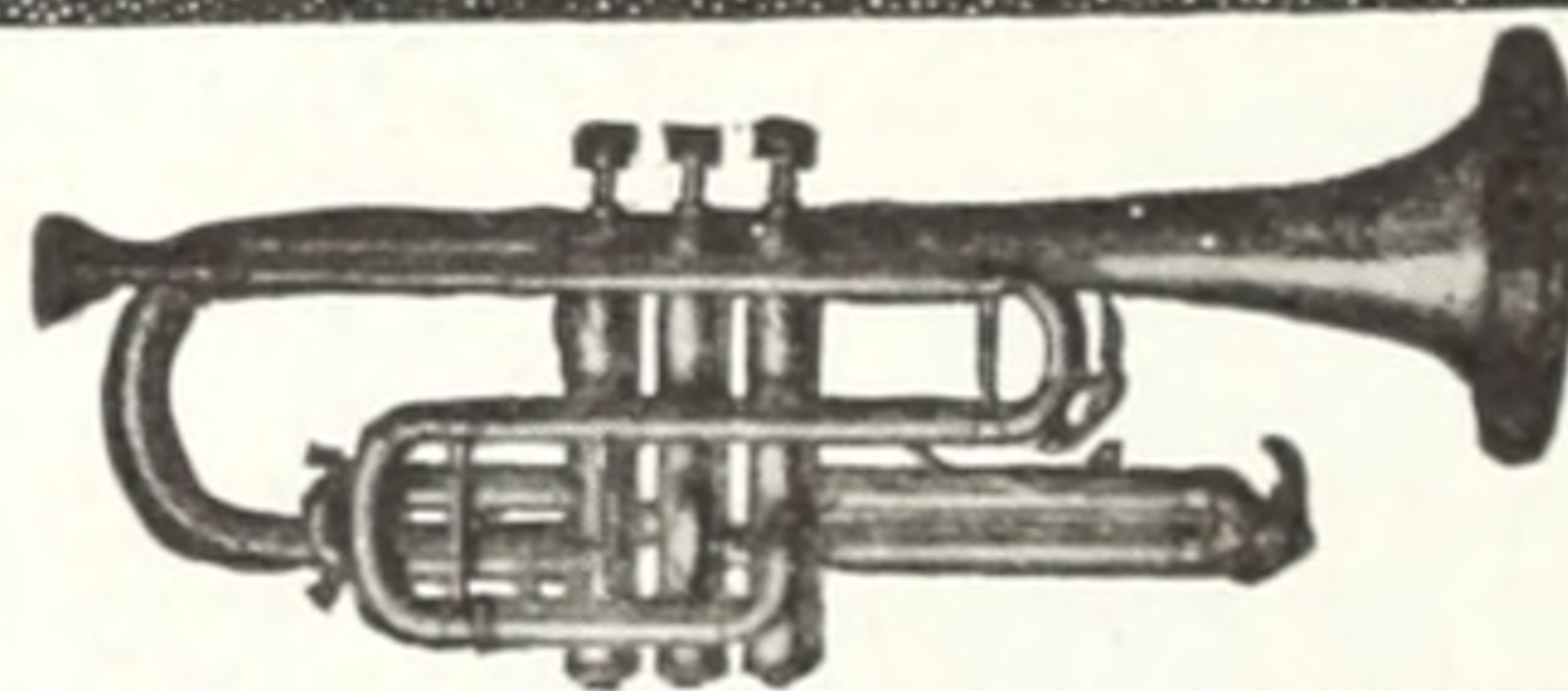
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

L., CENTRAL CITY, NEB.—Doris Keane is married to Basil Sydney, who played opposite her in "Romance." Chet Witney and not David Griffith directed this. I hear young Mr. Sydney is coming back to America to accept a film offer. Carol Dempster and Clarine Seymour, Dick Barthelme and Bobby Harron all appeared in D. W. Griffith's war picture, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Perhaps I should say one of D. W. Griffith's war pictures—he made several.

E. C. F., MILLVILLE.—You didn't offend me in the least. I appreciate honest criticism almost as much as I appreciate praise, which is saying a great deal. You see I am frank, anyway. Monte Blue is working in the east now, playing the leading role in Charles Maigne's production of "The Kentuckians." It is said Blue is slated for stardom. There will have to be a new crop of leading men to take the place of all those we are losing via the stellar route.

DUDIE, TACOMA.—Broadway by day is a distressing spectacle. The Great White Way thrives on artificiality—and the sun shows it up. But by night—ah, that's different. There are the giant kittens rolling up an eternal ball of silk against the sky; there is the girl in the great swing—swinging, swinging over the tops of twenty-story buildings; there is a motor car that seems always about to bear down upon you—and never does. I am speaking of the electric signs. You say you broke your ankle climbing for apple blossoms. What an exquisite privilege—to be able to break one's ankle climbing for apple blossoms! What is an apple blossom? Marguerite Clark has been married only once, and she is still Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. She's in New York City now.

M. D., NEW YORK.—He who wastes his own time usually wastes other people's as well. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who used to play with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons in Universal comedies. She is not in pictures any more. Jack Perrin played the title role in the serial, "The Lion Man."

NELLIE B. LYONS, N. Y.—One of the first lessons any husband learns is that the "only hat that would ever be becoming to me" is the most expensive one in the shop window. William Scott is your best bet among leading men. He is with Fox and is usually seen opposite Gladys Brockwell in this emotional lady's pictures. Gladys leads such a hard life on the screen—if some scenario writer would only write her a part without a past in it!

ALIAS KAY, EVANSTON.—I know several celebrated Horns. There is Cape Horn, and Green Horn; horning in and that horn(y) hand of toil. But referring to films I suppose you mean Horn with an e—James Horne, who is Cleo Ridgely's husband and Lew Cody's director. The Hornes have two children, a boy and a girl.

M. J., ST. PAUL.—What? Can it be possible? A girl who has never seen Richard Barthelme: So that you may remedy this oversight right away, I hasten to tell you the pictures he has appeared in: With Dorothy Gish in "Hope Chest," "Boots," "I'll Get Him Yet." For Griffith in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "Scarlet Days," "The Idol Dancer," "Broken Blossoms," "The Love Flower," and lately "Way Down East." It's the Talmadge's real name. Of course Olive Thomas likes Jack Pickford; she's married to him. Right now they are abroad together.

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Pure and Harmless.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. F. L., CHATTANOOGA.—I have failed—miserably. All my life I have tried to give biting, caustic answers. And now you tell me you think I am “a teeny bit sarcastic—at times.” That is certainly damning with faint praise. Gloria Swanson is in retirement at present; when she returns to the screen it will be as a star. Eugene O'Brien has never been married. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay are newlyweds.

P. J., TUCSON.—You want a telephone book, not an answer man. Do you really expect me to tell you the addresses of ninety-seven stars? If it were only ninety-six I might stretch a point and answer you—but the ninety-seventh was one too much. You can reach Martha Mansfield at Selznick. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Culver City. Douglas McLean, Thomas Ince studios, Culver City.

P. T., VANCOUVER.—In India, I am told, there are squirrels as large as cats. Which is not very important even if true. Anita Stewart is married—and happily—to Rudolph Cameron, who is her business manager. Cameron played opposite Anita in several Vitagraph pictures—perhaps you remember him in “Clover's Rebellion.” Anita is twenty-five. She'll send you her picture.

A. M. W., FALFURRIAS, TEXAS.—You say you have been thinking over that little argument we had last month and have finally decided you agree with me. I'm sorry, but it's too late. I've changed my mind. Constance Talmadge has blonde hair. Sometimes she wears a wig in her pictures. Bessie Love isn't married. Her real name is Horton.

STAR, ELECTRA.—Never had so many Texan correspondents before. You're pretty faithful—to retain Richard Travers as your best favorite although you haven't seen him for two years. He was a captain in the army. He is married to May Franklin and appeared with Pearl White for Fox. Address him there.

YOUNG AMERICA, HAVERHILL, MASS.—You want to know if that picture is worth staying home from a party to see. It depends upon the party. It's a good picture, but a good party runs it close competition. Toss a coin or something. If it's a birthday party I'd say see the picture—which will only set you back about two bits and tax. While cut-glass punchbowls, candlesticks and other birthday remembrances have considerably advanced in price lately. Of course, suit yourself.

B. M. M., DUNKIRK.—Bob Leonard isn't married to Ella Hall, but to Mae Murray. Miss Hall is, in private life, Mrs. Emory Johnson. Monte Blue is not related to Rod LaRocque, although there is a resemblance, now that I think of it. I am one of these unsuspecting persons who can sit through seven reels of film without seeing one single thing to contribute to the Why-Do-They-Do-It department. Vivian Martin was a child actress with Richard Mansfield and other noted actors. She was born in Grand Rapids.

ISABEL, WESLEYVILLE, PA.—Yes, she's a very clever girl. After she's talked to you five minutes she has convinced you that you are the brightest chap she ever met. Pat O'Malley with Agnes Ayres in Marshall Neilan's “Go and Get It.” Pat has a wife and little daughter. Harold Lloyd, Rolin-Pathe. Bebe Daniels, Realart. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal.

(Continued on page 130)

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Earthbound

(Continued from page 42)

"In an hour, Jim will be on trial for his life."
She tried to escape the thought, but another came hammering home—
"You alone can save him."
She tried to answer this by telling herself that Jim had declared he did not want his life if he had to owe it to an exposure of her dishonor. But the voice that had spoken to her before, replied—
"Nick has paid. You must pay, too."
The thought of the scene in court, her confession, the ordeal of public disgrace, terrified her. She shrank from it and shrieked aloud, "No, no, no!" and fell, weeping, to the ground.
Meanwhile the trial was swiftly coming to a close. Little evidence was needed, merely the formal proof that James Rittenhouse, on a certain afternoon, on the stairs of the New Netherlands Club, had shot Nicholas Desborough and killed him. The prosecution "rested" and Jim's attorney, helpless in the face of Jim's determination, announced that the defense had no evidence to submit. There was the pause that precedes the final summing up, when the door of the courtroom opened, and Daisy came slowly up the aisle. She stopped at the railing and said to the bailiff, who had come to meet her,
"I am Mrs. James Rittenhouse. I want to testify for the defense."
While the bailiff was taking the message to the judge, a buzz ran through the room. There had been gossip, but nothing definite. The spectators leaned forward eagerly, as the judge consulted briefly with the attorneys and then requested Daisy to take the stand. Jim had risen when she came in, as if to protest, but sat down again and stared in astonishment at his wife. She had not even gone to see him after his arrest, and the last thing he expected was that she should volunteer to clear him. She wasted no words in preliminaries or explanation. She was calm, and her voice was clear and carried to the farthest corners of the room.
"Mr. Rittenhouse shot Mr. Desborough because in an hour Mr. Desborough and I would have gone away together."
She paused, as if waiting for the attorneys to question her, and then went on:
"Mr. Desborough was anxious to be loyal to his friendship for my husband, and to his wife and child, but I urged him to go with me."
Her words came more slowly now, but without faltering. It was as if she had decided that it was not enough for Jim to be acquitted, but that nothing short of complete revelation would suffice.
"We must all pay," she added. "I want to pay now. It was all my fault."
Jim knew what the confession must have cost her, but he showed no sign of gratitude. His expression was hard and unforgiving, and there was a sneering curl on his lip.
Of course it was a foregone conclusion that the jury would bring in a verdict of "Not guilty," after this dramatic denouement. As the courtroom was clearing slowly, Daisy came up to her husband, looking as if she expected some word of forgiveness, but he merely said, coldly,
"You saved my life, Daisy. I thank you." Then, as an afterthought, he blurted out roughly, "Why did you do it?"
The question, but perhaps even more, Jim's manner, took her unawares, and she stammered,
"I—I think—Nick told me to."
It was undoubtedly the truth, but it was truth at a wrong moment, its effect distorted by Jim's anger and jealousy.
"He had you in life," Jim sneered, "and even in death he stands between us."

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Earthbound

(Concluded)

With this, Jim turned away from her, and left her standing there, a woman shamed before all the world, without a hope of recompense for her sacrifice.

But it was only of Nick that I was thinking now. Earthbound through Jim's refusal to forgive, he must linger on, and on, exiled from his proper realm. His accounts were not squared until Jim could be led to see the truth. The days passed, and there was talk of a divorce. Jim was living at the club. He had not seen Daisy since the trial. You remember what a pitiable spectacle he was, not caring how he looked or what anyone thought of him. He was barely existing, in a sodden daze.

Then, at last, one day Nick was able to reach him. It must have been a supreme, sublime effort. You all recall how Jim, after having hung about the club, brooding, all that time, until the place became horribly dismal and there was talk of requesting him to resign, suddenly moved out and went home. There was no explanation, and it wasn't just the sort of thing you could ask him to explain. So you said, a while ago, "I understand Jim Rittenhouse has forgiven his wife." Well, here's what happened.

I was standing at the head of the stairs, where I had been talking to Jim, and he had started down. Just as he did so, I looked down, and saw Nick at the bottom of the stairs, starting up. They were in exactly the same positions they were when Jim shot Nick. Jim hesitated, seemed about to turn and run upstairs, and then stopped. Nick looked up at him, his face full of yearning, sorrow and pleading. Then I heard Nick speak—not in a human voice that I heard with my ears, but a message from his spirit, and Jim heard it too:

"There's only one life, Jim, and it's eternity."

Nick came up the steps again, and laid one hand on Jim's shoulder, and again came his message:

"We live on and on, as the sum total of what we have made ourselves."

Jim seemed to be trying to ask something, but his lips would not frame the words. Nick, his face lighted with love, went on:

"We were both wrong, Jim. Old Harvey was right."

Slowly a new expression came into Jim's face. One of Nick's hands still rested on his shoulder, the other was pointing upward, and Jim's eyes followed it. The bitterness and hardness vanished from his lined features, and suddenly he exclaimed, softly yet eagerly, one word:

"God!"

"Forgive and be forgiven," Nick said, with a smile of infinite happiness—and disappeared.

Jim staggered and clutched at the banister. I ran down and put my arm around him, and he clung to me frantically.

"Take me home, Harvey, take me home," he gasped.

* * * * *

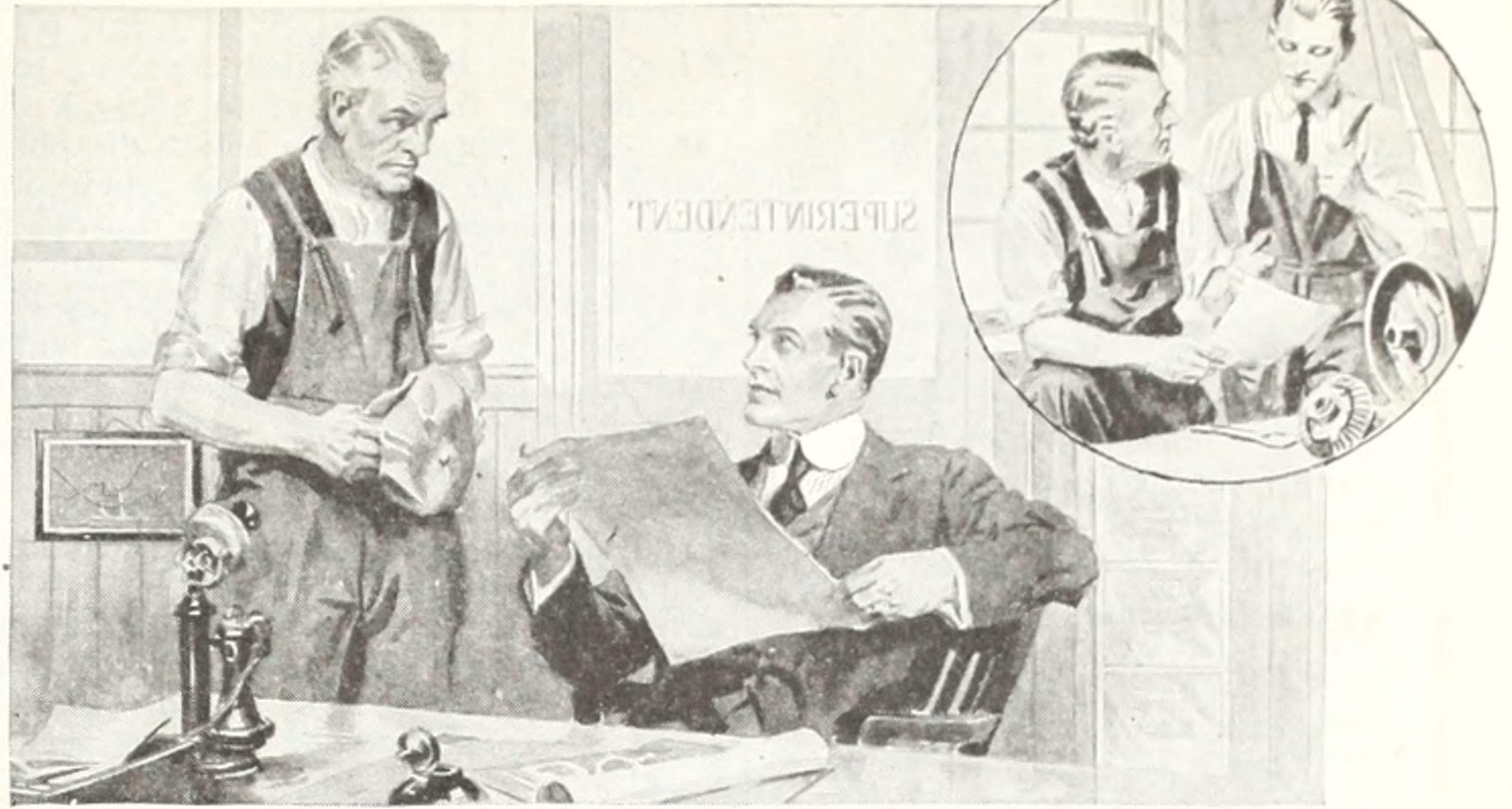
Harvey Breck's audience was silent a few moments after he stopped speaking. Then Rhodes said, with a nervous laugh:

"Your story is convincing, Breck. But do you think—Nick—has gone—for good?"

"For good," Breck answered, with emphasis. "Caroline saw him that same evening. He went to say goodbye to her. She had already seen Daisy and forgiven her. He had squared his accounts, and she saw him disappear into the sunset."

"And that's what you meant when you said God had forgiven Jim Rittenhouse?"

"As I hope, when the time comes, He will forgive me, as all of us need forgiveness—yes!"



"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given to you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking *my* advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim,—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!'"

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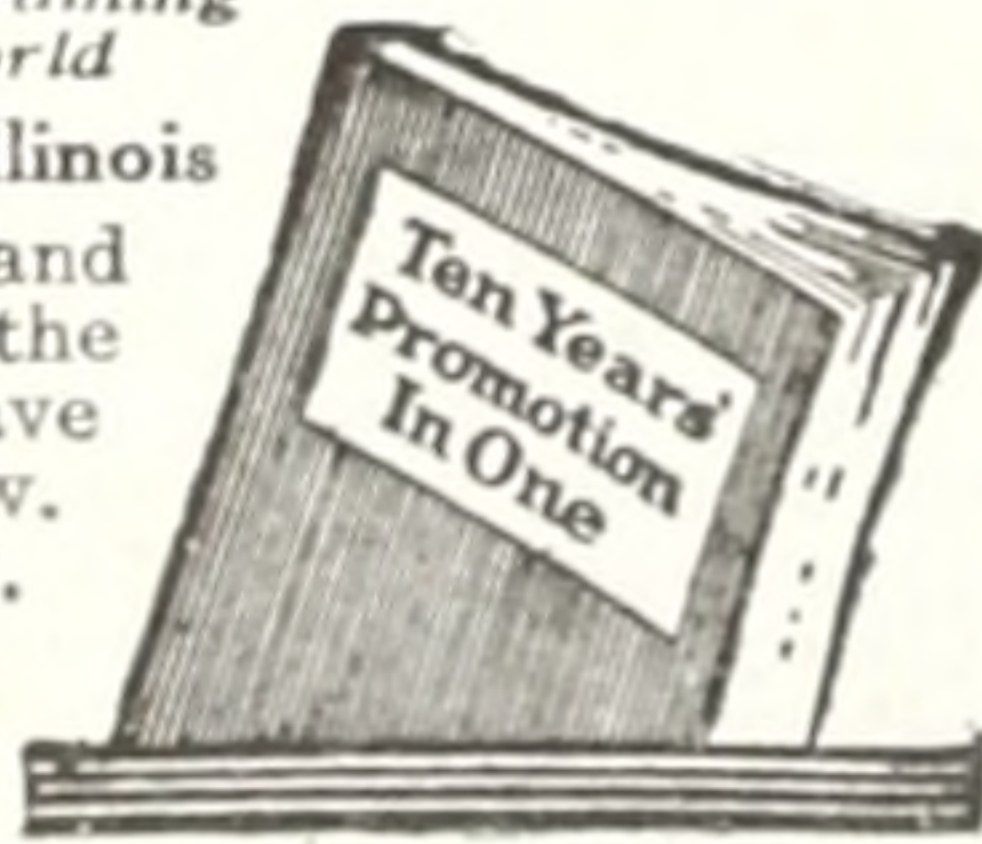
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 127)

HAZEL AND JENNY, DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—I have heard better dialogue among fourth-row flappers than I have in many a flighty farce on the stage. Sorry I have disappointed you so sorely. Please try to believe in me, as the heroine always says to the old home folks when she comes home with seven trunks and a French maid. (Mercy—aren't we naughty this month?) I can only repeat that Pearl White says she isn't married.

D. W., CHICAGO.—Lieut. Locklear was killed in August. He is survived by his wife and two children. The Fox picture—in the making of aerial "stunts" for which he met his death—is called "The Skywayman." Ten per cent of the profits will be given to the families of the two aviators—Locklear and his companion. "The Great Air Robbery" was the Universal picture in which he starred.

M. WARD, LONDON, ENGLAND.—The Prince of Wales, I should say, is one of the most popular film stars on the screen today. At any rate he gets more applause than most leading men. Richard Barthelmess' name in Dorothy Gish's picture, "Boots," was *Everet White*. In "Scarlet Days" he played *Alvarez*. I can only give you one cast; here is "A Daughter of Two Worlds": *Jenny Malone*, Norma Talmadge; *Her father*, Frank Sheridan; *Kenneth Harrison*, Jack Crosby; *Slim Jackson*, William Shay; *Uncle George*, Ned Burton; *Harry Edwards*, Gilbert Rooney; *Sergt. Casey*, Charles Slattery; *Sue Harrison*, Virginia Lee; *Mrs. Harrison*, Winifred Harris; *Mr. Harrison*, J. E. Radcliffe.

JAZZ.—You surely lived up to the name you gave yourself when your first letter shimmied into my office. Your writing does a regular turkey-trot down the page, and as for your stationery—well, Irving Berlin could write a rag about it with no trouble at all. You're a Jazz Baby, as Ann Pennington used to sing. No, Ann isn't in pictures any more; but I wish she'd come back. Bebe Daniels is nineteen, and a Realart star. Her first is "You Never Can Tell" with Bebe as a good little bad girl—whatever that means. She isn't married, to Harold Lloyd or anyone.

CARLOTTA, ELECTRA.—I don't get your joke, but then my sense of humor is on its vacation. They say there was a woman once who heard a joke and then told it correctly but I have never happened to run across her. Usually they begin with the whip end and work forward. Arline Pretty is—but that isn't her real name. Sorry I don't know what it is. Mack Sennett isn't married. Harrison Ford, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

KATHLEEN, MURPHYSBORO, ILL.—Will forward your paean of praise to the Gish girls. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish are in Europe now. Her latest picture is "Up in the Air with Jane," in which James Rennie is her leading man. Richard Barthelmess is still working at the Griffith studio; he is in "Way Down East." He will be a star early in the coming year. He is married to Mary Hay. Darrel Foss, Universal.

M. E. C., DETROIT.—Billie Burke was born as far back as 1886, but who would ever suspect it—if there weren't horrid Answer Men to ferret our facts? Billie has been on the stage about fifteen years. "Billie Burkes" refer to a form of curled coiffure made famous by the present Mrs. Ziegfeld. Nazimova did "A Doll's House," by Ibsen, on the stage.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JEAN, DETROIT.—Some stars send their pictures gratis. But more ask twenty-five cents and donate it to charity. Alice Joyce turns over the money thus received to the Actors' Fund. Nazimova is with Metro. Tom Moore, Goldwyn.

SYLVIA, SAUK RAPIDS.—I'd do almost anything to gain a friend for life—even to asking the editor to put your favorites in the art section. Thank you for the nice things you say about this department. My strongest rival, it seems, is the art section—and I'm sure I can't hold that against the beautiful ladies who grace it. There— isn't that a grand speech? Come again sometime.

L. J. B., HERKIMER, N. Y.—No, "In Search of a Sinner" wasn't written from Constance Talmadge's real life. Haven't I told you, child, time and again and over and over, that Constance has not yet met the man lucky enough to persuade her to say yes? She probably has more proposals than most princesses and heiresses but she has not yet taken any of them seriously. She's in Europe now. Lionel Barrymore is in Whitman Bennett-First National pictures. The first two are "The Master Mind" and "The Devil's Garden." He is married to Doris Rankin. Brother John is married to Blanche Oelrichs-Thomas.

MONA.—I liked that "Hello" way of opening your epistle. Just like that—Hello. As good as shaking hands any day. Louise Huff? Well, I don't know just where you can locate the lady at the present writing. She was with Selznick, and left; then she went with Metro—and left there, too. Perhaps you had better wait until she signs a new contract before you write to her. She's Mrs. Edgar Stillman in private life.

JOSEPHINE.—Lewis Sargent played *Huckleberry Finn*, and Gordon Griffith was *Tom Sawyer* in "Huckleberry Finn." Sargent has the lead in Director William Taylor's new kid picture, "The Soul of Youth," in which the famous "boys' judge," Ben Lindsey, appears. Gordon Griffith has played the young "Tarzan" in the picturization of Edgar Rice Burrough's fanciful tale.

FRIEND FROM JAVA.—Thank you for such a good letter. So you go to picture theaters Tuesday, Friday and Sunday, and wonder why the American companies, with the exception of Pathe, have such poor translations of captions. I certainly will look you up if I ever come to Sourabaya, but I'm afraid I'll never make it. Who would write the answers while I was gone? Write to Eddie Polo, care Universal City, California.

MRS. J. G., WYOMING.—Like dentists, Benvenuto Cellini was a worker in ivory and gold. Wonder if they called him "Ben" for short? Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria. His latest production is "Foolish Wives." Write to him at Universal City.

JULIUS STARKS, ANGUS, TEXAS.—So you are an ardent movie fan and reader of PHOTOPLAY and live out in the country and get sort of lonesome at times and would like to hear from people interested in the same things that you are. Well, we don't go in for correspondence clubs or anything like that, but if somebody reads this and wants to write to you, I can't help it, can I? Mary Pickford is working again in California. Frances Marion, her warm personal friend, who has written some of her best scenarios, is now directing her. They haven't given out the details of the production as yet.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FENWAY FAN, BOSTON.—The latest, I hear, is visiting cards for high-bred dogs. A large stationery concern has just sent out an announcement to this effect. A variety of card cases may be obtained. Oh, chloroform, where is thy sting? The Wallace Reids have only one son, Bill. You want a story and picture on Crauford Kent. He's a good actor, isn't he?

O. B., CANTON.—Niles Welch's li'l ol' home town is Stamford, Conn. Dick Barthelmess' native village is New York City. Niles works in Hollywood; Dick, in Mamaronek, New York. Both are married, as I have remarked at various and sundry times in these learned columns.

KATHERINE KENT, KANSAS.—Will you really give me some fried chicken if I come to Kansas? You see I have been fooled so many times about lemon-meringue pie and fudge and chocolate cake that naturally I am skeptical. In other words, I want to smell the chicken sizzling in the pan before I believe it. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron and when she isn't working at the Louis Mayer studios lives in an Italian house at 3800 Mission Blvd., Los Angeles. Clara Kimball Young, Harry Garson studios, L. A. The Talmadges, their own studios, New York City.

MRS. H. HARVEY, CHICAGO.—Please accept my sincere apologies for keeping you waiting. I think Eric von Stroheim will send you his picture, but if I were you I'd write to Eric at Universal City, California, and make sure. Von Stroheim is said to be engaged to Miss Valerie Germonprez, who played the brunette bride at the inn in "Blind Husbands."

BABBY, CHICAGO.—Some husbands are quite faithful. They don't even find fault with the way their wives bring up the children. Don't marry in haste, Bab—think it over. Walter McGrail *did* play with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army" as I said before. It was one of her last Pathe serials. Pearl is making features now for Fox. "The Tiger's Cub" and "The White Moll" are her first two releases.

T. O. K., DENVER.—No, no, St. John Ervine is not a scenario writer. He is an English playwright, and two of his successes are "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg." Perhaps you got the idea of his association with films from the fact that Margaret Wycherly, who plays "Jane Clegg," is the wife of Bayard Veiller, Metro's production manager and scenario chief. Noah Beery is married and has one son. He was born in Kansas City in 1884. He was on the stage with Mansfield and is in films with Lasky. His most important role was in the name part of "The Sea Wolf." He is a brother of Wallace Beery.

VIRGINIA DARE, RICHMOND.—You like my section of the Magazine better than any other part. Do you ever write letters to the Editor? Conway Tearle, he of the magnificent eyebrow-jungles, is now a star for Selznick. His first for that company is "Marooned Hearts" with Zeena Keefe. Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No?" Elaine Hammerstein's latest is "The Point of View," while Eugene O'Brien has recently appeared in "The Figurehead." And here is the cast of J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing": Sir William Farrell, Thomas Meighan; Lt. George Surratt, Robert Gordon; Dr. Howson, Winter Hall; Nell, Sylvia Breamer; Hester, Ola Humphrey; Mrs. Greyson, Mollie McConnell; Cicely, Katherine O'Connor.

ISABELLA, MARTINSBURG.—I do not know Mr. Francis X. Bushman, so cannot enumerate his personal possessions, but I do know that there is a large amethyst ring among them. That is, he wears one. William Russell was divorced from Charlotte Burton some time ago. Write to him, and to Buck Jones, at Fox western studios.

ELIZABETH, ELIZABETHTOWN.—Cynics say that one cannot understand the great poets nor care to understand the little poets. That doesn't seem to prevent a lot of people from trying to write verse. Hope is always springing, I suppose. A good thing, too—or we wouldn't have any light summer fiction. I don't know how many times Willard Mack has been married but I do know that both Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick have been Mrs. Willard Mack at various times. Miss Frederick has sued Mack for divorce. They have been separated for some time.

S. K., OHIO.—I haven't heard what Doris May's new plans are. Alice Joyce was Mrs. Tom Moore; they were divorced and now Alice is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Her little daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, spends half the year with her father in California. Jack Pickford has left Goldwyn; haven't heard what concern will release his new pictures, or even what those new pictures will be.

MISS FLANNERY, WASHINGTON.—You say you like to shimmy, but not in company. Too bad some of the more strenuous shoulder-shakers don't share your opinion. Some shoulders don't seem to care who shakes them. Now I suppose I shall have letters of protest from devotees of this so-called dance from every civilized country. Oh, well—I am always getting letters of protest about something. Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle: Woman."

CONNIE, BROOKLINE.—The suicide of a good scenario is always a tragedy. However, it's more often murder, on the director's part, or the star's. I can't imagine sometimes who selects these stories we see, anyway. So few of them are really adaptable to the shadow stage. I was afraid you were a snob until I read that part of your letter referring to "the dandy fellow with the smile," Earle Foxe, Jr., was *Silver Spurs*. Foxe is now on the stage playing with Gail Kane in a new comedy, "Come Seven." Can you imagine the debonair Foxe in blackface—or should I say, tan-face? But he does it—in a play of negro life by Octavus Roy Cohen.

B. D., MEDICINE HAT.—Oh yes, these answers are easy to write. Much easier to write than they are to read. But I really do the best I can with them. Some of them need a lot of discipline. Helen Holmes isn't dead; she's just involved in litigation. Her company sued her and now she's suing them. I simply can't figure out who's suing whom these days. John Bowers, Goldwyn.

L. B., MANILA.—You say Wallace Reid won't bother with your letter because there are so many miles between you two. On the contrary, that may be why you'll get an answer—particularly if you told him you liked his eyes. Constance Binney, Realart, N. Y. Miss Binney isn't married; she lives in New York with her mother and sister Faire. Yes, I know her—she's a charming young lady.

NELLIE, TOLEDO.—That picture is too old. Warwick's new one is "The Fourteenth Man." He is no longer affiliated with Paramount. Mary Pickford is working at the Robert Brunton studios in Los Angeles.




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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

LOUISE, OMAHA.—I venture to remark that many pictures originally laid in America will be released with all sorts of European settings. Everything's Europe these days. In a perfectly good small town romance we'll probably have the heroine pack up suddenly and go to Europe, telling the hero, via the subtitle, "I'll meet you in front of the Parthenon," so they can use a shot of that edifice obtained "over there." This epidemic will lend variety to our films, anyway. Mary Garden is not making pictures; she is abroad right now but will probably come back here for the season at the Chicago Opera. Viola Dana, Metro.

K. K. K., KNOXVILLE.—Yes, you are right. Sometimes a player is made a star and maintained a star for years on the strength of one fine part secured probably by luck. That, we might say, is the artistic unearned increment. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two. That was Natalie Talmadge with Constance in "The Love Expert."

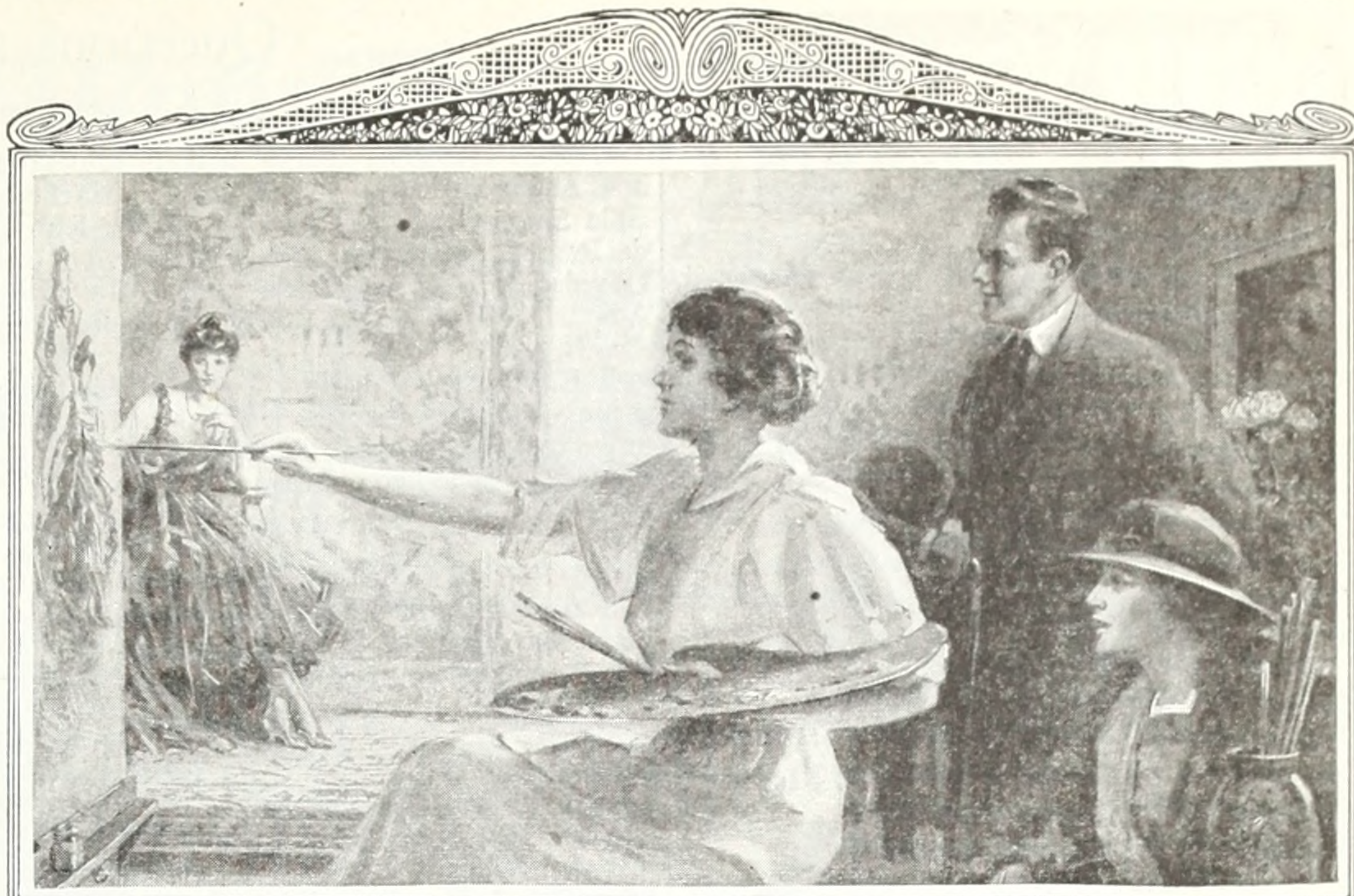
T. F., LANSING.—As I am not a genius, I am pretty well behaved at all times. You can come up to call on me without any fear that I will juggle my desk and typewriter—although I may juggle words. Clyde Fillmore was Mary Miles Minter's leading man in "Nurse Marjorie." I do not know whether he is married or not. You may write to him care the Lasky studios. He has also played opposite Ethel Clayton. Miss Minter is not married. Her new picture is "Sweet Lavendar."

KATHERINE LOUISE, NASHVILLE.—Perhaps you will write poetry some day. "Not I, sweet soul, not I," as the poet says. But if you ever do write poetry please don't compare night to a sable cloud, or a pretty girl to a flower. Still, if you simply adore Antonio Moreno you probably won't be that kind of a poet. Tony lives in California and works for Vitagraph, making serials. Olive Thomas is abroad right now but she is coming back soon to continue her picture work for Selznick.

LOIS, ARDMORE, OKLA.—Yours is the first letter I have ever had from there, so you are blazing a new trail. Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport have only one son. Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas have no children. Have no record of a Carl Miller—don't you mean Charles Miller?

H. H., GEORGETOWN.—Certainly colored stationery may be used—but it takes a lot of nerve. So you think I earn enough. It depends upon what you call enough. I manage to get along, yes; and I probably enjoy life more than I would if burdened with a fortune. I should always be trying to think up new ways to spend my money. As it is I have no such difficulty. Shirley Mason, Fox. She and Viola Dana are sisters. Mahlon Hamilton is married. Does one have to be especially educated to join the movies? Not especially.

MYSTIC ROSE, PLAINFIELD.—I wouldn't scold you for anything—or nothing. The Mystic Rose can do no wrong. I like what you said in your letter about illusions; you have the right idea. Please believe that I look like that drawing—only of course I am much more handsome. Pearl White works at the big new Fox studios on Tenth Avenue, Manhattan. All the Fox eastern companies are quartered there now. Yes, Ann Forrest is a fine actress; pretty, too. So you admit what I said about women. Well, you're a good sport, as we plebes put it.



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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. T., PATERSON.—These players appeared in "Ashes of Love": James K. Hackett, Effie Shannon, Mabel Julienne Scott, Rubye de Remer, Paula Shay, Hugh Thompson, Bill Davidson, William Bechtel and Dora Mills Adams. Not a bit of trouble, I assure you.

I. B., TEXAS.—I believe I am the innocent means of more people losing wagers than any other individual. I really can't help it. If you have a bet on that Dorothy Gish is married, and I tell you she isn't—and you lose—I can't help it, can I? I'm only trying to tell the truth. I'd be glad to help you along in any other way. Vincent Coleman in "Should a Husband Forgive?" Others answered elsewhere.

SILVIA, HAVANA.—I hope we'll be good friends, too. Your picture is delightful—do you really look like that? If so, I wonder still less that many people I know are spending their vacations in Cuba. I think your grandfather is quite right—you should wait until you are older and have completed your education before you even think of going on the stage or screen. Mary Miles Minter may be reached care Realart. She will write to you, I am sure. I would, if I were Mary.

M. W., WARSAW.—Don't be discouraged just because your first script was returned with thanks. Don't you know some of the greatest writers have had to submit their stuff again and again before it was finally accepted. Try again. Grace Darling in "The Shining Band," adapted from the book of the same name. Clara Kimball Young did "For the Soul of Rafael," it has been released. Watch out for it. I can't identify that picture from your vague synopsis. It wasn't "Sinners," however, although most of the characters seemed to be.

DORIS, ALBERTA.—Don't worry—Pauline Frederick hasn't left the screen nor is she contemplating such a step. She just signed a new contract for a term of years with Robertson-Cole. Her first release will be "Iris," from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play. Talk to your theater manager about showing the Frederick pictures. Miss Frederick is divorcing Willard Mack. She has no children.

H. P., OMAHA.—I do not know everything about everybody. I'm not nearly as old as that. Outside of offending me very much by attributing to me the wisdom that might come only if one lived a million years, I like your letter. I like girls with green eyes and freckles, anyway. Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, the Gishes, Talmadges and Shirley Mason will all send you their photographs, I think. Won't you drop in any time?

JUST MARY LOUISE, OAKLAND.—Yes, I remember you. I never get so many letters that I fail to keep you faithful ones listed in my memory book. Glad PHOTOPLAY has never disappointed you. Alice Hollister comes back in Goldwyn's "Milestones." Lottie Briscoe is still in retirement. Florence Turner was in California the last I heard making two-reel comedies. Will Rogers is one of my favorites, too.

D. S., KANSAS CITY.—Learn to listen to other people talk before you begin to take lessons in elocution. Then, of course, you won't want to take any lessons. Charles Meredith is the "nice young man" who played with Marguerite Clark in "Luck in Pawn." Meredith is married. He has acted opposite Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Constance Talmadge and Florence Vidor. Owen Moore, Selznick. Walter Hiers, Lasky studios.

M. E. M., WASHINGTON.—Does Mr. Irving Cummings expect to return to the stage next year? You'd better consult your ouija board. I'm no mind reader. Irving is married and has a small son.

B. M. F., NEW YORK.—We had a review in the Shadow Stage department of Bert Lytell's Metro picture, "The Right of Way." It was splendidly done. You want to hear more about Zasu Pitts and Cullen Landis. I'll see what I can do for you. It was Violet Heming and not Martha Hedman who was "Everywoman" in that Paramount production. A Bebe Daniels story is coming soon. Thanks for your interest.

BROWN EYES, PHILADELPHIA.—Some ladies who have been disappointed in love go in for uplift; others bob their hair and go to live in Greenwich Village. The village has of late become a rendezvous for popular starettes who like to think they are being deliciously naughty when they go down there for a cup of tea. Conway Tearle is thirty; he is married to Adele Rowland, as I've remarked at various and sundry times in these here columns.

ANNETTE, RHODE ISLAND.—Eighty-five per cent of the world's automobiles are manufactured in the United States. I hesitate to think how many of these come out of little old Detroit. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, who played opposite her in "Bab's Candidate." Marie Prevost is not married.

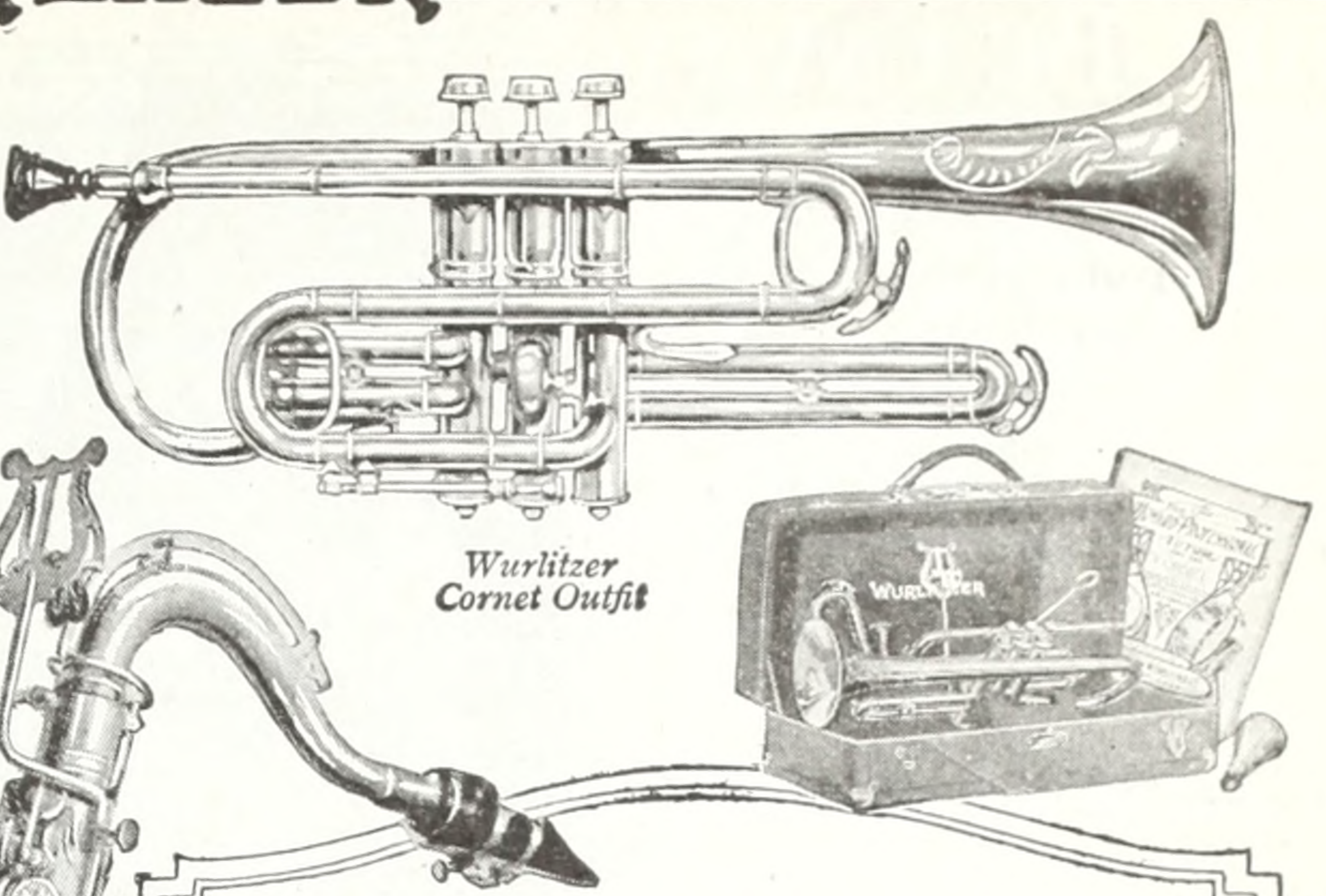
KATHERINE A., JACKSON.—Glad to meet you. You insinuate yourself into my good graces by subtle feminine flattery and then take advantage of my good nature by asking too many questions. However, you'll find the answers to most of them elsewhere in this department, so I won't hold it against you this time. Dorothy Gish may be a blonde again some time. She will probably form a new affiliation upon her return from Europe, as her Paramount contract expires soon.

BETTY, GRAND ISLAND.—If they're talking about Cox cocktails, why not Harding highballs? Made of grape-juice, of course. Mary Pickford's real name was Gladys Smith; now it's Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is now Mrs. Pickford, the court having permitted her to change her name. At the same time Jack Smith changed his name to Jack Pickford and Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's little girl, became Mary Pickford.

BOBBETTE, NEW ENGLAND.—Your uncle says he is willing to hug any screen star for one thousand dollars a week and how can he get on the screen, as he has red hair. Tell your Uncle Bob most of us feel the same way whether we have red hair or not—only most of us wouldn't have to be paid. And tell him the little girl who fell in the well in Mary Pickford's picture, "Daddy Long Legs," was pulled up all right and that Wesley Barry's freckles are real and he's made a fortune off'n 'em. And tell your Uncle Bob you can write to me as often as you like as far as I'm concerned. Wish all little girls of eight wrote such good letters.

L. R., STRAFFORD.—You like the Norma Talmadge fashion articles? So do a great many girls. I sometimes wish I were of the feminine persuasion when I read what Norma has to say. She makes shopping such a very delightful diversion, indeed. Write to Norma care her own studios—address given in our Studio Directory.

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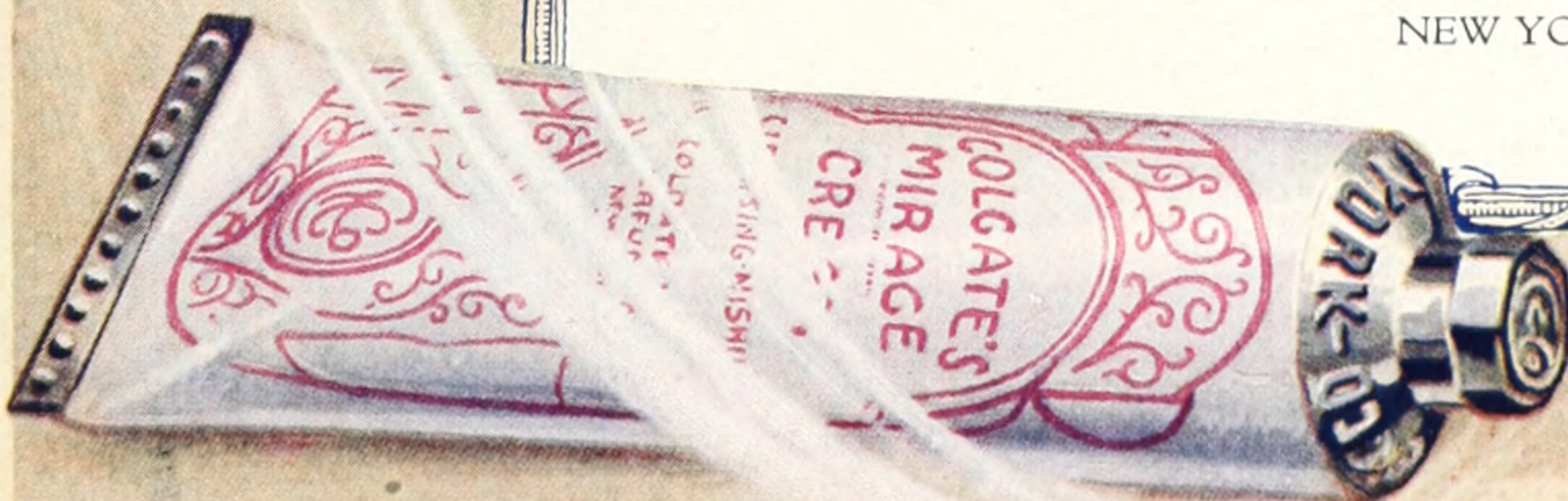
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