

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine.

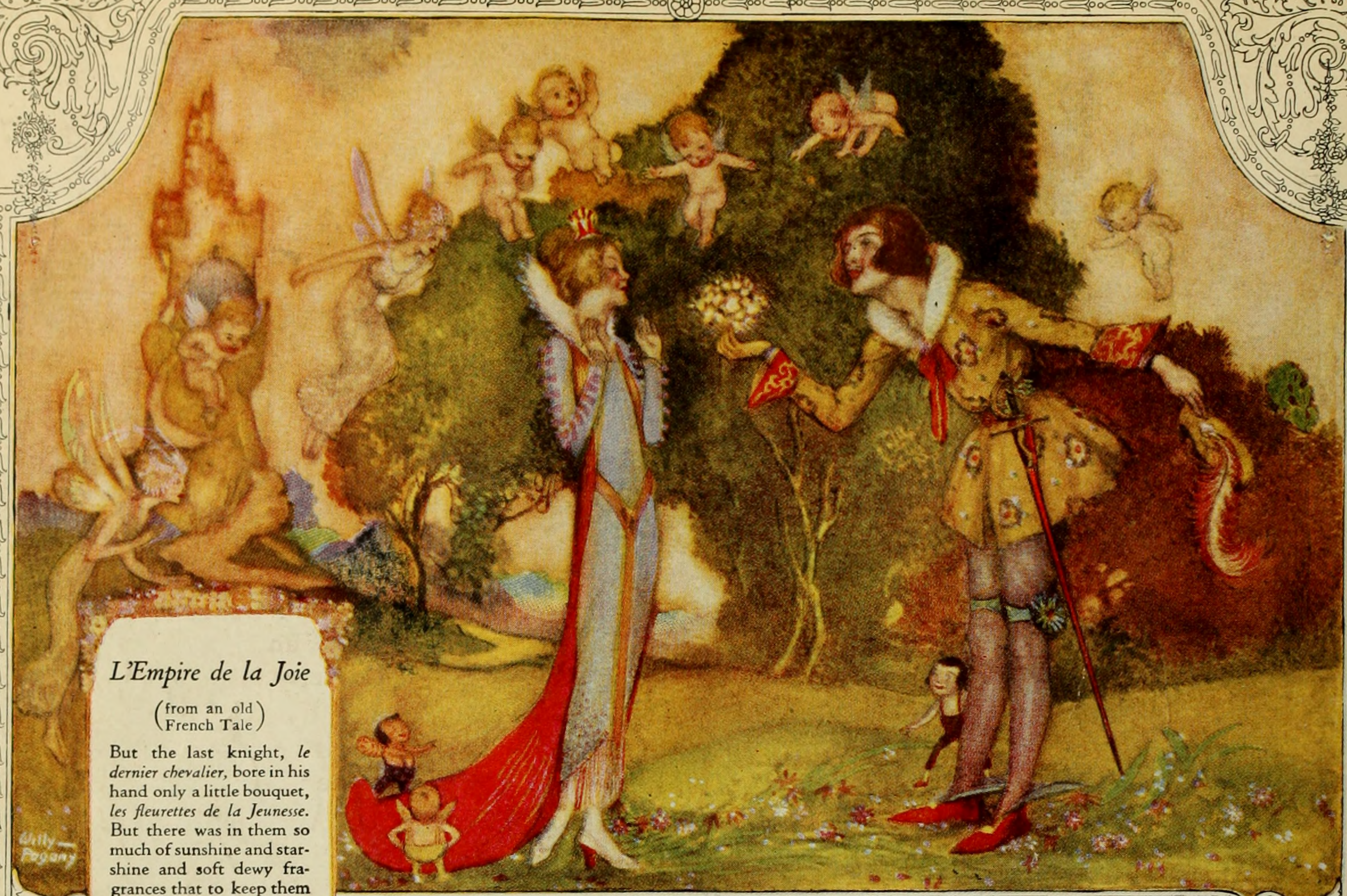
PHOTOPLAY

February 25c



LILA LEE

CHAPLIN'S GREAT SECRET—In This Issue



L'Empire de la Joie

(from an old
French Tale)

But the last knight, *le dernier chevalier*, bore in his hand only a little bouquet, *les fleurettes de la Jeunesse*. But there was in them so much of sunshine and starshine and soft dewy fragrances that to keep them meant youth in the heart forever.

A. H. S. Co.
1921

Paris whispers the Magic of "la Toilette Harmonieuse"

DID you visit today, Mesdames Américaines, that winter capital of France, that fairy city of Nice, you would doubtless mingle on the *Promenade des Anglais* with the most beautiful of all the *Parisiennes*. Would you learn the innermost secret of their boudoirs—the priceless secret of *charme français*?

Écoutez, Madame, Mademoiselle! The beauty of Paris and of France speaks to you! To be truly *Parisienne*, to be, *en réalité*, of today's mode it is quite necessary that each article of your toilet table bear the same French fragrance.

Par exemple, the French fragrance of French Djer-Kiss breathing its charm in each exquisite *spécialité de Djer-Kiss*, the Face Powder, Talc, Rouge, Sachet, Toilet Water, Extract.

Even in the pure *crèmes* and soap—*le savon* so dainty which keeps the skin fine textured and smooth, does fashion demand that Madame use the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss. Thus more and more will you desire all the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*. Little by little or *ensemble*, you will buy them. Then in their daily use you will find *la toilette harmonieuse*—that

final charm and elegance so approved by France.

Djer-Kiss Toilet Water:

So fragrant is it that you will say it must have been stolen from perfumed fairy fountains. Many uses there are for this enchanting Djer-Kiss toiletry. You will wish to employ its Maytime freshness and fragrance as an aid to the Parisian perfection of your dressing hour, will you not?

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The six exquisite paintings by Willy Pogany are reproduced in the new Djer-Kiss calendar. To receive this calendar free simply send your name and address to the Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th St., New York City.

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The Victor Record Catalog is the world's greatest catalog of music

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Do you know, for instance, the story of La Boheme, and which two composers wrote operas of that name?

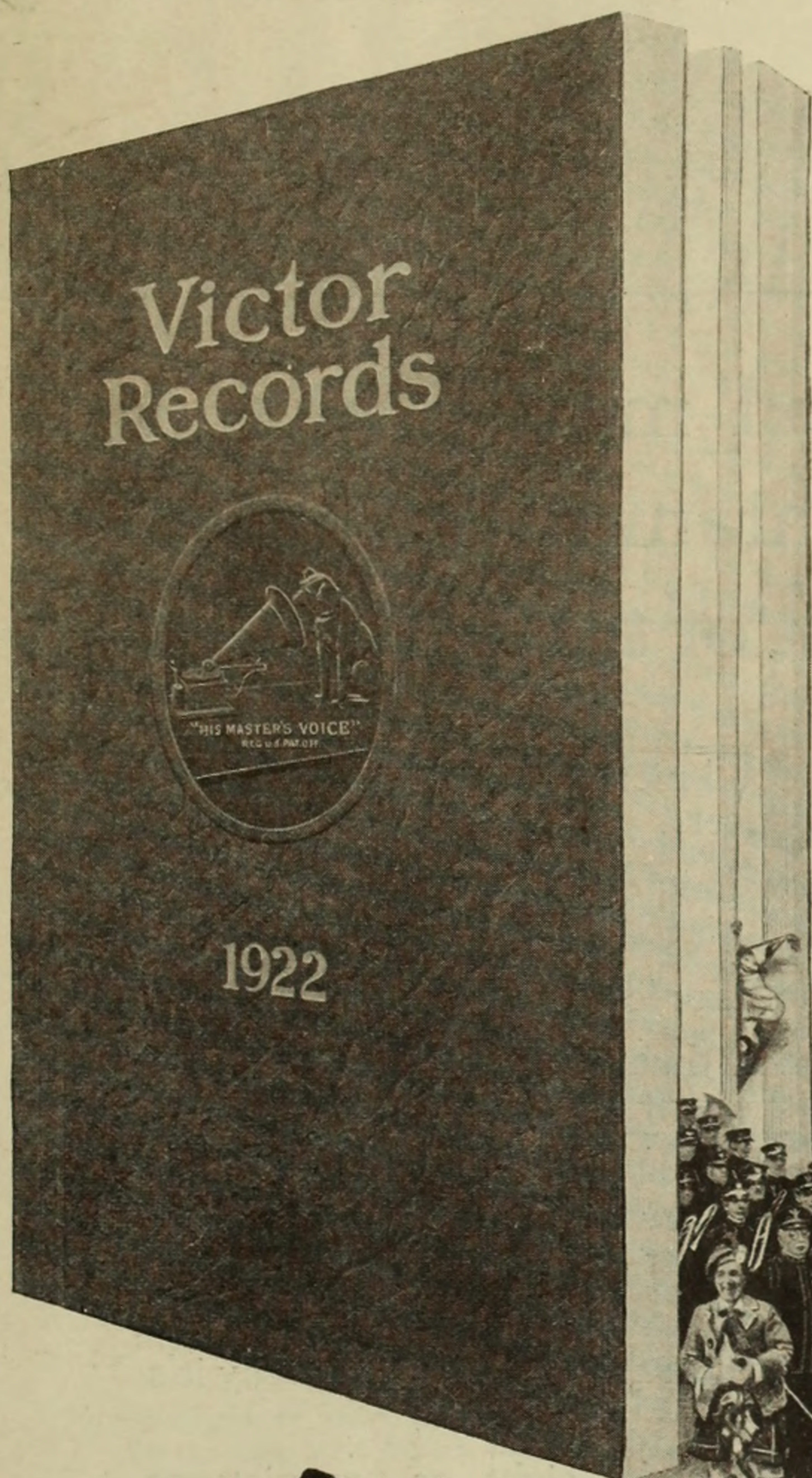
Did you know that James Whitcomb Riley himself recited some of his poems for Victor Records?

Can you name the great composer who though born in Germany is buried in Westminster Abbey?

Did you know Mozart wrote a concerto when but six years of age?

Can you recall the principal numbers in the Mikado and Pinafore?

Get a copy of this new Victor Record Catalog. It is a book that interests every one, and you can have a copy free at any Victor dealer's. Or write to us for it.



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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Dec. 1, 1921, to March 1, 1922

Ask your Theatre Manager
when he will show themEthel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
by Clara Beranger."Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
From George M. Cohan's famous play
A Cosmopolitan Production.
Directed by Frank Borzage.Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
by Lorna Moon."Just Around the Corner"
by Fannie Hurst.
A Cosmopolitan Production.William S. Hart in "White Oak"
A William S. Hart Production.Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
by James M. Barrie.
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.A William de Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theo-
dore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.
From the novel and play by
Zona Gale.Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
by Izola Forrester and Mann Page."Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst.
Directed by Frank Borzage.
A Cosmopolitan Production.Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the
novel "Enchanted Hearts"
by Darragh Aldrich.Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
by Sir Gilbert Parker.Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady.""Boomerang Bill"
with Lionel Barrymore
by Jack Boyle.
A Cosmopolitan Production.John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
with Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua" by
Dian Clayton Calthrop.A George Fitzmaurice Production.
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry."One Glorious Day" with
Will Rogers and Lila Lee
by Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer.Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
with Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris.Marion Davies in
"The Bride's Play"
by Donn Bryne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan
Productions.Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid
in "Forever"
A George Fitzmaurice Production.
Based on the novel "Peter Ibbetson"
by George Du Maurier and the
play by John Nathan Raphael.Ethel Clayton in
"Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan.

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but most of the good ones are

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great.

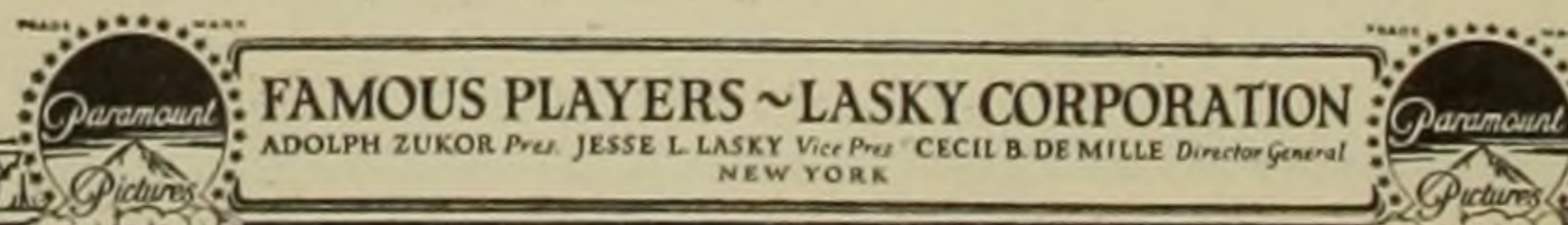
Who can make eight or ten pictures
a month right along and have 11,200
audiences say they are great?

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while and you will see what we mean.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 3

Contents

February, 1922

Cover Design	Lila Lee	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Rotogravure:		
Estelle Taylor, Glenn Hunter, Alma Rubens, Teddy Sampson, Raymond Hitchcock, Will Rogers and Jacqueline Logan.		
A Great Screen Opportunity	Editorial Page	19
Read This Remarkable Announcement		
The Confessions of a Modern Woman	Gloria Swanson	20
The Mysterious Star's Startling Philosophy		
Sonnet Impressions	Margaret Sangster	22
Silhouette Poems		
A Course in Cosmetics	(Photographs)	23
Conducted by Colleen Moore		
Seven Heavens (Fiction)	Frank R. Adams	24
A Great Story by One of Your Favorite Authors <i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>		
The Business of Making Thrills	William Duncan	28
By the Man Who Makes Them		
Long Shot, Medium Shot and Close-Up	(Photographs)	30
Mickey Makes a Scene		
Griffith's Newest Heroine	Delight Evans	31
A Close-Up of Carol Dempster		
By Their Feet Ye Shall Know Them		32
Hugo M. Smythe, M. A. An Interesting Analysis of Ankles		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Page 64	
Star-Dust	First National
Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford	Cosmopolitan-Paramount
Tol-able David	First National
Page 65	
Enchantment	Cosmopolitan-Paramount
Molly O.	Sennett-First National
Ace of Hearts	Goldwyn
Page 66	
The Call of the North	Paramount
Hamlet	Asta Films
A Sailor-Made Man	Pathe
The Lotus-Eaters	First National
The Flower of the North	Vitagraph
A Prince There Was	Paramount
Page 67	
The Fox	Universal-Jewel
Bonnie Brier Bush	British-Paramount
Bucking the Line	Fox
The Light in the Clearing	Hodkinson
The Son of Wallingford	Vitagraph
Little Eva Ascends	Metro
Page 118	
Peacock Alley	Tiffany Productions
The Beggar Maid	Triart
Ladies Must Live	Paramount
Fightin' Mad	Metro
White Oak	Paramount
The Silent Call	First National
Jackie	Fox
Page 119	
La Tosca	Paramount
The Battle of Jutland	Paramount
Our Mutual Friend	F. B. Warren
Don't Tell Everything	Paramount
Grand Larceny	Goldwyn
Riding with Death	Fox
The Millionaire	Universal
What Do Men Want	F. B. Warren
Page 120	
School Days	Warner Brothers
Exit the Vamp	Paramount
False Kisses	Universal
The Boat	First National
Her Mad Bargain	First National
Cheated Hearts	Universal
The Golden Gift	Metro
Trailin'	Fox

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Contents—Continued

Paderewski and "The Kid" Two Celebrities Everybody Loves	(Photograph)	34
The Wall Flower (Fiction) The Story of Rupert Hughes' New Picture	Elizabeth Chisholm	35
Films That Talk and Sing California's Quaintest Studio	(Photographs)	38
Close-Ups Editorial Expressions and Comment		39
Chaplin's Great Secret An Amazing Analysis of the Great Comedian	Willard Huntington Wright	40
Battle of Two Cities Which Shall Be the Film Capital: Los Angeles or New York?		42
A Prohibition Beauty Margaret Armstrong—we mean Miss Du Pont	Joan Jordan	46
Faces and Brains An Urgent Plea for New Faces, by America's Foremost Woman Novelist	Mary Roberts Rinehart	47
Clair Windsor and Company Introducing Bill	(Photograph)	49
Formerly of Thrums A New Mary McAvoy	(Photographs)	50
A Modest Hero of the Stage Allan Pollock, Gentleman and Soldier	Charles Manor	51
The Girl in the Black Dress Here's a New Kind of Screen Star		52
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford (Fiction) The Famous Story Told from the Photoplay	Gene Sheridan	53
Steps to Stardom The Rise of Bert Lytell	(Photographs)	57
Tea Gowns, Batiks, Bags and Buckles—and Other Things	Carolyn Van Wyck	58
Wild West Life in the Films Satire on the Cinema Cowboy	Willard Huntington Wright	60
May—Married! Yep—May Allison and Robert Ellis	(Photographs)	62
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Criticism		64
Married At Last! Bill Hart—to Winifred Westover	(Photograph)	68
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Durning She is Shirley Mason	(Photograph)	70
Max is Back M. Linder is Here to Stay	(Photograph)	72
Why Do They Do It? They're Still Asking		74
A Recamier of the Films The Versatile Mary Alden	Mary Winship	77
Questions and Answers An Aquatic Star	The Answer Man (Photographs)	79 80
Plays and Players	Cal York	82
Miss Van Wyck Says:		103

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 95

What Every Woman Wants to Know!

EVERY woman's wish will come true—in the next, the March, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Is there a woman in the world who doesn't want to be well-dressed and who wouldn't like to know the best, easiest and cheapest way to go about it?

PHOTOPLAY has a solution to the dress problem. Through its Fashion Editor, Carolyn Van Wyck, this Magazine is enabled to offer its women readers an opportunity to have a delightful gown—of the latest mode, the most conservative yet exquisite taste.

A Bon Ton Pattern— For You!

A Pattern for a gown specially designed for and worn by your favorite screen star—one of the famous shadow celebrities noted for her good taste in dress—will be offered to you. We can't tell you all about it now. Wait until next month.

Every woman should take advantage of this offer.

Every woman will!

So you had better order your March PHOTOPLAY NOW!

A Temperamental Delay

Unlike screen stars, editors are not used to having their photographs taken. It's too much like a visit to the dentist's. So PHOTOPLAY is unable to present the pictures of the folks who make up the book this month. They'll be in next month's issue, sure.

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.



IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know that little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when

the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided?

How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith*, or *Mr. Smith meet Miss Brown*? Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith*, or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby*?

When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith*, or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown*?

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those whom one comes in contact with.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the

most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

Sent Free for 5-Day Examination

Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

We expect this new edition to go quickly. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth, handsomely decorated with gold. We urge you to send for your set at once. The price for the complete set is only \$3.50 after 5 days. But don't send any money now—just the coupon. Keep the books at our expense while you examine them and read some of the interesting chapters.

Mail the coupon for your set of the Book of Etiquette today. Surprise your friends with your wide knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine the books. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 772, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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Today, the age-old craving, "Tell me a story," is greater than ever. To supply this need with sparkling, absorbing, wholesome entertainment is the sole aim and ambition of R-C Pictures.

We have set for ourselves a standard of quality that demands all the best there is in stories, in acting, in directing and artistic motion picture photography.

To help us in realizing these ideals we have employed the talents of such famous artists as Pauline Frederick, Sessue Hayakawa and Doris May, and the versatile experience of such able directors as Louis J. Gasnier, Wm. Christy Cabanne and Colin Campbell.

Already such successes as "The Stealers," "The First Born," "The Foolish Age," "Kismet," "Turn in the Road," and "Possession" bear the distinguishing mark of

R-C PICTURES

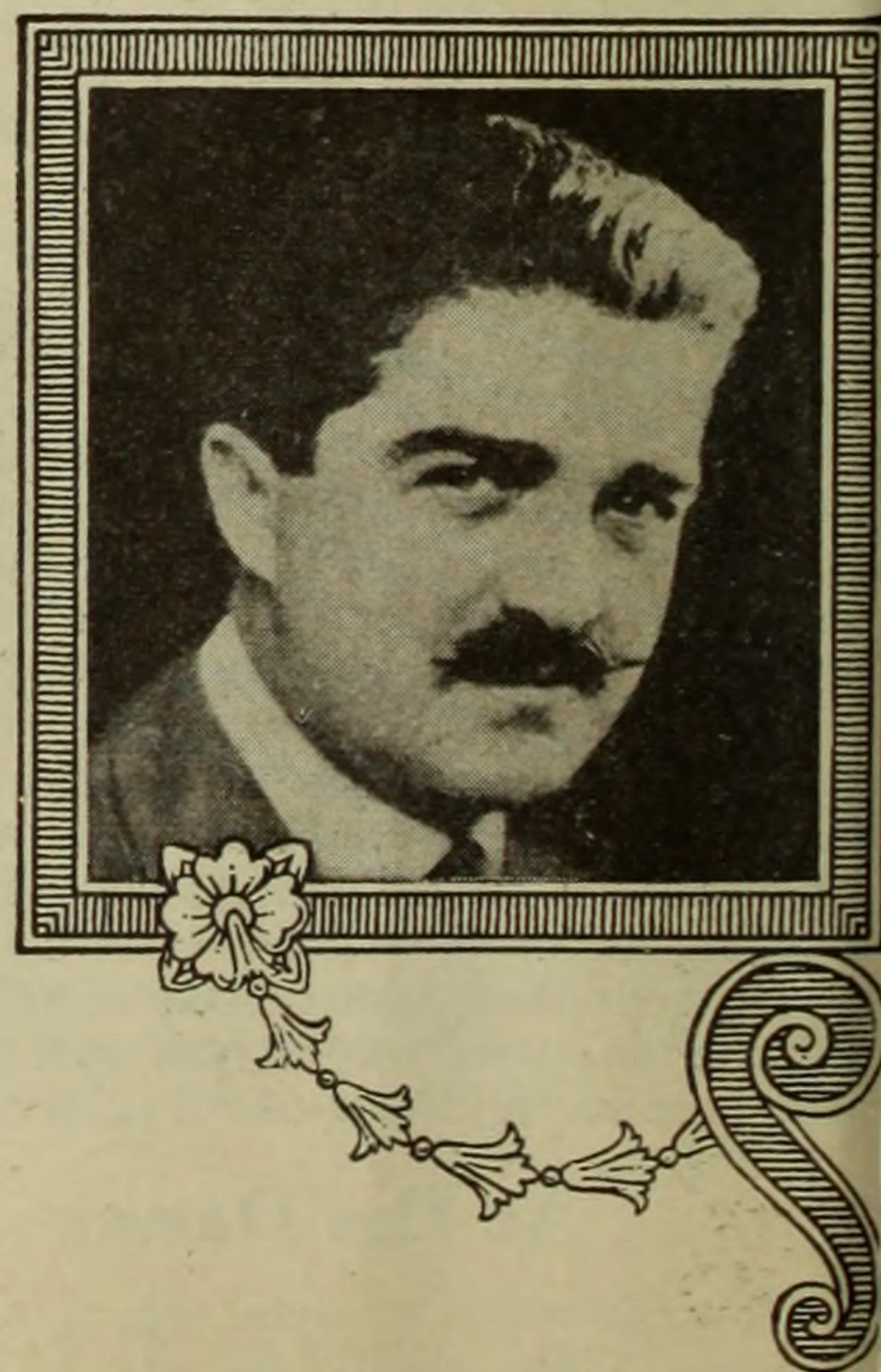
New York



"AT THE STAGE DOOR"

directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne

This is the wistful story of a girl who from childhood constantly "gives up" to her younger sister. Then comes the tragedy of learning her lover prefers "the baby." Unable to endure the torture of having her heart break daily at the happiness she thought to be her own, she leaves home. At the brink of disaster a great love finds and claims her.





Pauline Frederick
in
"TWO KINDS OF WOMEN"

Coming home, at her father's untimely death, to take charge of his enormous cattle interests, Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) finds herself surrounded by treacherous and avaricious interests who plan to despoil her. A few staunch adherents, loyal to their old employer, unflinchingly stand by. Fraud, brute force and flagrant villainy run the gamut of their evil powers, calling into superb action all the audacious courage, all the sweetness and culture of perfect womanhood which this talented star so well knows how to delineate.

R-C Week

— February 5th to 12th

This is a special occasion arranged to acquaint all lovers of the silent drama with the wholesome, magnetic entertainment afforded by R-C Pictures.

Make it a point to see one or more of these new, cleverly written, skillfully acted and beautifully photographed R-C Pictures during R-C Week.

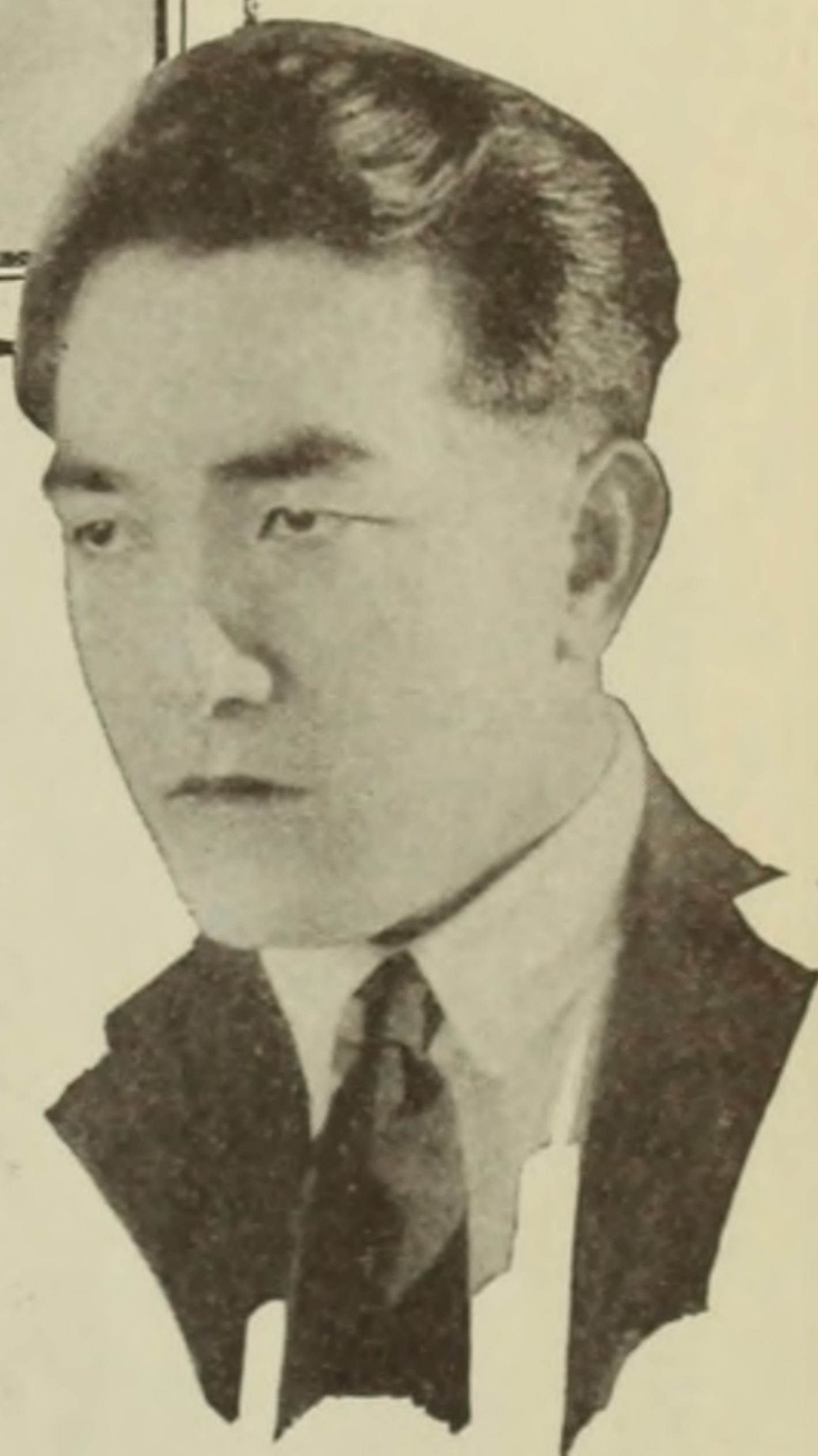


"SILENT YEARS"
directed by Louis J. Gasnier

One of the most delightful books of recent years is Harriet T. Comstock's "Mam'selle Jo." It is a story in which mother love, touching the supreme heights of sacrifice and devotion, stands as a rock against which the evil forces of malice and slander hurl themselves to their own destruction. "Silent Years" is a thrilling dramatization of "Mam'selle Jo."

"FIVE DAYS TO LIVE"
starring Sessue Hayakawa

Recognized critics state there is no more finished dramatic actor for the screen today than Sessue Hayakawa. In his latest picture, "Five Days to Live," he draws the veil from that deep, spiritual, fatalistic love that Eastern stoicism completely shadows from Occidental eyes. This picture is a peep into the soul of the ancient East.



"POSSESSION" from Sir Anthony Hope's novel "Phroso"
a Mercanton production

Sir Anthony Hope, master teller of dramatic stories—Mercanton, the "Griffith of Europe," a rare combination of matchless talents, resulting in a picture of such intense realism as to hold the spectator breathless. This tale of adventure, intrigue and romance, acted amid the identical surroundings that gave the novel its atmosphere and color, the background a real and famous old castle and a great natural cave 300 feet below ground, has all the thrill of a vivid personal experience.



"EDEN AND RETURN"
starring Doris May

Dainty Doris May, who delivered a landslide of mirth in "The Foolish Age," repeats with a vengeance in "Eden and Return." For sheer fun, marvelously ingenious situations, the snappiest kind of rollicking, riotous action, this comedy offers an evening of uproarious hilarity that you willingly will go far to see.

The MASTER FORMULA

During the Civil War a certain material used in making one of the Squibb products became very scarce and its price extremely high. A young chemist suggested to Dr. Edward R. Squibb that another ingredient be substituted—one which cost less and was easier to obtain, but was not so satisfactory. "By changing your formula in this way," the young man argued, "you will save money and most people will never know the difference."

"Young man," said Dr. Squibb, "I am always willing to change a formula when I can improve it. But please remember that the Master Formula of every worthy business is honor, integrity and trustworthiness. That is one formula I cannot change."

We all know that there are men and women who devote a lifetime to some science, art or profession with no thought of wealth or profit beyond that which naturally follows worthy achievement. Not only are there such men and women, but there are such business institutions as well.

Such institutions are interested primarily in making something as fine as it can be made, and only secondarily are they interested in the profit.

Of all manufacturers, this honor, integrity and trustworthiness should guide the maker of pharmaceutical and chemical products. Of all things used by mankind there are none where purity and reliability are more important.

For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has adhered to "the master formula" in a way which has won world-

wide recognition for the supremacy of Squibb products. For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has shared with the world its scientific discoveries. It has used no secret formulas and has made but one claim: That its products are as pure as nature and science can make them, and that there is never an exception to this.

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Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

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Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

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Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

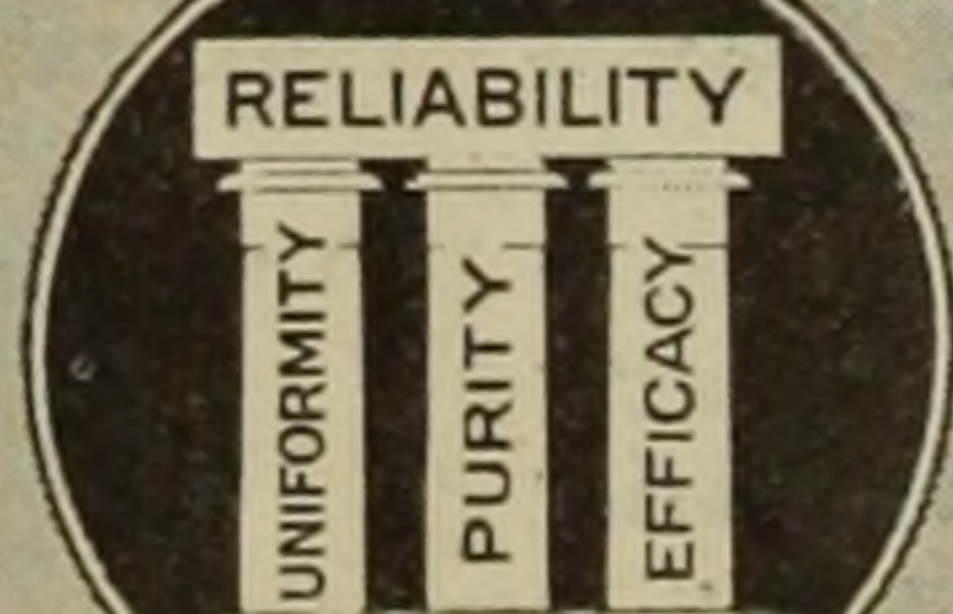
Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

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SQUIBB





Alfred Cheney Johnston

ALWAYS dainty and exquisite—always the patrician from the tips of her slim fingers to the pointed toes of her just-as-slim slippers—that is Estelle Taylor, who has climbed to honors on Fox screens. She is one of our very best ingenues



Pach

THE average young man, cast as a hero, leaves much to be desired. But Glenn Hunter is not an average young man. Poised, unusually attractive, and a good actor, he satisfies the most exacting. His latest picture is with Norma in "Smilin' Through"



Ira L. Hill

THE wistfulness in the eyes of Alma Rubens is contradicted by her curving lips. She is the enchanted princess of every fairy tale. She was the feminine attraction in "Humoresque", which won PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE first Medal of Honor



Alfred Cheney Johnston

TEDDY SAMPSON'S middle name should be "demure." But her demureness is of the most provocative sort. Wide appealing eyes, lips just slightly pouted and—didn't we once read a poem about a nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower?"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

LONG a Broadway favorite and one of the ablest comedians upon the legitimate stage, Raymond Hitchcock is now working on a film version of "The Beauty Shop." He had an unfortunate experience when Sennett went out after stage stars



Melbourne Spurr

NO MATTER what part he plays, Will Rogers is always loveable and endearing. He has a great gift—the ability to make people cry and, in the next minute, laugh away the tears. We hope that his reported return to the stage is not true



Clarence Bull

TO play opposite Thomas Meighan, to be young, appealing and beautiful—what more could any girl desire? We cannot help feeling that Jacqueline Logan is well content with her role in life! She is now one of the ornaments of Goldwyn pictures

The Confessions of a Modern



Edwin Bower Hesser

Gloria Swanson is usually a silent creature, enigmatic, with a disconcerting perfection of poise. In this story she has broken that weird silence of hers—and it is as though the Sphinx has spoken, as though the Mona Lisa had whispered her secrets

ONCE when I happened to be in Egypt, I met the mummy of a Princess of the Nile.

It was an intriguing-looking mummy, and as I listened to the guide's indiscretions concerning her former reputation, I wished ardently that the lady might open her so-long-mummified lips and tell me exotic secrets of the wit, wisdom and wickedness of the men and women of her ancient day.

In Paris, I stood one spring afternoon in the Louvre, spellbound before the most famous of all feminine smiles—the strange, subtle, pale lure of Mona Lisa. And as it stole over my senses like the scent of waterlilies under passionate moonlight, I prayed fantastically that La Giaconda might part those wise, persuasive lips and picture me romantic days in Florence when men and women laughed and lied and loved and Leonardo painted her deathless smile.

But Mona Lisa knew that to speak she must cease smiling! Still, life held in store for me something as fascinating—and almost as miraculous.

For one foggy, pallid morning, I sat on a long, velvet divan

to
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

The enigmatic
star breaks her long,
weird silence,
and gives some startling
views on the relations
of man and woman

and heard Gloria Swanson, the mystery woman of the screen, really talk for the first time in all the years I have known her, and with a vivid tongue and ruthless hand unveil for me the hidden meanings of the Modern Woman, the twentieth century beauty, the ultra-advanced American female, of whom she is the screen's greatest exponent.

I HAVE known Gloria Swanson since she was an extra girl—a sullen, opaque creature, as unknowable, as awkward, as enkindled as a young lioness.

I have seen her now and then ever since, during the years that she has climbed so relentlessly, so doggedly, ahead. I have viewed her dramatic characterizations of the Cecil deMille women—her cold, selfish, finally awakened wife in "Anatol," her entirely modern woman in "Why Change Your Wife" and farther back in "Don't Change Your Husband." And she stands to me today as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and

written and thought.

But she is a silent creature—unsmiling, enigmatic, with a disconcerting perfection of poise that always makes me positive my hat is on crooked, my nose shiny and my hands hopelessly large and destructive.

So that when she spoke and presented to me suddenly the results of her long and careful study of the present evolution of the female, it startled me. The Egyptian mummy had spoken—Mona Lisa had whispered me her secrets—Gloria Swanson had voluntarily broken that weird silence of hers that has been the despair of and the red flag to interviewers for many moons, and through the shattered wall I saw an intelligence I had always doubted she possessed, a warmth I had barely suspected and a real ability to think in a straight line.

We were discussing her present production, "The Husband's Trademark."

"That's an odd title," I said, "yet I suppose it's true."

"True?" said Gloria Swanson. "Of course it's true. It

Woman — as Told by Gloria Swanson

has come to the place where most men are glad to get a woman who can serve them as a good trademark—glad to get so much from the woman of today. And women reach out to place on their bare shoulders the emblems only of a man's financial success and eminence.

"I have studied the modern woman—she is my business. I have read and watched and listened and have tried to strip from her every vestige and pretense and tradition. I've had to.

"It is not myself personally that speaks—my own experiences are a mere drop in the ocean of feminism that I must navigate if I am to portray her correctly—this bodily-beautiful, selfish, emancipated, restless, intolerant, unhappy woman who makes up so large a percentage of womanhood in this country today. And it is as the actress, the student of human character and emotions, that I speak—and not as myself."

She kicked back almost viciously the gold and green silken train of her negligée that had wrapped itself about her exquisite, tiny feet and her perfect ankles. One tiny strong hand—her hands look strong enough to stop the rush of a tiger, yet they are very small—shoved back the thick mass of her mahogany hair, that falls in short, thick curls to her shoulders. The scent of some heady perfume that was like a black narcissus came from her golden skin.

And yet her eyes had a look that amazed me—like the eyes of a young art student before the canvasses of Agnolo.

"No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master—*her master*. No woman is happy without a master. No woman can love a man who is not her master.

"There you have the whole thing—the bitter, deep, spreading, hidden cancer of the unrest of the modern woman.

"He may be her slave—her adorer—her devoted servant, but, at the same time, he must be her master.

"And let me tell you this, either the American man has got to assert his mastery, has got to arise and conquer woman and make her realize that he is the superior being and that she must be big enough

"**E**QUALITY between the sexes means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equalling each other in the same thing."

"No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master. He may be her slave, her adorer, her devoted servant—but at the same time he must be her master."

"Woman's highest ambition today is to be the trade-mark of a successful husband."

"Woman's emancipation and equality have too frequently led her down to man's level instead of bringing him up to hers."

"The modern woman knows too much or too little. A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the market quotations on cotton sounds to him about as pleasing as the alarm clock that goes off at six o'clock. But the woman who can't carry on an interesting kissless conversation is just as bad."

and fine enough and loving enough to make him happy—or in a hundred years this country will have gone back to the days of the Amazon and woman will rule by right of might and not, as she now does, by the tyranny of the weak over the strong.

"The American woman of today—the husband's trademark—is hopelessly, horribly unhappy. Look at her face and you will see it. Why? Because she is linked to a mate who does not make her feel his superiority. Because she *does* get her own way. Because, like a child, she has been pampered, spoiled, indulged, yielded to, until she doesn't know what she wants or get any pleasure from anything she gets.

"Where is the woman whose face is alight with joy over such simple things as a beautiful day, a service rendered, a child or a dog? Where is the woman who studies what happiness means and how to get it?"

"Woman's emancipation and equality have too frequently led her down to man's level instead of bringing him up to hers.

"The second cause for unhappiness—and it is an offshoot of the first—between men and women, in love and marriage, is the success of woman in her venture into the business and professional worlds.

"If the surest way to get rid of a bore is to lend him money, the surest way to get rid of a husband that is worth keeping, is to earn it.

"I do not believe that marriage—happy, successful marriage in the higher sense of a home, a center, a joint growth and future—is possible if the woman insists on following a career.

"And I stand on that absolutely!

"Professional women—women who wish to go on working—should not marry. This, understand, is not my personal opinion necessarily. But as a theory; it seems to me more logical, more sane, as a working out of our present difficulties than the present mistakes. We can proceed only by improved beliefs. Balzac said, 'Marriage is a science.'

"What woman today regards it as such? Yet somebody has got to be the scientist of marriage



She stands as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and written and thought

of each marriage. It's got to be somebody's business. And since nothing can alter the fact that women bear the children it should be the science of woman—the business of woman, when she goes into it.

"I claim that any woman in the world can make a success of any marriage if she will devote her time to it, study it, sacrifice to it, work at it, as any other scientist does. And that her returns will be a thousandfold.

"How many women do you know who do it?"

"Maria Theresa, who was an empress and a queen and the head of an army and a nation, as well as a beauty, once said to her ministers, 'Ah, gentlemen, the only true happiness for a woman in this world is in a happy marriage.'

"Perhaps she was right. No amount of modern emancipation has given woman more power, pomp, fame and freedom than had the Empress Maria Theresa.

"Perhaps she is wrong. Perhaps since that day we have developed a civilization where woman can find the same happiness in work and art as she can in marriage.

"But both she cannot have.

"Let us establish a business, a professional or an artistic celibacy, as we have established a religious.

"We must find a radical solution, and this is the only one unless man consents to let the wife carry the burden of support and business, and he assumes the marital obligations.

"If a woman's desire for a career, for her art, her business, is stronger than her desire for wifedom and motherhood—well and good. That is fair enough. But she must leave marriage alone. Let her follow the path of her choice and sacrifice marriage. Nor is it logical to say that men in the past have always had both a career and marriage—for then the woman carried her share of the partnership and while the career was his, and she shared its benefits, the marriage was hers, and she took his portion of its joys.

"But if a woman is going to marry, let her devote herself to it. Let her make it a success and let her be taught in her girlhood the responsibilities, the labors, the trials and hardships that are necessary to produce a happy marriage. Let her be disciplined to undertake them.

"The least interesting woman in the world to a man is a

so-called 'successful' woman. The most obnoxious wife, a famous one. It is not possible for a home to serve two masters—a master and a mistress. Yes, a man resents deeply every penny his wife earns, and every penny she spends that she earns. Money gives a woman security, confidence, makes her sure of her judgment. It steals away from her the child qualities that all men love in a woman.

"Equality between the sexes, in my opinion, means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equating each other in the same things.

"Let us consider some of the things a woman should know and have in order to be a successful wife.

"The wise wife must prefer peace of mind and harmony to the vindication of her own opinions, comfort and congeniality to the emphasis of her own dignity, and a contented husband to a personal success.

"How can a woman who every day gives the best of her brain and heart and soul to the impersonal master of a career have the patience, tact and humility to govern a home?"

"Sweetness is a quality that the modern woman has almost forgotten. It has gone out of date. There are many clever women, successful women, smart and talented women, but I see so few women nowadays that are sweet and simple and sincere.

"The modern woman, the modern beauty, lacks the one essential of a satisfactory wife or sweetheart, or even a real friend—amiability.

"Practically every woman who has been famous in history for her ability to win and hold love had the quality of pleasing—not only the senses, not primarily the senses, but of being affable, amiable, kindly in manner to the people about her. Even Cleopatra was much beloved by her people, for you know they did not break the head of her statues after her death. Ninon de L'Enclos, Marguerite de Valois, Mary Stuart, Lady Hamilton, Nell Gwynne, Madame de Montespan, Madame Récamier, Ann Boleyn—were all noted for their amiability and their keen wit.

"No, no, the modern woman wants to have her cake and eat it, too. Matrimonially speaking, it's impossible to achieve a happy marriage and to be a free agent at the same time.

(Continued on page 114)

Sonnet Impressions



NORMA TALMADGE

Dim teakwood forests, fragrant in the night—
Sandalwood, spices, bits of ivory:
Storms creeping out across a jade green sea,
Silver and glass by shaded candle light.
Eyes that can cloud with tears, and still be bright,
Lips that are fraught with scarlet mystery;
Slim, luring hands that almost seem to be
Cut like a cameo, intense and white.

Songs without words—far heights and untold deeps,
Castles in Spain, pale lilies in the dusk;
Black, stealthy leopards, and the scent of musk,
Velvet draped rooms where latent magic sleeps.
Charm from a distance—never face to face—
Roses that bloom in a walled garden place!

By
MARGARET
SANGSTER



GLORIA SWANSON

Flashing before our eyes . . . A lighted fire,
Vivid with eagerness and pulsing flame—
Touched with the glamor of earth's keen desire,
Putting—almost—the sunset clouds to shame . . .
Ardent and shy, untamable and willing,
Swept with the knowledge of life's force and power—
Almost unconsciously, yet gladly, filling
All of the world with brightness for an hour!

Flame that is palest violet in places,
Flame that is throbbing crimson at its heart;
Flame that is silent for long, glowing spaces
E'er, with a sob, it tears itself apart!
Beauty that nearly devastates the eye,
Beauty that warms and thrills all passers-by!

A Course in Cosmetics

Colleen Moore Gives Lessons in Make-up

Photographs by Goldwyn



"First, wipe your face thoroughly with cold cream. Now apply the grease-paint stick. Rub in a thick coating"



"Next powder profusely. Then brush powder off lightly with a baby-brush, which is soft and fine as possible"



"Curl back the eyelashes with the mascara brush, first brushing them clean of any trace of face powder"

"Now comes the difficult art of making up the lips. With your little finger dipped in rouge, make a rosebud of your mouth!"

"And when you want to clean your face of all cosmetics, a generous coating of cold cream does the work"





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to crush this glorious girl to his breast

Seven Heavens

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrated by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

One of the best stories which
ever came from the typewriter
of one of our most entertaining
short story writers

THE saxophone has practically replaced the harp as our smart musical instrument," the guide was telling Corbin Banks. "But if you prefer the strings to the wood-winds there are a lot of slightly used solid gold chassis, streamline lyres in the repair shop right now being rewired."

Corbin Banks was not interested. "I have no musical preferences," he said glumly.

The guide resented Corbin's attitude. "Cheer up, my friend. You're a false note in a realm devoted to gayety. Perhaps you need your morning muleshine. Step with me into this bar which is the haven of departed American spirits. They serve nothing but bonded stuff and the price is fifteen cents,—two for a quarter, words which may have a familiar ring to your ears if you are old enough."

"I don't drink," Corbin declined shortly.

"You're a motion picture fan perhaps?" the guide persisted patiently. "The building on your left is the Strand Theater. The feature for today is 'Wine, Woman, and Whiskers.' It may interest you to know that we have no censors here and even stories from the Bible can be shown without cuts or alterations. And our bathing beauties! You'll admit there is nothing like them on earth."

Corbin shook his head. "Not interested."

"Maybe you're an ex-soldier?" hazarded the lecturer. "If so a visit to the War Department Building will lighten your heart. Just step in and get your bonus, land grant, disability allowance, anything you want and without waiting more than a few minutes. It's the only place you ever will get any of those things. Besides—"

"I don't want a thing in the way of compensation," Corbin interrupted him.

"I've got to please you in some way," murmured the despairing guide.

"Why 'got to'?" demanded Corbin testily.

"Because I'm a Celestial Boy Scout and I have sworn to do one kind act every day. If I fail they'll take my knee panties and my Pollyanna badge away from me. You're my problem for today. I won you on a raffle just as you came through the crowd. So you see I've got to make good. I have to admit, though, that you're a cast iron egg and I don't know yet how I can make you happy."

"There is only one thing that will make me happy."

"Something to do with the,—ahem! Opposing sex as Mr. Lardner puts it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so? Step on this rug with me and have a look at the Kismet Kozy Korner. It was originally designed as a Mussulman Paradise, but it is so much in demand by New Yorkers who hate to change their habits of life even here that there aren't enough Mohammedans around to be offensive. You may have wondered what becomes of the Ziegfeld girls. They are sent here direct, also the Mack Sennett silent sirens. This girl coming along now wearing a left bracelet is a Sennetter from Illinois."

Corbin interrupted him irritably. "To perdition with these women."

The guide considered it thoughtfully. "I have the power to grant you one wish, but I don't believe it would be quite fair to accede to that one. It would disappoint so many of the other fellows. If, for some reason or other, you are off the ladies you will find it pleasant in our Silent Sanctuary. It is a haven which no women may enter. We maintain it chiefly for men who have been married twice and are confronted by the dilemma of polygamy upon reaching this side and for men whose contract to love, honor and listen has expired and who grow hysterical at the sound of a woman's tongue. Strangely enough the Sanctuary is not very crowded. Thousands of souls rush to it as soon as they arrive, but the poor deluded fools want to get out again almost immediately. I think their imaginations lure them away from the zone of safety. Will you drop in here?"

"No."

"I GIVE up. We have no attractions which I have not enumerated. And yet you say there is one thing which will make you happy. What is it?"

"You can't get it for me."

"Perhaps I can. Name it."

"I want to return to earth."

"But why? Man, your troubles are over and here you want to go through them once more. It isn't reasonable."

"I knew you couldn't grant my desire."

"But perhaps I can. Tell me first your reason and I'll decide whether or not it is for your own good. I am not allowed to do a client an injury even if the client himself thinks it will be a benefit. Why do you desire life again?"

"Because of my wife, my Hortense."

"Oh." The guide was all sympathy at once. "You hadn't been married long?"

"Scarcely a year. Here's her picture. No, confound it, they buried me in the wrong pair of trousers. But anyway she is lovely, she is young, she is guileless, we loved one another and she depended so upon me that I fear disaster will attend her unguided footsteps. My place is by her side. Duty, inclination, everything commands me to be with her and here I am sight-seeing and joy riding in an egoistic effort to please only myself. I can know no joy apart from her, no peace, not even rest. My soul is tearing at the gold bars which are between us."

The speech ended with a groan like the wail of a lost soul. Quite naturally because Corbin Banks was just that.

"Quiet, my friend," admonished the guide. "You'll disturb the bridge-players and the chess-experts in their padded paradise. Besides there is hope that I may be able to send you back to earth if that is what you really desire. I understand from your record tag there on your neck that you are a good soul, that when you were a boy you attended Sunday School almost regularly. For that reason you are entitled to especial consideration. This granting of rain-checks, however, is a little bit beyond the sphere of my authority and I'll have to see somebody higher up to find out if it can be arranged. You wait here with this unclassified group while I see what I can do about your case."

CORBIN BANKS took a seat in an unoccupied rocker and prepared patiently to wait.

All around him was a hum of conversation.

"The surgeon said he had never seen such an appendix as mine in his life. I heard him exclaiming about it just as I passed out. I could—"

"Wait a minute, dearie, and I'll show you the place where the doctor—"

"No it didn't hurt much,—no more than pulling a tooth—"

"I think the Mayo Brothers are the best—"

"—old family physician. Gave me an overdose of strychnia. Wait until he comes up here."

"—and if I had to die again I'd go right back to that same hospital."

"You've no idea how I suffered. Besides that I hadn't slept a wink for over a year. The nurse said—"

"Hello, Mrs. Balfour. I'm so glad to see you. What did you die of?"

"I can't imagine. The doctor didn't arrive until after I was gone. But Henry, that's Mr. Balfour—"

"Mr. Banks. Corbin Banks," called a page, threading his way through the fleet of rockers. "Mr. Banks."

"Here, boy." Corbin Banks signalled the messenger.

"Step into the private office, Mr. Banks. Right this way."

There was a long line of discontented looking people waiting to see about getting better accommodations, but his own case seemed to have the right of way and Corbin Banks was ushered immediately into the private office.

The manager regarded him sternly.

"You're the man who wants to see his wife again so badly that you are willing to go through the pain of living and dying once more?"

"Yes, sir."

"OF course you realize that we can't send you back in your original body. We could, of course, because we can do anything, but it isn't practical because it would disturb so many preconceived notions on earth. We have no desire to work any so-called miracles at this date. Besides it would give you too much notoriety for your own comfort. There is a way, however, by which your return could be accomplished quite naturally. You can be transferred to the shipping department and go out as a child, in fact we can arrange it so that you can be your wife's own baby and thus be with her constantly. How does this strike you?"

Corbin Banks reflected. "The chief difficulty in the way of the solution you mention is the fact that when I left there was absolutely no prospect of anything like that happening. To bring it about would involve another miracle."

"No, not at all. We could arrange it in a natural way."

"Heaven forbid, no! A thousand times no! I'd rather die first."

"Your protest means nothing because you are dead. But we interpret your emotion correctly, however, as jealousy."

"Perhaps you are partly right, although upon a moment's reflection I can assure you that there is no cause. My wife is cold, she is a soul unstirred by passion. Our relations though sincere and indissoluble were practically Platonic.



The celestial guide resented Corbin's attitude. realm devoted to gayety. Perhaps you

Besides I would be of no use to her as a baby. I want to be her protector, to guard her tenderly from the harsh things of a cruel world. All during her life she has been shielded, first by her father, now dead, and then later by me. Now there is no one."

"Is she beautiful?"

"As a rose dawn."

"Then why worry? Someone will protect her from want anyway."

"But you don't know Hortense. She is proud and besides she loves me. Let me go back to her."

The manager sighed. There was apparently no way to dissuade this headstrong youth. "Very well, back you go."

"As a full grown man?"

usual formalities. Do you wish to go under those conditions?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

II

MRS. HORTENSE BANKS, young, lovely and sad, contemplated the long evening ahead of her with extreme melancholy. There was a dance going on at the country club which she, quite naturally, could not attend on account of her recent bereavement. But because of that party there was no likelihood of anyone's dropping in for a sympathetic call. And there was no place where she could with propriety go all by herself.

Therefore she put on a black negligée which did not in the least distract from her fair beauty because of its somber color. It wasn't an unrelieved black anyway, because when she moved little hints of rose color glimmered through,—a silk lining doubtless, although with these lacy peignoirs there is always a delightful uncertainty. Her hair, which was short and wavy (it had been bobbed two seasons before), she left unbound and on her feet she put a pair of extremely comfortable sandals that laced half way up to her calf over exquisitely sheer dull black hose.

The result, as she surveyed it in her pier glass, was eminently satisfactory even though it did cause her a pang of wistful regret. If Corbin were only there to—but no, she mustn't cry. The tear just standing on the brink of the eyelid was wonderfully wistful but she mustn't let it flow over. That wasn't so good.

The door-bell rang. Hortense with childish curiosity went out to the head of the stairs to find out who it was as soon as the maid opened the door.

A young man stepped into the hallway on the maid's invitation and then, to everyone's surprise, started up the stairs two steps at a time.

Screams from both mistress and maid arrested him and he paused confused. He passed a hand across his brow.

"I beg your pardon. For the moment I thought I was in my own house. I wouldn't have frightened you for worlds, Hort—I mean Mrs. Banks. Will you forgive me?"

Hortense, peering over the balustrade, recognized him finally. "It's Mr. Rogers, isn't it?"

"Yes. I thought I'd drop in for a little chat with you to help pass the time away. You must be lonely."

"Oh I am,—fearfully lonely. But I'm not dressed to receive callers, Mr. Rogers. If you'll wait a few—"

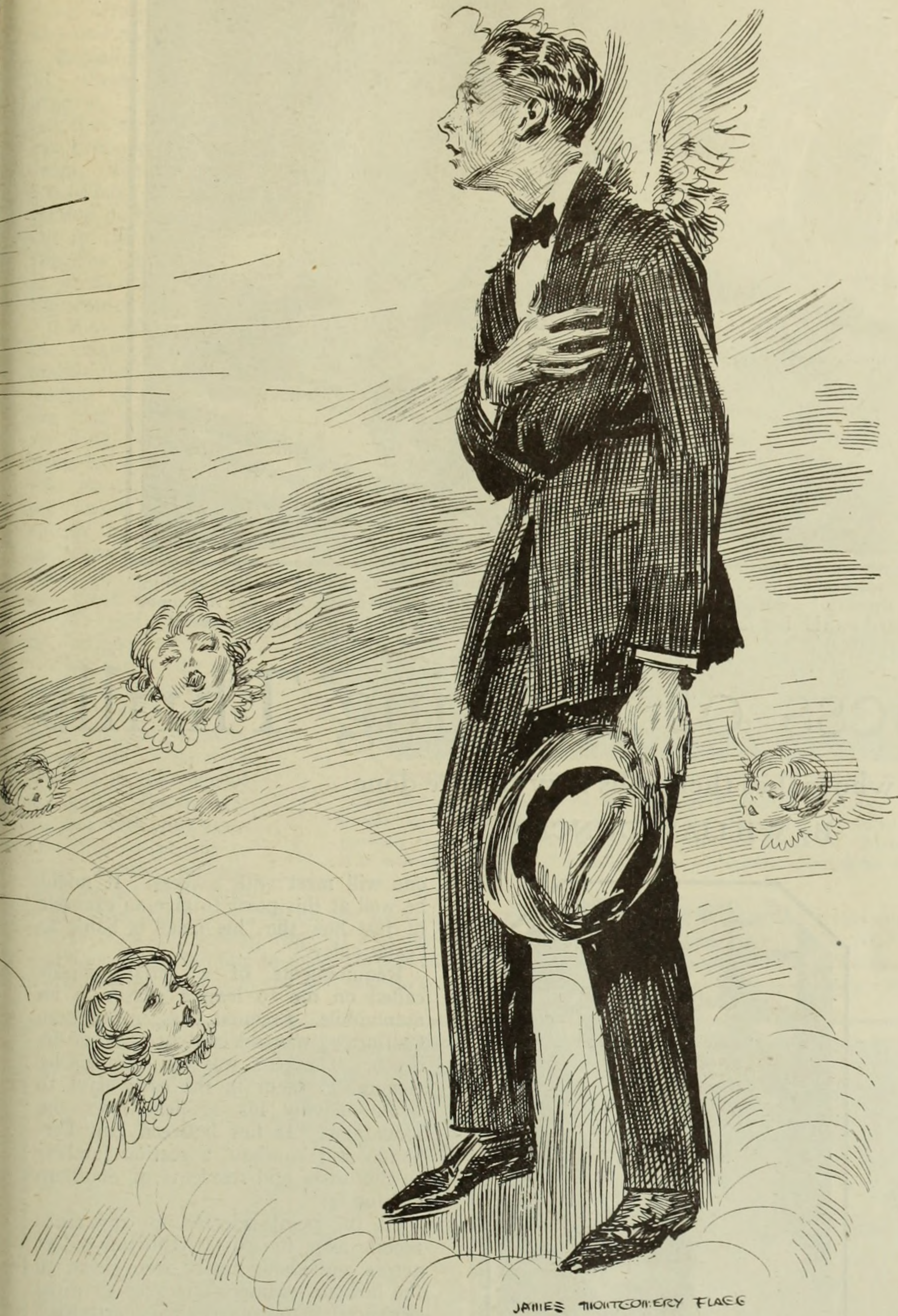
"Please don't bother to change. I've seen you in your negligée already and you couldn't be any more lovely to look at even if you wore your gold-green Paquin frock."

"Oh how wonderful of you to remember that dress. I only wore it once and men seldom notice—"

"I remembered because you wore it. That made it unforgettable."

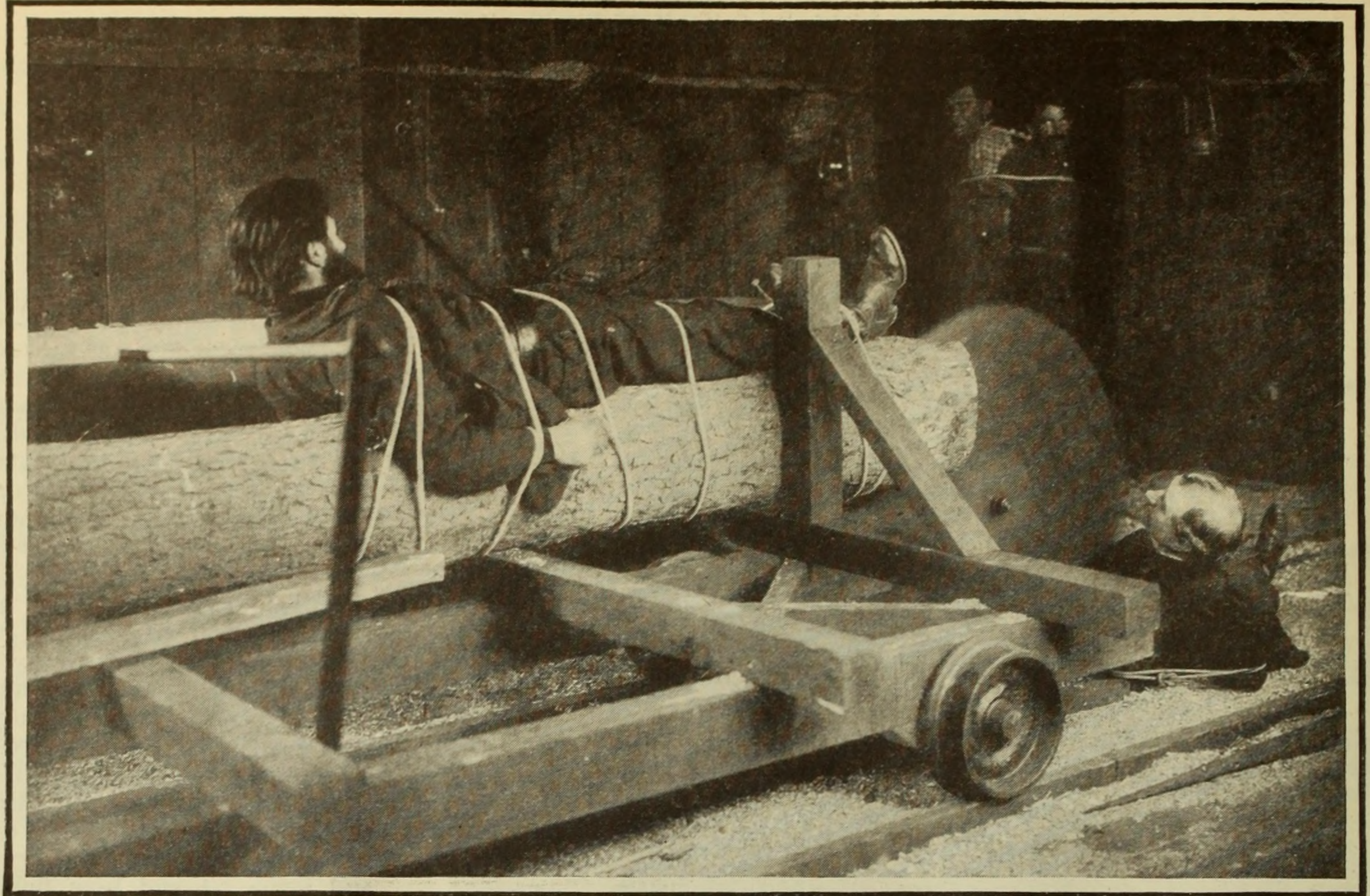
Hortense had descended several steps during his remarks so as not to miss a word of them. For some reason or other they were music to her ear.

He ran up the remaining stairs and took her hand gently. "You may as well come all the way (Continued on page 115)



"Cheer up, my friend. You're a false note in a need your morning' muleshine"

"Yes. There is a young man of your acquaintance, Melvin Rogers by name, who is foolish and prying enough to want to peep into the secrets of this world before we call for him. He is one of those criminal idiots who allow their minds to be possessed by disembodied spirits, who go into trances and amuse their friends by conversation under 'control.' Just now his body and soul are at the mercy of every foul-minded spirit in Hell. But for your sake we will interfere and put you in possession of his body for as long a period as you like. Because your record is good," here the manager glanced at the dog-tag hung around his neck, "and because, as a boy, you read all the Rollo books in the library we will grant you one other special privilege. If you find the experiment is not a success you may come back here without going through the



One of the little things in every serial-actor's life. The idea is to get as near as possible to the saw without spoiling the picture. Stunts like this have got to be timed to the minute. The man on the floor is trying to cut the ropes that bind him and the poor devil on the log is wishing he had never signed a contract to make that serial

The Business of Making Thrills

A man who makes them tells how they're done

By WILLIAM DUNCAN

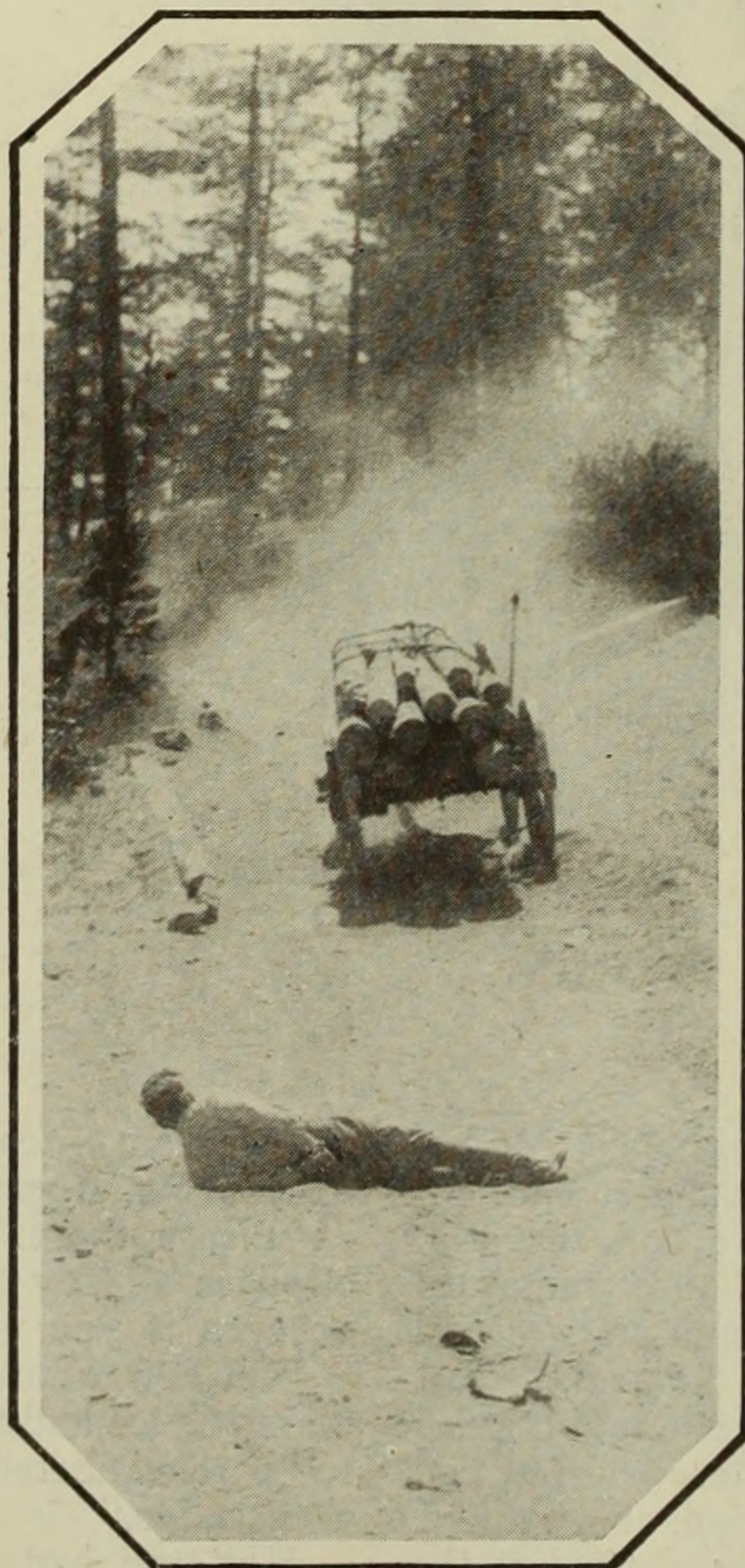
WHEN the subject was first broached of my dwelling in print upon incidents which occur in the making of serial thrills, it struck me that—well, that I should have some sort of alibi. Naturally I do not wish to be accused of placing too much import upon my participation in the various risks involved.

Upon reflection, however, I decided that it might be interesting for picture-goers to know that the dangerous stunts accomplished in the making of a serial, or chapter-play, are figured out beforehand upon a mathematical basis.

I shall not enter upon a technical explanation of how and why certain achievements are possible, providing everything goes according to schedule; rather shall I endeavor to prove conclusively that those of us most experienced in picture-making seldom can be certain that what we expect will take place, even with the most careful calculations.

My Scottish forefathers were agreed with Bobby Burns that, "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And indeed I have found that Maister Burns must have foreseen the motion picture serial when he penned his notable words. "Gang aft agley" is uncannily right as regards pictures. Ask anyone who has taken part in the making of chapter-plays.

Often a simple stunt will end disastrously, while a comparatively difficult



"This was easy. All I had to do was to lie in the middle of the road with my hands and feet tied together and let a log wagon run over me"

one will meet with success. It might be well at this point to give an example of just how the "big idea" is liable to "gang agley."

Requirements of a serial episode called on me to leap a chasm in an automobile. Fremont Pass, in Southern California, was selected because of its depth. The pass was cut through by General Fremont in the early days to avoid moving his artillery over the mountains. It lies between San Fernando and Newhall, a section familiar to motorists and residents of Southern California.

At the point selected for my automobile leap, the pass is thirty-five feet across and about ninety feet, sheer, to the bottom. Many difficulties were experienced in our preliminary activities. We found that the machine could not be hoisted up the side which was to mark the getaway, so by means of block and tackle and the hand power of some twenty to thirty men, we pulled the car up with ropes and then built a bridge, across which it was taken for the jump.

Then as we gazed across the gap we realized that it would be necessary to dig a cut into which the car could be propelled at the conclusion of the leap. Unless this precaution were taken, as the side of the gap on which the car was to land sloped upward, it meant that though the car might jump safely across, it might also run backward and slip down the chasm.

So a little runway, or landing place, probably six feet longer than the length of the car, was dug. On the opposite side, from where I was to take-off, wooden grooves were built on the incline, down which the car would accumulate speed as it raced for the edge of the gap preparatory to hurling itself across the thirty-five-foot pass.

Explaining the use of these wooden grooves, I will point out that we figured the car, shooting straight from the grooves, would have but one objective point, the little cut in the wall across the gap. I must land in that cut or suffer the consequences.

I may say here that in making an automobile leap over a gap wedges or approaches are first built. These are long contrivances, lying flat and so built that they make a rising incline. This causes the automobile, gathering speed all the time, to leap upward as it takes off.

"All set, camera, let 'er go!"

My car started down the incline, gaining momentum at every second, straight along the wooden grooves to the edge of the gap. The wedges are covered with grass and dirt so as not to show in the picture. As I leaped off at Fremont Pass, I had my feet on the brakes. I wondered in the few seconds of the leap whether I could jam them on at the exact second of landing to make certain that the car would not rebound from the cut in the wall and drop back into the chasm.

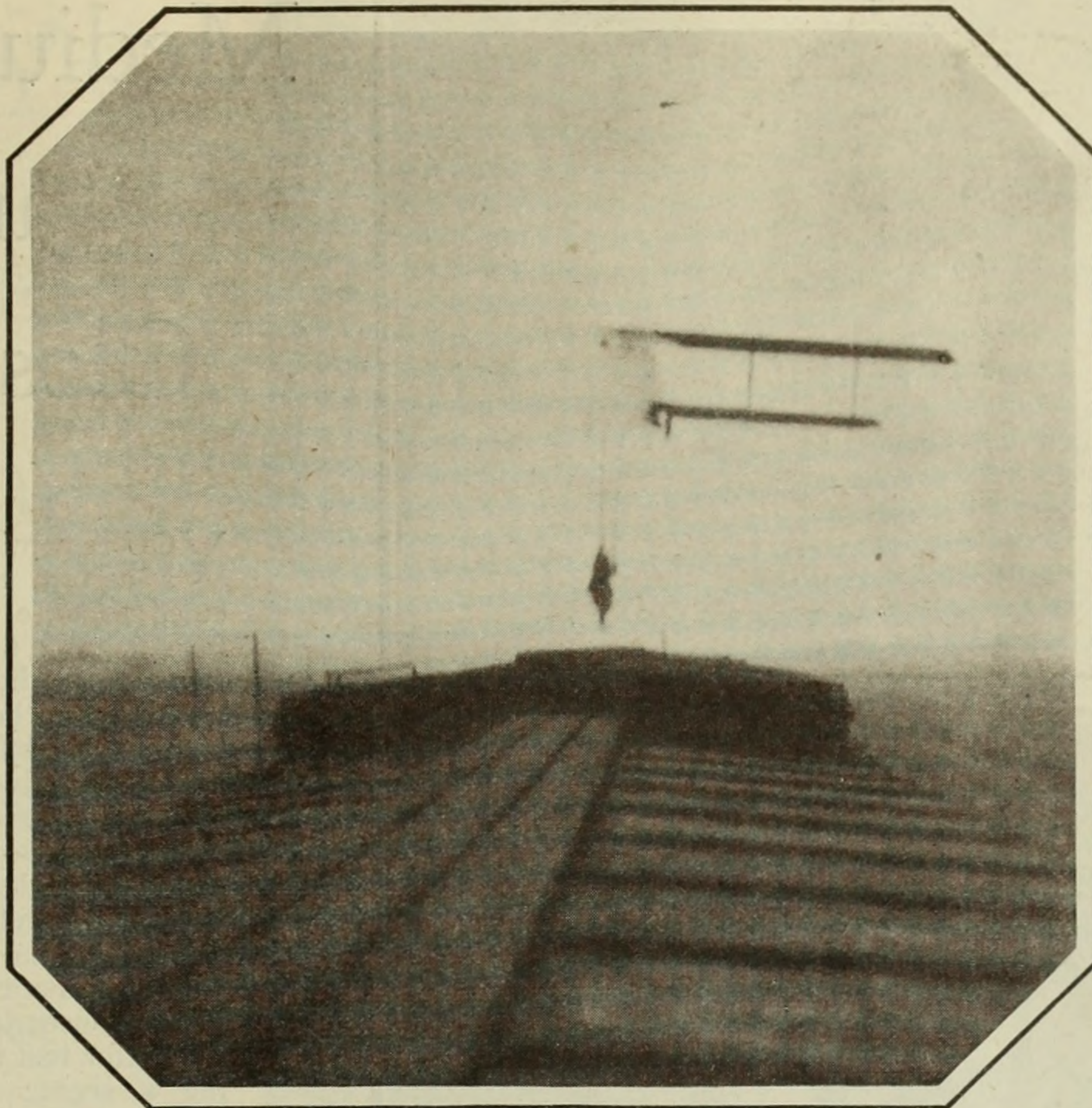
Crashing onto the other side, the impetus threw me hard against the brakes and into the dashboard but the brakes worked perfectly, as the force of my landing had thrown my feet against them at the proper moment. But something else, which had not been figured on at all, occurred. Every tire on the car was split, and I really believe that it was due to this fact, after crashing into the opposing wall, that an unfortunate rebound did not occur, even though my brakes had worked well.

One would imagine that after leaping thirty-five feet over a ninety-foot chasm hurdling a woodpile would prove easy. But here is where the "gang agley" phrase enters. The requirements of one serial story called upon myself and four companions to race in an automobile along a dirt road which paralleled a railroad track.

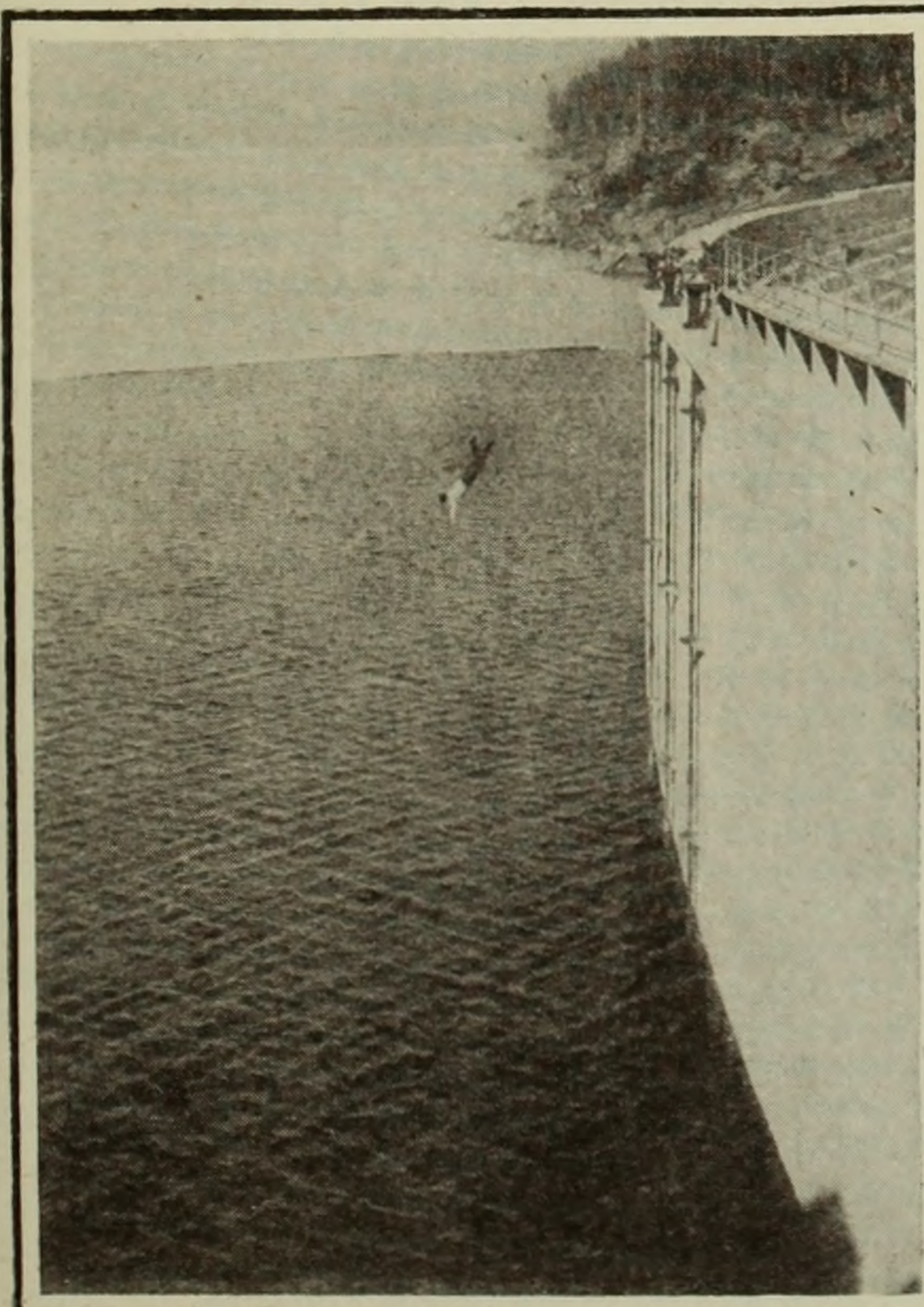
At a certain point, a gang of outlaws had thrown a pile of railroad ties on the road to hinder us. Now in making an automobile leap, you must figure the stunt out to the finest mathematical point, but even then something may occur to spoil matters.

The degree of speed for an auto of a certain weight to safely jump a gap or ob-

struction, the exact amount of rise necessary at the takeoff, conditions of the road and various other items must be gone over carefully. Unless all these points are taken into account the chances of an accident are manifold. (Cont'd on page 108)



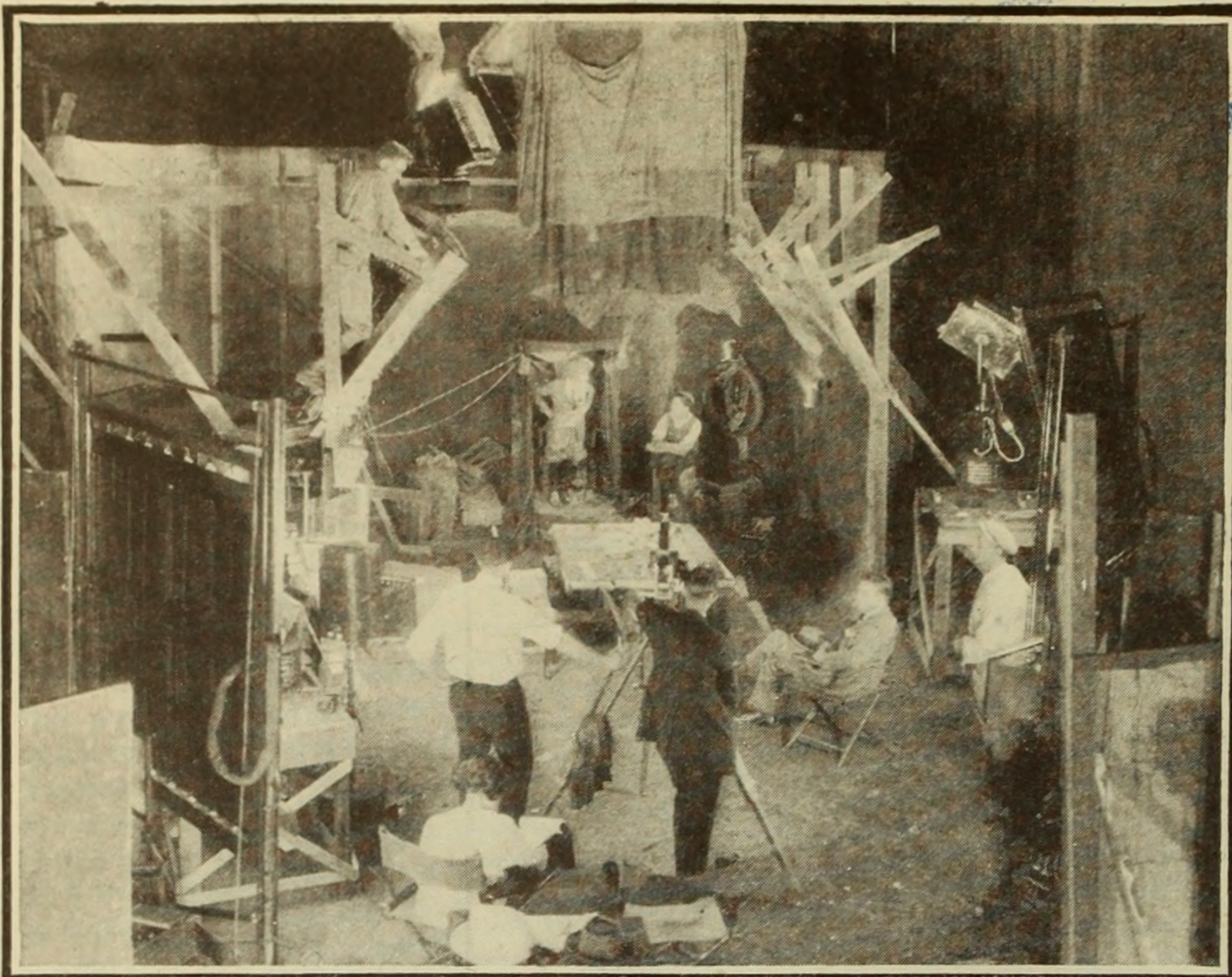
"One of my favorite forms of exercise is illustrated here. I know of no more pleasant way to spend the day than jumping from a moving train to a ladder suspended from an airplane. Incidentally it is one of the thrills that makes the audiences gasp most audibly"



"This is my most popular portrait. I did this one day for an episode in a Vitagraph serial. It got over. So did I"

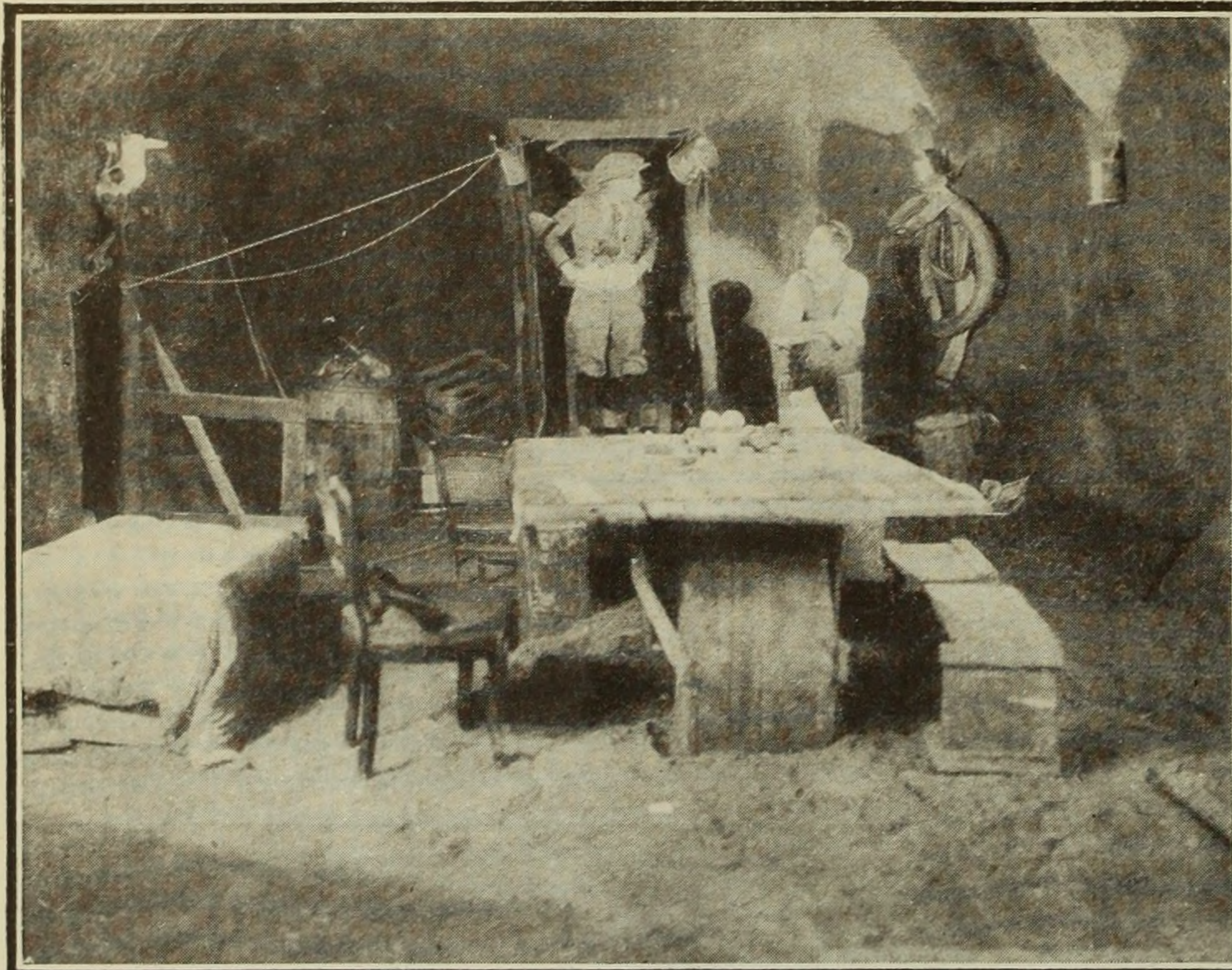


"I figured that if I told the extras there was a five-dollar gold-piece concealed about my person, and that the one who found it could have it, I'd get a good realistic scene. Did I? If you saw that episode in 'Daredevil Dick,' you know I did"



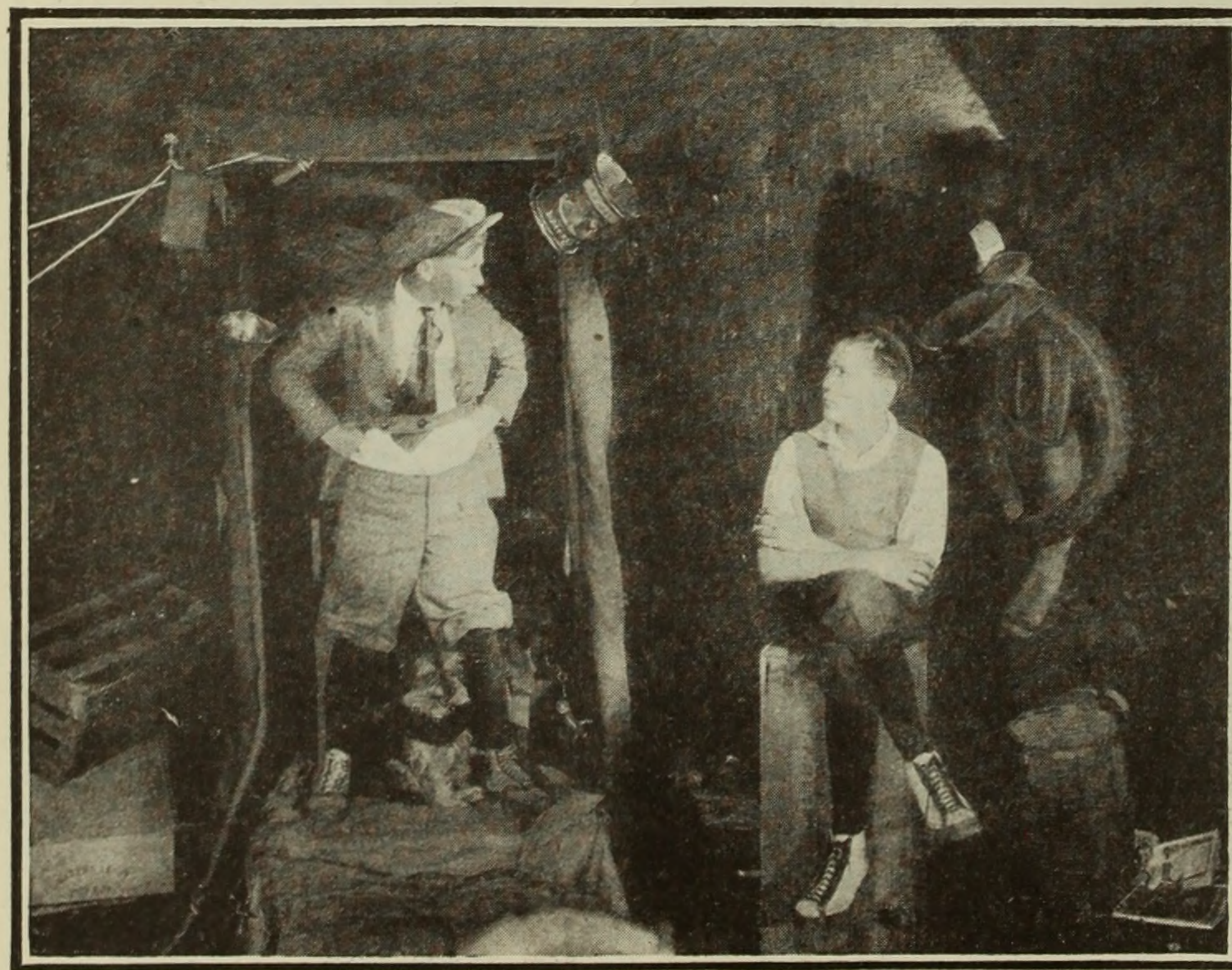
Long Shot, Medium Shot and Close-Up

YOU remember, perhaps, when a certain director was ridiculed because he showed only a face or half a figure on the screen. People said then it was the funniest thing they ever heard of. They said that, too, about the first locomotive, the first steamboat, the first telephone. The three pictures on this page show Marshall Neilan making a scene. This is not a reference to Mickey's temperamental disposition, because he hasn't any. He is simply demonstrating the three steps a director has to make in building a scene: the three focus-lengths. The picture is "Penrod," with Wesley Barry.



THE LONG SHOT

THE top picture illustrates the "long shot." Neilan, in the director's chair, is directing Wesley Barry and Gordon Griffith, the two principals. Note the cameraman; next to him, the electrical expert; the continuity clerk, and the electricians standing by the overhead and side lights. Behind the black rag hanging from the top center is a Cooper-Hewitt "bank," partly visible.



THE MEDIUM SHOT

THE center picture shows the "medium shot," just as you will see it on the screen. The "set" represents the interior of the cave in which *Penrod Schofield* (Wesley Barry) and his gang hold their secret meetings.

CLOSE-UP

THE last picture is the "close-up" of Wesley and Gordon. You will note to the right of Wesley and on the right wall, tin cans hanging from wires and supposedly holding candles. They really hold powerful little arcs throwing light on the actors.

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Griffith's Newest Heroine

She is that shy young
star, Carol Dempster

By
DELIGHT EVANS



She is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled

CAROL DEMPSTER is one of the very few modern motion picture actresses whose appeal is entirely cerebral.

She uses her brain in her work as others use their faces and their bodies. She is popular as far as I have been able to discover—only with other cerebrals.

Because of this she is an interesting person. As yet she has done very little on the screen. She has only been in pictures for three years, and in that time has made only two really important pictures: "The Love Flower" and "Dream Street." But she has a surprisingly large following.

I know personally one gentleman who hates films. Perhaps because he sees so few. At any rate, he saw Carol Dempster in "Dream Street" a dozen times, and is now her slave. The gentleman is one of the most brilliant thinkers in America. I asked him why he liked her.

"Because she seems to think," he answered. "I don't know whether she really does or not, but she seems to."

You hear very little about her in film circles. She is never seen at the Algonquin, the Claridge, Delmonico's, or any other of the numerous haunts of screen celebrities in Manhattan. Once in a while you glimpse her, slim and simple in a quiet white gown,

with her glorious hair coiffed as plainly as possible, at a first night. And then you hear people say, "Who is that girl?" or "There's Carol Dempster."

She is not a marvelous beauty; she is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled.

I was very curious about her. I had watched her work at the Griffith studios in "Dream Street"—curiously detached, quiet, but with illumined eyes and expressive hands working intelligently in her close-ups, coached by Mr. Griffith. I saw her again, when, as she thought no one was watching, she whirled into a delicate little dance, in a deserted corner of the great studio: a slender, vivacious little creature in her tight-fitting costume, her legs twinkling and a little half-smile on her lips.

Then I was with her for a whole afternoon. And I am still curious.

She is not a girl one knows at once. Sweet, and affable, and (Continued on page 116)



In "Dream Street," her best picture, with Charles Mack

By Their Feet Ye

A character analysis of feet and

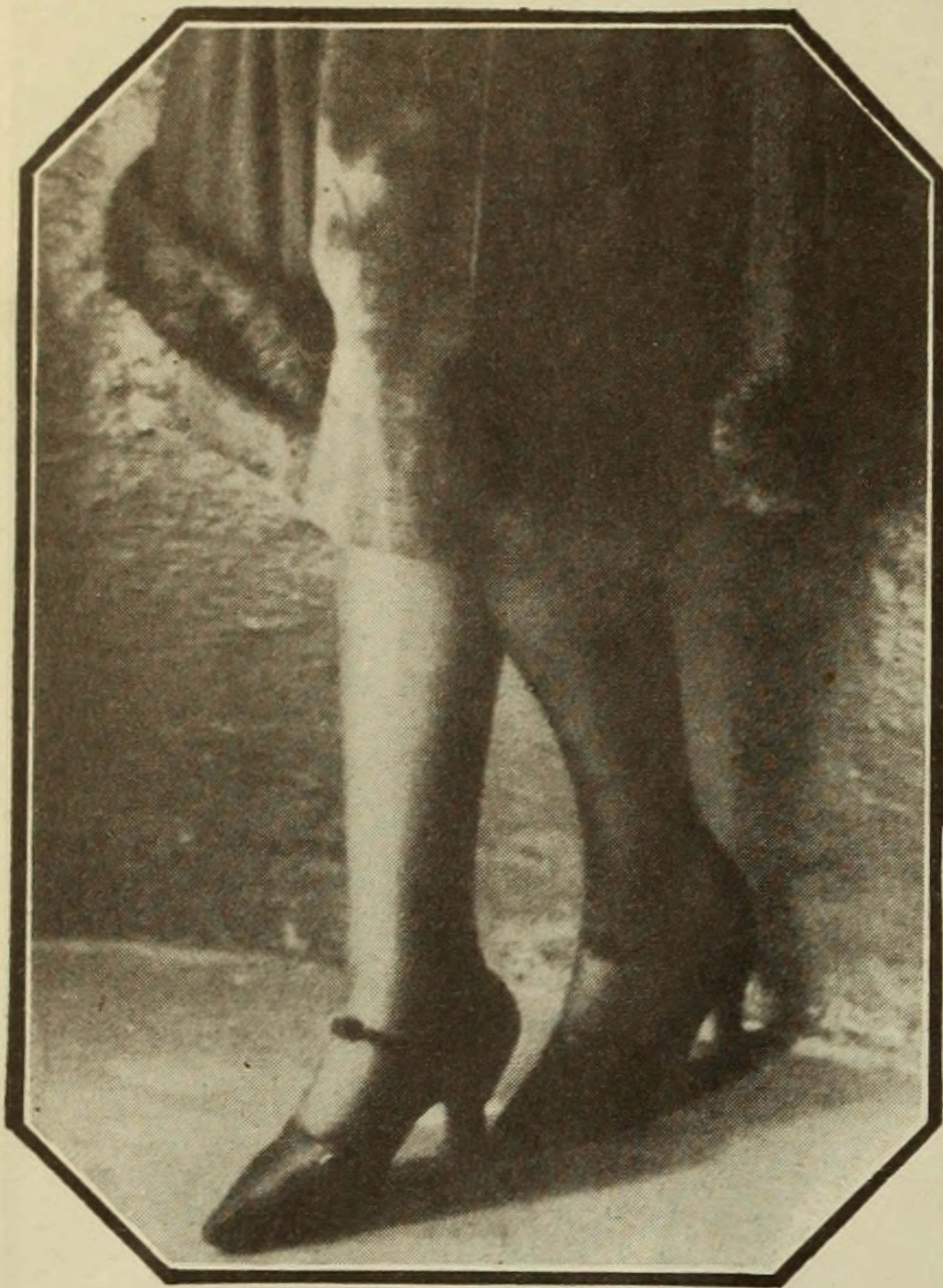
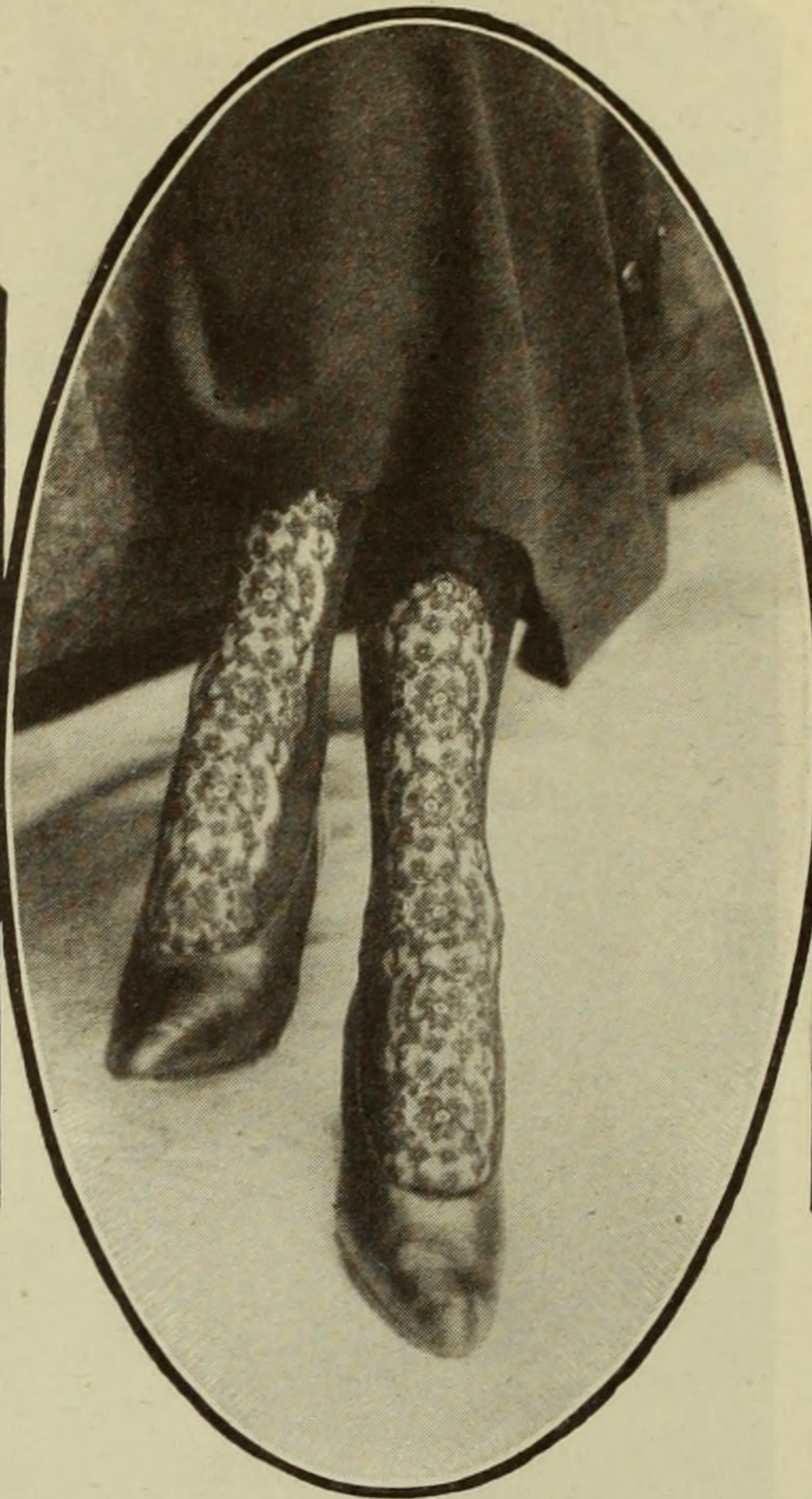
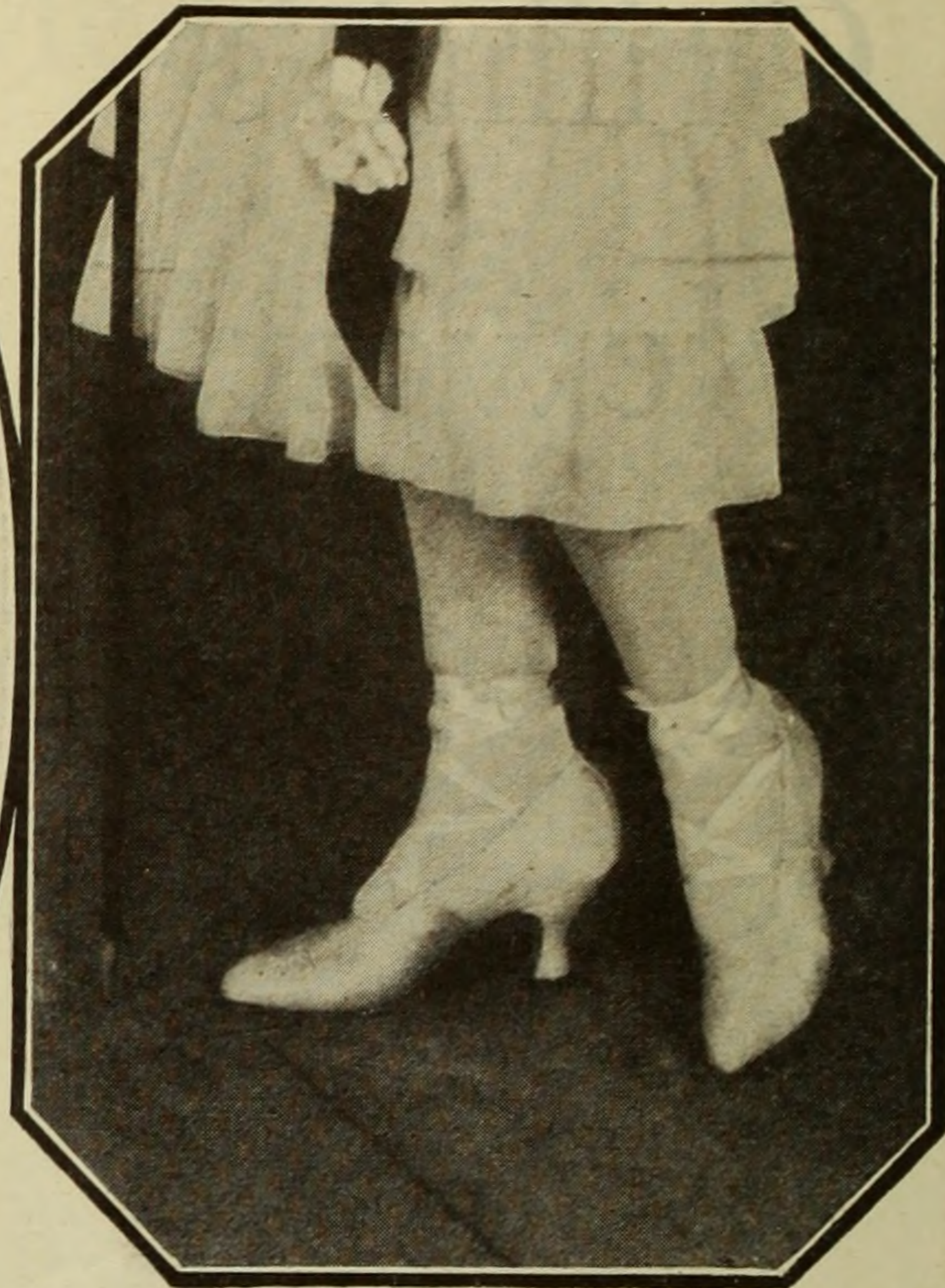


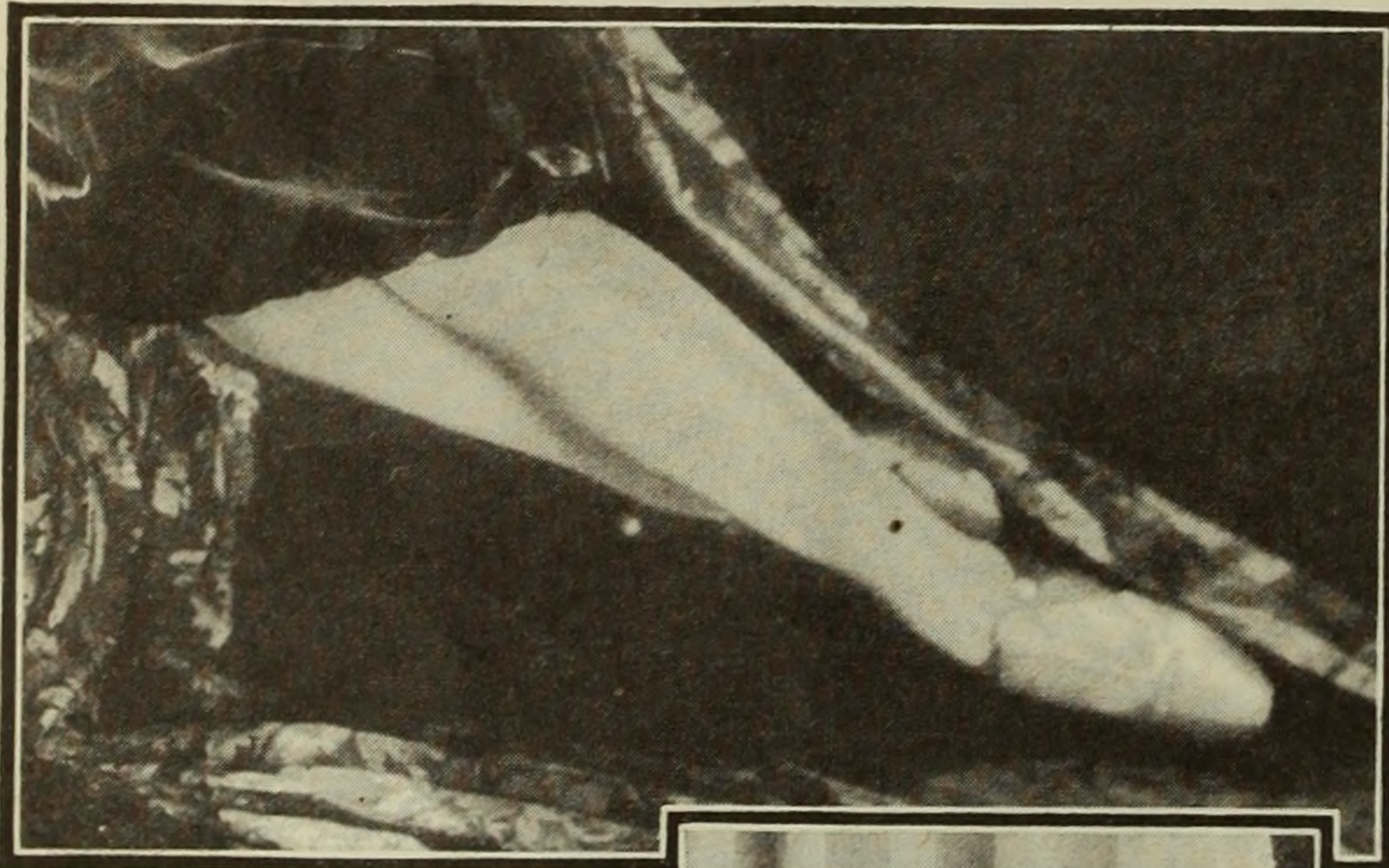
Exhibit A: the charming feet and ankles of the fascinating Bebe Daniels



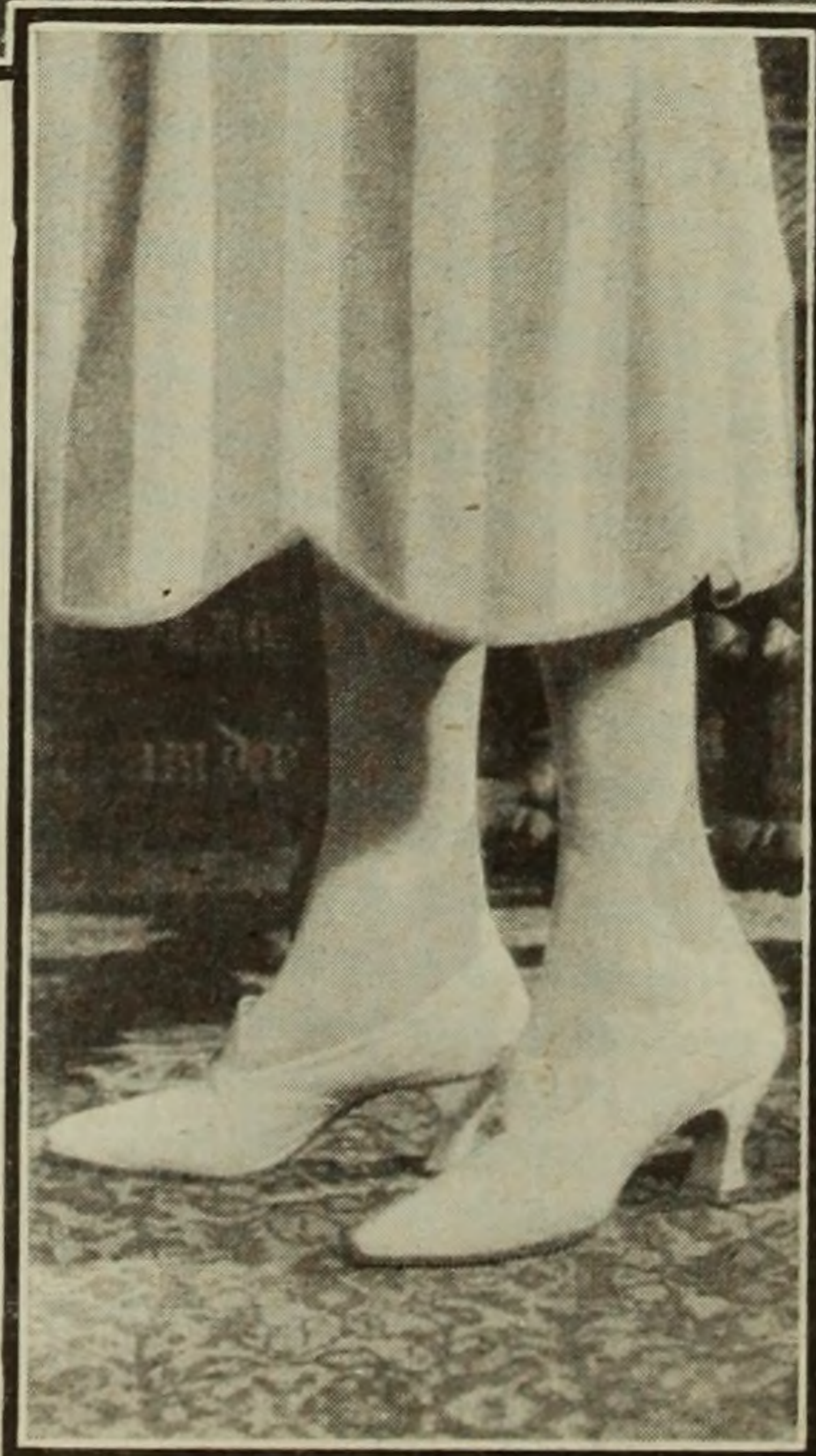
The lower limbs of Anita Stewart peeping forth from a fretwork of lace



A nether view of Norma Talmadge shod for the evening in silk and satin



And here we have a worm's-eye view of the slender, languorous extremes of the petite May Murray



The next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, are the feet and ankles of Lila Lee, attired for the country club

THE human foot has never gotten its due in America, despite the fact that we are the best-shod nation in the world. We have palmists, and phrenologists, and even experts at reading character by the shape and forms of the ear. But, to us, feet are feet—a kind of necessary anatomical device; and we gauge them by their ability to perform their utilitarian functions.

We make only one aesthetic distinction: a person's foot is either pretty or ugly. The finer points of variation escape us. In fact, we don't take our feet seriously, so to speak. We make light of them; and the majority of our nicknames for them are either facetious or opprobrious—such as: dogs, ferry-boats, clod-hoppers, pads, pedals, tootsies, fried pies, hoofs, and dewbeaters.

And yet, the shape and size and proportions of one's feet and ankles are as much a guide to personality and character as the lines in the hand or the features of the face.

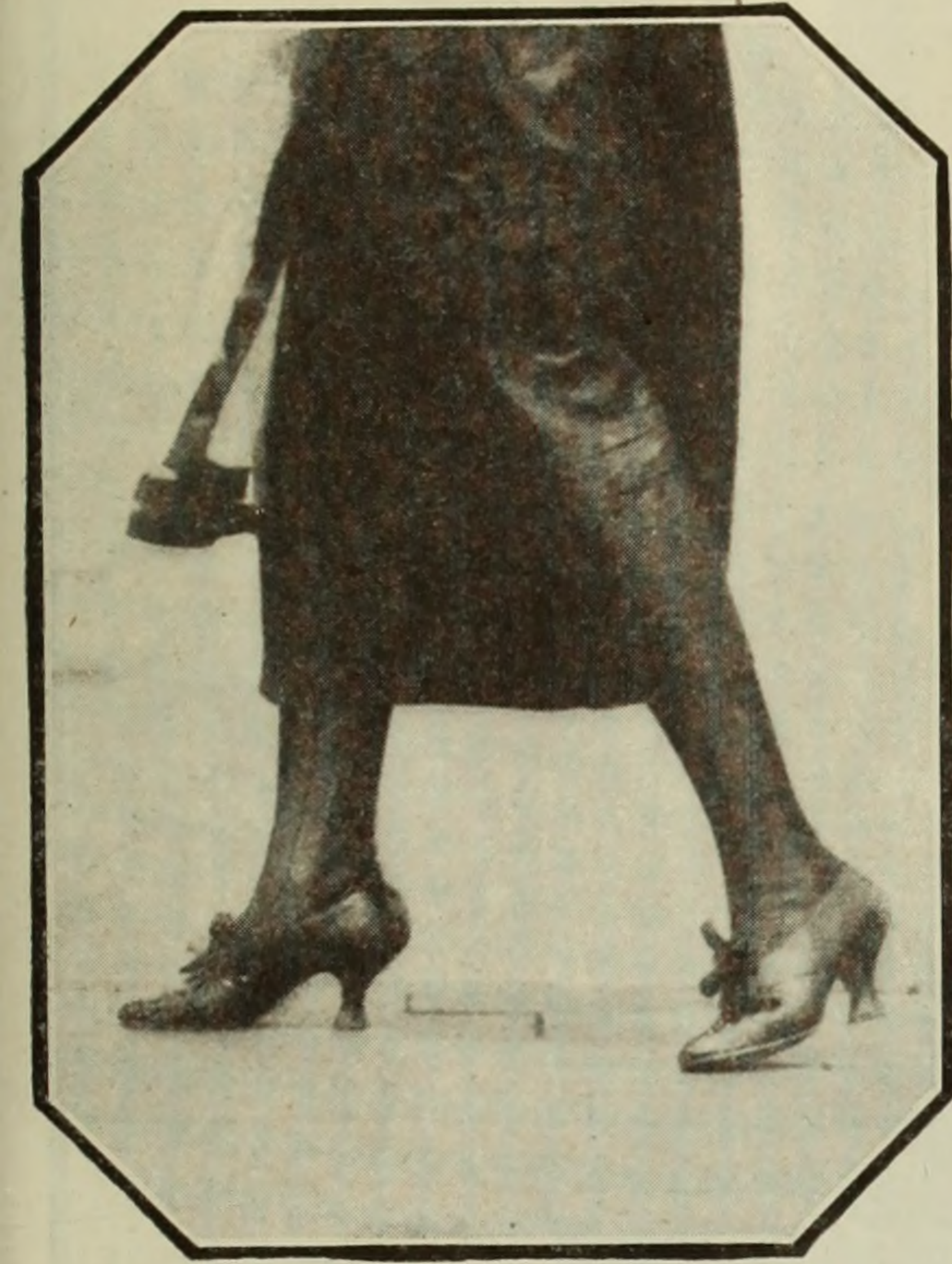
In Europe a person may be accepted or rejected in certain social circles wholly by the contour of their feet. The *maitre d'hôtel* of one of the most exclusive cafés in Paris once said in an interview in "Figaro" that he judged people entirely by surreptitiously looking at their feet and seated them accordingly.

Balzac tells of a popular musical comedy actress who, because she had very short feet and an exceedingly high instep, compressed her feet, wore low heels, and stuffed cotton in the toes of her slippers to give her feet length, so that her admirers would not see that she was plebeian. Max Beerbohm spends an entire paragraph describing the long, narrow, flat feet ("like calves' tongues") of one of his highly patrician characters.

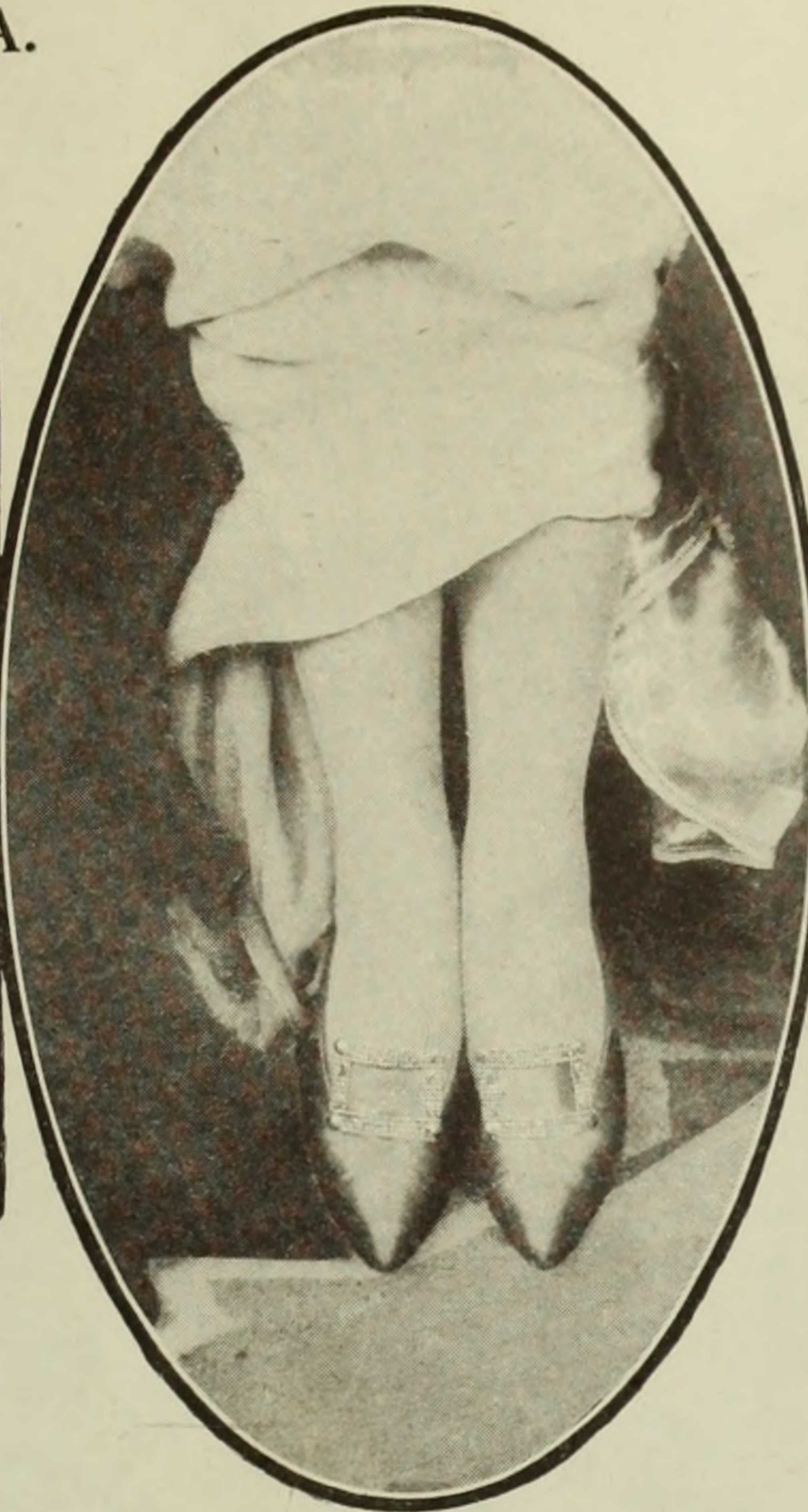
And do you remember Du Maurier's description of Trilby's lovely feet, and the influence they wielded? The human foot has even been colloquially named after this little model of the Latin Quarter! Then there is the famous story of Cinderella, based on the beauty of an unknown lady's foot. Compared with that beauty, nothing else really mattered to the romantic prince who found her slipper.

Shall Know Them

ankles by Hugo H. Smythe, M. A.



How the feet and ankles of our beloved Mary Pickford look when she takes a morning stroll



Do you blame Gloria Swanson for showing her pedal extremities so often in her pictures?



Herewith you may feast your eyes as long as you desire upon Betty Compson's shapely feet

Throughout all history and literature you will find that the human foot has played a most important part; and yet how little attention or consideration we give it today!

There are many different and distinct types of feet and ankles; and scientists tell us that each type has its defined psychological significance. Here are a few of the commoner ones and what they denote:

1. The very long, extremely slender foot, tapering to a point, with the low, sweeping, and almost flat instep, and the straight ankle. Denotes: Fine breeding, aristocracy, patricianism.

2. The very short foot, with the broad, extremely high and prominently arched instep, and the slender, shapely ankle. Denotes: Inferior breeding and a sensuous, mercenary, pleasure-loving temperament. (Of late years, and especially in America, this type has been wrongly regarded as patrician and indicative of good breeding.)

3. The slightly large foot, broad and solid through the ball, and pointed at the toes, with a medium-high instep and a sturdy, but not thick, ankle. Denotes: Capability, strength, deep emotion.

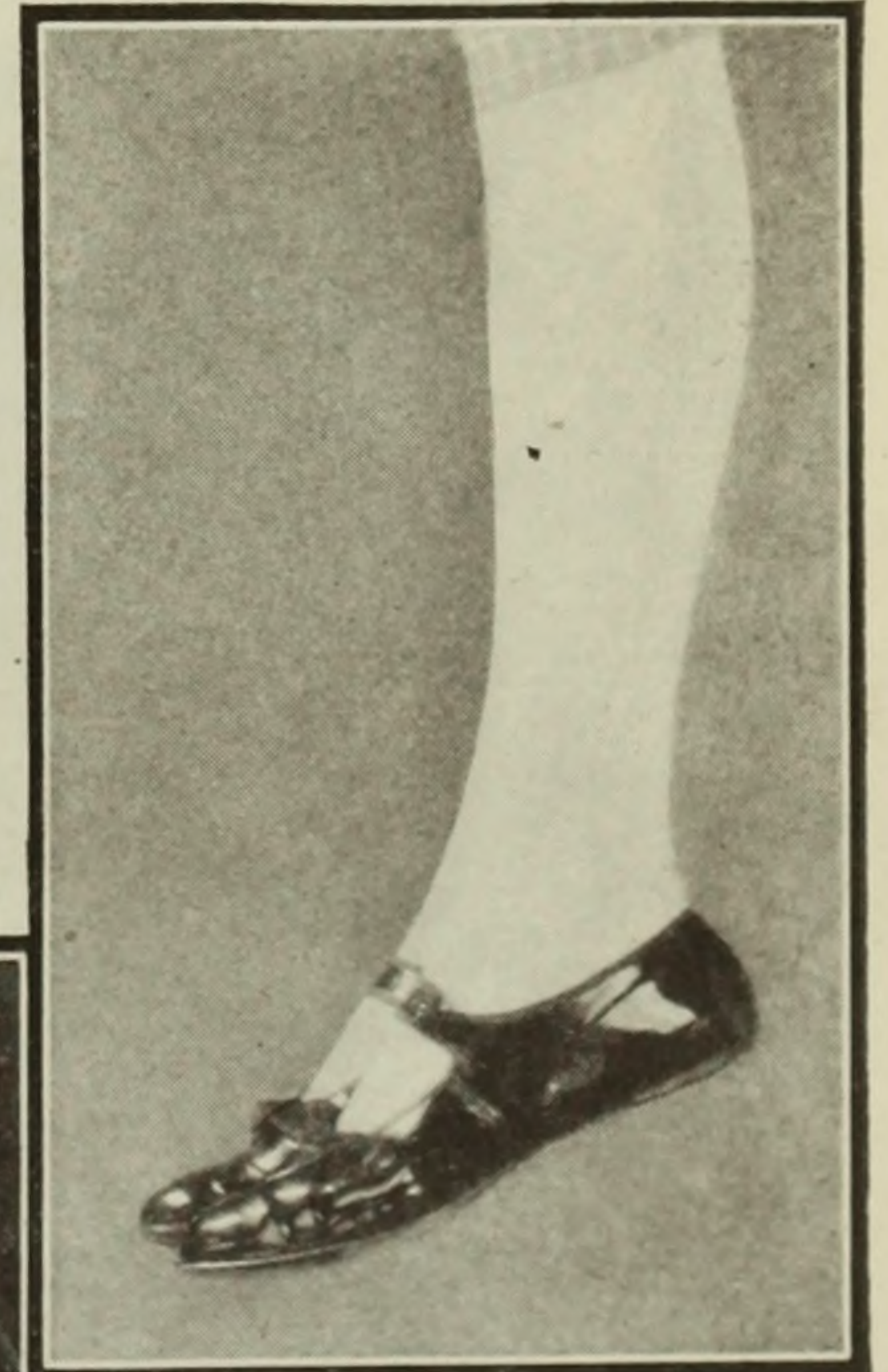
4. The short, stocky, square foot, thick through the heel, with a high, fat instep, and a slender, sinewy ankle. Denotes: Aggressiveness, unscrupulousness, conceit, pretentiousness, plebeianism.

5. The long, sharply pointed foot, with a very low, almost flat instep, and a thin, flat ankle. Denotes: Hyper-sensitivity, artistry, over-breeding.

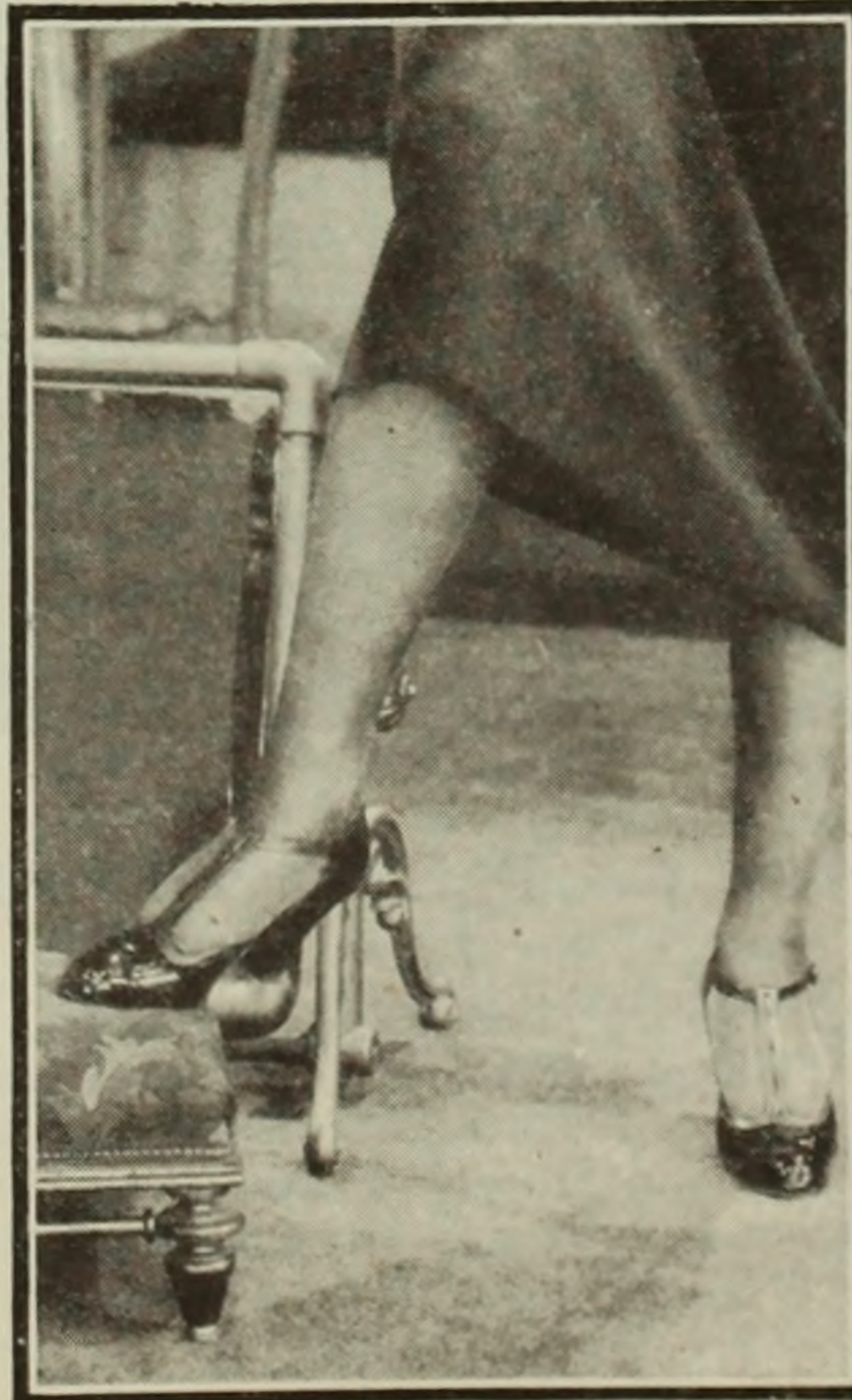
6. The medium-sized foot, neither square nor pointed, with a well-rounded instep, and a neat, shapely ankle. Denotes: Poise, sensitiveness, strength, competence, intelligence.

To which class do your pedal extremities belong? Be honest, now! Sometimes a plebeian foot is almost entirely disguised by a tapering shoe; and sometimes a lady feels that her foot is too large, so she cultivates the short vamp. But it doesn't do much good!

The tootsies of Corinne Griffith, garbed in pumps equipped with "sensible heels," are here presented for your careful inspection



And, last but not least, a generous glimpse of the nether limbs of the beautiful Pearl White





J C Milligan

PADEREWSKI AND "THE KID"

THE great Polish pianist and statesman, Ignace Jan Paderewski, and the little chap whom Chaplin made a star, are great friends. Madame Paderewski is also extremely fond of him and they entertain him often at the great musician's California rancho. One day, after Madame had filled his little tummy up with chicken and ice cream, Paderewski and little Jackie Coogan were missing for several hours. They found the pair in a limousine, the shades drawn, the little fellow sound asleep, and the famous pianist holding him in his arms and softly singing old Polish lullabies.

TO be a woman — and homely! To be a heroine, with a face like a comic Valentine It's hard. It's hard to be a Rolls Royce sort of a person when you've been handed a flivver set of features—it's next to impossible to be a snappy dresser when all the taste you've got is in your mouth. But that's what Idalene Nobbin was up against. How she accomplished the almost incredible—and made the legend of the ugly duckling, who turned into a swan, come true again—is told in this story



Idalene Nobbin wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead

The Wall Flower

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

IDALENE NOBBIN wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead. Her features were commonplace, her figure was shapeless, her hair—though it had possibilities—was badly arranged. Moreover, she was awkward; she moved with neither grace nor charm. And yet, when she was getting ready for a party, she knew the same dreams, felt the same tender little thrills, that other girls knew and felt. For being a wall flower doesn't keep a girl from thinking in terms of romance, from wondering about the knight who will some day come a-riding! Idalene pictured her knight as a college boy, an athlete, and a millionaire. But she had never had even the most casual sort of a beau!

Getting ready for a party—who could blame Idalene for being excited? Especially when the party was her friend Prue's birthday dance—and especially when Prue had written her a letter that was one big thrill in itself:

Dear Idalene: Don't forget that my annual party is next Wednesday night. Phin Larrabee has promised to bring over Roy Duncan, the football hero from the state college. So we should have a lovely time.

Was it any wonder that Idalene pranced awkwardly about—much to the detriment of the new dress that her mother was fitting on her!

Many careful mothers—by clever planning and dress design-

ing—have done a great deal for plain daughters. But Idalene's mother was not what you'd call careful. Her one idea was to marry off a daughter whom nobody could see with a magnifying glass. Neither she nor Idalene knew anything about the mystery of line, the magic of simplicity. Where the party dress should have fallen into simple folds it was made hideous by panniers and bunches of cheap lace; where it should have been daintily fluffy it was severe in the extreme.

Prue, Idalene's closest friend, was a very pretty girl. Catty she was, and small enough, in spirit, to jump through the eye of a needle. But—she had beauty. Perhaps that was why she had chosen to make a friend of Idalene. For many an attractive girl, wise in the matter of contrast, has chosen to make a chum of some one who, by comparison, would make her charms seem more pronounced. And it is a curious fact that the homely girl is seldom aware of any ulterior motive. Usually she is pleased by any sort of attention—just as Idalene was delighted at Prue's invitation.

Idalene Nobbin was an only daughter. She and her mother and her two half-grown brothers lived in a homely house in a homely little town. With no standards of beauty to go by, they were well satisfied as the night of Prue's party came around—Mrs. Nobbin was like a proud though fussy mother hen, and the boys were frankly bewildered. For Idalene, going *Sis Hopkins* one better, had added the contents of a large powder box and the mock allure of a wide sash and hair



That dance, to Idalene, was like a glimpse into Heaven.
To Roy—quite different

ribbon to her other finery. Prue, greeting her friend as she came into the room, was filled with a sudden merriment. But her excitement over being the leading vamp of the village soon distracted her attention.

Prue's party was a pretentious small-town affair. Hired palms and oleanders, home-made salads and ices, and an orchestra that had never heard of jazz, but was strong on perspiration, made festive the old-fashioned house. Only Prue, and the young men who had come over from the state college, were modern.

Phineas—commonly known as "Phin"—Larrabee was the leader of this state college group. Long an ardent admirer of Prue, he had unwisely brought to the party his chum, one Roy Duncan, the football hero. And Prue, like most young ladies, was inclined to be a trifle too interested in football heroes. Phin, struggling for a dance with her, soon realized his mistake and, with deep malice and cunning, singled out Idalene, who had not yet had a chance to dance, and thrust her, with a hasty word of introduction, into Roy Duncan's reluctant arms.

Perhaps it was the hastiness and the confusion of that introduction that laid the foundation for the mistake that later happened. With his mind full of Prue and his feet busily trying to keep out of Idalene's way, it was not at all strange that Roy Duncan stopped thinking coherently. His one ambition to get away from Idalene—his one dream to dance with Prue—it so happened that he confused their names!

Roy danced only a single dance with Idalene—for which we will not judge him too harshly! He was only human, and Prue was bewilderingly pretty, and, after all, none of the other boys had even danced once with the little wall flower. Young men, of the intensely selfish college age, seldom think in terms of

Idalene Nobbin was a wall flower, and she didn't realize it for a long while. When she got wise to herself—well, she made haste to grow away

self-sacrifice. And it was nothing short of self-sacrifice to dance with a girl who trod on one's feet and clung, heavily, to one's cherished dress coat!

The party, like all parties, was too soon over—for everyone except Idalene Nobbin. To her the evening had been a horrible failure, the only bright spot in it had been her one, all too short, dance with Roy Duncan. It had been like a glimpse into Heaven, that dance. How could she know that it had meant something very different to Roy? She went home, with her mother, to dream radiant dreams which centered about him.

In the meantime Phin Larrabee, still annoyed at his friend, was adding a bit to Roy Duncan's mistake in names. For up in the room where the boys had left their coats and hats there was a picture of Prue. And when Roy, lifting it in affectionate hands, asked suddenly:

"What's her name—Prue?" Phin had answered, craftily.

"Prue? No, indeed, that's not Prue. That's a picture of Idalene Nobbin!"

That was why, several days later, a letter came to Miss Idalene Nobbin, from the state college. It was not a long letter, but it was a bewildering one. For it read like this:

Dear Miss Nobbin:

You may have forgotten me, but I will never forget our dancing together. I should be highly honored if you and your mother would be my guests at the Junior Prom here the 16th of this month. I have engaged rooms for you at the best boarding house. Please don't fail.

*Yours as ever,
ROY DUNCAN.*

Of course Idalene accepted the invitation. And then began a series of preparations that put those for Prue's party quite into the background. Almost hysterical with joy, the girl and her equally excited mother began to get ready. Idalene was no longer allowed to wash dishes—it might make her hands



"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"

from the wall. If you're even a little bit like her, take Rupert Hughes' advice—and see where it gets you!

red. She was no longer allowed to sweep lest she get overtired. And, final crown of glory, she was taken to the dress-maker, one Mlle. Dooley by name, for a frock. No home-made dress would do for a Junior Prom!

It was in Mlle. Dooley's shop that Idalene and her mother met Prue, who was also buying a dress for the prom, where she was going as Phin's guest. And it was there that Idalene told her friend that she was going to take part in the great event. To say that Prue was astonished was to put it mildly—she was flabbergasted! And for the first time she showed Idalene the claws that were hidden under her velvety sweetness. Prue was jealous.

Between them, Idalene, Mrs. Nobbin, and Mlle. Dooley chose a gown so much more terrible than Idalene's other party frock that it challenged even the most vivid imagination. Gauguin in his worst moments could have committed no more ghastly crime in the name of art! But Idalene and her mother adored it!

* * *

To one cleverer than Idalene, the situation at the Gramlin station, where the state college was located, would have been a revelation. But Idalene was not clever. She was only a very young, deliriously happy girl, off on her first big adventure. She did not notice that Roy Duncan rushed to meet Prue—that he fell back, in bewilderment, when she repulsed him. She did not even catch his utter lack of recognition when she brought herself to his attention and introduced "mommer." She could never have imagined his depth of horror as he realized his mistake.

It was all tremendously appalling to Roy, who, after all, was the hero of the college. But he made the best of it; he had to! Vowing revenge on Phin, he escorted Idalene and her mother to the boarding house, and there left them. And



The dress was a crime committed in the name of art. But Idalene and her mother adored it

then, with a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, he began to go about the matter of filling Idalene's dance card.

It cost a great deal of money to fill that dance card. Most of the boys had seen Idalene. Dollar bills and favorite neckties were sacrificed to the cause. And, after deluging Phin with water and thus gaining his revenge, Roy would lend dry clothes only on condition that five dances went with them. And Phin, looking miserable in the borrowed suit, had to comply with his hard-hearted friend's request.

When the moment of the dance came, and Roy saw his partner for the first time in Mlle. Dooley's creation, he was nearly desperate. But remembering the well-filled dance card he took heart. And he hustled the girl and her mother to the hall. And then began an evening of disillusionment and utter bitterness.

By no stretch of imagination could Idalene dance. And the college boys, with the cruelty of youth, stood in corners and made fun of her. But, all unconscious of their mirth, she tried, ever so hard, to get the hang of the so difficult steps.

Idalene was not the only one, however, who danced badly. There was a certain beautiful woman who had a difficult time with her partner, who, tall and good-looking though he was, could not make his feet behave. The woman was Pamela Sheil, and the man was Dr. Walter Breen, lately returned from scientific work in a far off and savage country. As the laughter caused by Idalene was reaching its height they were having a little discussion of their own.

"I'll have to give it up, Pamela," the man was saying, "I've been too long away to know anything about these new dances!" But Pamela looked up into his face and laughed, as she answered him.

"Why, Dr. Breen," she said, "it's the first time that I've ever known you to play the quitter!"

And so they struggled on until, on the outskirts of the dancing crowd, they



It was Idalene's great moment of triumph. "Miss Nobbin is dead," she told him; "she committed suicide when she heard your opinion of her!"

passed Idalene and Phin, who was at that moment her victim. And, as they passed, they noticed that Phin was surreptitiously offering money to the unattached youths who stood along their wall. And they heard the unkind comments of those youths—the blunt refusals. Pamela made a little exclamation of pity, and Dr. Breen stopped short as he spoke:

"That girl has my sympathy," he said; "if those boys don't mend their manners I'll break their heads!" He even started forward, threateningly, but Pamela stayed him with a gentle hand.

"Come on home," she said softly, "there's nobody here but cubs and dubs!"

It was after Pamela and the Doctor left that Idalene met her Waterloo. For one of the boys whom Roy had hired to dance with her, thinking, and rightly, that she looked better in the dark, took her out upon the dimly lighted porch. And there left her. And then Prue and Roy wandered out upon the self-same porch and began to talk.

"Of course, Miss Prue," Roy said, "it was you that I meant to invite to the dance. I'll kill Phin Larrabee tomorrow for palming Idalene off on me!"

Prue giggled. But Idalene, in the shadows, did not make a sound. For a certain youth, who had danced with her, also came out upon the porch. And when he spoke to Roy she suffered her most awful humiliation.

"Take back your two dollars and your girl," said the youth angrily. "I can't dance with her any more. She's made me ridiculous, and I'm through!" He only promised to thoroughly fill his contract when Roy offered to sacrifice his bulldog.

When they went into the hall again, each one of them quite unaware of the little heart-broken listener, Idalene did some rapid thinking. Her soul was in torment, her poor mind

was in a whirl. She felt disgraced—a pariah. Suddenly she rose to her feet, stumbled off the porch and into the dark. Crossing the campus, narrowly avoiding Roy and Prue, who were seated closely together upon a bench, she came at last to a road, which she followed blindly. Speeding motor cars threw their pitiless searchlights upon her; and went by. It was the motor cars that gave Idalene a ghastly inspiration. Waiting her chance she cast herself into the path of a car driven by a crowd of hilarious joy riders. When it had passed she lay, a little crumpled heap, in the road. And the occupants of the next car, coming at a moderate speed, saw her and stopped.

Idalene was not a stranger, exactly, to the two people who were driving in the car that stopped. For they had watched her, at the dance. They were Pamela and Dr. Walter Breen. Rapidly they climbed out of the car and, at once all physician, the Doctor bent over the girl and felt of her pulse and her heart. Seeing that she was alive he, with Pamela's aid, got her to the Sheil mansion. As he was making a hasty examination there, Idalene opened her eyes and asked a question:

"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"

Dr. Breen looked up from his examination.

"Not yet," he said; "you've got to go through the other place first. Both of your legs are broken."

For a moment the girl did not say anything. Her words were philosophical when at last she spoke.

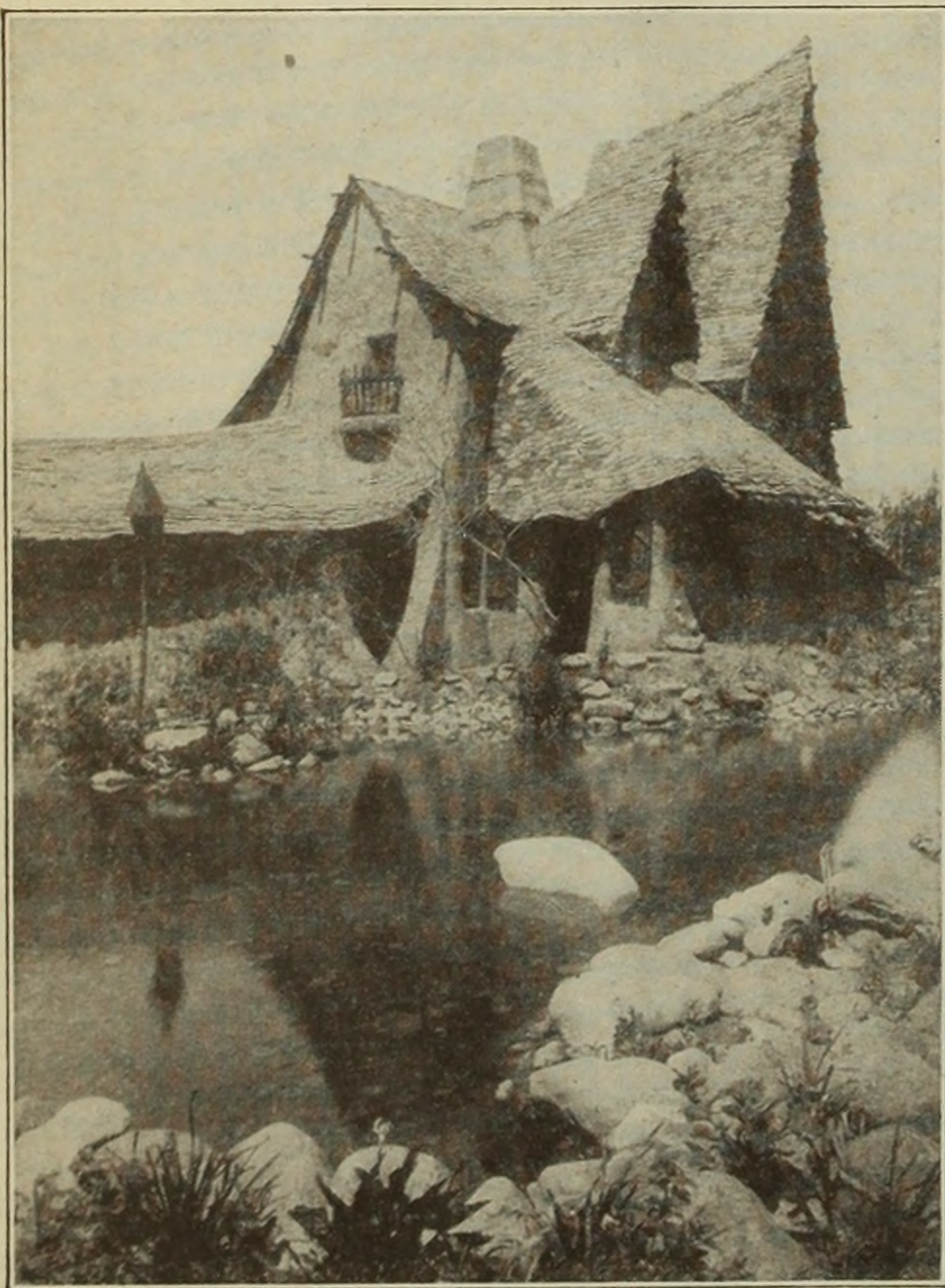
"Well, they weren't much use to me," she said slowly; "they couldn't get me anywhere dancing!"

Idalene's mother, almost frantic, was located and told of her daughter's condition. And, late that night, Idalene's legs were set. The next morning, still in great (Continued on page 112)

The Wall Flower

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by E. Mason Hopper with the following cast:

<i>Idalene Nobbin</i>	Colleen Moore
<i>Roy Duncan</i>	Tom Gallery
<i>Phin Larrabee</i>	Rush Hughes
<i>Dr. Breen</i>	Richard Dix
<i>Mrs. Nobbin</i>	Fanny Stockbridge
<i>Prue</i>	Laura La Plante
<i>Pamela</i>	Gertrude Astor



CALIFORNIA'S QUAINTEST STUDIO

OUT in Hollywood, there is a film factory that excites admiring ah's even from the hardened sight-seers. It is like a glimpse into the Middle Ages, this studio designed by Harold G. Oliver. Fronted by an artificial lake, entrance is gained only by a draw-bridge. The entire structure is covered with odd shingles of many colors.



FILMS THAT TALK AND SING

NOT the old-fashioned "talking pictures," but a brand-new invention by an Englishman named Grindell-Matthews. He has perfected a machine by which the voices of the actors synchronize with their filmed actions. The picture above shows the inventor directing a scene for "Round the Town," the first of his singing-and-talking pictures, with the machine recording the voices. Wonder how it will seem to hear our stars? Some of them will surprise you, as their voices are in perfect accord with their screen personalities. The promoters say it will "revolutionize" the motion picture industry, but that is an old familiar threat.

Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

IT was a shock to see the following paragraph in the column of one of our best loved newspaper writers, Dan Marquis, of the N. Y. Sun.

"Flesh reduction," it said, "is one of the fads of the hour—take it from the popular magazines. For brain reduction go to the movies."

Can he have meant *head* reduction? Quite a few intellectuals have come out of the studios with a noticeable reduction of the hat band.

IT gave us quite a start the other day when we realized that a well known opera singer was not a typographical error. For when we read in a headline that "Chaliapin" had received a great ovation at the Manhattan Opera House it took us some time to realize that the personage referred to was not one Charles Spencer Chaplin.

IF the professional reformers had their way:
Skirts, hours, prayer meetings and men's faces would be longer;

Joys, kisses, movie fade outs, and women's tempers would be shorter;

Salaries would be smaller—but troubles and families would be larger;

Bootleg would poison, and home brew would kill;

Eating, drinking, sleeping and living would be regulated by those who eat "calories," drink water, sleep grudgingly from fear of missing something to reform, and live totally ignorant of the things that make life really worth while;

And—worst of all—

We'd have to think just what the censors wanted us to think:

But, thank God,

They cannot put meters on the minds of men and women, even if curfew and the police hustle them in at eight P. M. every night!

MOTION pictures have been accorded many triumphs in the last few years. They have, despite what the censors say, been praised and elevated in many ways. The legitimate stage has bowed to their authority, the press has gravitated steadily toward them, even the pulpit has been known to speak in their praise. And now they have been elevated to the ranks of the sort of art that is spelled with a capital A. For they have been admitted, this year, to the Paris Salon.

Patrons and participants are delighted—and infinitely encouraged—by such recognitions. For art critics and connoisseurs will attend the showing. Bringing the films into such prominence will expose the cinema to people who can tell a picture from a daub of paint—who know, and appreciate, sound principles of harmony and design.

YOUR real estate magnate is seldom romantic. A house, to him, is only a house. And a building site can only be measured in square feet—and round dollars. The most photographed house in New York

is being torn down to make room for a huge, and decidedly unromantic, apartment building.

It stood on Riverside Drive at the northeast corner of Ninetieth Street—a two-story structure of grey stone with a wide veranda. And it has been the scene of many a stirring conflict, of a vast number of elopements, and honeymoons, and kidnappings, and domestic triangles.

When the last brick is being tossed aside the ghosts of four hundred photoplays will stand, weeping, in the shadows.

THE press protested vigorously against the starring of Clara Smith Hamon—acquitted murderess—in a feature film. But the protests were of no avail and the picture was recently released.

Doubtless the producers figured that the newspaper notoriety would bring with it a great demand for the picture, which was called "Fate." But the public has fooled them. Tired of cheap sensationalism, of threadbare emotions, of dirt thinly veneered, it has reacted to the side of the newspapers—and to the side of all right thinking producers and exhibitors, the country over.

The film was first boycotted in San Francisco. Where record breaking crowds were expected, the picture played to a sparsely filled house. And the film was withdrawn.

That was the first step. It was only when other cities in both the east and the west followed San Francisco's example, that the showing of the film began to take on a nation-wide significance. Detroit, Chicago, Boston and New York—they fell valiantly into line. In most cases the film was not even permitted in the good houses and, when it was exhibited, the audiences were extremely small. Its reception has justified those people who maintain that pictures are daily growing better and cleaner—that the standard of production is far higher than it used to be. And that the public is still clinging to the right sort of ethics and ideas.

IF you don't like the necktie your wife chose for your birthday gift, scrap it and get one to suit yourself. If you don't like the apartment you're living in—or the rent thereof—move to Keokuk, Iowa, or to Jersey City. And there purchase a real house on the instalment plan. If you don't like your mother-in-law . . . but that's old stuff!

The people who lived in Milton-on-the-Hudson didn't like the brand of photoplay that was being shown in the motion picture theater at Newburgh, N. Y.—a nearby town where the Miltonians took their pleasure. The churches, particularly, were wrathful. And so the people, backed by the churches, banded together and purchased a theater of their own. And they operate it through a board of representatives of said churches.

The theater—curiously enough—has been, to date, a financial success. And, if it's been a financial success, it's doubtless been a success in other ways. Only—we can't help wondering whether there are still a few unregenerate souls who run over to Newburgh, of a Saturday night, to get a—dare we breathe it—thrill!



© Straus-Peyton, 1921

HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

Mr. Chaplin is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely the instinct for humor



Underwood and Underwood

Mr. Chaplin has taken a powerful hold upon all of us—old and young, illiterate and cultured alike. In London and Paris, as well as New York, they acclaimed him

Chaplin's Great Secret

A remarkable psychological analysis of how one man has come to be regarded as the symbol and the personification of the modern world's humoristic needs and impulses

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Author of "The Creative Will," etc.

WHEN one has said that Mr. Charles S. Chaplin is the greatest comedian of modern times, only a part of the truth has been told—and the least important part, at that! The reason that Mr. Chaplin has taken so powerful a hold upon all of us—old and young, illiterate and cultured alike—is not merely because of his pre-eminent capabilities as a buffoon and his inimitable gift of pantomime, but because he embodies—more vividly and more completely than any other living actor—the very spirit of modern humor. Mr. Chaplin, in fact, epitomizes mankind's present need for recreation and relaxation.

Our reverence and respect for Mr. Harding, for instance, is not due to any transcendent political greatness and unique intellectual insight possessed by a certain amiable, golf-loving citizen of Marion, Ohio. Were he but a private individual or even a senator, the nation would not accord him the honor and deference he now commands, although he would be just as wise and, personally, just as great. The applause we give him, whenever his smiling countenance is flashed upon the screen, is really inspired by the high office to which we have elected him—the office of which he is the symbol. He, as an individual, stands for our ideal of government and represents our instinct for political power.

In exactly the same way, the admiration and respect which we shower upon Mr. Chaplin is not due merely to his prehensile feet, his abortive mustache, his agile cane, and his

fascinating antics, but also to the fact that he has been, as it were, unofficially elected to an office which is, in many ways, quite as important as the one held by Mr. Harding. He, too, is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely: the instinct for humor.

No one individual, as an individual, could possibly have attained to Mr. Chaplin's present status of almost universal popularity. It is not within the realm of human possibility for one man, however gifted, to have personally insinuated himself so firmly into the affections of the human race. In order to arouse the world's admiration, he must be something more than a mere individual—he must represent some principle, some ideal, some great human impulse—just as Napoleon once stood for the world's ideal of autocratic power, and just as Mr. Harding now stands for this nation's ideal of democratic government.

MANKIND is forever seeking personal representatives for its basic impulses and needs. Every religion has had its *personal* god—an individual who embodied the traits and beliefs of that religion, and upon whom the followers of that religion poured forth their reverence and obeisance. It was not the person himself who inspired the reverence, but the things he was supposed to symbolize.

And, just as with the religious impulse, so it has been with all the other impulses of man. (Continued on page 104)

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD

Battle

Producers, directors, bankers and stars voice their opinions in the struggle between New York and Los Angeles for picture leadership



Nowhere in the world will you find a landscape like this except in New York. The lower end of Manhattan can boast the biggest and the most beautiful buildings in the world. Representatives of American art and industry, these skyscrapers have no equal—and you can't build a set like this

A GREAT industry and a new art, the motion picture, is the bone of contention between two great cities.

Los Angeles, and Hollywood, its suburb, are awake to the importance of holding the position they have developed as the production center. They regard it as *theirs*. Their city officials and business organizations are prepared to fight to hold that position. Its leading bankers offer full co-operation.

New York, as a city, is more complacent. Its mayor has probably no thoughts on the subject. Its business associations ignore it. Manhattan bankers, with few exceptions, have not the slightest idea of the financial problems involved. They are just beginning to wake up. The western bankers have been alert to the opportunities offered, while the easterners have been asleep behind the counter.

LOS ANGELES sunshine first drew the pictures to the Pacific Coast. That is not so essential now, for the great majority of scenes are artificially lighted, in western as well as eastern studios. With the progress of technical skill and requirements, even the sunshine of Southern California has proved too undependable.

There was a time when Los Angeles and Hollywood folks were antagonistic to the film colony, often with good reason. But now the motion picture is its civic pride. The camera has made Los Angeles famous, and in ten years turned Hollywood from an insignificant suburb and a group of ranches into a thriving and beautiful city.

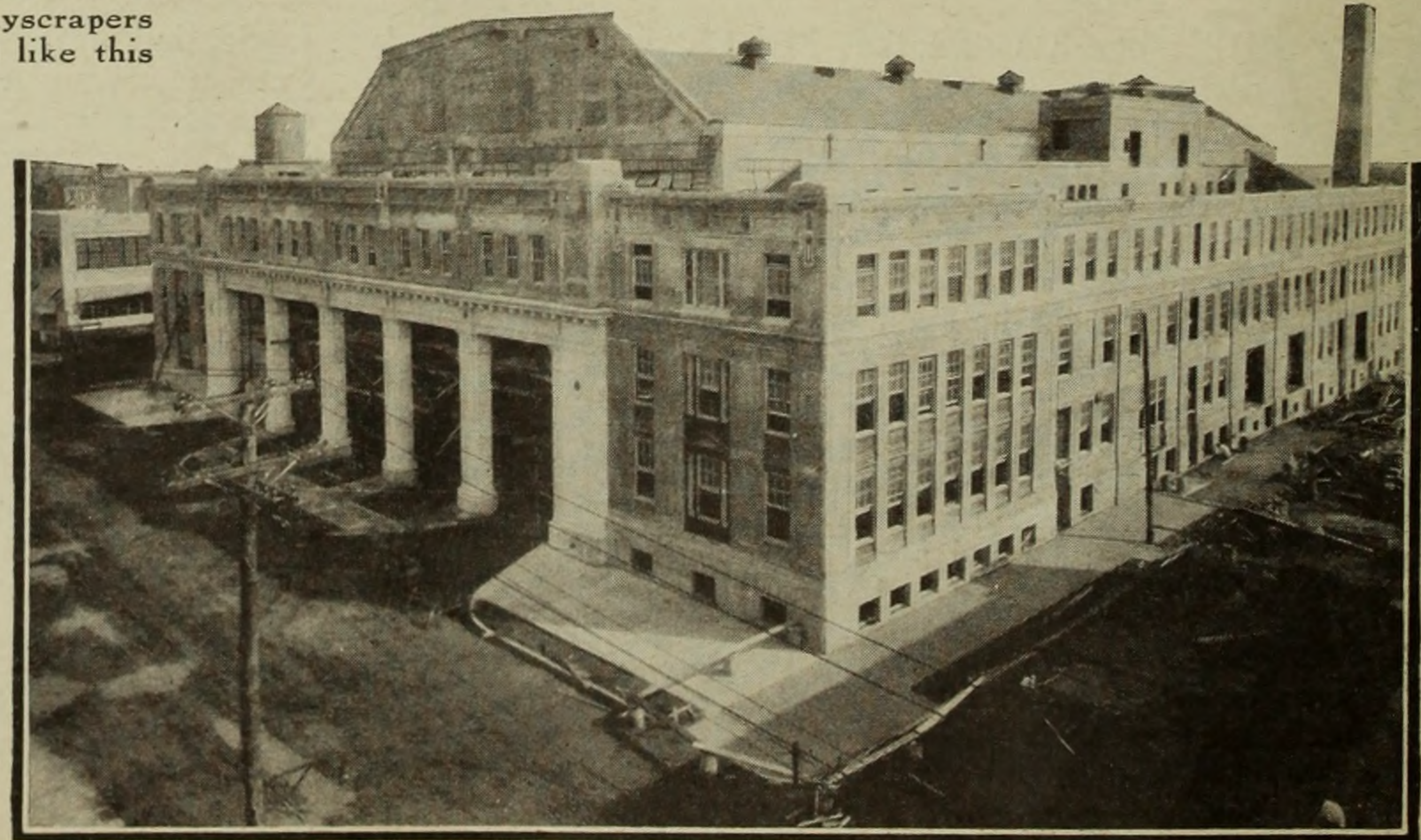
The old retired Iowa farmer element looked upon the picture colony as intruders, forgetting that they themselves were unwelcome and oftentimes considered unpleasant and penurious invaders.

Sitting on the front porches of their tiny bungalows, they watched with jealous and intolerant eye the coming of the film folks. Now they're all figuring how they can get \$5 a day for character parts, and boasting they're in the "movies."

The opinions of many leaders of the motion picture industry and bankers on the relative merits of Los Angeles and New York as producing centers follow:

MOTLEY FLINT—Vice-president, Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

Akron for tires.
Hartford for insurance.



The largest and most complete studio in the east: Paramount's new Long Island City film factory. Only a few minutes from Manhattan, it is convenient and comfortable. Closed for repairs, it will open soon. The fogs interfered with production for a while, but specially-made machines have been installed to overcome this climatic difficulty

of Two Cities

Detroit for automobiles.
And Los Angeles for films.
That's all there is to it.

There can be no argument about whether New York or California shall have the production of pictures. Simply because California has, and always will have.

I can make more money for my bank in beans or fruit. But I like the films and its people. I like to do business with them.

GEORGE E. CRYER,
Mayor of Los Angeles:

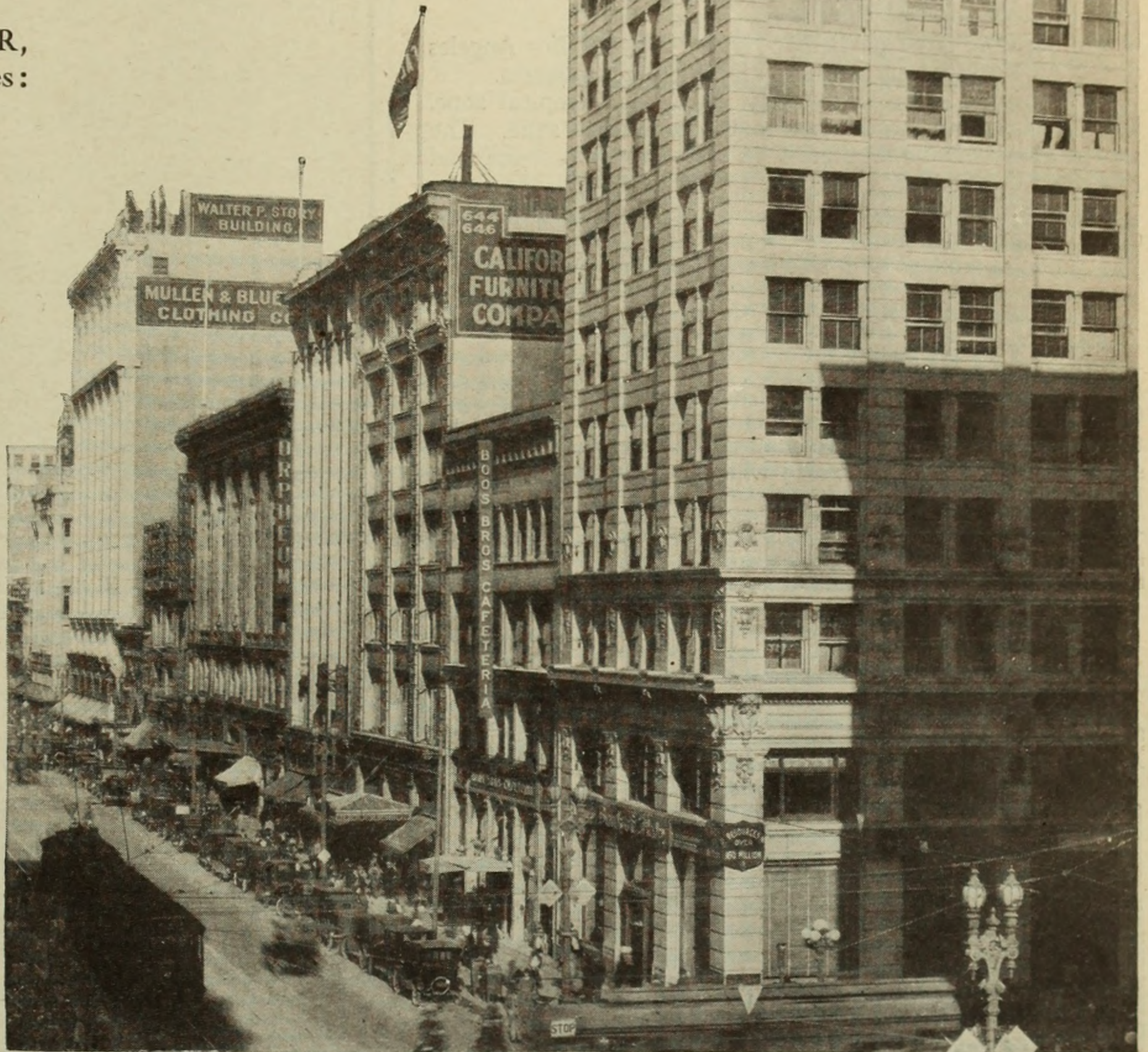
There are many reasons why Los Angeles is, and should continue to be, the capital of the film industry.

A strong factor of importance is that the labor conditions in Los Angeles are of the best.

Years ago, when the film industry was making its first entry into the commerce world, the business interests of Los Angeles, appreciating the value that the industry would some day be to this community, offered every co-operation and assistance to producers at that time, and have continued in their efforts to promote harmony, and assist this industry in its unbounded growth.

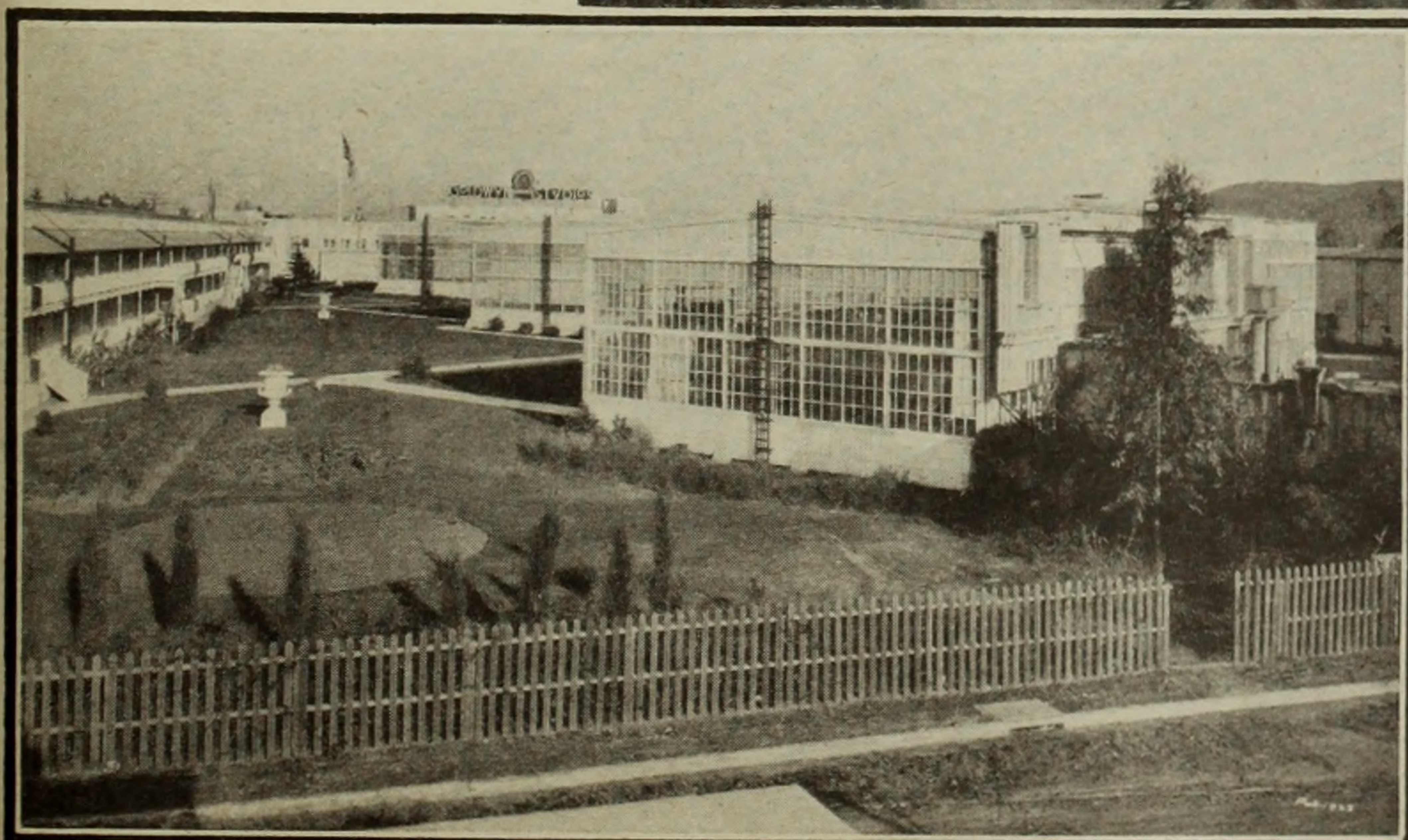
ELSIE FERGUSON:

Naturally, I like New York best, as my home and many of my closest friends are there in the east.



Broadway—Los Angeles. This is the busiest street of the California city, with its tallest buildings. Away down the street you can see the mountains, but not in this view. Quite a contrast to New York's Broadway, isn't it? But many "big city" scenes are "shot" right here

As to the desirability of New York as a producing center, as opposed to Los Angeles, I am naturally prejudiced for this reason in favor of New York. As a matter of fact, I have made only one picture in Hollywood, "Sacred and Profane Love." "Peter Ibbetson," "Footlights" and all of my other pictures have been made in the east. Whether Los Angeles is a better producing center than New York must be decided, so far as I am concerned at least, on the merits of the pictures themselves. But, quite aside from that, I want to reiterate that my home is in New York, and woman's place, you know, is in the home!



One of the most beautiful film production plants in the world; the studios of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation in Culver City, California. This is a view of the dressing-rooms—left—and the stages—the large glass structures at the right. Almost every kind of a picture may be made without leaving the "lot"

WILLIAM FOX, President Fox Film Corporation:

Neither Los Angeles nor New York, the two leading producing centers of the motion picture industry, will be abandoned. The California city certainly will not abdicate in favor of the eastern metropolis, nor will New York surrender its film charter. There is abundant room at the top for both.

New York and Los Angeles will have rival producing centers in many parts of the world. Wherever on earth there exist in harmonious human combination, dramatic genius and productive inspiration, there we may expect the art of the photoplay to blossom and bloom; from that city or state or country will come motion pictures—and good pictures.

D. W. GRIFFITH:

To me there is no particular rivalry between Los Angeles and New York as centers of motion picture producers.

Los Angeles is the largest city in the semi-tropical zone. New York is the largest city in the temperate zone. The greater part of the nation is in the temperate zone and therefore the majority of its stories involve that zone.

Both have advantages. It is certainly pleasant to produce in California.

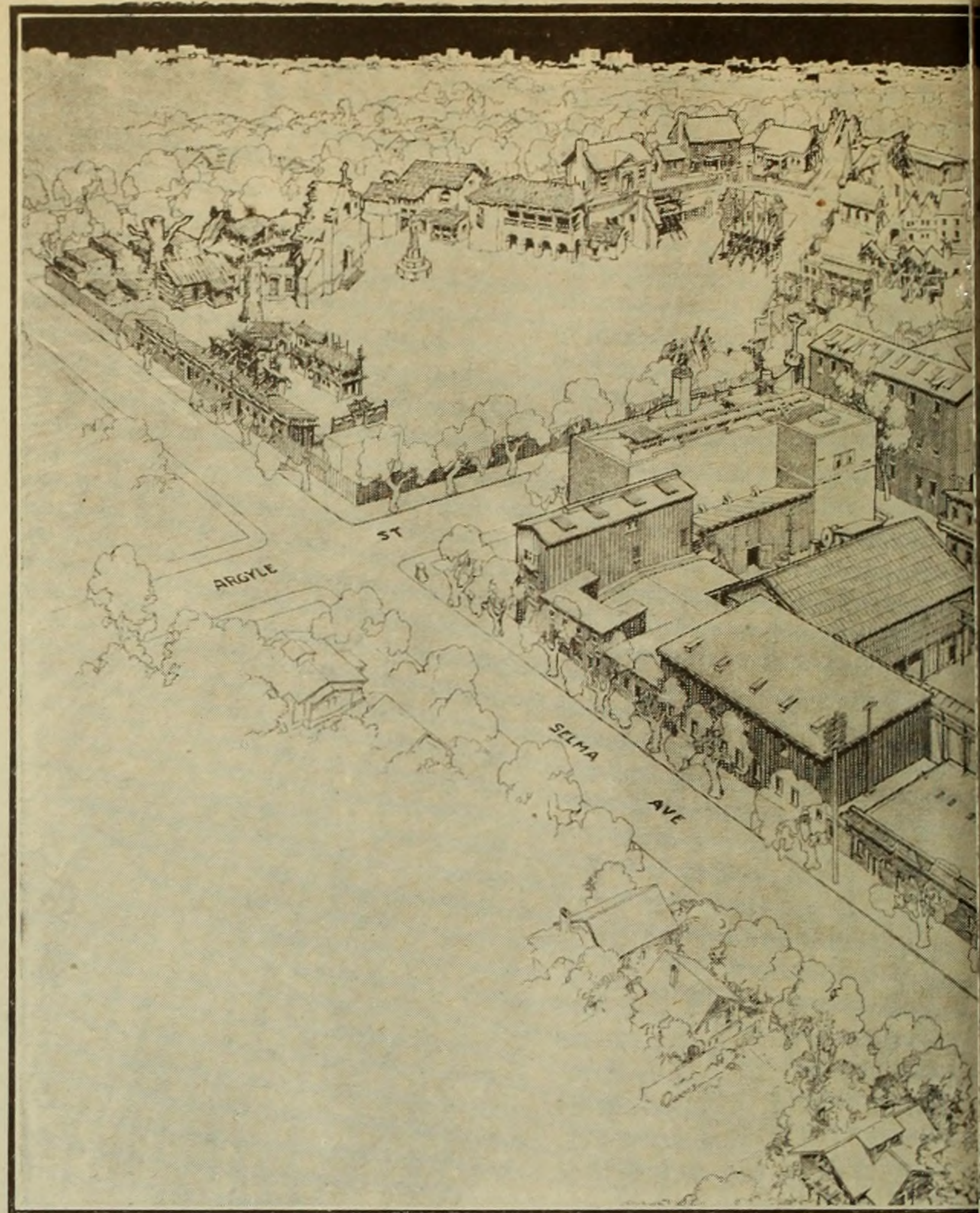
But one doesn't go to a silk market to buy jewels.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, President of Goldwyn Pictures:

As a producing center there is no comparison between California and New York. The conditions of climate on the west coast enable us to maintain all year round in the studios a little facsimile world where we can take whatever local color we require. Street scenes of China, Russia, Italy—the atmosphere of every interesting corner on the globe—are at our disposal in winter and spring, in fall and in summer. The advantages of the east are negligible

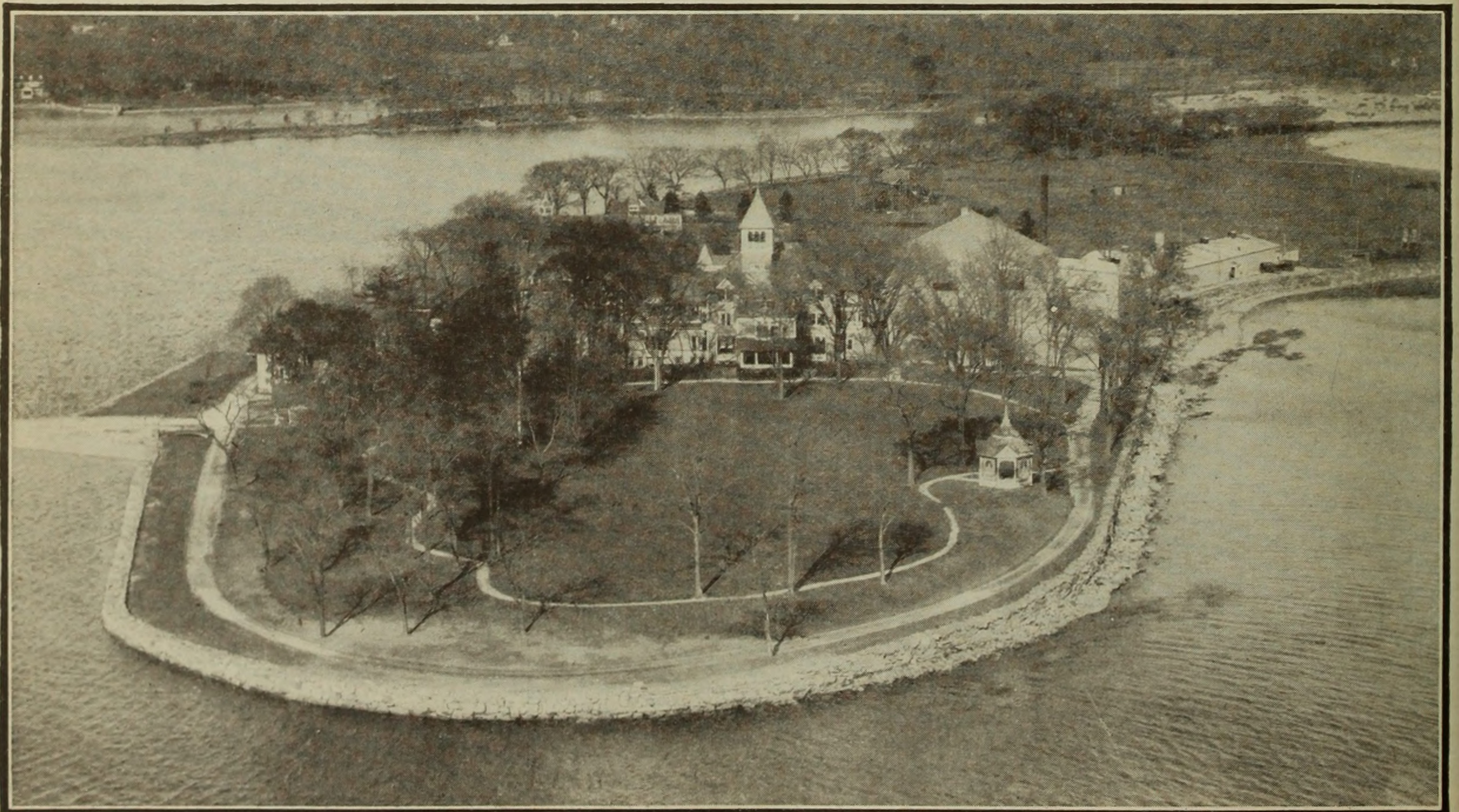
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

The open spaces and the nearness of nearly all sorts of scenery as well as the sunshine of California, combine to make Los Angeles well suited for motion picture production.

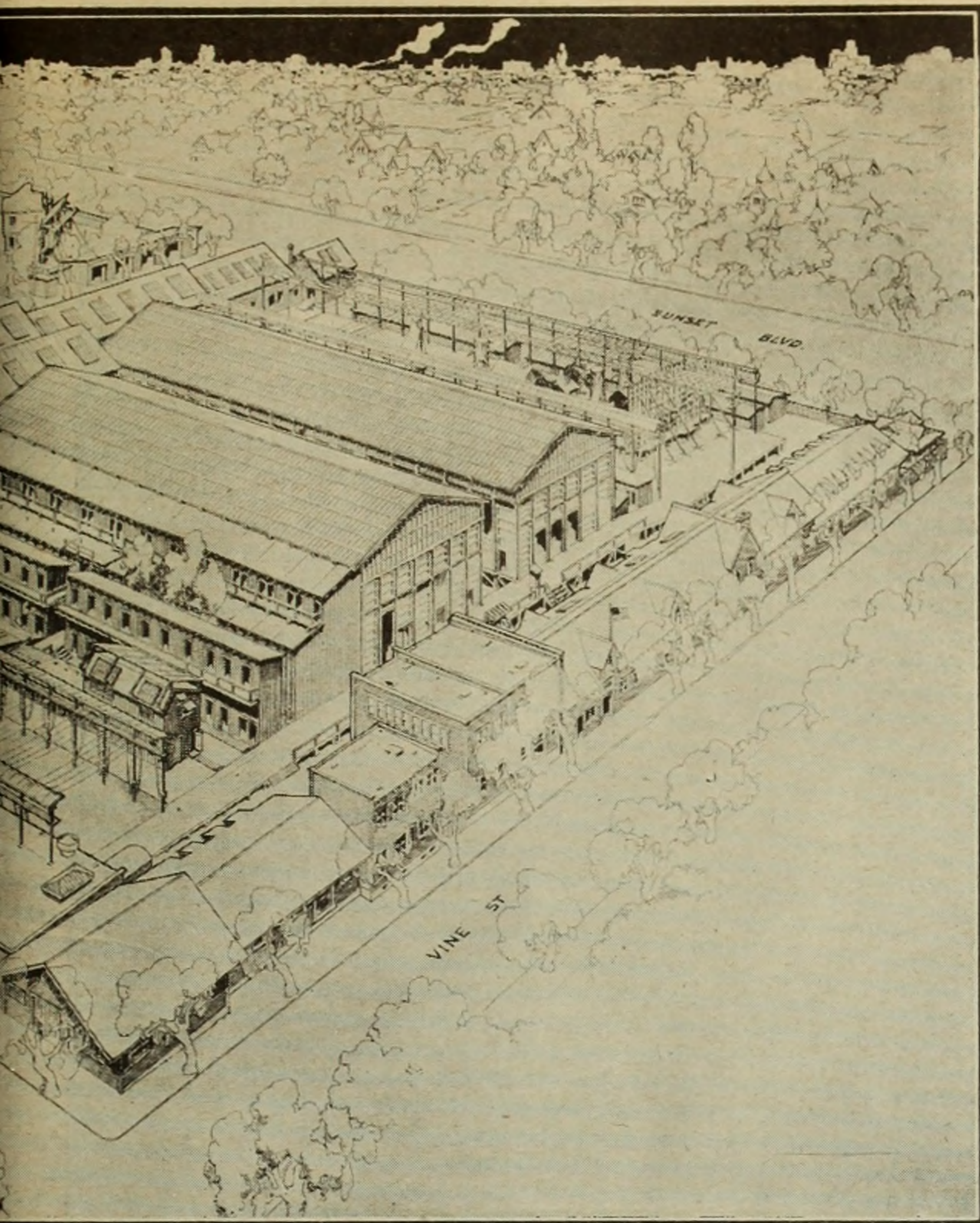


A bird's-eye view of the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California made most of the Paramount productions and many of the Real-the glass stages, and every type of outdoor scene in any corner Algiers rubs shoulders with Main Street, Indiana. This studio

The atmosphere of certain pictures, however, such as "Footlights," "Experience" and "Peter Ibbetson," demand that they be produced in New York, where exterior settings



The most artistic studio in the world; D. W. Griffith's in Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, one hour from Manhattan. Mr. Griffith bought a whole peninsula and converted the houses of a one-time show place into a film plant. Here he can have his own ocean, his own villages. It is the most ideal spot in the east for screen work. It combines the scenic advantages of Los Angeles with the cultural advantages of New York



fornia, one of the first and best equipped in the west. Here are art. They can make westerns on the lot; society dramas inside of the estate. Streets from every city in the world are built; fronts on Sunset Boulevard, once the Main Street of studios

suitable to the story can easily be found.

Therefore, both Los Angeles and New York are necessarily important producing centers, and we have studios in both places.

JESSE L. LASKY, First Vice-President, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

In the beginning of motion pictures, Los Angeles, with its sunshine, open spaces and proximity of mountains, surpassed all other parts of the country as a suitable place in which to produce pictures. With the perfection of lighting equipment, however, Los Angeles' sunshine is no longer a necessity; indeed many of our pictures produced in Hollywood are made entirely inside the Lasky studio by artificial light. On the other hand, New York, with its resources for the purchase of properties for settings, and its large population of well-known actors, is becoming more and more favored as a production center. Our faith in New York, I think, is pretty well demonstrated by the \$2,000,000 studio which we have built on Long Island, which we are soon to reopen.

ALBERT E. SMITH, President of Vitagraph Company:

The east and west both hold much for the making of motion pictures. New York stands for better casting, costuming and property facilities, while Los Angeles offers much more in the way of beautiful locations, sunshine and agreeable climatic conditions.

You won't find anything like this around New York. This is the Grand Canyon in Arizona, but you can find locations almost as good in the Painted (Mojave) Desert; and you have the Yosemite—all accessible from California

From a financial viewpoint what you pay out in the east you save in the west and vice versa—it is a fifty-fifty break no matter which way you figure things.

CARL LAEMMLE, President of Universal:

"I would change the phrase, 'Los Angeles vs. New York' to 'Los Angeles for New York,' because the two great cities are equally important capitals of the motion picture industry. Los Angeles has a big lead over any other city in the world as the presiding center of the motion picture industry. New York is not an advantageous place to produce pictures but it is equally important to the film world because of its strategic economic location and the fact that films can best be distributed from there. The two cities are alike in importance to the success of the screen.

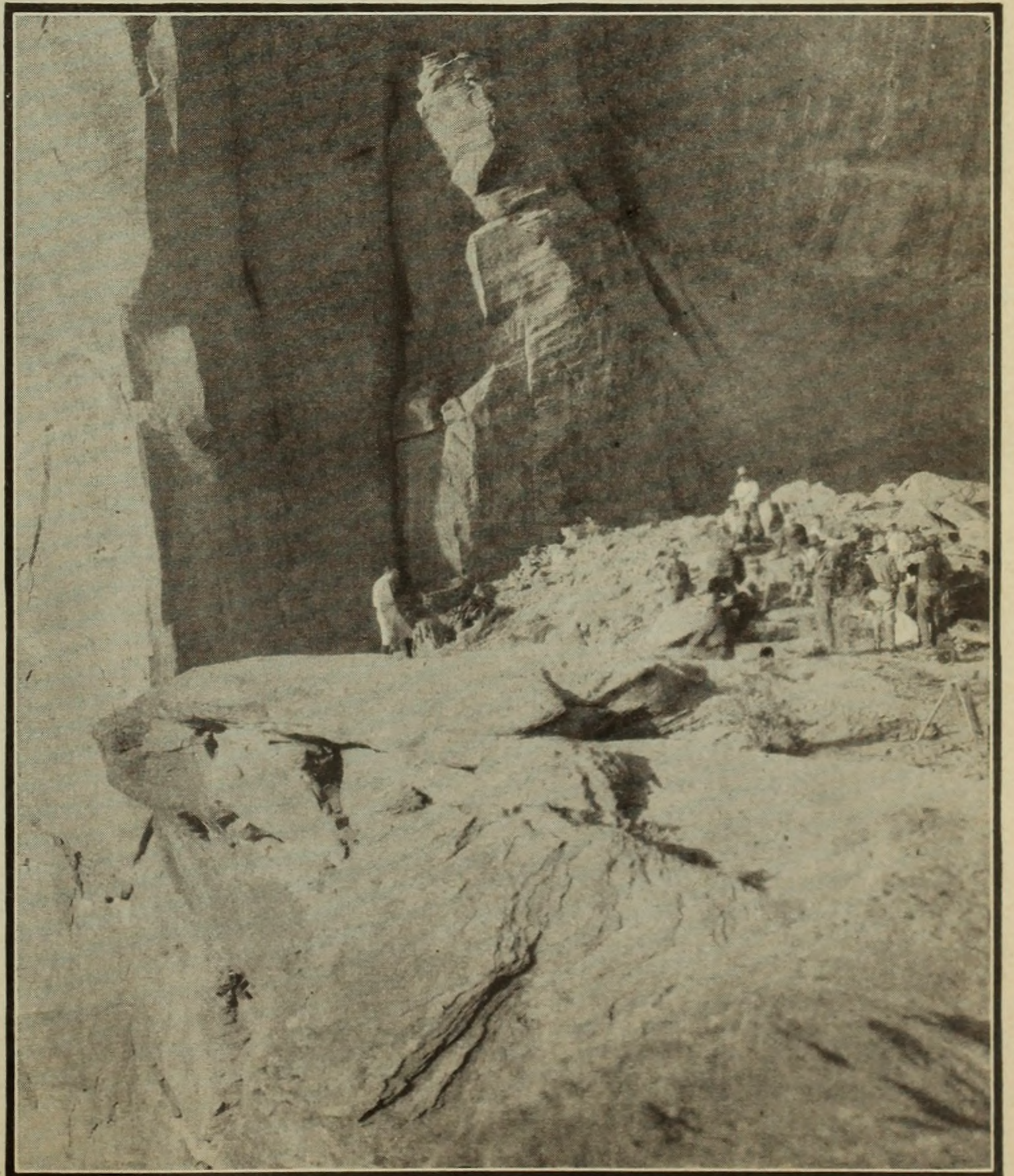
LEWIS T. SELZNICK, President of the Selznick Pictures Corporation:

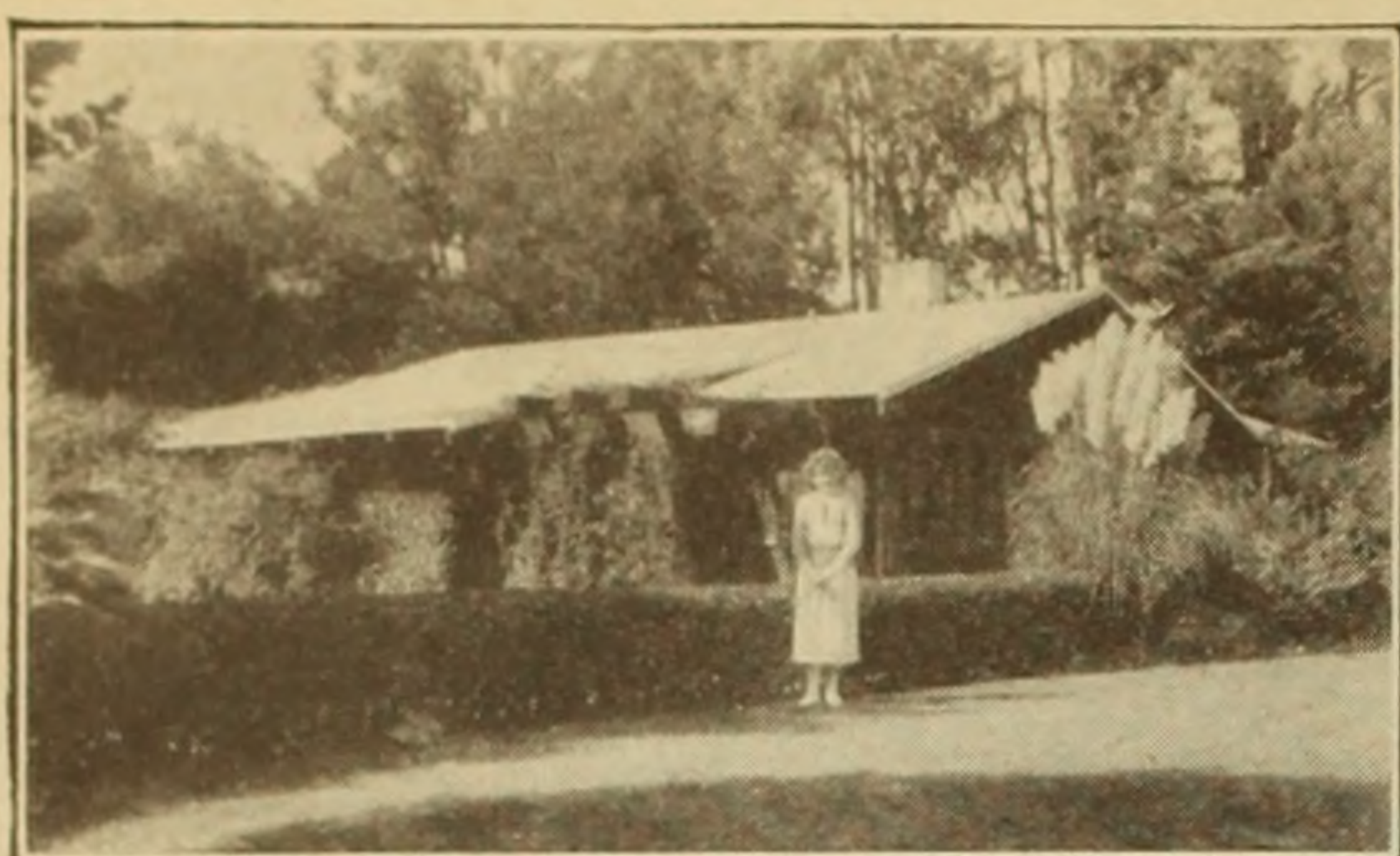
The outstanding point in favor of New York as a producing center, and the reason that I have always preferred the east, is its proximity to the main and executive offices of the organization. New York is the headquarters and distributing source of the Selznick Company. I prefer to have production within close reach. A lot of things can happen three thousand miles away.

THOMAS MEIGHAN:

Physically, Los Angeles may be a great production center for motion pictures. Mentally, it is terrible. I favor New York as a center, the only center, for production if an actor is to be kept at the height of his ability. It is only there that he can keep in touch with the developments of dramatic and literary art of all kinds. It is only there that he can get the necessary mental kick to keep him eager, keen and anxious about his work.

In Los Angeles, and particularly (*Cont'd on page 100*)





Her new Hollywood bungalow

A Prohibition Beauty

Margaret Armstrong,
model, now "Miss DuPont."
Birthplace—Kentucky

By JOAN JORDAN

"SHE was born in old Kentucky"—and that's pretty near as good a start for a woman as it is for a race horse.

Certainly old Kentuck can add another name to her list of beautiful daughters, which is mighty near as long as her war record of colonels.

Of course there's one other thing the state's famous for—but 'twouldn't be any use mentioning it now. And it wouldn't be much good as a descriptive or a comparative, because Miss DuPont is sort of a prohibition beauty anyway—not much kick.

She is more like a pineapple ice cream soda than a mint julep.

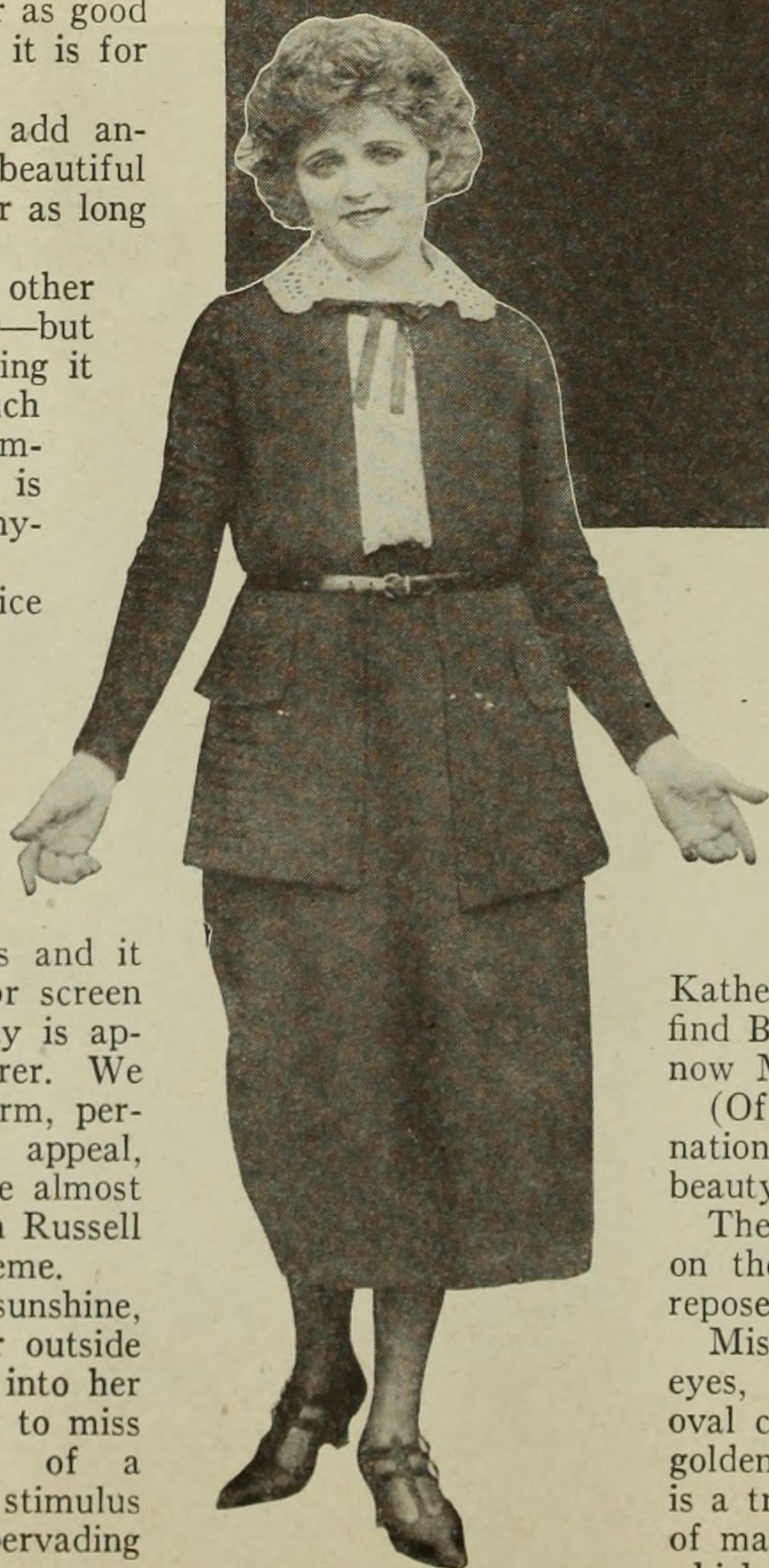
Hers is the cool, perfect beauty of the Swiss Alps—the serene loveliness of the Italian lakes—the scentless perfection of a hothouse Bride rose.

But beauty she actually has and it is her complete justification for screen and star existence. For beauty is apparently becoming rarer and rarer. We are going in so much for charm, personality, kick, prettiness, sex appeal, and exotic appeal that we have almost forgotten the days when Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot reigned supreme.

I sat in the hot November sunshine, in a small white-painted arbor outside her dressing room, and looked into her lovely face, and actually failed to miss the conversational brilliance of a Priscilla Dean, the intellectual stimulus of a Helen Ferguson, or the pervading hypnotism of a Gloria Swanson.



Miss Dupont's is the cool, perfect beauty
of the Swiss Alps



We have had on the screen three definite types of beauty—the Mary Pickford type, under which fall such stars as May Allison, Mary Miles Minter, Marion Davies and Wanda Hawley; the sex type, including Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Betty Compson and a long list of others; and the Katherine MacDonald-Elsie Ferguson school, where we find Betty Blythe, Florence Vidor, Harriet Hammond, and now Miss DuPont.

(Of course that doesn't pretend to be a complete explanation, but it's my idea of the different types of physical beauty that have been successful on the screen.)

The last-named classification is the only one founded on the Greek theory of perfection of line, feature and repose.

Miss DuPont has the big, clear, perfectly shaped blue eyes, the finely arched brows, nostrils and mouth, the oval chin line, the pronounced classic nose. Her hair is golden and heavy, and her skin is very fair. As yet she is a trifle heavy and she has not acquired that stateliness of manner and queenly poise which go with her type and which make Betty Blythe, (Continued on page 106)

Faces and Brains

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Screen actors must have
personality, but that is just
another word for
brains of a peculiar order

THERE will always be room for new faces in pictures, particularly where those new faces are not merely types, but have intelligence and acting ability behind them.

Certainly the old familiar favorites cannot retain their popularity against our very American desire for something new, without giving us the best that is in them. All successful people who have reached the top of any profession find that it is as hard to remain at the top as to reach it. It is hard to excel a success, or even to equal it.

But the frenzy for novelty may be carried too far.

We are a wasteful people. We elect our presidents, use them for their period of service, and when they have learned their hard lesson of statesmanship and have become great national assets we throw them aside, electing new men again, to struggle and to learn.

And this wasteful demand for the new goes into our daily lives. We must have new clothes, new houses, new books, new motion pictures, even sometimes new wives and husbands! We use and discard, and much of that discarding is wasteful. We make public idols and tear them down, to elevate new idols, neither better nor worse than the last, but new.

Old lovers of the theater will tell us that acting is not acting any more. They bewail the days of the fine old stock companies, where a leading man played *Romeo* one night and *Shylock* the next; where make-up was an art, and acting was acting. I hold no brief for that system. It was better for the actor, as training, than for a public which must have found it hard sometimes to preserve the illusion which it is the theater's province to provide. But it gave us actors.

NATURALLY this method is not possible with the screen, which reveals with extreme cruelty the false and the unreal, and which tolerates neither painted wrinkles nor beards



Mary Roberts Rinehart, America's greatest woman writer, who insists we must have new screen faces

held on with spirit gum. We must fit our pictures with men and women approximating in appearance the types demanded by the script. But we have fallen into the error of subordinating acting ability to this fetish of "type" with results frequently disastrous.

However, we must at least approximately "type" our pictures to conform with the characters of the story, and as there is little or no limit of the imaginations of authors, we shall of course continue to see new faces on the screen. But these new faces should come as a response to a legitimate demand, and not merely to satisfy our American hunger for novelty.

There is something to be said for the old faces. Perhaps they do become too much associated in our minds with certain roles. Perhaps they have no more surprises for us. But they have certain very real values, not to be disregarded, which the new screen actor cannot have. They have experience, and if we have known them for a long time, they have a popularity built on solid work and our affection for the familiar.

Popularity, if it has been held, has always been deserved. Equally, the moment it ceases to be deserved, it is lost. The great fault with our star system, both on the stage and in pictures, the thing that has destroyed it, has been a probably unconscious conviction that the only struggle necessary is to reach the top. That having been achieved, the star might take things a bit easy. The belief of managers and head-liners alike was that only the star mattered, and that the public would take that star in anything.

Occasionally that seemed to work out, as when a star's personal popularity put over an indifferent picture indifferently done. Popularity, then, has its value, but also it has its limitations. And also, it may be overworked.

Too much of any one individual on the screen becomes monotonous and boresome. I have sat in a theater, helpless unless I wished to depart, and have watched a young woman on the screen in her various poses until the action and the story died, and my patience died with them.

The demand of the public for new faces has sprung out of this lack of moderation and proportion. Stars should live for great moments in a picture, but they have been given an hour and a half. Those stars and leading men and women who are still popular have given us good stories, good acting, and a restrained use of themselves.

But our old actors have another quality which the new ones cannot have. They have experience. They have learned the technique of acting before the camera, and developed a method.

The amazing conviction is wide-spread that acting for the movies is easy. One did not really act at all. One stood or walked in front of the camera, and a kindly gentleman with a script in his hand stood off to the side and told one what to do. One did it, and that was all. Perhaps it was all, earlier in the making of pictures. It was sufficiently strange then simply to see movement, any sort of movement, on a screen.

But times have changed. We are dealing now with picture-wise and acting-wise audiences. They are paying more and demanding more. And if they want newness they will not tolerate crudity or rawness with it. Already they know, and we know, that acting before the camera is an art, and a difficult art.

Watch a theatrical company rehearsing, before empty seats, and then see it before an audience. Observe the enormous stimulus that audience gives it. At the rehearsal it is forcing itself, struggling to feel reality in what it is doing. But on the opening night that feeling of unreality goes; the sense of reality returns. These things it is doing are real things. The audience sends over the footlights its own waves of emotion, responding to laughter and to tears. The actors *become* the play.

Acting before the camera is much like a rehearsal. Such stimulus as comes must come from the actor himself. He must in effect be able to turn on, like turning a tap, the emotions he is called upon to depict. Not until he has seen his rushes can he know if he has succeeded—and mostly he does not see them.

IN a word, screen acting not only calls for skill of a high order, but for experience to secure the best results. And it is this experience which our demand for novelty may too easily discard. It is lack of understanding of this which has placed on our silver sheets today so many pretty, vacuous faces, new and young and therefore appealing at first, but as cloying as a milk diet after a time. How can we expect people to depict life who have never lived it?

This is not an argument against new faces for the screen, but an attempt to strike a balance between the two extremes; on the one hand those who uphold the star system and trade only in established names, and on the other, those who lay too much stress on novelty and type without regard to experience or popularity. These two schools of thought are easily recognized among our producers today.

We must of course have new faces in pictures. So we have them in life insurance offices, and at our typewriters, and in politics and in all walks of life. But what about these new faces? They are the grist that comes to the mill. From them, not at once but after perhaps years, will come the few entitled by ability to survive in their chosen line. They may come because they are new, but they stay because they are worth holding on to.

It is the rise from obscurity of vast numbers of new and skillful screen actors which has shown up the falsity of the belief that any place may be held without effort. They have brought competition, and as a result many old familiar faces are vanishing from our pictures. Those that remain have held their places through sheer ability and hard work.

In every business and profession we are looking for new workers. But we do not want them because they are new. We want them because time passes, and as some fall out of the ranks there must be others trained to take their places. We want them because their competition is healthy and stimulating to those already arrived; we want them because they bring new zest, new ideas, freshness of outlook and enthusiasm; we want them because out of the many who start, some few will finish the race and win out.

But we do not, should not, want them only because they are new.

This craze for newness has elements of tragedy in it. The man who knows more of international affairs today than any other man in the world sits in a (*Continued on page 107*)

A Quest for New Faces

"NEW FACES FOR OLD" is not merely an empty phrase.

PHOTOPLAY and Samuel Goldwyn are actually looking for them. We want new faces—faces of intelligence and expression that will photograph to best advantage for the screen. The world wants them. And that is the reason for the remarkable search for them which will be inaugurated in the March issue of this Magazine.

It will not be the usual contest. It will find the new faces and test them by actual motion pictures. It will not hold out a false promise of immediate stardom, but it will give dramatically ambitious girls a chance to *work* for success. In fact, it will be the most unusual and genuine event ever conceived. In fact, it is not a contest at all. It is a quest.

Mr. Goldwyn has proved his sincerity in looking for new screen personalities which will be human, and vital and real. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE desires to aid him in every possible way.

The screen face of the future is not going to be the vapidly pretty face. It may not even be pretty, providing it photographs well. But there will be something in that face. The eyes will shine with real purpose, with intelligence. That face will be expressive. But it will not express merely the ingenue or the "vampire."

We are looking for "types"—yes. But not "types" as you know them. They will not conform to the old cut-and-dried motion picture regulations. They will *not* look like someone else. They will be *new*.

For detailed announcements and outlines of this quest,
read the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, out February first.



CLAIRE WINDSOR AND COMPANY!

YOU know Claire: the beautiful blonde who came into fame in the Lois Weber productions, and who won additional celebrity by being a reported fiancee of Charles Spencer Chaplin. But you don't know Bill. Bill is Claire's permanent leading man. He has never appeared on the screen, and this, above, is the first published picture of her son. Claire Windsor is now a Goldwyn luminary.



Donald Biddle Keyes

SENTIMENTAL Tommy's Grizel has gone the way of all movie flesh. She wearied of Barrie's staid old Scotch village of Thrums, packed her eyebrow pencils and her lip-sticks, and hied her to Hollywood.

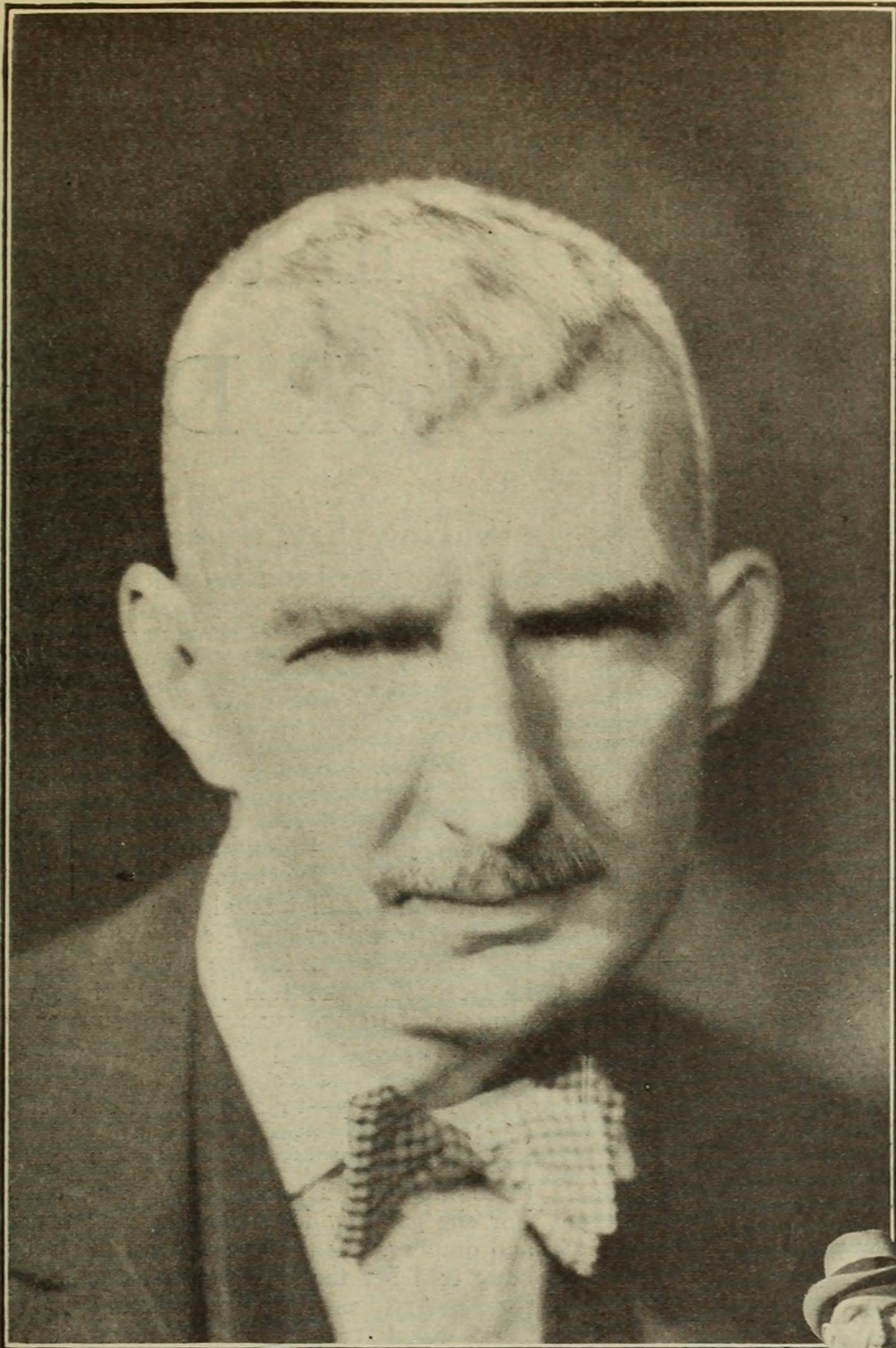
In other words, May McAvoy is now a star. If you will look into the eyes above, you will say that it agrees with her. She hasn't had a chance to show the marvelous emotional gifts she displayed in "Sentimental Tommy." But she has made herself increasingly popular.

Realart has heard her called the doll-like star so often, it decided to cast her as a Baby Doll in her newest production.

Formerly of Thrums

A Modest Hero of The Stage

By CHARLES MANOR



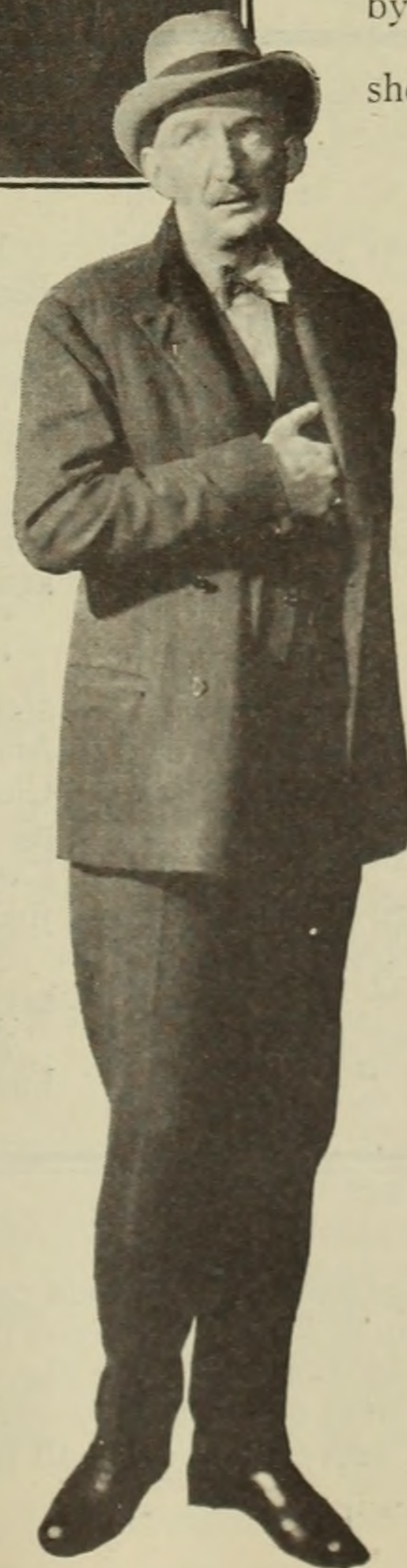
Capt. Allan Pollock, wounded 18 times in one battle, spent three years in the hospital, and now has achieved success on his merits as an actor manager

FULLY fifty per cent of the monuments that have been erected in this country to the heroes of the great war bear graven somewhere on the pedestal, the words, "Lest We Forget." Sculptors are commissioned to cut them into the stone because everyone knows that we do forget heroes as promptly as we forget unsuccessful presidential candidates. We feel ourselves unforgivable ingrates and make solemn vows to mend our ways and remember.

Now, this self-condemnation is not altogether just. Most of the blame for forgetting heroes rests on the shoulders of the heroes themselves. They refuse to advertise. A colossal modesty seems to be a part of the regular equipment of the first-class hero, and the hundreds, even thousands, that the war developed shuffled home with the other boys and mingled with the rest of us hiding their heroism as though it were something to be ashamed of.

Just such an exasperating hero is at present adding dignity to the American stage in New York. Captain Allan Pollock wants to be known as an actor and we must thank his friends who knew him as a hero for breaking faith and disclosing the story of his part in it.

An Englishman born and bred, he began his career as a singer in the London music halls. Then came a long period of touring the provinces in musical comedies, Irish dramas and finally in Shakespearean repertoire.



After several more or less successful productions, he had a long New York run in "Seven Days" and at last definitely won his spurs as the King in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." His last appearance in America was with Billie Burke in "Jerry."

When the war came, Pollock dropped everything and joined his regiment, The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and was soon in the thick of the fighting in France.

During his first big battle his comrades assaulted the German lines and were swept back with heavy casualties. They left their dead and wounded scattered over No Man's Land. Among them, conscious and in frightful pain, lay Capt. Pollock, his jaw shot away.

When night came, men from the Ambulance crept out under cover of the darkness to bring the wounded back to the Base Hospital. Working under fire, they darted from one dark figure to another as they were revealed by the light from exploding shells. Two men with a stretcher bent for a moment over Pollock—still conscious but far too weak to lift his hand—and passed him by for dead.

Throughout the night and during the heavy shelling of the next day Pollock was wounded eighteen times, each bit of shrapnel and each rifle bullet torturing him horribly, but never lodging in a vital part of his body. When darkness fell again, twenty-four hours after he had fallen, details were sent out to bury the dead. When they reached Pollock, one of the men, spade in hand, stooped down to roll his body into the shallow pit they had dug for him and noticed that blood was trickling from his wounds. By that sign they knew that he still lived.

Capt. Pollock spent the next three years in a hospital. The surgeons, bringing all their magic art to play, mended his shattered bones, healed his wounds and made a new jaw for him, leaving scarcely a trace of their skillful work behind them.

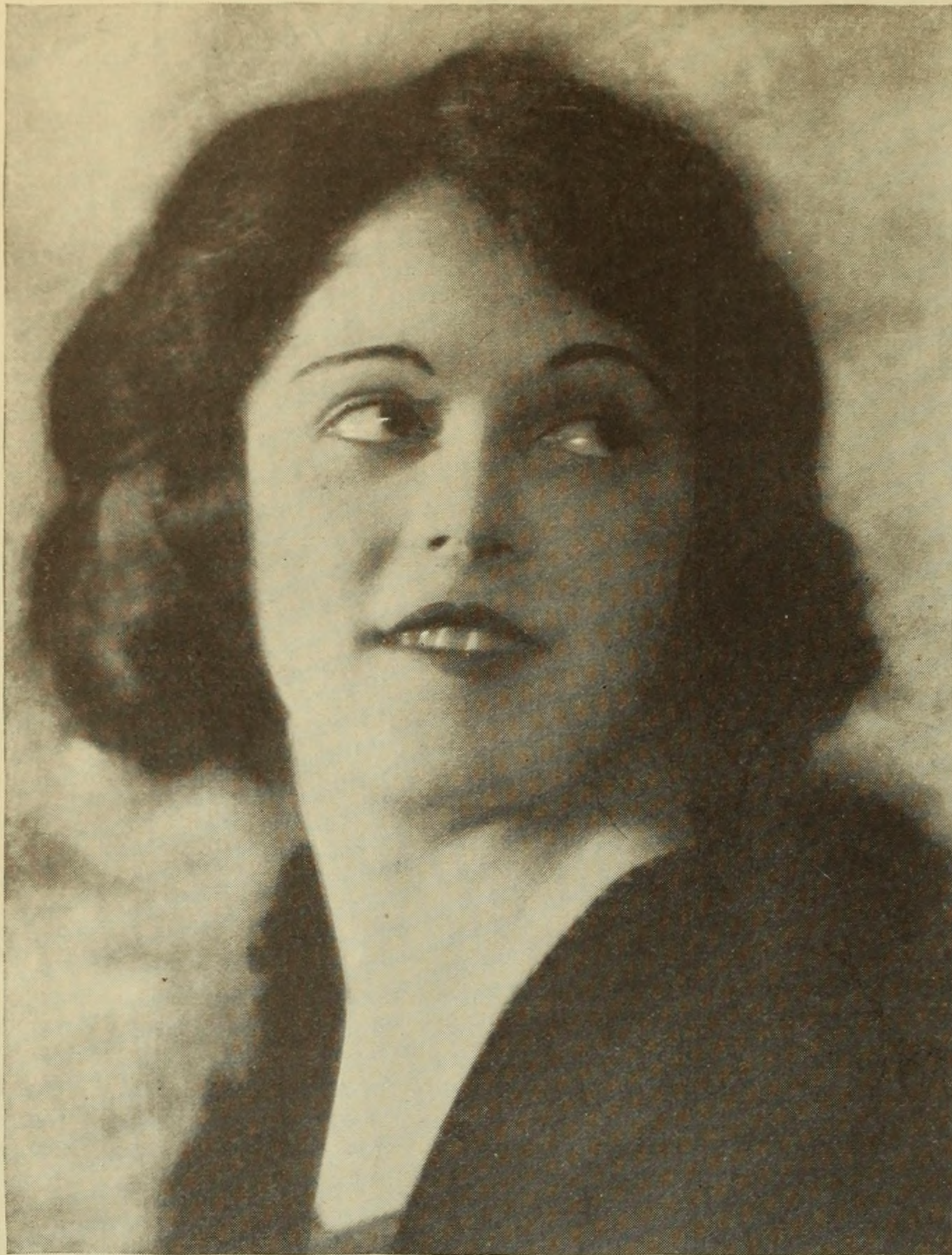
Finally, white-haired, looking considerably older than his forty-two years warrant, but feeling the blood of a new life coursing through his veins, Pollock was discharged from the hospital and stepped into the streets of London with three years back pay as a Captain tucked away in his pocket. His first act was to buy fifteen of the finest suits of clothes that could be had in Bond Street. His next move was to go to see Miss Clemence Dane's remarkable play, "A Bill of Divorcement," then a great success in London. It offered him, in the part of

(Continued on page 102)

As the shell-shocked hero in "A Bill of Divorcement"

The Girl in the Black Dress

Proving that, though clothes
do not make a woman, they
often get her into the movies!



Dorothy Hall still makes her own clothes—success hasn't
either turned her head or made her hand lose its cunning

MOST girls think that being a movie star means Lucile frocks, and Tappé hats. Most girls think of movie stars in terms of Worth coats, and Jenny dinner dresses, and Paquin evening gowns, and Poiret atrocities a' la Orient.

But Dorothy Hall went at it the other way around. She got the dresses first—and made a success in the movies, after.

But then Dorothy was different from most girls, for she could design, and cut, and sew—even though she was pretty enough to be a star!

And she solved the clothes problem by making "them" herself!

She had a lonely childhood for she was an orphan—and the aunt who brought her up was too busy to waste much time, or love, on her. So she spent all her affection—and most of her spare hours—on a battered doll baby.

That doll baby was the best-dressed infant in town! Every scrap of lace, every bit of silk or satin or ribbon that little Dorothy could buy, borrow, or steal, went into its wardrobe. There were dozens of dresses, and coats, and hats, and so forth—

Having made doll clothes from the time that she could hold a needle it was only natural that the girl should begin to make her own dresses. As she made them she dreamed dreams—about a future in which she would wear them before great audiences. For Dorothy Hall wanted to be an actress!

It was when her aunt heard of that ambition that she began to take a belated interest in Dorothy. She told her that folk who went on the stage were socially submerged. And that she would not permit it. And she ended by sending her charge to a school in New York City—to study interior decoration!

Dorothy Hall went to that school—for three months. It didn't harm her, either. For she got new ideas in color and texture and drapery. At the end of that time somebody told her that she ought to go in pictures. And, as that wasn't going on the stage, exactly, she was able to salve her conscience!

When she stopped school her small allowance stopped, too. But she was young and full of hope. So she began to haunt the studios—to get an occasional job as extra girl in a mob or a ballroom scene.

"But I would never have 'arrived' I'm sure," she told me, "if it hadn't been for a certain evening frock of mine, a filmy black thing with quite wonderful lines—if I do say it myself! I was waiting, at one side of the room, when a casting director saw me in that gown. And he shouted out—

"'Girl in the black dress—come here!'"

"I came. And I got a small part. Not because of my 'fatal attractions' or my acting ability—but because of my clothes! And after that part things were easier. I played with Ethel Clayton. And then I got other bits to do. And my last picture was as leading lady opposite Arthur Rankin—he's Lionel Barrymore's brother-in-law, you know. And now I've just signed up for a series of fifty two-reel comedies."

She'll never buy a dress—even to wear on the screen—she says. No matter how grand her part may be.

And she wouldn't act natural anyway—I'm quoting!—in a Paris frock!

HEWYOOD BROUN, speaking of salaries in an article published not so long ago in *The New York World*: "When an actor tells you how much he receives, you discount his figures by fifty per cent, and arrive at approximate truth. This ratio does not hold with the players from the motion pictures. Time is required to take their figures and work out the answer. Nobody can very well be expected to divide a given sum by eleven and one-half in his head."

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

A story of schemes that
were false and loves that were true—
an honest swindle

By GENE SHERIDAN



"You must not go like this," said Wallingford. "I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

THE way train from Des Moines whistled for the crossing at the edge of the village of Battlesburg and came to a creaking rheumatic stop at the depot. There was the customary and almost ritualistic gathering of villagers at the station to see the train come in, signaling this bit of daily routine, as a happening of relative importance. Events did not have to loom large to interest Battlesburg. Nothing more exciting had happened in the history of the town and there was small prospect that anything would happen.

But this day the Des Moines local did carry a freight of destiny for Battlesburg. Indeed, Battlesburg has just cause to date its whole history from that pregnant hour of arrival.

Abe Gunther, who drove the hack wearily between the station and the Palace Hotel, was all but ready to cluck to his horses and go rattling up Main Street fareless when a sprightly-stepping stranger called up to him.

"What's the best hotel in town?"

Abe held up and regarded the newcomer, a gay blade of a person, dressed niftily and with an acutely cute waxed suggestion of mustache.

"Th' Palace—it's the best, I reckon, seeing it's the only hotel we got, mister."

The stranger smiled his gracious thanks, pointing to his smart luggage on the platform as he sprang aboard.

"Daw is my name—Horace Daw from New York—my trunks will be along later."

Abe was satisfactorily impressed by the smart stranger, and improved his time on the drive to the hotel with remarks which he felt would subtly draw his passenger out.

"Goin' to be here long?"

"Can't tell—maybe a month—maybe a year."

"Huh! Then you're not a drummer!"

"No—I don't know enough to be a drummer. Many people at the hotel?"

"Ah, a few, yes, sir—but I reckon you won't find it dull."

Mr. Daw was making a rapid survey of Battlesburg as they trundled up the street. Hicks, simon pure hicks right out of the hickory, and plenty of them, was his internal observation, a source of hope and satisfaction.

Andrew Dempsey, heralded by the signs on the windows as the proprietor and manager of the Palace, being an exponent of pleasant personalities and cordiality, came out to greet the arriving guest, making him welcome with extended hand. Eddie Lamb, the clerk, looked across the counter with a broad grin as he spun the register, and Fannie Jasper, the stenographer and typist, glanced up with a flash of interest. Mr. Daw saw all and saw nothing.

For some days Mr. Horace Daw was the favorite subject of mystery and conjecture in Battlesburg. He could tinkle a bit of lively jazz from the hotel piano. He could dance exceedingly well and converse with a snappy metropolitan air. He radiated that emanation of atmosphere the village folks accepted as "class." In a week he was on a high tide of popularity and paying marked attention to Dorothy Welles, the chum of the hotel man's daughter and one of the prettiest girls in the town.

And still no one knew why Mr. Daw was there. He chatted pleasantly of anything and everything, but never of the particular thing that brought him to Battlesburg. All Battlesburg wanted to know.

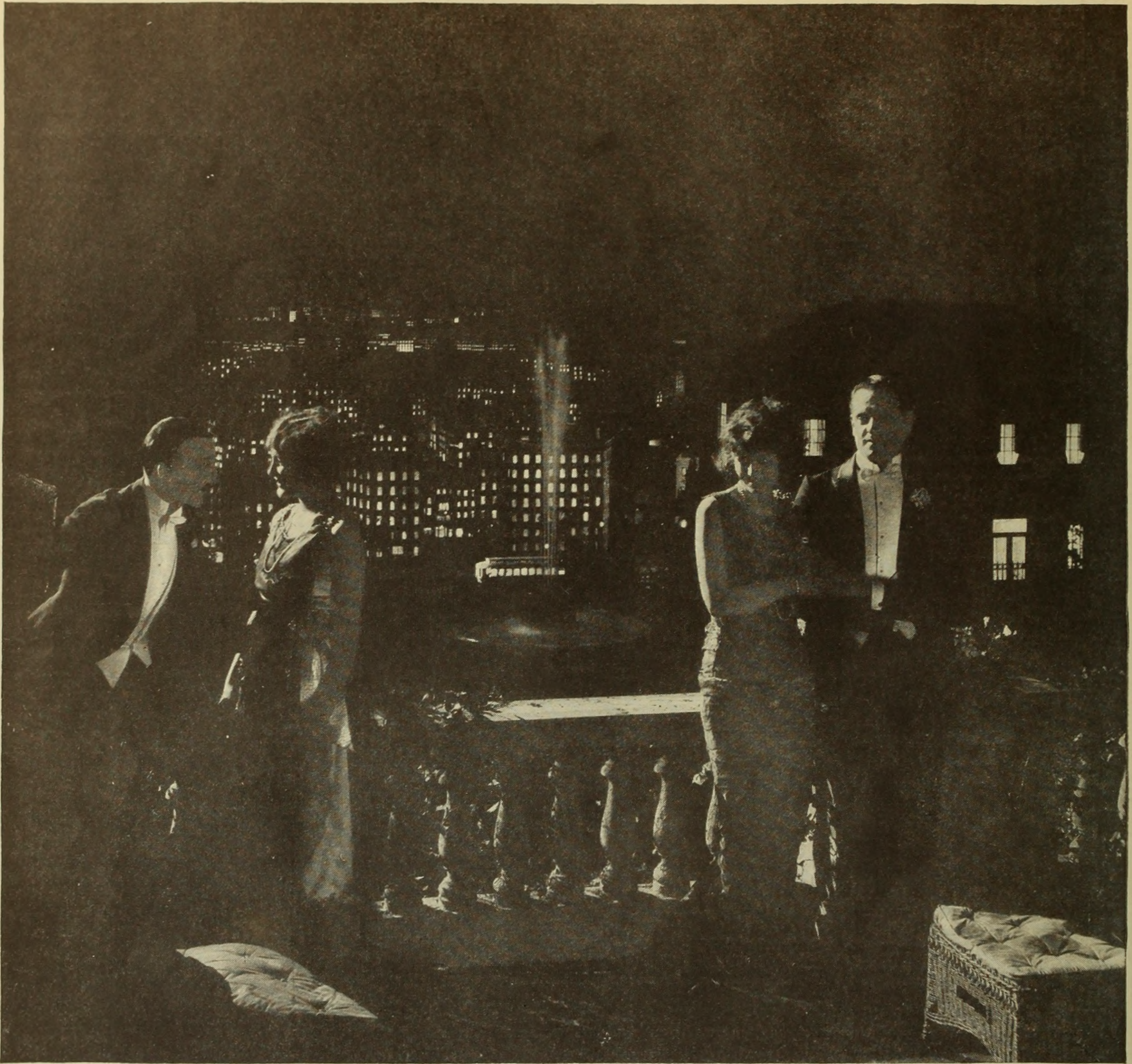
Now and again, most discreetly and in the terms of a personal grief, Mr. Daw lamented the unprogressiveness of the otherwise charming Battlesburg. He carefully avoided the attitude of a foreign critic. There was something in his manner that suggested he took the whole responsibility for the situation on himself. He spoke in reproach of Mr. Daw for the shortcomings of Battlesburg.

It had not taken Daw long to observe that Timothy Battles, the mayor, was the oracle and spokesman of the community and that George Washington Battles, his brother, the richest man in the town, stood back of him in an attitude of hide-bound, cast-iron conservatism. The Battles were rich and satisfied, therefore the *status quo* in Battlesburg was perfect and satisfactory. Any change, any progress would be dangerous. That settled it.

But Mr. Daw had one convert in Clint Hawkins, the editor and reporter of the Blade, the only newspaper. Hawkins was bold enough to voice in print as his own some of the ideas imparted by the urbane Mr. Daw.

And straightaway the heresies of Hawkins, his talk of the town "going to seed, suffering from dry rot" and such insults, climaxed with a plea for a wake-up campaign, became an inflamed subject in the sessions of the board of strategy and debate that gathered daily in the lobby of the Palace.

"I'll bet he got his fool notions from that fellow in there playing the piano," Andy Dempsey decided. And George Washington Battles snorted.



It was the hour of dreams-come-true, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love

YOU mean that Daw fellow?" Battles jerked his head toward the hotel parlor.

"Yes," Andy replied. "He's the fellow I mean. What's he here for anyway, spendin' all his time running around with the girls? He may be a hold-up man for all I know."

Whereat Fannie Jasper, the stenographer, snickered in amusement. That drew the fire of hot old G. W. Battles.

"What're you laughing at, Fannie? He's been sending telegrams, and if you know what's going on you've got a right to tell."

"I know enough to keep things to myself, especially when they are confidential," Fannie retorted with a fine air of professional dignity.

Clint Hawkins stepped into the group.

"Well, gents!" Hawkins beamed. "What do you think of my wake 'em up editorial—pretty good, eh?"

"Pretty rotten," Battles snarled back. "We've got a town full of good, sound, conservative men and you're just trying to upset things. My great grandfather, Benjamin Battles, preached against these circus stunts and red-fire methods and my grandfather did and my father did and I am going to live up to their notions. Pretty solid, seems to me."

When G. W. Battles wanted to settle anything he referred the matter back to his great grandfather, the founder of the

little Battles fortunes. That was bed rock and datum for G. W., and for Battlesburg, too, so far as he could make it stand.

"Well, then, you don't believe in progress?" Hawkins was on the defensive.

"I believe in saving money." G. W. felt that was a crushing answer.

Andy Dempsey ventured out into a slightly differing position.

"A new hotel wouldn't hurt business any here," he remarked, casting his eye about in measurement of the Palace's realities against his own modest ambitions for the place.

"Good enough," was Battles' verdict. He could not see himself being drawn into any new hotel project.

"And we sure need a trolley, too, between here and Hoytsville," Hawkins put in eagerly.

"Nonsense," Battles ejaculated. "I don't believe in trolleys; there's too many accidents. They go too fast."

Welles, the real estate magnate of the town, came in with a cordial "Howdy" for the group. He turned to the clerk, Eddie Lamb.

"Seen my daughter?"

YES, I seen her, she's in there with that Daw from New York." Eddie nodded toward the parlor.

Miss Welles, accompanied by Gertie Dempsey and sleek Mr. Daw, appeared at the parlor door. The girl ran up and embraced her father.

"Am I on time?" the father asked whimsically. Being on time was not among Miss Welles' specialties.

"Yes—just in time to meet Mr. Daw. This is Mr. Daw, father—the gentleman I've told you about—and he's been just grand to us, too. Hasn't he, Gertie?"

Gertie's assent and smile did not please Eddie Lamb much. Eddie and Gertie were engaged.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Daw." Welles extended a cordial hand.

"My daughter tells me you are thinking of settling here."

"Not personally—I'd hardly say that." Mr. Daw was soft spoken and silky. "I represent a man looking for a wide-awake town for a manufacturing plant."

"Oh, you're after a site, eh?" The real estate dealer's nose scented opportunity.

"If I can find one that just suits."

Eddie Lamb, the clerk, drew himself up in the background to listen. Battlesburg was about to find out what Daw was there for.

"Selected any yet?"

"Well, I've looked the ground over and I can't be sure yet. You see it's my cue to keep still and saw wood. The man I represent requires that of me."

"Don't forget I am the leading real estate dealer in Battles County," suggested Mr. Welles.

"That's why I have been anxious to meet you," returned Daw genially.

Andy Dempsey drew up to add himself to the group. Hawkins, the newspaper man, dropped in and grumpy old G. W. Battles himself drew closer.

"I've a dozen sites that would just suit—and I am ready to show them now." Welles was pushing his opening.

"If I were the only one concerned that would be fine, but you see it is only my business to go get a line on things, size

up opportunities and report back to the big chief—wire my views to him. He's so busy and has so many interests he can't do all this petty work himself—he's always looking for a chance to invest his surplus income, and he takes this way to do it."

The group about Daw was drawing closer, sharply attentive. He stopped talking as though that was all he had to say.

"Would you mind telling me who this man you represent is?" Welles tried to cover his curiosity and eagerness with a casual smile.

"Wallingford is his name—J. Rufus Wallingford—you don't mean to say you've never heard of him." There was emphasis and challenge in Daw's announcement.

"Can't say that we have," cut in G. W. Battles.

Daw moved back a step in an attitude of amazement.

"Let me have a good look at you—you, the man who never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford! Wait till I tell him that and let him laugh. President of the Rio Grande Rubber Company, owner of the San Diego Blood Orange Plantations, Inc., the man who built up and controls the Locos Lead Development Company, one of the biggest employers of labor in this country—the man who has given away millions—and you've never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Likely we have, but the name slipped us at the time," Welles offered apologetically. He wanted to save the name of Battlesburg from this stigma.

"Of course, of course," warmly responded Mr. Daw. "You owe it to Mr. Wallingford that the insurance business is safe and sane, that the mining industry is what it is today, and that Wall Street has been shown where it gets off. Wallingford is a patriot and a good citizen. He loves his country."

"He must be some man," commented Andy Dempsey.

"Some man is right." Daw was going again. "Why, look at Oklahoma City; ten years ago nothing but a water tank—now a great, rich, prosperous community, office buildings, factories, the smoking chimneys of industry and prosperity. And what is the answer? Wallingford was there. That's all."



"Will you marry me?" Horace Daw was utterly unabashed. Blushing at her daring, Dorothy said, "Yes"



When the Battlesburg band in full uniform came down the street blaring "The Conquering Hero Comes," Daw and Wallingford took up a position on the veranda

A great light of pride rose up in Dorothy Welles' eyes. She looked on Daw with a deep satisfaction.

"I'd sure like to meet this Mr. Wallingford," suggested Welles.

"You'll find him the most agreeable man in the world,"

Daw responded, adding casually, "I am expecting him tomorrow."

"I'll be around to show him a factory site."

"You've done pretty well in real estate haven't you, Mr. Welles!" Daw made it sound more of a comment than a question.

"Oh, so, so—clean up 'bout a hundred thousand."

"Come up to my room and have a drink before dinner." Daw's cordial invitation was not recognized by Welles as having any bearing on the hundred thousand, but it did.

Abe Gunther, the hack driver, came up with a wire for Mr. Daw.

"Excuse me." And with that Daw tore open the telegram and scanned it swiftly, then again turning his attention to Welles, crumpled the message up carelessly and dropped it on the floor. They went out together for the drink.

As they disappeared Eddie Lamb, unabashed, picked up the wrinkled message, straightened it out and read it.

"What's say?" Dempsey demanded. Eddie read it aloud to the group. "Coming to Battlesburg—if it is all you say will not only build factory but also up-to-date hotel, modern opera house, department store and whatever else the town needs to give the right tone to our enterprise. (Signed) J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD."

"There, that's enough for me," exclaimed Dempsey, firing up enthusiasm. "He's going to build a new hotel."

"And put you out of business," rejoined the skeptical Eddie.

"Not a bit of it. I'll get the lease."

"Well, if you ask me about it, I'll say it's all a big bluff." Eddie was pessimistic.

"Never mind, Eddie, I'm still the proprietor around here and from now till J. Rufus Wallingford arrives Mr. Daw is the star guest, understand that."

"That's the stuff," Clint Hawkins agreed. "It's up to us to take advantage of the opportunities. Watch the headlines on this news in the Blade."

The dinner bell rang and Daw and Welles came out arm in arm.

"Yes," Daw was saying, "J. P. Morgan has put over two or three good things, but he isn't one-two-three with Wallingford. Wallingford doesn't care a thing about money—it's the good of the country he thinks about."

Andy Dempsey came up to Daw. "I have just been saying," the hotel man broke in, "that if there is anything you want don't hesitate—we're here to serve you."

"That's the kind of hospitality I like," Daw warmly answered, taking Dempsey's proffered hand.

"You've talked to Mr. Lamb, our clerk here, of course,"

Dempsey jerked his head toward Eddie. "He's a smart young man. He's got eleven thousand salted away in the bank already."

Daw's eyes lighted up. He stepped over and patted Eddie on the shoulder.

"You little rascal, Miss Dempsey's been telling me that your wedding day is not far off and I want to congratulate you. You're a lucky man."

Eddie, who had been inwardly hating Daw all the while, felt himself suddenly warmed to him as a new friend.

"I want you all to dine with me," Daw exclaimed in another burst of geniality. "All of you—Miss Dempsey and Miss Welles and Eddie and everybody." (Continued on page 91)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

NARRATED, by permission, from the Cosmopolitan-Paramount production from the original story by George Randolph Chester and the stage play by George M. Cohan. Adapted for the screen by Luther Reed. Photographed by Chester Lyons. Directed by Frank Borzage with the following cast:

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Sam Hardy
Blackie Daw. Norman Kerry
Eddie Lamb. Edgar Nelson
G. W. Battles. W. T. Hayes
Tim Battles. Horace James
Fannie Jasper. Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Welles. Billie Dove
Gertrude Dempsey. Diana Allen

Steps to Stardom

Demonstrated by Bert
Lytell at all ages

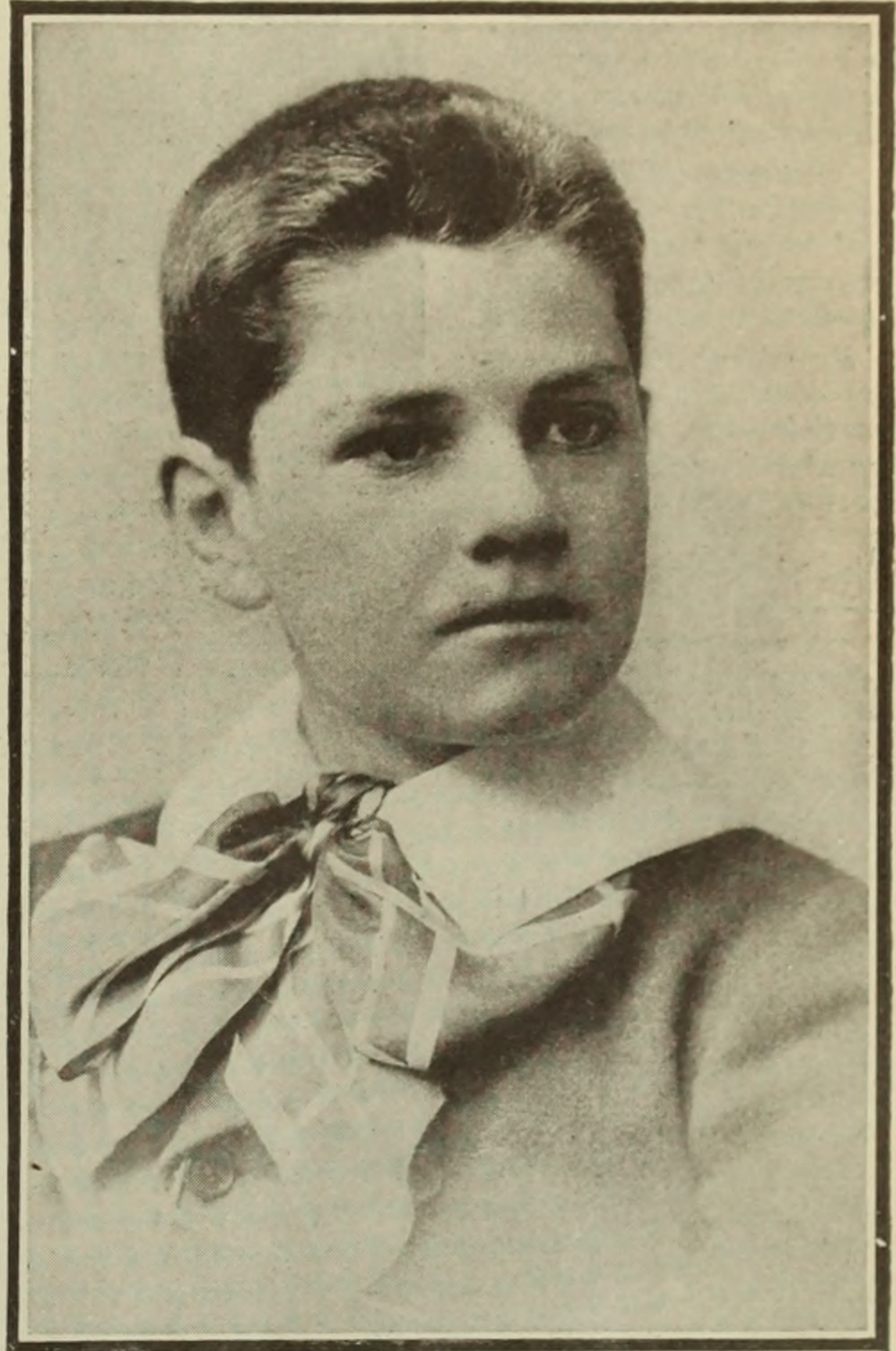


Above—the first step to a successful stage career was, in our hero's case, a Lace Collar. This Collar, Mr. Lytell assures us, is bound to give *sanġ froid*, *savoir faire*, and fortitude—all valuable attributes to the theater. In other words, there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. At two and a half this was not so easy



The second step, illustrated directly above. Character Study of one who follows the sea, aided by a pasteboard ship, a fish-net, and a sailor-suit. Little Bert, in this role, displayed such marked ability that one of his teachers told him he was bound to go far. Which way, she did not say

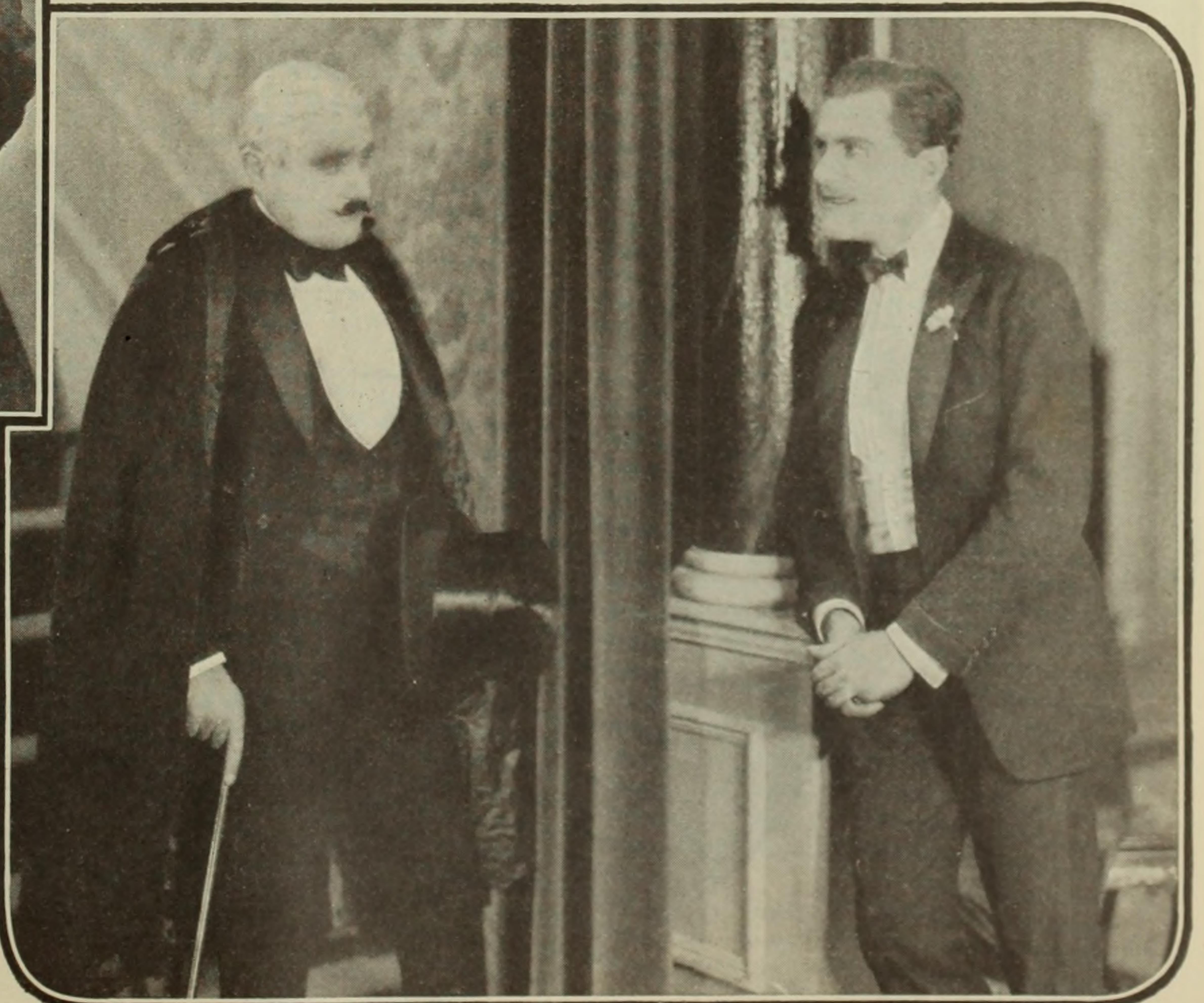
The brave and noble look, the poise, the promise of this picture—to the right! No one with such a tie could fail to make a hit on the stage



D. Evans



Above: a picture of William Lytell, Bert's father. We may presume Bert looked like this when he, too, was twenty-one



To the right we have an unusual picture. It shows Bert Lytell as he looks today, and Mr. Lytell as he will look a dozen years from today. The clairvoyant camera is responsible

Tea-Gowns, Dressing-Tables, Batik,

A Surprise!

I HAVE a remarkable feature in store for every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY next month.

I have made an arrangement with the designers of BON TON PATTERNS to make patterns of moderate-priced gowns specially designed for and worn by famous screen stars.

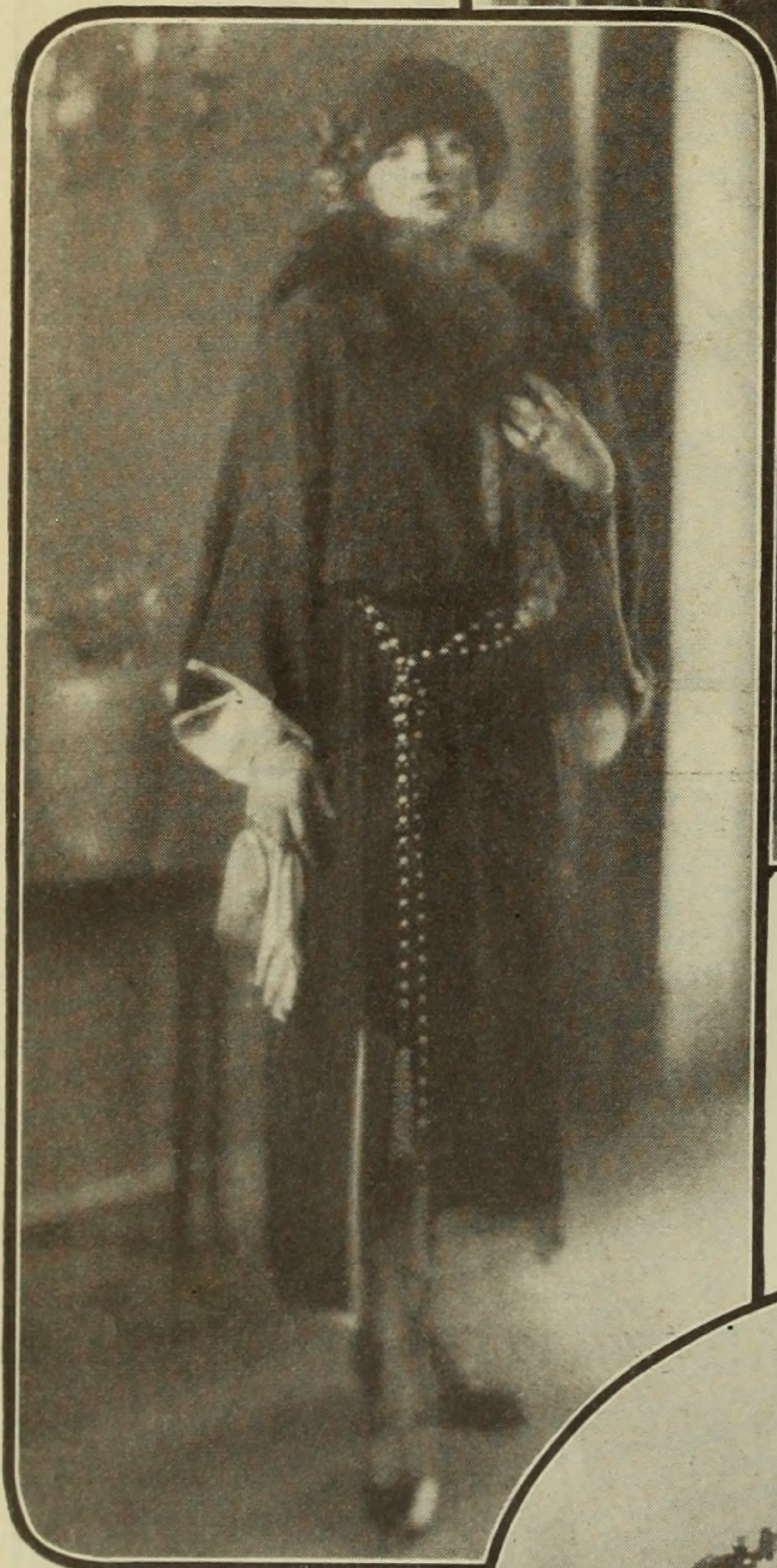
Next month I intend to introduce this plan to you and permit you to get the pattern of the first gown absolutely without cost.

BON TON PATTERNS are absolutely in the best possible taste, so you can see what a surprise I have in store for you.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Left—The most adorable tea-gown I have ever seen! Beautiful Mabel Ballin is wearing it, and it was designed by Miss Emilia Benda, the sister of the famous Polish artist, W. T. Benda. It looks like batik; in reality it is entirely hand painted. This is a shimmering thing of soft green, old blue, and coral, with touches of gold and black



(Credit fab studio)

If you are tall and stately, like Marjorie Rambeau, you should wear such a gown as this, of black crepe with a curious hem and fascinating sleeves. It was designed for the distinguished actress by Jacques



Below: Norma Talmadge at her dressing-table. You who would adorn your boudoir in rose silk and lace, note the almost severe simplicity with which the emotional star surrounds herself. The large mirror has a unique woven frame. Miss Talmadge's negligee is smart and simple



One could wish there was not another thing in the world to do but attend teas, when one sees a tea-gown like Colleen Moore's. It is such a foolish, feminine trifle, this concoction of lace, mole-skin and georgette

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 103.

Bags, Buckles, and Other Things

The gorgeous Gloria Swanson is almost an arbiter of fashion. Here she is — several times. In the circle below, there is an effective arrangement of a Russian bodice of Venetian thread, a girdle of plumes, a black Spanish fan, and jade and pearl bracelets

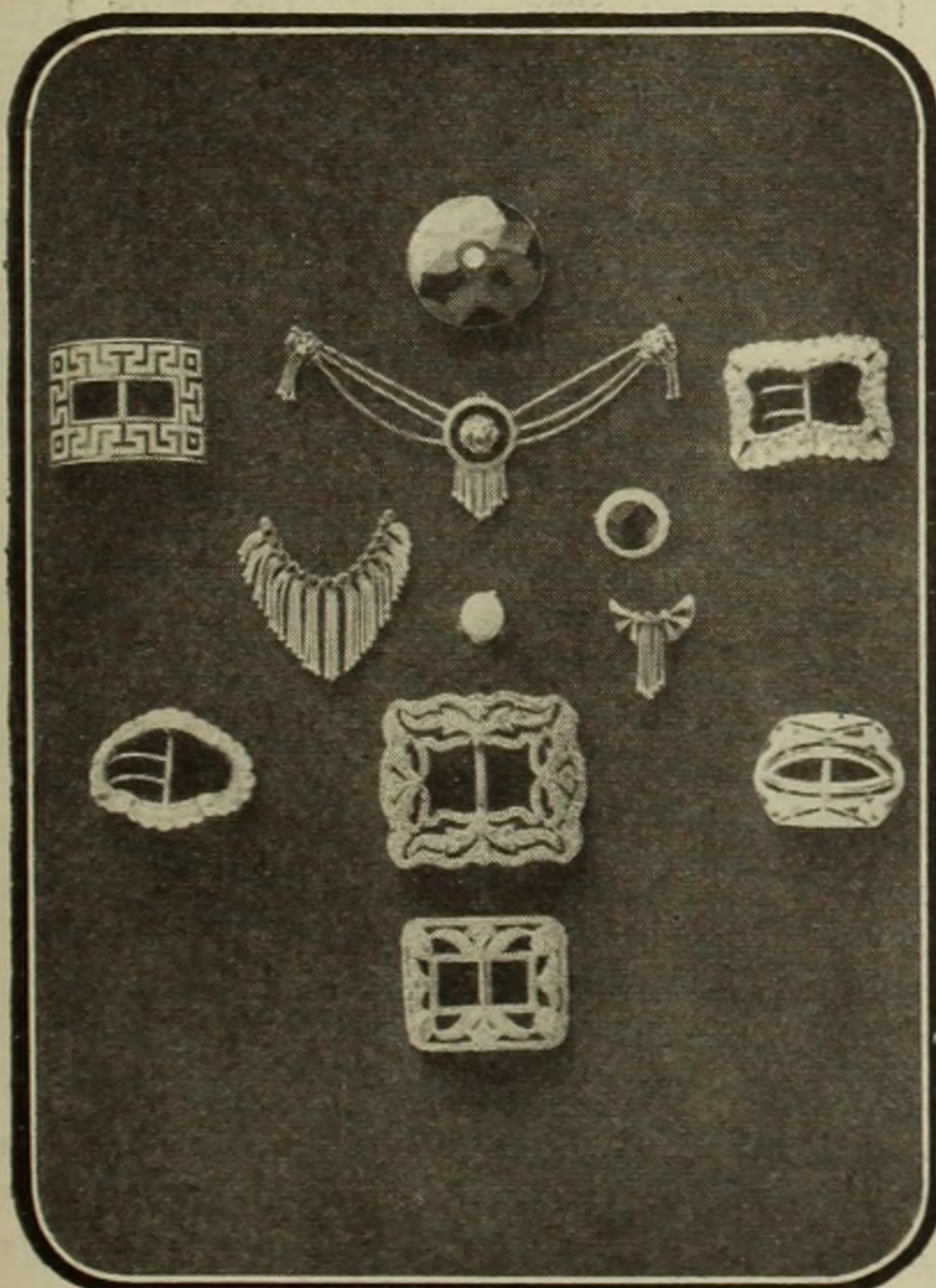


There is a patrician quality about Miss Swanson which saves the sartorial day for her. She is so modern save for this delicate and delicious patricianism. In the circle below: her profile, a becoming comb, and ebony ear-rings. In the large picture to the left: still another profile, this time topped by an attractive black hat with graceful streamers



Below: pins and pendants and buckles, from Paris, by the latest steamer! Rhinestone buckles for the evening slippers. Quaint pins, of diamond and ebony. Silver pendants, clever copies of antiques. And a pendant ear-ring from an antique design

I have never heard of a woman who did not make the collection of bags one of her pet hobbies! Three new bags, from Paris, and one silver cigarette case, you may see below. The two larger bags are of moire silk, one trimmed with tassels, the other with monkey fur



Don't Miss This!

YOU know Bon Ton Patterns. You know their dress patterns. I consider them remarkable, and so very up-to-the-minute!

When I had the wonderful idea of making it possible for you to copy the clothes of famous stars, I selected the Bon Ton designers to assist me.

Next month I am going to make it possible for you to get the pattern of the favorite simple gown of one of the best dressed women on the screen. It really seems too wonderful to be true!

—Carolyn Van Wyck



Underwood & Underwood

The smallest bag is the best of all. It is of velvet, with initials in diamonds, and a saucy tassel, true to the most inconsistent traditions of Paris!

Underwood & Underwood

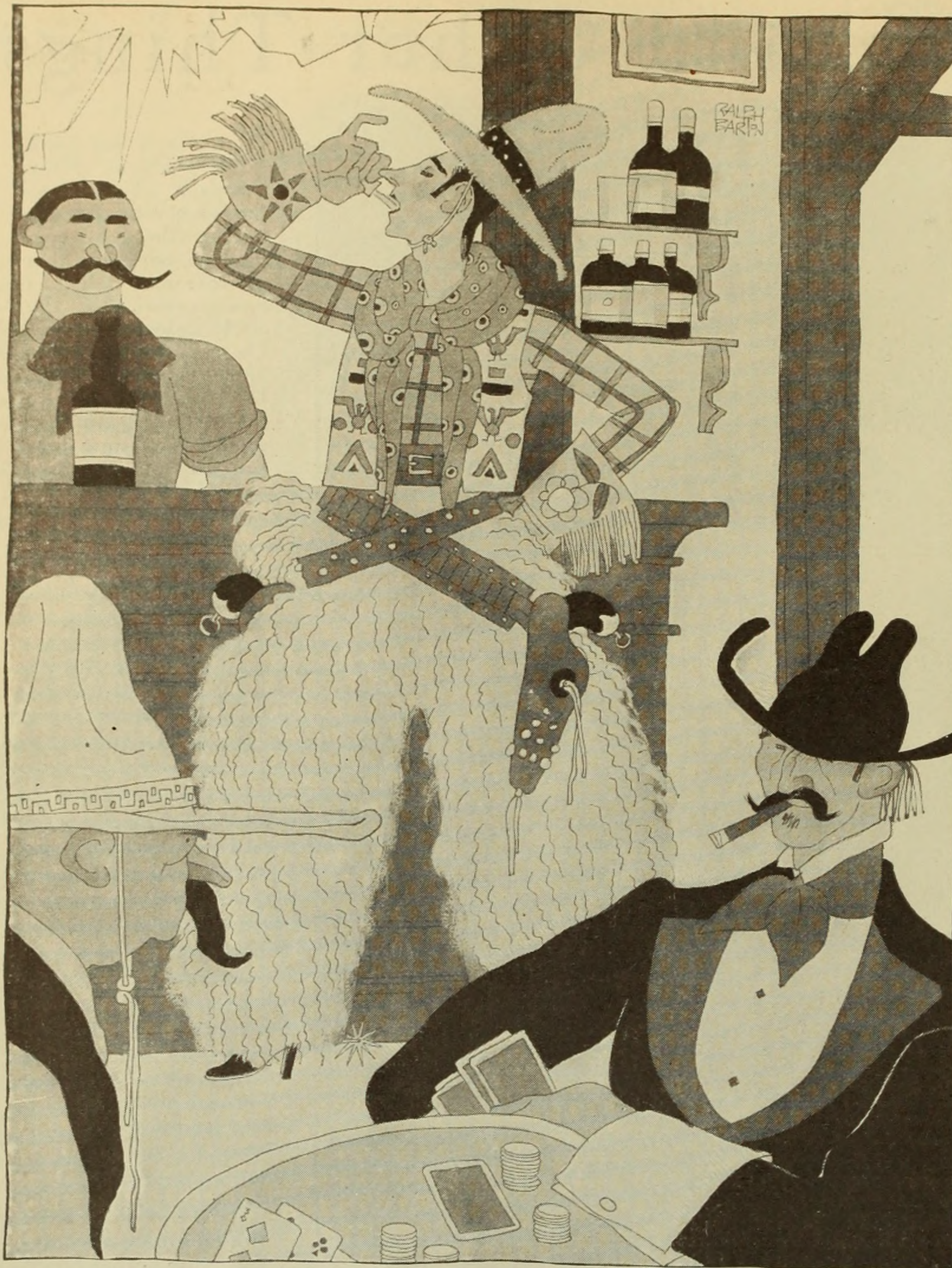
Paris is the most graceful and feminine city in the world! It has a woman's whims and caprices, and the courage to carry them out! It is justly celebrated as fashion's capital

Wild

THIS is the fourth of a remarkable series of articles on the different phases of life as depicted in motion pictures

By
WILLARD HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



In the wild west films the cowboy heroes always gulp their liquor, and the innocent pasteboards are always gambling tools

THERE are simple, trusting folk who harbor the notion that the wild west life of the films is the authentic wild west life of history and saga.

But, alas, for sweet faith! It is not even the semi-accurate wild west life of the popular novel and the Saturday-Evening-Post. It is, in truth, a fabulous, imaginary life—a life evolved from the fertile fires of the directorial brain. Only in its vaguest aspects does it accord with that vanished era of which we read in the tales of Bret Harte, Stewart Edward White and Clarence E. Mulford. But let not this fact cast us down. Compared with the western dramas of the screen, the actual life of the Arizona plains was colorless and trite.

Consider, first, the handsome, dashing cowboy of the films; for he is the without-whom-nothing of the prairie drama—the *deux-ex-machina* who, when the world looks darkest, mounts his trusty steed and sets everything to rights. At casual glance he does not seem to differ radically from the common type of plainsman; but on close inspection you will discover many amazing points of divergence between him and the cowboy of documentary record.

For instance, cast an eye upon his flapping, heavy "chaps." Never does he take them off and reveal his nether breeches. He wears these leg protectors indoors and out, in sunshine and in rain. He eats and woos and fights in them. He even wears them when he sleeps. Doubtless he imagines that, should he go without them, he would be guilty of immodest décolleté.

Again, the motion-picture cowboy is always at the height of

tonorial elegance. Not only is he exquisitely shaved and talcumed, but his hair is artistically trimmed—feathered at the edges, beautifully hollowed out above the ears, and scintillant with brilliantine. Moreover, if you scan the close-ups, you will observe that his finger-nails are always highly polished, and sharpened into miniature corneous steeples.

In fact, his personal state of genteel Ciceronian loveliness leads us to the unescapable conclusion that in the early western days, whatever other luxuries the cowboy was denied, the hills and plains were at least liberally punctuated with barber-shops, where powder and cosmetics and other refinements of valet service were at all times available.

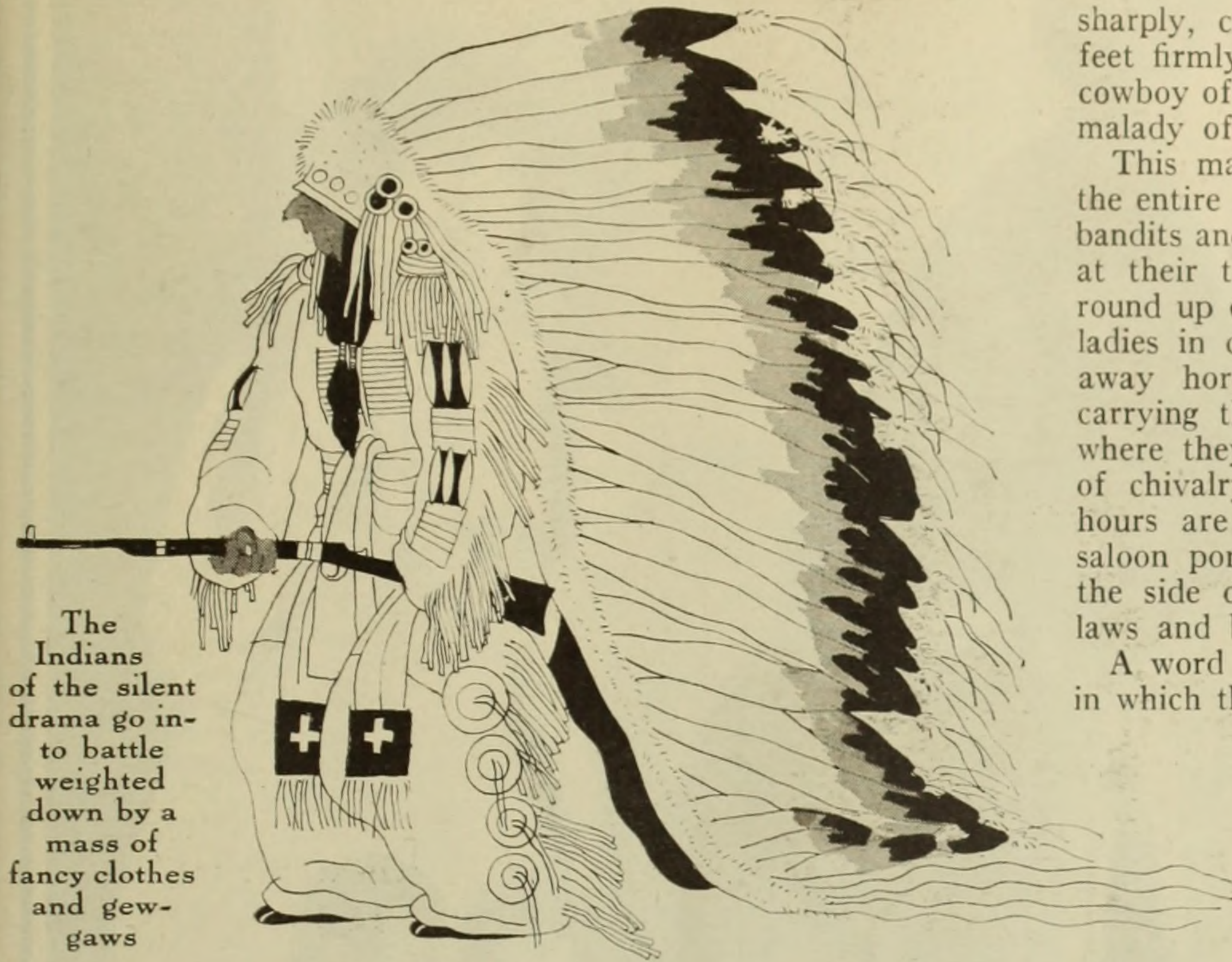
Furthermore, the screen cowboy's habiliments are always spick and span. His sombrero is new. His blouse is without a blemish. His hairpants appear as if they had just been trimmed, shampooed and carefully combed and brushed. And his riding-boots, with their Cuban heels and perforated leather scrolls, are polished into mirrors, and innocent of alkali. Punching cattle in the films is obviously not an occupation inimical to one's personal cleanliness, or detrimental to one's attire.

There are, of course, some cowboys—the supernumeraries and the "atmosphere"—who do not always keep themselves immaculate. But the mere fact that one or more of their fellows can ride the range and yet appear at all times spotless, is proof that their own unkempt and dusty state is due entirely to carelessness or neglect.

But whatever their outward aspect, the cowboys of the films are white within. Indeed, their perpendicularity of character approaches the preterhuman. They are ever on the side of justice and virtue; and they are willing, at any hour of the day or night, to risk their lives to right a wrong. All the traits of simple nobility are theirs. Their honesty belongs to a higher and better world than ours. They are the true Christian soldiers.

To be sure, they gamble and drink considerably; and they rarely, if ever, pay for their drinks. They order their refreshments, and proceed to throw them off without as much as a

West Life in the Films



The Indians of the silent drama go into battle weighted down by a mass of fancy clothes and gew-gaws

grateful nod or a word of thanks to the bartender. But, by way of extenuation, let it be noted that, whatever the extent of their liquorish imbibitions, they never become intoxicated—their capacity is nothing short of miraculous. Only cattle-thieves, Indians, cholos, and highwaymen show the effects of spirituous libations. These latter, in fact, become belligerently crapulent with but a few fingers of the great American febrifuge.

The hyper-moralist may condemn the cowboys for their drinking, but this constant bibulous indulgence of theirs has one distinct advantage. Were they not at all times either leaning across the bar or sunning themselves upon the café's front piazza, many a desperado would escape just retribution; for it is to the saloon that the sheriff first turns for assistance. And he is never disappointed. The cowboys are there, waiting for the call to arms, their horses close at hand. When the alarm is given, they vault into their saddles and are instantly away in a cloud of dust, knowing not who the criminal may be, nor the nature of his peccadilloes. The mere fact that he is an offender against the law and order of the plains is enough to inspire these modern Sir Galahads to righteous wrath and action.

And this suggests the unusual manner in which film cowboys ride. Invariably they mount their steeds by an astounding flying dive, ignoring the stirrups entirely. And, simultaneously with their landing astride the saddle, they dig their spurs in the horse's ribs, causing him to leap forward as if taking a five-foot hurdle. They never permit their mounts to walk or canter, or even lope. It matters not their destination, how casual their errand, or the amount of time at their disposal; they tear along at breakneck speed, as if pursued by stampeding buffaloes. And when they reach their goal, the reins are jerked in

sharply, causing the astonished animal to plant his four feet firmly and slide to a halt. It would appear that the cowboy of the screen was afflicted with some strange psychic malady of speed obsession.

This mania is no doubt due to the fact that practically the entire time of cinema cowboys is given over to pursuing bandits and stalking Indians. Seldom, if ever, do they labor at their trade. And when there are no law-breakers to round up or Indian tribes to tame, they are assisting young ladies in distress—snatching them from the backs of runaway horses, rescuing them from bands of kidnapers, carrying them to *terra firma* from the middle of streams where they have been stalled, or performing similar feats of chivalry and valor. But, on the whole, their waking hours are fairly well occupied between lounging on the saloon porch and galloping through the chaparral and up the side of precipitous hills, in pursuit of desperate outlaws and bellicose Indians.

A word in passing should be said concerning the manner in which these Indians of the screen bedeck themselves. If serious historians are to be relied upon, the red-man of the early west, when going forth to slay the pale-faced interloper, was stripped for action. Not only was he, as a rule, naked to the waist, but he otherwise divested himself of unnecessary encumbrances.

The Indians of the silent drama, however, go into battle weighted down with such a mass of fancy clothes and gew-gaws, that they can scarcely mount their horses without a groom. They appear actually to be tufted and upholstered.

Besides their heavy leather pantaloons, their lambrequin-like jackets, and the Navajo blankets wrapped about their shoulders, they are decorated with yards of bristling feathers, endless strips of trailing fringe, countless pieces of metal jewelry, innumerable strings of glass beads, chatelaines of carved bone ornaments, and numberless other (Continued on page 111)



This Child of the Plains merely stands supinely with her hands clasped on her breast



May says, "My only motto for married life is the good old Biblical quotation, 'Faith, hope, and charity—and the greatest of these is charity.' Marriage doesn't change men and women—it simply unmasks them." It's a brave wife who will interrupt her husband shaving, as Cecil deMille once illustrated

MAY ALLISON and Robert Ellis were married in Greenwich, Conn., over a year ago. But it was one of those best-seller weddings where they separated "at the altar" for various professional and private reasons that would take too long to explain, but that you can find in the eleventh chapter of a number of your favorite romances. Their married life actually began only a few weeks ago—and that honeymoon is shining so brightly it dims the electric lights in which their names appear on three continents. May is an old-fashioned bride—blushing and trusting and radiant. The pictures tell the story!



One thing that probably helps to wreck the matrimonial boat is wifely insistence that friend husband hook her up. He *always* misses a hook; she *always* fidgets. Except, of course, in *Maison Allison-Ellis*

Mrs. Bob Ellis told us that a wife should hedge her husband about with her love and devotion. Such as, perhaps, smiles and careful coiffures and pretty negligees for breakfast, besides crisp toast and unburnt bacon

May—Married!

You've known Miss Allison for quite a while.
Now meet Mrs. Bob Ellis

If you think sweet blushing brides are out of date, observe May Ellis. She's one of the girls who kisses her platinum circlet every night and every morning and thinks it is bad luck to take it off!



No man could offer a woman more sincere proof of devotion than to wear the socks she darns! As a sock seamstress May is an accomplished, beautiful and charming film star

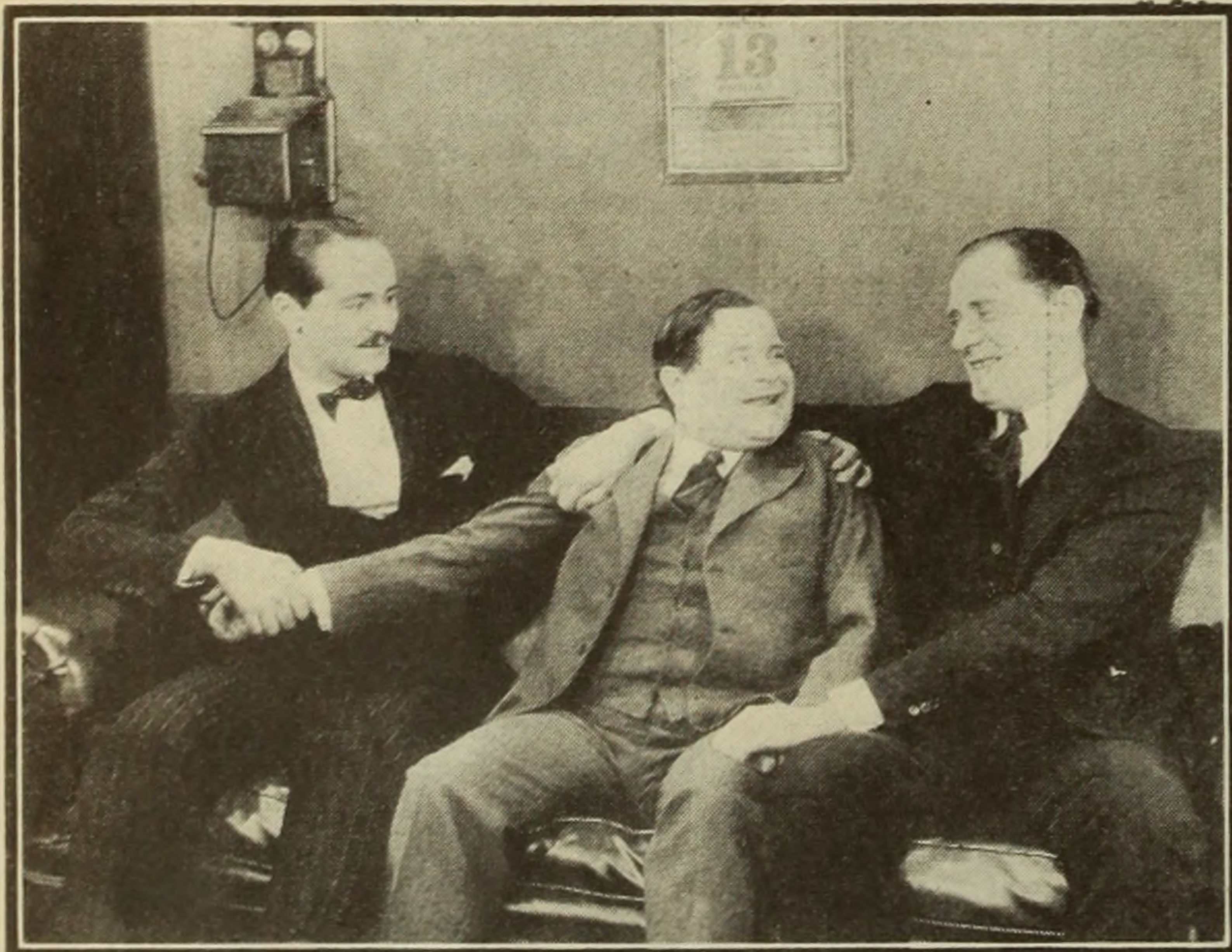
May Allison appeared for the first time in her screen career as a bride in "In for Thirty Days," and Robert Ellis was her handsome leading man. Recently Ellis has played with Katherine MacDonald and Betty Compson on the screen. His last picture was "Ladies Must Live"





STAR DUST—First National

WE didn't expect this to be a very good picture. For one thing, it wouldn't be Fannie Hurst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story; for another, we thought Hope Hampton, the star, dramatically inadequate for the exacting rôle of *Lily Becker*. We were wrong, and we are glad to admit it. Hobart Henley and Hope Hampton have here a picture that is pretty nearly great. It has caught the spirit if not the form of the Hurst story of modern womanhood; it is excellently scenarioized, dramatically directed, and amazingly acted. This is, we think, due to the coöperation of director, star, and cast. Hope Hampton will give you the surprise of your life. She is *Lily*. She is perfect in the part. She does some real acting, she sacrifices her close-ups to the good of the narrative, and her beauty was never more pronounced. She is a star in reality now. James Rennie's sense of humor saves a commonplace part; he is as handsome as a leading man is supposed to be, but he is more than that. He makes you want to see him in a stellar rôle.



GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

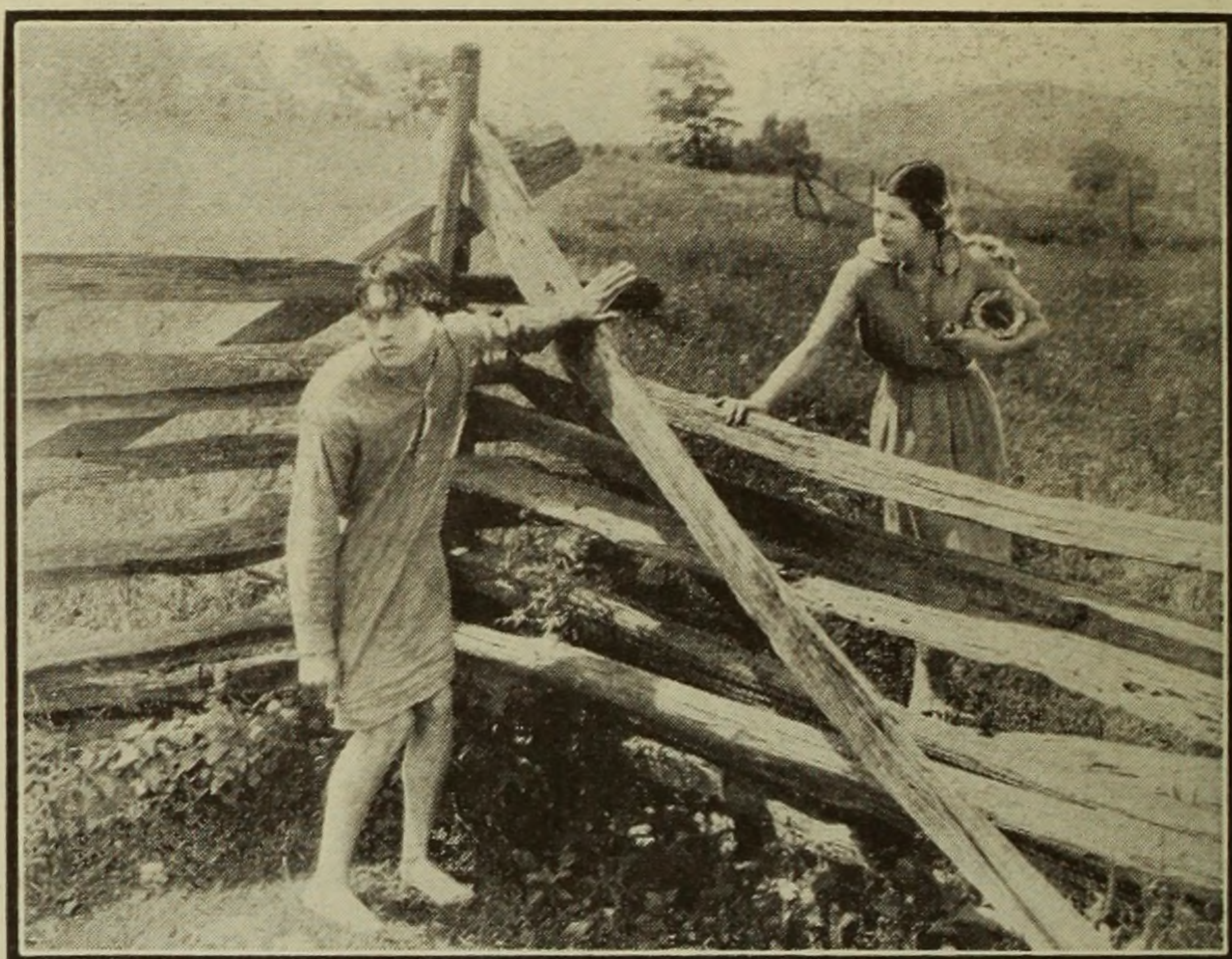
CHEER UP! Every now and then, just when you're most convinced that the motion pictures are going all wrong, along comes a jolly, breezy, one hundred per cent well produced story of this type, and the celluloid sky clears perceptibly. We find here a new type of *Wallingford*, and by far the most fascinating of all *Wallingfords*. His real name is Sam Hardy, and it's a wonder he has not signed a stellar contract long ago. He is the type of masculine hero most popular at the present day, clean-cut, intelligent, talented. The filmization of the George M. Cohan play has been accomplished in expert manner. It is a big, briskly moving story directed by Frank Borzage, whose skilled work on "Humoresque" was a decided factor in winning for his company the distinction of the PHOTO-PLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor for 1920. Why can't we have more productions of this sort?

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



TOL'ABLE DAVID—First National

THE combination of author, star, and director has produced another great picture. Richard Barthelmess' first starring film, by Joseph Hergesheimer and directed by Henry King, is a masterpiece. It is one of the few film tragedies of uncompromising power.

Everyone is glad that Dick's first individual picture is an artistic success. We hope it will be a financial success—it deserves to be. See if you can't prove to the doubting magnates that you *do* appreciate fine things on the screen. Here is something that deserves the highest praise you can give it. You may have read the Hergesheimer story of the *Kinemon* family of mountaineers. *David*, the youngest, is "tol'able—just tol'able"—until he proves his right to be called a man by putting up the greatest fight we have seen since "The Spoilers."

This is no light, frothy little comedy. It is strong meat, but it is so masterfully served it cannot possibly be offensive. It was taken in the actual locale. It is as true to life as fiction can be. Griffith might have directed some of the scenes; certainly he could not have made Barthelmess give a greater performance. This boy is as great an actor as the films have ever had. In this picture he touches tragic heights. If you can see his scenes with his film mother—a fine player, by the way—without feeling a lump in your throat, there's something wrong with you. Don't miss this. It is a classic.

Barthelmess forgets he is the idol of every girl in America and portrays the awkward mountain youth with exquisite pathos and whimsicality. Gladys Hulette plays his sweetheart. Ernest Torrance is excellent as the villain.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

ENCHANTMENT

TOL'ABLE DAVID

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

MOLLY O

STAR DUST

THE ACE OF HEARTS



THE ACE OF HEARTS—Goldwyn

THIS is a melodrama, pure and simple (well, not so simple either) and it maintains a high tension throughout, by means of tricks that are as unexpected as they are effective. The story concerns an organization known as The Mystic Council or The Inner Seven or something like that, composed of fanatics who are striving to reform the world by violent means. They single out their victims, and then proceed to blast them into eternity. The three principal characters in this group are played by Lon Chaney, Leatrice Joy and John Bowers, and they fit well into the general scheme of Morris's story. They provide the acute points of a more or less eternal triangle, all of whom are undergoing a severe struggle between those ancient sparring partners—love and duty. As is usual in such cases, duty comes out a very bad second. But even so conventional a climax is brought about in a highly unconventional way.



ENCHANTMENT—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

THERE is a beauty that is peculiarly the screen's. It is a blending of artistic production with careful lighting and rare photography. Too seldom we see it. But here is a picture that can claim it, an exquisite offering. The story is not particularly strong, but if you want to rest your eyes for an hour, and let your mind forget the black and white every-day realities, see this Marion Davies production. Vignola directed it, and Vignola is an artist. He deserves great credit for this picture.

As for the story, it is a humorous recounting of the frothy experiences of a vain little flapper who believes the world to be her particular oyster. Her father induces an actor friend to become a gentlemanly cave-man, with results that surprise everyone. Introduced into the picture, is the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, and in these scenes the director shows his greatest artistry. Forrest Stanley plays the hero and Miss Davies proves herself one of our most adorable heroines. She has always had unusual beauty, and has steadily progressed until with this picture she more than proves her place among the stars. Besides, she wears exquisite clothes in a charming way, and that in itself is no mean accomplishment. Hats off to Director Robert Vignola and to Miss Davies. The credit is about fifty-fifty for one of the most beautiful films the screen has seen. It is rightly named. Frank R. Adams, who has contributed such delightful tales to PHOTOPLAY, is responsible for the original story.

You may take the children to see this. It will delight them. Besides being good clean entertainment, it is a lesson in beauty, for the Urban settings are excellent.



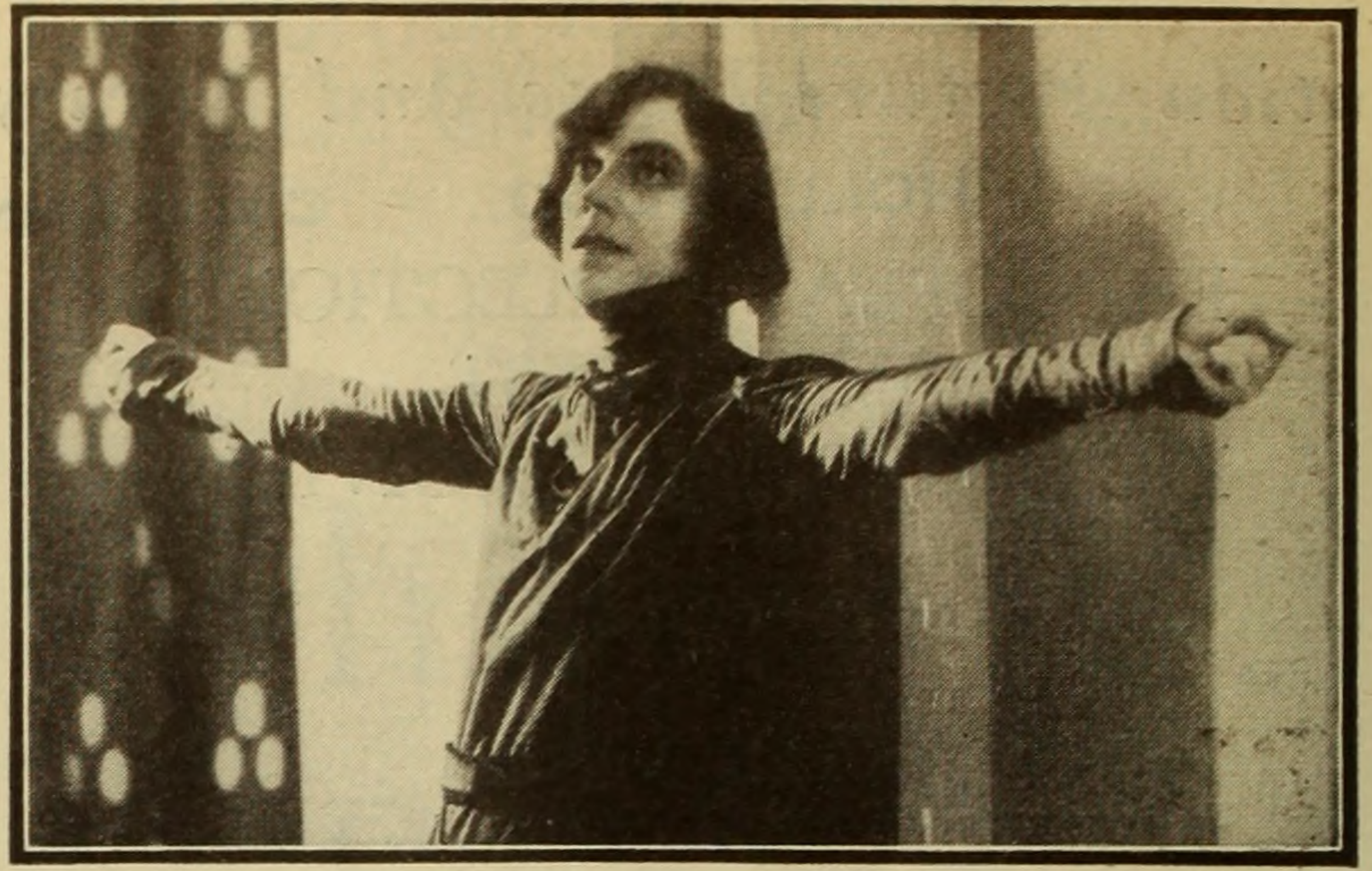
MOLLY O—Sennett-First National

HERE is great motion picture entertainment. A comedy-drama, the most popular form of film, supervised by Mack Sennett, who made "Mickey," its eight reels are packed with humor and charm and a tear or two. Mabel Normand is *Molly O*—she would be. The screen needs Mabel. She is a tonic. Everybody missed her, because there is nobody on the screen quite like her. Even Pickford and Chaplin have not her peculiar poignancy. The simple story of an Irish girl, who yearns for a fairy prince and finally finds him, but not without considerable difficulty, is pure hoakum; but you can't help loving it. Some of the sequences are masterfully directed. The dining room scene is a camera classic. The acting is unusual fine. We have no hesitation in recommending a film like this. Its villainies are harmless and its humor of the kind to make the world happier. Mabel deserves a medal for coming back with a portrayal like this. You may take the whole family.



THE CALL OF THE NORTH—Paramount

Although strictly orthodox as to title, this film contains many sparks of originality—in conception and in treatment. There are none of the usual ice floes to remind the chilled spectators that they forgot to bank the furnace before leaving home. Moreover, the worthy Jack Holt is given an opportunity to display his fine talent in a sympathetic, heroic rôle. Splendid entertainment.



HAMLET—Asta Films

In this Danish production, the pictorial values are emphasized so strongly that most of the dramatic elements in the story are overlooked. It is a series of beautiful scenes, based on the novel theory that the Melancholy Dane was a girl (evidently they thought that "Dane" was a misprint for "Dame"). Asta Neilsen in the leading rôle is remarkably good.



A SAILOR-MADE MAN—Pathe

What new things can one say of Harold Lloyd, this next-to-Chaplin young man who serenely turns out one comedy hit after another? His latest and most pretentious offering is in four reels. It is a riot of fun, and boasts a first rate story, too. He can ever be depended upon to add fresh material to his laughing-stock. Mildred Davis is, as always, a pleasing foil.



THE LOTUSEATERS—First National

A good picture gone wrong. You'd think that Marshall Neilan, with a story like this, with a star like John Barrymore, with a cast that includes Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson, would make a great picture. You're right; he would—if left to himself. But he was handicapped with a producer who knew little about pictures. The result is merely a fairly entertaining film.



THE FLOWER OF THE NORTH—Vitagraph

Add one more name to Curwood's list of Frozen North dramas. "The Flower of the North" is ordinary stuff, but it is the sort of ordinary stuff that has been weighed in the balance and found wanted (by the public). It is materially aided by the fine work of the dark and tragic Pauline Starke and Henry Walthall in the leading rôles. Walthall's return to the screen is well celebrated.



A PRINCE THERE WAS—Paramount

The family film of the month. It is a relief to view a photoplay like this and find it devoid of sticky sentimentality. It is cleanly, directly told in a manner that will please you and every member of your family from six to sixty. Thomas Meighan does splendid work in another "Prince Chap" rôle. Little Peaches Jackson appears again as Tom's best girl.



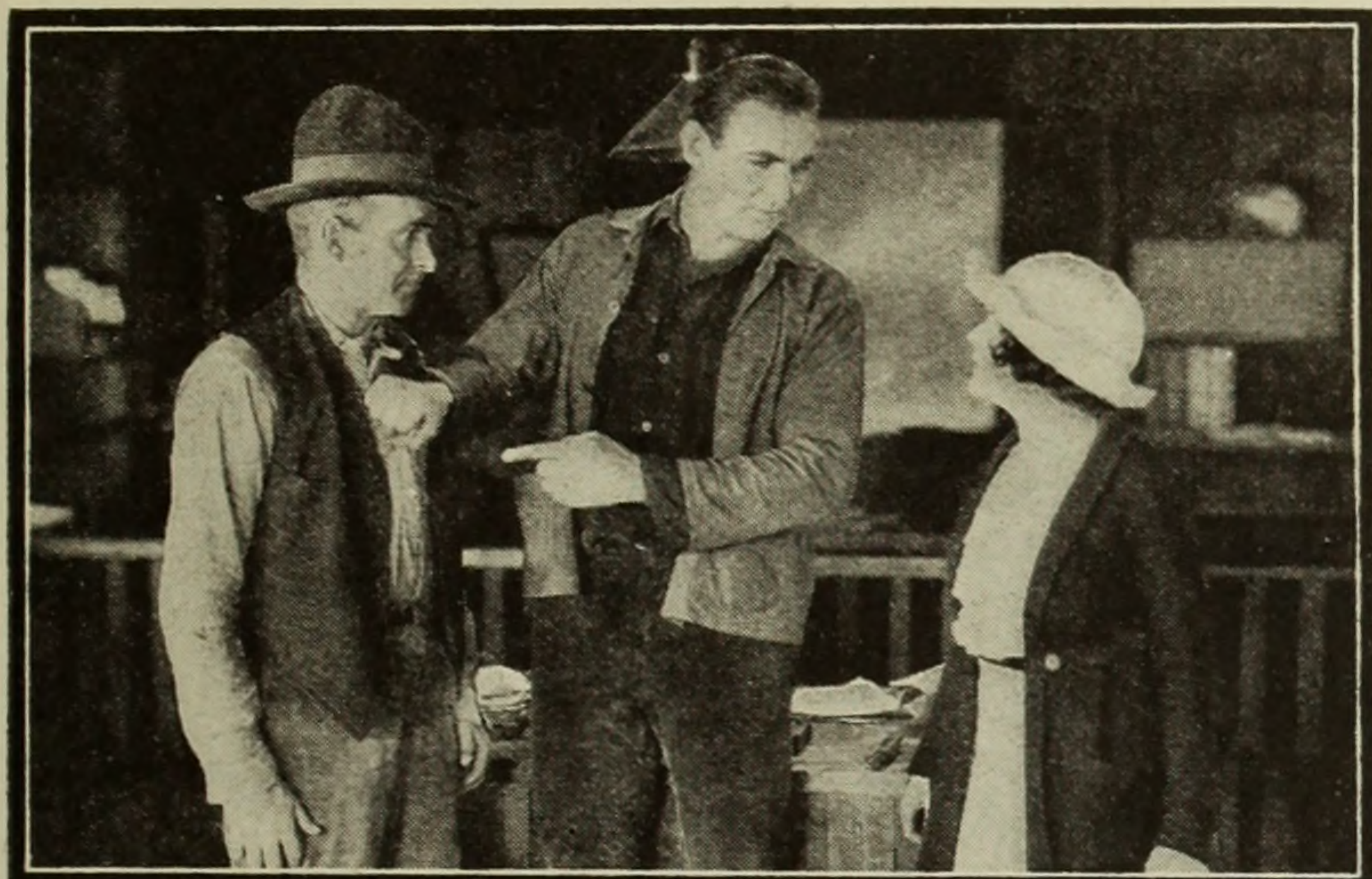
THE FOX—Universal-Jewel

This, they tell us, is a super-western. Really, there is not much to distinguish it from the usual western except that there is more of it. Harry Carey is cast in a likable rôle. There's a kind-hearted sheriff, honestly, and the most villainous "gang" that ever wore chaps and pistols for the camera. Things start at a gallop, and keep it up until the final hitching post is reached.



BONNIE BRIER BUSH—British-Paramount

Scotch melodrama on its native heath. If this photoplay were not so picturesque, the Ian MacLaren story would seem ill suited to film purposes. The good old tale of the laird of the castle who loves the daughter of the old shepherd—oh, you know how those things go. But the Highlands—and the bagpipes! Hoot, mon, 'tis not half bad, after all. Donald Crisp directed.



BUCKING THE LINE—Fox

Introducing Maurice Flynn as a star. He is a personable chap, possessing a natural pleasing manner, and it is evident that he is to be a scrappy film hero. His first story is a lively tale of railroad building. Villains, wrecks and hairbreadth escapes figure prominently. Those who enjoy a "thriller" will find it here. Also, Molly Malone.



THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING—Hodkinson

Long stretches of drab boredom interspersed with a few moments of exciting action. The light in question is not bright enough to illuminate the plot. The central figure in the story is a woman who has been wronged by the village cut-up (an old man with a black beard) and who has consequently gone mad. Those who have seen the picture can scarcely blame her.



THE SON OF WALLINGFORD—Vitagraph

Had some skilled director taken this Chester story, he could have made a sure-fire success of it, but Mr. Chester is an author, not a director. He furnishes excellent material, but he does not know how to project upon the screen, though he provides one sensation, in the burning of the oil wells. At times thrilling, at times disappointing—at all times, just a motion picture.



LITTLE EVA ASCENDS—Metro

Gareth Hughes as *Little Eva*, in the best picture under his starring contract. The refreshingly original and amusing story might have been written for him, so perfectly does it suit his unique personality. As the unhappy member of a barnstorming troupe, forced to play *Eva* against his will, Hughes scores heavily. See it.
(Continued on page 118)



MARRIED AT LAST!

THE feminine world has been wondering who Bill Hart would marry. For two years the rumor went the rounds that he was engaged to Jane Novak. But now Wm. S. is actually married—to Winifred Westover. Mrs. Bill Hart played in several of her husband's pictures several years ago, and they became great friends. Then she came east. He made a trip to New York, and they became engaged. They were married in California. Winifred is a pretty little blonde, of Swedish descent. She came into prominence when she played in Fine Arts pictures. Mr and Mrs. W. S. Hart are at home now in Beverly Hills.



Miss Violet Heming, who posed for this study of her lovely hands, says: "Cutex provides the busy woman with a quick, easy and delightful way of keeping her own nails always in perfect condition."

Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle—

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

The thin fold of scarf-skin about the base of the nail is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out—just as cloth ravel when the selvage is cut.

You can take off the hard dry edges of dry skin quickly, easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work gently about the nail base with an orange stick dipped in the liquid, rinse, and when drying, push the cuticle gently downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

Get rid of your manicure scissors: you will never need them again. Once you

have begun to use Cutex regularly you will have no more hangnails and the entire cuticle will always be firm and even.

Two new polishes — just perfected

Cutex now offers you the very latest and finest development of two highly popular forms of nail polish — Powder Polish and Liquid Polish. Both are the result of years of experiment in the greatest laboratory for manicure preparations in the world. They are put forth now because, at last, they meet every requirement for these two forms of polish. Cutex Powder Polish will give you the highest, most lasting lustre obtainable in the shortest possible time and with the least buffing. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a lustre that keeps its even brilliance for

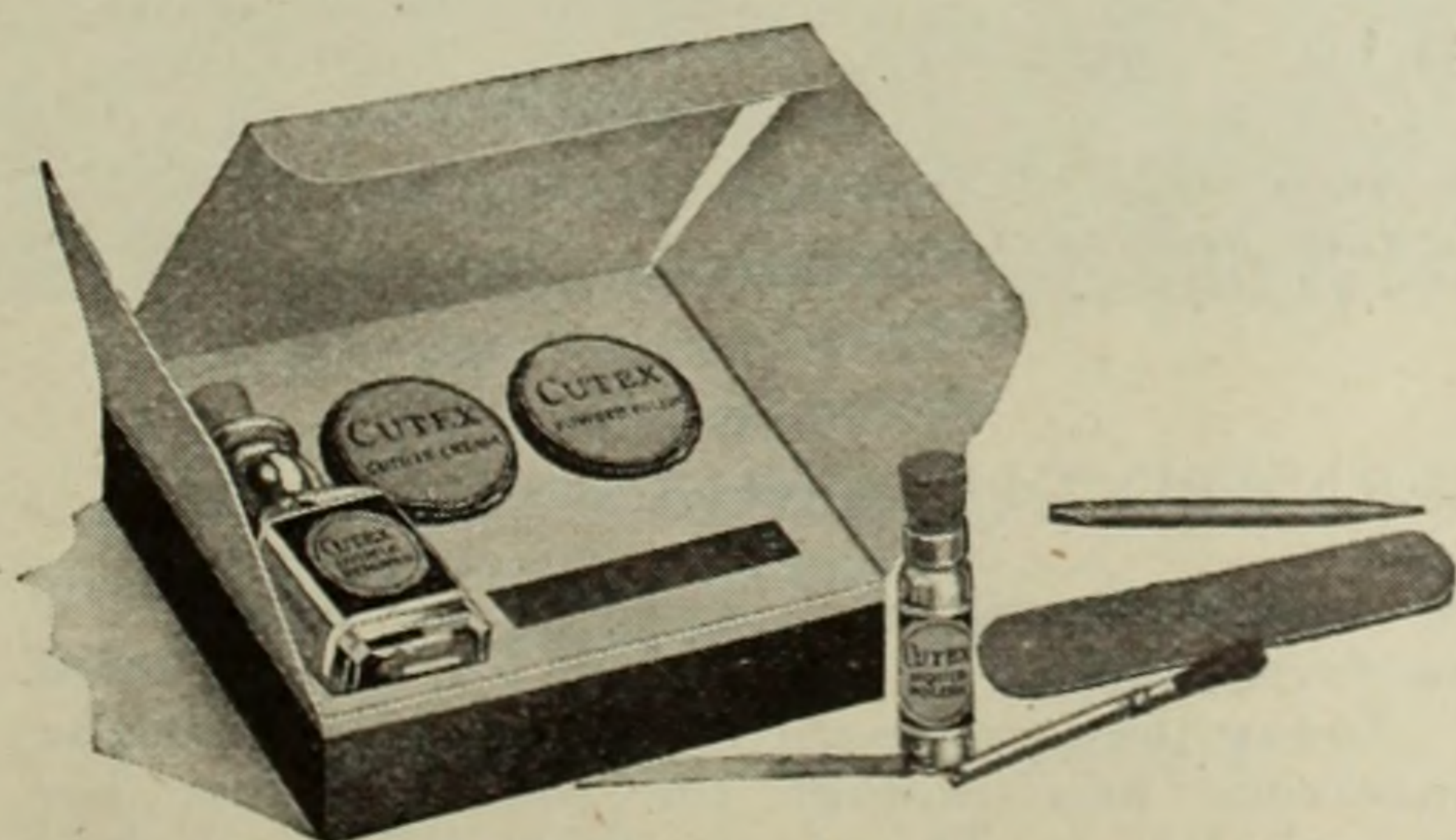
at least a week. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article in the sets, separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

New Introductory Set— now only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream, the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

*The New Cutex
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MRS. AND MR. BERNARD DURNING

SHE is known to you as Shirley Mason. You don't hear very much about this marriage, but we can tell you right now it is one of the very happiest in Hollywood! Shirley married Bernie before she had thoughts of stardom. Today they are more in love than ever. The little star recently cut short a personal appearance tour through the south because her husband missed her and wired her to come back home. This is the first photograph ever published of the Durnings together



With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a base, the powder will stay on many times longer

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly.

This cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.



POND'S Vanishing Cream

Begin today the regular use of these two creams

These two creams are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores in convenient sizes of both jars and tubes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.



Before retiring rub a little Pond's Cold Cream into the face

Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. Blackheads can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin. At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.



POND'S Cold Cream

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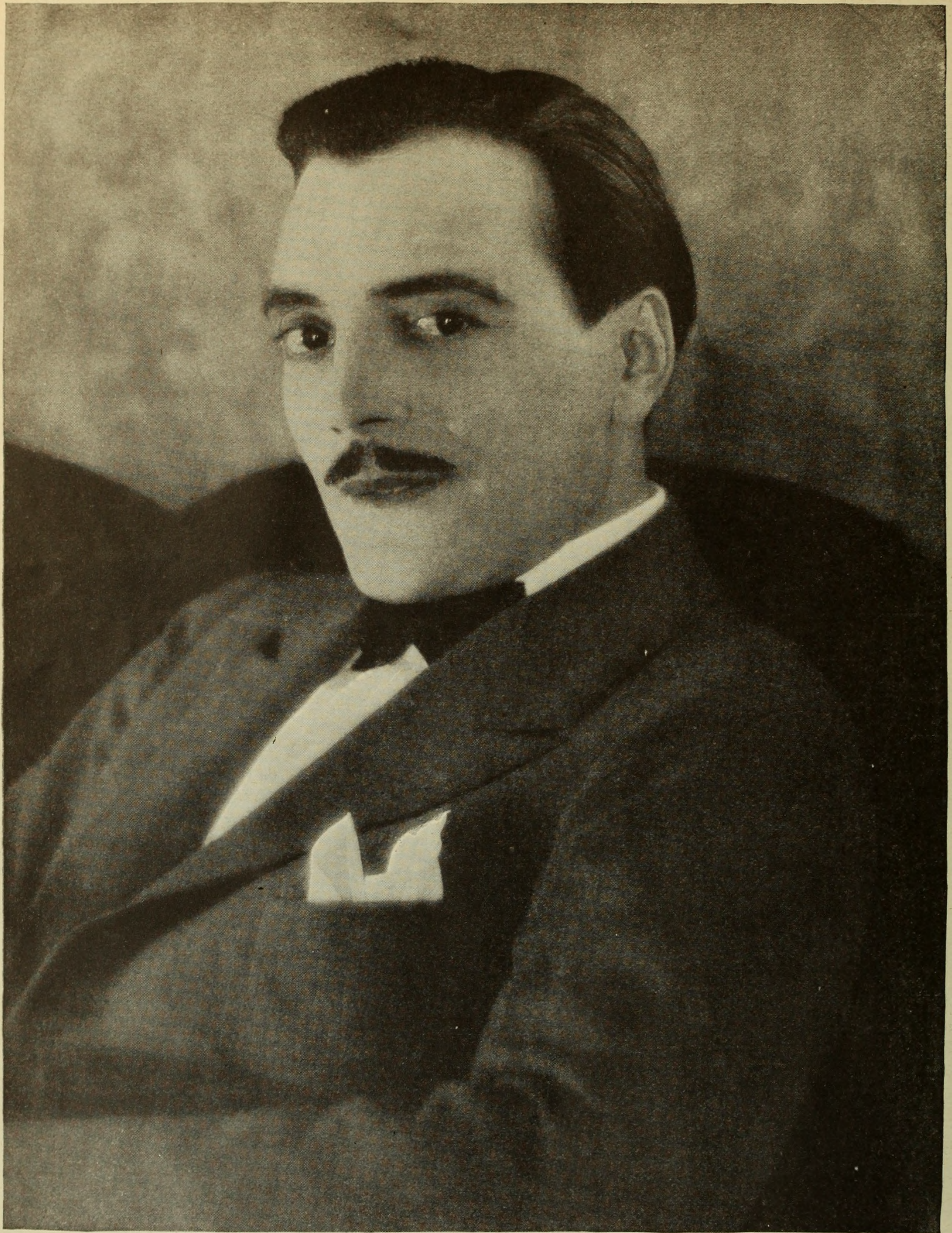
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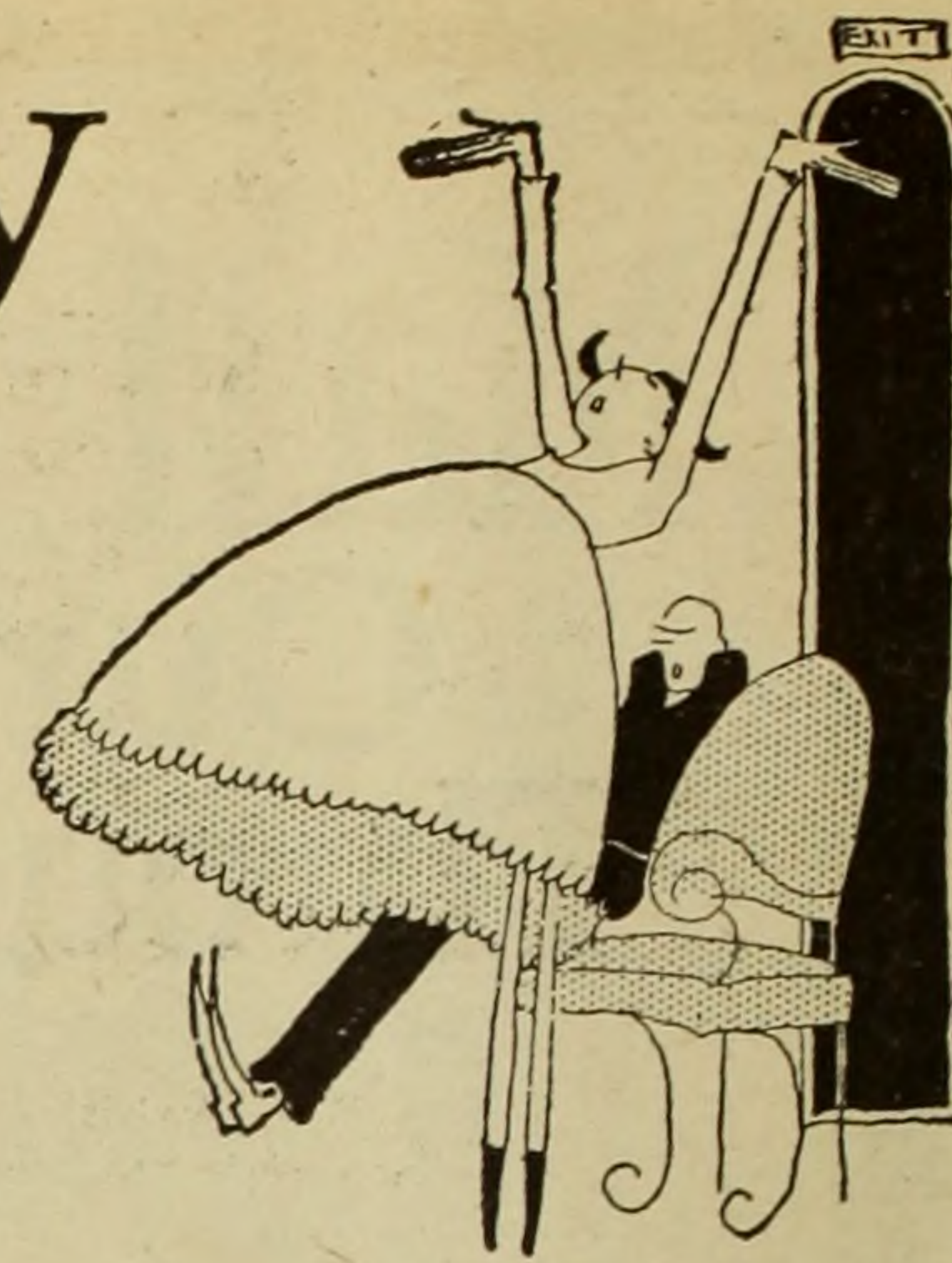
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Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikelike, 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.



A Hot Shot

IN the battle scene of "The Child Thou Gavest Me," with Lewis Stone and Barbara Castleton as the scrappers, he is wearing a mustache. She shoots him—and then we see him sans mustache.
MRS. O. J. K., Butte, Montana.

Can You Blame Her?

TOM MIX and Eva Novak are escaping via the roof in "The Rough Diamond." Before Eva leaves the room for the roof she is wearing French heels. When she runs across the roof she has on flat-heeled oxfords.
M. B. I., New York City.

A Good Imagination

IN "The Beauty Market," Katherine MacDonald, the star, receives a cigarette case containing a large sum of money, and places it on the table. This occurs, you understand, in a gentleman's room. When she is again in her own room she is seen holding the case—the next scene shows the case still on the table in the gentleman's room.
BILLIE L., Schenectady, N. Y.

Leave It To Lionel

IN "The Devil's Garden," Lionel Barrymore plays the postmaster of a small community. He gets writing paper, pen, and ink to write a complaint to the General Post-office. Very carefully he opens the ink bottle and without dipping his pen in the ink starts to write.
RICHARD M. RICKARD, Seattle, Wash.

Should Have Been Censored

IN "Love Never Dies," with Lloyd Hughes—the hero leaves his wife for eight years and when he returns he meets his son, who looks about three years old.
ADELE R., New York City.

Annette's Only Rival

I NOTICED this in the Universal serial, "Winners of the West": Betty is clinging to a rock in a swirling pool below the falls. Two seconds later when the villain jumps in to save her, she is clinging to a rock on the other side of the pool.
CHARLES E. W., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sartorial Shortcomings

I FOLLOWED the serial "Hurricane Hutch" merely to watch Miss Lucy Fox change her shoes, which she did at most peculiar times. For instance, in one scene she is running to the river's edge in white sports shoes, trimmed in some darker color, with flat heels. When she reaches the water, her shoes are entirely white and the heels are very high. And why on earth did Hutch always wear the same clothes, even to the identical tie?
C. W., Chicago, Ill.

"Camille Was Good Company," Anyway

TO quote Fannie Brice in the Follies. But as played by Nazimova, she was the most extraordinary lady I ever saw. Her cough was not, as your review said convincing. In the death-bed scene—that famous, touching tragic scene—I noticed this, in Alla's picture. The maid is shown opening the sliding window above the bed, disclosing snow-flakes falling gently. When the maid returns to the room, the window is closed.
M. Moss, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Month's Most Popular Error

IN "The Sheik," the jealous favorite of the villainous sheik is adorned with a vaccination mark.

Add Wild West Life In Films

IN "The Primal Law," a friend warns Brian (Dustin Farnum) that a raid is about to be made on Brian's ranch. Brian tells the friend to ride to town for the rangers. The friend does so, leaving the hero and heroine to defend the ranch. Yet, a few minutes later, we see the heroine using the ranch telephone to phone her father at the town hotel. Why did not Brian use the 'phone to summon the rangers?
FLOYD P. HARLOW, Louisville, Kentucky.

"What's The Matter with Charlie?"

CHARLES RAY, in "Two Minutes to Go," his football picture, makes a dash up the gridiron carrying the ball nearly to the goal line. In his glorious dash he runs apparently in a straight line, although his opponents are coming towards him from all directions in an effort to down him. In the eyes of a football fan, this is not a run—it is a miracle.
C. A. COOK, Erie, Pa.

A New Parlor Pastime

RECENTLY I noticed a mistake in Corinne Griffith's Vitagraph picture, "The Single Track." Here it is: Corinne and her leading man, Richard Travers, are seen sitting in the parlor on adjacent chairs. She is in a small chair, while he is occupying an upholstered one. Two scenes later we see the two again—and they have changed chairs.
T. P. O'ROURKE, Galveston, Texas.

In Re The Military

ACCORDING to the press agent Rex Ingram spent something in the neighborhood of a million dollars filming "The four Horsemen." It was a great picture, but why did Ingram not spend an infinitesimal fraction of that million to engage a French non-com to find out what the French soldier wears under certain conditions? The uniform and equipment that Julio wears, when he goes to see his father after enlisting, are not correct. As a foreigner Julio must have enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Why did he not wear the insignia of that corps? Why did some of the German soldiers wear dress-overcoats with their field uniforms? They were sticklers for dress in that army.
C. H., New Orleans, La.

Pity The Poor Bambino

IN James Oliver Curwood's "The Golden Snare," a title tells us it is dawn. Bram Johnson, the hunted man, goes for a hunt and is shot by the villain, who then moves upon Bram's house with his gang and steals Bram's adopted daughter, leaving a baby upon the bed kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms. In the fracas the Royal Northwest Policeman is knocked down, gets up and follows the thieves in shirt sleeves and slippers, and is recaptured. In another title we are told that the Policeman would be killed that evening after he had witnessed the marriage of the stolen girl to the villain. After the villain is killed and the hero rescues the heroine and they return to the cabin after twenty-four hours' absence, the baby is on the floor kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms.
C. W. B., Roseburg, Oregon.



“Don't Envy Beauty— Use Pompeian”

You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. *Then* apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) They come in shades to match your coloring.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.



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in Venice
1922 Pompeian Beauty Panel



A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

Perfected for washing faces

Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while

it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

The importance of thorough cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

Don't neglect the body

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face.

If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our price secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are most costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. 25-cent quality is offered for 10 cents.

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A Recamier of the Films

Mary Alden is reminiscent of the famous French wit and social genius

By
MARY WINSHIP

OF Mary Alden—who has long stood out as one of the foremost character actresses in pictures, and who achieved a personal success as *Mother* in "The Old Nest"—devotees of pictures know very little, practically nothing save of her work. And yet as a person, as a hostess, and as a testimonial of the freedom of thought and action that women have attained in the past few years, she is equally interesting.

She has always reminded me of the brilliant Madame Recamier, whose social genius, understanding, and powers of conversation welded together the wits and geniuses of Paris.

I suppose every woman who has any social aspirations has desired to establish a *salon*. I've tried it myself. I started with Sunday night suppers where intellectual lights ate my food, drank my drinks, and quarreled about everything from home brew to automobiles and permanent waves. None of which is conducive to a *salon*.

But Mary Alden has succeeded. She lives on the top floor of a big, old apartment house almost in the center of Los Angeles. Her mode of life is exactly my idea of how a woman who works hard should live. When she comes home from a day of intense emotional work at the studio, providing she is not going out, she goes to bed. She has a big divan bed in her own sitting room, and there, in a velvet dressing gown, surrounded by books, papers and writing materials, she has dinner served by Zabella—her priceless cook. Her cook, by the way, has been with her for eight years, and her maid for nine. While she eats, she reads.

"You see," she explained, "in that way I am able to relax utterly. I can enjoy using my mind while my body and nerves are getting the rest and restoration they need. It saves me tons of energy and hours for study that I would otherwise have to devote to sleeping to keep up my vitality."

Mary is an epicure of the highest order. Her dinner is a sacred matter, especially to Zabella, whether she is dining alone or is entertaining a few guests; and the best food I have ever eaten in my life, I have eaten at Mary Alden's.



Last Sunday when I went about tea time I found her in a smart little Paris frock of black taffeta and white organdy—her taste in smart clothes and velvet lounging robes is distinctive—at the piano. And she plays well; considered even from a professional standard, she has strength and command of tone that is unusual.

In her drawing room were gathered a group composed of a famous novelist and his wife, whose small book of poems created something of a sensation last year; a rising young politician; a famous composer and his wife, a singer of renown and beauty; a young girl who is becoming known for her photographic studies, exhibited in London and Paris; an art director—one of the best listeners I have ever known—and his wife; a magazine writer, and a Russian woman whom I understand belonged to the Czarina's household.

I sat looking and enjoying as I always do, the artistry of the room, its richness and comfort, its personal warmth. Some good rugs, big, littered tables, several couches overflowing with marvelous pillows, for which Mary has a passion, soft lights, a picture or two, the grand piano. Incidentally the book-cases hold a very fine library; she is known as a collector to all book lovers and dealers, and owns several rare folios and first editions.

And as I sat I thought of all the people who have found inspiration and help of all kinds in that room. Mary Alden's favorite form of charity, as I know well, is to find some promising young artist, writer or musician who isn't getting along. She will feed, clothe and take care of them generally, long enough to give them a start and a chance to show what they can do.

Why Film Stars Have Beautiful Hair

How they make their hair improve
their looks

Mae Murray—Darling of the movies. Paramount Star. Soon to appear in "Peacock Alley" following her triumph in the "Gilded Lily." Her hair proves her faith in MULSIFIED.



Corinne Griffith—Vitagraph star of wonderful charm and beauty. See her in "Received Payment" soon to appear. MULSIFIED keeps her hair beautiful.

© HARTSOOK, L. A.

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

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

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

Effect of Proper Shampooing

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

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

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

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your hair look by the regular use of Mulsified. The method of use is simple.

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

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

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

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

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Betty Compson—Rising star in filmdom. Watch for her in her latest releases, "The Ordeal" and "For Those We Love." See how MULSIFIED keeps her hair beautiful.



Anita Stewart—Famous "First National" attraction. Soon to appear in "Her Mad Bargain." Notice her beautiful hair. MULSIFIED keeps it that way.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

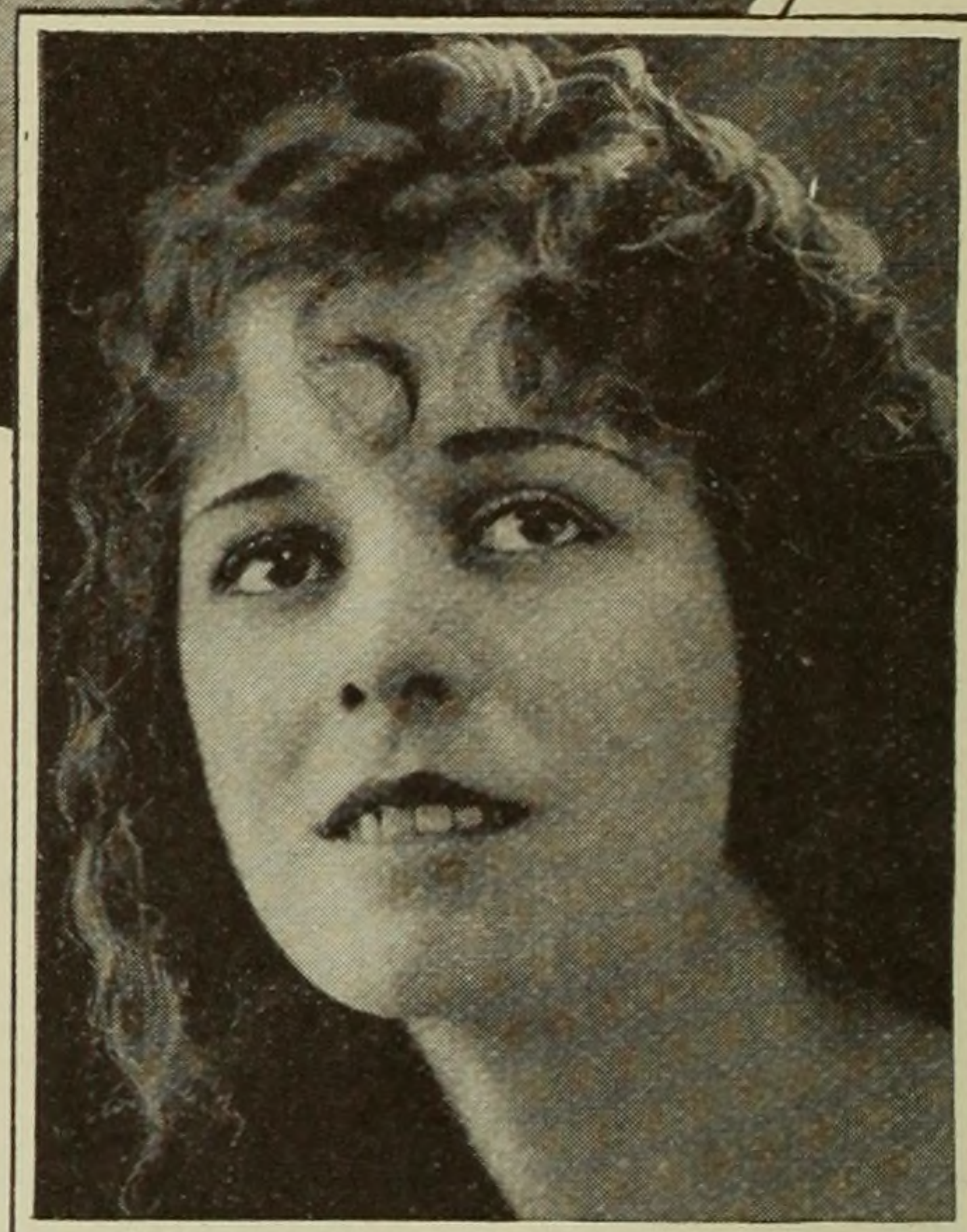
THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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

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

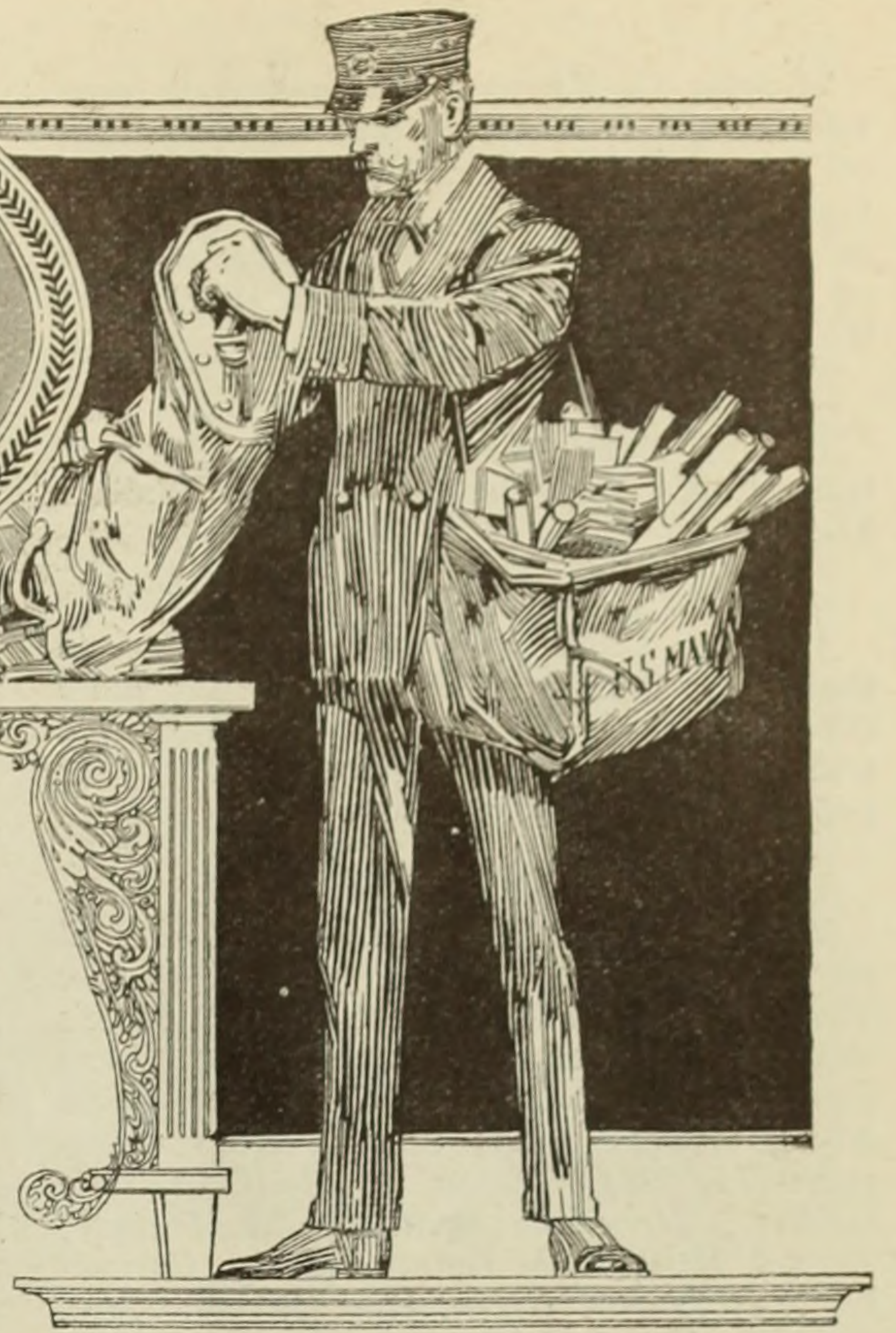
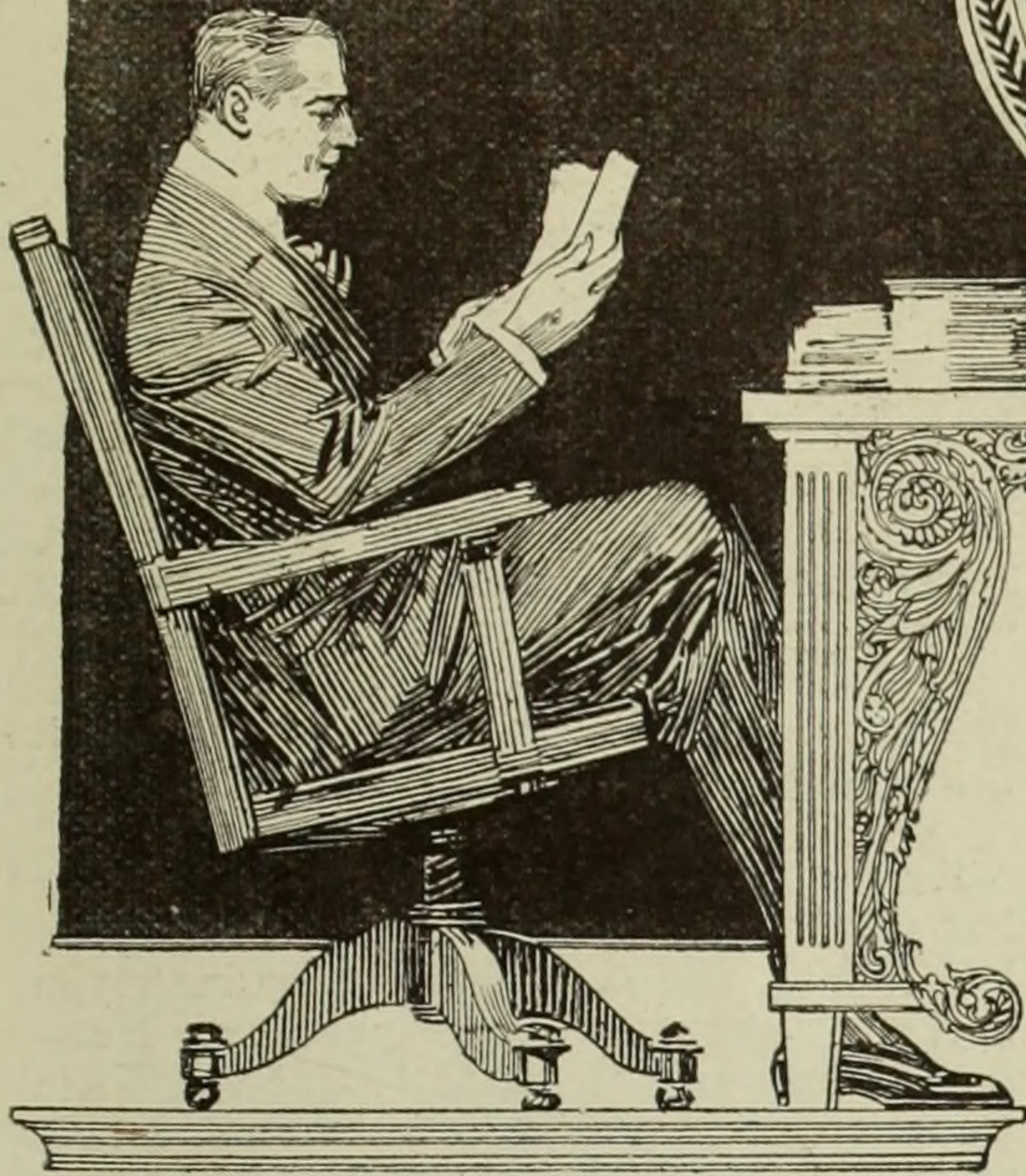
You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children. Fine for men.



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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.

LLOYD L., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Yes, Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks has filmed *The Three Musketeers*. How did you guess? I admire your modern spirit. Isn't anything goes on you don't hear about, is there, Lloyd?

JOHN JONES.—Brother! I certainly am glad to hear from you. I don't know the length of Agnes Ayres' contract with Paramount. But I am sure if you like her they will renew the present contract. Agnes recently obtained a divorce and has no intention of marrying again; at least if she has, I am not in her confidence. And between you and me, that doesn't surprise me in the least. Although she was very nice to me when she was in Manhattan the last time. Said she read my department, and liked it, and liked me. I tottered out of her hotel with a b. p. enthusiasm. I have a hunch that if you write to Agnes, and tell her you are a friend of mine, which you certainly are, she will write to you and maybe send you her photograph. In which case I will surely send you a New Year's greeting. It may be a little late, but it will be there. You know people who send cards don't always write on 'em.

OLGA.—It seems to me, my dear, that you should value a star's portrait sufficiently to be willing to enclose a quarter to cover cost of mailing. Do you know what the photographs they send out cost them every year? Well, it runs into the thousands.

LEO B., BRONX.—We are quite euphonious this month. You volunteer the information that "*The Ordeal*," about which one of my correspondents was anxious, was released five years ago and was a war story. Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal. Tony has never married, to my knowledge.

JOSE.—You start out with a dissertation recalling the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. And then you ask me questions about Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. It is impossible, and I won't be dishonest and say that I regret it, to give a list of all their productions. Here are a few: "*Daring Hearts*," "*The Poor Rich Man*," "*A Pair of Cupids*," "*Social Quicksands*," and "*Graustark*," Seriously, I

thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind phrase. It all helps.

O. T., NEW JERSEY.—You go in for the serial drama, I see. Your nerves must be wonderful. I lived through "*The Perils of Pauline*" and had a nervous breakdown. "*Fighting Fate*" was William Duncan's last serial. Read his own story, "*The Business of Making Thrills*," in this issue of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*. "*The Veiled Mystery*" was the last of the Tony Moreno serials. And I don't mean the latest. He is making full length features now. Elmo Lincoln in "*The Adventures of Tarzan*." Why, some people pronounce Tarzan with the accent on the last syllable. Others don't pronounce it at all.

GERRY.—Yes, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the New York society woman, had a part in Norma Talmadge's "*The Wonderful Thing*." I don't know who was the Wonderful Thing: Norma or Julia. Barbara Castleton is not married to Willard Mack, but there was some talk of it at one time. Several newspapers informed an eager world that they were engaged, but it was evidently the first Willard and Barbara heard about it. She is with R-C Pictures Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

MARGIE.—Hello, I thought you had forgotten me and Rudolph Valentino. Now I see that you have only forgotten me. The handsome slick-haired Italian was born at Castellaneta, on May 6, 1895. He and his wife, Jean Acker, have separated. He is now under a stellar contract with Lasky. His latest pictures are "*The Sheik*" and "*Moran of the Lady Letty*," with Dorothy Dalton. Dorothy has bobbed her hair and is wearing it straight. But you are probably not as much interested in Dorothy's hair-cut as I am. Rudie may be reached at Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

M. A.—If you read my department as exhaustively as you claim, you wouldn't say I never mention Ralph Graves. He is married to Marjorie Seaman, is six feet one inch tall and his latest pictures are "*Kindred of the Dust*" and "*Sent for Out*." I am not making a mistake in this latter title. That's the way Rupert Hughes wrote it. Colleen Moore is in it, too.

MARY M.—It is very nice of you to write me such a nice letter about yourself. But may I not remind you very gently that this will never buy the baby's shoes? Not that I have any baby to buy shoes for. But this is a department of queries and replies, not flattery and persiflage.

JANET.—Are you and Janice twins? I'm sure you should be. Percilla Dream is married, if you happen to mean by that, Priscilla Dean. Wheeler Oakman is the lucky man.

M. W. MITCHELL.—William Farnum has not left the screen, but he went to Europe for a long vacation. He is making a new picture for Fox. Yes—I like Bill. He's a gentleman and a scholar, besides being a fine actor. He is married, and has a little daughter, who is at present in school in Paris.

GWENDOLYN.—The other evening I was sitting in a crowded cabaret watching the dancing, and writing on the table cloth and sketching the people, and all of a sudden I wrote, "*Sketches by Booze*"—just like that. It's a gift, Gwen. A great many have been imbibing, it seems, but not I. I don't get a chance. Conway Tearle's play, "*The Mad Dog*," didn't live long. I believe Conway is making films again. He has a wife, Adele Rowland; they are very happy, I understand. I suppose you're sorry to hear it.

K. L., CANTON.—I have heard that Earle Williams' matrimonial bark has come to grief, as they say. His wife is Florence Walz, a New York girl. Cal York has something to say about it this month, and I don't want to infringe on his rights—and I couldn't if I wanted to.

MISS D., BROOKLYN.—That D. might stand for much. Delightful, adorable, dear, darling—or damnable. Mrs. Coogan is in California again now, after her New York trip, to see about the presentation of her son's latest picture, "*My Boy*." Yes, I like little Coogan immensely. I only hope he will be not spoiled. Imagine a boy of six the idol of half the world and of such greats and eminents as Charles Spencer Chaplin and Ignace Jan Paderewski!

(Continued)

MARION G. KESTYRN.—I appreciate your thinking of me and sending me postcards of the various places you visit. You say you like Venice best. The next best thing to being over there myself is knowing one of my favorite contributors is there—isn't that a pretty speech?

BERYL.—Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. No, it isn't either—it's Mrs. Wallace MacDonald.

JANICE.—Actors are no more conceited than the rest of us. They are merely more conspicuous. Write again soon and ask me some questions. I like your name, your paper, and your disposition.

M. M. S., DEFIANCE, OHIO.—Jack Mulhall of the wavy pompadour played opposite Viola Dana in "The Offshore Pirate." Here's the cast of "Always Audacious": Perry Danton, Wallace Reid; Clem Attuck, a crook, Wallace Reid; Camilla Hoyt, Margaret Loomis; Theron Amidon, Clarence Geldart; Jerry the agent, J. M. Dumot; Denver Kate, Rhea Haines; Molly, Carmen Phillips; Martin Green, Guy Oliver. Mrs. Rumson, Fannie Midgley.

ADRIANA.—Sorry I had to print your name but it was too nice to hide its light under a bushel of other letters. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. He is thirty-

three, weighs one hundred and sixty-five, and is six feet tall, though he certainly doesn't look it. Address him 1616 Gardner Street, Hollywood, Cal.

OPAL.—I live in a hall bedroom, but I don't drink buttermilk. Sometimes one lives in hall bedrooms so one doesn't have to drink just buttermilk. I drink—(censored.) I enjoyed your letter immensely. Richard Dix is not married. He is working at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, Cal. Edith Roberts is a charming young lady, and is one of the leading players in Cecil deMille's "Saturday Night." Somebody said this was one deMille drama without a bathroom in it, but I can't believe that.

VIVIAN MARTIN.—I am awfully sorry I said you had a little daughter when you haven't and it is very nice of you to write and set me right. Will you, in the weary word of the telephone operator, excuse it, please?

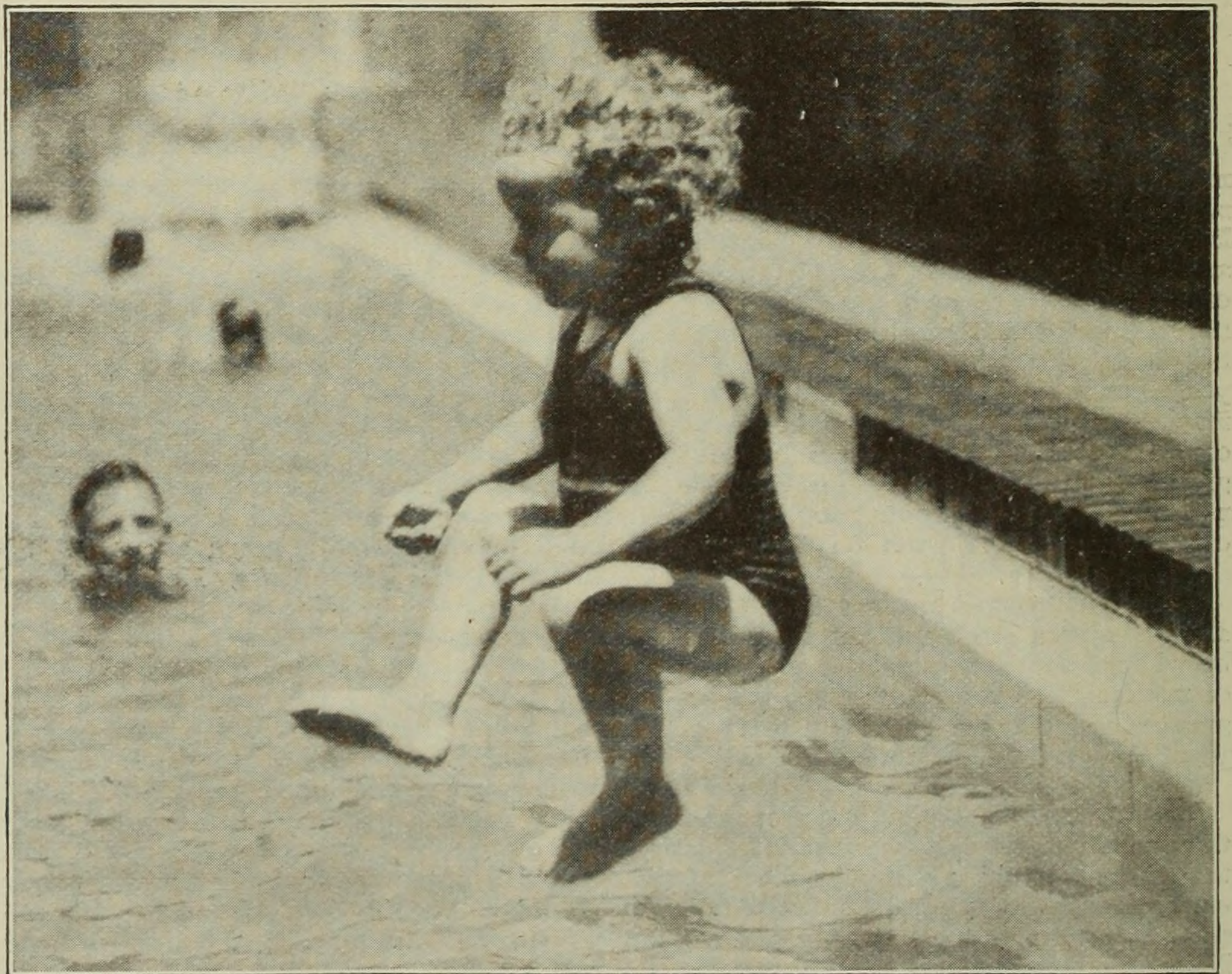
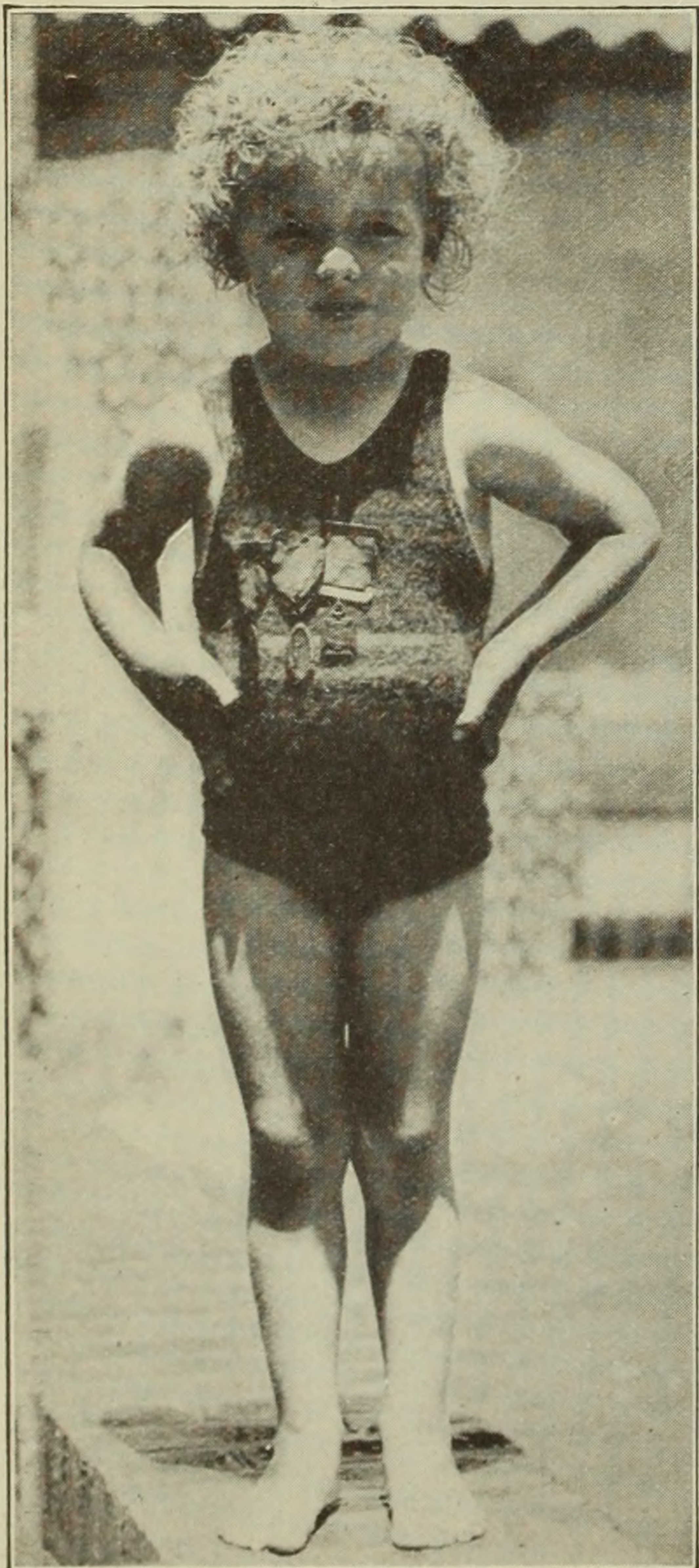
INEZ.—You're very nice, really. You say I should change my name from Answer Man to Banisher of Blues. I wish somebody would write a song about me. Darrell Foss is still appearing in pictures. He will be seen with May McAvoy in "The Homespun Vamp" presently.

W. L., MICHIGAN.—You are Julian Eltinge's only rival. I am sure Mr. Eltinge

will be very much put out if he ever sees your photograph. Martha Mattox is a character actress. She is not under contract to any particular company, but is a free-lance. Sis Hopkins is not the name of an actress. It's a play. Mabel Normand did a screen version of it some time ago. Mabel is back with Sennett. Her latest picture, "Molly O," is a knock-out. If you like Mabel don't miss it.

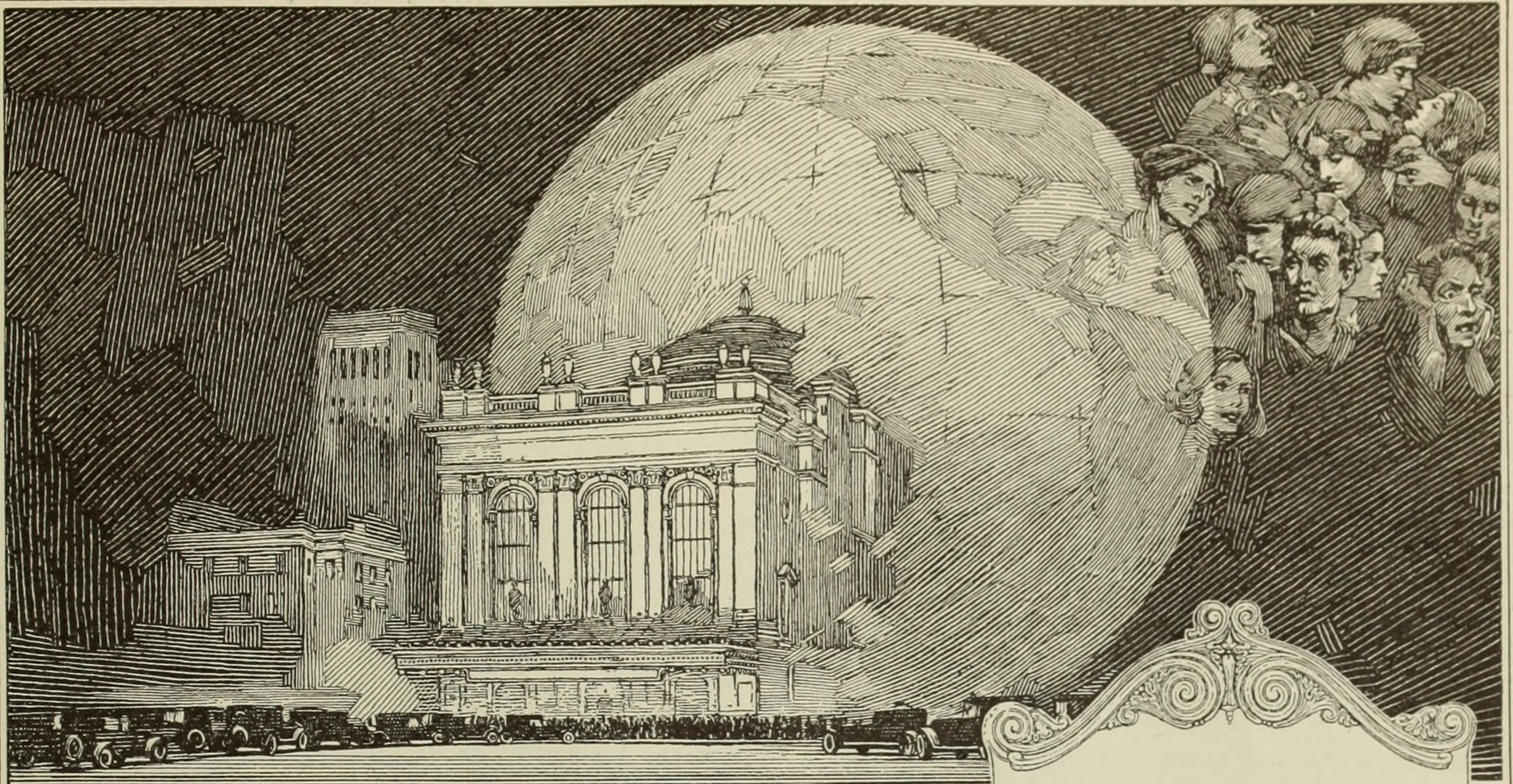
E. C. B., MONTREAL.—The glorious one is getting so famous that she is one of the few stars whom people mention by their first names. Nobody ever says Gloria Swanson. Gloria is all that's necessary. Address her care the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Gloria is divorced. She has one little girl. I have never seen the child but her mother showed me some of her pictures, which she doesn't do for everybody, and it is a beautiful baby. You would like it whether it belonged to Gloria or to Sophie Klutz.

HELEN R., WEISER, IDAHO.—A sadder but wiser correspondent since I threw your letter into the wastebasket because you broke rules about religious questions. However, since you only want to know if Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, I take great pleasure in informing you that they are. Thomas Meighan did not appear in "The Love Expert." John Halliday was leading man. I don't see any resemblance. Dustin Farnum recently signed a starring contract with Fox, and his first picture was "The Primal Law." (Continued on page 98)



AN AQUATIC STAR

AS well as a screen star. Little Richard Headrick, who hates being called "Baby Dick," is the champion juvenile swimmer of the western world. He is only three years old, but he has more medals than most swimmers ten times his age. Richard, between pictures for First National, tries new water stunts, and on one occasion "rescued" a drowning man who weighed over two hundred pounds. The picture at the left shows the young man with his many medals. Richard may have beautiful baby-blue eyes, and marvelous golden curly hair, but he's a regular guy all the same.



The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

This history of the pictures will be told in the living affairs and movements of the men and women who have made the pictures and who have been made by the pictures.

It will relate their obscure beginnings, their struggles, triumphs, loves and marriages—hundreds of facts which have never before been printed.

It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main—more splendor than a Rome, and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

Seeking the writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, Photoplay has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today; old enough to have had an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development.

Begins in the April Issue of
PHOTOPLAY



Photo by Van der Weyde

TERRY RAMSAYE

The
Greatest
Motion
Picture
Story
Ever
Told

Plays and Players

The livest, most accurate, and most interesting news and comment about motion picture people

By CAL. YORK

IN spite of the disarmament conference, there seems to be no cessation in the hostilities surrounding Charlie Chaplin's unwedded state. In fact, if anything, his return to Los Angeles after his European trip, was the signal for a lot of verbal gunplay.

Claire Windsor met him at the train. May Collins didn't.

Later Miss Collins declared she didn't meet him because she "wasn't that kind of a girl." She intimated that she couldn't see herself flattering any man to the extent of meeting him at the train, but that she waited at home that evening for Mr. Chaplin to call upon her. Which he did.

She also coyly exhibited a very gorgeous silver fox fur, which he brought her as a present from Paris. And added that just before he went away they had "had a little tiff," but all was well again—and cleverly led one to suspect that it was during this tiff that Mr. Chaplin saw so much of the blonde beauty, Claire Windsor.

WHERE UPON Miss Windsor indignantly replied—in print—that she met Mr. Chaplin because he wired her asking her to be at the train. That she hoped she wasn't so silly she couldn't be friends with a man and do a friendly act of common courtesy like that without thinking he might put a wrong construction on it.

Then she allowed to be seen a very new, very expensive wrap of ermine. She didn't say it was her gift from the great comedian, but a blind man could see for himself the Paris label inside.

Then Mr. Chaplin declared he didn't have the slightest intention of marrying, that his unhappy experience with Mildred Harris was too vivid in his mind to allow him to think of matrimony for a long time to come.

"Not Miss Windsor?" he was asked.

"Oh, no. She's a wonderful girl—very beautiful. I like her. But I sha'n't marry."

"Or Miss Collins?"

"A lovely, brilliant young woman. I respect her. But—no, I sha'n't marry." So there you are!

ALMOST every phase of society is represented in the movies, but so far as we know, Queen Mary of Roumania is the first lady ruler to take a hand in the actual business of picture-making. She is now in Paris waiting for the public's verdict on her first attempt at playwriting.

Her first film, "The Lily of Life," is a romantic allegory. It features a prince and large swarms of butterflies and quite a flock of dancing girls.

RAYMOND HATTON has been getting a lot of credit lately for fine work in pictures. And so it was just necessary

for friend wife "to step into the ring." And so she has just finished playing in "The Wall Flower" for Goldwyn and has moved to the Metro lot to take a leading part in a new picture.

THE grand ball-room of the Hotel Commodore was hardly large enough to hold all of the people who wanted to see Mae Murray's newest picture, "Peacock Alley."

The little star herself occupied a box, with her director-husband, the jovial Bob Leonard. Mae was in a flame-colored, very brief little gown, and she was quite delightful. She had as her guest of honor, Lillian Russell. The famous beauty received almost as much attention as Mae herself.



Three famous hostesses of the annual Actors' Equity Ball: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, and Elsie Ferguson. Mrs. Carter recently returned to the stage in "The Circle." Miss Ferguson has temporarily deserted the studios to appear in "The Varying Shore," a new play by Zoe Akins. Lillian Russell is usually the guest of honor at every theatrical event of importance.

RUBY DE REMER writes from the French capitol that she is having the time of her life. "Just went to a wonderful party and saw Lottie Pickford and Teddy Sampson there, so it seemed just like Hollywood. Leave for Berlin in the morning" is the way the postcard read. Rubye is a great favorite with the French film fans and they have given her a royal reception. It was Paul Helleu, the great French painter, who called her the most beautiful blonde in America.

EARLE WILLIAMS seems to be in trouble again.

While he has refused to discuss the situation at all, it is understood that he and his wife, who was a beautiful New York heiress named Florence Walz, have separated and that divorce action will soon be taken.

Mrs. Williams went east some time ago with her mother and has not returned. Mr. Williams has engaged Charles Erbstein, the well known Chicago attorney who is in Los Angeles, to represent him, and while Mr. Williams wouldn't talk, Mr. Erbstein did—a little.

At least he said that while (Continued on page 85)



Agnes Ayres, who is starring in one of the latest Paramount successes "The Sheik."

The Secret of Loveliness

An interview with dainty Agnes Ayres

AGNES AYRES, who is starring with Rudolph Valentino, in the new Paramount production, "The Sheik," has some very definite ideas about what makes women really lovely.

"If you should go into any gathering," she says, "and pick out the one woman who seems to be the loveliest person there, you would not necessarily be picking out the one with the most beautiful face or figure.

"But you would find her hair simply exquisite—soft, fluffy, silky and full of radiance.

"So few women realize that their hair is the key to loveliness, because they have never learned how to bring out the charm and beauty which lie hidden there."

When Miss Ayres told me this, it

was natural that my eyes should travel to her own hair. And I realized that she had learned thoroughly the secret of loveliness. Not only was her hair beautifully soft, radiant, and silky, but it was arranged so attractively that it threw all about her an atmosphere of charm.

You can use this secret of loveliness

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic

into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P2, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's Address.....

She Wanted a Chance to Act in the Movies—



She had been told that the only way to an opportunity in the movies was—"the easiest way." Her interview with a great director is dramatic in the extreme and will become famous in film history. You will find it in—

"Souls for Sale"

The fascinating novel by **Rupert Hughes** that all moving-picture fans are discussing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"I've got to have a chance. I'll do anything," she pleaded.

"Sit down a minute and listen to me," the director answered.

"A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. But suppose it wasn't. Do you know how many women I see a day? A hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. I happen to have a wife and a couple of kids, and I like 'em pretty well, at that. And how long do you suppose my job would last if I gave positions in return for favors? And if you won me over, you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?"

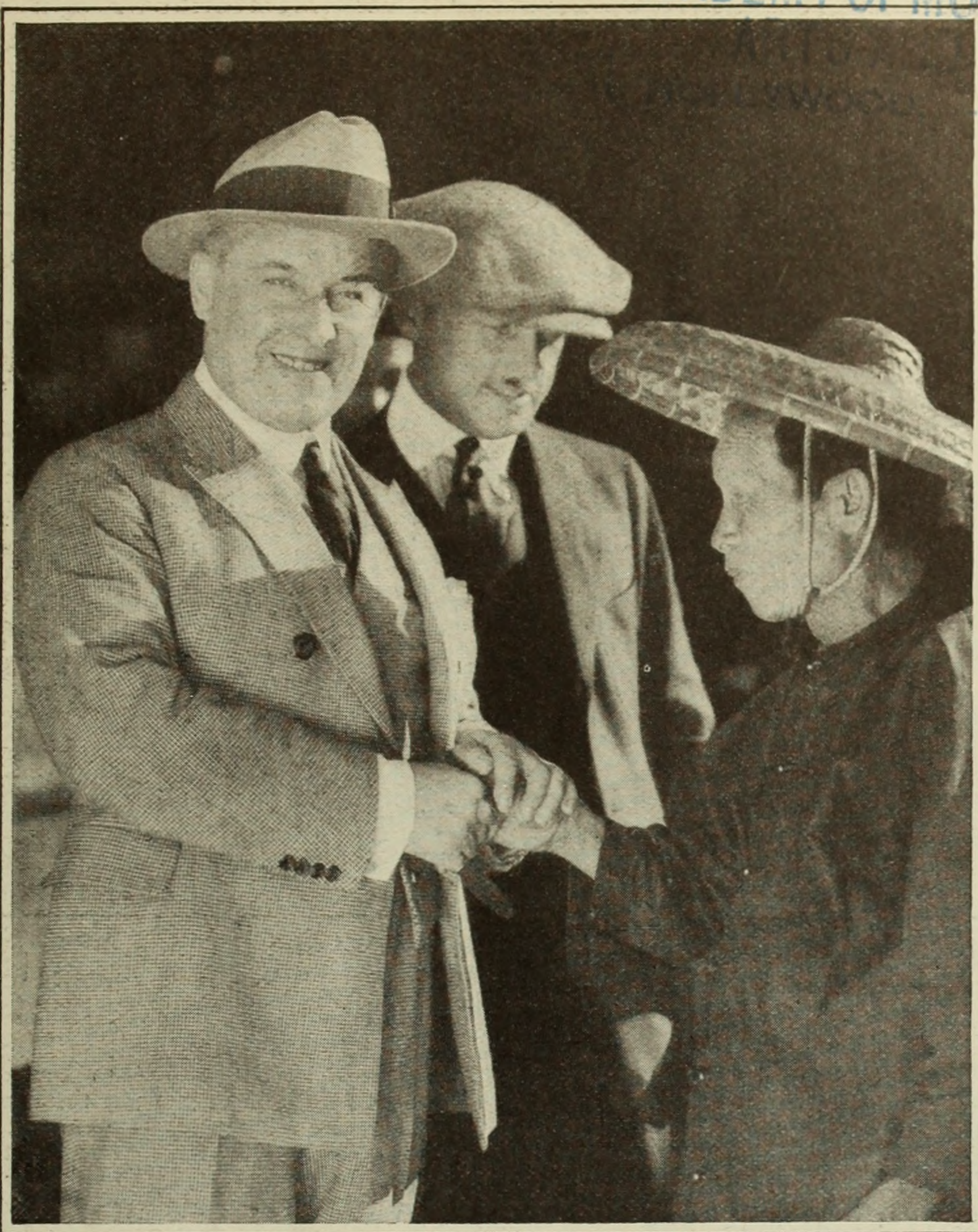
"It's none of my business what your character is off the lot—except that your character photographs, and a girl can't last long who plays *Pollyanna* on the screen and polygamy outside."

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for JANUARY

GET A COPY FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER TODAY

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)



The famous author of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" and "The Spell of the Yukon" visited the California studios of the Goldwyn company. This is one of the few photographs made of Robert W. Service. No—he isn't going to write for pictures. But he is interested in them

there wasn't anything to say in the Williams case yet, there would be.

Shortly after his marriage to the wealthy New York girl, Williams was sued by Miss Roma Raymond for \$50,000 breach of promise, and she was awarded half that amount by the court. Mrs. Williams stuck to her husband throughout that case most loyally, and the news of a split in that direction came as a surprise to all their friends.

THE eastern film world is rejoicing in the fact that Dick Barthelmess' first stellar picture is a success.

He is the first Griffith player to leave "the master" and make good on his own. If anybody deserves to get along it's the Barthelmess boy. He has worked hard and conscientiously; he takes his business seriously, but not too seriously.

POLA NEGRI is coming to America in January.

New York is hoping that she will arrive on this side of the continent, while the Californians are betting she'll come straight out there.

There has been no film personage in years who has caused such a sensation as Negri. Travelers in Europe's film lands have brought back news of her. Some say she is a delightful, humorous young lady whose

main interest in life is her mother and sisters, whom she supports. Others declare that she is brilliant, beautiful, temperamental, and married to a Polish count. Still others say she is really named Pauline Schwartz, whence her name Pola Negri, and that she is very German and the wife of a German.

Well, we'll soon see for ourselves.

ERIC VON STROHEIM gave up the task of cutting down his picture, "Foolish Wives," after he had reduced it to thirty-four reels. The Universal Company had given up trying to cut down von Stroheim after he had spent over a million dollars. Why not retitling it "Foolish Directors" and release it as a serial?

DID you ever hear of a serial, each episode of which was the length of the usual feature film?

That's what is puzzling Paramount right now. They bought the German picture, "The Mistress of the World," and now they are faced with the problem of how to release it.

The same company has a new Negri picture, "The Devil's Pawn." Almost every boat brings a new batch of European pictures for inspection. They don't buy all of them, either.

That's good. (Continued on page 86)

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES
CALIFORNIA



How You Can Have Prettier Dresses At Half the Cost

By Marjorie La Mar

I WANT to tell you about a new and wonderfully simple plan by which you can now learn right at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes.

I want to tell you how you can not only have more and prettier dresses, suits and hats, but how you can save at least one-half of what you are now spending.

Does it sound almost too good to be true? Then, let me tell you about the Woman's Institute—the great school which is bringing the joy of better clothes at substantial savings to women and girls all over the world.

You say that you cannot sew a stitch or that you sew only a little? No matter! The Institute courses begin with the very simplest stitches and seams and proceed by logical steps until you learn the whole art of dressmaking—the designing, cutting, fitting and construction of garments of every kind.

The courses are so complete and practical that hundreds of students with absolutely no other preparation have opened shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers and milliners.

Best of all, you are not asked to spend long weeks on practice work. You begin almost at once to make actual garments. No matter where you live—no matter what your age or position in life, if you can be reached by the mails, you can learn dressmaking and millinery at home through the Woman's Institute.

Aren't you glad to know that at last you can have those pretty clothes for which your heart has been longing all these years? And wouldn't you like to have the full story of the school and the method that have made this possible? The way is easy.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

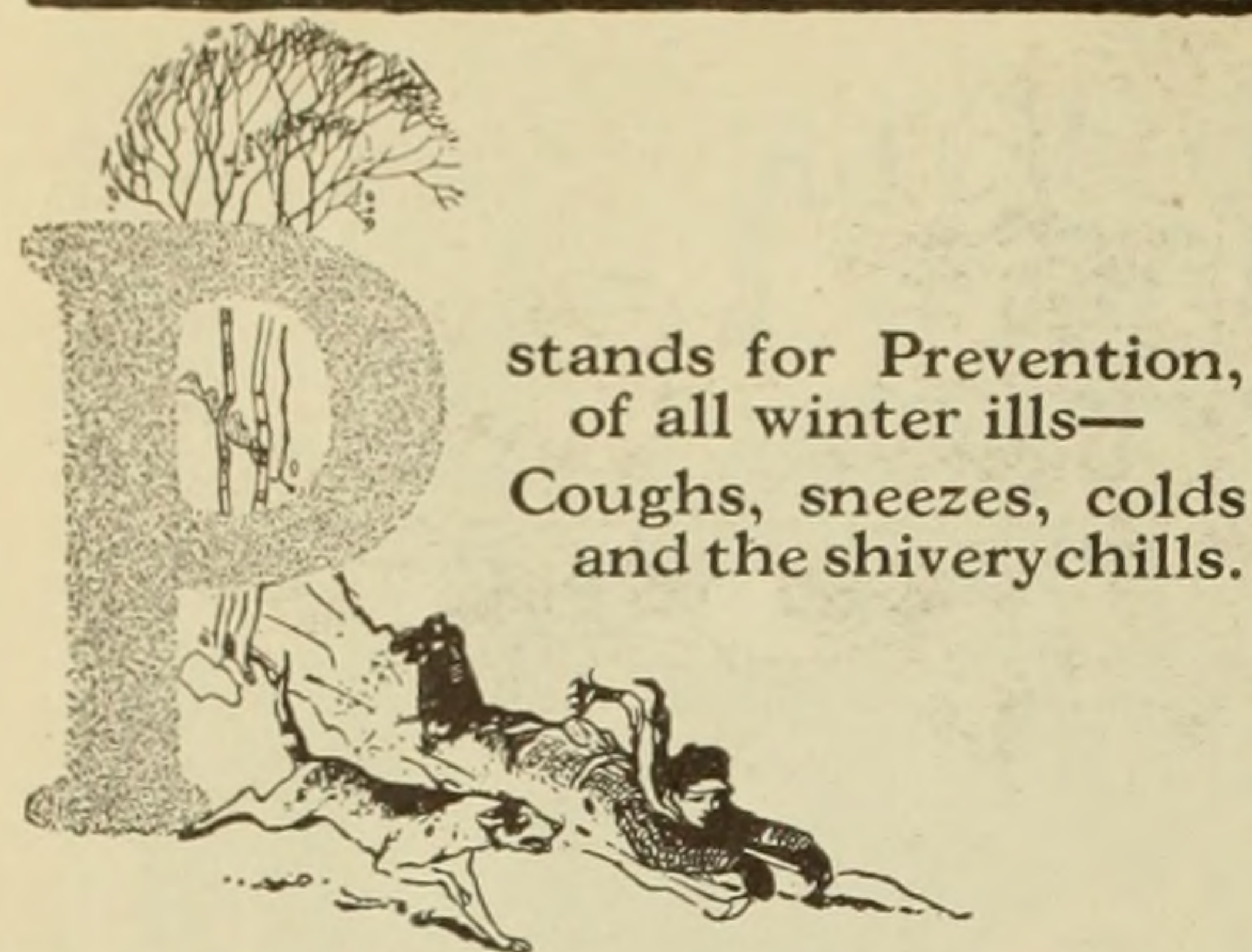
IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and tells how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 17-B, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

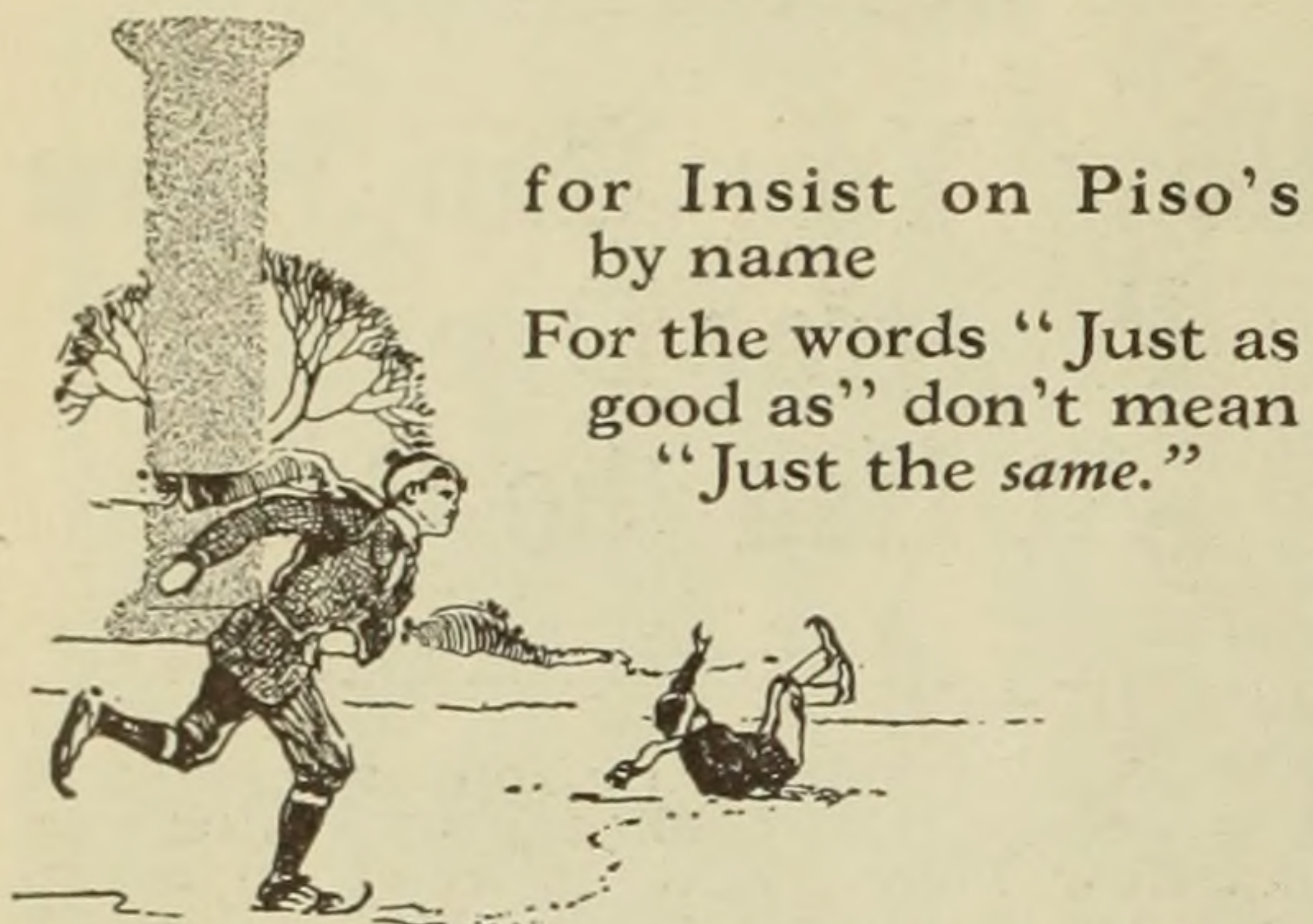
----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
 WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
 Dept. 17-B, Scranton, Penna.
 Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:
 Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking
 Name.....
 (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
 Address.....

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)



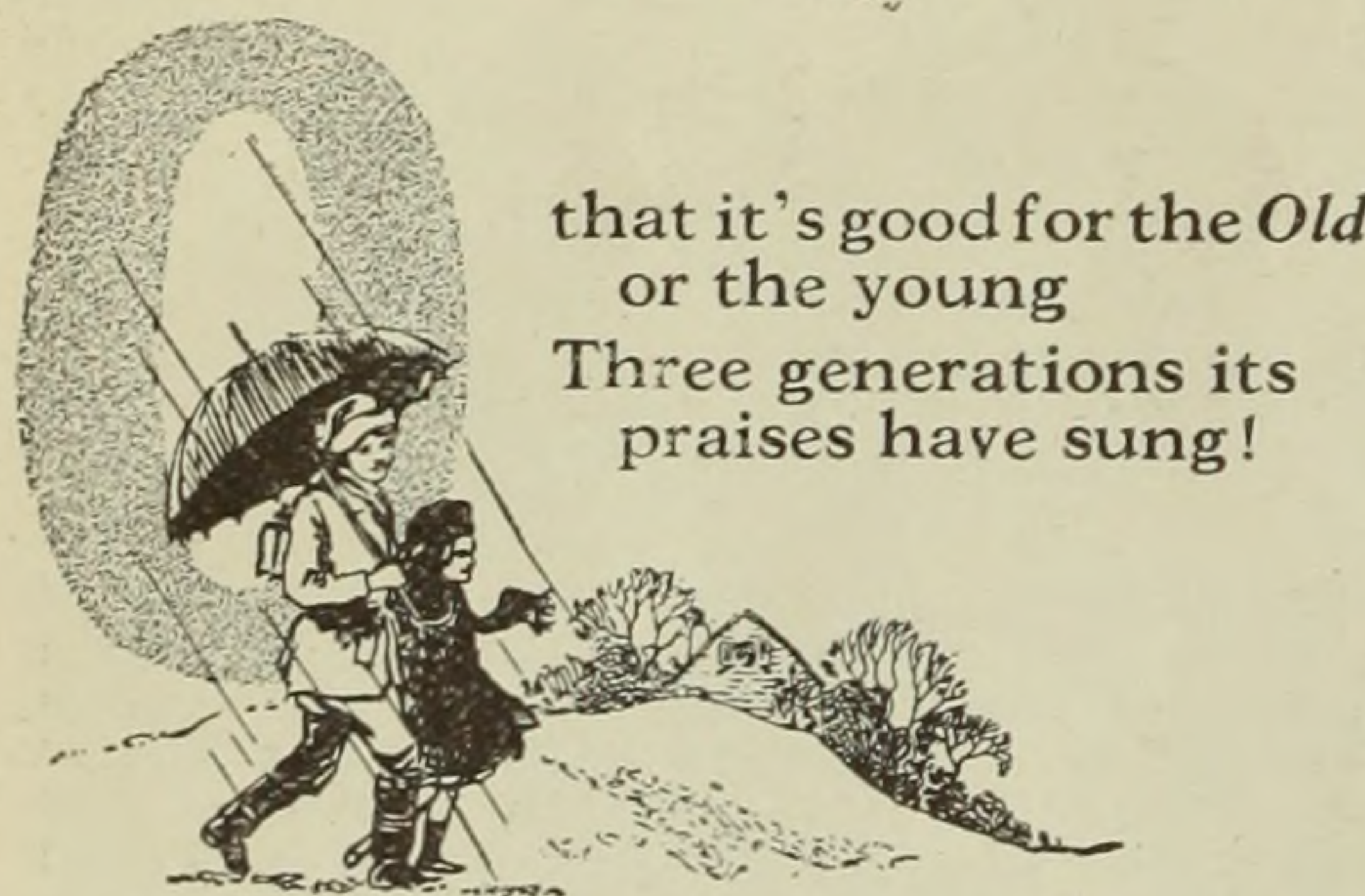
P stands for Prevention,
of all winter ills—
Coughs, sneezes, colds
and the shivery chills.



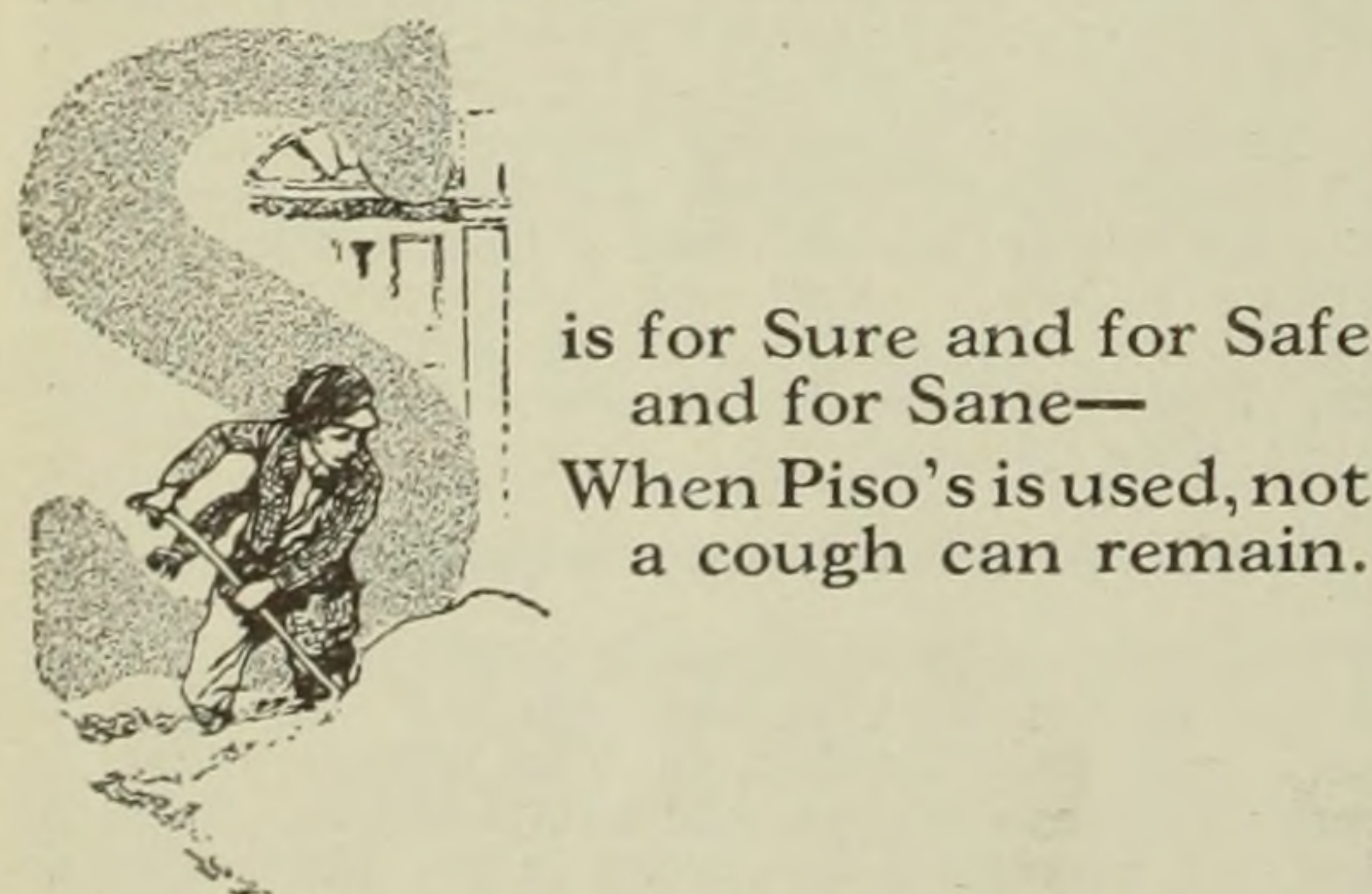
I for Insist on Piso's
by name
For the words "Just as
good as" don't mean
"Just the same."



S is for Safety which
means you are sure
That all things in Piso's
are perfectly pure.



O that it's good for the Old
or the young
Three generations its
praises have sung!

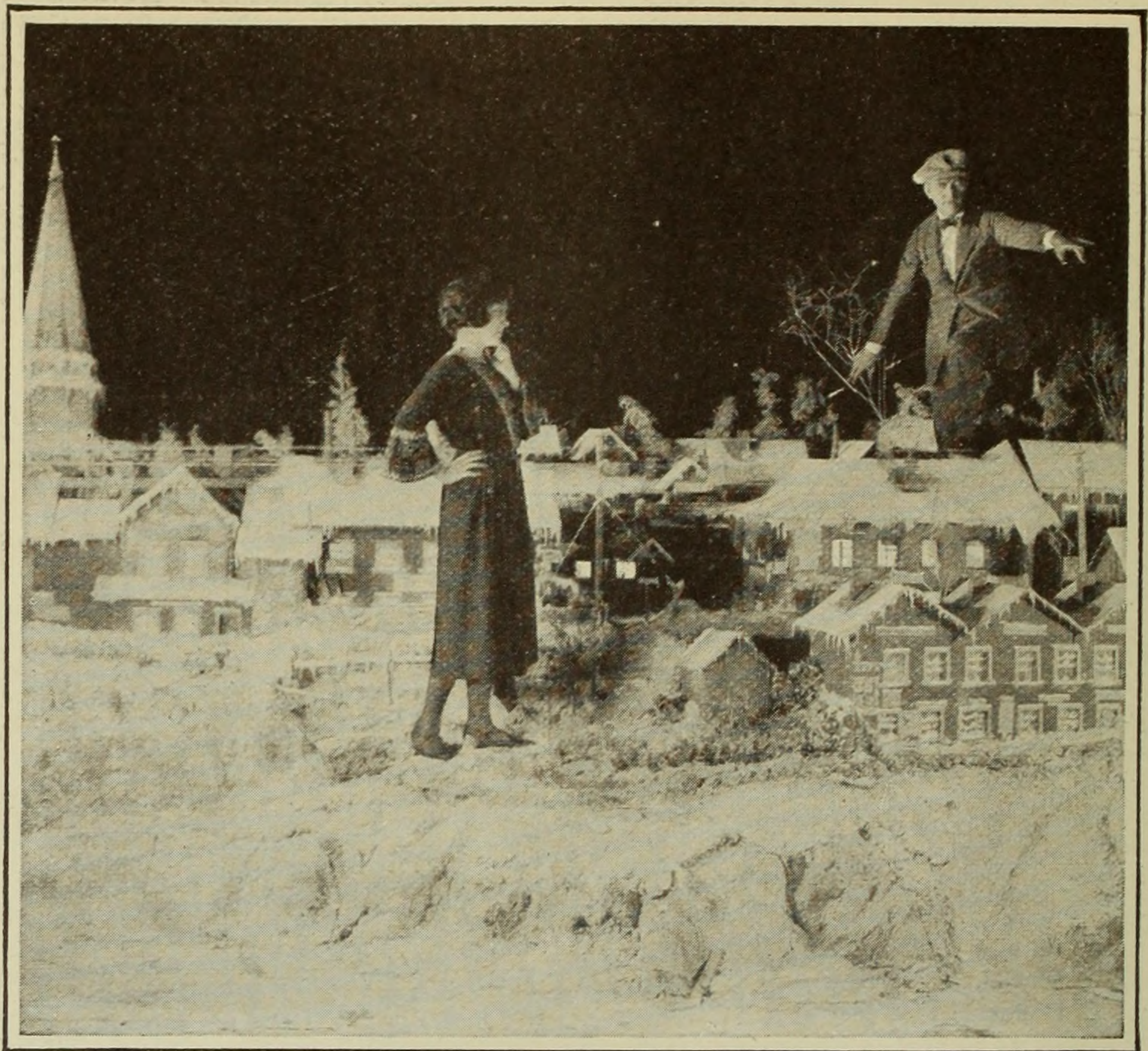


S is for Sure and for Safe
and for Sane—
When Piso's is used, not
a cough can remain.

*Piso's contains no opiate. It
is good for young and old.
Buy it today. 35c everywhere.*

Piso's Throat and Chest Salve for external application is especially prepared for use in conjunction with the syrup.

PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
-for Coughs & Colds-



When you saw this scene on the screen, you thought it was the real thing. And that's why Thomas H. Ince had this miniature village made. The girl is Florence Vidor, who's working for Mr. Ince now

THERE are at least two famous motion picture stars in Hollywood who couldn't sign their own checks and get a nickel out of their own bank accounts. Their wives handle the exchequer, and they don't even know the combination. Hollywood is a very emancipated place.

SOMEBODY was asking Buck Jones about his fan mail the other day.

"Do you get much?" asked this friend.

"No," said Buck, "I don't reckon you'd call it much. Yu'see, so many of the people that'd write to me can't write."

However, Buck's mail happens to be getting larger by the minute.

SUZANNE VIDOR, the three-year-old daughter of lovely Florence Vidor, was left for an instant by her colored mammy to watch a pot of coffee on the stove, while mammy went to answer the telephone.

In an instant Suzanne appeared at the door, wide-eyed, and called, "Mammy, quick, come here. The coffee pot's frowed up all over the stove."

MARIN SAIS, pioneer film actress, and Jack Hart Hoxie, western star, obtained a marriage license at Santa Ana the other day. They were to be married immediately and leave for a brief honeymoon.

HELEN FERGUSON was standing in the Goldwyn restaurant the other noon when she caused a near-riot by suddenly shrieking, "Oh, oh, my goodness, the false teeth. The false teeth. What shall I do?"

Everybody, including her director, demanded an explanation, but Helen had disappeared.

When she came back she explained that a funny old Yiddish lady working with her in a scene in "Hungry Hearts" had to take her false teeth out.

"She didn't know where to put them, and

the poor old thing looked so bewildered and hurt I took them and put them in my make-up case. I forgot them, and it just occurred to me she couldn't eat her lunch without them. So I went to look for her. But it was all right. She was eating soup."

SAW Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves out horseback riding in the Hollywood hills bright and early the other morning. They have taken a delightful honeymoon cottage next door to Rowland Lee, the Goldwyn director, and are almost too "honeymoonish" for ordinary people. Mrs. Graves, who was Marjorie Seaman, a St. Paul society girl, is much concerned over the report that Ralph married a Follies beauty.

"He didn't. He married *me*," she says most emphatically.

NAZIMOVA had an idea. She was going to make repertoire pictures. That means she would make "Salome" and "A Doll's House" in a few reels each, and release them as one program offering. Then she went back to California and began work and changed her mind. She says "Salome" has proved so interesting that she is going to make a full-length feature of it. So you'll see more of *Salome* than was originally intended.

By the way, Madame was asked, while on her recent visit to Manhattan, what her favorite literature was. "Medical books," she replied.

THE divorce suit of Jean Acker against her husband, Rudolph Valentino, is now being heard in the Los Angeles courts.

Miss Acker declares that she married the handsome actor when he was broke and unknown, and that as soon as he became rich and famous, he forgot her, struck her and quarreled with her furiously.

However, Ruddy's friends and the Holly-
(Continued on page 87)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

wood gossips declare there are two sides to the question. Grace Darmond, with whom Miss Acker lives and at whose home she and her husband once stayed, was an important witness for the wife.

PEARL WHITE has sold her beautiful Bayside estate to John Golden. Mr. Golden can afford it—he is the producer of "Lightnin'."

Pearl is, they say, no longer with the Fox company. Since her desertion of the serial drama, she has done nothing of particular interest. Fox paid her a large salary, but the returns from her five-reel "society dramas" and other features were not sufficient to make her a good investment. She was not mentioned in the billing for "A Virgin Paradise."

Reminds me of a little incident. I was walking down Fifth Avenue one afternoon and at the corner of Forty-second Street I saw Pearl White's dashing roadster parked, with Pearl in it. A group of street urchins came along. One of them saw her. "Gee—der's Poil!" he shouted. The kids gathered about her car, their open admiration finding voice in "Hello, Poil—I seen you de other day in a pitcher," or "Take us fer a ride, Poil?"

GOVERNEUR MORRIS, one of the Goldwyn Eminent Authors, was arguing with Mr. Goldwyn about the cast for his last story, a Chinese fantasy. He was much interested in getting a young Chinese actor named Jack Abbe to play the leading rôle, as he felt that a Chinaman alone could do justice to the part.

"I tell you this boy is the greatest actor in the world," he cried vehemently during the course of the argument.

"I know, I know," said Sam Goldwyn, "but you're the only one that knows it!"

However, Abbe got the part and according to everybody on the Goldwyn lot, has vindicated Mr. Morris' glowing tributes completely.

JAMES RENNIE, husband of Dorothy Gish, is now in Hollywood. He looks sort of lost and a trifle puzzled when you see him wandering about the Goldwyn lot. But everybody is doing his best to make him feel at home.

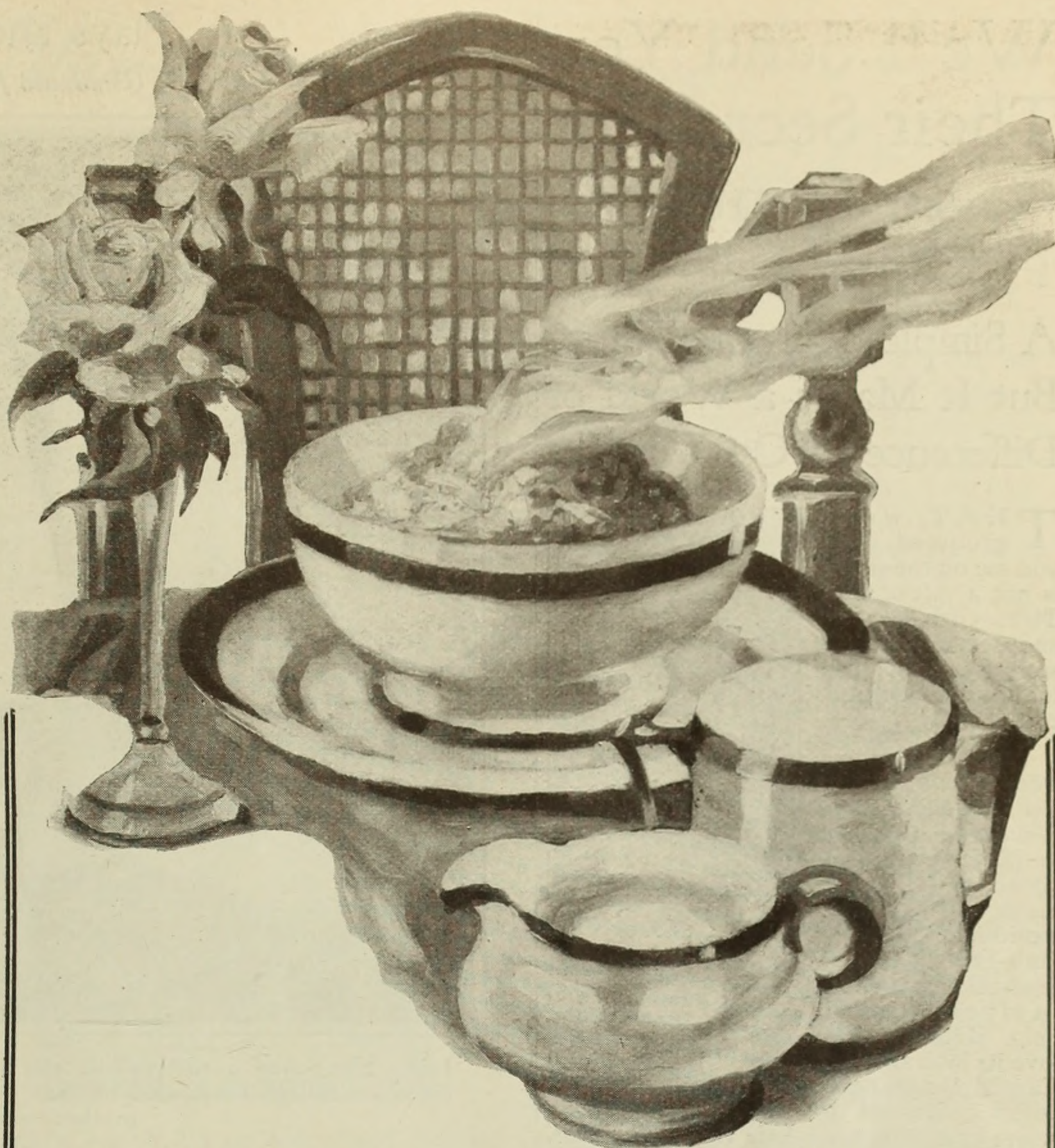
But in spite of all the stars who have returned this month, the place doesn't look quite natural, for Betty Blythe has left for New York, where she is to make a feature production for Rex Beach, for United Artists.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, whose marriage a little over a year ago to John Pialoglo, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer, caused a sensation in filmdom, is going to get a divorce.

She doesn't know just when, but she does know that she is determined to get one and that she and her husband are definitely and finally separated. While rumors to this effect have been whispered about, they have been vigorously denied until the other day when Miss Talmadge, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Buster Keaton in Los Angeles, stated that her marriage had been a failure and that sooner or later she would surely seek to have it undone by the courts.

"I find I must sacrifice my matrimonial venture to my career," the pretty comedienne is quoted as saying. "My husband objected to my devotion to my work and was not able to understand that it must always come first with me. So we have decided to separate. When I came west this time, we settled things for all time."

(Continued on page 88)



Greet Them

With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.

For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.

*Packed in sealed round packages
with removable cover*

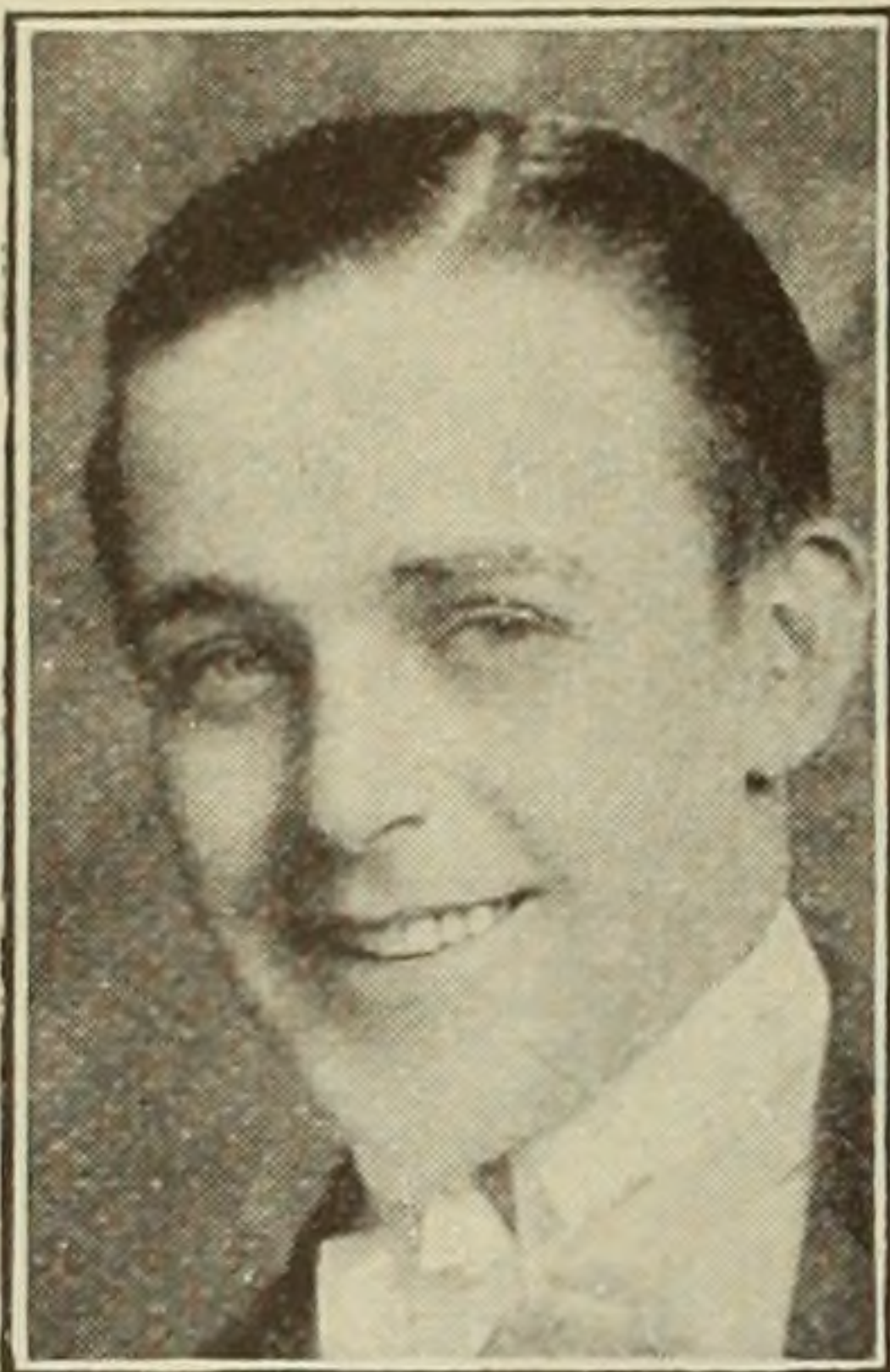


We'll Send You Their Secret for 20 Cents!

A Simple Thing to Know But It Makes a World of Difference in One's Looks

THAT well-groomed look you see on the screen is not a gift of God. Thousands of men and women know the secret, and use it—for less than a penny's cost each day.

Your hair, too, would always be well-dressed—sleek—smooth, every lock in place—with that sheen and life-like luster—if you used wonderful Hermo Hair-Lustr. Greaseless, stainless; a clean, invigorating hair help. Dainty women love its look and feel. Careful men are never without its aid to smart appearance.



WALLACE REID

He has the ordinary man's head of hair; care makes it snap with life and lustre. Hermo Hair-Lustr will keep any man's hair looking its best.

Dress your hair as it looks best; if the finishing touch is a few drops of Hermo it will stay that way, through work and play. Your hair is bound to excite admiration.



GLORIA SWANSON

Her hair is a shining crown of glory. Hermo Hair-Lustr keeps one's hair-dress in place.

Hermo's Unusual Offer

Druggists are fast stocking Hermo Hair-Lustr, but until every store has it, we send it prepaid direct. For your own sake, get a bottle and see what a transformation it works! Use it a week, and if you are not simply charmed with its effect—we will buy back what's left, at the full price you paid. Small size last two or three weeks; big dollar size six months' supply. Use coupon now:

HERMO Co., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 75, Chicago

I enclose 20c (stamps or dimes) for 2-wks. sample.

I enclose \$1 bill for a Six Months' Supply.

Send Hermo Hair-Lustr prepaid, plainly wrapped with full directions, money back if I want it. Include your big offer of other professional beauty aids, and 50c credit certificate free.

Name _____

Address _____

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 87)



Little Mary had a party while she was making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She invited Bill, Dick, and Thomas Ince, Jr., and George Beban, Jr. Their mothers came, too.

Miss Talmadge is to make her home with a sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, at least for a time.

Intimate friends of the family declare that Mrs. Talmadge, who is almost as famous for her managerial ability as Mrs. Pickford, was never satisfied with the marriage.

Well, anyway, the Talmadges are all back in Los Angeles for an indefinite stay and it seems quite natural. The Mayor went down to meet Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, and the whole Chamber of Commerce turned out to honor Miss Connie. Mr. and Mrs. Schenck are at the Ambassador.

While the youngest of the Talmadges is admitting the coming divorce in her branch, the other pair of the famous sisters seem to be giving excellent impersonations of real happy families. Mrs. Keaton, who was the middle one, Natalie, had very important and exciting news to tell her sisters when they arrived. Imagine Norma and Constance Talmadge as aunts.

An old friend of the family who has been much with Norma in the last few years, declared the other day that the Schencks are the most loving husband and wife in pictures. When the famous screen star went to Bermuda recently to make a picture, she refused to go unless her husband took the boat trip with her both ways and they spent a long and delightful vacation touring in Europe, where the whole Talmadge family were guests of Mr. Schenck. His latest gift to her was a diamond so large that no insurance company will insure it.

SOON after his arrival in Los Angeles, Mr. Schenck, in partnership with several other eastern picture men including Watterson Rothacker, purchased the controlling stock in the Robert Brunton Studios, from Robert Brunton, at a figure which it is

supposed ran over a million dollars. The Brunton Studio plant is one of the largest producing lots in the west and this will give Mr. Schenck a place to produce his wife and sister-in-law's pictures.

So it looks as though the Talmadges were here to stay a while at any rate. Even Norma, who is supposed to be devoted to New York, says she is tickled to death to be home again.

And just wait until the stork has visited the Keatons. California is certainly a grand place to raise children.

ANITA LOOS and John Emerson attended the out-of-town try-out of the new Zoe Akins play. They are close friends of the playwright, and once Anita was almost prevailed upon to appear in an Akins play.

But she didn't.

Anita is the chatelaine of a new house in New York. The Emersons no sooner move to the country than they move back to a new *maison*. This latest home is so large that Connie Talmadge said when she calls up 'Nita on the phone she can hear the tap-tap of the writer's tiny heels on the long stairs, and that by the time she answers the connection is off.

TIMES, for the multitude of extra people working in Hollywood, haven't been all that they might be during the past few months. Things are brighter now, but there was a time when the lines at the booking offices were long and when a day's work was much in demand. And steady work was a miracle.

During that time two extras were standing in line. It was just about the time that Eric von Stroheim completed "Foolish Wives," the feature picture which took him a year and four months to make.

(Continued on page 89)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

The first extra suddenly turned around and asked, "What's your idea of heaven, anyway?"

The second immediately replied, "Making a serial with von Stroheim."

ELSIE Ferguson's play, "The Varying Shore," has had its Manhattan premier.

The general opinion is that the play, which is by Zoe Akins, is too long, but that Miss Ferguson has all her old-time charm.

This famous actress has changed considerably after her long European vacation. She was tired and nervous when she left; after the rest she came back youthful, enthusiastic, and more beautiful than ever. Just the other day I saw her, an inconspicuous figure in baby lamb and a lace hat—until you saw her face—strolling along Fifth Avenue, rubbing shoulders with the meek and lowly, animatedly watching the crowds.

LYNN REYNOLDS, for years Tom Mix's director, and his pretty wife, Kathleen O'Connor, have a new invention which they declare should be in every home.

"It's the greatest little prevention for divorce in the world," says Lynn.

As a matter of fact, it's a trick door that leads into a very wonderful work room, with a big fireplace and bookshelves, arranged in the attic. The door lets down like a ship's ladder and is then drawn up and shut. Once thus arranged, it's as impregnable as Gibraltar.

"Every husband and wife ought to have a place to go away and shut up if they want to," says Kathleen with a smile. "We both intend to use it—as soon as our honeymoon is over."

It's terrible the number of honeymoon couples we have in Hollywood right now.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, former Follies beauty and now a screen star, holds the month's record for court proceedings.

The exact legal phraseology is too involved, but Jackie has been sued by and in return has sued young Mr. Craney Gartz, millionaire Pasadena clubman, in a slight altercation over the ownership of an expensive and handsome coupe.

Mr. Gartz sent a deputy sheriff out to Jackie's home, and the mean old thing took Jackie's pretty car out of her garage, on a warrant of some kind. Jackie legally then called Mr. Gartz an Indian giver and filed suit to recover the automobile.

Jackie says Mr. Gartz gave her the car as an engagement present, and that she spent considerable money having it all dolled up in her favorite color.

They quarreled then, or something, and Mr. Gartz stated he had only loaned her the car and actually sent and took it away.

Now both sides are on file in the Los Angeles courts and the judge will have to decide.

Unless he's made of granite, Jacqueline will certainly have an advantage.

Mr. Gartz, by the way, is the same young man who was so attentive at one time to Gloria Swanson. It was reported that she declined his hand and millions in favor of Herbert Somborn. Anyway, he is the son of one of the oldest and richest families in Pasadena.

THE LONDON SKETCH published, in a recent issue, a page of gymnasium photographs of Madame Alla Nazimova, under the caption: "Silent-Stage Star and Dumb-Bell Expert."

(Continued on page 90)

Many women who have been using Hinds Honey & Almond Cream

on the hands and arms do not realize how delightfully beneficial it is for the complexion. The same distinctive qualities that soothe and heal chapping and sunburn will keep the skin of the face and neck soft, clear and refreshed, thus enhancing the charm of natural skin beauty. It is fragrant, refining.

Let me suggest that you begin to use this gratifying cream now so you may have that soft, velvety skin throughout the winter, even tho daily exposure to bleak winds is unavoidable. Apply only sufficient to moisten the skin, use it morning and night, also before and after an outdoor trip.



Miss Cecil Arden, Mezzo Soprano, Metropolitan Opera, subject of two portraits by the celebrated Campbell Phillips, and recipient of many flattering screen offers, writes:

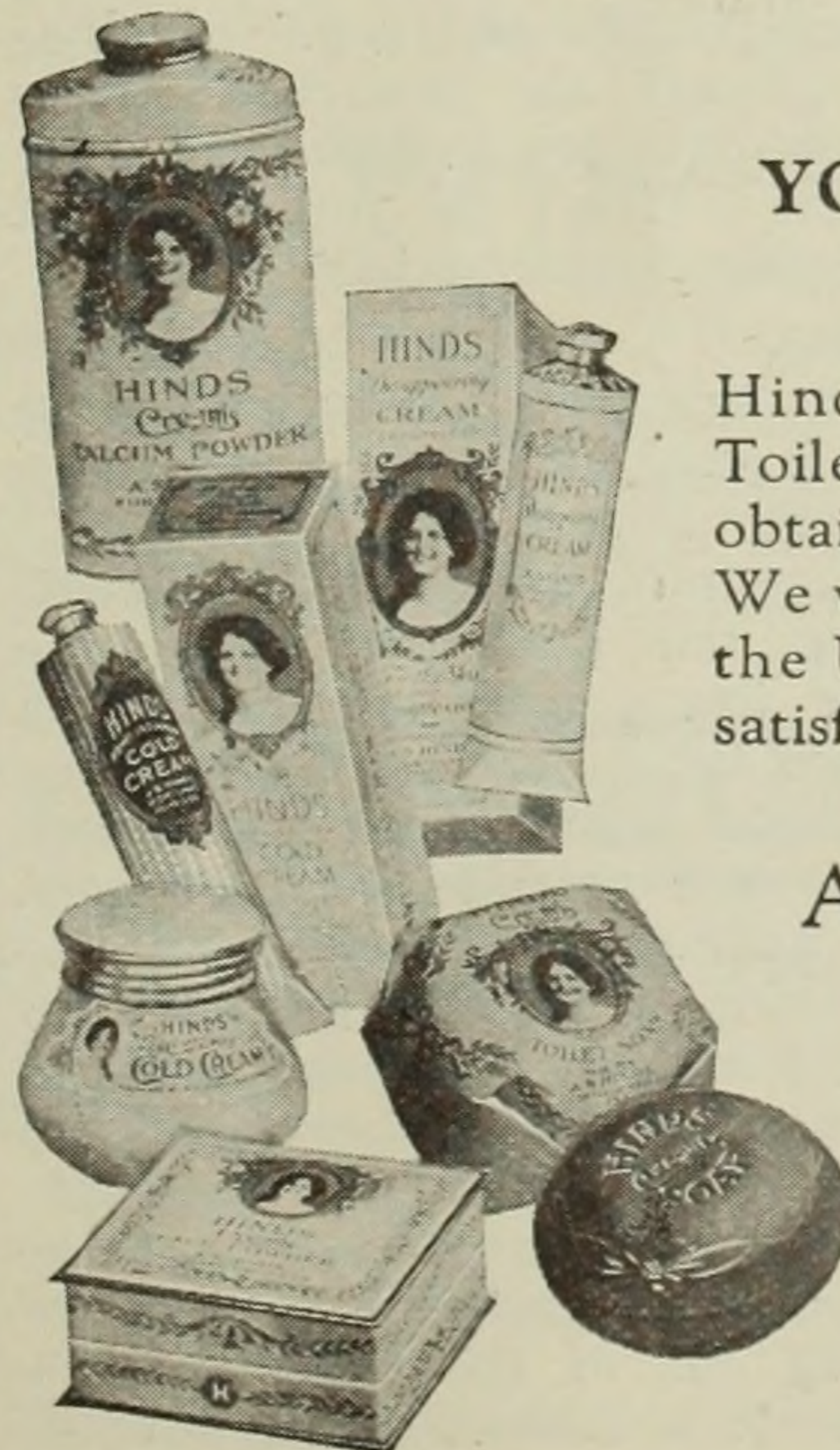
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(Signed) Cecil Arden.

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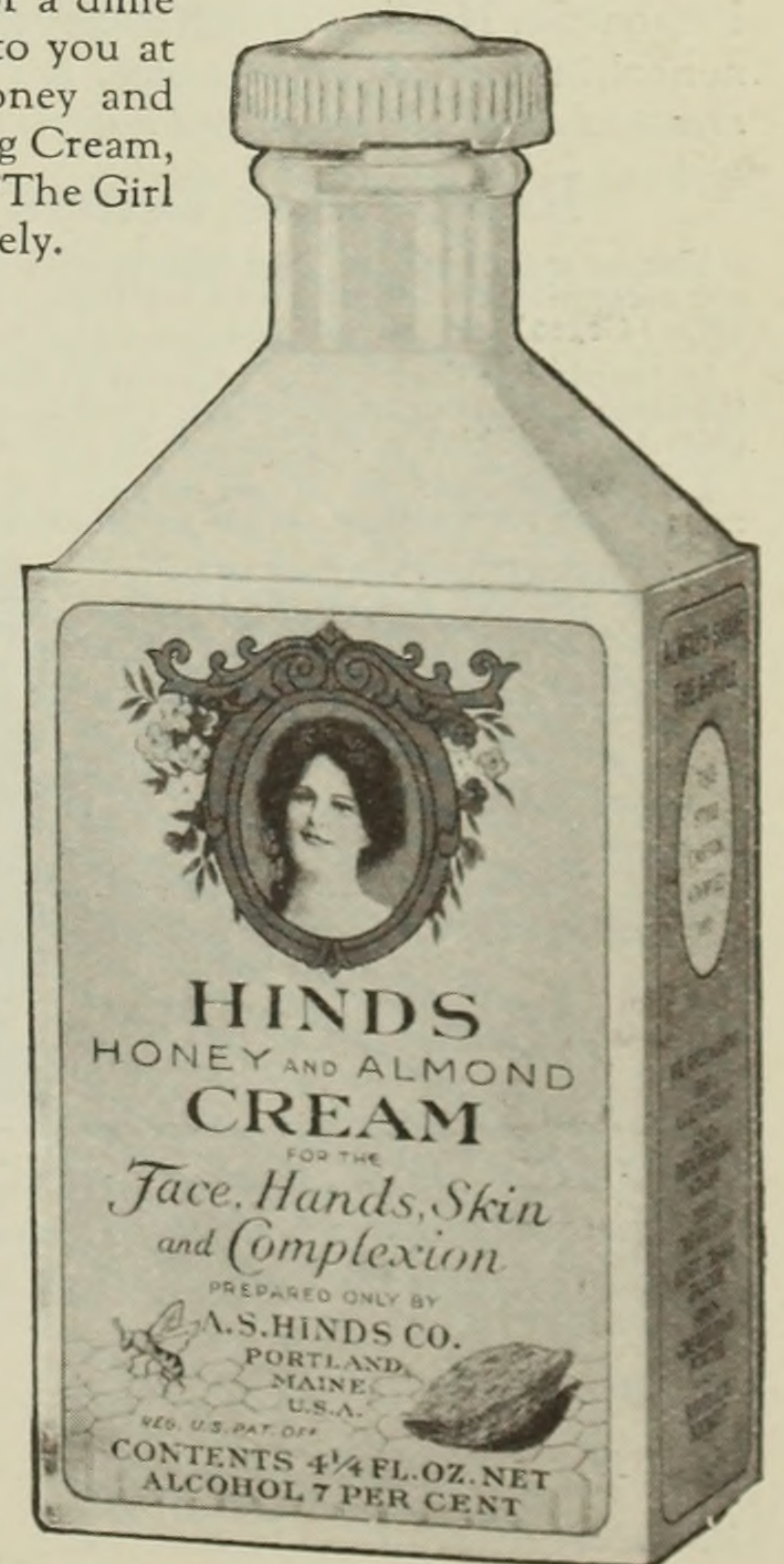
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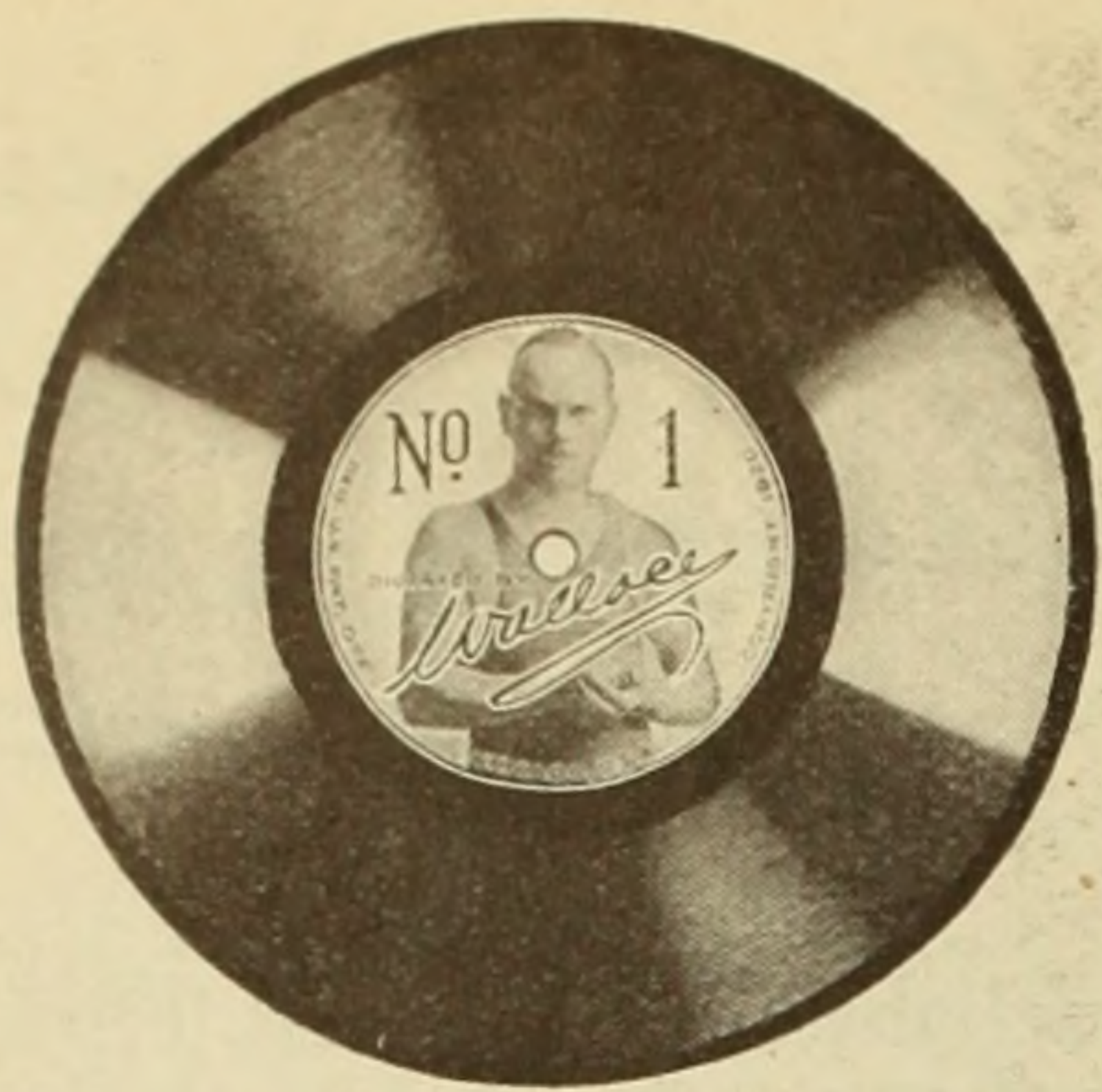


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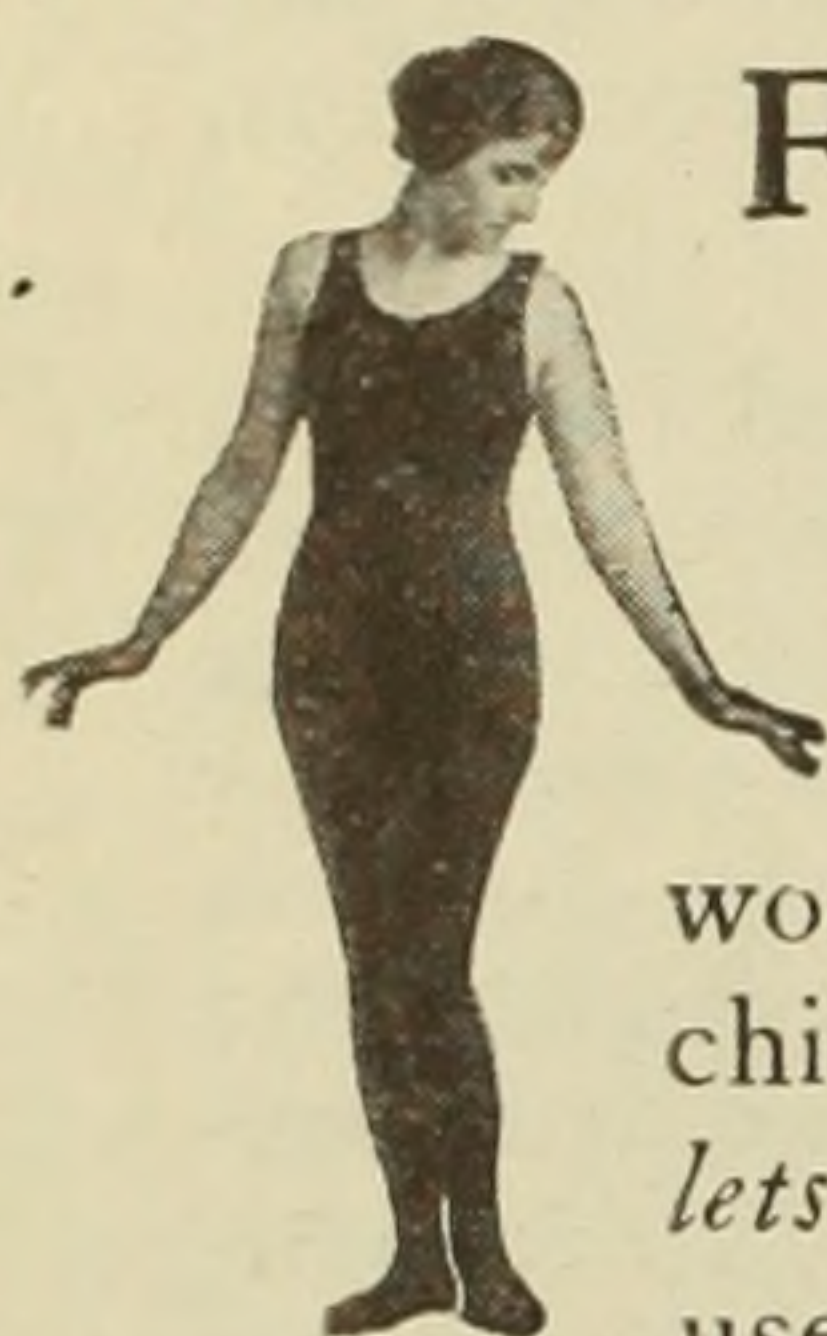
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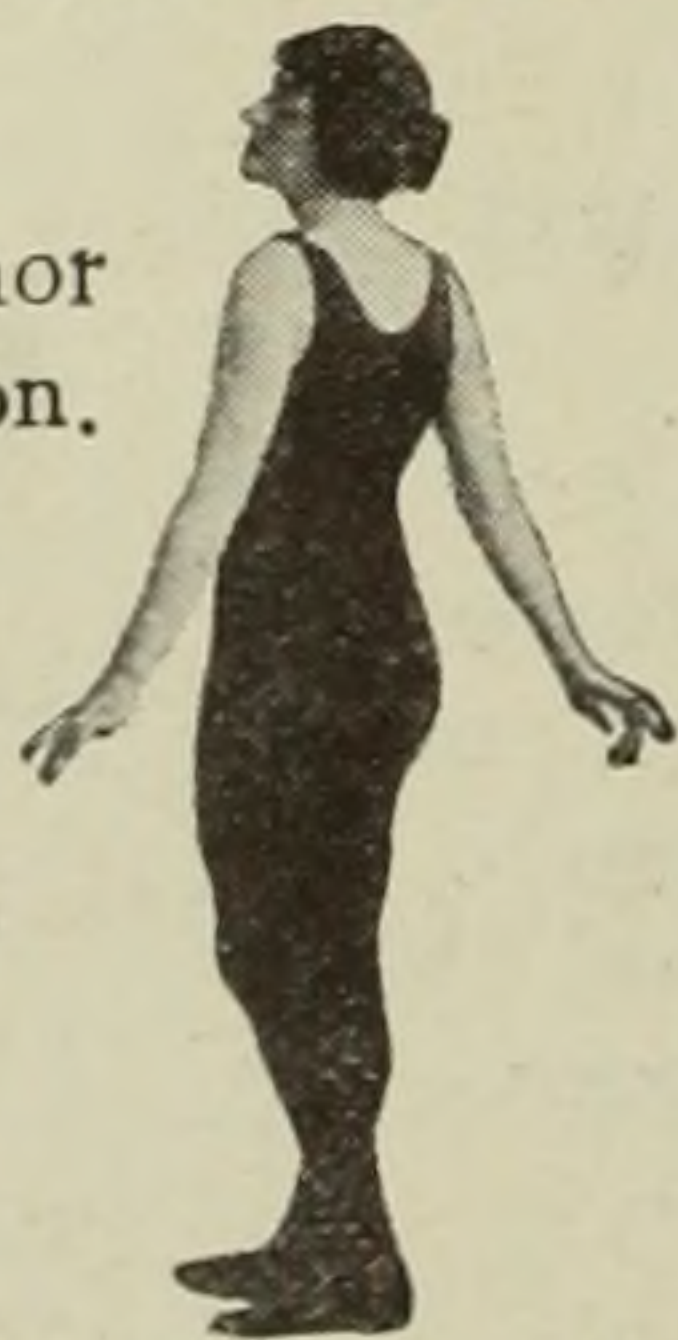
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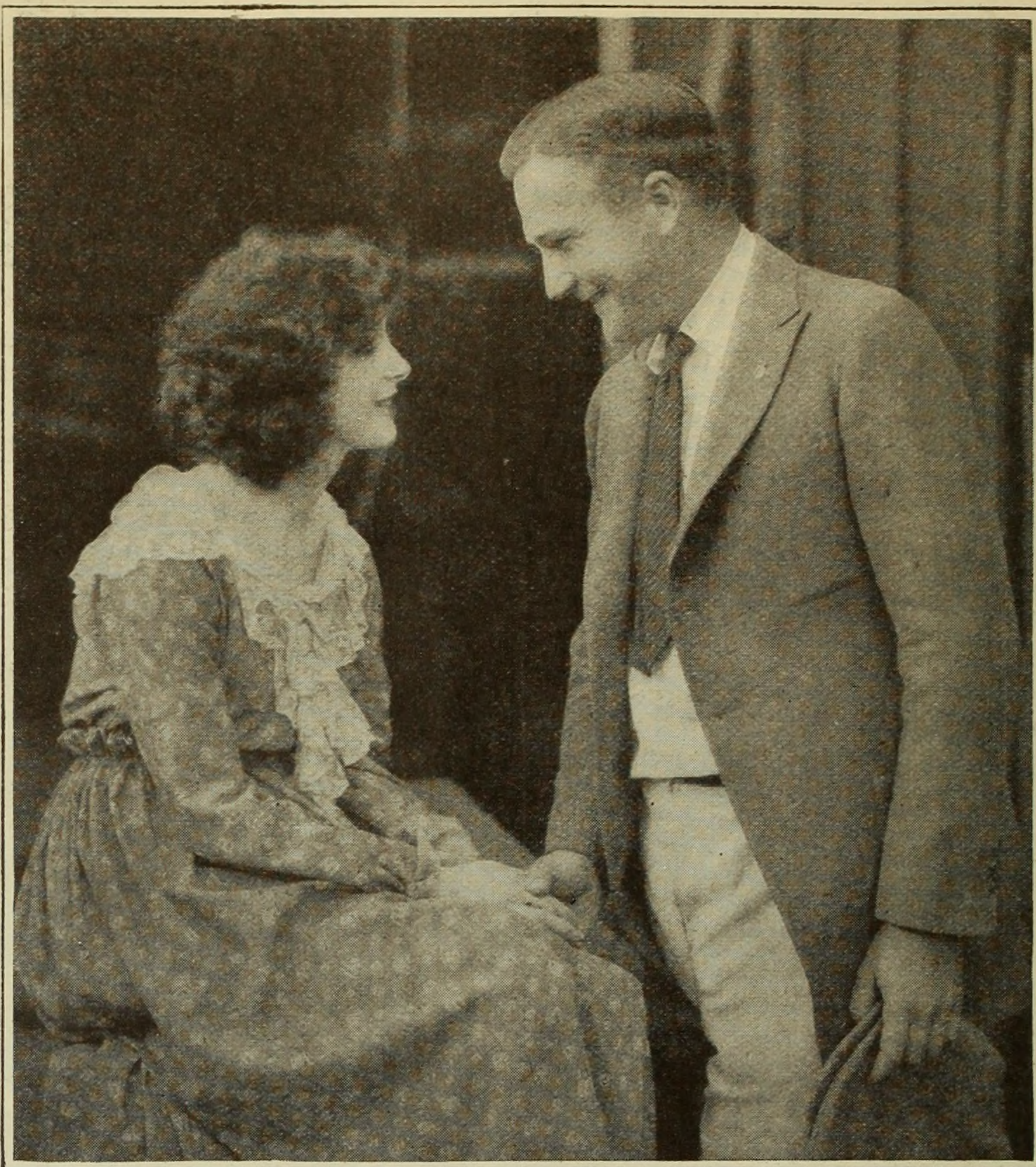
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 89)



"He's a cousin of mine—just a cousin of mine—" Madge Bellamy was in California one whole year before she discovered that Tom Forman, the director, was a cousin of hers. Both Madge and Tom were born and raised in Texas, but they lost track of each other when they left the old home town to seek their fortunes.

MAY BUSCH moved into a new and fashionable apartment house on the Boulevard the other day.

The first evening, the black-haired vamp strolled into the lobby and dropped into a chair by the plate glass windows to await a suitor. In the next chair sat a lady tourist, with all the earmarks of Hawkins Center. She was friendly and talkative—Mae was amiable.

"Ain't this a swell place to set?" demanded the lady from Hawkins Center. "I set here a lot. I set here most every evenin' and watch the cars go pro and con." And as Mae rose to depart she remarked, "Now dearie, you come into my apartment and see me. Any time. Don't be formal. Just slip on a dejeuner and run in."

IF reports are true, Miss Dorothy Dalton is one of the very luckiest young women in America right this minute.

For the story now being told in awed whispers along the Boulevard is to the effect that she was a mere bystander at a game of chance the other evening—a game played with little white cubes with black dots on them—and that a friend of hers, worth many millions, won something like \$72,000. It being a very trifling sum to him, he turned with a smile and said, "I don't want this," and swept the whole sum into Dorothy's lap.

Well, the handsome film star ought to be mighty generous this Christmas.

Besides being one of the richest of our screen beauties, Miss Dalton is certainly the

most travelled. During the past eight months she has covered over 24,000 miles, besides making two big special feature productions.

But she says she's getting tired and she thinks she'll settle down in Los Angeles.

THEY may be moving their studios away, but they all come back sooner or later—some for a week, some for six.

Little old New York is having a shower of film celebrities right now, all come to do their Christmas shopping, to replenish their wardrobes, to sign new contracts, and to confer with presidents of companies.

Charles Ray and Mrs. Ray came for a vacation. He was in attendance at the Army-Navy football game, and at many of the theaters.

Shirley Mason was in Manhattan for a few weeks before leaving the Fox convention in Chattanooga, Tenn. Little Miss Mason made herself extremely popular with everybody. It was her first trip east in three years. She was going to stay longer, but her handsome husband, Bernard Durning, is in California and she couldn't see being separated from him for very long.

Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond have been seen about a great deal. The blonde Mary McIvor Desmond has attracted much attention because of her beauty and charm. The Desmonds were at the Equity Ball, and also at a dance at Delmonico's given in their honor. Theirs is one of the happiest romances of the screen.

(Continued on page 117)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 56)

A swagger person wearing spats and carrying an impressive stick, sauntered across the lobby, accepted the pen and signed the register.

"Make me a promise that you won't sell that signature to an autograph hunter," said the stranger with an affable sternness.

Dempsey turned the register about and without marked difficulty made out the name "J. Rufus Wallingford."

"I want the best suite you've got in the place and all my meals to be served in my room and the same waiter each time. Is Mr. Horace Daw stopping here?"

"Yes, sir!" Dempsey spoke up. "You are Mr. Wallingford."

"Yes," the guest admitted. "You must have seen my pictures in the magazines."

"Shall I tell Mr. Daw you are here?"

"Yes," Wallingford raised a cautious hand. "Tell him quietly; let no one else know."

AS Dempsey disappeared into the dining room, Wallingford looked about in appraisal of the community as represented by the Palace. Then his eyes lighted on Fannie, whom he discovered to be very pleasant.

"It isn't possible that you live here?" he said to her easily.

"Yes, sir."

"Stenographer?"

Fannie nodded.

"Well, we'll be together a lot," said Wallingford.

Daw came rushing from the dining room, with his hand extended to bid Wallingford welcome to Battlesburg.

Daw drew Wallingford aside.

"How's the exchequer?"

"Got just forty-three dollars," Wallingford replied. "How are you fixed?"

"On my last ten spot," Daw answered.

"What's the prospect—looks dead."

"Cheer up—there's lots of money here and they'll grab at a manufacturing plant song and dance," Daw assured him.

Swiftly they began to complete the stage setting on the ground work that Daw had laid in his busy idle days in Battlesburg. In fifteen minutes Wallingford had rattled out orders for the decoration of his suite with American flags, sent for a map of the city, ordered that the best motor car agent be sent in to sell him a machine, that dinner be served in his room and that a barber be sent to his rooms to shave him.

G. W. Battles, grumpy and annoyed at the fuss stalked across the lobby. Daw saw him and seized upon him.

"I want you to meet Mr. Wallingford. I have told him about you and he is very much interested." Daw was flattering.

"What's all this fuss about!" Battles interrupted, showing his distrust.

"Why, Mr. Wallingford's visit here was largely for the purpose of shaking your hand, Mr. Battles," Daw pleaded. "He is a great admirer of your great grandfather."

Battles sniffed and sneered. "Likely—my great grandfather has been dead a hundred years."

"But his achievements and principles live yet—in book form," replied the quick-witted Daw. "Mr. Wallingford has one of three copies."

"Never heard of it," admitted Battles, skeptical but curious. "What is the title?"

"The History of the Life of Benjamin Battles," replied Daw. "It was privately printed. The King of England has one copy, Mr. Wallingford one and what became of the third is a mystery."

"I'd like to see that book," Battles said.

(Continued on page 92)



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NEW YORK

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 91)

Daw seized the moment and slipping his arm into Battles' led him into the august presence of J. Rufus Wallingford, then withdrew and closed the door.

In the office below Daw remarked to Eddie that "when two big men get together they understand each other at once."

Two bottles of Andy Dempsey's best homebrew went aloft to the Wallingford suite and sounds of fast and animated conversation percolated into the hall. Battlesburg's luminaries and hotel lobby statesmen were all interest and excitement over the fact that their leading citizen, George Washington Battles, was "in conference" with Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford.

Clint Hawkins came in, bursting with importance and excitement.

"We're getting out an extra of the Blade about the arrival of Mr. Wallingford and I've framed up the band to come down and play for him and we'll have a parade with a banner, 'Welcome to Wallingford'."

"Fine," exclaimed Andy Dempsey. "I was just going to suggest that myself."

Presently the conference in Wallingford's suite ended and his guest emerged. It was readily to be seen that George Washington Battles, leading citizen, had traded his stern reserve for a remarkable enthusiasm, verbal and liquid.

"You're all right, Wallingford, and I'd sure like to see that book," Battles gurgled.

"I will wire my secretary at Palm Beach to send it at once," Wallingford replied.

Wallingford's conquest of Battles was sufficient and final for Battlesburg. Wallingford had the goods.

"Tell Miss Jasper, the stenographer," said Wallingford impersonally as possible to Dempsey, "to bring her book and come to my suite for dictation."

"I will not—it isn't proper—if he wants to dictate let him come here just like other people do." Fannie answered Dempsey.

Dempsey flared up.

Fannie quietly got up and got her hat and coat and walked out.

Wallingford rushed into the street after her.

"Come back—Dempsey means all right."

Fannie shook her head in refusal.

"You must not go like this—I do not want to be the cause of your losing your place. I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

"I'll think about it," Fannie decided.

When the Battlesburg band in full uniform came down the street blaring "The Conquering Hero Comes," Daw and Wallingford took up a position on the veranda with calm assurance. Their outward bearing betrayed nothing of their inward mirth.

"I am not a man of promises," said Wallingford in response to the welcome, "but I think I can say without exaggeration that I will be responsible for a new era of prosperity in Battlesburg. I am no speech-maker, but I can, I assure you, appreciate the spirit of this magnificent occasion."

Main Street was still ringing with cheers when Wallingford signaled Daw and they withdrew to their quarters. There were excellent reasons why the conspirators should have applied their hit and run tactics, seizing easy money by any of their easy devices and departing at once. But there were two more forceful reasons why they would not. Those reasons were Dorothy Welles, who had caught the ardent fancy of Mr. Horace Daw; and Miss Fannie Jasper, stenographer, who had filled the eyes and heart of the wandering Wallingford.

"I meant to put a few notes through

(Continued on page 93)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 92)

Battles' bank and beat it," Wallingford remarked to Daw. "But I've decided we'll have to stay and promote that manufacturing plant. We'll have to be here a number of weeks. I can't tear myself away now."

A knock came at the door. Daw opened it and admitted Eddie Lamb, who came with a message to Wallingford.

"Just a moment, Mr. Lamb. Be seated." Wallingford swept him into a chair with a gesture. "I will finish my conference with Mr. Daw and be right with you." Then he wheeled about to Daw.

"As I was saying, I understand, Horace, that you think I ought to let the people of Battlesburg in on this?"

"I certainly do—I think you ought to let them have a little stock at least."

"I know—I like these people myself," Wallingford went on. "But you know I have always been opposed to the idea of small stockholders, they fuss about details they do not understand. Now, if we do incorporate, it must be a small issue, because I do not want to attract the attention of the Eureka Tack people. I am confident that after we have been going two months we can sell out to them for two million."

"All the more reason you ought to let some of the prominent citizens in," interposed Daw.

"Well," said Wallingford, "you have been here longer than I have and you know these people. I'll do it."

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Lamb," Wallingford turned to Eddie.

"Oh, that's all right," Eddie fawned. "Mr. Dempsey just asked me to tell you he had the orchestra and everything all right for the banquet that you ordered."

"Fine," said Wallingford. "Thanks. We'll have a fine time. And let me congratulate you on the young lady you are going to marry, Miss Dempsey, I believe—and I trust you'll work yourself up into a position where you can give her all the little luxuries that a fine girl like that needs and wants. I'd like to put you into a way of making a pot of money. But I must speak frankly, Mr. Lamb," Wallingford continued, "if I hadn't made up my mind to keep out small stock holders, having so much surplus capital myself—you see if I did do you a good turn and let you in, it would just result in a lot of little fellows running after me to put in their money and I would have no peace."

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything about it." Eddie's heart was beating fast.

"Yes, yes," Wallingford waved a hand at him, "but you would give me a check and I would have to put it through the bank here with my name on it and the gossip would leak out and there I would be."

"Oh, no—nothing like that," Lamb pleaded. "My money's in cash."

"How much?" Wallingford was casual.

"I have eleven thousand," Eddie answered.

"Well, I wouldn't take all that—better give me ten thousand—and the only condition on which I let you in is absolute secrecy. If I hear a word about it I shall have to hand you back your money."

"I promise," Eddie exclaimed fervidly.

"Barnum was right, but too conservative," Wallingford commented to Daw, when the door had closed behind the clerk.

The next caller was George Washington Battles, bringing his brother Timothy, the mayor, and Henry Quig, the coal and ice magnate of the town. Their call was a signal for the gathering of the clans. Welles,

(Continued on page 94)



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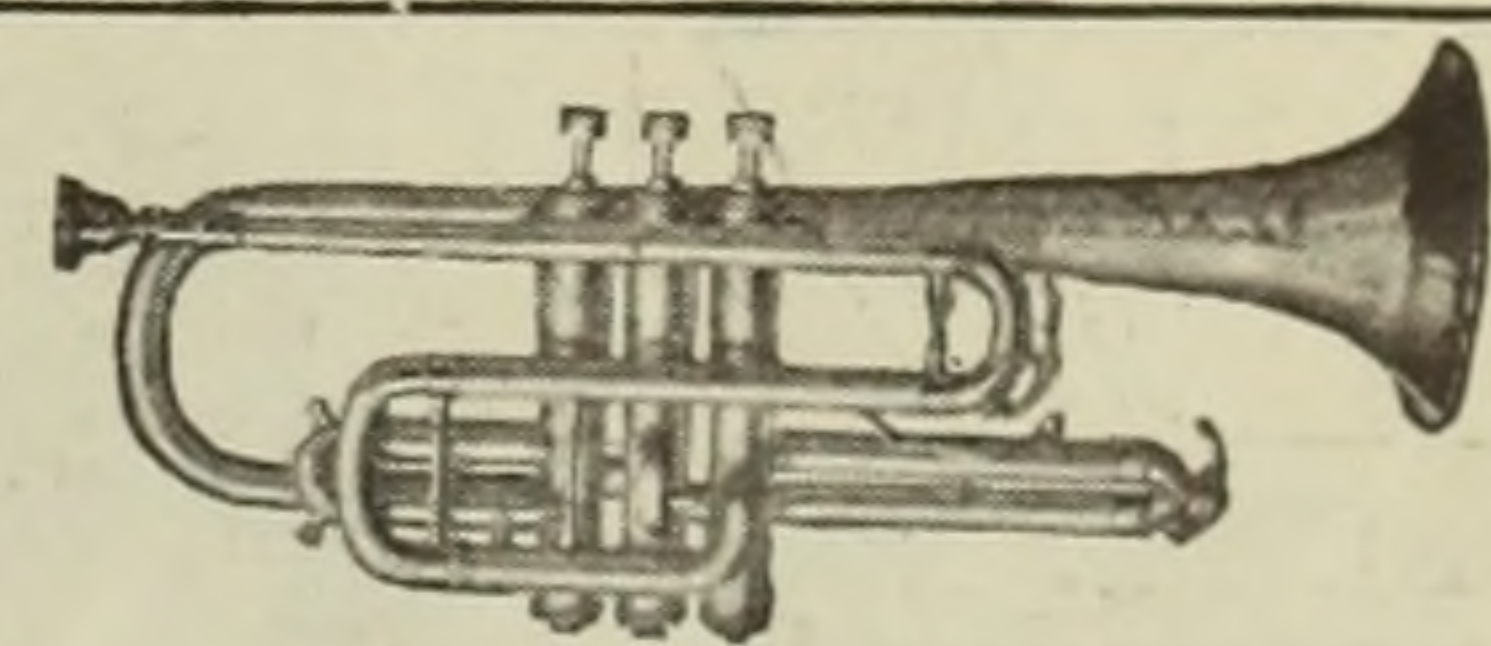
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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 93)

the real estate man, and Hawkins of the Blade followed soon after.

"I have just the site for your factory—two hundred by two hundred and sixty, near the depot," Welles broke in.

"Convenient for shipping," returned Wallingford in comment. Then with his eyes half closed, as though visualizing the future, he drew a word picture for them. "Ah, gentlemen, I can almost see the smoke belching from the chimneys of the factory, the lights gleaming from the windows, the thousands of workmen streaming from the gates and the day shift leaves and the night shift goes on, the freight cars leaving loaded with my magnificent tacks."

"Tacks?" It was a chorus of surprise.

"Yes, gentlemen, tacks. Not the kind of tacks you are thinking of." He beckoned them to him and bent over a patch of carpet. "There, that is it, gentlemen! In those rusty carpet tacks is the secret of our great opportunity—and a greater Battlesburg. You see those ugly tacks, rusty and dirty. Gentlemen, the dream of my life—the covered carpet tack, covered with material to match the carpet—will revolutionize the industry and make millions."

When the session was ended the Universal Tack Company had been drafted into a preliminary agreement and stock subscriptions noted down. The leading lights of Battlesburg were going to participate in Wallingford's soon-to-be-millions of new profits. They had seen samples of the covered tack—made up on the spur of the moment from an old necktie and a bottle of glue. As the session ended, Fannie Jasper came.

"I have come to say that I cannot accept the position as secretary that Mr. Wallingford offered me." Fannie was firm, even though unhappy, as she told Daw. At the door, Wallingford, for once truly sincere, stood before her with deep regret on his face. He fumbled with his sample tacks.

"We have just organized a big company to make these—clever idea, don't you think?" Wallingford was puzzling within himself. He was disturbed over his fondness for this girl. Girls and love affairs had long ago been ruled out by Wallingford and Daw—but this, this was different.

"It's a wonderful idea." Her eyes lighted with an honest enthusiasm. "It ought to be worth a fortune to you."

Wallingford looked at the tacks in his palm wonderingly. Had he, indeed, unwittingly hit on something with real merit? He had not so intended. He looked at the girl and wished earnestly that he was what he was trying to appear to be.

"I am proud of this invention—by the way, Mr. Daw tells me you won't take that position."

"I've changed my mind."

Wallingford looked at her quickly. "Yes?"

"What will my duties be?"

"Sort of private and confidential secretary. I've just closed for a floor in the Battles building, you can report there at nine in the morning—your salary will be a hundred a month—no objections, now."

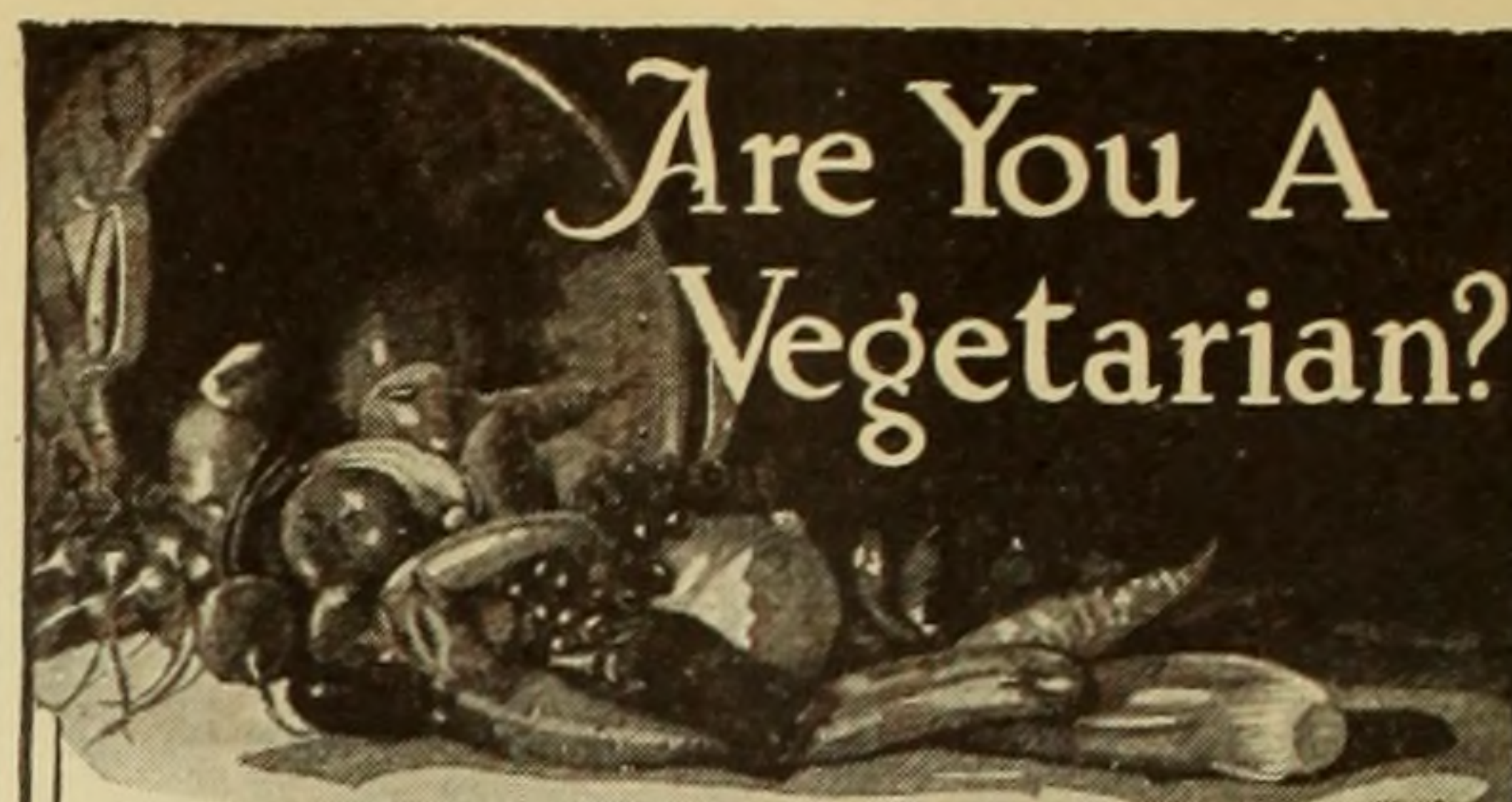
"I have a little money saved, \$400, that I'd like to invest."

Wallingford raised his hand in caution. "Let me give you a tip, Miss Jasper. You hang on to the money you've saved and don't let anybody get it away from you."

"But really, Mr. Wallingford, I want to invest this money if there's a chance for such big return as you say."

"Little girl, you are making it hard."

(Continued on page 96)



Are You A Vegetarian?

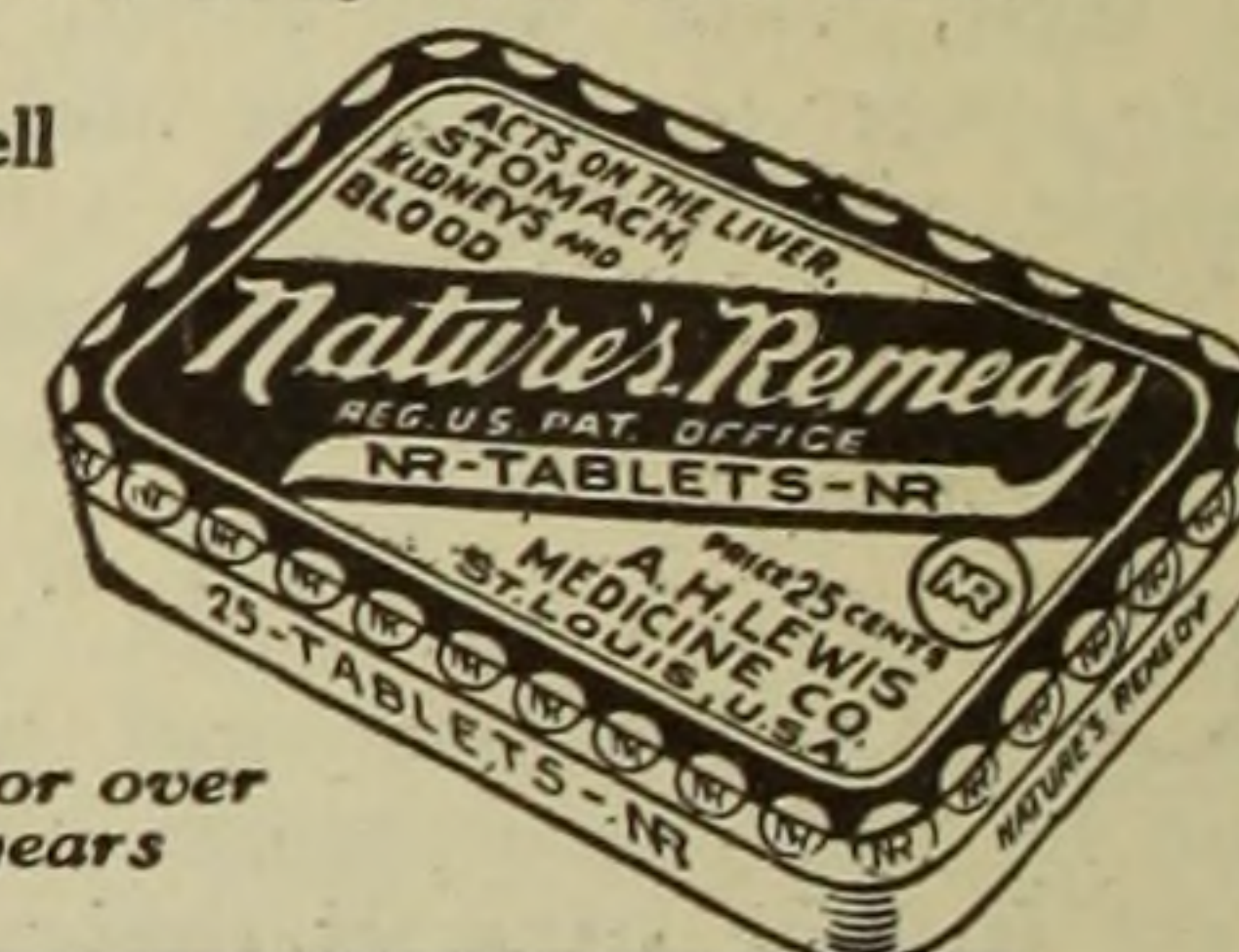
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|Civil Engineer |Steam Engineer |
|Structural Engineer |Foreman's Course |
|Business Manager |Sanitary Engineer |
|Cert. Public Accountant |Telephone Engineer |
|Accountant and Auditor |Telegraph Engineer |
|Draftsman and Designer |High School Graduate |
|Electrical Engineer |Fire Insurance Expert |
|General Education | |

Name.....

Address.....

Studio Directory

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

- ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
 - (s) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
 - (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
 - (s) J. L. Frothingham, Prod., Brunton Studios, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.
- FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
- (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
 - (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Realart, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 - (s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York.
- R. A. Walsh Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.
 - (s) Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
 - Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - (s) Allen Holubar, 1510 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
 - Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.
 - (s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.
Richard Barthelmess Inspiration Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
- FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.
- HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.
- HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- LOIS WEBER STUDIOS, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- R-C PICTURES PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
 - D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 - Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arliss, Prod., Distinctive Prod., Inc., 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of "To Day's Housewife," author of "A Soldier of the Dusk" and other books

I WAS sixteen when my first poem was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write the things I wanted to write, nor what to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get such information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything more in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent things out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I couldn't get any advice. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were good enough by sheer persistency and struggle, so that the magazines began to accept them. One went to the *Delineator*, one to *Good Housekeeping*, the *Designer*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and others. But always I had to cut and prune and rewrite after the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had something to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one or less if I had had such an Easy System of Writing as came to my desk the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars for what I could have learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had had a chance!

A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it."

I know from my own experience that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how."

There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Every heart has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in *To Day's Housewife* hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago—didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photoplays of to-day, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught how to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell.

There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios today—a good bit bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

There is a tremendous demand for writers—writers of stories, of articles, of photoplays. Money is being spent like water by magazine publishing houses and

photoplay companies. Big sums of money. And names do not count—until they have done something good.

This is the word I want to leave with you: If you have said to yourself, "I wish I could write," or "If I only knew how to do it, I believe I could write," or if you have plots for stories, ideas for articles, or if screen pictures come to you and you don't know how to put them in marketable form, *don't be discouraged* and think, "Oh, what's the use of my trying! I don't know how." And don't get the idea that all great writers were born knowing how to write. Almost without exception they have struggled to the top through years of bitter work and waiting. They did not have the help that lies at your hand.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has, to my mind, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every point of the principle and technique of short-story writing and photoplay writing, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the perusal of it is an inspiration and a delight.

This New System is tremendously inspirational. I have read it three times to be absolutely sure it is what I should want to recommend to the hundreds of writers who ask me for help. Each time I read it I am so filled with enthusiasm that I want to run away from the editorial desk and write a story or a scenario. It is good reading even for the person who isn't filled with the desire to write, for it tells how it is done. A study of this New Method of Writing will help anyone to think better and to express himself more forcefully in conversation or writing than he otherwise could. I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend to all writers the inspirational, helpful, and most reasonably priced System of Writing published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

The New System of Writing recommended by Mrs. Lutes—and also endorsed by many more of America's foremost magazines, editors, publishers, and authors—is fully described in a wonderful FREE book called "The Wonder Book for Writers." This amazing book shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't even *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 to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 94)

"Yes, I guess I am," returned Fannie, her voice cold and dry, "and I am going to make it twice as hard. Why, you and your friend are just a pair of confidence men—Mr. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford!"

Wallingford gulped.

"You are not going to rob my friends! One wrong move and I'll put the authorities wise."

"I judge you don't want that position now." Wallingford was thinking fast.

"Yes, I do. I am going to hang right on—I'll be at your office at nine."

Fannie swept out.

Wallingford looked at Daw.

"Suffering cats! She's got our number!" Horace Daw summarized the situation. "You've got Eddie's roll. Let's be going."

"No," Wallingford exploded. "I am going to stay and make her see things from my viewpoint. I will if I have to make love to her and marry her."

"Fine chance you've got," remarked Daw. "She turned down every man in town."

"Proves she's smart," returned Wallingford. "She's the only smart woman I ever saw."

WALLINGFORD seized his hat and went down the street in pursuit of Fannie. He found her and talked as Wallingford had never talked before. When they parted she shook hands as though she meant it.

The tack company offices duly opened in the Battles building and the town began to catch fire from the promotional radio-activity of Wallingford and Daw. When old G. W. Battles, and his brother Timothy, and two or three other "insiders" of the town went into a thing to the tune of \$25,000 each, that idea was sold to Battlesburg. The typical symptoms of the boom began to bud and bloom. Main Street was crowded with people who came to hear about and see this great Wallingford. His offices boiled with activity. Right and left he bought real estate options and sold them again. He branched out swiftly and organized a trolley company to build a line to Hoytsville, and went far enough with his sham to get a franchise.

From week to week he stalled with promises that the next week work would be started on the erection of the tack factory. By way of atmospheric reassurance Eddie Lamb was sent east on a two weeks' trip to solicit orders for the famous covered carpet tack. In that two weeks Wallingford promised himself he would have gathered all that could be plucked from the bank rolls of Battlesburg and be gone—even though it hurt. And Daw he sent to Des Moines to talk with a machine company's inventor about a machine for making the covered tacks, all for show and the reassurance of Battlesburg.

But delays were dangerous and the stockholders, headed by G. W. Battles, got impatient. They began to compare notes and exchange doubts. The day of storm was coming.

Wallingford sensed it all. He grew more and more devoted to Fannie Jasper, showering her with tokens of violets and sending roses to her mother.

At last the growing doubts boiled up into a crisis, and at the head of his phalanx G. W. Battles marched into the Wallingford offices. Wallingford met them with a smile.

"What is on your mind, boys?"

"As president of the Universal Tack Company I have come to demand an accounting. We elected you treasurer and put up \$125,000 and you have used the money to promote a lot of other schemes we are not interested

in. You have drawn out \$28,000 of the company's money. Where is it?"

Wallingford's face blackened.

"It is none of your business, now. At the next regular monthly meeting of the Universal Tack Company you shall have your accounting, and if you are not satisfied then, say so. Until then the money and the matters of the company are in my hands."

Wallingford's swift dramatics were not in vain.

"We don't want to lose your friendship," Battles began. When the session ended, a few minutes later, a committee had been formed to present Wallingford with a loving cup.

Daw came back from Des Moines.

"I saw the construction company about putting up the plant and stalled them for another ten days," he half shouted to Wallingford. "And the machine people showed me a model machine that will make the tacks, millions of them an hour."

"Stop," Wallingford interrupted sadly. "Horace, you're off your trolley. I don't care if this machine will make a million tacks a minute, who wants them—everybody is using rugs now."

Daw's face was a puzzle. Wallingford began discussing the storm of the afternoon and the coming getaway. He read the unhappiness in Daw's face and read it right.

"I know all about it, Horace, and the girl—I'm sorry—but the sooner the less it will hurt. I am pretty well gone myself. We had no business to have anything to do with regular girls. If we were in a legitimate business—but we are not."

"No use hashing that," Daw assented. "Anyway, we are a quarter of a million to the good. This is Saturday night. Let the boobs count up tomorrow at breakfast."

Dorothy Welles broke into the room.

"I came to ask you to come to Sunday dinner tomorrow. Mother and father want you to come so much, and so do I."

"Dorothy, I'll be counting the hours till then." Wallingford discreetly withdrew and Daw drew the girl to him.

In the outer office where Wallingford went was Fannie. The emotion was contagious.

Into this medley of a scene came a stranger, who looked too much like a policeman to make Wallingford happy.

"Are you Mr. Wallingford?"

"I am."

"Well, I am M. B. Lott, from Des Moines. I represent the Midland traction people. I want to talk to you about the Battlesburg-Hoytsville trolley project of yours."

"Pleased to meet you."

"We have been thinking of extending our lines and we would like to see if we can get together," Lott continued.

"THERE is just one way. We will buy or sell." Wallingford was himself again. "I will take a million for our franchise, half cash, half notes. What is your proposition?" "That is exactly the offer I was authorized to make," replied Lott. "If you will come to Des Moines tonight I will guarantee to have the matter wound up by ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"All right, Mr. Lott, we have half an hour to make the train. I will be with you."

When Lott was gone Daw and Wallingford danced about in the office.

"We are a couple of honest men, Jimmie." Daw was hoarse with delight.

Then came a greater surprise. Eddie Lamb, days ahead of his schedule:

"I've got orders for over a hundred thousand gross of tacks—the jobbers are

(Continued on page 97)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Concluded)

crazy about them—going like wildfire, and a better price than we expected.”

The Battles building never before or after saw such a scene as ensued.

Wallingford let out a whoop, and dashing out to Fannie swept her into his arms and Daw close after him gathered up Dorothy. The tacks were sold, the trolley was sold and they were a pair of honest business men.

* * * * *
Anyone on the trail of Jimmie Wallingford and Blackie Daw, confidence men extraordinary, two years later would have known neither them nor Battlesburg. A busy trolley line ran down Main street to the factory section, where night and day the Universal Tack Company's plant belched smoke and shipped covered carpet tacks by the carload. The town hummed. And up the street was the New Wallingford Hotel, the show place of the county, operated by Andy Dempsey.

Out on the edge of the old Battlesburg had risen a new residential section filled with fine homes.

Probably the most pretentious of the mansions were those of Horace Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford.

It was on the second anniversary of their coming to Battlesburg that Daw and Wallingford gave their biggest banquet.

Again came a stranger—a man in blue serge with square-toed boots—Thomas Donahue, from New York.

And it came that out there in the shadows of the porch Blackie Daw and Jimmie Wallingford, the old confidence men, and Tom Donahue, the New York plain-clothes man, talked it over, old times and all.

“Yes, Tom,” said Wallingford, “Blackie and I are square with the world.”

A baby's soft cry came from within.

“Boy?” asked Donahue, smiling.

“Boy and girl—twins.”

When Donahue was gone, Wallingford turned to Daw.

“Did you ever tell Dorothy the truth about us?”

“Yes, I made a clean breast of it long ago.”

“And so did I to Fannie,” said J. Rufus.

They went to join the wives. Far in the distance shone the lights of the factories of busy Battlesburg, turning out millions of tacks night and day. It was the hour of Dreams-Come-True, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love.

Visual Education

Textbooks are to be filmed by D. Appleton and Co., the publishers of school-books. They will parallel their educational publications with films for visual instruction. School children today have the great benefit of learning their lessons from the screen. Motion pictures are much more absorbing than dry descriptions on the printed page. Lessons will be learned with a degree of rapidity never before achieved. PHOTOPLAY has always predicted that it would not be long before the films would be the favorite form of instruction. A child usually has a prejudice against ugly and drab things. The old-fashioned geographies and histories and spellers were ugly; almost always bound in a dull green or yellow, they were far from inviting. Geography, of course, will be the first subject to be put into pictures. There are no restrictions in this field—the whole world will reach the children in the school-rooms.

C. G. CONN Ltd.

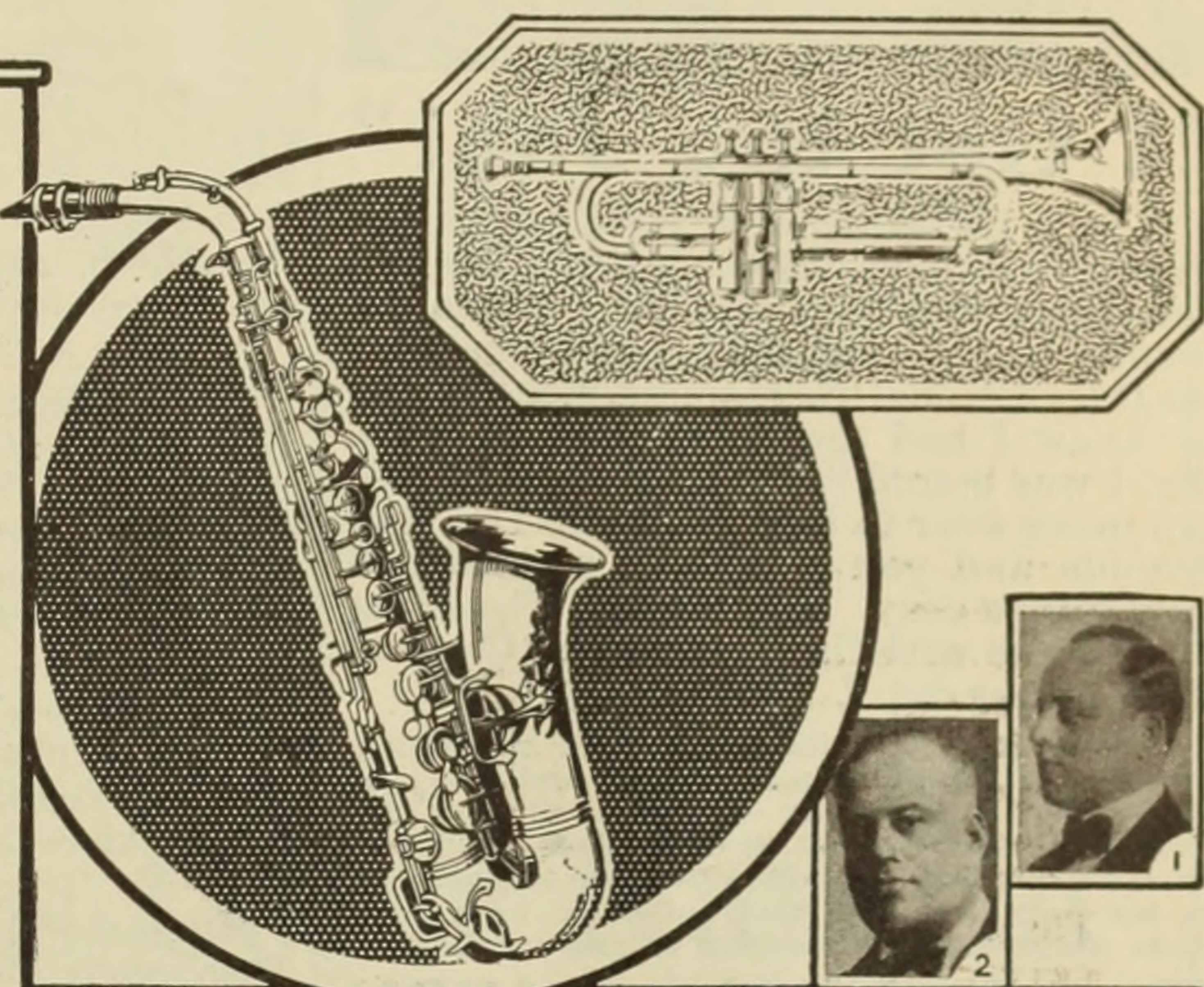
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- 16—H. W. Keller, Marigold Gardens: “In a class by itself.”
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- 21—Henry LeBarbier, Minneapolis Symphony.
- 22—P. Cappodiferro, New York Symphony.
- 23—Fred Weiss, Cincinnati Symphony.
- 24—William Thieck, Minneapolis Symphony.
- 25—Harry Glantz, Philharmonic, New York.
- 26—Barnard Baker, Victor Concert Orchestra.

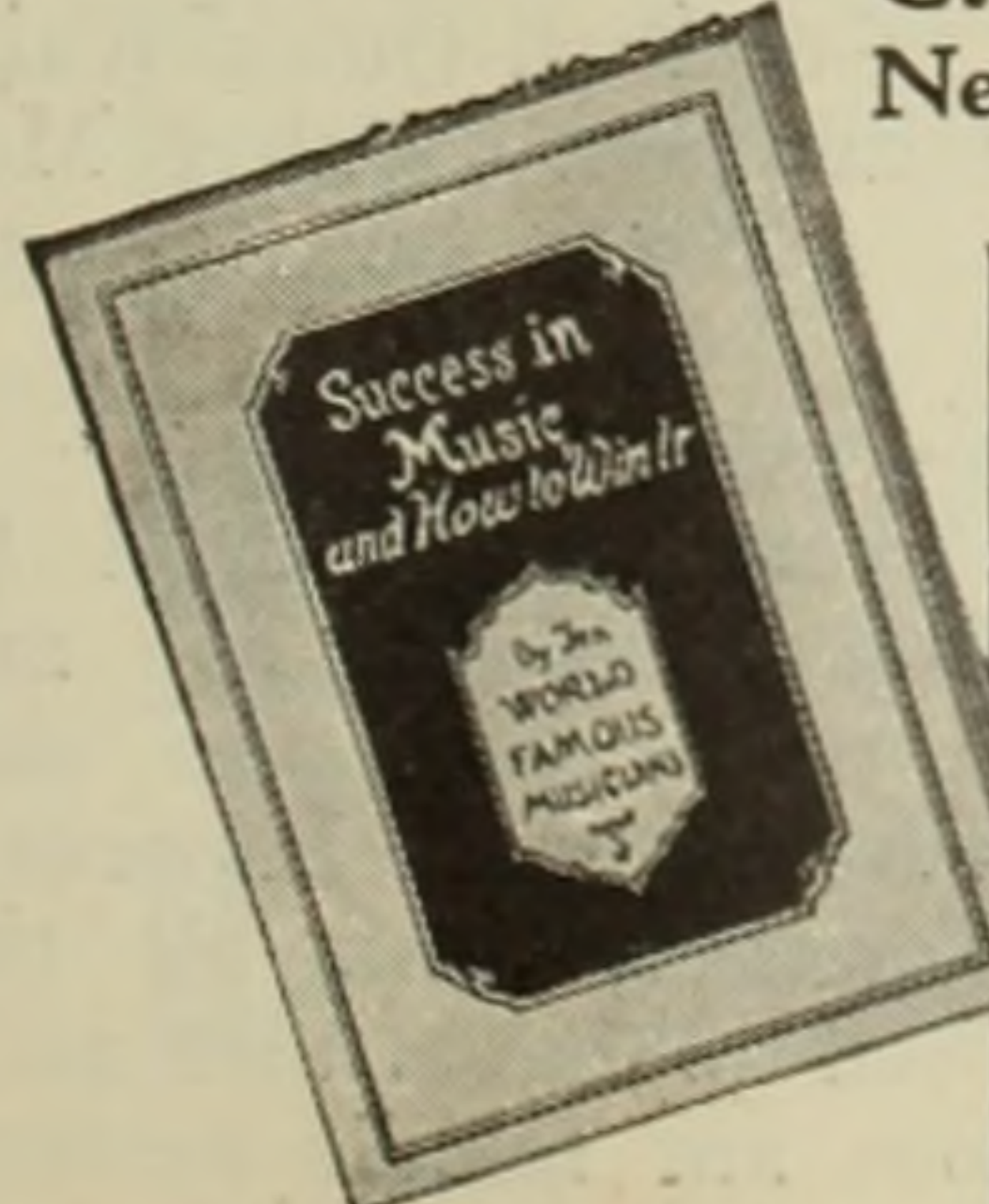


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Soothing and Healing
Gives Speedy Relief
to Babies

Tortured by Skin Trouble
Will not irritate the tender skin

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

RAE.—I am not sure that Miss Elsie Ferguson cares to have her home address made public. Until I am sure, I will only tell you that it is somewhere on Park Avenue—in the three-hundreds. Miss Ferguson is really Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. I have seen them lunching together and they seem quite devoted. When a busy banker and his famous wife have luncheon together it means they must be. There are happy marriages in movieland—look at Dorothy Gish and James Rennie. I am very fond of them both, and of Lillian, too. They are among my favorite players.

NORA.—Begorra, but I'm glad to hear from you again, after all these days! Betty Blythe has a bit of Irish in her, I believe. She has an Irish wit—that much I know. You can address Miss Blythe at her home, 1820 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. She is married to Paul Scardon, the director, and has two step-daughters. Betty is now in the east playing in the newest Rex Beach picture. You know, I call her Betty because I don't know her very well.

TUESDAY.—Is that really your name? Then you're about as soulful as spinach and as truthful as a turnip. Constance and Norma are somewhere in their early, middle or later twenties, but that's all I can tell you. Their ages are given officially as twenty-one and twenty-three respectively, but I have an idea they are older than that.

K., NEW YORK.—I don't believe in public demonstrations of affliction. I keep my sorrows to myself. Pearl White is thirty-two years old; address her care the William Fox studios, N. Y. C. Elmo Lincoln was born February 6, 1889. His present address is 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Mix was born in Texas, and his home is at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Cal. I think there is to be an addition to the Mix family before long. Mrs. Mix was Victoria Forde, daughter of that excellent character actress, Eugenie Forde.

L. B., YONKERS, N. Y.—Once the home of Hope Hampton. Now Hope lives on Park Avenue. Her latest is "Star-Dust," which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Grace Cunard,—why, I haven't heard of her for a long time. She is still in California, I think. She was never married to Francis Ford, but they were co-stars in serials for some years. Grace was once married to the youngest of the Moore brothers, Joe, about whom you don't hear very much. Owen is now the husband of Kathryn Perry, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty—of course she is still beautiful—while Tom is married to Renée Adoree.

LILLIAN.—Why not Lilyan? Might as well. Glad, however, that you are sensible enough to realize it is foolish to attempt a film career at fifteen. But, of course, there is always the possibility that when you are older you won't want to attempt a film career. Diana Allen is twenty-two. Her latest picture is "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." She is not married. Walter McGrail is thirty-two. Address him Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

OLGA.—I'm afraid you are doomed to disappointment. Hoot Gibson is not Swedish. He was born in Nebraska and looks, to me, of Irish descent. However, I look of Russian descent, with all the whiskers I am supposed to have, and as a matter of fact, I, too, am middle-western American. (Continued on page 99)

Masked!



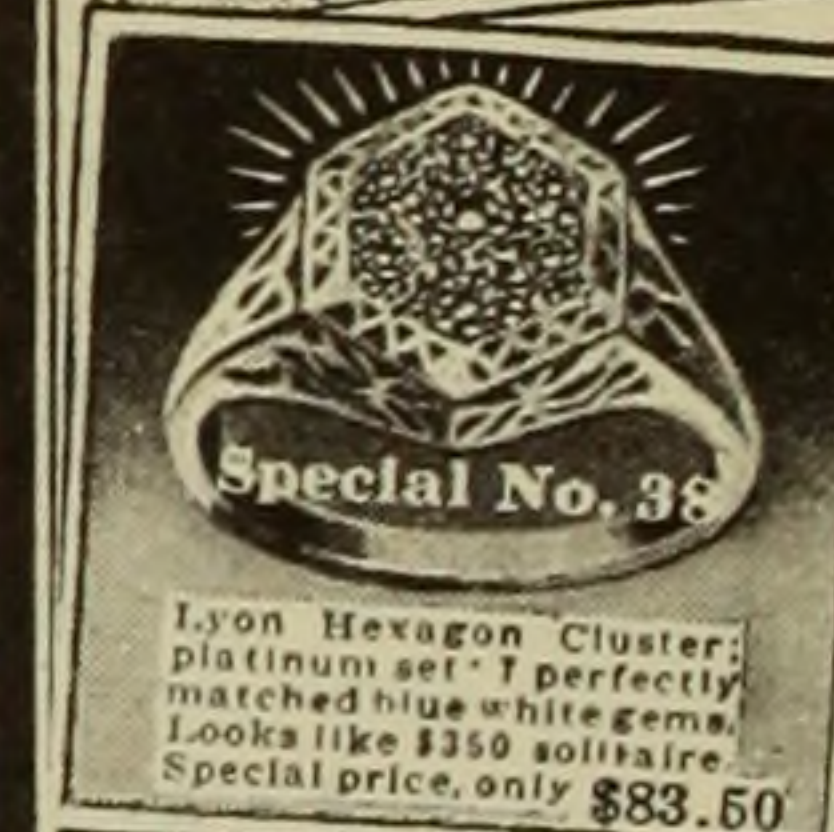
Impertinent nose, provocative mouth, velvety cheeks, all hidden. But the eyes alone are charming! They need no other features to supplement their witchery—if they are shadowed and accentuated by long, satiny lashes. Use LASHLUX. It makes the lashes dark and mystifying, and at the same time encourages their growth. It is a pure nourishing cream, harmless and delicately fragrant. Use after powdering to emphasize the flatterer luster of your eyes. Black and Brown. Also Colorless, for use when retiring. 50c at drug and department stores or by mail. Insist upon genuine Lashlux.

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Brooks Appliance Co., 290-F State St., Marshall, Mich.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)

JASMIN.—You flutter me. If I could only believe all you say. But I am cynical, and I know the world and its ways, and I cannot believe that you really think I am as nice as all that. Because I'm not. The Gishes are stars, not Cooper-Hewitts, as you seem to think. It is an unusual name. I had never heard it before, either.

ADDIE.—It was awfully nice of you, really, to send me a birthday card. Of course, I stopped having birthdays about three months ago, when I celebrated my last one. Birthdays are terrible tyrants. May be able to fool others as to how ancient I am, but I can't fool myself. So thanks for the card. Your letter was interesting. Ethel Clayton is not married. The late Joseph Kaufman was her husband.

MARTIN ADMIRER.—As I have noted elsewhere in these columns, Miss Vivian Martin herself wrote to me to deny the existence of a little daughter. She said, "I wish this were true, but it is not." Yes, I saw Miss Martin in "Just Married," and while it is an inconsequential little farce, she is quite charming in it. She has been married. Better write to her to ask if she still is.

JOSEPHINE.—Bebe Daniels played *The King's Favorite* in the Babylonian episode of "Male and Female"—that much-disputed allegory about the Christian slave. Bebe is not married, but it isn't because nobody ever asked her. I understand she is one of the most popular young ladies in pictures.

V. S., DALLAS.—So folks say you are too emotional to be an actress. I never heard of that standing in anyone's way before. I don't know what makes Gloria Swanson so beautiful. If I did I should surely tell you. We can't have too many Glorias in this world. Madame Petrova, whom you admire so fervently, may be reached at 125 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. That is, when she is in town. She is on the road right now with her new stage play, "The White Peacock."

JACKIE.—I haven't heard from you for months. You seem to have forgotten I was on earth, and in this department. Perhaps you got to know so much about movies from me, you couldn't think of any more questions to ask. Welcome back, anyway. Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives." The adorable ingenue married, retired, came back for that one picture, and retired again. She lives down on her husband's estate in New Orleans, La. I like Marguerite much.

G. M. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Or, eventually why not now? Rudie Valentino has played in "The Sheik," "The Four Horsemen of the Applesauce," "Camille," "The Conquering Power," "Moran of the Lady Betty." Pardon the typographical error of the Ibañez *tour de force* or *magnum opus*. I do not know Mr. Valentino very well, but I am sure that, being a man, he likes to be admired, so do not hesitate to tell him you think he is the finest, slickest-haired actor in films!

LIZZIE.—Yes, my occupation would make me out an insufferable egotist. But I am not. Emory Johnson is twenty-seven years old, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, is six feet two inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and is married to Ella Hall. Whew! And—he supported Bebe Daniels in "She Couldn't Help It."

(Continued on page 102)

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Gray hair prevents interest and does you an injustice, for it adds 10 years to your age. It is a handicap, socially or in business, for this is the age of youth.

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black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
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Name.....

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A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, alluring, charming! Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular you can be as temptingly beautiful as the women you have envied! My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which were hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the glow of youth, to make you the center of ardent admiration, to build your figure as Nature intended, are all exposed in my book; "Confessions of a Beauty Expert."

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SPECIALIST
Dept. 9 562 Fifth Ave.
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New York

Battle of Two Cities

(Continued from page 45)

in Hollywood, the portion of the city where the industry is centered, everyone gets so fed up with motion pictures that they cannot think of anything else. They lose their perspective. They absorb no new ideas—no new lines of thought.

MAURICE TOURNEUR, Director:

From the material standpoint of facilities, costs, climate and the like there is no comparison; Los Angeles is vastly superior. I have always regarded New York's theaters, its music, its arts, its hustle and bustle, its noise and clamor and color, its startling cosmopolitanism, as a most valuable mental stimulant. I honestly consider that bigger things artistically could and would be done were the industry more largely centered in New York and more productions made there. New York's intellectual circles preclude any possibility of cerebral staleness. They awaken new ideas and revive lagging ambitions. London, Paris and Vienna are like that.

PENRHYN STANLAWS, Artist and Director:

I think a New Yorker ought to produce films in Los Angeles and a Californian in New York. The ideal arrangement is to be where you have the fewest friends and can work the hardest. Also, where newness and novelty give you the biggest mental kick.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, President of the Motion Picture Directors' Association:

I am mighty fond of New York and could not get along without going there at least once a year, for its artistic, dramatic and literary advantages, but as a place to make pictures it certainly cannot compare with Los Angeles. Honest and disinterested thought can produce no other conclusion. It takes twice as long to make a picture in New York and therefore costs much more. And even in an artistic product like pictures, the cost is one of the most essential things to reckon with.

WILLIAM DeMILLE, Paramount Director:

There is no question in my mind as to the superiority of California over New York as a picture producing center for the simple reason that I never have, and never will, produce in the East.

California has every advantage; Manhattan so few. True, in New York you can hear the best music and lectures, see the finest plays and paintings; but most of us can make the trip from the west whenever we feel it is necessary and if you have anything within yourself, you do not need outside stimulus so much.

California means home and work to me.

LILLIAN GISH, Griffith Star:

There is so much more in New York than there is in California.

New York is the cultural center of the country. Hollywood is a wonderful place to have a home and make a garden.

I missed California when I left it. Now I could not get along without New York. Its plays, its interesting people, its exchange of brilliant ideas, its everlasting exhilaration. It is not that I love California less, but New York more. Someday I may find that my work will take me west again, and I will not object.

THEODORE ROBERTS, Screen Character actor and former New York stage favorite:

Here the motion picture industry is—figuratively—a big toad in a little puddle. Industrially and artistically, it is the pet child of a progressive and growing city. In New York it is and always has been, the stepsister of the theater. New York loves the theater. The theater's needs always overshadow the needs of pictures there.

CECIL B. deMILLE, Paramount's Director-General:

Making motion pictures is hard enough work under the best of circumstances. Making them under the handicap of eastern weather and eastern climatic conditions is more than I care to undertake. California—especially Los Angeles and its environs—is the ideal place to live. And consequently the ideal place to work.

If anyone can point out to me why a mortal should live in the heat and cold of the East and endure the inconveniences of its horrors, when it is a whole lot easier and simpler to make pictures right here in Los Angeles, I should be grateful.

ALLAN SHORE, President of the Hollywood Board of Trade:

Nothing finer has ever been done for the profession of the actor than the establishment of Los Angeles as the capital of the film industry. When you consider that today thousands of actors own their own homes, have been enabled to establish a family life and often a family, through the fact that moving pictures are made in Los Angeles, it becomes not an inter-civic, but a national proposition. For it is the principle of Americanism, this firm foundation of the American home.

Los Angeles will do all for the motion picture industry that any other city can offer to do—and she has proved it. She will meet any conditions, any inducements made by other cities.

If there has been some protest in our city against certain elements of film people—we know that the film people themselves desire to see this element controlled.

ABRAHAM LEHR, Vice-president in charge of Goldwyn Production:

New York is the financial and distributing center of the industry. The home offices of nearly all of the big companies, including our own, are located there. It would be an advantage for the studio to be near the general headquarters. New York scores in that respect.

But as long as a friendly attitude is maintained by the city and the industry fostered and protected in Los Angeles, it will probably be difficult to get the producer to abandon his financial investments and his already perfected and operating plant in Los Angeles.

SYLVESTER WEAVER, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles:

The motion picture industry is Los Angeles' favorite industry.

And Los Angeles would never allow it to be taken away without putting up a good, hearty battle.

We are proud of the motion pictures. They are a part of us, they have always

(Continued on page 101)

Battle of Two Cities

(Concluded)

been connected with Los Angeles. They have received here at all times the heartiest co-operation.

THOMAS H. INCE, Producer:

My preference for Los Angeles as a production headquarters, and I do prefer it to New York, is based primarily on its marked advantages as to production cost. Having kept closely in touch with conditions in both places, I know that the financial outlay required in making a picture in New York is from thirty to thirty-five percent greater than in Los Angeles. Accordingly, the same amount of money expended in Los Angeles will result in a thirty to thirty-five percent better picture than might have been made in the East.

We have become identified in every way with its life. I myself have my home, property interests of various kinds, to say nothing of a complete, perfect, and expensive studio plant, constructed by myself to suit my exact needs, which I could never duplicate in New York.

IRVING H. HELLMAN, Vice-president, Hellman Commercial, Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles:

If for no other reason that that it has more capital employed, has a larger annual value of output and employs more persons than any other industry in Los Angeles, the motion picture interests deserve the very best consideration that its citizens—bankers and business men included—can extend. And the industry knows that it will receive this. But, beyond this, there is a sentimental interest that arises from pride—pride in the growth of a lusty industrial child that, even if not born here yet certainly came to Los Angeles in its swaddling clothes.

JOHN EMERSON AND ANITA LOOS, Scenario Writers and Directors:

New York.

Because of its inspiration, its varied interests.

New York has everything in the world. It is a great capital. You cannot grow stale in New York.

We don't know about the actors, but from the standpoint of the writer and the director, there is only one place to make pictures in our opinion. And we have tried both.

A Moving Thought

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There is a foreword—you've read it—

Giving each person, from stage hand to vamp.

Oodles and oodles of credit.

Director, adapter and camera man, too,

The bird who picked out each weird setting—

Every one gets what he thinks is his due.

To avoid any awkward goat-getting.

Names are poured out just like sand through a sieve,

Even to seventy-seven—

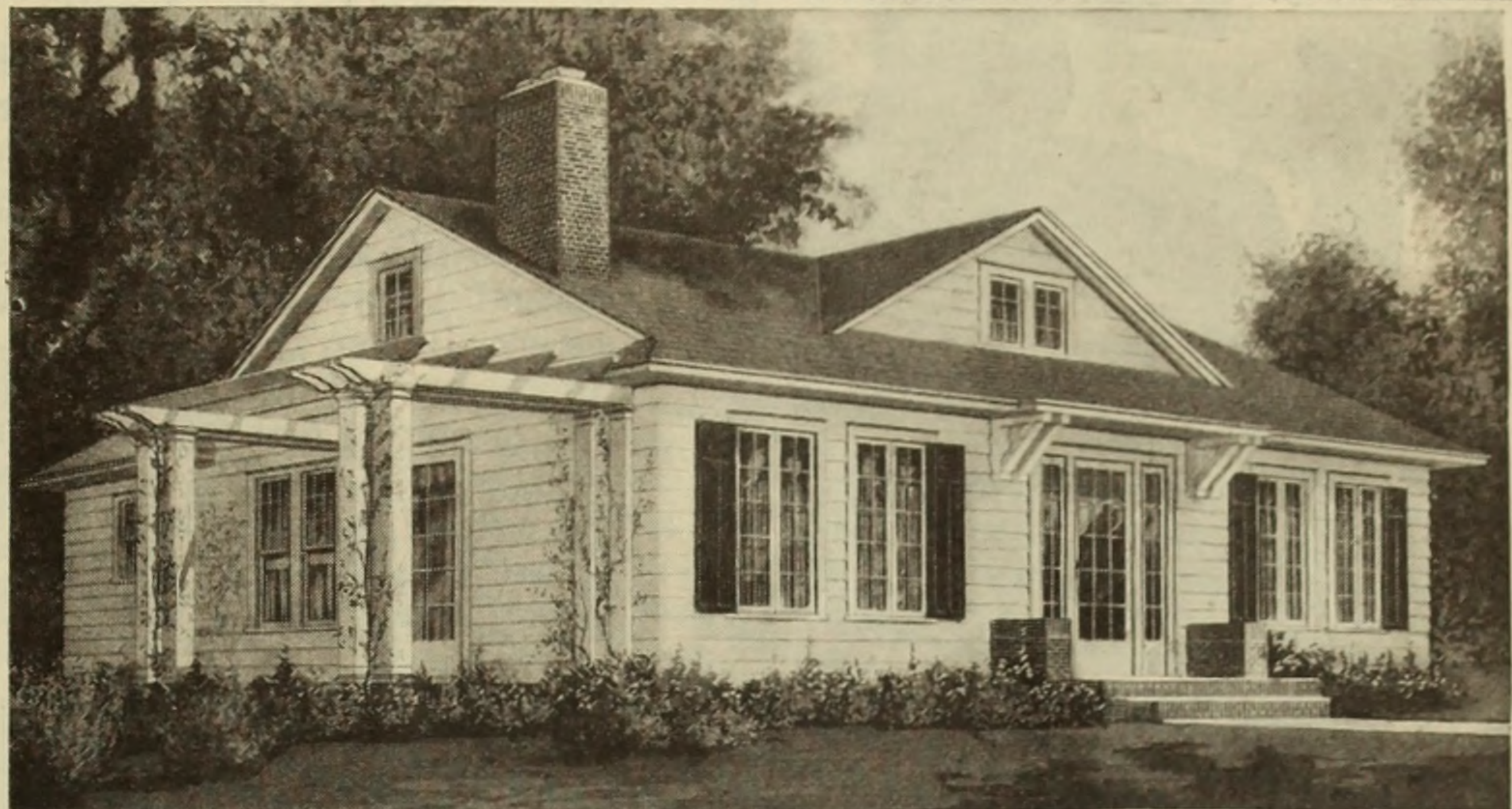
So, don't you think that they sometimes might give

Credit to Nature—or Heaven?

—New York Sun.

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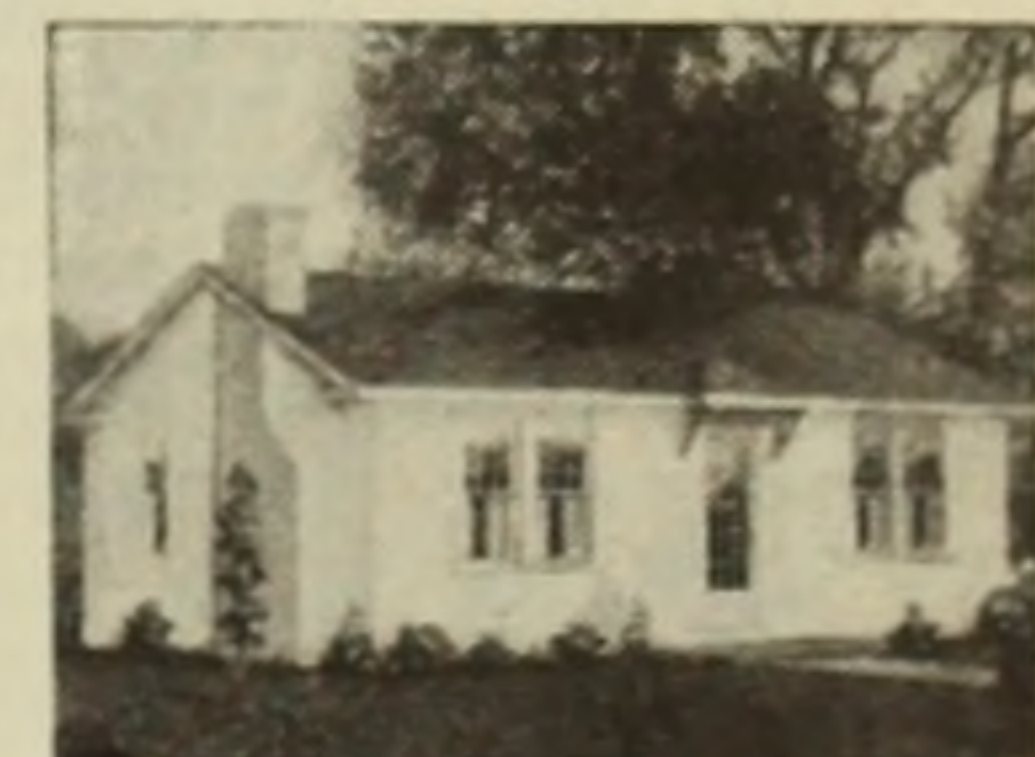
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Experienced and talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of my pupils and say they cannot understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Yet it has never been used before; is not used by any other teacher or school today.

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One who can sit down any time without notes or music, reel off the latest jazz, ragtime and song hits and entertain the crowd is always the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of every party, sought and invited everywhere.

Why not be the popular one in your crowd? You can learn to play as easily as hundreds of others I have taught; and you can profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at entertainments, dances, movies, etc.

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Age . . . Ever taken piano lessons? . . . Street

For how long a time? . . . City

A Modest Hero of the Stage

(Continued from page 51)

the shell-shocked Hilary Fairfield, an ideal vehicle for his return to the business of his life. He at once put in a bid for the American rights to the piece but the producers named a price that would have discouraged even Pollock had it not been for the fact that he counted on a few good friends who had offered to lend him whatever money he might need.

To the first of these friends he blurted out, “Lend me 2,000 pounds!” “Why not ask me for 2,052 pounds, three shillings and sixpence?” said the friend. “Why the 52 pounds, three and six?” asked Pollock. “Because,” replied the friend, “that is all I have.”

The money was, nevertheless, finally collected from this source and that, the deal closed and Pollock opened the play in New York, where it seems destined to run indefinitely.

From that time it has been a cumulative sensation and seems destined to run indefinitely.

Pollock, still far from well and still obliged to spend from twelve to fourteen hours a day in bed, comes to the theater each night with as much enthusiasm as if it were the first night. And he is being forgotten as a hero and recognized as an actor—which is to say that his deepest wish is being fulfilled—the reward of all first-class heroes.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 99)

LENA.—Constance Talmadge is separated from her husband, John Pialoglo. He is a wealthy tobacco merchant, and the separation came as a surprise to many, as all the papers put it. The Queen of Sheba is to take part in a new Rex Beach picture—she stopped off on her way east to Ohio University, whose favorite actress she is. She was born in 1893, is five feet eight and a half inches tall and weighs 145 lbs.

ISABEL.—Jean Acker is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, or was. They have been divorced, or are. They had no children. Rudie is a Lasky star now.



IRENE M.—Mary Pickford has no children. Douglas Fairbanks had one son by his former marriage to Beth Sully, who is now a Mrs. Evans. Clara Kimball Young and Theda Bara both have black hair. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, not Egypt. I thought that old legend had been forgotten long ago.

MRS. G. B.—Thank you. It’s awfully sweet of you to write me such nice things. If you are sincere, I am very much pleased. But I hate insincere praise. It is worse than none. (I’d like to watch a lot of you guilty ones shake in your shoes). The Realart studio, where Bebe works, is on Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. La Daniels is not engaged or married. I believe there was an idea at one time that Tommy Meighan was to be a Realart rather than a Paramount star, but he finally joined the stellar ranks of Famous Players-Lasky, where he is called the “Good Luck Star.” You bet I like Tom. Is there anyone who doesn’t?

(Continued on page 117)

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE!

BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your “looks;” therefore it pays to “look your best” at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, “TRADOS Model 25,” U.S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 58 and 59.

MCROSS, LITTLETON, N. H.—I suggest that you wear your hair in the style made popular by Elsie Ferguson. This style is particularly becoming, I think, to a girl with a short nose. If your friend, the brunette with the Roman nose, would adopt a more classic fashion of hair-dressing she would be very charming. She should—if she has a high forehead—pull the hair out slightly over her ears and forehead (not in puffs, but rather flat) and should do the balance of her hair in a loose psyche or a soft knot, low on her neck. Golf stockings and oxfords are exceedingly popular this season. Many of the smartest New York women wear them for the street.

NINA, TEXAS.—The best course to pursue to fill out your neck and arms is to massage them carefully with any good cream. Cold showers in the morning are not good for everyone, but you might try them for a while and see.

ALICE D., LOUISVILLE.—I am indeed flattered when a southern girl asks for my opinion. She so seldom needs it! Exercise and careful eating are the only solutions to the overweight problem that you will find practical. If you have no time to walk, do several simple exercises at home: such as touching the toes with the nose, etc.! I think brown and navy blue are always "safe" colors. On the other hand, they are not particularly pretty or unusual. Alice and French blue are, to me, delightful.

AGNES.—Mordore, a new shade of reddish-brown, would be charming for a gown for afternoon wear. Another color scheme which would serve either afternoon or evening, would be black with sphinx, a shade of grayish-green.

HAZEL B., ST. LOUIS.—From the snapshot you enclose, I see no reason why you should not be very popular. But of course you must know that there is some truth in that old proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does." Animated features and expressive, vivacious eyes mean more than cold classical beauty nine times out of ten. You wear your hair much as Marie Doro wears hers, and it is equally becoming. In fact, I think you resemble that lovely actress a little. Not much, but a little!

HELEN R., CONEY ISLAND.—The grey wool turban worn by Miss Betty Compson is made from her own design, so I cannot send you a pattern for it. Any good book on knitting—many of the yarn companies publish them, and they can be bought at the embroidery counter of any department store—will give you a foundation to work on. Then you can do some variety of loose stitch and easily get the result you wish.

N. T., TULSA.—A good graceful carriage is a most important thing. Today we are inclined to neglect it and cultivate instead our complexions and our wardrobes. Many women have won fame simply because they walked well. Have you ever seen a photograph of Dolores, the Ziegfeld Follies beauty? She is grace itself on the stage even though she does nothing but walk across it!

HELEN, TOPEKA.—Bobbed hair is charming for a girl of fourteen. I suppose you are back in school again, and I hope you enjoy your studies. Some times studies seem a frightful bore, especially at your age; but later you will be very glad you applied yourself. Dash hot, then cold water on the eyes night and morning. This process will help both the eyes and the lashes.

RUTH G., NEW YORK CITY.—Yes—by all means, use powder! Use rouge if you need it, although I do not always recommend its use for very young girls. A good rouge or powder does your skin good, not harm. I would not advise you to begin having facial massages until you really need them. And then not very often.

BLANCHE R., DETROIT, MICH.—A good treatment for an unattractive skin is this: wash the face at night, before going to bed, with warm water and a good skin soap. Then apply very hot water, and on top of this very cold water. Finish with ice, if possible. Any good cream, used regularly, will benefit a dry skin. Use a vanishing cream before applying powder, and a grease cream at night. I hope I have helped you a little.

MARIAN.—Don't feel that way about it. Other mothers may be able to give their babies rich fur robes and be-frilled bonnets, but, dear lady, don't mind. You are giving your little girl something much more precious: an instinctive taste and an ideal. Besides, some of the healthiest babies I've ever seen have worn ragged coats and no hats at all. I wish you would write to me again and ask me some questions—I should like to know you better.

L. K., NEWARK, N. J.—Always oxfords! I mean, you may hear that "they are wearing" queer shoes with buckles and straps, and satin slippers and two-strap pumps and things. But if you'll notice, they *always* come back to oxfords! And you can't possibly be in bad taste if you wear them. Now I suppose you'll go right out and buy a pair of satin shoes with rhinestone buckles, *n'est ce pas?*

GERALDINE B., CHICAGO, ILL.—You may have seen my picture in the papers—it *has* been there. I am not gifted literarily so I cannot describe myself to you. But one thing I can tell you: I am sure you would not know me if you saw me on the street. Because I dress very quietly, and I am afraid you think good taste in clothes means elaborate hats and frilly frocks.

HELEN MACI., HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.—Thank you so much for your sweet letter. I appreciate your interest, truly, and am only too glad to help you in any way. I agree with you that a band for the hair, for evening wear, is very pretty. I saw one in a smart shop which can easily be copied. It was of silver ribbon and green leaves: the leaves were made of ribbon and were fastened flat upon the silver band. A narrow band of green net would also be pretty with a cluster of white taffeta flowers on one side, slightly to the front. The flowers should have dull gold or orchid centers.



They say it behind your back

EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is not a pretty subject. The thing is too delicate for conversation even among close friends.

Yet all the while, quite innocently, you may be offending your friends and business associates. Halitosis becomes a silent, unmentioned indictment that holds back many a man. And he is the last one to know why.

Why entertain uncomfortable doubts about your breath when there is a simple, scientific precaution that will put you on the safe—and polite—side?

Listerine, the long-popular, liquid antiseptic, will defeat most cases of halitosis. It is a wonderfully effective mouth deodorant that quickly arrests food fermentation.

Of course, if halitosis is a symptom of some more deep-seated, organic disorder you will want to consult your physician or dentist. Naturally you wouldn't expect a mouth antiseptic to cure a bad stomach. But so often halitosis is merely local and temporary. The regular use of this excellent and pleasant antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle will suffice.

Try Listerine this way today. Note the clean, fresh feeling it leaves about your mouth, teeth and throat. At the same time you freshen your breath you are guarding against throat infections that may anticipate more serious ills.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

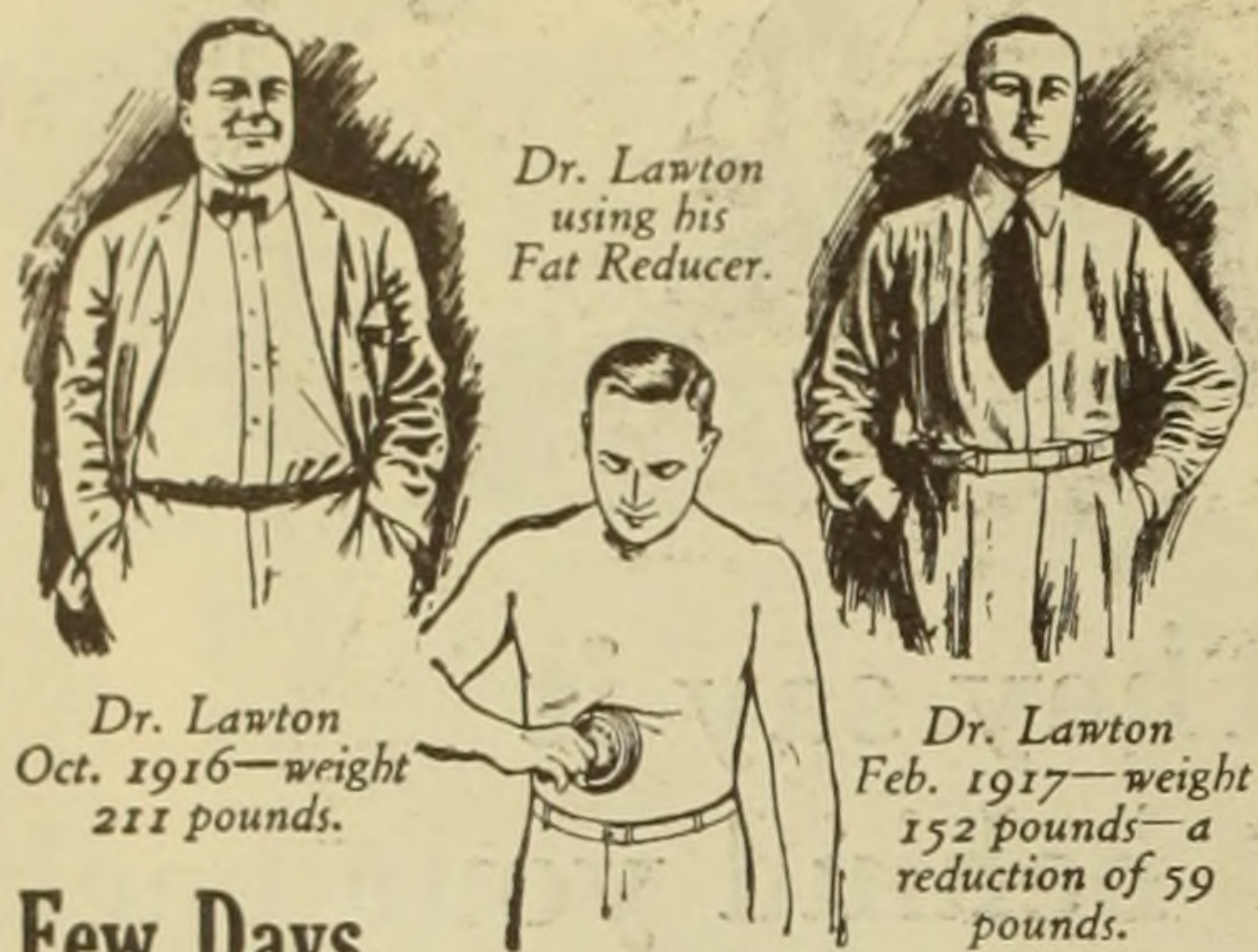
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I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my Fat Reducer and method as per instructions and you will find reduction taking place in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the Reducer or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep-rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tissues into waste matter, which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

The cost of Fat Reducer is \$5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your Reducer Today. Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter "How to Reduce Fat" mailed upon request.



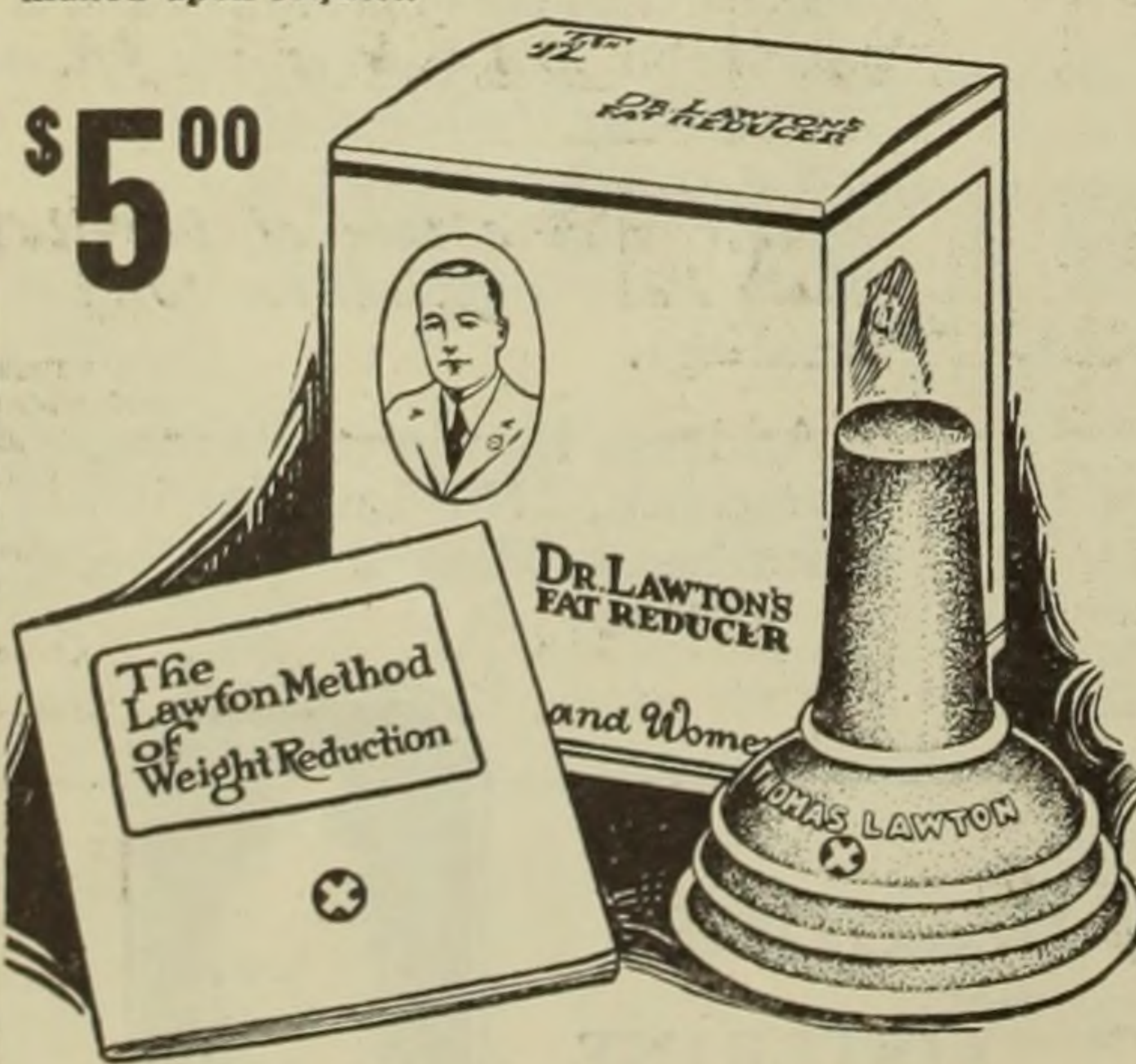
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Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept 78, New York

Chaplin's Great Secret

(Continued from page 41)

TAKE the case of Babe Ruth, for example. He is a national hero, not merely because he can swing a club harder and knock a ball further than other men, but because he represents the country's ideal of sport—because, through his achievements, he has come to personify a great popular game. He, too, is the symbol of a powerful national impulse—the impulse to play. He, too, has been unofficially elected to an office—he is even called the "King of Swat." If Ruth had never been on a baseball team, but had merely given exhibitions of batting, he would not be a public idol, no matter how many home-runs he had knocked out.

Then there are the world's heavy-weight boxing champions—such men as Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard and Dempsey. Here again it is the title, rather than the individual fighter, that really receives the adulation and applause of the public. The man is merely the symbol of the world's ideal of physical prowess.

AND so it goes through all the dominating impulses and instincts and needs of humanity. For each one of them the public selects a personal representative—an individual who most nearly symbolizes that particular impulse, or instinct, or need—and then proceeds to lavish him with admiration and homage.

Now, Mr. Chaplin fulfills, more nearly than any other comedian, the particular type of humor which the modern world demands. When we sit and watch him on the screen, he is actually expressing the exact kind of humorous impulse which is in ourselves. That is why he attracts us so irresistibly.

Humor is a very necessary reaction from the serious affairs of life. It is largely a breaking-forth of our suppressed desires and emotions. It is an outlet and a safety-valve; and it is as essential to man's welfare as eating, drinking, sleeping and wooing. It is both a physical and a mental recreation. Therefore it constitutes one of the most fundamental needs of mankind.

Moreover, the kind of humor, or humorous relaxation, which we demand depends largely on our environment and the conditions under which we live. Therefore, every age has its own variety of humor, which is the direct result of its economic, social, moral, cultural and ethical influences. That is why the things at which one generation laughs only bore another generation.

MR. CHAPLIN, as I have said, is a perfect personification of the kind of humor which appeals most strongly to us of today; and it is this which accounts for his tremendous popularity and vogue. Furthermore, the essence of his humor never changes. Other comedians please us at one time and leave us cold at another, for they lack that permanent, universal quality which is in all of Mr. Chaplin's work. His greatness does not lie in his details, in his material, or his plots, but in his methods, his viewpoint—his formula. That is why his poorest pictures have their fascination for us.

What, one asks, is it about Mr. Chaplin's performances that has made him the human and personal embodiment of our humorous impulses, and given him his unprecedented popularity?

The easiest way to answer this question is to glance at the conditions under which we live today.

First of all, we live in an age where there is an almost mathematical precision about life, and where our affairs are regulated with orderliness and exactitude. It is only natural, therefore, that in our recreation we should seek to balance this drab and un-

interesting condition by the wildest and most extravagant exaggerations. And in Mr. Chaplin's humor we find exactly such exaggerations—perfectly conceived to meet our needs. For an hour or so each evening we can live with him a senseless, topsyturvy existence in which everything that happens is unexpected and disorderly.

Again, this is an age of unimaginative science, of cut-and-dried formulas, of hide-bound logic—all of which demands, as an outlet, imagination, whimsical nonsense, and preposterous irrelevancies. And once more Mr. Chaplin supplies us with just these things. They are, indeed, the very basis of his humor.

Take, again, the enforced respectability of modern life—the prudish decencies, the insincerities and the pretences which are forced upon us in our dealings with our fellow-men. It is inevitable that our humor (which is one of our greatest emotional reactions) should possess the elements of rakishness and healthy vulgarity, of profanity and bad manners, of disrespect for the conventional niceties of conduct. Therefore, when Mr. Chaplin, being presented to a person socially, places his foot vigorously against the seat of that person's pantaloons, or squirts a seltzer siphon down his collar, we participate vicariously in the act, and get a real joy out of it!

WHAT Mr. Chaplin does is exactly what we would like to do nine times out of ten in real life; but, instead, the conventions demand that we shake hands politely with those to whom we are introduced, and murmur that we are delighted to make their acquaintance.

Furthermore, we all have the instinct, when invited out to dinner, to grab the kind of food which looks best to us; or to throw bricks at a deacon's high silk hat; or to turn a hose upon "swells" in evening dress; or rest our feet on the center-table when making a formal call, or shove a haughty matron into a trough of bird-lime and plaster; or remove our trousers on a hot day; or curse vociferously when things go wrong; or follow and make violent love to the attractive young ladies we chance to meet; or "pocket" anything which may take our fancy in a store; or do a hundred similar things which constitute Mr. Chaplin's principal activities on the screen. But we are not permitted to gratify these normal, healthy desires. We are forced to suppress them and to act in a restrained, polite, and unnatural fashion. And so we give vent to our true impulses by watching Mr. Chaplin, and by projecting ourselves into his personality.

Then, again, we of today are the victims of an unnatural puritanism. At every turn we are repressed by narrow-minded, moralistic laws and ordinances which restrict our spontaneous actions. However, we have to give vent to our normal instincts somehow or other; and Mr. Chaplin affords the most satisfactory and satisfying opportunity. No legal restrictions hem him in. He is an apostle of unrestraint, deviltry and illegality. His humor is the very anarchy of action. He does as he pleases, and snaps his fingers at the law. No wonder we flock to see him, and worship him as a hero! He dares to do the things which we long to do but are afraid to. He breaks every law, and, what is more, he makes all laws ridiculous, especially the narrow, paternal laws which curb our personal freedom.

Another point: We are constantly having respect for authority forced upon us; we are constantly being made to bow down to

(Continued on page 105)

Chaplin's Great Secret

(Concluded)

the dignity of the law's upholders. Consequently, in our relaxations, we glory in any contempt for unpopular authority, or in any disrespect for pompous dignity. It is our only way of getting even. And Mr. Chaplin supplies us with this outlet also. When he plasters a policeman with underdone pies or other humiliating missiles, we ourselves, in our imaginations, are doing exactly the same thing, and having a lot of fun and satisfaction doing it.

In brief, Mr. Chaplin gives us—more capably and divertingly than any other modern comedian—the exact type of reaction which the modern man *must have* in order to maintain his mental and emotional equilibrium. And that is why his appeal is to the “low-brow” and “high-brow” alike. He is not a “class” humorist. The bespectacled college professor and the ignorant street urchin can sit side by side and laugh with equal delight at a Chaplin picture—one need only be human and healthy to appreciate it.

And just here we have the explanation of why even the most skillful of Mr. Chaplin's imitators have so dismally failed. They mimic only his mannerisms and appearance—they miss the fundamental fact that his influence is due to an inherent quality far beneath the mere surface of his performances.

In fact, Mr. Chaplin's true power—his unassailable greatness—lies in something which he himself, in all probability, is not conscious of, and over which he has no control—namely: in the fact that he is the personification of our modern humoristic needs and impulses.

Indian Logic

THOMAS H. INCE was telling Douglas MacLean, one of his stars, some experiences of the pioneer days of pictures—among them the following:

He was making the famous old Indian and western pictures that were so successful in those days. In them, he was using almost an entire tribe of Indians as extras. One day, the red-skin chief came to the producer's office and demanded a raise of 75 cents a day. Mr. Ince, after consulting for some time with other officials, called in this red-skin and told him he was sorry, but that if they had to pay the Indians 75c more a day, they wouldn't make any money at all, on the pictures, so they really could not consider it.

The Indian chief went back, consulted for some time with his tribe, and returned, with a message from his people. This was it: “Big white chief, you know we think you very great man. Big man—very big white chief. You great leader, great man to lead other men. Any hard anything look dangerous, you do him first. Give us no fear. Anything strange, you help us know how to do. You work very hard. Night time, we go home, sleep. You stay here, work. Work Sundays, nights, all time. You act, you write, you got business, too. You heap big man. We think so. We love you heap.

“But we think if with all you do and all you work and chances you take, if you can not make more money so that 75 cents a day to us Indians break you, you better go get some other job. You no good in this one.”

Needless to say, they got the raise.

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A Prohibition Beauty

(Continued from page 46)

for instance, such a constant joy to the eye.

But she can acquire all that if she cares to, and I rather think she does.

For aside from her beauty, there is another thing very much in favor of this newest Universal luminary.

She is quite simple and unaffected and timid about herself and her work. She has a little trick of looking straight at you and turning her palms outward and upward almost supplicatingly, as though she sweetly asked your lenience and your affection. If she can get that over on the screen, it should add the one touch necessary to her beauty to make her a real star, which after all only the public can do.

She seems to say, "Here I am—making my first bow to you—all. I'm going to do my best. Please like me."

"Please, please don't say I was made overnight," she said to me, and her voice is pleasantly soft and sweet. "It seems to me I've been at it forever."

So I won't say that she was made overnight, but her sudden rise to stardom has actually been one of the quickest cases on record and one of the very few of its kind of recent years.

WHEN I first met her I kept trying to remember where I'd seen her. It wasn't until just before I left that I succeeded. A couple of years ago I went into an exclusive and expensive shop in Los Angeles to look at dinner frocks. A tall, beautiful blonde girl modeled them and tried to make me believe I'd look like she did in them.

That mannequin was Margaret Armstrong, whom Universal has rechristened "Miss DuPont."

She has been advised, I believe, to keep silent about that chapter in her life. I don't know why. She was a very good model. The most interesting thing about her to me is her climb to fame, and it is the one thing that makes me think she will climb higher.

She gave up modeling and did small bits in pictures. Then Eric von Stroheim was told about her by another director for whom she had worked, Sam de Grasse. Von Stroheim was looking for just the right woman to play the lead in his expensive spectacle, "Foolish Wives." And Miss DuPont proved to be just the right woman. He used her—and was so satisfied with the results that when he showed them to Universal, they decided to star her.

So she was very fortunate in her opportunity.

She lives with her mother and brother, and everyone who knows her and works with her declares that she is a nice, quiet, sweet-tempered kid. Which is saying a good deal.

She has made a couple of starring vehicles since "Foolish Wives," but she is impatiently waiting for the public to see her in it.

"I worked over a year on it—and I want people to see it, because then maybe they'll remember me," she says.

I shouldn't be at all surprised. It will be difficult to forget the real beauty of that face.

READ the remarkable fashion announcement on Pages 58 and 59. It is of paramount interest to every woman. A Bon Ton Pattern—absolutely without cost!

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FACE POWDER

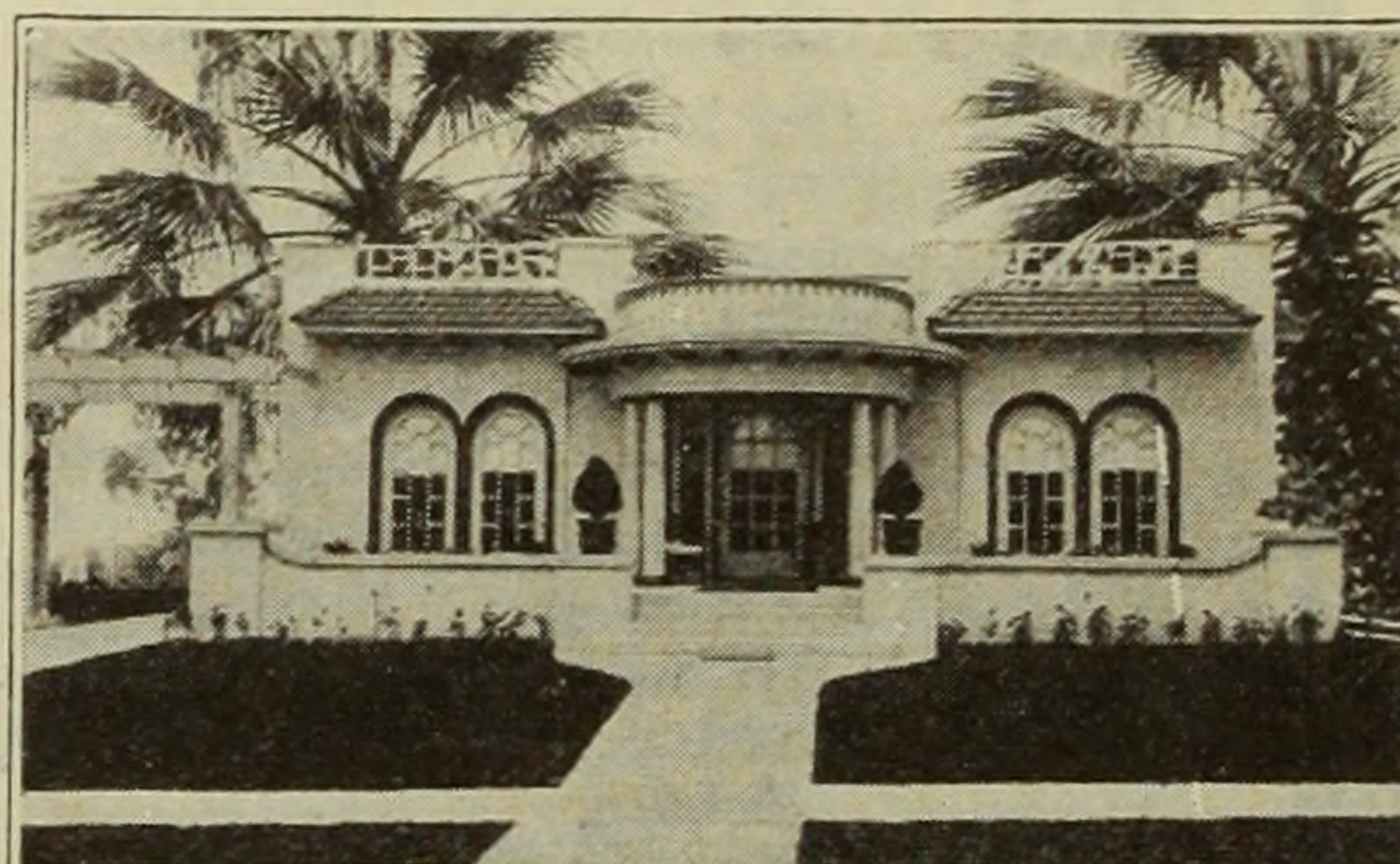
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

350 N. Clark Street

CHICAGO

Faces and Brains

(Continued from page 48)

house in Washington, while in that very city other men discuss disarmament without him. In business young men rise and sometimes, with only sheer impudence as their asset, rout the older generation with its accumulated experience. We train and educate, only to cast aside like old shoes.

And the economic waste is fearful.

New faces, yes, if they have something behind them. And even then, their wearers not pushed to the top of the ladder before they have climbed there. Let them look the part if they can, but act the part they must. Types are interesting to study; it is wonderful to see what life has done to some countenances, the lines it has drawn, of tears or laughter, of hope or wretchedness. There are faces which, flashed for a moment before us, carry all the lessons of living, preach us sermons, show us God.

BUT their function on the screen is just that, no more. They are a part of its atmosphere and color. They come, bid us look, and are gone. Their novelty is their value. They teach their lesson only once. In this sense we need innumerable new faces, but only in this sense.

Always those who make pictures are attempting to discover what the public wants. Now it is stars; again it is humor; once it was wicked allurements; now it is home and mother; once it was production; now it is story. But always they have perhaps over-emphasized the value of newness, forgetting that for all our liking for novelty, the things we love on stage or screen are the old familiar things.

No art thrives on immaturity and newness. Artists ripen as they gain experience. Only in our mimic arts do we set undue emphasis on the new. In painting, in sculpture, and in writing we reverence and esteem achievement only. The artist is forgotten in his work.

Give us all the new actors necessary, then, but give us ability with them. The picture audience today wants not only to look at pictures, but to think about them. And it wants the illusion of reality, which can only be preserved by fine acting.

It is not unlikely that the studio of the future will have its own training school, where it will take its new actors and not only teach them before the camera, but will show them the results as the camera sees them. Its pupils will then graduate into the pictures, and the winnowing of the chaff will be less expensive than by the present methods. In no other art do we ask patrons to buy from novices, yet this is precisely what we do in pictures. We take new actors and teach them in commercial pictures, and ask the public to pay for their training. When their work, due to their inexperience, is too poor for exhibition, the cutter takes out all that he can and the studio bears the expense. It is the most costly training imaginable.

We make a great deal now of what we call screen personality. Some beginners have

it, and practically all the old favorites who have survived. When actors have screen personality they "get over." But personality is only another word for brains, even if sometimes brains of a peculiar order. These people do not "get over." They put themselves over, and they do that because they have intelligence and acting skill.

This matter of our choice of new faces for the screen becomes highly important when we realize that in pictures we are now for the first time facing world competition. Pictures have no language. They are free to all the world. And the one thing which has stood out in our imported pictures has been the quality of the acting. They have sent us no vacuous young women, posturing in pretty frocks before the camera. Their actors are not always young and certainly not always beautiful. They have come to us often with indifferent photography and inferior productions, but they have without exception, given us standard acting of a high grade.

We do not take kindly to criticism of ourselves. It is said that that is always characteristic of new families and new countries. But there are certain truths that we must face about our pictures. In photography and production we surpass. In the making of our continuities we are hasty, and apt to attempt, by dressing a trivial theme elaborately, to give it significance and importance. Our execution is greater than our conception.

AND we have not put sufficient emphasis on the quality of our acting.

No real and lasting success is ever easily achieved. The people in any profession who have won its highest places have always sacrificed to win them. Back of every glittering triumph lies hard work, often grinding and solitary. There are meretricious successes; now and then accident steps in, or as in the case of some of our early picture stars a new medium carries a few to the top by the sheer momentum of novelty. But a good many of those early names are already forgotten.

The only permanent success is achieved by work and by something else,—by an attitude of seriousness toward that work. This moving picture art can not and must not be frivolously undertaken. It is not frivolous. It demands sincerity, earnestness, and honesty of purpose. And while nothing is more true than the sincerity of a large part of the picture world today, it is equally certain that another part of it goes to its work in an attitude of flippant cynicism, as a job to be done and no more.

It is that element which the casting directors are endeavoring to eliminate in their search for new faces. New faces in this sense means simply the substitution of the fit for the unfit. As in every other line of endeavor today, the competition is keen, and the slogan of an honest day's pay only for an honest day's work has at least reached the pictures.

London Fog Overcome

THE atmospheric problem which has seriously handicapped production ever since the opening of the Islington studio of Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, Ltd., has at last been solved. A system of air purification, designed by one of the foremost English engineering companies and now in successful use at the studio, has brought the desired relief and is expected to pay for itself through the saving of time on a single production.

It was just a year ago during the filming of Donald Crisp's production, "Appearances," that the studio management first realized fully what havoc London climate could play in the making of a motion picture. At that time there was a long period of foggy weather. The fog permeated the studio to such an extent that production was held up for days at a time and the loss which it entailed was conservatively estimated at more than \$50,000.

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An Old Family Secret

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring, by the aid of a hand mirror, the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations.

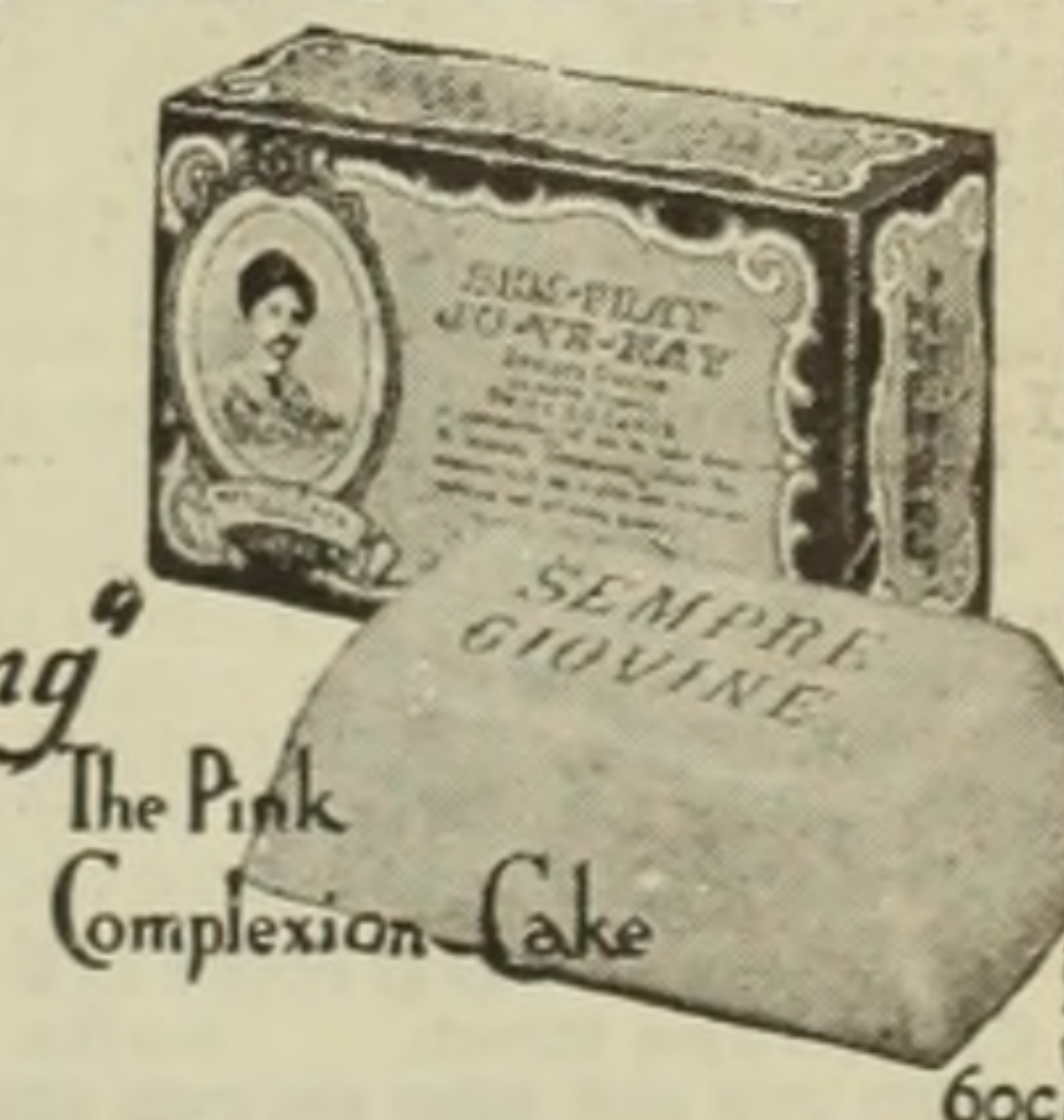
Ah! If other maids but knew the secret, what rivals in beauty she would have! Science has solved her secret.

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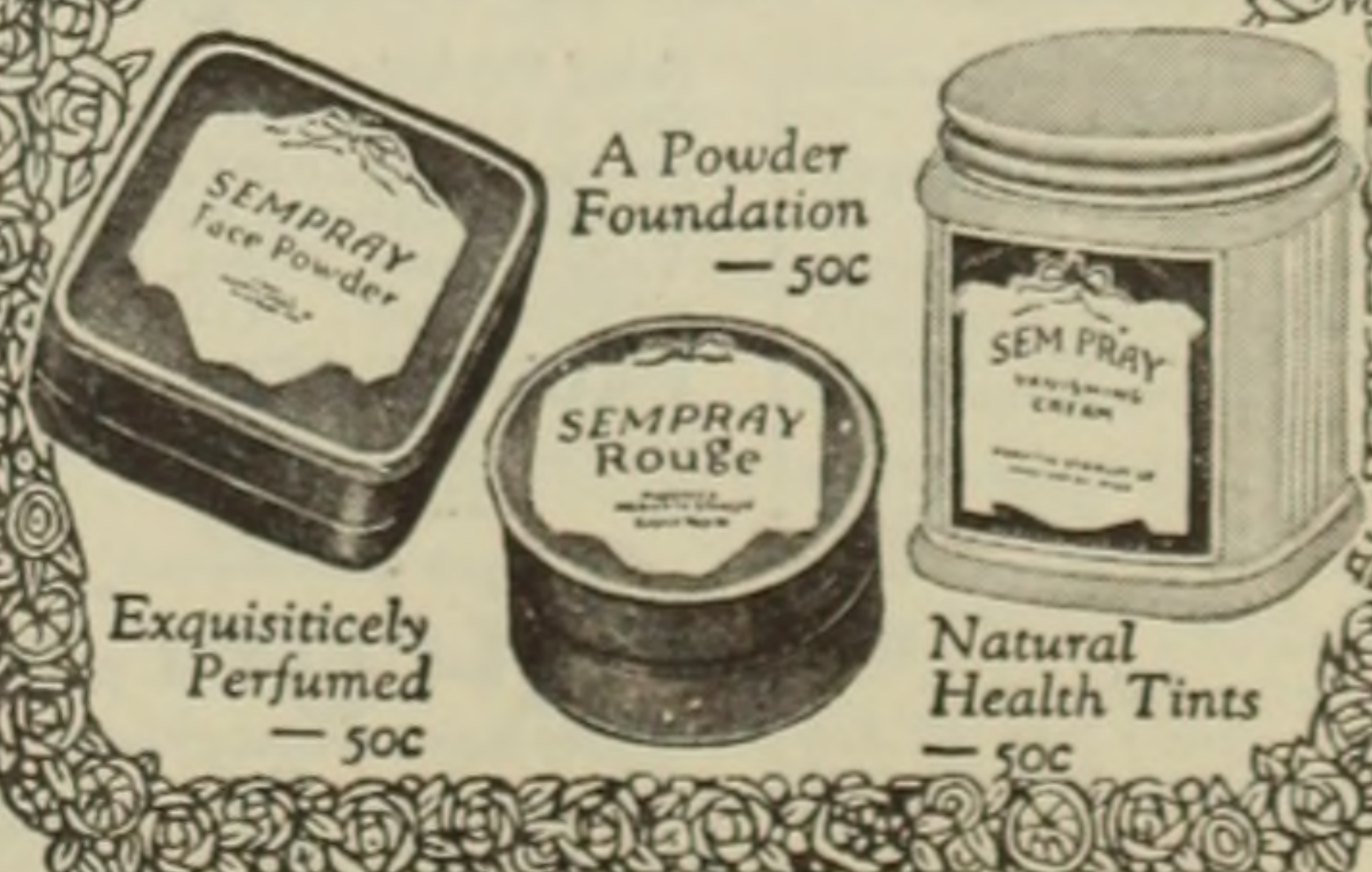
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Business of Making Thrills

(Continued from page 29)

A light, high-powered car will, of course, jump considerably farther and higher than a heavy one. The velocity at the moment of the takeoff is also one of the most important features of calculation to be considered. But after all these plans and figures, a tire may blow out after it is too late to stop, which would slow up the car and drop it into a gap; the float in the carburetor might stick; or, a speck of dirt or drop of water in the needle valve might cause trouble.

But to return to our dirt road and the race along the railroad tracks. I had planned to do the stunt before sundown, but on arriving on location, I was not satisfied with the provisions made for our safety. The approaching incline to the point where we should have been given a lift was made of wedges not more than five feet long, when they should have been as long as the wheel base of the car. But twenty minutes remained before the sun would retire, so we decided to try it.

GETTING off from a curve in the road I drove toward the ties. The last time I looked at the speedometer we were making over fifty-five miles. Realizing that a shock of some sort might jam me against the wheel to the peril of my wishbone, I had placed an overcoat in front of my chest. But my pet scheme was to drop down under the dash in the event that the car might be turned over or be hurled off to one side in its flight.

But note what did happen! The front wheels ascended the wedge which was to give us our lift, but as I had feared the takeoff was too abrupt. The front wheels struck so sharply that the rear end of the car was sent straight up. I was lucky to be able to hang onto the steering gear let alone scramble down under the dash. Would she turn over completely or come down frontward? I lived a lifetime of suspense in those few seconds.

The shock which occurred when the front wheels struck sent one of the members of the party flying clear of the car, a distance of seventy-five feet. He was unhurt. Finally the front end of the car nosed downward; we hit the earth and with one wheel broken off to the hub bounced along in a jolty fashion, to a desirable place before the camera. The film effect was splendid but that abrupt takeoff came pretty close to being our earthly undoing. Therefore you can realize that where leaping a great chasm may be done exactly as per schedule and calculation, the jumping of a small wood pile can prove disastrous.

Those who help to make the serial form of picture are always learning something new. Very often it has been my "stunt" to be jolted up and down while being dragged at full length over the hills or desert at the end of a rope attached to a saddle horn. I found, however, that it was almost impossible to secure good close-ups when being dragged behind a horse, as it was extremely difficult to place the camera in an advantageous position. If you attempt to secure close-ups by following the horse with an auto, the horse is as liable as not to become excited and run in such direction as to twist the rope about the auto or otherwise spoil the proceedings.

So we devised the scheme of having an arm extending from an automobile and the rope attached to the arm. Then the camera man was put in the car and I was dragged along behind in perfect range of the camera. Of course our long shots were taken with the horse doing the dragging.

But I soon discovered that instead of

(Continued on page 109)

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Business of Making Thrills

(Continued from page 108)

being bumped up and down as I dragged along the ground, the natural result was, that the car dragged me along steadily, and the even pull causing friction nearly set my clothes on fire. Personally I decided that I preferred to be dragged by a horse at lightning speed for a mile rather than be dragged by an automobile for fifty yards.

We might assume when it comes to diving that an ordinarily good diver would seldom meet with a mishap. But you can never tell in the serial business. Occasion called for my co-star, Miss Edith Johnson, and myself, to use a lineman's motor car while crossing a lift bridge.

The script read that we were being chased by outlaws in an engine. When we were part way across the bridge, the end of the structure was to start upward so that a boat might pass underneath. I was to circumvent this occurrence by dropping Miss Johnson through the bottom of the bridge and then dive off myself.

Everything went as per schedule! The bridge started to lift; we jumped off the motor car and I dropped Miss Johnson through as planned so that the bandits could not reach her. Then it came my turn to jump. By this time the bridge end was well up and I had climbed up to the jumping point. I was wearing a beaver hat which had been used in scenes previously taken and it was also to be worn in other scenes, immediate follow-ups of the diving incident.

In pictures the scenes are not always taken in sequence. Sometimes the first part of a picture is taken last and vice versa. In any event I valued this hat. It was worth about \$35. It was necessary to jump quickly, as I wished to save the hat. I figured I could not hold it in my hands, as I wished them to be free in breaking the force of the fall into the water. If I threw the hat into the water it might be whirled down stream and possibly cause a conflict with the scenes that already had been taken and incidentally require that additional scenes be made showing recovery of the hat. So I decided to wear it.

EVERYTHING would have worked out well, but when I hit the water, a distance of perhaps some seventy feet, my head was driven completely through the hat. About all there was left proved to be a necklace in the way of a rim and a few tattered ends. Once again calculations had gone wrong and incidentally it was necessary to send for another hat.

I have always had great success in using Mexicans in my pictures. Their Latin blood seems to make them natural-born actors. When you wish a band of Mexicans to yell in a picture, they yell; they do more than to simply wave their arms and make motions with their mouths as many of our American extra people do. Whatever your Mexican does he does as though life itself depended upon it. But I do not always tell the Mexicans just what the object of their activities are. Sometimes we get better results by deceiving them.

In one particular instance it was required that a gang of Mexicans chase me in order to secure a valuable paper. Experience had taught me that frequently extra people when supposed to roughly handle a leading man in pictures show a trace of timidity. I wished rough action. Did I get it?

In order to spur them on I called the band of twenty or thirty Mexicans and told them that somewhere concealed about my person was a five-dollar goldpiece. "It might be in my shoe," I said, "in my hat, the cuffs of my trousers, somewhere perhaps inside my belt;" the point being that the

man who found it could keep it. This I figured would provide strenuous action for the "medium shot" and after sufficient footage was obtained, I would have the paper taken from the pocket in a "close-up."

Everything was ready. Supposed to be wounded, I began to run in a hobbly fashion. Just about the time I reached the camera for the big scene, the Mexicans were on me. We had timed the chase correctly. This band of extra people showed less timidity than any others whom it had been my pleasure to direct. By the time they were through I was absolutely in rags and tatters. No tramp in the front ranks of Mr. Coxe's celebrated army could have boasted my bizarre appearance by the time the goldpiece had been discovered.

I had not counted upon my clothes being torn off, as I needed that particular suit in succeeding scenes. So there was nothing to do but go ahead and take other portions of the picture while I waited a week for a tailor to provide an exact duplicate. It was a great scene, but calculations had again gone wrong.

WHERE water work is concerned there is dire danger of unanticipated accidents occurring which threaten lives and the success of the picture. In this connection I recall an incident which took place some years ago at Santa Monica, one of the beach cities near Los Angeles.

A form of torture adopted for serial work is that of hanging men from a wharf in a manner where their toes just touch the bottom of a rowboat. The idea is, that when the tide goes down and the rowboat with it, the unfortunate victims will suffer a worthy or an unworthy death according to the viewpoint of the story writer and the audience.

In order to get sufficiently clear from the wharf and to provide a place for the cameras, we had an L-shaped platform made of three by sixteen timbers, built away from the wharf. A very heavy sea was running, and those familiar with the beaches realize that working too close under the piles is fraught with considerable danger as the waves came pounding in. So we figured to be in the clear as much as possible.

Everything had been gone into and, so far as we realized, no detail overlooked when it came time to start action. Just as I said "camera," from my position on the far end of the L, there was a tremendous crash. The entire L with its cameras and twenty people had plunged into the water. Despite our carefulness a correct estimation had not been made of the weight which the L would sustain. The platform itself had been nailed to the pier.

There was much confusion, as may be imagined when twenty people suddenly found themselves dropped into a heavy sea, with timbers and flotsam rolling all about them. The gravest possibility lay in the fact that anyone tossed by the waters beneath the wharf would be in grave danger, because the surf was running so high that a swimmer easily could be thrown like a toothpick against the barnacled piles that supported the pier.

It developed that no one was seriously hurt, and I called, "How about the cameras?" "I have mine," answered George Robinson. It seemed that Robinson, with true cameraman instinct, had held onto the strap which was connected with the magazines. But the magazines were all that had remained with the outfit. Fortunately the film was saved and several hours of hard work rescued from the salty deep.

I recall what "Slim" Cole said to Bill
(Continued on page 110)



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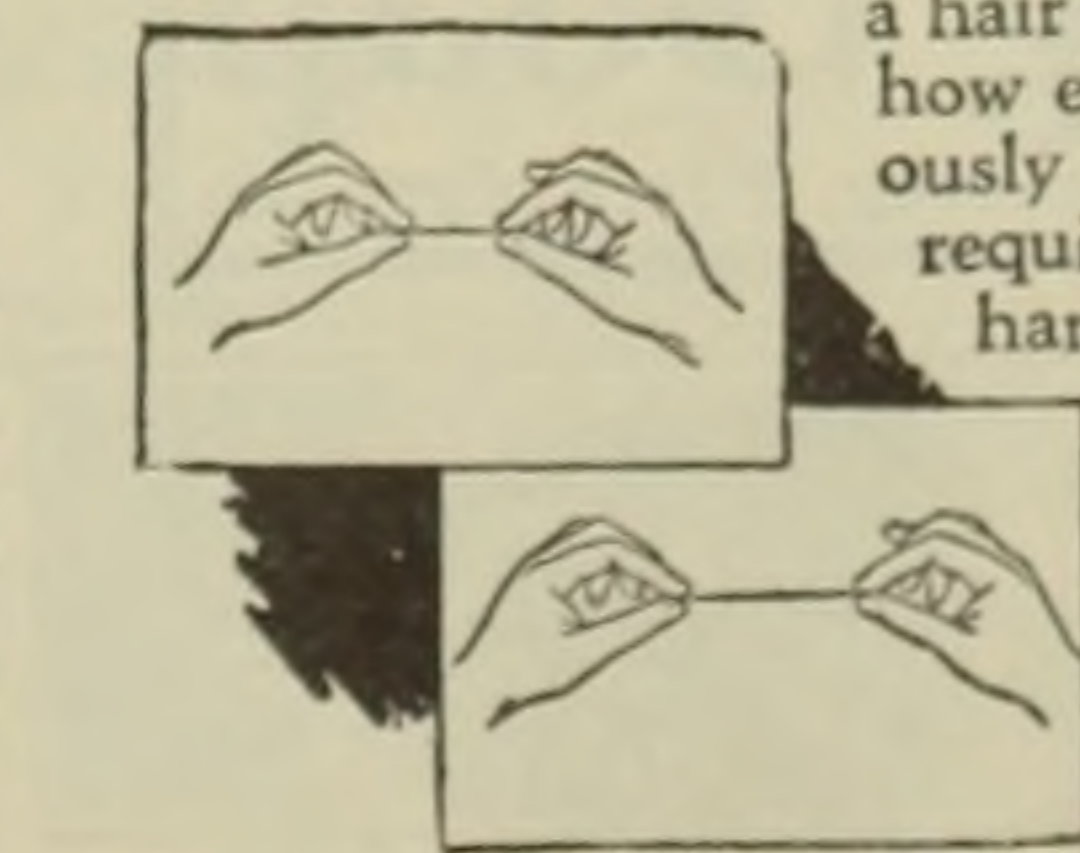
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Business of Making Thrills

(Concluded)



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McCall when they came up. These two boys were the ones we intended to leave hanging with their toes in the rowboat when the big crash came. "Slim" emerged with the water streaming out of his black whiskers and makeup. He took a look at McCall and roared with the voice like a Jersey bull, "Oh, Bill, you sure look sweet." This caused a general laugh, eased the tension which had existed for a moment, and quick action by the life guards soon restored the members of the company to places of safety. Rescuing all those people was remarkable work when one considers the roughness of the waters.

There was a humorous incident in this connection which provided everyone a smile after the anxiety was over. Miss Johnson, my co-star, had spent about all summer knitting me one of those jazz sweaters which at the time were quite the vogue. She had just finished it the morning of our watery experience.

Before starting work under the wharf I was taking off the sweater for fear that I might tear or soil it. Naturally I was quite proud of the beautiful, form-fitting garment, and everyone had congratulated Miss Johnson upon her clever work and myself upon how well it looked. But Miss Johnson insisted that I keep it on, as she declared she could darn any little tear, whereas if I tore my coat it would require a tailor.

After the L had broken it had been at least twenty minutes before I emerged from the water. Walking along the wharf I realized that something was impeding my progress. Imagine my disappointment when, upon looking down, I found the beautiful, form-fitting jazz sweater that Miss Johnson had worked so long upon, water-soaked, stretched and sagging in a rather pathetic manner about my knees. It reminded me of a shipwrecked kimono.

Members of our company traveled to the Santa Cruz Islands, off the coast of California, for the purpose of making scenes, among which was a dive of some eighty feet from a cliff into the ocean. In this particular scene I was diving to escape guards. The guards were supposed to shoot at their victim after he had dived and then leave, assuming that they had killed him. Because of the extremely rough water the boat from which we were shooting the picture rocked so violently that it was impossible to get good close-ups, so we decided to return to the studio and do the close-ups in our tank.

THE idea was to show me sinking in the water, apparently struck by a bullet from the guards' guns, and later swimming under water to escape. Now it is almost impossible for a good swimmer to simulate drowning, as the natural buoyancy of the

body tends to make him float. So, in order that I preserve a natural appearance, we had to recourse to artificial means.

Arriving at the studio, I had an iron ring attached to the cement bottom of our tank, which, by the way, is ten feet deep. A rope was connected with this ring and the other end adjusted in my belt. At one end of the tank men were placed to pull the rope through the ring and draw me down, so that a natural appearance of sinking in the water would ensue and show upon the film.

We discovered also that bullets shot from a rifle did not make sufficient splash to be very noticeable upon the screen. So we secured some heavy iron nuts and stationed men to hurl these as close as they could to my head without hitting me.

Everything was ready. I gave the signal for the camera. This also signified that the men with the iron bolts were to begin their bombardment. When the bullet effect had been attained and a sufficient peppering effect shown in splashes, the men were to start pulling, and in a relaxed condition I was to sink below the surface. Action went according to schedule except for one item. Bing! Right on top of my head, one of those iron nuts struck just as the men started pulling me down.

Downward I went, dragged by the rope attached to the ring at the tank bottom. I was not exactly senseless, but for the life of me I could not imagine why I was down in the water. Finally it came to me that I was attached to a rope. But what for? I could feel it about my legs, at my belt, in my hands when I reached for it. Try as I might I could not think of the reason for that rope. My brain cleared a bit and details of the rope contrivance slowly came back to my mind.

I grabbed for the loose end of the slip and seemed to get hold of every portion of it save the loose end. When I did get at the slipknot the water had swollen it and in my weakened condition I tugged until it seemed as though my lungs were bursting. At last I managed to free myself and started swimming upward, reaching the top black in the face from lack of wind.

My band of assistants exclaimed in chorus, "Gee, that guy sure can stay under water a long time." There wasn't one of those chaps but what was absolutely sure that his iron missile had missed me by at least two inches. I presume had the idea been to bean me that everyone would have claimed credit for hitting the mark—my head.

If an actor-director engaged in the hazardous rôles of picture making manages it so that his calculations are fairly accurate, he eventually may retire to a nice, quiet, secluded spot and rest in peace. But if his calculations have *not* been fairly accurate he may retire to a nice, quiet, secluded mortuary and rest in pieces.

The Superman

NIGHT was approaching. From Brooklyn bridge the lights on New York's skyscrapers glowed with the richness of a ruby. They were ever changing, yet ever the same. One moment richly opalescent, then scintillating, flashing and sparkling like a Koh-I-noor, an Orloff or a Cullinan. They had the lure of the world in their Argus-eyes; held out promises of wealth, love and future fame. They were loreleis chanting runes of the wonderful days that were yet to be.

Midway upon the bridge a youth who

had come from a farm to seek his fortune stood. The lure of the lights was upon him. His bosom heaved, his heart beat fast, his eyes glowed.

"I shall conquer," he exclaimed with the grandiose egotism of youth, raising his hand to the lacquer sky. "Men and women, greatest of the great, shall cower beneath my gaze; they shall shrink at my touch; sink supine before me."

How strange are the foibles of fate! It all came true. He became a director in a moving picture studio.

Wild West Life in the Films

(Continued from page 61)

knickknacks. Handicapped by such impedimenta, it is small wonder that they are consistently overtaken and defeated.

Which reminds us we must not ignore the amazing pistols which are used in wild-west dramas of the screen. In the first place, they possess an incredibly low mortality. Barring an occasional, and, from all appearances, accidental fatality, these revolvers are but slightly more dangerous than squirt-guns. In a pitched battle between a posse of cowboys and a score of horse-thieves and highwaymen—in which hundreds of shots are fired at close range—the casualty list, after half an hour's fierce combat, is rarely more than two wounded men and a crippled mustang. Indeed, it is a red-letter day when a bullet from one of the guns actually extinguishes life; and then death does not come until the victim has conversed with the sheriff, made a detailed confession, and signed several documents.

ANOTHER peculiarity of these western film pistols is their apparently inexhaustible cartridge-chambers. They can be discharged rapidly and continuously for ten minutes without being reloaded. On the other hand, these unique weapons have a serious mechanical drawback—namely: it requires several seconds to snap the hammer on the first shot—sufficient time, in fact, for a man to wrest the gun from an antagonist who has him “covered.” Time and again in the wild-west dramas of the screen, an expert gunman will “get the drop” on some honest cow-puncher before the latter has had time even to reach his holster; and though the cowboy's hands are high above his head (in obedience to orders), and he is standing at least ten feet from the man with the gun, he is invariably able—before the latter can pull the trigger—to leap across the intervening space, place his foot on the other's solar plexus, grasp his extended arm in both hands, and twist the gun out of his grasp.

And while on the subject of personal encounters, attention should be called to the incomprehensible actions of the young ladies who are listed among the *dramatis personae* of wild-west motion pictures. It nearly always happens that at some point during the story the cowboy for whom she harbors a secret passion comes unexpectedly to her rescue just as she is about to receive the unwelcome amorous advances of some villainous bandit; and there inevitably follows a lively catch-as-catch-can bout between the two suitors, in which the bandit draws an ugly stiletto and endeavors to translate his virtuous opponent into the spirit world. Up to the last few seconds of this devastating mêlée, it appears that the heroic cowboy is getting worsted, and that his defeat is imminent. Yet the young lady remains motionless on the side lines, awaiting the outcome with a sinking heart!

Apparently, it does not occur to her to step in and save her lover and herself—an act so simple, under the circumstances, that any half-bright child could manage it. A jardiniere, a frying-pan, a bread-roller, a bottle of ketchup—any handy missile, in fact—brought down with sincerity upon the villain's *cerebellum*, would instantly turn the tide of battle. Even should she leap upon the bandit's back and sink her teeth into his deltoid—or puncture him from the rear with an ordinary pin—it would create a temporary distraction of which the hero could take advantage.

But the life of the films has its own strange and original codes of conduct.

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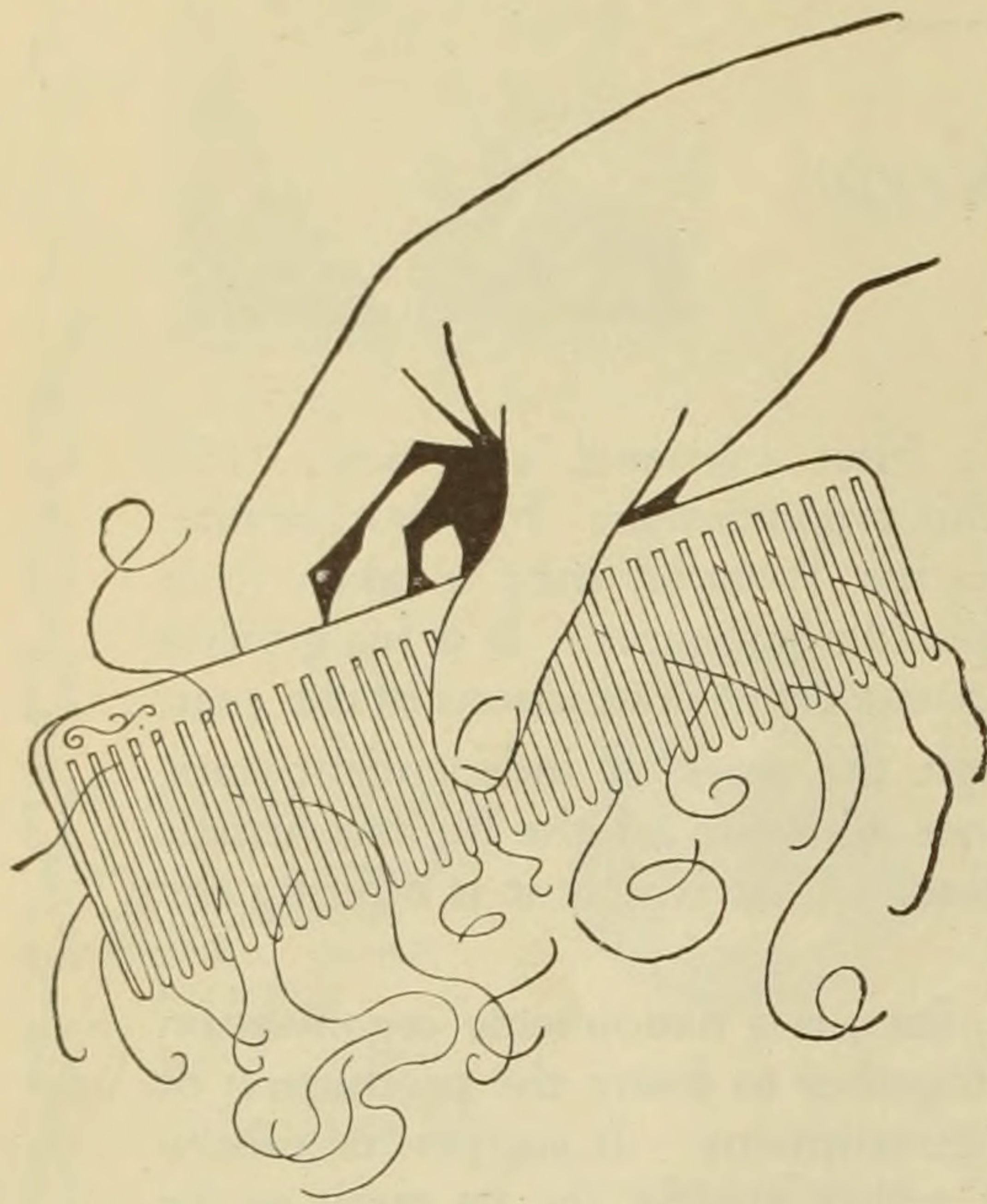
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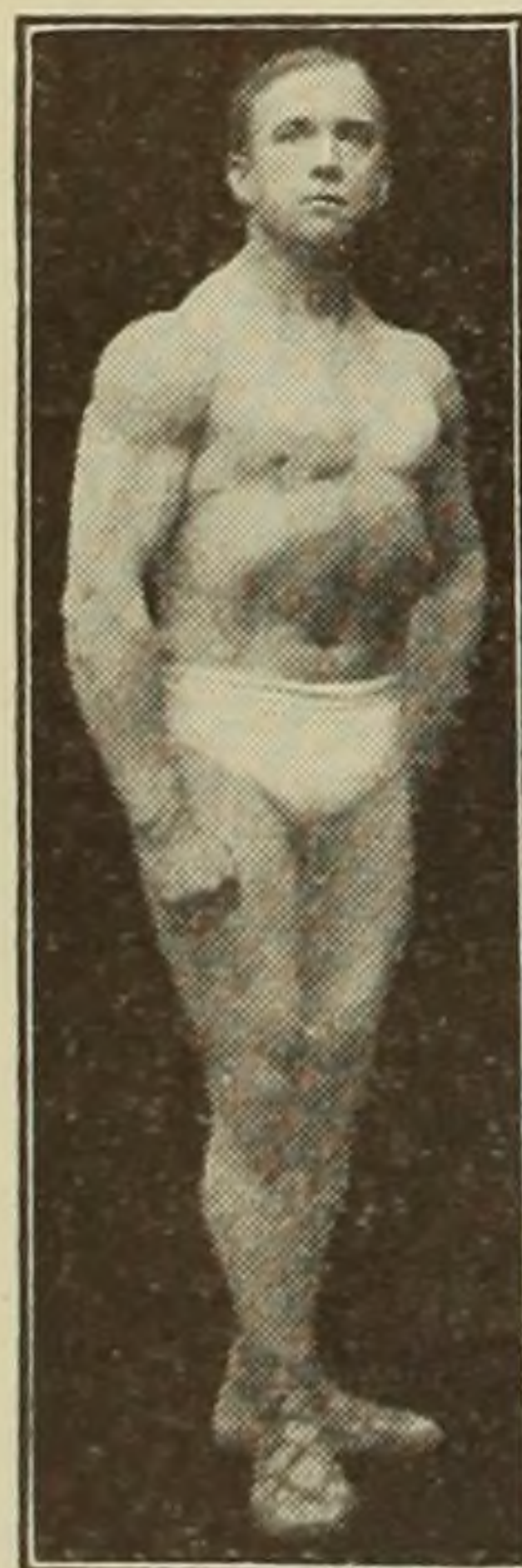
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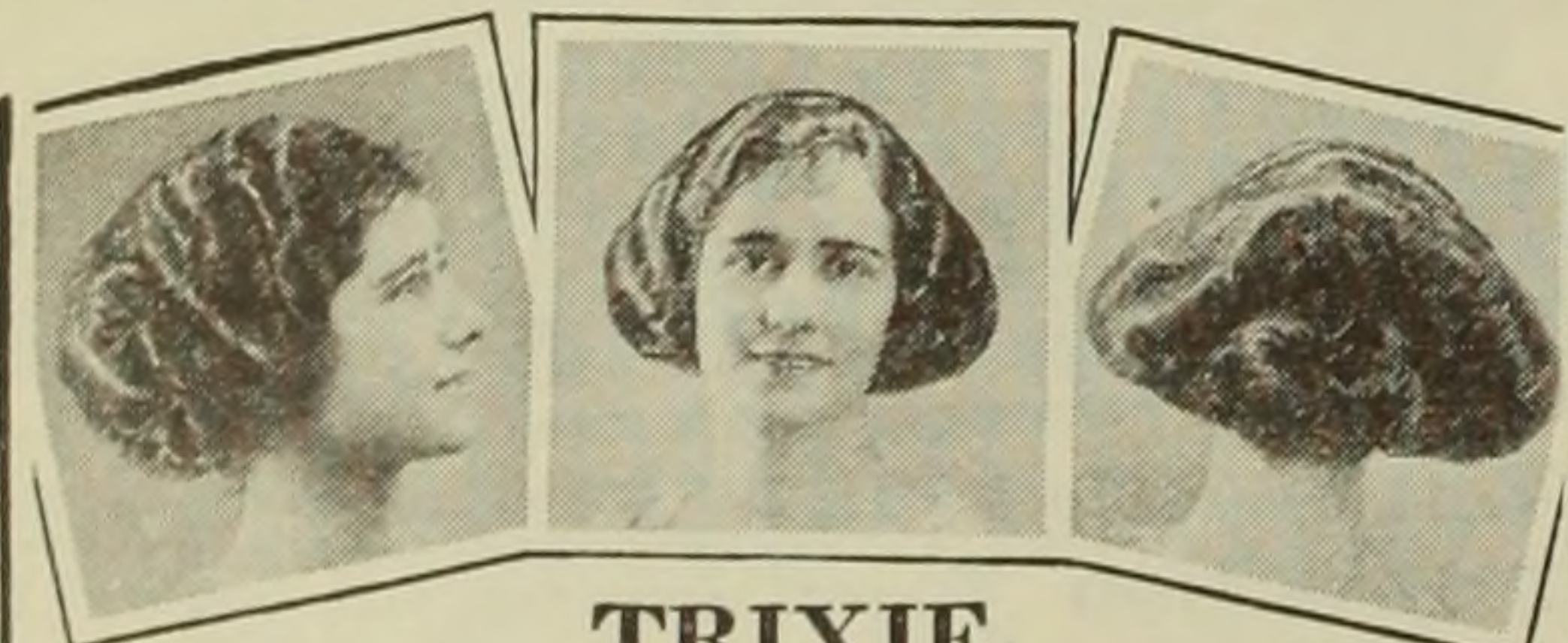
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The Wall Flower

(Continued from page 38)

pain, she told Pamela and the Doctor her reason for trying to commit suicide.

"Oh, I've got to live, I guess," she said in conclusion, "but I'll never have any fun, or dancing, or a feller—I'll never have a husband . . . or a baby . . . or anything!" She burst into tears, and the kind-hearted Pamela took her into her arms and soothed her, and made her want to live, after all.

When Idalene was well enough to be moved, she was taken home. But she did not improve very rapidly there. For her mother scolded and blamed her for the accident, and the trouble that she had caused. And when Idalene cried she would only say, by way of comfort:

"You'd ought to be glad you're alive a-tall."

REALIZING the harm that the girl was receiving by this lack of sympathy, Pamela finally decided to ask her for a visit. And with no hesitation she bundled her into a car and whisked her off to the charming house where she lived. And there she proceeded to instill new ideals and new dreams into the girl's heart.

"Think beauty," she urged, "be beautiful!" And again, "For Heaven's sake do something for your clothes. They can't do all the work!" And then, giving something more practical than advice, she lent the aid of an experienced maid. And the result was that Idalene was manicured, massaged, shampooed, and marcelled. And, last of all, Pamela gave her a rule to live by:

"The most gorgeous palace is not half so lovely as a little moonlit cottage with a lamp in the window. Light a lamp in your heart, honey!" That was what Pamela told her.

Idalene, made much of by Pamela's friends, grew prettier as she regained her strength. The women, wishing to flatter her—for Pamela had told her wide circle of acquaintances something of the girl's sad story, and had begged them to be nice to her—pretended that they were jealous of the attention paid by the men. For nothing is more flattering to a woman than the jealousy of other women. And, amid all the pretending, Dr. Walter Breen suddenly began to realize that he was in thrilling earnest—began to realize that his interest in Idalene was something other than the interest of a physician for a patient.

And then, one evening, when Pamela and Idalene were dressing for a party that Pamela was giving, the two girls looked into each other's hearts. For Idalene turned suddenly and, seizing her benefactor's hand, began to pour out her overwhelming gratitude.

"You've given me a new soul," she cried, "and you've lent me your beautiful clothes. How can I ever repay you?"

Pamela answered sweetly:

"The artist is more than repaid," she said, "when the result is a work of art!"

Staring at her, marveling at her kindness, Idalene asked a pointed question.

"Why don't you get married?" she asked. "You're so—wonderful!"

Pamela was a bit jolted, but she laughed, like the good sport that she was.

"It's far easier to tell other people how to do things," she said, "than it is to do them yourself!"

Idalene was silent for a moment. And then she pointed to a certain locket that Pamela always wore.

"Is his picture in that?" she questioned. "And who is he?"

Despite herself, Pamela sighed. "That's such a secret he doesn't even know it himself!" she answered.

Idalene only asked one more question.

"Is it Walt—Doctor Breen?" she questioned.

Pamela laughed heartily, and shook her head. But Idalene had recognized an unmirthful note in the laughter. Pamela was in love with Doctor Breen!

It was at the party, that night, that Idalene had her revenge on Prue and Roy Duncan and Phin and some others. For the boys, not recognizing her, flocked to her standard. And it was with an unholy joy that she made known her identity to them. She told one chap, after he had danced with her, that he could now claim the bulldog! And she reminded another of a certain dollar bill. But her retort to Roy was the best of all. When he stammered, "You're not—Miss Nobbins?" she answered, with a really withering smile:

"Oh, no, Miss Nobbins committed suicide when she heard your opinion of her!"

But it was later in the evening that the big moment in Idalene's life came. For it was then, after Pamela had gone upstairs, that Walter Breen asked her to marry him.

"I'm going west tomorrow, dear," he told her, "will you go with me?"

He took her hand in his, and caressed it. And Idalene knew, at last, that he was her dream man. But just as she was about to submit to his embrace she remembered Pamela, her friend. And she snatched her hand away.

"No, I won't marry you," she sobbed. And then she ran away, upstairs, where, almost blinded with tears, she wrote a letter. And then, donning her old dress, she stole away, out of the house where she had known happiness.

It was Pamela who, a short time later, discovered the Doctor in the act of leaving the house. Amazed, she had only impersonal words of reproach for him.

"But you're not going without saying good-bye to poor little Idalene?" she questioned.

Walt answered. "Poor little *nothing*," he said indignantly, "I asked her to marry me and she turned me down cold!"

ALMOST staggered by the declaration, Pamela's hand instinctively crept up over her locket. But Walt, scarcely noticing, went on:

"I thought I loved you," he said, "and I did. I *do*. But in a different way. You're too wonderful and brilliant for me, and for the hard work that I do in the far places. But that little girl, whose broken bones I reset and whose broken heart we mended . . . well, I thought it was pity. And it turned out to be love. And she—she has no love for me!"

It was then that Pamela showed the greatness of her love for Walter. For, making him set down his bag, she went at once to Idalene's room. And there she found the little note that Idalene had written. It ran like this:

"Dearest Miss Pamela:

"You have been a Heaven-sent angel to me. I don't belong in Heaven, but I'm much obliged for the glimpse you gave me. You love Dr. Breen. You couldn't help it, so I will take myself out of your life and his. Don't look for me.

"Idalene Nobbins."

Pamela, for a moment, must have felt a surge of temptation. But she mastered it. And, taking the letter to Walt, she told him that Idalene's refusal of him had been a splendid sacrifice, but a mistaken one.

"Of course I don't love you," she said,

(Continued on page 113)

The Wall Flower

(Concluded)

and Walter Breen was too excited to note the tremor in her voice, "but *she* does. And she'll really kill herself, this time, if you don't find her."

There isn't much more to tell. Because they did find her, after an all-night search. For the wall flower was back on the wall. Idalene, despite their fears, had gone straight home, and slept in a hammock on the porch. And when, after combing the countryside and even boarding outgoing trains, Walter and Pamela reached the Nobbin home, she was busily dishing up breakfast to the tune of her mother's complaints and bitter sarcasm.

Idalene was dressed in gingham. But she wore her simple frock with a new grace, a delightful assurance. As she came to the door, in answer to their knock, her face was undeniably attractive. And as Walter took her hungrily into his arms, she was radiantly beautiful. There was a light in her eyes that made Pamela turn away, all at once, as if she had glimpsed something so glorious that it hurt, and at the same time blessed. For Pamela, like Idalene, had learned that self-sacrifice is one luxury that is alike within the reach of the rich and the poor. And she was suddenly conscious of a wistful content.

Motion Picture Axioms

All plotters, after being shot and captured, live just long enough to make a complete confession.

All mortgages on the homes of widows are overdue.

No two men ever meet on a high piece of scaffolding without having a fight and falling off.

All horse races are won by hundred-to-one shots, which beat out the favorite by a nose at the very finish of the home stretch.

Every ship which meets with an accident at sea goes down within a few hundred yards of an uninhabited island.

Two drinks of liquor will produce a state of utter intoxication.

No one when paying for anything ever receives any change.

Anyone putting one's eye to a keyhole can see perfectly everything that is going on in the room beyond.

All comedians receive tragic news just before they have to go on for their acts, and make their entrances hurriedly wiping their eyes.

All female negro servants are stout, middle-aged and extremely black, and, at the slightest provocation, burst forth into violent fits of mirth, during which they hold their sides and sway back and forth.

In every theater audience shown on the screen there is always a young woman down front conspicuously chewing gum.

All burglars turn their flash-lights directly into the face of the sleeping person whose room they have come to rob.

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Confessions of a Modern Woman

(Continued from page 22)



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"You hear a lot nowadays about the 'yes men.' A few 'yes wives' wouldn't go amiss.

"Remember that a man always judges a woman by his own experience with her and by nothing else.

"How many women do you know today who still have their husbands in love with them—I don't mean just still married to them, or even just decent to them, but actually in love with them? I think I know two. Love—it's lost its power. It's become a sort of game. Its higher significance is entirely lost. Woman's highest ambition today is to be the trademark of a successful husband.

YET the modern woman assumes the attitude that she is a superior being, that she is doing the man a favor to marry him in the first place, and that his only way to discharge this debt is by remaining in love with her.

"But it won't do. You aren't superior. You're a flat failure. You can't keep a man's real, splendid, deepening love and admiration and companionship. You can't arouse and maintain the love that brings peace and joy. You claim you don't want it. That you can play the game as well as a man. That you're through with all that tommy-rot. But what have you in your modern, restless, dissatisfied scheme of things to take its place? Why do you rush about mad only to amuse, to kill time, to feed on new admiration?

"Your husband doesn't continue to adore you, even though he uses you as a trademark, even though he's too tired, too indifferent, too absorbed in business to make a break.

"But for all your emancipation and your charm, the chain of matrimony has grown so heavy that too often it takes three instead of two to carry it.

"Man is the most unreasonable creature in the world. That's true. He wants a woman to have all the virtues and most of the vices—for private usage. He wants a harem under the present laws of monogamy. And he can't have it, because he isn't master. But the fact remains, that unless a woman has a real 'call' for some work, her only happiness lies in loving him and having him love her.

"The theory of indifference has been exploded for years—except as a rather cheap weapon for the coquette. The man or woman to be won by indifference isn't worth winning. Love is worth while only when it is leisurely, comfortable and pleasant. Only very young girls enjoy the variety that is somewhere between an automobile accident and looping the loop in an airplane.

"Nowadays we are ruled by our passions and our necessities. Therefore the woman who is virtuous and simple is mistress of her destiny. The rest of us clutch wildly at everything that drifts by on life's stream—and nine times out of ten grasp a handful of nettles that it is as difficult to let go of as to keep.

"One of the greatest curses of the modern girl is her overestimation of beauty. It is my positive belief, founded on years of observation and study, that beauty is one of the least of the elements in exciting love, or holding it. No beautiful woman is ever adored, as is an ugly one, if she is adored at all.

"Do you know what is my greatest difficulty in the parts I play—the thing to which I devote most time and thought? Holding sympathy. I find people admire my characterizations, are often thrilled or startled by them—but how often do they love them? Yet I try to give a faithful portrayal of woman today.

"Spend a little less time in the adornment of the body and a little more in the care of mind and heart. Love is a threefold thing—physical, mental and spiritual. If you put all your eggs in one basket you may find yourself abandoned for a woman who can talk something besides babytalk.

"You may have the most gorgeous melting eyes, the most seductive lips, the curliest hair in the world, and some girl with a good sound ear-drum will steal your husband just the same. The most brilliant epigram you can make won't endear you to him like the stupidest one you can listen to. The modern woman knows too much or too little.

"A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the market quotation on cotton sounds to him about as pleasing as the alarm clock that goes off at six o'clock.

"But the woman that can't carry on an interesting kissless conversation is nearly as bad.

"The most beautiful woman in the world cannot keep a man's love unless she can be to him a friend, an inspiration and sweetheart. Men will always love goodness and fineness in woman. And no woman can be happy unless she has these things to offer.

"But unless the man becomes her master and she *cares* to please him, she will go on just as she is today.

"So in the last analysis, it's up to the men, isn't it?"

EVERY right-thinking person knows that the American public is prone to look down on home-made things—and to over-estimate the importance of imported articles. But it took Will Rogers to administer a much needed, and exceedingly good humored, rebuke. It was in "The Ropin' Fool" that he put a swift one across.

"If you think this picture's no good," he wrote, "I'll put on a beard and say it was made in Germany. And then you'll call it art!"

Will Rogers has flashed a telling sentence across his screen of laughter. Probably you've noticed that Will Rogers' fun is invariably one hundred percent American.

Seven Heavens

(Continued from page 27)

down now," he pleaded. "I'll only stay a few minutes."

"I'll talk to you," she conceded, "if you don't mind sitting out on the veranda. In the moonlight you won't see my dress and to notice the lack of 'do' on my hair."

They sat in a swing seat on the shrubby hedged porch. There were honeysuckle vines somewhere nearby. The sweetness of their blossoms was a little heavy in the air.

Mr. Rogers held her hand sympathetically while he expressed himself in appropriate terms anent her bereavement. After he could think of nothing further in the way of condolence he held her hand some more anyway. What could a man do when she didn't take it away?

"I have brought a sort of a message from your husband," the young man said. "You know I sometimes exercise a certain gift I have to receive communications from beyond."

"Yes, I have heard. What is the message?"

"He wants you to know that he is near you constantly, that waking or sleeping he will guard over you just as he did when he was alive."

"Do you mean to say that Corbin is here now,—watching over me?"

"Yes."

Hortense withdrew her hand hastily.

"You need not do that," Melvin Rogers protested, retrieving her fingers. "He does not mind. In fact he wants you and me to be the best of friends, eventually to marry."

Hortense gasped and then laughed. "Now I know you're lying about the whole business. If you knew how jealous Corbin was you'd never seriously suggest such a thing. However, I like you better if he isn't around shedding ghostly approval over our friendship. And I certainly thank you for having made me the most original proposal of marriage which any woman ever received."

"Will you accept it?" the young man pressed eagerly.

"Of course not," she returned. "I can't marry anyone for a year or two."

"But we could be together a lot if we had an understanding. Please." He raised her arm and now kissed it in the hollow under the elbow.

She did not resist. "You have nice hair," she mused, bending over his head. Corbin Banks had been partially bald.

He drew away suddenly. "Can't you find something you like about me besides my hair?" he asked almost crossly. "Nature gives a man hair but his disposition is something he has a hand in himself."

"Well, hothead, if you must know you have rather remarkable eyes. I believe that a susceptible young girl could get so lost in them that she wouldn't care if you had the disposition of a fiend."

Melvin Rogers seemed of two minds as she leaned imperceptibly nearer to him—better to study his eyes perhaps. He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to cease this preliminary skirmishing of holding hands and exchanging eye-clasps and crush this glorious girl to his breast.

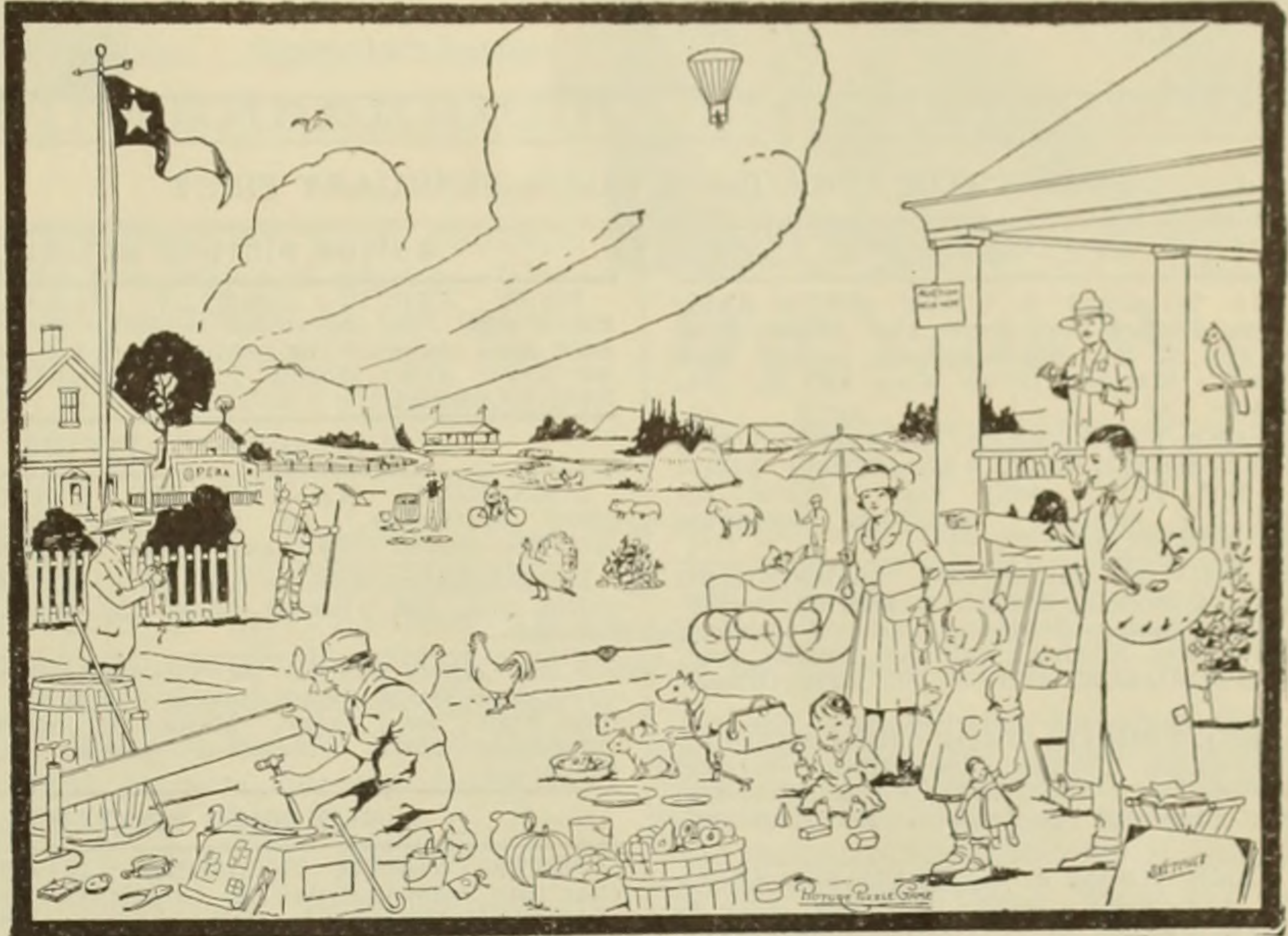
The latter impulse won. It is tradition that it usually does when opposed by most alternatives.

Several hours later Hortense surveyed herself again in her pier glass. Her negligée would have to be given to the wash lady to make over into a lace curtain for the bathroom but her eyes were pools of sparkling Burgundy and her lips smiled.

For Hortense had been kissed and had kissed back with a passion which she had never felt before—surely never with her late husband.

(Continued on page 116)

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2. Only words found in the English Dictionary will be counted. Compound, hyphenated or obsolete words will not count. Use either the singular or plural.
3. Words of same spelling can be used only once, but any part of an object can be named.
4. Three prominent people, having no connection with the Mayer Company, will judge the answers and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the Judges' decision as final.

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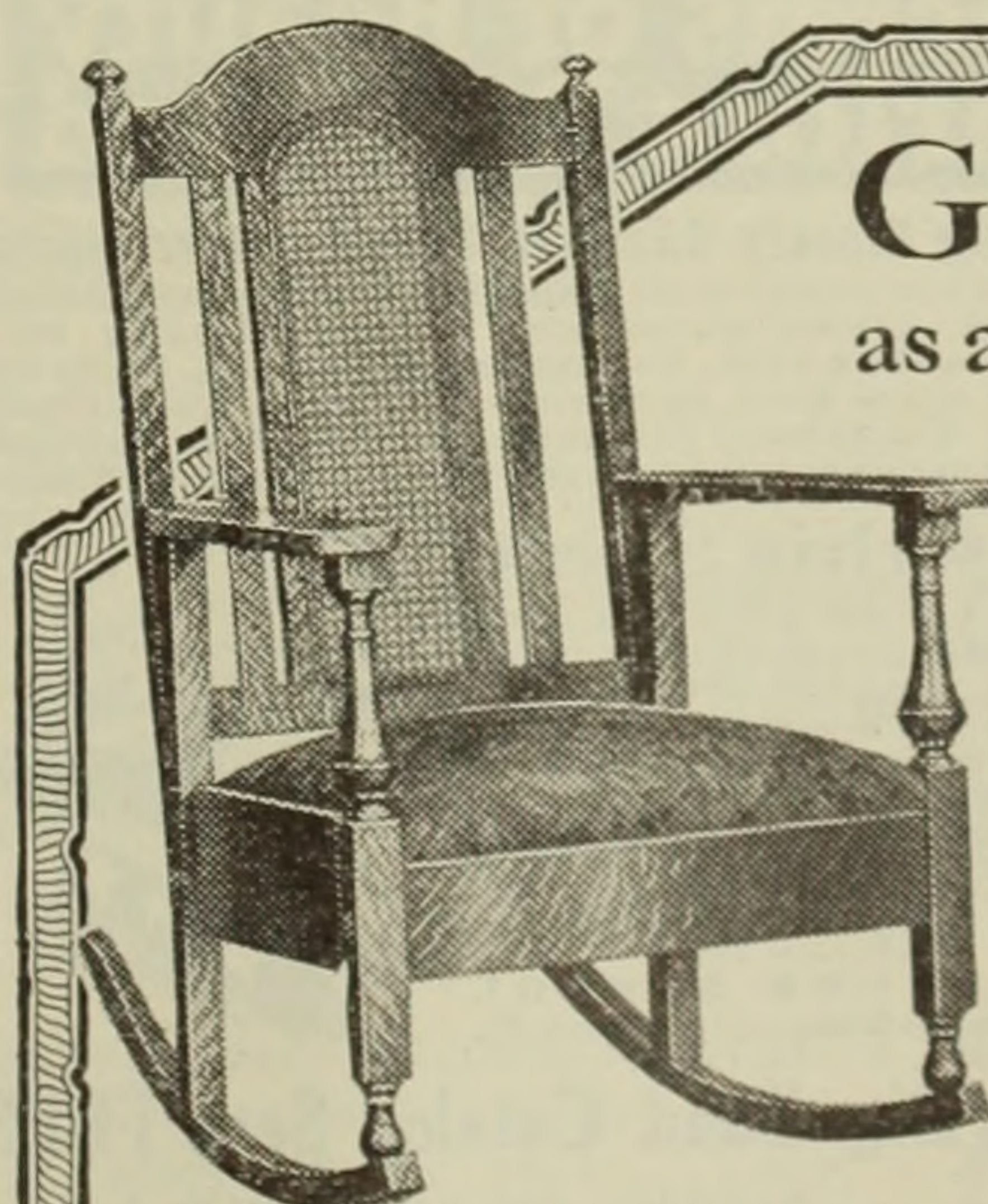
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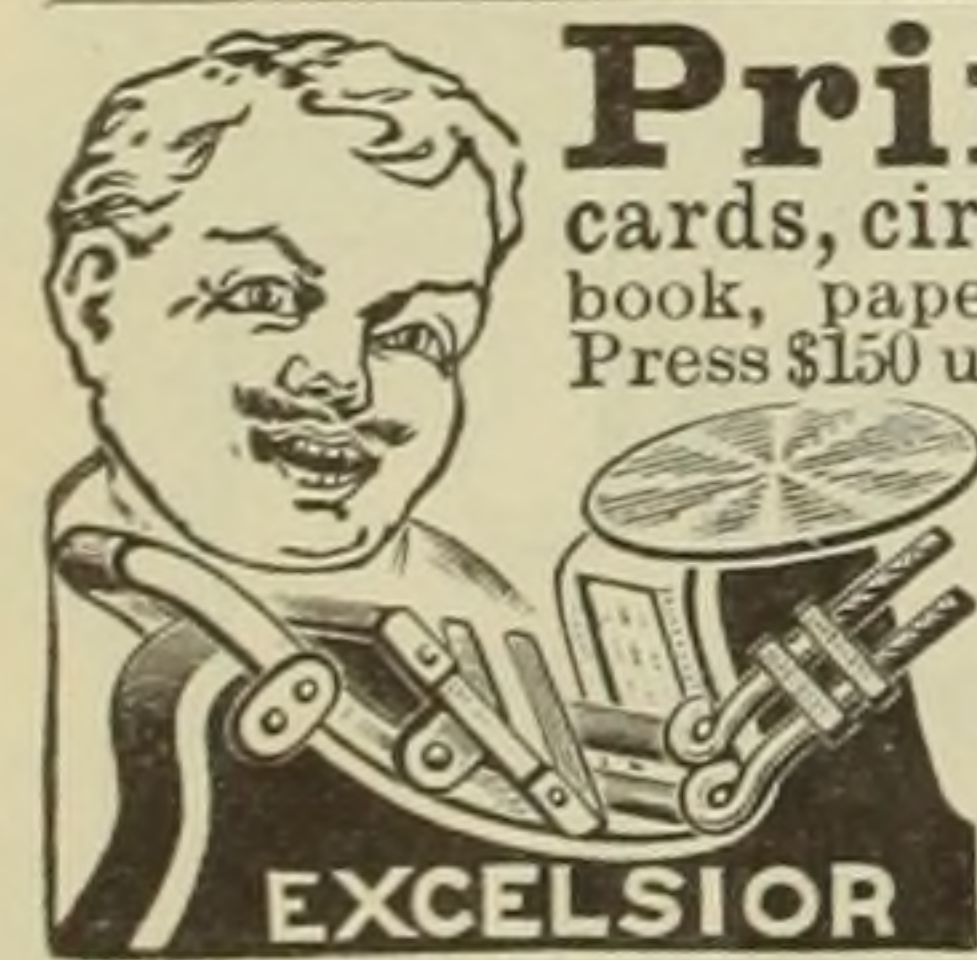
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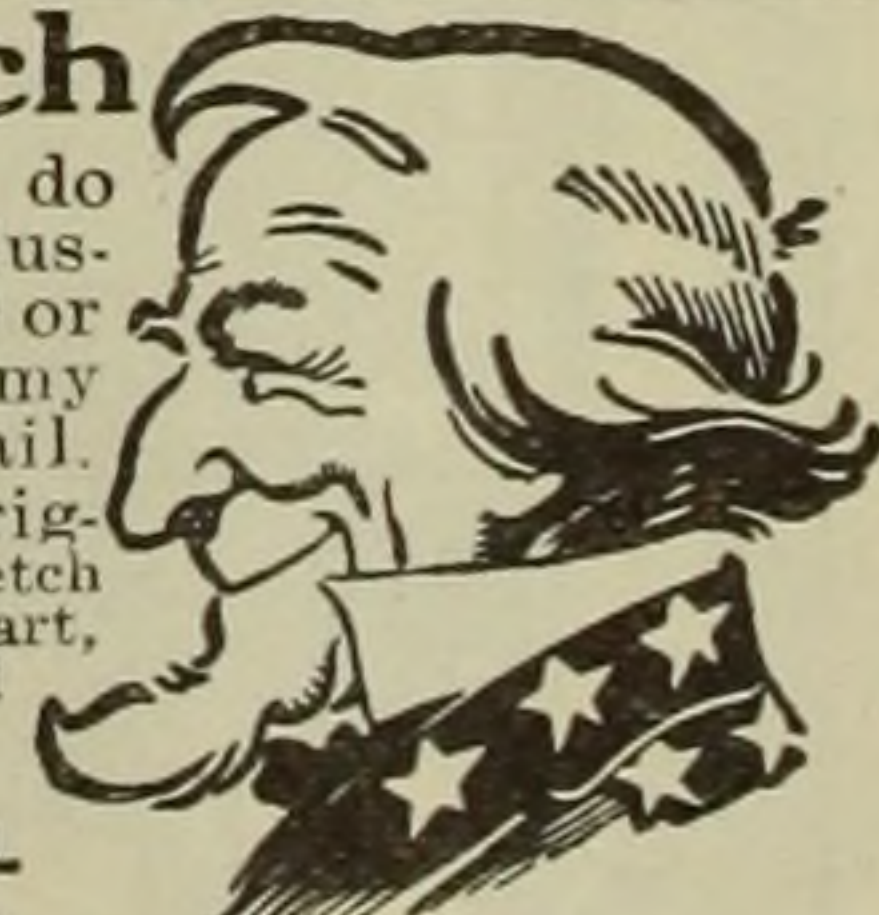
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Seven Heavens

(Concluded)

Melvin Rogers, who had also noted the same phenomenon, sat miserably on the curb half way down the block.

As he thought back on the unexpected warmth of her caresses he groaned aloud "I wish that I were dead."

III

"Back again I see," said the Boy Scout greeting Corbin Banks briskly. "We have been expecting you for about an hour. Here's your saxophone. Sound your A and follow me to the band rehearsal."

Griffith's Newest Heroine

(Continued from page 31)

intelligent, she has always something in reserve. Aloof, unconsciously. Unless she is such an actress that she can't help acting all the time.

Like all the girls who are the heroines of Griffith pictures, she is gentle; not shunning publicity, but not seeking it. The great director either selects heroines of that type, or else he molds them into it. At any rate, it is very refreshing. They are never blatant; always humorous, kind, companionable; sometimes subtle.

Not that Miss Dempster is not original. She is. I met her at her dentist's office, and went with her to a quiet tea-room. She was dressed divinely. She is one of the fortunate *femmes* who can wear long gowns and shoes and hats. She has an air of distinction somewhat like Irene Castle's, except that Miss Dempster is not nearly as theatrical. She has the dancer's body and the dancer's poise. Her face is different. She is one of those rare women who can think without wrinkling her brow.

Carol Dempster has a reputation for being "up-stage." To my mind, she is only shy. Not shy in the high-school manner, nor yet the sub-deb; but mentally reserved. I know that I have liked her better every time I have seen her.

She has never had the long theatrical apprenticeship of two-thirds of the screen girls. She was never on the stage except in a few brief appearances with the Ruth St. Denis dancers, and then, I believe, never in public. She was carefully brought up, and has little of that *camaraderie* that invariably distinguishes the stage person. She is not, in the *patois*, much of a mixer.

Consider the difference between this child who has been in public life only three years, and others have served years on the stage and screen. She has, to the casual observer, been very lucky in her career. She has simply drifted into a very enviable job. They seem not to consider that she could very easily drift out again if she had not the courage of her dramatic convictions.

If good taste means anything—good taste, and intelligence, and a perfect poise, then she will go very far indeed. She is an example of what intelligence can achieve if directed in the right way.

You may think you don't like her in pictures. But you will go to see her again. How do you explain that?

You would never think she could swim, ride, and dance like a professional. Those aquatic stunts in "The Love Flower" were not performed by a double. They were Miss Dempster's own. I should like to see her in other active roles.

The most interesting thing about her is her future. It holds great promise. Because she is different, she will not get ahead as fast as others who conform to cinematic rules and regulations. But some day I am sure we shall see her make a fine picture, or appear in a great play.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 102)

JIM.—Glad to get a he-letter once in a while. Don't blame you for liking Gloria. She was born, not on the Nile, but in prosaic Chicago, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. Miss Swanson was divorced from Herbert K. Sanborn some time ago. She has a sweet little daughter.

GERALDINE.—The month's most popular name. Lila Lee is a featured player. She was a star and will probably be one again. Didn't you read “A Game Girl,” that good story about her, in last month's PHOTOPLAY?

JEALOUS.—I'm sorry I answered Olga before I answered you. It so happened that Olga's missive came in first. Letters are answered in order, no matter how charming they may be. Elliott Dexter is not English—he told me so himself, but he added that every one thought he was because he was called the English actor when he was on the stage. Had a card from Elliott, from France. Some of his photoplays were: “The Whispering Chorus,” “We Can't Have Everything,” “The Squaw Man,” “Old Wives for New,” “Don't Tell Everything,” and “The Affairs of Anatol.” His last picture before sailing for Europe on a long vacation was “Grand Larceny,” for Goldwyn.

C. P., OAKLAND.—Well, I don't get quite as many letters from you Californians as I do from easterners and middle-westerners. It's no particular treat to a non-professional Hollywoodian to pass Gloria or Bill or Bebe on the street. Anita Stewart has lately appeared in “A Question of Honor,” “Her Mad Bargain,” and “Rose O' the Sea.” I think Miss Stewart is a splendid actress but her pictures have not been good. However, I am not the Shadow Stage. Richard Barthelmess does the finest work of his worthy career in “Tol'able David,” and I don't care who knows I think so. The department of criticism happens to agree with me, so it's almost all right. Mary Hay is Mrs. Dick Barthelmess. She is not on the stage at present—she sang and danced in the Follies and “Sally.”

OLA, AUSTRALIA.—Juanita Hansen is still living. So is Theda Bara. Wonder how these cheerful little rumors get around, anyway? Hope Hampton's address is Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C. Buck Jones, 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles, Cal. Marie Prevost, 451 South Hampshire, L. A., Cal.

RUBY AND JOYCE.—Honored, I'm sure. So nice of you to be so nice to me. Now that we have exchanged compliments, suppose we proceed: Monte Blue is married. His latest appearances are in Mae Murray's “Peacock Alley” and Griffith's “The Two Orphans.” He's a good actor, I think.

BETTY.—How demure! What a relief from the ostentatious stationery of the two young ladies directly above. Yours is such a sweet, simple little combination of pale orange and pink. I have no record of a film called “The Wild Cat.” There is a musical comedy by that name running in New York at present. At least, it was the last time I picked up the paper.

(Continued on page 121)



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEAT'G | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text. Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking |
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ADELE MILLAR'S Wonder Peel Paste

4 Days—1 Hour Each Day

REMOVES FRECKLES

Pimples, blackheads, tightens baggy skin, crows feet, contracts enlarged and coarse pores.

Complete with cream, lotion, medicated powder and soap for Home Treatment.

Postpaid. Please enclose 4 per cent Tax **\$10.00**

Literature for treatment of Face, Hair and Scalp upon request. The famous 100 Toilet Preparations.



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*Be Well
why not?*

I HAVE helped 100,000 women in the last 20 years to regain health, vivacity, magnetism and self-poise. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and colds have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Be happy! Enjoy life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE.

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 100,000 women, I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Let me help you.

Perfect Your Figure

Don't envy a friend who has a beautiful figure; perfect your own. You can have as good a figure as any woman you see. You can do this with just a little time and properly directed effort in the privacy of your room.

A simple dress on a well-proportioned figure looks better than an expensive gown on a poor figure.

Here are samples of letters from pupils:

"Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel so strong and at least 15 years younger."

"My weight has increased 30 pounds. I don't know what indigestion is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby."

I receive a number of such letters every day. Leading magazines editorially endorse my work. Physicians approve it. Their wives and daughters are my pupils.

Thousands of Women Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in New York, 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 Crocroft

Dept. 35 1819 Broadway New York City



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 67)

**PEACOCK ALLEY—
Tiffany Productions**

MAE MURRAY, one of our most unusual and interesting actresses, is worthy of better material than is provided for her in this. It is an old, old story—all about the little French dancer who married a middle-western American, and how she disgraced him, and how he forged a check to support her in the manner to which she had been accustomed in that dear Paris, etc., etc. The Paris of this photoplay is the village deacon's idea. Miss Murray brings to her rôle her misty eyes, her svelte figure, and her accomplished technique. She is entirely delightful as usual and some of her close-ups are marvellously beautiful. Robert Leonard directed, and did some splendid work. But even the Murray-Leonard combination and Monte Blue as a leading man, need a good story.

THE BEGGAR MAID—Triart

AN idea! This company is producing a little two-reeler based on famous paintings. This, the first, is Burne-Jones' "Beggar Maid." It is delightfully directed by Herbert Blaché, and Mary Astor is a beautiful *Maid*. This little classic should have your applause and praise.

LADIES MUST LIVE—Paramount

IF the late George Loane Tucker could see his name boldly billed as the director of "Ladies Must Live" he would probably writhe in agony in his grave. It is difficult to believe that the director of "The Miracle Man" was responsible for that hodge podge, as it appeared on the screen. Tucker started it but died before its completion. It is not a fair epitaph. If you can follow it through without saying once to your friend in the next seat, "What's it all about?" we hereby present you with the solid spaghetti shoe laces.

FIGHTIN' MAD—Metro

WILLIAM DESMOND attempts to portray an Arizona *d'Artagnan* in "Fightin' Mad," and accomplishes his task in satisfactory fashion. It is actually "The Three Musketeers" in a Rio Grande setting, with three border policemen in the leading rôles. One for all and all for one, they outwit a gang of Mexican desperados, and save the beautiful heroine from "death—or worse."

WHITE OAK—Paramount

THERE is nothing startling in the announcement that "White Oak," Bill Hart's latest offering, is a western melodrama, concerning a straight shooting, hard riding hero who shoots down a lot of redskins while they are attacking a defenseless prairie train. There is also nothing startling in the announcement that all this provides excellent entertainment.

THE SILENT CALL—First National

THE featured player in "The Silent Call" is a giant police dog, named "Strongheart," and he has more claim to stellar honors than most of the mere mortals whose names occupy the electric signs. "The Silent Call" is full of action. It was written by Jane Murfin and directed by Larry Trimble, a good combination. The work of the dog star is remarkable.

"JACKIE"—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON being so darn cute that you want to annihilate her. The story is harmless enough. Take the children—if you're not very fond of them.

(Continued on page 119)

Improve your Figure

**Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments**

How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

**Develops Erect
Graceful Figure**

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.



KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

**Wear it 30 Days Free
At Our Expense**

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

**HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
330 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas**

**\$75 a Week
as a Cartoonist**

**New Way Makes It Easy
To Learn at Home**

At last a method has been devised by which anyone can enter the high-paid, fascinating profession of cartooning. The old "in-born talent" theory is exploded. From years of practical experience, one of America's foremost cartoonists has developed a wonderful new way of training, by which, in a few hours a week delightful spare time home study, you can qualify for one of the big jobs open in this uncrowded field.



**The Most Fascinating
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The demand for cartoonists is growing greater every day. Your own boss, high pay, easy hours—these are the things cartooning holds for you. And \$75.00 a week is not at all an unusual salary for a beginner! Many of our students start selling pictures even before they finish training. You can do as well or even better! And through this amazing new method.

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"How to Become a Cartoonist" tells you all about this wonderful, easy method, what our students have done, and all about the wonderful opportunities awaiting you in this field. Get your start in this big paying profession NOW. Write for the booklet TODAY.

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Prove It At My Expense**



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for hundreds and thousands of others in the last six months. I claim that FAIRYFOOT is the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you Free. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot and I have such confidence in it that I will send you a sample treatment absolutely FREE and afterwards a full size box C. O. D. which you can accept or not just as you wish. It is a simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the bunion enlargement and thus the ugly deformity disappears—Just send name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 118)

LA TOSCA—Paramount

AN evening of operatic entertainment is crowded into two reels in the screen version of "La Tosca," and there is no doubt that the condensation has been skilfully handled. With Pauline Frederick as *Tosca*, there is a wealth of fine emotional acting.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

"THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND" is a reproduction, in miniature, of the famous sea fight which decided the question of naval supremacy during the great war. There are many real thrills in the film for the average spectator, but it is chiefly designed for the trained observer who is interested in the tactics of naval manoeuver.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND—

F. B. Warren

THE flavor of Dickens does not photograph well, and consequently "Our Mutual Friend" is not particularly impressive as a picture. Though the production has been carefully handled, and the characterization faithfully carried out, there is a certain atmosphere lacking. The picture was made abroad, and there is consequently more intelligence evident in the costumes and the *mis-en-scene* than is customary in American productions of this nature. Catherine Reese and Evan Rostrup are capable performers in the leading rôles.

DON'T TELL EVERYTHING—

Paramount

IT is surprising that so obvious a plot could be made into so entertaining a photoplay. Here's the everlasting triangle, with our gorgeous Gloria Swanson engaged to our irresponsible Wallace Reid, while the Other Woman tries every art at her command to win him away. Elliott Dexter, the philosophical bachelor, stands by and renders first aid.

GRAND LARCENY—Goldwyn

THIS might be called "Much Ado About Nothing," and it is unfortunate that the talent of Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter and Lowell Sherman should be wasted upon it. A series of forced situations lead up to an impossible climax, the woman to all appearances a brainless pawn in the hands of two equally brainless men. Not so good.

RIDING WITH DEATH—Fox

THE usual western. Mortgages will be mortgages, it seems, though locale may change from the Old Homestead to the Old Ranch House. They are to be fought over, wept over, and there's always a heroine to be sacrificed. But she isn't. Charles (Buck) Jones sees to that. Bullets, sudden death, and Betty Francisco in hoop-skirts.

THE MILLIONAIRE—Universal

HERBERT RAWLINSON, he of the curly hair and the iron fist, has a smashing time of it, here, in a movie for those who enjoy excitingly impossible stories. Herb is threatened by a gang of murderers, when he inherits a vast fortune. His experiences would make anyone's hair curl. The moral seems to be "Beware of West 46th St., N. Y. C." That's where it all happened.

WHAT DO MEN WANT?—

F. B. Warren

LOIS WEBER'S production, "What Do Men Want?" is a box office attraction in name only. However, it is well staged and well acted by Claire Windsor and Frank Glendon.

(Continued on page 120)

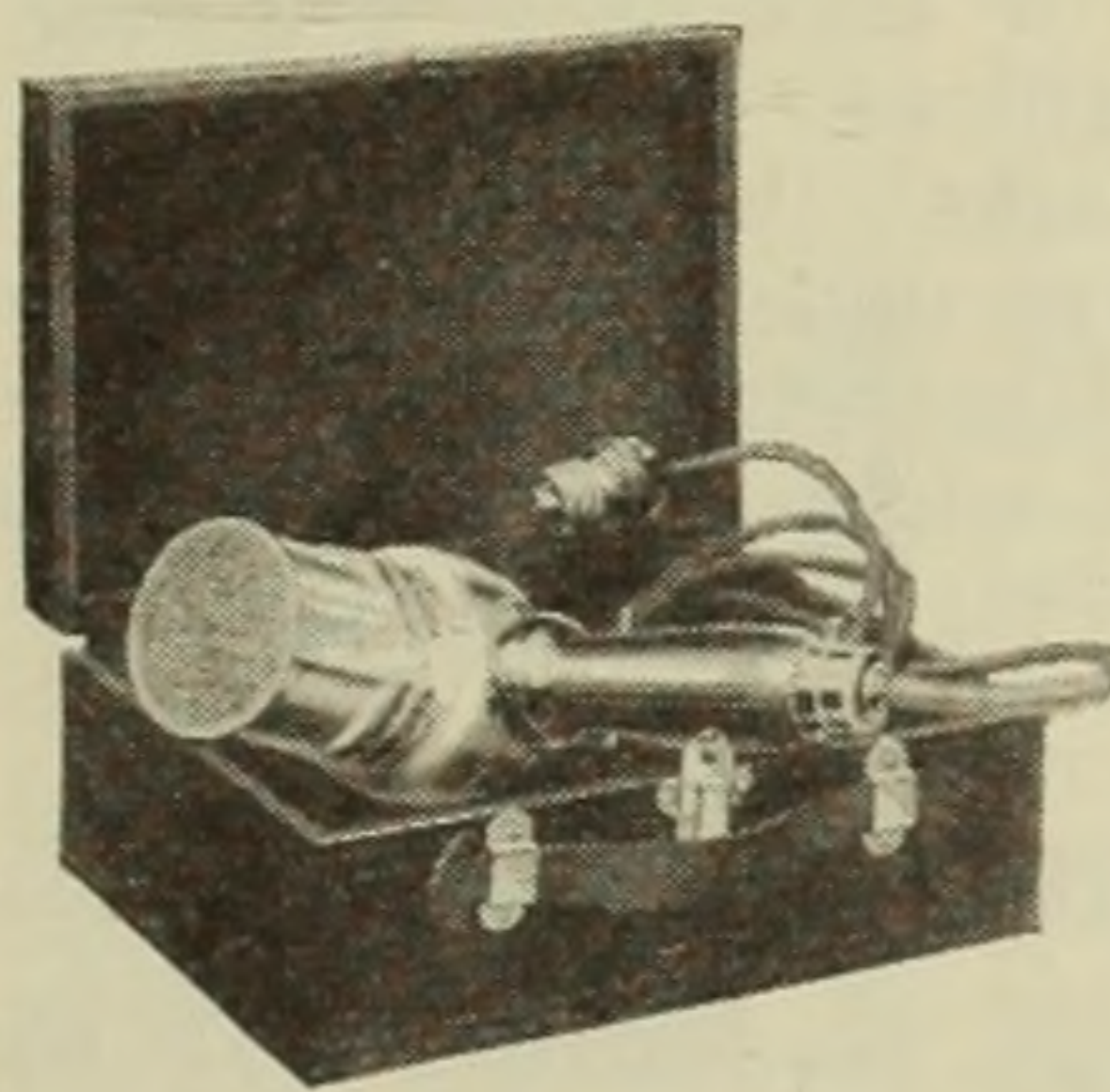


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Star!

A Wonderful

Electric Hair Dryer!

\$12.50
Complete



Yes, wonderful. It's the *lightest*. Mostly sparkling aluminum. It's the most efficient, most convenient. Loads of delightful hot or cold air instantly. Just by pressing the handle button. Packed in handsome, black, leatherized box. Works on any current. Six feet of cord. At Drug, Department, Hardware, Electrical Stores. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn.

STAR Electrical Necessities

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed enclose 4 cents postage.

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All wool French serge dress designed for women with large figures to dress becomingly. Makes the figure appear slim and those having large busts and hips will enjoy an abundance of comfort wearing it. Has ¾ length sleeves and closes down front with buttons of self-material. The silk piping and beautiful design of silk embroidery in contrasting colors add to its becomingness. Sash belt all around. Color: Navy only. Sizes: 39 to 53.

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We recommend this dress for maternity wear, inasmuch as we fit it with a special elastic band, assuring the wearer absolute comfort and perfect fit.

SEND NO MONEY

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WELL MAID MFG. CO.
145 Madison Ave., New York

Value \$20.00
Write for FREE CATALOG

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

SCHOOL DAYS—Warner Brothers

A STORY that takes you back across the years—with Wesley Barry as the magician. Eternal youth and sunshine in the first three reels—and a lot of rather cheap vaudeville hookum in the end. Wesley Barry's parting with his dog is one of the finest bits on the screen today. By all means take the children!

EXIT THE VAMP—Paramount

EVERY now and then someone gives us an unpleasant surprise. Ethel Clayton is not to blame for this one, though she figures as the heroine of the unlvely tale. It's a senseless, vapid story in which a vamp of the 1912 movie type seeks to wreck the well known Happy Home. Ethel gathers together a few beads and admirers, and there's that.

FALSE KISSES—Universal

MISS Du Pont's second release is but little better than her first. We find the luckless lady the wife of a light-tender far out from the mainland. And she just hates the ocean. So she scowls unhappily and unbecomingly most of the time. Pat O'Malley scowls back. The title? Just one of Universal's little jokes.

THE BOAT—First National

BUSTER KEATON, out on the sad sea waves in a trick boat which in itself is a most ingenious contrivance, with masts and smokestacks that obligingly flatten themselves to go under the lowest of bridges, is certainly a laugh-getter. The time is coming, evidently, when comedies will rank far above the average program release. Small wonder.

HER MAD BARGAIN—First National

THIS picture is exactly what the title infers, the cheapest sort of melodrama. It is a mystery how Producer Mayer with as well known a star as Anita Stewart, can turn out such trash. The story, what there is of it, is told entirely in the subtitles. They read like a dime novel. A crass stupidity.

CHEATED HEARTS—Universal

ALTHOUGH the title doesn't seem to mean anything, there's a lot of the good old stuff about a strong man and drink—proving that, if the man is strong enough, etc. A rather unnecessary moral these days. The scene leaps from America to Paris and then Morocco. Marjorie Daw's hair is lovely, as usual. It can't hurt the children.

THE GOLDEN GIFT—Metro

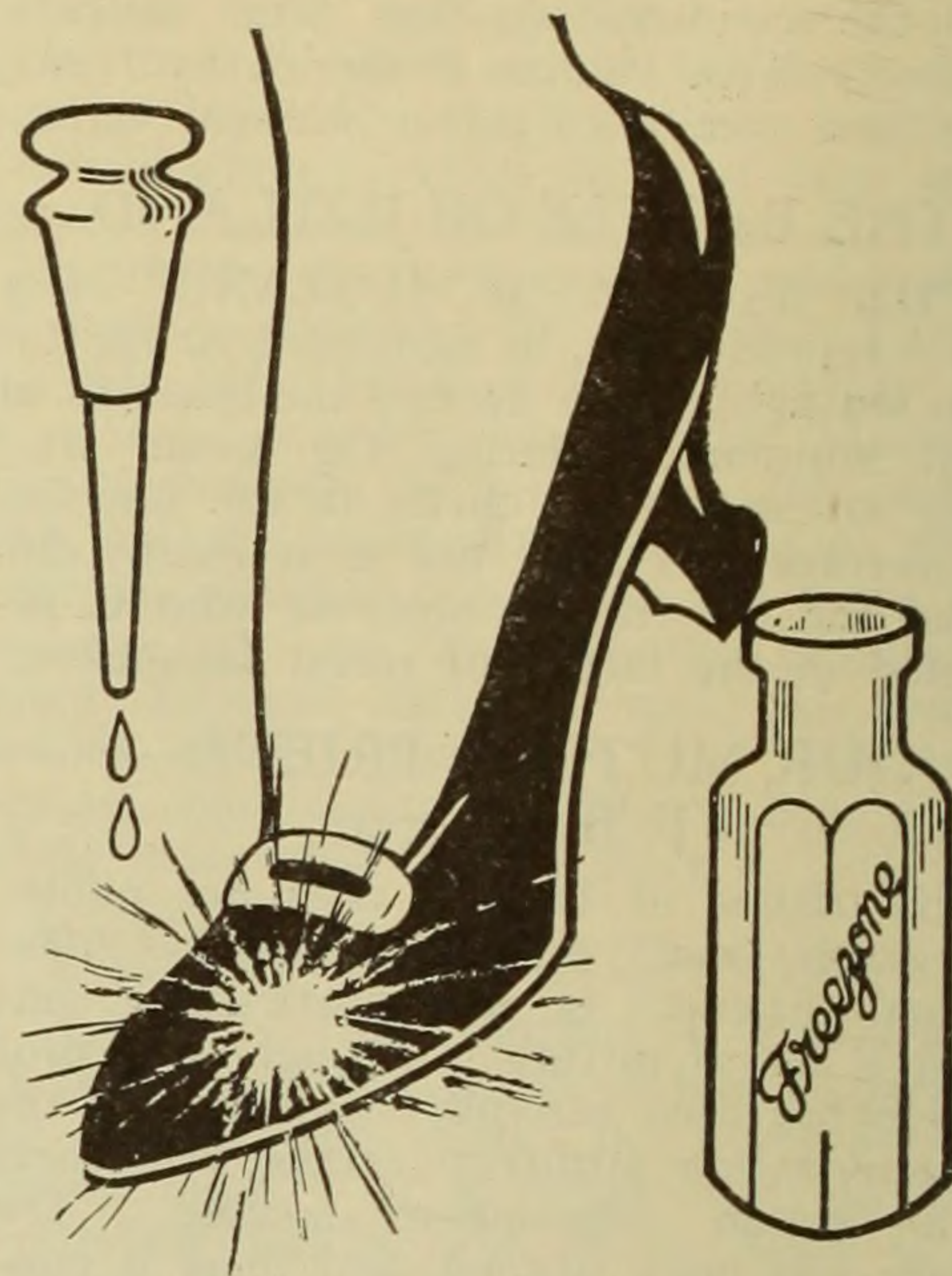
A GOOD plot for the whole family—it only taxes the imagination at times. The story of a diva's struggle in choosing between two "golden gifts"—motherhood versus a career. Alice Lake plays the singer rather well, John Bowers is a good leading man, and Harriet Hammond is as decorative in regular clothes as she was in a bathing suit.

TRAILIN'—Fox

"HE looks like a tenderfoot," they say of Tom Mix, "an' talks like a tenderfoot, but he ain't no tenderfoot!" And—judging by the number of men he kills with one revolver and no visible supply of cartridges—they're right! This should make Tom more popular than ever in the provinces. Eva Novak is pretty. And if the children aren't nervous, take 'em. It's clean.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

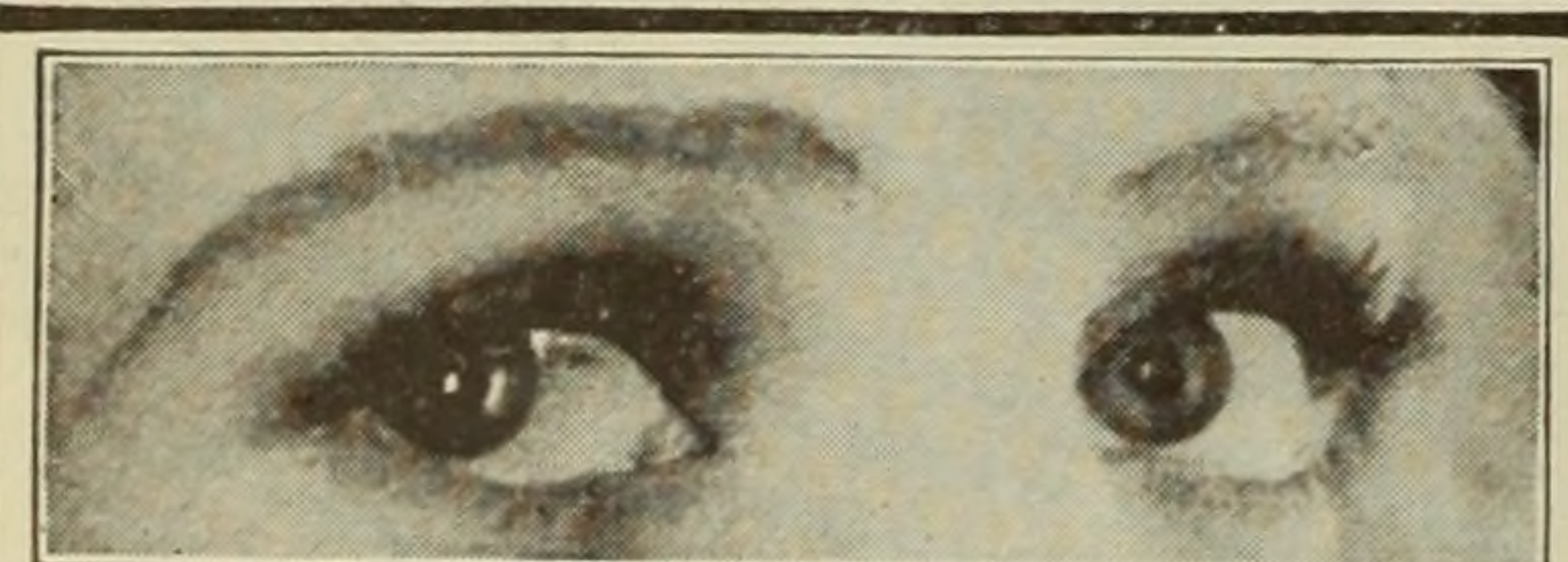
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

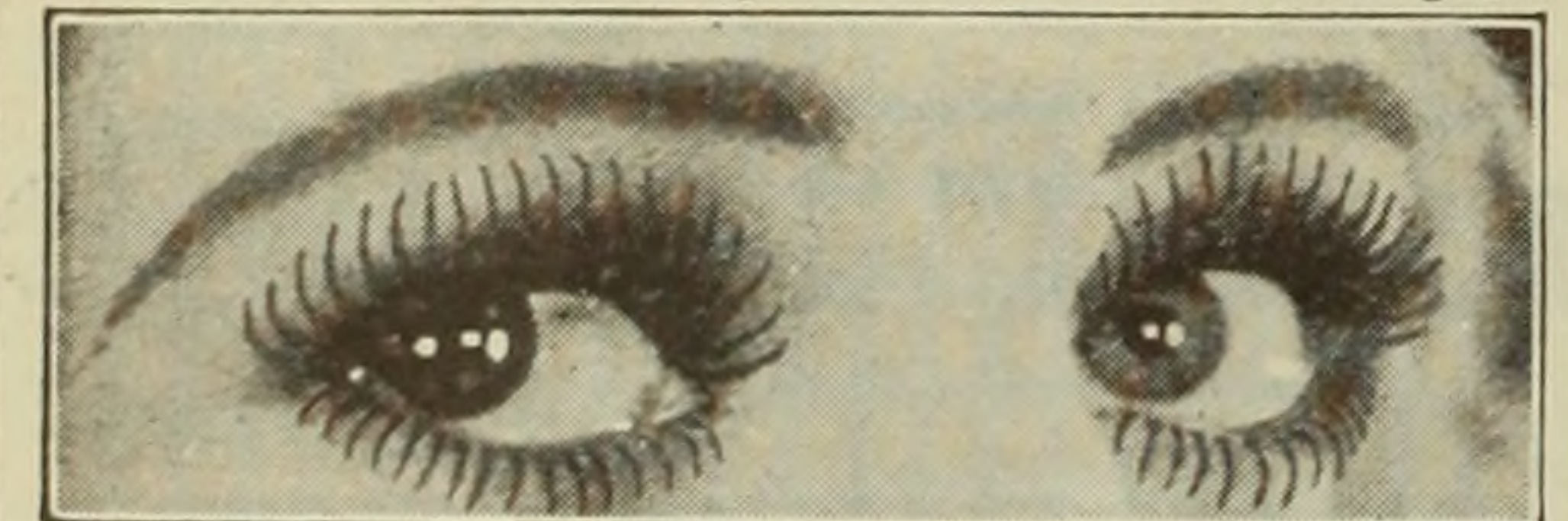
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



Note the remarkable improvement in the same eyes



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Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two shades, *Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes*; 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

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MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes

FOR YOUR EYES But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition

Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning." Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.

Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 117)

JOHN L., SPOKANE.—Howdy, old timer! I thought you'd stopped reading this department for good. Webster Campbell played the part of Craig Winchell and Frank Currier the part of John Winchell in "Pleasure Seekers," with Elaine Hammerstein. I don't see many of her pictures.

LILLIAN MAE.—You want to see pictures and stories about Hoot Gibson? This must be attended to at once. I'll see to it myself. If you write to Universal, at Universal City, Cal., Gibson will surely send you his photograph. If he doesn't, he's an unappreciative cuss. You sure are a Gibson fan. May Allison is now Mrs. Bob Ellis. There are pictures of the newly-weds in this issue of the Magazine.

PAULINE B., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—So this was your first attempt in writing to me. I hope it will not be your last. I liked your letter. Thanks for all you say. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Wallace Reid to Dorothy Davenport, who returned to the screen in a Lester Cuneo picture. The Reids have one son, Bill.

H. N. B., BROOKLYN.—Alice Calhoun is a charming girl, and entirely worthy of your admiration. She has very beautiful brown eyes and hair, is not married, and lives with her mother in a Hollywood bungalow while she is making pictures for Vitagraph in their western studio.

BARRIE BORE.—I don't think anyone who reads and studies Barrie could be a bore. I like the little Scotchman's books, and have read "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel" many times. Betty Compson plays *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister."

MARY ANN.—You want to know all about the studios? My dear child, we can't get out a special edition even to please you. However—most of the studios are in Hollywood, California. Others are in Fort Lee, N. J., Mamaroneck, N. Y., and Pathe, 1990 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. Tom Moore is now the husband of Renee Adoree. The former Mrs. Tom, Alice Joyce, is now married to James Regan, Jr., and the mother of another little girl. You can get a complete list of studios from the directory.

BEATRICE.—Mary and Doug have given up their California home and studio, and so I don't know where they will live when they return to this country. By the time you read this, they will probably be back in America. Although they have changed their plans so often I wouldn't count on that. Mrs. Pickford, Lottie, and Jack, and Lottie's little girl went abroad with the Fairbanks party.

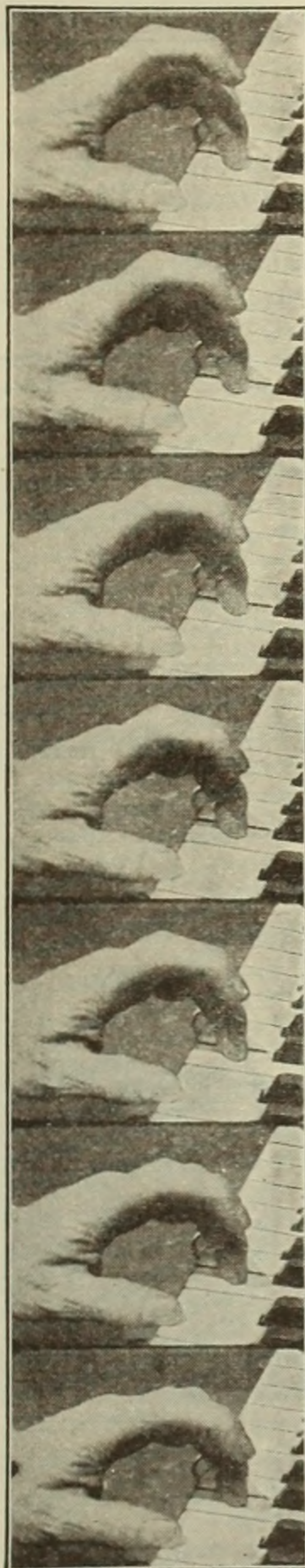
HAZEL F., CHICAGO.—I don't know whether or not Eugene O'Brien is as popular as he was a year ago. That's not my business. He is still with Selznick. Ruth Roland may be reached at 605 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Viola Dana, Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal. Josephine Campbell,

(Continued on page 122)

I Teach You Piano In Half Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

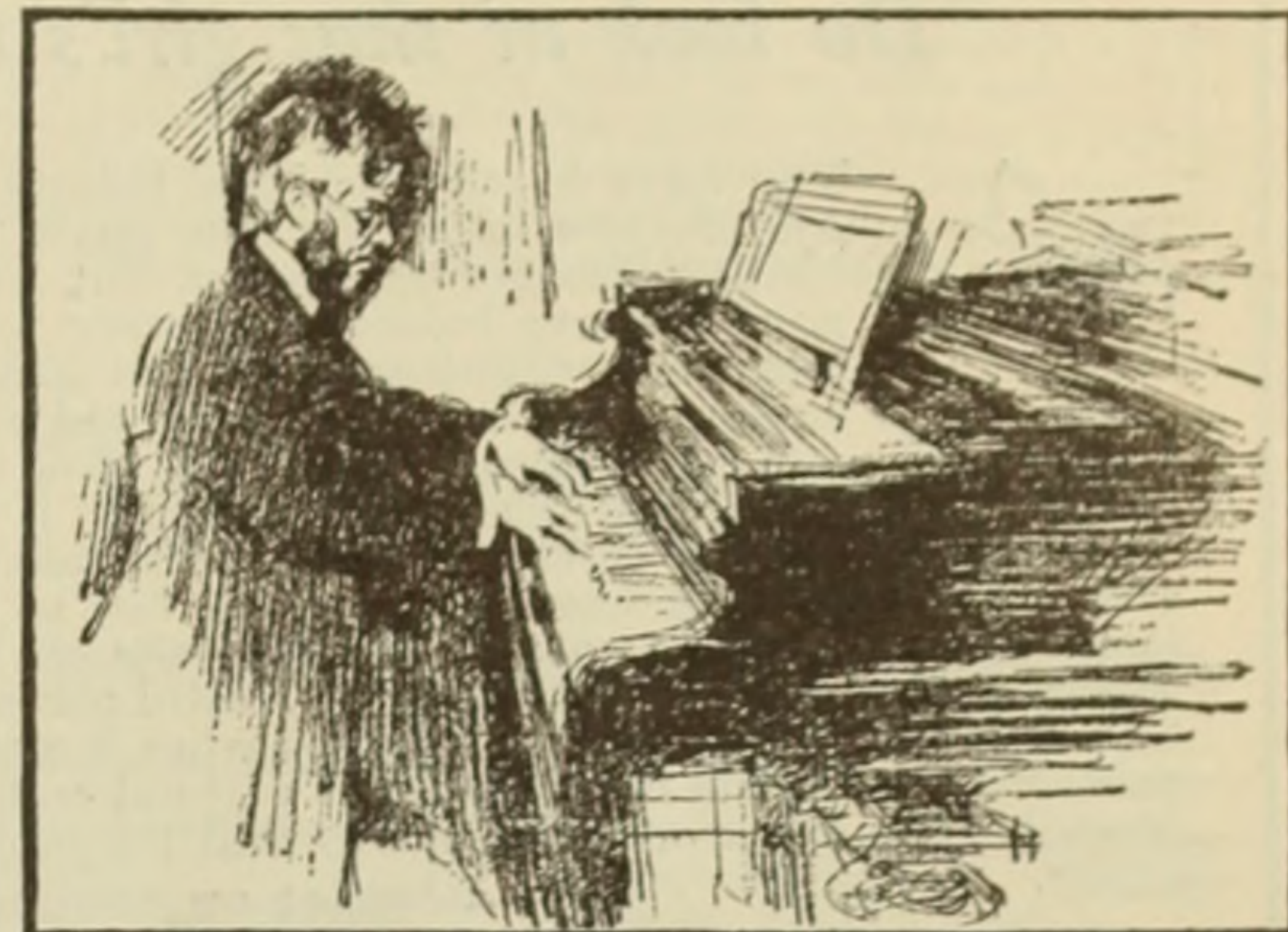
There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me by mail. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOR-TONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOR-TONE and QUINN-DEX

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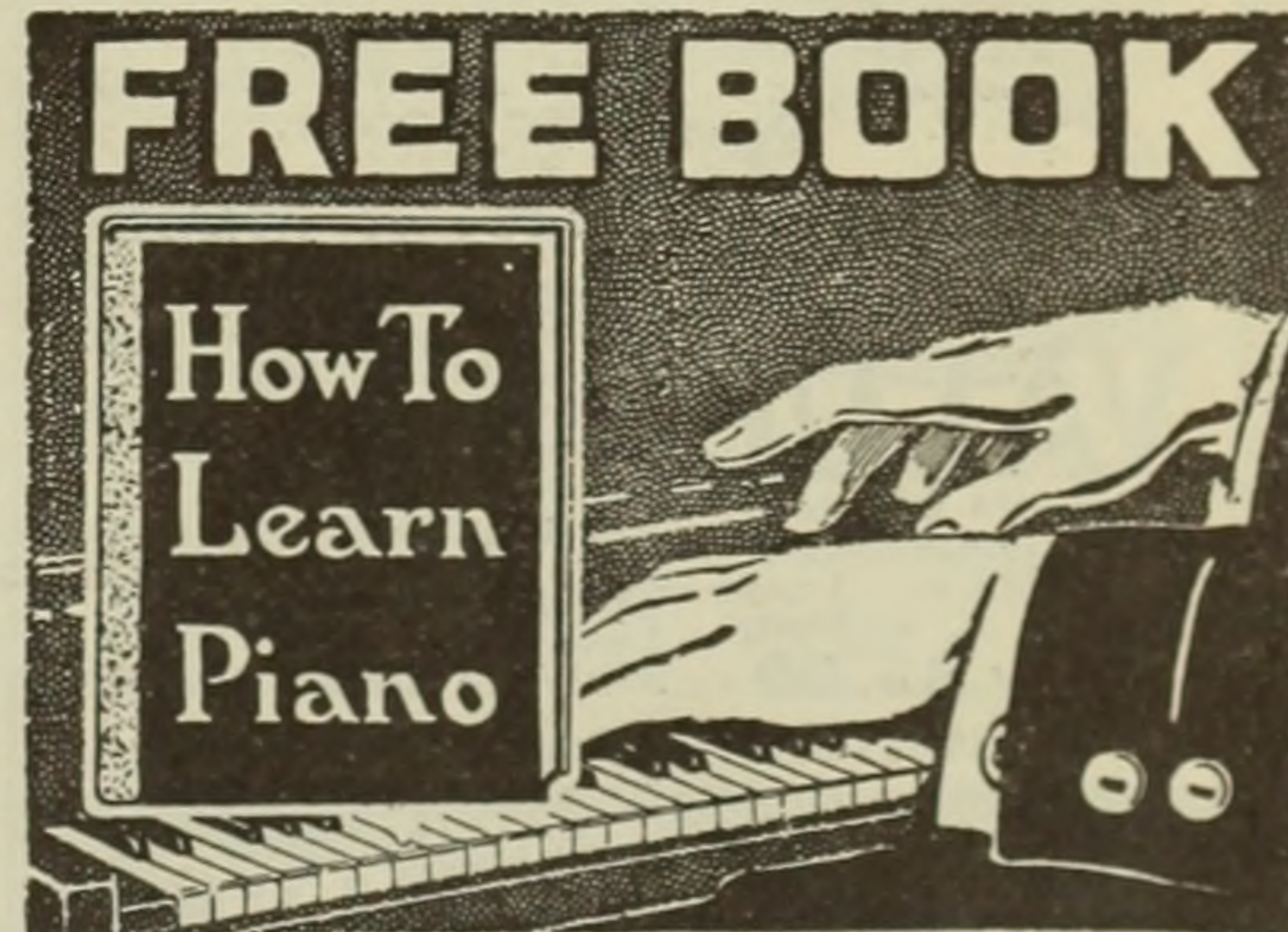


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO
From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

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Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others; and even for the wealthiest student there is nothing *better* at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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Make Eyes Beautiful

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MARVELLA.—Where—did—you—get—that—name? I hope you did not make it up for yourself. But imagine naming a baby that—Marvella. My word! Kenneth Harlan is divorced from his wife. Betty Hilburn had the title rôle of "Girl of the Sea."

ANN AND FRANCES.—Of course I like you kids. I like you better than the grown-up young ladies who write to me. But don't tell them I said so. They might think I meant it. I like to dance occasionally but I don't get much time. Irene Castle is now dancing at the Knickerbocker Grill in Manhattan. She is not making a picture right now. She is the wife of Robert Treman of Ithaca, N. Y.

LILLIAN, OKLAHOMA CITY.—Thank you for the bouquets, I bow, I bow. Dorothy Des Devore is one of the Christie cavorters. She is not married. Some of the Christie comedies are quite clever, I think. I like a good laugh. I am one of those objectionable laughers. I pound my neighbors on the back and stamp and roar. Charlie, of course, is the funniest person I ever saw. I wish he would make more pictures, but I suppose if he did the world would die laughing.

S. E., BLUFFTON, INDIANA.—Of course if you say I am clever, I must be. You have such good taste, my dear. Ann Little is now working in a new Ben Wilson serial called "Nanette of the North." I haven't seen Ann since she left the Paramount people. She was fine in "The Squaw Man."

BOBBIE, OTTAWA.—You call me Mister Mystery. Wait until you see the handsome portrait of me in the next issue among the contributors to PHOTOPLAY. I won't be a mystery any longer. I'll be a misery, more likely. I should think you would be only too glad to get an autographed photograph of Thomas Meighan.

MADGE.—I saw Madge Evans the other day and I think she is a charming child—unaffected and sweet. Her mother is most intelligent. Madge has her own company now.

I. N., LIMA, OHIO.—Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin. They have no children. Theda is not making any pictures now. I don't know when she is coming back.

JAM.—The Talmadges are not related to the great evangelist because they have a "d" in their last name. It is not Talmage, but Talmadge. It is their real name, and their father is living. He is employed at the Talmadge company. Charles Meredith is married. His wife, is, I believe, very wealthy in her own right. I saw Meredith in a New York restaurant the other day. I don't know what he is doing on the screen at present.

ANNE S.—The heroine of "The Haunted Pajamas" was Carmel Myers, that was one of the late Harold Lockwood's best pictures. Carmel is now co-starring with Wallace MacDonald in a Vitagraph serial.

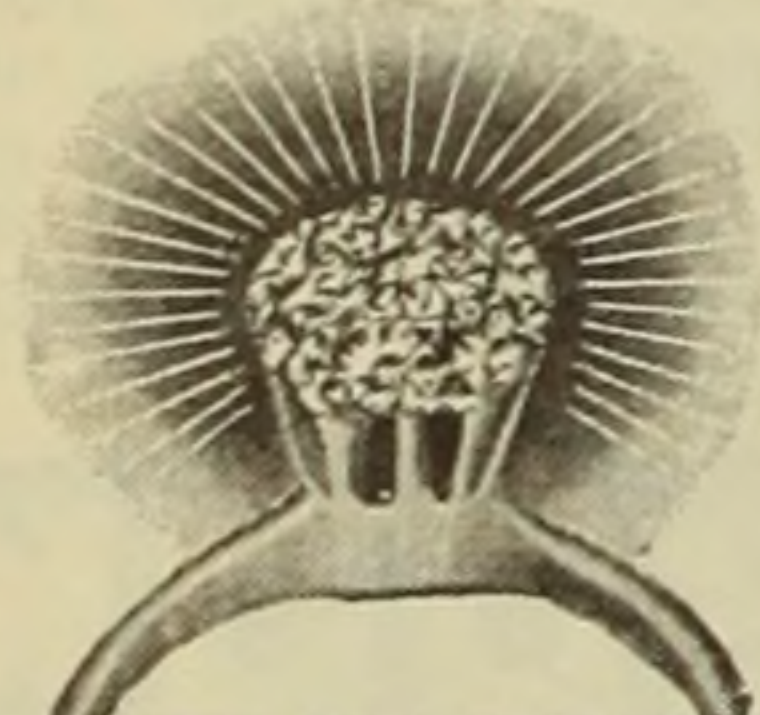
JOE H., BOSTON.—Bessie Eyton in "The Man of Honor." I think Bessie is on the stage now. Jack Mulhall was born in New York City, October 7, 1891. Mulhall is a widower. He is the hero of Mabel Normand's "Molly O."

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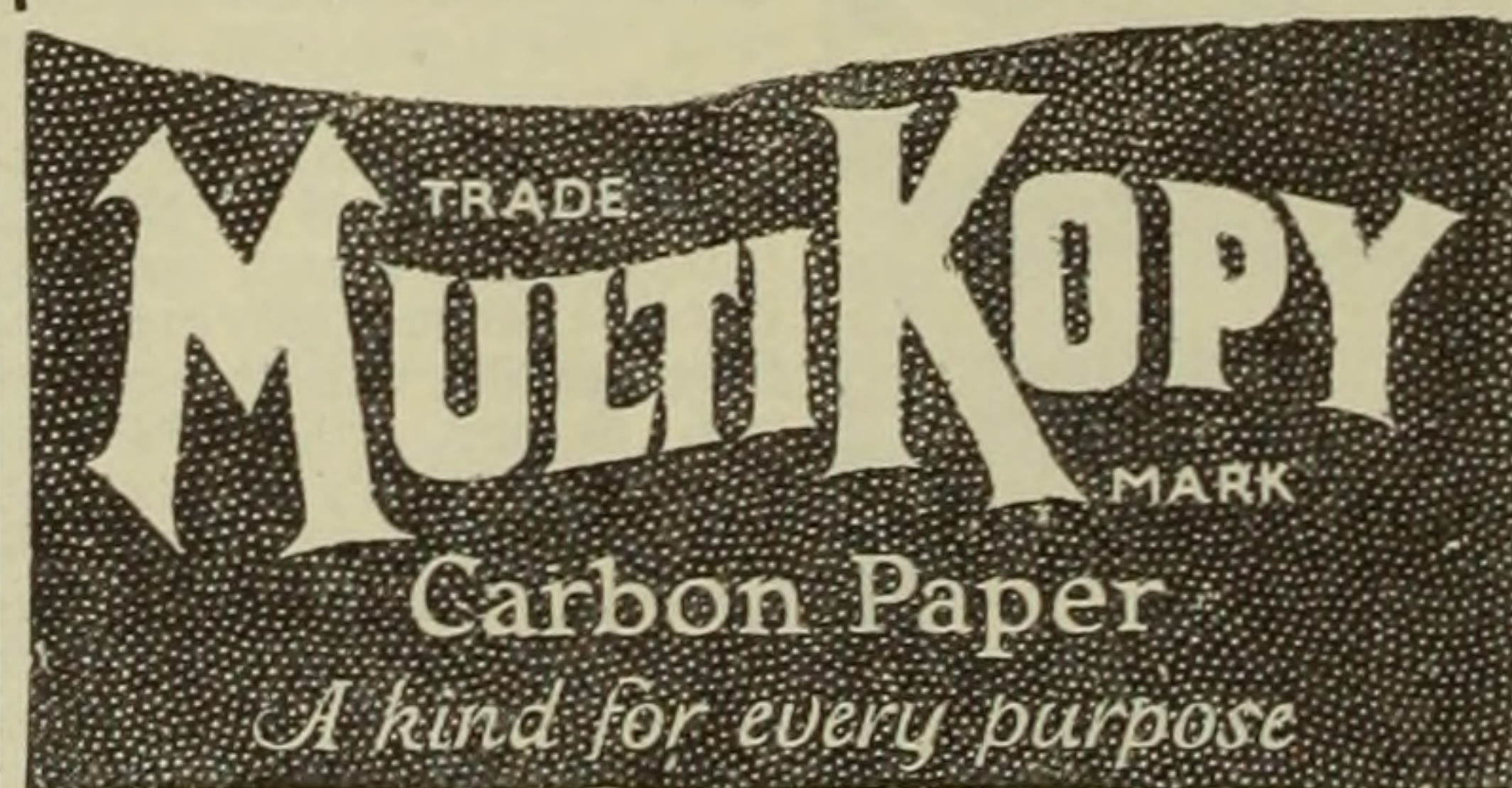
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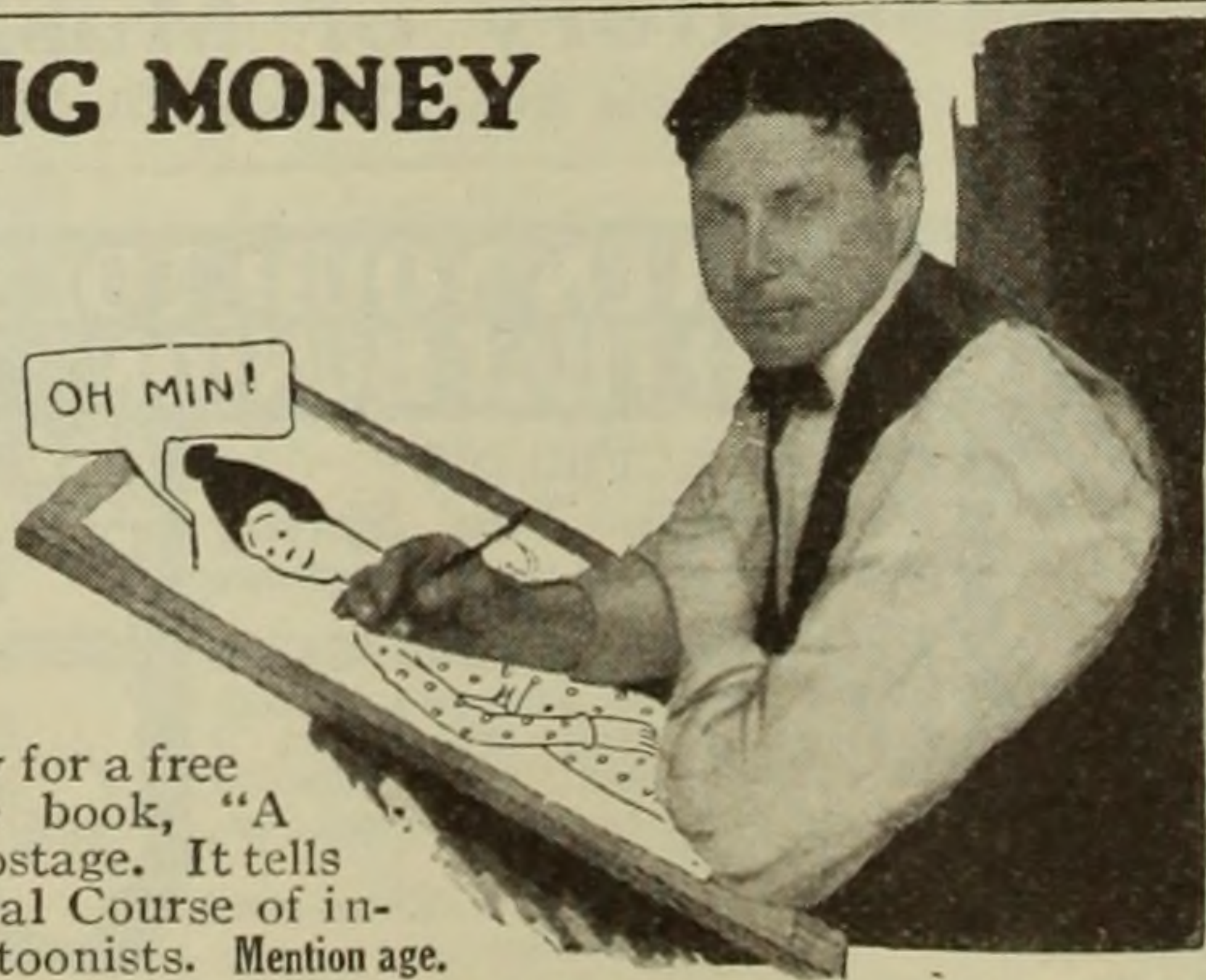
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