

# PHOTOPLAY

*Magazine*



*July 25c*

*"Movies is Movies"*

*by*

*Ellis Parker Butler*

*Martha  
Mansfield*

*ROSE  
RUSTON*







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

"The Copperhead"  
With Lionel Barrymore  
Directed by Charles Maigne

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

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

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

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

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

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

William D. Taylor's  
Production  
"Huckleberry Finn"

Maurice Tourneur's  
Production  
"Treasure Island"

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NEW YORK







The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

No. 2

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July, 1920

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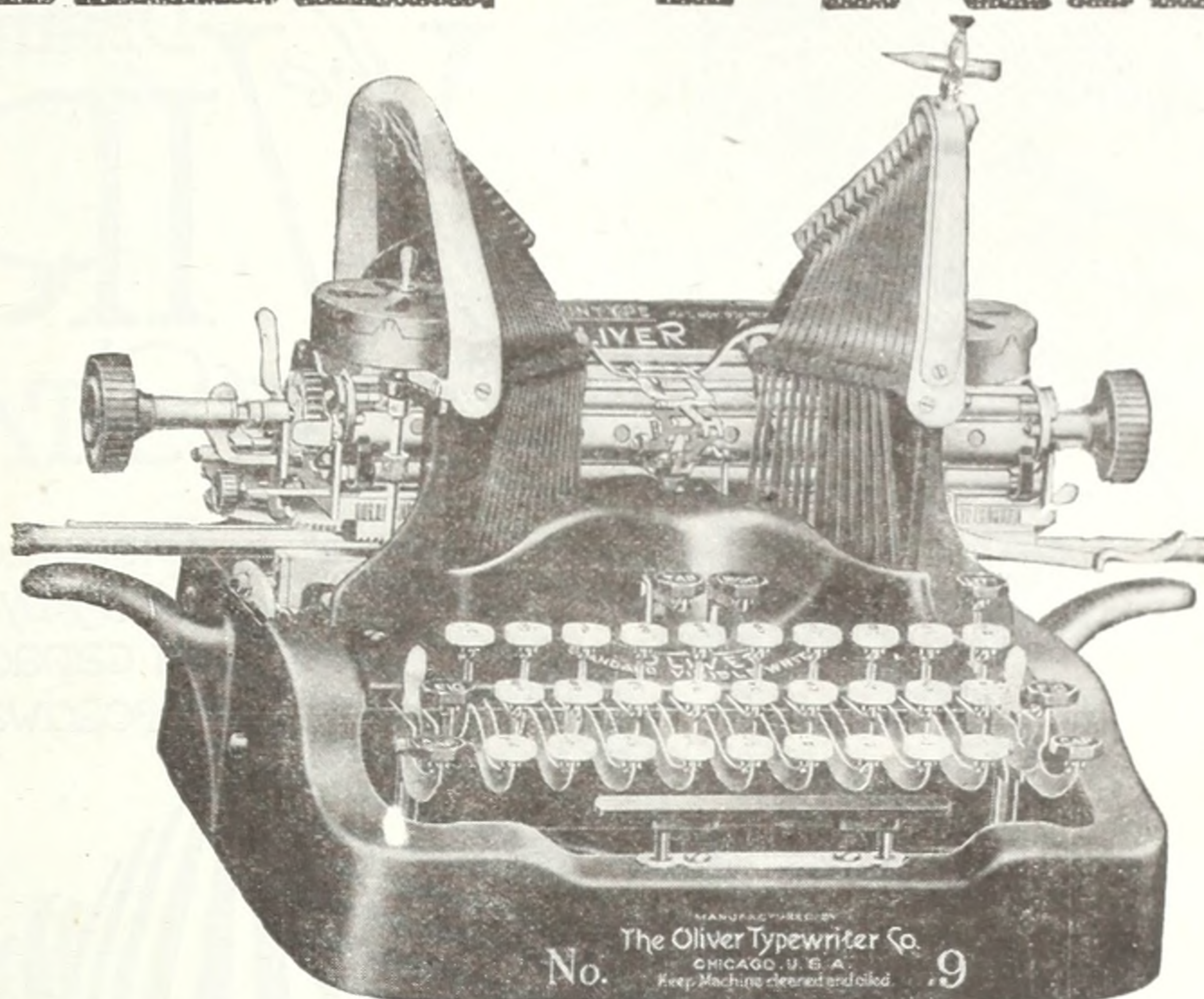
How she solved her problem will be told in the August number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by

## Corinne Lowe



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"Say DAD — IF I HAD A PONY LIKE THAT  
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A HORSE AND WE HAD SOME ROPE"

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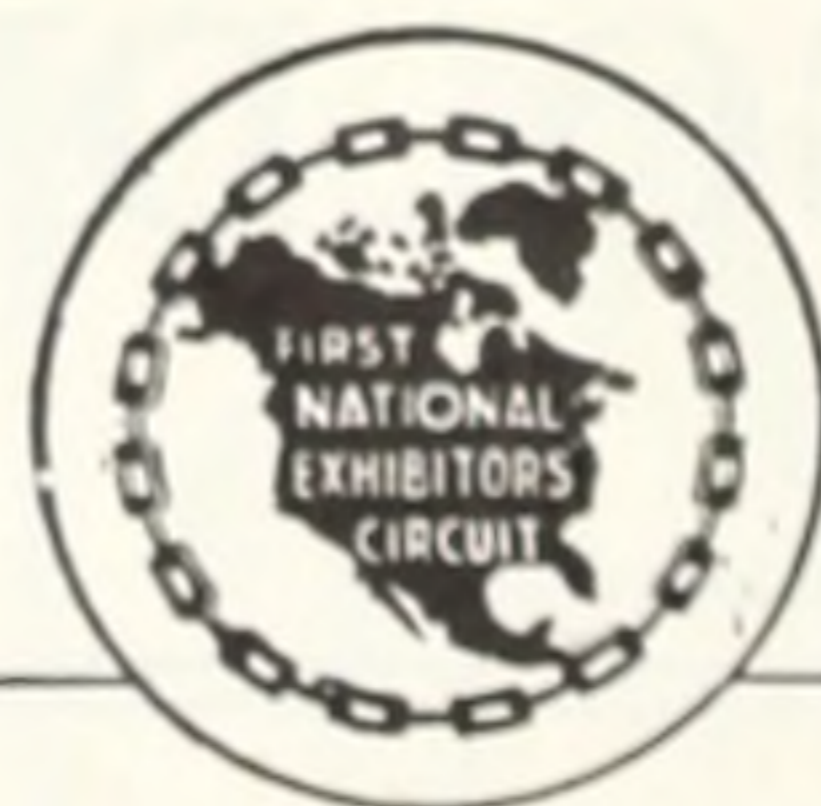
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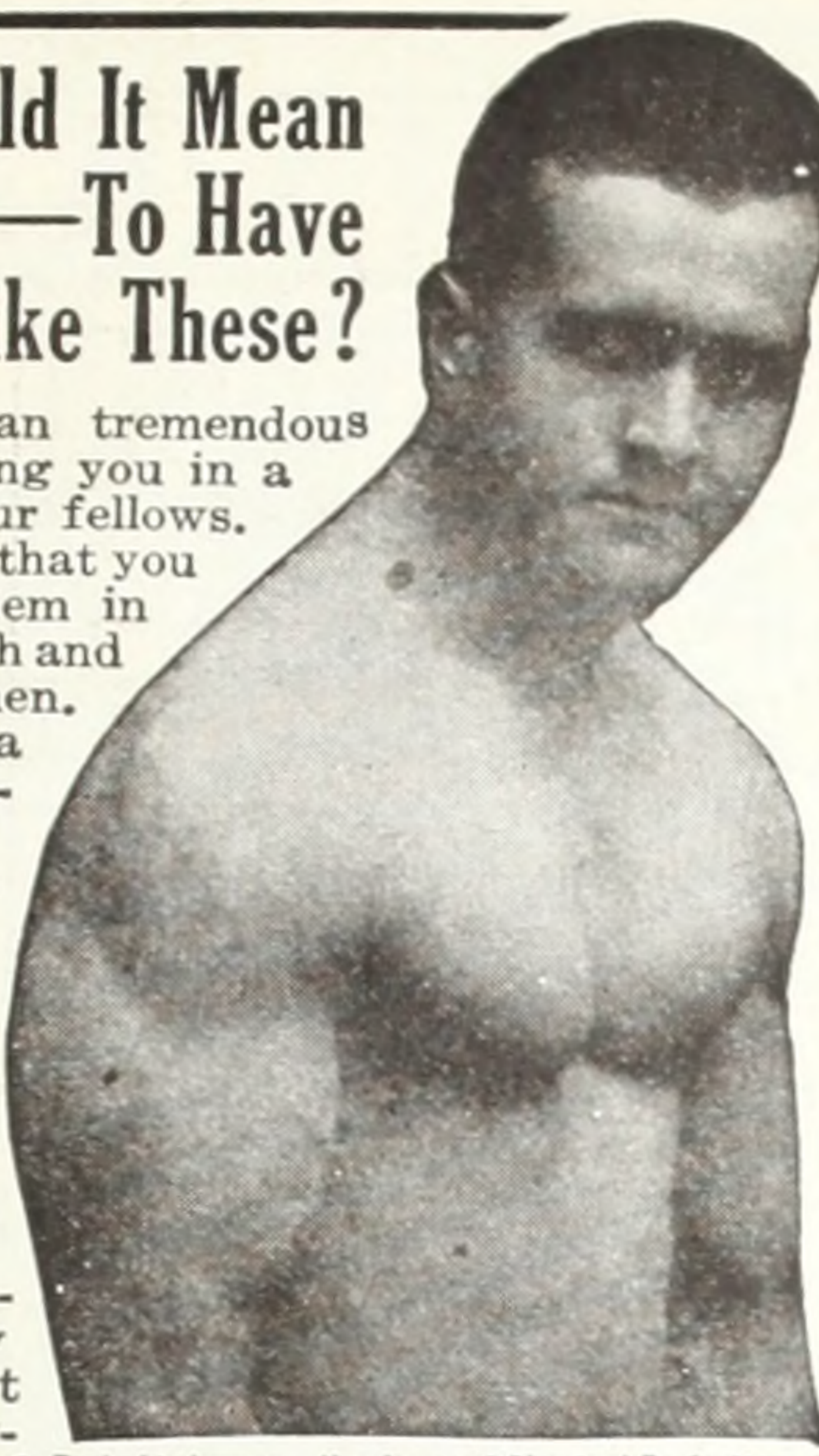
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HIGH-GRADE positions are always seeking applicants of superior intelligence and training. By our methods we find employees in subordinate positions who have the inherent ability to direct responsible work, but who need only the proper vocational guidance and special training that we supply to make high-priced men. For instance, we developed a \$20 a week ledger clerk into a \$7,200 a year Auditor; a \$70 a month shipping clerk into the Traffic

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IF YOU are really ambitious to place yourself in a position of higher executive responsibilities in line with your natural qualifications, and without sacrificing the best part of your life in waiting for bigger opportunities, write us fully and freely as to the kind of position it is your ambition to fill. We will advise you promptly how our training and service may be of advantage in solving your personal problem of advancement. We have an organization of more than 1,150 people; financial resources over \$4,000,000, and representatives in all the leading cities of America. Our sole business is to help men to better positions.

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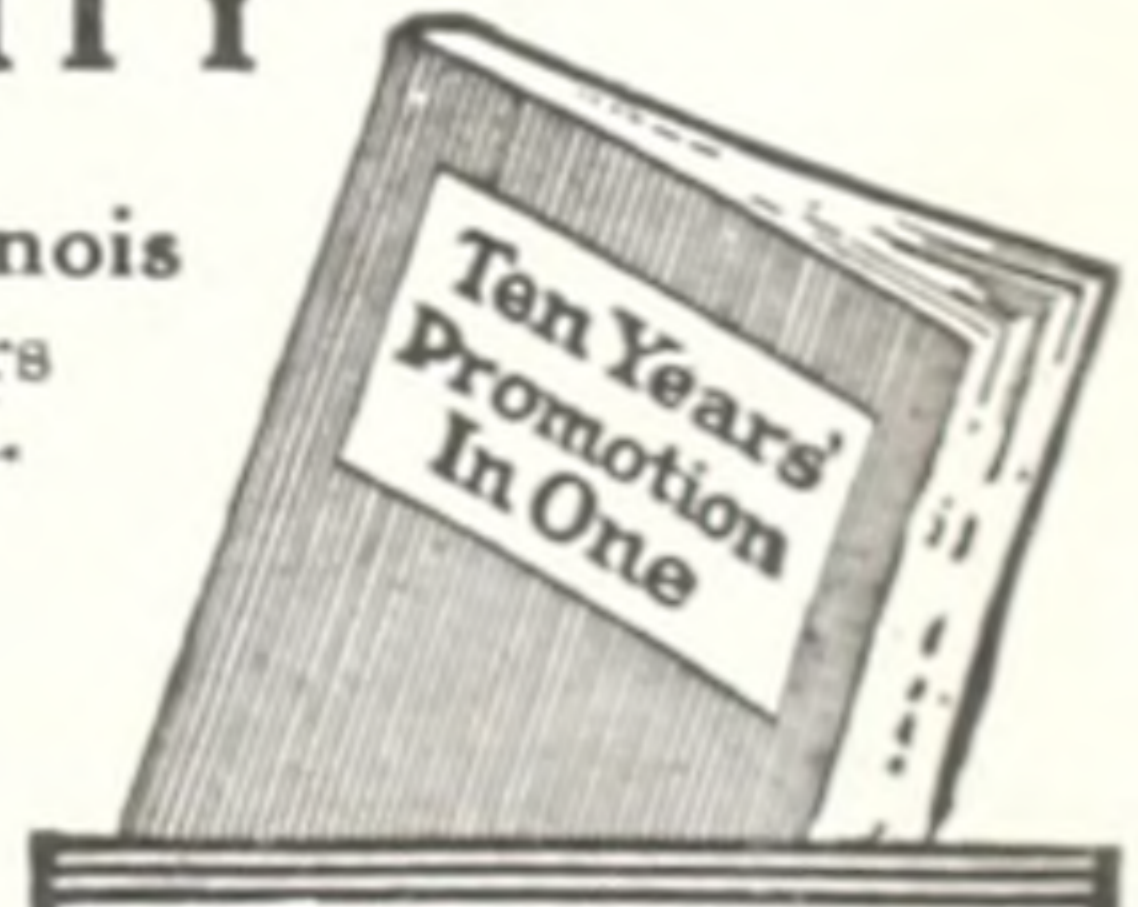
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“Five years before we had started bravely out together. The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim,’ she said, ‘Why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

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“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

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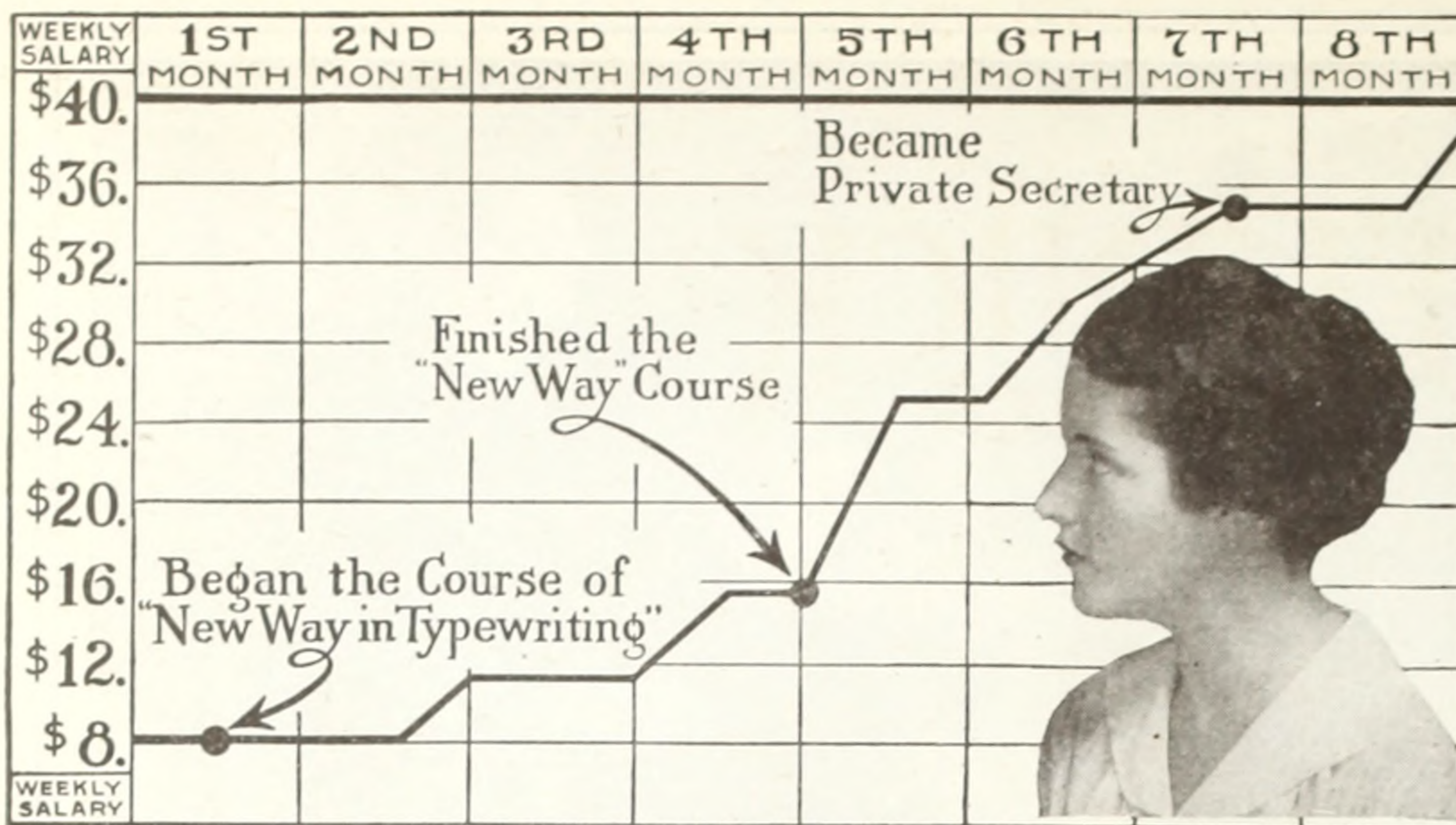
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## Studio Directory

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

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

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

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

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

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York; Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart Studios, 3800 Mission Boul., Los Angeles, Cal.;

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

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

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York; Famous Players Studio, 128 West 56th St., New York; Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

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

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

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

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.

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

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

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York; Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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

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

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**T**HE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You *can* make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it this special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color:

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a

heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

*You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin*

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

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A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*.

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*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**G**LORIA SWANSON has illustrated a great truth: that an actress cannot be judged by her coiffure. Gloria laid aside her oriental headdress to show us that she can be just as convincing with her hair smoothed back. We are convinced.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**W**E wanted to see if we could write one caption about Betty Compson without mentioning "The Miracle Man." We couldn't. For it was this picture that made Betty famous—and incidentally the star of a new company formed for her.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**D**OROTHY PHILLIPS. Do you remember when she was always the dusky jewel in an Alaskan dance-hall? She hasn't done one of those northern things for a long time. She and her husband, Allan Holubar, recently incorporated.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**K**ATHRYN PERRY is one of those Ziegfeld girls who grew up with the Follies, you might say; she has risen to speaking parts. The film camera is now preserving Kathryn in celluloid. She was recently adjudged Manhattan's prettiest girl.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**T**HE girl with the patriotic name, is the way her press-agent wanted to advertise her. But Betty, not Betsy Ross Clarke chose rather to be recognized for her forthcoming performance in "Romance," in which she plays with Doris Keane.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**L** OUISE HUFF, delicate as a Watteau lady-on-a-screen, is really a most practical young person with an energy amazing in one so southern. She married a Manhattan millionaire, but she has no intention of forsaking the screen.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**M**ARGUERITE NAMARA is American, an opera-singer of no small consequence, the wife of the well-known playwright, Guy Bolton, and the mother of the Bolton baby. But she found time the other day to make her silent debut.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**S**TUDENT and philosopher, big-sister and Director—Lillian Gish. As a portray-  
trayer of appealing childhood she is second only to Mary Pickford, her friend  
since Biograph days. The tragic Gish sister is appearing in "Way Down East."



*The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine*

# PHOTOPLAY

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## *The Power of Selection*

**I**F cultured men and women chose books as they choose photoplays the choicest libraries would be built on foundations of Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter, with a sundry assortment of Joe Miller's joke-book in a variety of bindings.

"Come on—let's go to a picture!" exclaims the head of the family, after dinner.

Just as reasonably he might say "Come on—let's go buy a book!" But several centuries have passed since men bought a book just to own a collection of type marks on white paper. Excepting the proverbially useless Yule-gift, and the searches of the connoisseur, men go to a book-store to gratify a specific taste in reading. Culture and refinement entered the world of letters only when men had learned the power of selection.

Comparatively speaking, there is no such thing in the contemporary observation of motion pictures. This is not surprising. When print-type was as young as film is now, doubtless many a family was as glad to have "a book," regardless of the text, as that family's far-sprung descendants are to see a "picture," regardless of its make or message.

It is time to quit "going to the picture show." It is time to begin going to particular photoplays, or particular comedies, or particular educationals. Your exhibitor will make it his business to do one of two things—supply what you'll choose, or palm off what you'll accept.

The power of selection, individually exercised, is the only power on earth that can compel the manufacture of good photoplays. The power of selection should and will be the supreme power in motion pictures.





Shirley Mason adores babies and sweet peas and she likes to plant things in the ground.

# Shirley Tomboy

She believes in marbles, "catch" and early marriages.

By

NADEYNE RAMSAY

Of course even tomboys—since they really *are* girls—have their feminine traits.

"GOD keep her from ever frizzing her hair," some one remarked almost prayerfully after seeing Shirley Mason as the adventurous *Jim Hawkins* in "Treasure Island." "She's the spirit of all the little girls who would like to be boys in the world."

It is unnecessary to tell you, after you have felt your fingers twitch to pull Shirley Mason's thick brown bobbed hair, that its owner is the sort of young person who believes in playing marbles in the spring with the boys; nor that there is nothing dangerous or difficult to climb in her vicinity that she hasn't climbed at the risk of her pretty young neck, or at least wanted to climb; nor that she loves playing "catch," that she goes fishing, and that her vocabulary smacks vigorously of small boy slang.

Of course even tomboys—since they really *are* girls—have their feminine traits. For instance, Shirley adores babies and sweetpeas and planting things in the ground—the last trait may not be entirely "feminine," but at least it is not one usually associated with young boys.

Then also, there is her husband—an undeniable concession to femininity. They say all sorts of unkind things about matrimony—that the cares of a husband on one's shoulders make a woman old, that husbands interfere with careers, that no employer wants to give a married woman work. For Shirley Mason it has done nothing but keep her young and a tomboy, and make her ever increasingly successful.

Bernie Durning was Shirley's assistant director when she was little Leonie Flugrath, playing child roles at Edison years ago. That was before she did "The Seven Deadly Sins," or played opposite Ernest Truex in pictures for Famous Players, or created the screen *Jim Hawkins*, or made her more recent "Her Elephant Man" and "Molly and I" for Fox.

She was sixteen when she married Bernie Durning—she is nineteen now.

"I believe entirely in early marriages," says Shirley wisely. "You can stand anything when you're young—I mean we are more adjustable when we're young. You grow up married and always stay that way. Isn't that simple?"





She has perhaps posed for more cameras than any other girl in the world.

## Making Over Martha

A process aided by her own determination and a *very* small hat

By DELIGHT EVANS

**S**HE went into a little Broadway shop. For the umptieth time that day, she uttered "Have you a very small hat—so—flat—so—with a feather?" This time, after all her search, she was to be rewarded. For she saw unmistakably the object of it, a hat of her description, in a show case. But the saleslady smiled, and brought out a willowy hat with plumes, and said:

"Try this on, Miss Mansfield. It's more like the type you wear on the Roof."

Only by the most admirable self-control did Martha Mansfield retain her habitual poise. "But—but I don't *want* that kind!" she cried. "I tell you, I have been uptown and downtown and all over town trying to find a very small hat, flat—so—with a feather—so. I want it for a picture, an ingenue part; I'm not on the Roof any more!"

The glitter that a Ziegfeld girl gives off lives on after she has passed—into private life, or pictures. But Martha got the hat. Martha transformed herself from the gorgeous peacock who parades from eleven until two P. M. on the roof of the Amsterdam Theater, where Mr. Ziegfeld makes good his

boast that he has the most beautiful girls in the world working for him. Martha became the sweet, unspoiled *Millicent Carew* in John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—the one ray of light in that masterpiece of crime and horror. Martha wore old-fashioned gowns, old-fashioned hats, and an old-fashioned mien. *The* hat is the hat she wore in the final scenes, during the murder of Dr. Jekyll by Mr. Hyde, during the heroine's last dim tryst with her fiance. Martha simply made herself over; and incidentally, Martha made good.

She tried both Follies and films for a while. When you have been a beauty of the theater, in Winter Garden and Dillingham Century productions and in Follies and Frolics, it's a bit hard to settle down to regular hours and early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise rules. At first, Martha Mansfield would act in the Follies and the midnight revues—snatch a bit of sleep and a bite of breakfast, and get down to a motion picture studio at nine the next morning. But when she would return to the theatre in the evening she encountered the friendly kidding of her co-workers. "Wake up, Martha!" they'd laugh at her.

(Continued on page 121)





# AROUND OUR STUDIO

## THE DIRECTOR

**D**IRECTORS, so it seems to me,  
Are just as grand as they can be!  
They never talk in quiet tones—  
You see, they all use megaphones.

They know what's what; they know  
who's who;  
They tell the stars just what to do!  
And when they talk, the stars are  
mute! . . . .  
They tell the camera when to shoot.

They're fond of laying down the law,  
And, oh! the salaries they draw!  
I'll say they lead a grand existence . . . .  
The work is done by their assistants.

Verse by

Morrie Ryskind

Illustrations by

John Barbour

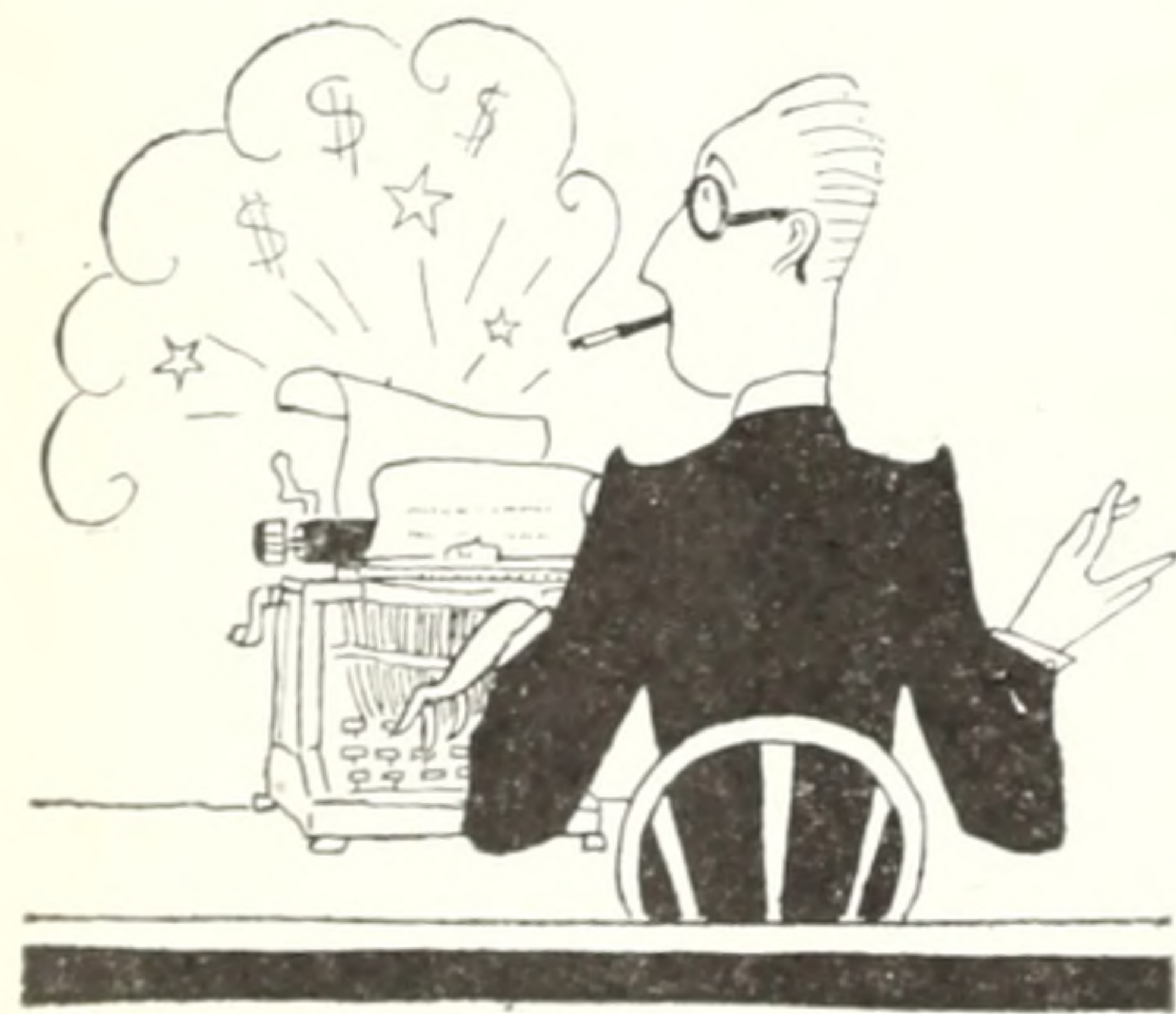
## THE STAR

### Male of the Species

**T**WO hundred perfumed notes a day  
He gets—I speak of Wally Ray;  
And though the weather's down to zero,  
These notes bring warmth unto our  
hero.

He holds the female population  
Completely under subjugation;  
They *love* his pictures on the screen,  
And clip 'em from this magazine.

He's married—happily, they say.  
But still they hope—do Sue and  
May. . . .  
Oh, would I had a handsome chin  
That showed a dimple when I'd grin!



## THE PRESS AGENT

**A** MAN of superhuman knowledge,  
With six degrees from every col-  
lege;  
Who knows the stars well, and can  
speak  
Of them in Latin and in Greek.

He tells the world about the stars—  
Some day he hopes to send to Mars  
A piece of real, important news:  
Some star has bought herself new  
shoes.

He never, honest-hope-to-die,  
(Take this from him), concocts a lie.  
Yet there are times, I've heard it  
stated,  
When he has—well—exaggerated.

## THE CAMERA MAN

**A**ND now, dear friends, come let us  
thank  
The camera man who turns the crank;  
Who gives us close-ups, and whose soul  
Meets unafraid the dual role.

If incomplete the picture drama  
Without a city panorama,  
He hops into an airplane and  
Takes photographs to beat the band.

He never boasts, but I, for one,  
Say *he's* the Man behind the Gun.  
And that's a fact there's no disputing:  
For doesn't he do all the shooting?

## THE STUDIO CHILD

**T**HOUGH I am young, I work each  
day;  
I'm seen in every picture play.  
My parts, like me, are rather small;  
Sometimes I grin, sometimes I bawl.

I am the heroine, aged three;  
The leading man, at two—that's me!  
Sex doesn't bother me at all;  
They say it doesn't when you're small.

But though I only have a bit,  
You bet I make the most of it!  
Although the plot makes people hoot,  
They always say *my* work is cute.



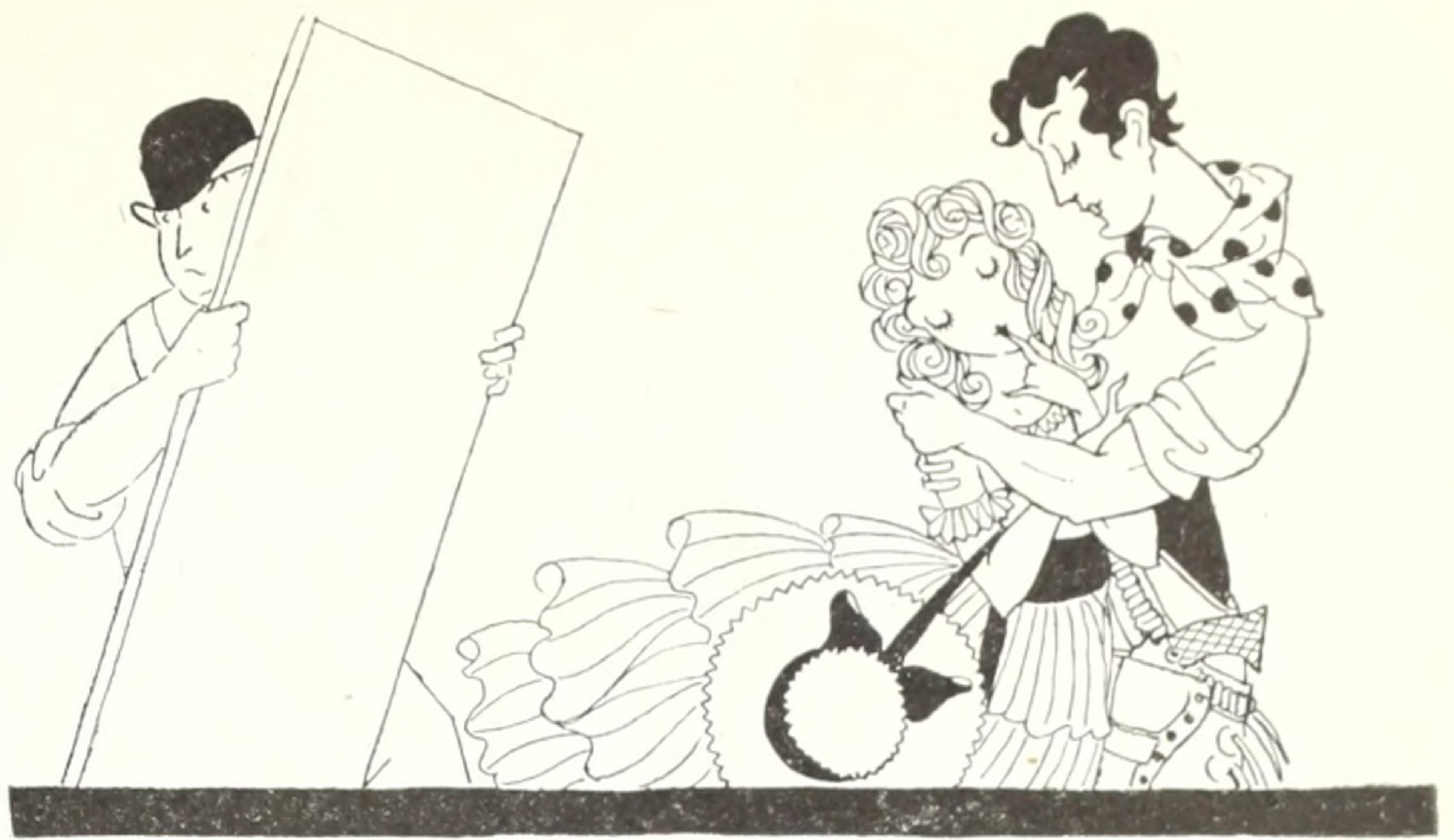
## THE STAR

### Female of the Species

IT'S terrible to be a star—  
Some of them only have one car!  
And where's the woman could take  
pride in  
Her work with but one car to ride in?

Each morning at the stroke of ten  
They 'phone that they'll be late again.  
They make the studio by two  
And work an hour before they're  
through.

So don't you think it's better far  
To be a salesgirl than a star  
Who gives her life to art for merely  
A paltry half-a-million yearly?



### 'PROPS'

HIS name is never on the screen  
(Which he regards as rather  
mean),  
And yet without his help, I'll bet  
The picture would not boast a set.

Without his necessary work,  
Alas! Miss Billie could not Burke;  
Without him, Charlie could not Ray;  
Without him, Doris could not May.

Unsung, unhonored and unknown,  
He may not climb to screendom's  
throne . . . .  
Yet drop no tear upon these pages  
For him; he draws the union wages.

### THE INGÉNUÉ

BEHOLD our little ingenue  
With golden hair and eyes of blue!  
She's pretty, charming, dear and cute—  
Or, if you'd rather, she's a beaut!

She is the hero's leading lady,  
Is Maude (whose parents named her  
Sadie);  
And in the fifth and final reel  
Their clinches make the "heart appeal."

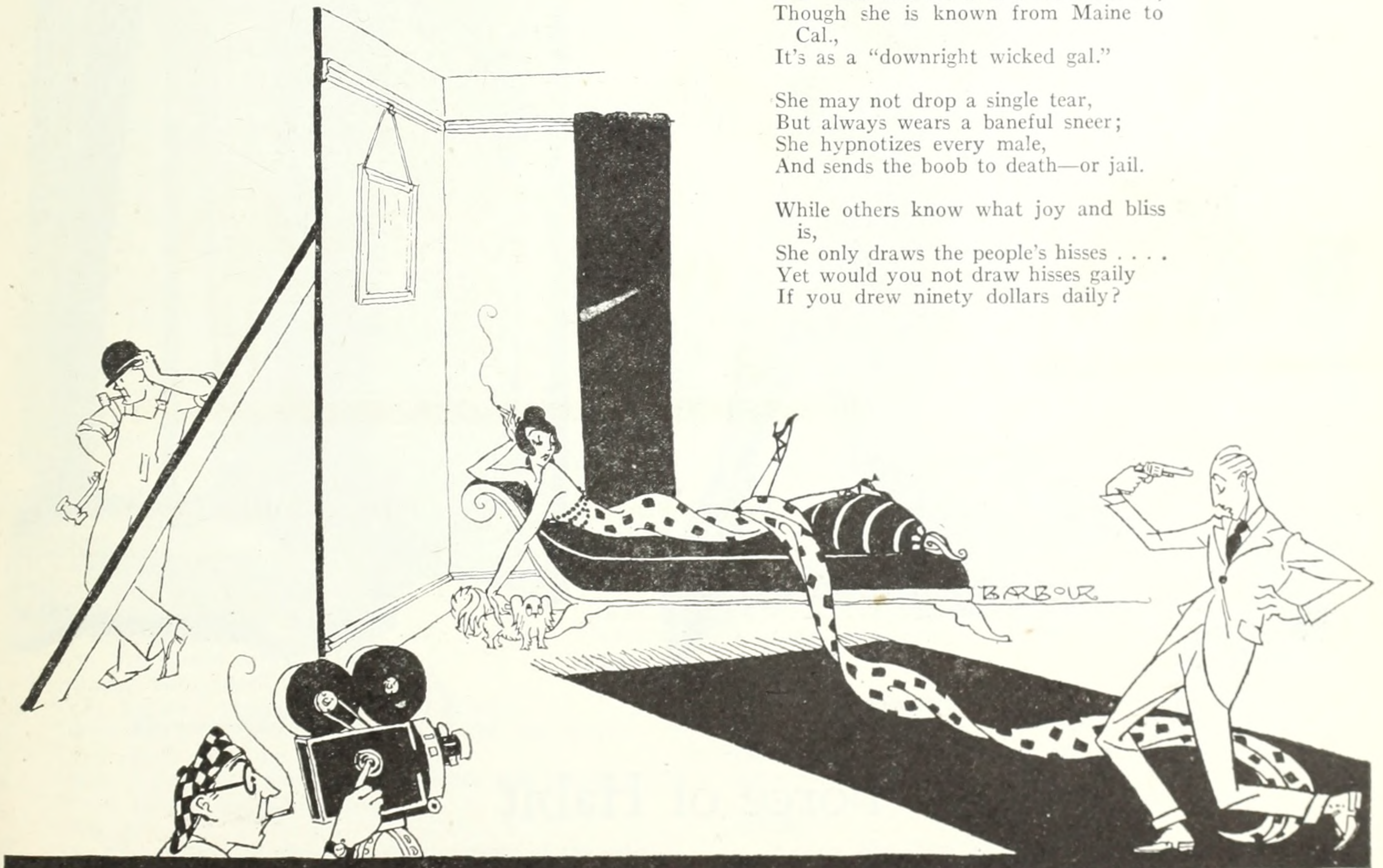
Maude seems so young . . . . and yet  
they say  
That she was not born yesterday.  
I looked it up—and it is true:  
She has a daughter, twenty-two.

### THE VAMPIRE

HERE'S she whose sacrifice to Art  
Has left her with a broken heart;  
Though she is known from Maine to  
Cal.,  
It's as a "downright wicked gal."

She may not drop a single tear,  
But always wears a baneful sneer;  
She hypnotizes every male,  
And sends the boob to death—or jail.

While others know what joy and bliss  
is,  
She only draws the people's hisses . . . .  
Yet would you not draw hisses gaily  
If you drew ninety dollars daily?







Force of Habit



# Broadway's Royal Family



Second and final instalment of the all-absorbing story of the Barrymores.

By ADA  
PATTERSON

**A** CELEBRATED magazine writer whom Ethel Barrymore had promised an interview on her theory of clothes went to the great actress' apartment at the appointed hour. She rapped. Silence. She knocked. More silence. She hammered. An engulfing quiet was the only response. She rapped on an adjacent door. A round head and fresh complexion enwrapped with preternatural solemnity appeared.

"I have an engagement with Miss Barrymore," said the visitor, "but no one answers."

"No, ma'am. Miss Barrymore's out, ma'am."

"When did she go out?"

"I should say a quarter of an hour, ma'am."

"Where can I wait for her?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Who are you?"

"I am Mr. John Barrymore's man."

"Is that his apartment?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can't I wait there?"

"But Mr. John isn't up yet."

The magazinist disposed herself with what dignity she could upon the stairs. Sixty minutes cramped her limbs. Ninety did the same with her temper. She rapped upon the door adjacent to Miss Barrymore's. The round head reappeared.

"Do you know where Miss Barrymore has gone?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant blandly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded the magazinist.

"You didn't awsk me."

"Well, I awsk you now." Her patience was exhausted.

"She's having her picture painted."

"Where?"

"At Bryant Park Studios. Here's the name of the artist."

There the writer found her. Miss Barrymore smiled. Cold



Curtiss Bell

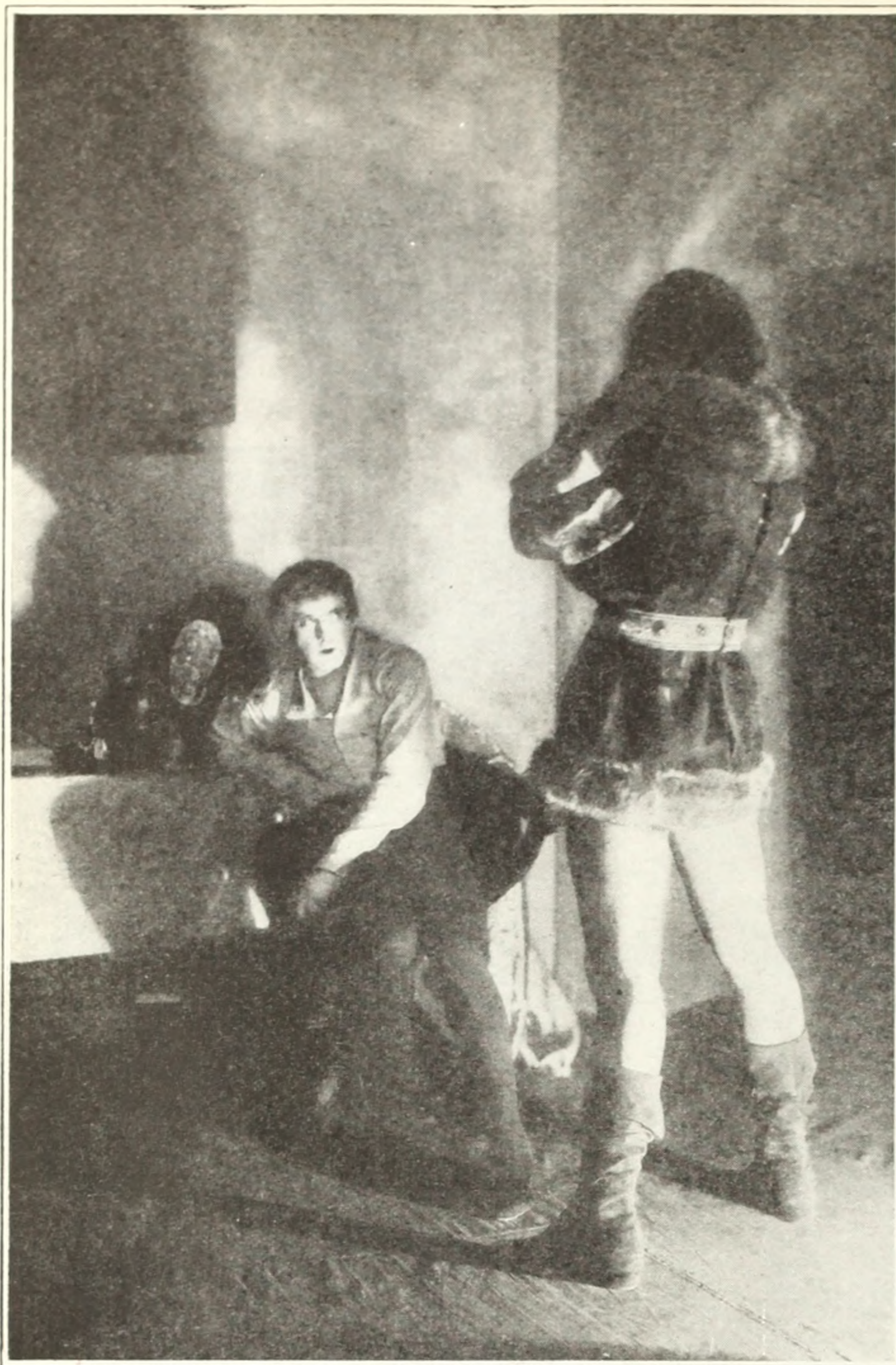
To her children — Virginia, Sammy and John Drew Colt — Ethel Barrymore is a mother as devoted as was her own mother.

resentment evaporates in the sunshine of her smile. She apologized for the "delay." She accompanied the writer back to her apartment and gave her tea and a delightful hour and made her almost forget her two and a half coventry-like hours.

As her art, so Ethel Barrymore's personality grows more definite.

"I don't like New York; I do like Philadelphia," she said to a shocked New York interviewer. "And it isn't because I





Alfred Cheney Johnston

Family loyalty is one of the Barrymore characteristics. John and Lionel as co-stars in "The Jest."

Lionel's marriage was a success and now he and his wife, Doris Rankin, are together in "The Letter of the Law." She played with him in the screen version of "The Copperhead."

was born there. I like its self better than New York's self."

She is sensitive to the printed word. She is hurt, fathoms deep, by unfavorable criticism. She declined to receive for an interview a man whose critique of her *Camille* displeased her. She severely punished a St. Louis writer for what she deemed a breach of confidence.

Miss Barrymore was playing in St. Louis. A young woman came from one of the newspapers seeking an interview. It was granted, given, finished. "I liked the girl and invited her to come next day and lunch with me," was the Barrymore version of the tale. "I told her we should simply talk as woman to woman."

There appeared next day Miss Barrymore's alleged opinions of that group of unhurried folk loosely characterized as "society."

Consequence: perturbation deeply and loudly expressed in the manager's office. Further consequence: a published denial by Miss Barrymore of the sentiments imputed to her.

"I never gave such an interview," being amplified meant "I never said it for publication. She who violates a pact should be punished."

The St. Louis newspaper defended its representative. Questions of veracity were asked. But society, Miss Barrymore's fervent admirer, was pacified.

HER keen sensitiveness to the printed page is no greater than her sensitiveness to eyes that are curious and may become critical. Because the gaze of her company makes her self-conscious, she rehearses her scenes behind a screen.

The conquering will that accompanies genius is hers. The mounting flesh that was hiding her girlish lines annoyed her but little until came the possibility of playing *Camille*. Who would lose the chance to portray the tormented tubercular heroine? Miss Barrymore had heard of a physician who melts flesh as an April sun a lingering snowbank. She rose before a window as the flesh dissolver entered.

"What do you want?" asked the gruff lord of lissomeness.

"I want to play *Camille*."

"Good Lord! When?"

"In May. This is December. You must get me ready for it."

To his credit and hers, be it said that he did.

A fine recrudescence—or it were truer to term it a survival—of Ethel Barrymore the girl in Ethel Barrymore the woman, remnant of the girl who would be a pianiste and give concerts, in the transcendent artiste of today, is her superb loyalty to her own. Though Mrs. Russell Colt and mother of three fast growing children, she is still, as in her maidenhood, the head of the Barrymore family. Still she thrills with a pride half maternal in the success of "the boys."

"When you walk upon the stage are you conscious of your heredity? Does it bring a sense of power?" I asked her.

"I don't feel it myself," was her answer, "but I do for my brothers. I know they can't go far wrong. I feel that with three generations of experience behind them, all the way from Great Grandmamma Kindlock, they can't make many or great mistakes."



White





Francis Bruguiere

But Lionel Barrymore learned that the rabbit's foot is swifter than the brush. He set his easel in the corner and tossed his brushes and paint tubes into a trunk. Swift is stage ascent to the feet of the gifted. Successively in "Peter Ibbetson," "The Copperhead," "The Jest," and "The Letter of the Law," he demonstrated that latent talent quickly reaches fruition. He shares the family gift of personal beauty and quick wit. His power is rugged and volcanic. His wit is of the swiftness of a sword and the crushing power of the bludgeon.

Lillian Russell and he were companions in a motion picture.

"Talk! Talk! No matter what you say!" cried the stage director. Barrymore leaned toward her and simulated conversation, entirely to the director's satisfaction. Miss Russell says he invented a story that was the best she ever heard. She declines to tell the story.

"He has the quickest wit I ever knew," is Miss Russell's appreciation.

(Continued on page 124)

In their latest plays, John in "Richard III," and Ethel in "Declasse" — both at their best.

Beside this grace of abiding family loyalty, there dwells in her heart fellowship with her brother and sister mimes.

In that remembered girlhood on which I have dwelt she was addressed by one of the mimes.

"It's splendid that society is so kind to you," she said. "It is a tribute to your personality and to the guild that was once described in the statutes as 'rogues and vagabonds'."

"Yes, it is pleasant." Her arm went around the woman's shoulder. Her fresh young cheek was pressed against the sallow, older one. "For a little while I enjoy it. But for real happiness, give me the companionship with you, mine own people."

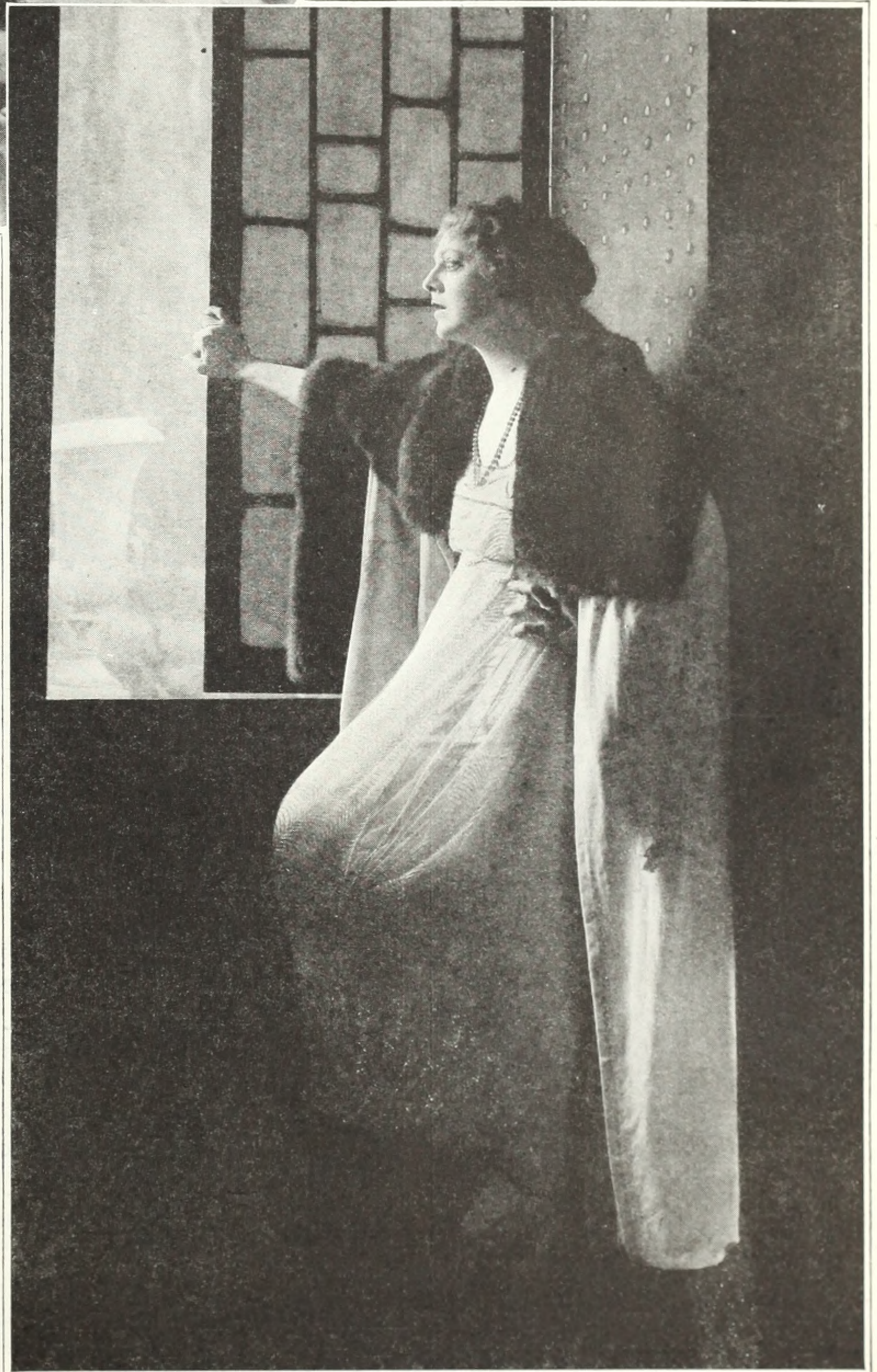
It was this spirit that led her into the Actors' Equity strike. It was what placed her on the platform with her shy monosyllabic speeches, her Jean d'Arc command: "Stick. You will win, for you are right." It led her into the final conferences wherein the five weeks war was ended.

She is the actors' daughter, the actors' sister, the actors' friend.

LIONEL, second of the shining, disappointed ones, served his apprenticeship to the art of the brush. He served it in a narrow rue across the Seine and near the playground of the Gardens of the Luxembourg.

May Irwin visited him and his bride, Doris Rankin, in their wee, high studio.

"You ought to see those dear young things beginning a painter's life in the Latin Quarter. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry," was the comedienne's summary of her visit.







## The Girl Who Cried

Carmel Myers floated to success in  
a flood of her own tears.

By GENE NORTH

**W**HEN one is born of a long line of dark-eyed, luscious-lipped femininity who might all have been called Roses of Sharon, when one has lived all of one's brief life in golden California—is it any wonder that, when the Big Chance comes, one simply loses control and lets one's emotions have everything their own way?

Carmel Myers says it isn't.

Carmel isn't old enough even yet to reason it all out. In fact if she did, a fellow-philosopher wouldn't pay much attention to her, he would be so busy watching her tinted skin flush

as she laughs, her olive-green eyes perform a hula-hula whenever she smiles. But it is true that as she comes across the big places in her professional—and personal—life, she becomes almost an Oriental Niobe or, to be more modern, a California-bred Alice in Wonderland, who floated to success in a flood of her own tears.

When David Griffith asked her how she would like to go into pictures under his direction, she looked up at him, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. And later on, when another director tried to get her to cry for the camera, she



couldn't. Until she ran to her mother and said, "Mama, I simply cannot cry"—and cried then and there, and was pushed back in front of the camera by her mother before the fountain dried.

Universal wanted to star her. Mr. Laemmle called her into his office and talked over a contract.

"Would you like to be a star?" he asked, kindly. Carmel, again, seemed about to burst with joy. Mr. Laemmle looked at her in alarm. "There, there, little girl," he said, distressed to the point of withdrawing his offer—"don't cry!"

So one may imagine her perfect flood of tears when she was approached with an offer to become a legitimate actress. Something she had never done and accordingly yearned to do. You see, her only theatrical experience before her Griffith engagement was playing show with a small group of children. Carmel always managed to be the leading lady and the shows in which she starred were always well attended. She was, in fact, Hollywood's foremost amateur actress.

She and her mother were in her dressing-room at the Shubert Theater, where a Broadway success was playing—a musical comedy—"The Magic Melody." (Note: it's a "Broadway" theater and a "Broadway" attraction if it plays on any one of the middle-Forty side-streets that sprout from the Great White Way.) Carmel had made unto herself a little vow: that she would find a place for herself, no matter how small, in a Broadway cast, and stay there until she wanted to go back to pictures. She found it—and it wasn't so very small, either. She weathered a winter—her first—in New York, slid on the ice and plowed through the slush and got jammed in the sub-

way and crushed in the cars. After a winter in New York, California's native daughter is homesick.

I should have called this story "Back to the orange groves." She longs to be back, and when I talked to her she was on the eve of signing a picture contract that would take her home—to the Myers' big Hollywood house, to her own little car, and to her father—who is a learned rabbi of Los Angeles. It is said the waiting-list for a position as chauffeur and gardener to the Myers menage is exceedingly large: it seems that Carmel drives the car most of the time, doubles as the mechanic, mows the lawn, and is a general handy-girl around the house. All the chauffeur has to do is look the part. That's what Mother says.

She's going back to pictures as soon as the Eastern tour of her play has ended. After her song-and-dance on Broadway, she decided that while she would look seventeen across the footlights five years from now, the camera is kind only to the really youthful. So she's taking advantage of her spring-time years to make hay in California sunshine, with Universal, the company she was with prior to her desertion of the films.

She was born in San Francisco, but was brought up in the City of the Angels and moving picture studios.

But if you think the way has been rather easy for this little brunette, consider that she has never stopped studying a minute—that when she is at home, she spends a certain time each day, or evening, in her father's study, wrestling with a dead language or a live problem in advanced algebra. In addition, she takes dancing lessons, and she also sings. So she hasn't much time to cry.

## Heroine of 2,730 Romances

**R**OMANCE," it would seem, is to Doris Keane what "Mother Macree" is to John McCormack.

Miss Keane has recently returned from London where during the last five years she has been the heroine of 2,000 "Romances." And there were anyway 730 performances of the same play to her credit in her New York and Chicago seasons, before she packed up her marmoset and her hoop skirts and went over the ocean to play. Now people have grown so used to thinking of her and "Romance" in one breath, that they won't let her do anything else. As soon as a "Mother Macree"-less McCormack Sunday concert!

Since David Wark Griffith and Miss Keane have set out to make a motion picture production of "Romance" every one is waiting eagerly to see how our international star will fare at the hands of the screen. It has not been particularly kind, as we all recall, to a number of our more mature, though still very beautiful, actresses. Miss Keane's husband, Basil Sydney, will appear as her leading man—as he did in London. She intends to make this picture her one and only adventure into film-land.

"Romance," by Edward N. Sheldon, is the story of La Cavallini, an opera singer who loves a clergyman. It is said to have been founded on a romance in the life of Jenny Lind. What will those showmen who contend that "a costume picture can't get across—the public won't stand for it" say to the 2730 profitable performances of "Romance"?

Miss Keane was born in Michigan, and educated in New York, Paris and Rome. She made her stage debut in 1903 in "Whitewashing Julia." Clyde Fitch's "The Happy Marriage" was her first starring vehicle. "Arsene Lupin," "Decorating Clementine" and "The Lights o' London" are other pieces in which she will be remembered.







Bruce Grey had not counted on that Baxter Street conscience that blazed up suddenly in Evelyn Langdon.

# Let's Be

There is a Problem that faces every young married couple. Read this story and see if it is your problem.

By NANON BELOIS

move any place Evelyn's little heart desired, provided it was not beyond their modest, but gradually expanding pocket book.

And so in a year and two months after the Baxter Street minister had pronounced them Mr. and Mrs. Henry Langdon in the midst of adoring, though, it must be admitted, unfashionable, friends, they were established in a snug little house, purchased on the ten-year plan, in one of the wide, shady streets of that very fashionable suburb, Elmhurst-by-the-Way.

Now, there is something about two very young people who are very much in love with each other, and who tell it to the world in every glance of their honest eyes, that appeals to every one—even to fashionable persons with most appalling positions in society to live up to.

The sight of our Evelyn, driving the snorting runabout up the main street of Elmhurst-by-the-Way so that Henry would not miss the 8:07—the train, by the way, that the most prosperous business men took into town—the sight of her flinging her soft young arms unashamed about his neck in farewell, greeting him with kisses upon kisses when he returned on the 6:04—that was something new for this wealthy suburb, where most of the men went to and from the stations, lone figures in great, spinning limousines.

THE Elmhurst men noticed this daily performance, first naturally, because the women were fewer at the station. They chuckled to themselves over the two wide eyed babes that had strayed into their woods, then chuckled to each other. They began to take notice of Henry on the train, to nod to him, to drop down beside him—and finally to include him in their morning smokers. Then some of them spoke of "the children" to their wives—when their wives were feeling pleasant at dinner and wanted to be entertained. And next the wives called, some of them more through curiosity, others out of friendliness.

Soon, through the invitation of Mrs. Trude, a friendly older woman, Henry and Evelyn were invited to become members of the Elmhurst Country Club. It is needless to say that, though both Mr. and Mrs. Henry knew they could hardly afford it just yet, they accepted the invitation.

And to celebrate, that very night after they received word that their membership had gone through, Henry and Evelyn went into the city to Baxter Street to call on several of their most intimate friends of former years.

"Oh, Evelyn," gasped the girls who had known her in kindergarten when she wore pig tails down her back, "pretty soon you'll be so fashionable that you won't know us any more."

"Sillies," Evelyn laughed back, throwing her arms about them. But that was not what she told herself. The song that sang itself over and over again in her unsophisticated young heart all the way home was this—"We're going to be just exactly as fashionable as I know how to make us be."

The Elmhurst country club was made particular use of by the younger—and somewhat lax—married set, with a sprinkling of the older people, like Mrs. Trude, who liked people

AND so they were married! But matrimony was not the end of romance for those two marrying infants, Henry and Evelyn Langdon; mercy no! For a whole solid year after that clean cut young business man and pride of the neighborhood, Henry Langdon, had taken sweet Evelyn to be his wedded wife, they were just as foolishly and hopelessly in love with each other as any two silly, cooing doves.

They had their quarrels, yes indeed. What lovers do not have their quarrels and love each other all the more at the making-up time? But all this year our Henry never so much as knew that there was another girl alive, and Evelyn went her demure little way fully convinced that no man in the world was so handsome, so clever, so unutterably perfect, as Henry Langdon.

They did not spend much thought on the future—and they did not remember much of the past, except that there was the weekly "anniversary" of their wedding day to celebrate by a trip to the movies, or a box of candy. They were alive, and life was sweet. That was enough—for the first year.

It was Evelyn who first discovered that Baxter Street did not offer everything a street might in the way of social advantages to a young business gentleman, who was making good in the steel machinery business, and his wife.

You know how it is when a girl has been married a whole year! A dozen months have served to make her acquainted with the fact (augmented by the assurances of other wives) that a husband is after all only a mere child, and that the details of a successful future—from the ties he wears to the business policy he pursues—are vastly dependent on her choosing them for him. A sort of mothering instinct springs up in her, and makes her feel a deep responsibility for her man—dear, dear, she must help him get on; she has been taking life as a merry game long enough!

And this is the moment when she is convinced that nothing will do for them but a more select environment, where husband will be thrown with business men of affluence, where she may artfully direct them into desirable social channels by a tactful playing up to just the right ladies, and by the maintenance of a cozy home, where her own special brand of ingenuity as a hostess will make them sought.

And usually, you will observe, they do what the bride of a year decides.

Henry and Evelyn Langdon did. Henry, who really wanted nothing in the world so much as to keep his rose-checked, star-eyed bride radiant with happiness, consented to



# Fashionable

for what they were and was rather content to let what they did go unquestioned.

If one judged by appearances at most of the parties held at this meeting place of fashion, it would seem to be very bad form for husbands to express any fondness whatsoever for their own wives, or vice versa. Gentlemen who wore pained, bored expressions on their faces during the first dance with their spouses, blossomed into regular cut-ups when, having completed this concession to convention, they were free to mingle with the other ladies. It was just so with the women. The passion for "kindred souls" and "affinities" ran high.

The evening came for Henry's and Evelyn's first dance at the country club. Excitement, enchantment—and yet oddly a trace of fear—seized their unsuspecting, unworldly hearts as the hour drew nearer! Evelyn took two hours doing her hair, and spent another hour deciding whether to wear her blue evening frock or the orchid colored one trimmed with black net and ostrich feathers, and when the orchid gown had it, it took her another aeon putting it on! Henry destroyed four collars—though be it said he kept his temper in better manner than most husbands do during such a trial—in his eagerness to look the presentable gentleman.

It was late when they arrived at the country club, in their own car, Henry acting as chauffeur. The orchestra was playing a fox trot. They hurried to their respective dressing rooms, then met at the door leading into the ball room. Arm in the arm the radiant pair paused between the portieres to gaze on the scene before them—the room bathed in rosy light, the

If you're young, and married (or going to be) and in love, and ambitious, and all that sort of thing—this very human story of a very human young couple is something you can not afford to miss.

beautiful women in glittering gowns, the men handsome and immaculate in evening dress.

"If the girls in Baxter Street could only see me now," thought Evelyn as a picture of her last party in the Baxter Street Auditorium came to mind.

"Oh, Henry, isn't this wonderful! Who ever thought we would be here?" she whispered to her husband, squeezing his hand.

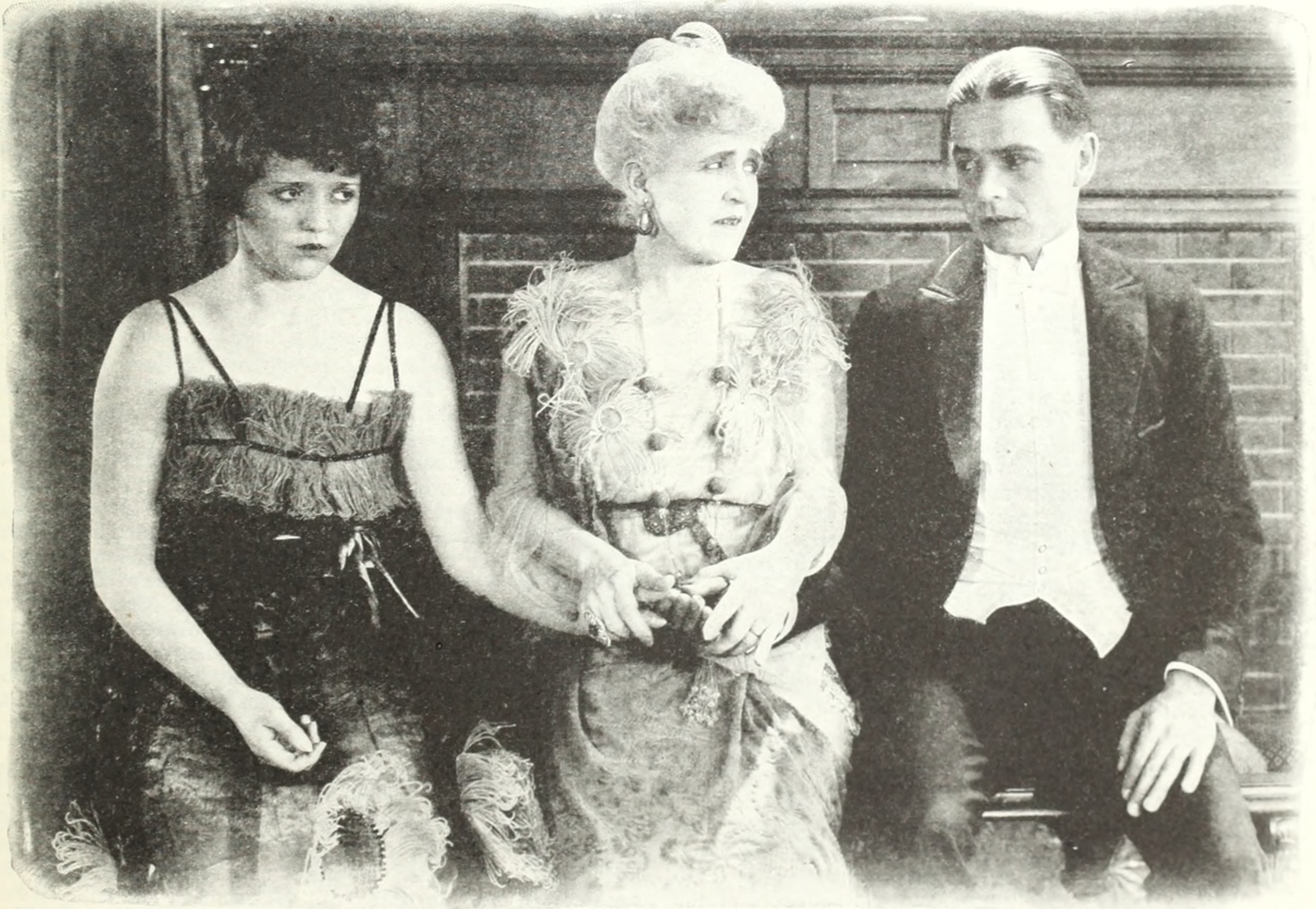
"Uh huh," sighed Henry happily, squeezing back. Both believed this was the supreme moment of their lives. From now on the road to fashionability shone clear and unobstructed before them. The Road to Fashionability!

"And darling," Henry's voice fairly vibrated love for the wife who had been responsible for bringing him here, "the next ten dances are mine!"

But the next ten dances were not Henry's. He had exactly two—and supper—with Evelyn.

Then Mrs. Trude drew them tactfully aside and intimated that she would think it advisable for them to mingle a little bit more with the other guests, to divide up their dances, as it were.

"You can dance together at home," said Mrs. Trude. "Remember, a young wife mustn't appear to be too much in love with her husband in this day and age."







"I don't know where this came from, but I'm going to drink it all." Henry went into the next room.

"But I want to dance lots of dances with Henry. Nobody in the world can dance so well as Henry," Evelyn managed to whisper to Mrs. Trude. The older woman laid a worldly wise hand on the arm of the bride of a year and a half, and smiled at her unsophistication.

"You can dance with Henry at home—remember a young wife mustn't appear to be too much in love with her husband in this day and age, little girl. There's no way to keep a husband interested like flirting just a wee bit with the other men. Run along now and have a good time."

EVELYN had never thought it necessary to figure out ways and means of keeping her husband in love with her. Henry just *was* in love with her, and she with him. But perhaps Mrs. Trude was right. Anyway, Mrs. Trude was rich and fashionable and influential and had managed to keep a husband herself for some forty years.

So Evelyn sighed rather unhappily as she saw Henry being led off, as a lamb to the slaughter, in the direction of a fascinating lady gowned in black and armed with a coquettish emerald-hued fan. But Evelyn realized that her views on things were entirely provincial, so she swallowed the lump that rose in her throat, and stepped into the embraces of the bachelor Mr. Bruce Grey, blase and worth a million, with a

careless little swing to her head, and a daring frankness in her eyes that took her partner more or less by surprise.

Before they were through with this particular one step and the three more that followed Bruce Grey had told her that she was "a cute little thing," that he knew he was going to like her very, very much, that life was lonely for a bachelor of his home-loving type, and that he hoped Mrs. Langdon would think his new car was nice. He would like to take her for a spin very, very soon.

Back in Baxter Street Evelyn Langdon would no more have accepted a similar invitation from a man than she would have accepted a diamond tiara. Such conduct simply did not go with the morals of the street.

But this—was Elmhurst-by-the-Way. Even so, Evelyn's Baxter Street training almost made her turn off Bruce Grey's invitation. And that training might have succeeded had not Evelyn at that very moment seen her husband being vamped—obviously almost willingly—by Mrs. Hammond of the black gown and the fan.

As they whirled past the corner where Henry was seated, Evelyn looked up into her partner's face in an imitation of Mrs. Hammond's manner with Henry, and said that she would be delighted to go—any time.

As the party drew to a close, Henry looked rather sheepishly across the floor at Evelyn, and Evelyn looked rather sheepishly at Henry—they had not spoken to each other since Mrs. Trude's intrusion—though they tried to hide their embarrassment in off hand lightness.

"I'll meet you at the door," they signalled to each other, and went to get their wraps.

But if Henry and Evelyn expected to jog along home in their own little car together, they did not know the ways of Elmhurst etiquette.

Mrs. Hammond and Bruce Grey were both waiting at the door when Henry and Evelyn emerged from the dressing rooms—and some way or other, the Langdons could never figure out just how, it was suggested that it would be a pleasant diversion for Henry to

"flivver" his companion of a good share of the evening home in his car, while Bruce Grey drove Evelyn home in his sporty roadster. Who were Henry and Evelyn, mere novices in the ways of fashionability, to complain against such an arrangement? Though their hearts sank deep, deep down, Evelyn trilled in what sounded like a merry laugh straight from her heart, and Henry's deep "Ha-ha" was sincere enough appearing to convince anyone that he was delighted at the idea.

But the tears trembled on Evelyn's long silken lashes as she saw her Henry drive away in their own beloved little car, which was still not entirely paid for, with Mrs. Hammond. Two of them fell on the orchid colored ostrich feathers that trimmed her frock—but Bruce Grey did not notice them as he was occupied with an adjustment on his rear tire holder. By the time he was through, and she was comfortable in the car, she had mastered her tears and her voice.

"YOU'RE just a little kitten—now purr nicely for me," said Grey playfully as he sat down beside her. Evelyn's naïve attempts to appear grown up and filled with worldly wisdom amused him, bored and satiated with society and artificiality as he was. It was a new sensation to have this sweet, fresh creature near him. He sat back and enjoyed her, being careful not to frighten her with any attempt at familiar-



ity. He dropped her at her door without any repetition of the invitation he had extended earlier in the evening. Grey knew how to play the game with woman's pride and woman's curiosity.

"That little kitten is going to lose her mittens, I am afraid," he mused as he raced home.

"I wonder if I *shall* see him again," ran Evelyn's thoughts. She both hoped and feared that she would. She wanted to be fashionable, and it certainly was an honor to be singled out by Bruce Grey for a whole evening. Mrs. Trude had said it was. On the other hand—those confounded unfashionable Baxter Street ideas of the correct conduct for husbands and wives, instilled into her by generations of strict adherence to them, would not be quieted.

"Would you want Henry to want to see Mrs. Hammond again?" asked the still small voice.

Mrs. Henry Langdon refused to acknowledge the protest that leaped up in her heart at the very thought of such a thing.

"How silly I am," she reasoned with herself. "If two grown up persons cannot trust each other, what is the use of being married?" She had heard some one else use that argument. But it failed to satisfy her, when, after several hours of waiting, she still could not see the headlights of Henry's car.

**H**ALF way home to the Hammond estate, which was located in the country some three miles away from the country club, Henry discovered from the cloud of steam that arose from under the hood that all was not well with the flivver. Henry interrupted his attempts to impress his companion with his scintillating cynicism to climb out and investigate matters.

In his excitement over the party and Evelyn's eagerness to be gone, he had neglected to fill the radiator with water. There was still a little water left—enough to make a trip the rest of the way to Mrs. Hammond's home in perfect safety, no doubt. But the car was new, it was not yet entirely paid for, and Henry had not reached the stage of violent abandon where he was willing to risk the ruin of his automobile to cut a dashing figure with any woman.

So, instead of going straight on, he asked Mrs. Hammond to excuse him while he ran down with his bucket to the farm house nestling some quarter of a mile on a cross road, and left the lady sitting alone in the middle of the road.

As Henry approached the yard of the farm house, a huge dog bounded out at him from the gloom of the trees. Throwing the pail at the dog, Henry fled to a nearby tree, and started to knee his way up. The dog leaped at him, setting his teeth in Henry's trousers. There was a loud tearing sound and the beast was back on earth again with an alarming portion of Henry's apparel in his teeth. But it was not satisfied with the damage it had done. It sat itself down on its haunches and snarled, white teeth gleaming through the darkness. It remained, and so did Henry, until the gray of morning came, then the creature ambled home.

Henry slipped down from the limb where he had been interned, and twisted about to determine what proportion of his clothing was no longer with him. The damage was appalling. He could not return to the fashionable Mrs. Hammond in that condition. Down the road he spied an oil station. He dashed to it, discovered that one of the windows opened easily, and crawled inside. On a nail hung a pair of trousers, many sizes too large for Henry, but anyway whole trousers. Henry slipped into

them, scribbled a note telling the owner the story of their disappearance, gave his name and address and promised to return them safely—then hurried back to the place where his car had stood. It stood there no more—neither it nor Mrs. Hammond was in sight.

Henry's heart leaped into his mouth at the thought of the hundred and one things that might have happened to Mrs. Hammond. Then the rim of the sun crept over the hills and shed its accusing beams in his eyes, and made his heart stop beating altogether. In his anxiety to get out of the predicament in which he had found himself, he had forgotten that there was a sweet young wife who would want to know just why it was that it had taken her husband until morning to see another woman to her home not five miles away.

Perhaps it was Henry's "pride" that whispered to Henry that it would be better to make up some gorgeous lie to tell Evelyn about the evening's happenings instead of coming out with the rather ridiculous truth. The truth would have been so much more sensible. But anyway, when he arrived on foot, swathed in enormous trousers, and sans the Langdon flivver, to meet a tearful wife, he plodded in, breathless and worn, as after a terrific struggle.

"I don't know how many of them there were—but they were all armed with guns—," he began, then flowed eloquently, as husbands can and do, into a recountal of a tale of highwaymen that made Mrs. Henry hug the husband of her bosom to her in an ecstasy of pride and horror at the thought of the odds he had overcome.

(Continued on page 117)

She heard her husband remark, "By Jove, Miss Turner, you're looking awfully pretty today."







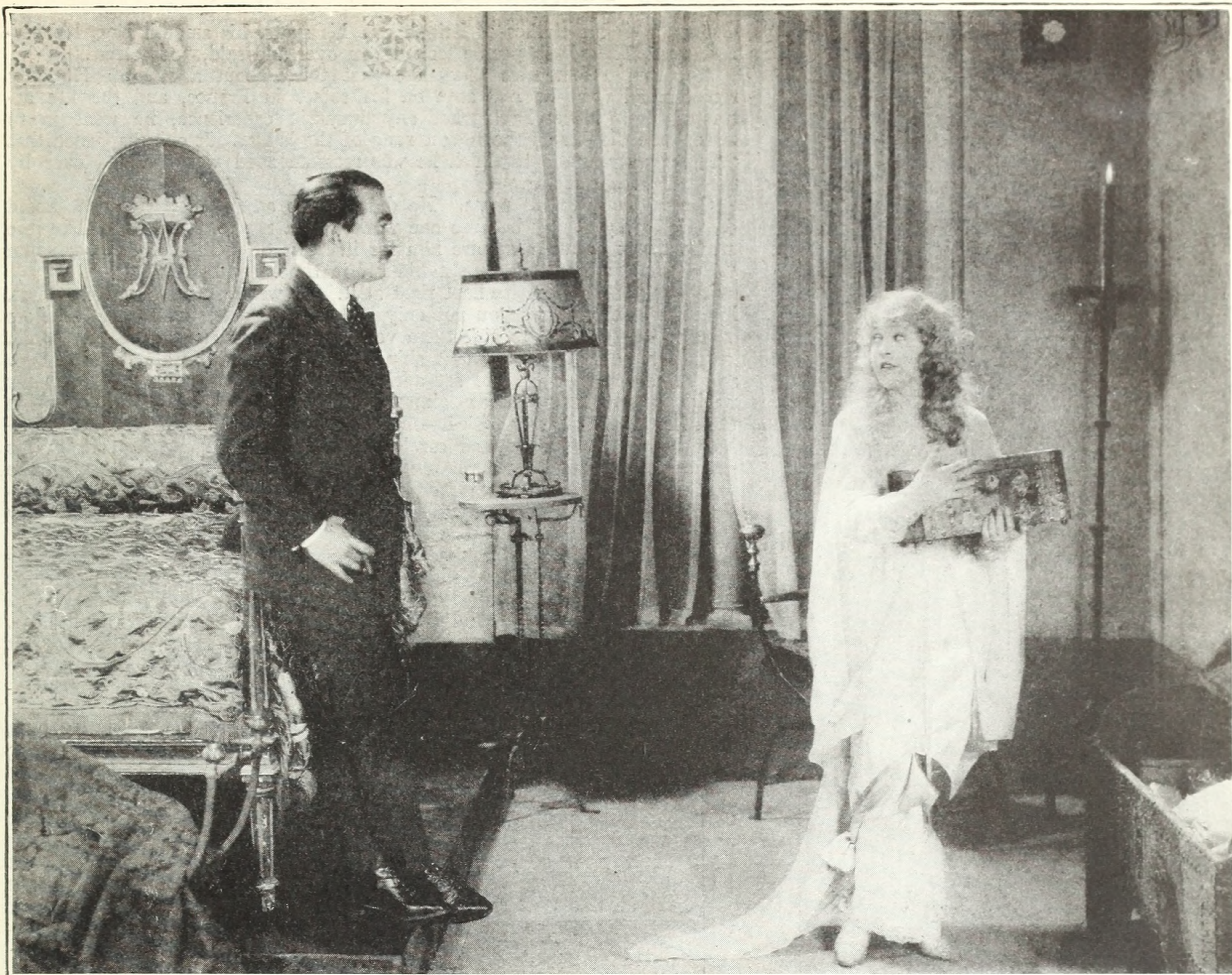
*Norman Anthony '20*

*Drawn by Norman Anthony*

### Intimate Snapshots

The masculine vampire at home. He is rough with "The Weaker Sex" — in the pictures.





Mr. Fitzmaurice directing Mae Murray.

## Starring the Director

But George Fitzmaurice  
places true art before any  
stellar prerogatives.

By DELIGHT EVANS

**H**IS idea of hell is a studio where they use mid-victorian furniture in an old-Italian set.

You probably recognize a Fitzmaurice picture by its sets. That is the trouble with being an artist—the audience decides forthwith that that's all you are. Fitzmaurice's drama happens to be as good as his period furniture. His India is India. "The Witness for the Defense" brought India to Indiana—and maybe Indiana didn't enjoy it! His Turkey is the real Turkey. And a Broadway chorus girl would instinctively take on the air of an English duchess if she ever stepped into one of George's baronial halls.

Fitzmaurice made a picture of New York life for Famous Players; it was not made as a "special production" or anything fancy like that. When it was shown for the first time, some officials sat in judgment. Result, "On With the Dance" was released as a widely-heralded special, the first of the "George Fitzmaurice Special Productions."

His company approached him with a contract. A contract to make Fitzmaurice himself the directing star of four de-luxe pictures a year, with his players only secondary. Fitzmaurice signed. One month later he went to his officials and asked if he might direct a star. The star was John Barrymore and the play, "Peter Ibbetson."

That, as "Dere Mable" might say about "Bill," "that's him, all over." He is his own star; but you would never know it. You would think, to see him on the sidelines of his set, that he was a Wall Street man come to look 'em over. But—he goes through every bit of action himself. He is a director who doesn't let his assistant do much except draw his salary. He is on the job every minute; he is the hero, the heroine, the villain and the vamp.

He is important because he is one director who has never been an actor or a stage-manager, who has, in fact, had nothing at all to do with or on the stage. He is absolutely untutored except in so far as he was born with a keen dramatic sense and had a thorough worldly training, received in the humanity-schools of Cairo and Paris, Constantinople and a villa by the blue sea, in Southern France.

He is French in appearance, French in speech, American in preference,—and Irish in wit. As a matter of fact he *is* Celtic, but he was born and brought up in France. His home was a villa where everything that is told of France in song and story came true. One day when he and his mother happened to be enjoying a singular solitude—usually the place was overrun with guests—a man came to the door and asked politely if the estate might be used as a cinema location.





French in appearance, French in speech, and Irish in wit.

George's mother demurred at first but finally yielded to the wishes of her son, who wanted to learn, first-hand, what actors were like, anyway. Pictures in France did not then have much prestige. So the company came and camped on the grounds, and spilled their make-up and their props all over the place, while George looked curiously on and wondered.

The director thanked them, when his company had finished, for their courtesy, and bowed himself gratefully out, whiskers and all—

Not many years later, George Fitzmaurice—the same, but having learned that there is more in life than polo, sunshine and debutantes—was looking for work. He sought it in the studios. The man who finally engaged him was the same director who had expressed himself as grateful for his courtesies, long ago in France! For, you see, George came to America and went into trade, and trade failed him, and he turned to the pictures—

George, with his clothes of British cut, his spats, his smooth hair, his perfect ties. The studio people looked him over and said, "Some nut."

Not that Fitzmaurice knew the first thing about a studio. He only remembered what he had seen on his estate in France, and the life attracted him. Never having had any dramatic experience, he went in to learn. He did—from the lowest rung of the ladder. It only happened that the particular studio to which he was recommended was presided over by the ex-French director.

George clung to his spats. He did not see any reason why one should dress clumsily simply because one worked in a studio. And by and by the studio hands began to admire him for it. One of them started to call him "George" one day—but caught himself in time.

Young Mr. Fitzmaurice kept right at it. He was a scenario writer at first. He says in those days you not only had to note on paper to the directors what to do; you had to give them very careful instructions what not to do.

"Once," he says "there was a ship-wreck scene to write about. The hero and some other people are set adrift and have to stay on a small raft for weeks, after having been almost drowned. But when the hero—in the scene as the director took it—finally climbed on board the rescuing ship—he accepted a cigarette and carelessly took a box of matches out of his pocket to light it with. I remonstrated with the director. I said, 'But the man would not have the matches in the pocket after he has been ship-wrecked and tossed about in the water.' 'Well,' growled the director, 'why the — didn't you write that in?'"

In spite of the fact that his efforts for realism were irritating to the slapstick craftsman of that period, he persevered. Pretty soon he had some real things to direct, including "The Naulahka," the vivid Indian tale of Kipling's, with Doraldina; "Sylvia of the Secret Service," with Mrs. Castle, and "Innocent" and "Common Clay," with Fannie Ward. But even here his style was cramped. He couldn't do all that he wanted to do. He is as temperamental about sets as a prima-donna is about orchestration. His expense accounts were checked within an inch of his life; he couldn't spend all the company's money on real settings and real effects. It was a shame.

He was called to Famous Players to direct Elsie Ferguson. They got along famously—I defy any woman, to quarrel with Fitzmaurice. He brought to his new work all his knowledge of the continent, of the orient and the isles. He knew when a property man was trying to pass off a queer piece of pottery from the prop room for a Ming vase of the 'nth dynasty. He was given the exclusive right to use his own expert judgment on things of that sort, and intelligent people began to know and watch for Fitzmaurice films.

*(Continued on page 125)*

Mr. Fitzmaurice, and his equally talented wife, Ouida Bergere, who writes the scenarios of all his productions, in their studio apartment.







Decoration by Norman Anthony.

# The Pure Bad Woman

A tragedy in several cerebrations.

By FRANK M. DAZEY

*Scene: Interior of the large and well furnished brain of a successful scenarioist. Nicely balanced on the cerebrum is the idea of a large box-shaped something like a child's penny savings bank. Standing on the Medulla Oblongata, rather ill at ease, are the nude figures of Art and Knowledge. Gazing at them with all the complacency of a happy bride who has brought two potential sweethearts together is the Eternal It of the scenarioist himself.*

SCENARIOIST. So happy to be able to bring you two together. Knowledge, I want you to meet Art. Art, this is Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE. Why, we're old friends. I don't know why people nowadays always think of us as strangers.

ART. Charmed to see you here, Knowledge.

SCENARIOIST. I daresay you hardly expected to meet each other here. Well, I've always been known as daringly different, and this time I'm going to be more daring and more different than ever before. I'll let you in on a secret. (ART and KNOWLEDGE bend forward as SCENARIOIST continues impressively) Pres. Oodlesovitz of the Great Jazz Film Co. has asked me to write a new picture and I want to put both of you into it.

KNOWLEDGE. This is a bit unusual, but we're always willing to oblige.

SCENARIOIST. Oodlesovitz wants the picture to be about a

bad woman who reforms and makes good; they never fail—the pictures I mean.

ART and KNOWLEDGE. (looking uncomfortable and speaking almost simultaneously) Sorry, but it's quite late. I think we'd better take this up another time.

SCENARIOIST. No! No! Please stay! Oodlesovitz was most insistent. Aren't there any thoughts you can give me?

KNOWLEDGE. (after some hesitation selects a thought and hands it gingerly to SCENARIOIST) Well, if she's a bad woman I suppose the man is neither her first nor her last.

ART. (enthusiastically) Fine!

SCENARIOIST. (takes thought and examines it critically) Thanks, I'll see what I can do with this. (He goes toward the idea box.)

KNOWLEDGE. What's that?

SCENARIOIST. That's the Box Office Idea. I'll have to see if this fits into it.

KNOWLEDGE and ART. (rather taken aback) Oh!

(After some trouble SCENARIOIST crams the thought into box.)

SCENARIOIST. (sighs and turns towards ART) And you, Art?

ART. (speaking brightly and much encouraged by KNOWLEDGE's success, hands SCENARIOIST a small but glittering piece of truth) And He will gain no happiness, nor She, either!



SCENARIOIST. (*takes the piece of truth and examines it curiously as though he had never seen anything quite like it before*) I don't know about this. I'll have to follow the Easiest Way and you know that's quite hard.

(*After a good deal of manipulation SCENARIOIST manages to force the truth into box which quivers reproachfully.*)

ART. Wonderful! Why, this seems to remind me of other times, long, long ago!

KNOWLEDGE. Of course it does, Art, only you die and are reborn so often it's hard for you to remember. Try to think—Aeschylus—the Law of Dramatic Catastrophe.

ART. It's all coming back to me. The inevitable punishment of the Transgressor. How our poor woman will suffer, not in one splendid sacrifice, but through all the sordid details, of quarrels, deceits, disease, and mutual infidelity.

SCENARIOIST. (*greatly alarmed*) Stop! Stop! This is much too much! Suppose Oodlesovitz should come in and hear you!

(*ART and KNOWLEDGE continue talking, paying no attention to him, until, suddenly, lid of Box Office Idea falls with a loud click.*)

ART. Did you hear that?

KNOWLEDGE. (*looking at box*) Why, it's shut, tight!

(*Together they rush towards box, and shake it, trying to force ideas and pieces of truth into it.*)

SCENARIOIST. Children! Children! Do be careful! Oodlesovitz says it's never safe to monkey with the Box Office.

(*Unfortunately SCENARIOIST's warning comes too late. The Box Office Idea stirs, then suddenly topples over on ART and KNOWLEDGE, flattening them out completely.*)

SCENARIOIST. (*looks at them sadly and shakes his head*) Too bad! Too bad! But really they ought to have known better than to come here in the first place! (*Without more ado he drags them off by the heels. Returning a little later he reverently raises the Box Office Idea to its accustomed niche. Speaks thoughtfully.*) Well, I've written all my other pictures without them, so I guess I can do this one all right. (*He begins to compose.*) "Shedda Teare, a pure bad woman." No! No! That won't do! "Shedda Teare, a bad woman with pure thoughts and a good heart." Fine! That ought to drag 'em in!

(*He looks hopefully at Box Office Idea. It responds with a sweet tinkling as of gold struck by silver. Darkness falls.*)

# The Morals of the Movies

Mr. Karl Kitchen discusses, after investigation, the truth about the alleged "gay studio life."

YOU have been hearing the "morals of the movies" discussed pro and con—mostly con—for a number of years. Last spring the New York World sent Mr. Karl Kitchen, one of its most able writers and investigators, to California to gather information on the motion picture game. In the following article, taken from Reedy's Mirror, Mr. Kitchen lays the gist of his discoveries of the motion picture's morals before the reading public:

"IT is a common thing for 'gay dogs' to wink slyly when discussing conditions in the motion picture studios," says Mr. Kitchen. "And these sly winks are usually accompanied by knowing looks and equally comprehensive elbow nudges in the ribs. For there is widespread impression that artistic endeavor and immorality often go together and that motion picture studios, while not surfeited with art, are nevertheless 'hot beds of vice,' as well-paid reformers would put it.

"The writer did not go to Los Angeles to investigate the morals of the movie folks, although a rumor to that effect did give some of them a pretty bad scare. If he had been asked about the morals of the film people some months ago, he would have replied that in his opinion they didn't have any.

"It is always easier to give a flippant answer to evade the facts.

"But a month spent in and about the studios of Southern California has caused him to revise his opinions about the morals of the movie makers.

"Not that I would give the movie colony of Los Angeles a clean bill of health. But the stories about the gay life in the studios have been greatly exaggerated.

"The most common charge of immorality in camera-land is that young women are not advanced in their chosen profession unless they submit to the advances of studio managers, directors or influential male stars. Stories are constantly being circulated to that effect. I have heard them at first hand from young women in manicure parlors, singers in near cabarets and other unnecessary places. All the stories are the same.

"While I hold no brief for the studio managers, directors and others in authority in California's film factories, I do not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of these stories are downright lies. They are the pitiful excuses of the unsuccessful. Being unable to get employment in a studio, or being discharged for incompetence, it is much easier for a young woman to make charges of this kind than to admit the truth.

"In the days when the directors in the studios were all-powerful, when they had the power of 'hiring and firing' young

women—there were many abuses of this nature. Young women, unless they were financially independent, were more or less at the mercy of the director under whom they were working.

"But the motion picture industry has undergone a great change in the past three years.

"At the present time the big studios are conducted as efficiently and with as strict attention to business as any manufacturing plants. The directors have nothing to do with the engaging of actors or actresses. Nor have they the authority to discharge anyone. At each studio there is a casting director, so called, whose sole business it is to engage the players for each picture. Of course the stars, where they are not making pictures of their own, are engaged by the big officials of the film companies, but the directors do not meet the minor players until an actual start is made on the picture.

"As the studios are run today, there is not time to bother with amateurs or incompetents. Players have to be engaged strictly on their merits and a casting director who takes advantage of his position is very soon replaced. Only the high officials of a producing company have the power to engage or advance a personal favorite. From which it will be seen that favoritism of this kind is considerably restricted.

"Naturally, there have been several glaring examples of favoritism of this nature. There are several stars who are before the public only because of the so-called film magnates. But as a rule their careers are very short. They are so conspicuous by their lack of talent that nobody in the profession takes them seriously. And all of the advertising space that is lavished on them does not sell their pictures more than once.

"I know one important producer who gave a certain Broadway chorus girl a big contract to oblige a New York broker who held his I. O. U. for \$15,000 as the result of a gambling debt. I know two or three producers who have advanced certain actresses because they happened to be fond of them. But where it is possible to point out three or four cases of this kind, one is able to point out sixty or seventy stars who are where they are today solely on their merits.

"There is a popular catch line in Southern California, 'Are you married, or do you live in Los Angeles?' But this is current because of the frequency of divorce and its attendant evils among members of the movie colony. There are doubtless quite as many divorces among cloak and suit manufacturers, if authentic statements were obtainable. Matrimonial infelicity is not peculiar to any class of people these days. And of most of the motion picture stars it may be said that if they have any faults they make virtues of them."



# Open Air Movies

A heart to heart talk  
with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



IT was midsummer and breathlessly hot—so hot that even the twilight hour did not bring relief. People sat upon the stone steps of every city stoop—the men quite shamelessly devoid of coats and waistcoats, the women waving listless palm leaf fans. Somewhere down the street a fretful baby cried out; somewhere, farther off, a droning hurdygurdy played a slow waltz-tune.

The woman on the stoop of the next house spoke suddenly, impatiently—with an impatience born of the oppressive weather.

"I think," she said petulantly, "that I'll go mad if I have to sit, for very much longer, on these steps being sorry for myself because I'm so hot. I think that I'll go mad."

From his place at her feet her husband answered her. His voice was comfortably lazy.

"Well," he suggested, "we can always go to the movies. How about it?"

The woman's voice was still petulant when she spoke.

"I'd like to go," she said, "It would take my mind away from myself, that's sure! But I couldn't endure the stuffiness of a crowded, badly ventilated theatre."

The man rose slowly to his feet and stretched both white shirted arms high above his head.

"If that's all that's worrying you," he told his wife, "I'll go into the house for my coat and we'll get started. Have you forgotten, woman," this dramatically, "that there are open air movies, nowadays?"

And a little later I saw them going off together, quite happily, toward a certain picture theatre that throws open its roof in the summertime so that the real stars in the sky can twinkle cosily down upon the reel stars that flicker across the surface of the silver sheet.

Open air movies are like a cool breeze to the heated population of the summer city. They point an avenue of escape from heat and humidity; from discomfort and discontent. *And they should!* For open air movies are the greatest invention of the age—plus. Plus good ventilation and freedom from germs and the boundless inspiration of the night-time sky.

And yet, though open air movies mean a great deal, they do not mean all that they should mean. The term "Open Air Movie" applies only to the building that is the home of the motion picture play—it stands only for a freedom from stifling roofs and too closely encircling walls. It stands only for a shell—for a building made of wood or stone. And it might stand for infinitely more, for many vitally important things.

It might, for instance, have some connection with the motion picture play, itself. It might mean that the picture had been sweetened by contact with the out-of-doors; it might mean that wholesome sunlight had been put into the film—sunlight and the fragrance of flowers and the sweetness of bird songs. It might mean that the pictures were cleaner, better, bigger than other pictures. The term "open air movie" might mean that a picture, so advertised, could be endorsed as the sort of a picture that folk could take their children to see—and their mothers!

The motion picture is, perhaps, the greatest agency for good in the whole world. It has limitless possibilities—a limitless

audience, a limitless circulation, a limitless field. The message of the motion picture can travel much farther than either the spoken word or the printed page can travel. It can be the most potent sermon in the world, the most convincing argument for right doing. And, oftentimes, it is.

But there are occasions when the motion picture is neither a sermon nor an argument for the right. There are times when it is frankly an appeal to the senses—when it is a menace to morals (particularly very young morals) and an offense to good taste. There are pictures that win great publicity on account of a barbaric lack of costume, and there are other pictures that owe their fame to splendidly acted bits of violence—to vivid portrayals of passion. And these pictures are the ones that remind—or should remind—an audience of a tightly shuttered, ill-ventilated room.

I went to a dinner once, at which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew were the guests of honor. Because they were, at that time, the motion picture idols of a continent, I could not help watching them narrowly—and with a very great interest. And I was surprised and delighted, as the evening wore on, to see how natural and unaffected they were. They weren't at all as one, unacquainted with the movies, would picture popular stars. They were just charming, "folksy" people.

It was after dinner, when the toastmaster was introducing the speaker of the night, that he struck the secret of the Drews' popularity.

"They are," he said slowly, "enshrined in the hearts of a nation. And the nation isn't ashamed to admit it!"

That, it seems to me, is the most splendid compliment that could be paid one who has a part in the country's public life.

The Drew comedies were never blatant or vulgar. They never overstepped the bounds of propriety. They never won their laughter and applause by being risqué. *And yet they were more in demand, from the first one to the very last, than any of the other comedies!* For they were, in the truest sense of the word, open air movies.

Look about you at the plays that are the tremendous successes of the season. Clean plays they are, every one of them, with plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and with a worth while moral tucked in for good luck. Look at the books that reach the best-seller class, and you'll find that they are stories that you wouldn't be ashamed to leave openly upon your library table. And—last of all—look at the motion pictures that play to packed houses! Look at the audiences that flock to see Mary Pickford—who has never relied upon anything stronger than open air to make her plays a success. Look at other stars who have reached the top rung in the ladder of motion picture fame. And you'll see that they are the sort who give healthy fun, and wholesome thrills and love scenes that make you remember your own love story.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE stands for the biggest and best entertainment that the motion picture can give. It stands for a measure of value that is pressed down and running over. And, most of all, it stands—with every bit of its knowledge and its clear headedness and its power—for the open air movie and all that the open air movie may mean!



Margaret E. Sangster



# Playtime Clothes

By NORMA TALMADGE

Illustrations by John Barbour



This is the second of Miss Talmadge's fashion articles. She is now Photoplay's Fashion Editor and will write each month on some subject pertaining to good dressing.

I HAVE a bathing suit at home that's guaranteed to raise a laugh no matter what's gone wrong.

It's a very lovely bathing suit—or, at least, it was. It was made by a jewel of a French dressmaker, one of those women who can just take one look at you and then go away and create a dress that makes you want to spend the rest of your life in front of the mirror—you know what I mean.

Well, I went to Madame last spring and told her I wanted a new bathing suit.

Oh, yes, of a certainty Madame would make one.

And of a certainty she did.

It was a beauty; a lovely glowing red dress with the cunningest shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows—the sort of bathing suit that every girl dreams about when she's getting ready for her vacation.

I put it on the first time I went to the beach and was soon out beyond the breakers having a glorious swim. I didn't notice anything wrong until I came ashore, and then I saw queer red streaks running down my legs and arms. When I got to a looking glass I saw the same kind of streaks adorning my face—the colors in my new bathing suit had run!

It took two days' hard work to discourage those streaks and get my face back to normal. Then I went to Madame and in cold tones told her what had happened.

Madame threw both hands toward heaven.

She exclaimed!

She wanted to know why I had gone in the water!

I told her that was my usual custom when I went swimming.

"But did Mademoiselle not realize that it was a beach costume? In the water! Ah, heaven!"

You see, it was another case of a difference of opinion in the French and American idea of athletics.

I believe that "hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water" was written to a little French miss—and she took it to heart. Lovely costumes, yes, to sit on the beach. But to wear in the water—*non, non!*

So I hope that when you start away this summer to the woods or the mountains or the seaside you will remember my experience and take along the sort of clothes you are not afraid to wear when you swim or ride or walk or play tennis.

THEY are so beautiful this summer and so diversified that you will be

sure to find just the sort of thing that suits you best. Personally, I adore swimming above all other sports and whenever possible I make for the water. There are bathing suits this year that will make you feel quite as dressed up as if you were promenading on the board walk—and they are guaranteed not to run. The craze for taffeta dresses has reached the makers of bathing suits, and there are ever so many rubberized taffeta bathing costumes that are as pretty as they can be. And if you like embroidery, there are plenty of embroidered suits, with shoes and cape to match.

But the cleverest thing I have seen yet is the black velvet bathing suit. It was new last year, but even better this, and makes you look like a nice frisky shiny seal when you come out of the water.

If you don't swim—well, the only thing I can say is that I'm sorry for you.

That reminds me that I was talking the other day with a woman who was lamenting over the "old fashioned girl" and saying how much nicer she was than the modern product.

Don't you ever let anyone tell you that and get away with it.

I showed my visitor some old prints I happened to have of 1870 costumes. You know the kind, an eighteen-inch waist and a bustle. And then I reminded her of the habits of the young lady in question, who ate next to nothing—when there were spectators—and fainted whenever there was a man around to catch her, and who always had that mysterious disease, the "megrims."

And I contrasted the healthy modern girl, with her good appetite and her normal waistline, with those strange females who used to meander through the pages of Godey's Lady's Book.

Yes, don't make any mistake about it, we have it on those Early Victorian maidens, considerably.

Whenever I have the time I don a middy blouse and a serviceable skirt and walk from my home to the studio. Try it some day and you will find out how many miles I cover in that tramp. Of course, I had rather walk in the country, but that chance doesn't come to busy girls every day and if you can't walk in the country you had much better walk in town than not at all.

If there is one girl I am sorry for it is the girl with a dull complexion who hasn't found out the fun of walking. It's a good plan to walk at least part way to your place of business,



This wool embroidered gingham frock costs \$80. You can reproduce it for \$8. Cover a ten cent hat frame with the same material and your costume is complete.



if you go down town to earn your bread and butter every day. If you are a home girl you have a still better chance to win real roses for your cheeks.

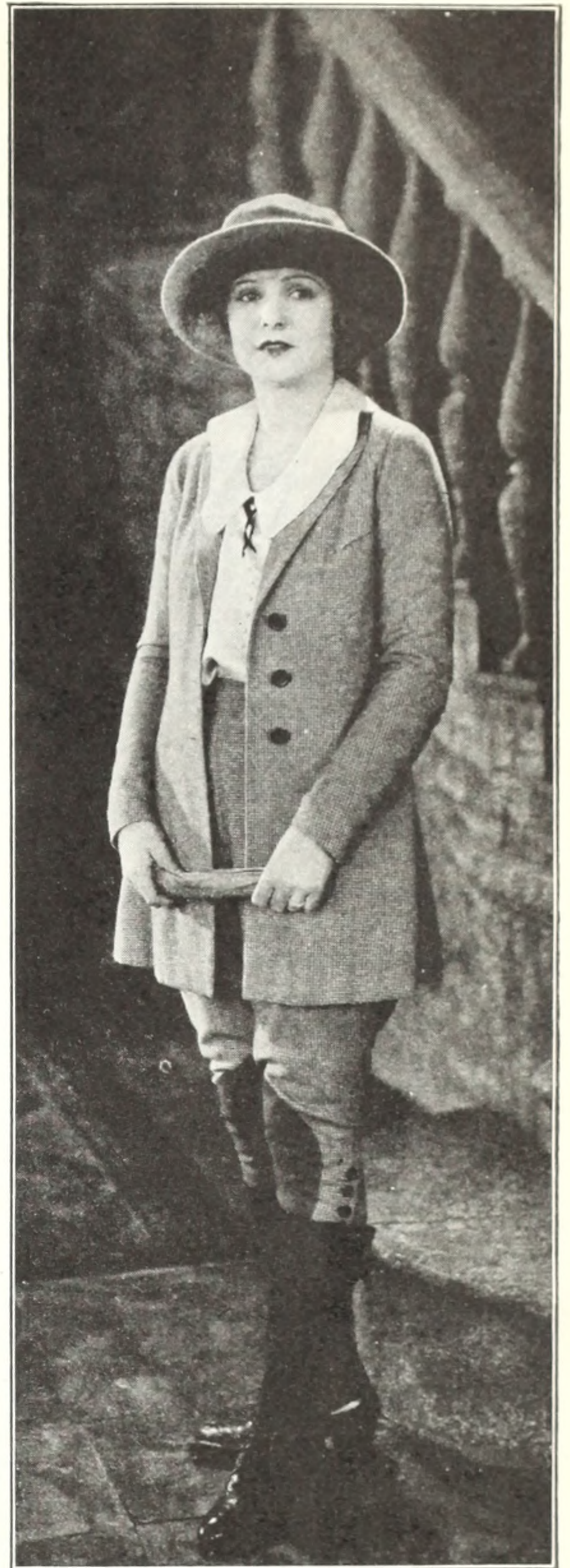
It's surprising how you can walk away the blues, or a disappointment or a bad complexion. If you don't believe me, try it yourself.

**S**HOULD you happen to have plenty of money to spend on walking clothes there are some wonderful English things over this year—smart doggy tweeds, that combine comfort with good looks. And if you take your exercise in a motor, you will find some exquisite motor wraps over from Paris. They are designed this year in all manner of bright colors and many of them have leather trimmings that are really beautiful. I saw a polo coat the other day that Jean Patou—that wizard of clothes—sent over to a New York house. It was white polo cloth stitched in red silk and with a red patent leather belt. (You might tip your tailor off to that.)

If you are a very busy girl and can only get away to the country for week ends, there is a new device just out that will considerably lessen the work of packing. It is a pleated skirt that can be made in any material—the one I saw was done in navy blue taffeta. It hangs from a thin silk underwaist that can be adjusted to any length the wearer wishes, and it is ideal for the sensible girl who has eliminated corsets from her wardrobe. There are three blouses designed to go with this skirt—for morning, afternoon or evening wear. So, if you select this costume, your packing of dresses may narrow itself down to putting in two extra blouses.

By the way, I wonder if you have heard that the makers of riding habits haven't it all their own way in the matter of breeches this year? A great many of the new sports clothes are shown with the divided skirt and pantalette cuff, and this type of skirt has the advantage of being good looking and equally adaptable for walking, mountain climbing, tennis or golf. Practically every important creator of clothes has turned out some phase of the divided skirt and pantalette cuff this season. In habits, the latest thing is to have the breeches a shade lighter than the coat. Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good—especially so this year.

The girl who is clever with her needle can have plenty of pretty summer clothes at a small expense. One skirt of sports silk, in white or any of the bright tones, may be worn with half a dozen different blouses. These blouses for summer wear are long, straight affairs that can be easily made at home out of some of the lovely materials now being shown. The blouse that costs from \$20 to \$35 in the shops can be made for \$5 or \$10. And if you cover a ten-cent hat frame with some of the same kind of material from which



Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good—especially so this year.

No one can be unhappy long if she dons a gaily colored smock. Miss Talmadge prefers batik ones—but she has others of red, and sapphire blue, and burnt orange.



you made your blouse you will have a pretty sports rig that you can wear at any of the summer places.

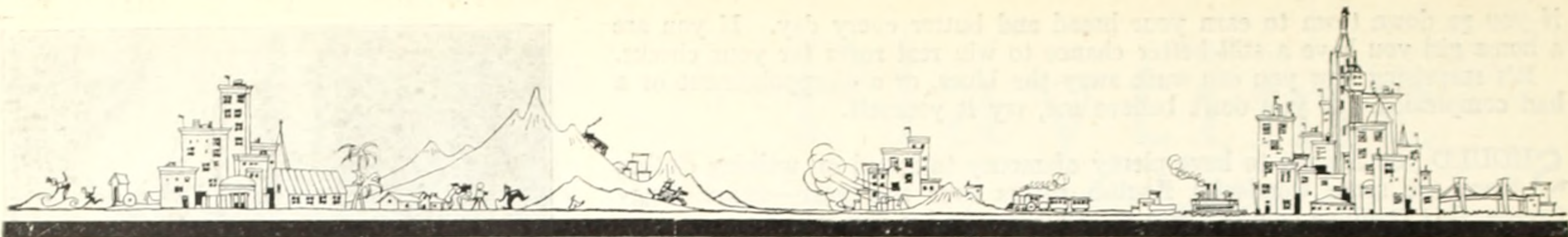
**F**OR my own wear I adore smocks, and always have a number of them, mostly batik, for I love bright colors. I have a little theory of my own that no girl can be unhappy very long if she dons a pretty red, or sapphire blue or burnt orange smock. Speaking of blue, there is a lovely shade the French call *pervanche* that is being used a great deal this summer, and there hasn't been so much red used in ages—perhaps a lot of people are finding out how much happier they are in brilliant tones than in dull black, or brown or gray.

There is also a new shade of red, a wonderful flame color, that the French dressmakers are using considerably, both in materials for sports clothes and for embroidering on contrasting colors. Next in favor, is green in high jade and emerald tones.

For porch wear we are going back to gingham and dimity, and there is, after all, nothing quite so girlish and charming as gingham for wear on hot mornings. I saw last week in one of the smart shops a little gingham frock that had been made for a lucky girl who will spend the summer at Newport. It was a brown and white check, exactly the same kind that our mothers used for kitchen aprons. The skirt was gathered on softly all around at a rather long waistline and had two V-shaped pockets on either side embroidered in wool in tones of red, green and brown. The plain, straight bodice had a square neck

(Continued on page 115)





# WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions  
By DELIGHT EVANS

**Y**OU Can Remember  
The Time When  
The News-Reel was Something  
Like Medicine: You Knew  
It Did You Good, but  
You Hated to Swallow It.  
You Tried to Miss it; but  
If you Couldn't, it became  
An Entertainment Evil  
That You Slept Through, or  
During which you Discussed  
Hats, Babies, or  
The Latest Books.  
Along Came an Irishman,  
Named Terrence,  
Who Changed All that—  
Terry Ramsaye,  
The Kinograms Man.  
He decided  
There was Something More  
To a News-Reel Film than—  
"Great Revolution Among  
Pearl-Divers" or  
"U. S. S. Bunko Launched."  
He Made his News-Reel  
A Mixture of the Parts You Like to Read  
In a Newspaper:  
The Ladies' Column, the Kids' Page,  
And Real News.  
Somehow or Other, he  
Never Exhausts his Vocabulary  
Telling you About a Baby-show.  
No—he does it  
In a Crisp Short Sentence that  
Gets a Laugh—even from  
The Solemn Man  
Who Plays the Trombone  
In the Orchestra.  
He Hears of a  
New Kind of Chrysanthemum  
Down South, or  
A Queer Character  
On Catalina—and Sends  
His Camera-man, Tracy Matthewson,  
Down to Investigate.  
Ramsaye Talks  
Like O. Henry.  
He was a Re-write Man  
In Middle-western Journalism.  
He can Tell You Stories  
That Would Make DeMaupassant  
Jealous.  
Among other Things,  
Mr. Kinograms is  
A Rug-maker,  
A Painter, and  
A Good Husband.

Besides, he Could Teach  
Most Photographers  
A Lot About their Own Business  
That They Don't Know.  
And Just Wait  
Until he Begins to Write those Stories!

**I** SAW Alice Joyce  
Just after she was Married.  
I went out to her Studio and  
Alice was Made Up with  
Long Hair and



He pulls a laugh even from  
the solemn trombone player.

A Purple Gown and  
Looked more Queenly than Ever.  
*But—*  
She ordered some Ice-cream and  
We ate it before she Went on the Set.  
Later on I had a Ride  
In her New Car, with its  
"A. J. R." marked on the door.  
I Bumped Into Harry Morey  
Out in Brooklyn, Too.  
He is one of those Thoughtful Gentlemen  
That John Galsworthy likes to Write About;  
With Chiseled Lips and Hair  
That is Faintly Gray at the Temples.  
He likes Serious Things,  
Particularly Plays.

I Know, Because  
Whenever I Go  
To the Theater for a  
Really High-brow Evening, there  
Is Harry Morey—  
And his Wife.

**E**VERYBODY is Going Off  
To Europe.  
Pearl White Just Sailed  
For a Little Vacation Over There.  
She Almost Missed her Boat. They  
Were Rushing Around  
At the Studio  
Trying to Finish  
The last Scenes of her Picture; and Pearl  
Didn't have Time  
To Scrub off her Make-up, even, but  
Ran for her Low Car, and  
Put it in High.  
She Made it. All  
The Traffic Cops Know her.  
Imagine what a Time one of them  
Would Have at Home  
If he Stopped Pearl White  
From Going where she Wanted to Go.  
His Children  
Would Never Forgive him.

**K**AY LAURELL Sailed with Pearl—she  
who Helped Make the Follies Famous.  
She went to Make a Picture in Rome, for  
The Leading Italian Film Company—  
You Couldn't Pronounce it, even if  
I Could Spell it.  
And we mustn't forget  
C. Gardner Sullivan,  
Mr. Ince's Scenario Chief,  
Bound for Europe  
In search of New Ideas.  
But the passport officials  
Were so Slow  
That He Missed His Steamer.  
I'll bet he writes  
A Scenario and roasts  
The Department of State.

**T**HE Circus Came to New York.  
The Birds and the Beasts were There.  
Also Mr. and Mrs. Enrico Caruso and  
Dorothy Gish and Mr. and Mrs. Tom  
Meighan and  
Lots of Others You Know.  
Dorothy Said she was Getting  
New Ideas and that she'd Like to Do  
A Circus Satire.  
Bird Millman—billed as  
The Queen of the Wire,  
Makes her Entrance  
In a Rolls-Royce; and just to prove further  
How different Circus Queens of Today may  
be,  
She is Doing a Picture.



# CLOSE-UPS

## *Editorial Expression and Timely Comment*

**Brickbats and Glass Houses.** Whence comes the thanks for uplift? There are several pretty disgusted actors among those the sincerity of whose ideals has prompted the stage to put on real plays year after year—plays too good to last—in the hopes that those people who proclaim loudly that they want good things and write letters to the papers, decrying the present state of theatrical affairs and bemoaning the fact that the drama is going to the bow-wows, will come out en masse and make those efforts pay!

One of these actors, a very fine gentleman of the old school whose name has been associated for years with the best in the theater, let the cat out of the bag at quite a fashionable dinner for Lord Dunsany, the Irish poet-playwright, a few weeks ago.

He told of a federation of women's clubs of greater New York that has always made a great to-do about "better plays" and "uplifting the drama" and the like. The club bought out the entire downstairs for a matinee performance of "Aphrodite," the spectacle play featuring Dorothy Dalton—a play which, however decent it may be in reality, was blared into New York with a fanfare of unquestionably suggestive advertising.

At that very moment, there was more than one play of real merit that was dying a slow death from lack of appreciation. The patronage of these women would have given new courage to players and producers who were trying to do things inspiring. But what they did drowned out their shoutings.

The pictures, as well as the legitimate stage, suffer from busy-body reformers who do a lot of talking and interfering, but who are always missing when it comes to the vital point—making worthy effort pay for its bread and butter.

**Them Was the Days!** John Barrymore, the most successful legitimate actor on Broadway, ran into Sam Bernard, Broadway's most successful musical comedian, recently.

"Do you remember, at the old Famous Players on Twenty-Sixth Street—" Bernard got no further, for Barrymore interrupted him.

"Yes, I remember a very hot day in summer. You were playing a gentleman in evening dress and a fur coat. You were perspiring away a pound a minute. I was playing a souse who had fallen under a shower bath. You were new to the film business, and you struggled over to the edge of my scene and peeped in, whispering something."

"What did I say?" asked Bernard.

"You said: 'How long must I be in the film business before I can get a part like that?'"

¶

**Western Hustle.** West of the Mississippi river the presentation of motion pictures has taken a dominant business note in two entirely different ways, each characteristic of its section.

On the Pacific Slope the architectural features of the leading cities are actually being changed by the literal picture palaces that seem to be going up in profligate abandon, and then, stranger still, are prospering as profligately. In San Francisco—that American Paris—architects predict that in another year the photoplay theater will be the ruling edifice of the principal streets.

In Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, on the other hand, the small-town theaters and even "neighborhood" houses at country cross-roads are speculative material alike for the opulent farmer and the equally opulent village banker. Dozens of really powerful combinations have been formed, and many a straw-chewing Reuben owns a string of little theaters in addition to his hogs and his corn and his wheat stored in the great elevators of Chicago.

Very new, and very interesting, isn't it?

And quite a far, far cry from the little mutoscope peep-shows of less than twenty years ago!

¶

**Shadow Boxing.** This form of pugilistic art has always been deemed more developing than profitable; but now, developed daily in tanks of hypo, it is proving about as compensating as two minutes' sparring in Toledo on the Fourth of July.

The reference is to the pugnacity picture exploiting—usually in serial form—the successful public slugger. The popular delusion which makes a fellow an actor just because he has seen the third man counting a solemn ten over his prostrate fellow-debater is a little hard to analyze, but . . . there it is, anyway, like the unjailable lawyer in jail.

Mr. Dempsey, who probably thinks Irving just the name of a High School, is one of the most illustrious of these biceptrions at the moment. His contract is probably greater than that of Bennie Leonard, who only got a measly \$100,000 for showing up Barrymore. Jess Willard, now as historic as Johannes Barleycorn, made an enormous sum.

The movies, through public curiosity, are making today's fighters as much money as the really great fighters of yesterday earned throughout their careers.



# Speaking Movies of the Bowery

By  
THEODORE  
MARCONE



Decorations  
by  
Norman Anthony.

If some of our film stars had any idea of the words likely to be put into their mouths, their imagination would never carry them as far as does that of these two lecturers who have to keep up a conversational ad lib performance for a different film every day in the week without even a rehearsal. It takes some presence of mind to see a film for the first time and follow it with extemporaneous lines suitable to the continuous action. No wonder as the picture winds off, mistakes are hurriedly turned into jests to comply with the action on the screen such as when the heroine rushes into a young man's arms and the female voice purrs forth: "Oh, Lionel, I do love you—I do," and just then flashes the approach of the real lover while the lecturer seeing that she has mistaken the brother for the real lover, nothing daunted continuous: "But as a sister. You see here comes my fiance now."

DOWN on our East Side, a few blocks from the East River, where eighty per cent of the community are Hebrews, there is a movie house in Clinton Street which employs two lecturers as a bass and treble to accompany the films. This is a relic of the days when the kinetoscope was number "M" on the continuous variety program. Those were the days when an elucidator was necessary to explain the choppy career of the film in its St. Vitus' dance stage when no sub-titles were counted up in the footage.

There are two of these "speelers" who have learned to run the gamut of every tone and expression in a running conversation accompanying the film, so that the audience not understanding the titles, may yet know the story.

Suddenly from the dark an explanatory voice in heavy bass thunders: "Ah, girl! So you refuse to press my pants?" and a loud slap stick illustrates "Erstwhile Susan" in the form of Constance Binney on the screen, being slapped by her father. The conversation is in the vernacular of Clinton Street and as most of the audience presses pants for a living, it is a very wise and human touch.

The Odeon's "Speelers" must know the psychology of their audiences.

Miss Binney, turning into the kitchen, is followed by the wailing female voice: "Oh dear! How I do hate to wash them dishes!" A remark which brings forth sympathetic sighs from the stooped, be-shawled figures in the dark.

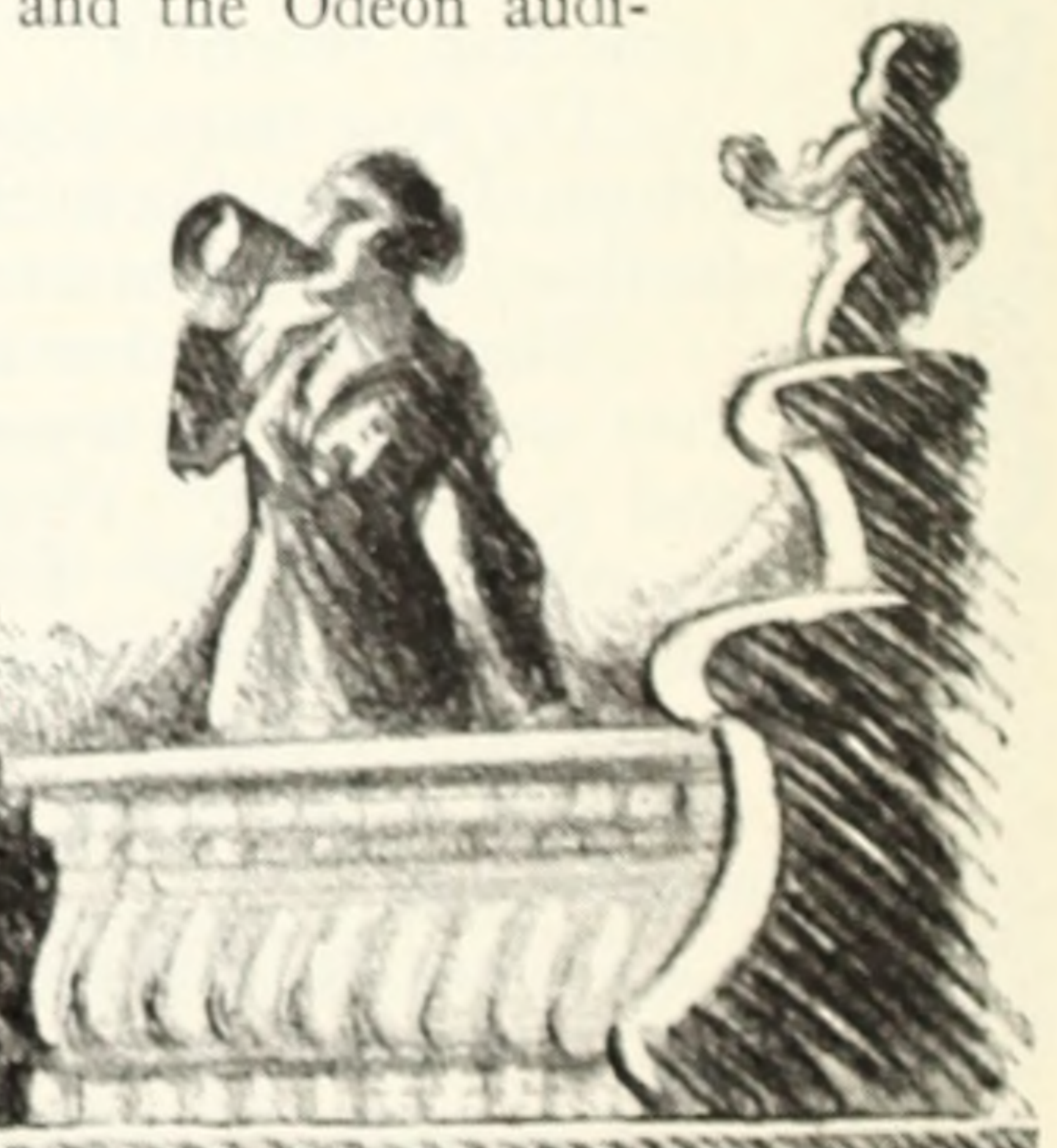
But the audience is quick in discovering these ventriloquial changes and the lecturers not only must be fine diagnosticians of movie gestures and gesticulations, but they must know the psychology of their audiences.

Titles are especially annoying to them; they limit their imagination and they could get along much better, they say, without any reading matter whatever. Even the "Birth of a Nation" would hold no fears for them, for each one is capable of assuming any number of parts within the range of the human voice. This is truly exemplified when the aristocratic lady in "Erstwhile Susan" brushes away Susan's hand with a female voice denouncing the act of an aristocrat by saying:

"Don't touch me, you dirty woiking goil!"

And oh, how that proletariat audience smacks its lips over that wise appeal to its understanding! No title denied the words, so why not interpret the action to your audience's satisfaction?

They know their audience and the Odeon audience is the same year after year. If you doubt it, ask any motorman or conductor going through the East Side where the theater is with the film lecturers and he will put you off at the "place he's been going to fer years."







Jim Pierce found himself left alone with Lee Tyndal, whom he now knew was the one girl who really counted.

# Human Stuff

A romance of the East and West  
with excitement at both ends.

By GENE SHERIDAN

JAMES PIERCE, SR., was hard as nails and twice as practical. He had a one-track mind heavily freighted with business. By keeping everlastingly at that business he had amassed a fortune of vast proportions from a product of extreme humility, to wit the lowly washboard. The Pierce washboard works covered more land than lots of farms and the dividend crops were exceedingly regular. "Old Washboard" Pierce knew the business backwards and he kept it going forward with a farsighted efficiency.

So the Pierce residence was a place of efficient grandeur, with its servants and motors and money. Mary, daughter of "Washboard" Pierce, was a creature of delicate grace and culture. Also there was little probability she would ever see a washboard other than the gilded model that graced her father's study.

Somewhere off on the other side of the world was James Pierce, Jr., her brother, busy polishing off his college career with a five-year travel tour. James, Jr., was scheduled to step into his father's place at the head of the business and the young man was making it his business to postpone the solemn day as long as possible.

Reflecting on that fact and weighted with a newly discovered problem of the washboard industry, the old man rolled home early in the afternoon. He paused in the hallway to address the butler grumpily.

"I will not be disturbed—by anyone. Understand?"

"Old Washboard" stood a moment appraising the new butler, with evident doubts, then turned into his sacredly impenetrable study.

Hardly an hour had elapsed when a taxi-cab came snorting down the avenue and paused before the Pierce mansion. The old man in his study heard it and frowned, but did not look up. Then came a violent and continued ringing of the doorbell,

broken now and then by staccato jabs at the button.

The butler, running on silent tiptoes, opened the door narrowly. He beheld a jaunty young man with an air of great self possession, his hat on the back of his head and a wide smile across his face.

"Is 'Old Washboard' in?"

The frigid butler chilled down a couple of degrees more.

"Mr. Pierce is not in, sir."

The genial young caller started to enter anyway, while the butler pushed him back with protesting hands.

"Mr. Pierce is not in."

In a flash the butler felt and saw a large revolver pushed into the pit of his stomach. As he wilted in a heap, the visitor strode over him into the house.

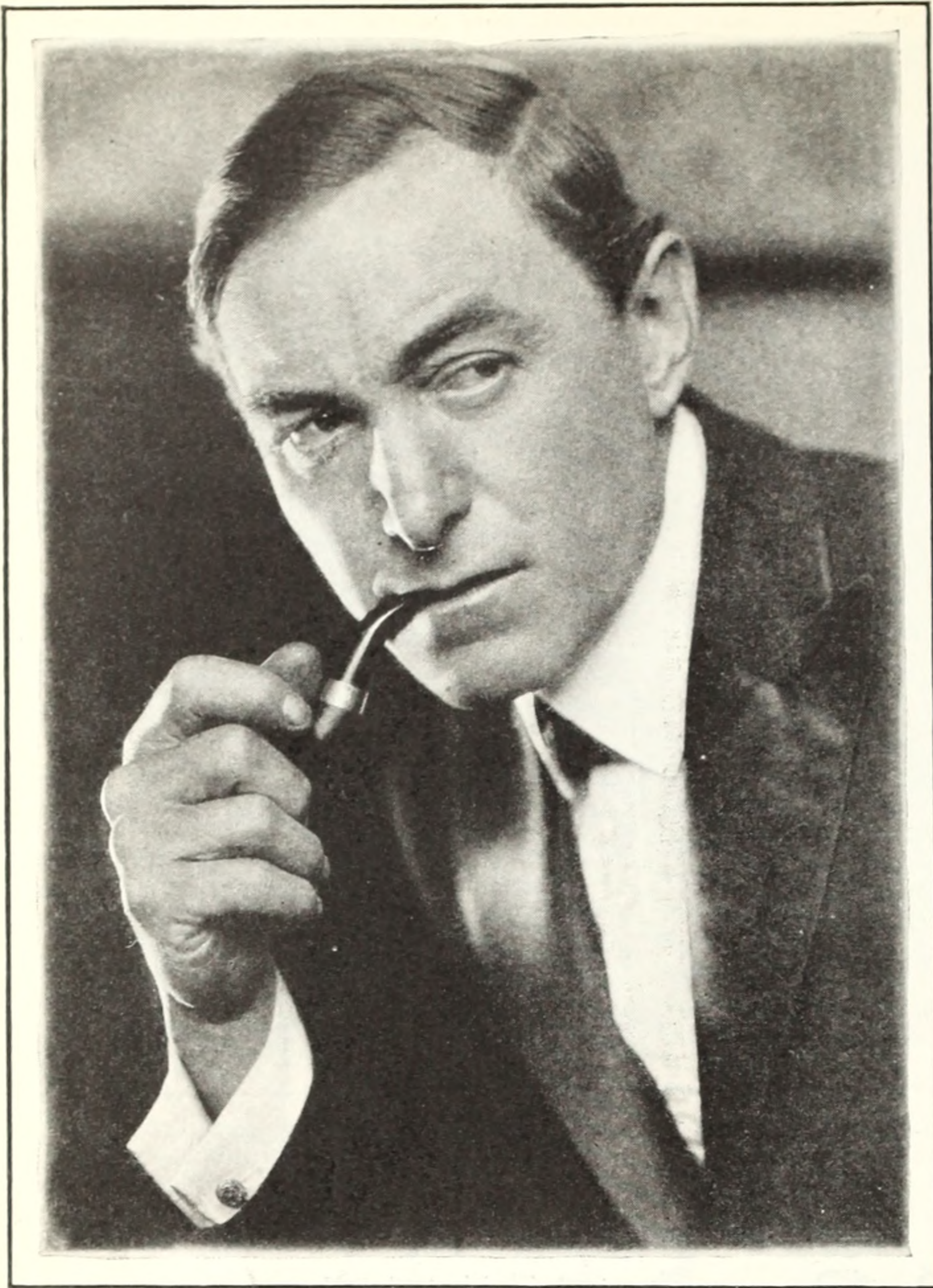
Quaking with fear, the butler followed, protesting in a high pitched voice. "Old Washboard" heard the commotion and growled—without, of course, interrupting his work.

The butler a moment later burst into the study, trembling and voiceless. He drew very close to Pierce and huskily whispered:

"He's in the drawing room, sir! He's in the drawing room, sir!"

The old man scowled into the butler's face—"Well—well!"—then started out to seek the cause of the excitement. The butler threw himself before Pierce with a gesture of caution.





Jim Pierce had his heart set on the strenuous life of the out-of-doors—his father entertained the idea that he should continue the family business and become a captain of industry.

"Please sir—he has a blunderbuss, sir,—a—a monstrous blunderbuss."

The old man cast a scornful glance at the abject butler and strode out.

**H**EARING approaching steps, the visitor, gun in hand, flattened himself against the wall and stood ready. The old man, followed by the butler, entered.

"Put 'em up—hands up!" The voice came from behind them.

"Old Washboard's" hands went up instantly while the butler collapsed.

"Keep 'em up!"

There was something in the voice that led the old man to turn his head ever so cautiously. In an instant he took in the intruder.

"He'lo, dad!"

The "hold-up" was over and the Pierces, senior and junior, were shaking hands, while the butler slowly recovered. And this was the homecoming of James Pierce, Jr.

At this happy juncture Mary Pierce drove up in her limousine, bringing along her girl chum, Lee Tyndal, a sincere young person and a teacher of languages. The result was of course more surprised greetings—and, significantly enough for James Pierce, Jr., an introduction to Miss Tyndal.

The next morning's confab between the Pierces, junior and senior, at "Old Washboard's" factory office was a session of contentions. The volatile and active young Mr. Pierce had his heart set on the strenuous life of the out-of-doors, even from the day when he chose an agricultural college course while his pals and chums were seeking the fashionable academic schools.

But his father had entertained only a single idea—that James Addison Pierce, Jr., should continue the family name and the family business, at the old stand, the washboard works.

"Well, dad, you've made a lot of improvements here."

"Yes, son, and there's a lot more needed. You can see that this business is more than I can handle and I need you here—"

"But, father, I want to grow big in my own chosen line, just as you have done in yours."

There was a long, tedious silence, broken at last by the father.

"Don't be foolish, son. This is a chance to start big; a great opportunity for one without experience, and above all—it is my wish."

The old man waited long for his son to speak. Finally the answer came, reluctantly, gloomily:

"All right, dad, I'll try it."

And try it for two years he did. But it never got to be more than a "try," a tentative endeavor at best. The breaking point came as the result of a little thing, one of those tiny incidents that comes along to clinch a big decision in the lives of men.

It happened in young Jim's private office, where he was in conference with the foreman of the works. It was Jim's idea that a good way to do a good business was to make better washboards. The foreman was submitting samples of better materials. The father strolled in and stood on the edge of the conference in silence as long as he could. Then he erupted.

"One washboard made of this material would last a life time. With every home supplied, there would be no need for a washboard factory."

The old man shook his head with a smile, but there was an air of impatience behind it. Jim looked up in a sort of resigned despair.

"I suppose you are right, dad. I'm wrong again."

"Make 'em cheap. Let 'em wear out. Sell more—that's the idea." And with that the old man stalked out and entered his own office. Jim sat in silence staring blankly at his father.

**T**HE old man puzzled over a letter, then called a stenographer and started to dictate. There was a hard rasp in his voice. It was a hard subject with old "Washboard Pierce," too—the matter of the Twin Hills ranch, the only commercial failure in all his busy life.

"I have finally decided to sell the ranch," he dictated. "Almost any price will be acceptable to me—"

Jim raised his head a bit and grew alert as he heard the words. The old man went on with his dictation.

"—and your early attention to this matter will greatly oblige me."

Jim began positively to cheer up. As an idea dawned, a smile spread over his face. Then he looked out the window again at the great roaring plant, thunderingly busy grinding out more of those unutterably and triply damned washboards.

"It's that thing—that monster!" Jim exclaimed to his sister who sought to greet his evening homecoming with words of encouragement. "With its whirling belts, its furnaces belching out a product that has made our father millions—and me—a failure."

Her gentle counsel was to no avail.

"That's it, sis; I have failed to manage it successfully. God knows I have tried—but I don't fit the factory."

"But, Jimmy—big men fight failures and win!"

Jim assented and added mentally his one reservation—"In their own way."

**I**T was the evening of a reception and Lee Tyndal, guest of honor, was early to arrive. Jim lingered a bit to chat with her before going up to dress. He felt a bit more comfortable in her society than with other girls. Then he excused himself and disappeared.

The reception was in progress and the evening well along when Lee, missing Jim, inquired for him of his sister.

"I don't know, dear. I've looked in his room and he isn't



there. Perhaps business at the factory—or something—but he will be here.”

Mary suddenly caught the look of concern in Lee's eyes.

“Lee! I believe there is more than friendship between you and Jim!”

Lee tossed her head resentfully and denied it.

Jim came home all right and for a few moments made a spectacular and unexpected dramatic incident of the party. The pressure of his disgust with the washboard manufacturing business had been moistened, not to say inundated, with strong drink. Jim felt so much improved that he wanted to linger among the guests and be the life of the party, but the strong counsel and stronger arms of his father conducted him to his room. It was a bitter embarrassment for Mary and perhaps a dash of unhappiness for Lee. But at any rate both girls were busy turning the attention of the guests.

When Jim awoke next morning the sensations in his head apprised him that a large evening had passed—an unusually extensive evening. He was unsteadily sitting up trying to fill a glass from a pitcher when his father entered the room.

“How do you feel?” The old man's manner was not unkind as he stood beside his son's bed.

“Pretty tough, dad.”

“I thought so.” There was a pause, then the father went on. “Against your wishes you have tried for two years to manage the plant and you have failed—now, have you any plans of your own?”

“Yes, dad—I want to get away from all this—the factory, and the city—their environment don't seem to fit.”

“Old Washboard” Pierce looked down on his son, sternly.

“If I have interfered in your progress I am sorry. From now on you may plan your own future.”

“Thanks, dad, I'm leaving tomorrow.” The answer came cheerily. “I can't tell you where, but when I am settled you will hear from me.”

JAMES ADDISON PIERCE, JR., stretched himself on the station platform and regarded the sign with evident satisfaction.

..... S A G O .....  
 326.5 Miles to San Francisco  
 2168.0 Miles to New Orleans  
 .....Elevation 2480 feet.....

Human Stuff

NARRATED by permission from the original photoplay written for Universal by Tarkington Baker. Scenario by Harry Carey and Reeves Eason. Directed by Reeves Eason with the following cast:

Jim Pierce..... Harry Carey  
 Lee Tyndal..... Mary Charleson  
 Boca Romero..... Fontaine Larue

Jim looked about at the loafers around the station and grinned. Inside he engaged the station agent in conversation.

“No, there ain't no real estate agents in Sago, but maybe the Sheriff can fix you up.”

In due course Jim found the sheriff. “If I'm not mistaken, the Twin Hills ranch near here has been offered for sale?”

The sheriff looked at Jim deliberately.

“It was, but I sorter promised to hold it for Bull Elkins. He owns the adjoining ranch.”

“Have you given him an option?”

“No—not exactly—come on in.”

Inside the sheriff's office they made conversation and Jim spoke in the terms that will win any such argument—money.

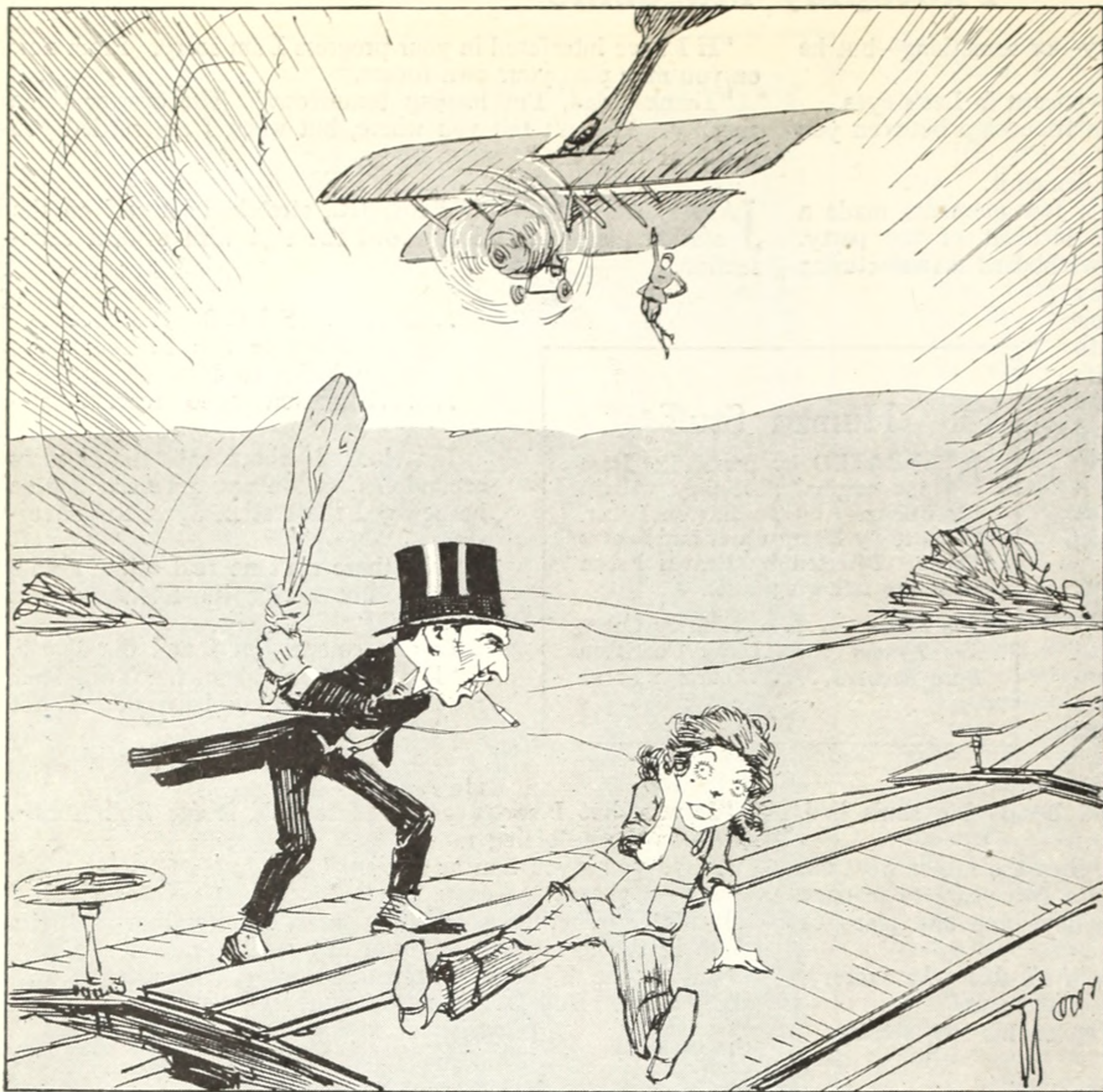
Out on the Twin Hills ranch an interesting meeting was taking place. Bull Elkins, owner of the Circle X, rode in and

(Continued on page 112)

A stormy scene followed with Boca pleading a sudden born infatuation, begging for consideration, begging that Lee be sent away.







It was only necessary to change the old lady heroine into a baby-faced girl, her wheel chair into a freight train, and,—a few little things like that.

# Movies Is Movies

A brilliant satire  
on motion pictures  
by the author of  
"Pigs is Pigs."

By  
ELLIS  
PARKER  
BUTLER

Illustrations by  
R. F. James

**A** FEW days ago a producer bought the motion picture rights of one of my novels—the one called "The Jack Knife Man"—and paid \$13,000 for it, all in real money.

For this reason I become, in one jump, an important authority on motion pictures, and know all about them, and must be consulted by anyone who wants to know the truth about the motion picture situation.

As nearly as I have been able to figure it out, from a life-long study of the motion picture situation—to which I have given over a week of my time—I can say that the outlook is bright. It is brighter than I have ever known it to be. The producers seem to be buying better material from better authors now than they did a day or two before they bought "The Jack Knife Man." This desire to procure the very best is a hopeful sign, and shows that some producers are eager to better the quality of the films offered to the public. I may say, here, that if any other producers want to go into the film bettering business I have still a couple of novels to dispose of on or about the same terms, and I believe they will do some of the best bettering on record.

While I am not yet the highest possible authority on motion pictures, not yet having applied for a divorce, I do feel competent to state in the strongest possible terms that I see a hopeful tendency in the willingness of the producers to use larger type in announcing the name of the author on the screen.

A prominent author said to me the other day: "The motion picture is not yet what it should be, but it is getting better all the time. I was paid twelve thousand dollars more for my last novel than I ever received before. This shows that producers are more artistic than they used to be. In addition to this, in filming my novel, greater care was taken in adhering to the eternal verities. In the Alaskan scenes from my novel I observed only three palm trees and two wads of cactus, and in the close up of my suffering heroine the glycerine tears were only as large as prunes, and not as big as cantaloups, as they have sometimes been."

"Did the producer stick close to the text of your novel?" I asked.

"Very close," he replied. "And that is another sign of improved artistry. The changes made were very slight. Of course, my novel was the story of the love of an old man in the county poor house for an old lady in the Old Ladies' Home, in Cornstalk County, Kansas, and that had to be changed a little. They changed the old pauper here into a young aviator just home from France, and changed the old lady heroine into the daughter of an Alaskan gold digger, but that was of slight consequence. I could not object to that. And Alaska does film better than Kansas, especially when it has to be filmed at Los Angeles. The country around Los Angeles is not a bit like Kansas.

"Is it like Alaska?" I asked.

"Except for the palms and cactus, it might be like it, if the resemblance was more apparent," he replied.

**B**UT how about changing your old lady heroine into a young girl? Wasn't that rather difficult?" I asked.

"Not at all. It was necessary. Any fool could see that an old lady could not be sixteen years old and have a baby face and long curls, so it was absolutely necessary to make the change. It was only necessary to change the wheel chair, in which the old lady sat in my novel, into a freight train. Then they put overalls on my heroine and had her father, the brakeman, go down with the Lusitania, which made it necessary for his daughter to take the job of brakeman on the through freight. So, of course, the old poor house lover had to be an aviator, and swoop down in an airplane and swoop the girl up from the top of the freight car when the villain, Roscoe, was about to brain her with a club—"

"I don't remember any villain named Roscoe in your novel," I said.

"Well, of course," said the author, "you wouldn't. He wasn't called Roscoe in the novel; he was a she; she was called Rosabelle. Rosabelle was the cat. Don't you remember how my old lady refused to marry my old man because he did not like cats, and she refused to give up the cat, and so they separated and lived alone the rest of their lives?"



"I see! So the scenario man turned the cat Rosabelle into a man villain named Roscoe?" I said.

"It was necessary," said the author.

"But, surely," I said, "they did not change that dear old cow—wasn't her name Bossy?—that the old man loved."

"No," said the author, "they did not change the cow. Not greatly. I insisted on the cow. So they only changed it into a bear—a grizzly bear."

"My God!" I exclaimed.

"You needn't swear about it," he said, in a hurt tone. "There isn't such a great difference between a cow and a bear. They both have four legs."

**W**ELL, I was ashamed of him. I was disgusted to think any author would let a small sum of money bribe him to permit a sweet, idyllic romance to be murdered in that way.

"At any rate," I said severely, "I hope you did not let them change that chapter I always loved so deeply—the one where your old pauper hero climbs into the apple tree to serenade the old lady, and the cow Bossy stands under the tree, so that when the old man climbs down he alights astride of the gentle cow's back, and rides off slowly, back to the poorfarm."

"Well, of course," he said, "we couldn't have the cow, because we had changed the cow into a bear, and we couldn't have an apple tree in Alaska, and we couldn't have a poor house because the old man was a young miner and lived in a cabin, so we just substituted one of the Rocky Mountains for the tree and substituted a twin six auto for the cow, and had the hero fall off the Rocky Mountain into the automobile and ride off triumphantly with the heroine. It made a swell ending. The hero was driving the car with his feet and embracing the girl with both arms, and the final caption was 'And he clung her to his heart until eternity grew old.'"

"My God!" I exclaimed again. "Did you write that caption?"

"No," he said. "The scenario doctor wrote it."

"Did you kill him, or anything?" I asked.

"Kill him? Why?" the author asked. "It's a good final

They just made him a daring aviator falling off a Rocky Mountain into the sweet heroine's speeding twin-six.



And of course the old poor house lover couldn't drop from the apple tree onto the dear old cow's back, as he did in the novel, so—

caption, isn't it?" He was silent awhile, and then he said thoughtfully: "I can't understand it, either!"

"Understand what?" I asked.

"I can't understand why the film was a failure," he said. "Why it failed, after all the work we put on it—I on the novel, and the scenario man rewriting it. It was a good novel; a big success as a novel. And the actors who took the hero and heroine parts were big people, too—highly paid people. And they acted hard, too; they acted all the time. Close ups, and

tears, and stunts and everything. And yet people did not care for the film; even people who had liked the novel did not care for the film. You would think, if they liked my novel, they would like the film, wouldn't you?"

"But it wasn't your novel, was it?"

"It had the same name. And it had my name as the author."

I saw that film, or another novel that had been twisted and warped and altered in just about that same way, and I did not like the film, either, although I had liked the story, and I think I know why so many picturized novels are disappointing.

**D**O you know how, when you go out to the country club to play golf and are feeling particularly strong and well, you often play your worst game because you "press"? "Pressing" in golf is putting too much into it—trying too hard. It breaks the perfect swing of your club and you "top" the ball and your game is miserably poor. And, often, when you are feeling off your feed and weak and not much good you go out expecting to play the worst game you ever played and you surprise yourself and play the game of your young life.

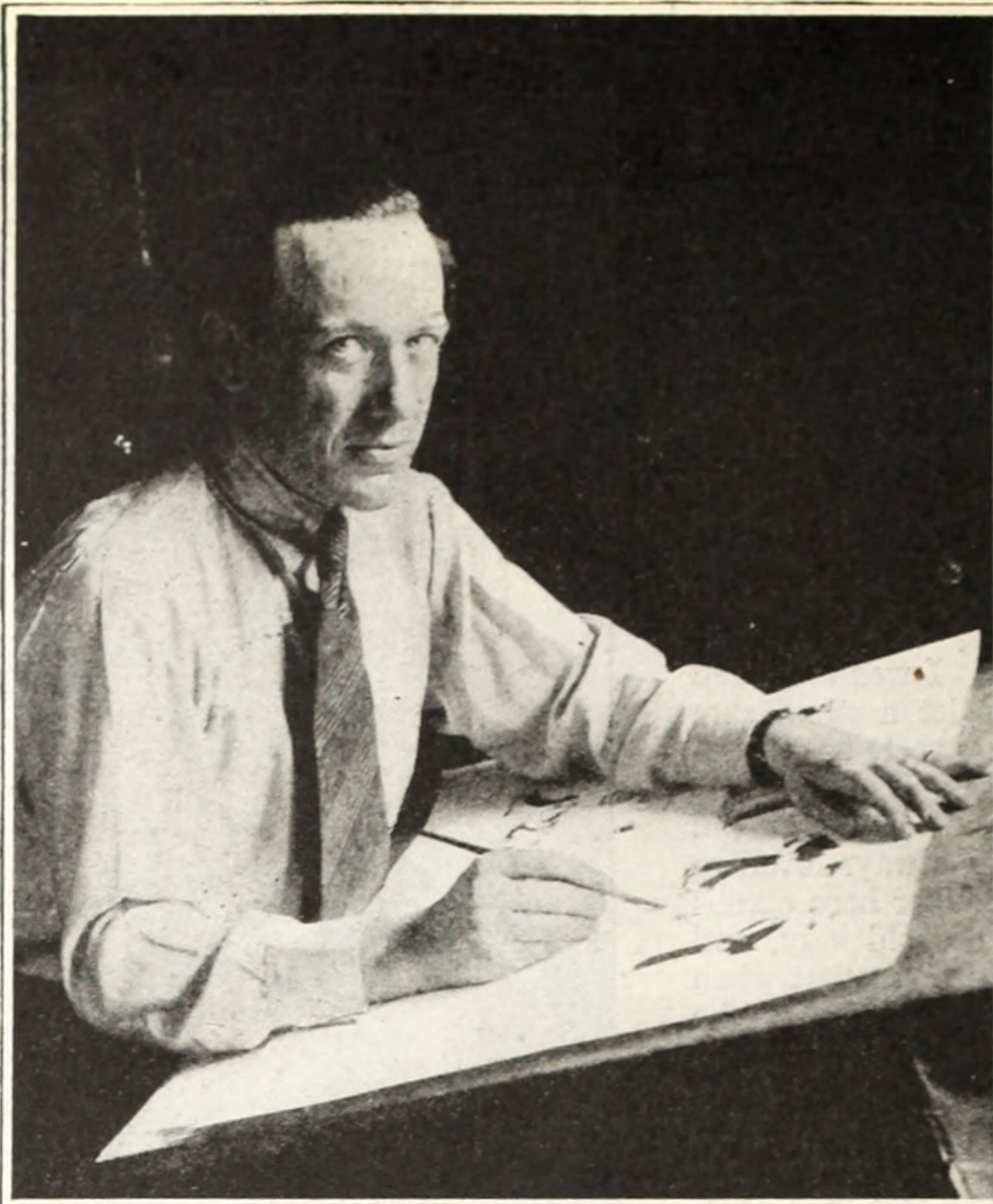
In my opinion, that is one of the troubles with the filming of many good novels—everyone who has anything to do with them "presses" all the while. The scenario man thinks he has to whangdoodle the story all over the place, and the continuity man thinks he has to rip the cover off the ring tailed snorter, and the director thinks he has to use all the pep in the old pepper box, and the actors—bless them!—just naturally think they have to act.

One of the saddest things in the world today is

(Continued on page 122)



Mr. Fisher merely created  
Mutt and Jeff—



— Now, they almost  
control him, he says.



## “Here’s How!”—Says Bud

**P**UTTING Mutt and Jeff into the movies is what I should call a nobby notion. Strictly speaking, they were not put in; they found their way in all by themselves. It is the sort of thing you might expect of them. Having created Mutt and Jeff doesn’t mean that I control their destinies—not by a long shot. They control their own destinies pretty well. In fact, Mutt and Jeff now almost control Bud Fisher. They make him work hard for eight hours every day and prevent him from realizing his youthful ambition to settle down and live on his income at the ripe age of thirty-five or so.

I have been asked to tell how the Mutt and Jeff movies are made. It is really a complicated task to reduce it to simple terms. The best I can do, I am afraid, is to remove some popular misconceptions about how my animated cartoons are made.

The thing that concerns me most, of course, is the fact that to make one half-reel picture requires from 3,000 to 4,000 separate drawings. And 3,000 or 4,000 drawings to a picture, when pictures are coming out every few days, is a shirt-sleeve job that keeps a fellow hustling, let me tell you.

First of all, there’s the story. Like a comic strip in a newspaper, it progresses step by step toward a climax, and ends with a punch. The training I received as a newspaper cartoonist has been very useful to me in making motion picture cartoon stories.

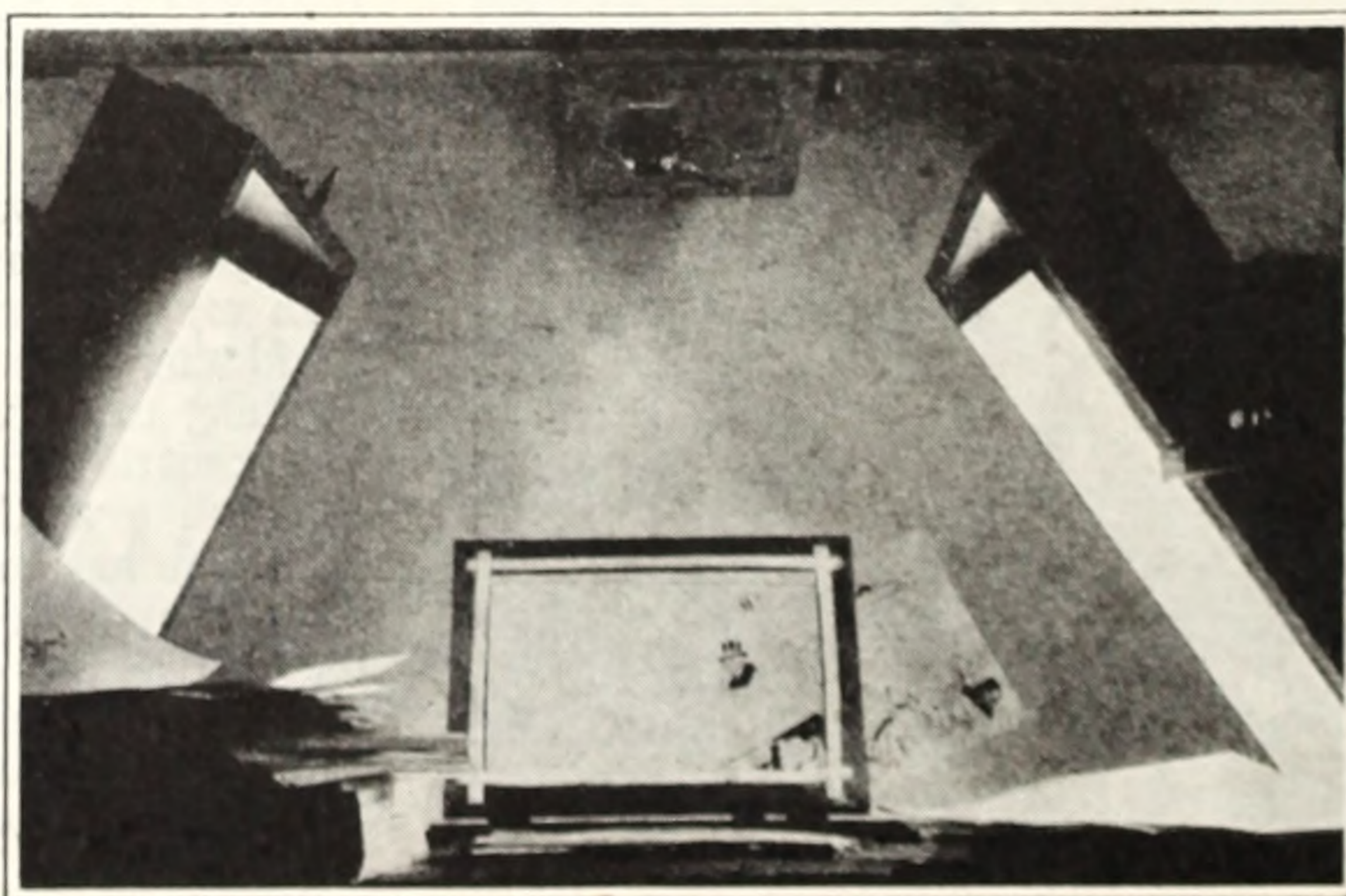
I say “making motion picture cartoon stories,” but in a way I don’t make them. Mutt and Jeff make them. All I have to do is to give them some scenery and they supply the action.

The first actual drawing is the making of the scenes. Each scene, however, has to be drawn only once. All the figures that move about in

The Creator of Mutt and Jeff tells  
how they do it in the Movies.

By BUD FISHER

Mutt and Jeff are reposing prostrate on this table flooded with light, with the camera focussed on them from above.



the scenes are drawn on strips of celluloid, which are placed on top of the scenes when the actual photography begins. But the photography doesn’t begin yet, by any means.

Each separate action, even to the wiggle of an ear, requires a separate drawing. If Mutt lifts his leg it requires not one drawing, but several. Otherwise it would be done so quickly that it could not be seen on the screen. But I don’t have to draw the whole scene, or even the whole figure, for each separate motion. I just draw on celluloid the part that is moved, and when the transparent celluloid is put on top of the scenes you see figures and scenes and all. It takes twenty-five drawings to make Mutt and Jeff walk across the screen, ten to make them turn completely around, five to make them talk, and when Mutt wallops Jeff he does it in from eight to twelve drawings.

The assembling is the next job. All the drawings have to be put in order according to the numbers in the corners.

Now come with me into the camera room. A regular motion picture camera is pointed down to a table flooded with light. Each separate picture is laid on the table and photographed in turn. The camera is turned slowly, by a motor, and makes

just one exposure each time a treadle is pressed. The operator sits at the table, puts down first a scene and then on top of it the celluloid sheets on which each step of the action is drawn. The result is to transfer all the drawings, with the scenes showing through, to the motion picture reel.

After that there is the cutting to do—a heart-breaking job, for it means throwing away about one-third of the film. It can’t be helped, as any superfluous movement lessens the “punch.”

That’s about all there is to tell about the mechanical side of it. The rest is something I can’t tell you.





(Pach Bros.)

**A**T last Olive Thomas has been cast in a role which will give her piquant talents full play. She is "The Flapper," in a story by Frances Marion. One of the first fair deserters, Olive did much to make The Follies a truly national institution.





(White)

**A**PHRODITE DALTON, meet Aphrodite Garden! Mary Garden, who has had operas written around her and perfumes named after her, has the singing role of "Aphrodite" while Dorothy Dalton, left in costume, played the spoken version.





(Alfred Cheney Johnston)

**S**TARS may come and stars may go—or so we have been told; but Anita Stewart, sweet symbol of alluring maidenhood, is still with us, with the S. R. O. sign always out. Some of the classics of the legitimate have been adapted for Anita.





(Evans)

**W**E shudder to think that Marie Prevost, Mack Sennett's baby Venus, may some day listen to the inducements of a dramatic director who does problem plays, wrap her kellermans in mothballs and leave the beach forever.



# Syd Says:

For the benefit  
of those cine-  
mese who want  
to go abroad—  
“Stay at home!  
America’s the  
film Utopia!”



Aside from going up in the movie world, Sydney Chaplin flies for pleasure and profit—when he’s not tending to Brother Charlie’s business.

**I**T seemed funny to be talking about devastated France in the Claridge dining-room, that huge, high-ceilinged black-and-gold banquet hall, where you see—instead of the tetrarchs and tribunes and princess-beloveds of ancient times—all the dashing film magnates, all the prettiest chorus-girls—and Ann Pennington. The first thing you noticed about Sydney Chaplin was the remarkable way in which he kept his mind on France. In the midst of all the Babylonian splendor of Broadway, he remembered the Marne.

“And the most impressive thing I ever saw in my life,” he was saying, “was the levelled city of Rheims, at sunset. I happened along by what used to be the town’s opera-house. The ceiling was shot away, only the walls remaining. Outside was the old ticket-taker—alone. And a sign read the French equivalent of ‘Business as Usual.’ The sun set very red and flooded what was left of the old place. It was deathly still, until a little boy came down the street, his heavy shoes making a clumpety-clump that echoed long after he passed. Then, again, everything was still. I stood there a long while. . . .”

Chaplin came back to the Claridge, and matter-of-factly ordered French pastry.

“I was glad to hit the States again, you know!” He has an infectious grin—it begins in his eyes and travels south until it has everybody grinning, too. “I only took exteriors over there, of course. I’d go out and find a particularly picturesque chateau, and take some long shots of myself with that background. All my close-ups and interiors were made in a California studio. I think the only way in which European-made pictures can definitely be popularized over here is to announce that the Utopia Film Company is presenting a Utopia Production Made in Italy—or France, or England, and featuring the well-known American star, Miss Tessie Jazzfoot. European methods are not our methods, but I think we can put a great variety into our pictures by sending companies across. Switzerland, to me, seems to be the ideal place for picture-making on the Continent. It has everything, and to work there would be an inspiration.”

Every film actor has, at one time or other, felt the urge to

cross the water and make pictures on the other side. Usually it comes when the actor has made a considerable reputation for bravery in facing the camera in his native land, has his own company and press-agent and Alexandrian ambitions, and accordingly wants to tackle an ocean voyage, French chateaux, London fog, and rotten railroads. All these urges urged themselves into an actual epidemic, and you weren’t considered fashionable in film circles unless you admitted tentative plans for a Continental tour.

Syd Chaplin, when he joined this gelatine army, went about forming his own plans and sticking to them. First thing the industry knew he’d really crossed, set up his cameras on the battered land of Southern France, posed for his bell-and-howell all over the English country-side, and taken several side-journeys into Switzerland.

How glad he was to return to America—for real film purposes—only Syd can tell you. He completed his five-reel picture in California. It’s his first since “The Submarine Pirate,” a Keystone of some years ago.

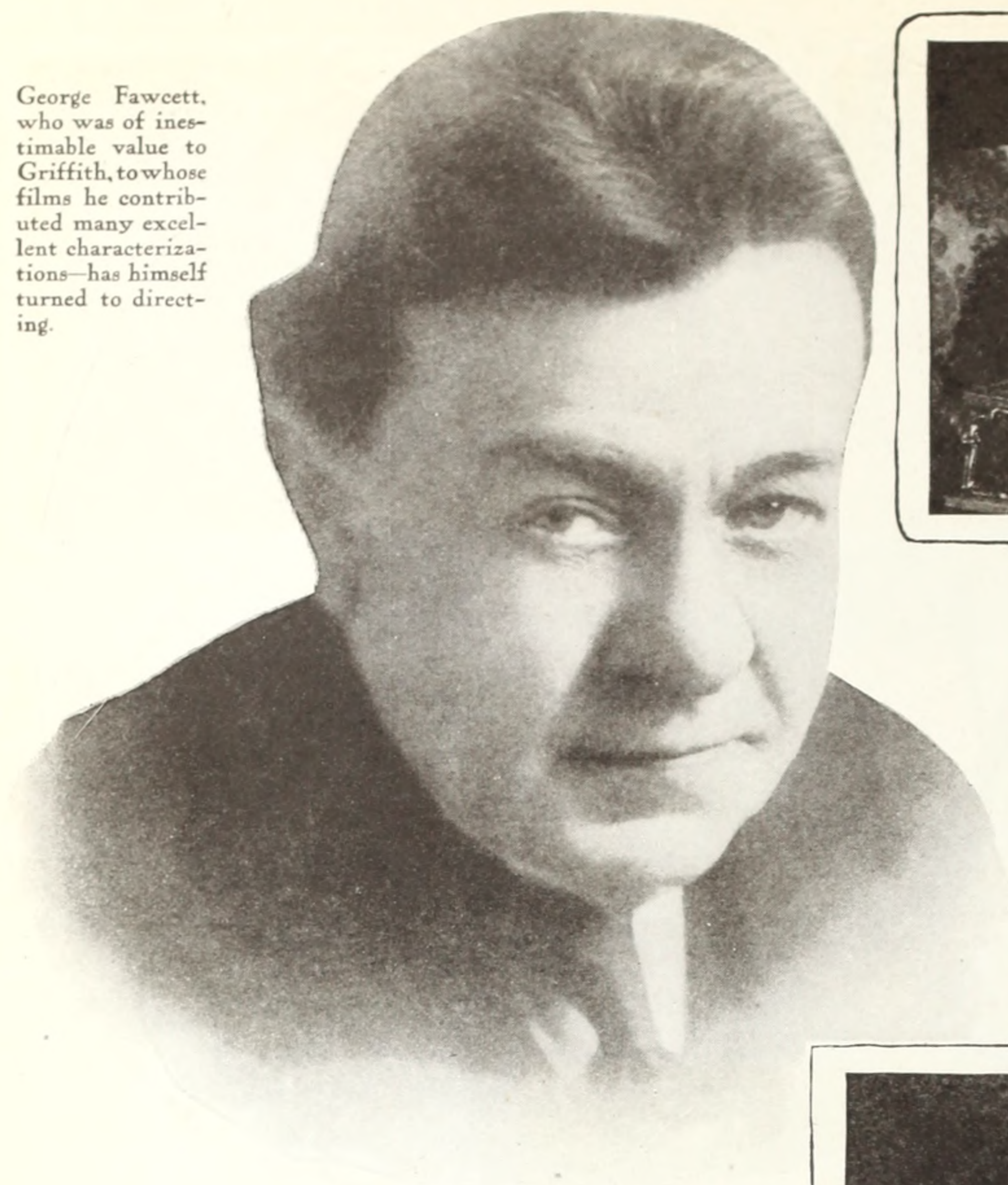
In the long meanwhile he has kept religiously off the screen, except for brief and anonymous appearances in his brother Charlie’s comedies. He was in “Shoulder Arms” and “A Dog’s Life,” but only his best friends recognized him, and he managed to fool a few of them.

While he was acting up in this manner, his identity carefully concealed, he was also managing his brother’s business affairs, organizing an air line from Los Angeles to Catalina Island, and, as a little side-issue, running a factory for the manufacture of misses’ frocks. At one time he had a doll factory.

He’s a bon vivant business man. You will change your opinion of screen comedians in their off-screen aspect, when you meet Syd. He says himself he doesn’t know how to go about acting like an actor again—it’s been so deuced long since he was one, don’t you know. He seems more French than English, but he was born in Cape Town, South Africa. He looks like one of these exhilarating French poets should have looked—and never did.



George Fawcett, who was of inestimable value to Griffith, to whose films he contributed many excellent characterizations—has himself turned to directing.



Fawcett used to play magnates.

## The Grand Young Man of the Screen

**Y**OU have gone into a picture-theater, and sat through a scenic, and dozed through a comedy, applauded the overture, and settled back with a smile to watch the feature come on. You've absorbed the credit lines: "Scenario by Blank; Direction by Notsogood; Art Work by Dr. DeBunk." Then you've waited. You have watched the introduction of an indifferently written and directed "feature production," been disappointed in the slim chance it gives the star to remain a star—but often there was something that held you there until the finish. More often than not, that something was a somebody: George Fawcett.

He has played the magnate countless times. He has been father to Dorothy Gish, Lillian, and Mae Marsh. He has played Bobby Harron's rural parent. Sometimes he isn't even as important as that: he may be only an irascible distant relative, an unruly uncle, or a bewhiskered bolshevist. But he is always worth staying through to see. He knows more about acting than many who are stars; more about direction than some stellar directors.

The first time I saw Fawcett in the flesh was in a crowded bus bumping its precarious way from the station out to the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck. Mid-winter, in the East's worst weather for years. Everybody was jounced about within the narrow confines like so many acting sardines: Norman Trevor and Basil Sydney of Doris Keane's "Romance" company; Chet Withey, who was directing "Romance;" Dick Barthelmess. And, huddled away over in a corner, George Fawcett. He looked cold; his fine face had settled into tired lines. Suddenly the bus drew up with a sickening lurch; a little girl got in, loaded down with bags and suitcase. Fawcett didn't hesitate; he scrambled up before any of the other men could get on their feet, shoved the little girl into his seat, and clung to a strap the rest of the way.

Fawcett left the Griffith organization after a long period



George Fawcett laid aside the makeup to take up the megaphone.





And he was Dorothy Gish's dad in "The Hope Chest."



As Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley."

**George Fawcett, champion movie magnate, film father, and Griffith's right-hand acting-man, is now a director.**

By  
**SYDNEY VALENTINE**



Here he is—directing Corinne Griffith at the Vitagraph Studio in "Deadline at Eleven."

of faithful dramatic service, during which he played every part the director gave him to play, in Griffith's own productions and in everybody's else. Then he went to Vitagraph and directed Corinne Griffith in one picture. In this, "Deadline at Eleven," he showed up all the other directors who have been given newspaper stories to handle: he made a film newspaper office seem almost reasonable.

Later, Dorothy Gish was left without a director. Elmer Clifton had gone south with Mr. Griffith and Lillian Gish had piloted her comedienne-sister through an intervening picture. But Lillian is an actress, not a directress, however competent she may be in the latter line; so the younger Gish's company was left up in the air. Fawcett was sent for. When he left the studio to seek fresh fields he had remarked, "I'll miss Dorothy Gish." He came back as Dorothy's director.

He is guiding the star through "Her Majesty," a tale of a little princess of a bolshevist-ridden and fictitious kingdom. It goes without saying that his direction will reflect the Griffith training. Fawcett believes in realism, but not when it is carried too far. That is, he believes that the bare transcription of life, lacking that imagination which gifted minds give to it, is uninteresting and dull. He finds, he says, that in screen acting a player is only too prone to fall into a lazy mode of expression, which comes from not thinking and having someone always there to prompt and direct. The results of such methods are invariably branded by the audiences as "typical movie stuff." That, says Fawcett, is the great fault of many screen-bred actors. The stage actor who is at all posed or theatrical is shown up very quickly when he steps before the camera; and that is why it is good for any legitimate player to go in for pictures, if only temporarily.

Fawcett knows what he is talking about; he was a legitimate actor for many years, in most of the well-known producing companies, both in this country and in England. He remembers the old-time stage, when reality and realism were practically frowned down, and when acting was almost terrifically theatrical. It had to be. Nowadays, the older technic we sometimes call "swash-buckling" seems ludicrous.

(Continued on page 95)





Not in the Scenario



# Why Bob Your Hair?

Corinne Griffith's  
advice to girls.  
Not a new depart-  
ment—just a sug-  
gestion.

By  
ARABELLA BOONE



She has been said to resemble Lillian Gish, Constance Binney and Alice Joyce, but she is most like—Corinne Griffith.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

**T**HERE is no doubt that this question is one that has puzzled scientists, mothers, flappers and other thinkers for centuries. Cleopatra may have considered it. The original Mona Lisa probably gave it more than a passing thought. More than any other question it has occupied a foremost place in the feminine scheme of things. Just now it is sharing interest with the Pickford-Fairbanks romance, the shimmy, and the slightly Einstein theory. And it has never been settled. We cannot settle it; we are not even going to talk about it—much. We have, we hope, too much common sense.

But the question is, simply, this (just among us girls): shall we, or shall we not, bob our hair?

The answer, according to Corinne Griffith, is one, decided full and round "No!" shouted, one might say, in ringing accents. Corinne knows. Corinne, unappreciative possessor of a head of long, thick, dark, luxurious hair, snipped it with the scissors. Corinne is sorry.

"Well," you might say to yourself in defense of Corinne's act, "Constance Talmadge did it, and Natalie; and Viola Dana and Dorothy Gish and Anita Loos and goodness knows how many more." But suppose you cut your hair, had a full day

of delicious Russian freedom, and then found out that in your next picture you had to play a dignified debutante, daughter of a Southern Senator, who would never, under any consideration, have bobbed her hair. Corinne, true to character, had to push her new short hair, a great thick bundle of it, under a smooth, tightly-coiffed wig; suffering as a consequence headaches innumerable. She found that when she went to her favorite photographer to pose for new pictures he gave one look at her shorn locks and refused to pose her until she let them grow again. She found finally that bobbed hair, unless it is curly, has to undergo treatment in connection with a curling iron every morning; also that when one is a busy motion picture actress one hasn't time to undergo daily treatment, etc. With the result that our heroine began to cultivate low tight-fitting hats, and never to remove them, no matter where she went.

She became almost a recluse. When on rare occasions she ventured out to a theater she would either sit with her hat on during the performance, running the risk of being asked to remove it or herself and braving an awful fire of hot language from the unfortunates in the row behind; or she would wait until the lights went down, snatch off her hat, crouch down in her seat, and slap her hat back on when the lights went up.





She is a sheltered, quiet, almost shy girl who hates personal appearances.

Altogether, Corinne was unhappy. At that, she looks better bobbed than any girl I ever saw; she could even tuck her hair under to make it look long. But she has had one great consolation through it all. She is going abroad sometime this summer and while over there she will let Nature take its course.

But one has to reason, if one knows Corinne, that the sight of all those chic Frenchwomen, reputed to be bobbed and wedded to the idea if to nothing else, may make her change her mind.

She likes pickles and pomeranians, pastel shades and pom-pommed hats. The Questions and Answers Man being relieved of the questions as to her preferences, may now consider this:

that her change of coiffure in nearly every picture is due, not only to her bobbed tresses, but to the fact that she believes the public will tire of her if she looks the same in every picture. A naive little girl. She will never tire of her work; she's not tied down as to parts. Never always the ingenue, or the vampire, or the emotional lady of many affairs. She has done all of them; she has quite a repertoire.

Her grandfather was a southern mayor; her family is very old and very good, and related to senators and first settlers. Her home-life is quiet. She goes about very little, bobbed or braided; she knows very few professional people. She is as eager as any young girl to know what Lillian Gish really looks like, and she undoubtedly read Theda Bara's "Confessions" in the June issue with more than ordinary interest.

Everyone will tell you—everyone who really knows her—that if she is a star, she never talked herself into stardom. That is one reason why she has always remained with Vitagraph. When her first three-year contract expired with this old and conservative organization, she was approached by three or more concerns, each of which promised her lavish advertising, among other inducements. Corinne shrank into her shell. She knew Vitagraph; Vitagraph knew her. She stayed—she has just signed a contract for three years more.

I don't mean by that she is cowardly. She is not afraid of her future, of her abilities, of herself. It is rather a curious thing that this sheltered, quiet, almost shy girl should be an actress in this most recent, most widely advertised and heralded profession. She hates personal appearances; but she is at present studying dancing with Kosloff so that she may, when she knows enough about it, dance for a year on the stage, because she feels she needs the experience. "I wanted to," she says, "long before it began to be fashionable in cinema circles."

She has eyes of a peculiarly misty blue, with thick black lashes. A nose which is doubtful (I can't tell it from a retrouse), a mouth that is sensitive and accurately measures her emotions; and hair that crinkles around her ears. She seems to have many screen faces. Sometimes she has the languor of a Lillian Gish; at other times, she is a piquant Constance Binney. Some people have suspected a resemblance to Alice Joyce. In reality she looks very little like any of these ladies, but suspiciously like Corinne Griffith.

The first theatrical performance this Little Eva ever saw was "Camille," with Cecil Spooner's stock company, when she ran away from her mother and nurse at the Texas watering-place where they had gone for her mother's health. She was only ten. She didn't know what it was all about, but she made a resolve that some day she would play a part like that. Today, she is asking for light comedy stories; she wouldn't play "Camille" if every one of her Middle Western devotees were crying for it.

She went to school in New Orleans. And it was at a Mardi Gras that she was discovered, aided by Nature and Rollin Sturgeon, director, who was the particular Columbus in question. Corinne went to California, passed the screen test, and was thrust into leading parts at once. She has never played anything but leading parts since—and never will.

She was Earle Williams' leading woman in three pictures, and Harry Morey's in several. The odd part about this is that these two male stars still speak well of Corinne and that Corinne still admires them. Her work was recognized, her abilities believed in; her name advanced to stellar lettering. She has never stopped working; never stopped watching other people work, particularly the old timers. She says, even at this advanced stage of the game, that she learned a lot from George Fawcett, that grand young man of the movies who directed her in "Deadline at Eleven" and played with her in "Gumshoes 4-B."

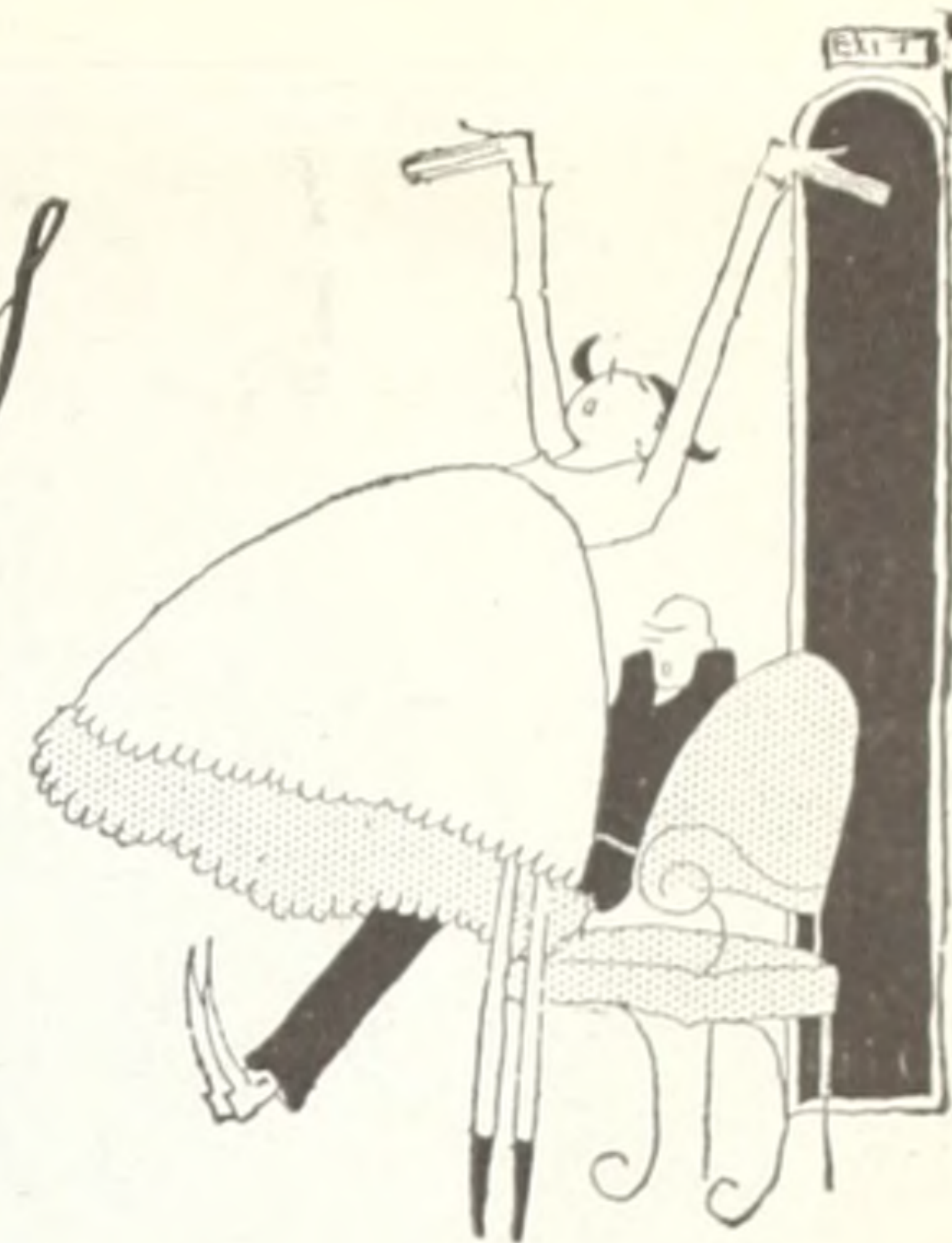




# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



## Thirty-Five Caught This One

**T**ALK about absurdities in motion pictures—the one that wins the green derby with the yellow neckband occurred in William Farnum's "The Adventurer." It happened thus: Bill is about to be presented with a self-locking wooden overcoat, and makes a desire that he would like to sip some wine with the brave soldiers who are to introduce him to Old Man Death, and of course his wish is granted. Here is the break: the soldier fills his mug with wine, and Bill holds it up and begins to drink it, but when he gets to the bottom the people in the audience—who had been watching with tears in their eyes and envy in their hearts—could plainly see Bill's lips shut tight on the mug and that the mug had no bottom. He should get a new Pete Props.

J. A. E., New York City.

## Airy Fairy Vivian

**I**N Vivian Martin's picture "The Third Kiss," the heroine goes down a flight of seemingly solid concrete stairs, into the basement of a tenement. Later on, when the building is on fire, Vivian tries to get up the steps, which are now fiercely burning!

Edgarda Findley  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

## "Coming Events" Etc.

**I**N "John Petticoats" with Bill Hart, the time of the story was around June 1918. In one of the scenes in which there is a piano, there can plainly be seen a sheet of music with the title, "Everyone wants the key to my cellar." This song was not published until July, 1919.

J. P. Croke,  
Springfield, Mass.

## She Must Have Met With a Cold Reception

**S**YLVIA BREMER, in "My Husband's Other Wife," while staying at her new summer home in the mountains, goes to church where all the congregation are in summer clothes and where all the windows and doors are open showing the beautiful flowers and trees. During the sermon in walks Sylvia, attired in a big winter coat, seal hat, and—a muff!

L. G. N., New York.

## We'd Rather Not Say

**I**N "Wives of Men," Frank Mills as James Emerson married Grace, but there was no mention of divorce when he later married Lucille Gray. Do we have bigamy in the pictures?

A. B. Penn, Marion, Illinois.

## Robbing Davy Jones' Locker

**T**HE heroine in George Walsh's "The Shark," upon jumping into the sea, wears neither shoes nor stockings, but

when she is rescued a few minutes later, she has on a pair of lovely silk stockings and also slippers to match.

W. L. Justice, New York City.

## Yes—But Think of His Disappointment!

**I**N "The Six Best Cellars" Bryant Washburn is seen carrying with the greatest exertion and difficulty a case of what is supposedly perfectly "live" vintage; but upon his arrival home, every bottle is found to be empty. Rather heavy bottles, I should say.

B. G. R., Mill Valley, Cal.

## Not So Surprising

**I**N Douglas McLean's and Doris May's "What's Your Husband Doing," Mr. Ridley comes to breakfast and receives a letter postmarked September 1918. Then he leaves the house and gets into a car with a 1919 license. The letter was a bit late, wasn't it?

M. K., Dallas, Texas.

## A Little Oversight

**M**ARY PICKFORD, in "Heart of the Hills," is thrown out of the cabin by her step-father upon her return from the blue-grass country. The step-father then proceeds to bolt the door to insure himself against Mary reentering the room. He fails to notice that there is a door standing wide open on the opposite side of the room.

D. E. Francis,  
Wichita, Kansas.

## Wish That Would Happen To Us

**I**N "The Winning Girl," the supposed-to-be-unpaid bills on the Major's desk are marked "Paid!"

D. W., Akron, Ohio.

## Ah There, Connie!

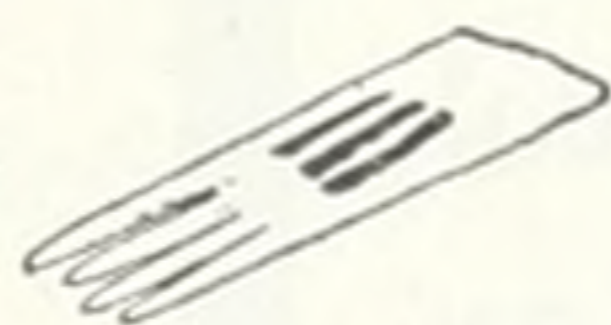
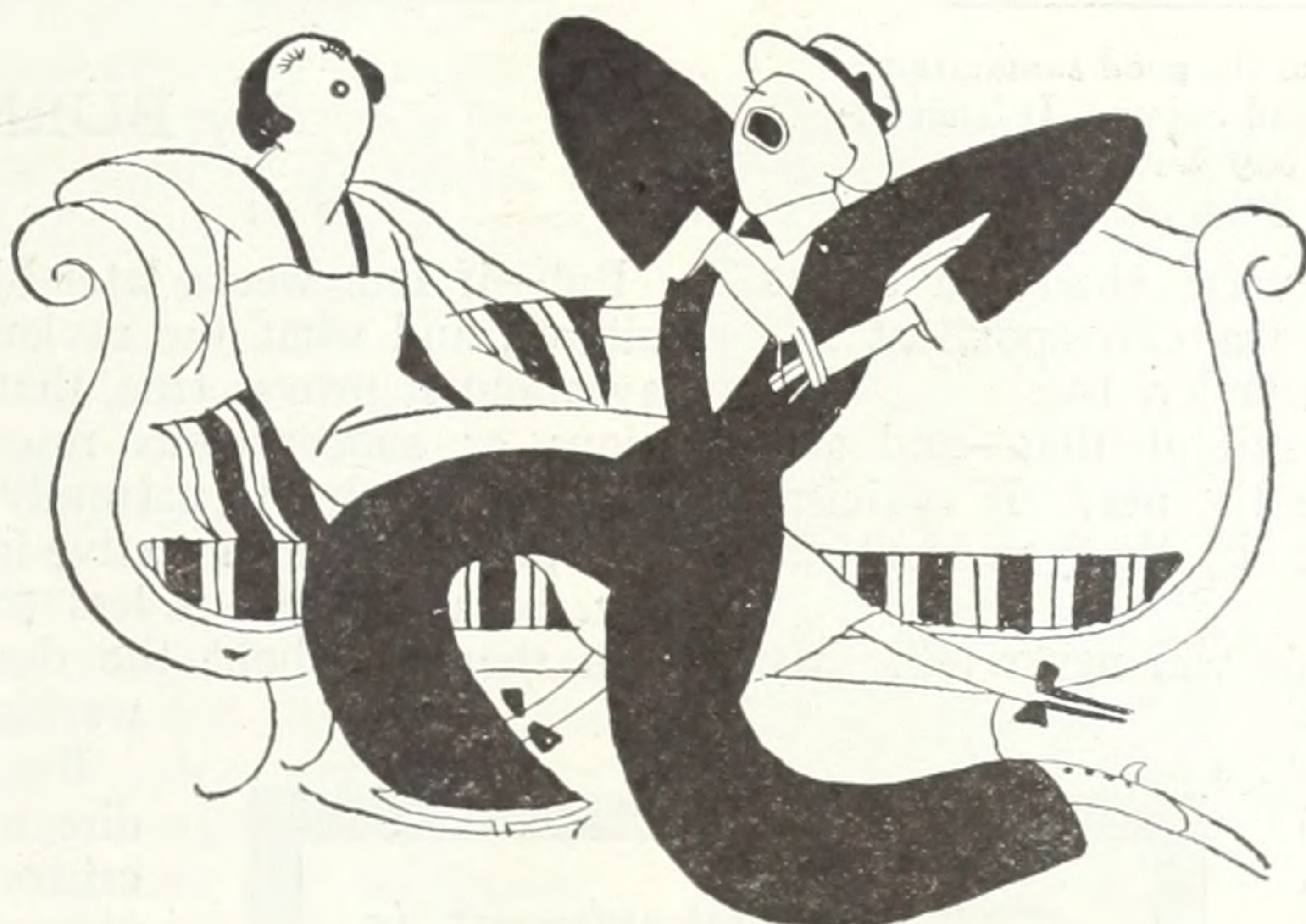
**W**HERE did Constance Talmadge get all the changes of costume in "Two Weeks?" She went to the bachelors' barn without any wardrobe. In the same star's "In Search of a Sinner" she wears a beautiful dress but alas, there was quite a good-sized tear on the shoulder.

M. L. W., Indianapolis, Indiana.

## All At Goldwyn's, Culver City (Adv.)

**I**N "Heartease" with Tom Moore and in "The World and Its Woman" with Geraldine Farrar, the same set is used although in the former it represents Covent Garden in London and in the latter the Petrograd Royal Opera. In "Upstairs," with Mabel Normand, and again in "The World and Its Woman," the same exterior is used although in the former it represents lower Broadway and in the latter, the Nevsky Prospect.

T. Milch, Manhattan.



## A Point of Etiquette

**S**HOULD a young gentleman propose to a lady with his hat on? Spencer in "The Thunderbolt" keeps his hat on even when he kisses Katherine MacDonald.

John E. Underwood, Summit, New Jersey.





"Passersby"—with Herbert Rawlinson as the good samaritan—is the sort of picture the family can see and enjoy. It is an interesting review of life from a bay window.

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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

By BURNS MANTLE

A CORRESPONDENT wonders what good the critics do. In which diverting pastime a correspondent has nothing on the critics. They wonder, too. "You rail at this and you rail at that—and still the thing continues," rails she. "What's the use? If criticism isn't corrective why waste it? Or is it, do you contend, corrective?"

Come closer, Clarice—and promise you will never tell. My job may depend on this. If criticism were corrective in the sense in which you mean—*i. e.*, if it were possible to correct that which needs correction simply by calling attention to it through criticism—the millennium would have been functioning hereabouts while you and I were still chasing butterflies in heaven.

I myself have often wondered how, for instance, the drama dare go on being dull to the point of dreariness, or daring to the point of indecency, or silly to the point of idiocy after all the late William Winter—who was the chief scolder of my day—said about it.

And how is it possible for the producers of screen dramas to do the things they do with George Jean Nathan feeling the way he does about them? How dare they?

Criticism, Clarice, is corrective when it is true stuff—and only when it is true—but never in the way you and a million or so others expect it to be. The manager of a new play who reads in the morning paper that his comedy is awful, his cast impossible and his future hopeless, does not dash down to the theater, discharge the help and abandon his plans for the season. No, indeed. He merely bites another hole in his cigar, confesses audibly his private opinion of the critic's ancestry, and questions the treasurer as to where he thinks they (the critics) get that stuff.

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

But—if four weeks later his attraction is numbered with the failures, and what the reviewers, or any one of them, had to say about it proves true, that manager is going to make a conscious or subconscious reservation regarding that particular criticism which will naturally affect his succeeding productions.

In pictures the corrective influences work even more slowly—first, because there is less true stuff written about the screen than there is about the drama and, second, because of the working conditions.

By the time the producer and director of a picture hear from their critics they have forgotten all about the picture.

"Let's see," muses the director, "which one was that? Oh yes—that was the one we starred Sophie Snubnose in to get money enough to pay the studio rent. Oh well, we should worry. She hasn't been with us for six months."

Still, the fact may have percolated that Sophie Snubnose and her backer were a poor investment on which to build a picturemaking reputation, and the tendency to avoid similar combinations becomes fixed in the experimenter's mind. At least we hope it becomes fixed.

Only in that sense, Clarice, is criticism corrective. We can't successfully deny adventuring speculators of all sorts the constitutional privilege of trying their

hand at picture-making or play producing. Neither can we hope to change the tastes nor adjust governors to the curiosity of a multitude in one generation, but—and in this all you Clarices are involved—we can all stand firm for those who are honestly striving to do worthy things, and ready deftly to hurl a harpoon or two at the cheaters, whether we write our criticism for the papers or only tell it to the bridge club.

Thus we come to Cosmopolitan's production of "Humoresque." Here at least is an honest attempt to approximate the



true stuff. It invades the New York Ghetto through a Fannie Hurst story, and reveals the hearts of its people through a Frances Marion scenario. It details with studied particularity simple episodes from the everyday lives of the Ghetto folk in an effort to establish the genuineness of the locale and the people. The story is half told before anything resembling a conventional plot is outlined, but though the pace is slow and the creation of a suspensive interest noticeably delayed, your average audience will not grow restive under the strain because what they have seen they have believed and what they have believed has a solid dramatic foundation.

The secret of good picture-making, as the secret of good play-writing or good story-telling in any form, lies very largely in the building of the foundation. "Make them believe your first act," Edgar Selwyn once said to me, "and you can do practically what you will after that; but if they don't believe the first act they will not believe any of it." And Edgar has had considerable experience.

The Kantor family, which moves through "Humoresque," is not a particularly interesting group of humans. They are, in fact, a little stagily picturesque. But they represent a real family, and are permitted to relate naturally the experiences that befall them. Occasionally there is a heavy overlay of sentiment, but not often, and there are practically no cheaply stressed heroics.

A little Jewish boy hungers for a violin. His mother, who has prayed before the coming of each of her children that she should be the mother of a genius, is radiantly happy at this final evidence of the efficacy of prayer. Out of her meager savings she buys him an instrument—and fifteen years later he is a fine concert artist. Then comes the war. Though he is offered \$100,000 for fifty concerts, he prefers to do his duty by Uncle Sam and avoid trouble with the draft board. True, the offer did not come until after he had enlisted, but we are willing to believe he would have gone anyway.

In France he is wounded and becomes convinced that he will never be able to play again. The little girl who had been his boyhood's sweetheart in the Ghetto, now grown to womanhood, is ready and eager to marry him, but he will not "tie her to a cripple." At which repulse she faints, and in his efforts to lift her he tears loose the binding adhesions of his wounded arm and straightway discovers that he can play again. What does he play? The "Humoresque," of course, silly!

The point I'm making is not that this is a perfect sample of what may be done, but that it is a fine indication of the progress that is being made toward a proper appreciation of the better values of screen material. There are several exceptionally good character performances in this screen drama—noticeably those contributed by Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson. Bobby Connelly plays the boy violinist, Gaston Glass the same lad grown to manhood. Though the capable and attractive Alma Rubens is featured as the hero's sweetheart, you would never know it. The story belongs to the boy and his mother, and Alma is reduced to a few close-ups and a title or two.

THE DEVIL'S PASS-KEY—Universal

UNIVERSAL has a good picture in Eric Von Stroheim's "The Devil's Pass-Key," which misses being a great picture by reason of that little matter of foundation building of which we were speaking. The idea is original and interesting and the pictorial background richly effective. "A playwright of moderate income" living like a prince in Paris, flocking with the haut monde, is trying to write and sell highbrow dramas. The directors of the Comedie refuse his work, passing him the kindly word of advice that what they are looking for is plays of real life, dramas of the street and of the people.

Meantime his extravagant and beautiful wife is running up bills at the shop of a wicked coutourier. When she can't pay, the shop lady suggests that she borrow the money from a certain rich gentleman. Madame, being innocent, agrees, meets the gentleman, who happens to be an American army officer, and though by appealing to his better self she retains her wifely virtue, she gets herself talked about.

The story is printed in a scandal sheet. The playwright husband sees it, recognizes the possibilities of the plot, writes a play around it and has it accepted and produced before he learns that he has written the story of his own wife's escapade, a discovery he makes the night of the play's sensational success. He is then intent upon shooting holes through the army officer, but is convinced finally that both he and the wife are innocent.



Lou Tellegen pursues Geraldine Farrar determinedly as she sways gracefully through "The Woman and the Puppet." Like "Carmen," it breathes the atmosphere Spain.



Receiving at her bath is one of the Parisian twists Mae Busch puts into "The Devil's Pass-Key." Maude George and others assist in making it one of the month's best pictures.



Matt Moore is the victim of a harum-scarum jumbling of complications in Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry," in which one extravagant situation is piled upon another.





As a wholesome, strapping American artist, Tom Meighan makes his stellar bow in "The Prince Chap." When you see him with little Claudia, you'll want to stay for the second show.



You want to see more of Victor Seastrom's acting when you have witnessed this splendid drama of the sea, "A Man There Was." And it's a product of Sweden.



A plain, ordinary movie is "Children Not Wanted," but it carries a lesson and returns an indictment against landlords who bar children and welcome dogs.

Here, as said, is a plot with a clever twist; a fine bit of ironic criticism of life in New York, London, Paris and points east and west. But the gifted Von Stroheim fails to convince me that these people of his are real; that they were living as he pictures them living in Paris and still pressed by need of funds as he suggests; that being so pressed the wife would have acted as she did, or that, having so acted, would have set all Paris agog. Paris does not become agog *en masse* over members of the American Colony. Pictorially, however, and constructively "The Devil's Pass-key" is easily one of the best screen exhibits of the month, and is splendidly acted by Una Trevelyn, Clyde Fillmore and Sam De Grasse as the points of the triangle, and by Maude George and Mae Bush as attractive natives of the French capital.

#### THE TOLL GATE—Paramount-Artcraft

**I**N the first reel of William S. Hart's "The Toll Gate," Black Deering, as brave a bandit as ever donned a mask, leads his gang into the cave that was their meeting place and says to them, in effect:

"Boys, we're through. The hounds of the law are yipping at our heels and we'd better beat it while the beating is good."

"Not on your life," replies a radical of the extreme left. "I know a job that's got to be done. One more trick, boys, and we'll split the \$40,000 and quit."

Thus Black Deering is out-voted and another hold-up is planned. Immediately you are interested in two possible twists to that plot: first, the outcome of the hold-up undertaken against Deering's advice; second, the effect it is going to have on his future.

From that point forward the picture proceeds logically, excitingly and truly to its conclusion, which indicates that Mr. Hart also realizes that good pictures cannot be thrown together hit or miss. "The Toll Gate" is the most interesting Western I have seen this month, because, granting its melodramatic premise, it is the most plausible, the most intelligently directed and the best acted of the melodramas I have seen. Being the first of Mr. Hart's own pictures, it suggests that he has included in it all those features that he has found most effective in his other photoplays. He is again a bad, bad man, but with a "streak that's square," and when in escaping from the authorities he comes upon the usual pretty little Western woman living all alone in a cabin in the hills with her four-year-old son, he is inspired to lead a better life. He does not reform overnight, however, nor marry the girl and start a general store. He merely sets things right with her, clears his own conscience and rides away. It is the sort of story that convinces an audience that it has been well repaid for its visit to the theater. Anna Q. Nilsson is an attractively passive heroine and Joseph Singleton a convincing heavy. Many of the shots are fine, particularly those picturing Deering's escape from the train.

#### PASSERSBY—Blackton-Pathe

**B**LACKTON'S "Passersby" is the sort of picture the family can see and enjoy. Whether or not J. Stuart Blackton has taken full advantage of the theme offered him by Haddon Chambers' story is not important. He certainly has done an excellent job in selecting types for his cast, and this, combined with the human, holding quality of the adventure, provides an entertaining feature. Basically, "Passersby" is a review of life from a bay window. A rich young man, who has loved and lost the attractive young woman who has served his aunt as a companion and himself as a sweetheart, finds her after a considerable search and learns that she has borne him a son. His search for her brings him in contact with many picturesque characters of London's east end, and the contact gives him a new angle on life. We are all as God made us, he concludes, the best and the worst of us, and the business of passing judgment on the well known human race is not man's job. His new friends include Nighty, an amiable London cabby, a delightfully played and visualized by Tom Lewis; Burns, a cast-off with the heart and mind of a boy, capably acted by Dick Lee; and the faithful Pine, his generous hearted butler, brought vividly to life by the veteran William J. Ferguson. Herbert Rawlinson is the modern good Samaritan, Leila Valentine the heroine, and Charles Stuart Blackton their young son. The cameras do wonders for the London fogs and street scenes.

(Continued on page 107)



# What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

You may have at least the temperament  
of a screen star if your writing resembles any of these.

By MAY STANLEY

**T**HE man who said that the pen as a high-powered instrument had the sword backed out of its scabbard, spoke words of wisdom. At that, he didn't depict half the possibilities which that little bit of steel—or gold, if you draw that kind of salary—contains.

For, look you, the pen is the one sure revealer of character. You may have golden curls and sweet blue eyes and a Pickford smile, but if you are bad-tempered and deceitful and inclined to get on the lot late in the morning your handwriting will reveal it.

The phrenologist may be able to determine what sort of disposition you have by the bumps on your skull, and the lines of your hand may tell something to the palmist, but when it comes to genuine character-revelation your handwriting is the one sure test.

For instance: Elsie Ferguson signs her name to a contract. The director looks at it, and if he has studied the secrets of handwriting he knows that Miss Ferguson has considerable self-confidence, as indicated by the extremely large capitals, and plenty of ideas—shown by the fact that some of the small letters are separated. An imaginative nature is shown by the dot of the small *i* flying high over the letter, and the long loop of the *g* proves that the writer is a person of elegant tastes. Where you see a slight thickening of the down strokes, such as Miss Ferguson's writing contains, the critical faculty is well developed. Most of us have found out these things from watching Elsie's work, but the handwriting expert could have told her tendencies from one glance at her signature.

Here's a signature with a wallop—James J. Corbett. The extremely wide upper loop of the capital *J* shows that Mr. Corbett will get from the world what's coming to him. In other words, it's waste time to attempt to satisfy him with twenty-four cents worth of goods in exchange for a quarter. If your name begins with *C* and you use a long loop like the one shown in Mr. Corbett's writing it is a sure sign of a genial nature. There are three definite indications of firmness in

this writing—the strong crossing of the *t*, the evenness of writing and the strong down strokes. The person who crosses his *t*'s, as Mr. Corbett does, with an upward stroke, has very little vanity but a good deal of quiet self-assertion.

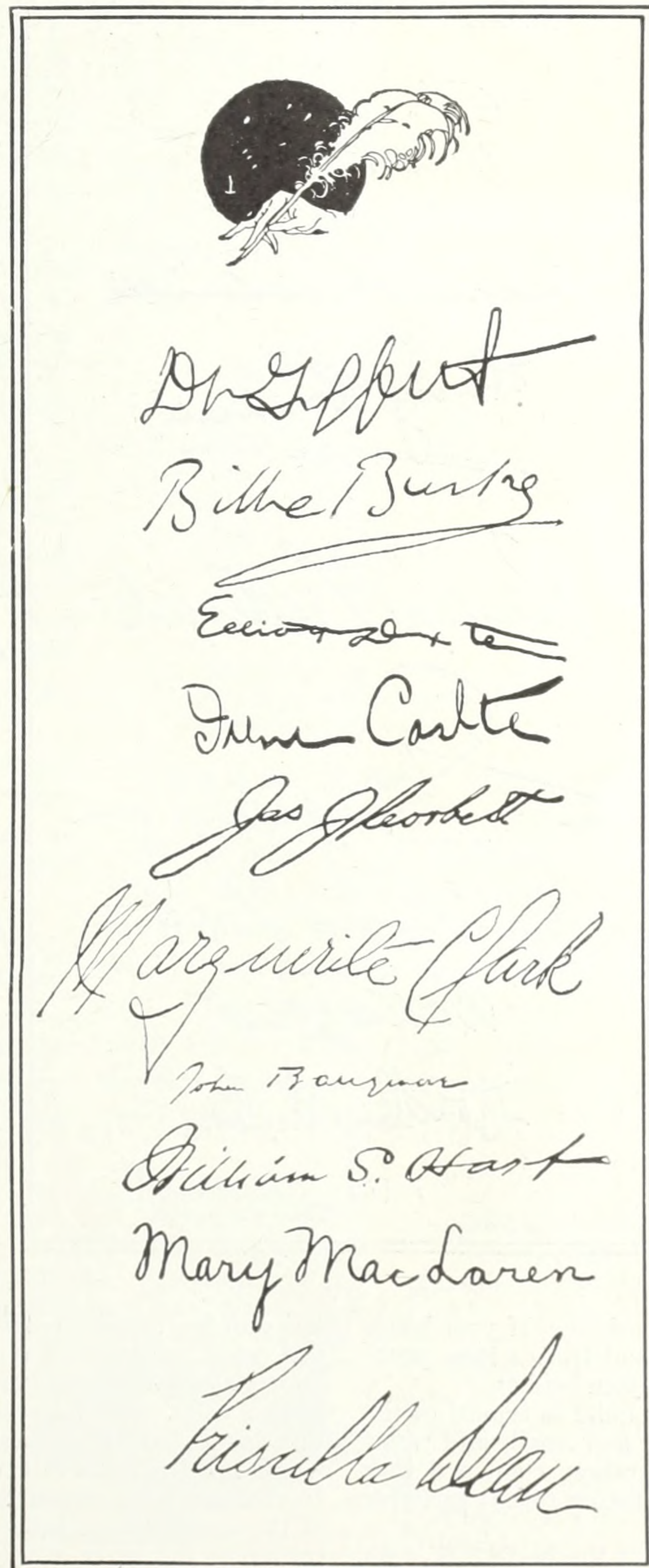
Reflect for a moment, stars of filmdom! If you had studied this art in off moments you might be able, by a glance at the signature on your contract, to tell just how well the director is going to live up to his pledges.

For example, take a look at D. W. Griffith's writing.

The careful joining of all the letters in the signature is one of its chief characteristics, indicating logical judgment. It is the handwriting of an idealist with ambition dominant, as shown in the strong upward strokes of the letters, particularly the forceful *t*. This ending of the small *t* shows what is called the "lightning" flourish, the straight, heavy stroke across the *t*. This is an unflinching indication of superb activity of the brain in all its processes. If your writing, like Mr. Griffith's, abounds in angles rather than curves, it means that tact is *not* your specialty. Enthusiasm is present, as the strong upward strokes show, and the general irregularity indicates sensibility to a degree that means "nerves."

If you want to see originality in the *n*th degree look at this dashing signature of "Gerry Farrar." The eccentric boldness of the capital *G* is one of the surest signs of originality. The wide curve of this letter also shows imagination. If you join your letters and words closely, as Miss Farrar does, it proves that you possess logical and consecutive judgment. The heavy down strokes show great vitality, love of life and its pleasures, while the general coarseness of the writing shows that this star has courage in abundance. The persons who conclude their signatures with an upward flourish, like Miss Farrar, have a great love of applause and admiration. The thick down stroke of the capital *F* and the vigorous crossing of this letter indicate pride.

It's perfectly plain that if motion picture directors would add a course in graphology to an otherwise busy life they could tell at a glance what temperamental reefs





to avoid in dealing with beautiful leading men and purposeful ladies of the screen.

Here is a signature, for instance, that looks just like the writer. Marguerite Clark has the flowing hand that goes with an impressionable nature—one sensitive to outer influences. Energy and ambition, two wonderful assets, are shown by the angularity of the writing. The long, flying loop of the small *l* indicates a nature in which ideality dominates.

You'd know that William S. Hart wrote a hand like this, wouldn't you? A good, sane, firm, reliable signature. The strong crossing of the *t* and the firm down stroke are sure signs to the initiated of a resolute nature. There is a saying among those who study handwriting, "as the slope is so is the tenderness of the writer," which would show that Mr. Hart is a man of kindness. The slope, in modified form, also shows trustworthiness and sincerity.

If your signature is anything like Dorothy Phillips' you may congratulate yourself on possessing most of the finer qualities of the mind. The square formation of the capital *D* gives evidence of imagination in abundance, combined with lucidity and a frank nature. The person who writes a hand that is generally round, like Miss Phillips, is responsive. There is an abrupt angle in the *y* that shows a good deal of impatience, but this is counterbalanced by the large, open *h*'s and curve of the small *r*—sure signs of a large fund of kindness.

Enter Harry Houdini—with a flourish. When you want to find out something about a person's writing and haven't time to analyze all the letters it's a good plan to look for the flourish. Taken in any form the flourish indicates a love of admiration. When the flourish is extravagant and of thick strokes it shows defensiveness and self-assertion. The width between the down strokes of the capital *H* shows a generous, liberal nature.

Speaking of neatness, did you know that the Italians produce the most beautiful specimens of handwriting to be found in the world? Next to the Italians come the English. English writing is dignified and distinguished, but seldom graceful. The worst? Experts admit that it is the average handwriting found in America. They ascribe our lack of expertness with the pen to hurry, nervous excitement and lack of poise.

Caruso gives a good specimen of the Italian handwriting. The heavy strokes and fantastic flourish with which the signature ends show vanity, self-esteem and a great love of admiration. The statements of such a writer are always positive. If your handwriting looks like Caruso's your family and friends have probably learned by this time not to oppose your wishes.

The handwriting of John Barrymore is quite as typical of the writer as that of Caruso. The thin, fine and small-sized script always indicates great powers of concentration, combined with interest in others. Mr. Barrymore has a nature that is excitable and sensitive but not unkind.

Here is Wallace Reid, as an example of the perfect *W*. As

Mr. Reid writes that letter it shows a vigorous and active nature. Unless his writing has been trained to dissimulate, Mr. Reid is always on hand to keep his appointments promptly. If you make your upstanding strokes as he does it proves you to be the possessor of acuteness and energy.

There is a world of self-revelation in the signature that Thomas H. Ince affixes to his letters and business documents. Whenever the capital *T* is written in this extravagant form imagination and self-assertion are found. In a man of lesser attainments this would mean egotism. Letters that vary extremely in size as in this writing—glance at the comparative smallness of the capital *H* and the size of the small *e* that completes the signature—show a nature of unusual originality.

If you are looking for evidences of will power in a handwriting the best thing to watch for is the crossing of the small *t*. If the writer has plenty of firmness and determination this letter will invariably have a firm, thick, long crossing. The person who neglects to cross *t*'s, or who crosses them in a loose, uncertain manner, hasn't much strength of character.

A good example of the connected letter is shown in Pauline Frederick's signature. The expert could tell at a glance that Miss Frederick is logical and thinks out her course clearly before acting. The long loops of the *l* and *k* show plenty of imagination.

Where the handwriting ascends with a decided slope toward the right hand corner of the paper an ambitious nature is indicated. Priscilla Dean's writing is a good example of this admirable trait.

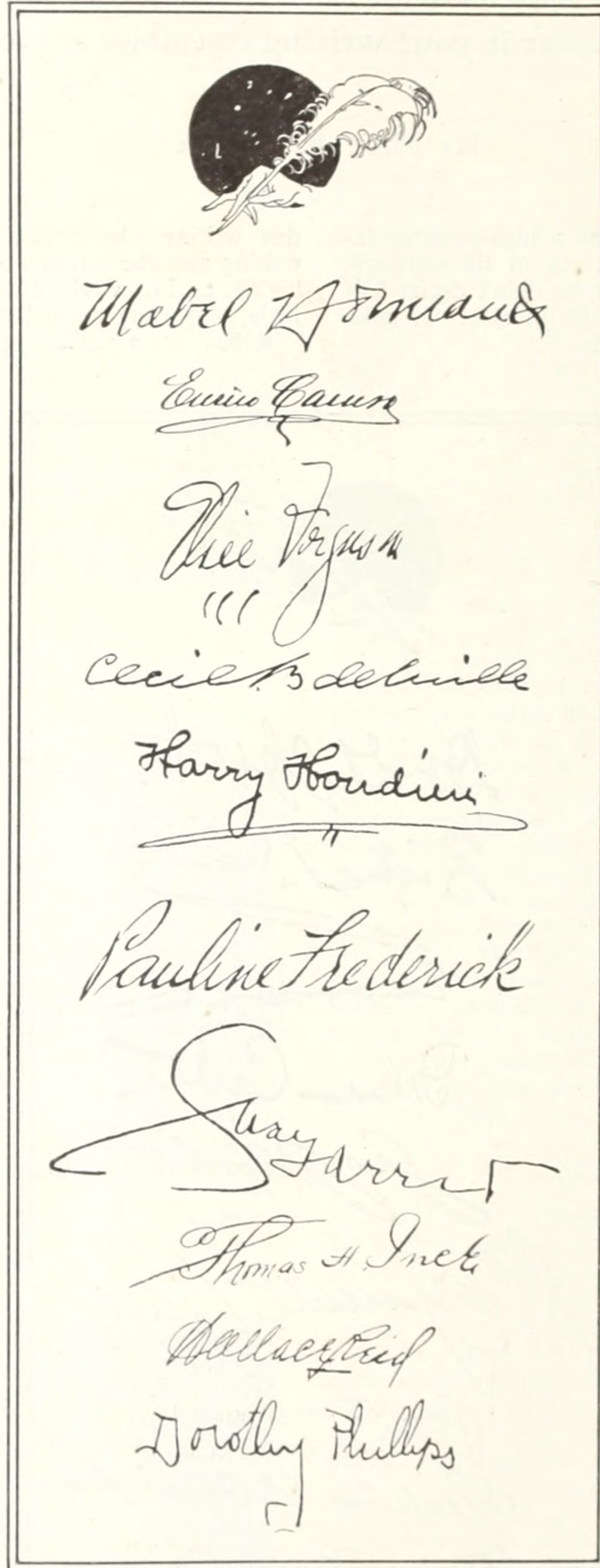
Whenever you see such a careful joining of the small *a* as Mary MacLaren's writing shows you have a good example of concentrated brain power. The evenness of the writing and uniformity of letters in this signature are evidences of a calm and logical mind.

The person who procrastinates, who is going to do everything "to-morrow," but who never gets at it to-day, that kind of person can be detected by the crossing of the *t* falling to the left instead of the right of the letter. Irene Castle, evidently, has none of this fatal defect in her nature, for the crossing of her *t* is almost entirely on the right side of the letter. The extreme curve with which her capital *I* begins shows that the writer believes in self-preservation.

Look at the right hand slope of Cecil deMille's signature if you want to see the handwriting that indicates ambition in unusual degree. Mr. deMille is impatient of delays of any kind, as the irregularity of his capitals bears witness.

A good specimen of the cautious nature is shown in Elliott Dexter's signature particularly by the straight dash after a word.

The calm, well-balanced nature can be deduced from the roundness and smoothness of the writing, while the person whose mind is acute rather than restful writes an angular hand. In the specimens shown Mabel Normand gives a good example of the former, while Billie Burke's writing is an admirable illustration of the latter quality.





“They’ll be here in fifteen minutes—  
and my nails aren’t fit to be seen!”



**T**HE telephone bell rang. “I’m so glad you are at home. We’ll be right over,” said a voice. “Good!” she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

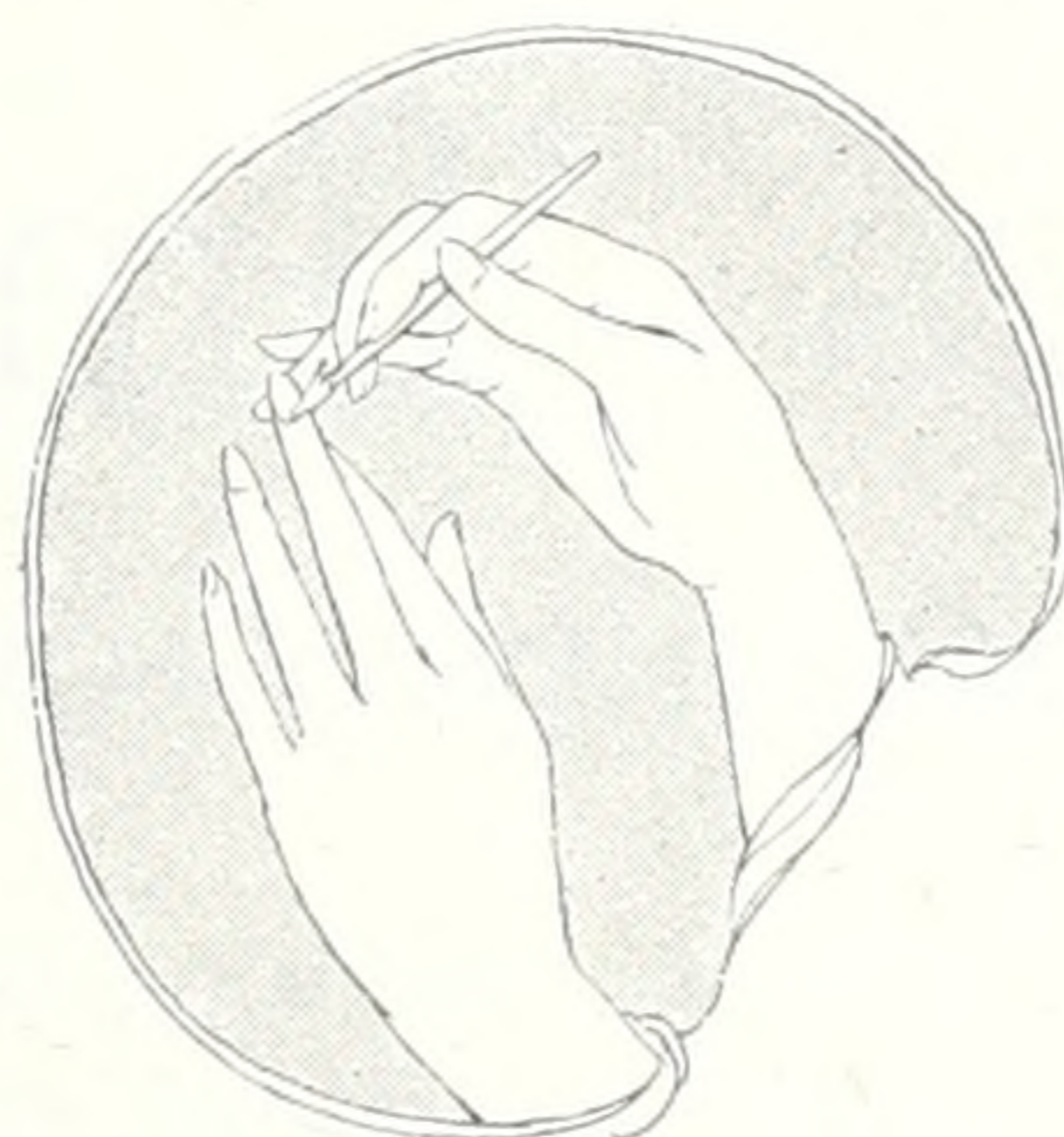
Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged

cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to display your hands!



*Just soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover.*

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.

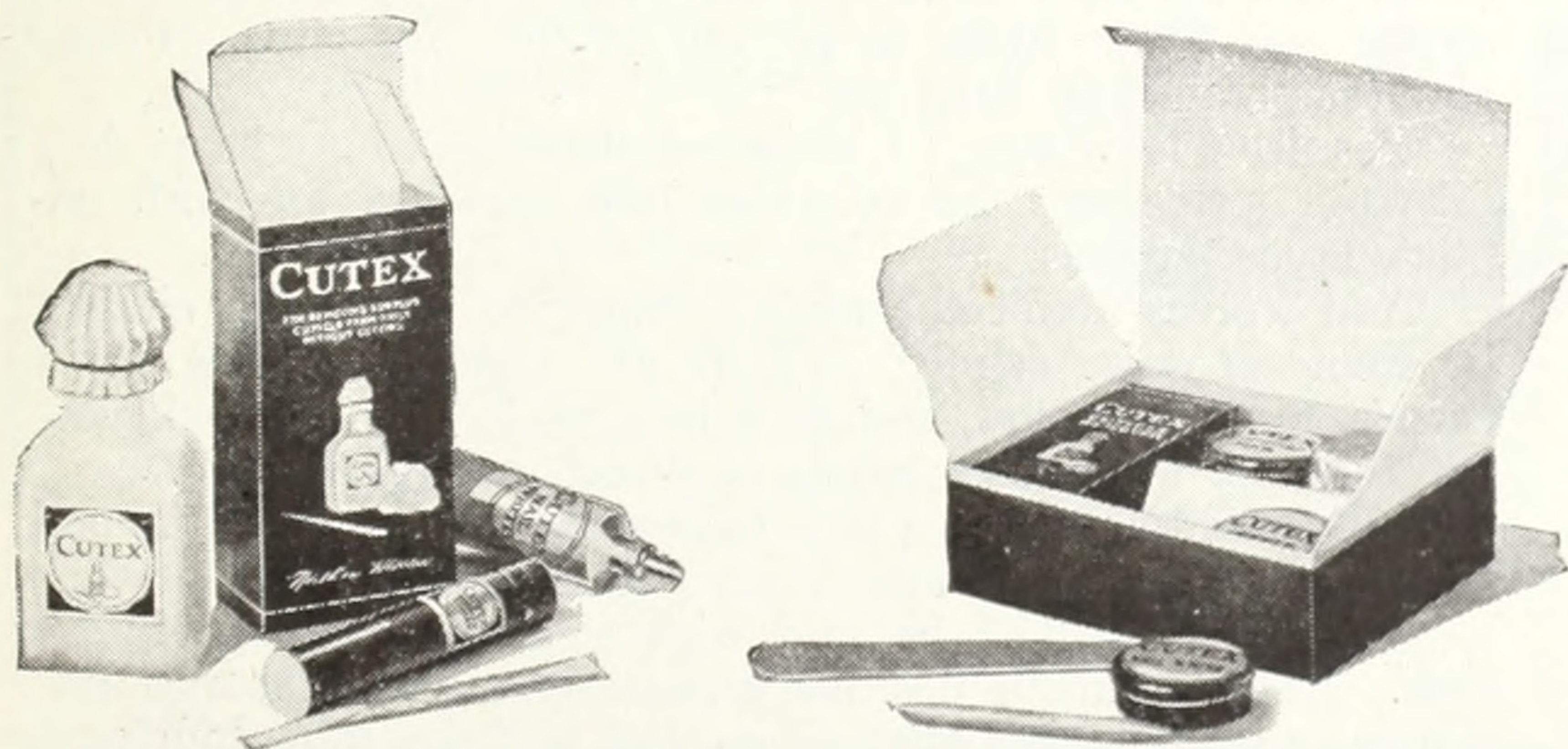
If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

**Six manicures for 20 cents**

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets, but large enough for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

*If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*



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

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





Director Al Santell as he looked after an argument with Bob, the lion. "Joe Martin," sitting atop the sofa, is trying to look pretty.

## He Likes 'Em Wild!

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

"SURE I like 'em wild!" The voice on the other side of the "set" at the Universal studio spoke positively, even enthusiastically.

"But Al," came a worried murmur, "she bites. She'd chew your ear off in a minute if she could."

"Not a chance!" responded the jovial Al. "I know all of Julia's moods. She's a bit temperamental, but she's alright when she isn't hungry."

"The hussy!" thought I of the wild "she" under discussion, and—"the fool" I added mentally of the invisible Al. I repressed a desire to recite aloud something about a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair for the moral effect it might have, and it's just as well that I did refrain, for at that instant, around the corner of the set, came a young man with brown eyes and the suspicion of a mustache, leading in tow—a full-grown lioness!

There was no convenient table to climb upon, or even a property ladder to lend itself to my sudden desire to get thence from hence—*quickly!* And had there been such articles handy it is doubtful whether I could have taken advantage of them, for my pedal extremities had ceased to function, my face felt pallidly cold, and I think I made a funny noise or two, for the Daniel-like gentleman helped me to a chair, patted me on the back and told me that Julia wouldn't hurt a lady. He also gave me his card on which was engraved "Al Santell, Director."

I couldn't help wondering if Julia *knew* I was a lady, for she seemed to regard me hungrily. But such seemed to be Mr. Santell's confidence in her altruistic motives that I gave her the benefit of the doubt, and conversed with the brown-eyed director as nonchalantly as was possible under the circumstances.

"You specialize in directing wild animals then?" I asked him, secretly hoping that Julia's luncheon had been ample.

"Well, not exactly," he answered with a smile that showed a row of even white teeth. "I have been making animal comedies here at Universal for the last year—ever since I came back from the service, in fact. I didn't intend to take it up as a

specialty, but they discovered that I could manage the lions and also Joe Martin, the orang-outang, and ever since then they've kept me at it."

He reached down to scratch Julia between her tawny ears, and drew his arm back sharply, swallowing a cuss word.

"My arm's still on the bum," he apologized. "It hurts every time I make a sudden move."

"Rheumatism?" I inquired sympathetically.

"No, Bob," he replied laconically. Then in response to my bewildered expression, "Bob is one of our biggest lions. He charged me the other day and clawed my arm and leg. And you'd never guess what started it. His mate, 'Ethel,' died some time ago, and we had the skin stuffed. It was being used in a scene from 'Upper Three and Lower Four,' an animal-comedy melodrama, and Bob came into the barred inclosure where he was to work. Well, sir, he spotted that stuffed lion, and I give you my word he *knew* it was Ethel. He made a sort of a purring noise, and went over to it and rubbed his nose against the hide—then, just as if he thought I had something to do with his mate being in that lifeless condition, he turned on me and I was lucky to get out of the cage alive. Funny how temperamental lions are."

"Yes, isn't it—funny," I observed, listening to my heart do a tail spin inside my thorax while Julia watched me with unblinking amber eyes.

"And wolves aren't the easiest things to work with either," he went on quite calmly. "They are always watching for a chance to snap at you, and once in a while they'll attack you, but they are interesting beasts to direct, nevertheless."

"Interesting!" I echoed in a far-away tone, but Wild-Animal Al plunged ahead with contagious enthusiasm.

"And Joe Martin!" he said with something of awe in his tone. "That monk is positively uncanny. He works just like a man—you tell him what to do and perhaps show him once

(Continued on page 94)





## Organdies · linens · batistes

*Launder them the same way you do your silk things*

**W**HERE lawns are green and ices are served, the cool frocks of midsummer gather. Fly-away, frilly organdies; saucy English prints that play at being quaint. Fine blouses of handkerchief linen and French voile. And always rows on rows of tiny tucks and soft ruffles of real lace.

To keep them so daintily fresh, so charmingly new, how often and how carefully they must be washed.

Not ordinary scrubbing—their frills would never stand up again!

But the Lux way will not harm them, the careful way you do your

silks and satins. There's no rubbing to separate the sheer threads, to work havoc among the dainty colors. Just sousing and pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots.

Every bit of expensive lace will stay soft and white. Their sashes will tie just as perkily, their colors look as merrily as though they'd never just been worn and washed.

The finest fabrics will last when they are washed in the delicate Lux suds. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### To launder fine lingerie fabrics

**W**HISK a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

*For colors* add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade.

# LUX

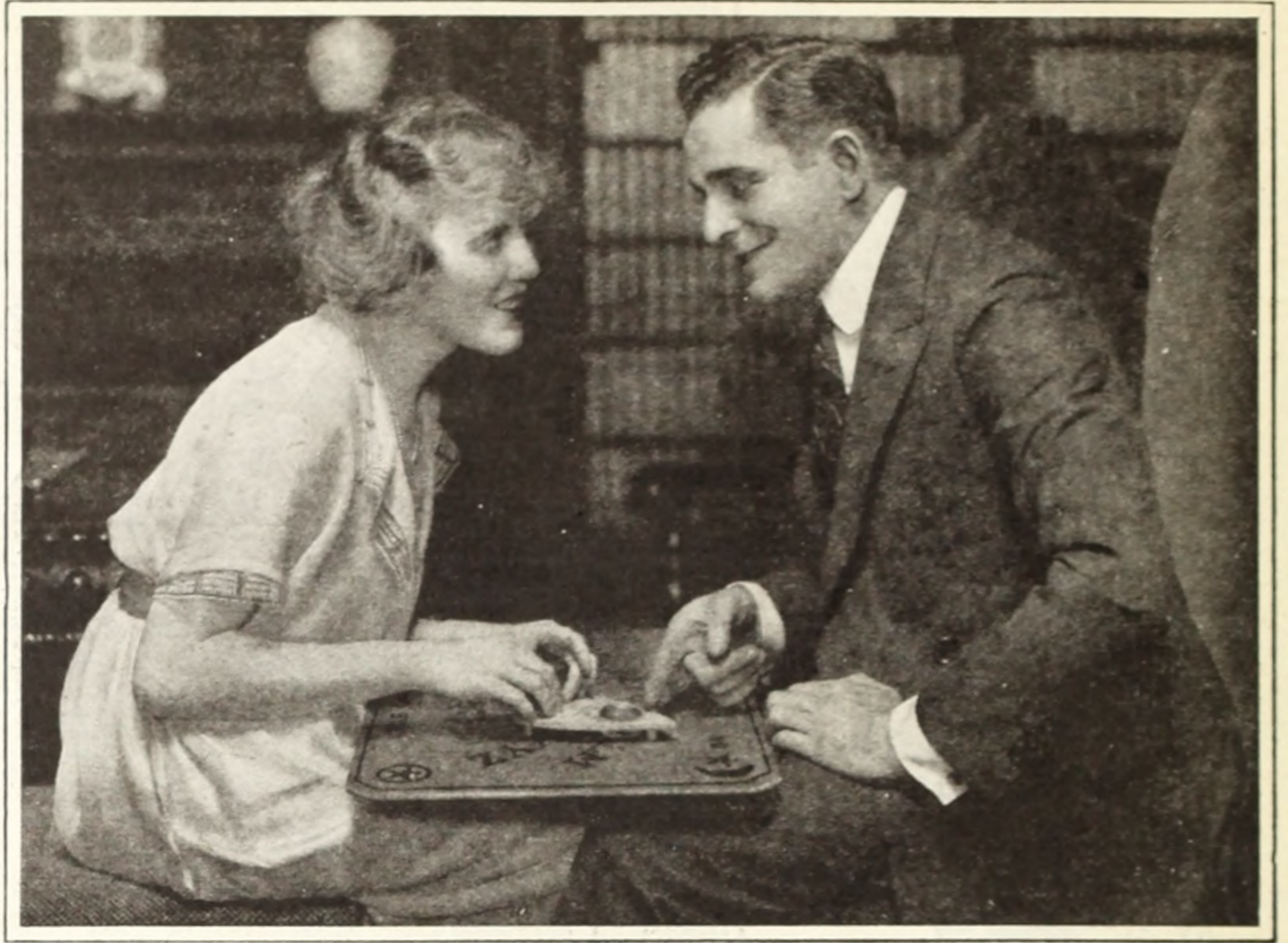


Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.



# WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—

Crane Wilbur, because he prefers to use his brains to getting by with his good looks; because all the while he was matinee idoling he was salting down his salary and preparing for a great attack on Broadway managers, because two years ago he quit working for some one else in pictures and rented a theater in Oakland, Cal., organized a stock company, wrote plays, made money, and took another theater, then sent a man to peddle his plays on Broadway, and had seven or eight of them accepted; because he did very creditable work in "The Ouija Board" (Ruth Hammond is with him in the picture,) and in others of his plays, and because one time he appeared in a picture that our cook says made her want to be a good girl.



T. Hadley Waters, because when he came to New York and the theatrical managers would not let him in, he wrote a book about himself and sent it to them, and because when David Belasco fell for the book, Mr. Waters invited him to go to lunch, then had to rush out and borrow ten dollars; because he writes good publicity for Mrs. Sidney Drew; because he is to have two plays produced on Broadway this fall, AND because he has done all this in 23 years.



Luther Reed, because he goes quietly and without any noise about doing the things he wants to do, and does them; because he Steve Brodied from a newspaper desk in New York to the prospects of a park bench in Los Angeles when he thought that he could write scenarios; and because in such things as "Mary's Ankle" and "Behind the Door," he proved he could; and because he always wanted to write a play, and he did it, and now "Dear Me," which is having a run in Chicago, will appear soon in New York.

Harry Durant, because he is the father of two sons, and is prouder of them than anything else; because he has been a successful writer for years; because he was managing editor of the old Biograph and other companies, and now manages the play department for Famous Players; because he is getting ready to respond to the call of "Author, Author" on the opening nights of five separate and distinct New York stage plays next season





TALC

# Jonteel

25¢

*Perfumed with the Costly  
New Odor of  
26 Flowers*



*Posed by  
Helene Chadwick  
Motion Picture Star*

**R**OSSES from France, orange flowers from Mediterranean shores, lavender from England, vetivert, ylang-ylang, geranium—26 of the world's loveliest fragrances—make up the sweet, haunting odor of Jonteel. Take home a box of Talc Jonteel today.

The Jonteel Beauty Requisites are sold exclusively by

*The **Rexall** Stores*

throughout the U. S., Canada, and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

#### THE JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

- Odor Jonteel, \$1.50      Odor Jonteel concentrate, \$3
- Face Powder Jonteel, flesh, white, brunette, 50c.
- Face Powder Compact, flesh, white, brunette, "outdoor," 50c      Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c
- Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c      Soap Jonteel, 25c
- Manicure Set Jonteel, \$1.50
- Rouge Jonteel, light, medium, dark, 50c
- Lip Stick Jonteel, 25c      Eye-brow Pencil Jonteel, 25c

*(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher)*





**LIKE  
ORANGES ?**  
*DRINK*  
**ORANGE-CRUSH**

SWEETENED WITH GRANULATED SUGAR  
6 FL. OZ.  
A CARBONATED BEVERAGE  
FLAVORED WITH OIL OF ORANGE AND CITRIC ACID  
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED  
*Ward's*  
**ORANGE-CRUSH**  
CONTAINS NO  
ORANGE JUICE  
BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF  
ORANGE-CRUSH CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

**I**RRESISTIBLY delicious! Pure as sunshine! Was drink ever as delightfully refreshing as Ward's Orange-Crush?

The secret lies in the supreme quality and matchless flavor—a combination of the delicate, fragrant oil pressed from nature's most favored fruit—golden oranges—purest sugar and citric acid, the natural acid found in all citrous fruits.

Ward's Lemon-Crush—the companion to Orange-Crush—is equally delicious.

*In bottles or at fountains*

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago  
Laboratory: Los Angeles

Send for free booklet, "The Story of Orange-Crush"

G. H. Mitchell.





Mother Seymour and Clarine when she made her first public appearance in church entertainments.

# An Unfinished Story

Death snaps the  
brilliant career of pretty  
Clarine Seymour

By BETTY SHANNON



The last photograph of Clarine Seymour.

**T**HERE was a very different sort of story written to fill this space. It was the story of a vivid, very much alive young person to whom success had come after several years of particular discouragement and difficulty. It was the story of a warm, unspoiled, friendly girl—the sort of girl who did not forget those who had been good to her, and who was not ashamed to admit her struggles.

But the story of Clarine Seymour had to be stopped short and taken from the presses—because Clarine Seymour's life came suddenly to an end. On Sunday evening, April 25, at nine o'clock, she died. She had been ill from intestinal trouble since the Wednesday before.

Clarine Seymour was born in Brooklyn nineteen years ago, of devoted Methodist parents. Her first appearances in public were at the entertainments given in the New York Avenue Methodist church. Three years ago her parents moved to New Rochelle for the summer. Clarine decided she wanted to become a motion picture extra. Her persistent calls at the

old Thanhouser studio brought her a small bit in some forgotten play.

By steps and degrees she was given bigger parts and one day a role in a Pearl White serial came her way, then one in "The Double Cross" with Mollie King. It was in this that she was seen by the Rolin Comedy people and was offered a contract if she would go West in comedies with Toto, the Hippodrome clown. And Mother Seymour took the baby and chaperoned Clarine to the Coast.

After innumerable vicissitudes, she followed Billie Rhodes in Christie comedies. Mr. Griffith saw her in Los Angeles and when he needed someone to play with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess and Robert Harron in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" he took her on.

"True Heart Susie" and "Scarlet Days" followed. "The Idol Dancer," most recent of these, was her first real featuring vehicle. She was at work in "Way Down East" when she died.



# The Twelve Best Motion Pictures

## Winners of Second Photoplay Magazine Letter Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Second Letter Contest closes with surprising results—results perhaps disappointing to producers who have spent thousands of dollars on elaborate productions. For the common message contained in the many letters giving the writers' opinions of the twelve best photoplays they have seen is this:

The motion picture creating a lasting impression or accomplishing the most good is not the picture requiring the greatest number of reels or covering the most extensive range of subjects. Human interest, say PHOTOPLAY'S readers, is what the public appreciates most, and when this vital chord is drowned in rambling themes introducing foreign notes, interest in the picture ebbs.

It might be discouraging to a producer who had spent a fortune on a picture like "Intolerance" to hear that the film most loved and appreciated was "The Miracle Man." This play had more votes than any other, although others had cost much more to produce. The picture that does not hit a responsive chord in the heart of its audience is not remembered.

One man writes: "That which we cannot take seriously we do not long remember. The picture must strike home, for, curiously enough, the only way to make some people forget themselves is to put their lives on the screen."

Simplicity is the keynote of a successful film. Complications in construction only confuse and amuse for the moment, but leave no definite impression. A simple appeal to Faith, Hope or Charity touches more responsive hearts and spreads more good in the world than all the films with "4,000 horses, 20,000 men, ten elephants," etc. Difficult locations, expensive stars, scenarios dealing with plot and counter-plot are not the pictures that live in the memory. A homey "Daddy Long Legs," "Hoosier Romance" and "Stella Maris" have brought a truth nearer hundreds of hearts than "Broken Blossoms," "Hearts of the World," and even "The Birth of a Nation."

In comedy the same taste seems to be universal. Chaplin's

"Shoulder Arms" has spread more cheer and hearty enjoyment sprinkled with tears, than any Broadway comedy screened. The dominant note, sounded high above those of praise for this picture, is that Chaplin has not tried it again. How can

a man—and even a million-dollar comedian must be human—hear thousands of voices calling him to help them along the rocky path-way of life by his lovable humor, and still deny these millions of friends a little of his cheer, which they long for and appreciate so thoroughly?

It was encouraging to note that apparently no particular star influenced the choice of the pictures. Naturally, several were mentioned as favorites, but one could easily see that the film acted by any other name would not have changed the impression in many cases. The highly- and often over-paid star may do to get the people into the theater, but the impression that lasts is that of the film—the story, the direction, the photography, and the human interest. These four elements are what made up a perfect picture to thousands of film admirers in this and other countries.

### The Pictures Make Her Believe Again

#### FIRST PRIZE

The twelve photoplays I would place in the first rank are as follows:

"The Miracle Man"—There may be sermons in stones, but

there is also a religion and a philosophy in this unusually human thesis.

"Cabiria"—One scene, Hannibal's hordes crossing the Alps, visualized the past for me as the study of Latin for six years never did.

"The Birth of a Nation"—Every character in this great American epic lived the part in a way never to be forgotten; perhaps never to be equaled.

"Carmen"—Merimee's good old story made a dazzling tapestry of passion, revenge, and fatalism.

"Ramona"—"Once upon a time" used to thrill me, and

(Continued on page 84)

## Why I Do Not Believe In Censorship.

This is the subject for *Photoplay Magazine's* Fourth Letter Contest

THE official censor, meddling with morals and art, invariably hits what is true, i. e., what is art, and passes what is false, hence what is not art.

"He spells the death of all progress and free experiment in the movies, and he represents a fundamental violation of both common sense and common justice. Can't we even go to the theater without being dictated to by a meddlesome old maid, whether in pants or petticoats?"

So writes Walter Pritchard Eaton, the writer and critic who could never be accused of undue love for pictures, or motion picture censorship, in the Pittsfield Berkshire Eagle.

"Legalized censorship of the film is a dangerous departure in a free country," reports the special investigating committee appointed by the New York State Conference of Mayors, which recently condemned state censorship and recommended local regulation by license in the municipalities of the state.

PHOTOPLAY WILL PAY FOR YOUR IDEAS of the evils of motion picture censorship: \$25 for the best letter; \$15 for the second best letter, and \$10 each for the three next best letters of not more than 300 words. One side of the paper only must be used. All letters, addressed to Fourth Letter Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, must be in by August 1, 1920.

"The indecent, improper and immoral film can be eradicated by the same methods as are used against indecent, improper and immoral books and plays."

Dr. James P. Warbasse, of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn, says:

"Official political censorship is a stupid violation of human liberty. It means pre-judgment by an official who sets himself up as a dictator to decide things which the people themselves must judge if they are to grow and develop a culture. The worst features of Prussianism offer nothing so vicious as pre-censorship of art."

Those are reasons why some thinkers and altruists who are sincere in their judgments do not believe in legal censorship of films.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants to know why you do not believe in censorship—why you do not want haed political censors to decide what you and your children shall or shall not see on the screen.





**You can see them everywhere**

This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth—teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.

You can learn the way, without cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.

# Those Pretty Teeth

## No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them

### This is How Millions Now Get Them

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

#### They fight film

Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscus film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

#### The way to end it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film.

Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

#### Based on pepsin

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

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.



**The results are quick and apparent**

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscus film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

**10-DAY TUBE FREE** 378

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 568, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



Ramona, gentle pastoral romance, made me believe again in a world where all the men and women are just a little better than they seem to be in real life.

"Mickey"—Mickey hit technique in the eye and came up smiling, because it was captivatingly different.

"Daddy Longlegs"—From the inimitable cider scene to the joyous ending, here was a picture everybody from Grandma to Little Sister could appreciate.

"The Spoilers"—When the terrible fight took place, even the staid schoolmarm clenched her fists and forgot civilization.

"Shoulder Arms"

— Irrepressible screams of mirth over Charlie's antics quite obliterated the orchestra, and nobody cared.

"Broken Blossoms"—Even if the public, alive to punch but not to poetry, thought this immortal jade of the Ming period was "beautiful, tho awfully sad," don't worry. The public isn't immortal!

"Revelation"—It seemed to say that Suffering may cleanse any human heart; that the Apache of today may become the Madonna of tomorrow.

"Neptune's Daughter"—Do you believe in fairies and mermaids? Not all the time, of course. But, sometimes? Yes? So do I. And so does the poet and the plumber.

WANDA N. ORTON,  
3210 West Calhoun  
Boulevard,  
Minneapolis,  
Minnesota.

They Lift Her  
to the Hilltops

SECOND PRIZE

These are the twelve best motion pictures I have seen:

- The Birth of a Nation,
- Stella Maris,
- The Miracle Man,
- Blind Husbands,
- Les Miserables,
- Broken Blossoms,

- Intolerance,
- The Hoodlum,
- The Brat,
- Revelation,
- Eyes of Youth,
- Male and Female.

They are the best because they lifted me out of myself and let me view human nature from a distance just as I might stand on a mountain-top and view the country before me—the hills and valleys, the lakes and rivers, the forests, the meadows, and even the orchards and gardens.

Just so, these motion pictures helped me to view human nature from a hill-top and enabled me to see where I have made good and showed me the pitfalls that I might not stray.

They contrasted selfishness with unselfishness and revealed the beautiful things of life as well as the ugly deeds that I

might be able to tell the one from the other because I was better acquainted with them and so helped me to live just a little nearer the clouds than I otherwise might have done.

They taught me the true value of love and caused me to modify my harsh judgments so that I might help some less fortunate brother or sister along the path we are all traveling to perfection.

I am truly grateful for them and know that they must have helped others as they have helped me and therefore deserve to live.

MRS. MAUDE MONAHAN,  
9 East Clay Ave.,  
Muskegon,  
Michigan.

## Reelism



"What's the matter, Martha?"  
"Never could — kerchoo — stand that alkali dust!"

Pictures That  
"Get Under the  
Skin"

THIRD PRIZE

I THINK the pictures that live longest in our minds are the ones that depict our own everyday emotions our joys and griefs—our virtues and failings. Who can help being vitally interested in one's self? We like to deduce—"Now, if I hadn't been harnessed to that desk, I, too, might have 'held up' a whole town single handed," or, "If I wasn't wedded to this fireless cooker I might have captivated Count De Busti myself." We all like to "play" and "pretend" and the intensity of the screen millionaire's fight to corner the market is felt by the modest youth who tries to corner his boss for a five-dollar raise. Under the skin, always!

And we want variety. There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that while we long to be a "Pollyanna" or a "Miracle Man" tonight we may favor "Sadie," "The Snare" and "Red Pete" tomorrow evening. Isn't that why the public is called fickle? Too many Falls of Babylon (to say nothing of the ruins inflicted upon us in jazzie road houses) make us welcome sweet pastoral scenes.

I agree with PHOTOPLAY's list of winners, substituting, for the four I missed seeing, "Eye for an Eye," "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "Broken Blossoms" and "The Woman in the Suitcase." I liked my first and second because they were dominated by the two great personalities of the screen. The third because of the touch of a master hand. The torturing of Lucy left nausea. Then, why see it? Because of the lasting effect, the aching desire to comfort all abused and neglected children; that was the real triumph of the picture, I believe. My fourth gave originality of plot, if I am any judge.

(Continued on page 90)



# Pompeian

## BEAUTY POWDER



*“Don't Envy Beauty —  
Use Pompeian”*

**E**AGER partners hover 'round the girl with a clear and dazzling skin. Don't envy her. Use a complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette” and have a beautiful and alluring complexion yourself.

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.” At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

### Special Offer Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of 50c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For

15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder Offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

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

Also Made in Canada



### GUARANTEE

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

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

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

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.



# Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!

School days; the old frat house; the parties and picnics; the canoe rides and "wiener" roasts \*\*\* good old Bob and Ned; Bess and Marge—and the rest of the gang—and Bess (gee, what a sweet little flirt!) *What happy memories school days leave with us!*

But what is it that enchants these hours—keeps the familiar scenes forever bright? *Music.*

Music is the very soul of youth—of life. Can you imagine the "gang" without music—"It's Always Fair Weather," "The Gang's All Here" and the other old chestnuts, with mandolin or guitar—or both—whanging out the melodies and chords.

There's something about the music of the good old GIBSONS that just goes with the joyous ties of our school days; it makes hearts lighter, friendships more dear and love sweeter.

*And the beauty of it is that anyone can own and play a GIBSON.*

**Gibson**  
Instruments

have made the music dreams of thousands come true, for they bring self-performed music within the reach of everyone. GIBSONS are the ideal home and companion instruments, bringing pleasure, privileges and cultural and social advantages into the lives of the thousands of GIBSON owners. *GIBSON instruments are easy to play and easy to pay for.*

GIBSONS have played a part in hundreds of little romances—confidential human histories—about which we shall be glad to tell you. GIBSON book and free trial proposition also sent for the asking. Write for them today—become better acquainted with the GIBSON family.

*Teacher Salesmen — men or women — always wanted. Unusual opportunities offered. Write for particulars.*

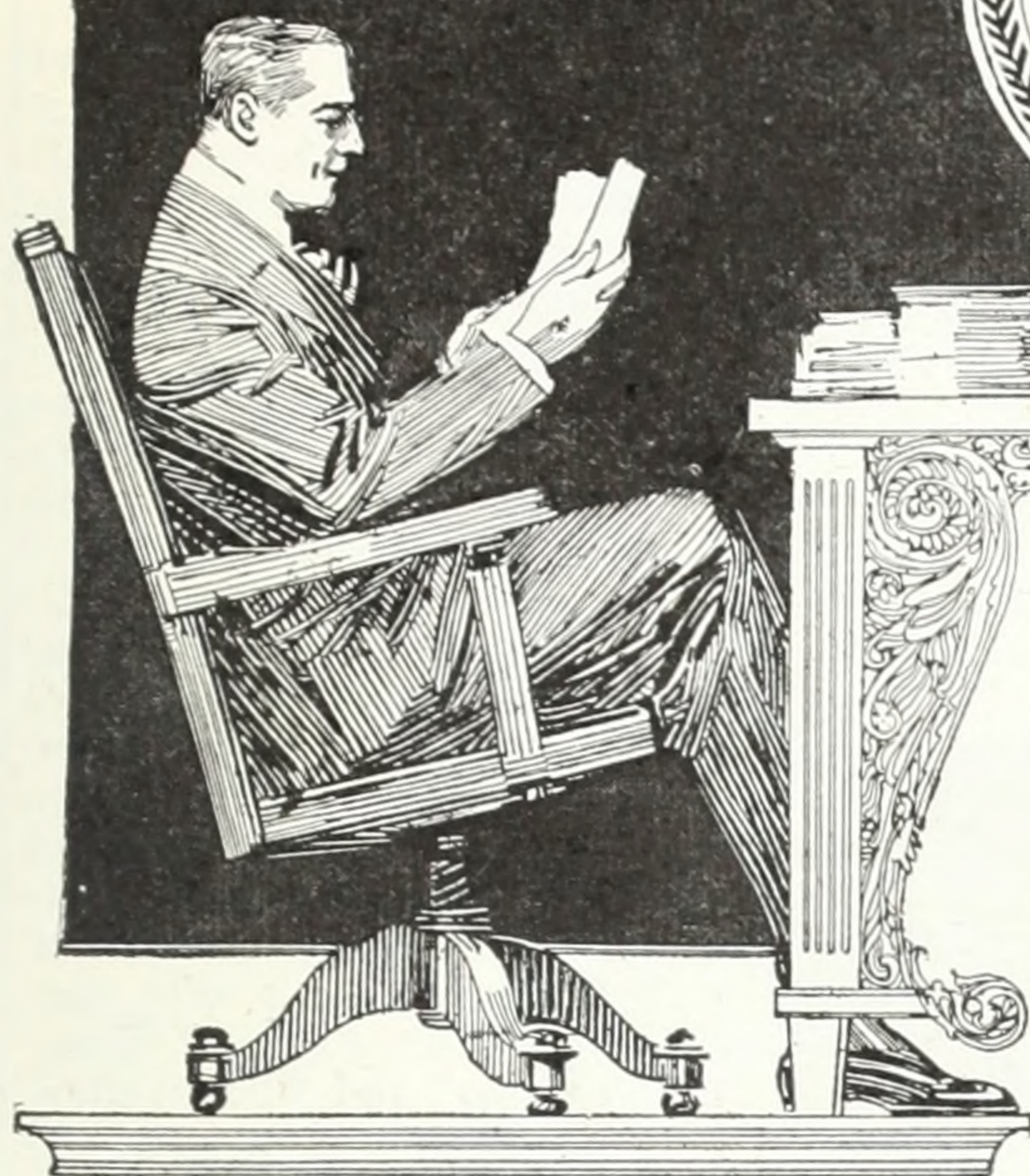
**Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Company**

467 Parsons Street, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

*The only exclusive manufacturers of high-grade fretted instruments. Developers of Mandolin Orchestras.*



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



**Y**OU 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.

**TOODLES, FAR ROCKAWAY.**—So you are five feet seven and one half inches high, have dark brown hair and eyes and can play the violin and piano and would like to have me join your Girls' Club. I am much taller than you, have dark hair and eyes also, and am afraid I can't join. You see, I only play the harmonica.

**IMOGENE, WASHINGTON.**—I shall quote to you from Pilgrim's Progress if you aren't good. Marguerite Clark has left Famous Players, so if you don't want to take a chance on addressing her there and perhaps having the letter forwarded and perhaps not, you'd better wait until PHOTOPLAY announces her new affiliation.

**RUTH C., BROWNWOOD.**—It's difficult to tell Constance Talmadge's age because she grows younger every year. Officially she is twenty. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will be in Europe when you read this, if they carry out their present plans. Nazimova recently resigned her contract with Metro. Charles Bryant is her husband and leading man. Mary Thurman is with the Allan Dwan company. Harrison Ford is divorced.

**M. O. N., CANADA.**—Adversity is usually the force that drives most women into a professional career. Our great actresses very often come from families not rich in worldly goods, automatically provided with a material impetus to art. Mary Pickford went on the stage at the age of five to help support the family. Mary is a finer actress because of it. She and Douglas Fairbanks have a home in Beverly Hills, near Los Angeles, California.

**LOIS F., SAN FRANCISCO.**—We don't have so many of those old stories about the wealthy manufacturer's son who falls in love with the beautiful factory-hand, throws over his wealthy fiancée and his private stock for her, and marries her after the final clinch—or at least we hope he marries her. Lois Wilson is Mrs. Phillips Smalley. Ben Turpin is with Sennett; Dorothy Gish with Griffith; Alice Lake with Metro.

**THORA, BEDFORD.**—Robert Louis Stevenson has said—in other words—that no art produces illusion; that when we are in a theater we never forget that it's all a play.

although sometimes we condescend to be taken in by the reality of the characters. He himself was a great master of fantasy; "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the screen carried most of us out of the theater. Ruth Roland has been married, but she isn't now. Irene Rich and Will Rogers are not married to each other. Mrs. Rogers isn't a professional. Cullen Landis is married; Bebe Daniels isn't.

## The Studio Dog

("Around Our Studio")

He doesn't see the sense of it,  
The how or why or whence of it.  
But heartache—he has none of it  
And his is all the fun of it.

The pleasure of the chase he gets,  
And cares not for the space he gets.  
He doesn't scan the papers, O!  
For records of his capers, O!

In danger he's heroical;  
His attitude is stoical:  
Let others draw the salaries—  
His pictures fill the galleries!  
—Morrie Ryskind.

**M. S., BLACKSHEAR, Ga.**—Oh, well, I don't starve, exactly. Of course I might get a little higher pay, but I can't strike. I've been told so often I'm the one and only Answer Man, that I think I'd have a lonesome job of it. Olive Thomas' only husband is Jack Pickford. Neither was married before. The little girl in "The Flapper" with Ollie is her own little sister. Wallace Reid's wife is Dorothy Davenport.

**EDITH L., CONN.**—As some sage has said, you may be able to make your own spirituous substitute, but will you be able to drink it? Madge Evans is with Prizma; whether she works regularly I couldn't tell you. Madge is growing up fast now. Next thing we know she'll be playing ingenues. Yes, yes—Norma Talmadge is still Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

**M. G., NEW YORK CITY.**—So you are not one of those girls who are crazy to act. Well, it may be possible that you have talent. I can't give you the address of an interpretative dancing school, unless The Ruth St. Denis School in Hollywood would come under that heading. I know so very little about dancing of any kind, let alone that sort of thing performed by pseudo-Sennett maidens on a dewy lawn and aided by a garland of flowers, a photographer, and Grecian expressions. Eileen Percy is now a Fox star. Juanita Hansen is making serials for Pathe. Emma Dunn made "Old Lady 31" for Metro. Ann Murdock hasn't been seen on stage or screen for a long time.

**TRENTON ADMIRER, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.**—You neglected to enclose the final page of your letter so I don't know what it is you want me to ask the Editor. However, I presume you want your information regardless. Pell Trenton has been on the stage since 1910. He began with Julia Marlowe, playing in Broadway productions and also in repertoire with Sir Herbert Tree in London. He has played juvenile leads in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Seven Days," "Peg O' My Heart," and others. He is with Metro, where he supported Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree" and May Allison in "Fair and Warmer." Better write and ask him those personal questions. I haven't the heart.

**J. M., OPELOUSAS, LA.**—The persecuted heroine of that Vitagraph serial called "The Invisible Hand" is little blonde Pauline Curley. Antonio Moreno is the star. This same team is making another chapter thriller now. Moreno is to be starred in features soon.

**L. G., SAN ANTONIO.**—I regret to inform you that Francis X. Bushman is not in pictures any more; but his son, taking pity on our Bushmanless existence, came right in like the little man he is, and signed with Christie. Ralph is his name; he's only nineteen and resembles his father. I don't know if he wears a large amethyst ring, however. The younger Bushman is playing a juvenile lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Empire Builders" for Goldwyn right now. You can get all the well-known players' addresses from this department and look up the companies in the Studio Directory.



(Continued)

B. D., NEW YORK.—Yes, *sir*, I saw Mae Murray in "On With the Dance." I never saw so much of her. She's Mrs. Robert Leonard. He is her director. When both were with Universal she was his star; she went with Paramount for the Fitzmaurice productions and he with International to direct Marion Davies. Now they are together again, having formed their own company, called The Invincible. Mae will be on the August cover.

KATHLEEN.—You want to know if Dick Barthelmess likes jazz music. I don't know, but he likes to dance, so it only follows that he must approve of those St. Vitus tunes. I'll give you his address and you can write and ask him if he shimmies. He wouldn't hit a lady. Niles Welch with Vitagraph in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Lila Lee with Lasky.

FRANCES, BERKELEY, CAL.—Now how could I have my hair bobbed? If I were a long-haired poet I wouldn't and if I were a woman I wouldn't. I think the screen ladies who have taken this great tonsorial step forward look very well with clipped locks. Let's see if we can name them all; this seems to be such an attractive topic lately. Irene Castle is entitled to first place, for she started things; Viola Dana; Constance Talmadge and Natalie; Anita Loos; Shirley Mason; Corinne Griffith; Dagmar Godowsky. Pauline Frederick has long hair; she only wore a bobbed and deceptive wig in one picture. Dorothy Gish's real hair is not bobbed but she wears a wig also, in all her films. I could not forward your letter as I do not keep addresses; so had it sent back to you. Come again, you bobbed-banged-baby.

BETSY JANE, RED OAK, IOWA.—I don't think it's a tribute to my personal pulchritude that I get so many letters from ladies. I admit my rare fascination, but decline to be complimented on my curly locks. Beauty of the soul is my fatal attraction. Cullen Landis has a wife and child. Don't vamp him, even on paper. Or I might say particularly; I always advise caution. We don't give personal addresses. I'm sorry, but I guess you'll live through it. Write to me again.

M. F. O'S., B. C.—This magazine is not holding a scenario contest nor is one contemplated at this writing. However, why don't you compete for the worth while prizes we are offering for the best answers on various subjects? Watch PHOTOPLAY for announcements from time to time. Didn't you see "What the Motion Pictures Mean to Me"? I know what they mean to me. They mean Eugene O'Brien's crooked smile and Dick Barthelmess' eyes; Mae Murray's—er

—costumes and Mary Pickford's age and does Constance Talmadge answer her own mail?

JUDGE BEE, OTTOWA.—Morning, Judge. When I think of the many things I've told you— But enough. You want to know where Mr. Sennett makes his comedies. In Hollywood, Cal. Marie Prevost is still with the Sennett company; her latest is "Down on the Farm." You may reach her, Louise Fazenda, Harriett Hammond and Phyllis Haver at the Sennett studios. You're welcome. I know just how you feel.

tell you how old that actress is because that's her business and I wouldn't mind it for anything. Bryant Washburn has two sons: Sonny (or Bryant Junior) and Dwight Ludlow. The latter is a comparatively recent release. Mrs. Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Lloyd Hughes is with Ince, Culver City.

NURSE, CINCINNATI.—Can't understand why you have not been getting Alice Joyce and Clara Kimball Young pictures. Both stars have been working right along. Miss Young's late ones have been "The Eyes of Youth," "The Forbidden Woman," "For the Soul of Rafael" and "Mid-Channel." The last two are in production now. Miss Joyce has been seen in "The Sporting Duchess," "Dollars and the Woman," and "Prey." Miss Young is divorced from James Young. Alice Joyce is now Mrs. James Regan. Peggy Hyland has left Fox and gone abroad for an English producer, Samuelson. Anita Stewart's new ones are "The Fighting Shepherdess" and "The Yellow Typhoon." It's your exhibitor's fault if you never see these stars' latest releases. Kick!

E. S., VANCOUVER, B. C.—I'm afraid Irving Cummings won't pay much attention to a leap year proposal. You see, he happens to be married. His wife is Ruth Sinclair. There's an Irving Cummings, Junior.

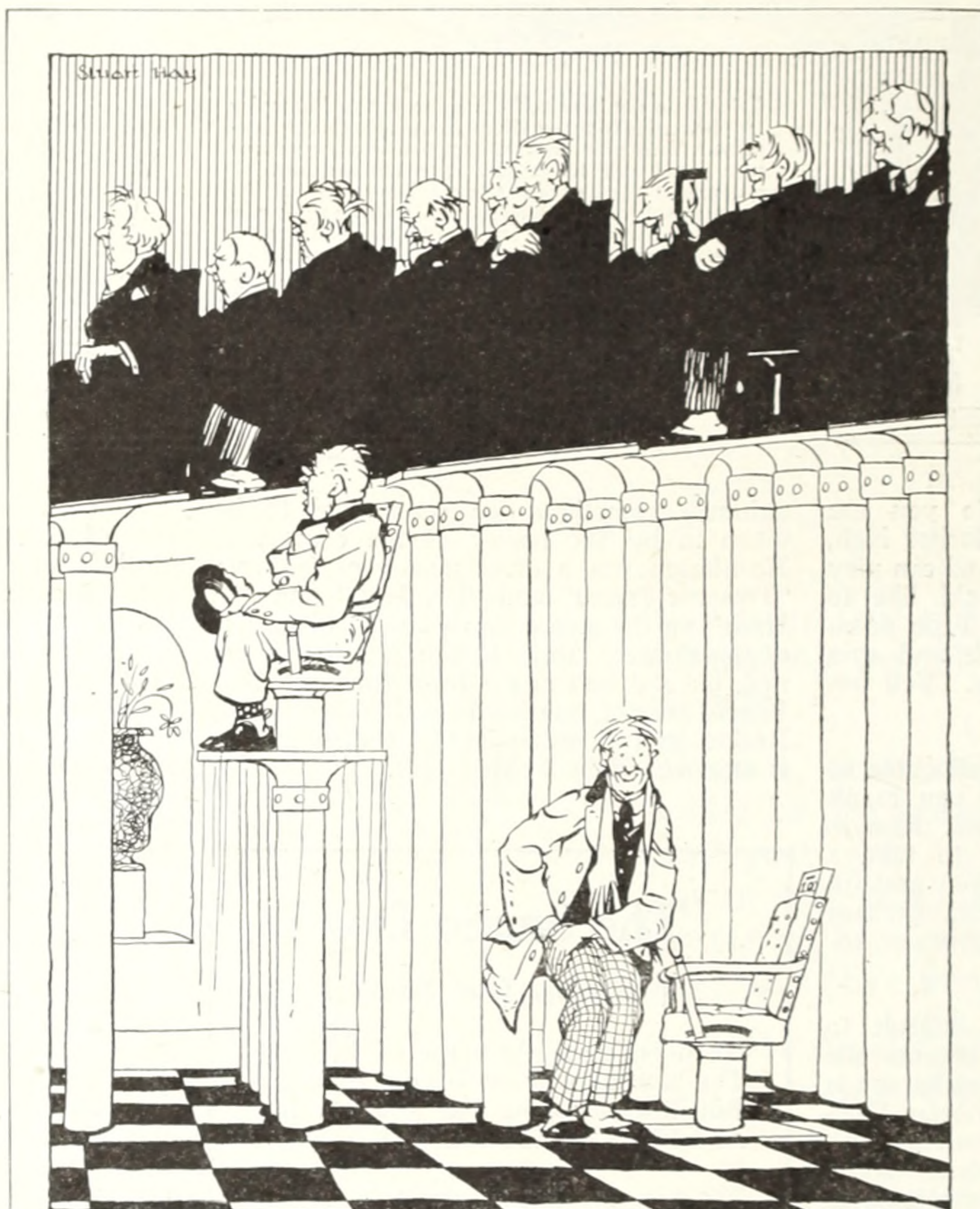
V. B., ENGLAND.—Very glad to hear from you. A good many of our stars are going abroad. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks, the Talmadge girls, John and Anita Loos Emerson, Frances Marion, Peggy Hyland—who comes from your country—and Pearl White. Many are making pictures in England. Wallace Reid is still with Lasky, in Hollywood. His stage appearances did not interfere with his regular film work.

MRS. A. LAPERAL, MANILA.—Thanks for your very kind letter. I am glad to have such a loyal reader and take more than the usual interest in answering your questions. Tell me sometime about your theaters down there, won't you? Fred Goodwins, now directing pictures in London, England, played Mildred Harris

Chaplin's husband in "For Husbands Only," the picture in which Lew Cody earned his reputation as a male vampire. I'll let you know when Mary Pickford's autobiography is published. None of the actresses you name divulges her birthdate.

E. E., CARLINVILLE.—You're the original "bobbed," aren't you? Yours is the easiest question I have had to answer in a long time. Gloria Swanson has longer hair than Shirley Mason because Shirley's is bobbed

(Continued on page 91)



### Patent Not Applied For

FOR the movie patron who wishes to slip inconspicuously and without annoyance into the middle of a row. Mr. Hay believes theater managers could make themselves more popular with fans who like to see a performance from the beginning, if they installed the automatic, drop-a-coin-in-the-slot, self-rising seat. This invention would eliminate the need of ushers and would eliminate those nasty moments when, if the members of the audience were at a foot ball game, they would shout, "Down in front!" The theater auditorium would be built over a subterranean area in which one would find the untaken seats. Any one planting himself in a chair, depositing his admission price in the little coin box at the back, and pulling the lever would find himself quietly shooting upward through the floor without the usual fuss. The artist has not applied for a patent.

M. M., NEWARK.—I'm sorry I cannot make an exception in your case, but when we have the star's business address we never give the personal address. A letter to Ruth Roland, care Pathe, will positively reach her. She may read it herself and she may have a secretary who does that for her; but I think she will answer you in any event.

IOLA B., CONCORD, CAL.—Yours was not a harmonious letter. I can't tell you how old I am because that's nobody's business but my own—besides, I've forgotten. I can't





**SHE CHARGED: "Men are too lax in these matters"**  
**HE REPLIED: "I admit it; but have women the right to judge them?"**

**R**ECENTLY I published the letter of a woman who had written me protesting against what she called my "unfairness" in setting up a standard for women which I did not seem to apply to men.

"Get after the men," she wrote. "They are the real offenders in these matters. Few women I know need to be told these facts about themselves; but most men I know certainly do."

To this a man now replies: "I must admit the truth of what your correspondent says, most men are too lax in these matters. But after all, have women the right to judge men where so many women fail? Is it not natural we should look to your sex for a standard in such matters? I can well believe that no woman who was conscious of the fact would let perspiration odor or moisture mar her daintiness. But every man knows how many unconscious offenders there are, even among the very nicest women."

Adam-like, the man tries to excuse his sex by blaming Eve. But it will not do. Undoubtedly all women have not yet learned how necessary it is to take precautions against perspiration. But this does not alter nor excuse the fact that men as a whole are much more lax than women in this matter of personal fastidiousness.

**An old fault—common to most of us**  
 It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to

this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

**How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation**

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly

harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

**Make it a regular habit!**

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U. S. A. to

**The Odorono Company**  
 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



## The Twelve Best Motion Pictures

(Continued from page 84)

No one knows less of the West than I, and yet, I shout from the housetops, "Long live 'Scarlet Days'!" Maybe, that's part of the secret—we applaud a different environment from our own. I guess Miss Checkbook adores "alley stunts" and Miss Yardstick craves more of Lady Gwendolyn Vere de Vere. Why, how often we skeptically read of the insatiable ambition of screen stars to be practical artistes! We'll say it is quite true that most domestic scientists imagine they'd enjoy decorating the silversheet.

BETTIE BARRY.

119 Glenville Avenue.

Boston, Massachusetts.

### Those That Live In Memory, Training To Better Things

THIRD PRIZE

THESE twelve photoplays I consider meritorious. Certainly they have lived in my memory, training me to better living.

"Broken Blossoms"—Finally our craving for beauty has been satisfied. The enormous breadth of the Mandarin's philosophy, the subtle comparison of his old-world civilization with our "modern" civilization, the love-iness and poignancy of the love theme, all convince us of our own shortcomings, and plead charity to our brother, the yellow man.

"The Miracle Man"—A successful application of a moral minus the taste of the medicine. The ability of the Patriarch to call forth the best that is in us by his own example of faith and righteousness, teaches us that we are what we have in our hearts.

"Bab Stories"—Every American girl who has seen these stories knows that they are true, remembers living through similar periods, experiencing identical emotions. Bright and breezy, yet fragrant with tender memories of our girlhood. World-weary Philistines need this sort of play.

"The Copperhead"—An ideal tribute of the American nation to its martyr-idol, Lincoln, symbolized in the unswerving, dogged faith and love of the loyal Milt Shanks. A beautiful example of true Americanism.

"Shoulder Arms"—Comedy? Yes! Funny and original, pathetic and touching as only our beloved "Charlie" can be. Remember when the Christmas boxes arrive, Charlie, hurt, humiliated, resorting to the rat-trap for his bit of cheese? Not quite so funny, eh? The story? Immense! An American classic. Our humorous memento to the great war.

"Hearts of the World"—An enormous heart-ache. Batt'e-torn France, raped Belgium, the greatest miseries and the smallest, tragedies of nations and tragedies of hearts, dissected and presented as impartially as a student dissects a cadaver. A sermon against all wars.

"Pollyanna"—Refreshing. As sweet as an old-fashioned garden. A breath of lavender in a land of "Mary Garden." It deserves to live because it keeps youth in our hearts.

"Barnebetta"—This play is the indomitable world-old cry for self-expression and advancement of women. Pankhurstian in its methods, it, nevertheless, succeeds in breaking

the shackles and putting the idea across. It talks for all women and its plea should be heard.

"Revelation"—We appreciate the awakening of a soul from its sordid clay dwelling. It stimulates a similar response in us, and, if we are the better for it, should it not live?

"When the Clouds Roll By"—Snappy, modern jazz. Unforced pep. The best sauce for dyspepsia. It should live if only for the T. B. M.

"Intolerance"—The injustices of the ages from the criticisms of the Pharisee through the cruelties rampant in France on St. Bartholomew's night up to our own hypocritical, notoriety-seeking, over-ambitious, sordid reformers, arouse one from a lethargy of smug self-satisfaction. A sermon against narrow-mindedness, be it of race or creed.

"Old Wives for New"—A woman whose husband is a success physically, mentally, morally and materially, refuses to keep apace with him. A sane refutation of the evil and justification of the good divorce may do.

NAOMI R. HELLER.

Peoria, Ill.

707 Mary St.

### How Real Pictures Strike A Real Boy

THIRD PRIZE

My favorite motion pictures are these:

"Work"—Because I love to laugh—I'm afraid I'm going to be a skinny guy.

"In Again Out Again"—I like to see Dug crawling up a wall like a lizard and the tough guy who had the note under his hair.

"Still Waters"—Where the old circus horse ran away with Marguerite Clark. Great. I'd like that to happen to me.

"The Spoilers"—Although I had a lamp put out trying to do the big fight with another boy—and the folks all said: "You can't tell me! You got licked—why look at your face."

"The Birth of a Nation"—I sat on the edge of my chair for three mortal hours and almost suffocated with excitement.

"Broken Blossoms"—It made me mad, too. I was afraid the other fellers would see me crying—I'll say she was pretty in her Chink clothes.

"Joan the Woman"—Great fight! And when Joan was hunting among the nobles to find the real king the girl at the piano played, "Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?"

"Orange Blossoms"—Fatty made such a good lady-cook.

"Judith of Bethulia"—Gee! It was grand when they pushed them all off the great wall.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—Because they made up an honest Injun circus and Rebecca ate the pie the ants made.

"The Miracle Man"—Because maybe it will do away with jails, for if a guy can have a better time being good—why not *be* good?

"Cabiria"—A lot of history told in a dandy way—a dandy ole snake, too. And the big black bloke was some bloke!

MAX WAGNER.

Box 366, Salinas, Cal.

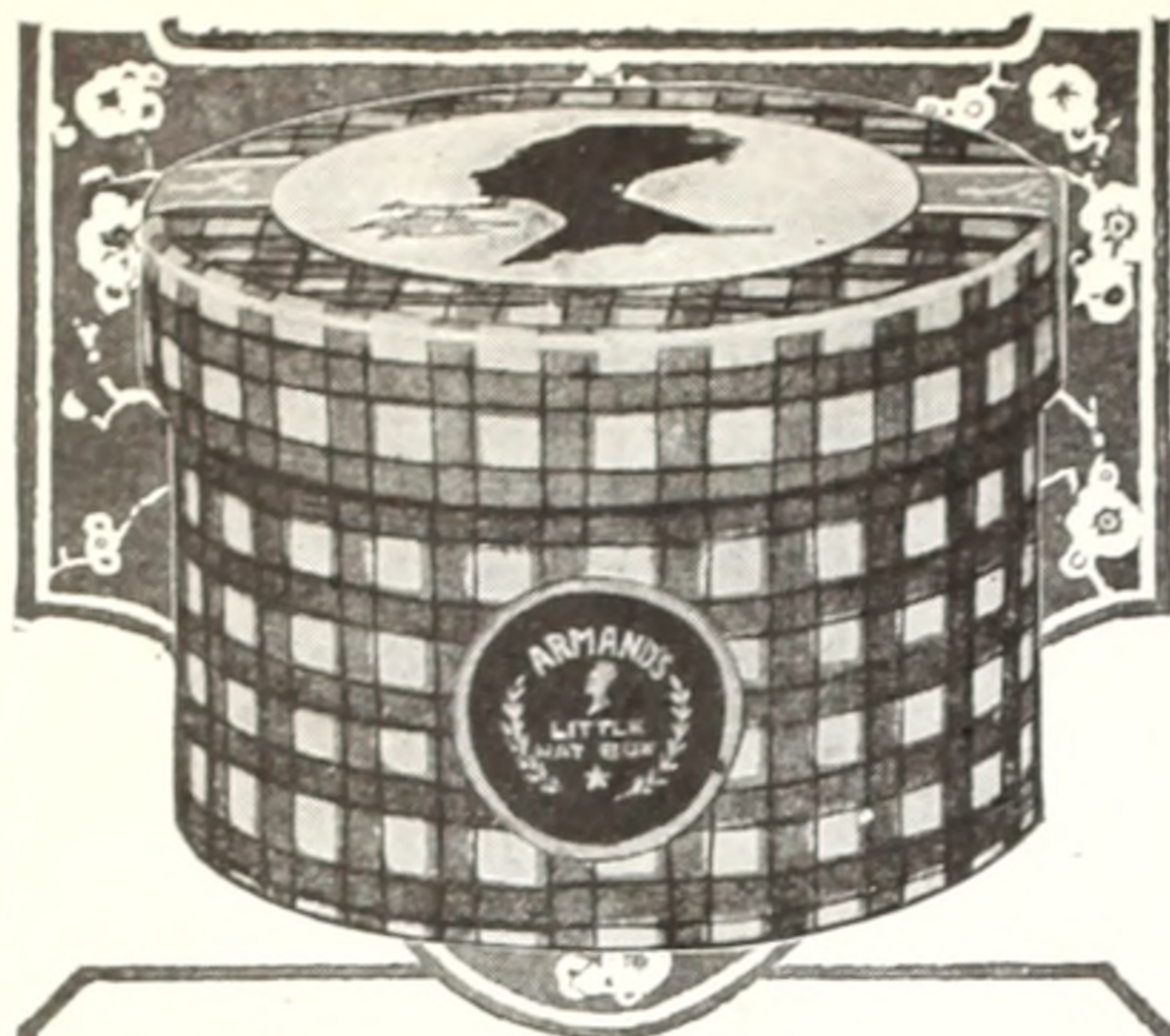
### The Casting Director—"Around Our Studio"

He's very popular, is he,  
With all the movie coterie.  
In fact, he is more pop-u-lar  
Than even any movie star.

The greetings that he gets are hearty;  
He's asked to every single party.  
They tell him stories to delight him,  
And never, never, never slight him.

They cast their bread—you get my meaning—  
And he casts them—that is, for screening.  
Time was the movies had no caste—  
But that day, as you see, is past.

—Morrie Ryskind.



## ARMAND COMPLEXION POWDER

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YOU can never tell whether you like a face powder or not, until you actually use it. Just try Armand once!

All the better shops carry Armand. The Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, at 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder, the only complexion powder made containing a touch of cold cream, is \$1. If you'd rather, send us 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

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## What Do They Use

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"Pretty Little White Noses"

They use Pure and Exquisite

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A wonderful preparation. 75c and \$1.25 sizes at dealers or direct by mail.

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Send 2 dimes for a Miniature Wedding Day Beauty Box containing Seven Wonders for Beauty.



Do You Want a Youthful  
BLOOMING COMPLEXION?  
USE

## Roseen Beautifier

Something unusual, just  
what you are looking

for. It imparts to the complexion a soft and velvety texture and nourishes the tissues without injuring the skin. Try Roseen Beautifier once and you will be delighted. Price 60c.

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ROSEEN TOILET CO., 1299 McAllister St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

THELMA DARLING.—Violet Mersereau is not dead, but Harold Lockwood is.

COMRADE CASTLE, PLACERVILLE.—I see you have imagination, that rarest gift. Like "Anne of the Green Gables" I sometimes let mine run away with me—do you? Louise Huff is Mrs. Stillman now; she has a little daughter, Mary Louise. Jack and Mary Pickford are brother and sister; thought everyone knew that. Jack is married to Olive Thomas. See other answers for Blanche Sweet query.

A. P., CALIFORNIA.—There are two golden ages of mental man: the future, before he marries; the past, when he is married. So you see stars in Frisco. Just what stars do you mean? Bobby Harron; Griffith; Mildred Harris Chaplin, Hollywood, Cal. She has her own company; never has played with Charlie. Kathlyn and Earle Williams are not related. Nigel Barrie with Clara Kimball Young in "The Better Wife."

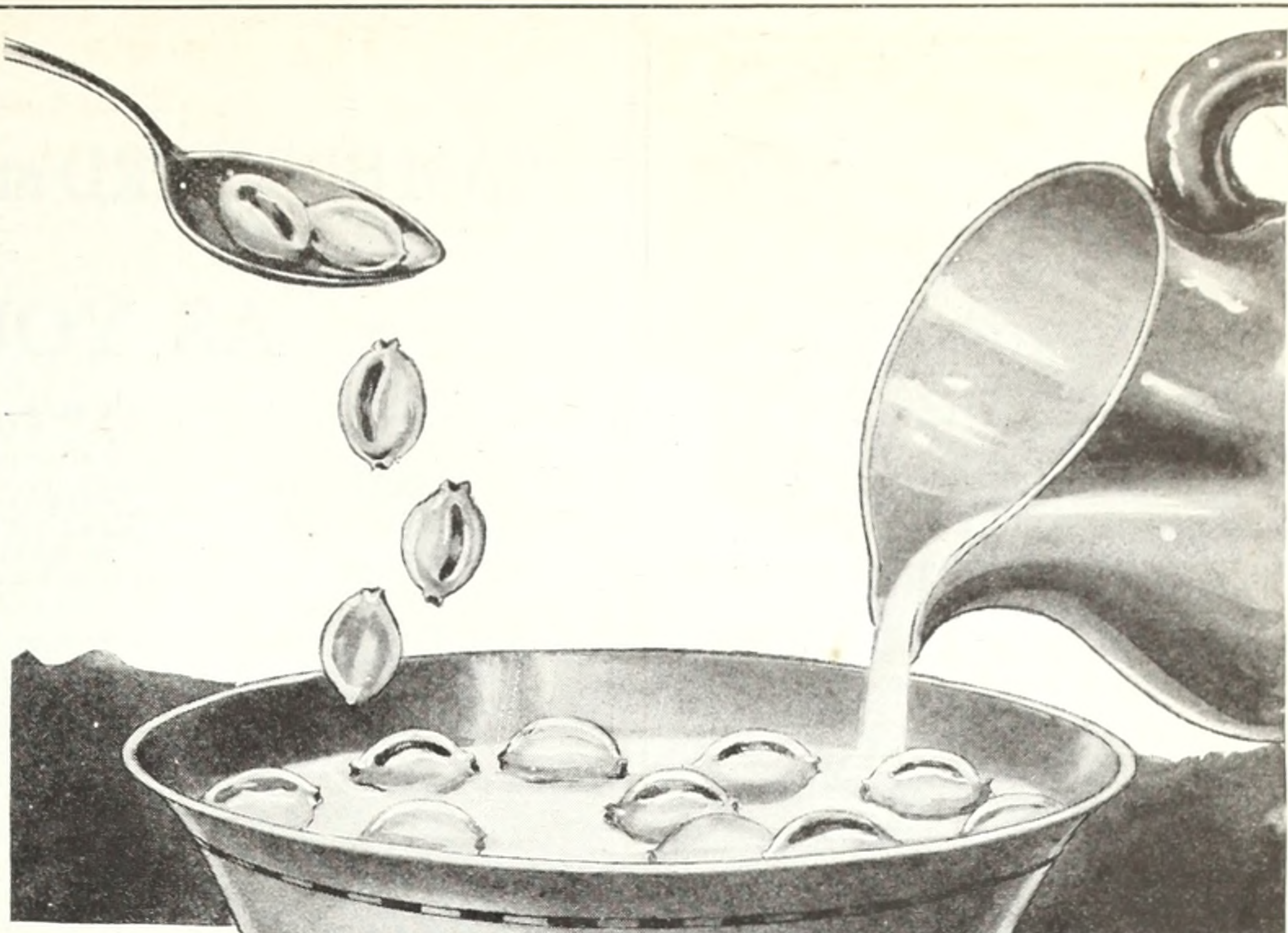
FRANCES, J. B., MANILA.—No, no—Kenneth Harlan is not married to Carmel Myers. Neither is married. Miss Myers last played on the stage in a musical comedy, "The Magic Melody." Write to her now at Universal City, Cal. She has signed a new film contract with them. Marie Walcamp will probably have returned from Japan by the time you read this; address her at Universal City. She is Mrs. Harland Tucker now.

R. GUEVARA, MANILA, P. I.—We seem to be gathering them in. Yours is the fourteenth letter I have had from Manila this month. Most of them want answers by mail. Elsie Ferguson is now appearing on the stage in a play called "Sacred and Profane Love," which is built from a book by Arnold Bennett, "The Book of Carlotta." Miss Ferguson will continue her picture-making, for a while at least. She is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

JACKIE, ELMHURST.—Of course you're not nosey, Jackie. If you and a lot of others didn't ask me questions, I might perforce have to turn the crank of a camera or flip cakes at Childs. Lottie Pickford has a husband—a Mr. Rupp, not in the profession. Carol Halloway did have a husband but dismissed him with the help of the court. William J. Shea died in November, 1918. He was fifty-six years old and was a victim of heart disease. I've answered faithfully all your questions. Come again.

E. B., TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA.—You could safely have extended your letter over another six pages and not have heard any wails of protest from me. I enjoyed everything you said, and commend you, child, on your philosophical view of life in general and pictures in particular. Give my best to that big brother when you write. So you were surprised to find a minister sitting in the seat beside you in a cinema. Some of the staunchest upholders of the screen are wearers of clerical garb. Bill Hart, Hart Studio, Hollywood, California.

SUNBONNET SUE, VANCOUVER.—Where have you been? I haven't a single correspondent who in her turn hasn't an uncle or some other relative who lives in Los Angeles only four blocks from Mary Pickford and one and one half blocks from Gerry Farrar. It is true that if I were as handsome as that drawing at the head of my column I wouldn't be a bachelor. Figure it out for yourself. All the addresses you ask for have been given elsewhere in these pages.



## An invention which has revolutionized July

Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.

The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it—thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a short-cake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals, hungry children get some Puffed Grain crisped and buttered.

Every day in summer, millions of people now enjoy these supreme food delights.

### But don't treat them like mere tidbits

These flaky, flavory bubble grains seem like food confections. But two are whole-grain foods, remember. And all are scientific.

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

They are all-hour foods. They make whole-grain foods tempting. Let children find them handy, morning, noon and night.

**Puffed Wheat**

**Puffed Rice**

**Corn Puffs**

All bubble grains

Also puffed rice pancake flour



Now ice cream  
Is garnished with these  
airy, nut-like bubbles.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers





Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of

## Nadine Face Powder

They are secrets which every woman would solve — secrets of personal charm.

The secret of a rose-petal complexion — *Nadine's* own gift to womanhood.

The secret of lasting charm, charm which endures throughout the day.

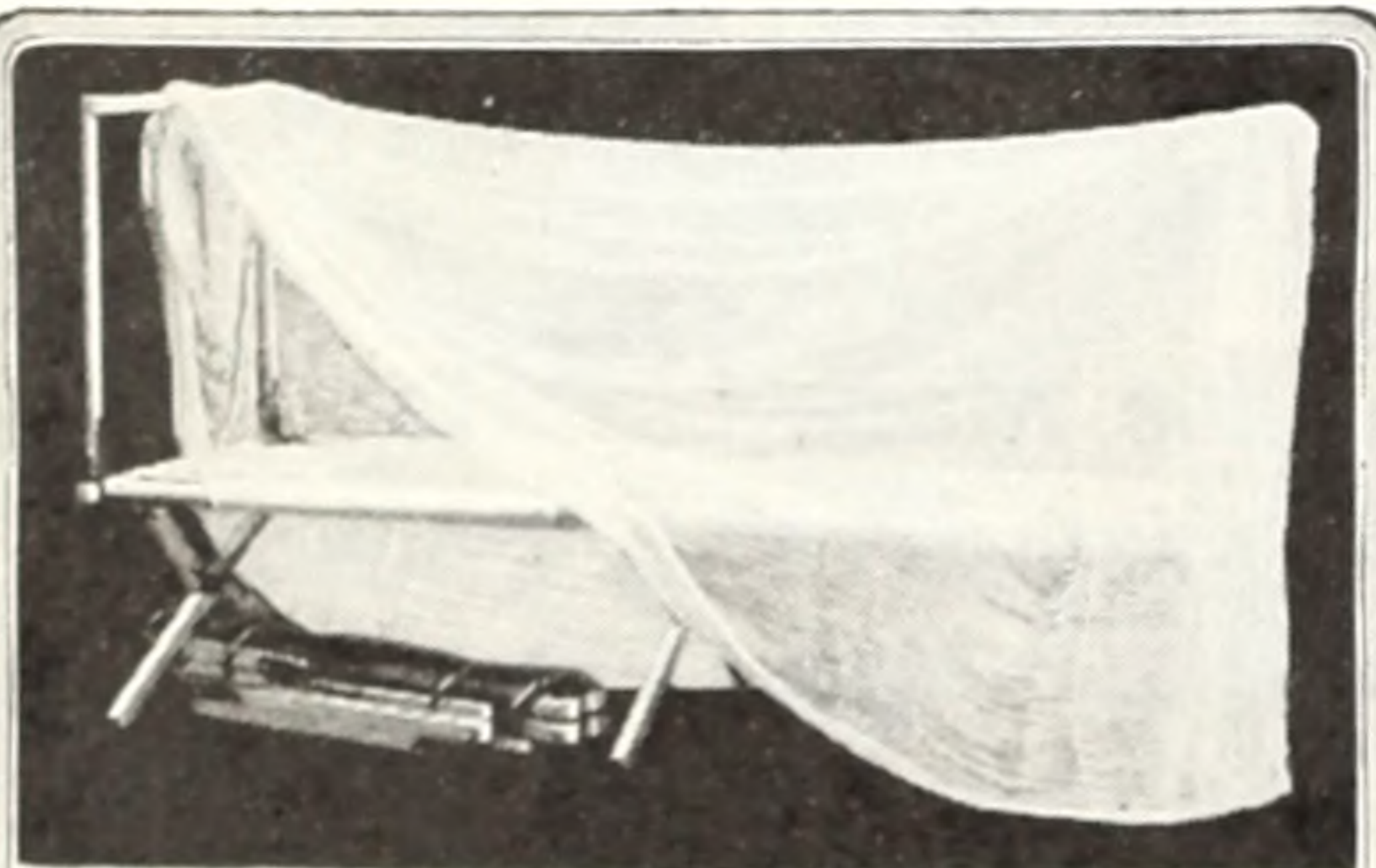
The secret of skin comfort — of refreshing coolness, with never a hint of harm.

To you, as to a million other women, *Nadine* will reveal these intimate secrets.

It remains only for you to procure *Nadine* from your favorite toilet counter or by mail—60c.

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## For Outdoor Sleeping

"THE COT OF MANY USES"

WHEN the hot, sultry nights come—in the city—the country—or the camp, this "Gold Medal" Cot with mosquito netting will be appreciated. There is no greater joy than outdoor sleeping and there's no better way to enjoy it than with a Gold Medal Cot—comfortable, convenient, light and strong.

At Furniture, Sporting Goods and Hardware Stores and Tent-Makers.

Write for Catalog and Dealer's name.

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# SAM BERNARD and IRENE BORDONI

—IN—

## AS YOU WERE

A Fantastic Revue by Arthur Wimperis  
(Adapted from Rip's "Plus ca Change")  
American Version by Glen MacDonough  
Lyrics by Arthur Wimperis Music by Herman Darewski  
Additional Lyrics and Music by E. Ray Goetz  
Staged by George Marion  
Musical Numbers by Julian Mitchell  
Produced by Arrangement with Charles B. Cochran  
of the London Pavilion.

Costumes designed by Homer Conant and made by Paul Arlington, Inc.  
Miss Bordoni's modern gown by Joseph, New York, and "Ninon" costume  
by Paul Poiret, Paris. "Cleopatra" and "Helen of Troy" costumes  
by Pieter Myer and Dorothy Armstrong, New York, and  
Futuristic gown by Mme. Pascaud, Paris.  
Head-dresses by Maison Lewis, Paris.  
Modern, French and "Watteau Boy" costumes by Anna Spencer.  
Men's costumes by Pieter Myer and Dorothy Armstrong.  
Shoes by the Packard Boot Company and I. Miller.  
Wigs by Hepner. Scenery by the Robert Law Studios.  
Art Director, Herbert Ward.  
Grecian Scene designed by Withold Gordon.

### For E. Ray Goetz

Arthur J. Levy..... Representative  
George Sullivan..... Stage Manager  
Kroywen, Inc..... Lessees and Managers

Builder of the Shubert theaters, Edward Margolies

FROM time to time we have taken little flings at the absurd number of credit lines on the screen, telling who directed the picture, who lettered the title cards, who held the assistant cameraman's coat, etc., etc., but it seems the screen gives no credit at all compared with some of our current New York productions. For instance, the watchman at the stage door was woefully neglected in the prologue of the program given above.

## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ANNA T. COOLIDGE, NEW ORLEANS.—You say in your letter, "This is from the same Miss Coolidge who was so inquisitive last time." Well, you haven't changed much, Ann. No, I don't adore Dick Barthelmess, Ralph Graves, and Wallie Reid. I like them, though. With the exception of Mary Miles Minter, whose real name is Juliet Shelby, Lila Lee, whose real name is Augusta Appel, Shirley Mason, who is really Mrs. Bernard Durning, formerly Miss Flugarth, and Marjorie Daw, who is Margaret House, those are the correct names of the players you mention. And, oh yes—Elsie Janis is really Elsie Bierbower. So you are sixteen and hate to write business letters. I am more than sixteen and hate to write 'em, too.

QUESTIONER, LUETH.—You may be able to get a picture of the Great Dane, Sennett's Teddy, by writing the Sennett company on the Coast. He's a great dog, and the life of the party in "Down on the Farm," although I must admit that Pepper the cat also does her share. Stuart Holmes has the leading masculine role in a new serial, named "Trailed by Three," in which he co-stars with Miss Frankie Mann. It's released through Pathe, so address Mr. Holmes there.

HARRIET, LOS ANGELES.—I can't send you pictures of Mary and the Gish girls, Harriet, but if you will write to them, in care of their respective companies, they will answer you. I think Mary Pickford has done other things just as good as "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Watch out for Mary whenever she's advertised; that's the best advice I can give you.

M. G. L., OAKLAND.—You Native Daughters come in bunches. Billie Burke has just signed a new contract with Famous Players, or Paramount Artcraft, whereby she continues to make pictures for this organization for a long time to come. She is working in adaptations of well-known books and plays. "Away Goes Prudence" is a new Burke release. Mary Thurman plays in Allan Dwan Productions now—she's the same Mary who used to adorn Mr. Sennett's comedies.

RIFFLE, WILLOUGHBY BEACH, VA.—I supposed you were one of the pebbles until I saw the nom-de-plume. Mary Fuller seems to have definitely retired; also Ormi Hawley and Mabel Trunnelle. Of the others you mention, Alice Hollister is coming back to the screen in a Goldwyn picture, which will be seen soon. Antonio Moreno is working right along in Vitagraph serials; Jack Dean is living abroad now with his wife, Fannie Ward; Dorothy Kelly has been retired since her marriage to a non-professional; Ann Murdock has not been on the stage for a long time and has not made her future plans public; and Nell Craig is playing leads in various West Coast companies. Write Miss Craig at Universal.

EMMA, PORTLAND.—I hate to darken your days like this, but it is true: Conway is married. Mr. Tearle didn't consult me before taking this important step, so I couldn't do anything about it. Adele Rowland is his wife; she's a musical comedienne. Tearle is with Selznick at this writing, playing opposite Zeena Keefe. Ralph Graves isn't married. Vivian Martin is.



# Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JESSIE B., PORTLAND.—At last an original question. "Why," you say, "don't they change that picture of you at the head of your department? I don't like it!" Ah, but we often have to sacrifice beauty to a good likeness. Ashton Dearholt was with Universal. He is married.

C. T. S., PADUCAH.—Am I a good Answer Man? Well, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to what is a good Answer Man. If you ask me— Rod La Rocque had some experience in stock, legitimate, and vaudeville before going into pictures. He made his screen debut with Essanay, where he played small parts and characters and finally juvenile leads. Then he came East, went with Goldwyn opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model" and Mae Marsh in "Money Mad" and others. La Rocque is a free-lance, appearing now in Burton King Wistaria Productions, where he will be featured and perhaps later starred. He lives with his mother and sister, on Long Island, and is not married. Born in Chicago. Nice chap, too. Is that all?

GRACE, HOLLYWOOD.—You're almost the first Hollywoodian who has ever written to me for information. Most of them out there in the land of studios and sunshine are fed up with films and filmsters. I haven't the correct measurements of all those stars. And I don't know just how I can get them. Can't you ask me something else? I'm sorry to fall down on this glorious opportunity of answering a real native daughter.

M. A. D., LAFAYETTE.—A particular pest is the woman who talks right through concerts. She's always keeping me awake. I can't give you Craig Kennedy's address. Craig Kennedy is only a figment of Arthur Reeve's very fertile scientific brain. He has been enacted on the screen by various gentlemen. Blanche Sweet is with Hampton-Pathe. Mary Miles Minter with Realart.

NEWCOMER, MONTREAL.—Well, I'm glad you came. And sorry I didn't get around to your letter sooner. Mae Murray will be glad to send you her photograph, I am sure, if you will address her care Paramount-Artcraft, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Miss Murray is leaving that company soon to form one of her own; but they will forward it. Address Constance Talmadge at the Talmadge studios in New York. Call again soon.

MARTHA D., WASHINGTON.—No, I am not wearing blue denim overalls, although that costume is sweeping New York at present. It made even Broadway sit up and take notice when those college boys and other intellectuals decided to combat the high cost of things by wearing a uniform. It is not stated how many of them were mistaken for carriage starters, ushers, and porters. Pronounce it Mee-an, with accent on first syllable. His wife is Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. The Tom Meighans are very happily married. He was born in Pittsburgh but is not, I believe, a college graduate. Does that bother you? I couldn't be sarcastic to such nice white paper as you use.

THEATER KNOWLEDGE, NEW ORLEANS.—According to our best records, Bert Lytell was born and educated in New York City. It often happens, you know, that when a young actor—or writer, or artist, or financier—has made a success in a certain town, said town claims him as a native son whether he first saw light of day there or not. This may be the Lytell case.

(Continued on page 126)

# JUNE

is

# Bonnie-B MONTH

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The beautiful Bonnie-B Hair Net box containing Bonnie-B Imported Hair Nets in triangular envelopes



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**Corinne Griffith**  
Famous Screen Actress

appearing in one of her recent successes in which she wears a

## Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

*"Just Slip it on!"*



## He Likes 'Em Wild

(Concluded from page 76.)



### "Bobbed" Hair is Fashionable That's Why I Use a "NATIONAL BOB"

Then, too, it really makes me look younger. But why sacrifice my beautiful hair? There's no sacrifice — no one knows the difference. My "National Bob" matches my hair too perfectly and I have it on and off in a minute.

**Yes indeed, I bought it direct from the maker for \$10.00 postpaid.**

All I did was to send a strand of my hair. It is the most fascinating "Make-up" I've ever seen since it is so marvelously realistic. You can certainly match your hair perfectly and look—well, like the pictured hair.

**PRICE \$10.00**

Exclusive Agencies Open to Dealers and Beauty Specialists

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and he gets the idea immediately. He's your friend for life if he likes you, but if he takes a dislike to you—watch your step!

"There was a night watchman at the menagerie for a while who always carried a bottle with him on his rounds, and now and then he'd give Joe a drink. But one night when he was three sheets in the wind he put red pepper in the whisky, and oh boy! Joe nearly went crazy trying to get at the man. Since then he's had it in for every man who has whiskers, because the watchman wore 'em, and some day if Joe isn't watched, some one with a growth of facial alfalfa is going to get a painful jolt. But he never hurts a woman or a child. When we use babies in the animal comedies, they are absolutely safe with him."

Mr. Santell looked so young to be the cinema pioneer I had been told he was, that I could not keep from remarking upon the fact. He smiled, somewhat ruefully, and touched the misplaced eye-brow on his upper lip with a reverent fore-finger.

"I raised this to give the illusion of age," he said. "I've lost some mighty good directing jobs by looking too young to be sensible.

"Yes, it's true that I'm a veteran in the picture game, but you see I commenced when I was only a kid. I was studying in an architect's office and wrote a scenario for Harry Rivier, the Frenchman who made Gaumont pictures in Paris before a real industry was developed here in this country. He's the man who sold the studio leases to D. W. Griffith and Jesse Lasky.

"He liked the story, and took me on his staff at fifty dollars a week! Believe me, Rockefeller wasn't even in the suburbs of my class. I worked with him a year and did everything from developing films to writing continuity and hauling props. He taught me trick photography, and broke me in to all the known phases of the game.

"Then I worked with Jimmie Youngdeer in the days when we doubled the cowboys as Indians and settlers and had them chasing themselves through two reels of thrilling westerns. I was with Keystone for a while and directed Mack Sennett and Raymond Hitchcock in an old comedy called 'My Valet.'

"Then I directed Kolb and Dill, Hamm

and Budd, Fay Tincher, 'Smiling Bill' Parsons, and after I got back from the war, I started in with Universal and the wild animals."

Julia yawned suddenly, displaying a cavernous throat and a terrifying array of snowy white teeth that came together with an ominous snap. I swallowed my Eve's apple and wondered if I were good enough to die, but the sound only served to swing Director Al's thoughts back into the groove of four-footed conversation.

"So many people ask me how we get wild animals to do their stunts," he said. "In the last picture I directed ('Upper Three and Lower Four'), Bob, the big lion, charged through a locked door to get at the crooks in the room. It sounds more difficult than it really was. The first shot was from the hall, showing the door at such an angle that only the door frames were visible. Instead of panels there were thin slats of wood, which gave way readily when Bob charged in obedience to the orders of 'Curly' Stecker, his trainer, on the other side of the door and out of the camera's range. Then when we shot the scene from the inside, showing Bob crashing into the room, we had a door with very thin panels, and Curly put the lion into a chute on the other side and sent him sliding down against the door so that he broke through in spite of himself.

"I want to make animal comedies that have a real theme, and in which the animals are introduced with a logical reason—not simply stuck in to do a few stunts regardless of the plot of the story."

Just then the noon whistle blew and Julia gave an eight-cylinder yawn and licked her chops suggestively.

"I—I think she's hungry," I faltered, pretending to be humanitarian and everything. "I think it's cruel to keep animals waiting for their meals—don't you?"

Al said he did, but when Julia rose in obedience to the tug at her leathern leash, it seemed to me that she regarded me with regretful speculation. I'm positive she thought I'd make a good appetizer.

"You can come and talk to me while I feed her," Director Al invited cordially, but I declined with thanks. Maybe he does like 'em wild. I don't. I prefer my lions in cages or in taxidermists' shops.

## Modern Magic

By AUDRIE ALSPAUGH CHASE

*The magic of motion crystalized  
And flung through light  
Upon a silver sheet  
Reaches the world around  
In theme and in reaction.*

*It paints the moods of all hearts,  
Sad or gay or just enduring;  
It pricks out the subtle shadows over souls,  
It sings the riot of running,  
The strength of stillness,  
The placidity of prayer.*

*It breathes the spring of youth,  
The glow of love, the pride of parents,  
The brooding of motherhood,  
The pathos of ideals lost;  
It is the all-expressing,  
Alike of thought and being.*

*And its language is the all-language,  
Patent to all without other learning  
Than the interpretation of own experience;  
It speaks to people as they know its message.*

*It speaks of love and youth and joy and sorrow,  
Dimpled babyhood and carved old age,  
Of ideals lost and gained, hopes won or foiled,  
As its visionaries realize them.*

*It is in silence the ultimate solution of experience,  
Reaching all people with all things.  
The magic of motion crystalized  
And flung through light  
Upon a silver sheet—  
The Moving Picture.*



# The Grand Young Man of the Screen

(Continued from page 65)

"The film," says Fawcett, "is essentially modern, and up-and-going, just like the telephone, the subway, and the airplane. Imagine a mid-Victorian lady going to see a picture-show! Films are not nearly so romantic as the old-time legitimate; but films on the other hand are greater amusement devices and educators. It links all nations, the motion-picture screen. The only thing lacking is voice. This is made up for by the boundless scenic scope of the camera. The picture is still more physical than psychological; but the time is fast coming when it will be as full of psychology as it is now of direct elemental action. We need not use our imaginations in the film-theater as in the spoken; but there is oftentimes more personality in one reel of film than in a four-act play. In time the films shall have weeded out those directors, those players, who can express only the easiest emotions and the most apparent ideas; and the masters who can put over psychology will be the monarchs of the screen."

He is a Virginian—a college man, from the university of his state. There are few film companies he has not acted with at one time or another in his career: the old New York Motion Picture Corporation once had him on its roster. He was a member of the cast of that fine old Selig drama, "The Crisis," and in "The Heart of Texas Ryan" for the same company. He played in "The Cinderella Man," Mae Marsh's best Goldwyn vehicle and George Loane Tucker's best effort before "The Miracle Man"; with Clara Kimball Young in "Shirley Kaye"; with Norma Talmadge in the first Talmadge stellar drama, "Panthea." He has been with Griffith longer than with any other director, and his characterizations in "Hearts of the World"—as one of the Three French Musketeers—as Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley," and as Dorothy Gish's dad in many photoplays, he has become one of the most beloved actors of the American screen. And while there is no doubt he will duplicate his personal success in the directorial field, it is hoped he will not give up acting entirely.

## He's Seen It Now

CHESTER BENNETT, who directs Earle Williams, owned a restaurant, although he had never seen it. He supplied the necessary funds to open it to a man who had once worked for him and has since been content to take his dividend without inspecting his ham and eggery. But, being a Boniface by proxy himself, he is interested in any place where they rattle dishes.

Recently his company was at Vernon taking scenes. They dropped into the nearest restaurant. Chester Bennett, the restaurateur, was supercritical. He "panned" everything, the service, the food and all.

"I'd like to meet the owner," he demanded of the waiter. "I'd show him a few things about running a café. Where is he?"

"I don't know," said the waiter. "The place belongs to a guy named Chester Bennett in the motion picture business."

## \$76,000,000 U. S. Film Tax

THROUGH admission taxes the motion picture industry is expected to yield to the United States government for the year of 1920 a total of \$76,000,000. That is the figure given the House committee on ways and means as the estimate of officials of the bureau of internal revenue. This expectation is based on the actual collections for the first six months of the year, which amount to \$34,522,664.



# Dinner is Ready

Prepared by Van Camp's Scientific Cooks

Remember this ready-baked dinner in these hot summer days. Van Camp's Pork and Beans—the most delicious bean dish ever served.

As hearty as meat. Every bean mellow and whole—baked with a zestful sauce. Ready, hot or cold, when you want it.

## A new-type dish

Baked beans of this sort come only from Van Camp's.

Each lot of beans is analyzed. The water used is freed from minerals, so the skins will not be tough.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

The baking is done by live steam under pressure. Thus hours of baking do not crisp or burst the beans.

They are baked with a sauce famous for its tang and zest, and every atom shares it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Van Camp's come to you whole and mealy, rich in flavor, easy to digest. The dish will change your whole conception of baked beans.

Try it now. You will serve Baked Beans five times as often when you know Van Camp's. And they'll save you summer cooking.

# VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

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Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Tomato Soup

Also 17 other kinds. All perfected by countless culinary tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe prepared with supreme ingredients.



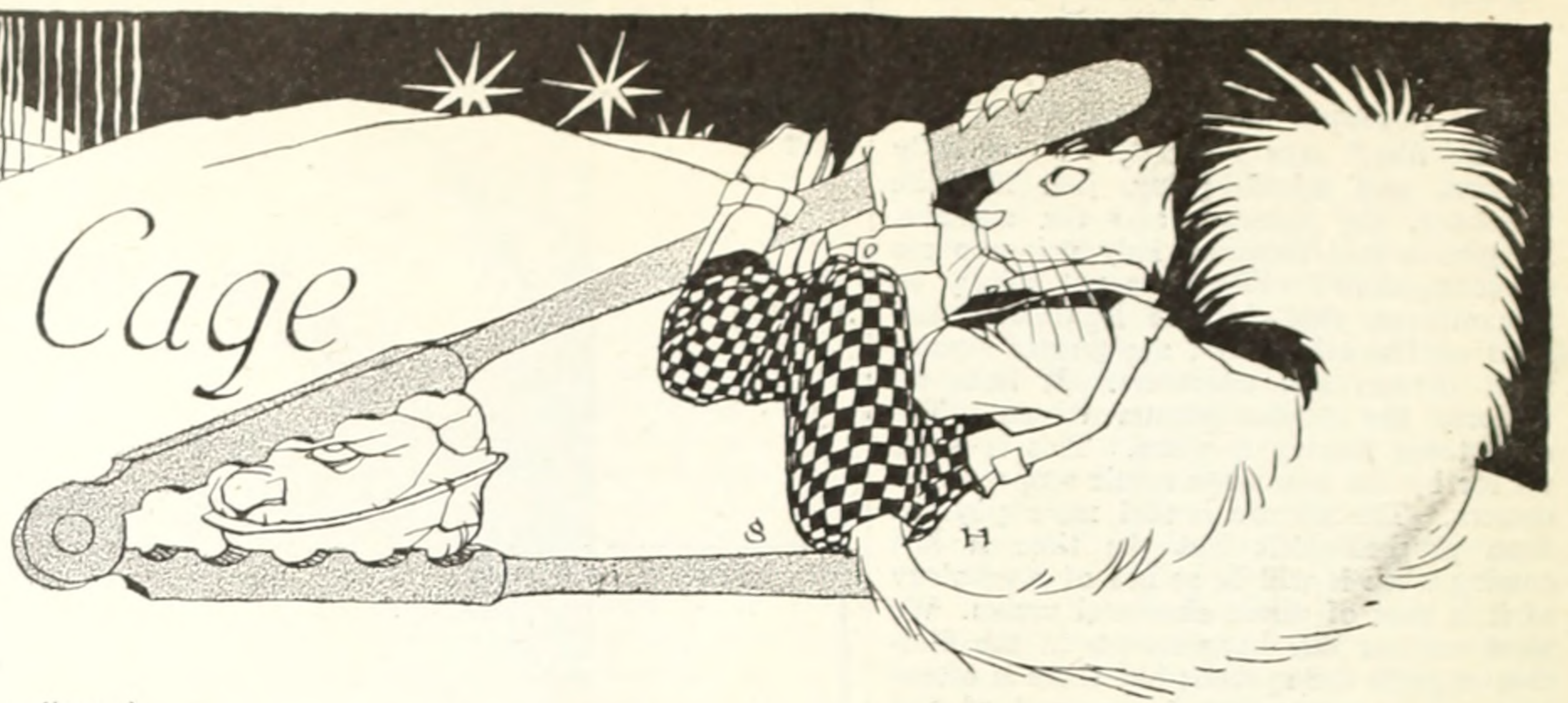
Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

From high-bred cows in five rich dairying districts.



# THE Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT



IN a screen weekly the other day we glimpsed this, from the Lusk Herald: "Owing to the lack of space and the rush of the Herald's prize contest, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week, or until a later date."

WELL, we claim to have halted neither time nor tide, but sweet Alice Malone brought about some contest. And PHOTOPLAY only claimed two million readers.

"NOTHING in a name," says Harold Lloyd. "Folks living on the banks of the Brandywine are just as dry as the rest of us."

## Number, Please?

A FORMER sergeant, first class, of the Signal Corps, just into civies and still painfully aware of his recent station in life, dropped into the newly organized American Legion post to allow himself to be gazed at. Presently one angular individual, clad in a suit which had obviously been lying in moth balls since pre-war days approached.

"What outfit was you in, buddy?" he ventured.

"The Signal Corps," the ex-non com informed him, languidly brushing an imaginary speck of dust from the place where his chevrons had recently rested.

The lanky one meditated, bethinking himself of certain blueclad telephone operators he had known and heard of.

"Oh, yes," he drawled. "You know, buddy, I had an aunt in the Signal Corps."—The Home Sector.

FOLLOWING the runs of "Sleepless Nights" and "Up in Mable's Room" and with the present production "The Girl in the Limousine," "The Bedroom" has been suggested as the name for the new A. H. Woods theater in Chicago.

HUBBY—Goodbye, love. In case I am really prevented from coming home to dinner, I will send a telegram.

Wife—You need not trouble to send it; I have already taken it out of your coat pocket.—Dallas News.

ONE at a time, girls! "The local basketball team," says the sporting page of the Michigan City News, "will wear their new shirts on Friday night. The trousers have not yet arrived."

## The Problems of an Innkeeper

CHAMBERMAID (reporting in office): The gentleman in 320 is packed up ready to leave and has a quart of whiskey in the bag all wrapped up in one of our best towels. What shall I do?

"Bring the whiskey down here to me and take the towel back and set it again."

MR.—I see young Brown's life was saved by the bullet hitting a button. Rather a remarkable escape for a married man, wasn't it?

MRS.—But why for a married man?

MR.—Why, just think; the button must have been on!

"DO you always do your marketing here?" "Yes, I've dealt with these people for years. It's so much nicer to be robbed by someone you know."—Life.

THE perils of that serially historic heroine, poor Pauline, had nothing on the brief but vicissitudinous career of our own Sweet Alice Malone. Only three months ago she made her bow to PHOTOPLAY's readers by stepping into the Squirrel Cage limerick contest and ooh! what trials and tribulations you contestants heaped upon her—simply because she screamed for some chocolate ice cream. That seemingly innocent dish must have had

THESE overalls and bungalow aprons are all right, but where's the joy now in a windy day?

YES, "My Lady's Garter" has a good supporting company.

"HENRY, I think you were absolutely wrong about that furniture."

"Yes, dear."

"And also about the shade of wallpaper we want."

"Certainly."

"Henry Jones! If you aren't going to be sociable I'm going to bed!"

—Life.

A YOUNG fellow who had not long been married usually confides his troubles to a friend whose matrimonial experience covers a period of twenty years.

One day the former remarked very despondently:

"I said something to my wife she didn't like and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

The eyes of the old married man brightened.

"Say, old top!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Can you remember what it was you said?"—Tit-Bits.

A RECENT examination in the public schools of Brooklyn, according to the New Screen Magazine, brought forth the following answers:

What is an impulse?

An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to see if you are sick.

Name the vowels.

Vowels aint got no names. They are under the stumick.

What are the duties of a citizen?

The duties of a good citizen is not to spit on the sidewalk and to hold his banana peels till he meets an ash can.

Name the races of mankind.

Bicycle race, horse race, potato race, automobile race, and other kinds.

Who was Nero?

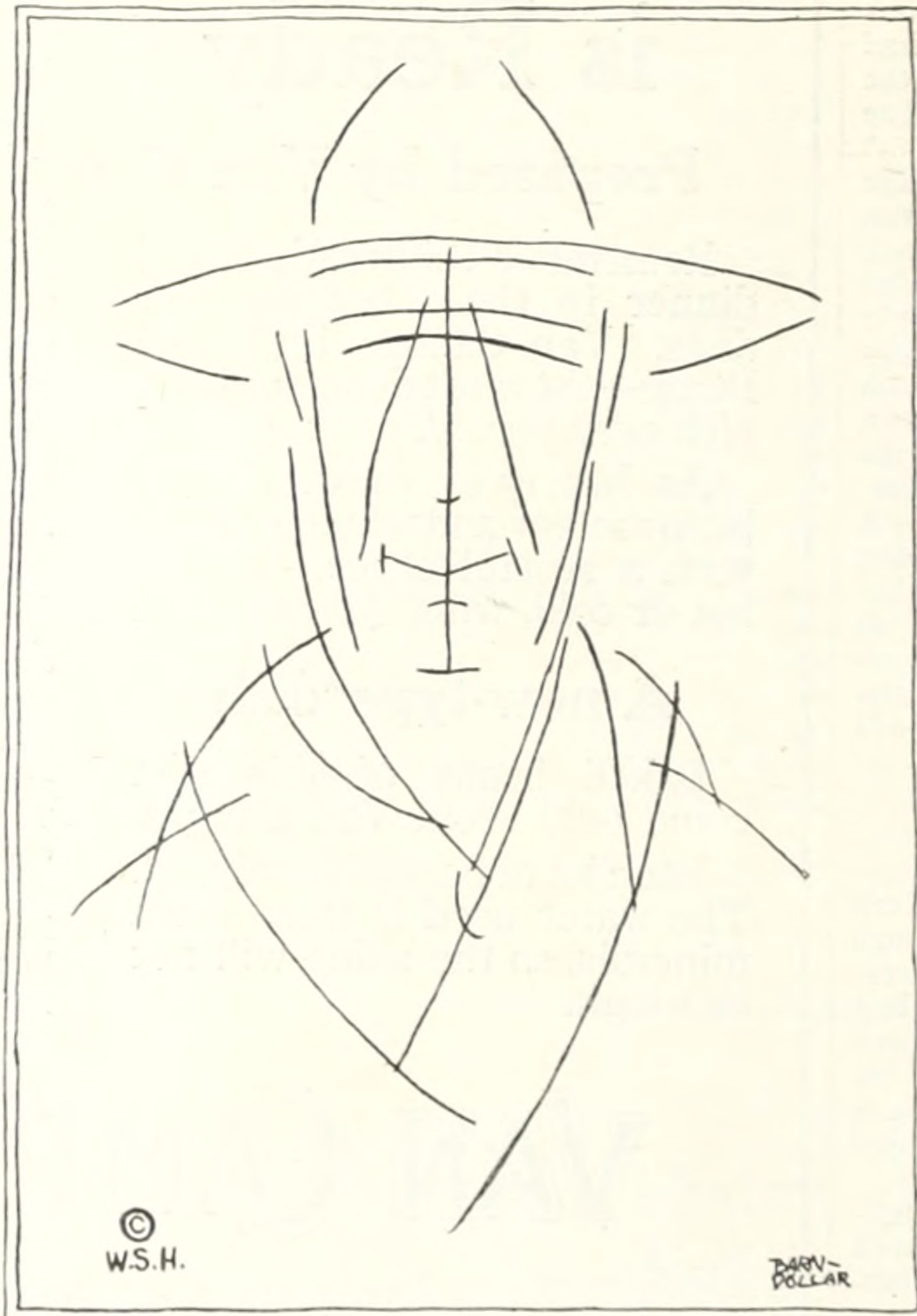
Nero was a Roman Emperor. A song has been written about him called "Nero, My God to Thee."

SNAPPY WIFE: To be frank with you, if you were to die I should certainly marry again.

HARASSED HUBBY: I should worry about the troubles of a fellow I shall never know.

NOW what is to become of Mlle. Collinere, who, until the passage of the recent Amenment, was the professional wine taster of California? Mlle. Collinere took thousands of mouthfuls of wine a year, but never swallowed one. She might have lost her discrimination if she had. (We've known persons to loose worse.) Mlle. Collinere never ate chocolates, rice puddings, pastry, raw onions, lemons, curry, or pineapple. She used no salt, did not drink tea or coffee, and lived on the simplest and most wholesome diet. She was rewarded in two ways, for not only did this preserve her wonderful taste, but it gave her a remarkable complexion.

"I HAVE never met an old woman who was not interesting."—Arnold Bennett. Wouldn't he dote on our Congressmen?



Lines to a Motion Picture Star

some kick in it, for Sweet Alice passes away with the contest. Mrs. Fred Schulte did it. The five years' subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE goes to her address—R. F. D. No. 2, Newton, New Jersey. Here is the limerick with Mrs. Schulte's epitaphical last line:

*I married Sweet Alice Malone  
And fed her on cheese and bologne,  
Till she said: "I shall scream  
For some chocolate ice cream"—  
"Rest in peace" is now carved on her stone.*

It was hard picking and this Gnut hated to have to pass up many of the hundreds of other "last lines," but don't be discouraged; we may have another one anytime.

YEP! You guessed right. That Southern flower that would make a good title for an Irving Berlin song is Jas-mine.





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**California Fruit**  
Gum





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are so new to your taste, so delightful  
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much enjoyment could be put into a  
cigarette!

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and choice Domestic tobaccos *which  
you will prefer to either kind of to-  
bacco smoked straight!* No matter  
how liberally you smoke, Camels never  
will tire your taste!

You will marvel at Camels smooth  
"body". And, your delight will also be  
keen when you realize Camels leave no  
unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor un-  
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For your own personal  
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with any cigarette in the  
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Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages  
of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes)  
in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend  
this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston-Salem, N. C.



# Plays and Players

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

By CAL. YORK

**J**OHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., was quoted in a certain New York paper as branding the photoplay as an immoral influence. John D., Jr., when questioned by the photoplay, as represented by the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, stoutly denied the aspersion and cancelled an engagement in order to be speaker at a motion picture luncheon, where he paid high tribute to the industry for its work in the war, the Y. W. C. A. drive, and other worthy causes.

**I**N making one of her recent comedies at a fashionable resort Mrs. Sidney Drew encountered some real old dowagers of society sitting on the enclosed porch of a hotel knitting, lorgnetting, and generally maintaining their social standing. As Mrs. Drew described them they were perfect types and it would be utterly impossible for any actress to duplicate them. They were also badly needed to put just the right touch in a Drew picture.

Braving the icy temperature and the possible storms to follow, Mrs. Drew decided to ask the elderly social rulers to pose for her for a few minutes:

"Would you mind appearing in one of my pictures?" she asked.

Horror, indignation, frigidity, and astonishment were registered as six lorgnettes were raised.

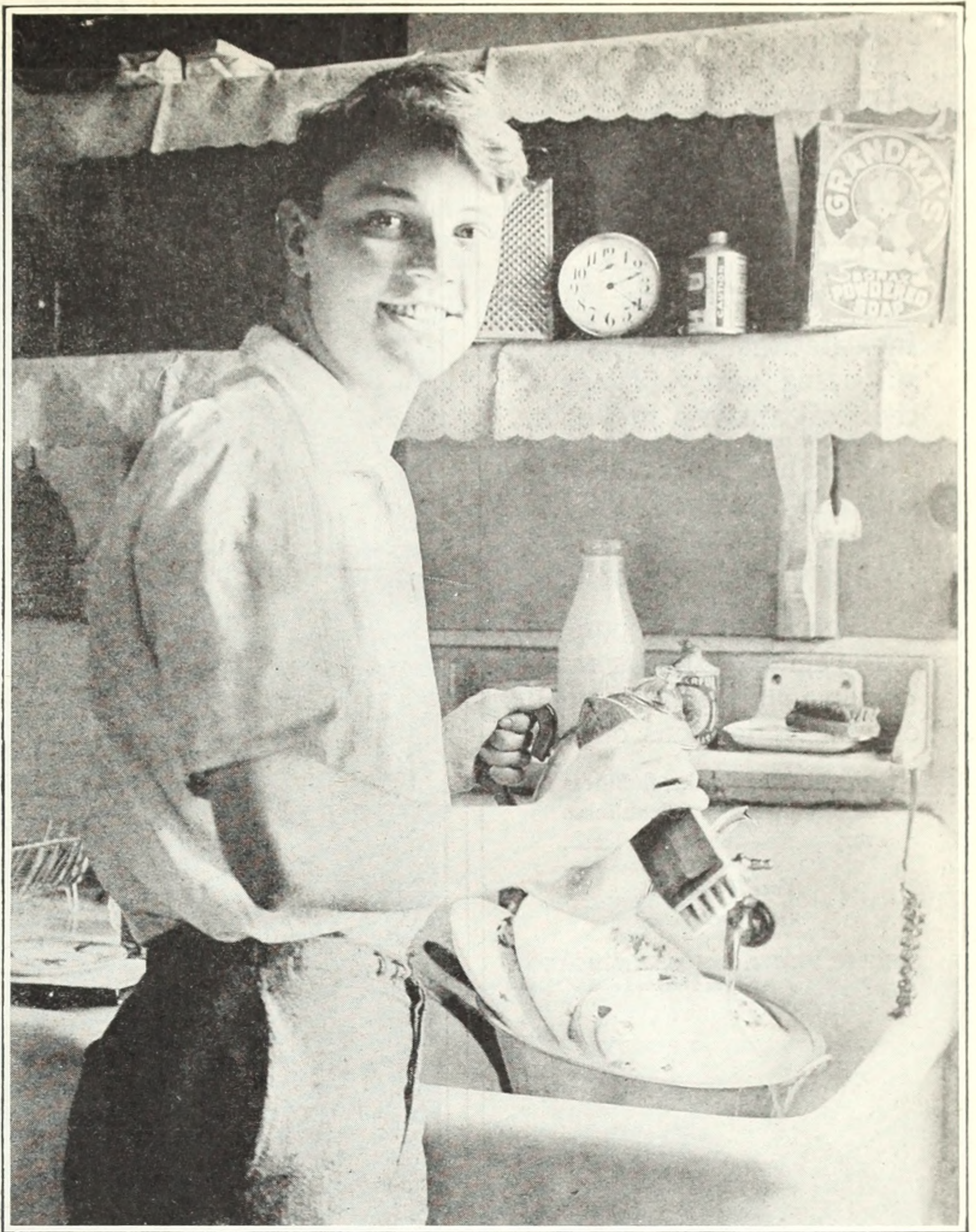
"And, pray, who are you?" demanded one.

"Mrs. Sidney Drew," was the meek reply.

"Oh! They never throw pies in your pictures, do they?" exclaimed one of the grand dames. "Let's go in her picture, girls."

And they graciously entered the movies.

**T**HE champion film-goer seems to have been discovered, down in Covington, Kentucky. He is Jack Jordan, who has averaged seven shows a week for ten years, who saw the first moving picture ever screened, "Miss Jerry," and who would walk five miles, he says, to see Charles Chaplin. Jordan's favorite actor is Tom Mix. Can anyone claim a better record?



This servant problem becomes harder and harder to solve. It's getting so you have to promise your cook to sell her scenario and put her daughter into pictures, or she won't stay. Robert Gordon gets around it by pitching in himself. His domestic co-star is Alma Francis.

**C**HAPLIN'S—Charlie's—new picture may be a six-reeler. It will represent the fruit of some months of effort, and will contain more than the ordinary amount of popular "pathos" in which the comedian likes to indulge. The title, if report be true, is "The Kid."

**B**ILL DESMOND is the father of a baby girl. Mary Joanna is her name—christened for her mother, little blonde Mary McIvor.

**A** BOY of ten was tied to a stake by five older boys, and left to his fate after a bundle of wood and papers at his feet had been set on fire. He was badly burned when rescued. It was the first accident on record caused by the inventive minds of modern mischievous small boys which was not blamed on the movies.

**P**AULINE FREDERICK has left Goldwyn. Everything was not serene between Polly and the powers that be several months ago; but affairs were patched up. This time, however, she means business; she has signed a contract with Robertson-Cole.

**I**T looks now as if Laurette Taylor, the original "Peg" of the successful Irish play "Peg O' My Heart," written by her husband J. Hartley Manners, may appear on the screen after her return from London, where she is now playing, and that she may appear in her husband's play. This in spite of the fact that Wanda Hawley several months since finished a production of "Peg O' My Heart" for the Famous Players-Lasky Company. It seems that Oliver Morosco, producer of the play and under contract to Mr. Manners to present it at least 75 times a year, sold the screen rights without Mr. Manners' consent, which the Supreme Court upholds Mr. Manners in claiming was without his right. The author also maintained that inasmuch as the play has been needlessly altered in its conversion into pictures the clause in his contract requiring his agreement to changes also has been violated. He has been granted a decree restraining the Famous Players-Lasky company from releasing their finished production, and refuses to take \$125,000 for his permission. His apparent indifference to the \$125,000 is explained by those who ought to know by the information that Miss Taylor herself may appear in a screen version of the play.



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The children love it for their bath and shampoo, its *c. p. glycerine* is so soothing and healing to their tender skin.

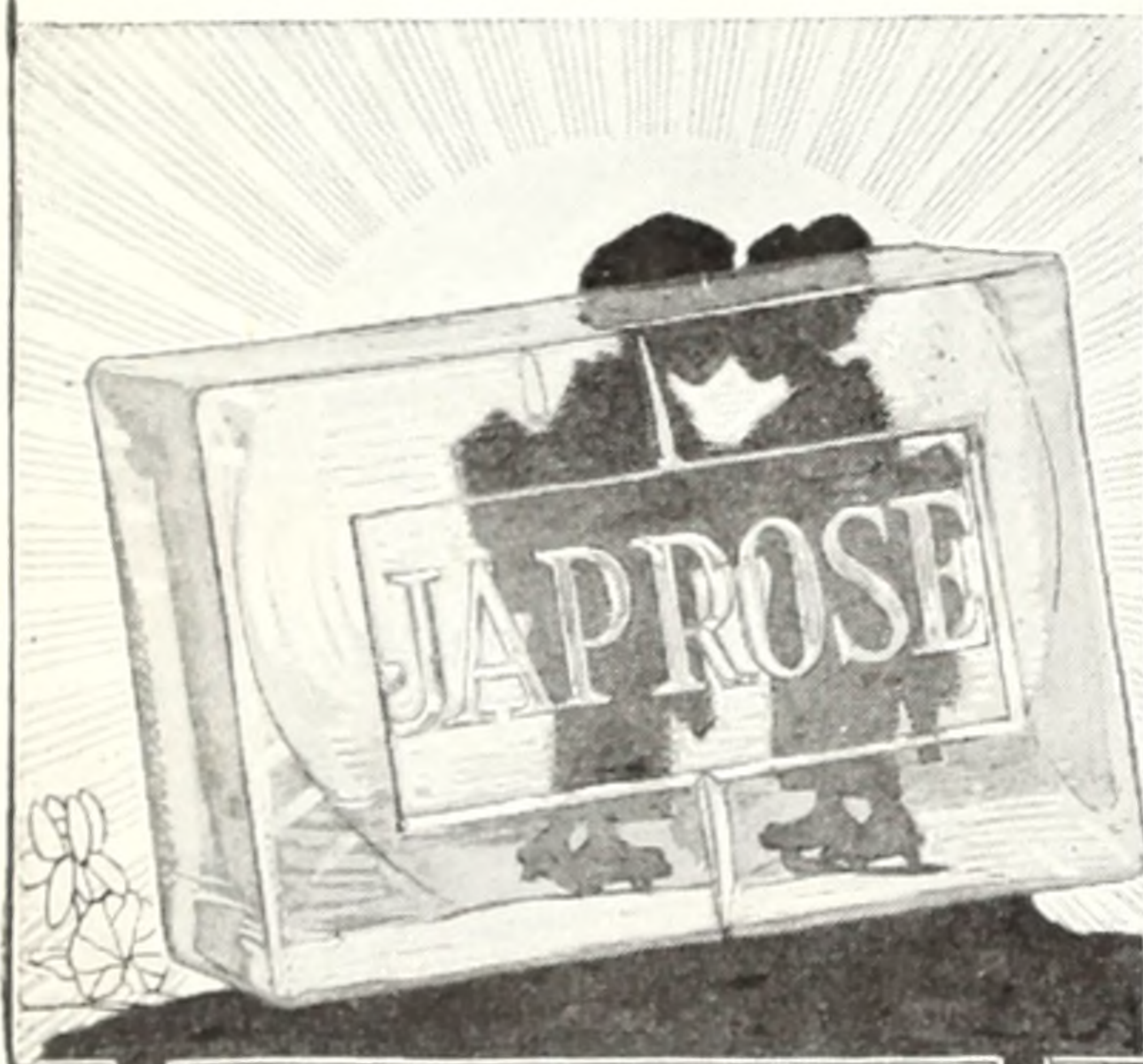
And this instinctive approval of the children speaks more convincingly than anything else for its delicious quality.

Roses in the cheeks, fluffiness in the hair, fragrant cleanliness everywhere—that's Jap Rose.

**You'll like it!**

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at two cakes for a quarter*

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"Every wired home needs three or more"



The Leading Plug

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BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.  
New York Chicago San Francisco

## Plays and Players

(Continued)



Whenever Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink isn't filling concert engagements, she is piloting her grandson and granddaughter around the studios. It's a safe bet Madame enjoys it as much as they do; she's the world's champion picture-goer.

**G**ERALDINE FARRAR will work in the East hereafter. It is said the opera actress and screen singer signed with the newly-formed Associated Exhibitors because their contract provided for a New York studio; she chafed at the Goldwyn summer season in Culver City. Whether husband Lou Tellegen will continue as her leading man has not been divulged; but it is supposed he will, for Jerry seems to be as fond of him as ever.

**S**ESSUE HAYAKAWA says he is leaving Haworth to form the Hayakawa Company. Haworth says he isn't. Meanwhile Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa—Tsuru Aoki—is on the high seas bound for Japan, where she will sojourn for some months.

**I**F the stage doesn't get 'em, matrimony will. Betty Blythe became the bride of director Paul Scardon in Los Angeles. They were friends when both were with Vitagraph; that friendship began to be something deeper when Betty was acting for Goldwyn in Culver City and Scardon was directing. It was remarked at the time that he couldn't seem to keep his mind on his work.

**R**OBERT GORDON PRODUCTIONS is a new one. Oil men are said to be interested, with the object of making another Charles Ray of young Robert. His late Blackton vehicles have given him an artistic black eye, which he hopes will heal if given proper attention. Certainly he made the most of his opportunity in Vitagraph's "Dollars and the Woman."

**B**ERT WILLIAMS, a familiar dark figure in Ziegfeld's Follies, has joined all those Ziegfeld beauties in an invasion of the cinema. He will be the star of a series of two-reel comedies to be made by Tarkington Baker, one of the ex-managers of Universal City. Booth Tarkington, a cousin of Baker, will write exclusive and original material for the new company. At least a dozen companies are announcing exclusive and original Booth Tarkington stories.

**O**LIVE THOMAS and Jack Pickford are together again. Padre Selznick sent Ollie west to make some pictures and Jack works there anyway, so a grand reunion was had by all. Jack presented Olive with a new car and Olive spent a full week's salary on a new dog for Jack.



## Plays and Players

(Continued)

**E**XHIBITORS in New Orleans enjoyed a flood of unwarranted prosperity when "The Miracle Man" came true. An old white-haired and bearded prophet, styling himself "Brother Isaiah," came and began healing by faith in the Southern city. More than thirty thousand visited him and heard him preach and pray. Enterprising theater men booked return engagements of "The Miracle Man" and, in the choice *patois* of the trade, "cleaned up." By the way, in 24 weeks "The Miracle Man" has made \$921,000 for its makers, exclusive of foreign rights.

**W**HAT became of that company that was to lift Conway Tearle, he of the magnificent eyebrows, into the stellar class? He has evidently discovered it is better to be a peer of leading-men than a competitor for first honors, for he is doing opposite business again—this time with Zeena Keefe.

**A**LBERT PARKER is pretty particular whom he directs. He told one company that sent for him and made him an offer to direct one of its feminine stars that he would direct an all-star cast but not one particular luminary. However, Joe Schenck fixed all that—and now Al is putting Norma Talmadge Schenck through her dramatic paces.

**T**HE works of Max Reinhardt and other eminent German authors will be filmed for Universal. Reinhardt is known only to a select few in this country. While Zukor was abroad he also lined up some foreign literary stars to write for *his* company. Verily, the libraries of the future shall be composed of celluloid!

**J**IM KIRKWOOD, who felt the acting call again, incidentally prompted by a certain magazine editor and fostered by Allan Dwan, never has time to think about going back to directing. He is Louise Glaum's leading man now.

**A** HOLDER of 100 shares of the \$1,000,000 stock of the Lenscraft Pictures Corporation, Raymond C. Tischhouser, has filed suit in the Supreme Court against the officers and directors of the corporation on the ground that because of their negligence in attending to the affairs of the corporation, the assets have been wasted.

**M**ARTHA MANSFIELD has settled down on the screen, having signed a contract with Selznick which secures her services as a leading woman for a period of years.

**C**HARLES RAY has added Booth Tarkington's "Ramsay Milholland" to his long list of plays. No telling when he will get around to it. He has also bought the rights to four of James Whitcomb Riley's poems—whose Hoosier boys Ray would seem to be peculiarly equipped to play—"The Old Swimm' Hole," "Down to Old Aunt Mary's," "The Girl I Loved" and "Home Again."

**T**HAT'S not such a bad idea, having Matt Moore play in a picture called "Don't Ever Marry" with accent on the ever. Matt never has; perhaps he thought he'd wait and see how his brothers' ventures turned out. Having waited, Matt has decided *never* to marry.

**A**S we remarked above—with variations: Cupid or the drama is bound to get them. Myrtle Lind, one of the loveliest peaches in Mr. Sennett's whole garden, was married in Los Angeles to F. A. Gesell. And—worst blow of all—she says she has retired from the screen.



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*Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.*

**U**P TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. This unusual

powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they can not buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only thirty cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. K, 16 East 18th St., New York.



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## Plays and Players

(Continued)

**NORMA TALMADGE** has been chosen as the 1920 favorite actress of the students at Princeton University. For years Maude Adams has held chief place in the hearts of the student body at Princeton, as evidenced at their annual elections to choose their favorite actor, actress, poet and author. John Barrymore won the vote for actors. Rudyard Kipling, for poet, and Booth Tarkington for authors.

**MARGUERITE CLARK** is not considering a permanent retirement, according to latest advices. She is now resting in New Orleans, her husband's home—some say awaiting a visit from the stork. However that may be, she has several film offers under consideration, as her present contract has expired. She has never been with any other company than Famous Players, who have not seemed to appreciate her talents.

**GLORIA SWANSON** is an internationally minded young woman. A friend who went shopping with her the other day declares that among other things she bought an Hawaiian dancing frock, an English sport suit, some French lingerie, Chinese house slippers, a Russian sable cape, a Greek negligee, Japanese lounging coat, Spanish lace scarf, Philippine nightgowns and a Venetian bead headdress. It sounds fine, but Gloria is quite fascinating *au naturel*.

**CHARLOT**, famous chimpanzee of the French cinema, broke loose from his cage in the Pasteur Institute in Paris and injured several pedestrians when he began to throw stones and tiles from the roof to the street below. It is said he had previously been fed some French wine, which increased his natural tendencies for mischievous playfulness. Authorities are thinking of suing the film company. Universal had better watch Joe Martin.

**ONE** of Charlie Chaplin's most prized possessions is a remarkably fine portrait of Max Linder, the screen's first great comedian, which the famous Frenchman presented to him on his last visit to this country.

But even Charlie isn't quite sure about the inscription, which reads:

"To Charlie Chaplin,  
"The best comedian in the world,  
"Max Linder."

**I**N order to furnish picture programs to Protestant churches and Sunday Schools, the International Church Film Corporation has been organized for the purpose of going into the business of producing and distributing pictures as well as equipping church buildings with projection machines. It plans to extend its services to 4,000 churches.

**LOUISE HUFF**, who created added interest not long ago by contracting a second marriage, this time with a millionaire, has signed her delicious blonde shadow to Selznick for five years. At the same time William Faversham, distinguished American matinee idol, cast his lot with the same company. His first picture to be released is one which was made a year ago, "The Man Who Lost Himself," directed by George Baker, with the lovely Hedda Hopper as leading woman. Two good directors, Hobart Henley—who incidentally will direct the next Faversham production, a Frank Packard story—and Larry Trimble, always remembered as the maker of "My Old Dutch," also have recently connected with L. J. Selznick and Sons.

**BEBE DANIELS** is the latest lucky little girl to be selected for stardom by Paramount, with Realart as the brand-name. The brunette baby who was a few months ago Harold Lloyd's foil, joins Wanda Hawley as a Zukor star in a short time. DeMille—Cecil—vouches for both young women; he was their artistic Columbus.



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Is used and highly recommended by women of refinement and beauty specialists everywhere.

Buy Removo at toilet goods counters and drug stores. Large size \$1.00, small size 50c. Results guaranteed or money refunded. If not obtainable, remit direct to us and we will mail in plain wrapper. Give name and address of dealer.

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Makers of Carmichael's Gray Hair Restorer. Used by thousands. Price \$1.00 per bottle. At toilet goods counters and drug stores.



## You Can Be So Well

Do you know, ill health or chronic ailments, in nine out of ten cases are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing and incorrect poise?

Remove those unnatural conditions and your ailments vanish.

This may surprise you, but I am doing it daily; I have done it for 92,000 women.

### Without Drugs

I will send you letters of endorsement from eminent physicians and tell you how I would treat you.

Physicians endorse my work—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

Don't let writing a letter stand between you and good health, animation, correct weight and a perfect figure. Write me now—today—while this subject is uppermost. If you will tell me in confidence your height, weight, and your ailments, I will tell you if I can help you.



**Susanna Cocroft**

(1797)

Dept. 35 209 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.



When Bill Russell's feet are at "Attention"—

(Continued on page 104)



## Plays and Players

(Continued)

**I**T'S just as we said: when Adolph Zukor went abroad one of his missions was to secure Sir James M. Barrie's best-known plays for pictures. He was finally successful in persuading Barrie to part with "Peter Pan," that classic of literature and the theater; "A Kiss for Cinderella," another famous Maude Adams vehicle; "What Every Woman Knows," and "Dear Brutus." Who will play "Peter Pan"?

**K**ING VIDOR, the youthful director, is decidedly an expert on small town stuff, but he had a new one pulled on him the other day, when he was filming some scenes at Sawtelle, a suburb of Los Angeles. An old lady, driving an antiquated buggy and a horse that might have been Noah's original companion in the Ark, passed and seemed such a good bit of character study that Vidor ran after her and asked her to drive back down the street for him.

"Can't," she said brusquely. "Got t' git home. My husband's sick."

The young director explained that it wouldn't take a minute and that it was for a moving picture, etc.

The old lady viewed him contemplatively for a while, then remarked, as she slapped Methuselah with the lines:

"All right, young feller, I'll do it. I've had three husbands, but I ain't never before had a chance to act in a movin' pitcher."

**O**UR suspicion of several months ago has been confirmed. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman and has been since early in January. Theirs was a "Virgin of Stamboul" romance, for they met while Priscilla was starring and Oakman playing opposite in this Oriental diversion. They were married in 'Frisco and kept it secret as long as they could.

**M**AE MURRAY has her own company now. Her husband, Robert Leonard, will direct her. They have named their new alliance the Invincible. We hope it is. The blonde with the bee-stung lips—originally so-called by this magazine, but since by many others—has one more picture to make on her Famous Players contract before she can begin her new work.

**A**UGUSTA APPEL has won her suit, in Chicago, against Mrs. Gus Edwards, wife of the vaudeville impressario. Not interested? But Augusta is none other than our Lila Lee, former Lasky star, now leading woman, who through her father, Carl Appel, complained in court that Mrs. Edwards, who has directed Lila's stage career since Lila was five years old—she's fifteen now—gets a part of her film earnings from Paramount. Ten years ago, Mrs. Edwards, attracted by little Lila's charm, made an arrangement with the child's parents whereby Lila should go to the Edwards home in New York under their guardianship and be trained for the stage. Judge McGoorty in Chicago awarded Lila to her parents.

"**M**Y DEAR, have you had your complexion tattooed on yet?" This is the question with which ladies of fashion and leisure—also ladies who beguile the time for others on the stage and screen—are saying to each other these days. It seems that science has discovered a way of giving the eternal bloom of youth to any lady who has cash and courage enough to sit under its needle. The color is fed to the point of the tattooing needle through a small rubber tube. These complexions are guaranteed not to fade. Ah, where soon will be the weeping, fainting, gentlewoman of the Godey's Lady's Book generation?



### Mae Murray

One of the many beautiful stage and screen stars, who use and highly recommend Maybell BEAUTY AIDS.

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With the use of MAYBELLINE you can darken your eyelashes and make them appear much longer, thicker, and more luxuriant than they really are. It adds wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness for the eyebrows and lashes to be darker than the natural color of the hair. Its use will make your eyes appear much larger and will give to them that deep, soulful, sparkling expression which so fascinates everyone. Each box of MAYBELLINE contains mirror and brush for applying. Very simple to use, merely moisten brush with water, rub over cake of MAYBELLINE and apply. One box will last for months. Two shades: Black and Brown.

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has long been recognized as the most beneficial preparation for nourishing and promoting the natural growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Stars of the stage, and screen, society beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, use and recommend these greatest of all beauty aids—why not you? We guarantee you will be delighted, with these preparations, if not, the full price paid will be refunded.

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To avoid disappointment with imitations, always look for picture of "The Maybell Girl"—as below—which adorns every box of each preparation.

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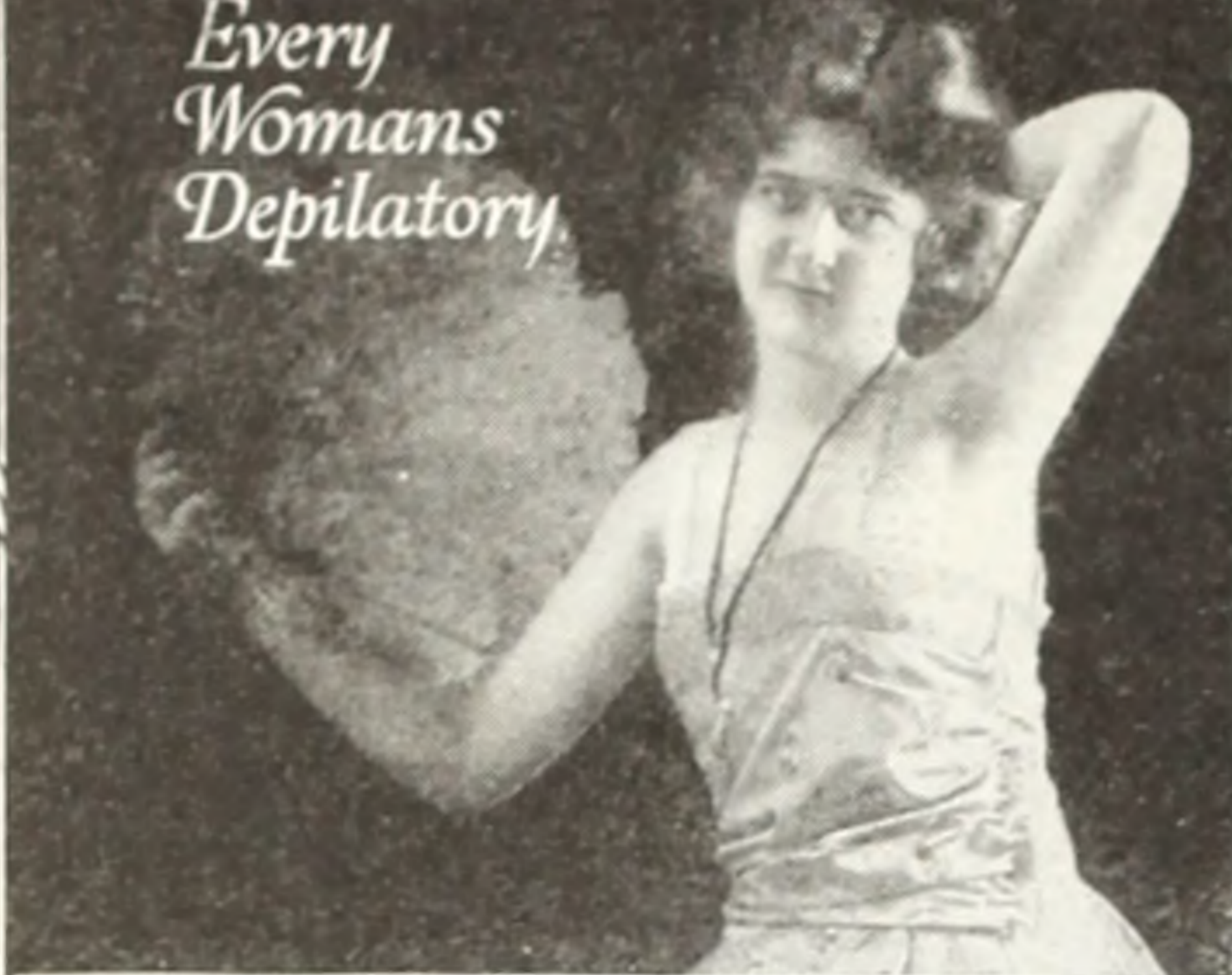
"The MAYBELL GIRL"





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WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

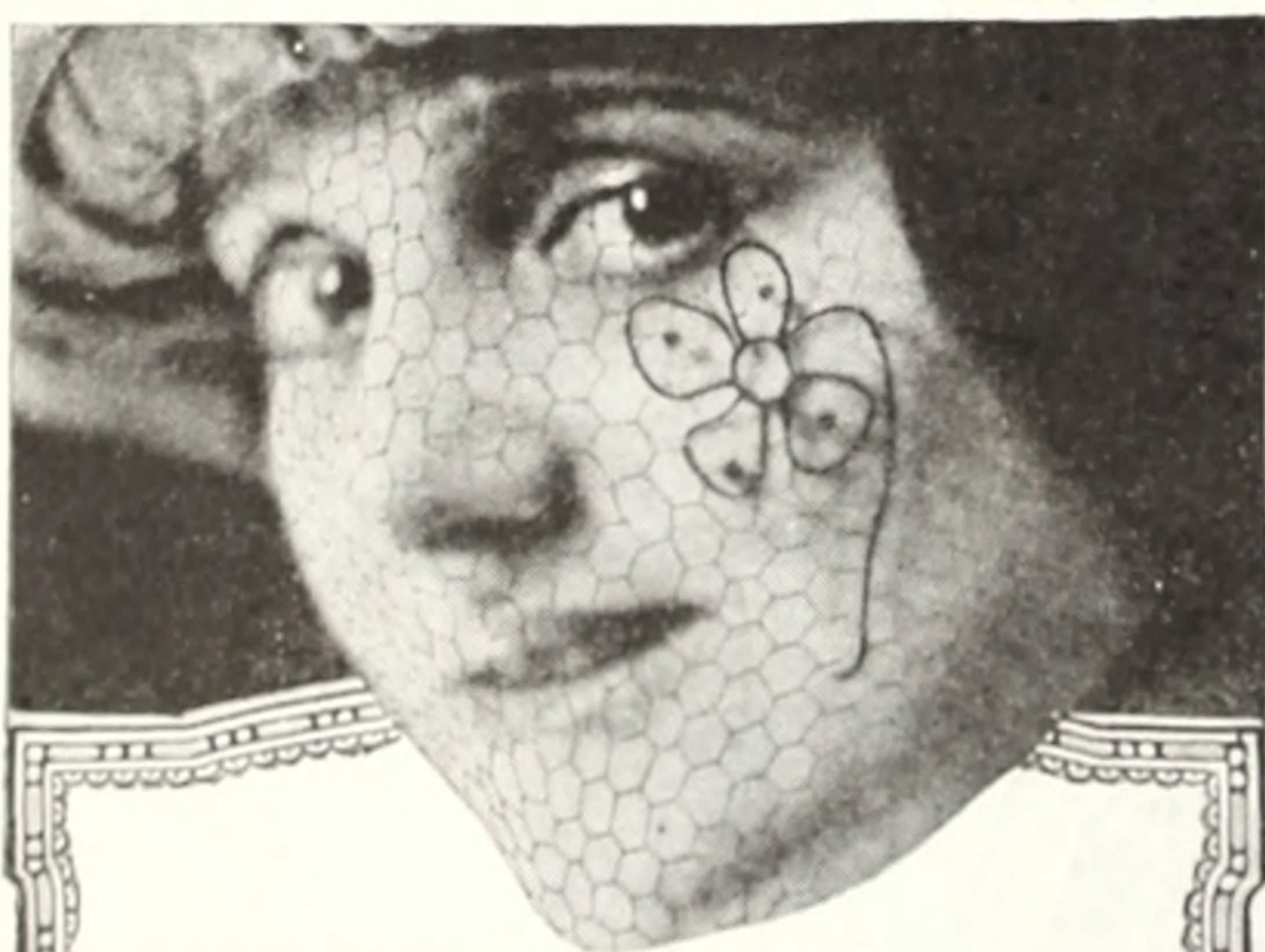
Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax.

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"I find the

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so very chic that henceforth I shall wear no other."

Write to Dept. E for "Veiled Faces" showing many favorite stars.

FULD, TRAUBE & CO.  
103 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK



(Concluded from page 102)

—It is entirely correct, and within the most approved regulations for Arline Pretty to "Shoulder Arms."

## Plays and Players

(Continued)

THERE was much debate out in the Metro studio when Bayard Veiller, writer of plays, was to make his debut as a director in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Would he be nervous? Would he observe the directorial traditions and wear puttees? Horn-rimmed glasses? Leather coat? Would he yield to suggestions? Word of the speculation reached Veiller (pronounced V-A). So, with as lengthy a stride as short legs and sturdy body could attain, stalked to the studio a cavalier of the Middle Ages—soft leather boots above his knees, a dashing black hat adorned with gay plumes and secured with jewelled buckle, a white shirt open at the throat, elbow sleeves, a tie of brilliant green, about his substantial middle a broad sash of purple, and in hand a megaphone! It was Veiller.

TAYLOR HOLMES, not having been particularly fortunate in his venture with his own film company, has gone back to his first love, the legit. There A. H. Woods, that astute gentleman who has made money from and for such screen stars as Theda Bara and Crane Wilbur, has taken Holmes under his managerial wing and presents him in a new play soon.

THINGS to worry about: Madlaine Traverse, "the mistress of stormy emotion," has left the company that called her that.

FRANK DAZEY, a scenario writer by profession and a contributor to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by inclination and inspiration, has, in collaboration with his father, Charles Dazey, the veteran playwright, composed a comedy drama in which Thurston Hall will speak the leading lines. Dazey recently won added laurels by marrying Agnes Christine Johnston, another scenario writer.

A CERTAIN demure little star, very much beloved by those who know her, but a little too-gosh-darned respectable when it comes to her art, got into a little mix-up with her company recently. She was playing a frivolous young woman, and in one scene it was absolutely necessary that she raise her skirts to show her supposedly shapely limb to the knee. The d. l. s., for one reason or another, objected. The director begged her to reconsider; he said the whole point of the story depended upon than one enchanting shot; that he would clear the studio floor and surround her with a screen with only himself and cameraman there, and these with eyes discreetly lowered. She wouldn't hear of it. It was taken to the men higher-up; they came, at first pleaded, then protested, finally argued. The star flatly refused to do the scene—or let anyone double for her. So, since she made it an issue and threatened to leave, the picture was shelved and her feelings soothed. Did anyone say we were getting away from the star system?

A GERMAN film company taking snow pictures in Switzerland experienced a bit of unprepared realism which ended fatally, killing and injuring about ten of the actors. The company was taking an avalanche scene near Innsbruck at the altitude of some 9,000 feet when a large piece of an avalanche broke loose and tore down at a terrific rate burying most of the members. The leading woman, Hermine Kollar, was killed instantly.

ETHEL CLAYTON is not leaving Paramount to form her own company after all. She exercised her woman's prerogative and re-signed with Lasky instead.



## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

**E**LAINÉ HAMMERSTEIN was arrested for speeding the other day. No casualties reported in court.

**W**ALTER EDWARDS died in April while on a vacation in Honolulu. He was a veteran director, and one of the most popular in the profession. "Daddy" Edwards, most of his stars called him. His direction of Constance Talmadge in some of her first successes is well-known. Later he went with Lasky and guided Marguerite Clark, Lila Lee, Vivian Martin, Wallace Reid and Ethel Clayton—whose latest picture he completed just before leaving for Hawaii.

**F**RANCES MARION sailed for Europe on a commission to talk some of the leading literary lights of England and the continent into parting with their best-behaved brain-children for film purposes. If anyone can do it, Frances can.

**A**LICE BRADY has answered that letter from a justly indignant girl in June PHOTOPLAY, answering in turn Miss Brady's supposed statement that any girl could dress on \$5 a week. We can do no better than to quote Alice herself from an interview she gave in Chicago recently. She blames her press-agent, as follows:

"Five dollars a week! Why, if I had to do it on five dollars a week I'd get out in the street with a gun and strip a wardrobe off a couple of fashionable corpses! I'd kill! Five dollars a week! I got a letter yesterday saying, 'What about a poor fat lady who has to buy herself a pair of brassieres?' It can't be done on five a week. That's the kind of publicity that makes anarchists of readers. . . . You couldn't blame them if they burned all the picture houses and shot all the movie stars. I went into a store to buy some stockings the other day and the first pair the girl showed me were \$25. They were made of *chiffon*! They'd last you from the dining-room to the elevator. The world's gone mad, and extravagant women are helping to make it madder."

From which it may be seen that Miss Alice Brady is no extremist in the matter of dress, anyway. She may not be able to dress on \$5 a week, or to advise any other girl to try it—but she doesn't believe in living up to the traditional idea of the extravagant star.

**R**OBERT WARWICK had slipped into a New York theater to see a new picture and coming out overheard two fashionably gowned women discussing the relative merits of the theaters in the town.

"Well of course they do have the best pictures at the Rivoli," said one, "but you see much the nicest furs at the Capitol."

**T**HE National Board of Review, of 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, has issued a catalogue of "The Best Motion Pictures for Church and Semi-Religious Entertainments," which includes a list of some 900 films characterized as "dramatic, Americanizations, comic, travel, missionary and instructional." Remember the address when you want to put on programs in your church.

**H**OW the times do change. Here is a story that Anthony Paul Kelly recently submitted a scenario for a big feature to Universal, at the modest price of \$15,000. This set all the old timers to remembering the days when Anthony Paul was the highest priced scenario editor the Universal had at \$100 a week. It is not told whether this latest scenario was accepted at that price.



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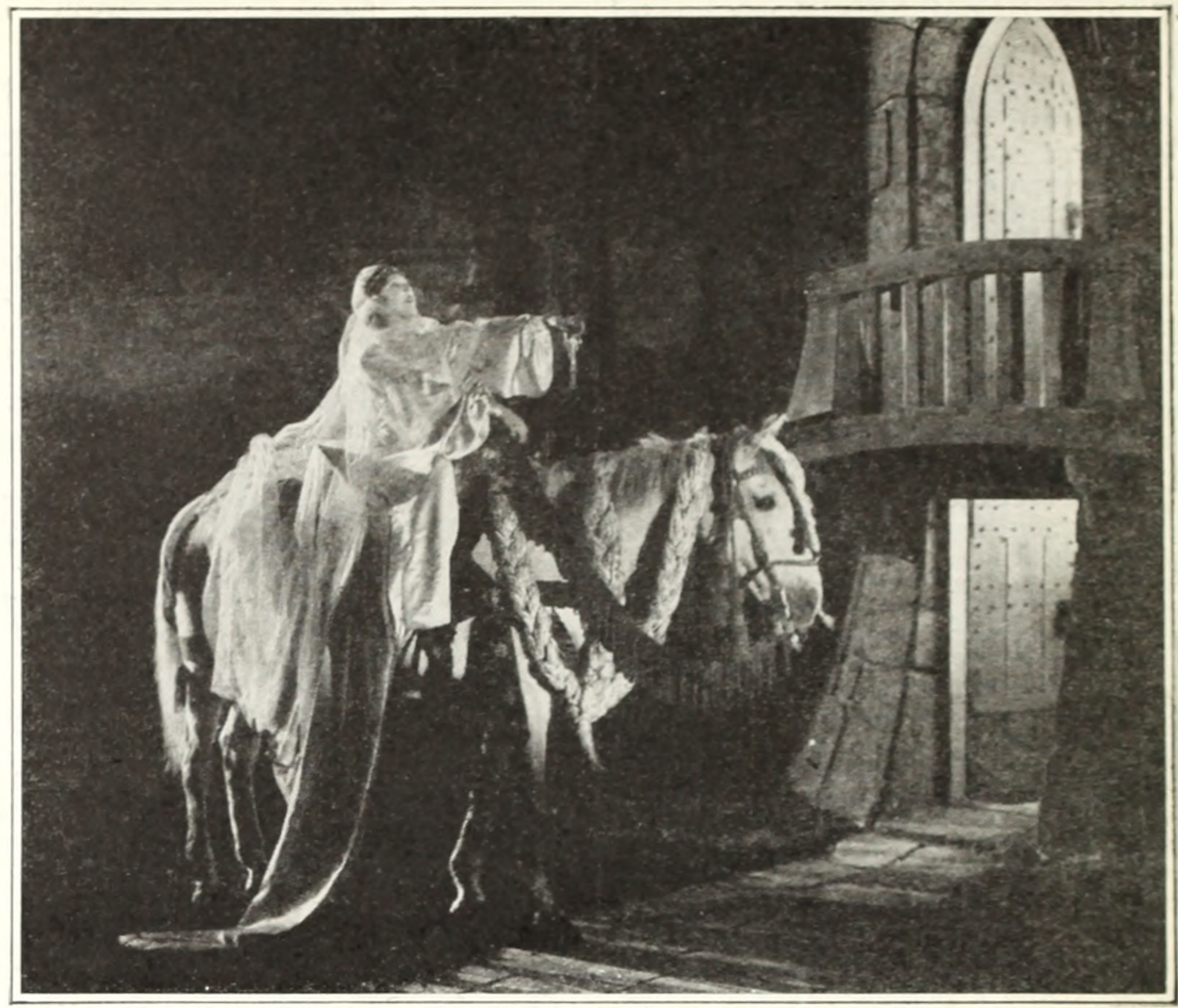
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## Play and Players

(Continued)



Probably never has the screen known a scene of more exquisite loveliness than this one, taken from the allegory in Mr. Fitzmaurice's recent picture, "The Right to Love." Any director who can capture the languorous beauty and the heavy fragrance of a summer night in so stern a medium as the motion picture and make one *feel* and *smell* them must be a poet, as well as an artist. Mae Murry's graceful figure sweeps on like a medieval Guinevere from the pages of Lord Tennyson.

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**KID MCCOY**, whose reputation as a movie actor is rapidly gaining ground, is almost as handy with his words as he is with his fists. Both of the following are credited to him.

A fight fan, who met him at Jack Doyle's Tuesday night scraps in Los Angeles, asked him how he liked pictures.

"Well," said Kid McCoy musingly, "when I was a prizefighter I fought 156 fights and knocked my man out or got a decision in 152. Since I've been in pictures, I've fought 7 fights and got licked eight times—because once there was a retake."

The ex-ring star sold a nice new automobile to Tom McNamara, the cartoonist. He took him out for a little spin, to show him exactly how the car operated, and as they rounded the corner of Fifth and Broadway, in front of the Alexandria, McNamara held out his hand, to signify a right turn.

"For the love of Mike, don't do that," said McCoy earnestly. "A Ford'll run up your sleeve."

**BOBBY HARRON**, a new star, and Thomas Meighan, also a comparatively recent one, left Manhattan for California together—Meighan to make "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," from the novel by Leonard Merrick; Harron to visit his folks, whom he hasn't seen for quite a while.

**EDDIE LYONS** and Lee Moran wanted to make five-reel comedies. They had a tough time persuading Universal to give them a chance to show what they could do. They were to make one; if that was good they could go the limit. The boys finished the first one. It made the home office howl and Carl Laemmle went right out and bought the musical comedy "La La Lucille" for them to play with.

**AGNES AYRES** wasn't "rescued from the bar" for nothing. She will, after her years of hard-working and waiting, enter into a stellar career under the joint auspices of Marshall Neilan and Al Kaufman. These gentlemen have combined production forces in Hollywood under one studio roof, not, you understand, having any company connections but facilitating their output by using the same technical forces. Kaufman decided that Miss Ayres was just the star he needed to join the Allan Holubars as charter members of his new company, but while he is seeking a proper vehicle for her, she will be leading woman in a Neilan film.

**WHILE** Mildred Harris Chaplin was enjoying a dance with the Prince of Wales at Coronado Beach, at a ball given in his Highness' honor during his brief return to America en route for Australia—Charlie Chaplin was enjoying a bout with Louis Mayer, Mrs. Chaplin's manager, in the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles. Chaplin—so the reported story in the newspapers goes—approached Mayer and asked him to remove his glasses. Mayer did so, and Charlie swung on him. But Mayer is twice as big as the comedian and he more than took advantage of it. Hotel detectives intervened. The fracas was supposed to be about the settlement to be made on Mrs. Chaplin in case the divorce proceeded, so Mayer said. Chaplin wouldn't talk.

**ANN MAY**, who is playing the lead with Charles Ray in his first production for First National, has been added to the list of "bobbed hair" leading ladies. It's all right with us, Ann, as long as you stay under 20 and don't tip the scales at more than 110. After that, it's out.



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 72)

Stanley Olmstead wrote the scenario, telling his story consistently.

### DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE— Pioneer

THE version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Sheldon Lewis playing the harassed soul who gave himself up to the devil, hurriedly screened to take advantage of the interest aroused by Jack Barrymore's appearance in the same role, does not reflect great credit upon its producers. It is typical movie stuff, with little artistry and less imagination to commend it. In this version the good Dr. Jekyll dreams a dream. In the dream he sees himself testing his theory that it is possible for a man to be controlled by his baser self. He swallows the concoction compounded in his laboratory, suffers a growth of hair and a mouth full of buck teeth, and achieves a passion for frightening defenseless females and setting fire to buildings. He is a less sensual and less ferocious Mr. Hyde than the Barrymore exhibit. Neither does his particular compound equal in strength that discovered by the other Mr. Hyde, who was immediately transformed into a repulsive degenerate with an elongated cranium, knotted knuckles and protruding finger-nails. The picture is cheaply set. Mr. Lewis' performance is that of a competent but uninspired actor, and there is little attempt at cleverness in tricking the change from one character to the other. The ending, too by the employment of the dream idea, is conventionally happy.

### THE ROUND UP— Paramount-Artcraft

I SHOULD say that Roscoe Arbuckle's plunge into the five reels has been successfully negotiated in "The Round-up." As "Slim" Hoover, the sheriff, the genial comic waddles in and out of the story, plays straight when he has to, falls off a horse when he can do so safely, without fracturing either his histrionic ambitions or the plot, and emerges finally the pathetically humorous philosopher who allowed that nobody ever loves a fat man. I don't suppose anyone could possibly take "Fatty" seriously as a sheriff with notches on his gun, but it is something of a triumph for him that he keeps the faces of his audience straight while he is suggesting the possibility. George Melford has extracted a reasonably interesting Western romance from the old melodrama in which Maclyn Arbuckle starred. In it Irving Cummings is permitted to escape temporarily from his curly-headed deviltries with women and become more or less a normal he-man.

The story is one of alternate fights with Apaches, bank robbers and such, mingled with the romance of two pals who loved the same square little heroine. She married one, thinking the other dead, and, finding he wasn't, sent her husband to find him and explain. This involves another big fight with the Indians and their renegade chief, and results in the elimination of the extra lover. If the fighting were on the level the cast would have been wiped out in the first reel. Which would be sad, for it is a good cast.

Tom Forman plays the sub-hero (and he also wrote the scenario, which provides a second feather for his Scotch bonnet); Mabel Julienne Scott is the heroine, Wallace Beery is again the fighting renegade, and the others are all capable. The scenic shots are excellent and the fighting excessive but lively.



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Director—We're calling this picture "The 1920 Model."

Cameraman—Better equip it with shock absorbers.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

SEX—Hodkinson

SEX" is not so bad. Written by C. Gardner Sullivan, and particularly well directed by Fred Niblo, it at least may boast intelligent treatment and a moral. Here are wild women and vicious men doing all the things they are supposed to do in the night life of wicked Manhattan, but being impelled to do them by reasonably plausible motives.

A girl of the "Midnight Frivolities" takes life lightly, accepts the attentions of a married rounder, laughs at his protesting wife and advises her younger chums of the midnight chorus to follow in her footsteps. With a mighty heave ho! and a merry ha! ha! she hurls her boomerang into the air and skips gaily away to enjoy life. Which is all very well until in due time she becomes a respectable married lady herself, with a husband she hopes to hold against all comers. Then her boomerang flies back and smites her. Her husband slips away from her into the arm of the very girl she had instructed in the art and philosophy

of the successful vamp. We leave her beaten at her own game. The conclusion is indeterminate, but the moral is plain: "Don't never do nothing to no other lady's husband you wouldn't have the other lady do to yours."

"Sex" is a bit riotous through the introductory reel. Reckless Adrienne gives one of those wild dinner parties in her cute little 100 x 150 New York dining room; everybody drinks much too much wine and the ladies ride around the table astraddle the necks of the gentlemen. But once past its keynote the story is sanely told. Louise Glaum's characterization of the reckless one is true and human, and the assistance she is given by the principals, who include William Conklin, Myrtle Stedman, Irving Cummings and Peggy Pearce, keeps the play well in key. W. W. Hodkinson, the original crusader for cleaner and better pictures, is distributing "Sex," and boasting that it has "shocked the critics." Which goes to prove that you never can tell about these movie gents. What's a principle or two among stockholders?



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

## THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET —Goldwyn

THE story of "Carmen" will probably be rewritten several times for Geraldine Farrar before she quits the screen. The current version is called "The Woman and the Puppet," with the fiery prima donna swaying with hippy grace through a series of attractive Goldwyn sets. In this instance she is Concha Peret, a cigarette girl, and her lover is none other than Don Mateo, a dashing soldier with an eye for beauty. Because Concha will have nothing to do with him he determines to pursue her. First he tries to buy her with gold, but being a moral young person she had much rather dance in a dive in Cadiz than so lower herself. Finally she permits Mateo to find her a house, and then locks the door on him. Toward the end of the story, however, she goes a bit too far and has her face roundly slapped for her audacity. The slapping was what she needed, for after that she was most tractable. She is a saucy vamp, is Geraldine, good natured and maturely fascinating. There is some danger of women of her type growing coarsely sensual as they skip along toward the middle years, but I'm sure she is too wise a lady to do that. Lou Tellegen was nicely suited to the role of the pursuing Mateo, and Macy Harlam helped a lot. The Spanish sets are particularly atmospheric and there is much beauty in the backgrounds.

## THE COST—Paramount-Artcraft

VIOLET HEMING accomplishes her debut as a star in "The Cost," but that is about all the picture does accomplish. A conventionally obvious story, there is little to sustain interest through its five or more reels, though the direction of Harley Knoles' and Clara Beranger's scenario probably make the most of the material offered by David Graham Phillips' story. The heroine marries the hero against the wishes of her father, though she has been warned he is a bad boy. He runs true to form and though she forgives him many of his lapses she pays the cost of her mistake and he of his excesses. When he dies, tangled up in the ticker tape of the market he has finally beaten, she is left free to marry a politician whose sterling honesty has elected him governor of the state. There are many pretty scenes, one in which Miss Heming is posed against the frame of an oil painting that is striking. Ralph Kellard is an effective young heavy, and a typically good Paramount-Artcraft cast includes Carlotta Monterey, the upstanding Edwin Arnold, Warburton Gamble and Edwin Mordant.

## DON'T EVER MARRY— Neilan—First National

YOU can't really blame the directors, even the best of them, for reaching out for laughs. But they run the risk of doing injury to their reputations whenever they do it. Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry" is a farce comedy of the screen in which everything is sacrificed to a wild attempt to pile one extravagant situation upon another and thus extract the raucous chortle from the vacant mind. There is no reflection of the true stuff in this, no suggestion that the adventures are anything more than studio-made. A young man marries a girl despite the protests of her choleric parent and attempts to smuggle her out of town before papa explodes. He engages the bridal suite at a hotel, and then is forced, by the arrival of another bride, to declare the wrong woman to be his wife. The rest is a harum-



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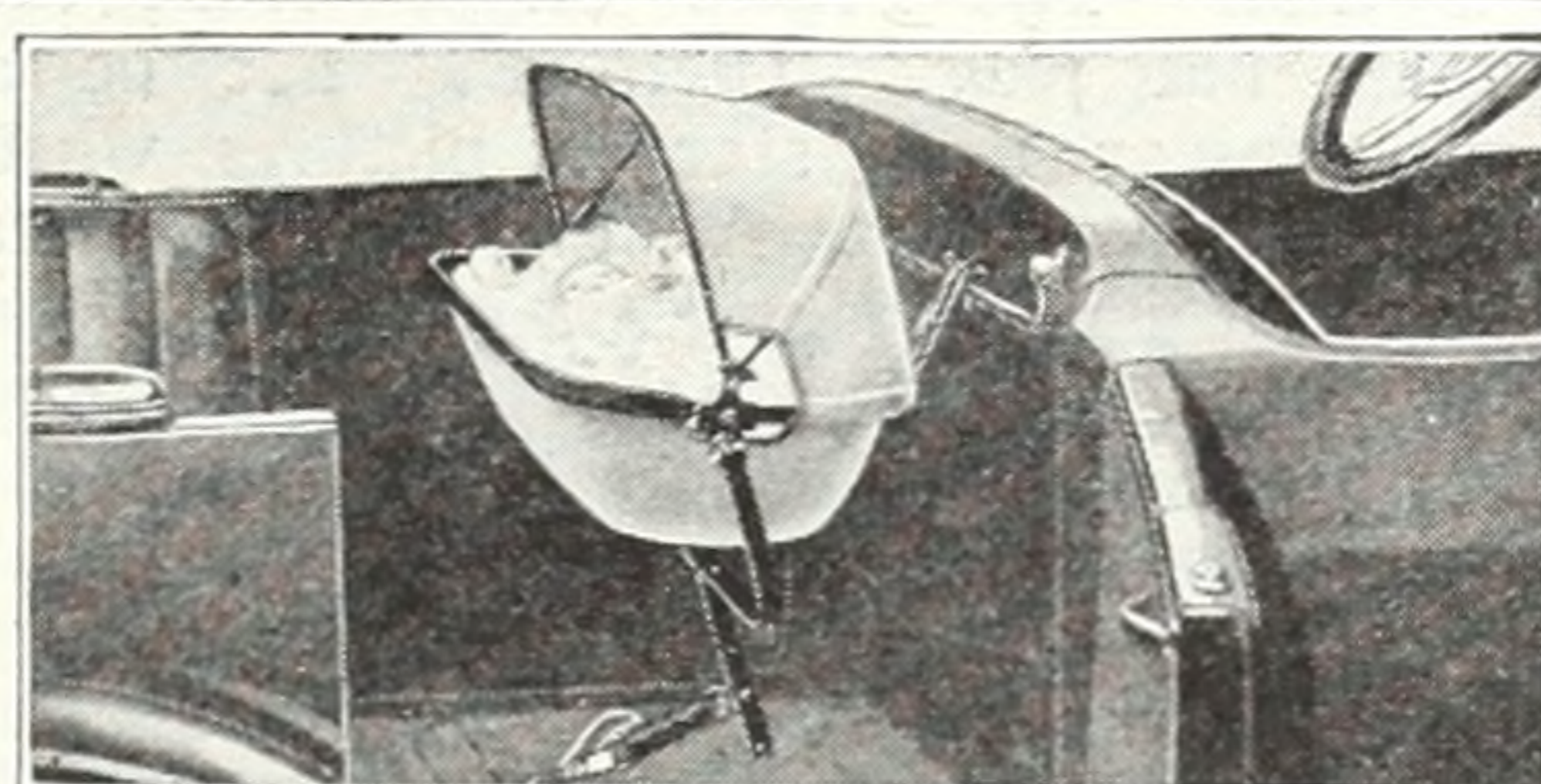
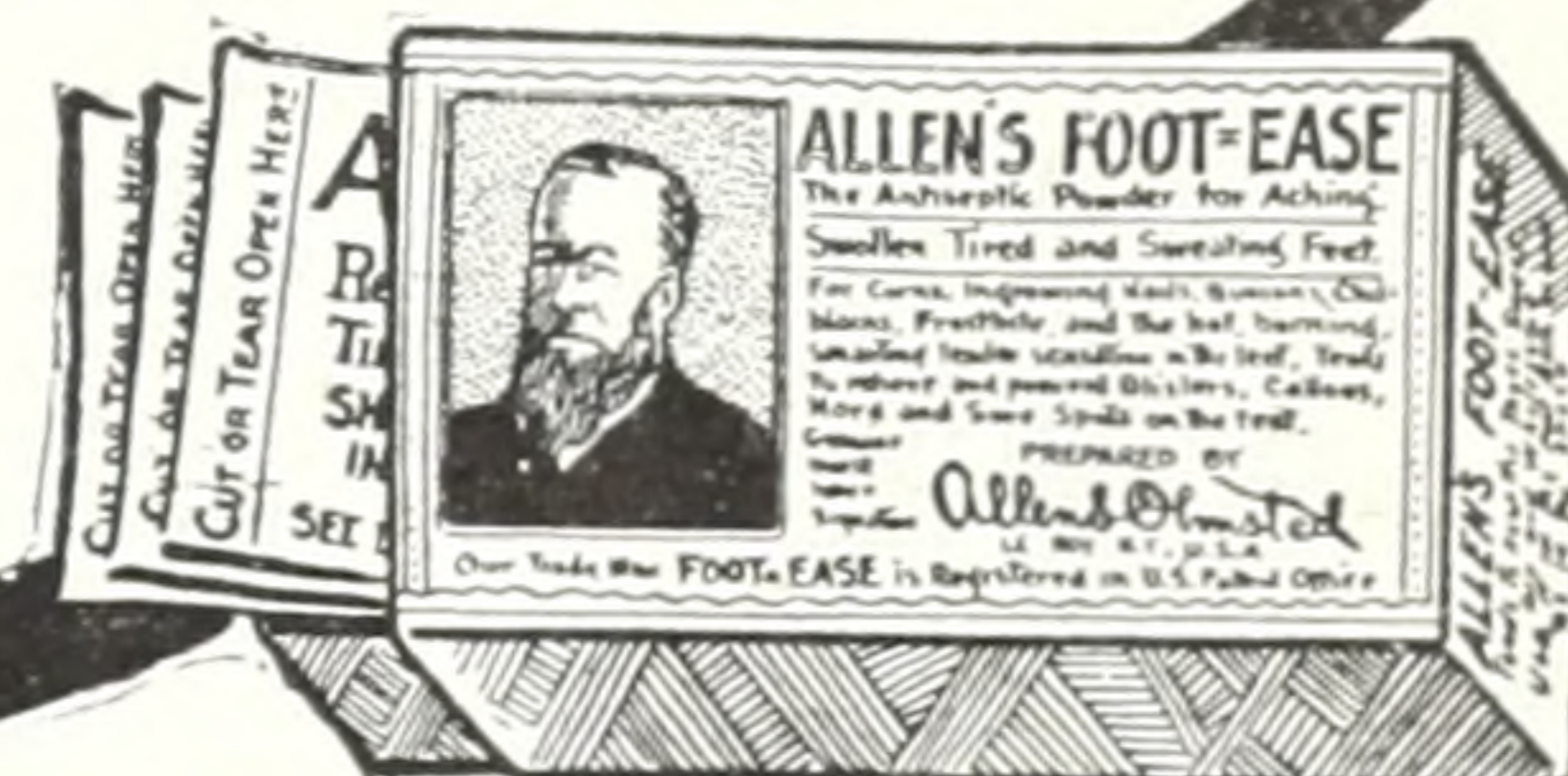
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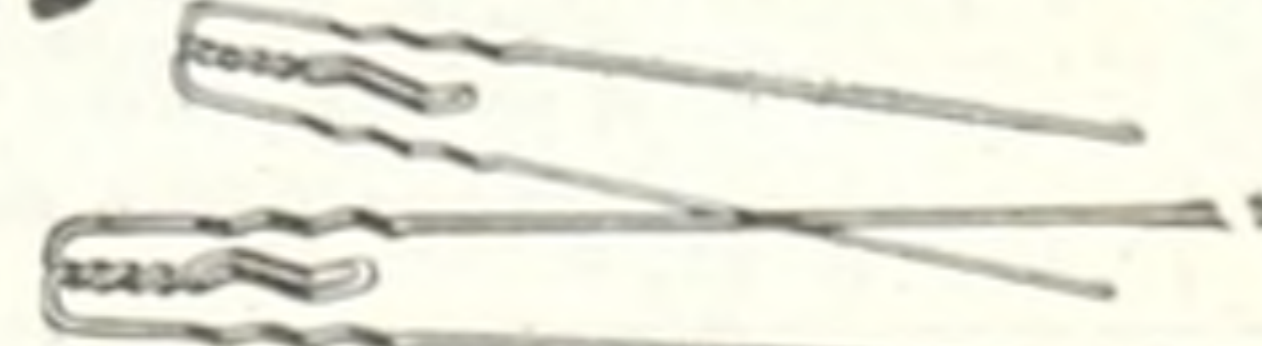
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

scarum jumbling of complications that mean little to anyone concerned. Matt Moore and Marjorie Daw dashed hither and thither amusingly, Tom Guise was excellent as the irate pa and Christine Mayo made an attractive trouble breeder when needed to quicken the lagging spirit of the farce. Marion Fairfax fashioned the scenario from an Edgar Franklin story.

## THE LOVE EXPERT—First National

WHAT is true of "Don't Ever Marry" is also true of John Emerson's "The Love Expert," with Constance Talmadge again the engaging star. This is another of the artificially propelled type of farce, never by any stretch of the imagination a plausible or even a possible series of complications but cleverly tricked out with Anita Loos titles and here and there brightened with a bit of comic acting by Miss Constance and the members of her troupe. The heroine in this instance, determined to marry a certain young man whom she finds engaged to a spinster and handicapped with a family of unmarried sisters he feels must be provided for before he can step off, proceeds to clear the matrimonial decks by finding suitors for most of the cast. The fun flows rather evenly for a reel or so, but after that it becomes clogged. I am not sure there is not a public for this sort of thing, particularly in the hinterland where the competition in pictures is not strong. But I am sure the making of such pictures will add nothing to the reputation of a director who usually can be depended upon to provide an hour's solid entertainment with any production to which he signs his name.

## THE PRINCE CHAP—

Paramount-Artcraft

THEY couldn't have selected a better vehicle for Tom Meighan's first stellar efforts than "The Prince Chap," from the popular old play. There will not be a more popular male star in pictures when everyone has seen it. A simple story of the love-life of a wholesome, strapping American artist, it is ready-made for Meighan, and he brings to it that complete sincerity that distinguishes him from the arrow-collar actors. If you like Meighan—you will go absolutely crazy about him in this. If you don't, he'll convert you. His scenes with the youngest and intermediate "Claudias," the latter played by that most intelligent child actress, May Giraci, are scenes of sentiment that even hardened old mothers and fathers, and certainly bachelors of both sexes, will stay to see again. Kathlyn Williams is a perfect Princess Alice. Lila Lee as Claudia-grown-up is inclined to dumpiness; she should take exercise. William DeMille's directorial methods are those familiarly referred to as "sure-fire." Anyway, he's not "Cecil's Brother" any longer.

## A MAN THERE WAS—

Radiosoul Films

INTRODUCING the Hobart Bosworth of Sweden—also the Scandinavian Thomas H. Ince of directors. Victor Seastrom directed and acted this sombre adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's poem. It is a splendid drama of the sea. Unexcelled scenes in a stormy sea, a sustained and strong portrayal of a Viking by Mr. Seastrom; picturesque peasantry and a rugged rock-bound coast—it holds you for the hour-and-a-half required for its running, and makes you want to see more of Ibsen's poetry on the screen, more of Seastrom's acting, and more of the northern seas. It is so simple as to story and

continuity and cutting and acting that one wonders why some of our output, not nearly so mighty, should use up so much energy and emerge with so much ostentation.

## DOWN ON THE FARM—

Sennett-United Artists

GOOD old Teddy—most valiant and patient of canines! Who can count the dull comedies he has saved with one wag of his tail, the babies he has rescued, the damsels-in-distress he has diverted from death? Teddy, in this first long Sennett, comes close to stealing all five reels of it. He is aided by Pepper, queen of cats; one mouse; Louise Fazenda—who is just as attractive as any water-baby when the director will permit; Ben Turpin, and John Henry, Jr., the clown of infants, the burlesque of all babies. There is Marie Prevost, but unfortunately not so much of her as usual. Louise is the whole acting show. All the old tricks and no new ones are employed, so that there are many chuckles but few laughs. It starts off gloriously; you think that at last Mr. Sennett is going to show 'em. But he can't—or doesn't—keep it up. Our idea after seeing this is that Mack has a lot of stunts all nicely catalogued; his directors—for he is only a supervisor now—are permitted to select so many for each two-reeler, and so many more for this five. There must be some good ones left, but we should like to see them.

## CHILDREN NOT WANTED—

Republic

THE villain, in this case, is the landlord who bars children and welcomes dogs. "Children Not Wanted" relates the story of a girl who finds her adopted child an economic handicap. Those who heed the lesson may learn the relationship of rent and race suicide. The picture is plain, ordinary movie, plus propaganda. Edith Day, a musical comedy star, is a pleasant heroine—mild and sweet, but somehow rather convincing and sincere.

## DANGEROUS TO MEN—Metro

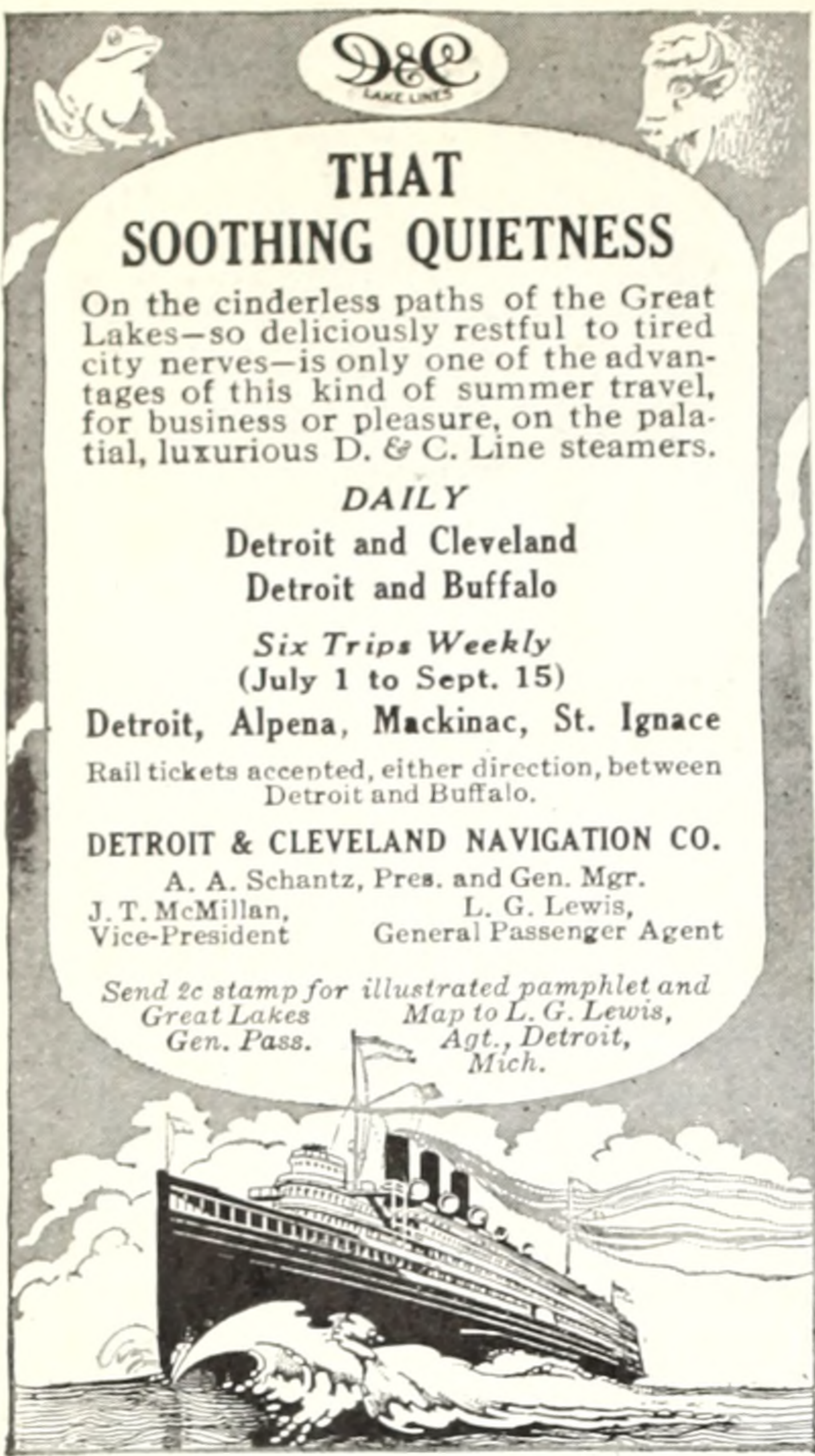
A PERT little comedy with a pert little actress. A grown-up girl, adopted by a professor, passes herself off as a twelve-year-old child, for some reason or other. You know the answer to all these guardian-and-ward plots. Viola Dana as Eliza "vamps" everyone in the cast. She has the soul of Valeska Suratt in the body of a child. While we hate to seem all moral and particular, some of the farce vamping didn't seem to fit into this type of picture. You ought to be able to take the children and enjoy a story of this sort in peace and comfort. Milton Sills, as the guardian, has all the dignity and poise that Miss Dana lacks.

## THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN

—Fox

"THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN" is announced as a "drama of high life in Paris." So this is Paris!

There is nothing very harmful and nothing very Parisian about the picture. Gladys Brockwell, as an emotional actress, is bound to have stories of this sort. Miss Brockwell is seen as an Oriental princess in love with an American artist, who is married. The wife obligingly dies in time for the happy ending. The Oriental atmosphere in the picture reminds you of a fortune-teller's parlor and the Parisian atmosphere reminds you of—well let us say the Fox studios.



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

### THE BLOOD BARRIER— Blackton-Pathe

**J.** STUART BLACKTON produced this melodrama from a story by the late Cyrus Townsend Brady. It is all about a man who is so jealous of his wife that he commits suicide and allows her to think that the man she really loves did the dirty deed. And then there is a lot about foreign agents, who plot to learn important trade secrets. That's an after-the-war complication. They use to plot to obtain the diagrams of the harbor. The picture is rather unconvincing melodrama and the leading roles are played by Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon.

### BLACK SHADOWS—Fox

**T**WO innocent girls in the clutches of a crook. The crook hypnotizes one of them and forces her to steal glittering diamonds. Peggy Hyland, as the non-hypnotized member of the duet, exposes the crook and clears herself of the charge of being a confederate to the deed. The picture is peopled with crooks and society folk and it is neither good nor bad.

### THE HEART OF A CHILD—Metro

**I**T IS Nazimova who undertakes to show us the heart of a child. And it is this rainbow Russian actress who plays the role of Sally Snape, London street urchin, who dances her way from the gutter to an ancestral castle. There is a charm in Frank Danby's book that you do not catch in the picture, largely because the picture is put together in rather messy fashion. When all is said and done, Nazimova is Nazimova and not Mary Pickford. And Charles Bryant is Charles Bryant and not the youthful and ingenuous Lord Kidderminster.

### DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN— Vitagraph

**T**HE complete visualization of the story which appeared in last month's PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents one of the finest domestic dramas the screen has known. It is so fine that anyone reviewing it for critical purposes is put entirely off his guard, being swept along by the intimacies of it, the reality, the tragedy, and the finale of poignant happiness. A story like this one never grows old. It was made for Lubin some years ago with Ethel Clayton in the role of Madge Hillyer. It was directed by the same man who conducted this later Vitagraph version—George Terwilliger. And here is a director! If Vitagraph knows what it's about, it will re-engage the services of Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, who wrote the story in fiction form, or another writer like him; Mr. Terwilliger, Lucien Hubbard, who made the scenario; and this triangular cast: Alice Joyce, Robert Gordon, and Crauford Kent—and issue a series of domestic dramas, with this first one as a standard. You know the story. Alice Joyce contributes a characterization which has never been bettered by any actress in screen annals. She is so good that you wonder why a sympathetic part like this has never drawn her out before. Her greatest charm, that inimitable reserve, is broken down a bit here. This is a new Alice Joyce. Robert Gordon, after his disappointing parts in Blackton pictures, scores strongly here in a part full of opportunity; he is one of the best of our younger serious actors. Crauford Kent is the third angle of the triangle; if any other actor could have played the part better, we'd like to know about him.

(Continued on page 116)



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It is never easy to keep constantly faithful to high standards of quality. During the war, and this trying reconstruction period, it has been unusually hard. Our success is made possible only by the constant, daily, faithful attention to the countless details that go to make perfection, on the part of the workers associated with us.

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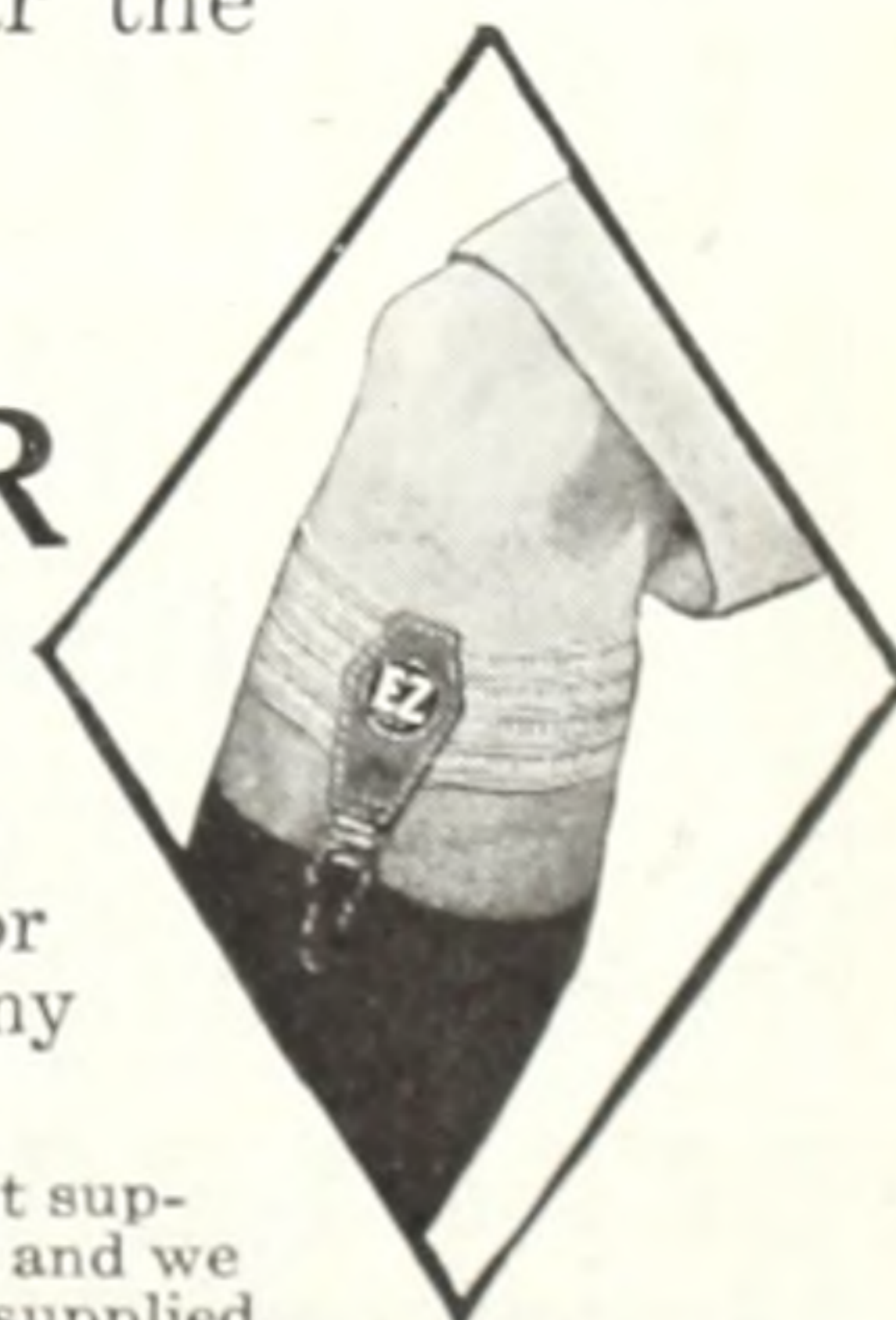
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## Human Stuff

(Continued from page 55)



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greeted Romero, the overseer, who stood on the porch with his sister Boca. In their exchange of greetings one could read the relations between the members of the trio—the dominance of the big Bull Elkins, the servility of the Mexican, Romero, and the obvious ownership of the weak and sensuous Boca.

"Well, Romero, our plans have come through—the old man wants to sell this ranch."

Romero smiled his satisfaction.

"And of course we are still fifty-fifty?" There was a hard look with the half-query, half-command.

"Of course."

The party moved into the ranch house for a drink.

Driving a buckboard, with his baggage aboard, Jim Pierce entered the ranch yard gate. Romero and Elkins, coming out at Boca's call, greeted the visitor.

"I'm the new owner of the Twin Hills ranch," Jim explained.

Elkins interrupted with a snort.

"I hold an option on this here ranch and I intend to buy it."

Bull Elkins and Jim exchanged the looks that spell trouble.

"Here's the bill of sale; I've got it." And that from Jim closed the argument.

Elkins looked at Romero and nodded with a meaning that their deal was off and the scheme to get the ranch for little or nothing foiled. He also looked his hate for Jim, the instrument of their disappointment.

While Jim's effects were being unloaded and taken into the ranch house, Bull and Romero went into conference out in the yard.

"This tenderfoot won't last long, Romero. You stick to your job, and I'll see you in the morning."

In the ranch house Boca with her wiles was trying to make herself pleasant to Jim, who either ignored or did not understand the Mexican girl's advances.

Out alone on horseback, Jim made an inspection of his newly acquired property. Pulling up on a hill top, he swept the rolling acres with an eager eye. From his pocket he drew a flask, started to drink and stopped. As he looked over the big open landscape in the clean sweep of the wind he drew a deep breath and then—with a decision made—threw the flask away. He had put that, like the city, behind him.

**B**ACK at the ranch house Jim called the men together to make an announcement, an announcement of which he probably had not measured the meaning and daring, out there in that cattle country.

"As a cattle ranch this place has failed," Jim said, looking rapidly from one to another of the ranch hands. "And I intend to develop it along other lines. From now on this ranch will be devoted to sheep raising."

If Jim had tossed a stick of dynamite among them there would not have been so much consternation among the cowmen. Romero jumped to his feet, his eyes aflame with insult and hate.

"Please, senor, Romero knows cattle—I will not be foreman of a sheep ranch."

"All right, if you feel that way," Jim replied quietly.

Romero left with a flourish of bravado, followed by most of the ranch hands. Two remained to cast their lots with the new owner and his experiment in sheep raising.

The departing ranchmen, under the leadership of Romero, reported promptly to Bull Elkins at the Circle X. His decision was immediate.

"Every man of you ride to a different ranch and tell them this tenderfoot is going to turn the Twin Hills into a sheep ranch."

Boca, too, took her departure from the Twin Hills, with the declaration that she would not remain "to wait on sheep herders."

The cattlemen rallied at a meeting at Sago and Jim rode there to have it out and understood with them, once and for all. Elkins and Romero were there to "bah—bah—sheep" at him and incite the anger of the cowmen. Undaunted, Jim went into the hall, faced the cowmen and made his speech.

"As owner of Twin Hills, I feel justified in using it to the best advantage and after studying it I have decided it is to be a sheep ranch. I thank you for your attention."

Jim bowed, turned and walked out. As he passed through the door a shot reverberated in the hall and a bullet spat into the door-jamb.

Jim wheeled and saw Elkins trying to conceal a smoking gun.

"I have your challenge, Elkins—and a man's back is generally considered a pretty big target."

Jim turned again and went quietly out. His fight had been won.

**T**HE success of the Twin Hills at sheep raising vindicated Jim's decision in a few months. The rundown ranch began to assume an air of prosperity and cheer, with plenty of paint, a clean lawn and all in neatness.

Jim sat in the late afternoon light on his verandah, scanning a magazine idly and patting an affectionate sheep dog with its head on his knees. The magazine's pictures engaged his attention as he thumbed over the pages. Then he came to one that both interested and annoyed, a love scene from a play, in the evening dress of "the folks back home."

"Shep!" The dog was up at attention. "You and the boys are pals to me, but this ranch needs something more—somebody else."

Shep wagged his tail in assent and sat down again to survey the landscape.

**A**MONG the "folks back home" Destiny was at work upon an unexpected development in affairs way out there at the Twin Hills ranch.

A garden party was in progress at the Pierce home, with Mary and Lee Tyndal at a table together, chatting of the nothings of the day. Lee sighed as the conversation lagged into a lull, and looked off away from the table with a manner that told her companions her thoughts were miles and miles away.

"Why so pensive, little one?" The girls were in a teasing mood. "Who is he?"

"Nobody!" Lee snapped back at them. "But you can tease all you want to; I'd rather go ranching or farming than keep up this interminable teaching, teaching, teaching, trying to hammer a little language into the heads of my pupils."

Mary laughed out with a bantering suggestion.

"Let's write Jim. He will be able to help you locate."

And so the letter went off.

At that minute "Old Washboard" Pierce sat in his study reading the latest letter from Jim.

"—As I have written before, the ranch is a success, but I'm lonesome. Have made up my mind to marry. I



# Human Stuff

(Continued)

don't know whom. I'll leave that to you. Select a girl, and make the circumstances plain to her, a business proposition and matrimony. I will drive in to Sago June 20 for reply, either by letter or the lady in person.

"Your devoted son,  
"JAMES PIERCE, JR."

AND so it came that on the twentieth of June, Jim drove up to the depot at Sago, mildly expectant. And it happened that just that morning Romero called for the mail for the Circle X. All of which gave the deviltry of fate, through the instrumentality of the postmaster, a chance to mix things up considerably. As Romero started out, the postmaster called to him:

"Say, there's some mail here for the Twin Hills. Will you take it out to them?"

Romero, with a crafty look in his eyes, agreed. Safely out of sight, he opened the mail for the Twin Hills and discovered the letter from Mary telling of the coming of Lee Tyndal, and her quest for a ranch. He rode away home to the Circle X, thinking out a scheme as he rode.

When Jim went to the postoffice he found a card on the door. "Gone to dinner—back at 2 P. M." Then the whistle of an approaching train drew him back to the station.

Jim rubbed his eyes with amazement as he saw a girl, unmistakably Lee Tyndal, alight from the train with an array of bags. His head awl with questions, he stepped out to meet her.

"I never thought you would be the one to come out here, Lee."

"Neither did I." She smiled. "But business is business."

Jim looked at her sidewise and murmured to himself in his amazement at her apparent calm acceptance of what he admitted to himself was a curious situation.

Jim led Lee to his buckboard and together they drove off through the hills toward the Twin Hills ranch.

At the Circle X, a peculiar tete-a-tete was in progress. With a jug of vino between them, Boca and Bull Elkins sat at the table.

"My brother Romero ask me when you and I marry, Bull—why you don't marry me like you promise?"

"Wait till we get this infernal sheep herder out and get the Twin Hills ranch." Bull was conciliatory even though refusing.

Romero rode into the yard and shortly he and Elkins had their heads together over the intercepted letter to Jim Pierce. When Boca joined the group Elkins handed the letter over to her. When she had finished he drew Boca and Romero close to him and unfolded a plan aimed at the undoing of Jim. It was the kind of a game that Boca liked to play. She hurried away.

WHEN Jim and Lee arrived at the Twin Hills and entered Jim was astonished to see Boca reclining on a couch, leisurely smoking a cigarette. She affected a well studied air of belonging there.

Jim looked at Lee and Lee looked at Jim. His violent embarrassment was swiftly misunderstood.

"I hope I am not intruding." Lee's voice was frigid. "Your little friend is very attractive."

"Er—yes—I mean no!" Jim was stumbling over himself in a confusion that did not improve the situation.

Boca chose this moment to step out of the room and Jim Pierce was left alone with Lee Tyndal whom he now knew was



—hung with silken folds  
To artfully guard this beauty rare  
'Gainst insolent wind and sun's bold stare.—Nizami

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## Human Stuff

(Continued)

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the one girl who really counted. But she was back in an instant as Jim started to show Lee to a room.

"I will show the lady." Boca spoke with a quiet assurance, taking charge of the situation before Jim could utter a word of protest in his perplexed state. He yielded and walked out on the porch. He wanted air, quick, to think.

Boca turned swiftly to Lee, with a well assumed injured, wistful air, speaking in her softest Mexican accent.

"So you have come—to take my place—no?"

Lee looked at the Mexican girl, wonderingly.

Out in the yard Jim was questioning the men as to why Boca was there. They knew no more than he.

Boca played her part well.

"You can no fool Boca—Senor Jim tell me you have come to be his woman."

Lee drew back, overwhelmed and indignant.

"Mr. Pierce has lied to you. I came here expecting his assistance in locating a home-stead."

Boca's face lightened and she hastened to seize this little advantage.

"Please, if you come for ranch—my brother has nice place he will show you."

"Where does your brother live?"

Boca was voluble in reply, with many details and an ardently glowing description of the place that Romero had to show. She concluded with a plea. "You will not tell Senor Jim of this? He will hurt poor Boca."

Jim and Lee met in the living room, entering at the same moment.

"Come, I will show you the place."

"Thank you—Mr. Pierce—I will look over the place alone."

Jim drew back frozen with her glance and Lee swept out. With Lee gone, Jim turned on Boca.

"What are you doing here?"

"It is because I want you—for—for me."

A stormy scene followed with Boca pleading a suddenly born infatuation, begging for consideration, begging that Lee be sent away, begging, begging, crying. Jim fled to the porch to escape her evident hysteria. As he went out she grinned at his back.

Lee was briskly on her way to the Circle X, following Boca's wordy directions in their recent conversation. Bull Elkins and Romero saw the young woman approach and exchanged glances of understanding as Elkins stepped into the yard to greet her.

"I want to see Miss Boca's brother." Elkins smiled with as much politeness and cordiality as he could muster and, turning toward the house, called Romero.

Romero was glad indeed to show the place the lady wished to see—it was indeed a great bargain, he assured her.

Lee and Romero drove off into the hills beyond the Circle X. Craftily eyeing them, Bull Elkins waited a while, then mounted a horse and followed.

At his cabin in the hill Romero with rare Mexican grace showed Lee about the place, then led into the house. Lee was occupied with the arrangement of the interior. A lock snapped and she wheeled about to see Romero turning the key in the door.

"Why do you do that? What are you locking the door for?"

A cruelly crafty smile spread over the Mexican's face as he leered at Lee. "It is not for ranch I bring you here—it is for me."

Lee shrieked as Romero sprang at her.

BACK at the Twin Hills ranch Jim Pierce was growing increasingly uneasy as time passed and Lee did not appear. Determined to make a quest, he slapped on a hat and started away from the house. Boca ran pleading after him. In disgust and alarm he threw her from him, this time with no gesture of patience. In a flash she became a raging fury. She picked herself up and glared at him.

"Your sweetheart will pay—even now she is with my brother Romero."

With a swift motion, Jim seized the Mexican girl and tightened his hands on her throat. "Where? Where? Tell me or I'll choke you to death."

"At his cabin," Boca gasped.

Running for his horse at top speed, Jim mounted and galloped away, praying that he might not be too late.

Bull Elkins, riding trail on Romero, came upon the Mexican's cabin while the struggle with Lee was yet in progress. He dashed in, crashed through the door and sent Romero spinning, a bullet through him.

Then he turned to Lee, who sat, tied to a chair by her tormenting captor. Elkins' manner was the depth of apology and alarm.

"I am very sorry, Miss, that you have been treated this way."

Romero was in flight and Elkins still talking when Jim Pierce rode up, his horse a-foam with the terrific pace.

With little to say between them, both dazed by the day's developments, neither understanding the other, Jim and Lee returned to the Twin Hills ranch house. There she spent a sleepless tossing night, her bewildered hate for Jim growing hourly as she pondered on the story told her by Boca. When morning came she emerged from her room to find Jim waiting and the breakfast table laid for two.

"I prefer to breakfast on the train—Mr. Pierce."

She was ready and determined. Jim did not even try to discuss anything.

"Hook up the team, boys, and load her trunks."

They reached Sago station in the nick of time to catch the train. Lee hustled aboard and Jim was hurrying the men with the trunks when the station agent ran up excitedly and engaged Jim's attention.

"There's a shipment here for you—been here three days waiting—and I wish you'd get it out of here quick; I'm tired of feeding 'em."

Jim's dumfounded gaze followed the sweep of the station agent's hand and took in a crate containing a mother collie and a litter of pups.

"An' here's a letter that come with 'em." The agent pushed the note into Jim's hand. Jim read it in feverish haste.

"My dear son:—What you need is a companion, not a wife. A dog is affectionate, obedient and reliable, staunch in its friendship, uncritical and loving. Be kind to her and her offspring.

"Your devoted father,  
"JAMES PIERCE."

A great light began to break for Jim. The train was pulling out. He swung onto the hand rail and jumped aboard. At this moment two of his faithful sheep-herders rode up pell-mell. With Western swiftness and decision, on an errand that could brook no delays, they spurred up ahead and with a flying leap one of the men reached the engine cab, covering the engineer with his guns and ordering the train stopped.

In a flash the other was aboard and running back through the coaches, seeking Jim



## Human Stuff

(Concluded)

Pierce. Meanwhile Jim was clutching at Lee's seat, as she sat with face averted.

"Did my dad send you out here? Tell me that much!"

"No, certainly not—Mr. Pierce."

"Why did you come?"

"Perhaps your sister's letter did not explain!"

"My sister's letter—?" Jim was befuddled entirely.

His sheep-herder burst into the car waving a bit of paper, shouting:

"Boca send this! Boca send this!"

Jim seized the paper and read it to Lee.

"Dear Girl from City:—

"I am sending letter Senor Pierce never got. I told you lies. Forgive me. The reason is in my brother's grave.

"BOCA."

Then Jim read Mary's letter about Lee's quest for a homestead. The situation was clearing rapidly.

"Well, Lee, my ranch is not exactly the kind of a place you had in mind perhaps—but maybe it would do!"

And so it came that the afternoon sun smiled down on the return journey of the Twin Hills buckboard, with the collie and her family in the crate behind and Lee and Jim sitting very close together on the front seat.

## Playtime Clothes

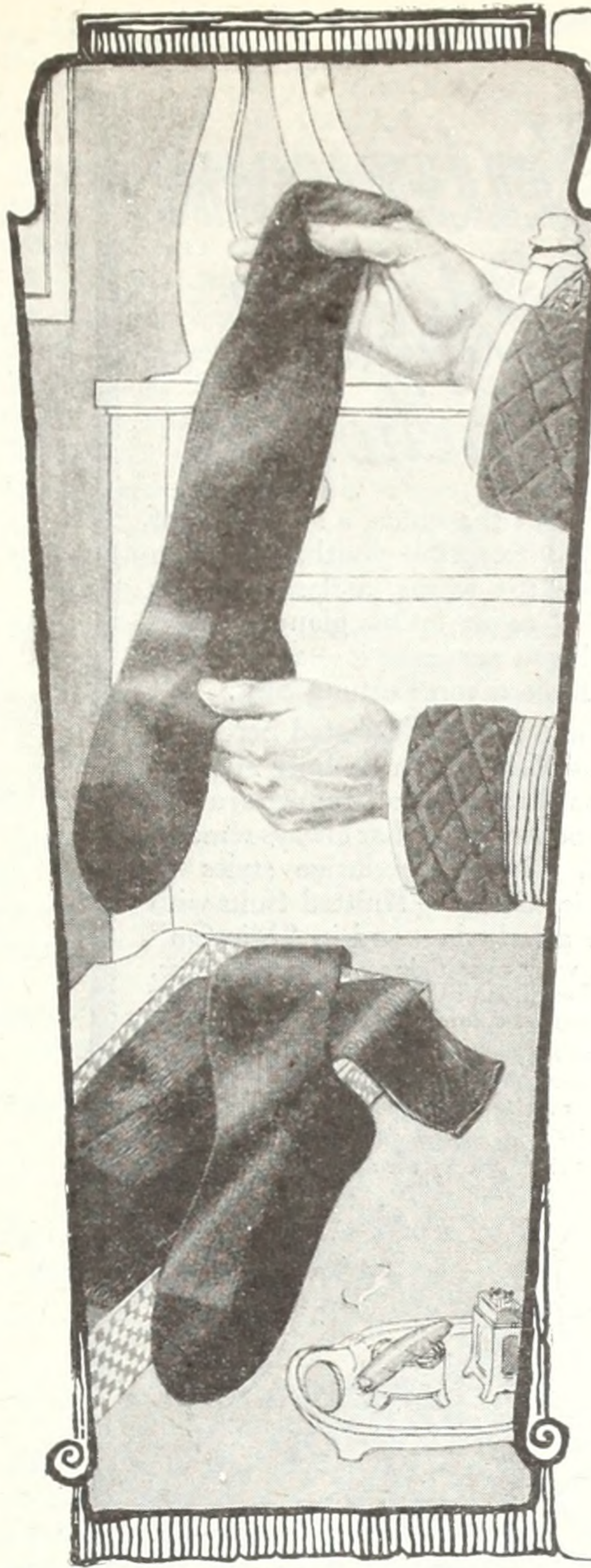
(Continued from page 49)

outlined with the wool embroidery, that was also used to complete the short sleeves. The narrow belt was also finished with the embroidery. This frock cost \$80 in the shop I am talking about, but if you have nimble fingers you can reproduce it at home for \$8. And the coarse wool embroidery that is used so much this summer is easy to do and goes very quickly.

Gingham hats, soft, wide-brimmed affairs, are being made to match the wash dresses. Sometimes they are entirely of gingham, while others have a big pert bow of white organdie. You can be sure of being in style, however, if you make your hat to match any of your wash frocks.

If you have to spend the summer in town you needn't forego the pleasure of wash dresses. We started wearing them on the street during the busy days of the war, and it is one of the wartime styles we are continuing. The sensible girl can dress quite as coolly and prettily for her office as the girl who spends the summer in play.

When there comes a rainy day in town there are stunning new coats of white rubber and little patent leather hats to wear with them, or if you like taffeta better, there are rubberized checked taffeta coats that are just the thing for rainy weather. You will also find that a leather coat is quite as much protection when it rains in town as it is for wear in the country. And for tramping on bad days, there have been some new suits devised—but I shan't tell you about them until next month.



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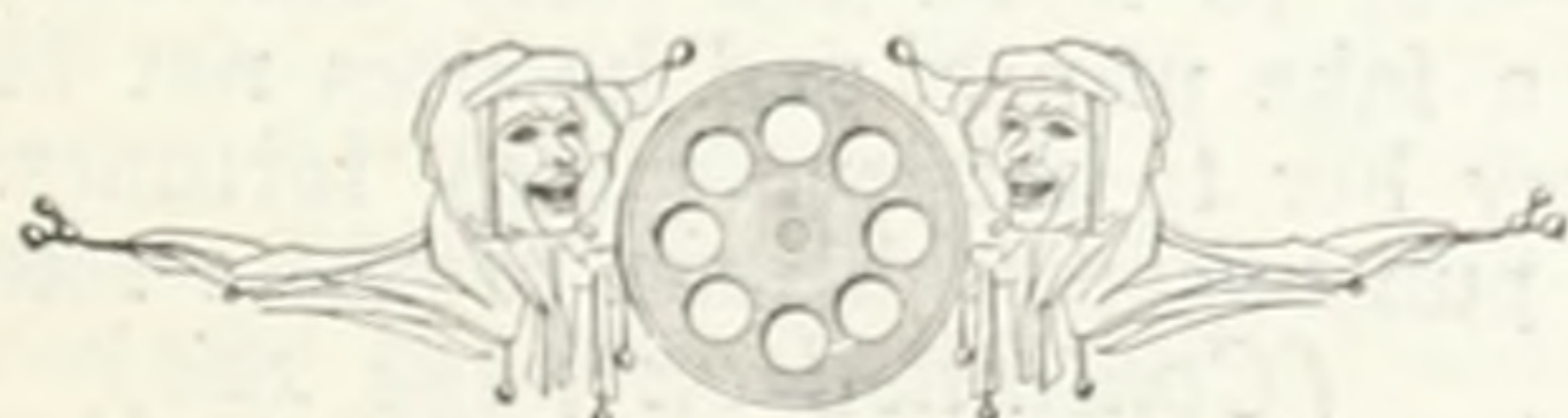
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Silhouette

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 111)

BELOW THE SURFACE—  
Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

THE successor to "Behind the Door," the latest release of that heavy dramatic combination—scenarioist Luther Reed, director Irvin Willat, and actor Hobart Bosworth—is morbid and manifestly manufactured. It starts off with all the force of that first Ince epic of the sea—this time showing a submarine-full of men enduring slow death by suffocation until Hobart Bosworth as the diver Martin Flint risks his life to save them. Then it degenerates into the old story of the scheming city chap and his fair partner, who bamboozle the young son of old Martin. Nearly every old trick is called out, dusted off, and paraded—but there is a real wallop in the wreck of the night boat to Boston, in which the city schemers meet a hideous fate. There are too many close-ups of Grace Darmond who, though pretty, is artificial. Bosworth is fine. But Ince seems to have erred in judgment in selecting Lloyd Hughes for prospective stardom; Hughes strives valiantly, but registers insincerity and a weak chin.

NURSE MARJORIE—Realart

WE HAVE never read the original of this Izrael Zangwill story, but it's safe to say the author of "The Wandering Jew" did not write it as the film people have turned it out. Here it is a light, very light comedy, which serves principally to show that there is no more beautiful camera subject than Mary Miles Minter. Minter in a nurse's cap, Minter dressed up; Mary smiling and Mary sad—a lovely, soft, living portrait, but not exactly good drama. Clyde Filmore is a new leading man who will have more than his share of feminine adulation when this picture is circulated. It's hard to believe that this little expose is life as it is really lived in upper-class England.

THE YELLOW TYPHOON—  
Mayer-First National

ANITA STEWART is the double barreled star of this picture of intrigue, gambling, stealing navy plans and everything else wicked you could think of getting together in 6000 feet of film. When she wears a blonde wig and a leer, she is that unscrupulous lady for whom the picture is named, with a heart cold like a diamond and a glittering personality. When she doesn't wear a wig, she is our good little heroine who does valuable work for the secret service. The two are sisters. There is nothing appealing about this picture, though the star's acting is excellent. The picture is founded on a Harold McGrath serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*—and the incidents intended to thrill are too stereotyped to do their duty. Technically the picture is good. Edward Jose directed. The settings are gorgeous. Miss Stewart should not waste her charms on such melodrama.

PASSION'S PLAYGROUND—  
First National

THE title is an alias for li'l old Monte Carlo. It is the most passionate thing about the picture. The usual band of sharpers pursue the heroine, a convent-bred English girl who knows nothing of life, yet manages to break the bank all right. As usual, an Italian nobleman falls in love with her—but to make the story different, he is not a fake prince, and he does not have to marry her to retrieve family fortunes. The big punch comes in one of these scenes, so

(Continued on page 120)

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## Let's Be Fashionable

(Continued from page 41)

But Henry's role of hero was short lived. He had not counted on two things—one that the owner of the trousers and the oil station would trace him to his home and demand his property, the other that Mrs. Hammond had driven the car home with her and would send Mr. Hammond over with it before breakfast.

"But Henry," Evelyn dissolved into big, round tears after the departure of the oil station gentleman and Mr. Hammond, in the custom of young wives who have caught their husbands deviating from the path of truth for the first time, "but Henry—you told me—Oh Henry, how am I ever to believe you again? I don't want you to have anything to do with that Hammond woman again."

"Yes darling, yes darling," soothed Henry contritely, magnificently acknowledging his fault—the first fault that had ever come to mar Evelyn's perfect faith in him—"I told you a bad, wicked, naughty lie. I will never, never, do it again." And Henry meant it.

EVELYN had time to think things over while Henry was at work that day. Perhaps she had been a little bit harsh on the poor boy. If she was to be a fitting wife to Henry, if she was to see him through, to land them properly in this fashionable set, it was time she dropped some of her small town notions.

When Bruce Grey came whizzing up the drive that afternoon, and asked her to go for a drive with him, she went—for Henry's sake. They had a very pleasant time, returning in time for Evelyn to meet Henry at the 6:04. She did not say anything to Henry about the ride. He might not understand.

After that Grey called to take her driving several times—and once, when some friends from the city were out for the day, he invited her over to his home.

"I want you to meet her. She's the sort of girl that shows you photographs of all her friends and relatives. Nice kid," he had said to his friends.

At Grey's house, she had learned that it was fashionable to have decanters of things to drink sitting about. Grey gave her a bottle of Scotch to take home, and though it had been a rule in the Baxter Street flat never, never, never to have a drop of liquor about the house, she very reluctantly emptied the whiskey into the decanter that had been given her for a wedding gift and then hid it away in the bottom of the unused cellarette.

Henry, coming home earlier than expected one Saturday afternoon, loaded down with packages, found Grey in conversation with Evelyn on the lawn. For the first time in their married life he became suspicious. She had not been acting like herself recently. This "fashionable stuff" was getting on Henry's nerves. Where were the good old times when they had been content to spend their evenings at home getting their own dinners and then doing up the dishes afterwards? Gone, alas, gone. There was something mysterious about the place. He did not like it. But like a dutiful husband, he greeted Grey as cordially as he could

under the circumstances, and went on into the house. Soon after, the millionaire bachelor was on his way.

Evelyn's conscience had begun to disturb her about Grey. So far he had been perfectly proper and impersonal—almost too impersonal to satisfy that wayward vanity that is implanted in every feminine heart, and is the undoing of so many. But was she being exactly fair to Henry by accepting Grey's rides during the hours while Henry was toiling in the city?

She had planned a little surprise for Henry as a sort of sop to her conscience for that

very afternoon. Why, oh why, had he come home on an earlier train? She had planned just how she was going to tell Henry all about her little surprise as they drove home from the station in the car; now she would have to think up a new way to approach the matter, and Henry probably would not be very agreeable about it, now that he had come home to find an idling

young bachelor about the place.

"Henry, Henry dear"—Evelyn called as she entered the door. Henry did not answer. Evelyn passed through the living room toward the stairs, and from the tail end of her eye saw Henry in the dining room.

"Henry, darling," she said with sprightliness, coming toward him, "you'll never guess what I've done for you this afternoon."

"Promised this man Grey that we'll go riding with him or some such bosh, I suppose," grunted Henry.

"No!" Evelyn threw her arms about her husband's neck, and held up her lips for the accustomed kiss. "No Henry. I've made an engagement for you to play golf this afternoon at the country club with Betty Turner. You know what a crack she is and she told me that she'd just love to play golf with you some afternoon. She's coming over after while and you're to take her out in the car. Aren't you pleased?"

Henry took this information as any independent, thinking, red-blooded young man would. Betty Turner, as he recalled it, was the plainest and least interesting of the young women he had met at the country club dance.

"Evelyn, you and I have got on pretty well up till now." Henry's tones were cool. "I'm perfectly willing to make a fool of myself over you when it's convenient for me to do so—but I draw the line at making a fool of myself over your friends—especially your plain friends. I prefer to make my own engagements for myself."

"But Henry—I told her you'd go," wept Evelyn.

"God!" snorted Henry. "This is enough to drive a man to drink."

With that Henry flung open the door to the cellarette, and spied the decanter of hidden Scotch.

"Evelyn"—her husband's face set itself in desperate lines—"I don't know where this came from—some more of your worthless 'fashionability', I suppose, but I'm going to drink it all."

Henry went into the next room. But when the door was closed with a tearful

### Let's Be Fashionable

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced by Thomas H. Ince for Paramount-Artcraft from the original script by Mildred Considine. Scenario by Luther Reed. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham with the following cast:

Henry Langdon...Douglas Mac Lean  
Evelyn Langdon.....Doris May  
Elsie Hammond.....Grace Morse  
Bruce Grey.....George Webb  
Mrs. Trude.....Molly McConnell  
Betty Turner.....Marie Johnson



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## Let's Be Fashionable

(Continued)

Evelyn on the other side he found that his desire to drink extended to less than half a glass.

BY the time Betty Turner arrived, the storm had swept away, and both Evelyn and Henry were feeling more friendly toward each other. Evelyn had even begged to be permitted to telephone to Betty and call off the date—but Henry was an adamant martyr.

Any idea of martyrdom entirely disappeared from Henry's mind, however, when Betty appeared on the scene. There are some girls who are just made for sport: clothes, and Betty was one. From the plain girl of the evening dress, she had blossomed forth into a person of unusual attractiveness in sweater and broad-brimmed hat.

Evelyn was not so sure she had done just the right thing in making this appointment for Henry, after all, when she watched them down the steps, and overheard her husband, before they were out of earshot, remark: "By Jove, Miss Turner, you're looking pretty today."

But she did not have to eat her heart out in jealousy all by herself for long. In the course of the earlier conversation with Bruce Grey she had let fall the hint that her husband was to be very busy all the afternoon—and Grey, as she had anticipated, returned to offer his services as a merry maker.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked.

"Let's go to the links and see who's playing," nonchalantly.

But they might better—for Evelyn's peace of mind that afternoon—have gone elsewhere. On arriving, Evelyn learned by indirect questioning that neither Henry nor Betty Turner had been seen about the course. In fact, Henry and his wife-chosen partner did not show up all afternoon.

Grey invited Evelyn to dine with him, and she accepted. They sat on the veranda for a long time after dinner—but still no Henry or Betty Turner put in appearance.

"Come, let's go for a spin," Grey remarked suddenly, rising. "All right," assented Evelyn gaily. She felt that she could not remain still another moment, that she would scream if Henry did not come.

Bruce Grey chose the least traveled of all the roads that lead from the Country Club to his home. The little kitten was perilously near losing her mittens.

In a particularly secluded spot in the road, he stopped his car, turned about, and placed his arms deliberately about Evelyn's shoulders.

"You dear little girl," he whispered to her. "You don't know how I've wanted to kiss you all these days—I'm going to kiss you now."

But in Bruce Grey's well laid plans there was one factor he had not counted on—that Baxter street conscience. Now it blazed up suddenly in Evelyn Langdon and she turned on him.

"You wouldn't dare!" she snapped. "You are going to take me home at once."

"Oh, the kitten has claws," said Grey tauntingly. "But remember, my dear, that in the world young women cannot play with fire and not be burned."

He started the engine without murmur.

Grey left her at the little house with a curt "Good night" and sped away. Evelyn let herself in to a dark, Henry-less bungalow, and dropped on the couch for a good, hard cry. But why should she cry, she argued with herself. Were they not living in Elmhurst-by-the-Way? Wasn't Henry's business successful? Were they not members of an exclusive country club? Were

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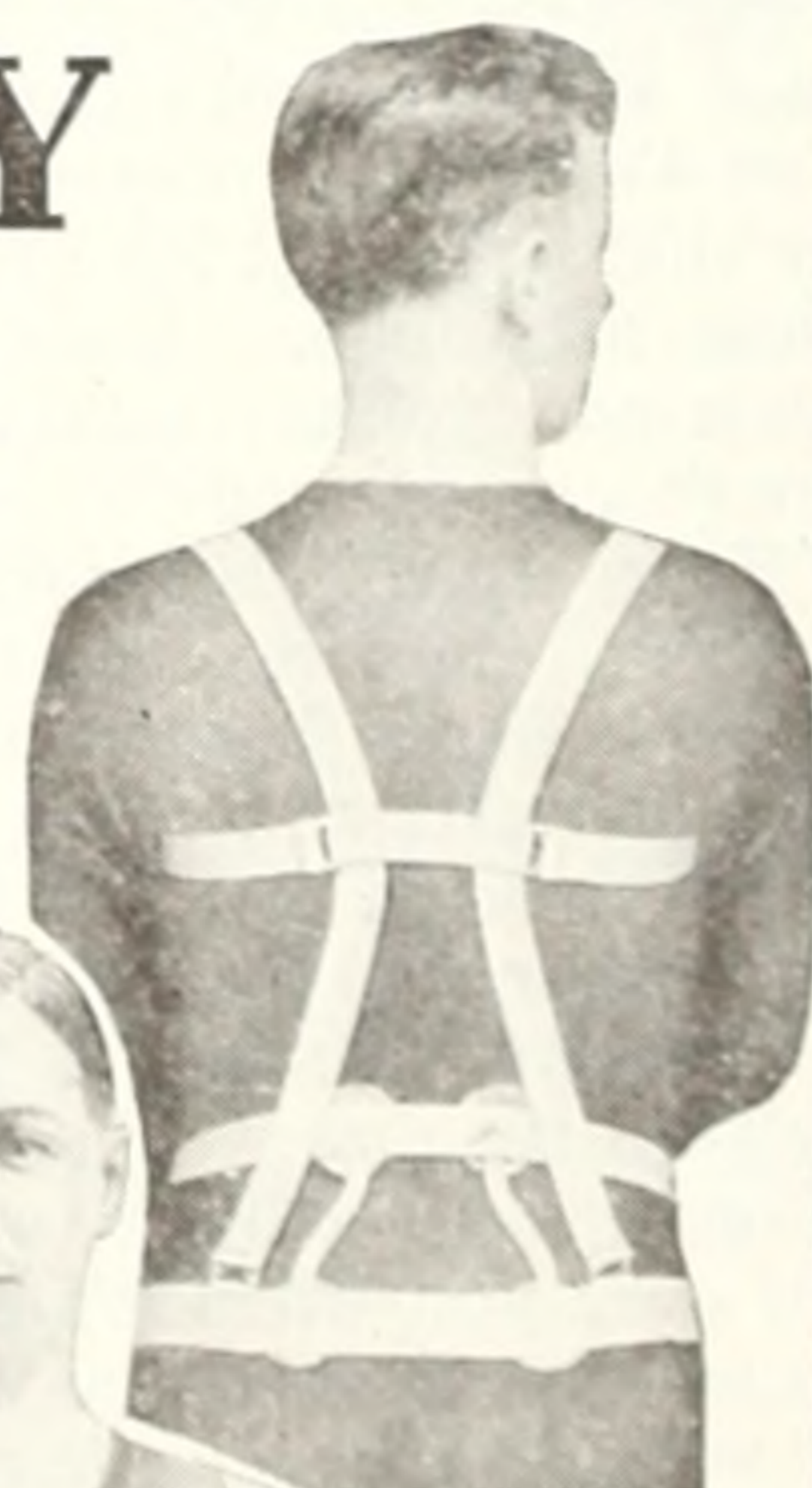
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# Let's Be Fashionable

(Concluded)

they not on the way to being very fashionable?

But it was some time before she could check the tears. And as Henry's absence continued into the wee small hours, Evelyn's grievance changed to anger. It did not even occur to her to be frightened for his safety.

**S**UDDENLY she longed for the dear security of Baxter Street—Baxter Street with its drab little homes, with its husbands and wives who loved each other and never paid any attention to any one else—unfashionable Baxter Street.

By the time light broke in the East, Evelyn had packed her suitcase and written a note to Henry, telling him she had gone away because she could not bear to think of the lies he would tell her. Then she went to the station to wait for a train, preferring to sit in the cold, unfriendly depot than in the little home that now had become abhorrent to her.

It was at least an hour after Evelyn slipped out of her home, that Henry—miserable, cold, bedraggled Henry—slipped in the door.

And who would not have been limp after a night stranded on an island in the river, with not even a match with which to light a bonfire, accompanied only by a silly girl who could see nothing in the situation except the threatened loss of reputation for herself that might arise from it? Couldn't she see that it wasn't his fault—that there was danger of disastrous consequences for him, as well as for herself?

It was perfectly simple to explain. Instead of going to the golf links, Henry and Miss Turner had gone canoeing over to the island in the lake. She had fetched a book along and for a while in the early afternoon they had sat under a tree and read aloud to each other.

When they decided to paddle back, they discovered that their canoe had drifted away, and they were unable to attract the attention of any one across the lake. In the early morning, the perverse craft drifted back again.

But who was going to believe it? Who was going to believe it? Would Evelyn? "Evelyn! Evelyn!" called Henry. At least if she saw him in that condition she might feel compassion! But no answer came. As the silence became oppressive he ran upstairs.

Evelyn's bed was untouched. Henry found her note on the counterpane.

"I'm tired of trying to be fashionable, and of being nice to people I don't care for, and living beyond our means," it read. "I've gone back to Baxter Street for a little rest. I didn't wait for you to come home, because I couldn't stand to hear your lies. Don't try to hunt me up—I'll let you know when I want to see you."

"EVELYN."

"Don't try to hunt her up?" Henry gritted his teeth. "Huh! Fat chance she has of getting away from me."

In a moment the Langdon flivver was kicking up the pebbles on the road to the station.

The station master and the merchants who were down at the station looking after early morning shipments of supplies were astonished to see Henry Langdon bolt out of his car and onto the tail end of the train to the city, which was just pulling out of the station.

"These young married folks is funny," remarked the postmaster. "Reckon perhaps she was going back to mama—been sitting in the station for nigh onto two hours. But he'll bring her back."

And of course he did—they left the train at the next station, and were home in Elmhurst-by-the-Way in half an hour.

The little Langdon flivver drove them quietly and sedately, as if it was a car that had suffered, and lived, and had taken on new dignity, down the main street to their bungalow.

"Oh Henry," Eve'yn perched herself on the arm of Henry's chair, and laid her head tenderly against his precious hair. "Henry, let's not try to be fashionable any more. Let's only be happy."



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 116)

KING SPRUCE—Hodkinson

SPRUCE might have been king in the woods where this lumbering picture was taken, but Mitchell Lewis was boss. He proved it by thrashing everybody in sight that needed thrashing—which was pretty good for a man who up to that time had been a school teacher. But all the fights fail to furnish the big dramatic punch necessary to such a picture. Some of the best scenes are those showing the processes of lumbering. The subtitle brands our hero as a "college man." He would look more like one if he trimmed his hair before calling on Mignon Anderson, as the young lady of his heart. It might have been a big picture—but it isn't.

THE MIRACLE OF MONEY—Pathe

THIS picture forces home the bitter truth that the time to have money is the time when most people don't have it—when they're young. The old maid sisters are left a fortune. They go in search of their youth, but clothes and everything like that don't make up for the years that are lost. Any man will tell you that what this production really needs in it is a pretty young girl. It is a Hobart Henley production. Mr. Henley's detail is good, but the ending is so conventional, as to be disappointing. Bess Gearhard Morrison and Margaret Sneddon play the old sisters, and play them with nice quaintness.

THE GIFT SUPREME—Republic

THE scenario writers have been eating raw meat again. If you are a little tired of sleek, nice-mannered and well-dressed society plays, go to see "The Gift Supreme" and learn that life still runs wild in some places. A story of the underworld, it tells of the efforts of a fighting young man to down the seven devils of a corrupt city. Bernard Durning, a likeable personality, whirls through the action. Seena Owen, who reminds us of Grieg's music, is his leading woman. As for the rest of the cast, how is this for a capable combination: Lon Chaney, Tully Marshall, Melbourne MacDowell and Eugenie Besserer?

WOULD YOU FORGIVE?—Fox

WHEN in doubt, give 'em a problem play about the good old reliable double standard. The title hints it all. A husband with a past. A wife whose innocent actions are misunderstood. The husband rages but, learning of the lady's true nobleness, subsides and promises to be a good boy. It is a fairly interesting and fairly dramatic picture. This picture promotes Vivian Rich to stardom. In this case stardom means tears, emotion and heavy acting. Tom Chatterton is her leading man.

LIFTING SHADOWS—Pathe

EMMY WEHLEN is completely surrounded by bolshevism and melodrama. In a frantic and foolish story, you find yourself admiring her gowns. She is about as dramatic as a Strauss waltz. And as beautiful. Leonce Perret's picture is all about a lovely Russian refugee who marries a drunken author, is accused of his murder, is hounded by the bolsheviks, falls in love with her lawyer and, in general, leads an exciting life. In spite of all that, you are genuinely interested in her gowns. The picture is gaudily produced. Stuart Holmes and

*(Concluded on page 123)*

much the vogue, in which the heroine takes the blame for past deeds committed by another woman. The other woman has been shown working on tiny dresses and things and there is *its* future to think of—not the heroine's, of course. But the picture ends as you want it—after several near murders. Katherine MacDonald looks very pretty and corn-fed as the star. There will be those who like it, and those who don't. It is founded on "The Guests of Hercules" by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. As some one said—"It's just a picture."

THE SACRED FLAME—

Schomer Ross

OR—"All for the soul of a school teacher who saved \$6,650.75!" Could such a thing be in this day of underfed college professors? There were two men in the life of this school teacher ably and maturely portrayed by Emily Stevens—one to whom she loaned the \$6,650.75 to help him get on his feet in the law business, the other whom she married when the former bit the hand that handed him the money. There was an honest attempt to make something worth while in this picture. At least it is different.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Metro

LOOK out for Jimmy Valentine. He's worth seeing. Only it's hard to believe—yes, we'll side with the matinee ladies—that such a good looking young man could have been such a criminal. Bert Lytell is the reforming hero who will set all the feminine hearts to palpitating and ditto tongues to wagging during and after the performance. He looks like he had a deep soul. Jimmy Valentine in pictures ought to be as popular as Jimmy Valentine on the stage.

MISS NOBODY—National

EVERYBODY'S child is nobody's child—so poor Billie Rhodes has a cruel time of it among the outlaws on Devil's Island, where she drifts on a raft when a baby. When Billie grows up, the outlaw chief decides to have her for himself—but she slips away in a row boat just in time to be rescued by a rich hero in a hydroairplane. The villains are not all that is bad about the picture—so are the subtitles, so is Billie when she cries close to the lens. (Oh, why do they let them do it?) Otherwise she is cute. The story is compelling, even though the production lacks finesse. It would not do for children's matinees.

THE VEILED MARRIAGE—

Hallmark

THE hero was intoxicated, and the heroine temporarily blind when this veiled marriage took place. He didn't know what he was doing, and she thought she was saying "I will" to another man. It was all a plot of the villain to get the hero's fiancée for himself. That is some situation for you, I guess! All you need now to make the plot consistent is to have the girl, after her eye bandages are removed, go to work in her husband's office, both unsuspecting of course, and have them fall in love. The scenario writer takes care of that. Anna Lehr and Ralph Kellard are as good as such a story will let them be. They are not un-pictorial. The picture is just so-so.



# Making Over Martha

(Continued from page 29)

"Come to!" And in the morning—  
 "Well," says Martha herself, "when I'd get down to the studio, only half-awake and dead tired, I'd feel like reviving the old joke of the beautiful chorus-girls who are the toast of the town by night: 'You should see us in the morning!'"

She has perhaps posed for more photographs than any other girl in the world. She has a thousand camera faces. She can be the ingenue—the veritable, creditable ingenue. She has posed as a vampire of various guises. She is mirrored as the old-world young lady, as the intensely modern *femme* of Fifth Avenue. But the camera has never caught—either the still or motion camera—the velvety sapphire eyes with their curious droopy lids, the clean-cut little nose, the firm yet pouting mouth. Very trig and compact is Martha; or, to quote Gilbert, "a bright little tight little craft." A beauty with an ambition; a marionette with a sense of humor; a show-girl with a real smile.

She has the uncanny perspective on things theatrical, the freedom from pose, the quick wit and appreciation of good things that seem to come to girls who spend their hours in the theater, displaying their pulchritudes in Lucille gowns, the while their bright eyes are incessantly roaming the audiences, their minds unconsciously absorbing the many types, their wits continually sharpening to satire as their critical sense is offended. Martha Mansfield is a show-girl *ne plus ultra*—in the most flattering sense of the term. Beauty means so little to her that she would sacrifice it without a murmur to don the habiliments of humble drama. She has done it, in fact. But in "Civilian Clothes," her latest and largest picture, she plays the role which Olive Tell created in the legitimate, opposite Thomas Meighan, who has Thurston Hall's original part. And she is neither the ingenue nor the tragic Little Eva, but a worldly young woman with brains. Martha, be it said to her credit, can play a part like this very naturally.

This girl who some people say looks like a beautiful tiger, with her tawny hair and subtle eyes, began life as Martha Ehrlich, and she has always been boosted for her beauty. She took her stage name from her home town, Mansfield, Ohio. She was chosen for Charles Dillingham's shows because she was beautiful. She was Max Linder's leading woman in his Essanay comedies because she was beautiful. She played the part of "The Spoiled Girl" in the James Montgomery Flagg film series of "Girls you Know," because J. M. F. personally picked her—for her beauty. But in all this time few people gave her credit for having anything *but* beauty; anything but a vacuum in that well-poised head of hers.

She's given up the Follies for good. To anyone who has been a Manhattan favorite, that means something. She is spending all her working time in the studios. She will continue to do so until, someday, an enterprising theatrical producer comes along and gives her the right kind of part in the right kind of Broadway play. She wants more than anything to be a speaking actress.

She says she's an "easy-go-lucky" sort of person; that she was really scared to death to play with John Barrymore, but finally found that he is not at all formidable except in his Mr. Hyde make-up; that she hopes someday to pose for enough pictures to last for a few months and then take a rest so far away from a photographer's studio that the prying eye of the camera never will find her; and that several years ago she had the ingenue role in the A. H. Woods failure from which was adapted that screen success, "On With the Dance."

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Rub SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY, the pink complexion cake, right on your face. In a few minutes rub it off with a soft cloth. A clean, velvety-soft skin results. Next, just a suggestion of "Peach Blow" from the SEM-PRAY Rouge box, and finally, like perfumed fairy kisses, a light puffing with SEM-PRAY Face Powder.

Truly, thousands of women thank their lucky stars for this delightful complexion combination that urges every skin to be its own true best.

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

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### OTHINE

double strength— from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones, have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength OTHINE, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians.

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The New California Beauty Cream, made to meet the requirements of climate; a perfect skin food and cleansing cream, made of purest imported vegetable oils. Contains no animal fat. Order now, 85c & \$1.15. Kaanora Face Cream Co., 3000 Central Av., Los Angeles, Cal.

## REMEMBER

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## Movies is Movies

(Continued from page 57)



THE charm of a beautiful complexion merits none but the finest and daintiest of face powders.

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FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

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## Don't be a Useless Weakling



Weak, sickly, anaemic men have no chance in the battle of life. Nobody gives them a second thought—they don't count. The STRONG man is the one everybody looks up to; who makes friends on every hand, who gets ahead in the world, who wins the woman he wants, who makes a success of life.

You never will get anywhere worth while, if you allow the poison of constipation to seep through your system, stealing away your energy and befogging your brain. You can't do any work that counts, if you are wracked by chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. You won't make friends to help you on, if biliousness, or any other ailment, makes you a sickly grouch.

## Get Rid of Your Handicaps

You can do it—you can free yourself of the ailments that are making it impossible for you to do good work and advance—that sooner or later will cause you to lose your present job. You can build yourself up; develop your muscles, clear your brain, strengthen every vital organ and start fresh in the race of life, if you will only FACE THE FACTS AND ACT.

It doesn't make any difference what your present condition is or even if your own early indiscretions brought you to it—make up your mind to remedy it, go about it the right way, and you will WIN OUT.

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Strongfortism is simply Nature's way of curing human ills and building up the human organism. No patent medicines or druggist's dope about it. No artificial system of tiring exercises; no fancy frills of any kind—Just Nature's Way of Living Life. Strongfortism has rescued thousands of men from the scrapheap of debilitated, wornout manhood. Strongfortism has cleared away the ailments that broke them down and has given them new life and hope and vigor.

Strongfortism can and will do for YOU what it has done for THEM. My life has been spent in studying Nature's methods of curing chronic ills and building up broken down humanity. Her laws are as fixed as the operations of the universe. There's no guesswork about them.

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"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will tell you all about the Science of Strongfortism. You would gladly pay good money for that book, if you knew what it would do for you. IT'S FREE. Send for a copy today—NOW. You can't afford to be without it. Enclose three 2c stamps, for packing and postage and I'll mail you a copy at once.

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to sit in an aisle seat and look at the screen and see the actors—dear folk!—trying to give every ounce of acting they have in them and ten ounces more. Because the actor—honest soul—is paid fifty thousand dollars a year, or twenty thousand, he or she feels duty bound to put sixty thousand or thirty thousand dollars worth of acting into each film. And that sort of whole souled, going-every-minute acting spoils most novels that are screened.

Because motion pictures are not drama at all—they are motion pictures. Even the speaking drama is not all rip-snort acting; not the drama that keeps on the boards week after week. Far more is this true of motion pictures.

If a scenario writer wants to compose a picture drama, meaning it to be "acted," with a star in the star part, and so on, it may possibly work out and onto the screen in a satisfactory manner, but a novel cannot be successfully done in that way.

Motion pictures are, first, last and all the time, pictures. They are photographs—series of photographs—which mean they are illustrations, just as the pictures in a story in the *Saturday Evening Post* are illustrations.

A good serial story in the *Saturday Evening Post* has, let us say, twenty illustrations. Each illustration tells a small part of the story, and we all like the stories we read to have illustrations, because they help us understand the characters, locations and events of the story.

It would be quite possible for the *Saturday Evening Post* to put more illustrations in each story. If one hundred illustrations were printed, instead of twenty, a great part of the text of the story could be cut out—the pictures would tell the story. In fact, the *Saturday Evening Post* could, by using a thousand, or two thousand illustrations, with the proper captions, tell almost any story it ever printed, but those who know Mr. Lorimer's editorial ability know he would never permit the artist to change the story to suit the whims of the artist or of the artist's models. The artist would have to stick to the text, and the models would have to pose in a manner to picture the people the author wrote about and the things the author made his characters do. The result would be the story the author wrote, but done in pictures.

THE objection to this method of putting a story before the public is that it would be tiresome to look at so many "still" pictures. What the film camera does is permit the public to "read" a story in exactly this way, but with life put into the pictures by making them "move."

When an author writes a novel he knows

what and why he has written. When the public likes that novel it likes it for reasons that are in the novel itself. The novel is "good" because of the characters in it, the plot the author has created, the locale he has chosen, and the way the characters work out the plot in that locale.

Isn't it, then, almost wilfully murdering all chances of success when the producer decides to make a "drama" of what is only a story, and when the scenario-man whang-doodles the plot, and when the continuity man turns the whole thing back end forward and t'other end to, and when, finally, the actors spit on their hands and romp all over the place like old-style one-night stand "hams" and grimace before the close-up camera like sick apes?

The motion picture has come to stay because it offers a pleasant method of reading a story, and the motion picture will continue popular as long as there is celluloid with which to make films, but in my opinion the day when producers will try to turn every novel into a "drama," in poor imitation of the speaking stage melodrama method, is nearly past.

The producer who will succeed best, from now on, is the man who will set his ideal very high indeed, while the eternal melodramatic stuff will be relegated to the cheap picture houses, just as it is relegated, in printed fiction, to the dime novel.

Up to date I have sold just one novel for picture use, and I am waiting to see what the producer does with it. I don't want my cow turned into a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. If I put an old lady in a wheel chair I don't want to see her screened as an eighteen-year-old vampire jumping from one airplane to another. I don't want my cats to become coyotes or my canaries to become hippopotamuses. It may be all right, and a tradition of the screen, but when I write about the Mississippi River I don't care to have the Ganges or the Nile or even the Amazon substituted for it.

"Movies is Movies" but an author, although only a poor mutt, does have some feelings. Up to date the producer has not telegraphed me asking permission to change the title of the proposed picture from "The Jack Knife Man" to "She Cut Her Husband's Gizzard Out," and I don't believe he will telegraph me, because there are two kinds of producers today. One kind does not want to make such changes, and the other kind just goes ahead and makes them without asking permission.

But I can tell you one thing: If "The Jack Knife Man" comes to your town and you see old Uncle Peter doing stunts in an airplane over Niagara Falls you can be mighty sure I didn't say he could.

## Force of Habit

THE whole city block was on fire. From the street rose great streams of water, while on the roofs, firemen, gallantly fighting, were forced slowly backward by the terrific heat. Still other firemen were scaling tottering ladders in heroic attempts to save the threatened women and children, some of whom, panic stricken, were leaping to certain death on the pavement below. Again and again a heavy wall crashed down. Police were engaged in a revolver battle with a gang of desperate criminals attempting to loot the goods rescued from a burning jewelry establishment.

Byron Bangs, movie director, could restrain himself no longer. Slipping through the police lines, he leaped, flourishing his bared arms, to the top of a ladder truck. His voice rose above the shouts of the multitude.

"Give me action!" he shrieked. "Give me action!"



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 120)

Julia Swayne Gordon again give us a picture of everything a gentleman and lady should not be. Wyndham Standing is again a pattern of righteousness.

### TERROR ISLAND— Paramount-Artcraft

HOW "Terror Island" missed becoming a serial, we do not know. At the high moment of every thrill we expected to see the sign "See the next episode at this theater on Saturday night" flashed upon the screen. Just as a stunt picture is it an ideal cure for boredom. Houdini beats them all as a thrill master. With his ability, he could get out of the income tax.

The most original stunts in the picture are the ones enacted under water. James Cruze, who directed, and his cameraman must have learned some of Houdini's wizardry. After the healthy excitement of being thrilled and mystified by the tricks you forgive the screen a lot of its feeble comedies and half-hearted dramas. "Terror Island" is an ideal picture for boys and for girls who wish they were boys.

Lila Lee, the dark-eyed and the placid, is the heroine of the story.

### TRIPLE ASSETS

FAMOUS Players-Lasky Corp. has issued its annual report for the year ended Dec. 31, 1919, which contains for the first time a consolidated statement including the various subsidiary companies in which Famous Players-Lasky has an interest of 90 per cent. or more. There are other subsidiaries in which it has substantial interests, earnings from which were not included in the report, *Wid's Daily* announces.

Net earnings for the common stock after allowing \$1,000,000 for taxes and the proportion of earnings due to the new preferred were \$3,066,319, equal to \$15.36 a share on the 199,675 shares of common stock. In the report \$66,666 is set aside from earnings as the amount accruing to the \$10,000,000 preferred stock for the 30 days in which it was outstanding in 1919.

The consolidated income account follows:

Gross income .....	\$27,165,326
Operating expenses.....	23,032,341
	\$4,132,985
Federal Inc. & Excess Prof. Taxes .....	1,000,000
	\$3,132,985
Earnings Accruing to Pfd. . . . .	66,666
Net Profits for Year.....	\$3,066,319

The statement indicates an increase of about 50 per cent. in gross income compared with the \$18,090,500 reported for the year ended December 31, 1918. Tangible assets at the end of 1919 amounted to \$37,648,637 against \$10,886,759 at the close of 1918. This increase is accounted for by the sale of the \$10,000,000 new preferred and the expansion in various lines of the motion picture industry.

Net current assets at the close of 1919 amounted to \$23,580,558, which includes \$706,252 of Liberty bonds carried as investments. Current liabilities amounted to \$8,204,901, leaving working capital of \$15,375,567.



# Simple Rules of Drawing

Easily Learned at Home

## Become an Artist

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## Broadway's Royal Family

(Continued from page 35)

Baby Barrymore evolved into Jack, and, with serious roles, into John. He has the family gifts to such degree that while Ethel Barrymore is being acclaimed as the most popular actress now on the American stage he is described as the greatest of its younger actors.

He is the most Bohemian, the most nervous, the most temperamental of the trio. While his sister frequently hides herself in domesticity at Mamaroneck and Lionel and his wife of the sleek dark head seek seclusion at Hempstead on Long Island, the one time baby Barrymore abides near the bias street termed Broadway.

As near as when in the biographical lodging-house, since metamorphosed into a chop house, he made sketches in studioless days in his sister's room. That was when Evelyn Nesbit was sixteen and his model. He rejoices in the recollection of those days of Ethel's treasurership of the family. Often he and Lionel were forbidden to play the piano because an ancient above stairs in the house across the street from The Lambs objected to "that noise." He lifts his eyes to Heaven and thanks Deity that his prayers that he might become really an artist were unanswered.

He met Arthur Brisbane at the opera last year. He greeted the aggressive editor. He wrung his hand.

"You hired and fired me. I thank you for the last." He looked his gratitude. "You have done more for me than any other living man. When you fired me you forced me on the stage."

He is the matinee idol of three generations. Maids, their mothers and their grandmothers, write him confidential missives. A grandmother wrote to her granddaughter in Europe: "I saw him today. He is so handsome that I don't know how you can help loving him." Thus promoting a match that at that period was languishing, a dissenting father being the chief deterrent.

The marriage of his sister and that of his brother bear signs of permanency. Already his has been dissolved.

**T**O John is accredited the story of panic wrought in the home of his clergyman grandsire in England. Maurice Barrymore was a clergyman's son. The family name, a distinguished one, is Blythe. The Blythe family suffered more than the usual amount of parental mental colic when its scion went upon the stage. There were prayers for the wandering sheep. The prayers lessened in volume and intensity when Maurice Barrymore's manly beauty and brilliant acting won fame for him in the country the Blythes still regarded as "one of our colonies."

The Blythes were gradually and with less pain adjusting themselves to the order of having an actor in the family when it received a second shock. Their actor had married an actress. True she was of the bluest stage blood in America, the honored Drew family. But there was no denying the fact that she was a mime. More prayers. More adjustments. More of the aid of time in tempering the wind of circumstance to the unaccustomed.

It was twelve years before Maurice Barrymore brought his wife and their children to visit his elders in England. Speedily Georgie Drew's wit and charm and the appeal of childhood warmed the fearful hearts of the Blythes. All was going well. The goose hung at more than its accustomed altitude. The two elder Blythes sat happily about the family board. The door was pushed open. A head, small and dark and shapely, was thrust within. A small voice demanded:

"Mother, where in hell did you put my suspenders?"

The Blythes clasped their hands and looked upward. Georgie Drew Barrymore looked searchingly at her husband. Said Maurice Barrymore:

"My dear, I told you that if you allowed the children to roam the servants' quarters their diction would suffer."

**W**HEN John Barrymore, then "Jack," played "Toddles," they who knew the family best said: "Jack is playing a straight part." "Toddles" in the French farce was about to be married but was too wedded to his bed to be willing to leave it to dress for the ceremony. The "old uns" in the audience recalled that Maurice Barrymore once appeared clad in his pajamas and a great coat and an air of apology at rehearsal.

"You will pardon me," he said with his impressive urbanity. "But I over-slept and I could not cause you to wait while I dressed."

All the Barrymores are taking vocal lessons, but the lessons are intermittent. Lionel sings well and doesn't want to forget the art. John wants to strengthen his speaking voice. Ethel is a devotee of music. She has a more than fair mezzo soprano voice. She appears at her teacher's apartment a radiant vision after an evening performance.

"I know I had not an appointment for today," she says with her radiant smile. "But you will give me a lesson, won't you? Ah! Thank you. Shall we begin at once?"

When she leaves she says: "I've enjoyed this lesson tremendously. We shall go right on. I shall be in in the morning. Ten? Very well."

But weeks—or months—roll by and the studio sees her no more. Until another impulse grips her and circumstances permit a lesson.

But what margin is left an actress who gives eight performances a week, who "does pictures" and who has three fast growing children?

The oldest child, Sammy, has grown out of his knickerbockers. Virginia, the July daughter, has much of her mother's beauty. When Virginia was sent to the hospital ill and the doctors pronounced her a victim of diphtheria, her mother went to the hospital with her and stayed there until the quarantine was lifted and both were permitted to return home. In vain physicians warned of peril. Ethel Barrymore is a mother as devoted as was her own mother. The youngest of the trio, still called "the baby," is small John Drew. It would have amazed those who knew her devotion to "Uncle Jack" had not Ethel Barrymore named one of her little ones in his honor.

She is the only one of this generation of Barrymores who is a parent. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore had two sons, both of whom died.

John Barrymore's brief marriage was childless. He married the daughter of Sidney Harris, with what seemed the hearty cooperation of her mother and grandmother. Her grandmother's letter was quoted: "I can't see how you can resist him. He is so handsome." Sidney Harris didn't want an actor in the family. He opposed the marriage. It went forward without him. Katherine Harris Barrymore went on the stage. She appeared with her husband in "Kick In." The marriage was short lived. She obtained a divorce in the West. Directly after the divorce she supported her sister-in-law in a play at the Empire Theater.

It was significant of the brooding care Ethel Barrymore gives to her family, near and remote, that her former sister-in-law appeared on the stage in that post-divorce season under the borrowed family name, Katherine Blythe. When Sidney Drew's screen



## Broadway's Royal Family

(Concluded)

comedies were tried out at the Criterion Theater, Ethel Barrymore witnessed them delightedly from a box.

I have said John Barrymore is the most nervous and temperamental of the trio. Witness his frequent placing of his hand on his face. Witness, too, his tearing to pieces of a set of photographs that displeased him, to prevent the further distribution of them by the press department. Yet while off-keyed at concert pitch, he has an essentially practical outlook, a piercing sincerity.

"There's a lot of guff spoken and written about acting," he has asserted. "It's just one way for a man to earn a living."

When he and his older brother appear in "Othello" we may expect as strong a family combination as we saw in "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Jest." Pity 'tis their sister, who, by the way, has just recently entered into a new motion picture contract, does not play "Desdemona"!

Briefly, Ethel Barrymore is the flower of the Barrymore family. Lionel is its immeasurable force. John is its quicksilver fineness.

## Starring the Director

(Continued from page 44)

His has an exquisite taste, a fine sense of proportion. He detests vulgarity; ostentation. That is why he never does a "poor" picture, a middle-class drama, or an optical study of the slums. His scenes of the accident in "On With the Dance"—in which the father of *Sonia* is run over and killed—is hurriedly gotten through with as being the least interesting detail of all that glittering pageant. Fitzmaurice has a naive philosophy, the Frenchman's childlike enjoyment of the beautiful. I venture to say he never screens a tale of violence if he can help himself.

Did you notice the impertinent acting canine in the street-car scenes? That's Scotti, his Airedale. When Scotti isn't acting, he is on the set anyway, with his tail wagging a mile a minute and his inquisitive nose upturned towards the high platform from which his master directs. For Fitzmaurice sets most of his interiors in the stately long high rooms that frame the actors in a sort of stage. They are built on a level with the platform and "shot" directly down their length.

His wife, Ouida Bergere, writes the scenarios for all his films. They live in a duplex apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes, one of Manhattan's most expensive and accordingly more exclusive apartment-hotels—and "Fitz's" own drawing-room is his best set.

## A Kick In It at That

**D**ETERMINED to miss not one of the possible enjoyments of the movies, a confirmed addict chucked his job and went to a school where he took a long and difficult course in lip-reading. Then—he had waited till graduation that his ability might be perfect—he attended a movie.

It was late when he arrived at the theater and the story had started. Two cowboys, in full regalia, leaned against a typical western bar. The fan's mouth watered as they raised their glasses in a toast. Then the lips of one of the cowboys moved, and the fan leaned forward tense with expectation.

"Hell," said the cowboy's lips, "I wish this was the real thing!"



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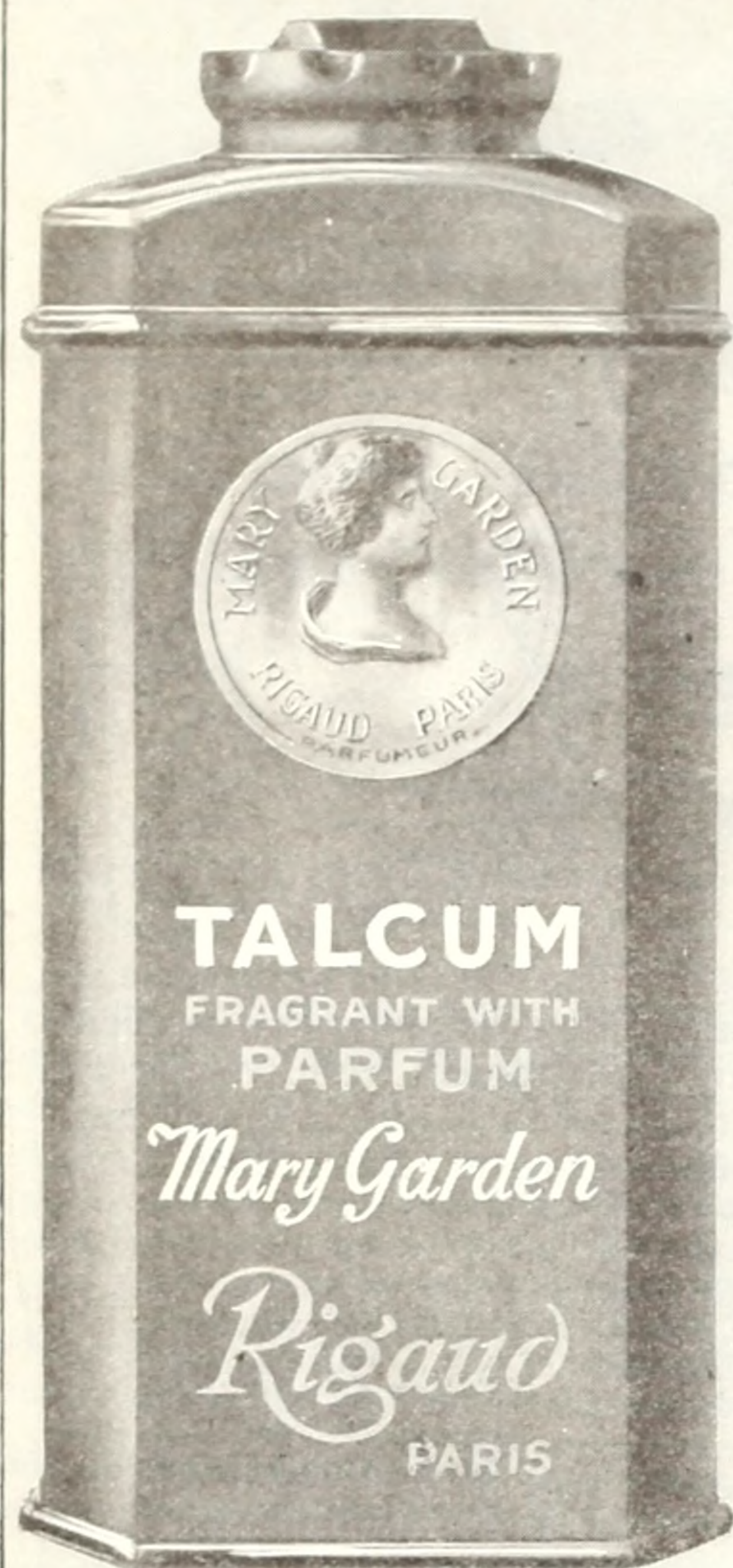
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 93)

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**JUST MARY LOUISE.**—Aren't you glad now, after a year's acquaintance with us, that your brother brought you a copy of PHOTOPLAY to read when you were ill? I hope we haven't disappointed you at any time. As for being so late in answering your letter, I couldn't help it; there were so many others ahead of you. Madlaine Traverse has left Fox without announcing any future plans. Please write me again.

**HELEN C., ENID, OKLA.**—Lina Cavaliere and her husband Lucien Muratore, the big French tenor, are abroad now. They probably will return to America for the next operatic season. You might address them care Chicago Opera Association, Auditorium Theater, Chicago, Ill. I have met Muratore and his wife and can assure you Madame's beauty isn't over-rated. She may do more pictures sometime. Olive Thomas is with Selznick on the West Coast.

**JEANETTE, FRISCO.**—A nice girl is any girl who likes you. That's the masculine point of view. A nice girl is any girl who doesn't like the man who likes you. And that's the feminine. Marguerite Clark is married to H. Palmerson Williams; she has finished her contract with Paramount. Dorothy Gish is with Paramount-Artcraft, but works at the David Wark Griffith studios in Mamaroneck. So does Lillian. Both the Gish girls live with their mother in Mamaroneck.

**THE TWINS, PEORIA.**—I'm glad for my sake that you're not triplets. I'm sure I don't know why those actresses divorced their husbands. That's plural perhaps, but with a singular meaning. I mean to say it's none of our business, is it? June Elvidge is in a Charles Miller production; "The Law of the Yukon." I know Frank Mayo is married, but I don't know what he makes. Edith Roberts' new picture is "Maramba." The name may be changed for release.

**D. F. R., INDIANAPOLIS.**—Well, every woman may be like a poem, but there are some I know who are more like Walt Mason than Edgar Allan Poe. I know one or two who might be likened to free verse, too. However, that's not the point—we are in Indiana now. That Indianapolis film company may be turning out pictures but we have no record of their release.

**A. G., MILWAUKEE.**—I don't like fudge any more. One of those girls kept her promise to send me some. Bebe Daniels is to be a Realart star. Gloria Swanson is not with DeMille any more, but a star in her husband's company, the Equity. Gloria's second matrimonial venture is with Herbert K. Sanborn.

**D. M. C., MELBOURNE.**—Aren't you intolerant? PHOTOPLAY strives always to present film things as they are, with as little sentimentality and exaggeration as possible. We decline, however, to gossip without reason. I am quite sure that by the time you read this you will have changed your mind as to our stand in the matter you mention. Hope you will write to me again; your letter was interesting.

**G. S., DETROIT.**—Jules Raucourt, who used to play in Famous Players pictures here, is now in his native Belgium, where he is making two photoplays. He is a clever and polished actor; I always liked to see him. Address him: 8 Petite rue Longs Chariots, Brussels, Belgium. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Your request for art section picture of him will soon be granted. Watch out for it.

**JAKE.**—Hugh Thompson is Mabel Normand's leading man for Goldwyn in Culver City. See him in "The Slim Princess." His picture has appeared in this magazine at various times. Juanita Hansen is not married. I'm sure I don't know why, but I'm equally sure that it isn't because she's never had a chance.

**J. A., COLUMBUS.**—"I see by the papers" that the worthy presidential candidates have agreed to the farmers' demand. Don't they always? Bessie Love has her own company, working in Los Angeles. Her first release is "The Midlanders," from a novel. John Bowers is still with Goldwyn; so, too, are Mabel Normand and Madge Kennedy. But Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick have left, the former to go with Associated Exhibitors, the latter with Robertson-Cole.

**MISS MARY.**—Dreams and realities are far different. You dream of Wallace Reid or Richard Barthelmess. You are really engaged to a nice young man with red hair and a nose which in a woman would be gently designated as a retousse. But it's nice to dream. Ann Little, after a period of serial-making, is back with Lasky, in her old capacity as leading woman. Wydham Standing is with Goldwyn.

**CECIL, BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.**—Yup—the country's beautiful down where you live. Many film companies go down South for locations. Mostly to Florida, though. Elsie Ferguson has ended her engagement in her stage play, "Sacred and Profane Love," and is taking a long rest, in the course of which she will visit Japan. She won't make any pictures for some time. "Lady Rose's Daughter" is one of the last Ferguson pictures. You should see Theda in "The Blue Flame." Yes, I have been up in a plane. Great sport. I've never looped; the most thrilling thing I did was a falling leaf, and that was enough for me.

**KAMOURASKA, OTTAWA.**—Can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter. I like Canadian girls very much. Saw Rockcliffe Fellows at the Talmadge studios the other day, where he was playing opposite Constance in "In Search of a Sinner." He's a big chap, isn't he? Yes, Mary is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks now. Will you come again of your own accord or do I have to coax you?

**VIRGINIA, RIDGEWOOD.**—Richard Barthelmess is not engaged to the young lady who goes to the school you mention. He is not engaged to any young lady at all.

**M. J., DICKSON, TENN.**—No, I—like Dick Barthelmess and Eugene O'Brien—am still leading a life of single blessedness. I have a cat, my pipe, and my books, and I am rather happy. Your addresses are given elsewhere. Look for them.

**J. F., CAMBRIDGE.**—That's quite a tribute to Jack Pickford's acting. You say the first time you ever cried was when you saw him in "Bill Apperson's Boy." Certainly it's true that he is married to Olive Thomas. Blanche Sweet is with Hampton-Patle, working in the West.

**B. E. B., OMAHA.**—You seem to be a bit mixed. Norma Talmadge's husband is not Eugene O'Brien, but Joseph Schenck. O'Brien used to play opposite her in pictures; Schenck is her manager. O'Brien is a star for Selznick; he is in the West right now, but send your letter to New York, for he usually works in the East. He isn't married; never has been.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. M., PA.—Pity instead the poor little boy whose papa is a prohibitionist and who goes to school with other little boys whose papas are not. There's real tragedy. Anne Luther is with Wistaria Productions. She plays in something called "Neglected Wives" or "Why Women Sin." Honest—that's the title.

A. D., SPOKANE.—Eric von Stroheim has been married, but he is now divorced. I'm sure I don't know if he is as fierce as he looks. His latest picture is "The Devil's Pass-Key." He does not appear in it himself. Mae Busch, Clyde Fillmore, and Una Trevalyn and Sam De Grasse have the leading roles. David Powell is married.

LUCILE, IOWA.—Couldn't figure out the name of the town you live in. You say as most people call you Cutie or Dimples, I should head your answer by whichever name sounds better to me. You will note I have headed your answer with Lucile. Ethel Clayton remains with Paramount. "The Ladder of Lies" is a new Clayton release. She is the widow of Joseph Kaufman, who directed her. William Russell is divorced from Charlotte Burton and has not married again. Herbert Rawlinson is still in pictures. Juliette Day is on the stage.

KATHERINE, DEER RIVER, MINN.—You mean you have a dog—a trick dog—that you want to put in pictures? Suppose we form a company for your dog and my cat? It's hard enough to get a chicken into pictures nowadays. You see, Fatty Arbuckle has his own dog, and Sennett has his; and the other companies seem to be supplied with canine actors. If I were you I'd write to them and find out if there are any vacancies for your Fido. Sorry I can't help you any.

MISS MURIEL, WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.—There are no actresses in pictures who hail from your town, that I know of. YOU'll have to uphold the municipal reputation if you decide to brave the studios for extra employment. Natalie is recorded as the youngest of the three Talmadge sisters. Nigel Barrie in "The Better Wife" with Clara Kimball Young.

RAMONA, LANSING.—So you think I have had quite a little experience. Thank you. I didn't know I showed my age. You write a very sensible letter for a fourteen-year-old. I hope you'll be just as sensible at twenty. Charles Meredith is married. Your addresses are all given elsewhere. I hand you the palm as champion movie-goer among fourteen-year-olds. But I won't advise you to try to get into pictures. I don't want your parents' collective wrath to descend upon my poor sparsely-crowned head.

M. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Your letter has been forwarded to Ralph Graves. That's nice of you to say those things about my department. A little appreciation goes a long way with me. Your Elliott Dexter request has been granted. Also Katherine MacDonald. Those MacDonalds you mention are not related. Katherine has been married; divorced.

A. N., FORT DODGE, IOWA.—PHOTOPLAY conducted one contest—the Beauty and Brains—our first and last. Since our contest, there have been many imitations; seems to be the usual procedure when we start something. Richard Barthelmess in the art section? Just a minute while I run and tell the Editor. All right!

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(Concluded)

HUSSIE, RED GUM.—I manage to get along somehow. It's nice of you to worry about me. Of course I never have any romaine or salad with Russian dressing, or caviar or baby duck or lemon-meringue pie and something to wash it all down with, but still, I get along. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-seven. Mary Pickford is twenty-six. The Lee children, Jane and Katherine, are in vaudeville now and making a success at it, I hear.

ABE, BERKELEY, CAL.—That's a good one. You say, "Pleased to meet you Mr. Answer Man—but I doubt if you are a man or a woman." I assure you I would of a necessity have to be one or the other; and God made me a man. Douglas Fairbanks' latest release was "When the Clouds Roll By." "The Mollycoddle" is probably being released as you read this. Marie Walcamp hasn't retired; she went to Japan to make a serial; and while she was over there she married Harland Tucker, her leading man. The Tuckers are back in Universal City now. Mr. Laemmle was obliged to congratulate two of his stars on their new husband: Marie and Priscilla Dean.

H. IONSON.—Whoever bet on Gladys Leslie is right. She played opposite Edward Earle in "The Little Runaway." Eureka, a new question. Answer, Gladys Leslie and Mary Pickford are two separate and distinct persons and personalities. No to the marriage question on Carol Holloway and Antonio Moreno. Both are with Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. The leading parts in the "Place Beyond the Winds" were played by Dorothy Phillips and Jack Mulhall; in "The Martyrdom of Philip Strong," Mabel Trunelle and Robert Conness; in "At First Sight," Mae Murray and Jules Raucourt. Canadian stamps are not usable; hence the column.

MARY MATON.—No trouble at all, Mary. My breath comes in gasps as I dictate faintly, "Eugene O'Brien is not married." Gosh darn it, I wish he would marry so I could change my story; it's becoming monotonous. Mary Pickford is divorced from Owen Moore. Johnny Hines is twenty-five. "The Woman Gives" is Norma Talmadge's latest picture, with Jack Crosby in the lead. I had to reply via my column because Canadian stamps are not usable in the U. S.

K. T., DECATUR.—I have never thought of it in that way, but I suppose it is true to a certain extent that the bald-headed row in theaters includes those gentlemen who get their tickets from the scalpers. Though you don't deserve an answer after that, still I am always kind-hearted, so—Alice Brady is Mrs. James Crane; her first two Realart pictures are "The Fear Market" and "Sinners"; in the latter, her husband is her leading man. Nazimova is Russian, married to Charles Bryant. I'd advise you to keep up with the times.

MRS. NELLIE M., LEICESTER, ENGLAND.—I can't tell you how much I appreciate a sincere letter like yours. It makes me feel stronger and much less flippant to know that someone really watches for my column and reads it with appreciation of its many faults—and then writes to me as you did. It makes me wish I were ten times wittier, ten times more tolerant and wise. Tell your husband I'll try hard to please him. Your collection of pictures would seem to be second to none. Your tribute to the Gish sisters is fine—and it is deserved; I know no more charming and high-minded actresses on the stage or screen. I will try to merit always your good wishes. Won't you write often?

J. P., OREGON.—If the girls wear their skirts much shorter, they'll have to put their money in regular banks. Peggy Wood may be reached care Selwyn Theater, New York City. She made a picture with Will Rogers for Goldwyn, but is not doing any film work right now; she's the heroine of "Buddies." Laurette Taylor is in London now.

## "Clara Kimball Young's Eyes" Contest Winners

HERE are the winners of the \$500 in prizes offered by the Equity Pictures Corporation to the amateur artists among PHOTOPLAY's readers sending in the best drawings of Clara Kimball Young's eyes.

### First Prize

ALMA M. CARLSON, 4705 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### Second Prize

MRS. ROY E. THOMPSON, Box 9, Cadillac, Mich.

### Third Prize

R. GOODWIN, 1438 West 77th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

### Fourth Prize

IRENE SULLIVAN, 452 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

### Fifth Prize

WILLIAM P. SULLIVAN, Great Lakes Training Station, Aviation Beach, Great Lakes Il.

### Sixth Prize

D. BESSE, 306 West Walnut Street, Yakima, Wash.

### Seventh Prize

HERMAN VAN COTT, 24 Colby Street, Albany, N. Y.

### Eighth Prize

ALLEN WOOD, 47 Morrison Avenue, West Summerville, Mass.

### Ninth Prize

ETHEL GLOZER, 212 Beach Place, Tampa, Fla.

The judges of this contest were: Clara Kimball Young; James R. Quirk, publisher of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Rof Armstrong, PHOTOPLAY's celebrated cover artist.

CAPT. B. T. JONES, FAYETTESVILLE, N. C.—You can obtain good photographs of any of the stars you mention by writing to them direct to their company address, enclosing twenty-five cents. In some cases, stars do not ask payment for sending out pictures, but often they do so it's best to be on the safe side. Again, some of them give the proceeds to some favorite charity; so it's all right. Here's goes: Mary Pickford, her own company, Los Angeles, Cal.; The Talmadge sisters, their own studio, N. Y. C. (address given in directory or elsewhere); Alice Brady, Realart; Dorothy Dalton, Famous Players studio, N. Y. C.; Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick, N. Y. C.; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players. Thanks for writing.

G. C. H., NORFOLK, VA.—That picture of Miss Dalton you want is a still from one of her pictures—that is, a "still" photograph of one of the scenes. Therefore I would suggest you write the Famous Players-Lasky Publicity Department, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and inquire if they will sell you a copy and also get Miss Dalton to autograph it. Maybe they would give it to you—I dunno. Only, inquire.

DOROTHY, SPOKANE.—Seena Owen came from your city. Are you as pretty as Seena? Harrison Ford has been married. Dorothy Gish's latest release, as I write this, is the picture her sister Lillian directed, "She Made Him Behave." James Rennie, from the cast of the Ruth Chatterton legitimate comedy, "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," is Dorothy's leading man in this.

D. W. S., ROCHESTER.—Charles Ray's last for Ince will be "The Village Sleuth." This will be held over so that its release will come just as Ray's first independent production, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," is finished. This was George Cohan's stage hit. Ethel Clayton's new one is "Young Mrs. Winthrop"—Harrison Ford opposite. Vivian Martin in "Husbands and Wives," a Gaumont release; Miss Martin is working now on her first picture for her own company.

M. A. H., MICH.—Eugene O'Brien still clings to his bachelor liberties—one of these liberties being to receive worshipful letters. Yours should be directed to Selznick. Better write and ask him if he demands any money for his likeness. You doubtless would consider any sum well spent in this direction. Nigel Barry played opposite Marguerite Clarke in the Bab stories.

L. S., ZANESVILLE.—You got considerably mixed on that matrimonial tangle, didn't you? Owen Moore was married to Mary; and Tom Moore used to be Alice Joyce's husband; both couples are divorced now. Alice Joyce has a little girl, Alice Mary Moore. Charles Ray's wife is a non-professional and a charming person, I've been told. P. in any time.

LAURA, BOISE, IDAHO.—You are most awfully impertinent. "Kiss your wife and babies for me," you say! Do you really accuse me of being a Benedick after giving all that caustic advice about marriage and saying all those cynical things about women? My dear girl, the bravest married man dare not do that. Will Rogers is with Goldwyn, in Culver City. He is married, and his son Jimmie plays with him. Wonder if the company pays Jimmie a separate salary? I don't know who is the tallest woman in pictures; but I believe Charlotte Greenwood is the tallest woman on the stage. Will that help?

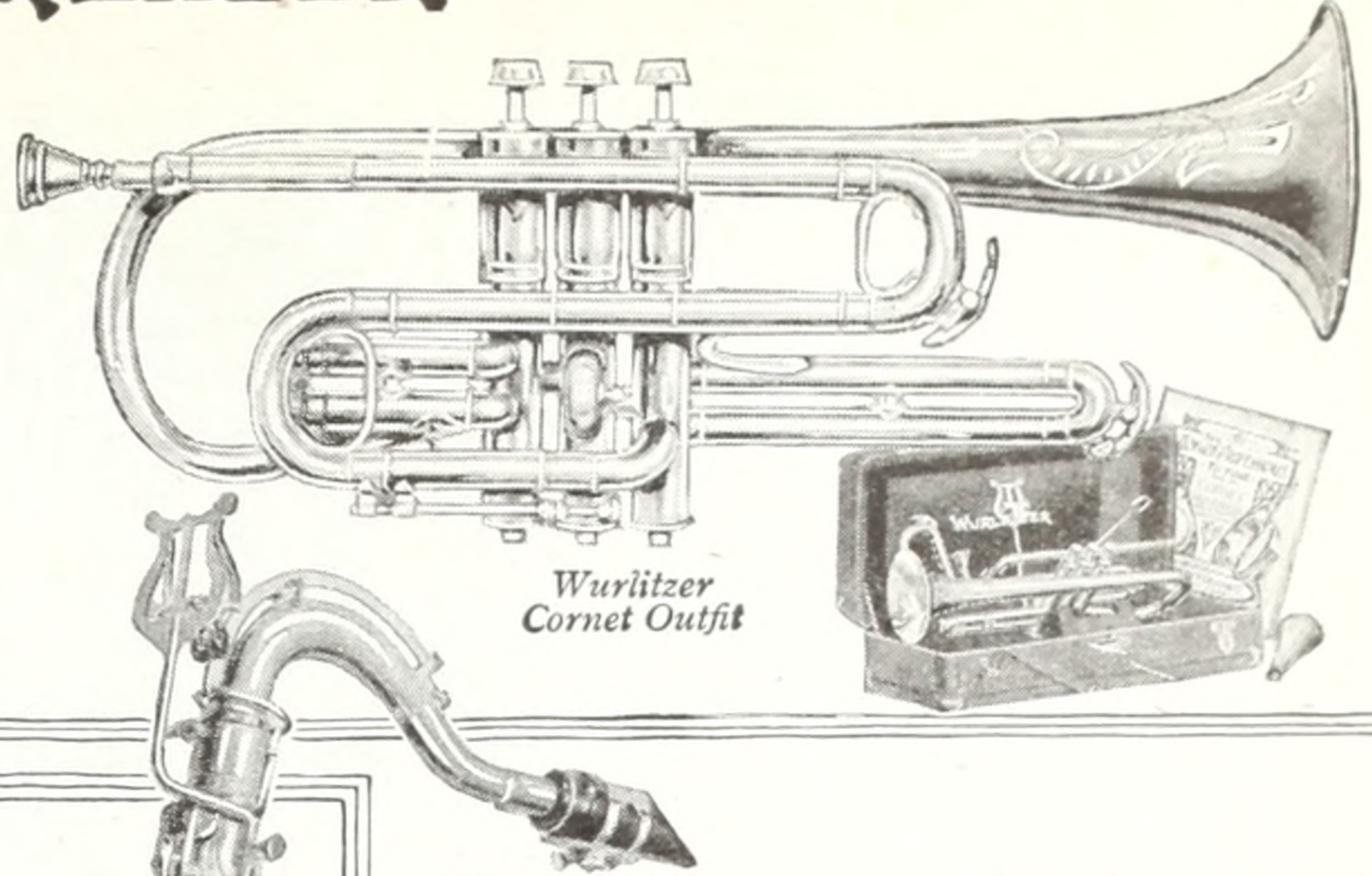
EVELYN, WORCESTER, MASS.—I know you. You're one of those flapper great-granddaughters of the First Man in Town. You are one of the Important People—as you so aptly put it, "A Puritan of the Puritans." Therefore my victory is very great, for to have one of you write to me, a perfect stranger, is indeed a concession. Nay—to have you write twice, is too much. You may call me Peter just so you don't tack Pan on the end of it. The only pipes I know about are corn-cobs. I should advise you, besides, to study a little, and read a little—and then, sit down and try to compose a polite note such as one of your grandmothers would have been proud to write. And pray, where are your questions? All answers must await their turns, family connections notwithstanding. Now go on back and try to climb your family tree.



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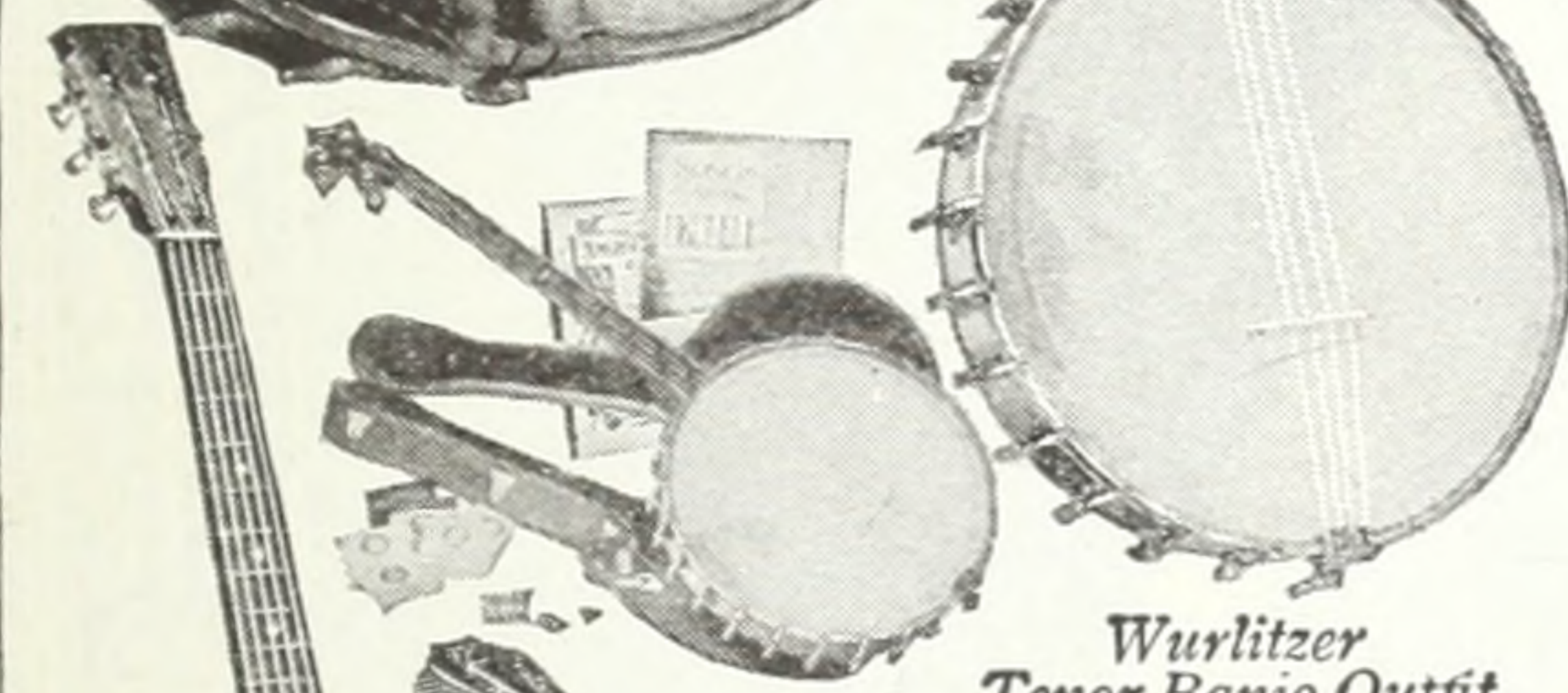
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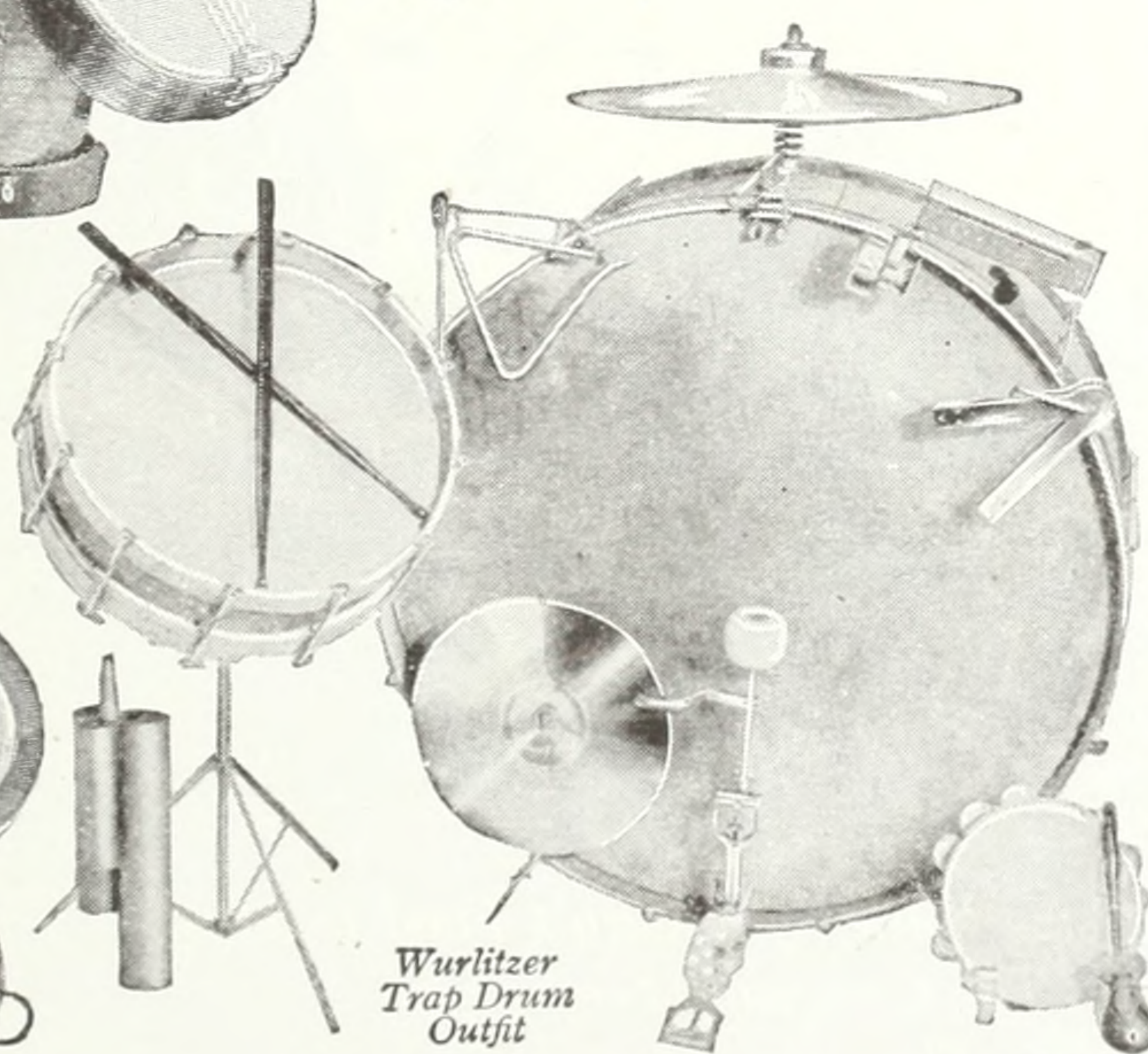


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