

# PHOTOPLAY

*Magazine*

December  
25c

*Anita  
Stewart*

*1927  
RAISTRON*





## La saison très Joyeuse

Now, indeed, will Mademoiselle exclaim, "un Noël très joyeux!"

FOR are not these Djer-Kiss sets full of the very charm of the Christmas Holiday—*la saison très joyeuse*? Do they not breathe that very spirit of discernment which selects the appropriate gift, the thoughtful gift for friend or for the well-loved?

Yes. These *paquets de Noël*—in combinations so pleasingly varied—reflect the charm of right-giving—and bring, too, the very grace of Paris to the *toilette* and the dressing table.

Or—it may be—you wish a simpler gift? Then—whether you choose the Extract, Face Powder, Toilet Water or one of the *reste*, you will find even in a single *Spécialité de Djer-Kiss* a gift so quite acceptable, so quite correct.

*A little whisper in the ear of Monsieur: "Remember—Djer-Kiss Holiday sets are so loved by Madame, by Mademoiselle."*

*A little hint to Madame, Mademoiselle: "For your intimate friend—Djer-Kiss Holiday sets or a single Spécialité. And for Monsieur you may wish to select Djer-Kiss Vegetale or Soap or Talc."*

Ask that good clerk in your favorite shop to show you these Holiday sets—more attractive than ever before—gifts filled to the full with French charm.

# Djer-Kiss

Made in France

EXTRACT · FACE POWDER · TALC · SACHET · TOILET WATER · VEGETALE

*These three spécialités—COMPACTS, SOAP, CREAM—blended in America with pure Dier-Kiss Concentré imported from France.*

### Djer-Kiss HOLIDAY SETS

come in 5 different combinations at 5 different prices. A single *Spécialité* also makes a charming gift.





# Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

If any one thing more than another can add to the joys of Christmas, it is music—and the Victrola can bring into your home, any music you may wish to hear.

The Victrola is the one instrument to which the greatest artists have entrusted their art—an unanswerable acknowledgment of its artistic achievements. Moreover, the Victrola is the only instrument specially made to play the records which these great artists have made.

Christmas day and any other day through all the years to come, the best or the newest of all the world's music may be yours to enjoy.

By all means get a Victrola this Christmas, but be sure it is a Victrola and not some other instrument made in imitation. \$25 to \$1500. Victor dealers everywhere.

### Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey



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



A few  
OF THE NEW  
PARAMOUNT  
PICTURES

ALPHABETICALLY  
LISTED



Roscoe ("Fatty")  
Arbuckle in  
"The Round Up"  
A George H. Melford  
Production  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

† Enid Bennett in  
"Her Husband's Friend"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Billie Burke in  
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Ethel Clayton in  
"A City Sparrow"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Ethel Clayton in  
"Sins of Rosanne"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

A Cosmopolitan  
Production  
"Humoresque"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

A Cosmopolitan  
Production  
"The Restless Sex"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Dorothy Dalton in  
"Half an Hour"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Dorothy Dalton in  
"A Romantic  
Adventures"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

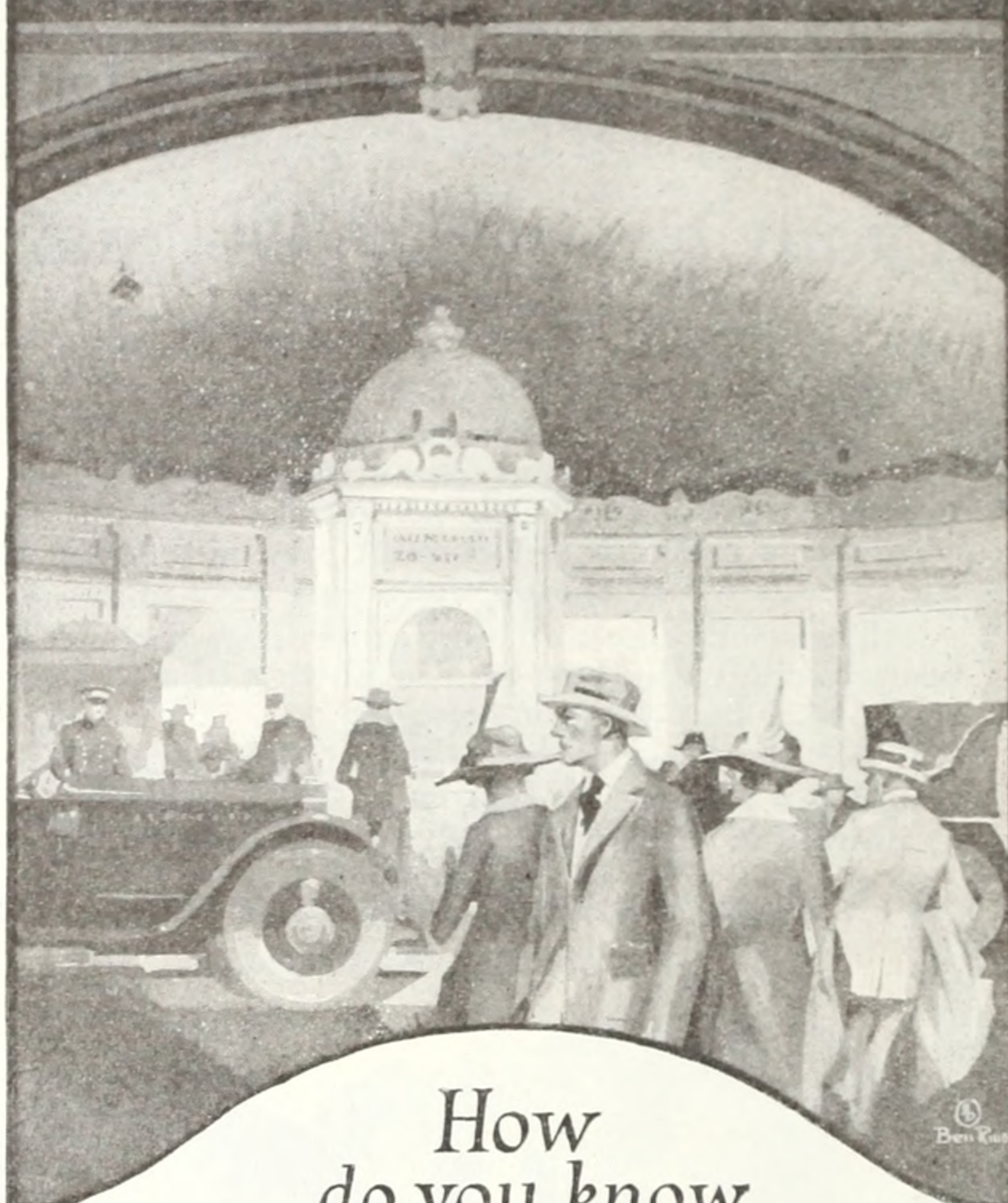
Cecil B. DeMille's  
Production  
"Something to Think  
About"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

Elsie Ferguson in  
"Lady Rose's Daughter"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

George Fitzmaurice's  
Production  
"Idols of Clay"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

George Fitzmaurice's  
Production  
"The Right to Love"  
*A Paramount Picture* \*

# Paramount Pictures



How  
do you know  
it will be a good show?

By the name—that's how.

Not by the title, nor the plot, nor the  
cast, but by the name that *guarantees* qual-  
ity in *all* these.

*A Paramount Picture.*

Though times change, though personal  
popularities wax and wane, one thing is  
constant, and that is the steady demand of  
the whole nation for Paramount Pictures.

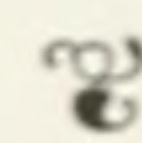
Know what to go by in all the ins and  
outs of your motion picture experience.

Know that Paramount *always* delivers.

Find that *name* and you find a good show.

A few  
OF THE NEW  
PARAMOUNT  
PICTURES

(Continued)  
ALPHABETICALLY  
LISTED



Dorothy Gish in  
"Little Miss Rebellion"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

William S. Hart in  
"The Cradle of Courage"  
A Wm. S. Hart  
Production  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

† Douglas MacLean in  
"The Jailbird"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Thomas Meighan in  
"Civilian Clothes"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

George H. Melford's  
Production  
"Behold My Wife!"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

An All-Star Production  
"Held by the Enemy"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

† Charles Ray in  
"An Old Fashioned Boy"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

† Charles Ray in  
"The Village Sleuth"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in  
"Always Audacious"  
( "Toujours de L'Audace" )  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in  
"What's Your Hurry?"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Maurice Tourneur's  
Production  
"Deep Waters"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in  
"Burglar Proof"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in  
"A Full House"  
\* *A Paramount Picture*

† A Thos. H. Ince Production

\* That's how you know

# Paramount Pictures



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







The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXIV

No. 1

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December, 1920

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From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong

### Rotogravure

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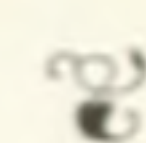
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## Bill Hamilton's Girl

By T. C. WIGNALL

*Illustrated by May Wilson Preston*



## The Gossamer Web

By JOHN A. MOROSO

*Illustrated by Will Foster*

TWO great short stories, by writers of international reputation, illustrated by artists of equal fame, will lead off PHOTOPLAY'S great \$14,000 short story contest in the January issue, out December 1st.

Many of the leading writers of America have submitted stories for this contest and it is safe to assume that some of the most remarkable fiction of the year will be found in this publication.

—

"THE greatest satisfaction a wife can have is to know that she holds a man who is loved by other women"—

Says Wallace Reid in PHOTOPLAY for January. Mr. Reid is well qualified to write such a story as "How to Hold a Wife"—for he is not only the idol and ideal of thousands of women, but he has been happily married to one woman for some time. In an answer to "How to Hold a Husband" by Dorothy Phillips in the October issue, he writes his expression on Women: women as wives and women as sweethearts.

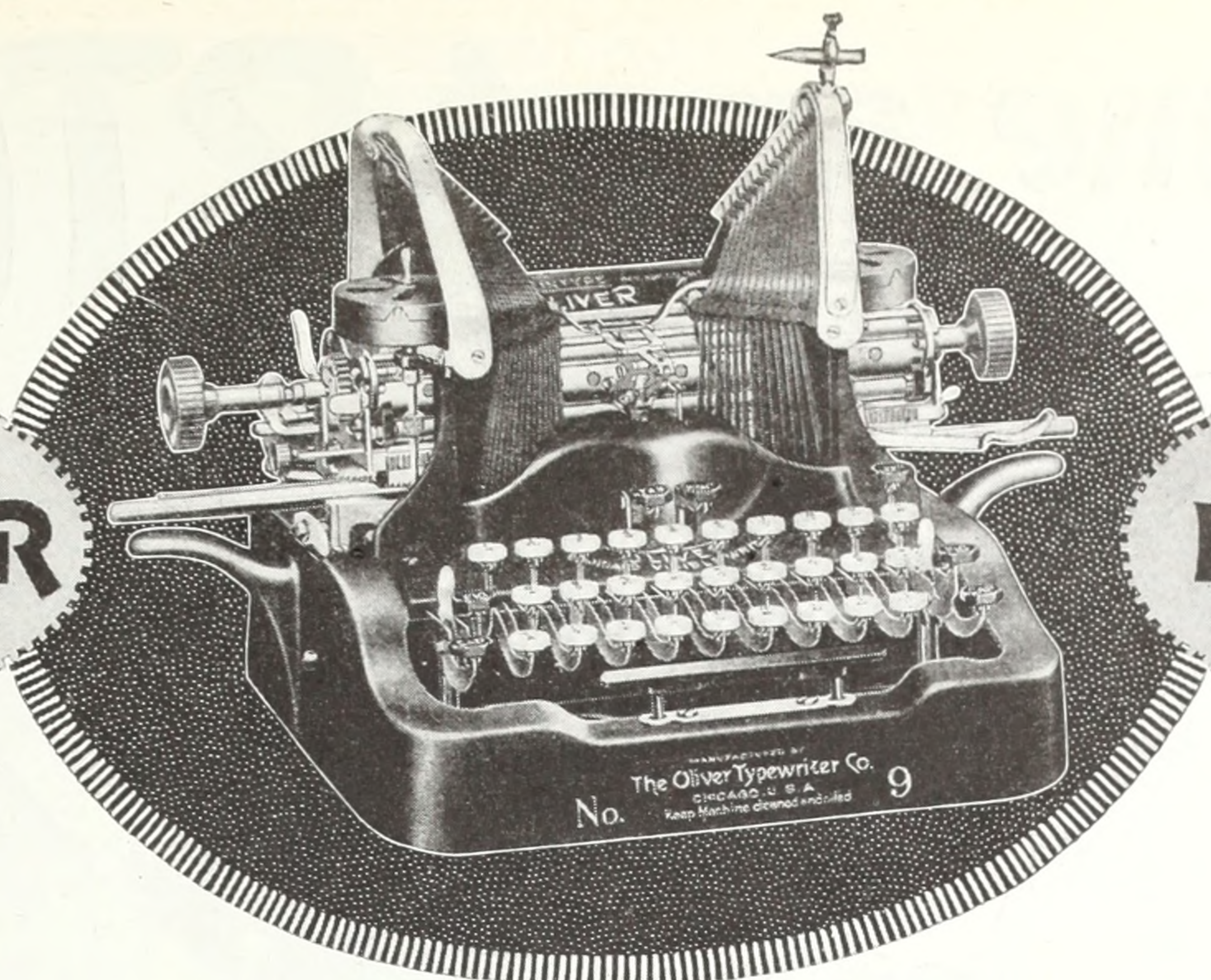
*Order the January issue in advance  
from your newsdealer*



**WAS**  
**\$100**  
Before the War

**NOW**  
**\$64**

**OLIVER**



**NINE**

*A Finer  
Typewriter  
at a  
Fair Price*

# A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save \$36

**T**HE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new \$64 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the \$64 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at \$100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

## How We Both Save

The entire saving of \$36 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

## Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation  
Montgomery Ward & Company  
N. Y. Central Lines  
Lord & Thomas  
Columbia Graphophone Co.  
Bethlehem Steel Company  
National Cloak & Suit Co.  
New York Edison Company  
National City Bank of New York  
Cluett, Peabody & Co.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx  
Encyclopedia Britannica  
American Bridge Company  
Otis Elevator Company  
Morris & Co.  
Fore River Ship Building Corporation  
Boy Scouts of America  
Corn Products Refining Co.  
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 800,000 Olivers have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this, our latest and best model.

## Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$4 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the \$36 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, \$82

The **OLIVER** Typewriter Company  
1479 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
1479 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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

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

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

Name .....

Street Address .....

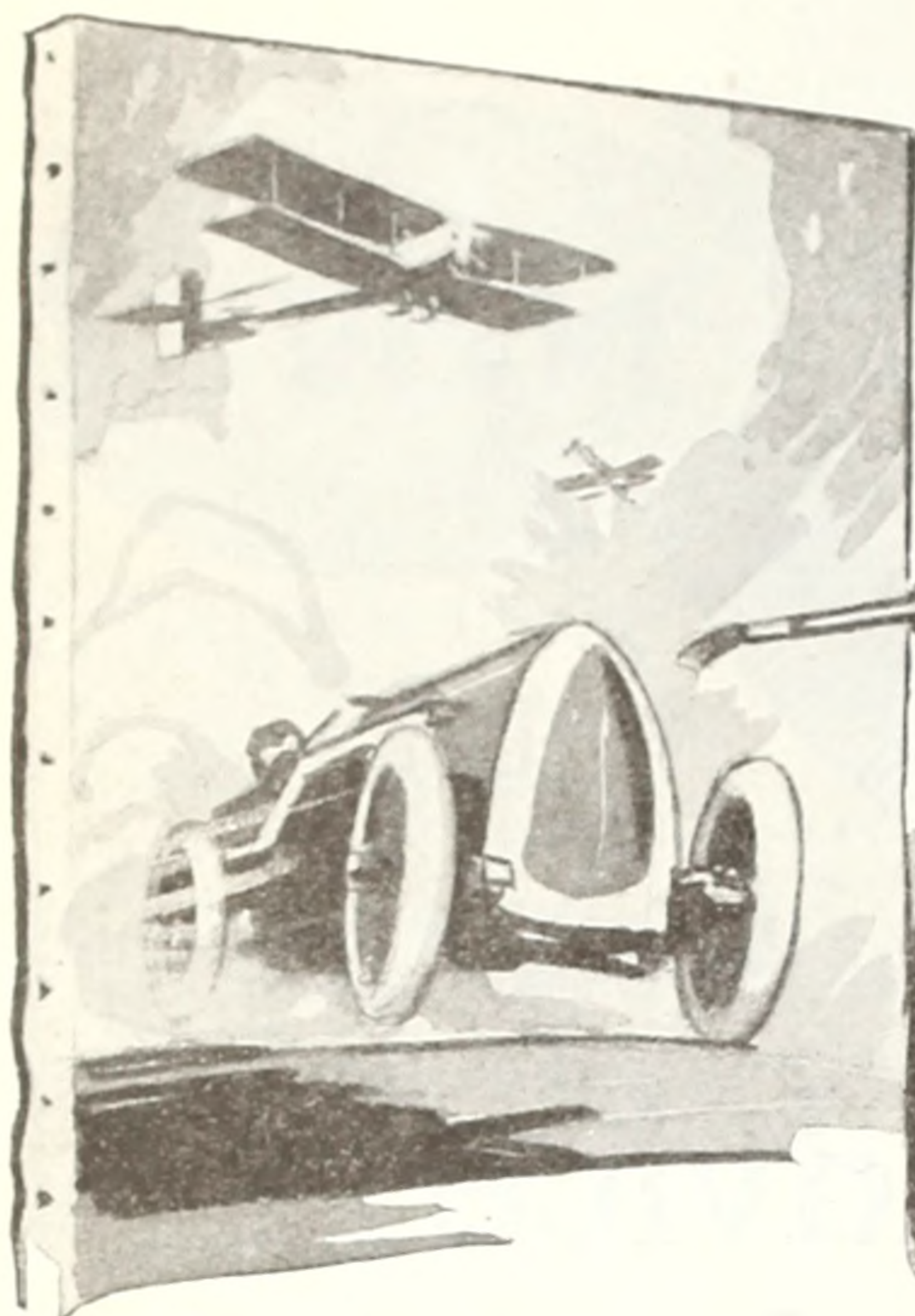
City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

**Mail Today—Don't Delay**



# Become an ARTIST



*How you can develop your talent—quickly raise your income—is here convincingly told by Federal Students*



## Win Success in the work you love

The stories of Federal Students who *have prepared themselves* to win success, are convincing evidence of the splendid opportunities open to day to *well-trained* commercial artists.

The letters which follow are but a sample of many hundreds in our files. They give you the experience of Federal Students in their own words—and also what leading illustrators, designers and art employers think of the Federal home-study Course in Commercial Designing:

### A \$3,000 Salary—"Opportunities Unlimited"

"A few years ago I was living in a small town in Illinois, a telegraph operator with little opportunity for advancement. Today I am on the art staff of one of the largest illustrating concerns in America, *receiving a salary of \$3,000 a year*, engaged in a work that is intensely fascinating, and where the opportunities are practically unlimited. It was indeed a lucky day when I sent for 'YOUR FUTURE,' and *decided to develop the talent I possessed for drawing.*"—B. C. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I came here to an advertising company the first of the year at a salary of \$120—*my first position as a commercial artist.* The third month, without asking for a raise, my salary was raised to \$140 and in addition I made \$25 overtime. Everybody here has a good word for the Federal School, and I tell them you have taken *more personal interest in me than the resident school I attended.* Two years ago my tuition was paid for, but your kind interest continues to follow me."—Margaret Mosley, Detroit, Mich.

"I can't begin to tell you how much good the course has done me so far. My work has improved vastly and I'm getting more outside work than I can handle. The course, *being thoroughly practical*, has commercialized my viewpoint so that my "lay-outs" are really pulling. Incidentally, *my salary has increased 75% in 8 months' time.*"—Lester H. Wertheimer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### "My Work Worth \$100 per Week"

"My work went over big with the — Motor Car Co., but they said they only had enough work to make it worth \$3,500 per year to them. I was told in Detroit that my work was easily worth \$100 per week. Your lesson on color I think is wonderful, and easily worth the price of the course itself. The Federal Course has taken me from the ordinary to the better class in *considerably less time than I could have done it by myself.*"—C. P. Maltman, Columbus, Ohio.

"Without the training and information of even the first two and especially the twelfth division, my four years of college art and various terms at Art Schools *would have been comparatively valueless commercially.* And now, because of the interest, encouragement, and practical information from your course, I have what is practically my own studio and twice as much work as I can do—and such interesting work."—Alice E. Blackwell, Lakewood, Ohio.

### \$300 to \$400 in Spare Time

"The Federal Course is the most *complete, practical and thorough* of anything of its kind, and I have tried three different art courses by correspondence. While I have not completed the course I have received sufficient instructions to sell between \$300 and \$400 worth of drawings, and this *all done in spare time.*"—H. V. Cline, Cherokee, Iowa.

"I have my own studio and have specialized in fashion and feature drawing. Magazine illustration and covers are my next goal, but in the meantime *\$50 or \$60 a week I average* comes in very handy in preparing for future training."—F. Louise Klapp, Minneapolis, Minn.

### What Leading Designers and Art Studios Say of the Federal Course

"Please accept from me my appreciation of what your School is doing. I have in my art department three men who are students of your course. They are very efficient, and seem to display an individuality in their work which is often lacking in the student as turned out by the art schools generally. Their work is also practical. I have recommended your course to various young people, and always tell them that with any co-operation on their part I cannot see how your course can fail."—Alex. O. Levy, Art Director, Larkin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Federal Course covers well the field of Commercial Art."—Franklin Booth, Noted Illustrator, and Member of the Federal Advisory Council.

"We have been in the engraving and illustrating business over a quarter of a century, and have employed a great many artists, and visited a great many art schools, but we have never seen *anything so practical* as your art course."—Suffolk Engraving & Electrotyping Co., Boston, Mass. (This concern has one of the largest art departments in the New England States.)

"The Federal School Management is doing a *wonderful* work in the thorough manner in which it is conducting the School. This is the *first* time that I have allowed myself to be connected in any way with a correspondence school."—D. J. Lavin, Charles Daniel Frey Co., Chicago, Ill. (Member of The Federal Advisory Council.)

### Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

If you like to draw, you owe it to yourself and your future success to read this book. It will give you a true vision of the splendid field of commercial art, which can never get enough *well-trained* artists. "Your Future" shows remarkable work by Federal Students, both men and women, tells of their successes, explains the course in detail, gives endorsements by many more leading illustrators and designers, and shows how you can learn at home in your spare time, under a plan that *absolutely insures your satisfaction.* You cannot afford to be without this book. Send for it *today*, enclosing 6c in stamps, and kindly stating your age and occupation.

### USE THIS COUPON

Federal School of Commercial Designing  
3220 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn

Gentlemen: Please send me "Your Future," without obligation to me, 6c in stamps enclosed.

Name .....

Age..... Occupation.....

Write your address plainly in margin



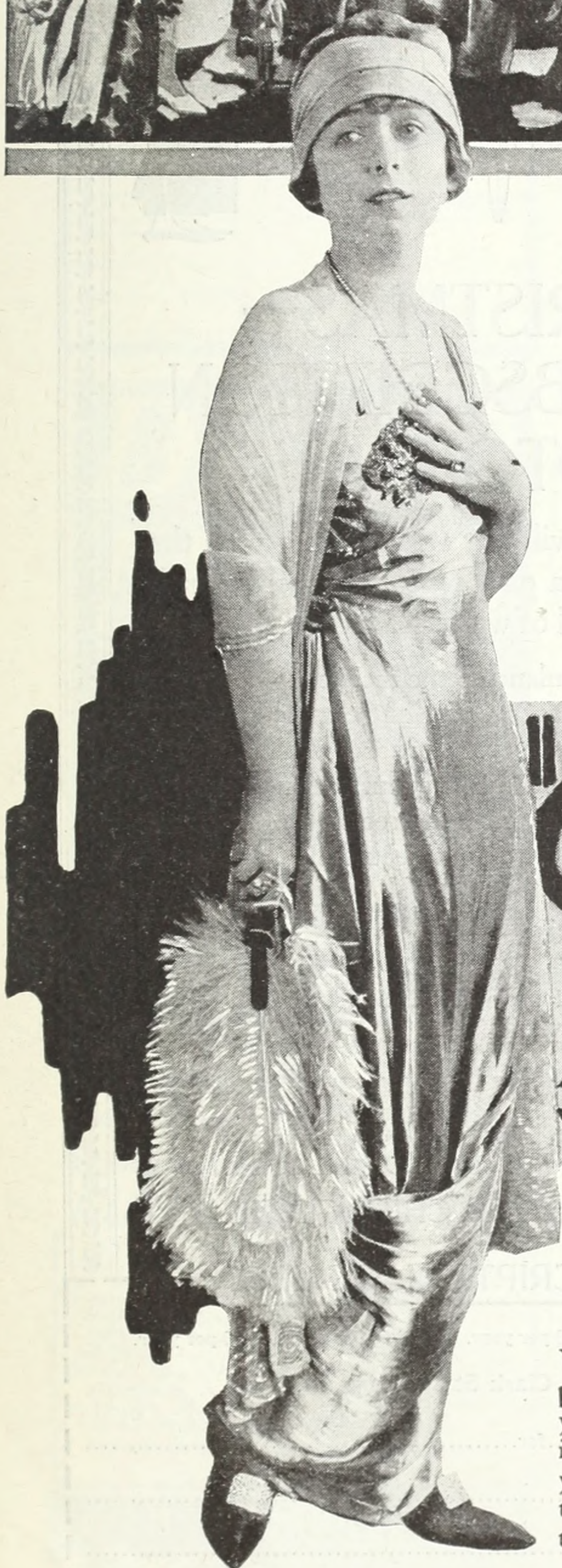




Carl Laemmle presents

# Dorothy Phillips

America's Foremost  
Emotional Actress and  
Dazzling Star of "The  
Heart of Humanity" in a  
Great Universal-Jewel  
Production de Luxe  
Directed by Allen Holubar



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You saw her in that greatest of all war plays—"The Heart of Humanity"—you remember her marvelous double role in "The Right to Happiness"—you have yet to see her in the most appealing photo-drama that DOROTHY PHILLIPS, the American Bernhardt, ever made.

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*Do you want to get in the Movies?*

Write Dramatic Mirror, 133 W. 44th Street, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





# “Do You Know What It Means To Be a Slave?” —

Do you know what it means—the seizure, the desert journey, the whips of the drivers, the house of the dealer, the shame!

“Take me away from HIM! Lock me up so that I cannot escape, beat me if you like, and I will tell you all that I know, but while HE is my master I will never betray HIM” —

Exquisitely beautiful she crouched there, trapped and in fetters, black-eyed and silken clad—an exotic vision from the Orient—and plead with the clever detective to tear her away from the monster she called “Master.”

Who was this super-being, before whom the strongest men trembled—to whom was known every secret of science—who embodied the cunning of all the ages—whose power was absolute and far reaching—whose astounding career is described as only one man can do it in

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By SAX ROHMER

Adventure, romance, sorcery, secrets, 2000 pages of thrills, all between the covers of these books. He will take you from the homes of aristocracy to the lowest of Limehouse dives. With him you will travel from Egypt to Broadway—from China to Piccadilly.

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(If you would rather pay cash, deduct 5%)



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If your friends you esteem,  
Make their thankfulness beam  
From now until next winter's snows.

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Thus the Christmas spirit will not wither along with the holly and mistletoe. Such a gift, repeating itself month after month, defies the legend of wintertime to snuff it out.

Photoplay Magazine reveals Filmland to the recipient—and who isn't interested in motion pictures? Contributed to by a staff of photographers and writers to whom every corner of filmland is ever open, Photoplay affords the most interesting illustrations, cleverest paragraphs, truest personality sketches and breeziest information about the magic land and fascinating celebrities behind the Screen.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or the recipient of the gift.

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## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 14-C, 356 North Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 14-C, 356 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: — Enclosed find \$..... for.....  
(Length of Subscription)

Send to — Name .....

Address .....

From — Name .....

Address .....



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# What Is Nerve Force

By Paul von Boeckmann

*Lecturer and author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture*

Nerve Force is an energy generated by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force. It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is Life, for if we understood what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Our brains, every vital organ, every muscle—in fact, every cell of the body is directly governed by the nerves and receives its power through them. **Nerve Force, therefore, is the basis of all efficiency—Mental, Organic and Muscular.**

Nerve Force is exemplified by the difference that exists between a slow, plodding plow horse and a high spirited race horse; or a dull brained negro lazily sunning himself, and people who lead in making history, progress and higher civilization.

Ninety-five per cent. of humanity are led and dominated by the other five per cent., and it is Nerve Force that does the leading.

The foregoing facts are cited to point out the relation Nerve Force has to Health, Strength and Vitality, rather than its importance in attaining success in life, for after all, Health and Vitality are the greatest things in life, and the basis of Success.

Health and Vigor demands first of all, that our Nerve Force be at a high level. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, who says: **"It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of Health is, that the nerves should be in order."** Common sense tells us that when the nerves are weakened through mental strain, worry, grief, excesses and abuses, every organ and muscle concerned in the maintenance of health will be correspondingly weakened.

If your Health, Strength and Endurance is not what you think it ought to be, the first question you should ask yourself is, can it be due to lack of Nerve Force? Perhaps your physician has told you that your nerves are out of order. The truth is, nine people out of ten have frazzled nerves, and if you have escaped the strain of our present day strenuous life, with its trouble and worry, you are indeed an exception.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

**First Stage:** Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

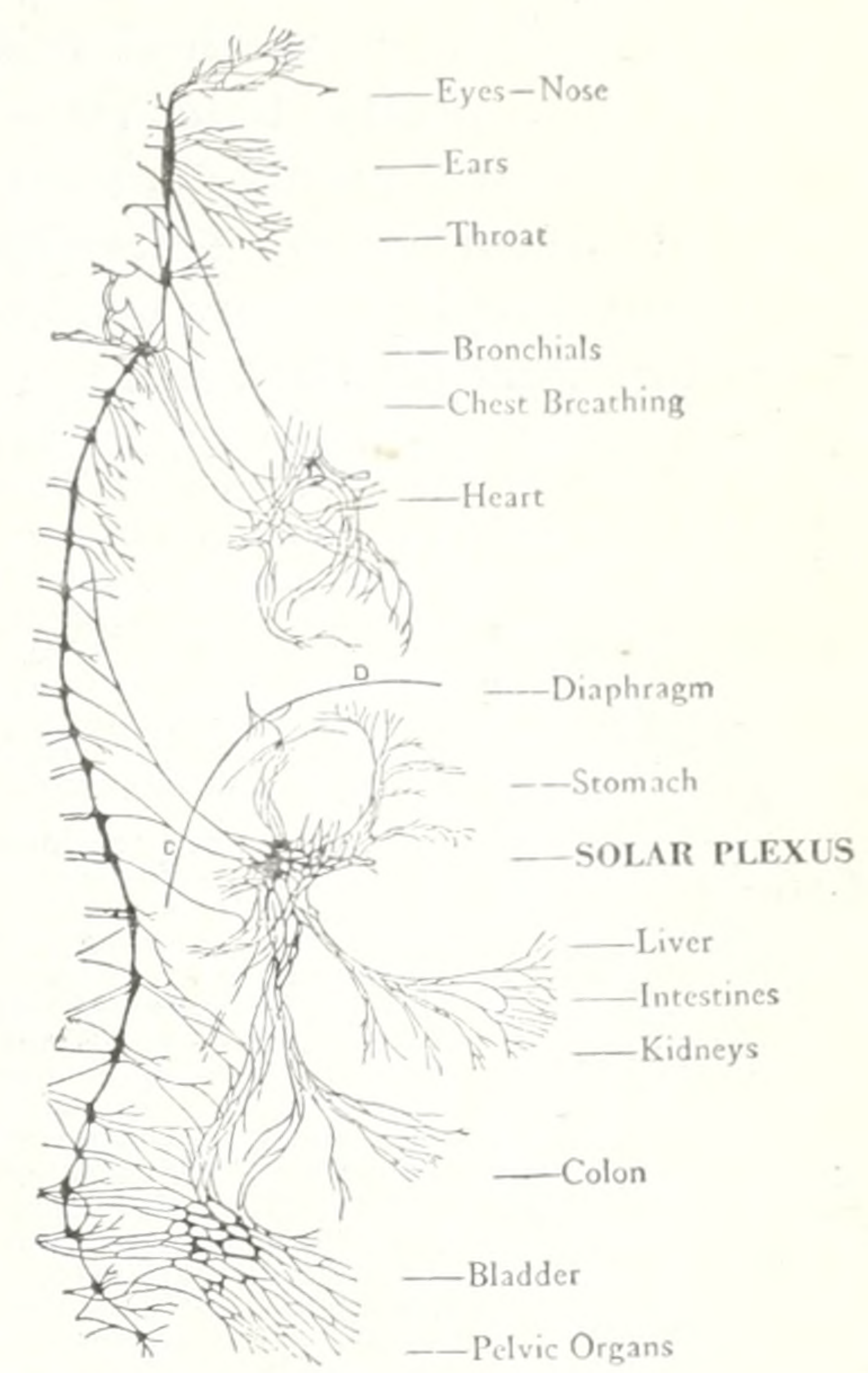
**Second Stage:** Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

**Third Stage:** Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in cloth and gold finish, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 58, World's Tower Bldg., 110 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.



### The Sympathetic Nervous System

*Note how every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the abdominal brain, is the great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.*

*It is through the Sympathetic Nervous System that worry, anger, fear and other emotional strains paralyze the vital organs, which in turn deplete the constitutional forces and health.*

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

### The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet above mentioned, and I shall agree to send this booklet free to purchasers of NERVE FORCE.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

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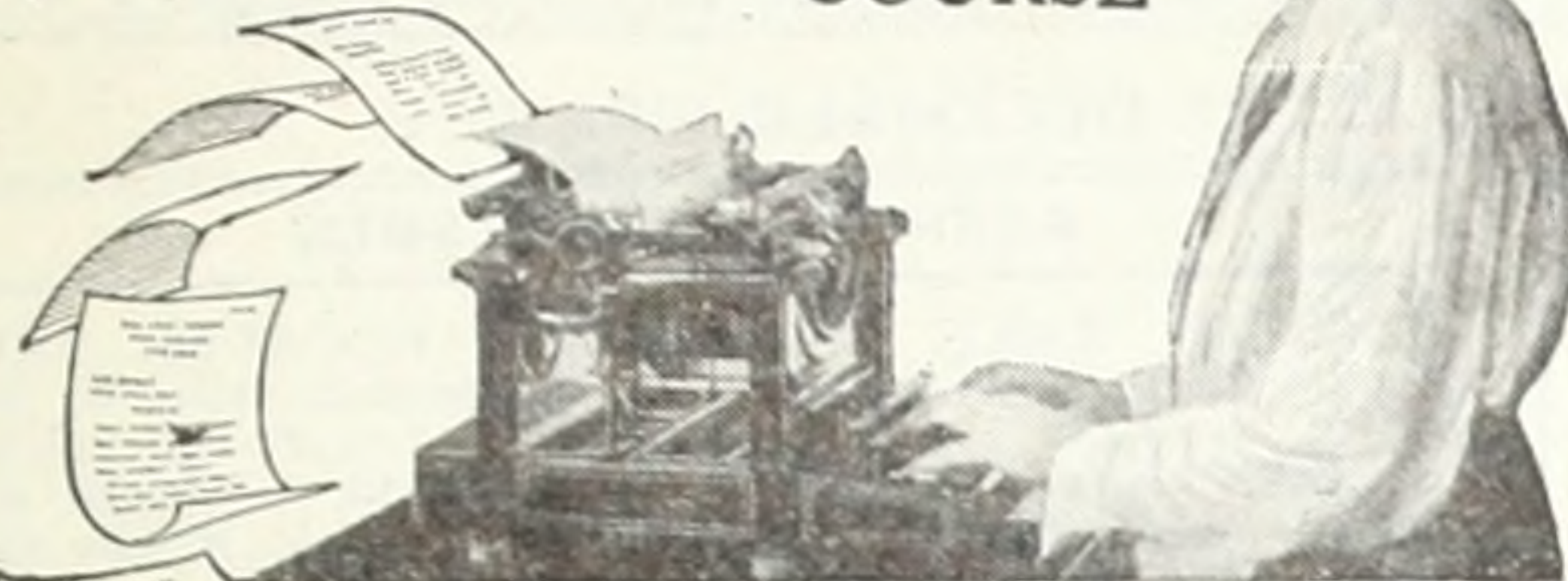
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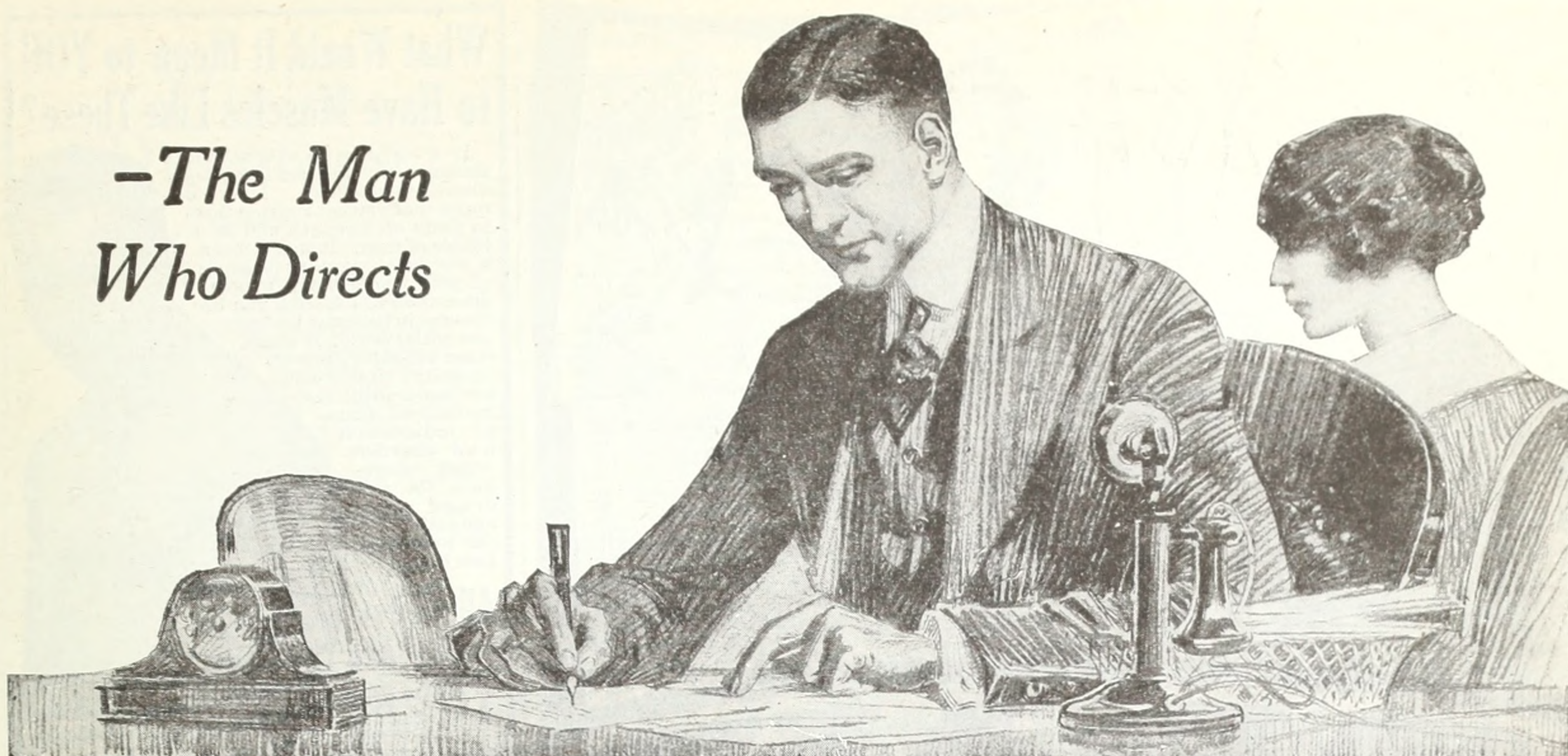
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The illustration above tells the new, modern story of what training will do for a man. From the high stool of a bookkeeper to the mahogany desk of the Man Who Directs—the Higher Accountant with the big pay and private office, who now gives orders where he used to take them—all accomplished with a few short months of specialized training.

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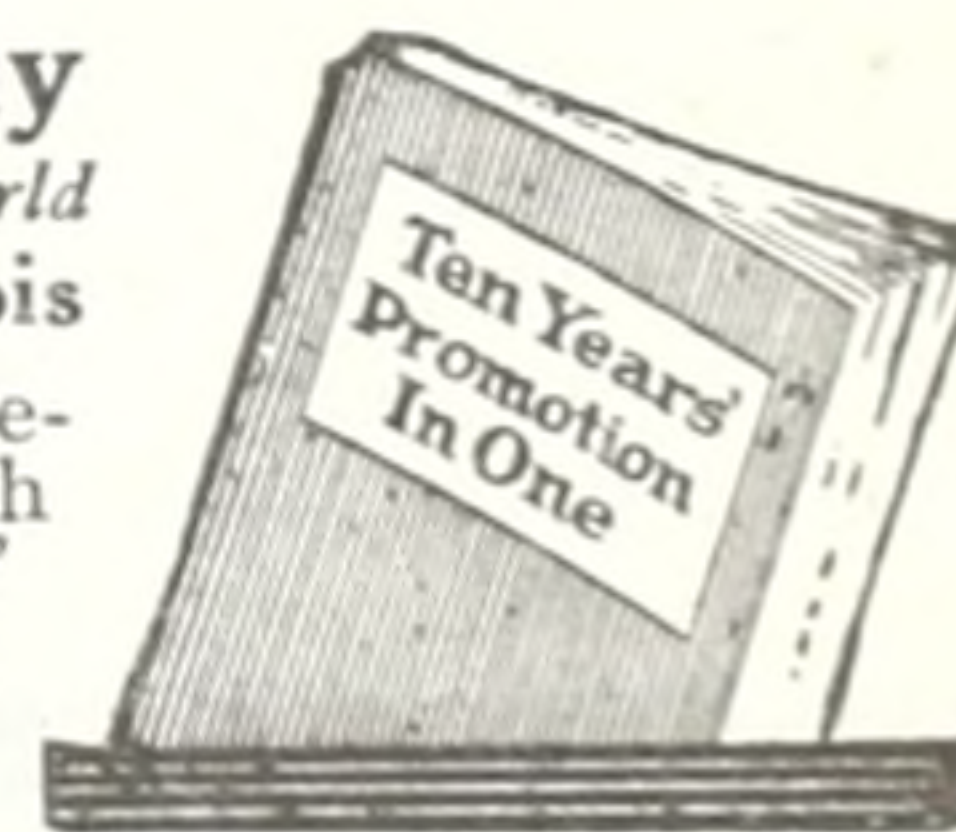
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# DRAW

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changes DO improve it. Progress is unbelievably rapid. The course covers every angle of commercial art. Many of our students earn Big Money before they complete the Course.

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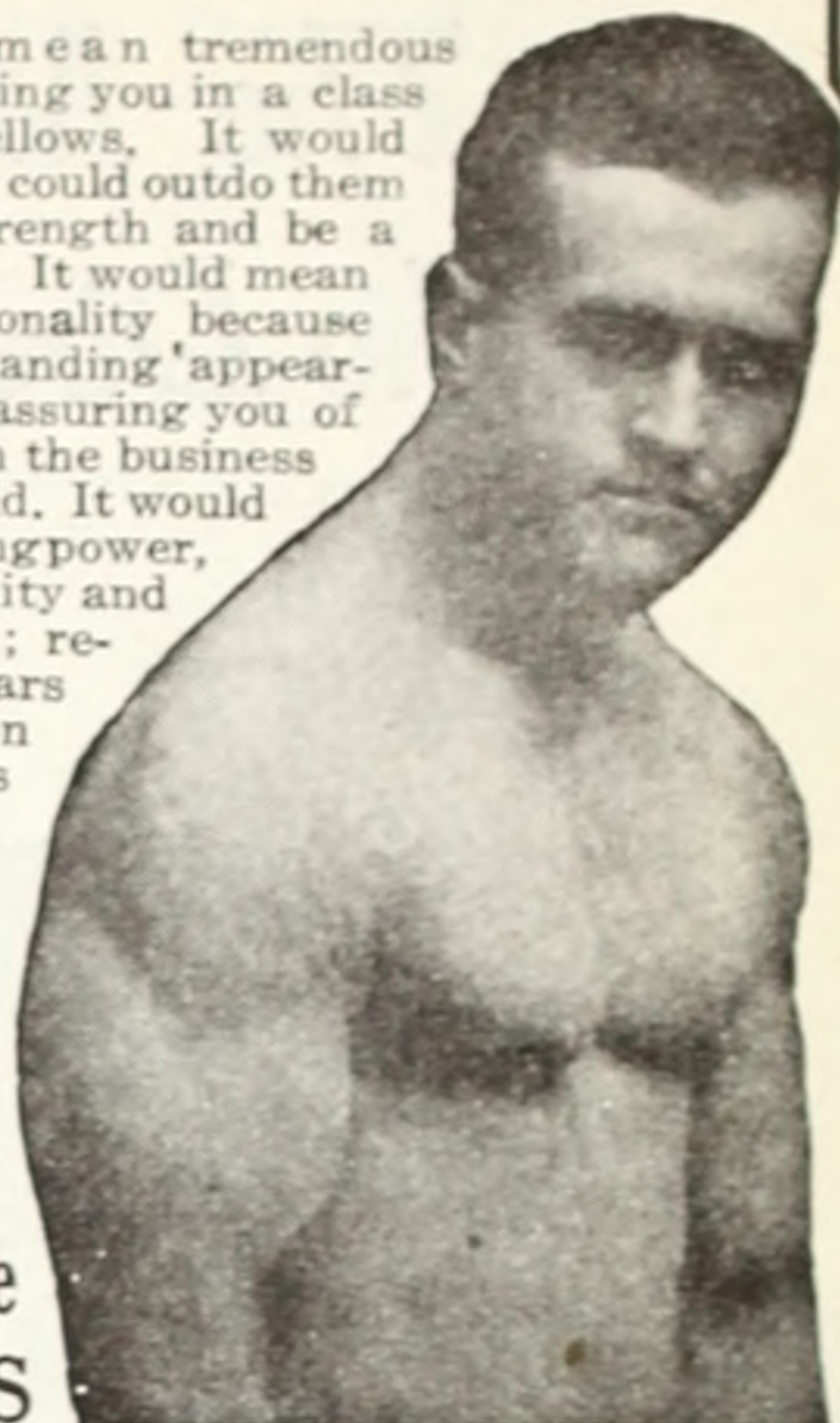
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It would mean tremendous strength, putting you in a class above your fellows. It would mean that you could outdo them in feats of strength and be a leader of men. It would mean a strong personality because of your commanding appearance, thereby assuring you of success in both the business and social world. It would mean added lungpower, unlimited vitality and perfect health; removing all fears of indigestion and disorders which undermine the average man and make him old long before his time.



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I absolutely guarantee to do all this and more for you. I have found the short cut to physical perfection and applied it on my own body, proving its results. I have personally trained many of the world's strongest men by this same method. Why waste your time and money with old-time, worthless methods? If you are desirous of being a real robust man, follow the path of those who have already made a success. Come now, get busy, for every day counts.

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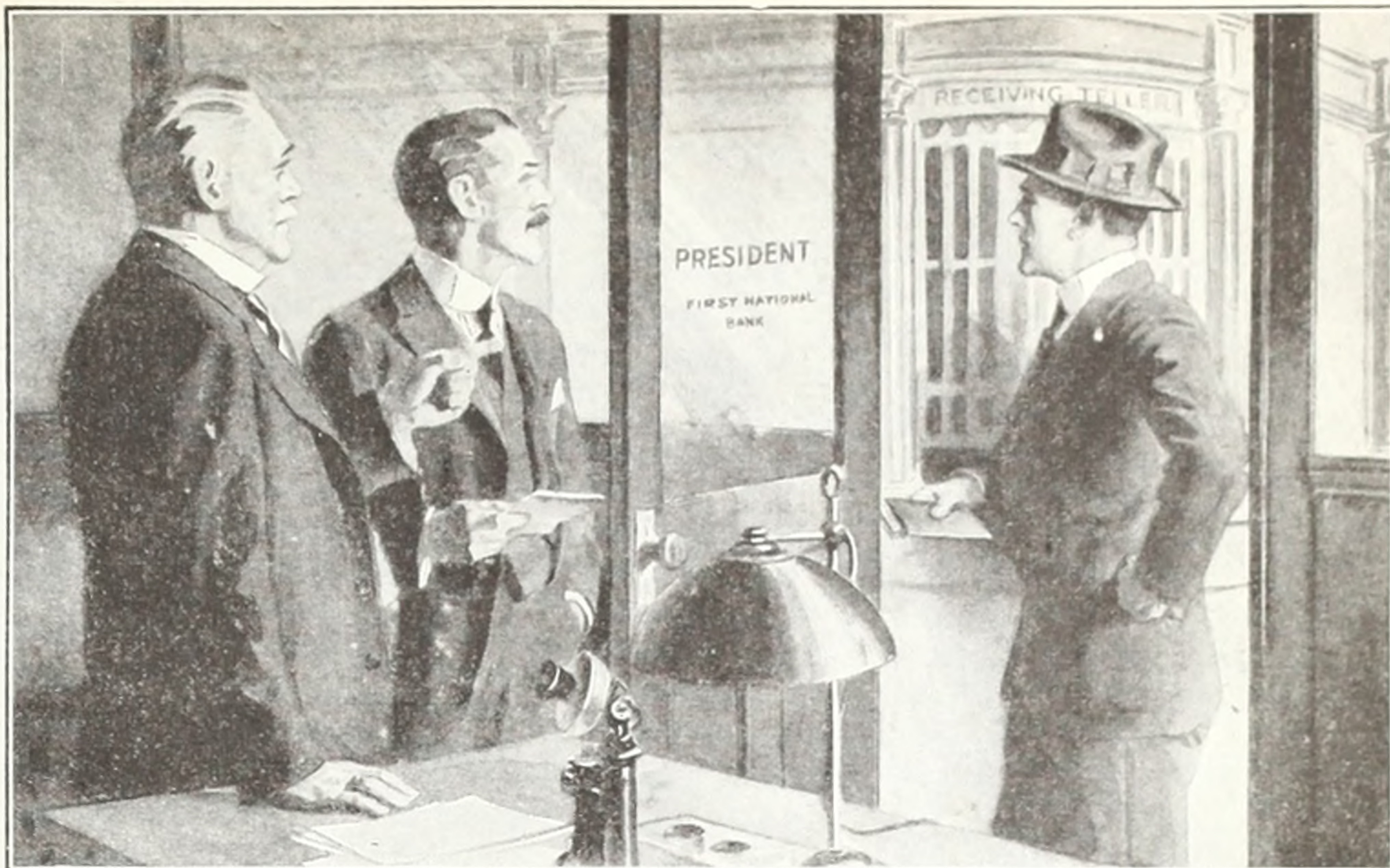
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# Studio Directory

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, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City; 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.



## “He Deposits \$500 a Month!”

“See that man at the Receiving Teller’s window? That’s Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits \$500. I’ve been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

“Three years ago he started at Browning’s at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn’t save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

“I said, ‘Billy, I’m going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you’ll follow it I’ll let you have the hundred, too. You don’t want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?’ Of course he didn’t. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘there’s a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we’ve got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.’

“That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he’s making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he’s a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time.”

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get along in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you’ll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 130,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
BOX 6529, SCRANTON, PA.

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

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<input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant
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<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.	<input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish
<input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST	<input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French
<input type="checkbox"/> Navigation	<input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

7-25-19

**DEAD MEN  
TELL NO  
TALES**





*"The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?"*

## Facts about her skin that every girl should know

**I**S your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

### *How to keep your skin fine in texture*

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give

it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial

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

### *"Your treatment for one week"*

*Send 25 cents for a beautiful little set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*

You will find, first, the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Freulich.

ONE of California's favorite children is Carmel Myers. She became an actress at a very early age indeed—when the price one paid to see her was two pins. Now it costs considerably more to see Carmel. Last season she was on the stage.





Evans.

**A** NN FORREST has successfully solved the problem of how to be pathetic though beautiful. The little blonde with the plaintive eyes is one of our most persecuted heroines, and has won additional distinction by being pretty even when she cries.





Ira Hill.

**D**OROTHY DICKSON has made her film debut under the guidance of director George Fitzmaurice. She is Manhattan's smartest dancing star—in fact, there are those of the opinion that no musical play is complete without her.





Witzel.

**C**LARA KIMBALL YOUNG was born to the theatrical purple. She is the flower of a long line of illustrious actors. But Clara was not content with tradition; she blazed a new dramatic trail by adopting an infant art—and growing up with it.





Hoover.

Here is Whiskers, who appears in Charles Ray's support in "Peaceful Valley."



Hartsook.

Wallace Reid. His acting is just as gratifying as his interesting profile.





**A**GNES AYRES is apt in the delineation of everyday girls—girls you and I know. She created many O. Henry heroines in her sub-deb days. Now Agnes is to see her own name in electrics—she was recently appointed a full-fledged star.





usa-Peyton.

**I**T is a tribute to Geraldine Farrar that she has carved a career for herself on the screen which in no way depends upon her many operatic triumphs. Gerry's first celluloid contribution was "Carmen"; her latest is "The Riddle: Woman."





Miss Billie Burke, in private life Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. The second of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S series of dry-point etchings of silversheet celebrities by Walter Tittle. Next month, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin.



*The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine*

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIX

December, 1920

No. 1



## The Boy of Destiny

*I*T is the history of every art-form that the master comes early. Not in the very beginning, but while the art is still young; after the pioneer, the greatest builder. After the first glow of the Renaissance, Michelangelo; after the tinklings of early Italian opera, Verdi; after the pioneer symphonists of Germany, Beethoven; after Marlowe and Ben Jonson, Shakespeare.

Beyond any doubt the Shakespeare of the screen is already living. Beyond any doubt he is an American, for every art-form is true to its nativity.

If the pendulum of the world is not stopped by the hand of unrest, the classics of optic literature will be conjured into celluloid within the next twenty-five years. Their maker will be an American to whom the photoplay is now familiar; he is today a real boy, who loves baseball and everything, for enduring art has never emanated from the anemic. Right now he is unconsciously learning to talk by pictures, to argue with pictures, to think in pictures.

It will take at least twenty years to solve the remaining primary problems of camera and screen and projection, just as twenty years must pass before this boy of destiny, born into a picture world, will know himself or other human beings. Our photoplays, emerging more or less unscathed from the ills and weaknesses of an art's childhood, are entering the serene field of character depiction and criticism of life.

This already-living Shakespeare of the screen will not only direct but will write his own works. From their very inception, they will be peculiarly his own. From now on, we eagerly await him.





Every man's wife looks like this to him when he wins her. Men love their wives—most men love their wives more than anything on earth. But later come scenes like this one—in the center above. And why? The man goes elsewhere to find the beauty he doesn't find at home.

CECIL DE MILLE is probably the film's greatest authority on matrimonial problems. His theories of sex, marriage, women, and divorce are here presented for the first time. Whether you are happily married or not, or even if you are not married at all—you must read this absorbing account.

# What Does Mar

As Told by  
Cecil B. de Mille

**T**HIS is not a defense.

Neither is it an explanation.

No one who knows Cecil de Mille can imagine him either explaining or defending anything he found worth doing. He is capable of leaving the thing to the ultimate judgment of its own achievements.

Therefore it is merely a statement of purpose.

For, just as surely, one cannot conceive of Cecil de Mille as purposeless and wanton, doing a thing only for its effects, for gain or glory.

It is a statement of what Cecil de Mille believes about his own pictures. It is the first voicing of his mental attitude toward the criticism his productions and their immense popularity have received—a declaration that he believes he has a message to deliver to the world for the world's good, and that he is employing the most effective medium for delivering it.

It is a brutally frank, white-hot exposé of Cecil de Mille's own theories of marriage, women, sex, divorce—the theories that have led him to produce such drama as "Why Change Your Wife?" "Don't Change Your Husband" and "Old Wives For New."

It was not in the least intentional. We had been discussing the method, instinct, genius of selection which has enabled him year after year to hold his title of "The Star Maker."

And somehow or other, a question or two—the discussion of a great book and its philosophy of love; the first, cool, California night breezes bringing relaxation in the dim, deserted studio, after a blinding, hot day of hard work—led him to a wholly unexpected statement of his purpose, his message, that held me spellbound as I am frank to admit I have never been spellbound by any conversation before.

Cecil de Mille and his "sex pictures"—they have not gone unscathed. They have been too daring for that. Yet how few people have ever stopped to analyze the motive behind them. No one can vouch for the sincerity of another. Nor can they decide the right or wrong of a belief. I can only say that I felt a sincerity and leave the right or wrong of it to each one who reads.

"I believe I have a message to give," Cecil de Mille said, when we had been talking some time, "I believe I can do more to prevent divorce, that I am doing more to prevent divorce than any minister or anti-divorce league in the world. In the first place I reach so many, many more people. And in the second place, they see it so much more quickly."

The next time I interview Cecil de Mille I am going to have a dictograph installed first.

Memory can never reproduce the exact, brilliant, diamond-cut phrases. Some were startling enough to have left a decisive record on my brain—others in the rapid flow of his eloquence slipped by me.

But even with a dictograph, I still should fail to reproduce the personality of the man. He awakens at once an intense awe. Yet he stimulates a keen, mental enthusiasm. He seems vitally, almost painfully alive—a driving, compelling, yet pleasing force with which one could not be at ease for a long, long time, but to which one would return again and again.

It is, I think an unusual welding of the ability to think and the ability to feel. Most men who have a capacity to do one to the limit, neglect the other. Great analytical thinkers have seldom possessed consummate emotional power. Nor have the artists of what is called "living," been real thinkers.

The welding of the two in De Mille accounts for the combined magnetism and compelling force of the man.





In eighteen years of married life she hasn't discovered that the way to hold a husband is not to find fault with everything he does, but to prove so attractive he won't want to go out. She has got into the habit of picking. No wonder the divorce records swell!

# riage Mean?

To

Adela Rogers St. Johns

"FOR centuries sex has brought disaster to the world because it has been shut behind a stone wall, the object only of hushed voices. You can't fight an unacknowledged thing."

"Women get into a strange habit of picking. It's a habit, purely and simply a habit. They start by saying, 'Please don't do that dear,' and end by saying, 'Go see what George is doing and tell him to stop it.'"

"A man doesn't buy his wife a diamond or a lot of roses or a new car to buy her off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't changed."

If his pictures convey to others what he conveyed to me, they are messages.

He taught me.

I am quite, quite sure that because of the things he said to me that night I shall be a better wife.

He opened doors to me, as a woman, that had been discreetly veiled if not tightly shut to me.

I had been describing an episode in a book—a man's reaching out for the last flame of his youth, the autumnal passion he knew to be his last love experience.

"And I suppose about that time he goes back to his wife," said Mr. de Mille musingly, "They always do. If a woman has the mental strength to stand the gaff, her husband will always come back to her and come galloping back at that. If she just has the moral poise to weather his yieldings to the beast within. Every husband in the world would go back to his wife if she stood pat.

"If women could only see that!

"A man does something he ought not to do. I make no excuses, understand. I do not condone. It seems the nature of the beast, that's all. And why, oh, why will reformers try to reform the world from the standpoint of what ought to be instead of what is?

"Anyway, he strays, falls from his allegiance to his wife. In reality to him it's a matter of small importance, so far as his feeling for his wife is concerned—of no importance, I might say. It isn't a thing he's at all pleased about. He takes a cold shower and says, 'Good Lord, what have I done? Why did I do that?' He goes home—*crawls* home, curls up at his wife's feet and says, 'Lady, please step on me.'

"You know that's actually what he does. He probably buys her a diamond, or a lot of roses, or a new car. It isn't to buy

her off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't been changed.

"If she accepts his repentance silently—if she receives him gently, such experiences will not take him from her, they will bind him to her—until ultimately they cease altogether.

"But no. She doesn't do it. She draws down the corner of her mouth and says 'Where were you last night?' And he, of course says 'Oh, I had a business conference, darling.' She finds out he didn't have a business conference and she says, 'Where *were* you?' Then he tells her he was playing poker with Jim. She finds out he wasn't playing poker with Jim. 'Ah,' she cries, 'I know where you were.'

"And the fight was on.

"From an intense humility and repentance she weeps, scolds and berates him into anger, defiance—finally into open revolt. She drives him into a corner where he is obliged to fight. Pretty soon he throws up his hands and says, 'Oh, hell, I can't stand this,' and goes out and does it all over again.

"You see?

"Why, take a horse. Because it is his nature, he will shy at things. If, when he shies, you steady the rein, speak gently and ease him along, he settles down again and no harm is done. After a while he gets more sense and doesn't shy at all.

"But if when he shies, you take a rawhide whip and lash him with it, he will probably run away, upset the buggy, and kill you.

"I honestly believe that if I could show women the exact similarity I would have done the world a great, an inestimable good.

"Because sex is the one thing that everybody has.

"Its effect is a universal problem. It is the one thing one



is never free of. If the relations between a man and woman are not right, not harmonious, every other relation of their lives is affected—their home, their children, his business, his usefulness as a citizen.

"Have you ever seen a wolf at mating time kept from seeking his mate? It is a pitiful, painful sight. He paces up and down, walking, walking, pacing endlessly. He expresses perfectly the burning, distressing, horrible thing that happens to a man when he is driven from his mate. And believe me when I assure you that it is not wholly material. It is in some deep way connected with the spirit of the man. Why, even the trees and the flowers have sex. Nothing is free of it.

"For centuries it has brought disaster to the world. Why? Because it has been shut behind a stone wall. It is the object only of hushed voices, lifted fingers, drooped eyes. You can't fight an unacknowledged thing.

"My purpose is to batter down that door. I wish ministers could see my view-point as I see theirs. I am preaching a great reform, a greater reform than has ever been preached. I am actually trying to right the thing that is at the bottom of everything else.

"And you see, it exists. I am not creating an imaginary thing. *It is.* Fidelity to the marriage covenant—the most sacred of all obligations—is not to be gained by encouraging women to rail against their husbands, to upbraid and censure and drive them away. At the present stage of the game, it is to be gained only by showing wives how men may be, if not lifted entirely above sex, at least taught to hold it within the bounds of moral law and decency.

"Is a woman helping to rid the world of the scourge of marital infidelity most ably by saying the Ten Commandments every time he comes home late, or by proving so attractive that he doesn't go out?

"Men love their wives. Most men love their wives better than anything on earth.

"Women get into a strange habit of picking. It's a habit, purely and simply a habit. They start by saying, 'Please don't do that, dear,' and end by saying almost unconsciously, 'Go see what George is doing and tell him to stop it.'

"I have seen women pick on children that way. I have seen devoted mothers get into a habit of correcting every word a child says. It is a psychological study. Habit—that's all.

"Such a habit in a wife should be handled instantly.

"I married a girl from an old New England family. You probably know the New Englander, so I don't need to explain. My wife had been brought up to believe that if there was a scratch underneath the piano the whole house had to be sent out and repolished.

"After our wedding, we traveled to a little place that we had

arranged. It was charming, full of delightful old furniture and beautiful things.

"Now, I must be comfortable. All my life I have had a habit of tipping back in chairs. I always sit in a straight chair and tilt back, rocking myself gently with my foot. I do it when I am directing. I always do. Always have.

"I did then. I settled down blissfully, put my foot on the rung of a beautifully, highly polished old mahogany desk and tipped back. My wife—I don't think she had taken off her hat—said, 'Don't do that, you'll scratch the desk.'

"I got up. I stood on the desk. I climbed on top of it and jumped. I stood on all the chairs. I turned them sideways and stood on the sides. It resulted, of course, in a wild outburst of tears, which I soothed with joy and willingness. But in eighteen years of happy married life, the word 'Don't' has never been said to me again.

"It was merely a psychological effect. I dislike scratches on furniture as much as anyone. But I do not consider that it is the right or privilege of a husband or wife to comment, criticize or order the normal, everyday actions of the matrimonial partner.

"I absolutely insist upon the same courtesy, the same formality, the same observance of custom and manners at home that go to make social intercourse pleasant elsewhere. In fact, I insist upon more.

"I have been married eighteen years. In eighteen years I have never passed a Saturday night at home. In eighteen years I have never said where I was on a Saturday night, nor what I was doing, nor with whom I was.

"And in eighteen years, I have never been asked.

"Let me analyze the tremendous psychological effect of that.

"Every Saturday night is fifty-two nights a year. That is an average large enough to break the monotony—the rut—which married people are apt to fall into. It is of more advantage taken one day a week than to take a six weeks' vacation. That is too long.

"Also, every Saturday night creates a departure and a return. When I go, it's a departure.

"When I return I am greeted, my valet takes my bag upstairs, I am inexpressibly glad to be home again, I look with joy upon all my surroundings and belongings and appreciate their fineness. It is a return; the psychological value of a departure and a return is enormous. It is a season of renewal. And everything in nature demands seasons of renewal.

"Then consider for a moment the immense amount of strength, of character, of moral stamina it takes for a woman to refrain from asking that fatal 'Where have you been' every Saturday night for eighteen years. Think of the respect it creates in the mind of the man. Think of the ability to control her own emotions it gives a wife.

"If I had ever been asked that question, I should simply have stayed away for four or five days next time.



Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille with their daughter, Cecilia, and their son, John, in their home in Laughlin Park, Los Angeles.



"Now there is positively nothing immoral about beauty. Beauty is god-like. Why do women so consistently put up with ugliness in themselves and their surroundings?"

"I was bitterly criticized for the bathroom scenes in 'Male and Female.' The sunken bath, its beauty, the silken curtain for the shower that left a space at the top for the pretty face and shoulders. Why? Stop and ask yourself why. It doesn't cost a dime more to build a beautiful bath sunk in the floor that permits one to take a bath gracefully than it does to put up one of those hideous affairs on top that hump one up like a camel. It doesn't cost any more to have the water flow gracefully out of some pretty carved thing than it does to have it come out of a queer, straight nickel thing that chips off and gets black.

"As for the shower, why not use a lovely curtain to reveal the pretty face and shoulders instead of a stiff white thing that only shows a pair of queer looking feet paddling about, probably with corns. A man takes a look and says, 'Oh, I wish I hadn't come in.'

"It isn't the ugliness of line, of face and form, but the ugliness of just such things as that breaks up homes.

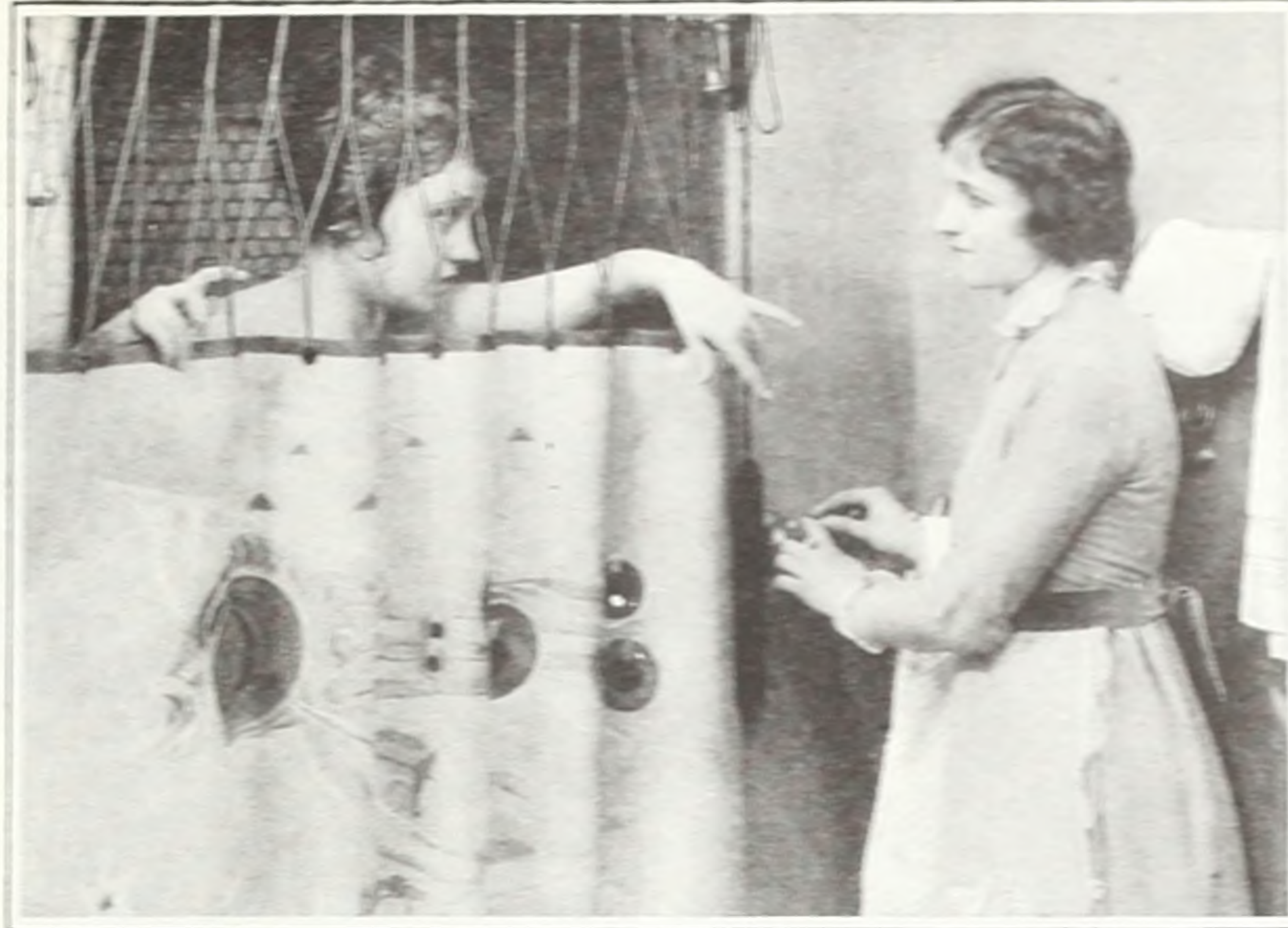
"Women too soon become careless of themselves. Sex must have its veil of mystery. It must have this mystery which a woman exercises only when she will. How often do you look at the pictures that are on your wall every day? But suppose one of them had a veil? Suppose you were only allowed to lift that veil every Thursday. Why, along about Saturday you'd begin to think about lifting that veil, counting the moments, anticipating.

"Don't you see that all this is the real 'domestic economy'? Don't you see that if women learn to hold the affections of their husbands within the bounds that the Bible has laid down, they will have effectually done away with the breaking of at least one commandment? The breaking of the law comes from adultery, not from sex. And the way to prevent adultery is to hold your husband yourself.

"That's actually the thing I am trying to show—trying to teach in my pictures. It's difficult to tell. I have never told it before.

"The Bible says, 'She that is married, careth how she may please her husband.'

"I'm just trying to show them how to do it, that's all."



Why not a beautiful bath like this, with silken curtain for the shower that leaves a space at the top for pretty head and shoulders? It isn't always infidelity that breaks up homes. Sometimes it is because women consistently put up with ugliness in themselves and surroundings.

# The Magnificent Mirage

By  
HENRY HARCOURT

IN Cairo.

Behold El Kadir Abbah, a lowly devil  
Cradled in the stall of a lady camel  
Than which there is no viler beginning.  
And now at four-and-twenty years  
A sly fellow who filches waste victuals  
From the pariah-dogs. . . . And not  
Above the killing of some simpleminded  
Fallallin from the country above.  
Today he is in luck. He has a silver shilling.  
"Shall I buy food for my aching stomach or  
"What?" He ponders.  
. . . . And spends the precious coin  
At the Cinema to witness "The Perils of Pauline"!

In Shanghai.

Mong Foy smiles for the first time in seven  
Moons (the dour pawn-broker who begrudges the  
Red papers he burns upon the grave of his father).  
"Why does thee smile?" demands Li Moon Fat,  
The fish-monger, sourly.  
"Ai-yā," chuckles Mong Foy, the usurer,  
"I have a ticket to see Mary Pickford  
"At the Cinema."

In Fez.

Consider the Sultan.  
A new houri from the Caucasia has been fetched  
To become the jewel of his harem.  
The warring tribes have sent peace tributes  
Of spices and silks and silver.  
. . . . But the Sultan waves them away.  
"I have a date," sez he happily. "The Cinema  
"Is showing Clarakimballyoung today."  
He waddles forth, a happy guy.

In New York.

A youth with brown-buttoned suede shoes.  
And a ten-cent gardenia in his lapel  
Strolls past a granite palace—  
Its classic façade ablaze with orange lights.  
He pauses to inspect a bizarre announcement.  
"The world's best pictures."  
"Bah!" mutters the youth. . . . He walks on.  
. . . .  
Hesitates. . . .  
And returns, and enters the palace.



# Raising Riches

Irene's record — both as to family and fortune.

By  
MARY  
WINSHIP

IT is strange, but I gained a sense of motherhood the moment I met her.

She had been introduced to me as Miss Irene Rich. She has been consistently presented to the public in a way to give the impression that she stepped from college on to the screen.

But there are some women who by the light of their eyes, the gentleness of their hands, suggest the completion of woman's destiny in motherhood.

Irene Rich, for all her splendid youth, is that sort of woman.

Behind the illusion of the screen where she has become so identified with the kind of a girl who would fall in love with Will Rogers, I found a human interest story whose depths startled me.

Perhaps the screen public, which has taken her so swiftly to its heart, really does prefer to think of her as a young girl whose only tears have been shed over a crumpled dance frock. Perhaps they do cling to the idea that she went into the movies because she loved art, or desired fame, or self-expression.

Personally, I am not interested in girls just out of college. They know too much—and too little.

The Irene Rich I found behind the veil is more appealing than any I had dreamed of. A woman whom the world has buffeted, a woman starting the long, upward climb from the ashes of a shattered romance, with two small girls clinging to her skirts, and their bread and butter as the star to guide her.

For Irene Rich has two children, two lovely little girls, just leaving babyhood. The home she has built in Hollywood as the outward and visible sign of her three-year assault upon the temple of motion-picture fame, is their home. Her plans center entirely about their future, her conversation about their needs. Her own career, though she loves it with the passionate love of personal accomplishment and independence possible only to women who have experienced unhappy married lives, is only a means to an end—and Martha Jane and Frances are that end.

"My life always seems to me to have started backwards," said Irene Rich. "My romance, my marriage, my children came first, and now my work. Usually, it's the other way, isn't it?"

Yet I think she has been very fortunate. Because without



Behind the smooth, serene face of a girl graduate, Irene Rich has the mind and heart of a woman who has lived.



She often plays the girl who falls in love with Will Rogers. Here are Miss Rich and Rogers in a scene from "Jes' Call Me Jim."

her experience of life, I do not believe for a moment that she could have brought to the screen what she has brought. Only hard knocks have saved her from self-complacency. Only sorrow has kept her extreme sweetness from the saccharine.

She married first at sixteen—a boy and girl love-dream as fleeting as it was tragic. It fled, leaving behind, as a sign of its passing, little Frances, a slim, blonde youngster with steady, clear blue eyes.

And on the rebound, she told me, the failure of this rosy romance flung her into the arms of a colonel of the U. S. Army nearly twice her age. (Even now she is apt to speak of "orders from Washington" instead of "the New York office.")

She must have been quite lovely as the "Colonel's Lady." The army life, the experience as wife of the commanding officer though she was much younger than women below her in rank, beyond doubt gave her that poise, that assurance, that sweet dignity of bearing that has established her in pictures.

What it was that wrecked the bark of this second marriage, after a few short years of struggle and discontent, she did not tell me. Only that she found herself a few months after little Martha Jane's birth, alone—unwilling to accept aid from the husband she refused to live with. But since divorce, separation, is not looked upon with favor in the army, it goes without saying that she went through some deep waters.

Her shoulders rippled with a little shudder when she spoke of it.

With her mother to care for the children, she came to Hollywood.

"I was willing to scrub floors," she said calmly. "But I do it so badly I'm sure no one would have me. I wanted to be economically independent. I wanted, after what I had seen, to be myself and my children's mother. I decided pictures were the only place I could—if I succeeded—find work that would give my little girls the things I wanted them to have."

Then began the weary round of casting offices and agencies. She put her pride in her pocket and said quietly, "I've come

(Continued on page 113)



# The Male Background

In which David Powell, our leading mere male, speaks his mind.

By  
JANET FLANNER

"I'M tired of being a male background," David Powell said seriously one afternoon. "Ever since I came to America and started playing 'leads' in cinemas I have been like a groom continually at a wedding with everyone whispering, 'Here she comes.' And that's because I *am* in America. It's because I'm in a land where the worship is not of hero but heroine. Had you ever noticed that?"

"Do you mind if I talk about this thing a little?" he interrupted himself hastily. "No? All right. . . . America worships women, then. And if you choose to doubt me, look at the cinemas. You have many more stars feminine than masculine, which is not the case



Apeda

He looks as if he had played Shakespeare. He has, and G. B. Shaw, too. Below—with Mae Murray in a scene from "Idols of Clay," one of three of his Fitzmaurice films.



on the other side. And more than that, and this is the most interesting thing, you have developed a taste for getting at a love story only through the women's angle. That's why," he laughed, "I feel always like a groom at a wedding."

"In England," he says, "the audiences do not demand that their love stories be handed to them from the woman's angle. Even when the leading character in the play is a woman.

"A chap has a chance there," he repeated stoutly. "He's part of the story there: not, as here, a prerequisite of the emotionally successful woman without which, after she settles down, no home can be considered complete.

"I suppose I see it differently than you do," he apologized, smiling. "A visitor sees a land and its customs with keener eyes than the native ever does. Besides that, I went into pictures fresh from Shakespeare and Shaw and that heightens one's critical faculties, doubtless. I came over here in 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion' and before that had been with Sir Beerbohm Tree in his Shakespearean revivals. The difference between the dramatic tastes of the British and the Americans," he hurried back, and we felt this time he would finish the discussion with superb nicety, "is that you are interested in emotions solely. That's why you are more interested

(Continued on page 125)



# COMEDY TYPES STILL AT LARGE, OR—



Ralph Barton's penned impressions of Parisian movies and manners.

**T**HE Person Behind reads all the titles aloud and follows the action verbally just as he does in America. But here he has an added joy—the seats are so designed as to leave a convenient aperture at the back large enough to admit his hardest toe. Antidote: sit down suddenly on entering and pinch it off.

**H**OW to force an entrance into the Parisian movie-theatre. (In one lesson—with diagram below.)

- 1st—Draw yourself up to your full height and attempt to ignore the "barker" and the electric bell.
- 2nd—Read the sign carefully and choose which of a half-dozen kinds of seats you prefer.
- 3d—Enter into negotiations with the two lady experts involving the calculation of the *droits des pauvres*, the old and the new war taxes, and the eternal shortage of small change.
- 4th—Place what change you may have won in the various pockets you may have assigned to the postage stamps, paper notes, pence, centimos, centesimi, reis, paras, lepta, ochr-el-guerche and perhaps a few French coins of which the said change consists.
- 5th—Tender your ticket to the two personages in the conning tower to have it viséd and marked with an altogether illegible seat number.
- 6th—Abandon yourself to the damsels with programs (1 franc each), electric torches and—open palms.
- 7th—And there you are.





# A CROSS-SECTION OF PARISIAN CINEMA



in addition to the drawings on these pages, will be found on Page 117.

**T**HE French are never so movie-mad as the Americans. It is, for example, quite possible to find a setting like that at the right — two young things and a *kiosque* full of cinema advertisements — and to find, on eavesdropping, that they are not whispering the inside story of the latest Hollywood divorce at all, but are two demobilized war-brides, back from Ohio, each claiming to have had the worst American mother-in-law.

“—elle m'a dit, 'I don' like painted face!' et j'ai dit, 'Eef I tal you all I don' like here I talk to meednight!'”

Sketches and Satire by  
**RALPH BARTON**



**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, burned black in contrast to the somewhat pale *messieurs de la presse cinematographique*, and Mary Pickford, pale in contrast to the somewhat colorful Frenchwomen, did more, in a few minutes at a *dejeuner* given them at the Restaurant Langer, for the *entente cordiale* between France and America than all the envoys ever sent from Washington. They were fagged (and looked it) by the way London had gone on over them and Paris was allowed time only to feed them, give them a hearty *ban* (that curious French “three cheers” expressed by clapping the hands in three series of five rapid claps each, followed by three single claps) and to promise them a welcome on their return in October “such as one gives to kings and emperors— or, rather, such as one gave to kings and emperors, since there aren't any more in Europe.”

“Maree” read a little speech in a very American and charming accent but “Dooglass” plunged in without notes and committed this original bit of French:

“Messieurs et Madame! J'ai tres difficile pour parler francais, mais I will tell you something, j'ai ecrit le speech de madame. Je vous aime beaucoup. J'aime tres beaucoup Paris, les rues et les edifices, mais la beaute de Paris—c'est les femmes! Pour nous—Paris toujours!” Then every one went mad. Too much ado over a pair of movie-actors? Well, what two framers of the Treaty of Versailles have done the world as much good?





In "Shoes," her first rôle, for Lois Weber.

# "I— Mary MacLaren"

Her life and her  
thoughts on things.

By  
SYDNEY VALENTINE

**S**HE started in the Winter Garden chorus.

How pregnant with meaning are those few words! *She started in the Winter Garden chorus!* Right off, what does that make you think of? A sabled siren with priceless pearls and luxurious limousines—several; pet poms and pellucid understanding? Exactly. One could write a book about it. It has been done.

I, too, would like to write a book about it. My book would be different. Quite. Not colorful, but quaint. A book about—"I, Mary MacLaren."

She started in the Winter Garden chorus! But she did not stay in the Winter Garden, or any chorus. Mary just learned enough about choruses in the Winter Garden chorus to be able to play, later, and very dramatically, chorus girls for the camera.

To describe her as I, Mary would never in the wide world describe herself—(she wouldn't anyway): she's a sweet, wholesome, vigorous young woman, with a courageous gaze—those clear cool blue eyes always look straight and frankly at you—and a finely poised head, and nice hands and athletic ankles. And she loves—at midnight, at noon, at any other time—chocolate-coated pecans. Pounds—and pounds of 'em!

She had just come back to New York for the first time in four years. Mary—and Mary's mother.

"We used to live here, you know. I went to school in Jersey. But when you live in a place you never go to see any of its show-places, do you?"

"And later Mother and I went back-stage at the theater—the Winter Garden—where I used to be a chorus-girl. We watched all the girls for a while, and then chatted with the door-keeper. It all seemed strange—and far off. And I wondered what would have happened to me if I had stayed—instead of going on—"

Why didn't Mary stay in the Winter Garden chorus?

Simply because Mary didn't like it. She wanted to go on the stage in the beginning, of course, and she thought the thing to do was to start *at* the beginning. Be a chorus-girl, in other words. But she discovered after she'd been one for a short while that she didn't want to go on being one. So she threw down the spear.

The family—Mary's mother and her three daughters—moved to California. Mary still wanted to be an actress. This time she visited the studios. She was looking on when Lois Weber saw her. Miss Weber wanted a sixteen-year-old girl—or a



"It's silly to say that the public doesn't want its favorites to marry! I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying. Every girl wants to get married and have a home, and children."

girl who looked sixteen—to play the leading part in "Shoes." She saw Mary. Mary was sixteen—and then Mary became a star.

Only recently did she attain her real standards—with Fannie Hurst's story, "A Petal on the Current." Miss Hurst, by the way, wrote from the East an entirely unsolicited letter to Mary commending her for her splendid work in it.

Mary and her two sisters once holidayed in a fashionable California watering-place. They met many of the younger set there and went swimming and riding with them. Mary used her mother's name and they never suspected she was connected with motion pictures in any way.

"When they found it out," says Mary, "they wouldn't believe it. They said, 'Why, she was such a nice girl!' in such a surprised way. That is all wrong."

"I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying—some day," she said. "I think every girl wants to get married, and have a home, and children. It's silly, any-

way, to say that the public doesn't want its favorites to marry. The most successful film stars are married—and many happily."

Perhaps I imagined it, but it seemed to me I caught a hint of some chap who was merely waiting around until the right girl—Mary—said yes. Mary's mother doesn't want her to marry until she's twenty-five.

Mary has two sisters—one of them is married to an army officer. The other is Katherine MacDonald. Katherine embarked on her own film career while she was managing Mary's. Mary will probably remain in the East for a while, anyway. International thinks she will make a lovely blonde addition to their stellar lists.



"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," complained Livingston, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband!"

# The Woman in His House

By  
LULIETTE BRYANT

Proving that love  
and a simple  
faith sometimes  
triumph when  
science fails.



**T**HERE are those who fail to believe in the mystic communion between the spirit land and this one. There are those who scoff at the idea of true friendship and loyalty, untainted by passion or selfishness. There are those who smile indulgently when they hear of a miracle wrought by mother love.

This story is not for them. It is for the man or the woman who has known a friend, a mother, and the blessed gift of faith.

When Philip Emerson, one of the best known of London's younger physicians, sailed his yacht up through the North Sea in search of solitude and rest, he took with him two things: a set of tired, jangling nerves, and the one person whose presence brought solace to them, Peter Marvin.

When he sailed back again, after a summer amid the mystic beauties of the Northland, he brought with him three things: a set of nerves that were healed and comforted; Peter Marvin, faithful, serene and unchanged; and a bride—a little maid of the North, named Hilda.

She was a quaint, delightful creature, all moods and passions, all fire and ice, all swift, short-lived anger and soft, tremulous tenderness. Untaught in the ways of the world, but wise in the lore of nature and of the books that lined three sides of the library that had been her grandfather's and her father's. The room where driftwood fires flung opalescent

flames against dark panelled walls, and the sea thundered up to splash the window panes.

"She'll be sorry!" said the men in Doctor Emerson's circle. "He has the cold, logical soul of the scientist. He never will fill the life of a tender, womanly thing like her."

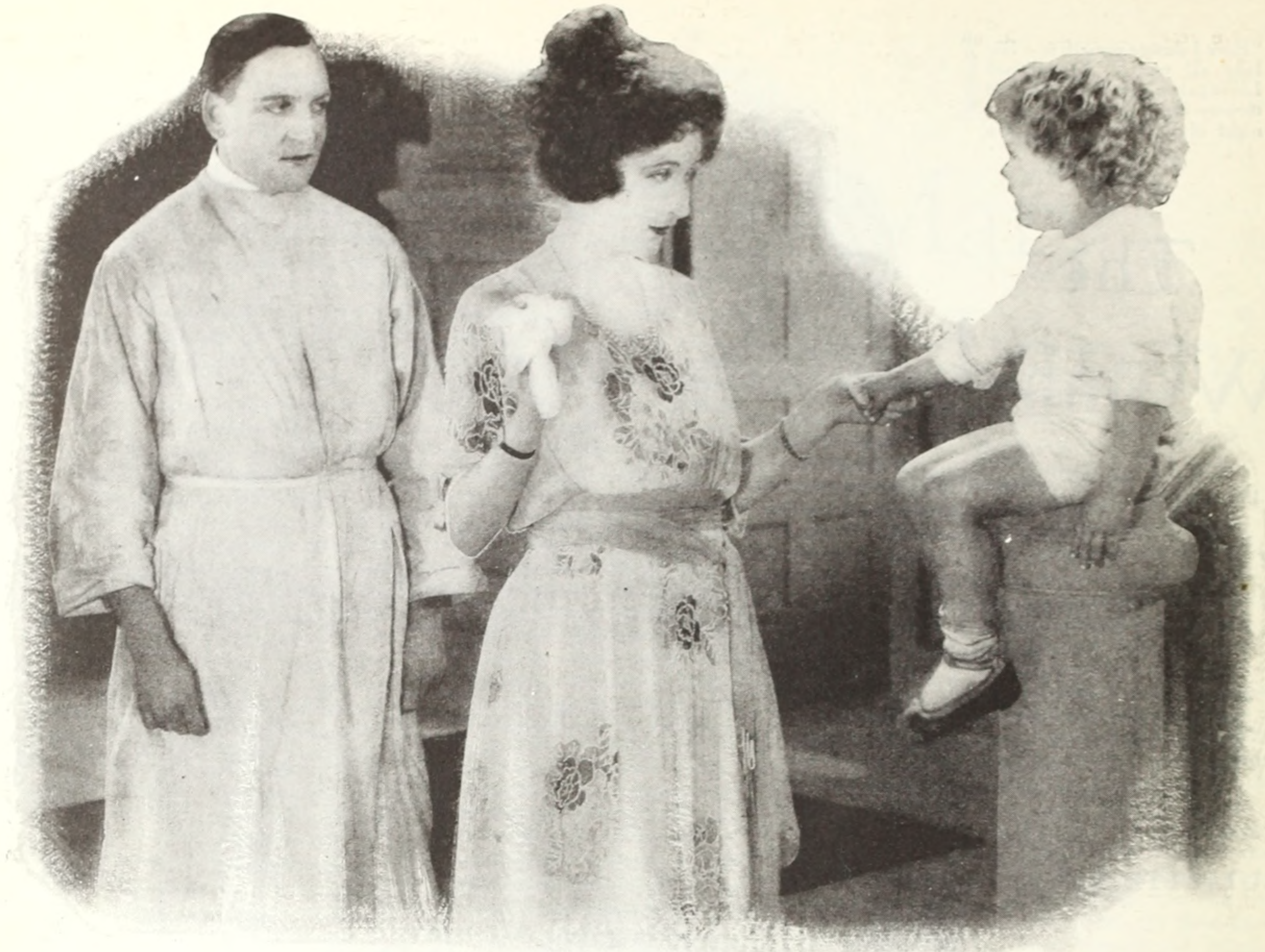
"He'll be sorry!" said the women. "She's a quaint little thing, but utterly unfitted to take her place as the head of his house. She can't fill the life of a strong, brainy man like him!"

"Neither of them will be sorry, in the very end," said Peter Marvin, with his slow, calm smile.

And all the men were right in some measure, but Peter most of all. And all the women, for once, were wrong! Philip never once was sorry. Careless was Philip, neglectful at times, absorbed in the experiments which for years had been the absorbing passion of his life, but never, never sorry that he had won the little maid of the Northland and brought her to his home.

She adapted herself quickly to the new life, as women do. She whose morning bath had been a dip in a deep, clear pool formed by jutting rocks, became fastidious in the matter of porcelain tubs, fragrant bath salts, exquisite monogrammed towels. She who had been wont to run for miles over the rocks, with strong bare feet, learned to shrink from the touch of any fabric coarser than silk, to wear the daintiest of shoes, to walk only from the door to the curb where the motor





"Muvver-dear played with me," lisped little Philip, "and I fell and hurted my hand. It's all well now—Muvver-dear kissed it."

waited; to play at exercise with fashionable, idle men and women, on the tennis courts, at the country club, or more frequently at the tea tables on its broad veranda.

Philip, when he had time to think about it at all, looked on at her transformation with an amused twinkle. Peter worried, at times, in his slow, calm way.

"Nonsense!" laughed Philip. "She's happy. She knows I have my work to do. Don't croak, old man. Since you won't practice nor experiment yourself, I must do enough for two. Meantime, you can play with Hilda—two children together, in Fairyland!"

\* \* \* \*

Philip could never quite forgive Peter for having given up the practice of medicine to "go in for dreaming" as Philip expressed it. "Psychic fiddlesticks!" he called the new science which absorbed the attention of the gentle, sensitive Peter. Philip would have none of it, but Hilda, with the touch of mysticism that the Northland gives to all its children, would listen for hours, her wide, half-wistful eyes alight with interest and faith.

"Love and faith *can* work wonders!" she said to Philip, on one of the rare evenings when he left the laboratory and sat with her in front of the grate fire carefully hemmed in with brass trappings, a pale phantom of the blazing fires of her childhood. "I know they can. And yet, I worry sometimes, dear. You seem so far from me, in there, with the nurse, the door closed, your whole mind engrossed in science, no room for a thought of me!"

"You don't understand, sweetheart," he protested, gently. He was always gentle with her, but doubly so now that the time of her motherhood was near. "There *always* is room for you in my mind. Other things come and go, but you are there. How can I explain?" He paused for a moment, then his face brightened. "You know how it was with the sound of

the sea, up there in the North? You grew up with it in your ears. You loved it. You always knew it was there, though you didn't think, consciously every minute, 'I love the sea, I love the sea!' It was a part of your mental self. And that's what my love of you is to me—a thing that's *there* always, singing in my heart, though my mind is centered on other things and I'm not saying, consciously, 'I love her, I love her!'"

"What a lovely, lovely thought!" she whispered, star-eyed and flushed with rapture. She would remember it always, she told herself, no matter how absorbed or indifferent Philip might seem.

She forced herself to think of those tender sentences many, many times in the months that followed. Philip, after the birth of his little son, felt that Hilda had an absorbing interest of her own now, and became more and more absorbed in his work. But though she loved her child passionately, Hilda was not the type of woman who immolates herself completely in motherhood. Home, child, husband, made for her the perfect triangle, and her mind revolted against the third side being always missing. Little by little, discontent and rebellion crept into the mind that had known only trust and affection.

\* \* \* \*

When Philip Junior was three years old, Hilda began to go much into society.

"I'm not going to bury myself," she declared. "I have a wonderful nurse for Junior, and if Philip won't play with me, others will. Bob Livingston, for instance."

Philip laughed indulgently at her, across the breakfast table. "Seems a good sort, Bob Livingston," he said. "A change from our prosy Peter, eh? Well, enjoy yourself, my dear. You're young, and gayety is good for you."

But Peter's eyes were troubled, and Philip stirred uneasily under his unspoken rebuke. "I'll surely go to the New Year



party," he promised. "Even if the discovery I've been after for five years comes and sits on my shoulder and whispers in my ear on New Year eve I'll chase it away and go play with my wife!"

She was very happy in this promise. She planned a new gown for the occasion. She told all her friends that her wonderful husband was coming with her. Bob Livingston sulked openly.

"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," he complained, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband! Rotten, I call it!"

"Couldn't you sue her husband for alienating her affections? That would be original!" laughed a bright-eyed girl, newly home from a western state, bringing the latest thing in divorces. "Cheer up, I'm quite anxious to see this wonderful physician who will deign to honor us with his presence."

"If he comes, he'll leave his mind at home in the laboratory!" declared Bob. "I hope you have a dull evening, Hilda. Won't you at least have tea at the Ritz with me that afternoon?"

"Indeed I won't. That afternoon belongs to Junior," she told him. "It's his birthday, you know."

"Too much family stuff! I'm all fed up on it," Bob averred, discontentedly. "Can't I come to Junior's celebration, then? I'll bring him things!"

"Indeed you *cannot*! Peter is coming to that. You don't care anything about children. You'd spoil our party!"

So Livingston was left to amuse himself as best he could, while Hilda and Peter romped with Junior all afternoon, and gave him a wonderful tea, with a real birthday cake, very simple and plain, but topped with four red candles, bravely burning. And at the very end, Philip came out to say goodnight.

"Nice birthday, son?" he asked.

"Yes! Muvver-dear played with me, and I hid in the ice box. And I fell and hurted my hand. It bled a little," proudly, "but I didn't cry!"

"Let Daddy see it, son," with quick anxiety.

"It's all well, now. Muvver-dear kissed it."

"You see, Philip, your son knows that mother love is a better cure than all your drugs!" laughed Peter.

"And Muvver-dear telled me a story about a man named Sigurd that pushed her in the water, and you pulled her out!" went on the child. "And then you brought her 'way down here, away from him. And Sigurd was *poor*, 'cause his back was all twisted, since babyhood!"

"That's what Daddy is working for—something that will prevent little boys from being cripples," Philip said, speaking in the man-to-man fashion which all small boys adore. "If my experiments succeed, there will be no more little twisted backs."

"Oh, it would be worth all the work and loneliness!" Hilda exclaimed. "Nothing is so dreadful as that—I'd a thousand times rather a child of mine were dead!"

She caught Junior down from his perch on the banister now, and ran upstairs with him. "I'm going to have on my beautiful new gown when I come down," she called back. "Get ready, Philip!"

"Right-o!" he called. "My gladdest clothes are laid out!" But when she came down, all lovely in her shimmering blue and silver frock, with the joy-light in her eyes, Philip was still shut up in the laboratory. For half an hour she waited. Then, as the clock struck nine, she tapped on the forbidden door.

"Philip! It's nine o'clock. You must dress."

"I can't!" His voice came out through the closed door, cold, unregretful, utterly detached. "I've reached a crisis—I've *almost* got my serum! I cannot leave it now!"

Without a word she turned, face pale, eyes blazing, lips set in a firm, straight line, to confront a distressed, anxious Peter.

"I shall go with Bob," she said. "He said he would call, in case my husband deserted me at the last moment. Well, my husband *has*, and it shan't spoil my fun. Bob cares for me, really! Philip cares for me when he has nothing else to do!"

"Don't be bitter, little girl," begged Peter. "Go along and



"He isn't there," flamed Hilda. "Oh, Bob was right!"



have your party, if you will, but don't take that reckless mood with you!"

"It's the only mood I have!" she flung back, "and you needn't care. Philip doesn't."

When Philip emerged from the laboratory, two hours later, flushed and triumphant with his hard-won success, a stern-eyed Peter met him.

"You may have gained an honor in the field of science," he said, quietly, "but if you are not careful you will find it has cost you your wife. Hilda has gone to another man for comfort—and she will get it! You're a fool, Philip!"

And Philip, human and understanding now that the spell of his work was thrown off, nodded in quick contrition.

"I'll dress now, and go down and surprise them," he said.

He was half-dressed when a telephone call came. He listened, anxiously, then changed back to street clothes, and ran down to Peter.

"Old man," he said, "there's a serious outbreak of infantile paralysis. Nineteen cases brought into the Elliott this afternoon. It'll spread like mad through the East side. And the children who die will be the fortunate ones. The others will be cripples, unless my serum works. And it will! It's got to! Now's my chance. Explain to Hilda, won't you?"

The door banged behind him while Peter stood, shaking his head doubtfully. The epidemic must be fought, of course. In a real crisis, no physician could shirk.

But he wished Hilda had not gone away feeling so bitter. It was going to be very hard to make her understand, now. Faithful Peter put on his hat and went out for a brisk walk, to let the night air clear his brain of its tangles. So it was that when Hilda, urged on by the suspicious whispers of Livingstone, telephoned to ask if Philip were still in the laboratory, the butler answered, "No, Madame. He went out with the nurse, after you left the house!"

She turned away, actually sick with horror and dismay. Was Livingstone right? Did Philip care for the nurse who was his constant companion through the long hours when she, his wife, was shut out from his presence?

"He's still in the laboratory," she told Livingstone, bravely. But he knew that she lied, and she knew that he knew it. It was the beginning of a new chapter in life, for little Hilda.

It was broad daylight when she got home, wan-eyed, with strange hard lines in her young face, and dashes of rouge supplying the color her pale cheeks lacked.

"I suppose you're waiting up to scold me," she began. "Well, you needn't bother, Peter dear. I've got my eyes open. Philip can go where he pleases, and I shall claim the same privilege!"

"Philip is at the hospital," he told her. "Truly, he had begun to dress to go to you, when he was called there. They needed him, sorely. You wouldn't have him neglect a real call of need, Hilda dear!"

The truth in his eyes, the earnestness of his voice had their effect. She relaxed a little, and nodded, wearily:

"Well, we won't quarrel, Peter dear. I'm tired, and I don't much care. I shall sleep all day, if I can."

He watched her go listlessly up the stairs and vanish through the door of her own room. An instant later she reappeared, terrified, wild-eyed, the red splotches of rouge standing out grotesquely against her dead white face.

"Peter! There's something wrong with Junior! Hurry!"

Up the stairs dashed Peter, through Hilda's room, into the blue and white nest where the child lay in his snowy bed, flushed and dull-eyed, and faintly moaning.

The nurse came sobbing in from the next room. "He was all right when I went to bed, Ma'am. He never woke once all the evening, and was as natural as you please when I left him, at eleven. I'm sure he didn't call out—I always hear him if he wakes."

"He didn't call. It isn't your fault, Marie," Peter said kindly. "It takes them like this, always."

"What takes them?" cried Hilda. "What is it, Peter?"

But Peter did not answer. He was watching the nurse who stood at the phone, calling the hospital, asking for Philip.

"But he is there," Hilda could hear her insisting. "He went there, hours ago."

"That's where he told you he was going," she flamed, as Peter came back. "But he isn't there at all! Oh, Bob

was right!"

"I have asked them to send another doctor, and a trained nurse," Peter said, gently. "And as soon as they can they will find Philip. Don't be unfair, Hilda. Philip neglects you for nothing except his work."

"His work! I hate it!" she flamed. "I could bear his disloyalty to me, but when he lets his own child suffer it is beyond forgiveness. If he does not come now, before it is too late, I will never speak to him again!"

All day they fought for the little life, the strange doctor, the nurse, and Peter. All day Hilda waited, torn with anguish and love and dread. All day

they besought the hospital authorities to find Philip and send him home. And all day Philip sat in the tiny bedroom of a dark and filthy tenement, battling for the life and the health of a wan, scrawny urchin, using his precious, hard-won serum on a child of the slums, while his own little lad fought a losing battle with the same dread disease.

(Continued on page 118)

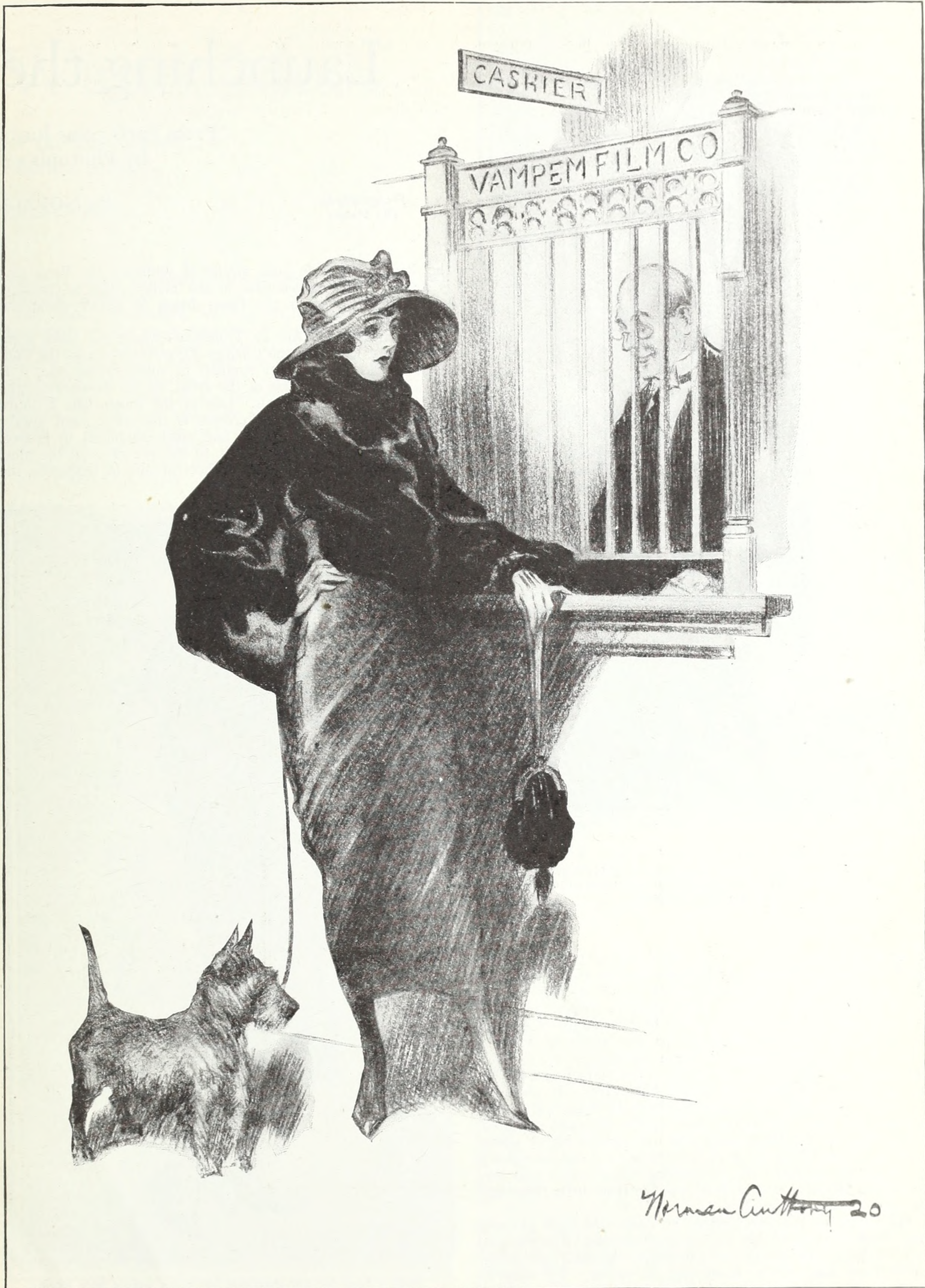


## The Woman in His House

NARRATED by permission from the Louis B. Mayer First National Photoplay by Irene Reels. Scenario by Madge Tyrone. Directed by John M. Stahl with the following cast:

Hilda.....Mildred Harris Chaplin  
Dr. Philip Emerson.....Ramsey Wallace  
Peter Marvin.....Thomas Holding  
Sigurd.....Gareth Hughes  
Bob Livingstone.....George Fisher





Drawn by Norman Anthony

The Wages of Sin



# Launching the

From Paris come hints  
by Photoplay's

Photography by  
Old Masters

By NORMA

the Paris steeped in soft, autumnal sunlight; the Paris that is lovely at dawn, beautiful in the mellow light of midday, and fascinating when the lights begin to glitter along the boulevards.

Viewed from the Arc de Triomphe—where one looks along the colorful length of the Champs Elysees—or across the Pont Neuf to old Paris, under sunlight or softly-falling rain, it is equally lovely, this Paris of the artist, of the dreamer, of the sightseer from many lands. One of the things that I notice especially about the Paris crowds is that they seem always happy. One doesn't look to find much happiness in France, but it is here and very evident to the eye of even the most casual observer. It is a quiet, cheerful sort of happiness, the



The mode of 1921 emphasizes length of line. It was never better illustrated than in this dinner gown of black and white worn by Pearl White. It is of Mallinson pussy-willow satin with jet pailletted panels.

**P**ARIS, September—For the last month or two we've been wandering slightly afield in our fashion talks, but when I'm writing to you from Paris it seems the most natural thing in the world to come back to clothes.

Clothes are to Paris what steel is to Pittsburgh. I suppose if the average Parisienne were to be cast adrift on a desert island she would immediately begin to achieve a very chic and dashing gown out of sea weed. She is like that—every one of her that I have seen on the boulevards. If you have an eye for line and color your first trip to Paris will be one of unalloyed joy. No matter how shabby the gown or hat of a little girl of the Paris shops she will twist a bit of ribbon in her hat, or a knot of it at her throat, and—voila!—she is chic; she has attained the "something" that makes you turn about and follow with admiring eyes the trim, little figure and its trim, little, stubby shoes.

She is one of the lovely sights of Paris—the little girl who trips blithely along on her various errands—but one's thoughts grow confused in trying to differentiate between the lovely sights here, they are so many and so varied. Yet they all melt, somehow, into a harmonious whole. When you read this the first snow flakes of winter may be flying, and it will mean an effort of will for you to visualize Paris as I see it today—



Such a rush for fur garments has never before been known either in America or France. This wrap of evora and kolinsky Gail Kane is hugging is smartly lined in printed pussy-willow from Mallinson. And she has a feather on her hat, too!



# Winter Mode

for the new season,  
Fashion Editor.

TALMADGE.

kind that seems to endure under all sorts of difficulties—as, indeed, it has had to.

One finds it everywhere, but it is particularly in evidence in the ateliers of the great designers of clothes—those men and women whose business was almost at a standstill during the war and who are now frantically occupied in gowning a world that has turned its thoughts once more to pretty frocks and delicious hats. These people have more, much more, than they can do just now and they are getting a great deal of money for what they *do* turn out. The depreciation of the franc means little or nothing to the Paris makers of raiment, for they are tacking on a price that staggers even the lavishly supplied American buyer. I was present one morning in the



Paris decrees and America accepts the fact that embroidery holds the center of the stage this season. June Elvidge is pleasantly resigned to this sensible Crown frock of Mallinson's, brown chinchilla satin embroidered in white chain-stitching.



Every Parisienne and indeed every American wants a kolinsky or sable wrap for the winter. Marilyn Miller's is of kolinsky and brown indestructible voile lined in that popular Mallinson pussy-willow; linings are so very, very important, you know!

exhibition salon of a famous creator of modes when one of the New York buyers was trying to negotiate the purchase of a little confection in silver lace and pink chiffon. "But fifteen hundred francs!" she was expostulating. "I want the dress, yes, but, good heavens! fifteen hundred francs, and the customs to pay after that—" she shook her head.

Madame was firm. She was sorry, of a certainty. She was desolated that such prices should be. It was lamentable, it was most lamentable! Still, she could do no better. When I went into another room for my fittings I saw the American buyer going through the time-honored motions of signing on the dotted line. That's one of the best things visitors do over here. I'm not complaining at all, it's worth it, distinctly worth it, yet it does seem that money instead of melting in its customary fashion takes wings and soars away. If you are planning to visit Europe this winter, my first advice to you is to double the amount of money you intend to bring along, and then tuck in another thousand for luck—you'll need it.

Right here I want to say that you needn't think it necessary to wait until you get to Paris for your clothes. In one of my previous talks with you I explained why the American tailored suit is far superior to that made anywhere else—Paris

(Continued on page 111)





Strauss Peyton

**T**HE bright lights of Broadway were dimmed for Olive Thomas. The gracious little girl who was known as one of the world's greatest beauties died in Paris, of accidental poisoning, in September. Her happy-hearted smile, her charm, made her a living memory. This was her last, and favorite, portrait.





Evans

**T**HE BOY" you knew on the screen was the real Robert Harron—human, lovable, genuine. His passing, as a result of an accidentally-inflicted bullet wound, left a place no one can fill. "Bobby," as friends and fans called him, had just completed his first stellar picture, "Coincidence."



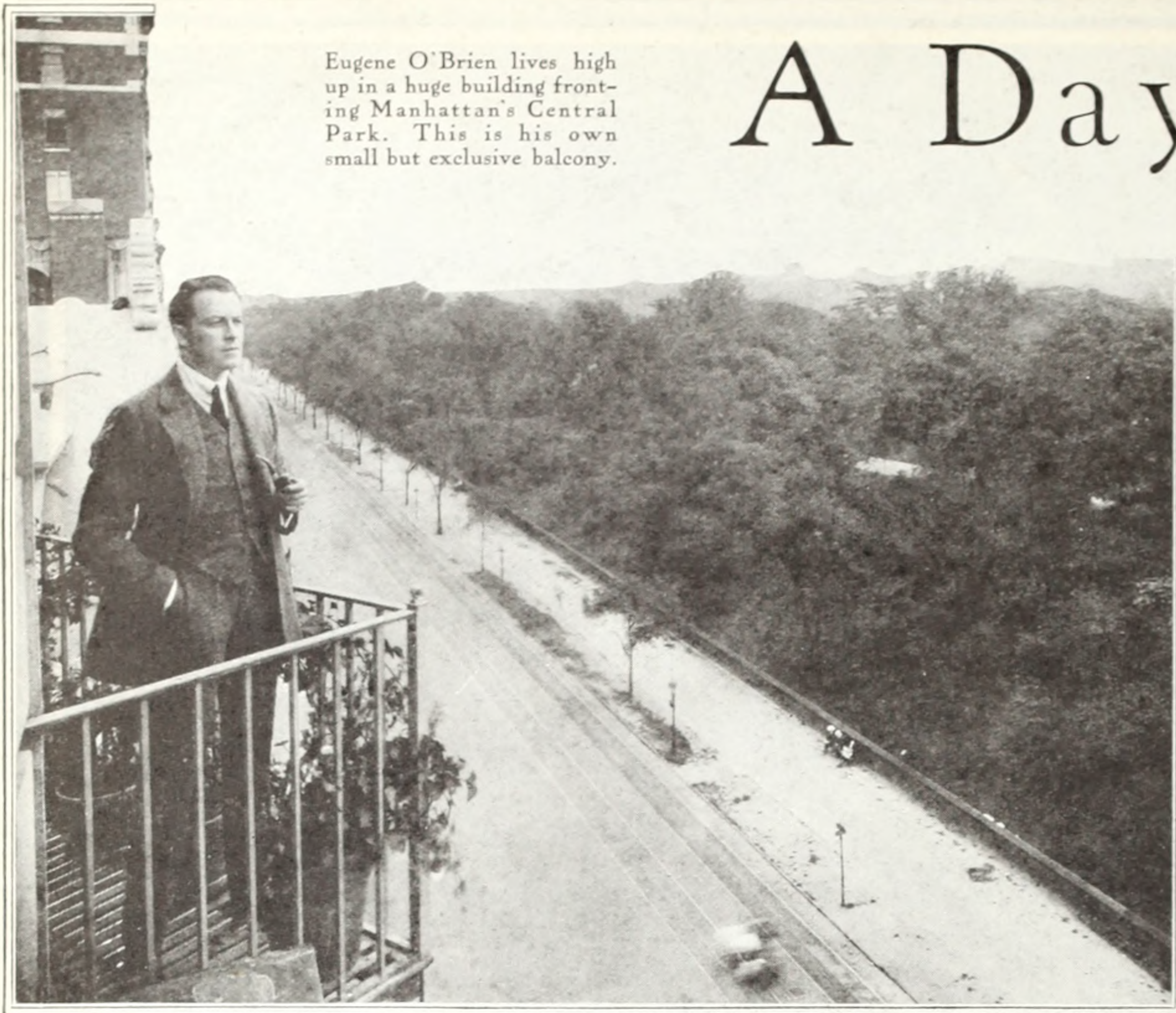
Eugene O'Brien lives high up in a huge building fronting Manhattan's Central Park. This is his own small but exclusive balcony.

# A Day Off

SOME screen stars go back to the old home-town for their vacations. Others go to the nearest fashionable watering-place. And some go to Europe, taking several months off with nothing to do but England, France, and Italy. They pose for pictures outside the Old Curiosity Shop in London; or in a park in Paris; or feeding Roman pigeons.

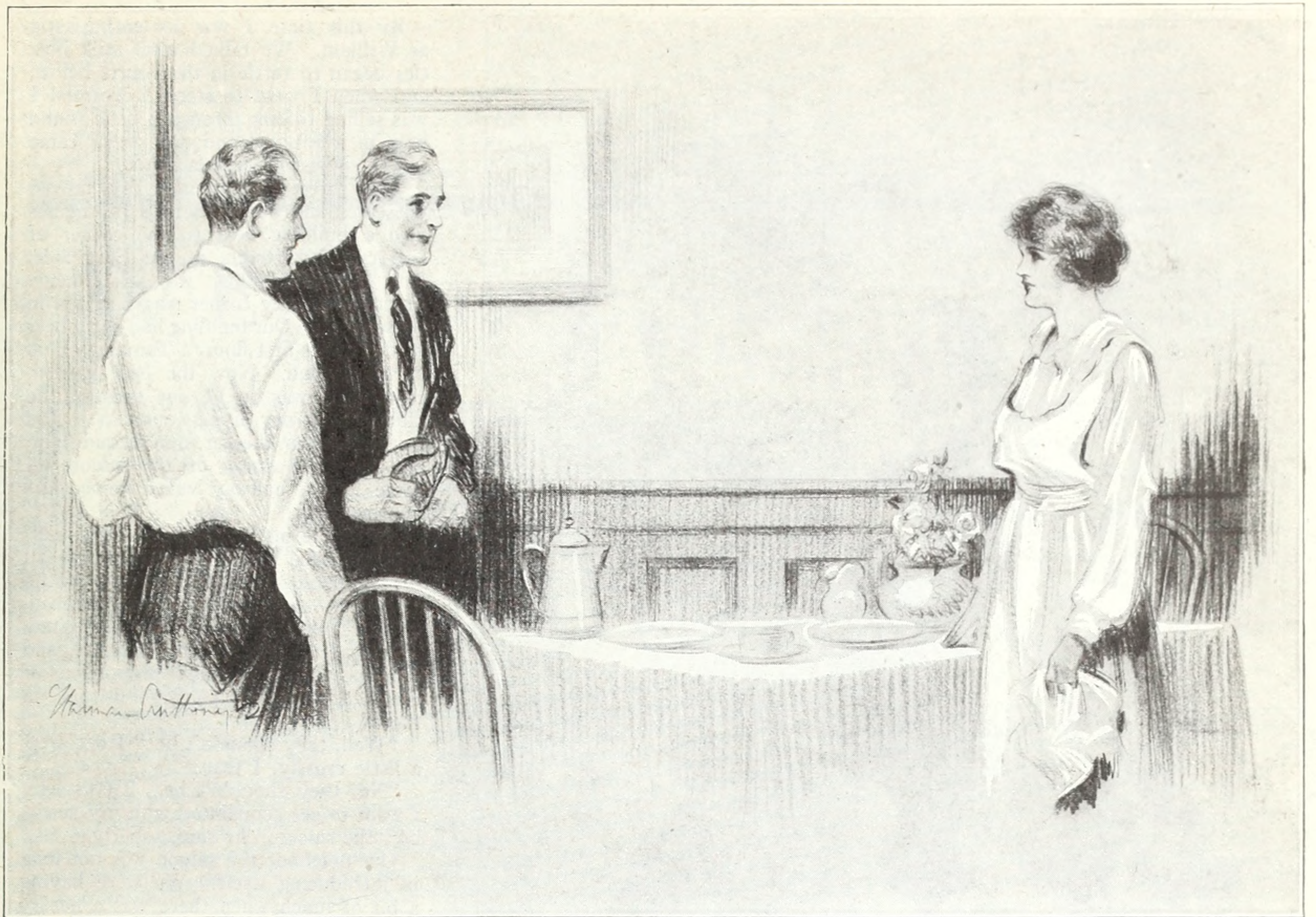
But consider the case of Eugene O'Brien. He didn't go to Europe. He didn't even go back to the old home-town. He had to work. He even thought he was in luck when his director told him he could have a day off. Guess what he did with it? He went home.

Home is an apartment in Central Park West, Manhattan. A place where Gene's books are, and his piano, and his pipe. A good place to be.



Below — just loafing! The Winged Victory is presiding over a grand piano that is actually played upon every day.





I never had been introduced to a saloon-keeper before. This one was a clean-cut young man with good Irish eyes. "Your movies are certainly putting a crimp in my business," he said.

# The Mighty Messenger

How two social workers discovered their greatest ally in that modern Mercury—the motion picture.

By MONTANYE PERRY

Illustrated by Norman Anthony

I HAD realized for months that William was getting very tired of social working as it is worked. Not that he didn't like his profession: he did. For fifteen years as part of a world-wide organization he had labored for the spiritual, mental, and physical welfare of boys, incidentally coming in touch with their parents, their pastors, their teachers and their aunts. Especially, he often sighed, their aunts!

He liked the boys and the boys liked him. And yet—well, William has the heart of a social worker, but the spirit of an adventurer, and by the many little signs by which any wife learns to interpret the husbandly mind, I knew that the spirit of adventure was approaching. So I prepared for a shock.

I got it. William came home from the annual banquet of the world-wide organization at one A. M. and woke me from a sound sleep by snapping on all the lights.

"Wake up and talk," he said calmly—William says *everything* calmly!—"I want to buy a motion-picture theater!"

"What? Where? When? Are you perfectly crazy?" I exploded. I don't say everything calmly.

"A motion-picture theater. Somewhere in a very poor neighborhood. In three months. No, just perfectly tired," he answered. "Wouldn't you like to go away and do something different, just ourselves? Something *unorganized*?"

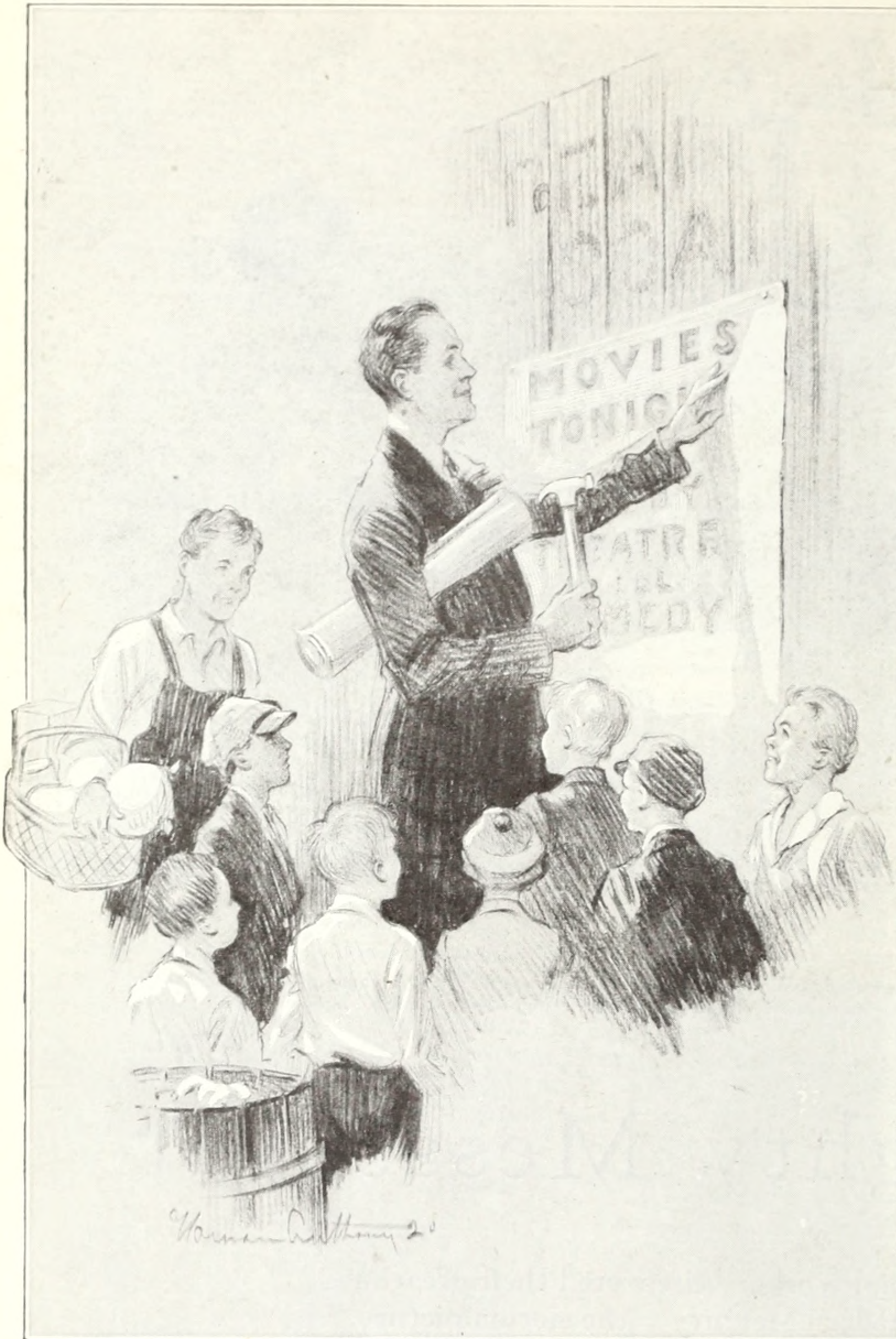
Sometimes William's blue eyes get round and excited and wistful, exactly like the eyes of a small boy who hears about a circus and is afraid he can't go because there's a garden to weed. This was one of the times. Instantly, I decided I was *not* going to be a garden to weed.

"I'd love it!" I plunged boldly. "Tell me more, quick!"

"I've felt restless for quite a while, but I've kept it away from you, till I had a definite plan to propose," he said. I let that pass unchallenged. They love to think they can conceal things, bless 'em!

"I'm tired of being a spoke in the wheel of an organization. I'm tired of uplifting by rule. I'm tired of being paid for doing good," he went on. "I want to make my living with a regular business and be good to folks because I like folks, not because it's my job."





The boys flocked to William from the time he nailed up his first poster. Then they began to help him, and somehow profanity, cigarette-smoking, and mischief-making dropped from them.

"You want to be a personality instead of a program," I said. I was rather proud of that sentence, and William beamed.

"So I have been wondering what business would naturally bring me in touch with the most people, and I think it is one of those neighborhood theaters. The proprietor of one of them would get to know all the people for blocks around, wouldn't he?"

"You would," I admitted.

"He'd find out all their troubles and weaknesses and help them work out their problems. He'd be in a position to lift the whole neighborhood to higher ideals, with his pictures, wouldn't he?"

"You would," I admitted again.

"We could study all the social problems at first hand, because the folks wouldn't know we're studying them. We wouldn't have to disarm the suspicion that an institutional worker always has to overcome. We'd be just plain folks trying to make a living."

By this time I was as enthusiastic as William. We talked until milk bottles began to rattle in the courts below, and when I went to sleep I dreamed I was selling tickets through a little round hole in a window and our rector came to the show with Theda Bara.

Just three months later we moved ourselves and our household belongings into a building next to the corner of two crowded streets in the East Side. The corner building was a saloon—practically every corner was a saloon in those days. Our building had had a beer garden on its first floor, a Tammany club on its second. Now the beer garden, remodeled, was to be our theater, the club rooms our living quarters. The exits from our theater, our second floor, and the back room of the saloon, all came into a hallway which joined the two buildings.

By the terms of the lease, this hallway belonged to us. At first I was all for compelling the saloon to close up its exit there. But William shook his head.

"Let's wait a little," he suggested. "We want to know our neighbors, and I suspect that a large proportion of them are pretty regular visitors in there."

"Well, they shouldn't be!" I declared, a little crossly, I fear.

"No, they shouldn't be. That's why I want to get acquainted with my neighbor, the saloon," he said, soberly.

Our neighbor the saloon was not long in introducing itself. We were having a bit of lunch when there was a hearty rap at the door. William opened it and there stood a tall young man with clean-cut features and good Irish eyes.

"I'm John O'Reilly, your neighbor below," he said. "Your piano's come, downstairs, and the boys'll give you a lift with it, if you'll show us where it's to go."

"Fine!" said William. "This is my wife, Mr. O'Reilly."

I'll confess I felt a bit dazed and uncertain. I never had been introduced to a saloon-keeper, in fact I never had seen one except on the stage. Maybe I subconsciously expected the hand he extended to be a hoof. But it wasn't. It was a big, clean hand with a strong grip. "It's nice of you to help us," I said, trying to rise to the occasion.

"Not at all. You folks are the worst enemies I've got in my business, but as long as a show had to open there I'm glad there's a Christian running it."

"Your worst enemies?" William questioned.

"Certainly. Before the movies came, we were the poor man's one place to go. He came in after supper and he spent the whole evening with us. And we got a dollar out of him. Now he can take the whole family to the movies for less than he used to spend in my place, and they do it—a lot of them. Maybe they drop in for a drink before or after the show—and maybe they don't! Oh, it's put a crimp in our business, all right!"

They went down stairs, to put the piano in the theater. In a few minutes I heard the notes of a popular song, and a chorus of men's voices came up melodiously. "The boys" were trying it out. But I sat for a long time beside my unfinished luncheon, thinking, planning. Somehow, my meeting with O'Reilly had made me see, as I hadn't quite seen before, that in this new world I was vastly better fitted to be a student than a teacher!

And I learned such a lot in the year that followed! William did, too, though he knew (Continued on page 114)





# WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions  
By DELIGHT EVANS

**T**HE door opened, and  
A very Pretty Lady  
Walked In. She  
Looked like a Page  
From Vogue—she  
Dresses that Way, and  
She Smiled and Said,  
“How do you do?” and then  
I Knew who it was—  
No,  
Not a Film Star, but  
A Lady-writer—  
Jane Murfin—she  
Does Plays and Scenarios and  
Is Easy to Look At  
Into the Bargain—it  
Only Goes to Show it Can Be Done.  
She had Just Come Back  
From California and  
I Asked her if she  
Had been Busy Out There.  
“Oh, No,” she said,  
“I Didn’t Do Much: Just  
Two Continuities—and  
Finished Several Plays—but Mostly,  
I Loafed.”  
“Oh,” I Said.  
I Didn’t Ask her  
How she Happened  
To Be a Writer, but  
I’d Like to Know, Anyway.  
She’s  
Smart Enough and  
Witty Enough, but  
She Smashes all those Old  
Theories about  
Blue-stockings.  
It’s Too Bad  
You Can’t See her  
On the Screen.



It’s too bad Jane Murfin  
isn’t on the screen.

The Family.  
He Directed  
“My Old Dutch”  
With Florence Turner  
Over Seven Years Ago—  
It’s Still Being Shown.  
Miss Murfin is Going to Write  
Some New Stories for

**T**HEN  
Larry Trimble  
Came In—with  
His Dog.  
Mr. Trimble is  
A Very Nice Man but  
I Never Can Pay  
Much Attention  
To him when  
He Brings his Dog Along.  
It’s  
A Dog all right—but  
It’s Bigger than a Bear and  
A Maiden Lady Mightn’t  
Like to Meet it.  
Mr. Trimble was  
Making it Behave so  
He Could Use it in a Picture.  
He  
Always has a Dog—  
You Remember Jean,  
The Vitagraph Collie?  
Jean was Mr. Trimble’s Dog.  
The New Dog  
Acts  
In “Darling Mine” and  
Mr. Trimble would have  
Given him More to Do  
Only  
It Seemed too Much Like  
Keeping the Honors in



“New York cramps my  
style,” says Monte Blue

Mr. Trimble to Direct.

**M**ONTE BLUE  
Came from Indiana.  
I Came  
From Indiana, Too.  
So Unless you are  
A Hoosier you probably  
Wouldn’t be Interested  
In What we Talked About.  
Mr. Blue is  
A Very Tall Young Man—  
The Very Tallest Young Man  
I Have Ever Seen.  
He  
Used to be a Cow-puncher,  
And he Punched until  
He Got the Idea That  
He Wanted to be an Actor.  
He Went to California and  
Tried to Get a Job  
In a Film Studio.  
Nobody  
Wanted him.  
He Hung Around Griffith’s,  
Until One Day  
When he was  
Sitting on a Bench  
With all the Other Extras, an  
Assistant Director Came and Said,  
“I Want a Man  
To Do Some Work.  
*W-o-r-k!*”  
Monte Got Up;  
All the Others  
Sat There.  
“Are you Afraid  
Of Work?” asked the A. D.  
Monte  
Just Looked at him.  
For Months Monte  
Moved Props, until  
A Director Noticed him—  
He Couldn’t Help It—  
And Gave him  
Small Parts to Play.  
He was a Heavy until  
Cecil DeMille Saw him, and  
Put him in Leads—  
With Mary Pickford, and  
Ethel Clayton, and Others.  
You Saw “Something to  
Think About.”  
Monte Almost  
Drowned Making  
The Subway Scenes.  
Next Year he  
Is Going to Star.  
There’s Nothing  
Upstage about Mr. Blue.  
He still  
Remembers when  
His Job was  
Teaching Connie Talmadge  
To Drive her Chariot for  
“Intolerance.”  
“But  
I Want to Go Back West,”  
He Said to Me,  
“As Soon as I Can.  
Manhattan Sure  
Cramps My Style.”





*Drawn by C. W. Anderson*

Censor: "You've got to take that girl out."

Director: "And shall I cut out the tropical scenery? That's rather lovely too."



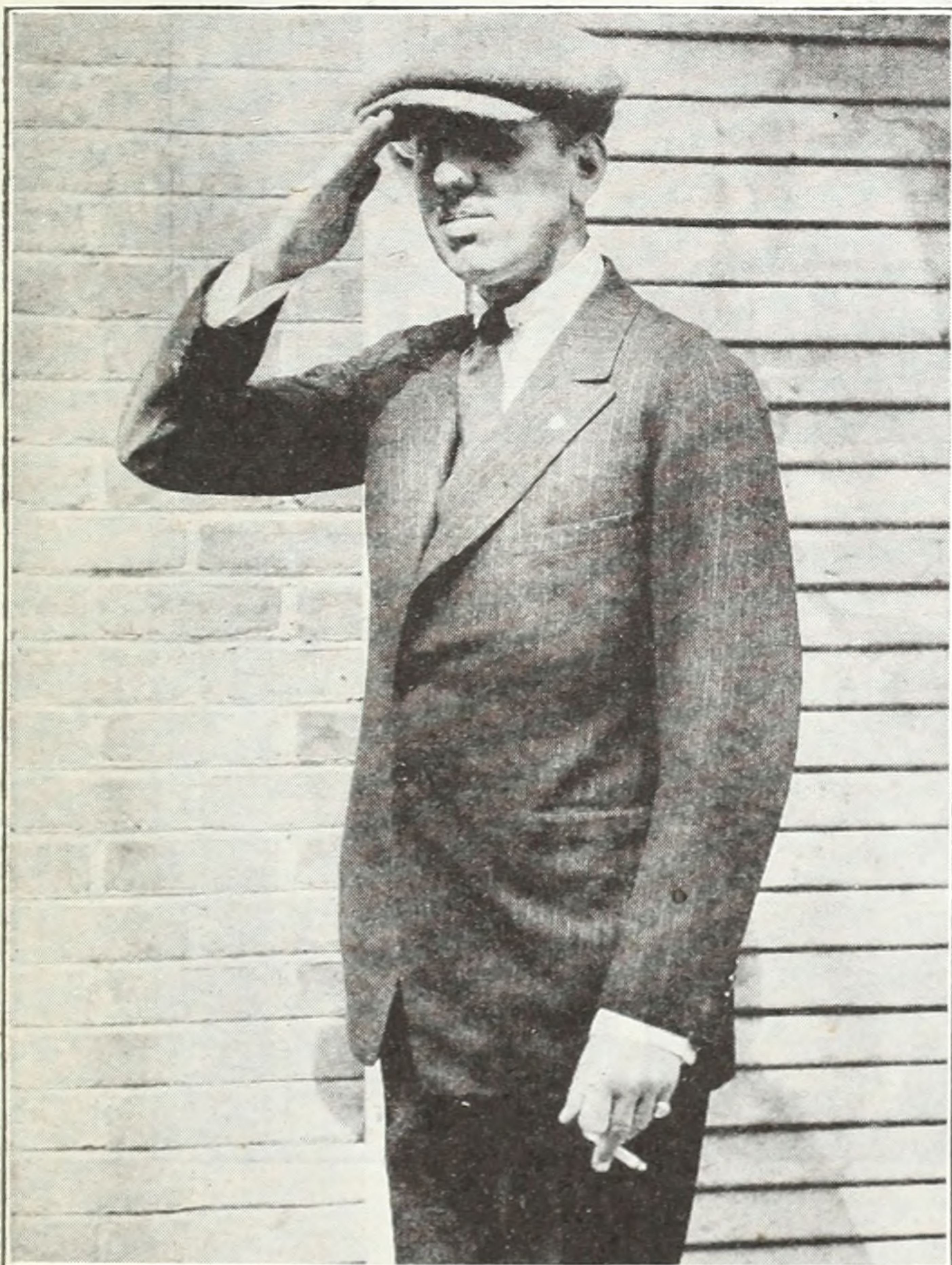
# How They Began!



**GOLD MINER**, soldier, motion-picture director. William D. Taylor started his career plowing on a wheat farm in Southwest Canada. The creator of "Huckleberry Finn" is now making another boy picture.



**GEORGE MELFORD** confesses that his first dollar was made as helper to a blacksmith. Making George Melford specials hasn't dimmed his ability at the anvil. Not to any appreciable extent!



**CHARLES Maigne** started earning money as a private soldier in the Spanish American war. He continued in the army for over a decade as enlisted man and officer, then becoming a war correspondent. Entering pictures his success was instantaneous. "The Copperhead" is considered one of the year's best pictures. He has just finished a new Mary Miles Minter production.

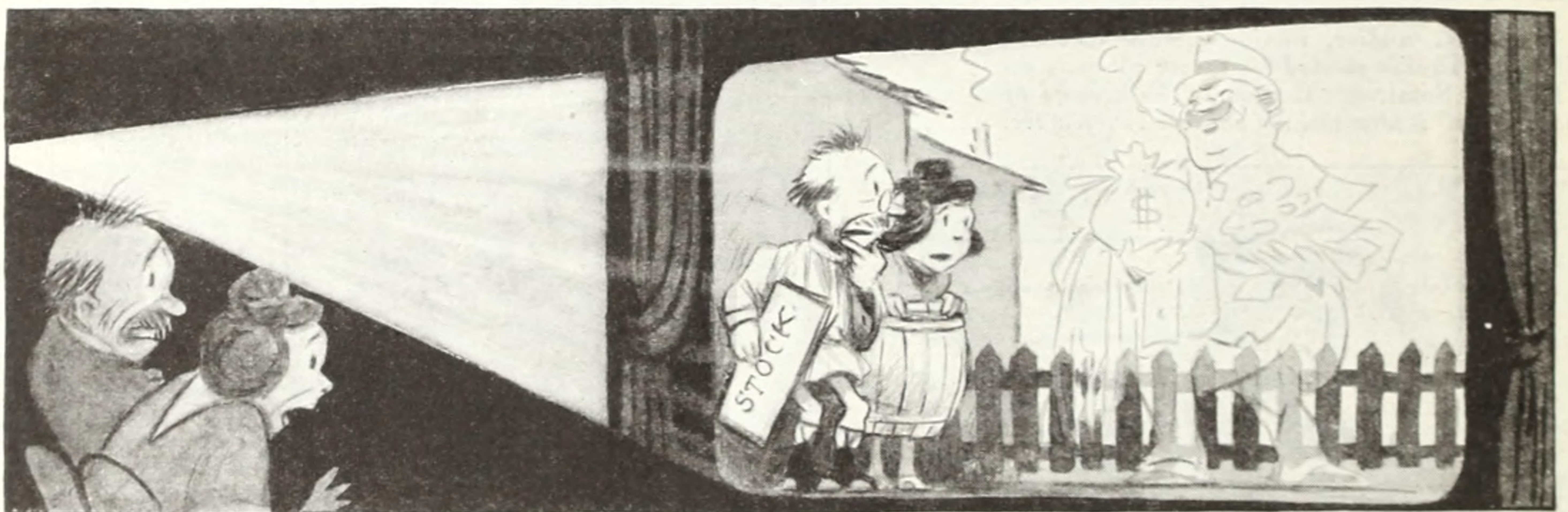
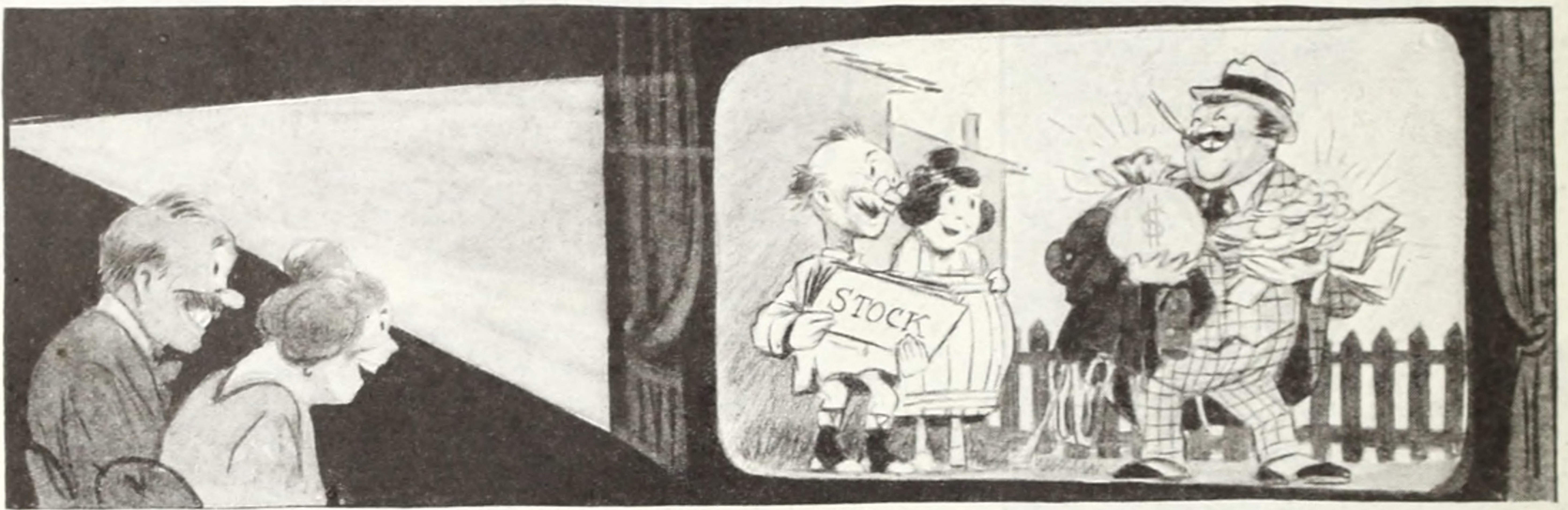
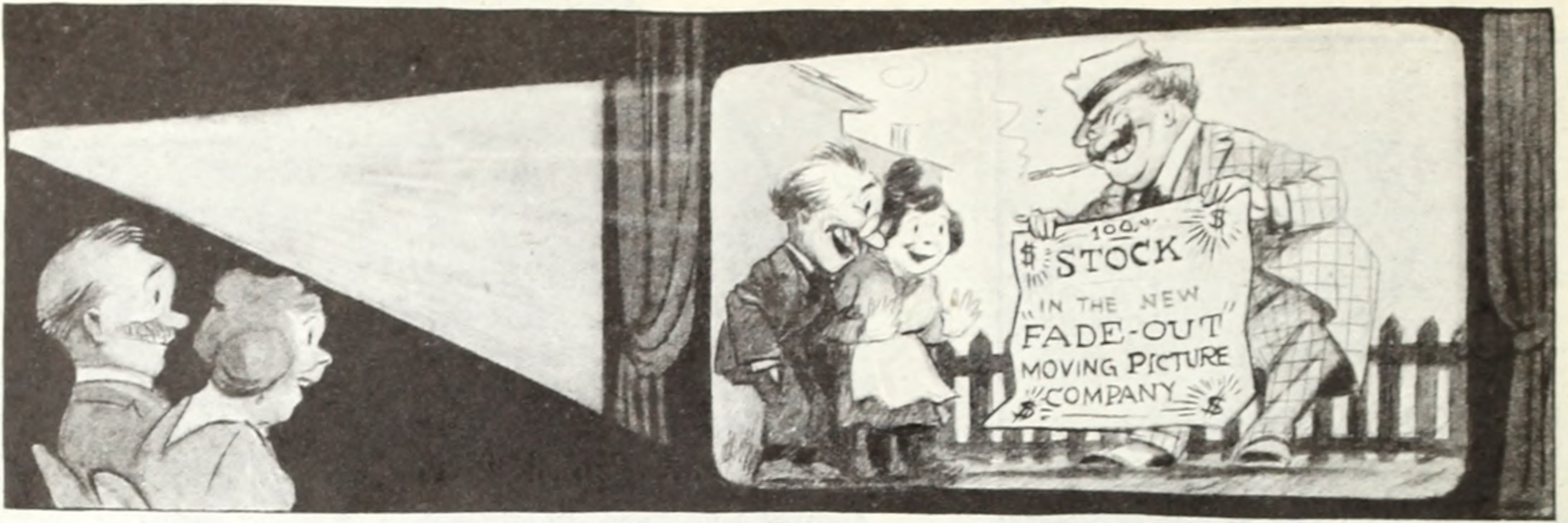


**SAM WOODS** hasn't always directed Wallace Reid productions. He broke into the pay check class by helping install a pipe line between Jim Peak and Central City, Colorado. "The Dancing Fool" and "What's Your Hurry?" are the latest things he has done.

**"JOE" HENABERRY** left the Douglas Fairbanks fold to give Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle the benefit of his directoral genius. Grubbing weeds for the neighborhood of his youth gave him his start on the road to financial success.







Drawn by J. N. Darling.

A Fade-Out Picture entitled "There's Millions In It—For Some-  
one Else." Orchestra kindly play something soft and sympathetic.



# "There's Millions in It"

That's the old reliable selling argument of the motion picture stock salesman—but is there?

By JOHN G. HOLME

**W**HY do some motion picture companies go wrong? Through greed or inexperience or both. They stake out larger claims than their grub-stake warrants, and starve to death before they can strike pay-dirt.

Promoters of motion picture companies are slaves to the bad habit of biting off more than they can chew, and so they choke. Their business-table manners are not nice.

It is greed or ignorance or both that dooms more than ninety per cent. of the new companies that have been organized of late and that are now being organized, and whose stock is being sold to the public either "over the counter" or through brokerage agencies.

Let us for a few moments stretch our imagination to the limit. Let us suppose that Mr. Jim Honest, president of the Jim Honest Motion Picture Corporation, is calling on us to interest us in his company. Now Jim Honest is an absolutely honest man. He tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"I have recently organized my company under the laws of the state of Delaware," this is Jim speaking. "My company is capitalized for \$500,000. We are issuing 50,000 shares of preferred stock with a par value of \$10 per share, and 25,000 shares of common, no par value. We give a bonus of one common with every two shares of preferred.

"No, I don't know any more about motion pictures than I do about the origin of the Chinese alphabet, but I can learn. I have never been inside of a motion picture studio in my life. So far as I know I have never seen a motion picture studio. I am by profession a veterinary surgeon—yes sir, a horse doctor. I have also been an insurance and real estate man. I have gone bankrupt twice but I hope to make a barrel of money in the movies, and pay up my old debts.

"Yes, I admit this is a particularly bad time to organize a motion picture company. It is hard to dispose of our stock. I have to pay 50 per cent. commission to my stock salesmen, but they tell me that so many persons have been bitten by wild-cat motion picture schemes that it is impossible to sell our stock on a smaller commission. After we have sold our whole \$500,000 stock issue we shall have in the treasury only \$200,000 or \$225,000 in cash. About half of our \$500,000 will go to the salesmen, and, of course, we have to allow something for office rent, salaries of clerks and stenographers, cost of stationery, circulars, stamps, etc. And then, there is the item of my salary. I am running this company, and I am paying myself a decent salary for the first time in my life—\$500 a week.

"It is true I have never written a line in my life. I have never written a play or a piece of fiction or even free verse. I would not know a good screen play if I saw one, but I propose to hire the best scenario editors in the business, the best directors and the best screen actors and actresses. My investigation has proved that the movie business is the biggest gamble in the world. But look at what the 'Birth of a Nation' netted. I am offering you a good thousand to one shot."

Whereupon Jim Honest fades out without having sold us much stock, but we are glad he called for this simple reason:

*That if ninety per cent. of the motion picture promoters who are offering you stock for sale were forced to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth, they would tell you practically word for word just what our friend, Jim Honest, has told us. And after listening to such a story, would you feel like buying any stock?*

But there are actually scores and hundreds of Jim Honests in the motion picture business just as there are in other lines of business. They know the motion picture art and business as thoroughly as it is possible for bright, hard-working men to know it. But when they go forth to seek capital, they lay all their cards, face up on the table. They admit the hazards. They admit their shortcomings and the fact that some of their ventures have turned out badly, while on the whole they have been moderately successful. Their securities are bought and sold by reputable banking and brokerage houses that value their reputations. The stocks of these motion picture companies are listed in the market. They are subject to fluctuations in price. They are sold on the strength of straightforward financial statements.

But there are mighty few Jim Honests promoting new motion picture companies and selling their stocks "over the counter" to the public. If there were, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry would not have taken the trouble to form its newly-organized Vigilance Committee with which PHOTOPLAY is co-operating in exposing the methods of motion picture companies which are inducing and inciting the public to finance their ventures.

For let it be known right here that no persons are so chagrined by the operations of wild-cat motion picture companies as the officers of legitimate motion picture companies with valuable assets. These legitimate producers have built reputations for themselves and their companies. Their reputations suffer whenever a wild-cat company blows up.

Let us now review the histories of some of the companies which have been organized of late and financed by the public.

The Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation was incorporated in 1916 with a Delaware charter. It was capitalized for \$1,000,000. Its purpose was to produce a screen play called "Birth of a Race" which was to be an answer to D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." The promoters of "Birth of a Race" were Chicago men, and the company flourished in Chicago during its flourishing period.

The officers were Edwin L. Barker, president; F. H. Hibbard, Jr., vice-president; and E. E. Siler, secretary and treasurer. The personnel of officers changed. Orville W. Lee became "secretary and custodian of records," and John Gullicksen, treasurer. The company launched a sales-campaign in Chicago immediately after it received its charter, a sales-campaign that the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois will long remember.

The circulars of the company contained precious little tidbits of financial advice, quoted from the alleged sayings of J. P. Morgan, Chauncey Depew, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. One circular under the caption, "Officers and Directors and Prominent Persons Interested," gave the names of officers of the company and the names of Ex-Presi-

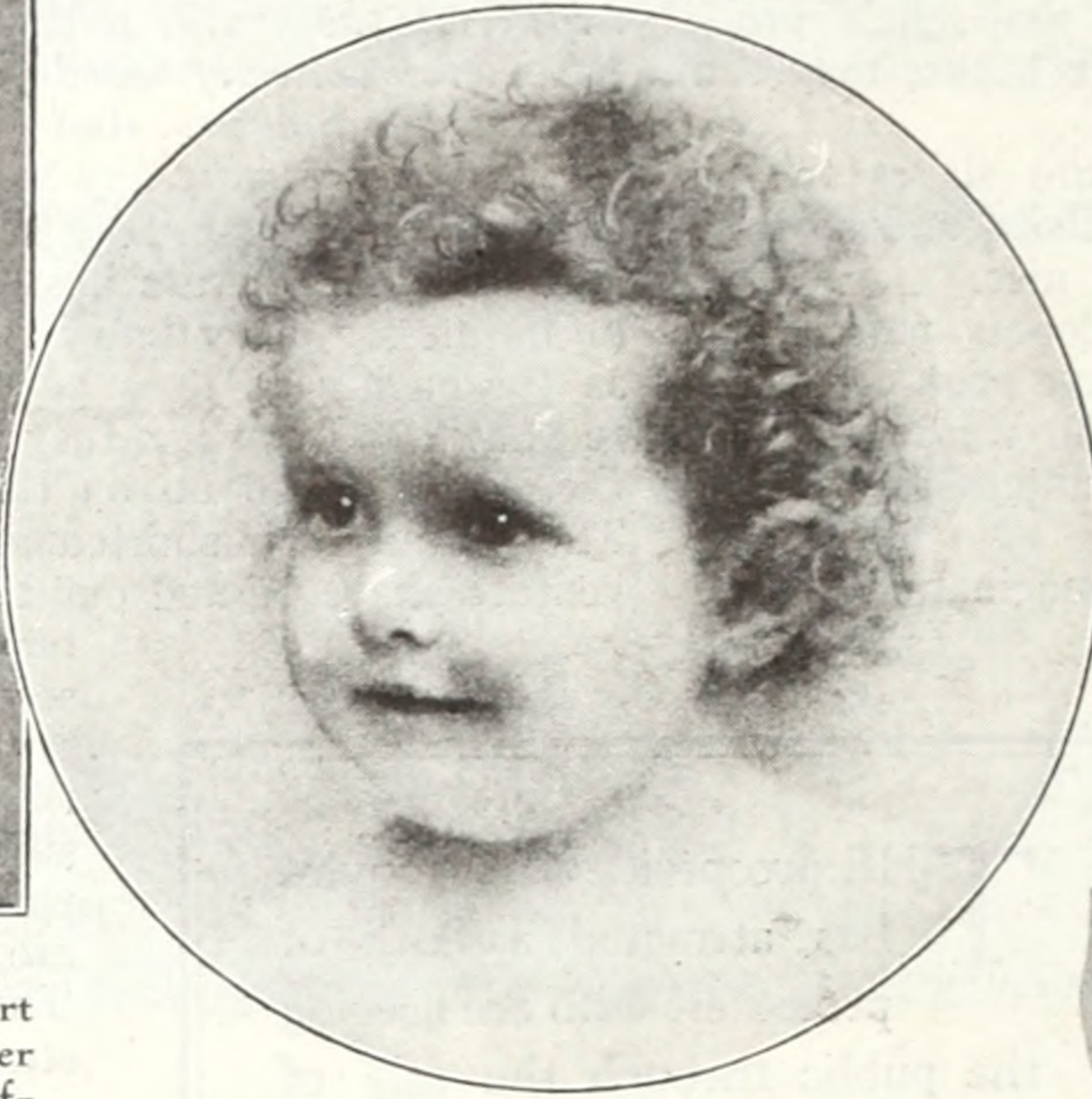
(Continued on page 82)

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





# From Two to Five



The playmate idol of Charles Ray's heart is Whiskers, the small wire-haired terrier who appears in nearly all of the star's off-stage photographs. Whiskers represents the third generation of Ray canine favorites. When Ray was a youngster Grandfather Whiskers was always with him at the old swimmin' hole near Jacksonville, Ill. When he passed to the Doggy Beyond, Whiskers Jr. succeeded to his place in Charlie's affections, and now it is Whiskers III that shares Ray's fame. Ray calls him Whisky for short.

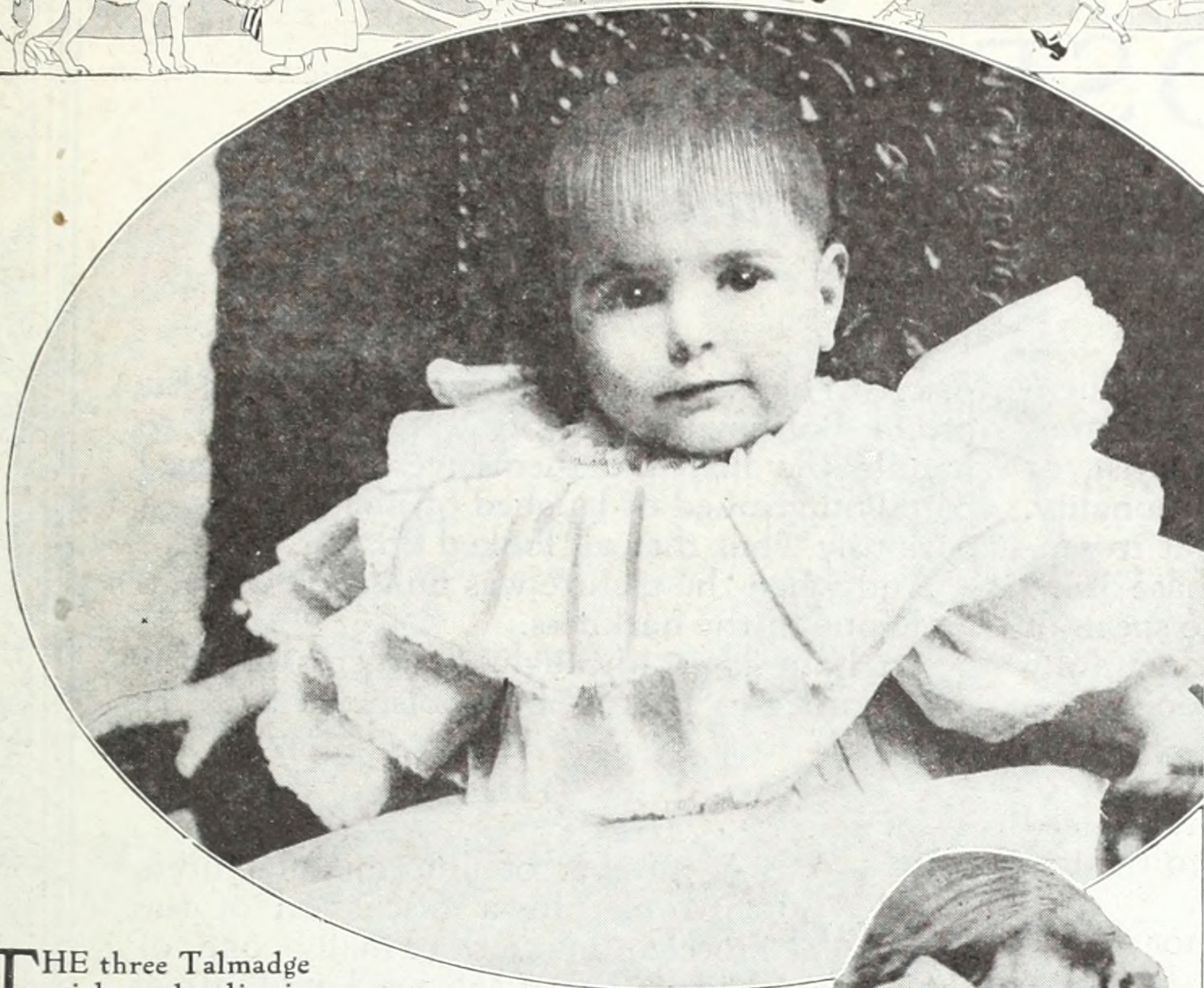
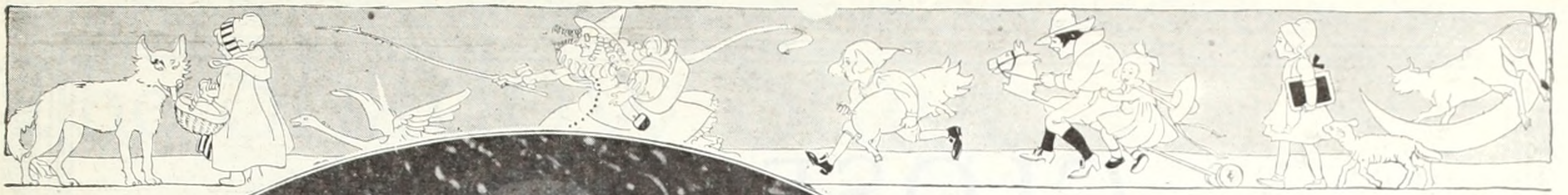
According to Constance Binney's mother, she was one of the prettiest babies that ever breathed. And so tiny! She was just like a big French doll. "The only thing I can remember about myself when I was young," says Constance, "is that I wanted to be a circus rider. I used to spend hours at a time perfecting a somersault or trying to balance myself on one foot. I certainly got more than my share of bruises and bumps."



At an age when most youngsters are clamoring to hear fairy tales Bessie Love was actually telling them. When she was only four, her reputation as a raconteur extended throughout the Texas town where the family lived and kiddies for blocks around would gather and listen in open-mouthed wonder to her tales. At seven Bessie was actually writing stories and for some time she expected to follow literature as a career. Overstudy broke down her health, so she took up motion pictures instead.





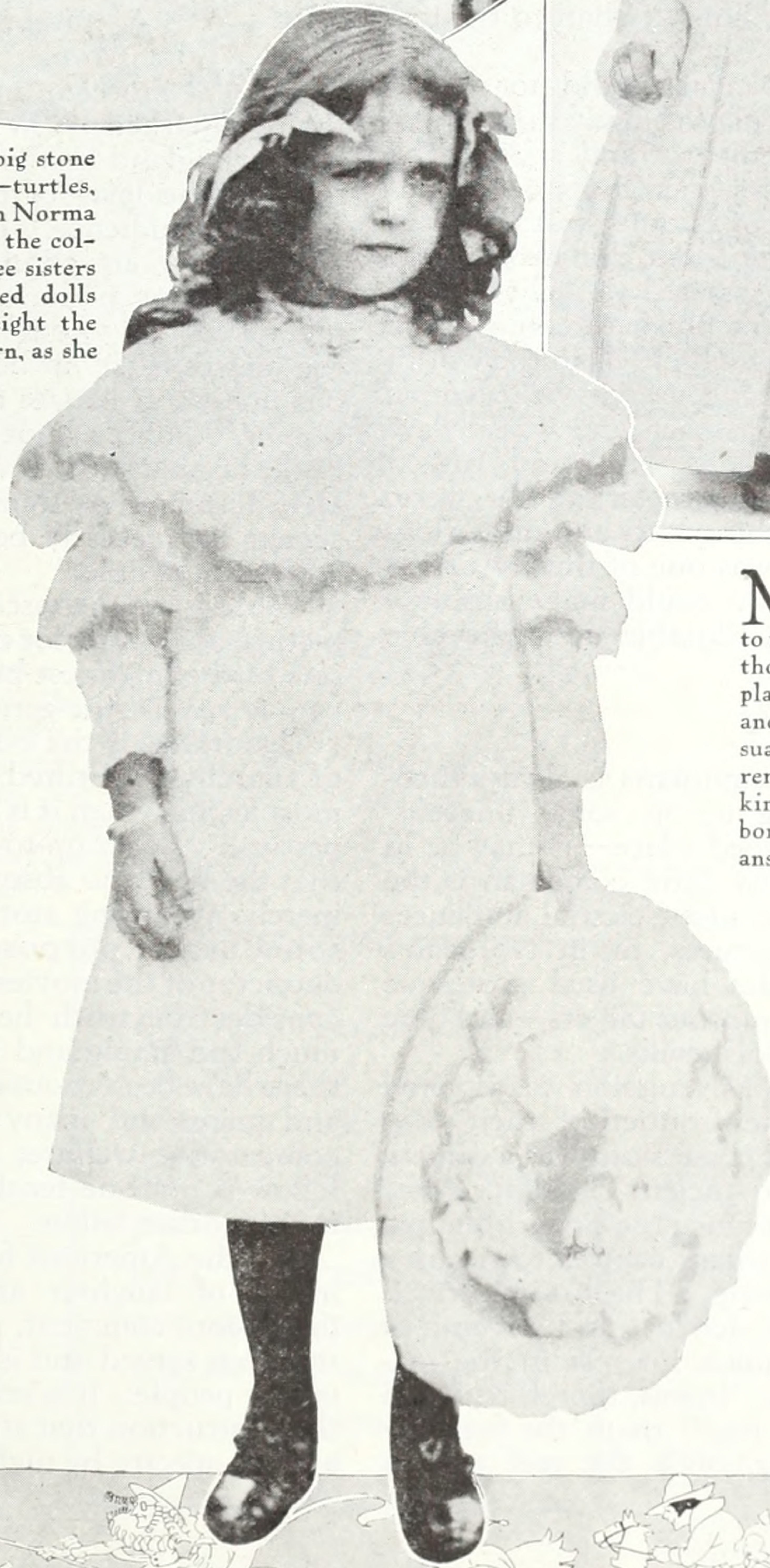


**T**HE three Talmadge girls used to live in an old fashioned house in Brooklyn with a big stone cellar. In this cellar they kept their pets—turtles, dogs, cats, white mice and angle worms. When Norma was a baby, she adored digging worms for the collection. As the girls grew older, the three sisters turned the cellar into a hospital for wounded dolls and decrepit animals. When Norma was eight the animals and dolls had to move out to the barn, as she decided to organize a dramatic company with herself as the star, and the cellar became Brooklyn's first intimate theater with a seating capacity of eighteen, and an admission of five pins per chair.

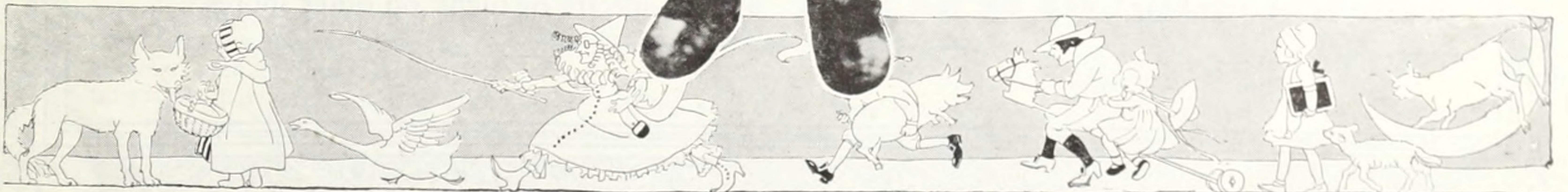


**M**ADGE KENNEDY three-year old had a sunbonnet tied under her chin to match every single frock; how she loathed those sunbonnets! So she took the bonnet placed on her unwilling head one morning and the greyhounds next door were persuaded to tear it to shreds. The ghastly remains Madge very neatly hid in all kinds of nooks and corners. "Where's your bonnet?" queried her mother. And Madge answered "Mother, dear, I don't know—I'll help you look for it!" After three months of severe pangs of conscience Madge had to confess!

**O**NE word in the English language that I hate is 'talent,'" declares Mary Miles Minter (shown at the left.) "There is a funny story connected with this word and my childish understanding of it, and even to this day my family frequently tease me about my 'talents'. When I was five years old I went on tour with a play called 'The Littlest Rebel'. One day I overheard a heated argument between the stage manager and one of the women in the cast, a large and rather unpleasant woman whom I did not at all admire. 'How do you expect to get by with that stuff?' the stage manager asked her indignantly. Placing her hands on her ample hips she sauntered insolently across the stage, saying calmly 'Oh, I guess my talents will get me by.' I gazed with horror at her well rounded hips and decided that her 'talents' must be that particular part of her anatomy. I was very chubby then. And oh, how it broke my heart when I overheard people telling my mother that I had remarkable talents for a child. I thought them very rude to speak of my unfortunate chubbiness and vainly tried to curb my healthy appetite, and I suppose I took up diet and reduction earlier than any other actress on record."



**M**ABEL NORMAND rebelled against Sunday School! "There's no use my going," said Mabel plaintively. "Why should I get any better? I'll never be an angel 'cause they all have blue eyes and yellow hair. It was bad enough to find all princesses have 'em too. That's why I'm through with fairy tales and with Sunday Schools."





# CLOSE-UPS

## *Editorial Expression and Timely Comment*

**Above** Robert Harron is dead, and there will be plenty to speak of him as a fine boy, a promising artist, or as a charming and engaging screen personality. **Reproach.** PHOTOPLAY concedes these things, but it ventures to touch briefly upon another phase of his art—something perhaps too delicate to speak of were he still moving blithely and manfully among us—something in which he stood alone among all the artists of the screen.

That something was the absolute purity of the characters he played, a purity which belonged even more to the boy himself than to the impersonations.

During his life, Bobby Harron did not always play heroes, though he played many such. Under D. W. Griffith, his mentor and sponsor, he sometimes enacted young men more or less encompassed by the toils of iniquity, but never, in his whole range of characters, did he depict a lad whose actions or registered thoughts would have caused the faintest blush to come to the most sensitive, most virginal cheek in the world. He never played anything except virile young men, yet, in the moral aspects, he was always absolutely above reproach. Real and rugged and healthy as these characterizations were, there was always something lofty and unworldly about them. Harron was one of the few artists who have ever lived who could make absolute male purity not only endurable but believable and admirable as well.

**The Universal** Chapliniana is always turning up in some unaccustomed place—it may be in China, where the funny little comedian is the plague of exhibitors, because Celestial audiences refuse to leave his pictures, or in No Man's Land, where both sides have used grotesque statuettes of him as humorous targets—and here is a tribute from the Bolsheviks.

**Charlie.** It is related that a Polish mission was isolated and captured near the frontier of their own country. Among their possessions was a camera and a few films; one, an ancient Chaplin. After a few days in dreary durance the Poles obtained the consent of their vigilant captors to set up a little show of an evening. The un-uniformed moujiks howled with delight, and several of them manifested as much interest in the machine as in the films. It was, therefore, but a few minutes' work to teach them the first preliminaries of cranking, once the reel was in

place. The Chaplin picture was put on, and the proud Bolsheviek operators were permitted to handle the machine themselves. The ragged battalion grinned or laughed or merely frowned curiously—but they all looked on.

And when the picture was finished the Poles had gone in the darkness.

An hour later, uncaught, they crossed their own border to safety. But Bolshevia still has Charlie!

**The** A number of film manufacturers had met in a discussion of the **Bulwark.** foreign market. Finally one of them remarked: "What we need in Europe, and in England first of all, is a raising of public taste to the level of the taste of the average American audience. The woman of leisure and culture, the art connoisseur, the man of the world—these, perhaps, have a discrimination much superior to our own, but the demand of the masses is far, far below our best photoplays, our finest travelogues and our advanced educationals. This was not always so, but somehow, in the last half-dozen years, the American picture taste has risen as tremendously as quietly; the screen has actually been an educator of the American people."

Here is an unconscious tribute to the motion picture as a protector of patriotism. It is today one of the mightiest bulwarks of the American people against the germs of foreign unrest.

Ignorance is the bouillon in which the bug of anarchy is cultured. Education is best and most lasting when it is acquired as an interesting pastime. Every up-to-date teacher will tell you that the boy who absorbs his history thinking it merely a corking story has it for life, and for some useful purpose. If the professional detractor of the movies will pause a moment and consider the truth he may reflect that among much bad acting and amid many cheap stories there have been thousands of feet of information and many and many a lesson in politics and comparative welfare; telling about the other fellow is not one-tenth so convincing as showing the other fellow.

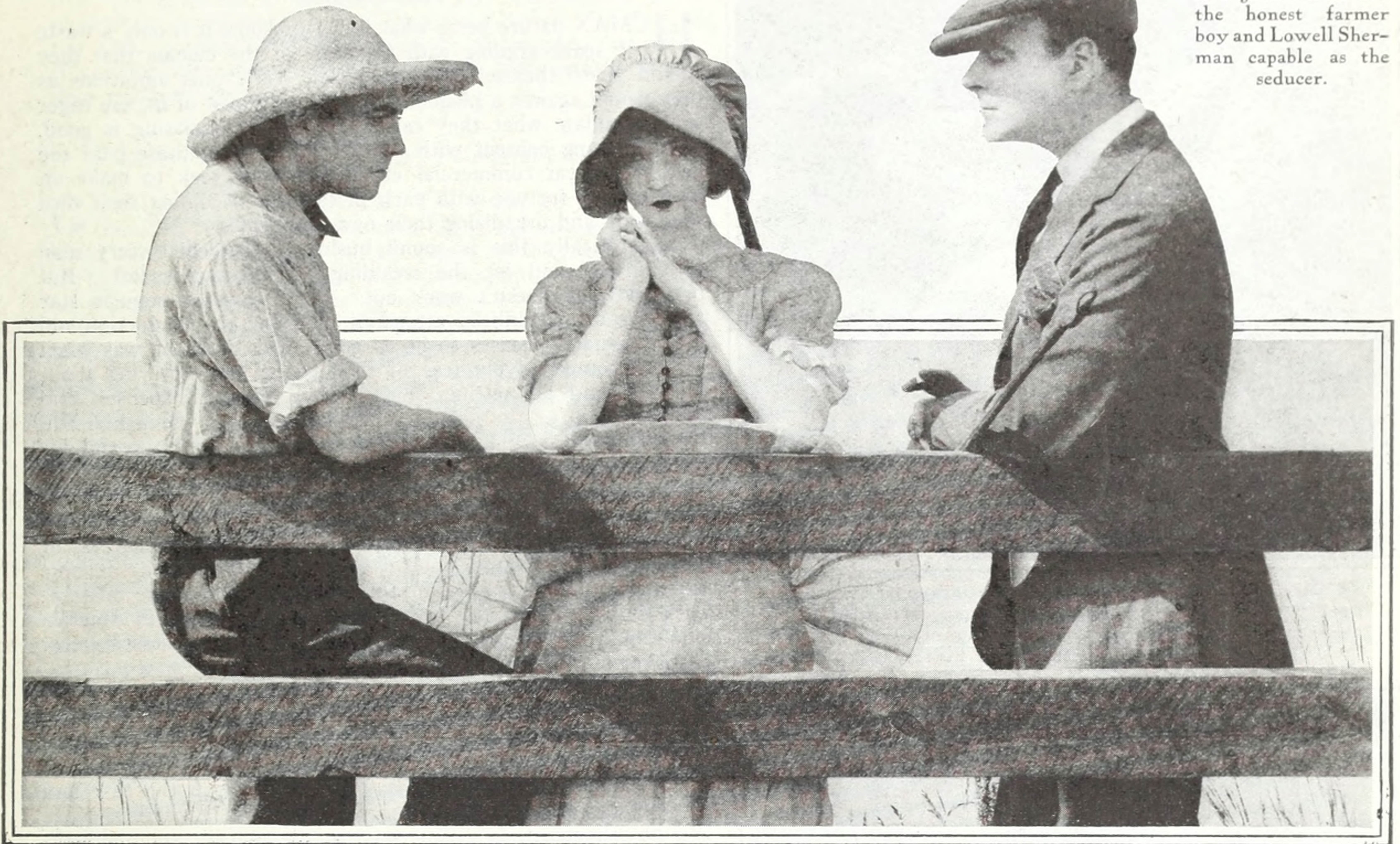
So the American film, in its various departments of laughter and romance, travel and discussion, comment, propaganda and exploitation, has served and is serving the highest ends of our people. It is an invisible bulwark against the destruction that stalks, a red wraith by day, a black spectre by night, on other shores.



# The Shadow Stage

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

"Way Down East" by Griffith, is one of the few super-features that will be able to stand alone. Lillian Gish is competent but somewhat immature as Anna Moore; Richard Barthelmess is a good choice for the honest farmer boy and Lowell Sherman capable as the seducer.



By BURNS MANTLE

THERE are two kinds of super-feature productions—the Griffith kind and the others. But before you spiral to the conclusion that all that Griffith does is superlative and all that the others do suffers something by comparison let me assure you that that is not what I mean. The things that Griffith does best he does better than any other director in pictures; the things he does badly he cheapens quite as noticeably. In "Way Down East," which is certain to be the most talked of and probably the most successful picture of the year, the concluding scene of the drifting ice and the rescued Anna Moore is probably the most stirring realistic single scene that has been screened, and on the other hand the bucolic comedy is as commonplace and colorless and trivial as any.

Personally, too, I quarrel with the Griffith lack of taste in the development of such episodes as that in which Lillian Gish is forced to writhe about a bed in the pain of childbirth and in the forced dramatic emphasis of such scenes as the night-long vigil with the corpse of the dead child—scenes that require the utmost delicacy of treatment to relieve them of that stark realism which is frequently revolting. And yet it is no more than fair to admit that there is effective tragedy even in these scenes.

There may be other directors who could have handled the age-old story of Anna Moore's attainment of happiness through suffering better than Griffith has handled it, but if there are I am unfamiliar with their work. This Belasco of the screen

has a definite gift for detail on which he expends an infinite amount of pains. His backgrounds are never merely plastered in, or set up hurriedly and carelessly shot. They are etched in and become not only photographically true, but atmospherically consistent and helpful to the building of the story. For example, the bridal "suite" in the country hotel to which the seducer took Anna Moore after the mock marriage, was rather elaborate when compared with what one might reasonably expect from the exterior of the same hotel, but it was a real room, perfect in detail and furnishings. And there was not an exterior that did not exude the very scents and smells of New England.

Griffith, too, is particularly careful in his choice of actors. After twenty years of Phoebe Davies on the stage Lillian Gish seems a little immature and childish for the suffering Anna, but she is thoroughly competent and her director, knowing so perfectly her histrionic limitations, is careful not to press her too far. She inspires a quick sympathy and is able to carry the emotional scenes tellingly. Richard Barthelmess is a good choice for the honest farmer boy and Lowell Sherman adds one more to his lengthening lists of seductions. Creighton Hale, in the one intelligently directed comedy scene of

the barn dance, was excellent, and little Mary Hay added a touch here and there that seems to promise a screen future for her. Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce, Vivia Ogden and Edgar Nelson lent competent support. Like all super-features, "Way

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

Down East" is one of the few super-features that will be able to stand alone. Lillian Gish is competent but somewhat immature as Anna Moore; Richard Barthelmess is a good choice for the honest farmer boy and Lowell Sherman capable as the seducer.





In "Civilian Clothes" Thomas Meighan suffers under the handicap of lack of good comedy material. Martha Mansfield plays the snob who allows herself to be disillusioned at her captain's civvies, resurrected at the end of his service.



There are few actors of Lionel Barrymore's quality to take the screen seriously. In "The Master Mind" he is an avenging nemesis, performing in a difficult rôle. He is capably directed by Kenneth Webb.



"The Broadway Bubble" presents Corinne Griffith again in a dual rôle, showing Broadway in its various moods as well as a slice of domestic drama.

Down East" would be a stronger picture if it were not so extended—if it were eight reels in place of twelve, say. But it is the one of the few super-features that will be able to stand alone. Anthony Paul Kelly provided the scenario, which some one has spattered with a mixture of good titles and bad.

#### FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—

First National

**H**UMAN nature being what it is I presume it is only a waste of space arguing with the stars of the cinema that they should guard themselves against their o'erleaping ambitions as they would against a plague. They, like the rest of us, are eager to accumulate what they can while the accumulating is good. So, not being content with salaries larger than those paid the heads of great commercial enterprises they seek to make an independent fortune with each picture by becoming their own producers and organizing their own companies.

Theoretically this is sound business judgment; every man for himself and let the weaklings take what is left. But practically it doesn't work out. Load down a popular star with the responsibilities attendant upon picture production and he immediately ceases to be as good an actor as he was when he was comparatively free of them. Set him worrying about his cast and his settings, his director and his expenses, and he loses grip of the part he is trying to play. Give him full responsibility in the selection of the stories he buys and his judgment becomes so warped by his personal interest in the leading rôle that he is unable to judge sanely those other qualities essential to the success of the picture as a whole. Set him playing the one part on which he knows the success or failure of the picture depends and he will overplay it nine times out of ten. Many an actor has made the same mistake, with the result that after a hundred years of drama in America you can count on the fingers of one hand the successful actor managers. And still have a digit or two to spare.

Charles Ray's recent experiences may be used to point the argument. Charles was doing very nicely until he decided to go it alone. Since then he has lost ground. His stories have not been as carefully or wisely selected, and his own performances in them have been lacking in the ease and natural grace that a measure of irresponsibility begets. The old boyish charm is giving way to the mature and deliberative performances of an anxious actor.

"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" might have furnished a good picture for half a dozen of Mr. Ray's contemporaries, but for him it was a mistake. It is not easy for his followers to accept the engaging Charles as a pug, even though no attempt is made to make a fighter of him. Furthermore, the scenarioist and director have missed those adventures of "Kid" Burns which might have been the most appealingly pictured—the original meeting of the fighter with the young man who afterward became a millionaire and proved his friendship by sticking to his pal and making him his "secatery." A previous meeting with the maid, Mary, too, would have strengthened and made less abrupt the development of the romance. There are, however, several good incidental scenes in this picture, and any Ray comedy is likely to be at least 40 per cent better than the average comedy.

#### A VILLAGE SLEUTH—Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

**I**N "A Village Sleuth" Ray recovers a bit of the ground lost in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," but here, too, the effort to bring the old Charles Ray back is quite plainly forced. He is too old a boy, for one thing, to undertake the adventures ascribed to him as a youthful disciple of Nick Carter and the story of the sanitarium doctor who was obliged to hide his family away in order to retain the interest of his lady patients is rather far-fetched picture stuff. The other characters were more unreal than real, so that the handicap of providing all the reasonable entertainment devolved upon the hero. Several of the comedy scenes he played excellently, and the hope is strong that his new worries do not permanently handicap him as a player. He is one of the screen stars we cannot afford to lose.

#### MILESTONES—Goldwyn

**P**AUL SCARDON, the director of "Milestones," tried to achieve an old English print effect in the grouping and photographing of his scenes and the result is rather trying on



he eyes and depressing to the spirits. The fact, too, that Louis Sherwin was unable to relieve the story of its repetition and lack of contrast without taking many liberties with the play as written by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock has not helped the picture. The second episode is practically a duplicate of the first, and by the time the third statement of the argument is reached the customers, as Louis would say, are ready to call it an evening and go home. The argument of the play, that youth is ever at loggerheads with age, and that the progressives of today are the reactionaries of tomorrow, is as effectively driven home as it was in the play, and the cast, headed by Lewis Stone, is thoroughly competent. Alice Hollister and Gertrude Robinson both return to films with excellent performances.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE—Paramount-Artcraft

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S "The Right to Love" is the familiar type of superfeature. It is not strong enough to stand alone on its merits, but by reason of its magnitude and its physical decorativeness it will add strength to any program on which it figures. In the composition of the scenes, in the realistic background afforded by a storm-swept pavilion on the shore of the Bosphorus, in the splendidly imaginative interlude of a fairy story visioned by a small boy to whom it is related, it is all splendidly and most artistically handled by the director. But Ouida Bergere's story, or so much of it as has reached the screen, is at least dramatically extravagant and lacks the holding simplicity of the true stuff—the only qualities you will find on analyzing them that ever made for the success of super features, from the days of "The Birth of a Nation" to those of "The Miracle Man" and "Humoresque." The story is of a horribly abused wife whose husband not only establishes his mistress in his home and flaunts her before his family and friends, but also seeks to rob the missus of her child and to fasten innumerable crimes upon her. Her lover of former days rescues her from her unhappy state, committing a neat murder in the process, and the two sail away to the land of happiness. There are several moments of melodramatic suspense and many well handled scenes. The cast, too, is far enough above the ordinary to guarantee the story a value it would not otherwise possess. Handsome Dave Powell represents the forces that make for righteousness and Holme Herbert the opposition. There is a good bit of characterization by Frank Losee, and Mae Murray did as much with the drama as her equipment permitted and contributed an occasional display of her fair figure. Alma Tell and Macey Harlam assisted capably.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION—Metro

THE price of Bert Lytell's redemption in this picture, considering the cost of celluloid and actors, not to mention scenery, is excessive but justified. "The Price of Redemption" is a reversion to the Indian-mutiny, my-god-who-will-save-the-garrison? type of melodrama which gives the capable star plenty of opportunity to act right out in front of a series of colorful backgrounds, or in dimly lighted, thickly atmospheric corners underground, or through shadows of a deep blue night, with a spotlight burning fitfully in the immediate nearness. An expensive picture, and impressive in its bigness, with Metro's favorite crowd of trained Indians surging now here, now there, through imposing courtyards, into more imposing throne rooms, or milling menacingly around the outer walls of the beleaguered garrison itself. The story, that of the one-time hero of Akbar, who was brave enough to save the garrison but not strong enough to resist the Scotch, is a little jumpy. It starts with the establishment of Leigh Dering's heroism in India, proceeds hence to London, where a loveless marriage and other things have driven him to the club and the bottle, and then hops back to Akbar, where he takes to drugs as well as drink and is finally brought back to decency through the discovery that he is the father of the child that he thought belonged to his wife's second husband. Here he prevents his old pal, the Rajah, from blowing up a lot of English people and is reunited with his family. A good performance by Lytell in all the important scenes, with help from Seena Owen, Cleo Madison, Landers Stevens, Edward Cecil and several others.

(Continued on page 85)



"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" shows a Charles Ray whose old boyish charm is giving way to the mature and deliberative performance of an anxious actor. For Ray, this picture material was a mistake.



"Milestones," from the play by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, is optically trying and depressing to the spirits. Its argument is that youth is ever at loggerheads with old age. Lewis Stone and supports are thoroughly competent.



You will gasp, you will shudder all the way through "While New York Sleeps," a William Fox melodrama. Marc McDermott and Estelle Taylor are prominent in the cast.



# It Happened To Her

All the gods smiled on Justine Johnstone and  
now she is smiling for the cinema.

By DELIGHT EVANS

**A** THING of beauty, some sweet singer tells us, is a joy forever.

And a thing of beauty is hard to find. Beautiful sonnets and beautiful bonnets, beautiful pearls and beautiful girls—all these are extremely rare. You can go for days, sometimes, without seeing one—a beautiful girl, I mean. You may see pretty girls or piquant girls, girls with nice hair or good complexions, but a downright beautiful girl—seldom. She only happens once in a long, long time, but when she does, poets praise her and people applaud her and the wealth of all the ages is poured at her shapely feet. And right away she is pursued by rotund picture producers who want to star her.

It is a dreadful thing to think of Beauty buried in a studio. She is not buried as far as we are concerned, of course—but consider Her case—Beauty's herself. She may place one French foot on the neck of the world—and yet she chooses to spend her days—from nine till six, usually—in a bare barn of a place, inhabited with loud gentlemen who always wear hats, sputtering and devastating lights which sometimes do their best to prove that she isn't a beauty at all, and a deadly air of Commercialism which might burn our Beauty if she did not possess Beauty's twin, Youth.

And yet Beauty, nowadays, chooses it. Fairly cries for it, as if it were that medicine that is advertised as the Children's Friend in Need. Beauty isn't content to stay at home and receive the homage of the world—and incidentally its best products of modiste and jeweler and milliner and motorer—from her choice boudoir. She must needs go out and conquer a cruel camera which is often unappreciative of Beauty's superlative sacrifice.

I went to a Studio the other day. It was an overcrowded studio, and the set was a ballroom set. There were careless ladies in décolleté, and careful gentlemen in black and white lounging about on the perilous period furniture. There was a cameraman. There was The Director, with a lavender shirt, spats, and a hat which he often removed to scratch his head. And, over in one corner, was Beauty, in a big chair, as far away from the lights as possible, sitting there, absolutely wasted, waiting for her call to come out to greet the "guests" she wouldn't have recognized in real life.

Readers, let me introduce—before going a step farther—Beauty incognito—in other words, Justine Johnstone. Miss Johnstone, subject or object of the lengthy panegyric just delivered, which you doubtless skipped, and with good cause—Miss Johnstone, we say, has left the former haunts of Beauty and secreted herself in a studio, where she will woo fame with lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure which Praxiteles might have loved to carve.

Justine is a blonde. She was a blonde from birth and has remained one unaided by her hairdresser. She has the complexion that usually comes from a daughter of the Northern land of fjords and fishermen, once removed. She has a slow grace and a good humor which made her Manhattan's most popular "hostess." She has a Good Husband. And yet she wants to be a Film Star. Wants to be liked by thousands outside her own immediate circle. Wants her name and her face known to residents of Manchuria as well as Manhattan. She wishes, in other words, to be Widely Known, where as now she is merely a celebrity of theatrical New York.

Beauty is much maligned. Philosophers have tried to tell us, by long-distance communication in the form of the printed page, that Beauty is everything. But for the benefit of those who don't believe Oscar Wilde and Keats, Shelley and Swinburne and others, we hasten to tell you that Justine is more than Beautiful. Oh my yes. She has Intelligence.

They don't usually go together. And there may have been

a time, who knows, when Justine was more concerned about a new aigrette than a new idea. But that was before she became ambitious. Once having decided to become famous, she went about it very systematically. She studied. She bought books—and what is more, she read them. She read them again. Then she went out and looked for a career.

She didn't have to. According to the critics she was in a fair way of becoming a second Lillian Russell and having new cold-creams and vibrators dedicated to her. She had been the star of musical comedies and roof entertainments. But she wanted to learn to act. So she went up to a small town in New England and for six months forgot she was Justine Johnstone and applied herself diligently to studying many "sides" and learning lines—a different collection every week.

She played slaveys and shop-girls. Played, we expect, about every known part included in a stock company's repertoire. And when she went back to New York, she had her own reward. She received offers for films and after her first picture, was made a Star!

Verily, Beauty is its own reward. Justine—to go back where we left her, in the big chair just off the set—is playing a Countess in her first picture for Realart, and has a chance to be herself again, in gorgeous gowns and expensive hats and the latest in ankle-straps. She was a study in gold—a gold evening-gown, modestly displaying the perfect shoulder-blades which it is said caused several celebrated beauties to consider which was the quickest way to end it all; diamond bracelets sparkling on small but perfect wrists; a rope of pearls—

Let's say right here that Justine is a regular Greek goddess when it comes to dimensions. There are a good many good-looking girls with venus figures; some women have perfect heads which resemble the ladies on old coins; and a very very select few have perfect hands and feet. But Justine—well, Justine is nothing if not a ringer for the Venus of Milo—supposed by some archaeologists to be the mysterious Victory without Wings—but we'll not go into that; Justine has a classic head and is sensible enough to make her hair conform to classic lines; and Justine has fine hands and small wrists—and Real Ankles. Any time she cares to desert the drahma, Mr. Mack Sennett, Hampton Del Ruth, and the rest of the beach-combers will welcome her with open ar—*pardon*, check-books.

We fear we have suggested the idea of an icy aloofness in Justine. Not so. She is benign as well as beautiful, sparkling as well as shapely. She is awfully good fun. And she is very much in love with her husband. He is very young, very good-looking, and the production manager for Paramount. Walter Wanger—a Dartmouth "man," and an idealist in the theater who came to the screen, bringing his ideals with him. He is mapping out an interesting career for his wife—has already bought "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" for her to play.

Her first "feature" picture is "Blackbirds," quite a heavy dramatic assignment for such a small and perfect figurante. She is handling it very well, from all reports.

"This will not be her very first screen appearance, you know. She "tried out" in a Taylor Holmes' picture, "Nothing but Lies" in which she had the opposite leading role to the star-comedian.

Once upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wanger had a house in the country where Justine could play at keeping it—and a very good house-keeper she was, too. But now that she is working, she must live in Manhattan, and so she and her husband are domiciled in an ultra-exclusive hotel on Fifth Avenue, where the appointments are perfect and picturesque; fit surroundings for a cold Galatea, for even such a breathing bit of ivory as Justine.

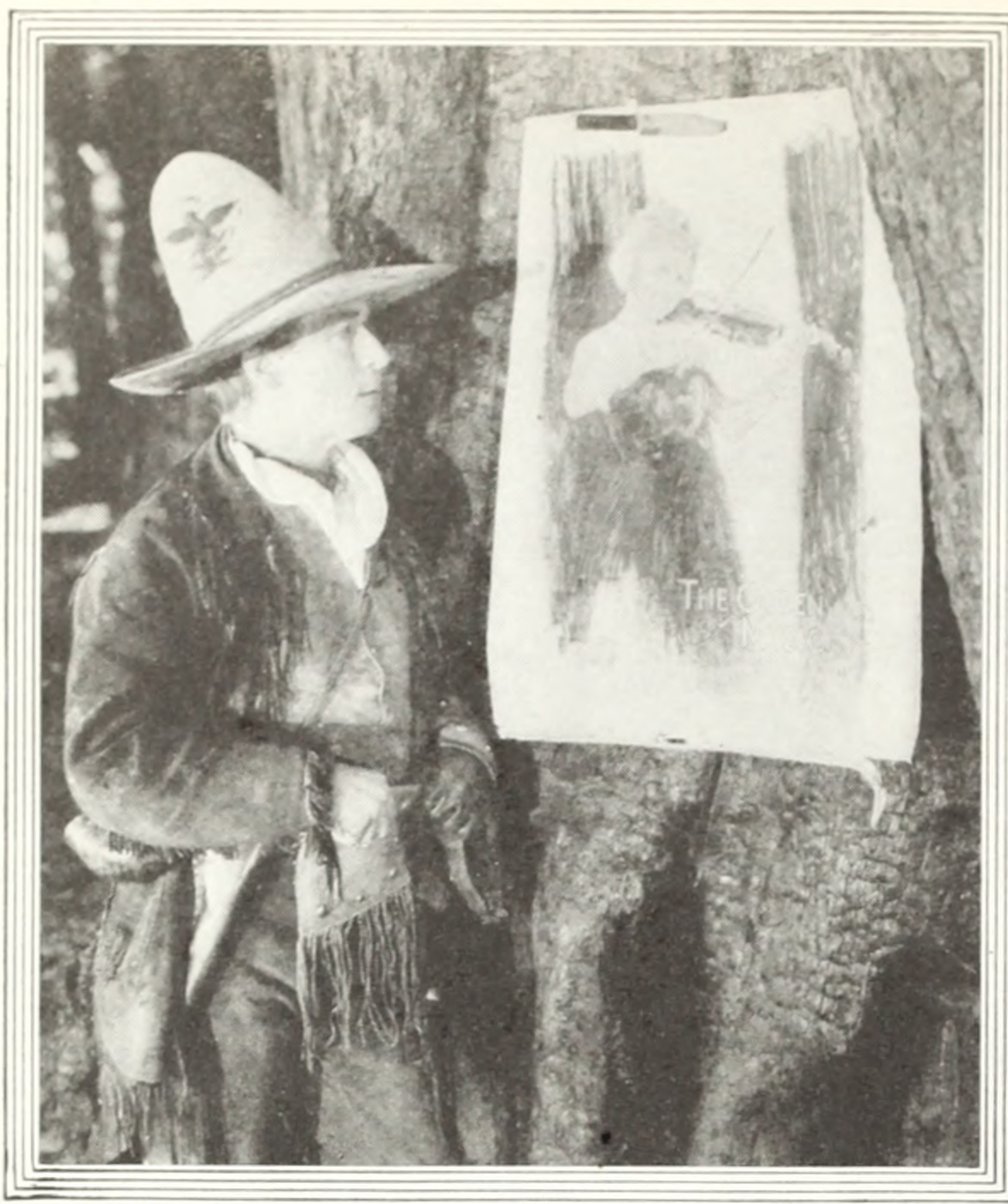




Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

She has left the former haunts of Beauty and secreted herself in a studio where she will woo fame with lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure which Praxiteles might have loved to carve.





But Sierra Bill's thoughts were not sinister, for they were occupied with a picture of the girl which decorated the troupe's poster that fluttered on a tree.

SEVEN men, perched upon an all but inaccessible shelf of rock, watched a wagon train winding painfully out of the draw, across the valley, down the road that led to Pan Creek. Their interest was remarkable, because wagon trains were not, as a rule, in their line. A stage coach, heading for 'Frisco with the month's clean-up, or a too successful gambler heading for some camp where his reputation was not such a handicap, always engaged their interest. But wagon trains coming in from the other side of the Divide had always been happily immune from their attentions, for hope was the principal treasure of such caravans, and hope is a commodity of no value to anyone but its owner. Against this rule, two of the seven rebelled constantly but unsuccessfully. Ringe, and the Indian, Wolf, would have raided everything that came their way, with strict impartiality, to keep in practice if nothing else, but Sierra Bill said "No," and when he said "No" there was nothing left for anyone else to say. His "Yes" and "No" were the constitution, by-laws and all the amendments in the code of the band.

So while the seven watched the wagon train hungrily, it was not the hunger of the vulture. Nor was it because they appreciated in the slightest degree the beauty of the scene—the rough-hewn mountains scowling against the blue, the silver thread of the stream interlacing the brown and green of earth and woods. Theirs was the hunger of the penniless boy who watches the circus parade go past. For on their last raid into Pan Creek the seven had captured, among more valuable loot, a gaudy poster which now fluttered behind them, pinned by a bowie knife to a big tree, announcing the imminent arrival of the Ellis Traveling Players.

Of all human desires, the first born and the last to die is the desire to play. From the baby with its rattle to the grey-beard with his golf, this desire persists, and the seven grim men on the shelf of rock were starved for play. And it was one thing to swoop down upon Pan Creek, raid the Red Front saloon, swing into saddle and off again to a rattle of shots, and something entirely different to take their places in an audience watching a show. You cannot enjoy a show with one finger on the trigger and one eye on the door.

The afternoon was closing down, and already the long shadows were making twilight in the valley, though the high shelf was still bathed in the horizontal rays of the sun. The wagon train would not be able to make Pan Creek for supper, and apparently its members had so decided, for upon reaching

a flat, open space, they drew up and began to prepare for the meal.

"Sure wisht I could see that show," plaintively observed Slim.

"Know any other jokes?" demanded Ringe grumpily.

Sierra Bill said nothing, but a queer smile began to steal over his face as he gazed steadily into the valley. It was a smile that changed the entire appearance of the man. In repose his features were stern and forbidding—the features of a fighting man always braced for a fight. As the smile grew and expanded it made him over into a boy—the boy of Hallowe'en.

"Reckon you're goin' to get that wish, Slim," he said at last. The others looked at him questioningly.

"Reckon they can give us a private performance right down where they're campin'," he went on. "Slim, you go down an' tell 'em to get ready, 'cause their audience is on the way."

There was no need for further explanation. The six saw the plan of their leader. They had stolen everything they ever wanted. Now they wanted a show, so why not steal that? The reasoning was simple and direct. Slim started for his horse.

"And tell 'em it'd better be a damn good show," Sierra called.

Never was a stranger or gayer theater party, than that which rode down the steep mountain trail that evening, and never had this band started out more eagerly upon a foray. But while the others laughed and chattered behind him, Sierra Bill at their head had lost his smile again, and was once more the stern and forbidding leader. But his thoughts were not sinister, for they were occupied with the picture of a girl which decorated the troupe's poster that fluttered on the tree. "Nellie Grey, Queen of Music" was the modest claim under the gaudily colored portrait, but even the crude reproduction could not conceal the dainty, wistful charm of the girl's face. So while the bandit's appearance was cold and hard, there was something soft and tender springing up within.

Slim had been diplomatic but firm, and the astonished Traveling Players, warned beforehand of the presence of outlaws in the neighborhood, decided that nothing was to be gained by defying orders, so the little troupe was ready when Sierra and his men arrived. The stage was a canvas spread upon the ground. The burnt cork artists of the "Minstrel First Part" were enthroned upon trunks and boxes. The audience decided to remain mounted and masked—and the show began.

With keener enjoyment than could have been guessed from their grave attention, the audience listened to the ancient mother-in-law jokes and heard Mr. Bones explain to the interlocutor why the chicken crossed the road. Their enthusiasm flashed up, however, when the minstrels, gratified and rather surprised to find themselves still alive, disappeared, and were succeeded by two almost young women who sang and danced. Little eruptions of boisterousness among Sierra's men were sternly quelled by the leader, despite insubordinate mutterings by Ringe. All this Nellie Grey watched through a flap in a tent, and realized that this stern man was a master. So when her turn came she was not afraid, and tucking her violin under her chin she played her best for them.

She played old tunes, and played them gently, with feeling in every note, not so much as looking up at the sinister black masks. But behind the mask of the leader that strange emotion he had felt as he rode down the trail, surged up more strongly than ever. The girl was lovelier than he had expected, and the music recalled many things he had forgotten, things away back in distant years. Ringe was not so susceptible to the music, but there was a glitter in the eyes that peered through his mask at the shapely shoulders of the girl. And when she was through he flung impetuously from his saddle, and with outstretched hand offering her a strange assortment of gold coins and trinkets, said:

"You're better'n a picture. Guess I'll turn actor an' join the troupe."

The girl turned away.

"Those were stolen—we don't want them," she said.

Before Ringe could insist, Sierra was by his side, gripping his arm, and Ringe knew from the look in the leader's eyes that he was in no mood for argument.

"You runnin' the show too?" Ringe growled.

"Reckon," Sierra replied tersely and turned to the girl with a small bag of gold dust in his hand.



# The Testing Block

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
"Was ever woman in this humor won?"

By  
JEROME  
SHOREY

"This dust wasn't stole, ma'am—it was panned. Reckon we oughta pay f'r the show."

He forced the bag into her hand, gave a sharp order, and in an instant the Traveling Players heard the sound of hoofbeats dying away in the distance, and breathed again. Quickly harnessing their horses they pushed on for Pan Creek, anxious to get away from the scene of the adventure, profitable though it had been.

It was a good-natured, merry crew that rode back to the mountain stronghold, though Sierra rode by himself, silent and moody. When they had unsaddled he sat apart from the others, gazing at the poster on the tree, and dreaming strange dreams. He did not notice that the merriment was growing more and more unrestrained under the influence of heavy draughts of whiskey. Usually he kept his men under strict allowance, and there were no orgies permitted. Tonight he relaxed his vigilance, and paid no attention to them until Ringe approached him with a handful of broken sticks, and told him to draw one.

"There's three women with that troupe," Ringe explained. "We're drawin' to see which gets 'em. The three winners'll draw again f'r first choice."

Sierra sprang to his feet. "You know the rule—no women allowed in this band," he snapped.

Ringe, Sierra knew, had long been waiting a chance to rebel against the leader, and now believed he had struck an issue upon which the others would stand by him.

"I guess the winners can quit this band if you don't like it," Ringe replied, defiantly.

Sierra looked around at his followers. Inflamed by alcohol and a thirst for excitement, they were momentarily beyond discipline. An order would not suffice—he would have to act. In any other circumstances he would have been glad to let the game go on, glad to rid himself of Ringe, who, he was confident, would take good care to be among the three winners.



"I've won you — I'm goin' to marry you — now!"



But the thought of the fate of the girl with the violin made it out of question, so he made a quick decision.

"No man can leave this band until he fights his way out of it," he said. "I'll fight you—all of you. The last man on his feet—goes."

It was a challenge that appealed to the outlaws—one man against six, and it was a fair fight—as fair as such a fight can be. They came up, one after another, and one by one went down under his crashing blows, acknowledging their master, until only two were left—the Indian and Ringe.

"I'm aimin' to take you last, Ringe," he said, and steeled himself for the final struggle. Stripped and battered he met the rush of the wily Wolf, and almost went down, but the sight of Ringe's cruel eyes beside the poster of the "Queen of Music" put frenzy into his blows, until the Indian lay helpless, and Sierra turned to his most formidable adversary.

Sierra's physical strength was exhausted. He knew it, and Ringe knew it. But behind Sierra's physical strength there still stood untouched and fearless, the spirit of the man. Time after time it seemed that Ringe had him beaten, but each time he came back to the desperate battle, fighting mechanically and ferociously with strength he himself did not know remained. He only knew he could not lose, and at last Ringe saw, in a flash, that this was true—and this was the moment of victory for Sierra. With a savage rush he sent Ringe reeling, and gasped:

"The last man on his feet goes—and goes alone."

Pulling on his coat he staggered over to the poster and tore it from the tree. Then, saddling Pinto, the horse he loved better than anything else in the world, he rode down the trail. He was a different man from the one who had ridden down just a few hours before, for the fight had brought to the surface all the latent savagery of his nature, and the tenderness that had been springing up within him was buried in a

tumult of wild emotions. He had fought for this woman and had won, and he was going to claim her. She was his, and he would own her.

With the town of Pan Creek asleep, the Pinto horse bearing a swaying rider with a terrible, blood-streaked face, galloped up to the little hotel. The landlord was roughly aroused from sleep by the fear-inspiring figure, who, producing the poster of the Traveling Players, demanded:

"That violin woman from the show—where is she?"

The landlord cowered. "I'll have the law on ye," he whimpered. "I'm a Justice of the Peace."

"That'll save a lot o' time," Sierra replied. "Come on—where is she?"

Persuaded into action by Sierra's gun, the landlord led the way upstairs to a room where Nellie and her two girl companions were sleeping. Awakened suddenly by the flash of the light from the lamp, they were too terrified by the appearance of Sierra, even to scream.

"I've won you," Sierra told Nellie. "I'm goin' to marry you—now."

"What—what do you mean?" the dazed girl asked. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Learn my Pinto colt to carry double," the man replied. "Come on, Mr. Justice of the Peace."

\* \* \*

Out of the terror and travail of that night of fear and savagery, a new happiness was born for the man and the woman, and five years later, in the gold camp of Placer, they had forgotten everything that was brutal in their mating. For besides the love which they had found there was the child, Buster. And far from the scenes of his outlawry, Sierra had turned his intelligence and strength into honest endeavor. He owned a small claim which well repaid his industry, and his one aim in life was to keep Nellie from ever regretting the



Only when Rosita ran up, pledging to care for the sick boy until the doctor came, did Sierra's lip tremble. They took him to jail, crushed by the succession of disasters.



marriage into which she had been forced. So far from regretting it, she was by now able even to laugh about it, and in all California there was no happier spot than the little cabin.

Then, one day, Sierra went out to meet the stage from Sacramento. He was expecting a set of "spellin' blocks" for Buster which he had commissioned the driver to bring. As he stood for a moment, chatting with the driver, one of the passengers inside drew back into the deep shadow. When they had started again, this man turned to the woman beside him.

"We're stoppin' at Placer, Rosita," he said.

"But, Meester Ringe, I thought we go to Gold Bar," she answered.

"I've been waitin' five years to get even with that man that was talkin' to the driver," he explained. "We're stopping at Placer."

Rosita shrugged. One place was much the same as another to her. Ringe, unable to hold the band together after Sierra left them, had adopted the career of itinerant gambler, and found the woman useful as a come-on. So they drifted from camp to camp, at home everywhere and nowhere. That night Ringe made arrangements to deal faro at the principal saloon of Placer, and waited for his opportunity. He wanted revenge on Sierra, preferably some kind of revenge that would throw Nellie into his power.

One night soon after, Sierra rode up to the saloon on Pinto, and Ringe, who had coached Rosita for such an occasion, slipped out of sight. Sierra went to the platform where the musicians were stationed, and asked the leader if he could let him have a string for Nellie's violin. The leader said he would have to go to his room for it and started away. Ringe stopped him on the way out, and with a gold piece persuaded him not to hurry.

Sierra seated himself at a table, Rosita strolled up, and after the custom of the place asked him to buy a drink for her. He declined, politely, but she sat down opposite him, and produced a pack of cards, which she shuffled, and asked him to cut.

"Dios, senior," she exclaimed, as she spread them out. "The cards see you as an outlaw."

Sierra looked up, startled, and she went on.

"I see a wife, and a son. But the wife not love you. You steal her some time and she want to go back. I see her in music and dance. She leave you soon."

Sierra steeled himself against betraying his feelings, pretended he was bored and sauntered out of the saloon. But so cunningly had the facts of the past been woven into the bogus prediction of the future that his head swam. What was true and what was false in the woman's story? He had often wondered that the beautiful girl he had made his wife, could ever come to love him. Now he was face to face with the question—had she been shamming affection all this time through fear of him? He could not believe it—and yet—there was just enough superstition in his makeup, that he could not shake off the thought.

Ringe, meanwhile, hurried to the cabin. Nellie did not recognize him because the only other time she had seen him he was masked. He knew he had only a few moments and he wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Some of us know your husband used to be an outlaw, an' we thought you ought to know he's plannin' to take the trail again," he said. "He keeps meetin' up with a Mexican girl at the dance hall, an' we think he figures to work with her friends."

"I don't believe you," Nellie declared.

"All right, but don't say you wasn't warned, 'cause we're aimin' to break up this gang before it gets started," Ringe answered, and left her.

With the shadow of the past over their minds, the seeds of doubt found fertile ground. When Sierra returned, he and his wife could not but notice the constraint in each other's demeanor. A word, and it would all have been explained, but neither spoke the word. And when Ringe came again next day, and suggested that Nellie might learn something of interest if she looked in at Sierra on his claim, where he was at work, she hesitated, but went. And there, with little Buster playing near by, she saw what seemed a confirmation of Ringe's story. Rosita was standing beside Sierra, very close to him, it seemed to the wife, and they were in earnest conversation. There was nothing incriminating, but of course he would hardly make love to her in broad daylight, Nellie bitterly reflected. And with their boy playing innocently at the sluice—she was ready to believe anything. All she knew of the man she had



In a few short weeks Buster's recovery provided the well-earned peace and contentment for which they all hungered.

married rushed into her mind—his record of crime, his savage abduction of herself.

"I'll go to Sacramento," she sobbed. "I'll get work. I won't stay with him another day."

"You're doin' right," Ringe assured her. "There's a stage in an hour. Better take it. We might round up his gang any time, an' you better not be here."

"But my baby—I can't go without him!"

"That's all right," Ringe promised. "I'll see that he's sent to you right away. Leave it all to me."

\* \* \*

The fortune teller had told the truth. So clearly had events seemed to corroborate her prediction that Sierra did not even attempt to follow his wife. He had stolen her once, and he would not force her again to live with him. She did not even want her baby, it seemed, and all his love centered on the boy. Buster fretted and pleaded for his mother, but Sierra made up all sorts of excuses. Still the child was not satisfied, and between the lack of his mother's care and his fretting, he soon worked himself into a fever. Sierra was helpless. The nearest doctor was in Sacramento and it would take five hundred dollars to bring him. Ringe had discovered Sierra's little hoard of dust in the cabin, after Nellie left, and stolen it, so that Sierra supposed Nellie had robbed him as well as deserted him. All he had left in the world was Pinto, and he held Pinto himself a small sacrifice to save the boy. So he rode down to the saloon and asked for offers.

Sierra had seen Ringe about several times, but was so numbed by his misfortune that it had not occurred to him to connect his old enemy's presence with the fortune teller's information about his past. So when Ringe came forward with an offer to buy Pinto at Sierra's figure, he was grateful. Ringe smiled inwardly as he paid for the horse with the proceeds of Sierra's own gold, and checked off his score:

"His wife, his money, his horse—pretty good start."

Sierra started a messenger to Sacramento for the doctor and went back to his cabin. His world was narrowing down to a very small horizon, but he would not count all lost so long as he had Buster. He moved about the house, blunderingly trying to do something for the suffering child, when his quick ear caught the sound of a galloping horse. Rushing to the door he saw Pinto, covered with foam and bleeding, trembling with fear. All his old ferocity leaped into life and set fire to his brain.

(Continued on page 120)



# The Glad Game

A Thanksgiving Time  
Talk with the Home Circle.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



PROBABLY everyone who reads this article will have seen the photoplay, "Pollyanna." And they will have known the wide popularity of the book that the photoplay was written from—the book that was first a serial, then a best-seller, then a play and, last of all, a moving-picture success.

And—probably everyone who saw the photoplay went home wondering just what the charm of the story consisted of, wondering just why Pollyanna caught at the heart strings and brought tears of ready sympathy to the eyes, and brought just as ready laughter to the lips. For many people were quick to admit that Pollyanna was too sweet to be true, that the narrative was too saccharin to be natural, that the plot was too slight to be worth while.

Pollyanna was published some years ago, by a magazine that employed me. We didn't know, as we edited and cut and proof-read the manuscript, that it was going to be at all famous—we joked about being happy and laughed at each other when things were all wrong and upside down.

"Don't be cross," we'd say when a page was late in arriving from the printer, "it might be two pages!"

And—

"Cheer up!" we'd advise when an overturned ink bottle deluged a white skirt, "it might have spoiled your hat, too!"

And yet, even though we grew a bit tired of the saintly little heroine, we grew rather fond of her. I remember that the interviewing of Eleanor H. Porter, the author of "Pollyanna," gave me a real thrill—and I remember that I went over half of the city with a fine tooth comb to locate the little girl—a shy, flax-haired kiddie—who had posed for the first illustrations of the story. Despite myself, almost, the charm of Pollyanna got to me.

After a while, at the office, we began to be a bit shamefaced when we made fun of the book. And then we began to suggest, in rather good faith, that being happy wasn't such a bad idea, after all. And then the managing editor asked me to write an article about the "Glad Game,"—which, you will remember, was Pollyanna's life philosophy. And I wrote the article and, in answer to it, there came letters—many letters—from all over the country.

There were letters from pleasant people who approved of the glad game, and there were letters from not-so-pleasant people who were interested in it, and there were letters from peevish people who wanted to know more about it. There were thousands of letters from rich people, and comfortably situated people, and poor people. And not one of the letters said anything slighting about the glad game. Not one of them said anything in favor of being unhappy, and unpleasant.

"I'm a crank," one man wrote to me, with most extreme frankness, "most everybody says so, and those that don't say

so think so. I'm forever growling at my wife, and at my children, and at my grandchildren, and at my neighbors. Sometimes I have a real trouble—but sometimes it's only cussedness that makes me growl.

"I'm nearly seventy, now, and the other day I read about this glad game business. And it set me to thinking and I saw that I'd been dead wrong.

"I kind of reckon that it's too late, now, to begin over. I'm a crank and I'm afraid that I'll have to be a crank. But I can't help regretting over three score of wasted years! And I can't help telling you that I regret them."

\* \* \*

Particularly around this time of year, when Thanksgiving is in the air, folk get to thinking about glad games, and being happy. Even the most confirmed of cross-patches get to counting their blessings a la Pollyanna, when Thanksgiving-time comes to the world.

They try to forget the high cost of living (though it's not easy with turkeys at Heaven-knows-what a pound!) and they think, instead, that they're glad of the strength that enables them to keep just a shade ahead of the enormous prices, and the low values and the inflated demands. They're thankful for life and living and the care free sparkle of blue November skies. They're playing the glad game because it's been the custom, for a good many years, to play the glad game at Thanksgiving.

People, fundamentally, are meant to be happy (look at the little gay-hearted thoughtless children)—it's only the worries and fears and perplexities *inside of them* that make folk—as the old man, who wrote me, said—into cranks!

Don't be a crank! Be happy. Play the glad game even though your friends are inclined to laugh at you, for it's a game well worth the playing. And if you play it sincerely enough, you'll find

that the friends will soon stop laughing.

It isn't necessary to be as obvious about your gladness as Pollyanna was. It isn't necessary to shout hosannas when you break a leg because you didn't break an arm, too. Neither is it quite truthful to say that you're glad that some calamity appeared because it's good for your soul! And if a person told me that he was glad about toothaches, mosquito bites and hay fever I'd be inclined to walk away from him, in disgust.

Be moderate and sensible and *real* in your gladness. Be glad when it's humanly possible to be glad—but don't be inhuman in your happiness. Only try to smile in the face of adversity—only try to push up the corners of your mouth, as the child did, in "Broken Blossoms," when real trouble comes.

And if you try hard enough, you'll never have a chain of wasted years to look back upon, and you'll be able to understand why Pollyanna has charmed huge audiences, and—best of all—every day of your life will be a real Thanksgiving!



Margaret E. Sangster



# And Now—FICTION!

**W**ATCH for the January number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and when you see it on the news stands, buy it.

The first two short stories, accepted for the \$14,000 fiction contest, will appear in this number. You will find them up to PHOTOPLAY standard. You will find them up to the standard of any fiction in any of the best magazines in America. And throughout next year, PHOTOPLAY will continue to publish two short stories in each number—twenty-four in all, and each one of them will be the best that can be found and purchased.

They will be clean stories, stories of love, romance, adventure, stories that the sons and daughters of any family in America may read with the full approval of the fathers and mothers of any American family.

## Photoplay's \$14,000 Contest

is attracting the best short story writers in the country, so you may expect to find some of the year's most distinctive fiction in this magazine.

The fiction contest closes August 31, 1921, and no manuscripts will be accepted after that date. Address all manuscripts and requests for information regarding the terms of the contest to

Editor, SHORT STORY CONTEST

**PHOTOPLAY**

25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City



# Polly Drew and Her Home



TO many picture-goers she will always be just Polly—heroine of those whimsical little domestic comedies she herself used to write, and direct. Although since the death of her gifted husband Mrs. Drew has confined her talents almost entirely to writing and directing, her popularity as an actress has not faded, so that these views of her charming apartment in Park Avenue, Manhattan, have a real and personal interest. This is where Polly lives when, as Mrs. Drew, she is not directing Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn. It was at Vitagraph, by the way, that Jane Morrow, as she was then known, first appeared in pictures and first met Sidney Drew.

Photography  
by  
Brown Bros.



This is a real home—and no wonder, for Polly is her own interior decorator. Above we see one wall of the long low library with its real fireplace, its deep chairs, and its rows of books—illustrating the principle that books may be used for decorative purposes. These books, however, all have their pages cut. The grey ceiling and soft Persians give this room a restful air that is further carried out in the subdued lighting effects.



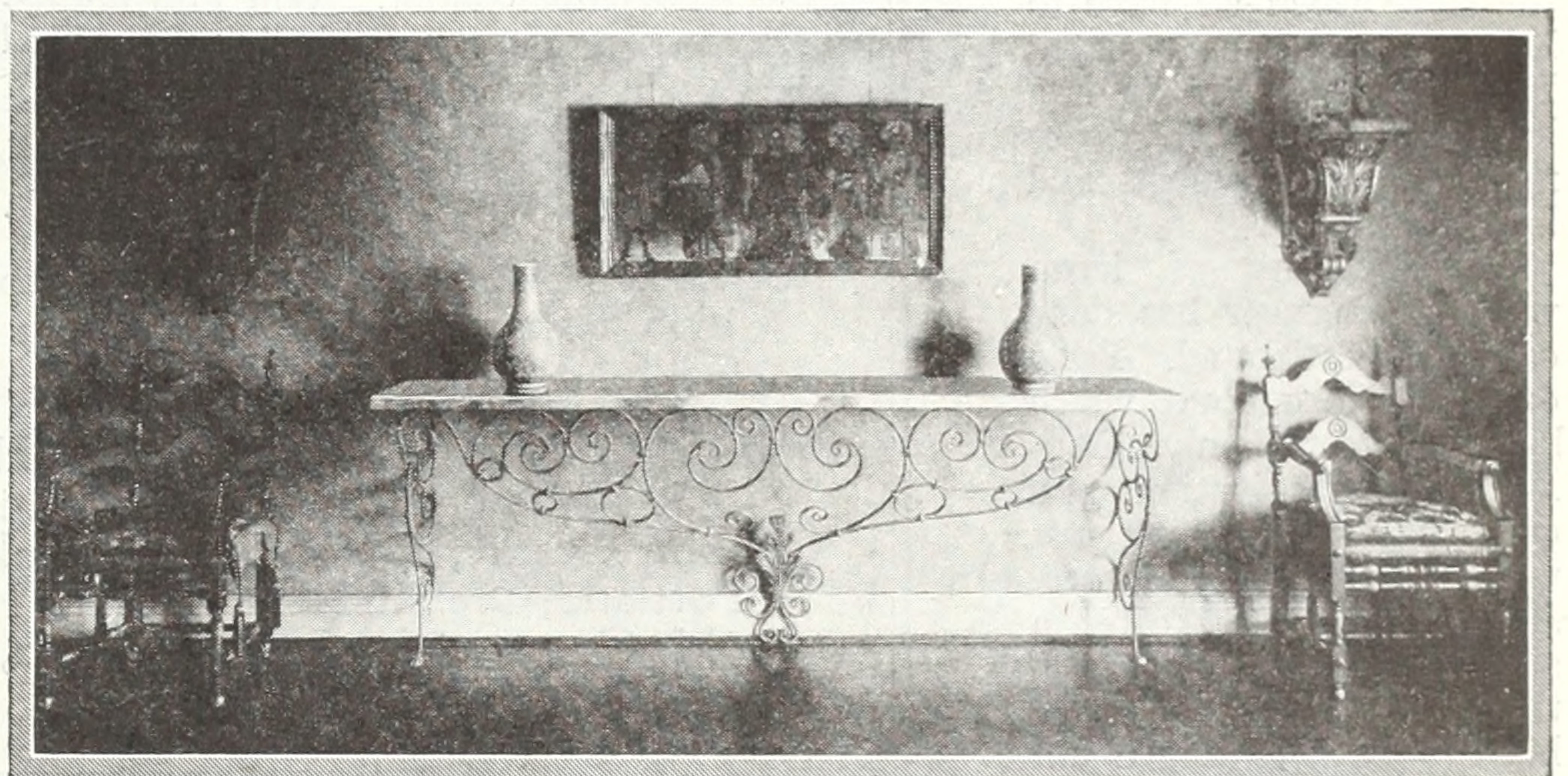
Here is a corner of the spacious hall, a hall which has an inviting rather than a formal forbidding aspect. There is a canvas splashed with color above the console of wrought-iron and marble. Bright fresh flowers, in a Japanese bowl, lend a lively atmosphere of welcome.





At the left—Mrs. Drew's dining-room. Here are successfully combined an almost austere dignity and a luxurious comfort. The wrought-iron table-legs and the cushioned chairs; the carved wall lights and the soft tan tones of the rugs and walls—a delightful place to dine. Below, a detail of the dining-room. Supplemented with two Chinese vases is another of those consoles of wrought-iron and marble so much favored by Mrs. Drew.

A drawing room that is almost always flooded with sunlight, with four large windows taking up one entire wall, and hangings of bright blue. The walls, in this room, are of a dark tan; the divan and chairs are upholstered in flowered chintz. This is a room of a refreshingly feminine personality; one feels that it has been lived in.





# Why I Do Not Believe In Censorship

Winners in Photoplay Magazine's Letter Contest.

**W**E are taught by contrast from the time we are children and burn our fingers with a match and then put ice on the burn. So pictures by their development of the better side in our natures, have led the public to set its own standard. It has been thoroughly proved that there is no allurements in immorality in pictures and so truly are many convinced of this fact that the theater of today is fast becoming the church of tomorrow. The old style evil picture was condemned by the freedom of choice as expressed by the community and the madness of censorship has been proved most convincingly by its own weakness and intolerance.

Restriction in art destroys originality and the decision of what is art and what is wrong should be left to the public who see the picture from many angles instead of the biased one-sided view of the censor. If we have arrived at the stage when we have to have truths sugar-coated by a film censor, we had better acknowledge we are mentally incompetent and be done with it.

The amount of harm which the censor has done cannot be estimated. Parts of films are cut out which by their absence only stimulate the imagination and cause patrons to think just what have been eliminated. A censored part is often a simple allusion upon which the moral of the play hinges and in cutting it out the plot suffers, the artistic value of the picture is ruined and the public more antagonized than ever by the interference of the censor.

It is entirely a matter of education and not legislation, this censorship by the people. Hence the cure lies in the hands of each community whose spirit can dominate or condemn at will. Freedom of choice is the right of every one who goes to market whether it be the food market or the box-office one. A blow struck at the box-office hits the most vulnerable part of the managers' interests. It is there that the public in the past has hit the hardest and censorship need take no credit upon itself for the elimination of the immoral film—the public gets that citation.

There will always be the person who wishes to put skirts on the Venus de Milo or B. V. D.'s on the Apollo Belvedere; but general ridicule has fortunately killed off most of these art puritans. Do we want them bothering us again in the form of a censor? Shall the modern chisel of the director be stayed by the fastidious corporation called The Board of Censorship which more often disfigures than remolds? It also interferes with the public education, for there are two towns in the United States which have been denied the license to open moving picture theaters even though no more damning films be shown than the news weeklies! If there must be some interfering political hand (naturally drawn into the honeypot by the odor of gold)—the regulation by license as recommended by the Special Investigating Committee appointed by the New York State Conference of Mayors, seems a logical solution. If the community is interested enough in wanting its pictures left to its own judgment, its voice can be no better heard than in the ears of its congressman at Washington. Cry loudly and strongly until he takes notice, for, although there are laws to enforce conformity in establishing the standards of morality and good taste, the individual is responsible for them and

should himself be the prosecutor when the code is violated. There is always a greater and stronger force above all law and it is wielded by the little individual—sometimes much downtrodden and ridiculed—but nevertheless, the strongest component of the ruling mass—*YOU!*

## First Prize Winner Declares Censorship Is Rule of Minority

**N**O censorship of moving pictures is needed in a country like this. It would mean going backward, instead of forward. We make this country what it is—the finest in the world—and we believe we are competent to look after our own morals too.

Censorship is a chance for graft, and we have had enough of that. We don't want mollicoddling by a lot of cranks and egotists who really care nothing about our morals, but only want to make an easy living at our expense. They remind me of the Scribes and Pharisees of old, who condemned Jesus because He would associate with publicans and sinners, and wouldn't condemn them as they did.

I believe in a free screen as well as a free press. I think the producers and theater patrons are quite capable of getting together and working out the problem of good and bad pictures without any go-betweens.

The producers have already learned from experience that the people go to the good pictures and stay away from the bad ones. The box-office receipts are the only censorship the producer needs to urge him to give the public what they want. "The Miracle Man" is a fine testimonial of their response to public demands. They have learned that the public likes the good clean play with plenty of heart interest in it, and that is the kind they are giving without any help from the censor board.

Censorship has never been infallible in its judgment. The condemning of good pictures and the passing of bad ones prove this. Censor boards have let personal and oftentimes political reasons sway their decisions, to the detriment of the producer, and the injury of the public whom they pretend to serve.

The motion picture has become a great democratic institution. It can be a power for good, if not interfered with by censor boards, who would crush its usefulness by making it serve their own ends.

Censorship is the rule of the minority over the majority—a pernicious evil that should be abolished before it encroaches upon the personal freedom that is our God-given heritage in this broad land.

FERD. A. SCHLIEMANN,  
819 Eye Street, Sacramento, Calif.

## The Censor and King George a Pair

**S**INCE Magna Charta, the common people have struggled incessantly for their rights. Inch by inch our liberties were gained, but not until rivers of blood were shed.

Martyrdom and imprisonment have been the rewards of those who dared think. Soon after the Civil War, a few people with

(Continued on page 116)

## PRIZE WINNERS

Following is the list of prize winners in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S letter contest, "Why I do not believe in censorship," as announced in the July issue.

**First Prize, \$25.00**—Ferd. A. Schliemann, 819 Eye Street, Sacramento, Calif.

**Second Prize, \$15.00**—L. A. Stockwell, 1835 Fort Stockton Drive, San Diego, Calif.

**Third Prizes, \$10.00 each**—Lewis H. Eddy, 3430 Peralta Street, Oakland, Calif., Mrs. John Gratke, 407 U. S. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore., and Charlotte B. Horton, 431 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.





**The Cutex  
Traveling Set**  
\$1.50

Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—all full-sized packages. Cutex Cuticle Remover, that does away with ruinous cutting; Cutex Nail White, to remove stains and discolorations and give your nail tips a snowy whiteness; Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink) to give your nails the fashionable finish.

In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails. All combined in a stunning set.

## In one stunning set— everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

**I**N ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead

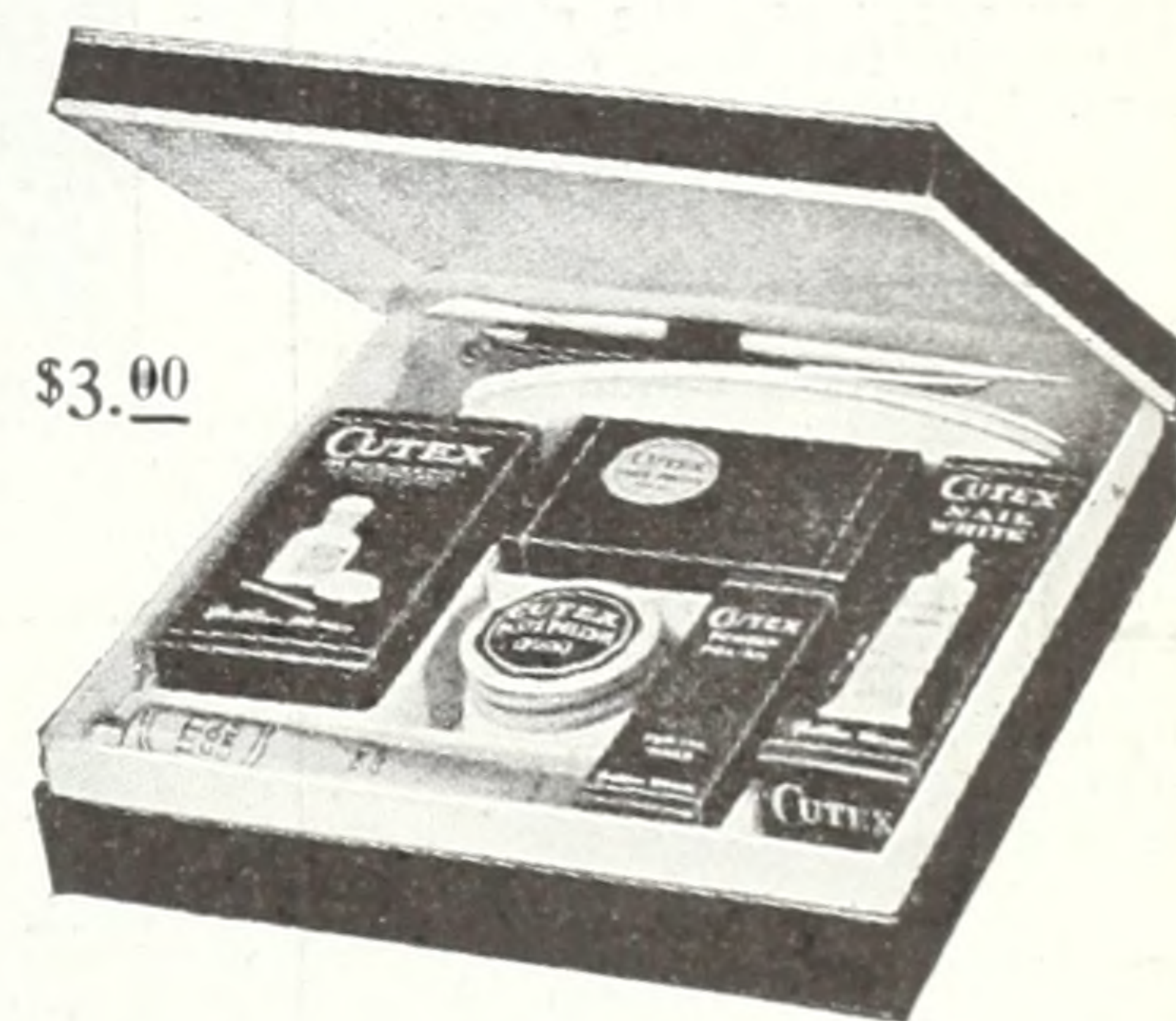
surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

### *For Christmas and birthday presents*

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.



**The Cutex Boudoir Set**  
only \$3.00

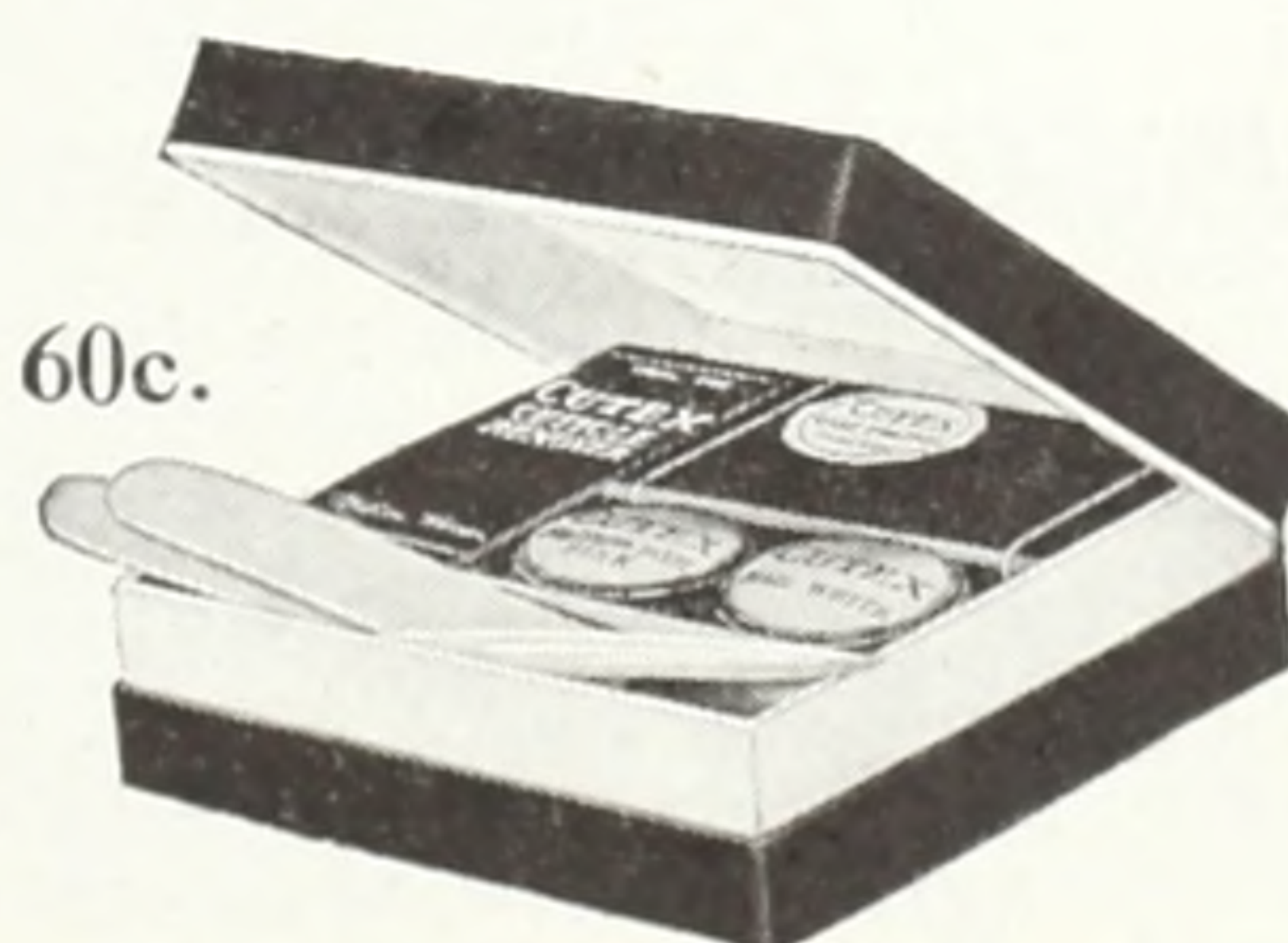
This more elaborate set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake, Paste and Powder Polishes and Cutex Cold Cream. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible double-cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamois. A really impressive Christmas present.

**The Cutex Compact Set**  
all the essentials  
60 cents

This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Many women buy six of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink). In addition you get your orange stick and emery boards—all the essentials for the modern manicure. Hundreds and thousands of these sets are bought every year.

# CUTEX

*Manicure Preparations*







THE greatest bank is the Bank of England, in London; the oldest college is University College, Oxford, founded in 1050; the largest library, the National, in Paris, containing nearly 3,000,000 volumes. The largest theatre is the Paris Opera House, covering three acres; the largest bronze statue, that of Peter the Great, in Petrograd, weighing 1,100 tons. The largest college is in Cairo, with over 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

NOR can we recall whether PHOTOPLAY or any other journal ever published Vice-President Marshall's famous war joke. Anyhow it is good enough to publish again. "It never occurred to me till we entered this terrible war, and the draft boards began to work," said Mr. Marshall, "that this country had so many men with flat feet and great executive ability."

A CHEMIST was boasting in the company of his friends of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said; "not even of the most uncommon sort."

"Come now," said a bystander, by way of a joke, "I'm sure you don't keep spirits of contradiction, as well stocked as you are."

"Why not?" said the chemist, not in the least embarrassed. "You shall see for yourself." So saying, he left the room and returned, leading his wife by the hand.—*Tit-Bits.*

"YOU are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You must have a change. Get into some business in which you take more interest."

"I would like to," replied the patient, "but the law won't let me."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the doctor.

"I'm a pawnbroker."  
—(Judge.)

DR. PAUL CARNOT, a noted French physician, has proposed an international marriage bureau as a means of finding husbands for the 2,000,000 French women who were left without mates due to the war.

THE first watches ever made were about as big as soup plates, and as handy to carry in one's pocket. Emperor Charles V owned one of these early chronometers, but he probably did not tote it around a great deal for it weighed twenty-seven pounds. One of the prize time-pieces of the early watch making period was made for Sultan Abdul-Medjid by an English firm. It was five inches in diameter, chimed the hours and quarters and was made of twenty-two carat gold.

VILNA is probably the only place in the world where geese are shod. The geese are made to walk first through tar and afterwards through sand. Each goose is thus provided with a durable pair of boots, and is enabled to make the long journey to the goose fair at Warsaw without getting sore feet or requiring the services of a chiropodist.

WHAT is a good sport in the English sense? A man who wins honestly, who loses cheerfully, who hopes increasingly, who bestows quietly, who receives naturally, who differs

fairly, who agrees warmly, who lives liberally, who dies modestly, whose playfellows are mankind.—*New York World.*

WE are sorry we cannot credit the publication which first published the following illustration of an Irish bull, nor can we explain just why it is funny, but here it is:

"If you were passing through the Emerald Isle, and saw six cows lying down in a meadow, and one of them was standing, that would be an Irish bull."

THE only two countries in which the mile is of equal length are Britain and America.

Higgins, overjoyed, went to the boss's office next morning and recounted the rare and wonderful thing which had befallen him. The boss felicitated him heartily, and the next day Higgins was sent for.

He hurried to the office again, to find the entire firm assembled there. A handsome silver cup stood on the mantel, and this trophy, in an eloquent speech, the boss presented to him in recognition of the triple blessing which he had bestowed upon his country.

Higgins took the cup in his hand, bowed respectfully and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but is this cup mine now, or do I have to win it three years in succession?"—*Boston Globe.*

THE languages and dialects into which the Bible is translated now number 450. The British and Foreign Bible Society's issues of copies of the Scriptures now reach the huge total of 7,899,562.

A CIVIL War veteran, who served in the medical corps, insists that the first operation for appendicitis was performed just after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863. A young French Canadian, member of a Michigan regiment, was shot through the lower abdomen. His intestines were uninjured, but his appendix protruded from the wound. The ignorant soldier snipped it off with a pair of scissors before the surgeons could prevent him from doing so. The man was, of course, expected to die at once. But he recovered within a few short days. The incident was forgotten, and it was not till 1885 that a Denver surgeon performed the first operation to remove an appendix. Then it became popular.

ONE of the largest land deals ever consummated in Nebraska was that of Mrs. Mary W. Rea, who recently took title to 4,400 acres of rich land at a cost of \$500,000.

NERVOUS Passenger (in aerial taxi, about 5,000 feet up): W-w-what are you l-l-laughing at, Driver?

Driver: I'm just laughing at the superintendent. About this time he'll be searching for me all over the lunatic asylum.  
—*Life.*

WHY did the Scotch adopt the thistle as their national emblem? One explanation is to the effect that a Scotch queen of ancient times, after watching her valiant troops conquer an invading force, sat down to rest herself. She got up immediately for she had sat down on a thistle. Instead of cursing the offending weed, she plucked it, and stuck it in her helmet as an emblem of her victory. This act consecrated the thistle for subsequent generations. Another story states that the thistle won its prestige by saving Staine's Castle, Aberdeenshire, from being sacked by the Danes in the year 1010. The Danes had crept by night up to the castle walls when one of the attacking soldiers gave a sharp cry of pain. He stepped on a thistle. The castle watchmen were aroused, and the guard was summoned, and the Danes were driven off.

(Concluded on page 99)

### Hitch This Interview To Your Favorite Vampire

I WAS interviewing Hortense Hotstuff, the virtuous vampire of the screen.

"I dare say you have had a romantic past," I ventured.

"Romantic?" she parried. And then she laughed in a sweet contralto. "Hardly. I was born in Hicksville, Ohio, and took the commercial course in the Jones County Business College. My old gent was a horse doctor. Then I took some lessons in acting by mail, six dollars for ten lessons and a diploma, and went out to the coast where I got a job in the Lily White Laundry. We used to do the work for the Sandlot Film Corporation, and I had to go out and give 'em the razoo to collect every Saturday night. I made 'em come through, too, and one day Mike Rosen, the man who owned the company, said that it would be cheaper to give me a job than to pay for the laundry. 'Anybody that can get money outta me is an artist,' said Mike, and that's how it all happened. No, I don't smoke, but you might fetch me in a ham sandwich the next time you come around."

I turned in the interview to the Editor and that's why I'm out here in Dr. Gnuttt's private sanitarium.  
—*The Reporter.*

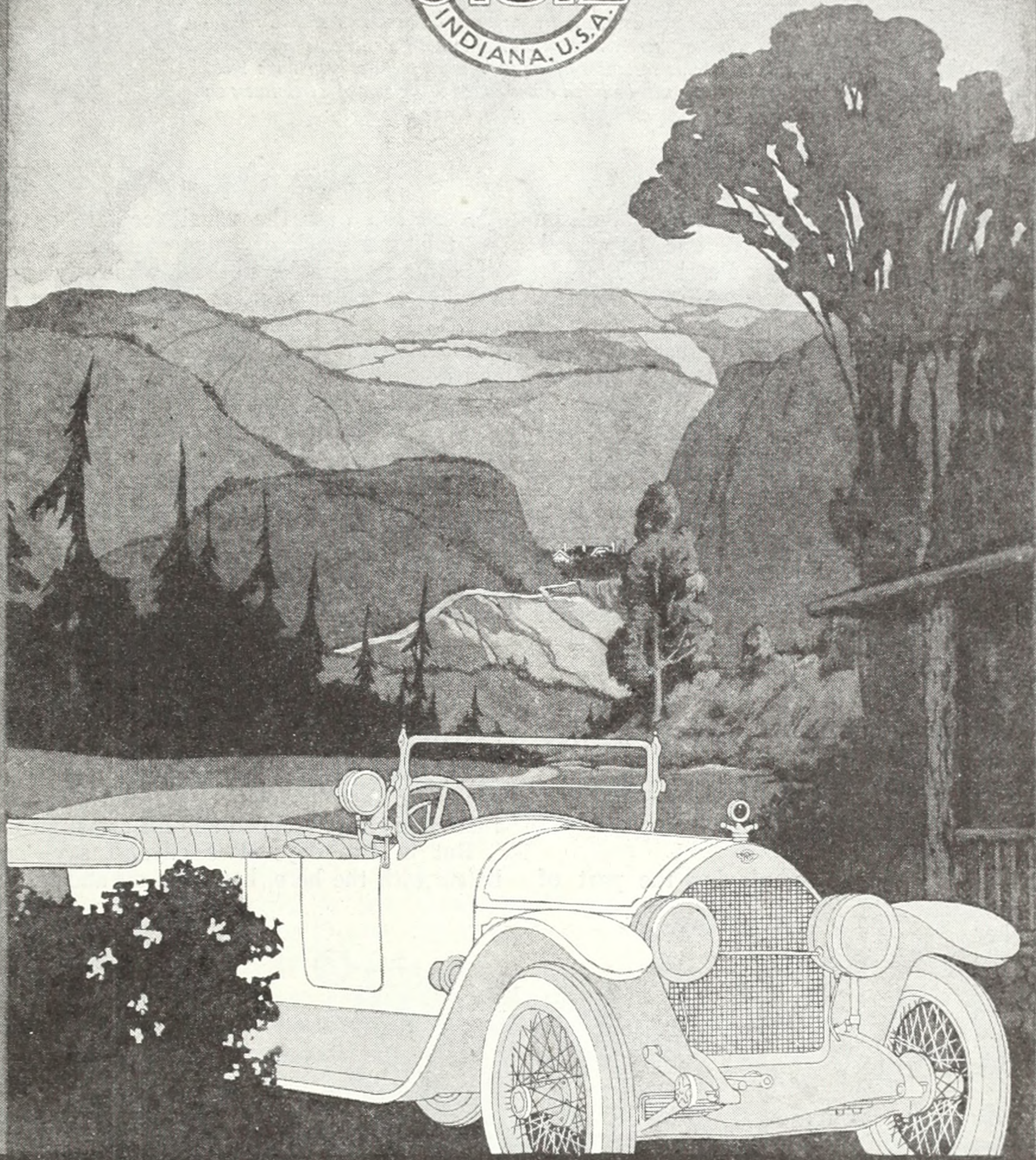
GIRL: "So you wear your gloves all night to keep your hands soft?"  
Youth: "Yes."  
Girl: "And do you sleep with your hat on?"  
—*Tit-Bits.*

"MY dear, did you hear that Jack and Mabel are having trouble in regard to the validity of their marriage?"  
"Oh! How terrible!"  
"Yes, it appears that the minister hadn't paid his dues to the Union."—*Life.*

WILL IRWIN, in an address on birth control, told a story of a chap named Higgins, who got home one night to learn that his wife had given birth to triplets—three healthy, bouncing boys.

tion is to the effect that a Scotch queen of ancient times, after watching her valiant troops conquer an invading force, sat down to rest herself. She got up immediately for she had sat down on a thistle. Instead of cursing the offending weed, she plucked it, and stuck it in her helmet as an emblem of her victory. This act consecrated the thistle for subsequent generations. Another story states that the thistle won its prestige by saving Staine's Castle, Aberdeenshire, from being sacked by the Danes in the year 1010. The Danes had crept by night up to the castle walls when one of the attacking soldiers gave a sharp cry of pain. He stepped on a thistle. The castle watchmen were aroused, and the guard was summoned, and the Danes were driven off.





The Car That Made Good in a Day





# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



## Error Island

**S**PEAKING of "boners," there were several pulled in Houdini's "Terror Island." The first one happened when the heroine, plus the famous "Pearl of Po," is captured and trussed up in gunny sacks and several yards of rope. She is carried quite a distance to a boat, where she is slung on the deck like a bag of meal. She must have had a marvelous respiratory apparatus to breathe through all that wrapping. An ordinary human being would have smothered, but not so our little *Beverly*, for upon being unwrapped she displayed the sprightliness of a cricket on a hot hearth.

The most glaring inconsistency was in the matter of the letter from the captured man to his daughter, in which he tells her just where he is, and how to save him. Wonderful! Particularly in view of the fact that there had been, supposedly, no white men on that island since he had been shipwrecked: But his letter reached her through some sort of superhuman mail service. C. B. Bradford, Benton Harbor, Mich.

## Imprudent Prudence

**I**N "Away Goes Prudence" there is shown a close-up of Miss Billie Burke as *Prudence* in the front seat of the airplane. When she lands she is in the rear seat. Did she change seats in mid-air as well as loop-the-loop? P. M. K., Chicago, Ill.

## Who Would Fire Seena?

**I**N "The Gift Supreme," Seena Owen, playing the part of the nurse in the operating room, wipes her hands all over the sterile gown of the surgeon who is about to save the hero's life. I've known nurses to be fired for much less.

And did anyone ever see a blood transfusion done with yards of rubber and glass tubing of the half-inch size? The blood ran through as if there were 120 pounds pressure back of it. Send me the secret.

E. S.,  
Indianapolis,  
Ind.

## Should a Stoker Tell?

**I**N the shipwreck scene in "Should a Woman Tell?" the water comes into the stokehold on the port-side and the two firemen shovel the water out with a shovel. Being a marine engineer by occupation I am curious to know where they shoveled the water to, as no more came in.

Bernhardt Gerecke, Palmer, Mass.

## Icicle O'Brien

**E**UGENE O'BRIEN must be cold—very cold. In "The Figurehead" he goes about wearing his overcoat, muffler and derby while others in the picture are in summer costumes and sleep on fire-escapes.

G. M. W., Baltimore, Md.

## The Same Way

**P**ASSING over the usual accurate eye of film-gamblers in taking a stack of chips at random and matching another of different size, I noticed while watching "The Valley of Doubt" that *Bonnivet*, after admonishing dealer to "deal from the top" wins an extra-large pot, immediately gets up and without taking the trouble to cash-in his chips, makes a dive for the door in pursuit of the heroine and her brother. I never won such a size pot but feel that the heroine would have to wait until I got my money. How do you feel about it?

J. D. Van Brake, Long Branch, N. J.

## Changed Crafts

**I**N the first episode of the serial, "Elmo the Fearless," the "gang" on the "Santiam" set the heroine adrift in a fully equipped life-boat. When we next see her, she is being tossed about in an ordinary row-boat. Some poor fish must have thought the life boat too good for her.

M. M. J., Wingendon, Mass.

## You Can't Beat Baptiste

**T**HE villain of course, his name was Baptiste—in Frank Mayo's picture, "The Brute Breaker," was the best I ever saw. He falls into a fireplace and burns his arms so severely that the fight is stopped and his arms put in slings.

But in two days—two days, I say—he comes out to do battle with the hero, bandages off and his arms without a scar.

Francis H. Snyder,  
Buffalo,  
N. Y.



## The Porter Forgot

**I** SAW Earle Williams in "When a Man Loves." Barbara Tennant sends a letter from Japan to *Lord Bannister*, in England. We see her giving the letter and a coin to a porter in the Japanese hotel. Then immediately we see the letter in the hands of *Lord Bannister*—and no stamp affixed!

M. Helen Freeborn,  
New York.

## How Careless of Her!

**W**HEN the heroine of "A High Diver's Last Kiss" made her dive, she wore black silk stockings and high-heeled pumps. When she comes out of the water, she has no shoes or stockings on.

E. B., Peoria, Ill.

## Sure—In The Silent Drama

**I**N "Go and Get It," Marshall Neilan's newspaper picture, Pat O'Malley is seen on the wing of an airplane in mid-air talking to the man in the machine. Do airplanes have noiseless motors?

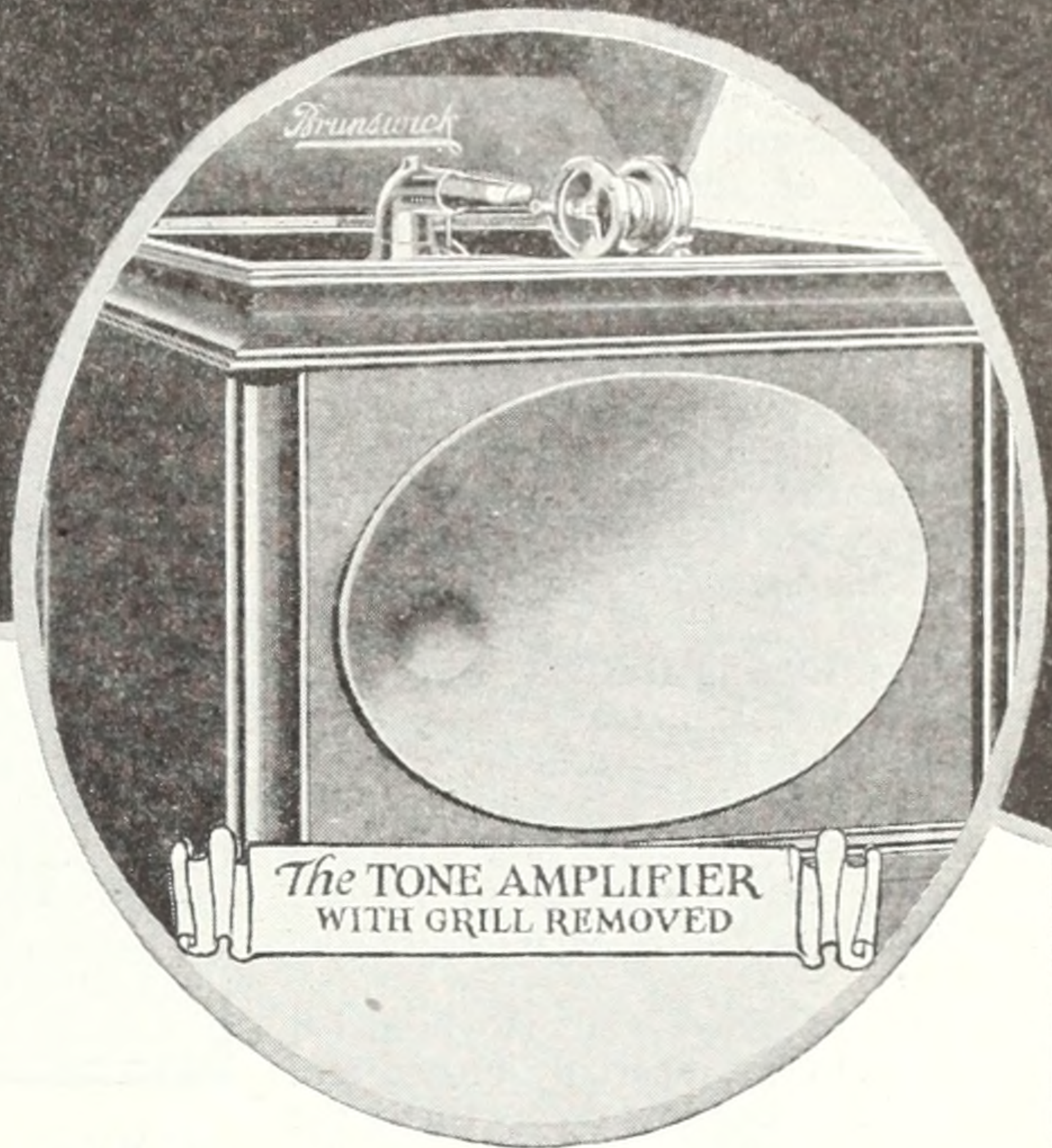
Robert Klingensmith, Wilkinsburg, Pa.



# The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The ULTONA  
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD



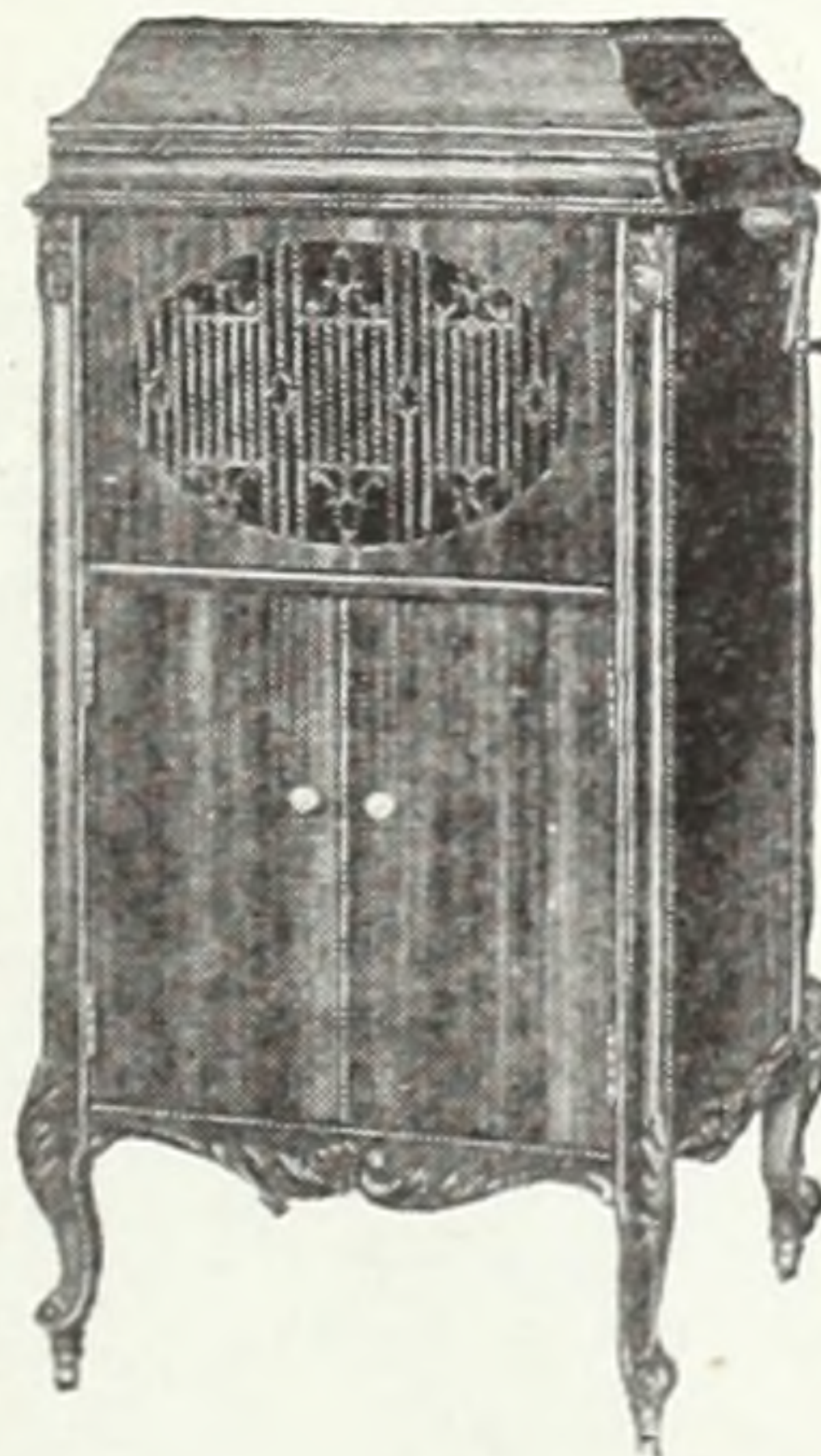
The TONE AMPLIFIER  
WITH GRILL REMOVED

## Brunswick could do no less *than offer a superior phonograph*

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# Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



# When the Front Porch Became a Location

**I**T became a location in August, before the grass had all been trampled out of Senator Harding's lawn, before the Marion police—both of them—had succumbed to nervous prostration, and, even before very many people had found The Front Porch.

The movies were on the job with the Republican candidate for President of the United States as early as the newspapers, and they sent their representative contingent to greet him in his home even before any formal newspaper call, other than the visits of the regular reporters.

It was to be a combined pilgrimage from stage and picturedom, but when it left New York City late in an August afternoon, in three special cars, the screen folks outnumbered the stage stars two to one.

Prominent in the gathering were Miss Texas Guinan, who had just returned from two years of wild western picture-making; Eugene O'Brien, who went along to give Marion a look at a real live romantic actor; Miss Rubye de Remer; Lew Cody, treating the sedate state of Ohio to some male vamping, and Miss Zena Keefe. Notable in the representation from the speaking stage were comedian Al Jolson; Leo Carrillo, of "Lombardi, Ltd.," fame, and Miss Blanche Ring.

After the crowd had detrained, and had been led to the door of greatness by an especially brazen and enthusiastic band, Senator Harding gave them the porch and the parlor, and Mrs. Harding, equally hospitable and enthusiastic, proffered all the house.

They simply told Harding that they and all their fellows were with him, and then they turned right around and came right home again!



Below—They seem to be for Harding and Coolidge. Henry Dixey holding the flag. Leo Carrillo just in front of him. You can't miss Rubye de Remer. On the right Lew Cody and Eugene O'Brien.

Above—Senator Harding speaking to the delegation of stage and picture stars. On the left is Miss Texas Guinan and the chap in the center who's taking it all in is Al Jolson.





# "Picked Out for a Part!"

*A secret of success learned outside of the studio*

By Doris Lane

The director raged and fumed while all was at a standstill in our corner of the studio.

"I told you," he bellowed at his assistant, "that you couldn't find a girl to look the part! Too small a part for a 'regular' and too big for an 'extra girl' who hasn't the manner to carry it off. But we must find one—and above all she must look and dress the part."

I was one of the "extras" he spoke of. Day after day I hung about the studio yard, hoping for a chance to work even as part of a crowd in the background of a scene. It was hard and uncertain—a gamble at best—but I loved it; and prayed for a chance at bigger things.

I had been doing more extra work lately; I was encouraged. Still I wasn't sure that the reason was what Anne Kearney thought it was.—But to get back to my story.

After the director had almost torn his hair out over the holding up of that scene, his assistant walked over to the group of extras. He looked us over again, very critically. Suddenly he beckoned to me. Then he turned to the director, pointed me out, and asked, "Why not try her? At least she knows a thing or two about clothes. She knows how to dress the part!"

So they tried me out; and they gave me that part. My chance had come! For so long I had been entirely overlooked, and then just a part of a crowd. **At last I was picked out of it.**

Still I couldn't know that I had made good. But after that scene was finished, the director called to me, "Oh! I say, there; let me have your name—please . . ."

My first thought was, "I have made good," and my second thought was—"Anne Kearney was right!"

How well I remember the evening on which I met her again after so many years! At the end of a particularly discouraging day—one of many when no extra work had been given me at the studio—I was walking slowly away. A stylishly dressed woman came out of a door a few steps ahead of me. I hardly glanced at her. "One of the 'leads,'" I thought. And I was sick of the sight of the "favored sisters." Then we met, and I gazed straight into the face of—Anne Kearney!

When last I saw her, she was still wearing hair-ribbons, and we were going to the same school in the east. We were so intimate in those days; and with the years we had drifted apart. By her appearance, she had evidently risen much higher in the world than I. Nothing would do but that I must go with her to her favorite place for dinner—where we could talk.

The first part of our talk was all of the old days. Almost every other sentence began with, "Do you remember—?" And then we came down to present day topics. She asked, "Have you been working at the studio?" And I had to admit, ruefully, "Not very much." So I told her my story.

"Of course," she said thoughtfully, "extra work is an opening to bigger things." And then I confessed how little extra work I had been allowed to do; how it seemed that the directors always overlooked me. She had been studying me as I talked, and at length she said, "I think I know part of the trouble—maybe the reason why you are overlooked. There's a good deal in dress, you know."

"But I can't afford expensive things!"

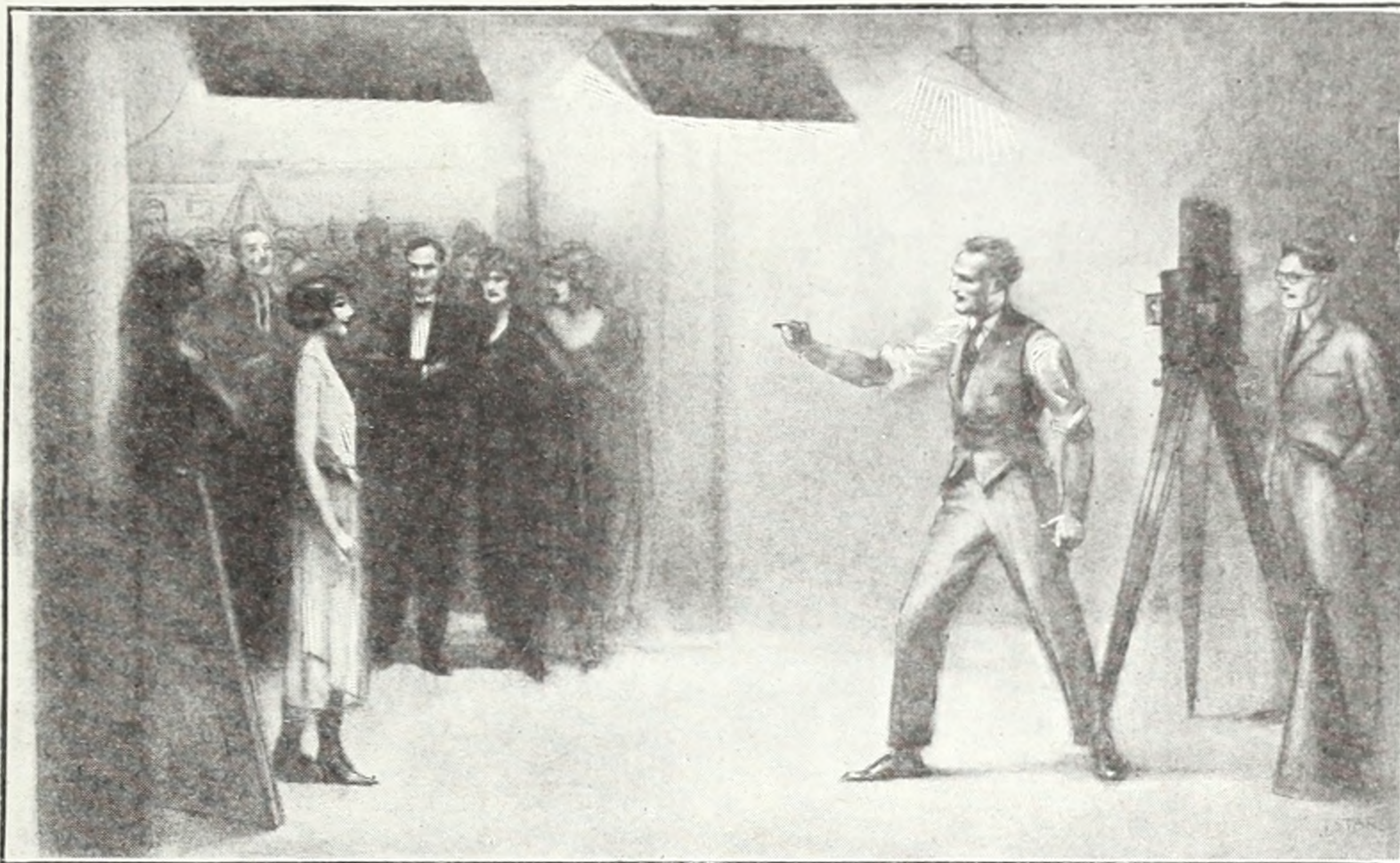
"It isn't price I'm thinking of," she said, "but what you wear. It is so easy to wear things that bring out any bad points which you may have, and conceal all your good ones. Clothes, to be right, must be expressive, and expressive of you who wear them. Now, I can think of several things.

"In selecting the right clothes, there are many considerations. Among them are the color of your hair, your eyes, your complexion; your figure; your age; your temperament. Now, you are rather retiring than assertive; you have blonde but not very brilliant hair, a clear

complexion and blue-gray eyes. Yet you are wearing an almost orange-yellow dress; there's a lot of red trimming on your hat, and you wear a wide sash of gray. Don't think I am trying to be nasty, dear, but there are wrong lines in your dress, too. That costume would become some woman, but on you the effect is dull and lifeless. **You force yourself into the background.**

way, I took that later.) I found that I need not give more than two hours a week to the fascinating, simple lessons. And soon, at home, I was designing my own clothes—things that were most effective and expressive of me, that made my best points conspicuous.

So I forced myself out of the background; and, as I have told you, I got my chance at last. I'm on the high road now; and I feel that I owe it all to Anne Kearney.



"I was given my chance."

"Now I'm going to design you a dress—nothing extraordinary, but just what you should wear. I'll have it ready in two days. And I'm going to change the trimming on your hat—the shape's all right. Then we'll see what happens."

She wouldn't listen to thanks, but on the way home she told me her own story—how she had advanced from sewing on dresses in the "property room" to designing costumes for the "stars." **Designing**—that was the secret of it. I had never thought of the importance of these things.

Two days later, in the little frock of Anne's designing, with the retrimmed hat, I appeared at the studio. The director eyed us all critically and picked out the lucky ones for the day. I was one of them! Best of all, at the end of the day he told me to "come back tomorrow."

A few days later I went to see Anne Kearney and to ask her how I might learn more of the art of dress. She laughed.

"I meant to tell you before," she said. "Not only can you acquire the theory of design for yourself, but you will easily and pleasantly learn to make your own things at a small cost. You can learn costume and millinery designing—as I did—in your spare time at home in from three to four months. I studied with a view to professional work, and it wasn't long before I was where I am to-day."

"Yes," I broke in, "but you were a dressmaker before you took that course. And I don't know a thing about sewing."

"You don't need to," she replied. "That's the beauty of Fashion Academy courses: they're so very simple and yet so thorough that the veriest novice can understand them and become expert. I don't mean to say you should make a profession of it—you have different ambitions—but for you to know what you should wear, and how to make it cheaply for yourself—why, it would be invaluable to you—to any woman!"

"Yes, I know," I said, "but the expense?"

"Expense!—that word never applies to Fashion Academy courses. Why, in one season, you would easily save the price of the course several times. Now, my dear, just you write to Fashion Academy, in New York for information about their home-study courses."

I took her advice—thank goodness! My "extra" work was getting to be more regular now, so I was able to enroll with Fashion Academy for their course in Costume Design and Dressmaking. But it was hard to choose between that and others of their courses. The Millinery Design tempted me. (And, by the

YOU, too, can learn, in your leisure hours at home, to design and make original dresses, hats and wraps for yourself, to express your personality, conceal whatever defects you may have, and bring out strongly all your points of beauty. You will have fine and stylish clothes which suit your individual needs. And you can have several dresses of this sort for what one would cost you in a fashionable shop.

As only one example of Fashion Academy graduates who have made designing their profession is Mrs. A. C. Kleist. Three months after graduation she was earning \$125 a week as a freelance designer, and incidentally she designed costumes for Lady Duff-Gordon (Lucile). Yet when she began she was an absolute novice. She is only one of many others who are equally successful.

Fashion Academy is the one school of design recognized by the costume industry. The suggestions of Fashion Academy teachers are in constant demand by manufacturers. Fashion Academy instructors are not only teachers, but practical, experienced designers who create modes for the Fifth Avenue shops.

You can take these courses for professional or for your own private uses. You will be assured of charming and original styles in your dresses and hats, if, instead of buying things that every third woman is likely to wear, you design your own. Besides, your dresses and hats will be made more beautifully, no doubt, than any you have been able to afford at the tremendous prices that have prevailed for the past few years.

FIND OUT about these courses in Costume Design, Pattern-drafting and Dressmaking, Millinery Design, and Fashion Illustration to-day. Fashion Academy will send you FREE a beautiful Art Booklet containing information about the home-study courses. Simply fill out the coupon below or send a post-card asking for Illustrated Booklet 2012. Send immediately for this Booklet and you will also receive information about our amazing FREE OFFER. Write to-day!

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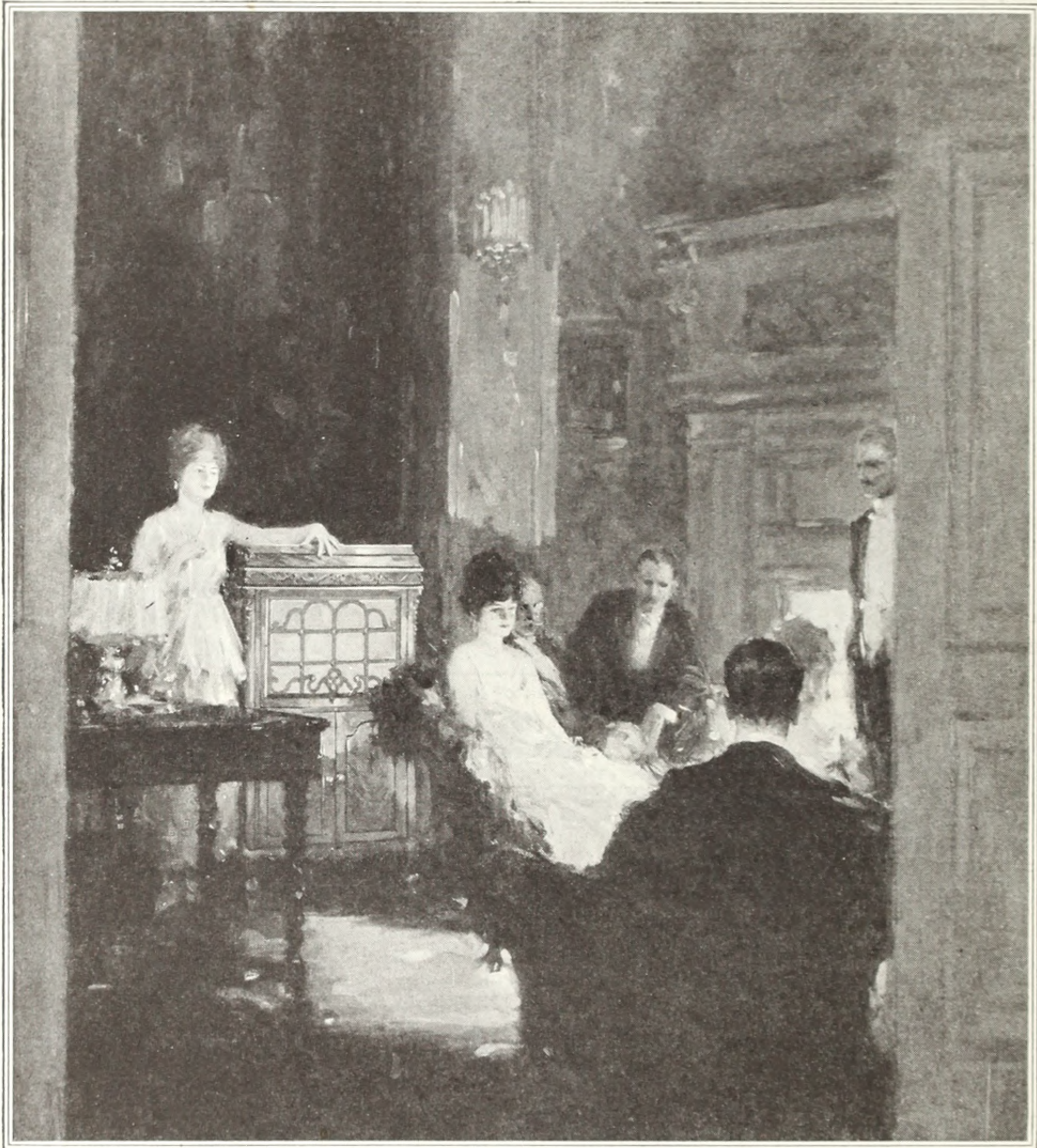
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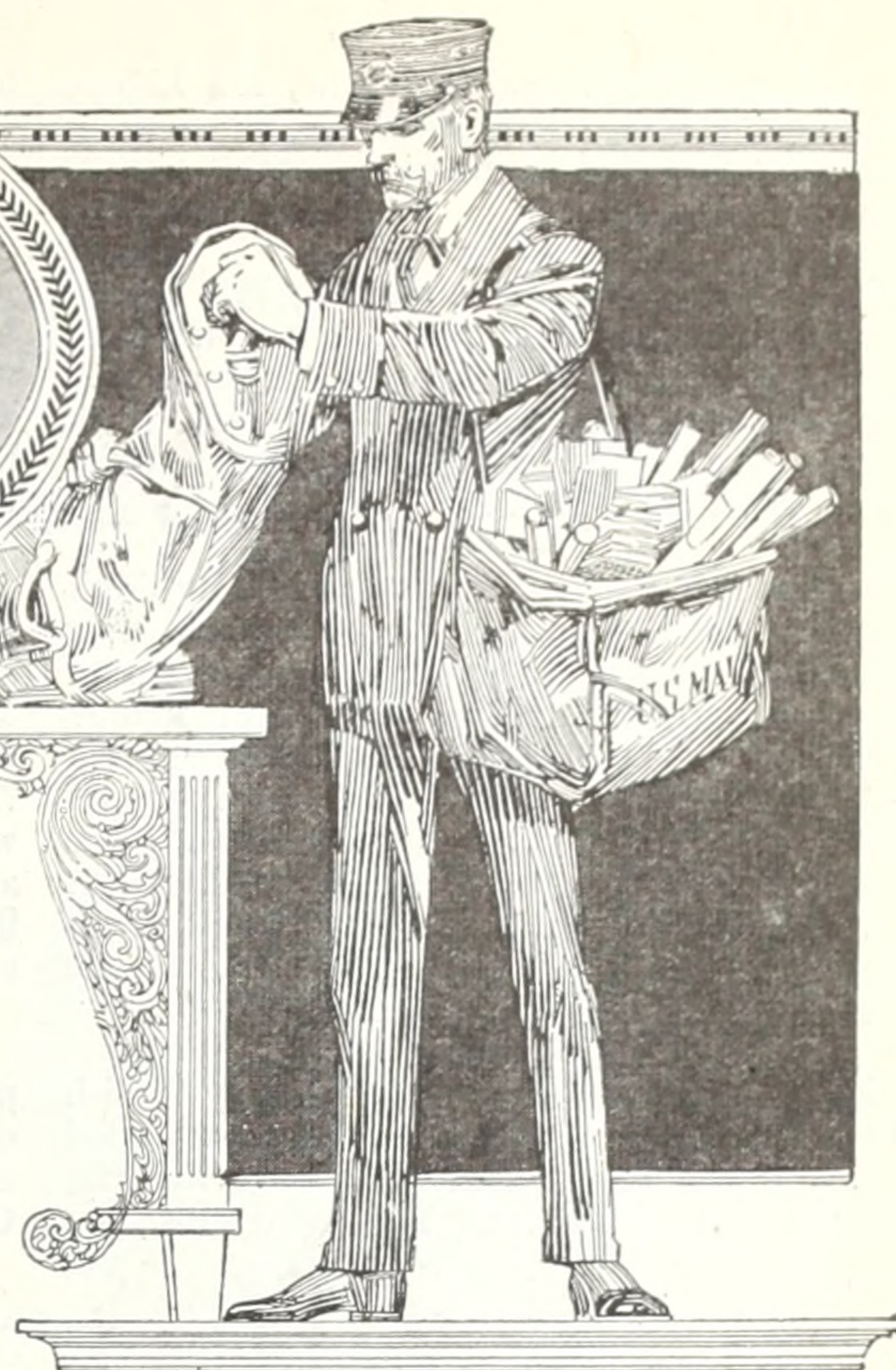
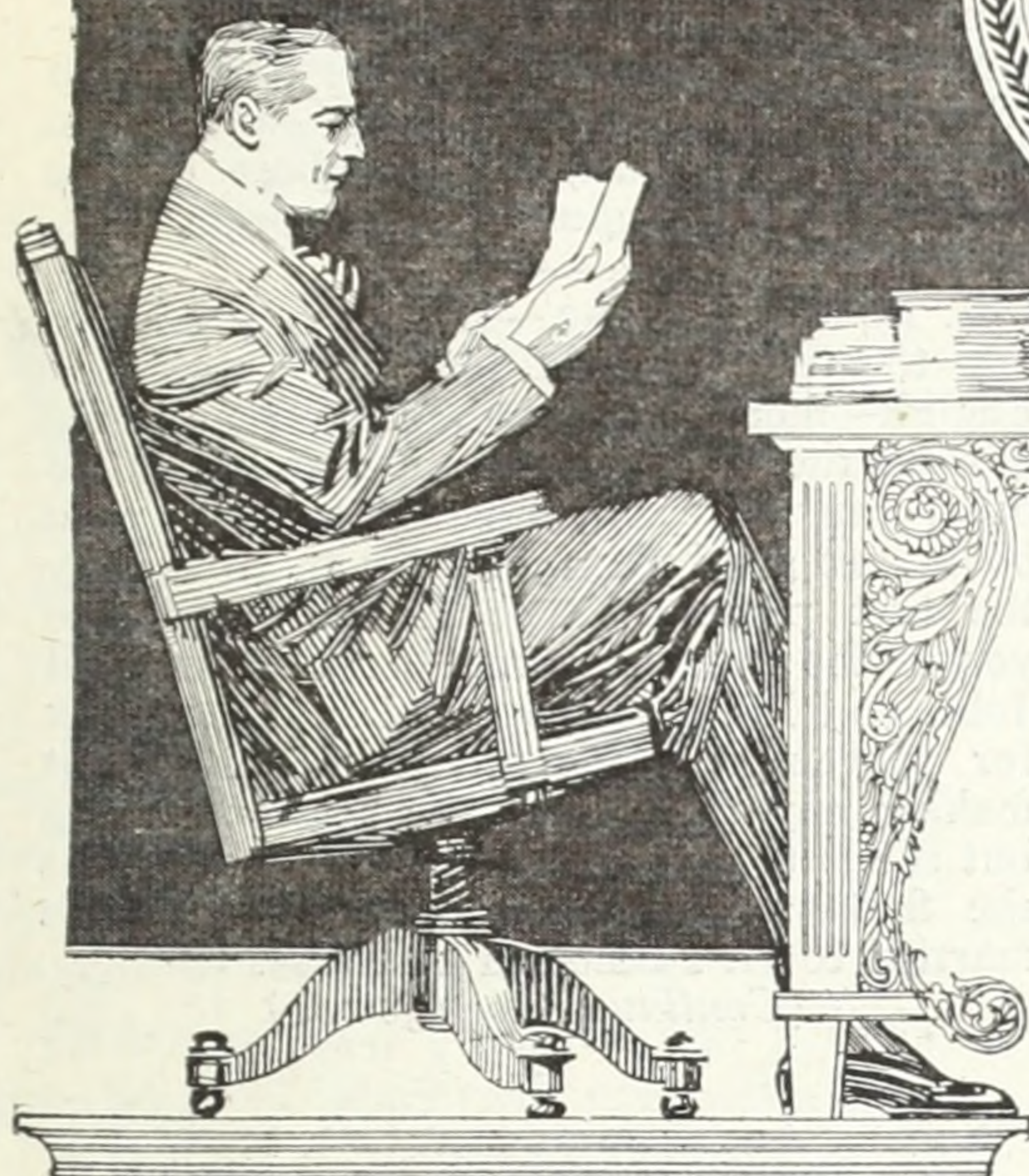
## *A VIOLIN'S Resonance in The Cheney*

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# 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.

**EDITH, TENN.**—So you wanted to write me the worst way. Well, I should say you had succeeded. I could hardly read the letter. I gather you are gasping to know if George Seitz, that fetching young serial director and star, is singly blessed or a benedict. Ah, Edith—he is married, and when the Seitz company, including George, Marguerite Courtot, and June Caprice, journeyed to Spain for locations, Mrs. Seitz went along. Here's cast for Hodkinson's "The End of the Game": *Burke Allister*, J. Warren Kerrigan; *Mary Miller*, Lois Wilson; *Frank Miller*, Alfred Whitman; *Dan Middleton*, Jack Richardson; *Four-Ace Baker*, George Field; *Wild Bill Simpson*, Walter Perry.

**JACQUELINE, GRAND LEDGE, MICH.**—Jackie for short, I hope. The main reason I can see for naming any baby Jacqueline is to be able to call her Jackie later on. Paul Willis was *Francis Billings* in "The Haunted Pajamas," with the late Harold Lockwood. Your French is faulty, *mon ami*—no French girl would describe herself as a *petite little* brunette. Try again, Jacqueline.

**M. G., VERONA, OHIO.**—I am not sure that every woman should have the vote—but I am convinced that every woman should have a voter. Now, don't be angry—I only try to spill a little philosophy once in a while and you can skip it if you like. George Stone is nine years old. Winifred Greenwood is married to George Field. Mary MacLaren isn't married, and she has just signed a new contract with International. She left Universal some time ago. No no—Hoot Gibson didn't play *Seth* in "Blind Husbands"; that was H. Gibson-Gowland.

**MARIAN, MADISON.**—You say you wish you were a man because a man's dress suit lasts for a long time while a woman must have a new gown for every dance. Yes—that's just the reason one dress suit lasts a man for a long time. Never thought of that, did you? You want all the plays that Marguerite Clark, Jack Holt, and Sessue Hayakawa have appeared in during the last two years. In other words you want a special edition of **PHOTOPLAY**. That would mean about two hundred photoplays in all. It can't be done—not in one Answer Man's life-time, Marian.

**F. F., NEW BRUNSWICK.**—Ages and ages! The starettes must dislike me intensely—I am always contradicting their press-agents. Ruth Roland is twenty-seven. Ethel Clayton is also in her later twenties. Viola Dana is twenty-two; May Allison, twenty-five. Eddie Polo works at the Universal studio in Universal City, Cal. Malveena Polo is his daughter; she is also appearing in Universal pictures.

**DOROTHY, ALBANY.**—I'll answer your questions about matrimony if you'll tell me why is a raven like a writing-desk, with apologies to Lewis Carroll. Tom Moore hasn't married again; he's in "Stop Thief" and "Officer 666." Marion Davies is a blonde; she isn't married. Harrison Ford has been married but he is now divorced. He's with Lasky. Helene Chadwick may be reached care Goldwyn. I have heard that she is engaged. Now—why is a raven, etc.?

**ARLETTE, LEWISTON, MAINE.**—Well, I may not be a genius but my answers certainly keep the wolf away from the door. You see I shout them off to him as I write and he wouldn't come nearer for worlds. Zasu Pitts is married now; she eloped with her young leading man, Tom Gallery.

**BETH AND BETTY, NELSON, NEBRASKA.**—Glad to hear from you two. You write a very nice letter for your early teens—by the way, which of you wrote it? Leslie Marsh is a niece of Mae Marsh. Mae's first new picture for Robertson-Cole will be "The Girl in the Woods." She's married to Louis Lee Arms. You'll hear from those stars eventually, I am sure. Why not now? Because they're all awfully busy.

**E. A., EVANSVILLE.**—Love is blind, as the old saying goes—but the neighbors are not. Let that be a lesson to you, Eva. Thelma Percy was the cunning blonde—I am quoting you—in "The Vanishing Dagger." She's Eileen Percy's younger sister. Marie Walcamp is twenty-six; she's married to Harland Tucker, her leading man. Marie hails from Denison, Ohio. Violet Palmer was born in Flint, Michigan. Is that all really?

**E. D. V., LEMOYNE, PA.**—"Coincidence," released on the Metro program October 25,

was Robert Harron's last picture. Frances Ring, Mrs. Thomas Meighan in private life, is not playing on the screen or the stage now. Bebe Daniels isn't married; she's nineteen. Tom Meighan's new pictures are "The Frontier of the Stars," "Easy Street," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

**B. L., TULSA.**—I could scarcely believe my old eyes when I read the other day that a woman in good health and not asleep had not uttered a single word for ten hours. Reading a little farther I noted that she was swimming across Lake Geneva at the time. I never met one yet that could keep still for ten minutes, not to say ten hours. It's Meighan's real name. He has no brother in pictures.

**S. C. BROOKLYN.**—The best steps for a young man to take when his sweetheart's father orders him from the house? Long ones. Dorothy Dalton isn't married now; once she was Mrs. Lew Cody. William A. Brady is related to Alice—he's her father. Grace George is Alice's stepmother.

**ETHEL, OMAHA.**—It is reported from the west coast that Helen Ferguson is soon to become the bride of William Russell. Bill is thirty-four; Helen is about nineteen. Nice little girl. Margarita Fischer is divorced from Harry Pollard. She has finished her American contract and at this writing is in New York City shopping and resting. She'll probably sign a new contract soon. I'll let you know.

**SHAWNEE.**—"Food for Scandal" was Wanda Hawley's latest Realart release. Harrison Ford played opposite her in "Miss Hobbs." Ford isn't a star, but a featured leading man who really occupies a stellar position in the opinion of many picture-goers. Don't mention it.

**CONCHA, NEW ORLEANS.**—Gaston Glass is a godson of Sarah Bernhardt. He played in Sarah's company in France, then came to this country, where he took up picture work. He isn't married and you may write to him at 48 West 49th Street, New York City. Glass is up in Canada now, playing the leading part in a Ralph Connor story. Shirley Mason's real name is Mrs. Bernard Durning.



(Continued)

If you mean her maiden name, it's Leonie Flugrath. Her sister Edna is married to Harold Shaw and is starring in Stoll photo-plays in England.

MISS BERNICE, BEARDSTOWN, ILL.—Your favorite cowboy stars are Buck Jones and Tom Mix, are they? Well, inasmuch as both are with the same company—Fox—and work in the same California studio, don't write them the same letter.

ELIZABETH B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Why don't I get married? Because no one would ever have me? How old am I? Old enough to mind my own business. My real name? Whatever you choose to call me. Surely nothing could be fairer than that. Hazel Dawn lives in Amityville, Long Island; she hasn't been in pictures for some time but is appearing on the stage right along. Aléta Dore, a dancer, is a protege of Marguerite Clark. Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph.

M. K., DALLAS.—I have done many foolish things in my life but I have never published in these columns the name of my favorite motion picture actress. To begin with, I'm

mormonish about them—I like them all. In the second place I would lose my job. Of course the second place ought to be in the first place but it's all right with you in any case, isn't it? Glad you like the Norma Talmadge fashion articles so well. The Lee kids are playing in vaudeville; you might write to them care the Palace Theater, New York City, and they will get it. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, La. Corinne Griffith, Texarkana, Texas.

JIMMY SANAKER, MO. VALLEY, IOWA.—Never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done day before yesterday. Take my advice, Jimmy. Your poem was fine. It is only too true—so true that I can't publish it for fear some of my readers will take it as a personal affront. They all ask those questions, Jimmy, but they don't like to be told how curious they are. Thanks anyway.

M. C., NEW YORK.—If Babylon fell I suppose Tyre was punctured. Now that that's off our minds—You can reach Robert Reeves at 223 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Cleo Madison lately appeared with

Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption." Address Miss Madison at the Metro studios in Hollywood. Drop in again.

GEORGIA, DETROIT.—You call your persistent suitor a joke. Well, you can take a joke, can't you? Everybody can't marry a millionaire, not even in Detroit. Lloyd Whitlock played Helene Chadwick's husband in "Scratch My Back." Whitlock was born in Springfield, Missouri, and has been on the stage. He first appeared in Biograph films.

E. B., WILMERDING.—It was very kind of you to give me credit for your progress in English—more than kind, since I so often murder the language. I am grateful. Cultivate your taste for simple things—read good books, see good plays, and try to go to only the best pictures. The Editor anticipated you in the Barrymore matter: a story about John and his bride appeared in PHOTOPLAY for November. Marguerite Clark is not making any pictures at the present writing but she is to return to the screen as soon as she finds a suitable story, I hear. She's married to H. Palmerson Williams.

(Continued on page 100)



### Otis Skinner in a Cinema "Kismet"

NO wonder Otis Skinner—who has held out against the films longer than any other great actor of the legitimate except David Warfield—finally capitulated. They were so anxious for him to make a picture, they offered him every inducement from an entire city built especially for him to act in, to this genial gentleman at the right whose sole duty it is to follow Mr. Skinner around and render appropriate selections on his piano-accordion. Louis Gasnier is directing Skinner in "Kismet."



# How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance



*It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits*

**W**IND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your

will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of *staying* tired.



*Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin*

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

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

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.



*To make the powder stay on all evening apply a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream*

face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin



*One little bedtime duty you must not forget if you care about a clear complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream*

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

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

# POND'S

## Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

*One with an oil base and one without any oil*



(Continued from page 53)

ident William H. Taft, Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, Edward Osgood Brown, former judge of the Superior Court of Chicago; Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck and Co.; George W. Cable, the author, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, celebrated clergyman and lecturer, Edgar A. Bancroft, chief counsel for the International Harvester Company, and such Negro leaders as Emmett J. Scott and Dr. Robert R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute and others.

When the investigation of the Birth of a Race Company began, these men promptly announced that they had no interest, whatever, in "Birth of a Race." Their names were being used without their knowledge or authority to strengthen the sale arguments of the men who were selling stock.

The company had been selling stock for nearly two years when someone noticed that the "Birth of a Race" officers and the stock sales organizations had overlooked a rather important item of precaution. Illinois had a "Blue Sky Law," and no license had been issued for the sale of "Birth of a Race" stock. Consequently every single sale in Illinois had been made in clear violation of the law.

Two of the brokers were arrested, Giles P. Cory of Giles P. Cory and Company, the principal sales agent for the stock, and F. W. Sherwood. Cory pleaded guilty at once and was fined \$1,000. Sherwood showed fight, but after a while decided to bow to the inevitable, and plead guilty. He was let off with a \$100 fine. None of the officers were touched, except in reputation.

Had the law been enforced to the letter, all the stockholders might have recovered some small part of their money, but only a small part, for most of their money had been spent. In the first place the stock salesmen received liberal commission, perhaps not so much as our friend, Jim Honest had to pay his salesmen. However, it was charged during the investigation of the "Birth of a Race" scandal that some of the salesmen received as high as 50 per cent. commission after the stock had been boosted from \$10, the par value, to \$20 a share. Part of the money had gone to pay the salaries of the officers of the company and clerks and stenographers, part had gone to the printers of the heady circulars, part for office rent, and finally, the company had started producing. It had contracted with William H. Sherrill, president of the Frohman Amusement Corporation of New York City to film the story. Sherrill withdrew when the scandal broke in Chicago.

The stock could not be re-sold by brokers in Illinois. It was against the law. But no law was now needed to check the sale of "Birth of a Race" stock. Nobody would buy it. With each fresh exposure of the business methods of the sales organizations, with each arrest and fine, the stock tumbled

in value from its artificial price of \$20 to a few cents. There was just a bare chance that the picture might make good and yield some money.

The Chicago newspaper investigating the charges against the company and its sales organizations estimated that about 7,000 persons in Illinois had invested in "Birth of a Race" stock, and that between \$500,000 and \$900,000 had been paid in by investors. These figures are perhaps exaggerated. On February 20, 1918, Secretary Lee issued a statement saying that "the 'Birth of a Race' has issued to date 50,198 shares from which it realized approximately \$350,000, less advertising and overhead expense and the cost of resale of stock returned, has netted us \$264,393. Of this amount, \$232,662 has actually been spent on the production of the picture."

for the amount of money he had invested. The brokers refused to give him his certificates till he had completed his payments. He refused to throw good money after bad, worried himself sick over his investment and died.

The "Birth of a Race" scandal made it hard to launch another motion picture company in Chicago, and the "Blue Sky Law" made it still more difficult, as may be judged from the last annual report of Mr. James R. Davis, manager of the Advertisers and Investors' Protective Bureau, affiliated with the Chicago Association of Commerce. Mr. Davis said that he had been called upon to pass on \$400,000,000 worth of securities, of which he had rejected under the "Blue Sky Law" \$201,000,000, a little more than half, as dangerous or fraudulent. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis is forbidden to state just how much of these rejected securities was motion picture issue.

They all have big programmes, these companies that are offering to take the public into partnership, but few indeed have outlined such a Napoleonic project as the Crusader Film of Philadelphia.

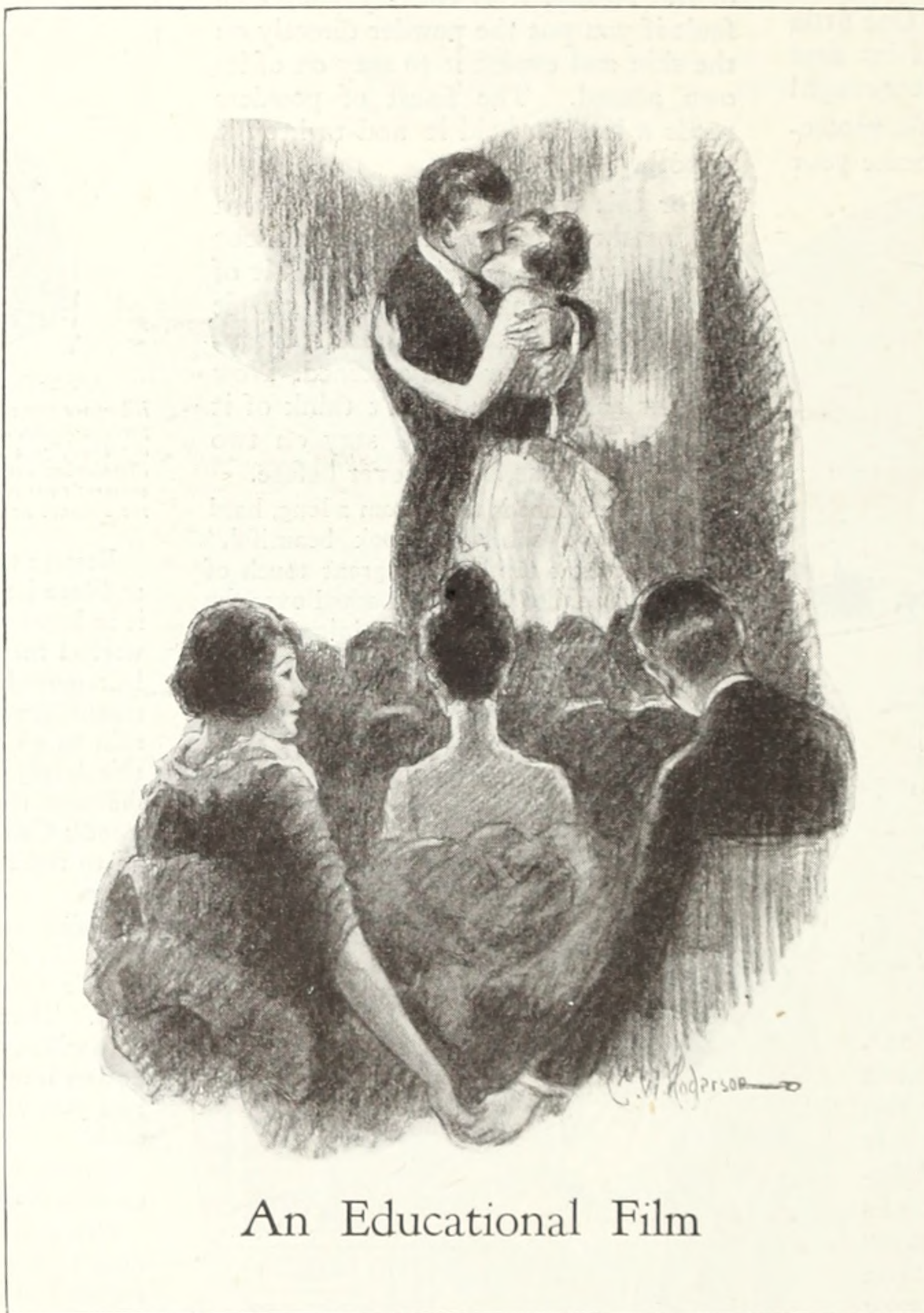
Crusader purposes to produce a screen epic depicting the history of this country, to be entitled "America, the Hope of Humanity," and forty-eight smaller historical epics, telling in pictures the stories of each of the states of the Union. The company plans to film forty-nine historical dramas. That is all. The territories and dependencies are to be left out in the cold.

Under the caption, "Business Possibilities of the National Dramas," page 8 of the Crusader circular, in inspired author or authors of Crusader literature say, the italics being ours:

"The thrilling 40 productions, one super-production, 'America, the Hope of Humanity' and the 48 State Dramas planned by Crusader Films will be so comprehensive as to practically make every man, woman and child in America a part of them. *Everyone of the 110,000,000 Americans will want to see them, for they will picture their own life, their families, their own achievements and those of their ancestors. These films will crowd the theaters of our country, and give us new hopes and ambitions as Americans. Just a few figures to show what a market exists for the National Drama.*

"SCHOOL CHILDREN—The educational value of this film is such that the 20,000,000 school children throughout the states must see this film when it comes to their individual towns. *It is of more value to them than a whole year's study in school; its patriotic effect is beyond calculation; it can be made the greatest power for Good Citizenship that we have ever known.*

"CHURCHES—The moral character of  
(Continued on page 109)



An Educational Film

There are hundreds of small investors throughout Chicago and Illinois, many of them widows and men, past the age of their greatest usefulness, who are still clinging to their certificates in the hope that the sixty-odd prints of the picture may some time earn a few dollars and pay dividends. But as this is written, not a cent have investors received. Assistant Attorney-General Raymond S. Pruitt, who prosecuted the offending brokers, tells the story of one unfortunate man, who had invested most of his life savings, \$3,000, some of it in Liberty Bonds, in "Birth of a Race." He sought to recover his money. That was out of the question. He then demanded stock certifi-

their ancestors. *These films will crowd the theaters of our country, and give us new hopes and ambitions as Americans. Just a few figures to show what a market exists for the National Drama.*





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DO you know the subtle magnetism in beauty? It lies in one quality, *naturalness*.

There is nothing attractive in a "powdered" look. The artistically groomed woman uses powder to *enhance*, to *emphasize* her charms—not to "coat" her features.

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A little powder is enough *if* it adheres to your skin, and Garden Court Face Powder has a peculiar "clinging" quality. Try it over a foundation of Garden Court Benzoin and Almond Cream and see what a natural "depth" it gives to your complexion.

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Dainty-distinctive-lasting*

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• PERFUMER •  
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New York City





(Continued from page 59)

THE CRADLE OF COURAGE—  
Hart-Paramount-Artcraft

I AM sure you are going to like "The Cradle of Courage." It harks back to war times but it has a legitimate theme and it takes William S. Hart out of chaps and puts him into khaki as a bad man whom the war redeemed. He is a bit mature for the role of the sergeant he plays, but he is so fine and true an actor that this is no particular handicap for him. He makes you feel very deeply this chap and his problems. It wasn't easy for him to come back and resist the temptation to turn a trick that would net him a lot of money. He had to fight his pals and even his avaricious mother, but when they sneeringly suggest that the yellow of his service stripes has found its way into his spine, and that there were a lot more "yellow pups" like him in his man's army, if you don't get a thrill from his resentment of the charge you are ruled by a different brand of hero-worship than that to which we frankly subscribe and to which we react with a most satisfying thump of the cardiac organ. Once on the right road this doughboy joins the police force and helps to break up the gang with which he formerly trained. The last third of the picture is rather conventional, and not half so convincing or as holding as the first two-thirds, but it is a fine picture for all that. Hart keeps the hero always in character, playing the quiet scenes beautifully and wading into the fights with his old Western enthusiasm. He is ably assisted by a cast that includes Ann Little.

THE MASTER MIND—First National

LIONEL BARRYMORE is as much a credit to the screen as he is to the stage, and it is therefore easy to be prejudiced in his favor. There are few actors of his quality who have taken the cinema seriously and have lifted its productions away from the pretty boy term and doll-faced heroines of the puppet show. In "The Master Mind" the part he plays is relatively unsympathetic. He is an avenging Nemesis on the trail of a district attorney who had sent his allegedly innocent brother to the electric chair, but his acting has force and distinction and commands an interest that it would miss entirely in the hands of a player less soundly schooled or one lacking his intelligence and technical facility. In his scheme of revenge he becomes the master mind of the crook world and works out an elaborate revenge upon his enemy, only to be swayed in the end by the Biblical injunction that vengeance should be left to the Lord. This is the first of the Whitman Bennett productions for First National and has been most capably directed, both by the producer and his director, Kenneth Webb. The scenes have beauty and imagination and a very good sense of drama and of contrast is apparent in their staging. The camera work is particularly good. Gipsy O'Brien screens well as the heroine, and is expressive in pantomime, and the others in the cast, which includes Ralph Kellard, lend competent aid.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES—Paramount-Artcraft

THE fine comedy idea that inspired Thompson Buchanan to write "Civilian Clothes" places this picture in the list of the agreeable entertainments of the screen, and Hugh Ford has taken full advantage of the play material and the opportunities offered for good titling. It is not a particularly good comedy for a star, however, and Thomas Meighan suffers from the handicap. He was easily the most attractive figure among the men, and his refusal to submit to the hick clothes and the easy vulgarities of the rough-neck captain weakened the best and the most convincing of the comedy contrasts. The audiences, however, delight in the lesson administered to the shallow little snob, who married her captain in France and later, when she saw him in civvies and learned that he was the son of the best cobbler in Racine, was ready to repudiate him. The supporting cast is nicely competent, with Martha Mansfield playing the society heroine. The scenes taken in Cuba are particularly attractive. The scenario was written by Clara Beranger.

39 EAST—Realart

IN entertaining value I saw two pictures last month that were superior to any of the super-features in the list. One was  
(Continued on page 121)



"The Right to Love" is artistically handled by George Fitzmaurice. Ouida Bergere's story, or what of it that reached the screen, lacks the holding simplicity of the true stuff. Mae Murray is the abused wife and Holmes Herbert the husband.



"The Price of Redemption" gives Bert Lytell plenty of opportunity to act in front of a series of colorful backgrounds, with Metro's crowd of Indians surging about. The locale is India and London. Seena Owen is in support.



"The Splendid Hazard," done by Allan Dwan, is a strangely fascinating story featuring Henry B. Walthall, Rosemary Theby and Hardee Kirkland.





### Ethel Clayton

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and you will find a new beauty in your eyes. For *Maybelline* instantly furnishes that delicate touch of darker color so necessary to eyelashes and eyebrows, while they are gently invigorated by the little brush. *Maybelline* accentuates the beautiful arch of your eyebrows and makes your eyelashes appear naturally long and luxuriant. No matter how light, short or thin your eyelashes and eyebrows may be, the use of *Maybelline* will improve their appearance immediately.

*Maybelline* comes in a dainty purple and gold box containing mirror in lid and a brush for applying. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Brown for Blondes; Black for Brunettes.

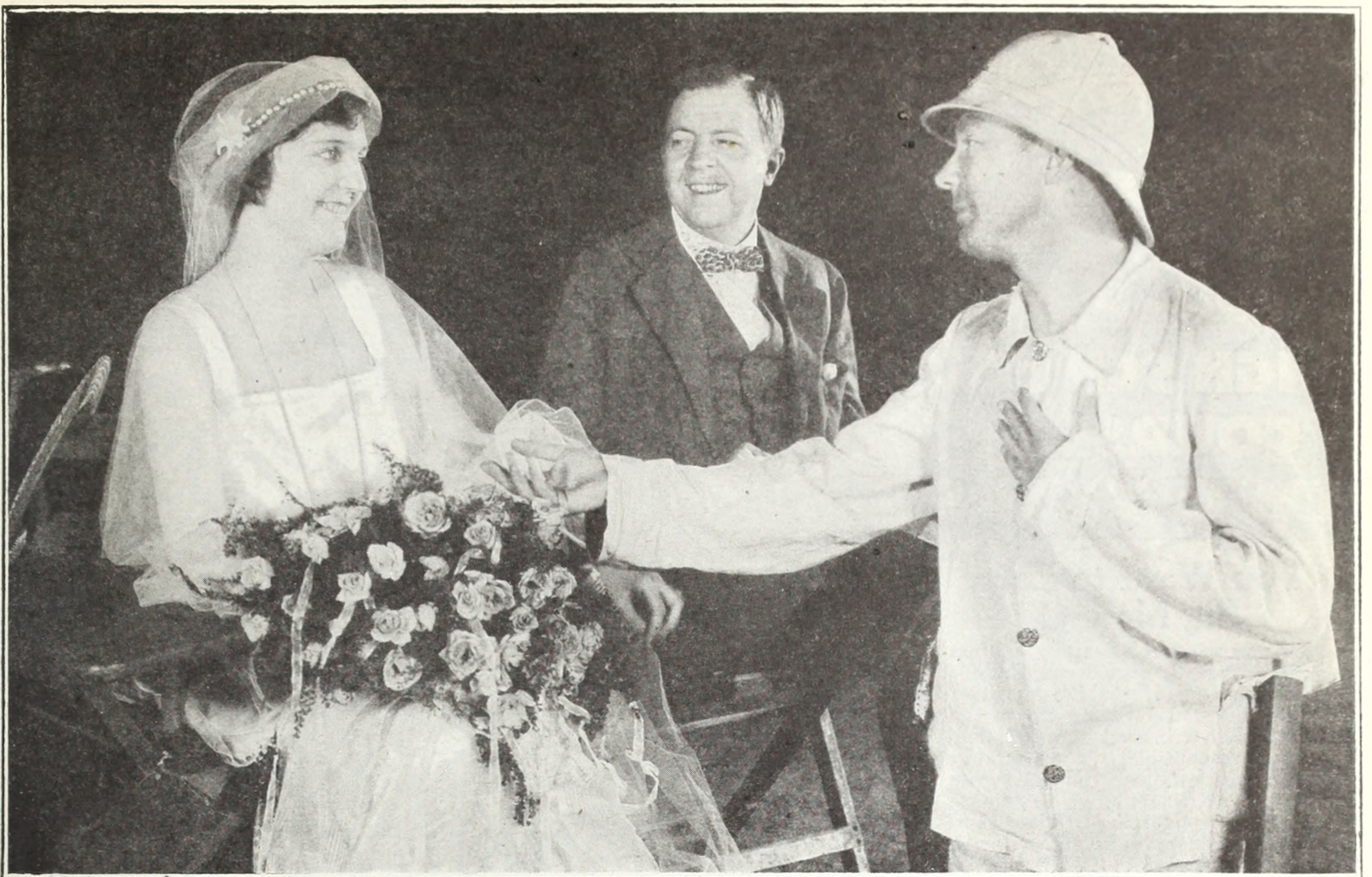
75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us in plain cover. To avoid disappointment look for and accept only the box bearing name *Maybelline* and picture of Maybell Girl as shown above.

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# Maybelline

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Rupert Hughes—center—seems to think this is funny. Well, it ought to be—he wrote it. Naomi Childers is the bride—undoubtedly from one of our best families—and Tom Moore is a street-sweeper, in this Hughes essay. What will people say?

# Plays and Players

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

By CAL. YORK

**T**HERE'S a new one to tell every month on young William Wallace Reid, son and heir of the Wallace Reids. In fact, the son appears to be eclipsing Daddy as a raconteur.

The other day he said to his handsome father, "Dad, why don't you buy me a motorcycle?"

"Ye gods," said Wally, "what do you want of a motorcycle? Didn't I just buy you a nice, big limousine to ride in?"

"What good's a limousine?" inquired Four-Year-Old. "Now I ask you, Dad, can you be a messenger boy in a limousine?"

While his mother (Dorothy Davenport) was inspecting the lovely new home the Reids are building next door to Bill Hart's place, William Wallace strolled across the street to call on his friend, Mary Johanna Desmond, five months' old daughter of the Bill Desmonds. Mrs. Desmond greeted him at the door and said, "Oh, hello. Aren't you little Willy Reid?" (by way of seeing what would happen).

"Nope," said the young man.

"Well, who are you, then?"

"Plain Bill Reid," said he with dignity.

**A** WELL-known producer was making the rounds in his studio and came upon an elaborate historical set under the supervision of his one high-brow director. "This set," said the h. b. director proudly, "goes back to Louis Quatorze." "Why," said the producer, "what's wrong with it?"

**M**ARY and Doug are going to tour the world, making pictures along the way. According to report they will start about December 15—or as soon as both have finished two new pictures—and will make the journey to France by way of Honolulu, Japan, China, India and Egypt. In France Fairbanks will probably film "The Three Musketeers." Mary will also make one picture, European in story and detail.

**L**OIS WEBER has come out of her celebrated shell long enough to announce that she has two new pictures ready for release and has purchased a studio to make more. She is also introducing another one of her "finds"—a young girl, Claire Windsor by name, who appears in both productions, "What Do Men Want?" and "To

Please One Woman." You remember both Mary MacLaren and Mildred Harris Chaplin were Weber discoveries.

**T**HE old "Welcome" sign has been dug up and dusted off for Florence Turner and Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Turner has signed with Metro and Miss Taliaferro is coming back as "The Painted Woman" in the screen version of "Sentimental Tommy." Oh yes—and Lillian Walker is once more in the public eye as the plaintiff in a divorce suit against a husband most of us never knew she had—Charles Hansen. Sounds like old-home week.

**I**RENE MARCELLUS spoiled a perfectly good press-story the other day. Flo Ziegfeld is supposed to have inserted a clause in all his chorus contracts reading, "Motion picture work absolutely prohibited." Then Irene, who came to Ziggy's Follies from the downtown Greenwich Village brand, announced herself as an acquisition to the Marshall Neilan film forces, to be seen first in "The Lotus Eaters." Irene is very, very beautiful.



Plays and Players

(Continued)



**HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS**

**You Want to Earn Big Money!**

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

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**Can You Qualify for a Better Position?**

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

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.....Certified Public Accountant \$7,000 to \$15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer \$2,000 to \$5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor \$2,500 to \$7,000	.....Telephone Engineer \$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer \$2,500 to \$4,000	.....Telegraph Engineer \$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Electrical Engineer \$4,000 to \$10,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....General Education In one year.	.....Fire Insurance Expert \$3,000 to \$10,000

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Haven't you often wished you could take the top off a motion picture studio and watch the wheels go round? Here's the next best thing: climbing with your still camera to the beams of Goldwyn's studio and seeing three different sets—the center one in the process of "Shooting." This room without a ceiling was built for an Edgar story. You can almost hear the sputtering of the overheads and the calls of the cameramen for "Lights!"

IT is not often that anything happens to dim the smiles and moisten the eyes of Broadway's idols. The stars of that Great White Way are most of the time as dazzling, as unfalteringly bright as those huge electric signs which proclaim them to the world. But there was recently a gathering of celebrities whose names are synonyms for Broadway's best gifts of fame and wealth and gaiety, in which those celebrities paused to bow their heads and wipe away their tears. It was at the last rites for Olive Thomas—one of the loveliest and the best-loved of them all. Olive Thomas had died—tragically, three thousand miles from the bright gay street and the bright gay friends she loved. She first came to Broadway a little girl, and Broadway saw her rise from chorus-girl to film queen. And Broadway knew her as the same "Ollie"—generous-hearted, radiant—from Roof days and through her increasing fame.

St. Thomas Church—a solemn impressive gray-stone pile in Fifth Avenue—was the scene. The Reverend Ernest M. Stires, one of Manhattan's most prominent clergymen, officiated. And among those in attendance were Harrison Fisher, the artist, who painted Olive Thomas so many times and who called her the prettiest girl in America; Myron Selznick, who produced her pictures; Thomas Meighan, her good friend; Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore, who worked with her in

the same studio; Gene Buck, composer of Follies music to which she often danced across the Follies stage; Edgar Selwyn, Irving Berlin, Montagu Love, and others. Friends of Follies and film days came: Rubye deRemer, May Murray, May Leslie, and Kay Laurell. And now the name of Olive Thomas, one of Broadway's best-beloved, has flickered out in Broadway's signs; but the memory of the warm-hearted little girl will live long in the hearts of those who really knew and loved her.

DON'T tell me told you, but we hear there is to be an early addition to the Wheeler Oakman family. Yep—and that Priscilla Dean Oakman is going into temporary retirement upon the completion of her latest Universal picture, which is another crook play for the original Exquisite Thief. Priscilla is supported in it by friend husband and Lon Chaney.

SPEAKING of comedienues: wonder why Messrs. de Mille, Tucker or Griffith don't sign up Harriett Hammond, Phyllis Haver, or Marie Prevost? They look like Swanson or Compson material to us.

THE Duponts—now in control of the Goldwyn Company—are going to uplift the film industry if they have to do it with dynamite. (Continued on page 90)



**NEW NICKEL PLATE**  
All type, type bars, etc. renickeled

**NEW PLATEN**  
Equipped with new platen—new feed roller—new ribbon

**NEW ENAMEL**  
Frame restriped, relettered and newly enameled

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New thumb knobs, new key rings, new rubber feet

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



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

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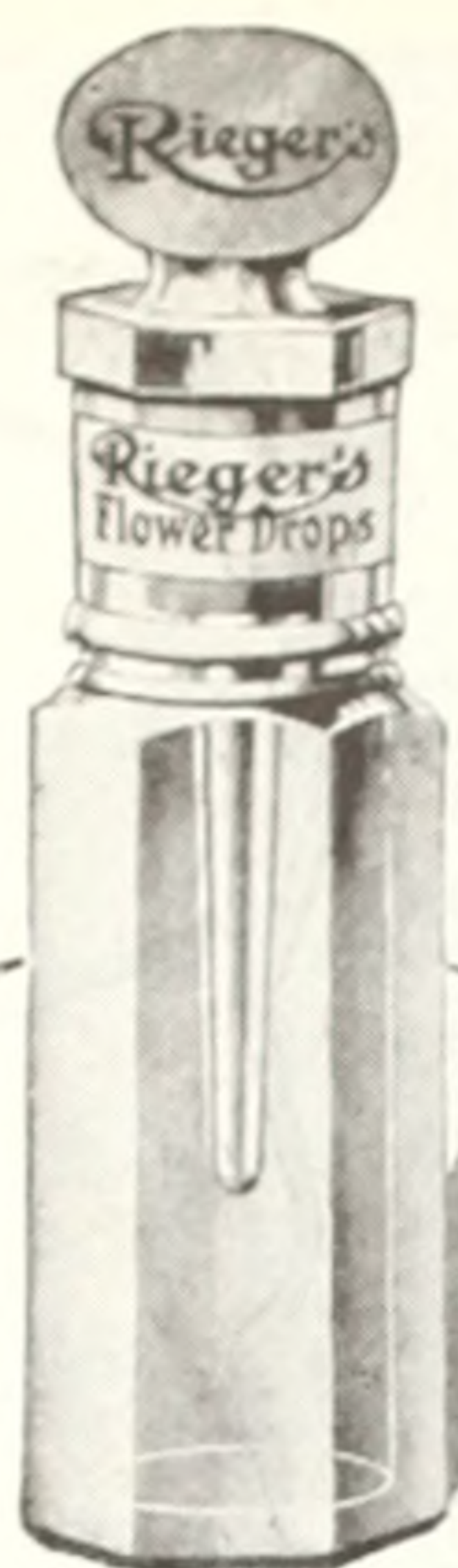
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

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The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample

20¢

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Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks:  
Lilac, Crabapple. \$1.50  
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Souvenir Box  
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes. . . . \$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

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262 First Street, San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

- Lily of the Valley
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Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



Breakfast for two a la Hollywood honeymooners. Here is Tom Gallery manfully assuring his bride, Zasu Pitts, that the toast isn't burned, at all. Tom is Zasu's leading man in films, too.

**O**NE way to be famous is to be born in Gotland, Sweden, come to New York at an early age, get a job as a Ziegfeld Follies beauty and then proceed by easy stages to the screen. Diana Allen, first heard from as a Fox actress, and now signed by Paramount to play opposite Monte Blue in "The Kentuckians," did it that way.

**L**OUISE FAZENDA has left Sennett. No, she won't go with de Mille or Tucker or Griffith. She will keep right on doing her eccentric lady hicks for the Special Pictures Corporation, which also lately lured away from Mack's place Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin.

**L**EW CODY is not going to make any more pictures for Robertson-Cole.

**W**HEN all the reporters in New York were pursuing Charlie Chaplin to get his views on divorce and marriage, Mr. Chaplin bravely announced that he wouldn't discuss his marital affairs and added that he was in New York on pleasure bent. But, boys and girls, what do you suppose he was really doing? He was reading Macaulay's "History of England" in his snug little suite at the Ritz.

**C**OLLEEN MOORE gave the habitues of the famous Hotel Alexandria dining room a treat the other day when she entertained a bunch of select moving picture beauties at a "regular" luncheon party. Everything was done up in the best "400" style, including decorations in pink and lavender, corsages and dainty favors to match. The honored guest was Miss Lisbeth Stone, a New Orleans society girl, and cousin of Miss Moore, who had been passing the summer in Hollywood. The other guests included Marjorie Daw, Zasu Pitts, Doris

May, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke, Grace Darmond, Dorothy Devore, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres and Kathleen Kirkham.

It is whispered that this group of motion picture maidens united in a sort of secret society pledge to stay old maids—or words to that effect—and that Zasu Pitts, who recently became the bride of Tom Gallery, is the first to renounce the veil and become a wife. However, it seems only fair to surmise that she won't be the last. As old maids, they present a very weak position.

**M**UST be nice for the Crane family. Jimmy is playing at the Forty-eighth Street Theater in papa-in-law Bill Brady's play, "Opportunity," and Alice Brady Crane is right next door entertaining audiences in "Anna Ascends" at the Playhouse, so they can visit between the acts. They are certainly the most devoted couple Broadway ever boasted.

**M**AE MURRAY left Paramount, went to Europe for a vacation, came back, and signed with Paramount again. She left, they say, because sufficient inducements were not offered her to make it worth while remaining. So she formed her own company, the Invincible. Now she's to be a Paramount-Artcraft star, and her husband—the always-present Robert Leonard—is to direct her. Which will it be—the Mae Murray Productions or the Robert Z. Leonard Features? And what has become of the Invincible? They started out to sell stock to the public.

**B**UCOLIC PRESS—(Los Angeles Times): "To Let—Beautifully furnished apartment in Hollywood. Married couple preferred."

(Continued on page 92)



# CARYL FINDS THE KEY

By Alice F. Funken

CARYL shut the front door with a sigh. A glance ahead showed the same dimly-lighted hall that greeted her every night as she returned from work; the narrow stairs disappearing into the inky darkness above; the ancient strip of carpet that led to the mysterious realms of a landlady somewhere on the first floor. It was by no means the rightful home of a fun-loving girl. It wasn't even a good excuse.

Wearily climbing the stairs she groped her way along the hall to her room and turned on the light. Its bareness would have appalled one not accustomed to boarding houses. Caryl had become somewhat hardened to the scaly dresser with its grotesque, wobbly mirror; the sagging rocker; and the worn carpet staggering lonesomely across the floor—but the lopsided iron bed had been the bitterest pill of all. Many nights when the mattress bulged and the springs jerked and rattled, and sleep would not come, she lay in the dark staring at the streaks of light flashing across her court window and dreamed of what she would like to have.

Those "like-to-have" dreams were really the only bright spots in Caryl's life. She had no background of romance. She had worked since her fourteenth birthday, at first to support her widowed mother, and then to support herself. In days past she and her mother had lived comfortably on her meager salary. Now, twice the money did not buy half what they had to have. Living conditions were crushing her down. There were only the dreams ahead.

Foremost in these dreams were visions of success in business. Ever since the day she had entered an office as a humble little file clerk, she had wanted to be a "factor" in the commercial world. She had made a few advancements until she had become the sales manager's private stenographer, and there she stopped ascending. No amount of work or increased efforts seemed to bring the reward of greater responsibility and added salary.

Tonight she threw her shabby winter hat and coat across the bed with a feeling akin to despair. Coming home, everything seemed to conspire to remind her that spring would soon be drawing near, spring with its demand for fresh clothes and disdain for the shabby. Last season's garments had been worn threadbare. There would have to be new things this year, but where were they to come from?

The evening would have passed like all the others, and her future would have been exactly what her discouraged mind imagined, were it not for a magazine which she had brought in with her to read before retiring.

It was one of the first really warm spring days when the magic brought by the simple magazine began to work. It was the sort of a morning that makes one thankful just for living.

Caryl on her way to work seemed to have been transported into a new world, a world she had been too careworn and too tired to even see, before.

For Caryl was a very different looking girl this spring morning. The fluffs of hair that danced out in the light breeze were set off by a jaunty hat, and the bunch of violets at her waist rested against a one-piece dress so stunning it took her breath every time she caught a glimpse of herself in a passing window.

There was no office force to gape at her entry, because her work was done in the private office of the sales manager; but as she slipped in through the side door, hung up her hat, and paused a moment to pat her trim collar, she was conscious of the surprised look of her employer. All through the day she felt him watching her, sometimes pensively, sometimes appraisingly. The next day and the next were the same. But Caryl remained serene. Each day found her outfitted in a perfect business costume and very efficient.

One Saturday morning when she entered the office the general manager was talking with her employer. He stopped suddenly as she entered, and left the office. The sales manager called her to his desk.

"Ah—Miss Trenton," he began hesitatingly, "did it ever occur to you that women might handle this proposition of ours, as well as men?"

"Indeed it has," Caryl answered quickly. "I know women could succeed with it."

"Well, the Chief seems to feel the same

way. I have persuaded him to let you do the initial work."

"Oh, Mr. Welsh—really?"

The sales manager suggested an interview with the Chief. And the Chief was so impressed with her air of confidence and self-possession, and her business-like attitude, that Caryl was selected first saleswoman.

And so the magic of the magazine worked on silently week after week. When the first tints of summer came along it blossomed out full force. Caryl had made good, and the biggest thing ever offered a woman in the history of the office was offered her. A force of women was to be organized and spread through the territory, and Caryl was to be their chief.

Good secrets are too wonderful to be kept. The magic of the magazine was that kind. The day came at last when Caryl passed the word along that changed another life from failure to success.

A little brown wisp of a girl was the cause—the newest acquisition to the city force. Caryl had been pleased with her fiery enthusiasm, which transformed her small body to a thing of force—but there was something lacking.

One summer afternoon she came into Caryl's office thoroughly discouraged.

"I've tried, Miss Trenton, and—and I simply can't make it go."

Caryl, cool in a fresh linen frock, looked searchingly across at the girl. She took in the warm skirt, the mussy waist, the shabby hat—then she smiled.

"Come home with me tonight," she said, "and I'll show you what's wrong."

Back in the recesses of her delightful apartment that evening she unearthed a strange collection of garments—the ones she had worn before her "transformation."

"That was my best outfit several months ago," she began. "I had just about reached the end. I was sure I had the ability, but I couldn't market it. One is appraised and classed by appearances, in business, quicker than in any other place."

"One evening a simple magazine opened up a wonderful future to me. In that magazine was the story of a girl in just such a position as I was in, who had learned to make attractive, becoming clothes through an institute of domestic arts and sciences which had developed a wonderful new method by which any woman or girl, anywhere, could learn to sew right in her own home, in spare time. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking."

"I could scarcely wait for my first lesson. But when it came, I realized that any woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply wonderful."

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful waist. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. And any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't help learning rapidly. The text books foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take such a personal interest in your work!"

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types, how to really develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming."

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon able to work on elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute had really made me more capable than most professional dress-



All day long she felt him watching her.

makers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"That's the secret of my success," Caryl concluded simply. "Every stitch of my wardrobe was done by myself and the entire outfit cost less than half what I had paid for my shabby old things."

"And—and you really think I have the same chance that you had?"

"I know it. You have selling ability—what you need is confidence in yourself and nothing will give you that quite so surely as the knowledge that you are correctly dressed. It is the same in business or social affairs—the girl attired in becoming clothes, just the right thing for her particular type, even though they may be simple and inexpensive—is always at ease."

"Your clothes can make or wreck your chances for success. It took me a long, long time to realize it, too. But the lesson was well worth waiting for and I hope you'll profit by my experience. Let the Woman's Institute teach you to make your own clothes. You will soon see that 'looking good and making good' go hand in hand. And I'll buy you the finest eight-course dinner you ever had if your sales haven't doubled in four months!"

More than 70,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home in spare time how to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a profession.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, postcard, or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

## WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 17-M, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- Home Dressmaking
- Professional Dressmaking
- Millinery
- Cooking

Name .....

(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)



For a Gargle

or a mouth wash, put a few drops of Absorbine Jr. in a little water. It is an herbal antiseptic and germicide remarkably effective for—

- Checking sore throat in its incipient stage.
- Reducing the swelling and taking out the soreness.
- Cleansing the mouth and arresting infection.

**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

has a pleasant, pungent taste and smell that makes it pleasant to use, either as a liniment or a gargle.

As a mouth wash it is extensively used and highly recommended by dentists. It leaves the mouth cool and clean.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

18 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.

Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color.

Now that way is found. And women no longer hesitate. For simply by combing this clear, pure, colorless liquid through your hair, in from 4 to 8 days every gray hair is gone.



Mary T. Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Make This Test

Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. It will bring you a free trial bottle of this remarkable hair color restorer and our special comb.

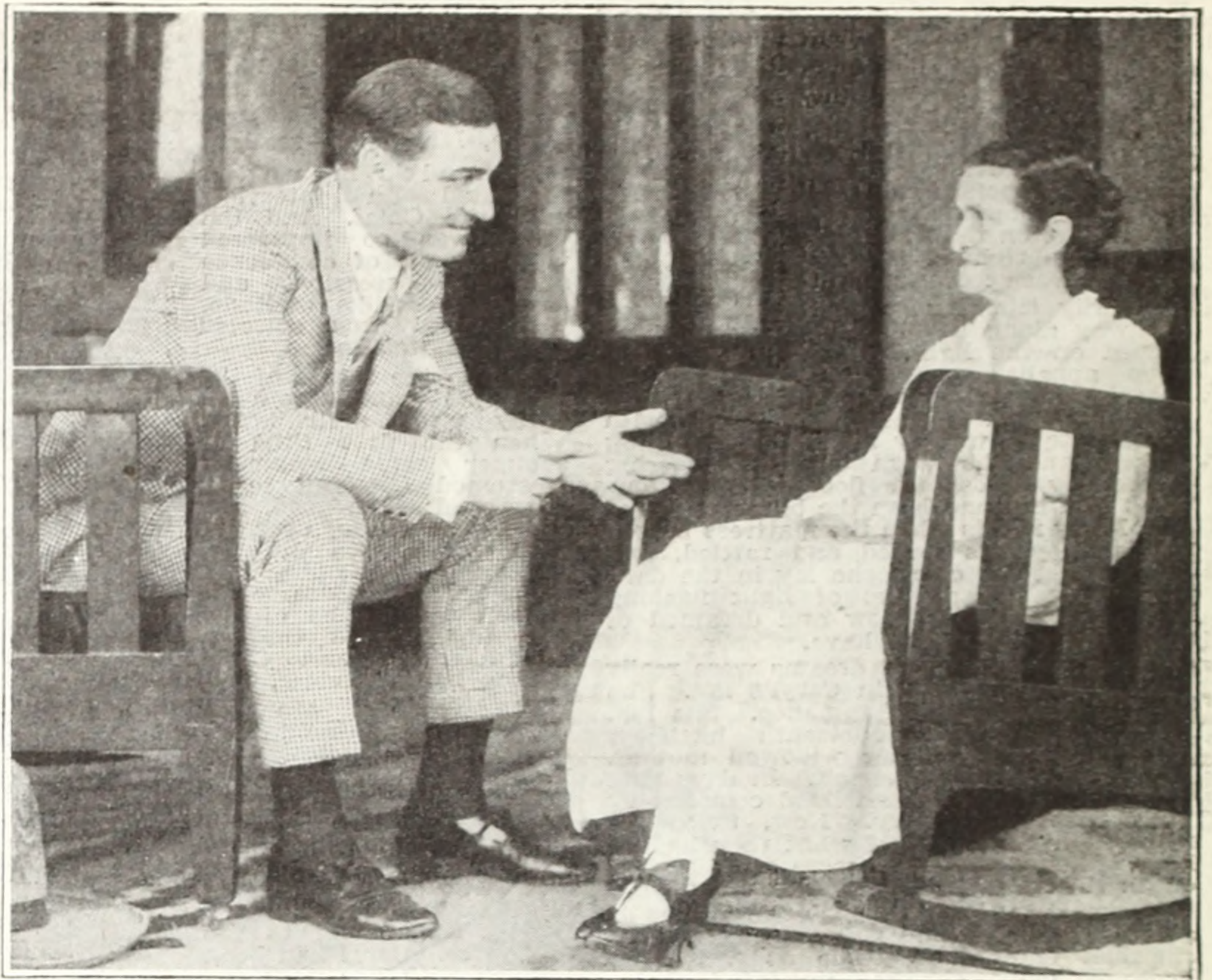
Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1799 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1799 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is  
 black..... jet black..... dark brown.....  
 medium brown..... light brown.....  
 Name.....  
 Street..... Town.....  
 Co..... State.....



She used to smile when young Tom evinced a preference for games in which he could tote a toy gun and sport a small-sized sombrero. But now Mrs. Mix, mother of Tom, is watching her son reap a rich harvest of his boyhood dreams, as one of the leading cowboy actors in the movies.

GLADYS BROCKWELL is to be featured in an Edgar Lewis production, "The Sage Hen." A new role for Gladys, who usually played prairie chickens in her problem-plays for Mr. Fox.

JACK HOLT has a small son of indefinite and trying age identified by corduroys and missing front teeth. He is exceptionally fond of the phonograph. Whenever it stops, young Master Holt stops too—after the fashion we all knew in the dear departed days of childhood. The other day his colored mammy peeped in through the curtains and caught a glimpse of her idol postured like Victory about to take a flight. "My goodness!" said she awefully, "Will you look at that chile strike a statue? I jes' know he's goin' t' be an actress!"

TEN thousand dollars was raised for the Disabled Soldiers of the Great War at a ball given in September at the Alexandria in Los Angeles by the Motion Picture Directors' Association. The affair was exceedingly gorgeous in appointment and entertainment and the 700 people who gathered represented the elite of Los Angeles society as well as of the Hollywood film colony. William D. Taylor, feature director for Realart, was in charge of the entertainment, and presented some unique stunts. Doralina did her fascinating hula-hula; Tom Mix and twenty of his cowboys in full regalia pulled a fake hold-up and separated the crowd from its spare cash; Larry Semon paid \$500 for a bat and ball autographed by Babe Ruth, and Ben Hampton gave a like amount for a pair of crutches belonging to one of the wounded heroes present—and then returned the crutches. Over in one corner was a booth marked "For Men Only" at a dollar a man, which caused a good deal of excitement, but rumor hath it that it was a blank.

Among those who graced the dance and the wonderful supper served at midnight were Wanda Hawley, Jeanie MacPherson, Ruth Roland, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mary Miles Minter, who entertained a party of twelve, Tony Moreno with a number of society people from Beverly Hills, Pauline Frederick and her mother, Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Forman, Elliott Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Wally Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Eyton (Kathlyn Williams), Irene Rich, Margaret Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scardon (Betty Blythe), King Vidor and his wife, Florence Vidor, May Allison, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt, Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Louis, Mary Alden, and William Duncan and Edith Johnson.

STUDIO circles are agog over mysterious rumors and reports that filter through concerning the making of the latest Allen Holubar feature. First it was stated that it was being produced for European release only, as it was not supposed it could pass the censors in this country. A number of really serious accidents have occurred in the making of it, several extra women having been terribly injured in doing some mob riding scenes. It has been familiarly referred to as "The Third Sex." Anyway, if reports are only half true it will be the most sensational and risqué production ever attempted in America. Personally, it's a bit of a surprise from the man who made "The Heart of Humanity."

LOIS WILSON once won a beauty contest, and ever since, directors have seemed to hold it against her. She's never had a chance to do anything but the most innocuous ingenue roles. Now William de Mille has cast her for the leading part in  
 (Continued on page 94)



# No Money Down

Let Us Send You a SILVERTONE Phonograph for Two Weeks' Trial in Your Home Without Expense to You

WE WANT you to try one of these beautiful SILVERTONE Phonographs in your own home for two weeks without a cent of expense and without obligating you to buy if you are not fully satisfied with the instrument.

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co. today. We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. You take absolutely no risk, nor do you obligate yourself in any way by taking a SILVERTONE on trial. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough test. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work, workmanship and finish. Try it with any disc record you desire, and note its beauty of tone and fidelity of reproduction. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, beauty and musical excellence.

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are not fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE, if you do not believe that it is in every way the equal of any phonograph on the market selling at prices from 25 to 50 per cent higher than the SILVERTONE, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph at our own expense and will refund any transportation and cartage charges you have paid. The two weeks' test will not have cost you one cent nor placed you under any obligation.

Play as You Pay—Very Easy Terms

If, after two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, simply send us the first monthly payment and then the same amount each month until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment on each instrument is shown under the illustrations.

Compare our terms with those offered on any other phonograph of the same high quality. The small monthly payment required on even the highest priced models makes it easy for you to own a really fine instrument without incurring a heavy financial burden.

**This Liberal Selling Plan Is the Best Guarantee of SILVERTONE Quality**

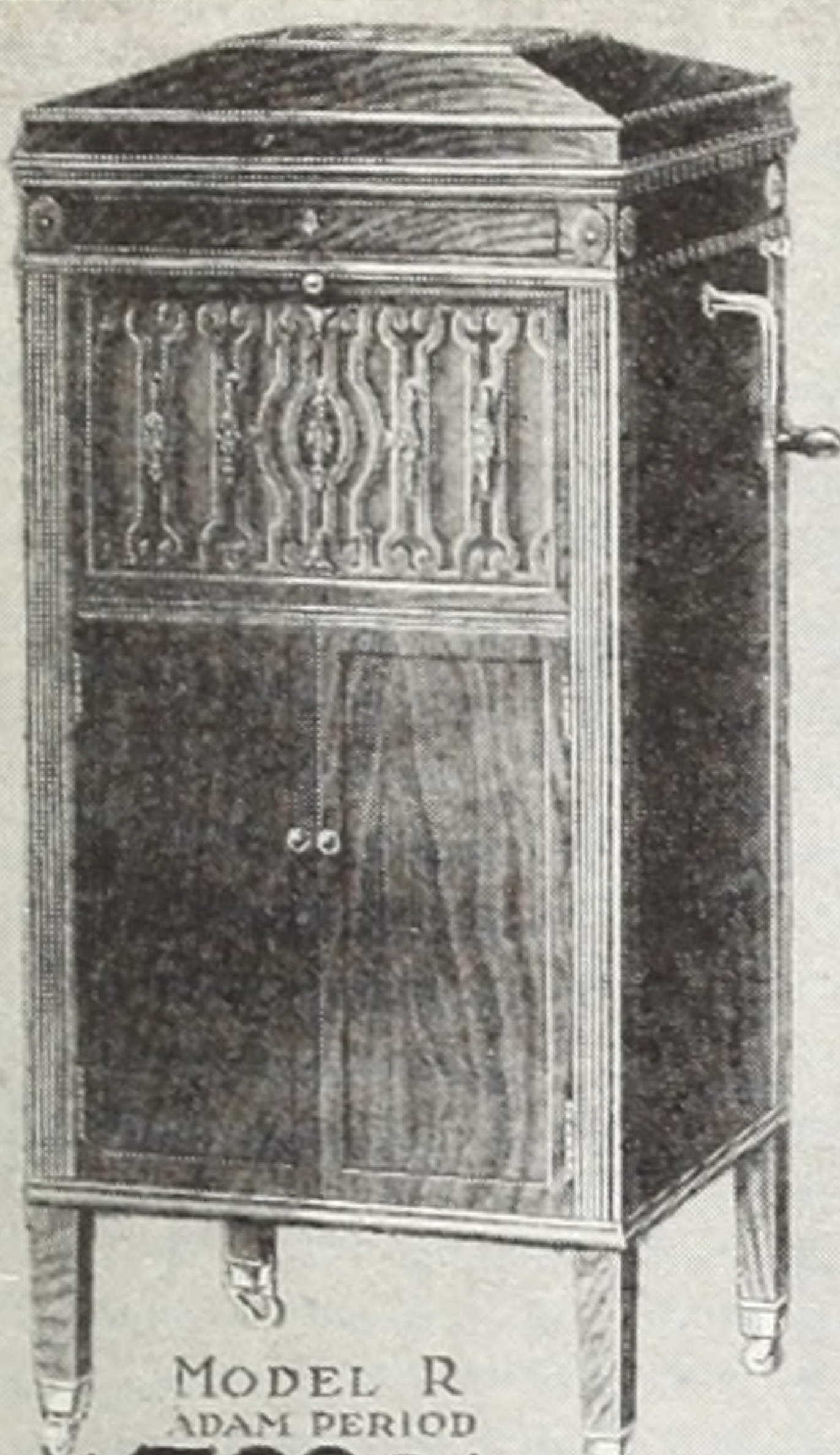
We know that the SILVERTONE Phonograph is right in every respect—mechanically, musically and in design and finish. That is why we can offer them on this liberal no money down trial basis. We know that when you get a SILVERTONE Phonograph in your home for two weeks' trial you will be convinced of its high quality and will agree with us that it is the best phonograph on the market at anywhere near the same price. We have sold over 330,000 SILVERTONE phonographs, and the unanimous praise of their owners is the most convincing proof of SILVERTONE quality.

Plays All Disc Records

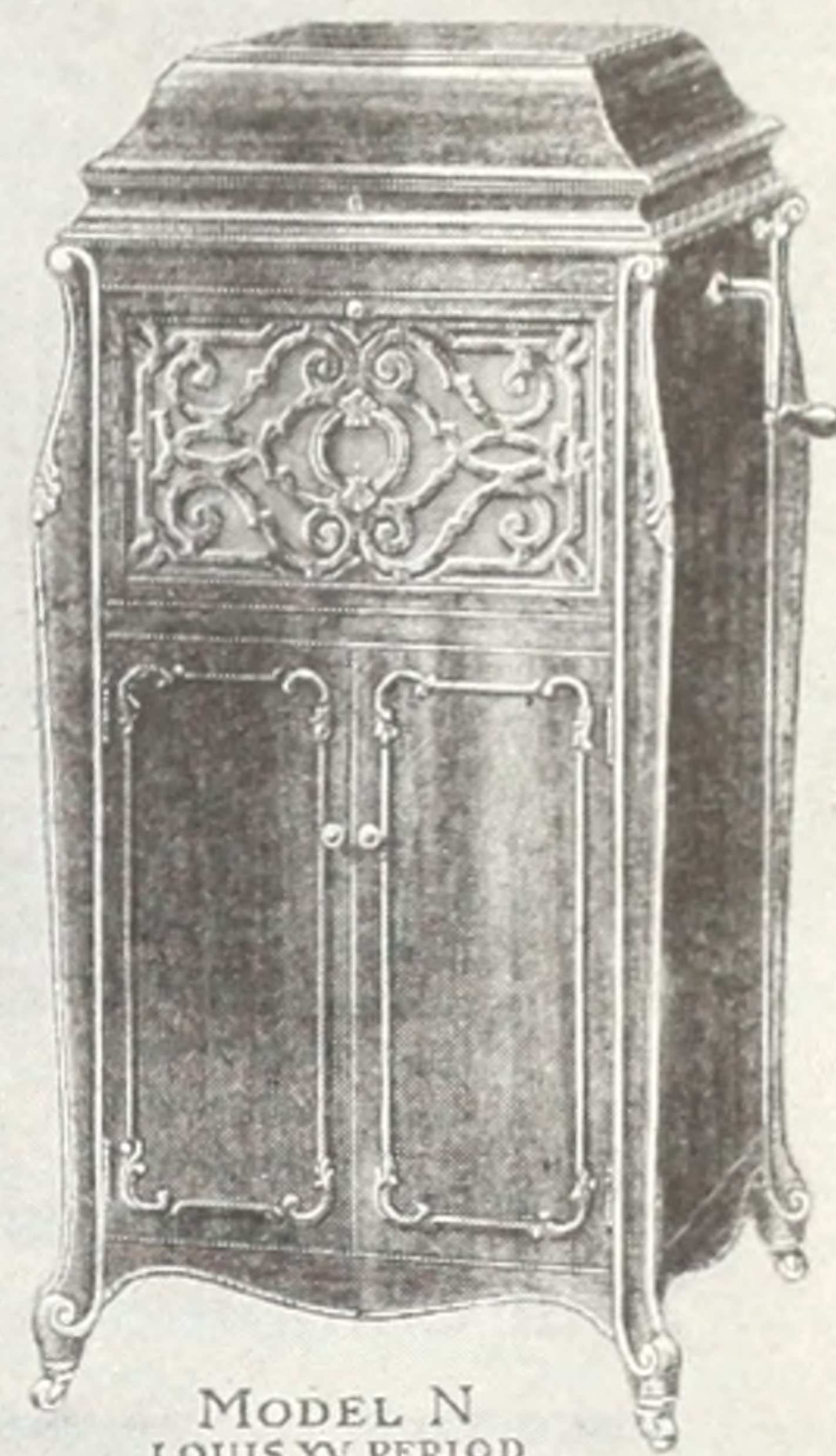
The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm is so constructed that it permits the playing of any make of disc record, either vertical or lateral cut. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Size of Cabinets

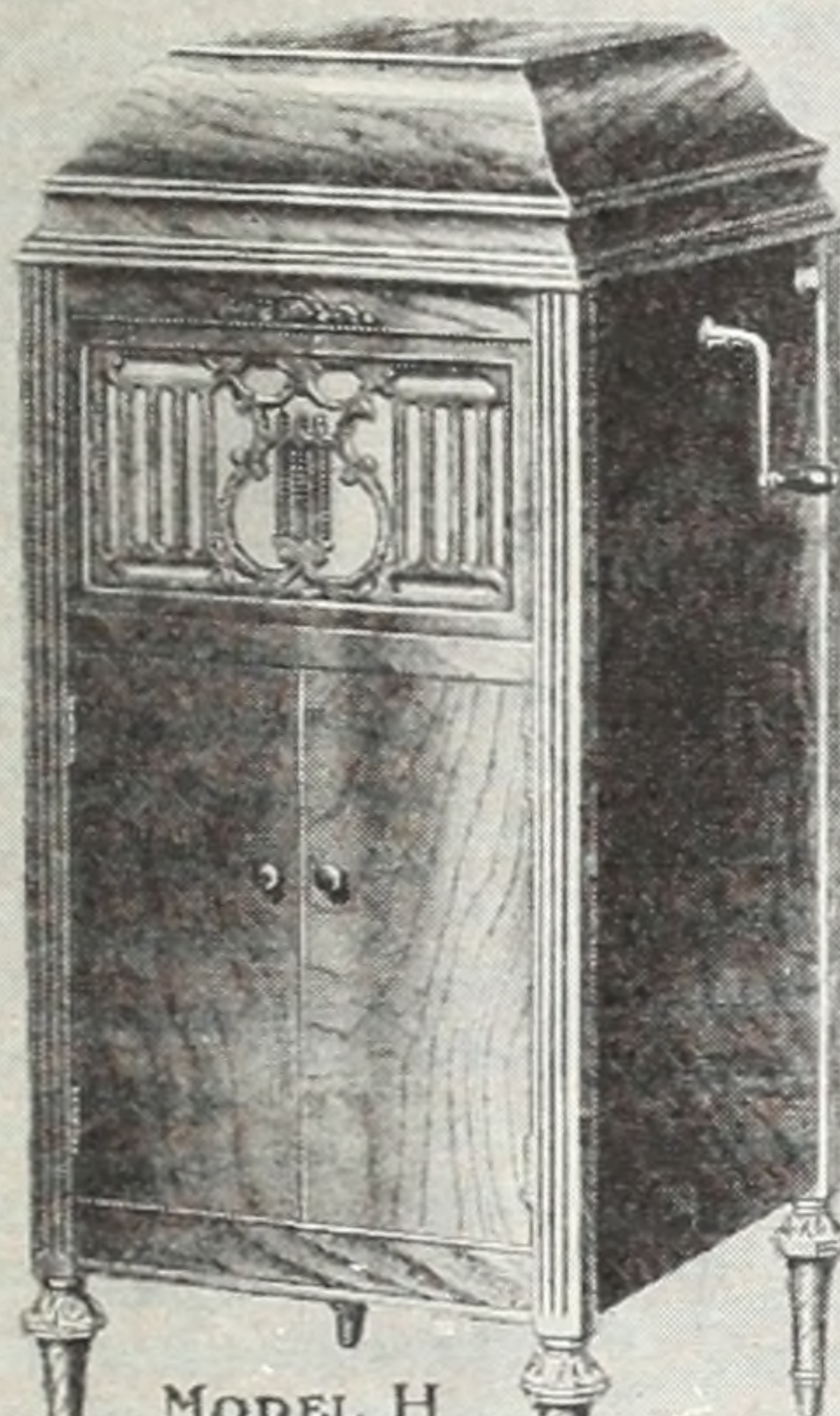
The Model H Cabinet is 45 3/4 inches high. The others are illustrated in proportion.



MODEL R  
ADAM PERIOD  
**\$700** Price  
A Month \$200<sup>00</sup>  
Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak  
Gold Plated Metal Parts



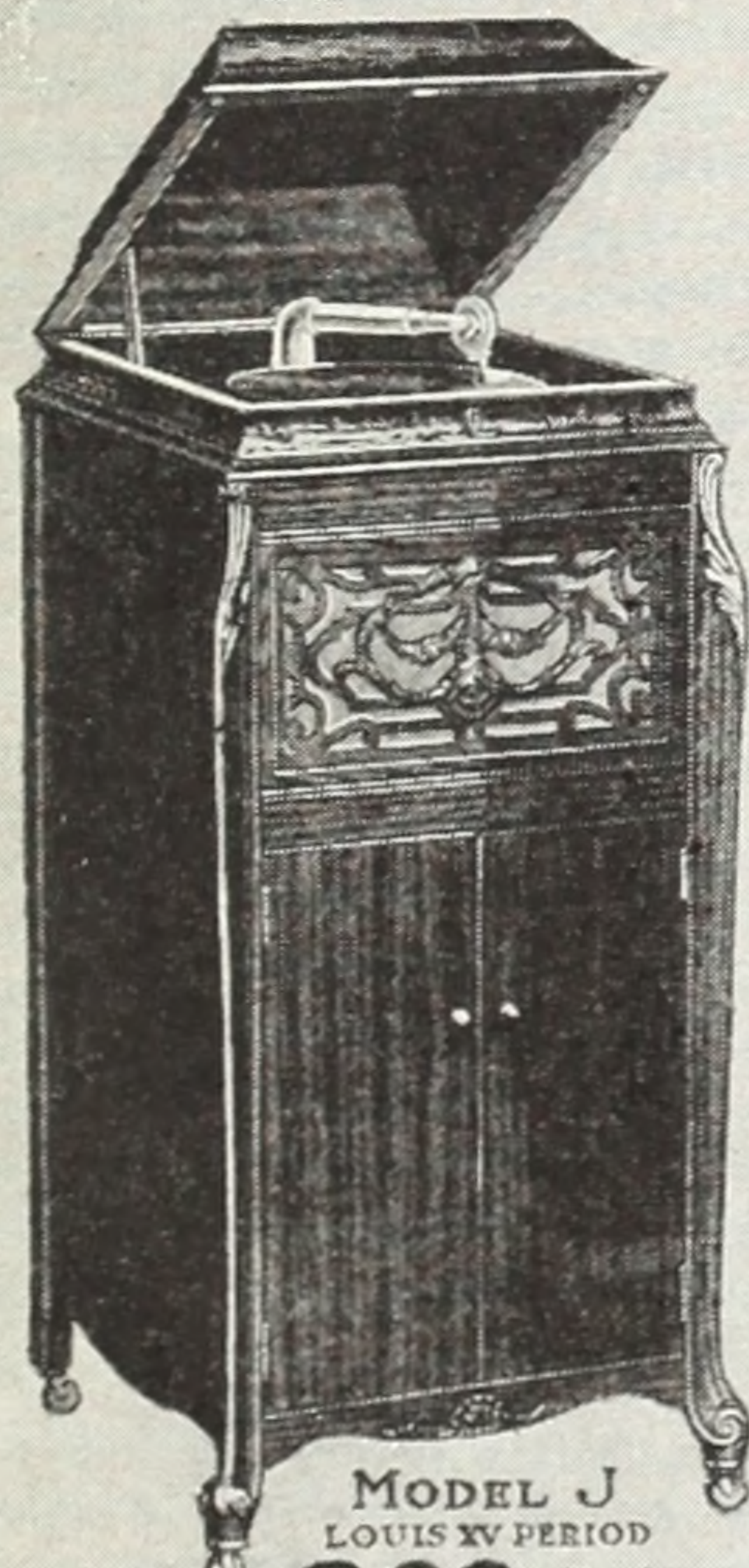
MODEL N  
LOUIS XV PERIOD  
**\$750** Price  
A Month \$225<sup>00</sup>  
Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak  
Gold Plated Metal Parts



MODEL H  
LOUIS XVI PERIOD  
**\$500** Price  
A Month \$135<sup>00</sup>  
Mahogany or Walnut



MODEL S  
QUEEN ANNE PERIOD CONSOLE  
**\$750** Price  
A Month \$215<sup>00</sup>  
Mahogany, or Walnut  
Gold Plated Metal Parts



MODEL J  
LOUIS XV PERIOD  
**\$600** Price  
A Month \$165<sup>00</sup>  
Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak  
Gold Plated Metal Parts

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You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an (X), without any obligation on my part to buy unless I am perfectly satisfied.

If, after two weeks' trial, I decide to keep and use the instrument, I will send you the first payment for the phonograph and pay the same amount each month until paid in full; then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you, and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return to me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

Sign Here \_\_\_\_\_ R.F.D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_ Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

(Sign your name here plainly and carefully. If under age, some member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.)

Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I have been located in this town since \_\_\_\_\_ If less than 5 years, give former address \_\_\_\_\_

My business, occupation or profession is \_\_\_\_\_ Do you wish shipment made by express or freight? \_\_\_\_\_

REFERENCES—(Please give names of TWO references.)

Name	Address	Business or Occupation

We ship Silvertone Phonographs to all parts of the U. S. We do not accept orders from foreign countries.

- Model H.
  - Mahogany.
  - Walnut.
  - Price, **\$135.00**
  - Payment, **\$5.00** a month.
- Model J.
  - Mahogany.
  - Walnut.
  - Fumed Oak.
  - Price, **\$165.00**
  - Payment, **\$6.00** a month.
- Model R.
  - Mahogany.
  - Walnut.
  - Fumed Oak.
  - Price, **\$200.00**
  - Payment, **\$7.00** a month.
- Model S.
  - Mahogany.
  - Walnut.
  - Price, **\$215.00**
  - Payment, **\$7.50** a month.
- Model N.
  - Mahogany.
  - Walnut.
  - Fumed Oak.
  - Price, **\$225.00**
  - Payment, **\$7.50** a month.

# Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Chicago · Philadelphia · Seattle · Dallas



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)



### He First Notices Your Complexion

Make your complexion beautiful — attractive — a reason for admiration.

If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

## CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

and see how well it commands the glance of approbation.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream, and the New CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade.

50c Everywhere

TRIAL OFFER—Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse-size box with 3 weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

Stafford-Miller Co.  
St. Louis, Mo.



The  
Final  
Touch



## WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

### Water-Maid Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send \$2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.  
117-A West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio



## ALL MAKES TYPEWRITERS

Remington, Underwood, Smiths, Royals, Oliviers, etc., at reduced prices.

Write for our Catalog No. 44 for convincing proof. Prices as low as \$20.

Beran Typewriter Co., 58 W. Washington St., Dept. 39, Chicago



It's worth coming all the way from Manhattan's Follies to California's films to autograph Wally Reid's best shirt. Betty Francisco started it, and now this shirt of Wally's has dozens of names of celluloid celebrities scrawled on its once immaculate expanse.

"What Every Woman Knows," opposite Conrad Nagel. Maude Adams and Bruce McRae did this Barrie play on the stage.

**S**PEAKING of the Nagels: that good-looking actor and his charming wife, Ruth Helms, are soon to welcome a new little Nagel into their Hollywood home.

**S**INCE the MacLean-May picture divorce, the former better half of that celebrated comedy team hasn't been in pictures. But she's to try her hand at heavy emoting in Thomas Ince's picturization of "The Bronze Bell." What became of all those rumors of Doris May's engagement to young Wally MacDonald?

"A **FUNNY** thing happened to me when I was working in 'Male and Female,'" said Raymond Hatton recently. "The action called for me to take a drink from a mountain stream. I scooped up the water, choked and then spit it out in a hurry. Mr. de Mille said that scene wouldn't do, that a gentleman wouldn't spit that way. 'What do you mean, a gentleman wouldn't?' I asked. 'That water was full of tadpoles, and I swallowed one of them!'"

**A** RECEPTION was given to Governor James Cox of Ohio, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, by the Associated First National Pictures at their new Hollywood studios during the Governor's visit to Los Angeles. The First National declared that the reception was tendered on behalf of the motion picture industry and invitations were sent to all the motion picture

stars and celebrities in Hollywood. The affair was an enormous success and the Governor seemed to enjoy the stars as much as they enjoyed his brief and interesting address.

**K**ING VIDOR has been granted his application in a Los Angeles court to incorporate himself for \$2,000,000. The money for the new company has been subscribed by friends of the Vidor family and backers who helped this young director finance "The Turn in the Road" a couple of years ago. Vidor plans to go ahead with a free hand on a big scale, making four super-specials a year himself, overseeing four starring vehicles for his wife, Florence Vidor, and a series of comedies directed by Craig Hutchinson.

**I**T seems to be a well-admitted fact that George Loane Tucker, creator of the great triumph, "The Miracle Man," was enormously pleased with the acting and personality of Miss Betty Compson, who played Rose and later the lead in the second Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live." In fact, Mr. Tucker hailed his discovery as the great emotional actress of the screen. Therefore the following—while a bit subtle—won't go amiss:

Bob Ellis played the leading male role opposite Miss Compson in "Ladies Must Live." Naturally, with Mr. Tucker directing, attention was generally centered on Miss Compson.

They were about to shoot a close-up love scene—Betty and Bob. Said Mr. Tucker:

(Continued on page 96)



## The Land of Romance

Few people realize that they may enter into this charmed land, and contribute to it. Novices?—the greatest artists were once of that class. Chances?—just as many as in any other walk of life. You simply haven't tried.



# New Opportunities In Photoplay Writing

Open to All Who Have Ideas

WHO will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?

And did you know that literary ability has nothing to do with this new art?

One doesn't need "style" or vocabulary, but simply good ideas and the ability to express them clearly.

For photoplays are not written as stories

are, or as plays for the stage. They are built of ideas, which are put into pictures, arranged in a certain way.

Those who would write photoplays are most concerned with that particular arrangement. And now there's a way in which you can learn how to arrange your ideas.

When you have learned that, you have learned to write photoplays in the form acceptable to producers.

And producers will rejoice as much as you in your new success.

The PALMER PLAN is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthalls those who take it up. There is no tedium; in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a new and different opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

### A Free Book Worth Your Reading

THERE is much to tell about this course, so get our free book about it. One successful story repays, many times over, all the effort you put in.

Success when it comes is rapid, the field is uncrowded, the demand for plays immense.

Get the free book now. Learn all about this new way to success. If you are of average intelligence, if you have dramatic ideas and ambition, you have the complete fundamental equipment for success.

## For There's a Famine in Photoplays

THERE'S a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

### The Palmer Plan

THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay Writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many star writers—Mrs. Caroline Sayre of

Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroi Clarke, who sold his first story for \$3,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special printed lectures for the course. These lectures cover every essential phase of photoplay plot construction.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,  
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1739 I. W. Hellman Bldg.,  
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

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

(All correspondence held strictly confidential)



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)



**Fresh  
Dainty  
NEW**

Est. 1868 **WATKINS** The Original

## Garda Face Powder

Twenty millions of users of Watkins Products in the last 62 years. We announce a line of exquisite GARDA TOILETRIES, led by GARDA FACE POWDER. Sold direct to users in cities and country by over 4,000 salespeople. If one has not called recently write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**HOW TO GET A SAMPLE**  
Send 2c stamp and your address and receive liberal supply of GARDA FACE POWDER and attractive booklet about GARDA, the mysterious Spirit of Beauty, and the dainty NEW GARDA ODOR.

Men and women seeking an unusual opportunity to represent us should write today for plan



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Dept. 440,  
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**Free Book**  
Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

## Easy to Play Easy to Pay

# SAXOPHONE



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Little did Tom Meighan's dad think when Tom was a lad back in Pittsburgh that he would grow up to be an actor—a movie actor! But now that Tom is a star, John A. Meighan is convinced, and recently consented to visit the Lasky studio and meet Miss Gladys George, Tom's leading lady.

"Now, Bob, this will be pretty close up, and you have smeared your make-up a bit. Better powder your nose good, so you'll look all right before the camera."

Whereupon Mr. Ellis got his powder puff and delicately powdered—the back of his neck.

ALL the motion picture studios in Hollywood ceased work during the time of the funeral services held for Bobby Harron in New York City. The tribute to the memory of the film star—who was so well known and well loved in Los Angeles, where he began his screen career—was a spontaneous one on the part of all the actors and studio managers, and every lot saw wet eyes and heard words of praise and sorrow during pause.

ROSEMARY THEBY is to have her own company and will do one of George Bernard Shaw's "stories," according to report. Wonder which of the witty Irishman's "stories" he has finally been prevailed upon to part with for film purposes? Charles Meredith and Lon Chaney are included in Miss Theby's supporting company.

WILL Ann Forrest be the screen's "Peter Pan"? Looks like it—for William de Mille is soon to start production on the Barrie play, and of all the actresses employed by the Lasky people Ann seems the only logical candidate for the Maude Adams role. She is mentioned, too, as the "Wendy." Why not have her double?

YOU needn't be surprised if you hear some time soon that Barbara Castleton has consented to become the fourth—or is it only third?—Mrs. Willard Mack. While she was playing on the coast for Goldwyn Miss Castleton became a good friend of the then Mrs. Mack, Pauline Frederick. Al Woods, by the way, lately started production on a new play by Mr. Mack called

"The Girl in the Dance Hall," in which it was rumored Barbara would have the leading role; but disagreements between playwright and producer caused the latter to call it off.

MAURICE TOURNEUR used a flock of Indians while filming "The Last of the Mohicans." One day while he was on location he asked his assistant director what to call the redskins. Then Tourneur shouted through his megaphone: "Speed up that action—Murphy, Dungan, O'Brien, and O'Shaunessy!"

FRANCE has lost her best beloved screen star—Susanne Grandaise, known as "The Mary Pickford of France." She was killed in an automobile accident. William A. Brady released two of her pictures on his World program in 1917, "A Naked Soul" and "When True Love Dawns." Mlle. Grandaise was an ingenue of strength and spirituality and was exceedingly versatile in expression. Her countrymen idolized her much as we do our Mary.

TWO errors inadvertently crept into our October issue. Miss Kathryn Stuart, clever scenarioist for Realart, should have been credited with the scenario of Constance Binney's picture which appeared in fiction form, "39 East," instead of Julia Crawford Ivers. In this department, George Loane Tucker received the credit for directing Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus," whereas Mr. Charles T. Horan spent three months making this picture for Goldwyn.

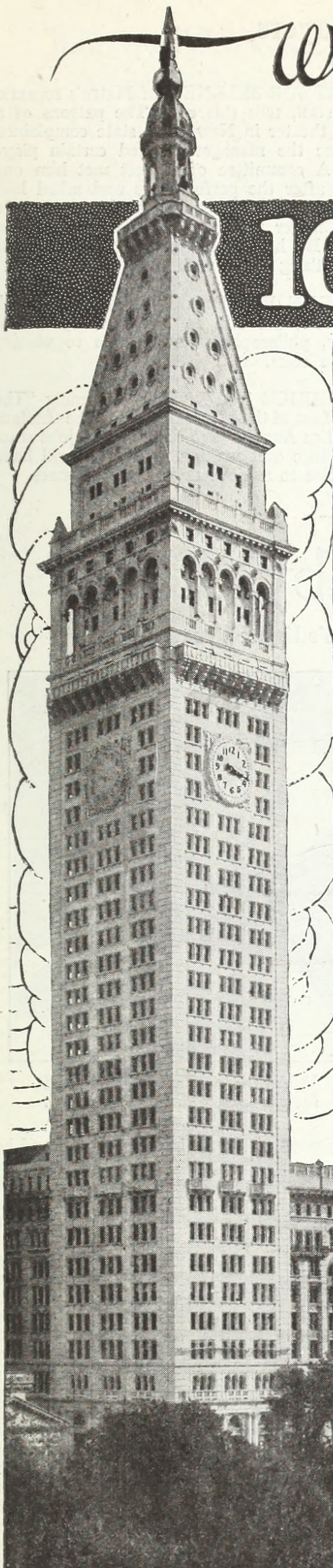
ANOTHER chapter has been added to that Vitagraph-Semon serial. The Smith organization is suing the comedian for \$407,338, charging that Semon threatened to break his contract unless Vitagraph increased his salary to \$5,000 weekly for six pictures. Mr. Semon's demands will not seem

(Continued on page 98)



# Wonderful Diamond Values Direct from New York

## 10 Months to Pay



**A-100** — Beautifully hand-carved pink cameo in Solid Gold hand-engraved bezel. \$12



**A-101** — SWEET'S engagement ring set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond. \$125



**A-103**—Solitaire cluster of 7 fine Diamonds set in PLATINUM. Resembles \$300 solitaire. \$85



**A-105** — Genuine coral cameo in Solid Gold mounting; set with 2 fine Diamonds. \$35



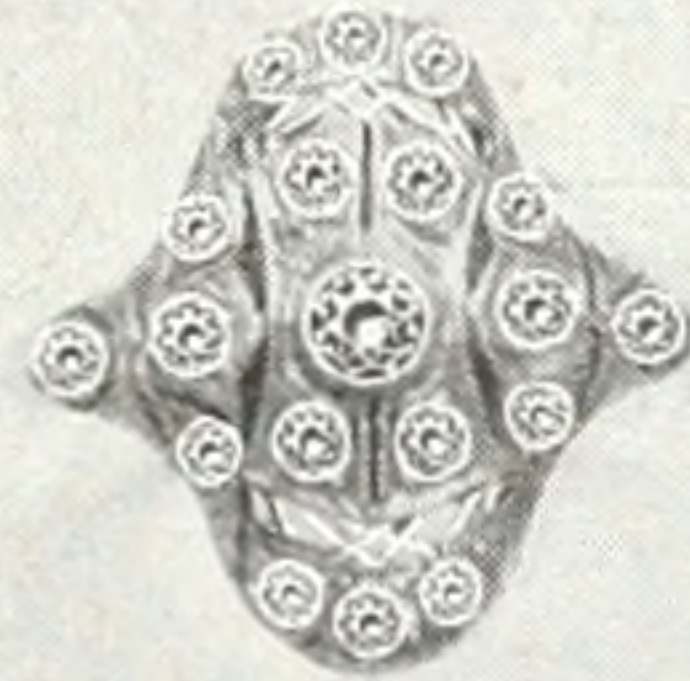
**A-102** — Pretty hand-carved pink cameo set in Solid Gold mounting. \$8



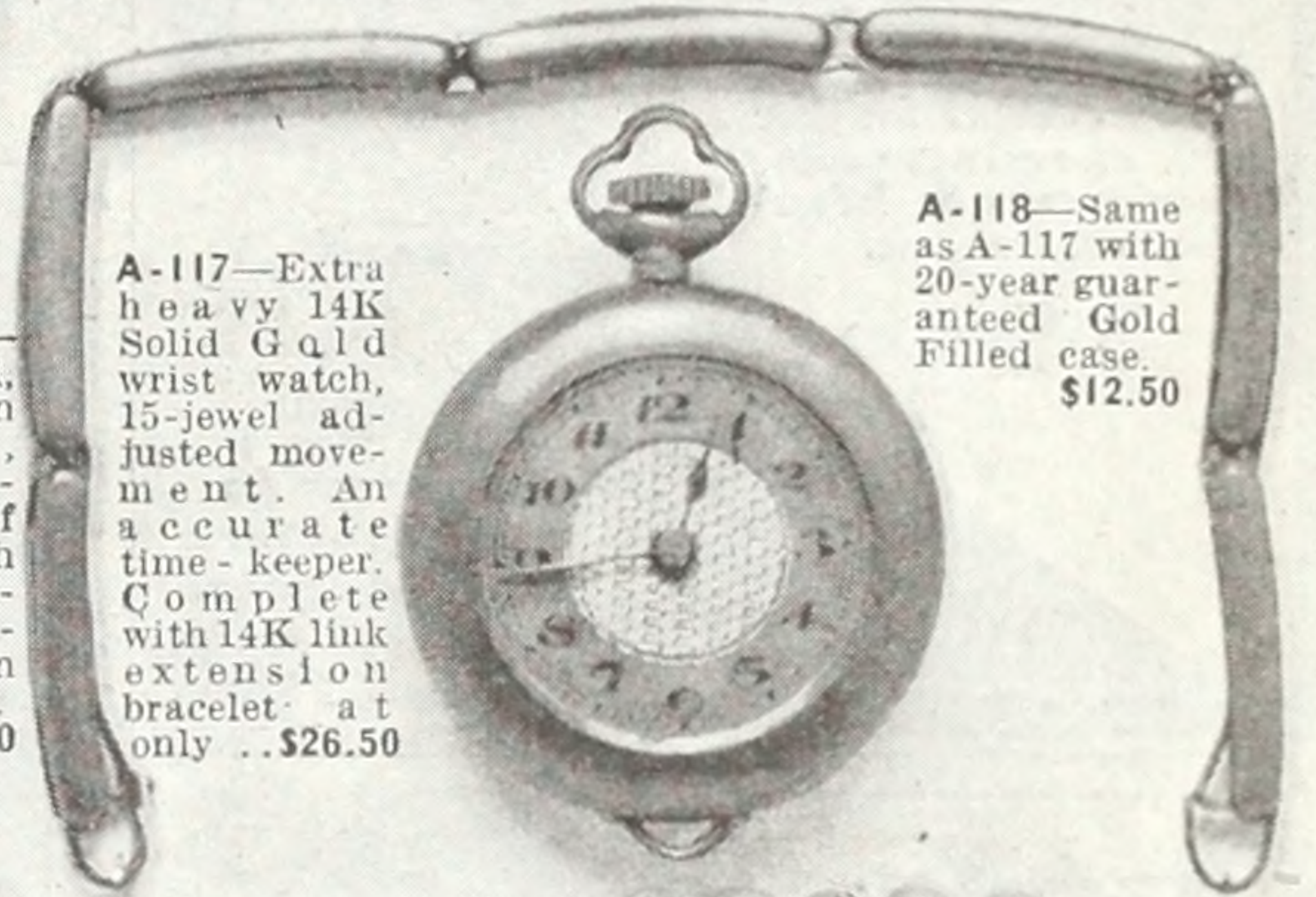
**A-107**—Seven fine perfectly cut, blue-white Diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliancy, PLATINUM set in fancy White Gold mounting. \$88.50



**A-108** — Green Gold, octagon shaped, hand-engraved Scarf Pin set with fine, blue-white Diamond in PLATINUM. \$22.50



**A-106**—The beautiful lace-work design in PLATINUM is enhanced by the 19 brilliant, blue-white Diamonds. \$400



**A-117**—Extra heavy 14K Solid Gold wrist watch, 15-jewel adjusted movement. An accurate time-keeper. Complete with 14K link extension bracelet at only \$26.50

**A-118**—Same as A-117 with 20-year guaranteed Gold Filled case. \$12.50



**A-113**—SWEET'S engagement ring, set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond. \$55



**A-116**—Perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond in beautiful, hand-engraved mounting of White Gold. \$100



**A-123** — Gentlemen's Solitaire Cluster of 7 perfectly cut, blue-white Diamonds set in PLATINUM. \$125



**A-127**—Massive Green Gold Hexagon ring with superior grade Diamond set in beautifully hand-engraved White Gold top. \$150



**A-129**—Beautiful lavalliere; 47 genuine pearls, one blue-white Diamond and baroque drop; complete with chain. \$28



**A-125** — SWEET'S solitaire engagement ring set with fine blue-white Diamond. \$35



**A-109** — Gentlemen's Tooth Ring of 14K Solid Gold, set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamonds. \$90



**A-126** — Lavalliere of Solid Gold set with fine Diamond and one genuine whole pearl. \$32.50



**A-114**—Genuine black onyx in White Gold hand-engraved bezel, set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond. \$35



**A-121** — Fine, blue-white Diamond, artistically set in beautiful hand-engraved White Gold design. Shank of Green Gold. \$50



**A-130**—SWEET indestructible pearls. Graduated necklace 16 inches long, complete with Diamond-Set White Gold clasp. Furnished in elegant plush gift case. \$42.50 With plain, White Gold clasp. \$22.50

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Your selection sent on approval. No risk — no money in advance. Transactions strictly confidential. If satisfied after examination, pay only 1/5 the price—balance in ten payments.

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CAPITAL \$1,000,000  
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Are you neglecting your Catarrh?



IT'S a shame to neglect catarrh, even though you are a chronic sufferer. Besides the unpleasantness it causes you, think how offensive it is to other people.

Regular use of Kondon's relieves the most chronic catarrhal trouble. Apply it nightly, inside the nostrils. Kondon's is antiseptic and healing; destroys germs; prevents irritation in the nasal passages; assures regular nose breathing and good nights' sleep.

## KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

is guaranteed by 30 years service to millions of Americans. Kondon's works wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, headache, sore nose, etc.

*W. K. Kondon*



**FREE**  
20-Treatment tin on receipt of your name and address. Kondon Mfg. Co. Minneapolis, Minn.

## Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how

without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

### Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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FOR YOUR EYES But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning."

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

over-modest to most people, particularly considering the fact that he was practically unknown before Vitagraph gave him a chance to show what he could do. He aims, adds the company, to spend so much money on his two-reel comedies that Vitagraph will be obliged to release him. Just another merry little mix-up, that's all.

PEARL WHITE is going to be a real dramatic actress with emotions and the right sort of clothes. Fox will star her in a film version of Henri Bernstein's drama, "The Thief."

ROD LA ROQUE has gone on the stage, thereby fulfilling a life-long ambition. He appears in Alice Brady's new play. Rod first went into pictures when he was about sixteen; he played old men then. Now he should make a fine juvenile.

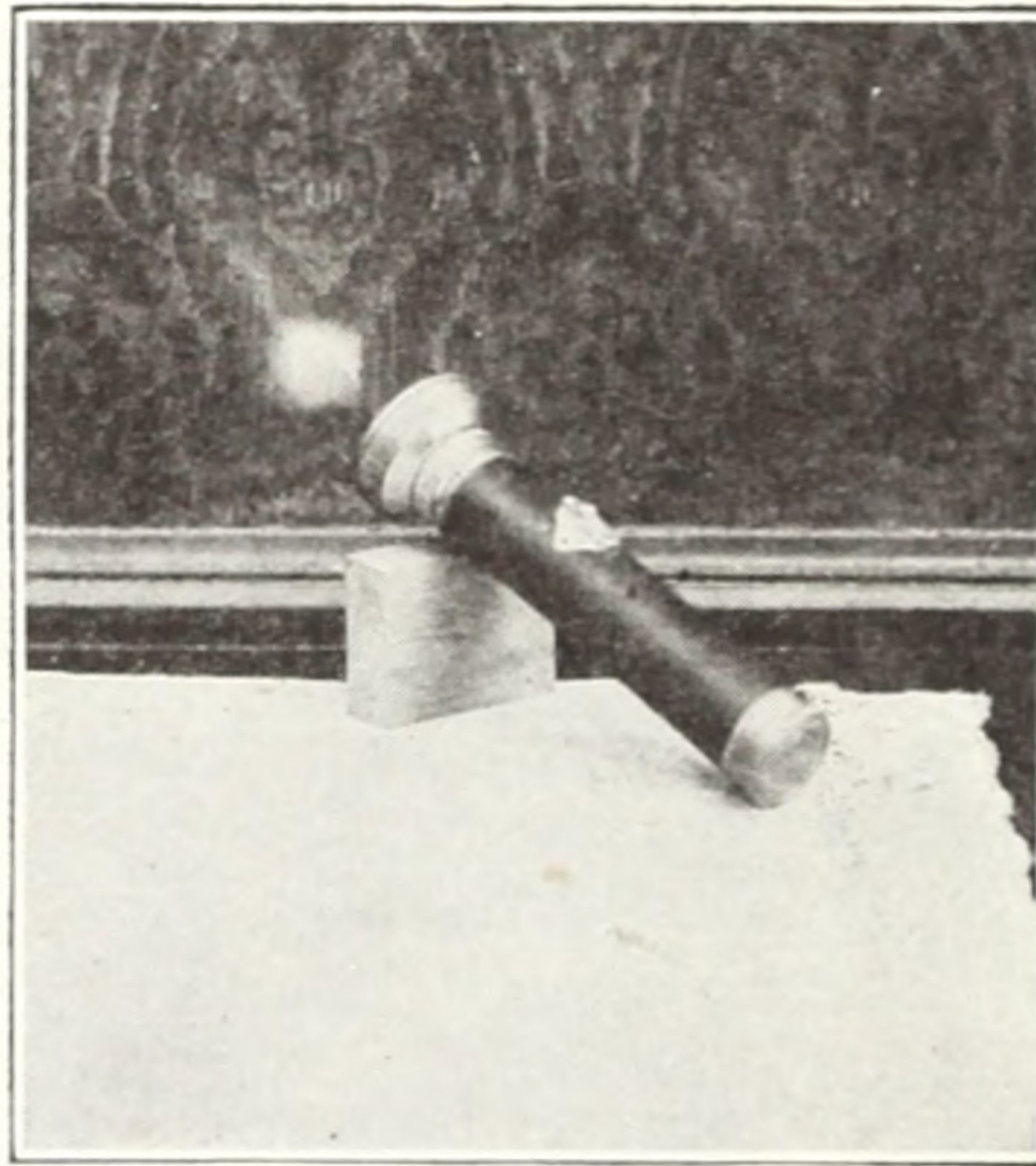
ARTHUR ZELLNER, of Metro's scenario staff, tells this one. The patrons of a small theater in New York state complained because the manager favored certain players. A committee of protest met him one night after the performance and asked him why he showed some actors and actresses in much larger pictures than the others in the cast. He had to explain that the operator has nothing to do with close-ups.

FANNIE WARD and her husband, Jack Dean, are still in Paris. They act as guides, philosophers and friends to visiting cinema stars.

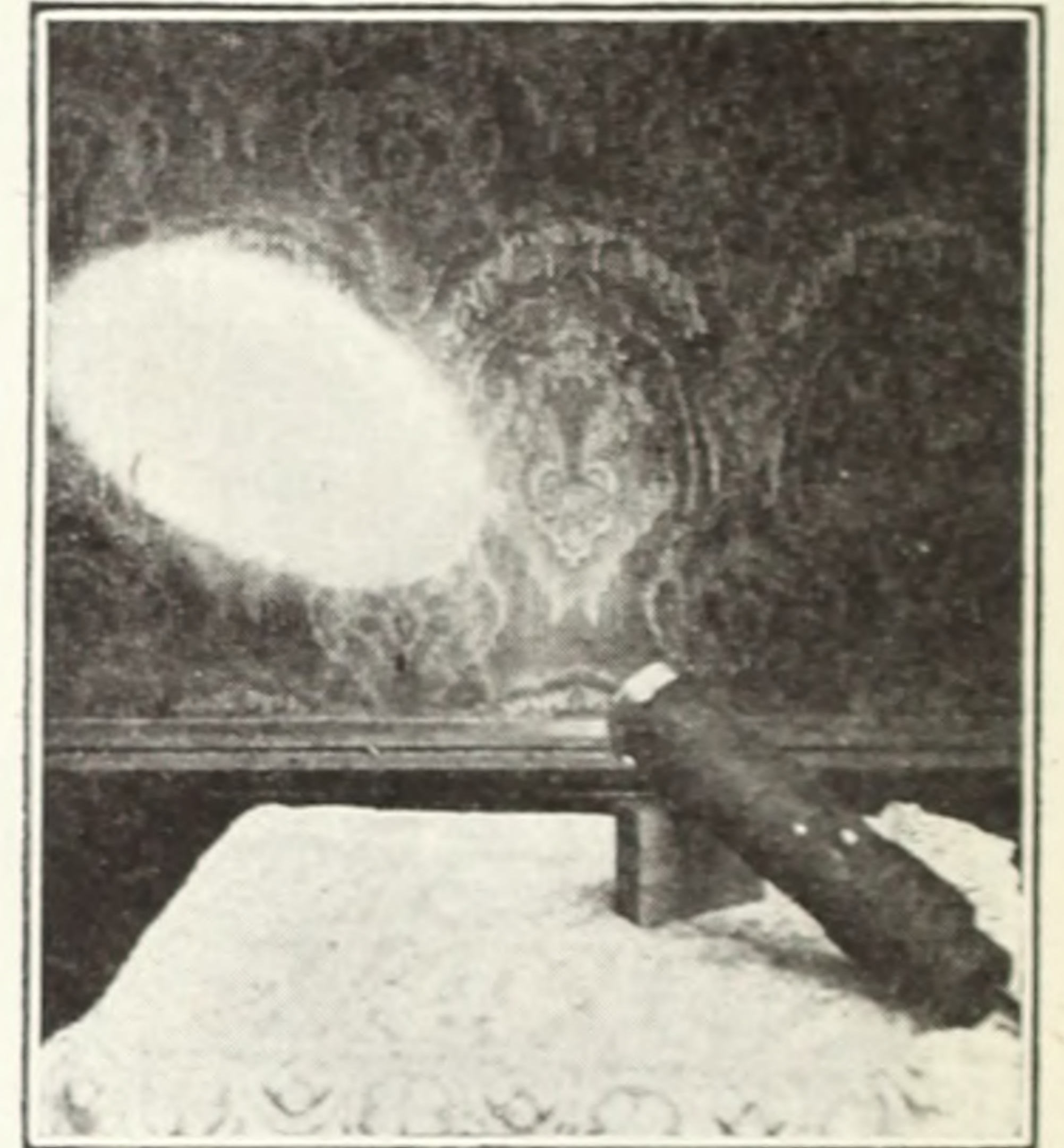
MAURICE TOURNEUR is filming "The Last of the Mohicans." All the Indians near Los Angeles who haven't had jobs since Tom Ince quit making "westerns" will have a chance to retrieve their fallen fortunes.

## A New Baby Star

She helps illumine the hero's lighted match.



The spot thrown on the wall by the ordinary battery flashlight.



When the new arc is substituted for the battery the light is greater.

YOU have known many stars, but here is one destined to cause a baby revolution in film production, to shine far more brightly than many stars longer established but not nearly so brilliant. This new twinkler began to illuminate film circles very recently. Her name is Miss B. Arc.

Reve Houck, of the Thomas H. Ince studios—he is chief electrician out there—discovered her. She is, in fact, his particular protege. He knew about her five years ago, but realizing that she was then too young to make her film debut, he has held off presenting her until now, when she is perfected in her art.

She has made a brilliant hit already. She is particularly sure of herself in those scenes where the hero strikes a match, in meditative mood, to light an introspective cigarette. She is marvelous, too, in the sequence in which Bull the burglar makes his stealthy entrance into the library of the banker's country place. Miss B. Arc comes in when Bull finds the picture of a purchased ancestor of said banker, behind which, as in all good (movie) libraries, there is the safe. Miss Arc is very much in the limelight right here. In fact, she is the Flashlight.

She is not—do not mistake us—any ordinary battery flashlight. She is a baby arc, said to be the smallest automatic light ever turned on in a studio, but she has 1,000

candle-power. Houck is her inventor, and he has been working for five years to get the sort of light he wanted. He says he has it now, and it solves all the vexatious problems of registering on the screen the different kinds of illumination.

For, you know, when the actor strikes a match in the dark, it does not register more of a gleam on the screen than a firefly in the middle of a honeysuckle vine. It is the same with lamps, candles, and firelight. So it happens that every time anyone lights a match or a lamp or flashes a flashlight in the film, various lighting devices have to be used to simulate and strengthen the feeble glow of the original illumination. Houck has perfected five different types of his baby arc, all operating on the same basis. The match substitute is the tiniest, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and four and a half inches long. The actor can conceal it in the palm of his hand while the connecting wires extend up his sleeve and down his trouser leg. When he lights his match he presses the button of his baby arc, and you can even see the little mole on his nose. . . . When Bull the burglar uses his flashlight it is with deadly effect—the safe of the millionaire is sure to be rifled, the lovely governess is certain to be suspected, and the plot spins merrily on—for Miss B. Arc is gleaming. What, in fact, would films be without her?



# The Squirrel Cage

(Concluded from page 72)

**I**N the Dark: Two things that can always be found: The sharp edge of a door—and a pretty girl's lips.—*Evening Telegram.*

**T**HE census taker runs up against many amusing experiences. Chief among these are the explanations some people offer for the various answers they make to questions put to them.

One of the census workers in Kansas City asked a woman whether she could read. She answered, rather hesitatingly, that she could not, and then hastened to explain:

"I never went to school but one day and that was in the evening, and we hadn't no light, and the teacher didn't come."—*Harper's Magazine.*

**V**ICAR (wishing to be very severe): "Do you know, John, whenever I see you in an intoxicated condition I think of a certain animal?"

John: "Aye! I know, parson. Yo' thinks—'Lucky dog, lucky dog!'"—*Tit-Bits.*

**I**T all depends upon the spelling, I suppose; but zealous husbands never seem to get zealous, and jealous husbands never seem to be zealous. Now, if it were the other way about! Well—

**U**SE a typewriter? Well, next time you swear at your Coremingwood, think of the poor stenog in India, where the machines must write the 360 characters and signs of the Bengali alphabet.

### PROFITEERING?

**T**HEY were discussing the high prices of provisions, when a small boy butted into the conversation.

"Jam has gone up, too," he remarked. "Ma keeps it on the top shelf now."

And then it suddenly dawned upon the lad that he had injured his case by talkin' too much.

**D**ID you know that the moon is getting nearer to the earth at the rate of about fourteen feet in 200 years? Well, it is; and astronomers cannot explain why. At that rate, we'll all be moon-struck in about 19,028,591,400 years. Isn't life just one worry after another, though?

**P**ERHAPS some of us may get a thrill out of the fact that, while we are drinking to one another only with our eyes these days—or possibly a little bootleg—in Germany the price of beer has gone down and the kick up.

**A** COLORED doughboy who had hit Paris AWOL and supplied himself generously with the *vin* sisters, mingled with stronger draughts, woke suddenly in a still befuddled condition in the great urban cemetery of Père la Chaise, whither his uncertain steps had taken him. To make it worse, there was an air raid going on.

The brother looked around him out of momentarily half closed eyes. On every side stretched long rows of white monuments. Sirens shrilled from the city streets. Dazzling beams of white light stabbed the heavens. There could be but one conclusion.

Hastily going through his pockets, he drew forth his possessions—a bottle of *vin blanc*, a pack of greasy cards, a much-worn pair of ivories—and hurled them from him.

"Git gone away fum me, evidence," he muttered. "Now, come on, Mistuh Gabriel, I'se ready!"—*The American Legion Weekly.*

### GOSSIP

She: "Everybody knows about it. Some people take her part and some her husband's."

Mere Man: "And a few eccentric individuals mind their own business."—*Tit-Bits.*

**"D**O you suppose there ever was a human being who didn't talk about his neighbors?" asked the cynical man.

"Yes," said the genial citizen.

"Name him."

"Robinson Crusoe."—*Tit-Bits.*

**P**ATIENCE: "I understand Peggy repeats everything she hears."

Patrice: "Not everything, I hope."

"Why?"

"Because I understand she has a parrot which was reared by a sailor."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

### ENCORED FOR AN ENVOY

**A** BARITONE, invited to contribute to the programme in a village concert, was told that the local blacksmith was the chairman, and "would he sing something topical?" So the singer chose the immemorial "Village Blacksmith." The song went with great *éclat*. In loud acclamation, the singer was encored and encored again and again. He returned to the platform and, in response to his welcome, was about to perpetrate an operatic classic, when the chairman leaned towards him and said: "Oye; don't zing nothin' different. Just ye zing th' zime zong again; but put in an extra verse to zay as 'ow I lets out boizicles on 'ire."—*Sketch.*



# That's True in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

## To save \$125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½¢ per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some \$125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving	
Dish Quaker Oats . . . . .	1c
4 ounces meat . . . . .	8c
One chop . . . . .	12c
Serving fish . . . . .	8c
Bacon and eggs . . . . .	15c

# Quaker Oats

For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

**Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover**



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

MRS. J. N. S., CHATTANOOGA.—So I'm about thirty and good-looking and wear tortoise-shell glasses. I am certainly glad to hear it. I had entirely a different idea, you see. Norma Talmadge designs many of her own clothes, and once in a while turns her hand to the construction of Constance's and Natalie's frocks—but I wouldn't go so far as to say she supervises all of them. She wears a dozen dresses in one picture, herself, so it would be a pretty large order, even for Norma. Mrs. Schenck is five feet two inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas; she's five feet four and tips the scales at 123. She's a Real-art star.

IRENE, WINNIPEG.—It was Murger who said, "Love's a stove consuming a deal of fuel—where the man does the burning and the woman the lighting. While the one turns to ashes, the other stands and watches." All movie stars are not acquainted with each other—what a question! Some of the well known chums of the pictures are Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford, Viola Dana and Alice Lake, and Teddy Sampson and Rosemary Theby. There are many genuine friendships among movie stars.

R. H., CHICAGO.—The prize question of the month: "I presume if Mary Pickford decided that she wanted George Walsh to act with her, he'd have to go, wouldn't he?" I'm afraid you presume too much. Irene Castle is said to have formed her own producing company—she's left Paramount, you know—to be backed by her husband, Robert Treman. Don't know how true it is, but will let you know positively later on. Irene is twenty-seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five feet seven inches.

VIVIAN, ST. LOUIS.—Love in a cottage? Who, me? Why, I couldn't afford it. You'd like to have Eugene O'Brien or Ralph Graves for a big brother. That's too bad. Gail Henry's studio is in Santa Monica, California.

MISS HILL.—One of the Sisters, I suppose? Norman Kerry is shy on the age subject but he did tell us he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He has dark hair and eyes, has Norman—and he's two inches over six feet tall. Really!

EARLE B., PENNSYLVANIA.—May Allison just appeared in "The Marriage of William Ashe" but so far she has never starred in The Marriage of May Allison. When she does you'll be the first to know.

MISS PAT OF INDIANA.—After seeing some comedians in alleged comedies, I sometimes wish they would put bricks in those pies. Certainly they don't waste good custard pies on those fellows! If they do I think I'll get a job billywesting. Viola Dana was only eleven when she started on the stage. She was the original "Poor Little Rich Girl" in the legitimate. Haven't Miss Dana's personal address but a letter in care of Metro on the west coast will surely reach her.

EDDIE, BROOKLYN.—When I see snap-shots of some of those he-stars cleaning up their motor cars I wonder if they haven't missed their vocations. Louise Vale, wife of Travers Vale, the director, died of influenza in October, 1918. Victor Heerman is a director. He is not a relative, but a good friend of the late Bobby Harron. So was Tom Meighan. Molly Malone, Goldwyn.

E. B. F., SOUTH UNION, KY.—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry you have had to wait so long for an answer but there were many others before you. You wanted Anita Stewart on the cover. You have your wish—she's on this one. Dick Barthelmess is twenty-five. Write again.

A. E., INDIANAPOLIS.—So you enjoy my write-ups. I'd be getting stuck up if I believed all you cut-ups. Mary Pickford is five feet tall. She's one of the smallest stars in pictures—in actual inches. "Such a little Queen!" She made a picture of that play for Famous Players some few years ago. Her first two United Artists productions are "Pollyanna" and "Suds," the latter being the film version of the play called "Op o' My Thumb" which Maude Adams performed on the stage.

GRACE, WABAN, MASS.—Yours was a delightful letter. I approve heartily of your sentiments and your stationery. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentiss. Harold Lloyd is twenty-seven; he's with Rolin-Pathé. Richard Travers in "The White Moll." Others answered elsewhere.

T. P., CLARKSBURG.—You neglected to enclose the stamped addressed envelope so I am answering you here. This is just as personal as it can be, Tuberia. Marguerite Clark has no children. Write to the Talmadge sisters at their studio, 318 East 48th Street, New York City. Do they play any kind of music? No, I think they are rather particular. Bill Hart, his own studio, Bates and Effie St., Hollywood.

LUCILE, MICHIGAN.—I doubt if Charles Meredith will send you his photograph. He is too modest to have one taken, but he may write you a letter. I know him—he's a fine chap. Married? Yes. If you have red hair and still use pink paper I think you're a brave young woman. Meredith is with Lasky in Hollywood. Eugene O'Brien is still with Selznick, working in Fort Lee, N. J.

GERTRUDE, PENNSYLVANIA.—The difference between a star and a featured player? Oh, about five hundred dollars. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman and he plays opposite her in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and "Outside the Law," her latest crook play. Address both at Universal City, Cal. Lottie Pickford is divorced from Bert Rupp.

THELMA, JERSEY CITY.—A poster announces "Eric von Stroheim's Foolish Wives." Looks bad for Eric. Seriously, however, he is not married but is reported to be engaged to Valerie Germonprez. E. W. Lawrence played opposite Fannie Ward in "Common Clay." Fannie is married to Jack Dean and lives abroad—she has a place in England and an apartment in Paris. Don't know when she'll return to this country.

VIRGINIA N., WORTHINGTON.—Personal: Sh—sh!! My stenographer saw the picture first so next time I'd advise you to write under another name. You never can tell about my stenographer. And when I told her proudly that at last someone was going to send me a lemon-cream pie she said she hoped it was a lemon. By the way, when are you going to send it? Please let me know so she won't get it: I'd like to meet you some time; your letter was very good indeed. Irving Cummings played the part of Thomas Varick Duana in Ethel Clayton's picture, "The Thirteenth Commandment."



Make Your  
Little Girl Happy

WITH AN  
Add-a-pearl  
NECKLACE

Beginning with  
the Add-a-  
pearl Neck-  
lace.

A little later—  
after adding  
to it.

See how the Add-  
a-pearl Neck-  
lace grows.

With each addition,  
it increases in  
beauty and in  
value.

As the necklace ap-  
proaches comple-  
tion, it becomes  
more and more  
beautiful.

The recipient now has  
a most charming com-  
pleted necklace of gen-  
uine pearls.

Ask Your  
Jeweler



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

L. M., ORANGE.—It is very nice of you to want me to write to you. But I am a modest man—that is, moderately modest for a male—and can't help but think you intended asking some questions in your letter. If you'll write again and tell me what you want to know I'll try to be of some service to you.

F. T., JACKSONVILLE.—Would they take girls in the Follies? I have heard it rumored that they do. Mr. Ziegfeld, however, recently picked only a dozen girls out of three hundred candidates. He's so particular. Ethel Clayton is still signed with Paramount; she's abroad right now but will return to make more pictures at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Address Elliott Dexter there also. Frank Keenan isn't doing any film work right now. Address him care Pathe office in N. Y.

JOSEPH F. S., PERTH AMBOY.—I am sorry that I can't help you to obtain employment in pictures but it is difficult for me to advise you. It is entirely up to you whether you want to apply for work in eastern or western studios. Conditions are much the same both in New York and California film colonies but you are nearer New York than Hollywood. Good luck to you.

N. G., AVALON, CAL.—The only kind of food that hasn't gone up in price is food for thought, and I'm suspicious of that too. Why do you ask me about all those popular songs? You must think I am musical. My technique on the victrola is wonderful but outside of that—I wonder would I be as popular as Wally Reid if I played the saxophone. Probably not. Wally is thirty. Mary Hay is still in her teens.

BETTY, LAKE MILLS.—A woman's worst punishment would be to make her wear her last year's hat. If you'd read that article carefully you wouldn't have to ask me about it. However, in that Talmadge picture they were, reading from left to right, Natalie, Constance and Norma.

PEGGY, FLINT.—Yes, I make a good confidante. I seldom say what I think. I have no record of a Ruth Dean or an Irene Daley. You say they are bathing beauties. I'll look them up right away.

L. E., BALTIMORE.—Love may know no laws—but it usually knows some in-laws. You can't get away from 'em. Dick Barthelmess will make one more picture for Griffith before starting work on the first picture for his own company. He has lately appeared in "The Love Flower" and "Way Down East" for D. W. G. Nazimova's latest is "Madame Peacock." Address Madame at the Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.

M. S., MONTCLAIR.—If paper suits are really being sold we shall at last see something interesting in the papers. Grace Darling has played in "The Perils of Pauline," "Our Mutual Girl," and the "Beatrice Fairfax" serials for International. She was born in New York. She last appeared in Burton King productions for Hallmark—a company not now producing, I understand.

G. M., WASHINGTON.—Hazel Dawn is coming back to films. She will be the star in four Bimberg Productions, the first of which is called, "What Is Love" and directed by Burton George. Miss Dawn is working at the Bimberg studios in 44th Street, New York City. You're very welcome.

(Continued on page 107)



## How to Settle The bean question forever

It will cost but a few cents to settle forever the question of Baked Beans in your home.

Serve a dish of Van Camp's, a dish of common baked beans and a dish of home-baked beans. Then you and the man decide.

If you find any baked beans to compare with Van Camp's, we've nothing more to say.

### The only way to match them

The only way to match Van Camp's is to follow what we've done. Scientific cooks have worked for years here to perfect this dish. Able chefs and domestic science experts have worked with them. The experimental cost exceeded \$100,000.

The finest kitchen in the world has been built and equipped to prepare them. It cost \$1,700,000.

We use only beans grown on certain soils. Each lot is analyzed.

The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus hours of high heat are applied without bursting or crisping the beans. The beans come out mellow, mealy, whole—easy to digest.

We bake in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

The sauce is a masterpiece. We bake it with the pork and beans, so every atom shares its tang and zest.

Compare Van Camp's with any. Then you and your folks decide. Learn now how good this dish can be.

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Three sizes, to serve, 3, 5 or 10

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One of our 18 famous soups—the finest soups that cost and skill can make.



**Van Camp's  
Spaghetti**

Particularly famous for its delicious cheese. Made in Italian style.



**Van Camp's  
Evaporated Milk**

Twice as rich as milkman's milk in butter fat and solids.



## No more "runs" in your stockings

HOSE SAVERS prevent them — and your stockings will therefore wear three to five times as long.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a pair of HOSE SAVERS, for which I enclose \$1.00, with the understanding that if, after a week's trial, I am not entirely satisfied, I may return the Hose Savers and my money will be refunded.

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Name.....

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



### A New Way to Elope

THE latest "location" is a pony blimp, smallest in captivity, which took up the principals of a Christie comedy the other day. The girl was running away to be married followed by her irate objecting father—that's always the way—so there was nothing to do but grab a blimp. But what if there hadn't been one handy?

## Confessions of a Title Editor

All he has to do is make over the picture—when the director gets through

THEY referred to him as the Title Bird. When I heard it, I considered it a slang pleasantry. But when I experienced it—when I became a "title bird"—I understood the application, fully and painfully. For he flies high; he's always up in the air—except when he falls; and when he falls, he falls hard—into the mud!

My prayers are for him—may Heaven help him! For he has—whoever he is; I make no exceptions—bitten off more of the old plug cut than he can chew. Only the other day a title editor characterized his state of being to me. "I never know whether to laugh, or cry," he complained. And that is his life, collectively and individually.

I entered blithely upon the career of a title editor, innocently, unsuspectingly, like a babe approaching its first red-hot stove. The powers that arrange such things came to me with oily pleasantries, subtlest of flatteries and the most deceiving of countenances. They explained that this was an emergency, I little knowing that everything in the film game is always an emergency, chronic and seemingly incurable.

"Only for a week or so," they murmured, "until we get someone to do it regularly. We know you can do it. Can't you?"

"No," I replied, with my natural modesty. "Fine!" they exclaimed. "Start at once."

I haven't given all of the conversation. To me, now, it is still too poignant with memories of what followed—such as all-night sessions with directors and cutters and

authors. Being an author myself, I ought to forgive the last, but I don't. While I was a title editor I grew to hate my professional brothers with all of the hate of one hundred and twenty pounds of bony substance and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

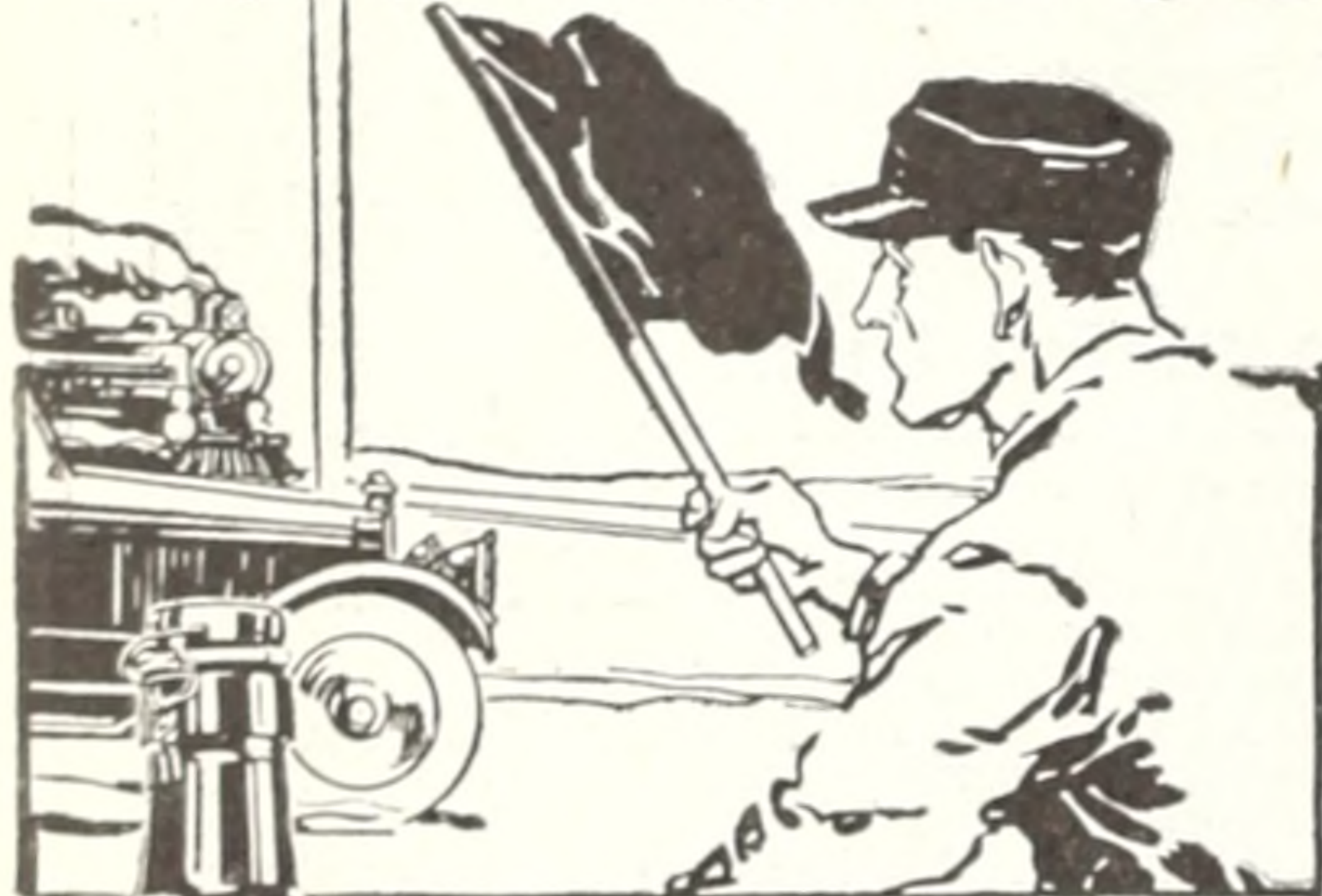
They said to me, in effect, that I was fitted by nature, training and environment to write subtitles that would fairly jerk the audiences out of their seats and pull them down the aisles. I thought maybe so, they put it so convincingly. Hadn't I, in the early stages of my young life, been a newspaper reporter—a copy-reader—an editor? I said that I had, and that I was blamed proud of it. I think that I went even so far as to say that I wouldn't trade my newspaper experience for a million dollars. I believed it—then.

"Aha!" the powers gloated. "What a perfectly ideal title editor you will make!" Being naturally modest, I was inclined to suspect so myself.

And hadn't I been a magazine editor; hadn't I written reams and reams of articles and stories? I had—swelling perceptibly. Then—said they to me—I was cut out as a perfect specimen of what a title writer should be. However, the gist of the argument was that my training fitted me to phrase flickering thoughts, catch-lines and dialogue snappily and peppily and forcefully. I was told that writing titles was much like writing newspaper headlines. So I was

(Continued on page 104)

## TO PROTECT



Relief from irritating coughs and colds and sore scratchy throats is only an arm's length away when Piso's is kept on your shelf. Buy Piso's today, then you will have it always handy as a protection. Good for young and old. It contains no opiate.

35c at your druggist's

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#### DOLLARS IN HARES

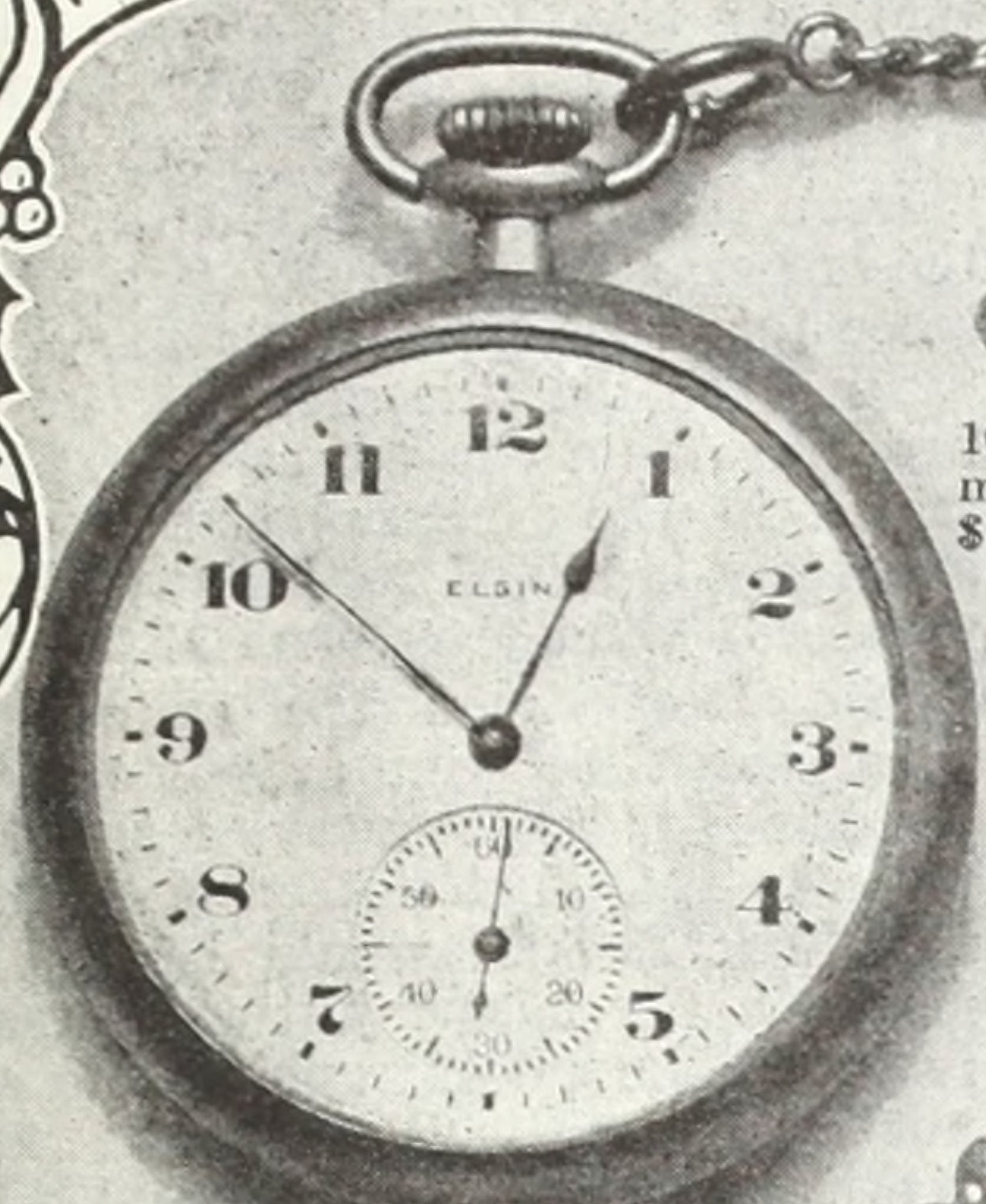
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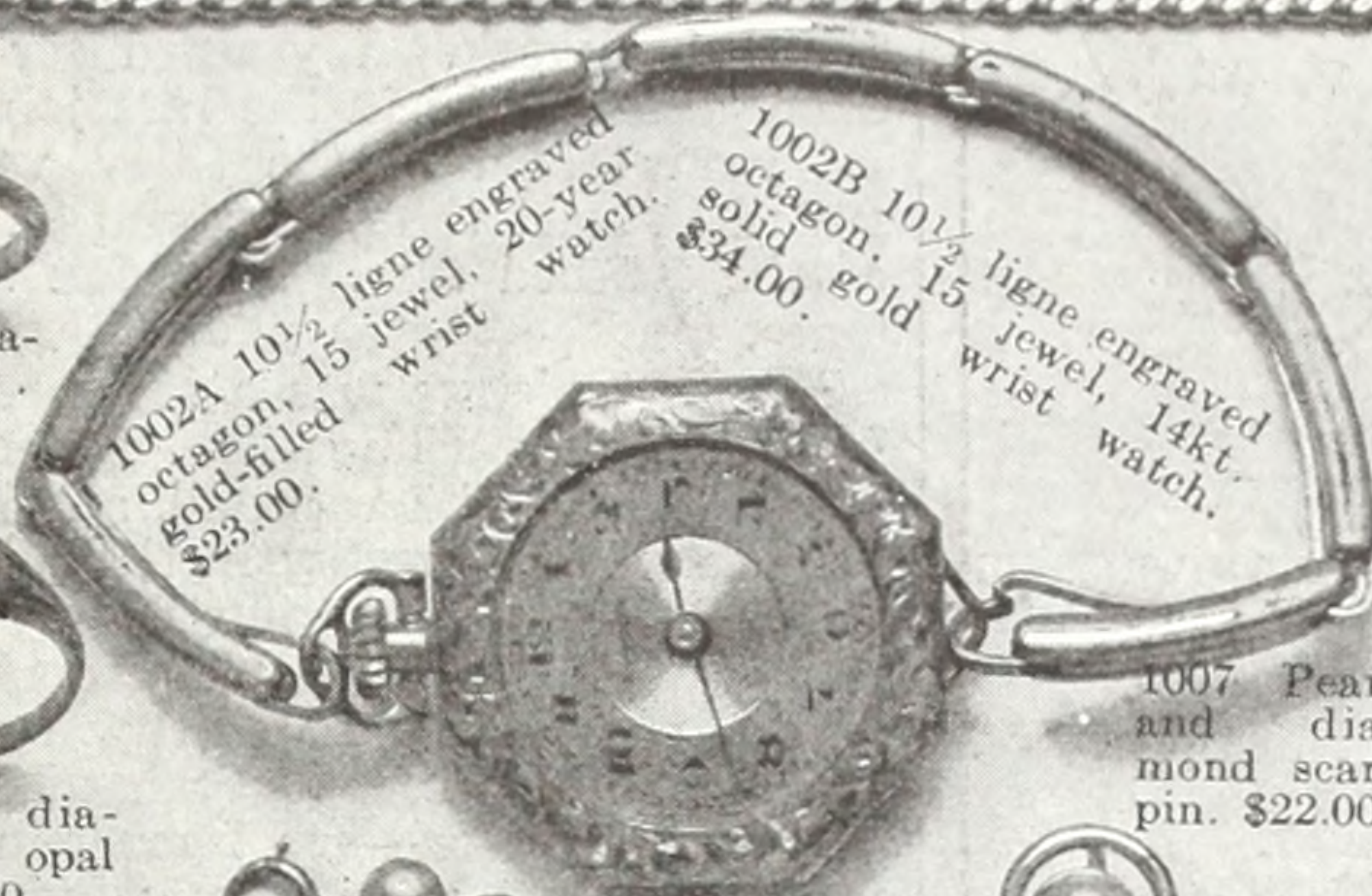
1005 14kt. 20-yr. gold-filled Elgin watch and chain, special combination. Price \$19.50.



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1002A 10 1/2 ligne engraved octagon, 15 jewel, 20-year gold-filled wrist watch. \$23.00.

1002B 10 1/2 ligne engraved octagon, 15 jewel, 14kt. solid gold wrist watch. \$34.00.



1007 Pearl and diamond scarf pin. \$22.00.

1001 Platinum lavalliere, 3 blue-white diamonds. \$75.00.



1016 Cornelian cameo brooch. \$25.00.



1017 Gent's fancy sardonyx ring. \$17.00.



1018 Solid gold lavalliere, 1 diamond. \$27.00.

1019 Gent's fancy sapphire ring. \$17.00.



1020 Solid gold bar pin, 1 diamond. \$17.00.



1022 Premier cluster diamond ring. \$112.50.



1021 Cameo ring, 2 white diamonds. \$29.00.

1014 16-in. graduated Lyon Brahma pearl necklace. \$14.00.



1015 Platinum top bar pin, 3 diamonds. \$100.00.



1010 Lady's 3 diamond gypsy ring. \$60.00.



1011 Premier cluster diamond ring. \$127.50.



1008 Pink cameo ring. \$12.50.



1009 Lady's Fancy platinum top ring, 3 diamonds. \$75.00.



1006 White Gold hexagon cluster ring. \$108.50.

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1013 Japanese pearl ring. \$12.00.



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## Confessions of a Title Editor

(Continued from page 102)



### A Doubly-Appreciated Christmas Gift

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It will be doubly appreciated: first, because of the intrinsic value and usefulness of the outfit and, secondly, because of the introduction that it brings to the simplest and surest way to perfectly manicured fingernails.

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plucked, mellowly ripe and ready to serve—in an emergency!

I entered upon the career that promised so much, with the zest of innocence. And now I'm looking for the man who said that innocence is bliss! *He* never wrote titles.

I stowed away two or three half-finished stories and breezed down to the studio and yelled for work. I yearned for a picture upon which to begin the rare job of titling. I'd been told that the titles' value represented at least thirty per cent of the value of the finished film. So I felt my importance.

My first picture was a seven-reel feature. I went after it hungrily. "Work directly with the cutter," I was told, and I went out to look up that worthy in the cutting-room. If I hadn't been so full of my own importance and considerable energy in addition, I would have noted that sympathy in his gaze when I told him what I was to do. From that day on—and forever in my life—I offer up thanks to Heaven for providing the world with the gentlemen known in film parlance as "cutters." They proved to me the meaning of salt of the earth.

Cutters are, in reality, film editors, a craft as yet not boomed to the fame which belongs to them. They take the photoplay in the rough, in the rawest of the raw, and tone it down and touch it up until it is presentable. And that, usually, is a brain's real job.

The director may take from two to five or even ten weeks to photograph a five-reel photoplay. He "shoots" scenes here, there and everywhere; and when the developed positive prints have been finished by the laboratory, they are turned over to a cutter. Quite frequently the director will shoot forty thousand feet of film for one five-reel picture. The cutter must take this mess of scenes and calm and soothe them down from forty thousand to less than five thousand feet.

By inserting close-ups and flashes he must build up suspense. By introducing short scenes here and there he must achieve what for so long was considered the impossible—the psychological element; make the audience know clearly and distinctly what the characters on the screen are thinking; what their mental processes are, when their actions and expressions do not show them. Perhaps, to make the story stronger, he must lift one whole episode from one part of the film and slip it in elsewhere. Or, frequently, to cut the photoplay down to its proper length, he must eliminate entire sequences—sequences that the author and the director considered absolutely necessary to the story.

In other words, he must edit the story and whip it into shape after it has been photographed. He must make it run smoothly. When, in a "long shot," meaning when the actors are far away from the camera, the leading man leans over to kiss the leading woman, they are suddenly brought up close to you, you see them completing the action they started in the "long shot." The cutter must match this long shot and close-up exactly, so that when they are shown at your theatre, there is no jump between scenes. In the long shot you see the hero beginning to lean forward to put his arms around the heroine; then the close-up flashes on the screen, and you see the hero and heroine in the same positions they were in in the long shot, with the hero moving towards her. This is called "matching," and it isn't always too easy a job, especially when the director has forgotten just how his people were posed and has arranged them slightly differently in the two scenes that must match.

The cutter must watch the tinting—night and day, dawn and moonlight, exteriors and interiors, to see that all match perfectly.

And then, as if all I have generalized isn't enough for one man, he must do what oftentimes seems the impossible: he must make the story logical and probable. His is the trickiest trade I have come upon.

The cutter looked at me sympathetically. "Here's the 'script,'" he offered, handing me the scenario, in continuity form, written out scene for scene, as a guide for the director, "and here's the title sheet." The title sheet proved to be a copy of all the subtitles contained in the scenario, some one hundred and forty in all. I read a few of them, and wondered what they were all about.

"But," explained the editor, "the title sheet won't do you any good—'cause the director has shot away from the 'script titles.'" This bald statement did not startle me then; now it would have a world of meaning. It meant just this: that the director, while photographing the story, had not cared particularly for a number of phases in the author's plot, and had changed them. Nearly every situation upon which a subtitle hinged had been changed. He had not put into the mouths of his characters even so much as one sentence written in for them by the author of the scenario. Everything was changed.

"We'd better go down and run the picture," offered the cutter. And, in the dim little projection room—much like any nickleodeon, except that it had seats for only a dozen or so—I saw the first photoplay that I was expected to bring out of the depths of mediocrity by "snappy and peppy and forceful" titles.

It was to be sent out as a seven-reel feature. The cutter, after a week's work on it, had boiled it down to eleven reels. There wasn't a subtitle in it.

"What's it all about?" I asked him three hours later, after the last reel had been run off.

"Search me," he answered, cheerfully. "I've been working on it a week, and I can't find out."

I hunted up the director who had made it, and asked him the same question.

"Why, it's as clear as rainwater," he said. He told me what he thought the story was. I had learned enough about photoplays in the few weeks I had been writing them to know that if the picture was turned out as he saw it, that it would be the worst ever inflicted upon an already-suffering public.

"What do you suppose that poor bonehead of an author did?" he asked me, complainingly. "He lost sympathy for every character in the piece. I had to change 'em all around to make the public like 'em. The idea of making that girl's father a dog-heavy! It'd give the audience a bad taste for the girl. And the locations he gave me to shoot around—Gawd! There was a fine-looking cafe 'set' all up for another picture, so, instead of having the girl meet the fellow in a boarding-house, where she was supposed to be a slavey, I made a cabaret dancer out of her and had 'em meet in the cafe. Nice flashy stuff, wasn't it?"

It sure was! But it changed the whole tone and plot of the story from top to bottom. I got the director's point of view. He was, in a way, right. He wanted to turn out a creditable film; his reputation depends upon such. The author, he had given him a drab story—so he'd changed it.

I went to the author. "I'll have nothing to do with it," he roared. "It isn't my story. It's all mixed up and misdirected. I won't permit my name to go on it."



## Confessions of a Title Editor

(Continued)

I went to the cutter again. "What'll we do about it?" I asked, beginning to realize that Mr. Title Editor has his troubles.

"Well," said the cutter, "I guess we'll make a good picture out of it. That's what we're here for."

And, if the public is a judge, we did. It has been one of the big money-making pictures of the year. The author's name is on it; so is the director's. But the story isn't theirs. It is, largely, the cutter's. I had something to do with it, it's true, but not enough to brag about.

We made it an entirely new story simply by sub-titling and by inserting some scenes and throwing away others. The author had written his heroine as a boarding-house slavey; the director had changed her into a cabaret dancer; we—the cutter and I—(by the simple twist of the wrist of an introductory description) made her a girl who had run away from her rich parents to go on the stage and, having failed to get a place, was filling in for a week as a dancer in a cafe.

By throwing away all that part of the play that related to the girl's early life, we changed her father from the sympathetically (?) drunken character that the director gave him, to a man suffering from an acute attack of democracy, combined with a desire to find his daughter. As the author wrote the story and as the director produced it, the father kept constantly getting in the girl's way, throughout the picture. As we rearranged it,—without photographing an additional scene—he pursued her.

These changes give an idea of how it was possible for us to reconstruct the entire photoplay—after it had been photographed; after the author had labored over it for a month or six weeks, and after the director had shot it, taking enough film for five such pictures. Such cases are rare, but they happen more than once in a cutter's lifetime.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the title editor's hardest jobs is to reconcile certain actions and situations to probability and logic. It is his duty—and the cutter's, too—to "fill up the holes" in the finished film. This means, in part, covering up inconsistencies in plot, bad spots in acting, absences of otherwise necessary scenes, and all manner and means of improbabilities.

You sometimes see stories on the screen that are "full of holes," as they say at the studio—i. e., full of things that either couldn't or wouldn't happen in real life. Such stories are evidence that the title editor and the film editor were not Jerry on the job. In the words of the peer of them all, "anything can be alibied." Bad acting—acting that not only doesn't register what it should, but registers something far different—is more common than the public realizes; and it is up to the title writer to explain it away with some apparently innocent twist of a substitute. And coincidences that must be made appear otherwise are the bugaboo of the title bird's life.

One story carried the leading man half way through the film before the audience knew who he was or anything about him. The picture, as it stood, made him a despicable craven, a creature one detested on general principles. Later in the story a "vision" explained what had happened to him. But, meantime, he was getting no sympathy; his story was uninteresting. We couldn't, in an early subtitle, tell the audience about him because to do so would spoil the effect of the vision when it came. What we did was to suggest in titles during



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Send for it TODAY. Addressing Dept. 260. Describes and illustrates in beautiful halftone reproduction, all of our rich values in exquisite Xmas Gifts. Tells exactly how to take advantage of our confidential credit plan.

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We buy in large quantities and give you rock bottom prices. Lower than you could buy for cash from your jeweler.

Order at Once to get the advantage of these wonderful Xmas bargains.



Illustrations in this advertisement are reduced in size about one-half. A postcard brings our Catalog 260. Send for it Today, addressing Dept. 260.



**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**  
ESTABLISHED 1895  
**35 Maiden Lane - New York**

# Confessions of a Title Editor

(Concluded)

the forepart of the story that something terrible had come into his life to make him such a weakling; in other words, to apologize for him. We succeeded in getting sympathy for him from the start-off; further, we created a greater interest in the vision that followed.

And building up interest is always invaluable.

Matters of law, matters of medicine, matters of business—details in every line of human activity touched upon by the films—enter into the title editor's work. If a scene shows a doctor giving a patient Epsom salts for a cut over the eye, the title man must give a reason why. If, in a courtroom scene, the director forgets that the jury, and not the judge, returns a verdict, the title writer must change things—or else the cutter must—to make them right for legal minds in the audience.

If Reginald Curlyeyes walks into a morning scene in an afternoon suit, either the title writer must change the scene to afternoon by means of a subtitle, or else explain that Reginald doesn't know any better. If Daisy Ringlets is shown, on the screen in the little projection room, walking through one scene in a black dress, opening a door, and then, in the next scene, entering the next room, garbed in white, the title editor and cutter must get together and insert "An Hour Later" or some such thing between the two scenes.

It's all in the day's work.

One company that I know of lays particular stress on the importance of titles and subtitles. It does not want them superlative, nor flowery, nor over-poetic, and yet it doesn't want them stereotyped. It places a ban on such as "That Night," "The Next Afternoon," "Dawn," "Midnight," and the like, that you see on the screen night after night.

Which is perfectly right and proper. There is no reason for such trite titles—no reason but one: in many cases there is absolutely nothing else to say. So you must say it, but say it differently.

I worked with the subtitle writer on one of my pictures. I, in the blithe freedom of authorship, had peppered my story with "That Nights" and "The Next Afternoons." I found the title writer tearing his hair over them. He and the cutter were in anguished conference.

"All right!" quoth the title bird, with sudden access of energy. "Let's go! The next title is No. 23—'That Night.' What's the action that follows it?"

The cutter explained. "The next scene opens on a lonely hillside," he pointed out,

"with none of the characters on. You've got to say that it is night, because the photography doesn't show it. You've got to say that it is night; otherwise the audience won't know but what it is two nights later, when these two have planned to elope."

"How about, 'That night two loving hearts meet under the stars?'"

"If you do," objected the cutter, "you're telling the audience in advance just what they are going to see on the screen. There's no use telling anything in a subtitle that is told in pictures. Anyway, the picture is over footage now, and every extra word you use takes up an extra foot of film—a foot to a word, you know."

"Well, how about, 'Dusk's Mantle?'" suggested the title writer.

"It isn't dusk, though," complained the cutter. "It's ten o'clock that night, as we show later. Anyway, we've got to show that it's that particular night."

This discussion went on for about an hour, all over that one title. They tried every angle. There was some reason that everything they tried was not proper. Either it didn't tell enough or too much. I don't know what their final achievement was. I fled. For, you see, I remembered that in that one scenario I had written in eight or ten such snappy titles.

There is much in the tone of the titles. They must—or should be—perfectly in key with the action around them: light and fluffy if the acting is airy; heavy and solemn if the action is dramatic and strong. They must be in tone, too, with the settings. If they flash in while a storm is raging, they must have the feeling of the storm—a surge of words. For there is poetry in them as they apply to the pictures surrounding them, even if their phrasing is not poetic; even though they should always be subservient to the action.

Strictly speaking, titles are a necessary evil. Every producer is working to what the film world believes is the ideal—the titleless picture. But so long as we have not reached that state of perfection, so long as the title still is needed, my own feeling has been that it should be only a background; not a thing to stand out by itself, but a thing to ease itself into the action without effort or violence. That necessitates their being smooth-running in phrasing; that they contain no thought difficult to grasp easily; and that, to make them flow into the less educated mind without interrupting the thread of the story as his mind winds it, there be not one word to halt or stumble over.

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State of Illinois } ss.  
County of Cook, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Photoplay Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443. Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, New York, N. Y.; Editor, James R. Quirk, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, James R. Quirk, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, New York, N. Y.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

R. M. EASTMAN,  
Treasurer.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1920.  
[SEAL]



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)

E. V. A., CINCINNATI.—You don't like Wallace Reid's motor car comedies. He has been absorbed in a cloud of dust for a year now, that's a fact. "What's Your Hurry" and "Excuse My Dust" are Reid releases. You admire Snub Pollard. I wouldn't call him handsome, exactly. Address him Rolin studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

R. B. M., SYRACUSE.—"Film producers not allowed" is a sign at the entrance of an old country graveyard. I can't tell you how eagerly I pardoned your typewritten letter. It was almost easy to read. You should see some I get. Bill Hart, Bates and Effie St., L. A., Cal. Regards to all the girls.

M. H., PENNSYLVANIA.—Mary Pickford Fairbanks is twenty-seven; her husband is ten years older. Theda Bara is about thirty. Annette Kellerman is thirty-three. George Walsh is twenty-eight. The Answer Man? At least ten years younger than he looks and five years older than he feels. Figure it out for yourself.

MISS BOBBYX, WESTERLY, R. I.—So you were offered fifty dollars for your oil painting. It must have had a beautiful frame. Never mind: keep right on and you'll succeed. Some day I may let you do my portrait. House Peters with Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman." Herbert Rawlinson and King Baggot are both benedicts.

EFFIE M. W., SALINE, KANSAS.—Roy Stewart is not Anita's brother. Anita's brother is George Stewart, who played with Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." Lloyd Hughes and Gladys George had the leads in Thomas Ince's "Homespun Folks." George McDaniel was *Sir Nigel* in "The Shuttle."

ED, PROVIDENCE.—G. M. Anderson—once the "A" of Essanay and the *Broncho Billy* of all small boys—is now a theatrical producer in New York City. I doubt if he will ever act in pictures again. Milton Sills opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender." Address him 1816 Argyle Street, Hollywood, Cal.

M. K., LA SALLE.—So Jack Dempsey is receiving many requests for his autographed photograph! Well, maybe there is a chance for me. Dempsey is making a serial for Pathe. He is working in California.

SPHINX.—I cannot send you pictures of stars. I can only give the addresses. Irene Castle has not made any pictures since "The Amateur Wife" for Paramount; address her there. She's Mrs. Robert Treman in private life. Your one-line drawing of Mary Pickford is very clever.

BLUE, MICHIGAN.—Philo McCullough, who played the dastardly political opponent of Tom Moore in "The Great Accident" thereby incurring the enmity of several thousand young ladies who just love Tommy, but otherwise a nice chap, may be reached care the Allan Dwan Productions, Robert Brunton studios, Los Angeles. Leon Barry in the old serial "The Shielding Shadow."

(Continued on page 127)

### All But the Noise

FERDINAND EARLE is making Richard Wagner's trilogy, "The Ring of the Niebelungens," into a motion picture. It's all right with us and Wagner is dead.



# You Can't Escape Tooth troubles if you leave a film

You should try this new method of teeth cleaning. Try it ten days without cost. It combats the film which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. See and feel the results. To millions they are bringing cleaner, safer, whiter teeth.

## The tooth wrecker

Film is the great tooth wrecker. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Old ways of brushing leave much of it intact. And very few people have escaped the troubles which it causes.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fer-

ments 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—a disease now alarmingly common.

## A new dental era

Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. The methods have been amply proved by years of careful tests. Now millions employ them. Leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know how much it means, a ten-day tube is being sent to all who ask.

## Five desired effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects. It combats the teeth's great enemies as nothing has done before.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. The saliva's alkalinity is multiplied also. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily ad-

here. Every application repeats these results.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will be a revelation, and the book we send will explain how each effect is natural and necessary. It is important that you know this. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.  
*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

**10-Day Tube Free** 512

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family





## Eyelashes and Expression

CARMEL MEYERS—UNIVERSAL STAR

**L**ONG dark lashes make your eyes deep and luminous. Use LASHLUX to stimulate the growth of sweeping lashes and to make the eyebrows fine and smooth. LASHLUX darkens the lashes immediately, beautifying them with a satiny gloss. In addition it nourishes them. Dark, brown and colorless. Tiny brush with each box. 50c at dealers or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY  
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# LASHLUX

means  
luxuriant lashes



A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS ADORABLE

"Better Than The Electric Needle or Depilatories."

So writes a physician about NU-ART, and besides being a permanent cure for superfluous hair, it removes all the hair with one application, kills the roots, is absolutely harmless and painless, easy to use, fragrant and cannot mar the skin. A large package for \$1 at your dealer's or direct by mail in plain wrapper. A marvelous discovery—guaranteed. NU-ART Laboratories, Dept. P, South Orange, N. J.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



## The Innocent Bystander

I

**A**FTER one has become steeped in the picturesque argot of show business—for show business is the same whether it is the drah-mah of the speaking stage, the circus, the music hall varieties or motion pictures—one becomes aware of the free and habitual use of the strange word that has no place in N. Webster's comprehensive tomes, nor elsewhere outside of the amusement world.

That word is *hoakum*.

Anything may be hoakum and to the professional showman or purveyor of amusement and entertainment, virtually everything eventually becomes hoakum. Hoakum means sure-fire stuff. It is supposed to be a certain force or influence that helps in the success of the entertainment, *i. e.*, some influence that "puts it across" or "gets it over."

George Michael Cohan, the gifted genius who writes plays with casual pen, and, when he cannot find a suitable artist to create a role, goes on and creates it himself, is credited with being the inventor of patriotic hoakum. An American flag is invariably waved in every Cohan play. There is no disrespect intended, by either Monsieur Cohan or the envious fellows who stand upon the curbs of Broadway and declare this penchant to be hoakum.

When the orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers" as the pale heroine confesses her one great sin—that's hoakum.

When the violinist, off-stage, plays an ob'igato as the handsome Irish tenor, in green tights, sings "Mother Machree"—that's hoakum.

II

**A**ND we have hoakum in pictures. . . . To our mind, however, it is a moot question if the premise of the professional showman who affects to scorn hoakum even if circumstances do compel him to employ it, is one that will not stand up under microscopic scrutiny.

Supposing we were to go and see a photoplay in which all hoakum had been scrupulously avoided or eliminated. Supposing the heroine did actually marry the villain and live happily ever after. Supposing that when the hero was charged with forging the Governor's name to the deed that it was absolutely proved that he did forge them and he was toted off to prison (without hand-cuffs) and by a sheriff who had no chin whiskers, no tin badge fashioned like a star, and who smoked pellmell cigarettes instead of chewing tobacco.

All these time-honored traditions are to be seen in the motion picture today, just as in the native drama of fifty years ago. Would we be happier if hoakum were left out?

Of course not! We would leave the theater and say: "What a bad picture! Everything all wrong!"

III

**A**LL this is by way of getting at the Villain's Dressing Gown. It seems to us that this delightful bit of hoakum was borrowed by the movie directors from—let's see—Herbert Kelcey, we believe it was. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon played on the speaking stage a quarter-century ago (or maybe it wasn't so long ago as that but that it seems that distance back) in a play called "The Moth and the Flame." If we are not ill-served by memory, Herbert Kelcey sprung the dressing gown idea and it has since thrived like the well-known bay tree.

Lew Cody perfected the dressing gown idea and now all the handsome devils of villainy, especially those whose lives are dedicated to the luring of married ladies from their husbands—they all possess wardrobes in which we feel certain the collection of dressing gowns hold first place.

The He-Vamp's Dressing Gown is as essential in every plot now-a-days as the loaded revolver in the top left-hand drawer; as necessary as the butler who butles as no genuine butler in real life ever dreamed of butling; as traditional as the close-up embrace, with iris-out.

IV

**A**ND yet there are producers who send us word that there is no hoakum in their plays. If this were true it would mean a self-confession of impending ruin and bankruptcy, but happily, it is not true at all. Hoakum means tradition. Perhaps Master William Shakespeare would have employed the word had he thought of it. For Shakespeare was not above hoakum, if you please, and if the hoakum—tradition—were eliminated or expunged, we assure you that all Shakespeare would be a drab discursion of dreadful dullness.

Reflect upon the best picture you ever saw on the screen and you will find, as you recall scene after scene, situation upon situation, that it fairly bristled with hoakum. The triumph of virtue over evil is hoakum. The happy ending is hoakum. The success of the poor country lad—Charles Ray please write—who makes good in the wicked city is hoakum. The machinations of the mustachioed scoundrel are hoakum. Whether we call it tradition or hoakum, it is all to the same end.

In spite of the lofty-browed flapdoodle of those who deplore the "same old stuff," we daresay the eighty million Americans who go to the movies as a habit will continue to love it. If this were false, a producer would never have paid the neat sum of \$175,000 for the picture rights of "Way Down East" which had a stage career of a dozen years. The play is hoakum from start to finish. It is the *ultima thule* of hoakum. And we are glad that it is to be screened, hoakum and all, for hoakum is clean, idyllic, human; true to life as we wish it might be.



# "There's Millions in It!"

(Continued from page 82)

this Great American Drama is such that it must receive the fullest endorsement from every religious body throughout the country. All the 30,000,000 church members of all denominations must see this great moral lesson in Character and Patriotism.

**"WORKING PEOPLE**—There are about 40,000,000 workers in this country. This film is the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. It is a working people's crusade. It typifies their highest aspirations. They will crowd the theaters when they realize its fullest purport. It will visualize for thousands of aliens the great purposes of this country. "America for Humanity."

The critical might call this rather optimistic, especially inasmuch as not a foot of this "super-production" has been shot. But would it not be worth while to invest a few dollars in a film that twenty million school children and thirty million church members must see, to say nothing about the forty million workers "who will crowd the theatres"? We here have ninety million spectators lined up to see the big show long before its production. Of course it would be unfair on the part of the promoters to count on the patronage of the infants in arms, the bed-ridden, lunatics, idiots, and the jail population; and the blind will probably prefer the spoken drama to the visual one. But all these classes of our population probably do not number more than twenty million.

It is interesting to note that the Crusader dramas which fifty million school children and church members "must see," and to see which forty million working people "will crowd the theatres," bear the usual endorsements. Pages 16 to 20, inclusive, of the same booklet which counts on the patronage of approximately ninety million persons, are packed with endorsements from persons, quite as prominent in public life as the "prominent persons interested" in the Birth of a Race, but who were later found to be not at all interested. Be it said in all fairness that the Crusader pamphlet states that the letters of endorsement "relate only to the educational objects and purposes."

These endorsements are from Governors Emerson C. Harrington of Maryland, Simon Bamberger of Utah, Emmet D. Boyle of Nevada, John G. Townsend of Delaware, J. P. Goodrich of Indiana, E. J. Edwards of New Jersey, and Thomas E. Campbell of Arizona. Then there are endorsements from prominent educators such as President Henry Louis Smith of Washington and Lee University, President Burton of the University of Minnesota, President Harlan L. Freeman of Adrian College, President J. C. Hardy of Baylor College, President A. W. Van Hoose of Shorter College, H. W. Chase, Chairman of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina, August O. Thomas, State Superintendent of Schools, State of Maine, George Wilson, Director Extension Division, University of North Dakota, C. P. Cary, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin, J. J. Cummack, Superintendent of Kansas City Schools, Dudley Grant Hayes, Director Extension Department, Chicago Board of Education, Orrin G. Cocks, Secretary of the National Committee for Better Films and others.

Crusader Films is another Delaware corporation with \$500,000 of preferred stock and 150,000 shares of common of no par value. The officers are President, Francis Trevelyan Miller, who is described in the circulars as "Founder of Journal of American History" and president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation; treasurer, Herbert F. Seward, of Seward, Stone and Monde, accountants of 43 Cedar Street, New York City; secretary,

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

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

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

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

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

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

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in

magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

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

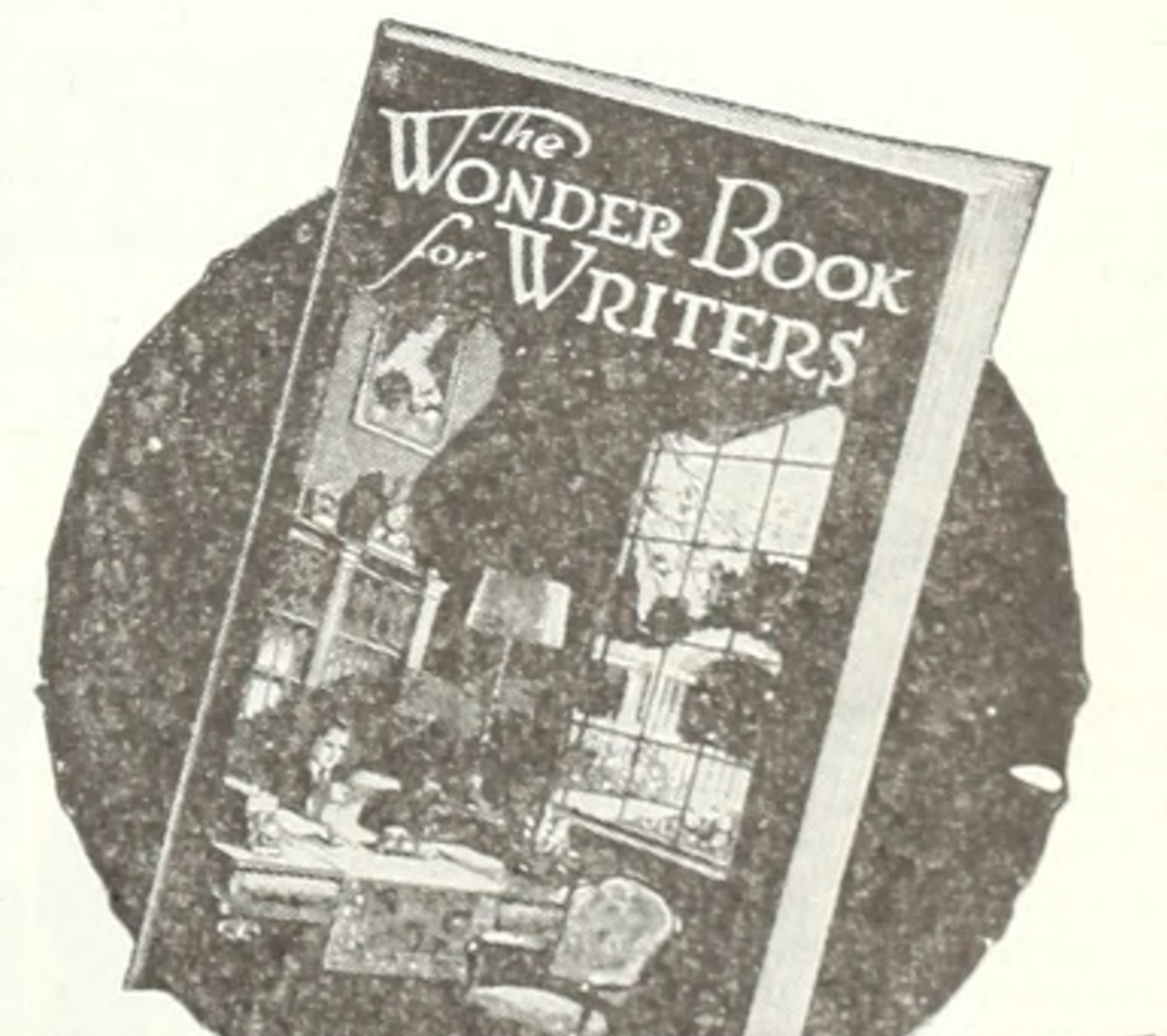


Miss Helene Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

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

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

Get your letter in the mail before you sleep tonight. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New Tomorrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 216 Auburn, New York.



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### LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLEROI, PA.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLES, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINNON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



## "There's Millions in It!"

(Concluded)

Schuyler Merritt Cady of Elizabeth, N. J.; General Counsel, Irving E. Burdick, New York City; J. B. Ferber, one of the directors is described as "former Assistant United States District Attorney in Massachusetts, former Chairman of the Banking and Insurance Committees of the Massachusetts State Legislature, general counsel for some of the largest corporations in the film industry and a vice-president and a director of the Reelcraft Pictures Corporation." Another director is Charles Kingsley Fankhauser, "associated in recent re-organization of one of the largest pressed steel industries in this country. In this industrial expansion were such banking houses as White, Weld and Company of New York; W. P. Bonbright and Company of New York, Elston and Co. of Chicago. He is secretary of Helen Keller Film Corporation."

One of the directors of Crusader Films expressed his decided disapproval of the pamphlet quoted above, but at the same time very emphatically announced that he did not wish to be quoted as disapproving. He added that he would take up the matter with the officers and tone down the sales circular.

But on the strength of such statements as already quoted, Crusader Films has sold stock up to the present. In a letter dated Aug. 28, Mr. Cady, secretary of the company, stated that Crusader Films Corporation had sold \$120,000 in stock as late as July 1, 1920. Dr. Miller, president of the Crusader, disagreed with this statement, saying that according to his latest reports stock subscriptions only amounted to a little more than \$109,000.

Crusader Films has produced nothing as yet. None of the officers of the company with the exception of Dr. Miller have had any practical experience in motion picture production. Dr. Miller was president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation and wrote the story of Miss Keller, the blind mute, which was filmed as "Deliverance." The company, Dr. Miller stated, was financed for \$150,000 by one man, Mr. Charles Schwab, who did not much care whether the film made money or not. "Deliverance" cost \$126,000. Dr. Miller was unable to say whether it had made any money as yet.

For some reason motion picture companies which make the public their partners are reticent about telling the public about their financial affairs. The United States Photoplay is an exception. Here is a company that was organized "on a shoe-string" to quote one of its officials, who admits frankly that it was not an assured success. "If we were an assured success," he writes, "the stockholders could not expect to get in on the terms that they are being taken in under the present circumstances."

The guiding genius of the United States Photoplay Corporation is Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president and general manager. Captain Stoll is a man well over fifty. He was at one time general superintendent of carriers of the Chicago post office. Then he became identified with Kiralfy Brothers in one of the exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Later he followed the gold rush to Alaska. "I went to Alaska with a capital of \$6,000, and came out with \$250,000," said Captain Stoll, adding that he still had mining interests in Alaska. His experience in amusement ventures, he admitted was limited to his association with Kiralfy Brothers during the Chicago Fair, staging an Elks' carnival in Salt Lake City and backing some shows. Now he has turned a moving picture impresario, writing his own film dramas, the first of which "Determination," he is now producing in the E. K. Lincoln studios in Grantwood, N. J. Captain Stoll's company is another Delaware corporation, capitalized for \$2,000,000. Its head-

quarters are in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

The United States Photoplay Corporation launched more than a year ago a sales campaign that has continued ever since. It started by offering stock at \$5 a share, the par value being \$10. It sold 10,204 shares at \$5 a share, then boosted the stock to \$7.50, selling 407 shares at this price. Another boost sent the stock to par, \$10, at which price 12,673 shares were sold. A third boost raised the stock to \$15, the price of U. S. Photoplay stock as this is written. On September 20, about 15,000 shares had been sold at \$15 a share. In all, the company has taken in about \$405,000. "This cost us about \$100,000 to sell, making a net receipt by the corporation of about \$300,000," said an official spokesman of the company. In other words it has cost Stoll only 25 per cent. to dispose of his stock, according to his story.

But Captain Stoll struck a more difficult snag when it came to producing his play. He leased the Lincoln studio for twenty-six months at \$100 a day. It cost a pile of money to install lights, cameras, carpenter shop and other necessary accessories. The scenery came high, and so did the director, rather directors, for there have been changes in the U. S. Photoplay staff. Finally, Captain Stoll's story, "Determination" had to be reduced to scenario form. Captain Stoll had no experience as a writing man. That is something he had never done in his varied career. Production was started last Spring, and on the first of September, only the prologue of "Determination," had been filmed, and the cost up to that time, Stoll admitted, was \$130,000. As this is written Stoll's company is being sued by a former director and the company's screen star.

"What assurance can you give your stockholders that their money will be protected and they will see any of it again?" I asked Captain Stoll.

"Why, 'Determination' is going to make a big hit. It's a box-office show, depicting the life of the underworld in London and Paris. I lived for months in the Whitechapel district of London and in the underworld of Paris, studying types. The show has international boxing events, boxing matches, aviation races, motor races. We show life in the underworld and high society."

None of the characters of the Whitechapel district, who, Stoll in full page advertisements announced he was bringing to this country under special arrangements with the United States Immigration authorities, have actually been brought to these shores. Captain Stoll said their services "were not necessary" to the production of "Determination," not when he could dress up American actors as costers and apaches.

"And what makes you so certain that 'Determination' is going to be such a great money maker?" I ventured. "Has any experienced motion picture man, not in your employ assured you of its success?"

"Why, no. I didn't have to do that. But Dr. C. H. Parkhurst has stated that it is a story that will live because the public knows so little about the unfortunate of the underworld, and B. S. Young, Past-Supreme Chancellor of the K. of P., one of the brainiest men in the United States, calls it a story of a master-mind."

Now Dr. Parkhurst is a man of national reputation as a minister of the gospel, and Mr. Young is undoubtedly a man of splendid attainments. But neither of them is a recognized authority on motion pictures.

Stoll's venture may turn out a money maker, but there is nothing in his past achievements to warrant its assured success. He is a novice in motion pictures, and so are the other officers of his company.

**De Miracle**  
Every Woman's Depilatory

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## The Male Background

(Continued from page 33)

in what a heroine feels than what a man does or thinks. I feel you allow men in your cinemas at all only because you want to make the ladies happy, God bless them,—for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned.

"I hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the Paramount office is going to export me soon. Not that I wish to leave America at all but that I rather want to get back to England for a while. Of course it will be like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitzmaurice, he has been directing me so long, but a chap likes a change. . . . And home is home. Besides, I'm tremendously interested in showing the English cinema audiences all that I've learned here in America. I would have a ripping chance to, too, because most of the British picture actors have had little or no cinema experience and, worse, have had lots of experience on the stage which you must forget as soon as possible if you're going to do your possible best for the camera play.

He happened in pictures for money's sake because as an actor he was so tired of being without a job during the summer months. He was first an extra at five dollars a day and the following winter, at ten, when he was playing at the same time the artist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Later he decided to go into pictures altogether. "And then I couldn't get into them for a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the queerest thing," he smiled shamefacedly, "I just couldn't get a job. I tried everywhere. I was too ignorant of the way to do it, or too British, or something. Ridiculous?" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah, well. I finally did land, anyhow. And have been leading a terrifically polygamous life ever since. Husband to first one, then another."

Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh—or practically. He would have been entirely but for the fact that both he and his mother happened to be in Glasgow at the time. "But outside of that," (outside of Glasgow, we took it) "I am entirely Welsh, certainly so by inheritance, and—er, selection. You know, my digging up my past experiences and so on reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw said to me on the boat just before I sailed over here for the first time. I was playing in his 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion,' as I remarked before. He stood talking to me on the deck and finally said, 'Do you know anyone in the States, Powell?' I said no. 'Do you want to?' I laughed and replied, 'Naturally.' He looked thoughtful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and though unexpected, the most delightful fellow in the world. 'Here's a plan,' he said. 'Try it out. Just as the boat lands in New York, print on a large placard, 'I know George Bernard Shaw,' and tie it on your hat and walk down Broadway. I give you my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll meet everybody!' " Mr. Powell laughed. "And at that, he is probably right. G. B. Shaw is always right."

## Launching the Winter Mode

(Continued from page 43)

included. I bought my hats in America before coming over here and have not regretted it. I shall buy more of them at home when I get back. If you have the time and the money—and it takes an unheard of quantity of both—you will like the gowns that any one of a dozen great houses here will make for you, and, at that, I have had gowns done in New York that compare

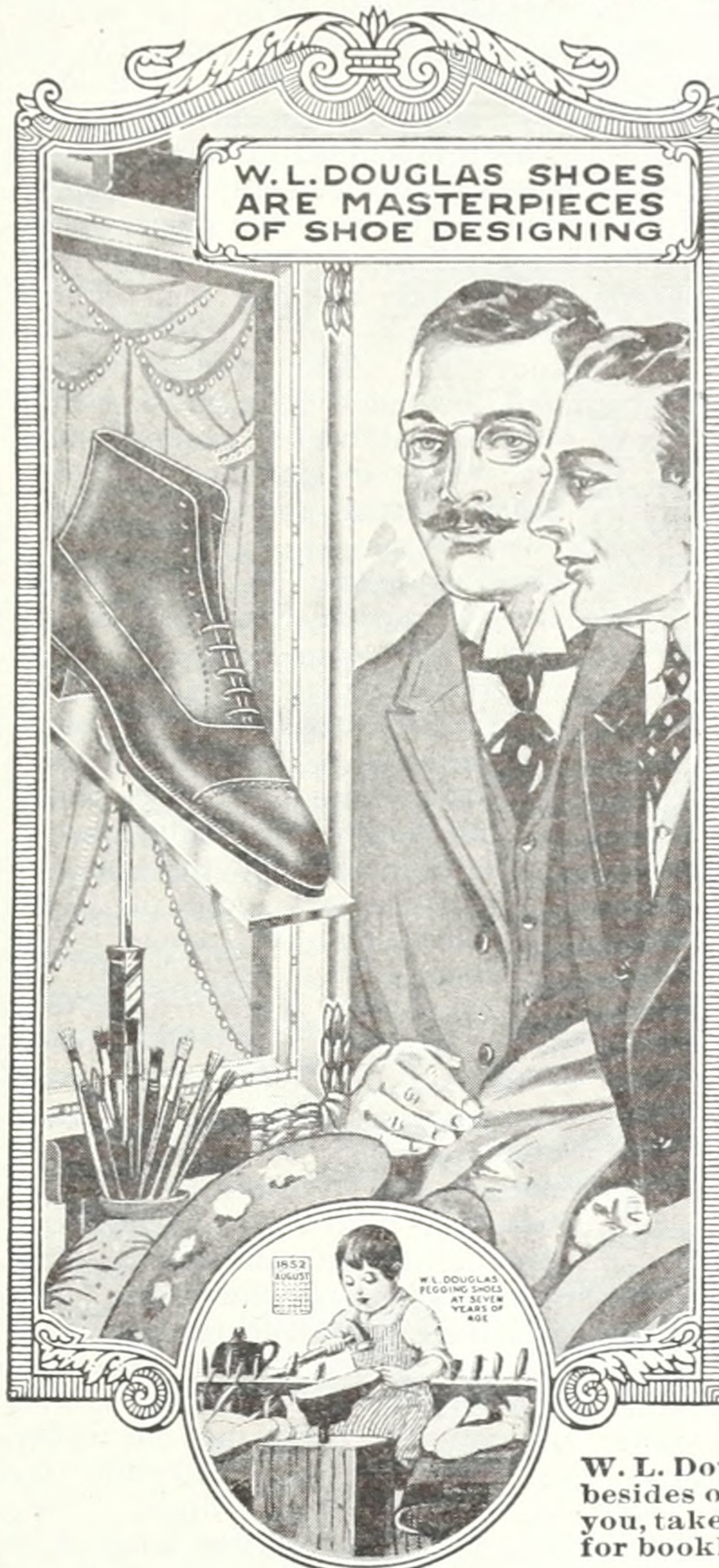
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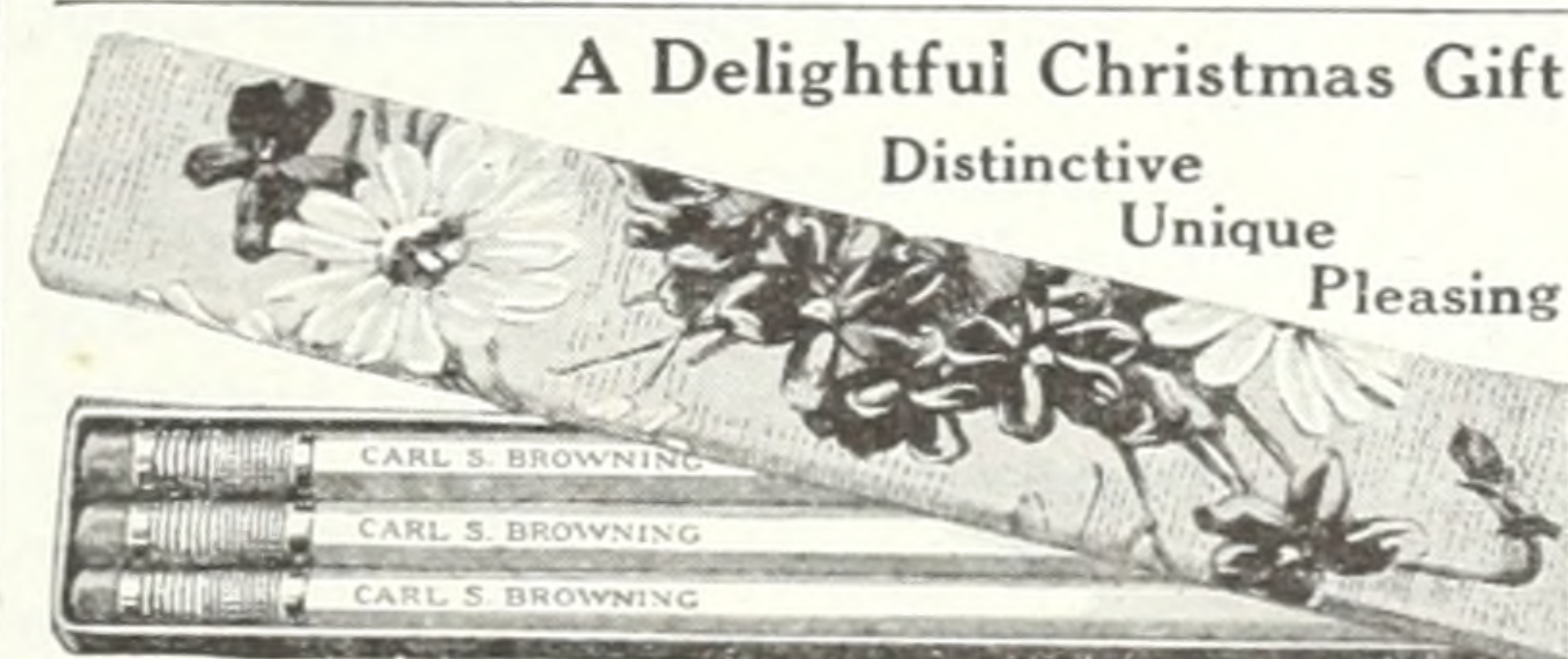
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## Launching the Winter Mode

(Continued)

favorably in every way with the finest examples of Paris creation.

As I said before, the ateliers of the style creators are busy centers these days. There are really eight seasons to the year in the calendar of Paris style. There are the four big showings, when the modes for spring, summer, autumn and winter are displayed. Then there are the demi-saison, the smaller promenades of styles created especially for professional and society women. It is logical that these showings should follow the larger ones, as the commercial buyers must get their purchases home, ready for display and for copying by the time the season opens. On the other hand, society women and those in professional life do not buy their clothes until they want them—for a season or for a large production. The year is always turned around for the stylists, as in August they are showing the winter mode to New York buyers, while in January they are exhibiting beach toilettes and summer dancing frocks.

If you want to follow the most important dictum of Paris this winter you will have your street clothes in black and white. There is a veritable craze for this combination. Sometimes a street suit of black will have black buttons that have insert discs of white, sometimes the linings are of black satin embroidered in white, but it seems whenever black is used there is sure to be the complementary note of white. An especially novel note of linings is the use of two colors. For example, if the upper part of an evening wrap is lined with white satin, the lower part will be in black, or coral or turquoise. Sometimes this combination of colors is achieved by embroidering sprays of flowers on a white satin background.

Here is a hint I picked up in one of the ultra-smart establishments that is decidedly worth trying. Blouses of fine white linen, organdie or batiste are made to accompany the tailleurs for street wear. These are simple tuck-in-the-belt affairs with a front closing, the novelty being in the collars which are pleated ruffs, reminding one strongly of pictured Queen Bess. These pleated ruffs, as well as the jabot frills down the front of the blouses, are bound with a color. Black predominates, but occasionally a bright color like pink or cherry red is used. These neck ruffs are wide, pleated frills that fall from the top of a high, tight collar that buttons snugly about the throat.

There are a number of interesting things to be seen in Paris now that have to do with materials, colors and trimmings. For example, there is a revival of old-fashioned smooth-finished cloths for tailored gowns and suits. Last year's wild revel in fur trimmings has disappeared. I suppose the well-known H. C. of L. has had something to do with this, but whatever the reason may be, fur is not used to trim the tailored suits. Braids, wool stitching and patent leather bands are the favored trimmings and are shown in endless variety.

But if furs have declined in favor as trimmings, they have more than made up for it in the matter of coats and wraps. Such a rush for fur garments has never before been known in the memory of the fur industry. Apparently every woman here seems to think she will be the only one in the world without a kolinsky or sable wrap—unless she hurries. As a result, the Paris furriers were busy all summer filling orders for full-length wraps. In these the cape seems to lead in favor. They are absolutely without sleeves, the arms passing through slits at either side.

Last winter no one carried muffs. It

didn't matter how cold your hands got—you could keep warm by recollecting how fashionable you were. But this year it's different, and your muff may once more come out of retirement and accompany your scarf.

This season your furs may by no means be limited to your personal wearing—if your pocketbook doesn't protest. Fur is being used lavishly in floor cushions, and the latest whim in bedroom furnishings is to have huge, flat pillows of fur instead of bedside rugs. Many of the fur cushions shown are made in the form of foot muffs for motoring in January days.

As I mentioned before, Paris is mad about black and white combinations, but if I were you I should study my mirror carefully before deciding to follow this style. Americans wear colors much better than Parisiennes—this is especially true as regards hats—and, take us by and large, we look much better in colors that harmonize with our eyes and complexions than we do in magpie effects.

Speaking of hats, feathers have come into their own again. If you have a lot of them put away you are lucky. Bring them out and recurl them, secure in the knowledge that the more of them you wear the more fashionable you are. Coq d'Or himself was never gayer than some of the feather-loaded hats that are being offered for admiration and sale. Dresses and wraps have not escaped this craze, and some of them are simply loaded down with feather trimmings. So dig all the old 1900 models out of the attic and garb yourselves gloriously in them!

This matter of buying clothes is not such a complex affair when one is refitting one's wardrobe for strictly personal needs—but it is quite a different problem when one is costuming for the production of a film play. You may be interested to know the amount of clothes required to make one picture, and for this the "Branded Woman" is a fair example. The clothes required when I made that picture included the following:

- School girl's dress, one piece, serge.
- White graduation dress.
- Evening gown, low cut, very daring.
- Simple one piece summer dress, hat to match.
- School girl's long coat and hat.
- French race track outfit.
- Smart afternoon dress.
- Street costume with hat, very smart.
- Evening dress.
- Nurse's uniform and cap.
- Nurse's coat and hat.

You will readily see from this list that a great deal of time and trouble go into selecting and fitting the clothes needed in one picture.

Coming back to the winter clothing of 1921, did I tell you that all styles emphasize length of line. If your weight is under one hundred and twenty-five pounds this information will not interest you in the least, but if you are over that weight you will welcome it joyfully, in some cases almost tearfully. I think this matter of emphasizing long lines was announced in Paris with America in mind—for it is a well known fact that we grow girls who are taller—and broader—than the French. Maybe it's the air, but whatever the cause one of the ills of our race is the constant warfare against too much flesh.

The long line in suits has brought a corresponding length in the overblouse. Long, loose and elaborately embroidered is the overblouse of this winter, and the variations of style are practically limitless. You may have a long, tight sleeve or a short wide one and be equally in the mode. All the tones of reddish brown are in high

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## Launching the Winter Mode

(Concluded)

favor with the blouse makers, and navy blue is also shown excessively. Net blouses are in again, after a long period of disfavor, and the greater number of these are trimmed with jabots of real lace. Handkerchief linen, georgette and chiffon are the materials most favored.

If you are clever with your needle you may have some lovely things this winter at a comparatively small outlay of money, for the greatest stress in decoration is laid on embroidery. There are inexhaustible sources from which to draw new designs, which perhaps accounts for the way in which embroidery holds the center of the stage, season after season. Old Moorish embroideries seem to be the favored designs, and the method of applying embroidery this winter is to embroider the bodice and leave the skirt plain or throw a heavy band of embroidery around the skirt and leave the waist devoid of trimming. Both dresses and evening wraps are heavily embroidered, and the fact that fur trimming may be omitted where embroidery is used, makes this type of trimming for evening wraps something to be considered carefully.

## Raising Riches

(Continued from page 32)

to stay, so you'd better find me something." She played extra. She played bits. I dare say she worked harder than she would have worked scrubbing floors. But she "caught on." She played a lead or two. Then she went with Will Rogers. Now her contract with Goldwyn has over a year to run. She is an excellent leading woman, perhaps the material of which stars are made.

It is always heroic—the fight that a woman makes single-handed against the world for her little ones. Who was it said—"A woman is too slight a thing, to trample the world without feeling its sting?"

But to Irene Rich, still in her early twenties, with every experience, every joy and sorrow of a woman's life behind her—with the mind and heart of a woman who has lived behind the smooth, serene face of a girl just out of college, it has been a rich heritage. It has endowed her with womanliness, with completeness, with emotional depths, with quiet force, with determination.

She is without exception, the most popular person on the Goldwyn lot, star or no star. "Miss Rich" seems to be a universal favorite. I don't know how many of them know her history, but I think all of them do. That is probably why they offer themselves as shock absorbers for any "knocks" studio life may have to offer—why the wardrobe woman takes blame for a misplaced coat, why the director softens his voice when he speaks to her and even the assistant director (the bugaboo of all actors) brings her her make-up box.

I believe everybody in the world who admires Irene Rich will feel exactly that way about it. I don't believe her appeal is to the class or section of fans who will love her less because she is a mother. Maybe they will, but I don't think so.

Her latest releases are "Stop, Thief," with Tom Moore, and "Out of the Dark," an all-star feature directed by Frank Lloyd.



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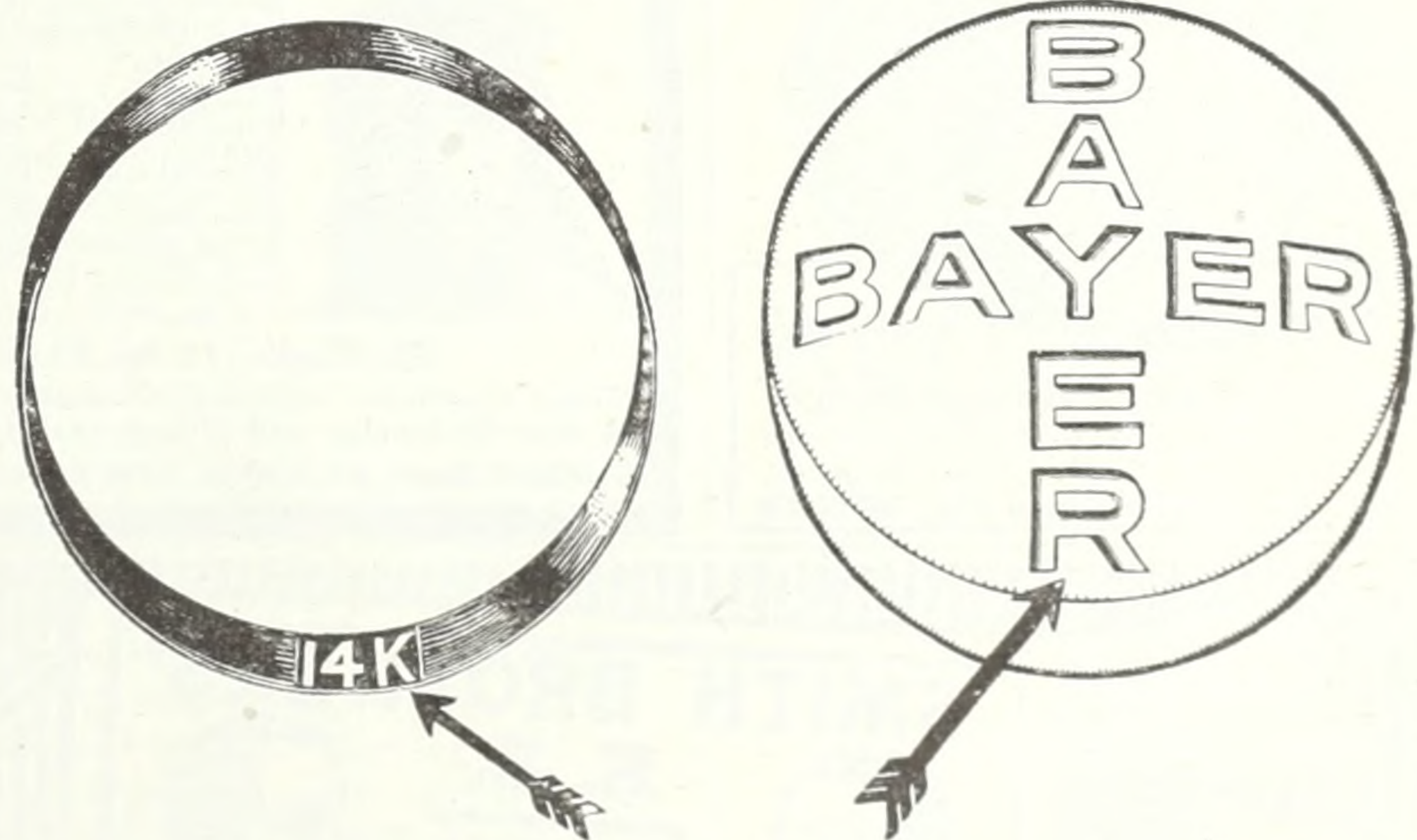
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# The Mighty Messenger

(Continued from page 48)

so much more about folks to start with, than I did. There was a bunch of boys, “The Union Street Gang,” who just naturally flocked to William from the time he went out on the sidewalk to nail up his first poster. They sold tickets, they took tickets at the door, they ushered, they swept, they dusted, they ran errands, they carried reels, they watched the exit to prevent those outside the fold from sneaking in. They had free admission of course and the proud privilege of bringing sister or little brother. They were as proud as kings of their privileges, and somehow profanity, cigarette-smoking and mischief-making dropped away from them. Not that William ever mentioned those things to them, but they were too busy for mischief and “The Boss” didn’t smoke or swear, so why should they?

They were the nucleus, the first point of contact which brought the whole neighborhood, naturally, to our doors. Their families became our allies, and good fellowship, once started among those people, rolls up like the proverbial snowball. We got to know everybody, their joys, their griefs, their problems, as William had prophesied. We helped them as much as we could, and they helped us immeasurably more.

And all this time we were coming to realize, more and more, that the motion picture theater was, as John O’Reilly had expressed it, “putting a crimp” in the saloon business! Not just our motion pictures cutting in on O’Reilly’s business, but all the motion pictures cutting in on all the saloons.

The people of the poorer districts of our large cities do not stay at home in the evening. They have a few overcrowded rooms, too cold in winter, too hot in summer, with no quietness, no privacy, no good lights to read by, nothing to make them attractive. Before the days of the motion picture, the children played in the streets, after supper, in imminent danger of being run over by street car or truck. The girls and boys strolled up and down or sought vacant stairways or park benches. The women gathered in groups to gossip. The men, and the older boys went to “the poor man’s club,” the saloon. It was the nearest approach they could find to comfort, good cheer, companionship.

Then the motion picture came and gave the poor man the first place to which he had ever been able to take his whole family. He found that the films interested him, and gave him something new to think about. He spent less money, and he felt better the morning after.

For a few years old John Barleycorn rolled up his sleeves, gnashed his teeth, and put up a good fight. Then he succumbed to two enemies. The organized reformers who had worked long, patiently and heroically for prohibition, and the motion picture industry which in promoting its own interests had automatically opposed the interests of the liquor makers and dealers.

John Barleycorn himself recognized his natural enemy almost from the beginning. He knows how great a factor it was in his defeat.

Do the reformers know it? A few of them do. Most of them do not. With a curious reflex which is either blindness or gross ingratitude they have turned to attack their most efficient ally.

You see, in this country, reforming has become a real business; a highly organized, efficient, and fairly well paid business. And when prohibition came in it struck the reforming industry a blow from which it can never recover.

After the first flush of victory, the reformer began to feel a great vacancy in

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## The Mighty Messenger

(Continued)

life. It was like the emotion of a mother who has married off the last one of a large family of daughters, or the captain of industry who has retired at sixty, or the soldier who has won the war, got his discharge and has no job awaiting him.

"Look here, we've got to have something to reform, haven't we?" they said.

They looked all around, and, not being cowards or shirkers by nature, they picked on the biggest thing in sight and they are going after it, tooth and nail.

In practically every state in the union groups of zealous but misguided reformers are attempting to push through their legislatures bills which provide for the censorship of the motion picture. And censorship means death to the motion picture. Death, at least, to its proper expansion, development and achievement.

For these advocates of censorship ask that *before* a film is given to the public it shall be judged by a select board of judges who will decide whether or not the people of this free country shall be allowed to see it!

Could any industry or any art survive and grow under such conditions? Suppose every one who wrote a book, or painted a picture, or composed the score of an opera, or perfected a marvelous invention, knew that some legally appointed committee would decide whether his work might ever be given to the public!

Who is competent to appoint such a committee? Who is competent to serve on it? Whom are you willing to have decide what you shall or shall not look upon?

There were those who raged against Gutenberg, inventor of the printing press, and called his work the invention of the devil. They predicted dire results from the printed page being made available to everybody. A long time ago? Yes. But do you happen to know that there are pious souls today who violently resent the aeroplane, protesting that if God had wanted men to fly he would have given them wings like the birds?

And it is such sincere and zealous souls—Heaven help us!—who go in most violently for "reforms" and hence are most likely to be appointed on censorship boards. This is proven by the irrational decisions in the four states where censorship now exists—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and Maryland.

In the state of Ohio it is forbidden to show a film which portrays any kind of a snake. The snake is unpleasant to many of us, but after all he is admitted to the most select museums and zoological gardens, and he can hardly be called immoral.

In the state of Pennsylvania a woman making baby clothes may not be shown on the screen. And the censors solemnly say that the reason for this is that children think babies are brought by the stork! Why not prohibit pictures of Christmas shopping, because children believe in Santa Claus?

And speaking of what children should see, this is as good a time as any to suggest that we try to get rid of the absurd idea that every film should be suitable for children to see. We might as well try to grade all magazines by St. Nicholas, all stage plays by Peter Pan, all art by Kate Greenaway!

Recently the Methodist Episcopal church has shown its breadth of interests and its wisdom by establishing an immense bureau for the promotion and advancement of the motion picture among its people. One of the films which they recommended to their members, without qualification, was the re-

cent Barrymore production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And in three out of the four states having censorship this film failed to pass the boards!

Do our motion pictures need reforming? They do, in certain respects. So do our newspapers, our books, our music, our drama, our clothes, our schools, our diet, our churches, and our reformers.

But are we willing to appoint a committee to pass on any of these things and dole out to us what they think is proper?

Did you ever meet an advocate of censorship who felt that he needed his pictures censored by anyone before he saw them? His invariable attitude is that he can look at any of them without being harmed, but his neighbor, or his neighbor's wife or "people of the other class" need some one to decide for them.

But do they? William and I look at our experience in the motion picture business, among the people whom the reformer likes to call "the other class." We think how vigorously they applaud patriotism, courage, generosity, virtue, and how quickly they hiss the traitor, the coward, the braggart, the villain. We think of the packed house when the posters outside advertise a religious film; of the bleary-eyed, broken men who say as they go out after the story that shows forcefully the wages of sin, "that's good for the boys—give 'em more of it;" of the young girls and their "fellows" who go away shining-eyed after a strong, clean story of love triumphant; of the careworn, weary faces that lose their tired lines for awhile in the uproarious fun of the harmless comedy; and we know that the great majority of every audience *likes* the good pictures. We know that by the operation of the good old law of supply and demand the film will grow better, not worse.

The only way to abolish any evil is to educate the people until they will not tolerate it. In all history no wrong has ever *stayed* dead until it was killed by force of public opinion. Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady said shortly before his death, "It is the duty of the church to make people righteous. Then they will want and patronize only good pictures."

Every citizen should realize that we already have laws which are ample to protect the public against obscene or immoral books, pictures, or plays, and it is a civic duty to see that these laws are enforced.

Unquestionably there are both producers and exhibitors who have no hesitation in trying to put before the public films that are vicious and degrading. It is a cheering fact that these films invariably have failed to pay their makers as well as the cleaner kind. They will pay still less when every one who dislikes them registers disapproval *at the box office*.

There are just two short and easy steps to "reforming" the motion picture.

I. Stay away from the theater that advertises a bad film. If you inadvertently patronize one, tell the manager you did *not* like it.

II. Watch for announcements, in the newspapers and magazines, of the good new films, and tell the manager of your favorite theater that you want to see them.

That's the kind of censorship that brings quick and lasting results.

In this country, the people will stand for just one kind of censorship—that which is of the people, for the people, and *by the people!*

Speak up, you people who believe in free speech, free press, free government, and tell the legislators of your state that you'll censor your own pictures, thank you!

# FADED HAIR Now easily Renewed



**P**REMATURE gray hair that falsely proclaims the passing of youth is not more unpopular today than it was two thousand years ago.

All through the ages, in every land, women have sought and chemists have tried to perfect a satisfactory preparation for coloring and renewing gray, faded and streaked hair.

In the short time that "Brownatone" has been on the market its sales have increased so rapidly and to such a tremendous total as to prove that it is giving perfect satisfaction to more women than anything previously discovered for this purpose.

## BROWNATONE

If you have not tried "Brownatone" and compared its simple, clean, easy method of application, its instant results, and its truly remarkable reproduction of your gray hair's original color, there is a delightful surprise waiting for you.

Any good druggist can supply "Brownatone"—50c and \$1.50. Two colors: "Light to medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Guaranteed absolutely harmless.

For a free trial bottle of "Brownatone" with simple directions send 11c to pay packing postage and war tax, to

THE KENTON  
PHARMACAL CO.

566 COPPIN BLDG

Covington, Kentucky, USA.

Canada Address  
Windsor, Ontario



# The Mighty Messenger

(Concluded)

I can hear readers asking, "Did they stay in the motion picture business?" We did not. The heart of a social worker and the spirit of an adventurer are seldom combined with a genius for money making. The kind of show William ran would need an endowment. That would make it a philanthropic institution and folks would be afraid of it. When our savings were ex-

hausted we sold out, reluctantly, to a gentleman whose idealism was balanced with business experience. Then, having appeased our restlessness for that time, we passed into a new field of social service where we still remain. But whenever any of our co-workers begin an unwise or unwarranted attack on our old friends, "the movies," we feel impelled to lift up our voices.



"Daddy will be back soon now, Peggy dear, with some nice

## KEMP'S BALSAM



Then you can go to sleep and forget that horrid old cough."

But why not save poor old dad the night trip to the drug store next time by having an extra bottle of Kemp's Balsam in the house all ready for big and little coughs alike.

Get a bottle now.  
Le Roy, N. Y.

## HAIR-DRESS



Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive



Miss Betty Parker

Jay Dillon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

### Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. Is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

**Send for Trial Jar** Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today.

Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. 112, 920 Windsor Ave., CHICAGO



## Indeed—lingerie need not be stained with deodorants!

Science has discovered a new method by which underarm perspiration can be repressed. And without staining the daintiest lingerie! It is with Immac, a clear colorless lotion—exquisite, dainty.

Immac simply cannot stain. Yet it effects instant underarm dryness without injury to even the most delicate skin. At your dealer's or send fifty cents.



HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.  
Box C, 659 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of Neet, the non-irritant depilatory.

## Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship

(Concluded from page 70)

little business of their own, began to meddle in the affairs of others. With oily tongues and lazy bodies they take advantage of the weak side of human nature and start a propaganda that enables them to live without work, to travel, and what is dearer still to their warped and diseased minds, to receive the plaudits of the unthinking multitude.

We prate of our liberties, when in fact they are slipping away, insidiously but surely, till now we are hedged about by a multitude of "Thou Shalt Nots."

When a few men can arrogate to themselves the right to say what one hundred million shall or shall not see or hear they become tyrannical usurpers. A country permitting it is not free.

With so many axes to grind in our legislative bodies, it is easy for a handful of charlatans to get measures slipped through that are just as surely robbing us of our blood-bought liberties as was King George.

Down deep in every heart is a love for the good, the true and the beautiful. However base and ignoble we may be ourselves, we dislike to see such traits in others.

Unhampered public opinion will so set its seal of approval of the good play and disapproval of the bad as to make the production of the latter unprofitable. If unprofitable they will not be produced.

The great heart of the people is sound, the censors to the contrary notwithstanding.

L. A. STOCKWELL,  
1835 Fort Stockton Drive,  
San Diego, California.

### He Tells Why in Thirty Words

**CENSORS** are meddlers. The people—the common people, if you like—are as a whole saner, more critical, than any individual or committee of individuals. Leave censorship to the people.

LEWIS H. EDDY,  
3430 Peralta Street,  
Oakland, California.

### Conscientious Producers Build for the Future

**TWICE** I have been asked to serve on a local board of censorship for the moving pictures. Twice I have refused. Why, my reasons are twofold.

First. No person or set of persons can have the wisdom to choose for another what he shall read, see or think. What may be one person's mental food may be another's mental poison. Therefore I felt that while I might for myself and my children exercise a personal censorship, it was the right of each individual to make a similar choice.

The photoplay that would appeal to an uncultured longshoreman might not be one

that a college-bred lady may choose, yet he would be as entitled to have his taste considered as she.

Second. The precedent in creating a Board of Censorship is dangerous. If controlled by a majority of minds prejudiced in any direction the public could easily become the victim of propaganda. In a similar manner a lack of vision on the part of the board may rob the public of many plays that would be productive of much good.

So far as obscene productions are concerned, a theater which caters to that element soon finds itself in disrepute. Theater managers are looking at returns for tomorrow as well as today. They can be trusted to build for the future by being even in advance of the ever increasing demand for improved filmplays.

The best and safest censor is public opinion. Any other censor is un-American, and tends to rob the citizen of his inborn right to use his own intelligence in all matters pertaining to his personal development and enjoyment.

MRS. JOHN GRATKE,  
407 U. S. Nat'l Bank Bldg.,  
Portland, Oregon.

### Too Much Sense to Censor

**THE** chief objection to censorship of moving pictures or of anything else is that censors do not function properly. They do not know how to *cense*. Only a person of unusual depth of soul and breadth of sympathy is capable of being a censor, and such a person has no time for censorship. He is too busy creating masterpieces of his own.

Censors, official or self-appointed, have existed in all ages and have flourished in all periods of the world's history. They had them away back in the time of Christ, and that philosopher of philosophers tersely states their most salient characteristic in the words, "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

As to what constitutes a gnat and what a camel opinions differ. For instance, my particular gnats are *Percy* and *Ferdie*. If I were a censor I might readily swallow the camels of vice, vampirism and vulgarity, but I should strain futilely at that pair of insufferable bores and "beastly bounders."

Censors being thus limited and prone to prejudice, why should an intelligent majority, capable of judging for themselves, be governed by the opinions of a paid minority—a minority under a conscientious impulsion to earn their salaries? The only effective censorship is that of the people themselves, possessing collectively, if not always individually, the wisdom to recognize, appreciate, disparage or condemn.

CHARLOTTE B. HORTON,  
431 Connecticut St.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.



# Parisian Cinéma Impressions

By RALPH BARTON

**F**RENCH movies are American movies but the French theatre is French—decidedly. After seeing "L'Amour en Foile" at Folies-Bergère I begin to wonder if, after all, it wasn't there that Pussyfoot Johnson lost an eye.

\* \* \*

Serials are five years old in France and become more and more popular. The house always buzzes when the week's instalment of a serial is flashed on the screen—shouts if it be American. One of them, "Impéria," gives itself quite an American air by calling a character, described as "an American adventurer," Billy Sunday.

\* \* \*

There is a great deal of gnashing of teeth over the fact that American films monopolize the French screens—but it is the *cinématographistes* and not the public who do the gnashing. With all their natural beauty of scenery and mimetic talent they do not produce pictures as good as ours. The acting falls far short of the standard set by the French stage, the plots are ridiculously thin and as for the technical end—well, they still do interiors with bright sunlight and breezes! If they were shown in America, PHOTOPLAY would have to give another fifty pages to the "Why-do-they-do-it?" department.

\* \* \*

## French Aliases for Old Favorites

- Charlie Chaplin ..... *Charlot*
- Mutt and Jeff ..... *Dick and Jeff*
- Mary Miles Minter..... *Mary Miles*
- Harold Lloyd ..... *Lui (himself)*
- Larry Semon ..... *Zigoto*
- Mack Swain ..... *Ambroise*

\* \* \*

Paris does not receive its films the day they leave the American studios and as a result one sees combinations that recall other days. Among this month's editions are found, working in the same picture, Sessue Hayakawa and Lou Tellegen; Alice Joyce and Harry Morey; Victor Moore and Eugene O'Brien; Maurice Costello and Norma Talmadge; Theda Bara and George Walsh.

\* \* \*

The music in even the smallest Parisian cinéma is better chosen than in New York. Victor Moore weeps to the strains of "Paggiacci" in "Piffle, the Clown," for example.

\* \* \*

The cinéma critic of Figaro asked me seriously if I thought a leap from a balcony which he pointed out would be too much for Douglas Fairbanks, and waited, all ears, for an answer. Being an American, you see, I ought to know.

\* \* \*

Some German scientists are making experiments with movies as a remedy for seasickness. Necessity is the mother of invention.

\* \* \*

Versailles is to build a "vast and splendid cinéma." They miss the Peace Delegates.

\* \* \*

The orchestra of the Parisian cinémas is divided into three "series," the first series and most expensive seats are those in the middle, the front rows form the second series and middle priced seats and the third series and cheapest seats are at the back. If you come out with a crick in your neck or a strained eye you may blame yourself for it.



**L**IKE a breath of fresh mountain air she burst into the shadowed firelight of the living room and dropped into the deep couch. The young man who had been absorbed in a technical looking book closed it resignedly and regarded her placidly from behind his pipe.

"What have you done with Ned?" he inquired lazily. Pulling aside the window curtain he glanced out at the heavy mantle of white which had been falling for almost an hour. "Gad, Sis!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you've been dragging that poor man through all this just for your confounded notion of 'fresh air'?"

"You don't need to be superior, Lazy Bones—we had a glorious time! Walked miles and miles over the hills and saw lots of rabbits and everything. And now we're starved! Oh, here's Ned now,—"

The newcomer sank down on the couch by the fire, smiling wanly. "Well," he said, "I love fresh air in its place but I must admit my face is chapped to the last degree! It takes all the joy out of outdoor sports, unless you have a skin like a rug—which no one wants. How do you ever survive, Marilyn—and keep your rose-leaf complexion?"

Marilyn smiled mysteriously. "I have the secret that is age-old but still being proved—in other words—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. You know this almond complexion cream has always been known to be one of the purest and best things in the world for keeping your skin soft and nothing could be more soothing for chapping and sunburn. That's why Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for years and years has been considered the best by people who appreciate real value—for nothing but real value could have stood the tests.

Buster—do take Ned upstairs and initiate him into the joys of it—and he'll never again know what it means to be chapped or sunburnt, and as for soothing qualities—well! just let him try it once and he'll never use anything else!"

Marilyn was right—  
there is no substitute for



# Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

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# Lift off Corns with Fingers

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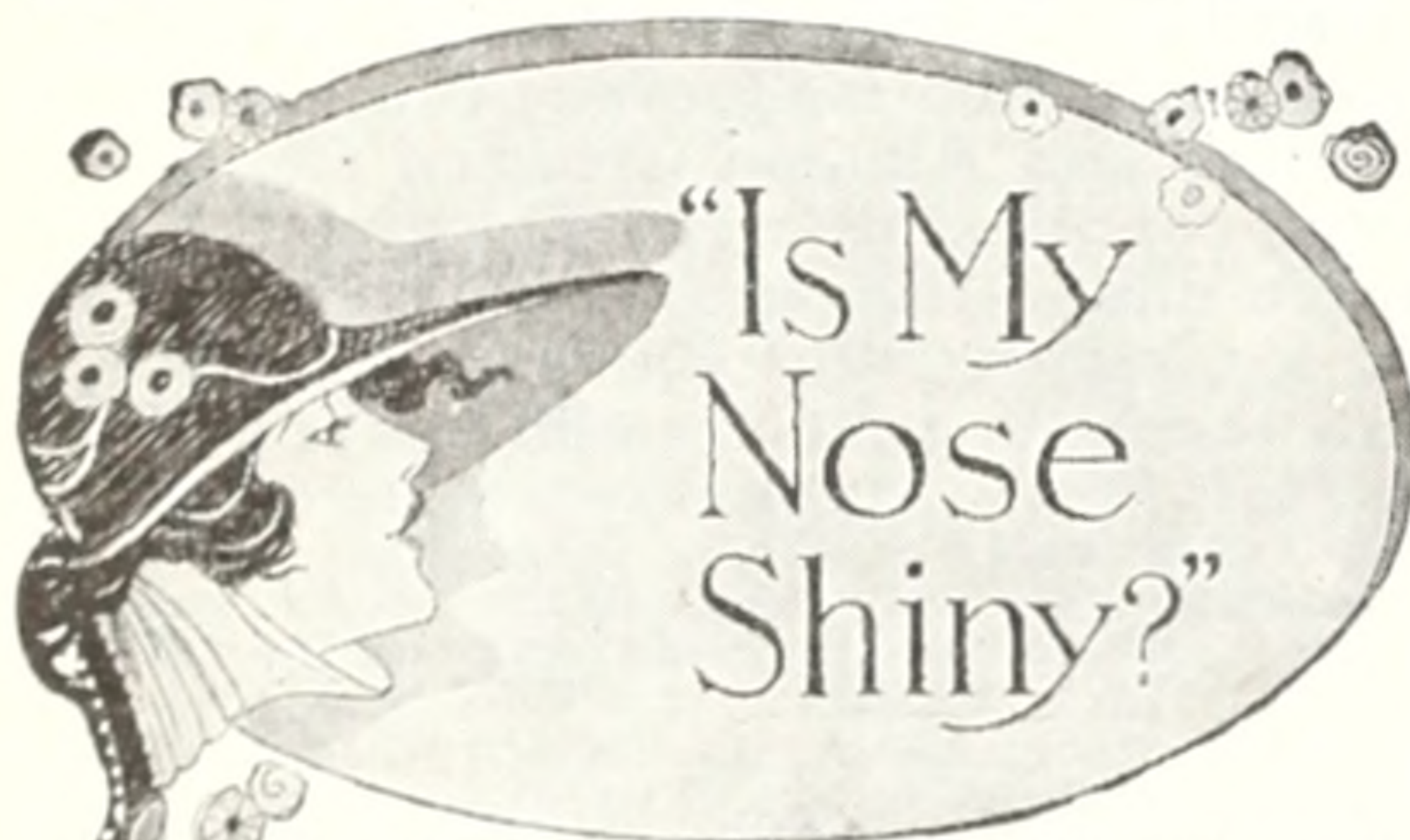
You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

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Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the \_\_\_\_\_ tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.)

Name.....  
Address.....  
I usually buy my toilet goods from.....

# The Woman in His House

(Concluded from page 40)

It was evening when the fight in the tenement was won and Philip went out. There was a great elation in his heart as he went swiftly homeward. He had given a child back to life and it would not be crippled. He had saved one from the horrible, twisted back or the shrivelled limbs. He would save others—hundreds, thousands! He could see them marching down the Avenue ahead of him, a glad host, little forms straight and lithe, young heads held high. Hilda would be proud and glad too, and Peter—dear old Peter with his vague, impractical dreams!

As he let himself into the house, a chill struck his heart. What is there about the atmosphere of a house of sorrow which communicates itself so readily? Even as he bounded up the stairs Philip told himself that something was horribly wrong!

The group about the little bed turned and parted as he came into the room, and he saw Hilda kneeling there, beside the still form of their child. But as he sprang forward with a bitter cry, she rose, swiftly, and faced him, eyes blazing, one hand outstretched to hold him off.

"While you stayed away, your child died!" she said. Ah, the shrill, piteous sweetness of her voice! "I could bear your neglect of me, but you have killed my baby! I never shall speak to you again. No, don't touch me!"

Unconsciousness came to her relief then. Fever followed, and after that a bitter calm that nothing could shake. She refused to see Philip, and he grew old of face and stooped and broken, as he went about his work, spending his days in the districts where the plague was thickest, his nights in the grim silence of the old laboratory.

Recklessness succeeded to Hilda's fearful calm. Then, to their utter dismay, she began to go out with Livingston, to late dinners, to dances, coming in defiantly in the early mornings, laughing at Peter's distress, scorning Philip's protests.

"When I wanted Philip he ignored me, and let our child die," was her answer to all Peter's gentle remonstrance.

There came a night when midnight found Peter pacing the hallway of the home alone. Hilda had gone with Livingston. Philip was shut up in the laboratory. The whole house was silent when, as he passed the laboratory door in his restless pacing, Peter heard a voice—a child's voice—Junior's voice.

For an instant he stood, staring, incredulous. Then the sound came, clear as a bell, a sweet, querulous cry. "But I want my muvver-dear!"

With a bound, Peter was beside the door, pounding on it, wrenching at the handle. "Philip! Philip! Let me come in! I hear him!"

The door opened and Philip faced him, white-lipped. In the center of the room stood a wheeled chair and in it was the child, helpless, his little, thin arms held out toward Peter.

"He wasn't dead!" Philip said, huskily. "I saw it that night, as soon as you left the room with Hilda. The nurse and the doctor know my secret, of course. I wanted to cure him, before his mother knew, for she would hate me more than ever if she knew he lived and was crippled. You know, Peter, how she always shrank from Sigurd with his crooked back. You heard her say she would rather a child of hers was dead. So I wanted to restore him—but the serum was not injected soon enough. He *looks* all right, his back and his little limbs are

straight, but they are helpless. Somehow, he just cannot use them. He sits there and cannot move, and I dare not let her know!"

"Let her know!" thundered Peter, "of course she must know! Do you think her mother love will not meet the test? What if she hates you, or does not! She must have her child, and he has a right to his mother! I tell you she will meet the test, and who knows what will happen?"

Peter's whole face was illumined as he spoke the last words softly, almost under his breath. "I shall bring her, *now*," he said, "as soon as I can find her. Have him here, just as he is!"

It was long, long afterward that Philip knew that Peter found Hilda that night in the sitting room of Livingstone's apartment, pacing the floor, trembling, doubting, while he begged her to remain and her poor tortured mind almost yielded. Now, Philip only knew that Peter seemed gone for centuries, that the child slept in his little wheeled chair, that the tall clock in the corner ticked on and on, that all his life and love and faith seemed hung by the balance of a slender thread which Hilda's coming would shatter.

"Nothing can cure him, nothing!" he kept repeating. He saw again the shining host of children, lithe and straight and gay, marching bravely down a long, sunlit stretch. And far behind, in the shadows, his own little lad, wheeling himself, painfully, in his little chair.

"Always, he must suffer, and I must endure her hatred!" He groaned, and heard steps in the hall, voices, a hand on the door knob!

He tried to brace himself for the shock, for the look of scorn and hate in Hilda's face, as she would come in. Then the door swung open, and she stood there for a moment, her eyes ignoring him, fixed on the little, wan face against the pillow. And on her face was a look of rapture, and faith, and joy unutterable.

"My baby!" she crooned, coming forward a few steps, "my little son! Wake up, precious, your mother has found you!"

She stopped, and on her face the still, shining look grew and deepened, while the child moved, opened wide his eyes, and threw out his arms with a happy cry:

"Muvver-dear! Come to me!"  
But she stood quite still, as if holding herself by sheer force of will, gazing at the child with an intensity that grew and deepened until the room throbbled with it.

"No, little son," she said, and in her voice was a new, vibrant quality like the notes of a clear-toned bell across wide open spaces, "you come to Muvver-dear!"

And the child's white face grew rosy with the effort that lifted his head until he sat straight. Then, as they watched, breathless, he put out one little foot, then the other, tested their strength, stood erect, and with outstretched arms ran straight to the woman who dropped to her knees to receive him, saying only, "Mother's boy! Mother's boy! Mother's boy!" in soft, sobbing whispers.

Peter waited until she lifted her face and held out her hand to Philip. "Come dear," she said. "You see your work was not enough. There had to be love to finish it—love, the greatest thing in the world!"

And suddenly he was on his knees, wife and child in his arms.

Peter slipped away then, a shining light on his face, a great glory in his keen, kind eyes.

"He knows now," he whispered. "He knows that science is not everything! He knows that love is greater than all!"





# The Conquest

AFTER the Cosmos Club nailed deal planks across the entrance to the buffet, and not even a veteran member like himself might enjoy the luxury of a private locker, Macineas Mooch became entangled in the moving picture habit, the cinema craze, the Great Indoor Sport—as you will. Alas!

At the Little Casino, but a block from the uncomfortable but expensive bachelor hall where Mr. Mooch resided in peace and plenty, there appeared every Tuesday evening "The Red Hot Splurge," a thirty-episode serial in which beautiful Carrie Careless was the lady hero.

Again alas!  
After four successive sittings of a Tuesday, Mr. Mooch decided that no longer would he exist as a mere mollusk, a being without aim or ambition. He decided to wed and he decided to make, for his happy bride, none other than whom do you guess?

Ah, you have a bit of perspicuity about you, me child; or is it perspicacity?

So to the Jazzbo Studios wended Mr. Mooch, armed with his income tax receipts to prove that he was, to say but the least of it, a man well worthy of wedding Carrie Careless.

Miss Careless belied her monacker from the very first. The word came out: "Not t' home!"

But have a care, Carrie Careless, for none hath scorned the mighty Macineas Mooch and absorbed any lasting nourishment thereby.

By the liberal and lavish use of money, with which base substance Macineas Mooch was upholstered, he learned many things concerning Carrie Careless which no bachelor has a right to be hep to—especially when the heppee is a beautiful screen idol with yeller hair and all that stuff.

He lay in wait for her at the Gilded Grill where Carrie (who felt she was a big girl now and didn't need no escort to drag around when she tied on the nose-bag), where Carrie, as we were saying, was wont to take sustenance.

Every night this slick party, Macineas Mooch, was there at the Gilded Grill when Carrie Careless tripped in and dined.

Night after night it went on, till the waiter who waited on Macineas Mooch bought tenement house after tenement house, so rich was the jack that Macineas slipped him to take notes to thrust in Carrie's soup.

But not a sign did she give until one night—success!

Macineas was toying with his terrapin and salad when all of a sudden he aroused from his black despond. He glanced up furtively and Carrie Careless was smiling at him!!!!

Macineas Mooch could scarce believe his eyes.

He glanced again in the direction of the goldined divinity and—yes—there was no mistake, her eyes were brimming with sweet maidenly happiness; she showed her pretty teeth between her cherry lips and bent his way.

Macineas Mooch walked home upon air. He let himself into his magnificent apartment.

"I have won her," he mused, with a soft, subtle smile. "She has smiled upon me, at last."

He entered his chaste boudoir and walked to the mirror to study his own happy face.

Why had she capitulated, after all, he wondered?

Was it because he was rich, handsome, *distingué*, polished, a true lover?

With these joyous speculations he gazed upon his reflected image in the cheval glass . . . and then . . . he knew!

Upon his beautiful shirt-bosom there was spread a great ugly smear of *sauce tartare*!



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 172 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

**The Testing Block**

(Continued from page 65)

"I'll kill the man that did this!" he exclaimed, and as he spoke he saw Ringe running toward him, carrying a heavy whip.

"That horse's a devil, but I'll show him who's master," Ringe yelled.

Sierra drew his gun.

"Get out, or I'll fill you so full o' lead you'll sink to the bottom of hell," he ordered.

Ringe did not wait. It was just as he had planned. In half an hour he was back with the sheriff.

"Placer's been a law-abidin' camp for quite some time," the sheriff said. "I'm arrestin' you f'r stealin' a horse you sold, an' threatenin' a peaceable citizen's life. Better come quiet, 'cause you can't kill off my whole posse, an' murder 'll only make it worse f'r you."

To Sierra's explanation, the sheriff's reply was that he would have to tell his story in court and only when Rosita ran up, pledging to care for the sick boy, until the doctor came, did Sierra's lips tremble. They took him to jail, crushed by the succession of disasters. He began to suspect, at last, that Ringe was at the bottom of all of them. He knew that Ringe would not dare inform the authorities of his past record, as he would have to implicate himself in doing so. But he knew Ringe hated him, not only for their final fight but because he had always been jealous of Sierra's leadership. While he was pondering these things, Ringe himself came to the jail, two days after the arrest, and hurled his taunt through the protecting bars.

"I've got you where I want you now," he said, "an' I'm here to tell you that I'm leavin' fer Sacramento on your horse to meet up with your wife. She's waitin' fer me there, but she don't know just what for—yet. I'm goin' to steal her, same's you did. An' I'm travelin' so fast that when I get there, this pet horse of your'n is goin' to drop dead."

With this, he left. Sierra raged in his cell like a madman. He screamed for help and shook the bars, but no one came. He looked about for some means of breaking out of the place, but the walls were strong, the window heavily barred. Still, there was the roof. The slant was low, and the cross beams high. Swinging himself up he knelt upon a beam, his back against the roof itself, and exerted all the strength that had enabled him to beat six men in open fight. The sweat streamed over his eyes, but he felt the roof begin to give, and with another mighty effort it broke above him. In an instant he had swung himself out and to the ground, leaped upon the first horse he saw, and was off.

Sierra knew there was no hope of overtaking the swift Pinto with this animal, but

there was a steep, short cut, and he might intercept Ringe by taking this route. Urging, coaxing, threatening, he fairly hurled the horse up the trail. Descending the other side of the rise he saw he would be just too late—and he was unarmed. Ringe, lashing Pinto ferociously, was sweeping past when Sierra shouted.

"Hold it! Hold it, Pinto! I'm comin'."

The horse heard the voice he loved, the voice that meant rescue from this cruel, torturing brute on his back, and stopped dead, nor could Ringe with all his blows make him start again. And Ringe knew that when the man now leaping down the mountain toward him, faced him, it meant death for one or the other. And Ringe was not willing to meet the issue. Leaping from the saddle he started to run. Before Sierra could reach the spot, Pinto decided to take the law into his own hands, and when Sierra came upon them, the horse had fully avenged the wrongs of both, for all that remained of Ringe was an unrecognizable, huddled heap.

Slowly Sierra rode back into Placer. He was still in trouble, but so much was gained—the doctor would be arriving from Sacramento almost any time, and Nellie was safe from Ringe. As for the rest, he had no way of guessing what might be the fate in store for him. If the boy were only safe, he cared little. So he went to the cabin—the rest he would explain later.

As he approached he thought he heard a familiar sound—but it could only be a dream. Yet it surely was—Nellie's violin and her favorite tune. He went to the door and opened it cautiously. She was sitting there, in her favorite corner, as if nothing had happened, and her lips said "Sh-h-h," as her eyes turned to the little cot. Buster lay there, sleeping, and beside him stood the doctor.

Sierra looked from Nellie to the doctor, and Nellie's lips said softly to the physician, in a tone barely audible above the music:

"Please tell him."

The doctor led Sierra outside.

"The woman, Rosita, sent word to her by your messenger," he said. "It was all part of a plot of Ringe's. We arrived just in time to save the boy, and I saw he could not recover unless he could get sleep. So your wife began playing, and it did the work. She must not stop, for a while, until he is sound asleep. But she wants you to understand."

Sierra slipped back into the cabin, and with his lips brushed away the tears that were gathering in Nellie's eyes. . . . In a few short weeks Buster's recovery provided the hard-earned peace for which they had hungered.



**NARRATED**, by permission, from the Paramount production starring William S. Hart. Story by William S. Hart, picturized by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Lambert Hillyer, with this cast:  
 Sierra Bill.....William S. Hart  
 Nellie Grey.....Eva Novak  
 Ringe.....Gordon Russell  
 Rosita.....Florence Carpenter  
 Buster.....Richard Headrick



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 85)

Rachel Crothers' comedy drama, "39 East," and the other William S. Hart's "The Cradle of Courage."

"39 East," with Constance Binney as the heroine, makes no claim to bigness. It is just a simple, human, well-told, well-acted, cleverly directed story of the experiences that befell a minister's daughter when she went to New York hoping to earn money enough to help her brothers through school and was forced to take a position in a musical comedy chorus in place of the church choir to which she aspired. Here there was no straining for moviesque suspense and the comedy, thanks to John Robertson's fine sense of selection and good taste, was admirably developed. Scandal threatened the heroine when the landlady and the boarders at "39 East" caught her coming home late at night and she had no reasonable explanation to offer. Suspicion grew when she was caught clandestinely meeting a handsome fellow boarder in Central Park, with a bottle of ginger ale on the table. And there was the element of real danger when she met one of those allegedly wicked theatrical managers who offered her money and a good part if she would be reasonable. But he turned out to be a different sort of manager for once, and the heroine and her boarding-house prince were happily united for ever and ever when the tale was told. Miss Binney is forging ahead as one of the wholesome ingenues of the screen backed by a real talent as an actress and a most likable personality. Reginald Denney assists her capably as the hero, and many of the original cast of the play are seen in their old parts, notably Alison Skipworth, who plays the landlady.

## THE WHITE CIRCLE— Tourneur-Paramount-Artcraft

HERE are foggy nights on the moors, made shiveringly realistic by adventurous souls who invade them with swinging lanterns in their hands, and the flash of a haunted fear in their eyes. Here are Italian banditti bobbing up back of innocent looking bushes and threatening to get the huddling Huddleston who has stolen their funds and is being secreted in "The Pavilion on the Links" by the crafty Northmour. Here, in "The White Circle," which is Maurice Tourneur's new title for the Stevenson story, is a nicely toned and sanely screened series of typical moviesque adventures through which enough Stevenson-esque atmosphere filters to give them a certain quality and sufficient suspense to hold an audience through to the last scene. No Stevenson fan will admit, of course, that Jack Gilbert and Jules Furthman, who prepared the scenario, have done well by R L S, but they must agree that the attempt to be at least fair is apparent. The story is sketchy and wears thin quite frequently. Neither is freckled Wesley Barry anything like a typical Stevenson boy, though his employment as a relieving comedy interest may be otherwise excused, for he again plays very well. There is considerable good acting by Spottiswoode Aiken, as the fear-crazed Huddleston, and good straight performances by Jack Gilbert as the hero, Harry Northrup as the philosophic villain, Northmour, and Janice Wilson as the heroine.

## By Photoplay Editors

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—Fox

WE are going to forget the first episode of this three-act drama of Manhattan. It should not have been done at all. The second act is satire, satire as clever and as



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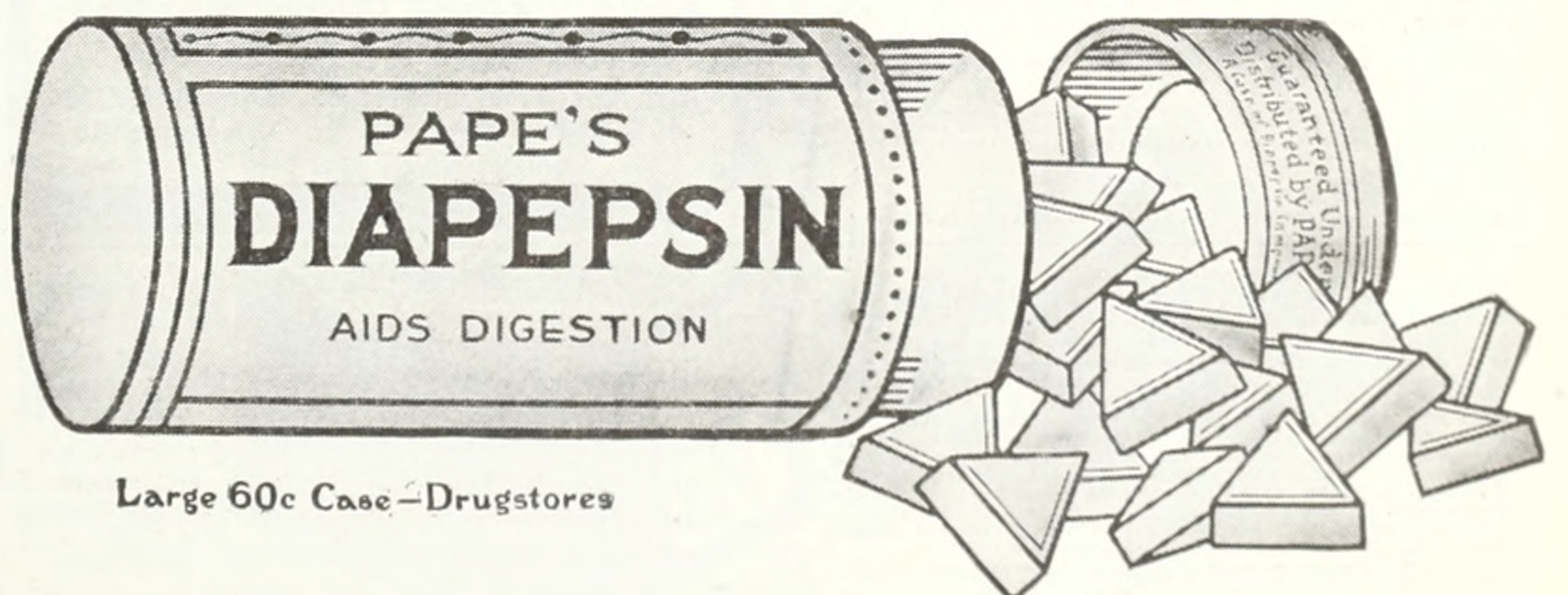
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

been as any ever screened. It has fun with you, with me, and even with the solemn man who plays the trombone in the orchestra. In it, we meet Estelle Taylor as a sprightly vamp. If sirens were not out of style (on the screen) we'd term La Taylor the empress of them all. We won't spoil the surprise of this satire by pinning it to paper. A thrill is handed all inlanders in those scenes showing for the first time on any screen a close-up of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, with a gorgeous glimpse of the state-ly Dolores. This is Broadway—the very breath of it.

The third of the three acts is by far the best. It is the most gruesome tragedy the screen has known. It is not entirely original in conception, with all due respect to the programmed authors of it. Once French, this plot of the paralytic old father who watches his only son murdered by an unfaithful wife and her lover is peppy pabulum for the picture-goers accustomed only to sugar-coated sex drama. Marc McDermott, after a long absence, returns to films as the father, giving the best performance of his career and pretty nearly the best characterization of its kind in celluloid. Harry Sothern, nephew of E. H., is reminiscent of Raymond Hatton as the son. Earle Metcalfe comes back with a bang as the young gangster-lover—a capital performance, this. Estelle Taylor, the same sensuous young woman of act two, has her first big rôle here. This beautiful newcomer has a vast dramatic reserve; she fairly hurls herself upon a part and tears it to pieces. With very careful direction she should go far. You will gasp, you will shudder all the way through this three-ring circus. For once the advertisements have not exaggerated. The suspense is well sustained—so well that you could hear the proverbial pin drop if it ever did, not to mention smothered shrieks from the women and soft-pedaled profanity from the men. William Fox will make money with this one, as he has with so many others. But this time he earns it. He has not attempted here to sugar-coat his sex-theme or veil his violence or mask his melodrama. It is as frank and unashamed as the above alliteration. And we would advise you not to miss "While New York Sleeps," providing you're equipped with shock-absorbers and check your nervous system with your hat. It's a real thriller.

### THE BRANDED WOMAN— First National

THIS is pretty poor stuff for even the most enthusiastic Norma Talmadge fan. They have been giving one of our best emotional actresses the cheapest of material for a long time now. It is not because it isn't well mounted—it is. And not because Miss Talmadge isn't very beautiful and superbly dramatic and intensely emotional—she is. And we can't blame her supporting cast, either—for it includes such fine players as Percy Marmont. It is, as usual, the story that is at fault—and perhaps it is because her managers insist upon presenting her only as a more-sinned-against-than-sin-ning heroine that Norma is continually cast in this sort of rôle. You will be disappointed in this weak, doctored drama, but—go to see the gowns.

### HONEST HUTCH—Goldwyn

IS Will Rogers your favorite actor? Well, he's one of ours, and he is better than ever—more human, more humorous, and more varied in "Honest Hutch" than he has had a chance to be since "Jes' Call Me Jim." He's a lovable shiftless soul, is Hutch; and



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

only when he finds a goodly sum of money does he reform and earn enough to be able to spend the miraculously discovered gold. It doesn't end at all as you thought it would—at last we have a hero who is not at all noble, but mostly all human. Rogers' homely charm was never more in evidence—and it is reinforced here more than at any previous time with a real power of characterization—whimsical, genuine, thoroughly original.

### A SPLENDID HAZARD— Mayflower

**Y**OU are always insured of entertainment in an Allan Dwan picture. Dwan is perhaps our sanest director—yet he is fearless, too, and continually presents something new, never travelling the beaten track in stories or action. This Harold McGrath novel makes a fine picture for the few. Henry B. Walthall returns to the screen in the part of Karl Breitman, descendant of Napoleon—a madman who plots empire and follows a quest for buried treasure. An enthralling, strangely fascinating yarn, with exquisite lighting effects and generally fine acting by Walthall, Rosemary Theby, Ann Forrest, and Hardee Kirkland. You may like it; then again it may not be your kind of a photoplay. But in any case it will interest you. Dwan always does.

### THE BROADWAY BUBBLE— Vitagraph

**H**ERE'S Corinne Griffith again—this time in a dual role. Both of her are very beautiful, naive, and histrionically competent. Her story? A good one, with opportunities to show Broadway in its various moods, a bit of theatrical life, and a slice of domestic drama that is absorbing and real. Corinne and her sunken bath provide the month's best optical moment. There is no actress more charming, more convincing and more modest than Miss Griffith—a sort of young Elsie Ferguson, only more so. There's some double-exposure to make the how-do-they-do-it fans sit up and take notice; good acting by Joe King, and a gown display that looks like Fifth Avenue and undoubtedly is. George Sargent's direction is sensible and at times spirited. He uses the Great White Way itself for his chief "location." Most women will want to see it; and they may safely bring their husbands with them.

### THE SUITOR—Vitagraph

**F**OR boys and girls of all ages. When we saw it, a family of three—staid middle-aged father, decorous younger mother, and a son of eleven—had mutual hysterics from mirth, although I suspect the small boy's enthusiasm penetrated to his parents. Larry Semon isn't standing still, that's certain. He has improved his methods of funmaking immeasurably in the past months, and this two-reeler is packed with bright bits of business, clever clowning, and all-round good sense in sets and story. For there is a story—all about a band of plotting dynamiters who are hounding the rich father of the lovely heroine, deftly played by Lucille Carlisle. A few more like this and Semon will be in the front rank of silent comedians.

### MID-CHANNEL—Equity Pictures

**C**LARA KIMBALL YOUNG plays the rôle of *Zoe Blundell* in the screen version of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "Mid-Channel." With all due respect to Miss Young's beauty and talent, she hasn't the

half-disdainful, half-wistful charm necessary to give life to Pinero's aristocratic English lady. The rôle was played on the stage by Ethel Barrymore. The film translation of the tragic drama of marital life is, at best, mechanical. And the adapter has given it a sappy happy ending. Lo and behold! it is all a dream and no such nasty things as bitter quarrels and suicide really occurred. Like Booth Tarkington's Willie Baxter, we mutter, "Ye Gods!"

### THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT—Benjamin Hampton-Hodkinson

**A** STORY of a New England mill town, "The Dwelling Place of Light" is Winston Churchill's contribution to the capital and labor discussion. And from it we learn that wealthy employers should not pursue poor working girls and that injustice engenders strikes. As a story of social conditions, Mr. Churchill's novel is a little out of date but it makes fairly interesting film drama. It is well acted by Claire Adams, King Baggot and Robert McKim.

### FELIX O'DAY—Pathe

**H.** B. WARNER is seen as Felix O'Day, who is noble and oh, so refined. The picture relates the story of a man who seeks to revenge himself on a false friend who has lured his wife away from her estate in Ireland. The plot is effectively told and Mr. Warner makes a sympathetic figure of Felix, so basely deserted and yet so worthy of love. Marguerite Snow is seen again as the faithless wife who drops so far in the social scale that she reaches the gutter. The picture will please the ladies.

### ONCE A PLUMBER—Universal

**E**DDIE LYONS and Lee Moran take a mean advantage of the poor plumber's unpopularity by casting themselves as plumbers in this picture. Plumbers are seldom less than half-witted. The comedy is both silly and cheap.

### A FULL HOUSE—Paramount-Artcraft

**T**HIS is rather a zippy little crook comedy with an ingenious plot. As our clerical friends say, it affords plenty of innocent amusement. Fred Jackson wrote the play which serves as inspiration for the film and Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson head the cast. A merry time is had by all.

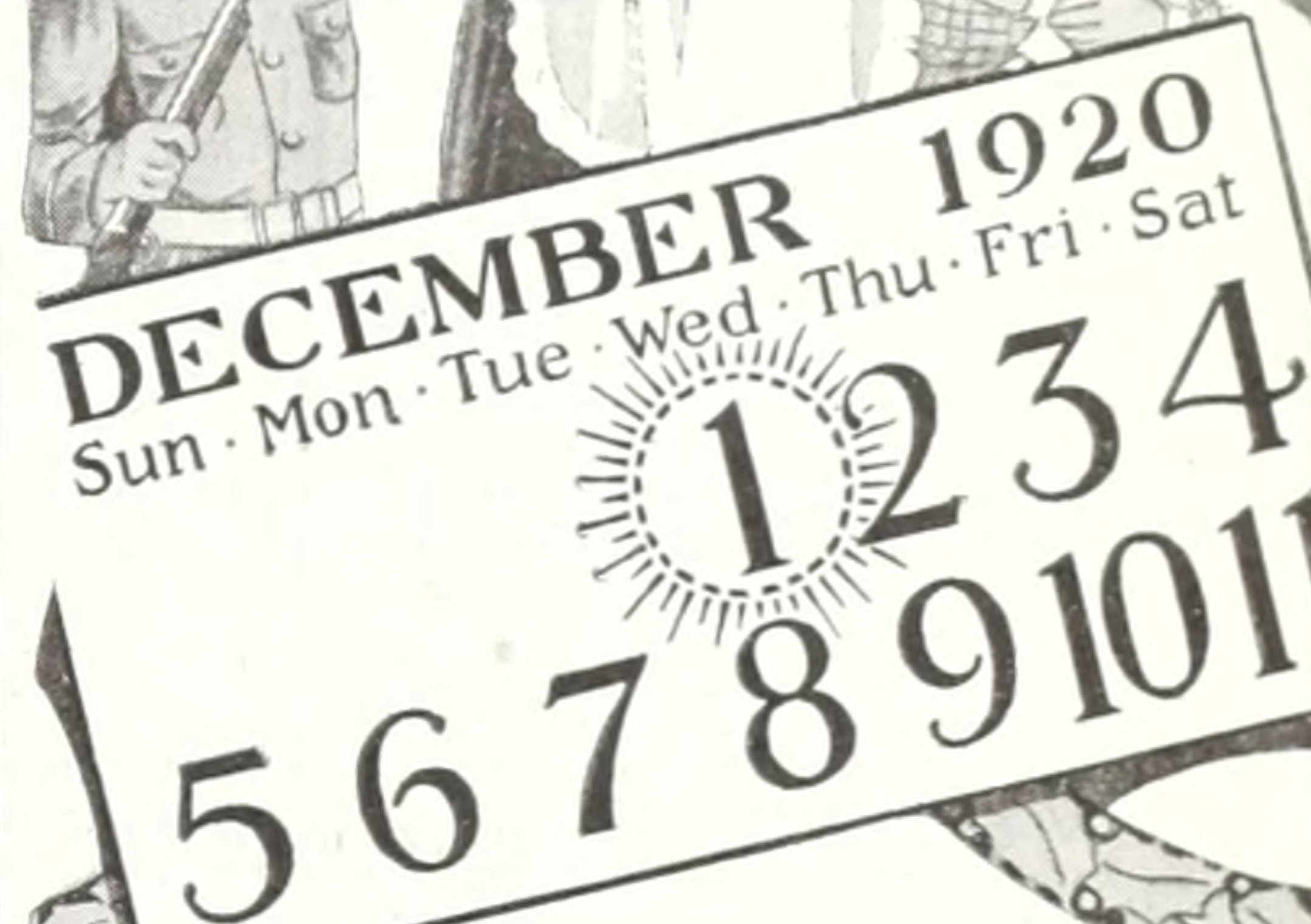
### OUT OF THE DUST— McCarthy Productions

**T**HE oldest living movie fan will recall the Ince pictures of the early days when Thomas H. used to make the red-skins ride around a circle of prairie wagons until they would fall dizzy from their horses. "Out of the Dust" is just such an old-fashioned western—a story of frontier days when shooting Indians was a duty and a pleasure.

The picture tells of the wife of an army officer who grows tired of the prairies and elopes with a devil-may-care villain. It is sympathetically acted by Russell Simpson, Dorcas Matthews and Robert McKim. The western scenes, inspired by Frederic Remington's paintings, are produced with dash.

### HITCHIN' POSTS—Universal

**T**HERE is something about these stories of brave Southern gentlemen and beautiful Southern women that makes us want to use two picturesque words introduced to literature by Mark Twain. We would ex-



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

claim, "Hogwash" and also "Flapdoodle." Respectable Southern people who do not use negro dialect and who do not strut about talking about honor and chivalry, must get awfully tired of the screen's representation of their ideals. A story of the South of the post-war period, "Hitchin' Posts" is pretty thick molasses.

### THE KENTUCKY COLONEL— National Film Corp.—Hodkinson

**S**PEAKING of Southern stories, here is another one. Adapted from a story by Opie Read, it has more dash and pep than "Hitchin' Posts" but still it fails to allow the Southerners their full quota of horse sense. The picturesque character of the Colonel is entrusted to Joseph J. Dowling (remember him as the "Miracle Man"?), but the poor old Colonel gets rather lost in a melange of feuds and movie stuff.

### OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE—Fox

**T**HE theme of this picture is mother-love. That alone insures its success, even on blase Broadway, where it ran for a month. The story, based on the poem of the same name by Will Carleton, tells a plain tale of a faithful mother of a large brood of children who finds herself solitary and poverty-stricken in her old age. Eventually she is rescued from the poor house by the youngest son—the "black sheep" of the family. There is a bold and often too obvious appeal to the emotions throughout the picture, but the relief afforded by the prologue—delightful scenes of childhood, presented with a very deft, sweet and gentle humor—more than makes up for the piled-on pathos of the later reels. Harry Millarde directed. Mrs. Mary Carr plays the mother and gives an admirable performance. She is the Emma Dunn of the silversheet. An engaging child is Jerry Devine, who plays the lovable terror who grows up into the black sheep. Mr. Fox has an offering here that will play return engagements on many Broadways.

### GOOD REFERENCES—First National

**C**ONSTANCE TALMADGE, as gay and as pretty as ever, trips through this story, which is as slim as Connie herself, but not nearly so well-dressed. She's looking for a situation again and of course she gets it, not only working her way into a jobful Eden but marrying one of the wealthiest beaux in town. It's worth seeing if only for Constance's bathing suit—so fetching that we can picture every little flapper from Keokuk to Squedunk spending her winter evenings fashioning one of her own for swimming parties next summer. Vincent Coleman is the leading man, but Ned Sparks walks away with acting honors as the prize-fighter who cuts a mean caper in high society.

### THE JAILBIRD— Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

**A**N original farce has been provided by Julien Josephson for Douglas MacLean's first Thomas Ince-Paramount starring vehicle. "The Jailbird" has all the earmarks of a typical "Rube" comedy, but there are so many little ingenious twists of plot that it automatically lifts itself out of the ordinary run. You will realize it when you learn that the latter half of the fifth reel fails to present the heroine clasped in the arms of the city feller. The city feller happens to be an escaped convict who succeeds in jazzing up a country town in general and the heart

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## A Merry Xmas

Twelve Times—See Page 10

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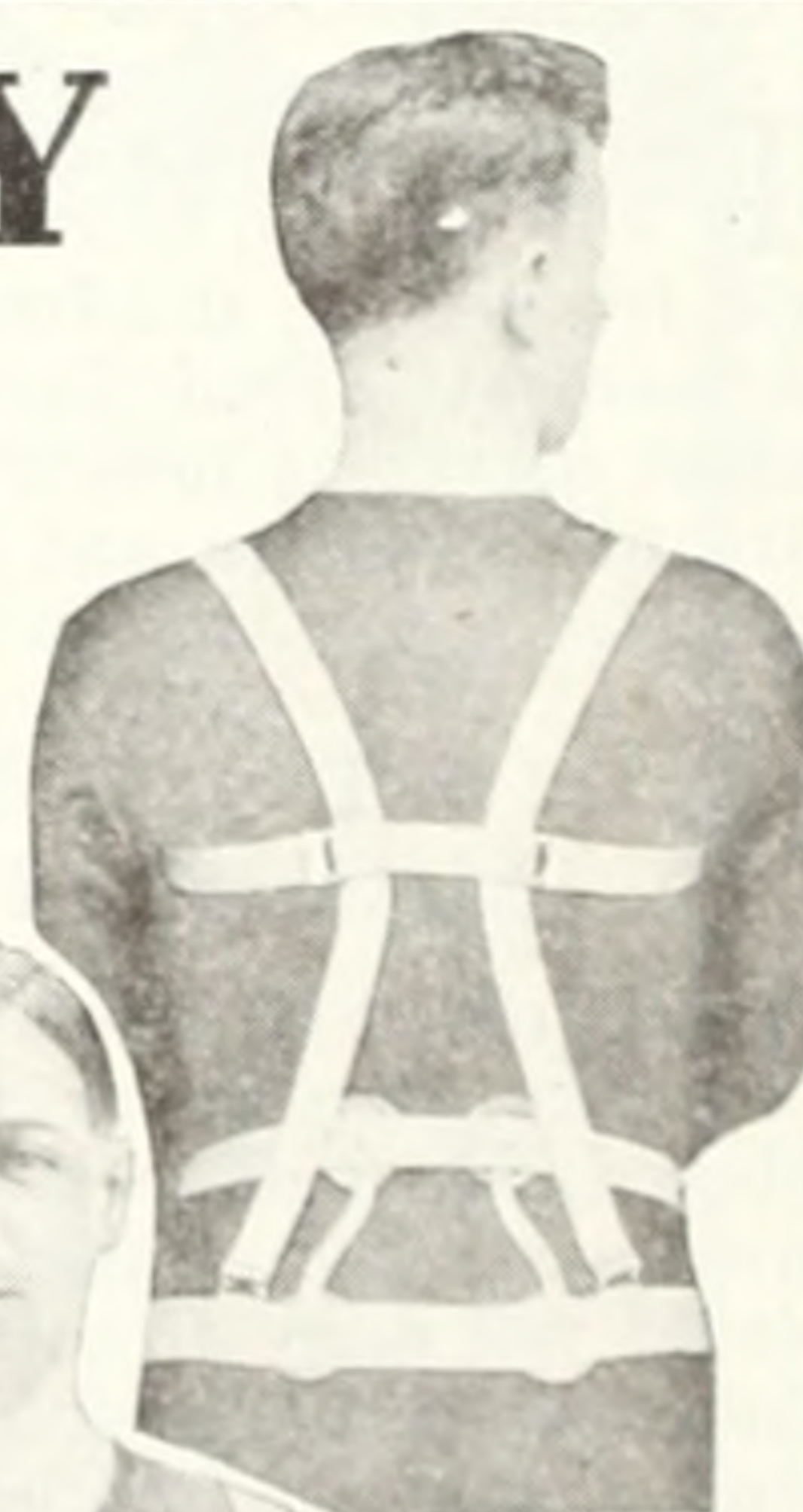
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# The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

of the prettiest girl in it in particular, and then marches his boots back to prison to atone for his misdeeds. The tale is amusingly told by Lloyd Ingraham. Doris May gives smiling support, and the cast is replete with hayseed types.

## SUNDOWN SLIM—Universal

"SUNDOWN SLIM" ambles his way unsatisfactorily through five reels of film to an unsatisfactory finish. Sundown Slim, through no fault of Harry Carey, the star in the production, but simply because the character is poorly and inadequately drawn, fails to arouse any interest or sympathy, and it is as difficult to follow his peregrinations as it is to put together a jigsaw puzzle in which sundry pieces are missing. We recommend "Sundown Slim" as an excellent test for the imagination. Carey needs another "Overland Red."

## HEADIN' HOME—Kessel and Baumann

PERHAPS you are one of those who saved up enough pennies to see Babe Ruth display his prowess on the baseball field only to be interrupted by the fair damsel on your right requesting peanuts and lemonade just as Babe scores a homer. Perhaps you have been carrying a heavy grudge on your shoulder ever since. Be that the case you can remedy the evil, for Babe Ruth not only enacts his life story in "Headin' Home" but he throws a wicked bat and slides a tricky home plate. Ruth's rise to fame is told by an old man from his home-town seated in the grandstand. There is a real plot and a counterplot and enough views of Ruth to please the most inveterate "fan." Madison Square Garden, being the largest hall in town, was engaged to present the feature in New York.

## UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE—Harry Levey

"UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE" is a screen adaptation of Margaret Prescott Montague's story written frankly to

sound a message on behalf of the League of Nations. Therefore, in a sense a propaganda picture, the production is by no means equal to the dignity of its task. The story concerns an old patriot of West Virginia who, giving his son up to the great war to end war, feels that the boy's death has been sacrificed in the cause of world peace; but when the old man finds that America is turning her back on the League of Nations, he makes "a blood atonement" and wrapping himself in the flag, dies by his own hand. Such is the story which has been given production under the directorship of George Beranger. The principal parts are played by William D. Corbett, George MacQuarrie, Paul Kelly and Helen Flint.

## THE BAIT—Metro

HOPE HAMPTON redeems herself in this picture, which might well be called "The Proof of Good Direction." Miss Hampton is laboring under the handicap of being starred by violent means rather than permitting her to develop by experience. "Salome," her first venture, was pretty bad, mainly because of the inexcusably poor direction of Leonce Perret, who forced the star to act all over the screen, and made of it a "movie" of the early Kalem period. Mr. Tourneur reversed this process, adding real intelligence to the direction, and the result is a very good entertainment and a fine performance by Miss Hampton. If you have seen "Salome" you should see her new vehicle. Aside from a good picture, it is a most interesting contrast in direction.

"The Bait" is good, straight melodrama, the story concerning a shopgirl who is framed and sentenced to prison, only to be rescued by a band of crooks who surround her with luxury and give her all the advantages of travel and education that she may trap a rich man's son into marriage and subsequent profit for the gang.

Any weakness the story may have is compensated for by the director's usual excellence of setting, lighting and photography.

# The Male Background

(Concluded from page 33)

in what a heroine feels than what a man does or thinks. I feel you allow men in your cinemas at all only because you want to make the ladies happy, God bless them, —for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned.

"I hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the Paramount office is going to export me soon. Not that I wish to leave America at all but that I rather want to get back to England for a while. Of course it will be like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitz Maurice, he has been directing me so long, but a chap likes a change. . . . And home is home. Besides, I'm tremendously interested in showing the English cinema audiences all that I've learned here in America.

He happened in pictures for money's sake, because as an actor he was so tired of being without a job during the summer months. He was first an extra at five dollars a day and the following winter, at ten, when he was playing at the same time, the artist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Later he decided to go into pictures altogether. "And then I couldn't get into them for a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the queerest thing," he smiled shamefacedly, "I just couldn't get a job. I tried everywhere. I was too ignorant of the way to do it, or too British, or something. Ridiculous?" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah,

well. I finally did land, anyhow. And have been leading a terrifically polygamous life ever since. Husband to first one, then another."

Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh. Or practically. He would have been entirely but for the fact that both he and his mother happened to be in Glasgow at the time. "But outside of that," (outside of Glasgow, we took it), "I am entirely Welsh, certainly so by inheritance and—er, selection. You know, my digging up my past experiences and so on reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw said to me on the boat just before I sailed over here for the first time. I was playing in his 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion,' as I remarked before. He stood talking to me on the deck and finally said, 'Do you know anyone in the States, Powell?' I said no. 'Do you want to?' I laughed and replied, 'Naturally.' He looked thoughtful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and though unexpected, the most delightful fellow in the world. 'Here's a plan,' he said. 'Try it out. Just as the boat lands in New York, print on a large placard, 'I know George Bernard Shaw,' and tie it on your hat and walk down Broadway. I give you my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll meet everybody!' Mr. Powell laughed. "And at that, he is probably right. G. B. Shaw is always right."



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## University Training at Home

WITHIN the last decade the photoplay has become an accepted factor in the everyday life of the general public. Some of those who are interested in it are interested purely from the point of view of the spectator, but there are a great many who are interested from the point of view of the writer. There are many writers who have never been able to get their work across to the public who have splendid ideas for photoplays but lack a knowledge of the technique of photoplay form, which is necessary to make their ideas salable. In the early days a knowledge of the technique of the scenario was not essential. A writer sold his ideas for fifteen or twenty dollars to a producing company and was satisfied. Nowadays a good original story means a matter of several thousand dollars. The companies in return for this increased emolument demand an increased perfection of material. Therefore if a writer is to sell the product of his brains he must overlook no opportunity to acquire the best possible equipment in the medium in which he desires to write. Such writers will be interested to know that the Home Study Department of Columbia University is offering the courses in photoplay composition given for the last five years on the campus to those who are unable through the exigencies of circumstances to attend the lectures at the University.

The photoplay is a field of literary endeavor which has had up to the present time no help from educators. Those photoplaywrights who have succeeded have done so through their own natural ability and have as it were stumbled upon the technique of this new channel of expression. It is now no longer necessary that each writer should have to carve his own pattern in cinematic endeavor. The technique of the scenario, flexible and progressive though it is, is nevertheless definite enough in its present usages to be set down in more or less permanent form. The writer of photoplays must have natural ability, prolific ideas, versatility, and ingenuity. But in addition to all these he must have complete mastery of his craft.

Frances Taylor Patterson is the Instructor in Photoplay Composition. The content of the Course corresponds exactly to that given at the University. It has this advantage over work done in residence; it may be fitted to the students' own convenience and circumstances. Instead of having to complete the assignments within the fifteen weeks of the academic semester, he may extend it over the full calendar year, making his own schedule of study and recitations. The printed syllabus which is provided for each course contains an outline of the work and instructions for following it which form the equivalent to class-room lectures. Furthermore, the syllabus will be supplemented by direct correspondence between the student and the instructor in which individual needs and difficulties may be presented. The instructor will carefully supervise all assignments and manuscripts, which in the case of creative work like photoplay composition will furnish an accurate gauge of the student's thoroughness in following text-book and syllabus and his ability to profit by the instruction therein.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)

L. A. W., MINNEAPOLIS.—I suppose you have a long arm. No, Pearl White isn't playing in serials any longer; she's making features. Her first is "The White Moll"; others, "The Tiger's Cub" and "The Thief." Address her at Fox Studio in New York. Thomas Meighan with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderbolt." Tom is now a star for Paramount. Katherine's latest is "Curtain." Ruth Roland, Pathe; Doris May, Ince. Pauline Frederick, Robertson-Cole.

LEONA, CHICAGO.—You are the tenth blue-eyed blonde I have answered this month. Fortunately I always did like blondes. I am sorry that I have no record of a Marion Gates who used to be in the Sennett comedies. Perhaps some of our readers will know. Madame Petrova will come back to the screen soon, I believe. Madame is married.

BERNADINE, JEROME, IDAHO.—I am awfully sorry, but neither of the young ladies you mention cares to divulge her birth date. And I am equally sorry that I cannot answer your question addressed to me. It is, "Do you tell the truth?" How can I? Nazimova will appear in "Billions," "Madame Peacock," and "Aphrodite." Norma Talmadge will send you her picture.

EMILY, WASHINGTON.—You girls beg me not to be sarcastic in one letter. If I write you a gentle answer, you complain in your next that I didn't pay any attention to you. Thanks for your charming picture. How can I be sarcastic, Emily? Gloria Swanson is in retirement right now; she is married to Herbert Somborn, and is coming back to pictures as a star. Gloria is very good in "Something to Think About." You will write again, won't you?

MAY, NEW YORK.—Richard Barthelmess is married. I am sorry to have to disappoint all you girls, but I can't help congratulating Dick. Mrs. Barthelmess, who is Mary Hay on the stage and screen, is a charming girl and very clever, too. They're bound to be happy. Constance Talmadge isn't married or engaged. Vivian Martin has her own company now; she is working on her second picture under Sidney Olcott's direction. Miss Martin's husband is William Jefferson.

H. M. F., GREAT BARRINGTON.—Well, well, that's a new one on the old Answer Man! You say whenever one of "you girls" likes a star immensely, you are her "crushie." That is a lovely little word—it fairly crinkles with humor. So your crush is Dorothy Gish. Just drop her a line care Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck and she will get it when she returns from her trip abroad. I wouldn't try to write to her in Europe. No—Dorothy isn't engaged.

V. L. G., MISSOURI.—Coming from there you want to be shown, I suppose. I hereby solemnly swear to the best of my belief Eugene O'Brien has not been married this month. Conway Tearle with Norma Talmadge in "Human Desire." Mahlon Hamilton is married. Come again, you skeptical child—and don't demand an affidavit next time you write.

M. S., FORT WORTH.—Wonder how many theaters there are with "the largest pipe organ in the world?" Geraldine Farrar weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five feet six inches in her heelless slippers, to put it politely. While Alice Brady is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and eight pounds. James Crane is Alice's husband. Farrar is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

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## A Merry Xmas

Twelve Times — See Page 10



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**DOROTHY, LOS ANGELES.**—Marguerite Clark hasn't been in New York much of the past year so she probably never got your letter. She has not yet announced when she is returning to the silversheet. She is very happily married, you know. Conway Tearle is with Selznick. Ralph Graves, Griffith, Mametoneck, N. Y.

**FAITH, NEW YORK.**—Keep it, Faith. I don't know what the faith is, but keep it. I wish I could help you to become a journalist but I fear it is impossible. If I were you I should keep on acting, since you have been on the stage since the age of three months. Write to me again soon and let me know how you're getting along.

**MILDRED, BROOKLYN.**—"Should a Woman Tell" was a good title but the answer is too easy. Of course a woman should tell; she can't help it. No, Eugene O'Brien is positively not married. You never read that he was in my department or in any other department in this magazine. Priscilla Dean is now Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Helene Chadwick is reported to be engaged to William Wellman, but I have not heard they have been married. I cannot even promise that they're engaged, as I have no confirmation of the rumor. Sorry.

**I. H., TEXAS.**—How has the Chaplin divorce case turned out? It hasn't, yet. Bob Gordon is married to Alma Francis. Zane Grey has sold several of his stories to films and these have been produced: "Desert Gold," "Last of the Duanes," "Riders of the Dawn" and "The U. P. Trail." Charles Bryant opposite Nazimova in "Heart of a Child."

**QUESTION BOX.**—The Big Four means Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith. They form the United Artists Corporation through which all their pictures are released. That is, all but Chaplin's—he has to finish his First National contract before he can begin his new agreement. I never intend to be sarcastic but sometimes the provocation is something tremendous. Really you've no idea.

**A CANUCK READER.**—You say Miss Marie Prevost has two good standing reasons for stardom. I am sure I don't know what you mean. Katherine MacDonald has golden hair and blue eyes. She is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 134 pounds. Her latest release is "Curtain" from Rita Weiman's story. Miss MacDonald has been married but secured a divorce from Malcolm Strauss, an artist. Mary MacLaren is Katherine's sister. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joe Kaufman, the director. They were a great combination in Lubin days.

**HELEN M., NEW YORK.**—Arnold Daly calls motion pictures "fun in a photograph gallery." Daly used to play in pictures but hasn't made a celluloid appearance for a long time now. He is playing in New York City at this writing in a new legitimate comedy, "The Tavern." Alice Brady is twenty-five. Jane Novak is divorced from Frank Newburgh. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two.

**A. M., SAN JUAN.**—How personal you people are this month! You want to know what kind of dye I used on my temple fringes. I tell you I haven't any. The Talmadge girls and Dorothy Gish have returned from Europe. Dorothy came back after six weeks abroad; Norma and Constance didn't return until October. Olive Thomas is survived by her mother and two brothers.

**E. B., OKLAHOMA.**—Sunshine Sammy by any other name would be as funny, but Rolin-Pathe doesn't care to call him anything but just that. He's the funny little colored kid who plays with Harry Pollard in Rolin comedies. Helen Gibson is Mrs. Hoot Gibson—yes. Clyde Fillmore was the American officer in Eric von Stroheim's Universal picture, "The Devil's Passkey." Sam deGrasse was the husband; Una Trevalyn the wife; Maude George the modiste; Mae Busch the dancer. Come again—always glad to hear from you.

**K. B., NEW ZEALAND.**—There are no Maori girls in the movies that I know of. Yes, Mary is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Haven't heard of Nina Byron for a long time. Thanks for your kind praise.

**SWEET PEACH, LAFAYETTE.**—I was riding in the subway the other day and my strap was next to those of two young things whose voices came to me as clearly as their jockey-club. One said, "I don't like him a-tall." The other answered, "He's a dumb-bell; my dear, don't scream!" Can anyone tell me just what they meant? Marjorie Daw, Marshall Neilan productions, 1723 Allessandro Street, Los Angeles. Mary Miles Minter and Alice Brady are with Realart; Billie Burke and Elsie Ferguson with Paramount. Theda Bara, care A. H. Woods, Eltinge Theater, N. Y.

**MISS TUCKER.**—You want to know if Harland Tucker is any relation to the Tuckers in Penyan City, New York, who used to live in an old cobblestone house in which your grandfather also once lived. All I can do is give you Mr. Tucker's address; write to him and see what happens. It is, Universal City, California. Luck be with you!

**E. L. FERGUSON, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.**—How do I know whether or not you're related to Casson Ferguson? That's his real name and you may write him care the Goldwyn Company, Culver City, Cal. Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke in private life. Miss Ferguson is now touring the world.

**ELINORE.**—So you are attending the same high-school in Denver that Douglas Fairbanks did? Do they turn out athletes like Doug? With diplomas certifying that so-and-so can turn a perfect hand-spring, and degrees for pole-vaulting, I suppose. Wally's "whole" name is William Wallace Reid. Bebe Daniels in "Sickabed." Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. She is now supporting George Arliss in the screen version of "The Devil." Miss Cotton lives at the Hotel Nevada, 70th Street and Broadway, N. Y. C.

**BABE, WESTFIELD.**—I should call all this much-advertised star-stealing, petty larceny. Ashton Dearholt in "The Girl in the Dark." Address Ashton at 6735 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. The best of luck to you, Babe—you write a fine letter.

**Y. M., LOUISVILLE.**—Some men buy talking machines; other men get married. Virginia Pearson is thirty-two; she's Mrs. Sheldon Lewis in private life. Lottie Pickford and Bill Russell had the leading roles in the old serial, "The Diamond from the Sky." Lottie hasn't made any pictures for a long time. Don't know when she will be back, I'm sure. That's her little girl you have seen. Mary Pickford is her real, legal name, as Mrs. Charlotte Pickford adopted her and incidentally changed the name Smith to Pickford.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

K. M. P., FULTON, N. Y.—Too many people try to make others live and believe as they do. Don't be intolerant. Selznick has its studio in Fort Lee, N. J. Here's the cast of "The Diamond from the Sky": *Esther*, Lottie Pickford; *Arthur Stanley*, Irving Cummings; *Blair Stanley*, William Russell; *Vivian Marston*, Charlotte Burton; *Hagar*, Eugenie Forde; *Luke Lovell*, George Periolat; *Marmaduke Smythe*, Orral Humphreys; *Quabba, the hunchback*, W. J. Tedmarsh.

ELMWOOD STEN., WINNIPEG.—Bobby Harron's death was purely accidental. He was taking a suit out of a trunk when a gun fell from a pocket, discharging and wounding Harron in the chest. For a time hopes were entertained for his recovery, but he passed away in the hospital. His mother came from California to attend the funeral, where D. W. Griffith, Miss Lillian Gish, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Victor Heerman, Richard Barthelmess and many other friends mourned him. He was one of the most charming and modest actors on the screen and to know him was to admire and respect him. Many of his unknown friends feel as you do about him. He is sincerely missed.

ANNETTE, LYNBROOK, L. I.—It is out of my line but I do know that Miss Marilynn Miller of the Follies is in mourning for her husband, Frank Carter, the actor who was killed in an automobile accident. Miss Miller recently returned from abroad. She will be seen in a new play this season. She's never been in pictures.

HORACE D., SPARTANBURG, S. C.—The revenge of Lycurgus the Spartan was, if I remember correctly, his gentle dealing with a young man who put out his—Lycurgus'—eye. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance and instead instructed the guilty one and made a good citizen of him. Then he said to the Spartans, "I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country." Thus endeth the first lesson, Horace. Beverly Bayne is making some new pictures now. William Farnum, Fox.

V. T., SYRACUSE.—You say I should have an announcement at the head of my column, "Answers while you wait." I presume you are one of those who has been waiting—and waiting. I'm sorry, but I am kept very busy. Edith Johnson is really a brunette but she sometimes wears a blonde wig. Theda Bara was born Theodosia Goodman. She appeared on the stage once under the name of Theo de Coppet. Geraldine Farrar is her real name—no, she's Mrs. Lou Tellegen. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch.

JOSEPHINE, INDIANAPOLIS.—Some of the Sox seem to be White in name only. Babe Ruth stars in the baseball picture, "Headin' Home." Marguerite Courtot is twenty-three; she's still Mlle. Courtot. June Caprice is not married, either; and Mary Pickford doesn't wear a wig. Very nice of you to say those things.

IMA LYTELLITE, ORANGE, CAL.—You don't say! You pronounce it Lie-tell, with accent on the tell. You may say "Baby" Daniels if you want to—she doesn't object; but the real pronunciation is Bee-bee. H. R. Macy was *DeForrest Young* and Harold Lockwood *Frederick Graves* in "Tess of the Storm Country." That was one of Little Mary's best pictures.

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For further particulars see page 67 this issue.

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## Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

LORETTO, OHIO.—You say you should think all those producers would get Chaplin's goat. All they want is "The Kid." That five-reeler which Charlie says is his best picture has not yet been placed or released. Frank Mills opposite Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope." Eugene O'Brien played with the same star in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

MILDRED, MARIANNA, FLA.—No, Corinne Griffith isn't married to David Wark Griffith, but you certainly can ask original questions. That's an entirely new one on me, and I thought I'd answered them all. H. B. Warner in "The Man Who Turned White." Albert Roscoe was Phillip Smith in "Molly and I." Yes—Mary Hay, now Mrs. Richard Barthelmess was the little dancer in the dug-out scene in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Dick wasn't in it. Miss Hay has a much more important part in "Way Down East."

BILLIE AND FRANKIE.—Has he married again? I really can't say—I haven't seen the evening paper yet. No, Wallace Reid's son Bill didn't play with his dad in "Excuse My Dust." You mustn't believe all those rumors. None of them happens to be true.

ODESSA.—No no—Priscilla Dean never starred in "Lashlux." But you do read the advertisements, don't you, Odessa? Howard Ralston in "Pollyanna." Alice Lake starred in Metro's "Shore Acres."

A. M. D., DENVER.—Norma Talmadge lives in New York, not California. Write to her in care of her own studio. You will find all the addresses you want in our Studio Directory, which appears in every issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

G. B., VISALIA, CAL.—You say after witnessing many regrettable historical errors in the films you wonder how soon some director is going to show the battle of Thermopylae where 300 Greeks defeated the huge Persian army with a few machine guns. Thanks for your letter.

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER, SUPERIOR, WIS.—We are using a full-page portrait of Miss Thomas in this issue. It is one of the last portraits for which she posed and her favorite of all her many pictures. You may care to cut this out. Write to Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, about getting an original.

C. P., SALT LAKE CITY.—That's all right, old fellow. Don't feel so sorry for me. I get along fine until someone like you tells me how hard I am working. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. Gladys Brockwell was divorced from Robert Broadwell and Harry Edwards—on different occasions, you understand. William Russell, Fox western.

A. G. R., SUBBURY, ONT.—Jack Dempsey made one serial for Pathe. As far as that company knows he isn't going to make any more. Never can tell, though. Either Georges Carpentier or Jack is going to be a big drawing-card one of these days. H. B. Warner, Hotel, Hollywood, Cal.

IMA VAMP.—You are not. Heavy vamps are out of date, anyhow. The soft sweet young things who lisp both vocally and optically have my vote. Constance Binney is twenty-one, according to my statistics. Faire, her sister, is a year or so younger.

GERALD.—You ask if it was a dummy that was thrown from the airplane in that serial. I wouldn't be surprised. Takes a better stunt than that to get a rise out of you, doesn't it, Gerald?

M. F. S., KENTON, OHIO.—The more you write the worse your writing gets, you think. You have written me a good many letters, haven't you? I thought as much. Tom Moore is divorced from Alice Joyce; she is now Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Little Alice Joyce Moore spends half the year with her mother and the other half with her dad. Here's the cast for "The Woman Thou Gavest Me": Mary McNeill, Katherine MacDonald; Lord Raa, Jack Holt; Daniel McNeill, Theodore Roberts; Martin Conrad, Milton Sills; Alma Lier, Fritzi Brunette. Hugh Ford directed this Hall Caine story for Paramount-Artcraft. Miss MacDonald is now a First National star.

B. K., IOLA, KANSAS.—Some wives are so considerate. When a husband is late for dinner his wife immediately makes it hot for him. Always be good to your husband, Bertha. Never give him the cold shoulder. Frank Mayo is still starring for Universal. "Hitchin' Posts" is his latest. June Eldridge's most recent screen appearance was in "The Law of the Yukon," for Realart. She played in a musical comedy, "The Girl in the Spotlight," in N. Y. C., but did not accompany the show when it started on tour. Rosemary Theby isn't married. Marie Walcamp, Universal City, Cal.

A GIRLS CLUB.—Charles Dickens used to wear a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs. Alas! I am not a Dickens—although I frequently raise it—so cannot indulge my passion for vivid ties. Here's the cast of "The Long Lane's Turning": Harry Sevier, Henry Walthall; Cameron Craig, Jack Richardson; Paddy, the Brick, Harry O'Connor; Beverly Allen, Joe Dowling; Echo Allen, Mary Charleson; Governor Eveland, Ralph Lewis; Charlotte Allen, Vera Lewis; The Judge, Melbourne McDowell; Jubilee, William De Vault.

M. B. M., CHICAGO.—Stars do not always drive their own cars in their plays. But it may thrill you to know that the motor Wally Reid drives in "Always Audacious" is his very, very own. If you look closely you may even see him name on the door. Tom Moore is with Goldwyn, Culver City.

M. M., MEMPHIS.—A lot of alliteration lately. (And there I go!) Mildred Harris Chaplin isn't divorced from Charles at this writing. To save me I can't keep up with the matrimonial affairs of that celebrated couple. Eva Novak is now a Universal star; her first film for them is "Wanted at Headquarters." She's Jane's sister. Olive Thomas passed away in France. Funeral services were held in New York when her husband, Jack Pickford, brought back the body of the much-beloved little star to this country. Everyone who knew Olive Thomas loved her.

FOURTEEN, SOMERVILLE.—A good letter, yours. Peggy Cartwright was the little girl who played with Betty Blythe in "The Third Generation." Dorothy Dalton may be reached care Paramount. Right now she is playing in "Aphrodite" during that spectacle's run in Chicago, but she is still under contract to Paramount and will come back to New York soon to resume picture work. So you received a two years' subscription to PHOTOPLAY as a birthday present. Congratulations!

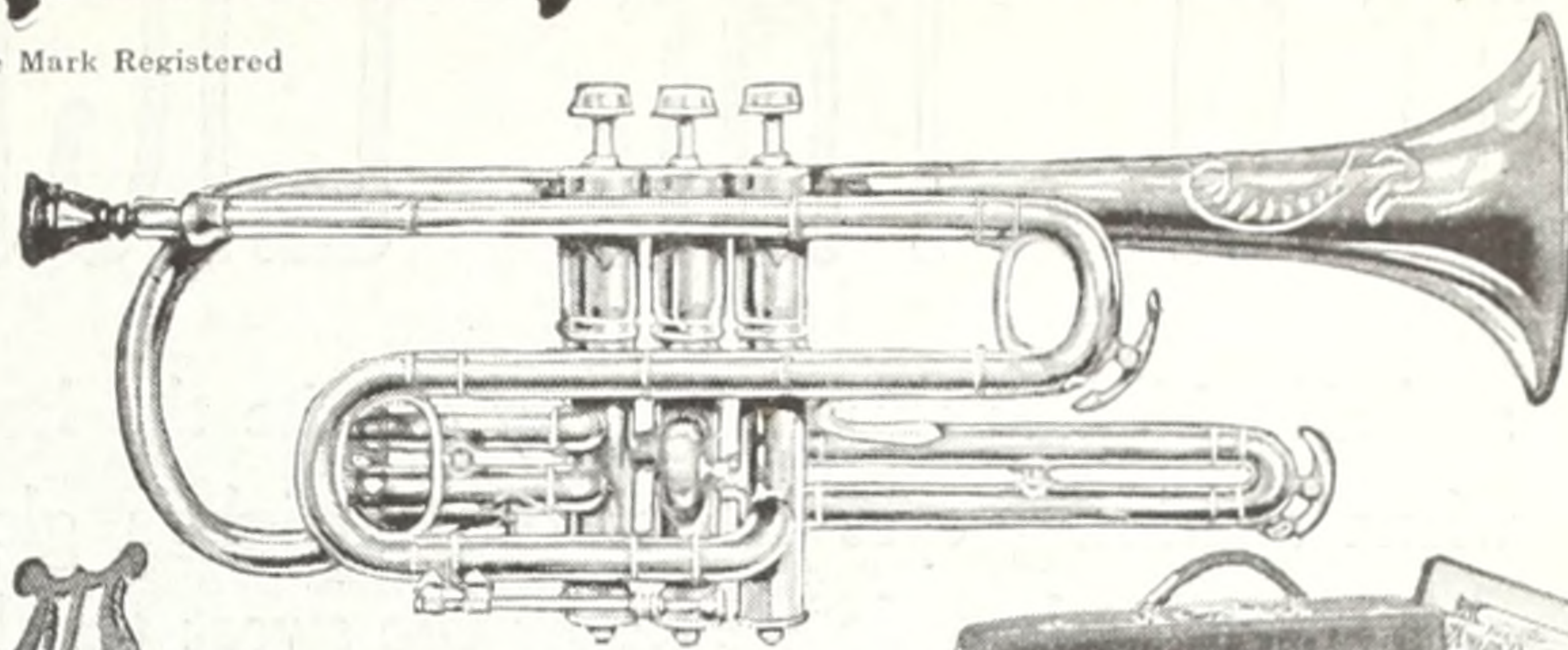


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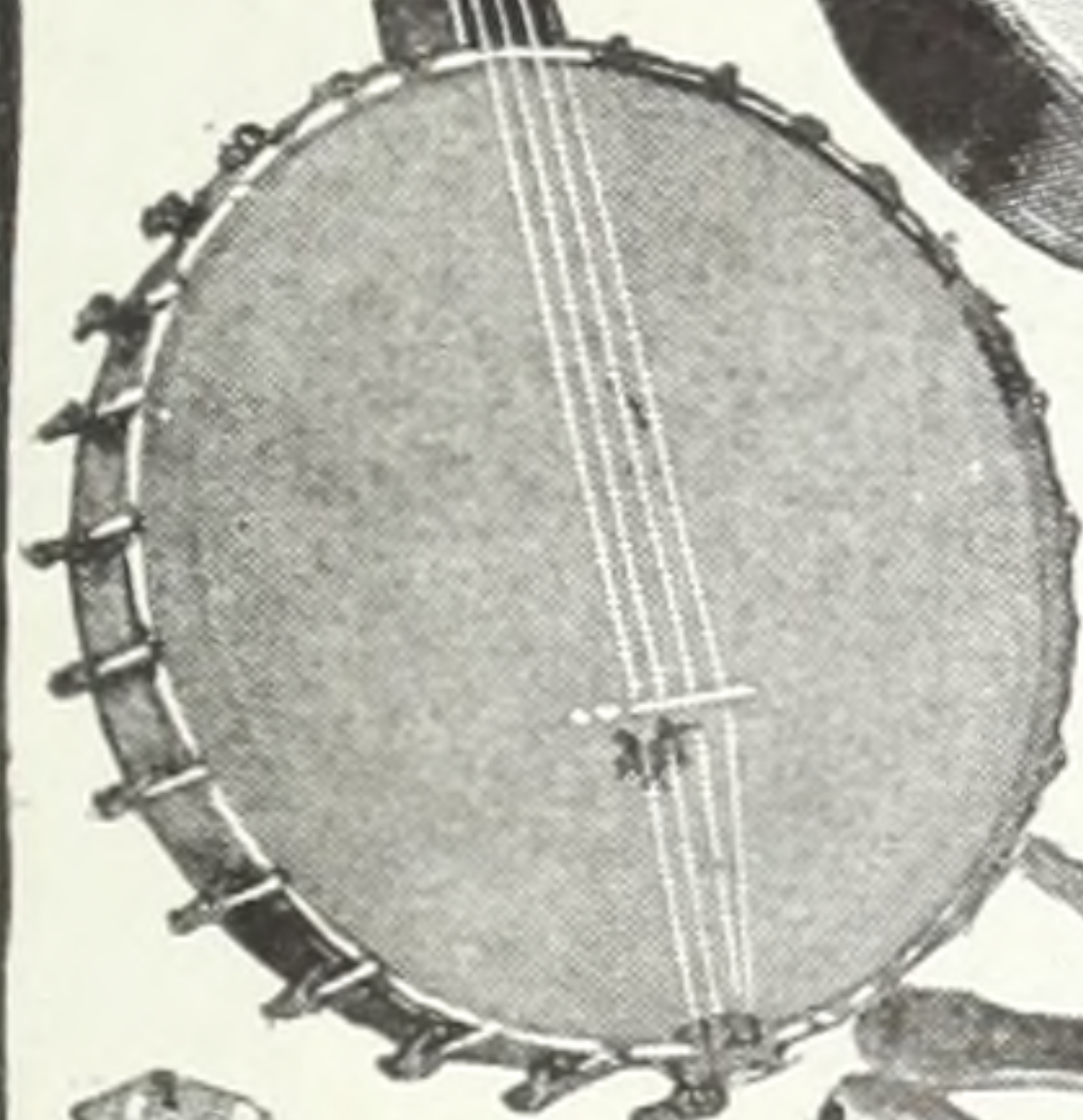
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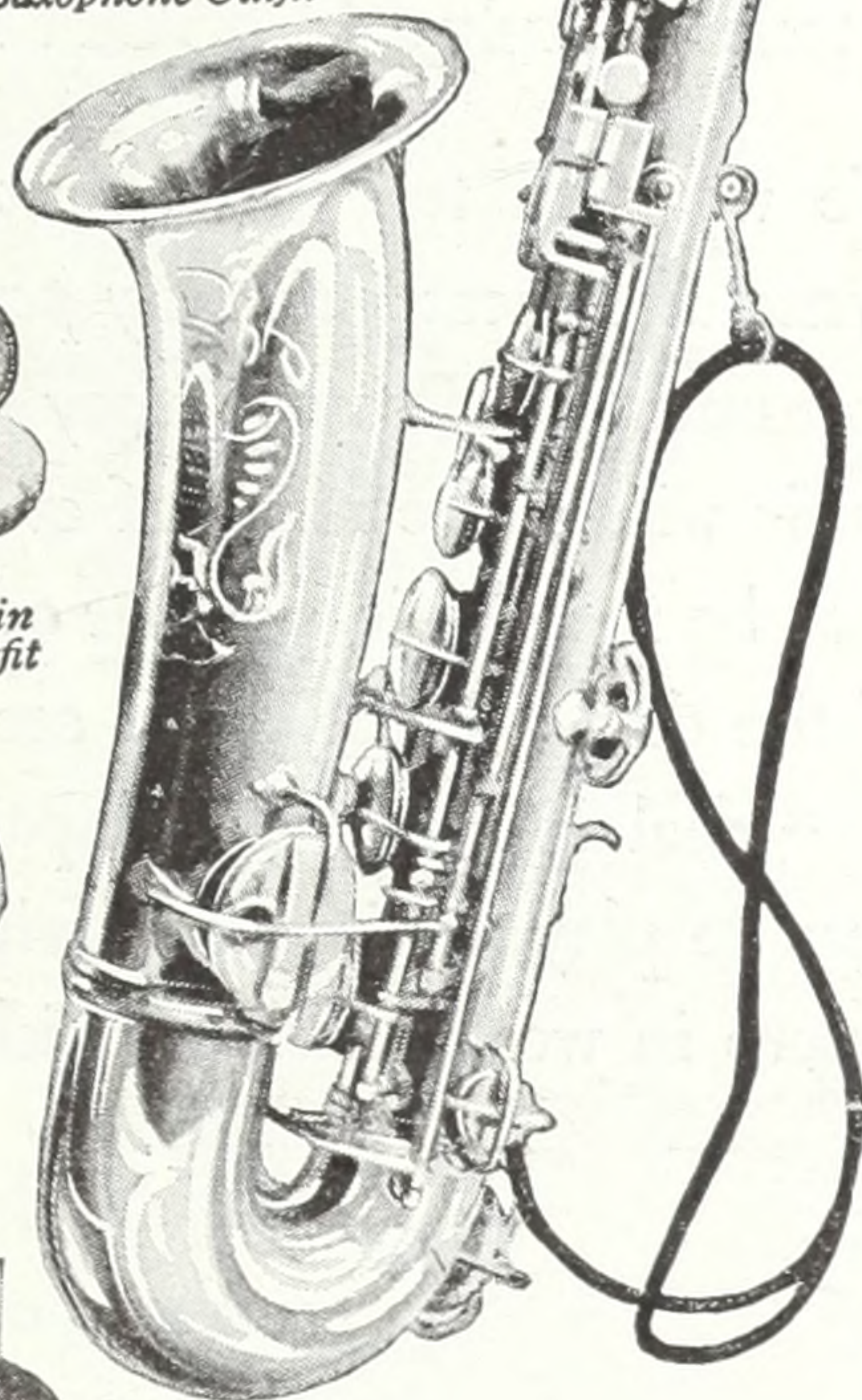
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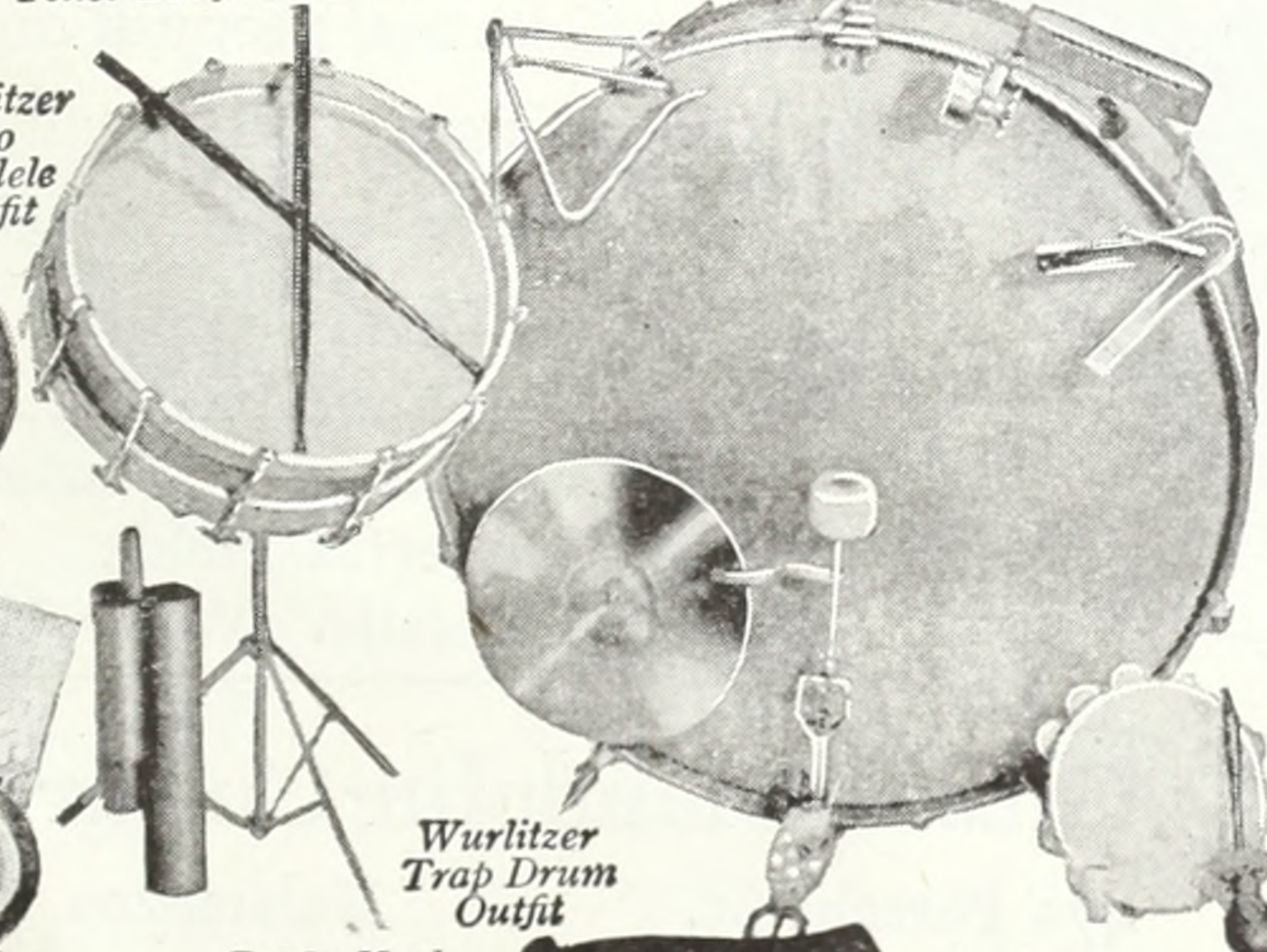
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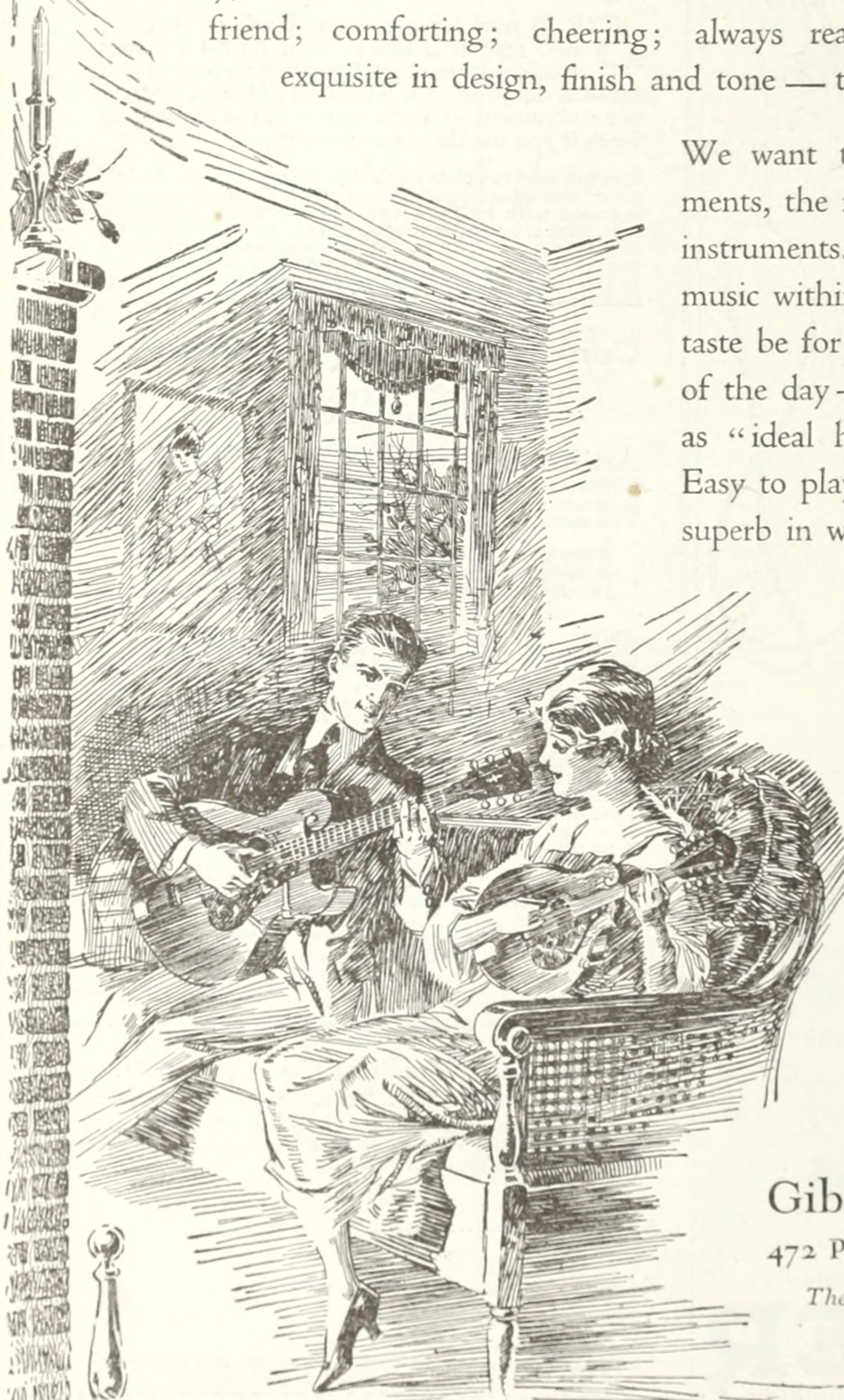
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